THE AVENUE

F.S.S.W.

MARCH, 1949

PER ARDUA AD ALTA



CONTENTS

	Page
Editorial	33
Stephen Woods	33
Giuseppe's	34
A Letter from Sylvia Clark	36
The People of London	37
Return	38
Football	39
Cricket	40
Tennis and Rounders, Summer, 1948	41
Hockey and Netball, December, 1948	42
" Loyalties "	42
The Photographic Society	43
The Film Club	44
The Model Aero Club	44
The Natural History Society	45
Biological Field-work at Saffron Walden	46
Examination Results	47

THE AVENUE

The Magazine of the Friends' School, Saffron Walden

VOL. 38 MARCH, 1949 No. 111

EDITORIAL

IT is the true function of an editorial, not to record events, but to comment on them; to see a significance and a pattern in them, and to pass on them a considered judgment. It should present to its readers something more than a mere chronicle. It should focus their attention on those happenings which are worthy of deeper thought, and should praise or criticize according to the principles of that body of which it is the organ.

The decision to revive the editorial of this type arose from a concern that the principles for which the School stands should find expression in the *Avenue*. No school can be called great which concentrates, however effectively, on mere instruction; there must be a spirit to quicken the body, and the spirit must express itself if it is to live. At a time when questions are being asked about the value of independent schools in general, and of Friends' schools in particular, it is of the utmost importance that we should know those things for which we stand, and that this light should be brought to bear on the events around us.

It is hoped that the editorial comments in each issue will serve this purpose in some small measure.

STEPHEN WOODS

AT the end of our first term at Walden when the Form's accounts were being finally settled, Stephen stayed behind to offer to lend me the remainder of his pocket money to make up part of the substantial deficit in my reckoning. As he grew older he continued to show the same sensitive appreciation of other people's feelings and to display the natural, unfailing courtesy which was part of it. A sunny disposition, a flair for kindly caricature, an acknowledged gift for leadership won him firm and devoted friends. Throughout he was a keen, alert, interested, and exceptionally well-informed scholar.

Right to the end Stephen rose above his suffering and was full of thought for others both around him and at school. Those of us who attended the Memorial Service at Barnet came away humbler

folk, realising why Wordsworth extolled the young and what Binyon meant when he wrote :—

" They shall grow not old, as we that are left grow old."

" This is where we miss Stephen " is a thought most of us at Walden have had many times. It was a remark I could not help making as the bus left Cambridge with the Soccer XI. It was a remark that might have been made with even more emphasis earlier in the afternoon when we were in the middle of one of those evenly-balanced games in which Stephen revelled. That was in November : it will be the same in March and the same in June. Those who know and treasure the close comradeship of sport are particularly conscious of their loss.

To miss Stephen is to feel his influence which is writ large at Walden in scholarship, in manliness, and in sportsmanship.

C.A.M.

It was only on Tuesday, 28th September, barely a month ago, that the Head Master reported that the School Doctor had confirmed his fear that Stephen Woods had infantile paralysis. He said that this case had not necessarily any connection with last term's case and denied any rumour that it might spread.

No one in the School knew the exact condition of Stephen Woods, but on Saturday, 2nd October, there was a few minutes silence after Assembly, in order that the School might pray together for his health.

The afternoon was sunny and warm : the crisp brown leaves fell slowly to the ground, while the birds sang softly in the trees. But at Waltham Abbey, not so very far away, the School lost a loyal friend, a fine sportsman, someone we will never forget .... Stephen Woods died in hospital.

(*Re-printed by courtesy of the Editor of the* Fourth Form Advertiser.)

GIUSEPPE'S

IT was blazing hot ; the sort of day when the paint comes off the houses in flakes ; when the rocks blister in the sun, blazing in a deep blue sky ; and the mountains throw great shadows across the lake. We went into Giuseppe's little ristorante for an ice.

" Bon gierno, senora. Si vende gelati ? "

" Si, senor. Chocolata, fragiola, vaniglia ? "

" What shall we take ? A couple of chocolates. Chocolata, per favore. Gracia tante."

The senora went into the back to get the ices. The place was nearly empty. The little white tables were deserted. Only the droning of the flies broke the silence of the late August afternoon. It had never been like this in the old days, in the days before the war. They had all come flocking to Giuseppe's then, to eat his celebrated ' dainties ', to taste his famous wines. But they wouldn't come any more. They were gone now ; the Kaiser who had lived in the Grand Hotel ; the princelings of Eastern Europe who had come down to the Lake for their summer holidays. The Kaiser was dead, the princelings were in exile, and only the British tourists came to Giuseppe's to eat ice-creams.

A hooter sounded. They were coming out of the tobacco factory. I could hear the clatter of their clogs on the cobbled streets as they passed the ristorante. Every day, from Locarno, from over the Italian border, from as far as Cannobio, they came to Brissago. And every day they sent out row upon row of ' Brissago cigarros ' —long, evil smelling, black cheroots.

Behind the factory I could see the little yellow buildings that were the customs offices ; the Italian soldiers and the Alpine Guards with their short swords ; the two striped bars across the road ; the search for tobacco, silk, and wine. This was the little red line of the atlas ! This was the border. Beyond the border ran the white road to Italy.

Others sitting here six years ago had watched that road just as I was watching it now. I could only hear the drone of the flies on the window, and the clatter of the clogs in the street outside. While they had watched they had heard the distant thunder of the guns, the dull explosions of far-away shells. They had heard the shooting in Cannobio, just over the border ; the rattle of machine guns, the splintering of glass. At night they had seen the flares go up ; they had seen the white criss-crossing lines of the searchlights and, on the horizon, the dull red glow of fire. They had come pouring over the border from Italy and had camped in the Grand Hotel. Refugees. They had come with their bundles and sacks over the old smugglers' route, high up in the mountains. But now they had all gone back. The big guns were broken. Brissago was peaceful again.

The palms along the side of the lake were rustling slightly in the breeze when we stepped out of Guiseppe's ristorante. A Chrysler rushed by, bound for Italy ; two old men were smoking their ' cigarros ' outside the Grand Hotel ; somewhere in the back streets of Brissago I could hear the twang of a guitar ....

George Rosenberg (Upper V)

A LETTER FROM SYLVIA CLARK

THE following extracts are from a letter written by Sylvia Clark in December, 1948 and tell some of her doings in the previous twelve months. Sylvia Clark has been Headmistress of the Friends Girls School at Ramallah in the Arab part of Palestine since October, 1946.

" At our Monthly Meeting on May 2nd we decided to hand the Meeting House over to refugees from Jaffa. By the next day it had 55 people in it, with their ' rooms ' marked off by benches. Thirty of them are still there. At first we were able to send four hot meals a week to them ; sometimes they grumbled that the bread wasn't adequate, but we thought that a bit of wholesome grumbling on the part of refugees showed that they hadn't entirely lost their spirit, and anyway couldn't do much about it. Now we can afford one hot meal per week, and also give them carbolic for their floor, D.D.T. for their fleas and milk for the baby born in the Meeting House.

We had begun to receive refugees in the school on April 29th. One of our annual summer problems is water ; usually the cisterns do not have enough and we have to buy some before the end of the summer. But with so few children in school before it closed at the end of April, though we had pitifully little to give our refugees, our water was plentiful for once. I was seriously afraid of typhoid and allowed only myself and another member of the staff to come up on the well head. For the first week or so we stood in the July sun four times a day and doled out whatever water was asked for, pouring it into the pathetic little receptacles which the people managed to scrounge from somewhere or other. When our first rush ended we cut our water times to twice a day and then to once only, as our residents acquired proper tins and petrol cans. We even made the giving of water conditional upon good behaviour ! We found it the only way to keep our premises reasonably sanitary, or our tomato patch unmolested The threat of no water on the following day kept even the naughtiest boys in check most of the time. We had a job to look after our large family. For example we had a baby with typhoid in one building, and there was no place to send him. So we had to put the baby in a tiny store room at the top of the building, with his mother to nurse him ; she could keep an eye on her other two children, but no one was allowed to go up to the top besides her. Next day I found the idea of keeping his nappies separate from the rest of the family washing hadn't occurred to her. We learnt that lesson, and also that flies were to be avoided. I D.D.T.'d especially where the baby was. The day after that I discovered the mother had carried all the family food upstairs to where there were no flies, beside the baby. However, we persevered, and how we got away with no further cases beats me, but we did. We only

lost two baby boys, who died of over-exposure during their first three days here.

When bread began to be sent from Amman in trucks, we became a bread-centre, and my headaches increased a hundredfold. We had to count our people and they were determined to give in as large a number as they dared. One woman borrowed three boys from a relative of hers in another building, and showed them to us as her step-brothers-in-law. However, we did get our own people counted, but we had no control whatsoever over those from outside who came to get their bread at our gate.

The boys' school has been a hospital now for many months with some 5,000 cases served. On top of this the classrooms and hall still contain a limited school of 130 or so. You never quite know what you will be doing next here. I am taking the top class girls to sing English carols for broadcasting on Christmas Eve. My piano accompaniments wouldn't take a high place anywhere, but how's that for this Singing Mistress ? Anyway the girls are very happy to do it."

[I know Sylvia Clark would welcome letters from old friends. Her address is " Friends Girls' School, Ramallah, Amman, Transjordan."—*Ed.*]

THE PEOPLE OF LONDON

THE holidays now over, one has plenty of time to reflect on them and, in a spare moment, one often finds oneself reliving some specific incident. To one such as me, who lives near London, an outing of any considerable length invariably means going round or through London.

Very few people could find London boring, for wherever you go—Underground train, bus, shops large or small, theatres or railway stations—there are the ever-present crowds, the people of London. They are, I think, the very essence of any city—just as the lack of them is of the country. In London can be seen a selection not only of every race and creed in the world, but of every possible English type.

As a swaying Underground train takes you under those crowded streets, you can see almost at a glance so many different people, so many different stories. It is interesting to see how they dress—a woman may board the train, almost unnoticed, quietly dressed, and with a quiet manner ; while another may bustle in, gaudily over-dressed, in an overbearing pompous way, bristling with parcels which proclaim in large conspicuous print the shops which she has visited.

Then as the train glides out of the brightly-lit station into the dark tunnel, your attention returns to its swaying cargo. As the afternoon draws to a close, the trains gradually fill with business men and women ; few of them speak to their neighbour, but sit self-contained, reading their evening newspapers. I often wonder what sort of lives lie behind those mask-like faces—what ambition, what success, what failure.

The man sitting next to you smells strongly of beer, and you move away from him, hoping that he hasn't observed your move ; in doing so, you brush up against a dog, a large shaggy dog, which you hadn't noticed before in the crowd ; it eyes you sardonically and walks away. Sooner or later you are bound to find yourself looking at the paper of the person sitting opposite you. Why is it that his paper always seems so interesting ?

At the next station a woman comes on the train and sits next to you, that being the only vacant seat. She lights a cigarette and opens a paper—a spinster, obviously. At length the pangs of hunger drive you to the surface, out on to the streets and into the first cafe that presents itself.

After satisfying those terrible pangs, you sit up and divert your attention to your fellows in the quest for food—a pompous business man enjoying his fish and chips ; a party of Chinese, or young people, probably cinema-goers.

As you go out into the streets once again, you find youself bumping into that selection of humanity which forms the population of the great City of London. *Ian Coates* (*Lower V*)

RETURN

I went back one day, as I had always known I would, to the little town in East Anglia, where I had spent my childhood. As I wandered through the quaint, narrow streets, the noisy hoots of cars and buses seemed incongruous. The mixture of old and new was like a jig-saw puzzle, the pieces of which one was unable to fix together.

I walked up the hill to an empty, deserted building. As I opened the door it creaked on hinges that badly needed oil. I stepped across the hall to examine the faded pictures on the wall. The clothing of the people attracted my notice. Modern children would smile scornfully at them, the long dresses and peculiar head-wear. They had no thoughts of the past to bring memories rushing

back. The times I had stood there, in fear and trembling, waiting to know the worst !

I went along the corridor, peering into the rooms on either side. Dust lay inches thick everywhere. There was one room that once had evidently been a library. Ivy overhung the filthy windows, making the room dark and miserable.

I walked out of a side door into the grounds. What had been beautiful flower beds were now rubbish dumps, overhung with weeds. Further on, the shrubbery, whose trees I had climbed on so many occasions, was now nearly all cut down. The outlying buildings I left alone. They were newer, not retaining the same beauty and atmosphere as the rest.

I looked at my watch. Only ten minutes till my train. I hurried down the broad sweep of the drive, and then turned to have one last look. As I stood leaning on the gatepost, a man came by.

" It's no use going there," he said. " The school has gone home for the holidays." *Margaret Ball (Upper V)*

FOOTBALL

1*st* XI :—*Played* 9, *Won* 3, *Drawn* 0, *Lost* 6.

BEFORE the 1st XI's season had opened, our most grievous blow had already been struck and in the tragic loss of Stephen Woods we were incalculably the poorer for a fine sportsman, our best half-back and a great example of how games should be played, in every sense of that phrase. We had, above all, lost a great friend and comrade, the pall of whose passing has lain heavily upon us. In every way we have missed him, and we shall continue to miss him ; but we count it a high privilege to have played and striven with him in the games he loved.

In these tragic circumstances, early defeats at Earls Colne and Harlow were not surprising. We had little heart for football and, when through illness the term came to a premature close, we were not loth to see it go.

This year's XI is too young to tackle Grammar School 1st XI's, when those schools are much larger than ours, so we have a somewhat varied fixture list. Newport ' Under 17's ' proved too fast and heavy for us and defeated us 3—0 in quite a good game. Braintree 2nd XI gave us our first win (6—1) and this we followed

with a meritorious win at Letchworth against St. Christopher (2—1), only to lose to them the following Wednesday on our own ground (8—0). Soham Grammar School sent a slightly weakened 1st XI and defeated us 5—3; whilst the last match of the term, as it proved to be, resulted in our third win and the most level and exciting game of the term. This was against Bury St. Edmunds County Grammar School 1st XI, who were twice on level terms with us in a thick blanket of fog, before Brown scored his third and the winning goal of the match shortly before the end.

We have also attempted with varying fortunes to run other school sides. The experiment of having an 'Under 13' side had to be abandoned after two massacres at Cambridge and Newport, when it had become quite obvious that four or five boys of twelve, with a number of younger players, were insufficient to cope with a normal 'Under 13' XI. Disparity of age was also much in evidence when our 'Under 15's' defeated Braintree's 'Under 14's' at Braintree in the first game of the season (8—0). The 'Under 15's' remain undefeated, having won two matches and drawn the other two. Next term we hope to run an 'Under 12' side as well as 'Under 14' and 'Under 15' elevens.

There is no point at this stage in dwelling upon the strength or weaknesses of individual players, but I must congratulate Brown on his captaincy and goal-scoring propensities: for both qualities we are fortunate to have him with us, and he has done much both on and off the field in helping our young and promising fourteen-year-old's to make a highly successful début in school football.

CRICKET

THE 1st XI's record for 1948 was:—
Played 14, *Won* 5, *Drawn* 3, *Lost* 6.
We give below details of the last four school games, which were played too late in the season to appear in our previous issue.

1st XI *v.* K.E.S. Chelmsford 2nd XI (home). Won by 53 runs.
School: 119 for 6 dec. (Webb 71, Brown 16, Cassuto 15).
K.E.S.: 66 (R. Clymo 5 for 12, J. Dutton 4 for 9).

1st XI *v.* Harlow College (away). Lost by 6 wickets.
School: 108 for 8 dec. (Baker 25, Cadman 20, Webb 19, Woods 15*).
Harlow: 112 for 4.

1st XI *v.* Cambridge C.H.S. 2nd XI (home). Won by 77 runs.
School: 128 (Cassuto 53, Brown 23, Blackburn 19, Gerstl 18).
Cambridge 51 (Webb 4 for 17, Cadman 3 for 7).

1st XI *v.* Soham Grammar School (away). Lost by 8 wickets.
School: 37 (Cassuto 16).
Soham: 38 for 2.
**Not out.*

Webb (29.2), Baker (12.3), Cassuto (11.9) and Gerstl (11.3) led the batting averages, in that order, but the main brunt of the batting fell upon Webb, who made 614 runs, including several first-rate innings, and Cassuto, whose season's total was 214. Webb made 106 against Mr. Frizzell's XI; this was the first century made by a boy of the school for some considerable time.

Command of a very accurate length gave R. Clymo the lead in the school bowling averages. He obtained 23 wickets for 116 runs. Dutton and Cadman also obtained over 20 wickets each for an average of nine, whilst Webb took 30 wickets, but was more liable to inaccuracy, his average being 12.8.

Fielding honours went chiefly to Cassuto and Cadman, whose quickness in the field and sure hands would alone have won them their places in the eleven.

Rosenberg was the only 'Under 14' batsman to merit a place in these annals: he averaged 13.2. For the rest and concerning the bowling, we will maintain a discreet silence, saying only that many of our juniors were very junior and will have the chance to distinguish themselves in 1949.

TENNIS AND ROUNDERS

Summer, 1948

THE tennis season started with two victories against St. Christopher's, Letchworth and Chantry Mount School, Bishops Stortford. The 1st VI were defeated, however, by Cambridge County School, Herts and Essex High School, Saffron Walden Training College, and the Perse School, Cambridge. We have not yet developed good enough match play for close competition against these larger schools, but with practice and perseverance this should come. The end of the term brought us two more victories, the first against Paston House, Cambridge —a most exciting match played on their courts, and the second an "A" VI match against Berbice House, Dunmow.

We ran two Rounders teams this year—' Under 15 ' and ' Under 13 '. The ' Under 15 ' team defeated Chantry Mount School by 13½ rounders to 1 ; but a week later lost, in their turn, to Cambridge County School by 13 rounders to 3. The ' Under 13 ' team did not manage a victory in any of their three matches, but they were all close and evenly contested.

On the whole, the season's play in rounders showed an improvement in batting, which proved to be last season's weakness, and the teams were never lacking in enthusiasm and determination to practise.

HOCKEY AND NETBALL

December, 1948

MORE than half the matches arranged for this term had to be cancelled owing to illness, but the record for the term is as follows :—

October 2nd ..	1st XI *v.* Old Scholars	Lost 2—4
October 30th ..	1st XI *v.* Cambridge Town Ladies	Drew 2—2
November 13th ..	1st XI *v.* Royal Wanstead School	Won 18—0
	' Under 15 ' Netball ,, ,,	Won 20—12
November 20th ..	2nd XI *v.* Cambridge Youth Club	Lost 2—4
	' Under 15 ' Netball *v.* Chantry Mount School	Won 7—6
	' Under 13 ' Netball *v.* ,,	Lost 0—19

" LOYALTIES "

THE School Dramatic Society gave two public performances of John Galsworthy's play, " Loyalties " on Friday and Saturday evenings, February 4th and 5th. Collections were taken in aid of the Saffron Walden Anglo-American Memorial Fund, about which Alderman Custerson and the Mayor (Councillor Brightwen Rowntree) spoke in the intervals. As a result of this, the considerable amount of £26 11s. 0d. was sent from the School.

On both nights there was a large and appreciative audience, and although the Friday performance was inclined to be rather slow, the one on Saturday went extremely well.

Most of the characters really lived their parts and put over the atmosphere very successfully. Almost without exception they spoke up well and could be clearly heard at the back of the hall. In places, however, their movements were rather awkward, and they seemed especially to have difficulty in using their hands naturally.

Paul Honigmann and George Rosenberg deserve particular praise for their performances as the old lawyer and the Italian wine merchant, the latter's foreign accent and halting speech sounding really genuine. Rajan Chetsingh and David Matthews played admirably the parts of the two main characters, namely, the young despised Jew, De Levis, and the popular, dare-devil Ronald Dancy. Richard Brown kept us amused in both his parts, as the rather simple inspector and the talkative Mr. Gilman. Naomi Sargant, Anthony Miller, Susan Fry, Michael How and Ursula Miller also deserve special mention.

Edwin Small and Kenneth Whitlow, the producers, should feel greatly rewarded for the great deal of work they put into the play, as should the cast and the stage managers, and the result was a finished production.

Elisabeth Collinson and Mary Hollingworth
(Upper VI)

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

THE Photographic Society continues to flourish and has a steady membership of about twenty. Two competitions were held, one on print criticism and one on print production, and raised enough enthusiasm to suggest that regular contests would be well supported.

Ann Smith won the first with an excellent analysis of the merits and faults of the two prints presented for criticism. Gerstl won the second by a narrow margin from Palmer and Susan Fry, with a good record photograph of the dining hall. The Saffron Walden and District Camera Club kindly judged the second competition for us, and we hope to collaborate again with them in early February when they have arranged a lecture at the School so that we may share it with them.

We look like getting a second dark-room soon, and shall be pleased to receive any material or equipment to help us to furnish it adequately. A generous gift of a quarter-plate camera and other apparatus on behalf of Penrose Whitlow by his family has helped us enormously, but our capacity for absorbing such gifts is terrific.

Activities during the autumn were varied and continuous. Some Saturday evening lecturers spontaneously gave their talks a " twist " to make them very acceptable to our members, resulting in some nice pictures taken locally on some informal photographic walks.

Our club workmen built an enlarger and the resulting pressure on the dark-room was relieved only by an overflow to " Courtlands ". An extraordinarily large number of prints of " couples " in evidence was explained by the discovery that one club member, Judy Baker, was " specialising in couples "—very successfully too !

THE FILM CLUB

THE Film Club meets every Monday in two groups—at 7 and 7.30 p.m. It has 80 members from Forms III and L. IV. Some of the films are educational, while others are just cartoons. We have had some very interesting films—for instance, " Flight over Everest ", which showed how some airmen flew up to the summit of Everest ; " The Ballad of the Battered Bicycle ", a Safety First film. A number of the films have been about the great ships of the world, and the work on the River Thames. The cartoons are perhaps the most popular. Practically everybody who has joined thinks the programme is well worth the membership price of half-a-crown.

We all want to thank Mr. Haselgrove for choosing and ordering the films ; Mr. Pierce for arranging the Club ; and Owen Edwards for operating the projector. We appreciate their efforts to give us an interesting show. *Diana E. Moseley* (*Lower IV*)

THE MODEL AERO CLUB

SINCE Allcock has left we have cut down the number of members to eight from about twenty. Every convenient Saturday or Sunday a few of us go down to see Mr. Daw, who is the head of the Town Club, and he helps us with the building of our planes, or by showing us how to get different engines going, and how to handle a control-line plane.

We have four engines in the Club at the moment, but David Greenland is hoping to get a " K Eagle " for his birthday. He has

at the moment a " Frog 175 ", which is a petrol engine ; he has fixed a Glow Plug on to it in hope of getting a better result, but, so far, nothing has happened.

Andrew Clymo is the only person who has been flying this term, but after several small crashes he had a rather big one, and so he is now re-making his plane. This is powered by an E.D. Mark I (" Bee ") and the plane is a " Phantom Mite ". Thomas Marriage had an E.D. Mark II for Christmas, and he is now running it in. I also have an E.D. Mark II, and it is running very well. I have fixed it into a plane called the " Wizard ", and I hope to get some good results.

So now we are looking forward to next summer, and some of us hope to enter our planes for some of the Challenge Cups.

John Skelton (Lower IV)

THE NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY

THE Natural History Society has had two changes of chairmen since Mr. Lenz left in the summer term. While Miss Mersh was in charge of the Society during the Autumn term, Anthony Miller took the chair, and this term Mr. Darlington has taken over.

Last term we had a good variety in our meetings, two being devoted to essays by members, in which a high standard was maintained, and one to films. In addition, Mr. Westerman spoke to us of his experiences as a bee-keeper ; and a Brains Trust of six members provided an entertaining and interesting evening. The Current Events Diary was kept throughout the term and the Christmas holidays, and has provided us with much interesting information. This term its scope has been widened to include observations made by members.

A notable feature of this term's programme has been the showing of the film made by Mr. Darlington with some boys and girls from Sibford, on the life history of the Manx Shearwater, a bird with strange habits about which little has been known until recently. Mr. Darlington has already promised us plenty of field-work, and the Bird Ringing Scheme, with which several members are actively concerned, is progressing well. We look forward confidently to the continued keenness of this flourishing society in the hands of its new chairman.

Alice Kendon (Upper VI)

BIOLOGICAL FIELD-WORK AT SAFFRON WALDEN

THE Editor has suggested that some account should be given here of the various forms of field-work which members of the Natural History Society will shortly be undertaking. Obviously, at this stage, it is only possible to indicate briefly a few of the earlier schemes. Some of these will certainly entail observations of various kinds on wild birds in the Walden district and elsewhere, and it should be emphasised at once that, in general, there are likely to be long-term investigations covering an indefinite period of time. Priority will be given to work already requested by various outside authorities with a view to assisting biologists engaged in special lines of research. Particulars of a few of these activities are given below.

THE BIRD-RINGING SCHEME. Work with the marking of birds is probably the most important single piece of research. Controlled by the Bird-ringing Committee at the Natural History Museum, South Kensington, the scheme is a highly organised one operating throughout Britain. An immense amount of information about bird-behaviour has already come to light as the result of past ringing work, and we at Walden should be able to add to this in due course. It is evident from the encouraging start made with the trapping of birds in the " Hillcroft " gardens that the locality is a good one for obtaining the very species about which information is most urgently needed. When the nesting-season begins, scholars will have good opportunities for increasing the rate of ringing.

BIRD MEASUREMENTS. Scientists know little, as yet, about the extent and causes of variations in size among individual birds of any species. John Gibb, of the Oxford University Department of Zoological Field Studies, is collecting information on these points and we shall be assisting him by weighing and measuring all birds trapped for ringing, as well as some of the nestlings which come our way.

THE STARLING. This bird, evidently of economic importance and exhibiting fascinating problems of behaviour, is the subject of a special investigation by Dr. Robert Carrick of Aberdeen University. It is hoped to contribute to his work in several ways, notably by undertaking a census of Starlings breeding in a representative area of urban Walden and by measuring the effects of external conditions upon the rate of sexual development in Starlings entering our traps.

BIRD MOVEMENTS. For many years, Mr. H. G. Hurrell of the British Trust for Ornithology has directed studies of the behaviour of the Swift as it moves into Britain on its spring migration. In the last two years, large-scale simultaneous watches over the whole country have been organised with the object of learning something

of the way in which the bird travels and the effects of winds, etc., on its somewhat erratic course. The inquiry will be continued this year with watches covering a longer period, and there will be an opportunity here for the juniors as well as the older members of the School to lend a hand.

Unlike the Swift, the Redwing is a winter visitor to Britain from N. Europe, and it travels mainly by night. Little is known about its nocturnal activities, but Mr. P. H. T. Hartley and I have already organised systematic night-watching through the B.T.O., and a definite pattern of behaviour is beginning to show itself. In autumn, senior scholars will be able to undertake watching on two nights during the Redwing's southward passage.

INSECTS. Dr. Williams, of Rothamsted Experimental Station, will be glad of information about the migratory movement of butterflies and moths through the district. These movements occur, but are markedly variable and uncertain. If the opportunity presents itself, we shall carry out observations in this connection either by direct watching or by the use of our automatic light-trap. The new observation-hive at the School will be used in the summer for work on the diurnal rhythm of the Honey-bee.

As time passes, and if keen volunteers are forthcoming, other schemes will develop. All the work suggested here will be directed by the Natural History Society as much of it is so technical as to require supervision and training, and only members of this Society will usually be able to participate. Wherever possible, however, a few junior scholars will be allowed to assist in order to gain experience. It is hoped that every member of "Natch" will be prepared to take an active part in at least one of these investigations.

A. D.

EXAMINATION RESULTS

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON :—

Higher School Certificate : Midsummer, 1948—

Martin Chesworth, Ruth Comber, Martin Dodsworth, Anne Dutton, Sheila Littleboy, Michael Rossman, John Woods (distinction in History).

General School Certificate with Matriculation exemption : Midsummer, 1948—

Mary Bull, Susan Fry, Michael How, Pat Litson, Oliver Mahler, Ursula Page, Sylvia Palmer, Alan Spendlove, Stella Steer, Helen Strachan, Nancy Turner, Ronald Wakeling.

December, 1948 : Michael Comber.

General School Certificate : Midsummer, 1948—

Ann Cliff, John Coffin, Grace Doggett, Margaret Figg, Kenneth Frizzell, Wilfred Hayler, Susan Jennings, Anthony Marsh, Hugh Meteyard, Brenda Salmon, Mary Sargant, Valerie Vickery.

December, 1948 : Clive Gerstl.

ROYAL LIFE SAVING SOCIETY. Summer, 1948—

Elementary Certificate :

Jill Baker, Pat Cadman, Alison Edmunds, Susan Gee, Janet Hodgson, Valerie Jack, Ann Jacob, Ann McGowan, Diana Moseley, Margaret Pilgrim, Janet Smith, Margaret Smith, Ann Williams, Valerie Wiseman, Elizabeth Yardley.

Intermediate Certificate :

Pamela Bostel, Margaret Fathi, Judith Foster, Audrey Gentle, Hilary Jackson, Julia Mace, Una Millett, Elizabeth Paul, Jennifer Rose, Olga Sheeran, Heather Wright. John Appleton, Roger Bennett, Andrew Clymo, Michael Frizzell, David Greenland, Brian Lewis, Stephen Roth, Roger Sheppard, John Skelton, Nigel Watt, Timothy Whitmore, Peter Williams.

Bronze Medallion :

Gwyneth Jackson, Eleanor Marriage, Charlotte Morgan Margaret Robinson, John Appleton, John Cadman, David Fairbanks, Peter Joselin, Brian Lewis, David Matthews, Robert Palmer, Stephen Roth, David Tregear.

Award of Merit :

Mary Hollingworth, Susan Maguire, Anthony Miller, Michael Rossman.

Instructor's Certificate :

Susan Fry.

Printed by S. C. Jennings & Sons, Ltd., Redhill. Surrey.