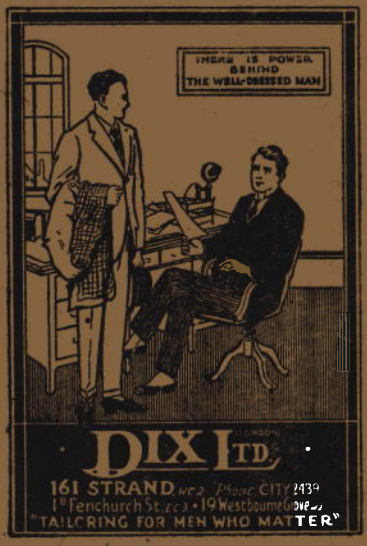
# THE AVENUE



JULY 1926

PER ARDUA AD ALTA




# The Holiday Trek

## Loch, Moor and Mountain

### The Call of the Open

all demand a change in attire.

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THE AVENUE.




The Magazine of the Friends' School, Saffron Walden.

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## FOREWORD.

OUR Summer Term this year began on April 28th, an earlier date than usual. We found new ones among us, six boys and six girls. Two former scholars, both girls, returned. One had been away for two years, and the other for one year.

The Spring Term was not free from infection, for we had several cases of measles, and one slight case of diphtheria. Owing to the quarantine, several matches, both hockey and football, were scratched. The diphtheria made it necessary to cancel the Inter-School Sports against Newport at the eleventh hour. Our own Sports were held at the appointed time, although they were affected by the epidemic. The measles continued through the holidays, and caused some people to come back late to School.

During last term preparations were made for the House Competitions in Literature, Art and Music. At the end of the term an evening was spent in the Lecture Hall, where we enjoyed an entertainment provided by various of the competitors.

We are glad to say that School life was only slightly affected by the Strike. There were no trains on the local line and no newspapers, but we had news bulletins from three different wireless receivers, and actually our only real difficulty was with the butter supply. However, Mr. Smillie and Miss Norrington went to Colchester, and returned with one hundredweight. They travelled by road in Mr. Smillie's car, which had previously been labelled by unknown hands, " For food only."

We congratulate Geoffrey Tawell on again winning a prize in the Inter-School Diary Competition.

On Wednesday, May 19th, some of the staff, boys and girls, made use of the " merit " half-holiday which had been arranged for that day, by going to Cambridge for the first day of the Australians' cricket match. In spite of the heavy rain which fell in the evening, we very much enjoyed our day.

This year General Meeting was held on Saturday, June 12th. In spite of the coal dispute and railway restrictions a large number of visitors came down, indeed, many more than we expected, and this fact seems to indicate that Saturday is *the* day for General Meeting. In the morning Mr. Engelmann, the donor of the trees, officially opened the new avenue, and in the afternoon there was a very successful performance of an old morality play, " The World and the Child."

JEAN CHAMPNESS.

(*Stage* 7.)

# CORRESPONDENCE.

## A Lament.

*To the Editor, The Avenue.*

I have returned home from Walden a sad and disappointed man.

I thought Walden was "it"—in our days it was *the* School. To-day I find present scholars deliberately wearing in the School, and on holidays, the ties of other Schools to which they are not entitled. Alas! I never thought the time would come when scholars would let their School down thus. I hear of one member of the cricket team who went to Cambridge wearing a Perse School tie!

It's sad. The world looks black. Where's the Walden spirit?

Mournfully yours,

J. Owen Clover.

[Editor.—What's to be done?]

## WHITSUN, 1926.



ITTING at supper on a certain evening, not long ago, I overheard the remark, "And this is the end of a perfect day." The evening referred to was the last evening of the Old Scholars' Reunion at Whitsun. On my way to the station the next morning I remarked to a friend, "And this is the end of a perfect week-end." And that was exactly how I felt. This suggests, I think, that those of us who were at Saffron Walden for the Whitsuntide week-end had what we speak of as "a good time." And we did. Yet I have a feeling that such statements are only partly true, so much so, in fact, that to one visitor, at any rate, this particular week-end is, he hopes, not so much an end as a beginning.

Certainly some of us know very much more about

" F.S.S.W." than we did before. To have talked with members of the School Staff, to have met so many of its Old Scholars and to have watched present scholars in their obvious enjoyment of all that the School offers, is to want to know still more. And so the " beginning " of which I wrote just now is, for some of us, that of a larger interest in all that concerns the School. Whitsun, 1926, has left us with a feeling that although we may not be able to claim either the privilege or the responsibilities of " Old Scholars " yet we can truly think and speak of the " Mother School of Walden." In fact, to be at Walden at Whitsuntide is to be thoroughly " caught " by its spirit and atmosphere.

By " atmosphere " I mean, of course, something more than the associated words climate and temperature suggest. I was told, and that by the highest authority, that it is always fine at Walden at Whitsuntide. As a visitor of one year's standing I can entirely confirm that statement and assure my readers that during the whole of the week-end about which I am writing it was really fine. (Incidentally, Mr. Editor, that is one of the reasons why I want to come to " S.W." again, because where I live it rains quite a lot. Does it often happen that you have nothing to register in your " rain-gauge " ?)

But, after all, the weather was only one of the many fine things that we enjoyed together. Everybody, from the youngest scholar to the senior member of the Staff, seemed to be intent on doing anything and everything to make us happy. Nor were they the only ones who so helped, for I recall the officers of the Old Scholars' Association and the many cheery messages which they sounded—sometimes in tones both loud and long—into our ears. Nor can one forget the joy of the " after meeting " walk and talk in Mrs. Midgley's lovely garden. But what need is there to mention such things ? After all, " S.W." is a home as well as a school. To be thoroughly " at home " is to live in the true family

manner and that, in short, is exactly what we all did last Whitsun.

There is neither time nor space for me to tell of the many special events of the week-end, of the stirring contests—by land and water—between Old and Present Scholars, the tennis tournament, the dancing, the dramatic performances by the School, the concert on Sunday evening, and last, but by no means least, the bonfire. And what a *bon feu* it was! And what singing! Even a reference to "the men that tanned the hides of us" was affectionately made and gave no lessened volume either of sound or feeling. Perhaps it was the sense of freedom from these indignities of the past that gave us such tongues and voices. There was no "Twelve Pound Look" but only a firm expression of desire for a yet closer attachment to the family circle. And the bonfire circle was but typical of the good fellowship and high comradeship of a notable week-end.

And how was all this possible? Rather, perhaps, should I ask why is such companionship between old and young, teacher and scholar, inevitable? For answer my mind goes back to the School Meeting on Sunday evening and to the address of the Headmaster in which he so clearly and so finely outlined the purpose, the meaning and the motive of it all in a search for goodness, truth and beauty. It was something more than a mere desire to renew the associations and acquaintances of former days that brought us together. It was to renew our quest and to recapture the spirit of high endeavour and worthy purpose in life that our School gave us, and is imparting to others, that we met and shall meet again at Whitsuntide. We meant it when we sang:—

> Walden's sons and daughters! Comrades in life's battle,
> Whether we be victors who have won the world's renown,
> Whether nameless heroes slowly pressing forward,
> Whether in life's sun or shade—for love of her, fight on.

It is thus that we have separated to our various ways in life, fired with desire and determination, *per ardua ad alta.*

A.N.

# FAR AND NEAR.

## Concerning Old Scholars.

*Old Scholars who were in Group C. last Term:*

Lucien Barritt.
Mabel Brewis.
George Cousins.
Winifred Eisenhardt.

* * * * *

Douglas McD. Dickson (1910–16) writes from Abeokuta, S. Nigeria:

". . . I have been out here for nearly 14 months now, and still have another 10 to do—two-year tours. I hope to get home just before Easter, provided my relief arrives in time, and to be at the School for Whitsun, 1927. I was in the Coast Head Office of the Niger Company in Lagos for nearly a year—and that was first-class purgatory! Up here, though, it's really very fine. The country is open scrub-land in Abeokuta, but further south you get almost impenetrable palm forest, through which runs the railway and a—no, *the* road. Anywhere else is reached by bush paths. My job is produce—palm oil, palm kernels and cocoa, chiefly, over an area 60 miles long; so most of my time is spent in the bush. Up in Abeokuta there are about thirty white folk all told, a very decent crowd. Cricket and tennis are the chief games. Football used to be played, but it's just a wee bit too hot! As a matter of fact, it's almost too hot to do anything; although the temperature is nothing extraordinary, the atmosphere is so humid that you feel the heat far more than usual. But after all, we're only three degrees from the Equator. Judging by the sound of things across the valley, there's a tornado on the way up. The last one stripped every picture off the walls and overturned the tables, besides tearing the mosquito net clean off the bed."

Two months later the same writer says :

". . . That tornado came all right—the worst one we've had so far by a long way. It cleared every picture off the walls of the bungalow, overturned a wicker table, and my writing-table looked as though a bomb had hit it ! The garage (corrugated iron) was blown down and the awning of the car smashed. The tornados always herald the rainy season, and diminish in fury as the rains increase."

* * * * *

Dorothea Halford (1917–21) writes from The Downs School, Colwall, nr. Malvern :

" I have been here a fortnight now and I just love it. I take the First Form for most subjects, with French in the Second and Third. (I am sure Miss Waites will laugh if you tell her.) I love the life here. There is not too much work. I never feel rushed, but on the other hand I have no time to feel dull. I play games with the First Form in the evenings while the others do " prep." and that keeps me fit. I also take third field cricket once a week. On Wednesday afternoons we take a long " hobby " walk, when fifteen small boys and I go off flower-hunting. It has always been wet so far, and we have come back like drowned rats, but still, we have found lots of flowers and I rather like the expeditions."

* * * * *

Barbara Sell (1920–23) writes from Tunbridge Wells :

" On Friday my *Avenue* came, and yesterday I turned out all my old papers and letters which made me remember S. Walden more than usual. . . . Mother is very much better though she hasn't yet taken over any household duties, so although I still hope one day to have a post and get my certificate the future is rather uncertain. Just now I am teaching (or trying to) a little girl of nine. She is an attractive child and a great tomboy. The measles epidemic here is the worst since 1918, I've heard. . . . Tunbridge Wells is a much more interesting place to live in than I once

imagined. . . . I am going as one of the representatives of the local Women Citizens' Association to a committee which is making arrangements for the Peace Pilgrimage early this summer. . . . I've managed to do quite a lot of reading lately. I wish one was born knowing a little more! There is so much to learn and so little time to do it in."

* * * * *

Grace Gibb (1918–24) writes about her visit to Westfield College to sit for the Entrance Examination:

"The whole experience, apart from the exams., which weren't at all nice except for a question here and there, was very exciting. . . . I had no idea before how interesting interviews could be. They weren't a bit all history as I had expected. . . . There was a tremendous number of candidates up—98 in all for 33 places. Doesn't it sound hopeless? . . . Did I tell you about the Lydia Rous Scholarship? —— who was second, did not need the money, and as I happened to come third on the list £40 for three years has fallen to my lot." Later she writes: "The miracle has happened. I've got a vacancy at Westfield. Hurrah! there's a chance of seeing Walden next year!"

* * * * *

The following extract from the *Cambridge Daily News* concerns John G. Davies (1920–23):

"To London in Invalid Chair.

"*Histon Man's Remarkable Journey.*

"A journey to London and back in an invalid chair is something of an achievement. This is how Mr. J. G. Davies, son of Dr. Davies, of Histon, spent the Whitsun holiday. Starting from home at 10.30 on Sunday morning, he reached London at 7.30, having stopped at Royston *en route* for dinner. The night was spent at the Swiss Cottage, North Finchley, and early in the morning Mr. Davies had a run into the city. Returning to Finchley, he left there at 12 o'clock and reached Cambridge safely at 8.30.

" Mr. Davies has ridden in his chair for ten years or more, but told a *Cambridge Daily News* representative that he has never been farther than Saffron Walden hitherto. He described his chair as the ' ordinary standard pattern,' and mentioned that he could travel at the rate of about ten miles an hour. ' But, of course, I have to go slow uphill,' he added."

* * * * *

Joyce Butler (*nee* Watts, 1911–16) writes from Nova Scotia, April 11th, 1926 :

". . . Do you know, we are still snow-bound, and everything outside is still frozen. We have had a terrible winter this year—snow, blizzards and tornados. Blizzards have lasted for four days and have piled the snow up feet deep. However, there is now little left, except where it has drifted. Spring will be very late this year, but how glad we shall be when it does come ! Can you imagine it here, with no green thing even in April ? There are no bulbs and no green grass even—it all dies in the winter. But when spring does come, it comes so fast that in three weeks it is summer, and it is so hot that we could almost wish winter back again."

* * * * *

Beatrice Freestone (1923–25) writes from hospital :

" I was very pleased to receive the Old Scholars' greeting, although I would rather have been at Walden myself. I've been in hospital nearly six weeks now, and I'm still in bed. Most people on this floor are up and dressed, and I do envy them. My turn will come soon, I expect, if I wait patiently. I'm hoping to go home in another six weeks' time.

" I do hope the Matric. people will do well this year."

* * * * *

Robert Basil Horne (1909–14) writes from Barnwell, Alberta, Canada :

". . . In 1920 I proceeded to Battle Creek, where I entered the internationally-known health institution—the

largest of its kind in the world. I am still connected with it, coming in contact with thousands of men and women from all parts of the world. The institution has grown from a small two-story house to an immense establishment, with equipment for dealing with more than a thousand patients.

"At present I am visiting my brother, Arthur, on his eighty-acre farm in Southern Alberta. This is the first time we have met in fifteen years; we were sure glad to meet again. The climate is ideal; perpetual sunshine over half the year, and excellent soil to raise nearly anything.

"Perhaps you remember Johnny Bull at Walden; well, he's out here at Tabor. He is to be married this coming month and settle down to housekeeping. Hilda Rye, now Mrs. Carter, lives some fifty miles to the north of here."

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## THE PLANTING OF THE NEW AVENUE.

THE first part that the scholars played in the making of the new Avenue was the digging of the holes in which the trees were to be placed. Having ascertained the position of their holes from the drawing that had been prepared, the boys and some of the girls made their way to the site of the new Avenue on the farther side of the gardens and sanatorium, and there, while some enjoyed the opportunity to become really dirty with an excuse, others made futile attempts to keep clean during the operation of digging.

By the time that these holes were finished the holidays had arrived, and no doubt during the holidays the gardeners were engaged for many hours improving our attempts at quarrying.

Some time afterwards during the next term, the trees arrived and the actual planting began. We went down in appointed groups to the site of the new Avenue, to finish off the good work begun the term before.

The first thing was to fetch the trees from the other side of the field and some of the earlier planters to whom this task fell, probably felt that although it may look glorious to wander about carrying uprooted trees upon one's shoulders, it certainly does not feel it ! Even young trees can be very heavy. Again it was not only possible, but very probable, that if one was walking anywhere near another tree-carrier, either the sharp twigs or the muddy end of the other tree would come into violent and unpleasant contact with one's face. Thus, to the casual observer, these honest labourers must have seemed rather unsociable, and even anxious to avoid one another.

However, the reward of labour was not long in coming. For there came a time when the planters could stand, hands in pockets, watching other people labouring to hold their tree approximately upright, while the earth was replaced round the roots.

With what delight and pride must some of these young foresters have returned to view their handiwork and to read with satisfaction the legend, "Planted by X, 1926," which had been affixed to their tree !

During the planting operations, there were no doubt many people who, with me, rejoiced to see that Russian boots were at least of some use in muddy places, if nowhere else.

Well, after the trees were well and truly planted, it remained to be seen whether they would behave as all self-respecting trees would. Some of them, it is to be feared, had a hard struggle to show signs of life at the seasonal moment. However, most of them were successful, and by the beginning of the summer term, were happily out in leaf.

*Ernest T. Farrell.*
(*Stage* 6).

# MY TAME SQUIRRELS.

ONE day I was in the wood bird-nesting with my friends, when we came to a rather thorny tree. We looked about and saw a bundle of leaves, moss and dried grass. I climbed up and when I was half way up a grey squirrel came out and jumped to one of the branches near to the nest. I was afraid to put my hand into the nest, because if there had been another big squirrel inside, it would have given me a nasty bite.

I climbed down and we all got hold of the tree and shook till the nest broke and three baby squirrels fell out, while the mother squirrel jumped wildly from branch to branch.

I picked them up and was just about to kill them when I remembered that our cat had two kittens and she might bring them up. I put them in my pocket and took them to the stable where the cat had her kittens. The cat was not there, so we left them with the kittens. We came back about an hour later and found the cat lying stretched out with the squirrels and kittens feeding.

At first the squirrels were very timid and if you picked them up they would scream as hard as they could. They reminded one very much of newts. They began to get very tame and would try to knock the kittens over and while doing so would make funny grunting noises as if it was such hard work. Once or twice we dipped their noses in some milk to see if they would drink.

When they were bigger they began to crawl about the place, and very often we lost them, but soon found them again. Most of the time they were very sleepy, and lay curled up under the kittens because they hadn't much fur. Their tails were, however, just beginning to get bushy.

One of the men in the village got to know about them, and wrote to the press people. The next day one of the men came down to photograph them. It was a nasty wet day and



*Photograph by courtesy of Photopress*]

TAME SQUIRRELS.

we had to bring them outside because it was too dark in the place. At first they would not keep still. First the kittens would start to me-ow and the cat would carry them away by the scruff of the neck, and we had to bring them back again. When we had got them nicely arranged the squirrels would start to squeak and crawl away under the kittens. Then the cat would get up and wag her tail angrily and spit at anybody who came near her. But at last the sun came out and they settled down and we managed to get five snaps of them.

*E. Day.*
(*Stage* 2).

## A NIGHT ON THE MOOR.

"EDWARD," whispered Dick, his voice hushed and excited, "Edward, are you ready?"

"Wait a minute, I am not properly awake."

"All right, I will go and get Joyce."

As soon as Dick's footsteps sounded faint along the wide corridor, Edward jumped out of bed. He was a strongly built, handsome lad of eight, his yellow curly hair clinging closely to his well-shaped forehead. He was the youngest of three children. Dick, the eldest, a strong, active, but not handsome boy of fourteen years, was the image of his father, Sir Richard Godfrey. Joyce, twelve years of age, was tall and her dark hair cut short, curled slightly at the side of the head. She joined her brothers in every adventure. The youngest child was Edward. They lived with their mother and father in a large mansion on the edge of a moor. This moor was said to be haunted by a ghost that made strange noises in the night. It was to make sure of this saying, that the three children had risen at this untimely hour of the night.

Edward dressed quickly, and by the time Richard reappeared with Joyce he was ready. "Shall we wear coats?" said Edward.

"I should think so," answered Joyce decidedly.

" Whew, this is something worth doing, old girl," remarked Dick, as he helped Joyce into her large fur coat. Then he turned and addressed them both. " Now's your last chance," he said. " If you funk it say so, and I'll go without you."

" I'm coming," said Joyce, while Edward swore to stick to his brother whatever happened.

They crept downstairs, out of one of the side doors, and found themselves in the avenue of chestnuts which led to the moor. It was a clear night and the full moon shone down on them, and Edward as he looked up at the sky, suddenly declared, " I'm going to be an Astronomer."

" You have not much chance if you don't work harder," said Joyce, which was quite true, as Edward was a dunce at lessons.

" Sh ! we shall be heard," warned Dick. They were silent and dodged from tree to tree down the avenue, so that even if someone had looked out of a window of the mansion they would not have been seen.

" Is it not heavenly ? " said Dick as he turned a somersault on the grass. They jumped the narrow stream which was on the edge of the moor, and saw the large moor spreading for miles in front of them without a tree or building on it.

" Let's run," said Dick, " it's rather cold." They ran for a long time until they were on the highest point of the moor. It was now pitch-dark, as the sky had become cloudy. Suddenly they stopped. Dick, whose heroes were the Red Indians, lay on the ground and listened. " There are some people quite close," he said. " I can hear them." They all lay flat and still.

" Stop ! you fool ; I heard a noise," said a gruff man, catching hold of a young, slim boy by the neck, and thrusting him backwards. " I believe I heard some people."

" Stuff and nonsense ! it's only the wind in the grass," said a second speaker.

" I think we are going to be unlucky in this thing," put in a small voice.

" You shut up with your thinks or you'll get it thick," said the first speaker, whose name was Bill.

" Yes, you kid," added the second speaker. " We got you to work, not to plague us with your talk. You hold your tongue, else you'll get something," and he emphasised this last phrase by giving the unhappy child a severe cuff on the ears.

" That's right ; give it him, the brat, the miserable brat."

" Let's get on," said the first speaker.

" All right," came the answer. " Which way ?"

" Make eastward to the lane and down it to the mansion." That was all the children heard, for the speakers went on in the opposite direction. Immediately the children guessed that the men were about to rob the mansion.

" We must warn Dad," said Dick, after waiting for the men to get out of hearing-distance. " Let's take the short cut home." They started off at a run, but had not gone 100 yards, when Dick fell ; he had caught his foot in a hole and had sprained his ankle. He lay still. Meanwhile Joyce told Edward to go on home while she stayed with Dick. He ran off in the right direction.

Soon Dick opened his eyes, and asked for Edward. Joyce told him where he had gone. Dick set his teeth and rose with the help of Joyce, saying, " He will get lost, we must follow him at once." They started off slowly, Dick leaning on Joyce's shoulder and limping along. After a short time his weight increased and he collapsed in a faint in Joyce's arms. The pain of walking had been too much for him. Joyce laid him down, took off his shoe and rubbed his ankle. Then she took off her coat and laid it over him.

All this time Edward had been making quick progress towards his home. At last he arrived there. He banged on the front, main door, and it seemed ages before it was opened by a footman who exclaimed, " Master Edward !" But Edward rushed past him through the lounge and up the front

stairs to his father's bedroom. He rushed to the bed and threw himself on it, shouting, " Dad, Dad !" His father awoke, but before he could say anything, Edward blurted out the whole story.

His father rang at once for the butler, and told him to get the men of the house and the estate immediately and to assemble them in the front hall. Soon all the men of the house and the gardeners also were gathered in the front hall, while Sir Richard gave out orders. Half the men were to be placed at equal distances around the house, while some were to be at the foot of the drive, and others were to stay in the mansion and not to frighten the ladies and women servants who slept in the Mansion. Sir Richard, the head butler and Edward set out in search of Dick and Joyce.

By this time the thieves had reached the lane, and had come down it to the drive, at the entrance of which they were jumped upon by five or six men, who after a short struggle led them as captives to the mansion.

A mist was now rising on the moor, and even with the largest lantern they possessed, Sir Richard and his companions could barely see a yard in front of them. When they had gone about two miles Sir Richard shouted " Joyce," but there was no answer. He shouted again and again. At last there came a feeble answer of " Father." They made in the direction of the voice and came upon the two poor children who were all but frozen.

Dick, now recovered from his faint, was carried by his father, while Joyce was carried by the butler, and with poor Edward limping behind, they made their way homewards. On arriving at the mansion, they found that the burglars had been caught and taken to the police station.

*Francina N. Close.*
(*Stage* 4).
*Edith H. Kilbey.*
(*Stage* 3).

# AN EXCURSION TO ELY CATHEDRAL.

ON Saturday, March 13th, a party composed of 13 girls, 16 boys and 8 members of the staff, having come out early from lessons, hurried down to the station to catch the 11.8 to Audley End, and on to Ely, the object of the excursion.

Having eventually arrived there, the first thing to do was to have the lunch which had been packed up for us. We, therefore, walked along the riverside until we found a suitable spot where we halted. From there we got our first glimpse of the Cathedral as the sunshine broke out from behind some black clouds.

After we had finished our lunch, we directed our steps to the Cathedral. On the way we noticed how pieces of the old monastery had been built into the houses surrounding it, and as we came up to the Cathedral, we passed under an archway through some beautiful Tudor houses.

Our plan was to study the building first from the exterior and we commenced from the North side. The first part we came to was the Lady Chapel, typical of the Decorated period, with its very large windows and necessary massive buttresses to support the heavy lead roof. The mouldings were shallow, but the battlements were carved profusely, giving a light lace-like effect. The images of saints which filled the many niches, and the stained glass, had been broken during the Reformation.

Then we came to the North Transept, joining the Lady Chapel to the main building. This is one of the Norman relics, revealing a lower roof, smaller windows and consequently lighter buttresses. The overhanging cornice was interesting.

Next in order was the Presbytery and Choir which are mostly early English. Most noticeable were the flying buttresses to add extra support to the roof, and the whole of the east front, which is composed of a series of lancet windows

in tiers, with five in the lowest, then three and five above. These were separated by clusters of deeply cut, beautifully moulded columns, giving a lovely light and shade effect. Dog-tooth moulding and empty niches were noticeable. As we went round to the south side, we saw several fine gargoyles and some beautiful ball flower decoration by the Chapel of Bishop West.

The South Transept, like the North, is Norman and contains the library. A sun dial was to be seen on the walls. Here our attention was drawn to several houses, the ancient infirmaries, built in the style of a Church.

On passing, we noticed St. Catherine's Chapel, and the old Grammar School, with its little chapel, a perfect example of " Decorated " work.

The South-West Transept Tower is peculiar in that it is Norman at the base and Early English at the top. The transition can be seen in the change from the round-topped windows at the bottom, to the trifoliate and finally the pointed ones.

The beautiful lantern next occupied our attention. It is octagonal with flying buttresses, and is in two parts, the lower of stone while the upper was made of lead covered oak.

Then came the West Tower which is Norman up to about half way. It is surmounted with a stone octagon in place of the original lead spire.

The North-West Transept Tower fell in some hundred years ago, and its entrance is now blocked, so we came into the famous Galilee porch, an example of " Early English " work at its height. Its chief features are, first, the fine clusters of Purbeck pillars, then the dog-tooth moulding, and lastly the deep floriated designs which adorn the doorway.

The Nave was built in 1100 by Abbot Simeon, but later alterations included a considerable lengthening, and a " Perpendicular " Triforium to admit more light.

The South-West Transept, once blocked, is now restored on the original lines. We noted its beautiful intersecting

Norman arches. The " Perpendicular " Triforium is high, and the Clerestories are " Early English."

Opening from this is St. Catherine's Chapel which retains its original round apse, being a good example of a Norman Chapel.

The aisles are low and two-storied, the upper being supported by Norman pillars, which are not typical, since they have projections.

As we halted under the lantern Mr. Hill, a verger, offered to guide us, and from him we got many dates. The lantern above us replaced a tower, which fell in 1322, injuring the first three bays of the Choir. The damage however was put right by Abbot Northwold, who built the lanterns. It is lined with oak, which is finely painted and we noticed how on the capitals or the corners were carved many saints. Before us was the lovely light screen carved by Gilbert Scott in 1851.

The vaulting of the roof of the Presbytery, to which we then came, varies with the dates of its construction. The " Early English " choir has palm leaf vaulting, while the " Decorated " bits farther on were most elaborate.

We next admired the 14th century stalls with their carved oak miserere seats, and noticed the corbel at the end of each point of the vaulting. Several monuments of bishops, in Purbeck stone, were seen, also the watch-chamber from which monks guarded the costly Shrine of Etheldrida, the patron saint.

At this moment we were conducted up the Great Tower, and after traversing numerous upper passages, from which we obtained grand views of the interior, and winding up dark stairways, we emerged onto the roof. Here, 215 feet above sea-level we had an excellent view of the surrounding fenland.

Having safely descended the stairs we visited the " Perpendicular " Chapels of Bishop Alcock and Bishop West, which were beautifully carved into intricate daintiness.

The Lady Chapel with its simple beauty, its fine vaulted roof and figures in bas-relief along the wall, contrasted much with these chapels.

We now realised, much to our regret, that we had to leave, and so, after hastily seeing the Prior's Door, and the site of the cloisters, we left the grand cathedral, having feasted our eyes on a perfect harmony of line, mass and colour.

*Jean M. Champness.*
(*Stage* 7).
*Doris M. Marshall.*
(*Stage* 7).
*Iris M. Harris.*
(*Stage* 6).

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## THE AUSTRALIANS AT CAMBRIDGE.

MOST people by now realise that the Australians have come in full force to try and overcome the flower of English Cricket, but it seems that they have reckoned without the weather, because owing to the rain few of the matches they have so far played have been finished.

However, on May 19th most of the people who were going to Cambridge were optimistic, for the school weather prophet had been consulted, and his verdict had been " fine, with showers locally." On the strength of this some sixty people started out either by bicycle or in one of the many cars that had been hired, for the Fenner's Cricket Ground.

We arrived at the ground about an hour before the start of play, and, as few people had yet arrived, we were able to obtain excellent seats. To fill up the time before play began people wandered about, or looked knowingly at the pitch, as if they had been used to first-class pitches all their life.

Just before eleven various members of both elevens came out to practise at the nets. Naturally there was a great rush to see these men, and many rash guesses were made as to the

names of the players. One girl even expressed her surprise that the bowlers didn't bowl full-pitches or grubs !

Cambridge won the toss, so Lowe and Dawson opened the innings for the University. The fielders were always on the tips of their toes, ready to run in either direction after the ball, but they seemed to have an uncanny knack of always being where they were wanted.

Lowe soon fell to a catch at wicket, and during the interval before the next batsman arrived, some of the fielders showed us the Australian fielding practice which to an onlooker appeared more like juggling, as the ball always appeared to go in the opposite direction from which it was thrown.

The scoring was not fast, and by the lunch interval the score stood at 52 for 2 wickets. During this interval a party of Walden girls had their photograph taken by a press-man. The photograph duly appeared in one of the picture papers, and under it were words to this effect : " Some enthusiastic students watch the game with keenness and understanding."

During the afternoon the main feature was a " stand " between Dawson and Enthoven, who put on sixty-five, before the former was caught at short leg with a remarkable catch by the Australian Captain.

When the tea interval came the Cambridge side had lost half their wickets for 108 runs. And then it rained ! The pitch was covered with tarpaulins, but soon pools of water were seen collecting near the pitch.

People ran for shelter, and our cars were 'phoned for, as all hope of more play had been given up. We came back to school only to find that there had been no rain at Walden.

Everybody who went must have learnt something, whether from the Australian fielding or the batting of the Light Blues, and we are all indebted to Mr. Brereton, who arranged for the conveyance to Cambridge.

*K. L. Whitlow.*
(*Stage* 7).

# ATHLETIC SPORTS.

THE Athletic Sports went off with the usual keenness. This year there was more than the usual competition for the position of senior boy runner-up. The Champion was Norman Elithorn, who seemed to find that very little effort was necessary to gain his points. Finally Donald Bartlett became runner-up, the more easily owing to William Armstrong's absence in the Sanatorium.

There was the usual large number of entries for the Junior events. Peter Snow gained the most points, but was closely followed by Bernard Cousins.

These sports have been fairly fruitful in records, though they cannot be compared to last year's achievements. P. Snow broke the record for the junior long jump, and, in one of the most exciting items on the programme, Morland broke their last year's record in the House Relay Race, beating Godlee by only a very few yards.

Morland easily won the Tug-of-War, mainly owing to their weight.

On the other side of the school, Jean Champness was the Senior Champion and Betty Milne, the runner-up. Of the juniors, Joan Bull was an easy first, her times for some races being less than those of the Seniors. However, in spite of her excellent running she was unable to break any of the records that she had made previously. Cherry Joseph was junior runner-up.

In the House Sports, Morland was an easy first followed by Godlee and then Crosfield.

It was with much sorrow that we learnt on the last Saturday of term, and indeed only a few hours before they were to commence, that the Inter-School Sports, for which we had been practising for some weeks, had been cancelled owing to infection in the school.

*W. D. Priestman.*
*(Stage 7).*

# RESULTS

## BOYS

**SENIOR**

CROSS COUNTRY :—1, Elithorn ; 2, LeMare i. ; 3, Parley ; 4, Bartlett ; 5, Armstrong. 21 m. 2⅝ secs.
MILE :—1, Elithorn ; 2, Armstrong ; 3, Bartlett. 5 m. 15 secs.
880 yds :—1, Elithorn ; 2, LeMare i. 2 m. 21 secs.
440 yds :—1, Elithorn ; 2, Bartlett, 3, Priestman. 58⅘ secs.
100 yds :—1, Elithorn ; 2, Bartlett ; 3, Priestman. 11⅕ secs.
LONG JUMP :—1, Priestman ; 2, Bartlett ; 3, Elithorn. 16 ft. 5 ins.
HIGH JUMP :—1, Priestman ; 2, Elithorn ; 3, Bartlett. 4 ft. 8½ ins.
THROW :—1, Elithorn ; 2, Farrell ; 3, Bartlett, 79 yds. 0 ft. 4 ins.

**JUNIOR**

CROSS COUNTRY :—1, Goss ; 2, Cousins ii. ; 3, Parsons ; 4, Snow ; 5, Francis iii. 13 m. 10⅘ secs.
MILE :—1, Goss ; 2, Parsons ; 3, Snow ; 4, Francis iii. 5 m. 59 secs.
880 yds :—1, Snow ; 2, Cuthbertson ; 3, Parsons. 2 m. 42⅘ secs.
440 yds :—1, Snow ; 2, Cuthbertson ; 3, Cousins ii. 69⅕ secs.
100 yds :—1, Cousins ii. ; 2, Prime ; 3, Snow. 13⅕ secs.
LONG JUMP :—1, Snow ; 2, Cuthbertson ; 3, Engelmann. 14ft. 11½ ins.
HIGH JUMP :—1, Cousins ii. ; 2, Lush and Snow. 4 ft. 0½ ins.
THROW :—1, Lush ; 2, Francis ii. ; 3, Godden. 55 yds. 2 ft. 6 ins.

**OPEN.**

880 yds. HANDICAP :—1, Rees ; 2, Kohler ; 3, Cousins iii.
220 yds. HANDICAP :—1, Turner ; 2, Godden ; 3, Parsons.
OBSTACLE RACE :—1, Bartlett ; 2, LeMare i. ; 3, Forward ii.

## GIRLS

**SENIOR.**

100 yds :—1, B. Milne ; 2, M. Berry ; 3, D. Powell. 13⅗ secs.
220 yds :—1, B. Milne ; 2, D. Powell ; 3, J. Champness. 32 secs.
440 yds :—1, J. Champness ; 2, B. Milne ; 3, D. Powell. 72 secs.
THROW :—1, J. Champness ; 2, B. Milne ; C. Leverett. 44 yds. 2 ft.
LONG JUMP :—1, D. Powell ; 2, J. Champness ; 3, B. Milne and N. Child. 13 ft. 6 ins.
HIGH JUMP :—1, J. Champness ; 2, B. Milne ; 3, D. Powell. 4 ft. 1⅓ ins.
HOCKEY DRIBBLE :—1, J. Champness ; 2, M. Brewis ; 3, I. Harris.

**JUNIOR.**

100 yds :—1, J. Bull ; 2, E. Kilbey ; 3, I. Goss. 13⅕ secs.
220 yds :—1, J. Bull ; 2, J. Braithwaite ; 3, E. Kilbey. 32 secs.
THROW :—1, E. Day ; 2, B. French ; 3, J. Bull. 44 yds. 2 ft.*
LONG JUMP :—1, J. Bull ; 2, C. Joseph ; 3, B. French. 11 ft. 5 ins.
HIGH JUMP :—1, C. Joseph ; 2, J. Bull ; 3, M. Medcalf. 3 ft. 9 ins.
HOUSE RELAY RACES.
BOYS' (6 hundreds) :—1, Morland ; 2, Crosfield. 77 secs.*
GIRLS' (6 seventy-fives) :—1, Godlee ; 2, Crosfield. 65⅘ secs.*
JUNIOR MIXED (6 seventy-fives) :—1, Godlee ; 2, Crosfield. 70 secs.

* School Record.

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

Boys' Cupholder :—J. N. Elithorn.
GIRLS' CUPHOLDERS : Jean Champness.
BOYS' JUNIOR CUPHOLDER :—P. Snow.
GIRLS' JUNIOR CUPHOLDER :—Joan Bull.

# SCHOOL ATHLETICS.

FOOTBALL, 1925–6.

| | Played | Won | Lost | Drawn | Goals For | Goals Agst. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| School XI .. | 7 | 2 | 3 | 2 | 20 | 21 |
| Boys' XI .. | 13 | 9 | 4 | – | 66 | 21 |

THE last season has been a very successful one for the Boys' XI. The team was re-arranged after the first match, and J. N. Elithorn went centre-forward, and K. L. Whitlow went right-back, whilst B. Le Mare took the latter's place at centre-half. The forward line was thus made much stronger, and some good scores were obtained, the highest being 11—0 against Horneybrooke F.C. and Harlow College, and 10—0 against Newport Grammar School. J. N. Elithorn obtained seven of the goals against Harlow, and G. N. A. Smith had seven to his credit against Horneybrooke F.C.

J. N. Francis (goal) and K. L. Whitlow (back) were excellent in times of difficulty. The half-back line was quick on the ball, and also fed the forward-line well.

The forward-line was weak on the whole in the School XI, whilst the defence was generally able to hold the opposing forward-line.

Morland again won the football tournaments, with Godlee second, and Crosfield third.

Colours were awarded during the season to J. N. Francis, D. A. Bartlett, E. T. Farrell, B. A. Le Mare, G. N. A. Smith, and A. W. Gibb.

*J. N. Elithorn.*
(*Boys' Captain*).

HOCKEY, 1925–26.

The Hockey this season, especially during the second term, has not been up to the usual School standard. Owing to



*Photograph by*] [H. B. LEMERE

THE CRICKET FIELD.

infection several matches had to be scratched, and of the eleven played we won only four, scoring 34 goals against 41.

Although the numerous alterations made in the team during the season may in some measure have accounted for the unreliability of the play, we cannot wholly excuse ourselves on that ground. We hope for a stronger team in the coming season.

Colours were awarded to M. Andrews.

*Joyce Maybery.*
*(Girls' Captain).*

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## JACK BROWN.

JACK BROWN was born in a little house of two storeys He was the eldest of twelve children. As was the custom in these parts Jack spent most of his spare time in playing with his companions in the street and thus being without the care of his father, most of the time he frequently got into trouble and was often severely punished. I am afraid 'no corporal punishment' was not the rule practised at Jack's home. His first great adventure happened when he was six. He and about ten other boys were hanging on behind a cart with oranges in it, and were taking them out of a box inside. A policeman saw this and before Jack knew anything he found himself caught by the collar.

"You come along with me, young 'un," the policeman said, and, followed by a small crowd, Jack was taken to a police station, and was given six strokes with the birch and two years' probation. Luckily for him he managed to keep out of serious trouble for those two years, but hardly had his time expired when he was up to his pranks again. His mother had bought him a new pair of boots, a rare thing for people like Jack's parents. They had been saving up for a long time and at last they had sufficient money. Two days

afterwards Jack saw some slate on the roof of a warehouse and he thought it would be nice to sell it and get some sweets with the money. He climbed up the drain pipe and got onto the roof. He started to pull the slate off with his hands, but this he could not manage so he took off one of his new boots and began to hammer with it. This loud noise was heard by a man who happened to be in the loft, and who came on to the roof. Off went Jack as fast as he could, but unfortunately he left his boot behind. His mother was naturally furious and made him take her to the place where he had lost it. Up climbed Jack to get the boot, but the man was still there and Jack was caught.

"Now then, young man, just you come along with me." So Jack was again taken to the police station and again he was given six strokes with the birch and two years' probation.

After the first year had passed, Jack could not control himself. Near Jack's home there was a fishmarket, on the site of which is now King Edward's Park. This used to be one of the favourite haunts of Jack and his companions. They used to swim in the Thames and play football and other games on land. A very popular game with Jack and his crowd was a window breaking competition. The boys would get a dozen stones and stand about twenty yards away from some disused warehouse. Then they saw how many windows they could break with their twelve shots. The game was by no means pleasant for the owners of the buildings, so a number of police were lying in ambush for the window-smashers. As the latter came up the police rushed out on them. What a fighting mass there was! Jack hadn't many brains but his instinct told him it was silly to stay there, and away he ran with a fat policeman puffing after him. Jack came to a high house and climbed up the water pipe. Fortunately for him the policeman had to stay at the bottom and stiffen his neck as he watched Jack in his upward course. Then when he was nearly at the top the policeman gave the alarm

to the people who were in the house. Jack thus had to run along the housetops until he came to a water pipe that went downwards. Down he went, but he did not look before he descended. The pipe only went half way down so he was left dangling in mid-air. By a clever swing he managed to get into a window, where he found himself in a living room. Very luckily for him no one was inside, so he ran down the stairs and out into the street. On the way back to his home he met one of his companions who told him that five boys had been taken by the police. During this time, of course, he had been at school and many troubles he got into there. His master kept a lot of confiscated cigarette cards in his desk. Jack got hold of the key and while all his school mates were in the playground he took the lot. The master naturally asked who had taken them and I am sorry to say Jack did not own up. But worse still, another boy, who had seen him playing with the cards told the master and Jack was punished accordingly. Some boys were going to camp in Epping forest for a week, and the money for it was kept in a money box in the master's desk. Jack again got the key and, after school, opened the desk and took the money, leaving the box empty. The master asked who had done this, and again Jack did not own up, but one of the boys he had treated, told the master that Jack had done it and he was again punished. One day Jack and a few of his friends saw a barge full of coal. They thought they would have a lark, so they swam out to it and started punting it downstream. They were shouting and laughing and making such a noise that the Thames police thought that something was the matter, so they ran their boat just in front of the barge and commanded them to stop. The barge was going very fast and Jack did not know any way of stopping it so he jumped off and left the barge to steer its own course. The Thames police boat easily caught him and he was taken to Greenwich police court where he was told that he would have to spend the next six

years of his life at a reformatory school. It was a cold dreary school and the boys had to do all their own cooking, sweeping and dirty work. They were enclosed within high walls and were like prisoners in a prison or lions in a cage. We can't imagine Jack's wild spirit enjoying itself for long in such a place. He tried ere a year had passed to find a method of escape. He soon thought of one. The walls were forty feet high. Jack found a ladder twenty feet long. He also found an iron rod with which he worked every night for about six months. He tied a rope round his bedpost for descending from his bedroom. All was ready and he escaped successfully. When he was a safe distance away he began to look for a job. Finally he thought of the navy. He learnt the trade at Portsmouth and he worked so well that when finally it leaked out that he had escaped from a reformatory school they preferred to keep him and not to let him go back. He went, in five years, round the world five times, touching, on different trips, all the five continents. In the middle of this, the war came and he spent a lot of his time cruising about the S. Atlantic. He fought at Jutland where his ship was very badly damaged and had to be towed to Portsmouth. After the war he left the navy and married. On shore he got a job as a carman, but owing to lack of work on his comrade's part he was sacked. For about six months he lived on the dole while trying to get a job. At last he heard of a fireman's job going vacant and as he was remarkably strong he applied for it. For the fireman's job they see if you are daring. They make you jump from a window forty feet high into a sheet held by four men ; climb a fire escape which is held straight up into the air by two men ; climb down a rope and do several other things. He got the job. One more thing before I end my essay ; Jack, who is now 35, has a prospering family, comes to meeting and adult school and is a reformed character. In his short life he has saved 9 lives from drowning and has received several medals. This, if nothing else will, ought to make us

respect a poor boy who, from the slums of London, has made a success of his life.

*Owen Parsons.*
(*Stage* 4).

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## SCHOOL DIARY.

Feb. 25th.—N.H.S. Meeting: Diary, Joyce Maybery and Kathleen Priestman; Current Events Report, Doris Marshall and Iris Harris; Meteorological Report, H. D. Byles; Essays: "Greek Architecture," B. A. Le Mare; "Owls," E. Engelmann; "How some plants live," Iris Harris; "The Natural Features of New Zealand," by Sir Ray Lankester, read by Mr. Morris.

,, 27th.—Hockey Match: 1st XI. *v.* Cam Club, away, lost, 2—4.
Lantern Lecture: "A Cycle Tour through France," Mr. O. Dell.

March 4th.—Hockey Match: 1st XI. *v.* Saffron Walden Ladies, home, lost, 1—5.
Lit. Soc. Mtg. Reading: "Angels and Ministers" (three plays) by Laurence Housman.

,, 6th.—O.S. Lecture School Week-end.
Lecture: "Practical Service in Europe To-day," Carl Heath.
Lantern Lectures: "After Stevenson through the Cevennes," "How we cycled to Venice," Mr. Fitzwater Wray.
Football Match: 1st XI. *v.* O.S., home, lost, 3—4.
Hockey Match: 1st XI. *v.* O.S., home, won, 7—1.

,, 7th.—Lecture: "Working Ideas in the International Service of Friends," Carl Heath.

,, 10th.—Cross Country race.
Girls' Reading Club Meeting.

,, 11th. N.H.S. Mtg. Diary, E. Le Mare and A. Phillips; Meteorological Report, H. D. Byles; Essays, "Some Members of the Cat Tribe," I. Parley; "Westminster on the Quiet," Jean Champness; "Account of Ely Cathedral," Mr. Morris.

,, 12th.—Girls' Gynmastic Competition.

,, 13th.—N.H.S. Excursion to Ely.
Lantern Lecture: "Pepys and his Times," Mr. Blake.

,, 17th.—Boys' Reading Club Meeting.

March 18th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Diary, Dorothy Brown; Essays, "Tact," Joan Gundry; "Humour and Some Humourists," D. Edmundson; "The Art of Packing," Yvonne Gundry; Songs, "Big Steamers" and "Buckingham Palace," H. D. Byles; Pianoforte Solos, "First Movement of Mendelssohn's Sonata in G. Minor," Miss Bird; "Waltz," by Coleridge Taylor, Molly French; "Scherzino," by May Kapar, Winifred Cooper.

,, 19th.—Sports Day.

,, 20th.—Lantern Lecture: "Rambles on the Riviera," Mr. J. P. Whitlow.

,, 29th.—Competition Concert.

,, 31st.—End of Spring Term.

April 28th.—School re-opened.

,, 29th.—N.H.S. Mtg. Diary, Kathleen Robson; Meteorological Report, H. D. Byles; Report on the Excursion to Ely, Doris Marshall; Business Meeting.

May 5th.—Cricket Match: Boys' XI. *v.* Harlow College, home, won, 86 for 8 wkts.—50. G. N. A. Smith 5 wkts. for 17, J. N. Elithorn 3 wkts. for 9. K. L. Whitlow 35 (retired), J. H. Elithorn 22 (retired).

,, 6th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Diary, Kathleen Rees; Essays, "The Bernese Oberland," E. Dunstan; "Through Time and Space," Iris Harris; "One Hundred and Twenty Minutes," J. R. Evens; Gramophone Selections, "Scherzo" from Quintet in E. Flat (Schumann); "The Lute Player," Jameson Dodds; "The Londonderry Air."

,, 13th.—N.H.S. Mtg. Diary, Austin and Geoffrey Tawell; Meteorological Report, H. D. Byles; Current Events Report, H. D. Byles; Essays, "Plants and their Uses to Man," Betty Milne; "Saffron Walden Church," H. D. Byles and D. Edmundson; "Some Nests and their Occupants." E. Le Mare.

,, 15th.—Cricket Match: Boys' XI. *v.* Cambridge County School, home, won, 66—58. K. L. Whitlow 22.

,, 19th.—Merit Half-Holiday. Visit to Cambridge University Cricket Match *v.* The Australians.

,, 22nd-24th.—Old Scholars' Week-end.

,, 22nd.—Cricket Match: Boys XI. *v.* O.S. 2nd XI., won, 69—51. K. L. Whitlow, 1 wkt. for 1.

,, 24th.—Cricket Matches: 1st XI. *v.* O.S., won, 85—19 and 61. Mr. Johnson 23 not out, Mr. Whitlow 5 wkts. for 5, Mr. Pumphrey 5 wkts. for 12.
Girls' XI. *v.* O.S., won, 129 for 6 wkts.—16.

May 26th.—Cricket Match : 1st XI. *v.* Bishop's Stortford Town, away, lost, 57—124. Mr. Whitlow 24.

,, 27th.—N.H.S. Mtg. Diary, Mary Close and Iris Harris ; Current Events Report, Iris Harris and Doris Marshall ; Meteorological Report, H. D. Byles ; Essays : " Thaxted Church," E. Dunstan ; " Our British Grasses," Molly Hooper ; " Some Common Rodents," R. Alexander.

June 3rd.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Diary, H. D. Byles and Kathleen Priestman ; Essays, " Head-dresses through the Centuries," Edith Jones ; " Impressions of St. Malo," E. Farrell ; " A Holiday on the Norfolk Broads," Hilda Jones ; " My First Trip to France," A. Furrell ; Pianoforte Solos, " Rosemary," by F. Bridge, Dorothy Brown ; Weber's " Invitation to the Waltz," D. Edmundson.

,, 5th.—Cricket Match : Boys' XI. *v.* Bishop's Stortford College 2nd XI., away, won, 147-118. J. N. Elithorn, 55, G. N. A. Smith 33.

,, 8th.—Merit Half-Holiday.

,, 9th.—Cricket Match : 1st XI. *v.* North Essex Wanderers, home, lost, 52—74.

,, 10th.—N.H.S. Mtg. Diary, J. O. Burtt and R. Alexander ; Current Events Report, P. A. Clarke ; Essays, " Rats," J. O. Burtt ; " Spring Activities," Mary Close and Kathleen Priestman ; " Stonehenge," Iris Harris.

,, 12th.—General Meeting.
Opening of the new Avenue.

,, 17th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Diary, E. Dunstan ; Essays, " William Shakespeare," J. Girdwood ; " The Biography of a Volume of Shakespeare," Betty Milne ; " Between Two Stools," Mr. Johnston ; " Places of Interest in North Yorkshire Dales," K. Glaister ; " A Different Point of View," Bessie McGowan ; Pianoforte Solo : " Le Gaieté," by Weber, J. R. Evens.

,, 23rd.—Cricket Match : 1st XI. *v.* Bishop's Stortford Town, home, lost, 101-167 for 9 wkts. Mr. Whitlow 37.

,, 24th.—N.H.S. Mtg. Diary, Molly Hooper and Molly Hodgett ; Current Events Report, I. Parley. Essay, " Colouration," Molly Hodgett. Talk on Snails, Mr. Morris.

,, 30th.—Cricket Matches : 1st XI. *v.* North Essex Wanderers, home, lost, 53-134 for 7 wkts. A. W. Gibb 23.
Girls' XI. *v.* Dorothy Emson's XI., home, won, 146—57.

July 1st.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Five Minute Essays ; Diary, Joyce Maybery ; Pianoforte Solos, " Hopah," by Rachmaninoff, Nora Child ; " Toccata," by Sterndale Bennett, J. R. Evens ; Songs, " The Crown of the Year " and two from " When We Were Very Young," by A. A. Milne, H. D. Byles.

# NOTICES.

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Three numbers of *The Avenue* will be published during 1926, price 8d. per copy (post free, 10d.), or 2s. per annum (post free, 2s. 6d.).

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

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

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## Editorial Board.

Jean M. Champness has joined the Board in the place of Beatrice Freestone.

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## Scholarships.

The following were adjudged by the School Committee to be of Scholarship standard :

1st, David Edmundson ; 2nd, Kenneth L. Whitlow ; 3rd, Jean M. Champness, J. Richard Evens and Kathleen Robson.

From the funds at their disposal the Committee were able to award £60 a year for three years to Kenneth L. Whitlow, and £20 a year for two years to Jean M. Champness.

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## School Magazines.

We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of *The Cupola* (Ackworth), *By Kent and Skerne* (Polam Hall), *St. Christopher Magazine* (Letchworth), *Stramongate School Magazine*, *Oak Leaves* (Oak Grove Seminary, Maine, U.S.A.), *Megunticook* (Camden High School, Maine, U.S.A.).

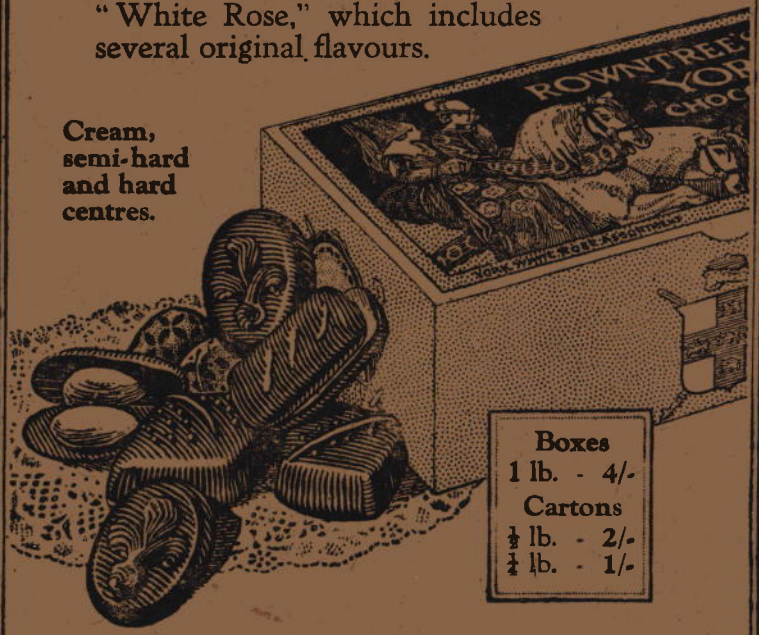
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