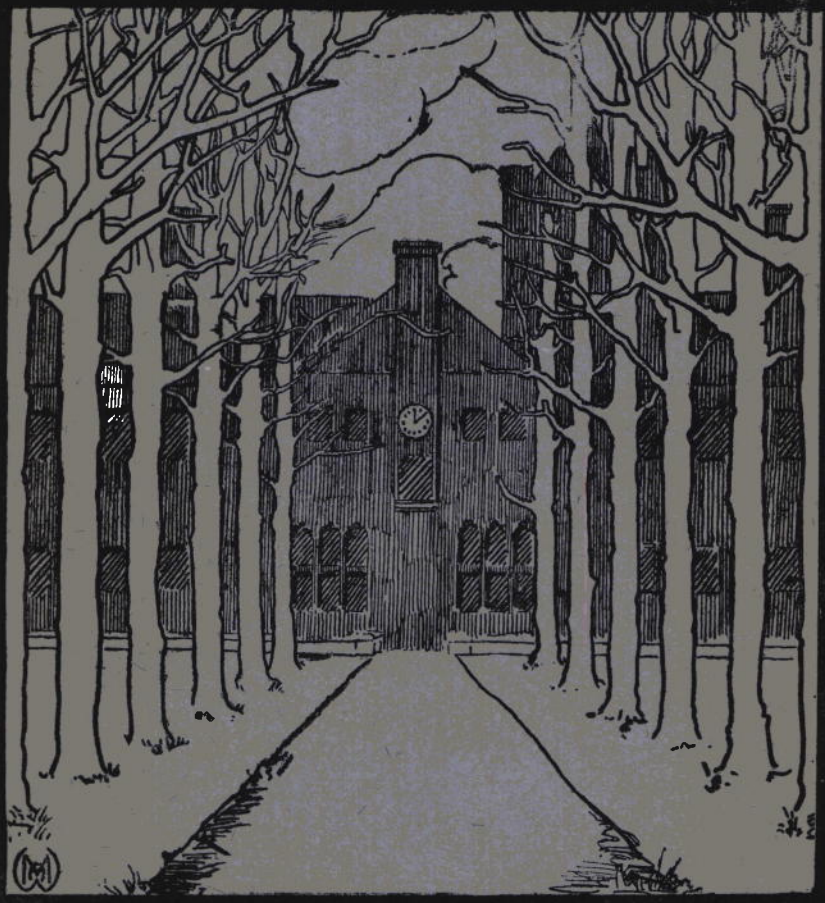
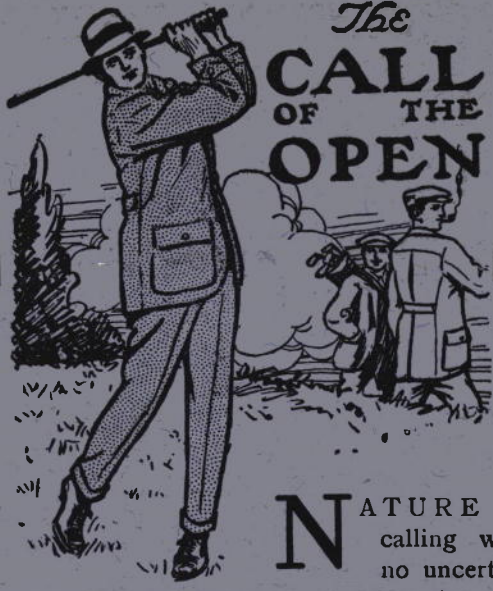
THE AVENUE



MARCH 1921

PER ARDUA AD ALTA



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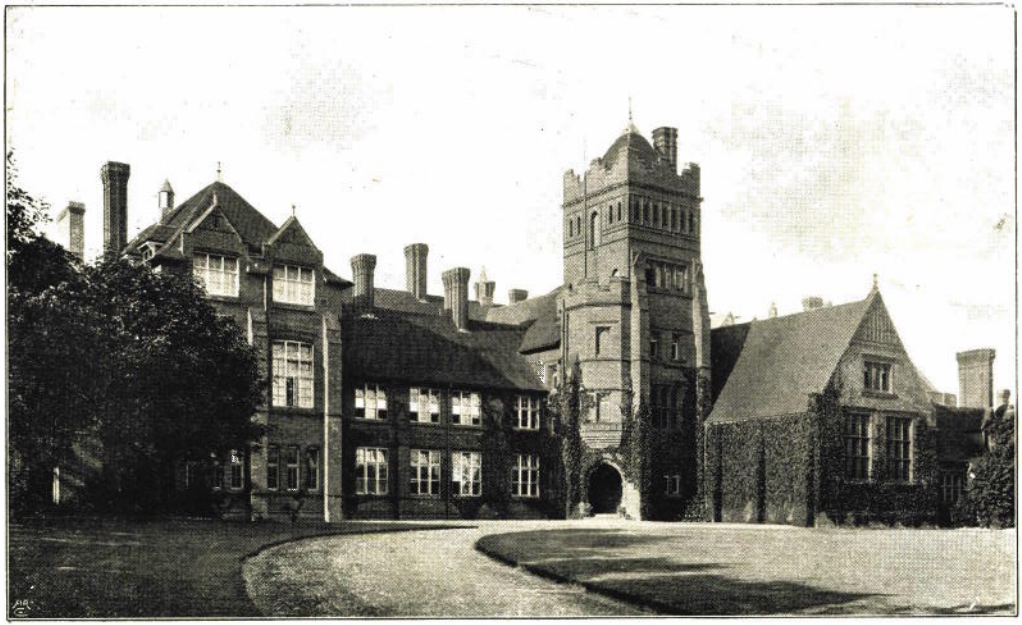
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FRIENDS' SCHOOL, SAFFRON WALDEN.



The Magazine of the Friends' School, Saffron Walden.

VOL. X. MARCH, 1921. No. 34.

FOREWORD.

THE School was inspected by the Board of Education early in November last year. Six Inspectors took part in the work, which extended over several days. The report of the Inspectors is very comprehensive, covering practically all the activities of school life. Our readers will be glad to know that it is very favourable, and that the Board of Education is prepared to recognise the School as efficient, subject to certain further improvements in accommodation and equipment.

The Committee of the School has already carried out some alterations of an important character. The old Boys' Third Form Room on the first floor has been converted into a lavatory with forty-five basins, and the former lavatory, with the addition of the boys' Matron's two rooms, on the ground floor is now the Third Form Room.

The further improvements required include the provision of additional baths for the boys, extended sleeping accommodation for boys and girls, and a lavatory for the girls adjoining the bedrooms on the second floor. It is hoped that these may be undertaken during the present year.

We very much regret losing Mrs. Gitsham at Christmas. As Fourth Form Mistress and as Art Teacher she did valuable work for the School, and her sympathetic and kindly influence will long be remembered by her old pupils. Miss Phyllis M. Dell joined the Staff in January as Art Teacher, and Miss Jones has temporarily undertaken the duties of Fourth Form Mistress. Much sympathy will be felt for Miss Low, who has had to give up her post as Drilling Mistress on account of overstrain.

A notable feature in *The Avenue* in recent issues has been the series of articles on Regional Survey, edited by Mr. Morris. These are to be discontinued for the present, and the Avenue Board invite the opinions of readers as to whether they should be continued at some future time. We take the opportunity of expressing our indebtedness to Mr. Morris and other contributors for much really valuable and distinctive work in this field.

J. E. WALKER.

THE HOUSE COMPETITION, 1920.

ONCE more we have to record the victory of Godlee House as a result of the year's activities. This is the third year in succession that the name appears on the Trophy Board, and Mary Baker, the Girls' Captain for the first two terms, is to be congratulated on her share in the success of the House, as in nearly every department she was well to the front, and laid a good foundation upon which others built. The positions of the other two Houses

are reversed from last year, the results, after adjustment to numbers, being as follows :—

1st	Godlee	275.9
2nd	Crosfield	233.6
3rd	Morland	228.4

The details of the points scored in each section were :—

	Athletics.	Literary.	Scientific.	Manual.	Music, Art, etc.	Class Work.	Conduct.
Godlee	54.5	32.5	7.5	23	36.5	32.5	94.5
Crosfield	40.5	13.5	6	35.5	19.5	23	97
Morland	49	26	9	22.5	18.5	19	86.5

The totals throughout are somewhat larger than last year, though we should like to see the Scientific section, which includes Natural History, increase its proportion. Godlee still keeps its superiority on the Athletic and Literary sides, and Crosfield still leads in General Conduct.

The House picnics were again much enjoyed in the Summer Term. This time Godlee remained at home, and had great fun in various parts of the premises. Crosfield went to the Half-way Farm ; and Morland once more enjoyed the run of Debden Park, where the lake proved the supreme attraction.

J. Penrose Whitlow.

THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE LITERARY SOCIETY.

Agents are these events . . .
to prove the purities,
Or poor oblivions that are our being . . .
. . . From fifty fameless years
In quiet Illinois was sent
A word that still the Atlantic hears
And Lincoln was the lord of his event."

THESE words call back to our minds the night of November 20th, when we learnt more of the man who was "lord of his event." For weeks previously preparations

had been going forward for the presentation of Drinkwater's play; many of the staff and scholars had been busy with rehearsals, while Mr. Beer had been working hard, making all the screens and scenery. The play was to be performed at "Grand Lit," and consequently a large number of Old Scholars and friends were invited, as well as the whole School. The dining hall was packed with an eager audience, and at seven o'clock the play commenced with the scene in Lincoln's home in Illinois, when two of his friends sit talking about his being elected for the Presidency. Mrs. Lincoln enters and joins the conversation; she is a sharp-tongued woman, but in spite of her shortcomings she is a help to Lincoln in the troublous times ahead. After some time the central character of the play, Abraham Lincoln, enters with his old top hat full of papers, and his gaunt figure. One might have thought easily that it really was old "Abraham" himself who entered the room, instead of Mr. Beer, for his face was marked with deep lines which were a prominent feature in Lincoln's rugged face.

From the beginning of the play we were interested not so much in the story as in watching the workings of a great mind, saddened by the sorrows of his country, but hopeful and kindly through all the troubles which aged and wearied him. He is asked to be President and he accepts, feeling that he is the only one who can carry his country through the approaching crisis; he knows it will be difficult, but he sees his way and follows it.

A year goes by. Here contemplate

> A heart undaunted to possess
> Itself among the glooms of fate;
> In vision and in loneliness.

All through the play, between the acts, Mr. Whitlow recited the poems of the chroniclers; it is needless to say that they were a feature of the play.

Lincoln struggles on, meeting with jealousy among his cabinet, and carrying the weight of a sad war on his shoulders. One of the scenes which shows his kindliness of heart and ready

sympathy is the one in which Mrs. Otherly and Mrs. Goliath Blow call on him. Many of us saw in Mrs. Blow a character with whom we became familiar in the last war, the profiteer's wife, with her talk about "sacrifices." Mrs. Blow certainly had no sympathy from her audience, while Mrs. Otherly, the sweet, sad, pacifist lady, moved the hearts of all. She has lost her son, and begs Lincoln to stop the war; but he, while showing great sympathy, explains that he cannot stop it. He shows no sympathy with Mrs. Blow, but gives her some straight advice.

At last the great hope of Lincoln's life is realised. The war ends and the South is subdued. He meets Grant, the Northern general, just before Lee surrenders, and Grant says: "I succeeded because you believed in me."

In this act comes one of the finest scenes of the whole play, and words are inadequate to describe the acting of this one part where Lincoln pardons William Scott. The feelings of those who witnessed the scene give far more praise than mere words.

Victory has come, but with it comes Death, for Lincoln, while at the theatre, is shot by a fanatic.

Whitman's poem, "O Captain, My Captain," ended the finest entertainment ever performed in this school. We learnt history and this :—

> We are such stuff
> As dreams are made of, and our little life
> Is rounded with a sleep.

Edna Ellis
(Sixth Form).

TWO POEMS.

THE VILLAGE.

THE big old house; a shop or two;
A station, painted bright and new;
Clumps of houses here and there;
A pump which all the neighbours share.
The pond, where horses stoop to drink
And stir the mud to let it sink;
A church, aloof on a little hill,
Surrounded by the grave-yard still—
And then the road, which winds away
To fields where children make the hay;
Or on and beyond to the grimy town,
Where tall, dark chimneys glower and frown.

A WET NIGHT.

NO moon was in the sky that night,
The stars had disappeared from sight;
The rain which had silently fallen all day,
Was still coming down in the same old way.
Drip, drip, drip—the same everlasting tune
That it had sung to the sun, it now sang to the moon;
Drip, drip, drip, as the drops fell to the ground,
Drip, drip, drip, in the same continuous sound.
The wind was silent in the trees,
And nothing was stirred by the slightest breeze;
Everything in the world gave way
To that drizzling rain which had fallen all day.

Dorothea M. Halford
(*Lower Fifth Form*).

THE OLD SCHOLARS' LECTURE SCHOOL.

ABOUT fifty Old Scholars had the privilege of attending a Week-end Lecture School at Saffron Walden, from February 19th to the 21st. This is the third time such a series has been arranged, and those of us who have been lucky enough to have attended all three, will not hesitate to say that this year's was as good, and certainly as interesting, as any before.

The subject matter for the week-end was " Modern Tendencies in Literature and Art "—Francis Birrell, B.A. dealt with the literary side of the subject, and R. A. Duncan, A.R.I.B.A., with the art side.

On Saturday morning the first lecture was given by Mr. Birrell, who showed us that our modern tendencies to avoid truth and to present life only from its romantic and picturesque side, have been brought about by the Romantic Movement and the democratisation of literature. He instanced Sir Walter Scott as having contributed most largely to the lowering of our standard, in that he introduced the hero, heroine and villain types into literature, and so degraded our taste. Some of us who are Dickens-lovers were not a little disturbed to hear Mr. Birrell's criticism of our favourite author's work—as being full of hideous faults and dangerously decadent, and comparing very badly with the works of Dostoievsky and Flaubert.

In the evening Mr. Birrell finished his lectures by reading us " The Leaden Echo " and " The Golden Echo," by Gerald Manley Hopkins, and " The Daniel Jazz," by Yackell Lindsey, as examples of the works of our most hopeful modern authors.

Mr. Duncan, who illustrated his lectures with beautiful slides, gave us a summary of the history of architectural development, which, though concise, was extremely interesting. He showed us how this is based on three attitudes of mind : (i.) the idealistic ; (ii.) the realistic ; (iii.) the mystic. The first is represented by the Greek form, the second by the Roman and the third by the Mediæval.

Mr. Duncan showed us pictures of the restoration of beautiful ancient buildings and compared them with our modern slums and villas. He emphasised the fact that after the Renaissance the growth of the personal idea instead of the communal led to a selfish spirit, and to the disintegration of art. We were made to realise how terribly decadent is our modern taste, and how over-decorated are our houses, our dress, and even our gas-stoves, and how we must return to simplicity of colour and form.

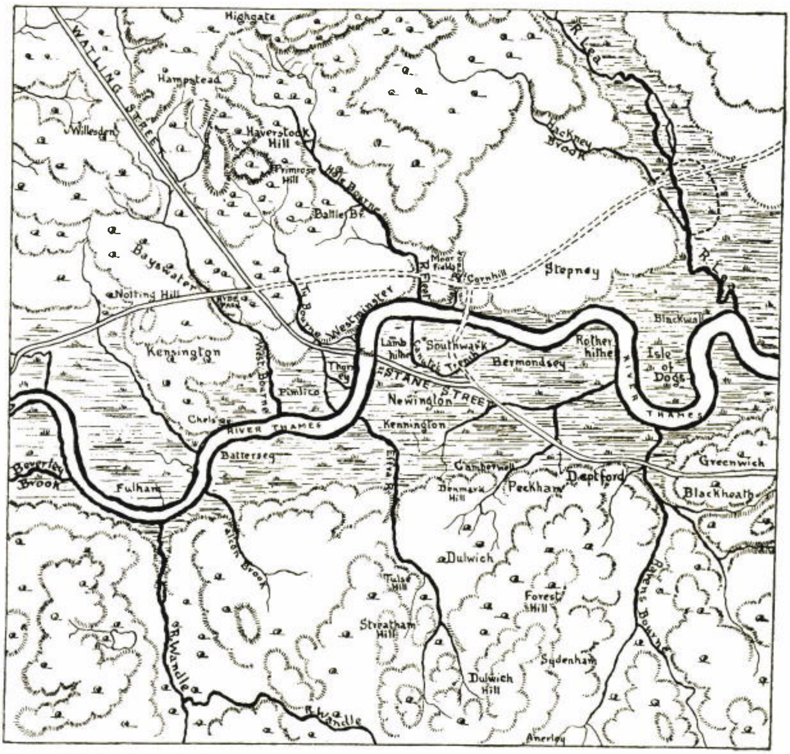
What I have said about the lectures is very scrappy and inadequate, and gives no real conception of the thoroughly enjoyable lectures and discussions to which we listened.

It was not all work during the week-end, for we had the usual football and hockey matches, both of which the Old Scholars lost—the former by 3–1, and the latter by 6–2. Concerts also formed a very important part of our programme, and we heard many new items as well as some of our old favourites.

In conclusion I should just like to say again how much we enjoyed this week-end, and how delightful it is to be made so welcome by everyone at the School.

AN OLD SCHOLAR.





Scale: 3 miles to an inch.

"LONDON BEFORE THE HOUSES."

(By kind permission of Messrs. Edward Stanford, Ltd., and Messrs. Meiklejohn & Son, Ltd.)

THE SITE OF LONDON.

THOSE who care to study Natural History may find their interest at South Kensington, and those who study Egyptology may choose to frequent the British Museum; but for those whose interest is the study of London, the best Museum is the great City itself. As one goes about the City the maze of streets and buildings seem all to tell the story of the past, and each exhibit is carefully labelled, thus:

LONDON WALL. BLACKFRIARS.

What a wealth there is behind such street name-plates!

Let us picture to ourselves the site upon which the City is built, and we shall see how often street names tell the history of the site they occupy. Amid thick forests meanders the river Thames, not confined to its bed as it is now, but flowing over a large area which it has reduced to a swamp. On the North are two ranges of hills. Near the river is a very low range which survives in Notting Hill, where the children of the mediæval City went a-nutting, and which slopes down to Cornhill, where it is little more than thirty feet high, and so loses itself towards the marshes of the Lea. A few miles behind lie Primrose Hill and the hills of Highgate and Hampstead.

Between these and beyond lay Middlesex Forest, parts of which remain at Epping and Hainault, and through this forest several small rivers flowed into the Thames. The furthest West of these was the Westbourne, which, rising at Hampstead, flowed towards the Thames, making a swamp in a hollow at Bayswater, filling (until recently) the Serpentine, running under the road at Knightsbridge, and now reaching the Thames through a sewer. Rising near it was the Tybourne, which leaves its name in Tyburn Tree, near the Marble Arch; in Mary-le-bo(ur)ne, and in Brook Street; and which is responsible for the depression in Piccadilly and the hollow in

the Green Park to-day, and which until lately supplied the water for the ornamental lakes in Buckingham Palace Grounds. Another bourne or river, which rose at Highgate, was the Holebourne, the "bourne in the hollow," so called as its banks were steep and high, and which became navigable at King's Cross. At King's Cross it now flows under Farringdon Street, in a sewer which I once explored and found to be the size of a London "Tube." At Holborn Viaduct—it is easy to imagine a river flowing under as you stand on the viaduct—it was called the Fleet (from the Anglo-Saxon Fleot, an estuary). Ship Court and Seacoal Lane are suggestive names in the neighbourhood. Smaller, but of the greatest importance, was the Wallbrook, which, rising in the low ground North of the City, flowed right through the centre and out at Dowgate. The obstruction of its course by the wall was responsible for the flooding of the country outside the wall and the formation of fens at Finsbury, and of moor ground at Moorfields and Moorgate. On the banks of the Wallbrook the first settlements were made; the British on the west and the Romans on the east.

On the South side of the Thames is a long range of hills, Streatham Hill, Denmark Hill, and others, which produce the rivers Wandle, Ravensbourne and Effra. In the swamp between the hills of the north and of the south, were to be found islands or raised places which were the sites of early settlements. These may be distinguished by the termination "ea" or "ey," as in Chelsea, Bermondsey, Hackney, Putney and other places.

The main settlement of London was first made as I have said, on the bank of the Wallbrook, and here the Britons fortified themselves in their rough stockade and called their settlement, "Llyndin"—the lake fort on an island. Hunting was no doubt the main support of life, and there were beavers to be trapped in Beverley Brook, the fishing was good, and flocks could be grazed on Holborn Hill.

The Romans in A.D. 43 made their camp on the east of the Wallbrook and latinized the name into Londinium, though for a time they called the settlement Augusta. The citadel or nucleus of the town was built on the high ground between Cannon Street and Eastcheap; you may see the dip of the Wallbrook and this rise beyond as you come down Cannon Street on the top of a 'bus. The citadel contained the barracks, the Court and the residences of the Governor and others, outside which grew up a larger settlement, which was enclosed by the Roman Wall at an uncertain date.

The course of the wall may easily be traced by place names, and it will surprise many to know that fragments of the wall may still be seen in nine places. There was probably for some time a wall along the river bank, but not for very long, as it was soon broken down, owing to the need to get to the river, and never rebuilt. The Tower, built later than the wall, marks the Eastern end of the City. From here the wall runs Northward to the West of the Minories, named from the Abbey of St. Clare, or the "Sorores Minores," to Aldgate, which stood between Duke Street and Houndsditch. Houndsditch marks the course of the ditch outside the wall and leads to Bishopsgate, probably built by the Bishop of London, who took a toll here. On either side of the gate Camomile Street, and Wormwood Street conjure up pictures of the wall and the waste land outside it overgrown with weeds and herbs.

To Moorgate the wall runs along the street named after it until it comes to the churchyard of St. Giles, Cripplegate, where the turning bastion may be seen, taking the wall south to Aldersgate. Underneath the circulating yard of the General Post Office is another turning bastion in a fine state of preservation. Newgate, in spite of its name, is one of the oldest gates of the City, and from here the wall proceeded South by the Old Bailey (? ballium—an open space outside a wall), crossing Ludgate Hill half-way down the hill from St. Paul's.

When the City outgrew the wall thus marked out by the Romans, it did so along the main roads, and the areas so populated were marked out as the Liberties or Suburbs included within the City. Bars or chains were thrown across the road at night at these points, and the boundary of the City of London still remains at these bars. Temple Bar was the only bar which was actually a gate. On its removal in 1878 it was rebuilt in Hertfordshire, where it remains. The other bars were at Whitechapel, Norton Tolgate, Smithfield, Aldgersate and Holborn.

Within the city ran two main roads, the road East to West from Aldgate to Newgate, and the road North to South from Bishopsgate to the Bridge. There were two chief Markets, the Eastcheap on the East, and Cheapside on the West. Marketing was done at stalls set up each day by the inhabitants of the neighbouring houses. Each group of salesmen congregated together in one area, and as you go along Cheapside to-day you will notice how the streets commemorate the stalls which stood near them. Thus we have Poultry, Bread Street, Milk Street, Ironmonger Lane and Wood Street, all close together in Cheapside, while near by are Trump Street, Fish Street and Leadenhall, a corruption of Leather Hall.

If you find the London of to-day uninteresting, though you should not,—try the experiment of living in it in the past. Remove the modern buildings and the asphalt streets, and rebuild the Elizabethan houses with the prentices outside crying their wares. As you pass St. Andrew Undershaft you will see again the Maypole from which it gets its name; St. Clement Dane's Church will remind you of oranges and lemons, and you will see the annual presentation of oranges in the adjacent Clifford's Inn. As you go through Austin Friars you will be in the old buildings of the Augustine Friars, and the Dutch Church will again be their own, and you will see in it the Friars at their devotions. Crowds are listening to an orator at St. Paul's Cross, and boys are rowing down the

Fleet River, tilting at poles stuck up in the river bed. But beware, for once you let yourself commence this study it will never let you leave it again!

HOWARD DIAMOND (1908-15).

THE CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENT.

EVERYONE in the boys' playroom was excited, and indeed they had cause to be, as most of those present had heard Mr. Whitlow's previous literary work, "Alfred and the Cakes"; therefore as they knew another such production was to be acted, and not only this, but also that Mr. Beer, Miss Bird, Mr. Pumphrey, and Mr. Whitlow were to participate in the operetta, the atmosphere was almost electric.

When we eventually filed into the Lecture Room, we were treated first to a series of items, which were excellent in every way. These filled up the first half, and were much enjoyed, perhaps especially the vocal duet by Barbara English and Sylvia Joy, and a recitation by Hermie Yardley and Rosamond Ashby.

Then came the event which the expectant throng was awaiting; mouths agape, eyes open wide, they devoured the writing on the blackboard placed on the bookshelf, which read as follows: "Scene I. A Romantic Pass in Switzerland; Somewhere out in the Cold."

To my surprise the gentleman on my right shivered. If it had been a desert scene in the tropics I could have mopped my brow with anyone, but to imagine it was cold in a real Lecture Room atmosphere was beyond me. I was awaked from my reverie by a burst of song; the play had begun. The chorus (perhaps not exactly a beauty chorus, but still not bad-looking) were informing us that they had "come here from Switzerland," for the purpose of laying Gessler low. When the song ended Furst appeared, last of the band. A short discussion as to the

lateness of "Bill Tell" ensued, then, heralded by much laughter from the audience, and a song of welcome from the Swiss, William Tell (Mr. Beer) appeared, accompanied by his wife and son. Tell's hat was not orthodox—did I hear someone say *Daily Mail?*—well, it was nothing to do with that journal, but was a bowler of hoary antiquity, with two feathers in it, one at the stem and one at the stern. Hedwig, ably played by Miss Bird, was in Swiss peasant costume, and Walter (Gordon Baines) looked like a boy-scout with his football things on, except for his hat, which was of the orthodox Scout brand, decorated with feathers. In the dialogue which followed, the family skeleton was discussed, also the lack of brains on the part of Tell, who was insulted, and looked it. The song which followed was undoubtedly the most popular number; it was sung by Tell, and described in full his grievance against Gessler, and though the words were humorous in themselves, perhaps the singer amused the audience most. In the remaining portion of the scene the peasants announced their intention of going to Altdorf; a song by Hedwig, "Because," giving reasons why Tell should not go, was appreciated by the audience, though it had no effect on Tell, and after his departure it was left to Walter to "cheer up" his mother, and when the scene closed everyone was saying "If it goes on like this we don't want it to stop till morning."

Altdorf market place was the seat of the next scene. P.C. Ai (Mr. Pumphrey) was discovered singing a pathetic ditty to the tune of "Where my Caravan has rested," in which he expressed a wish to know why housemaids did not favour him with pies! Gessler entered, in the person of Mr. Whitlow, in a costume of scarlet and black; my friend on the left remarked "I thought the Kaiser was in Holland." He immediately burst into song, stating that anyone who followed Tell would be jumped on with both feet, and that to test the loyalty of his subjects he would place his hat on a pole, to which all must bow. He then left, and P.C. Ai sang a popular

number, "Heigh-ho! bow to the hat!" Immediately they all did so, except Furst, who was again last, and had to be forced. Tell entered, refused to bow, engaged in a tuneful argument with P.C. A1, and a really fine scrap ensued, after which Tell was arrested. After his departure Hedwig and Walter entered, and Furst broke the news gently, like a gentleman, in a song of four verses with a lengthy chorus. Hedwig lamented her little grey home in the west, but Walter again instilled hope in his mother, and thus the scene was closed.

In the final scene the plot was laid in Gessler's castle. At the start Gessler gave reasons why he ruled with an iron hand, in a song which, I am afraid, brought unpleasant memories to some of the audience. Tell was brought in, and explained that all was peaceful "Until" Gessler came. A great shout was heard without; the Swiss entered with Hedwig and Walter, and the heroine implored Gessler for mercy. Walter then had all his worldly belongings removed, which included an apple. Though the whole caste seemed desirous of obtaining the goods, Gessler claimed them all. The apple provided the great archery scene; it was duly pierced to the core; and on the refusal of Gessler to liberate Tell, the peasants attacked the guards and Gessler, and the Austrians were defeated and slain. Tell was then elected President. "His first great act of kindness is to pardon all the slain. So will all you fallen Austrians get on your feet again." So peace was restored, and all ended happily.

The clapping and cheers which resounded in the Lecture Hall were well deserved. The acting of all was splendid; Mr. Beer was, as usual, prominent, as were Mr. Whitlow, Mr. Pumphrey and Baines. The training of chorus and soloists by Miss Bird deserves special mention. The operetta itself was quite a masterpiece; the songs, dialogue and puns were all good. Indeed, quite the goods all together.

Crispus R. Cottis
(Lower Fifth Form).

ICKLETON CHURCH.

THE church is situated in front of a rise of about fifty feet. It is difficult to account for the existence of this circular mound-like hill of gravel in the middle of the village. It has been suggested that it was once a fortified monastery or abbey.

From the outside of the church we can gather that it consists of nave, chancel, north and south aisles and a south transept chapel. There are traces of there once having been a north and south transept; these traces lie in marks, on the north and south sides of the tower, of a once existent high-pitched roof either of the Early English or Decorated period. This shows us that the church was cruciform in construction.

The tower has an octagonal fluted spire on it. Near the top of this spire is an old sanctus bell, that was, from the Reformation up to a few years back, silent, but is now attached to the mechanism of the clock, so that the hours are now struck on it. Just beneath the spire are arranged eight heads around the tower; these are probably of the Decorated period. The belfry windows are also decorated. Just below the heads on the south and east sides are black crosses of dressed flint. These are probably consecration crosses. A great deal of Roman brick was used in the tower, especially for strengthening the putlock holes. The tower is of Norman origin; the ashlar and corners are made of Barnac stone.

From the west end of the church it can be seen that an addition of about twelve feet has been made to the south aisle; this was done in either Decorated or Early Perpendicular times.

On the north wall of the chancel is a curious panel; this may signify the existence of a chancel chapel, but in the records we have there is no mention made of such a chapel ever being built.

Behind the present porch can be seen an old drip-stone which is probably the remains of an older porch of the Early English or Norman style.

The west door is an original piece of Norman architecture, with a semi-circular arch and round, irregular mouldings.

The arcading of the church is typically Norman ; it consists of four semi-circular arches on each side, supported by monolithic columns, which are rather irregular in their size, and point to Roman origin. The arches are not moulded in any way, and their only form of decoration is a border of fresco work in several colours. The capitals are of the cushion type, and there is a trace of fresco work on them also.

There are four clerestory windows on both the north and south sides of the nave. The four on the north side are circular, while those on the south are pointed. Underneath these are the original Norman windows, which, since the church was raised, open into the aisles. Those on the south side are open, while those on the north are blocked. The splays of two of these lower windows are frescoed. The one to the east depicts the Virgin and the Almighty. The next one to it depicts the four evangelists on one side, and on the other what is probably meant to represent David playing to Saul.

The west door has a perpendicular arch built over it, but the original Norman corbels remain on either side.

The Norman tower-arch was destroyed when the church was raised, and a pointed arch of the Decorated period put in its place ; the original Norman pillars remain.

The west window gives us a fine specimen of the Burne-Jones glass, with all its brilliant colouring.

The only other interesting feature of the nave is the octagonal font of Norman origin. It is covered by a painted oak cover.

The south aisle, as already mentioned, was widened in Perpendicular times. It is separated from the south chapel by a wide five-centred arch. On some of the columns at the east end of the south aisle is a trace of fresco work. The west window is a decorated window of two lights. The roof of the south aisle seems to tilt inwards. This may be to give as much height as possible to the south windows.

The roof is of plaster on the inside, supported by oak beams with corbel heads of rather a peculiar character. They are thought to have been carved by villagers and local people, and that the figures are caricatures of local people. Among others are the heads of four different angels with scrolls, and one of a fat man with a cloven tongue. It has been thought that this was supposed to represent a liar.

Under the east window of the south aisle is a canopied recess. This probably was a tomb.

The South door leads into the porch. This door is made of oak, studded with nails and strengthened by a lattice work of the same wood on the inside.

The porch is of a very ordinary character. It has a vaulted roof with bosses and corbel heads. There are two perpendicular windows, one in each wall, facing east and west.

The south transept may be put down as rather later than the rest of the church. It has one window to the south, of four lights. In the south-east corner is a niche for an image, but there is no image there. It has an ogee arch with a small head at each end of it. The transept roof is made of oak, but it is quite modern.

The north aisle is very much narrower than the south aisle. In some of its windows is some original glass that has been left unbroken. The windows to the east of the aisle are quite modern as compared with the rest of the church.

The north door is immediately opposite the south door, and is of exactly the same construction, but it is now blocked up and can no longer be used. At the east end of the north aisle is a curious corbel head in the middle of the wall, about ten or twelve feet from the ground. This isolated corbel head has not yet been satisfactorily explained.

The rood screen, which divides the church, is of the Perpendicular period. It is coloured in several different colours; these probably have been restored, but they can be taken to represent as nearly as possible the original colouring of the

screen. The four evangelists, with their respective signs, are depicted on four of the panels; there are also the letters "I.H.S." and "M.M." on two other panels.

The chancel is typically Perpendicular. There is, in the north wall, a panel which may have been intended for a vestry door, but as far as is known, there has been no vestry on the north of the chancel at all; the door, however, is not there, but merely the panel for one. In the sanctuary is a sedilia with the seats, also a piscina of a rather fine character. In the south wall of the chancel is a squint, or leper window. These windows, which occur in a number of churches about the country, although much discussed, have never been satisfactorily explained.

The pews in the church are some of the oldest in the country. There are some very curious designs on them which are the same as those on the oak beams of the south aisle. This is fairly good evidence that they are of the same age. These designs are made up of letters of some foreign alphabet, but as far as is known, these letters have no meaning, but are simply freaks of the workmen who carved them. Some of the pew-heads are most beautifully carved with such figures as an angel weighing a soul in the balances, and a two-headed dragon.

Kenneth Jeffrey
(*Upper Fifth Form*).

THE CHILD.

THE two chief things that I should aim at in the bringing up of the child would be learning by experience and self-government. But of course these, carried to too great an extent, would not only be foolish, but decidedly harmful. For instance, a child, who has to learn by experience, and who knew little or nothing of the dangers of the fire, might be attracted by the warmth and darting colour of it, and run to

play with the darting flames, only to be badly burnt. It is true that, by this experience, the child would know in future not to go near the flames, but the experience would always be one of fear and dread, which is certainly not the best way of teaching the child. As to the self-government, this would be almost impracticable at first, but when the child has become independent enough to dress and feed itself, hints and suggestions of self-government may be given. If this is done in the right way, you may find at tea one day that the child is going without jam. Naturally you ask, " Why ? " Then the child may answer, " Oh, you see, I pulled the cat's tail," or some such little thing. Small incidents like this, I think, are the elements of self-government in the child.

The little people should be left alone a good bit in their games, which are all the better for being original, but when a lapse is apparent, a few suggestions would be helpful, for one of the worst things possible for people is when they are in the mood of " nothing to do "—work or play. Then children must not always play, and *vice versa*. Sometimes they may help cook, help on the farm, etc., and though they more often hinder than help, they should not be told so, if possible, because it will probably destroy the good-will to help in later years.

I often think that one of the greatest trials of some grown-ups is to enter into a child's game. Often at children's parties you see them manfully bearing up in the fall of " Ring a ring of roses," or dubiously crawling out of the circle in " Frog in the middle and can't get out." I sincerely pity these people. Of course these games are for very little children, but as they get older you can join in their games with much more interest and even enjoyment. They begin to learn how to play cricket and football, but these games need a good many players to be really enjoyable, and it makes a real change to play at something more original. For instance, Red Indians, in old tablecloths and discarded fineries, with painted faces and feathered heads, will have a strong attraction for the majority of children. A

little tent may perhaps be rigged up out of old sheets, and, in the security of the orchard, a few parents may allow a little fire to be made on which the kettle may be boiled, and blackberries gathered to make sugarless jam for the chickens.

Then you may imagine a small portion of the garden to be a desert island, or a coral reef, and the children and yourself to be ship-wrecked sailors. In this way you can act the stories that the children have had read to them. Thus their imagination develops, and they are able to picture the people and realise the scenes, with a result that they enjoy books ever so much more.

But the children cannot always continue in this wild fashion. In the winter evenings they are necessarily confined to the house. Then, if a grown-up is free, they can be read to. Any child will sit on a hassock by the fire for hours and listen to stories of fairy princes and princesses, fiery dragons, wrinkled dwarfs, goblins and gnomes, if they are told or read in an interesting way. Then, when they get a little older, and their thinking powers are more developed, they may be taught ludo, draughts, chess and such games. Many people have found that drawing is often the chief delight of children. Before they can speak, sometimes, they love to have a pencil and scrawl on paper as they see the grown-ups doing. Then funny, spider-looking creatures appear on the paper—a dot for the head and strokes for the body, arms and legs, meant perhaps to represent human beings playing football, or some such lively action. A favourite drawing is a "man-of-war" on the ocean, with a whole battalion of spiders patrolling the decks.

In the rainy afternoons the child may write letters to aunts and uncles and friends. They need not be long ones, as of course these will be a burden to the young writer, but a few words which the child can make out from the newly-learnt alphabet. The reader will find them ten times more interesting if his little nephew has drawn the rabbits in the cage, the cat with her kittens, Billy pulling turnips for dinner, or the new baby

sister in the pram. Although the uncle may hardly distinguish what the drawings are meant to represent, he will be profoundly interested, especially if there is one of himself! The letter is so different from the large numbers of dry business letters which he receives, that he finds it a welcome change, laughs over it with his clerks, and sits down at once to try and compose a similar letter to his little nephew. Peter, most likely, has been told that his uncle is in a big office and has all his letters printed, and great is his disappointment when he finds he hasn't got a printed letter from uncle!

As soon as they can speak, children should learn rhymes, and later to act little plays. This develops their memory, and to a certain degree conquers shyness, one of the terrible trials of childhood.

Some children do not go and hide in a corner when they are shy, but their shyness takes a form of showing off, which certainly is extremely difficult to cure. Parents say, "But, Willy, what would you say if I was to stand on my head on the drawing room floor, and roll in the chairs as you do, when people come to tea?" Willy says nothing, simply because he cannot possibly imagine his mother on her head on the floor. But if the parents, who take a real interest in their children, were to illustrate their remonstrances, surely they would have better results. For example, supposing the parents arranged beforehand with a friend to come and call, that they might demonstrate to Willy the absurdities of showing off when he is shy. When the friend calls, the father should immediately turn a somersault on the sofa, and mother try to stand on her head in the floor. The friend, of course, must look very surprised, and not laugh on any account, or Willy will take it all as a huge joke. Then Willy, who has always seen his parents behave so beautifully to visitors, will be shocked at their behaviour, and frightened at the surprise of the visitor, and never think of showing off again in their presence.

Many people are at a loss to know what kind of punishment to give their children, for of course every child should be justly punished for the numerous little wrongs which it inevitably commits. Some parents are in the habit of sending their children to bed or putting them into a room by themselves to think over their sins. I think that this is quite the wrong thing to do, for when a child is put into solitary confinement, all that it naturally does is to nurse its wrongs and harbour thoughts of revenge. When you tell the child that it may get up and go (after it has spent some time in bed) does it look happy and good again ? No, it usually sulks out of the room, like a dog with its tail between its legs. Now, if, when the child did one of those numerous little mischievous wrongs, it was set *to do something* instead of *doing nothing*, few or no thoughts of revenge would come. For instance, the little boy could go and help clean the boots for ten minutes, or the little girl water the ferns and dust the schoolroom.

At quite an early age children should begin to learn simply of money matters. Perhaps they might be allowed threepence a week pocket money to spend just as they like. Some might save it up to buy bigger things later on, and some might spend it as soon as they get it. They should exercise self-government here. Then as they get older, and begin to go to school, their pocket money could be increased, according to their needs. At Christmas and birthday times a little more perhaps could be given to them with which to buy presents for the members of the household, for generosity should always be encouraged. The children should, too, be sent on shopping expeditions as soon as they realise that there are twelve pennies in a shilling ; not with the exact money, but with a few coppers too many, that they may learn to bring back exact change. They should go short train journeys, and get their own tickets, and find out where to change, so that someone need not *take* the child everywhere it has to go. Then, in cases of energency they do not get lost and do hundreds of other silly things, but they

go up to the station-master and enquire their way in a sensible fashion.

One of the best principles to observe with children is "early to bed, early to rise," and if this is rigorously kept, with no "five minutes" extra now and then, when the children plead, as they always do, they will usually go to bed without much murmur. Bedtime should never be later than seven o'clock, right up to the time when they go to boarding school. In the summer the children can read their books and write their stories in bed for a time, trusting to their own self-government to put down their books or writing when they get tired or when it gets too dark.

Eileen Cousins
(Upper Fifth Form).

THE OLD SCHOLARS' SOCIAL.

JANUARY 8th was the evening of our Old Scholars' Social. This year it was held at the Central Hall, Westminster, instead of at Devonshire House, and by seven o'clock a record number of over two hundred guests had assembled in the Library.

The programme was slightly altered this time, for instead of the usual social tea, followed by a concert, the evening took the form of a party, in which games and concert items were intermixed.

On first entering the hall, each guest had the name of a celebrity pinned on his back, which he endeavoured to guess by asking questions. Some of the names, however, were practically unguessable.

Games and musical items followed. One of the former consisted in discoursing for a few minutes on such edifying subjects as c-(C)-abbages!



Mrs. GITSHAM
(*née* Louie Wilkinson).
1917-1920.

Then came, for some people, the most enjoyable event of the evening, namely Supper!! The ladies sat down, while the gentlemen offered sandwiches and cakes to their fair companions.

Directly after the refreshments six unfortunate people in the room were called upon to make impromptu speeches. They all succeeded in filling the appointed time—two minutes—and we hope that all the gentlemen present profited by Susie Hall's words—"Chivalry is dead!"

The rest of the evening was devoted to an entertainment, in which Miss Bird, Jack Carrodus, and Messrs. Beer and Whitlow were the shining lights.

At ten o'clock we formed one enormous ring right round the hall, and all joined lustily in "Auld Lang Syne." Then, of course the usual cheers and adieus, and our evening was over, though not soon to be forgotten.

Sylvia E. Joy and *Edna M. Thompson*
(*Upper Fifth Form*).

A RURAL SCENE.

The wanderer's eye could hardly view
The summer heaven's delicious blue;
So wondrous wild the whole might seem
The scenery of a fairy dream.

. . . . .

The wild-rose, eglantine and broom,
Wasted around their rich perfume;
The birch trees swept in fragrant balm,
The aspens slept beneath the calm:
The silvery light, with quivering glance
Played on the water's still expanse.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE tranquillity and solitude of the country has inspired many poets to dedicate odes and sonnets in its favour. So greatly does its beauty affect some human beings, that they can only stand and regard it with speechless admiration. So must the Trossachs of Scotland have affected Sir Walter Scott

to produce such fine descriptive poetry as is found in " The Lady of the Lake," from which I have quoted above.

The sun appeared behind Ben Voirlich and had hardly had time to bathe the land in its warm wave, when the cock's shrill clarion announced from the neighbouring farmyard the beginning of a new day. On the eastern side of Ben Voirlich Loch Katrine, in all her glory, lay calm and still with the sun's rays playing upon her glassy surface, making it flash like a mirror, and all around for miles stretched the beautiful world-famed country, the haunt of many tourists, the " Trossachs." Standing on the shore of Loch Katrine and looking North one sees Ben More stretching his proud summit into the glorious blue. To the south-west, reared out of the enveloping mist, Ben Lomond appears and just beyond, out of sight, is that famous lake, the largest of the Scottish lakes, Loch Lomond, famous in connection with the song.

Away from Loch Katrine is a little wood, so dense that in some places the sun is unable to penetrate, thus affording a cool shelter from the heat of the summer sun to the weary traveller. This cool retreat is full of Nature's wildest produce, the dainty violet, filling the air with its delicious fragrance, can be found here and there ; the tall, rugged oaks " Whose boughs are mossed with age, and the high tops bald with dry antiquity," as Shakespeare splendidly describes them, can be seen in some parts forming a long avenue, whose floor is covered with many dainty yellow flowers, varied time after time by the appearance of the violets. Other trees such as the willow and the birch spread their protecting boughs all around, forming, as it seems, a canopy for the fragile flowers of the wood. Deeper into the interior of the wood a lazy brook tumbles over small rocks on its course to Loch Katrine.

While meditating by this brook one sometimes hears a patter of little feet, sees a flash of white, and a little rabbit disappears into the thicket. Stand still and listen ! Everything is still ; but for the low of the cattle, the merry twitter

of the birds, and an occasional sigh of the wind in the branches, no one would think that mankind had ever penetrated this secluded spot. Leaving the wood one views the glen with its green fields in which graze the domestic animals, the sheep with their lambs, the cows and the horses.

Looking down the glen one sees the crofter hard at work in the fields, while at the farm house, the housewife, as busy as the honey-bee, hurrying about attending to her household duties with the older children helping her, and the young ones enjoying themselves in the fields.

The shades of night are falling fast, the sun sinks to rest again behind Ben Voirlich after its daily toil; all animals seek their heathery couches, and soon the whole countryside is in a sleep of innocence. So works Nature, providing for all creatures a time for work and a time for rest.

COLIN B. TOCHER
(1916-1919).

THE "MISSIONARY HELPERS' UNION" SALE.

OUR Biennial M.H.U. sale was held near the end of last term, on Saturday, December 18th. During the two preceding years the branches had been very busy in making articles for this sale. But last term especially there was a great bustle to get more articles ready, and to finish off the remaining ones.

The great day arrived. Miss Jones's room, also Miss Wright's, was filled with many pretty and useful things which were to be sold in the afternoon. At 2.30 the sale was opened, or rather, it was not "opened," it just commenced. Girls, boys, and staff, also visitors from the town, thronged into the Dining Hall, where the tables were tastefully arranged. One of the chief attractions was the bran-tub, which some of the boys had taken a considerable time to prepare; they did a roaring trade.

There was a shooting-booth in the old Committee room, *Cambridge Creams* being the prizes awarded to the winners. The room was never empty, no wonder! Teas were daintily served to the visitors in the Lecture Hall. In the Dining Hall two tables were given over to the sale of articles, the proceeds of which were handed over to the "Save the Children Fund."

Later in the afternoon Mr. Whitlow put a great many of the articles which had not been sold up to auction. Unfortunately for the M.H.U., but fortunately for us, the things went at a very low price. The duties of auctioneer were successfully carried out by Charles Gregg when Mr. Whitlow's voice gave out. Miss Jones and her assistants worked most of the evening balancing their accounts. Over £30 in cash was taken during the afternoon, and when all debts were paid we still had £8 for the F.F.M.A., and £11 for the "Save the Children Fund."

Anita Rowland,
Eva Clark.
(*Lower Fourth Form*).

FAR AND NEAR.

Concerning Old Scholars.

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

Marjorie Edwards.

Dennis Richardson.

Sydney Rye.

Dixon Smith is farming at home.

* * * * *

Dorothy Nilsson (*nèe* Watts), (1909-12), writes from Falmouth in December: ". . . I am married and living in Sweden; my husband is a Swedish Captain. We were married last January (1920), and I went across in the February, and we had


This tablet
commemorates the service in
war time 1914-1919 of the Old Scholars
of Saffron Walden School who followed
the call of duty in their various paths
at home and abroad. Below are the
names of those who gave
their lives
JOSEPH P. ALBRIGHT
PHILIP W. R. ARUNDEL
CECIL J. COOPER
A. REGINALD DEANE
H. LESLIE DUESBURY
JOSEPH ELLIOTT
ROBERT ENOCK
GORDON C. GRAY
DONALD GREEN
PERCY D. HARRISON
HOWARD V. HART
J.W. NOEL HELLIWELL
CHARLES H. JOHNSON
FREDERIC W. NEWBERY
LAWRENCE H. REDDING
RICHARD S. ROPER
MAX L. ROSCHER
ARTHUR E. SHOLL
HENRY SKELTON
BENJAMIN D. SKELTON
LESLIE R. TAWELL
STANLEY J. TILBROOK
E. GIDLEY TOZER
STEPHEN WALKER

a long honeymoon of six months. I love my new country and am glad to say I have mastered the language, although at first I thought I never should—it is so difficult. I have since been to Finland, Germany, and had a peep at Holland, but unfortunately am a bad sailor, so had to come ashore at Portland last September. My husband went on to Spain, and from there to America and now back again to Spain, and he hopes to be here by Christmas, when we shall return to Sweden."

* * * * *

Extract from letter from W. T. Le Maréchal (1915-1920), who is at School at Le Rosey, Gstaad, Switzerland.

You see Imanipulate a typwriter nothalf. I am almost as good as that wretched man in PUNCH but notquite. Ihave hurt my hand so §=:%)(:**-??? badley that I have had to have two stiches in it.

With this INFERNALMACHINE letter writting is tedious tosaythe least. But nodoubt with tenoreleven years training Icouldbecome proficient.

You must give my kind regards to everybody-------CRASH§§§?????.

Dontbealarmed itis only the lid fallenoff thebus. Ihave just been reading an American mag.itsays that YOU CAN EARN BIG MONEY by typing —I type : but needlesstosay no big money has arrived yet.

METEOROLOGICAL REPORT.

AUTUMN TERM, 1920. (SEPTEMBER 18TH—DECEMBER 19TH). 93 days.

BAROMETER :—

Highest Reading	30.53″	Nov. 21st.	
Lowest Reading ..	29.20″	Oct. 31st.	
Mean for 93 days ..	29.78		

THERMOMETER :—

	Maximum.		Minimum.	
Highest Reading ..	72°F	Oct. 8th and 9th	58°F	Sept. 18th.
Lowest Reading ..	28°F	Dec. 14th.	9°F	Dec. 14th.
Mean for 93 days ..	54.36°F		37.73°F	

RAINFALL :—

Number of days on which rain fell ..	34	
Heaviest rainfall	1.8″	Nov. 15th.
Total Rainfall for 93 days ..	6.49″	

(These Rainfall records are possibly inaccurate but are published as recorded on the School Rain Gauge.)

DIRECTION OF WIND :—

North ..	8 days.	South ..	6 days.
N.E. quadrate	23 days.	S.W. quadrate	19 days.
East ..	4 days.	West ..	9 days.
S.E. quadrate	13 days.	N.W. quadrate	6 days.

(On 5 days the wind was not recorded.)

SCHOOL DIARY.

Oct. 21st.—N.H.S. Mtg. Phenological Observations. Essays: "The Distribution of Seeds," Elfreda Gibson; "Bees," Violet Falkner. Short talk on "Newport," Mr. Morris.

„ 23rd.—Hockey Match; Girls' 1st XI. *v.* Fowlemere, home, won, 9—0.

„ 27th.—Football Match; 1st XI. *v.* Haverhill St. Mary's, home, lost, 2—3.

„ 28th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Boys' Diary, George Fairbrother and Charles Gregg. Essays: "The Internal Structure of our Planet," William Roper; "Monks," GeorginaBaker; "The Life and and Death of a Country Rogue," Dixon Smith. Pianoforte Solo, Peggy Horsfield.

„ 30th.—Football Match; 2nd XI. *v.* Saffron Walden Rovers, home, lost, 1—6.
Hockey Match; 2nd XI. *v.* Fowlemere 2nd XI., home, won, 6—0.
N.H.S., Excursion to Newport.

Nov. 3rd and 5th.—Visit of Government Inspectors.

„ 4th.—N.H.S. Mtg. Meteorological Report, Kenneth Jeffrey. Phenological Report, Georgina Baker. Essays: "Ickleton Church," Kenneth Jeffrey; "Cacti," Anthony Skelton; "Kenilworth Castle," Eileen Cousins.

Nov. 6th.—Football Match; Boys' XI. *v.* Saffron Walden Rovers, home, won, 11—0.

Nov. 11th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Girls' Diary, Dorothy Reynolds. Essays: "A Bedfordshire Village," Edna Ellis; "British Railways," Philip A. Smith; "The Child," Eileen Cousins; "Alaska," Roy Tawell. Pianoforte Solo, Roland Teakle.

„ 13th.—Football March: Boys' XI. *v.* Linton Granta, home, won, 3—0.
Lantern lecture: "Cricket," Mr. J. Travis Mills.

„ 17th.—Football Matches *v.* Newport Grammar School: Boys' 1st XI. *v.* 1st XI., away, lost, 0—1; Boys' 2nd XI. *v.* 2nd XI., home, draw, 1—1.

„ 20th.—Annual Meeting of the Literary Society. Performance of "Abraham Lincoln" in Dining Hall.

„ 24th.—Football Match: Boys' XI. *v.* Bishop's Stortford School, home, won, 5—1.

„ 25th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Boys' Diary, Kenneth Jeffrey and Donald Peverett. Essays: "Cumberland," Edna Thompson; "Freedom," Miss Low; "Pygmies," Roland Teakle; "Poultry Farming as a Hobby," Eileen Brazier. Pianoforte Solos, Eileen Brazier, Roy Tawell. Song, Barbara English.

„ 27th.—Football Match: Boys' XI. *v.* Bishop's Stortford School, away, draw, 1—1.
Lantern Lecture: "From Mont Blanc to the Matterhorn," Mr. W. C. Collinson.

Dec. 1st.—N.H.S. Mtg. Meteorological Report, Kenneth Jeffrey. Essays: "Birds' Nests," James Blagdon; "Silkworms," Arnold Francis; "Some Common British Birds," Gordon Baines; "Some Birds in Norfolk," Barbara English.

„ 2nd.—Performance of "Abraham Lincoln" in Town Hall.

„ 4th.—Hockey Match: 1st XI. *v.* Cambridge Ladies, away, lost, 2—5.

„ 8th.—Football Matches *v.* Newport Grammar School: Boys' 1st XI. *v.* 1st XI., home, won, 2—1; 2nd XI. *v.* 2nd XI., lost, 2—6.

„ 9th.—Literary Society. "Fancy Dress" Party.

„ 11th.—Football Match: "A" Team *v.* Saffron Walden Rovers, home, lost, 1—4.

„ 18th.—Sale of Work in aid of the F.F.M.A. and the "Save the Children" Fund.

„ 20th.—End of Term Entertainment.

„ 21st.—Holidays began.

Jan. 18th.—School re-opened.

„ 22nd.—Football Match: Boys' XI. *v.* Cambridge County School, away, lost, 2—7.

„ 27th.—N.H.S. Business Mtg. Talk, with Lantern Slides, on "Regional Survey of Walden," Mr. Morris.

„ 29th.—Football Match: Boys' 1st XI. *v.* the "Crescent" Club, home, draw, 2—2.
Hockey Match: Girls' XI. *v.* Herts and Essex High School, away, lost, 3—4.

„ 31st.—Hockey Match: 1st XI. *v.* Training College, home, won, 5—2.

Feb. 3rd.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Girls' Diary, Joyce Paton and Evelyn Pask. Essays: "V.C.'s of the Air," Ronald Welch; "Glimpses of China," Violet Falkner; "A Corner of Down," Frank Wetherall. Reading, Mr. Pearson. Pianoforte Duet, Miss Withers and Louie Shaw.

Feb. 5th.—N.H.S. Excursion to Saffron Walden Church.

„ 9th.—Football Match: 1st XI. *v.* Haverhill St. Mary's, away, lost, 2—4.

„ 10th.—N.H.S. Mtg. Meteorological Report, Kenneth Jeffrey. Phenological Report, Georgina Baker. Talk on "Jersey and Sark," Miss Priestman.

„ 11th.—Visit of School Committee.
Unveiling of War Memorial.

„ 12th.—Football Match: Boys' XI. *v.* Cambridge County School, home, lost, 3—7.
Hockey Match: 2nd XI. *v.* Herts. and Essex High School 2nd XI., away, won, 2—0.

„ 14th.—Merit Half-holiday.

„ 16th.—Football Match: Boys' 1st XI. *v.* Bishop's Stortford College 2nd XI., away, draw, 0—0.

„ 17th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Boys' Diary, Reginald Reynolds and Antony Skelton. Essays: "Sir Francis Chantrey," Kathleen Green; "Canal Engineering," Thomas Champness; "Tolstoi's Educational System," Mr. Pearson. Pianoforte Solo, Peggy Horsfield.

„ 18th-21st.—Old Scholars' Lecture School on "Modern Tendencies in Art and Literature."

„ 19th.—Football Match: 1st XI. *v.* Old Scholars, home, won, 3—1.
Hockey Match: 1st XI. *v.* Old Scholars, home, won, 7—2.
Entertainment in evening.

NOTICES.

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Articles or Subscriptions may be addressed to *The Avenue*, Friends' School, Saffron Walden.

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

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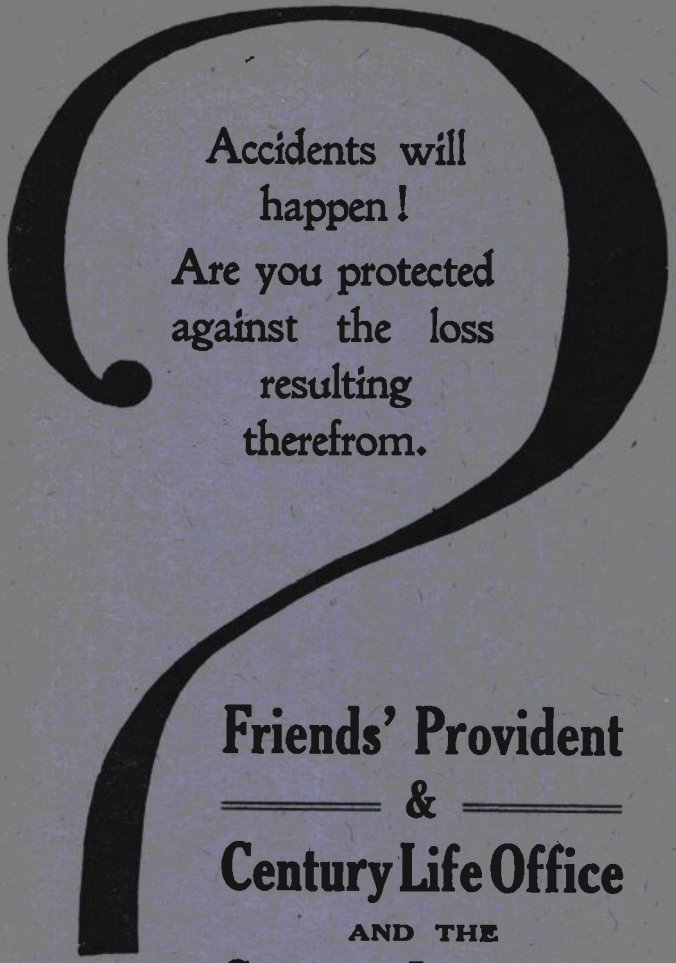


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