THE AVENUE



JULY 1931

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The Magazine of the Friends' School, Saffron Walden.

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FOREWORD.

NO doubt many of our readers will remember the reference made in our last issue concerning the new methods for the organisation of Athletic Sports. The scheme was revealed and put into practice at the end of last term, and proved thoroughly successful. A fuller report of the Sports will be found in this issue.

Another event of importance last term was the relaying of the address by Gerald K. Hibbert from Friends House. By means of wireless apparatus we were able to join in this meeting with other Friends throughout the country.

We welcome to the Sanatorium this term Miss Taylor, our new Nurse, and her assistant, Miss Chard.

The Junior School is now firmly established in its new buildings and has now accommodation for about thirty children including thirteen boarders. A hearty welcome is given to Miss Harris, who has joined the Staff to take charge of this section of the School.

The School has undergone, this term, an inspection by the Board of Education. Five inspectors altogether have visited us and have observed our classes and our games.

The wet Saturday of the Whitsun week-end did not, luckily, spoil the whole holiday ; for on Monday we had our typical Whitsun weather, which left in the minds of Scholars and Old Scholars alike, very happy memories. There were two hundred and fifty visitors down for the week-end, and four hundred and thirteen for the Whit-Monday.

Following a desire for more extensive batting practice, arrangements are being made for two permanent practice nets, which will indeed be a very welcome addition to our equipment.

Again this year the weather for General Meeting was ideal, and the many visitors whom we welcomed appeared thoroughly to enjoy the arrangements made for them.

Roger Morland
(Stage 7).

AN EARTHQUAKE.

(Extracts from letters written by Phyllis M. Lipscombe (whom Old Scholars will remember as Miss Dell) and her husband, Fred C. Lipscombe, both of whom were formerly on the Staff at Saffron Walden.)

Havelock, New Zealand, Feb. 6th, 1931.

"WE have just had as disagreeable an experience as can be had. Two days ago Napier was destroyed by an earthquake ; the town on the plain—that is, the business part of it—is absolutely flat. My husband was at the Technical School, which came down, boys and men and all at once. He was on the upper floor and was more than half buried in bricks, etc. Had it not been for the bravery of one of the other masters, who had got out from the floor below, and who dashed back with some of his boys into the ruin, he would have been killed. As it is, he is in a hospital with broken ribs.

" The Hospital at Napier came down like a pack of cards. As soon as rescue work could begin there were no bandages, no nothing! . . . and then fires began and there was no

water. Two battleships were rushed in with food and nurses and doctors, and the sailors took over control of the town, digging people out, distributing food, etc.

" It is impossible to describe the horror of an earthquake ; there is nothing to hold on to. I was in the front room of our house, when the shock and jolting started without any warning. The cliff at the back of us came down, and I could not get out of the kitchen, as I was shoved and thrown from one place to another. However, I struggled along with everything crashing down and emerged to find Mollie holding my two babes, with everything rocking and the noise of the straining house all around us. As soon as the first quake subsided a little, I took them all up the road and we sat there, calling our neighbours ; soon there were quite a lot of us. The hill was continually ' wobbling,' as Billy put it ; while Jo wailed and wailed because she thought her dolls would all be broken. Eventually we found a sort of sanctuary with the people who live opposite, where we were free from telegraph wires and were on solid hill and not ' made ' ground.

" We got no news of the Technical School for hours, and it was a very anxious time. The big reservoir at the top of the road burst and everyone was carrying water and filling every kind of vessel. I joined in,—I had to do something. I made several dives back into the shaky house for various things, shoes and a book to read to the children, Jo's doll unbroken! When we came out the air was thick with dust, as the hill opposite had slipped down.

" The breakwater has been lifted, and further along thousands of tons of earth have come down on to and over the road and into the sea. The boats in harbour put out to sea at once, and one boat sent all her men in to help when they saw the hospital come down. That boat was stranded by the first shock, but later was refloated.

" By evening the shocks had mostly subsided and we camped on bedding outside. The children slept like tops while

we dozed. The next day some friends fetched us out here to Havelock, where it is flat. The relief of getting off that hill you wouldn't believe. The shakes get less and less, I think.—only two this morning and they not very bad ones. It makes the earth feel like a jelly. People are being moved away as fast as possible for fear of fever."

* * *

Wellington, New Zealand, April 22nd 1931.

" Phyllis and I were very much warmed in heart by the letter from Saffron Walden Friends. We are well and happy at Wellington. Work has been found for me at the Technical College here—first as a temporary measure, but now I am on the Staff as a fixture. . . . Napier was a much smaller spot, where we enjoyed almost perpetual sunshine—one of the best climates in the world, earthquakes excepted. The latter came rather as a sort of bewildering surprise, though we had often felt tremors and thought nothing of them even at midnight when in bed.

" It was our opening day of the School year. After morning recess, without warning, occurred a moment or two of violent shaking. Then the floor gave way, the roof fell in, and my class and I were dropped into the Science Laboratory below. In darkness, choked with dust, uncomfortably squashed between hard objects, my hands still above my head (to protect the skull), with boys round about partly touching and struggling where a limb was free, we could only wait to be uncovered of the roof and garret that had fallen upon us. Perhaps I became unconscious for a period, but it seemed that at once my neighbour and friend hauled me out into daylight ; yet a good deal of stuff must have needed moving away. Legs and arms were lacerated and bruised and two ribs broken. Somewhat painful, I was eventually picked up by a car and taken to an improvised hospital on the sea beach four miles out of the town. Here patients were kept and well nursed for about a

week, when we were all shifted by rail to Wellington Public Hospital, where I spent three more weeks and recovered.

" Phyllis and the children had a much worse shaking up at our house on the hills and were cut off from me and hadn't the half-blessing of a sore body to keep their minds off the possibility of further shakes. The wooden houses on the hills stood well, while the more ambitious architecture in the town just fell into rubbish heaps and, fire breaking out, the whole city was soon wiped out. We lost our car, which I had taken into a garage for attention, but that was practically our only loss. Very little was broken in the house, though the floors were strewn with everything that could be shaken down.

" Surprisingly little damage was done compared with what might have been the case. I marvel that only nine lives were lost in our School of three or four hundred. In two cases downstairs the School walls fell outward immediately and exit from these was simple, though those who escaped early must have risked a good deal in freeing others before the second big shake fetched the whole place right down.

" During my time in hospital Phyllis and the babes were at Wanganui, but now, after a period of hotel life, we are again in a house of our own, with our own furniture from Napier."

WHITSUN, 1931.

RED TOWER, green ivy, green grass, trees heavy with foliage, sunshine! Such was Walden on Friday afternoon, and those lucky enough to get down so early revelled in the thought of another glorious Whitsun. And indeed it was a glorious Whitsun, except in regard to the weather, but everyone had plenty to do, everyone had plenty to talk about, and Monday's hot sun made up for all the deficiency of the other days.

By Friday supper-time quite a number of Old Scholars had

arrived, and the usual clatter of knives, forks and tongues was going hard.

As in previous years, dancing was arranged in the gym, but there was far too much for tongues to do for people to think about feet, and it wasn't until about 10 p.m., when Owen Clover whisked his partner into the middle of the room, and someone did his best at the piano, that any dancing took place.

Saturday dawned brightly, and by the time washing up and accounts had been done, and tennis fixed up, it was time to watch the aquatic display by the School. You can hardly imagine anyone dancing in the bath, yet this feat was performed, and performed very well too, by the girls. Their " butterflies " especially were most attractive. The boys, as usual, gave a display of diving, and showed us how a polo match should be played. The relay races were won by the Old Boys and lost by the Old Girls.

Rain kept off during the morning and allowed the tennis tournament to get started, but early in the afternoon rain began to fall, and it was not merely a shower. Everybody found somewhere to hide themselves, either in rooms of the Staff, Prefects' rooms, Gym, or Lecture Room, which was turned into a regular gambling den, while strains of music came from all parts of the building.

After tea an impromptu concert was arranged, our usual artists performing, including the President, who gave a " star-turn " at conducting. Afterwards he was presented with a bouquet of lilac amid much clapping and cheering.

The dance in the Dining Hall, where an imported jazz-band was arranged on the platform, was very successful, and everybody thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

On Sunday we managed to get down to Meeting without getting wet, and once more the Meeting House was filled with Old, Present and Future Scholars. Mrs. Midgley's kind invitation to go to her garden had to be cancelled on account of

the weather, but those who could go on Monday were invited to do so.

In the evening the Dining Hall was full for evening Meeting, and instead of the usual hymn books, we used the new Tramp Song books. Miss Priestman spoke about our work in life, and, what is more important, the spirit behind the work ; for it is the spirit of the thing that matters.

Music followed, and once more we were privileged to hear Miss Bird, Miss N. Wright and Mrs. Radley, as well as other musicians, singers and elocutionists in our Association.

The lawns on Monday were unfit for tennis until mid-day, so there was all the more enthusiasm over the cricket. The boys had hoped, if time allowed, to play both matches in the one day, but time did not allow. The O.S. " A " XI. made 126 runs, while the School's 1st XI. made 105. The Old Girls got together a remarkably good team and made 61 runs, but the School went one better and their first two men made that score before retiring.

At 2.15 everyone collected on the Lower Asphalt for the one sad occasion of the week-end. John Penrose Whitlow is leaving at the end of the Term, after twenty-seven years of service in the School, and John Quinn, on behalf of the Old Scholars, presented him with a wallet and cheque. Next year J. P. Whitlow will play cricket for the Old Scholars.

Cricket and tennis were resumed in the afternoon and tickets for tea at the Junior School were bought. The Junior School is now a lovely building, and children who start their career at Walden, there, are lucky indeed.

Then followed tea under the shade of the Avenue, with glimpses of beautiful clear blue sky between the leaves, and afterwards the tennis finals, which were finals of only the one tournament. Meg Berry and Peter Snow played Winifred Stretton and S. Macdonald, the latter couple winning the one set which was all that was played.

The Dramatic Performance by the School came next, and

once more we saw the Staff and scholars at their best, in " The Mockbeggar," and " Mrs. Adis," by Sheila Kaye-Smith and John Hampden.

During the afternoon two or three stalwart Old Scholars had been busy building the bonfire, and by 9.30 all was ready for the President to apply the taper. With one burst the flames shot up into the air, while the onlookers joined hands and madly rushed round and round. The singing was not good, but the cheering at the end was excellent.

The least said about Tuesday the better. The one redeeming feature is, that, as you say your goodbyes, you add, " See you again next Whitsun ? " and the answer comes, " Not half ! "

RUTH EDMUNDSON
(1924-1930).

AFTER WHITSUN.

By AN OLD SCHOLAR.

WHEN I had cried for light, as one who reads
A hidden script or counts the well-loved beat
Of strains long dead and long departed feet,
Deep in my heart came answer to my needs:
" Lo, I am Walden. By thy thoughts and deeds,
By things accomplished, courage in defeat,
Am I created, ever incomplete,
And in thy harvest must I find my seeds."

Not of these stones, but of a finer mould,
Whereof these stones are but the outer shell,
Is Walden built and building. Walls grow old:
But when they crumble to their destiny,
The life of Walden in our life shall dwell,
Coheritor of immortality.





Photos by] [*Joan Lloyd.*

WHITSUNTIDE, 1931.

A VISIT TO THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

ON the last Thursday of the Easter holidays, a party of Friends' School Scholars, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Rowntree, visited the Houses of Parliament, availing themselves of the kind invitation of Mr. Hall, M.P. for Plymouth.

At one o'clock we assembled in Old Palace Yard, and were met by Mr. Hall, who led us through a door into a panelled room, and from there up steps and along passages to the Westminster Hall.

From the vantage point of the steps at the north end, we admired the wonderful vaulting of the roof, while bemoaning the fact that it has had to be much restored, owing to the inroads of the death-watch beetle. Some specimens of beams which had been attacked were on view, having been reduced to half or one-third of their original size.

It was in this hall that Charles I. was tried and condemned to death, and here also that Warren Hastings underwent his seven years' trial.

Leaving Westminster Hall, we made our way through a maze of panelled corridors, hung with prints and paintings of people and events famous in the history of the House, out on to the terrace, where members can sit and meditate on affairs of state, and where teas are served in summer. Looking over the balustrade we had a striking view of the river. To the north was Waterloo Bridge, dimly outlined beneath the arches of the Westminster Bridge ; southwards, tugs and lighters chugged busily to and fro, with Lambeth Bridge in the distance, and all along the riverside ranged great buildings and warehouses. It was from here that the five members, whom Charles I. intended to arrest, escaped into a boat below, as the King's officers entered Parliament.

Mr. Hall next took us to the Debating Room. This was smaller than many of us had expected, the reason for its limited capacity being that everyone can hear and be heard. The Speaker's chair is at the back of the hall, and the seats are arranged round three sides of the room. There is a table before the Speaker's chair, on which are placed books of reference, the mace, and the two brass-bound despatch boxes which one so often hears mentioned. One of these boxes bears marks reputed to have been made by Mr. Gladstone's signet ring, which he habitually rapped on the box while speaking.

The hall is surrounded by galleries, for distinguished strangers, lords and ladies, who attend debates. The ladies' gallery once had a grille round it, but during the suffragette agitations a woman had the ingenuity to padlock herself to this, before commencing her protestations, and it was therefore decided to remove the grille.

No member speaking from the front bench is allowed to overstep the carpet in the gangway, for in the days when tempers were short and swords long, a man might find that argument was not the only means of convincing the Opposition.

The method of taking the vote is for the " Ayes " and " Noes " to walk out into different lobbies, being counted as they go. We went into the " Aye " lobby, a rather bare room, with seats round the walls. We left this lobby by a corridor, passed a bust of Lord Brougham, and, after traversing several more corridors (had we seen nothing but the corridors we should have spent an interesting afternoon), passed through more halls and rooms hung with pictures. At last we came to a glass case, containing two manuscripts. One of these was the book from which James I. tore the minute stating that " the liberties and privileges of Parliament are the undoubted birthright of the English people," and the other related to the five members who escaped from the terrace. There are three small figures on a shelf above the case, the bodies of which open, disclosing a little scene in low relief.

From here we proceeded to the libraries, pleasant rooms surrounded by well-filled bookshelves, and with cheerful wood fires in the wide fireplaces. Several members were writing at the tables, while some were smoking before the fire.

On our way to the House of Lords we passed through a hall with realistic mural paintings on two walls: one of Nelson's death at the Battle of Trafalgar, and the other represented Wellington meeting Blücher on the eve of Waterloo. We could not go right into the House of Lords, as an appeal case was being heard there, but we stood near the door. The throne was hidden beneath a cloth, but we could see that the ceiling was very beautiful. The Law Lords were droning on in a sleepy abstracted manner, one beginning as soon as the other ceased, as though it were a play.

By this time it was almost a quarter to three, so we returned to see the Speaker's procession, entering St. Stephen's Crypt on our way. The vaulting of the crypt is ornamented with figures of saints, St. Lawrence on his gridiron and St. Catherine on her wheel. The candlesticks on the altar were of richly decorated brass, and exceedingly heavy. Only ten of us were allowed to see the Speaker's procession, so the ten of us whose initials come first in the alphabet had the privilege of attending the ceremony. The lobby was crowded, but we managed to get a faily good view. First a majestic gentleman in black walked through, followed by two bewigged men. Then, wearing a sword and bearing the mace, came the Sergeant-at-Arms, and immediately behind him walked the Speaker, resplendent in flowing robes of red and black.

Our last, and perhaps our most exciting experience, was ascending the tower of Big Ben. We started off at top speed up the spiral staircase, but we were not sorry when our guide stopped, and we paused for breath. On again, a little slower than before, round and round, until we stopped again, and looked down a tube, as it were, in the centre of the spiral. Eventually we arrived, hot and breathless, at the clock itself,

and walked round inside the dials. The clock is worked by electricity, the mechanism of which we saw in a little room.

Continuing upwards, we came out into the air just above the clock. All the City of London lay at our feet. The river wound in a great curve before us, dotted with tiny craft, and to the north-east the great dome of St. Paul's Cathedral rose out of the surrounding buildings. From the other side we could distinctly see the Crystal Palace, some five miles distant. There were also many imposing buildings to be seen which we did not recognise. A few more steps up, and we stood looking down on the bells. Suddenly the quarter boomed out, startling us by its unexpectedness. We had now to go down again—three hundred and fifty-six steps, if the computation of a member of the party was correct, until we stood at the foot of the tower once more. Here we regretfully left Mr. Hall, to whom we are greatly indebted for an interesting and enjoyable afternoon, which will long be remembered with pleasure by us all.

Dorothy Collar
(*Stage* 5).

WENGEN.

WENGEN is situated in Switzerland in the mountains at one side of the Lauterbrunnen Valley in the Bernese Alps. It is only a small village, with about three hundred and fifty people for its population.

There are many hotels, in fact the place is practically made up of them and châlets, dotted here and there on the mountain side.

The châlets are fitted with electric light, and underneath them there is a stable, where the cow is kept in winter. It is provided with a light at night, and when you go past you can hear the cow moo-ing, and its bell tinkling.

There is a small English Church in the village, and English services are held there from December to February each year.

There is only one short street, and this becomes at both ends narrow luge runs. On either side of the street are shops of all kinds. There are two where you can hire all your things for sports—skis, luges, skates, ski-ing boots, skating boots, luge cushions, etc. Also there are sweet and fancy shops and shops where beautiful things carved in wood are for sale.

In winter the village is crowded with English, French and Germans, who all come for the sports.

The commonest sports are skating, ski-ing, curling, luging and tailing.

There are three big skating rinks—two public and one private. The private one belongs to the hotel where we stayed, and every afternoon after tea there were ice hockey matches in which anyone could join. At night, before dinner, the rink was lit up and music was played, which made skating very pleasant. Of the other two rinks in the village one is the village rink and the other belongs to the Palace Hotel. Often professionals come down and there are skating exhibitions. Every night the rinks are scraped and water from hose-pipes is run on them. This goes on at different times each night and early morning. In the summer all these rinks are tennis courts.

A great many people go in for ski-ing. Ski-ing really is great fun. Everyone wears waterproof suits and caps and thick socks which turn down over big square-toed boots. It is necessary to have all these things to keep you dry, as you fall such a great deal. Also the boots have to be square-toed to fit into the skis. The skis are the length of a person with his or her arm up. They are turned up at the front end so that they do not stick in the snow, and they have to be waxed at the bottom quite frequently so as to make them glide easily over the snow.

There are places for beginners to learn to ski, called the

nursery slopes, and then more advanced tracks from places farther up the mountain. In places these tracks pass through very pretty woodland paths. There is a mountain called the Lauberhorn down which ski-ers come. This mountain has to be climbed on skis, so people have skins on their skis to prevent them from slipping. There are also other runs which are a little less difficult than the Lauberhorn.

The way in which you can stop yourself from slipping down whilst climbing a hill on skis is to have skins, as I have already mentioned. These skins are the width and not quite the length of your ski, and they fit on underneath. The hairs all point to the rear end of the ski, and so it is impossible to slip, as they grip the snow.

A great many accidents happen in ski-ing, but in spite of these, ski-ing is a fine sport.

Luging is like tobogganing, only a luge is smaller than a toboggan. It is steered with the feet, the left foot or heel is dragged along the ground if you wish to go to the left, and vice versa. There are special runs for luging. There is one down to the little village of Lauterbrunnen in the valley. There are hairpin bends all the way down, and it is quite difficult to get round the corners if you are going very fast, and you run the risk of going over the side. Another run is from a place down to Wengen. This one is three miles long, and it is banked up high on either side with snow. It has two " S " bends in it.

Luging is very useful if you wish to get down to the village quickly, but of course you have to pull the luge back again.

Curling is another ice game. It is like bowls, but stones with handles are used instead of balls. There is also a knack in sweeping away the snow to make the stone go farther. It is played by men, but a few ladies join in.

In tailing all tie their luges in two files to a carriage, and they are pulled by a horse or mule. It is great fun if you are sitting at or near the end, and the front people start a wobble.

The wobble causes the rear luges to swing first to one side and then to the other.

There is a little mountain railway which climbs up the mountain side and which brings people up to Wengen and also takes them farther up to places from which they can ski or luge down. The tunnels are not smoky, as the trains are run by electricity, and they are lit with electric light.

Looking up from Wengen one can see the Jungfrau. It is a very beautiful mountain, especially when night is falling and the sunset is reflected on it. Then it stands out one mass of pink. The many lights twinkling in the châlets add a finishing touch to the picture.

Jean M. Sleight
(*Stage 5b*).

GENERAL MEETING, 1931.



AM an Old Scholar and have been to several Whitsun gatherings at Walden, but this was my first General Meeting. I was motored to Walden by some kind friends from Welwyn, who pointed out the beautiful view of Walden and its Church, as seen from the top of Windmill Hill.

During my three years at School we were only once taken up that hill for a " crocodile " walk. In those days we were not shown the architectural beauties of Walden, nor told of its ancient history. I have since learnt something of this from my children. Two luxurious coaches were standing outside the Meeting House. They had brought parents and visitors from London.

I was delighted when one visitor greeted me by my maiden name, after we had gazed at each other for some moments. She was at School with me, and had never been to Walden since we left.

The Meeting House was well filled, and we had a time of silence, followed by a stirring address by Levi Pennington, of the Pacific College, U.S.A. I could see by their faces how deeply interested the children were, and so were the grown-ups.

Then came announcements of the Scholarship winners, and each recipient came up to be congratulated by the Chairman of the School Committee, G. Stafford Allen.

We then listened to an address by George A. Sutherland, of Dalton Hall, Manchester. The title was "Vital Elements in Education." I, personally, had much looked forward to this, and was greatly interested.

After Meeting we all went up to the School, where we found a nice lunch awaiting us. The Dining Hall, large as it is, could not seat us all, and we over-flowed into the Lecture Hall.

Most of us next visited the exhibitions of work done by scholars, and, in the case of woodwork, by some of the Staff.

The new buildings of the Junior School were a great attraction. The whole place seemed very home-like, with light, airy rooms. I was particularly pleased with the large sheltered lawn, very suitable for out-door lessons and play.

Aquatic Sports claimed the attention of very many—the Bath appeared to be packed to the door, and I did not attempt to go in.

Signs of activity near a large canvas screen on the Girls' Tennis Court reminded us that "Scenes from Toad of Toad Hall," by A. A. Milne, were due at 3.20, and we seated ourselves on chairs, or lay on rugs on the grass in brilliant sunshine. The School Orchestra, conducted by Miss Noreen Wright, played selections before and in between the acts. We saw Mr. Toad, a Mole, a Rat and a Badger, all realistically dressed. Mr. Horse then appeared—a masterpiece. I have recently seen a similar animal at Sanger's Circus, but for intelligence both of countenance and actions give me the Walden Horse! In the first scene the actors were all boys ; in the second scene two girls took part. People remarked that nearly every word was

clearly audible. Perhaps the canvas screen assisted, and, besides, there was no wind to carry away the sound.

Tea, served in the Avenue, was very welcome, and soon afterwards the visitors began to depart. By 7 p.m. the Avenue and playgrounds looked strangely empty. I was staying over the week-end, and felt myself a most fortunate person.

OLIVE M. E. EDMUNDSON
(1893-1896).

SOMERSET.

IN the West of England is a county with a sea-board which was once covered by sea as far as Glastonbury, a once famous port, noted for its beautiful Abbey, now in ruins. It was here that the Abbot Dunstan was supposed to have caught hold of the Devil's nose with a pair of tongs, but I certainly do not know the truth about that. The legend which is told about the origin of Glastonbury Tor is as follows:—

"The Devil lost a wager with some of the other angels and he was forced to build a church by the terms of the wager. So, to spite them, he first got under the ground and pushed up the great mound known as Glastonbury Tor and upon it he built the church. Having built it, he decided to call it St. Michael and All Angels. As he was an angel, the church was therefore dedicated partly to himself."

The district is a strange mixture of hill and flat country, with lovely winding lanes and beautiful deep-roofed cottages. The thriving industries are mostly agricultural, some of the chief products being milk, cream and cider. Gloves, boots, shoes and woollen cloth are also produced.

The Mendips, which separate the Plain of Somerset from the Bristol Avon, contain many deep gorges, probably the best known ones being the famous Cheddar Gorge and Burrington Combe, which were probably worn away by underground streams. The rocks of these gorges are limestone crags and

are often worn into strange forms. At Wookeys Hole, which is one of the many well-known caves characteristic of Somerset gorges, there is a huge rock in the form of an old woman.

The Cheddar caves are also cut out by underground streams and during the many thousands of years stalactites and stalagmites have been formed, some having very curious shapes and all being very beautiful. The stalactite and stalagmite columns are of varying sizes, white and amber in colour, half translucent or coloured by different minerals, e.g., red by iron, chocolate-brown by lead, blue by copper and white by carbonate of lime. The roof of the cavern is hung with masses of stalactites forming curtains and fantastic shapes such as the Cascade, the Archangel's Wing and the Organ Pipes.

In this rich cheese-producing county with its wooded hills and rich, well-watered valleys, stands Bath, where, in the Eighteenth Century, all the celebrities used to live. The houses where they formerly lived are still marked. The chief sights to be seen at Bath are the beautiful Abbey, the Roman and the modern baths. The public gardens are also extremely attractive.

Wells, the city of peace, is also situated in this part of the country, set in a cup of the Mendips. It is a small market town, its chief feature being the fine Cathedral built there.

Between the Mendips and the Quantocks is the Plain of Somerset, which at one time was very swampy ground. This district, known as the Polden country, is especially noted for its apple-orchards from which the cider is produced, and its pastures among which cluster many snug little English villages with their picturesque cottages and dairy farms.

The Isle of Athelney, where King Alfred is supposed to have burnt the cakes, stands only a little higher than Sedgemoor, which is itself a dreary morass. It was here that the Duke of Monmouth, followed by the loyal rustics with whom he was very popular, was defeated. Between them and the enemy were three rhines or ditches, full of mud and water, only two

of which were known to Monmouth, so that in the third they were hopelessly handicapped, and although the rustics made a good stand with their scythes and staves, the troopers easily cut them down. In this way ended the last battle on English ground. A brutal soldier named Kirk sent some soldiers, even more brutal than himself, to take vengeance on the rebels. While scores of peasants were being hanged on the sign-post of his lodging at Taunton (which may still be seen there) his drums were sounded and his officers drained their glasses of Somerset cider.

Taunton, set in the fertile valley of Taunton Dene, is not only the county town of Somerset, but also a prosperous town with broad streets and low, comfortable houses. It is the most important west country route centre. Here is one of the most famous of English schools, which was once a monastery.

Beyond the Plain of Somerset are the Quantocks, often known as Nature's Paradise, with their beautiful heather and gorse-covered moors and deep combes.

The Lorna Doone country, consisting chiefly of Exmoor, is a vast stretch of wild tableland, high and wind-swept with flowing, rhythmical lines of downs in colours of purple, gold, brown and green. There are deep valleys, some with babbling streams, clear and cold, while in others flourish oaks and an abundance of wild flowers. Exmoor's highest point is Dunkery Beacon, a well-known land-mark in the story of Lorna Doone. At the top of the Beacon is a cairn and visitors pile it up higher and higher by taking stones from the bottom and placing them on the top.

The sea coast of Somerset is open downland with sea flats and stretches of sands, a very good example being the long level sands at Brean and Berrow.

Brean Down, one of the many rocky promontories along the sea coast, is a bird-sanctuary. When the tide is out, the end of the Down is surrounded by mud flats and slippery rocks. The chief feature to be seen by visitors on the Down is the old

fort at the outer end. From the head of the Down may be seen Weston-super-mare, with its numerous bays, Steep Holme, Flat Holme, the mountains of Wales, and the chimneys of Cardiff.

Bridgwater, which is east of the Mendips and west of the Quantocks, overlooks this flat fertile wooded country. It is the birthplace of Admiral Blake, maker of sea history. Along this coast there are many favourite seaside resorts: Burnham, Watchet, Weston-super-mare and Clevedon. Quite a number of poems were written by Tennyson about Clevedon, as his great friend, Arthur Hallam, lived there. Other great men whose native place was Somerset are Southey, Wordsworth and Coleridge.

The people are very kind folk with a kind, unchanging accent. They are very loyal and have such a spirit of homeliness and welcoming that they will take in any wanderer and give him food and shelter to the best of their ability. The rural folk, at least, are inclined to be rather hurt if anyone omits to say " good-morning " or give them some form of greeting when they meet them, as they are most sociable people and like to join in conversations with and display their knowledge to folk from other parts of the country. Their dialect is soft, musical and charming, the word " Zummerzet " itself showing the soft rolling of the " R's," and the rather dreamy way of pronouncing the " S " is characteristic of their speech.

The old county-songs are full of the life of the people, expressing in them the beauties of the country and the joy of being alive. They seem to have a swing in them which denotes the motion of the sea or anything else they may be about. Three of the very well-known ones are " Widdecombe Fair," " Richard of Taunton Dene " and " Up from Somerset."

The aim of this essay has been to try and help you to realise some of the splendours of Somerset, a beautiful county, in fact the aristocrat of counties, by which title it is often known.

Margaret Evens
(*Stage 7*).



A BEDROOM IN GIRLS' HOSTEL.

SCHOOL ATHLETICS.

SPORTS.



FTER a lapse of one year Sports were held again, but under quite different conditions. Training, the nature of which had hitherto been left much to the individual, was arranged systematically and in such a way that every phase of the Sports was dealt with under direct supervision of the Staff.

Those in training were divided into seven groups, according to their ability, each of which trained for a different section of the Sports.

Perhaps the main feature of the new arrangement was the effort to cultivate a wish for the success of one's own House, rather than one for individual gain. To attain this end championships were abolished, and picked representatives of the Houses competed in the Inter-House Sports.

Each House had three, or, in the Cross-country, four representatives, all of whom were able to gain points according to their finishing place.

This year the boys had no Throw, Tug-of-war, or Obstacle race and the girls eliminated their Hockey Dribble.

Taking into consideration the absence of Sports last year, the results obtained were of a fairly good standard, despite the fact that no records were broken. Amongst the Senior Boys there was keen competition between Crosfield and Morland, although in the longer races J. Barry and R. Clarke (M) proved too strong a pair for R. Dale and D. Hughes (C). The Senior Cross-country, as usual, afforded much excitement, being won by R. Dale, who was closely followed by J. Barry and R. Clarke. The Mile was marked by an exciting finish, in which R. Clarke just managed to beat J. Barry for first place, R. Dale being third.

Clifford Smith, a Crosfield representative, easily won the Long Jump. The winner jumped 16 feet and was followed by T. Harris (G) and W. Wood (M).

Although Godlee were weak in the Senior events, M. Sychoff and J. Seed assured that House of success amongst the Juniors and the former easily obtained first or second place in every event. J. Seed won the Junior Cross-country, followed by M. Sychoff (G) and J. Fordham (C).

Godlee proved most successful in the Girls' Sports by a fair margin, obtaining a good average result in each event. Peggy Woolf and Phyllis Rayner (G) were foremost amongst the Juniors, whilst Irene Goss (C) did well in the Senior events, assisted by Mary Wilson, of the same House.

Morland gained first place in the final results, followed by Godlee and Crosfield.

We were particularly fortunate this year as regards health, scarcely any illness interfering with the progress of Sports.

Donald Seed
(*Stage* 6).

FOOTBALL.

SEASON 1930-31.

	Played.	Won.	Lost.	Drawn.	Goals for.	Goals against.
1st XI.	7	1	5	1	17	25
"A" XI.	10	3	6	1	17	34
Boys' XI.	9	6	3	0	30	14
2nd XI.	3	1	2	0	7	5

The season as a whole can hardly be called successful, although, as can be seen from the above table, the Boys' XI. did well. A notable fact throughout the season in respect to the 1st XI. and the " A " XI. was the inability of the forwards to press home an advantage, and on several occasions matches were lost, although we had had most of the play. At the end of the Autumn Term, G. Kenneth left the School and the teams accordingly had to be changed. During the season we had very pleasant encounters with new teams and we hope that we shall meet them regularly in the future.

The 1st XI., captained by Mr. Pumphrey, had a poor season, winning only one out of seven matches. This was the victory over " Harlow Wednesday " by 6 goals to 3. The best match was the last of the season, against the " Old Boys," which resulted in a goalless draw. We heartily thank them for a good, fast, clean game of football which could not have ended in a fairer result. The team was strengthened with Mr. Pumphrey at centre-forward and Mr. Robson, one of the student masters, at centre-half, both of whom we thank for their services.

The " A " XI. also had a poor season, winning only three matches out of ten. We were very pleased to have Mr. Robson at centre-half and his help at times was invaluable. The best win of the season was a 5—1 victory over " Horneybrooke."

The Boys' XI. had a good season, winning six out of nine matches. The three losses were all to Newport Grammar School, on each occasion the score being 1—2. We had several big wins, the most notable being two victories, 5—0 and 7—3, over Harlow College, and 7—2 over Saffron Walden Grammar School. This year we defeated our old rivals, " St. Christopher," who last year defeated us by 6 goals to nil, on both occasions, each time by a margin of two goals. After G. Kenneth left us we were well served at centre-half by J. Barry and at left-half by R. McLeod. A notable feature of the Boys' XI. on many occasions was the combination of the forward line, the following being about the best:—T. Harris, R. Forward, R. Morland, C. McLeod, J. Buckmaster. W. Wood played well in goal throughout the season, and was supported well by D. Seed and C. Smith as backs. D. Hughes, J. Barry and R. McLeod made a good half-back line, and altogether the team was very satisfactory. It is curious to note that the inability to score goals did not seem to affect the Boys' XI.

Our thanks are due to C. Thring and M. Dobrashian, who did good work as referee and linesman respectively.

Colours were awarded during the season to J. Barry, J. Buckmaster, T. Harris, D. Hughes, C. McLeod, R. Morland, Mr. Robson, D. Seed, and C. Smith.

R. Forward
(Boys' Captain).

HOCKEY.

Although the 1st XI. managed to win six matches and draw one of the ten played during the season, we were unfortunate in losing three of the Girls' XI. matches against other schools. Owing to the weather six matches had to be scratched altogether, one being a 2nd XI. The 2nd XI. won two and lost one during both the terms.

No doubt our losses were partly due to the fact that the teams were never really fixed, especially during the latter half of the season, owing to our losing the right-inner at Christmas.

The House Tournaments, played in the Autumn Term, proved as exciting as those of previous years. The results were: Crosfield 1st, Morland 2nd, and Godlee 3rd. Owing to there being sports, tournaments were not played in the Spring Term.

At the close of the season colours were awarded to D. Kingston and E. Wooldridge.

R. Francis
(Stage 6).

GOING AWAY.

I THINK that everyone should have at least a fortnight's holiday a year, with a complete change of surroundings, because monotony is bad. A holiday should refresh and strengthen people mentally and physically, so that they come back to their occupations full of vigour and energy.

Nowadays, when travelling is made so easy, many people make touring holidays at home or abroad, on or off the beaten

track. Then they come back and try to convince their friends that their particular form of holiday is the only really enjoyable one.

But even with our modern travelling facilities such holidays are not ideal for families where there are small children, although I have heard of a family who started off for a cycling holiday on a tandem, the mother and father riding, a baby in the front, and a child of about four years old in the middle. I did not hear how they got on, but I cannot imagine many people enjoying a holiday under such conditions.

Most families usually spend a few weeks at some seaside holiday resort. August seems to be the favoured time for holiday makers, and that month is connected in my mind with hot dusty weather, rapidly emptying towns, crowded railway stations and seaside resorts. The annual family holiday can be divided into four parts: first the " going away," then the arrival at one's destination, the weeks of the holiday that pass all too quickly, and finally the coming home. The act of " going away " in the case of a whole family is one of the most important parts of the holiday. To the elders it is a serious matter. There is all the packing to be done, temporary homes have to be found for the pets, the shutting-up of the house has to be arranged. But it is only a child who really appreciates the " going away " part. I can remember when some friends of ours inspired great pity in me, because they were not told when they were going away until the day itself. For on former occasions one of them had made herself ill with excitement.

Packing used to be rather an exciting affair for us. It was a kind of war, children versus grown-ups. Our aim was to see how many things we could take with us. There was a dog and a tank of goldfish to be stowed away somewhere. One couldn't very well slip a dog or a tank of goldfish unobserved into a trunk, although we had bored a few holes through, for breathing space for them. We abandoned the idea of taking

any live stock with us, reluctantly. Anyhow, there were lots of other toys we could take, or try to take. But grown-ups seemed so suspicious, and there were some things that would poke out at corners—these never smelt the salt sea air.

The night before we went away we were always sent to bed early, with the excuse that we should have such a tiring journey the next day. But, in reality, it was in order that our elders could have some peace. Generally one of us would wake up about half-an-hour after we had been asleep, and want to know if it was nearly time to be going.

When morning did appear it was impossible for us to stay in bed after 6 a.m., so gone was all hope of further rest for the older and lazier members of the family. That was in the days when we thought it a privilege to get up early.

Arriving downstairs, we find that everything has a curious bare, tidy look, always connected with such things as going away and spring cleaning. At breakfast everyone talks at once, and children are too excited to eat. Mother tries to give the maid instructions about the tradesmen, pour out tea, and chastise William for pulling Eileen's hair, all at the same time. Father frowns, and says " Now children," and threatens to leave us behind. But this is too old a trick to have any effect.

The time for departure draws near. If we were going by car we merely went, without any fuss beyond an argument for a seat in the front. But, personally, I always thought train journeys were more exciting. To begin with, we had a taxi to the station, and it always seemed rather a gamble whether the taxi would arrive in time or not. While waiting for it, perhaps we would take a final look round, and a feeling of sadness would mingle with those of excitement and pleasure. We were going away for three whole weeks, anything might happen to our home in the meantime, we might never see it again for all we knew. However, we had not long to indulge in such thoughts ; for almost before we realised it, we were on our way to the station, with some slight hope that we should

meet some of our unfortunate friends and acquaintances, who were not going or had already been away. One looked on them with a slightly superior, pitying manner.

When we arrived at the station there was always plenty of excitement. There are so many things for a child to see and do on a station. Our greatest delight was to start a conversation with an engine driver. If an engine driver was not available, then a porter or guardsman would do. Also railway lines seemed to hold a great attraction for us, but other people did not seem to have much faith in our sense of balance, and we rarely succeeded in getting near the edge of the platform. However, one cannot stay on a station all day, and sooner or later we would find ourselves bundled into a train.

In the train, of course, there would be an argument as to who should have the corner seat. After some time we would settle down and peace would reign. The silence would be broken perhaps by mother, telling father that she is so sorry but she thinks she has forgotten to pack his tennis flannels, and would he mind very much, because they could be sent on in a day or two. Father utters not one word of reproach, but hopes they can be sent on soon. Truly the holiday has begun.

By this time we have read all that interests us in our papers, and begin to fidget. We try to draw patterns in the dust on the carriage windows. When we had been stopped in this pleasant occupation, or all the dust space had been used up, we decide to go in search of adventures down the corridor. It was on one of these explorations that my brother nearly met an early death, by hanging out of a window trying to see the end of the train. He was rescued by a grim, elderly gentleman, who gave him a long lecture on the perils of train journeys, and told him that " Little boys should be seen and not heard."

The longest journey comes to an end some time or other, and one alights at a station and gets whirled away in a taxi to

some strange house, passing crowds of merry holiday-makers, whose dark-tan colours make one feel like a foreigner. Then one arrives at the hotel, boarding house, or whatever it may be. I think boarding house and furnished rooms are more interesting than hotels ; there is more variety amongst them, from the slatternly-untidy houses, where there is always a greasy cabbage smell in the hall, to that where the rooms are crowded out with family photos, crest-china and antimacassars, and where the proprietress looks so severe that you hardly dare sit down.

The first half of a holiday passes slowly, but the last half generally seems to fly, and on your way home you meet crowds of people whose holidays are just beginning. Perhaps you envy them for a time. But, after all, as the old saying goes, " There is no place like home," and I have heard grown-ups say wisely that the older you get, the more pleased you are to get home. But I don't believe this saying is entirely confined to grown-ups ; for I have distinct memories of a small boy I know, who, on arriving at his native town, danced along the main road, waving his arms round and round, and singing at the top of his voice: " Oh, I do love my home! I do love my home! "

Barbara Greenwood
(*Stage* 6).

FROM FAR AND NEAR.

Jean M. Champness (1919-26) writes from London:

" Isn't the world small ? I am always finding people who have some connection with Walden. At Easter, in Bruges, I re-met a man whom I had met last summer—another W.T.A. (Workers' Travel Association) leader—and in conversation it transpired that he was Mr. Beer's brother-in-law. My job in Belgium was most congenial this Easter. I enjoy the work of a guide very much as a general thing, and this time it was

better than ever, because the boring part of the work was entirely eliminated. Most times one is faced with a party of folk who are strangers to one another, and who don't know beforehand what they are going to do. One has to explain over and over again what is the programme and what they can do, and how much they will have to pay for it. But this party was a group from the North Tottenham Labour Party, brought out by their M.P. Their programme was already mapped out for them, and all I had to do in the way of explaining beforehand was to tell them what time they had to be ready in the morning. I had charge of them on Good Friday and the Saturday, and went along with them while my father did the talking on Sunday. On Monday they went home. They were an extremely pleasant party to manage—always punctual and always interested in what one had to say. They asked questions freely, and, above all other assets, they were always jolly and good-tempered, even when the weather was bad."

* * * * * *

Connie Newbery (1920-25) writes from Paris:

" The idea of my coming to Paris was finally decided about a fortnight before I left a temporary post at Bath, and I arrived on the first day of term feeling particularly incoherent. The first thing was to find a room in the Latin Quarter, and after a few amusing efforts, I got one just opposite the Sorbonne and quite near to the Foyer, of which I am an external member. It is great fun to be one of the many thousand students that inhabit the " quarter." Life is cosmopolitan here, and one meets as many foreigners of various kinds as one does French people. The Students' Club at the Friends' Centre is representative of most countries and is a place where one talks on all and every subject, regardless of language difficulties. Lectures are very good. I am attending a special rapid course in French ' civilisation ' which the University arranges for foreign students, and another in phonetics."

Ivor Parley (1923-28) writes from Bristol:

" I expect you've heard that I've given up the city for a farming career, and hope in the end to have a fruit farm of my own.

" One of the advantages (or disadvantages) of Walden is, I think, that it teaches you to enjoy an open-air, healthy life, and London, with its strap-hanging and ' electric light in the day time,' seems to me to be too much to expect of a Waldenite —especially if he happens to be about two yards long and fond of chucking himself about. I'm not sorry that Walden taught me what a hopeless thing city life is, and how exceedingly stupid it is to think that only by living in a city one can retain culture and education. However it is as well that everyone doesn't think as I do and forsake London. It would be a waste of a lot of good building material.

" But I started off, didn't I, to tell you what I'm doing at Long Ashton? I'm working as a student at the University of Bristol Agricultural and Horticultural Research Station here, and very interesting it is. Most of the work is in connection with fruit farming, and I am specialising in apples. One of these days, perhaps, only English apples will be eaten in England. As it is, there seems to be no fear of over-production and therefore plenty of future for the scientific grower—nobody called me ' scientific,' but I certainly was a ' grower.' I grew about two feet while I was at Walden.

" I expect you get a lot of letters about now saying: ' How I wish I was Whitsuning at Walden this year! ' I shall go to the Bath and West Agricultural Show instead, and try to imagine I'm watching the O.S. cricket match from the Pet shed."

* * * * * *

Iris M. Harris (1922-27) writes from Westfield College:

" It is very unwillingly that I let the other Waldenites go off, and leave me behind like a Cinderella among my books and papers, and the sad part of it is, that even if a fairy god-mother should turn up with a pair of winged horses or a magic

carpet, I should sternly have to say, ' Not this year, thank you all the same.' Nevertheless, although I am missing my first Whitsun (not including the two unfortunate ones which I spent ' down San.') I shall be thinking of you and everybody every spare minute. In fact, I am afraid that if I don't look out my thoughts will run something like this: ' Persona in Roman Law is—I wonder how the cricket is going now, and if—a complex of legal rights and obligations—how lovely the Avenue ought to be looking ' ; or ' The ultimate control or final sovereignty seems to be neither Parliament nor—a dip in the Swimming Bath—nor the King, etc., etc., etc.' "

SCHOOL DIARY.

March 11th.—Girls' Gymnastic Competition.

,, 13th.—Merit Half Holiday.

,, 14th.—Lecture-recital: " The Message of Beethoven."

,, 16th.—N.H.S. Mtg. Diary, J. C. Smith; Weather report, R. Dell; Essays, " The Cheddar Caves," June Cornish; " Light," R. Dell; " Nursery Life," R. Morland.

,, 18th.—Cross Country Races.

,, 19th.—Girls' Reading Club Mtg.

,, 23rd.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Diary, Richard Dell and Margaret Rollason; Essays: " Talkies," Geoffrey Sparrow; " Sibford as it was," Betty Enock; " Matter," Donald Thorley; " Somerset," Margaret Evens; Pianoforte Solo, " Waltz," by Chopin, Vera Brewis; Violin Solo, The 2nd and 3rd movements of a Schubert Sonata, Ralph Erskine.

,, 28th.—Sports Finals.

,, 31st.—End of Term.

April 29th.—School re-opened.

May 4th.—N.H.S. Mtg. Current Events Report, Christopher Meredith; Diary, Honor Liddle; Essays: " Bats," Margaret Woolf; " A Ramble in the Country," Margaret Rollason; " Persia," Richard Brooks.

,, 9th.—Cricket Matches: 1st XI. *v.* Sawston Church Club, home, lost, 73—98 runs.
Girls' 1st XI. *v.* Homerton College, home, lost, 26—37 runs.

,, 11th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Diary, Ralph Erskine. Essays: " The Russian Revolutions and the Five Year Plan," Cyril Thring; " The Fens," Kathleen Francis; " Progress and the Future," John Buckmaster; Pianoforte Solos, " Waltz," by Arthur Somerville, Ruth Francis; " Irish Melody," C. J. Smith; Pianoforte Duet, " Norwegian Dance," by Grieg, Mary Bond and Kathleen Francis.

May 13th.—Cricket Match: Boys' XI. *v.* Bishop's Stortford College 2nd XI., away, lost, 53—59 runs.

,, 16th.—N.H.S. Excursion to Howe Wood.

,, 18th.—N.H.S. Mtg. Diary, J. C. Smith; Weather Report, R. Dell; Current Events Report, Betty Harland; Report of Excursion, Margaret Rollason; Essays: "Two B.E.N.A. Rambles in Epping Forest," C. Meredith; "Persia," R. Brooks; "What we can learn from the Savage," Derek Schove.

,, 20th.—Cricket Match: Boys' XI. *v.* R. R. Dobbin's XI., home, won, 101—52 runs.

,, 22nd-25th.—Whitsun Week-end.

,, 25th.—Cricket Matches: 1st XI. *v.* O.S., home, lost, 105—126. Girls' XI. *v.* O.S., home, won, 84 for 4 wkts.—61. Performance of "Mrs. Adis" and "The Mock Beggar."

NOTICES.

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

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

SCHOLARSHIPS.

The following were awarded Scholarships by the School Committee:

1st—Derek J. Schove.

2nd—Eileen J. Wooldridge, E. Thomas C. Harris.

H. A. Farrand Radley and Muriel F. Poulter were also adjudged to be of Scholarship standard, but as they are returning to the School for Post-Matriculation work, no awards were made now.

GENEVA.

In connection with the Merttens Essay Scheme, Derek J. Schove and Muriel F. Poulter have been selected to represent the School in the Friends' School party visiting Geneva in August.

ASSOCIATED BOARD R.A.M. AND R.C.M.

SCHOOL EXAMINATIONS, PIANO.

Higher: Hon. Mention: Mary E. Bond, Betty J. Whitfield.

Pass: E. Brian Headley, Ursula M. S. Prentice.

BRITISH ESPERANTO ASSOCIATION.

PRELIMINARY EXAMINATION.

Honor Liddle (Distinction), Denis Allward, H. A. Farrand Radley.

SCHOOL MAGAZINES.

We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of *The Cupola* (Ackworth), *The Island* (Sidcot), *By Kent and Skerne* (Polam Hall), *The Beckside* (Ayton), *Cambridge and County High School Magazine*, *The Georgian* (Harpenden).

HOLIDAYS . . .



OVER THE HILLS

. . . AND FAR AWAY

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