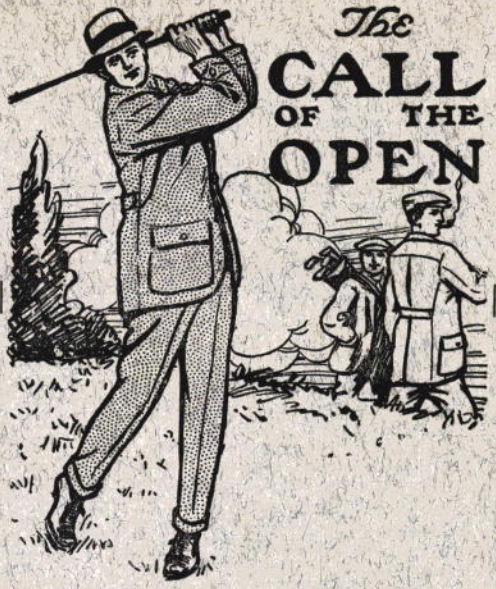
# THE AVENUE



JULY 1920

PER ARDUA AD ALTA



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SCENES FROM WHITSUNTIDE AT WALDEN.




The Magazine of the Friends' School, Saffron Walden.

VOL. X. JULY, 1920. No. 32.

## FOREWORD.

WE enjoyed very good health during the Spring term, and were all able to take pleasure in the visits of the Old Scholars and Foxes towards the end of March.

The House Competitions, which had to be abandoned last year owing to the influenza, were revived again this Spring, although unfortunately, the keenness previously shown in them was not this year quite so general.

The School re-assembled on the 29th April, and owing to the early Spring we found the gardens gay with lilac and laburnum, while the nightingales in the shrubbery had already begun to sing, much to our delight.

This term Mr. Beer is no longer on the resident staff. During Mr. Morris' absence for ten days Mrs. Beer has been helping in his place.

Whitsuntide, the great event of the Summer Term, was especially successful this year, for we welcomed a record number of Old Scholars and friends, and the weather was splendid throughout the week-end.

*Mary Baker (Sixth Form).*

# WHITSUNTIDE AT WALDEN—1920.

ANOTHER Whitsun at the Mother School has passed, leaving us but the memory of its passage. It is a memory which is rather dazzled by the kaleidoscopic nature of its contents, a memory which is difficult to dissect and put in order. We Old Scholars were again caught in that wonderful spirit of fellowship which we know at all our gatherings, but which is intensified many times when we find ourselves in the old surroundings, where that spirit was bred—and somehow, in the enthusiasm and splendour of the gathering just over, we feel that even the 1919 gathering has been surpassed.

For the first time we arrived in such formidable numbers on the Friday evening that special arrangements had to be made to accommodate us that night. The great bulk of the pilgrims arrived on Saturday morning, and at dinner that day the Boys' Playroom did its best to accommodate 110 of us.

The greater part of Saturday was occupied by the School Athletic Sports and the Old Scholars' Tennis Tournament, which was soon organised into full swing. The sports were keenly contested, and we would congratulate those who took part on the high standard they maintained. The sterner business of the day was relieved by "grotesques," such as the Old Scholars' Relay Race, and the three-legged football match!

The "Town," triumphant in the former, succumbed in the latter event, proving even more clumsy than the "Country," and owing their only goal to the clever footwork of the referee!

Terza and bathing followed, and after supper we assembled round the Camp Fire on the Boys' Playground and sang or yelled, with varying degrees of success. And so, in a most appropriate way, a strenuous and delightful day was ended, and we dispersed, under the stars and crescent moon, to our

several resting-places—even the campers slept well that night!

Sunday, by most people, was taken literally as the day of rest, and, from the first, the sun signified his approval. At morning Meeting the Meeting House was taxed to the utmost of its capacity, and it was in the fellowship of that meeting that we very vividly found the true basis of our being.

The afternoon was idled through on the field or Avenue, and amongst other things it gave excellent opportunity for deadly camera work.

Evening Meeting was held on the lawn. Mr. Walker addressed a few words of welcome to us, and then Old Scholars had the opportunity of thanking the staff and children for the welcome given us, and for telling of the constant inspiration the School is to us.

The meeting was followed by a concert, given by members of our company, and in our natural modesty we were pleasantly surprised at the talent found amongst us.

After moonlight parades on the Avenue, field, or perhaps farther away, we settled in for another night, each feeling thankful that there was still another day at Walden to come. It arrived—and promised to be as resplendent as those that had preceded. According to time-honoured tradition, the programme consisted of a mixture of cricket match, tennis tournament, aquatics, Shakespeare and terza.

We witnessed some very fine cricket. The School batted first and were dismissed for 137 runs—G. S. Pumphrey leading the score with 33. The outstanding performance was that by Bernard Deane and Paul Mauger, who made 114 runs between them (Mauger 68, Deane 46), earned by splendid cricket. At one o'clock the Old Boys, having scored 177 runs with three wickets to spare, retired, having beaten the School. The Old Girls also won their match.

Dinner was taken in state in the dining hall and adjoining rooms. Before leaving the dining hall we had the great

pleasure of presenting Miss Fairbrother with a clock. We take the opportunity here of endorsing our President's words of appreciation, and hope she may have great happiness in her new work.

After patiently enduring several group photographs we attended the Fifth Form's presentation of "The Tempest." The play was produced and acted exceptionally well, and was thoroughly enjoyed and appreciated by all.

The Bath was the next attraction, and the team race, in which "London" suffered heavy defeat, and the Polo-match —"Town" *v.* "Country"—proved as thrilling as ever. Meanwhile the final of the Tennis Tournament was decided in favour of Ina Farnell and Charlie Ball, who beat Dora Townshend and Arnold Green by six games to two.

Then tea! We would have been glad of it anywhere, and on the Avenue it was best of all.

Terza, Cricket and Tennis soon made the evening fly, and the Concert which followed was magnificent in every way. We may especially mention the new School Song, written by Maud Tyler, presented to us "in the way it ought to be, and *will* be sung"—(see Gurnell Green about it!) It was a splendid evening, and as we came under its spell we talked of many things—past, present, and to come—but above all felt glad to be sons and daughters of such a School, and members of such a company.

Tuesday morning had to come, and so the "fading away" began—desperate packing, a hurricane of farewells, and the cheer as the train left the station.

Thus Whitsun ended, and now we wonder how we may best thank those who spent so much time in preparing for us and in making the gathering the success it was. Maybe we can best do this by rightly interpreting and showing forth the spirit that imbued us whilst we were together.

And so,—to Whitsun, 1921!

JOHN H. THOMPSON (1911-17).

# THE ATHLETIC SPORTS, 1920.

PERHAPS the weather conditions for competitors were hardly as perfect as last year, but for the onlookers they were ideal; and although there was nothing very remarkable in the times, the races were almost all very evenly contested, and a high standard was sustained throughout. During the great day—Whit-Saturday—the best individual performance was Errington's High Jump, and a murmur of disappointment went up when it was found that he had just failed to beat the long-standing record. However, his name figures as one of three who have cleared 4ft. 10ins.

The Junior Races in particular were very keen—in some of the Senior events the number of competitors was much too few for a school of our standing. On the following Thursday the mile was run—only two entrants running in either race. In spite of the little opposition, Philip Smith ran excellently in the Junior, winning in 5m. 43⅕ secs., thus breaking a record which has stood since 1909. The only other record made was by Hazel Welch in the Girls' Junior High Jump.

The Cross Country Races both had good entries, and we congratulate the winners, Richard Skelton and Philip Smith, who both ran excellently, in both cases only just failing to make a record time.

SENIOR: BOYS.

100 yards.—1, Errington; 2, Burlingham i.; 3, Roper. Time, 11⅘ secs.
440 yards.—1, Errington; 2, Burlingham i.; 3, Cottis. Time, 58⅘ secs.
880 yards.—1, Errington; 2, Roper and Welch. Time, 2 min. 18⅘ secs.
Mile.—1, Gregg; 2, Roper. Time, 5 min. 32 secs.
Cross Country.—1, Skelton i.; 2, Palmer; 3, Gregg; 4, Tebbutt i.; 5, Engelmann. Time, 21 min. 31⅘ secs.
Long Jump.—1, Errington; 2, Burlingham i.; 3, Tebbutt i. Distance, 16 ft. 8½ in.
High Jump.—1, Errington; 2, Peverett i.; 3, Burlingham i. Height 4 ft. 10 in.*
Throw.—1, Roper; 2, Tawell; 3, Errington. Distance, 74 yds. 2 ft.

JUNIOR :
100 yards.—1, Mason; 2, Smith iii; 3 Grover. Time, 12⅘ secs.
440 yards.—1, Smith iii.; 2, Grover; 3, Cadman. Time, 66⅘ secs.
880 yards.—1, Smith, iii.; 2, Grover; 3, Cadman. Time, 2 min. 38 secs.
Mile.—1, Smith iii.; 2, Elithorn. Time, 5 min. 43⅕ secs.†
Cross Country.—1, Smith iii.; 2, Cadman; 3, Allbon ii.; 4, Williams; 5, Elithorn. Time, 13 min. 11 secs.
Long Jump.—1, Mason; 2, Allbon ii. and Smith iii. Distance, 13 ft. 7½ in.
High Jump.—1, Lloyd and Mason; 3, Smith iii. Height, 3 ft. 7 in.
Throw.—1, Grover; 2, Allbon ii.; 3, Smith iii. Distance, 60 yds.

OPEN :
880 yards Handicap.—1, Freeman (160 yds.); 2, Welch (30 yds.); 3, Teakle (130 yds.)
220 yards Handicap.—1, Freeman (43 yds.); 2, Bartlett (19 yds.); 3, Dobbin (25 yds.).
Sack Race.—1, Raven; 2, Allbon i.; 3, Allbon ii.
Obstacle Race.—1, Claytor i.; 2, Allbon i.; 3, Grimes.
Tripod Race.—1, Engelmann and Allbon i.; 2, Ashby and Tawell.

SENIOR : GIRLS.
100 yards.—1, P. Horsfield; 2, L. Shaw; 3, E. Cousins. Time, 13 secs.
220 yards.—1, P. Horsfield; 2, E. Cousins; 3, L. Shaw. Time, 29 secs.
Long Jump.—1, G. Baker; 2, P. Horsfield; 3, B. English. Distance, 13 ft. 4 in.
High Jump.—1, E. Smith and E. Cousins; 2, P. Horsfield and S. Joy. Height, 4ft.
Throw.—1, S. Joy; 2, M. Baker; 3, E. Noal. Distance, 40 yds. 2 ft. 6 in.
Tripod Race.—1, M. Baker and S. Joy; 2, E. Cousins and E. Thompson.

JUNIOR :
100 yards.—1, H. Welch; 2, J. Tawell; 3, P. Welch. Time, 13⅖ secs.
220 yards.—1, H. Welch; 2, P. Welch; 3, J. Tawell and V. Falkner. Time, 31⅘ secs.
Long Jump.—1, P. Welch; 2, H. Welch; 3, M. Baker. Distance, 12 ft. 7½ in.
High Jump.—1. H. Welch; 2, P. Welch; 3, M. Gibb. Height, 4ft. †
Tripod Race.—1, V. Falkner and P. Welch; 2, G. Gibb and J. Tawell.

* Equal to Record. † School Record.

HOUSE RELAY RACE (300 yards) :
Boys.—1, Godlee and Morland. Time, 40⅘ secs.
Girls.—1, Morland; 2, Godlee. Time, 44⅛ secs.
Junior Team (mixed).—1, Morland; 2, Crosfield. Time, 45⅕ secs.

HOUSE TUG-OF-WAR (Boys) :
1, Crosfield; 2, Morland.

*Boys' Cup Holder.*—Robert W. Errington.
*Boys' Junior Cup Holder.*—Philip A. Smith.
*Girls' Cup Holder.*—Peggy Horsfield.
*Girls' Junior Cup Holder.*—Hazel Welch.

## HOUSE SPORTS.

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

# A DAY AND A NIGHT.

## II.—THE NIGHT.

THE mists were rising in the valley as the afterglow of the setting sun faded rapidly, and the pink and yellow clouds fled away before the heavy grey masses of darkness. The monotonous hum of the insects had ceased, and in the stillness of the dusk, noises from afar could be heard plainly in Gorsley Woods.

Soon the moon rose, and the trees cast long, dark shadows, which were ever varying their ghostly shapes as the moon mounted higher in the heavens. From an old fallen tree a shadow, darker than the rest, glided swiftly down the mossy ditchway, and off to the farmyard. It was Reynard, seeking his evening meal. And now the wild life of the woods was astir. Outside the warren wherein dwelt Ginger Nose, the rabbits were feeding. By-and-by Ginger Nose wandered down to a copse of willow trees and hawthorns by the river. Here he stopped among the celandines that covered the ground with their juicy green leaves and had now shut up their golden flowers for the night. Ginger Nose felt so lonely, and wondered if any rabbits lived in the copse. He had never been there before and now he was willing to risk anything for company. So he thumped and thumped on the ground, and then lay down to listen. Was it a rustle he heard? He thumped again excitedly; this time he saw two pairs of ears twitching above the celandine leaves, and then two pairs of bright eyes surveying him shyly. He sat up and combed his long whiskers. The two rabbits hopped a little nearer, and he, seeing that one was a pretty little nut-brown rabbit with long delicate ears and fine whiskers, hopped up to her, taking no notice of the poor little grey doe, who, after a while, hopped away sadly to her burrow, leaving her sister and Ginger Nose alone.

The little brown rabbit did not object to his loving caresses,

and soon they were shyly returned. But their happiness was short-lived. The horrid smell of a stoat assailed their nostrils. Very quietly they hopped away to the next field, and then raced off in different directions. They need not have been so frightened, however, for the stoat had found the little grey doe, and by the time he passed on, the scent was stale. Ginger Nose had run off to his home burrow and scared every rabbit inside. It was some time before he dared to venture out again, and then it was only his longing to find his dear little rabbit that brought him out at all. He knew that the brown rabbit would not dare to return to the copse, so he went round to all the warrens on the borders of the wood and stamped impotent signals.

Ginger Nose was growing weary of searching in the hedgerows and woods for her, when he smelt a fox. Even as the scent was borne down to him, a rabbit rushed past him into the woods. He turned and fled also. His burrow was on the other side of the wood, and the fox turned aside from his former quarry and was but a little way behind. Ginger Nose had to apply all the tricks he knew to evade his enemy. He led him into the thickest undergrowth, where the brambles tore his ears, and, finding that the fox was still hot upon his track, he left the undergrowth and took to a winding pathway covered with moss. The wind had risen and the clouds scudded across the sky, occasionally disclosing the pale face of the moon through the rifts. Ginger Nose was getting tired and he made a last bolt for home along the pathway. Then, as he dived once more into the undergrowth, another rabbit started up and raced in front of him. The home burrow was not far away now, but the fox was close on him. Another dash and he had reached the burrow and darted down it. The other rabbit followed him in, and when he looked, he saw that it was his own dear little brown rabbit.

The fox waited a little while outside, and then, smelling his old enemy, man, he turned slowly away and crept off by a hedgerow. The poacher, silently examining his traps on the

edge of the wood, saw the lithe form slink away and sympathised. "Aye," he reflected, "yon fox needn'a ha' been so scared o' me; we'se brothers, and I'd sooner help nor hinder him. We'se on the same little job and I shan't hurt him, onless he interferes with my traps. We both like rabbits and we both 'ates keepers; so I guess we're sort of friends." And muttering to himself he passed on. Some of his traps the keeper had found and taken away, and when the man found them gone, he swore audibly. But there were none to hear his curses nor the chuckles of satisfaction when he found a rabbit with its neck broken in a trap, and flung it into his bag. He set his traps elsewhere, putting them in the rabbit runs, where they were cunningly hidden among brambles and bushes. He moved about silently and cautiously; not aimlessly as one treading unknown paths, but with the sure tread of one who knows his way about. Hardly a twig cracked or a leaf rustled as he made his way noiselessly to the pool where the moor-hen had her nest on the branch of a fallen willow. He had watched the nest for some nights, waiting until there was a nestful of eggs before he took them; and now, with the help of other fallen boughs and his stick, he crept gingerly up to the nest. The mother-bird flew off with a startled cry that rang through the woods, and the poacher swore softly again as he packed the fourteen brown eggs into the cotton-wool at the bottom of his large tin box. Then he continued his round, occasionally stopping to listen intently for any sound which might break the stillness of the night. But none came. When next the moon shone out, the keen eyes of the poacher detected a sitting bird beneath a heap of dead branches. He moved forward silently, and suddenly grabbed as he fell on his knees; never a sound was heard, but soon the poacher had a plump partridge in his bag, and nine more brown eggs in his tin box. He was in luck to-night. Five good-sized rabbits, a partridge, and twenty three eggs was unusually good booty for one night, and the man crept away quietly, feeling very pleased with himself.

Meanwhile Ginger Nose and the Brown Rabbit had been resting in their burrow, recovering from the fright the fox had given them. They soon ventured out again, knowing that the fox would not wait long for them, and made their way through the wood to a mossy bank, overhung by a thick hedge of hawthorns. Here they scooped out a comfortable little form and crept inside, afterwards covering the opening with twigs and leaves. They slept there for some time, and when they awoke, the moon was on the wane, the wind had fallen, and the sky was cloudless. They hopped out and began to play like young ones of a few weeks old, rolling over and over, and jumping up and chasing each other. How good it was to be alive in that fresh night of April, when the Spring magic was abroad, and all the wild life was stirring !

They made their way through the wood in the mystical darkness of the hour before dawn, to get to their feeding-ground by the big warren, and when they were but a few yards from their destination the Brown Rabbit turned a somersault as she thrust her head through the noose of a cunningly laid snare. Poor little rabbit ! Her short life was ended. As she stood there on her hind-legs as if ready for a jump, Ginger Nose felt a cold fear creep over him, and he feverishly licked her fur, and caressed her with his whiskers ; but there was no reply. She stood there stiff and still, and Ginger Nose crouched by her side, feeling as if his heart was breaking. How long he remained thus he could not tell ; in reality only a few minutes had elapsed when the smell of a stoat roused his dormant instincts, and, obeying them, he hopped quietly and quickly out of his enemy's path and remained unnoticed. Ginger Nose had little time to be sad now, for hardly had he escaped from the stoat when he saw the keen eyes of a fox peering at him through the brambles. Quick as lightning he darted away, even as the fox sprang. He had a bad start, and Reynard was desperate—the fox was hungry, for he had been baulked of his prey all that night, and the thought of his four hungry cubs

awaiting him in his big earth spurred him on. Ginger Nose, who had hardly recovered from the cold horror at the loss of his dear little Brown Rabbit, ran without thinking much at first, but soon, realising his danger, he put all his wits to work to save himself. As before, he led the fox into the thickest undergrowth; nevertheless he gained but little ground, and had to resort to other measures. He dodged in and out, and then decided to make a bolt for the burrow, so he dashed into the old cart path which had now fallen into disuse, and was covered with coarse grass. The stones hurt his feet, and he was tired—so tired now. His little heart beat pitiably fast, and he ran with difficulty. The fox, though tired himself, was exulting in the knowledge that his quarry was even more worn out, and he raced down the pathway, feeling sure that the chase would soon be ended.

Only fifty more yards to run, a bank to climb, and the friendly ditchway where the refuge was, would be reached! But Ginger Nose never got there. He reached the bank and jumped, fell back, and put forth all his remaining energy to jump again. But it was too late, the fox was on him.

A piteous little squeal and all was over. The first grey light of dawn was creeping up as the fox carried his prize to his lair. The blackbird warbled blithely in the hawthorn bush, and then the other birds woke up and strove to outdo each other in their morning songs. The squirrels chattered in the trees overhead, and the rooks flew, cawing, over the wood to the newly-sown cornfield for a morning meal. And none gave a thought to the tragedy below. It mattered nothing to them that Ginger Nose was dead; and the life of another day in the woods commenced.

*Edith Smith*
*(Sixth Form).*

# THE END OF TERM CONCERT.



AVING waited impatiently all day, we were glad when the time came for the Concert, which this time was composed of two long plays, the first called "The Moon Dream," and the second "As it happened," or "I don't think"—a burlesque operetta written by Mr. Whitlow.

The first scene of "The Moon Dream" opened with the morning of Princess Felicity's birthday. She was grumbling, as she had not got a present that pleased her, and her courtiers were vainly trying to please her. After her attendants had left, "the Wise Woman" suddenly appeared behind the throne, and, in response to the Princess's request to go to the moon, took her there in a dream.

The next scene was on the moon. The Princess was in a very bad temper, as she had walked a long way and not found anybody. Then the stars and the Moon Lady accused her of stealing their lights. An exciting trial ensued; the Princess was found guilty, when, suddenly, darkness came on and the star-lamps began to shine again. Saturn, the judge, said that they must have failed to realise that the night had not fallen, and concluded too hastily that their lamps had been stolen; so he ordered two shooting-stars to shoot the Princess back to earth.

The third act pictured the evening of the same day. The Princess was sitting asleep on the throne, and, when she awoke, her dream had quite altered her; she was no longer moody, but as she stood up a thought form of her former self appeared beside her, and to her horror, stuck by her till at last the Wise Woman drove it away. Then the Princess and her courtiers held her birthday ball, and all ended happily.

The second play was the story of King Alfred and the Cakes, put in a very amusing way. The first scene was in the Danish Camp, and after an opening "Chorus of Danes," Alfred entered

disguised as a minstrel. He told them his story, which began :—

" This minstrel-boy from the war has fled,
In a place that's safe you'll find him."

Being received by Guthrum he found out his plans, and then left hurriedly.

The second scene opened at the shop of " Mr. D. O. Knut, late of Fitch," with Mr. and Mrs. Knut discussing the price of bread, when Alfred entered and offered his services as assistant, in a song to the tune of " The Vicar of Bray." When Mr. Knut had gone out, his wife left Alfred to mind the shop and to " keep the cakes a-turning." Guthrum, now a fugitive owing to the information gained in his camp by Alfred, taking advantage of the temporary absence of Alfred, entered the shop, and thinking it advisable to lay in a supply of food, took a loaf and hid it under his cloak. At this moment Alfred returned, and seeing Guthrum, ordered him to " clear out." They sang a duet to the tune of " John Peel," in the middle of which Alfred stabbed Guthrum with a dagger, and then dragged him into the coal-hole. As he turned round he saw the cakes were burning and that Mrs. D. O. Knut had just returned. She sang " There's a weird, weird, smell of burning," then scolded Alfred and gave him a box on the ear. Then Mr. Knut entered, singing " We've licked the Danes to-day." Alfred, when he heard there was a reward on Guthrum's head, said it was in the coal-hole. Mr. and Mrs. D. O. Knut exclaimed " Guthrum ! " and from the coal-hole came a voice in answer, singing, " I hear you calling me ! " Alfred was very astonished when Guthrum explained that the dagger had only gone into the loaf, so he pardoned him. When Mr. Knut heard he was Alfred, he called in the Saxons, and they all sang a farewell chorus to the tune of " The British Grenadiers." The singing and acting were very good, especially F. G. Frizzell as Alfred, and A. Bartlett as Guthrum.

*Philip A. Smith and*
*Tony Skelton*
*(Upper Fourth Form).*

# AN OUTLINE SURVEY OF SAFFRON WALDEN AND ITS REGION.

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

EDITED BY G. MORRIS.

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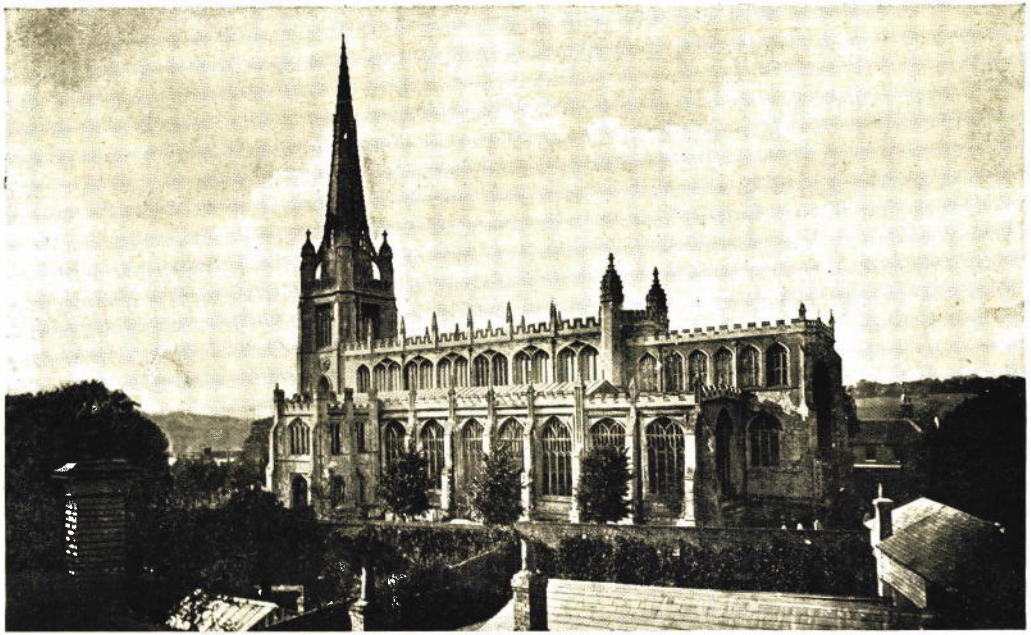
## *Section XII.*—THE PARISH CHURCH, SAFFRON WALDEN.

By the REV. G. MONTAGU BENTON, M.A.

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THE Church of St. Mary the Virgin, Saffron Walden, is not only one of the two finest parish churches in Essex, but takes a high place, from an architectural point of view, among the parish churches of England : it has even been said that in a degree it may not unworthily compare with Wykeham's nave at Winchester. Our mediæval architecture, in common with that on the Continent, grew out of the Romanesque, but owing to the influence of racial characteristics, the art of each nation gradually developed along its own lines, until abroad it found its culmination in the exuberance of the Flamboyant style, and in England in the restrained " Perpendicular." Walden church, therefore, being of this style, represents the fruits of our national insularity—it is English of the English. But beautiful as the building is to-day, it is in comparison with its first glory—when painted walls and screenwork, rich hangings and stained glass were merged in one blaze of harmonious colour— like a mutilated casket bereft of its jewels.

When the church was built, the population of the town was not much more than a third of its present size, and England was comparatively poor and thinly populated ; these facts only increase our wonder at the piety and skill of olden days, which enabled men to bequeath to us so glorious a sanctuary. We cannot do more here, however, than briefly summarise



Block kindly lent by Messrs. Hart & Sons, Saffron Walden.

SAFFRON WALDEN CHURCH.

the chief factors in the erection of the building. They were an intense and united religious feeling (not unmixed probably with a spirit of emulation), stimulated more especially by the growth of local gild life, and by the fact that the body of the church was the common hall of the parish and the property of the parishioners.

In attempting to trace the historical growth of the building, we are unable to assign to Walden a pre-Norman church, and Domesday is silent in the matter. We know, however, that a church existed here in 1136, for in that year Geoffrey de Mandeville, Earl of Essex, founded the monastery, or rather the priory of Walden, and bestowed upon it, among other churches, "the parish church of the Blessed Mary of Walden." If, as is likely, this building stood on the site of the present structure, every trace of its existence has disappeared in the successive re-buildings. As far as can be discovered, there is only one small fragment of worked stone in the present fabric possibly dating from the 12th century; this relic, which perchance was associated with the Norman edifice, consists of part of a cross-head, and may be seen built into the base of the east exterior wall of the south porch.

About 1300, or a decade or two earlier, the church was rebuilt on probably an altogether larger scale, and various portions of this building are incorporated in the present church, viz.: the chancel arcade; the western arches of the north and south chapels; the inner doorway, and part of the hood-mouldings of the windows of the south porch; and the crypt or bone-hole which is situated partly under the south aisle and partly under the south porch. These remains indicate that this later building was of dignified proportions; and from their position it may be inferred that in plan it conformed to that of the present building, in as far as it consisted of a chancel with north and south chapels, a nave with north and south aisles, and a south porch. We may also presume that there was a tower, but for the present its position must remain

conjectural. It is possible that in addition to the chancel chapels, there were either north and south transepts or transeptal chapels occupying the site of the two eastern bays of the present aisles, and that the foundations and lower part of the existing outer walls date from *c.* 1300, and represent respectively the north and south walls of these supposed transepts or chapels. The church may thus have been cruciform in plan, and it is therefore conceivable that there was a central tower. This hypothesis was first advanced by Mr. J. Murray Kendall, F.S.A., of the Royal Commission on Historical Monuments, as the result of working out the plan, when surveying the church in 1913. Mr. Kendall argues that the position of the crypt indicates the existence of a south aisle of less width than the present one, and as the spacing does not allow for the arch from the chapel to the aisle, there is ground for inferring that this arch opened into a transept. Moreover he considers that the spacing of the two eastern bays of the south wall of the aisle confirms this theory; also that the similar north chapel arch, and the spacing of the north wall of the north aisle points to there having been a corresponding north transept. He further maintains that this spacing is quite consistent with the existence of a central tower, or at least a crossing. Excavation might prove or possibly disprove the hypothesis, at any rate the evidence is such as to make the conjecture a reasonable probability.

This late thirteenth century building served the parish until well into the fifteenth century, although detailed changes were effected from time to time. The enriched canopy-work now in the north aisle dates from *c.* 1360 and must have therefore belonged to this earlier church. Constructional alterations were also going on spasmodically from 1438, if not earlier.

Fortunately the Churchwardens' accounts from 1438 to 1484 are extant: they are written in French, Latin, and English, and the accuracy of detail which characterises the entries enable us to form a fairly graphic picture of the interior of the church

as it appeared just prior to the re-building, or at any rate before the fabric it would seem had suffered material change. But we must pass on to the existing church.

Although, with the exception of details already noted, it is of one uniform style, throughout, we must not suppose that preparatory to its erection, its predecessor was practically demolished. Even in spite of re-building, a mediæval church never ceased to be used, and it was so arranged that services could be held in some part of the building without a break. Thus the work progressed slowly, and was perforce done by instalments. Sometimes, too, lack of funds would further retard matters. We can see then how impossible it is, in the absence of definite evidence, to fix an exact date when the scheme of re-building Walden Church on the present scale was first inaugurated; but nevertheless the style of architecture, together with such documentary evidence as we possess, enable us to arrive at an approximate date for the work as a whole.

*(To be continued.)*



# MY DREAM.

FAIRY flutes were piping sweetly,
Down beside the gurgling stream;
While I lay alistening to them
I had such a wondrous dream.

Dreamily came distant music,
Such as I had never heard;
Mingled with the pine-tree's whispering
Was the sweet note of a bird.

Gradually I fell to sleeping
And a vision sweet as morn
Of a young and lovely maiden
Stood before me, all forlorn.

Her blue eyes were full of pity
As she stood before me there;
And her cheeks were summer roses,
Sunny was her flowing hair.

Hope was pictured in her features,
And it gave new strength to me.
I awoke with inspiration,
For the life that was to be.

*Joyce Tawell*
(*Lower Fourth*).

# FOOTBALL 1919—1920.

| | Played | Won | Lost | Drawn | Goals For | Goals Against |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| First XI. | 11 | 6 | 4 | 1 | 32 | 24 |
| Boys' XI. | 10 | 6 | 0 | 4 | 35 | 8 |
| Second XI. | 7 | 4 | 3 | 0 | 14 | 12 |

RARELY have we started the season with a weaker team or finished with a stronger, and the reasons for this change are not hard to trace. We started with a team of fairly good individual players, but players who played as individuals and not as members of a team; we finished with a team who were so good at combined play that they carried it almost to excess, so much so that the shooting of goals seemed to become almost of secondary importance.

We started with a very weak defence, but before the close of the season W. Roper and R. Errington had learnt to rely on each other, and were an exceedingly difficult pair of full-backs to pass.

Another reason for our improvement was that all members of the team finally realised the importance of being in their correct positions, so that the ball could be passed to the position instead of to the man. Particularly was this the case in the forward line, where L. T. Palmer and F. G. Frizzell acted up to the old motto, "Draw your man and then get rid of the ball," with great accuracy, thus often breaking up our opponents' defence.

The Boys' XI., especially, under the captaincy of F. G. Frizzell, had a most successful season, sustaining not a single defeat.

Colours were awarded to P. W. Tebbutt, R. Errington, and W. S. Roper.

G. S. PUMPHREY.

# MY FREE FLIGHT.

LAST year the editor of the *Daily News* thought that it would make the circulation of his paper larger if he offered some free flights. As we had the *Daily News* every day, we sent in some of the coupons. For several weeks we were unsuccessful, but at last the postman brought us a letter which contained instructions, and a paper to be used as a ticket. I think that you can best imagine our thoughts!

As the next Saturday was fine, we—that is my mother, another boy friend who had also a free flight, and myself—set out in high spirits for the Rochford Aerodrome.

After waiting from 11 o'clock to 3 o'clock until our turn arrived, we were arrayed in the flying costume. In other words we put on goggles, a close fitting cap to cover the head and ears, and also a long brownish-coloured coat.

I then bade good-bye to the spectators and *terra firma* and climbed into the "Navro" aeroplane with my friend and another boy who had won a free flight.

Two men started the propeller. Instantly we felt a rush of wind. So great was it that it made me feel truly thankful for the cap and goggles. The wind made one feel rather apprehensive of the results when one was in the air, as the whole of the "Navro" biplane quivered like a hunted deer.

A strange feeling caused me to shut my eyes and then, about ten seconds afterwards, an inquisitive one made me open them again. I looked over the side and was very surprised to find that the aeroplane was about fifty feet from the ground. We continued to go up until we had reached an altitude of about one thousand feet. Then the pilot glided down about fifty feet,

and then up again to about the same height as before. He continued to do so for several minutes. You can see, then, that we described a course something like a switch-back or scenic railway, only much grander, nicer and more complicated.

By then all feelings of awe and of fear had fled, and I gazed at Southend-on-Sea from this novel point of view, and I had, for the first time in my life a proper bird's eye view.

Suddenly the plane banked. I looked at the wings on one side and saw them apparently succumb to the forces of gravity. At first I felt that I should fall out, but then I remembered that I was strapped in. I held my breath, and lo ! we had righted ourselves once more.

We then mounted up to about four thousand feet from the sea level. I then looked over the side and saw Westcliff looking like a dolls' town, with its red roofs and green gardens. Southend pier looked like a match stick. Then I looked inland and I saw many farms dotted about the country-side. A train attracted my attention. It seemed about an inch long and about a sixteenth of an inch wide. On one of the roads I saw a big red charabanc. It did look so small and funny. Suddenly we banked again, but this time I was not watching the wings, and consequently it seemed as though the world had tilted over. All the trees, houses, hills and everything on the horizon were silhouetted against the sky. For a brief moment I wondered if the world had wandered from its course. Then it occurred to me that we were banking. When we had righted again, the pilot turned round and cried, " Do you like it ? " " Yes," we called back. Although we shouted our very hardest the words were snatched from our lips and blown away, and we only heard a whisper.

Suddenly we banked so steeply that the wings were nearly perpendicular to the earth. Afterwards my mother said, " I thought you would have fallen out."

We banked several more times and then circled round and

came down with a bump! thud!! bump!!! The aeroplane did not land heavily, but it bounced. We then taxied across the field to our starting-place. I said good-bye to the pilot, and so ended my free flight.

*William Warren*
(*Third Form*).

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## THE ROLLRIGHT STONES.

THESE stones are purely architectural, and are probably the oldest form of monument or erection in existence in England at this time. They are situated on both sides of the road between Rollright and Chipping Norton. They stand about five-and-a-half miles from the rapidly-developing iron-stone quarrying town of Hook Norton. They are also one-and-a-half miles from Great Rollright village and about seven-and-a-half miles from the Friends' School at Sibford, whence we used to go occasionally.

The Rollright stones themselves compose a ring which forms the main body, containing about twenty-two stones. There is also a group of six long, narrow stones standing together on end and touching at the top, at a distance of about three hundred yards from the ring in a south-easterly direction; and finally, to complete them, stands the King Stone, tall, massive, and solitary, at the brow of the hill, about thirty-five yards from the Ring.

All these stones are very roughly hewn and weathered, and at this time they unfortunately bear the initials of many shameless visitors. The Ring was in later years used as a quarry, and some farmers, it is said, took the stones and left them in their fields for luck. For this and the former reason, all three

groups have been guarded by the Oxford County Council by an iron railing, unclimbable even by boys.

For many and various reasons these stones are put down as the oldest erections of man standing at this time in England. They are said to be older than Stonehenge, as they show absolutely no signs of having been worked by tools, whereas Stonehenge is composed of larger stones, and these are squared and jointed in a manner still common in modern carpentry. The stone is not of a kind quarried in the near neighbourhood, and therefore it must have been carried some distance. The stones are so large that they could not possibly have been brought by any other than mechanical means. On the other hand, the stone composing the erection at Rollright is native to the place and was probably quarried from a small pit near the King Stone. In this case the stone would not have to be moved far. Also the stones are much smaller, the largest being the King Stone. Rollright may have been an early erection of the Beaker-men, who can be traced across Europe by these rings. It is, however, very difficult to say who built the ring, much less its probable use.

The neighbouring parishioners and other authorities assert that the place is connected with weather prophecy and witchcraft. It is said that farmers used to come to this place to get advice as to what to grow in their fields for that season from the acting official. The place may have been a meteorological observation ground of the early Beaker-men, as Avebury and Stonehenge may have been since then.

The legend or local account of how the stones came to be there, is that a young, ambitious Saxon King, having been successful in many battles, and having made it his ambition to become King of all England, was in the act of marching on the remainder of his enemy at Long Compton, when he was met by the witch of Wickford Wood. The Saxon then craved a prophecy as to the event of his coming battle. The witch

replied by telling him to stand still, and then commenced in a slow chant to say:

"Take three steps forward,
Take them boldly.
If Long Compton
Thou canst see,
Stand up stick,
And stand up stone,
As King of England
Thou shalt be known
If Long Compton
Thou canst not see,
Lie still stick,
And lie still stone,
As King of England
Thou shalt be none."

The would-be king took his three steps forward boldly enough, and was righteously indignant at not being able to see Long Compton as he had expected, and so he swore in his rage that the witch, who was still near, had raised the chalk to outwit him. The witch was so angry at this rash statement that she cursed him and his army and they turned to stone. This accounts for the names King Stone and Whispering Knights, as the former is said to be the king and the whispering knights are said to be his knights who were plotting to turn traitor and join forces with his enemy. The Ring is said to be his main body of soldiery. This is nothing more than a very pretty little legend, and must be taken for such and not thought more of.

Camden, an early archæologist of about 1706, accounts for the name Rollright by saying it may have come from a memorial to the battle at Hook Norton, which was won by Rollo the Dane. This is, however, most improbable, as Rollo was not in this country at the period to which the stones are attributed. It may have come from Rowldrich, a Danish word for wheel, but it probably came from Roilig, which means a worshipping place of the Druids.

*William Appleton*
*(Upper Fourth Form).*

# METEOROLOGICAL REPORT.

SPRING TERM, 1920. (January 15th—March 29th, 75 days.)

| *Barometer.* | 1920. | 1919. |
|---|---|---|
| Highest Reading .. .. .. .. | 30.36″ | 30.52″ |
| Lowest Reading .. .. .. .. | 28.98″ | 30.88″ |
| Mean for 75 days .. .. .. .. | 29.73″ | 29.67″ |

| | Maximum. | | Minimum. | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| *Thermometer.* | 1920. | 1919. | 1920. | 1919. |
| Highest reading .. | 68.5°F | 55.9°F | 49.0°F | 46.1°F |
| Lowest reading .. | 48.0°F | 29.4°F | 26.0°F | 15.5°F |
| Mean for 75 days .. | 51.4°F | 43.0°F | 36.8°F | 32.6°F |

| *Rainfall.* | 1920 | 1919. |
|---|---|---|
| Number of days upon which rain fell | 42 | 39 |
| Total rainfall in 75 days | 2.775″ | 5.19″ |
| Heaviest Fall .. | .34″ (Jan. 27th) | .66″ (March 5th) |

*Direction of Wind.* (No. of days upon which wind blew in a given quarter)

| | 1920. | 1919. | | 1920. | 1919. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| North .. .. | 0 | 6 | South .. .. | 14 | 3 |
| North East Quadrate | 2 | 22 | South West Quadrate | 31 | 16 |
| East .. .. | 1 | 4 | West .. .. | 6 | 1 |
| South East Quadrate | 17 | 13 | North West Quadrate | 4 | 8 |

(These records include those published in the last number of *The Avenue*, and are cast in this form to enable each report to deal with an unbroken period of observation.)

Secretaries { *Wilfred T. Brangham* (*Lower Fifth Form*). *H. Thomas L. Champness* (*Upper Fifth Form*).

# FROM FAR AND NEAR.

## Concerning Old Scholars.

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

Enid Clark is learning book-keeping, shorthand and typing at Clark's College.

Frederick George Frizzell is in an architect's office in London.

* * * * *

A. Stanley Williams (1886-92) writes from Jos, Nigeria, 23.1.1920, ". . . I wish you every success with your building scheme. . . . Affairs here are rather upset this week owing to the first visit of our new Governor, Sir Hugh Clifford, to this part of the country. It has meant quite a lot of dressing up and going in to reception, festivities, business meetings, etc., and I am pleased to say it is over now.

" The development of the country here is going to be pushed with all possible speed, as it is considered that Nigeria has a great future ahead at no very distant date. New railway schemes, port extension, and other work will be put in hand at once, and it has been definitely decided that we are not to shoulder a small portion of the Imperial debt—as was offered—as it appears that the best service to the Empire will be rendered by putting all possible money that can be raised into the rapid development of the country itself."

* * * * *

W. W. Tebbutt (1912-16), having been demobilised, is now fruit-farming at Bluntisham, Huntingdonshire.

* * * * *

Alan F. Ardley (1910-13) is traveller for Rowntree's of York. He covers the district of Essex and Cambridge.

Reginald H. Robson (Master, 1904-12) has been appointed Head of the new House which has been opened at Leighton Park School.

* * * * *

A. Leonard Stapleton (1896-1900) has been appointed Headmaster of the Friends' School at Rawdon, near Leeds.

* * * * *

Donald L. Redding (1912-14) writes from St. Barnabas College, North Adelaide, Australia, March, 1920, " Please thank the Old Scholars for their message of sympathy and good wishes for 1920. It is indeed cheering to feel one is still remembered, and I look forward to renewing many happy friendships in what I hope will not be a very distant future. I was very pleased to get a p.c. of signatures not long ago.

" My sister-in-law (Mrs. Laurie Redding) left here a month ago, so by the time this reaches you, you may have met her and the baby son. Please show him all his Uncle Don's old haunts, and give him afternoon tea on my behalf.

" I have not yet met Dr. Wilton. I saw in the paper the notice of his arrival in Adelaide.

" It is rather nice to be back at school again, but it is not the same as Walden days. We have only five students at present, a very small number to meet the growing needs of the Church. We are fortunate in having a most efficient teacher as our Warden. . . . I have got to know him very well, as it happens also to be my lot to assist him in the services of a little Church not far from the College."

* * * * *

After finishing his work in France under the F.W.V.R.C., Ashton Watts (Student Master, 1917-18), took up a business

position in Paris, where he has been for the last two years. He is giving up business and hopes to return to England shortly. Being in the street during the Paris May-Day demonstrations, he was arrested by the police and detained for exactly seven minutes. To prevent any aspersions being cast on his irreproachable character, we would hasten to say that his only "offence" had been to wear a cap. He was taken for a Bolshevik. Had he only worn the immaculate Bourgeoise trilby nothing would have happened. We heartily congratulate him on his speedy release from the grip of the French police!

* * * * *

Alec B. Bevan (1901-05) writes from 129, Metcalfe Street, Montreal, Canada:

". . . As you know, I am back again in the building construction line. I rejoined the old company I was with before the war, and have just finished a fairly large job for them costing well over £50,000. It was a very interesting and quite a tricky job, and looks very well now it is finished. . . . Yes, I had a lot of labour trouble, as the building trades went out on strike and remained out for nearly three months. I worked all that time under police protection, and at times had to have some of my men and myself escorted home. It was quite exciting, particularly so as the mob of strikers came down on one or two occasions with the sole object of "smashing" my poor nose!

"I have now left my old company, and am with the Imperial Tobacco Company of Canada as their Superintendent in a large re-inforced concrete warehouse they are having built. . . .

"Don't be surprised if you hear that I have given up the blissful state of bachelordom in a month or two's time. It's no good, I suppose, inviting you out for the day of the great event?"

# SCHOOL DIARY.

Feb. 18th.—Football Matches *v.* Newport Grammar School: Boys' 1st XI. *v.* 1st XI., away, won, 11—1; 2nd XI. *v.* 2nd XI., home, lost, 0—1.

„ 19th.—N.H.S. Mtg. Phenological Report, Dorothea Halford. Essays: "Ants and Termites," Thomas Champness and Eric Robson; "The Moose," Edith Cross and Barbara English; "Tree Buds and Twigs in Winter," Dorothea Halford and Peggy Horsfield.

„ 20th.—Football Match: 1st XI. *v.* Town 2nd XI., home, won, 4—2. Mr. Pumphrey, 3 goals.

„ 21st.—Week-end visit from Mr. H. H. F. Alexander.

„ 23rd.—

„ 25th—N.H.S. Excursion to the Abbey Farm.

„ 26th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Girls' Diary, Peggy Horsfield. Essays: "The Classics of the Future," Archibald Bartlett; "An Otter Hunt," Edna Thompson; "The Art of Becoming a Cubist," Edward Bawden. Reading, Mr. Whitlow. Pianoforte Solo, Mary Baker.

„ 28th.—Hockey Match: 1st XI. *v.* Cambridge Ladies, away, lost, 5—2.
Week-end visit from Mr. and Mrs. Appleton.

March 1st.—Lantern Lecture: "Bubbles and Films," Mr. Appleton.

„ 3rd.—Football Matches *v.* Newport Grammar School: Boys' 1st XI. *v.* 1st XI., home, won, 6—0; 2nd XI., away, won, 2—0.

„ 4th.—Talk on "The New Map of Europe," Mr. Lidbetter, to Forms V. and VI.

„ 6th—Hockey Match: 1st. XI. *v.* Barley XI., away, won, 12—2.
Football Match: 1st XI. *v.* Horneybrooke Nurseries XI., home, won, 5—0.

„ 7th.—Address in Evening Meeting on "The Work of Friends in Poland," Mr. Ernest Montford.

„ 11th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Boys' Diary, Roy Newbery and Lawrance Palmer. Essays: "Thackeray," Louie Shaw; "John Bright," Daniel Burlingham; "How to listen to Music," Miss Bird.

March 13th.—Football Match: 1st XI. *v.* "Cambridge Friends" XI., home, drawn, 2—2.

„ 18th.—N.H.S. Mtg. Phenological Report, Dorothea Halford. Talk on "Mosses and Lichens," Mr. Morris. Exhibition of Specimens.

„ 19th—22nd.—Old Scholars' Week-end Lecture School on "Guild Socialism." Lecturer, Mr. Page Arnot.

„ 20th.—Hockey Match: 1st XI. *v.* Old Scholars' XI., home, lost, 1—8.

Football Match: 1st XI. *v.* Old Scholars' XI., home, won, 4—0.

„ 21st.—Address in Evening Meeting by Mr. Fletcher.

„ 27th.—Football Match: 1st. XI. *v.* Foxes' XI., home, won, 1—0. Entertainment in evening. House Competitions in Music and Recitations.

„ 29th.—Merit half-Holiday. House Competition "Lecturettes."

„ 30th.—End of Term Entertainment.

„ 31st.—Holidays began.

April 27th.—School re-opened.

May 6th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Girls' Diary, Edna Ellis. Essays: "Bridging the Firth of Forth," Thomas Champness; "A Walk on the North Downs," Margaret Wright; "The Wit and Wisdom of Proverbs," Miss Fairbrother; "The Founder of Pennsylvania," Norman Eames. Pianoforte Solo, Peggy Horsfield.

„ 8th.—Cricket Match: 1st XI. *v.* Audley End XI., home, won, 116—59; Mr. Brereton, 47 not out; Mr. Whitlow, 5 wkts. for 20.

„ 12th.—Cricket Match: 1st XI *v.* Mr. Downham's XI., home, lost, 81—182.

„ 13th.—N.H.S. Business Mtg.

„ 15th.—Cricket Match: 1st XI. *v.* Debden XI., home, won, 140—57. Mr. Pumphrey, 54 and 6 wkts. for 27.

„ 19th.—Cricket Match: 1st XI. *v.* Bishop's Stortford Town, home, won, 80—71. Mr. Whitlow, 6 wkts. for 21.

„ 20th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Boys' Diary, Donald Peverett, and Reginald Reynolds. Essays: "Waterloo," Eileen Cousins; "Irish Saints," Dorothea Halford; "An Atlantic Voyage," Carl Engelmann. Pianoforte Solo, Barbara English.

„ 21st—25th.—Old Scholars' Whitsuntide Gathering.

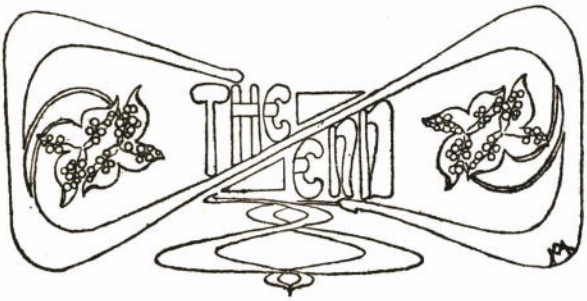
May 22nd.—Athletic Sports.

„ 24th.—Cricket Matches: 1st XI. *v.* Old Scholars' XI., home, lost, 137—172 for 7. Mr. Pumphrey, 33; L. T. Palmer, 20. Girls' 1st XI. *v.* Old Scholars XI., home, lost, 42—100. Performance of "The Tempest" by Fifth Form. Concert in Evening.

„ 27th.—N.H.S. Mtg. Meteorological Report, Thomas Champness. Phenological Report. Essays: "Mediæval Armour," Daniel Burlingham; "A Regional Survey of Little Chesterford," George Fairbrother and Kenneth Jeffrey; "Strethall," William Appleton.

„ 29th.—Cricket Matches *v.* Newport Grammar School. Boys' XI. *v.* 1st XI., away, lost, 61—104. R. W. Errington, 31. 2nd XI., home, won, 69—47. G. Fairbrother, 7 wkts. for 25.

„ 31st.—Address in Evening Meeting: "A Visit to Holland," Miss Hirst.



# NOTICES.

The next number of *The Avenue* will be published in December, 1920. Price, 8d. per copy (post free, 10d.). Price per annum, (three numbers) 2/–. (post free, 2s. 6d.).

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

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

## SCHOLARSHIPS.

The following leaving Scholarships have been awarded for this year by the School Committee:—Mary Baker, Edith L. Smith, Clifford T. Jones. each £50 a year for two years.

## ASSOCIATED BOARD OF THE R.A.M. AND R.C.M.

Intermediate: Margaret Horsfield.
Lower: Isobel Wiseman, Violet Falkner.
Elementary: Marjorie Nichols, Phyllis Welch.

## INITIAL LETTERS.

The initial letter at the commencement of the Article "The End of Term Concert" was designed by *Lawrance T. Palmer*, and that at the commencement of "The Athletic Sports" by *Paul W. Tebbutt*.

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



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