THE AVENUE



JULY 1921

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THE DINING HALL, SAFFRON WALDEN.



The Magazine of the Friends' School, Saffron Walden.

VOL. X. JULY, 1921. No. 35.

FOREWORD.

DURING last Term, it was decided that, owing to the fact that Easter and Whitsuntide were early, and that we should be at School for Easter, the Athletic Sports should be held on Easter Monday. An account of the day's proceedings will be found in succeeding pages.

A case of scarlet fever broke out on March 31st, and acting on the doctor's advice, we went home on Saturday, April 2nd, instead of on the following Tuesday.

We returned to School on May 3rd, to find no hot water and no chance of using the swimming bath, much to our dismay and regret. It was feared that we might have to close in three weeks' time for lack of fuel, but fortunately supplies held out, and at the time of writing there is sufficient coke to carry on till the end of term, a large consignment having come in. We are now able to use the swimming bath regularly.

We also found that Miss Henley had left us, and while we are sorry to lose her, we welcome in her place Miss Winifred M. Loveless, an Old Scholar.

The Whitsuntide gathering was, owing to the coal strike, shorn of the usual features of playroom meals and the camp. Nevertheless some forty Old Scholars found sleeping and food accommodation in the town, and about sixty friends were present on Whit-Monday, when there was a Cricket Match, the Boys' XI. playing the Staff and Old Scholars. New features this year were the "At Homes" given by Miss Jones and Mr. and Mrs. Walker.

H. T. L. Champness
(Sixth Form).

THE ATHLETIC SPORTS.

THIS year it was thought advisable to hold the Athletic Sports during the Spring, instead of the Summer Term. The reason for this was that Whitsun was so near the beginning of the Summer Term, that it would not give the competitors time for the necessary training.

The House Sports having been completed, the Open Sports began on Saturday, March 26th. In the Girls' Junior Throw Phyllis Welch broke the previous record by eight yards, setting up a new one of forty-two yards. In the Boys' Junior Throw a record was also established, Mwldwen Grover making an excellent throw of nearly sixty-five yards. The Boys' half-mile races were also run on that day, Ronald Welch winning the Senior, and Philip Smith, who afterwards proved himself worthy to hold the Junior Cup, the Junior.

On Easter Monday the Sports were resumed with the Girls' Hundred Yards. The weather was anything but pleasant, and was also very injurious to many results. There was a strong and cold wind blowing, and this, together with a little drizzling

rain, did not help matters much. But in spite of this the Sports continued and the Senior Boys' Hundred Yards was won by the School's only sprinter, William Roper, who completed the race in eleven and two-fifth seconds.

Although the weather was unfavourable the Sports passed off well under the circumstances. The House Relay Races were especially close and exciting. Phyllis Welch broke two other records and equalled a fourth, being very easily the Girls' Junior Cup-holder. As usual the Mile and Cross Country races were left over to be run later. The Mile Races were run on the following Wednesday, when Philip Smith beat his record of the previous year in the Junior, and William Roper won the Senior. It was not until the following Friday that the Cross Countries were run. There was a good entry for the Junior, in which Philip Smith broke the record which had stood since 1909, closely followed by Herbert Williams. The Senior run could hardly be called a race, as there was only one competitor, the other entrants not having completed the necessary practice-runs. Although Alan Howitt was running alone, he finished in very good time, being only about a minute over the record time.

Perry J. Hammond
(Lower Fifth Form).

BOYS.

SENIOR:
100 yards.—1, Roper; 2, Mason; 3, Cottis. Time, 11⅘secs.
440 yards.—1, Roper; 2, Cottis; 3, Howitt. Time, 61 secs.
880 yards.—1, Welch; 2, Roper; 3, Cottis. Time, 2 min. 21⅘secs.
Mile.—1, Roper; 2, Howitt. Time, 5 min. 33⅘secs.
Cross Country.—1, Howitt. Time, 22 min. 45 secs.
Long Jump.—1, Roper and Tawell; 3, Mason. Distance, 15 ft. 1 in.
High Jump.—1, Cottis; 2, Roper and Tawell. Height, 4 ft. 4 ins.
Throw.—1, Welch; 2, Roper; 3, Tawell. Distance, 83 yd. 4 ins.

JUNIOR:
100 yards.—1, Smith ii.; 2, Elithorn and Grover. Time, 12⅖secs.
440 yards.—1, Smith ii.; 2, Grover; 3, Elithorn. Time, 67⅘secs.
880 yards.—1, Smith, ii.; 2, Elithorn; 3, Grover. Time, 2 min. 34⅕secs.
Mile.—1, Smith ii.; 2, Elithorn. Time, 5 min. 41 secs.*
Cross Country.—1, Smith ii.; 2, Williams; 3, Grover; 4, Elithorn; 5, Robson. Time, 12 min. 42⅕secs.*
Long Jump.—1, Smith ii.; 2, Francis; 3, Grover. Distance, 12 ft. 4 ins.

High Jump.—1, Edmundson i. ; 2, Edwards ii. ; 3, Smith ii. and Francis. Height, 3 ft. 10 ins.
Throw.—1, Grover ; 2, Elithorn ; 3, Williams. Distance, 64 yds. 2 ft. 8 ins.

OPEN :

880 yards.—Handicap 1, Welch (scr.) ; 2, Robson ; 3, Holman. Time, 2 min. 18⅘secs.
220 yards Handicap.—1, Newbery ; 2, Woodward and Wetherall.
Obstacle Race.—1, Howitt ; 2, Robson ; 3, Edmunds i.
Tripod Race.—1, Allbon and Howitt ; 2, Edmunds i. and Williams i.

GIRLS.

SENIOR :

100 yards.—1, P. Horsfield ; 2, L. Soar ; 3, G. Baker. Time, 13 secs.
220 yards.—1, L. Soar ; 2, G. Baker ; 3, E. Cousins. Time, 31 secs.
Long Jump.—1, G. Baker ; 2, P. Horsfield ; 3, B. English. Distance, 13 ft. 1½ ins.
High Jump.—1, H. Welch ; 2, P. Horsfield ; 3, E. Cousins. Height, 3 ft. 11½ ins.
Throw.—1, B. English ; 2, S. Joy ; 3, C. Gibb. Distance, 41 yds. 1 ft. 4 ins.

JUNIOR :

100 yards.—1, P. Welch ; 2, M. Gibb ; 3, J. Tawell. Time, 13⅗secs.†
220 yards.—1, P. Welch ; 2, J. Tawell ; 3, M. Gibb. Time, 31⅕secs.*
Long Jump.—1, P. Welch ; 2, K. Coates ; 3, M. Gibb. Distance, 12 ft. 9½ ins.
High Jump.—1, P. Welch ; 2, J. Tawell ; 3, C. Palmer. Height, 4 ft. 1½ ins.*
Throw.—1, P. Welch ; 2, J. Tawell ; 3, W. Kilbey. Distance, 41 yds. 2 ft*

* School Record. † Equal to Record.

HOUSE RELAY RACE :

Boys' (600 yards).—1, Morland ; 2, Crosfield. Time, 1 min. 20⅘secs.
Girls' (450 yards).—1, Morland ; 2, Godlee. Time, 67⅗secs.
Mixed Junior (450 yards).—1, Morland ; 2, Crosfield. Time 67⅘secs.

HOUSE TUG-OF-WAR (Boys) :

1, Morland ; 2, Godlee.

Boys' Cup Holder.—William S. Roper.
Boys' Junior Cup Holder.—Philip A. Smith.
Girls' Cup Holder.—Peggy Horsfield.
Girls' Junior Cup Holder.—Phyllis Welch.

HOUSE SPORTS.

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

NIGHT.

THE Day has gone ; no longer in the West
Stray sunbeams gild the sky with pathways bright ;
For now the wonderful white-armèd Night
Has risen, dreamy-eyed, from her soft nest,
And comes to be the tired Earth's welcome guest.
Her lovely mantle, trailing in her flight,
Is wrought with stars which shed a mystic light,
And Earth is silent at her calm behest.

Behind yon tow'ring poplar, straight and black,
The Silver Moon is sinking, but she still
Looks wistfully upon the sleeping world
And waits, lest Night, her sister, call her back
To share her vigil over vale and hill ;
While Dreams flit by with drowsy wings unfurl'd.

Joyce Paton
(Lower Fifth).

WHITSUNTIDE AT WALDEN, 1921.

"TO be or not to be ? " that was the question which had evidently been agitating the minds of the Staff of our dear old School, during the days immediately preceding Whitsun.

Few of us Old Scholars, if any, will forget the morning of May 6th, when the first post brought us the death-knell of all our Whitsuntide expectations. It was not altogether easy to eat our breakfasts with the usual relish after we had opened the Walden letters and found inside a cyclostyled letter informing

us with great regret that all arrangements for the Whitsuntide Gathering had had to be cancelled. To many Old Scholars the decision of the Staff was not wholly unexpected, for by May 6th, the prolongation of the Miners' Lockout had begun to have serious effects in every part of the country and on every aspect of our national life. Realising this, our sense of disappointment was quickly tempered by a deep sense of sympathy with those who were suffering great privations, while we were asked merely to forego a pleasure.

But every cloud has a silver lining, and so, through the untiring exertions of Mr. and Mrs. Rowntree, feeding and sleeping accommodation had been found in the town for the first twenty applicants among the Old Scholars. I was one of the lucky twenty—I was going to say—but as the week-end progressed it was jolly to see the number increasing. Some of us " fed " at the Abbey Hotel, others at Taylor's, while some were able to feed where they slept.

It was, of course, impossible to carry out the full and varied programme which had been arranged, but a small committee of Old Scholars and Staff met each morning and decided the best means of making the most of our resources and of the day before us.

Saturday was a day of glorious sunshine, and during the afternoon we had the pleasure of watching a cricket match between the School XI. and Mr. Downham's XI. Every Old Scholar received an invitation to " tea " with someone ; none forgot to turn up, or needed asking twice, for many of us found cricket rather a " dry " game on that hot afternoon. After tea an hour's terza was enjoyed, and this was followed by a Concert in the Dining Hall, at 7.15 p.m. The Concert took the form of a performance of the original farcical opera " William Tell " by the usual " star-turns " on the Staff and by some of the boys. To say that Mr. Beer was his funniest, Mr. Whitlow his best, Mr. Pumphrey and Miss Bird very commendably melo-dramatic, is to give but a small idea of the splendid and witty

performance. The boys—especially G. Baines and R. Welch—were a tower of strength, making the whole thing go with a fine swing. This brought the delightful day to a close, so we dispersed to seek our suppers and our beds.

Sunday was one of those gray days with dull sky and a slight chilliness in the atmosphere, which we experience now and again sandwiched in between the glorious days of late Spring. At Morning Meeting we once more experienced the spirit of true fellowship and gathered fresh impetus for the carrying-on of the common round, the daily task. In the afternoon all Old Scholars and friends were invited by Miss Jones to tea and a social time on the front lawn, but as the weather was unfavourable we met in the Dining Hall. Before leaving the room, J. Owen Clover spoke on behalf of all of us of our regret that that was Miss Jones's last Whitsuntide at Walden as one of its mistresses. As a very slight token of our love, he presented her with a framed photograph of the School. The evening Meeting, for which the Old Scholars made themselves responsible, was held in the Dining Hall. An hour's concert in the Lecture Hall followed, the main items of which were contributed by the Staff, though Lilian Waddington saved very ably the reputation of the Old Scholars.

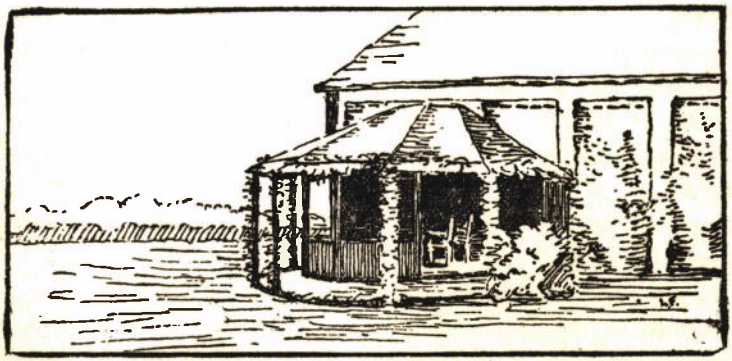
Monday dawned gloriously and the sun shone upon us with redoubled powers as if to make up for his neglect of the day before. Though so depleted in numbers we managed to keep up the time-honoured tradition of cricket and tennis matches in the morning. It was found necessary, in order to make a full eleven, to combine Old Scholars and Staff against the Boys' XI. The boys put up a splendid fight and after a very close game were the victors by three runs. The tennis match also proved a victory for the School. Afternoon tea on the front lawn, by kind invitation of Mr. and Mrs. Walker, was the most interesting event in the afternoon's programme. Following this, the game of podex, known to a few but entirely new to the majority of us, was entered into with

much zest by the entire company. Terza again filled in the gap between tea and the annual Whit-Monday Concert. That Concert, which was held in the Lecture Hall, was one of the most enjoyable ever held at the School. Everyone helped, Old Scholars and Present Scholars, the Staff and past members of the Staff, old and very young, and there were even "surprise" turns by "visitors." Whatever else one might have felt was but a shadow of the glories of former Whitsuntides, that concert at least was not.

Tuesday morning made us realise more fully than at any other time during the week-end that we had not had a real traditional Walden Whitsun after all. There was no "fading away," no desperate packing, no hurricane farewells, no cheers as the train left the station. We just "went" quietly, as we had come, in ones or twos or in very small groups.

On those few of us who were privileged to go to Walden this Whitsun, lies an overwhelming sense of gratitude to all those who not only made it possible for some of us to go, but who gave us such a happy time together. We feel sure that there is no Old Scholar who does not realise and appreciate fully the tremendous efforts put forth by the Staff to prevent even at the eleventh hour the cancelling of the Whitsuntide Gathering.

MARCUS A. MATTHEWS (1914-18).





FRIENDS' ADULT SCHOOL AND MEETING HOUSE, SAFFRON WALDEN.

A HEDGEROW IN SPRING.



GLORIOUS, sunny morning in the month of April ; everyone and everything seemed glad to be alive, even the stones by the roadside looked more beautiful than before. The winter had been long and sharp, but at last his iron bands had been loosed, and laughing Spring had returned to scatter her flowers and sunshine all over the country side. As, in the old Greek myth, Persephone remains for several months in the dark regions of Pluto and returns to earth for the other part of the year, when the flowers spring up to greet her return, and all the world rejoices,—so, at the coming of Spring, the earth becomes glad again.

The woods and hedges put on a dress of dainty green ; the brown ploughed fields look as if a flimsy green mantle had been thrown over them to cover their nakedness, for the corn is just beginning to grow. Down under the hedges and in sheltered nooks, the ground is carpeted with violets and primroses, bluebells and anemones.

From early morning till evening the hedgerow is a perfect babel of sound ; the birds gather together and sing and twitter the whole day. They are either busy courting some shy little lady who is difficult to win, or else they have found a mate and are engaged in making a home for the family, which is to follow. Nothing is more amusing than to stand and watch a bold little fellow sidling up to the darling of his heart, and receiving, not " sweet honeyed words," but a sharp peck which sends him staggering back to another twig, only to try once more, and to meet with the same rebuff. The lady birds must know that old saying, " Faint heart never won fair lady," for they play about with the poor little fellows in a disgraceful manner, holding them off at wing's length, knowing all the

while they will accept in the end. This comedy can be seen on any hedgerow in Spring if the busy mortals only care to stop for one second and forget their own cares in laughing at the love-making of their little feathered brethren.

The hedgerows, too, are showing colour rapidly; buds are bursting and sap is flowing fast to supply the leaves with nourishment. The predominant colour is green, a soft, delicate, restful green, which looks as if some great artist had taken the blue of the spring sky and the golden yellow of the sunshine on his palette and then painted the hedges with the resulting colour. There is no green quite like the green of the hedgerow in Spring, no genius can imitate its dainty shades, only Nature knows the secret, and she keeps it well.

Under the hedgerow more glory is in store for any who care to look for it. " Pale Primroses, that die unmarried ere they can behold bright Phœbus in his strength," have a peculiar attraction of their own. As Shakespeare says of the daffodils in " A Winter's Tale " : they " come before the swallows dare, and take the winds of March with beauty; " so the first sight of a bank of primroses in their frail beauty gives almost a sense of the divine. Close by are the modest violets, which seem to have stolen some of the intense blue of the night sky and some of the sweetness of fairyland, while the bluebells and anemones add their beauty to the scene. The hedgerow speaks to all who stop to listen ; the birds singing above, the flowers ringing out from below, the old story ever new, love is beauty, beauty is love. " This is all we know on earth, and all we need to know."

Edna Ellis
(Sixth Form).

IMPRESSIONS.

IT was the first day of June. All eyes on awakening turned to the sky—it was overcast, but the optimist discerned on the horizon to the west a blue patch. Yes, it would certainly be fine; and so before nine, little parties of cyclists started off on the road to Cambridge. This being the end of the first month of the term, we had gained (only just !) a merit half, and the powers that be had agreed to a Wednesday morning, so that, if fine, those who wished might go to see the Australians play Cambridge University.

Behold us then—some thirty representatives of the Old School—waiting at various points in the queue at the entrance to Fenners somewhere about 11 o'clock. The gates soon opened and we filed in, to select the parts of the field in which we were to take up our places through the long summer day. It seemed a long time before the bell rang just before 12, and the two white-coated high priests walked solemnly from the pavilion and set up the wickets, to be followed almost immediately by a waterfall of white figures down the pavilion steps. There was no mistaking the first figure—tall, ample of girth, a very giant among men, this was Armstrong—so Cambridge was batting first. One who had already seen the Colonials was eagerly questioned as to the others—that little man was Macartney, the tall thin one was Macdonald, the tiny wicket-keeper was Oldfield. Close on their heels



came the first two batsmen, and so the play started with Macdonald sending down a short-pitched ball at a tremendous pace, which bounced right over the heads of batsman and fielders to the boundary. For an hour and a half we watched every ball and every stroke with interest; seeing Macdonald uproot a stump with a terrific delivery, Bardsley take a wonderful catch from a hard cut, Macartney gathering and returning the ball with one movement, and boundaries converted into twos by the wonderful speed of the out-fields.

Then came the luncheon interval, and we regaled ourselves on the packets of sandwiches provided by Miss Norrington—and generous, satisfying packets they were! The optimist had been right—the little patch of blue had expanded, and the sun was pouring down with tremendous heat; knees were getting pink, faces scorched, and a consuming thirst had us in its grip. Still, when the interval was finished, the fieldsmen came out in their sweaters, and made us feel hotter still!

It is not our intention to describe the play, though we had the satisfaction of seeing Hubert Ashton score the first century this season against the Australians. Commencing with great care, he hit freely after he had reached fifty, driving the fast bowlers and hooking Mailey's slows in fine style. What fascinated us was the impassive figure of Armstrong, standing close to the diminutive and agile figure of Oldfield, who seemed just one large pair of gloves which attracted the ball whenever it passed the bat. Equally impressive was the juggling fielding practice indulged in after the fall of a wicket—we hope none of our



budding internationals will be injured in the imitation thereof. The Australian captain gave us the pleasure of watching him bowl, and very effective he was, in spite of his apparent simplicity.



The Australian fielding was brilliant, but was rivalled by that of the University, which was even more spectacular. The latter took everything on the run, and when Chapman threw down Bardsley's wicket from extra-cover with the score at 1, and G. Ashton ran Macartney out from cover at 24, the applause was not any too great for the daring of the fieldsmen.

Six o'clock came all too soon, and the bands of cyclists set off back at intervals in the cool of the evening. It was a delightful ride, though two of them did run into each other and rather spoiled the shape of their machines, and was a fitting ending to a day which will long be remembered.

Did we learn anything from our visit? I think we learned this at all events,—that fielding is as important, and may be as interesting, as batting, and that many runs may be saved by being on the alert. In addition we saw the necessity for the straight bat, and the dependence of the bowler on each member of the team—useful lessons if we will but lay them to heart.

J. P. WHITLOW.

[The sketches illustrating this article are by *Philip A. Smith* (Lower Fifth Form).]

QUAKER LONDON.



HOULD the more general study of London ever seem too huge or too general in interest, there is a wonderful field for investigation and research, which I think has never been fully undertaken and tabulated, in the study of "Quaker London," the study, that is, of those portions of London which have Quaker connections and associations.

Most who read this will know Devonshire House, so in the little tour we are now to take let us start there and see if we cannot make the drab buildings a little more interesting by hearing their story. When the Great Fire of London drove Friends from their meeting at the "Bull and Mouth" (of which we shall speak later) they hired a room for their meetings in a mansion outside the Bishop's gate, which had been built somewhere about 1550 by Jasper Fisher and called "Fisher's Folly," as the house made calls on his purse far greater than he was able to satisfy.

This house, which stood about where Devonshire Square is now, belonged, when Friends took a part of it, to the Dukes of Devonshire, who had used it as a town house, but who then let much of it out in tenements. Here in "the great parlour and dining room with carved chimney pieces and turned carved pillars" Friends met for twelve years or so, until the premises became too small for them.

They then leased a piece of land in the grounds of the house and built a meeting House on the site now occupied by the "Old Meeting House," three stories high, with committee rooms on the first floor, and above that "some pensioners were boarded in the attics." The Meeting House opened through a lobby into Cavendish Court, Cavendish being the family name of the

Dukes of Devonshire, and was lighted by three windows looking out into the Court.

Next door to the Meeting House was the Dolphin Inn, " an old inn, very large and of a good receipt," as Stow says, and this property was purchased by Friends and the two present Meeting Houses built on the site in 1793-4.

Going out of the proper gate from the courtyard we should come into Houndsditch, a name suggestive of the noisome character of the ditch which ran around the outside of the city wall, and so to Bishopsgate Without, as until recent years it was called.

Bishopsgate remained in existence as a gate until 1760. It is so called as it is probable that it was built by the Bishop of London, about 685, and later it is certain that the Bishops were responsible for renewing the hinges of the gate, in return for which they took a tithe of one stick from every wood cart entering the city, except those belonging to the Hanse merchants who were responsible for the other repairs to the gate.

Just after the Great Fire, when Friends were occupying part of Devonshire House, the Bethlehem Hospital had been removed from the site of Liverpool Street station, where it had stood since 1257, and re-erected between London Wall and Finsbury Circus, as we know them. This Bethlehem Hospital, the origin of the famous name Bedlam, now stands in Southwark but still owns considerable property near Bishopsgate, including some of the ground on which the present Devonshire House is built. Attached to the hospital was a burial ground on land now occupied by Broad Street station, where several worthy Quakers, including John Lilburne, were interred.

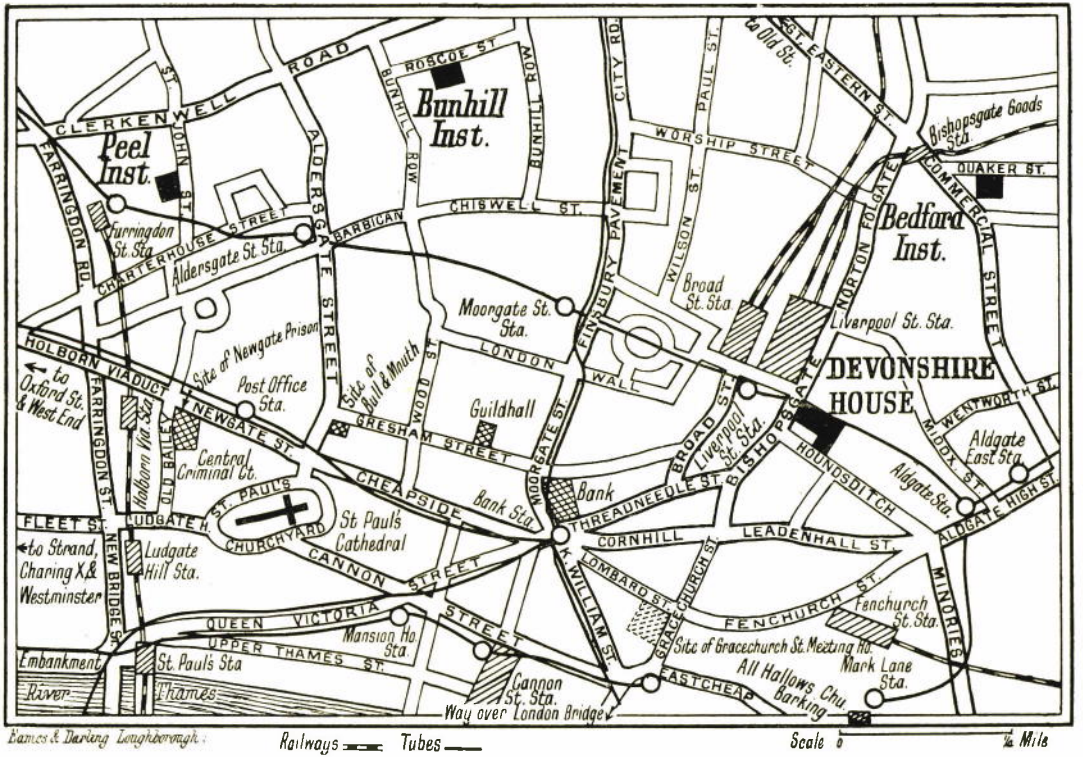
The first Meeting to be held in London was probably that at " The Bull and Mouth " near Aldersgate. Running from St. Martins-le-Grand to Butchers Hall Lane, now King Edward St., and parallel to Angel Street and to the north of it, was Bull and Mouth Street, on the south side of which was the " Bull and Mouth " Inn.

In this Inn Friends rented in 1654 a room which would take a thousand persons standing, and here George Fox, Francis Howgill and Edward Burroughs were frequently to be heard. On its being burnt in the Great Fire of 1666, Friends moved to Devonshire House, but reverted to the " Bull and Mouth " on its rebuilding, until 1740, when they removed to Gracechurch Street, where they already had a meeting.

The Gracechurch Street premises were built in White Hart Court on the site of the White Hart Inn which had been burnt in the Great Fire, on a spot now occupied by the Crédit Lyonnais. The Court was in a retired place just behind the houses, with passages into Gracechurch Street and Lombard Street. These premises were burnt down in 1821, and with them a great many valuable records. During the rebuilding Friends assembled, amid strange surroundings, in the Fishmongers' Hall, the building now to be seen on the west side of the north end of London Bridge.

It was from White Hart Court that the funeral of George Fox took place in 1691, when four thousand Friends followed the coffin on foot to Bunhill, walking in orderly fashion through the streets and out into the fields at Moorgate. The moorfields, where primroses and cowslips could be gathered for eighty or a hundred years after George Fox's death, remained open spaces until quite recent times, and formed a convenient spot for burial grounds. Here at Bunhill Fields is the first ground in London used by dissenters as a cemetery. Bunyan and other well-known men lie buried there.

It was near here that Friends established, about 1661, the Chequer Alley (now Bunhill) burying ground on the fringe of the houses on the outskirts of the city—the first freehold land owned by Friends in London. Here are buried Richard Hubberthorne, Edward Burroughs and George Whitehead, as well as George Fox himself; and indeed it is probable that twelve thousand Friends have been buried here in all.



"QUAKER LONDON."

Note—The site of the "Bull and Mouth" is more accurately under the word "Office" on the map.

The ground is much smaller than it was originally, as street improvements have necessitated alterations. George Fox's grave has a stone on it now, though this is of recent date. The original metal plate on the wall was destroyed as it "attracted too much attention from visitors." For some years the Yearly Meeting discouraged the use of tombstones, "as the practice is of no service to the deceased."

The story of Walden in London—the School was established at Clerkenwell and removed to Islington before it was at Croydon—is of extreme interest, but has been dealt with so extensively in Volume III. of *The Avenue* that I will only refer here to one incident. When the School was at Clerkenwell the children attended Peel meeting together with the old people. In 1713 the School authorities applied to Peel Monthly Meeting for the key to the gallery which the School used in order to retain its exclusive use and prevent strangers occupying it before them. The Meeting, however, refused to give up the key, and advised the School to come "softly and *early*."

Peel is a curious name for a Meeting House, and it is only the Meeting House which is so named, and not the adjoining district. The premises were originally the house of one John Elson, in the days when the houses were known not by their number, but by their sign, and the sign of his house was that of a baker's *peel*, or pole with which the loaves were withdrawn from the oven. John Elson himself was a carpenter, so, unless he made peels, the sign was that of a prior occupant. Peel Meeting has existed on the same spot ever since 1656, so of the Meetings remaining in London it is quite the oldest.

What is written here is little more than a slight indication of the wealth of interesting things that lie ready to the hand of any who will pause a while in the rush of business to listen to the stories which the past holds for us.

HOWARD DIAMOND.

(1908-15.)

POEMS FROM THE UPPER THIRD.

FLOWERS.

Of all Nature's kind gifts I think flowers are the best,
From the sweet-scented rose, where the butterflies rest,
To the meek little violet that hides in the dale,
And the sweet little hare-bells so pretty and frail.

In the woodland the blue-bells are flow'ring so fine,
And up high o'er head rocks the tall stately pine ;
But the violet is shy, oh, so modest is she,
That she hides 'neath her leaves in the shade of the tree.

Arnold Francis.

A CHILD'S THOUGHTS.

They tell me that the sky's not really blue ;
In fact they say, it isn't there at all.
But I believe it is that azure hue,
And some day it might fall.

They say the sun is one great ball of flame,
And that it does not really rise or set.
They say that life is but one single game,
And fame the prize you get.

They tell me that the sea has got no soul
That ever throbs beneath its billowy breast ;
But I believe its anger makes it roll,
Because it cannot rest.

Frances Gear.

THE FLOWERS.

From where do you come, pretty flowers of the Spring ?
Do you come from the shelter of Mother Earth's wing,
From the haunts of the fairies, in which I've heard tell,
All the flowers of the forest in winter do dwell ?

Then a dear lupin fairy did answer and say,
" In Mother Earth's arms we are all tucked away
From the cold winter wind and the ice and the snow,
And she keeps us all safe till the blasts cease to blow.

Molly Halford.

POPPIES.

Just a dash of red in a field of gold,
With heads held high to the morning sun,
Sweet poppies their bright red petals unfold,
Telling Summer has come.

They laugh and dance in the Summer sun,
Then sleep and rest 'neath the silver moon.
Then again in the morning ere daylight has come
They wake with the larks' sweet tune.

Lucy M. Soar.



SKETCHES OF COUNTRY LIFE.



HEN we lived in a suburb of London we were not at all satisfied, but were always on the look-out for our "Dream Cottage," as we called it; a certain ideal little cottage in the country, not very far from London. We knew just what it would be like, although we had never seen one quite like it. One October, many years ago now, we found an advertisement in the paper of a country cottage in Surrey, which sounded very attractive, and we decided that it might be the Dream Cottage. We went to inspect it and found that it *was*, and immediately decided to have it. We moved in the next January. It was a pretty rough-cast cottage, with rose trees all over the front, mingled with trailing honeysuckle and clematis. The north gable was covered with ivy, which strayed round the corner at times, and even tried to climb the chimney. It had a nice big verandah, framed in roses and honeysuckle. When all the roses were out it was a picture, and everyone passing would stop to admire them, especially the Rêve d'Or tree, which covered half the front of the house, and was always a mass of cream roses with lovely golden hearts in the summer. This cottage and the one next door, almost exactly like it, which was really the farm-house, stood alone in a quiet country lane, among cornfields, woods, and meadows.

Our neighbours, we discovered at once, were wholly delightful. They had a small farm, the fields being farther down the lane. We had quite a good garden; but there was a big orchard, a kitchen garden and a small home-field, all belonging to them, of which we had the freedom, as well as all the rest of the farm. Mr. and Mrs. Harwood, the farmer and his wife, were a dear old couple, rather uneducated, but very nice indeed. Mr. Harwood was, I think, the only farmer I ever knew that never grumbled about the weather—he never would! They

lived alone, but their married sons and daughters were always coming to see them, and their grandchildren often came to stay.

In front of their verandah, in their front garden, were two ornamental stone vases on pedestals, in which they grew flowers. One day, on arriving home from church, they found that a round, cup-shaped hollow had been scraped in the soil of one of them. Later, it developed into a blackbird's nest, and we watched the proceedings with interest. In due time the young birds hatched out, and then the busy time for the parents began. Often when they were away in search of food for their clamorous offspring, a certain bold cock robin would hop out of the hedge with a caterpillar in his beak, look about him warily for signs of the parent birds, and then fly to the nest. Now the young blackbirds had a way of stretching their long necks to the utmost, and opening their wide, yellow mouths when they were hungry, as all young birds do ; and it was all the poor robin could do, standing on tip-toe, to drop the caterpillar into one of the yawning caverns. This done, he went back for another, and so on until all five were fed, unless the parents returned before his task was completed and drove him away. We called him " Uncle Bob." When at last they were fully fledged, and nearly tumbling out of the nest, one morning the mother decided that they were old enough for their first flying lesson. We stood by the window and gazed fascinated, watching the little birds' helpless efforts, until, one by one, they really managed to reach the ground.

Every summer, hay-making time saw all the sons and daughters and grandchildren who could possibly get away, assembled at the cottage next door. Mr. Harwood and his sons worked all day, and then the rest of us took down tea. We found a nice spot among the hay-cocks, and hay-makers and all had a lazy picnic lying on the hay. In the evening we all helped, the children coming in for many rides. When the work was finished for the night, Mr. Harwood and the children made for

the nearest haycock for a romp. He tossed them about and buried them, and didn't object at all when they buried him, and then all sat on him—in fact he seemed to enjoy it. These hay-makings were the most delightful I have ever known.

For several years I always kept white fantail pigeons, and there was only one pair I never succeeded in taming. All the others soon became very tame indeed, especially the first pair, which were my favourites of all. Their names were Jack and Jill. When they first came we had to put wire netting round the cote, and keep them in for a week, to get them used to it, but I don't think there was any need. As soon as we let them free they began to get tame, and never attempted to fly home, although they came from a farm near by. They soon learned to feed from our hands, and, by dint of much perseverance, we at last got them to take corn from our lips. Then came the time when, whenever you ventured outside the door, one white fluttering bird would alight on your head, and the other on your shoulder. If you were lying in the hammock, reading and eating an apple, one of them would perch on the book and take furtive pecks at the apple. It didn't care at all when you shoo'd it away, but just returned when you had settled down again. One day they utterly disgraced themselves. It was a summer day, and the table was laid for dinner by the open window. None of us happened to be in the room at the time, but when we came back a dreadful sight met our eyes. Lo, and behold! there was Jill sitting in a dish of pears, and Jack wading in the stewed blackberries! One Sunday, when we came back from church, we couldn't find them anywhere, and realised they must have been stolen. We were always afraid of this happening, because they were so very tame. We were almost sure who had taken them, but of course they declared they hadn't, and tried to prove that they hadn't got them. No doubt they hadn't—but I guess they'd had pigeon-pie for their Sunday dinner.

These are just a few sketches of country life and people. Some people think that life in the country is dull, but I think

they are chiefly folks who have never tried it. Most people who have tried both agree that the pleasures of town are not to be compared with the joys of the country, and open-air life. But, as that great Nature-lover, Richard Jefferies, says : " You should know the places in winter as well as in tempting summer, when song and shade and colour attract everyone to the field. You should face the mud, and the slippery path. Nature yields nothing to the lover of drawing-room luxury. The meadow glows with buttercups in spring, the hedges are green, the woods lovely ; but these are not to be enjoyed in their full significance unless you have traversed the same places when bare, and have watched the slow fulfilment of the flowers."

Joyce Paton
(*Lower Fifth Form*).

OCCASIONAL NOTES ROUND WALDEN.

DURING the last twelve months a quantity of the fossil bones and teeth of the mammoth (E. antiquus) have been unearthed from the gravel terraces that border the Cam valley at Little Chesterford. In the spring of last year a pelvis, or hip-bone, measuring two feet in diameter, was uncovered, but was in too fragile a condition to be preserved. Later in the year two molar teeth and a tusk were found, fragments of which are preserved in the school collection. The tooth of a fossil horse was found with the mammoth bones.

A couple of badgers took up their abode in a burrow in Shortgrove Park in the early part of 1920. They were discovered and, of course, dug out, and killed. It is a great pity that these rare and inoffensive beasts should be thus harried, and it is astonishing that they still occur in so many woods in the home counties. Their shyness and nocturnal habits alone enable them to resist extinction by their relentless persecutors.

An interesting series of Neolithic flint weapons have been discovered in the soil at Chiswick Hall farm, Chrishall, which is situated on the highest point of the chalk hills of Essex (*c.* 500 ft. O.D.). The surface of the chalk is here covered with a thick layer of chalky boulder clay, which probably supported a dense woodland in Neolithic times. The implements include a very perfect polished flint axe; a second example, polished, but broken at the cutting edge; and two unpolished adzes. On the same area several good scrapers were found, together with a large quantity of rough worked flint.

The Walden Museum has recently been enriched by the addition of a fine series of Roman coins, found on the site of the Roman settlement at Great Chesterford. These include coins from the time of Vespasian (69-79 A.D.), to those of Gratianus (375-383 A.D.). They will shortly be on view in the archæological room of the Museum.

G. MORRIS.

SCHOOL ATHLETICS.

FOOTBALL SEASON, 1920-21.

DURING the Autumn Term, in spite of the fact that only one colour remained from the previous year, our teams, after the usual experimenting, settled down and proceeded to play quite good football.

Welch and Tawell at back, Rye amongst the halves, and Gregg and Roper of the forwards were especially useful, and during this term Rye and Gregg were awarded their "colours."

Returning for the Spring Term we found that not only had Rye left, a fact for which we were prepared, but also that Gregg and Peverett would be away for the whole term through illness.



Photo by] [J. E. Walker.

THE SCHOOL PREFECTS.
JULY, 1921.

Throughout the Spring Term we never recovered from this handicap and succeeded in losing nearly every match. However, we beat the Old Scholars by 3—1, in spite of Mr. Whitlow's early retirement through a kick in the eye.

The first part of the 1921 Football Tournaments was played in the Spring Term, the results so far being that Crosfield is top followed by Morland.

Colours were awarded to Welch, Tawell and Cadman.

THE HOCKEY SEASON.

INCREASED keenness in hockey from the beginners to the First XI. characterised the season, 1920-21. This was largely due to an extension of the system of coaching by Miss Low. The First XI. set the example with a good standard of play, the combination of the forward line being particularly commendable. Sylvia Joy and Louie Shaw made a very forceful combination and were responsible for a good many goals, Grace Gibb (left half) played a very fine game throughout the season, while Mona Gibb (right half) is equally promising.

Unfortunately Miss Low overtaxed her strength and in Jauuary was forced to take six months' rest. Miss Woodcock came temporarily in her place and we are glad to have this opportunity of thanking her warmly for her valuable help in the girls' games during the Spring and Summer terms.

The fact that most of the XI. and some others now wear pads, has undoubtedly made them more plucky in both attack and defence. The following were awarded colours :—Sylvia Joy, Louie Shaw, Grace Gibb, Georgie Baker.

THE HOUSE COMPETITIONS 1921.

DURING the latter part of last term practically all our free time was taken up by the practising of songs and duets, vocal and pianoforte, also the learning of poetry. The "House Sketches," too, were on hand, but owing to the sudden ending of the term, we had not the pleasure of seeing them acted. Pianoforte and vocal duets were added to the previous list of competitions, and were chosen by the individual competitors as long as they were approved of by the "House Council."

We enjoyed five lecturettes, which were given on Wednesday evening, March 23rd.

After all had been judged, the successful competitors were asked to repeat their solos and duets, pianoforte and vocal, and recitations, on the "Competition Evening," on Good Friday. They all did so, and the resulting concert was one of the most enjoyable held for a long time.

It was found that for the term's work, including Sports and Competitions, Morland House came first, then Godlee, and then Crosfield.

Kathleen Francis,
and Cathie Gibb
(*Lower Fourth Form*).

METEOROLOGICAL REPORT.

SPRING TERM, 1921. (Observations only available for 65 days.)

Barometer.	1921.	1920.
Highest Reading	30.1"	30.36"
Lowest Reading	28.6"	28.98"
Mean for 65 days	29.36"	29.73"

	Maximum.		Minimum.	
Thermometer.	1921.	1920.	1921.	1920.
Highest Readings ..	67°F	68.5°F	48°F	49°F
Lowest Reading ..	37°F	48°F	23°F	26°F
Mean for 65 days ..	51.5°F	51.4°F	36.3°F	36.8°F

Rainfall. (Records incomplete.)

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

	1921.	1920.		1921.	1920.
North	5	0	South	1	14
North East Quadrate	5	2	South West Quadrate	29	31
East	2	1	West	5	6
South East Quadrate	4	17	North West Quadrate	11	4

(Records taken by members of the III Upper, Nature Study Class.)

FAR AND NEAR.

CONCERNING OLD SCHOLARS.

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

Sylvia Joy is taking a course in Secretarial work.

A. Kenneth Jeffrey is attending a school near his home.

William S. Roper has gone to Ceylon to learn Rubber Planting.

* * * * *

It was with great regret that we learned the news contained in the following extract from a letter written from the Central Flying School, Upavon, Wilts, by Philip L. Plant (1909-12), dated 16.4.1921 :—

" Bernard Deane was killed yesterday afternoon at Old Sarum aerodrome, near Salisbury. I had not seen him since schooldays, but I found that he was an Observer in the Service.

I believe he recently learnt to fly and became a pilot. I have not many details, but I understand that he went up in a Bristol Fighter, with a mechanic as passenger, and that the machine 'spun' into the ground, killing both Deane and the mechanic."

"I heard only yesterday that he was married; fellows here who knew him in the service speak very highly of him.

. . . . .

"In early 1917 I used to look down on the School whilst endeavouring to teach people to fly, but I don't imagine that anyone suspected me of waking them on Summer mornings."

* * * * *

Bernard F. Deane was at school at Walden from 1906 to 1912, whilst his parents were in China. On the outbreak of war he joined the Friends' Ambulance Unit, and after a time obtained a commission in the 2nd Royal Sussex Regiment, in which his brother Reginald was an officer. The two were at the front together, when Reginald was killed; and soon afterwards Bernard transferred to the Air Force, and acted as observer. After the Armistice he remained in the Flying Corps, and trained as a pilot. He married early in 1920, and visited the school at Whitsuntide of that year. Last summer he was one of four Walden members of the Falcon's Cricket Team, and met with considerable success as a bowler.

* * * * *

Reginald W. Montford (1909-16) writes from Reval, Esthonia: ". . . Give my best greetings to any old Scholars and others at the gathering this Whitsuntide. I was fully expecting to have returned in time for it, and it is a great disappointment to me that I shall not be there.

"I returned to Central Europe on a temporary job for the 'War Victims' in February, and then, after coming on here and spending a month looking after our supplies going through to Russia, I had instructions to go on into Moscow for a time. So I expect to leave here at any time. . . ."

Richard Eric Holttum (1907-11), who is taking part in a Botanical Expedition in Greenland, wrote on June 6th from Cambridge :—

". . . We are due to leave Hull on Thursday, and hope to arrive in Copenhagen on Sunday, staying there for about a week. All arrangements are at last completed, and we are wrestling with our packing up, which is a great nuisance. I must say that I hope the customs officials will be kind, or I know not what we shall do. If they want to turn out all the contents of one of our carefully-packed, screwed up, cases of various items of food and equipment we shall surely never get the things packed up properly again.

" If there is a post from Greenland I will write to the School."

* * * * *

H. Lionel Wright (1913-19) writes from the Horticultural College, Reading :—

" Everything is going on very merrily here, except for rumours of having to close up on account of fuel shortage, and I am very sorry my course ends in August. It's a very jolly life, but I suppose there is real work waiting for me. We have just re-started the Students' Christian Union in Reading, and were pleased to find nearly thirty intending members at the first meeting. . . .

* * * * *

Margaret Tuke (1915-18) writes on May 13th from Chalons, where she is helping in the *Maison Maternelle* :—" It's awfully difficult working with children whose ages range from one week to seven years, all in the same room. There are about seven old enough to run about the floor, and have meals sitting at a table ; then come about twenty who are in cots—their ages are from eight months to two years ; then the smaller ones. The fun begins when you feed the middle ones with spoons when they are not accustomed to it. You first of all cover them with towels, tie their hands and feet, and commence to ram food down their throats ; if they don't swallow, you give

their nose a gentle pinch, and watch the result. At first I was terrified, but am getting quite an expert now, and feel as if I had done some work after having fed a child like that."

SCHOOL DIARY.

Feb. 24th.—N.H.S. Mtg. Phenological Report, Georgina Baker. Talk on "Insects," by Mr. Eland.

,, 28th.—Lantern Lecture: "Japan," Mr. Frederick Andrews.

Mar. 2nd.—N.H.S. Excursion to Littlebury.

,, 3rd.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Girls' Diary, Grace Porter. Essays: "A Dream Village," Dorothea Halford; "Hannibal," Crispus Cottis; "Freedom," Margaret Horsfield; "Scraps of Paper," Norman Eames. Pianoforte Solo, Violet Falkner.

,, 5th.—Lantern Lecture: "Spain," Mr. Irwin Sharp.

,, 6th.—Address in Evg. Mtg. on "Jerusalem," Mr. Irwin Sharp.

,, 10th.—N.H.S. Mtg. Meteorological Report, Kenneth Jeffrey. Phenological Report, Georgina Baker. Essays: "A Few Wild Flowers," Barbara English and Edna Thompson; "The Influence and Origin of Greek Mythology," Reginald Reynolds; "Butterflies," Evelyn Pask; "Strethall," Kenneth Jeffrey.

,, 11th.—Lecture in the town on "The League of Nations," by Mr. Lowes Dickinson.

,, 12th.—Hockey Match: 1st XI. *v.* Dunmow, home, won, 5—1.
Football Match: 1st XI. *v.* Foxes, home, lost, 1—5.
"Avenue" Entertainment.

,, 17th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Boys' Diary, Philip Smith and Roy Tawell. Essays: "A Country School; an Appreciation," Mr. Pim; "Do People grow up?" Sylvia Joy; "The History of Photography," George Fairbrother; "Oxford," Mary Neave. Pianoforte Solo, Margaret Horsfield.

,, 19th.—Hockey Match: 1st XI. *v.* Cambridge Ladies, away, won, 2—1.
Football Match: 1st XI. *v* Ramblers, home, lost, 0—3.
N.H.S. Excursion to Thaxted.

,, 23rd.—House "Lecturettes."

,, 24th.—N.H.S. Mtg. Lantern Lecture: "Ceylon," Mrs. Morris.

,, 25th.—House Competitions' Entertainment.

Mar. 26th.—Lantern Lecture: "Cricket," Mr. J. T. Mills.

,, 27th.—Lantern Lecture: "St. Francis of Assisi," Mr. J. T. Mills.

,, 28th.—Athletic Sports.
Lantern Lecture: "The Austrian Tyrol and the Italian Lakes." Mr. Whitlow.

April 1st.—Lantern Lecture: "The Evolution of Man," Mr. Walter Rowntree.

,, 2nd.—Holidays began.

May 3rd.—School re-opened.

,, 5th.—N.H.S. Business Mtg.

,, 7th.—Unveiling of the Town War Memorial.

,, 12th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Girls' Diary, Georgina Baker. Essays: "The Evolution of Rapid Transit," Kenneth Harrod; "South Africa: Long ago and To-day," Evelyn Pask; "The Fall of an Emperor," Reginald Reynolds. Pianoforte Solo, Margaret Horsfield.

,, 14th.—N.H.S. Excursion to Strethall.
Cricket Match: 1st XI. *v.* Mr. Downham's XI., home, lost, 46—97.
Performance of "William Tell" in dining-hall.

,, 16th.—Cricket Match: Boys' XI. *v.* Staff and Old Scholars, home, won, 76—73. R. Welch, 23.

,, 18th.—Cricket Match: 1st XI. *v.* Bishop's Stortford Cricket Club, home, lost, 44—57. G. S. Pumphrey, 28 not out; J. P. Whitlow, 6 wkts. for 24.

,, 19th.—N.H.S. Mtg. Meteorological Report, Anthony Skelton. Phenological Report, Georgina Baker. Exhibition of Specimens.

,, 21st.—Cricket Match; Boys' 1st XI. *v.* Cambridge County School, Boys' XI., home, lost, 87—136. G. Fairbrother 39 not out; C. Gregg, 21.

,, 15th.—Cricket Matches *v.* Saffron Walden Grammar School: Boys' 1st XI. *v.* 1st XI., home, won, 90—85. P. Hammond, 26; C. Cottis, 20. 2nd XI. *v.* 2nd XI., away, won, 32—23. H. Williams, 6 wkts. for 8.

,, 26th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Boys' Diary, Roland Teakle and Ronald Welch. Essays: "Sketches of Country Life," Joyce Paton; "A Lonely Traveller," Anthony Skelton; "Memories of Childhood," Miss Priestman; "The Growth of the English Language," Barbara Sell. Pianoforte Solo, Miss Withers.

,, 28th.—Cricket Match: 1st XI. *v.* Audley End, home, draw, 32 for no wicket *v.* 108 for 6 wickets. J. P. Whitlow, 22, not out. Rain stopped play.

June 1st.—Merit half-holiday.
N.H.S. Excursion to Debden.

„ 2nd.—N.H.S. Mtg. Meteorological Report, Anthony Skelton. Phenological Report, Georgina Baker. Essays: "Littlebury Church," Colin Todd and Roderick McLeod; "June Flowers," Barbara English. Lantern Lecture: "Buildings in Saffron Walden," Mr. Morris.

„ 4th.—Cricket Match: Boys' 1st XI. *v.* Cambridge County School, 2nd XI., away, won, 83—61. F. Cadman, 25. W. Grimes, 5 wkts. for 5.

„ 8th.—Cricket Matches *v.* Newport Grammar School. Boys' 1st XI. *v.* 1st XI., away, lost, 64—135. P. Hammond, 21; G. Fairbrother, 20. 2nd XI. *v.* 2nd XI., home, won, 56—24. J. Greenaway, 22; O. Clayton, 5 wkts. for 10; H. Williams, 5 wkts. for 12.

„ 9th.—Talk on "A Journey round the World," Miss Morland.

„ 11th.—N.H.S. Excursion to Fleam Dyke.

„ 15th.—Cricket Matches *v.* Saffron Walden Grammar School. Boys' 1st XI. *v.* 1st XI., away, lost, 27—97. W. Grimes, 4 wkts for 15.
Boys' 2nd XI. *v.* 2nd XI., home, won, 69—35. H. Frizzell, 20; H. Williams, 6 wkts. for 11.

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SCHOOL MAGAZINES.

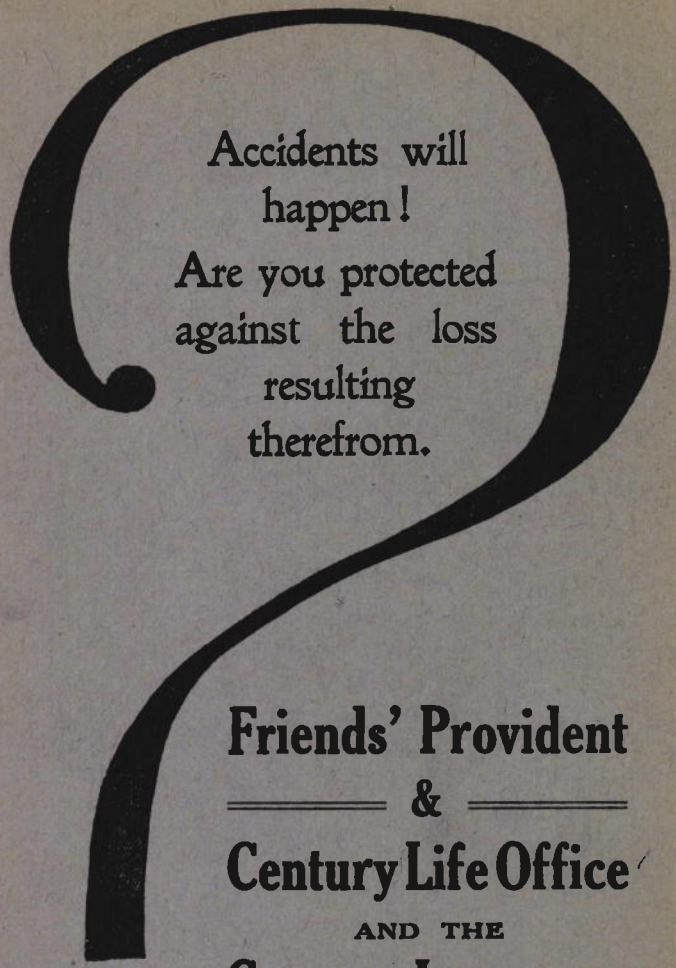
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