THE AVENUE



JULY 1928

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The Magazine of the Friends' School, Saffron Walden.

VOL. XVIII. JULY, 1928. No. 56

FOREWORD.



PARTING from this world always saddens the hearts of those who remain in it, but it was more with a sense of thankfulness for their well-spent lives that we accepted the deaths of three of our friends. James B. Crosfield, who has greatly helped this School in many ways, and who was for over fifty years a member of the Committee, died at the age of eighty. John Edward Walker, once Headmaster here, also passed away from heart failure, though seemingly still in good health. But perhaps the misfortune that affected us most was the death of Glen Glasier, who, though only eighteen years of age, was a Student Master here while studying for his degree. During the football match against the Old Scholars he had a heart seizure that rendered him unconscious, and he died before a doctor could be called.

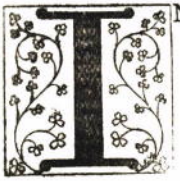
We heartily congratulate Geoffrey Tawell on winning the Inter-School Diary Competition, and likewise Margaret Rollason who also got a place. That these results should have been obtained is as encouraging as it is merited, for all the Friends' Schools in England took part in the competition.

We welcome this term another arrival among the Staff in Miss Bowstead who has succeeded Mrs. Martin as Housekeeper. Those of us who knew Miss Norrington will be glad to hear that she is now settled in Saffron Walden in a house of her own.

A print of Croydon School has recently fallen into our hands, and is reproduced in this issue both for the benefit of Old Croydon Scholars and also for that of the Scholars, past and present, of the School since it has been moved to Saffron Walden.

Claude Hardy
(*Stage 7*).

MAKING MONEY.



N this essay I am not going to tell you about the Mint. I am using the phrase " making money " in its most common sense, namely, that of getting money. Now, since money will not grow on trees, nor is it produced by anything other than the Mint, I might add to this by saying " getting money out of someone else." Money is a very important thing, as is witnessed by the enormous time devoted to it. It is an obvious fact, but there are many people who do not realise it, that if you are richer someone must be poorer. All this sounds, and is, very elementary, but very few people seem to realise it. So much then for the bare introduction.

It might be as well here to mention some of the essential gifts that the person who is really going to make money must have. By " making money " I mean really getting more than the average person, not just grubbing along and getting a little. Making money does not, of course, refer to just earning it.

The person who makes money must have the gift of being unable to see another's point of view. Also a not over-sensitive conscience is an advantage. For example, take the case of a bogus company promoter who had lost people's savings.

Suppose he were sorry, apart from the discomfort, he would be unable to do it again. Inspiring confidence is another great gift. It is impossible to say how it is done, but a thing on a printed circular, for some unknown reason, is almost invariably believed. Then you must have a fair amount of ability and knowledge if you wish to make money in a big way. Very often I have noticed that people make money without being particularly clever on normal standards.

Now I will pass to some of the actual ways and means and principles to be followed.

The most primitive way of getting money without earning it, is to threaten a man with a club or revolver and make him give you his money. This means has many grave disadvantages. Firstly, the law is on his side, and in these days is certain to catch you. Secondly, this means shocks the public. It is all right if you get a man's money by selling him a necessity at a high price ; that is not robbery. The two cases are actually very similar, for in the first case you threaten him with injury and in the second with starvation. Of course there are a few people who criticise this state of affairs but not many.

Besides, you only get the money he has with him. It is much better to get at the money he has in the bank or his savings. There are a great many very good ways of doing this with very little effort.

It would take a very long time, and besides, I do not know enough to describe all the best ways of making money. The first thing for everyone to realise is that the general public is very credulous and easily exploited. I will give two examples of this.

A man some years ago, a builder by trade, got people to invest money in his concern. He gave no security, but he gave prompt and large dividends. It was a great success, but he paid the dividends out of the capital and finally tried to get away with the money which was left. Only a few years ago we received circulars from a man writing from " Gusherville," or

some similar place, offering us a plot of oil land, on which oil might be found any minute, all for £5. I heard after that a great many people had lost their money. Most people smile at the idea of their ever having been swindled, but this serves to show the trustfulness of the public. As if anyone would let you have a possible fortune for £5 ! But the public does not think or does very little.

Now let us turn to the respectable methods such as, insurance, banks, manufacturing and shares and stocks.

Actually insurance is a kind of Crossword Competition. Everyone pays so much and the winner gets a prize considerably less than the total amount of the subscriptions. In the case of insurance, however, one has to die to win the prize. In the case of crosswords they are very anxious to disqualify any likely winner, so in insurance one has to pass a medical examination. It is even possible to make money out of insurance, for if you come of a long lived family at about 65 you can always get out an annuity of £120 a year on £1,000. Several members of my family could have done very well out of this.

How banks are worked I don't understand. I have asked several people and all I know is that by lending money for 5% by some means or other they pay 20% dividends. I wonder if anyone can enlighten me ?

Stocks and shares are very lucrative, but you must be in the " know," as they say, really to do well out of this. A great many people outside the Stock Exchange do, of course, know a good investment. A person at home had shares in a concern that gave him enormous profits. Calling at his house one day I noticed a copy of the *Investor's Chronicle.*

If the subject is studied diligently success can often be achieved. Obviously, the best way is to be a person who can make shares go up and down by spreading rumours about them, and being a person of weight, these rumours are believed. Not very moral, you say, Well, morality and money-making will not mix. Once having made money you are then in a position to be moral.

Manufacturing is not so good as the preceding ways as it almost approaches earning it, until you are well on. Foodstuffs are often the best things to make as people must have them, however high the price. It is no use setting out to make something well. Making something often pays, but look at it from this standpoint, make things well in order to pay. A little extra finish enables you to to charge a good deal more. " It costs a shilling, but all our things are wrapped in the best pink paper," not that it really needs pink paper at all. Startling reductions (still allowing a good profit) are also beneficial. If your company does something that the public objects to, " it is being done for the shareholders," who, of course, are quite innocent of anything the directors do, so that it is no one's fault.

The professions are sometimes very good but here in the case of a doctor the money has to be earned. A lawyer's profession is more promising. Unfortunately it costs a good deal to begin. However once begun, it pays. Let us consider law-suits first. Those about estates have sometimes dragged on for years and years, until all the money has passed into the hands of the lawyers. Another point is that they get just as much when they lose as when they win. Wills often prove profitable, as a good charge is made on the estate, if it is £30,000 then it will be about 5% or £1,500. When one thinks that no land can be bought or sold without a lawyer getting something out of it, one can see that this profession is profitable.

The remarks I have said during the last few pages do not refer to everyone engaged in these pursuits. There are some people in each group who can even earn the money.

Some of you may be thinking that this is all very well for lucky people, but what about the ordinary person ? Now I will give you, in answer to that question, some means by which anyone can make money without actually devoting his life to it.

Land is very profitable in a growing place. You buy a field for nearly nothing, if you are far-seeing, and after a little while when a town has sprung up you sell for so many hundred pounds

an acre. If you are a lucky person who built a house about twenty years ago it will be worth at least double. Our house cost £600 and is now valued at £1,500, so if we sold we should make £900. Unfortunately you have to wait several years for a house or land to appreciate.

A better way is to buy antiques. Be always on the look out for a bargain. You want to be in the habit of going to the sales of poor people's houses where nobody knows anything. When the things are being sold you pick up an old print, an old chair or perhaps some old piece of country craftmanship, for a few shillings and then sell it to a dealer for a good sum, or if you are sentimentally inclined you keep it and boast about it. This has often been done.

In this the great thing to remember is to buy from those " who don't know " and sell to those " who think they know," and will be prepared to give a good price.

Do not think that you cannot make money at school ! You can easily by buying and selling things. There are lots of things that people do not want, and, in the usual manner of poor business men are willing to sell to the first buyer. Buy these things if they are things people will like or if you know someone that wants one, then sell and reap a profit. While not wanting to show myself up as a profiteer, I have often made money this way when my exchequer was low.

Having got your money there are, of course, numerous ways of using it. You can buy a car, go for nice holidays and do and buy a great many things. Money once got will produce more money and you can have more nice things. If you are a person who has made a great deal of money, your opinion will be asked and respected on many subjects, no matter how you have made your money. Let us say you have made a great deal out of " Pork," then your opinion will be respected on art, politics, war and peace. In short you can get almost anything, with the exception, perhaps, of good health and contentment.

Edmund T. Burtt

(*Stage* 6).



MR. and MRS. WALKER, 1922.

JOHN EDWARD WALKER.

MY first acquaintance with Mr. Walker was many years ago, when as a small boy of nine I went to school at Ackworth. It was hardly an acquaintance, and was very brief, as before I had got out of the bottom class he had left Ackworth to take up the Headmastership of Rawdon School. But I can remember the admiration we had for the tall, bearded, athletic man, whose simple looking slow bowling used to baffle our opponents, and whose tremendous hitting powers were magnified into school legends. We were proud at Ackworth when we heard that he had been appointed Head Master of Saffron Walden ; this was in 1890, and for thirty-two years he was at the helm here. Few people now realise the difficulties of his earlier years here ; Saffron Walden had not then the name amongst Friends' Schools which it now holds, and those of us who now love and honour the School have Mr. Walker to thank in very large measure for those things which demand our loyalty.

It was when I was on the Staff at Ackworth that Mr. Walker's three eldest sons went there to school, and one holiday when cycling through this district I visited the school for the first time and renewed—or I ought rather to say made—the acquaintance of Mr. Walker. A few years later I obtained a position on his staff, and found in him not only a Head Master but a friend, and this relationship lasted until his sudden call from us in March.

Mr. Walker's close connection with the school games ended in my first year here—my first cricket season was his last, and, to my shame be it said, in his last match for the School I ran him out, calling him for a run which he could not make ! He had already taken up golf, at which game he quickly became proficient, and it was one of his great pleasures to the end of his life. On the day before his fatal heart seizure he went round in 35, a feat of which any man half his age might well be proud.

Many people have asked me wherein lay the secret of his success as a Head Master. There were, of course, many things which contributed towards it, but among the chief I should place

prominently his tact. He got the best out of his staff by showing that he trusted them and leaving them to do their own work in their own way. He was always willing to help, but his advice to the younger men was to fight their own battles, and win out without assistance from superior authority. In his dealing with boys he let them feel that he sympathised with their failings, and so was usually successful in bringing them to a better frame of mind. Throughout, of course, he was given invaluable assistance by the gracious presence of Mrs. Walker, and by the unfailing interest she took in all affairs of the School.

Mr. Walker did not often take vocal part in Meetings for Worship, but when he did his contributions were usually short and practical. His religion was more the practical religion of everyday life than that of the theologian.

But it is above all as a friend that we most value his memory. In any difficulty one felt one could consult with him and be sure of his sympathy, and when one asked his advice, that which was given was always sound.

And now his presence is taken from us. Even after his retirement we felt him as an inseparable part of the School, and the loss is one which we feel deeply. It is because of this that we can also feel deeply with Mrs. Walker and her family, and because of his long and faithful work here

" we doubt not that for one so true
There must be other nobler work to do."

J.P.W.

GLEN BRUCE GLASIER.

THOUGH he had been with us little more than one Term, as Student Master, when sudden heart failure removed him from our midst, Glen Bruce Glasier had thrown himself so enthusiastically into the life of the School that his death has left with many of us at Saffron Walden a sense of personal loss.

Son of Katherine and the late Bruce Glasier, of Manchester, he was educated at Ackworth School, where he showed promise of a brilliant scholastic career. After obtaining his Matriculation

in 1927, he came to Saffron Walden as a Student Master, intending after a year here to go on to Oxford. During his time with us he made rapid progress with his work as a teacher, at the same time continuing his studies. The breadth of his reading, especially on historical subjects, was extraordinary for one of his age, and it was largely due to this that about a month before his death he won an entrance scholarship to Trinity College, Oxford.

From early years he took a keen interest in the affairs of the larger world outside home and school, especially in matters affecting social welfare and progress. He was particularly interested in the question of slavery and the relations between white and coloured races; for he was only eleven years of age when he had an experience during a voyage from England to Australia, which he described to his Mother as follows: "They sent the hat round for me to go ashore at Cape Town, and one man gave quite a lot. But, oh, Mother, he was a strange man! We were coming back, and walking in the road ahead of us was such a fine old kaffir. I had never realised that black men could have white hair. It did look beautiful. But a car came rushing along, and the poor man *had* to get up on the pavement, Mother, to save himself. And the American who had put all that money in for me, Mother, he lifted his cane and lashed at the old man: 'Get off, you dog!' he shouted. I didn't know what to do. I daresay it was silly, but I couldn't think of anything else; I *did* know the way to Table Bay, but I just ran to the old man and I said to him, 'Please, sir, could you show me the way to Table Bay?' And, Mother, that tall old man, he called *me*, a little boy, '*boss*.' 'Eh, boss, don't you know the way?' he said, 'I'll show you.' So I just put my hand in his and we walked together in the road."

Some of his friends are planning, by way of memorial, to build in the Glen, by Earby Falls in Yorkshire, on a portion of the garden behind his Mother's house, a home for social workers needing rest. A committee has been formed to receive subscriptions for this purpose. C.B.R.

GENERAL MEETING, 1928.



NCE again has come the jolly month of June, and with it the General Meeting. This year it was held on Saturday, the 6th.

The first item on the programme for the day was the crowded Meeting for Worship in the Lecture Hall, after which the Scholarship awards were announced. Bessie McGowan was the first girl for some considerable time to obtain the first scholarship. Two boys, Charles Köhler and Alan Furrell tied for the second, while the third was won by Austin Tawell.

The visitors were now at liberty to look at the exhibits, which included needlework, art, carpentry and lesson books ; samples of the work of the Domestic Science classes were also on show.

A very enjoyable swimming display in which the girls and boys took part followed the announcement of the scholarship awards. The girls' display included a very original obstacle race, while the boys did some very neat diving. The visitors now partook of their dinner in the Dining Hall, while the girls and boys had theirs in their respective play rooms.

After dinner the visitors were entertained by a junior concert, the greater part of which was concerned with the production (in fancy dress) of some of A. A. Milne's works. Other items were pianoforte solos and duets, violin solos, and also a chorus from Stages 1 and 2.

We were fortunate in having a fine day as the next item on the programme was " Scenes from Twelfth Night," performed on the field by boys and girls. The field in front of the Boys' Pavilion was taken for the setting. The strong wind which had arisen was somewhat of a disadvantage as it carried the voices of the actors away from a part of the audience.

The Senior Boys and Girls now gave their concert. This opened with a piece by the orchestra and continued with pianoforte duets, a chorus and the like.

The final item for the day was tea on the Avenue. The weather having remained fine since breakfast, now showed signs of breaking and a few drops of rain were felt. This, however, proved to be only a shower and tea was able to be continued, the trees having protected us from the greater part of the shower.

In this way there came to a close a very full day, which had given a great deal of pleasure to visitors and school alike.

Yvonne Gundry
(*Stage 7*).

CASTAWAYS.



OOKS as if we're in for it this time," remarked Captain Halloward, glancing at the overcast sky. "We'd best prepare for a dangerous storm."

The mate, to whom he had been speaking, went below, after giving a grunt, a particular habit he had.

Tom and Dick, two boys each about twelve years old, came along the deck, and followed the mate as far as their cabin. They were on holiday, and as their parents were in Ireland, they had had a choice of what they would like to do. They had chosen a trip to the South Pacific.

A bad storm was coming up, and Tom and Dick were naturally rather excited. "Won't it be fine!" cried Dick, his eyes shining.

"Well, I'm not so sure," answered Tom. "I don't suppose you will feel like that when it comes."

Then the storm came. Tom and Dick were tossed from one end of the cabin to the other, and they clung to anything they could get hold of. Then, . . . crash! The ship had struck a rock. Pandemonium reigned on board. It is all very well to read about people feeling calm, but when the actual

test comes, you are terrified. Only three of the boats had been launched (for the ship was sinking fast) and both boys were lucky enough to get in one. But before long, all three were upset in the terrible seas. Tom and Dick were the only two who kept their hold on the boat, and, ten minutes later, they heard a noise as if the boat had touched the sand. A few minutes later they were lying exhausted on the shore.

After about an hour, Tom dragged himself up. " We must find somewhere to sleep for the night, Dick," he said weakly.

Dick nodded, and they searched for ten minutes or so, until they found two trees suitable for sleeping in, for they did not know what wild beasts there were on the island. Of course they could not sleep very well, but at last the morning came, and they sighed with thankfulness.

" Come on, Tom," cried Dick, and they raced down to the shore. Their ship had disappeared. They both looked very dismayed.

" Whatever shall we do ? " asked Dick.

" It seems to me that we've got this island to ourselves," replied Tom. " How terrible ! "

" Never mind, we'll escape soon," said Dick bravely, though without much hope.

" I vote we climb that high hill over there, and have a look round," answered Tom. " Come on."

On reaching the top of the hill this is what they saw. The island was about one mile broad and two and a half miles long. To the North were the rocks on which their ship had struck, and on every other side was the most beautiful country imaginable. They ran down the hill, and could not fail to notice that there were scores of coco-nut palms. After two or three hours of exploring they went to the shore again, and discovered a big piece of sail from the ship, floating nine or ten yards from where they were standing. It gradually drifted a little further up, and then grounded. Then Tom thought of the boat. They ran and fetched it, and then rescued the sail.

" This will do finely for a tent," said Dick excitedly.

" Yes, but we must choose a decent place to fix it up first," said Tom.

They chose a cosy little clearing on the outskirts of the wood, with a little stream running by.

After two or three days, they discovered that there was nothing dangerous on the island with the exception of snakes and they lived by killing small animals. In this way three months or more passed by, until another adventure befell them.

They had lived on the island for three months, and there was now only the N.W. side of it which they had not seen. So they set off one sunny day. They reached a high hill overlooking the sea, and saw that a strange ship was floating in a little bay below, with the British flag fluttering to and fro at the top of the mast. Tom and Dick looked at each other excitedly, and burst into a cheer. But wait ! The ship was far out into the bay, and out of hearing. They rushed at full speed over the rocks.

" Oh," exclaimed Tom. " She's sailing away ! " They both reached the beach and ran about the shore, in the hope of attracting attention. But the ship was already quite a long way out to sea. She was heading for the right side of the bay, and must pass within six hundred yards of the rocky point.

Suddenly Tom thought of an idea. " Quick, Dick," he panted. " Up to the point before the ship passes."

They reached the point two minutes before the ship passed, and the Lookout saw them. A boat was put out for them. Before long it grounded on the shore, and three rough looking men sprang out. Before the boys could say " Jack Robinson," the men had seized them, and bound them up.

Alas ! the boys were now in the hands of pirates, who had put up a British flag to avoid suspicion, for they were being hunted by a British destroyer. Since they wanted two cabin boys, they had rescued the two boys on the island.

When they got on board the pirates' vessel, *Collindale*, they were shown to a cabin where a fierce looking captain confronted

them. He told them, that if they refused to be his cabin boys, and join the pirate band, he would put them to torture. But they resisted, exhausted as they were, and the guards held them, while the Captain shoved his horrible thumbs towards Dick's eyes.

Just at that moment the Lookout announced that a British destroyer was pursuing them with hostile intentions. The Captain and his men rushed upon deck, leaving the boys to themselves.

* * * * *

Boom! A shattering roar came from the destroyer, as she fired a shot across the bows of the *Collindale*. It was a brief fight, although the pirates did not surrender until their ship was a perfect wreck.

The two boys were rescued, and in five weeks' time they were greeting their parents in the port of Southampton, while the pirates were duly punished for their crimes.

Eric Harper
(*Stage 3a*).

THE HOLGATE'S INN, SAFFRON WALDEN.

"To the onlie begetter of these ensuing Sonnets, Mr. W. H."

OF Shakespeare's Sonnets the greater number are addressed to a youth, who is described in the bookseller's dedication as their "onlie begetter, Mr. W. H." The identity of this "W.H." has for long been a matter of conjecture and has not hitherto been satisfactorily settled.

But recently a Book Collector thinks that he has found the solution of the problem in the Commonplace-book of a Saffron Walden innkeeper's son, William.Holgate, and that this young William was the "sweet boy" to whom Shakespeare addressed his sonnets. Until quite recent years it was customary for literary people to contribute to the autograph album of their admirers and not infrequently the contribution took the form of an original composition, poetical or otherwise. Even to-day



(Illustration lent by Messrs. W. Hart & Son.)

THE HOLGATE'S INN (now The Rose and Crown) and the TOWN HALL.

examples of this nature, usually from ungifted contributors, are to be met with in the " Visitors' Books " of hotels.

Now this Commonplace-book shows that its author was himself a poet of some little ability and that he was personally acquainted with some of the writers of his day. Moreover the book contains a copy of an early draft of one of Shakespeare's Sonnets as well as of a hitherto unknown epistle from Beaumont to Ben Jonson which contains an allusion to Shakespeare.

Further it is a fact that Shakespeare's players were quartered at the Holgate's inn (the " Rose and Crown ") at Saffron Walden in 1606,—three years before the Sonnets were published. The suggestion is that the poet formed a friendship with the young Holgate and gave him a sonnet for his Commonplace-book, perhaps as an acknowledgment of the hospitality extended to him at the Saffron Walden inn by the youth's father.

We are loath to have any share in dispelling this alluring theory that Saffron Walden helped to inspire Shakespeare's Sonnets, but we are told by other authorities that Holgate, senior, never was an innkeeper in this town, though it is true that he bought the " Angel " in 1622 and the " Rose and Crown " in 1623. Moreover it is at least doubtful whether he was even living in Walden in 1606. When he did come to the town he is thought to have built the house known as the Priory,—just beyond the " Rose and Crown,"—and to have resided there. He was a person of considerable importance, was a landowner at Clavering and Newport, and became Treasurer to the Corporation of Saffron Walden. His son, William, born about 1590, lived and died on his property at Great Bardfield, and there is no evidence to show that he ever had the slightest acquaintance with Shakespeare. (Nor is there any proof that Shakespeare himself ever visited Saffron Walden.)

The Commonplace-book is quite genuine, but the real author was probably Thomas Holgate, a younger brother of William and born in 1605. Thomas was educated at Newport School and Caius College, afterwards was admitted to the Inner Temple

and married a daughter of Sir William Wade, Lieutenant of the Tower.

No, we fear that the identity of " W.H." is still a matter for conjecture.

FAR AND NEAR.

Concerning Old Scholars.

Old Scholars who were in Group C. last Term :

Molly M. French.

Nora L. W. Lane.

David G. A. Turner.

* * * * *

Extracts from the Diary of a journey by Roy Tawell (1915-21), from England to Medellin, Colombia :—

January 9th.—We slipped away from Avonmouth during dinner, and could hardly notice we were moving. It is reckoned fourteen days to Kingston.

January 13th.—We get a daily bulletin by wireless. Excitement of the day—two porpoises followed us for several minutes.

January 14th.—Sighted the Azores about breakfast time.

January 20th.—Almost cloudless sky—bright sunshine—everything blue (except the ship and ourselves). Reducing our clothes.

January 22nd.—Hot. Passed Turks Island in the evening—first land since the Azores.

January 23rd.—Very hot. Passing Hayti.

January 24th.—Arrived Kingston. Passengers for Kingston went ashore. We went soon after. Had two bathes in a glorious pool in the burning sun. Niggers driving taxis on no fixed rate runs away with the money ! Three of us had a taxi in the afternoon to Spanish Town, some twenty-six miles or so.

January 26th.—Packed my things ready for going ashore to-morrow. The Carribean Sea is a rough crossing ; we pitched and tossed a lot.

January 27th.—Landed at Santa Marta. We were met by a coloured man sent from Barranquilla to guide us through. After a train journey of thirty miles there still remained some seventy miles to be done by the river steamer (of the most original design I have ever seen). The river Magdalena is swampy and the mosquitoes like fresh men from Inglaterra ; at present the water is very low (the dry season) and the seventy mile trip is taking two days. Our guide thought we should do better by taking a small private motor launch, which we did ; but the motor nearly " petered out " several times,—the suction pump to cool the engine had lost most of its suction powers and had to be worked by hand ; when the crew of five got tired we took a turn at it. We arrived at Barranquilla at 5 a.m. Here I had to spend some days owing to an attack of dysentery. The ordinary mail from Barranquilla to the interior is carried by the Government boats, while the fast mails go by hydroplane, three times a week ; but this method is expensive. My passage up to Medellin was booked by a Colombian Railways steamer to start on February 14th, but on the very morning we were informed the steamer could not sail, but that a substitute would *perhaps* sail the following day. So I changed to a Government boat due to start at three o'clock, at which moment they discovered that one of the boilers was leaking, and when this was mended we had missed the tide, so had to wait until 6 a.m. the next morning. Perhaps the less said about my accommodation, the better. I have the Second Engineer's cabin, and after giving it a good dose of my " Flit spray " I disturbed more creeping and hopping things than I cared for. I am fortunate in having a young American chap for company ; he is a geologist for a gold-mining firm and has already done two years for a firm in Venezuela.

At a small place called Germania we loaded about a dozen heifers on to our boat ; a narrow enclosure had been constructed down the slope of the bank, to which the gangway was put across ; the cattle were then run violently down the slope amid

much shouting. On February 17th we landed at El Banco at 2 a.m. with boiler trouble again, and were there until 12 p.m. I've disposed of my mattress ; it got too hot during the day to sleep on at night, so I sleep on my grass matting and two sheets. The other night I got so hot I had to change my pyjamas twice, they got so wringing wet with perspiration. On February 18th we had to put into a small village at 6 p.m. and remain there until the next afternoon,—boiler trouble once more. Two hours after restarting we again " fell to bits " and had to spend the night repairing. It was rather funny once when the Captain stopped the boat beside some fresh green reeds and grass to cut some for the cattle aboard. While the crew were cutting the feed with knives like large daggers, two men came running out of the jungle jabbering for all they were worth—evidently the owners. Being a Government boat we could take anything we wished, but as the Captain paid for it the excitement was appeased. On two afternoons the Captain and some privileged passengers were shooting at crocodiles from the top deck ; they used the rifles of the soldiers who were aboard to protect the mails. After another two days' halt on account of boiler trouble, and twice lying stranded in the shallows until another boat could pull us off, we reached Puerto Berrio on February 24th. During one of our halts there was a prisoner on board being shifted to another place in charge of a policeman ; the prisoner escaped and the soldiers then took the policeman into quad !

A train journey through marvellous scenery—bananas growing nearly everywhere and sugar in parts,—and with a ten mile break in the middle, over the Quiebra Mountains, covered by automobile, brought me to Medellin, seven weeks after leaving home. Needless to say it was a treat to get some English mail.

* * * * *

Paul Mauger (1906-13) writes from Tal Bieh, Jerusalem :

" As we work from seven till one on Wednesdays it looks as if I should manage to write letters in the afternoons. When it is cool enough, however, I usually go sketching, and when it is

hot it's 90° in the shade. To-day is in the second class, so our thermometer tells us, and until the east wind changes I suppose Moab will continue to give us of her bounteous warmth.

" The mountains of Trans-Jordan usually look blue and cool forty miles away from our balcony, but to-day they are dusty white. Life here is full of geographical reminders. The rock is hard and a cistern is being formed in an adjoining garden : the Arabic warnings announce an explosion which sends us indoors, though the shower of stones doesn't quite reach us. All our houses have basement cisterns, the water in which we can call on when and if Solomon's Pools cease their supply : it is surprising how much water is supplied to the cistern from rain on the roof.

" When it is very hot here we can get to Jaffa in an hour and find it pleasantly cool, and when we have snow and piercing winds, as we did in March, an hour's run down to Jericho brings us to torrid heat. . . . Since beginning this, Irene and I have been to Père Vincent's lecture at the Dominican Convent. He is the foremost Jerusalem archæologist and he was talking on the development of the Sanctuary from primitive altars to Jewish Temple. . . . The only good library of archæology in the City is the Dominican collection and they are very kind in letting one use it. Our Museum will contain a complete reference and record library besides all the usual paraphernalia : it is a most interesting job to be working at, and the site outside the north east angle of the City walls is fairly ideal : from the entrance there will be a view over the city to the Mosque area on the right, the Mount of Olives in the centre and the Hebrew University and British War Cemetery on the hills away to the north east. There is a fine cedar tree and near by a small Crusader building at the back of the site, and these we are fitting into the scheme. It is, of course, considered a crime to remove even the ordinary trees from this bare country and the Government are proclaiming Forest Reservations (twenty-one in the last quarter) so as to give the existing trees a good chance.

"The American Friends' School at Ramallah has fine buildings: we are spending the week-end there so as to see the place in Term time.

"Irene presides over a pleasant flat (myself and my friend Concannon included). She is making better headway with Arabic than I; we are finding the alphabet and the script both mysterious and interesting, and it is my fond hope, 'ere we leave, to be able to decipher the many finely decorative inscriptions about the older buildings, and to make rubbings of them.

"'The Avenue' has just come in and is an excellent number. The Old Scholars' Report, too, was welcome,—we are fortunate in our Editor."

* * * * *

Molly Hodgett (1922-24, 1926-27) writes:

"I am well settled in a job now and like it very much—in Westminster with the National Federation of Iron and Steel Manufacturers, Caxton House East, Tothill Street. It's awfully interesting work, as I use a lot of French and have a good chance of getting on with German, as I am in daily contact with German periodicals. I am in the intelligence section, which is chiefly concerned with the sending out of news to the other sections, and to the various Iron and Steel firms who are members of the Federation. I have to do précis of certain reports, etc., and collect information wholesale. I also have to exercise my *tidy* faculties, as I have to keep all the reports, newspapers, periodicals, etc., which come in from various countries, so that is extremely good for me! I have to be able to produce one at a moment's notice. . . . I had my first Saturday off last week, and went home with a friend. I think I enjoyed it more than any other, as I felt I had really earned it. It is great being independent! Westminster is a topping part to be in, and I'm getting to know London quite well now—the nice poky little parts, round about Soho and Covent Garden, and behind the large streets."

Frances Waters (1919-25) writes from Westhill Training College, Selly Oak :

" The School year at Wanganui begins on February 1st, and so I expect to sail in December. My appointment is for three years, though I should probably return if they wanted me again. I am to look after the younger members of the school and as far as I can gather there are about fifteen of them, ranging in age from seven to twelve or thirteen years. This will mean a great deal of individual work, I suppose. . . . Mr. Williams is at Kingsmead again this term. He travelled into town with me the other day, and told me lots about last term's hockey, sports, etc. The O.S. cricket has improved tremendously. Mr. Clover showed me his letter with crowds of names on it, and Peggy Horsfield and I had a great time looking through them. We two get frightfully teased because we talk ' Walden ' such a lot, but they haven't stopped us yet."

* * * * *

Mary Close (1922-27) writes from Bremen :

" Oh ! to be in Walden now that Whitsun's there ! That's my chief thought at the moment, and I'm afraid I'm suffering terrible pangs of jealousy. Other people who contribute ' So and so write from . . .'s ' to *The Avenue* seem to word very easily and nicely their feelings about the old place and their longing to get back. But I was never gifted with the art of expressing my feelings, so I have to suffer in silence when I think of the crowd of O.S. standing round the boys' playground with the glow of the bonfire in their faces, and singing together ' Mother School of Walden,' when I am only able to sing it alone to the winds.

" But in spite of my longing ' to greet again the School we knew,' Whitsun has so far treated me very kindly though in a very different way from what I have experienced for the last five years. I was cycling through glorious country when I thought of all the O.S. coming down in swarms and settling themselves in their various rooms. I was rowing with a boatful

of friends along the Lesum when I sent a fervent wish of " Good Luck ' flying over to the O.S. to win the matches which they were just about to start. I wonder if they did ? I doubt it. Then we arrived back from our visit to Vergesack just at the time when last year we were sitting on the grass slope at the end of the Avenue tennis court, because it was too dark for more play, and waiting for Owen Clover's loud speaker to call us round the fire. . . . This evening you'll be concerting and playing terza, and I shall think of you. I'm comforted at any rate that I shan't share in the wretched lost feeling that all the O.S. will feel as they pack their things to-morrow morning and say ' Good-bye,' most of them till next year ; or that the present scholars, and perhaps the Staff, will feel as they hear the collect bell for School ringing.

" Well, ' Good-bye ' for the present. I've got most of my feelings off my chest, and in my own language, so now I feel lighter."

* * * * *

" Life is so wonderful at the moment that it seems criminal to think about exams. when one ought to be playing tennis, bathing and getting brown. The weather here has been tropical for at least a week and a credit to the word ' Summer ' for about a month. I have lived a solid round of tennis and swimming ; have improved my diving, fought three young men at tennis, and been on a tramp in the Harz Mountains with one of the forms in Dr. Denning's school. The tramp lasted a week and only cost 28s., including such extras as post-cards, souvenir books and lemonade.

" It was perfectly glorious and practically reached the standard of a school tramp. The boys and girls were quite free and easy, but the girls being rather exceptionally ' little ladies ' kept a group of their own for quite a lot of the time. Anyhow, I managed to keep a good centre, and though I found I could get the " Tramp atmosphere ' better among the boys, we all enjoyed it together tremendously. The reason why it turned out so cheap is that we were able to travel fourth class, which is in every way better for trampers, because they can all

be together in a big carriage and because it costs only about half as much, and that we always slept in *Jugendherbergen*, which costs about sixpence or less a night, and though not too luxurious it is good enough for parties like us. We tramped a lot and sang practically the whole time while tramping, so that the number of songs I have learnt is prodigious."

* * * * *

Extracts from letters written recently from New South Wales by Mrs. Morris :

" Several little birds come into our verandah. One has a black coat and cap, white shirt and red tie ; it is small and so pretty, just the size of a sparrow. There is another the size of a water wagtail and like one, only he has a very wide spreading tail. This bird came into our verandah where Snooker the cat was. He danced a jig round and round, pretending to pick up scraps, and spreading his tail out. Round and round he went. Snooker was fascinated, and gazed dumbfounded at such audacity. Then the bird flew at the cat, struck him with his wings and went off. I was watching it all the time, and, like Snooker, dumbfounded ! "

" Here is a funny sight we saw last Sunday. I told you about that ' cheeky bird ' that fascinated Snooker. Well, we saw about a dozen on Sunday in the scrub with the cattle. They are very bold, fearless and lazy. They live on grass-hoppers, and are too lazy to catch them for themselves, so this is what they do. Nearly every cow has one of these birds by her head, *very close* to her mouth. In fact I saw one cow nearly lick up one of these birds with her tongue. When the cow grazes, as she eats mouthfuls of grass, out fly grasshoppers from the grass, so the bird follows the cow's tongue, and as at each mouthful she eats out fly grasshoppers, all the bird has to do is to open *his* mouth and swallow these insects ! I saw one cow with her nose push her bird aside because she nearly ate him ! Oh, it's awfully amusing to watch them, and these birds hop along with each cow, keeping as close as they can to her tongue."

ATHLETIC SPORTS.

CONTRARY to our usual experience, we were favoured with quite a fine Sports Day this year, the Cross Country and Mile being run off before the actual day also in very lenient weather. Great excitement was caused in the latter event owing to the competition for second place ; A. Tawell eventually gaining it after a most exciting finish, and C. Köhler coming in third followed by E. Le Mare. Ivor Parley easily won this event as well as the Cross Country, in which Le Mare came second and H. Rees third.

I. Parley gained his points for Senior Champion comparatively easily, more contest being caused for the place of runner-up, which was eventually gained by P. Snow. There was an unusual number of entries for the Junior Cross Country, the first three places being exactly the same as in the Mile, namely, Richard Garside first, followed by O. Parsons and Reader. R. Garside was the Junior Champion with P. Thurtle runner-up.

A few of the heats took place on the Thursday before Sports day ; but the notable event of the day was the Senior Boys' Throw, which being held in the middle of the field, enabled the competitors to take full advantage of a strong wind, three of them breaking the record, Edward Dunstan throwing the furthest with a throw of 95 yards, 2 feet, 3 inches.

Sports day itself started very promising, a record being broken in the first event by Parley, who cleared 5 feet 1½ inches in the Senior High Jump ; but after that the only other record broken was in the Boys' Relay race, in which Crosfield broke the previous record established by Morland.

Crosfield's superior weight told in the Tug-of-War, though the contest with Morland was hard fought.

This year neither the Handicap nor Sack races were held, but the customary Obstacle race again afforded much amusement for the onlookers.

The result of the House Sports was rather unexpected

Morland easily coming first, and Godlee, by a narrow margin from Crosfield, second. Many people anticipated Crosfield having done better.

On the Girls' side illness seriously interfered not only with the number of entrants but also with the actual results obtained. Nearly forty girls, many of them seniors, were unable to enter either through actual absence or through too recent a return from the Sanatorium. In spite of this, however, there was keen competition for the points for Senior Champion. Finally Ruth Edmundson came first, closely followed by Mary Parkin. Among the Juniors competition was not so close.

The Relay races as usual were productive of great excitement, Crosfield winning the Senior as on the Boys' side though without establishing a record. The similarity between the two sides of the house was also evinced in the results of the House Sports where the order among the girls was again Morland, Godlee, Crosfield.

Peter Snow
(*Stage* 6).

RESULTS.

BOYS.

SENIOR.

Cross Country :—1, Parley; 2, Le Mare; 3, Rees; 4, Kohler; 5, Tawell. 21 m. 4⅗ secs.
Mile :—1, Parley; 2, Tawell; 3, Kohler; 4, Le Mare. 5 m. 10⅘ secs.
880 yards :—1, Parley; 2, Kohler; 3, Tawell. 2 m. 27 secs.
440 yards :—1, Parley; 2, Snow; 3, Kohler. 62⅕ secs.
100 yards :—1, Harper; 2, Snow; 3, Forward. 12 secs.
Long Jump :—1, Snow; 2, Kohler; 3, Tawell. 17 ft. 5 ins.
High Jump :—1, Parley; 2, Snow and Tawell. 5 ft. 1½ ins.*
Throw :—1, Dunstan, 95 yds. 2 ft. 3 ins.*; 2, Parley, 95 yds. 1 ft. 7 ins.*; 3, Tawell, 92 yds. 0 ft. 9 ins.*

JUNIOR.

Cross Country :—1, Garside; 2, Parsons; 3, Reader; 4, Darter; 5, Harper ii. 13 m. 2⅘ secs.
Mile :—1, Garside; 2, Parsons; 3, Reader; 4, Harper ii. 5 m. 58¼ secs.
880 yards :—1, Garside; 2, Thurtle; 3, Parsons. 2 m. 42⅘ secs.
440 yards :—1, Thurtle; 2, Garside; 3, Parsons. 73⅕ secs.
100 yards :—1, Thurtle; 2, Garside; 3, Parsons. 13 secs.
Long Jump :—1, Garside; 2, Thurtle; 3, Parsons. 13 ft. 10½ ins.
High Jump :—1, Thurtle; 2, Buckmaster; 3, Parsons and Lupton. 4 ft. 1½ ins.
Throw :—1, Seed; 2, Wood; 3, Francis ii. 55 yds. 1 ft.

* School Records.

RELAY RACES.

BOYS' (600 yds.) :—1, Crosfield ; 2, Morland. 74⅘ secs.*
GIRLS' (450 yds.) :—1, Crosfield ; 2, Godlee. 67⅘ secs.
JUNIOR MIXED (450 yds.) :—1, Morland ; 2, Crosfield. 69 secs.

* School Record.

TUG OF WAR.

1, Crosfield ; 2, Morland.

BOYS' CUPHOLDER :—Ivor Parley.
RUNNER-UP :—Peter B. Snow.
JUNIOR CUPHOLDER :—Richard Garside.
RUNNER-UP :—Peter Thurtle.

HOUSE SPORTS.

1, Morland, 42.6 ; 2, Godlee, 31.3 ; 3, Crosfield, 30.

GIRLS.

SENIOR.

100 yards :—1, M. Parkin ; 2, R. Edmundson ; 3, M. Trigg. 13⅕ secs.
220 yards :—1, M. Parkin ; 2, R. Edmundson ; 3, P. Sawden. 33 secs.
440 yards :—1, M. Parkin ; 2, R. Edmundson ; 3, J. Francis. 73⅘ secs.
Hockey Dribble :—1, R. Edmundson ; 2, C. Rawlings ; 3, J. Francis.
Long Jump :—1, R. Edmundson ; 2, B. Law ; 3, J. Francis. 11 ft. 4 ins.
High Jump :—1, E. Child. 3 ft. 11 ins.
Tripod :—1, R. Edmundson and M. Trigg ; 2, B. Law and P. Sawden.
Throw :—1, B. Law. 51 yds. 0 ft. 9 ins.

JUNIOR.

100 yards :—1, I. Goss ; 2, L. Rayner ; 3, R. Francis. 14⅘ secs.
220 yards :—1, I. Goss ; 2, R. Francis ; 3, L. Rayner. 36⅕ secs.
Long Jump :—1, I. Goss ; 2, R. Francis ; 3, L. Rayner. 12 ft. 9½ ins.
High Jump :—1, R. Francis. 3 ft. 4 ins.
Throw :—1, I. Goss. 23 yds.

SENIOR CHAMPION :—Ruth Edmundson.
RUNNER-UP :—Mary Parkin.
JUNIOR CHAMPION :—Irene Goss.
RUNNER-UP :—Ruth Francis.

HOUSE SPORTS.

1, Morland, 15.9 ; 2, Godlee, 14.7 ; 3, Crosfield, 11.8.

SCHOOL ATHLETICS.

FOOTBALL, 1927-28.

OUR fixture list for this season was a moderate one, most Saturdays and Wednesdays being reserved for matches. The season, however, was not a successful one ; we succeeded in winning only three matches, only one of which was against a school team.

	Played.	Won.	Lost.	Drawn.	Goals. For.	Against.
School XI. ..	2	0	2	0	4	7
Boys' XI. ..	17	3	11	3	29	68
Boys' 2nd XI.	4	2	1	1	11	9

Towards the middle of the season it was felt that two of the Town elevens with whom we had several matches were becoming both too skilful and too heavy for our Boys' XI. to cope with, and so it was decided to include both our student masters in the XI. on these occasions. Our defence had good material in it but the half-backs lost the valuable aid of C. Hardy early in the season through an accident to his leg, which prevented his playing for the remainder of the season; although those left worked hard with varying success, his absence was felt considerably.

The help of Mr. Cadman (full-back) and Mr. Smillie (half-back) on other occasions was very welcome. The forward line was not so successful as it was hoped it would be; several combinations were tried, the best being with Clayton centre-forward and Stansbury inside-left, the latter proving a great help to the inside forwards.

In the 1st XI. Mr. Pumphrey and Mr. Williams at inside-right and centre-forward considerably strengthened the forward line; but with none of these combinations could the forwards work together or combine with the half-backs with any degree of success. The contest for the position of right full-back with A. Tawell on the left was settled by bringing E. Dunstan to outside-left, where he proved very useful.

During the season colours were awarded to C. Hardy, A. Tawell, K. Smith, C. Köhler, G. Tawell, O. Lush, and A. Godden.

Ivor Parley
(*Boys' Captain*).

HOCKEY SEASON, 1927-28.

We were unfortunate in losing so many of our team this year, there being only four members of the last year's team remaining. It was lack of combination in the field that chiefly weakened

the team during the first part of the season, and this proved fatal in some of our matches, but towards the end of the season it was noticed that play had greatly improved in this respect.

Unfortunately eight matches were scratched owing to bad weather and to infectious diseases in the school. Out of twelve matches played we managed to win seven, the goals being thirty-four for and forty-seven against. The 2nd XI. had bad luck as their only match had to be scratched. During the season there were four mixed matches played on Merit-Halfs. These were greatly enjoyed by everyone concerned.

On February 4th the girls' 1st XI. accompanied by Miss Priestman and Miss Beecham were taken to see a territorial hockey match, North *versus* East at Chelmsford.

We played St. Christopher's School, Letchworth, on their ground on November 26th in a thick fog, and during the second half of the game it was difficult to see the ball, but in spite of that we manage to win, the score being 3—2. A few weeks later we played them on our own ground, and under more favourable conditions beat them by the same score.

The House matches were played with the usual keeneess in the Autumn Term, Crosfield being first and Morland second, but in the Spring Term it was found impossible to complete the second round as there were so many girls away.

Colours were awarded to Marjorie Close at the end of the Spring Term.

Mollie Trigg
(*Girls' Captain.*)

WHITSUNTIDE, 1928.

We regret that we are unable to publish an account of this year's Whitsuntide week-end. The account was written and sent to the School by two Old Scholars, but it has unfortunately since been lost. We offer sincere apologies for the mishap both to the writers, J. Frederick and Joyce B. Butler, and to our readers.—EDS.

AUCKLAND.

TO many Waldenites London is the chief centre of attraction—" All roads lead to London," they say. I am not insensible to the lure of stones steeped in history, the fascination of the human element in the ever moving crowds. I, too, I know not why, have felt the thrill, like tiny electric shocks, coursing up and down my spine on returning to London after even a brief absence. Yet for me the converse statement—all roads lead *from* London holds more truth. As one of Jack London's characters says of 'Frisco, " It's a terrible good place to start from."

Standing on Westminster Bridge, at the very heart of the Empire, watching the everflowing river slipping down to the Channel and so to the real " blue water," cannot one visualise the myriad roads branching forth in every direction across the trackless wastes of ocean? Intangible roads, these—their only signposts the stars.

Of all these roads the longest leads to Auckland, " Last, loneliest, lovliest, exquisite, apart."

Here, upon occasion, I have emerged from the comic-opera Railway Station—a new one, more worthy of New Zealand's largest city is about to be built—into a drizzling rain, heard the composite roar and hum of traffic, the hurrying footsteps, a news-boy's cry, and smelt the city smells. One has but to close one's eyes momentarily, to have an iron grip constrict the heart, a lump rise in the throat, and one is eleven thousand miles away, in London, transported thither by the short, sharp, surge of homesickness that only the wanderer knows. Here one may see modern ferro-concrete buildings, electric trams, mazes of poles and wires, displays of silk stockings, both in the shop windows and on the pavement, and all the distinctive features of present-day civilisation.

However, it is not on this aspect of the city that I wish to

dwell. Ten minutes in a tram car will bring one to the foot of Mount Eden, the largest of the volcanic cones which give a distinctive note to the isthmus on which the city is built, from the summit a magnificent view is obtained, under a clear blue sky and bathed in sunshine. Westward, the hazy bush-clad slopes of the Waitakere ranges ; to the South blue glimpses of the Manakan Harbour ; beyond the city area the sparkling waters of the Waitamata Harbour, with trans-harbour suburbs nestling on the opposite shore and triple-coned Rangitoto, the island volcano, guarding the entrance, stark memorial to the subterranean forces which have shaped Mother Earth. Around the base of the hill are spread, in every direction, the suburbs of the city, advancing across the rolling plain, not as a foul blot on the landscape, as in so many cities in other lands, but adding to its charm. The predominating white and red of the ubiquitious bungalow mingles with the green of trees and open spaces, with here and there a green cone which once belched forth destruction. Nor is the historical note entirely absent. Even the peaceful green basin at one's side, a perfect example of a volcanic crater, has played its part in shaping the land-scape, while in pre-pakeha* days the Mount was a Maori stronghold ; these very slopes have trembled and echoed to the fierce rhythm of the haka†, here stockades have been drenched in blood.

For me, the long trail does not end at Auckland, but leads some hundred miles into the " Winterless North." Here is the home I have been unconsciously seeking ever since I broke free from the forces which sought to bind me to an office chair, with a linen collar and neat black tie as a badge of servitude. Here can I say with Kipling,

> "On us, on us the unswerving season smiles,
> Who wonder, 'mid our fern, why folk depart
> To seek the Happy Isles ! "

LEONARD G. SALTER (1912-15).

* Pakeha=white man. † Haka=war-dance.

SCHOOL DIARY.

March 17th.—Lantern Lecture: "Bournville," Mr. C. B. Rowntree.

,, 19th.—Sports' Heats.
Girls' Reading Club Meeting.

,, 21st.—Sports Day.

,, 22nd.—N.H.S. Mtg. Diary, Bessie McGowan. Essays: "A Northumberland Valley," Ruth Edmundson; "The Lake District," John Harper; "Chelmsford," Constance Haylock. Merit Half-Holiday.

,, 23rd.—Boys' Reading Club Meeting.

,, 24th.—Lantern Lecture: "Jamaica," Mr. J. Backhouse.

,, 31st.—Lantern Lecture: "The Highland Lakes of Scotland," Mr. J. P. Whitlow.

April 4th.—End of Spring Term.

May 1st.— School re-opened.

,, 3rd.—N.H.S. Business Meeting.

,, 5th.—Cricket Match: 1st XI. *v.* Saffron Walden 2nd XI., home, drawn, 186 for 5 wkts.—123 for 6 wkts. I. Parley, 73 not out.

,, 9th.—Cricket Match: Boys' XI. *v.* Saffron Walden School, home, won, 191—48 runs. I. Parley, 40 runs (retired), C. Hardy, 37 runs (retired), E. Stansbury, 8 wkts. for 22 runs.

,, 10th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Diary, Geoffrey Tawell and Marjorie Close. Essays: "The Advantages and Disadvantages of Brothers," Marjorie Marshall; "On Making Money," Edmund Burtt; "Amateur and Professional in Sport," Basil Clayton, "Glastonbury Abbey," Cicely Rawlings. Gramophone Selections: "Tarantelle," Chopin; "The Blue Danube Waltz."

,, 12th.—Cricket Match: Boys' XI. *v.* Saffron Walden Rotary Club, home, lost, 136—140 for 5 wkts.

,, 17th.—N. H. S. Mtg. Diary, Marjorie Lee. Current Events Report, Marjorie Close. Essays: "Caves and Potholes," Eric Le Mare; "Grindelwald," Peggy Krippendorff.

,, 19th.—N.H.S. Excursion to Study Camp, Castle Camp, Helion's Bumpstead, Hempstead and Radwinter.

,, 24th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Diary, Geoffrey Tawell. Essays: "Windsor Castle," Barbara Sandwith; "A Guide Book Essay," Edward Dunstan; "Contrasts," Mollie Trigg; "Music hath Charms," Norman Forward. Viola Solo, "Romanza," by Wolsterholme, Bessie McGowan; Violin Solo, "1st Movement of a Schubert Sonata," Barbara Sandwith.

May 26th-28th.—O.S. Whitsun Week-end.

,, 26th.—Cricket Match: Boys' XI. *v.* O.S. 2nd XI., home, lost, 109—186.

,, 28th.—Cricket Match: 1st XI. *v.* O.S. 1st XI., home, won, 97—69. Mr. Cadman, 7 wkts. for 30 runs.
Cricket Match: Girls' XI. *v.* O.S. Girls' XI., home, drawn, 88 runs for 6 wkts., 58 for 7 wkts.

,, 30th.—Cricket Match: Boys' XI. *v.* Newport Grammar School, home, won, 154—73.

May 31st.—N.H.S. Mtg. Diary, T. Francis. Current Events Report, John Harper. Essays: "Great-grandfather Buttercup," Mollie Hooper; "Weather Forecasting," D. Schove; "On Birds' Nesting," Margaret Rollason.

June 2nd.—Cricket Match: Cambridge County School, home, won, 201-81. I. Parley, 59 runs; A. Tawell, 52 runs.
Tennis Match: 1st IV. *v.* Chantry Mount, away, lost, 28-40 games.

,, 6th.—Cricket Match: 1st XI. *v.* R. R. Dobbin's XI., home, won, 179—125. B. Clayton, 48 runs.

,, 7th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Diary, Joan Francis. Essays: "On Careers," Alan D. Furrell; "Glendalough and Glenmature," Freda Turtle; "Capital Punishment," Arthur Goss; "The Origin of Flying," Eileen Wooldridge. Violin and Piano Duet, "Arabesque," E. Dunstan and P. Snow; Pianoforte Duet, "The Rosamunde Overture," by Schubert, A. D. Furrell and N. Forward.

,, 9th.—General Meeting.

,, 13th.—Cricket March: Girls' XI. *v.* Homerton College, away, lost, 32—43.

,, 14th.—N.H.S. Mtg. Diary, Ruth Edmundson. Current Events Report, Peggy Krippendorff. Essays: "Some Birds of the Riverside," Yvonne Gundry; "Trees," Ruth Edmundson. Report of Excursion to Study Camp, etc., Ivor Parley. Merit Half-holiday.

,, 16th.—Tennis Match: 1st VI. *v.* Long Melford, home, won, 68—63 games

,, 20th— Cricket Match: Boys' XI. *v.* Saffron Walden School, away, won, an innings and 92 runs—17 and 40. 1st innings, Stansbury, 7 wkts. for 9 runs.

NOTICES.

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

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

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

SCHOLARSHIPS.

The following were adjudged by the School Committee to be of Scholarship standard: 1st, Bessie McGowan; 2nd, Alan D. Furrell and Charles Kohler; 3rd, Austin G. Tawell.

From the funds at their disposal the Committee were able to award £50 a year for two years to Bessie McGowan, and £30 a year for two years to the three others.

SCHOOL MAGAZINES.

We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of *The Cupola* (Ackworth), *The Beckside* (Ayton), Stramongate School Magazine, By Kent and Skerne (Polam), Keswick School Magazine, *The Alfredian*.



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