THE AVENUE



JULY 1929

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Photo by] [*C. B. Rowntree.*

WHITSUNTIDE, 1929.



The Magazine of the Friends' School, Saffron Walden.

VOL. XVIII. JULY, 1929. No. 59

FOREWORD.

THIS term we returned to find a Sanatorium devoid of two familiar figures, Nurse and Mr. Webb, the latter having, during his stay with us, transformed the "San" garden almost beyond recognition. We say good-bye to them regretfully, but at the same time extend a hearty welcome to Nurse Smith, an Old Scholar of this School.

Miss Irvine and Miss Bowstead have also left us, unexpectedly, and it was with a feeling of surprise and regret that we noticed their vacant places in the Dining Hall. Miss Waring has most ably taken on their work, but just lately Miss Dixon has very kindly come to take Miss Irvine's place.

Our Whitsun gathering this year was a record one, the total number of visitors and Old Scholars reaching nearly four hundred on the Monday. On that day, too, excitement was caused by the appearance of an aeroplane which came to take aerial photographs of the School and grounds.

We sent two representatives from the scholars up to Yearly Meeting, Ruth Edmundson and Basil Clayton. They brought back interesting accounts, especially of the Arts and Crafts Exhibition of Work from all Friends' Schools.

Following on the Whitsun record came General Meeting. Here also the exhibition of School work was greater than in previous years, for we had all that which had come from the Exhibition at Friends' House. In the afternoon a play was acted by the staff and scholars, showing four incidents in the history of the School, for which the script was taken from actual minute books and notes of the School in bygone years. So great was its success that this play is being repeated at Friends' House on July 4th. Miss Maud Robinson sent her greetings, saying, in reference to the Islington School, which her father attended:—

"They had bread and cheese and *very* mild beer for breakfast! Cold comfort for winter mornings!"

Marjorie Dell
(Stage 7).

WHITSUN WEEK-END.

ONCE again we have been given ample justification for the theory that the Weather Gods have a soft spot for Walden at Whitsuntide. That the rest of England benefits by it as well is an immaterial consideration; at least, for an Old Scholar, for whom the rest of England has temporarily dematerialised.

Friday night, of course, was largely unofficial, except for the elusive "Welcome by the Staff," which, we are told, takes place at 8.0 p.m. Perhaps it does, but usually the function has been performed already, and in a way that does not find a place in the programme. At Supper and the Dance afterwards we were all together for the first time, and people continued to arrive long after that—at least, that was the impression gained by the faithful eleven o'clockers in the tents.

Saturday, unruffled by an unusually premature "Accounts," proceeded into cricket, tennis and swimming. The displays

were, as usual, both brilliant and hair-raising. Certainly the School teams can't have been so fresh as the Old Scholars' when it came to the relays, but all the same the boys' race is worthy of mention as the only event in which the Old Scholars shone to any extent—except the tennis, which they have all to themselves. The Old Scholar girls produced a scratch team which did very well under the circumstances. There was still time for the Old Boys' team of accomplished ambidexters to beat the Old Girls by the comfortable margin of 51—25 before dinner. After this the Old Scholars' luck declined appreciably (no innuendo intended), for the Boys' XI. beat the Old Scholars' 2nd XI. gently but firmly by six runs and two wickets. Meanwhile the non-combatants drowned their chagrin at the refreshment tent. Coupons, enclosed in various packets of sweets, were being collected, which were eventually to obtain one or more gifts for the new Preparatory School. These ranged, improbable as it may seem, from a bicycle to a dishcloth. I wonder if we shall ever know the result.

The two one-act Plays which were given by the School at 7.30 departed somewhat from custom. One was by the Staff only—or rather by two of them—and the other was resuscitated from House Competitions. Perhaps it is superfluous to record the brilliant manner in which Mr. Whitlow and Miss Rose posed as lunatics (again, no innuendo) ; but for amateur work, produced under conditions which were not, or used not to be, exactly ideal, the standard reached by girls and boys in " The Poacher " was astonishing.

Then came the great surprise—no bonfire! For the first time since 1919, when the week-end was taken up again after the War, we were to try a new experiment—a Dance in the Dining Hall instead, with a real band, all the way from Cambridge. So, while the Old Scholars passed the evening in riot and merrymaking, the School looked out of the bedroom windows in vain. That is to say, they would have done so if they hadn't known all about it beforehand. However, the matter didn't end there.

On Sunday, I suppose, most of us came closest to the traditions, to an occasional forgetfulness that we have left, and to a sort of fleeting self-deception that the bell is ringing for us, that we ought to be sitting in the side rows at Meeting, not in the middle or the gallery. Once again to see Mrs. Midgley's wonderful garden, to walk back up " Stink Alley " under a blazing sun, to walk round the same field, rest in the shade of the same elms by the fence—to do all this, and lots more that can't be written down, makes one wonder if magic is still a thing of the past.

Afternoon tea is a little too much for any spell, however magical, even when it is on the Boys' Asphalt. We, the Old Scholars, were entertaining the Staff ; but we did pretty well, all the same. Mr. Rowntree's address in evening Meeting was a pleasant surprise (as it was not on the official programme), as also was our President, Alfred Carr's exhortation concerning the Preparatory School, for which a fair sum has already been raised, so that there is every prospect of an early start. The concert that followed cannot be described in detail, but it struck me as more original than usual, and of course a great success. And so to bed.

Monday morning—we are Old Scholars once more. Early on fresh arrivals began to roll up, until nearly all the available parking ground was occupied by motors. Those of us who had already taken our turns (voluntarily) as orderlies began to congratulate ourselves on our public-spiritedness. All-day cricket this time—a more serious matter—and renewed activities on the tennis courts, also an unrehearsed effort continued from last year: family bathing. Then the refreshment tent renewed its claim and everyone settled down to watch cricket and tennis. By dinner time it became evident that the School were getting the upper hand in both Boys' and Girls' games. The chief event of the afternoon was the Airplane (as we are supposed to spell it nowadays.) This had been promised for Saturday, but we had waited about, staged tennis matches,

posed on the Avenue in vain. Now that it had arrived it did the thing properly, and certainly the weather conditions were ideal. It circled right round several times and then finished up with a few swoops over the cricketers. Soon afterwards we all descended on the tennis finals, where Charles Ball and Esther Pearce won after the usual fight in true Wimbledon style. At the same time, the cricket was concluding, the final score being: Old Girls 48, School 68 for 8; Old Boys 71 and 42 for 7, School, 135.

To finish the week-end with unquestionable satisfaction, the neglected bonfire appeared after all, complete with petrol, stokers and songs. This was after a strenuous game of Terza. Finally, cheering, which at one time seemed to be endless, and then those who still felt so inclined wound up with dancing in the Gym.

I suppose I should end here: all that remained was the mournful night, ditto breakfast, and then back to civilisation by train or road. Home again and friendly questions: "Hullo, had a good time?"

"A good time!"—how to express one's feelings at such a question! But how can they know? We are left to our memories.

David Edmundson
(1920-1926).

MARY BARNARD.

TO many Old Boys the memory of the years spent at Walden is inseparably connected with the name of Mary Barnard, who was for so long the Boys' Matron. As a colleague of hers for fifteen years, I can speak from my own experience of her faithful and indefatigable care and attention in time of illness, and can appreciate the affectionate regard in which Old Boys who have similarly experienced her motherly care hold her memory.

As Miss Barnard's twenty-six years of service to the School were completed a dozen years ago (she retired in 1916), the present generation remember her only as the old lady who regularly attended the Saturday evening Lectures at the School.

On her retirement from the School she went to live with a friend in West Road, and she continued to live a busy life, devoting a good deal of time to the interests of the Abbey Lane Congregational Church, of which body she was an active member. In this connection she found scope for her skill in needlework.

Until the close of the year 1928 she retained her youthful vigour to a remarkable degree, and it came as a surprise to most of her friends to learn that she was nearing eighty years of age. During the Spring of 1929 her health failed rapidly ; Old Boys and other friends helped to ease the last months of illness, which ended on May 27th, 1929, and a number of them attended the funeral service at Abbey Lane and afterwards in the Cemetery at Saffron Walden, in order to pay an affectionate tribute to the faithful ministrant and friend of their youthful days. C.B.R.

AUDLEY END VILLAGE.

'MIDST woods and field the village stands
Of houses few, but neatly kept,
Enclosed by parks and fertile lands,
Far from the height of hills windswept.

The smoke arising from the fires
Bathes the whole place in softest blue ;
It curls around and never tires,
Tingeing the woodlands with its hue.

The swallows underneath the eaves
Twitter and dart the whole day long.
One comes directly his mate leaves,
Singing meanwhile a pleasant song.

Beneath the bridge a little stream
Runs merrily on its way,
Bright flashing in the Spring sun's beam
As it sings its song so gay.

Hard by the ancient Abbey Farm
No longer rears its sheep and cows.
No monk goes by with prayer and psalm,
Or labourer feeds the grunting sows.

In times of yore, what lords and ladies gay
Came to an Abbey standing near at hand.
What peasant passed along his humble way
Going to work his lordship's land.

In England, there's many a village neat
To which, old buildings charm do lend,
But there's none in the world one-half so sweet
As thou, O peaceful Audley End!

A Present Scholar in Group A.

SAFFRON WALDON GENERAL MEETING.

THE fiftieth General Meeting of the School since it came to Saffron Walden would be more fittingly celebrated by a bard with a harp than by the slow pen of a scribe, for the whole occasion, from start to finish, seemed a psalm of thanksgiving.

The first note was struck in Meeting for Worship with the words, " Except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it." Another speaker recalled how " when the trees in the Avenue were so small you could touch their tops " there was the same loving spirit among the scholars as there is to-day.

Worship was followed by an address from the Headmaster on the changes of the last fifty years. Among these, the establishment of co-education and the introduction of a

modified form of the Dalton system of education have proved most satisfactory.

The four winners of scholarships, Mollie Hooper, Basil Clayton, John Harris and Edmund Burtt, were then called up to be congratulated by G. Stafford Allen, and the proceedings concluded with the School Song. Is it unkind to suggest that we might have sung more heartily? Perhaps the scholars will see that the " ancient " Friends do better next time.

Then to the Swimming Bath, where distinguished aquatic performances were greatly appreciated. Many parents must feel grateful for this fine physical training which is moulding young bodies to strength and symmetry.

After a bountiful lunch came other interests—the very creditable exhibition of drawings and handicrafts, a tempting display of cookery, lesson books and laundry work, an aquarium of queer water beasts, rabbits waggling friendly noses in the pet shed, flowers in the scholars' gardens, tennis and cricket to watch.

Then we assembled in the Hall, where some unique dramatic episodes from School history were presented. Here, in " The Birth of a School," was John Bellers (in a real old hat) laying before William Penn and Thomas Ellwood, in his authentic words, his scheme for " a College."

Scene II. showed an early Committee, when the School was half workhouse, struggling with the problem of two " ancient Friends " who had become " disordered in liquor."

In Scenes III. and IV., young maidens of 1839, in charming caps, made garments for the poor, and held a meeting of " The Juvenile Society for the Improvement of the Mind."

High praise is due to those who designed these scenes, so skilfully incorporating the original words and matter from old records, and bringing the past before us with such touching vividness.

Tea in the Avenue brought this " day of fresh air in the wind and the sun " to a close.

The song is ended—we must pass round the hat. Funds are needed for the proposed Saffron Walden Junior School, for which there is a very definite need.

A final stroll between the young trees of the new Avenue, then farewell till next year. May He who was in our midst all day, as Host and Guest, remain to bless this house which He has builded and walk in the garden which His love has planted.

A New Visitor.

THE SPIRIT OF WALDEN— A PARENT'S TRIBUTE.



MONGST the treasured books and papers belonging to a former pupil of Walden is a sheet of paper containing some fifteen or so typewritten lines, in which the following three occur:—

"I would be pure, for there are those who care;

"I would be brave, for there is much to suffer;

"I would look up and love, and laugh and lift."

Following a hasty perusal of the paper these lines have remained in the memory. Curiously enough the order of the lines on the original sheet is the order given above, that is, the first and last lines are the first and last in each case; the second occurs midway in the typed collection. It is some months ago since the lines on the sheet were scanned, yet these three are deeply imprinted on one's memory. Reflecting on the cause of this, the conclusion reached is that the short life of the young girl who had so carefully preserved the paper was in a marked degree characteristic of the spirit of the lines. Her years at Walden had moulded her outlook on life

and left this mark on her character. So it comes that in remembering the girl the lines are revived.

In these lines there is almost a whole philosophy ; no hope or fear of reward or punishment. To be pure—and purity is not limited to any particular aspect, purity of thought, of action, of outlook and of all other forms is included—simply because the feelings of others are concerned. To be brave—courageous in all things, under reverses as well as in successes, because courage will be needed. To look up—ever upwards to the clouded as well as unclouded blue heavens, to love and to laugh, easing the burdens of the lives of those around us with a " lift."

Education is interpreted by various people in divers ways. To some, it is scholarship ; to some, learning ; to some, " polish." To others it is a means to the end of accumulating money. To many it is a cramming of facts—by them called knowledge—with a view to exuding an air of superiority in vulgar surroundings.

Each to his fancy. Yet I imagine that to the staff of a school which labours long and earnestly in the heavy duties of moulding the characters of the young children entrusted to their care in the most impressionable years of life no greater satisfaction can accrue than the knowledge that a pupil has taken from her school and has put into practice so high a standard as that which these three lines enshrine. This alone has surely made it worth while to teach, and in the performance of those every day duties has achieved for the School a place far beyond the price of rubies. What is knowledge to-day may be commonplace ignorance to-morrow, but the spirit of service in the world is the rarest of bright jewels and is eternal.

In these halting words I pay my tribute to the self-sacrifice of the Staff of the School to which as a parent I owe so much.

SCENES FROM THE EARLY LIFE OF THE SCHOOL.

SCENE I.

THE BIRTH OF A SCHOOL.

Characters: JOHN BELLERS.
WILLIAM PENN.
THOMAS ELLWOOD.
OBADIAH—man-servant to Wm. Penn.

Scene: London, Devonshire House Yard, 1699. John Bellers walks along in deep thought, head bowed and hands clasped behind back.

Enter Thomas Ellwood and Wm. Penn.

T. ELL. Ah! Here's John Bellers. Now thou canst inquire of him concerning his schemes.

Greeting to thee, John Bellers.

J.B. Greeting, Thomas Ellwood, and to thee also William Penn. I am happy to meet thee. What means this visit to London? Hast thou completed thy great work out in the New World?

W.P. Nay, Friend; the work prospers by God's good grace, but still much remains to be done before the work in founding and building Philadelphia is accomplished.

J.B. I do hear that in thine absence some do unkindly use thee, and out of malice they have said that thou wert dead, and that thou didst die a Jesuit.

W.P. True, Friend, but if I have been unkindly used by some at home, I found love and respect enough where I came. Nor were the natives wanting in their respect; for their Queens, Kings and Great Men both visited me and presented me. But enough of my affairs; I would hear something of thee.

T. ELL. Friend Bellers, Wm. Penn would hear from thee concerning thine own schemes for helping thine own poorer countrymen.

W.P. That indeed would I do, John Bellers.

J.B. Ah! Friend, schemes I have, but it be terribly difficult to get others to see how great an advantage to all they might be.

W.P. True. There be always many who by mistake or prejudice may object against any good thing that's offered, the greatest truth having met with objections. But speak on; I would hear from thine own mouth what thou dost propose.

J.B. The cries and miseries of some and idleness and lewdness of others of the poor, and the charge the nation is at for them being great, hath encouraged me to present to the Lords and Commons assembled in Parliament some proposals for embodying the poor so together that thereby they may be made of equal value to money by their raising a plentiful supply of all the conveniences of life.

W.P. And what were thy proposals?

J.B. In my proposals I made clear that it's the interest of the rich to care for the poor and their education. Who knows how soon it may be his own lot and his posterities to fall poor? Three things I aim at:—

1. profit for the rich (which will be life to the rest).
2. a plentiful living for the poor without difficulty.
3. a good education for youth that may tend to prepare their souls into the nature of the good ground.

T. ELL. Though the work be good and excellent if it could be accomplished, yet they say there will be so much difficulty, labour and care in the doing it, there will not be found men that will undertake the toil of it.

J.B. Though it would be toilsome for any one man or a few, yet 'tis easily done by a greater number. As one man cannot and ten men must strain to lift a ton weight, yet one hundred men can do it only by the strength of a finger of each of them.

W.P. And how dost thou propose to get thy hundred men?

J.B. However prevalent arguments of charity may be to some, when profit is joined to it, it will raise most money, provide for most people, hold longest and do most good. For what sap is to the tree that profit is to all business. So therefore do I propose that by being incorporated as a College of all sorts of useful trades, that shall work one for another, without other relief, the rich may gain, the poor maintain themselves and children be educated. But, Friend, here is a copy of the proposals wherein thou canst read for thyself.

W.P. I thank thee, John Bellers. It would appear from what thou hast said that thy thoughts and mine are much akin. I also hold that industry brings profit; that the sluggard shall be clothed in rags, and he that will not work shall not eat.

But what fortune didst thou suffer at the hands of the Lords and Commons assembled in Parliament?

J.B. It were not possible to arouse them so that they might bring forward a Bill.

T. Ell. But, Wm. Penn, that did not discourage John Bellers. Seeing that he be unable to start his Colleges of Industry throughout the land, he has turned his mind towards helping the unfortunate and the young among our own Society, and even now he has put before Yearly Meeting a proposal concerning the education and employment of Friends' children and the employment of the poor among Friends, and indeed we would have thee sign a letter, recommending the proposals to the careful consideration of Friends.

W.P. What then dost thou propose concerning the education of the children? That interests me greatly.

J.B. Next the care of our own souls, a right education of our children is greatest; for he can scarce be said to be a happy father whose child is unhappy. And also the great Master of Heaven and Earth who hath given us the charge over them to nurse and educate will require them at our hands.

W.P. To nurse and educate—yea truly. But dost thou not think that reproof also is sometimes necessary?

J.B. Reproof stands for little without other good management, and with it children trained young will need little correction or reproof either, and that has much in a constant useful employment, joined with good instruction. A good instructor is like to a good seedsman. But how poor will the crop be, if the husbandman doth not manage his ground, first by ploughing and stirring, to prevent weed growing.

W.P. True, John Bellers. We shall agree with thee in that.

J.B. But few private persons have the conveniences, leisure and capacity of giving their children an exact education at home. Such as have knowledge usually wanting suitable employment; and such as have employment often wanting knowledge, so that the subject is indispensably the churches' care and worth their modelling.

W.P. Now wouldst thou bring these children together and appoint instructors to train and educate them. But how wouldst thou provide for them being poor and unable to pay for their learning?

J.B. They would be trained in useful service and the product of their labour sold to help to provide for them. And where some appear of ready and pregnant understanding, it may be worth encouraging to the furthest degree. Yet beyond reading and writing a multitude of scholars is not so useful to the public as some think—the body requiring more hands and legs to support it than heads to direct it; and if the head grows too big for the body, the whole will fall into the rickets. It's labour sustains, maintains and upholds, though learning gives a useful varnish. And the children, seeing others working at trades, will the more easily learn to work, and being industrious, they will make their trades profitable and themselves useful to the commonwealth.

W.P. And do I hear that thou wouldst make provision for the ancient Friends?

J.B. Truly I would; for under the same roof could be some poor and ancient Friends who, while exercising some oversight of the young, could at the same time be served in all manner of useful ways by those of younger years.

W.P. There be some who will doubt that such a plan will work.

T. ELL. Thou seest, Wm. Penn, that our Friend John has everything considered, and now his concern is to get Yearly Meeting to give him support so that places be found where suitable provision for the poor and the young can be made in all our meetings. Where is the letter thou wouldst have Wm. Penn sign?



Photo by] *[H. Bedford Lemere.*

"JOHN BELLERS." "THOS. ELLWOOD." "WILLIAM PENN." "OBADIAH."

OBADIAH: "WILLIAM PENN, THOU ART WANTED."

J.B. I have it here and already it bears the names of many worthy Friends, as thou wilt see.

[Wm. Penn reads the letter.]

W.P. Gladly will I sign this letter, and may God prosper thine undertaking.

[While he signs, Obadiah enters.]

OB. Wm. Penn, thou art wanted within at this moment.

W.P. Tell them I come.

[Obadiah goes out.]

T. ELL. Who's that quaint Friend, William ?

W.P. Oh, that's Obadiah, my serving-man. He's not comely to look upon but he's a wonderful guardian.

T. ELL. Guardian ? Of thee, Wm. Penn ? How so ?

W.P. I'll tell thee how he protects his master from them who would annoy him. One day a process server walked up to the door and knocked. Obadiah opened to him and the man said, " Is thy master at home ? " The faithful Obadiah asked him his business. " Oh, I have called to see Mr. Penn." " Well, my master hath seen thee and doth not like thee," replied Obadiah, and the man, surprised, walked quickly away.

[All three laugh.]

Good day, John Bellers, and I hope thy concern will prosper.

[W.P. and T. ELL. go out together.]

John Bellers resumes his walk.

CURTAIN.

[The above extracts are from

(1) Proposals for founding Colleges of Industry—John Bellers.
(2) Letter presented to Yearly Meeting in support of John Bellers' proposals.
(3) Proposals and Plan for the Founding and Building of Philadelphia—Wm. Penn.]
(4) " Journal of the Friends' Historical Society," Vol. xxv.

[The passages in small print are actual extracts from these works, but in a few cases they have been referred to another speaker for the sake of the argument.]

TO A TROUT.

THOU stealthy villain lurking there,
Dost think I for thy grievance care?
No! first I'll scheme, and plot, and plan,
And then I'll hook you if I can.

Would that I knew thy favourite haunt.
Thou'lt ever with thy secrets taunt.
But I shall find it, then look out!
Or else you'll rue it, Mr. Trout!

This eddy looks a likely place ;
I think I'll try it just in case.
A rise!—and yet another rise!
Ah, now I've got you—what a prize!

Out you come, right on the grass.
I knew this soon would come to pass.
No use to wriggle, desperate scamp!
Thy wicked soul must now decamp.

Thy life in slaughter thou didst spend ;
And now thy greed hast brought thy end.
Kingfisher's bill is worse than hook,
'Pon me thou hast with thanks to look.

I've rescued thee from fate more ill—
Than barbéd hook beneath thy gill,
Why gapest thou, oh! stupid fish?
I have fulfilled thy dying wish.

I've saved the gorgeous silken fly,
For which thou leap'st so very high.
And doubtless this same fly will do
To catch some other fish like you.

Take no offence then, Mr. Trout.
Erstwhile, thou wert a greedy lout:
To-morrow shalt thou changéd be,
To breakfast for my friend and me.

Edward Dunstan (1922-29).

WHERE TO LIVE.

"FANCY living in a place like Walden!" "Oh, well, look what a place you live in. What do you know about things?" "You really live in a tiny place like Walden! How do you manage it?" This is the sort of remark that is often made to me in tones of voice either scornful, disgusted, sympathetic or pitying, according to the taste and disposition of the one who makes it. It is noticeable that no one can conceive in his wildest dreams the idea of anyone liking to live in a place like Walden, or, indeed, that a country town of such a kind could have any advantages whatever. Such things are, however, well within the bounds of possibility.

Of course, I myself am prejudiced against the life in huge towns and cities as much as, or ever more than, you who criticise the other way. The advantages of the place which we call "home" are always magnified in our eyes, but this is hardly the same in my case, since I am the one and only person in Walden who appreciates it, the one person who does not give it such approbrious names as "an old hole," "a one-horse place," or anything else you can think of. Walden people are not a bit loyal, but I am sure that some of them are sensible enough to have deep down in their hearts the opinions I hold. The environment of our homes is important in making us what we are, as a comparison of a Cockney and a country yokel would show, but it is we who are neither Cockneys nor rustics who can argue about our choice in homes.

Why live in, or even near to London, of all places? A

nasty, dirty, smoky, foggy city, full of jostling people, dangerous traffic and unceasing noise ; what can be the attraction in that? Yet it is a fact that London, capital of England and the world, has an irresistible appeal, difficult to define, but to which we all of us yield to some extent. Very few people would refuse the opportunity of a day in London, and many can bear a week or even a fortnight of it, but more than that, no! London is the place to go to when you want a day out, when you are dull and bored and want a little excitement, but to live in it must be an abomination.

Compare life in London with the life in a country town like Walden. We are clean, fresh, and quiet, while our excitement we supply ourselves. This latter is a great argument in favour of living in a small place. In a large community you yourself supply little or no part, whereas in a small community we have to make our own interests and our own lives. If we put nothing into the life of the community we can be sure that we shall get nothing out. The best of all is, however, that here everyone knows everyone else. We are, " Hail fellow well met " with seven out of ten people we meet, and the other three we know by sight. We know just enough of each other's past, present and future histories to make us sympathetic. In London you stride along, pushing up continually against unknown folk, and never recognising or speaking to a soul. You are acidly polite to the gentleman who apologises for treading on your toes, and are abusive to the urchin who bothers you, and that is as far as your conversation goes. For the rest you pursue your way, immaculately dressed, without lowering your dignity by speaking to a soul.

Of course you are adepts at minding your own business, but I'm sure it's much more fun not to mind it quite so well as you do. You barely know your next-door neighbour by sight, and as for knowing who lives half-way down the street, that is impossible, and you are not interested. Everyone you meet you suspect as a thief, murderer or other criminal unless you

have definite proof that he is not so. You are, in fact, a suspicious and unsociable people.

Now here in Walden we are quite different. We speak to nearly everyone, and have opportunities for long conversations with at least three people well known to us, even if we only go down town and back. Not that we are under compulsion to enter into those conversations, but its nice to think that opportunity is not lacking. When something pleasant has happened, you know that other Walden people will be pleased with you, and when you are " fed up " you can be sure that there will be several people willing to endeavour to cheer you up. Oh! we're a sociable people really, although strangers and newcomers often say we are not. These people are often those who come here to retire, and who have been used to a busy life in London or some other big city. At first they find us different, but if they provide themselves with something to do, and honestly try to be friendly with us, I'm sure they soon find us sociable enough.

Then we are all honest, or at least we do not suspect each other of dishonesty. We go out and leave our doors unlocked with perfect safety, not expecting to find on our return either that we have been robbed, or that some horrible and mysterious crime has been enacted in our absence. We are really much more independent than you Londoners, for while you will take a bus to ride a quarter of a mile, we must walk or cycle, unless we are old enough and fortunate enough to possess driving licences. We give each other lifts up the hill though, and there are such things as taxis and cabs in Walden, if you can afford such luxuries. The only objection to this intimacy is that rumours spread with amazing rapidity, so that an ankle ricked in the morning will by evening have developed into a sprain, a break or an amputated leg. Indeed, these rumours are often absolutely groundless, but then they usually do no harm, and are, if you know the facts of the case, highly amusing.

Another great advantage which we enjoy is that we need not always look as if we have just stepped out of a bandbox. No one minds in the least what we wear as long as it is respectable, and hats and gloves can be dispensed with. We don't mind looking comfortable so long as only friends are looking on, but it is the supercilious glances and pointed stares of the strangers in the London streets that make you horribly conscious of discrepancies in your clothing.

The chief fault that you city-dwellers find with Walden is that it is hopelessly dull and boring. One reason why you think this is that while you are *in* the town, you are not *of* it, and therefore do not know what it is like. Another is that you are used to all sorts of excitement which we know how to live without. When you come back to School saying, " I went to ten cinemas and five theatres during the holidays " in that particularly patronising tone which you know how to assume on such occasions, I can never conjure up a sufficiently humble attitude of respect and envy. Of course I should have enjoyed your pictures and plays if they had come my way, but as they didn't, my holidays were by no means desolate without them.

It is true that we have few facilities in this direction. We do possess a cinema, which I visit occasionally if there is anything at all good on, but since I invariably develop either a headache the next day, or something infectious within the next fortnight, these occasions are few and far between. The local Operatic and Dramatic Societies we support keenly, however, as the fact that the former can run for a week in such a small town testifies. We are quite as interested in that as you are in a really good theatre, but while you go expecting to see a finished performance, we go wondering what sort of a show these folks will make of it, and are nearly always agreeably surprised. Little hitches only add to the fun of the thing, and applause is never lacking for praiseworthy efforts. Here again we are much more interested because we know the performers

personally. We are more interested in people than in things ; and the very scarcity of people serves to increase this.

There is then no need whatever for us to be bored, and for the most part we are not. From my own point of view the only disadvantage of living in Walden is that we are day-girls and not boarders at School. I could write a whole paper on the disadvantages of being a day-girl.

Visitors to Walden are always duly impressed with our history, our Mayor and Corporation, Church, Museum, etc., but about these I am sure you have already heard enough. They invariably say, however, that Walden must be a charming place to live in. It is. Suburbs are, I suppose, fairly inhabitable, but even then I maintain that they are much too near London to be immune from its disadvantages. We are exactly the right distance away from it. Within easy visiting distance, we are safe by means of our ridiculous branch-line (which is really a blessing in disguise) from return visits from undesirables. Although we miss certain advantages which living at the centre of things could give us, the advantages of our life so outweigh these that there can be no doubt about a sensible person's choice. Anyhow I affirm absolutely and positively that I would not have my home anywhere else for all the wealth of Crœsus.

Constance J. Bowtle
(Stage 7).

SCHOOL ATHLETICS.

FOOTBALL.

THIS season, much to our satisfaction, proved far more successful than the previous one, both the football and the results being up to standard. In the Autumn Term the Boys' XI. started well by a 10—2 victory over Bishops' Stortford School. Needless to say, results such as this were not continuous, although the standard of football improved as the season went on. We were glad to be able to revenge one heavy

defeat of the previous season, by beating St. Christopher's School, 6 goals to 3.

The Old Scholars provided the School XI. with their best match of the season, the game being a hard fight, with 3—3 as a fitting result.

In the Spring Term we played but one match, and so there is little to report about the football. Illness played havoc with our fixture list, and the tournaments were the only item of interest that held our attention throughout this term.

In the boys' team, the half-back line always remained predominant, not only in defence but in attack, A. W. Godden and P. B. Snow keeping a high standard through the season. H. Rees and E. Dunstan at full-back, with T. Francis in goal, were reliable but a little erratic at times. The forward line combined far better than in the previous season, although their finishing sometimes left much to be desired.

House tournaments in the Autumn Term proved farcical, not a single goal being scored throughout the three games. In the Spring Term, however, matters were altered. Junior tournaments were instituted, the sides being picked from the members of the House under the age of fourteen. The sides were reduced from nine to seven per side, and the time from twenty to ten minutes each way. This proved much more successfull, both sets having a definite result. Crosfield were first in the seniors with Morland second, while in the junior games Morland came first with Godlee second. Colours were awarded to H. B. Rees, P. B. Snow, E. Dunstan, T. W. Francis, P. M. Thurtle, A. N. Goss and R. F. Forward.

Basil Clayton
(Stage 7).

HOCKEY, 1928.

This year we have had a very successful season. In the Autumn Term we rarely had to play with a reserve and the team was in splendid condition. The weather favoured us and we managed to get a lot of practices and nearly every

match. The Spring Term was not nearly so successful as we played only three matches, weather and an epidemic combining to make an unfortunate ending to an otherwise cheerful season.

As regards the team, special credit can be given to the backs and goal. All three played splendidly in every match and it was a great help to the forwards to feel that a trusty defence lay behind them. The forwards themselves were rather weak at first, but after hard practices they combined well and did good work for the team. The half-line too, needs a word of congratulation, although it was rather inclined to hang back and not keep up behind the forwards. During the season forty-four goals were scored for the School and thirteen against it, and no match was lost.

One match especially needs mention and will not be forgotten by the team for some time ; that was the game against Homerton College, Cambridge. It was the first match of the Spring Term. The year before we had been beaten by ten goals, and this year the score was in our favour, 7—1. The game was hard and exciting, but one of the best of the season.

Two other afternoons are well worth remembering. On November 28th, we all went to the cinema in the town to see the Hockey Film which Miss Beecham had arranged to have shown. Miss Latham, of Essex Women's Hockey team, came to explain the film and to give general hints. The afternoon was a great success and filled us with enthusiasm. The second great occasion was on Wednesday, January 23rd, when Miss Armfield, a member of the South Selection Committee, and an ex-England player, came to coach us during the afternoon. Miss Armfield first of all went through the various strokes used in hockey and then coached a game. In the evening a talk was given, with illustrations by her.

Colours were awarded to Joan Francis, Joan Bull, Kathleen Davidson and Edithe Child.

The Juniors, instead of playing Hockey all the time, concentrated on Netball, and the House Tournaments in Netball

were a great feature. Morland came first, with Crosfield second.

	No. of Matches Played.	Won.	Lost.	Drawn.	Goals For.	Against.
1st XI. ..	8	6	0	2	36	12
2nd XI. ..	1	1	0	0	4	0

Marjorie Close
(Stage 7).

FROM WALDEN TO STAVANGER.



E came to London on Tuesday, April 23rd, where we spent the day, and then took train to Newcastle. From Newcastle we went to Stavanger in a boat called " Venus."

At the beginning we enjoyed the crossing very much. The sea was quiet, the sky was blue, and the sun was shining as bright as in the Summer. All three of us slept very well the first night. In the morning we hurried to dress and went upstairs. A Norwegian friend of ours did also go in the " Venus " from Newcastle, and he too was upstairs. On the deck we had a nice time. We played the gramophone, sang, danced and played games.

In the afternoon, however, the wind began to blow, and at 3 o'clock it seemed too cold for us, so we went to bed. Later on the sea began to be rough. The boat went from one side to the other. When the time was ten past eleven in the night, Ada said, " Are you not glad, it is only one hour left before we are at home?" Was I glad? I am sure you can imagine how excited we were. But then the curtains were pulled away, and a lady, one of the passengers, came into our room. We were, of course, very astonished. But she had been very ill the whole day. I asked her therefore if I could help her with anything. She said only however, " It is dangerous! " Then suddenly there came a crash, and the boat went so quickly from one side to the other that all our boxes and trunks fell down from their places and made a horrible noise. We hurried out of our beds, took our coats and ran upstairs. There the sailors were busy

in giving the passengers lifebelts, and trying to get out the life-boats. The night was very misty, and so dark that we couldn't see a hand before us. We asked one of the sailors what was the matter, and he said that the boat had gone against a rock, and that there was a big hole in the bottom of the boat. None of the sailors knew where we were because of the thick mist. At once a wire was sent to Stavanger saying, " The ship is going down," but we couldn't think of help before the dawn came. It was an awful time. The boat made a terrible noise, and rockets were sent towards the sky. We stood for four hours on the highest deck, but then the Captain asked us to go to the life-boats. It was hard work for the sailors to get the life-boats out, as the boats were nearly broken against the side of " Venus." At last, however, the sailors succeeded in getting them out. We were very cold and sea-sick when we came down into the small boats. There we sat for four more hours, and were quite sure to have said good-bye to everything for ever, but after being froze nearly to ice another boat took us up and brought us on shore.

There our parents were waiting for us, half mad by horror, for the last they did hear from us was the wire sent just before we went into the life-boats. They were of course very glad to see us saved, although we didn't look very nice without hats and otherwise only half-dressed. We did also lose some of our luggage, so we had nearly to stay in bed the first days, which were two holidays. For a wonder, none of us got so much as a cold after it.

Aldis Uldal
Marie Ramsland } *Stage 6.*

[The writers of the above lived up to their countrymen's reputation for courage by returning to School four weeks later, in spite of the fact that their departure was delayed several days by severe storms. They sailed on their old friend, the " Venus," amongst the passengers on which they were not unnaturally regarded with peculiar interest.—EDITORS.]

IMPRESSIONS OF WHITSUN.

By an Old Scholar.

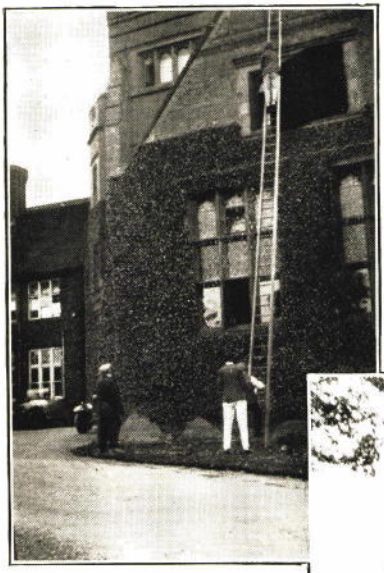


WAS unfortunately prevented from getting up to Walden on Sunday, but on Monday I arrived, found my rooms, and went up to the School. After greeting Mr. Rowntree and others, I went up to the washroom to have a drink, and found there the old familiar smell of soap, fragrant with memories. "Hullo, Dad!" cried a voice as I entered the room, "Come and have some of this lemonade! Penny a glass, but you can have one free!" He held out a doubtful looking fluid in a battered tin mug, which I, summoning up my courage, bravely drank. "It's nicer than what they've got at the chew-stall, isn't it, Dad?" quoth my dirty-kneed offspring. He was sitting on the edge of a basin, his shirt open, and his bare legs swinging. Suddenly he overbalanced backwards into the basin, thus pressing down the tap-lever and soaking the seat of his white shorts. He paid little attention to this, and stowing away his lemonade powder, he accompanied me to the playground.

On the playground we saw some boys playing cricket, so I had a bowl. It went wide, however—you never know how a ball will pitch on the gravel. So we went to the stall, where I proved that my son's statement was wrong, and that the ginger-beer was the genuine article. I spent a shilling on the ginger-beer, it was so good. I then bought a shilling's worth of sweets, and we went on to the field, where I had an enjoyable game of cricket with my son's friends.

After dinner we lay out on rugs to watch the match, and discussed style of play with some of the boys. The boys now don't seem nearly so good at the game as in my day. The balls don't seem to go so far.

Then the aeroplane arrived, and I improved the occasion



WHITSUNTIDE,





1928.

by telling them of the principles of flight. After tea I gave my son a tip of half-a-crown and departed.

BY THE PRESENT SCHOLAR.

DEAR BILL,

Dad popped round for witson on mundy. He made a fritefull as of hiself on the play-growned, he can't bole a bitt. He sed al sorts of silly thins about crikit in the affterenoon, and wen the aeroplaine came he told us all abowt thins wich every kid nows hoo has taken the boke out of Groop A library about it. He diden't now that the mashine was a Moth! Anyway, he gave me half-a-crown, and didn't say I orter be in stage 3 like Tom's pa did.

JACK.

For moral see "Blow, thou Winter Wind,"
by W. Shakespeare.

Peter Green
(Stage 5).

INTER-SCHOOL DIARY COMPETITION.

IN this, the forty-third year of this competition, only three Schools competed—Bootham, Sidcot and Saffron Walden. In the Natural History section, out of twelve entries, Saffron Walden took the following places:—

1st. Margaret Rollason.
2nd. Derek Schove.
3rd. Edmund Burtt.
7th. Ralph Erskine.

while in the Archæology section, out of eleven entrants, Jack Harris was bracketed 5th. Congratulations to all the above on the steady work which they must have put in to enable them to obtain such good results.

FROM FAR AND NEAR.

Concerning Old Scholars.

Old Scholars who were in Group C last Term :

Ada Leirevaag.

Greta Stern.

Edward Dunstan.

* * * * *

Mary Hale (1926-28) writes from the Rachel McMillen Training Centre :

" There are four hostels in which the students and most of the Staff live. They are not very near together, and the one that I sleep in with six other girls is five minutes' walk from the Centre. In the Centre itself are all the shelters in which the children are gathered during the day. There is also our dining-room and the kitchens for Staff and children. The latter have all their meals in their shelters. . . A few of the children come quite early in the morning while we are having breakfast. The parents of most of the children are very, very poor, and they nearly all have to go out to work in the morning and stay there until about 5 o'clock, and then the children are taken home. Lots of the children love coming, and the mothers are glad to be able to leave them somewhere while they are out. All those who can afford to pay to keep the children here pay 2s. a week, but some of the young ones' parents are so poor that they cannot pay anything, so the L.C.C. pay for them, because this really belongs to the L.C.C. . . .

" In the morning when the children arrive lots of them need baths, some every day of the week. When that has been done, they start their play. At 11.30 they have dinner, and after that they have to rest for an hour on very low camp beds, with one red blanket to wrap round them. They generally sleep until 2 o'clock, at least those who feel like it, for some of them will not sleep however much they are coaxed. One little boy refuses to lie down to go to sleep, and always sits up until he

drops off. They are never disturbed when it is time for them to get up, but are just allowed to sleep on until they wake themselves. When they get up they are washed and tidied, and then they begin playing again. Their playthings are furry and woolly animals, bricks, puzzles, a sand-tray, a toy farm-yard, and lots of other amusements. They like the sand-tray almost better than anything. . . At 3.45 we begin to collect them up for tea, and some of them lay the tables, or at least the cloth. The tables are only about a foot and a half from the floor, and the chairs are very tiny, so that we do not often have any accidents. The food they have is very, very plain, but it certainly does them much more good than some of the awful stuff that they are given at home, e.g., fish and chips, coffee, peppermints, tea, and the poor children are only two years old! After tea the mothers start coming, and then we have to start putting the children's hats and coats on. They are usually all gone by 6 o'clock, but last night one of them did not go until 8.15—then one of the Staff had to take him."

* * * * *

Dorothea Halford (1917-1921) writes from Golder's Green:

" I have got a post at King Alfred's School and have found really nice digs in a guest house for females like me. We each have a bed-sitting room, and breakfast and dinner downstairs together. Of course I have lunch at K.A.S. I am teaching a form of fifteen children, eight to nine years. They are jolly little things, and I am very interested in the School."

* * * * *

Eric D. Cleaver (1920-1922) writes from Rugby:

" It is a relief to have struggled through my final (B.Sc. Engineering, Eds.) somehow. It must be remembered though that we had over the College man, the tremendous advantage of being in daily contact with the practical side of the work. I intend to have a shot at the British Thompson Houston Fellowship this year. It gives one a year's experience in America with our associate firm, the American General Electric

Company. I quite frequently run into David Edmundson. I think he intends to try for Inter. and ultimately Final by way of evening work, and the facilities here really do offer a fellow every encouragement."

* * * * *

Frances M. Gear (1921-1924) writes:

" When I last wrote to anyone at Walden I was responsible for the teaching of a number of small children, but last Spring I suddenly decided to go into College, and was fortunate enough to get one of the last vacancies in the Bishop Otter College, Chichester, so I am there now.

" I am rather older than most of the students, but that rather adds to my enjoyment than otherwise, as I have more background against which to view our life, and a much wider range of experience than the students coming straight from school.

" Our Psychology lecturer, Miss Wakefield, discovered that I had been at a Friends' School, and assured me that she knew I had some connection with Quakerism. As far as religious education is concerned, I expect it may have left its mark, for there are few who are left the right of an open mind at school."

SCHOOL DIARY.

Feb. 28th.—N.H.S. Mtg. Diary, Muriel Poulter; Current Events Report, Peggy Krippendorff; Talk on the Saffron plant, Mr. Morris.

Mar. 2nd.—Lantern Lecture: " Fiords and Glaciers," Mr. C. B. Rowntree.

,, 7th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Diary, Kathleen Butterworth and John F. Harper; Essays: " On Cycling," Peggy North; " Choosing a Career," P. Thurtle; " The History of the Letter Post," Cecily Rawlings; Pianoforte Solos, " Waltz," by Coleridge-Taylor, Joan Francis; " Cameo," by Coleridge-Taylor, Peter Snow,; " To a Wandering Iceberg," by MacDowell, Betty Law; Violin Solo, " Mélodie," by Rubenstein, Edward Dunstan.

,, 9th.—Lantern Lecture: " School Tramps," Mr. C. B. Rowntree.

,, 11th.—Girls' Reading Club Meeting.

,, 12th.—Merit Half-Holiday.

14th.—N.H.S. Mtg. Diary, Honor Liddle; Current Events Report, A. Robinson; Talk on the Geology of Saffron

Walden, Edmund Burtt; Essays: "The Sparrow," and "The Moorhen," John Harper.

Mar. 16th.—Lantern Lecture: "The History and Romance of London," Mr. G. Morris.

,, 22nd.—Orchestral Competition at Cambridge.

,, 23rd.—Lantern Lecture: "Scillonia," Mr. C. J. King.

,, 27th.—End of Term.

April 24th.—School re-opened.

May 2nd.—N.H.S. Mtg. Diary, R. Erskine; Current Events Report, Ruth Edmundson; Meteorological Report, D. Schove; Essays: "Walsingham Abbey and Priory," Edith Kilbey; "Ants," A. Robinson; "Clovelly," Mary Parkin; "Ickleton Church," R. Morland.

,, 4th.—N.H.S. Excursion up the Cam Valley.

,, 8th.—Cricket Match: 1st XI. *v.* Saffron Walden 2nd XI., home, drawn, 91 for 9—179.

,, 9th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Diary, Carol Headley and Jack Harris; Essays: "The Origin of Surnames," Vera Smith; "Esperanto as an International Language," J. C. Smith; "Memories of Childhood," Miss Priestman; "The Air Port of London," Irwin Woodhead; Pianoforte Solos: "Sonnet d'Amour," by Coleridge-Taylor, Geoffrey Sparrow; Chopin's "Waltz in B Minor," Arthur Mulholland.

,, 11th.—Cricket Matches: 2nd XI. *v.* Cambridge and County High School 3rd XI., away, lost, 35 and 27—128. Girls' 1st XI. *v.* Homerton College 1st XI., home, lost, 47—87 runs.

,, 15th.—Cricket Match: 1st XI. *v.* R. R. Dobbin's XI., home, won, 109 for 9—75. Basil Clayton, 50 runs.

,, 16th.—N.H.S. Mtg. Diary, Lucille Rayner; Current Events Report, A. Scott; Meterological Report, R. Dell; Reports of Cam Valley Excursion, Ina Hooper and J. Harris; Essays: "Saffron Walden Church," Honor Liddle; "Earwigs," Peggy North; "St. Alban's Cathedral," Barbara Greenwood.

,, 18th.—Cricket Match: Boys' XI. *v.* O.S. 2nd XI., home, won, 93 for 8—84. Basil Clayton, 4 wkts. for 16 runs, J. F. Harper, 2 wkts. for 5 runs.

,, 20th.—Cricket Matches: 1st XI. *v.* O.S. XI., home, won, 133—71. Girls' XI. *v.* O.S. Girls, home, won, 68 for 8—48.

,, 23rd.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Diary: Francina Close; Essays: "Across Canada," Irene Barry; "Food," Edmund Burtt; "The Milky Way," Joan Bull; Pianoforte Solos: "Hexentaunz," by MacDowell, Betty Law; "Petite Suite de Concert," by Coleridge-Taylor, Peter Snow; "Waltz," by Chopin, Vera Smith; Violin Solo: Tchaikowsky's "Chanson Triste," Cecily Rawlings.

,, 25th.—Girls' Cricket Coaching, Miss Bryant.
Cricket Match: Boys' XI. *v.* Bishop Stortford 2nd XI., away, lost, 138—144.

,, 28th.—Merit Half-Holiday.

,, 29th.—Cricket Match: Boys' XI. *v.* Warlow College, home, lost, 48—113.

May 30th.—N.H.S. Mtg. Diary, T. Francis; Current Events Report, Margaret Rollason; Meteorological Report, D. Schove; Essays: "Pigeons," Doris Kingston; "Toadstools," Ina Hooper; Talk on Deer, J. Harper; Talk on Leeches, A. Scott; Exhibition of Moths, E. Burtt.

June 1st.—Cricket Match: 1st XI. *v.* Saffron Walden 2nd XI., home, won, 87—52.
Tennis Match: Girls' VI. *v.* Fowlmere Ladies, away, lost, 2—7 setts.

,, 5th.—Cricket Matches: Boys' XI. *v.* Newport G.S. 1st XI., away, won, 140 for 5—80. Owen Parsons, 51 not out, Clayton, 43 runs. Peter Snow, 3 wkts. for 8.
2nd XI. *v.* Newport G.S. 2nd XI., home, lost, 57—136 for 8.

,, 6th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Diary, A. Mulholland; Essays: "Over the Hills," Kathleen Butterworth; "Grieg and his Music," A. Mulholland; "Housekeeping," Ruth Edmundson; Pianoforte Solo: Grieg's "Her Wedding Day," A. Mulholland; Pianoforte Duets: "Two Norwegian Dances," by Grieg, P. Snow and G. Sparrow; Gramophone Selection from Grieg's Peer Gynt, "In the Hall of the Mountain King." Pianoforte Solos: "Prelude," by Stephen Heller, Joan Francis; "Waltz," by Coleridge-Taylor, Vera Smith.

,, 8th.—Cricket Match: Boys' XI. *v.* Cambridge and County School, home, won, 108—71.

,, 13th.—N.H.S. Mtg. Diary, Edith Kilbey; Meteorological Report, Richard Dell; Current Events Report, Ralph Erskine; "Some inhabitants of a small Aquarium," Alan Scott; Essay: "A Cruise to the West Indies," Margaret Rollason; Exhibition of flint instruments from caves in the South of France, Mr. Morris.

,, 15th.—General Meeting.

,, 17th.—Performance of "Scenes from the Early Life of the School."

,, 19th.—Cricket Match: 1st XI. *v.* R. R. Dobbin's XI., home, won, 115—111.

NOTICES.

Three numbers of *The Avenue* are published each year, price 8d. per copy (post free, 10d.), or 2s. per annum (post free, 2s. 6d.).
Articles or Subscriptions may be addressed to *The Avenue*, Friends' School, Saffron Walden.
Articles in *The Avenue* by boys or girls are signed in italics.

SCHOLARSHIPS.

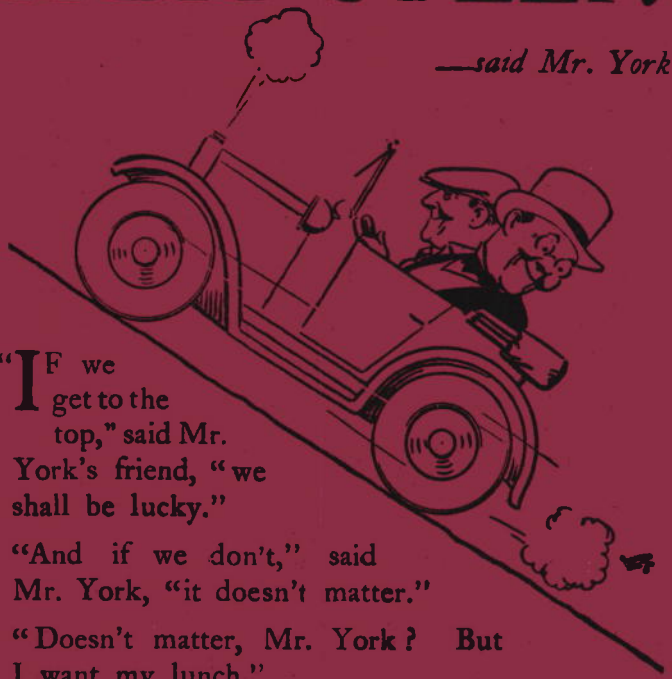
The following were adjudged by the School Committee to be of Scholarship standard: 1st, E. Mary Hooper and Basil Clayton; 2nd, Edmund T. Burtt and John Harris.

SCHOOL MAGAZINES.

We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of *The Cupola* (Ackworth), *The Beckside* (Ayton), *School Echoes* (Hobart).

"A BIT STEEP!"

—said Mr. York



"IF we get to the top," said Mr. York's friend, "we shall be lucky."

"And if we don't," said Mr. York, "it doesn't matter."

"Doesn't matter, Mr. York? But I want my lunch."

"When you go in for Motoring," said Mr. York, "you can lunch *when* and *where* you like. You are not tied to a time table. We'll pull in and have lunch now, and enjoy the sun and the view while we're having it."

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Plain or Milk, with Almonds and Raisins

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- To-day!

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