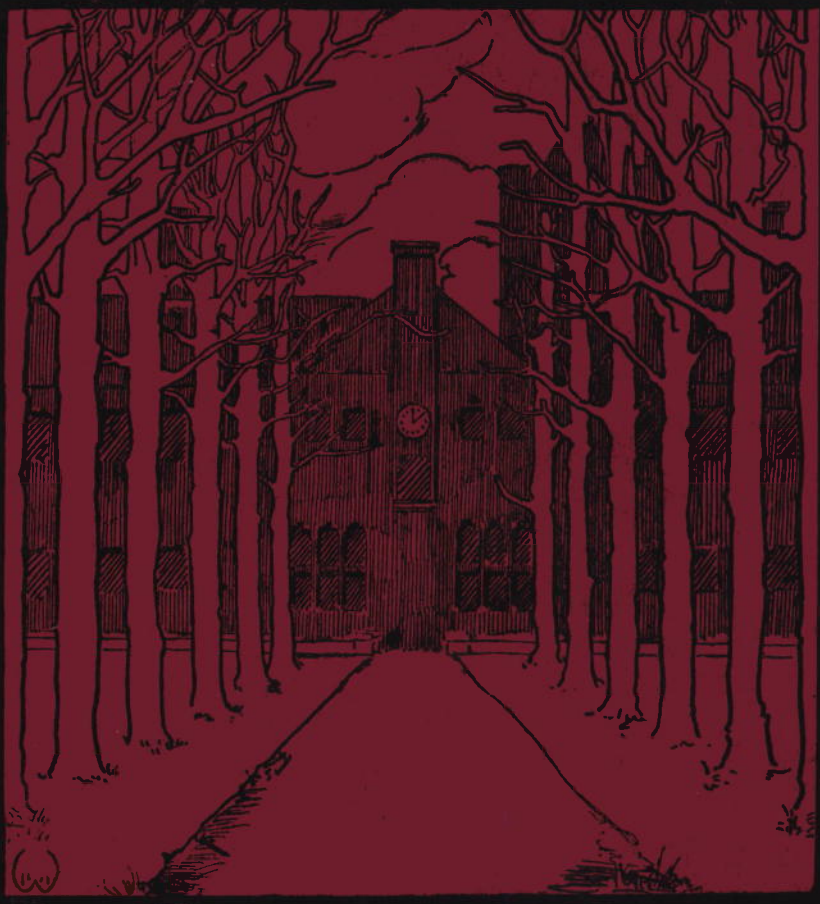
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THE AVENUE



JULY 1936

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The Magazine of the Friends' School, Saffron Walden.

Vol. XXVII. JULY 1936 No. 80.

FOREWORD

THE summer term has been full of the usual pleasures and disappointments, though just now the disappointments seem to have faded. The most noticeable change this term has been the growth of the new buildings; the one on the boys' playground, which is nearing completion, and the lecture hall at the front of the School, which is rapidly taking shape.

The weather this term has been as all English summers—most varied. The rain appears to have predominated but we have on occasions enjoyed a few really hot days. The full enjoyment of the sunny weather has been prevented owing to our swimming-bath being out of use for the greater part of the term. This was due to leaks caused by the installation of the new chlorinating plant which was put into use at the beginning of the term.

Quarantine has again haunted us. This term the cause was measles. Very few children contracted it though and,

with care, we were able to clear ourselves well before we had anticipated.

The Whitsuntide Old Scholars' week-end was a romping success. The weather was not altogether favourable, but Walden scholars rarely let the inclement weather have any great effect on them.

The staff composed a " Comic Opera ", which severely lampooned past and present members of the School and, with the generous assistance of the scholars, this was successfully produced for the Old Scholars who showed great appreciation.

The School was fortunate to have won a merit half whilst the Essex County Show was at Walden. Quite a number of the older boys spent a considerable time there performing official duties and, judging from the announcements broadcast from the loud speakers, they were an essential part of the " Show ".

On June 13th the School showed that it can cheerfully carry through a General Meeting even when the weather is all against it. Despite the downpour of rain and the fact that the swimming-bath could not be used, the day was successful. All the exhibits attracted a large number of interested visitors and the two performances of both the gym. and the hastily arranged concert in the lecture hall were very well patronized and thoroughly enjoyed.

A recent event this term was the visit of Mr. Gordon Whiting for the purpose of " vocationally advising " certain of the Upper School. His visit immediately followed the General School Examination and many an exhausted brain was probed in still more exhausting psycho-analysis!

Lately we have found ourselves enveloped in the sinister cloud that has hung over us for the past year—that of examination ; but why worry ? There are always the holidays to come.

MISS GRAY KEANE.

THE ETERNAL DANCER



HEREVER and whenever there has been music there also has been dancing; the two are inseparable.

From the dawn of the earliest civilizations there have been dancers, and it seems that dancing will continue into eternity. There is something about music that sets a pulse beating in the human body which immediately wants to keep time in some way. No one can resist the desire to tap with a foot or finger when a piece of music with a very pronounced rhythm is played. This desire to keep time seems to have been felt from past ages up to the present day, and it has expressed itself in dancing.

Primitive peoples expressed themselves in primitive forms of music and dancing, and their dances were usually prompted by such passions as love, hate and fear. Man has always offered his best to his gods, so even early man must have realized something of the beauty and meaning of dancing, for dances were often done in order to please his gods. Thus we find rain and harvest dances taking a large part in the tribal ceremonies. War dances have also been known from very early times, for men could be worked up to a perfect frenzy of courage and war-glee by a sufficiently warlike dance before entering battle. The war-dance was perhaps the most important of the tribal dances, but under the influence of European civilization it has virtually disappeared among such people as the Red Indians and Africans. The love, harvest and fetish dances are, however, sometimes seen, particularly in Africa, Thibet and other of the wild places of the earth. In the devil-dances the dancers are often dressed in weird costumes with masks over their faces; both music and dancing are clumsy, although perhaps terrifying to an undeveloped mind. They may seem almost laughable to us, but they can be terrible in their frenzied leaps

and bounds ; Europeans may be fascinated or amused by them, but more often than not they are puzzled.

These were done as group dances by both men and women, but individual dancers were, and still are, usually girls. Probably even the early chiefs kept their dancing-girls to amuse and delight them when the day was over. In the East, dancing does not appear to have changed to any great extent since those days. It is likely that the slave-girls of Persia and Arabia are still taught to entertain their masters in much the same way as their forbears of centuries ago. Most Eastern dancing shows more polish and a higher interpretation of music than African dancing, yet there is something strange about Eastern dancing that the Westerner cannot fathom. It is weird but fantastically beautiful, mystical and haunting. Neither can we understand their music, for it too is strange ; we may feel that it means something, but the meaning is elusive and rarely caught.

The simple folk-dances of the European peasants are symbolic of their simple life. In this simplicity lies their beauty, but it also shows the peasants' rather backward development.

In any European country a few hundred years ago could be seen three distinct types of dancing : folk-dances, state dances and those of the artistic community. The state dances were elaborate and dignified, suiting the elaborate functions at which they were performed, while the artists' dancing was more fiery. A good example of this last type is a Hungarian dance —whirling, breathless, going to the head like strong wine. This showed a certain fiery trait in the national temperament.

Modern ballet perhaps illustrates the height of development of the European races ; it is both polished and beautiful, and can be truly appreciated only by the cultured or artistic. Modern ballroom dancing can also be beautiful ; on the other hand, jazz, when it is all rhythm and no tune, is very similar to the primitive music of Africa. Of course the dancing depends entirely on the type of music ; and ballroom dancing is an exceedingly pleasant entertainment. Europe is not composed

altogether of intellectuals ; there must always be some sort of music and dancing to satisfy popular needs.

Joan Rodwell
(*Stage* 7).

THE SEVEN SONS



NCE upon a time there was a king with seven sons.

One day the sons came to him and said: "Father, we want to go out and see the world." At first the King would not let them, but they persuaded and persuaded until at last he let them go. So they packed up their knapsacks and went. After a while the road branched into three. The first three sons took the first road, the second three sons took the second road and the youngest son took the third road. As he walked he came to a forest and this forest belonged to a witch, but the son did not know this. After a time he saw an orchard crowded with apples—the orchard also belonged to the witch. The Prince did want just one apple so he reached up to pick one. As he stuck his teeth into it a low rumbling was heard and the ground broke up under him. He fell but did not hurt himself ; the witch immediately pounced upon him, and, waving her wand over him, she said, "You will not be able to escape me until your brothers come to this place."

We will leave the youngest son for a while and go back to the other six brothers.

After the brothers had been walking for two days (each three on a different road) their roads met again. As they walked on together they came to a great palace. They, being the King's sons, thought themselves grand enough to go in, and in they went. They started to explore ; they went upstairs and through a door and saw—a Giant, asleep on his bed.

The Giant snored and opened his eyes, but the snore had been enough for the sons and they ran under the bed.

"Fee, Fo, Fi, Fum,
I smell the blood of an Englishman,
Be he alive or be he dead
I'll grind his bones to make my bread."

The sons heard the Giant say that and were very frightened. They were too frightened even to climb up the counterpane, using the threads as steps, and get into the bed. Soon the Giantess came in. "Wake up sleepyhead," she said roughly, "Dinner's ready." "Do you think I want dinner when I can smell an Englishmen ?" said the Giant. "He would make a better dinner than anything else."

Then the Giant went downstairs. The sons thought it time to escape and looking out of the window they saw the most beautiful apple orchard in the world. They ransacked the Giant's bed and tied the sheets together and used them as a rope to slide down. When they were all safely down they had some dinner and decided to have an apple each as a refreshment. Little did they know what was going to happen. The first son put an apple to his mouth, then the second, then the third and, finally, the sixth ; then a rumbling was heard six times as loud as that the youngest son had heard and the earth broke beneath them. Immediately they were plunged into darkness, but after a while the earth opened above them again and a rope ladder dropped down. Up they climbed, and when they were all up the eldest son counted them and, strange to say, there were seven of them! They looked about them and above them and there were the turrets of their father's castle.

They went in and told their father about it and he was very interested. They all lived happily ever after.

John Diamond
(Junior School).



HEAD OF A DOG
By Hans Martin Geyer

PHANTASY IN REALITY

THE soft green lime leaves flutter
In a maze of blue and green,
The sky and the leaves mingle together, and vanish
Like the ghosts of a laugh, or a dream, they vanish,
Unseen.
I woke in the grey dawn
And crept across the ice-cold floor
And I, huddled in the window with the lattice open wide,
Gazed upon a half-forgotten world
Of slumbrous beauty.
Pageants of lost dreams, and lost kingdoms of renown,
When men still fought for faith
And ladies sighed and languished in tall towers
With hopes of love, and dreams of death.
The mist, a great white shroud,
With cold and chilly fingers clutched my beating heart,
And drew me down into its depths—
Of despair, or of betrayal, or of merely mist, Yolande ?
Who can tell ? For then a sweet bird sang
And the sun broke the spell.

Mary Jackson
(*Stage* 7).

SYNTHETIC THEISM

WHEN it first occurred to me that people might disbelieve in God and still be sane, intelligent and friendly, I received rather a shock. Then I did some thinking. In this essay I am trying to bring the results of these thoughts from the back of my mind and to form them into some sort of constructive and logical creed. Hence, because it is a built-up religion, I have entitled it " Synthetic Theism ".

The thing about which I know most is myself. Before wondering about the existence of anything else, I must make up my mind about me. Do I exist ? I think I do. When thinking is done someone must do it. I am doing this thinking. Therefore I am someone.

My own existence being proved, the next problem is, does anything else exist ? For all I know, everything may be a mere fiction of my imagination—a dream—and when I awake it will go out like a candle-flame. Of course, I do not believe this. I believe that everything is as real as I am. And as far as I am concerned, everything which I believe exists, does so.

This essay is, however, concerned rather with the existence of a God than of me or the things around me. But I must begin with the nearest and simplest things, and then extend my argument to the farthest and least comprehensible. And we have established the fact that things are really what they seem.

Therefore, belief in a God is enough to make that God a reality, for the believer. But nowadays we will not accept things on other people's authority, and before we may say, " There is a God," and thus create one, we must have reason for saying so.

Scientific research reveals more and more order in apparent chaos, and by relating cause and effect disproves the existence of chance. Things once regarded as miracles are now seen to have natural causes. This makes them more miraculous, since a sort of magic should be easy to a Deity, but the combination of countless different means producing one amazing end is so wonderful that it implies order and purpose in everything. And surely the Purpose in the Universe, the Awesomeness of the Infinite, the Inevitability of the Infinitesimal and the Exhilaration of the Truly Beautiful can have no better name than God. But beyond the fact of admitting a God, it is impossible to define Him or It. A God must be infinite and

incomprehensible to be really great. He must be All or Nothing, everywhere or nowhere. Hence He is in everything and is everything. Which is a fairly accurate description of the religion called Pantheism.

According to Pantheism, God and the Universe are identical. The universe is changing, and therefore God is changing, for better or for worse. The evolution of Life and of Mankind both seem to be changing for better. By analogy the universe is probably doing so too. Therefore God is progressing. But He cannot be perfect. For "perfect" means "finished", or "absolutely good", and what is infinite cannot be complete or absolute. God may be infinitely good, but not perfect.

Christianity is the most widespread religion among the white races, and it has had such a great influence on the evolution of Mankind that it must be considered in the formation of a synthetic religion. But we must examine the common foundation of all its creeds rather than any particular one of them, and turn to the teaching of Jesus of Nazareth.

The ideas expressed by this Galilean carpenter were an amazing advance on what had gone before. He first taught a God of love rather than power, and of the whole world, not merely one tribe. His practical teaching was apparently perfect. He taught the principles of social equality, international friendship, peace and non-resistance. All these, though rarely taken seriously, even by officially Christian people, are wholly good. But it is with Jesus' religious teaching that we are concerned.

When they asked Jesus to "Show us the Father", he said that whoever had seen him had seen the Father. This is an apparent admission of his own Godhead, with which the Pantheist cannot agree, since he says that whoever has seen anyone or anything has seen God. Possibly Jesus' consciousness of his healing powers, and the persuasion of Peter convinced him of his divinity, perhaps he merely thought that his own personality epitomized his Father's, in which case he was probably right,

since he was great as well as good. But knowing so little we cannot accept him as more than a teacher, and a man.

A question which has puzzled mankind for centuries is that of Immortality. Man is desperately anxious to know what will happen to him after death, and cannot find out. But he is so fond of his personality that he cannot face its extinction, and has evolved hundreds of theories from conjecture, or from supposedly inspired fellow-men. But in a Synthetic Theism we may accept no authority but reason and experience, and no one may recount his experience of death, or reason with a basis. We cannot believe in Immortality on the assumption that what we believe to exist exists, since after death there may be nothing to do the believing. We cannot accept it as taking place in our children, our deeds and our memory, since these may be contemporary with us, and are at best only a part of us. We cannot prove that we feel the presence of the Dead, since the sensation may proceed from ourselves. We seem to be up against a blank wall, and can only say with Sir James Barrie: "To die will be an awfully big adventure."

This is the whole of my creed, and though often confused or irrelevant, has served one purpose in clearing my mind. I have settled my belief in a universal and infinite God, have accepted Jesus' teaching as ethics, but not religion, and have decided, concerning immortality, to wait and see. I hope my convictions will alter and progress. But this is as far as I have got.

Alan P. C. Smith
(*Post Matric.*).

GENERAL MEETING, 1936

THE AVENUE is certainly blessed with a very efficient Editor. He has asked me to write an account of the General Meeting, he has told me that I must confine myself

strictly to the truth, and finally—this is where the efficiency comes in—he has presented me with a note-book in which this truth is to be recorded.

Well, if the truth is to be told, the first thing to say is that the day was extremely wet. Cars churned up the drive into a sticky mess and getting down to the Meeting House was quite an adventure. However, hearts were quite undaunted, and actually the attendance was a record.

Hugh T. Crosfield, who is now Clerk of the School Committee in succession to G. Stafford Allen, announced the award of scholarships, after which, in place of the usual speech-day address, parents were asked to send in questions regarding School activities to be answered by the staff. With a little more experience perhaps parents will learn to make better use of this opportunity ; some of the recent Old Scholars could assist them, I'm sure. However, the answers from Mr. Pumphrey, Mr. Douglas and Mr. Littleboy were very lively and full of interest.

Nearly two hundred and fifty visitors were entertained to lunch in the Dining Room, the Lecture Room and the Matric. Room, after which a gymnastic display and a concert were repeated twice to two "houses", since outdoor performances were impossible. The gym. display was in three parts, by the Junior School, by the Girls and by the Senior Boys. The standard in each case was very good indeed. The concert of eight items reflected a growing keenness in the School for good musical performance and the visitors were glad to know that the School orchestra was gathering laurels to itself in competitions with others.

The exhibition of work was shown in three places. I thought myself the Junior School seemed to have the best of it in many ways. Their Punch and Judy show with the puppets made by themselves ; and the Indian wigwam and head-dresses told their own tale of happy hours spent on projects ; while the knitting showed a very high standard for the ages of the

girls. The Senior Girls, too, certainly earned congratulations for their display of handwork and needlecraft and cookery. On the boys' side, the model railway and Meccano exhibit rather overshadowed the woodwork and carpentry, but the latter showed an improving standard of craftsmanship which was very creditable.

To visitors who come down to the School once a year, the most important thing this year was the announcement of the building plan, which could be seen already well advanced. On the Boys' Playground the Biology Laboratory and Geography Teaching Room are completed to the roof, while the new Hall to the west of the drive is well started. The Clerk announced that funds were available for these two projects, but that for the third project of clearing the Lecture Room and re-equipping it as a Library, an appeal would be made to the generosity of friends of the School.

Chas. M. Ball, President of the Old Scholars' Association, thereupon presented the School with a cheque for £66 11s. to open such a fund, and this was received by Hugh T. Crosfield with warm and appreciative thanks on behalf of the School Committee.

The General Meeting then faded away with the prospect of meeting again next year in the new School Hall and, let us hope, in better weather.

MY BIRTHPLACE

"I remember, I remember,
The house where I was born."

IT was a small thatched cottage, damp yet comfortable, standing by itself between two hills, in a valley lonely, quiet and perfect. Under the eves in summer the swallows built their mud-mortar nests; in winter many a rat scuttled

through the walls and along the rafters—making it a real and more pleasant place, less lonely and more alive than it would have been without them.

On the walls grew a grape vine which in the year that I was born bore large, green grapes—the only ones it ever had against the wall of that small cottage tucked away in amongst the hills of the Cotswolds.

At the bottom of a very small but perfect garden there stood a great and majestic oak tree, under which for many a spring and summer day I used to play or stand staring up into the leaves, listening to birds singing or the wind playing a low and restful tune ; buzzing bees, twittering birds and the gentle sway of the boughs—all in perfect harmony, no hurry, no coarse noise, no ugly buildings—one pure and perfect half acre of nature's land.

By the oak tree ran a stream murmuring happily along its stony path to the sea many miles away. On the banks of that stream in spring, bluebells, primroses and daffodils grew and thrived, amongst them young frogs and snails hopped and crawled, just there by the stream shaded by the oak, or in the garden sheltered by that old thatched cottage tucked away between two hills.

Many days went by, many days I walked slowly home from work up the winding stony road bordered with may and hawthorn. I never tired of thinking where I was as I stood by the stream amongst the daffodils next to that rippling brook—perfect, quiet and still.

Many a year has passed, many a summer has been followed by autumn, the old oak tree still stands, but with added rings to its trunk, gnarled and strong ; many flowers and birds have come and gone, but still the old oak tree lives on and on for ever.

The thatched cottage with its latticed windows, its vine and garden have all gone, the stream has dried up, the flowers grow no longer and there stands but one solitary tree spreading

its branches to cover the destruction of time and neglect. Many a time have I passed that way and remembered the times I stood under the sheltering branches, either keeping dry or listening, watching and keeping still.

"I remember, I remember,
The house where I was born."

It was a small thatched cottage, damp yet comfortable, standing by itself in a valley, lonely, quiet and perfect, tucked away between two hills.

F. J. Batten
(*Stage* 6).

NOVEMBER AFTERNOON

FALL'N leaves are sodden,
Whilst at long intervals, stirred by the breeze,
Large drops, born of the mist, fall from the trees
In deep mud pools where careless cows have trodden.

High on the bank,
Sharp-defined thorns are black amidst the haze,
And gravel pebbles clatter ; and sheep graze,
Their long, grey, matted wool hanging down lank.

And here a spring
Rises, still, clear and cool between the stones,
And in the way lie last year's dark brown cones,
Which from their deep green branches larches fling.

Alan P. C. Smith
(*Post Matric.*)



ONE OF THE SCHOOL LOOMS
[Photograph: Stanley King Beer]

ATHLETICS. 1936

BOYS

FROM the beginning of the spring term a daily run round the field before breakfast had been popular with quite a few enthusiasts, but for the majority training began on February 24th and testing on March 16th. This gave a rather longer period than usual for actual training and considerable keenness was shown, particularly amongst the elder juniors. It was decided this year to hold a Sports' Day on a special half holiday in Exam. week, when all the House Relays were to be held together with the finals of the 100 yards, high jump and junior half mile ; these events were to be interspersed with others of a more frivolous nature, finishing up with an obstacle race. The actual day went off very successfully, greatly helped by the bright sunshine.

The two outstanding features of the day were perhaps the team running by Crosfield Boys, who broke the records for the 100 yards relay race, both senior and junior, as well as the junior 220 yards relay ; and the running in the junior 220 yards race, where P. Winfield broke the record and made a gallant attempt on the record for the half mile.

CRICKET

Cricket fixtures during the beginning part of the term were seriously interfered with by quarantine regulations, due to an outbreak of measles which precluded matches with other schools. Of the matches which have been played up to date, we have won a gratifying proportion—notably both of the Old Scholars' matches at Whitsuntide—but a detailed account of the results will be published at the end of the season in the next issue of *The Avenue*, together with the results of the House Tournaments.

B. B. JACOB.

GIRLS

The House Sports this year were run on the same lines as last year, except that the period of training was extended from a fortnight to nearly three weeks. Each House ran two training teams, graded according to ability rather than age, and both seniors and juniors were enthusiastic and anxious to improve their style. The standard reached in most of the events was good. Two junior girls' records were broken by Dianah Madeley; she just beat the 100 yards record of 13⅕ seconds, and reduced the 220 yards record from 31⅖ to 30⅘ seconds.

We finished with a Sports Day, on which the House Relay races were run, and also all the people with the fastest times in various other races had this opportunity to compete with each other. Between these serious races were others of a less serious but probably more popular nature. The final event was an obstacle race in which competitors were required to eat buns on strings, bob for apples and burst balloons. This gave a cheerful if not educational finish to a serious three weeks' athletics.

Summer Term. Swimming

Swimming this term has only just begun. We have had the bath in working order now for barely a week, and consequently there is little to say. There will be only a few candidates for Life-Saving examinations this year, as it seems impossible for large numbers to perfect themselves in so short a time. Only those who have already done the major part of the work will take Bronze, and no girls will enter for the Elementary or Intermediate certificates.

So far there has been one swimming match, against Cambridge Amateur Swimming Club, in which the School did well, winning by 50 points to 34. The result of the girls' part was 24 to 17 in our favour.

Girls' Cricket

1st XI.

D. Turner (Capt.).	J. Francis.
M. Byles.	M. Evans.
M. Brereton.	C. Kent.
G. Edmundson.	J. Holland.
J. Stubbs.	A. Godfrey.
C. Smith.	

Three cricket matches have been played this term, two against Hockerill College and one against Old Scholars, which was drawn owing to lack of time. The other two results were exceptionally close, one being a win by one run and the other a loss by three runs. Doris Turner and Mary Byles have been responsible for most of the runs made this season, and also for a large proportion of the wickets taken. We shall miss them both next year.

We have been very fortunate in getting Miss Marjorie Pollard to come and coach the 1st XI. and also some of the younger girls this term. We are looking forward to an improved standard of cricket next year.

Girls' Tennis

1st VI.

D. Turner M. Brereton	1st couple.
G. Edmundson M. Evans	2nd couple.
J. Francis J. Holland	3rd couple.

Two tennis matches have been played this term and both have produced very good tennis. Our first couple are versatile players, good at the net and interesting to watch. The second couple lack variety in their strokes, but have been very little behind the first couple in their results because they play an exceptionally steady game. The third couple are inexperienced,

but have plenty of perseverance, and as they gain more ball control should make a useful addition to the Tennis VI.

Tennis Results :

Opponents.	*Result.*	*Score.*
St. Marys' Convent (2 couples) ..	Won	6 sets to 2
Daphne Palmer's VI.	Lost	13 sets to 5

MISS DENTON.

THE ESSEX SHOW

WE went to the Essex Show on Wednesday, June 10th. We saw an old farm house. It had two rooms. In the first room a person was weaving cloth, and there was a spinning-wheel and a table with wooden plates and old silver. In the other room the dairy maid was making butter ; there was cheese in a press and some cheese that had been made that morning. She showed us a most funny wooden mouse-trap. We saw a man thrashing corn with a stick, and there was a grey cart horse and a brown horse for riding. There was a well outside and an old cart.

After that we went to the poultry show and saw a great many immense cocks and hens. There were some teeny little hens too. One was tall with skinny legs and it had first prize.

Then we saw the country dancing ; the people were dressed in old-fashioned clothes, and they did a lot of nice dances. When we had had enough of that we went on.

The next place we went to was the sale of work. There were lots of jumpers and coats and things like that, but of course I can't tell you every single little detail. There were lots of drawings too.

We saw a great deal of machinery which was not very interesting to me.

After that we went to the ring and saw people jumping. They were on horses. We did not see any of the motor-bike

jumping. Last of all we went to see the animals. There were a great many big bulls and cows, some were brown, but most of them were black and white.

We saw some sheep and stroked them. Some had straight backs, but it was only the way they had been sheared.

The next thing, at least the last thing, we did was to go and see the pigs. There was an enormous big fat pig with champion prize. There were lots of other pigs as well. Then we went home.

Joan Matthews
(*Junior School*).

THE WIND

WHEN the wind spoke to me
He said, " You can see
From the top of the hill
The old, old mill."
He said he'd take me
By the old oak tree.
That's what the wind said to me.

A. Sarfas
(*Junior School*).

WHITSUN 1936

BY 8.30 on Friday evening the one little table of tea time had grown to three, and the hum of conversation and laughter which continued throughout the evening's entertainment in the Gym. showed that Whitsun week-end was well on its way.

Despite distinct signs of rain on Saturday morning, the tennis tournament commenced, and a large crowd quickly gathered round the sweet stall.

Any disappointment that might have been felt at the cancelling of the swimming display owing to the state of the swimming-bath, quickly disappeared as the Junior School came running forward to commence their gym. display. A variety of movements was accompanied by music, to which the young folk kept splendid time. They ended with a country dance, and then the Juniors of the "Big School" took their place. An alert and spontaneous display followed, and when someone at the end shouted, "Three cheers for Miss Denton," we felt she deserved it and joined in loudly.

The cricket match of the Old Boys' "A" team versus Present Boys commenced after dinner, and the tennis continued between showers of rain.

The rain finally became decisive however, and the tennis and cricket were abandoned for the day.

Spirits rose high again as George Challice's Newmarket Band started the evening's entertainment off with a good swing, and it was pleasant to see among the masses of Old Scholars an occasional boy and girl prefect.

An excellent buffet supper was laid out in the Lecture Room, to which the Old Scholars adjourned at regular intervals. Ices, too, were available later in the evening.

Sunday morning promised well, the sun appearing from time to time. Morning Meeting was followed by a visit to Miss Midgley's garden, with plenty of time for gossip before dinner at 1 p.m.

Tea with the staff took place in the Lecture Room at 2 p.m., with further reminiscences of Walden.

Mr. Littleboy commenced his address in Evening Meeting by reading a fable, which contained as the three principal ideas: Truth, Beauty and Goodness. Enlarging on an idea presented to us in Morning Meeting, Mr. Littleboy suggested that there was no other one point of view, since so many ideas were assimilated to form one view point.

After a short interval a concert by members of the staff and Old Scholars was given ; it was so much appreciated that after supper we returned to hear encores.

On Monday more Old Scholars arrived, and the boys' and girls' cricket matches commenced. Perhaps one of the most delightful events of the day was tea at the Junior School. At the gate we were met by two or three little escorts, and as we sat down, tea, milk and sugar seemed to appear from nowhere. Many of the Old Scholars who had not previously explored the inside of the Junior School were then able to do so. The rain held off just long enough to enable Clifford Smith and Hilda Engleman to win the tennis finals, and for tea to be served on the Avenue. With Mr. Beer at the piano, the School gave us a delightful musical comedy, and it was only after the tremendous applause had been granted an encore, that we dragged ourselves away to supper.

At the end of supper Mr. Ball, the Old Scholars' President, rose to thank everyone who had contributed towards our very happy week-end, and it was with every sincerity that we joined him in his cheers for all the people who are concerned in making Whitsun the success it always is.

The efforts of Charles Macdonald and Robert Clark were well rewarded as the bonfire played brightly, and it was only when "Auld Lang Syne" commenced that we realized sadly how soon Whitsun is over.

DILYS REES.

CONSTRUCTIVE CRITICISMS

1. . . . "What about trying a more modern typographical arrangement ? The present one is good, but I know that a new scheme in the printing of a magazine produces an impression of freshness and youth which would enhance *The Avenue's* appearance very much."

2. . . . "I think many people would welcome a new cover. Of course it is more difficult to produce new cover blocks than it is to talk about them, but there again, a new kind of type and a 'different' appearance, even though it be without any illustrative design, would improve things not a little."

3. . . . "When I was in Reading Club I often wished that the notes about our activities would give some idea of whether we liked the books each term, and what our discussions about the books were. The Reading Club Notes are generally written in this way: 'Among the books read this year were . . . ' (and then followed a list of them which gave little idea of what the books contained or what we thought of the contents). Wouldn't it be a good idea if there were short reviews of the best of the books read during the term by both Clubs and a very brief summary of the feelings of the meeting on each ? "

What do you feel about it ?

AMONG THE CLOUDS

AND silently the mist creeps up
Across the lonely lea ;
Enveloping in its arms
Every leaf on every tree.

And silently, so silently,
The gossamer curtain fell :
'Twas behind me, and above me,
To left and right as well.

And all around was silence
That was only broken by
The crunching of my footsteps,
As I climbed toward the sky.

The sea of clouds was drawing back,
The air was growing bright,
The sun was shining on the track—
The summit was in sight.

R. Arnold
(*Stage* 5*R*).

A DAY WITH A BUTTERFLY NET

ENTOMOLOGY being my chief hobby and pastime, I am going to write about a day in the Lake District on the slopes around Lake Coniston.

. . . . . .

It was a glorious morning. The sun was shining through the mist, which in the Lake District is a sign of a good day, and as I looked out of my bedroom window I saw a large white butterfly come flapping slowly across the lawn. It was on seeing this butterfly that I suddenly remembered that we, that is the family, were going off for the day to Lake Coniston.

After breakfast, having got everything ready, including my net, my killing bottle and collecting boxes, we all set off in the car for Coniston.

We passed through many villages and much beautiful scenery before we at last drew up at the end of the lane which leads to the lakeside.

. . . . . .

I had separated from the rest of the family and was walking briskly up a long, heather covered slope when suddenly a yellowish moth flew up. Instantly I was on the war-path. The moth flew quickly but I ran faster and at last it settled on a clump of heather. I carefully judged the shot and then—down came the net and Oh joy! there was a new specimen for me, safely caught. He was a fine chap, measuring about 1¾ in. from wingtip to wingtip.

After my first catch I saw lots of "whites" and "meadow browns", "grawlings" and "small heaths", all of which I had at home.

Having had my first catch, I sauntered back to my little brother, who is eight, and showed him the specimen; he was delighted, and before I knew what he was up to, he had snatched the killing bottle and had run with it to my father.

The sun was climbing into the blue sky and it was very hot, though not such a sultry, sticky heat as that which we get at Saffron Walden.

After the picnic dinner, which we had on the lake shore under the shade of some trees from which little insects kept on falling, I set off with my brother, leaving the rest of the family eating.

After climbing a long slope we lay down for a little rest. The bees were buzzing busily over the purple heather, and the noise sounded like the hum of distant machinery.

We were soon rested and set off again, in pursuit of butterflies and a stray moth or two.

Presently from under our feet a butterfly flew up. I knew it at first sight. It was a Mountain Ringlet. He flew very fast, but he had settled on a bush and, with beating heart, I got to within striking distance, then—swish—down came the net, but up flew the Ringlet. I had missed him. I saw him flying low over the ground till he alighted on a patch of brown grass. Once more I struck, and once more I missed, but with a quick upward sweep and turn of the net I had him caught in mid air.

After this nothing special appeared in the way of insects, but I saw several kites high up in the blue sky.

Time had flown past and my brother was tired so I gave him the net to hold and gave him a "piggy-back" ride to where we had left the car, and here we rested for a little, then set off to find the others. We soon found them and had tea. Afterwards we all went for a walk round the lake; sometimes in the open with the red sun shining over the water, making it

look like the glowing embers of a fire, and walking sometimes in the shade of the pine trees.

Having nearly reached the lane again I saw on a large stone a big brown object and stooping, I found a large moth. I put my net over it and very quickly had it safely in the killing bottle. It turned out to be a large female "Oak Eggar".

We reached the car and, having hopped in and driven many miles over tree-shaded roads, we at length drew up outside the house.

After a little supper we went to bed, tired but happy, to dream of butterflies and birds, heather and bees, and an enjoyable day by the lake side.

C. M. Wilson
(Stage 5R).

CRISIS

IN the world of to-day quiet, concentrated thought is essential. I should like to suggest that concentrated thought and reasoning is exemplified to-day in the processes of science. For when a scientist is carrying out some experiment, he is unhindered by his emotions and is guided solely by certain concrete laws ; for this reason the progress of science is relentless and its discoveries move steadily forward to a logical conclusion. If other sections of life were worked out on a scientific basis the world would be a much better place to live in ; for instance it is necessary that the working classes should learn to think for themselves and cease to take things for granted, if a true Democracy is to be achieved. For, in many cases, they have been led into undesirable situations which their leaders, with good or bad motives, wished to create.

"Armaments prevent war!" This type of statement is so universally accepted by the working class that one might almost call it a "popular fallacy". Our friends in the National Government tell us repeatedly that there is a grave risk of war if this country does not efficiently strengthen its defence forces. In order to protect us they have built large aerodromes around our crowded towns and equipped them with a large fleet of aeroplanes. They tell us that it will take ten fighting planes to "bring down" one bombing plane, but in the British Air Force there are two bombing planes to every one fighting plane. Is this security? Of course not; it is fairly obvious that in a future war our country will have to rely on the possibility of bombing the enemy forces into submission before the enemy has time to obliterate our own! The dangers and the ruin caused on both sides will be equal and complete.

To protect us from gas attacks our Government is selling us gas masks and providing insulated rooms for us to retire into before we are entirely exterminated. But these masks will only prolong the agonies caused by the gas burning and shrivelling up our lungs. A normal man in the average gas mask can live for two hours, but mustard gas will cling to walls and articles for days after the actual attack, and the slightest touch will burn the flesh until it peels off like rotting wood. Has our efficient Government given us any defence against "liquid fire" and incendiary bombs? Naturally not, because there is no defence against such atrocities.

Man has been carried away by the amazingly rapid developments in scientific discovery and in the elation caused by the unlimited powers of machinery he has failed to realize that it has mastered him and caused him to return to a sort of barbarism. Perhaps some day a destructive machine will be invented which is so terrible in its possibilities that man will renounce war, or perhaps he will have been destroyed by his own creations before that time.

But why should we wait for such a fate?

Why should not our leaders and the Government analyse the present economic and political problems in the same way as a doctor analyses an ailment of the body ? When we are ill the doctor does not just leave us and say that we might survive if the fates are kind. He seeks the cause of the illness. When he knows the cause he sets out to remove the disease.

In a really educated democracy the people should be able to take conscious control of the social development of the State and automatically eradicate the plagues of War, Poverty and Crime.

It is towards the attainment of such conditions and the averting of catastrophe that we must direct all our energies.

Malcolm Shepherd
(*Stage 7*).

NO VARNISH



MEETING of *The Avenue* Board is about to begin. The clock strikes two, which is the hour fixed, and one alone waits at the door, eager to start, impatient with the failings of his weaker brethren. Some minutes later the Editors arrive, each with a sheaf of papers under his arm, each with the guilty appearance of the person who has done as little as possible, and intends to say as little as possible about it. Other members of the Board arrive in a desultory fashion, all distinctly bored, all slightly vague as to what is being required of them. The one who arrives last curses the rest, and prepares to hammer down the door. They are allowed to enter.

After the business of selecting chairs has been settled, they sit in a solemn circle, and since God created Time for the use

of intellectuals, they talk of This and That, for the person who first mentions the subject of the meeting is always regarded with disfavour.

When, however, the inevitable topic approaches, the officiating Editor looks fearfully through the scanty set of papers he has collected, and tries to assume a self-confident expression, in the vain hope of persuading the others that there is "plenty more where that came from". This is a useless and unnecessary farce, but occurs unfailingly each time.

The business of the meeting is disposed of slowly. It is discovered from beneath the usual and uninterrupted flow of apologies and excuses, that no one has done what was expected of him, that the Editors are still determined to maintain the tradition of vagueness as to the amount of material collected. Also that there is no possible angle of the School which has not been photographed and inserted on the front page, that the supporters of *The Avenue* have long been promised a release from such photos, that there is no talent of any description from Stage 2 to Stage 7, and that everyone hopes this state of affairs will improve in the near future. This unfounded optimism, and the general air of intellectual vagueness, is the keynote of each *Avenue* meeting.

However, the dreary humour of it continues, until at last each one has assimilated to the full the astonishing fact that *The Avenue* is expected to appear each term, and then the Editors are permitted to slink away, clutching their manuscripts furtively, with the shreds of their former self-confidence still about them.

New again for them begins the weary search for genius amongst this hive of mediocrities, once again begins the bullying of an unresponsive School into producing some scraps of literary effort which can be juggled with, filled out, rewritten, and remoulded into this, "the living expression of School thought", *The Avenue*.

The fact that *The Avenue* is treated with apathetic tolerance by the School is the fault of each one of you.

Just what are you going to do about it ?

Mary Jackson
(*Stage 7*).

"PEACE COMES DROPPING SLOW"

THE tropic sun means life indeed,
When it can richly show
The deep brown tan of negro form
In burnished bronze, as now.

Three dusky, simple, happy boys
With laughter in their eyes
Who play among the huts, are hid
From any but the skies.

And in the skies, the fierce, full sun
Alone beholds the scene—
The boys, the mud-thatched roofs of huts,
Brown—nestling in the green.

The even shadow of a bird
Darkens the friendly sun.
Across the Ethiopian scene
Its shadow seems to run.

A lesser being, made of man,
Beautiful, brave in flight ;
Inspired, controlled by all his art—
The champion of Right.

Its master, harbinger of peace,
Must bring goodwill to all.
He sees the darkly flashing forms.
He lets his message fall.

I think they loved and praised the power—
They drew that last, sweet breath
To laud the Dove of Peace above.
Civilization ? . . . Death.

Terence Thompson
(*Stage 7*).

SCHOOL DIARY

March 11th.—Football Match: Boys' XI. *v.* The Bank, home, won, 3—2.
,, 12th.—Morland House Concert.
,, 14th.—Football Match: 1st XI. *v.* County Electrical Supply (Saffron Walden Branch) XI., home, won, 5—2.
Girls' Gymnastic Competitions.
Godlee House Concert.
,, 16th.—N.H.S. Mtg. Diary, Francis Batten; Current Events Report, Basil Upton; Essays, "Spiders," Doreen Jones; "Snakes," Harold Mattingly; Lantern Lecture, "Australia," Stephen Mattingly.
,, 18th.—Boys' Gymnastic Competitions.
,, 19th.—Girls' Reading Club Mtg.
,, 20th.—Crosfield House Concert.
,, 21st.—Football Match: 1st XI. *v.* Flora, home, won, 2—1.
Meeting of the Musical Society.
,, 23rd.—Boys' Reading Club Mtg.
,, 24th.—Sports Day.
,, 28th.—Lantern Lecture: "The Zoo's Who's Who," Mr. Cecil Roberts.
,, 31st.—School Concert.
April 2nd.—End of Term.
May 5th.—School Re-opened.
,, 8th.—Orchestral Concert.
,, 9th.—Cricket Match: 1st XI. *v.* Audley End, home, won, 121 for 7 wkts.—73 runs.
,, 11th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Diary, Doris Townshend and Malcolm Shepherd; Essays: "The Growth and Practice of Witches," Joan Rodwell; "Volendam and Marken," Molly Ryan; Gramophone Record, the Overture to Fingal's Cave by Mendelssohn.

May 13th.—Cricket Match: 1st XI. *v.* R. R. Dobbin's XI., home, won, 77—52 runs.

,, 14th.—Visit to Vaughan Williams' comic opera, "The Poisoned Kiss."

,, 16th.—N.H.S. Excursion to Quendon Woods and Takeley Forest.

,, 18th.—N.H.S. Mtg. Diary, John Fleming; Current Events Report, Francis Batten; Reports on N.H.S. Excursion, Stephen Mattingly (Quendon Woods), Francis Batten (General Report), Terence Thompson (Vegetation), David Mattingly (Insect Beating).

,, 23rd.—Junior Yearly Meeting.
Orchestra's visit to Clare Music Festival.

,, 25th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Diary, Jean Stubbs; Essays, "Totemism," Betty Rayner; "The United Front," Malcolm Shepherd; Pianoforte Solo, "Valse" by Coleridge-Taylor, Annemarie Goldschmidt; Violin Solo, "Sonata in D minor" by Henry Eccles, Philip Fausset.

,, 30th.—O.S. Whitsuntide Week-end.

June 9th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Diary, Alan Smith; Essays, "Newspapers," Daphne Shiner; "Synthetic Theism," Alan Smith; Viola Solo, Two Movements from a Sonata by Henry Eccles, Doris Turner; Violin Solo, "Minuet Triste" by Albert Sammons, Mary Byles.

,, 11th.—Merit half-holiday.

,, 13th.—General Meeting.

,, 15th.—N.H.S. Mtg. Diary, Gertrude Edmundson; Current Events Report, Harold Mattingly; Essays, "The Isle of Wight," Stephen Mattingly; "Biological Control," Mary Byles.

,, 16th.—Merit half-holiday.

,, 22nd.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Diary, Daphne Shiner; Essays, "Opposites," Ranald Steven; Pianoforte Solos: 1st Movement of Beethoven's Sonata in C Sharp Minor, Una Forward; "Grillen" by Schumann, Gertrude Edmundson.

,, 25th.—Visit of Mr. Gordon Whiting, Vocational Adviser to the F.E.C.

,, 27th.—Cricket Match: 1st XI. *v.* Audley End, away, lost, 57—132 runs.
Tennis Match: Girls' 1st VI. *v.* St. Mary's Convent, Stortford, away, won 6—2 sets.

June 29th.—N.H.S. Mtg. Diary, Harold Mattingly ; Current Events Report, Basil Upton ; Essay, "The Fen Country," Mr. Ransome ; Talk on Wicken Fen, Mr. George Morris.

July 1st.—Tennis Match: Girls' 1st VI. *v.* Daphne Palmer's VI., home, lost, 5—13 sets.

,, 2nd.—Swimming Matches: Boys, *v.* Cambridge Amateur Swimming Association, home, won, 26—17 points ; Girls *v.* Cambridge Ladies' A.S.A., home, won, 24—17 points.

,, 4th.—Cricket Match: Boys' XI. *v.* Cambridge and County School XI., away, won, 69—22 runs.

,, 6th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Diary, Ranald Steven ; Essay, "Spiritualism," Alan Thompson ; Pianoforte Duet, Second Entr' acte from Rosamunde by Schubert, Una Forward and Doris Townshend.

,, 8th.—House Socials.

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 scholarships have been awarded by the School Committee:

First : Jean W. Stubbs, Doris J. Turner.

Second : Ada E. Goldschmidt, Joan Rodwell.

Third : A. Terence Thompson.

ROYAL SCHOOLS OF MUSIC

Violin (Grade VI—Intermediate): Mary Byles.

SCHOOL MAGAZINES

We acknowledge with thanks receipt of the following School Magazines: *The Beckside* (Ayton), *The Island* (Sidcot), *The Cupola* (Ackworth), *Friends' School, Lisburn Magazine, The Georgian* (Harpenden), *St. Christopher Magazine, The Review* (Tavistock), *The "Mercury" Magazine* (Training Ship "Mercury").

A SENSE OF SECURITY

The knowledge that your future is secure, that whatever happens you have provided well for yourself or anyone who may be dependent upon you, brings confidence and happiness

No matter how small your income may be now, you can make provision to-day for the future. A few shillings a week will purchase for you just the protection which is suited to your needs.

The Friends Provident and Century Life Office offers a variety of policies, covering individual needs. Here are a few examples.

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This policy is particularly welcome to those who prefer to have a large sum payable at a certain age rather than a similar sum available in the event of death. The Policy provides a definite sum of money in the event of death before the end of a specified number of years, or DOUBLE THE AMOUNT if the life assured survives the term. Unless there are exceptional circumstances, no medical examination is necessary.

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These are just two of the Policies available. Write to The Friends Provident and Century Life Office for full particulars of these and other forms of insurance in which you may be interetsed. You incur no obligation.

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Gar. 9.

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Per ardua ad alta

WHITSUNTIDE AT SAFFRON WALDEN

May 10—14

1940

CROYDON AND SAFFRON WALDEN
OLD SCHOLARS' ASSOCIATION

CROYDON AND SAFFRON WALDEN OLD SCHOLARS' ASSOCIATION

President - - - PAUL V. MAUGER

In order to facilitate arrangements, will you please fill up and send in the enclosed form as early as possible.

¶ You are particularly reminded of these two most important rules :—

1. **That accommodation cannot be guaranteed if the necessary fortnight's notice has not been given. Accommodation in the town is this year uncertain, and is very limited.**

2. **That visitors requiring meals only must give at least three days' notice of any meals required during the week-end.**

If you require a new Old Scholars' Blazer for Whitsun, apply to Bailey & Weatherill, 89, Regent Street, London, W.1, where blazers in the new material, cantover back twill, may be obtained.

All who would like to play in any of the three Cricket Matches are urged to send in their names on the form enclosed for the purpose to one of the Games Secretaries.

The acceptance of this invitation involves loyally accepting the School Authorities' request that we pay due regard to the convenience of hostesses wherever we are sleeping. It is understood that normally we are expected to be indoors by 11 p.m.

By permission of the Head Master, the Waiting Room will be available as a " Rest Room."

Visitors are asked to refrain from smoking in all the school buildings, with the exception of private studies and those rooms which are specially set apart for the use of Old Scholars.

The Hon. Treasurer will set up office in the Boys' Playroom after each meal, and it is requested that all visitors will pay their fees to him at the earliest opportunity. Subscriptions may also be paid to the Subscription Secretary during the week-end.

PRESIDENT'S LETTER.

26, Pentley Park,
Welwyn Garden City.

March, 1940.

Dear Old Scholar,

The School authorities again invite us to hold our Whitsun reunion at Walden, and we are particularly grateful to them and our friends at the School, for facing the war time difficulties which our visit will involve. Sleeping accommodation will probably be limited to about fifty, so all who hope to spend the week-end should return their forms in good time.

If any unexpected developments arise affecting our plans after this invitation has been despatched, notices will be sent to all who have intimated that they expect to be present.

Whitsun falls so near the beginning of term that it is thought desirable to limit our activities on Saturday morning and so interrupt the School's life rather less than usual. Attention is drawn to the note in the programme on this subject.

We hope that many Old Scholars will manage to come and so make Whitsun 1940 a time of good fellowship — so much needed in these days.

Yours sincerely,

Paul V. Mauger.

Fees and Charges

WEEK-END

Friday supper to Tuesday breakfast, 27/6; Saturday tea to Tuesday breakfast, 23/6; Saturday tea to Monday evening, 20/-.

Extra for non-members of O.S.A., 3/-.

Children under 12: half-price.

Absence from meals does not give the right to deduct meal rates quoted below.

Rebate to men sleeping in the Gymnasium.

SUNDRIES

In view of rising costs, all visitors not provided with accommodation by the Association are expected to subscribe 1/- per day towards overhead charges.

Provided that due notice has been given, short-time visitors may obtain meals at the following prices:

Breakfast	1s. 3d.
Dinner	2s. 0d.
Tea	1s. 0d.
Supper	1s. 3d.

All fees are payable to Owen Clover, Hon. Treasurer, who will set up office after each meal.

Old Boys sleeping in the Gymnasium should bring towels, rugs, etc., which should be marked with the name of the owner. A limited number of blankets can be hired at 3d. each. Early application essential.

MUSIC, TENNIS AND BATHING

Please bring your music, tennis and bathing things. A minimum charge of 1/- will be made for cricket and/or tennis.

Cars may not be taken on to the Field, except to tow Caravans to and from site.

Friday, May 10th

8.30 Supper

9.0 Social evening in the Hall.

Saturday, May 11th

9.0 Breakfast

10.30 Tennis Tournament

(Prior notice to be given on enclosed slip)

As the School will be in Class until mid-day, Old Scholars and other visitors are asked to use the Library, or else keep away from the Buildings.

12.30 Dinner

1.30 Mr. and Mrs. Littleboy invite Old Scholars to Tea at Robins Acre

1.30 Cricket Match

Old Boys 2nd XI *v.* Present Boys.

5.0 Tea

6.0 Terza on the Lower Field

7.30 Flannel Dance in the Assembly Hall

Dancers are requested to wear appropriate indoor footwear.

Jimmy Day's Band.

8.0—9.0 Buffet Supper to which the Staff are welcomed

Visitors from outside the School or Association will be charged 1/6d. for Supper. Old Scholars attending the Dance must obtain tickets from the Hon. Treasurer in advance.

Sunday, May 12th

9.0 Breakfast

10.30 Meeting for Worship

11.45 Mr. and Mrs. Rowntree invite Old Scholars to Tea at 7, Springhill Road

12.15 Old Scholars' Committee meets.

1.0 Dinner

1.45 Old Scholars invite the Staff and their families to Afternoon Tea

2.15 Old Scholars' Committee resumes.

4.15 The President meets his contemporaries.

5.0 Tea

6.30 School Meeting in the Assembly Hall
Speaker: The Head Mistress.

7.30 to 8.15 Music

8.45 Supper

Monday, May 13th

9.0 Breakfast

9.30 Tennis Tournament
(Prior notice to be given on enclosed slip)

10.0 Boys' Cricket Match
Old Scholars *v.* The School.

11.0 Girls' Cricket Match
Old Scholars *v.* The School.

1.0 Dinner

2.30—4.0 Afternoon Tea will be served at the Junior House

2.30 Cricket resumes

5.0 Tea

5.30 Tennis Finals

6.15 Terza on the Lower Field

6.45 (approx.) Entertainment
Details to be announced at Whitsuntide.

8.30 Supper

Tuesday, May 14th

7.30 Breakfast.
Arrangements may be made for Visitors wishing to make an early departure.

PROVISIONAL TRAIN SERVICES

Dep. L'pool Street	*Arr. Saff. Walden*	*Dep. Saff. Walden*	*Arr. L'pool Street*
5.56 a.m.	7.44 a.m.	7.13 a.m.	8.48 a.m.
7.18 „	9.19 „	8.— „	9.24 „
8.30 „	9.48 „	8.55 „	10.15 „
10.5 „	11.38 „	9.53 „	11.19 „
11.55 „	1.9 p.m.	†12.19 p.m.	1.57 p.m.
*12.30 p.m.	1.54 „	*12.— „	*2.9 „
†12.49 „	3.5 „	*2.33 „	3.9 „
*1.19 „	2.39 „	*2.35 „	5.10 „
2.40 „	3.52 „	*2.49 „	*5.10 „
2.48 „	4.42 „	3.30 „	5.19 „
4.15 „	5.39 „	*3.40 „	5.19 „
4.45 „	6.14 „	4.22 „	6.10 „
†5.20 „	6.34 „	5.59 „	7.55 „
5.49 „	7.— „	6.52 „	8.20 „
7.10 „	8.17 „	*8.1 „	9.30 „
8.22 „	9.34 „	9.38 „	11.19 „

VISITORS SHOULD CONFIRM TRAIN TIMES

* denotes Saturdays only.
† „ not Saturdays.

ANNUAL REPORT.

In order to economise in the production of the Annual Report, it has been agreed by the Committee that, where willingness is expressed by Members, only one copy shall be sent to each household where two or more Members are resident.

GAMES WEEK-END AT WALDEN.

PROVISIONAL NOTICE — OCTOBER 5-7, 1940

Any Old Scholars who would like to take part in this visit should make early application to one of the Games Secretaries. Part or whole of the fares to Walden of the younger Old Scholars may be paid by the Association.

W J. Ll. & Co., Ltd.