THE AVENUE



DECEMBER 1927

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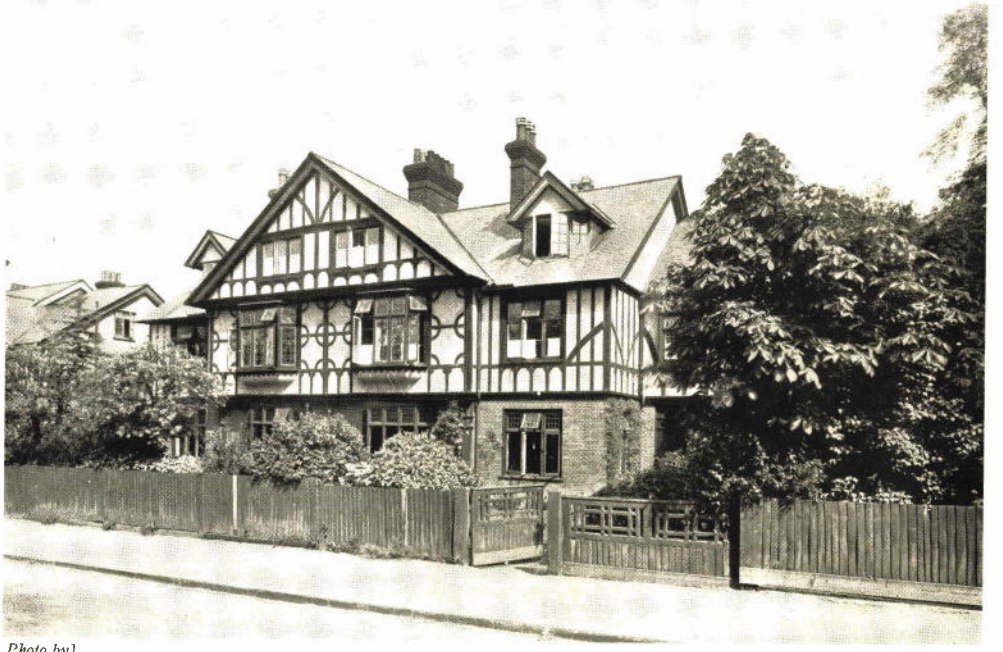


Photo by] [H. B. LEMERE

HILLCROFT, SAFFRON WALDEN



The Magazine of the Friends' School, Saffron Walden.

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FOREWORD.

THE most important event of this Term, perhaps, is the building of the new kitchens and the addition of some new apparatus. Despite the fact that an early start was made on the work, it was found towards the end of the summer holidays that sufficient progress had not been made to do the necessary catering, and so an extra week's holiday was given. Building operations continued until after half-term.

Upon our return a week later, we found some slight changes in the Dining-room and also that owing to the fact that a new storeroom was not yet completed, the Matric. Room was being utilised for that purpose, while the Girls' Prefects' Room was doing temporary duty as a class-room. School re-opened with a record number of girls, two more than last term, the number of girls in the school now exceeding that of the boys.

It is with particular pleasure that we welcome Mrs. Radley back to the school, to which she has returned as a Music Mistress after the lapse of a few years. We also extend a welcome to Mr. Cadman and Mr. Glasier who have come to us as student-masters, and it is with regret that we said " good-bye " to Miss Collie and Mr. Hodgkinson after their brief stay of one term.

The Matriculation results of this year are distinctly worthy of mention. Out of eleven entrants, eight gained Matriculation, three—John Burtt, Ernest Farrell and Mollie Hodgett—with honours. The latter is particularly worthy of congratulation since she is the first girl from this school to attain so high a standard. The remaining entrants obtained the School Certificate, and there were no failures.

During the holidays, two Peel Camps were held, one, a Boy Scouts' camp, on the school field, while another camp for girls was held near Welwyn, both of which were attended by, and carried on with the help of scholars from here, all of whom managed to enjoy themselves thoroughly.

Bessie McGowan
(*Stage 7*).

THE SCHOOL TRAMP, 1927.

TRAMP! With what memories does the sight of this word fill the minds of all Trampers, and how many stories are told when they meet again after the holidays. Tales of how they rose so early to bathe or to climb some hill, or how they walked miles with blistered feet, and many others.

No matter where the Tramp goes or what the weather is like, it is always the same, for where else is that same spirit of freedom and comradeship to be found—that spirit which raises the Tramp above all other tours either walking or motoring?

This year we went to the south-west of England, to Somerset. Unfortunately, owing to the distance, most of the first day had to be spent in the train, though we broke the journey for a few hours at Bath. But at length we reached Axbridge, and shouldering our rüc-sacs we walked to the little village of Lower Weare. Here we spent the first three nights at the foot of the Mendips.

The main features of our stay in the Mendips were a visit to the Cheddar caves, after a walk over the hills and down through

the Gorge on Saturday, and a visit to Sidcot School on Sunday. On the Sunday afternoon we went over the whole of the school, and I think we were all making comparisons with our own school. I must say that we envied them for their concert hall and library, and perhaps most of all for the beautiful country surrounding them. We were indebted to Dr. Lean for the use of the swimming bath, of which most of us took advantage.

Monday might almost be called the archæologists' day, for we visited two old towns, Wells and Glastonbury. We went to Wells cathedral and waited until the famous clock struck the hour, and then went on to Glastonbury with its ruined abbey and Chalice Well. The latter interested me the most with its mysterious unfailing supply of water.

On Tuesday we had the first of our motor rides, one of the features of this year's Tramp owing to the difficulty in obtaining accommodation in the places we wished to visit. This day we crossed the Quantocks and caught our first glimpse of the sea, or rather the Bristol Channel, which we reached at Watchet, a small sea-side town. Here, in spite of the shortage of time and the numerous sea-weed covered rocks, some enthusiasts managed to bathe.

Then after walking to Dunster and waiting there for some time we were conveyed by a char-a-banc to Dulverton, where we were to spend the last three nights of the Tramp. This little town is a great fishing and stag-hunting centre, and in fact the day after we arrived, one of the largest hunts of the year was being held about ten miles away.

This made but little difference to us, except that it made our ride to Porlock take much longer than was expected, and so there was no time for bathing. Just outside Porlock we visited a little church which is said to be the smallest in England, but we were informed that there are really two others still smaller. If so they must be very small indeed, for this one had only about three pews in the whole church.

During the afternoon we turned inland again, and, after some

miles of walking, we crossed the county boundary into Devon. This was the first time that we entered Devon, although Dulverton is quite near the boundary.

But by this time the Tramp was nearly over, only two more days being left. The first of these we spent on Exmoor by the river Barle, which was described by a lady living near it as "the most heavenly place on earth."

But time passed quickly, and next day we found ourselves at Paddington Station bidding a hasty good-bye and departing on our several ways homeward.

BETTY MILNE (1922-27).

SCHOOL SOCIETIES.

THE LITERARY SOCIETY.

EVERY successful year's work has been done since our last report. The majority of the essays reached a high standard, and the subjects have been varied and interesting. The first place was taken by John O. Burtt, whose two essays, "On Writing an Essay" and "Examinations," were both notable for a quiet vein of humour. He was closely followed by C. Kohler, who took the rather ambitious subject of "Man," and Bessie McGowan, whose story of the invasion of Britain, "Gaius Manlius" was well worked out.

A special subject evening on "Children's Books" proved a great success. Another special evening was taken up by a play-reading, "All through Martha," and on another occasion two-minute speeches were delivered. The social evening in January was a hilarious occasion much enjoyed by all.

Musical items have usually been forthcoming for our meetings, and we have enjoyed many creditable performances, but recitations have been few in number this year.

J.P.W.



Photo by] [C. B. Rowntree

THE SCHOOL TRAMP, 1927—SIDCOT

BOYS' READING CLUB.

As usual termly meetings have been held, those in the Spring and Summer terms being at Hillcroft, by kind invitation of Mr. and Mrs. Rowntree.

At the first meeting the books for discussion were: "John Inglesant," by J. Shorthouse; "Widowers' Houses," by G. B. Shaw; "Unto this Last," by Ruskin; and "Garibaldi and the Thousand," by G. M. Trevelyan. The second of these gave rise to the best discussion.

In March a lengthy discussion took place on Candler's "Unveiling of Lhassa"; and an equally interesting one on Galsworthy's "Escape." A more solid work, "Mandates," by Freda White, had not been so widely read, but H. G. Wells' "History of Mr. Polly" had been much enjoyed.

At the end of the Summer Term the lighter reading was supplied by an excellent selection of Q's "Short Stories," but the best discussion was produced by Norman Angell's "The Public Mind." Mr. Brereton's introduction was a valuable contribution to the meeting. "Selected Essays," by Augustine Birrell and Halcott Glover's play, "Wat Tyler," were the other books discussed.

John O. Burtt made an excellent secretary and his summary of the discussions was always admirably done. As a general rule the introducers of the books did their work well and laid the foundation for a profitable talk on the books read.

J.P.W.

NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY.

During this year our Society has held its meetings on alternate Thursdays with a fair amount of regularity. We are glad to be able to report that despite the fact that many of our members left the school last July, there is now an increase in membership.

A distinct improvement has been noted in the standard of the essays, those of G. Tawell and K. Smith being exceptionally good. K. Smith has interested us with his animal essays,

introducing us to many of the inmates of the Zoological Gardens, while G. Tawell has dealt with another section of Zoology, that of bird life. D. Schove has faithfully kept up the Meteorological report throughout the year and has given us several essays in connection with it.

The interest of some of our meetings has been added to by talks by Mr. Morris.

Although our excursions have not been very numerous this year those we have had have been very enjoyable. Our first excursion in the Autumn Term was to Clavering. In the Summer Term we joined the Essex Field Club in a ramble in the Debden Vale and Park. The excursion of the year, however, was to Wicken Fen. We are looking forward to many equally enjoyable excursions in the forthcoming year.

Yvonne Gundry
(*Stage* 7).

GIRLS' READING CLUB.

For the Girls' Reading Club this year has proved a successful one. Not only has interest in the Society been strong and the number of applications for vacancies been flattering, but the auctions of books have more than paid our expeness and we were glad at the end of the year to present five books to the Girls' library. Also introductions to books have been kept at a high standard by the taking of the book as a whole instead of going into detail. Discussions have been keen and interesting, showing the enjoyment that most members have found in reading the books chosen.

Several types of literature have been taken during the year: novels, biographies, plays, and a volume of poems, but the two books enjoyed perhaps the most of all were two of David Grayson's cheerful philosophy. The lives of Abraham Lincoln and Mahatma Ghandi were taken, in the year, and proved interesting, as did one of Roberts' books on animal life and Henri Barbusse's " Under Fire," a realistic and grim account

of mechanical warfare. Novels read were "Stella Maris," "Kim," and "Les Miserables," all likeable books though of such different styles.

Our Spring and Autumn meetings were held in Miss Priestman's study, but last term we were so fortunately favoured by the weather as to be able to hold the last meeting of the year out of doors for, at any rate, the greater part of the time.

Our chief regret at the end of this year is the loss of our secretary, Iris Harris, who always succeeded in managing affairs so well, and who wrote such delightfully descriptive minutes. The vote of thanks which was given her upon the occasion of her last meeting was very well deserved.

We can only hope that next year will prove as successful as this one has been.

Bessie McGowan
(*Stage* 7).

THE MIDDLE LITERARY SOCIETY.

This year the standard of the essays has not been quite up to that of the last two years. There have been too many short essays, showing a general lack of care in preparation and execution. They have too often been done at the last moment. At times the reading has suffered from their not having previously been carefully read through.

The subjects selected have usually been worthy of a good essay. The weak "blood and thunder" type of story seems to have died a natural death. The best essays have been written by Joan Francis, Schove and Parsons.

There was not enough general discussion in the meetings, Francina Close, Parsons and Scott having taken by far the greater part in this.

We have had a fair number of musical items, mostly from Mulholland. On a number of occasions Francina Close has pleased us with her recitations.

The diaries have shown a decided improvement this year, in both fulness and accuracy.

As usual the Summer Social was a good success. Throughout the year the secretaries have splendidly carried out their duties.

M.G.Y.
D.P.

JUNIOR LITERARY SOCIETY.

For the last few years it has been increasingly difficult to get together a satisfactory Society at the beginning of the new school year. It is not easy to say just what are the reasons for this, but any adequate explanation would have to take into account the fact that the average age of the members is now somewhat lower than it was formerly, and also that, owing to the improvement in the general life of the School, Societies are to a less extent *events* and relatively have lost a deal of their former attraction. However, in regard to the year under review the initial difficulty in getting the boys and girls to undertake the responsibilities of membership in the way of preparation of material for meetings was soon overcome, and subsequently there was no lack of essays, recitations and musical items.

The essay subjects chosen were mostly of the adventure type and as regards length and quality the essays were scarcely up to normal standard. Mention should be made of Edith Kilbey, Margaret Evens, Reader and Buckmaster for their essay contributions.

As regards recitations and musical items the output was considerable and the standard attained very good. We have enjoyed especially the recitations by Eileen Kendall and Hull, and the pianoforte selections by Edith Kilbey, Vera Brewis, Muriel Anderson and Spurge have shown thorough preparation. Margaret Herries gave us several songs, and the vocal contributions from Seed and Buckmaster formed a welcome innovation.

ARNOLD BRERETON.

JUNIOR NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY.

During the last year, the Society has been less active than usual, and few meetings have been held because insufficient material was produced. The increase of interests, such as the care of the inhabitants of the pet shed, help to account for this, and it has been thought advisable to close the Society for a time.

Several walks were held during the Summer Term and were well attended. During these some good finds of flowers and nests were made.

E.M.R.

THE PET SHED.

NEW ventures seldom lack critics, and the Pet Shed has been no exception, as witness the nickname, the "Pest House," a name coined at its inception, and one which owed its origin more to the ready wit of its coiners than to their capacity for judgment. The project of providing accommodation for pets had been under consideration for some time, and, thanks to the labours of certain members of the School, it became an accomplished fact last Easter Term.

That it supplied a long felt want was obvious at once, for it soon became crowded with rabbits, rats and mice. Daily could be seen processions of "owners" entering with food or emerging with their pets clinging to some part of their persons.

The problem of numbers, however, soon presented itself, and the capacity for multiplication shown by the pets themselves outstripped their owners' opportunity for division amongst their friends, and had to be checked by the intelligent co-operation of members or cancelled where that was lacking.

An unfortunate outbreak of disease among the rats and mice led to their being banned at the end of the following term, and to-day, amongst the rabbits, the only tenants of the shed, apart from some poultry, a higher standard of rabbit culture has begun by the introduction of some pedigree stock! In his

capacity for affection, however, the mongrel, as always, holds its own.

A member of the Staff has undertaken to be the "Curator of responsibilities," a task which brings him occasionally into the bad books of delinquent owners but wins him the undying gratitude of the beasties.

S.G.K.B.

IN THE COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION.



LL honour is due to Messrs. Simkins & Co., builders of Cambridge, for not only have they provided us with wonderful new kitchens in an incredibly long time, but they also have given us entertainment in many ways. They have dug mighty holes in the yard as a snare for the feet of the unwary, and playfully strewn the path to the side door with half bricks and discarded tiles in a manner at once amusing and ingenious, though a trifle annoying to the pedestrian. Under the arch they have piled stacks of planks, sacks, barrels and pipes of various sizes and thicknesses that only a narrow fairway remains, into which in the most amiable manner in the world, they shunt a lorry on dark evenings, providing thrills for the outward bound. Indeed we should like to meet the person, or persons, who left a carpenter's bench complete with metal gadgets out all night near the laundry. We would have them know that one dark night the same metal gadgets caught a sedate and unsuspecting inmate of the Hostel a wicked blow below the belt, entirely contrary to the rules of the noble art of self defence.

However, these are only occasional treats in which the boys at any rate cannot participate. Much more interesting are our lessons in the Prefects' Room, where towards dinner time we are interrupted by sudden jets of steam which rise, hissing, just outside our window. History's interest palls when a ladder

pokes suddenly through the window as if filled with a desire for knowledge, and Arithmetic is drowned by the diapason of the hammers upon the rising walls. And what about that noise of crashing earthenware to which we listen regularly from 10.30 to 10.45 every day ?

Private Study on Thursday afternoon is usually enlivened by vocal entertainment. A philanthropist from the roof opposite announces that he *wants* to be happy, but he *won't* be happy, till he's made *you* happy, too-oo ! Very commendable language for a very worthy aim, but being sung two and a half tones flat, his song fails somewhat in its purpose. Then from the top of a near-by ladder comes the tender, though discordant, appeal, " Maggie " (" Yes, Ma ! ") " Come right upstairs ! " The answer being apparently in the negative, the vocalist discovers that he has come up without his hammer or spilt his box of tacks and descends with that vigour and alacrity peculiar to the British workman, amid cries of " Aren't you clever ! " from the regions of the kitchen.

" Now, Miss," says an amiable voice from the semi-darkness of the Arch, " please don't fall down that hole ! " The aperture in question being nearly full of foul water accumulated on account of a blockage, the temptation is not strong nor is the response to the request hearty. " But I thought you was going to, Miss ! " says an injured voice. Turning to protest we promptly fall over a heap of old tiles. " Now do be careful, Miss, that's eighteen pence a tile for every tile you break." Whereat we remove our injured person with sundry remarks in an undertone.

This occurred on the morning after the flood, when owing to the stoppage of a drain, the yard was under quite a quarter of an inch of water and somebody rushed upstairs with the surprising news that if it wasn't stopped it would go on.

Conversations like the following are every day occurrences. First a female voice shouts out from the kitchen, " Turner, where's the onions ? " A voice from the roof announces, " You

can search *me !* " " Look here," bawls a voice from the ground, " How long d'you think you're going to stay up there ? " " Until I come down ! " is the waggish answer. " Tom," another voice comes, distantly pathetic, " I want yer ! " " You'll 'ave to get on without ! " says the exasperated Thomas. " I'm not 'doing any ! " And, having dropped a few tiles within an ace of his tormentor's head, with resounding crashes, work proceeds in silence for a time.

Without a doubt we shall miss Messrs. Simkins & Co. when they pack up their tools on their lorry and return to Cambridge, and the yard is left clean, level and quiet.

Bessie McGowan
(*Stage 7*).

AN INTRODUCTION—A MONTH'S OBSERVATION—A CONCLUSION.

(*Concluded.*)



E now come back again to the aquatic birds, and I will refer first to the study I made of that most interesting bird, the Shelduck. This duck is a bigger bird than the wild Duck or Mallard and winters nomadically on the marshes, but in Spring it leaves the marshes and retires to the waste land, there to remain until the breeding season is over. Shelduck nest in colonies and usually build in disused rabbit burrows. Some of the waste land is composed of large mounds, covered in places by trees, and it was one of these mounds that the Shelduck chose for their breeding ground.

On examining the holes, I learned that the Shelduck does not necessarily follow the direct tunnel of the rabbit (which is usually excavated in all directions) but takes a straight line. I proved this by poking a long stick up the tunnel, and if the

path turned before it was about three feet in, then it was a rabbit burrow ; if it was straight all the way, it was occupied by a duck. How could I tell that it was occupied by a duck to begin with ? Because I saw the footprints outside on the soft soil, so there was no time wasted in vainly poking a stick down countless rabbit holes ! We had seven pairs nesting there this year, though of course I was not able to get a photograph of a nest, as that would have meant destroying a clutch of, may be, as many as twelve eggs. Had I opened the tunnel I should probably have found, at the terminus, a considerable amount of bracken and grass shaped into a large, shallow cup and lined profusely with grey down plucked from the duck's breast. Possibly the eggs might have numbered twelve, but more likely about eight or nine.

I found the best time for observing these strange and beautiful birds was in the early morning. But it would have been of little use getting there after 6.30 a.m., for twice I got to the spot at that precise time, and on each occasion the females were just thinking of retiring to their dark, underground homes. Pair after pair would return from the mud-flats of the tidal river, and stand outside the warren preening their feathers. This done, the drake runs backwards and forwards between the duck and the nesting hole, until he eventually gently persuades her to enter. When all the ducks are brooding the drakes begin to preen their feathers again, and having completed their toilet they lie about in the sun. If anyone approaches they all begin to " quack," run along in a flock—just as would a flock of ordinary domesticated ducks—and finally take to their wings. If you see them basking in the sun in this way there is always one on guard, standing motionless, with head erect. Whether they take it in turns to do this is a problem I have not yet solved. This small gathering outside the nesting warren remains there all the morning, but in the afternoon they disperse, probably because the tide is out, thus enabling them to get fresh food from the wide stretches of flat mud.

It was on these same tidal mud-flats that in the early spring I watched the gatherings of the Redshank and several species of Gulls. They were not nesting, but what I call " banqueting." I remember looking over the sea-wall one day and watching a huge number of mixed Gulls and Redshanks all feeding, playing and quarrelling together, making the most of the surface-lying creatures of the mud and each one trying to procure what another one had secured.

This may be seen every day, all through the winter and the beginning of spring. About the second week of April the Redshanks leave the mud-flats, split up into small groups of from five to a dozen, and visit the pools and ditches in the marshland. Gradually they pair off and start nesting.

If disturbed while the female is sitting, the male bird wheels up with quick, jerky wing-beats and flies up high, later to circle down with quivering wings into a neighbouring ditch. To see a number of these birds descending in this fashion is, indeed, a sight worth seeing ; for the wonderful vibration of the wing feathers that they are able to control in the air is extraordinary. Sometimes a bird will descend like this and alight on a post or rail and keep this peculiar vibration up for quite a time. I watched one do it for about three minutes last April.

The Yellow Wagtail (*Motacilla Flava*) was one of the chief birds of interest to me. Though not an aquatic bird in its family or order, it was nesting on our marshes—not actually on the marshes proper, but on the same beanfield that I have spoken of before. I feel quite safe in saying that there were no less than a dozen pairs on this nine acre bean-field. Unluckily I was not fortunate enough to find a nest, but I was able to watch the birds to a certain extent.

The early morning of any bright day simply echoed with the constant " twis-yits," or delicate little call of the Yellow Wagtail. Sometimes they would be busy flying about, but generally the cock bird could be seen perched on the top of some prominent bean, and the green-yellow colour of the back of the bird

closely resembled the foliage of the growing beans, making the bird extremely difficult to see.

Although a shy bird, on my approach the bird was quite content to flutter on a few yards and stay there as before. The Yellow Wagtail is quite a rare bird and is noted as local in certain places, and I therefore have the pleasure of believing that these very marshes are one of its known localities.

Have you ever wondered how the Mistle Thrush (*Turdus Viscivorus*) got its name ? I know it has two or three names but the most common one is the one given above and not " Missel Thrush." The name Mistle Thrush is derived from the fact that it is very fond of the berries of that well known parasite, the mistletoe. Last April I visited a garden where there are several big bunches of mistletoe growing on apple trees, and in one of these bunches was a Mistle Thrush's nest. It was only about five feet from the ground and perfectly open to the eye. The nest contained fully grown young fledglings and the parent birds were both busy keeping the youngsters' ever hungry appetites satisfied. I don't know whether such an incident has occurred before, but it struck me at the time as being a very appropriate nesting site !

Now the rest of this essay is partly a plea to everyone, and partly a summing up of the reasons of the tremendous decrease in the number of nests this year. I take a note of every nest I find during the breeding season, and, comparing this year's with last year's record, I find that there is a decrease of practically fifty nests, despite the fact that I have covered about double the land this season to that of the previous year. Now I don't profess to be an expert nest finder, but I should have thought that as my knowledge on the subject increases each year, I should have found at least as many as last year, if not more. Obviously there has been something unusual taking place to make such a change.

Undoubtedly some of it is due to the peculiar weather conditions that Nature has provided us with this year. The

young birds which were hatched out in June had a very cold reception into the world compared with what they generally experience in June, so that they hardly knew how to keep warm. The old birds found it no easy job to get food for their young; one of the parents had to stay on the nest, keeping the youngsters warm, while the other did its best to keep them supplied with food, which was terribly scarce this year. If this continues we shall find our smaller birds gradually diminishing and in the end becoming extinct. However, we cannot alter Nature's ways and she is not likely to disappoint us two years running.

But something that we can alter is the other reason for the large decrease in nests; and that is the ever intruding hand of the human being. Whether he be an urchin or an experienced collector it is up to him to do his personal part in protecting and helping our British birds. It is most important, as you will realise when I tell you that an average of one out of every ten nests I found was robbed, and some of them in my sight. Having obtained a satisfactory photo of that Carrion Crow's nest, I was naturally looking forward to getting a picture of the young crows. I went, one day, to see if the eggs had hatched and what did I find there but two boys, well into their 'teens, sitting at the foot of the tree blowing crows' eggs! Well, the deed was done, so all I could do was to wish those individuals bad luck (which they certainly had, for they could not possibly blow the eggs, as they were near to hatching) and I showed them my photograph of the nest and eggs, which they both agreed to be worth a great deal more than an empty egg shell.

I guarantee that anyone who had been at my side during a certain walk I took last April would have been ashamed to witness the absolute bareness of hedges, except for empty nests. Really to the ornithologist, whether he be amateur or professional, it was downright disgusting. From one hedge in which there were built seven Blackbirds' nests and a Song Thrush's

there should have been reared over thirty birds but not one of these even left the shell!

Now do not think, "Oh! well, *he* may have seen less, but it does not necessarily follow that there really are less," for since my suspicions were aroused I have corresponded with other bird observers, and they have all come to the same conclusion. So to conclude I would like to ask you to try and do your part, however great or small, in protecting the birds and stopping the urchin, or the tripper, or even a member of the Friends' School, Saffron Walden, from taking eggs and interfering with birds' nests.

Unless something is done, and done quickly, and effectively, we shall, without exaggeration, have more of our birds becoming extinct and still more becoming rare, until gradually we shall find ourselves and our crops and every growing thing, being eaten away by maggots for want of insect-eating birds to carry out their duty. And it is every individual's job to see that this does not occur.

In short: Arise, for the time has come!

Geoffrey H. Tawell
(written in Stage 4a).

SCHOOL ATHLETICS.

BOYS' CRICKET.

THE cricket for the season attained a comparatively good standard in all the departments, helped by the more extensive use of the cricket nets as an aid to batsmen, and games devoted more to the fielder. The programme of matches was a full one, and as we had had a good deal of infection the previous term we expected a clear season in this direction, and our expectations were realised, only one or two games being scratched.

The School XI. played seven matches out of which one was drawn and another won. One of the remaining five was

remarkable in that the highest score ever made in late years against the School XI. was registered. The total of over 300 by Bishop's Stortford town, playing on the Stortford town ground was compiled in a comparatively short space of time.

The chief bowlers for the School XI. were, as in the previous season, Mr. Whitlow and Mr. Pumphrey, Mr. Brereton being the first change bowler.

The Boys' XI., captained by H. D. Byles, succeeded rather better, and won six out of the eleven matches it played ; of the other five, four were lost and one drawn. The fielding was poor at the beginning of the season, but after a few matches a marked improvement was noticed. The batting was fairly consistent as was shown in numerous games, when the tail men did considerably better than the opening batsmen. B. Clayton, with an average of 13.1, won the bat presented by Mr. H. Crosfield, I. Parley running a close second with an average of 12.7. I. Parley and E. Farrell bore the brunt of the attack, I. Parley gaining the bowling honours. R. Cooke, the wicket-keeper for both the School and the Boys' XI., and incidentally the best wicket-keeper the School has had for some years, won the points for fielding.

The House Tournaments were carried out as in the previous season, each match being extended over a period of four days. All the games were finished, but none of them had a really close result. Crosfield came first with Godlee second.

Colours were awarded to I. Parley, H. D. Byles, R. G. Cooke, E. T. Farrell, E. G. Watson and E. Stansbury.

Basil Clayton
(*Stage* 6).

GIRLS' CRICKET.

It was again greatly regretted that owing to the great scarcity of ladies' cricket teams in this district, only three matches could be arranged for the Girls' XI. during the season. A match played on May 21st at Cambridge against

Homerton College, resulted in a loss for the home team by 69 runs to 82, but in a second innings the total of 83 was reached before time was declared.

Against the Old Scholars the team won easily with a margin of seven wickets, and also against a team brought together by Marjorie Land, the School won by 42 runs to 29.

In the tournaments which were played as usual, Godlee obtained first place and Crosfield second. During the season a fairly high standard of play was maintained, the team being ably captained by Betty Milne. At the end of the term, colours were awarded to Molly Trigg and Joan Francis.

Constance Bowtle
(*Stage 7*).

TENNIS.

The standard of tennis has, I think, slightly improved on that of the previous season. The team remained the same with the exception of one person, and considerable keenness was shown in the manner in which people worked to fill up that coveted place.

There was an unusual number of entries for the Senior Tennis Tournament this year. But as sometimes happens the competitors put off their tournaments until rather late in the term, and consequently they had to be played off hurriedly. Ruth Sandwith (Crosfield) succeeded in winning the championship for the second year in succession. Barbara Sandwith (Godlee) was the runner-up.

In the Junior Tennis Tournament, the championship was won by Eileen Woolridge (Godlee) with Myfanwy Rees (Godlee) as runner-up.

Excitement was caused by the fact that St. Christopher's School, Letchworth, challenged us for the first time at tennis, with a mixed team.

			Result.	Games. For.	Games. Against.
1st VI.	*versus*	Perse School 2nd VI. ..	Lost	62	73
"	"	Training College	Won	50	49
"	"	M. Land's Team	Won	131	76
"	"	St. Christopher's, Letchworth ..	Lost	45	63
"	"	Chantry Mount School	Lost	29	39
"	"	M. Land's Team	Won	83	73
		Total ..		400	373

Barbara Sandwith
(Stage 6).

GIRLS' AQUATICS.

Last term the standard of swimming on the girls' side improved greatly. Of the eighteen non-swimmers only four were left at the end of the term who had not completed the length. The pen knives were awarded to Joan Parley and Joan Mulholland.

Every girl seemed very keen to learn to dive, and a number succeeded well. The mile was another great achievement and even some of the smallest girls managed to swim the 72 lengths. Mollie Hodgett, who swam it for time, did it in forty-five minutes.

The sports were entered for keenly and brought good results. The record for the plunge was broken by Marjorie Close, and now stands at 49 ft. 4 ins.

The great event of the term was a match against the Cambridge Ladies' Swimming Club. In this match the school was victorious in every item except the diving in which we lost by one point. The plunge was won by Mary Close who did 45 ft. 8 ins. Joan Bull came an easy first in the length breast, swimming it in twenty seconds.

A good number of girls obtained the Proficiency Certificate and Bronze Medallion and three girls the Silver Award of the Royal Life Saving Association. Mollie Hodgett passed the test for the Honorary Instructor's certificate and Joan Gundry the Teacher's Certificate.

No displays were given by the girls at General Meeting or Whitsuntide as this year they devoted their attention to displays of gymnastics and Swedish dancing instead.

Marjorie Close
(*Stage* 6).

SWIMMING CHAMPIONSHIPS.

Senior Champion—Marjorie Close (Morland).
Runner-up—Mollie Hodgett (Crosfield).
Junior Champion—Edith Kilbey (Morland).
Runners-up—Francina Close, Vera Brewis } (Crosfield).

SENIOR.

One Length (Breast) :—1, Mary Close ; 2, M. Hodgett ; 3, Marjorie Close.
Two Lengths (Back) :—1, M. Hodgett ; 2, Mary Close ; 3, Marjorie Close.
Three Lengths (any style) :—1, M. Hodgett ; 2, Marjorie Close ; 3, Mary Close.
Fewest Strokes (Breast) :—1, M. Hodgett (5) ; 2, Mary Close and Marjorie Close ; 3, M. French.
Fewest Strokes (Back) :—1, M. French (5) ; 2, Marjorie Close ; 3, Mary Close, M. Berry and M. Dell.
Style (Breast) :—1, M. Hodgett ; 2, Mary Close ; 3, Marjorie Close.
Style (Back) :—1, Mary Close ; 2, M. French ; 3, Marjorie Close.
Style (Side) :—1, Marjorie Close ; 2, M. Hodgett ; 3, M. Dell.
High Dive :—1, Marjorie Close ; 2, J. Bull ; 3, M. French.
Plunge :—1, Marjorie Close ; 2, M. Hodgett ; 3, Mary Close. (Record 49 ft. 4 in.)

JUNIOR.

One Length (Breast) :—1, E. Kilbey ; 2, M. Rees ; 3, V. Brewis.
Two Lengths (Back) ; —1, E. Kilbey ; 2, V. Brewis ; 3, F. Close.
Three Lengths (any style) :—1, V. Brewis ; 2, S. Baker ; 3, E. Kilbey.
Fewest Strokes (Breast) :—1, F. Close and M. Rees (8) ; 2, S. Baker ; 3, E. Kilbey.
Fewest Strokes (Back) :—1, F. Close and S. Baker (6) ; 2, V. Brewis ; 3, E. Kilbey.
Style (Breast) :—1, E. Kilbey ; 2, M. Rees ; 3, F. Close.
Style (Back) ;—1, E. Kilbey ; 2, M. Rees ; 3, J. Parley.
Style (Side) :—1, V. Brewis ; 2, M. Rees ; 3, E. Kilbey.
High Dive :—1, F. Close ; 2, V. Brewis ; 3, M. Rees.
Plunge :—1, F. Close ; 2, I. Hooper ; 3, M. Rees.
Beginners' Race—1, J. Mulholland ; 2, D. Palmer; 3, J. Watson.
House Relay—1, Morland ; 2, Godlee.
House Sports—1, Crosfield ; 2, Godlee.

Royal Life Saving Society's Awards—

Proficiency Certificate	16
Bronze Medallion	7
Award of Merit	3
Honorary Instructor's or Teacher's Certificate	2

BOYS' AQUATICS.

The Aquatic Sports this year were marked by a considerable increase in all-round speed of swimming. That this increase is not confined to one or two individuals is shown by the fact that in the Relay race the winning team (Morland House) took six seconds off the previous record, the six lengths (150 yards) being completed in 1 min. 38⅕ secs. The improvement is chiefly due to the development of the Crawl stroke. Ivor Parley won the Senior Championship fairly easily, breaking three school records, H. D. Byles being the runner-up. In the Junior races, E. Owen-Jones was champion ; he beat the Plunge record, plunging 44 feet, or six feet further than any senior this year. Alan Scott was second.

The two swimming displays that the boys gave were more varied than in some previous years, the diving through paper hoops adding a spice of novelty.

The House Sports were closely contested, Godlee just beating Morland with an average of 18.8 to 18.1.

The sports results were as follows :

SENIOR.

Eighteen Lengths :—1, Parley ; 2, Farrell ; 3, Watson. 7 m. 18 secs.*
Four Lengths :—1, Parley ; 2, Watson ; 3, Farrell. 1 m. 11⅘ secs.*
Two Lengths :—1, Parley ; 2, Watson ; 3, Byles. 31⅘ secs.*
Two Lengths (Breast) :—1, Parley ; 2, Byles ; 3, Farrell. 41 secs.
Neat Dive :—1, Byles ; 2, Watson and Farrell ;
Plunge :—1, Francis ; 2, Dunstan ; 3, Byles. 38 ft. 3 in.

JUNIOR.

Nine Lengths :—1, Owen-Jones ; 2, Scott ; 3, Burtt ii. 4 m. 26⅘ secs.*
Two Lengths :—1, Owen-Jones ; 2, Green ; 3, Scott. 43⅘ secs.
One Length :—1, Owen-Jones ; 2, Scott ; 3, Sparrow. 18 secs.
Two Lengths (Breast) :—1, Cousins ii. ; 2, Burtt ii. ; 3, Scott. 53⅕ secs.
Neat Dive :—1, Parsons ; 2, Forward ii. ; 3, Cousins ii.
Plunge :—1, Owen-Jones ; 2, Dell ; 3, Francis ii. 44 ft.*
Relay Race—1, Morland ; 2, Crosfield. 1 m. 38⅕ secs.*

* School Record.

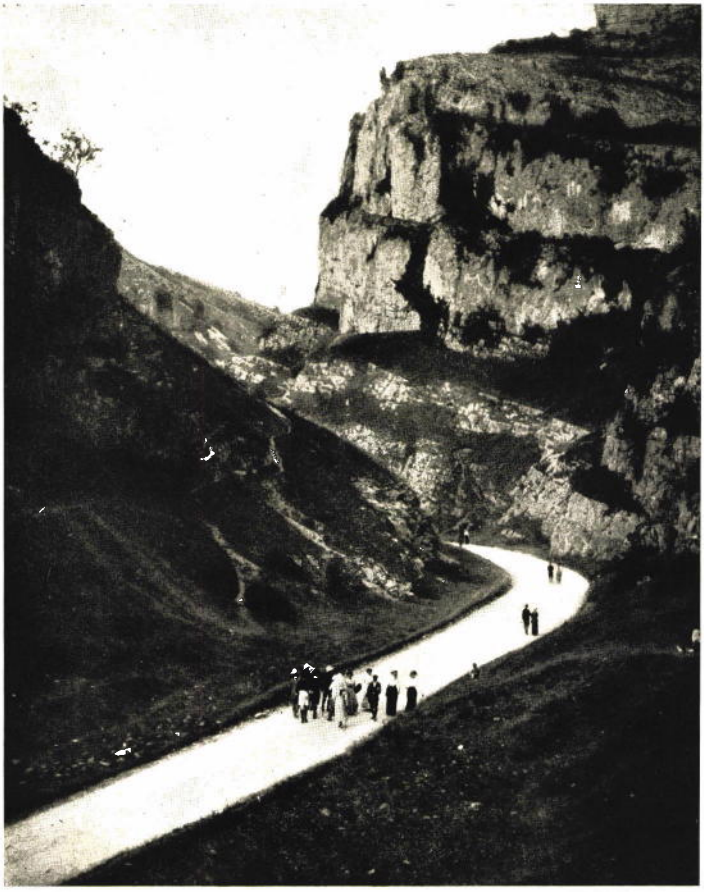


Photo by] [C. B. ROWNTREE

THE SCHOOL TRAMP, 1913—CHEDDAR GORGE

GAIUS MANLIUS.



"LAND of tin and silver and maybe gold," said Gaius Manlius, speaking softly to himself rather than to his companion, "Governed well, Britain would make a rich province. Is it large or small, Fabius?" Fabius Maximus gazed thoughtfully across the Channel at the white cliffs opposite before he spoke. "Not very large," he answered slowly. "Cæsar says it is small and the people are much like the Gauls in dress and custom and their worship is the same. I think he will be rather wasting time in going there and besides, our men are grumbling."

"That is true," said Manlius, casually. "It is their custom to grumble and they want to return to Rome." "Don't you?" asked Fabius in surprise. He was a married man and having left a large family to the care of his father-in-law, was anxious to hear news of them. "No," said Manlius, decisively, "there is no fame in Rome, only for those who, like Cæsar, can give bread and games to the people. If I wish to rise I must fight." Fabius eyed him quizzically, for his ambition was something of a joke among the officers.

Behind them as they talked, an endless stream of heavily laden men went down the Gallic beach to the ships, carrying arms and baggage, which must all be stowed on the ships before nightfall, so that all would be ready for an early start on the morrow, across the Channel to Britain. Both of the men were officers of the first rank in the Gallic forces and both wore alike the tunic, breastplate, helmet and greaves of the army, covered by a short cloak, but there the resemblance ended. Fabius Maximus was short for his breadth of shoulder and his arms seemed unnaturally long as compared with his short legs. His

chin and cheeks were covered by a black beard which concealed many scars. He had been a soldier since he was seventeen, that is for twenty-five years.

Manlius on the other hand was fifteen years younger than his friend, and was regarded as a military prodigy by the Roman senate which had appointed him to his present position two years previously. His father held a state office in Rome, so that he had influence in high places. In appearance Manlius was tall and thin, his features harsh, and, when he spoke, he thrust his chin forwards and outwards with an air of authority. On either side of his shaven, sun burnt face were the marks made by the straps of his helmet. His whole physique expressed determination and strength.

As he talked to Fabius he glanced past him at the figure of Julius Cæsar who was standing at the water edge and he frowned. Cæsar had position and power above all others and Manlius hated him for it. Cæsar was the hero of all his troops and Manlius knew that his own legion, though the best drilled and smartest soldiers in the army, hated him; and without looking about for a reason, he hated Cæsar more. At present he was discussing the almost unknown country to which they were going, as were most of the officers, scattered about the beach in dissatisfied groups, and many frowns were cast at Cæsar's back as he stood watching the loading of the ships.

Across the Channel as night drew on, two men peered vainly into the dusk across the water. "They will come soon," said one softly. "We must wake and watch. Our men are ready and our weapons sharpened and we shall receive them well." Darkness fell.

* * * * *

The green waves chuckled under the prows of the Roman ships as they slid through the water and it was only a few hours after they had set sail that the first ships drew near to the coast of Britain. It was morning and the sun was shining on the white cliffs. But there were men on the beach, thousands

of men, clad in armour or naked to the waist and brandishing weapons whilst shouting threats in their uncouth tongue. It was as if the ships shuddered and drew together in fear, and Cæsar summoned the officers to his ship.

He was at this time forty-five years old, strong, active, very daring, a splendid horseman and a good swimmer. His dark eyes with their peculiarly penetrating glance passed from one man to another. His thin lips and long thin nose gave his face a rather scornful and severe expression, which added to the dignity of his bearing. Like the others he was fully armed. When he spoke, his voice was loud and harsh. "You see," he said, "that these barbarians are prepared for our coming. My former plan was to land at once here, but the cliffs will prove an obstruction. Besides, I believe we are outnumbered. Can you offer me a plan?" There was no answer. People had discovered the folly of offering Cæsar plans, because he seldom received their offers graciously. Then, to the surprise of all, Gaius Manlius spoke, his eyes meeting steadfastly the eyes of Cæsar. "To land here would be sheer folly," he said boldly, "further down the coast they will be unprepared. Let us steer westwards with the wind and fall upon them unawares or we shall waste valuable lives."

Julius Cæsar looked at Gaius Manlius across the narrow cabin and the other officers stared at him in surprise and at each other in dismay. That the suggestion was good none could deny, but he must have been a bold man to put it so plainly before their leader. Cæsar's face seemed to grow suddenly thin. His eyes narrowed and his lips formed a mere line. "Very good," he said, "very good, an excellent plan, Manlius." His words fell like cold water upon the fevered assembly. His face bore less expression than the fair white cliffs so near. Only his lips moved. "But of course we must consider the men. They do not like creeping in behind barbarians. They will follow me anywhere—anywhere . . . Moreover, we do not know the coast elsewhere. I think that my former plan is better."

He looked round for applause but received none. Gaius Manlius stood upright, his face flushed and angry, his chin thrust forward and his fists clenched under his mantle. Some of the legati were favouring Manlius's plan in a by no means guarded tone. "It is a pity," said one, "that when Cæsar gets advice which he has asked for and the advice is good, he will not take it . . . but he has always hated Gaius Manlius." "Prepare to land," said Cæsar, in a doubly harsh voice, "as quickly as possible."

Back on the bridge of his ship Manlius gave his order to the master in a loud voice which the soldiers heard, and it almost pleased him to hear their subdued curses. They were brave enough in ordinary circumstances, but the raving horde on the beach struck terror into their hearts. From a high position, his mantle fluttering in the breeze, his head thrown back, Manlius watched the barbarians angrily. The strangely clad crowd on the cliffs was rapidly increasing, brandishing strange weapons and crying out in a strange tongue. Among them he noticed a woman with red hair streaming, her gown kilted high above her knees, her bare arms having the muscles of a man. He studied the barbarians and discovered that there was no set formation, just a mass of men and he longed to get down there to fight and be beaten, if it would show up Cæsar's folly.

His meditations were cut short by two stones which caught him simultaneously upon his body, the one, flung at random, rang upon his breast-plate, the other, aimed with more accuracy, struck him on the temple cutting it deeply, and automatically he felt for his sword. A roar of military oaths from the soldiers told him that some of them had been similarly treated. In fact not only stones, but other offensive missiles thrown with a great deal of precision fell about the ships. At the same time the Britons rushed forward in a mass to the ships, uncouth and long haired, their bodies showing ghastly blue with woad.

"Will nobody land?" shouted a voice across the water, "Are you afraid of a handful of barbarians?" But though

the soldiers admired Julius Cæsar, they still hung back. Manlius stood still, smiling in a peculiarly unpleasant way, while blood from the cut on his forehead trickled over his left cheek. Those nearest him remembered that smile well, it sat so ill upon his haggard, bloodstained face. Before Cæsar could speak again the young officer had seized the standard from the hand of his standard bearer and leapt into the water, waist deep, crying, " Leap down, soldiers, if you do not wish to surrender your standard to the barbarians."

Men leaped from all the ships, men clad alike in helmet and
·ir hands their shields and
.aunched from the long-boats
)lay. The men on the beach
her side fell. Gaius Manlius
torn from his shoulders, his
; a mass of wounds, yet still
ry standard, as if he scarcely
)ther he bore his short sword
voice though none could hear
the weapons of the barbarians
mans, while chariots with red
r wheels armed with knives.
ad almost won his way to the
ʒ what he should do when he
caught him between the eyes.
vny fist and strong arm flashed
ng a hammer above her head
n her eyes while her dress hung
.is back, his eyes shut and his
ted in an interrupted shout.
ɜ standard he had dropped, but
gth renewed at the sight of this
ler's body and with the standard
in their possession ... retreat to the boats.

" It would have been wiser no doubt to have taken Manlius's

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advice," said an officer, greatly daring, to the general as they watched the victorious rabble on the beach. " He will tell me that himself I have no doubt," said Cæsar, moodily, for he felt the same himself. The other shook his head. " Not so," he said softly, " he will never speak again, Cæsar, he is dead." The face of the great general changed somehow, it was almost as if he sighed with relief. " He was very brave," he said. " Gaius Manlius was a clever and ambitious man. I have no doubt he would have been a great general."

(To be continued.)

Bessie McGowan
(written in Stage 6).

FAR AND NEAR.

Concerning Old Scholars.

Old Scholars who were in Group C. last Term :

John O. Burtt is at Bootham School.

Henry D. Byles is at University College, London.

E. Mary Close is studying with a view to entering a College at Oxford.

Ralph G. Cooke.

Bernard Cousins is learning motor engineering at Braintree.

Carol Davidson is teaching at Miss Tebbutt's Home School, Cambridge.

Eric Engelmann is at Bootham School.

Ernest T. Farrell is at University College, London.

Kenneth G. Glaister is a Student Teacher at Penketh School.

D. Joan Gundry is studying Domestic Science at Battersea Polytechnic.

Iris M. Harris is studying with a view to going to College next year.

Patrick Hearne is learning motor engineering.

Mollie Hodgett is taking a Secretarial Course.

Godfrey C. Mace is in an Agent's Office.

Elizabeth B. Milne is studying with a view to going to College next year.

Dorothy Powell.

Roland Reynolds is studying Wireless at Brentwood.

Ernest Watson is apprenticed to an Electrical engineer.

Reginald H. Wilkinson is in a Bank.

* * * * *

Peggy Horsfield (1916-22) writes from Westhill Training College, Selly Oak :—

" I have been here a week and feel as if I want to write and tell everybody how happy I am and what a gorgeous place this is. One of the things that has made it so jolly for me is Frances Waters being here, and although I do not remember her very clearly at School, nor she me, we have felt very strongly the bond that Walden makes between all its past scholars. She has made this first week in a strange place just the jolliest time imaginable. We sleep next to one another on the balcony at nights, and it is the greatest temptation to run on for hours, laughing about the jolly times at Walden.

The one blot on the landscape at the moment is that I have got a 'crit.' lesson in front of crowds of the Froebel and Sunday School students next Friday to children of five on the making of bread. As others have survived similar ordeals I gather I shall come through alive, but the prospect is anything but attractive."

* * * * *

Grace Porter (1916-21) writes from Pommern, Germany :

" Last Sunday the children and I went to the Bismarcks for tea. As the Count and Countess were out I saw all over the house, which is quite like a museum as it has hardly been altered since Prince Bismarck lived there. Then we went for a walk in the Park which is renowned all over Germany for its beauty, and we visited the animals' grave-yard. All the Prince's favourite pets are buried there, and they each have a stone.

There are steps leading down to a spring beside a deep pool, where the Prince used to go down every morning and fetch a glass of water before breakfast.

" History seems much more interesting when one visits a place like that.

" I expect you are now in full swing of the Autumn Term. In Germany the children are now having Autumn holidays, so that those on the land can help with the Potato Harvest, but schools re-open on October 11th, so we make our move to Berlin next Saturday. Herr and Frau C.——— motor, and the children, the maids, two dogs, two lions (did I say we have a lion's den in the garden ?) to be given to the Zoo, two baby parrots, the luggage and I all go by train !

" I shall be quite sorry to leave the country, for I do so love the quiet life here, but I am looking forward to going to the Student Club again."

* * * * *

Iris Harris (1922-27) writes from Port Talbot :

" A little while ago, just for a second, I found myself thinking that I'd give anything to have last year back again. I did enjoy it so, but it would be just the same at the end of that, wouldn't it ? and I should never get anywhere. Of course I can't compare this school with Walden ; in fact I don't, but I am quite enjoying it. Everybody has been topping to me. I am in VI*a*. the top form, which consists of one boy and five girls who take Higher Certificate next June. All of them are taking two years over the course, hence it is a bit uphill for me at present. I am taking History, French, English, Latin and elementary German, and I've made out a very long-considered time-table. I am in the 1st XI. and play in my old place. These last few days have been glorious and ten of us spent the whole of Saturday afternoon playing hockey on the hard sands by the sea, until we reduced the smooth sand to a state resembling that of a ploughed field. Except for the fact that the ball *would* go into the sea we got on famously."

SCHOOL DIARY

June 23rd.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Diary, Claude Hardy; Essays, "Delights and Delusions of My Voyage to New York," Rosa Woodhead; "A Journey from London to Switzerland," Mr. Whitlow; Pianoforte Duet: "Russian Dance," Hilda Jones and Molly French; Pianoforte Solos: "Melody in A♭," N. Forward; "Sonata" by Haydn, A Furrell. Two-Minute Speeches.

,, 25th.—Cricket Match: Boys' XI. *v.* Cambridge County School, home, won, 70 for 9 wkts.—49.
Tennis Match: Girls' VI. *v.* Marjorie Land's VI., home, won, 131-76 games.

,, 29th.—Cricket Match: Boys' XI. *v.* Saffron Walden School 1st XI., home, won, 100 for 8 wkts.—44.
Boys' 2nd XI. *v.* Saffron Walden School 2nd XI., away, won, 167 for 7 wkts.—29.

,, 30th.—N.H.S. Mtg. Current Events Report, E. Dunstan; Diary, Betty Milne; Report of the Excursion to Wicken Fen: Bessie McGowan and E. LeMare; Essays: "The chief points of botanical interest in the Excursion to the Fens," Iris Harris; "Characteristics in Architecture," E. LeMare; "Depressions and Weather Charts," D. Schove.

July 1st.—Tennis Match: Mixed VI. *v.* St. Christopher's School, Letchworth, away, lost, 45—63 games.

,, 5th.—Cricket Match: 1st XI. *v.* R. Dobbin's XI., home, lost, 37—72.

,, 7th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Essays: "The Study of the Mind," D. Turner; "Maids in General," Meg Berry; "Examinations," J. O. Burtt; "Progress," Constance Bowtle. Diary, Joan Bull. Gramophone Selections: Liszt's "Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 2"; "I'm a Roamer," by Mendelssohn, sung by Robert Radford. Violin Solo, Sasarate's "Tarantella"; "Drake goes West," sung by Peter Dawson; Borodine's "Dance from Prince Igor."

,, 9th.—Cricket Matches: Boys' XI. *v.* Saffron Walden School, away, lost, 29—43.
Boys' 2nd XI. *v.* Saffron Walden School 2nd XI., home, won, 94 for 8 wkts.—12.

,, 13th.—House Socials.

,, 14th.—N.H.S. Mtg. Current Events Report, Iris Harris. Diary, Edmund Burtt. Meteorological Report, D. Schove. Essays: "A few Bird Observations," Margaret Rollason; "Swaledale," Ruth Edmundson; "The Cheddar Caves and Gorge," Nora Lane.

,, 15th.—Boys' Reading Club Meeting.

,, 16th.—Tennis Match: Girls' VI. *v.* Chantry Mount School, home, lost, 29—39 games.
Cricket Match: Boys' XI. *v.* Peel Institute, home, won, 142 for 9 wkts.—71.
Swimming Contest: Boys *v.* Peel Institute.

July 20th.—Cricket Match: Boys' 2nd XI. *v.* Newport Grammar School 2nd XI., home, drawn.
Tennis Match: Girls' VI. *v.* Cavendish Club, home, won, 103—36 games.
,, 21st.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Mock Trial.
,, 23rd.—Tennis Match: Girls' VI. *v.* M. Land's VI., home, won, 85—73 games.
Cricket Match: 1st XI., *v.* Saffron Walden Rotary Club, home, won, 66—51.
,, 27th.—Cricket Match: 1st XI. *v.* North Essex Wanderers, home, drawn, 103 for 6 wkts.—140 for 7.
,, 28th.—End of Summer Term.
Sept. 22nd.—School re-opened.
,, 29th.—N.H.S. Mtg. Diary, Margaret Rollason. Business Meeting.

NOTICES.

Three numbers of *The Avenue* will be published during 1928, price 8d. each (post free 10d.), or 2s. per annum (post free 2s. 6d.).

Subscriptions may be sent to *The Avenue*, Friends' School, Saffron Walden, Essex.

Articles and photographs by present Scholars are signed in italics.

THE AVENUE BOARD.

Bessie McGowan and *Claude Hardy* have joined the Board.

LONDON GENERAL SCHOOL EXAMINATION, JUNE, 1927.

MATRICULATION.

Honours :—John O. Burtt (L., M., F., O.), Ernest T. Farrell (L., M., F.), Mollie Hodgett (L., M., F., O.).

Pass :—Henry D. Byles, Kenneth G. Glaister (M., C.), Iris M. Harris (L., O.), Elizabeth B. Milne (M.), Reginald H. Wilkinson.

SCHOOL CERTIFICATE.

E. Mary Close* (F., O.), D. Joan Gundry, Godfrey C. Mace (M.).

[L., M., C., F., O., denote Distinction in Latin, Mathematics, Chemistry, French, Oral French, respectively.]

* E. Mary Close passed Matriculation in September.

ASSOCIATED BOARD R.A.M. and R.C.M.

SCHOOL EXAMINATIONS.

Higher :—Vera E. Smith, Arthur L. Mulholland.

Lower (*Honourable Mention*) :—Joan Francis, Mary E. Hooper.

Elementary :—Barbara Marsh.

SCHOOL MAGAZINES.

We acknowledge with thanks receipt of the following School Magazines: *The Cupola* (Ackworth), *The Beckside* (Ayton), *The Island* (Sidcot), Keswick School Magazine, Stramongate School Magazine, *St. Christopher* (Letchworth), *The Alfredian*.



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