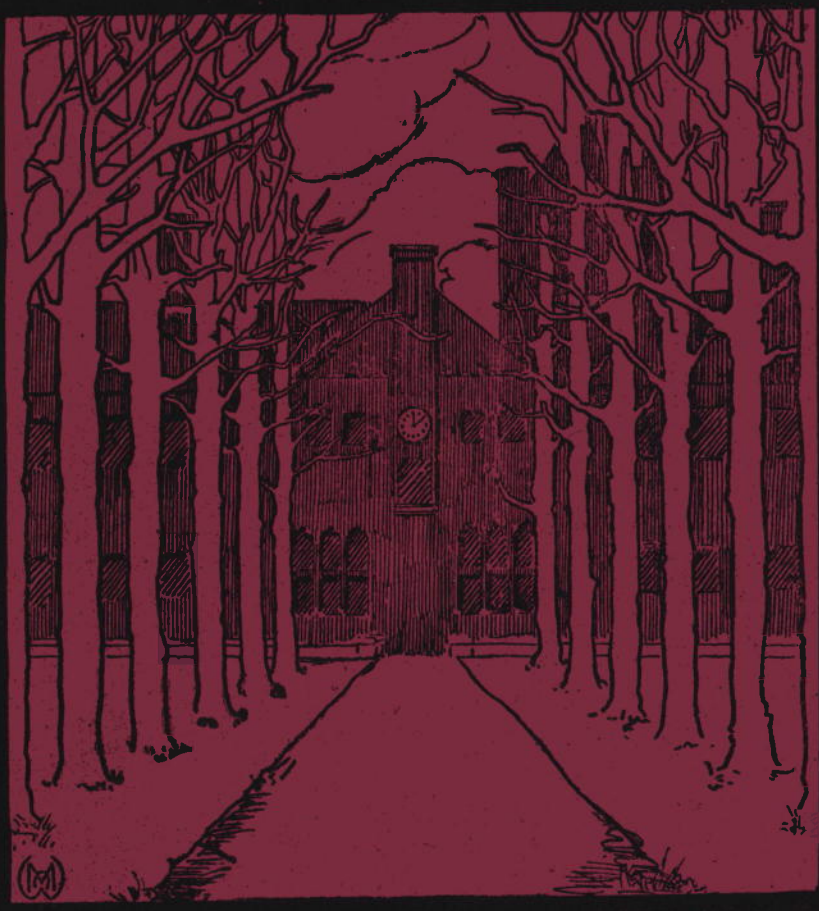
THE AVENUE



MARCH 1929

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THE SCHOOL FRONT.



The Magazine of the Friends' School, Saffron Walden.

VOL. XVIII. MARCH, 1929. No. 58

FOREWORD.

AT the end of the Autumn Term Miss Green left after a stay of two and a half years, and Miss Enid Deane (another Old Scholar) has come to take her place as Domestic Science Mistress.

The Avenue Concert held in November again provided an excellent entertainment, and the results in the financial line were more than satisfactory, a record amount of £8 6s. 1½d. being collected.

One meal-time, a week or so before the School broke up, we were pleasantly surprised to see the Dining Hall gaily decorated with balloons and paper hangings. This unusual scene was due to the Domestic Staff's Christmas Social which was held that evening. The decorations remained up for the rest of the term, and gave quite an atmosphere of Christmas to the Hall.

The beginning of this term saw another record created, the total number of scholars reaching the number 183. Twice upon previous occasions the number has reached 181, but has never gone beyond that total.

Owing to the shortness of the present term, " Athletic " and " House " Sports have had to be abandoned for the year.

Regarding " Athletic Sports," we were asked, when the former announcement was made, to discuss amongst ourselves the why and wherefore of " Sports," and to try and decide whether or not they should be held in coming years.

The importance of 1929 as the Jubilee of the School in Saffron Walden can hardly fail to be appreciated. The photograph of the front taken in 1880 came into the hands of the Editorial Board as it were by accident, just in time for publication in this issue with the article by Mr. Rowntree summarising the history of all our moves. It is interesting to note that the photograph was taken by the father of H. Bedford Lemere, then a boy in the School and now a member of the School Committee, whose photographic skill has been so freely placed at our disposal.

The account of the celebrations by the School of Queen Victoria's Jubilee was felt to be of considerable interest as showing how a holiday was spent so soon after our last removal.

During the Christmas holidays the Future Careers Association arranged with the Institute of Industrial Psychology to conduct a series of Intelligence Tests on schoolboys, with a view to helping them to come to a right decision as to their future. These were carried out at the Schoolboys' Exhibition, when four Walden boys were amongst those invited to undergo the Test. One of them describes his experiences elsewhere.

Basil Clayton
(Stage 7).

SAFFRON WALDEN JUBILEE.

1879-1929.

AS it is now 227 years since its foundation, and twenty-seven years since we celebrated its Bi-centenary, it seems rather late in the day to talk of jubilees in connection with our School.

But the Summer of the present year will see the completion of the fiftieth year since it was removed from Croydon to Saffron Walden.

Opened in 1702 at Clerkenwell, moved to Islington in 1788—so as to be out in the country—the School found that London still continued to thrust out new streets of houses all around it. So a further move was made in 1825, to Croydon, and shortly after the Croydon Jubilee that site in its turn was deserted in favour of a new site still further from London.

The choice lay between the counties of Essex and Hampshire, and three places, Saffron Walden, Walton-on-the-Naze, and Alton in Hampshire, had been visited by a Committee of Friends appointed to find the new home for the School. That Saffron Walden had found the greatest favour in their eyes was in part due to the facts that George Stacey Gibson offered to give six acres of ground upon which the new building might be erected, and that Saffron Walden Friends undertook to enlarge their Meeting House in order to make it possible to accommodate the children and teachers as well as the Friends already living in the town. Commenced in 1877, the new school building at Saffron Walden was completed in 1879.

On Whit-Monday, 1879, Old Scholars to the number of nearly 350—a few dating their school-days back to the Clerkenwell times—gathered at Croydon, to bid farewell to the place that had for more than fifty years provided a home for the School.

A few days later the scholars had departed and the building was handed over to the packers. " On Monday morning, June 22nd, seventeen trucks and vans drew up before the School, to convey the forty-five tons of goods that were to be installed in the new premises. After three days' travelling these vans arrived in Saffron Walden, and slowly made their way to the new buildings at the top of the hill. But what a sight met the eyes of those who were in charge of the goods! They had hoped to find the buildings ready to receive the furniture; they saw the School as an unfinished shell, and they found the approaches almost impassable for heavy vans. Months of traffic of builders' carts and much wet weather had made the

roads a veritable quagmire, in which the vans stuck and resisted all attempts to extricate them until extra horses were obtained. Yet this was but a preliminary difficulty—there was not a single room ready to receive the furniture and fittings! Carpenters, plasterers, painters were everywhere, and the rooms were littered with refuse. There was nothing for it but to unload the vans and dump the goods in the large school-rooms and bedrooms. And there they lay—desks, boards, cupboards, books, cases of birds, shells and other Natural History exhibits—all in a heap amidst the sand, lime and dust, until the places were found to receive them. . . That night a violent storm of thunder, wind and rain raged for hours. Doors had been hung in all the rooms, but the fastenings had not been fitted, and the effect was a pandemonium, until wood had been found with which to wedge the doors. . . August 19th was the day appointed for the reassembling of the School. Nearly eighty boys and girls were brought down from London, and on their arrival at the little station they found many willing guides to the ' College,' as the School was called." [Extracts from an account by the Headmaster, G. F. Linney.] The building was still far from finished, and up till Christmas there were between forty and fifty workmen about. " Even then the grounds were not laid out. In the following Spring the lanes and bye-roads were denuded of sods for the cricket field ; the crease was laid with the turf and the rest of the field was sown with grass. But when the month of May arrived what a sight met the eyes of the cricketers. Thistles, nothing but thistles, thousands and thousands of them! "

The photographs accompanying this article will give some idea of the appearance of the School fifty years ago. The Headmaster, George F. Linney, and the Senior Assistant Master, Arthur H. Williams, figure in both photographs. The Headmistress at that time was Ann Groom Brown, who was succeeded in 1894 by Lucy Fairbrother, after whose retirement in 1920, Florence D. Priestman became Headmistress. In



Photo. by] [*Bedford Lemere & Co.*

FRIENDS' SCHOOL, SAFFRON WALDEN, IN 1880.



Photo. by] [*Bedford Lemere & Co.*

BOYS' PLAYGROUND IN 1880.

1890 John Edward Walker took G. F. Linney's place, and held the position for thirty-two years.

At first, with the exception of the lowest class, boys and girls were taught at opposite ends of the building, and they seldom met except for meals, when they were seated at opposite sides of the room. Later on the Literary Society meetings were held jointly, and in the oldest class both girls and boys shared in some of the lessons. Brothers and sisters were allowed to meet at certain times of the day on the Avenue or the Lawn, as it was called. But it was not until 1910 that the present co-educational arrangements were begun.

Thanks to Walden's many friends and to the faithful labours of past generations of Scholars and Teachers, the School has progressed in many ways during its last fifty years ; outwardly, the grounds have grown to thirty-five acres, the buildings have been very considerably enlarged, and the number of Scholars has gradually grown from eighty to over 180 ; with regard to more important matters, the standard of work done has been raised, and it is the concern of all now at the School to maintain the ideals of conduct which they have received from their predecessors, handing them on untarnished and, if possible, with added lustre to future generations. *Per ardua ad alta.*

C.B.R.

THE FRIEND SHIP.

THE Friend Ship is a Fellowship whose aim is to cultivate and cement personal friendship between the young people of the Nations. The monthly magazine of that name is published in co-operation with the League of Nations Union. In the November issue Una Sell was awarded third prize and Eleanor M. Sawdon honourable mention, in the Shanty Competition, for the following verses.

How I Joined the Friend Ship.

One day, as I was staying
At Elfin-Land-on-Sea,
I saw a gallant sailing Ship
Come sailing right for me;
I waved my coloured scarf aloft;
The skipper waved in turn—
I longed to be a sailor then,
For, plainly near the stern,
My eyes saw writ *The Friend Ship*,
Which made my heart to burn;
The Skipper cried "Come, join us,"
I gladly did consent,
And say I, "To the *Friend Ship*,
I'll stick till I am spent."

Una Sell
(*Stage* 3).

The Friend Ship.

Oh! come and join our merry, merry crew,
And sail all round the world.
Oh! come and see what we'll do with you,
When we're off and round the world.

We'll sail away to the East and to the West,
We'll tell what we can see;
We'll write about all that we think the best,
Which you will like to see.

We'll go to the South and then up North,
All over the world we'll sail;
We'll sail right up to the cold, cold North,
After the seal and whale.

. . .

Good wishes for our merry, merry crew,
In all the years to be;
Our skipper will have thought of something new
For our own crew to see.

Eleanor Sawdon
(*Stage* 5).

1887.

JUBILEE DAY.

FRIENDS' SCHOOL, SAFFRON WALDEN.

[An account of the Celebration of Queen Victoria's Jubilee, as printed at the time.]

AS it was seen that the money kindly raised by several friends for our Jubilee would be better spread over two days than only one, an excursion of the whole School was arranged for Friday, June 17th. The whole establishment, including servants and gardeners, turned out at 8 o'clock, and took train to Cambridge; staying there just long enough to wander through the grand avenues by the river at the College backs, and finally all gathering on a pleasure barge, "Lorna Doone," in which, to strains of the fiddle and the harp, we were towed six miles down the shady and willow-bordered Cam. All disembarked at a certain Clayhythe, and there had a substantial meal under a wide willow tree; then leisurely walking to Waterbeach Station, whence a train took us some ten miles to Ely, our destination. The one object of interest here was of course the Cathedral, to which we at once turned through the Park. Many were able to observe in some detail the vast difference of style in its various parts, the simple majesty of the Norman Tower, the wonderful central Octagon, glowing with modern colours, the faultless

Gothic Choir, with its lancet windows and its fantastic monsters craning outwards, and the Lady Chapel a mere relic of Protestant ravage. The ascent up the great Tower was evidently a popular one ; and with the boys a bathe in the Ouse was no less so ; and from the hearty justice done to the tea, prepared in two lots, at the Bell Inn, it would appear that that part of the programme was not altogether unacceptable either. We started back for home at 6.30 ; and the only other incident of the day was the utter inability of the Walden train, thus unusually loaded, to get up one particular hill without a ten minutes' waiting to take breath. This led to the driver's receiving a fair amount of youthful chaff, of a good-humoured kind. To conclude, the weather was perfect, and the day as a whole a thorough success.

Jubilee day was equally favoured. After breakfast we had a solemn interval of thanksgiving to God for fifty years of mercies both to the Queen and Motherland ; expressed equally and heartily by spoken prayer and by the choral singing of appropriate hymns. The forenoon was spent by most in country walks, partly but not altogether in classes ; and again a bathe in the river was found by many a refreshing change. A number of the girls attended the children's service at our Parish Church. Many of us caught a glimpse of our local procession passing through the High Street about noon, consisting of Volunteers, with their band, at the head of the Friendly Societies and fourteen hundred Sunday Scholars.

Our afternoon we prudently spent in a quiet way. The cricket field was the general resort, and here at our ease most of us watched two curious matches, one between the boys' and girls' first classes, the other between their second, the boys batting in each case with broomsticks. Our girls justified their Walden training, but could not beat their opponents in either case.

At half-past five all appeared on the front lawn, where tables were to be seen groaning under hissing urns and piles of

bread-and-butter and cake. The meal was despatched in no half-hearted way, girls and boys sitting together, mixed up without restraint, and above us on the Tower rippled and flapped, without ceasing, our loyal flags, the Union Jack conspicuous above all. After tea came a grand game of tirzah, which shook off whatever remnants of dull care had still clung to anyone, and left us all very hot. When duly cooled, we repaired to the dining hall, where all the previous day cunning hands had been arranging greenery and flowers in the Queen's honour. The centenarian clock, marked 1787, was especially gay, as though the festival were partly for itself. Over the end gallery, in a central position, hung a mysterious white sheet ; and the removal of this was our next event ; and when it dropped, and a large bust of Queen Victoria was disclosed, backed by a tasteful grouping of flags, three spontaneous cheers rang out so heartily as to make every wooden rafter ring. After this a choir of boys and girls sang us various national songs ; our friends, Edmund B. Gibson and Walter Robson, who were present, addressed us with others, and various recitations were pleasantly rendered, especially two or three fine ones from Tennyson. It need scarcely be added that a very cordial vote of thanks was unanimously passed to the Jubilee subscribers.

Shortly after nine the School went down to the Common to see the town fireworks ; and although there was a large crowd already there, we got a very good sight of them ; coloured lights, rockets, wheels, candles, fire-balloons, a study of the Queen's head, and among other things a very successful bonfire. When this last was burning low, the night was growing late ; but yet we had time to go round some principal streets to see what illuminations of V.R.'s and crowns and fairy lamps there were ; and were glad of a fine view of a picturesque torchlight procession. And now at last, about 11 o'clock, we moved back together to the School, not without song, and ended with three ear-deafening cheers, ay and far more than

three, for the Queen and Mr. Linney and everybody in general, in the loyalty and world-wide sympathy of our satisfied hearts. Very sound and dreamless slumbers put the final touch on a holiday which none of those who shared in it can ever forget while we remember anything.

A WALK IN SPRINGTIME.



T was a lovely bright spring morning. The sun was shining, the birds were singing, and in fact everything to suggest the coming of summer was doing its best to herald her. So I thought I would take a walk along the banks of a stream, which are commonly known as "The Valleys," in the village.

After a short walk along a narrow and shady lane, I crossed an old, tumbledown bridge, climbed a stile, and then found myself in a beautiful arbour which had been made solely by the hand of Nature. The primroses and violets at my feet vied in their beauty with the anemones and apple blossom on the opposite bank. The gloriously coloured celandines looked all the more beautiful against a background of light green foliage —and through the midst of it all a cool, shallow brook rippled and sparkled. I looked around and soon saw a narrow winding path leading off among the trees. I followed it until I came to a waterfall, so small and yet how great! Above, I caught a glimpse of a meadow. On the farther side of it was a bank, and oh!—"I know a bank wher'on the wild thyme blows, where oxlips and the nodding violet grows, quite overcanopied with luscious woodbine, with sweet musk-roses and with eglantine." Of course the roses were not there or the eglantine either, but the particular bank of which Shakespeare speaks had a lot to do with the fairy folk, and one does not usually find violets and roses blooming at the same time, but my bank does have roses later on in the year.

I continued my walk, stopped now and then to listen to the birds and to watch their play. Then, all of a sudden, I had a start, for there, sitting among the ivy on the opposite bank was the largest wild bird I had ever seen ; it had its back to me, otherwise I should not have done the foolish thing that I did later. Stepping very cautiously, I walked with difficulty across the stream, and round to the back of the bush which the bird was facing. I did not trouble to look at the bird itself, but took out my camera and made a snapshot of it. The lenses were not very clear, and the bush was in my way, so it did not turn out very satisfactorily. I was shutting up the camera, feeling relieved that the creature had not moved, when a rough, untidy little girl came plunging through the bushes near me. " What're you doin' to my dad's turkey ? " she demanded, " messing about with other folks business when you've no right to ! " I was thoroughly taken aback, and proceeded to explain as well as I could, but she merely picked up the turkey, put out her tongue at me, and climbed over the fence.

For the rest of my walk I was blind to the beauties of nature. It *is* amazing what a lot of difference it makes to one's feelings after one has been taken for a fool.

Lucille Rayner
(Stage 3a).

HECTOR AND THE HENS.

THESE three " Old English Game " bantams started their school career very inconspicuously ; one evening as I was going upstairs I was summoned by one of the masters and told to go down to the station to get my live stock.

When I got there my " canaries " were delivered to me, and I brought them up, and installed them in the pet-shed.

But next morning their fame was spread abroad, for they were a novelty compared with the rats and rabbits, and everybody petted and fed them till they became quite tame.

They had to live in a rabbit-hutch till their new quarters were fitted out, and they were well pleased to get more freedom, for they had soon explored the run, which they reached by a hole from their cage through the end of the pet-shed.

When I next came out to feed them I was much surprised to see all three wandering about the playground, Hector finding and picking up dainty morsels for the hens.



Ralph Erskine (Stage 5.)

I soon gave up all hope of keeping them in the run, for they always flew or burrowed out ; in fact, Hector, who seemed to be proud of this achievement, used to serenade us from the top of the door before flying down on the outside. So after a few attempts to keep them in the run, they were allowed complete freedom, which they kept for ever after.

At Whitsuntide they enjoyed themselves very much, for the visitors admired and petted them, and there were plenty of scraps lying about. But at the same time came a pair of Rhode Island Red pullets, which one of the bantams immediately attacked, till in desperation they turned on her and drove her back to Hector. He being a chivalrous fellow, shielded her, although he would not take up her quarrel as she seemed to wish him to do. Though these two families never became friendly, they grew to acknowledge each other's presence.

That term one of the hens turned broody, so I set some eggs under her, four one day, and, foolishly, I put two more

there the next day. Of course she could not sit in the same house as the others were in, for the nest-box was neither comfortable nor large enough, so she was moved to an unoccupied rabbit hutch. Hector at first wondered where she had gone to. When he found her he used to stand outside looking in at her. She did not like this, and she used to squawl and pipe at him till he went away.

Then one day I noticed that one of the eggs was chipped, and, lifting it up, I heard the chick tapping away at the shell. Next day when I looked there was one tiny, feeble, moist chick, just hatched. By the next day they were all hatched except the two I had put under her a day late, and the hen, with true instinct, would not sit for more than the three weeks in which a fertile egg should hatch out.

I realised my mistake, and set about rectifying it. I got two hot-water bottles, and some flannel, with which I covered the bottles, and on which I put the eggs. Then I covered them with some more flannel and straw. In spite of my expectations to the contrary, one of the chicks came out ; the other egg was bad. The chick I put with the others when the hen was not looking—she would have killed it had she suspected it of being a stranger.

Of course, the mother was extremely proud of her young ones, and Hector and the other hen shared the pride. It was very amusing to see them protecting the chicks from inoffensive rabbits or rats ; at such times the mother was a feather whirlwind of fury.

That term a chicken-killing dog carried off and killed one of the Rhode Island Reds, but the bantams escaped unscathed.

In the holidays a cat got into the run before the hens were let out of it. It was a stray, half-wild creature, and it had to hunt for its food, so it apparently thought the chicks easy prey. But not so, for when I arrived out there, called by a neighbour, there was Hector with a hen on each side, three fluffed-out bunches of feathered fury, manœuvering to keep

the chicks behind them and away from the cat. But the cat had no longer any desire for the chicks. He was badly punished and was frantically trying to get out of the run, leaping in all directions in his fear.

In later years Hector had a furious fight with one of his sons who lived nearby, and he drove him out of the garden in the end. They never had anything but contempt for our pigeons, whom they kept off the ground, and whose food they always ate—till we drove them away.

Then they took to invading the Prefects' room, and feeding on their butter and the currants out of their cake. Often they were driven out of the window, followed by a hail of tennis balls.

As they grew tame they seemed to grow intelligent. Once I offered them a grape, which they would not take, till I ate one myself in front of their eyes.

Just before they left they were often present at whole classes, between which they hopped over our books in quest of titbits. The whole School was theirs, and they were everybody's ; anybody could pick them up or play with them as they liked.

But now, the sad thing has happened. I thought they were a nuisance, and were not wanted. I have learnt my mistake.

Ralph Erskine
(*Stage* 5).

HECTOR AND HIS WIVES.

AT the beginning of the term I felt there was something—a part of the School—missing, but it took me a whole week to realise what it was—Hector and his two wives.

The perky, noisy little bantam cock and his two less sprightly wives, who have played such a part in School for some years now, have been got rid of. Their late owner has had in consequence several depreciatory remarks addressed to him by somewhat indignant people who have missed his three pets.

No more will our lessons be pleasantly disturbed by Hector's continuous little cackle outside the classroom, and no more will he strut on the window-sill. No more will he and his two comrades have to be chased out of the classroom, and no more will they get in the way of our work. No more will they be troubled by our throwing them into the air to make them fly, or by our nearly treading on them in the pet-shed. No more will Mr. Pearson be able to walk along by the wall of the Boys' Lower Asphalt, beckoning them and calling, " Hector, Hector, Hector." No more will Erskine feed them and gather their tiny eggs.

These three little birds, through their absolute tameness and friendliness, had somehow grown to form an important and popular part of our school life, and we miss them greatly. It came as a shock to us that they were not permanent, and not to be more or less " taken for granted," and that Erskine could not look after them for ever ; and now—to our great dismay and sorrow—they are gone.

Muriel Poulter
(*Stage* 5).

WEATHER.

RETROSPECT OF 1928.



OOKING backwards over the weather of 1928 we find that although it has been London's seventh successive wet year as regards rainfall, it seems to have impressed itself on most memories as " very good." This is largely because the average man's idea of the weather is a little narrow, being founded chiefly on what happens in the holidays, in which we have been lucky enough to get very good weather this time.

Nevertheless, records certainly show that this good opinion is justified on at least two grounds, namely, warmth and sunshine—for we have had only four cold months and over 120

hours sunshine above the normal. The heaviest rainfalls have occurred at night, so it may not have seemed a rainy year.

On casting our minds back over the year, one of the first things we remember is the Thames flood, following the snowstorms of the previous year. Although most people seemed to think the snowstorms were the cause of this, it was chiefly due to a Northerly gale in the North Sea and a Westerly one in the Channel. January will also be remembered for its very changeable weather, some places in the West having rain every day in the month.

The mild and wet though sunny conditions of that month remained with us until mid-February, and February 8th gave us the first great S.W. gale of the year.

By that time everyone was beginning to grumble at this " remarkable " weather, when startling statistics showed us its virtues, for 10,000 lives had been saved, or at least, prolonged, by the mild weather. Doctors, too, were noticing how many cases, which normally would have proved fatal, recovered. And when in mid-February, the weather did change to dry, people grumbled at the frost.

March and April gave us the usual early Spring medley of showery days—snow one week and heat waves the next, cold showery mornings, dry warm fine afternoons, etc. We shall remember especially the gloriously fine warm Easter we had, owing to a last-minute change in the conditions, likewise the snowstorms which followed in the South only a few days later.

In early May most of S.E. England was visited by a spectacular storm of almost tropical violence, which despite its size had a very well-marked but small and concentrated centre near Croydon. Indeed, at my home, West Wickham, three miles to the East away, we were almost in the centre, and had nearly twice as much rain as Croydon itself, which place had more than any other official station. I have never seen a more wonderful display of lightning and thunder, which kept safely between the distances of 1,500 and 2,000 yards away over thick

woods as it moved respectively S. and N., before it finally went away to the West. It was extremely interesting to watch.

July recalls to us day after day of hot dry and cloudless weather, when the scorching heat of the sun was only prevented from doing immense damage by light Atlantic breezes and a dust haze, which in this part became exceptionally thick for several days. Actually, thanks to two heavy falls of rain on the 5th and the 27th, the rainfall was brought up to normal and no one (unless those schoolboys who were " swotting " for examinations or those pessimists who, like myself, had holidays in August and who were expecting that month to make up for July by wetness) was dissatisfied.

The next two months, however, were both sunny, for anti-cyclonic weather gave us days of glorious sunshine and " a not severe " drought in September, so that it was left for October (normally the wettest month in England) to be wet; and indeed, it was quite a change to hear of intense depressions crossing the British Isles. Although Saffron Walden escaped much of the rain that passed over the West, we had one of the wettest months of the year.

November too, gave us gales and depressions, and, generally speaking, unsettled weather, Deal's 4¼ inches of rain in fifty hours, with a N.E. wind, being most exceptional. Although, generally speaking, it was an exceptionally warm month; there were cold periods and several times parts of the S.E. had snow. I believe it was at the end of this month near Folkestone, Kent, that there were five consecutive days with snow or snow-showers. Indeed, that district and Norfolk have been particularly favoured this winter, although it was not until January that there was much lying. The reason is that, unlike last winter, there have been more N. and N.-N.-W. winds. This winter these winds are, owing to local conditions, much wetter at those places.

December was a typical mid-winter anti-cyclonic month with its mixture of fine, frost, fog, overcast, slight snow and cold conditions, which have persisted until the end of January.

Some people look upon all these exceptional conditions in a very gloomy way. They point to the death of such a healthy man as Mr. B. Wilkinson, who had never been ill, and whose death is said to have been caused by November damp and warmth. They look at the estimated cost of one and a half millions daily during the recent London fogs. They point again to the extra expense caused by snow, gales, heat waves and droughts respectively, as if when they were children there were never such things ; instead of looking the other way and estimating the amount of money saved by every ordinary dull day.

And when the weather is such that everyone has coughs and colds, they tell you how, if they had enough money, they would spend winter basking in the sun on the Riviera. In the meantime the Riviera is enjoying Winter Sports and thirty degrees of frost.

Here are a few facts about weather in foreign countries during the past month, where, generally speaking, conditions have not been so exceptional as in England:

Riviera.—" Sharp frosts almost every day." Several villages near Nice quite snowbound—three days of continuous rain and hail.

Lion Gulf.—Mr. Morris informs me that when he was there last holidays even the salt lagoons were frozen.

Spain.—Parts isolated by snow. Frost inland every day for about a month.

France.—Twenty-three deaths from cold in France. *Germany* and *Poland* have had such cold as we cannot even conceive of.

Italy.—Vesuvius covered with snow; Rome flooded severely; even *Sicily* had snow.

Palestine.—Jerusalem is under snow.

Tropics.—Everyone longing for English fogs and climate.

Sydney.—Severe heat waves doing considerable damage and deaths.

U.S.A.—Fifteen deaths from a blizzard. Five deaths from a tornado in Texas.

Russia.—Inconceivable cold—100 degrees of frost.

So instead of grumbling about our snow, cold, heat, fogs and sunshine, we should, looking the other way round, appreciate each type of weather for its different virtues, at the same time remembering that the English climate is envied as being one of the most equable and healthy, and that its winter temperature is about 40 degrees higher than the normal for the same latitude.

Readers of the " Daily Chronicle " are probably apt to think that our weather is deteriorating, and that in recent years we have had very exceptional conditions. For this paper (although quite an interesting one on the whole) every few days, whenever there is anything exceptional about the weather, seems to get hold of a few facts and spread them over a paragraph, wasting ever so much time looking out for records being broken, until you get sentences like this:

" At Smallville, near Aberdeen, the temperature fell to an exceptionally low temperature last night, the grass thermometer recording a minimum of 32·2 degrees—a fifth of a degree above freezing point." " This is the coldest October 16th night for three years. At Penton, Monmouthshire, the temperature has not risen above normal for nearly a week. As the storm-centre near the Hebrides moves slowly South Eastwards the weather may become even colder to-night, writes our Special Weather Correspondent."

Actually the weather is now no different from what it was in our grandfathers' time—the winter temperature has risen decidedly, but the rainfall is no higher. We read of awful weather in diarists of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.

The reason that so many grandparents talk of the wickedness and decadence of the modern generation is just the same as for their telling us what lovely weather they had in their day.

We shall probably tell our grandchildren the same things, for it is a fact that we only remember the fair days and forget the wet.

Nevertheless, all the weather prophets are foretelling a dry and sunny 1929, and as they seem to have arrived at that conclusion through so many different methods, it seems quite probable that they will be right this time, though we should never trust to anybody's forecast for over a day ahead. Perhaps some of us may have heard the story of the great weather prophet who was going to be married and how he spent hours in looking up records and poring over books to work out the best fortnight for his honeymoon. He eventually chose the first half of July. It turned out to be the wettest fortnight of the year!

PROSPECTS FOR 1929.

Rainfall.—Moderate, but less than 1928. A wet Autumn, but a dry Summer, apart from unsettled conditions during the last half of July, and heavy local thunderstorms at other times in the valley districts of the S.E. Snow in the North and West hill districts during February and in the East during March. A wet February, and March very wet indeed in the West.

Sunshine.—Fairly high generally. Low in the West during February and March, but high in E. Scotland and near the East Coast.

Winds.—S.W. generally—N.Easterly at times in April, S.W. especially prevalent in February and March, when there will be several gales from that direction.

Temperature.—Mild during the winter months (from mid-February), especially in the S.W. and S. Ireland during February, but cold periods in April and December. Warm weather, with several heat waves in the S.E., in Summer.

Derek Schove
(*Stage* 6).

THE OLD SCHOLARS' NEW YEAR'S PARTY.

ON Wednesday, the 9th of January, at Friends House, the Old Scholars gave their Annual Party, which was attended by an exceptionally large number of Past and Present Scholars. The evening proved to be quite as successful, if not more so, than those of previous years.

When we arrived we seated ourselves in groups at the small tables which were set out round the room for tea. After this we all helped to clear away the tables and arrange the chairs ready to begin the evening with songs and a 'cello solo.

We were now prepared to begin our programme of games, which had been well arranged beforehand by the Old Scholars. We started off with the lively game of " Caterpillar," in which we all sat on chairs in a large circle, leaving two or three empty places, which a number of people who were in the centre made wild dashes to reach, while we were continuously moving round. We played a great variety of other games, among which were Hyde Park, Bigamy, and a team game which consisted of passing match-boxes from nose to nose. All of these were greatly enjoyed and caused much amusement.

The whole time was well filled up, for in the intervals between the games some of the Old Scholars provided entertainment for us in the way of recitations and songs, which were very much appreciated.

Towards the end of the evening it was suggested that we should have a little dancing, but as only a few joined in we went back to the games, for they seemed more popular.

At about half-past nine we joined hands round the room and the pleasant evening came to a close with " Auld Lang Syne."

Kathleen Butterworth
Joan Francis
(*Stage* 6).

MY INTELLIGENCE TEST.

IT was with a feeling of considerable doubt that I found myself outside the Royal Horticultural Hall. That was the building all right, and I had found my way there successfully, but the problem which now arose was how to get in.

There was only one entrance that I could see, and that was a very imposing one with pillars in front of it, and I felt that I was far too unimportant to go through that one.

After about ten minutes wandering round the building in the hope of finding a friendly looking commissionaire, I saw a lady with a list, looking as though she had lost something. As soon as she saw me she dashed up to me and asked me my name. When I told her, she took me in by an entrance with a " private " notice over it.

I was shown into a large room in which there were about a dozen boys of 15-16 years of age. One half of the room was hidden from our eager gaze by a curtain.

The half of the room which we could see contained three or four wooden tables, at which sat several adults who appeared to be working. They apparently were the people responsible for marking our papers, and we eyed them with respect and not without a little apprehension. We were soon called into the further section of the room, which was much the same as the one in which we had been waiting, except for the fact that it had three of its corners curtained off.

We seated ouselves round the tables and waited for another ten minutes. Eventually a gentleman arrived with a stop-watch and a bundle of important looking papers. He distributed a few of the papers at the top of this pile, and then gave us our instructions. We were told that in nearly all the exercises given us we were not allowed enough time to finish, but that we should not worry about that. Then the gentleman consulted his stop-watch and told us to start the exercises on the first page. There were about fifty questions, chiefly small arithmetical problems, on that page, and when I had done

thirty I was horrified to hear him say "stop." It appeared that we were given three minutes in which to do these fifty questions. Next time I was rather more prepared for it and managed to get them all done, but only once out of about ten sets did I succeed in doing that.

The next series of tests was rather more practical. We were shown a series of geometrical figures for ten seconds each and then were expected to reproduce them. I cannot speak for anybody else, but my attempts were ludicrous in the extreme, and I began to envy the people who were marking our papers.

After about two and a half hours of these tests we were told that we were free until 2.30, when we should be wanted again. We were led away to lunch immediately and we all did full justice to it, although one of our party who was a vegetarian was somewhat handicapped by the fact that vegetarian dishes were beyond the ken of the chef.

After lunch we had an hour and a half to spare, and so we wandered round the Exhibition itself.

I had hoped that I had adequate protection against the guiles of the salesmen in the fact that I had no change, but they would not take that excuse and eventually I was practically forced to buy a metal stamp with my monogram on it.

When we returned to the examination room we were again placed round the tables and given materials for the practical tests. Some of us had jig-saw puzzles with parts missing to be filled in from a box of spare parts provided, and others had boxes of dissembled articles such as a door lock and a bicycle bell which had to be put together.

During this period we were each called out in turn and had a private interview with a lady. She gave us a few simple tests and then discussed with us what we wanted to do and why.

After the interview the examination was at an end, and we were suffered to depart to our various homes, feeling extremely virtuous at having done so much work in the holidays.

Peter M. Thurtle
(*Stage* 6).

HOUSE COMPETITIONS, 1928.

"HE laughs best who laughs last," seems to be the motto adopted by Crosfield House, for after the "Ashes" had been shared by Morland or Godlee for the first seven years of the competition, Crosfield decided that it was about time they pulled themselves together and they have well earned the right to laugh, for not content with winning the "Ashes" three times out of the last four years, they have again succeeded in becoming the premier House. The actual figures are as follows:

1. Crosfield, 445·4.
2. Morland, 423·8.
3. Godlee, 331·3.

Crosfield obtained a lead over Morland, the holders, in the first term, with Godlee a bad third, and the same order was maintained in the succeeding terms.

Seldom has the leader led by so large a margin or the winners of the wooden spoon been so far behind. The detailed results of the various sections are as follows:

	Athletics.	Literary.	Scientific.	Manual.	Aesthetic.	Classwork.	Conduct.
Crosfield	106	34	19	14	39	97	130
Morland	97	27	23	13	42	107	119
Godlee	81	9	4	10	29	95	104

As will be seen, Crosfield have not depended solely on "brawn" or brains, for they lead in four out of the seven sections and are worthy leaders. Good luck to you, Crosfield—and beware, "He laughs best who laughs last."

The competitions—held this year for the first time in the Autumn Term—were distinctly "patchy," for whilst the quality of some of the work was excellent, there are still some entrants who do not realise that work to which they have not

given adequate preparation gives no benefit to either their House or themselves.

The Lecturettes provided us with an enjoyable evening, perhaps more enjoyable from the fact that all the lecturers really lectured instead of describing other people's slides ; the lantern being used only to illuminate clearly the diagrams used. E. Dunstan (Crosfield) was placed first for a talk on "Christmas." Some of us who have seen many House plays feel each year that next year the plays are bound to fall off, they cannot possibly keep up the high standard that has been reached, and yet each year the plays seem as good as, or even better than, those of the preceding year. This year was no exception, both Crosfield's and Morland's productions certainly deserve to rank with the best of previous plays.

The House Excursions were this year favoured with good weather and thoroughly enjoyed by all, even by the harassed House Captains, who, having spent hours of anxious thought in trying to lay out the House Funds to the best possible advantage, heaved sighs of relief when tea-time was safely over, everyone was sufficiently replete, and there was still plenty over for supper. Lest the uninitiated may think that the sole function of a House Excursion is to provide an excuse for a good tea, may I explain that there are games and other diversions as well as the more serious business of the afternoon, while a visitor to one of the Socials told me that before coming to Walden he was not a great believer in co-education, but the more he had seen of the School the more he had come round to believe in the system, and if anything was needed to convince him absolutely, it was the whole-hearted enjoyment of all at the House Excursion.

G.S.P.

OUR LITTLE COMRADE.

FOUR weeks was the total length of Jeanne Morris' Walden schooldays. Her first introduction to her new schoolfellows was on Liverpool Street Station on January 17th, when she was handed over to the care of one of the older girls to travel down on the "squash."

Boarding school life was not new to her, as she had already spent two and a half years at Ayton School, where she lived with her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Stapleton (the latter a Walden Old Scholar), but spent practically all her time in the School.

She quickly took a good position in 3A, and in her own quiet way was entering with keen enjoyment into everything that was going on, when four weeks after entering the School she was attacked by meningitis, and after little more than a fortnight's illness (half of which was spent in a London nursing home) she was taken from us.

Tiny girl that she was, and not yet twelve years of age, with so many new contacts to make in that short month, she has left on young and old vivid impressions of a personality of rare charm.

Her extremely neat, methodical ways, and rather grown-up manner were entirely natural to her, while her utter unconsciousness of self was shown in everything she did, from her confiding way of asking for needed advice, to her readiness to help in such little matters as changing practising or filling-up offices.

As one of her school-fellows expressed it: "She was always very grateful for the tiniest thing done for her, and hated to make herself a nuisance, while she always seemed to cultivate an atmosphere of sunshine wherever she was. Her happy smile and sweet, quiet manner were always a pleasure to see." Others say: "She was a great favourite among us all."

Our very deepest sympathy goes out to Jeanne's mother, who wrote on first hearing that she was not well: "All Jeanne's

letters have been so bright and cheery since she went to Walden. It is a great joy to me that she has settled in so happily. . . I do hope there will not be any serious cases at School, and that all will soon be well again—particular wishes for my own small lady, you will understand."

Setting to her task of learning the School Song, she had not finished copying it. The last line written was:

" Children who have left her, the Mother School still claims you,
Fellowship and brotherhood. . . ."

Jeanne has gone on ahead, but the claims of the Mother School are not severed by kindly death, than whom such vital things as " fellowship and brotherhood " are infinitely stronger.

F.D.P.

FROM FAR AND NEAR.

Concerning Old Scholars.

Old Scholars who were in Group C. last Term :

Betty French.

Mary Hale is at the Margaret McMillan School of Nursing.

William McConnell.

Freda M. Turtle.

Hilda Woodward is taking a course in Shorthand and Typing, preparatory to entering a Bank.

* * * * *

Bessie McGowan (1922-28) writes :

" East London is a very fine college, as far as I can judge in a week. It is quite small, having only four hundred and forty-four students and forty-four staff, but I like it all the better for being small. On the first day of the session all the seniors waited in the entrance hall, and the porter gave each of them a fresher to take care of as far as we went round. The proceedings

began with a meeting in the library at which the Principal addressed us, and in the afternoon we had a Union meeting. . . . I didn't know Austin Tawell was at East London until I met him outside the dining-room on Tuesday. I haven't seen him since, because his department of the college is quite separate from mine."

* * * * *

Jack Cuthbertson (1924-27) writes from Leighton Park School:

"I have another two years here, and I am in the enviable position of someone who knows he has something to do with every minute of his time—would that I had discovered the joys of that state earlier. I am now working for the Cambridge Higher Certificate and a University Scholarship. Extra work, hobbies, and games take up all my spare time. . . . Besides my hobbies (music, carpentry, and book-binding) I shall have the House choir to train and conduct in the choir competitions, and I'm in the 2nd XV. for Rugger."

* * * * *

Nora Lane (1925-28) writes from Lausanne:

"I am having a lovely time and am staying with a family. I go to a big school here that has a special course for foreigners and most days I have about two hours' work there. Every day from 2-3 p.m. I have private lessons with Mademoiselle. She is very good, and I think she is getting me on with French better than the school.

I am very happy on the whole, although when I was first left to myself, I hated it. Twice a week I go to the conservatoire for music lessons. There I have a very strict master who expects me to practise at least two hours a day. So my time soon gets filled up. . . . Last week at school two new girls marched in in the middle of a class. One looked English, so in the interval I spoke to her, and she was English and came from Sidcot! Of course, we had crowds to talk about. How small this world is!

We are not forced to go to church here, but every Sunday when I have been not away from Lausanne I have been because I enjoy it. It is awfully nice to hear some English sacred music and singing after a whole week's jabbering in a foreign tongue. The vicar came to call on me a little while ago, and he said he knew Saffron Walden, but not so well as his wife did, who had relations there. When I met his wife she said it was quite a long time since she had been there, but she remembered a big school that stood at the top of the town. Needless to say I was very proud to say it was the school I was at ! "

NOTICES.

Three numbers of *The Avenue* will be published during 1929, price 8d. each (post free, 10d.), or 2s. per annum (post free, 2s. 6d.).

Subscriptions may be sent to *The Avenue*, Friends' School, Saffron Walden, Essex.

Articles and photographs by present Scholars are signed in italics.

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SCHOOL MAGAZINES.

We acknowledge with thanks receipt of the following School Magazines : *The Beckside* (Ayton), *The Island* (Sidcot), St. Christopher Magazine, Cambridge County High School Magazine, Stramongate School Magazine.

SCHOOL DIARY

Oct. 9th.—Visit to Cinema to see " Africa To-day."

,, 10th.—Football Matches : Boys' XI. *v.* Newport Grammar School 1st XI., home, lost, 1—4.
2nd XI. *v.* Newport G.S. 2nd XI., away, won, 5—2.

,, 13th.—Football Match : 1st XI. *v.* Old Scholars, home, drawn, 3—3.
Hockey Match : 1st XI. *v.* Old Scholars, home, won, 4—2.
Concert.

,, 17th.—Football Match : Boys' XI. *v.* Harlow College, home, lost, 0—4.

,, 18th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Diary, Edward Dunstan ; Essays : " Co-education," Edithe Child ; " Schubert and his Music," A. Mulholland ; " Preparation," Francina Close ; 'Cello Solos : " Andante Cantabile," by Tsckaikowsky and " Orientale," by César Cui, Mrs. Radley ; Pianoforte Solo : " Première Etude," by J. Stuart Archer, Mollie Hooper.

,, 20th.—Football Match : Boys' XI. *v.* The Rovers, home, won, 6—2.
Hockey Match : 1st XI. *v.* Saffron Walden Ladies, home, won, 3—2.
Lantern Lecture : " The Fascinations of Field Photography," Mr. John Kearton.

,, 27th.—Football Match : Boys' XI. *v.* Hornybrooke's, home, lost, 4—7.
Lecture Recital : " Manx Folk-Lore and Song," Miss Mona Douglas.

,, 31st.—Football Matches : Boys' XI. *v.* Newport Grammar School 1st XI., away, lost, 3—4.
2nd XI. *v.* Newport G.S., home, drawn, 2—2.

Nov. 1st.—N.H.S. Mtg. Diary, Margaret Rollason ; Current Events Report, D. Schove ; Reports of Excursion to Arkesden, etc., J. Harris (archeological) and Marjorie Close (botanical). Exhibition of a Meteorological Record kept by R. Dell ; Essays : " Moths and Butterflies," T. Francis ; " Butterflies and Moths," Edmund Burtt.

,, 3rd.—Football Match : Boys' XI. *v.* Saffron Walden Rangers, home, lost, 1—7.
Hockey Match : 1st XI. *v.* Haverhill Ladies, home, won, 4—2.
Song Recital : Miss Hilda Knight.

,, 7th.—Football Matches : Boys' XI. *v.* Newport Grammar School, 1st XI., home, won, 4—2.
2nd XI. *v.* Newport G.S. 2nd XI., away, drawn, 3—3.

,, 8th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Diary, Cecily Rawlings and T. Francis ; Essays : " Around North Wales," E. Owen-Jones ; " Improvements," Marjorie Close ; " Should We Work to

Abolish War ? " Owen Parsons. Violin Solo : " Tarantella," E. Dunstan ; String Trio : " Gavotte and Minuet," by Sulli, E. Dunstan (Violin), Francina Close (Viola), and Marjorie Close ('Cello).

Nov. 10th.—Football Match : Boys' XI. *v.* St. Christopher's, away, won, 6—3.
Lantern Lecture : " Winter Sports," Mr. Scott.

,, 15th.—N.H.S. Mtg. Current Events Report, Francina Close ; Lecture on the Microscope, Mr. Morris.

,, 17th.—Hockey Match : Girls' XI. *v.* Stapleford Ladies, home, won, 11—0.
Lantern Lecture : " The Lure of the Diamond," Miss Mansfield.

,, 22nd.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Diary, Freda Turtle ; Essays : " The Open Road," Ruth Edmundson ; " Are Boarding Schools preferable to Day Schools ? " H. Rees ; " Humour," Joan Francis ; " Capital Punishment," E. Sarrèti ; Gramophone Selections : Capricieuse for the Violin by Elgar, played by Heifetz ; Wagner's " Star of Eve," Casals ('cello) ; Dance from Borodi's " Prince Igor," Sir Thomas Beecham's Orchestra.

,, 24th.—Football Match : Boys' XI. *v.* Harlow College, away, lost, 0—1.
Hockey Match : Girls' XI. *v.* Herts. and Essex High School, 1st XI., away, drawn, 2—2.
Avenue Concert.

,, 28th.—Football Matches : Boys' XI. *v.* Newport Grammar School, 1st XI., away, lost, 1—5.
Lower School XI. *v.* Newport G.S. Lower School XI., home, drawn, 0—0.
A.E.W.H.A. Film.

,, 29th.—N.H.S. Mtg. Current Events Report, R. Dell ; Diary, M. Close ; Meteorological Report, D. Schove ; Essays : " Astronomy in General," E. Dunstan ; " The Solar System and Mars," J. Harper.

Dec. 1st.—Football Matches : Boys' XI. *v.* Bishop's Stortford School, home, won, 8—3.
2nd XI. *v.* Bishop's Stortford School 2nd XI., away, won, 4—1.
Hockey Match : Girls' XI. *v.* Perse School, home, drawn, 3—3.
Lantern Lecture : " Camping in Corsica," Mr. Dalton.

,, 6th.—Lit. Soc. Annual Social.

,, 7th.—Boys' Reading Club Meeting.

,, 8th.—Football Match : 1st XI. *v.* The Rangers, home, lost, 1—5.
Lantern Lecture : " Normandy," Mr. J. P. Whitlow.

,, 10th.—Girls' Reading Club Mtg.

Dec. 13th.—N.H.S. Mtg. Current Events Report, Lucille Rayner and Georgina Hooper; Diary, R. Erskine; Meteorological Report, D. Schove. Essays: "The Moon," J. Harris; "Comets and Meteorites," R. Dell; Dialogue, J. Harper and E. Dunstan.

" 15th.—Lantern Lecture: "Syria," Miss M. Emmott.

" 17th.—House Competition Concert.

" 18th.—House Plays.

" 20th.—End of Term.

Jan. 17th.—School re-opened.

" 19th.—Hockey Match: Girls' 2nd XI. *v.* Bishop's Stortford 2nd XI., home, won, 4—0.
Lantern Lecture: "Pond Life," Mr. Ewart Smith.

" 23rd.—Girls' Hockey Coaching, Miss Armfield.
Lecture: "Hockey," Miss Armfield.

" 24th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Diary, Irene Barry and A. Godden. Essays: "Romney Marsh," Carol Headley; "Stamps," Alan Scott; "Rural England," Mollie Hooper; Gramophone Selections: Strauss' Radetzky March; A Scene from Bizet's "Carmen"; Ketelby's "In a Persian Market," "A Regular Royal Queen" from Sullivan's "Gondoliers."

" 26th.—Lantern Lecture: "The South Downs in Pictures, Prose and Poetry," Dr. Habberton Lulham.

" 31st.—N.H.S. Mtg. Current Events Report, Marjorie Close; Diary, Georgina Hooper; Meteorological Report, D. Schove; Demonstration on Mounting Microscopic Slides, A. Scott.

Feb. 2nd.—Hockey Match: 1st XI. *v.* Haverhill Ladies, away, won, 2—1.
Lantern Lecture: "The Balearic Islands," Mr. Morris.

" 7th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Diary, A. Goss; Essays: "Reminiscences of Myself," D. Schove; "Holidays," Margaret Krippendorff; "What is there in it?" Peter Snow; "Packing," Marjorie Marshall. Pianoforte Solos: Beethoven's Sonata in F Minor (1st Movement), Betty Law; Paradie's "Toccata in A," A. Mulholland.

" 9th.—Football Match: 1st XI. *v.* The Rangers, home, won, 2—0.
Hockey Match: 1st XI. *v.* Homerton College, home, won, 7—1.
Lantern Lecture: "The Riviera," Mr. J. P. Whitlow.

" 11th.—Merit Half Holiday.

" 14th.—N.H.S. Mtg. Diary, T. Francis; Current Events Report, E. Burtt; Meteorological Report, D. Schove; Essays: "The Flora of Walden," Margaret Rollason; "The Weather of Saffron Walden," R. Dell; "The Bee-Orchis," Marjorie Close and Mollie Hooper.

" 16th.—Lantern Lecture: "The Salving of Ships," Mr. Edgar J. Marsh.

" 17th.—Address: "African Folk-Songs," Dr. J. W. de Graft Johnson.

" 23rd.—Lantern Lecture: "The League of Nations," Mr. J. Burtt.

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