E. J Robson

# THE AVENUE



MARCH 1919

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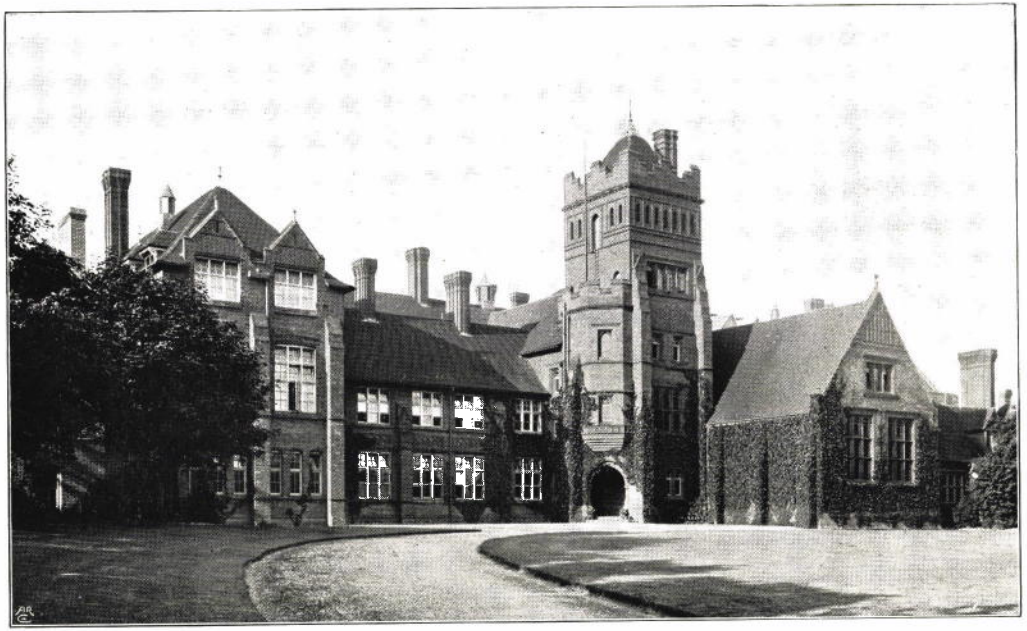
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FRIENDS' SCHOOL, SAFFRON WALDEN.




The Magazine of the Friends' School, Saffron Walden.

VOL. X. MARCH, 1919. No. 28.

## FOREWORD.

THE School continues full, with one hundred and three boys and seventy-four girls, and with a waiting list of about fifty. Many letters are received from anxious parents as to when their children can enter.

With the exception of epidemic complaints, which from time to time so mysteriously appear, the general health of the School has been good, and this in spite of an exceptionally cold and wet Winter. The outbreak of Mumps in the Autumn ran to over fifty cases, and we much regret that some fifteen more scholars should have had their Christmas spoiled by having the complaint at home. The School entirely escaped the influenza so prevalent in the closing months of the year, but a few cases occurred in February, and two boys developed pneumonia, both of whom happily recovered.

We were all delighted to welcome Mr. Morris again in January after his release from the army. Naturalists and Archæologists look forward with pleasure to a renewal of excursions in the Spring and Summer.

The M.H.U. continues to flourish under Miss Jones's in-

spiring direction, and the Annual Sale of Work in the Autumn realised £10. A very successful "Avenue" concert produced £4, but we regret the necessity of raising the price to sevenpence.

The usual entertainment at the end of term was of exceptional interest. A charming little play, "Maurice's Own Idea," skilfully staged and produced under the personal direction of Mr. Beer, was a most enjoyable feature and will long be remembered.

The news of the signing of the Armistice was received quietly in the School, the prevalent feeling being one of thankfulness that the long night of horror was drawing to a close and that dawn was about to appear. A short meeting was held in the Lecture Room, and a half-holiday was enjoyed in the country, but the only outward symbols of rejoicing were the removal of window screens, and the flag flying from the tower. We are glad, however, to look forward to an extra week's holiday at Easter as a further celebration.

J. E. WALKER.

## OLD BOYS WHO HAVE LOST THEIR LIVES DURING THE WAR.

THE School has to mourn the loss of twenty of her Old Boys in the course of the War. Though mere words are totally inadequate, we cannot allow the conclusion of hostilities to pass without expressing our desire to do honour to the memory of their lives, and our deep sympathy with their relatives.

Some of us have been privileged to read letters written by their officers and comrades, as well as by others who knew them, and without exception these testify to the noble way in which our Old Boys exhibited, each in his own way, a high sense of devotion to duty combined with thoughtfulness for others.

We have endeavoured to collect details of their careers since they left the School, and brief accounts have been published in

the Annual Report of the Old Scholars' Association for 1918. In the case of most of these Old Boys, we have also been able to obtain photographs, which are reproduced in the present issue of *The Avenue.*

## HOUSE COMPETITION, 1918.



EADING the list at the end of the first term, taking second place during the second, and again being easily first in the third, Godlee House this year has the honour of having its name inscribed on the House Trophy in the Dining Room as Head House of the year. The full results, after re-adjustment according to the numbers in each House, are as follows:

| | Points | | Points |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1st. Godlee | 161 | 4th. Crosfield | 143 |
| 2nd. Gibson | 151 | 5th. Morland | 132 |
| 3rd. Lister | 146 | 6th. Mennell | 130 |

This year there is much more difference in points between the Houses. The totals also are smaller than last year, as it was found necessary to reduce the totals in some sections, since they seemed unduly to predominate over the others.

Below are the details of points scored under the different sections:—

| | Godlee | Gibson | Lister | Crosfield | Morland | Mennell |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| *Athletics* | 26 | 27 | 30 | 14 | 23 | 23 |
| *Literary* | 22 | 6 | 6 | 8 | 10 | 11 |
| *Scientific* | 5 | 6 | 7 | 2 | — | 3 |
| *Manual* | 7 | 15 | 9 | 8 | 16 | 6 |
| *Art, Music, etc.* | 19 | 17 | 13 | 10 | 7 | 15 |
| *Class Work* | 33 | 30 | 29 | 42 | 34 | 29 |
| *General Conduct* | 47 | 51 | 51 | 61 | 45 | 44 |

In athletics, Lister, last during 1917, headed the list, chiefly owing to successes in hockey and athletic sports. Perhaps the most noticeable result is the way in which Godlee far outdistanced all competitors in the literary section. Crosfield is

the only House to keep up the " traditions " established last year, as it again easily headed the list in Class Work and General Conduct.

Godlee House no doubt owe much of their success to their House Captains, Lionel Wright and Marjorie Pollard, the former of whom has been at the helm throughout the year.

Now that two years' trial has been given, we have been able to see weak points as well as good ones in the House system, and it is probable that some radical changes may shortly be made.

J. PENROSE WHITLOW.

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## REMINISCENCES OF THE SCHOOL ELECTIONS.



LOOKING back on the School Election at the close of last term I find that the impressions that those four " crowded days of glorious strife " have left behind them are very difficult to record. Memory is confused by the rush of events, and to think of the election gives rise to a bewildering vision of posters and papers, while memory resounds with election cries mingled with the roar of cheering.

Examinations had taken place a week earlier than usual, and rumours as to the cause of that ran riot throughout the school. A few had heard the words " General Election " murmured by the " unofficial wireless of the breeze," but it was not till Wednesday, December 11th, that the news was publicly announced. That afternoon a meeting was held in the Lecture Room and it was explained to us that an election was to take place. Henceforward the school was to be the Saffron Walden constituency, with three sub-divisions, Halstead, Dunmow, and Saffron Walden, in the place of the Third, Fourth and Fifth Forms respectively. Then the mechanism of an election was explained and the candidates were introduced.

Mrs. Mary Brown, whom we had once known as Miss Fairbrother, was presented to us as the Labour candidate; Mr. Edward Russell—the Mr. Pearson of ancient history—was introduced as the Independent Liberal; and then came one who needed no introduction to those who remembered the last election: William Gladstone Holdsworth, Esq., the old Liberal member (sometimes known as Mr. Whitlow), was again presented to the electorate as the Coalition Liberal candidate—in fact, one of Lloyd George's "coupon men." The ceremony of introduction over, committee rooms and meetings were arranged, and the date of the poll was announced. It was asked that those present should go to the Committee Room of the Party they favoured, and with that the meeting broke up.

Together with other loyal supporters of Mr. Asquith, I made my way to the Girls' Fourth Form room, where Mr. Russell introduced his agent, and sub-agents for each division were elected. This done, we dispersed, for it was now tea-time, but even as we went several fierce arguments were in progress. The election machinery had been set in motion, and things electoral filled every mind.

It was after tea that night that Labour held their first meeting. The candidate spoke and was supported by some well-known inhabitants of the Saffron Walden constituency, who met with a very mixed reception. Acclaimed uproariously by their supporters and bitterly attacked by their opponents, they struggled to obtain a hearing,—and they succeeded. But this was not the last battle that the Lecture Room—now the Town Hall was to witness.

The next day Mr. Holdsworth and the Coalition supporters held forth. It was an impressive sight. Behind them was a Union Jack, and against this background a circle of grave-faced politicians were seated. There was however one weak point in this gorgeous spectacle. For some unknown reason—probably as a sign of distress—the flag was upside down! Cheers and counter cheers greeted the candidate, who made a good

case for himself and camouflaged his weak points remarkably well.

Last of all came the Liberals—proud in being without " suffix or prefix," and bitterly denouncing the Coalition as hypocrites, and the Labour party as a " tyranny of the Democracy." Their member, Mr. Russell, firm in his belief that abuse is a sign of conviction, glossed over no facts—where other parties were concerned—and in consequence they retaliated. Thus the meetings continued—but meanwhile canvassers were at work, ribbons were distributed, and red, yellow, or blue soon adorned every coat. Many promises of support were made and the name of the voter was taken down, but so forcible were the arguments of some canvassers that many electors changed sides three times in a week. Each party had started a publishing agency and soon notices setting forth the views and promises of all parties appeared everywhere. The beams in the playroom displayed floating placards ; across the stairs were notices ; over the walls in the classroom Russell was proclaimed as the champion of Democracy, Labour as the saviour of the world, and the Coalition as the saviour of England,—or words to that effect.

It was during the last days that most excitement was caused. Canvassers doubled their efforts ; meetings became more keenly attended ; hecklers and heckled struck and parried with fresh enthusiasm ; and it was at the commencement of the final struggle that Mr. Russell was seized by neuralgia. Mr. Rowntree however did his best for the Liberal party and put up an excellent defence against the questions of the opposition at the last meeting. During the last hours before the poll there was a fierce struggle among all the canvassers to make sure of those who hesitated and it was in this that Labour triumphed. On the afternoon of Saturday 14th, the Labour agent, H. L. Wright, organised a successful open air meetng on the Boys' Lower Asphalte. The speakers addressed the crowd from the avenue and so successful were they, in spite of hecklers, that they secured many hesitating voters to their side.

At four o'clock the poll began and all that remained was to await the revelation of the secret the ballot box held. The poll itself was a most impressive sight. Three polling booths had been constructed and long queues were lined up at each. One by one the voters were admitted by a stalwart constable ; their names were received and they passed behind the screen to record their vote. This ended, the paper was folded, and consigned to the keeping of the ballot box, while the voter was ushered into the outer world.

Then came the hours of waiting, but all party strife had vanished. The whole constituency banded together to destroy all election literature it could lay hands on. This it achieved by means of a great bonfire which burned from twilight into the darkness while the election papers were reduced to ashes which were scattered to the winds.

The result of the poll was announced by the Sheriff that evening It was :

| | |
|---|---|
| BROWN, Mary (Labour) | 67 |
| RUSSELL, Edward (Ind. Liberal) | 59 |
| HOLDSWORTH, William Gladstone (Coal. Lib.) | 44 |

and perhaps it is best for this account to end with the loud clapping of all the Labour party, in which their opponents also joined.

*Clifford T. Jones (Upper Fifth Form).*



# THE OLD SCHOLARS' SOCIAL.

THE Old Scholars' Gathering, held on January 11th, at Devonshire House, saw a large company gathered together for the first time since the cessation of hostilities.

In the " tea and gossip," and in the concert, khaki was still seen, we all hoped, for the last time. Friends met friends, and for an hour or more we talked over old times, and told one and all how pleased we were to see them.

Then, at seven, we adjourned to the library, and greatly enjoyed a concert, arranged by Arnold Green.

First, greetings were passed on to the company from various absent ones, and then a parody on " three blind mice " announced to us that C. B. Rowntree was re-elected President of our Association.

Songs and musical items by Miss Bird, Ida Farnell, Lilian Wright, Eva Diamond, and others were greatly enjoyed.

M. Ethel Crawshaw's heartrending and harrowing tale of " Jim, who strayed from his nurse, and was eaten by a lion," signally failed to move us to tears, while other humorous recitations by Leonard Farrington, Marcus Matthews and Howard Diamond were greatly appreciated by all.

J. B. Crosfield expressed the thoughts of all present when he said how pleased he was " to be here without the shadow of war overhanging us and ours."

H. B. Lemere as chairman, C. B. Rowntree having left for home, extended a hearty invitation to all to help to make next Whitsun the jolliest and best Walden has seen.

After " Auld Lang Syne " we went our several ways, feeling what a truly delightful evening we had spent.

DONALD MORGAN.

# AN OUTLINE SURVEY OF SAFFRON WALDEN AND ITS REGION.

*(By Members of the Saffron Walden Survey Society).*

EDITED BY G. MORRIS.

*Section X.*—HISTORY.

(The material already accumulated for the historical survey of Saffron Walden is very extensive, and there is still a large quantity of documents and records to be examined. The following chronological summary contains only the more salient facts that so far have been recorded. My chief sources of information have been the MSS. notes of Mr. Maynard and the Messrs. Emson, and I have also drawn extensively upon "The History of Audley End," by Richard, Lord Braybrooke, Morant's "History of Essex," and Maynard's "Guide to Saffron Walden.")

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888. Ethalred, Ealdorman of the Mercians granted by charter to his faithful minister Wulfgar, a portion of land "of the space of xv houses in a place which is called Walden."

1016 A.D. There are local records of the ravages of the Danes in the district. Canute's forces passed this way on their march to the South of Essex.

1066 A.D. Ansgar, the Lord of the Manor of Walden, and Master of the horse to Edward the Confessor, was seriously wounded at Hastings. He was carried to London and organised the defence of the city against the Normans. He submitted to William, but his Walden manor was given to Geoffrey de Mandeville, Constable of the Tower of London, who built the castle at Walden.

1086 A.D. Doomsday Survey.

1136 A.D. Geoffrey de Mandeville founded a priory for monks of the Benedictine order at Walden, dedicated "to the honour of God and Our Lady and St. James the Apostle."

1139 A.D. Stephen advanced Geoffrey de Mandeville to the Earldom of Essex. He went over to Queen Matilda and his castle of Walden was seized by the king who put it in charge of Turgis de Avranches. De Mandeville was excommunicated for sacking the Abbey of Ramsey, and was killed at Burwell in 1144. Some Knights Templars carried

away his corpse; it was placed in a lead coffin and suspended from a tree in the orchard of the Old Temple in London till the sentence of excommunication was annulled, after which it was buried in the church of the New Temple.

114- A.D. At this time G. de Mandeville received a grant of the Market at Newport from Matilda with power to remove it to Walden.

1145 A.D. Turgis de Avranches revolted against Stephen and was captured whilst hunting. (The ruin of the castle may be of this date.)

1156 A.D. Probable date of the foundation of the hospital of St. John at Newport.

„ Henry II returns the manor to Geoffrey de Mandeville the second Earl.

1167 A.D. Death of Geoffrey de Mandeville at Chester whilst fighting the Welch. His body was brought to Walden for burial.

1177 A.D. William de Mandeville went on pilgrimage to Jerusalem and on his return made rich gifts of relics and tapestry to the Convent of Walden.

118- A.D. Prior Reginald went to Ireland to found a monastery. This displeased his patron, whom he had to appease by a gift of a gold cup and 100 merks, which money the convent borrowed from the Jews. (The charters of the Abbey of this period contain several records of Jews living in Walden.)

1189 A.D. William de Mandeville died at Rouen and requested that his heart should be carried to Walden and buried in the Chapter house of the priory.

1190 A.D. The priory converted into an abbey. Shortly afterwards the monks suffered much from the action of a certain "Villicus de Walden," an agent of Geoffrey Fitz-Piers, who removed their landmarks, causing their cattle to be driven away, and maltreated their servants.

1204 A.D. King John made a visitation and stayed three days in the town. It is recorded that Geoffrey Fitz-Piers, the Lord of the Manor, advised the King not to submit to the Pope, and thus assisted in bringing about the Papal interdict. Of this Geoffrey Matthew Paris records " It was he that ruled the reins of government so that after his death the realm was like a ship in a tempest without a pilot."

1224 A.D. Peter Henham, a monk of Walden, compiled a chronicle of the English from the period of Hengist to his own time.

1227 A.D. Matilda Fitz-Piers married Humphrey de Bohun, Earl of Hereford, and High Constable of England, and the Manor of Walden passed to this family, in which it remained until 1372.

1236 A.D. Humphrey de Bohun was captured fighting against the King at the battle of Evesham. (A foundation charter of the abbey granted by this earl gives the names of nine villeins whom he gives to the abbey " with all their offspring for ever." Villeinage is frequently referred to in the Cartulary at this period and there is also a deed of manumission of a villein included among the charters.)

1237 A.D. The Abbey Church was rebuilt and beautified.

1252 A.D. A notable tournament was held near Walden Abbey in which Roger de Leeburn encountered Ernauld de Mounteney, a valiant knight, and ran his lance through his throat under his helmet, it wanting a collar whereupon Mounteney fell from his horse and died instantly, and it was supposed by some that, in regard his lance had not a socket on the point, Roger did it on purpose in revenge for a broken leg which he had received from Mounteney while tilting with him on a former occasion.

127- A.D. Edward I granted a weekly market on Tuesdays to the Abbey.

1314 A.D. Humphrey, the fourth Earl, was captured at the

battle of Bannockburn by the Scots, and was exchanged for the Queen of Robert, King of Scotland.

1315 A.D. Elizabeth, Countess of Hereford, and sister of King Edward, died at Walden and was buried in the Abbey.

1322 A.D. Humphrey, the fourth Earl, was killed at Boroughbridge whilst trying to compel King Edward II. to dismiss his favourites.

1333 A.D. Sir Edward de Bohun was drowned whilst crossing a brook near Walden, and was buried in the Abbey.

1347 A.D. Humphrey de Bohun received a licence to embattle his Manor house in Walden.

1364 A.D. " In the 36th year of the reign of King Edward the third from the Conquest there was a great wind." (Abbey Cartulary.)

1365 A.D. The district suffered severely from the Black Death, the Abbot and convent losing many servants and tenants; their lands remained uncultivated, and their buildings and church having suffered severely by a storm, they were unable to repair them.

1367 A.D. Thomas Netter, a celebrated Carmelite monk and chaplain to the Lancastrian kings was born in Walden; he died in 1430.

1372 A.D. The De Bohun family became extinct in the male line; Mary de Bohun married Henry, Earl of Derby, afterwards Henry IV. Walden thus became a royal manor and continued so until 1538.

1381 A.D. The Abbey buildings were burnt by a party of peasants in the revolt against the poll tax. (John Ball's rebellion.)

1397 A.D. Roger Walden, a native of the town, became Archbishop of Canterbury.

During this century (Hollingshed says in the reign of Edward III.) the saffron plant was introduced into the district. A Walden pilgrim from the Holy Land is said to have hidden a bulb or bulbs in his hollow

staff, and so brought it home to his native town. The growing of saffron remained an important industry until the middle of the eighteenth century, and gave its name to the town. Before this the town was known as Cheeping or Market Walden.

1400 A.D. The most worshipful men and parishioners of Walden, by the help of the commonalty of the said town, ordained and made a house of charity in Daniel's Lane for the honour of God and for the sustentation of thirteen poor men.

1403 A.D. Henry V. granted a charter of franchise and liberties to the Merchants Guild in Walden.

1421 A.D. The Manor of Walden was transferred to the jurisdiction of the courts of the Duchy of Lancaster. (Henry V.)

1425 A.D. Commencement of the present church.

1452 A.D. Margaret of Anjou, wife of Henry VI., visited the town and the townsmen were fined for not ringing the church bells on her arrival.

1487 A.D. Thomas Grocer of Walden undertook " under a penalty of £200 that he with a certain ship called *Le George de Walden*, of a tonnage of ninety tons or under, would cross over to any parts in obedience to the King of the Romans."

1500 A.D. North chapel of the church built by John Leche, Vicar of Walden.

1514 A.D. The Guild of the Holy Trinity founded.

1525 A.D. Dame Jane Bradbury, sister of John Leche, endowed and organised a free school (probably already of some antiquity) as a Grammar School " after the Order and use of teaching gramar in the scoles of Winchester and Eton."

1537 A.D. Dissolution of Abbey and Convent of Walden.

(*To be continued.*)

# THE AVENUE CONCERT.

THE concert in aid of the funds of the School Magazine, *The Avenue*, was looked forward to by everybody with great expectations. The extensive preparations and repeated rehearsals all gave us hopes of a successful evening. The concert was held in the school dining hall on Saturday, October 26th. Tea was held earlier than usual and by half-past six we were all assembled in the dining hall prepared for a most enjoyable evening.

The singing of " Forty Years On " by the company, was followed by a dialogue by some of the Lower School, entitled " The Lost Smile." We saw James Blagdon, as Prince Serious, deprived of his power to smile because he laughed at Fairy Grumbles, the latter part being well played by Gracie Gibb. The unfortunate prince was to be freed on his next birthday, if somebody could make him laugh. The day arriving, King Smilax and Queen Muffins called the court together, and offered a handsome reward to the person who made the prince laugh. Several people tried, but without success ; but finally Sunshine, by a clever manipulation of the pepper-pot, caused the court to all sneeze so violently that the prince was forced to laugh, thus ridding himself of the spell which had been put upon him. The whole dialogue was splendidly done, Phyllis Wood as " Sunshine," and James Blagdon as " Prince Serious " deserving special commendation.

The dialogue was followed by an excellent whistling solo by Mr. Beer.

After a much enjoyed recitation by J. C. Gibb, and a violin solo, " Morris Dance," by H. L. Wright, we next enjoyed Mr. Whitlow's recitation, which was entitled " Love and Buttons," or, " The Footman's Story."

This was followed by the principal item on the programme, that of a Cinematograph entertainment. The first " film "

was a comedy entitled " The Reward of the Wicked," or, " Did it Hurt ? " This " spanking " film, produced by the " Whitking-Beerlow Company, Ltd.," featured among others, " Signor K. Golli," " Penwit Roselow," and " Miss Loukinson Willy." It was greatly enjoyed by all. We next listened to a duet from " Samson and Delilah." " Mademoiselle D. Twice " and " Signor K. Golli " as the Prima Donna and Tenore Robusto respectively, both enthralled us by their excellent singing. This was followed by the last film, a drama, entitled " Virtue Triumphant," or, " Did You Ever ! " This film, produced by the " Kingfisher Company," featured " Maurith Kentsi " as the hero, " Miss Thorka Worpe " as the heroine, and " Tatch O'Bingkeer " as the villain.

With breathless excitement we saw the meeting and love at first sight of the hero and heroine, the hero's speculations in a certain gold mine, and his plans overheard by the villain. We saw the heroine beguiled to the Buffalo Wood, where she is captured by the villain and his accomplice. Upon her refusing to give away her lover's plans, she is tied to a tree and left to the mercy of wild beasts. She is found by her little sister, who tells the hero. The latter comes to her rescue, cuts her bonds and carries her away in a fainting condition. Finally, we saw the fight between the hero and villain, the hero's victory, and the freeing of the villain through the intervention of the heroine.

The two " films " were accompanied by " Mademoiselle Oiseau " at the piano.

The singing of Newbolt's School Song by the Company ended one of the most enjoyable evenings that the school has had for a long time.

*Roy Newbery*
*(Lower Fifth Form).*

# A WAR-TIME INCIDENT.

IT was a stormy winter's night, the rain rattled and beat upon the window-panes and the wind howled and roared in chimneys and doors but what did this matter to the occupants of the cosy dining-room, they were comfortable and warm.

" They " were seated in a half-circle round a glowing log fire; there were three girls and, in an easy chair, lounged a khaki figure, their eldest brother, on fourteen days' leave from France. Their parents and the juvenile members of the family had long since retired for the night, and the rest had drawn close to the fire to laugh and joke as they used in the olden days. They recalled many humorous incidents in the family history, with which they were all familiar, but which never failed to make them laugh. They teased each other as sisters and brothers usually do, but no serious offence was taken.

Let us become invisible and join this merry little group. As we enter the room we hear one of the girls ask, " Trilby,* do you remember taking an early morning bathe in the duck-pond ? " (Here I must explain that " Trilby "was the officer's nickname, given to him in the early days of his youth when he was wont to wear a tiny felt hat).

" Yes, I do," answered Trilby, laughing, " I had taken hold of a stake which stuck out of the water to get a better view of a moorhen's nest, when suddenly it gave way; I remember how sweet the water tasted."

" You did look a sight," chimed in one of the girls. " I shall never forget you creeping round to the kitchen covered with water weeds and mud, and leaving a slimy trail behind you ; but you have had a worse ducking since then, haven't you ? Tell us about being torpedeod, you have not mentioned it."

* " Trilby " was a boy at Walden, 1906-08, Eds.


LESLIE R. TAWELL.
ARTHUR E. SHOLL.
GORDON C. GRAY.
NOEL HELLIWELL.
MAX LEOPOLD ROSCHER.
A. REGINALD DEAN.
CHARLES A. JOHNSON.
ROBERT ENOCK.



CECIL J. COOPER.

HENRY SKELTON.
BENJAMIN D. SKELTON.

PHILIP R. ARUNDEL.

FRED W. NEWBERY.

JOSEPH P. ALBRIGHT.

STANLEY J. TILBROOK.

E. GIDLEY TOZER.

PERCY D. HARRISSON.

WHO HAVE LOST THEIR LIVES IN THE WAR.

There was silence for a minute or two, and an expression of pain and horror crossed the man's face, his sister felt sorry that she had spoken, but he recovered, and glancing at the cuckoo clock droning away in the corner, said, " Yes, I think there is time." The girls settled themselves down comfortably to listen, and after the creaking of wicker chairs had subsided, he began.

" I had spent a very enjoyable eight weeks on the southern edge of the Mediterranean, the sea was splendid for bathing, and we took this opportunity daily. On the day we steamed out (Sunday, the 26th May) it was with rather mixed feelings, one moment we were overjoyed at the thought of being homeward bound, the next reminding ourselves of the perilous journey before us.

" We congratulated ourselves on the calmness of the sea and remarked that one more bathe would be acceptable, little thinking that in a few hours' time we should get one, and that it would be the last experience of one hundred and ten of our comrades on board. The usual routine was gone through of allotting boat stations and duties, I myself getting two boats for my company, and being detailed for look-out duty from ten o'clock to midnight. We started off about half-past one in the afternoon. I discovered that I shared a cabin with three officers of my company; we passed away the evening by playing bridge, and at ten o'clock they retired whilst I went on look-out duty. I went up on to the bridge, from where I got a magnificent view, the night was perfect, as they can be in the vicinity of the Egyptian coast. We were making good headway; the droning of the engines was even and soothing. The remainder of the convoy was proceeding in perfect formation. The escort, a number of fussy, business-like little destroyers, gave one confidence that all was well, but not so, the terror of all sea-traffic was lying in wait for a favourable opportunity to remind us that the war was still on. I went off duty at twelve o'clock, we had then travelled one hundred and fifty miles; I soon went to sleep after the effects of the sea-air,

but alas, I was not left in peace long. About thirty minutes later I was rudely awakened by my cabin mate who told me that we had been torpedoed. I must have been asleep as I had heard nothing of an explosion. I soon put on my trousers and tunic and a pair of rubber shoes, which I credit with having helped to save my life.

" There was no time to lose and I rushed up on deck to my boat station to find most of my men already formed up but no boats. They had been blown away, as they were immediately above the spot where the ship was struck. The decks were swamped with water and the ship was listing to port. The remainder of the convoy could be seen disappearing in the distance, having put on full steam ahead to escape a similar fate.

" The men were most cheery, fully realising the situation, for we had to stand and watch the trying spectacle of the other boats pulling away with their loads, knowing that unless some could unload and return our chance of escape was very remote.

" To our own relief, we now noticed two destroyers being detached from the escort to guard and help us, but as they dare not come to a standstill from fear of being hit themselves, we only had the satisfaction of knowing that when at the last we had to jump and swim for our lives, they might possibly pick us up.

" I looked at my watch which I always wear on my wrist, and found if to be about half-past two. It had now become very difficult to stand on the slippery decks at the angle the ship had now assumed. My rubber shoes were now of great value and helped me to keep my balance, many men fell overboard.

" The boats now having all pushed off with their crews, we busied ourselves by throwing over rafts, having now given up hope of any boat returning. We felt ourselves going lower and lower and creakings and groanings of strained parts of the ship warned us that she was not likely to last long.

" The behaviour of the men was still splendid, and no trace of panic was visible. The climax now arrived, the ship's chief

engineer shouted from the bridge through a megaphone. 'All overboard, every man for himself.' I started for the rail, and the ship heeled over and momentarily stood on end.

"Many men's nerves now gave way and mixed with screams of horror and fright, were the sounds of rushing water and creaking timber, and a horrible pandemonium prevailed.

"I seized the rail to leap overboard, but it gave way in my hand, and the next thing I knew was the ship disappearing under water, and I was falling through air until I felt myself under water. I was drawn down by the suction of the sinking ship, and twirled about like a spinning top, deeper and deeper, getting mixed up and bruised with bits of timber. I was gradually losing consciousness, swallowing quantities of water all the time. I really thought I was passing from this world, and candidly, it was not an unpleasant feeling. Now, to my surprise, I suddenly rose until I shot up above water; it seemed a long while since I went down but I expect it was quite a short time really. I now realised that with luck I might still survive, so looked around for some support. I spied a large tin floating some distance away and struck out for it. The cries of wounded and drowning men were still too horrible to describe, and many bodies supported by life-belts floated round. I looked at my watch and found it had stopped at 2.50, evidently the time I had first been precipitated into the water.

"I could now see rowing boats picking up people, and I tried to make my way to them, shouting out as loud as I could to attract their attention, but they did not hear me and rowed off in the opposite direction. I cruised round on my tin for what seemed an eternity. Imagine my excitement when a destroyer came up and let down a boat; I was rescued. I was hauled aboard the boat and we went in search of other men; we found two. One succumbed not long after we had found him. We then went back to the destroyer and we were taken aboard. Here I found many men of my regiment who had been picked up.

" My rescuers wrapped me up in a large coat and laid me in the engine room, which was like an oven. Here I proceeded to become very ill, as I had drunk quarts of salt water. We were now about two hundred miles from land and began to retrace our steps. On Monday night at ten o'clock we landed on the same quay we had previously disembarked from, looking a sorry crew. Relief parties met us and helped wonderfully with clothes and food.

" I was taken straight away to hospital where I was given a draught which made me sleep for twelve hours, after that I rapidly recovered, and as soon as possible I sent you that cable to say that I was safe.

" On reckoning up, we found that eleven officers and ninety-nine other ranks were missing. My three cabin mates were amongst them. Two thousand four hundred men were saved by relief ships. I now had a very sad duty to perform, that of informing relatives of their loss.

" After a week's rest we were again fit for another voyage, and none of us felt at all happy at the prospect of a second attempt. This time we were more fortunate, though once again chased by a submarine, but this time the submarine shared our fate. We were very thankful to arrive safely in Italy and to feel solid earth under our feet again. We spent a pleasant week in Italy before travelling on to France, and here I am, one of the most fortunate of people."

Just then, with a sharp click, the door of the cuckoo clock opened, and the cuckoo in shrill tones announced that it was eleven o'clock.

The story-teller and his audience jumped up with exclamations, " We really must go to bed," and after saying good-night, they departed to their several bedrooms.

*Dorothy K. Emson*
*(Upper Fifth Form).*

# "THE END OF TERM" ENTERTAINMENT.

"PACKING-UP Day" was looked forward to with great anticipation, for somehow we all knew that a little play was to take place, to which several of the staff and some scholars had given a great deal of time. Thus it was that on Monday evening we gathered in the Lecture Hall with feelings of curiosity and excitement. After a song by the Girls' Singing Class, recitations by four members of the Second Form, and Dorothy Reynolds respectively, and a piano solo by Margaret Passmore, Mr. Walker read two humorous Cumberland stories to us. Then we were summoned to the Dining Hall, where a stage had been erected for the play, "Maurice's Own Idea," by Miles Malleson. Maurice, a small boy, was carried in his dreams to the land of Ideas, where he met the Facts, "It's no good if there isn't any money in it," "Might is Right," and "There are no Fairies." The audience was asked to decide whether these facts could be a basis for a better society than the present one. All too soon we found the play was ended, and we retired to bed, thinking of the morrow.

*Mary Baker*
*(Upper Fifth Form.)*

## CORRESPONDENCE.

[To the Editor of "The Avenue."]

King's College School,
Windsor, Nova Scotia.

I was very interested to read the account of the Camberwell Beauty Butterfly in your July issue, especially as the butterfly is so common out here. It goes, however, by a different name, being commonly called the Mourning Cloak Butterfly.

A few weeks ago I was attending the Normal College at Truro, N.S., and during one of the Botany classes, the Professor happened to speak of the rarity of these butterflies in the British Isles. I sent him a copy of *The Avenue*, and he sent me the enclosed letter in reply.

Professor Allen is an entomologist of some repute, and his letter might prove of some interest to your readers.

J. FREDERIC BUTLER (1910-16).

Letter from Professor Allen to J. F. Butler :

" Dear Mr. Butler,

" I was much interested in your letter and the copy of *The Avenue* to which you referred.

" In Nova Scotia the Mourning Cloak (*Vanessa antiopa*) is without doubt the largest and most common of our hibernating butterflies. Excepting the Cabbage Butterfly and our two common Sulphurs, it is probably, too, the best known to the public generally.

" The adults appear on warm days in April, and soon begin to lay their eggs in bands or zones about the twigs of willow or elm. Willow is chosen, however, in nine cases out of ten. It is no uncommon sight in Nova Scotia to find whole groups of willow bushes stripped of their leaves.

" The larvæ, when full grown, pupate under the ends of shingles, and beneath window ledges, fence rails and other projecting shelters. This summer there were a dozen or more of these brown " prickly " chrysales hanging upon the walls of our own house. What would one of your English friends have said to that ?

" The pupa state lasts about two weeks. As to the colour of that outer border, I might say that fresh specimens in the fall have this decidedly yellow, and frequently marked with cloudy spaces caused by the presence of black scales. In the spring, however, the butterflies that have survived have the border practically white, and usually somewhat frayed. I gather then

that the change of colour is due to the rubbing off, as well as the fading, of the scales.

" Thanking you for the opportunity to read this interesting bit of natural history,

" I am, yours sincerely,
E. CHESLEY ALLEN."

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## CHRISTMAS IN THE "SAN."



LREADY during this term many people have said to me, " Well, how did you get on down in the ' San.' at Christmas ? " In their tone could be discerned a touch of pity and sympathy, but I can assure them their pity was quite unnecessary. Of course it was not *Home ;* that could not be expected. There is an indefinable charm that surrounds a Christmas at home that cannot be found elsewhere. But all did their best to give us a jolly good time, and we enjoyed ourselves immensely. Naturally enough there were moments when envious and unhappy thoughts were pressed upon our minds. I remember so well the morning of December 17th—*Going home day* for the rest of the School—when, at half-past six Miss Morris came into our bedroom and ordered two—or was it three ?—to get up at once and prepare for breakfast at seven o'clock. They dressed—with a great deal of merriment—and we, well we looked on, and thought.

Every day, that is to say when we were energetic enough, those of us who were convalescent went for walks—pleasant and unpleasant ; sometimes long and sometimes short ; very often muddy and seldom clean ; now and again sunny and dry, and very rarely wet.

Sunday came along and so far nothing had been done for Christmas. During that evening two of the boys talked it

over, after the younger ones had gone to bed, and decided they would try and arrange a small concert. So the following day they commenced gathering in the fuel which was to be burnt on Christmas night. Yes! Chalmers Gibb was willing to recite; Sylvia Turner offered her services; Kenneth Mauritzi said he would do some conjuring; and Frank Wetherall, along with George Fairbrother, consented to hold forth with a dialogue. Thus the programme lengthened to the great satisfaction of everybody. In fact they thought everything was progressing satisfactorily, when there came an awful question—"What about the music?"—and there was no answer. But surely there must be some music forthcoming from somewhere. We had asked if we could have a piano, and our hopes had been centred on that until we were told it was impossible. Oh! the sighs of everyone! But there is always a brighter side to things and we were told that Mrs. Morris would play her banjo to us. How ripping! Then we should have some music after all. This difficulty now over, the preparations for the concert continued.

The Girls' Big Ward, we knew, would be empty, as it was then, for Christmas, so we set about to devise a scheme of decoration that would have done justice to any concert hall, and proceeded to erect a stage at one end of it—all the beds having been shifted out.

When Christmas Day came our preparations were completed, and the Girls' Big Ward was transformed.

But this was not all. Many of us, in fact all at various times, had spent our time in making crackers—that didn't crack but which outwardly resembled the true article—and these added much to our enjoyment on *the day*.

On Christmas morning the door opened and Miss Morris entered:—"Happy Christmas, Miss Morris!" came from every bed, and from that moment Christmas festivities began. To get dressed was only the work of a few minutes—on this occasion. Breakfast we found all ready, only waiting to be

devoured by our hungry selves. It was a good breakfast, too, but dinner at mid-day was better.

The morning was spent mostly in the usual fashion, but we managed to squeeze in a final rehearsal of our small concert to be held in the evening.

At one o'clock punctually we sat down to dinner—our Christmas dinner—the finest dinner ever a boy had at School! We started with Jugged Hare, and remembering an ancient maxim recently repeated by a member of the staff, we resolved to start slowly and finish well. Then came an excellently cooked plum pudding. Our pleasure and excitement was greatly increased when Miss Morris reminded us to diligently look over each piece of pudding. This we discovered to be necessary owing to the small silver coins—threepenny bits—which had been so very thoughtfully and generously placed there at the wish of Mr. and Mrs. Walker.

After dinner we had games, and many an interesting talk while seated round a large red fire. It may appear to the minds of those who do not know, that we spent the greater part of our Christmas in eating. This, however, is wrong; for in no way whatever did we allow food to monopolise the day. Our tea table was laden with good things. Here were cakes, tarts, scones, sandwiches, together with dishes of jam, but the chief feature of this formidable display was a cake which we owed to the kindness of Miss Norrington. The crackers scattered about in twos and threes, added to the Christmaslike effect. Here were our own, and also some real ones we had bought with part of the ten shillings Mrs. Neave had so very kindly given us.

After tea we adjourned to the Girls' Big Ward for the *concert.* To give an account of the concert in full is impossible. But I might mention among other things the thrilling drama written by one of our number, and acted by five. The stage was really a triumph, and some very fine effects were gained by lights thrown from skilfully manipulated bicycle lamps.

These added to the terror of the ghost scene immensely, and the play was voted a great success.

Mrs. Morris kept her promise and entertained us with selections on her banjo. Several others recited, and some con juring interested, if it did not mystify, the audience.

Supper-time found us ready, but our task was a labour of Hercules; much disappeared, but more remained, and we retired from the contest beaten.

Our Christmas had been so thoroughly enjoyable, that we wondered as we retired to bed, whether being detained at School by mumps really was the great misfortune we had deemed it when the School broke up.

*Kenneth Mauritzi*
*(Lower Fifth Form.)*

## FROM FAR AND NEAR.

### Concerning Old Scholars.

Kathleen Payne, who was in the Fifth Form last term, has left the School.

* * * * * * *

"Friends' High School, Chungking, W. China,
"Nov. 19th, 1918.

". . . Two nights ago there was an armed robbery a mile or so away, close by where Miss Cumber lives at the new Girls' School. Some of our boys got scared and thought they saw robbers on the playground, and came rushing up from the School to our house, by the back way among the trees so as to avoid being seen. One of their number lost his way in the darkness, and soon one of our servants whose house is a few yards away, came in with eyes bulging out of his head to

say that he had seen lots of robbers close by his house. I went down and could see no one, but he was sure of it. I told him that if there had been so many they were not likely to have been scared by one man. Soon after that the boy who had lost his way turned up, panting, to say that some boys had been taken away by robbers; he himself had seen the robbers. I asked him who had been taken away, and when he had told me their names I opened the door and showed him his missing comrades. It turned out that he was the robber whom the servant had seen, and each had mistaken the other for such. We could hear the firing of guns by brigands and by soldiers who soon got out after them."

ERNEST W. SAWDON (Science Master, 1902-6).

* * * * * * * *

Eustace Edward Scott has held an Hon. Commission in the Veterinary Corps for the last two years. "For four years I have been travelling for the Government in all parts of the world on horse transports,—varied and many have been my experiences in all the theatres of war. . . . I have been in sole charge of 700 to 1,000 animals each voyage from America and Canada, and during another period up and down the Mediterranean for twenty months."

* * * * * * *

Ronald Ash (1915-18) who commenced work last term at the Finsbury Technical College, was soon promoted to the second year course in the Metal workshop, and in the examination at the end of the term came out head in that branch. His experience in the carpentry workshop at Walden has already proved useful, and he has been erecting cupboards outside the College Laboratory.

* * * * * * *

"17 Ambulance Train, F.A.U., France,

"Jan. 5th, 1919.

". . . . Our last trip gave us a chance to visit Eupen (just over the Belgian border into Germany). At one end of

a bridge we were in Belgium, and at the other end in Germany. Even in so short a space there was a marked difference in the cleanliness of the towns and people; one must own that it was in the German favour,—their streets clean, their houses good and that air of well organised and efficient public services which is such a noticeable feature when one returns to England after any period abroad. Incidentally I visited a German printing shop of a small size, and have secured some very nice specimens of printing work."

JOHN H. QUINN (1901-07).

* * * * * * *

". . . I am glad to say that I am back again from my imprisonment in Germany, and am in moderate health. . . . I shall take the earliest opportunity of running down to Saffron Walden, so I can tell you all my news then."

K. R. COLE (1903-08).

* * * * * * *

" Bulford Camp, Salisbury,
" Dec. 10th, 1918.

". . . I am now remanded to await a District Court Martial—my fourth. From here C.O. s are committed to Winchester prison, whither I expect to go shortly. . . . . I remember with gratitude my days at Walden, and join with all who seek to 'honour yet the School we know.'"

BASIL G. BURTON. (1908-13).

* * * * * * *

" H.Q. Communication Squadron,
G.H.Q., R.A.F., B.E.F., France.

". . . I joined this squadron about a fortnight after the Armistice was signed. The work is very interesting, consisting of flying spare Generals about all over France, and now and again a trip to Blighty. Since joining this Squadron I have taken passengers to Mons, Lille, Spa, Namur and

Doullers, so I am seeing quite a number of the more important towns. I had a great disappointment the other day. I started out for Paris with Lord Hugh Cecil as passenger, but had to turn back owing to rain and clouds. . . .

"I expect this squadron will be the nucleus of the post-bellum Air Force. I haven't quite made up my mind what to do after the war, but I think most probably I shall stay in the air force, as I have had a permanent commission offered to me."

W. W. TEBBUTT (1912-16).

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## SCHOOL DIARY.

Nov. 6th.—Lantern Lecture: "Protective Colouring of Animals," Mr. Walter Rowntree.

„ 12th.—Half-holiday in celebration of the Armistice.

„ 14th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Girls' Diary, Dorothy Emson. Essays, "Sir Thomas More," Dora Barker; "Pygmies," Paul Tebbutt; "A Teacher of the Nineteenth Century," Edna Ellis. Pianoforte Solo, Margaret Passmore.

„ 17th.—Lecture: "Jerusalem," Mr. Frederick Taylor.

„ 18th.—Lantern Lecture: "The Wonderland of Nature," Mr. Percival Westell.

„ 21st.—N.H.S. Mtg. Essays: "Birds of Prey," Thomas Cousins and Daniel Burlingham; "Pyramids," Lawrance Palmer and Frederick Frizzell; "Domestic Architecture of Mediæval Times," Clifford Jones.

„ 28th.—Literary Society "Social Evening."

Dec. 4th.—School Examinations began.

„ 5th.—N.H.S. Mtg. Lecture on "Comets," Dr. Wilton.

„ 7th.—Sale of Work in aid of the "F.F.M.A.,"

„ 8th.—Lantern Lecture: Mr. Harvey Theobald.

„ 11th-14th.—School Election.

„ 16th.—End of Term Entertainment.

Dec. 17th.—Holidays began.

Jan. 14th.—School re-opened.

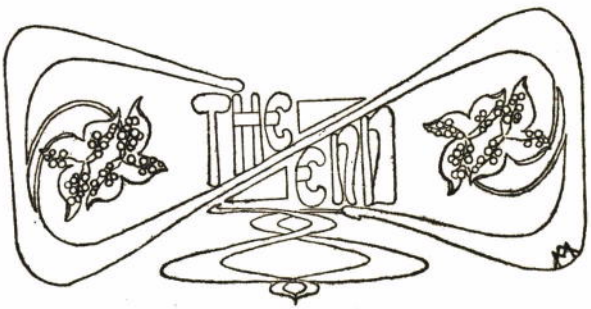
„ 23rd.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Boys' Diary, Archibald Bartlett and John T. Barker. Essays: "Empire Builders," Richard Skelton; "A War-Time Incident," Dorothy Emson; "Dreaming in Two Worlds," Lionel Wright. Songs, Kenneth Mauritzi, Miss Withers.

„ 29th.—Girls' "Form" Gymnastic Competition.

„ 31st.—Visit of Education Commission.

Feb. 6th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Girls' Diary, Dorothy Reynolds. Essays: "Omar Khayyam," John T. Barker; "George Frederick Watts," Lilian Kilbey; "Of Babies," Mr. Whitlow; "Radium and Radio-Activity," Archibald Bartlett. Song, Miss Withers. Musical Monologue, Mr. Whitlow and Mr. Beer. Pianoforte Solo, Margaret Passmore.

„ 10th.—"Merit" half-holiday in morning.



# NOTICES.

Three numbers of *The Avenue* will be published during 1919, in March, July, December, price 7d. (post free 8d.) or 1s. 9d. per annum (post free 2s.)

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

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

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* To retire at the end of the year.

## SCHOOL EXAMINATIONS.

*Associated Board of the R.A.M.* and *R.C.M., School Examination.*
Higher Division :—Muriel F. Robson.

## SCHOOL MAGAZINES.

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

## INITIAL LETTER.

The initial letter at the commencement of the article on the " House Competition " is by *Margaret Robson.*

# 3

reasons for drinking

# Rowntree's
ELECT Cocoa

1. Strength
2. Economy
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