THE AVENUE



DECEMBER 1932

PER ARDUA AD ALTA

ABBEY HOTEL

(UNLICENSED)

SAFFRON WALDEN

LUNCHEONS · *TEAS*

PARTIES and all SOCIAL FUNCTIONS catered for

TERMS from 8/- per day

A really comfortable Hotel · Ideal for Visitors

ELECTRIC LIGHT GARAGE

Proprietress: MRS. E. SCOTNEY *Telephone* 100

Illawarra, Saffron Walden

WHEN you visit Walden, why not stay at "ILLAWARRA"? Comfortable accommodation near the School for week-ends or longer periods.

Apply: MISS CARTWRIGHT

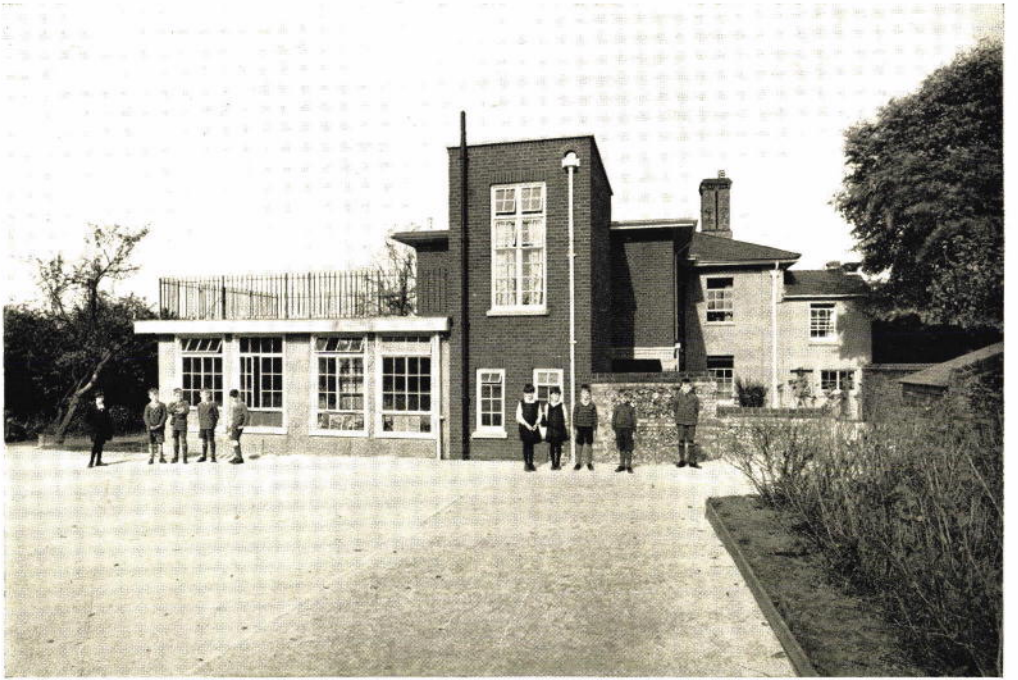


Photo by] [*H. Bedford Lemere*

JUNIOR SCHOOL FROM PLAYGROUND



The Magazine of the Friends' School, Saffron Walden.

VOL. XXIII. DECEMBER, 1932. No. 69.

FOREWORD

IT is on the electric Fête that rests last term's chief claim to fame. For weeks entertainments had been planned and prepared, and on the Friday before the beginning of exam. week, everyone sallied out on to the field, ready to spend money recklessly on such things as sweets, Aunt Sallys, rifle ranges and money-making machines, or at the second-hand stall. The profit of £22 10s. exceeded all expectations. This Fête was the first of a series of efforts to provide funds for the installation of electricity in the School. By the Sale to be held towards the end of this term it is hoped to increase this sum to the amount needed for wiring the Lecture Hall and Dining Hall.

Once again the results of the General Schools Exam. were worthy of mention, for every one of the twenty-three who entered passed, eighteen qualifying for Matriculation.

Towards the end of the term a boy from Vienna, known to all as "Otto" owing to the forbidding appearance of his surname, and Walter and Helmut Haas from Hamburg, shared in school life for a few weeks.

From all accounts, the Holiday School held here in August was a great success. We are glad to print the impressions of a "scholar."

At the beginning of this term we were glad to find Miss J. Waites reinstated as Girls' Matron, her broken leg being virtually well.

We extend a hearty welcome to Miss Penney as nurse in the Sanatorium. For the first time for several years we have no Student Master. On November 5th Mr. Turner retired after fifty-three years' loyal service to the school, yielding place to Mr. Jacobs who, working for a Saffron Walden firm, has been indirectly connected with the School for many years. We hope that Mr. Turner will live to a ripe old age. Ingrid Orton has returned to Sweden with a ready flow of English; her successor at the Junior School is Nancy Barritt. That institution is flourishing, having now twenty-six scholars, thirteen of whom are boarders.

We had heard of the illness at home of Neil Butler but the news of his death was a sad surprise. John William Graham's death, too, was a shock to many of us who had been accustomed to enjoy not infrequent visits from him at times of Committee, Monthly Meeting and Quarterly Meeting.

This term has seen the foundation of the Tramping Club, which organisation, probably an offshoot of the "hiking" movement, arranges walks round the district on half-holiday afternoons.

Muriel Poulter
(*Stage P.C.*).

AUTUMN

NOW Autumn with its glowing sun,
Red and shrouded deep in mist,
The first of Autumn has begun ;
The bare brown branches bend and twist,
While underneath are strewn around
Tinted leaves upon the ground.

The world is full of Autumn shades,
A blotch of brown, and a patch of green ;
All bright tints begin to fade,
And leave the world clear and serene ;
And all the birds have stopped their play
To go to countries far away.

By the late *Neil Butler*
(*Late Stage* 3).

TURNER REMEMBERS

MY first home was in Haverhill, and I started work when I was eight. They were strict days, they were. I used to have to drive birds off the corn, and when they got the seed you could tell where they'd been. If it was noticed there was a hiding for me.

When I was fourteen and a half I went off into Yorks—Beverley way—to learn farming. After two and a half years of that I came back home (it was in Little Walden then), and got a job for a few weeks for a man in West Road. The first Friday in March, 1879, my master said, " I'm sorry, I've nothing else for you. If I hear of a job what can you do ? " " Anything you like to put me to, if it's farming," I said.

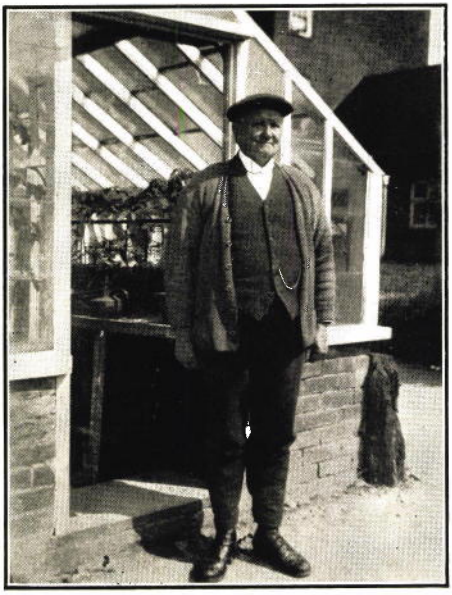
On the first Saturday in March there used to be a Fair on the Common, so I went along to have a look, and there was my old master at the shooting gallery. " Here, I want you," he said. " Go up there to that big building on the hill at the back of my house on Monday morning, and do anything that wants doing." " Shall I want any tools ? " I said. " No, no tools." The building was finished then except for the out-houses and the gates. My master must have spoken to Mr. Polly—the Clerk of the Works—who lived next door. So I went and there was the turf for the front lawn waiting to be laid, and I set to work on that. Mr. Linney (the Headmaster) came out and I had to speak to him as best I could, because I'd lost all the language of these parts. " Well, young man," he said, " I see you've laid turf before ! " Now I didn't want to tell him a lie, and I had laid some before he came out, so I said, " Well, I don't like to be told a thing twice, but if I ain't doing it right you must tell me."

I used to go home at night and ask my father's advice about the jobs I had to do, and he would always help me if he could. One day Mr. Linney came out (some said he liked to hear me talk) : " I think you'll have to scythe that piece of grass," he said. That was something I didn't know how to do, so I asked my father. " Well," said he, " I don't know that I can help thee, but we'll see. Let's go out into the barn, and get the old scythe and sharpen it, and we'll see if I can show thee." Well, next morning as I was mowing the grass, the governor came up and said, " You've used a scythe before, I see ? "

Then I got digging and planting along with Searle for two and a half years, when the house man left, and Mr. Linney said, " I'm thinking you're the man that will have to take the job." He was always a good master to me, was Mr. Linney.

* * * * * *

The Avenue trees were planted the winter before I came. They were first put on the same level as the girls' playground, but some thought they would like them higher, so as they had



NATHAN TURNER
Member of the Staff, 1879-1932

the soil from the lower asphalts to dispose of they decided to build a brick wall and fill up the Avenue to the level of the boys' playground. To raise the trees, which had not yet taken root, they just pulled them up through the earth, which left their roots drooping downwards instead of spreading out, so it was no wonder that they did not begin to grow much for ten or twelve years.

* * * * * *

Searle was here ten years with me and when he left I took it all on with a man and a boy to help, so I've been in charge for forty-three years all told.

The schoolboys had to help me with the grass-cutting on a Tuesday and a Saturday, the half-holidays. They used to pull the machine while I pushed. Some of them would lead me a nice dance, running when it was down hill till I was all in a sweat. Then they got a donkey instead, and when he died the boy helped me, until this motor business was got.

There was always a bit of trouble with the boys and girls along of the garden, but I used to promise to get them into trouble and that was enough.

I was cleaning the front windows one day, when ——— (a nice boy but he had been doing something wrong) was shut up in the room where the washroom is now. " Turner," he says to me, " let me come down your ladder." " Not I," says I, and next minute he was out of the window, down the water-pipe and on to the ground. They put him up higher in the tower after that.

* * * * * *

About the building of the Swimming Bath. At the first onset they got into difficulty. Mr. Walker came to me and he said, " Turner, we're in a bit of a muddle about all the soil and chalk to be dug out for the Bath. I did think of having it heaped up into mounds on the far side of the field. They would be handy for the children to play on." " I think I know

of a better place," I said. " Where's that ? " " Why, along by the road, and the lane round the field. Make a bank there and plant trees, and when the grass has grown over it will be a nice place. And if we have winters like we had when I was a boy, it would make a good place for skating if you flood it with the water from the Bath." [While there is life there is hope.—Eds.]

* * * * * *

I've worked with many in my time here, but I've never had a cross word. I was always trying to avoid treading on anyone's corns.

Miss Brown—the Headmistress—was wonderfully strict on them. A girl mustn't so much as look at a boy. I remember the boys walking up and down their playground, and whether she was in the Parlour or not I don't know, but one of them threw a note and a rare row was kicked up.

Miss Freeman—she was what Miss Waring is now—or " Clara " as we used to call her (at that time of day we used to call them all like that to their faces), she was a nice old girl. She came from Croydon. So did Appleton, who lived at the Meeting House and came up to teach carpentry to the boys. He was a boy at Croydon School and he used to tell me rare tales.

" We didn't know what it was for a boy to see a girl except just when we went in to meals," he said ; " there was a high partition between the playgrounds." " But wasn't that rather strange ? " I said. " What if you had sisters or brothers ? Couldn't you meet them ? " " Well, you *could*, but it had to be in front of the mistresses' sitting-room windows. There was one door with a hole through it for lifting the latch, and we used to peep through that to see the girls running about." He was a good friend to me was Appleton. Show me anything in the carpentry line he would—how this wanted doing and the other.

When they come to mix up I think they looked much more natural, and it is better now they are freer. Something seems to tell me that they used to be so frightened of doing a thing.

I remember Lena coming, a little mite of a thing. It was the scullery maid's place she came to take.

There's a vast difference in the place. It is as big again. We've seen some ups and downs, but we've managed to run along all right, and all I know is I'm always happy when I'm up here.

NATHAN TURNER
(1879-1932).

NIGHT BIRDS

AS the dim dusk is falling
O'er these ruins grey,
A far-off bird is calling
To the fading day.

In the twilight of the evening
I hear a night-bird cry,
And the darker night is veiling
The faintly-lighted sky.

The silent owl is sailing
O'er these ruins grey,
And a far off bird is wailing,
The breaking of the day.

Prudence Hawkes Reed
(*Stage 4a*).

THE TRAMP, 1932

"GOT a blister? Bad luck!"

With what feeling did I use these words during the Tramp week, and with what emotion did I see Mr. Beer, acting as a first aid doctor, going round every night with a needle and a basin of hot water! I need not remark, of course, that I was never troubled either with Mr. Beer or with blisters. I was lucky.

We left Walden on Friday morning amidst excitement, questions, much show of bravery and many hunts for lost shoes and such vital articles. Our goal was the Chilterns, but our first stop was St. Albans—indeed a long way—but like all true hikers, we did the greater part of our journey by train. It was the second day, however, which meant most to our feet and legs, but who worries about these things on the Tramp? Starting from Watford some of our party walked to Jordans. I say some of the party, for the main body lost several of its members (and the melons) *en route*, and one careless individual left his camera in Watford Park and had to return for it! However, by a stroke of good fortune we all met in Chalfont St. Giles, where we visited Milton's cottage and were entertained by a caretaker who had particularly well learned his knowledge off by heart.

But that week-end at Jordans! We were first introduced to the barn, where we were told the boys were to sleep, and then, of course, we had tea. Most of us spent the evening in walking round the neighbourhood, which is indeed worthy of any School tramp. Time fails me to tell of the old Meeting House, of the beeches, of the rowdy nights when some people persisted in keeping up "cat-calls" far into the night, of the highly skilled method of ducking (unknown to the Tramp officials) which could be carried on with the aid of the old pump, and of the many other charms of this week-end.



THE TRAMP

Meeting on Sunday was one of the best I have known, and the walk which followed it equally good. We were all invited to the near-by residence of Mr. and Mrs. Bertram Crosfield, where one could do almost anything from boating to playing tennis in the huge gardens. In the evening, on our return, we were allowed to use a room in the hostel, where we sang till we were hoarse and where we were treated to a masterpiece. It wasn't a Beethoven symphony this time, but the "Grand Opera," famous of old, by S.G.K.B. We had with us, too, Bennett, and would any Walden concert be complete without "Passing By"? And so to bed, still humming the last strains of the School song.

Monday morning and we were away again (though some of us by bus, because of blisters) to Wendover, where we took the train to Aylesbury. We passed a day of rain and sunshine, and walked alternately with mackintoshes and ice creams. Coombe Hill Monument and the Chequers district gave us a delightful tramp for the following day when we took the train from Aylesbury back to Wendover. We gazed a long time at the panorama from the monument and then descended into a real piece of English countryside. Dinner on the slopes of Coombe Hill ended the day for some of the party, while the more sturdy ones walked on to Aylesbury, leaving the others to come on by train. A wild sing-song brought the last evening to a close and we went to bed regretting that Wednesday was for most of us the last day as pupils of F.S.S.W.

We took the train to Cheddington the following morning, and walked through Ivinghoe to Ivinghoe Beacon, from where we could see for miles around. Before us lay Whipsnade Zoo, with its huge white beast cut in the side of a hill, and we walked across the valley which lay between us and it. We visited the Zoo during the afternoon, and while some of us left there by the London coach, most of the party went on to Dunstable and Luton and dispersed there.

There are a few times in one's life, says David Grayson, when one feels one has really lived. Surely, if ever there was a time when one really lived, when one really got to know people, a time which will remain for ever in the memory, it was the Tramp week. I returned home and was greeted with, " Hullo ! Enjoyed yourself ? "

What a question !

John R. Reader
(1926-1932).

SAFFRON WALDEN HOLIDAY SCHOOL



S I stood on Liverpool Street station I was filled with foreboding—I didn't know anybody. Within an hour of my arrival at the School I felt I had known it, the Staff and my companions for a long time. During my stay everything came more than up to my expectations. The lectures and discussions were a great help. I feel I have gained a lot of knowledge consciously and unconsciously.

Some of my memories of Saffron Walden are of the schoolroom with sunlight pouring in through the open windows and forming great pools of brilliance on the floor. The sounds of summer —birds, a mowing machine, and somewhere in the distance a train whistles. There were the happy meals in the Hall, with the old clock ticking and staring benignly down at the young diners. One of my most pleasant memories was in the Swimming Bath early one morning. A great shaft of sunlight came dancing for a moment on the ruffled water and then shot up at an angle to the roof.

Every evening after the lectures we had a sing-song, which included the reading of the magazine—the " Saffron Sob and Walden Wail "—and numerous short plays and songs.

I have only one regret, in which I am seconded by everyone : that is that the holiday only lasted a week and that was not nearly long enough.

BERNARD MCCONNELL.

OVERHEARD

1932

" HUSH—in the darkness—what was it you heard ? "
" Only the cry of some late-waking bird."

It was I who cried out in the dark of the night,
I who no longer have hope of delight,
I who am but a faint shadow of pain
Constrained by the torturing thoughts of my brain.

To suffer and sorrow for ever and aye ;
To flee from the dazzling light of the day.
Only when bats, with their needle like cries,
Flit by like the spirits of evil, I rise
And wander, a bloodless, insentient thing,
Till I hear the loud voice of the first cock'rel ring,
And then in the thin clear mirk of the morn,
When the quiet wind blows which announces the dawn,
I must creep back to my cold earthy bed
And wait till the evening releases the dead.

" Hush—in the darkness—what was it you heard ? "
" Only the cry of some late-waking bird."

Honor Liddle
(Stage P.C.).

A SUMMER MORNING

THE sun was shining brightly through the bedroom window, dancing on the floor and shimmering up off the wet pavement below. Birds were cheeping and twittering in their nests above the window, when I woke up with a start—whatever had been happening? I had fallen over a cliff and here I was in bed. Gradually I collected my thoughts. It was "going-home" day! I wriggled in my bed with excitement; I heard my old watch ticking under my pillow. . . . That reminded me: "What was the time? Oh lord! only five o'clock: I cannot stay in bed until seven!" I lay there thinking of all the fun I was going to have in the summer holidays . . . the train journey down and all the other excitements, while one boy snored, and my watch ticked, and all the rest of the School was silent except for an occasional door banging, or the Hall clock striking the quarter hours.

All the room was filled with the fresh morning air, and there was that fresh feeling one does get on a cool summer morning. By degrees the time crept on and the sun crept up the bedroom walls. I knelt on my bed and looked out across the fields: the soft morning mist was gradually rising, leaving the grass and leaves covered with shining dewdrops which sparkled in the sun.

When the clock struck six I could not keep still, bumping about on my bed; then the other boys woke up and we began to talk together. Soon the whole School was astir. Then came the footsteps on the stairs and the familiar clanging of the bell.

At last it was time to get up.

Philip Fausset
(*Late 4b*).

SOME HOLIDAY EXPERIENCES

COCKNEY WIT

"BLIMEY, ain't he a cissie." Thus was my welcome. No mayor and corporation awaited my coming, instead three nondescript youths sat on a five-barred gate and gaped at me. They all wore huge check caps and each of them puffed at a fag. I politely asked them if they were from the A—— B—— M—— Camp. Apparently this amused them, for they began laughing and thumping one another while I stood and felt uncomfortable. Suddenly one of them gasped, " 'Ark at 'er ; it must be Ronald Colman or Tarzan." Being rather sensitive about my looks, I nearly lost my temper, but the smallest of the three took compassion on me and said, " Come on, Ciss. Leave these —— alone and I'll show yer the way." " My name is Cyril F. Thring, and I wish to get to the camp." " Yer name's Ciss, so shut yer —— trap." I did, and I passed along silently on my enforced pilgrimage. On the way the three boys argued about the merits of two greyhounds, whether " It's a Boy " or " Red Streak " would win the Greyhound Derby that night. Being the only non-partisan person present, I was appealed to. I sheepishly confessed my ignorance of the two dogs, and shall never forget the look of amazement on the smallest one's face as he said, " Coo lum, yer don't know much, do yer ? " I felt that the sheltered life of a Friends' School was no preparation for the fuller life beyond. Finally we arrived at the Camp which was my abode for the next week.

One day I went with a crowd of the boys into the Wells. Whilst we were ambling along through the shopping centre we saw a Rolls Royce, complete with liveried chauffeur, parked and awaiting its owner. The owner emerged from a shop—a richly upholstered lady, leading a Belgian Griffin—the look of disdain she cast upon our company was indescribable. Suddenly S—— yelled out, " Blimey, Alf ! look at that —— thing.

It's the first —— time I've saw a caterpillar on a string." The lady fled hurriedly into the shelter of her car, followed by the sound of laughter from many people.

IN NORMANDY

Twenty-three boys from various Friends' Schools were with A. Neave Brayshaw in Normandy. Writing this account three months afterwards incidents seem faded, but one thing is definite—the feeling that you have spent an excellent holiday. The small towns we stayed at, Caudebec and Les Andelys, are typical examples of beautiful old market towns, where the hand of time has mellowed all the buildings and people, and left an essentially rural setting. We stayed the greater part of the time at Les Andelys by the broad Seine running at the foot of wooded hills on which stands the Chateau Gaillard (built by Richard I), and here we did " fleet our time carelessly, as they did in the golden world," sunbathing, swimming, boating and fishing.

Our holiday finished with a trip down the Seine Valley from Rouen to Le Havre. The scenery is superb and is only surpassed by that of the Rhine.

I hope that we left (as George Fox would say) " a good savour," for it is only by mutual respect that nations can ever be brought to work together in order to establish Peace in the world.

Cyril F. Thring
(*Stage P.C.*).

A COINCIDENCE

Whilst walking in the woods near the beautiful spot of Bucklers Hard on the Beaulieu River in Hampshire, I picked up a pair of gloves. They were almost new, brown suede gloves fitting a medium-sized hand.

Three weeks later, on entering a hotel for tea, some fifty miles away, in a small seaside village, I heard a lady and gentleman

talking about a pair of gloves lost at Bucklers Hard on Sunday three weeks previous to that date. I was naturally interested and, making sure that what I had just heard was correct, I told the lady of the gloves which I found. She described her gloves, which agreed to a detail with those which I had found. On returning home the gloves were returned to their rightful owner.

Diana Close
(*Stage* 6).

A FISHING EXPERIENCE

I sat, rod in hand, contemplating the placid lake with its yellow water lilies floating on the murky green water, its blue dragonflies disporting themselves over its surface, and birds twittering in the willow trees at its edge ; and here and there I heard a splash as some small fish leaped to seize the insect his piscine little soul loved. As I watched the red-topped float I heard a rustle beside me, and turning my head, I saw a tiny field-mouse trying to drag away my bait, which consisted of bread and bran. The little creature was pulling with all its might, but it could not move the large lump of bread.

As I watched, I was conscious of a faint vibration of the line which I held between my thumb and forefinger and, turning, I saw the float give one or two preliminary bobs and then suddenly disappear as if a clutching hand had seized it and drawn it down into the depths of the lake.

My hand shook with excitement as I watched yard after yard of line slip from the reel, in little jerks ; then, when I judged the fish had had enough, I put in the check of the reel, tightened the line, and struck. I felt a heavy jerk ; then the line went slack, and I thought the fish had gone. Then a remarkable thing happened. Far out on the surface of the lake the water burst with a splash, and out shot a great copper-coloured fish. He did not get all the way out of the water, but when he fell back he made the water roar.

Frantically I wound in the line ; it tightened, and heavy and strong came the weight. Again the fish leaped, tearing out line. He darted off in a series of leaps similar to his first, five in all. The reel screamed ; the line sang. The rod, which I had thought stiff as a tree, bent like a willow wand. The reel began to get hot, and a wisp of blue smoke streamed out of the oil-hole.

When at length the fish sounded he had taken off over a hundred yards of line.

The next thing that happened was that the fish began to plug away and hit the line with his tail. He was trying to get in among the water-lily stems where he could lie up and break the line, while I leaned back on the rod and tried to stop him. At length he turned and swam towards me, while I quickly wound in the line. I knew he must be tiring, so I increased the pressure and led him nearer. But as soon as he was near enough to see me he made another powerful rush and took off a lot more line. At the end of this run he leaped again ; but it was only the ghost of his former efforts, a slow, weary rise, clearly showing that he was almost played out. So I led him to the shore and, placing the wide-mouthed landing net beneath him, I lifted him in.

As he lay in the landing net, with the bright sun shining down upon him, he gave a convulsive jerk, opened his mouth wide, shivered, and died. He was a carp weighing six pounds.

Some people think of an angler as a person who sits for hours dangling a line in the water, seldom getting a bite. I hope that what I have written will convince them otherwise.

Richard S. Walker
(*Stage 6*).

ARE YOU SUPERSTITIOUS ?

It was a pouring wet day as I sat on a hard wooden bench in the grandstand at Clady Corner, watching motor cyclists speeding around the Ulster Grand Prix course in the fastest race in the world.

What weather to be averaging over 85 m.p.h. : treacherous roads, hairpin bends and over humpback bridges ! The fearless riders had now completed more than half of the two hundred odd miles and there had been many retirements, not a few crashes, but no serious injuries, when I noticed the tarpaulin roof of our stand was beginning to sag with the gallons of rain water collecting above. Suddenly the weight of water was too much for the material and it collapsed—a cascade of water pouring down the neck of the unfortunate man seated below. Howls of mirth came from all the other spectators and attention left the race to be taken up by the amusing calamity in our midst.

The unhappy man sprang to his feet, shook himself and, believe me or not, the number of his seat was 13 ! !

A.W.E.

THE SEASONS

LEAVES are falling, birds are calling,
As they homeward wend their way.
Trees are yellow,
Pears are mellow,
Mists arise at the close of day.

Bells are ringing, children singing
With a joyful Christmas air,
Homeward going,
While it's snowing,
Bringing presents poor but rare.

Winds are blowing, bulbs are showing ;
Everything has life again.
Lambs are prancing,
Children dancing,
Green the grass with showers of rain.

Bees are humming, summer's coming,
Flowers are blooming bright and gay ;
Skies are glowing,
Men are mowing,
Sunsets glow at end of day.

Doreen Anderson
(*Stage 4b*).

ON BOARD THE "STELLA"

AFTER having waited impatiently for nearly a week, my cousin and I were at last able to persuade my father to set sail on Friday, August 26th. The weather looked moderately promising, with a little sunshine and a fair breeze ; there were, however, some dark clouds on the horizon which, we thought, we need take no notice of. After the usual preliminary snortings, Taffy, our paid hand, succeeded in getting our engine going ; we got in the anchor and the *Girl Stella* started her trip.

In the mouth of the Blackwater there are many liners which stay there the whole year round. Some are cargo boats and some passenger boats ; it was very interesting threading our way between them all, and seeing how insignificant they made our little boat. Soon it began to pour down, but we all stayed up on deck by the wheel, in preference to the rather stuffy cabin ; besides, people can always make themselves useful on deck, even if it is only looking out for buoys.

We passed several towns : Clacton, Walton-on-Naze and Dovercourt.

I was steering as we passed Clacton, and as our clock had stopped and we wanted to see the time, I had to steer near enough to the pier in order to see the clock on the end of it. The towns all looked very miserable in the pouring rain. It was nearly dark when we passed Dovercourt, and by that time

all the buoys were flashing at their own special intervals. When we arrived at Harwich we did not go right up to where all the other boats were, but just dropped our anchor near a German passenger boat.

We had got thoroughly chilled up on deck, and the whole party greatly appreciated a hot supper. Two night boats for Holland passed us, all lit up and with music on board, and we felt the rocking for about five minutes after. After our supper we turned in and enjoyed a good night's rest in our bunks.

The next morning we all naturally desired to go on shore and see Harwich properly, but the wind was just right for us to go on again, and as it was a chance not to be missed we pulled up the anchor and started off with sails only.

Just after we had passed Felixstowe the wind dropped absolutely, and we had to get our engine going and proceed under power. We passed the opening to the River Or, and noticed the strange way in which we kept seeing sails of yachts "inland," when they were really only on the river. A tiny breeze came and so we decided to have our sails up again, and Taffy turned off the engine.

Now Taffy isn't very reliable, nor is our engine, and we all considered it a foolish move on his part to turn off the engine; and of course if you are going to do foolish things on a boat you must be prepared for disaster. Well, disaster came. Just off Orfordness the wind dropped absolutely, leaving us in a dead calm; the water was as smooth as glass and the sails flapped helplessly from side to side, rattling in the blocks. I was at the wheel, but although I had it as "hard over" as possible, I could *not* get the boat to progress an inch, nor could my father. The unlucky part of the whole business was that we had got ahead of two Rochester barges, and as they had also felt the drop of the wind they had anchored, and whilst at anchor they had drifted into the centre of a funnel-shaped current. Unluckily we were also in that current (at the wide end), and as we could not get the boat to move we were drifting

helplessly on to the two barges, one in particular, the *British Oak*. Taffy was in the engineroom trying to persuade the engine to go by swearing at it, but it was all in vain. It would have been useless to have let our anchor go, because we had no idea of the depth of the water, and if our anchor had once got going, its own weight would have gone on pulling it out, fathom after fathom, and we should have ended up by having all our chain ripped out of us. No one could do anything! At last we crashed into the foremost of the two barges, and her bowsprit came pounding up and down just forward of our mizzen mast. Of course I had to hop out of the steering shelter quickly, because that was where the bowsprit had landed. I got out of the way, but my cousin and I were still on the aft quarter of the boat, which was dangerous, because as we were still in that current we were still drifting, and the barge's bowsprit was coming more aft every minute. Finally we got forward into safety. Our steering shelter was crushed like matchwood, our wheel was absolutely broken, and our mizzen mast was snapped off. It seemed to me that my father was astonishingly calm and collected, for it appeared to us all that there was no sound more sickening than splintering and crashing woodwork.

We did our best to push the *British Oak* off, and finally we got free of her and began to try to clear up. Ropes, stays and halliards were all tangled on the deck, and splinters of wood were strewn everywhere.

A little wind came, so we profited by it and started off, my father at the wheel. I don't think I have ever seen anything so nearly approaching a Heath Robinson picture as my father seated on a paraffin tin, at a wheel all splintered and broken, with a few stumps of wood still left in it; still we succeeded in getting our engine going and finally arrived at our destination, Lowestoft, at 10.30 p.m., several hours later than we had anticipated.

I can't believe that anyone who hasn't tried, can have any conception of the many difficulties of entering a strange harbour

in the dark. Neither can anyone who hasn't been through it have any idea of the pleasant feeling one experiences on having a good meal and a bed to sleep in, after an experience so trying as ours.

Dorothy Wood
(*Stage* 6).

THE CANDLE

SITTING stiff in its candlestick blue,
Shedding around its soft yellow hue,
Ever and ever smaller growing,
Yet always just as brightly glowing,
The candle.

What has frightened the little gold light ?
See how it trembles with all its might ;
When the wind blows from under the door
That tiny gold tongue flickers all the more.

Look how it makes the shadows dance round,
Stay still and shudder, then spring from the ground !
What is there in that candle and stick
That can make them prance without a sound ?
Is it magic ?

Though I may watch it all day and all night,
I shan't find out the charm of its light.
Ever and ever smaller growing,
Yet always just as brightly glowing,
The candle.

Joyce Myers
(*Stage* 5).

SCHOOL SOCIETIES, 1931-32

THE Literary Societies and the girls' and boys' Reading Clubs have had a successful year, both from the point of view of work and attendance of members. The essays themselves have been of a high standard, showing a variety in choice of subject, and a thoroughness in actual composition and thought. The Junior Lit. has made several incursions into the world of the play: one or two of the plays have been of real merit. The contributions from the girls in this society have far exceeded that of the boys. The discussions in Senior Lit. started both keen and pertinent but declined to the general level of the discussions in the Middle Lit., for these have rarely gone beyond the question and answer stage. Although the Middle Lit. recitations have not been quite so numerous as in previous years, in Junior Lit. there has been a never-ceasing flow of poetry. Musical items have played a great part in the year's work, the standard of the recitals ever becoming higher. The diary in Senior Lit., it is interesting to note, has for the most part now developed beyond the stage of being a mere "faithful recording of events," but is also a fine piece of literary composition. There is plenty of room for improvement, however, in the execution of the diaries and manuscripts by members of Junior Lit. A special meeting of Senior Lit. that is worth mention is the visit of Mrs. Henry who gave an elementary critical lecture on Music which was very much appreciated.

The introductions to books at the meetings of the Reading Clubs have been good. The discussions on the books have been joined in by all, and for the most part they have been interesting, perhaps not as deep as they might have been in the girls' circle, sparkling and witty from time to time in the boys' group. Some plays of Shaw have been read by both clubs. The boys were glad to have at their meeting in the Spring Term, Mr. K. Nicholson, who gave an introduction to the plays of Ibsen.

Amongst the books read by the boys were: "Pygmalion, Outspoken Essays" (Dean Inge), "Prometheus, a Study of Heredity" (H. S. Jennings). Amongst those read by the girls: "Riceyman Steps," Essays (A. Meynell), "The Conquest of Happiness" (B. Russell). Both Mr. and Mrs. Rowntree and Miss Priestman are to be thanked for their kind hospitality.

The Junior "Natch" is still flourishing, although the Senior society showed slightly decreased numbers, yet nevertheless the "high standard" has been maintained. In both societies an Astronomical report is now given at meetings. The Senior society made an excursion to Wicken Fen, where it spent a profitable and pleasant afternoon. On the return journey the party was shown over Ely Cathedral by one of its dignitaries. The Juniors' excursion was to Broxbourne. The weather clerk, perhaps, was a little too friendly on this occasion, for the walkers found the heat unpleasant.

A general view over the societies shows that though they have not dropped below their standard of previous years, they may show, sometimes, more concentrated effort as groups.

SCRIBLERUS.

SUMMER SPORTS, 1932

NOW the evenings are lengthening and the autumn gales howl outside, carpeting the tennis courts with fallen leaves, while the cricket pitches lie ungroomed and the bath is empty, it is difficult to turn one's mind back to the past term of tennis, cricket and swimming days.

The weather, for the greater part of the term, was very kind to us, and seldom were games rained off or teams weakened by illness. Tennis practice was delayed at the beginning of term as the courts were soft, and at Whitsuntide the need for a hard court was felt more than ever.

Both sides of the School had an excellent cricket season and the boys' teams only lost three games as compared with ten

victories. In one of their defeats they dismissed their opponents for fifty, but the rest of the tale is sad to tell! Records were set up by John Barry who scored over 600 runs, including two centuries; his 159 not out being a record which will take some beating. A first wicket stand of 139 was made by Mr. Pumphrey and Barry, which is also a record. The fielding of the team was excellent and praise is due to the captain, Colin McLeod, for the manner in which he stimulated his team to practice.

The girls were ably assisted in their three victories out of four matches, by Mary Wilson's and Joan Watson's bowling and the smart fielding of Mary Adams. It was a disappointment that Jupiter Pluvius interfered with what might have been exciting finishes in the Old Scholars' matches. In the House tournaments on the boys' side, Morland were champions, while Crosfield won the girls' tournament after some good games.

Towards the end of term the girls had four tennis matches, and Daphne Palmer was awarded her colours for consistent play. The House tournament for mixed doubles was not finished, partly owing to lack of enthusiasm on the boys' side as cricket had been the great attraction, and partly to the preparations for the Electric Fête. The Junior tournament was played off, however, and Margaret Brereton of Crosfield was the successful finalist.

The bath was a great boon and keenness was displayed by all, from Junior School splashers to the Silver Medallists. The girls gave excellent displays which had taken no little practice, at Whitsun and General Meeting, the boys meantime devoting their energies to an out-of-doors gymnastic display. By the end of term there were less than ten boys and girls left who had not swum their one length. Special mention should be made of three boys who at the beginning of term were non-swimmers, and who later in the term obtained their Proficiency certificates for Life-Saving. The entries for the Royal Life-Saving Society's examinations did not number as many as in previous years,

but this was due mainly to a new age limit imposed on those taking the Award of Merit. We regret that with the new regulations it is unlikely that in the future there will be candidates old enough to take the Diploma of the Society.

Enthusiasm waxed high over swimming matches and the boys enjoyed the novelty of watching the girls' matches and vice versa. The unbeaten record of the girls still remains, as they won all their matches easily. The boys had one reverse in four matches when they lost to the Town Junior team by the narrow margin of one point.

It has been an extraordinarily successful swimming season on the girls' side, eight new records having been set up. Joan Colston is now the proud holder of six school records, and we wish her further success in her remaining years at School. Peggy Woolf broke two Junior records, tying with Ethel Pool in the fewest strokes for a length. The thought that if one swims twenty-five yards in three strokes one would not break the record made by Joan Colston and Doris Turner, rather takes one's breath away! The standard of swimming throughout the girls' side was excellent, as can be seen by the fact that the three relay records were all broken by teams of six swimmers.

Although there were no records broken on the boys' side, the times for the Senior relays were both better than last year. Hughes, Reader, Buckmaster and Barry were our fastest swimmers, and as a team they won the Old Boys' relay by half a length. The latter three boys were awarded their colours, Hughes being the only boy holding colours from the previous year. On the boys' side Godlee were worthy champions in both Senior and Junior events, while the girls in Godlee were also successful over the other two Houses.

It is encouraging to see that there are plenty of future champions in the lower parts of the School who, if they retain their youthful enthusiasm, will one day strengthen the School teams and create new records on the games field and in the swimming bath.

THE GHOST

I SAW him treading gingerly
Down the creepy stairs.
He stood transparent as a jewel;
No sound did rend the air.
His shape was of a skeleton
With bony hands and knees,
And in his hand a skull he held.
And the only sound I heard that night
Was the whistling in the trees.

And the only sound I heard that night
Was the whistling in the trees.
And through the open window
Came a soft refreshing breeze.
The phantom ne'er moved on the stairs,
He stood as white could be.
But the only sound I heard that night
Was the whistling in the trees.

David Mattingly
(*Stage* 3).

HOUSE COMPETITION, 1931-1932

1. MORLAND. 2. GODLEE. 3. CROSFIELD

THIS year, in order to maintain a better balance between the various activities which make up School life, it was decided to allot the same total to each of the following sections :

1. *Athletics* (Swimming, Gymnastics, Football, Hockey, Cricket, Tennis).
2. *Other Out-of-School Activities* (Literary, Scientific, Manual, Music, Art, Elocution, Gardens).
3. *Class Work* (" Reds " and " Asterisks," School Certificate Examinations, Scholarships).

4. *Conduct* (Lack [or comparative lack] of Punishment, Prefectships).

This change has made it impossible to give termly tables, but the totals for the various sections are shown below.

	Athletics.	Other Out-of-school Activities.	Class Work.	Conduct.	Total.
Crosfield	13·95	14·12	14·20	16·87	59·14
Godlee	17·46	16·84	17·35	16·53	68·18
Morland	18·59	19·04	18·45	16·60	72·68

FROM FAR AND NEAR

CONCERNING OLD SCHOLARS.

Old Scholars who were in Group C last Term :—

Kenneth E. Alexander has entered his father's Insurance business.
Denis R. Allward is training for a Solicitor.
John F. Buckmaster is taking a medical course at Guy's Hospital.
Robert S. Clarke is working with a firm of Laundry Engineers.
R. Mario Dobrashian is studying Italian in Rome.
E. Elizabeth Enock is training for Secretarial work.
Gabriella J. Farmer is studying for Matriculation.
Kenneth Fowler is training for Engineering.
Ernest C. Francis is articled to a Surveyor.
Ruth M. Francis is at the London School of Economics.
Irene E. Goss is in the Civil Service.
Walter and Helmut Haas have returned to Germany.
K. Margaret A. Harland is studying German in Berlin.
E. Robert Harper.
W. Barbara Headley.
H. Joyce Heaton is at school in America.
David H. Hughes is articled to a Solicitor.
H. Joan Matthewman.
Colin Mcleod is working with a firm of Builders.
Raymond McLeod is studying Dairy Farming.
D. Joan Mulholland is at the Friends' Provident and Century Life Office.
Jack L. Odam.
Daphne I. Palmer is at School in Switzerland.
John S. Peet is at Bootham School, York.
John E. H. Phillips is apprenticed to a Builder at Gloucester.
Lucille H. Rayner is studying Dress-designing.
John R. Reader is a Student Teacher at Penketh School.
Geoffrey Sparrow is studying Surveying at Bishop's Stortford.
Donald F. Thorley is at Leighton Park School, Reading.

SCHOOL DIARY

May 12th.—Merit Half-Holiday.

„ 14th.—Cricket Match: Boys' XI. *v.* O.S. " A " XI., home, won, 121—62.

„ 16th.—Cricket Match: Girls' XI. *v.* O.S., home, won, 19 for no wkt.—17.
Performance of Galsworthy's " The Little Man."

„ 21st.—Cricket Matches: Girls' XI. *v.* Hockerill Training College, home, lost, 25—48.
Boys' XI. *v.* Cambridge and County School 2nd XI., home, won, 89 for 7 wkts.—88.

„ 23rd.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Diary, Clifford Smith; Essays, " The Etheric World," Robert Harper; " The Incas of South America," Barbara Headley; String Quartet, " Opus No. 1, No. 6," Haydn, Honor Liddle, Farrand Radley, Diana Close, Michael Green; 'Cello Solo: " Sonata in C " by Marcello, Farrand Radley.

„ 25th.—Cricket Match: Boys' XI. *v.* Harlow College, away, won, 75—54.

„ 30th.—N.H.S. Mtg. Diary, Lucille Rayner; Current Events Report, Honor Liddle; Weather Report, Farrand Radley; Account of Berlin, Margaret Rollason.

„ 31st.—Merit Half-Holiday.

June 4th.—Cricket Matches: Girls' XI. *v.* Hockerill Training College, away, won, 64—40.
Boys' XI. *v.* S. Christopher's School, home, 158 for 8 wkts.—144 for 6 wkts.
Boys' 2nd XI. *v.* Cambridge and County High School 3rd XI., away, lost, 26—82.

„ 6th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Diary, Honor Liddle; Essays: " After Waterloo," David Hughes; " Witchcraft," Honor Liddle; " More Truth," Farrand Radley; Violin Solo, " Two Movements from Sonata 9 " by Senaillè, Honor Liddle; Pianoforte Solo, " Polish Dance " by Scharwenka, C. J. Smith; Recitation, " The Cause of the Trouble," Robert Harper.

„ 8th.—Cricket Match: Boys' XI. *v.* Harlow College, home, drawn, 108—93 for 9 wkts.

„ 11th.—General Meeting.

„ 13th.—N.H.S. Mtg. Diary, Dorothy Collar; Current Events Report, Farrand Radley; Essays: " A Section of the River Beane," R. S. Walker; " Fungi," Arnold Gillett.

„ 15th.—Cricket Match: 1st XI. *v.* L. Howe's XI., home, won, 120 for 9 wkts.—112.

„ 18th.—Cricket Matches: Boys' XI. *v.* Cambridge and County High School, away, lost, 53—116 for 7 wkts.
Girls' XI. *v.* Saffron Walden Ladies, home, won, 98 for 8 wkts.—34.

June 20th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Diary, Geoffrey Sparrow; "Akhnaton, the first Pacifist," Margaret Mattingly; "The Development of the Motor Car," Kenneth Fowler; Gramophone Records: "Now is the Month of May," "Mercury" from the Planet Suite by Gustav Holst.

,, 22nd.—Cricket Match: Boys' XI. *v.* Newport Grammar School, drawn owing to rain.

,, 24th.—Swimming Match: Girls *v.* Cambridge Ladies, home, won, 32—21 points.

,, 25th.—Cricket Match: Boys' 1st XI. *v.* Sawston Church Institute, home, won, 155—53.
Tennis Match: Girls' VI. *v.* Saffron Walden Training College, away, won, 82—71 games.

,, 27th.—N.H.S. Mtg. Diary, Honor Liddle; Account of the Excursion to the Lynchetts, Ickleton and Howe Wood, Dorothea Rawlinson; Current Events Report, C. J. Smith; Account of Astronomical Instruments, H. Rowell.

,, 29th.—Cricket Match: Boys' XI. *v.* Bishop's Stortford 2nd XI., away, won, 173 for 9 wkts.—124.
Tennis Match: Girls' VI. *v.* Fowlmere Ladies, home, lost, 51-102 games.

July 2nd.—N.H.S. Excursion to Wicken Fen.

,, 4th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Diary, Lucille Rayner. Reading of J. M. Barrie's play, "The Will." Pianoforte Solos: "Polish Dance" by Scharwenka, C. J. Smith; "Nos. 1 and 5" from "Five Pieces" by Balfour Gardiner, Daphne Palmer; "Demande et Réponse" by Coleridge Taylor, Lucille Rayner.

,, 5th.—Boys' Junior Gymnastic Competition.
Swimming Matches: Girls *v.* Luton Swimming Club, won, 40—13 points; Boys *v.* Luton Swimming Club, won, 23—20.

,, 6th.—Cricket Match: 1st XI. *v.* R. R. Dobbin's XI., home, won, 221 for 6 wkts.—53. J. Barry, 159 not out. Barry and Mr. Pumphrey made a 1st wicket stand of 149.
Tennis Match: 1st VI. *v.* Herts and Essex High School, away, lost, 9—36 games.

,, 9th.—Cricket Match: 2nd XI. *v.* Cambridge and County High School, away, lost, 128—185. M. Dobrashian, 50; D. Hughes, 50.

,, 12th.—Boys' Senior Gymnastic Competition.

,, 13th.—House Socials.

,, 14th.—Girls' Reading Club Mtg.

,, 15th.—Merit Half-Holiday.
Electric Fête.

,, 16th.—Cricket Match: 1st XI. *v.* Sawston Church Club, away, won, 117—102.

,, 18th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Diary, Donald Thorley; Essays: "The Art of Bowling," Colin McLeod; "Hyde Park Orators," Joan Mulholland; Pianoforte Solo, "Cameo" by Coleridge Taylor, Irene Goss; String Trio, "Trio Sonata in E Minor" by Corelli, Honor Liddle, Joan Mulholland, Farrand Radley.

July 20th.—Tennis Match: Girls' VI. *v.* Saffron Walden Old Scholars, home, lost, 71—82 games.
Cricket Matches: Boys' XI. *v.* Saffron Walden Grammar School, home, drawn, 123 for 7—67 for 7.
Boys' 2nd XI. *v.* Saffron Walden G.S. 2nd XI., away, lost, 88—138.
Swimming Match: Boys *v.* Saffron Walden Town, lost, 21—22 points.

" 21st.—Swimming Match: Girls *v.* Perse School, won, 48½—29½ points.

" 23rd.—Cricket Match: Boys' XI. *v.* J. Reynolds' O.S. XI., home, won, 220 for 6 wkts.—185.

" 25th.—N.H.S. Mtg. Diary, Lucille Rayner; Meteorological Report, H. A. F. Radley; Reports of Expedition to Wicken Fen and Ely, C. Meredith, M. Rollason; Current Events Report, Honor Liddle; Report of Junior N.H.S.'s Excursion to Wormley Woods, Audrey Long.

" 27th.—Cricket Match: Boys' XI. *v.* R. R. Dobbin's XI., home, lost, 110—125 for 6 wkts.

" 28th.—End of term.

Sept. 15th.—School re-opened.

" 19th.—N.H.S. Mtg. Diary, Margaret Rollason; Current Events Report, A. Gillett; Talk on Sea Shells, C. J. Smith; Essay: "Pond Life," Dorothy Collar.

" 24th.—Football Match: Boys' XI. *v.* Harlow College, home, lost, 0—2.

" 26th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Diary, Una Sell; Essay, "Changes in the Social System," Muriel Poulter; Pianoforte Solo, "Song without Words in C Minor" by Mendelssohn, Mary Bond.

" 27th.—Merit Half-Holiday.

" 28th.—Football Match: Boys' XI. *v.* Harlow Wednesday, home, lost, 1—3.

Oct. 1st.—Football Match: 1st XI. *v.* Old Scholars, home, won, 3—2.
Hockey Match: 1st XI. *v.* Old Scholars, home, won, 2—1.
Concert.

" 3rd.—N.H.S. Mtg. Diary, Betty Harland; Current Events Report, H. A. F. Radley; Talk on "Shooting," Cyril Thring; Essay, "Coniferous Trees," Muriel Poulter.

" 8th.—Football Match: 1st XI. *v.* Langley, home, won, 5—4.
Lecture, "Sir Walter Scott," Mr. Arthur Rowntree.

" 10th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Diary, Cyril Thring; Essays: "Utopia," Una Sell; "Men's Singles at the 1932 Wimbledon," C. J. Smith; Pianoforte Solo, "Antonine" from Grands Etudes de Concert by Chaminade, C. J. Smith; second movement from Beethoven's "Sonata Pathetique," Jean Sleight; String Trio, "Sonata in D Minor" by William Boyce, Diana Close, Jean Sleight, Farrand Radley.

" 15th.—Football Match: 1st XI. *v.* The Rovers, home, lost, 1—7.
Lecture, "Public House Signs," Mr. Taylor.

Oct. 17th.—N.H.S. Mtg. Current Events Report, C. J. Thring; Meteorological Report, H. A. F. Radley; Astronomical Report, H. Rowell; Essay, "Goldfish," R. Walker; Demonstration of Microscope Slide Making, Mr. Hindle.

,, 19th.—Football Matches: Boys' XI. *v.* Newport Grammar School, away, lost, 2—5.
Boys' 2nd XI. *v.* Newport Grammar School 2nd XI., home, lost, 1—9.

,, 22nd.—Hockey Match: Girls' XI. *v.* Homerton College "A," home, won, 9—0.
Football Match: 1st XI. *v.* Great Chesterford, won, 6—0.
Lecture, "Deep Sea Diving," Captain Smith.

,, 24th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Diary, Joyce Reynolds; Essays: "Hockey," Margaret Smith; "Holiday Traffic," Cyril Thring; "The Educational Theories of Tolstoy," Mr. Pearson. Recitation, "The Supplication of the Black Aberdeen" by Rudyard Kipling, June Cornish; Pianoforte Solo, "Gigue in A Minor" by Mr. Richard Jones, Jonathan Edwards.

,, 29th.—Lantern Lecture, "Great Men and their Achievements," Mr. Harold Mattingly.

,, 31st.—N.H.S. Mtg. Diary, C. J. Smith; Current Events Report, C. Meredith; Astronomical Report, H. Rowell; Essays: "Heath Land in Suffolk," Arnold Gillett; "Disease," Philip Fausset.

Nov. 5th.—Football Match: Boys' "A" XI. *v.* Sawston School Junior XI., home, won, 6—1.
Hockey Match: 1st XI. *v.* Bishop's Stortford Ladies, home, won, 11—4.
Lantern Lecture, "Bees," Mr. E. W. Sayer.

,, 7th.—Merit Half-Holiday.
Lit. Soc. Mtg. Diary, Trevor Barritt; Essays: "Sailing Experiences," Betty Snow; "John Chalmers," Trevor Barritt; "Old Chinese Religious Customs," Ruth Stubbs. Quartet, "Sonata in D Major" by Corelli, Diana Close, Jean Sleight, Farrand Radley, Miss N. Wright.

,, 9th.—Hockey Match: Girls' XI. *v.* Haverhill Ladies, home, won, 4—0.
Football Match: Boys' XI. *v.* Harlow Wednesday, away, lost, 1—2.

,, 12th.—Hockey Match: Girls' XI. *v.* King Alfred's School, home, won, 8—1.
Lantern Lecture: "Shooting without Fire Arms," Mr. C. J. King.

,, 14th.—N.H.S. Mtg. Diary, C. Meredith; Current Events Report, Elizabeth Meredith; Essay, "Mainly About Something," C. J. Smith; Reading from "So this is Science," Honor Liddle.

,, 16th.—Football Match: Boy's XI. *v.* Saffron Walden Grammar School, away, drawn, 1—1.

Nov. 19th.—Football Match: Boys' XI. *v.* The Rovers, home, won, 5—3.
Hockey Match: Girls' XI. *v.* Cambridge Ladies' 2nd XI., home, won, 5—1.
Song Recital, Mr. Goudge.

" 21st.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Diary, Dilys Rees. Six Four-minute Speeches. Pianoforte Solo, "Valse" by Chopin, Mary Bond; Violin Solo, "Rigaudon" by Adam Carse, Honor Liddle.

NOTICES

Three numbers of *The Avenue* will be published during 1933, 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.

President: C. Brightwen Rowntree.
Treasurer: David Pearson.
Walter W. Baldwin, *Charles A. Macdonald*, *Muriel Poulter*, Florence D. Priestman, Sarah Waites.

LONDON GENERAL SCHOOL EXAMINATION, JUNE, 1932.

Matriculation.

Honours: Denis R. Allward (E, H, L, M), Christopher H. R. Meredith (M, C, Ger, O. G), Cyril F. Thring (H, M, C).

Pass: John F. Buckmaster (Ger, O. G), Myfanwy M. Butler, R. Mario Dobrashian, E. Elizabeth Enock (Ger, C), Ernest C. Francis (G, M), K. Margaret A. Harland (H, Ger, O. G), W. Barbara Headley, David H. Hughes, Honor M. Liddle (F, O. F, M), Elizabeth A. Meredith (F, O. F, M), John R. Reader, Margaret P. Rollason (Ger, O. G), Clifford J. Smith (G, M), Geoffrey Sparrow (C), Donald F. Thorley (G).

School Certificate.

Pass: E. Mary Bond, Ruth M. Francis, Irene E. Goss, Charles A. Macdonald, John S. Peet (M).

SCHOOL MAGAZINES.

We acknowledge with thanks receipt of the following Magazines since our last issue: *The Cupola* (Ackworth), *By Kent and Skerne* (Polam Hall), *The Beckside* (Ayton), *The Island* (Sidcot), *Cambridge and County High School Magazine*.



Give Chocolates . . .

exquisitely boxed

Appearances count such a lot when it comes to Christmas gifts! That's where Rowntree's help you. Unusually lovely boxes — there's a choice of hundreds — specially designed for Christmas giving! And Rowntree's chocolates are the most delicious assortments you can buy. You're bound to please when you give

ROWNTREE'S

Super-Quality Chocolates

The grey spectre of insecurity

SOMETIMES, as you ponder in front of the dying fire, and the others (so trustfully dependent upon you) are asleep upstairs, vague fears for the future take on a startlingly definite form.

Unemployment, illness, accident, or even worse! These things don't *always* happen 'to the other fellow.' What if they came to *you*? Would your wife and children be able to face the world in the same comfortable circumstances as now, or would they be penalised for your neglect?

It isn't worth while to risk insecurity. You can greatly improve their protection by setting aside a comparatively small portion of your income. Isn't it better to invest that small amount annually, and draw it out later with an additional handsome sum, than to run the risk of losing everything?

A Friends' Provident and Century Life policy can be adapted to your own individual needs—regardless of the size of your income.

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

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

Aggregate Funds exceed £10,000,000

THE FRIENDS' PROVIDENT AND CENTURY INSURANCE OFFICES

Head Offices:

7 Leadenhall Street, E.C.3. 18 Charlotte Square, Edinburgh

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