THE AVENUE



MARCH 1925

PER ARDUA AD ALTA



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THE SCHOOL FRONT.



The Magazine of the Friends' School, Saffron Walden.

VOL. XVI. MARCH, 1925. No. 46.

FOREWORD.

ONE of the more absorbing interests of last Term consisted in the preparations for the Pavilion Fête, which was held on December 13th, and resulted in nearly £70 as the School's contribution to the fund being raised by the Old Scholars' Association for the provision of a new Cricket Pavilion. We would urge our readers to do all in their power towards realising this object, and making it possible to erect a Pavilion worthy of the School; this can be done only if sufficient funds are forthcoming. On another page will be found the architect's sketch of the proposed building.

Our best wishes accompanied Miss Dell on her leaving the School last December to be married to Frederick C. Lipscombe, a former Master in the School. Her place as Art Mistress has been taken by Miss Winifred A. Wright, to whom we extend a welcome.

C. BRIGHTWEN ROWNTREE.

THE HOUSE COMPETITION, 1924.

THE whole school was delighted, when the results for 1924 were read out, to hear that Crosfield had at last gained the honour of having their name placed on the Trophy Board. The other two houses forgot their own disappointment in this long delayed triumph. The successes now read: Morland 4, Godlee 3, Crosfield 1.

This year the leaders made no mistake and won by 36 points. Last year's majority was only 4! As will be seen by the table, Crosfield heads the list in nearly all the sections; Godlee was first only in the Manual Section and Morland in the Scientific. The final totals after adjustment to numbers were: Crosfield 263.6; Godlee, 227.8; Morland, 211.8. The following shows the points scored in each section :—

	Athletics.	Literary.	Scientific.	Manual.	Aesthetic.	Class work.	Conduct.
Crosfield	66	25	5	40	13	25	87
Godlee	62	17	3	44	11	15	79
Morland	54	13	10	33	12	8	81

The House Socials of June were as much enjoyed as ever. Morland this year broke fresh ground at a farm on the Thaxted Road, where, owing to the kindness of the owner, they had the run of a meadow and hayfield; Godlee stayed at home; and Crosfield again visited Audley End.

Morland lost their House Mistress at Christmas, when Miss Dell left. Miss Beecham has taken her place.

OLD SCHOLARS' LECTURE SCHOOL WEEK-END.

MARCH 6TH-9TH.

MY week-end at Walden began at Liverpool Street Station. It also finished there. It began on Friday evening, when several Old Scholars ran up against each other on the journey down and helped to enliven the time by reminiscences,

and acid drops from a large glass bottle. It finished on Monday morning in a chorus of good-byes. Partings are always horrid, but in this case, of course, not so sad, as we shall soon be meeting again. None of us can keep away from the old School for very long.

As soon as we get inside the place we feel that here is somewhere where we really belong. I suppose that is what makes us feel that is the Wonderful Walden Welcome. This must be written with capitals to show just how wonderful it is, but even that can't show you, unless you happen to be an Old Scholar yourself. It is the quietness of the welcome, it is as if they felt it to be the most natural thing in the world for you to be there.

The first thing that happened at School on the Friday evening was supper in the Boys' Play Room. What a lot of work these meal times must make for people at Walden! We should like them to know how often we look back on these very jolly, comfortable times.

On Saturday morning we were able to see some of the classes at work. The children appeared mostly to be having exams., but they seemed to be quite happy about it, and not at all nerve-wrecked, as we seem to remember ourselves to have been on similar occasions.

As this is a lecture week-end, I think I must now write something about the lectures. Three splendid lectures we had on the " Appreciation of Music," by Mr. Ernest Fowles. He made us realise something of the important part that music has to play as the universal language of the emotional life of man, and that we have not allowed music to take this important place in our lives because we have been always too passive. We have thought that unless we were performers we must be "just listeners," but he pointed out that there should be no such thing as " just listening." Listening must be active too. We hear only what we are prepared to hear, we must hear with understanding, and the greater our understanding the keener will be our delight in the music. The exquisiteness of his

playing and the charm of his personality made these lectures something through which our memories will be so much the richer.

On Saturday afternoon there were hockey and football matches between Past and Present Scholars. The Present Girls beat the Old Girls (6—1), and the Old Boys beat the Present Boys (4—2), just to make things square. In the evening the Staff gave us a first-rate performance of Harold Bridgehouse's play, " Lonesome-like."

Sunday evening brought the one thing of all others that we would not be without at Walden, the evening meeting in the Lecture Hall. It was good to be there again. Miss Newman's address is something that we shall not soon forget. These short visits to the School make us not only keener but fitter to carry on with our jobs, and that, of course, is just what a real holiday should do. These are real holidays.

MARGERY COLEBROOK
(1907-08.)

HOP-PICKING IN KENT.

IF you should ask anyone for what Kent is noted, they will tell you, firstly fruit, and secondly hops, and then, if they happen to be conscientious members of a strict Temperance Society, they may moralise at length, to the effect that the large crop of hops is a great social evil, whereupon you may be fairly sure that they have not been " hopping " as the people there call it. If they had, they would hide their morals under a bushel, remembering the good times they had.

Having lived in the hop-growing district from the early age of 0 until a few years ago, I have spent a good deal of time in the hop-gardens, and have always found it very interesting.

Almost a week before the London pickers arrive the shops begin to prepare for them. Everything is cleared on to shelves behind the counter, and along the front of the counter itself about two feet of wire netting is raised, since these people, especially the gipsies, have rather vague ideas as to the rights of personal property.

At last that great day anticipated with mixed feelings of excitement and dread by the village arrives, and the first "special" train deposits its burden of "hoppers" on the little platform.

The difficulty of transport from the station to the village (a good mile and a half) is great, as the hoppers all bring their entire household furniture, or apparently so.

Quite tiny children carry great sacks about twice as big as themselves on their backs, whilst the baby in the push-chair can hardly be seen for luggage. The men of the family usually have large bundles across their shoulders, while the parrot in his cage is hung from the pram handles, the cat sits on the mountain of luggage, and the dog is attached to the pram hood by a piece of string.

But even when they reach the village the quarters allotted to them could hardly be described as palatial. They consist of one small room, about eight feet square, with no window, and walls of rough brick. This is the room in which the entire family lives, unless it is wealthy enough to possess a tent.

The hop-pickers keep arriving for several days, often until there are as many as 3,000 in one small village, and then the picking begins.

Before the war it was the custom for the regular pickers to be in the gardens by six o'clock punctually, but since 1914 they straggle in, sometimes after nine o'clock.

Then the picking progresses, and although to the uninitiated it may sound a dull occupation to sit on the edge of a bin and pick hops, it is really a very pleasant job.

And hungry! The seaside cannot compare with it for its

powers of making one hungry. After an hour, one begins to feel as if a little lunch would not be amiss, and then, a little later, one has a vaguely aggrieved feeling that there is not quite enough to eat in the world. But soon, very soon, this vague feeling forms itself into a distinct demand for dinner in large quantities. One looks at one's watch fully expecting to find that it is about ten minutes before dinner time, and discovers the dismaying fact that it is merely half-past ten.

There is, however, a great psychologist in the hop-garden, who knows that now is the time to ply his trade, and accordingly one hears from afar off his cry of " Lolly, lolly." As he gets nearer the scent of his hot buns causes one's hunger to become acute, and the lolly-man plies a good trade.

At last the long-awaited time has arrived, and the hooter has sounded for dinner-time. There is a clatter of tin cans and crockery, and soon the smoke of small fires beginning to arise. For half an hour or so the garden is the scene of numerous small feasts, and then, when dinners are finished, the children begin to tear round, shouting and singing, and playing on swings made of the strings of bines. The afternoon is almost the same as the morning, except for the fact that the visitors come in the afternoon.

Now, there are two kinds of visitors. The first kind is the one that comes in an ancient frock and sackcloth apron, and sets to work, making a considerable addition to the hops in the bin.

The second type is the well-meaning but tactless patroness of the village, who comes, clad in white from head to foot, smiles sweetly at the hoppers (but doesn't get too close, because they are rather, well—not quite spotless, you know), drops words of encouragement in the path of her spotless white shoes, and passes on. You may judge easily, which is the most welcome.

But I have forgotten about the poke-waggon, the chief delight of the children. When a sack is filled by the measurers

it is taken and put on a waggon, and henceforth it is no longer a common or garden sack, but rejoices in the name of poke or pocket.

When the poke-waggon is loaded, it sets out for the farm, and it is the chief delight of the children to obtain a ride on top of it; and truly that jolting ride to the farm, lying on the soft pokes, gazing at the blue sky, with the sulphury scent of the hops round you, is very pleasant indeed.

At half past five, however, all such joys are at an end for that day, as the hooter announces in shrill tones that it is once more time to stop work.

Hoppers, children, visitors, waggons, handcarts, perambulators, cats and dogs, stream from the gateways in a confused mass, which wends its way slowly to the village.

All day the shops have been preparing for the rush which follows. From early morning all hands are engaged in the weighing out of ha'porths and penn'orths of tea, sugar, butter, cheese, and other such provisions.

As soon as the hoppers reach the village they crowd every inch of street and shop. The shops are so full that the customers have to be let out by a back way, and I am sure that it would be a physical impossibility to get nearer than fifty yards to the door of any public-house.

About an hour of this chaos, and then they begin to go off to their miserable huts and encampments in the fields. Then, as one walks up the village, one sees in some field near by a large marquee, and on it the words, "Hospital Mission to Hop-pickers"; and it is perhaps here that one may see some of the most pathetic sights that this time has to show. Somehow it seems that the tiny children are those who suffer most, for the grown-ups are rarely seen really ill. But children of all ages are brought here with racking coughs, thin white faces, and often ugly cuts or bruises, probably the result of blows.

But it does not do to stay and watch such sights when one can do little or nothing to help.

As soon as it begins to get dark, the hoppers all sheer off to their huts, for they are mortally afraid of the country after dark, although one might reasonably think they would have had more need to be afraid in their dark little back alleys and slums in London.

Although after ten o'clock it is a really rare thing for a London picker to be seen in the streets, yet they do not go to bed, but sit round huge bonfires in the fields. The light of these bonfires makes a ring of light round the horizon until one o'clock or later.

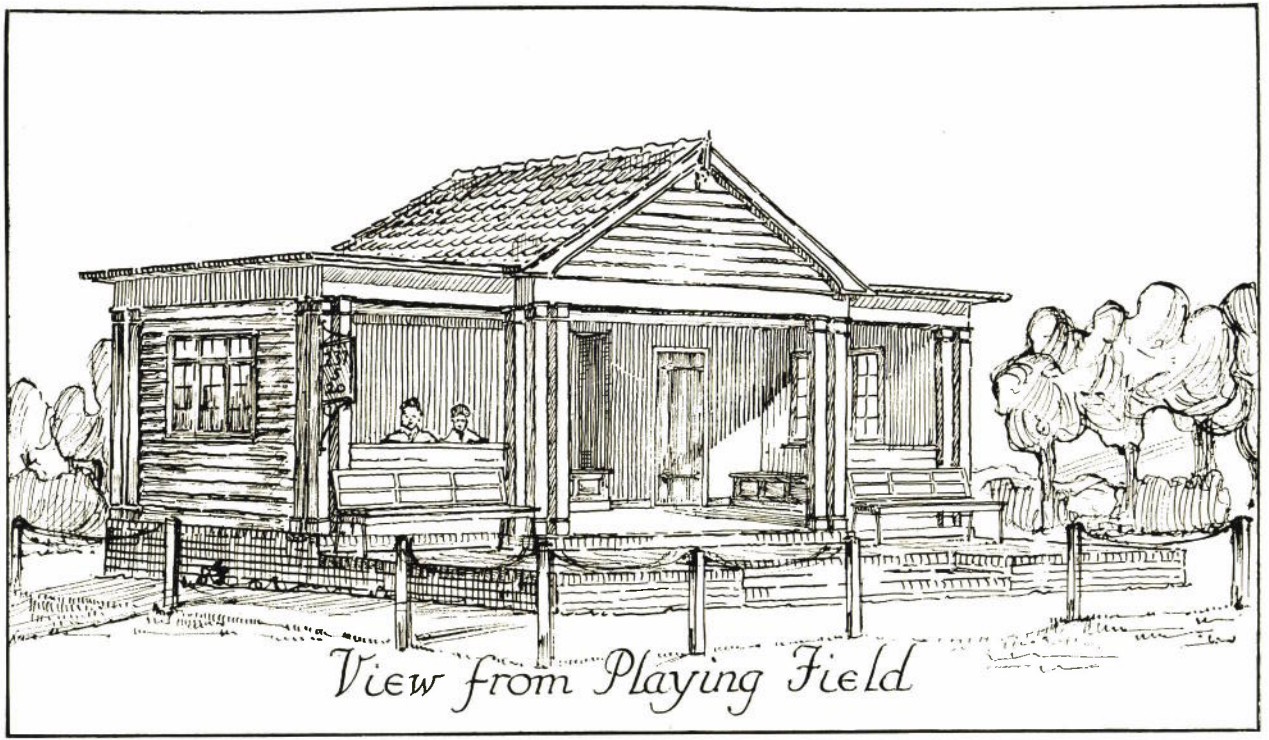
On Sunday the village increases from being crowded, to resembling a glorified and extensive tube train. Almost every family of hoppers has numerous visitors, all of whom bring all *their* friends and relations. Thus the village as you may well imagine, is one vast and noisy crowd.

But, at last, as in everything, the end arrives. All the hops are picked, and the gardens are a scene of desolation with their bare poles and wires, and heaps of withered bines. The village becomes gradually less and less crowded, and eventually the last train carries its cheering passengers back to the heart of their beloved London. The village after this is almost indescribable. All that one can say is that it looks as if a large and untidy picnic party had been there. But, thanks to sundry road-sweepers and scavengers, this is soon put right—UNTIL NEXT YEAR.

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

THE PAVILION FÊTE.

TO start from the beginning:—In the early days of the school, a shed was erected on the field and was nicknamed by some obscure humorist of those far-off days, "The Pavilion." So the shed was used during many generations as a cricket



View from Playing Field

pavilion, from which the flower of English cricket walked forth to victory (and defeat).

The Old Scholars' Association, with its usual perspicacity, noticed this blot on the otherwise spotless landscape, and thus it is to be hoped that a pavilion, worthy of that name, will have replaced it by next Whitsuntide.

The school was glad to give pecuniary aid in this matter, and organised for that purpose the pavilion fête, the account of which it is the purpose of this article to give.

Throughout the Autumn Term the school was in a turmoil of preparation for the great day, which had been fixed for the last Saturday of the term. The unusual noise, which could be heard coming from the workshop, announced the unwonted activities carried on therein, which materialised eventually into divers tables, book-shelves and other works of art.

On every Saturday of the term numerous hungry palates were satisfied by the high-class toffees which Miss Norrington had kindly consented to prepare in aid of the new pavilion.

The fête having been opened by the brazen voice of the gong, the whole school suddenly became a hive of activity.

In the studious atmosphere of the Matric. Room some frivolous showmen had set up a board, on which photographs of some members of the school in their youth were displayed, for the correct assignment of which prizes were offered.

Large numbers of articles of home manufacture were displayed in the Dining Hall along with the products of the lost property bureau during the preceding year. Also in boxes of sawdust (or " bran " as it is technically termed) numerous articles were concealed for delving for which the modest sum of 3d., 2d. or 1d. was charged, according to the state of wear of the articles therein.

In the playroom of the male department a large number of nuts which, as the poster announced, had been brought from the far Southern Seas for our especial consumption, were displayed on raised planks for the express purpose of being

knocked down by the projection of sorbo balls by anyone who wished to expend their money on such pastimes.

We must not forget the guessing of the weight of a huge iced cake, which it was forbidden to touch ; we still marvel how Mr. Whitlow managed to get within three-quarters of an ounce!

The great attraction of the day was, however, in the lecture room, where, the wireless having been switched on, Uncles Penrose and Arnold (Messrs. Whitlow and Brereton) made personal remarks through the loud speaker of the multi-valve set which the proud owner was displaying with jubilation to his friends, who were looking on with marked awe.

As was to be expected, the boys of Group B would let their room only on condition that it should be used for the gratification of their voracious appetites. So the House Council was forced to put this room aside as a restaurant, where white-aproned waitresses might swindle the general public. It may, however, be said that the refreshment depôt was a success, and that the sausage rolls and fruit salad were very passable.

When the fête closed, the authorities, after much calculation, found that the school would be enabled by a highly successful fête to present the Old Scholars' Association with £70 to help in the construction of a very necessary part of the school buildings.

Percy A. Crow.
Jack Lush.
(*Stage 7.*)



A VISIT TO SWITZERLAND.

IF any readers ever have an opportunity to visit this wonderland of snow, mist and sun, take my word for it, it will not pay to miss it.

After a miserable Channel crossing, and a long, dreary night in the train, the Swiss frontier is at last reached. Then, immediately, the scenery changes; in the dim distance the sunrise is seen over the nearer Alps. At 10.30 in the morning Berne was reached, and we dismounted from the express and crossed the road from the station to the Gasthof Pracht. Here a hot bath and a rest were procured, and after lunch we took a small carriage to make a tour of Switzerland's capital.

Berne is a very beautiful town. It has many beautiful bridges over its great river, and, while crossing, you command a marvellous view of the Bernese Oberland, crowned by the picturesque peak of the Jungfrau; this glorious mountain is nearly 14,000 feet high, and has the appearance of a glorified St. Paul's Cathedral, soaring upwards in snow-white.

The houses and government places differ in type of building, as the big government buildings are more of the English type in white stone, and the dwelling houses are in the beautiful southern Europe type, much more picturesque.

But we had not long to spend in Berne, although it is a very interesting place, so we went back to the station and got our tickets to Interlaken. The day was lovely and clear and sunny. As we gazed out of the window we were nearing the great mountains and travelling fast south into the heart of Switzerland. After an hour and a half's travelling, with lovely views to occupy one's thoughts, Thun was at last reached. Out of the train we all scrambled and boarded a lovely lake steamer to cross the blue mass of water on our way to Interlaken.

When this town of hotels and shops was reached we were met by some friends and taken off to tea.

After tea we boarded the Grindelwald train that is drawn

by electricity, and began to mount the valley to the glacier-land. Grindelwald lies among the last of the pine trees and directly underneath two famous mountains, the Eiger and the Wetterhorn. It has two glaciers lying quite close by, and a famous gorge. We were going to stay with our friends in a châlet just a mile above the town.

Next day was wonderfully fine and the sun was as hot as in the tropics. Most of the day was spent in having sun baths and resting away the stiffness of the journey.

In the evening we all laboured up the sides of the pine slope and attained a ledge suitable to view the evening glow. After twenty minutes waiting, the snow began to grow pink, and eventually the whole range of mountains was lit up in a vivid crimson reflected from Switzerland's famous sunset. It only lasted about five minutes, and we had then seen one of Switzerland's famous sights.

Now, of course, it would be impossible to give you the remaining part of my holiday in Switzerland in detail, but I will briefly tell you the sights that I saw and shall never forget.

I crossed both the glaciers and climbed up the side of the Ober Gletscher, and walked along the narrow gorge path. The height of the gorge side is something like 340 feet, and the glacier we traversed with picks, under a guide, and roped up for fear of a snow bridge.

Later we went up to the Jungfrau-joch by a railway that tunnels for two miles into the heart of the Monch, and then takes an upper cut and emerges half-a-mile from the peak. Though the sun may be as hot as the tropics below, up on the snowfields winter sports are carried on at mid-day, and icicles droop from the station roof. Up on this mountain an observatory is being built for modern astronomy.

Then let me take you down in the valleys to Lauterbrunnen, where a great waterfall takes a sheer drop of 1,710 feet over a cliff, and the Trummelbach waterfall hollows out the mountain sides in its descent from a subterranean river.

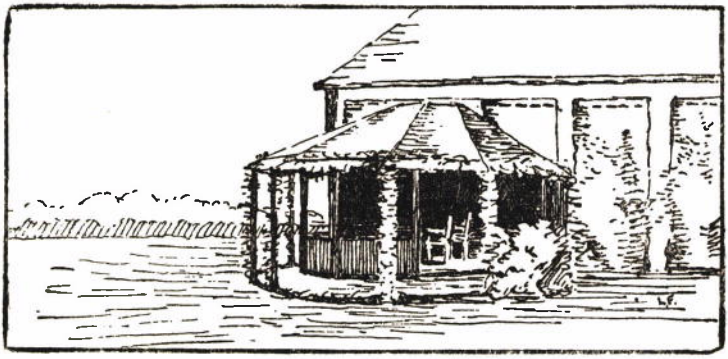
Another trip we took was to Lucerne, where we visited the city full of history and interest; here is an ancient glacier garden full of pot-holes and valuable fossils; then there was the museum to be inspected. We crossed the Lake, and were left at Fluellen at the further end. At night the great electric trains make their way on to the St. Gothard tunnel, and emerge in Italy. We could hear them rumble past.

Later we crossed to the Western part of Switzerland, to that wonderful land of colour, where some of the most beautiful flowers in the world bloom in abundance. We crossed Geneva, a great blue lake or sea of immense dimensions, and made our way back to Grindelwald.

At last, like all good things, the holiday came to an end, and we were left reflecting with people bustling to and fro beside us on Victoria Station. However, we have not seen all Switzerland, and there are other holidays to come!

Edward Dunstan.

(*Stage 4b.*)



SIR BUMBUDY ROW.



IR BUMBUDY ROW was a very good knight,
He took up his sword and he rode to the fight.
And when he did see the great army in sight,
He killed them all dead, for his arm was of might.
Bumbudy Row,
Bumbudy Row,
Now let's give a cheer for Sir Bumbudy Row.

At last he did come to a dragon so great;
"Ha! Ha!" said Sir Bumbudy, "Just let him wait,
When I reach him he'll soon be aware of his fate,
For a dragon like this I always did hate."
Bumbudy Row, etc.

The Dragon came up and his lips he did smack,
Although for his dinner he had eaten a pack
Of Wild deer so large that the length of one's back
Was, compared with their legs, just the size of a tack.
Bumbudy Row, etc.

As the Dragon came on, and his sword he did take,
That sword was so sharp that a rock it could break.
And as to the Dragon, his way he did make,
The air got so hot that his skin it did bake.
Bumbudy Row, etc.

He flashed his strong sword; and the blood it did pour,
Till soon the large landscape was covered with gore,
And then the large dragon most loudly did roar,
To think he could gobble up people no more.
Bumbudy Row, etc.

The knight he rode home, with the Dragon's big head,
He was tired, and weary, in want of a bed.
And all the good people in that country said,
'Tis a wonder Sir Bumbudy is not now dead.
Bumbudy Row, etc.

Francina Close.
(*Stage 3b.*)

FOG AND MUD.

FOG and mud were the only two inhabitants of a dismal London street on a dismal winter's day. Fog opened the conversation in a grumbling tone: "I don't seem to be very popular these days, somehow."

"No," said his companion, "nor do I."

"Do you remember those coaching days when the highwaymen loved the fog that hid them, and the mud that made the horses slip?"

"Yes," said the last-named, "and sometimes the wheels would throw me into the desperados' eyes, and then the fine ones in the coach would bless me, and you would cause him to lose his way and miss the coach, so again someone blessed you. But now they have no use for either of us."

Fog drew his dark cloak about him and swept his grey hair from his eyes:

"We are getting old, they don't want us now, but there may still be some in this dismal world who love us. Let us part for a time; one shall go east and the other west. I will visit the city where the rich people live, and where the buses splash mud on to their clothes. You shall go a different way, to where the squalid houses are, and poverty stares from every window. Where the streets are peopled with ragged children, and men and women live who know not the joys of life." Thus spake Fog,

whilst his grey eyes gleamed. Then with a wave of his hand they parted.

* * * * *

Some three days later they met again in the same place. Both looked cheerier and Fog had even combed his flowing hair.

" Well," he said to his friend, " how have you fared ? Let us hear your story first."

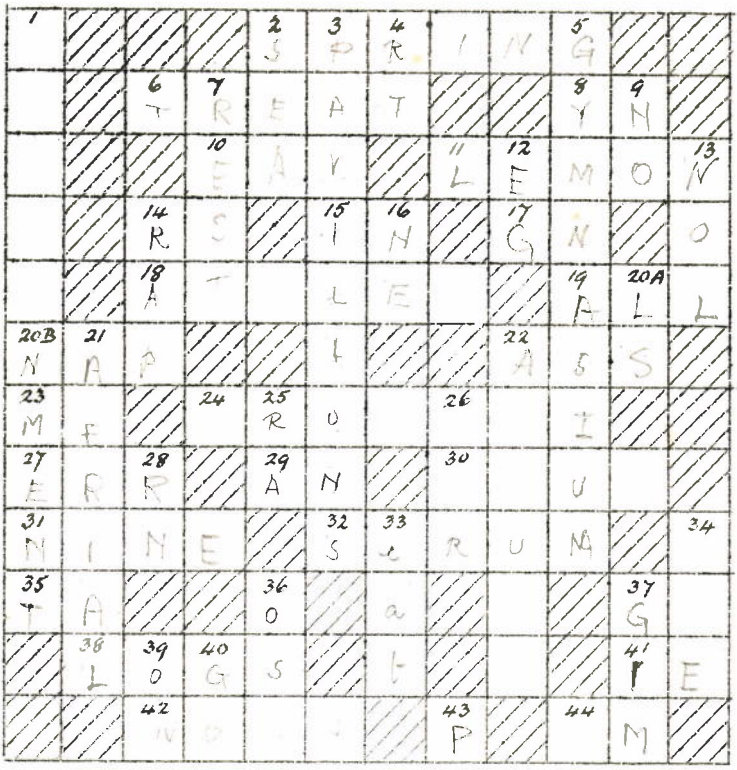
" Oh," answered the other, " I have got on much better than one might have thought. You see, I went to one of those little streets where the houses jostle each other on every side, and there seems to be only one door to lots of houses. Here I found people who were very poor and seemed hardly to have enough to eat. Well, as I had been so coldly received by the rich folks, I hardly expected to get a welcome here. But what do you think when I say that some children who found me in the gutter cried out, and before I knew what was the matter they had me in their hands and were making the most sumptuous banquets from me ? I stayed for some time to please them, but as soon as I could I came back to tell you. And now what news have you ? "

" I have good news too," was the answer, " for I went to that part where there are fine houses and rich people. For a time I was disappointed, but when I was just settling down to sleep I heard a voice blessing me with great fervour. On looking whence the voice came I saw a man about to climb a wall under the shadow of my covering. Then I realised that he was a burglar, and that here at last was someone who liked me and wished that I would stay. And I'm going to," he added.

" So am I," said the other, " if only to please some little children who have no toys for Christmas."

And that was why we had them all the holidays.

Bessie McGowan,
Kathleen Priestman.
(Stage 4a.)



P.A. Crow.
J.P. Lush.

Definitions.

Horizontal :-

2. The vernal season.
6. We all hope to be ....
8. Preposition (Old Welsh spelling).
10. Lower School spelling of a poetic form of evening.
11. What the team gets at half-time.
14. A Sun god.
15. "8 across" modernised.
17. A Railway (former grouping).
18. We have them in pies.
19. You, me and everyone.
20B. The woolly substance on the surface of cloth.

Horizontal (continued) :-

22. Used as a term of abuse.
23. Egoists often use it.
24. This will become "apparent" when its genitive is looked up in a Latin dictionary.
27. To sin.
29. One.
30. Surprise completely.
31. How many lives has Felix got?
32. An antidote.
35. Thanks!
37. Exclamation used after "Lights out".
38. Stage 5 learn them, Stage 6 abuse them, Stage 7 use them.
41. Another form of 12 down.
42. He experienced wet weather (see Bible & Daily News").
43. Paul & Pete, the Perfect Prefects.
44. A paper for men & women of tomorrow.

Vertical :-

1. A division of work.
2. Think of ships.
3. Thanks to the O.S.A. we may have one of them soon.
4. Behead what is taught in the Art Room.
5. For physical culture.
7. Some do it in August.
9. Are we downhearted?
12. Par exemple.
13. A small hill (phonetic).
14. State of equality (reversed).
16. Compass bearing.
20. Lower School.
21. Over the School.
22. What some say the School pianos need (infinitive).
25. Given to a man when he's "hung".
26. Mixed initials of master who is connected with 5 down.
28. Royal Navy.
33. We all do it (at Walden anyway).
34. A School Society which celebrates its centenary in 7 years.
36. It wouldn't have existed without the School.
37. Part of the School built 1912-13.
39. Abort.
40. To pass from one place to another.

THE NEW AVENUE.

SOME months ago our friend, Mr. C. E. Engelmann, of Saffron Walden, urged that the School Avenue should be continued round the School estate, in order to enclose the greater part of its thirty-five acres. He offered to provide the trees necessary for carrying out the project. Needless to say, the School Committee gratefully accepted this generous offer; they suggested that the Avenue itself should end at the far corner of the Playing Field, from which point a single line of more widely spaced trees should be continued as far as Mount Pleasant Road, where there is already a line of Lime trees along the road. In this way the extended view across the country to the east would still be visible from the Field.

A beginning was made just before the Christmas holidays, about twenty Lime trees being planted between the foot of the old Avenue and the present southern boundary of the Field beyond the Sanatorium. Another twenty trees were planted along the far hedge on the east side of the Field. Each tree is labelled with the name of the girl or boy who helped to plant it, and the first three trees bear the names of Mr. and Mrs. Engelmann's children.

Next Autumn it is intended to extend the southern boundary of the Field by about thirty yards, and to continue the new Avenue for a further 500 yards round the next field.

Mr. Engelmann has also given us a number of ornamental shrubs and rose trees to be planted by the side of the Avenue.

Can any of our readers suggest an appropriate name for this new Avenue?

THE EDITORS.

MEETING OF THE SAFFRON WALDEN OLD SCHOLARS' ASSOCIATION,

held at Great Portland Street, 12th of 1st Month, 1925.

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1. The following are the representatives from:

Saffron Walden Old Scholars: J. O. Clover, L. R. Hart, V. M. Tozer.

Saffron Walden Staff: C. B. Rowntree, D. Pearson, R. P. Smillie, J. P. Whitlow.

Saffron Walden Scholars: K. L. Whitlow, E. Peverett.

all of whom were present.

2. Although our gathering was small, under the adept leadership of our secretary, we were soon having our games in full swing, notably in "Rats, Rabbits and Rice," and "Follow-my-leader."

3. Refreshments were now ready. This proved to be a very interesting and popular item on the programme. But, despite the efforts of the older members, there was still quite a quantity of refreshments left over.

4. The choosing of lady partners, and dressing them in coloured papers was the next item. First prize was awarded R. O. Yardley and S. Smith, another prize for originality was offered to P. V. Mauger and M. Agnew. With regard to this we regret the biassed opinions of the judges and the lack of ladies for the younger members to dress.

5. L. R. Hart was now introduced as the new President of the C.S.W.O.S.A. He announced:

6. Some items for a musical and poetical entertainment, intermixed with which a few members went round the hall to the tune of dance music.

7. An auction of goods left from the refreshments was now held with the capable John Quinn as auctioneer. The proceeds (if any) to be added to the Cricket Pavilion fund.

8. At 10 p.m. there being no further business at the table,

feeling very enlightened and encouraged to pay their next sub., representatives separated to their various homes.

(*Signed*) *Kenneth L. Whitlow,*
Eric Peverett, } *Clerks this time.*

(*Stages 7 and 6.*)

ANTIBES.

ANTIBES is a beautiful old town near Mentone, in the South of France, where my mother and I have been now staying for five weeks. This place is really in two parts, the old picturesque town on a crag out over the sea, originally called Antipolis, and the new part consisting of pensions and villas to let or sell, built apparently for the benefit of visitors.

The most attractive thing about Antibes is the Cape. It stretches for two or three miles on the south of us and forms a sheltered bay, with the outline of the old city on the other side and the snowcapped Italian Alps beyond.

On the highest point of the Cape are the old church of Notre Dame de Bonne Port, a big lighthouse and a signal station.

From here, on a clear day, one can see the whole coast from Hyères to beyond Bordighera in Italy. It is easy to find the places as there is a large porcelain map on a pedestal in front of the church, called the Orientation of the Panorama, which points out the locations of the towns and the mountains.

Leading up to the church from a road beside the sea is a long winding path of rough stones, with shrines at intervals along it forming the thirteen stages of the Cross.

This path through the woods is called the Chemin du Calvaire, and while ascending one gets lovely glimpses through the trees

of the white villas against the hills and the sea sparkling in the sunshine.

Prominent among these buildings on the edge of the sea is the Pension de la Mer, where we are staying.

As the shortest way of learning French, I go to a school here, which is about three minutes' from the Pension.

It is a secondary school for girls from six to eighteen years, and little boys. I am in a form with girls of ten and eleven years, and was laughed at at the pension for being among the "bébées."

We have a whole holiday on Thursday and Sunday, so we take the opportunity of going for many excursions.

It is carnival time here now and there is much excitement and jollity everywhere we go.

We have seen the processions of the carnival at Nice and Cannes, and the battle of flowers at Nice. They were very beautiful and we are enjoying ourselves thoroughly.

E. Mary Close.
(*Stage* 5.)

SAFFRON WALDEN CHURCH.

THE present church was built in the perpendicular period, at the beginning of the sixteenth century. At this time, however, there was no spire, it was later presented to the church, and modelled on Thaxted spire. The actual height of the tower is 85 feet, and the spire on top 108 feet, making a total of 193 feet.

The chief characteristics of this perpendicular church are: (1) that the mullions go right to the top of the windows, which occupy by far the larger part of the wall-space; (2) that the whole wall is supported by buttresses; (3) that the bases of the walls are made of flint; (4) that the roof is embattled and the



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THE ROOD SCREEN, SAFFRON WALDEN CHURCH.

corners turreted; and (5) that the clerestorey windows are four-centred.

The windows are characteristic of the perpendicular period, and are very large and high. The three eastern bays on the north side differ from the rest in various small details, and in the coloured windows of which they are the sole possessors. The windows of the chancel are all four-centred, like those of the clerestorey. The North Chapel was built in the memory of John Leach, a vicar, who built the windows of the chancel, and has under it the family vault of the Earls of Suffolk, which was in use until quite recently. Below the South Chapel is the charnel house, where bodies dug up from the churchyard were flung. Some remains of the old church can be seen here.

The South Porch, which used to have a far greater significance than it has at present, contains the sole remains of the Saxon church—a cross let into the wall on the east side. The porch is in two storeys; the lower used to be used for part of the birth, marriage and death services, and the upper contains the town documents, and belongs to the corporation. The ceiling of the ground floor is covered with fan tracery.

The interior walls of the church used to be all frescoed, though scarcely any now remain. Also all the windows used to be filled with stained class, of which all that remains is in the three bays of the North aisle, and in one window of the south. These bays differ from the rest from the inside as well as the outside, an important feature being carvings which are below the windows, portraying various scriptural characters. That of King David gives us the date of these carvings, his dress being Elizabethan. Below these windows, too, are the sole remaining brasses. These used to be quite profuse, and the matrices of several can be seen on lifting the matting in various parts of the church, but the remaining nine were presented by Lord Braybrooke recently, after legal difficulties.

In the South aisle there is no stained glass except one small

piece, which is a relic of the Norman Church, and the head of, probably, Henry VI.

Before the Reformation the chancel used to be separated from the rest of the church by the Rood Screen. One could get to the top of this by a staircase in the thickness of the wall. Now, however, the screen has gone, but the staircase still remains. The chancel itself is inferior to the rest of the church, and this, also, is a relic of pre-Reformation times, when the monks from the Abbey used to own it, and they preferred to spend money on their abbey rather than to spend it on the church. The South Chapel is used as a vestry, but the North is still in the form of a small chapel.

The Central Nave is long, and the roof is supported by arches. It was evidently built later than the tower, for the latter joins the arching in the middle of an arch. The arching is continued in the woodwork of the ceiling, and bosses are carved at the joints, chiefly the emblems of the great families of the time.

In conclusion, one can notice the phases of the church's existence; the old Saxon church, now reduced to a small fragment in the south porch; the Norman church, which was to give place to the pointed arches and soaring spire of the present Gothic church, in the sixteenth century. A little later came the Reformation, and the stained glass windows, brasses, and rood screen were all done away with, until bit by bit a few of them were restored. Thus we see that each age has added something to give the finished church that we have to-day.

David Edmundson.

(*Stage* 6.)

THE NEW ROOD SCREEN.

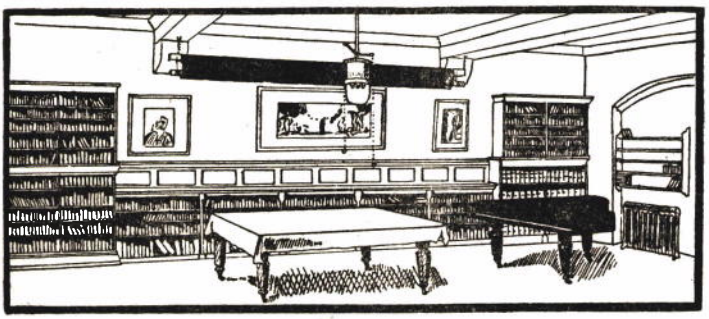
For the use of himself and his family, Lord Howard de Walden in 1793 had built a loft-pew, supported by five arches across the chancel arch. It was probably a degenerate development of the chancel screen as rood-lofts, after the Reformation, were used as the pew for the principal inhabitant of the parish. Fortunately it was removed at the restoration of 1860, but this

accentuated the shortness of the chancel. Towards the end of 1924 a new oak Rood Screen and loft was presented to the church by Mr. W. Favill Tuke. It is Gothic in character and the design is based on the normal East Anglian chancel screen of the fifteenth century—this light and open type being well suited to a wide and lofty church. The massive framework and delicacy of the tracery are particularly noteworthy, producing a sense of strength and refinement. The screen consists of eight bays, the two middle ones forming the doorway.

Rood-lofts were originally built to give access to the Great Rood and its lights, and for use as a musicians' or singers' gallery. It seems desirable, therefore, to give a meaning to the loft and also on historical grounds, that the blocked-up entrances should eventually be opened out and doors fitted.

Colour and the addition of a rood formed part of the architect's scheme, and these will probably be added when the congregation unanimously approve.

The screen is one of the most notable additions to the furniture of an Essex Church since the Reformation, and it has enhanced considerably the architectural beauties of the church which has few rivals of its period. (EDS.)



FAR AND NEAR.

Concerning Old Scholars.

Old Scholars who were in Group C last Term;

Donald Freeman is working with a carpenter in S. Walden.

Walter B. Gibson is working for Matric.

Kathleen Gostling.

Lalila K. O. Krohn and her brother have accompanied their parents to South Africa.

Eric W. Lee is working with his father.

H. Edward Lush is learning watchmaking at Malton, in Yorkshire.

Evelyn I. Scovell.

* * * * *

Molly Hodgett (1923-24) writes:

"During the greater part of the holidays we were surrounded by water, and ordinary gum-boots were of no avail. It was most exciting going into the village and across the fields by boat. Shepperton village itself had about two feet of water in the market place and we could not go along by boat because of the eddy which would have sucked it down. Now the mud is terrible and the drive up to the garage is like a ploughed field."

* * * * *

Kathleen H. Green (1920-23) writes:

"Laundry is our chief subject next term. I did much better in science than anything last term, which must have been due to Mr. Pumphrey's labours.

"We have some quite interesting holiday work to do. One thing is to furnish an artisan home on £60 and a professional flat on £120. We also have to collect prices and pictures of all

household brushes and cleaning utensils, and to make some labour-saving devices."

* * * * *

Joyce G. Tawell (1917-24) writes:

"I managed to get to the O.S. Soirée on January 12th, though the fog was terrible. It was jolly to see Walden faces again, especially those of several of the Staff. . . . I still enjoy immensely my days at the Academy. Usually I get in three hours' practising daily. Harmony, which is my second study, I find rather difficult to grasp (like Book IV. in Geometry) at present, but I expect it will get easier. I learn with Mr. Grant, who used to teach Miss Rees."

* * * * *

Barbara Sell (1920-23) writes from the Infants' Hospital, Vincent Square:

"I've been here almost a fortnight now. Really, before I came I was getting quite scared; everyone told us we should be utterly tired out to begin with, and warned us of the awfulness of hospital etiquette, and ended by saying it was really very jolly, although we should hate it at first—all of which wasn't encouraging. Still the beginning ought to be over by now, and I've not got tired or hated it. I got rather near at first, as we have some rather terrible cases—marasmus and malnutrition almost always as a foundation, which make many of the cases so hopeless. Not that the children die always, but life is going to be such an unequal struggle for them that one wonders which is best. Things like tubercular meningitis are terrible too, when the child is slowly dying for weeks. It is so difficult too to see the need for that suffering, and the war has so hardened us to suffering and pain and horror that people's imaginations will not be stirred. After all it is mostly preventable, caused by dark, sunless, airless homes and insufficient food. They are jolly contented little things though, many of them with terrible cockney accents when they can talk,

but as five is the age limit, and some of them are naturally very backward, that isn't often. One jolly little red-haired girl of eighteen months, whose chief trouble was a bad temper, went home to-day laden with toys. A bad temper sounds a funny thing to come to hospital for, but it gave her convulsions, and she ate what she liked and screamed at what she didn't, so people who were used to screaming and hadn't time to bother much about her likes and dislikes cured her. That, of course, is usually the great drawback—we have time to do just the most necessary things and no more. . . . My *Avenue* followed me here a few days ago. It does seem funny to see Lower School people turning into Senior Champions and to remember the Head Prefect in the Lower Third. There are so many new names too. People come and go very quickly."

* * * * *

Donald Redding (1912-14) was recently admitted to the Freedom of the City of London, and the presentation was made at the Guildhall. The Chamberlain said: ". . . The Rev. Donald Redding, who has not seen his father for ten years, has just returned home. The Lord Mayor thought that the Court would like to pay honour to one of their members by having the Presentation of the Freedom to his son made in the Council Chamber." The Chief Commoner said: ". . . The Rev. Donald Redding left England for Australia when sixteen years of age, in August, 1914. Shortly afterwards he joined the A.I.F. He saw service at the Front, and was afterwards invalided home to Australia. Taking orders some three years ago, he is now working as an assistant curate in a large parish in South Australia."

* * * * *

Mildred A. McKears (1921-24) writes from Battersea Polytechnic:

"At . . . last I have started cookery, . . . we are doing meat (steaming, baking, boiling) and fish. We do a little

housewifery this Term, but only the cleaning of metals, renovating leather and polishing wood. We have to make our own metal polish and compare it with standard polishes on the market."

* * * * *

Gertrude Rowland (1920-24) writes:

". . . As soon as I can—but I'm afraid it won't be until June—I hope to go to the Jennie Lind Hospital at Norwich. It is a children's hospital; the training is three years—rather a long time. Anita has now finished her six months' course at the De Bear Business Training School, and is now teaching in the same School."

* * * * *

Herbert E. Emson (1907-10), writing from Tanganyika Territory, says:

" Just a line to let you know that I have been in correspondence with Harvey Agnew. He was surprised to hear that I was out here. I like this country very much so far, and, of course, veterinary work is always interesting. At the present moment I am at Mpapua, about 200 miles inland. There is a large Veterinary Laboratory here, where we do all the experimenting and manufacture serum for inoculating cattle suffering with Rhinderfest. Mpapua itself is situated in the middle of a ring of mountains, and is 5,000 feet above sea level. The Germans first built the laboratory here and the idea for building it here was to be able to confine cattle with disease inside this ring of hills without them escaping and spreading the disease. We are expecting the East African Commission here next Tuesday and we are going to do some operations and demonstrations. There is no end of game here, of all descriptions, including lion, leopard, wild pig, rhinoceros, giraffe, zebra, and all kinds of buck. I have shot quite a number of buck, which make very good eating, but have not been fortunate enough to get any of the big game yet. There are also guinea fowl in abundance here and they are very easy to shoot. These are

also excellent food. Living, on the whole, is fairly cheap here. One can buy fifty eggs for a shilling, and chickens at 6d. each or less. Meat is also cheap, running about 2¼ lbs. for 6d. Tinned stuff of course is dear, as it has to come from abroad. I expect to be here about another fortnight, and then to go about 1,000 miles up country to Mwanza, which is on Lake Victoria. Strange to say, Agnew is also on Lake Victoria, but at Musoma, which is quite close to Mwanza; so I expect we shall see a good deal of each other, which will be very nice. When I leave here I go by train to Tabora, and then walk 300 miles across country to Mwanza. I expect it will take about twenty days, as fifteen miles per day in the tropics is considered good going. I have been very fit since I have been out here, and the hot climate suits me. I expect to get leave in eighteen months' time. The time goes very quickly out here, as the days are short; it gets dark about six o'clock all the year round."

SCHOOL DIARY.

Nov. 1st.—Football Match: Boys' XI. *v.* Bishop's Stortford School, away, won, 3—2.
Lantern Lecture: "Tutankhamen," Mr. Blake.

,, 6th.—N.H.S. Mtg. Meteorological Report, A. Mazower; Diary, Lalila Krohn and Doris Marshall; Current Events Report, Mary Close and Iris Harris; Essays, "Egyptian Architecture," D. Edmundson; "The Snipe, the Wild Duck and the Kingfisher," Joan Gundry; "Rays," E. Lee.

,, 8th.—Hockey Match: 1st XI. *v.* Saffron Walden Ladies, home, won, 4—1.
Football Match: Boys' XI. *v.* Saffron Walden Juniors, home, won, 2—0.
Avenue Concert.

Nov. 13th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Diary, Donald Freeman and Kathlee. Robson; Essays: "Sailing Ships," T. Runciman; "Time," Jean Champness; Pianoforte Solo, "Allemande" from Bach's Sixth French Suite, Rosemary Wooldridge. Two-minute Speeches.

" 15th.—Football Match: Boys' XI. *v.* Horneybrook 2nd XI., home, drawn, 2—2.
Lantern Lecture: "Elizabethan London," Mr. G. Edwards.

" 18th.—Hockey Match: 1st XI. *v.* Training College, home, lost, 3—5.

" 20th.—N.H.S. Mtg. Diary, E. and J. Lush; Current Events Report, P. Crow and J. Burtt; Meteorological Report, A. Mazower; Essays, "Bees," C. J. Lee; "Bats," Doris Marshall; "The Habits of Owls," A. Wright; "The Animals of Madagascar," Jean Champness.

" 22nd.—Hockey Match: 1st XI. *v.* Haverhill Ladies, away, lost, 3—5.
Football Match: Boys' XI. *v.* Debden 2nd XI., away, won, 6—1.
Lantern Lecture: "The Peak District of Derbyshire," Mr. Platt.

" 26th.—Football Match: Boys' XI. *v.* Harlow 1st XI., away, drawn, 2—2.

" 27th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Social Evening.

" 29th.—Hockey Match: 1st XI. *v.* The Cam Club, away, won, 14—0.
Football Match: Boys' XI. *v.* Horneybrooke 2nd XI., home, drawn, 2—2.
Lantern Lecture: "Russia in the Making," Mr. Burtt.

Dec. 3rd.—Football Matches: Boys' XI. *v.* Newport G.S., away, won, 3—0.
Boys' 2nd. XI. *v.* Newport G.S. 2nd. XI., home, won, 5—1
Boys' Reading Club Mtg.

" 4th.—N.H.S. Mtg. Meteorological Report, A. Mazower; Diary, Joyce Maybery and Betty Milne; Current Events Report, Freda Emson and Helen Baker; Essays, "Some Freaks of Nature," D. Bartlett and B. LeMare; "The Wild Habits of Domesticated Animals," Lalila Krohn; "Clouds," H. MacGowan; "Ferns," Mary Close, Kathleen Priestman and Betty Milne.

Dec. 6th.—Girls' Gymnastic Competition.
Musical Evening on "Grieg."

,, 8th.—Girls' Reading Club Mtg.

,, 11th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Diary, W. B. Gibson and Joyce Rayner; Essays, "A Breton Village," K. L. Whitlow; "A Country Fair Day," Mary Close; "A Little About Horses," Freda Emson. Pianoforte Solo, Allegro, 3rd Movement, Beethoven "Opus 7," Frances Waters; Violin Solo, 2nd Movement of Grieg's "Sonata in C. Minor," Miss Rees.

,, 13th.—Pavilion Fête.
Lantern Lecture: "Egypt," Mr. E. H. Rowntree.

,, 18th.—End of Autumn Term.

Jan. 15th. 1925.—School re-opened.

,, 17th.—Hockey Match: 1st. XI. *v.* Bishop's Stortford Ladies, away, won, 3—2.

,, 22nd.—N.H.S. Mtg. Business Meeting. Diary, A. Mazower and H. McGowan; Current Events Report, B. Lemare and W. D. Priestman.

,, 24th.—Football Match: Boys' XI. *v.* Saffron Walden Juniors, home, lost, 0—1.
Hockey Match: 1st. XI. *v.* Cambridge Ladies, away, lost, 2—5.
Lecture: "The Save the Children Fund," Miss Darnley Nailler.

,, 28th.—Football Matches: Boys' XI. *v.* Newport G.S., home, won, 2—0; Boys' 2nd XI. *v.* Newport G.S. 2nd. XI., away, drawn, 0—0.

,, 29th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Diary, C. J. Lee; Essays, "Universities," A. Wright; "Greenwich," Beatrice Freestone; "A Lecture on Soap Bubbles," R. Alexander. Pianoforte Solo: "La Fileuse," D. Edmundson. Gramophone Records: Violin Solo, "Underneath the Stars," Kreisler; Song, "Ah vous dirai-je Maman?" Madame Galli Curci; Quartette in D maj. Minuet-Mozart, The Flongaley Quartette.

,, 31st.—Football Match: Boys' XI. *v.* Horneybrooke, home, won, 2—1.
Hockey Match: 1st XI. *v.* Saffron Walden Ladies, away, drawn, 2—2.
Lantern Lecture: "Our Heritage in the Tides," Mr. Wedmore.

Feb. 4th.—N.H.S. Excursion to Little Chesterford Church.

Feb. 5th.—N.H.S. Mtg. Diary, Kathleen Priestman; Current Events Report, Iris Harris and Doris Marshall; Meteorological Report, A. Mazower; Report of Excursion to Little Chesterford, Betty Milne and Madeleine Andrews; Talk on some Sea Creatures, Miss Priestman; Observational Essay, "Fresh Water Mussels," Mr. Morris.

,, 7th.—Hockey Matches: Girls' XI. *v.* Herts. and Essex H.S., away, won, 4—2.; Girls' 2nd XI. *v.* Herts. and Essex H.S. 2nd XI., home, lost, 1—3.
Lantern Lecture: "History of the Omnibus in London," Mr. Rowntree.

,, 12th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Diary, Frances Waters; Essays, "Weather Vanes," E. C. Aplin; "The Progress of Dance and Drama," Joan Gundry; "A Camping Experience," D. A. Bartlett. Pianoforte Solos, Waltz by Schubert and Mazurka by Cyril Scott, J. R. Evens; Grieg's "Schmetterlinge," Constance Newbery.

,, 14th.—Hockey Match: 1st XI. *v.* Haverhill Ladies, home, won, 5—3.
Lantern Lecture: "Bird Sanctuaries," Miss Turner.

,, 17th.—Hockey Match: 1st XI. *v.* Training College home, won 6—2.

,, 19th.—N.H.S. Mtg. Diary, W. D. Priestman and T. Runciman; Current Events Report, J. Lush, and A. Mazower; Meteorological Report, A. Mazower; Essays, "Cheddar Caves," R. Alexander; "The Clay Pits," Kathleen Priestman; "Wells Cathedral," J. R. Evens.

,, 21st.—Football Match: 1st XI. *v.* Foxes, home, lost, 3—5.
Concert.

,, 26th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Diary, B.A. Le Mare; Debates: "That a habitual attendance at the Cinema is pernicious," proposed by Mr. Moore, seconded by Iris Harris, opposed by A. Mazower, seconded by Doris Marshall, carried, 24 votes to 18. "That Sport is degenerating through Professionalism," proposed by A. L. Whitlow, seconded by Jean Champness, opposed by P. A. Crow, seconded by Mr. Mr. Smillie, carried, 22 votes to 21.

,, 28th.—Football Match: Boys' XI. *v.* Harlow College, home, won, 4—1.
Lantern Lecture: "Russia," Dr. Dunstan.

Mar. 5th.—Hockey Match: 1st XI. *v.* Saffron Walden Ladies, home, drawn 2—2.

NOTICES.

Three numbers of *The Avenue* will be published during 1925, price 8d. per copy (post free 10d.), or 2s. per annum (post free 2s. 6d.).

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

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

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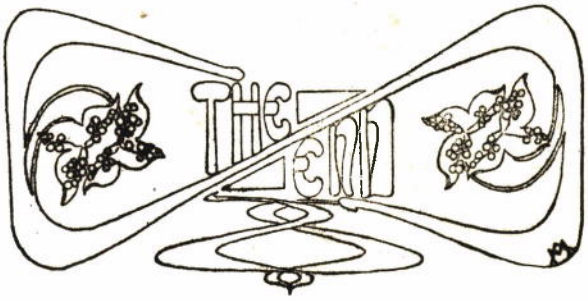
David Pearson, *Eric Peverett*, Florence D. Priestman,* Sarah Waites, *Frances Waters*, J. Penrose Whitlow.*

* To retire at the end of the year.

SCHOOL MAGAZINES.

We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following Magazines: *The Beckside* (Ayton), *The Island* (Sidcot), *Pine Cone* (Woodcraft Chivalry,) *Oak Leaves* (Oak Grove Seminary, New England Yearly Meeting), By *Kent and Skerne* (Polam Hall.)

The Initial letter at the commencement of the article headed "Antibes," was designed by *Kathleen Robson*.

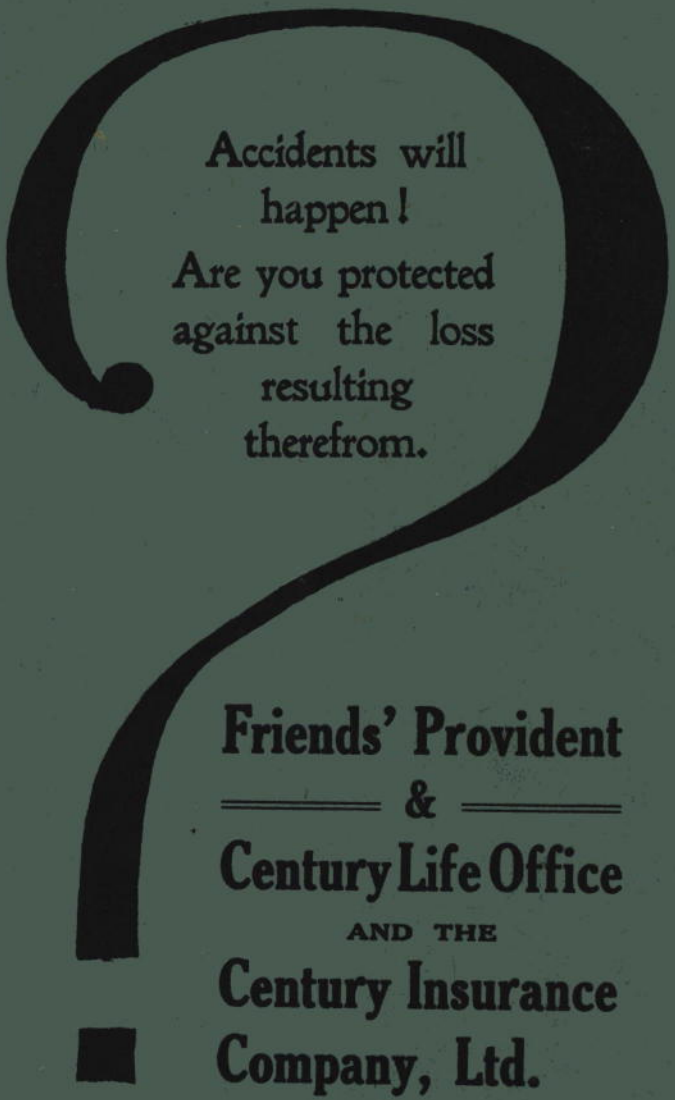




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