THE AVENUE



MARCH 1923

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FRIENDS' SCHOOL, SAFFRON WALDEN.



The Magazine of the Friends' School, Saffron Walden.

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FOREWORD.

TOWARDS the end of last term, great changes were made at the end of the boys' playground. Two new tennis courts have been laid, one of which takes the place of the boys' gardens, which have moved a few yards eastwards; the other, on the site of the old tennis court at the end of the Avenue.

We are greatly indebted to the Old Scholars for shouldering a large part of the financial responsibility. In order to keep the cost as low as possible, the boys have given their labour; in spite of which the actual expenses have exceeded the estimate, and this term a fête has been held (an account of which is given elsewhere) to try and clear off the deficit.

A feature of this winter has been a large number of lectures and entertainments, amongst which must be specially mentioned the Last Night's entertainment, when Mr. Beer revived for us "Maurice's Own Idea." Alterations carried out

during the holidays resulted in the enlargement of the boys' " clock " bedroom, and the disappearance of the girls' bedroom, No. 8. Consequently the number of girls sleeping at the Hostel has been increased.

We were sorry to lose Mr. Butler at Christmas, but are glad to welcome Mr. Smillie in his place, and also Miss M. Murray, who has joined the staff as Assistant Secretary.

Owing to the fact that the few individuals who indulged in infectious diseases arranged to have them at different times, we have been in quarantine most of the time since last summer. The health of the School, however, has been generally good.

We are sorry to have to draw the attention of our readers to the fact that the balance sheet of *The Avenue* shows a considerable deficit. Increased sales would greatly relieve us of financial worries, and we are sure that our readers will do their utmost to help us in this respect.

WINIFRED M. LOVELESS.

HOUSE COMPETITION, 1922.



HEN the total results for 1922 were made up, it was found that Morland House retained its title; so now both Godlee and Morland have their names three times on the Trophy Board. Crosfield once more suffered, especially on the Boys' side, from a large preponderance of small children; thus they were specially handicapped in the athletic section. The difference between first and second is not so strongly marked as last year, and the totals in each section were less than last year for a variety of reasons. The points scored this year were as follows :—

1st.	Morland	241.1
2nd.	Godlee	218.8
3rd.	Crosfield	188.5

The details of sectional points are as under :

	Athletics.	Literary.	Scientific.	Manual.	Music, Art, etc.	Class Work.	Conduct.
Morland	59	26	6	19	17	21	96
Godlee	60	16	2	15	18	15	93
Crosfield	53	11	3	18	6	10	81

For the first time since the introduction of the House Picnics, the day was too wet to allow of the different outings being held. In their place the House Council organised a Fancy Dress Carnival. Everyone was to appear in some sort of costume for tea, after which a parade was held before judges. Morland House was decided to be the best dressed, perhaps because they boasted two bridal parties! Many individual costumes showed considerable ingenuity, and altogether the wet afternoon proved anything but dull. In the evening an unrehearsed performance of " Alfred the Great " was given in the costumes of the afternoon, and as the chorus was a very nondescript affair, and the actors had all forgotten their words, it proved a somewhat hilarious occasion. Nevertheless we hope that the weather will smile on us this summer.

J. Penrose Whitlow.

THE LECTURE SCHOOL WEEK-END.

March 2nd—5th.

ABOUT fifty Old Scholars attended the Lecture School and took away from Walden memories and impressions destined to remain vivid for a very long time. In that remark the cynic will scent a platitude, but for once he follows a false trail. For the subject of Greek Drama and Culture, in the able and sympathetic hands of Miss Yapp, Mr. Hibbert and Mr. Pearson, and especially through the unique demonstrations of Mrs. Diana Watts, revealed a region of philosophy of immense possibilities and created an interest likely to endure.

The subject was opened on Friday evening by a lecture on "The Evolution of Greek Tragedy," by Mr. Hibbert of Ackworth. His was a very valuable contribution to the general subject, and we were very sorry that he was unable to be with us for the whole time and take further part.

The weather gave us its benediction all the time, but never so royally as on Saturday. It was so warm and genial that we were able to hold our second lecture discussion out of doors—a rather happy gravitation, so it seemed, towards the *al fresco* teaching of the Greek philosophers. Modesty prevents any undue stressing of the analogy! Miss Yapp and Mr. Pearson gave us material to be absorbed or debated, in thoughts on the Grecian and Shakesperean Tragedy respectively. Under Greek Tragedy we listened to an impressive appreciation of the "Bacchæ" of Euripides, and a most interesting and instructive analysis of the position and purpose of the chorus in their drama. Mr. Pearson gave us some trite observations on Shakespeare and Bernard Shaw, not a little Shavian in their piquancy, but throwing much light on the methods of the English tragedian. A spirited discussion on the combined impressions of the two speeches proved as useful as it was entertaining.

After dinner Old and Present Scholars matched themselves at hockey and football; and if we shut our eyes to detail, and look but to hard figures, we might think that honours were equally divided. If we consider that the Girls won their hockey in most handsome fashion, and that the Boys were decidedly unlucky to lose the game on top of a splendid display by their forwards—then impartiality must hand the palm to the School.

In the evening Mrs. Diana Watts gave the first of her demonstrations on the "Principles of Greek Balance." It is very difficult, in the brief terms necessary to this account, to express what a tremendously valuable asset to our week-end she was, both in and out of the lectures. Apart from all other considerations, her infectious enthusiasm for her subject was most beneficial; not only because the lecture school would

have been a failure without that enthusiasm she did so much to create, but also because it stirred up and refreshed the rather sluggish residue of the average knowledge of what Greek culture really meant. Perfect physical balance according to the Greeks was dependent wholly on elasticity and tension ; and this power of tension could only be acquired by a tightening up of the whole nervous system. The centre of physical power was the diaphragm, and the Greek theory of the coincidence of the soul and the diaphragm arose naturally out of the belief that the strength of the spirit depended on the control of that seat of central power. So by stretching movements the desirable stage of tension could be reached, and the heart could be lifted up both physically and metaphorically. Mrs. Diana Watts, in the firm belief that the theory is as potential as ever, proceeded to point out the possibility of its application to modern physique and the results to be expected.

In the lighter side of lecture-school life come the evening sing-songs. Old favourites, led by Mr. Beer, joined those soon destined to become the same, for our entertainment. We shall remember particularly Norman Eames and Cris. Cottis in a cleverly given rural sketch called " How Time Flies "—a title truly appropriate to any week-end spent at Walden. There was the comedy element also (if we may say so without disrespect) at the end of Mrs. Watts' second demonstration, when Mr. Brereton and Mr. Whitlow, with commendable fortitude, essayed before a critical and expectant school, those very exercises which she had carried through with consummate ease. It will be very long before we shall forget their valiant efforts to achieve the difficult task of looking like the figures of the Aegina Pediment !

Looking back on week-ends at Walden, we think of Sunday as the time when we feel most keenly the spirit of fellowship. In both the morning and evening meetings we were reminded of our individual responsibilities to that fellowship. And if that means anything it surely means that we must be prepared

to give in return for what we receive. Truly, then, we have also to give to Walden. We cannot forget the geniality and sincerity of the welcome given to us by Mr. and Mrs. Rowntree and Mrs. Ransome.

To us that welcome typifies Walden.

V. GERALD BAILEY.
(1921-22).

LETTERS FROM FRANCE.

TO have a French correspondent is a novelty which must certainly appeal to anyone interested in the language of that country; not only is it a source of pleasure, but advantageous to the writers of the letters.

It enables them to learn the manners and customs of other countries, and gives practice in writing a foreign language; and very often one is able to pick up neat little phrases from one's correspondent that are never found in Siepmann or any other French books.

In selecting a correspondent you have nothing to go by; it is all chance whether you get a good scholar or bad scholar at English. You may get a person who writes your language very incorrectly, then to your chagrin find you have no interests in common; while on the other hand you may get a girl to your own liking, at the same time manufacturing English that it is possible to understand.

I was extremely lucky, and obtained a decent person to write to, whilst my friend secured a very bad one, who writes her letters in disconnected sentences. In one letter she requested my friend to " give my friendships at your family "; while in another she talks about " the girl as write at one of my friends."

But to return to my correspondent. In all her letters she has told me something of general interest about the customs

and ways of the people in Southern France, where she lives. The first time she told me how they celebrate Christmas, and about her family, who live in the Pyrenees. In another she tells about the bull-fighting, which seems to be a very popular pastime in the district of Arles, which is near the mouth of the Rhone, where there is a very large arena where the fighting is performed.

All these French girls write on sweet-scented paper and with purple ink, and sometimes if they write a very affectionate letter, they will enclose a pressed pansy for kind thoughts. They quickly make friendly overtures to their correspondents, and will send little presents as tokens of their friendship; it may be a scented calendar or a silk handkerchief worked with most staring colours, which is also scented.

From the contents of several letters I have seen, I have come to the conclusion that in England we are very lucky as regards holidays, for in France the children only have a real holiday in the summer, and about a week at Christmas, and out there they do lessons all the while, for the girls never play games or take any active part in sports.

It is very amusing to read these French girls' letters, and laugh at the peculiar mistakes, but it is certainly not so amusing when you discover it is your turn to write, and out come pen, paper and dictionary and you start.

Marjorie Land,
(Upper Fifth Form).



THE NIGHT.

THE night is drear and lone: the darkness holds
The shadows of faint terrors, grey as death.
I am alone, and yet I am besieged
By countless fears and phantasies, that glide
Among the eerie shadows; grow, approach,
And then fall back, a dwindling, writhing mist.
Ah Night! Thou awful King of shadowy fears!
Thou hold'st me in thy sway of terror dumb.
But lo! They flee! Thy silvery queen peeps forth
Frustrating all thy power; the crescent moon
She is. Before her gaze all phantoms flee,
And Earth is bathed in pure absorbing light.

Madeline Baker
(*Upper Fifth Form*).

YOUNG SPARROW HAWKS AT HOME.

THERE were four others in our family, my two sisters and two brothers, so that our home from the beginning was none too large, although if necessary, it could have been enlarged, for it was built on the flat "table" formed by the foliage of a large fir.

It seemed strange to me at first, that we should be clothed in a thick white down, while my mother and father were so absolutely different; but my curiosity was satisfied when I found that we were beginning to lose this fluff and feathers were appearing, and that altogether we were beginning to look more like them. But this is rather by the way, for I have several things to tell you about our lives before then.

In different parts of our nest were small pieces of meat from which we took bits whenever we felt hungry. I don't know if the others were as bad, but I was always hungry ; I would eat a small piece of meat, have a quiet lie-down (as far as I was permitted) then feeling my hunger again, I would return to my morsel, if my brothers and sisters had not done so, and devour the rest. Soon we found that instead of our food being torn up into fairly small pieces, a fair-sized bird was given us, which we all clutched, and from which we greedily tore pieces, which we, always hungry, soon devoured. As we grew older, food did not come so often, but when it did come, it was in larger instalments, such as black-birds, pigeons and jays, and quite often a medium-sized rabbit instead, as well as some dainty morsels of partridge that mother sometimes brought.

As we grew bigger, too, mother found it much harder to cover us, and keep us from the cold winds and rains. My two sisters and myself were constantly being scolded for pushing our brothers, who were much smaller than us, out into the cold. Later on, it became impossible for mother to cover us with her wings, so that at night we used to huddle up together and keep warm as best we could.

For some time we remained in the nest, being fed on and off all day long. All the time we were growing rapidly (we three sisters especially) and gradually losing our white fluff ; in fact, I did not notice mine go, until one day when I was cleaning myself I suddenly thought, " Why, where's all my horrible fluff ! " for then I had only a tiny piece here and there on my head and wings.

One day we had a horrible fright. We were eagerly awaiting mother's return with a fresh morsel, when something large appeared below our nest, and stretched right across to us. We fluttered, and scattered in different directions—it was the first time we had all left the nest. I managed to fly for a short distance, but the awful part was coming to rest—I made a grab

for a branch and missed; twice again I repeated the effort with the same success, but seeing a larger branch a little way off, I flew to it and succeeded in alighting on it. It was not long before mother and father returned, and succeeded in getting us to follow them to some woods a short distance away. We took rests on the way, for we found flying rather tiring at first.

We did not return to our nest again, but remained together among the trees of the wood, waiting for food to be brought to us. At night we slept together in a large tree which afforded us good shelter.

Next day we watched mother and father catch us some birds to eat, and before long I tried to catch a chaffinch myself. I missed it, but my father caught it for me. After a few more tries I found I could catch these small birds nearly every time. Later on, I was the first to notice a man coming through the wood, for since we had been chased from our nest, we had been warned against men. We all flew off, except for one of my sisters, who was unfortunate enough to come within range of the gamekeeper's gun.

After several days we were all quite skilful in catching our food; I was able to catch fair-sized birds. It was at this time that our parents decided we were old enough and quite capable of feeding and looking after ourselves; accordingly we were told to fly away and find some new haunts for ourselves.

I did not like the idea, but as we were compelled I flew off out into the wider ranges of life, where there is no mother or father to fight your battles and help to feed you, but where you have to fend for yourself against persecution and starvation.

James Blagdon,
(Upper Fifth Form).



A CORNER OF THE NEW ART ROOM.

II

A RIDE TO DUXFORD.

AS we rode down the drive under the shelter of the trees it was cool. But there in the sun, it was warm. Although it was warm there was a sticky feeling on the road as we pedalled up Windmill Hill. The patchily clad trees in the park only partly hid the sun from us and soon we were *hot*. At last we were in the shelter of some trees. Now we were ripping down, skidding, rattling and ringing.

The surly plash of the waterfall accompanied us as we entered Littlebury. The stare of the gossipers made us turn to see if our back tyres were flat. Unaccountably lorries would travel along our road to worry us with dust. But the aeroplanes in the distance and the trains on our left soon made us forget our discomforts.

The ugly little station of Great Chesterford soon loomed upon our left, as we passed from the valley of a river on our right. Out on the far side of Chesterford a delightful fresh breeze met us and joyfully waved the grass by the road.

Ickleton was soon passed, leaving the children to stare and the poplars to wave.

Out in the open country now, riding up hills, gliding down hills, watching the aeroplanes climb and glide. The tiny Duxford church was left behind the trees as we cycled to see aeroplanes, aeroplanes, aeroplanes.

We saw them climbing, rushing, now looping-the-loop, now taxi-ing along the ground. A sullen bang behind that wall showed us where gun practice was held. Those wires glistening in the sun made us think of the wonders of wireless.

Time passes, so soon we were back past the little church. The hills had not such a zest for us, it was growing dark, the aeroplanes had ceased to buzz. The poplars waved melancholily

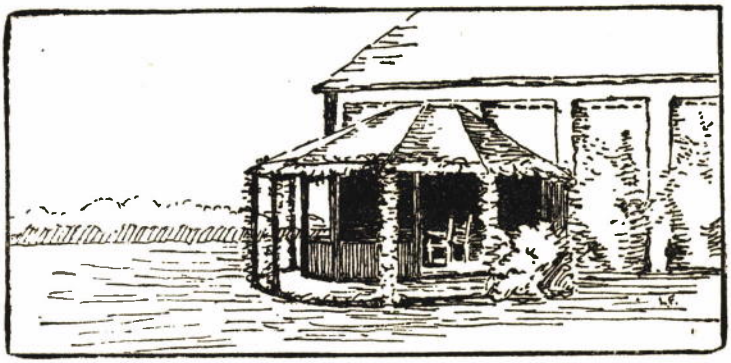
to us as we passed through Ickleton. No children to stare now, but a strong wind stirred the leafless boughs of the trees. The dark smoke of a train trailed away while the heavy panting of the engine remained.

Great Chesterford had no greeting for us ; the station stood out in the gloom and the stream whispered by the road. A thick blanket of fog rose from the stream and as we pedalled, pedalled, a train disdainfully raced past. At Littlebury we slacked off for a few moments but no gossipers stopped gossiping.

Gradually the fog from the stream neared the road, the sky darkened and the panting of the engine ceased.

Yet we, the moving specks on this silent land, rode on and on. Over the Cam bridge, in the deep shadow of the Park wall, on, on we went. Suddenly the wall ceased and away on the West the last faint tinge of the dying sun was going as we were going. Up the hill, till the School tower showed in the silent evening.

Jack Lush,
(Lower Fifth Form).



13

KIDELS.

GOOD things, whether material or more vital, often surprise you in the most unlikely places. Up here at the Silver King Mine, among the rubbishy fragments of what used to be a bunk-house library, I found the choicest old book on English history that I remember to have read in many a long year. *Un tel* William Hepworth Dixon, in 1869, published "some chapters on the Tower—especially on the human interests which cling around it"; and certainly deserved not to have had to go as far as New York to find a sympathetic publisher. For few men are gifted with the ability of this author for serving up in so refreshing a form the fruit of laborious researches into musty Government records. Not only is well-known fact rendered in a delightful way; many little incidents and many great names are here mentioned that are either not included in our Histories, or have become largely obscure by reason of partial omission or a lack of explanation by the historian. For, in connection with so romantic a pile as the grim old edifice on the Pool, where truth remains silent a thousand rumours are apt to supply the place of fact. And so with the human characters incident to this history. Dixon's patient digging and subsequent illuminating supplies us with much essential light on some of the greatest and most effective personages of Anglo-Saxon history, whilst here and there he tears aside the dark curtain that obscures from our ken the life of the common folk of the London and the North of those other days.

How many, for instance, of those of us who have walked along the Wharf know that this strip of rescued river mud was the work, nay, one of the masterpieces of Henry the Builder? As a piece of engineering, it was difficult in itself; it was also very unpopular, for various reasons, with the citizens of London; who thought, for one thing, that the King's fortress

was dominating enough without the Barbican that he was building over this mass of piles and earth, threatening the fair-way of their precious river. Twice, to their great joy, the Water-gate and wall fell down, owing to the collapse of the artificial bank under the erosive effect of the current. As each occasion happened on the eve of St. George's Day—in 1240 and 1241—the popular notion appeared to have the backing of the Saint himself; but the superstition and the hard fact notwithstanding, Henry was too keen a builder to despair. He started again, careless of the twelve thousand marks that his good subjects had already spent on the previous efforts. The wharf and barbican he felt essential to the City's port, and his third effort succeeded so well that it has lasted till our day, and is as firm as ever.

True to the type as we know it to-day, the English soul was growlingly complacent in matters of politics and taxes—within reason—even under the semi-foreign yoke of the Plantagenets. But as regards their ethics of sportsmanship, Dixon's record-hunting divulges a delightful side-light on their sticklesome attitude as to old-established fishing rights (one is tempted to pun, and spell it "rites"!) The Warden (a Plantagenent minion, needless to state), claimed the right to put "kidels" in the Thames, not only in front of the Tower, but in any part of the river. Now a kidel was a foreign and unsporting thing, abhorrent to the English sense of sport, and further, touching them vitally by way of their stomachs! Not only was fishing followed as a gentle craft in sport by the ancient Londoner. Fish was an article of food; "the fisheries on the Thames being large enough to employ, and rich enough to feed, a tenth of the population on its banks;" and to all these pleasures and profits, the right of a Tower warden to net the stream with kidels (a weir with nets) was a serious bar. The water-side taverns were up in arms, at a time when these water-side taverns were the meeting-houses of all our turbulent and daring spirits. They had indeed good reason for their wrath,

since the King's warden, not content with setting his own kidels in the Thames, rented to others his privilege of interfering with honest sport and decent trade. For a small sum of money any rascal could buy his licence, and set up kidels in the Lea and Medway as well as in the Thames. The effect of netting these rivers was to destroy the salmon and shad, as well as to capture all the flounders and trout. Now and again, a prince in his distress consented to forego this river right; but his warden would take scant notice of a pledge which he thought injurious to his pocket and derogatory to his prince. Lion Heart strove to bring this quarrel to an end; and in the eighth year of his reign, in the press of a sharp war, he made what he called a high sacrifice in giving up kidels and putting his warden on a level with humbler folk. For this surrender Lion Heart expected to be paid not only in earthly coin, but in heavenly grace; declaring in the grant that—*for the salvation of his soul, and of the souls of his ancestors* (a large order! T.E.T.) *as well as for the benefit of his people and the peace of his realm*—no more kidels should be set up in the Thames.

But Richard failed, being often away, to keep his pledge; and this kidel question helped to keep alive the long resistance to King John. In the Great Charter, there is a special clause on kidels; John consenting, among other things, that all kidels should be removed from streams, under pain of excommunication! Still the warden desisted only for a time, when the Sheriff of London, with an armed band, seized his nets.

One (final?) fight was made by the Londoners in the reign of Henry III, in behalf of sport and trade, which became famous in City chronicle and popular song. Complaints were laid before the Mayor and Sheriff that, contrary to the City franchise, and to the great injury of the common people, many new kidels had been laid in the Thames and the Medway, especially in the neighbourhood of Yantlet Creek—right under the walls of Rochester Castle. Though the Mayor and his council were

not at all clear in their minds as to their rights to proceed with a City band in pursuit of offenders up the Medway, they were game enough to put their right to the test. Jordan de Coventry, Second Sheriff, and a body of well-armed and resolute men, finding no less than thirty kidels between Yantlet Creek and the sea, tore up the nets and seized the masters, taking nets and culprits up to London—' five good men of Rochester; seven good men of Strood; three good men of Cliff; all master-mariners, with nine others, their helpers and abettors.' When the news of this raid reached the towns in question much din arose, and men from thence rode to the City to see what could be done for the prisoners. They applied to the king for help, on the ground that no man had power to seize the King's subjects by force and cast them into jail, without his licence. Both sides were finally summoned to appear before the King's Court, and the famous justiciar, William de Raleigh—a collateral ancestor of Sir Walter—interpellated the Mayor and Citizens on behalf of the Crown. "*How,*" he asked, "*had they, with such rash daring, seized the King's liegemen in their boats, and cast them into a common jail?*" Buckrell, the Mayor, answered this challenge thus: "*that he had seized Joscelyn and the rest for just reasons because, being taken in the act of using kidels, they were infringing the rights of the City, lessening the dignity of the Crown, and incurring the ban of excommunication, in accordance with an express clause of the Great Charter.*" He asked that the judges should enforce the law, and punish the offenders by a heavy fine. After due search into the law, William de Raleigh concurred in this view, and his verdict gave immense delight at Guildhall. A great fire was lit in Westcheape, and the captured nets were burned in the presence of a joyful crowd.

T. E. Tawell.

(1892-96).

THE MAN IN THE HOLLY TREE.

UNDERNEATH the holly-tree,
There lives a nugly man,
Who's always tryin' to catch me,
If he can.

My nursey tells me 'bout him;
She says that if I keep
A playin' when she's called me
In, to sleep,

Then he'll come out and catch me,
And take me right away,
And shut me in a dungeon,
So they say.

I b'lieve I see him sometimes
A sittin' in the shed,
A thinkin' how to catch me
Goin' to bed.

If ever I should catch him there
I'll shut him up inside,
And when it's nearly bed time
Then I'll hide.

And they will never find me,
Not even if they run
All around the garden,
Oh, what fun!

Molly Halford.
(*Lower Fifth Form*).

THE TENNIS FÊTE.

ON Wednesday, February 21st, we had a Fête, and the money collected was to pay for two new tennis courts, which were not yet paid for. The Fête opened in the Dining Hall, at 3 p.m., and Mr. Rowntree told us where the different side-shows were. There were coco-nut shies in the boys' playground, kicking a football and trying to break balloons in the girls' playroom; dart throwing in the girls' prefects' room and a gipsy fortune-teller in the waiting room.

In the dining hall there were table-tennis tournaments, bran tubs (1d., 2d., 3d.,) stalls for selling sweets, scissors, penknives, pretty boxes, etc., also hoop-la, guessing the weight of a cake, and a mystery game, feeling numbered bags and guessing what was in them.

In the boys' Third there were refreshments. Some of the boys and girls had given cakes, buns, etc., to the School to help in getting food enough for the refreshments. Several girls were serving as waitresses for the Fête; they had on yellow aprons and yellow bows in their hair.

The Fête went on till 4.30, and then we had a concert, in which most of the staff and a good many of the boys and girls took part. First we had a chorus, and then a quartette from Miss Dell, Miss Bird, Mr. Beer and Mr. Brereton. Next we had another song or two, including some voice trials, and then a symphony which was very nice. Then Mr. Whitlow announced we were going to have a Spanish Tragedy, in which Mr. Beer, Miss Priestman and Mr. Brereton took part; it was very funny and made everyone laugh. Next came a charade,—they took a name, and for each letter of that name they acted another. Then they acted the whole name; it was "Noah." Then

followed another symphony, and an ending chorus; this brought to the end a very enjoyable Fête.

Monica Ratcliffe and
Marjorie Dell.
(*Lower Third Form*).

[A sum of £26 9s. 5d. was raised at the Fête; possibly a few more shillings may still be forthcoming.—EDITORS].

ON WRITING FOR THE AVENUE.

JUST about a week ago, I happened to hear a member of *The Avenue* Board say to another a few words which were something like this, "Don't forget, everyone's got to write." I heard no more, but that was enough, I guessed the rest. Immediately I began to think. (Of course I have thought before, but since then I've been thinking specially hard). "What can I write on for *The Avenue*?" has been one of the great problems of my life. I've thought for hours during the night; for all my spare time during the day; and even in meeting; but still no suitable inspiration has come.

This morning two large sheets of paper were given to us and we were told that this week instead of the usual essay we were to write something suitable for *The Avenue*.

3.30.—I entered the classroom and found people looking vague, dejected and utterly miserable, with a pen in hand and the two large sheets of white paper before them. The only greeting I received was a general wail of "What *can* I write on?" and "What *are* you going to do?" For about five minutes everyone sat in solemn silence, chewing the end of their pens, and staring round the room, apparently seeing nothing. Then, from the far corner of the room, I heard a pen begin to scratch away, and, turning round with an envious glance,

I knew that someone had got a " brain wave." In desperation a boy behind me opened a dictionary, intending to write on the first word he saw. Evidently he was lucky, for, with a delighted " Ah ! now I've got it," he began to write. With the utmost haste I seized my dictionary, opened it, and saw the words " Flummery, an acid jelly." " No good ! " I said miserably, as I continued to suck my pen and stare out of the window.

After some time I saw that everyone's paper had got something on it except mine, and all round me pens were flying along gaily. I heard the clock strike 1—2—3—4—" Good gracious ! " I thought, " half-an-hour gone and not a thing done." Then I, too, began to write.

Kathleen Green.
(*Sixth Form*).

MY SCHOOL AT BEAUREGARD.

FIRST of all I must tell you about the school itself, which is situated fairly high up, and from which we get a lovely view of Lake Leman and the mountains; the town of Vevey is only thirty minutes' walk away. There are only twenty girls, most of whom are British. The mornings and afternoons are taken up with lessons which are all in French, then three evenings a week we have special subjects, e.g., " Histoire de l'Art " ; we have to speak French everyday except Sundays, otherwise we have to pay a fine of ten centimes if we are heard talking English and the money is given to the " poor."

Thursdays we have a whole holiday ; in the summer time we go for whole day courses climbing, we start out at 9.15 a.m., take our lunch and tea in " ruck sacks," which we carry on our backs, and we do not return until 7.15 p.m. In the winter we go out for the whole day ski-ing or skating.

In the winter holidays we go to a chalet for a fortnight for the winter sports; last holidays we went to Gryon, where we had a lovely time; at Easter a trip is arranged to Italy, this year I think we are going to Venice. The summer term finishes at the end of June. when they all go to the chalet at Champery for two months. On the whole the life at Beauregard is very jolly and I shall be very sorry to leave, which may be in June.

KITTY HORNER.
(1920-22).

A SCHOOL ALPHABET.

A is for "Avenue." Of course I can think of other things, but under the circumstances this must certainly come first.

B. What about Boys? They're not important of course, but they won't like being left out.

C the Committee. I'm glad this comes early, but I couldn't put it before B. could I? Also Chicken Pox. Then there's the Chin which must be lifted in order to raise the Diaphragm. (I had to get this in somehow.)

E. Well, we might say Enough, but I haven't nearly got to the End yet. When we do get to the End we have Examinations.

F. Football, which we are going to learn to play some time—we hope.

G. A word the staff use sparingly (and rightly so) whether with regard to conduct or lessons—Good. Also, incidentally, Girls, Gregory, Gardens, Gated, Gargle and lots of other things.

H. I thought an awful long time for this, quite forgetting the two most important things in the School—the Headmaster and the Holidays.

I is me. (Yes, but what about Grammar ?)

J. This is a silly letter, because words pronounced like this begin with a G.—gymnasium, for example. However June and July are coming soon, and that's the best time to be at School.

K. Several girls' and boys' Kristian names begin with this letter, but I mustn't be personal, so won't mention them. The only other thing I can think of is (or should it be are ?) Knees, which are very prominent nowadays.

L. I'm getting a bit bored with this and probably you are too ; so just let's say Lecture Room and Laboratory and get on to

M which stands for Meals—now you're interested again ! Also Matriculation, the end of all things.

N. *Na Poo.* That's printed in italics, because it's French. I put it in to show how clever I was, and because I couldn't think of anything else. If you don't understand it, ask someone higher up in the school—but don't bother the staff about it, they might be annoyed.

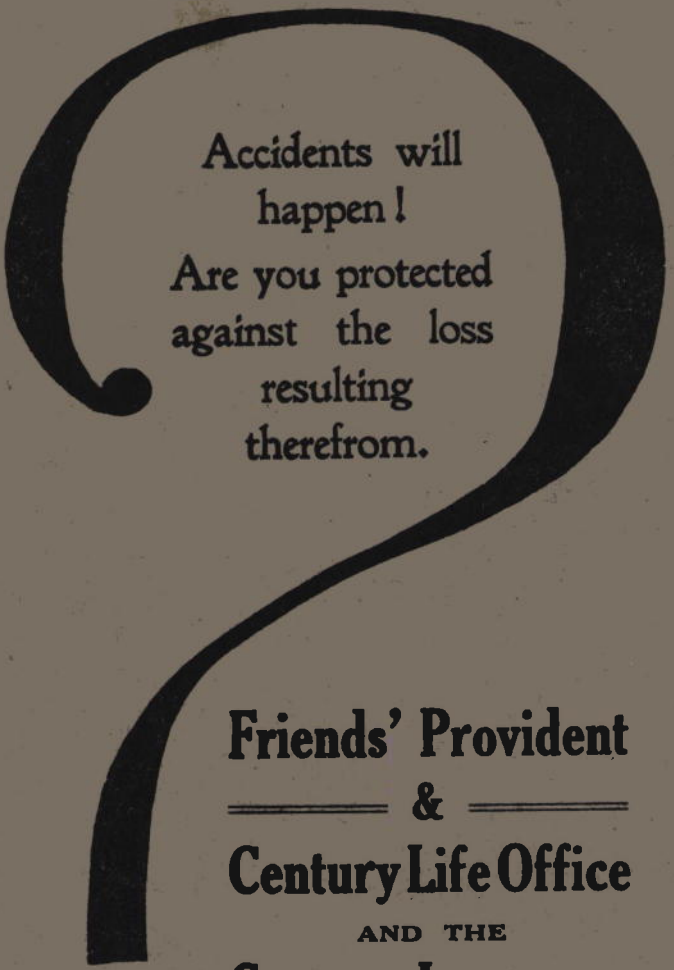
O. Oil, Ointment and Other things—ask the Matron.

P. is what all this ought to be written in—Poetry. But when I tried nothing would rhyme ; I don't believe you'll find one anywhere. I can't write Poetry and I've had to wait all this time to tell you. P. might also stand for Pigs—the new ones in the two-storeyed edifice near the Sanatorium.

Q. Quarantine ! There, isn't that good ! There's some use in infection after all ; I'd never have found anything for Q. otherwise.

R. In the old days this would have been Reading, Riting and Rithmetic, but this won't do now, so what shall I say ? Rain, I think at present.

S is of course the Sanatorium. But then the Staff can't be neglected, can they ? Better combine the two and get on to—



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Three numbers of *The Avenue* will be published during 1923, 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.

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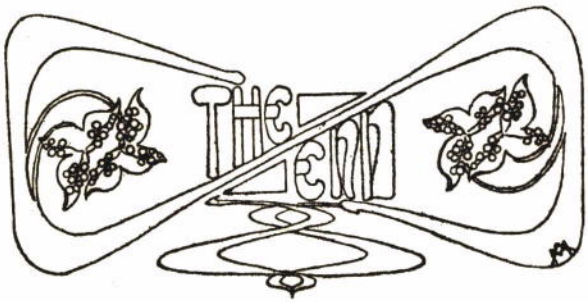
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SCHOOL MAGAZINES.

We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of *Knole Hall High School Magazine* (Miss Fairbrothers' School at Bournemouth), *The Island* (Sidcot).



Feb. 22nd.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Diary, Percy Crow; Essays: "Instinct in Animals," James Blagdon; "Some Irish Legends and Saints," Molly Halford; "An Octave of Happiness," Crispus R. Cottis. Pianoforte Solo, "Chopin's First Prelude," Joyce Tawell.

„ 25th.—Football Match; 1st Eleven *v.* Foxes, home, lost, 0—6.

March 1st.—N.H.S. Mtg. Diary, Margaret Ellis; Meteorological Report; Anthony Skelton; Essays: "Lyme Regis," Betty Thomas; "Two Common Hawks," James Blagdon; "The Tree Creeper and the Jay," Margaret Ellis.

„ 2nd-5th.—O.S. Lecture School.

„ 2nd.—Lecture: "Greek Drama," Mr. Hibbert.

„ 3rd.—Football Match; 1st. XI. *v.* O.S., home, lost, 0—3.
Hockey Match; Girls' 1st XI. *v.* Staff and O.S., home, won, 10—2.
Lecture and Demonstration: "Theory of Greek Balance," Mrs. Diana Watts.

„ 4th.—Lecture and Demonstration: "The Mathematical Application of the Principles of Greek Balance," Mrs. Diana Watts.

„ 8th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Diary, Jessie Tebbutt; Essays: "The Lives of a few Musicians," Marjorie Land; "The First Crusade," Mildred McKears; "A Tour in the West Country," Percy Crow. Pianoforte Solo: Schubert's "Moment Musical," Philip A. Smith.

„ 9th.—Dickens' Recital, "Dombey and Son," Rev. Runnels-Moss.

„ 10th.—N.H.S. Excursion to Thaxted.
Music Recital, Miss Bird.

„ 12th.—Merit Half-Holiday.

„ 14th.—Hockey Match; 1st XI. *v.* Saffron Walden Ladies, away, won, 3—0.
Football Match; 1st XI. *v.* Cambridge Friends, home, lost, 1—4.
N.H.S. Excursion to Chesterford.

Dec. 9th.—Lantern Lecture: "Dr. Barnardo's Homes," Mr. Hinde Smith.

„ 16th.—Lantern Lecture: "How the Elephant got his Trunk," Mr. Walter Rowntree.

„ 20th.—Breaking-up Concert. "Maurice's Own Idea."

„ 21st.—Holidays began.

Jan. 18th.—School re-opened.

„ 21st.—Lantern Lecture: "A Holiday in the Austrian Tyrol," Mr. Brereton.

„ 25th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Diary, Crispus R. Cottis, Frances Waters and Norman S. Eames. Essays: Kenneth Whitlow, "The Central Telegraph Office"; Kathleen Francis, "The Missing Pilgrim"; Alfred Wright, "The Introduction of Steam Power into Ships."

„ 27th.—Football Match; Boys' XI. *v.* Saffron Walden 3rd XI., home, drawn, 1—1.
Hockey Match; 1st XI. *v.* Cambridge Ladies, home, won, 8—3.
Lantern Lecture: "Ships through the Ages," Mr. Beer.

„ 30th.—Merit Half-Holiday.

Feb. 1st.—N.H.S. Mtg. Business Meeting.

„ 3rd.—Hockey Match; 1st XI. *v.* Haverhill Ladies, home, won, 5—3.
Lantern Lecture: "South Africa," Mr. and Mrs. Alexander.

„ 8th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Diary, Betty Thomas; Essays: "Grace Gibb, "Gypsies"; Gordon Baines, "Parrots"; Kathleen Green, "The Australian Natives"; Song, "Where my Caravan has rested," Marjorie Land; Recitation, "The False Light of Rosilly," Mr. Whitlow.

„ 10th.—Football Match; Boys' XI. *v.* Saffron Walden Town 3rd XI., home, lost, 3—8.
Lecture: "Monumental Brasses," Mr. Whitlow.

„ 12th.—Merit Half-Holiday.

„ 15th.—N.H.S. Mtg. Diary, J. Blagdon and J. Bayly; Meteorological Report, Anthony Skelton; Lecturette: "Switzerland," Miss Priestman; Essays: "Silkworms," Jessie Tebbutt; "The Salmon Family," Edward Lush.

„ 17th.—Football Match; Boys' XI. *v.* Saffron Walden Ramblers, home, lost, 0—2.
Lantern Lecture: "Town Planning," Mr. Culpin.

„ 21st—Tennis Fête.

or skating. Ski-ing is most exciting. The first few times I found it very difficult to keep my balance, and seemed to spend most of my time rolling in the snow. It is awfully difficult to get up once you have fallen, but now I find it much easier.

Every Thursday we have a whole holiday, and if it is fine we go out for the day, either climbing or visiting some place of interest. One Thursday we went to the Château de Chillon. It was most interesting."

SCHOOL DIARY.

Nov. 15th.—Football Match; Boys' 1st XI. *v.* Bishop's Stortford School, home, lost, 0—6.

„ 16th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Diary, Barbara Sell and Joyce Tawell; Essays: Hilda Engelmann, "Ten Days in South Germany"; Wm. Warren, "Prittlewell Priory"; Dorothy Falkner, "Leonardo da Vinci"; Pianoforte Solos, "Leap Frog" and "A Highland Fling," Jessie Tebbutt.

„ 18th.—Hockey Match; Girls 1st XI. *v.* Perse School 1st XI., home, drawn, 3—3.

Football Match; Lower School XI. *v.* Newport Boys' Club, home, drawn, 1—1.

Lecture: "Stevenson, the Man," Mr. Cowell.

„ 23rd.—N.H.S. Mtg. Meteorological Report, Anthony Skelton; Report on Wenden-Littlebury Excursion, G. Gibb; Essays: "Elston," Connie Newbery; "Stonehenge," James Bayly; "Toads," Percy Crow.

„ 25th.—Lecture: "Prison Reform," Mr. W. Brown.

„ 30th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Social Evening.

Dec. 2nd.—Lantern Lecture: "East Africa," Mr. E. D. H. Rowntree.

„ 6th.—Hockey Match; 1st XI. *v.* Saffron Walden Ladies, home, won, 2—0.

„ 7th.—N.H.S. Mtg. Astronomical Report, Francis Lennard; Essay, "The Water Vole," Barbara English; exhibition of specimens brought by various members.

the Equator. At Las Palmas the dagoes came to the side of the ship in small boats laden with fruit, chairs and trinkets. Then a great noise began—people bargaining at the tops of their voices, Portuguese men shouting to each other and the rattle of machinery as coal was taken on board. The whole scene was illuminated just by the dim electric light on deck and was very confusing.

" The next place we stopped at, Ascension, was an absolutely sterile mountain island where 100 white men and about four white women live. We really called on account of some young first class men who were going ashore for eighteen months' work as cable officers connected with the Eastern Telegraph Company. We went ashore at St. Helena. This is a lovely little island, the town is long and straggly, set in a valley surrounded by three mountains."

* * * * *

H. Anderton Raymond (1917-19) is now a school-master in the Royal Air Force at present stationed in Egypt. In his spare time he is reading for Holy Orders.

* * * * *

Kitty Horner (1920-22) writes from Vaud, Switzerland :—

" The School stands fairly high up and we get a lovely view of the Lake. There are about sixteen girls, mostly English. We have to speak French every day except Sundays, and if we are heard speaking English during the week we have to pay fines which are put in the " Poor Box." I found it awful at first and seemed to do nothing but pay fines. The girl whom I came out with and I are sleeping together. We simply love being here, but it would be nicer still if the School and all of you came out too.

" We spent an awfully jolly Christmas. On 28th we went to the Châlet at Gryon for the sports and stayed there a fortnight. We were out the whole day long, either ski-ing, luging

Daisy Wyatt (1892-99) writes from Kaikoura, Marlboro', New Zealand :

". . . I spent Christmas with Christina Kell and her three little girls at Takapuna, on Auckland Harbour. She has a little bungalow home on the shore of Lake Takapuna itself and a wonderful garden, with native bush at the water's edge. It is only ten minutes' walk to the sea, and we had a delightful picnic on the cliffs to celebrate the New Year, with two other Old Scholars—Hugh and Christian Johnson. The former was accompanied by his wife and little son, and Christian was on a visit to them from Dunedin. . . . After having nearly a month with Christina I visited my friends in Wellington, and then went up to the East Coast to try my luck in Napier, Hawkes Bay District. It has a lovely climate and I should have liked to spend the winter there at any rate ; but nothing suitable turned up for me, and I came south to Christchurch. Everyone told me I should like Christchurch, as it is " so English."—and so I do, much more than Auckland and Wellington. There is a beautiful Cathedral in the centre of the City, surrounded by a large square, which contains most of the principal buildings. The streets are broad and very clean, fresh water rushing down the gutters, and reminding me a little of Devonshire villages. The college buildings and grounds are very fine, and there are some nice homes on the banks of the river. The Avon itself is a miniature river, narrow, shallow and winding, and with its grassy banks and willow trees seems a tiny imitation of the Cam, as I saw it at Cambridge. One day I ventured on the river in a tiny boat—the first time that I had ever been alone in a boat—and had such fun, bumping into first one and then the other ! Next time I took a girl with me to steer."

* * * * *

Eveline M. Pask ((1918-22) writes from Capetown :

" We had a lovely voyage out, though the weather was unusually cold even in the Tropics. It was quite cold crossing

as I did not see an Elephant or a fresh species of game. Some days I shot a lot of one species in order to give the natives food and to drive off the game which had eaten their crops and so caused an " njaa " (famine).

" I have now reached my headquarters and hoped to have time to get on with my work, but I hear of trouble at one of my outstations and may have to make a ' safori ' (treck) there. I hope not."

* * * * *

Dorothea M. Halford (1917-21) writes from Paris :

" I am taking a course of lessons in French at the International Guild. Course C. is for people attending the Sorbonne (I think there is an Ackworth master in Course C.) and I am in Course B., which is much simpler. I have lessons every morning from 9.30 to 11.30, except on Thursdays. . . . The lessons are all given in French, and we take our notes in French. I found that here at the Guild was a Hostel for French and English girls kept by a Quaker, Miss Williams. It is an awfully nice Hostel, but there is a rule that one must always speak French. . . . There are about ten English girls here. . . . I have found a really good Gym. Class, so I go there three evenings a week.

" I love Paris. Before I came I read of the ' charm ' and the ' spell ' of Paris, and then when I came I didn't find it a very wonderful place, but all the same the spell has caught me and when my year is up I shall be almost as sorry to leave Paris as I was to leave Walden. I love the shops and the boulevards and all the queer people I see and the traffic and the beautiful buildings, and then there is something abstract that I love and I don't quite know what it is. At last I've grown to the stage when I like lessons and I'm just ever so happy. There is just one cloud on my horizon and that is that I shall not be able to get back to Walden for Whitsun—that's a horrible black cloud, isn't it."

FAR AND NEAR.

Concerning Old Scholars.

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

Verula M. E. Culpin.
H. Barbara English.
T. W. Humphrey Lloyd.
Frank L. Smith.

* * * * *

Harvey Le P. Agnew (1906-13) writes from Tanganyika Territory to Mr. Rowntree :

" It hardly seems possible to me that I knew you about sixteen years ago, as I still remember very well my first Sunday afternoon at school when, along with several other " new boys " I enjoyed an afternoon cup of tea in your room on the second landing. . . . I am now in the Tanganyika Territory Police and in charge of the Police District of Mahenge, and have sixty-nine Askari (armed policemen) under me. . . For the last fourteen days I have been into the bush on a shooting trip. In this District we have all the usual game except Giraffe, and I managed to secure Elephant, Buffalo and five species of horned game. Against ordinary game the man with a gun is quite safe and it is a case of stalking followed by correct aim. However, with Elephant and often with Buffalo the chances are more even. With Elephant one hunts in very thick bush and has to be very careful never to get to the windward or to make a noise. The bush was so thick that in each case I was within twenty yards of my Elephant before I saw him, and then I had rather a shock when I saw how big he was ! Big game hunting is not always exciting, as one day I was out from 5.30 a.m. to past 6 p.m. and never fired a shot

which ought to be made public, and so on could all be placed in this part of the magazine.

Several times I have been asked by readers who are not in the school, " Why don't they have a correspondence column ? They are awfully interesting."

I should very much like to know what *The Avenue* Board and its readers think of the idea. It may turn out a failure, but I believe that as yet it has never been tried. Having finished my oration, I will not waste any more of your valuable space.

I am,

Yours truly,

Norman S. Eames.

[In the March number of 1914 we started a " Correspondence Page," and a letter was published, which was followed in the July number by another. Since then we have received no other communications, consequently the page has become non-existent. We are always glad to receive letters, and will publish any of general interest.—THE EDITORS.]

METEOROLOGICAL REPORT.

Temperature.

Highest 65.5°, October 1st.
Minimum 26°, October 25th and December 8th.
Average 78 days. Maximum 53.4°.
Minimum 37.2°.

Pressure.

Highest 30.41", November 15th.
Lowest 27.53", October 17th.
Average 78 days, 29.665".

Rainfall.

Total 4.337".
Average .055".

Wind.

North	0 days.	South	6 days.
North-East ..	28 days.	South-West	23 days.
East	6 days.	West	1 day.
South-East ..	10 days.	North-West ..	4 days.

T. Besides Tea it can stand for Tests, Tempers, Top Table and a Tremendous number of Things.

U does not stand for Ungry as you expected, nor yet for Ush! It's quite easy, it's for—now *what* is it for?—oh yes, Umpires, of course.

V is not easy. In fact I leave it to you as you're most of you Victims.

W for Wednesday half-holiday, or Wireless, which we may have some day, or Wit (ditto), or Writing out, or What not. This isn't hard, it's the last three letters that usually trip alphabetters up. But just look.

X the unknown who does most of the damage. Also the mark usually made at the end of our sums, which means that both teacher and taught are cross (shut up!) and

Y is You, without whom we can't get on. Also for Youth which does get on. And finally

Z. I had something awfully good for this—what on earth was it? It wasn't the Zoo—no, that's quite another place altogether, really. It must have been, like the sum total of my ideas, Zero.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of "The Avenue."

Dear Editor,

Having been asked to suggest something which might possibly liven up *The Avenue*, I offer the following—Why not start a correspondence column?

If one picks up a daily paper, one finds quite an interesting correspondence column, which is occasionally spoilt by letters with a heading "First Cuckoo Heard," or "First Butterfly Found." But on the whole correspondence columns are interesting. Humorous items, debateable points, matters



THE BOYS' FIFTH FORM ROOM.