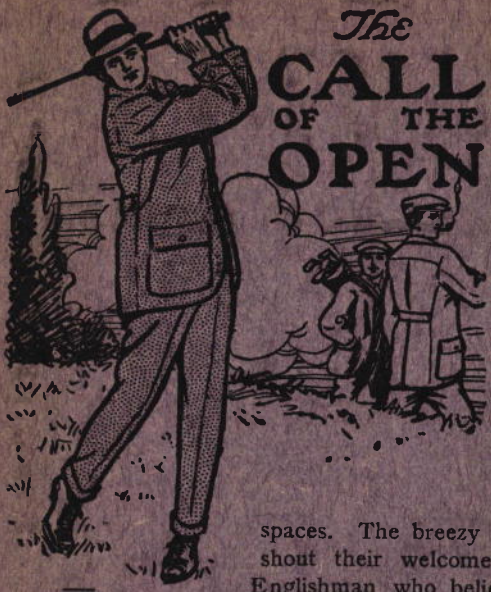
THE AVENUE



MARCH 1922

PER ARDUA AD ALTA



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MR. and MRS. J. E. WALKER.



The Magazine of the Friends' School, Saffron Walden.

VOL. XI. MARCH, 1922. No. 37.

FOREWORD.

IT has been the custom in past years always to publish a photograph of the School in the March issue of *The Avenue*, but we make no apology for replacing it this year by the photograph of Mr. and Mrs. Walker, which forms our frontispiece.

Unfortunately our health record has not been unblemished since the last number was written, for the diphtheria germ continued to find fresh victims during the latter part of last term, and we dispersed early in the hope that the Sanatoruim would then be free by the beginning of this term. As it turned out, this was a vain hope, for some unfortunates, having spent Christmas in the "San.", did not succeed in ejecting or otherwise disposing of the troublesome bacteria until a week or two of this term had passed.

Apart from minor ailments caused by the vagaries of the official in charge of the English Department of the Clerk of

the Weather's office, we have so far succeeded this term in escaping any of the many diseases which are available for schools.

Although our health this term has been better, yet it is the sad duty of a veracious historian to record that our numbers are worse, there being at present several vacancies on either side of the house; so that it is the obvious duty of all readers of this Foreword to persuade parents with children of school age to send them along to " the best school of all."

Would that it were possible to say that the new buildings had progressed at a great pace; alas, it is not so, but it may truthfully be said that " Some progress has been made."

The Boys' baths are now an accomplished fact, and those who wish may have a cold bath in the morning—a nearer approach to godliness than was formerly possible.

The roof is on the new block and plastering is progressing favourably, whilst sacks full of floor arrived only a few days ago, so that we have every hope of being in possession of our two new schoolrooms and new art room by—well, perhaps it is safest not to prophesy.

Money may be the root of all evil, but it is also a necessity of modern life, and buildings seem to require a large quantity, so large a quantity that it required a great act of faith for the School Committee to decide to build at all, and they are still in need of more money—either gifts or loans to any amount will be gratefully accepted. The School has done its bit, for a Sale of Work was held towards the end of last year at which some £100 was raised and presented to the Committee in aid of the Building Fund. It was indeed highly gratifying to think that the action of the Committee has been endorsed to such an extent and in so practical a manner by the scholars, and when the present generation brings the next to view its future school, it may justifiably point to the new block, and say to little Tommy or Dolly or Mary, " I helped to build that."

G. Stanley Pumphrey.

TO MR. AND MRS. WALKER.

LITTLE more than forty years have passed since the erection of Saffron Walden School, and for more than thirty of these years you have presided over the progress of the School. It was truly an imposing building when you entered upon office, and may well have been considered ample for the family of ninety scholars who greeted you; but it is difficult for the present generation to imagine the School without a Science Laboratory, a Swimming Bath or a Gymnasium. I think you carried on your scientific research officially in a class-room, unofficially in the Old Natural History Room. The gymnastic apparatus was to be found in the Playrooms, and consisted of parallel bars and a few rings suspended from the ceiling. And the only Swimming Bath—was it not at Dirty Dick's? But I am forgetting that, officially, you could not be supposed to know this.

If it were possible to sum up the results of your thirty years' work in a sentence, we would refer to the present buildings covering twice as much ground as formerly, and including the well-appointed Sanatorium, and to the family nearly twice the size of your first charge. These are some of the outward signs of your rule at Walden; but the still more important results, not to be measured in terms of numbers, cannot be expressed in a sentence. If you wish to measure them, look into the faces of your Old Boys and Girls as they greet you at Whitsuntide.

To most of the readers of *The Avenue*, thirty years is a long time—in fact, a very long time; they would find it very difficult to picture the School without you. Fortunately they are not called upon to attempt this, for when you retire from the burden and heat of the day, the School will still be visible from the windows of your new house, and a few minutes' walk will cover the intervening space. So we take this opportunity

of assuring you that the present Staff and Scholars count confidently on your continued presence at the School, whether in the building, the field or the garden (or in the Dark Room), and especially at the Sunday Evening meeting; while your Old Scholars still look forward to meeting you during their gatherings at the School.

We therefore all bid you—not farewell, but welcome to the School.

C.B.R.

HOUSE COMPETITION, 1921.

AFTER leading for three consecutive years, Godlee House has at last had to yield pride of place to Morland House, which for the second time has its name inscribed on the House Trophy. The points scored this year were as follows:

1. Morland 301.5
2. Godlee 238.8
3. Crosfield 215.6.

The difference in totals between first and second is much greater than before, and, as will be seen by the details of points scored. Morland House headed all sections except the Æsthetic and Class Work, which are divided between the other two Houses. We still regret that the Scientific Section, including the Natural History Society, continues to produce disproportionately small totals. The points are as under:

	Athletics.	Literary.	Scientific.	Manual.	Music, Art, etc.	Class work.	Conduct.
Morland	88	38	4	31	20	19	101
Godlee	52	24	2	22	32	21	90
Crosfield	46	11	2	22	24	24	84

In the music and elocution competitions in the Spring, we were glad to have more vocal exercises; more entering for the singing, both solos and duets, than in previous years. The concert given by those who had won the competitions was very enjoyable; there was more variety than hitherto.

The House picnics are an institution which seems to have come to stay. Crosfield stayed at home, with the run of the premises; Morland once more sampled the delights of Debden Park, and Godlee broke new ground at Wimbish, where they enjoyed a delightful time, thanks to the kind permission of Mr. and Mrs. Wiseman to use their fields.

J. PENROSE WHITLOW.

OLD SCHOLARS' WEEK-END.

ON Friday, March 3rd, between forty and fifty Old Scholars returned to the School for an Educational week-end similar to those held in previous years. This time the subject of the lectures and discussions was "Ourselves and Society," while their aim was to enable us to ascertain something of the social conditions under which the greater number of the people of this country work out their lives, and to see how far it is possible by mutual knowledge of social conditions to reach a greater community of interests than at present exists between different classes of people.

The subject was introduced by Basil A. Yeaxlee, B.A., of the Educational Settlements Association; while Alan Knott, B.Sc., described some of the ways in which he and others are trying to gain the desired object by living among the people with whom they wish to get into contact. At the Mansfield House Settlement in Canning Town numerous educational experiments are being carried out, with considerable success so far as a certain section of the residents of that neighbourhood are concerned.

The methods advocated by the lecturers might be summed up as the removal of mutual ignorance and the freedom from those conventions which prove obstacles to unity. We take this opportunity of tendering to Basil Yeaxlee and to Alan Knott

and his wife our heartiest thanks for contributing so greatly to the success of the week-end.

In all there were four lectures—two on Saturday morning and one in the evening, while one on Sunday afternoon took perhaps more the form of a practical effort to find out what different people were trying to do in their own districts to solve the problem. Beside attending these four lectures we were able to play Past and Present Hockey and Football matches. In Hockey the present girls won a very even and hard-fought game by 2 goals to 1. The Football match proved more uneven, the Old Boys turning out a strong eleven, which quite outplayed the School team, weakened as it was by the absence of one or two of their regular players from injuries, and won easily by 6 goals to 0. On the Saturday evening both Past and Present contributed items to a concert, which was much enjoyed ; John Quinn's conducting of the Old Boys' Choir being a prominent feature. After supper we witnessed with great enjoyment the time-honoured play of " Box and Cox," in which Mr. Beer and Mr. Whitlow took the title rôles, and Eileen Cousins, one of the present scholars, filled the part of Mrs. Bouncer, the landlady, to the life. This added an element of lightness to the more solid portion of the week-end.

The presence of the Old Scholars added considerably to the interest of morning and evening meetings on Sunday, and three of the visitors addressed us in the evening, when the " spirit " of the School was spoken to.

The week-end gathering included all three Secretaries of the Association : the Editorial Secretary, John H. Quinn, with his wife (*née* Kathleen Townshend) ; J. Owen Clover, with Muriel Frankham, who are to be married at Jordans on April 20th, and to whom we all tender our best wishes for their future happiness, and Howard Diamond, who received congratulations on his recent engagement to another Old Scholar, Elsie Deane. At this rate we shall soon have no unmarried officials left !

ANON.

THE STORY OF A DOG.

ON a lonely hill-side in Canada a log cabin stood in a sheltered nook. Inside was a bench on which a man was sitting with his head buried in his hands, and at his feet lay a dog. A fine animal was Laddie, his coat sleek and shiny, his head long and wolf-like, and his carriage fine and kingly.

Presently the man spoke. "Laddie, old boy,"—the big, grave dog lifted its head, and its master continued,—"For five years you and I have lived alone, and gone our solitary hunting expeditions together." The man rose and his voice hardened. "You see that town down there; in it are dozens of taverns, and I've kept away from them and all their temptation, but the old longing has come back, and I'm going down into that hell to-morrow, and for one day I shall drink my fill." The dog whined as if it understood, and there was silence again in the cabin. His faithful friend lay down again, and the big, strong man, who was yet so weak that he could not resist the call of the devil, lay down too as the sun sank behind the hill, and tried to sleep. But the moon rose and was high in the heavens before Ralph Buckham slept and dreamed of the awful days which had preceded his flight to the mountains.

Early the next morning, as soon as the sun transformed the hill-side to a rosy red, Ralph and Laddie rose, and the man started on his lonely ten mile tramp to the town, while the dog stationed itself for a long day to keep watch over his master's cabin.

His master had left no food for Laddie, so the dog sat through the baking heat of the day, never going into the shelter of the cabin, and now and then quenching his thirst at the water tub. All through the weary day he stayed on duty, and

as the sun began to set, and his master didn't come, Laddie went into the cabin, fetched a small bucket, and stood for a moment by the open door to look for his master. When he had nearly closed the door he took up the bucket in his mouth, climbed the hill behind the house, and then descended into a wood on the other side. He dipped the bucket into the running stream, and then, after taking a drink of the sparkling water, he went back to the cabin. The tub at the side of the house was nearly dry, so Laddie placed the bucket beside it. Turning, he saw approaching the hut in the half dusk a big, hungry wolf.

The dog advanced slowly towards the blood-thirsty animal. When they were scarcely two yards away from each other, the wolf sprang, and the two were locked in a deadly fight. For a few minutes neither seemed to gain any advantage over the other; then with a lightning movement the wolf buried his teeth in the fur of Laddie's chest; but he was not able to hold his advantage for long, for the dog, with a mighty wrench, flung the wolf from him, and making good his advantage, advanced, and, snarling, prepared to spring. But his antagonist had had enough for one day, and darted away down the hill-side, whining as he went.

During the night the dog sat guarding the hut by the light of the moon, and all through the long hours he watched and waited for his master. In the morning he was ravenously hungry, but although he knew the provisions were in a corner of the hut he did not touch them.

The dawn was cloudy and stifling, but Laddie still sat staunch at his post. In the middle of the morning he again set out with his bucket to carry water, as he was wont to do with his master. He had made six journeys, and was returning from the seventh when he saw the wolf enter the cabin. Dropping his bucket, he ran as fast as his tired legs would carry him to the hut, where the wolf was about to steal some of the provisions. He sprang at the animal from behind, and,



THE BOYS' LOWER SCHOOLROOM
(About 1906).
(Now the Boys' Washroom.)

being taken unawares, it was at a disadvantage; but in spite of this, a hard fight ensued, in which Laddie got one eye torn out and a foot bitten; but in the end he managed to get a grip of the wolf's throat and kill it. Then he dragged himself back to watch at his post, but in a few minutes the faithful sentinel fell to the ground almost dead.

Late that evening a weary, ragged, drunken man toiled up the mountain side. Ralph Buckham had indeed gone to the bad for two long days, and was returning, drunk, to the faithful friend who had guarded his dwelling so jealously. He had only meant to stay for one day, but his so-called friends had jeered at him so much for going back to his lonely life that he had consented to stay.

As he lay sleeping in a back street that night he dreamed of Laddie having dreadful fights and getting nearly killed, and everyone seemed to be shunning him and whispering about him. At last he was awakened from his troubled dreams by a policeman shaking him and telling him to go about his business. He went to the nearest public house as a matter of course, and decided to have one more drink before he went back to his cabin and Laddie. But the drink was a long one, and when he had finished he had another, and so he went on till mid-day, when he at last started to climb the mountain.

Laddie had been senseless for a good many hours when Ralph stumbled up against him in the dusk, and then it was that Ralph did one of the most cruel things a man could do; he picked up a thin stick, and beat his faithful comrade within an inch of his life, and then the drunkard fell down on the floor of the hut in a heavy stupor. Laddie, who never could be angered by the man he adored, mustered all the strength he had in his tired body, crept up to his master, and, nestling close to him, licked the foul dust of the city off his master's hands.

The sun had risen high in the sky before Ralph awoke in the morning. Getting up, he was about to whistle for Laddie when he saw the poor animal lying at his feet. At once all the visions of the last two days flashed back upon him; the town, his dreams, the flight, and at last how he had flogged his dog. As these thoughts came to him, he fell into a passion of grief at the dog's side, calling its name and bathing its wounds, and at last Laddie moved, and seeing his master bending over him, seemed to gain strength and tried to wag his tail and show that he was friends.

As soon as Ralph found Laddie was alive he made a soft bed of dry leaves, and put his own coat over it. On this bed he laid the dog, and then set to work. He went round to the tub and found the body of the dead wolf; and when he examined it and found the fur near the throat covered with blood, he knew that his dog had not only had to keep guard, but struggle hard for his master's goods.

For many days Laddie could scarcely eat or walk; all through the long winter he lay in the hut, but in the spring his strength seemed to revive with nature, and by the summer he was quite all right, except that he was blind in one eye.

For many years Ralph and his dog wandered about the mountains in the summer and hunted the animals which lived around them, and in the winter sat by the log fire in the cabin, or went for short, brisk walks on the narrow mountain passes when the snow was not too thick.

This life went on till one day as Laddie and his master were rambling on the hill-side, Ralph had an accident which ended his life. As he was walking along talking to his dog, he did not notice a tree-trunk which lay across his path. He fell and cut his head so badly that he died immediately. For two days Laddie sat by his master, licking his face and looking into his eyes waiting for him to move, but when he realised that Ralph would never rise again, he slowly

walked to the woods, where his grand-sires had lived many years ago.

* * * * *

In the town and the villages round the wood, mothers tell their children of the great wolf-dog who roams the country-side, over hill and down dale, leading his pack, master, leader and comrade to his followers.

Molly Halford
(*Upper Fourth Form*).

I WANT.

I WANT a terrible lot of things!
I want the moon, and a motor car,
A new frock, and a heart that sings,
And a chord of the music beyond the Bar.
I want a place where the gorse runs gold,
And to ride there in an aeroplane;
I want a secret that can't be told,
And a joy that isn't the most part pain.

A wind came sighing around my heart,
A breath that held a flame of fire,—
The breath a song, and the flame a dart
Straight from the hand of Heart's Desire.
The shaft fell heavy adown the air,
The heedless bolt of a boy with wings,—
But the song has taken me unaware,
And I want a terrible lot of things!

MARGARET R. COATES
(1906-12).

THE PROBLEM OF AN INTERNATIONAL LANGUAGE.

MANY people would agree that, in this age of internationalism, when the problems and progress of any country increasingly affect those of every other, there is an urgent necessity for some international language, and the advantages to commerce, travel, science and all branches of human activity which would arise from its general use. But the questions are —which shall it be? and what form shall it take? Will a mere business code meet the need? or must one of the present national languages be made universal? Still further, is there an existing language which may be used, apart from any national language, in our foreign relationships?

There are five possible solutions, each of which has its advocates.

First of all there is the proposition of adopting Latin, or some other dead language. The only real advantage of this, apart from satisfying a small number of classical students, would be the imparting of life and enthusiasm to the Latin and Greek of the Schools. This unproportional advantage, however, is outweighed by the extreme difficulty of the language and its incapability of expressing some of the commonest ideas of modern life. Advocates who realise this, suggest a reform which would in all probability merely degenerate the language into Dog-latin,—to the pleasure of the Latinists! The same remark applies to Greek.

The next thing to consider is the official recognition of some *national* language as a world-wide tongue. Some would suggest that the ministers of all the nations should meet in solemn conclave and choose one of the many tongues to be taught henceforth in every school throughout the civilised world! But the difficulties of a national tongue prevent its real mastery in other lands, by all but an exceptional few. The

attempt to force it upon the world would tend to its degeneration, and split it up into a variety of dialects. Moreover a national international language is a contradiction of terms.

The universal adoption of the language of any nation would give that nation a world influence to which the others would not readily agree. It is necessary to have a neutral language, unhampered by patriotism and national jealousies.

If English were the language chosen, we find it suffers, as do all national languages, from national jealousies, an immense vocabulary, difficulty of acquirement owing to irregularities and idioms, and still further it is handicapped by a hopelessly chaotic spelling. The advocates of English usually recognise this, but if the English language could be made phonetic, this would only render it more difficult for the average European, for it is precisely the present spelling of the Latin roots in common with those of other languages which makes them easily recognisable to his eye.

As to the subservience of other nations to the English solution, here is an extract by the editor of *Le Chrétien Libre*, Paris :—

" It would seem, then, quite *natural* for us to entertain that point of view. It is, however, *not* so. Firstly, because it is not to our liking to strengthen the Anglo-American races that politically dominate the world, by according them a privilege . . . both morally and politically so momentous. Secondly, if English *is* the easiest of natural tongues, it is no less true—and this I know by experience—that it takes at least ten times as long to learn English imperfectly as Esperanto thoroughly. That being the case, who would dare demand that six hundred million European workers should devote to their studies ten times more time, only to succeed in communicating with their fellows less perfectly ? "

If numbers are to determine the case then Chinese would be, without question, the international language ! Spanish

and Italian have claims of harmonious sound, regular spelling, and comparative ease of acquirement; while French is the most widely used in official circles. Most well-educated English people have studied French at school, often for several hours a week during a number of years, yet few can speak or write it even tolerably well; and without a very special gift for languages, or exceptional opportunities for further study, real fluency is seldom acquired.

The universal use of one tongue only, even if it were possible, would mean the loss of many national languages, and render useless much fine literature. A translation cannot express adequately the thought and ideals of the original. It is the national language that mirrors the national life.

The third solution is the Three Language System. Here it is advocated that everyone should learn French, German and English, which for other nations is a four language solution. This suffers from the difficulties of the previous solution, correspondingly intensified. This system has been tried for many years in a number of schools with a certain degree of success. The elementary knowledge of the average pupil forms a basis for further study, and is often sufficient for travelling, but unless the languages become far more widespread, no real progress can be made.

There are those who hold that a neutral language is preferable to any national language, though many of them believe that no suitable language of the kind at present exists, and it is then that we come to the fourth proposition that Esperanto should be used, not as a universal, but as an international language.

Esperanto was invented by a Russian, Dr. Zamenhof, who lived during his childhood in a small town where the population consisted of Russians, Germans, Poles and Jews. Each section spoke its own language, and was on very bad terms with the other sections. This state of affairs worried Zamenhof and he determined that the only solution was *one* language for

all mankind. After learning French and German he invented a language rich in artifical declensions and conjugations. But when he learned English at the Warsaw Academy he was struck by the comparative simplicity of the English grammar, the more so owing to the sudden change from Latin and Greek. Then he came to see that richness of grammatical forms is only a chance historical occurence, and is not necessary for a language; so he cut out unnecessary forms and simplified the grammar to such an extent, that, without any harm to the language itself, it occupied only a few pages. Since then Zamenhof has been known as Dr. Esperanto.

Esperantists describe the language as a selection of the fittest material for the purpose; as being free from sounds difficult to pronounce, neutral for all nations, phonetic, concise, exact and unambiguous, logical and regular, and above all easy to learn.

Esperanto is very adaptable for scientific use, owing to the regular system of word-formation and the fact that technical words, which are already international, are taken into the language practically unchanged. All verbs are conjugated alike, and the number of root-words to be learned is comparatively small, other words being derived from these by means of prefixes and suffixes. The majority of root-words are taken either from the chief modern tongues or direct from Latin and Greek, so that the language cannot be condemned as entirely artificial; in fact it is no more artificial than hundreds of English words which are brought in from other languages as occasion requires.

Although somewhat retarded by the war, Esperanto has made considerable recent progress. It has been introduced into a number of schools in England, France and Germany, and several firms have made use of it for catalogues, price lists, trade journals, and advertisements. There is also a considerable amount of Esperanto literature, comprising both original work and translations.

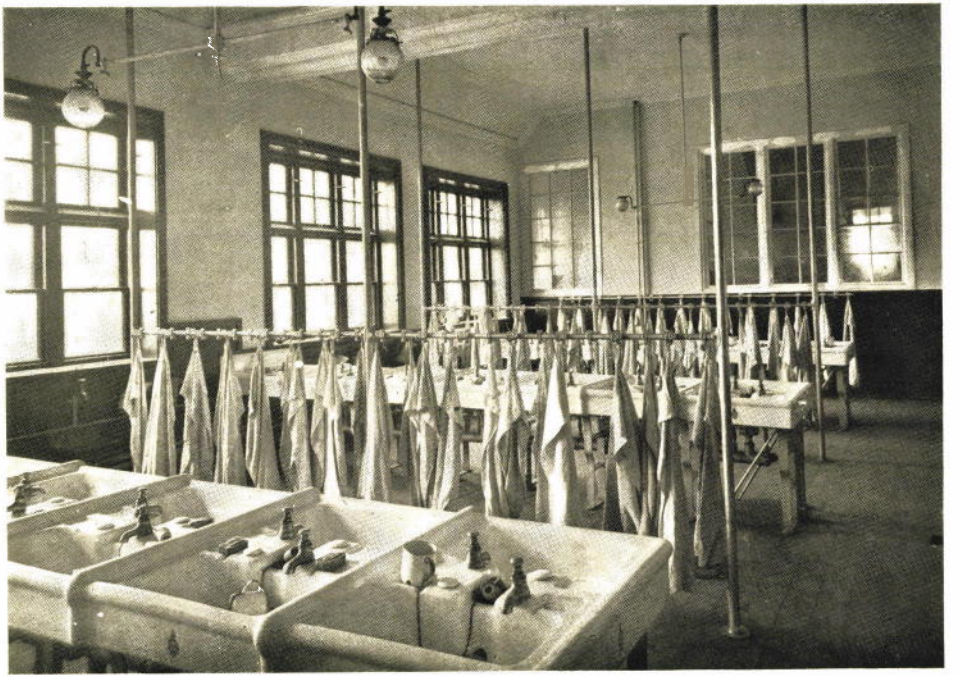
The fact that interpreters are needed at the frequent political and trade conferences of ministers and merchants, often confessedly unable to speak each others' languages, is an illustration of the existing chaos which could be alleviated by Esperanto. In this respect, indeed, the modern world is behind the Middle Ages, when a sort of conversational Latin provided a direct means of communication for educated people.

On the other hand Esperantists who are accused by *national* language advocates of introducing still another language in addition to the large number existing, state that they intend it to be used merely as an international code, or business language of convenience. If this is the case, then it is a pity that energy, which could be spent on introducing it as a code, should be expended on attempts at poetry and unnecessary prose which are but lifeless translations of real thought and feeling.

The view of the League of Nations concerning Esperanto appears rather vague and unenthusiastic. In an extract from a draft it is merely "well *aware* of the language difficulties that prevent direct intercourse between the peoples . . . and follows with interest the experiments of the teaching of the international language, Esperanto, in the public schools of some members of the League." It also "*hopes* to see that teaching made more general, so that the children of all countries may know at least two languages, their mother tongue and an easy means of international communication."

Finally we come to the fifth solution of the language problem, which is actually no solution at all, that is, merely a continuation of the present state of affairs.

Some declare this last to be a counsel of despair, which is out of harmony with the inventive and enterprising spirit of modern civilisation, which has already evolved international codes for marine signalling, both by flags and wireless telegraphy, and which uses international symbols for music, science,

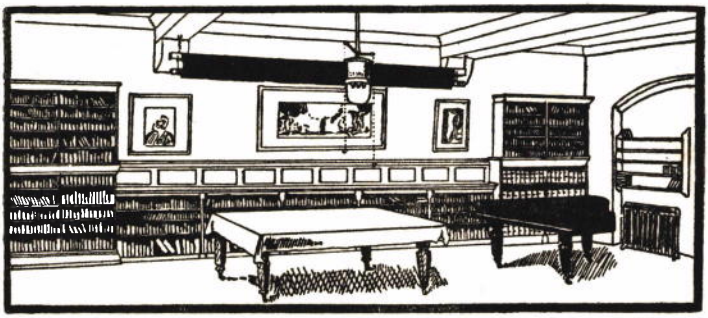


THE BOYS' WASHROOM
(Formerly the Lower Schoolroom).

and mathematics. There is something to be said for the case, however. Most of us would agree that, minus the extreme difficulty of learning foreign languages, it would be far better to understand the languages of the different nations, and to be able to converse with a Frenchman in French, and a German in German, than to converse with the world in a language of convenience. One would be able to feel with a Frenchman, to understand his literature, to sympathise with a German, and joke with a Chinaman. Nor is this so utterly impossible as it seems at first, for with the modern extensive means of travelling by aeroplane, the present proposal and the future realisation of a channel tunnel, people will soon be able to mix freely with their continental fellows, to learn their language, and thus be a thousand times better off than by the mechanical use of an unnatural language.

It is for you to judge whether Esperanto, any modern, or any dead language, fulfils the requirements of an international language, if not, to be content with the existing state of affairs.

Eileen Cousins
(*Sixth Form*).

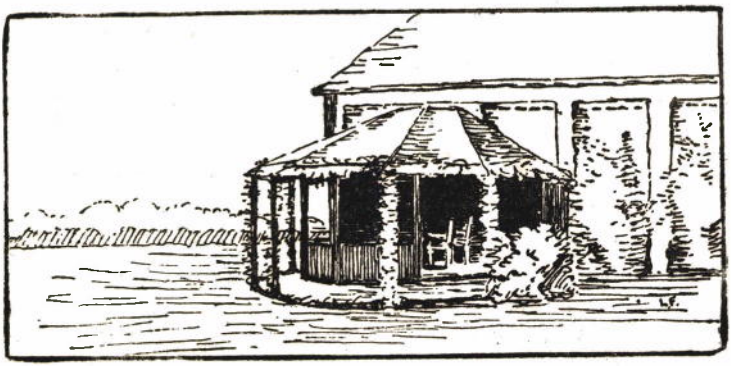


THE BUILDING SALE.

IN the ancient school at Walden
Where the rafters rocked with laughter,
Laughter of the boys and maidens,
There I'm told they had a sale day,
Sale day for the great red building.
Sold they goods at wondrous prices;
Playrooms, classrooms, full of people.
There they had exciting side-shows,
Ruled by Gregg, the king of salesmen.
In the playroom of the maidens
Darts were thrown by hands so skilful,
Not exceeded by the spearmen,
In the days of noble fighting,
Further off along the passage,
In the sanctum of committees,
People laughed at bogus paintings.
In the hall of general conclave
Was "The White Rags" concert party;
Sung they songs and played they music,
Fine to hear and oft remembered
By the crowds who went to see them.
Then into the hall of eating,
Where were sold the wondrous bargains;
Bargains for the old and weary;
Bargains for the young and joyful.
Screened and sheltered in the corner
Threw they rings o'er silver-money—
In the centre of the dais,
Where do eat the great white teachers,
Stood the cake of weight uncertain.
Weights were guesssed by divers persons:
Six there were who guessed it rightly,

So they shared it up amongst them.
In the new and wondrous formroom,
Formroom of the younger children,
Drink was served to all who thirsted;
Food was served to all who hungered;
Tea and cakes and wondrous ices!
But the crowd was in the playroom,
Playroom where the boys play football.
There were hurled by many people
Balls at nuts from far off countries,
Cocoanuts from distant Java.
Now my children I have told you
Of the building sale at Walden
Organised by men and maidens,
Managed by the great House Council.

Crispus R. Cottis
(*Upper Fifth Form*).



A DAY IN BRUGES.



E only had one day in Bruges, and I wish we had had a week to spend amongst its old grey buildings beside its quiet canals. Few towns are so extremely interesting as this ancient capital of Western Flanders. It is a treasure-house of the past, as the silting of its principal river has effectually stopped its commercial importance, and it has now been entirely superseded in this respect by Nieuport and Antwerp.

The first building we visited was the Cathedral of St. Sauveur, which seemed to me rather tawdry inside, for all the columns were painted in many-coloured geometrical patterns. These, with the huge black and white rood-loft in front of the choir, spoiled the appearance of an otherwise beautiful nave.

From here we came to the large square where the great Belfry stands. This huge tower was built more than three hundred years ago, and is said to have one of the most beautiful chimes in existence. There are forty-eight bells, the biggest of which is about ten feet in diameter and half-a-foot thick. We wanted to get into the tower, but there seemed to be no one about and no door that would open. Presently, however, we found a small bell which we rang, whereupon a man came up and unlocked the door. But when we were inside he went out and locked it again! We wondered how we were to get out, but I found another small bell on the inside, so we turned our attention to the surroundings.

In one corner of the room stood a peculiar-looking contrivance, something like the key-board of an organ, with many treadles and wires attached; this was the old device for playing tunes on the bells, but now a large brass cylinder is used, similar to ones used in musical boxes. After climbing several long, steep, winding staircases, passing at intervals dimly-lit

rooms, we suddenly stumbled into a room flooded with light. This was the queerest place imaginable; everywhere was a network of thick wires and tall frame-works, all covered with dust, just as if the interiors of several giant pianos had been scattered about. We were trying to find out where all these wires came from, and how they were pulled, when we heard a noise behind one of the frames, and walking round it discovered an old man cobbling shoes! He took no notice of us, but went on sewing the leather, muttering to himself all the time. I asked him if this was as far as we could go; then he looked up, peering at us under bushy white eyebrows and screwing up his wrinkled, brown face. Rising, he tottered towards a small and hitherto unnoticed door, motioning to us to follow.

Only another short flight of narrow stairs and we were in the fresh air. That is to say, we felt a strong wind blowing and found ourselves among the bells. They hung all round us, leaving only a narrow way along the walls. Walking round this passage, we had a wonderful view, extending on every side many miles beyond the town. As it was just on the hour we decided to wait and hear the bells play. We *did* hear them; in fact we had to turn and run quickly down the stairs again so that we could distinguish the tune. However, from the street the peal can be better appreciated.

Having once more reached the ground, we walked to the Bourg Place, the oldest part of the town. Here is the Town Hall, which contains a very beautiful Gothic chamber. On the carved ceiling are paintings illustrating the twelve months of the year; and the mural pictures, executed by one of Bruges' greatest artists and his brother, show all the most important events since the opening of the canal. There is also a very old Chapel in one corner of the Square, where may be seen many old relics of wonderful workmanship.

From here we wandered down several shady streets, and crossed some beautiful old stone bridges which span the

numerous canals, until we came to the big Palace of the Grunthure, which is now altered to form a Museum, where are valuable specimens of old lace and various historic and prehistoric collections. Near the Palace is the Church of Notre Dame, which has the highest brick tower and spire in Belgium. One of the greatest treasures in this church is a statue of the Madonna and Child, by Michael Angelo.

The next, and one of the most beautiful sights we viewed in this old city was the Minnewater, or Lac d'Amour. It is a large lake, dug in the bed of the Roya, and used commercially in the Middle Ages, but long fallen into disuse. From the bridge that crosses one end, the city can be seen to great advantage, framed in bright greens of the trees surrounding the basin, and the deep blue of the sky. The water here was so still that an unbroken reflection could be seen, and had the view been colour-photographed it would have been extremely hard to tell the right way up of the picture.

It is in the vicinity of the Minnewater that most of the famous lace is woven. Some is done in the Béguinage, or Home for Incurables, but most is woven by the cottagers at their own homes, and we actually saw many of them sitting outside their doors making the dozens of spools fly and spin with their quick fingers. This industry is the only stable one left out of the many former ones. However, it is quite possible that now that the new part of Bruges is once more open to all nations, some of the ancient greatness may return to the fine old town.

Robert O. Yardley
(Sixth Form).

THE OLD SCHOLARS ANNUAL SOIRÉE.

THE day fixed for the annual soirée was January the 7th, commencing at 6.30 p.m. in the Central Hall, Westminster.

Arriving about 6.20, I found the Hall brilliantly lit up; a host of small tables with good things on were scattered around the room and there was also another host of a very different kind that welcomed me in—in other words Mr. Clover was here.

After a wash and brush up we returned to the big hall and found that several other friends had arrived; a game was started, in which everybody had five beans and when anybody asked you a question and you replied with "Yes" or "No" you forfeited a bean.

The present scholars in most cases shone brilliantly at this, and one of them actually got seventeen. One suspects him of finding a few on the floor and elsewhere. After this there came a most popular game. A line of chairs were placed back to back and the party divided into two, and then a number of coloured balloons were sent up into the air and the two sides endeavoured to knock them down into their opponents' ground. Several of the balloons went off with a loud bang, but in spite of the growing shortage, the fight waxed furious until the whistle blew, and then a dispute arose as to which side had won.

After this came a number of varied items of music and recitations, after which came refreshments and the time for conversation.

Then all the small tables were put on one side and a game of musical couples indulged in. After a quarter of an hours' furious rushing hither and thither, we calmed down and the impromptu speeches commenced. Mr. Lidbetter, this year's

President, thanked the Old Scholars for doing him such an honour as electing him as their president (applause).

Doris Thompson had to speak on "Myself," and kindly informed us that if anybody wanted to know anything more about her would they kindly apply afterwards. Russell Frayling spoke on "My Wife," and then Arnold Green spoke on "Turner." He did not speak of the celebrated painter, but of the School's man, who with oil-can and screw-driver attended to anything and everything. Howard Farrington then spoke on "Am I as big a fool as I look, or do I look as big a fool as I am." He succeeded in getting round the point quite well, and was heartily applauded. Marcus Matthews with the aid of some ladies and Harry Dent succeeded in spinning out two minutes on a speech entitled "Silk Socks."

The last game was the one in which a circle is formed and sticks passed round until the music stops, when the person holding the stick drops out. The last two were kept going a long time, until at length the gentleman beat (not with the stick) the lady.

A few more items were contributed, and then the evening was brought to a close with everybody crossing hands and singing "Auld Lang Syne."

Norman S. Eames
(Upper Fifth Form).





THE FIRST PHOTO. OF THE SCHOOL
(From the Boys' Playground).

MIGHT AGAINST BRAIN.

A MAN with kingdom good and rare
Upon his death-bed lay ;
His face was wan with age and care,
Which once had been so gay.

He called to him his three bold sons,
And they were fair to see ;
Their names were Jeremiah, John,
And little Zebedee.

The aged monarch sat up straight,
His three sons standing near ;
" My sons," he said, " my time is short,
My wishes you shall hear.

" A goodly heritage I have
Which one of you shall take ;
I pray of you to understand
Conditions that I make.

" This task I ask you to fulfil,
A test for any man ;
Take yonder faggots hard and dry,
And break them if you can."

Now first came Jeremiah bold
To try this task so great ;
He stretched and strained with all his might,
But could not conquer Fate.

And next came John with smiling face ;
He thought for sure *he* could ;
But, though he tried with might and main,
He could not break the wood.

And last came little Zebedee,
Who smiled, and said aloud :
" If I these sticks do break in twain
I shall be surely proud."

Then quickly to the sticks he went
And ne'er a word spoke he ;
But taking each stick one by one,
He broke them on his knee.

Then did the aged monarch say :
" My heritage, you see,
Shall all belong to you, my son,
My little Zebedee."

King Zebedee, as ages tell,
A monarch great was he,
His people wrote above his grave :
" Here lies good Zebedee."

The Lower Fourth.

CHRISTMAS IN THE SANATORIUM.

THE end of last term found some boys in the San. with diphtheria; however, it was not long after the School vacation had begun that several of the inmates departed. Four of us were left to stay till after Christmas.

A few days before Christmas we were busy decorating the rooms. Nurse Colwell kindly supplied us with coloured paper, with which we made the decorations. We spent several afternoons making paper chains and flowers, with which we decked the girls' convalescent room (our living room), and the big ward which was our bedroom.

On Christmas eve we decorated a Christmas tree, which had arrived some days before. Most of the presents on it were to be sent to the Russian children. Several boxes of crackers were sent by parents, and one by Mrs. Walker. Mr. Morris sent us some nuts and we had various presents of fruit.

Fortunately we were all up on Christmas Day. We received our few presents from the Christmas tree, and played games most of the morning. We did not have our Christmas dinner till Boxing Day, which found us looking forward eagerly to one o'clock. In the morning Miss Norrington brought us some almonds and raisins, and some almond toffee which she had made. The dinner table was nicely arranged with fruit and crackers, and dinner consisted of roast chicken, plum pudding and dessert. At tea a big iced cake appeared, besides some nice mince pies.

I hope you will now see how much we enjoyed our Christmas in the Sanatorium.

Frank L. Smith
(Upper Fourth Form).

FAR AND NEAR.

Concerning Old Scholars.

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

Georgina Baker.

R. Raymond Dobbin is learning farming.

Wilfrid E. Grimes.

Sybil Haylock.

D. Margaret Horsfield is at Golder's Green Institute.

Richard D. Jennings is learning farming.

Mary Neave.

Roy G. Tawell is learning farming.

Frank H. Wetherall is apprenticed to a firm of linen manufacturers in Belfast.

* * * * *

Peggy Horsfield (1916-21) writes of a Christmas Party given at Hampstead Meeting House to forty boys from Hoxton :

" I took up my books of all the latest ragtime songs and they loved them. They kept me at the piano the whole evening, yelling the songs into my ear the whole time. ' Miss, learn me to dance, and I'll be your wife,' said one. Then they wanted me to learn them to play the piano, so I held their fingers and in turn made each one play ' God Save the King '—they were so delighted. One of the songs that I played for them would do very well for a one-step, so I told two of the little kids to go and dance. Well, they started. You would have thought that they had danced in the best ball-rooms all their lives. They did all kinds of marvellous dips and never once trod on each other's toes or anything and that same one a minute before had asked me to ' learn him to dance.' They are marvellous."

* * * * *

Louis Shaw (1918-21) reports a term of hard work at Kensington College, where she passed first of her set in both the theory

and practice of Shorthand, receiving a Shorthand Dictionary in recognition of her success. "I do miss Sunday evening Meetings and long for a good game of hockey."

* * * * *

Dorothy Reynolds (1915-21) is Assistant Mistress in a private school at Wallington, where she has fourteen small boys under her charge and is specialising in handwork.

* * * * *

Frank H. Wetherall (1915-21) writes from Belfast :

"On Tuesday afternoon I was up near the docks, going to the Spanish Consul's office for the firm, and in one of the streets off the one in which I was walking there were two mobs in the middle of having a little battle all to themselves, with half-bricks and revolvers, etc.,—quite exciting for both combatants and onlookers. I looked on for a few minutes with my head round the corner, but with the crackle of revolvers you were kept alive to what was going on. Half-bricks are not so bad, but revolvers—no !

* * * * *

Edna Ellis (1917-21), writing from The Mount School, says :

"A joint debate with Bootham was arranged about the middle of last term, the subject being : 'That a democratic form of Government is possible only in theory.' Clifford T. Jones, an old Walden head boy, and Agnes B. Graham were proposing and opposing, and another boy and girl seconding. The date was to be February 10th, and all preparations had been made, when "'flu" came and spoilt all and it had to be post-poned. We thought and hoped that it would be dropped, but no such luck. Agnes chose to go down with "'flu" about a week before the day, so a substitute had to be found. Unluckily I offered some notes to anyone who would do it and to my horror I was seized upon and practically forced to take Agnes' place. It seemed rather weak to refuse with no good excuse. Everyone

pitied me, gave me ideas and were generally kind and sympathetic. I set to work with a vengeance, for six days is not long to look up a subject about which I knew nothing, and no one else did either for that matter. Monday came all too soon, and ten pages of speech were ready, and both Mary Dixon (the seconder on the other side) and I were in a nervous tremble. When we arrived at Bootham we were given numbers and had to find our partners. After light refreshments, we all went up to the John Bright Library and the debate began. It was a splendid debate, with not a moment's pause in between the speeches. As it was Walden *versus* Walden, I did not really care much which side won. The results were as follows: for the motion, 34, against 46. Tremendous excitement prevailed when the results were given out, and I'm glad it's over."

SCHOOL DIARY.

Nov. 3rd.—New Chemical Laboratory opened.
Lit. Soc. Mtg. Diary, Anthony Skelton; Essays: "Wordsworth," Mrs. Walker; "Coleridge," Irene Chadwick; Song, "I Wandered lonely as a Cloud," Miss Bird; Reading, "Wordsworth's Grave," Mr. Whitlow; Lantern Slides of the Lake District, Mr. Walker.

,, 5th.—Football Match: Boys' XI. *v.* Saffron Walden Wanderers, lost 4—0.

,, 8th.—Lantern Lecture: Walter Rowntree, "Animal Childhood."

,, 11th.—N.H.S. Mtg. Talk on Starfishes and Sea Urchins, Miss Priestman; Essay on the Sea Coast, Eileen Cousins and Barbara English; Five minutes' paper, "Castle Hedingham," Edward Lush; Essay on "Rock Pools," Arnold Francis; Short talk on Guernsey, Mr. Morris.

,, 13th.—Visit of R. H. Davidson; Addresses on the Religions of China.

,, 16th.—Dickens' Recital, "Nicholas Nickleby," the Rev. Runnels-Moss.

,, 17th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Social evening.

, 24th.—N.H.S. Mtg. Lantern Lecture: Richard E. Holttum: "Greenland."

,, 26th.—Girls' Gymnastic Competition; won by Forms V. and VI.

Dec 3rd.—Sale of Work.

,, 8th.—Social Evening.

,, 9th.—Holidays began.

Jan. 17th.—School re-opened.

,, 26th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Diary, Mr. Whitlow and Mary Neave. Essays: "The Problem of an International Language," Eileen Cousins; "Impressions of some Belgian Coast Towns," Robert Yardley; "Moel Park," Barbara English.

,, 28th.—Hockey Match: Girls' 1st XI. *v.* Dunmow Ladies, home, lost 7—4.

,, 29th.—Dr. Fergie Woods: addresses on "Anti-Vivisection."

Feb. 2nd.—Football Match: Boys' XI. *v.* Saffron Walden Wanderers, home, won 4—0.

N.H.S. Mtg. Business Meeting; Phenological Report, Barbara English.

,, 8th.—Football Matches: Boys' XI. *v.* Newport Grammar School, away, drawn 3—3. Lower School XI. *v.* Newport Grammar School Lower School XI., home, lost, 2—1.

Hockey Match: 1st XI. *v.* Saffron Walden Training College, away, won 4—0.

,, 9th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Diary, Barbara English; Essays: "Electricity," Gordon Baines; "Smith, Robinson and Jones," Crispus Cottis; "Our Village," Dorothy Falkner; Pianoforte Solos: "Humoresque" (Swinstead), Edna Thompson; "Humoresque" (Balfour Gardiner), Grace Gibb.

,, 13th.—Merit half-holiday.

Lantern Lecture: "African Animals," Mr. Burtt.

,, 15th.—Football Match: 1st XI. *v.* Mr. Downham's XI., home, won 3—2.

,, 16th.—N.H.S. Mtg. Lantern Lecture: "Guernsey," Mr. Morris.

,, 18th.—Hockey XI. visit to Cambridge to watch East *v.* North Women's Hockey Match.

,, 22nd.—Football Match: 1st XI. *v.* Cambridge Friends, home, lost 4—2.

,, 23rd.—Lit. Soc. Annual Meeting. Recital Talk: "Kipling, The Man and His Work," Miss Ellen Bowick.

,, 25th.—Football Match: 1st XI. *v.* Foxes, home, lost 4—0.
Concert in Lecture Hall.

,, 28th.—Extra half-holiday.

March 1st.—Football Match : 1st XI. *v.* Mr. Downham's XI., home, lost 4—0.

,, 2nd.—N.H.S. Mtg. Lecture : "Architecture," Mr. Paul Mauger.

,, 4th-6th.—Old Scholars' Lecture School.

,, 4th.—Football Match : 1st XI. *v.* O.S., lost 6—0.
Hockey Match : 1st XI., *v.* O.S., won 3—2.
Concert in Lecture Hall.

,, 8th.—Football Match : 1st XI. *v.* Free Church Campers' XI., home, lost, 7—1.

NOTICES.

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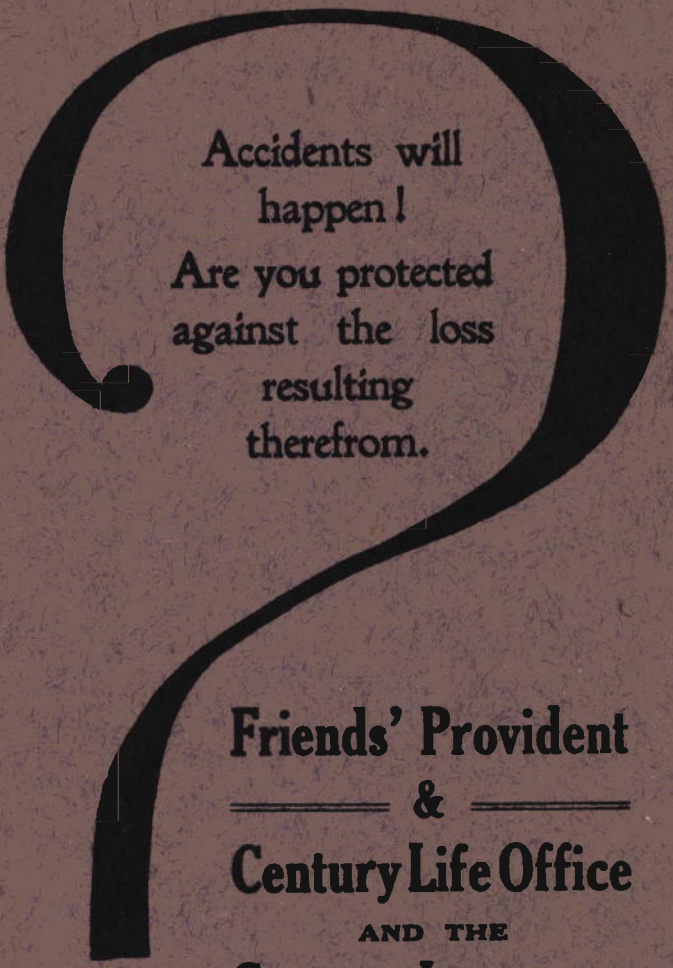




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