THE AVENUE



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MR. AND MRS. C. B. ROWNTREE.



The Magazine of the Friends' School, Saffron Walden.

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FOREWORD.

IT is with very great pleasure that we welcome Mr. and Mrs. Rowntree in their new capacity, and we hope that the time spent here with us may be long and prosperous.

This term is one of great changes in many ways. We would like to offer a very warm welcome to Mrs. Ransome, who joins us as Mistress of the Household. We regret that owing to continued ill-health Miss Low has been obliged to leave us, and we hope that rest and change will restore her once more to health and strength. Her place has been filled by Miss Beecham. Mr. Lipscombe has also left us to do further study in London, and Mr. Butler has come in his place as Woodwork and Handwork Master. Mr. Goom and Mr. Bailey have passed on after their year with us to Lancaster and Cambridge respectively, and Mr. Pollard (from Bootham) has come as Student Master. To all the new comers we offer a hearty welcome.

In the Foreword of the last issue it was reported that the two classrooms in the new Block were ready for use. At about half-term and just in time for General Meeting, the Art Room was finished, which completes the scheme of building that has been on hand since 1920.

Another change is the opening of the Girls' Hostel at "Hillcroft," the house adjoining the Headmaster's house. At present only six girls are sleeping there but there is accommodation for twenty, and we hope before long to have the full number in occupation. Two of the Staff have also moved across the road from the School to the Hostel.

PHYLLIS M. DELL.

THE GARGOYLE.

IF you can think of a Colossus, striding along the Normandy coast, stopping one moment where a yellow stream divides the cliffs, forms a delta and tumbles into the sea, stopping to hurl on to this *mise-en-scène* several misshapen dwellings snatched rudely from his satchel—some falling on the slopes and others on the beach—if your mind can conjure a process so fantastic, then Brive-sur-Mer needs little description.

If you had spoken to old Georges, who dug graves when they were needed, and sold food in a pig-stye (called a shop) when they were not, he would have told you (in not exactly these words) that in the bull-wrecked-china-shop-appearance of the village lay its charm.

And you, being a visitor, for Georges never spoke so to a native, would go out again and try to find charm in a collection of squalid fishermen's huts, either founded on mud on the beach or tacked perilously to the slopes.

But despite the mud, the yellow stream and the rickety huts, Brive-sur-mer was a very healthy village. So healthy was it, in fact, that old Georges spent most of his time selling food and the doctor grew grumpier every day.

Now the Doctor in Brive-sur-mer was a very singular man. His father had died in a madhouse at Rouen. He was almost the only man in the community, besides the undertaker, who did not believe in God. He did not drink; in that he was unique, for every other man in the village, from the rotund priest to the unofficial gravedigger, and not a few of the women, had crossed the floor of the dingy inn more times than they could remember. He was passionately fond of two things. His passion for money was not singular, his passion for his wife was so in the circumstances.

Madame Barthon had had a passing acquaintance with the theatre, but never a decent part. He met her as a student in Paris where she had learnt, moderately, how to act and immoderately, how to drink. The first she had forgotten except at certain psychological moments when it paid her to remember; as for the second habit, at this time, when the doctor was even poorer than in his student days, she was indulging it with bestial thoughtlessness. Her face, once fine, was blotchy; she was careless in her dress. Yet he never rebuked her. No more would he have thought of rebuking her than of reporting a defective drain for the sake of the public health. He was a most singular man.

One morning when the sun's slanting rays were playing havoc with the village's reputation for ugliness, and the waves seemed to sparkle with unaccustomed satisfaction, he sat on the cliffs above the village thinking over his affairs. What a practice it was! Three weeks before an old woman had slipped and broken her arm. He had done all he could and taken all he could, about a quarter of his lawful fee.

A week before old Georges had become a grandfather. . . . He made a calculation. Thirty francs in three weeks! He could not stop Julie's allowance . . . Then how . . .? There was that widow Mennier, living next the Church; she was abed . . . but she would be dead before sundown. . . . What was there to come out of that? So

he argued. His annual reminder, from a Paris money-lender, had arrived the day before. That interest must be paid . . . yes, it would be paid. He would pay it out of his capital—four hundred francs in his writing-desk—left to him by his father and placed there intact. He did not like to use it . . . but then what else ?

As he went down to his house he passed the inn . . . a voice befuddled but familiar was shrieking in the parlour.

At home, he looked into the drawer in the writing desk. It was empty ! He could not believe. . . . Looking round the room he saw an empty dozen of wine in the corner. And then he realised.

Two hours later his wife came in . . . her breath betrayed her pastime. He smiled, but said not a word. That night he went to bed on a sea far from calm.

Early next morning, as he had expected, his only patient died. He had done his best, by injections and otherwise, to prolong her agony, but it was of no avail. She had been the only person in the village with enough money to pay for a long, last illness. Her nephew, who was to have her money, and thought the sooner the better, fought a mental duel with the doctor. It was not an even duel, perhaps, because the nephew practised nothing but suggestion to accelerate her death, whereas the doctor had his injections. And the nephew had won. . . . Old Georges would have to leave off selling food for a short time. . . .

The day, for once in line with his own feelings, was neither sunny nor calm. Instead a drenching mist was sweeping in from the sea . . . sheet after sheet of moisture ; it never seemed to end. The muddy street grew muddier. Some ran, by force of habit, to the inn for shelter. The rain was soaking the doctor's threadbare coat, grass-coloured at the shoulders. He ran to the far side of the church. He thought how ludicrous it was for him to seek shelter from a church. Leaning against one of the buttresses he looked up at the sky. . . . Above his head a gargoyle was grinning at him.

. . . The gargoyle's grin was most disturbing, it was so disturbing as to set him thinking. It reminded him of the Mephistophelian make-up of a student friend at a Paris carnival he had attended. But still more forcibly it reminded him of something else . . . he could not think what it was. . . . Then, as was inevitable when he meditated, he went on to analyse his profession. Obviously, the comfort of his existence, under the prevailing medical system, depended upon the misfortune of that of the villagers. More obviously, he thought, as he looked at his coat, was it that his existence itself was imperilled by the continued good health of the community in which he lived. Their health meant his poverty. So their misfortune would mean his wealth, and why not? . . . The athiest was still leaning against the Church. The rain had stopped. He looked at the sky again, and so at the gargoyle . . . then in a flash he remembered the likeness . . . he recalled the dead face of a man he had attended many years before. The man had died of typhoid fever. The gargoyle was still grinning as he left the church, but uppermost in his mind was typhoid.

* * * *

For more than a year the life of the village went on undisturbed. Old Georges' grave spade was rusty; he hardly ever left his shop. There were days of sun and days of mist. To the Doctor they were all the same: days of poverty. Whenever he passed the church now and caught a glimpse of the gargoyle, he thought of the man with the typhoid mask. How he longed in his heart . . .! He had paid urgent debts by borrowing more money. Where would it end? He still smiled and said nothing when his wife returned from the inn. Her breath was still repulsive . . .

Early in May, when the forerunners of the summer heats yet to come were drying up the sea-washed roads, and the flies had taken possession of old George's cake-shop, Madame Barthon

announced that she was tired of Brive and must have a change. There was only one place of interest for her in a village she called "insipid." And similar places she knew she could find elsewhere with a veneer of life besides. Her husband pointed out how dependent he was on her for many things. Then she railed at his ungenerous egotism. He being a silent man, and passionately fond of her, kept silent through it all.

Before the end of the week she had gone and with her went two hundred francs of borrowed money.

As they had walked along the coast-road to the neighbouring town, whence she took the train to Paris, they had passed a young mother, clear-faced, transparent, with two happy children frolicking by her side . . . and he had thought, strange to relate, how unfortunate were wifeless men!

A month passed; for the doctor a month of vague wanderings spent in morbid introspection, aggravated by his loneliness; for the wife, a month of "living" with her sister, a comedy actress well-known in the neighbourhoods of Montmartre and Les Halles.

And then, on a heavy, thundery day in June, she returned. There was an unusual pleasure in his face when he met her; there was an accentuated nausea in hers.

For a short time he almost forgot his poverty. He forgot so far as to stop and smile at old Georges' little granddaughter, as she sat on the doorstep of the shop. He even laughed at a group of young villagers fighting a mock battle on the beach. And the little priest standing at the church door as he walked by, noted the passing of the storm from his face, and fell into a reverie about men and marriage out of which he was wakened by the voice of his housekeeper proclaiming the midday meal.

The morning after the sham fight on the beach, the doctor went down to the kitchen, cut a slice of dry bread, prematurely aged by neglect, and started to make some coffee on the smelly oil-stove. During this last operation there was a noise in the room above, as if caused by the banging of a chair on the floor.

He ran upstairs and straight into the room . . . his wife was lying on the bed . . . her hair was dishevelled . . her flushed face, save at the roots of her hair, was as red as the counterpane, which lay with the other coverings on the floor. She pointed weakly to a jar of water on the window-sill meant for flowers. She talked deliriously about himself . . . Paris . . . Marie, her sister . . .

When he had calmed her a little, he went down and took the burnt coffee from the stove . . . And before night fell he knew it was typhoid.

There was no sleep for him that night. As he lay on his bed, he saw on the ceiling above, sometimes merging into one, the twin faces of the gargoyle and the dead. His wife was sleeping in the next room, the fever had lessened. He persuaded himself that she would live; he would see to that. . . . Then, all in a moment, he saw the possibilities of this misfortune. To scatter it wide, or neglect precautions against its spread, would mean, at the least, better days for himself. . . . Dawn saw the atheist much relieved.

Breakfasting very meagrely, as much by choice as by necessity, he went down the village to a hut near the beach, where lived a woman with three children. Years before she had been his servant. At the door he met the eldest of the children, a girl of fifteen or sixteen, taking her two brothers to the village school. Once inside he asked the mother if she could spare a little time to look after his wife. He would pay her . . . it was nothing serious . . . only a . . . he hesitated . . . only a nervous attack. The woman was willing, her daughter was capable of taking care of the house. And so, never suspecting, she went. She helped in the bedroom and the kitchen, and when she was in the latter the doctor would dose his wife with anti-typhoid medicines, feverishly anxious as he was for her improvement. Every day the children from the hut brought food for their mother to the doctor's house. He did not take it from them at the door, but in the kitchen.

For ten whole days the patient wavered. It was early on a Sunday morning, when the gargoyle was grinning his weekly welcome to the villagers, that the crisis came. The day before she had improved. So much so, that the woman, who complained of a headache, had been able to go home at noon.

On this Sabbath morning she had not come. A message, carried by her youngest child, said that she was ill herself and unable to leave the house. The doctor, anxious for his wife, but all the while pleased at the apparent fruition of his schemes, searched the village till he found another nurse, and leaving her at his house, went down to the hut on the beach. A short examination verified his hopes. The train was started . . . He set to work earnestly to cure her. After an hour he left her and calling at the priest's house on his way up the road, told him there was typhoid in the village.

Twenty yards from his house, he saw the second nurse coming towards him . . . there was agony on her face . . . she stammered some words . . . he seized her shoulders and almost threw her to the ground . . . his wife was dead.

. . . . . .

After old Georges had laid aside his spade again, the doctor gave himself unsparingly to the task he had created. There were now two sick people in the hut near the beach. Very soon the task became almost too great for him to manage. He was tired and weakened. He had not slept more than twelve hours since he had burnt the coffee on the stove.

And then on such another day as that on which he had sheltered against the church came the beginning of the end. The early autumn rains driving in from the sea, were refreshing the summer-stifled air. The sun gave periodic but short-lived encouragements to a dreary, sodden earth. The mud-made roads were softening. But there was nothing to refresh the doctor's fevered mind. The profession sent a colleague from the neighbouring town; but it was of no avail . . .

In an atmosphere of calm and sunshine they buried him, just outside the little churchyard.

And the gargoyle was grinning as old Georges threw in the soil.

GERALD V. BAILEY.

THE PATH OF THE WIND.

HUSH! the wind's in the treetops now,
Sighing and sighing.
Brown leaves are flung from every bough,
Flying and flying
Away, and away, to the glowing West,
Till they gently sink to the earth to rest.

Hush! the wind's in the crooked town
Moaning and moaning,
Up round the housetops, and then down, down,
Groaning and groaning,
Shaking the windows, and whistling through cracks,
And shrieking around the tall chimney stacks.

Hush! the wind's on the deep dark sea,
Lashing and lashing,
On the crests of the mountain-waves rides he,
Crashing and crashing.
The ships are tossed on the mighty swell;
In vain are lighthouse, buoy, and bell.

Hush! the wind's on his homeward path,
Crying and crying;
Cooled is his anger now; his wrath
Dying, and dying.
Home to the cave where the winds all sleep,
To be lost once more in a slumber deep!

Madeleine Baker (Fifth Upper Form.)

SOCIETY REPORTS.

The Literary Society.



LTHOUGH our numbers for the past year have been smaller than for some time, our meetings have been very successful and enjoyable. During the year, in addition to our annual meeting and ordinary meetings, we have held three special meetings. One of these was on "The Literary Associations of the Lake District," a feature of which was the display of some beautiful slides by Mr. Walker. On another evening we held a Mock Parliament, when a Bill for the making of a Channel tunnel was defeated after an interesting and amusing debate. A third meeting was partly devoted to impromptu speeches, which proved very diverting.

Our Annual Meeting, held in the Spring term, took the form of a lecture recital by Miss Ellen Bowick, on Kipling, and was attended by invitation by many visitors from the town. At the end of the Winter term we had a most enjoyable Christmas Social, with tea in the Lecture Room, and games afterwards in the Dining Hall.

The ordinary meetings have kept well up to standard, the essays reaching a high level. Those most deserving of mention were "Moel Park," by Barbara English; "Beach Folk," by Evelyn Pask; and "Guilty," by Joyce Paton. We had also a fair number of musical contributions, but we much regret the total absence of any elocution at our meetings.

J. Penrose Whitlow.

Natural History Society.

The standard of the Society's work has improved during the past year and enthusiasm increased. All vacancies have been filled each term and many applications have been refused owing to lack of room.



THE NEW BLOCK.

The meetings have been varied in their subjects. On the average, two essay meetings a term have been held, the others being devoted to special subjects; of these, lantern lectures, by Mr. Morris, on "Guernsey," and Mr. Mauger on the "Growth of the English House;" an essay by Miss S. Waites on "Les Châteaux de Lorraine," and a lecture by Mr. Morris, on Selbourne, have been the most outstanding. Essays have been varied and interesting, but many would have been improved if illustrations had been provided. Essays on "Star-fishes and Sea Urchins," "Stick Insects," and "A Few Garden Flowers," by Miss Priestman, K. Francis, and A. Skelton are worthy of mention.

Excursions have been well attended. Three, two short, and one long, have been arranged for each term, but have depended largely upon the weather. A cycling excursion to Arkesden and Elmden in the autumn of 1921, and an archæological excursion to Cambridge in the summer of 1922, were the most important. Walks have been taken to Newport and Chesterford Common.

Meteorological observations were discontinued during the latter part of the year owing to the instruments being out of order, but these have been renewed and records recommenced.

The arrangements for Autumn Term, 1922, show a good beginning for another year.

Barbara English,
Anthony Skelton, } *Secs.*

THE READING CLUB.

We have had, as usual, three meetings during the past year, and with a full number of members the Society has been an entire success. Our first meeting had to be postponed, as we went home early owing to diphtheria. However, it was held early the following term, on January 30th, thanks to the kind invitation of Mr. and Mrs. Rowntree. The books then introduced and discussed were Galsworthy's "Justice," Wells'

"Mr. Britling Sees it Through," Birrell's "Self-Selected Essays," and Ruskin's "Unto This Last."

At the following meeting, held on May 12th, the following books were discussed: Harrison's "Queed," Shaw's "Doctor's Dilemma," Benson's "From a College Window," and "The Mirrors of Downing Street."

Our next meeting was held on July 21st, when these books were introduced by various members and discussed: Masefield's "Enslaved," Grayson's "Adventures in Contentment," Ibsen's "Enemy of the People," and "The Crisis," by Churchill.

The auctions of books at the close of the meetings realised a fair sum, an improvement on the previous year.

Philip Smith.

GIRLS' READING CLUB.

Both from a literary and a financial standpoint the past year has been a very successful one for the Girls' Reading Club. The discussions have been animated and interesting, and at the auctions books have often realised the publishing price.

During the year the number of members has been increased from two senior and eight junior to four senior and ten junior members; and the number of applications has generally exceeded that of the vacancies.

There has been a wide range in the type of book, although the tendency has been to have more modern ones.

Amongst those which proved most interesting in the discussions were: "The Doctor's Dilemma," Shaw; Maeterlinck's "The Blue Bird," and "The Betrothal"; "The Woman in White," by Wilkie Collins; E. V. Lucas' "The Open Road"; "Under the Greenwood Tree," Thomas Hardy, and Mrs. Gaskell's "Life of Charlotte Brontë."

Kathleen Green.

FORM FOUR LITERARY SOCIETY.

On the whole the year has been a successful one, papers of good average merit having been produced and considerable interest shown.

The literary contributions of the girls have often been of a higher standard than those of the boys, being more finished in their expression and showing more painstaking effort to achieve success.

The best papers, perhaps, were those of Rosamund Ashby, Molly Halford and Clifford Hornby.

To Kathleen Coates, Anita Rowland and David Edmundson are due our best thanks for musical items.

The general working of the society has been in the hands of a succession of able, enthusiastic and industrious committees. The secretaries (Kathleen Francis, Howard Frizzell, Roderick McLeod and Humphrey Lloyd) have vigorously thrown themselves into their work and done splendidly. In addition to arranging the usual fortnightly meetings, they were responsible for the enjoyable Christmas Social and "The Annual."

The first meeting this term was entirely run by those members who are now in the Fifth.

DAVID PEARSON.

JUNIOR LITERARY SOCIETY.

Although the Society has not had the talent, and therefore has not been able to maintain the exceptionally high standard of the previous year, membership has kept high and many spirited meetings have been held and much interest shown.

The following essayists are worthy of particular mention: John Edwards and Frank Burlingham, Bernard Le Mare and Francis Farrell, for their well thought-out and ably expressed stories of adventure, and John Davies for his original and good descriptive work. Phyllis Macer-Wright, Molly Baker and John Girdwood have also added very considerably to the pleasure of the meetings by their pleasing recitations.

Owing to the small number of children in the Society learning music, there have been very few musical items, although Winnie Kilbey and Eunice Caton have nobly filled the breach.

WINIFRED M. LOVELESS.

BAND OF MERCY.

This time we have to chronicle not only a big increase in our numbers but the adoption of " assignments " in order that the extended work of our Society may be brought before all our members. A return to the weekly meeting, with a few extra ones thrown in, is evidence of the keenness that still persists. We have discussed subjects ranging from " Performing Animals " to " Free Time-tables in School." We have ministered to the needs of many of the Lesser Brethren which have come to us to be treated, and the Bird Tray is already at work.

Our wider sphere of operations has included subscriptions to the relief of children in Russia, and a collection of old balls for children of the slums of London, and we have not been deaf to the appeal for funds for our Hospitals.

We have also undertaken the production of a weekly journal of our doings, in which can be found a *résumé* of our discussions and our problems. We find it serves a double purpose, of interesting others who are outside our society and of keeping us up to the mark as well.

Lastly, we should like to record our appreciation of Miss Wright's goodwill in allowing us the use of her room up to the last few weeks, and of Mr. Rowntree's kindness in putting the waiting-room at the disposal of our increasing numbers.

THE BAND OF MERCY.



FRIENDSHIP.

". . . . to me a delicious torment."—EMERSON.

HAD I been an astronomer, this story might never have been told. As it was, I was looking on the ground at the time, and just where my next step would have been planted, there he was, a poor, miserable, little fellow, washed out of his nest by the rain.

Unlike the Jack-rabbit Kangaroo, who was grey and who was woolly, and whose pride was inordinate, he was red and he was naked, and any pride he had ever had had been washed out of him. He was abjectly grovelling!

Up to my study I brought him, and there, under the kindly spell of the gas-fire, he began to take a little interest in "this sorry scheme of things" again. A towelling, and he began to clamour for food. And when it came, where should it go? No need to ask that! "Here, here!" shrieked a gaping cavity of red, and on the point of a match down went "bricks" of egg and biscuit. An ominous looking bulge at the base of the neck where it joined the rest of him warned me that it was as wise to trust to his sense of what was enough as to leave a like decision to a little boy at a tea-party. So I played the part of the "Olympian" and left him whimpering his disapproval. In two hours the lump had subsided, and once more we struck up a friendly relationship, only again to be jeopardised by the "bulge."

To this very day he has not learned to behave. But what could one expect? He was deprived of all the decent parents he had when he was in the cradle, or rather when he was washed out of it. He soon took to the poor substitute that Fate had provided for him and made the best of things. Whenever he felt it was nourishment time,—in this matter he was as regular as the working of a watch, only he took his cue, I think, from

a "repeater"—he sat up and shrieked. If it was not forthcoming at once, he clambered up the side of the nest to make a personal protest against the unwarranted delay. I can picture him now, swaying unsteadily on the edge of the nest, undecided whether to make yet one more plunge down into the Unknown, or to wait till the Better-known turned up in me. It was when these acrobatic performances threatened to put an untimely end to him that he was placed for safety in a cage.

Later he was allowed the unrestricted use of my Study. Not that he used it as a study should be used by any means! I think it was only the kindly heart of Mrs. Page, to whom falls the tidying of my room, coupled with a good understanding that happily exists between herself and me, that he enjoyed this comparative freedom for so long. He was also protected from the dangers which a cruel world holds for unsophisticated babies by a notice pinned on the outside of the door: "Beware! The bird is at large."

. . . . .

Then came the holidays, and he, too, left school. How hard a matter it was to get him into his cage so that he could come and live with me I alone know. He did everything that a naughty child would do when the time for bed draws near. He kind of suspicioned there was something toward. Get into the cage he wouldn't! He would stand on my finger till I had got it almost through the door of it, but at the crucial moment he would hop up my sleeve! To what guile I descended to secure my objective—and note, please, it was all for his good!—I am too ashamed to confess. But I got him in at last.

Arrived home, I took him straightway to the commodious shed in the garden, where I hoped to give him once more the liberty he had previously enjoyed. Between you and me, I had planned a jolly scheme for him. I was going to keep him there—he had a lovely large window to look out of—until he had got



THE OLYMPIAN AND THE GREENFINCH.

an image inside his little head of the lie of the land, and then let him fly away. He would know the place again, should he ever need food or shelter, and, well, it would be jolly to see him occasionally.

But " Man proposed "—and he " disposed ! "

Anyone who knows anything about anything knows that you must keep birds a week or more in view of the locality you want them to frequent, before you set them free into the uncharted sea of Outside ! I knew that, too. Imagine my chagrin, then, when, having taken him out of his cage to feed him, I saw the door of the shed open, and a lady whom I know rather well announced that lunch was ready. Hardly were the words out of her mouth when he was out of the open door ! Up and over the roof-top he flew and was out of sight before either of us realised what had happened.

I have been known to talk to other people about the need for a philosophical outlook. I needed it ! and I tried it. Successfully, I thought ; but the lady whom I know rather well and who knows me rather better says otherwise. Anyway there it was ! or better, there it wasn't ! And we shrugged our shoulders, both of us, and hoped for better luck next time. We did not feel, you will understand, that all our care had gone for nothing : that would have been too selfish. But had such a feeling *not* been selfish, I think we should have had it. I went back to my carpentry, took a rip-saw—what a satisfying tool !—and resolved, psycho-analysts would say sublimated, my feelings in the direction of making something more useful than a mountain out of a molehill.

Six hours later the inexorable had chastened me to such purpose that I could talk and think about him without having to school myself into being a philosopher. And then, just when the good work had been done within, the flood-gates of Hope were thrown open again ! The unmistakable cry of our foundling struck my ear. I knew it from all the bird cries that were flooding the garden.

What matter if, throwing down the plane I was using, I gave myself later a tough half-hour with the whetstone! I rushed out, and whistling to him, at last I discerned him moving in among the shadows on the lime branches.

I persevered, I whistled, I cajoled—dare I tell you? I offered him food. And to my delight he hopped from a far branch to a nearer one, then nearer still, until he was in his old place again on my finger. He ate ravenously—(I'm glad I told you: you would have found me out, anyway)—then flew away again.

Two more such visits that day dissolved my fears. Since then he has come some six or seven times every day to be fed, and now, whenever he comes I hear his imperative little cry, and almost before I get to him he is on my finger or on my head, and telling me all about his adventures.

Last Sunday morning he woke us up by standing on the window-sill and shrieking for all he was worth, and when I sat up in bed, he flew to my finger without even so much as a "May I come in?" I warned you he had no manners. I fed him, of course. Then he sat on the bottom bed-rail and told funny stories; at least I guessed as much, for he pirouetted, cocked his head on one side, chuckled to himself, then screamed at the joke; then went on to another one equally as funny, if I am to judge by his antics. Then he elected to stand on her nose (the lady's whom I know rather well) and from that vantage point told me quite a lot about—but I won't give him away. I only hope he will be as lucky as I was and "live happily ever afterwards."

Later on that same morning I lay asleep—tell it not in Gath—when a shrill piping almost in my ear woke me with a start to find him perched upon my pillow. Yes: I may as well confess it, I fed him; and he drank from my saucer.

He has been four times to-day already. I wonder how long . . . I have to admit this to myself: there is danger lurking for him everywhere. There are cats, and hawks who

get their meat from God. I hope He will spare him! And there's a boy with an air-gun next door. I saw him sitting in the window yesterday with it resting on his knee. I hope . . .

Yes: I hope he will see you, little bird-fellow, not alone, but with me in my garden. He is rather young, 'tis true. I should be satisfied, however, if, seeing you, he were to drop his gun. I should know that you were safe from him from then onward.

And supposing your feathered brothers were too, wouldn't we be glad, little Greenfinch, you and I?

STANLEY G. K. BEER.

A CAUTIONARY TALE.



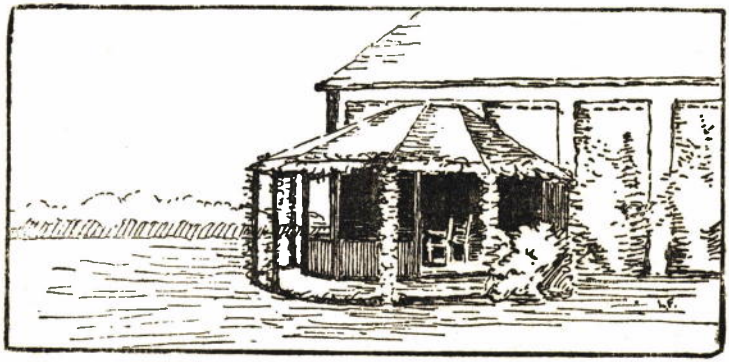
HERE was a boy whose name was Claude,
Whom all nice games completely bored;
Hide-and Seek, and Blind-Man's Buff,
For him weren't nearly good enough,
And so he took the path of sin—
He chased his sister!—with a pin!
The poor girl died, but sad to say,
The boy continued in this way.
When up to Oxford he was sent,
Some wicked games he did invent;
He saw a man with bearded chin,
"Beaver!" he cried, "Advantage in."
To stop this trick all men were shaved,
At that the poor boy simply raved,
And all his great inventive skill
Was turned to work some other ill.
As he was strolling in the street,
An old bald man he chanced to meet.
An idea struck him there and then—
"Oh, Egg!" he cried, "that scores me ten."

The people round were quite appalled,
They feared that they might soon be bald,
A workman who was standing by,
With frowning brow and blazing eye,
Took a crow-bar from its place
And struck the boy square in the face!
The boy fell backwards in the road
Just as a ten ton lorry load
Of fine tinned fruit was going down
Into the centre of the town.
And if along this road one goes,
One sees that it is coloured rose,
As if on it jam has been poured—
And that is all that's left of Claude.

* * * * *

Good people all, who've read this through,
The moral I'll explain to you :
Don't taunt old men before their eyes,
Until you're sure they've no allies.

Crispus R. Cottis,
(Sixth Form).



OUR PETS.



UR favourite pets were the hens, and they were tame; you could go up to one little Wyandotte named Daisy and pick her up. We have about twenty-three pet hens, and they all have names. The Queen, so to speak, our greatest pet, is named Dandelion; she is a cross-bred game, and her feathers glitter in the sun green and gold. She is very tame, but I expect she will be quite wild when I go back home again. And we have a most stately cockerel, and he considers himself master of the yard. I looked after him while he was a tiny chick, and fed him with chicken-rice and soaked bread, and he grew up into a big fat cockerel, but I hope he won't get thin while I am at this school; he was very fat when I left home.

Now I must tell you about another great pet hen who had her leg broken, and how it was mended; she hobbles about the farm and lays. It happened like this. It was very wet one Thursday, so we stopped in, and so did the horses as they could not do work, so the men greased the waggon wheels. The horses were prancing about in the yard and one of them must have trodden on her right side, for next day we found her with her right leg and wing broken; but one of our men put splints on her leg and bandaged it up, and we put her in the granary and she began to recover. We tended her very carefully, and fed her with soaked bread. But we could not put splints on her wing, so we had to leave that, and she can fly a little with it and manages to get up on to the perch. When we took the splints off her leg she hardly knew how to walk, but she got used to it hobbling along after a while.

Austin Tawell,
(Lower Third Form).

SCHOOL ATHLETICS.

CRICKET, 1922.

	Played.	Won.	Lost.	Drawn.
1st XI.	8	2	5	1
Boys' XI.	8	3	5	0
Boys' 2nd XI. ..	6	2	4	0

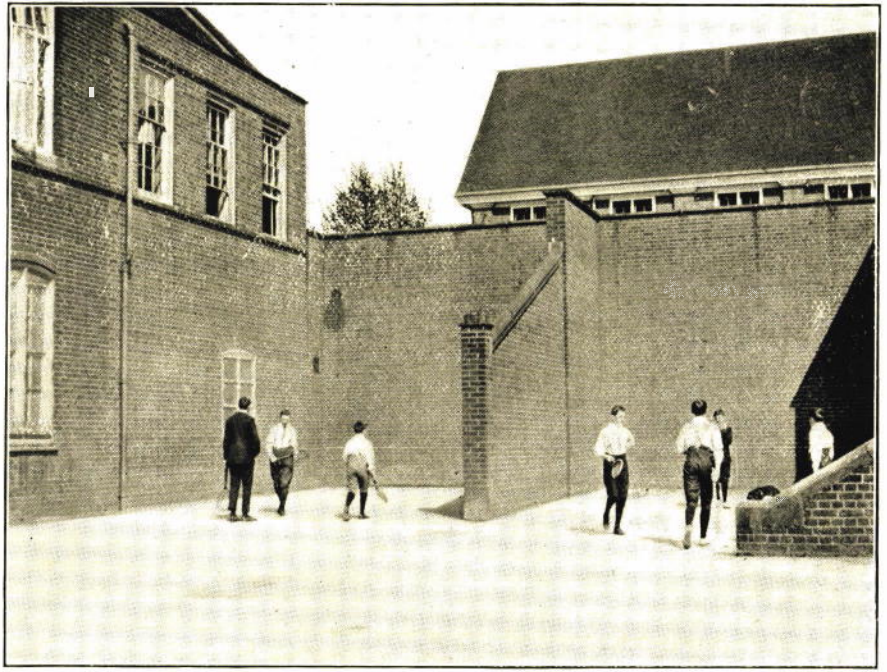
ONCE again we can look back at a season in which our losses have been much more numerous than our victories, and once again the feeling remains that we ought to have done much better and were really not at all bad teams.

So far as the bowling goes, the 1st XI. again relied chiefly on Messrs. Whitlow and Pumphrey, with Messrs. Brereton and Lipscombe in reserve; the Boys' XI., bowlers were many, but it was a case of quantity rather than quality, the only really successful bowler being R. G. Teakle, who took thirty-eight wickets during the term; in the 2nd XI. there was no outstanding bowler, but Tebbit, Wright and Scott chiefly, saw to it that the other side did not make too many.

The fielding has been very variable in quality, but on many occasions the intelligent watching to see where the batsman is likely to send the ball, has been lacking.

It is not, however, in bowling or fielding that we have suffered so much; we have generally managed to get our opponents out for a reasonable total, but have only been able to reach unreasonable totals ourselves. In the 1st XI., despite a few scores of thirty or over, there were only five players whose batting averages reached double figures, and all of them below sixteen; and in the Boys' XI., C. R. Cottis, the Captain, heads the list with an average of 9.9. Such figures speak for themselves and explain our large percentage of losses.

At Whitsuntide a new record for the School was set up, by a century being scored against us both on the Saturday, when we played Mr. Downham's XI., and on the Monday, when Mr. Lidbetter made 100 not out, for the Old Boys, in about forty



THE OLD FIVES COURTS, THE SITE OF THE NEW BLOCK.

minutes. In the latter match the Old Boys were left with 120 runs to get in fifty minutes, and actually got 155 for three wickets.

In the House Tournaments, Morland was first and Godlee second. The batting award went to J. P. Greenaway; the fielding was divided between J. H. Blagdon and R. G. Teakle; and in view of the weakness of all concerned, no bowling award was made this year.

G. STANLEY PUMPHREY.

BOYS' AQUATICS.

The bath has been very popular this summer, and the Life Saving results have been good, as will be seen by the results given elsewhere. Unfortunately, when the sports came along, Yardley, our best swimmer, was unable to compete owing to illness. Clifford Hornby carried off the championship, and amongst the Juniors Alwyn Robson outdistanced all competitors. The runners-up were Eric Peverett and Harold Woodward respectively. In the House sports, Godlee was first and Crosfield second.

RESULTS.

SENIOR.

Eighteen Lengths :—1, Peverett; 2, Hornby; 3, Reynolds. 8m. 20⅘ secs.
Four lengths :—1, Hornby; 2, Wright i; 3, McLeod. 95⅘ secs.
Two lengths, breast :—1, Reynolds; 2, Hornby; 3, Wright i. 45⅘ secs.
Two lengths :—1, Hornby; 2, Mcleod; 3, Wright i. 37⅘ secs.
Neat Dive :—1, Peverett; 2, McLeod; 3, Wright i.
Plunge :—1, Tebbutt; 2, McLeod; 3, Hornby. 34 ft. 5 ins.

JUNIOR.

Nine lengths :—1, Woodward; 2, Robson; 3, Wheeler. 4 m. 53⅘ secs.
Two lengths :—1, Robson; 2, Woodward; 3, Edmunds ii. 48⅘ secs.
Two lengths, breast :—1, Woodward; 2, Robson; 3, Cross. 56 secs.
One length :—1, Robson; 2, Wright ii; 3, Edmunds ii. 19⅘ secs.
Neat Dive :—1, Robson and Bartlett; 3, Farrell ii.
Plunge :—1, Bartlett; 2, Lee ii; 3, Robson. 31ft. 3ins.
RELAY RACE :—1, Godlee; 2, Morland.

GIRLS' TENNIS.

Four matches were played this year, those against the Training College, Herts and Essex High School, and Chantry Mount (away) being lost, while the School defeated Chantry Mount at home.

In the Senior Championship Marjorie Land beat Grace Gibb, last year's champion. Hilda Engelmann was Junior Champion.

During the latter part of the term play was greatly interrupted by the weather.

GIRLS' CRICKET.

During the first half of the term cricket went with a swing. All round improvement was shown by many, due partly to the increased time allowed for games and partly to the kindly help given by some of the boys at the nets. The members of the Games Committee having thus profited, took an active oversight of junior games. After half term less cricket was played, owing partly to the weather and partly to the rival attractions of the Bath, but net practice was kept up to the end.

Eileen Cousins was captain. Colours were presented to E. Cousins, B. English, G. Gibb, and V. Falkner.

Only two matches were played, both being won.

In that against the Old Scholars at Whitsuntide, the School made 144 (E. Cousins, 37, J. Tawell 23), and the O.S. 26 (Doris Thompson 12). The O.S. second innings stood at 111 for three wickets. (N. Bannister 54 not out, L. Shaw, 26). The match against the Cambridge County School was a "courtesy" one, as they are not able to practice. The score stood 100 (B. English, 50) to 32 in favour of the School.

The House tournaments resulted as follows: 1. Godlee; 2, Crosfield; 3, Morland.

GIRLS' AQUATICS.

Good all-round work in the Swimming Bath was done. Sixteen of the nineteen non-swimmers learnt during the term.

The Life-Saving Class was instructed by Eileen Cousins. Barbara English obtained the Diploma, the highest award of the R.L.S.S. The temporary scaffolding erected over the diving board to make possible the high dive required for this examination, was an incentive to greater daring on the part of others.

The Swimming Display at General Meeting and the Aquatic Sports at the end of term both roused keen interest.

In the Sports Kathleen Coates was Senior Champion, with Barbara English close behind. Among the Juniors, Hilda Engelmann obtained nearly twice as many points as Rosa Ashby who came second.

Crosfield House is to be congratulated on obtaining first place with 197½ points, while Godlee and Morland were close together a long way behind with 102 and 98½ points respectively.

THOUGHTS.

IF everybody in the world
Would watch and see the flowers uncurl'd ;
And see the white clouds in the blue
Sail by as ships of passage do ;
And dream of sun and stars at night,
And children's eyes all full of light ;
And open windows to the breeze,
Hearing it rustle in the trees :
Then half the sorrow and the pain
Would disappear like summer rain.

EDNA A. ELLIS (1917-21).

FAR AND NEAR.

Concerning Old Scholars.

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

J. Brian Butler.

Eric D. Cleaver is working at University College, Southampton, for the Inter. B.Sc.

Eileen M. Cousins is at the Mount School, York.

Freda M. Cousins is attending the Art School at Chelmsford.

John P. Greenaway is at the Prince of Wales' Sea Training Hostel, London.

Eveline M. Pask has gone to live with her father in South Africa.

Joyce Paton.

Reginald A. Reynolds is at Woodbrooke.

Roland G. Teakle is studying French preparatory to going abroad.

Philip D. Tebbutt is learning farming.

Edna M. Thompson is at the Mount School, York.

Charles P. Weaver.

Robert O. Yardley is studying for Matriculation.

* * * * *

Edward Bawden (1918-20) writes: "I heard a few days ago that I had gained a Royal Exhibition for the Royal College of Art, Kensington. It is worth £90 a year, with free tuition, for three years."

* * * * *

Eileen Cousins (1915-22) writes from The Mount: "We (*i.e.*, Edna Ellis, Edna Thompson, Rosa Ashby and I) went to tea with Miss Montford on Sunday and talked for hours about

Walden—our impressions of the Mount—the Walden things we miss and the new things we appreciate. I share a study with three other girls, quite a lovely little place that we have decorated in bright cretonne and pictures and pots, but it hasn't got the rather untidy homeliness of the S.W. Prefects' room. We do all our preparation in here. It's a great change to be in a big city like York after tiny little Walden. Everything seems so immense, yet I love the town. A bright sunset over the sharp outline of chimney pots and roofs looks quite as beautiful as over trees, and the rumbling of the trams and twinkle of street lamps are quite as exciting as the queer noises of a country night. I like the river on misty mornings when we go to meeting, with just the white necks of the swans and indistinct masses of boats lying by the banks.

All the Societies here are Scientific—Archæology, Astronomy and Natural History. Of course York is the place for Archæology, but as for Natural History,—you would have to go about ten miles to find a dandelion! I do miss the bright beech leaves and spindle berry and other bright autumny things we always piled round the class-rooms at Walden, and there are lots of other things I miss—but I suppose it is good for you to miss things—it certainly makes you appreciate them more.

"I like Walden all the better for being able to realise now that there were certain little weaknesses. There were also thousands of excellent things."

* * * * *

Peggy Horsfield's (1916-21) people having moved out of London, she is living in rooms while attending the Henrietta Barnet School at Hampstead. She says: "Mr. —— gets my breakfast for me every morning. He and I then carry on a very laboured conversation, both of us longing to read our books, but neither daring to suggest it. I feel rather like a spectator of the whole game, and can look on at myself sitting with them all, and laugh at myself. I get on awfully well with the girls at

School now, and everybody is so good to me, now they know I am up here all by myself."

* * * * *

Grace Porter (1916-21) is attending classes at a Convent School in Hull, with a view to taking Matriculation. She writes:

"9.20 last Wednesday morning found me in a very crowded and noisy cloakroom, trying to find out the number of my peg amid murmurs of "Look, that's a new girl,' 'Why, she's got her hair up.' Then the Mother Superior came and told us what classes we should be in. 'St. Bede's,' as our classroom is called, is quite small, the windows are high up and you can't see through them. I'm awfully disappointed that there's not going to be any hockey this year. Not enough girls want it out of three hundred!"

* * * * *

Louie Shaw (1918-21) writes from College in Kensington:

"We have had a most glorious holiday—a motor tour through the Lake District and South of Scotland for ten days. The weather favoured us *all* the time. The Lake District will take some beating—it was our first visit. At Arnside we called in at the Vegetarian Summer School. We camped out every day for lunch and tea in very varied places, sometimes by the sea or on the rocks, at other times in woods, and best of all on the Scottish and latterly the Yorkshire moors. Along the west coast of Scotland we went by the sea for stretches of twenty or thirty miles at a time, with nothing but a few rocks between it and us. We were much amused by the Scottish dialect. In many cases the sign-posts (if there were any) were not clear, e.g., "Keep street to the left and round the next wee corner and then keep street on." We went through Ayr, Ardrossan, Greenock and Glasgow, right through the industrial part. I have never seen so many unemployed. In fact, on the night

previous to our going through Port Glasgow there had been a riot, and we saw many windows, etc., blocked up.

Now I am once more back at College. I passed all the College exams. last term (except spelling !) and the outside Secretarial exams. in Shorthand, Book-keeping, and French. I also received a prize from Pitman's for my "rapid mastery of Shorthand." It was in the form of two books, viz.: "Tales from Dickens' and 'Adventures of Sherlock Holmes,' both in Shorthand. I am going to make a great effort to get into the Model Office this term."

SCHOOL DIARY.

June 15th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Diary, Anthony Skelton and Grace Gibb. Essays: History of London's Electric Railways, Henry Rowntree; Southwold, Marjorie Land; Impromptu speeches.

„ 17th.—Cricket Match: 1st XI. *v.* Audley End, home, lost 118-122. Mr. Whitlow, 49, and 7 wkts. for 36.

„ 21st.—Cricket Matches: 1st XI. *v.* Bishop's Stortford Town, away, won, 88—61; Mr. Brereton, 22; Mr. Pumphrey, 6 wkts. for 22 runs.

Under 14 XI. v. Saffron Walden Grammar School under 14 XI. home, lost, 54-89. Scott 7 wkts for 16.

Tennis Match: Girls *v.* Saffron Walden Training College away, lost, 41—58 games.

„ 23rd.—General Meeting.

„ 24th.—Cricket Matches: 2nd XI. *v.* Radwinter 2nd XI., away, won, 138 for 4 wkts—7; Teakle, 65; Freeman, 50.

Girls' 1st XI. *v.* Cambridge County School 1st XI., home, won, 100—32; B. English, 50.

„ 26th.—Jun. Lit. Soc. Annual Social.

„ 28th.—Cricket Match: 1st XI. *v.* Mr. Downham's XI., home, won, 101—39; Mr. Pumphrey, 58, and 6 wkts. for 20; Mr. Whitlow, 4 wkts. for 10.

„ 29th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Diary, Dorothy Falkner; Essays: Beach Folk, Evelyn Pask; Guilty, Joyce Paton; Pianoforte Solo, "En Route," Barbara English.

July 1st.—Cricket Match: Boys' 1st XI. *v.* Saffron Walden Grammar School 1st XI., away, lost, 31—36; Lloyd, 6 wkts. for 16, hat trick.

Tennis Match: Girls *v.* Chantry Mount, home, won, 23—21 games.

„ 5th.—House Socials. All held at home owing to the wet weather.

„ 6th.—Nat. Hist. Soc. Mtg. Account of Pond Hunting Excursion, Molly Halford; Short Talks by Wm. Warren, James Blagdon, Margaret Ellis, Eric Peverett, and Mr. Morris.

„ 8th.—Cricket Match: Boys' 2nd XI. *v.* Saffron Walden Grammar School 2nd XI., home, lost, 41—48. A. Wright, 3 wkts. for 8.

„ 8th—10th.—Visit of Mr. E. Ashby: Talks on Australian Birds.

„ 12th.—Cricket Matches: Boys' 1st XI. *v.* Newport Grammar School 1st XI., away, lost, 37—154.

Boys' 2nd XI. *v.* Newport Grammar School 2nd XI., home, lost, 33—80; Green, 5 wkts. for 26.

„ 13th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Diary, Dorothy Falkner and Robert Yardley. Essays: Men of the Iron Age, Reginald Reynolds; Croome, Barbara Sell; Things we are, Mr. Goom; Whistling Solo, Mr. Beer.

„ 15th.—Cricket Match: 1st XI. *v.* Audley End XI., away, lost, 39—51; Mr. Pumphrey, 6 wkts. for 23.

„ 19th.—Cricket Match: Lower School XI. *v.* Newport Grammar School Lower School XI., home, won, 113—30. Edwards, 43; Tebbit, 30, and 5 wkts. for 8.

„ 26th—Cricket Match: 1st XI. *v.* Mr. Downham's XI., home, lost, 74—159 for 7 wkts. Greenaway, 23; Mr. Bailey, 20.

„ 27th.—Holidays began.

Sept. 14th.—School re-opened.

„ 21st.—Quarterly Meeting.
Extra Half-Holiday.

„ 28th.—N.H.S. Business Mtg.

„ 30th.—N.H.S. Excursion to Ickleton.

Oct. 5th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Diary, Gordon Baines and Kathleen Green. Essays: The Value of Imagination, Joyce Tawell; Some Glimpses of Schools in the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries, Miss Yapp; Concerning a Market, Anthony Skelton; Pianoforte Solo, Schumann's "Romance in F ♯, Barbara English.

„ 7th.—Football Match : 1st XI. *v.* Foxes, home, lost, 1—5.

„ 13th.—N.H.S. Mtg. Lecture on Audley End, Colin Todd and Wm. Warren.

„ 14th—16th.—O.S. Week-end. Football Match : 1st XI. *v.* Old Scholars, drawn, 1—1.

Hockey Match : 1st XI. *v.* Old Scholars, won, 8—3.

„ 17th.—Merit Half-Holiday.

„ 19th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Diary, James Blagdon ; Essays : The Beginnings of a Nation, Frank Smith ; Broad Yorkshire, Barbara English ; Joan of Arc, Philip A. Smith.

„ 21st.—Football Match : Boys' 1st XI. *v.* Harlow College 1st XI., away, lost, 3—4.

Hockey Matches : Girls' 1st XI. *v.* Herts. and Essex High School 1st XI., home, won, 6—3. Girls' 2nd XI. *v.* Herts. and Essex High School 2nd XI., away, lost, 2—5.

Lantern Lecture : " Vesuvius and Pompeii," Mr. Rowntree.

„ 27th.—N.H.S. Mtg. Phenological Report, Barbara English ; Meteorological Report, Anthony Skelton ; Essays : Spiders, David Edmundson ; The Oak, Violet Falkner ; Geological History of Saffron Walden, John Edmundson ; Moles, Claire Palmer.

„ 28th.—Football Match : Boys' XI. *v.* Bishop's Stortford College 1st XI., away, lost, 0—10.

Hockey Match : School 1st XI. *v.* Dunmow Ladies', home, lost, 4—5.

Lantern Lecture : Vegetation of the British Isles, Mr. Morris.

Nov. 1st.—Football Matches : Boys' 1st XI. *v.* Newport Grammar School 1st XI., away, lost, 1—3. Boys' 2nd XI. *v.* Newport Grammar School 2nd XI., home, lost, 0—4.

„ 2nd.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Mock Trial.

„ 4th.—Lantern Lecture : The Romance of Silk Weaving, Miss Elsie Miles.

„ 8th.—Football Match : Lower School XI. *v.* Newport Grammar School Lower School XI., home, won, 2—0.

N.H.S. Excursion to Wenden.

„ 11th.—Hockey Match : 1st XI. *v.* Cambridge Ladies', away, won, 6—1.

Musical Evening.

NOTICES.

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

EDITORIAL BOARD.

Winifred M. Loveless, *C. Barbara Sell*, *Crispus R. Cottis* have joined the Editorial Board.

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Pianoforte, Elementary.—David Edmundson has passed with Distinction.

SCHOOL MAGAZINES.

We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the *Beckside* (Ayton), *The Island* (Sidcot), *Penketh School Magazine*, *Ackworth School Magazine*.

ROYAL LIFE SAVING SOCIETY.

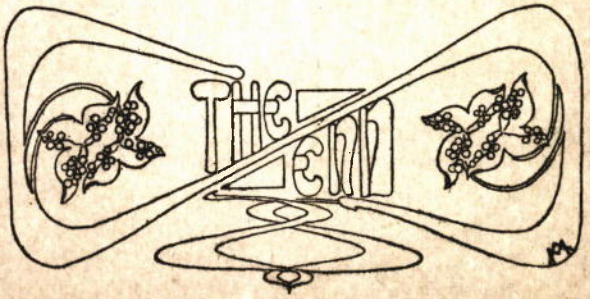
Diploma.—Barbara English.

Award of Merit.—Miss Priestman, Carl Engelmann, Clifford Hornby, Robert O. Yardley.

Hon. Instructor's Certificate.—Eileen M. Cousins.

Bronze Medallion.—Kathleen Coates, Hilda Engelmann, Grace Gibb, Kathleen Green, Alma Palmer, Joyce Tawell, Frances Waters, Miss Withers, Clifford Hornby, John Edmundson, Eric Peverett, Gordon Baines.

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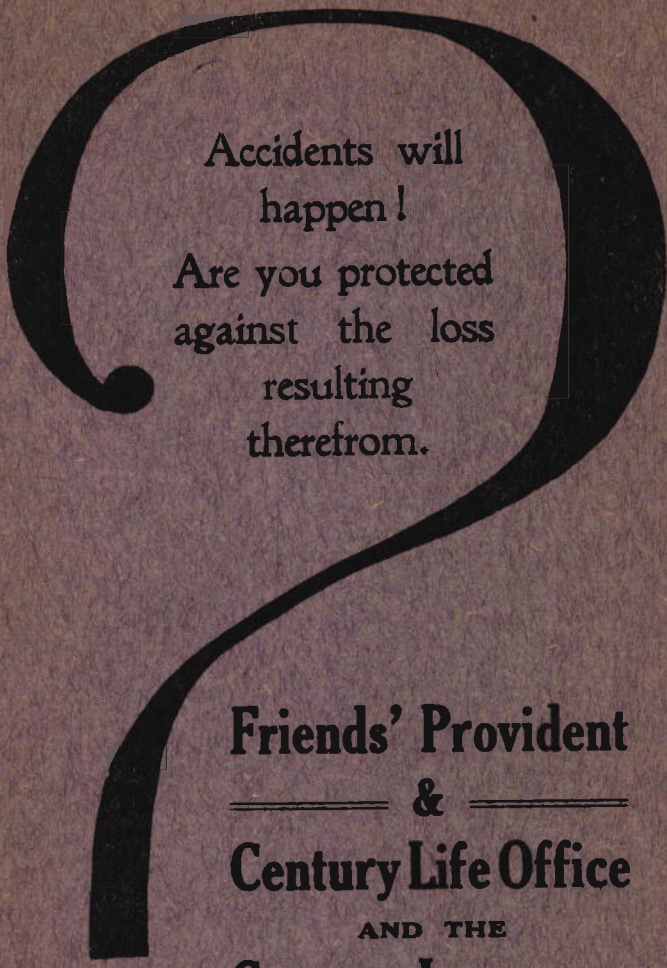
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