THE AVENUE



JULY 1933

PER ARDUA AD ALTA

ABBEY HOTEL

(UNLICENSED)

SAFFRON WALDEN

LUNCHEONS · *TEAS*

PARTIES and all SOCIAL FUNCTIONS catered for

TERMS from 8/- per day

A really comfortable Hotel · **Ideal for Visitors**

ELECTRIC LIGHT GARAGE

Proprietress: MRS. E. SCOTNEY *Telephone* 100

Illawarra, Saffron Walden

HYA

Accommodation for 20 Members

Cooking facilities or meals provided

Comfortable accommodation for other guests for week-ends or longer periods

Apply: THE WARDEN



1 Boys' Gymnastics. E. Tyler
2 The Presentation to Turner. C. B. Rowntree
3 The Sweet Stall. D. Margetts



The Magazine of the Friends' School, Saffron Walden.

VOL. XXIV. JULY 1933. No. 71.

FOREWORD

ELECTRICITY is now making its slow incursion into the school—from the Lecture Room and Dining Hall, along the corridor to the work-shop and to Boys' Group B and by slow steps up to the Art Room; and in the other direction to the Mistresses' studies and the Girls' music rooms. We hope now to see it in the remaining places where it is needed.

We give our welcome to Miss Dow, who returns to school this term after her prolonged illness and absence, and to Miss Jones who takes the place, as Group A and Domestic Science mistress, of Miss Deane, who left us last term to marry Mr. G. Christie. Our best wishes go with her in her new sphere of life.

Marjorie Land, an old scholar, has recently passed the final examination which allows her to practise as a solicitor. She is the first woman in Saffron Walden to do so, and, we believe, the first woman from amongst our Old Scholars to become a solicitor.

Miss S. Waites has been awarded the Advanced Certificate for the Country Dancing Section of the English Folk Dance and Song Society.

To both of the above ladies we offer our congratulations.

In addition to the ever growing number of " Matrics " we are sponsoring two " Higher School " candidates, Muriel Poulter and Farrand Radley, for the examination this term. The valuable influence in any school of its older, post-Matric pupils is unquestionable. May we, therefore, wish that the numbers of these students in the school increase !

Staying with us this term in the school we have Ursula Helf, a German girl from Wilhemshaven. We hope that she will take back some happy memories of her sojourn here and the spirit of an international friendship when she returns to her own country.

W.W.B.

THE LECTURE WEEK-END

MARCH 1933

THE subject chosen for our lecture week-end this year was a wide and inexhaustible one, namely Russia.

We had three excellent lecturers : Maurice Dobb, M.A., from Cambridge, the well-known Communist and Lecturer in economics.

Cuthbert Wigham, who has spent a considerable time in Russia, and has taken a large number of photographs there.

Baron Meyendorff, a lecturer at London University, who is also a Russian exile.

From Maurice Dobb we learnt :

That only 10 per cent of the Russians are Communists. People cannot become Communists until they are considered worthy and elected.

That the Five Years' Plan is the first half of a Ten Years' Plan, which, the Communists believe, will make Russia a fitter place to live in than anywhere else on earth. The Plan contains details of all roads, rails, factories, etc. to be constructed, the total output expected during the ten years, and whether the goods are for home consumption or for export. The output of all kinds of goods in Russia has increased greatly during the four and a half years that the Plan has been in operation, but world conditions have slightly interfered with the working of the Plan.

That there are 200 different races in Russia, each speaking a different language.

That manual workers are the privileged class, and can send their children to college.

That the intelligentsia have not this privilege.

That a body of workers may obtain permission to run a newspaper, theatre, or other enterprise, but this privilege is never granted to an individual.

That workers have full rights to criticise those in charge of their work.

That workers wear leather boots now in place of nondescript footgear.

That the bourgeoisie are in constant danger of being accused of enmity to the Government and punished severely.

That the terrible slaughter of the white Russians was quite justifiable, as it prevented them regaining power !

Cuthbert Wigham showed us a film that he had taken while travelling in Russia a short time ago. We saw some of the many new factories that have been built under the Plan. One of these was the huge Ford motor works which had scarcely turned out any complete cars at all. In the streets electric trams were practically the only vehicles to be seen. These were crowded with strap-hangers who overflowed on to the running boards. We saw one of the large churches in Moscow that had been turned into an anti-God museum.

In his talk after showing the film, Cuthbert Wigham told us :

That the Greek Church in Russia had been definitely used as an instrument of oppression in Tsarist times.

That Communists are opposed to every kind of religion.

That priests have no rights of citizenship ; and that there are no young priests, so the churches will probably die out before long.

That 50 per cent of the churches are still open.

That Russian children are inclined to be priggish.

That sports and pastimes are encouraged as a means of physical and mental training, not for the sake of enjoyment.

That the leisure of the workers is well catered for.

On Sunday afternoon, instead of giving us the case against the Soviet system in Russia, Baron Meyendorff gave us a lecture dealing with the international effect of Bolshevism, and comparing Bolshevism with Hitlerism and Fascism. The lecture was followed by keen questions on education, freedom, and other points with which the Baron had not dealt, and to which he gave very able answers.

The Baron refrained from giving any details of the Terrorism practised in Soviet Russia, because, he said, it was too remote for us to realize it.

The social side of our week-end at Walden was as enjoyable as ever. It was good to meet Mr. and Mrs. Rowntree, Miss Priestman, Mr. King Beer, and other members of the Staff again, and we were glad to have Cuthbert Wigham with us for the whole week-end.

On Saturday afternoon the Old Scholars met the School at Football and Hockey, and, sad to relate, were beaten in both matches. During the matches a number of Old Scholars were entertained to afternoon tea by Mr. and Mrs. Rowntree at Hillcroft.

On Sunday after dinner Miss Dow's room in the Tower was filled with a noisy crowd of us enjoying biscuits and coffee.

On Saturday evening, in addition to Cuthbert Wigham's lantern lecture, we enjoyed a concert given by the Old Scholars, two films of England and Ireland by Cuthbert Wigham, and a Sing-song led by Mr. King Beer at the piano.

This well-filled Lecture Week-end has added another page to our book of happy Walden memories.

MURIEL BAKER
(1908-12).

COB-DUFF

PANTING, I clambered up. The towering mountain side
Loomed far above me, wreathed in silver mists, and wide
Plains and the blue of Bantry Bay
In sleeping twilight far below me lay,
Hushed in the gathered glooms of the dim gold day.

Breathless, at length I stood upon the topmost peak,
In ecstasy, and silent; for I dared not break
The stillness with a cry, and stir
The hidden echoes sleeping there,
Amid the rocky crags and boulders bare.

Beyond the wooded islands of the dreaming Bay,
Calm in the splendour of the sinking sun, the Atlantic lay
Serene—a sea of living fire,
The voices of an angel choir
Crept by me in the wind, and I did never tire

Of standing there alone. But when the evening star
Arose above the deep red afterglow,—and far
Above I saw the white moon sail,
Mystic and beautiful and pale,
I sighed, and slowly turned towards the darkened vale.

J. Elizabeth C. Harland
(*Stage* 7).

IMPRESSIONS OF WHITSUN AT WALDEN, 1933



HITSUN, 1933, was the first Old Scholars' gathering I have ever attended, although I left school in 1914. The fault is not entirely mine : 13,000 miles is a long journey, and the fact that after so many years I deliberately arranged my holiday from Australia so as to be at Walden for Whitsuntide is evidence of what the old school does mean to her far away sons and daughters.

The two outstanding impressions that I shall carry away form a paradox :

The wonderful sameness and the extraordinary change.

The material buildings enlarged but unspoilt. I wonder do those who see them at regular intervals realize how splendid they are ?

The green of England is a source of real joy to the returned wanderer, and Walden abounds in green.

The playing fields—the Avenue, like the buildings, enlarged, but with the same great beauty.

The boys and girls unchanged. The former just as ugly and the latter just as awkward as boys and girls of twenty years ago.

The welcome—the hospitality—the abundant evidence of good management—all unaltered. In the personnel of the Staff are the first apparent signs of change. For though the members of twenty years ago refuse to grow older or to alter, there are new faces, and with new faces come new ideas—which is good for any place.

Then Old Scholars enjoy themselves in new ways. A hired jazz band and dancing in the Dining Room—while the school possesses a first class orchestra.

I scanned my programme in vain for the dear old concerts that used to provide so much enjoyment and found none. Yet there was one on Sunday night camouflaged under the title "Music." Two week-nights given over to dancing and the concert on Sunday—a change indeed.

But the week-end was packed with good things. Both the boys' gymnastic display and the girls' swimming display were excellent. The Dramatic performance was a triumph. And the Sunday meetings must be classed as good things indeed.

Cricket and tennis provided both enthusiastic players and spectators with much pleasure, while all the gaps (in every sense) were filled with tea and terza.

Yet all these good things are really only incidental.

"Walden's sons and daughters—children who have left her"—do not go to Walden merely to play cricket or tennis; or to watch gym., or swimming, or acting. Neither is the drinking of tea the sole purpose of their visit. They go to meet people—to keep fresh the great chain of fellowship of those who have at least one thing in common—the love of a great school.

It is that which makes Whitsun worth while. It was that which made us feel on Tuesday morning that we had had a thoroughly good time and we would express very real gratitude to those who make such a reunion possible.

DONALD REDDING
(1912-14).

RELEASED AT WHITSUNTIDE

SAFFRON WALDEN 1933

WHAT! A new expensive, elaborate, blood-curdling Talkie—well, I didn't notice it—don't think so, but then I'm not much interested in films, or is it fil-ums?

Who? That's better—that's *it*—you and I, kind reader, fortunate scribe—RELEASED.

And, like two others—" being let go, they went to their own company."

Surely there isn't much point in the old tag of being known by the company we keep. How irksome, self-centred, even sordid are some of the companyings we have to keep—but here we are released and free to choose our fellowship.

" Why, bless you, the very air is different here,"—but betokens an escape from some prison atmosphere, and betrays the assurance of happy freedom with one's own company.

" Ooo—ooo—ah "—a prodigious yawn and stretch. " I've slept most of this blessed day away," and a tired soul had known the peaceful blessing of long needed rest with his own company.

" Wasn't it funny, I walked straight to the far corner of the play-room, where my old trunk used to be "—and a very wise woman recognizing the release answered, " Yes, wasn't it funny ? "

So, thirty, forty-five, and barely (adequately covered) twenty.

But, what of sixty and even seventy ?

Did you notice " Grandpa " at the tennis finals—" in *my* young days " ?—not a bit of it. Just holding helpless innocence in both arms with the easy grace of " released " experience in a company he knew had real affection for such motherliness.

Tea on the Avenue is over—he feels into the depths of his tweed jacket pockets—a round, hard thing emerges—" Umph," and another " Umph," as slowly " it " is turned round and round by both hands. Then " it " is placed for a moment on the seat of a vacant chair. From that other pocket comes a large handkerchief—a mopping of brow—two vigorous dabs at each eye, and again " it " is picked up for a still closer examination—" Umph,—only imitation stitching," but it is very carefully replaced into the depths again—and seventy with " the light which comes from the windows of heaven " on his dear old face felt released.

SPRING

APRIL showers,
May flowers,
Pretty birds
In leafy bowers.

Swelling grain,
Because of rain,
Azure skies
And lark's refrain.

One's heart is light,
All is bright,
Worried hens
Chase chicks in fright.

Spring is here,
No more fear
Of sneezing!
Spring is here.

Wm. H. Evens
(*Stage* 3).

MY HOLIDAY VISIT



FTER I have been home from school about a week I am told that we are going to visit a friend of mine.

They will not tell me who the friend is so I get cross and want to go on playing, but, alas! I am not allowed to.

At eleven o'clock in the morning four of us set out to go down to the village, talking in high spirits, but we stop at a gate with a big brass plate on it which makes my face very sad.

It has printed on it :

MR. DYKE,
THE DENTIST.

As we go up to the door I am shivering in my shoes and think I see all the horrible things he uses to hurt me with.

A nurse comes to the door and shows us to the waiting room. On the right I see a red door and I know the dentist is behind it.

On the table are lots of magazines which I quite like. I sit down and look at a *Punch*, but I am not reading it at all really. I am thinking of the time when the red door will open and it will be my turn to enter.

I am shaking in my seat while my sisters pretend *they* don't mind, but I think they do!

After a little while the red door opens and the nurse tells one of us to go in. I get up very slowly with a horrid sinking feeling, but as I go in I get a hearty welcome saying, " Halloa, Jimmy." Then he says, " It's ladies, first, surely." So I have to go out and let my sisters go first.

At last it is my turn. As I sit in the big chair I try to make myself think that the dentist is going to do me good, but I do not feel very happy about it.

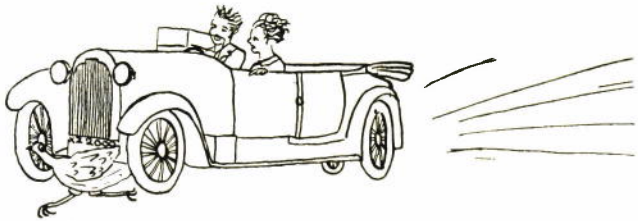
I open my mouth wide and soon I find that I have got all sorts of queer things stuffed in it. Then the dentist says to me, " How do you like boarding school? " But it is useless to ask me, for I cannot answer with my mouth full of things. However I do my best and make a little squeak at the back of my throat, which means " Yes," of course.

After wriggling in my chair because my tooth aches, I hear him say, " I think that will do for to-day. Come again to-morrow."

I jump out of the chair and say " good bye " to his horrible drill, which hurts my tooth, until the next day.

This is the kind of trial I go through three times a year. The appointment is always made before I get home so that I cannot get out of it, but by now I am beginning to know what to expect when we visit my unknown " friend."

P. Joyce Francis
(*Stage* 3).



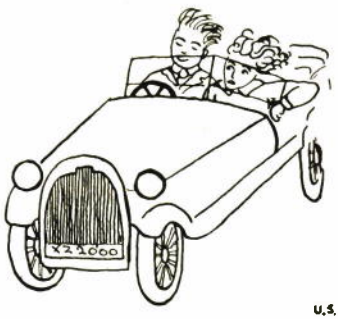
AN UNFORTUNATE CHICKEN GOT IN THE WAY.



SUDDENLY I NOTICED THAT EVERYONE WAS STARING AT US.



ON THE RADIATOR WERE THE MANGLED REMAINS OF A CHICKEN.



U.S.

I HUNG ON FOR DEAR LIFE

SPEED



PEED is a grand thing and all very well in its proper place, but out of its proper place it is a horrible nightmare.

Unfortunately I have a cousin who worships speed and tries it at all times.

When I was staying with this cousin I firmly decided not to give him the chance of breaking my neck, in other words never to go in a car which he was driving.

One morning I came downstairs in a particularly peaceful frame of mind, when suddenly my cousin burst into the room.

" I say," he gasped, " there's some dirt-track racing at Llangllon thirty miles from here. I'm going, come with me." Then seeing the look on my face, " There are sure to be lots of accidents," he added.

I suppose I am bloodthirsty ; many people have told me so. Personally I should not call my mind bloodthirsty ; I never could bear to tread on a worm. But when I go to races or a football match I do like to see someone laid out and carried off the field ; it adds to the excitement of the thing. Dirt-track racing offered plenty of these possibilities, so I decided to go. " But," I said, " I shall go by train."

We had a long argument about this. Good heavens ! didn't I think he was a good driver ? What good was my neck anyhow (snort)—better for everyone if I was killed (snort). I pointed out with great mildness, that if I did break my neck while in his car he might be had up for manslaughter, and if not he would probably perish with me. This clinched the argument.

I set off for the station and had an uneventful journey.

I got to Llangllon in good time and joining Elwin (my cousin) outside the dirt-track course we went in together and deposited ourselves in the Grand-stand.

The racers entered looking hideous. On their heads were huge pudding basin sort of things and they had great goggles over their eyes.

Then they started their engines. After that speech and thought were out of the question, and I decided if when the angel Gabriel blew his trumpet, the noise was anything like this, it was probable that the dead would rise.

Then they got their motor bikes in line. A man waved a white flag and off they went.

Immediately Elwin began to get wildly excited, " They're off," he yelled. There was no need to say that; it was very obvious. Then he kept up a fire of running comments.

" By Jove! what a speed! Phew! Look at that chap; he's going round that corner on nothing." " Oh, man, spurt up! You're getting left behind." " Look! he's falling. No! he isn't!" " Oh marvellous turn! well done! come on; beat him!!" The man in front of us turned round and asked me in highly sarcastic tones if my friend was doing a running commentary for the wireless.

I grabbed Elwin by the arm. " Don't make an ass of yourself," I began.

I was going to say a lot more, only at that moment a man came off and got all tangled up in his machine. It was very interesting and I had to watch.

After this the time went very quickly. Lots of people got hurt and I felt perfectly happy. Then came the end and I followed Elwin out.

" Goodbye, I'll go and get my train. Don't have any accident with the car," I said gaily. Elwin looked at his watch. " You can't possibly get the train. The last one went some time ago. Sorry, but you will have to come back with me in the car."

I very nearly had hysterics. But there was no way out of it and I couldn't spend the night on a dirt-track course. So with a feeling the same as I get when I go to the dentist's inside me I got into the car beside Elwin.

We started off sedately enough to suit even me, and I was beginning to think that I had reformed Elwin, when suddenly a car shot past us. Immediately the speed devil entered Elwin. " Jove ! I must catch that fellow up," he said, and away we tore.

My heart jumped into my mouth with such suddenness that I very nearly lost it. I grabbed the side of the car and hung on for dear life. I tried to say insulting things to Elwin, but each time I started he blew the horn long and loud. I kept one eye on the speedometer, but it made me feel so sea-sick that I shut my eyes instead.

An unfortunate chicken got in the way. I heard a horrible squark ; just the kind of noise the heroine in the film makes when the villain is strangling her.

" Stop ! " I shrieked. " We've run over a chicken, and it may be lying mangled in the road." " Entirely it's own fault for getting in the way," shouted Elwin, and drove on. I attempted to give him a lecture on cruelty to animals, but somehow it didn't seem to work, so I stopped, and I wished I had made my will before we started. At last we succeeded in passing the car in front which had caused all the trouble, and as we reached a town slowed up. I was so relieved that I quite forgot to faint.

Suddenly I noticed that everyone was staring at our car and then going into fits of laughter. One woman looked, gave a shriek and dived into the nearest shop. " Elwin, there's something wrong with the car," said I. " Right, I'll stop and have a look," said he. We stopped in a side street and Elwin got out. As he reached the front of the car he made a funny noise. " Come and look," he said, in a stifled voice. I got out and went to the front of the car. I looked, gave a wild shriek and scrambled back into the car. On the radiator were the mangled remains of a chicken.

After this when we had started again it got foggy, and we couldn't see much farther than the bonnet. " I think we'd better speed up and get out of this," said Elwin. Of course it

is unheard of folly to go fast in a fog, so I gasped out, " You silly ! " when we swung round a corner, and something dark loomed in front of us.

There was a crash and a noise of splintering glass which rained down all over us. Elwin scrambled out of the car, and the driver of the lorry we had banged into got out. Then they both yelled profane words at each other, and I picked up bits of glass. As the words bade fair to become a battle royal, I decided it was time I interfered. So I got out mildly suggesting that we should go on. The lorry man called Elwin a shocking name as he was getting into the car, and Elwin would have gone back and returned it with interest, only I hastily dropped some broken glass down his back, so he couldn't.

The rest of the way home we drove at an extremely subdued pace.

As soon as we got home everyone wanted to know exactly what had happened. Elwin launched forth into lengthy details.

I didn't hear much of the conversation as I was picking bits of glass off myself, but one sentence was wafted to me. " Yes, we were absolutely standing still when the chap bumped into us. Speed, I should think he was going a speed, people like that chap who drive fast in a fog shouldn't be allowed out. Just fancy ! We were crawling and he——" Here I got the gist of it. Elwin, I should think, will end up in an extremely hot hell.

Megan Bebb
(*Stage 4a*).

WHAT IS SO DIFFERENT FROM HOME

FIRST of all the Boarding School itself. There are but a few schools in Austria we call " Internate " and these are about the same as your boarding schools. The majority of our children go to day schools, which means that we do not have the fun that you have, for it is not quite so easy to meet your friend

if you live a mile away from him. The advantages of a boarding school are numerous . . . so many that I cannot endeavour to start talking about them for they would fill two *Avenue* copies at least and that would never do ! But I can describe the ordinary life of a day scholar in Austria, and you will see in the end what lucky people you are.

School begins at the unearthly hour of eight, which means getting up when you are still sound asleep. Having breakfast just with the family (and this the whole year round) is not half as jolly as when you can have it with all your friends in a large dining hall where you can make as much noise as you like, if you are not too near top-table.

There are five periods in the morning, of fifty minutes each, with a good long break at 11 o'clock. Lessons are almost the same as you have, but ours are ever so much easier than yours, for we talk German and therefore understand what the teacher is talking about !

At 1 o'clock our children have to rush home for dinner, and there is not much opportunity for playing on the way. And what is dinner at home in comparison with the meal in your school ! Almost 200 cheering voices, jokes and laughter—can you help it that you like it ?

Our schools hardly ever have such vast playing fields, and due to our hot sun in the summer, and the deep snow in the winter we have not much nice, soft, green grass. But sport is quite an important factor in our education.

The evenings are filled with prep. and private reading ; and it is no fun talking to your brother or sister in bed if there is no prefect to shut you up.

If you are in a boarding school you start counting the days until the end of term about an hour after you have unpacked your case : our children are counting the days until the end of term, but they want to get away from home to where there is more fun and freedom.

OTTILIE GUTTWILLINGER.

THE SPIDER'S PARLOUR

"WELL, now, you'll be wanting to see the lighthouse, I'll be bound, won't you, ladies? There won't be no harm in coming with old Pat, will there, now?"

We turned with a start and found standing behind us a man, tall and broad, with a kindly twinkle in his singularly pale, blue eyes. His mouth was wreathed with one of the pleasantest smiles I have ever seen; his whole face was illumined with geniality.

Willingly we assented and climbed the steep narrow path to the summit of the cliff. The lighthouse was surrounded by a ruined fort, that had been built in ancient times for the defence of England. More than one solitary idler turned to watch us as we passed, then shook his head to himself in a curious manner.

I looked again at my companion, but he was apparently lost to all thought of the outside world, and was climbing the path rapidly. It was then I noticed his clothes smelt queerly, a smell you associate with public houses and empty beer bottles.

At last we got inside the walls of the ruined fort, where a miniature village seemed to have sprung up.

"Doing it again, Pat?" called one man laughingly. At a startled exclamation from my companion I turned, and beheld the most alarming transformation I have ever witnessed. Gone was all the geniality from our guide's face, instead his lips were drawn back into a harsh snarl, an angry green light played in his eyes, and he displayed such ferocity that we were startled.

In a moment his sunny smile was restored to his face once more, but nothing could dispel a lurking fear in my mind.

We approached the lighthouse, and just before going in, he pointed out a black and white funnel on the horizon. "What does that remind you of?" he asked, sweetly.

"Scotch whisky," replied my friend promptly. Again that curious transformation.

" Oh, it does, does it ? " he remarked threateningly. " Well, won't you come inside ? "

" Won't you walk into my parlour," said the spider to the fly. This appropriate simile came into my head, and I looked round apprehensively. Words cannot describe the weirdness of that creature's den, filled as it was with miscellaneous articles of clothing, cheap crockery, Chinese vases, small alarum clocks, and bits of string. He invited us to take our coats off and sit down. We refused, perhaps bluntly. Next he told us of a deep well, under the lantern, into which he threw all rubbish. Instinctively I edged towards the door, when I was arrested by a sound. He had caught hold of my friend's arm, and was dragging her towards the lantern room.

Swiftly I extricated a shilling from my purse, and held it out to him. Immediately he dropped her arm, and took the coin. Not waiting to see more I flung open the door, and we ran out into the cool, fresh, salt-laden air of the cliff.

" So you've come back," remarked the man who had spoken before. " Well, I must say I didn't expect it. That man's slightly touched, I reckon, and when he's been to the ' Pig and Whistle ' he is mighty dangerous. Often he brings girls to the lighthouse and locks them into the lantern room for hours. You can hear them screaming from here. Yet we've no authority over him." We did not stay to hear more, but clambered down the cliff path, white and shaken.

Suddenly I turned round, and there, silhouetted against the sky-line was the lighthouse. It was not this that attracted my attention, however, but a figure, alone and solitary, that was gazing out to sea. It was the mad lighthouse keeper. The loneliness and pathos in the drooping lines of his figure were so forcible that all the anger I felt against him melted away as if by magic, and was replaced by a pitying wonder. Slowly he turned, and stumblingly, blindly, climbed the steps of his home, and the door shut behind him.

Mary Jackson
(Stage 4a).

THE BOGEY

AT night-time, at night-time,
When stars are in the sky,
When Mother tucks me up in bed,
The bogey man goes by.

At night-time, at night-time,
That's when my flesh will creep.
I hear him slowly calling me
Before I fall asleep.

At night-time, at night-time,
The shutters bang and squeak.
I hear him coming up the stairs,
Creak, creak, creak.

At night-time, at night-time,
The wind it cries and moans,
And the branches of the trees
Look like dead men's bones.

Nancy Peel
(*Stage* 3).

ERRAND BOYS



T eleven o'clock in the morning, the main street was all astir; the shops by which it was bordered were alive with hustling people, some going in, some out, others just walking up and down gazing at the windows. Children were sucking sweets, and perambulators were in everybody's way.

Down the middle of the street walked an old gentleman. Stiffly and with great dignity he went, scarcely turning his head and only stepping very slightly aside out of the way of the hooting cars.

Suddenly there rent the air not very far behind him, a whistle such as can only be made by the insertion of three of one's fingers into one's mouth and blowing through them, but even then a whistle of such sudden and demon-like shrillness, that a thrill of horror shivered down the old gentleman's spine. With great agility, rarely found in one of such venerable standing, he leapt to one side, just in time to avoid a rattling bicycle whining down the street at top speed. Picking up his hat, his moustache fairly bristling with rage, our dignified gentleman gazed after it : an extremely tall cycle, a large basket insecurely fixed in the front, a fluttering white apron, a precariously perched individual, both his feet pressed forward on to the front wheel in an endeavour to lessen the speed : an Errand Boy.

Around the corner he swerved, missing by inches a yelping dog, carelessness in every line. Down the by-street, both hands thrust deep in his pockets, leaning right back in his saddle, his great boots pedalling mechanically, whistling cheerily and without melody.

Once or twice the errand boy passed a house, where he suddenly remembered some provision must be given in, therefore he turned his machine around, rode back along the pathway, alighted before he stopped and swaggered up the path to the side door. A few minutes later he reappeared, calling out a boisterous " Good morning, ma'am " or " So long, Liza," according to whether he was addressing mistress or maid. After a while he met one or two other errand boys, also swathed in white aprons, with the same careless manner and swaggering walk. Hailing each other with loud shouts they stopped to talk at the street corner, nonchalantly leaning against their bicycles, quite forgetful of the various instructions given by their respective employers :

" Wilkins ! "

" Yessir."

" It's time you were off."

" Yessir."

" And mind you're back in half an hour."

" Yessir."

" None of your gallivanting round or you'll find yourself getting the boot, my lad."

" No, sir."

" By the way, Mrs. X. complained that you . . ."

" Most certainly, sir," the boy shouted over his shoulder and was gone, preferring not to be made wise of what Mrs. X. thought of his character.

However, as twelve o'clock rang out from the old church, the baker boy reluctantly made ready to go.

" I'd better be orf, or the bos'll kick up a row."

As he turned around, one of his loaves knocked against the lamp post and fell into the road. The boy picked it up, indifferently, attempted to brush the dirt off with grimy hands, remarked smilingly, " It'll all go down the same way," and was off.

He only stopped twice to play marbles on the market square, in order that he might show the small fry there installed, how to do it. He only stopped three times to flirt with buxom, rosy-cheeked maids, usually about twice his size, who simpered and smiled coyly in the most charming manner. It was a shame, they thought, however, that he invariably remembered some urgent errand, just as they were warming to the subjects of pictures and dances, just as they were gently hinting that they had no one to go out with next Saturday evening.

Had you been able to peep in at Mrs. ——'s kitchen window, at a quarter to one that day, you would have been surprised to see the usually peaceful room in a state of confusion. Lunch should have been ready some twenty minutes ago, and father's temper was not improved by the delay. Every few minutes he found it necessary to call out sarcastic comments from the garden where he was moodily smoking. Mother was bustling about the kitchen trying to appear busy ; she had made the apple pie and dumplings and still the meat had not arrived,

she was now thinking of making a cake for the week-end. It was not her fault, she thought, that the butcher boy was late ; she wished father would realize that, instead of calling out incessantly. Why couldn't baby keep out of her way, and not cling to her skirt in that absurd manner ? " Now, go outside," she told the small child, " and take your finger out of the butter. No, you can't have any more lumps of sugar. For Heaven's sake get out of the kitchen, but don't go near your father." Cook alone took up half the room ; she was heating up the vegetables and banging the frying pans together more frequently than was needful it seemed, and with unnecessary vigour. She kept muttering to herself in an unpleasant manner, saying that if the meat didn't come soon, she hoped they wouldn't expect her to cook it when it did arrive. Anyway, she wasn't going to " hold with " being insulted by the master. She'd been faithful all these years and if this was the only recompense she'd get, being groused at, she'd . . .

At this moment, she turned around to make the point quite clear to the agitated mother, and accidentally stepped on the cat's tail. The unearthly shriek which resulted, caused her to bounce quite two inches from the floor, and to clutch at her bosom with dramatic gestures. In this climax of disorder, when the strain and tension of everybody's nerves was at its highest, came a loud banging at the door. The silence of the following few seconds was like that of the tomb. Then, with a leap, cook pounced across the room and threw the door open : there stood the cause of the confusion.

A slight figure, made up mostly of a pair of long legs, surmounted by a round, freckled face, a large and insolently smiling mouth below a small turned-up nose, two bright eyes, a pair of flapping red ears, the whole crowned with lank, black hair, shining with oil, impertinence and carelessness in every line : The ERRAND BOY !

Joyce A. Myers
(*Stage* 5).

THE PIKE AND THE FROG

UNDER the surface of the water in a large, weed-covered pond was a monster pike paddling in and out of the reed-stems looking for his dinner. At the sight of the cruel fish all the smaller inhabitants fled for shelter under the muddy banks, but one day a lonely bull frog came swimming close by the pike, and the pike, seeing the fat frog, darted after him; but the frog was too quick: he sprang out of the water and settled on a large stone and began to chaff at the greedy pike. "Ha! ha!" laughed the bull frog, "No luck to-day, eh?"

"Coward!" shouted the pike, eagerly swimming round the stone, "Why don't you come down and have a fair fight? We can both live in the water, but both of us cannot live in the air." "So much the better," replied the frog.

In the top of an old elm-tree sat an old barn owl, and he spied the fat frog out of the corner of his eye.

But the pike and the frog were still conversing. "Why don't you come down into the cool water on a warm day like this?" asked the pike. "Because," answered the frog, "I do not want to be eaten up by you."

Suddenly there was a yellow flash of large, strong wings and the frog was gone. Up in the air the frog was carried, securely fixed in the owl's beak. Up, up they went until they were on the top of the elm tree. That is where the frog's life was ended.

The pike, after watching the process with amazement, paddled off to fresh hunting grounds.

E. Bertram Headley
(*Stage 4a*).

THE CALL OF THE WOODS

THE Ancient Greeks peopled woods with nymphs and sprites, who lived in hollow trees, streams and in all the nooks and crannies of a wood. The Greeks seemed to realize the wonder of the wild life in the forests. Surely there is nobody who can



LINO CUT by Bertram Headley

see an English wood in Spring, clothed in its soft colour, without realizing the beauty of Nature's handiwork.

The velvety moss is springy underfoot ; starlike primroses are clustered among the trees, with here and there a snowdrop nestling in the lush grass. Bluebells nod gaily in the glades, their stately bells swaying in the gusty breeze.

A little stream prattles along in its course, with violets peeping shyly from the banks, and the yellow celandine holding up its bright head all around. The tall trees make lacy patterns overhead, with their bud-covered twigs.

The birds chirp to each other, happily collecting feathers, twigs and dry grass to prepare the nest for their young. Perhaps a rabbit or, on more rare occasions, a squirrel scampers across the path, afraid of man.

Later on, in the full heat of a Summer day, the cool shade from the sun under the trees, is welcome to man and beast alike. Everything is hushed. The birds are silent, and the only sound is the lazy droning of the bees, as they gather honey from the clover, honeysuckle or wild rose. Unheard amongst the droning of the bees, is the humming of myriads of insects, which infest woods in the Summer. Wafted along by the gentle breeze is the sweet scent of the heather on the moors, intermingled with the smell of new-mown hay.

The blazing sun, shining through the gaps between the leaves, makes patches of gold on the ground, contrasting with the grey shadows under the trees.

The noisy brook now seems to glide smoothly—smoothly, smoothly, rippling over the shiny stones. Around the corners, where there are deep pools, the speckled trout lie under the rocks, or under the overhanging banks, trying to keep cool in the heat. The pools look refreshing and cool to the weary traveller, with their faintly rippling surfaces suggesting depth or lake-maidens.

When Autumn comes the green leaves and curling bracken turn golden brown, the bracken more bronze and the leaves

russet, red and yellow. Everything is golden, except the fruits of the summer flowers, such as blackberries, wild strawberries and elderberries. These are soft and juicy, the last remnants of brilliant colour until Spring arrives again. Autumn is a sad time. Everything seems to die ; first the leaves drop off, then the grass and the smaller plants shrivel up, ready for their winter sleep.

The wind blows in gales at night. It shrieks and tears as it rushes through the wood, whirling off leaves, and uprooting the gnarled old trees that have withstood its fury, often for centuries. After a fortnight of this rough usage, the wood looks stripped and bare. The squirrels have been busy gathering nuts for storage. The only things left on the branches are bark and a few yellow leaves. Now comes Jack Frost, to do his work. He freezes the stream, and clothes the boughs with silver hoar frost. Then down comes the snow, soft and powdery, hiding far objects from view. When the mantle is completed, and the ground is covered in a few inches of snow, one would think that the whole wood was asleep or dead. Noises sound sharp and loud, with a re-echoing " crack ! " Nothing seems to have been left awake, until one notices the little footmarks crossing and re-crossing all over the snow, showing that the animals and birds are still working as hard as ever.

Joan M. Rodwell
(Stage 4a).

PHYSICAL EDUCATION PURSUITS

SPRING 1933

THE Spring Term, 1933, will be remembered for its brevity, for the House Gymnastics competitions, and for the House Athletics Sports and training, which proved themselves to be popular to the surprise of the majority.

At the end of the Autumn Term hopes ran high that the 1st eleven's Hockey season might close with an unbroken chain

of victories. Changes in the team, entailing the loss of two members of the half line at Christmas, brought two defeats out of a total of thirteen matches played. The forwards are to be congratulated on gaining a total of 68 goals, while no disgrace can be attached to the defence and their debt of 17 goals. Colours were awarded to D. Rees and J. Sleight.

The Football season was rather disappointing on the whole. Although Macdonald played some brilliant games in goal, the forwards fared badly, in spite of the excellent passing of Barry as centre-half, so that defeats outnumbered victories.

Both Hockey and Football seasons ended successfully with keen contests against Old Scholars' teams, the girls winning 5—1, and the boys 3—0.

Morland and Crosfield drew for the first place in the Hockey Tournament, and in the Junior Netball Tournament Morland came first with Crosfield second. In Football Morland Seniors were too strong for their opponents, and Crosfield were successful in the Junior Tournament.

The thought of an early close to the games' season in favour of Athletics training aroused a feeling of reluctance in many hearts, but cries of " waste of time," " athletic members of the House overworked," etc., etc., disappeared when the actual training began. Although a week of organized training was wasted owing to rain, proof of its popularity was shown in the voluntary practice in the early morning and at other times. Co-operation between Seniors and Juniors and a general stimulus to team and house spirit revealed new talent, and paved the way to record breaking in the Finals. These events were run through under perfect weather conditions. E. Meredith (Crosfield) raised the Girls' Senior High Jump record to 4 ft. $4\frac{3}{4}$ ins., the Senior Long Jump record was broken by D. Rees (Morland) and the Junior Long jump by M. Brereton (Crosfield). These jumps of 14 ft. $10\frac{3}{4}$ ins. and 13 ft. $6\frac{1}{4}$ ins. now challenge future record breakers. Betty Snow made a new 100 yards record in the excellent time of $11\frac{4}{5}$ seconds.

The aggregate number of points scored by the boys and girls in each House were added together and the positions worked out as follows : Morland (409½), Crosfield (391½), Godlee (287).

Gratitude is owing to our mathematical experts, Mr. Brereton and Mr. Pumphrey, for their accurate marking out of the track, and also to all members of the Staff who helped to encourage athletics, and who gave assistance and instruction in the training of the different events.

Boys' and Girls' Gymnastic competitions were held during the Spring Term, and Miss Crooke from Homerton College kindly came over to judge the girls giving first place to Morland in both Junior and Senior events. After a keen contest Morland Juniors came first on the Boys' side, and Crosfield Seniors were judged to be the best team in the other competition.

It is pleasing to note that throughout the physical educational side of the School the team spirit seems to be developing. Not only in games but in the Gymnasium and on the track the weaker members of the team have been encouraged and coached by the more talented members of the House.

THE CAMBRIDGE FOLK DANCE FESTIVAL

THE Cambridge Folk Dance Festival is a part of the Musical Festival which is held during the whole of one week at the Guildhall in Cambridge, and anyone who is interested can send in a team, or dance a solo, or accompany the dancers. The dances were judged this year by Mr. Kennedy, the Director of the English Folk Dance and Song Society.

So it was with some feeling of excitement that we walked up the steps to the large hall where the Festival was being held. On entering we could hear the tune of a Morris Dance being played on a piano, together with the rhythmical jingling of bells as the dancer went through his different figures before the judge. There were several kerchief as well as baton dances

and it was very interesting to hear Mr. Kennedy criticizing the performers, especially as he illustrated their mistakes and showed them how the movements should be done.

The Morris Dances were done entirely by men, who wore white flannels, shirts and tennis shoes, with a different decoration for each team and individual, consisting of ribbon braces held together in the middle of the back and front by a rosette of the same colour ; the same coloured ribbons and bells were tied criss-cross round the trousers at the knees and ankles. On the whole the effect was very pleasing.

After the Morris Dancing there were eight or nine teams to be judged in the Country Dance section. The entrants had to dance one out of three set dances, besides one of their own choice. Each team had a name, such as " The Chestnuts," or " The Green Round."

Letchworth sent in a team. Their competitors wore dark blue dresses. When they took the floor we rather doubted how they would get on, for the men looked thoroughly awkward as they walked down and the ladies looked very ill at ease. They lined up and waited for the music to start and suddenly relaxed and danced their figures delightfully. They were far better than every other team. They were light and graceful, their team-work was splendid and we enjoyed watching them very much.

After the teams had finished the judge descended from the platform and announced the results. Letchworth not surprisingly came first, followed by two Cambridge town teams. He praised all the teams and talked to them as if there were no audience present, illustrating here and there the outstanding errors and good points. Then he told us how we should skip round the room, humming a tune " with a tiddley-um, tum, tum, tiddley-um, tum tum." He skipped round the stage at an incredible speed, and with unbelievable lightness. There seemed to be no effort at all in his movements and it was good to watch him as he danced with perfect poise and grace. There

cannot have been many to whom he did not convey the idea of what was wanted.

And now a word about the accompanists. Unfortunately we were only able to hear the pianist, but there were also a fiddler, a mouth organist, a flutist, and various other instrumentalists. The pianist was marvellous. She apparently knew by heart every country dance tune there was to be known ; she knew how many repetitions there were and by her expressive playing she connected the figures into one long rhythmical movement.

The fiddler was dressed for the part and looked very quaint in an old smock with a red kerchief round his neck, an old felt hat, spiked boots and workmen's overalls tied with string just below the knee. We were not able to hear him play.

We all enjoyed the occasion immensely and found it instructive as well as interesting. We advise you not to miss the next opportunity of going to a Folk Dance Festival.

E. June Cornish
(*Stage* 6).

FROM FAR AND NEAR

Concerning Old Scholars.

Evaline M. Pask (1918-22) writes from Johannesburg :

" I am sending the *Rhodesian Annual* simply for the sake of the cover picture of jacarandas in full bloom or blast or whatever you call it. They are heavenly things with feathery leaves and masses of the most tender shade of mauve-blue flowers. Pretoria's streets are lined with them, and the effect is enchanting when they are in blossom, as they drop their petals and form a hyacinth carpet as well as a canopy.

" Johannesburg is a more strictly commercial and mining town than is Pretoria, and there are large areas of dry, dusty earth with corrugated iron shacks, factory chimneys, mine dumps and headgear to ornament it, but some of the suburbs

are extremely pretty, with jolly white, red-roofed bungalows, each surrounded by a shady ' stoep ' and a patch of garden where the jacaranda trees have a beautiful and vivid foil in a blazing mass of bougainvillea running riot over the verandah, and the cool blue note is repeated in the rounded heads of agapanthus just below them."

* * * *

LILY D. EVENS (1894-8) writes from American Farm School, Salonica, Greece :

" How different from Walden is our country here, so bare and mountainous. It has its lovely lights and shades, its beautiful sunsets and wide ranges, but not the wild flowers or the lovely lanes and old villages that Walden knows. At least, though some of the villages here are old, they are far from picturesque and are very depressing, full of very poor houses not much more than sheds and all jumbled together. The refugee villages are without trees. The old Turkish villages are better, with trees interspersed among the houses that nearly touch each other across the very narrow paths. The winter has been a very busy time for me, as the boys returned to the school in October very ill with malaria ; very likely many had been sleeping out on account of earthquakes, and they are very careless in their villages with water. (The longer they remain here, the better they get.) Added to this we had earthquakes, which continued through October. Lately they have begun again—we had a very strong one some days ago. A few people here take no notice and sleep through them, but most of us feel very nervous. My greatest wish is to get outside, but this cannot always be done with sick boys under one's care and it is not always wise with an excited crowd. Many nights I have slept ready dressed to be able to go quickly to the boys. This is a school of 150 boys and the teaching is mainly agriculture ; all the teachers are Greeks, three of them having been in America. The boys come from as far away as Egypt and Crete, and some go home only once a year. Some have no homes and stay here ;

25 are paid for by the Greek Government and 20 by Friends. The founder, an old man of 88, and his wife are both here and are very much loved. Their son is the Director. All the teachers live in houses about the school and there are a good many young men supervisors—so we make up a large community."

* * * *

SHEILA MACNAIR (1929-33) writes from High Wycombe :

" This is to tell you how terribly sorry I was to leave Walden. It was my second home and I got to love it and everybody in it. Everybody was so kind and from the moment one arrived in the Playroom on one's first day you felt everyone was to be your friend and that they were all welcoming you in. But all good things must come to an end, but not a dead end, for there is always Whitsun and all Old Scholars' gatherings where you can meet all your friends."

* * * *

Old Scholars who were in Group C last Term :

Sheila Macnair.
Elizabeth A. Meredith.
Matthew D. Oliver.

SCHOOL DIARY

March 14th.—Merit half-holiday.
,, 18th.—Lantern Lecture : " Waves and Seals," Mr. C. J. King.
,, 20th.—N.H.S. Mtg. Diary, Arnold Gillett ; Current Events Report, Philip Fausset ; Meteorological Report, Farrand Radley ; Talk on " Chromatics," Harold Rowell.
,, 23rd.—Girls' Rdg. Club Mtg.
,, 25th.—Concert given by members of the school.
,, 26th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Essay, " Brahms," Mrs. Radley ; " Trio in C," Op. 87, by Brahms, played by Mr. Parry Williams (Violin), Mrs. Radley ('Cello), Mr. Jeeves (Piano) ; Pianoforte Solos, " Scherzo," from Op. 4, by Brahms, Miss Bird, " Capricio," by Brahms, Mrs. Radley ; Gramophone Record of one of Brahms' songs sung by Elena Gerhardt.

April 1st.— Lantern Lecture : " Russia," Mr. Lockspeiser.
,, 2nd.—Pianoforte Recital : Miss Rosamund Ley.
,, 6th.—End of the Spring term.
May 4th.—School re-opened.
,, 8th.—N.H.S. Mtg. Current Events Report, Honor Liddle ; Diary, Farrand Radley ; Essays : " Fungous Diseases of Trees," Phyllis Rayner ; " Bees and How to Keep Them," J. Seed ; " Water Birds," Cyril Osborne.
,, 16th.—Cricket Match : Boys' XI. *v.* R. R. Dobbin's XI., home, won, 117—99.
,, 12th.—Merit half-holiday.
,, 13th.—N.H.S. Excursion to Cambridge.
,, 15th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Diary, Molly McGowan ; Essay : " Unemployment," Margaret Mattingly.
,, 17th.—Cricket Match : Boys' XI. *v.* Bishop's Stortford College 2nd XI., home, won, 74—49.
,, 22nd.—N.H.S. Mtg. Diary, Margaret Rollason ; Current Events Report, Betty Harland ; Excursion Reports, Eileen Edmunds and Una Sell ; Meteorological Report, Farrand Radley ; continuation of essay on " Evolution," Una Sell ; Essay : " Some Flies Found Indoors," T. Thompson.
,, 24th.—Cricket Match : 1st XI. *v.* L. Howe's XI., home, lost, 71—83.
,, 29th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Diary, Christopher Meredith and Margaret Mattingly ; Essays : " The Story of Essex," Molly McGowan ; " A Pet Theory," Clifford Smith ; Trio for 'cellos and piano, " Adagio," by Corelli, Mrs. Radley, Farrand Radley, Clifford Smith ; Pianoforte Solo, " Romance," by Sibelius, Clifford Smith ; Violin Solo, " Siciliano," by Stanley, Honor Liddle.
,, 31st.—Cricket Match : Boys' XI. *v.* R. R. Dobbin's XI., home, lost, 87—90.
June 2nd—6th.—Whitsuntide.
,, 3rd.—Cricket Match : Boys' XI. *v.* O.S. 2nd XI., home, lost, 128—144.
,, 5th.—Cricket Matches : 1st XI. *v.* O.S. 1st XI., home, won, 112—75.
Girls' XI. *v.* O.S. Girls' XI., home, won, 81—74.
,, 10th.—N.H.S. Excursion to Takely Forest.
,, 12th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Diary, Farrand Radley ; Essays : " Some Aspects of Modern Man," Muriel Poulter ; " The Art of Conversation," Mr. Todhunter ; Pianoforte Solo, " Hungarian," by Macdowell, Joyce Reynolds.
,, 15th.—Merit half-holiday.
Swimming Match, F.S.S.W. boys *v.* Luton, home, lost, 14—39 points ; F.S.S.W. girls *v.* Luton, won, 37—16.

June 19th.—N.H.S. Mtg. Diary, John K. Brown; Current Events Report, J. Seed; Astronomical Report, Harold Rowell; Report of Excursion to Takely Forest, Christopher Meredith; Essays: "Classification," Christopher Meredith; "Louis Pasteur," Honor Liddle; "Moths and Butterflies," Ruth Raven.

,, 21st.—Cricket Match: Boys' XI. *v.* L. Howe's XI., home, drawn, 66 for 5 wkts.—179.

,, 24th.—Tramp to Duddenhoe End, Elmdon and Audley End.

,, 26th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Diary, Honor Liddle; Essays: "Cricket," Trevor Barritt; "Personal Experiences," Peter Dobrashian; Pianoforte Solos: "Flirtations in a Chinese Garden," by Abram Chasius, Betty Whitfield; "Prelude and Fugue in B flat," Bach, Mrs. Radley; "Refrain de Berceau," by Selim Palmgren, Clifford Smith; Violin Duet, "Canzonetta," by Ames, Diana Close and Jean Sleight.

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 and girls are signed in italics.

SCHOLARSHIPS.

The following have been awarded Scholarships by the School Committee:

1st.—Muriel Poulter, H. A. Farrand Radley.

2nd.—Honor M. Liddle, Margaret G. Mattingly, Una Sell.

3rd.—Peter L. Dobrashian, J. Elizabeth C. Harland, Charles A. Macdonald.

THE ROYAL SCHOOLS OF MUSIC.

School Examinations.

Pianoforte: Intermediate: Betty J. Whitfield, H. Mary Wilson.

Violin: Intermediate: Margaret Rollason (Hon. mention), Jean M. Sleight.

'Cello: Lower: H. A. Farrand Radley (Hon. mention); Transitional: J. Elizabeth Snow.

SCHOOL MAGAZINES.

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

GOOD PRINTING · QUICK DELIVERY · KEEN PRICES

PRINTING

The economy of Country Production, working in close touch with our London Office, enables us to offer a first-class Printing Service.

Experienced workmen, the latest type faces and modern machinery, enable us to produce the highest quality of work and give speedy delivery.

We are glad to submit suggestions and layouts and to give quotations for Printing of every description. Do not hesitate to ask us.

CATALOGUES · REPORTS · MAGAZINES
BOOK AND COLOUR PRINTING
ADVERTISING FOLDERS
STATIONERY

Headley Brothers

The Invicta Press
ASHFORD
KENT

LONDON OFFICE: 109 KINGSWAY, W.C.2

The Safer way of investment

LIFE must have been a precarious affair in the days—not so long past—when a man had no sure way of guarding his savings. He had practically no alternative but to keep them in his house, at the mercy of fire or robbery. Even if he did not lose them, they lay idle—yielding no profit or increase.

Even to-day, savings are often lost. A company fails, a speculation turns out badly, and some unfortunate is left penniless—to face the uncertainties of the future, and the certainty of old age.

But now it is possible to guard against the blows of fate, to have a resource which never fails. Modern insurance offers a form of investment that never depreciates, an investment in which money cannot be lost. And it is an investment which pays a high rate of interest.

Obviously, it is to the advantage—it is indeed the duty—of every man to investigate the possibilities of insurance, as a protection in emergencies and in old age. It is adjusted to suit the most limited income ; so that no man will find himself unable to afford it.

Write to-day for the Friends' Provident and Century prospectus, which enables you to make sure what kind of insurance is best fitted to your present circumstances and future needs.

AGGREGATE FUNDS EXCEED £11,000,000.

THE FRIENDS' PROVIDENT AND CENTURY INSURANCE OFFICES

Head Offices :
7 Leadenhall Street, London, E.C.3.
18 Charlotte Square, Edinburgh.

All classes of insurance, including Fire, Accident, Employers' Liability and Sickness are dealt with by the Century Insurance Company Limited (the whole of whose share capital is held by the Friends' Provident and Century Life Office).

Headley Brothers, *Printers*, Ashford, Kent and London