THE AVENUE



MARCH 1920

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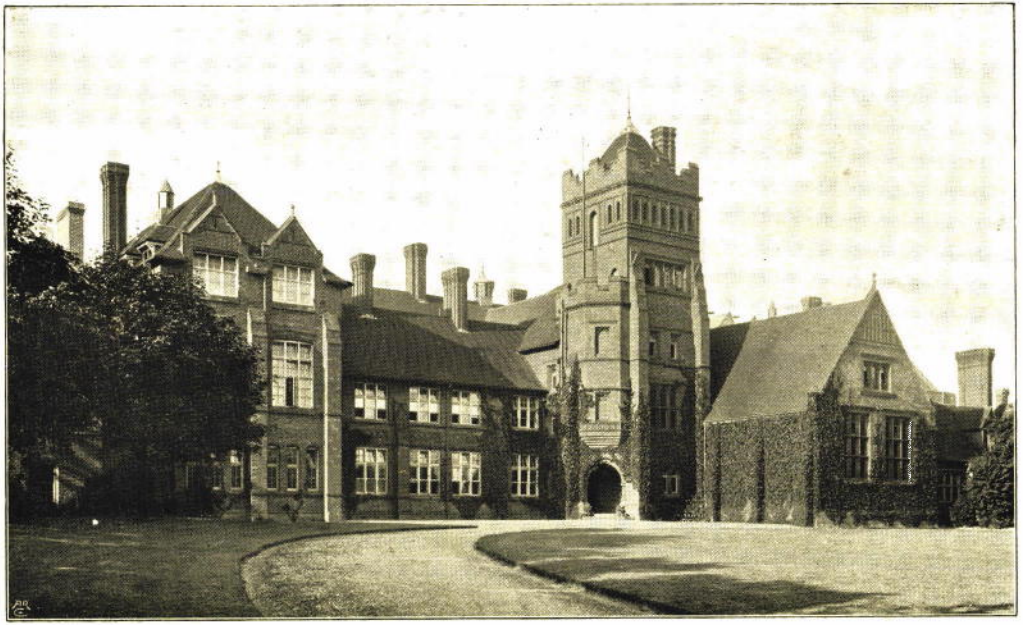
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FRIENDS' SCHOOL, SAFFRON WALDEN.



The Magazine of the Friends' School, Saffron Walden.

VOL. X. MARCH, 1920. No. 31.

FOREWORD.

THE School continues full with ninety-eight boys and seventy-seven girls. We are glad to be able to report that the health of the Family has been good, except for a prevalence of colds during February, and the occurrence of one case of scarlet fever (a boy). Happily the infection has not spread.

We were glad to welcome Miss C. M. Littleboy, B.A., as a Student Mistress in January.

The Autumn Term concluded with the usual entertainment, which included a highly successful production of John Drinkwater's " X=O " under the direction of Mr. Beer.

In common with the rest of England we celebrated the anniversary of Armistice Day at 11 o'clock on November 11th. The two minutes' silence when the whole school met in the Lecture Room was a very impressive occasion.

FIRE !

THE *Hertfordshire and Essex Observer* dated November 1st, 1919, contained in one of its paragraphs the following somewhat startling account :—

" FIRE AT THE FRIENDS' SCHOOL.

" An outbreak of fire occurred in the laundry of the Friends' School between 5 and 6 o'clock on Monday evening, caused by the rafters above the boiler becoming ignited near the laundry chimney. An alarm was raised, and the school fire hose was quickly manned by the boys (who are trained in fire-drill), under the direction of Mr. N. Turner, the head gardener, six lengths of hose, each sixty feet long, being linked up with a standpipe in the centre of the school buildings, and carried to the burning portion ; and in addition a further supply of water was established by means of sixty boys passing buckets along the line.

" The laundry is situated at the west end of the main block of buildings, and fortunately the high wind which was blowing, carried the flames away from the adjoining premises. The tiles on the roof of the laundry had to be removed to enable the water to be directed on to the burning rafters, and when this had been done the fire was soon extinguished. The town fire brigade was telephoned for and arrived promptly, but by that time the timbers were smouldering out."

Whether the above report can be taken as absolutely true or not, it certainly does give some account of the rather exciting event which happened on the afternoon of Monday, October 27th, 1919. A fire breaking out on the school premises ! ! Such an event had never been known to happen for a long, long time in the school's history, and so naturally the thirty boys (or sixty according to the paper) who turned out to help were rather excited.



Block kindly lent by] THAXTED CHURCH. [*The Rev. Conrad Noel.*

Sent to the scene of operations in order to help in bucket drill, the fifth form boys found Mr. Turner and Mr. Bowtle already hard at work, assisted by two boys who were already on the scene. A light rain was falling at the time and it was rather cold work passing the buckets along. The school hose had been got out as soon as the outbreak was discovered, but, owing to the fact that they had not been used for some time, one of the hose lengths burst violently, and had to be stopped up with towels, sacks and other available materials.

The fire brigade *did* arrive promptly, in the shape of one fireman with a brass helmet and a length of rope, but the assistance of neither him nor his rope was needed, as the fire had already been got well under control by the continual efforts of Mr. Turner, Mr. Bowtle and Mr. Brereton, assisted by the boys.

The clouds of smoke, the occasional outbursts of flame, the rattle of falling tiles (" removed " with a pick-axe) and the continual cry for water, all blended together to form a quite imposing spectacle.

Finally the fire was extinguished and those who took part in this operation retired for tea, wet, but none the worse for their exertions.

Roy Newbery,
(Upper Fifth Form).



THE HOUSE COMPETITION, 1919.

AS foreshadowed in last year's report, the House System has undergone at least one radical change during the past year. The number of " Houses " has been reduced to three, as it was found that six made the numbers rather small, especially when tournament sides had to be found for cricket, football and hockey. Gibson, Lister, and Mennell have been absorbed into Morland, Crosfield and Godlee Houses respectively, and this has undoubtedly made the athletic tournaments much more even and interesting. A master and a mistress have been attached to each House, amd these, together with Captains and Vice-Captains, form a " House Council."

As a result of the year's varied interests, Godlee House is the first to have its name inscribed on the Trophy Board for the second time. The full results, after readjustment to the number in each House, are as follows :—

1st.	Godlee	200.9
2nd.	Morland	187.4
3rd.	Crosfield	154.3

The details of the points scored in each section are appended.

	Athletics.	Literary.	Scientific.	Manual.	Music, Art, etc.	Class work.	General Conduct.
Godlee	63	30	—	15	8	26	63
Morland	53	15	2	21	3	22	66
Crosfield	28	12	2	17	3	14	77

It will be seen that Godlee scored heavily on both the Literary and Athletic sides, in the latter chiefly owing to Aquatics ; Morland headed only in the Manual section ; while Crosfield, though making a bad third in Athletics and Class work, were a good first in General Conduct.

The small totals in the Artistic section are largely due to the fact that, owing to the influenza epidemic in the Spring Term, the competitions in elocution, singing and instrumental music were unable to be held.

A pleasant new feature of the year's working was the introduction of House picnics in the Summer Term, which were much enjoyed by all.

J. PENROSE WHITLOW.

THAXTED CHURCH.

"IF we except Waltham Abbey, Thaxted is undoubtedly the finest church in Essex," said a well-known lady archæologist, and the majority of those who have seen Thaxted Church and its rivals will agree with her heartily. But, if it were possible to approach the little old hill town, without seeing the lofty spire of "Essex Cathedral," as this church has often been called, protruding far above the highest houses, and then, on turning round, to see that same spire, rising a hundred and eighty feet above our heads, we should be almost as amazed as if a thunderbolt had dropped at our feet! Queer, though, as it now seems to have so fine a church in such a small and unimportant town, some five hundred years ago St. John Baptist's was in perfectly natural proportion to Thaxted, as regards size, for the little town was then one of the centres of the cutlery and wool trade. Since the invention of railways the population has gradually dwindled, and now one of the only remaining features of importance in the ancient and decayed town is its church. And now let us look at this remnant of Thaxted's greatness.

The church is cruciform in shape, the North and South porches forming a second cross. The tower, a fine old piece of early fifteenth century workmanship, is at the West end of the building, and is crowned with a stone octagonal spire, crocketed and supported by four flying buttresses. The battlements and numerous pinnacled buttresses add much to the handsome appearance of the exterior. Grotesque and hideous gargoyles

of animals and demons are to be seen at almost every conspicuous point, grinning down with open mouths and lolling tongues at the passer-by.

On closer inspection we see that the walls are made chiefly of stone and flint, firmly cemented together.

We will not, however, stay to look at the exterior, though hours could be spent in its study; but pass in by the North and principal porch, which is decorated with the arms of Edward IV., who completed the building.

Inside, to the right of the door is a narrow stairway, which leads up in a spiral to a room above the porch, where, in mediæval times, one of the priests lived.

Walking down the north aisle, towards the tower, we pass two windows, the first of decorated type and the second crowned with a four-centred arch without a point. Having passed the font, with its magnificent cover, we are confronted by another window of four-centred type, ornamented by miniature lancet and decorated arches, trefoils, cinque-foils, quatre-foils, and other forms of geometrical tracery.

Now we turn into the nave, and so, by a curtained opening, to the belfry. Opposite us is a door, leading out into the grave-yard, and above the door a window, both window and door being long and slender, of lancet type.

From the belfry we come into the South aisle, the Western window of which is like its equivalent in the north aisle, except for the boss above it, which is rather far from symmetrical in its position.

Turning up the aisle we come to one of the oldest parts of the church. Before we reach the South door we pass two round arched windows, each narrower than its opposite in the North aisle. The South porch, except for a few details, very much resembles the North porch, though built about a hundred years before. The priest's room above commands a view of the almshouses, which stand exactly on the site of the old chantries, where the bede men and women used to live.

Having looked at the Western end of the church, we can take the rest of the nave and aisles as a whole. Each of the arcades which separate the nave from the aisles consists of six lofty clustered columns, joined to each other and to the West wall by decorated arches. On each side, directly above the arches of these arcades, are six clerestory windows, all lancet.

On the North side of the church, between the porch and transept, are three windows, the arches in each case being four-centred, with no visible trace of a point. These windows contain a little original stained glass. A little old glass is also to be found in the two South windows opposite, which are of the same type, but broader.

In the North transept where the organ now stands, there are many interesting forms of design and tracery. In each transept the East window is now bricked up.

The pulpit, which is erected against the sixth pillar of the South arcade, is a fine piece of early fifteenth century wood-carving. A continuation of the arcades which bound the nave divides the chancel into three parts.

On each side of the chancel are four square topped windows, which contain most of the old glass in the church and are relieved by flowing tracery.

The North aisle of the chancel, where the sacrament is kept, was converted, soon after the death of Thomas-a-Becket, into a chapel to his memory, and the East window contains a stained glass figure of him.

The arcades of the chancel each consist of four decorated arches, lower and narrower than those of the nave, but more beautiful, being decorated by large quatre-foils and other forms of tracery.

The central Eastern window, above the altar, is gabled and decorated, and contains the most beautiful though not the oldest glass in the church. Figures of Christ, the Virgin Mary (twice), John the Baptist, and S. Stephen, occupy the five-lights of this window, the Virgin Mary appearing on both

sides of the central figure of Christ. Above is a great deal of flowering and geometrical tracery and very finely coloured glass.

On the right of the altar a stairway leads down to the crypt, which is now blocked up. In the chancel are eight clerestory windows, all square topped.

The East window of the south aisle tells some of the Church's history, the chief figures being of Gilbert de Clare, who founded the Monastery at Clare which held the advowson of Thaxted Church, and of Edward IV., who finished the chancel.

The history of Thaxted church dates from as early as the first quarter of the fourteenth century, when the South aisle and transept were made. A little later came the South porch, built by Lionel, Duke of Clarence, whilst the North aisle and transept were begun by Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March, his great-grandson, the tower and spire being completed by the same earl.

Edward IV., who was Mortimer's grand-nephew, finished the chancel and built the North porch, the building of the whole church having taken seven generations.

During Cromwell's government, a riot ensued owing to the attempted substitution of a Puritan preacher for the Episcopalian priest, and a great deal of damage was done to the old glass. The old high pews have been comparatively recently removed.

Thaxted is only seven miles from Saffron Walden, and to any archæologist I can recommend the church as an excellent subject.

Reginald A. Reynolds
(Lower Fifth Form).

A DAY AND A NIGHT.

I.—THE DAY.

THE grey light of dawn was stealing over the countryside; objects, hitherto indistinguishable in the darkness, now took shape, and hedges, trees and woods stood out clearly against the horizon. The cockerels in the neighbouring farms had already heralded the approach of dawn with loud crowings; now and again the short eager barks of a dog hunting rang through the stillness; and from out the shortening shadows a form glided quickly past. The fox of Gorsley woods, the terror of the farmyards, was returning to his lair with a plump prize.

The sun rose at last, and dispelling the bluish mists from the river, seemed to chase them over field and up hill, till they disappeared into space; and then, with fuller brilliance, caught the dew drops in its rays and made them shine in myriads of colours. The young leaves on the trees glistened as the sun peeped into the woods, and it cast chequered patterns of golden light on to the damp leaves and flowers.

And now the wild life in fields and woods seemed to wake suddenly; the blackbird sat on a hawthorn bough and sang for the mere joy of being alive, and the thrush poured forth his melody to his mate, as she sat patiently on her eggs. In the thicker bushes the hedge sparrows hopped to and fro, twittering loudly, and now and then a twig cracked sharply as something stirred in the undergrowth.

Outside the wood the favourite warren was alive with rabbits hopping hither and thither in the early sunlight, nibbling and pulling at the grass in a noisy manner, chasing each other through burrow and bolthole, and amongst the brambles that spread in confusion over the bank. Several full-grown buck rabbits sat and combed their whiskers or pulled carelessly at the juicy grass. Amongst these a black rabbit with a greyish-brown nose seemed to be particularly careful as to his whiskers

and very untidy in his pulling of the grass, and this rabbit, king of the warren, and much coveted by Jim the Poacher, will be distinguished by the name of Ginger Nose.

Ginger Nose, then, fed with the others, and yet all the time his ears were on the alert and his nose, turned to windward, twitched unceasingly. Suddenly without the least warning he thumped loudly with his hind feet, and the whole warren was deserted, when, a few seconds later, a lithe form glided into the bushes, and sat and waited.

The sun rose higher, the birds sang and flew about gaily, the sheep in the field adjoining the wood had been grazing long, and yet the patient watcher stayed on, hidden by brambles and bluebell leaves. But no rabbits appeared. Then an angry look came into the eyes of the watcher, its muscles, hitherto at rest, tightened, as with a great bound, it hurled itself at the little ball of fur, an inexperienced rabbit, which rolled over with a sob, as the teeth and claws of its opponent closed in upon the soft flesh. And what was the patient hunter? No fox would wait for his prey thus. It was the tame cat of the farm, termed a mouser, now full of the spring longing which calls to all animals in some measure or other, living in the woods, killing birds and rabbits, till at last the mysterious influence once more compels it to return to the farm and civilisation.

Ginger Nose knew the cat had gone when he once again hopped forth from his burrow, and the grass was dry and the sun shone hotly down upon him as he blinked in its light. The spring longing was calling him, not so much now as during the evening time, but he obeyed its summons and hopped silently on to the mossy pathway that led to the wood. He did not think how beautiful was the carpet of primroses and anemones over which he wandered; the songs of the birds had no attraction for him, and he took no heed of the squirrels as they chattered away in the trees. Only did he, as he went, keep on the alert with ears and eyes. The woods were still wet, and Ginger Nose, having reached a sunlit patch, welcomed the warm

rays of the sun as they shone upon his muddy paws. Suddenly, with a loud and resounding cry, a blackbird flew swiftly from the bush above the rabbit's head, a jay screeched, and though Ginger Nose knew how often the jay's call was false, none the less he heeded it, and scampered off into the deep undergrowth. The jay was not playing false this time, for the gamekeeper was making a morning round, and with rabbits and jays this man is no favourite. The gamekeeper walked on, and none could tell how much he saw. He seemed to take little notice of anything as he passed by, but his wary eye glanced here and there for poachers' traps, for pheasants' nests, and for the thieves of the wood, whatever they might be. Suddenly he stopped, and then stepping softly across the deep rut by the side of the cart track he made for an old oak tree. This had been struck by lightning many years ago, and now the ivy clung around its huge trunk, and reaching the top had formed a green summit to the old stump. Half way up was a hole, and the keeper had seen a bird enter into this aperture, an enemy of field and wood—the hawk. The man waited, standing without movement, till at last the hawk flew off the nest. Then with light footsteps he reached the tree, and climbed up the trunk. He had not far to climb before he reached the hole ; and there in a hollow lined with fluff he saw four brown eggs with red splotches. No thought of cruelty came into his mind as he smashed the whole nest and its contents with his great stick ; he rather felt glad to have rid the wood of its future enemies. Then he hurriedly went his way, not wishing to encounter the mother hawk in her anger. Passing round by the rabbit warren, and along the bank, he fouled the cunningly set traps of the poacher, and visited his own for stoats and weasels. His footsteps hastened as he heard the voices of children calling to one another, and he turned in the direction of the sound. But he saw they were doing no harm amongst the primroses, so, warning them to keep out of the denser parts of the woods, he continued his round.

If Ginger Nose had been born several weeks earlier last year, he would have seen these children, and recognised them not as enemies but as friends; however, this year he saw them for the first time, and as an exclamation of delight burst from a small boy's lips at seeing a black rabbit, Ginger Nose scudded off farther and farther into the wood till he was lost to sight. Nor did he stop until he reached a favourite resting-place, near a dark pool, overhung by willows and alders, with brambles trailing from tree to tree. Here amongst the undergrowth Ginger Nose crouched, and at last felt safe. The moor-hen, with her nest in a clump of rank-looking rushes, came off her eggs at his approach, a tiny wren peeped from her home in a tangle of brambles and small twigs, and the water voles ran in and out of their holes, just above the water, taking little notice of him. Now and again a twig dropped into the pool with a faint splash, while around, in the woods, everything seemed vibrating with life. The green woodpecker tap-tapped incessantly at a tree near at hand, a butterfly now and again lost its way and fluttered into this shadowy place like a gleam of light, for no sun pierced through the tangle of trees as they bent over the pond, and the ground beneath was sodden.

Meanwhile, in the sunshine, the children were picking primroses. It was splendid to walk upon the springy moss along the pathways, picking here and there a primrose, larger than the rest, or a pink petalled anemone from amongst the cool leaves. And then, when the sun shone hotly, the primroses gave out a warm odour, and the bees boomed to and fro with the their heavy flight. The children passed through a small copse of larch trees now coming out into beautiful light green leaves and red tufted flowers, and then from its cool shades to the deeper sombreness of the bushy chestnuts, where last year's brown leaves rustled underfoot. Out again they went along the mossy way, until at last the old gate leading from the wood was reached. From there they could see right down into the valley, where amongst the orchards of blossoming trees the

cottages and farmyards nestled snugly. A light breeze began to blow as the children continued their walk, and the long yellow catkins on the hazels swayed to and fro, sending forth showers of yellow pollen. The path was bordered by primroses, and from the lower parts of the trees the honey-suckle trailed its light-coloured leaves. In a neighbouring copse the cuckoo called gaily, and from the pines the cooing of wood pigeons seemed to keep in rhythm with the swaying boughs. Under this shady part the children walked, the pines giving out their warm smell, and the springy carpet of needles underfoot making the path easy; now and again a bird rose with a flap-flap of its wings, startling the wood into soft echoes—a stoat slipped swiftly across the path before them, with its little bead-like eyes, so sharp and piercing, intently searching for its prey. And now a jay, in its last agony of death, lay on the path before them, its head moving from side to side, until at last, with a final turn, it lay still for ever. How beautiful was the plumage, the ruddy breast, and blue-black feathers, the grey wings; and all thought of its thieving ways of robbing some anxious mother bird of her eggs, fled at the sight of the dead bird. The squirrels in the oaks chattered as usual; it made little difference to them what struggle for existence was going on between hunter and hunted. They lived their own life, and thought of no other. The magpie from off her spotted brown eggs in the old hawthorn bush looked with almost a twinkle in her eye; perhaps she thought there was now one less rival for the pigeon's eggs—who can tell?

It was the wild folk's part of the wood that the children had reached, and sounds of life abounded, again and again the woodpecker tapped away at his tree—did he ever tire? And then the scout of the wood—the jay—flew with a grating squawk from over their heads, and a blackbird followed suit with his half laughing cry. Immediately the undergrowth seemed alive with the noise of scampering feet, and the children found themselves in front of a little dark pool. In the grass

and brambles under a willow, whose catkins shone golden as the sun caught them, was a hollow lately lain in by a rabbit. And that rabbit had been Ginger Nose. There since his last fright he had stayed and napped, yet through his sleep his ears were always ready to catch the least sound, and at the first alarm of the jay he had scampered off with the rest of the timid creatures. He made for an old stump of a tree upon which he sharpened his teeth, and then having eaten a mouthful or so of juicy grass he combed his whiskers and hopped on. He knew by instinct that evening was drawing on ; the hot rays of the sun were cooling now and the trees cast long, long shadows in the woods. Over the more swampy parts the gnats kept up their monotonous hum, a few butterflies were still sporting in the evening sunlight, but now the woods were quieter than at any other time, for not until after sunset do the wild folk appear in numbers. Ginger Nose hopped around restlessly ; he could not return to the burrow, for the woods held him as if by a spell, so he lay in the bluebells and waited.

The wood was almost silent now, as Ginger Nose, as if freed at last from a spell, hopped quickly away from his resting place to the sandy bank in which he lived.

He sat here cleaning himself, while above him, the swallows in skimming curves began to catch the flying insects. In the valley below, the sound of lowing cattle and the barking of dogs was mellowed to a sweet tone by the distance, and the nearer bleating of lambs seemed not too loud to disturb the stillness.

And now, the sun like a ball of fire hung in the west, while the sky turned from pink to crimson and gold, then faded to a more purple tone as the sun neared the horizon. The evening was cool as the rooks flew to their rookery in the valley, cawing as they passed in long streams ; a few rabbits began to pop up from their burrows. The night call was beginning, and slowly the sun sank below the horizon.

Mary Baker

(*To be continued.*) (*Sixth Form*).



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THE ABBEY FARM.

AN OUTLINE SURVEY OF SAFFRON WALDEN AND ITS REGION.

(By Members of the Saffron Walden Survey Society).

EDITED BY G. MORRIS.

Section XI.—THE ABBEY.

WALDEN, like most ancient towns, possessed a monastic establishment without the town boundaries. Here the abbot ruled a community of Dominican monks, and for four hundred years (1136-1538) they exerted their influence upon the development and growth of the town and its community.

Little remains to-day of the Church and buildings of this religious community. The stables of the present mansion of Audley End are said to have been the guest house or *hospitium* of the Abbey, but their construction seems rather to indicate that the building was the first residence of the Sir Thomas Audley, to whom the Abbey and its lands were given on its dissolution in 1538, and that it may have been built by him for this purpose. The Abbey farm, a brick building surrounding two courts, and now used as an alms-house, has more certain title to be considered as part of the Abbey buildings, and so probably has the brick archway over the Slade on the path to Duck Street farm. Of the church with its central tower and spire, its transepts and cloisters, chapter house and refectory, and all the multitudinous buildings pertaining to the mediæval monastery, not one stone remains. Even the actual site remains uncertain, though Lord Braybrooke, in his "History of Audley End," records the fact that foundations have been unearthed in the gardens south of the mansion, and, as might be expected, at a slightly higher level than the present building. The path of the townsmen to the Abbey Church, and the monks and servants of the Monastery to the town, is preserved in Abbey Lane, running north of the Battle Ditches, and in the private path from the park gate to the mansion. The pond

lying S.E. of the mansion may also be the remains of one of three fish ponds mentioned in " The Book of the Foundation of the Abbey of Walden."

Although no remains of the church and monastic buildings exist, we can to some extent reconstruct them in our imagination. There are two important manuscripts in the British Museum Library that, thanks to the labours and munificence of Mr. E. Emson, have been transcribed and presented to the Walden Museum. The first is " The Book of the Foundation of the Abbey at Walden " (Brit. Mus. Arundel MS. 29), and the second is " The Cartulary of Walden Abbey " (Brit. Mus. Harleian MS. 3697).

" The Book of the Foundation " is a sixteenth century copy of an older manuscript, which gives an interesting and vivid account of the founding of the community in 1138, until the death of the first abbot Reginald in 1203. In it are given many details of the buildings and their furniture, and the burials of the great persons within their walls. The Cartulary of the Abbey is an original document, and gives in full all charters and deeds relating to the Abbey and its property up to the date of its compilation in the year 1389.

Several seals attached to the documents relating to the Abbey are still in existence, and the *ad causas* seal of the Abbot and Convent gives the only representation of the Abbey church that remains to us. From it we find that the building was cruciform, with transepts, and that it had a central tower with a spire. The counter seal of the Abbot and Convent shows a winged figure, which has been described as an ancient Greek gem adapted to a mediæval purpose. The common seal of the Abbey shows a figure of St. James the Apostle, to whom the Abbey was dedicated. All three seals show the cockle shell, the badge of the Apostle, and the *ad causas* seal also shows two stars or mullets, the device of the De Vere family.

In the west window of Arkesden church, the advowson of which was held by the Convent under the foundation charter,

is an ancient stained glass shield, showing the arms of the Abbey. These are described as: Azure, on a bend argent cottised or between two mullets of the last, three escallops gules. This means that across a blue shield was a diagonal bar of silver edged with gold. On the bar were three scallop shells coloured red, and above and below the bar was a five pointed star in silver.

From the two manuscripts cited above we can to some extent reconstruct the history of the Abbey, and understand its relationship with the town and lay community.

The original community was founded as a priory by Geoffrey de Mandeville (third of that name) in the year 1134, and the site was consecrated in the presence of three bishops, *viz.*, Robert of London, Nigel of Ely, and William of Norwich. The site is described as being " in the western part of the town, at the intersection of four main roads, in the angle made by two streams meeting, namely the stream running from Newport and the stream descending from the direction of the castle." Here apparently was built a church and the necessary buildings of wood. The founder endowed the monastery with no fewer than nineteen churches, Walden, Great Waltham, High Easter, and Chishall in Essex, Sawbridgeworth, Thorley, Gilston, Shenby, and Digswell in Hertfordshire; Enfield, Edmonton, South Mimms and Northolt in Middlesex; Chippenham in Cambridgeshire; Amersham in Buckinghamshire; Streatley in Berks; Kingham in Oxford; Aynho in Northamptonshire, and Compton in Warwickshire; also 120 acres in arable land, 100 acres of wood, a meadow called Fulfen with a vineyard, a mill at Walden and another at Enfield, a hermitage at Hadley in Middlesex, and common of pasture in the park there, and pannage for pigs. Hence onwards the Cartulary gives deed after deed granting land, woods, rents, and even specifying by name villeins who, with their offspring, will give service to the convent for ever. It is interesting to note how by legacy or gift of the living, the convent extends its hold strip by strip over the common field, and house by house into the town. The

monks obtain a grant of a fair on the vigil and feast of St. James, and in 1248 Henry III. adds a third day to it. Edward I. grants them a weekly market in Walden on Tuesdays in 1295. Thus the affairs of the Convent intertwine themselves with those of the townsfolk.

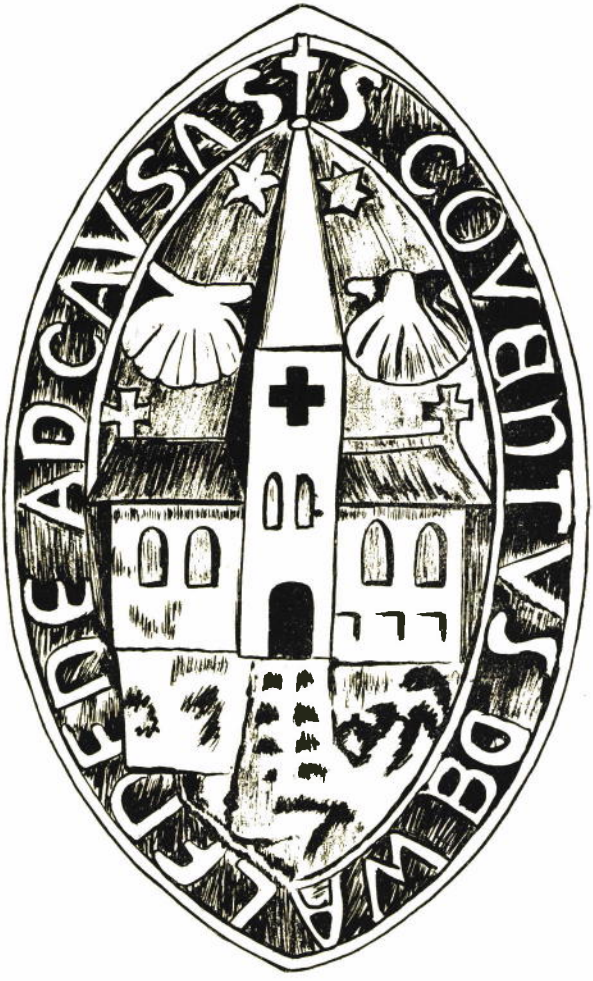
As stated, the original buildings were of wood. These are described as " a wooden chapel of humble nature with a cloister and out buildings, a hall with a chamber, a bakery, a stable with very small granaries, a garden, a shrubbery and very small pond, a ditch round the cemetery, new walls to monastery, of stone, indeed, but neither high nor broad, belonging to the presbytery, and wings on both sides with one altar, and beside this a small house with a little barn near the clearing." Prior Reginald, *c.*1169, deepens and enlarges the pond, plants an orchard, and moves all the buildings except the bakery to higher ground on the south side of the church.

In 1190, at the intercession of Prior Reginald, the Priory was advanced to an Abbey, and Reginald became first Abbot; at this time the church is described as decent, but unfinished, as also were excellent cloisters and out-buildings.

The final church shown on the seal appears to have been built about the middle of the thirteenth century. It was dedicated in 1258 by Fulk, Bishop of London, and Hugh, Bishop of Ely, and a chapel to the infirmary was completed. Humphrey de Bohun, *d.* 1361, built a new cloister. Joan, Countess of Hereford, *d.* 1419, adorned the nave with sculptures of stone, covered the roof with lead, and built a new belfry.

In its prime the Abbey must have been a magnificent building with lands and herds stretching far and wide. At the dissolution it was valued at £406 15s. 11d., no small sum in those days, which supported only an abbot and seven monks. In its church were buried many persons of quality, including the son of the founder, Geoffrey de Mandeville, Beatrice de Saye, buried in the chapter House, Humphrey de Bohun and his wife, in the northern part of the Chapel of our Lady, and the last

"AD CAUSUS" SEAL OF THE
ABBOT AND CONVENT OF
ST. JAMES OF WALDEN.



WALDEN ABBEY
as pictured on the *Ad Causus* Seal.

Humphrey de Bohun and Joan his wife, on the north side of the Presbytery.

One inscription alone is recorded: "Icy gist messire Johan de Rhodes, Chivaler maistre d'l'hostell e le tresnoble prince Edouard Prince de Gales et duc d'Aquitane et Beatrix sa ffeme fille a mess' John de Dunstanville et Dame Prudence sa femme. Ano 4 R2."

In 1538 the convent was surrendered to the king, and by him was granted to Sir Thomas Audley in fee.

THE CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENT.

FOR weeks past we had been looking forward to the concert that was to be given by some of the staff and scholars. At last the day arrived, and tea was ready at 5.30 p.m., specially for the occasion. At about 6.30 p.m. we lined up in our respective playrooms, and then went into the Lecture Hall, the front part of which we discovered had been turned into a dressing room. By the aid of our programmes we learned that the first item was a sketch entitled "Thirteen," which introduces two factors, viz., the superstition of having anything to do with the number thirteen, and a readiness to have recourse to the "conventional" lie. Mr. and Mrs. Percy Hartop, the chief characters, were represented by Mr. S. G. K. Beer and Mrs. L. E. Gitsham respectively, whilst Garret, the maid, was played by Miss G. Bird. The sketch made us scream with laughter, and it ended in the host and hostess having dinner in the dressing room, whilst their guests had it in the dining room.

After this we enjoyed a varied programme, including a pianoforte duet by Phyllis Welch and Violet Falkner; a reading by Mr. D. Pearson of one of W. W. Jacob's sea stories, entitled "The Sea Serpent"; some Christmas carols; and some songs by Miss Bird. The last item of the first part was a vocal duet by Barbara English and Ruby Ward, and then as our

friends in the dining hall were waiting for us, we went into the dining hall, which was in darkness except for the light of the magic lantern.

By the aid of the lantern we found that we had come to the most important event of the evening. It was a play entitled "X=O," being a tale of the Trojan War. There were four characters in it. The Greek soldiers were **Pronax**, a young statesman, represented by Mr. J. P. Whitlow, and Salvius, a young poet, played by Clifford Jones. The Trojans were represented by Mr. A. Brereton, who was Ilus, a young political reformer, while Mr. S. G. K. Beer was Capys, a young sculptor. The time was in the ninth year of the siege of Troy. There were four scenes. The first was a tent in the Greek camp, where Pronax and Salvius were seen by the dim light of a candle, and the conversation turned on their dislike of the business they were engaged in, ending in Pronax going out on his nightly errand of death. Scene two showed the Trojan wall at the same time, with Capys on guard. In the background the moon was rising over the temples of Troy. Ilus entered, and after some talk he disappeared down the wall into the Greek camp on a similar errand to that of Pronax. Then Pronax climbed the walls and, stealing stealthily behind Capys, killed him. The next scene depicted how Salvius, who was writing in his tent, was slain by Ilus, and the return of Pronax to find his friend dead. In the last scene no word was spoken. Ilus returned to the foot of the Trojan wall, gave the signal, but received no answer, and the curtain fell as he realised that he, too, had lost his friend.

After the end of the play, we retired to our respective class-rooms, where we had a ginger-bun each, and then went to bed with the memories of a happy evening.

Norman S. Eames
(Upper Fourth Form).

YE HYSTORIE OF YE MOUSE, YT WAS SPARED BY A FIERCE LYON, AND OF YT LYON, HYS TROUBLES.

YE Ladies fayre, and Knightes so bolde,
List to ye barde, hys laye,
And eke ye that are weake and olde,
Take heed, to boote, I praye.

A goodly meaning lyes wythyn,
In soothe, I wot not where,
For morals only can be seene,
By Knightes and Ladies fayre.

Ye varlet base and knave, I ween,
Good morals cannot see ;
And morals such as this are e'en
Hidde from my harpe and mee.

A lyon fierce a mouse did meete,
Quothe hee : " Tho' ye be smalle,
A littyl bitte of foode to eat
Surpasseth none at all.

" So woe to thee, thou scurvye mouse !
Woe to thy familie !
Woe to thyselfe and all thy house,
That thou hast mette with mee ! "

" Gramercye," cried the dooméd beaste,
" Thou hoarie brute, say'st soe ?
A murrain take thee and thy feaste,
If thou shouldst laye mee lowe ! "

Ye lyon thought: " Is't worthe the curse
The paltrye goode I gette?
Methinks that I come offe the worse
If this my preye be ate."

He uppe and saythe: " For thys goode jeste
That thou hast shewed to mee,
I trow to let thee goe 'tis beste,
Soe, varlet, thou art free! "

And soe, my Lords and Ladies fayre
These twain fast frendes became,
Nor feared yt mouse ye lyon's layre,
Butte shared with hym hys fame.

One daye ye lyon founde a nette—
To wit: ye nette founde hym,
And thus ye beaste was sore besette
Wyth prospects dark and grymme.

Ye lyon strove wyth alle hys mighte,
And eke wyth alle hys myane,
But wot ye well the nette was tighte,
Ye lyon strove in vayne.

Now as wyth furious roares he strove
With waning strength to free,
Ye mouse in sighte did haply hove,
And " By the Masse," quothe hee,

" Thou goodly beaste, who mee did spare,
Before another glasse
I'll wager thee my thousandth haire
Thou shalt not crye alasse! "

So wyth hys teethe yt mouse did gnaw
To sette ye lyon free;
And when ye severed nette hee saw
Ye lyon roared in glee.

Hast spyed a moral, goode my Lorde?
Then, prythee, holde thy toungue,
Or cutte yt offe wyth thy goode sworde;
My tale ys notte yette sunge.

Ye lyon roared aloude in glee:
"Make gladde thys bonnie daye!"
Ye goode mulled ale flowed faste and free,
And floweth stylle, they saye.

What of yt mouse? Goode foode was hee,
And made a goodly dyshe,
For in ye lyon's revelrie
He passed for grilléd fyshe.

Reginald A. Reynolds
(*Lower Fifth Form*).

A TRUE GHOST STORY.

MR. TAYLOR is an architect in London.

Not long after he was first married, he had an offer of an excellent post in Glasgow, which he eagerly accepted.

Before he could go to Glasgow he had to find a house, so he went in search of one about a fortnight before his removal. Mr. Taylor searched right through Glasgow but could not find a house that suited him. He was about to give up in despair when he had an offer of an old Manor House for £4 per quarter. It was a few miles from the town, and Mr. Taylor was so pleased with it that he immediately took it on a long lease, and returned home in high spirits.

In little over a week Mrs. and Mr. Taylor removed to their new abode, and were charmed with it. One night Mr. Taylor came home later than usual from his office and went into the dining room for his supper. As he was having it he heard some one running upstairs.

" How strange ! " thought he. " I can't think what the maid can be doing down here at this time of night," and he followed the footsteps which led to the maid's room.

He looked in and saw the maid fast asleep in bed and no one to be seen. Thinking he had been mistaken he went to bed and thought no more of it for the present.

A few days after this, Mr. and Mrs. Taylor became the proud possessors of a baby son, and as Mrs. Taylor was very ill, Mr. Taylor went to Glasgow to fetch an Aunt to do the house keeping. They arrived home at the same time as Mr. Taylor had done some nights before, and again heard the footsteps, but they were both tired and took no notice.

The next morning, on his way down to breakfast, Mr. Taylor met the Aunt fully dressed for a journey.

" Are you going for a walk, Aunt ? " asked he.

" No ! I won't stay in this house a minute longer ! " she answered.

" Why ? " asked Mr. Taylor.

" There have been white figures fighting at the foot of my bed and at one time they ran upstairs to the maid's room," she answered.

Mr. Taylor apologised but nothing would soothe her ruffled feelings, and he had to take her back to Glasgow by the next train, and ask a niece to come instead. As Mr. Taylor was anxious to be back as soon as possible they arrived by an earlier train than they had done on the previous night.

In the middle of the night Mr. Taylor heard a piercing shriek and on running into the niece's room found her in awful terror. She told the same tale as the Aunt had done. She also took herself off, and the Taylors advertised for a nurse, and got one.

Things went all right for a long time and Mr. and Mrs. Taylor thought they would go to Glasgow for a day or two. On returning they found their garden full of people and on asking the cause of it were given this reason : " Your nurse has *seen* the ghost ; she is running round the garden holding the baby upside down ! "

Mr. Taylor secured the baby and the nurse was taken to the nearest asylum.

Mrs. Taylor refused to enter the house again so Mr. Taylor got the necessary things and they went to Glasgow. They let the house furnished to a Colonel.

Not more than three days later, Mr. Taylor received a fiery letter from the Colonel, asking him to give back his rent (which Mr. Taylor refused to do) saying that he had let the house under false pretences and such like.

Mr. Taylor went to a lawyer who said the Colonel could not prove that there were such things as ghosts and so must stand by his agreement.

By this time Mr. Taylor thought he had better inquire about the history of the house, and was told that a married couple in the time of Elizabeth had quarrelled and fought in the spare bedroom.

The wife had run to the maid's bedroom to get away, but the husband had followed and killed her. They still haunt the house.

The old man who tells this story is now over seventy years of age, but he never forgets his Glasgow home and the incidents that occurred therein.

Rosamund Ashby
(Third Form).

METEOROLOGICAL REPORT.

JANUARY 15TH—FEBRUARY 19TH, 1920.

Sub-Committees of the Natural History and Archæological Society have been formed to record meteorological data during the school year, and to collect and record phenological observations.

	Barometer.		Thermometer.			
			Maximum.		Minimum.	
	1920.	1919.*	1920.	1919.*	1920.	1919*
Highest reading..	30.36″	30.52″	61.75°F	53.5°F	48. °F	43.7°F
Lowest reading ..	29.3 ″	28.88″	43. °F	29.4°F	27. °F	15.5°F
Mean for 36 days	29.77″	29.81″	49.84°F	38.9°F	37.14°F	29.6°F

Rain fell on nineteen days, a total rainfall of 1.345 inches being registered ; the heaviest fall being .34 inches on January 27th.

During the same period in 1919, sixteen rainy days were recorded with a total of 2.58 inches.

During seventeen days wind blew from the S.W. quarter, on twelve from the S.E., on five from the S., and on one each from W. and N.E. In 1919 wind blew from the N.E. on thirteen days, on eleven from the S.E., on five from the S.W., on two from the E., and on one each from the W. and N.W.

These figures show that the weather has been exceptionally mild and dry for the first half of the spring term. The thermometer has fallen below freezing point on four nights only as against twenty-one nights during the similar period last year, and on eleven days it has registered above fifty degrees Fahrenheit as against two days last year.

* The data for 1919 was obtained from Whitaker's Almanack, based at Greenwich and are therefore only approximately comparable with the observations for 1920 taken at Walden.

This mildness is borne out by the following phenological records :—

First Flowers :—

23rd Jan.	Snowdrop.	12th Feb.	Green Hellebore.
25th ,,	Hazel.	12th ,,	Elm.
26th ,,	Lesser Periwinkle.	15th ,,	Scented Violet.
1st Feb.	Alder.	17th ,,	Coltsfoot.
		17th ,,	Sallow.

On 19th of January the thrush was recorded as singing (but this is probably late) and on February 1st the Smooth and Great Crested Newts were observed at the Clay Pits.

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

FAR AND NEAR.

Concerning Old Scholars.

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

Mabel Humphreys has gone to a school at Vevey, in Switzerland.

Lilian Kilbey is at school at Letchworth.

Colin B. Tocher is studying at Aberdeen.

* * * * *

J. Chalmers Gibb (1913–19) writes from Darlington :

" I have got amongst very kind people, and, although they are of the working-class, they are very jolly and do all they can to make me comfortable. It is a great change from the life I have been used to, but I am falling into the different ways quite well. I am an apprentice electrician and have five years to serve before my time is up ; I don't expect I shall see the old School for some years to come, and so must be satisfied with the

news I get, and look forward to the time when I shall be able to spend a Whitsun there again."

* * * * *

Daisy Wyatt (1892–99) has sailed, *via* the Cape and Sydney, for New Zealand, where she intends to go on a dairy farm between Napier and Wellington.

* * * * *

May Hargrave (1910–15), who is working with the Friends' War Victim's Committee, writes from Chalons-sur-Marne :

" I have only just recovered from scarlet fever. . . To think of all the epidemics I escaped at school, only to be ill here. When I first came out here, conversations in French seemed a mere jumble of sounds and I was always afraid people were quarrelling, but gradually understood that it was only their excitable manner. I am coming home on sick leave, in company with an American Aide, and I hope to visit Walden. When I was ill I used to lie in bed and *long* for Walden wild violets, which was absurd because they were not even in season ! Nora Matthews was here when I first came ; it was so comforting to be greeted by an old Waldenite. You would simply adore our babies—how shall I live without my Simone, Jeanine or Madelaine ? "

* * * * *

[*Extract from a letter by A. Rendel Bull* (1911–14), *Auditorium Hotel, North Battleford, Saskatchewan.*]

" I suppose you will be surprised to hear from me out in this part of the globe. I had no definite plans, so after landing at Halifax I came through to Montreal and on to Winnipeg, where I stayed for awhile, but decided to come right out west and finally landed here at Battleford. At first I had a rough time. The last three years have been a failure owing to drought, both as regards crops and cattle, but there is a better prospect for next year.

"After knocking round for a time I had almost decided to go to the lumber camps at Prince Albert, when I secured the position

of clerk in the hotel and now I am settled in for the winter. Everything out-of-doors is frozen solid now with the thermometer steady at fifteen to twenty degrees below zero. I do not feel this dry cold so much and I'm told that for the first winter or two the blood is thick and resists the cold more. Everyone now is going about muffled up to the eyes in thick furs, and when they see me in a cloth coat they all warn me of the time, about January, when the temperature drops to sixty degrees below zero.

"Next spring I am planning to go up to the Beaver River country with a cattle man. That's right off the way of civilisation, but ideal for raising stock, and this man has about fifteen hundred head of stock roaming among the foothills.

"I wonder if you remember lending me a copy of the 'Blazed Trail,' by S. E. White. After reading all his others I felt I had to come out to the Blazed Trail, and before long I shall get up to the lumber camps myself. As one stands at night and watches the northern lights, like a huge curtain of fire, draped in pale-green and pink, passing to and fro across the northern horizon, nature seems soft and luring; but to see the rivers and lakes in the grip of frost, frozen to a depth of four or five feet, she seems hard and relentless, and gives zest to the fight for a livelihood."

* * * * *

[*Extract from a letter by Gilbert L. Blake,* (19 -). *Detached Flight, Bannu, N.W.F.P.*]

"Although I am heading this Bannu, I am really writing it from Sara Roga, on the Tank Zam in Mahsud Country. The Air Force is doing quite a lot up here; I have been out on two raids a day for a good part of the last month, and on one occasion was unlucky enough to be brought down by hostile rifle fire and captured by Mahsuds. I was ransomed, however, without any ill effects beyond those attributable to a strict diet of chupattie and bad eggs. I don't recommend their caves to anyone with an eye, or taste, for cleanliness! Out here it

seems very hard to realise the conditions of flying; on the mountains the air is about half as buoyant as it is in England, and you sometimes make the most extraordinary evolutions by accident."

SCHOOL DIARY.

Oct. 23rd.—Merit half-holiday.
Hockey Match; 1st XI. *v.* Cambridge Town Club, home, won, 3—1.
Football Match; 1st XI. *v.* Town Juniors, home, draw, 1—1.
Lit. Soc. Mtg. Boys' Diary, Richard Skelton and Edward Bawden. Essays; "The People of China," Lawrance Palmer; "Oliver Goldsmith," Dorothea Halford; "Cadbury's Cocoa Works," Donald Peverett. Pianoforte Duet, Miss Bird and Roy Newbery. Songs, Miss Bird.

,, 25th-27th.—Week-end visit of "Pilgrims."

,, 25th.—Football Match; 1st XI. *v.* "Pilgrims'" XI., home, lost 4—5.
Entertainment in evening.

,, 27th.—Lantern Lecture; "Footpaths and Commons," Mr. A. L. Simpson.

,, 30th.—N.H.S. Mtg. Essays; "The Robin," Dorothea Halford; "Some British Birds," Alan Howitt; "Domestic Birds," Eileen Cousins.

Nov. 1st.—Football Match; Boys' XI. *v.* Bishops' Stortford School 1st XI., away, won 5—4.

,, 5th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Girls' Diary, Enid Clark. Essays; "Camping at Kenton," Barbara English; "The Poet of Freedom," Reginald Reynolds; "A Day on the Broads," Peggy Horsfield. Reading from Whittier, Mr. Whitlow. Pianoforte Solo, Peggy Horsfield. Whistling Solo, Mr. Beer.

,, 6th.—Lantern Lecture; "A Visit to the Zoo," Mr. Walter S. Rowntree.

,, 8th.—Entertainment in aid of *The Avenue*.

,, 11th.—Short Meeting in morning in memory of Armistice Day.

,, 13th.—N.H.S. Mtg. Exhibition of Lantern Slides, "The Vegetation of Scotland," Mr. Morris.

,, 15th.—Hockey Match, 1st XI. *v.* Homerton College, away, won 4—3.
Football Match; 1st XI. *v.* Walden Ex-service Men, home, lost, 3—4.
Lantern Lecture; "India," Mr. J. Owen Clover.

Nov. 18th.—Merit half-holiday.

„ 19th. Football Matches *v.* Newport Grammar School: Boys' XI. *v.* 1st XI., away, draw, 3—3. 2nd XI. *v.* 2nd XI., home, won, 1—0.

„ 21st.—Annual Meeting of the Literary Society. Song Lecture; "Sir Arthur Sullivan and His Music," Madame Bertha Moore.

„ 22nd.—Football Match. Boys' XI. *v.* Linton Juniors, home, won, 3—1.

„ 22nd-24th.—Week-end visit from Mr. William Littleboy.

„ 26th.—Dickens Recital: "Oliver Twist," the Rev. Runnels-Moss.

„ 27th.—N.H.S. Mtg. Essays; "English Architecture," Daniel Burlingham; "The Rollright Stones," William Appleton; "Thaxted Church," Reginald Reynolds; "The Burial Places of Pompeii," Wilfred Brangham.

„ 29th.—Hockey Match; 1st XI. *v.* Barley Ladies' Club, home, won, 11—0.

Dec. 3rd.—Football Matches *v.* Newport Grammar School: Boys' XI. *v.* 1st XI., home, won, 2—0; 2nd XI. *v.* 2nd XI., away, won, 4—1.

Dec. 4th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Boys' Diary, Edward Bawden and Eric Robson. Essays; "Village Life in India," Eric Robson; "Paganini," Lilian Kilbey; "The Ancient Lands of Babylonia and Assyria," William S. Roper. Pianoforte Solo, Mary Baker. Songs, Mrs. Grose.

„ 6th.—Football Match; 1st XI. *v.* Saffron Walden 2nd XI., home, won, 2—0.

„ 10th.—Hockey Match; 1st XI. *v.* Cambridge Ladies' Club, home, draw, 2—2.

„ 11th.—Lantern Lecture; "Dr. Barnardo and His Work," Mr. Hinde-Smith.

„ 17th.—End of Term Entertainment.

„ 18th. Holidays began.

1920.

Jan. 15th.—School re-opened.

„ 24th.—Hockey Match; 1st XI. *v.* Girton College, away, draw, 3—3. Football Match; Boys' XI. *v.* Linton Juniors, away, won, 3—1.

„ 28th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Girls' Diary, Enid Clark. Essays: "Essay-Fever," Richard Skelton; "A Day with Dickens," Grace Porter; "The Children of Japan." Paul Tebbutt. Pianoforte Solo, Barbara English.

„ 29th.—Pianoforte Recital, Mr. Harold Scott.

„ 31st.—Football Match; Boys' XI. *v* Cambridge County School, home, draw, 0—0.

Feb. 4th.—N.H.S. Mtg., "Meteorological Report," Thomas Champness; "Phenological Report," Dorothea Halford. Lantern Lecture; "Regional Survey," Mr. Morris.

„ 7th.—Football Match; 1st XI. *v.* Tower Works' XI., home, won, 4—0.
Lantern Lecture; "Boys' Camps," Mr. Kenneth Southall.

„ 12th. Lit. Soc. Mtg. Boys' Diary, Charles Gregg and Clifford Jones. Essays; "Day," Mary Baker; "Night," Edith Smith; "The Battle of Naseby," William Appleton. Musical Recitation, Mr. Whitlow. Pianoforte Solo, Roy Newbery. Songs, Mr. Beer.

„ 14th.—Football Match; School 2nd XI. *v.* Saffron Walden "Rovers," home, won, 6—0.

„ 16th.—Merit half-holiday.

NOTICES.

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