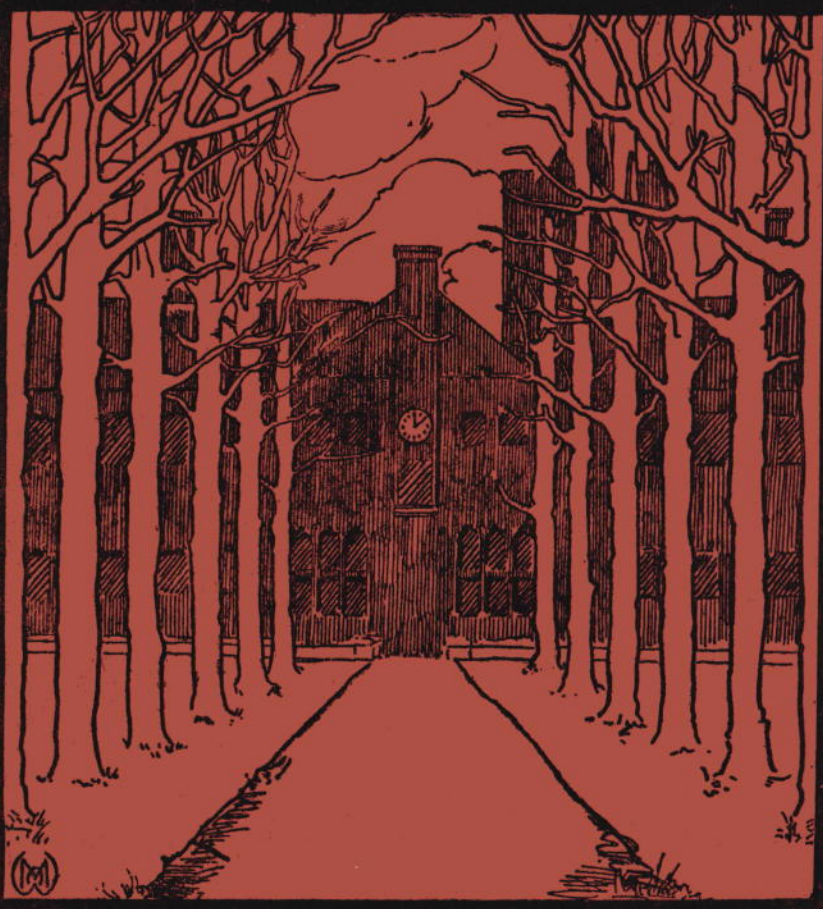
THE AVENUE



JULY 1924

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The Magazine of the Friends' School, Saffron Walden.

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FOREWORD.

AS always seems to happen in the Spring Term, the last half of the term was a very busy one, and it was owing to this that no House Competitions took place.

On May 15th, "The Mob," the great play of the year, was performed, and reached even greater success than usual under the direction of Mr. Beer.

Sports this year took place in the usual unfavourable weather on Wednesday, March 26th.

On the following Saturday the contest in Athletic feats with Newport Grammar School was revived after a lapse of many years. We found ourselves easily beaten.

Two of the girls, Dorothy Falkner and Grace Gibb have been fortunate enough to obtain two Entrance Scholarships to The Mount; and we have great pleasure in congratulating James Blagdon and William Warren for their success in the Inter-School Diary Competition.

On our return to school in May, we found many new faces and also on the girls' side many old ones were missing. Mr. B. C. Walker also has left us. Among the ten new girls and ten new boys, we welcome among us the daughter of a German Friend from Frankfurt.

Grace M. Gibb.
(Stage 7).

A SPRING MORNING IN WALDEN.

I AWOKE with the song of the cuckoo in my ears. The sun was just peeping in at the corner of the window. I looked round the sleeping bedroom—no one stirred. Through the open window came the lusty call of the cuckoo; I heard the gentle swaying of the trees in the breeze outside; it was irresistible.

Softly I stole out of bed and crept to the open window. Outside I saw the avenue, the lawn and field—all was covered with a shimmering misty haze; the trees waved slowly and mysteriously to each other; and through the bushes beyond the lawn I saw the ghostly white of the Sanatorium sparkling. The blue sky above; below, the vividly green trees swaying gently, bathed in a soft mist.

I stood gazing for some time, and then, leaving the window, I stole through the silent bedrooms and down the solitary, grey passage to a window on the other side of the school, overlooking Walden itself. I saw stretched before me, through the trees and mist, still, silent houses. Here and there, from a chimney came a long, thin trail of smoke, which curled and vanished into the sky. Above all, rose the tall, grey spire of the church, guarding the slumbering people.

The sun rose slowly over the sleeping town, driving away the mist—now I could see distinctly. One by one the houses

seemed to wake; smoke poured from many chimneys; the town was rousing itself—"Life was astir, and life is good!"

I ran back along the passage,—now no longer solitary or empty, but filled with laughing and dancing sunbeams,—back to the bedroom full of morning sunshine, and to the open window.

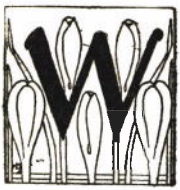
Outside the field was transformed into a sea of sparkling diamonds, and the grass of the lawn was silver with dew-drops. The brilliant green of the lime-trees on the avenue stood out sharply against the blue sky, and from their branches came the twittering and morning songs of many birds.

All foretold the coming of a beautiful spring day.

Joyce Maybery.

(*Stage* 5.)

WHITSUNTIDE AT WALDEN.



HITSUNTIDE, 1924,—and once again the dear old School has opened wide her gates, and showered forth love and hospitality on her girls and boys.

Is it any wonder that we think of her as a second home?

No matter how many miles I travel, or how many years I am away, when I enter those gates I feel immediately at home. And though perhaps only half a dozen scholars of our time turn up, it is worth while.

It was a joy also to meet Mr. and Mrs. Walker and former members of the Staff, as well as present ones of long standing in that respect.

You must remember, dear *Avenue* readers, that these are just the impressions of a quite ancient Old Scholar, and if I do not refer to all the present members of the Staff, it is because

I do not know some of them very well. Those whom I did meet I hope to meet again. Anyway, I am sure that our thanks are due to each one for giving us such a happy Whitsun.

Once more we were made welcome after meeting on Sunday morning by Mrs. Midgley, who entertained us in her delightful garden. This time we asked her to accept an honorary membership of the Old Scholars' Association. It is almost impossible to believe that she is not an Old Scholar herself, so much has she mingled with us.

We missed many dear faces at meeting, but were glad to find that Miss Priscilla Robson was able to attend. We had amongst our Whitsun visitors Mr. and Mrs. Elbert Russell from the United States, the former of whom gave an address, on the Sunday afternoon, with regard to the tendencies of American education, and spoke in the evening meeting on the nature of God.

A splendid programme for the week-end had been arranged for us, and though the weather was very fickle it did not deter the sports and outdoor receptions and fun.

Perhaps the Editors will kindly print a copy of the programme,* so that Old Scholars who were not present may see just what we did on each day.

Some of the Staff gave us an excellent dramatic performance on Saturday evening, consisting of two plays; the first, " The Boy Comes Home," by A. A. Milne, and the other, " The Grand Cham's Diamond," by Allan Monkhouse.

We are not likely to forget the splendid character-acting of " Aunt Emily " (Miss Rose) and " Uncle James " (Mr. Whitlow), to say nothing of Mrs. Higgins (Miss Priestman); whilst " Philip " (Mr. Smillie) made a delightful " after-the-war " young nephew. The second play was most amusing, and we were amazed at the agility of old " Mr. Perkins " (Mr. Beer). After the performance the weather was again kind to us and

* Exigencies of space forbid. (Eds.)

allowed us just enough time for a bonfire on the playground, round which we stood and sang school-songs.

In these we were led by Hilda Knight, who also delighted us on other occasions.

We enjoyed a concert on Sunday evening, and another on Monday which was followed by an hour's dancing in the Dining-Hall. Only one sad accident marred the first concert—almost a whole family being slowly and methodically murdered —or rather, to put it more cheerfully, sent up aloft—by a gentleman on the Staff.

However, on Monday night the same reciter contented himself with kicking a clockwork dog to smithereens—after defrauding the Dog's Home for a matter of a dozen years or so—and we really think that he is improving.

We enjoyed three receptions—Mrs. Rowntree, Mrs. Ransome, and our very able President, Miss Violet Tozer, being hostesses.

Our President, together with Mrs. Rowntree and Mr. Beer, organised a very successful "Country Fair," and so long was the queue for the "Fortune-Teller" that no doubt some are there yet.

The funniest sight was that of two small boys parading behind a net, one wearing a tall hat, and the other a policeman's helmet, at which we had so many shies a penny.

The cricket matches and tennis tournaments met with the usual enthusiasm, results being as follows:—Past *v.* Present, Girls: Present won by 87 to 11; Boys: Present won by 147 to 108. The Tennis champions were Hilda Carter and Charles M. Ball.

In all, about 200 Old Scholars spent Whitsun at the School, ably piloted by our efficient secretary, J. Owen Clover; and I am sure that we all came away with an added glow at our hearts, and the hope of many more such re-unions.

DAISY C. WYATT (1892-99).

THE ATHLETIC SPORTS, 1924.



PORTS this year were held in rather stormy weather, but in spite of this the times were good, and some records were broken.

The long distance races were run before Sports Day, and the entries were good for all races. The times for both the Cross Country and Mile were good, and the Junior Mile record was broken by I. Parley, who easily out-distanced all his opponents. On the Monday before sports the heats and a few events were run off, and I. Parley broke the 880 yards record.

The events on Sports Day were all well contested and there were several close finishes, especially in the "sprints." The only other record broken was by E. Scovell, who broke the Girls' Senior High Jump record, thus making the Senior Record more than the Junior. The House Relay races provided the usual excitement, especially the Junior, which Godlee won. Crosfields superior weight told in the tug-of-war, as they easily won, but Morland and Godlee were well matched, and after a strenuous pull the former House won.

The lighter side of the Sports must not be forgotten, as much amusement was obtained from the Obstacle race, in which many boys were found not to be up to standard in very elementary mathematics. After this race we wandered into tea and eggs, discussing our chances in the sports against Newport, which were to take place the following Saturday.

Kenneth L. Whitlow,
(Stage 6).

RESULTS.

Boys.

SENIOR.

Cross Country :—1, Elithorn ; 2, Lee i. ; 3, Edmundson i. ; 4, Williams ; 5, Le Mare i. 21 minutes 14 seconds.

Mile :—1, Elithorn ; 2, Edmundson i. ; 3, Lee i. ; 4, Woodward. 5 minutes 15 seconds.

880 yards :—1, Elithorn ; 2, Armstrong ; 3, Edmundson i. 2 minutes 18⅘ seconds.
440 yards :—1, Edwards ; 2, Elithorn ; 3, Lennard. 61⅕ seconds.
100 yards :—1, Edwards ; 2, Lennard ; 3, Elithorn. 12 seconds.
Long Jump :—1, Lennard ; 2, Edwards ; 3, Edmundson i. 16 ft. 4½ ins.
High Jump :—1, Edwards ; 2, Lennard ; 3, Lee i. 4 ft. 8 in.
Throw :—1, Lennard ; 2, Elithorn ; 3, Freeman. 79 yds. 1 ft.

JUNIOR.

Cross Country :—1, Parley ; 2, Watson ; 3, Francis i ; 4, Le Mare ii. ; 5, Francis ii. 12 minutes 48⅘ secs.
Mile :—1, Parley ; 2, Francis i ; 3, Girdwood ; 4, Furrell. 5 minutes, 36⅕ seconds.*
880 yards :—1, Parley ; 2, Francis i ; 3, Girdwood. 2 minutes, 32⅗ secs.*
440 yards :—1, Parley ; 2, Francis i ; 3, Watson. 71⅕ seconds.
100 yards :—1, Forward i. ; 2, Parley ; 3, Tawell i. 14⅕ seconds.
Long Jump :—1, Tawell i. ; 2, Parley ; 3, Gibb. 11 ft. 10½ in.
High Jump :—1, Parley ; 2, Girdwood ; 3, Francis i. 3 ft. 9 in.
Throw :—1, Barritt ; 2, Gibb ; 3, Dunstan. 55 yds. 1 ft.

OPEN.

880 Handicap :—1, Woodward ; 2, Edmundson i. (scr.) ; 3, Whitlow. 2 minutes, 30 seconds.
220 Handicap :—1, Lennard (scr.) ; 2, Armstrong ; 3, Freeman (scr.). 28⅘ seconds.
Obstacle Rate :—1, Bartlett ; 2, Alexander ; 3, Edmundson ii.
Sack Race :—1, Lee ii. ; 2, Watson ; 3, Goss.

GIRLS.

SENIOR.

440 yards :—1, F. Waters ; 2, H. Engelmann ; 3, J. Champness. 76⅘ secs.
220 yards :—1, H. Baker ; 2, F. Emson ; 3, F. Waters. 31⅕ secs.
100 yards :—1, E. Scovell ; 2, F. Waters ; 3, H. Engelmann. 13⅗ secs.
Long Jump :—1, E. Scovell ; 2, F. Waters ; 3, F. Emson. 13 ft. 5½ ins.*
High Jump :—1, E. Scovell ; 2, H. Engelmann ; 3, J. Champness. 4 ft. 2 ins. *
Hockey Hit :—1, H. Baker ; 2, F. Waters.
Hockey Dribble :—1, C. Palmer ; 2, B. Freestone.

JUNIOR.

220 yards :—1, M. Trigg ; 2, W. Cooper ; 3, W. Woodward. 35⅘ secs.
100 yards :—1, M. Trigg ; 2, W. Cooper ; 3, M. Dell. 15 secs.
Long Jump :—1, W. Cooper ; 2, M. Close ; 3, B. Hawksley. 10 ft. 1 in.
High Jump :—1, M. Trigg ; 2, W. Cooper ; 3, H. Woodward. 3 ft. 8 ins.
Throw :—1, M. Close ; 2, W. Cooper ; 3, M. Dell. 28 yds. 1 ft.

RELAY RACES.

BOYS' :—(600 yards) 1, Crosfield ; 2, Morland. 1 min. 21⅕ secs.
GIRLS' (450 yards) :—1, Crosfield ; 2, Morland. 71⅕ secs.
JUNIOR MIXED (450 yards) :—1, Godlee ; 2, Morland. 73⅘ secs.

* School records.

TUG-OF-WAR.
1, Crosfield; 2, Morland.

BOYS' CUPHOLDER :—Norman S. Elithorn.
RUNNER-UP :—John E. Edwards.
GIRLS' CUPHOLDERS : Frances Waters and Evelyn Scovell.
BOYS' JUNIOR CUPHOLDER : Ivor Parley.
RUNNER-UP : Norman Francis.
GIRLS' JUNIOR CHAMPION : —Winnie Cooper.
RUNNER-UP : Mollie Trigg.

OUR JOURNEY FROM JAPAN TO ENGLAND.

I AM going to tell you now of our journey here, though I am afraid that I have entirely forgotten two important things in a long journey, the day of our departure and the date of our arrival in England. Anyway we started somewhere about the 20th of May, 1922.

Having packed up all our belongings which were to come with us, and spent days labelling it, etc, and getting passports and tickets, and having said " good-bye " to our friends and acquaintances we boarded the *Plassey*, a P. and O., i.e., Peninsular and Oriental Company boat. Though an old ship it was known as one of the best sailers of the Company in stormy weather.

While we were in Yokohama bay there was a supposed case of small pox among the crew, consequently we were moved on to the quarantine station just a little way on. The ship stayed there for a day or two but the man was quite all right, so, two days after, we weighed anchor in the afternoon, passing between the *Renown*, which brought the Prince of Wales to Japan, and the *Durban*, its escort. Soon we came out into the wide open sea and our journey had really begun. We saw the land and breakwater sink slowly behind the horizon until even the lighthouse

was out of sight and presently we could see nothing but sea, sea, sea.

It was here we felt the first pitching and rolling of the voyage. Unfortunately it was very stormy and for two days scarcely anyone came into meals, while the first day was the only one I ever felt seasick during the whole voyage.

On the third night we were suddenly in comparative calm. It was just like a mill-pond with scarcely a ripple except in the wake of the ship, where lines of foam traced our journey backwards. It was so calm because we were then in the Inland Sea, which is nearly surrounded on all sides by islands. The sun was shining and the sky was a much more brilliant and darker blue than you ever see here. The sea was also blue and clear as crystal. Here and there were small islands, regular masses of trees and flowers and little thatched fishing cottages, while sometimes a high rocky hill would stand boldly out on the horizon. On the sea were little flat-bottomed sailing boats and farther away one saw the little steam vessels, which go to and from the towns and villages, dotted round the Inland Sea. It was altogether a picture of complete calm and peace.

Soon, however, we saw some chimneys, and the little thatched cottages rapidly began to give way to bigger wooden, and later brick houses. We were nearing Kobe, another of the seven big ports of Japan where we were to pick up more passengers and goods. These were bales of silk with "To Marseilles" in big letters on them. We did not stay long here, but after a day of busy loading, with the rattle of cranes and shouts of the coolies and Lascars, we started again.

We were still in the calm Inland Sea, watching the shining white sails, and the silvery fishes which often flashed in the sun as they dashed up to the surface. We were sailing in and out of the islands towards the ocean for some days.

Then one morning when we got up about 5 (our usual time on the voyage) we felt as if we were out on the open sea, for the wind was fresher and cooler and the boat rocked slightly.

The sun was rising and was just peeping over some of the highest hills of Japan which were all we could see of it. And as the sun rose higher the island peaks sank till at last we had said " Good-bye " to Japan.

After three or four days, instead of the blue sea away in the distance, we saw stretching out a wide band of yellow muddy water—the Yellow River of China—the Yang-tse-kiang. By this we knew we were nearing Shanghai, for though it is not on the Yang-tse it is on the Wang-poo, a small tributary which flows into the big river quite near its mouth. On we came towards the mass of yellow muddy water until soon the sea was muddy all round us, and far away we could see the blue waters and their white crests glittering in the sun. We then changed our course and went up the river, turning off up the Wang-poo.

Here it was quite narrow and we could see both sides of the river easily. There were stretches of rice fields and farm houses, small and thatched, with crowds of Chinese coolies carrying baskets, probably of rice, also fat Chinese children, who stared solemnly at us as we glided by. We started off again on the third day in the evening, and very soon the stream of the Yellow River into the sea was a mere yellow ribbon across the horizon.

Now we began to feel it getting hotter and hotter, and even in Shanghai there were signs of the topee or pith sun-helmet. We often slept on deck those hot nights, at least those of us who did not mind the hard deck floor. We took a blanket to sleep on, two sheets and a pillow, and lay down to gaze drowsily at the dark blue sky and twinkling stars and finally to drift into sleep. In the evenings we often walked up and down the deck, as one does on the Avenue, and gazed at the sea which in places was illuminated by the tiny phosphorescent creatures of the sea, making a mass of pale yellowy-greenish light which danced up and down on the waves. In the day-time we played deck tennis and quoits, or lay lazily about, chatting.

Soon a notice was put up " Hong Kong at 2 p.m. Friday,"

which was next day. That night it was slightly rough, so we retired into our cabins, but at about 1.30 a.m. Dad came down and called me out. I came, slipping on my dressing gown. It was truly one of the most wonderful sights I had ever seen. Darkly outlined in the grey twilight were rocky hills and mountains. The sea was calm and the sky dark blue speckled with diamonds all twinkling in different colours. The moon was setting behind a bold mountain which jutted out. Presently we could see the lights of a few night fishers in little boats and soon the harbour lights were twinkling and dancing in the still water—red, white, green and all colours. Just inside the harbour we stopped and presently all was still. The throbbing engines hushed like all nature then.

The next time we sighted land was at Singapore. It was really hot now, absolutely roasting—too hot for most of the passengers but I enjoyed it.

One evening a few of us went for a walk about 11 o'clock. It was lovely. All the stars seem twice as big as usual, and the bamboo and palm trees waved and rustled to and fro in the warm breeze, while away in the distance, and sometimes quite near, we heard the bull frogs calling and answering in their strange voices like motor horns. We soon left here and had a fairly long steam to Columbo and then on to Aden.

After leaving Aden we came to Suez, scarcely a port, and then we were in the Canal. As it was night time we had a huge head-light in front—a most powerful search-light—and we moved very slowly as the canal is very narrow.

At Marseilles it seemed strange for everyone to be talking French or English instead of some language quite unknown to us.

From Marseilles we had the worst weather of all, and they had to put " fiddles " as they call them, on the tables to keep plates from sliding about too much.

As we passed Gibraltar we saw the rock well, but Africa only as a faint line on the horizon.

The next run brought us up the Thames to the Royal Albert Docks at about 7 or 8 in the morning. It was dark and cold compared with the glorious days we had just experienced.

But it was with the greatest excitement of all that I came ashore again here, after nearly eleven years in Japan. I did not remember much about my first visit, so I enjoyed the sight of the first flock of sheep I had ever seen close to, grazing in the fields as we passed them in the train.

Iris Harris.

(*Stage* 5).

EXTRACTS FROM NATURE DIARY KEPT DURING THE EASTER HOLIDAYS, 1924.

DISTRICT: LANGHAM, COLCHESTER.

APRIL 12TH.—SONG THRUSH'S RATHER UNUSUAL NESTING PLACE.

As the river is just behind our house, I took a short walk along the bank beside it. I had not gone far when I came to a tree which had straggling roots, which went into the river. Among the roots of this tree was a Song Thrush's nest, not more than a foot from the water. On looking into it I found one blue egg, spotted all over with black spots.

APRIL 19TH.—A PERSEVERING PAIR OF STARLINGS.

For several years two Starlings have been building their nest in our barn. Their nest is situated in such a queer place that I cannot describe it. But anyhow every time the door was opened down would come the nest.

I remember opening the door myself last year when I didn't know the nest was there, and of course down it fell. But funnily enough, in twenty minutes time, I returned to the barn only to find the nest completely built again and ready for eggs. Being a busy barn, of which the doors are always being opened,

those poor little birds never laid their eggs. But still they went on bringing more stuff for building, not thinking of getting the old material which had fallen to the ground, until they had quite three barrow loads of straw and hay. You would hardly believe it, but we were actually able to strew a pig court with it!

APRIL 26.—MOORHENS AND PHEASANTS AND THEIR NESTS.

To-day I found the first Pheasant's nest for this year. I saw the female bird on the nest as I was walking by, and as she did not come off, I picked her up and found seventeen eggs under her. Everyone of these were freckled with brownish red freckles. These I think are rather valuable as all my books say that they never have spots.

On the river I found four water hen's nests with eggs. The eggs were a creamy brown-pink ground colour, spotted and blotched all over with a purple chestnut colour.

APRIL 30TH.—STARLINGS.

Finding six Starlings' nests I noticed that when the nests were situated under the tiles, in the dark, the eggs were white. But when they were in the open, the eggs were blue.

MAY 1ST.—CHAFFINCH'S QUEER EGGS.

In a grove very thick with undergrowth, I found a Chaffinch's nest. There was nothing special about the material of the nest, but the eggs were very peculiar. They were the shape of a Blue-Tit's eggs and pale green all over.

I might add that I know it *was* a Chaffinch's nest as I saw the bird.

Geoffrey Tawell.
(*Stage* 2).

SCHOOL ATHLETICS.

FOOTBALL SEASON, 1923-24.

	Played.	Won.	Lost.	Drawn.
First XI. ..	4	0	3	1
Boys' XI. ..	14	6	8	0

Once again the football teams have very little they can boast of, although in their six successes (an increase of six over last year's total !) they are now able to tabulate their results with fewer rude remarks and suggestions from their numerous critics.

Our main weakness lay once more in attack, the forwards being rather slow on the ball and lacking combination with the halves. We had, however, a reliable pair of backs in Lennard and Elithorn—two of the few mainstays of the team.

In the four 1st XI. matches we only managed to score twice, securing these two goals in a well contested draw against the Cambridge Friends.

During the season colours were awarded to F. S. Burlingham, K. L. Whitlow, P. R. Edmunds and J. N. Elithorn. In the House Tournaments, Morland were once more victorious, and Crosfield were second.

James H. Blagdon.
(Boys' Captain.)

HOCKEY SEASON, 1923-24.

This season has been extraordinarily successful, as regards both the number of matches and their results.

The 1st XI. played 13 matches, one of which was drawn and the rest won, the total number of goals being 74–23. The 2nd XI. were less fortunate and were beaten in their only match.

Colours were awarded to K. Coates, W. Kilbey, J. Tawell and F. Waters.

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

Grace Gibb.
(Girls' Captain.)

AMATEUR THEATRICALS.

I KNEW from the first moment that I set foot inside the door, that there was something in the air, for there were suppressed and self-conscious giggles from the occupants of various chairs, and meaning glances were exchanged.

It had been a very dull morning, murky and depressing, and a general atmosphere of boredom and dissatisfaction had pervaded the house; consequently this new electricity in the air was a refreshing change.

At last I espied the cause of the commotion. It was a large sheet of paper, once white, now grimy with much handling, which was pinned over the mantel-piece. On it, in large crooked letters, was displayed a multi-coloured notice. I walked over to allay my curiosity, by which action I invoked fresh and more hysterical giggles from the six children who were seated round the table. With some difficulty I read :—

A GRAND CONCERT
COME & SEE
THE BABS IN THE WOD.
ADMSHUN 2D. (or 2 Pins).
IN THE NUSRY AT 4.

I looked duly impressed, and turning round, I asked Billy if he knew what the name of the concert party was, and who was the leading lady. He stared at me, and then said, "Why, it's us!"

"Sh!" said Peggy, the ten-year-old manageress—then to me, "No! You see we only had a wire this morning to say they were coming."

"Oh I see," I replied, and that was all that was said for the moment.

During the afternoon I was reading by the dining-room fire, when sundry crashes and scrapings warned me that something unusual was happening in the hall. Cautiously I opened the


A Grand Concert
Come & See
the Babes in the Wood
Admishun 2D
(or 2 pins)
in the Nursry
at 4 -

door a few inches, and discovered the six members of the new theatrical company engaged in dragging the hat-stand along the hall.

Also, some time later, when I was in my bedroom, a tap came at the door; on opening it, I found Teddy on the threshold. "Please," he said, "may we borrow your eiderdown, an' your hairbrush, an' your tennis shoes, an' your scarlet jumper."

But at four o'clock we all filed into the nursery. A few minutes were spent in hushed expectation, and then the orchestra struck up "Pop goes the Weasel," with one comb and two tin trays.

Then the great moment arrived, and with a little aid from the audience, the curtains swung back, revealing a truly marvellous scene. Looking on my programme I found that "Seen I." was in the "Duke's casle."

On the left hand side of the stage my scarlet jumper, reposing on a heap of coal, made a most realistic fire, over which the duke and duchess were chatting cosily, wrapped in eiderdowns.

On the other side, a good two yards away, the Babes were apparently playing "Tippit" entirely oblivious of the treasonable murmurs of their elders.

I admired that Duke. He had an admirable knack of making straight for the point that I could not but envy. Before the curtain had fallen back two minutes he had informed his fair partner of his evil designs on the innocent Babes. True, his epithets concerning them were rather strong, but he had soon got it off his chest, and waited for a suitable reply.

A few painful minutes elapsed, and then one of the Babes was heard to murmur, "Go on! Say something, you great stupid"—whereat the Duchess blushed, no doubt from shame that her wards should have so little respect for their elders.

But the Duke was equal to the occasion, and cried out in a loud voice, "Ah! I see by your silence that you agree with me. We will now call in my faithful servants," and with this he turned and hallooed lustily.

There was a mild eruption in the wings, and two villainous looking men stepped over the Babes to the centre of the stage.

Their appearance was truly enough to strike terror into the hearts of the bravest; their eyebrows were unusually large and beetling, whilst a fierce and curling moustache adorned the upper lip of each. On their heads they wore large trilby hats, which the masculine portion of the audience did their best not to recognise, and on the feet of one were my white tennis shoes, while the other wore a pair of large wooden sabots, tied on with string.

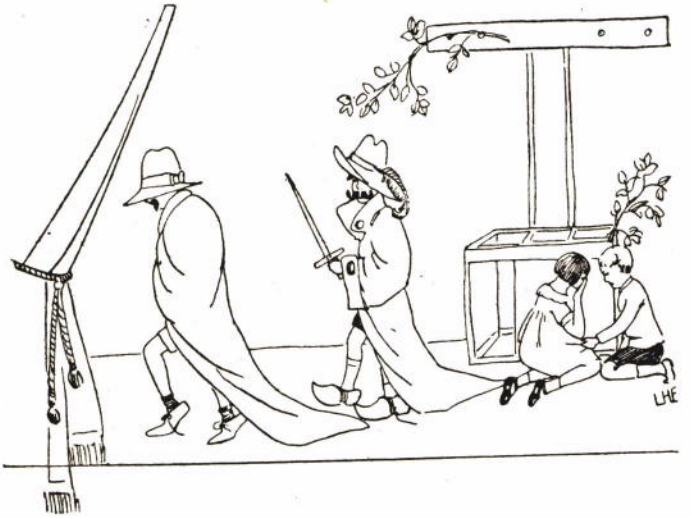
The Duke explained his intentions to them in a loud whisper. Once or twice I saw him glance apprehensively at the Babes, but they were still engrossed in their "Tippit."

When he had delivered his orders, the Duke retreated with some difficulty, followed by the Duchess, thus clearing the decks for action.

The two retainers then proceeded to join in the game of "Tippit," and soon a happy quartette was seated on the floor, engrossed in the game. A loud whisper from the hidden regions, however, soon recalled them to a sense of their situation, and one of them suggested, in gruff tones, a walk in the wood, to which the remainder of the company, who were evidently beginning to get rather tired of "Tippit," agreed with alacrity, and they made a dignified exit to the tune of "Home Sweet Home," although the former was somewhat marred by an untimely collapse of the wings.

The curtains fell together rapidly, and an interval ensued, during which various scraps of conversation were audible, such as, "Where's that pin?—Shove it up that end, Bill.—It was your boots knocked it down.—Coo! It wasn't, it was Bab's bonnet—where's my hat?—Now you've done it!"

At last, however, after much commotion, the curtains again rolled back. Looking on my programme I found, "Seen II. The forist."


LHE

It was truly imposing! The dining room table cloth gave a sward-like air to the floor, and in the mighty oak which towered in one corner, no-one would have recognised the hall hatstand, had they not witnessed its transference.

Suddenly there was a heaving on the right, and with shouts and much laughter the Babes and the henchmen entered. One of the latter suggested a game of hide and seek, and the two men went off to hide, whilst the babes, seated at the foot of the spreading oak, proceeded to count.

At length they went off to hunt, and the orchestra struck up "Men of Harlech."

After a suitable interval the Babes re-appeared, looking very woe begone; the girl was weeping voluminously, and everyone was in raptures over her command of her emotions, when unfortunately half an onion slid from the handkerchief with which she was mopping her streaming eyes. She beamed on the audience through her tears, and picked it up hurriedly.

They bewailed themselves loudly for a few minutes, and then lay down beneath the oak, and died peacefully.

No sooner had they expired than a strange figure came up the steps. It was a robin. Dressed in a fur cap and my scarlet jumper, he strewed brown paper generously over the deceased, and departed with much wailing.

Then the curtains fell, the band struck up "Tipperary," and we all filed out, thinking that we had certainly received our money's worth.

Madeleine M. C. Baker.
(Stage 7).

AT WALDEN.

THERE'S a school at Saffron Walden,
Which forever will be dear
To the hearts of those that knew her,
When they spent their schooldays here

On that school at Saffron Walden,
All honour let us pour ;
And exclaim to all and sundry :
" She made us what we are."

It's a happy school at Walden ;
Work and play go hand in hand,
And no matter what we're doing,
We're a very jolly band.

Kathleen D. Priestman.
(*Stage* 3).

" MY EARLY LIFE."

I AM a Tom-Tit. I am not very big, because none of the Tom-Tit family ever grow big.

When I first came out of the egg and peeped over the edge of the nest, I thought the world a beautiful place, but I was only a little bird then, and I had not seen what it was like outside the wood where I was born.

I had no feathers, only a few bits of down on my body and head, but I was warm enough. I had several brothers and sisters, but there was one of my brothers that I felt was not a real brother. Whenever Mother came with some tasty grubs, he would push us aside for he was the strongest. As the days passed, I thought what a happy life I should lead in the nest,

but I was mistaken, for I did not know that I should soon leave the nest, but not because I wanted to.

One day, Mother came with some grubs, and as usual my greedy brother pushed past to get them all, and as he did so he managed to push me out. I fell on to a bank of soft moss, round which some flowers were growing. I was not hurt, but I felt dizzy from the jolt I got in reaching the ground. Here I lay for some time, full in the hot sun. I tried to move, but I could not, for I was stiff and cramped and hungry.

About five minutes later, I heard the happy voices of children, and suddenly one of them burst out into the open. It was a girl of about twelve, with fair hair and dark eyes. Then she saw me. " Oh ! " she cried, running towards me ; " Oh ! Mother, here is a little bird ; is he dead ? What shall we do with him ? "

" Ooh, Pat ! Where ? " cried her younger brother, who I learnt was called Peter.

" Hush, children," said their mother, " not so many questions at once. We will take him home, and we shall soon find out whether he is dead or not." She picked me up carefully, and carried me through the wood, with the chattering children bringing up the rear. Soon we came to a little white gate. Mrs. Rivers, for such was the Mother's name, opened it, and we went into a lovely garden.

" We must tell Betty and Bobby," cried Peter, dashing up the path. " Betty, Bobby, we've found a baby bird," he screamed.

" Hush, Peter, do be quiet," said their mother, " You're enough to send any bird deaf." Peter subsided, and we marched indoors.

I was laid gently on a thick soft rug in front of a low gas fire, and with some food which I was given I soon began to revive. I slowly scrambled up after a few vain attempts, and tried to hop about. Suddenly Betty came running in, and seeing me perched on the arm of a chair, she flew out again, crying out in her childish way, " Mummy, Bobby, Peter, Pat, he's alive, really alive ! "

have changed it, slowly and relentlessly, from a formidable lock-up to the deserted and undignified position of a rubbish hole.

In theory Bradwell village is the centre of the three villages. It has the church and the school. In reality, however, Bradwell Quay is a thriving village on the Blackwater, busied in its seafaring industry; Bradwell Waterside contains several bungalows of the more wealthy Londoners, and even boasts a golf-links; while Bradwell Village has its few shopkeepers, its retired sea-men, and those few who are still active at the Quay but remain in the older village.

None of these villages possesses a railway station, and when we arrived in the open motor—the only conveyance from the nearest station—Bradwell Village was both interested and amazed. And well they might be, for they were absolutely unused to such an invasion on their quiet life by a party of holiday makers. They had cause for interest too, for our sleeping quarters were well spread over the village. Groups of women, busy with knitting and rumours, were around their gates, while old fishermen sat by their front doors engaged in their afternoon pipes. A white-haired old lady came from the next cottage with a kettle of boiling water ready for our tea. In short, in less than a day, the greater part of Bradwell had adopted us, and looked after us as only such a group of holiday maniacs need looking after.

Firstly there was Mrs. Whitley, whom we first learned to know by hearing rather than sight. Her cheerful, hearty laughter constantly echoed along Cage Row, seeming to come from the soap-suds and clean linen which she shook from her wash-tub. It was laughter of a most infectious kind, the very sound of it bringing forward a lifelike picture of Mrs. Whitley herself.

She was a short woman of about fifty. If " laugh and grow fat " has ever been a true saying, she was not the one to be an exception. In fact her chief boast, and a subject for her many jokes, was usually that she was not " one of them thin sort."

Her hair, now growing grey, was screwed back from a round good humoured face, showing an amazingly wide expanse of red, apple-like cheeks, above which two small, twinkling, blue eyes would constantly turn towards you. A remarkable piece of news would cause her to raise her hands in amazement and mock horror. Then she would say, "Well! Lor! To think of it!"—this invariable remark being broken off by her subsequent collapse under the humour of the situation.

Next are the keepers of the Post Office. They are a great contrast to Mrs. Whitley, being prim and quiet in their ways, and evidently having their own ideas of propriety. They are four sisters, thin and tall, with hair ranging from grey to white, and their brother, a crusty old tyrant, of whom they live in constant respect and dread. He is outwardly polite to strangers, but it is only through the kindliness of the four old ladies, and their worried anxiety to keep the peace, that the villagers pay either attention or respect to the Post Master. In person he is old and bearded, but we have never met him other than leaning on a stick at his back gate with a pipe.

You could not remain long in Bradwell without meeting "Aunt Kate" in her journeys to and from the village pump,—for in no house was there water laid on. We never discovered her real name, for she was never called by any other. Neither did we discover how she lived, or who took care of her. In appearance she was a short woman of about forty, squarely built and strong, with a pale, full face, always pre-occupied, but with a vague, childlike smile. In reality she was less fortunate in her mental powers than any normal child. The afternoon always found her at the door of one or other of the cottages, equally at home at them all, knitting in her long white-frilled pinafore.

Housework at Bradwell was always finished early. In fine weather freshly-washed faces and clean pinafores made their appearance around the front doors, their possessors being occupied in knitting and gossip. It is at this time that the

news of the village goes round, to be repeated later when the fishermen return, amid the smoke from their clay pipes as they sit together by their porch seats.

It would be impossible to leave Bradwell without making some mention of our nearest neighbours. Mr. and Mrs. Hyam were the old couple living next door to us, who first welcomed us to Bradwell with the same exactness of manner in which they stood at their cottage gate to watch the departing motor on the day of our return to London. They were among the oldest inhabitants of the village, and once were the possessors of the largest family in Bradwell, now broken up and scattered. They now live alone in a much respected solitude,—the war memorial being the only visible testimony of the seven younger Hyams who formerly added to the life and vigour of the village.

Their one sitting room is a sight of neatness and a bygone age. Pictures, faded and yellow, of Queen Victoria, and the Prince of Wales adorn the walls, just as they must have done some fifty years ago when the patchwork cushions and Paisley covers were newly made, with their colours bright and fresh.

We left Bradwell amid the waving hands of our holiday companions and the oily odours of the Ford. A few minutes and we were rapidly speeding for Southminster, loaded with bags, with the echoes of Mrs. Whitley's laugh ringing in our ears, as she had stood in the middle of the road, waving the last good-bye, as we turned the corner.

I have never been to Bradwell since that holiday. Now some of the faces of the Bradwell folk are becoming less clear in my memory, but I can still hear clearly the long drawn-out speeches of Mr. Hyam, the loud laugh of Mrs. Whitley, and the indistinct Essex dialect of the keeper of the toy-shop. But I have a suspicion and dread that, should I ever return to Bradwell, I should find vast changes in the village. The older members would be missing, the younger would have left the village for livelier surroundings, and the yew trees by the church wall would be cut down to give more light. And when I next go to

Bradwell it will not be for long, neither will I sleep in one of the new yellow brick houses, square and ugly, which are possibly built there by this time. In fact it might be safer not to go there at all, if I wish to let my last impression of Bradwell be as pleasant as my first.

Connie Newbery.
(*Stage* 6).

FAR AND NEAR.

Concerning Old Scholars.

Old Scholars who were in Group C last Term :—

Mabel E. Goss.
Alma M. Palmer.
Claire L. Palmer.
Gertrude B. Rowland.

* * * * *

Louis Shaw (1918-21) having left London to go and keep house for her father, writes from Hereford :

" When I left London on January 12th it was with very mixed feelings, and at first I felt utterly lost and lonely. It was such a contrast after living in a hostel in London to come to the wee city of Hereford. . . . However, the only thing that nearly makes me weep is the thought of not being able to come down to Walden for Whitsun. You see they find me absolutely indispensable ! So once more I have got to live in hopes for another year, when by hook or by crook I shall come down, even if I have to play truant ! I love Walden more than ever, and everybody there."

* * * * *

Barbara Sell (1920-23) writes from Paris :

" Paris is at its best now and that is very charming. The trees are fresh and green in all the avenues and gardens. But

gardens with pretty leafy walks or flowers and fountains and statues aren't the country. On Saturday Grace Porter and I went out with Miss Yapp and her sister to Versailles. I have to thank her for the happiest afternoon I've spent since I came to Paris. The Hall of Mirrors, the paintings, tapestries and marble work in all the state apartments are very wonderful, but in the park I found cowslips and violets, and smelt the sweet scent of woods. You can imagine my joy after spending three months in the centre of Paris. . . . Perhaps I'm unjust, but it seems to me that both in many externals and ideas the French are where we were fifty or sixty years ago, though of course they have, and always will have, many qualities, good and bad, we never had.

". . . Just now everything is beginning to seem a little infused with the election spirit. Parisian crowds are rather absurd, you know. Someone in a café will start some cry and before anyone is aware of it a mob is tearing and shouting about in a most lawless manner for nothing. They have a funny method of electioneering here. Last week there suddenly appeared large notice boards all over Paris, six together, each numbered. It appears each party is allotted one, whereon they may post any notices they like, but nowhere else. Otherwise except for a few rather violent meetings there is no canvassing. . . . There is a very interesting Friends' Meeting here. Just now especially it is full of visitors."



DIARY.

Feb. 28th.—N.H.S. Mtg.: Meteorological Report, J. Edmundson; Diary, W. Armstrong and D. Bartlett; Current Events, W. D. Priestman and B. Le Mare; Report on the Excursion to Wenden and Littlebury, Marjorie Land; Essays, "A Few Burrowing Animals," Beatrice Freestone and Iris Harris; "The Production of Light and Electricity in Animals," André Mazower; "Protective Colouring and Mimicry," Helen Baker and Freda Emson.

Feb. 29th.—March 3rd.—O.S. Lecture School Week-end.

Feb. 29th.—Football Match: 1st XI. *v.* O.S., home, lost, 0—2.
Hockey Match: 1st XI. *v.* O.S., home, won, 6—3.
Lecture: "Thirty Years of Fleet Street," Mr. Harold Spender.
Concert.

Mar. 5th.—N.H.S. Excursion to places of interest in Saffron Walden.

" 6th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg.: Reading of Sheridan's "The Rivals," by Members of the Society.

" 12th.—Hockey Match: 1st XI. *v.* Haverhill Ladies, home, drawn, 1—1.

" 13th.—N.H.S. Mtg.: Diary, Helen Baker and Freda Emson; Current Events Report, Dorothy Falkner and Jessie Tebbutt; Account of Excursion to Saffron Walden Church, D. Edmundson; Talk on Moths, Mr. Rowntree.

" 15th.—Performance of Galsworthy's Play, "The Mob."

" 20th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg.: Diary, J. Blagdon and Freda Emson; Essays: "Tennis and Lawn Tennis," J. Edwards; "Morning, Noon and Night," Mr. Smith; Talk, "Books of My Boyhood," Mr. Morris; Pianoforte Solo, "Sunshine," J. R. Evens.

" 22nd.—N.H.S. Excursion to Newport, Rickling and Quendon.
Musical Evening, the Music Staff.

" 23rd.—Lantern Lecture, "The Bedford Institute," Mr. Goss.

" 26th.—Sports Day.

" 29th.—Sports *v.* Newport Grammar School, home, lost, 5—9 events.
Lantern Lecture:—"Rome," Mr. Rowntree.

April 5th.—Lantern Lecture: "Norway," Mr. Morris.

" 9th.—Sing Song.

" 10th.—Holidays began.

May 8th.—School re-opened.

" 14th.—Cricket Matches: Boys' 1st XI. *v.* Saffron Walden School 1st XI., away, lost 38—65. G. N. A. Smith, 5 wkts. for 17. Boys' 2nd XI. *v.* Saffron Walden School 2nd XI., home, won, 18 and 57 for 4 wkts—45 and 16. E. W. Lee, 31 not out; L. Barritt, 3 wkts. for 1; J. Bayly 6 wkts. for 6.

May 15th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Diaries, P. Crow and Marjorie Land. Essays: "The History of Esperanto," J. R. Evens; "Village Life in Bradwell," Constance Newbery; "Old and New Hunstanton," E. Lee; "Novel Openings," Joyce Maybery; Cyril Scott's "Blackbird Song," Miss Rose. Violin Solo, "Berceuse," César Cui, played by Miss Rees.

" 17th.—Cricket Match: 1st XI. *v.* Mr. C. R. Downham's XI., home, lost, 23—42 runs. Mr. Pumphrey, 5 wkts. for 15.

" 22nd.—N.H.S. Mtg. Diary, J. H. Blagdon and J. Bayly. Current Events Report, D. Freeman and J. Edmundson. Meteorological Report, J. Edmundson. Business Meeting.

" 28th.—Cricket Match: 1st XI. *v.* Bishop's Stortford Town XI., away, lost, 35—112.
N.H.S. Walk to the Clay Pits.

" 29th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Diary, P. R. Edmunds. Essays: "Silk Spinning," B. Le Mare; "May Week Regatta," Joyce Rayner, "A Day at Wembley," F. H. Lennard. Song, "Ebb and Flow," Marjorie Land. Pianoforte Solo, Chopin's "Nocturne in E-flat," Joyce Tawell.

" 31st.—Cricket Match: Boys' 1st XI. *v.* Harlow College, away, won, 45—41 runs. J. N. Elithorn, 5 wkts for 12; F. H. Lennard, 3 wkts. for 15.

June 4th.—Cricket Match: Boys' 1st XI, *v.* Bishop's Stortford School, home, won, 60—37. F. H. Lennard, 5 wkts. for 17.

" 5th.—N.H.S. Mtg. Diary, Dorothy Falkner and Beatrice Freestone. Meteorological Report, J. Edmundson. Current Events Report, Marjorie Land and Hilda Engelmann. Essays: "Scorpions," W. D. Priestman, "The Colours of Butterflies," J. Lush; "The Sun and its Planets," J. Burtt and T. Runciman. Exhibition of Specimens, Mr. Morris.

" 6th—10th.—O.S. Week-End.

" 7th.—Cricket Match: Past and Present *v.* Mr. C. R. Downham's XI., home, lost, 27—35. Mr. Pumphrey, 7 wkts. for 19; Mr. Whitlow, 3 wkts. for 15.
Performance of "The Boy Comes Home" (A. A. Milne), and "The Grand Cham's Diamond" (Allan Monkhouse).

" 9th.—Cricket Matches: Past *v.* Present, won by Present, 147—108. J. E. Edwards, 32 runs; P. R. Edmunds, 27 not out; Mr. Pumphrey, 26. Past *v.* Present (Girls), won by Present, 87—11. Audrey Bell, 25.
Country Fair.
Concert.

June 12th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Diary, Jean Champness. Essays: "One Exciting Night—and After," Mildred McKears; "Robert Owen," Mr. Pearson; "A Day in Paris," H. E. Lush. "An Easter Monday Walk," Kathleen Robson. Song, "The Oak and the Ash," (seventeenth Century), Marjorie Land.

„ 14th.—Cricket Match: 1st XI. *v.* Audley End XI., home, lost, 33—35. Mr. Pumphrey, 7 wkts. for 16; Mr. Whitlow, 3 wkts. for 14.

„ 19th.—N.H.S. Mtg. Diary, D. and J. Edmundson. Meteorological Report, J. Edmundson. Current Events Report, J. Burtt and J. R. Evens. Report on the Expedition to the Clay Pits, Mr. Morris, Dorothy Falkner and Joyce Maybery. Essay: "Vegetable Parasitism," Joyce Rayner.

„ 21st.—N.H.S. Excursion to Takely Forest.

„ 25th.—Cricket Match: 1st XI. *v.* Bishop's Stortford Town XI., away, lost, 37—99. Mr. Whitlow, 6 wkts. for 35.

„ 26th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Special Subject, "The Sea." Essays: "The Sea in Anglo-Saxon Literature," Miss Priestman; "Masefield and the Sea," Mr. Whitlow; "Bran and his Quest," Mr. Rowntree; "A Fantasy," Joyce Rayner. Recitation, "Roadways," Hilda Englemann. Songs: "Night Hymn at Sea," Miss Bird; "Sea Fever," Marjorie Land; "Trade Winds" (Gramophone), Mr. Peter Dawson; "Four Jolly Sailormen" (Gramophone), Mr. Kennerly Rumford. Orchestral Piece, "The Sea" (Gramophone), the London Symphony Orchestra.

NOTICES.

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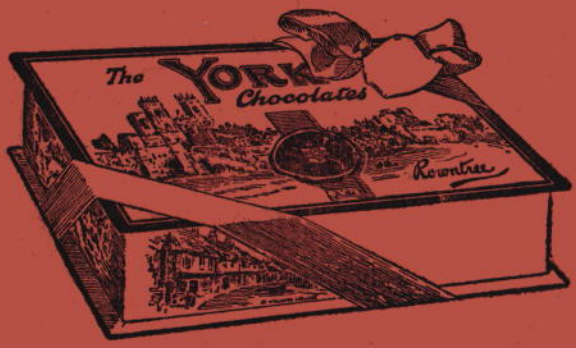
Articles in *The Avenue* written by boys or girls are signed in italics.

SCHOLARSHIPS.

A Scholarship of £80 for two years has been awarded by the School Committee to J. Grace, M. Gibb. Scholarships of £60 for two years have been awarded to Dorothy I. Falkner and Henry B. Rowntree.

SCHOOL MAGAZINES.

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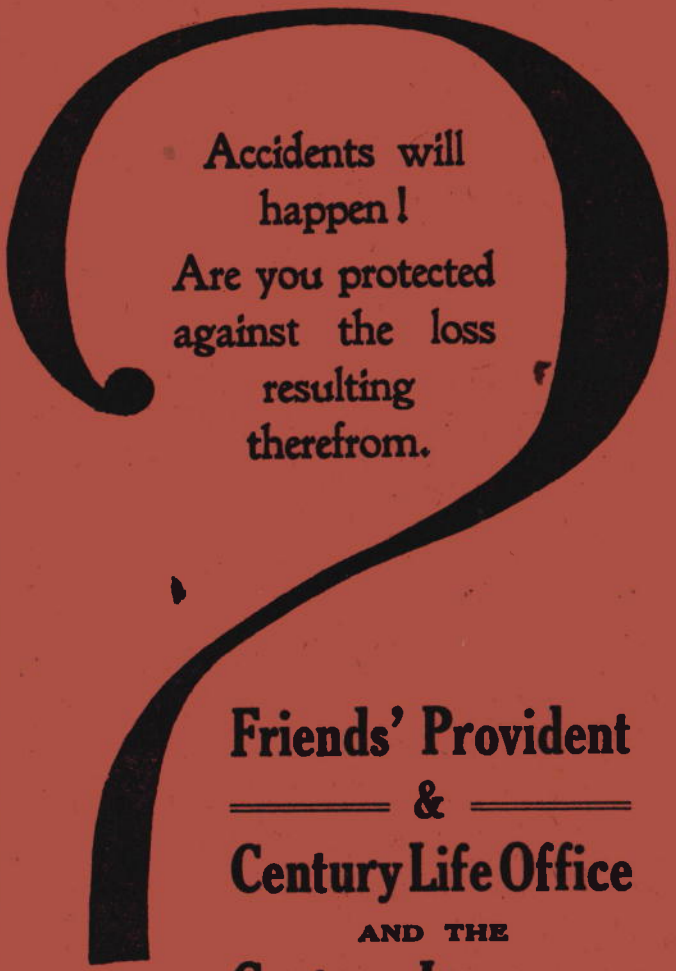
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