THE AVENUE



DECEMBER 1918

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The Magazine of the Friends' School, Saffron Walden.

VOL. IX. DECEMBER, 1918. No. 27.

FOREWORD.

IT is with no small satisfaction that we have to record the fact of the school's being full to overflowing, and, paradoxical as it may sound, though its "number is up," it was never more alive and flourishing.

A feature of the Quarterly Meeting held at the Meeting House was an address by William Pitt, an Old Scholar, in which he gave a most interesting account of a proposed Industrial Mission with which he hoped to be associated in India after the war.

The Annual General Meeting of parents and friends of the school witnessed a change of programme, for, in place of the time-honoured inspection of classes, a preliminary meeting for worship was followed by the simultaneous holding of an open meeting of the Senior and Junior Literary Societies respectively, and of an exhibition of drawings, woodwork and hobbies in the Extra Classroom. In the afternoon the speeches indicated that the new departure had been a welcome one.

We welcome Dr. Wilton amongst us as Science Master for the duration of the war. Neither he nor Mr. Morris, whose place he temporarily fills, will misunderstand us when we say " We welcome the occasion which shall bring the latter back to us again." We are also glad to see Dorothy Robson and Donald Morgan, both Old Scholars, with us as Student Mistress and Student Master respectively.

To Donald Morgan and Marcus Matthews we offer our congratulations on passing the London Matriculation examination.

Lastly, we would ask our readers to note that, owing to the raising of the postal rates, the annual subscription for *The Avenue* will be 2s. (post free) instead of 1s. 9d.

S. G. K. BEER.

SOCIETY REPORTS.

THE LITERARY SOCIETY.



INCE our last report, meetings have been held fortnightly with one exception, and have sustained a high level, though the part taken in discussion by Junior members has somewhat fallen off. After an interval of four years the Annual Meeting was revived, though in a different form. This year we gathered amongst ourselves for a social evening, when lantern slides and a progressive competition were much enjoyed by all.

Ronald Ash's Essay on " Marconi and Wireless Telegraphy," and Marjorie Pollard's, entitled " A Trifling Matter of Eight Hundred Pounds," were both well up to the standard of

previous years' essays, and Lionel Wright and Henry Dent also produced good papers. The musical items, especially those contributed by Margaret Passmore, were valuable additions, and Marjorie Pollard's recitations were also on a high level.

J. PENROSE WHITLOW.

NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY.

During the past year excursions have necessarily been limited to places within walking or cycling distance of Walden. The chief have been to Littlebury, Thaxted, Little Chesterford, Ring Hill Camp and the Walden Museum, the last named providing abundant material for study when walks were impossible.

The Essays have shown a wider range of study, and have aroused much interest and discussion. Perhaps the best were: "Westminster Abbey," "Entomology," "Birds," "Mickleham Church," "Hibernating Animals," and "The Silkworm." In addition, Mr. Morris gave us a very interesting lecture, illustrated by lantern slides, on "Movements and Positions of Planets forming the Solar System, and Constellations."

Greater interest has been taken in Specimen Meetings, the last of which took the form of a very enjoyable Archæological, Zoological and Botanical competition.

We were sorry Mr. Morris was unable to be with us more last term, and we hope he may soon be free to resume work among us.

SARAH WAITES.

THE READING CLUB.

The total membership at the beginning of the School year was fourteen. The number of junior members was small but increased during the year. There are now sixteen in the Club.

In spite of the difficulty in obtaining books we have not been seriously inconvenienced, and many very good discussions have arisen from many of those read.

In December, "Napoleon: the Last Phase" by Lord Rosebery, "King Lear," "The Choice Before Us" by Lowes Dickinson, and "Pillars of Society" by A. G. Gardiner, were discussed. In the Spring term Arnold Bennett's "Literary Taste," "An Enemy of Society" by Henrik Ibsen, "Adam Bede," and Chesterton's "Dickens," were read and discussed; and in the Summer, Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird," "Jane Eyre," Coventry Patmore's "Poems," and "A Pocketful of Sixpences" by G. W. E. Russell, were before the meeting.

One or two very good introductory criticisms to the books were produced, notably one of exceptionally high standard by C. T. Jones, introducing Coventry Patmore's Poems.

H. Lionel Wright.

FOURTH FORM LITERARY SOCIETY.

This Society has had a most successful year, and some excellent essays, on a large variety of subjects, have been read and discussed. Some of the best of these Essays were: "Father Time," by Lilian Kilbey; "Once Upon a Time," an account of our grandmother's younger days, by Margaret Passmore; and "Steam *versus* Electricity," by Tom Champness, which gave a clear account of the contest between these two forces.

The Musical items have been exceptionally good this year, but the Recitations have not been up to the usual standard amongst the junior members, though Miss Wilkinson and Mr. Whitlow have helped us out in this respect.

Some meetings have been held at which Impromptu Speeches took the place of Essays, and proved to be a great success.

J. Chalmers Gibb.

JUNIOR LITERARY SOCIETY.

The past year has been marked by the exceptional keenness of the majority of the members and the high quality of work attained. From very small beginnings the range of essay subjects rapidly widened, and many of the essayists displayed above average ability in plot-weaving and expression. Barbara English, J. Greenaway, D. Smith, Gertrude Rushworth, A. Skelton and R. Yardley deserve special mention in this connection.

With the exception of R. Tawell's *Selections from Horatius* and Barbara English's *Fairies on the Lawn*, the recitations delivered showed a lack of sufficient care in preparation, and in consequence failed to provide the pleasure afforded by the carefully executed pianoforte solos of Joyce Tawell and A. Allbon.

ARNOLD BRERETON.

THE MISSIONARY HELPERS' UNION.

Numbers have been well maintained during the year and interest and effort have been shown. Special thanks are due to those members who have worked for us during the holidays.

Three Study Circles were formed amongst the older boys and the following books were read and discussed: "God's Image in Ebony," "The Kingdom of the Pacific," "The Daybreak Call," and "The Story of Islam." Mention must be made of the good use of the Junior Library by Lower School girls and boys, and of the generous gift from the School of many new volumes.

We look forward to a term of productive work in preparation for a sale before the Christmas Holidays. Several gifts from old Scholars have encouraged us in our efforts, and have assured us that the Society has still a place in their memories.

ELEANOR G. JONES.

CROYDON AND SAFFRON WALDEN OLD SCHOLARS' ASSOCIATION.

THE forty-ninth Annual Meeting of the Croydon and Saffron Walden Old Scholars' Association was held at Devonshire House, London, on October 9th, when about eighty members were present. Uppermost in their thoughts was the memory of Old Scholars who had lost their lives since the previous Annual Meeting; besides fourteen Old Boys killed in connection with the War, two previous Presidents of the Association have died this year,—E. Arthur Williams, formerly First Class Master at Croydon and at Saffron Walden, and Charles M. Willmott, Treasurer of the O.S.A. for many years. A framed portrait of E. Arthur Williams, presented to the School by the O.S.A., and to be hung by the side of the House Trophy in the School Dining Hall, was unveiled by Elsie Williams. Elsie, Stanley and Elliott Williams and their sister, Cristabel Cornish, presented the O.S.A. with £50, to inaugurate an "Edwin Arthur Williams Fund" with the object of providing Saffron Walden scholars with books, etc., likely to be useful to them in the work which they intend to take up after leaving School. (Another Old Scholar added £10 to this Fund in the course of the meeting).

Report was made that the Old Scholars' War Services Commemoration Fund, for providing children of Old Scholars with bursaries at Saffron Walden School, had reached £200. It was decided to allocate another £10 to this Fund from the funds of the O.S.A. James Watts was elected Treasurer in place of the late Charles M. Willmott.

It was decided to send Christmas greetings to absent Old Scholars, as in the two previous years.

A BOY POET.

THE last rays of an August sun were stealing through the one tiny window of the garret, falling on the dejected figure of a boy, seated on a bed in the darkest corner.

With his elbows on his knees, and his fingers in his damp curls, he sat thinking. And as he sat his thoughts took wings and bore him far from the remorseless present, back to the rose-coloured past. Before his mind there rose up the little cottage behind the school-house, in which he had been born, and where his earliest years were spent.

For over two centuries the Chattertons had been sextons of St. Mary's Church, Redcliff, but, at the time of Thomas Chatterton's birth, his mother was in the fourth month of her widowhood, and the sextonship of St. Mary's was held by her brother, Richard Phillips. This hereditary race of sextons had come to regard the church as their own special domain, and the orphan boy found there his favourite haunt. The knights, ecclesiastics and civic dignitaries recumbent on its altar tombs became his familiar associates; and later he found fresh interest in some of the quaint oaken chests in the muniment room overhanging the church porch, in which parchment deeds, old as the Wars of the Roses, had lain for so long unheeded. These old manuscripts had been his first playthings, and from the illuminated capitals of some, he learnt his first letters.

He recollected with what delight he had heard, at the age of eight, that he was at last to go to school. True, it was only a charity school, but any education was a godsend to the child who was so eager to learn, and had already entertained some ambitions of a literary career. But once at Colston's Hospital, as the school was called, his dreams of education had

been shattered. For the curriculum provided for the training of its inmates in " the principles of the Christian Religion as laid down in the Church Catechism," and also in fitting them to be apprenticed to some trade.

He remembered well his delight in solitude and his distaste for the ordinary pastimes of children ; and—his face darkened, and his hands clutched his curls still closer,—he remembered even more vividly the taunts and jeers of those who, at the time, had considered him deficient in intellect.

He had always been ambitious, always, he reflected with a wan smile ; always confident of his own resources, and always thirsting for pre-eminence and distinction.

His holidays were mostly spent in the favourite retreat of his attic study, and it was there that the romance of an imaginary monk of the fifteenth century originated, and for the most part he lived in an ideal world of his own, when Edward IV. was England's king, and Master William Canynge, familiar to him as one of the effigies in Redcliff Church, was the mayor of Bristol. Living in this imaginary world, he invented and ascribed to the authorship of a good priest, dramatic, lyrical, and descriptive poems ; letters, and fragments of local and general history. But this literary masquerade, which thus constituted his life-dream, was woven by him with marvellous consistency into a coherent romance, until even the most incredulous scholars and antiquaries of his day were persuaded to believe that there had lain in the parish chest of Redcliff church, for over three centuries, a collection of poems of rare merit, the work of Thomas Rowley, an unknown priest of Bristol. For even then the poems were considered to be of an exceedingly high standard, some of them exquisite in their quaint old-worldliness, and his face flushed with pride, and his tight-drawn lips curved slightly upwards in a far away smile.

The sun had long since sunk to rest behind the smoky chimney-stacks, and the room was filled with dusky twilight.

But all this passed unnoticed by the figure seated on the bed, until, with a quick movement, he tore his thoughts away from the pleasures of those early years, and throwing himself full length on the hard, coverless bed, thought of the years that had passed since he left Colston's Charity School.

Before he had ended his fifteenth year, he was apprenticed as a clerk to Mr. Lambert, a Bristol attorney. Although he disliked the work intensely, he was much alone, and found leisure for his own favourite pursuits. But such a mode of employing any portion of his time was peculiarly distasteful to the Bristol attorney, who would search his apprentice's drawer, and tear up any poems or other manuscripts he could lay his hands upon.

Up to this time he had only shown the supposed poems of Rowley to a favoured few, but soon he began to realise the practical necessities of life, and at the same time to indulge in dreams of fame and fortune consequent on the recognition of his merits, and so he resolved to attempt the introduction of Rowley to the world.

Accordingly, when he was only sixteen, he wrote twice to a London publisher, and sent up some specimens of his verse the second time, but received no answer at all. Greatly disappointed, Chatterton abandoned for a time Rowley and his antique poems, and sat down one evening and wrote his " Last Will and Testament "—a satire in which earnestness is strangely mingled with jest, and in which he intimated his intention of putting an end to his life the following night. His mother said that it was written purposely in order to frighten his master into letting him go. If such were the case, it had the desired effect; and with a light heart, a bundle of rare manuscripts under his arm, and a little money which his friends and acquaintances had collected for him, he set out, at the age of seventeen, for London.

With his first money he bought and sent to his mother and sister some china and silks, gifts which he knew would be

very acceptable. But as time went on, he reflected bitterly, he received praise from all, but little or no money. He was very frugal, he knew, eating little and lodging with a relative. But soon he found he could not even do that, and in June he had moved to the attic, near Holborn, in which he was now lying. In the weeks that had followed he had dashed off songs, satirical poems, and political articles, but, for most of these, payment had been delayed.

And now he was starving, despairing of ever reaching the heights of fame of which he had dreamed. Only yesterday, his landlady, a dear, kind old soul, had pressed him to have dinner with her, and he would have liked to, for he had had ittle but stale bread for the last week, but his pride was offended at her urgency, and made him refuse, and assure her that he was not hungry.

This morning he had gone round to some of his creditors for payment, but as usual he received profuse praise and but little money, and at last, weary, half-starved and utterly despairing, he had come home with a small, dark bottle clutched convulsively in one hand, and had thrown himself on his bed to think.

At last, when the twilight had melted into summer night, he got up, and deliberately tearing into fragments all the poems and writings that he could find, he ended in despair the life that had seemed so full of hope.

And so there perished by his own hand, in an obscure lodging in London, amongst strangers and in want, a boy without equal in his own or any other century. At the time of his death he was not yet eighteen, yet he had already written poems of rare genius and skill, enough to fill two volumes.

He was buried in a workhouse burial-ground, but later the body was recovered, and secretly interred in Redcliff Churchyard by his uncle. There a monument has been erected to his memory, with an inscription borrowed from his own " Last Will and Testament "—*To the Memory of Thomas Chatterton.*

Reader ! judge not. If thou art a Christian, believe that he shall be judged by a Superior Power. To that power only is he now answerable.

Marjorie G. Harrod.

[*Extracts from an Essay read before the Literary Society*].

A LAMENT.



MONG the many consequences brought
To us by man's ambition, and that greed,
The fruit of which is war, inglorious strife
Which breeds discomforts, inconveniences,
Is this which now afflicts and causes grief
To each and all in our beloved School.
Our paradise is lost; for that great space
Where once danced merry waters, tossed and stirred
By lithe and agile forms, contains but air ;
And where the children swam, but spiders' webs
And creeping animals remain. The bath,
The bath is gone. Those shiny tiles which line
The sides and bottom of our bath, all crook'd
Distorted, ill-proportioned, often changing
In their shape and form when gazed upon through clear,
But moving waters, now seem dead, seem dull.
No more the water stirs them into life,
For mortals cannot dip with pleasure now
In icy water ; Winter comes apace ;
And as, alas, coke cometh not at all,
Our bath must be unfilled, or else contain
Such water that but few would ever bathe,
And they enjoy it more when out again.

H. Lionel Wright,
(Sixth Form).

A STORM AT SEA.

I WAS at the time spending my summer holiday at one of the many fishing coves on the south coast of England. I had been staying there for about a week when, one calm beautiful evening in September, as I was strolling on the sandy shore, watching the fishermen prepare their nets, one of them came up to me and touching his sou'wester, said, " Would'ee like to come out with the ships to-night, sir ? "

" I should be very pleased to come," I said.

" Well then," said the man, " there is no better ship than the *Saucy Poll.*"

" Is that the ship of which you are the skipper ? "

" Yes, sir."

" When shall you start ? "

" Oh, in a matter of perhaps an hour from now."

" Very good," said I, and departed to get my sou'wester and oilskins. Ten minutes later I returned and saw the skipper boarding the *Saucy Poll.* He waved to me a sign that I was to hurry, so I stepped out and was soon greeted by the jovial words of the mate : " Hullo, sir ! Have 'ee come fishin' for tadpoles ? "

In a very short time I was quite at home with all the crew. Then the anchor was lifted and amid the song of the swarthy fisherlads, the fishing vessels sailed out of the bay. It was a beautiful sight ; the setting sun covered the ocean with a beautiful golden orange tint as it gradually sank down below the horizon and made the sails of the boats glow as if on fire. It was truly one of Mother Nature's most beautiful pictures. The *Saucy Poll* took the lead, and as the vessels skimmed along they looked more like phantoms than real boats.

When the fleet was out of sight of land it was almost dusk and a change had already come over the beautiful scene. Leaden clouds were fast gathering above, while the breeze

had dropped, leaving the fleet becalmed under almost stifling heat. The men were for the most part silent. There is something very weird in the strange calm that often precedes a thunder storm. It is as if the great powers of the unknown were going to bear down upon you. But hark ! What was that we heard ? It was the distant rumble of the thunder gradually coming nearer. Suddenly the storm burst upon us with a roar and a crash, as if all the guns of the armies of the world were firing at once. Then the rain began to fall, the wind rose, the lightning began to play in the sky, and with a moan and a shriek, the squall struck the ships. It struck the *Saucy Poll* broadside on and turned her nearly on her beam ends. I staggered to the fore part of the ship and was just in time to see the mate disappear over the side.

Immediately I sang out " Man overboard ! " At once three of the crew were at my side and one of them bearing a lantern swung it for a moment over the side and called out that he had seen the unfortunate man swimming towards us. " Throw him a line ! " someone shouted, and at once the rope was thrown to him. The mate caught the rope and after a hard struggle we managed to haul him on board. The storm still raged and all at once our mast went by the board, taking with it the rigging. Then the rudder was torn away, leaving us at the mercy of the waves. There were two imminent dangers ; one that we should be driven on the rocks, and the other that we should collide with one of the other boats of the fishing fleet. It soon proved that fate had destined the latter for us ; for about an hour after the storm had begun the look-out shouted " Ship to the leeward ! " But the warning came too late. With a rending crash the two ships met. The deck of the *Saucy Poll* was split down the centre and the waves poured in, eager to add another ship to the long roll of victims already secured. Just before the collision I had made my way up to the skipper and had asked him if there was anything I could do to help him.

" Nothing," said he, with a faint quiver in his voice ; for he was very upset about losing his ship. Suddenly the moon burst forth through the curtain of clouds and revealed to us a terrible sight. We saw about thirty men struggling in the angry waters, or clinging to masts or bits of the ship with which we had collided. Other ships were in the same plight as we were and were fast sinking. Then all at once I felt a swirling beneath me and the *Saucy Poll* sank like a stone. I was taken a long way down with the ship, but being a fairly strong swimmer I soon came to the top and struck out with the strength of despair. I was very fortunate, for not long afterwards I heard a voice behind me, and on looking round I saw the skipper coming towards me with rapid strokes. When he came up with me he told me not to exert myself yet as I should need all my strength before I was out of the water. Then I began to feel a wracking pain in my legs and aching pains all over me. Soon things began to grow dim and I became unconscious. I do not know how long I remained unconscious but when I recovered I found myself lying in the bottom of one of the fishing smacks with the skipper of the *Saucy Poll* bending over me. As soon as I had recovered sufficiently, I asked one of the men how I had been saved. He replied that I had been picked up in the arms of the skipper who was almost exhausted. " So it was he who saved me." " Yes," said the man.

The weather had now cleared and there was little to remind us of the awful storm except the heaving billows and our own state. When I saw the skipper next time, I thanked him warmly, and ever since we have been fast friends.

John P. Greenaway.
(Third Form).

AN OUTLINE SURVEY OF SAFFRON WALDEN AND ITS REGION.

(By Members of the Saffron Walden Survey Society).

EDITED BY G. MORRIS.

Section IX.—THE DEVELOPMENT OF SAFFRON WALDEN.

THE modern town of Walden commenced with the arrival of early Saxon immigrants, who formed a settlement, of which the burial ground previously described is evidence. Their village was probably on the high chalk ridge between the two water courses or slades, now occupied by the western part of Castle and Church Streets, and the church yard. Here they would have permanent water supply from springs rising at the foot of the ridge, in what are now the grounds of Walden Place; defence could be provided on the east by a ditch or fence running across the ridge, while on the west the pools and swampy ground of the Swan meadows in which the slades unite, would be sufficient protection.

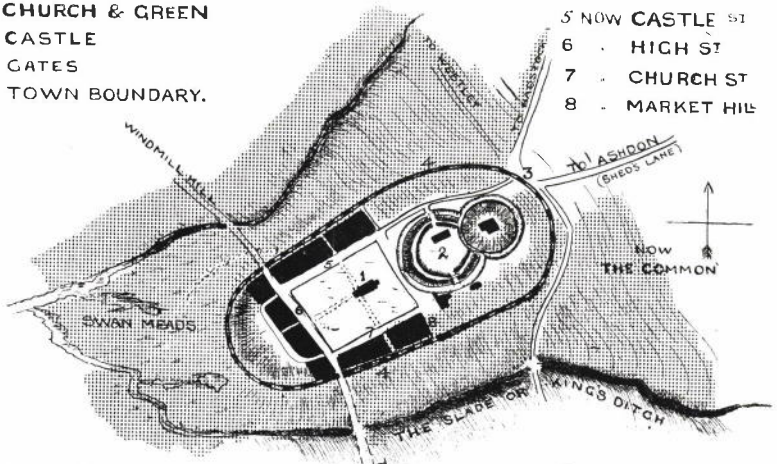
From this early nucleus the Saxon town spread eastward along the shoulders of the ridge, leaving the crest as a central open green, on which the church was eventually built. At some period before or immediately after the Norman Conquest, this primitive town was surrounded by a defence work consisting of a ditch about twelve feet wide, probably with a bank and timber palisade. This earthwork ran round the slopes of the ridge, forming a long parallel-sided enclosure with rounded ends, traces of which can still be seen in the curving line of Freshwell Street. It crossed High Street about fifty yards from the corner of Church Street, and the Market Hill just south of the "Green Dragon"; reaching the Common, it turned north over the ridge behind Castle Hill House, as indicated by the boundary lines in the map of 1758, and

returned westward at the back of Castle Street, practically on the line of the present northern end of the town. Outside this town wall was a surrounding belt of open grass or common. Within the gates, steep ascents led up to the street level, where low, thatched, plaster-walled houses—each standing on its own town plot, with its adjacent cow-houses, ox-stalls, and barn, looked inwards on to the central green. The eastern half of the town was occupied by the great bailey of the castle, defended by a ditch, forty feet wide, and enormous mounds surrounding the high square tower or keep, of which the ruins remain; but apparently not until these outer works had been levelled, perhaps in the fourteenth or fifteenth century, did Church Street and Castle Street extend eastward of the Museum Street line. From a gate at the east end of the town, dominated by the Castle, roads led towards Ashdon (by "Shedd's" Lane, the present Ashdon road being much later), to Hadstock, to Westley and to the south. The townsmen's gates were at the west end, where High Street—a name of great antiquity—led towards London on the South and Cambridge on the North.

The subsequent growth of Walden from its hill-top towards the south is due to the development of a population of craftsmen, traders and merchants, following the establishment of a market about 1440. The first assembly of booths and stalls was apparently arranged on the sheltered south side of the town, on the grass between and parallel with the town wall and the Slade or King's Ditch. These—soon replaced by permanent workshops, warehouses and merchants' dwellings, as the first itinerant dealers and packmen were succeeded by resident tradesmen—gave rise to the long, narrow streets behind the present Town Hall and south side of King Street These buildings have no yards or gardens, and are thus clearly descended from the early Market Rows. Their present names, Butcher Row, Mercer's Row, Butter Market, etc., clearly relate to the grouping together of the shops of one kind for

1 CHURCH & GREEN
2 CASTLE
3 GATES
4 TOWN BOUNDARY.

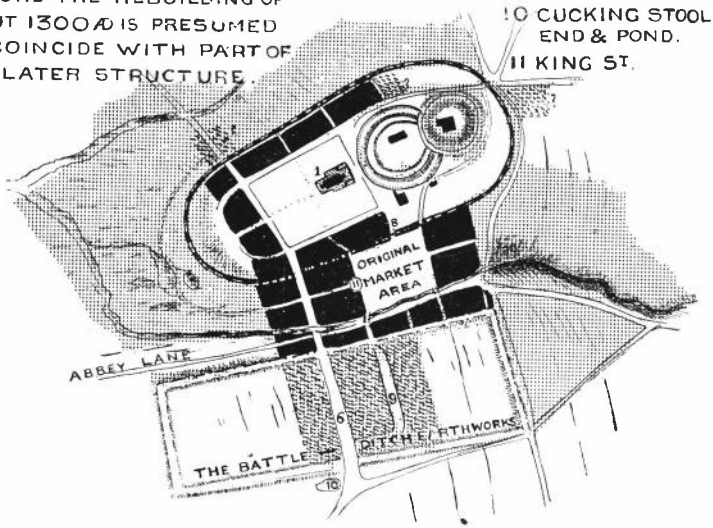
5 NOW CASTLE ST
6 - HIGH ST
7 - CHURCH ST
8 - MARKET HILL



WALDEN circa 1100 AD.

THE POSITION OF THE CHURCH BEFORE THE REBUILDING OF ABOUT 1300 AD IS PRESUMED TO COINCIDE WITH PART OF THE LATER STRUCTURE.

9 NOW GOLD ST.
10 CUCKING STOOL END & POND.
11 KING ST.



WALDEN circa 1200 AD - ■
1400 " - ▨

THE DEVELOPM
FROM PLANS BY G.



OF SAFFRON WALDEN.

D. SAFFRON WALDEN MUSEUM.

purposes of trade regulation. Traces of a rectangular arrangement of blocks of buildings and dividing passages are clearly seen in the plan of the older parts of the town—both on the Saxon-Norman ridge and in the twelfth century market area,—which show that the town did not develop by haphazard building, but was developed on a recognised plan. The arrangement of the market area was thus probably a continuation of the general lines of planning adopted at an earlier date within the town walls. Thus the present Market Hill is clearly a continuation of a path which crossed over the ridge from Church Street to Castle Street, between the Castle Bailey and the Church green.

As early probably as 1200 the market appears to have been defined as the space between the present east side of the Market Square, and the line at Cross Street on the west ; and this area was gradually filled out with buildings, except the present square, which, however, formerly contained the Market house, or Moot Hall and jail, stocks, and stalls of traders who had no shop in the market. From each angle of the Market, ways passed out into town and castle, and across the Slade, which can still be traced.

During the mediæval period, the older town also underwent change, until the original town plots were divided into narrow strips of yard, and houses stood shoulder to shoulder around the Church green.

Bridge End was formed by an extension outside the main North Gate, and southward the town spread along the line of High Street, beyond the King's Ditch.

Gold Street was formed as an extension from the Market probably taking its name from Simon le Goul, who had property there—the native pronunciation is still " Gowl."

Gold Street turns sharply into High Street at its southern end just below the point at which the main street passes through the line of the ancient earthworks of the Roman period—the " Battle Ditches," which formerly crossed the

town from east to west. There was probably a gate here, and the Battle Ditches would thus form the late mediæval boundary and defence of the town. A pond just outside the gate on the west side of High Street, nearly opposite the Cinema, was used for the ducking of scolds and other unruly persons, hence the name Cucking Stool End, by which the part of the town was known. Evidence that the south end of the High Street was the boundary and principal entrance to the town, is also seen in the traditional custom of reading Royal Proclamations at that spot.

Little further expansion took place until the late eighteenth and early nineteenth century, when, to relieve the insanitary crowding together of houses, and partly in support of attempts to start home-weaving industries, rows of cottages were built on the roads leading out of the town, which for the first time began to spread eastward beyond the Common. This indefinite expansion lasted until the opening of the railway, also on the south side of Walden, in 1868, since when it has acted as a new development centre around which industries and housing have been grouped, until the Railway Station is now situated roughly in the middle of a long narrow town, whose Northern end represents its Saxon and Norman origin, and its southern half its modern expansion. The controlling factors in the early growth of the town are thus seen to be the presence on one side of the market area of the "Common," required for fairs and large gatherings, and on the other of the swampy ground in Audley End Park, and of lands owned by the the Abbey. Later the presence of the Battle Ditch earthworks, covering what was probably the chief road out of the town, indicated the natural line of development up to recent times.

G. MAYNARD.

GENERAL MEETING.

GENERAL Meeting, which took place on Tuesday, July 25th, was looked forward to with great expectation. Our hopes, however, were somewhat dashed, when we awoke on Tuesday morning to a cloudy sky and pouring rain.

The train by which the majority of visitors were to arrive was late, and so the day's programme had to be altered slightly.

At 10.45 we gathered in the Lecture Room for a half-an-hour's Meeting for Worship. There were not so many people present as in previous years, but in spite of this fact, the room was well filled.

At 11.15 a Literary Society meeting was held in the Lecture Room. A meeting of the Junior Literary Society also took place in the Boys' Third Form Room. Amongst other items, the Boys Second Form had a swimming lesson, and the Fourth Form (Girls) a drilling lesson in the gymnasium. Thus the visitors were able to see the school-life of Saffron Walden scholars for themselves.

At 12.15, in mackintoshes and coats, we crossed the half-flooded playgrounds to the swimming bath, there to watch the boys' swimming sports.

Although, at first, dinner was supposed to take place at one o'clock, we did not sit down till half-an-hour later. The visitors had theirs in the dining-hall, while the boys and girls seated round trestle tables in their respective playrooms, ate sandwiches.

After dinner, we adjourned to Room X on the boys' side to see the work of various kinds which was exhibited there.

At three o'clock a concert was held in the dining-hall, during which Mr. Crosfield congratulated the winners of scholarships : Marjorie Harrod, Margaret Robson and Edwin Ash.

After tea, which the scholars had in their playrooms, and the visitors in the lecture-room, we went to the field.

By this time the rain had stopped, and the sun was shining, and so we were able to play terza. Most of the visitors had already left, but we had a most enjoyable game, and so the day ended.

Muriel Robson.
(Fifth Upper Form).

SCHOOL ATHLETICS.

BOYS.

CRICKET.

ALTHOUGH not many matches were played, the cricket in the School was on a higher level than for some years. The 1st XI. played its usual matches against Mr. Downham's XI., this year winning the rubber. In the three matches Mr. Whitlow took 24 wickets for an average of 2·8 each. R. Falkner scored 60 in the second match, and J. C. Gibb, by brilliant hitting, scored 40, not out, after 5 of our wickets had fallen for 5 runs in the third. The Boys' XI. only played four matches, winning two and losing two.

At the end of the season awards were made as follows: *Batting*, R. Falkner, with an average of 21·8 for 9 innings. *Bowling*, H. L. Wright; *Fielding*, J. Milne.

Some good cricket was seen in the house tournaments, Crosfield and Godlee playing the final, when the former was victorious.

AQUATICS.

SENIOR.

Quarter Mile.—1. Mauritzi;	2. Ash i.;	3. Frizzell.	8 m. 2 secs.
Six Lengths.—1. Mauritzi;	2. Ash i.;	3. Wright i.	2m. 24 secs.
Two Lengths.—1. Matthews;	2. Wright i.;	3. Ash i.	36⅘ secs.
Neat Dive.— 1. Hartwell;	2. Tebbutt i.;	3. Ash i.	
Plunge.— 1. Barker;	2. Ash i.;	3. Mauritzi.	40 ft.

Champion: C. K. P. Mauritzi.

JUNIOR.

Nine Lengths.—1. Harrod.;	2. Wetherall;	3. Engley.	5 m. 6⅕ secs.
One Length on Back.—1. Harrod;	2. Engley;	3. Wetherall.	30 secs.

Two Lengths.—1. Harrod ; 2. Cottis ; 3. Wetherall. 50 secs.
Neat Dive.— 1. Harrod ; 2. Ball ; 3. Engley.
Plunge.— 1. Harrod ; 2. Howitt ; 3. Albon i. 30½ ft.
Junior Champion.—K. Harrod.
House Relay Race.—1. Morland ; 2. Godlee ; 3. Gibson.

The House Aquatic Sports were won by Morland House (Captain E. D. Ash) with Mennell House second, (Captain, J. T. Barker).

GIRLS.

This season has been good on the whole for outdoor sports, and although we have had no matches with other teams our time has been well filled up with both Form and House tournaments.

The House cricket tournaments took place early in June, leaving Lister victorious ; but, unluckily, the weather hindered the Form tournaments, which took place later, and after rather scrappy games the Fifth Form headed the list.

Meanwhile, individual tennis tournaments were being played, and the final left Dorothy Emson, a member of Lister House, Champion.

On General Meeting and " Packing Up " day, the House Tennis tournaments were wedged in at each possible opportunity, and Mennell obtained first place for the season.

Owing to the very scanty supply of coke, the Bath has been very little heated, so that the Girls' swimming was neglected to a great extent. However, near the end of the term, there was an opportunity for the sports to take place, and in one afternoon, the most important races and the diving were finished, only the girls who could enter for everything taking part. Sylvia Joy, a member of Mennell House, easily obtained first place in the Senior Sports, scoring twenty-one points in all, and Eileen Cousins (Gibson House) gained the Junior Championship.

Mary Baker.
(*Fifth Upper Form.*)

FROM FAR AND NEAR.

Concerning Old Scholars.

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

Edwin D. Ash is studying for the Civil Service.

Ronald Ash is studying engineering at the Finsbury Technical College.

Henry T. Dent is in France with the Friends War Victims' Relief Committee.

Marjorie Harrod is studying for Matriculation at the University Tutorial College, Holborn.

Harry S. Hartwell has a post as Assistant Chemist.

Marcus A. Matthews is studying for a Science degree.

Donald Morgan is a Student Teacher at Saffron Walden School.

Edith Newbery attends the City of London College, studying general subjects, also Shorthand and Spanish.

Ivy Nichols.

Marjorie Pollard has been working on the land and is hoping soon to learn poultry farming ; is now working in a Y.M.C.A.

A. Margaret Robson is at the Mount School, York.

Eunice Tanner is at Milton Mount School.

Doris F. Thompson.

Cecil Trigg is working at a Scientific Instruments Works in Cambridge.

Margaret Tuke.

* * * * * *

" Canadian A.S.C., Ashford, Kent.

" . . . I am still of some service to the Army ; being wounded in the feet and legs does not impede me from driving a team, as I am doing now. . . . I found the Jeffreys soon after arriving here, and was fortunate in finding Eric at

home ; he had received a kick from a horse on the farm he had been working on, in Lincolnshire, and was home for a few days' rest. I spent several evenings with him, and we had some games of chess, which reminded us of the tournaments we had at School."

J. A. HORNE (1904-10).

* * * * * *

" 6, Winscombe Cres., Brentham, W.5

". . . I have now obtained the Diploma of Associate of the City and Guilds of London Institute, and have been awarded the Bramwell Medal (which is given to the first student in the mechanical or civil engineering departments)."

LEONARD WATTS (1908-14).

[*Leonard Watts has since been doing survey work for the Manchester Corporation, who have purchased Hawes Water in the Lake District, for the purpose of increasing their water supply.*

He is now working with the Friends' War Victims' Relief Committee.]

* * * * * *

" 95, High St., Ashford, Kent.

". . . It is now just two years since I left, and I have been with Messrs. Headley Bros., at the Invicta Press here ever since. . . . Perhaps it would interest you to know that on one occasion I printed the covers for *The Avenue*, and I have always managed to have a look at it as it is on the press. . . . I have been accepted by the F.A.U. and expect to go into camp next month."

RODNEY HOGG (1914-16).

* * * * * *

" Friends' War Victims' Relief Committee, Dôle, France

". . . Since coming here I have met C. F. Tebbutt and Reg. Montford, both of whom have been out for a few months, and Arthur Pitt, who has joined the ' Vics ' even since I have. He is now with Montford at Besançon. I have also met

George Chapman, but I did not know he was an Old Walden Scholar until he told me. Ashton Watts is here at Dôle. Just before coming out I saw Leonard Frizzell, who left for Jordans, to work with the Ambulance Unit."

HARRY T. DENT (1910-18).

* * * * * *

"Farm Training Colony, nr. Wallingford.

". . . You know I have been here since 1913 (with the exception of a break during which I was in the army till sent back as unfit in 1915), first acting as assistant bailiff, and from January, 1916, having been in charge of the Colony. The Old Scholars' Report has just arrived by post this morning—it is pouring with rain—finished our harvest last night, much to my relief. I felt pretty right with the world but just seemed to want something. A boy knocked at the door and brought in my letters. I saw the envelope from the Old Scholars' Association and knew at once what I lacked. I had got to the point of missing that comradeship which existed in pre-war days by virtue of Whitsun Camp, Old Boys' Football team, Annual Meeting and New Year's Gathering. The Report has made me feel better!

"Did you have a Tramp this year? [No.—ED]. My mind often goes back to the two I was able to attend, and many happy times come up in one's mind,—even the Union Jack, for blanket, and two chairs, for my bed, at Corfe, in the Dorsetshire Tramp."

ALFRED T. CARR (1901-09).

* * * * * *

"Wingham, Kent

". . . For over a month I have been employed on a farm near my home, and I really have had a glorious time. My cousin Dorothy was with me for the first three weeks, and we used to work from 7.0 a.m. until 5.30 p.m. The first

job we were given was that of cutting turnip seed. . . . After you have been working for about three days among the seed you begin to despair of ever getting rid of the awful smell. You not only smell it, you eat it, you dream of it, you live in it; nothing will drown it. . . . I am the colour of mahogany,—just about; and my palms are 'hard and horny.' "

MARJORIE POLLARD (1913-18).

* * * * * *

" Friends' War Victims' Relief Committee,
" Ornans, France,

". . . I had two days in Paris to look round, and then came by night to Dôle, *via* Dijon. The Dôle Equipe consists of a number of wooden houses (the same as supplied to refugees) built round a square. One side is taken up mainly by the kitchen, dining room and library, and the other three sides by the workers' rooms, many of which have been fully furnished and decorated according to the occupants' tastes. It is built on a bare hill slope commanding a glorious view of the French and Swiss border mountains and even Mont Blanc on a clear day. However the unsheltered position rather exposes it to the extremes of weather. I was baked there at 95° in the shade. The works are in a half completed school about a mile from the Equipe, and just opposite them some of the houses have been put up and are already occupied by refugees. While at Dôle I shared a room with Ashton Watts.

After two days I came on to Ornans with George Chapman, an Old Walden Boy. We stopped on the way at Besançon. . . . There, to my surprise, I saw Reginald Montford, and we had a long talk of old days. From Besançon we went by motor to Ornans, where, for the last three weeks, I have been doing night shifts with Eric Roberts of Bristol (who was at Walden for a few Terms). It is the coolest time for work, and as we get each afternoon off, I am able to spend many

afternoons butterfly collecting. Most of our rare British butterflies are to be found here, and I have caught about fifty different kinds, including . . . five or six kinds never seen in England, one of which is a very large tropical variety with gauzy wings.

" Yesterday I went over with quite a lot of fellows from here and Besançon to Dôle, where, to my surprise, I saw Harry Dent, whom I had not expected out so soon. We had a very pleasant day together."

C. F. TEBBUTT (1913-18).

* * * * * *

[*Extracts from a letter from Leslie R. Hart* (1909-13) *R.A.M.C.*]

" Here's a tit-bit for G.M. ! A gentleman hailing from the British Museum stayed at our laboratory as visiting proto-zoologist for some weeks last summer, and he somehow obtained my promise of help towards a collection of flowering plants of Macedonia for that deserving Institution. So behold me, ex-incorrigible non-member of the N.H.S., walking round collecting plants about which I know sweet nothing, except that the various species flower with such amazing rapidity that it seems impossible to keep pace. And so, for one reason only, shall I be glad when the sun scorches the whole lot up in a month or two. People are fond of stating that the war is responsible for some remarkable phenomena—I am beginning to believe there's something in it ! . . .

I can manage to make a good report of Bunny's progress so far as I know of it. He is negotiating a commission in the R.F.A., and has served the customary month with a field battery before coming home for training. Whilst serving this month at the front he had a somewhat varied experience. On one occasion he entertained the troops to an impromptu steeplechase (one mule, one rabbit) when taking the animals to water, but I rejoice to say that, although the going was pretty hot, he managed to keep aboard until the mule had

worked off its surplus energy, when he returned to the column to receive the congratulations (army pattern !) of the battery sergeant-major ! ! "

* * * * * *

[*Extracted from a letter from Cecil A. Falkner* (1911-17)].

" I am on No. XI. Ambulance Train. It is very nice indeed to be among quite a number of Walden fellows, of whom Gardner is one. . . .

" I have seen quite a lot of the Chink Labour Corps out here, and, my word, they are a set to behold. I noticed quite a curious incident the other day whilst we were having a dip in a river. One of these fellows was being completely shaved all over his head. I rather prefer the English to the Chink barber. . . . Most people out here are waiting for the future politicians and others to make peace."

* * * * * *

[*From A. Rendel Bull* (1911-14), 212, *Squadron, R.A.F., Vendome*].

" I came over *via* Southampton and Havre and had an interesting journey. I spent two days in Paris, which was quite an experience. I can quite sympathise with Miss Waites in her enthusiasm for the boulevards and bridges of Paris. I went over the Louvre and Notre Dame but everything bears the mark of war. All the pictures have been removed from the Louvre and Notre Dame is encased in sand-bags."



SCHOOL DIARY.

June 13th.—N.H.S. Specimen Mtg. Essay: "Poppies," Eileen Cousins.

„ 15th.—Violin Recital by Mr. Booth-Clibborn.

„ 15th-17th.—Week-end visit from Mr. James Crosfield.

„ 20th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Boys' Diary, Paul Tebbutt. Essays "The Glen O'Weeping," J. Chalmers Gibb; "The Development of Coinage," Edith Newbery"; "The Poet of Friendship," Henry Dent; "All through the Night," Margaret Passmore. Pianoforte Solos, Marjorie Harrod and Roy Newbery.

„ 23rd.—Lantern Lecture: "The Work of the F.A.U.," Mr. Peverett.

„ 26th.—Cricket Match: Boys' XI. *v.* Mr. Whitlow's XI., home, won, 144-71. R. Falkner 46; L. T. Palmer 38 not out; H. Hartwell 34.

„ 27th.—N.H.S. Mtg. Essays: "Mickleham Church," Donald Morgan; "Ants," Winifred Ruald; "University Church, Cambridge," Lawrance Palmer and Frederick Frizzell; "Silkworms," Margaret Tuke.

July 4th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Girls' Diary, Eunice Tanner; Essays: "Cuthbert, Clarence and Claude," Marcus Matthews; "The Lady of the Lamp," Kathleen Payne; "Village Cricket," Henry Hartwell. Pianoforte Solos, Doris Thompson and Margaret Tuke.

„ 6th.—Cricket Match: 1st XI. *v.* Mr. Downham's XI., home, won, 121—63. R. Falkner 60. Mr. Whitlow, 8 wkts. for 23.

„ 10th.—Cricket Match: Boys' XI. *v.* Mr. Whitlow's XI., home, lost 48—64.

„ 11th.—N.H.S. Mtg. Flower Competition.

„ 13th.—Cricket Match: 1st XI. *v.* Mr. Downham's XI., home, won, 79—74. J. C. Gibb 40 not out. Mr. Whitlow 9 wkts. for 17.

„ 13th-15th.—Week-end Visit from Mr. and Mrs. Gibb of Ceylon.

„ 15th.—Cambridge Examinations began.

July 17th.—Annual Meeting of The Fourth Form Literary Society.

„ 23rd.—School General Meeting.
Lit. Soc. Mtg. Boys' Diary, Ronald Ash. Essays: "A Boy Poet," Marjorie Harrod; "Some Famous Volcanic Eruptions," Clifford Jones. Recitations, Marcus Matthews and Marjorie Pollard.
Swimming Sports.

„ 25th.—Holidays began.

Sept. 12th.—School reopened.

„ 18th.—Missionary Address by William Pitt.

„ 19th.—Quarterly Meeting.
Lit Soc. Mtg. Girls' Diary, Mary Baker. Essays: "A Rubbish Heap," Kenneth Mauritzi; "The Snare of Ambition," Muriel Robson; "My Wife's Table-Centres" Mr. Rowntree; "The Cinematograph," Roy Newbery. Pianoforte Solo, Kathleen Payne.

„ 26th.—N.H.S. Meeting.

„ 28th.—N.H.S. Excursion to Ickleton.

„ 30th.—Pianoforte Recital by Mr. Harold Scott.

Oct. 3rd.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Boys' Diary, Lawrance Palmer. Essays: "Caverns and Grottos," Louie Shaw; "Dean Swift," Lawrance Palmer; "Fox Hunting," Edith Smith. Chorus, Four Girls. Whistling Solo, Mr. Beer.

„ 5th.—Football Matches *v.* Saffron Walden Grammar School: Boys' XI. *v.* 1st XI., away, won, 5—0; 2nd XI. *v.* 2nd XI., home, won, 8—0.

„ 10th.—N.H.S. Mtg. Essays: "Snails and Slugs," Susannah Smith and Dorothy Emson; "Microscopic Plant Organisations," Edward Bawden; "Some English Trees," Eileen Cousins and Dorothea Halford.

„ 11th.—Visit of School Committee.

„ 13th.—Lantern Lecture: "Friends' Relief Work in Holland," by Mr. Frederick Braithwaite.

„ 14th.—Merit Half-Holiday.
Hockey match: Staff *v.* Scholars, 1—8.

„ 16th.—Hockey Match: Boys' 1st XI. *v.* Saffron Walden Grammar School 1st XI., home, won, 8—0.
Football Match: 2nd XI. *v.* Saffron Walden Grammar School 2nd XI., away, won 1—0.

Oct. 17th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Girls' Diary, Margaret Passmore. Essays: "The Revolt of the Tartars," Donald Peverett; "Merrie England," Susannah Smith; "Aviation and the Great War," Harold Raymond. Recitation, Kenneth Mauritzi. Violin Solo, Lionel Wright. Pianoforte Solo, Muriel Robson.

„ 19th.—Football Match. Boys' XI. *v.* Cambridge County School 1st XI. away, won, 3—2.

„ 24th.—Lantern Lecture: "Turkestan," Mr. Sefton-Jones.

„ 26th.—"Avenue" Concert.

„ 27th.—Address in evening Meeting by Mr. Sefton Jones.

„ 31st.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Boys' Diary, Harold Raymond. Essays: "Our Village," Mary Baker; "Lace," Mrs. Thorp; "General Gordon," William Roper. Pianoforte Solo, Mary Baker.



NOTICES.

It is intended to publish three numbers of *The Avenue* during 1919, price 6d. per copy (post free 8d.), or 1s. 6d. per annum (post free 2s.).

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

SCHOOL EXAMINATIONS.

London Matriculation Examination, June, 1918.

Donald Morgan, Marcus A. Matthews.

Cambridge Local Examinations, July, 1918.

Senior :—A. Margaret Robson (3rd Class Honours), Elsie Deane, Doris F. Thompson, Harry S. Hartwell, H. Lionel Wright, Henry T. Dent.

Junior :—Mary Baker (2nd Class Honours), Clifford T. Jones (3rd Class Honours), John V. S. Milne, F. Susannah Smith, Cecil T. Trigg, John T. Barker, Lawrance T. Palmer, Edith L. Newbery, Carl G. Engelmann, I. Eunice Tanner, Dorothy K. Emson, Paul W. Tebbutt, Archibald Bartlett.

Associated Board of the R.A.M. and *R.C.M.*

Higher Division :—Kathleen Payne, Ruby Ward, Hilda Collen.
Elementary Division :—Daniel Burlingham (Distinction), Marjorie Williams.

SCHOOL MAGAZINES.

We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of *The Beckside* (Ayton), *Stramongate School Magazine, Penketh School Magazine, The Island* (Sidcot).

3

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