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JULY 1925

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Photo by] *[J. Flinton Harris*

OPENING OF THE PAVILION,
May, 1925.



The Magazine of the Friends' School, Saffron Walden.

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FOREWORD.

THE School returned on Wednesday, May 6th. Everyone was anxious to inspect the new Pavilion, which had progressed so rapidly during the holidays that it was almost completed. We are very much indebted to all who have shared in forwarding the scheme, and especially to Paul Mauger for his excellent planning and continuous hard work. The Pavilion was formally opened on Whit-Monday, although it had been used several times before.

We were pleased to welcome an unusually large number of new scholars for the Summer Term.

The House competitions were held again last term. This year the House Plays were a new feature. The separate Houses produced a sketch, Crosfield House being successful in gaining first place; they produced their sketch again at General Meeting.

Geoffrey Tawell has gained a prize in the Inter-school Diary Competition.

The fine weather lasted through both sports' days. This year three schools joined in the Inter-school sports, Newport

Grammar School, Saffron Walden School and the Friends' School. We were fortunate enough to lead by 2½ points at the close.

Frances Waters
(*Stage* 7).

WHITSUNTIDE, 1925.



HITSUN AT WALDEN ! What rich memories these words instantly bring up in one's mind ! The two arms of the drive for ever stretched out in welcome to Walden's sons and daughters ; the happy renewal of old friendships within and the making of new ; then pleasant hours in the sunshine on the spacious field or within the cool shade of the Avenue ; interspersed, for those who take their pleasures strenuously, with many a thrilling contest with " King Willow " or racket ; whilst everywhere the happy throng of boys and girls to whom, no less than to us Old Scholars, Whitsun means a brief release from the daily routine ; and over all the quiet presence of our Headmaster and his Staff, to whose efforts is due in no small measure the honour in which Walden is held by all who know her.

With such thoughts as these some hundred and fifty Old Scholars flocked from all directions to the School this Whitsun. Over seventy of us being fortunate enough to get down on the Friday evening. The night proved very stormy and wet, to the discomfort of the campers, two at least of whom are reputed not to have had any sleep, but to have kept moving from one wet part of the tent to another slightly less wet the whole night through !

Saturday dawned beautifully sunny,—too bright, some feared,—and the activities of the week-end began in earnest. The tennis tournament attracted a fair entry, each player subscribing a shilling to the Pavilion fund. The swimming display at ten o'clock was indeed a noteworthy exhibition,

some of the " stunts " achieved by the boys being almost of the cinema variety. Considerable diversion was caused when Owen Clover, fully clad, was rescued from drowning by two of the girls ! In a team race the girls won easily against their predecessors, but the Old Boys were victorious over the Present, though sadly beaten in a so-called polo match.

In the afternoon a mixed team of Old Scholars, Staff and boys met the " North Essex Wanderers." A good match resulted, the score being 86 to 62 in the School's favour.

The dramatic performance on Saturday evening is always looked forward to with great eagerness, and on this occasion we were treated to two separate productions. The first, entitled " Young Fiddlesticks," was written by Mrs. Beer. Everyone in the audience envied the " boy," who, after eating a hearty supper at speed, had a glorious " pig-a-back " ride round and round the stage with Mr. Beer !

The second play, " A Lesson in Pearls," was splendidly acted by Mr. Whitlow and Miss Yapp, assisted by one of the girls (Nora Child), who took the part of the supercilious lady's maid to the life.

During the entertainment it poured with rain, so that some doubts were felt as to whether the bon-fire would burn. However, after supper we gathered round in the time honoured fashion, feeling sure from the strong odour of petrol that it really ought to burn, and so it did ! The singing, in spite of the noble efforts of an " official choir," was not so successful as sometimes.

Sunday was all that Whit-Sunday at Walden should be. A crowded meeting in the morning with the usual familiar figures in the gallery. Then the adjournment to Mrs. Midgley's garden, where once more Old Scholars partook of her hospitality and later scattered to every part of that wonderfully beautiful garden, enjoying the sunshine and each other's company. The afternoon introduced a new feature. Instead of the usual " at home " on the Avenue, different members of the staff

invited Old Scholars to their respective establishments,—a very diverting arrangement.

On Sunday evening we gathered in the Dining Room and there listened to an address from Ernest Sawdon, who twenty years ago was Science Master at Walden, and since has been doing missionary work in China. The evening concluded with musical items and recitations by various Old Scholars.

Monday brought down additional Old Scholars, the entrance being quite crowded with cars. The weather, too, did its best to help. In the match, Old Boys *v.* the School, the School were all out for 78, while the Old Scholars seemed unable to score, being all out for 41, and were unable to right matters in a second innings, which left the score at 26. In the girls' match victory went to the School by 91 to 16 runs.

The event of the day was the opening of the new Cricket Pavilion. At 2.15 sharp a very solemn procession left the site of the old " Pavvy " (which one is credibly informed had fetched the princely sum of £5 in open market !) and marched up to the front of the new building. Then followed, amid the clicking of many cameras, the opening speech by our President, Leslie Hart. Hugh T. Crosfield accepted the Pavilion on behalf of the School Committee, after which the captains of the boys' and girls' elevens each expressed their appreciation of the gift.

The architect, Paul Mauger, was next called for. Our President's father, on behalf of Mrs. J. S. Hart, in a very delightful speech, then declared the " Bring and Buy " Sale open.

The refreshment stall was speedily sold out, and indeed every item in the Fair was well patronised. A magnificent series of photos of the School, just taken by Bedford Lemere, realised on an average nine or ten shillings each when put up for auction. Altogether about £30 was raised towards the deficit on the Pavilion.

The tennis finals produced a thrilling finish, and to Marjorie Land and Dixon Smith, the victors, were awarded two beautiful large mounted photographs of the School by Bedford Lemere.

Tea on the Avenue followed. Then, for some few, departure by the 6.56 for town, for the rest the glorious evening sunshine on the field; terza with the School for those who felt equal to it; and an ever memorable gathering is concluded, Tuesday morning being but a bustle of packing and hasty farewells before we scatter to the four winds of heaven, but not without a deep feeling of gratitude to all who have ministered to our comfort and made possible our stay.

W.H.B.

THE ATHLETIC SPORTS.

ON Tuesday, March 31st, the climax of all the previous athletic activity was reached. Some, it is true, had culminated in the mile and cross-country on Monday and Wednesday, and some in heats on Saturday, and even to-day, Sports Day, would not see the end of it, for we had yet to face two other Schools on Saturday. We started off with the high-jump, as usual, although accidents in this event have been known to prevent runners from competing in ensuing events. This was one of the most exciting of all, Lee equalling the record of 4 feet 10 inches. It is interesting to note that this was also equalled in 1919 by Milne, and had stood for fourteen years previous to that.

No boys' records were broken on the day, although both senior and junior cross-country records had been broken on Wednesday by Elithorn and Parley. The Girls' junior 220 record was broken by Joan Bull, who took 31⅜ seconds, and the Girls' senior throw by Winifred Kilbey, the new record being 61 yards.

The sports concluded with the house events and obstacle race, the latter affording endless amusement (for the spectators) and the results of the former being more varied than usual. The senior relay race was won by Morland, and junior by

Crosfield, which also won the tug of war. Regarding the results, by a remarkable coincidence, both senior and junior boys' champions and runners up belonged to Morland, which house also obtained most points in the house sports, while on the girls' side everything fell to Crosfield.

INTER-SCHOOL SPORTS.

Once more on the following Saturday, we turned out *en masse* on the field. This year another school—Saffron Walden School —has joined us, and so, together with Newport, there were three schools to compete for athletic supremacy. We were, on the whole, enjoying about the right sort of weather—for sports, if for nothing else, but this time we had to face a more serious difficulty, that of over-crowding. When most of the contents of three schools are emptied on to a small fraction of the field, difficulties are sure to arise. However, surprisingly few did, and in spite of the crowd we managed to see everything fairly comfortably, except the long-jump, which is always difficult to see.

Several of our school records were " broken," but we were told that they would not " count " as legal records, since they were not made on the correct day.

Perhaps the most notable event (for us) was the relay race, in which our team won by half a lap and the finish. In the tug of war, however, we obtained only third place, or, in other words, were beaten. However, this was only one event, and altogether we reversed our last year's position, and came out ahead of Newport with 37½ points. Saffron Walden School came last with 11½ points, while Newport followed us closely with 35.

It would hardly be fitting to close without mentioning that our team was afterwards congratulated on their efforts, and various boys awarded blazers and athletic colours for individual work.

David Edmundson
(*Stage* 6).

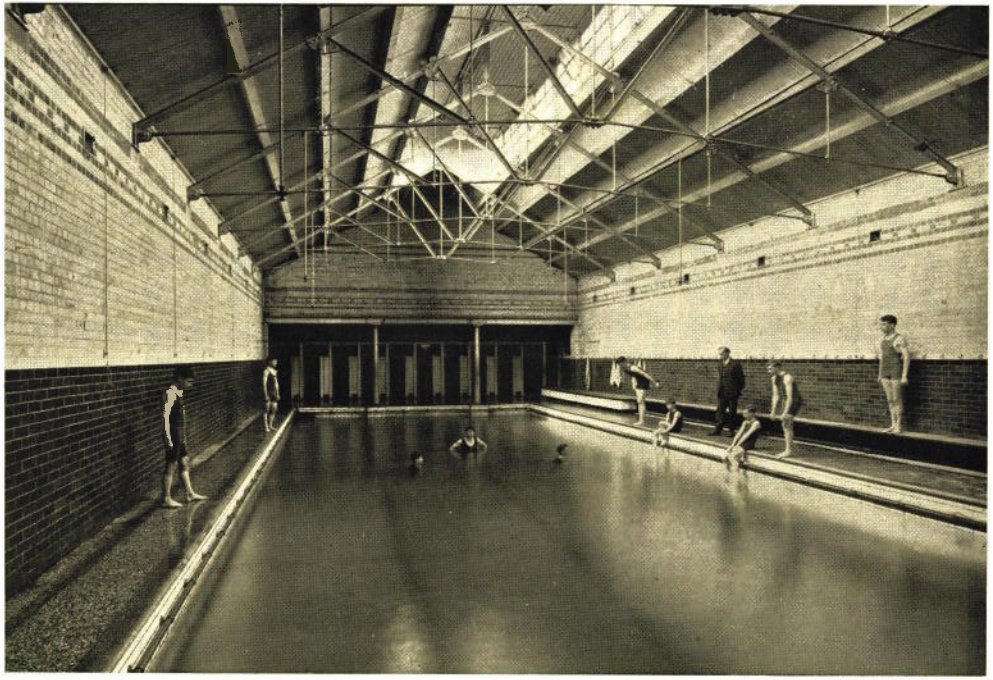


Photo by] [H. BEDFORD LEMERE

THE SWIMMING BATH

RESULTS.

BOYS.

SENIOR.

Cross Country :—1, Elithorn ; 2, Williams ; 3, Bartlett ; 4, Le Mare ; 5, Edmundson. 21 m. 2 secs.*

Mile :—1, Elithorn ; 2, Priestman ; 3, Bartlett ; 4, Lee. 5 m. 21 secs.

880 yards :—1, Elithorn ; 2, Armstrong ; 3, Bartlett. 2 m. 21⅕ secs.

440 yards :—1, Elithorn ; 2, Armstrong ; 3, Lee. 58⅘ secs.

100 yards :—1, Elithorn ; 2, Armstrong ; 3, Lee. 11⅗ secs.

Long Jump :—1, Cross ; 2, Armstrong ; 3, Priestman. 15 ft. 4 in.

High Jump :—1, Lee ; 2, Armstrong ; 3, Priestman and Whitlow. 4 ft. 10 in.

Throw :—1, Elithorn ; 2, Edmunds ; 3, Cross. 90 yds. 1 ft.

JUNIOR.

Cross Country :—1, Parley ; 2, Watson ; 3, Tawell ; 4, Rees ; 5, Le Mare ii. 12 m. 38⅕ secs.*

Mile :—1, Parley ; 2, Watson ; 3, Tawell i. ; 4, Le Mare ii. ; 5 m. 37⅘ secs.

880 yards :—1, Parley ; 2, Watson ; 3, Cousins ii. 2 m. 34⅘ secs.

440 yards :—1, Parley ; 2, Watson ; 3, Cousins ii. 66 secs.

100 yards :—1, Parley ; 2, Cousins ii. ; 3, Watson. 12⅘ secs.

Long Jump :—1, Parley ; 2, Simons ; 3, Tawell. 13 ft. 10 ins.

High Jump :—1, Parley ; 2, Cousins ii. ; 3, Tawell i. and Stansbury. 4 ft. 0½ in.

Throw :—1, Parley ; 2, Dunstan ; 3, Tawell i. 60 yds. 8 in.

OPEN.

880 yards Handicap :—1, Elithorn (scr.) ; 2, Francis i. ; 3, Cousins ii ; 2 m. 21 secs.

220 yards Handicap :—1, Cross and Forward ; 3, Lee (scr.).

Obstacle Race :—1, Bartlett ; 2, Le Mare.

Sack Race :—1, Lee ; 2, Goss.

GIRLS.

SENIOR.

440 yards :—1, F. Waters ; 2, J. Champness and B. Freestone.

220 yards :—1, F. Waters ; 2, W. Kilbey ; 3, J. Champness. 30⅕ secs.

100 yards :—1, F. Waters ; 2, B. Milne ; 3. W. Kilbey. 13⅘ secs.

Long Jump :—1, F. Waters ; 2, J. Champness ; 3, W. Kilbey. 12 ft. 9½ ins.

High Jump :—1, W. Kilbey ; 2, F. Waters and J. Maybery. 4 ft. 2 ins.

Throw :—1, W. Kilbey ; 2, F. Waters ; 3, F. Emson. 56 yds. 1 ft.*

JUNIOR.

220 yards :—1, J. Bull ; 2, R. Edmundson ; 3, B. McGowan. 31⅘ secs.*

100 yards :—1, J. Bull ; 2, B. McGowan ; 3, R. Edmundson. 15⅘ secs.

Long Jump :—1, J. Bull and K. Priestman ; 3, B. French. 11 ft. 7 ins.

High Jump :—1, H. Woodward ; 2, W. Cooper ; 3, R. Edmundson. 3 ft. 7½ ins.

HOUSE RELAY RACES.

BOYS' (6 hundreds) :—1, Morland ; 2, Crosfield. 77¾ secs.*
GIRLS' (6 hundreds) : 1, Crosfield ; 2, Godlee. 67¾ secs.
JUNIOR MIXED (6 seventy-fives).—1, Crosfield ; 2, Morland. 66¾ secs.

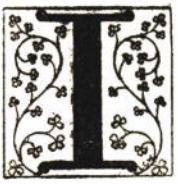
* School Record.

TUG OF WAR.

1, ; 2,

BOYS' CUPHOLDER :—J. Norman Elithorn.
GIRLS' CUPHOLDER :—Francis Waters.
BOYS' JUNIOR CUPHOLDER :—Ivor Parley.
GIRLS' JUNIOR CHAMPION :—Joan Bull.

WALDEN THIRTY YEARS AGO.



HAVE been asked to write a short account of the School as I remember it thirty years ago.

I think it will be rather difficult, as when things change one almost forgets what they looked like before, but if you will try to picture the building as it then stood, beginning on the East side with the Boys' Playroom, and ending on the West with the Girls' Playroom, you will see that great changes have taken place.

Imagine ! no Music rooms, no Teachers' studies, no Gym. or Swimming Bath, and certainly no new classrooms.

On the Girls' side, No. 10 B., as it now is, was the farthest bedroom, but at that time there was no partition, and it was known as No. 5 ; and if you can picture this with twenty beds, each with its head to the wall all round the room—(small bedsteads, too)—you can imagine what a big room it seemed, with no partition and no cubicle ! No. 9 has not changed, except that it now has cubicles and that the windows have been made to open. Thirty years ago only one casement in No. 5 would open. No. 6, which was then 2, had a Teacher's Cubicle in it, and No. 8, then 3, which was bigger by the width of the passage than now, had a cubicle built out over the girls' door. (You can see now, if you look, where the joists were fitted in.)

What is now the top washroom was then two Teachers' bedrooms, leading one out of the other, one Teacher slept in the room now occupied by two music Teachers; but this was one big room then, without a partition. The Headmistress slept in the top Tower bedroom, and the parlour was the only sitting-room the Mistresses had, and this was where the Headmistress interviewed the girls before 9 a.m.

At this time only one Music Mistress was needed for the girls; a lady came up from the town to teach the only boy then learning.

The music teaching was done in the Lecture Hall and the practising in the girls' bedrooms. In these long ago days the top class was No. 1, and their classroom was the one at the top of the stairs, now girls' Group A. The big schoolroom was Class 2, and the girl Prefects' room Class 3, while the lowest of all, mixed boys and girls, was what is now the Secretary's office. The Dining Hall was as it is now, except that chairs have taken the place of forms, and all the tables are in use, while at that time only three were used for girls and the same number for boys. The girls used to lay and clear the tables for all meals (with the exception of laying for tea on Sundays.) They also waited at their own tables for dinner, and wore white pinafores, which the School provided for that purpose. On Saturday afternoon they cleaned their own spoons and forks. The girls all wore blue pinafores in the mornings, and white in the afternoons, and the more frills they had on the latter, the better they liked it. Only blue or brown hair ribbons were allowed to be worn on week days, but they might have white on Sundays. There were no School hats in these days, or Gym. frocks, and friends would have been very shocked to see as much leg then as is seen in the present day.

There have been greater changes on the boys' side, the then 1st classroom is now a bedroom and passage; the 2nd classroom is now the Chemical Lab., and the 3rd and 4th classrooms are now the Washroom. No. 9 bedroom was Mrs. Walker's children's

night nursery, Nos. 1 and 4 were not in use; Mr. Whitlow's bedroom was the Sick room. The little hospital under the archway was only used for infectious cases until 1900, when we had a resident matron. The boy Prefect's room was the Masters' sittingroom (and when one Master had an organ in it, you will see there wasn't much room to spare.) The senior master was the only one who had a bed-sitting-room, now Mr. Whitlow's study. There was a very small Lab. built out from the 2nd classroom—where boys did their best to blow themselves to pieces—girls didn't learn science then. This was replaced by the one now turned into boys' Bathrooms, when the present Lab. was fitted up.

Girls' music rooms were the first thing to be added, with a study for the music Teacher, and another for the Headmistress. A few years later this was replaced by the present Teachers' studies and the Mistresses' block, with girls' classroom and bedroom over. 1902 saw the Swimming Bath and Gym. completed and, a little later, the Masters' block and boys' Music rooms.

As there was no Gym. thirty years ago, drilling (?) took place in the Playroom, and you can see the hooks in the ceiling to which the rings were attached.

Hockey hadn't come into fashion then, but I remember that for a while the girls played football, and then this was changed to basket-ball. One mistress rode a bicycle, the only lady's bicycle in the town at that time, I believe.

Up to 1904 we had two holidays in the year; in the summer we broke up the last Monday in June and came back on a Wednesday in August, having had six weeks and two days.

General Meeting was the last Friday in June—then we packed on Saturday and had nothing to do all day Sunday; in the winter we had four weeks. Just before the holidays in the summer the whole School went for a day's excursion—usually one year to Takely Forest, the next Hunstanton. What a business this was, as we took all our provisions, as well as implements for use. (I wonder whether any Old Scholar will

remember the Gooseberry pasties !) Turner, and whoever else was working here at the time, as well as their wives and the maids, all joined in this excursion.

Meeting on Sunday morning was from 10.30 to 12, and in the evening 6.30 to 7.30. All the children went down to the Meeting House for both in the summer, but in the winter those under eleven were kept at home in the evening. In 1908 it was decided to hold evening meeting at the school. On Sunday afternoons up to this time, Mr. Walker used to read to the School in the Lecture Hall from 4 to 4.45. This the children always enjoyed.

Many changes have taken place and many have come and gone. Now we are seeing the children of those who were here thirty years ago at school enjoying greater privileges and freedom, but I very much question whether they are any happier than their parents were.

ELLEN NORRINGTON.

IMPRESSIONS OF PARIS.

[A party of six present and two past girls accompanied Miss Priestman to Paris at Easter, and several other scholars and staff were also there during the holidays. A meeting of the Literary Society was devoted to "impressions," and the following are extracts from papers written.]



ARIS ! What does that word convey to me ? Music, sunshine, life !—all three. Naturally there were many other things, but these factors seem to me to be the most prominent. From the moment I reached the Quay at Calais, until I was well on my way home, I felt so fascinated that I moved as if in a dream all the time !

Traffic ! whenever I think about it, I wonder however we got to our destination. Rushing through what seemed to me to be the thickest portion of the crowd, and on the wrong side of the road, we swerved round corners at a breakneck speed.

. . . At the finish of the Opera we were carried along by the surging crowd, and found Paris just waking up. Not being tired ourselves, we thought we would take a ride in one of those funny little carriages known as "voitures." So, intending now to observe at our leisure, we set out. Multi-coloured lights were glittering on either side and the air was still quite warm as we drove through the Arc de Triomphe and along the Bois de Boulogne. The scent of the flowers was ever so strong, for the beds (as we had seen previously) were full of the most delightful blooms, and the sound of tinkling water from the fountains which were still playing was as music to the ear. It was a lovely atmosphere, and the cosmopolitan crowds still walking, riding or sitting on either side of the road, lent rather a wonderful effect to the scene—an effect difficult to describe."

Joyce M. Rayner.

* * * * *

"It seems to be quite a usual thing to see in the daily papers that a Paris policeman at point duty has been knocked down by a taxi. I am not at all surprised. I had to have a rest cure after crossing the Place de la Concorde. The speed the taxis go is really dangerous, and the policemen are so utterly ineffective. Policemen in Paris wave sticks and whistle very well, but, so far as I can see, no one takes any notice. . . .

As for Paris itself, I certainly think it is a more beautiful city than London. Can Oxford Street, or the Strand, compare with any of the Paris Boulevards or shopping centres ? Paris is much more open than London and therefore has a cleaner, brighter look, though I have heard that it is not such a clean city."

John P. Lush.

* * * * *

"The bicycle lamps were very fascinating. Instead of having the ordinary lamps we do, they used little red Japanese lanterns, which some riders carried in their mouths, while others hung them on their handle bars. These looked very pretty when you saw several coming down a Boulevard at night.

When we went for our evening drive round Paris, I noticed that the street lamps were all electric. While crossing the Seine we got a beautiful reflection of these in the water, more beautiful because some were yellow and some red. Paris wakes up at night, when all the restaurants become full. All along the outside of these, there are chairs and tables where you can sit. I think it is a lovely idea and I wish it were possible to do so in our big towns." *Madeline Andrews.*

* * * * *

" If you watch the streets in the early morning, you may be interested to notice the different kinds of people who pass by.

The first people are those who have travelled perhaps for many miles with their lumbering carts to get first place in the great market, and to arrange their stalls before all the people who wish to buy their goods should come and interfere. They have a tired, sleepy look which says that they have not been to bed for any length of time.

The next people are the servants, who hurry backwards and forwards looking as if they had just rolled out of bed to buy their long loaves of bread for breakfast. They often wear their bedroom slippers, which shows what a hurry they must be in to get to their breakfast.

As time goes on, business men and women go by, not sauntering along as if they had plenty of time before work, but running and pushing and jostling. Then there seems to be a rest, and hardly anyone is seen in the streets while people are having their chocolate and roll. Soon the hanging out of carpets begins and the dust flies about, and we find the old gossips as in England lolling against their doors, talking as usual of their neighbours." *Winnie Kilbey.*

* * * * *

" On the left bank of the Seine in sight of Notre Dame a strange part of Paris is situated. I cannot say whether the bulk of the population is Greek or Jewish, but I can safely say that they are dirty. . . . We found the streets very

interesting. They are paved with very large cobble stones and there is hardly any pavement as the streets are so narrow.

One shop attracted our attention as it had Greek letters on the sign board and also on the window. It was a butcher's shop where the special meat was sold which had had the blood squeezed out of it by the priest. It was a whitish pink and was in great demand by the people of the district. The owner was a dirty, fat man, who seemed very surprised to see civilised people walking past his den.

Then one of the quaint Parisian coal carts came along, drawn by one horse and having two wheels in the centre. It looked as though the poor horse would be lifted up in the air if it overbalanced backwards, but they never do this as they are quite stable." *Donald Bartlett.*

* * * * *

" The Grandes Eaux are the real feature of importance in the Palace grounds at Versailles. These are huge fountains with beautiful statues, both in the middle and round the lakes. The chief is Apollo's chariot, which is right in the centre of a large lake and represents Apollo driving five or six horses in his chariot. Water spouts out of the mouth of each horse and also that of Apollo, and several fish and snakes in the water. It must be very beautiful when it is playing, but we could only see the statues as the fountains only play on the first Sunday of each month." *Mary Close.*

* * * * *

" Only one thing amused us about our hostesses and that was their terror of fresh air *in* a house. One open window caused a frantic shouting of " un courant d'air," and the " jeunes filles anglaises " were considered somewhat eccentric because they persisted in having their bedroom windows open at night, and moreover also insisted on keeping shutters open. . . . In the evening friends of Madame's used to call in an informal way, and by far the most interesting of these was M. Rougisse. One evening the conversation turned to the subject of political rights for women. M. Rougisse was strongly opposed to any

such thing—women were not meant for such things, were not fit for them and so on. After a long time of such talk, my English friends and I were only waiting to refute some of his arguments, when he turned to us and said: 'Oh, I know what you are just going to say, but there is no need. English women are able to do what French women cannot. The latter are not yet fit to have a share in any government but the English are.' What could we say to this?" M. G. YAPP.

* * * * *

"Notices of the 'Please keep off the grass,' 'Gentlemen are requested not to smoke' type seemed more frequent than in England, but they were generally couched in sterner mode. It was 'défendu' to lean out of the railway carriage window to admire the view; it was 'interdit' to lunch on a grassy bank at Versailles. Can it have been the different method of expression which seemed to make these notices honoured rather in the breach than in the observance? At all events the number of 'avocats' peacefully smoking within the precincts of the Law Courts, whose walls were covered with anti-smoking notices, was remarkable." F. D. PRIESTMAN.

* * * * *

"It is about twenty-five years since I first went to Paris, and my recollections are very dim. I went by myself, and 'did' the city in the approved manner. I cannot remember which route I took, nor the hotel at which I stayed. It was somewhere near the Opera, and had an old-fashioned courtyard, and that is all I can recall to memory. Of course in those days the streets were very different from what they are now. No taxis or motors to bewilder the pedestrians, but the horse drawn omnibuses and the fiacres with one horse, driven by *cocher* in top-hat and ulster, were the principal means of getting about. The solemnity and silence of the Place de la Concorde at night remains in my memory. Also the pearl of Sainte Chapelle has ever since been one of my favourite haunts.

J. P. WHITLOW.

SCHOOL ATHLETICS.

FOOTBALL, 1924-25.

	Played.	Won.	Lost.	Drawn.	Goals. For.	Against.
Masters' XI. ..	4	0	4	0	7	18
Boys' XI. ..	14	7	4	3	27	17

THE last football season was very successful for the Boys' 1st and 2nd XI's, but the School XI were not able to win any of their matches. Unhappily, Mr. Smillie was damaged early in the season, and so was unable to play for the rest of the season. Our forward-line in the School XI. was light, and lacked co-operation and shooting-power, but in the Boys' XI. these faults were not so apparent.

The defence was strong, and the halves, especially towards the end of the season, combined well with the forwards. Edmunds at centre-half was always busy, and Elithorn and Peverett at full-back could always be relied upon in times of need. Aplin held the forwards together, whilst Cross and Lee both did useful work.

A match was played at Bishop's Stortford between the Old Newportonians and a team picked from the four local schools, viz., Harlow College, Bishop's Stortford School, Newport Grammar School, and the Friends' School. P. R. Edmunds, J. N. Elithorn and K. L. Whitlow were our representatives, and helped the schools to victory, the scores being 3—2.

Colours were awarded to Peverett, Lee i., Lee ii., Cross, Aplin and Freeman.

Kenneth L. Whitlow
(Boys' Captain).

HOCKEY, 1924-25.

We were unfortunate in losing so many of our team this year. Miss Dell, who has been a member of our defence for four years, left us at Christmas.

Although we have not kept up our last year's record of winning every match, we have had some very good games. Two new teams were played, Bishop's Stortford Ladies and the Cam Club. The fixture with the former proved to be very satisfactory, but we were rather disappointed with the Cam Club.

The weather did its best for us up to the end, as we were obliged to scratch only one match. This was against Girton College. Formerly we have played their 3rd XI., but this year it was to be the 2nd XI.

Freda Emson was awarded her colours.

MATCHES.
TOTAL GAMES.

	Played.	Won.	Drawn.	Lost.	Goals. For.	Goals. Against.
1st XI. ..	14	9	1	4	50	31
2nd XI. ..	2	0	1	1	1	3

Frances Waters
(*Girls' Captain*).

WANDERING THOUGHTS.

ONE of the most prevalent and annoying tendencies of modern times, and, in all probability, of all the ages since man emerged from the monkey state, or earlier, is the tendency to look back with regret to the "good old times," as we call them. We think of the Norman or Plantagenet periods, and imagine the wonders of knightly chivalry, when the only thing they had to do was to rescue ladies in distress from ogres or something of the kind; or we conjure up in our minds the great feasts which the lord of the manor would give to the peasantry, at which oxen were roasted whole and good old British beer was swilled down by the barrel-full. Again we imagine the ice on which the healthy country folk might disport themselves, which has never managed to appear in our

days. Our eyes are closed to the misery in which thousands of the people lived, some of whom were in all probability our ancestors. They probably lived in small mud-huts on the verge of starvation and in the utmost cold, and thousands must have died in those severe winters of exposure and starvation. The splendour of Henry VIII and Cardinal Wolsey is remembered, but the devastation of the Wars of the Roses and the burdens of taxes which were placed on an already heavily oppressed people are forgotten. "The spacious days of good Queen Bess" is the name lovingly given to the reign of Queen Elizabeth, in which our ancestors may have been burnt at the stake for the religious dissensions which we now practice every day with impunity. It is unnecessary to give any more examples, though I might go through every reign from the time of Julius Cæsar to Edward VII. with similar instances. I believe you will now see that the "good old days" theory is an absolute fallacy and utterly incompatible with the unquestionable historical evidence which has come down to us.

In this paper I wish to deal with one of the inevitable outcomes of this theory,—an undue reverence for anything which was made or had its origin in some period back, to which our memory does not go. This exaggerated reverence in some individuals goes still farther, and results in speaking of anything which has centuries to its name as a thing of great beauty and of tremendous value, to be kept and preserved with the utmost care.

This tendency is especially prevalent in the case of old houses. Many times houses have been pointed out to me as beautiful whose foundations had sunk so much that the walls were sloping at a very precarious angle to the ground, while the people who inhabited it must have lived in the direst discomfort through the age of the house. The rain probably came through the roof during the shortest of storms, and many inconveniences must have resulted from windows not fitting their frames, the

floors sloping steeply, and many other difficulties inseparable from a house of that age and build. Surely a house of this type, which causes so much discomfort to its owners, cannot be a thing of beauty. A building cannot be beautiful unless it serves the purpose for which it was built. These houses were built to form habitations to protect man from the elements, but they do not, therefore how can they be beautiful ? I believe that if some of the hovels of mud which the ancient Britons inhabited were to be unearthed to-day, some enthusiasts would claim them as great architectural works, demonstrating the extreme beauty of some wonderfully irregular type of curve !

It should be obvious to anyone who has thought about the subject at all that the exactly opposite theory is correct, because if an article is modern it is much more likely to be beautiful on account of the aids which have been provided by science for the modern artist. None of the ancient masters of colour had such fine durable paints as the modern artist. His colours did not give him such a fine distinction between the various shades, or anything like the number of shades which science, by its chemical research has discovered during recent years. The sculptor is provided with fine steel chisels of the best temper, whereas the ancient masters of the art used roughly made axes. None of the sculptors of Greece, Rome or Egypt could boast of any tools other than what the present day sculptor would despise. The architect has stronger and better materials than any which the quarries of the Normans could supply. Hence something made in the last twenty years is much more likely to be beautiful than something produced some hundreds of years ago ; for, moreover, the modern craftsman has all the experience which has been handed down through the ages, which the pioneers of art of necessity lacked.

I cannot do better than to quote at this point from one of the works of that profound philosopher, Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, namely his little volume entitled *Three Men in a Boat.* He says there : " All our art treasures of to-day are

only the dug-up commonplaces of four hundred years ago. I wonder if there is any real intrinsic value in the old soup-plates, beer mugs and candle snuffers that we prize so now, or if it is only the halo of age glowing round them that gives them their charm in our eyes. The ' Old Blue ' that we hang about our walls as ornaments, were the common everyday household utensils of a few centuries ago, and the pink shepherds and yellow shepherdesses that we hand round now for all our friends to gush over and pretend they understand, were the unvalued mantel ornaments that the mother of the eighteenth century would have given the baby to suck when he cried. . . . Will the white cups with the gold rim and the beautiful gold flower inside (species unknown), that our Sarah Janes now break in sheer light-heartedness of spirit, be carefully mended and stood upon a bracket and only dusted by the lady of the house in the years two thousand and odd."

Then if one visits any of our public museums, especially at our university cities, one will find original documents of famous men who are now dead, preserved in glass cases. I don't think anyone claims that these are beautiful, for in some of them the writing is far from legible, but whenever they appear on the market they fetch fabulous sums for some reason which has yet to be explained to me. Sometimes they are very trivial things, such as the first copy of a book, which in a newer and more legible edition might cost two shillings or less, or an atlas which was used by a notorious criminal in planning an escapade, or by a general in planning some glorious victory for the British forces.

When the British Press announced that in the conflagration of waxworks at Madame Tussaud's exhibition the coach in which Napoleon drove to the Battle of Waterloo had been burned and utterly destroyed, a moan went up for the loss of a great national treasure. *John Bull*, *The Daily Herald*, and all the other papers expended at least some little corner, if not a blazing head-line, to bewail the irreparable loss of this

coach. But surely when it was burned, England was benefited, for she was purged from the odious memory of one of the greatest criminals who ever lived, whose memory is of no use except as a warning to absolutist monarchs who intend to embark on that type of martial conquest, if any have survived to this day. Similarly, what is the use of preserving such things as the neckerchief which Charles I. wore when he was hung, except as a grisly relic to arouse man's lower nature ?

Percy A. Crow
(Stage 7).

WALDEN TO WALDEN.

A Pilgrimage of Eleven Years.

I LEFT Walden when I was sixteen years of age, just before the end of the Summer Term, 1914, to be exact, on July 25th ; and on July 31st I sailed by the R.M.S. *Otway* to Australia. We were at Gibraltar on that fateful August 4th, and, in consequence of the outbreak of war, after a delay of five days proceeded from there direct to Port Said. We reached Freemantle (W. Australia) early in September, and for two years I worked at farming. In 1916 I joined up with my brother Laurie (another Walden Old Scholar) who had enlisted at Adelaide. We remained in camp till August, 1917, and then were taken overland to Sydney (N.S.W.) to embark. Our destination was Suez, and from there I was drafted into the 1st Australian Light Horse Field Ambulance, and saw the most interesting part of the Palestine Campaign from Beersheeba onwards through Bethlehem and Jerusalem. Following an attack of Malaria fever I was invalided back to Australia in January, 1919. And then began a totally different phase of my career. On May 5th, 1919, I entered St. Barnabas Theological College, North Adelaide, as a candidate for the

ministry of the Church of England. Next to my Walden experiences I spent some of my happiest days at St. Barnabas College. I was made Deacon on December 21st, 1921, and went to serve as Assistant Curate in the Parish of Mt. Gambier, which is in the South East corner of South Australia—on the border of Victoria. On December 21st, 1922, I was ordained priest and continued my work at Mt. Gambier.

In November, 1923, I was able to extend my knowledge of Australia through a most interesting holiday in the Blue Mountains (N.S. Wales) and Tasmania. But I had long felt the call of " home," and when my father generously offered to remove the financial barrier it became possible for me to arrange for an extended holiday trip. Accordingly I resigned my curacy at Mt. Gambier, and on December 13th, 1924, I left Adelaide by the S.S. *Ballarat.* We had a long but most enjoyable trip home via Durban, Cape Town and Las Palmas, and on January 30th, 1925, I was once more in London. Naturally, the claims upon my time and interest after so long an absence were manifold—but after my own home no call was stronger to me than that of the old School. I had received a cordial invitation from Mr. Rowntree to stay with him before I left Australia, and this I was able to accept on March 10th. It would be impossible to describe my feelings as I walked up the Drive—affection and admiration for the beautiful building itself, and a very real love for " the School " and all that means and stands for.

How can I summarise my impressions of Walden after such an absence ?

I suppose the losses claim the Old Scholar's attention first—and the outstanding ones to me were of course Mr. Walker, Miss Fairbrother and Miss Barnard. It had been impossible to picture Walden without them—yet Mr. Rowntree has stepped naturally, and one might almost say inevitably, into Mr. Walker's place, and one felt immediately that the atmosphere

and tone of the School were just the same. But yet what changes—what expansion—what progress!

The new class rooms and the re-arranged dormitories are only external marks of inward progress.

As Mr. Rowntree and Mr. Brereton explained to me the system of teaching, I felt that the dream of Educationalists had come true, and I felt very proud that boys and girls were having such opportunities offered to them in my own old School. When I was at Walden the boys and girls had their classes and meals together—but to-day they mix in and out of school like one big happy family—well, we were always a happy family—but out of school hours on our side it was a male family, now it is even more home-like and natural.

It is the recognised prerogative of the Old Scholar to disapprove of any change in the routine of his old School. But the changes in eleven years at Walden are all progressive and have been achieved without losing the Walden atmosphere—through and through, first and last it is still the old School, and that is the highest tribute I can pay to the present Staff; but then they still have Mr. Rowntree and Mr. Whitlow—perhaps that explains it.

I had to leave Walden again on Thursday, March 12th, but I left it convinced that, the world over, there is no place like it, and that it is indeed "the best School of all." My visit will be the brightest memory of my home furlough, a memory that will often bring me pleasure and cheer me up when I am again far away in Australia, and not least will I remember the kindness and hospitality of the Head Master and Mrs. Rowntree and others making my visit possible and adding so much to its enjoyment.

DONALD REDDING (1912-14).

A SUMMER HOLIDAY.



UMMER is a very gay time. All the trees are green and the flowers are out. The birds begin to sing, especially the cuckoo, whose song, "Cuckoo, cuckoo," can be heard in May and June from morning till night.

When we wake up in the morning there is a bright freshness in the air that makes us want to get up and be doing something outside. We stay outside all day in the brilliant sunshine and fresh air, and drag ourselves to bed at night very tired but happy.

In June we go to the seaside where the delights of summer are even more abundant than at home. Travelling along in the train we gradually pass from the smoky town to the sweet smelling countryside, and as we near the coast the smell changes until we can distinctly smell the sea and looking out see it right in front of us.

The next morning we wake up early and as we hear the sea splashing calmly against the rocks and up the beach, we spring out of bed, and hurrying into as few clothes as we can possibly wear, are out on the beach and in the water in less than no time. Oh! how delightfully cool is the sea and how lovely the beach looks with the sun sparkling on the differently coloured shells. We look at the village in the distance nestled down among the hills and trees with the mountains rising beyond. We think of the afternoon excursion that we are going to, up those mountains. Then we go back and have breakfast of fish or eggs and coffee, and then we are out on the sand and shingle again. Oh what a life! All day out amongst the beautiful things which mother Nature has made and has worked so hard to clear away all signs of the past cold and dreary and damp winter.

In the afternoon excursion we have a really delightful time. Now we stand on a ledge—and look down on the beach and sea,

and the little village cosily tucked in among trees and hills; now we are in a perfect haven among a wonderful field of Alpine flowers.

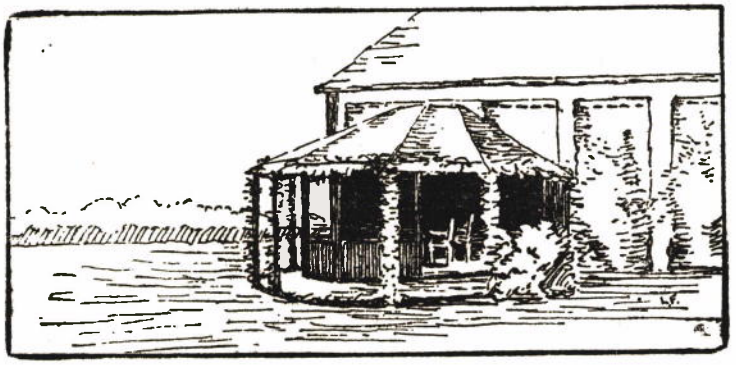
When we return, the good wife with whom we are staying, gives us a cooling drink, we have a warm bath and then fall into our nice, cosy feather beds.

As we feel ourselves sinking and sinking to sleep, we think over the day we have had, and then of the pleasant days we will have.

We do not think it is worth while just spending our time lazily lounging about here and there, so we begin to get interested in the shells and coral on the beach and also of the flowers on the mountain. Except when we are eating or bathing we are admiring one of these or the other, and when our holidays at the seaside are over, we go home with pleasant memories and probably with a very fine collection of shells and flowers.

It is August now and the holidays are nearly over. But we are very glad to be at school again with all our friends, although we agree we have had a very good holiday.

Marjorie Close
(Stage 4b).



FAR AND NEAR.

Concerning Old Scholars.

Old Scholars who were in Group C. last Term :

Ewart C. Aplin.

Francis J. Farrell is in the office of a publishing firm,—the St. Clement's Press.

Christel Lierau is an Assistant Librarian at Frankfurt on Oder.

* * * * *

Frank H. Knight (1883-86) writes from Canterbury, New Zealand :—

" I received the circular *re* Pavilion for the cricket ground, and if it is the same one as I used I think it is quite time it was replaced by a new and more up-to-date one, and to help you to get it I have pleasure in enclosing a pound towards it.

" I still take a keen interest in cricket, though I think I shall have to give up playing, for old age must give way to youth. I was playing so late as this last Easter for the Ash County, and though I did not make many runs (9) I kept my wicket up for seventy minutes, which allowed my partner to put 50 runs on,—not so dusty, for a man nearly fifty-two years of age. Soccer football is just getting on its feet, and one or two of us have had a hard job. I had to turn that in about four years ago as my ' bellows ' were wind broken.

" I wish you every success with your project and all good wishes, too, to my old School."

* * * * *

Grace Gibb (1918-24), writes from the Mount :

" We had a most exciting time on May 26th when we all went over to Scarborough to attend Yearly Meeting. Most of us had never been to Y.M. before. It was nice to see Mr. Butler. We did wish we could have gone with him down to Walden for Whitsun !

" The day when the Y.M. Friends came over to York to visit the Schools and the Retreat was rather a busy one. We all had to be doing something, either giving lecturettes or dialogues in different languages or doing drawing or gym. There was also a puppet show conducted by the younger girls. Dolly and I did gym. : and were kept pretty busy. I believe we did the display three times ! "

* * * * *

Eric D. Cleaver (1920-22) writes from Rugby :

" . . . You may have heard that I ran into the School " Tramp " at Box Hill last summer. I shall do my best to get down to the Whit. week-end, although I may have some difficulty in obtaining time off. Life here is a terrible rush the whole time—7.30 a.m. to 5 p.m.—compulsory night classes three evenings a week, and home work takes up the remaining spare time. However the British Thompson-Houston people give one a fine training, and I enjoy the work immensely."

* * * * *

H. Thomas L. Champness (1914-21) writes :

" Up till January last I was stationed at Farringdon Street Goods Station, but I have now been moved to Hornsey, about four miles out. The hours are longer than in London, the station being for these purposes a " country " station. . . . I have been appointed to the permanent staff of the London & North Eastern Railway. Of all the multitudes of Old Walden Scholars I know of only three who have taken up the Railway as a means of livelihood.* Norman Eames has something to do with the running of locomotives on the L.N.E.R. I don't know what he does now, but what he used to do was to fix up the locomotive men's duties to correspond with the trains shown in the time tables,—he was concerned even with the old man at Saffron Walden who used to drive, and probably still drives, in a bowler hat. Roy Yardley is in the Signalling Department

* Joseph Sholl, another Old Boy on the Railway, called at the School early this Term.—EDS.

of the Metropolitan Railway,—at present in the Drawing Office. The Metropolitan Railway had a stand at Wembley with a signal and other apparatus, and he was one of those who helped to fix it."

* * * * *

Cyril J. Bath (1904-5) writes from Cleveland, U.S.A.

". . . I have just finished my first warehouse. In my office I have built a fire-place,—a thing unusual here, where central heating systems spread their ugly evidences, warm and cheerless, everywhere. Over the mantel shelf I'm going to have a photo-picture of the old School, because there is associated with it in my mind the finest qualities and a gentle haze of happy memories. Integrity ! . . . I really fancied myself quite American till my last visit to England in 1923. You see I've been here since I was sixteen, and I left England rather fed up with the poverty and misery I saw when I started to work. People, the mass of people, are much better off here ; but from what I saw I doubt if anywhere folks live any better—that is, more fully culturally and socially—than in England. . . . I cannot help wondering whether the heavy dilution in America of the lowest types of Europeans—Balkans, Russian peasants, etc.—can very well contribute to any considerable improvement."

* * * * *

A letter from Cape Town to the Editors of *The Avenue* gives an account of the public presentation of the Royal Life Saving Society's Award of Merit to Mavis K. J. Kemp (1909-14).





A BOTANY CLASS

DIARY.

March 6th-9th.—O.S. Lecture School Week-end.

,, 7th.—Football Match: 1st XI. *v.* Old Scholars, home, lost, 2—4. Hockey Match: 1st XI. *v.* Old Scholars, home, won, 6—1. Lantern Lecture, Recital: "Ludwig Van Beethoven," Mr. Ernest Fowles.

,, 12th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Diary, Madeline Andrews; Essays: "Hampton Court," H. D. Byles; "Modern Poetry," Mr. Moore; "A Few Holidays and Customs in the Land of the Rising Sun," Iris M. Harris; "Something about German School Life and Education," Christel Lierau; Pianoforte Solo: "Harlequin," Dorothy Brown.

,, 14th.—Lantern Lecture: "Grenfell of Labrador," Mr. Barrington Whitlow.

,, 18th.—Girls' Gymnastic Competition.

Football Match: Local Schools XI. *v.* Old Newportonians, at Stortford, won, 3—2.

,, 19th.—N.H.S. Mtg. Diary, R. Alexander and A. Wright. Current Events Report, J. O. Burtt and T. Runciman. Essays: "Some places of Interest in the North Yorkshire Dales," K. Glaister; "Flowering Trees" Dorothy Brown and Rosemary Wooldridge; "The Craven Hills," E. Le Mare.

,, 21st.—Lecture: "Soap Bubbles," Mr. Appleton.

,, 25th.—Girls' Reading Club Mtg.
Cross Country Races.

,, 28th.—Lantern Lecture: "Guernsey," Mr. Morris.

,, 30th.—House Competition Concert.
House Plays.

April 1st.—Sports Day.

,, 2nd.—N.H.S. Mtg. Current Events Report, Doris Marshall and Iris Harris. Diary, Helen Baker and Madeline Andrews. Meteorological Report, A. Mazower. Essay: "The Dolmens of Carnac," Miss Rose.

,, 4th.—Inter-Schools Athletic Sports.
Lantern Lecture: "A Hindu Pilgrimage," Mr. Maw.

,, 8th.—End of Spring Term.

May 6th.—School re-opened.

May 8th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Diaries: J. P. Lush and Helen Baker; Essays: "Stamp Collecting," J. O. Burtt; "A Little About Photography," Winifred Kilbey; "Wandering Thoughts, or What You Will," P. A. Crow. Pianoforte Solo: "The Londonderry Air," D. Edmundson. Gramophone Records: "Caprice Viennois" (Violin), Kreisler; Orchestral Selection, "The Fairy Chorus," from the Immortal Hour; "Poppa's "Mazurka" ('Cello Solo), Casals.

,, 13th.—Cricket Match: 1st XI. *v.* The North Essex Wanderers, home, won 57—24 runs. Mr. Pumphrey 7 wkts. for 10 and performed the "hat-trick."

,, 14th.—N.H.S. Meeting. Diary; J. O. Burtt and P. A. Crow. Current Events Report, H. D. Byles and B. A. Le Mare. Essay: "Rock Plants," Joyce Rayner. Business Meeting.

,, 16th.—Cricket Matches: Girls' 1st XI. *v.* Homerton College, away, lost, 90—107.
Boys' XI. *v.* Cambridge County School, home, lost, 68—172 for 6 wkts.

,, 21st.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Diary, A. Mazower; Essays: "Children of Fiction," Joyce Maybery; "The Northern Pacific Railway," F. A. Edmunds; "Babies," Mr. Whitlow. Pianoforte Solo, "Fantasy in D Minor," Mozart, Nora M. Child.

,, 23rd.—Cricket Match: Boys' XI. *v.* Bishop's Stortford College 2nd XI., home, lost, 59—84 for 7 wkts. J. N. Elithorn 6 wkts. for 38.

,, 28th.—N.H.S. Mtg. Diary, Jean Champness and Dorothy Brown. Current Events Report, Doris Marshall. Meteorological Report, A. Mazower. Talks: "Experiences in photographing two Swans," Miss Priestman; "Plant Collecting in the Tatra," Mr. Morris.

,, 29th-June 2nd.—O.S. Whitsuntide Gathering.

May 30th.—Cricket Match: Past and Present *v.* North Essex Wanderers, home, won 86-62. Mr. Whitlow, 4 wkts. for 22 runs. J. N. Elithorn, 2 wkts. for 5 runs, and 22.

June 1st.—Cricket Matches: School XI. *v.* O.S., won, 144—21. Mr. Whitlow, 5 wkts. for 14 and 4 wkts. for 12. Mr. Brereton, 5 wkts. for 14. J. N. Elithorn, 2 wkts. for 5, and 21.
Girls' XI. *v.* O.S., won, 96—16.

June 3rd.—Tennis Match: Girls' VI. *v.* Saffron Walden Training College, home, won, 85—56 games.
Cricket Match: 1st XI. *v.* Bishop's Stortford Town, home, lost, 100—112 for 3 wkts. Mr. Whitlow 41; P. R. Edmunds, 20 not out.

,, 4th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Essays: "Paris," Madeline Andrews, Miss Priestman, J. P. Lush, Miss Yapp, Mary Close, Mr. Whitlow, Joyce Rayner, D. A. Bartlett and Winifred Kilbey. Gramophone Selections: Pianoforte Solo: "Jardins sous la Pluie," Debussy; Duet from Bizet's "Carmen."

,, 6th.—N.H.S. Excursion to Sawbridgeworth and Bishop's Stortford.

,, 10th.—General Meeting.

,, 11th.—Merit Half-Holiday. Tennis Match: Staff *v.* Scholars, lost, 70—84 games.
N.H.S. Mtg. Diary, D. A. Bartlett and W. Armstrong. Current Events Report, J. O. Burtt and P. A. Crow. Account of the excursion to Sawbridgeworth, B. Le Mare (Archæological Section), C. J. Lee (Zoological Section) and Iris Harris (Botanical Section). Meteorological Report, A. Mazower. Essays on Pond Life: "A general survey of animal life in ponds," J. O. Burtt, K. Glaister and P. A. Crow; "Fresh water shell-fish," Beatrice Freestone and Joan Gundry. "Some fresh-water animals," E. Le Mare and A. Tawell.

,, 18th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Diaries: Mary Close and E. Peverett; Essays: "In a Railway Carriage," Doris Marshall; "Superstitions and Digressions," D. Edmundson; "All-But the Man," Joyce Rayner; "G.W.R. Engine Naming," J. R. Evens. Pianoforte Solos: "Tone Sonnet," by Ernest Austin, Winifred Kilbey; "Andante," from Beethoven's Pastoral Sonata, D. Edmundson.

,, 24th.—Cricket Match: Boys' 2nd XI *v.* Saffron Walden School 2nd XI., away, drawn.

,, 25th.—N.H.S. Mtg. Diary, Mary Close and Freda Emerson. Current Events Report, Beatrice Freestone and Joan Gundry. Meteorological Report, A. Mazower; Essays, "Water Plants"; "A Few Characteristics of Water Plants," Constance Newbery; "Water Plants," Doris Marshall and Iris Harris; "A Walk through a Marsh," Betty Milne and Madeline Andrews.

,, 27th.—Cricket Match: School XI. *v.* Peel Workers XI., home, won, 133 for 8 wkts.—128. G. N. A. Smith 5 wkts. for 38. J. N Elithorne 63 not out.

July 1st.—Cricket Match: School XII. *v.* North Esssex Wanderers XII. home, drawn, 130—79 for 10 wkts. Mr. Pumphrey 32, and 4 wkts. for 25.

,, 7th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Diary, Doris Marshall; Essays, "Jane Street," Constance Newbery; "Carisbrooke Castle," C. J. Lee; "Blackberries," Kathleen Robson. Pianoforte Solos: "The Lost Lamb," "April Shower," by William Alwyn, Dorothy Brown; "Slumbersong" and "Scherzo," by Schubert, J. R. Evens; "Minuet" by Frank Bridge, Frances Waters.

,, 4th.—N.H.S. Expedition to Elmdon.

NOTICES.

Three numbers of *The Avenue* are published each year, price 8d. per copy (post free 10d.), or 2s. per annum (post free, 2s. 6d.).

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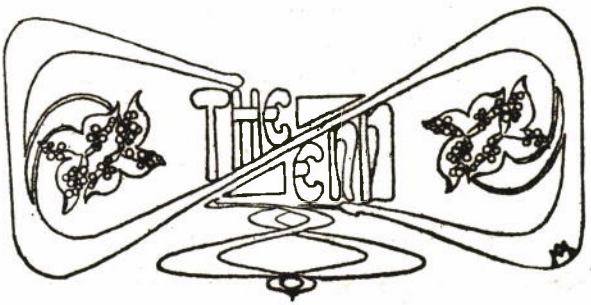
Articles in *The Avenue* written by boys or girls are signed in italics.

SCHOLARSHIPS.

The School Committee have awarded the following Scholarships: André Mazower, £30 a year for three years; Constance Newbery, £60 a year for three years.

SCHOOL MAGAZINES.

We acknowledge with thanks receipt of the following Magazines:—*The Beckside* (Ayton), *By Kent and Sherne* (Polam Hall), *The Island* (Sidcot), *The Cupola* (Ackworth).

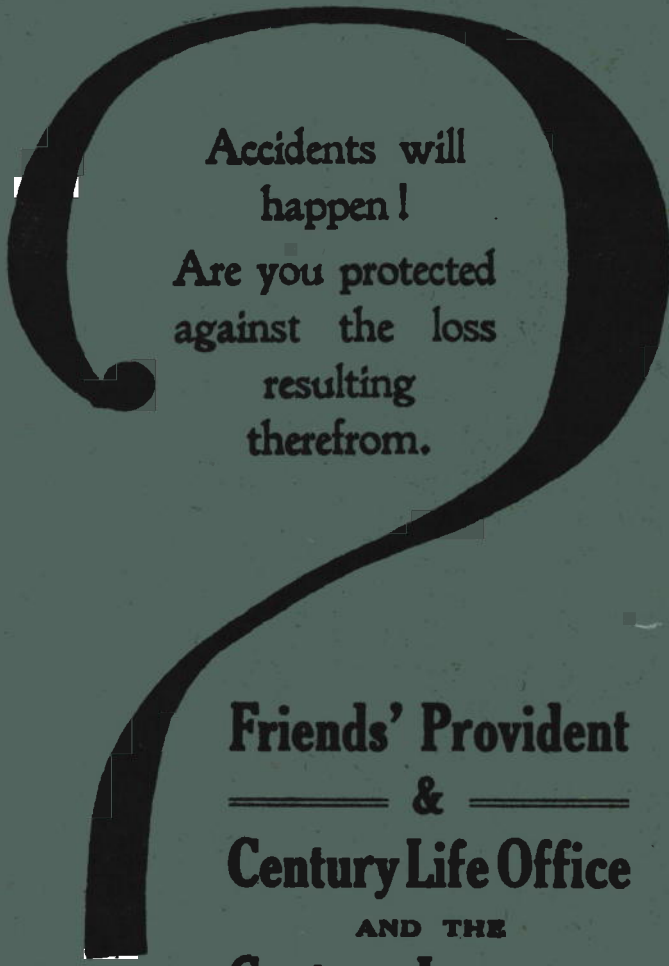




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