

## SCHOOL ACTIVITIES.



## THE PRIZE-GIVING.

NOVEMBER 21st, 1919.

Folk Song ... "The Hunt is Up" ... THE SCHOOL  
 Song ... "England, My Country" ... ..

## THE HEADMISTRESS'S REPORT.

Carols (16th Century) "Unto Us is Born a Son" THE SCHOOL  
 "On the First Day of Christmas" " "

DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES AND CERTIFICATES BY MISS FRY.

*Prize List.*

Form Lower I.	M. Burrows		H. Dyer
Ib	A. Witton		G. Levell
Ic	D. Cannon	Lower Vb	T. Winney
	M. Colegrave		E. Barton
	K. Vine		S. Brockes
Preparatory	I. Browning		N. Irons
Form IIb	B. Lumley		W. Markby
IIa	W. Marsh		F. Osborn
	M. Vine		M. Shephard
	W. Regan		E. Thornton
IIId	M. Caudwell	Lower Va	M. Bonnett
IIIf	M. Stallworthy		V. Davies
	E. Bone	Upper V	M. Prout
IIIf	M. Brown		N. Cotterill
	C. Smith		G. Dibbs
IIIfa	E. Hart		G. Fairman
	E. Wells		W. Roles
IVc	E. Standing	Form VI	M. Thornton
	D. Castell		M. Irons.
IVb	W. Ferguson		M. Smith.
	G. Davies		K. Morley
	D. Alder		D. Dillon
IVa	N. Reynolds		G. Mederson
	M. Deacon		

## CERTIFICATES.

*Intermediate Arts*—M. Thornton.

## GENERAL SCHOOL EXAMINATION (Summer, 1919).

## MATRICULATION AND HONOURS GENERAL.

M. Prout (distinction in 8 subjects)

T. Winney (distinction in 3 subjects)

## MATRICULATION &amp; GENERAL.

E. Barton (distinction in 1  
subject).M. Bonnett ( " " 2  
subjects).

S. Brookes,

N. Cotterill ( " " 2  
subjects).

V. Davies

G. Dibbs

G. Fairman (distinction in 2  
subjects.N. Irons ( " " 1  
subject).

W. Markby

F. Osborn ( " " 1  
subject).

W. Roles

N. Shephard

E. Thornton

## GENERAL.

K. Ansell (distinction in 1  
subject).

A. Brown

G. Clark

G. Coling

M. Cook

D. Dredge

E. Greenman

D. Hart

E. Holder

D. Houseman

I. Briggs

E. Medhurst

A. Peek

M. Pouncy

M. Shields

E. Sorrell

H. Stuart

E. Tye

J. Webber

E. Jeffery

## MATRICULATION (Dec. 1919).

E. Greenman (distinction in 1 subject) M. Pouncy.

## GENERAL.

O. Nash.

## MISS FRY'S ADDRESS.

Song	...	...	"Ophelia" ( <i>Berlioz</i> )	...	THE CHOIR
Song	...	...	"Dance" ( <i>Elgar</i> )	...	THE SCHOOL
Song	...	...	"Heroes" ...	...	THE SCHOOL
"God Save the King."					

## THE SCHOOL PLAY.

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The "Knight of the Burning Pestle" is an Elizabethan burlesque which satirises the stage and acting of the time. The story of the play is simple : a rich citizen and his wife find the play they have come to see not at all to their liking, and demand that their apprentice Ralph shall act to the audience. Thus the real play and Ralph's performance take place side by side, and the result is most amusing.

Nancy Cotterill and Nancy Irons gave a rendering of the rich grocer and his wife.

We can congratulate Nancy Irons on her voice—she certainly made herself heard ; few people could have yelled " Cut him on the leg, boys," with so much effect.

Iris Johnston made a splendid and very substantial knight. Her death was most affecting—to the platform as well as to the audience, who must have been relieved to find the platform still whole after the shock of the knight's death. Iris looked very " knightly " in her silver breast-plate and helmet ; as a matter of fact the latter were composed of silver-coloured rubber which gave off a distinctly " rubbery " perfume. Iris had to suffer to be beautiful !

The " knight of the burning pestle " was attended by his apprentices, Tim and George, who did not quite realise the seriousness of their position as squire and dwarf of a cavalier famed for his courtesy to " distressed damsels " and " fair ladies." Margery Mollett and Beryl Hebditch made two very mischievous apprentice lads. The apples and nuts consumed by these two could not be counted, and Tim (M. Mollett) in particular looked the picture of earthly bliss when eating her apple. When George spilt the flour from the flour-sifter on Tim's head, the audience no doubt thought it part of the performance ; but, if the truth were known, Margery and Beryl received a shock when they discovered that there was more in the sifter " than met the eye."

Evelyn Webb in particular deserves commendation for her performance ; she had a most uncomfortable part, for everyone in the play seemed to vent his feelings on poor Humphrey. With a Spartan heroism Evelyn bore the blows that were inflicted on her.

The entrance of the coffin, covered with a " customary suit of solemn black," and its four perspiring bearers ought to have been most impressive ; but by an oversight of the bearers, the corpse's feet were distinctly visible, and the audience laughed instead of maintaining an awestruck silence.



The scenery and the dresses were very beautiful, and helped to make the play the success it was. Special thanks are due to Miss MacArthur, as stage manager and general director, and to Miss Whitehead for her beautiful painting of the scenery.

It is hoped that by having a play the School will be able to collect £30 annually for the Queen's Hospital. This play realised £26; we hope that the next play will be as good and the financial result even better.

HILDA DYER.

### THE GYMNASTIC DISPLAY

The Gymnastic Display took place on Thursday afternoon and Friday evening, the 18th and 19th of March. We had been looking forward to this event during the greater part of the term, and those girls who had been chosen to take part had prepared for it most energetically by coming to school half-an-hour before the usual time one of two mornings every week. At last Thursday morning arrived, and the girls who were in the Display had all shortened and pressed their tunics and bought the longest stockings they could find.

The Display began with the Lower School Gymnastics. The girls marched and did monkey-drag on the boom, but the audience was pleased most by the somersaults. First of all each girl turned two somersaults on the mat and then she turned as many as she could, rolling over and over all the way down the Hall. The girls of the Middle School turned somersaults on the boom and those in the Upper School Gymnastics vaulted over the boom and did handstands. The girls in the Sixth Form did vaulting and other exercises on the horse. The audience enjoyed all those very much but they clapped most for leap-frog and handstands. Several of the girls jumped so well and sent their legs up so high that the audience held their breath, fearing that the girls would not land safely on the mat.

There were several country dances and some exercises in expression by girls of the dancing class. Miss Preedy danced the Hornpipe and was much applauded.

The skipping was near the end of the programme and was liked so much that the audience asked for an encore.

The Display ended with Sellenger's Round in which everyone took part. At the end of the dance the girls ran out by one door and came in again at the bottom of the Hall so that they might give three cheers for Miss Preedy and Miss Blyth who had worked so hard to prepare the Display.

W. ROLES.

## GAMES.

## FIRST NETBALL TEAM.

Goal Shooter	*Ethel Thornton	Form VI.
Attack	*Greta Reynolds	" IIIA.
Attacking Centre	Eleanor Jeffery	" Upper V.
Centre	Nancy Irons	" VI. (Captain).
Defending Centre	Agnes Peek	" Upper V.
Defence	Frances Osborn	" VI.
Goal Defender	Iris Johnston	" Upper V.

## SECOND NETBALL TEAM.

Goal Shooter	*Gladys Ambrose	Form Upper V.
Attack	*Lily Dyer	" IIIA.
Attacking Centre	(a) Margaret Jeffery	" Upper V.
	(b) Violet Davison	" IIIA.
Centre	Freda Richards	" Upper V. (Captain)
Defending Centre	Grace Tindall	" Upper III.
Defence	Enid Raven	" Upper V.
Goal Defender	Ruth Bone	" IVA <sup>1</sup> .

\* The two Goal Shooters and Attacks of the First and Second Teams, have been interchanged during the year owing to the uncertain shooting.

## FIRST TEAM.

GOAL SHOOTER. A neat player, not lacking in ability but in self-confidence and practice.

ATTACK. Uncertain, though very good at times. Play lacks finish. Is not nearly good enough in getting free.

ATTACKING CENTRE. Quick and useful player.

CENTRE. Has made a very reliable and good Captain. Play rather slow, must learn to jump more rather than reach, and must pass more quickly.

DEFENDING CENTRE. Quick on the whole, but must try to be neater.

DEFENCE. Shows promise. Must learn to watch partner more than the ball and stick to her more closely. Must jump more and get the ball more quickly when a goal has been missed.

DEFENDER. Shows promise. Was inclined to be rough at the beginning of the season, but has cured that. Must be quicker in passing.

## SECOND TEAM.

GOAL SHOOTER. Shows promise and has improved. Must aim at better style. Dodging not very good.

ATTACK. Showed great promise at the beginning of the season but has proved disappointing. Style good, but shooting very uncertain through lack of continuous practice.



ATTACKING CENTRE. (a) Quick, but must keep her place more. (b) Quick and neat. Shows promise.

CENTRE. Has shown great improvement and has become a much quicker player, but must be careful not to be rough.

DEFENDING CENTRE. Shows promise, must learn to jump more.

DEFENCE. Shows promise. Play rather disappointing, must learn to be much quicker and watch opponent more.

DEFENDER. Fair only; passing often weak. Seems too easily satisfied. More practice needed.

RESERVES. Vida Petty, Upper III. Quick and shows promise. Beryl Hebditch, Upper V. Very useful and adaptable player.

That the First Team has lost so many matches, and the Second Team has won so many, does not give a just impression of their play. In most schools the Second Team is very much weaker than the first, while between our own 1st and 2nd there is not a very marked difference.

Throughout the school the shooting is weak and erratic, which has necessitated much changing.

The players do not realise the value of individual practice and the play would have been much improved if the teams had more initiative and less self-consciousness. They should make use of the few minutes before a match begins by passing to one another or shooting. Spasmodic practice a few days before a match is almost useless; it should be continuous throughout the term. During the year, matches were played against the following schools:—Sydenham High School, Mary Datchelor, Old Girls', Croydon Borough and Beckenham Secondary.

#### FORM MATCHES.

Inter-form matches have been arranged in the Upper, Middle and Lower School, but the tournament is still in progress.

D. A. P.

#### GYMNASTIC COMPETITION.

On Wednesday, May 27th, the annual gymnastic competition was held. Miss Crowdy very kindly came to judge. The results were as follows:—

<i>Lower School.</i>	<i>Middle School.</i>	<i>Upper School.</i>
I. IIA—65	I. IIIA—70	I. VI—73
II. Up. I—60	II. Up. III—64	II. LV—73
III. IA—55	III. IIIBI—62	III. Up. V—68
IV. IIB—40	IV. IIIB2—50	IV. IVA1—60
V. LI—38		V. IVA2—49
VI. IB—35		VI. IVB—48

Miss Crowdy, in the course of her remarks afterwards, congratulated the three winning forms, she also congratulated Lower V. on their position in the list, and said that the form contained some of the best gymnasts in the school. Miss Crowdy went on to point out that it was obvious which forms had worked steadily throughout the year, and which had merely worked a little at the last moment. Those forms which had worked well were all near the top and had fairly good marks, then, after a big drop, came the others.

The work of the Sixth, Miss Crowdy said, was conspicuous by its finish, and showed initiative, each member of the form taking her share of the responsibility.

We must thank Miss Crowdy for having spent a whole day judging our competition, and for giving us such useful hints on the work.

R. M. B.

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#### THE SCHOOL GUIDES—2ND. SYDENHAM COMPANY.

Our company of guides is a flourishing institution which is now two years old. The company has rapidly increased, and now consists of about 60 guides of all ages, and at all stages, between tenderfoots—the newcomers—and those who, having passed second-class test, and gained various proficiency badges, hope to become first-class guides before long. The company is divided into eight patrols, each bearing the name of a flower or a bird, and each comprising the Patrol Leader and Second, and about six guides.

As is well-known to the school, our guide meetings are held on Wednesdays at 3.30 p.m. For the first half-hour, the patrols meet separately, and the leader arranges some occupation for her own patrol—usually signalling or ambulance if the patrol has many second-class guides, or knots and elementary information for those wishing to pass their tenderfoot test.

At 4 o'clock our Captain and Lieutenants appear. The guides gather round in horseshoe formation, to hear announcements and to discuss any question which may arise. For the next half-hour the company divides, according to the age of the guides, into various classes taken by the officers. The youngest guides begin to learn signalling; the older ones do ambulance; and the patrol leaders signal long-distance messages or do advanced first-aid. This part of the meeting is held in the garden in the summer, and it is really a delightful experience (though some may be sceptical) to "break" one's leg in the glade and be carried on a stretcher across the entire length of the garden into the building!



The last half-hour of the meeting is occupied with games or dancing.

"Guiding" is great fun, but it is something more. To be enrolled as a guide is no light undertaking. In company with many thousands of other girls, all over the world, each guide has to acknowledge a very high ideal, and do her best to live up to it. Again, the signalling and the ambulance work we learn are exceedingly useful, and may enable a guide to be of very great service in an emergency.

Lastly—and this is a proud boast!—our company, even in its short life of two years, has not worked in vain, for no less than five of the guides who formerly belonged to the 2nd Sydenham Company have passed on and become officers in the numerous smaller and less fortunate companies of the neighbourhood. It is to be hoped that this high tradition may ever be maintained and that the school company may continue to be strong, keen and useful for many years to come.

MONA PROUT (*Senior Patrol Leader*).

## SCHOOL CHARITIES.

### MONEY COLLECTED DURING THE YEAR ENDING MAY 1920.

	£	s.	d.
Invalid Children's Aid Association, Peter Pan Branch .. ..	4	0	0
Ditto, .. ..	1	4	2
Pearson's Fresh Air Fund .. ..	4	5	1
Ditto, .. ..	1	10	0
French Red Cross .. ..	2	10	6
Fund for Starving Children of Central Europe .. ..	5	18	3
Ditto (from sale of pears in School garden) .. ..	6	13	0
Special Appeal for St. Bartholomew's Hospital .. ..	41	5	0
Queen's Hospital for Children, and Chailey Homes for Cripple Children—			
Weekly Collections, Summer Term .. ..	12	13	2
Ditto, Autumn Term .. ..	17	11	7
Ditto, Spring Term .. ..	14	9	4
Special Appeal to School for Hospitals .. ..	13	9	4
Proceeds of School Play .. ..	23	10	0
Proceeds of Concert given by W. Bishop (I.A.) .. ..	2	6	0
Collection to buy Wool for Babies of Dr. Tchaikowsky's Crèche ..	1	11	3
Total .. ..	£153	16	8



## OUR BABIES

In October, 1914, Dr. Tchaikowsky told us of the work done for babies by the Women's League of Service, and as the Battersea Centre was the nearest, the girls thought they would like to help that branch as far as they could. To it the mothers bring their babies to be examined by a doctor once a week, and they are looked after every day while their mothers have dinner at the Centre. When we joined the League we decided to adopt a few babies, and provide them with long clothes, a shortening set and Christmas presents for the three following years. These presents consisted of a frock or two and some underclothes. In addition some "highday and holiday" attire is sent them in the early summer, so that they can come looking nice and fresh to the party in July. This party deserves a paragraph to itself.

This has always been quite a festive occasion for us. Once a form gave a concert to entertain the mothers, but as this took too long it has never been repeated, and instead the visitors go out into the garden and enjoy themselves thoroughly, just sitting on the grass doing nothing. This is like a picnic to them as the garden is so open, and Miss Stephens says they look forward to the party for months, and are quite the envy of the mothers whose babies we have not adopted. First of all they have tea in the dining room, which is crowded with girls and mistresses admiring the babies, some of whom have been fortunate enough to win prizes in a Baby Show. Some of them do not appreciate our admiration and make a great noise yelling lustily for their mothers. Usually they do not go away looking nearly as nice as when they arrived, as more milk goes down their frocks than into their mouths. In consequence we hope to be able to provide enough bibs so that each baby may have one on July 22nd, the day fixed for this year's party.

We have now 20 babies: six belong to Form VI., Seven to Upper and Lower V., IVA and IVA<sup>2</sup> each have one, Upper III and IIIA, have two each, and IIB have just joined the number and are the proud possessors of a baby boy. No doubt the list will continue to increase, as other forms are filled with a desire to imitate these.

Two forms who had not adopted babies began to knit for Dr. Tchaikowsky's babies in the Summer term 1920; 26 vests and 10 body belts have been finished and several other little garments will be ready by the end of the holidays. To help the wool fund a charge of 1d. was made at the Netball Match between the Staff and VI.

C. NASH.  
E. THORNTON.

## SCHOOL SOCIETIES—THE HISTORY CLUB 1919-1920.

A few weeks after the beginning of the new school year a meeting of the VI. and Upper V. forms was held, at which it was decided that the former "Cabinet Meetings" were to be replaced by those of a "History Club." By vote Mona Prout became President, Nancy Cotterill Vice-President, Nancy Irons Secretary, Hilda Dyer and Catherine Barlow representatives of form Upper V. The plans of the History Club included debates and expeditions to places of historical interest.

In October a second meeting was held at which the President and Edith Tye each read a paper on the Whitley Councils, showing their aim to promote a better understanding between employers and employees.

At the November meeting the President and Vice-president gave an illustrated account of St. Bartholomew's Church (which it was proposed to visit), dealing especially with the parts of the Church of greatest historical interest. This was followed by the expedition which proved very enjoyable to all.

The first meeting held in the Easter term took the form of a debate. The subject "The Entrance of Women into Parliament will be for the Welfare of the Nation," was proposed by Elsie Greenman and opposed by Agnes Peek. After heated discussion the motion was carried by twenty-two votes to four.

At the end of January a short meeting was held in the Library at which Miss Barton gave an interesting account of the Middle and Outer Temples and the Temple Church. Miss Turner and some of the staff were present at the expedition, which took place on February 7th. The members first visited the Middle Temple Library with its wonderful collection of books and then passed on to the Temple Church. The grotesque stone carvings, the impressive-looking effigies of the Crusaders and the gloomy penitential cell (which unfortunately we could not enter) interested all of the party. The Middle Temple Hall was next visited, and here Miss Barton described the way in which lawyers were "called to the Bar," and also drew our attention to the beautiful carved roof. The party then divided to return home after a most interesting and enjoyable morning.

The last meeting of the History Club during the Easter term, at which a paper on the League of Nations was read, was held for form Upper V. alone (form VI. having examinations).



The first meeting of the summer term was on June 7th, when Miss Dawson spoke on the subject of "Guild Socialism"; Miss Turner and many of the staff were present. Miss Dawson made clear to us that the Guild Scheme was not yet perfected, but endeavoured to show us, that even incomplete, it offered a solution to the present unrest, and would provide time and opportunity for greater self-development for all. Many questions were asked to which Miss Dawson replied, and although many were sceptical of the success and even desirability of Guild Socialism, the President's vote of thanks to Miss Dawson for her very interesting address was supported by hearty applause.

The first year of the History Club has been very successful, and the Committee wish to express their thanks to all the members for their loyal support.

C. BARLOW.

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## LA SOCIÉTÉ FRANÇAISE.

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La première réunion de la Société Française a eu lieu le douze décembre. Heureusement Miss Rushforth, Miss Lawrence et Miss Dodds assistaient à l'assemblée. Beaucoup de jeunes filles de la classe de sixième et de la classe de cinquième étaient présentes et nous avons discuté ensemble ce que nous voulions faire.

Nous avons décidé d'avoir une séance par quinzaine pour lire quelques drames français. Une fois par trimestre nous voulions représenter un des drames que nous avons lus.

Quelquefois on demandera à un professeur français de nous parler sur un sujet intéressant. Nous avons choisi Mona Prout comme trésorière et Vera Davies comme secrétaire.

Malheureusement nous avons eu beaucoup d'interruptions pendant cette année. Mais nous avons déjà lu, "Le Voyage de Monsieur Perrichon," et quelques scènes de "L'Avare." Nous sommes maintenant en train de lire, "Gringoire." On trouve que ces livres là sont très intéressants.

Nous espérons avoir une réunion sociale avant la fin de ce trimestre. Cela aura lieu peut-être après l'examen de "Matri-culation."

E. VERA DAVIES.

## THE BOTANICAL ASSOCIATION.

The Botanical Association is one of the largest and most flourishing associations in the school. All the fourth forms, the Fifth forms and the Sixth form belong to it. Then, also, many of the staff are honorary members.

The Botany tables are the most interesting institution of the Association. Each form, from the Fourth forms upwards, has a particular window in the Botany laboratory and two girls from each form are in charge of it. These girls label and arrange the specimens brought by their form. Two Sixth form girls mark the tables every week according to the botanical interest, the artistic arrangement of the specimens and the value of the information given in the labelling. The Botany tables are not only of great interest to the botanical students in the school and a great help in botany lessons, but they make the laboratory look very bright and fresh. All the monitresses who have tended the tables must be complimented on their work. Special credit is due to the monitresses of Upper V.

At the end of the Spring term the Botany Magazine was brought out. It is a very interesting magazine, containing articles beautifully illustrated on subjects which appeal to all botanists. We hope now to bring out a magazine at regular intervals. Will everybody who is interested in botany, look out for botanical news in the holidays about which she could write for the next magazine?

We hope after the Matriculation Examination to have a grand botanical expedition in which all the Upper School will join.

A new and flourishing activity of the Association is the Botany Gardens, the chief feature at present being the Order Beds. In the future it is hoped that a part of the garden will be devoted to experiments in habitat; to this end one form is now devoting its labours to making a pond for water plants.

There is more art in making a pond than the uninitiated could suppose.

This seems to be the opinion of form Lower V., whose interesting account we are unable, through lack of space, to publish. The history of the digging, the clay puddling, the lining, the re-lining and the filling, full of adventure as it is, makes a long story. We therefore pass it over, and hasten to record the fact that the pond, 10 feet by 5, well-lined and fitted with a



drainpipe, will soon be available for botanical pursuits. A rockery is to be built round it, and the enthusiastic workers conjure up an object of beauty whereat the school shall wonder. They are very grateful to Miss Attwater and Miss Bond for the help and encouragement they have given in this most arduous enterprise.

NANCY M. COTTERILL (*Vice-President*).

## THE OLD GIRLS.



### NEWS OF OLD GIRLS.

CICELY WOOD, who had been resident at Westfield College for two years, gained Second Class Honours in History in the London B.A. Examination last October. Since then she has trained for social work at the Halsey College, and is now teaching in connection with it at a county school in Kent.

ELSIE RICHARDSON, who holds the Froebel Certificate, gained the certificate for Teachers of the Blind with five distinctions. She has now been appointed Kindergarten Mistress at the Home for Blind Babies, Sunshine House, Chorley Wood.

PHYLLIS BUDD is now First Form Mistress at the Wheelwright Grammar School for Boys, Dewsbury.

DORIS GOVYN is going in the Autumn to Reading University College to take a year's gymnastic course.

DORIS HITCHCOCK, B.A.Lond., is teaching at the Christian College for Women, Madras.

PHYLLIS CRAIG, B.A.Lond., is now at the Cambridge Training College. She is going in September to the Municipal School, Brighton, where she has been appointed Assistant Mistress.

LILY GERSEY passed the special Civil Service Examination for Women Clerks last October.

L. HARRISON, B.A.Lond., has been appointed Head of the English Department, Brixton Central School.

M. MATTHEWS has been appointed Organiser of Physical Education for the City of Leeds.

At the Royal Holloway College (resident) : M. Stephens.

At Westfield College (resident) : H. Green.

At Reading University College (resident) : M. Irons.

At University College (non-resident) : I. Bispham, W. Davies, M. Thornton, G. Mederson, K. Morley, M. Smith.

At Avery Hill Training College (resident) : E. Toger, F. Davis, W. Peacock.

At Furzedown Training College (resident) : I. Adams, D. Coombs, C. Holmes, E. Waghorn, W. Warnett, D. Wood.

At Greystoke Training College (non-resident) : L. Atkins, D. Miles.

At Brighton Training College (resident) : J. MacPherson.

At the Camberwell School of Arts and Crafts : J. Sinclair, M. Callard, D. Dillon, T. Winney and B. Budd, who is going in the Autumn to the Royal College of Art.

At the Board of Agriculture Seed Testing Station: G. Collett Brown, C. Wheeler, E. Singer, S. Brookes.

IRENE, MARGARET and HELEN SHIELDS have at last been able to join their parents in California. Last Christmas the whole family was united for the first time. Extracts from a letter by Margaret will be found elsewhere.

## MARRIAGES.

May 22nd—Hilda Back to Herbert Kingston.

June 12th—Katie Bray to Ernest Bartlett.

July 5th—Sophie Blomefield to George Faustmann.

## IN MEMORIAM.

Freda Smith, who died of influenza last spring.

Of the girls who have joined the Association since May 1917, those whose initials are A.—K. should communicate with D. Dew, 88 Pentney Road, Balham, S.W.; and L.—Z. with M. Jameson, 42 Venner Road, Sydenham, S.E.26.

## MEETINGS OF THE O.G.A.

Another year in the history of our Association is drawing to a close, and in looking back I think we might well say that it has been a "live" year. We have had four meetings and all have been well attended and very enjoyable. Of our adventure in the Spring Term I will say little, as it has been ably dealt with elsewhere in these columns. I think everybody thoroughly enjoyed the performances of "The Mikado," including even our untiring, though oft-distracted stage manager, Audrey Lee.

Our Business Meeting was held in November, 1919, when we were glad to welcome Miss Turner, the new Head Mistress of the School, as our President. A revised set of rules for the Society was formally adopted, and the officers and members of the Committee were elected for the ensuing year. The formation of a Gymnastic Class, under the leadership of Hazel Goulston, was reported, and also it was decided that, in future, meetings of the Association should be held alternately in the afternoon and evening.

In the early part of the Summer Term we were able to see for ourselves the excellent work done by the Gymnastic Class. The leader is to be heartily congratulated on the smartness and skill of her pupils, and we rejoice that the Class has been fortunate enough to secure the services of one so highly qualified for the work. We sincerely hope that we may have many opportunities in the future of enjoying such an entertainment as was given on May 14th.

At our meeting in June we were delighted to have Miss Dangerfield with us. The weather was not as kind as it might have been, and we were not able to get out of doors. The heavy and continuous thunderstorm, however, did not in any way disturb our conversation with Miss Dangerfield or with each other, and although some of us never knew Miss Dangerfield as a Head Mistress, we all marvel, I am sure, at her wonderful memory and her keen interest in the welfare of every member of the Association.

H. M. J.



## A LETTER FROM MISS DANGERFIELD.

2 SOUTH SUMMERLANDS,  
EXETER.

*June 3, 1920.*

MY DEAR GIRLS,

First of all let me say how glad I am that we are to have our Magazine again. As our community grows wider and more scattered we need more and more some link to keep us in touch with each other and with the activities and interests of the school. Without it we must inevitably drift apart, for we can write personal letters only to a very few; yet after all the years we have spent together, and all the work we have done and all the pleasures we have shared, we are deeply interested in each other's welfare and really want to know how the school flag is kept flying and how our fellow travellers are faring on life's journey. So I, personally, hope that our Magazine, with all the many calls there are sure to be upon its space, will always reserve some pages for personal news and that our members will send full accounts of themselves and their doings.

Shall I set the example and show you what I mean?

Well, then, let me tell you that I am growing more and more attached to my adopted city of Exeter. It is a beautiful old town, full of historical interest and you can easily imagine that that in itself is a constant pleasure to me. To the beautiful Cathedral and the Guildhall the 10th and 11th centuries are but as yesterday, and with very little imagination one can think oneself right back into the past. The Curfew bell still rings every evening and one of the mediæval Guilds—the Shearers and Tuckers—has lasted right on to our own day and still concerns itself with apprenticeships for young boys and girls. The famous City Wall which gave so much trouble to the Conqueror (History Class, do you remember?) exists only in a few places, but they tell me that on one old bit the Saxon herring-bone ornament can still be seen. The gardens, Northernhay and Rougemont, remind me of our own familiar Horniman Gardens, only we look out—not over St. Paul's and the Tower Bridge and the Thames—but over the Exe and green fields and distant hills, and behind us, instead of the house with its Refreshment Room, there are the ruins of the Castle, quite a big bit of the old wall, and the Athelstan Tower which Exonians are quite sure dated back to the days of our Saxon hero king.

It sounds fascinating, don't you think so, but down in some of those quaint old back streets, there are wretched little houses with leaking roofs and cracked walls, unfit for human homes yet crowded with human families, and never have I seen or imagined such degradation and dirt as I have found in some of them! I am working with two Societies—the Women's Citizenship Association and the Voluntary Committee for the Care of the Mentally Defective, and there are numerous other societies both municipal and parochial, and we are all of us trying to help. But, oh dear me! we can do so little that I feel utterly discouraged. There's a confession for one who stands for hope and courageous actions and who believes that no good work ever really fails!

We intend to increase our efforts this year, and I am wondering whether we could possibly manage to run a Holiday School in the summer and a Play Centre in the winter. It would be worth doing, wouldn't it? The great difficulty—as usual, everywhere—is to find the money necessary, and the workers, but I hope we may find all the support we need, and perhaps when next I write I may be able to tell you of the success of our enterprise.

Goodbye. All good wishes to you all.

Yours sincerely,

E. A. DANGERFIELD.

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## THE MIKADO.

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If the truth is to be told, the members of the Old Girls' Association assembled with a few misgivings on a certain Saturday evening of last term. We had heard about a possible performance of "The Mikado" ever since we left school; music, scenery, costume and characters like Pooh-Bah were known to be difficult—and first of all things to be loathed is a good opera badly amateured. But from the moment when Nanki-Poo first mentioned the gentle maiden's name, we were assured of the success of the evening. It was difficult to decide whether the actors or the audience had the best of the fun.

Brightness and harmony were the key-notes of the performance. The clever scenery and the brilliant lighting of the stage whisked us off to the far East. Those who made the dresses must have been inspired by Messrs. Liberty, whose name appears on the title page of the 1885 edition of the Opera.

The actors lived the story, and their enjoyment pervaded every corner of the crowded hall. Ko-Ko was to the manner born; his face was amusement enough in itself. Pooh-Bah,



with his sonorous voice and sphinx-like face, took the centre of the stage and filled it well. Nanki-Poo and Yum-Yum won our sympathy and delighted us by their costumes and their singing. Katisha's acting was bold and most effective, and she repeated "Alone and yet alive" with the air of a professional. The singing of the chorus—in spite of the school piano—was excellent. They found the stage none too spacious, and a few seemed a little too sedate for Eastern scandal-mongers.

People have made various remarks about the performance: "it was splendidly acted"; "it passed my expectations"; "I thoroughly enjoyed it." This last has been by far the most frequent. It is said that, as well as being infectious, laughter is a tonic; certainly actors and audience alike were toned up by their share in the doings of the Town of Titipu.

Every member of the audience must feel that most hearty thanks are due to the many Old Girls, other than performers, who worked so hard to make the performance a success:—A. Lee, the stage manager; M. Jameson, the secretary; M. Bow, the conductor; L. Atkins, the accompanist; A. Alton and J. Sinclair, the scene painters; W. Davies, the printer of programmes; finally to Miss Turner, who conducted when M. Bow was unable to do so, and encouraged the company to persevere in their difficult enterprise.

As a result, £62 11s. 5d. was handed over to the Lower Sydenham Children's Hospital.

J. E.

## OLD GIRLS' SPORTS CLUB.

"The ground of a man's joy is often hard to hit. It may hinge at times upon a mere accessory"—like a netball. Truly a netball, a hockey ball, and a few hockey sticks, have brought much joy to the hearts of the Old Girls many times during the past year.

Tunic-ed and plimsol-ed members of our O.G.S.C. have thrown aside the cares of their advancing years, and sported gleefully on the School netball court. They have played solemnly, they have played wildly, they have played three a side on a hot summer's evening!

Our hearts were filled with exultation and we formed not one—but *two*—netball teams. Then came the excitement of the first match against the School, a second followed, then a third; and now we have reached the summit of our desire, and played the Staff! Other matches came between, but none are to be compared unto these.

Although it was October when we voiced our longing for a hockey pitch, Miss Turner not only wrote to the Parks Committee for permits, but kindly gave us the use of some School sticks. Three exhilarating games were the result, and next season we hope for a great rally of hockey players.

No Sports Club could be complete without a gymnastic class, and we are all grateful to Hazel Goulston for the splendid class she formed and conducted. The display was most creditable, and the members enjoyed every meeting.

Even with its table of match results, this is an inadequate article on the energies and activities of the O.G. Sports' Club, but it is surely better to give a faint voice to our activities than to blow a loud blast on our own trumpet !

#### RESULTS OF MATCHES

<i>Opponent.</i>	<i>Where Played.</i>	<i>Result.</i>	<i>Goals.</i>
School .. .. .	.. Home ..	Win ..	12—5
School (1st team) ..	.. " ..	" ..	13—9
" (2nd team) ..	.. " ..	Loss ..	12—5
" (1st team) ..	.. " ..	Win ..	14—11
" (2nd team) ..	.. " ..	Loss ..	15—3
James Allen's O.G.A. ..	.. Away ..	Loss ..	19—21
Stamford Hill Private Club	.. Home ..	Win ..	15—8
James Allen's O.G.A. ..	.. " ..	" ..	19—8
Wallington O.G.A. ..	.. Away ..	" ..	16—9
Staff .. .. .	.. Home ..	" ..	15—1

We should like to apologise for any possible inaccuracies in the record of goals, but we are sure of the results.

CONNIE RENNIE (*Hon. Sec.*)

#### GLIMPSSES AT HOLLOWAY COLLEGE.

Before I sat down to try, I did not realise that it could be so difficult to give an account of college life. It is so full, so varied, such a tremendous rush from beginning to end, yet so easy and irresponsible, with nothing to worry about beyond the essay which ought to have been given in yesterday, or the hole which is just appearing in the last wearable pair of stockings.

The first impression I got of college was of being quite free, with nothing to think about, and nothing to do except please myself. It was like being thrust back into the Fourth Form, and I could not quite decide whether or not I really liked it. This, however, soon gave way before a feeling of continual rush, of having ten thousand things to do and no time at all to do them. Hours, days and weeks whirl by, spent in hopeless endeavours to keep up with everything. In the winter it is meetings, lectures; debates, hockey, netball, lacrosse; in the summer it is swimming, tennis, boating, gardening, and a few meetings and lectures, and all the year we "do a little work when we have time."

The Summer Term is most strenuous, and, in some ways the most enjoyable; so full is each day—especially in the last term before "Finals"—that I am having to renounce my time-honoured practice of sleeping till the chapel bell goes. But for the prospect



of "inter." or "finals," it would be one glorified summer holiday—swimming, tennis, boating, picnics, fresh air, sun and wind, trees and flowers, pretty country everywhere. It seems impossible to stay indoors a single moment.

The Winter Terms too are very jolly; even jollier than the summer, though not so joyous, more varied, though not quite so strenuous. Societies, which merely exist during the summer, go full steam ahead. The Socialist Society passes numerous resolutions at one meeting and contradicts them at the next, N.U.S.C.E.—the successor of the Suffrage Society—sends quantities of resolutions and petitions to Members of Parliament and Cabinet Ministers. The Committee of Historical keeps the History School busy writing papers on every conceivable subject (sometimes they go so far as to demand humorous ones) and so on and so forth. Nearly every evening after dinner is taken up by a meeting or lecture of some sort. The Debating Society is not one of the most flourishing. We have debates once a week on a great variety of subjects, but none of them are really successful, because people simply won't speak. The only time I have ever seen anyone here quiet and shy is during a debate; then, people who usually can't find enough time for their talking haven't a word to say.

Studies with a fire are so cosy and there is something about tea in the winter for which even picnics do not quite make up. During my first few weeks up here, I found tea parties a terribly distressing experience. I found it almost impossible to manage a college roll—a peculiar variety with a particularly hard crust—and a cup of tea; knives and spoons I had to leave to look after themselves. Tea is the most important meal of the day; at breakfast everyone reads her paper, lunch is a scramble, dinner is passed in polite conversation. It is at tea—which may last for twenty minutes or for two hours—that everything is discussed and decided, everything arranged.

One of the jolliest—and the most annoying—features of college life is the absolute realisation of Aristotle's ideal, private property but common use, which enables us to "adopt" almost indiscriminately, to use others' studies and to invite ourselves to meals. To be sure, it can be very trying sometimes! To take an example—I come in late and have to rush round to get tea ready for a rather special tea-party, to find that my own clean tablecloth is already having someone else's tea spilt over it, that my kettle has gone goodness knows where, that someone has run out of tea, and that my jam dish and tea cosy are gracing a table on the terrace. Yet however annoying this most practical interpretation of "what is yours is mine" may be, it has its compensations, not only in the convenience derived from the possibility

of annexing temporarily anything one happens to be in need of, but also in the general "chumminess!" and good temper, and the absolute lack of any "dog-in-the-manger" qualities that make it possible.

I think it is the social side of the life which makes three years at college such a unique experience. One can work and read always, though, of course, not under such favourable conditions, but it is only by being resident that one can get the full joy of everything college has to offer.

There is just one thing I should like altered; there ought to be at least forty-eight hours in a day.

M. S.

## A LETTER FROM MARGARET SHIELDS

226 MARGUERITE AVENUE,  
ALHAMBRA,  
CALIFORNIA.  
U.S.A.

DEAR MISS CORBETT,

Since I came to California I have adopted a new motto, "Never stay indoors unless it is absolutely necessary." Finding it, therefore, not absolutely necessary to stay indoors this afternoon I arm myself with a pen, ink and writing paper, seat myself down in ease and comfort out in the garden and begin this epistle.

Is it December? It seems like June. Are there such things as snow and ice and frost? If there are, they are not known here except, perhaps, on the very tops of the mountains.

We are staying with friends in one of the suburbs of Los Angeles. Except in the city itself where sky-scrapers rear their stately heads (ugly old things!) there are little bungalows of all shapes and sizes. Some of them are exceedingly pretty, some are exceedingly ugly. We live in a light green one; on one side of us is a chocolate coloured one, and on the other a bright red one, with bright green sun blinds, and a bright yellow door. Extremely artistic and beautiful! Over the road are four more. A grass-green one, a dull red one and two dark-brown ones with green roofs!

None of the gardens are railed round and one may walk anywhere. The front gardens are, generally speaking, clean, nicely kept, and attractive. Palm trees, tall and short, flourish; scarlet geraniums grow like great bushes; roses, red, yellow, pink, and white, are flowering now in the depth of winter; and as for



orange trees and lemon trees, fig trees, and peach trees, they are found everywhere. I am never tired of looking at real oranges growing on real trees.

The country round is beautiful. Two minutes walk will take you up into the hills. We went up this afternoon. On the top of one fairly high hill we could see the sea fourteen miles in front of us sparkling in the sun. Behind us were high mountains, their tops covered with snow. You can walk for miles and miles over the hills. These are all covered with grass, with here and there clumps of eucalyptus and white pepper trees. But for all the loveliness of California and its perpetual summer I shouldn't advise anyone to change England for it. There are no fields and no hedges here, and no crooked winding roads and lanes. I always did love a good, green, grassy meadow in which to lie and be lazy.

The people are extremely *nice*, too nice in fact. By nice I mean nice. Folks you have never seen before will come to the house, and on being introduced to us, will straightway gush forth :

"Oh ! and are these the Shields girls ? Oh how lovely ! How perfectly delicious !! What gorgeous times you must have together ! I guess four's a lovely number ! Sure you look all fine girlies. I'm so glad I've made your acquaintance. It's so interesting to know someone who has come from England. My ! what rosy cheeks they've all got !! English roses !! Ha-ha-ha ! You'll be sure and write to me, won't you ? Oh ! and by the way, if you're anytime up my way be *sure* and call in and see me. I should be so delighted !"

At the end of this highly affectionate monologue the visitor will smile benignly on us all and turn away, while we—we go away, having stood in perfect amazement during it all, not once having opened our mouths.

They talk through their noses. Nearly every sentence begins with " Sure " and has an " I guess " in it. They say AD-dress for ad-DRESS ; adverTISEment for adVERTisement, and in'ereeting for interesting, and all such words. The minute I saw some of them and talked with them I thought of the people Martin Chuzzlewit met. Dickens may have exaggerated a good bit, but deep down he was right. Most Americans are some great personage or other, or are connected, or friends with Mr. So-and-So, the famous

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If you want your food all beautifully mixed up, come to America. The Americans will teach you how to do it with the greatest of pleasure. For breakfast, you will have boiled eggs taken out of their shells and broken into a great breakfast-cup-looking thing. It is generally stone cold when it comes to you, and can hardly

be seen at the bottom of this great cup. You start off on cold iced-water and cold fruit, after which comes some peculiar stuff after the style of English porridge. Then come the eggs, and only then, at the very end, after you have eaten everything, are you allowed to have something hot ! to drink. Tea as a beverage, however, is not very successful in America. The dinner is worse. I never could bring myself to eat all the things, they looked too funny. Warm beetroot and lettuce mixed with peaches appeared to be favourite dishes. Dinner was served at twelve and you could get nothing else to eat until half-past six, when you had numerous other strange mixtures. This was at New York. At Chicago it was a little better, as we were with relatives who did their best to give us things an ordinary English person can eat.

It seemed very strange to keep Christmas in summer weather. We had a Christmas tree and all pretended to be little children. My brother was able to get leave for the week and we had a delightful time together.

Before I close I want to tell you that America is the place for ice-cream. Hot or cold weather matters not. It was bitterly cold on the night we left Chicago and snow was falling fast. As we were coming home from saying " Goodbye " to Grandma, along rolls our Uncle in his motor. " Here, you girls," says he, " jump in." In we jump without more ado, and then off we go to an ice-cream shop. Once inside we order the biggest ice-creams possible and eat them, with the snow steadily falling outside.

With the best of wishes for the New Year,

I bid you adieu.

MARGARET SHIELDS.

## ARTICLES.



### A TALE OF WOE

I never posed as being good,  
And really if you try  
With wond'rous ease, you, reader, should  
Soon guess the reason why !

In any little prank I play,  
In any little joke,  
I always get found out someday ;  
I'm not like other folk,



Our Prefects all are sharp as pins,  
 I'm sure you will agree ;  
 They pounce with joy upon my sins  
 (It's very hard on me).

If I should wander in the Lab.,  
 (To—er—shelter from the sun)  
 Nancy appears in half two-ticks,  
 And then I have to run.

Then, feeling injured, should I seek  
 The coolness of the glade,  
 I tumble into Agnes Peek—  
 Then out I have to wade.

Then should I to the cloakroom go,  
 With sidelong, careful glances,  
 I'm just as lucky there—and so  
 I'm bundled out by Frances.

And Nancy C. has oft—alack !  
 In angry awful tones,  
 Told me my hair to “ tie right back,  
 And stop those silly groans.”

If late, as up the stairs I dash  
 And charge like any boar,  
 I rush bang into Olive Nash  
 And scarce suppress a roar.

And looming now ahead I see,  
 A trouble fresh in store,  
 For Prefects will indignant be  
 And seek to shed my gore !

So really now I think it best  
 My tale of woe to end.  
 One word before I let you rest—  
 I've meant none to offend.

P. BUTLER, *IVa*,

## ACROSTIC

Do you know what I am ?  
 To discover I'll help you :  
 I am not used by all  
 In the school. Not a few  
 Need me daily, but strangely  
 Can't buy every day.  
 Now, listen to this—  
 Kiddies often mislay,  
 Even tear me at times,  
 Even leave me behind !  
 Rack your brains very hard  
 Then my name you will find.

MABEL GAME. *IVa*<sub>1</sub>.

## BABIES' DAY.

When children come to join our school so fine  
 The "powers" declare they must be over nine.  
 But how is it that one day in July  
 We see a troop of babies drawing nigh ?  
 Methinks the kiddies can no older be  
 Than one short month to years not more than three.  
 Why come they here at such a tender age ?  
 Can they, so young, attend to wisdom's page ?  
 They come to visit us from homes afar  
 And let us see how grown and strong they are,  
 And how becoming are the clothes we sent  
 Which well repay the time that we have spent.  
 To be exact, a portion of our work  
 Is clothing children, so we do not shirk  
 To deck them out with dresses new and neat,  
 A host of garments simple and most sweet,  
 Made by the girls with utmost skill and care.  
 As presents oft we add a Teddy-bear  
 To each small child, or some such pretty toy,  
 Which may in future bring a little joy.  
 There's chubby Dennis, fat with smiling face ;  
 And little Ted almost concealed in lace ;  
 There's sturdy Will with Johnny and with James,  
 All promise to become young squires of dames ;  
 Here's little Eve with long and flaxen hair ;  
 And Johnny's baby sister Mary, there ;



Reggie, sometimes, though now so calm and still  
 Cries quite as heartily as John or Will,  
 Should hunger drive or troubles from within,  
 Or errant "safety" pierce his tender skin.  
 And many children are to me unknown,  
 And, wondrous to relate, they all had grown.  
 But as they're going now, we'll say "Goodbye,"  
 And hope to see them once more in July.

CONNIE SMITH, *IV*a.2.

### MISS MARY CROCKER WITNESSES A GYM. LESSON

It was "prep." on a hot summer's afternoon, and I sat in my desk, vainly trying to fix the irregularities of *mentir* and *sentir* in my sleepy brain. Behind me, my friend Mavis was repeating, in an undertone, the declension of "*puella*", while my right-hand neighbour softly gabbled over a speech from "Twelfth Night."

Feeling that it was impossible to learn French with Latin and English going on around me, I shut my book and stared dreamily into space. Suddenly I became aware that someone was calling me in a loud imperative voice, and, looking up, I saw our head-mistress at the door.

"Audrey," she said, "A relation of yours wishes to see the school. Will you show her round?"

With these words, she ushered into the room an old lady—but such an old lady. She was dressed in mid-Victorian style, curls and crinoline all complete.

"Your great-aunt, my dear," she said announcing herself to me. "Miss Mary Crocker is my name. Come child, don't stare. Make your curtsy."

Amazed, I rose slowly, but had scarcely advanced a pace towards my elderly relative when with a hysterical shriek, she collapsed on the nearest desk. I hastened to her aid and assisted her to a chair.

"Your dress, my child," she gasped as soon as she could speak.

"My dress? What's wrong with it, Aunt Mary?" I asked, critically examining the offending garment.

"Why—why, it is above your knees," she said, in a horrified tone.

"Above my knees," I laughed. "Why, of course it is. We all wear short tunics. We couldn't drill in long frocks."

At this juncture the bell rang, and Aunt, having somewhat recovered, requested to be shown round.

"Well, we are going to gym. now," I said. "Perhaps you would like to watch?"

"Pray, and who is James, my child?" queried Aunt Mary. James?—James? What could Aunt be thinking of. Suddenly, it occurred to me.

"Oh! I mean that we are going to our gymnasium lesson," I explained. "But be prepared, Aunt," I continued. "Our gym. mistress wears a tunic above her knees just as we do."

"A woman with her dress above her knees!" exclaimed Aunt. "Horrible! Shocking! I must look into this. Show me the way, child."

In compliance with her request, I escorted Miss Mary to the hall, where she was introduced to Miss Mitchell, our gym. mistress.

Having settled my Aunt, crinoline and all, on a chair on the platform, I fell into line with the rest of the girls.

We started with Swedish drill, at which Aunt did not seem much surprised; but when we took the booms out of the trap doors, she gasped with surprise and amazement. At travelling, she pursed up her lips and made no comment except, "Hoydenish and unladylike," and of balancing she took little notice.

"Mats for somersaults," called Miss Mitchell. Aunt's face took on a look of grave displeasure.

"First two ready," was the next order. Aunt closed her lips in a grimmer curve and frowned at the waiting girls.

"Go," cried Miss Mitchell. The girls "went." Aunt, with an indignant exclamation jumped from her chair, and, with remarkable agility, ran down the platform stairs, and, approaching Miss Mitchell, said in a voice trembling with anger and horror, "Miss Mitchell, ma'am! What—whatever do you mean by allowing these young ladies to perform such tricks? I am—I am horrified—disgusted! I shall report these proceedings at once to my niece's parents. I am sure that——"

Of what Aunt Mary was sure, I do not know, for even as she spoke, Aunt, curls, and crinoline faded into space, and I awoke to find that the bell had rung and prep. was over.

"You've done a lot of work this afternoon," said Mavis from the desk behind. "Why, you've been dozing all the while, you lazy child. It's a good thing for you that no one was taking us for prep. Come along down to gym."

E. BONE, *Upper III.*



## THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A SILK HAT.

"What are you please?" I suppose that I should have been highly offended, tilted my nose and maintained a dignified silence—but I did not. For one thing, I have obtained full discretion with the wisdom of my years, and another thing, my heart had quite gone out to the beautiful little white glove, which had so innocently asked that question.

"Well," I replied in as haughty a tone as I could manage. "I am a silk hat; true I am very old now, but that does not alter the fact that, many years ago, I was the means of averting a terrible disaster." "Oh really," cried the glove, "would you tell me your adventures, for I have never had any"—so that is the reason I am now recounting my adventures.

"In the year 1644, I was given to Diana Derwent, by her father, Sir Rupert Derwent. That first year of my life was a very happy one, and I enjoyed it to the full—but suddenly a terrible crash came. Civil War was declared in England, and the happy family was broken up. Sir Rupert and his son, both rode away to fight on the king's side. Before they went, however, Diana tore off a beautiful ostrich feather which was on me (not without considerable pain to me, and a rent in my silk), and gave it to her brother, and her father gave her a packet of sealed papers, which bore the king's signet, and bade her keep them safe. Then Sir Rupert Derwent and John Derwent—the son—went out of my life for over two years.

One day, when Diana was, as usual, poring over her books, the silence was rudely broken by a party of Roundheads, who rode up, and pealed noisily at the bell. My Lady Rosline went to the door, and I heard a cold voice say that they had a warrant to search the house and its inmates, for an important packet of papers. Those were the ones in Diana's charge, and which she always kept in her dress. She glanced round tearfully—where could she hide them?—when her eyes rested on my torn silk. Quick as a flash, she put the papers in my torn silk, twisted a feather round me, and then settled me on her dark curls.

Well! you can almost guess the rest I suppose. The Roundheads searched the house, but they did not find the papers which I was so zealously guarding.

That is my story, and I need only add that, although I am lying forsaken here, and that nearly three hundred years have passed since then, and I am almost dropping to pieces with old age, I remember with pride, how I helped to uphold the king's cause."

IRENE FARNSWORTH, *Upper I.*

## WOOD FOLK.

Dancing in the sunbeams,  
 Sleeping in the shade,  
 That's the way of wood folk,  
 Till the day doth fade.

Meeting in the morning  
 In a fairy glen,  
 You should see them ringing  
 All the blue bells then.

Sometimes they will practice  
 For the fairy dance,  
 Which is held on Mayday,  
 If they get a chance.

Goblins, elves and fairies,  
 All are dressed in green ;  
 Then they all come dancing  
 Past their fairy queen.

They sing songs of gladness,  
 And sing songs of joy ;  
 He whom they love best is  
 Named the fairy boy.

K. CATHCART, *Upper I.*

## IF.

If everybody tried to do  
 Her best in everything,  
 If you helped me and I helped you  
 Through sun or shade to sing.

And when the clouds are o'er the sky,  
 To wear a cheerful smile,  
 When others weep, or mope, or cry,  
 Complain and mourn the while.



If we should honour and obey  
 And never lay a blame  
 On other people's shoulders, they  
 Would try to do the same.

If truth's great banner be unfurled  
 To rise and conquer sin,  
 And rule this smitten earth, the world  
 Would be worth living in.

E. DENHAM, *Ia.*

### FAIRIES' WORK.

Is it true, is it true,  
 That fairies give the flowers their hue?  
 And give the tall majestic trees  
 Their red and yellow, tossing leaves?  
 And have they really got a king  
 Whom they obey in everything?  
 Is it true, is it true?

Yes, 'tis true, 'tis really true,  
 And many other things they do;  
 They have such lovely little dells  
 In which are heard the tinkling bells.  
 And here they welcome Mab, their Queen,  
 On these glades so bright and green.  
 Yes, 'tis true, 'tis really true.

E. GOTTS, *Lower I.*

### THE UNFORTUNATES.

There's a blighted mass of people,  
 In a certain form at school,  
 Oh! the groaning and the moaning  
 Over each forgotten rule.  
 Oh! the clatter and the babel,  
 Oh! the flutter and the fuss,  
 When the old Matriculation  
 Comes and hurls itself on us.

And we can't remember Latin  
 And we murmur "hic" and "hoc,"  
 And we ask each soul we're meeting  
 When King Charles came to the block.  
 And we don't know any English,  
 At Geography we're lost,  
 And on a sea of ignorance  
 We're altogether tossed.

And what's the square of  $a + b$ ?  
 And where's the French we knew?  
 And all the stocks and shares we did?  
 Have you forgotten too?  
 And what's the Natural Order  
 Of a Canterbury Bell?—  
 Why, now I've written  $H_2O$ .  
 Instead of  $H.Cl$ .

This vile examination.  
 And it isn't yet *begun*!  
 But oh! the fun we're going to have  
 When all the work is done!  
 Oh! the clatter and the babel,  
 Oh! the flutter and the fuss,  
 When the old Matriculation  
 Comes and hurls itself on us.

*Upper V.*

