THE AVENUE



MARCH 1938

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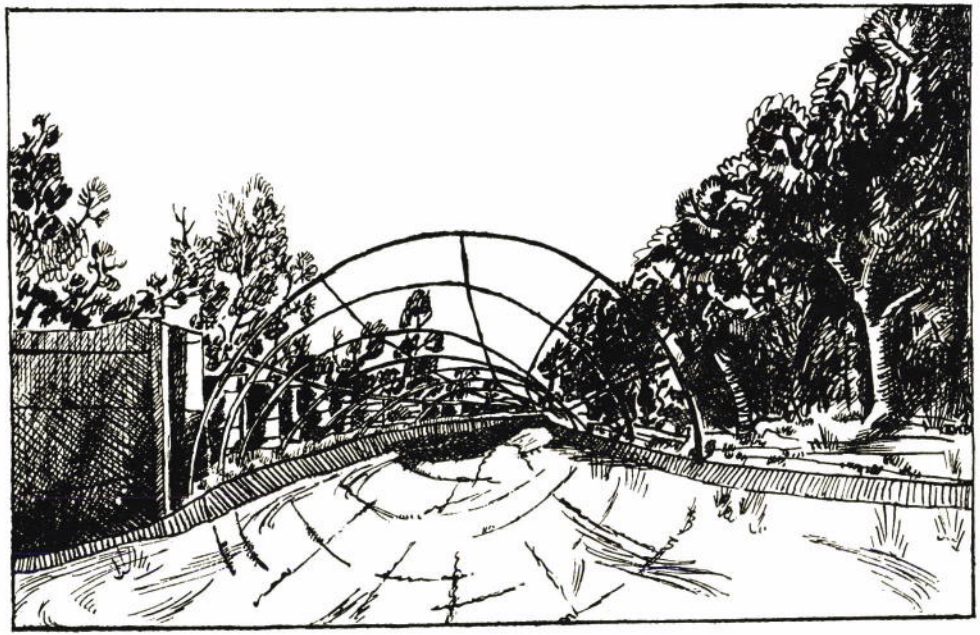
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VIEW LOOKING UP DECOY PIPE

R.W.B.



The Magazine of the Friends' School, Saffron Walden.

VOL. XXIX. MARCH 1938 No. 85.

FOREWORD

IN our recent issues we have had much satisfaction in reporting that the numbers in the School have reached high levels. This Term a new record has been attained, since, officially, we have on our lists 102 boys and 107 girls, and at the moment there is the prospect that next Term even this record will be exceeded.

During the Christmas holidays the Headmaster and his family moved out of Hillcroft to their new abode along the road, and so made possible a number of small though important changes in the use of rooms. Hillcroft now provides further sleeping accommodation for members of the Staff and for maids, extended quarters for Domestic Science teaching, a Hobbies room for the Junior School children, and a delightful Common Room for the Senior girls. In the main School buildings the Mistresses' Common Room has become the Girl Prefects' Room, while the Girl Prefects' Room has been transformed into a Staff Common Room and Staff Dining

Room. This change has made it possible for the Staff to have tea out of the School Dining Room, " top table " being now occupied by the single member of the Staff in charge of tea. At dinner the School Prefects take their places at " top table " with a few members of the Staff. In this or a later issue we may be granted an insight of their impressions in regard to their elevation.

As everyone knows who has contact with groups of boys and girls, crazes sweep through their ranks like an epidemic. This Term our infliction has been marbles—the glassy, multi-coloured ones. Boys and girls, both large and small, have appeared to be powerless to resist the appeal to roll marbles about the floors, and fortunes (in marbles) have been won and lost in a day. But, ye shades of ancient marble players, how you must have looked down in pity upon the simple, skill-less efforts of the modern players !

We are anticipating with great pleasure the Old Scholars' Lecture Week-end in March. The subject this year is " Modern Social Tendencies ".

We hope to be able to print in this issue an account of this important event.

P.S.—LOST, a large, home-made model aeroplane, flown from the School field and last seen travelling northwards at a great rate over Saffron Walden. Information as to its return to earth will be gladly received by the owner.—EDS.



3

GREEN WOOL

"HAS anybody got any green wool?"

"What for?"

"I must mend my games stockings."

"Look in the mending-basket," suggests my mother helpfully.

I do. I not only look in the basket, but I pour the contents out on to the floor, to aid me in my search, presumably. There is white wool, blue wool (three different shades), yellow wool, pink wool, and a small piece of string. But there isn't any green wool.

"Look in my work-box," offers my sister.

But that isn't any good, either. I waste ten minutes undoing her tape-measure and doing it up again. But there still isn't any green wool.

I now proceed to look in my own work-basket. This, I may add, is the despair of my mother's heart, but not even her love of neatness would induce her to tidy it. I waste another ten minutes looking at a Penguin book that has strayed there by mistake, but, recalled to the search, I have to admit that there isn't any green wool in my basket.

"There might be some in the cupboard."

There might have been once. But there certainly isn't now. I take all the things out, put them all back again upside down, take them out again at my mother's bidding, and put them all in again right way up. But there still isn't any green wool.

"I used some on Wednesday, I know, but I can't just remember what for."

"Yes, dear?" says my mother encouragingly, if a little absent-mindedly. She, like me, is tired of the hunt.

"It was the last piece. I used it all."

"Did you?"

Silence. Then—

"I remember now. I used it to mend my games stockings with."

THE MODEL RAILWAY CLUB

FEW are aware of the activities of the Model Railway Club. Two years ago a small group of the younger boys assembled in the Gymnasium to form a club which would cater for those who were interested in model railways and the building of Meccano models. This club developed, and after about ten months it was given the use of a small room adjoining the Boys' Experimental Room.

After many experiments with different types and layouts of track, we have now evolved a track which runs right round the wall of the room on small trestles, twelve inches from the floor. To put up this track it has been necessary to alter the staircase, cut through a cupboard, and alter a door.

But after all this we have now a very satisfactory track, which is of the scale model type, constructed by ourselves. This track is complete with tunnels and bridges, and we are hoping to add cuttings and other scenery shortly, in order to make the railway more realistic.

Our present clockwork track is now in the process of electrification, so we shall soon be able to replace the clockwork engines by electric ones.

Michael Pawsey
(*Stage 5a*).

LETTER TO THE EDITORS

To the Editors of *The Avenue*.

DEAR SIR AND MADAM,—I notice with regret that although the report on the 1937 cricket season in the July number of *The Avenue* must have been written when only about half the fixtures had been played, yet there is nothing in the December issue about the rest of the season.

More unfortunate still, there is no mention at all of the splendid bowling of Norman Shiner, for which he was awarded a cricket bat presented by Hugh T. Crosfield. Shiner's record for the season for all matches was 64 wickets for an average of 6·56, and in the Boys' XI matches only, he took 38 wickets for 5·45 runs apiece. These numbers speak for themselves.

Perhaps you will also allow me the courtesy of your magazine to point out to any Old Scholars who may read these pages, and who are probably basing their opinion of last season's cricket on the Old Scholars' Report, that the 1st and Boys' XIs won 5, lost 12 and drew 1 match, whilst the 2nd XI had 100 per cent. of victories in their solitary match.

Even if the Old Scholars, with two of the strongest teams they have sent to the School for years, did inflict crushing defeats, all is not wrong with School cricket. We did win some matches, and we expect to beat the Old Scholars again—my plum-stones at dinner do not always tell the same story as to when that will be, but it is always either "this year", "next year" or "some time", but never "never".

Yours sincerely,

G. Stanley Pumphrey.

MUCH ADO FOR NOTHING

THE other morning the whole of the Jones family was sitting round the dining-room table. They seemed very busy, for their faces were red, and everyone was trying his best to develop a terrifying voice. The argument was obviously about a car journey; that sounds quite simple, but . . . well, I'm sorry to say that nobody knew where they should go; at any rate, everyone knew where he or she wanted to go, but they had quite different ideas. No wonder they got angry.

So they sat, till at last Father Jones said, " Well, I think the choice lies between Ipswich, Cambridge, and Saffron Walden."

" We'll certainly not go to Ipswich ; my great-grand-aunt Catherine lives there ! " said Mrs. Jones.

" But perhaps we'll get some cake and tea there," replied Peter, who was rather greedy.

But his father said, " No ! "

So that was settled. Now there were only Cambridge and Saffron Walden to choose between.

Mary, John and Mrs. Jones said " Saffron Walden ! " and Mr. Jones with Peter and Ralph shouted " Cambridge ! "

Then Mr. Jones thought it would be nice to see his old college again, but his wife told him that Cambridge was too far, and so they decided at last to go to Saffron Walden. The journey was to start at ten o'clock on Saturday morning.

Now I must tell you that the car was to be a hired one, and that it was almost as old as Noah's Ark. If you had enough muscles, you could get the old thing to go, but it would certainly take a great deal of time, and you would be rather worn out afterwards.

But the whole family was very excited, and looked forward with a good deal of hope to Saturday. The house on Friday looked like a . . . well, like Sodom and Gomorrah. So it was no wonder that Mrs. Jones chased her beloved darlings out of the house, and told them to play in the garden. They did their best by running about, but not on the lawn or along the paths, oh, no ! They were children, and so they walked about in the lovely flower-beds.

It was good luck that Father Jones didn't see them, but he was very busy with the bumpy box in the garage. When the " dear kiddies " were tired of damaging the flowers, they decided to clean the outside of the house. They carried some pails full of water (of which about half reached its destination), and the Jones children became rather wet. They tried to clean

the wall with their mischievous fingers ; the result was that all the dirt of the house came off on to their clean clothes. When she saw them, Mrs. Jones got into such a temper that even the three boys began to cry.

Meanwhile, oblivious of the disturbance at home, Mr. Jones was studying the antiquated monster, which its owner called a car. It was really very difficult for him to understand everything, for he had learned to drive in a super modern type of car. When at length he returned home, he found his four children crying, his wife in a temper such as he didn't know she had, and the whole flat upside-down. If that isn't enough to put a man in a rage, I don't know what is ! . . . At last everything was quiet, and the night brought peace into the house.

. . . . .

" Uhhh, ehh, ahh ! " . . . Father Jones woke up with a start ; when he opened his eyes, he found that his youngest son was making that terrifying noise. The stern father was just beginning to take his " filius " under his hand, when he saw the clock, and stopped. . . .

" Good gracious me ! " . . . Bang ! . . . John fell on the floor, and began to cry again. Between his " Boo-hoos " one could hear Mr. Jones's voice :

" 8.15 ? . . . out of your beds, everyone ; it is past 8 o'clock ! "

This was quite unnecessary, for the whole family was standing around father and son ; then Father Jones understood that John's shrieking had awakened them all.

In a bad temper, everyone hastened to the breakfast table. The breakfast was cold, for the maid had put the porridge and the bacon on the table the night before. Nobody ate much, except Peter, who had some porridge, and told everyone that it was lovely, like ice ! After they had finished breakfast, they discovered that it was pouring with rain outside.

Everyone cried " Oh ! " but clever Mary said, " Well, let's put the roof up on the car ! "

The whole family rushed out through the rain and . . . found there wasn't any roof at all !

Still, Mary was encouraging, and she told them with a very wise smile that the rain would probably only last half an hour.

Everybody waited. The time passed, but the rain wouldn't stop. At last Mr. Jones grew impatient, and ordered everyone to fetch his mack. Then they began.

Daddy, Mummy, Mary, Peter and Ralph all tried to find the handle in order to start the engine. They looked everywhere but nobody could find it. Little John sat on a box, and watched his parents with a puzzled look, until Mary told him to help them. The little chap got up, and Mary nearly fell over with surprise, for the missing handle lay on the box, young John had been sitting on it !

The handle found, the second part followed, and that was by far the worst. Father Jones tried to turn the handle, but by the time he had turned it round once it was 10.25, and he had begun at 10.15 ! At the same speed he continued for five more turns. The car didn't move an inch. At last, Mr. Jones discovered there was something missing. That was the last straw !

He strode out, leaving his astonished wife and children staring after him. The family stood for a while like this, till Mrs. Jones decided there was no time to waste, and hurried to tidy up the house. (It was very necessary !) Her children had the same thought in their minds as was in their mother's, that is, they thought to tidy up the food that had been left in the car. Then they went for a walk, for there was nothing else to do. They enjoyed themselves, for the rain had stopped by now.

Ursula Alsberg
(*Stage 4b*).

9

DECOY PONDS



DECOY pond is about the shape of a starfish but, of course, much larger. It is a pond covering about an acre and a half and it has from one to six pipes tapering off round its sides.

Decoy ponds have a regular supply of fresh water, and it is this that attracts the sea birds. Such ponds are situated on marshes fairly near the coast, but it has to be a quiet coast, for the slightest noise, or smell of a steam engine, etc., would frighten any bird away.

The idea of the pond is a good one, and it works well in practice providing the winters are harsh. But unfortunately to-day there are very few left in use, owing to the modern means of transport, which enables people to get everywhere. These ponds are to catch wild birds such as teal, widgeon, etc., that migrate to the British coast in winter. Thousands of these birds migrate to the Essex mud flats and marshes every year, but now comparatively few are caught. These birds make a good price in the London markets, as they are very tasty.

In Holland, too, thousands of birds are caught in this way, but the derelict ponds in Britain, many of which are still visited by birds, are used as shooting boxes if the birds are known to make frequent visits. As these birds are so sensitive to sound and smell, it takes a skilled man with the aid of his dogs or tame ducks to decoy the wild birds into a pipe.

When the birds come inland to these fresh water ponds they come in vast numbers, and float or sit on the banks of the pond to clean themselves. As they have a good sense of smell, the trick is to decoy them in the same direction as the wind is blowing, into the respective pipe. This pipe, like the rest, will have over the top a net so that the birds may not escape. The pipe at the mouth is about twelve feet broad, and fifteen feet above the water. The decoyman usually has two means of

decoying. One is with a dog and the other by tame ducks. Suppose the wind is blowing east: then he uses his east pipe. He feeds his tame ducks at the entrance to the pipe. This, of course, attracts the attention of the wild ones, which come also to be fed.

On either side of the pipe he has screens made of rushes that grow in the ponds. These screens overlap and hide the decoyman from the view of the birds, but also give him a view of the pond and the end of the pipe.

The decoyman then makes for the end of the pipe behind his screens, all the time throwing food over. When he thinks they are far enough up the pipe he runs behind a bank and shows himself at the mouth of the pipe. The birds take flight and are caught in the net, which by this time is not so high off the ground and not so broad. The decoyman then comes along and wrings their necks.

As for the tame birds, they never fly up the pipe but, after giving the wild ones time to fly up the pipe, they fly out on to the pond.

On a recent visit to a decoy on a rather mild day, the tame ducks when flying out of the pipe made a great noise. Afterwards the decoyman told us that they knew whenever strangers were about.

The other method is by the use of a dog. The dog is trained to jump the fences between the screens, so attracting the attention of the birds on the pond. In the same way as feeding the ducks, the dog makes his way towards the end of the pipe. When the decoyman thinks the birds are far enough up the pipe he again shows himself and sets the birds flying off to the end, where they are quickly caught and killed.

Thousands of birds can be caught by this means, but the decoyman must more than know his job.

This seems a paying job, but it has its ups and downs, the same as other things.

Roger Browning
(Stage 7).

II

GERMAN YOUTH

IN most countries the Youth Movement plays an important part in the plans of politicians and governments, but in Germany more than anywhere else the Youth is looked upon as the bearer of the future State. That is the reason why its present leading men are so very keen on moulding the present generation according to their principles and ideals.

Hoping to retain through the next decades or even centuries (as some rather optimistic German speakers venture to say) the whole of the doctrine which is now dominant under Adolf Hitler, it is vital to let loose the enormous propaganda on the nation, the earlier in the life of each individual the better, so that any criticism which might arise can be killed at the root. That problem is believed to have been solved by the Youth Movement, which consists of the Junkvolk and Hitleryouth, the former of which has boys from about 9 to 14 years and the latter from 14 to 16 or 17. There is also a parallel organization for girls which is called the B.D.M. (Bund Deutscher Mädchen). Every pure healthy Aryan has to be enrolled in one of those groups.

All sections of the Youth Movement are based on the leader principle. As far as the boys are concerned, it is really nothing else but a preparation for the S.A. (brownshirts) or the Wehrmacht (army). Long hikes and bicycle tours are carried on to a great extent and are mostly used in one way or another for mimic manœuvres. The discipline is exemplary, and to the last degree militaristic. Everything goes with a click of the heels.

Whenever there is an important speech by men like Goebbels or even Hitler himself, a great part of the Berlin Hitleryouth marches to the " Lustgarten ", where it has to listen for a few hours to one of the Nazi leaders. The usual method which is employed on such occasions consists of hammering the same thing again and again into the heads of the people, who have not a chance ever to hear a different point of view, and it is very hard not to believe the arguments put before you unless you

have some to put against them. But that is really only one of the necessities of a dictatorship.

Inside the Hitleryouth practical Communism dominates. On hikes, etc., all eatables are put together and are distributed with nearly painful accuracy. It would be just about a crime if a boy should begin to eat some sweets without their being divided out equally between all who are present. The leaders and sub-leaders have no material advantages over the rest of the boys, and that fact is really good, for it helps to form a very real comradeship.

In some respects the Hitleryouth has a similarity to the scouts in England, in fact a certain percentage of the present Youth Movement used to be scouts before Hitler took over the government, when they had to co-ordinate themselves and join the Hitleryouth. In other respects, however, those two groups are totally different. The whole attitude of the average German is different. That, I think, is due to the great number of wars which Germany had to undergo mainly on account of its geographical situation. Those perpetual struggles seem to have had an effect on the Germans as a whole in so far as there seems to be an especial sense of exaggerated Nationalism in the hearts of the people, which is lacking in the French or English race.

Taking into consideration the great part that has been played by the army in the founding of the German Empire, it is perhaps not at all astonishing that soldiery is being glorified and great generals are made into public heroes. As a matter of fact, what one is used to call " society " consists in Germany to a great extent of old Prussian nobility, whose ancestors have fought for Frederick the Great.

Military training and all that is involved by it, appeals to the German boy, especially when it is brought to him by a psychologically right method. The often repeated words, that Germany is looking up to its Youth, has a gratifying effect on his vanity. He takes generally accepted doctrines like

"The end justifies the means" and "Force is Right" for granted. At school, History has been changed to suit the Secretary of Propaganda, Dr. Goebbels, and teachers have to tell their pupils so-called facts which they know to be false.

But with all its faults, the Hitleryouth does a lot of good, especially to the lower working classes. It takes the boy away from the street and provides him with friends and comradeship. Besides, the rather Spartan life in the Youth Movement is doubtless valuable for the physical fitness of the individuals and of the whole nation.

The future has often been described as a question mark, but now in our present times it seems to be a question mark largely increased in size. What else can be the result of the militarization of Youth but war at some time or other? For even if the form of government in Germany should change, which seems to be the last thing that could happen, is not the essence of the National Socialistic teaching too deep in the minds of the people to be eliminated?

[*Contributed.*]

DEATH OF A HUNTER

THE Hon. Mrs. Inigo Foxx-Hunter was well known in select circles of the Upper Class. When her name appeared in society papers, which was often, it was with the word ("Pop-eye") inserted between her Christian- and surnames. As befitted a daughter of society, she led a gay life: parties—dinners—luncheons—hunting. . . . Hunting! This was Life! The Hon. Mrs. Foxx-Hunter was an excellent horse-woman, never so happy as when she was out with the hounds, in full chase.

One beautiful May morning she was riding hard in pursuit of her favourite sport (and some unfortunate animal) when, alas, her horse stumbled, and the Hon. Mrs. Foxx-Hunter described an ungraceful, undignified somersault through space,

and ended abruptly in an untidy heap. The Hon. Mrs. Foxx-Hunter was a sorry sight; her shiny top-hat was telescoped, her spotless riding clothes were covered with ooze, and her horse, having deserted her, was following the hunt with an air of independence.

And so they found her an hour later. Willing hands carried her to the nearest cottage, thence to the Manor, and so to a private nursing home.

At the nursing home she progressed favourably, and the society papers published news to that effect. Within a week she was sitting up and taking nourishment, although she had occasional fits of delirium. It was during one of these spasms that she was heard saying: "Help . . . they'll get me . . . no, no . . . they must not . . . quick. . . . I'll hide here . . . quick . . . mercy . . . mercy . . . oh! oh! . . ."

The attendant doctors were not surprised at this, but when she ceased to breathe and her heart stopped beating, they were. Of course, everybody was terribly sorry, the society papers mourned, the Middle Class papers mumbled about a relapse, the night clubs were less gay, at least for the time being. . . .

Nobody knew how she really died, however. The Hon. Mrs. Foxx-Hunter was dreaming. Vividly. She dreamt she was being chased. Otters and hares riding on stags . . . a pack of foxes . . . hundreds of them . . . and she, she was being hunted! Across muddy, ploughed fields for miles and miles, tearing herself on hedgerows, plunging through ditches, and all the time behind her was the howling, yelping mob, thirsty for her blood. . . . When they caught her they'd tear her to bits. . . . Even now the leading foxes were gaining on her . . . she couldn't go on much more . . . she screamed, and the snarling mass overwhelmed her . . . and then—a blank.

The Hon. Mrs. Inigo Foxx-Hunter had died of fright.

R. Arnold
(*Stage* 6).

DONALD AND DAISY



LAST summer holidays my sister and I had the full-time job of rearing two Welsh sheepdog puppies.

Their mother had died when Donald and Daisy, as we named them, were born. They were two of a litter of fourteen. The other members of the family had to be killed, and Donald and Daisy would have shared their fate if I had not begged to be allowed an attempt at rearing them.

Our friend, to whom they belong, said it would be hopeless, but at last he agreed to let us try. So we triumphantly went home with two very small, pitiful little objects which called themselves dogs.

We wrapped them up in an old blanket, and put them in a box with a hot-water bottle. They were terribly hungry but we couldn't find a teat small enough to go into their mouths. At last we hit on the bright idea of an ear-syringe. We held their mouths open and slowly, drop by drop, we squirted a mixture of warm milk and water down their throats.

For the next three days we fed those pups, one teaspoonful every hour and a half, all day and all night. If we were a minute late they nearly roused the roof off, yelling and squealing. They did nothing but eat and sleep, and they became perceptibly more like dogs every day.

We had a dog vet. to see them on the third day of their lives, just to see if we were doing the right things. He was most surprised that we had managed to keep them alive. He cut Donald's hind dew-claws off—Daisy hadn't any—and told us to alter their diet a little.

For the next seven days things were eased considerably, as we were able to use a baby's bottle for feeding purposes, and we no longer fed them during the night. They gained eleven ounces that first week, and on the tenth day their eyes

began to open. Then it was that they ceased to be content merely to sleep and eat. They fought each other on every possible occasion and explored every cranny of the room they were in, staggering along on their short bandy legs, tails erect. Donald always had one ear up and one ear down. He was by far the most mischievous, always getting into scrapes. Daisy was more docile, but even so she was not quite the perfect lady. She had more pointed features than her brother, and both her ears stood erect.

When they were about eighteen days old we took them outside for the first time, and they hated it! After a few days, however, they became used to having no roof over their heads, and they liked to romp on the lawn. We never let them stay out for more than a few minutes, as they very quickly tired.

They went out for a little each day, and soon learnt to come to us when we called them. One of their favourite games was to stand about a yard from each other, then suddenly to leap forward to see which one could knock the other over. Another of Donald's tricks was to get hold of Daisy's tail and try to drag her along backwards!

When they were three weeks old we began to wean them—and what a job that was! When they had got the knack of lapping they got on quite well, though they still preferred a bottle.

In the course of the next three weeks we managed to bring their feeds down to one in every four hours. They now had bread and milk, rice pudding, and a little raw meat, the bottle being needed no longer.

When they were six weeks old we had to obey the regulations of parting mother and child, so to speak, and we very reluctantly sent them back to the farm, to try their luck in this busy, workaday world. We were terribly sad when they had gone, although we were able to console ourselves by the thought that they had a good home, and that we could always visit them there.

Now they are very grown-up and live in a stable. Donald has outgrown Daisy, and they had to be separated a little while ago, as it was discovered that Donald rushed through his food and then ate poor Daisy's for her! They have already started working, but they are far happier when they are allowed to romp together, and as they are such a handful when they are "working", it is much easier for everyone to let them have their own way.

Sheila Smith
(*Stage* 6).

THE PUPPET SHOW

IT was grand! Old Punch started to get up and announce everything, and generally get in the way of everybody, and argue, but at last they got started on an old morality play which was great fun. A young man who wanted to be a fighter went to Mercifer and asked him for a salet, then for a coat, and lastly for a sword. Then, of course, he began to strut about. He yelled out, "What is that monster there? I will drive him away. . . . Oh! Oh! He's got my ear," and he retreated.

Then Punch had to go and get all mixed up as they were changing the scenery, and he stuck his long nose into a window-frame, and he made a terrible noise getting it out again. But he managed to get off the stage and let the characters come on.

The next, which was a great success, was about a young lady who was very worried, because two gentlemen were wooing her and she didn't know which one to marry. But in the end she married the poor one and lived happily ever after. Then there were some old folk-songs, and that was the end of a good show.

Michael Jeffrey
(*Junior School*).

THE LITTLE GUINEA-PIG

IN the hutch at the bottom of our garden there is a little guinea-pig. His name is Pet, because he is the pet of the family. We feed him in the morning and evening, and then leave him for the night.

In the winter we take him into the house, so that he can keep warm by the fire.

It is summer now, and we leave the door of the guinea-pig's hutch open.

. . . . .

"I was still in my hutch, and they had not given me my breakfast. They had left my door open, so I could get out. I did, and I ran over the bridge to the chicken field.

"They all stared at me; anyhow I went on.

"I met a baby rabbit who said, 'You look lonely.'

"I said 'I am,' so he said, 'Well, come with me,' so I went.

"He took me to their home and I saw his father and mother and brothers and sisters. There were quite a lot of them and they gave me something to eat because I was hungry.

"I had a very nice time there that evening. I ran all over the common the whole evening and wondered when I was going back home.

"They asked me to stay for the night. Well, I could not be rude and refuse, so I said I would.

"Next morning I crept out of bed and I started to run away.

"I saw what I thought to be a rabbit and he called all the other rabbits, and they started running after me. One came so close to me that he nearly bit my tail off (at least, the place where my tail ought to be).

"I ran on and bumped into an old woman, and she turned round and said, 'Dear little thing,' and took me into her house.

"In this village lived a little girl who knew my mistress, and she often came to see this woman. One day she saw me, and told the old woman that I belonged to a friend of hers

who was very sad because she had lost her guinea-pig, so she had got another one, but really she loved me best. So the old woman let her have me. She took me home and gave me to my mistress, who put me in my hutch with the other guinea-pig.

"I think I would rather stay in my hutch than be out with wild rabbits, but they come and see me sometimes."

Stephanie Evans
(*Junior School*).

BOWSER

ONCE upon a time there lived a dog in a little hut in the woods. This dog was a hound, so of course he liked hunting foxes.

One day when he was out hunting he saw something that was a little bit larger than a fox, and brown.

He knew what it was the very moment he saw it. It was old man Coyote, whom he loved to hunt as well. But he knew that he would have to use all his wits to catch old man Coyote, for he is very crafty.

So Bowser, for that was the name of the dog, followed old man Coyote's trail. Bowser ran, and in front of him old man Coyote ran. Bowser had an idea that this would be the time he'd catch old man Coyote.

Old man Coyote took great pains to leave a good trail to follow, because he meant to lead Bowser so far that he could not get home again.

When old man Coyote had led Bowser a long, long way from home, he decided it was time to play a trick or two. He came to a river with a log across it, so he climbed over the log and hid in the bushes. Now this river was covered with ice, and when Bowser got near the river he did not see it, and he came so fast that he ran right into it, and oh! how he did squeal with fright! One leg was hurt badly. Unfortunately,

the ice was not firm, and he went right through it into the water underneath.

Then old man Coyote came out of his hiding-place and looked down at Bowser and laughed at him.

"Ha! ha! ha!" he said in his craftiest voice. Then he went home for dinner, and his thoughts were very pleasing to himself, but very dreadful thoughts to us, because he hoped that Bowser would be killed.

Martin Salter
(Junior School).

ADVANTAGES AND DISADVANTAGES OF THE TOTALITARIAN GOVERNMENT

THE conditions under which people in early historic times were living, seem to have been in favour of the growth of totalitarian states.

The great number of emergencies which must have arisen in comparatively unsettled circumstances could be dealt with by an absolute ruler with comparative decisiveness and thoroughness in a shorter time than a democratic government would have been able to do it.

The adverse conditions of Nature which apparently prevailed in many of the better known countries of that time called for a great amount of labour and consequently allowed only few people the time for active interest in matters of government.

The way in which nations came into prominence was, more often than not, their successes in various wars, and few people will deny that during the preparation for a war much is to be said in favour of the absolute government.

Once a totalitarian government is established, it is difficult to get rid of it, which might be taken as the main reason why that form of government has lasted so long.

Our mode of life has changed considerably since those early times. But even now we sometimes find people deliberately choosing a totalitarian government rather than a democratic one.

As there have been a certain number of well-educated people among those who have preferred, say, Hitler to the democratic government in Germany, it cannot safely be said that only the ignorant, stupid people or those who seek their own interests are in favour of such a movement.

One can argue that people were swept off their feet. But, in saying that, one admits certain admirable or at least forceful properties in the character of the dictator.

A dictatorship, such as Hitler's, is largely a one-man job. The dictator, or he who wants to be one, must first of all find his assistants, people whom he can trust in everything. Then he must be able to hold them and, for them at least, he must be somebody to be looked up to.

To do all this successfully he must have a forceful personality—he must inspire confidence and strength. It is necessary for him to be able to judge people well, and he must be an interesting personality.

But to sway large masses of people, he must be something more than all this. He must be a prophet. He must be clever enough to find out some strong, hidden longing of the people and make himself the apostle of a doctrine in which this feeling is given a prominent place.

Seldom do nations who prosper adopt this kind of government, but during a crisis it is often taken up, since there are certain advantages in employing a totalitarian government during a crisis.

The most important matter in difficult times is a quick and thorough co-ordination of all available forces, and their swift and decisive direction against the influences endangering the life of the nation.

It is comparatively easy for the dictator to introduce high speed into his methods.

If the dictator sees what is wrong and is sufficiently interested in his nation to try to improve conditions, he can find means to do so as easily as a democratic government, but it is much easier for him to use those means for the good of the nation. To see an example of this, one only needs to compare the physical fitness campaigns in Germany and in England.

If the dictator has chosen the best people to work with him and knows what he wants, he can be a great beneficial influence, especially as his system cuts out the great drawback to scientific and other progress, public prejudice.

Often we see that countries in which a totalitarian form of government has been introduced, are far from making progress in certain directions, and many arguments have been used to point out that it must be so.

A short time ago I read an article in the *Listener*, in which it was mentioned that in a dictatorship one of the biggest drawbacks is that there is no discussion possible, and, as an example, was mentioned the great German motor highways which have been built at the command of Hitler. The writer of that article expressed the hope that, because the English people could argue about relative merits of different types of roads, the British roads of the future would be even better than those produced by Germany.

It is easy to see that the writer makes a mistake. He says that the roads were built at the command of Hitler, but goes on as if the roads were built as Hitler wanted them.

The totalitarian state does not cut out discussion, at any rate not in practical matters, but substitutes for a public discussion that by the expert. This can be a great advantage, as often the general public, knowing little about the job to be dealt with, makes futile and time-wasting arguments.

In such matters as beliefs, religious and political, of course not much divergence of opinion is usually possible, which indeed is a drawback if the direction in which the government is moving is not towards the highest ideals.

Under a dictator, the nation is to a large extent a machine. He has at his disposal force and all methods of propaganda, which constitute a most dangerous weapon, but that the people on the top are not influenced to any large extent by public opinion can be very good for the nation as a whole.

It has often been said that under a dictatorship the individual has not enough freedom. It is indisputable that he has not the same amount as in a democracy, but in many cases individual interests are only suppressed so that a larger number might benefit, and whether that is good or bad is difficult to decide.

In times as these, where the main object of life seems to be the gathering of material wealth, it makes very little difference whether we have a dictatorship or a democracy.

In times when men have reached a higher level, it also may matter little, as there is little to choose between the ideal democracy and the ideal dictatorship. What is important, though, is to consider which form of government is more likely to produce the change we need.

The democracy might be a slow development towards better conditions, but is it not possible that there may come a dictator with worthy aims, who can make a great step forward? One man with a vision may make all the difference in a dictatorship, but can he do so in a democracy?

It is easy to blame a dictator for the shortcomings of his administration, but still there are far too many generalizations about the methods and characters of dictators.

One of the soundest arguments I ever heard against dictatorships was that it was more of a gamble than a democracy. It is easy to do good, but it is equally easy to do evil, and unless one hits on the superman by chance the dictatorship is too risky. A dictator can be the cause of great progress, but he also can throw his people back to some more primitive mode of life.

If we want development, the democracy is the safer way to make it. If we want a quick thorough change of conditions, might it not be useful sometimes to employ a dictatorship ?

[*Contributed.*]

HOUSE PLAYS

THE Houses gave their plays on Saturday, February 12th, in the Assembly Hall, Godlee presenting "The Purple Bedroom", Crosfield "Queer Street" and Morland "The Bathroom Door". These plays were within the capacity of those taking part, though the first called for more acting ability than did the others. When selecting a play, it is important to bear in mind not only the subject matter but the acting capacities of those taking part. Godlee might have made a more congenial selection. All those taking part in the various plays knew their text, and virtually no mistakes were made. But it certainly looked as if some had aimed at being little more than word-perfect. Much time had obviously been spent in preparing and making scenery, though that in the Godlee play perhaps was unnecessarily elaborate. The scenery of the other two plays was simple, significant and sufficient.

Now for the acting itself. Godlee's acting suffered from a lack of vitality and at times became boring. It was often difficult to catch what was being said, and more than once the speakers turned their backs to the audience. The grouping sometimes reminded one of Madame Tussaud's waxworks. Woodhouse made the best impression.

Far different was Crosfield's effort. Their play sprang into life at the very start. Mattingly as a cockney burglar was 100 per cent. alive all the time, and never once was his accent shaky. Some of the others, however, lapsed into respectable tones and lacked his vitality. Winfield was very amusing in

his cockney timidity before the "policeman", but he occasionally overdid his part. Wife and daughter were not so good. The tea-table setting lacked reality, and one felt there was "nothing doing" so far as the meal was concerned. Cudbird was too "educated" for his part.

Morland successfully presented their play, and the general level of the acting was good. The dialogue was usually brisk, but they did not always speak out loud enough. They had realized the importance of a good opening: there Wundsch was very good. Joyce Francis, Judy Lockspeiser, Catherine Webb, Keeble and Jackson carried out their parts well on the whole.

The judges put Crosfield first, Morland second and Godlee third, the points scored being respectively 5½, 4 and 1½ out of a possible maximum of 6.

D.P.

GIRLS' GAMES

SPRING TERM

IT is unfortunate that we have to report no improvement in the actual wins of our Hockey teams this term. Owing to members of the 1st XI being unable to play, the 2nd XI have acted as substitutes, and have not had much opportunity to play their fixtures.

Netball was started rather late in the term with 1st and 2nd games. Some girls showed considerable ability at the game, but as training for athletics began on February 21st, it was impossible to continue practices.

Athletics are very much to the fore as this goes to press. All groups seem to be undivided in their intention of breaking records, or achieving as many points for their House as possible.

It is a pleasant sight to see the keen contestants lining up for their various forms of training every afternoon.

Individual criticism of the Hockey Team follows :—

A. GODFREY. Goalkeeper. Has good possibilities. Must concentrate on quicker action, thus enabling her to cover spaces more easily. Double footwork good.

E. SHINER. Right Back. Steady defence. Inclined to delay clearing from the circle. Should study carefully her opponents' methods of attack.

C. WEBB. Left Back. Has a good knowledge of defence play, but is inclined at times to leave her circle undefended. Should show more consideration for her goalkeeper by allowing her to have a clear view of the ball.

M. GREAVES. Right Half. Has filled this position very well this term. Stickwork and ball control needs much careful attention and practice.

J. HOLLAND. Centre Half. Stickwork very good. A player who should go a long way in the Hockey world.

J. FRANCIS. Left Half. Very good wing half. Marks her opponent well. Anticipates and intercepts passes with accuracy.

J. HOLDEN. Right Wing. Inclined to keep the ball too long on the wing. Ball control needs care. Interchanges well with her inner.

M. MILLS. Right Inside. A promising player if only she would settle down to her game, and accept the fact that she has faults to be corrected. Stickwork good. Goal scoring not up to standard.

SHEILA SMITH. Centre Forward. Has not yet learnt the art of dodging her defence. Must try to improve her positioning during play. Ball control and stickwork require much practice.

J. LOCKSPEISER. Left Inside. Should concentrate on quicker footwork, then centre passing will become easier. Good combination with left wing.

V. RAYNER. Left Wing. Ball control and stickwork good. Should try to speed up her game.

On the whole the team is lacking in sustaining effort.

BOYS' GAMES AND ATHLETICS, 1938

AS regards Football, there is little to add from last term. During the first part of the term there were few fixtures, but a good number of matches have been arranged on the half-holidays during training, including the Old Scholars' match on March 5th.

Training for Sports began on February 21st officially, but many boys have been in training since the beginning of term. There should be some keenly contested races in the finals. House enthusiasm is being fanned by the various captains.

The Gymnastic Competitions will be held on March 12th.

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF MY GERMAN VISIT

I HAVE heard it said that when one travels to Germany one must eat sausages and travel on the Reichsautobahn. So far as the sausages are concerned I imagined they would be about the same as English ones. But in fact they are anything but the same. The average Englishman knows of two or three kinds of sausage, but the German knows of many. In one shop I counted ninety different kinds and sizes.

It had been decided from the very beginning that I was to go by myself, the reasons for this being, firstly, that there was no one to go with me, and secondly it would be good for me. So at 2 p.m. on Saturday, December 18th, 1937, I left Victoria on my first Continental journey. The outward journey apart from its natural excitement was not very thrilling. The crossing was smooth—far too smooth and very cold. The train journey at the other end was rather the opposite, rather bumpy and very hot. There were eight of us in a compartment for that number, and the others refused to have a window open under any circumstances. I managed to stick ten hours of this

but after that I retired to the corridor to spend the rest of my fourteen hours' journey there.

Frankfurt-am-Main, which was my destination, was reached at 7.30 the following morning—just an hour late. I was met and taken in a car to my " home ". Having been shown my bedroom, I had my first bit of sleep that night.

The first few days were spent in such things as accustoming myself to traffic on the right-hand side. I did a good bit of cycling whilst there. German cycles all have a back pedalling brake, very thick tyres and a low gear. During my whole stay of four weeks I only saw one variable gear and that was on an English machine. It is amazing, however, to notice how popular " Auto-cycles " are. The town was snowed over for about a fortnight and during this period people on these Auto-cycles went along at about fifteen miles an hour with both feet scraping along the ground, really a very good idea, but it looks rather comical.

The roads, however, taken on the whole, are very good. Hitler is very keen on roads ; some people say his new Autobahnen are just to move soldiers about quickly in case of emergency. Whether this is so or not I don't know, but anyway he has made a fine job of them. Before the Nazi regime Germany was overrun with tramps. Many of these people were set to work on the Autobahnen or were trained for state service, and they have kept their work. Joining the army is not the only state service. Before 1933 there were so many tramps that it was not safe to leave your house at night whilst you went to the theatre. But now all that is gone. Any job that means wearing a uniform will attract German Youth. Even chimney sweeps have a uniform. They wear blue coats and top hats and are really quite handsome.

The Germans are very keen sportsmen and the physical fitness movement is all part of the Four Year Plan. At the physical fitness meeting I attended we had half an hour's gym and then half an hour's football, and a jolly tough game it was.

Because it was played in the dark hours of the morning it had to be indoors, but all the same it was very good.

Soon enough the time came for me to return home. I left Frankfurt at midnight. The journey was very good; the compartment I was in was upholstered and the other occupants approved of fresh air! The wireless had forecasted a gale all round England and I can quite believe it. The sea was quite rough. Dover was reached an hour and a half late; the Customs people only looked at my violin, which I was rather glad about, not that I had anything declarable, but I was rather glad to sit down in a warm train. I came back thinking England was a better place than I had thought it to be.

Charles Woodhouse
(Stage 7).

THE MODERN WOMAN



OMETIME or other, you will be bound to be asked what you think of the modern woman. It is one of the numerous questions you will be asked your opinion on, when you are being interviewed. (I presume, dear reader, that you are, of course, famous.) In this case you should have some idea of what to reply. You may say that she is cheap, blatant and blasé, caring for nothing but dress and amusement. Or, on the other hand, you may think that the modern woman is independent, upholding the "true womanhood of to-day".

Touching little comparisons are made between the modern woman, and the women of over twenty years ago, both extremely exaggerated. The modern woman, some people fondly imagine, is the type they read about in cheap fourpenny magazines and see in third-rate pictures. What I can gather from these books is that she is made out to be a hard, pleasure-seeking vamp, which may be true of that particular individual, but is utterly untrue of the woman of to-day.

These journalists are all wrong when they ask you to give them your opinion on " the modern woman ". How can you ? There is no such person. You hear a lot these days of that very illusive character, " the man in the street ", but there are so many different types of men that it is virtually impossible to have one person as a type. Another favourite is the " typical Englishman " but I doubt whether many men could be so described.

I think in many ways the cinema can be a positive danger in interpreting characters in the wrong way. We all know, or imagine we know, what an American looks and speaks like, and a great many people and especially the poorer classes who are more uneducated, will probably go through their lives with a wrong impression of certain historical and national characters. Most people get their idea of what is called " the modern woman " from the cinema. In third-rate films you will see her, exquisitely dressed, dashing about to different night clubs, in an extremely streamlined sports car, and drinking cocktails, the drink of this " modern woman ", at every opportunity.

I doubt whether you will ever meet a woman like this, and yet a large majority of people labour under the delusion that this type of person represents what is called " the modern woman ". It is my belief that this mythical person is only seen on the pictures, and read about in books.

Margaret Mills
(*Stage* 6).

THE LECTURE WEEK-END

THE general subject of this year's lectures was " Modern Social Tendencies ". The opening lecture was given by Mr. Charles Madge on " Mass Observation ". It has been customary for those anthropologists who wanted to do field work to visit tribes and primitive communities living in far-off lands. The need to study people in the mass rather than as individuals in modern society has led to the formation of a

" mass observation " group, among the leaders of which are Mr. Madge and Mr. Harrisson. They are assisted by some two thousand helpers in various parts of the country. To the statesman, politician and social reformer generally it is very necessary to understand both primitive and modern man. Primitive forces inherent in all of us are liable to break through into our conscious mind and cause much social mischief. Modern society is extremely complex and nobody knows more than small sections of it at first hand. Hence the need for a scientific study if really lasting and effective social work is to be done. It is not unified by the press or the wireless. There are important variations as between group and group and indeed no group is absolutely devoid of differences within itself. This science of mass observation is only in its infancy and there is need of helpers in all sections of society—ordinary people, not merely a few scientists. It is hoped as time goes on to formulate social laws that will be of real help. People's reactions must be observed both in times of crisis and of normality.

Recently reports have been coming in on the Eden crisis. The need to-day is to find out what public opinion on some long-time problems really is. The Peace Ballot was one means of finding out the views of certain classes. We need to study institutions such as the churches, the public-houses, dance-halls, etc. No aspect of social life must be neglected. A very interesting discussion followed, particularly after Mr. Madge had read the group's pamphlet on smoking. The importance of this inquiry went far beyond the mere question of smoking itself, in so far as it threw considerable light on the genesis and development of social habits.

On Saturday evening Miss Jean Thompson, Housing Estates Manager to the Borough of Southall, gave a lantern lecture to the whole school on " Problems of Modern Housing and Re-Housing ". The slides were chosen to bring out vividly the differences between slum houses and those which are now replacing them in various parts of the country. Since the

Armistice 3½ million houses have been built, about a million having been erected by municipalities. Miss Thompson was convinced that public authorities would settle the housing question. Their entry into housing has led to the systematic planning of estates and has convinced the public of the need for the better designing of the houses themselves. Housing Committees should have more women on them and qualified architects should be more generally employed by them. Every town should have its Housing Manager, whose function it should be to keep in touch with the tenants and the Housing Committee. Moreover, each housing estate should have an advisory committee of the tenants themselves. In this way much misunderstanding would be avoided and reforms facilitated. The lecturer emphasized the fact that the problem of housing is not an isolated one but is organically connected with other economic and social problems. This brought up the question of subsidies and differential renting. Here, if abuses and misunderstandings are to be avoided, a Housing Manager with an intimate knowledge of the social and economic conditions affecting the tenants is absolutely necessary. Housing must be definitely recognized as a branch of social science. Community Centres are needed on the big estates and as far as possible these should be run by the tenants themselves, but where effective local leadership is lacking outsiders may be brought in. There must be further decentralization of town planning in the way of garden cities. All through her lecture and the discussion it was evident that Miss Thompson knew her subject from A to Z.

Mr. Jim Barnes and Mr. George Woods, two of Professor John Hilton's secretaries, were the speakers on the Sunday afternoon. The former, in the course of a witty talk, gave some amusing samples of the sort of correspondence that sometimes comes to them via the B.B.C. Mr. Woods soon showed himself an expert on the subject of Hire Purchase. Largely by means of actual cases that had come his way he made

out a clear case for a radical reform of the whole system, whilst admitting that it had good cultural effects, providing furniture, books, radio-sets, etc., to those who might not otherwise get them. Abuses were inherent in the system, the intense cut-throat competition having led to very low deposit payments and to credit being given to those in no economic position to receive it. The results were often disastrous. Many of the clauses in the contracts were iniquitous and often misunderstood by those who signed. The precarious position of the salesmen often forced them to lie and keep important facts back. He gave hearty support to Miss Ellen Wilkinson's Bill now before Parliament and made clear its chief provisions. As at previous lectures there was a stimulating discussion.

In the Evening Meeting, Philip Radley gave an inspiring address.

The usual Hockey and Football matches redounded to the credit of the visitors, the present girls losing 4—0, the present boys 8—0. D.P.

SCHOOL DIARY

Nov. 18th.—Hockey tourney: Morland *v.* Godlee, senior. Morland won 7—0.

,, 19th.—Hockey tourney: Morland *v.* Crosfield, junior. Crosfield won 5—2.
Football tourney: Morland *v.* Crosfield, junior. Morland won 4—1.

,, 20th.—Hockey match: 1st XI. *v.* Foulmere Ladies, home, lost, 4—3.

,, 26th.—Football tourney: Godlee *v.* Crosfield, junior, drew, 0—0.

,, 27th.—Avenue concert.
Hockey match: 1st XI. *v.* Saffron Walden Ladies, home, lost, 3—0.
Football match: Boys' 1st XI. *v.* Cambridge Technical School, home, lost, 5—1.

Dec. 16th.—School closes.

Jan. 13th.—School reopens.

,, 22nd.—Hockey match: 1st XI. *v.* Cambridge County School, home, drew, 1—1.

,, 24th.—Merit half-holiday.

,, 29th.—Hockey match: 1st XI. *v.* Braintree High School, away, lost, 3—0.

Feb. 5th.—Football match: 1st XI. *v.* Custerson's Boys' XI., home, lost, 3—2.
Puppet Show by Walter Wilkinson.
,, 9th.—Football match: 1st XI. *v.* Newport Grammar School, away, lost, 9—0.
2nd XI. *v.* Newport Grammar School, home, lost, 4—3.
,, 12th.—House Plays.
,, 18th.—Merit half-holiday.
,, 19th.—Hockey match: 1st XI. *v.* Hockerill Training College, away, lost, 4—0.
Football match: 1st XI. *v.* St. Christopher's, home, won, 2—1.
Lecture: "The Problem of Alcohol," by Margaret Baker.
,, 26th.—Lecture: "Nature in Malay," by Richard E. Holttum.
Mar. 5th.—Old Scholars' Lecture Week-end.
Hockey match: 1st XI. *v.* Old Scholars, lost, 4—0.
Football match: 1st XI. *v.* Old Scholars, lost, 8—0.
,, 9th.—Football match: Cambridge Technical School, lost, 13—2.

NOTICES

Three numbers of *The Avenue* will be published during 1938, 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.

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