THE AVENUE



JULY 1923

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"HILLCROFT."



The Magazine of the Friends' School, Saffron Walden.

VOL. XIV. JULY, 1923. No. 41.

FOREWORD.

WE have much pleasure in congratulating Mr. and Mrs. Pumphrey on their recent marriage, while, however, it is with sorrow that we lose Mrs. Pumphrey from the Staff. Her place has been taken by Miss Rose. The position on the Music Staff which has been vacant for some time, has been filled by Miss Rees. To both of them we tender a cordial welcome.

At last the Building Scheme has been carried through to its conclusion, the final work in connection with the hostel at "Hillcroft" being completed.

The "Avenue Concert" which was held last term will be remembered by many as one of the best entertainments we have had for some time; special mention is deserved by all those who were connected with the production of the sketch entitled "Thirteen."

The Whitsun gathering (referred to elsewhere in this issue) was somewhat marred owing to an outbreak of influenza in the school.

The Committee have this year made Scholarship awards to Philip A. Smith, S. E. Gordon Baines and Kathleen H. Green.

Crispus R. Cottis,
(Sixth Form.)

WHITSUNTIDE.

"WE are certain to have a good time. We shall find the Walden welcome, Walden atmosphere—and ourselves." These emphatic statements in the notices of the Gathering must surely have dispelled any doubt which may have been in the mind of any Old Scholar uncertain whether to visit the School this year. It is safe to say, at the outset, that we did have another glorious week-end ; that we undoubtedly got the Walden welcome—royal and sincere, as hitherto ; that we certainly found the Walden atmosphere—and ourselves ; and this, in spite of the preliminary warnings to the effect that there were numerous cases of " Influenza-type " colds. The camp occupied its usual place in one corner of the Cricket Field, representing the abode of some forty hardy individuals. The weather throughout bears no comparison with that of last year, rain threatening most of the time. Fortunately it held off, and the whole programme was carried through as arranged.

Perhaps the most attractive item on Saturday was the cricket fixture, Mr. Downham's XI. *v.* School, Past and Present. Mr. Downham, fearing, no doubt, from the nature of the fixture, a somewhat stronger opposition than usual, had got together a very powerful eleven, with the result that we were absolutely trounced—the School being dismissed for forty-nine, while Downham's XI. compiled 209 !

The concert in the evening, under the control of our genial President, was remarkable for the brilliant array of talent which was disclosed. All the items were greatly appreciated,

and it would be invidious to single out any one performer for special praise. We should like, however, to make mention of the fine singing of Hilda Knight and Jack Carrodus. As is always the case, time cut short our enjoyment of a really excellent programme. After supper, came our time-honoured custom of singing songs round the bonfire—the construction of which called forth the admiration of all. We think it a great concession on our part to have made a gap in that part of the circle coming between the bonfire and the school in order that the children might get a better view; we remember no such consideration being shown in our time at school.

We are thankful that Sunday comes where it does, affording us a period of rest between two strenuous days. After Meeting we were able, by the kind invitation of Mrs. Midgley, to visit once more her beautiful garden and to feel its charm. Moreover, we were provided with light refreshment, and in connection therewith is it too insignificant to record the adventure of a few Old Scholars in one of the trials of domesticity —that of washing up the cups and saucers? At least, you would not have thought so had you seen the Secretary tackling the more difficult pieces—the jugs and the teapot, or the President gallantly struggling upstairs with a trayful of crockery! In the evening the dining-hall was well filled for the School Meeting, when an address on "Friendship" was given by Geoffrey Hoyland, M.A. The music that followed was again of a very high order.

On Whit-Monday we began the great day by easing our consciences of the burden of debt; the Assistant Secretary was no doubt pleased to assist us. Afterwards the Tennis Tournament was proceeded with, and the Boys' and Girls' cricket matches were commenced; in both cases we have to record a defeat for Old Scholars. In the Boys' match, the Old Scholars won the toss and batted first, but, with one exception, gave a poor display, being dismissed for fifty-eight! James Lidbetter, the hero of last year's match, did not stay long, and this

appeared to affect the others, who were too cautious and lacking in confidence against some good bowling by Messrs. Whitlow and Pumphrey. Half the wickets were down for about fifteen, when Reg. Falkner, one of our best all-rounders, altered the complexion of the score, and played very well for his twenty-three before being l.b.w. When the School went in, Mr. Whitlow and Mr. Pumphrey both failed, the latter splendidly caught and bowled by Reg. Falkner, and at one time were no better off than the Old Scholars had been. But a change came over the game when Lionel Wright came in. (We must explain here that owing to the depletion of the School team caused by the " flu," two Old Scholars were playing for the School.) Wright played good and forceful cricket, and was last out for a valuable fifty-five, being chiefly responsible for the School total of 128. We believe the Association is considering what shall be done with Wright, since we are convinced that had he played for the Old Scholars he would have made a " duck " ! Of the School batsmen, the one who impressed most was Lennard, who played nicely for twenty-four and fifteen not out. Possessed of height and reach, he hit well in front of the wicket. Soon after two o'clock the Old Scholars commenced their second innings, exactly seventy runs in arrears. James Lidbetter got well off the mark, but having collected a bright and breezy twenty-three, he failed to connect with one of Mr. Pumphrey's, which he evidently intended to hit into the town. Everyone did better this time, though it seemed as if we should lose by an innings, but some sound, careful batting and a timely stand for the eighth wicket averted this, and the score eventually reached 109—the School thus requiring forty runs to win. Mr. Whitlow, explaining that he was in a hurry, went in with Lennard, and with the utmost scorn and contempt, proceeded to knock off the runs in about fifteen minutes, the School winning by ten wickets. Play, however was continued, and when stumps were pulled up the score was fifty-two for three.

In the Girls' match also the School batted first, and made a good score of eighty. The chief contributor to this total was Grace Gibb, who made twenty-three. In reply the Old Scholars only obtained the comparatively small total of forty-nine, no one succeeding in reaching double figures.

The Exhibition of Country Dancing was again a very pleasing feature, and was much enjoyed by everybody. We were asked to be indulgent during the performances, as some of those who should have taken part were in the Sanatorium. But this request proved to be quite unnecessary, because all the dances were excellently done. Sometimes they amused, always they held the interest throughout, and each was loudly acclaimed.

A very interesting little ceremony followed—the formal presentation of the new Tennis Courts to the School. Short speeches were made by our President and Secretary, and by the Chairman of the School Committee, and Headmaster; and to celebrate the opening, the final of the Tennis Tournament was then played between Herbert Teakle and Dora Hyland, and Philip Emson and Sylvia Joy. The last-named pair won in straight sets. Teakle, who was victorious in this stage last year, was strangely off form, but Emson and his partner were the steadier combination, and fully merited their success.

After tea, although there was some more music in the Lecture Hall and dancing later, we felt that our holiday was over; numerous visitors had already taken their leave, while thoughts of the resumption of our usual daily duties on the morrow—always more irksome after a holiday—would creep in.

In conclusion, we would wish to make it clear that we do appreciate fully the work of all those who made such a glorious week-end possible; to the School authorities, the Staff, those who arranged everything, those responsible for the catering—our thanks are intended to embrace everyone who contributed in any way towards our comfort and the success of Whitsun, 1923.

WM. REEVE BENNETT (1911-14).

WHITSUNTIDE IN BED.



DIDN'T have an awfully nice Whitsun this year, but it was certainly very restful. This was because I had " flu."

On Friday evening, when the Old Scholars began to arrive, I was in bed. Again I say it was very restful, but not at all to my liking, lying in bed and listening to all the motor bikes coming up the boys' drive and stopping by the bike sheds. Of course, we had the pleasure of finding out what makes the bikes were, by the sound they made, but not being an enthusiast at this sort of game, it did not amuse me much.

On Saturday we heard a variety of sounds, such as woody bangs, when a bat came into contact with a ball. We gathered from this that some slogging was going on in the match, but it was all we knew of it.

Then we heard the sound as of many feet going backward and forward through the music courts, and sundry loud voices, some of which we recognised. Immediately such a noise broke out in our bedroom, to attract the attention of the owners of the voices. At last, after the use of much breath and exerting much energy, we succeeded in our cause, and from them learnt the cricket scores.

Later in the evening, after having temperatures taken (they were higher than usual after so much excitement [?]), when we were all trying to sleep I was disturbed by many voices singing songs. We had been told there was going to be a Bonfire, and I could imagine the ruddy glow on the ring of songsters, and began to feel warm at the thought of it, until, when the singing stopped, I realised I was lying awake in the dark. After that the night passed quietly, and so did the rest of Whitsun.

Sunday was quiet all day, and in consequence all temperatures were low in the evening.

I suppose Monday was exciting for those up and out, but I found it best to lie quiet and read—except at meal-times—and shut my ears to all the noises that drifted in through the open windows. Of course, I couldn't help hearing all the bells for meals, and thought how lucky the boys were who were allowed to eat, while we had to be content with liquids!

We heard afterwards that a good many Old Scholars left in the evening of Monday, but it was unknown to us at the time, except from the fact that numerous motor bikes started up, and, judging by the decreasing sound, they faded away.

On Tuesday morning we could almost feel the bustle and hurry of the Old Scholars, and after about 8.30 a.m. the whole place seemed to be dead, because about this time the London train left Saffron Walden.

So ended a very restful, though not ideal kind of Whitsuntide.

William D. Priestman.
(*Lower Fourth Form.*)

THE ATHLETIC SPORTS.



AS Easter fell in term-time this year, Easter Monday was Sports Day. Heats and one or two events were run off previously. The Sports began on the previous Wednesday with the Cross-country races. A considerable amount of training had been done and the entries were excellent in point of number. Indeed, throughout the Sports entries were in excess of late years. The times for both Senior and Junior Cross Countries were good, but did not quite reach the records. On the other hand the time for the Senior Mile is the worst of which we have any records in the school archives, in spite of the fact that one of the competitors had run it in quicker time two years running as a Junior than this year's winner.

The Sports day itself was, happily, fine, though somewhat windy. Unfortunately, in the very first event, the Junior High Jump, Clifford Lee put himself out of the running for the Junior Championship, by falling as he was clearing the tape and fracturing his arm close to the wrist. There is little doubt that he would have gained the honour which was won by Donald Bartlett, who ran very well throughout.

Of the separate events it is unnecessary to say much. Several races were very close, especially the 100 yards—both boys' and girls'. The Senior Long Jump (Boys), although not brilliant, was better than for some years. For the first time the " under twelve " race was won by a girl—Monica Ratcliffe easily outdistancing her competitors. The only individual record broken was by Dorothy Falkner in the Throw, but the Girls' Relay Race brought forth another record, the time for the 450 yards being 66⅘ seconds. All the Relay Races were very exciting; the lead passed from House to House in all of them, though Morland House finished first in all three.

In the Tug-of-War Morland pulled Godlee, but Crosfield's superior weight proved too well used for Morland, and Crosfield scored a well-earned victory.

The House Sports were very close on the Boys' side, Morland winning and Godlee being only a fraction ahead of Crosfield for the second place. On the Girls' side Godlee were easily first, with Crosfield second.

J. PENROSE WHITLOW.

BOYS.

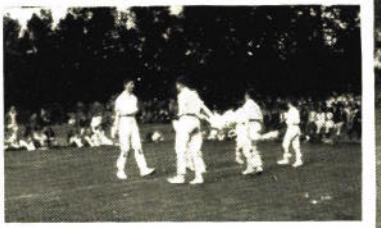
SENIOR

100 yards :—1, Edwards; 2, Eames; 3, Cottis. 11⅘ secs.
440 yards :—1, Cottis; 2, Shippey; 3, Freeman. 60 secs.
880 yards :—1, Cottis; 2, Shippey; 3, Smith i. 2 m. 24⅘ secs.
Mile :—1, Cottis; 2, Smith i; 3, Edmundson i; 4, Woodward. 5 m. 44⅘ secs.
Cross Country :—1, Cottis; 2, Elthorn; 3, Lee i; 4, Smith i; 5, Williams. 21 m. 34 secs.
Long Jump :—1, Eames; 2, Shippey; 3, Lennard. 17 ft. 0½ in.











SCENES AT EASTER AND WHITSUNTIDE.

[Photos by Miss Yapp, Miss Dell, Miss Priestman, Miss Beecham, and Mr. Collis.]

High Jump :—1, Lennard ; 2, Smith i; 3, Todd. 4 ft. 7 ins.
Throw :—1, Lennard ; 2, Elithorn ; 3, Cottis. 81 yds. 0 ft. 6 ins.

JUNIOR

100 yards :—1, Bartlett ; 2, Scott ; 3, Priestman. 13⅕ secs.
440 yards :—1, Bartlett ; 2, Priestman ; 3, Edmundson ii. 67⅘ secs.
880 yards :—1, Lee ii and Bartlett ; 3, Smith ii. 2 m. 42 secs.
Mile :—1, Bartlett ; 2, Runciman ; 3, Cooke ; 4, Wright ii. 5 m. 54⅕ secs.
Cross Country :—1, Gibson ; 2, Lee ii ; 3, Runciman ; 4, Bartlett ; 5, Priestman. 12 m. 51 secs.
Long Jump :—1, Wright ii ; 2, Priestman ; 3, Runciman. 13 ft. 4 ins.
High Jump :—1, Priestman ; 2, Lee ii. ; 3, Scott. 4 ft. 3½ ins.
Throw :—1, Lee ii ; 2, Bartlett ; 3, Scott. 52 yds. 2 ft.

OPEN

880 yards Handicap :—1, Whitlow ; 2, Woodward ; 3, Wright ii.
220 yards Handicap :—1, Whitlow ; 2, Lennard ; 3, Shippey.
Obstacle Race :—1, Le Mare i. ; 2, Bartlett ; 3, Francis.
Sack Race :—1, Tebbit ; 2, Le Mare i.

GIRLS.

SENIOR

100 yards :—1, P. Crampton ; 2, D. Falkner ; 3, F. Waters. 13⅘ secs.
220 yards :—1, F. Waters ; 2, P. Crampton ; 3, D. Falkner. 32⅖ secs.
440 yards :—1, F. Waters ; 2, E. Scovell ; 3, D. Falkner. 73⅘ secs.
Long Jump :—1, F. Waters and P. Crampton ; 3, E. Scovell. 12 ft. 7½ ins.
High Jump :—1, J. Maybery ; 2, E. Scovell ; 3, P. Crampton and A. Palmer. 4 ft. 1 in.
Throw :—1, D. Falkner ; 2, J. Tawell ; 3, W. Kilbey. 52 yds. 2 ft.*

JUNIOR

100 yards :—1, B. Milne ; 2, K. Robson ; 3, M. Ratcliffe. 14⅕ secs.
220 yards :—1, B. Milne ; 2, I. Harris ; 3, B. Halford. 33⅖ secs.
Long Jump :—1, B. Halford ; 2, I. Harris ; 3, J. Champness. 11 ft. 4½ ins.
High Jump :—1, J. Champness ; 2, I. Harris ; 3, B. Halford. 3 ft. 7 ins.
Throw :—1, M. Brewis ; 2, P. Macer-Wright ; 3, J. Champness. 35 yds. 2 ft. 4 ins.

RELAY RACES.

BOYS' :—1, Morland ; 2, Godlee. 1 m. 19⅕ secs.
GIRLS' :—1, Morland ; 2, Crosfield. 66⅖ secs.*
JUNIOR MIXED :—1, Morland ; 2, Godlee. 65⅗ secs.

TUG OF WAR.

1, Crosfield ; 2, Morland.

BOYS' CUP HOLDER :—Crispus R. Cottis.
BOYS' JUNIOR CUP HOLDER :—Donald A. Bartlett.
GIRLS' CUP HOLDER :—Frances Waters.
GIRLS' JUNIOR CUP HOLDER :—Betty Milne.

A SUMMER STORM.

EVERYTHING was parched; the ground, cracked by days and days of endless heat, seemed able to supply but very little moisture to the grass, from which the colour was disappearing faster every day. This, with the yellowing leaves of the trees, was making one feel that Autumn was almost here. Day after day the sun rose overhead and poured forth its brilliant rays to the ever-thirsting earth. Farmers complained that the corn, almost yellow, was but half swelled and their ponds were all drying up. Dozens and dozens of hungry broods lay gasping in their nests, patiently waiting for their parents' return, their meals being scanty and far between, owing to the difficulty of digging in the hard ground. Life seemed to be gradually dwindling away and all in Nature pitifully cried for rain.

At last, as one felt a cool breeze to the face, one noticed that from the west was rising a dark mountain of cloud, which was rolling across to take the place of the burning blue sky of but a few minutes ago.

Then you look round to see that everything has become quiet and still, save for a blackbird which scuttles through the bushes to its nest, to protect its young from the approaching storm.

Slowly the clouds roll towards us, casting over everything a dull, breathless atmosphere. The wood, dead still, seems to possess a silence of almost overflowing joy, and everything waits, anxiously waits, the first drops of rain.

Suddenly the storm breaks; the heavy drops of rain seem to bring with them a pleasant freshness. The beating on the leaves becomes faster and faster, until it becomes one ceaseless noise, and you see the myriads of leaves bowing to the rain. A flash of lightning is followed by a slight rumble and almost

immediately a clattering burst overhead, and the thunder rolls slowly away. The rain beats even faster, raising a slight mist a few inches above the hardened ground and another peal of thunder is heard rolling away to the east. Then as if the clouds were pouring forth all the moisture they contained, the storm ends almost as suddenly as it began, with a "clearing-up shower."

The sun breaks out from behind the edge of the huge dark cloud, and its brilliant rays sweep across, chasing before them the shadow cast by the passing storm cloud. The raindrops on the trees glitter in the sudden brilliance, and every plant seems green again, quenched of its thirst by the refreshing rain. There seems to be that beautiful April atmosphere, as a thrush from a tree just by, commences its glorious clear song, clear and sweet as the glistening raindrops on the grassy carpet. One after another the birds join in the chorus, and soon the whole wood is echoing thanks for the beautiful rain.

James H. Blagdon.
(*Upper Fifth Form.*)

THE AVENUE FIEND.

I DREAMT an ogre o'er me stood,
Some paper on his toes,
He held it out, pen and ink as well,
Then growled one word, "Compose"!

I stared aghast and trembled sore
To view the dreadful sight;
The ogre clutched me by the hair,
And gripping hard screamed "Write"!

I took the pen, I know not how,
And dipped it in the ink,
The ogre kicked me with his toes,
And glaring hard hissed, " Think " !

My hair was standing upon end ;
I wrote—'twas ghastly fun !
The ogre snatched my work away,
And vanishing—cried, " Done " !

Mildred McKears.
(*Lower Fifth Form.*)

AN EXCURSION OF THE NATURAL HISTORY AND ARCHÆOLOGICAL SOCIETY TO HORSEHEATH, BALSHAM AND LINTON.

(CONDENSED FROM THE EXCURSION DIARY OF THE SOCIETY.)

THIRTY-THREE members of the Society left the school on Saturday, 12th of May, to catch the 10.15 train for Bartlow. On arriving at our destination we took the footpath by the mounds, and delayed a few moments while our leader gave a short account of their origin and history. From here we went to Bartlow church, and inspected its curious round tower and the interesting fresco of St. Christopher carrying the Christ child over the river.

Leaving the village we started on our walk to Horseheath and an animated competition commenced as to which member should observe the greater number of wild flowers in bloom. This competition was continued during the day and was won

by Edward Farr, who listed eighty-six species. No noteworthy varieties were recorded as the journey lay mainly along roads or over arable land, but the occurrence and significance of woodland species in the hedges, on the boulder clay, and the characteristic chalk flora of the slopes was noted.

On the hill above Horseheath village the remains of an old post windmill was examined and was compared later in the day with a cowl mill near Balsham.

On arriving at Horseheath we proceeded to the church and with the help of Miss Parson's interesting monograph we were able to follow its history. The remains of an early Norman building were seen in some pieces of barnack-stone worked in a zig-zag pattern, and included in wall rebuilt in the fourteenth century. The church is built of rubble flint. Considerable alterations, including a fresh roof were also made in the fifteenth century. The monuments attracted considerable attention ; these include a fine camail brass, which is supposed to commemorate one William de Audley, and two canopied tombs with sculptured effigies, one of clunch, erected in 1556, and a second of alabaster, erected in 1613. These tombs commemorate members of the Alington family, who were Lords of the Manor of Horseheath.

Lunch was eaten in the shelter of a friendly haystack, the more friendly on account of the bitter wind and frequent showers which accompanied our progress all day.

After lunch we passed through the village and turned into the field path which now represents the course of the Roman road (Worstead Street) that ran from Colchester through Cambridge to Godmanchester in Huntingdonshire. It seemed strange to be walking along the same way that the Romans had taken when going to Cambridge. All that is left of the road near Balsham is a narrow footpath running between fields and fringed on both sides by common wild flowers ; the way still retains the peculiarly straight direction which belongs to the Roman road.

After we had gone some way we came to a place where our leader had once helped to excavate a Roman villa, and he told us of his experience. They found no walls but a courtyard paved with rough flint, which may have belonged to an inn by the side of the road. The flints were crusted with black earth, which could be lifted up in clods, and when broken up was found to contain many interesting things, such as a fibula, or brooch, styluses or pens, and bone hairpins once worn by Roman ladies. On this site one of the boys picked up a piece of Roman pottery.

About a mile further along, a rough track to the left lead to the village of Balsham, where we arrived at about four o'clock. After enjoying lemonade and tea at the village shop we went to the Church. This really fine Perpendicular Church is specially noteworthy for its carved oak stalls with miserere seats, its oak screen of fifteenth century, with its platform intact, and its fine brasses. We were amused to find the list of tunes that were played by a barrel organ before the present organ was installed.

Leaving Balsham we made our way back to the Roman road, and half a mile further along reached the main road from Balsham to Linton. A little way to the west we again left the main road and passed along a rough lane to the brow of Rivey Hill, where a magnificent view of the Lin Valley and the surrounding country was obtained. Our leader pointed out a gravel pit from which very primitive flint implements had been obtained, and explained the great period of time that must have elapsed, since the valley beneath us must have been excavated since the gravels were laid down.

Coming down the hill we arrived at Linton, where tea was awaiting us at Shepherds' Hall, and judging from the havoc made in the provisions, it was fully appreciated. After tea we were entertained by a wireless lecture and concert, and, taking train, arrived home, tired but having enjoyed our day in the open, in spite of wind, rain and cloudy weather.

NIGHT-SCENE ON A MARSH.

TWILIGHT was casting a grey and purple haze over the rushy marsh, and the oily pools scattered here and there glittered in the cold stare of the moon just rising. A boyish figure and a leaping dog were the only things that moved on the murky fen. A solitary gull wheeled and screamed above them, and now and then the hoot of a distant owl could be heard; otherwise all was still in that lonely place.

The river's mouth stretched away on one side until it joined the sea, and the boy gazed over the shining water at the distant ships. He was slowly nearing the water's edge where a small boat was moored, and his footsteps sounded sharply on the shingle. He reached the boat, and took from out of it a gun and a brace of wild duck. As he was returning home with his prey, there suddenly arose a cry as of an animal in pain not far away, and he stopped dead.

"The dog!" he called; but only the cry again reached his ears, and, dropping the game, he hastened over the boggy ground, dodging the treacherous pools. Closer he was getting to that pitiful cry, sounding fainter and more tired each time. It seemed near to the anxious searcher, but oh! it was cruel —always a little further on, and always that cry ringing in his ears!

Then, suddenly the moon showed at his feet the sight which he had longed, and yet dreaded, to see. There, in the treacherous, oozing marsh, with only his head above the mud, was the dog. The boy, heedless of his own foothold, swiftly stooped to clasp the head, and the sinking animal whimpered gratefully; but as he did so there went out over the marsh a second cry of distress. Dog and master were in the bog together.

An hour later no sign of the tragedy could be seen, and the little will o' the wisps danced beneath the moon.

Joyce Tawell.
(*Upper Fifth Form.*)

MY GARDEN.

DOWN beyond the tennis court,
Behind the red-brick wall,
There lies my little garden; 'tis
The prettiest of them all.

It has a little summer-house,
All thatched and neatly made
(The thatch is awf'ly full of mice
And insects, I'm afraid!)

But still it's awf'ly pretty,
As I think you'd all agree,
If you just saw it standing there
Beneath the old pear-tree.

Of course there's lots of flowers,
And waterfalls and things;
(The waterfalls though, by-the-by,
Are not real natural springs.

One has to turn them on with taps,
And when they do start going,
The horrid things have a nasty way
Of simply overflowing!)

Beneath the falls there lies a pond,
A sweet and tranquil pool,
Filled to the brim with tadpoles wee,
And goldfish (as a rule).

The goldfish are most awf'ly sweet;
(We've only got just two,
But that's because they're sixpence each;
I think they're dear, don't you?)

But best about that garden is
That I made it all myself,
Without the help of gardener,
Or even fay or elf!

Hilda Engelmann.
(*Lower Fifth Form.*)

AN EDITOR'S LAMENT.



OME years ago it was my fortune—or misfortune—to edit a College magazine. The duties, I was informed, would not be heavy—merely to collect material, it was said. But as time went on I found that the material I could collect from other people was scanty—in fact, hardly enough to fill a page or two; and so, three or four days before the magazine went to print, I had to sit down to collect material out of my own poor overworked brain. It was a difficult position to be in—the articles I had to write must be interesting to a large and varied number of subscribers—they must possess at all events some semblance of literary merit, or at least of humour of some sort. I need scarcely say I failed in these endeavours, but nevertheless I turned something out, and month after month the same task came round. I made many attempts to rake in contributions from outside; I wrote editorials lamenting the lack of support given by members of the College to the magazine; I wrote letters to the Editor, full of scathing sarcasm about the poor literary value of the paper, and suggesting as a remedy a more liberal acceptance of articles which must surely be forthcoming from the fertile brains to be found everywhere in the College; I even went so far as to write an imaginary interview with the Editor, in which I represented myself as growing old and grey before my time, with the strain and worry

and hard work I was undergoing. But all was of no avail. At last some kind friend sent in an extract from a poem, which was said to have occurred in " Punch," which read as follows : (I need hardly add that there was no intention of the first verse applying to me, though there was considerable truth in the second.)

" This excellent person chanced to edit
A magazine, with conspicuous credit ;
Thousands of pretty young ladies read it.

" But the time arrived—as such times will—
When the editor had a page to fill,
And no one can envy an editor's billet,
With a page to fill, and nothing to fill it ! "

Well, those times have passed—I lived through them—but truly history repeats itself. As a member of the *Avenue* Board I find myself once again in the position of the editor of the second verse of the poem. Each term the Board meets, each term articles are solicited, but, alas, each term there are also many pages to be filled with articles of some semblance of literary merit, or at least of humour of some sort. Each term after the *Avenue* has gone to print I feel appreciably older and greyer than when the last number was published. Yet I hope history will still further repeat itself and that I shall live through these times again ; but may it not repeat itself in that the articles shall come rolling in to relieve my poor over-worked brain, and those of my colleagues on the *Avenue* Board.



A WALK THROUGH A WOOD IN SPRING.

IT was a warm, sunny day when my friend and I started for a walk towards Belmont Woods. After about half-an-hour's brisk walking we entered the wood by a narrow winding pathway which followed the course of a small stream which rippled along merrily over the pebbles. It was very cool and pleasant here, and as we looked up we could hardly see the sky through the dense bright green foliage of the tall beech trees.

After walking a little way, we came to a pretty sunlit glade, where we decided to take a rest ; so we lay on the mossy bank of the stream, and watched the gay-coloured butterflies flitting from flower to flower, and the bees busily at work collecting honey. When we had rested a while we decided to gather some flowers, so we arose and continued our walk along the bank of a stream, where we found many bluebells and other woodland flowers, which were growing in profusion. As we walked along, we saw a woodpecker busily at work on the trunk of a tree, but when it saw us it spread its wings and flew away. We also watched with interest a small squirrel sitting on the branch of a tall beech tree, but it, too, catching sight of us with its sharp little eyes, at once scampered off.

After about ten minutes we came into a clearing covered in several places by large masses of brambles and nettles, around which the pretty little orange-tipped butterflies were playing. After crossing this clearing we went in among the trees again, and followed a path which led us up a steep incline ; when we arrived at the top we found ourselves on the top of a high hill, from which we could see the surrounding country extremely well. At the foot of the slope a stream wound its way along among the trees, and finally ended in a large pond, which flashed in the sunlight. Beyond the stream were some bright green meadows, extending for about six hundred yards, where they were bounded by the white, dusty road, along which

the traffic went on its way to and from the town. Beyond the road were more fields and little woods, and also a small village straggling down a distant slope, and ending where a large works sent up its black smoke into the sky.

After we had gazed on this scene for a little time, we descended the hill again, and following the path, we soon arrived at the clearing. At this point we stopped and considered whether we had better go home a different way or not. We both decided in favour of the former, and striking across the clearing, we entered the wood on the western side, and ran until we came to the outskirts of the wood. Once clear of the trees we made rapid progress, and arrived home soon after six o'clock.

Ewart Aplin and John Burtt.
(Upper Third Form.)

SCHOOL ATHLETICS.

Football Season, 1922-23.

MY task in writing this report is not a congenial one—if we had won but one match it would have been easier, but unfortunately, we were not even as successful as that.

The chief weakness of the team was, perhaps, the lack of shooting power shown by all our forwards; their lack of weight also told, particularly in the 1st XI. matches. The wing forwards lacked speed and accuracy of centring. In the Boys' XI. the backs were unsteady under pressure, but Lennard, at left back, despite extremely bad luck, was one of the mainstays of the team. Unfortunately for us we suffered a greater number of injuries than usual, Mr. Whitlow's being the most unfortunate. Mr. Pumphrey was moved from forward to take his place, and though a tower of strength at back, was much missed in the forward line. The half-backs were,

on the whole, good, the two wing halves both being sure and persistent in tackling, Eames at left half being worthy of special mention.*

Colours were awarded to F. H. Lennard, T. W. H. Lloyd, Mr. Smillie, N. S. Eames, J. H. Blagdon and A. Wright.

The House Tournaments, completed in the Autumn Term, resulted in the victory of Morland House, with Crosfield second.

C. R. Cottis (Capt.).

Hockey Season, 1922-23.

Hockey this season promised some very successful results, had not many of the matches to be scratched owing to infectious illnesses.

On the whole, the 1st XI. combined and played well together from the first, and during the Autumn Term only lost one match out of the six they played, although several alterations had been made in the team.

The 2nd XI. were less fortunate. Only one game could be arranged for them that term, which they lost to Herts. and Essex High School. Their return match for the following term was scratched.

Colours were given to K. Green and D. Falkner.

At the beginning of the Spring Term B. English had left and the 1st XI. had lost a valuable and reliant left back.

Only three matches, all of which were in their favour, were played this term. The others all being scratched, due to illness.

House tournaments were played with the following results: 1, Crosfield; 2, Godlee; 3, Morland.

H. Beecham.

[* Our captain, in his modesty, omits to state that at centre half he was the mainstay of the Boys' XI., and did valiant service in 1st XI. matches.]

WIRELESS SOCIETY.

OF the many demands made on the Schools of to-day perhaps one of the most insistent is that the School shall be up-to-date in its equipment. Now if you ask any boy what such equipment must include he will without hesitation tell you that there must be an efficient wireless apparatus in the School. This is certainly true as regards our School. For some time many of our boys had voiced their wishes and desires until finally they became so insistent that a Wireless Society had to be formed. One day towards the end of the Spring Term a number of enthusiasts met together and organised themselves into a society for the purpose of studying the theoretical and practical aspects of wireless telephony. From the very first the work has been educational. At each of our weekly meetings some member of the Society has provided a talk or a paper on some such subject as Hertzian Waves, Magnetic Field, Thermionic Valves, Rectification, Re-actance, How to build a Crystal Set, and in these talks and discussions extensive reading and knowledge have been revealed.

At the end of last Spring Term the Society determined to construct its own receiving set. We took for our model the Conquest 3-Valve Universal Set. This is a highly sensitive, powerful instrument, and will cover by means of plug-in coils all wave-lengths now used in wireless telephony. There has been no lack of willing, capable helpers, and at the moment of writing we are engaged on the fascinatingly interesting experiment of testing out the work of our hands. Obviously in constructing and equipping such an expensive instrument we have been many times held up by lack of funds, but thanks to the generous help of Old Scholars and other friends of the



THE AVENUE.

School we have at last been able to provide the School with a receiving set of which we can be justifiably proud, and which we believe will be of great educational value to the School. As experimenters we shall not long be satisfied with our present equipment and when we have extinguished our present debt we shall certainly endeavour to make our instrument still more powerful and efficient.

ARNOLD BRERETON.

ROUND WALDEN.

(NOTES ON THE NATURAL HISTORY AND ARCHÆOLOGY OF THE DISTRICT.)

DURING the past year a considerable quantity of bones and teeth have been discovered in the gravel pit near Bordeaux Farm, Little Chesterford. These occur in two definite layers—one just beneath the surface soil and the second in the bed of the pit some 25 feet beneath the surface. The bones from the upper layer are mainly those of the Celtic Shorthorn Ox (Bos longefrons) with those of a smaller animal—probably sheep or goats—no teeth have been found with these. Associated with these bones are fragments of dark brown unglazed pottery which are hand-made and imperfectly baked, and are probably of Neolithic or Early Bronze Age. As the soil of the surrounding fields contains many worked flints, these remains may possibly mark a dwelling of these primitive people. The bones from the lower layer are those of an entirely different fauna. They consist mainly of the teeth of the Mammoth, Woolly Rhinoceros, and a fossil species of horse which lived during the closing phases of the glacial period and then became extinct. These animals are associated with flint implements of early palæolithic man in

the caverns and shelters of central France, and it is interesting to note that isolated specimens of such implements have been found in the gravels of the Bordeaux pit, and other gravel pits in the Cam Valley—although never actually lying with the bones of the extinct mammals.

Earlier in the year a large meteor or falling star was observed to fall on a farm near Ashdown. The meteorite was recovered, and passed into the possession of a local clergyman, who has presented it to the Natural History Museum, South Kensington. A model of the specimen is being prepared which will be deposited in the Saffron Walden Museum. Meteorites are masses of rock, which apparently are drawn by the earth's attraction out of space into the earth's atmosphere and so fall to earth. They are classified into three sections (*a*) Meteorites composed almost entirely of iron and nickel and known as Siderites, (*b*) those composed of iron, nickel and silicates or Siderolites, and (*c*) those composed chiefly of silicates and known as Aerolites. Shooting stars may be described as small meteorites which become heated and broken up into dust by friction with the atmosphere and so do not reach the earth in particles large enough for recognition. In the catalogue of 1904 the British Museum records only twelve specimens as having fallen in the British Isles between 1785 and 1902, but several have been recorded since—notably one that fell through the roof of a cottage in South Wales. We hope to be able to publish further details of the Ashdon Meteorite in a future number of *The Avenue*.

It has been interesting to note the influence of the grey sunless June with its low temperature and absence of rain upon the vegetation and insect life. The hawthorn flowered very sparsely and the horse chestnut spikes also showed lack of vigour and colour although they apparently were as numerous as usual. The bee orchids are few this year, and altogether the flowers are disappointing. The weather has also affected the lepidoptera; butterflies and caterpillars are scarce this year. On

the other hand certain plagues are unusually abundant, notably the green fly and spital insects or froghoppers. The corn crops are poor and behind hand, and nearly all small fruit, currants, gooseberries, etc. are failures.

METEOROLOGICAL REPORT.

SPRING TERM.

Temperature.

Maximum 67°—March 29th.
Minimum 27°—March 20th.
Average 67 days, 48.74 Maximum, 36.81 Minimum.

Pressure.

Highest 30.32″—January 25th.
Lowest 28.78″—February 23rd.
Average 68 days 30.07″.

Wind.

North	3 days.	South	13 days.
North East ..	9 days.	South West	16 days.
East	8 days.	West	4 days.
South East ..	11 days.	North West	4 days.

FAR AND NEAR.

CONCERNING OLD SCHOLARS.

Extract from a letter from Denis Richardson (1918-20), who has recently gone to Australia.

". . . The accommodation is good and the work is light; it gives you time to get settled down and acclimatised, and also takes the rawness out of you. The sections dealt with are: Piggery, Stables, Dairy, Gardening, Orchard, Poultry, Carving, Bushwork (cutting down trees), Ploughing, etc., whilst a turn is taken in the kitchen. I have been on light bush work, stables, dairy, poultry, and this week gardening, and have learnt how to chop trees down, ride, drive, feed and harness horses, milk cows, feed calves, and make butter."

* * * * *

Part of a letter from Perry J. H. Hammond (1916-21), who has gone to Australia with his brother, Fred W. Hammond (1914-19).

" I am now a hardened bushman of Australia, sunburned and healthy. Both Fred and I have been out here two months at the time of writing, and have seen no one other than our two selves and our foreman the whole time. At the present moment we are situated at a place called Norrakin, just about 200 miles south-west of Perth. Norrakin is not the name of a town, but only an area of country ; in England it would be called Norrakin District or County. The job we are at present on is a contract for clearing 400 acres of land. We commenced to tackle it in its virgin state (i.e., heavy woodland). Having chopped it down we started to burn up all the timber and burn out all the roots. It is most interesting though rather heavy work, but for all that we enjoy it tremendously. As a matter of fact the contract is almost completed now. Another week or fortnight at the outside will see it finished. Then, of course, we shall be out of work, but we have no fear for that, as there is any amount of work out here. I can assure you that this country is an opening for any ambitious young Englishman who is *not* afraid of work, but on the other hand it is no good to the man who expects to get on without work. The country is not perhaps so beautiful as it is painted back in England, but there is money here, and plenty of it, if only one is willing to rough it somewhat. Fred and I have been sleeping on the ground in a tent ever since we arrived and are over-run with ants, scorpions, spiders and several other species of insects, but we are sticking it and we are coming out on top.

" During this last week I have done no work owing to a poisoned ankle, but I hope to start again to-morrow. The time does drag up here when one has nothing to occupy one's mind. All this week I have had nothing to do but dress my foot and write letters. If I have written one letter this week, I have written two dozen.

" We are just commencing our winter out here, the coldest months being June and July, although even then the sun shines most of the time, making it as warm as the English summer. At present it is very uncertain as to whether it will rain or not. We have been expecting it for the past fortnight, but up to the present it has not arrived. If it is much longer coming we shall have to cart our water from seven miles or so away, which is no pleasant proposition out here."

* * * * *

Louie Shaw (1918-21), having fully qualified herself for the position of secretary, writes of her first day at business : " The first day was truly exciting and will never be forgotten. My hours are from 9.45 a.m. to 5.30 p.m., an hour for lunch, and a cup of tea and biscuits at 4 p.m. Feeling *most* important, very wise and learned, I set out for Waterloo Place about 9.10 a.m. and arrived there in very good time, in fact ten minutes early. I went up in the lift to Floor 2, where I had had my interview the previous week. By this time I was all ' funny ' inside me. Woe betide me ! Why was I so punctual ? I waited quite five or ten minutes before anyone arrived, and then made enquiries as to which room I was to be in, etc., and to my astonishment I was told to go on to Floor 4, and enquire for Miss ——. She introduced me to Miss —— and Miss ——, and they told me I was to work for Mr. S— I thought I should *never* get settled. Finding myself in the ' Sales ' Department, I was not surprised to see oceans of little girls about doing ' odd jobs.' I was soon given piles of letters, etc., to do, and about 11 a.m. I went into Mr. S—— and he dictated twenty to me, so I was very busy working away the whole day.

" It then appears that as I had not put in an appearance to Mr. W's knowledge, he telephoned to College to say that I had not arrived. Imagine the state Mr. M. was in ! Several girls saw me get on to a ' 15 ' bus, so he telephoned to the depôt, but there had been no accident all day, so Mr. M. actually

came down to Waterloo Place and interviewed Mr. W——, who said, ' No, Miss Shaw is not in the building.' 5.30 p.m. came and no one had heard anything about me, so Mr. M. went to the Paddington Police Station and gave a full description of me to the Police Inspector, and told him to take action if nothing had been heard about me before 7 p.m.

" I came away most happily at 5.30, quite innocent of all that had been happening and when nearing College I met several students who rushed up to me and wanted to know *where* I had been ! I was dumbfounded. ' Where had I been ? ' ' To business, of course,' said I. I thought they were having a joke at first, but finding they were really serious I rushed on and found Mr. M. with a telegram to Daddy in his hand, ' Come immediately, your daughter is missing ' ! ! I was so thankful the wire did not go. After giving details and explaining all, I was escorted up to the Police Inspector at Paddington and was there and then identified as being really Louie Shaw. The man thought I must have run away. Mr. M. had had various private interviews with some of the girls with whom I was friendly, and as a last desperate resource—was I in love ?

" It makes me laugh to think of it all now, but it was mighty serious to them then. So much for the first day.

" Since then I have been in the ' Patent ' Dept. The work is more varied and interesting. I have a good deal of legal work, documents, specifications, etc. Correspondence is only a minor part. Quite frequently I have to go up to Chancery Lane to the Patent Office and search the whole place in order to find out whether a certain patent is out of date, or look up references in the colossal library. . . . I did so appreciate the Whitsun post-card. You cannot think how I longed to be with you.

* * * * *

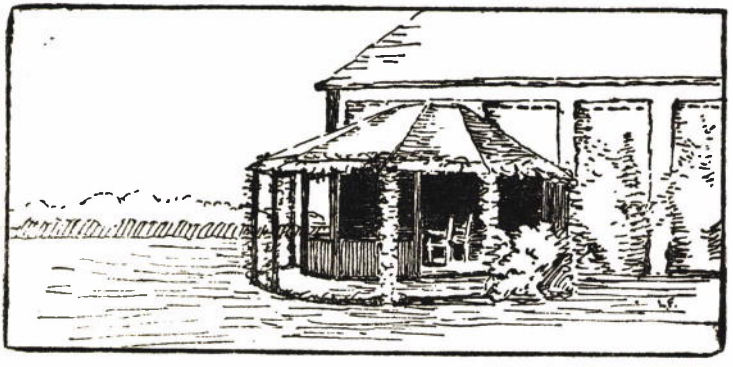
Eveline M. Pask (1918-22), writes from Johannesburg : " Although it is lovely to be out in this country I would give hundreds of pounds if I had them to get back to Saffron

Walden. I never realised what an immense part my only school worth while has played in my life, and what a big place the grounds and its inmates have in my affections. I haven't been ill once out here and everyone acknowledges that the country suits me wonderfully. I am now installed at Jeppe High School for Girls and at Ross Arden. The latter is a sort of home for schoolgirls and there are just eighteen of us. I would much rather have seventy boarders, eighteen get a little tired of each other. Still we get on quite well. We have all sorts of luxuries, but I would give everything I possess to come back to dear old F.S."

* * * * *

Dorothea M. Halford (1917-1921) writes from Paris:

"How can I thank you for the card signed by all those O.S.? It came on a pouring wet day, and I was just thinking 'Whitsun is over and nothing has happened to make this week-end any nicer than an ordinary one,' and then someone brought the card up to my room. I would like to thank everybody who signed it."



DIARY.

March 15th.—N.H.S. Mtg. Account of Expedition to Thaxted, Wm. Warren; Account of Expedition to Great Chesterford, Colin Todd; Meteorological Report, Anthony Skelton; Diary, Percy Crow and John Edmundson; Essays, "Heraldry," Wm. Warren; "Pigeons," Thomas Runciman.

„ 17th.—Lecture: "The Fells of Swarthmore Hall," Miss Ethel Crawshaw.

„ 22nd.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Diary, Paul Edmunds; Pianoforte Solos, Julius Rontgen's "In Babylon," Mildred McKears; A "Song" of MacDowell's, Grace Gibb; "Prelude in D Flat" by Ethel Barns, Miss Bird; Literary Competition. Recitation, "Herve Riel," Mr. Whitlow.

„ 23rd.—Girls' Gymnastic Competition.

„ 24th.—Hockey Match: 1st XI. *v.* Haverhill Ladies', away, lost, 2—6.

„ 26th.—Boys' Reading Club Mtg.

„ 31st.—Avenue Concert.

April 1st.—Sports Day.

„ 4th.—Breaking-up Concert.

„ 5th.—Holidays began.

May 3rd.—School re-opened.

„ 8th.—Merit Half-Holiday.

„ 12th.—N.H.S. Excursion to Linton, *via* Bartlow, Horseheath and Balsham.

„ 18th—22nd.—O.S. Week-end.

„ 19th.—Cricket Match: School and Old Scholars *v.* Mr. Downham's XI., home, lost, 50—229.
Evening Concert.

„ 21st.—Cricket Matches: 1st XI. *v.* Old Scholars, home, won, 128 and 56 for 3 wkts.—58 and 109. F. H. Lennard, 24, and 20 not out; Mr. Whitlow, 31,; Mr. Pumphrey, 7 wkts. for 29.
Girls' 1st XI. *v.* Old Scholars, home, won, 80—49. G. Gibb 23.

„ 23rd.—Cricket Match,: 1st XI. *v.* Bishop's Stortford Town, away, lost, 45—80 for 3 wkts.

„ 24th.—N.H.S. Mtg. Diary, Kathleen Francis and Violet Falkner; Talk, "The Study of Flowers," Mr. Morris. Business Meeting.

May 26th.—Cricket Match : 1st XI. *v.* Mr. Downham's XI., home, lost, 106—138. Mr. Whitlow, 34 ; Mr. Pumphrey, 27 ; Mr. Pollard, 21 ;
Tennis March : *v.* Herts. and Essex High School, away, lost, 2—3 sets.

„ 30th.—Cricket Match : Boys' 1st XI. *v.* Bishop's Stortford School, home, lost, 50—64. A. Wright, 5 wkts. for 37 ; F. H. Lennard, 4 wkts. for 3 runs.

„ 31st.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Diary, Dorothy Falkner and F. H. Lennard. Essays : " The Painters of Florence," Connie Newbery ; " Epping Forest," Paul Edmunds. Pianoforte Solos : " A Sea Song," by Adam Carse, played by Claire Palmer, Cyril Scott's " Valse Caprice," Connie Newbery.

June 2nd.—Cricket Match : 2nd XI. *v.* Horneybrooke C.C., home, lost, 67-102. G. N. A. Smith, 3 wkts. for 17.

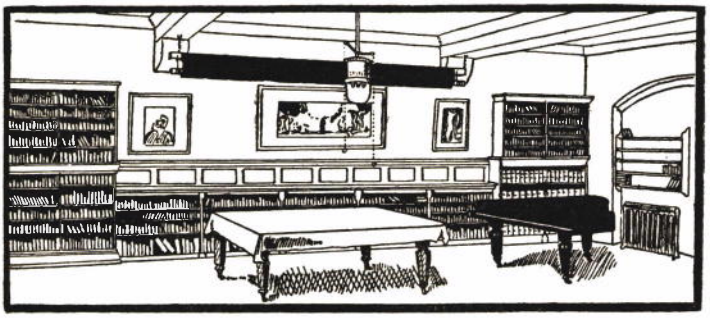
„ 6th.—General Meeting.

„ 7th.—N.H.S. Mtg. Visit to Saffron Walden Museum.

„ 13th.—Cricket Matches : 1st XI. *v.* Mr. Downham's XI., home, lost, 94-99. Mr. Whitlow, 25 ; and 5 wkts. for 42. Boys' 2nd XI., *v.* Saffron Walden School, away, won, 106-45. P. A. Smith, 29 ; F. Burlingham, 4 wkts. for 12.
Tennis Match : *v.* Training College, home, won, 51—48 games.

„ 14th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Diary, Molly Halford. Essay : " Elizabeth of Hungary," Claire Palmer ; " Art and the Lives of Some Artists," F. H. Lennard ; " From Tudor Days," Joyce Tawell. Pianoforte Solo : " Romp " by Yorke Bowen played by Miss Rees.

„ 16th.—N. H.S. Expedition to Strethall and Elmdon.



NOTICES.

Three Numbers of *The Avenue* will be published during 1922, price 8d. per copy (post free 10d). or 2s. per annum (post free 2s. 6d.)

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

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

EDITORIAL BOARD.

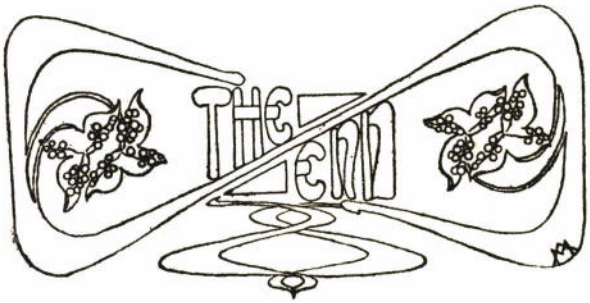
Mrs. Pumphrey has resigned from the Board.

SCHOOL MAGAZINES.

We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of *The Island*, *Penketh School Magazine*, *By Kent and Skerne*.

SCHOLARSHIPS.

Scholarships of £50 for two years have been awarded to Philip A. Smith and S. E. Gordon Baines; and one of £30 to Kathleen H. Green.



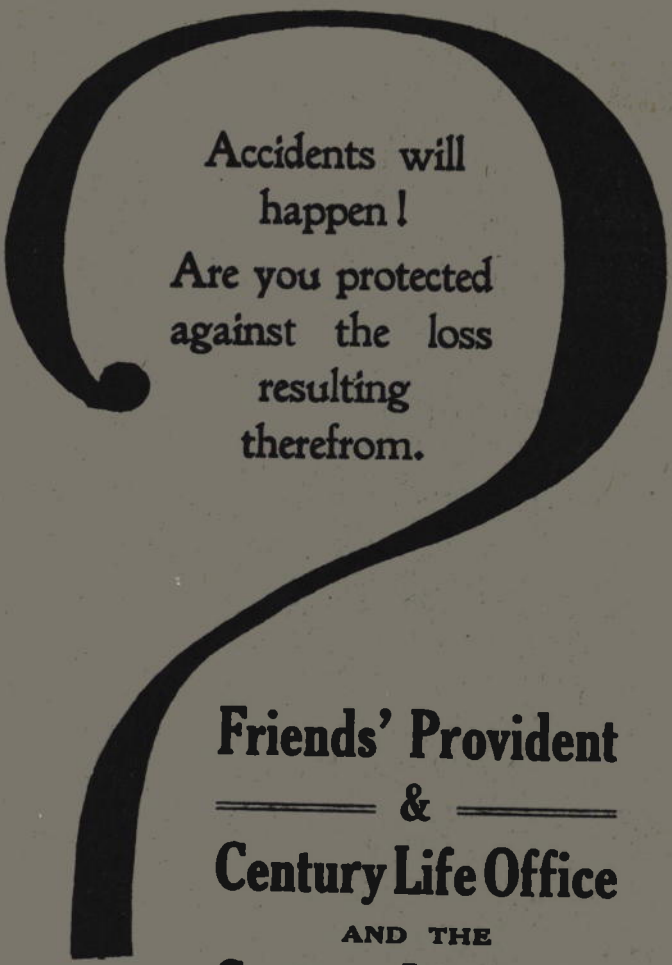


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