E. Peverett

THE AVENUE



JULY 1922

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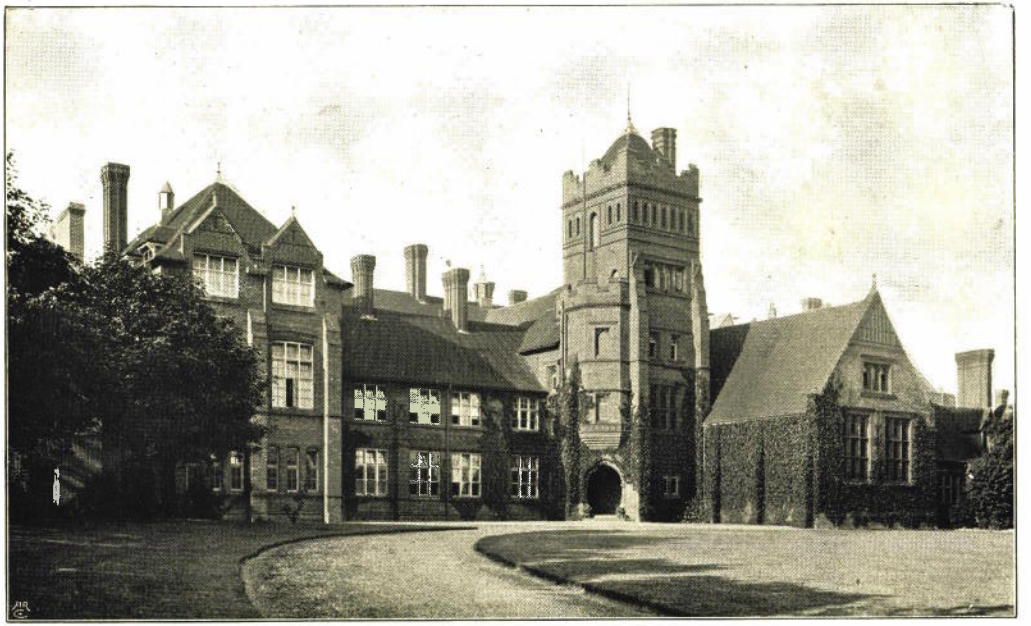
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FRIENDS' SCHOOL, SAFFRON WALDEN.



The Magazine of the Friends' School, Saffron Walden.

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FOREWORD.

WE returned to school on May 4th to find the two class-rooms in the New Block, both shining with paint and varnish, ready for us. Those of us who are more meditative than the rest reflected that it was a pity that there were not more scholars to enjoy them. Our numbers are still sadly reduced, thirteen boys and girls having left in April, and only six newcomers having arrived this term to take their places. There is an old motto which says," Keep on 'oping," and we abide by it.

In spite of the cold weather last term, our health record was a decided improvement on that of the previous term, for, barring a few mild cases of influenza, we had no illness in the School.

A second Sale of Work at the end of last term raised a further £19 1s. 6d., bringing the total proceeds up to £109 18s. 6d.

This was not such an elaborate affair as its predecessor, as many of the side-shows were excluded. Their place was taken by "Personally-conducted Tours round the School," the "personal conductors" being members of the Fifth and Sixth Forms.

Our thanks are due to Miss Bird, Miss Wright, and Miss Withers, for a delightful evening spent with Haydn. A paper, read by Miss Bird, told us of his life and works, and the characteristics of his music, which were illustrated by pianoforte duets and quartettes.

We are sorry to have to report that the House Elocution and Musical Competitions this year were not a success, and also that the results of the sports were not so good as might have been hoped. This last, of course, we put down to the weather, but this is hardly sufficient excuse for the former.

Edna Thompson,
(Sixth Form).

WHITSUNTIDE.

THIS Whitsuntide at Saffron Walden will never be forgotten by those whose privilege it was to be there, for we all came to do honour to Mr. and Mrs. Walker, whose long term of office was practically over. Next Whitsun we hope to be welcomed by a new Headmaster, and though we know the welcome extended will be equally sincere and cordial, the feeling could not be hidden that we had come to say good-bye to two very dear friends, as Master and Mistress of the School they have done so much for.

Looking at the imposing building, and remembering, as some of us can, the School as first started at Walden, in being shown over the new buildings, new class-rooms, etc., we appreciated how much had been accomplished and what care had been taken for the welfare of present and future scholars.

Progress indeed, and justly may the Head Master be proud of the improvements that have been made. But was there a sad spirit prevailing over our gathering? Far from it; on every side you heard greetings such as you can only hear on occasions like this; the recognition of one whom you remembered only as a schoolboy and now find a man is difficult, but when the old nickname is revived you know indeed there is no doubt about it, and it is your old schoolmate.

The cricket field, with the tents of the campers at the far corner, was the object of attraction on Saturday afternoon, and we watched the School playing a team from the town. All the old enthusiasm is there still; how the boys looking on applaud the fall of the visitors' wickets, and how they cheer each of their men on going out to bat! But they also recognise a good hit, or a good catch of their opponents, and have a cheer for them also. In view of the match against us on Monday we were able to take stock of the subtle bowling of the ever young Master, Mr. Whitlow, and the faster balls of the captain, Mr. Pumphrey, and wonder what our men would do against them. Tea in the Avenue with Mr. and Mrs. Rowntree was much appreciated in the shade of those trees; a gloriously hot afternoon, a choice of tennis or cricket to watch, surrounded by old friends,—what more can one want? How could you better spend a holiday from business and all its worries?

The "Operetta" (written by Mr. Whitlow) produced in the Dining Hall on Saturday evening was a revelation to some old Scholars, who had no idea of the histrionic talent hidden at Saffron Walden. Our sympathies were given to the lovesick King Alfred, so tenderly cared for by Mrs. D. O. Knutt; and when the murderous Guthrum was finally vanquished and dragged by the heels to "Ye Olde Coale Hole," re-appearing later with face so begrimed with coal dust that Mr. D. O. Knutt took him for the "Old Black Golly" of his childhood, the applause was tremendous. The chorus of boys must not

be forgotten; their singing and abandon showed clearly the happy relationship between scholars and teachers, and how heartily they had entered into the spirit of the play. After supper a bonfire took us to the centre of the playground and old familiar songs were once again heard, whilst the bonfire blazed merrily; finally with hands crossed to the strains of "Auld Lang Syne" the large circle went round until breath was short and one thought about retiring.

Sunday revived old memories again. The Meeting House; the visit to Mrs. Midgley's well-remembered garden; tea with Mr. and Mrs. Lidbetter on the lawn; the 6.30 evening meeting in the Dining Hall, with addresses from Miss Priestman and Mr. Walker; the concert later; were all in keeping with Saffron Walden traditions, and made Sunday a day to be remembered, a quiet restful day between two strenuous ones.

Monday, another glorious day, soon found the cricketers in the field and the tennis finalists on the tennis court, an enthusiastic crowd keenly watching each game, and so generous in their applause that spectators found themselves going backwards and forwards one to the other, clearly wanting to be in two places at once. The girls had their cricket match also, and gave the Old Scholars more cricket than some of them had had for a long time. It was indeed a goodly sight to watch everyone interested and full of enthusiasm, which culminated in the carrying out of our President when he had made his century.

The School XI. are to be congratulated on the game they gave us; though they only made 114 runs, they led by 31 on the first innings. Runs against them were very difficult to get, the fielding was vastly better than we had seen on the Saturday, and with Pumphrey and Whitlow bowling their best Old Scholars found they were having the worst of the game. A very sporting declaration of their second innings by the School saw our President rise to the occasion, and we were able to appreciate what the School can turn out in the way of a



WHITSUNTIDE, 1922.

(Photos by Florence D. Priestman, O. Stanley Pumphrey
Roland G. Teakle, and J. E. Walker).

cricketer. Hitting all round the wicket he made his century in about forty minutes, then retiring to be carried on the shoulders of his many admirers to the Pavilion.

The presentation to Mr. and Mrs. Walker brought us together on the asphalt and the end of the Avenue, and we admired the quick change of Mr. Lidbetter which turned him from the cricketer to the dignified President and Chairman. First the treasurer, James Watts, told us how eager Old Scholars had been to respond to the invitation to subscribe to this testimonial. Responses had come from all parts of the Globe—North, South, Far East, Far West, the memory of old School days was still with Old Scholars, no matter what part of the earth they were in. Our genial Secretary, Owen Clover, struck absolutely the right note in his short but very able speech. He called the School our second home, and when we think of what home means to us, we feel that no better comparison could be made. It was the dominating note both in the presentation and the responses by Mr. and Mrs. Walker; if the replies could be printed and kept permanently it would be good for all; with that spirit prevailing and working in School life real men and women would be launched out in the world, the present materialistic aims in life would eventually have to give way to true Christianity. For thirty-two years Mr. and Mrs. Walker have been working at Saffron Walden, and they must have felt that their work had not been in vain. That they may have many more years of happiness in their retirement was the sincere wish of everyone gathered round them. J. Travis Mills entertained us with anecdotes of Mr. Walker's younger days, and after a few words from Robert H. Marsh, and the presentation by Leonard Farrington (on behalf of the Old Scholars' Executive Committee) to Mrs. Walker, of a pewter rose bowl, we adjourned for tea on the Avenue, this time at Mr. and Mrs. Walker's invitation.

After tea, the departure of those unfortunates who had to get back to London that night; then Terza, followed by supper

and a farewell concert in the Lecture Room. All too soon night came, and the gathering was over. All that was left was, as the programme said, to "fade away" early next morning.

JAMES T. FAIRBANKS.
(1875-80).

GUTHRUM'S "LITTLE LIST."

(From the Whitsuntide Performance.)

THERE'S the boy who shouts and whistles when he's coming down the stairs,
I've got him on my list;
And the boy who scatters round him all the paper that he tears,
He never would be missed!
There's the girl who's late for music, and thinks practising a bore,
And the boy who, when he enters, forgets to shut the door;
And the girl who wears a jumper that will nearly stop the clocks,
And the boy who oils his hair and wears those pink and purple socks;
And all those of both sexes who are on the gated list——
They'd none of them be missed!

Then the girl who reads a book in class, and pouts because she's caught,
I've got her on the list;—
And the boy who never shines his boots as brightly as he ought—
He never would be missed.
And those youngsters we all know who have such cheeky little ways,
And others who for spilling ink would seem to have a craze;
And the boy who breaks the windows and who fills the bath with glass,
And the other one who always grins whatever comes to pass;
And worst of all the boy who thinks that he's a humourist!!!
They'd none of *them* be missed!

There's quite a lot of boys and girls who never hear the bell,—
I've got them on my list!
And many, many others whose crimes I dare not tell,
They never would be missed:—
There's the cat who does the damage and who never can be found,
And the boy who always leaves his change a-lying on the ground;
And members of the staff who when examinations come
Steal gently off one morning to the Sanatorium,
While other folk to do their work of course cannot resist—
I don't think *they'd* be missed!
I'm *sure* they'd not be missed!!

THE MAIL CARRIER.

IT was truly awful weather. Even the folks in Simla said so, and that is the coolest part of India. Everyone was prostrate, especially the European residents, and in the Post Office it was quite as hot, if not hotter, than anywhere else in Simla. The post office clerks grumbled and lolled about, saying that it was worse than the Black Hole, and they were glad that they were not Shiksar Singh, the mail-carrier.

Shiksar himself felt very little self-pity, for he was used to this sort of thing, and so he girt his loins and started very early one morning for the lonely dwelling places in the Hills. He was a fine man in the fulness of his manhood, and did not mind the heat, so he put a handful of rice in his turban and ran up the mountain at a steady trot.

Anyone standing at the head of the mountain track up which Shiksar was jogging along might have seen a glorious

panorama spread before him. Straight down in front of him lay the white roofs of Simla shimmering in the heat of to-day, and far out beyond that other white roofed towns studded with beautiful temples glittered in the sunlight, and spreading to the left of him the great sweep of the Suliman Mountains, blue in the far distance.

The long lean figure padding up the path had no eyes for the beauty which lay around him. He was glancing furtively from left to right. A vague suspicion had formed in his brain that he was being followed and this increased his fear of the piece of forest that lay before him. It was in a sudden dip in the mountain and was noted for the number of mail carriers' deaths that had occurred there.

Already the trees had begun to enfold him, now he was lost in their embraces, and all the time the shadows crept on behind. He had to force his way now through the dense clinging undergrowth, stopped by loathsome reptiles which seemed to appear from nowhere, in their mottled red and yellow skins, and ever he was pursued by that faint rustle in the grass. He came to a place where the air was damp and fœtid, and his feet squelched through the refuse left since the primeval ages, and all the time the sun blazed down upon the silent jungle, and the shadow in the grass crept nearer.

Suddenly without a warning a gigantic cheetah sprang at him from behind. Scream upon scream rent the unhealthy air, and a great bird hovered ominously over the reeking jungle.

Shiksar Singh had run his last journey and the dwellers under the silent snows were left longing for their letters.

Evelyn M. Pask
(Upper Fifth Form)

RONDEAUX.

MY TINY GARDEN.

My tiny garden of brightest hue,
How sweet you look in the morning dew
Oft as I gaze upon you here,
I seem to hear sweet voices clear
Of fairies, calling to me and Sue
To come and play in the pansies blue
With the elves and fairies of every hue,
And stay till the dawn of morn is near,
My tiny garden.

My garden, you are small, 'tis true;
But yet of gardens there are but few
Which to me would be as dear
As my sweet jewel growing here.
In you there's always something new,
My tiny garden.

Hilda Engelmann
(Upper Fourth Form.)

NIGHT.

Over valleys, hills and sea,
The night is creeping silently.
The dew has fall'n, the night is cold,
The evening curfew's long since tolled,
The whole world's sleeping peacefully.
Night is rising from the sea—
Wrapped in a cloak of black comes she.
All sleep 'neath the touch of her hand so cold,
The lady Night.

The slave from his daily toil is free,
And he once more walks in the silent sea
Of the past. All sleep, both young and old,
And all is done by a touch so cold—
Is it a sign of what's to be
From the lady Night?

Molly Halford
(Upper Fourth Form.)

ATHLETIC SPORTS.

THE sports were held this year at the end of the Spring Term in fine but cold weather. The conditions were not ideal as there was a strong wind. The Long Distances were run before the Sports' Day, and the Junior Cross Country in particular was very well contested, twelve competitors turning out. After last year's performance Williams i. was a strong favourite for this event, but Lee i. proved too strong for him, and won with comparative ease. The times, etc., were not very good this year; Phyllis Welch, however, broke the girls' High Jump record, and achieved the distinction of being Senior Champion a year after winning the Junior. The girls' Junior Champion was this year Pauline Crampton. Among the boys the contest was very close between Welch and Gregg, the former winning the long distance races and the latter the short; but in the end Gregg proved victorious by scoring twenty-six points to Welch's twenty-four. In the Junior events Elithorn totalled twenty-eight points to twenty-two by Lee i.

The best races of the day were the House Relay Races, all of which were very close. The most exciting was the Junior contest, in which the competitors several times passed one another. The times for the Boys' Race and for the Junior both constituted records for the event. In the Tug-of-War the superior weight of Godlee House told, and they were declared winners after a hard fight.

RESULTS.

BOYS.

SENIOR.

Cross Country.—1, Welch; 2, Gregg; 3, Grover; 4, Tebbit. Time, [21 min. 36⅘secs.
Mile.—1, Welch; 2, Gregg; 3, Cottis. Time, 5 min. 19 secs.
880 yards.—1, Welch; 2, Cottis; 3, Gregg. Time, 2 min. 37⅘secs.
440 yards.—1, Gregg; 2, Welch; 3, Weaver. Time, 60⅘secs.
100 yards.—1, Gregg; 2, Cadman; 3, Cottis. Time, 11⅘secs.
Long Jump.—1, Gregg; 2, Lloyd; 3, Yardley. Distance, 15 ft. 6 ins.
High Jump.—1, Cottis and Gregg; 3, Welch. Height, 4 ft. 4½ ins.
Throw.—1, Welch; 2, Greenaway; 3, Lennard. Distance, 80 yds. 2 ft.

JUNIOR.

Cross Country.—1, Lee i.; 2, Williams i.; 3, Elithorn; 4, Robson; 5, Le Mare. Time, 12 min. 56⅘ secs.

Mile.—1, Elithorn; 2, Lee i.; 3, Williams i.; Time, 5 min. 48⅘ secs.

880 yards.—1, Elithorn; 2, Lee i.; 3, Woodward. Time, 2 min. 51⅕ secs.

440 yards.—1, Elithorn; 2, Lee i.; 3, Williams i.; Time, 69⅘ secs.

100 yards.—1, Elithorn; 2, Robson; 3, Bartlett. Time, 13⅘ sec.

Long Jump.—1, Robson; 2, Elithorn; 3, Williams i. Distance, 12 ft. 5 ins.

High Jump.—1, Lee i.; 2, Lee ii.; 3, Elithorn. Height, 3 ft. 10½ ins.

Throw.—1, Elithorn; 2, Lee i.; 3, Williams i. Distance, 60 yds. 1 ft. 6 ins.

100 yards (under 12).—1, Scott; 2, Gibb. Time, 14⅘ secs.

OPEN.

220 yards handicap.—1, Gregg (scr.); 2, Cadman; 3, Shippey. Time, 26⅘ secs.

880 yards handicap.—1, Lloyd; 2, Frizzell i.; 3, Tebbit.

Obstacle Race.—1, Lee ii.; 2, Edmunds i.; 3, Blagdon.

Sack Race.—1, Tebbit; 2, Lee i.

HOUSE EVENTS.

TUG-OF-WAR.—1, Godlee; 2, Morland.

RELAY RACES:—

Boys' (600 yards).—1, Morland; 2, Crosfield. Time, 1 min. 18⅘ secs.*

Girls' (450 yards).—1, Crosfield; 2, Morland. Time, 69⅘ secs.

Junior, Mixed Teams (450 yards).—1, Morland; 2, Godlee. Time, 64⅘ secs.*

GIRLS.

SENIOR.

440 yards.—1, P. Welch; 2, E. Cousins; 3, H. Welch. Time, 70⅘ secs.*

220 yards.—1, E. Cousins; 2, I. Chadwick and K. Coates. Time, 30 secs.

100 yards.—1, E. Cousins; 2, K. Horner; 3, I. Chadwick. Time, 14 secs.

Long Jump.—1, P. Welch; 2, B. English; 3, E. Cousins. Distance, 13 ft. 1 in.

High Jump.—1, P. Welch; 2, H. Welch and E. Pask. Height, 3 ft. 11 ins.

Throw.—1, J. Tawell; 2, P. Welch; 3, D. Falkner. Distance, 48 yds. 2 ft. 6 ins.

JUNIOR.

220 yards.—1, P. Blagdon and J. Maybery; 3, E. Gibson. Time, 36 secs.

100 yards.—1, P. Crampton; 2, E. Gibson; 3, P. Blagdon. Time, 14 secs.

Long Jump.—1, P. Crampton; 2, H. Engelmann; 3, B. Halford. Distance, 11 ft. 8 ins.

High Jump.—1, J. Maybery; 2, W. Kilbey; 3, E. Gibson. Height, 3 ft. 6½ ins.

* School Record.

Throw.—1, W. Kilbey; 2, H. Engelmann; 3, P. Crampton. Distance, 35 yards.

Boys' Cup Holder.—Charles Gregg.

Boys' Junior Cup Holder.—J. Norman Elithorn.

Girls' Cup Holder.—Phyllis Welch.

Girls' Junior Champion.—Pauline Crampton.

HOUSE SPORTS.

Boys'.—1, Crosfield; 2, Morland.

Girls'.—1, Crosfield; 2, Godlee.

THE ART OF CONVERSATION.

I DO not know much about the art of conversation although I have thought about it a good deal, and it is the conclusions which I have come to, and the results of several experiments which I have made, which I intend to set down in this essay.

I think that at a co-educational school, a boy or girl comes up against the problem of conversation more than at a school for either boys or girls alone. Boys can talk to boys and girls to girls on many subjects without embarrassment and amongst themselves they are never at a loss for something to talk about. But when boys and girls get together there are some subjects which are of necessity barred from their conversation. Thus, although at school there are many topics in which both boys and girls are interested, yet conversation often flags, and this is especially so at meal-times.

I think that there is nothing more boring than to sit for half-an-hour between two silent boys, and with a row of silent boys and girls opposite, all paying the most minute attention to their dinner, but not making the slightest attempt to converse with each other. I, personally, always try to talk to my neighbours on some subject, for I think that even a forced conversation may at length develop into a spontaneous one. I have found that most boys are interested in at least one subject. Indeed, I think I have come across only one boy

during all the years which I have spent at a co-educational school, who was interested in nothing, and who therefore could talk on nothing. So, if I am seated next to a particularly shy or quiet boy, I always make a point of addressing him on his one subject, and I continue to question him until he becomes thoroughly warmed up to this subject. Then he will talk for the rest of the meal-time, and will find at the end that he has quite enjoyed himself. I find that an effective means of making boys talk is to express an opinion with which I know they will disagree and they invariably begin to argue with me at once.

But when you have succeeded in making your neighbour talk, it is no good thinking that you have done your part and can now enjoy your dinner. He may cool down again if he finds that you are not so interested as at first, and so, in order to keep the interest alive, you must make comments on all his statements, reply fully to his questions and ask him for his opinions. I have often found great delight in endeavouring to fathom my neighbour's mind even although he talks on a subject about which I know nothing and in which I have no interest.

There is another kind of person who is to be met at school. This is the boy or girl who talks unceasingly of his or her exploits and who appears quite unconscious of the fact that other people would like to say a few words occasionally. With such a person, conversation is almost impossible. He will be quite satisfied if you occasionally say " Yes " or " No " or feign surprise and delight. But you yourself will probably find little enjoyment in such a one-sided conversation, and in this case there are two alternatives open to you. One is to ignore him altogether and talk to your other neighbour, but this is not advisable, as you run the risk of incurring his permanent dislike. The second is to address him on some other subject in which he is not at all interested. He will probably have no opinions to express, but being a talkative person he will generally find something to say. Directly you find him trying to illustrate his statements by one of his own experiences, you should change

the subject, and in this way you may succeed in maintaining quite an easy-running and even conversation.

Of course, the pleasantest person to meet is the one who tries, like yourself, to carry on an interesting conversation without doing all the talking himself. With him you will find many principles which you hold in common and those opinions in which you differ will not involve violent and hasty discussions as in the case of the person described above.

In conclusion I would like to emphasise my maxim further. "Always try to talk with the people you meet, but do not expect to do all the talking yourself."

Edna Thompson
(*Sixth Form*).

OUR COMMONER BRITISH OWLS.



PERHAPS to most people less is known of our owls than of other birds, the reason of course being that most of the owls spend the greater part of the daytime well hidden in some quiet corner, patiently waiting for nightfall. At night, however, it is a different matter; instead of remaining hidden, they come out in search of their food, sweeping along the hedges and among the trees with the great rapidity common to our day-feeding birds of prey, giving little chance of escape to the unlucky night-feeding mice, rats, bats, shrews, moles, and other small animals upon which owls feed.

The owl does not pick over its prey, but devours the whole, bringing up the indigestible parts—the fur and bones—in what are known as pellets; and it is by the analysis of these pellets that one is able to determine the owl's food.

Like all other night-feeding animals, owls have large eyes and a keen sense of hearing ; the ears of an owl are very large and complicated, hidden by the feathers forming the facial disc, which gives the owl its comical appearance. The owl has also a wing specially adapted for a noiseless flight, which of course is necessary, as the slightest noise would give alarm to the alert little animals upon which it pounces.

In England owls suffer a great deal of persecution which they ill deserve ; a game-keeper or ignorant farmer having heard the tale that owls feed largely on game—which is absolutely wrong——always shoots the bird when he sees one, or destroys their eggs. The owl, instead of being molested, should be encouraged to breed ; for, although it is true that it now and again, when feeding its young, will carry off a young partridge, it is a very good friend to the farmer in that it kills and devours hundreds of mice and rats, which otherwise would soon over-run his land.

Many owls, chiefly Barn Owls, are shot for their beautiful feathers, which are used for hat-trimming. Although these Barn Owls at present are among the four commonest of our owls, they will soon cease to be so, if hat-trimming, etc., with their feathers, is not stopped.

These four more or less common owls are : the Barn Owl, Tawny Owl, Long Eared Owl and Little Owl ; only three of these, however, are true British owls, the Little Owl having been introduced to England from other countries, chiefly Holland ; hence it is often called the Dutch Owl.

The Barn and Tawny Owls are rather commoner than the others, but the Barn Owl is more often seen than the Tawny Owl, its whereabouts often being given away by the terrible screech uttered as the bird leaves a tree, or flies up with its prey securely gripped within its talons.

This owl has a very beautiful plumage. The wings and upper parts are buff or yellow, variegated with grey and brown markings, the latter being edged with white ; the facial disc,

which is complete, is sometimes white, sometimes grey, with brown outer feathers. They are extremely beautiful if seen in the moonlight, the yellow plumage shining with a silver effect, and sometimes appearing luminous.

The nesting place of this owl—for there is no nest, although generally a heap of rubbish, consisting of pieces of dead mouse, pellets, etc., is to be found surrounding the eggs—is a large cavity in a hollow tree, or in a rock, or very often in Church towers and barns. The eggs, as are most eggs laid in holes, are white, needing no protective colouring, and are usually four in number.

The Tawny Owl is very seldom seen in the daytime, as it dislikes the sunlight more than any other owl, and is often very fierce on any approach to its nest. As its name suggests, the chief colour of this bird is brown, its upper parts being grey, mottled very thickly with brown. The facial disc, like its under parts, is grey, but has a sharp edging of dark brown. This owl inhabits woods which supply large hollow trees, in which it may snore away the long hours of day; hence it is often called the Wood Owl.

It is the Tawny Owl that utters the well-known "tu-whit, tu-whoo," generally at dusk or at day-break; and the young have a curious clicking note uttered on one's approach to the nesting place. The latter is nearly always in some hollow tree, and the white eggs, four in number, are very rounded, and laid early in the year, generally in March.

Both the Tawny and the Barn Owl often lay in pairs, eggs and young of different stages often being found in the nest together. The young specimen photographed was the most forward of three, there being another of the same age and one younger.

The Long Eared Owl is generally thought rare, but in reality it is quite common, especially in fir plantations; it is because the tufts on the head are only raised to their full extent when the bird is excited that often they are not noticed, and hence people mistake the bird. These tufts on the head



Photo by] [*Charles Weaver.*

YOUNG TAWNY OWL.

are not ears at all, but are just pieces of flesh covered with feathers.

This owl has rather darker plumage than the others, its wings and back being buff with markings of dark brown ; the facial disc, as also are its under parts, is dark grey. It is the largest of these four owls, being about fifteen inches in length, and feeds on rats, mice, and birds up to the size of a blackbird. It lays its eggs in the old nests of wood pigeons and magpies, and sometimes in holes in trees. Often it is very difficult, without seeing the bird, to say whether the eggs found are wood pigeons' or Long Eared Owls.

The Little Owl is the smallest of these four, being not quite as large as a blackbird. Unlike the other owls, this one has an ill-defined facial disc, which is only a shade lighter than the rest of the bird's plumage, the latter being grey, mottled with brown and darker grey.

The nest of the Little Owl is generally a hollow in the saw-dust at a good arm's length from the entrance of a hole at the base of an old dead branch. The elm is the favourite tree for these nesting sites. It is because the Little Owl chooses this special place that its " housing problem " is very great, and so sometimes many eggs may be taken before the bird will desert ; and even if they do so, they will very likely return to it next year. I know of a nest from which fourteen eggs were taken in one season ; first a single, later, with a week's interval, two clutches of four, following, a single, and finally another clutch of four ; after this the bird completed another clutch, which she was allowed to hatch undisturbed.

This owl feeds on field mice, worms, rats, and any birds up to its own size, and it is because of this that a party of birds may sometimes be seen mobbing it.

James H. Blagdon
(Lower Fifth Form).

THE LAND OF SUNSHINE.

IS there any country in the world that has progressed and is progressing at such a tremendous pace as South Africa with its millions of square miles of raw undulating veldt and practically untrodden country?

Everyone has heard of Sunny South Africa and I was not an exception, so you may imagine my disgust and disappointment when on August 8th, 1921, we, the members of a large family on board the *Balmoral Castle*, dropped anchor at exactly 3.30 a.m. in Table Bay, just outside Cape Town, with a torrential downpour and a biting wind combining their efforts to chill every passenger to the bone. True it was mid-winter or thereabouts, but even that fact had not prepared us for such a reception. As soon as daylight had won its way through the cloud-massed sky and thick misty atmosphere, we were towed into the harbour and moored to the quay opposite the Customs Warehouse. Incidentally during the operation of being "towed in" one of the wire hawsers attached to the smallest of the four tugs got entangled in the propeller as a result of the choppy sea and strong breeze carrying the tug slightly out of its course. A diver had to go down to deal with the tangle and it was found that one of the propeller blades was smashed. It was eleven o'clock in the morning before I succeeded in finding my luggage, presenting myself to the Customs Officers and extricating myself from the clutches of those gentlemen. And still it was raining with great vigour, so that the dilapidated hansom-cab that was licensed to carry two (and those only with great discomfort to both parties concerned) but which had to carry three of us from the docks to the main station in Cape Town, caused miniature Niagaras to pour over our heads, backs and legs. However, I do not propose definitely to bore you with my own private experience, so I shall ask you to travel with me mentally at the rate of

fifteen miles per hour for the distance of approximately one thousand and thirteen miles from Cape Town through Cape Colony, The Orange Free State, and so into the Transvaal to Johannesburg, the " London " of South Africa. As soon as ever the train has pulled out of Cape Town Station it commences an ascent which though at first very gradual does ultimately about eighty miles out reach a tremendous gradient where it climbs the Hex River Mountains by means of a series of hairpin bends. Here all the trains have three powerful engines and sometimes four. That particular hour was for me the most wonderful, and the one fraught with the most intense admiration for the great engineering minds of our World, who could deal successfully with such an enormous problem as constructing that railway. A mountain railway in Switzerland or in Wales where the lines, engines, carriages, brakes, and general mechanisms are so carefully constructed for steep gradients would not appeal to the individual nearly so much as seeing this tremendous train with twenty-three large coaches and a few trucks weighing in all somewhere about 2,000 tons, panting up—up—up—so that at times the front engines were in exactly the same vertical plane as the tail of the train, only some 40 ft. higher. Having reached the top of this particular section of the line, one would expect a more or less level run, but this is not the case; for generally speaking there is an upward gradient from the Cape to as far north as Johannesburg where it reaches its greatest height of 5,600 feet. Partly because of the narrow gauge in South Africa and partly, perhaps mostly, because of the everlasting twists and turns, the average speed as I have already hinted, does not rise much above twenty miles an hour. Another reason which I have omitted is that unlike most if not all European long distance trains, the ones in " Sunny South Africa " stop at every station and siding (with sometimes not even a Kaffir hut in sight) during the whole of their journeys outside the suburban district of the big towns through which they pass. A great number of these

country districts see only two trains a day and many only one, and in rarer cases like that of the line up to Messina on the Rhodesian border there are only three trains a week. Under such conditions it is plain that every train must stop in order to pick up produce from the district farmers, and a few stragglers making their way to the nearest "dorp" to hawk, or to buy, goods.

The journey on the whole is most interesting, but one obtains a very good impression of what African veldt is like in at any rate three quarters of South Africa. Mile upon mile of untilled and unwatered soil with a stumpy growth of thin, burnt up veldt grass, stretches farther than the eye can see, with small hillocks and kopjes here and there as if put for the specific purpose of breaking the monotony for the weary traveller, who sits with his nose glued against the glass window, if the day is wet, or, under more favourable conditions stands, or sits out, on the small balcony provided for the purpose at each end of every coach.

We travelled for two whole days and nights through Diarre, Bloemfontein and Vereenigning (where the famous Boer War treaty was signed), and arrived in Johannesburg very nearly up to scheduled time, which, taking into consideration that it was the boat train with consequently a very much larger complement of passengers and luggage than on any of the other six days in the week, was in my opinion a very remarkable feat. For the last ten miles from Germiston it seemed very much as if we were just running into London; for it was nearly 9 p.m. and dark, and there were lights the whole way on both sides of the track. But when we could see Johannesburg itself, it almost took my breath away. I saw at once by the rows of street lights crossing each other as they do invariably at right angles, that it was a town much after the style that Mr. Culpin used to set as his ideal when lecturing to us at Walden on "Town Planning."

When one realises that barely thirty years ago there was

no sign of a railway, and that Johannesburg twenty-five or twenty-six years ago was nothing more than a few tin shacks put up by gold diggers who were striving their utmost to win huge fortunes, as so many did (and lost them), one is amazed at the development of so young a town. It is very difficult to pass on without first giving a thought to the ways and means of transport before the railways were constructed. I refer to "trekking" with the ox-wagon. What a contrast between the "prodigious State Function" that the railways now are, and the dear old, bumpy, homely though uncertain ox-wagon. For the railway service the public have to pay various tariffs which bear little relation to the particular service rendered, and often under our present fiscal medley, persons who use the railways least may have to pay most towards a financial shortfall. The first ox-wagon that is mentioned in South African history, I believe I'm correct in saying, was built about 1653, and was of the old mediæval type of the Netherlands: Strange to say, it is practically identical with those in use at the present day. The first oxen ever inspanned were not bred by white men but were Hottentot-raised and proved a great success. From that day to a recent period, the ox-wagons and the native labourer have constituted the principle machinery for hardening our roads out here and erecting our cities. Even now, when a European makes up a party to go into the interior for a shooting trip, or to discover the nature of a particular part of the country with a view to settling there, the historic ox-wagon is his sole stay. To the farmer in every district in the country this means of conveyance is an absolute necessity, for whereas horses are subject to horse-sickness (a disease that kills hundreds every year), and mules, although one of the few beasts which are immune from any particular disease, are expensive to keep and not heavy enough for much work that has to be done, oxen cost little or nothing to keep, are suited to the climate, and can do every kind of gruelling and straining work to which they are put, provided that the

native driver does his share of the whooping and whipping, his assistant shouts out every word known to Kaffirs as best calculated to inspire oxen to move on at their best pace, and the "voorlooper"* pulls hard enough and gives vent to his own cries of encouragement. But this by no means exhausts the list of difficulties and dangers of "trekking." There are the dangers of the poisonous "tulip" or redwater, of grass fires, and if far up country, of wild beasts and fever, which the pilots of these "Ships of the Veldt" have to be prepared to face. Sometimes the roads or tracks are turned into veritable quagmires as a result of terrific rains, and wagons have been known to sink their own height into the mud, and the oxen, needless to say, break their legs in their tremendous but hopeless attempts to extricate themselves from the yoke. Sometimes even nowadays every oxen inspanned in a wagon—anything from two to twenty—will be killed by one flash of lightning as they are all yoked to one trek-chain. But worst than all these horrors that overtake the daring traveller far from civilisation is that of drought, which causes the most agonising deaths to both men and beasts.

KENNETH MAURITZI
(1916-19).

SCHOOL ATHLETICS.

FOOTBALL, 1921-1922.

ONE of the most striking things about the season under review is the comparatively small number of games that have been played, only twenty-three having taken place in the two terms. There are three reasons for this sad state of affairs. In the first place we deplore that more and more schools are taking up "Rugger" or Hockey

* A native, often a piccaninny or child under fourteen who runs in front of a team of oxen acting as their leader.

in preference to Association. Secondly, and possibly the reason for the lack of "soccer" schools, there are very few teams, apart from schools, that play a clean game, and the Games Committee do not consider it fair to expect their players to play a clean game against a team that is all out to win, by any means, foul if it is not possible by fair. The only way to play such teams is to descend to their own level and beat them at their own game, which is not football, and such a course did not commend itself to those responsible for the keeping up of the tradition of clean football that Walden holds. Lastly we had an epidemic of diphtheria in the autumn term which caused the cancelling of several matches. During the first term, both First and Boys' XI.'s were quite strong, Tawell and Welch being particularly sound in defence, whilst Messrs. Lipscombe, Bailey and Goom were a great asset to the side. After the holidays the loss of R. G. Tawell was felt very severely and our re-arranged team, often not at full strength, suffered some heavy defeats.

Whilst our defence, especially before Christmas, was fairly sound, our forwards suffered severely from almost total inability to shoot straight at critical times, and this, combined with slowness on the ball and a lack of real combination, was often the cause of our defeat.

It must not, however, be thought that our forwards were always ineffective, for C. Gregg, the Boys' Captain, and H. L. Frizzell both played extremely well at times, the former especially in the first term ; but it was but rarely that all five played well at the same time.

A tabular statement of results is not given this season as it would hardly be possible to do so, owing to some opponents being played sometimes with a full Boys' XI. and sometimes minus "Colours." Suffice it to say that the Boys and Second XI.'s won the majority of their matches, whilst the successes of the First XI. were few and far between.

Colours were awarded to F. C. Lipscombe, V. G. Bailey, W. Goom, R. G. Tawell, R. G. Welch, F. A. Cadman, C. R. Cottis, R. G. Teakle and H. L. Frizzell.

The House Tournaments were closely contested, and ended before Christmas with the victory of Crosfield House, Morland being a good second.

G. STANLEY PUMPHREY.

HOCKEY SEASON, 1921-1922.

HOCKEY this season was run on more "self-government" lines than formerly, more responsibility, management and arrangement resting on the Committee than was previously the case.

We opened the season with a strong First XI. and a Second XI. which was very "patchy"—strong in parts and very weak in parts.

Diphtheria played havoc with the fixture list and record of such matches as were played is lost, but the XI.'s were very successful on the whole.

Colours were given to C. and M. Gibb, P. Horsfield, B. English and E. Cousins.

The Spring Term opened with a black outlook. The First XI. had lost both wings, a half back and goal keeper, while the Second XI. had lost a back and a centre half.

H. Welch, E. Thompson, K. Green and F. Waters were given places in the First XI. and they rendered excellent service to the team. Out of five First XI. matches three were won, one lost, and one drawn. The Second XI. only played one match, and that was drawn.

One Saturday the First XI. went to watch a territorial match, North v. East, at Cambridge.

Colours were awarded to H. Welch, P. Welch and V. Falkner.

Hockey Tournaments were played with the following results: 1st, Morland; 2nd, Crosfield.

K. MARJORIE LOW.

TRIOLETS.

CALLING THE COWS.

Come up Beauty, Bess and Shell,
Come up from the field and drink
From the trough that's by the well,
Come up Beauty, Bess and Shell,
Leave the grasses in the dell,
Come, and leave the clover pink.
Come up Beauty, Bess and Shell,
Come up from the field and drink.

Molly Halford
(*Upper Fourth Form*).

WINTER'S LAMENT.

The trees thrust forth their bright spring leaves,
The blackbird's calling to his mate.
In hidden glades old Winter grieves,
" The trees thrust forth their bright spring leaves,
I must be gone, I may not wait,"
He moans amid the sighs he heaves.
The trees thrust forth their bright spring leaves,
The blackbird's calling to his mate.

AT COCK-CROW.

The cock crows in the coming day,
Soon we must rise and work awhile,
The whole wide earth is looking gay,
The cock crows in the coming day,
The sun will rise, a great round dial,
To shine upon our crops of hay.
The cock crows in the coming day,
Soon we must rise and work awhile.

Connie Newberry
(*Upper Fourth Form*).

AN ADVENTURE.

ONE of the things that have always inspired me with awe from my toddling days upwards, was to see a vehicle moving along with apparently no human assistance. Among the first to attract my attention was the railway train, but soon tramway cars and motor cars began to stir more curiosity within. The motive power of a train was fairly obvious, the clouds of smoke and steam which come whirling from the funnel, soon gave me a good clue to how it worked. But to see a motor-cycle rushing along at high speed confounded me. With my boyish curiosity I questioned my father, but all I was able to obtain from him were reams of technical phrases which left me more in the dark than ever. But growing older I determined to know how it worked. The time to which I am referring was 1919, at the Friends' School, Saffron Walden. During this period there were a number of clever youths who had quite a considerable knowledge of motor-cycles. Selecting the best of these I commenced to question. But this was not an easy task, and often I was rebuked and told to run away. After a few months' hard work, I managed to gleam a hazy notion of the functioning of the engine.

From then onwards I determined I would learn to ride.

However, I had a long time to wait. Soon afterwards a scholar came to this school who had capabilities in the drawing line. After a time I got quite intimate with him, but here I must ask you not to regard me as an unscrupulous cadger, for I was not able to foretell what was to happen. One day he told me that he anticipated coming to school on a motor-cycle the following term. At this news, my hopes, which had been miserably suppressed for the last year, rose like a cork, and he, I am sorry to say, was worried for the rest of the term.

The following term he did return on a motor-cycle, and then a sudden change came over me, for instead of being eager

to have a ride, I hung back, why I do not know. I watched others have rides, but I could not make up my mind to ask. Soon boys began to question me why I would not try, and in this way time wore on. At last I determined to be brave, and marching up to the owner, I timidly began my petition. Much to my surprise, however, he consented, and I felt my spirits sinking once more. After that, screwing up what little courage I had left, I strode down the Boys' Drive holding the handle bars. Arriving at the road, I got astride, and at a word from the owner warning me that if I returned in little pieces, I should have to pay costs, I was pushed off. Suddenly the engine fired and I felt myself going through the air, the rapidity of which was ever increasing. As the speed increased my qualms began to vanish and my hopes rose. It was exhilarating; hedgerows and telegraph posts flew by and I began to feel a wild, exultant joy rising up within me. As I turned the various corners, which lay on my route back to school, I began to have some fears about policemen, but I returned to school just as the bell was ringing, feeling greatly refreshed after my short but exhilarating ride.

Gordon Baines
(*Upper Fifth Form*).

AN APOLOGY.

IN our last issue we published a photograph of the old Boys' Lower Schoolroom, together with one of the new Boys' Washroom. Under the former was printed, "About 1906."

We have received various communications concerning this date. One runs:—"In connection with the photograph, it would be interesting to hear if the present Editorial Board know the date of the inauguration of Co-Education!" This is humiliating enough, as three members of the Board had been here some years before the Co-Educational work was started. A second comment is as follows: "I cannot refrain from

adding my comment to the rest which I expect you have received, in reference to your bold and dashing date given to the photo of Form III., whose room is now a washroom! The date was startling and arresting, for I was not at school in 1906, and I distinctly remember being terribly big (!) when such as Nina Townshend and Connie Wilderspin entered the school. To my surprise, haphazard and unexpectedly, I had cause to look through old *Avenues*, and the very photo was in the July 1912 one, and in that volume dated as "Autumn, 1911." I feel that such a dashing character as the one responsible for the date in this issue, is worth knowing as being most refreshing to find in these hard calculating times. The photo is excellently focussed—the girls could not fail to recognise themselves, and moreover they happen to be Old Scholars who, by their keen spirit for all things Waldenian are likely to be among your subscribers and to see this issue. So much the greater the pluck of the one responsible for this insertion!"

We have nothing to say in extenuation. Peccavimus—we have sinned. We take it lying down. As a Board we accept joint responsibility and decline to give away the one who sent the date to the printers. If, however, the writer of the above is still anxious to make the acquaintance of her "dashing character" we will send her the name in private! Here we tender our sincere apologies to the ladies to whose age we have added five years, with the hope that nothing of a really serious nature has followed on this unwarrantable liberty.

FAR AND NEAR.

Concerning Old Scholars.

Old Scholars who were in the Fifth and Sixth Forms last Term:

Frank Cadman.

Irene Chadwick is attending a Commercial College.



THE NEW LABORATORY.

Scott Rogers has gone to a school at Lausanne, Switzerland.

Robert Soutter.

Hazel and Phyllis Welch are at Milton Mount, which they find stricter than their old school.

Ronald Welch.

Eileen Brazier is working on a poultry farm where she soon expects to have charge of a thousand hens. She writes :— " At present I spend most of my time running round to see that four hundred or so chicks have enough food, etc. Beside the chicks I have five incubators and numerous sitting hens to look after. This morning I found in one incubator fifty-one little chicks high and dry and running about, and they'd all come out in one night ! "

Charles Gregg writes : " I am learning farming at Ottershaw, a small village in Surrey, and so far like it very much. I am going to join the local cricket club, which runs two rather good teams ; it has for its captain an old Surrey player, and they tell me that they often have Abel down here to play for Ottershaw. What truth there is in this remains yet to be seen."

* * * * * *

Donald L. Redding (1912-14) writes from Mount Gambia, S. Australia :

" The first day of 1922 I began my work here as assistant to the Ven. Archdeacon Samwell. It is a large scattered parish stretching over thirty-four miles and including a large country district as well as a big county town and sea side in Port MacDonnell. The variety makes the work all the more interesting. The parish provides me with a motor-bike. . . . I wonder when I shall be able to visit England. I assure you that when that time does come I shall make Saffron Walden my first port of call."

* * * * * *

Dorothy Reynolds (1915-21) holding the position of Assistant Mistress in a Preparatory School at Croydon, writes :—" I think you'd like my little boys. I could tell you such lots of

funny things that happen, but they lose their attraction when you get them down in black and white. There is one very naughty little boy, whose name is Peter Budge. He has a big brother and consequently a large vocabulary. He loves to try and shock me by telling me all the bad words he says at home. This in fact, is a general joy to them all! He escorts me part way home sometimes and tries to see me into the wrong tram. He is extremely officious and self-important and most of the staff are bent on squashing him.

"The children recite long prayers every morning about being affectionate and obedient to their parents and teachers. Peter looks so pious on these occasions I always want to laugh. He has huge ideas about keeping order. He always wants to walk round with a stick! I had some terrible battles with him at first. I daren't leave my class a minute: if I did there would be a piercing yell, and I'd come back to find Peter Budge hitting someone on the head. He used to kick little girls too, as soon as my back was turned and stoutly deny it, though I could see everything that went on in the glass. He never thought anyone should laugh at *his* jokes and he considered that he should be allowed to walk round the classroom all lesson time, and suggested that I might like him to come and sit with me at my desk. It's no good squashing him—he needs plenty to do, only when you've got twenty-six you can't spend all the time on Peter Budge and Peter keeps up a continual chime of: "Miss Reynolds, you really *must* come and see what I've done!" and no matter how busy I am its "You *must* come and help *me!*"

* * * * *

Robert Trigg (1907-14) has passed the Special Single Examination, 1921, of the Surveyors' Institute, also the direct Final (war conditions) Examination, 1921, of the Auctioneers' 2nd Estate Agents' Institute, and was awarded the prize given by the Beds., Herts. and Middlesex Branch of the latter Institute. He has since been elected associate of both Institutions.

SCHOOL DIARY.

Mar. 9th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Diary, Hazel Welch and Scott Rogers. Essays, "The Cottage over the Way," Kathleen Green; "A Few Days in Venice," Mr. Whitlow. Pianoforte Solos: "A Night in May," Irene Chadwick; "Waltz Melody," Roland Teakle.
Merit Half-Holiday.

,, 11th.—Sale of Work.

,, 15th.—Football Match: 2nd XI. *v.* Newport Grammar School 2nd XI., away, won, 3—1.

,, 16th.—N.H.S. Mtg. Talk by Miss Waites, "Les Chateaux de Lorraine."

,, 18th.—Hockey Match: 1st XI. *v.* Girl Pilgrims' XI., home, won, 12—0.

,, 18th-20th.—Girl Pilgrim's Visit.

,, 23rd. Lit. Soc. Mtg. Mock Parliament.

,, 24th.—Sports Day.

,, 25th.—Hockey Matches: Girls' XI. *v.* Herts. and Essex High School XI., away, drawn, 2—2.
Girls' 2nd XI. *v.* Herts. and Essex High School 2nd XI., home, drawn, 1—1.

,, 27th.—Girls' Reading Club Mtg.

,, 29th.—Football Matches: Boys' XI. *v.* Newport Grammar School XI., home, won, 5—0.
2nd XI. *v.* Newport Grammar School 2nd XI., away, drawn, 2—2.
Lower School XI. *v.* Grammar Lower School XI., away, won, 4—0.

April 1st.—Football Match: Boys' XI. *v.* Saffron Walden Wanderers, home, won, 1—0.
Musical Evening: Haydn.

,, 6th.—Holidays began.

May 4th.—School re-opened.

,, 10th.—Cricket Matches: *v.* Safiron Walden Grammar School.
1st XI. *v.* 1st XI., home, won, 87—66. C. R. Cottis 26. J. H. Blagdon, 4 wkts. for 12. R. G. Teakle, 6 wkts. for 27.
2nd XI. *v.* 2nd XI., away, lost, 32—36.

,, 11th.—N.H.S. Mtg. Business Mtg. Essay on Stick Insects, Kathleen Francis.

,, 13th.—N.H.S. Excursion.

,, 17th.—Cricket Match: 1st XI. *v.* Bishop's Stortford Town, home, won, 136—95. Mr. Whitlow, 46; Mr. Pumphrey, 32. Mr. Lipscombe, 3 wkts. for 9.

,, 18th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Diary, Miss Priestman and Henry Rowntree. Essays: "Pictures by G.B.S.," Norman Eames; "A Short Story—The Gargoyle," Mr. Bailey. Pianoforte Solos: "The Sea," Edna Thompson, "Wendy Bird," Joyce Tawell.

,, 20th.—N.H.S. Excursion to Cambridge.
Girls' Tennis Match *v.* Chantry Mount, away, lost, 36—32 games.

May 24th.—Cricket Matches: Boys' XI. *v.* Newport Grammar School 1st XI., home, won, 111—79. J. P. Greenaway, 32; C. R. Cottis, 29. O. W. Tebbit, 5 wkts. for 8.
2nd XI. *v.* Newport Grammar School 2nd XI., away, won, 89—85.

,, 25th.—N.H S. Mtg. Talk on Selbourne, Mr. Morris.

,, 27th.—Cricket Match: Boys' XI. *v.* Cambridge County School XI., home, lost, 25—69.
Girls' Tennis Match *v.* Herts. and Essex High School, home, lost, 2—7 sets.

,, 30th.—Talk by Rev. Shepherd Walwyn.

,, 31st.—Cricket Match: Boys' XI. *v.* Bishop's Stortford College 2nd XI., home, lost, 41—89.

June 2nd-6th.—O.S. Whitsuntide Gathering.

,, 3rd.—Cricket Match: 1st XI. *v.* C. R. Downham's XI., home, lost, 108—214. Mr. Lipscombe, 30. Performance of "King Alfred" in evening.

,, 5th.—O.S. Presentation to Mr. and Mrs. Walker.
Cricket Matches: 1st XI. *v.* O.S. XI., home, lost, 114 and 89 for 6 wkts. declared, to 83 and 155 for 4 wkts. Mr. Lipscombe, 33 not out, J. P. Greenaway, 36 not out.
Girls' XI. *v.* O.S., home, won, 144—26.

,, 7th.—Cricket Matches: Boys' XI. *v.* Bishop's Stortford School XI., home, won, 52—44.
Under 14 *v.* S.W. Grammar School under 14, away, lost 61 and 24—27 and 66 for 6 wkts. K. L. Whitlow, 32 not out.

,, 8th.—N.H.S. Mtg. Essays by Elfreda Gibson, F. H. Lennard, A. Skelton.

,, 10th. Cricket Match: Boys' XI. *v.* Bishop's Stortford College 2nd XI., away, lost, 75—161. F. H. Lennard, 32 not out.

NOTICES.

Three numbers of "THE AVENUE" will be published during 1922, price 8d. per copy (post free 10d.), or 2s. per annum (post free 2s. 6d.).

Articles or Subscriptions may be addressed to "THE AVENUE," Friends' School, Saffron Walden.

Articles in "THE AVENUE" written by boys or girls are signed in italics.

EDITORIAL BOARD.

Reginald A. Reynolds has joined the Board in place of *Charles Gregg*, who has left the School.

SCHOOL MAGAZINES.

We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of *The Ackworthian, The Beckside, The Island, Penketh School Magazine, By Kent and Skerne.*

SCHOLARSHIPS.

Scholarships have been awarded as follows: *Reginald A. Reynolds, Edna Thompson, Eric D. Cleaver,* £50 for 2 years; *Eileen Cousins,* £30 for 2 years.



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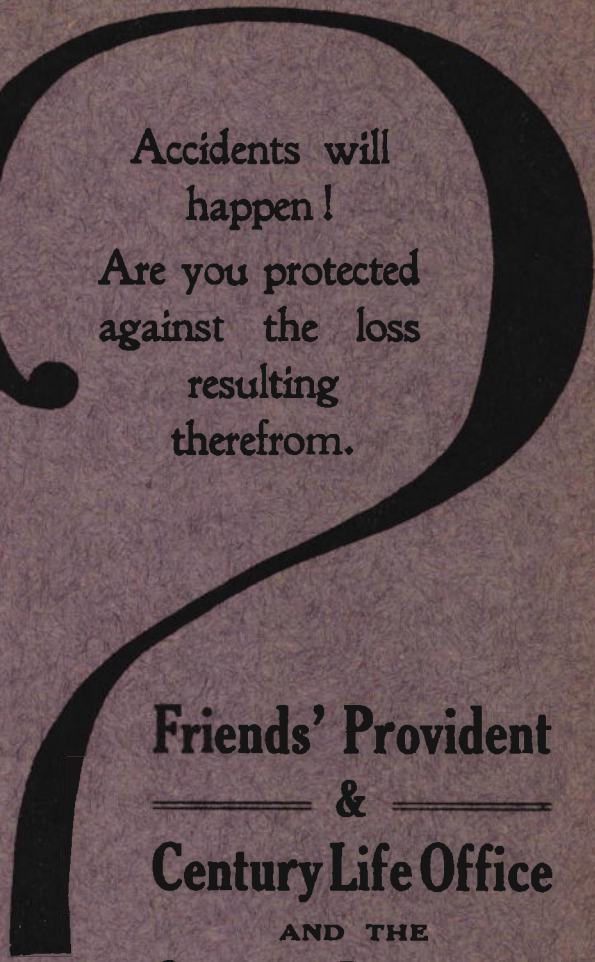
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