THE AVENUE



JULY 1919

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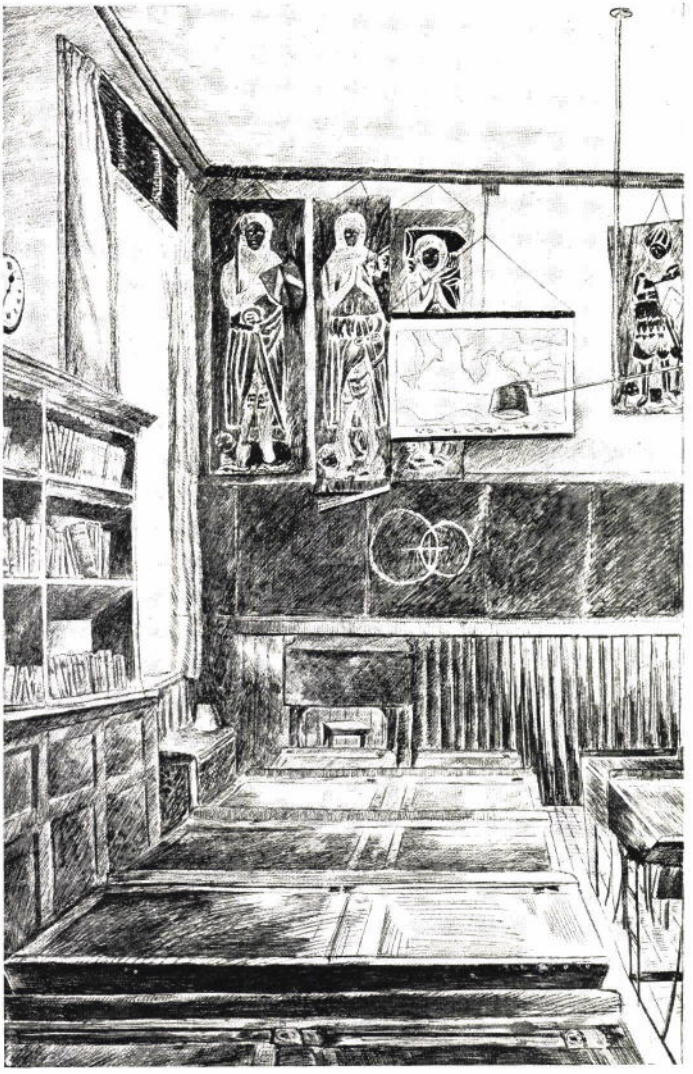
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From a drawing by] [*Edward Bawden.*

THE BOYS' FIFTH FORM ROOM.



The Magazine of the Friends' School, Saffron Walden.

VOL. X. JULY, 1919. No. 29.

FOREWORD.

IN our last number we mentioned our extraordinary good fortune in escaping almost entirely from the great epidemic which has attacked so many schools. This time there is a very different tale to tell. Shortly after we went to press the School succumbed, and in less than five days the buildings became a sanatorium. Four boys, six girls and a few among the staff remained unclaimed by the influenza. These, with the imported aid of several nurses, our old friend Mr. Pumphrey and three parents, Mrs. Appleton, Mrs. Smith, and Mrs. Halford, worked splendidly, and to them and others who helped so effectively during that fortnight we offer our sincerest thanks. Fortunately only two cases of pneumonia occurred, both of which speedily recovered.

Owing to this outbreak the school was forced to close more than a fortnight early, while all examinations, house competitions, and term reports had to be abandoned.

We returned this term after six weeks of holiday, and are delighted to find Mr. Pumphrey once more a member of the

teaching staff. While sincerely regretting the loss of Miss Folley, we extend a hearty welcome to Miss Waites, who takes her place as girls' matron.

During the long holidays, Walden experienced what is believed to be a record fall of snow of thirteen inches. As a result of this a considerable amount of damage was done to trees in the school grounds, especially in the Avenue. All unsightly gaps, however, have been rapidly concealed by the leaves.

Overall, the School gardener for twenty years, left us in the middle of May. We are all exceedingly sorry to lose him, and especially so the boys, of whom he was a great friend. We wish him every success in his new position.

The House system has now been on trial for two years. Certain weak points have become evident, and some necessary improvements have been made. The chief of these is that there are now three houses in place of six. Godlee has been combined with Mennell, Gibson with Morland, and Crosfield with Lister, and two members of the staff, a master and a mistress, have been allied with each house.

H. Lionel Wright.
(Sixth Form).

WHITSUNTIDE, 1919.

FOR the first time since 1914 the Old Scholars' Association came to the School to enjoy the Whitsun week-end, and they came in record numbers, intending to make it the best week-end they had had at Walden; and I am sure they succeeded.

By lunch time on Saturday there were many visitors, the number increasing as each hour passed, until by evening most had arrived.

We all appreciated the arranging of the sports for Saturday, and it was good to watch the present scholars breaking many previous records, thus showing that they were more than equal to those who had gone before.

One thing we missed, the bonfire and singing on Saturday evening; for since we last met "Day-light Saving" had come into vogue. This loss was compensated for by the lovely long evening, allowing out-door occupations till quite a late hour—in fact 10 p.m., the time we should disperse to our various diggings, seemed almost too early.

On Sunday the Meeting House was full almost to overflowing, and it was good to be there again, we could enjoy the hour of worship somewhat better than when as boys and girls we sat through what often seemed a very long time.

One of the features of the week-end was our Sunday evening meeting on the tennis lawn, which, while not outwardly partaking exactly of the character of a meeting for worship, gave opportunity for the expression of thankfulness which all felt.

After this our musical friends treated us to a most admirable al fresco concert, so good that it was a reluctant audience that moved away to supper appeased only by the thought of another concert on Monday.

On Monday there was a constant succession of excitement—paying up the secretary, cricket match (Past v. Present), and tennis tournaments, filling up the morning till one o'clock when an excellent lunch was provided. Before leaving the dining hall Old Scholars subscribed £10 10s. to the School Games' Clubs, a record certainly, but one we hope to eclipse next year.

Then we adjourned to the lawn, and after a photograph had been taken we watched "As You Like It," performed by members of the Fifth Form. It was well done; and, as one looked back, one could not fail to notice the great change that had taken place in methods of education (much greater broadness of mind). This is a matter for congratulation to both staff and scholars. There followed an exciting polo match in the Bath between two teams of old scholars, from which London emerged victorious.

Then came tea on the Avenue, and, alas, the departure of many of our friends. But many more stayed than usual, and we

listened to another really good concert in the dining hall, provided by staff and old scholars.

On Tuesday morning, after breakfast, at all sorts of times, Old Scholars melted away, all agreeing that we had indeed had a right royal time—brought about by much work beforehand on the part of the Staff and present Scholars, to whom our thanks are due.

We met together as members of one School, a School that had given us of her best, that welcomed us heartily, and for whom we have a real abiding affection and love, which we hope may find expression in action, in providing it with some of the things which will go to its improvement—not only material, but mental and spiritual.

W. Russell Frayling (1898-1903),
Hon. Sec. O.S.A.

WALDEN, 1919.

SO we came back—we heard your voice a-calling,
O'er blossoming fields and 'neath the summer skies—
So we came back, and in our souls a wonder
That you remembered us! In your kind eyes
We read our welcome—to you brought our tributes,
The deeds we'd done, the tasks that we had tried,
Knowing full well that you would praise, not blame us,
Running, as children, to our mother's side.
Strengthened and helped, we turned, the respite over,
Back to the world that needs your children yet—
Going, we carry glimpses of life's dawning—
You have remembered—we shall ne'er forget!

Maud G. Tyler (1894-97).

THE ATHLETIC SPORTS.

ON Saturday morning we awoke to find little promise of a fine day, but by breakfast time the sun was shining brightly. We had the usual first period from 9.0 to 9.40, and then most of us retired to the changing room to get ready for the sports.

A large crowd was gathering at ten o'clock, and by the time the sports began about 150 guests had taken up their positions on the field. The sports commenced with the junior high jump.

The weather conditions being favourable, numerous records were broken, the first being that of the hundred yards under eleven, when Elithorn completed the race in 13⅘ seconds. J. Milne equalled the record for the senior high jump, a record which has stood untouched for 14 years. The records for the senior hundred yards, the quarter mile and the 220 yards handicap, were also broken by J. Milne, whose time for the hundred yards (10⅗ secs.) was extraordinary, in spite of the strong wind behind him; while J. C. Gibb made a record by an excellent throw of 91 yds. 2ft. 6ins. E. Cousins broke the record for the girls' junior 220 and 100 yards races. D. Burlingham made a new record for the boys' junior 100 yards race, and also for the half-mile. An interval of two hours for dinner intervened between the boys' senior throw and the 220 yards handicap. After dinner the less serious races took place; the sack, obstacle, and tripod races, etc., which caused much amusement. The sports ended with the House relay races and the tugs-of-war. The latter, won by Crosfield, were very strenuously contested. Numerous old scholars and others arrived during the sports, and after tea many of them took part in the tennis tournaments. A game of terza ended a very happy day and most of us were extremely glad to retire to rest.

Robert Errington
Carl Engelmann
(Lower Fifth Form).

SENIOR: BOYS.

100 yards.—1, Milne; 2, Gibb; 3, Roper. Time, 10⅘ secs.*
Quarter Mile.—1, Milne; 2, Gibb. Time, 55 secs.*
Half Mile.—1, Milne; 2, Gibb; 3, Frizzell i. Time, 2 min. 22⅘ secs.
Mile.—1, Milne; 2, Frizzell i; 3, Gibb; 4, Palmer ii. Time, 5 min. 33⅕ secs.
Cross Country.—1, Milne; 2, Skelton i; 3, Palmer ii; 4, Gregg. Time, 21 min. 57⅘ secs.
Long Jump.—1, Milne; 2, Gibb; 3, Frizzell. Distance, 16 ft. 4½ in.
High Jump.—1, Milne; 2, Gibb; 3, Frizzell. Height, 4 ft. 10 in.†
Throw.—1, Gibb; 2, Milne; 3, Wright i. Distance, 91 yds. 2 ft. 6 in.*

JUNIOR:

100 yards.—1, Burlingham i.; 2, Mason; 3, Tawell. Time, 12 secs.*
Quarter Mile.—1, Burlinghami.; 2, Teakle; 3, Smith iii. Time, 67⅘ secs.
Half Mile.—1, Burlingham i.; 2, Welch; 3, Hoare. Time, 2 min. 33⅘ secs.*
Mile.—1, Burlingham i; 2, Hoare; 3, Reynolds. Time, 5 min. 49 secs.
Cross Country.—1, Hoare; 2, Burlingham i; 3, Reynolds; 4, Williams. Time, 13 min. 13 secs.
Long Jump.—1, Mason; 2, Tawell; 3, Hammond ii. and Cadman. Distance, 12 ft. 7 in.
High Jump.—1, Burlingham i.; 2, Tawell: 3, Hammond ii. Height, 4 ft. 1 in.
Throw.—1, Tawell; 2, Teakle; 3, Elithorn. Distance, 58 yds. 2 ft.
100 yards (under 11).—1, Elithorn; 2, Robson ii.; Time, 13⅘ secs.*

OPEN:

Half Mile Handicap.—1, Skelton i. (45 yds.); 2, Jones (6 yds.), 3, Howitt (200 yards).
220 yards handicap.—1, Milne (scr.); 2, Mason (39 yds.); 3, Wright i. (17 yds.). Time, 24⅕ secs.*
Sack Race.—1, Barker; 2, Stark; 3, Mason.
Obstacle Race.—1, Hammond ii.; 2, Parmenter; 3, Yardley.
Tripod Race.—1, Engelmann and Allbon; 2, Tebbutt and Palmer.

SENIOR. GIRLS.

100 yards.—1, P. Horsfield; 2, E. Noal; 3, P. Thompson. Time, 13 secs.
220 yards.—1, E Noal; 2, P. Thompson; 3, P. Passmore. Time, 30⅕ secs.
Long Jump.—1, P. Horsfield; 2, M. Baker; 3, E Noal. Distance, 13ft 1 in.
High Jump.—1, M. Baker; 2, S. Joy and E. Smith. Height, 4 ft. 2 in. †
Throw.—1, L. Kilbey; 2, S. Joy; 3, D. Emson. Distance, 49 yds. 2 ft.*
Tripod Race.—1, P. Passmore and R. Ward; 2, L. Kilbey and S. Joy.

JUNIOR:

100 yards.—1, E. Cousins; 2, P. Welch; 3, H. Welch. Time, 13⅘ secs.*
220 yards.—1, E. Cousins; 2, G. Baker; 3, P. Welch. Time, 31⅘ secs.*

* School Record. † Equal to Record.

Long Jump.—1,G. Baker ; 2, E. Cousins ; 3, P. Welch. Distance, 12 ft. 6 in.

High Jump.—1, G. Baker and E. Cousins ; 3, H. Welch. Height, 3 ft. 8 in.

Tripod Race.—1,P. Welch and V. Falkner ; 2, J. Tawell and C. Palmer.

100 yards (under 11).—1, M. Gibb ; 2, H. Yardley.

HOUSE RELAY RACE (300 yards) :

Boys.—1, Godlee ; 2, Morland. Time, 40 secs.

Girls.—1, Morland ; 2, Godlee. Time, 43¾ secs.

Second Team.—1, Godlee ; 2, Morland. Time, 44⅛ sces.

HOUSE TUG-OF-WAR (Boys) :

1, Crosfield ; 2, Morland.

Boys' Cup Holder.—Jack Milne.

Boys' Junior Cup Holder.—Daniel F. Burlingham.

Girls' Cup Holder—Ethel Noal.

Girls' Junior Champion—Eileen Cousins.

HOUSE SPORTS.

Boys'—1st, Morland.	2nd, Crosfield.
Girls'—1st, Godlee.	2nd, Morland.

DREAMING IN TWO WORLDS.

IT began again through his cycling home at a breakneck pace in order to get in not more than two hours after "lighting-up" time. The night was clear and cold with a bright moon on the horizon, and he rode with his lips slightly parted that he might breathe more freely. The shadow of the bicycle and its rider became suddenly short or long as it fell upon the hedge or upon the ground, and one would have thought that something romantic must come of such a night. But nothing romantic did. What really came of it when he reached home was that he had a decidedly worrying toothache, brought on, as I say, through the cold wind.

Roger, for this must be his name in future, retired early to bed to spend a somewhat sleepless night, not really because of the irritating tooth but because of the future. He awoke feeling but little refreshed and slunk off to the ogre who had his surgery across the road. Roger waited for nearly an hour. He had looked through all the papers and illustrated periodicals in the

room, and was even beginning to do the round again when, at last, the dreaded man himself entered.

Roger was bidden to open his mouth, and the secret of that terrible hollow tooth was disclosed.

"Ah, yes; no; I'm afraid I can't save it for you, sir. It will have to come out. Sorry; but it's gone too far." This Roger knew already. "Come at half past one, will you?—and we'll have it out then. A little gas?"

Roger nodded as he struggled into his coat and left the surgery with a peculiar, choking sensation in his throat. The memory of his last gas operation was still fresh in his mind. For the rest of the morning he had nothing to do—which was the worst thing possible for him—and the time was spent mostly by himself. Later, Roger strode across the road with a really manly appearance, for all the world looking as if he wished everyone to know he was going to have a tooth extracted. He was installed in the waiting-room once more and was luckily soon left alone. The papers he had seen in the morning, but even if this had not been so, he could not have interested himself in them; his great trouble was that he was making so much of so small an affair.

While he was still thinking, the most blood-curdling screeching came from the room above through the open window of his apartment. "Cats," he tried to say to himself; but the explanation was not good enough, and he knew it. Presently this nightmare of sounds ceased upon a top-note as abruptly as it had begun, so that Roger became cold and a shiver ran down his spine. Roger knew his time was at hand; in fact, it had come already, for he was bidden to the room whence these horrors had come.

There before him was the doctor who was to open the trap-door through which he was to pass into the dream existence—only Roger didn't think of him so prettily as that—and there, bending low over a drawer full of glittering instruments, was the man who would bring him back to the land of reality.

Roger played his part well and did certainly appear as if he went under gas as a man might set out on a railway journey. He threw out some very callous remarks about the "lively customers" who had gone before him. He would have been horrified to have made such remarks at ordinary times, but under the circumstances he felt the situation almost necessitated them. Meanwhile the doctor fiddled about with a small cylinder of gas and at last pronounced everything to be in readiness.

Roger's mouth was now propped open with a gag as wide as his jaws would allow and the gas was administered. The sound of his breathing became exaggerated; each inspiration sounded as if it would be his last and supreme effort, each expiration his last sigh. Things began to spin round at a terrific pace and a far-off touch was given to the voices of the other two in the room. Roger began to feel as though he were commencing a long journey and leaving what he knew of this world behind him. His whole frame vibrated in time with his heavy breathing; his breathing seemed to be increasing in speed so that, when he closed his eyes finally, the sensation of being in a train was complete.

"I think that will be all right," said a distant voice. Roger opened his eyes to behold a villainous-looking wretch sitting in the corner of the railway carriage. He was singularly like the doctor and yet there was something essentially different, for he was of this other world into which Roger had just passed. In the opposite corner was the dentist, only strangely changed. There were others in the carriage too,—in fact, it was quite full!

Immediately opposite Roger was a gentleman who read an enormous dentistry journal and would insist upon reading out aloud all the fatalities amongst patients for the last month. In the corner on the same side as Roger was seated a woman of the largest size, with a puny, irritating boy of the smallest size for his age. The child was distinctly personal in his remarks and consequently very embarrassing.

Roger's great trouble now was that, though the carriage was a non-smoking one and he was little over fourteen, he found a great pipe in his mouth. The stem of the pipe was the chief trouble, for it was so large that he could not remove the pipe from his mouth, so that his teeth were for ever propped some inches apart. The eyes of everyone in the carriage were upon him, and as he sat he became redder and redder, but could make no explanation, for he was entirely unable to speak. The child climbed upon his knee and pointed at the clumsy, offending thing.

The train, meanwhile, was climbing a precipitous mountain side. It ascended it much as a caterpillar climbs a perpendicular twig, and the continual rattle and wheezing of the train began to make Roger's brain whirl round like a flywheel.

"Yes; there was one case last week when the patient under gas was left by the dentist and forgotten. He never recovered. Another case the week before in which a dream finished off the patient"—this, of course, from the man with the journal. Roger felt, somehow, it was all meant specially for him.

Any further reflections upon Roger's part were cut short by the disappearance of the troublesome child through the window. There had been many previous attempts at this but it was the child's first success.

"Yes; it speaks of a patient going through the surgery window like that in this paper . . . Couldn't stand the pain . . . He was killed"—again from the man with the journal.

Roger for his part rushed immediately to the alarm cord, disgusted with the brute's callousness. He pulled vigorously, but, as he pulled, the whole of the occupants of the carriage were upon him and he was dragged to his seat. The train was descending the mountain side now at a terrible rate, and the feeling of going to destruction made Roger more desperate than ever. He laid about him lustily, but was overpowered by the doctor from one corner and struck in cold blood by the dentist from the other corner. The dentist had hit him in the place where

the offending tooth was situated and the blow stunned him. He remembered only reeling back into his seat, while the train rushed on and on down the precipitous slope, increasing speed with every second, while yet the roaring of the wheels and the puffing of the engine became less and less, until the movement was eventually converted into a perfect glide.

Roger seems to have been semi-conscious, for he distinctly remembers deciding to open his eyes. What met his gaze when he did so was the frosted glass pane of the surgery window and the doctor and the dentist on either side of him. His eyes were streaming with water, but he still saw the window whizzing round in a most giddy manner before him. The rotatory movement stopped at last and Roger realised that he was to dream once more in the land of reality. There are several ways of going from dreaming in this realm to dreaming in the other. Nature's way is by natural sleep ; it is the only really pleasant passage. All the others are in some measure nauseating, and Roger had gone by one of these.

He dreamed in the land of reality and his dream was a nightmare ; he dreamed in the land of dreams and has returned again to dream in this world more happily for the loss of a tooth.

H. Lionel Wright
(Sixth Form).



A SPRING EVENING.

THE sun is slowly setting o'er the hill ;
The wood-dove calls his mate with tender croon,
And slowly, as the sun goes down, the moon
Lights up the glade with beams that seem to fill
Each gloomy nook with shadows never still.
Now overhead, with " caw " that tells how soon
The day must yield unto the silver moon,
The rooks flap lazily, just how they will.
The calm of evening settles on the land ;
The gentle breeze, like waves upon the sand,
Goes sighing through the birch-trees, tall and fair ;
The flowers all are closing eyes so bright,
As if they knew that soon it would be night,
And peacefulness seems wafted on the air.

Joyce Paton
(Lower Fourth).

INFLUENZA.

INFLUENZA certainly has one virtue—when all is said and done you *do* have it. But from the point of view of one who was totally immune during the epidemic, I can distinctly say that immunity was a very mixed blessing.

I think that both the nursing staff and the orderlies on the boys' side would unanimously agree that, of the sixty patients who were the objects of their tender administrations, the masters with one exception were the most troublesome. This exception was rendered harmless under the influence of German poetry, which he insisted on reading, although it caused his temperature to rise to most undignified heights. He was unfortunate ; for

this kept him on milk diet when the others were enjoying their first experience of "solid food." Perhaps his misfortune aided him to form a firm opinion that mankind laboured under a delusion—milk was not a perfect food. In fact, "man cannot live by milk alone,"—an opinion which most patients shared. Indeed, the unreasoning hatred with which everyone regarded their staple diet amazed me. I still maintain that milk is an excellent and nutritious beverage.

I am told I am inexperienced.

The 'flu outbreak was a strange experience. The looker-on witnessed a great tragedy enlivened by the element of farce. To see youth stricken down by that awful plague was tragic, yet the effect of delirium on many patients would have appealed to any sense of humour. The boy who, in the middle of the night was seized by a mild impulse to murder his neighbour, and aroused half the patients by a series of wild screams, was a rather extreme case. There were, however, others, whose absurd remarks were a source of constant amusement.

But, to the orderly, life was labour and sorrow.

The weight of coal I carried upstairs must have run into several tons; while the great heaps of crockery to be conveyed to the upper regions was heart-breaking.

When, in the evening, I mounted the stairs with the medicine, I was greeted, not with thankful words, but with certain expressions of disgust, which shocked me greatly.

However, in spite of their awful threats of—"When I am well! You wait!" they were forced to drink their medicine, and it was my great pleasure to watch their awful convulsions as they struggled with the nauseating fluid. All of them have recovered. Their threats are forgotten, yet they are still ungrateful to those who were awakened in the morning by their cries for breakfast, and who toiled for them till nightfall.

Reginald Falkner
(Upper Fifth).

AN OUTLINE SURVEY OF SAFFRON WALDEN AND ITS REGION.

By Members of the Saffron Walden Survey Society.

Edited By G. Morris.

Section X.—*History (continued).*

1537.—William More, the last Abbot of Walden, became Vicar of Walden.

1538.—King Henry VIII. granted to Sir Thomas Audley, Lord Chancellor, the Abbey of Walden with all estates, manors, and advowsons thereunto attached.

1540-44.—John Hodgekynne was Vicar—he had been a Black Monk, and took unto him a wife, whom he put away in Queen Mary's reign.

1542.—Henry VIII. granted a charter for a Fair commencing the Friday before the 4th Sunday in Lent.

1543.—The Privy Council sent letters to two Yeomen of the Guard dwelling at Walden "to send certain Egyptians (Gypsies) over seas." (Early vagrancy laws.)

1547.—The Corporation "expended at Sturbrecke Fayre time upon the learned counsel for the common business there 10s." (C.A.)

1549.—Edward VI. granted a Charter of Incorporation to the town. The Corporate body is defined as consisting of "a treasurer, 2 chamberlains, 24 assistants and the commonality." (This charter was confirmed by Queen Mary, 1553, and Queen Elizabeth, 1558.)

1549.—Letters were issued to the gentry of Essex to raise their servants, tenants and friends, to equip as many demi-lances, or light horsemen, as they could, and to meet the Protector Somerset at Walden. The motley gathering set out from Walden on August 17th and marched on Norwich to quell Ket's Rebellion.

1550.—Edward VI. by letters patent gave licence to the Corporation to set up, found, erect, and endow for ever an almshouse, to be called "King Edward's Almshouse."

1551.—"For the tymber and workmanship of the pyleore 3/6." With this entry may be associated:—1552. "For making the Cucking Stoole, 6/8." 1597. "Charges made for setting up Gallows and for 2 halters, 7/–" (C.A.). (During this and the following century there are several such gruesome entries relating to capital punishment in Walden.)

1553.—Visitation of Commissioners appointed by the King to visit the Church and take account of church property sold and carried away. The inventory mentions 105 items including vestments, bells, crosses and altar vessels which were valued at £166.

1553.—Queen Mary fled from London on the declaration of Lady Jane Grey as queen and took refuge at Sawston Hall. A mob attacked and burnt the mansion but the Queen got away to Framlingham on a pillion behind a servant. Later she granted to the Huddlestones the stones of Cambridge Castle, from which the present hall is built.

1554.—The Duke of Suffolk, brother to Lady Audley, was beheaded for proclaiming his daughter, Lady Jane Grey, Queen.

1555.—John Bradford, a popular preacher of Saffron Walden, was burnt as a heretic at Smithfield.

John Newman, a gospeller and pewterer, of Maidstone, in Kent, was burnt in the Market Place of Saffron Walden by order of Bishop Bonner.

1561.—At this period each Manor held its own Court and made its own bye-laws. The following is a sample bye-law taken from the records of the Manor Court of Brook Walden:

"That every hedgebreaker taken in brekying hedges and carynge of soche lyke wode, shall pay for evry

soche offence xvjd and thre hours punishment in the stocks; and the money thereof comynge and forfeited to be divided; iiijd to the Lorde; to the owner of soche wode iiij; to the baylyff iiijd; and to hym or them that shall take such offender iiijd."

1571.—Queen Elizabeth visited the town staying at Audley *Inne.* Here she received the Councillors and officials of Walden, who presented "a silver cup and cover, double gilt," valued at £19 3s., and also spent over £10 gratuities to the Court including 6/8 to "ye blackguard." On her second visit in 1578 similar presentations were made and the "Frenche Ymbaster" received a gallon of wine.

1571.—In this year we have evidence of proceedings against Nonconformists in Walden. One Robert Sharp was convicted of convening a secret meeting at Strethall, and Richard Byrd gives information against a similar congregation at Saffron Walden.

1573.—Sir Thomas Smyth, a worthy of Walden, endowed two scholarships at Queen's College, Cambridge, with preference to his own kin or boys educated at Walden Grammar School. Sir T. S. was a native of Walden and educated at the Grammar School. He was Secretary of State to Edward VI. and Elizabeth and was a Knight of the Garter. He founded a plantation in Ulster, which cost him £10,000, and it is also recorded that he was associated with Sir Humphrey Gilbert, the Earl of Leicester and Lord Burleigh, in a scheme to transmit iron into copper.

1573.—The Duke of Norfolk, the Lord of the Manor, was declared guilty of high treason for plotting to deliver Mary Queen of Scots from prison and intending to marry her. He was beheaded and his estates were forfeited to the Crown.

1577.—Lord William Howard, the "Belted Will" of northern ballads, was married in Walden Church to Lady Elizabeth Dakers.

1583.—Lord Thomas Howard was "restored in blood" by Act of Parliament. [Lord Thomas Howard was a soldier and sailor by profession. He commanded a ship against the Armada, 1588, in 1591 he was at Flores in the Azores (see Tennyson's "Revenge"), and in 1596 he was vice-admiral in the attack on Cadiz. He was created Earl of Suffolk in 1603. In the execution of his duties as Lord Chamberlain he, in conjunction with Secretary Cecil, discovered the store of gunpowder laid under the House of Peers by the Guy Fawkes conspirators. He was tried before the Star Chamber for embezzling public moneys in 1618, and fined £30,000. He built the present mansion at Audley End which was finished in 1613 and is said to have cost him £200,000. As King James remarked, "a suitable palace for a Lord Treasurer, but much too expensive for a King." He died in 1628 and is buried in Walden Church.]

1588.—Newport Grammar School founded by Mrs. Joyce Frankland, in memory of her son who was killed in an accident while riding to London.

1594.—Father Gerard, a Jesuit priest, was hidden in a priests' hole beneath the hearth stone of a room at Broadoaks, a Manor house about 5 miles from Walden, and after remaining concealed for several days, escaped.

1592-7.—During the last half of this century John Harvey, a wealthy ropemaker, lived in Walden Market Place. His son, Gabriel Harvey, was the Hobynoll of Spencer's Fairy Queen. Gabriel was born in Walden and educated at the Grammar School; he became Proctor of Cambridge and Doctor of Civil Law; he was a friend of Spenser, and himself a worthy member

of the brilliant galaxy of Elizabethan writers. During these years he was engaged in a bitter controversy with Nash. He died in 1630 and was buried at Walden.

1606.—" Given to the King's players vjs viid." (C.A.) (Shakespeare was at this time one of His Majesty's Players and it is possible that he may have acted at Walden on this occasion.)

1614.—" For making a newe bull ring, a newe rope, collar and workmanship 8/8." (C.A.) (Through this century there are many references to bull baiting either, as above, expenses of the bull ring, or else fines from the butcher for unlawfully killing unbaited bulls.)

1631.—Charles I. visited Walden and was presented with a gilt cup filled with Saffron.

1634.—Nicholas Grey, Vicar of Walden, tried to eject Mr. Burges, the Master of the Grammar, with a view to himself taking the post. (Nicholas Grey was himself a schoolmaster of no mean reputation; he had been Master of Charterhouse, 1614, of Merchant Taylors, 1624, and of Eton, 1631.)

1637.—" Payd for writing, engrossing, and delivering the rate for the King's ship money 5/–" (C.A.).*

(To be continued).

* C.A.—Corporation Accounts.

OUR BELGIAN GUESTS.

WHEN the first party of six Refugees arrived at "Mon Abri" on November 9, 1914, neither they nor we had any thoughts of their stay in England lasting for more than a few months; consequently the offers of subscriptions were made for a period of six months. It is therefore a matter of congratulation to all concerned that sufficient subscriptions have been forthcoming from that time onward to



THE MARKET SQUARE.

Block lent by] [Hart & Sons, Saffron Walden.

enable us to continue to provide for the needs of the dozen Belgians who became our guests in 1914 and 1915.

As time went on it became possible for first one, then another, to obtain work; otherwise, as prices rose and subscriptions naturally diminished, it would have been impossible to achieve our object.

Contributions, amounting in cash to nearly £500, have been supplemented by loans of furniture, etc., from numerous friends, while the success of the undertaking has been made possible by Miss Gibson's placing "Mon Abri" freely at our disposal for three years. Mrs. Francis afterwards allowed Monsieur and Mme. Breban the free use of her house in High Street for six months.

In spite of three years' wear and tear, it has been possible to return to the owners nearly everything lent to the Belgians, who took the utmost pains to leave things clean at the end of their stay at "Mon Abri."

On another page we publish a summary of Income and Expenditure for four and a half years. The total contributions from the School—scholars and staff combined—was £240.

Monsieur Polus, the last of our guests to arrive at Saffron Walden, was the first to return to Belgium after the Armistice. Early in 1916 he obtained a post in the French Government Railway Department in Paris, and soon afterwards was transferred to the Belgian Foreign Office at Havre; so he returned with his Government to Belgium after the Armistice. In writing from Havre and, later, from Brussels, Monsieur Polus frequently refers to his "heartfelt gratitude for all the kindness which he received from generous friends in the hospitable country of S. Walden."

Monsieur Wandels has for four years been analytical chemist in Vickers' works at Erith, but has now returned to Ostend to try and re-open the chemist's business of which he was the manager before the Germans captured the town. Mlle. Schmitz in the autumn of 1917 found employment with a Belgian chemist from

Ostend, who had set up business in London; she has now returned to her country as Mme. Wandels, together with her husband and her mother, Mme. Schmitz. For the past year or more these three have lived at West Kensington, and our Committee has made Mme. Schmitz a small monthly allowance. Mme. Wandels wrote, soon after their return to Ostend, "The house is in an awful state and we don't know where to begin cleaning it. The Germans have constructed a bomb-proof shelter of reinforced concrete in our kitchen. All the furniture has been stolen, and we are sleeping without mattresses. . . . . We shall always be your debtors for all that you have done for us; you have truly been most good, and we can never be sufficiently grateful."

The last of our guests to leave Walden were Monsieur and Mme. Breban, who remained at "Mon Abri" until December, 1917, and afterwards at 52, High Street, until June, 1918, when the Central Refuge Committee in London agreed to provide them with rooms at Shepherd's Bush, which were furnished by means of money advanced by some Belgian friends who had found work in the neighbourhood. Our committee continued to make them a monthly allowance until they were able to return to Ostend, where they found their house uninhabitable, partly owing to the damage caused by a bomb which had fallen close to the house, and partly because the Germans had stolen their mattresses, bedding and much of their furniture. Writing from her sister's home, where she was temporarily living, Mme. Breban speaks of the happy reunion with their relatives, "who bless you for all the kindnesses which you have for so long shown to us . . . If you only knew all that they have suffered! Compared with them we were in paradise when living with you! Please convey to all the kind friends at Saffron Walden our heartfelt thankfulness for all they have done for us . . . Don't forget that when you come and visit Belgium you have promised to be our guests."

Mme. Breban adds that her nieces, who spent some months at

Walden, Mme. Vanuytven and Mlle. Doensen, together with the former's little boy, Marcel (who can speak English, but not French), returned to Belgium with Monsieur Breban and herself. Mme. Vanuytven's husband had just returned from Germany, where he had been a prisoner throughout the War. They had gone to their native town of Malines, but their house no longer existed. It had been totally destroyed in the course of one of the battles.

Monsieur Lauwers, with his wife and child, Mariette, came to Walden in December, 1914, but it was not long before his efforts to find work resulted in his obtaining a position in a Belgian Factory at Hayes. For the last year or two of the War he was assistant manager at a Belgian aeroplane factory at Highgate. The family returned to Brussels at the end of April, 1919, but his prospect is not a bright one, seeing that the firm for whom he travelled before the war no longer exists. Mariette speaks both English and French, the former by preference.

In conclusion, our thanks are due to all who, by their help in cash or kind and by expenditure of time and energy during the last four and a half years, have contributed to the completion of the undertaking.

C. Brightwen Rowntree.

SAFFRON WALDEN FRIENDS' BELGIAN RELIEF FUND.

Summary of Income and Expenditure, 1914-1919.

Income	£	s.	d.	Expenditure	£	s.	d.
Subscriptions from Boys and Girls at the School	100	11	6	Allowances to Belgians	430	6	0
Other Subscriptions and Donations	390	8	3	Clothing, etc., etc.	61	2	0
	£490	19	9		£491	8	0

ON A CALM SEA.



N idle flapping of canvas, hardly stirred by faint gusts of wind from the east; an idle lapping of waves on the vessel's sides; a faint and uneasy motion of the vast Atlantic; and silence,—the dead silence that ever settles over a calm sea.

The captain paced the bridge with a sullen look spread over his weather-beaten face. First he stared sullenly at the horizon, then at the sea below him. It was afternoon, and the sun blazed down from a misty sky of blue, blurred by faint stretches of motionless cloud. The heat, the silence, and the dead calm of the elements were strangely weird, yet it was not this that made the captain's frown grow deeper as he gazed at the oily water faintly heaving beyond the ship's brow;—it was the feeling of utter helplessness, of defeat, that comes upon all the passengers and crew of a becalmed vessel—for who knows what will follow the calm?

That night the vessel was wrapped in fog, but not a breath of wind had stirred the sails which now dripped moisture on the slippery deck. The steersman stared dully at the compass showed by the flickering lamp—the heavy tramp of the night watch occasionally broke in upon the stillness—for the rest the deck was dark and silent.

Beneath the position of the vessel the captain had written "Calm—Fog," and with that he closed the log and stared sleepily at the mate, who was restlessly dozing on a couch on the opposite side of the cabin. The stillness was suddenly broken. A faint splash, followed by the rousing cry: "Man overboard," brought him to his feet. He dashed up the companion way and gained the deck. His orders to the willing men were responded to with alacrity. Lanterns were hung out over the sea; ropes were thrown; but all to no purpose. Not a trace could be found of the missing man. Yet the sea was still.

The fog lifted for a moment, and the men renewed their work with a fresh vigour—yet without result. The calm sea, its oily waters disclosed by the lifting of the fog, lapped with an uncanny and hollow sound on the sides of the vessel. With a resigned air the captain gave the order to cease, and then, glaring bitterly at the sea, he turned and descended. The ship's bell clanged as he did so; it was midnight. At the hollow sound the captain started, then, after locking the door, he reached for an iron despatch box which he placed on the table. He unlocked the box and took out a sealed packet.

"To be opened by Capt. Meers only, on June 12th," he read. Then, breaking the seals, he read the following:

"*To Capt. Meers*—

"You will execute the orders received before sailing on the night of the 13th. Take every precaution for the safety of the men, but take great care that the ship is destroyed completely, leaving no trace. You may rest assured that your efforts on our behalf will be generously rewarded."

There was no signature, but the note was dated April 2nd, 1884. The captain's fist clenched as he read the paper. His brow was furrowed with thought. He knew that the ship was heavily insured, and that by its destruction the owners would gain thousands. They would be able to pay handsomely for his services.

And there he hesitated . . . . .

At first his thoughts wandered—then returned swiftly, and his resolution was made. Two hours later the mate entered. "Would you step on deck, sir, and see Jackson, he's very queer; seeing things—he tried to jump overboard and they are holding him now." The captain rose. "He's got a touch of the sun," he said.

"It's more than that, sir. Says he sees queer things in the fog, and calls out that the ship is doomed."

The captain started. "What! I must see him; he'll make the crew uneasy. It's this confounded calm," he exclaimed savagely.

"The trouble is, sir," continued the mate, "the men say that Emerson acted queerly before he jumped overboard. He kept glancing behind him, and starting when spoken to. Then suddenly he walked on deck and jumped overboard. It's all queer, sir, the men don't like it."

At the sight of the captain, Jackson, who was held by two strong seamen, struggled wildly, and, disengaging one arm, he stretched it towards him. "It's a doomed ship!" he cried, with terror in his voice,—"I saw it!—Ah! I see it—Fog!—Death, it means death!"

His arm dropped to his side, and his body collapsed limply as he swooned. The men turned pale, but at the captain's orders two sailors took him below, and the men dispersed.

In a few hours the sickly daylight began to pierce the fog, which thinned rapidly as the sun rose higher in the heavens—but nothing could disperse the cloud which had settled over the ship. Jackson's wild utterance had left its mark upon the crew; and still there was not a breath of wind.

The second day passed as the first had done. The men stared idly at the placid ocean, and the glassy stillness of its waves added to their feeling of gloom and despair. And as the shadows lengthened and the night fog crept in once more, a weird depression settled over the men, and they drew together in knots of two or three, as if they craved companionship to protect them from an unknown danger. The captain retired to his cabin early that night. As he sat at his table, a book was open before him, yet he was not reading. His thoughts were wandering; he was thinking of the preparations he had made for the sinking of the ship. This was the night fixed for the destruction of the vessel. The time would soon come when he would have to do this . . . . . A draught of cold air fanned his cheek. He started. The cabin port-hole had swung open slightly, and there it was swinging on its hinges. Mechanically he rose, and shut it. As he tightened the screw he wondered



Photos by] W. H. TAWELL
J. E. WALKER and
J. P. WHITLOW.

dully how it could have opened, but other thoughts soon occupied his mind.

He shut his book and threw it carelessly on a shelf—then he cautiously opened the cabin door and stepped into the passage. The atmosphere seemed chilly,—his teeth chattered slightly, but shrugging his shoulders he made his way towards the hold.

Ten minutes later in the inky blackness of the hold the captain was standing ankle deep in water, and a dull bubbling came from near his feet. . . . . .

He did not know how he regained his cabin.

. . . . The time would soon come when he must give the alarm, and order the boats to be manned. At this thought terror seized him. He tried to call out, but his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth ; his eyes were wild. At last he stirred as if to find justification for his crime ; he reached for his box, and taking out the paper, read : " To Captain Meers ". . . . .

He started, and glanced up. The cabin port-hole had swung open again ; he saw a dark sky, and then came the mist which hid everything from view. Afraid to stir he leaned forward, grasping the tablecloth in his clutching fingers. The mist cleared and there was a face . . . . It was Emerson, who had jumped overboard. The captain's lips moved, but no sound came. Then he pitched forward across the table, his sightless eyes staring at the dark circle of sky.

Some minutes elapsed and then there came a tap at the door. First, silence ; then it was repeated. The door opened and the mate entered. " Calm's breaking up, sir. Squall— " he stopped. A swift examination told him that the captain was dead. His eyes fell on the paper ; it was some minutes before he realised its meaning, and then he rushed to the door and shouted hoarsely. As he shouted the squall struck the ship, and it rolled—heavily ! Then the truth dawned upon his mind, and he rushed towards the hold.

Meanwhile on deck the storm had broken, and the white-capped billows of the Atlantic were racing across the face of the

sea. The fog had cleared, and the dark, starless sky frowned upon a scene of wrath; the breeze came in short gusts, and as each struck the ship it heeled over and the angry seas broke over the prow.

All that night the struggle continued, and when morning broke at last the scene that the light of day revealed was terrible. A look of despair was written on every sailor's face. The storm had abated, and their one chance of safety lay in abandoning the ship. The boats were lowered and put off. Each man looked at the heaving ocean, and felt that he was alone and helpless in a desert of water. They rowed dully and without vigour, yet determination was stamped on every face. They would struggle to the last.

. . . . . .

Another mystery that the sea might, if she chose, unravel; but the secret is safe with her.

Daniel F. Burlingham
(Upper Fourth Form).

CORRESPONDENCE.

To The Editor of "The Avenue."

Dear Sir,

May I ask you to insert in the next issue of *The Avenue* the announcement that it is intended to revive the Foxes Football Club in the coming season.

Will any of your readers who reside in the London district, and who wish to join this Friends' Club, kindly communicate with me?

Edmund Walker,
Friends' School,
Saffron Walden.

SCHOOL ATHLETICS.

The Football Season 1918-1919.

NEVER, probably, since out-matches were commenced, has the School played fewer matches. Half-way through the Autumn Term mumps made its appearance, and at the beginning of the Spring Term frost and snow made football impossible. When these vanished, influenza quickly caused us to close down, and so only two matches were played by each eleven, all four being comfortably won. It is more regrettable inasmuch as our team was stronger than for some years. Colours were awarded to L. T. Palmer and F. G. Frizzell.

J. P. Whitlow.

Girls' Hockey Season, 1918-1919.

The hockey season 1918-1919 was a very disappointing one. Outside teams did not see their way to come to us, and although we finally arranged two matches away, these were cancelled owing to infection. Last term we were kept away from the field on account of the snow and bad weather, and finally because of the outbreak of influenza in the school.

L. M. Thorp.

FROM FAR AND NEAR.

Concerning Old Scholars.

Old Scholars who were in the Fifth Form Last Term:

Kenneth Mauritzi is learning farming at George H. Tawell's (1887-92), at Langham, near Colchester.

Vera W Mitchell.

F. Susannah Smith.

[*Extracts from a letter written in February from W. Robin Appleton (1910-15), who is working with the F.W.V.R.C. in the Verdun region. He, with one of the American workers, went to Varennes to start the agricultural work there.*]

"Just before we got to Neuvilly the sun came out, and it got quite warm, even riding on top of the load; the roads were like a thick soup all the way, with holes anything to a foot deep. Of course the biggest shell-holes have been filled in more or less. We crossed one or two jury-bridges built alongside the ruins of the old ones, and presently passed over the front line of 1918, where the ground looks like what I should imagine a place would look like after an earthquake, great boulders strewn about, mixed up with barbed wire and stumps of trees—a mass of débris. This was only for a few hundred yards deep, but I suppose it crosses the country from the channel right down south. Well, having got through that, we again came into some well-wooded country, and passed through a village—at least there was a board with the name of a village nailed on a tree, so we suppose it had been a village, although all you could see was a few stones and a few chunks of wood lying about. . . . . We arrived at Varennes about 6.30, and are now living in a little hut used by the Germans as a very small hospital and dressing room. The room is right under the hill on which the ruined town stands. It is about five yards square and makes a very nice room for the two of us. We are fitted out in luxury,



Photo by] [J. E. Walker.

JAMES OVERALL.

for, as there are about 1200 American troops here, both black and white, they naturally use the electric light plant the Germans kindly left. As their wires run right over our roof, it wasn't a very hard task to conduct them through, so we have electric light *à la !* We salvaged two good tables from a neighbouring ruin, and also have got a very small butcher's bench for a wash-stand. Our horses we have got stabled in a very good cellar which the Germans had used before us for the same purpose. . . . . We got started ploughing on Saturday, and after a bit one of the horses went very lame, so we couldn't go on. I've been doctoring it, as I think it has what is called thrush, and she is getting better now. We heard that there was another horse which was living out on the hill, and had been running wild. Accordingly we went out and "salvaged" him, and went on ploughing in the afternoon. He belongs to nobody and has just been turned loose by somebody who couldn't look after him, some refugee perhaps. Then an officer came along to-day and told us where there were about six sacks of oats in a cellar in good condition, left by some cavalry probably; so along we went and salvaged those too! Salvaging grows on one, and you always keep your eyes open wherever you go and see what you can pick up that may be useful. You see, things that you get like that will be left behind in turn, and then someone else will come along and pick them up. . . . . On Sunday we had a very interesting walk. We turned off the road down a little path which led to the dug-outs of the Germans. These we explored, and they must have been wonderfully comfortable with deep underground passages to go into in case of bombardment or air-raid. Then we went on further and got into the firing line. We got into what were the Hindenberg Line front trenches, and the chaos is impossible to describe. The trenches are some eight or nine feet deep with all the sides blown in or out. There wasn't a square yard anywhere where there wasn't a shell-hole. The hill had been wooded once, but there wasn't a tree three feet high anywhere, and great splintered trunks and branches lying all

about, and the whole place a mass of tangled barbed wire. And when we walked over all this there was not a sound—absolute quiet, and one just stands still and wonders what it was like when things were at their height. As you stand there you can trace the front line as far as you can see over hill and dale—a broad band where there is nothing but shell-holes and stumps of trees. Then, as you look away from it you see another band where the trees still stand, but look like telegraph poles with a few short arms sticking out about them. As you get further away the trees get better and there are fewer shell-holes, till at last the woods are like they were before they started to mow them down. . . . . On Saturday night we went up the hill which *was* Vauquois. That is where they pegged away sitting on each side of the hill for four years, and they have so mined the hill that they have completely blown the middle out of it and left, instead of a ridge, four great craters. The whole hill has been blown up and looks just like a wilderness. Where there is now a chasm one hundred feet deep and two hundred feet across, there once stood a village!

SCHOOL DIARY.

Feb. 24th.—Lecture: "Friends' Emergency Committee," Miss Elsie Fox-Howard.

,, 27th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg.: Boys' Diary, Frederick Frizzell. Essays: "A Polish Musician," Margaret Passmore; "Turner," Edward Bawden; "The City of Churches," Grace Porter. Whistling Solo, Mr. Beer; Pianoforte Solo, Susannah Smith; Song, Kenneth Mauritzi.

March 2nd.—Outbreak of influenza.

,, 21st.—Holidays began.

April 29th.—School re-opened.

May 8th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg.: Girls' Diary, Eileen Cousins. Essays: "George Stephenson," Thomas Champness; "Jim Dawson: A Study in Character," Muriel Robson; "The Commerce of South America," Carl Engelmann. Song, Mr. Beer. Recitation, Mr. Whitlow.

,, 15th.—N.H. Mtg.: Essay: "Spiders," Margaret Passmore.

May 17th.—Cricket Match: Boys' 2nd XI. *v.* Saffron Walden Grammar School 2nd XI., home, won, 121—28. C. Engelmann, 37; R. Teakle, 39; C. Gregg, 6 wkts. for 15.

" 17th—20th.—Week-end visit from Mr. Neave Brayshaw.

" 19th.—Lecture to Forms V. and VI.: "Textual Criticism," Mr. Neave Brayshaw.

" 21st.—Cricket Match: 1st XI. *v.* Mr. Downham's XI., home, drawn, 200 for 8 wkts.—178 for 4 wkts., J. C. Gibb, 78; J. Milne, 25; J. P. Whitlow, 20.

" 22nd.—Lit. Soc. Mtg.: Boys' Diary, Thomas Champness. Essays: "Prince Kropotkin," Dorothy Reynolds; "Old Lamps for New," Mr. Beer. Pianoforte Solos, Mary Baker, Miss Bird.

" 24th.—N.H.S. Excursion to Wendens Ambo.

" 27th.—Merit half-holiday.

" 29th.—N.H.S. Specimen Meeting. Talk on "Fossils and Shells" by Mr. Morris.

" 31st.—Cricket Match: Boys' XI. *v.* Bishops' Stortford School 1st XI., away, lost, 119 to 129 for 7 wkts. J. Milne, 42.

June 4th.—Cricket Matches *v.* Saffron Walden Grammar School: 1st XI., home, drawn, 161 for 6 wkts.—132 for 3 wkts. R. Falkner, 56; J. C. Gibb, 49; J. H. Fathi, 39. 2nd XI., away, won, 56—41.

" 5th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Girls' Diary, Dora Barker. Essays: "Marco Polo," George Fairbrother; "A Summer Tour," Louie Shaw; "Coleridge," Reginald Falkner. Recitation, Eileen Cousins. Pianoforte Solos, Lilian Kilbey, Louie Shaw.

" 7th.—Athletic Sports.

" 9th.—Cricket Match: 1st XI., *v.* Old Scholars' XI., home, won, 116 to 109. R. Falkner, 39; F. G. Frizzell, 39. Performance of "As You Like It," by Fifth Form.

" 14th.—Cricket Match: Boy's XI. *v.* Bishop's Stortford College 2nd XI., away, won, 65—36. J. C. Gibb, 6 wkts. for 13.

" 18th.—Cricket Matches: *v.* Newport Grammar School: Boys' XI. *v.* 1st XI., away, won, 102 to 60. J. C. Gibb, 51. R. Falkner, 6 wkts. for 19. 2nd XI. *v.* 2nd XI., home lost, 76—107.

" 19th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Boys' Diary, William Roper. Essays: "News in the Village," Edith Smith; "Some Quaint Inscriptions on Houses," Frederick Frizzell; "The Balkans," Dora Barker; "Ceylon," J. Chalmers Gibb. Pianoforte Solo, Margaret Horsfield.

" 21st.—Cricket Match: 1st XI. *v.* Audley End Cricket Club, away, lost, 24 to 37. G. S. Pumphrey, 5 wkts. for 14.

" 25th.—N. H. S. Excursion to Chesterford.

" 26th.—N.H.S. Mtg. Essays: "Active Defence of Animals," George Fairbrother and Thomas Cousins; "Bees and Wasps," Kenneth Harrod and Eric Robson.

June 28th.—Cricket Match: Boy's XI. *v.* Bishop's Stortford School, 1st XI., home, lost, 95—98. F. G. Frizzell, 32.

July 2nd.—Cricket Matches *v.* Saffron Walden Grammar School. Boys' XI. *v.* 1st XI., away, lost, 29—100 for 5 wkts. 2nd XI. *v.* 2nd XI., home, won, 49—6. R. Tawell 5 wkts. for 1; C. Tocher, 4 wkts. for 3.

,, 3rd.—Merit Half-holiday.
Lit. Soc. Mtg. Girls' Diary, Mary Baker. Essays: "Street Cries of Old London," Mary Baker; "Snake Charmers and Dances," Frederick Hammond; "William de Morgan," Mrs. Walker. Song, Four Girls. Pianoforte Solo, Miss Withers.

,, 5th.—Cricket Match: 1st XI. *v.* Audley End Cricket Club, away, School 200 for 6 wkts. (innings declared). Rain topped play. J. P. Whitlow, 72; G. S. Pumphrey, 65; H. L. Wright, 31 not out.

,, 5th-7th.—Week-end visit of Mr. Edwin Bigland.

,, 6th.—Lantern Lecture in Evening Meeting: "The Work of the Bedford Institute," Mr. Edwin Bigland.

NOTICES.

The next number of *The Avenue* will be published in December, 1919, price 7d. (post free, 8d). The annual subscription is 1s. 9d. (post free, 2s.)

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.

SCHOOL MAGAZINES.

We welcome the appearance of another School Magazine, *The Ackworthian*, and wish it every success.

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

SCHOLARSHIPS.

The following scholarships have been awarded by the School Committee:—H. Lionel Wright and Elsie E. Deane, £50 for two years; Reginald Falkner, £30 a year for two years.

3

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