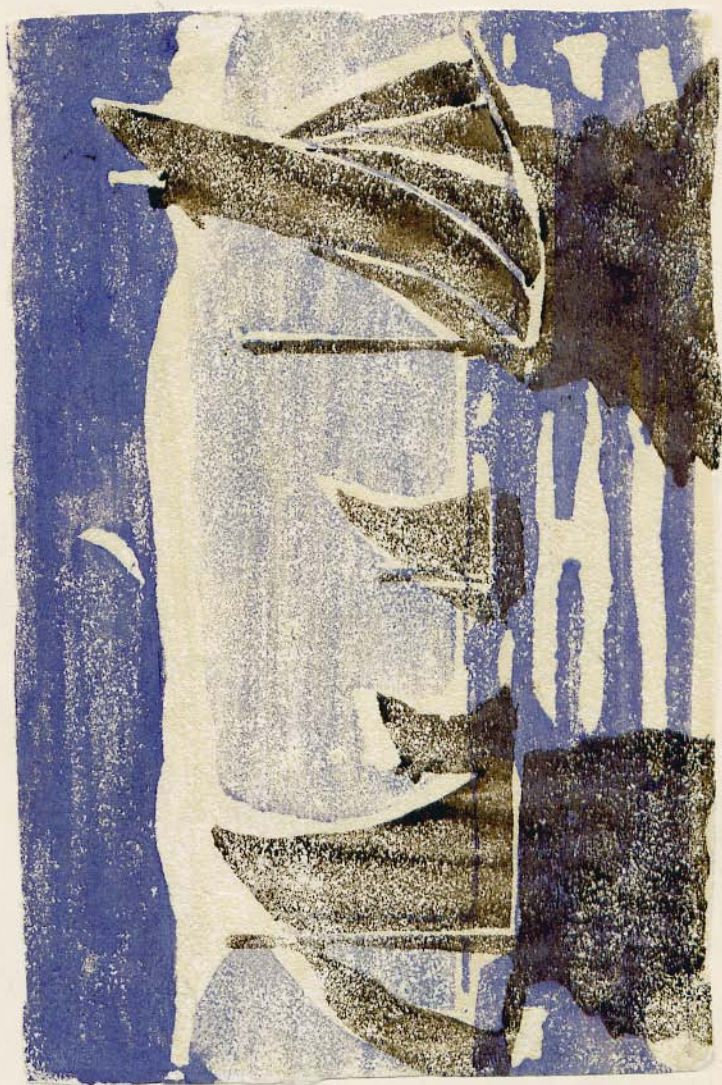


**The County Secondary School,
Sydenham.**

Magazine & Chronicle.

June, 1925.



THE
COUNTY SECONDARY SCHOOL
SYDENHAM.

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No. VI.

JUNE, 1915

FOREWORD.

The Editor's task is once more nearly complete and the Magazine and Chronicle, in manuscript form, lies before me. It seems to be a cheerful number, and I share the Editor's pleasure and satisfaction. Little remains for me to add to the record, for although various doings have no mention here they are now established annual events, and no one will imagine if we do not write of the Swimming Sports or the Concert that we did not both attend them and enjoy them to the full.

An innovation this year was the dedication of the proceeds of the Play to a School Fund, whose main purpose is to help Old Girls who need to borrow small sums to help them through a training course of some kind. The trustees have already received applications and made two grants, besides giving a small sum to help the School Babies. I hope the Fund will grow until it can meet much greater demands than these and so prove a real help to Old Girls and a bond between them and the School.

A most important development this year has been the plan whereby each House takes charge of school discipline for one day a week on a scheme arranged by the School Council. The great value of this is that it depends for its success on the goodwill of the whole school and on the active co-operation of Prefects from Fourth Forms, and members of Council and Form Representatives even younger. We all hope that a strong tradition of public service and sportsmanship will be the result. It is perhaps too soon to declare that it will be so, but many encouraging signs have been seen. Let us go on in

faith and hope, remembering that the building of a tradition must be a slow process, but that it is good to be among the builders

In September we welcomed Miss Falconer, who joined the Staff as Senior History Mistress, and also Miss Jacobs, who replaced Miss Walton as Lower I. Form Mistress and Junior English Mistress. No one is leaving the Staff this term, but Miss Lieben and Miss Lawrence are both having a year's leave and seeking refreshment in travel, Miss Lieben in Europe and Miss Lawrence in Australia. We wish them a happy holiday, and can assure them of a hearty welcome when they return.

Miss Hinton, who was **reft** from us three years ago when "economies" were the order of the day, will return for a year and do Miss Lawrence's work.

Examinations are in all our minds just now, and perhaps a mention of last year's work will hearten to-day's victims.

In 1924, 57 girls entered for General Schools and 53 passed, 3 gaining Honours and 36 matriculating. 13 entered for Higher Schools and 11 passed, 9 clearing Intermediate Arts or Science and Eileen Jones qualifying for a State Scholarship. Eight of last year's VIa. went on to University courses, and E. Bone stayed on. She has now gained a place at St. Hugh's College, Oxford, and a 4-year Training Scholarship.

This year 46 enter for General School and 11 for Higher School. M. Colegrave has already won an Entrance Scholarship to the London School of Economics, E. Widdowson has passed the Entrance Examination of the Royal College of Science, and D. Cannon has accepted a 4-year Training Scholarship (London Day Training College and Bedford College). K. Vine and G. Wilson were offered places at St. Hugh's College, Oxford, on the results of the Entrance Examination, but they are to stay with us for another year and try for Entrance Scholarships.

To all of them, VIa and V's, we offer our heartiest good wishes.

E. T.

EDITORIAL.

Our sixth magazine is now ready for the press, and I will not waste much of its valuable space on the Editorial, for there are many better and much more interesting things to follow. Yes—school seems really to have awakened to the possibilities of its Magazine this year, and our chief regret is

that so many quite good contributions have had to be omitted. Among these I regret especially a sprightly Fifth Form dialogue, "Mephistophelis Up-to-Date," some Junior School verses, and a romantic story by Upper IV.—but there were good reasons for the omission in every case.

To the Magazine Committee are due both thanks and apologies. As a Committee we can scarcely be said to exist, but as "live wires" working among the separate forms all members must surely have done their utmost, judging by the quantity and variety of material submitted. Our opportunities for working together have, however, been few; Committee meetings this term seemed somehow doomed.

The Magazine as usual owes much to Miss Corbett, and we are very grateful also to many other members of the Staff who have kindly interested themselves in its progress and to Miss Turner for the "finishing touches." Here's luck to the Sixth number!

H.D.

PRIZE-GIVING—NOVEMBER 21st, 1914.

Mr. Smith's Address.

Mr. Smith said that he had great pleasure in being present at the prize-giving; he had enjoyed every moment of the evening, Miss Turner's speech and the singing; he had been especially pleased with the spirit of the school which was shown by these items. However, he would have enjoyed himself still more if it had been his duty to hand out prizes instead of handing out advice. He congratulated Miss Turner on her report of the work, life, and spirit of the school during the last year. Prizes, whilst informing us of individual progress, do not give an idea of the true spirit of the school, but in her report Miss Turner had succeeded in showing us the spirit, result and tendency of the work. It was possible to read between the lines and so discover the aim of the school, which he could see was to give a liberal education. This phrase is frequently misunderstood, he went on to say. A liberal education is sometimes thought to be a luxury; it is not altogether wrong to call it a luxury, but really a liberal education only means an education such as every free man and woman should receive. Formerly all the economic work of the world was done by slaves, and the only people who could have a liberal education were those who could afford to keep slaves to do their economic work for them. There are no slaves now; we are all free and able if we wish to be gentlemen and gentlewomen; but we are all slaves in that we have to do some kind of economic work which is not always agreeable to us.

There are three stages in education. First of all it must enable us to make a living, because we all have our lives to live. This is primarily what all economic effort and economic activity aim at. Economy in Greek simply means house-keeping, and so economy really means the art of keeping the home orderly and beautiful with satisfactory conditions and surroundings.

The second step in education is to make life *worth living*. How is this to be done? Life is worth living if made full of interest, if the powers of curiosity and critical appreciation are aroused and if one can understand the language of sound. Everyone has the power to appreciate sweet sounds to a certain extent, but this power can be developed still further. Education in music helps us to make our lives of greater interest to ourselves; in the same way the appreciation of artistic things, of the beauties of form and colouring, adds to life a charm without which it would be very dull. Also Mr. Smith pointed out the fascination of scientific investigation, the pleasure in discovering more about the world we live in. He spoke of the desire of the child to know "how the wheels go round." This desire becomes in educated men and women curiosity to know how the wheels of this world go round. He emphasised the charm of studying the movements of the stars, or the life of the little flower in the field, so minute and yet so wonderful and perfect in its construction.

Literature especially opens to man a wider world than he observes. Each man has a small world, a few friends; he would like to know more. Usually he is only acquainted with one kind of life. Mr. Smith said this was true of himself; he often felt he would like to be a pirate. Everyone wants to get out of his everyday world to something new and strange. This world is found in Romance.

Mr. Smith assured us of the value of poetry, and music. He told us of Charles Darwin, famous for his scientific research work, who in his old age said that he wished he had read a little poetry and listened to a little music everyday, because he felt that his life had suffered in consequence of what he had missed.

The question often arises—What shall we learn and to what use shall we put this knowledge?

Besides making life worth living for ourselves and training us to earn our own living, education helps us to make other peoples' lives worth living. This is the third stage and is what a school organisation is best fitted for. The public school spirit is often discussed and it is not always worthy of the high character it is given.

However, in these schools, whatever their faults, you always find the same spirit of service, comradeship and unselfishness and obedience to those in authority. Mr. Smith said that we should think not of our own self-purification or our own amusement, but that we should work to make the school pure and of good report. Parents pay fees hoping that their children will gain something from being at school, but also they are paying that the children may have a chance to give to the school. The great value of school was that it gave an opportunity to the boy or girl to give to other people. He told us that we give when we make an effort to improve the school games or make the school music beautiful. He spoke of the enormous influence our gift may have on other people on the school. No man may know to what extent he influences other men. The influence of one good life is unbounded.

Each time we accomplish something beautiful and artistic we add to the tradition of the school, and if we do well we make it easier for those who come after us to do well, for they will be inspired by the knowledge of our efforts. At the same time, because of this effort we are building up our own characters. Mr. Smith said that he hoped the parents would understand the value of the opportunities of which he had spoken, and he hoped the school would have the prosperity it deserves.

B. SIMS, Vlb.

LIST OF PRIZE-WINNERS.

Lower I.—	Upper II.— <i>contd.</i>
Joan Grover	Vera Miller
Joyce Peal	Vera Clarke
Muriel Jenkins	IIIa.—
Ia.—	Violet Hoare
Eva Widdowson	Upper III.—
Eileen Worthy	Kathleen Reed
Sylvia Hopkins	IVb.— <i>Artistic Craft</i>
Freda Anderson	Joan Coombs
Upper I.—	<i>General Progress</i>
Joan Humphries	Gwen Clarke
Edna Staines	IVa.— <i>English Subjects and</i>
IIa.—	<i>Languages</i>
Mildred Bell	Joyce Hopkins (double prize)
Upper II.—	<i>Languages</i>
May Connell	Margaret Foreman
Eileen Bond	<i>Science and Mathematics</i>
	Marjorie Tyler

General Progress

Dorothy Blythe

Upper IV.—English Subjects.

Carlene Barnaby

Science and Mathematics and Languages

Marjorie Bishop

Mollie Harris

Gertrude Glock

Languages (double prizes)

Alice Green

Bessie Warwick

General Progress

Hetty Pegrum

Vb.—Science & Mathematics

Margaret King-Smith

Margaret Browning

General Progress and Domestic Science

Eva Miller

*Matriculation Prizes**Va.—*

Ella Allen

Gwen Barkham

Winnie Barnes

Winnie Barton

Doris Bowthorpe

Doris Cardew

Mollie Curtis

Ethel Denham

Irene Farnsworth

Hilda Hunt

Philippa Keene

Primrose Marsh

Christine Matthews

Grace Mildenhall

Marjorie Oxbrow

Kathleen Pestell

Freda Roberts

Winnie Sanders

Leah Schneiderman

Barbara Sims

Florence Upton

Upper V.—

Ivy Banger

Sadie Barnes

Upper V.—contd.

Ida Browning

Alice Durrell

Edith Foreman

Nora Harris

Eva Hollands

Patricia May

Annie Mendelsohn

Marjorie Rousseau

Irene Spencer

Winifred Whorlow

Irene Wisdom

Grace Yeates

Art

Doris Lines

Vlb.—Matriculation

Elsie Poole

Art

Greta Barker

Leaving Prizes

Alice Barnes

Lily Dyer

May Fields

Marion Parfit

Evelyn Preedy

Greta Reynolds

Vla.—Leaving Prizes

Winnie Barker

Ruth Bone

Marjorie Collet-Brown

Ada Console

Thora Godfrey

Lucy Green

Eileen Jones

Hilda Ling

Rosina Linstead

Winnie Marsh

Constance Parr

Kathleen Peskett

Winnie Regan

Margery Vine

*Mr. Ball's Composition Prizes**Junior School.*

Betty Burford

Vera Clarke

Nancy Mollett

Middle School.

Carlene Barnaby

Joyce Hopkins

Betty King-Smith

Senior School.

Patricia May

Gladys Wilson

Marjorie Collet-Brown.

Certificates Won.(School Certificates are not
presented until the winners
leave school.)

General School, 50

Honours General, 3

Matriculation, 36

Higher School, 11

Intermediate Arts, 4

Intermediate Science, 5

THE LOWER SCHOOL PARTY.

I'll tell you a story, a story so gay

Of all that we did on our great party day:

We all went in Fancy Dress pretty or quaint;

M. Jenkins came dressed up in powder and paint,

And one girl looked charming as bright "Fairy
Dyes,"

But for prettiness Betty Carlisle won the prize.

The second was given to Little Boy Blue,

A Reel of White Cotton obtained a prize, too;

Miss Bartlett was dressed as a funny old golly,

And Miss Dawson came in as a Dutch maiden jolly.

We had a balloon-race, and oh, it was fun!

For Miss Trench came in first, which shows she can
run.

We went in to tea in the large dining hall,

And the good things to eat were enjoyed by us all:

There was nice bread and butter, jam, jellies and
cakeAnd the best of all good things that Norwood's
could make.

Then, when all the others had finished their tea,

A good charade followed, by bright Upper III.

Then we sang and we danced and we played
one more game,

And home we all went—not so clean as we came.

IA.

TWELFTH NIGHT (DEC. 19th & 20th.)

THIRD FORM COMMENTS ON THE DRESS
REHEARSAL.

The scenery and dresses were very effective, especially
considering how little had been spent on them; but for some

reason, either that it was unobtainable or too much for the scene-shifters to manage, there was no scenery for the sea-coast; consequently the scenes in which it was necessary were enacted before the curtain. E. B.

[N.B.—The modern idea in staging a play is to give the background essential to the action of the plot, without attempting to gain the illusion of reality. The sea-coast is not vital to the play; Olivia's garden is.—K.L.M.]

Hitherto, most unreasonably I confess, I had considered Viola rather spiritless, but seeing the play caused my opinions to veer round entirely.

Sir Andrew appeared to spend his time puzzling out Sir Toby's jokes at his expense, but he did this very well. Sir Toby amused me on account of his taste for pickled herrings and his habit of laughing at his own jokes when no one else on the stage did. E. B.

Most of the men wore beards which effectively disguised their faces, and it was very hard to recognise some of them.

The clown, who had "a very sweet and contagious breath for singing," amused the audience vastly by playing on a virginal with great zest. M. C.

The resemblance between Sebastian and Viola (Enid Gotts and Norah Harris) was, to my mind, quite striking. L. J.

It would be impossible to describe all the dresses, but the outstanding ones were the green doublet and hose of Duke Orsino, whose head-dress sparkled as if encrusted with emeralds, the garments of purple worn by Sebastian and Viola (as Cesario), and the artistic brown of Sir Toby's.

The clown (I. Farnsworth) skipped through his part on "light fantastic toe"—really fantastic, for he was garbed in green and yellow motley.

[The Dress Committee bought black and yellow for Feste. What had happened to the lights?]

COLLECTIONS.

Summer Term, 1924:—

	£	s.	d.
Sunshine Home for Blind Babies	9	10	0
Royal Free Hospital	2	2	0
Heritage Craft Schools, Chailey	11	0	0
Queen's Hospital	11	2	0

Autumn Term, 1924:—

King's College (Collection at Harvest Festival)	£	s.	d.
Queen's Hospital	13	10	5
Heritage Craft Schools, Chailey	13	12	5

Spring Term, 1925:—

Queen's Hospital	12	10	0
Heritage Craft Schools, Chailey	12	10	0

£88 19 10

Proceeds of Play for School Fund, £57 14s. 8d.

GAMES.

The games all round this last year have made great advances; more keenness has been shown and a greater number have signed up to play in the voluntary house games.

Netball is still "going strong," and in spite of our having to keep off the field a great deal during the winter months, hockey has made more progress than any other game. The House matches really proved thrilling and exciting, many blows being given and taken in the right spirit.

Tennis is still weak but great improvement has been noticed in the serving and general style.

Cricket is still our best summer game, and some good matches should be witnessed between the houses. St. George and St. Andrew are to be congratulated on being tied for "Cock House" last year. This year's result is still in the balance.

A word of praise is due to the House Games Captains on their gallant efforts to bring their houses up to the scratch and make them win all their matches. The post is not an easy one; it does not end with just writing games slips.

We should all give a vote of thanks to the Council for giving us a motor lawn-mower. The difference already in the state of the playing-field is amazing.

D. A. P.

CRICKET—SUMMER, 1924.

The cricket season was again most successful. We played three matches, and won them all. The results were as follows:

Sydenham v. Beckenham: Sydenham 68 (for 7 wickets); Beckenham 32.

Sydenham v. Roan: Sydenham 70; Roan 22.

Sydenham v. Wallington: Sydenham 61; Wallington 31.

There has been all-round improvement in the team this season, but most progress has been made in batting. The batsmen felt more sure of themselves, and both style and scores were quite creditable. The fielding, though always keen, is the weakest part of our cricket. The chief fault is that it is too slow, but with practice this ought soon to be improved.

We wish to thank all who have taken interest in the cricket, but especially Miss Preedy, to whose excellent coaching much of the success of the team is due.

Criticism of Team.

I. Farnsworth.—Batting steady and reliable. Bowling quite good. A good length was well kept.

G. Reynolds.—A quick and safe wicket-keeper. Batting was quite good, though disappointing in matches.

K. Berry.—A batter who timed the ball well, and hit hard. Quick in the field.

J. Kemp.—Fielding not quick enough. Batting had plenty of force in it, but balls were not well timed.

H. Radcliffe.—One of the most reliable batsmen in the team, but must watch leg-balls better. Bowling quite good.

M. Rousseau.—Fielding quick, but throwing-in not hard enough. Batting not powerful enough.

M. Pinhorn.—Bowling good, but should try to get spin on her balls. Batting usually good.

I. Spencer.—Bowling much improved towards end of season. Batting fair.

E. Gotts.—Batting rather slow and cramped. Should practise slow bowling. Quite good in the long field.

C. Perridge.—Bowling should be quite good. Batting needs more force in it.

Reserves.

M. Parfit, M. Colegrave, G. Barker.

G. E. RADCLIFFE (Capt.).

G. Radcliffe.—An excellent bowler. Batting improved. Fielding rather uncertain. A most satisfactory captain.

D. A. P.

NETBALL—SEASON 1924-25.

On the whole the first team is good, but the play is too slow. Dodging and quick passing still need a great deal of practice. It has been difficult to fill the places of Irene Farnsworth and Dorothy Blythe as the defence play generally is weak.

Criticism of Team.

Shooter: G. Smith.—Has worked well and improved during the year. Shooting rather uneven. Dodging could be better.

Attack: M. Pinhorn.—Has proved disappointing. Play good on the whole, but shooting erratic.

A Centre: K. Berry.—Very good. A quick, neat player. Jumps and dodges well.

D Centre: M. Curtis.—Good. Keen and quick. Passing needs care.

Defence: I. Farnsworth.—A good, quick defender.

Defender: G. Barker.—Good. Is keen and works well. Passing a little wild sometimes.

Centre: K. Vine.—Generally good but tires quickly. Has made a useful captain.

K. VINE (Capt.).

F. M. N.

2ND TEAM.

Although many changes have had to be made, the team has worked well and the combination has improved.

Shooter: P. Yeates.—Shooting good on the whole. Play very slow; must work hard at dodging.

Attack: E. Francis.—Shows promise. With steady practice should do well.

A Centre: O. Palfery.—A good reliable player. Has been very useful as Team Secretary and Second Team Captain.

Centre: M. Wisdom.—A quick, neat player; has much improved during the year.

D Centre: H. Radcliffe.—Sometimes good, but very uneven. Must mark her opponent more closely.

Defenders:

C. Barnaby.—Fairly good, rather slow.

K. Anderson.—Quick and keen. Has worked well and much improved. Jumping good.

E. Gotts.—Good on the whole.

D. Blythe.—Much improved.

K. VINE (Capt.).

NETBALL MATCHES, 1924-25.

<i>School.</i>	<i>Date.</i>	<i>Result.</i>	<i>Score.</i>	
			<i>For.</i>	<i>Agst.</i>
Wallington	October 18th	I Lost	... 11	... 33
		II Lost	... 9	... 31
Peckham	October 22nd	I Lost	... 13	... 25

<i>School.</i>	<i>Date.</i>	<i>Result.</i>	<i>Score.</i>	
			<i>For.</i>	<i>Agst.</i>
Clapham	October 29th	I Won	... 21	... 18
		II Won	... 22	... 19
Selhurst	November 19th	I Won	... 19	... 10
		II Won	... 21	... 16
Mary Datchelor	Nov. 24th	I Lost	... 12	... 21
		II Won	... 18	... 11
Old Girls	December 6th	I Lost	... 15	... 25
		II Won	... 18	... 16
Mary Datchelor	March 6th	I Lost	... 14	... 23
		II Won	... 22	... 20
Wallington	March 11th	I Lost	... 24	... 28
		II Lost	... 15	... 19
Old Girls	March 21st	I Lost	... 18	... 20
		II Won	... 12	... 9
Selhurst Grammar	March 24th	I Drawn	... 18	... 18
		II Lost	... 10	... 21

HOUSES.

ST. ANDREW.

At the end of the Summer Term, 1924, chiefly as a result of the unrelaxing efforts of our games captain, S. Andrew's House was tied with S. George's for the cup. The netball matches of the year were recorded in last year's Chronicle; in the Summer Term, the House won two of its cricket matches and all its tennis matches.

In September, 1924, a new scheme of school government made each House responsible for the good order of the School on one day of the week. Twenty house prefects exercise special vigilance, and the School Council, on which each house is represented, regulates the execution of the scheme. Two representatives from each form compose a house committee for the direction of house matters.

With regard to games, S. Andrew has, so far, had a successful year. During the Autumn Term the attendance at netball and hockey practices was fairly good. The numbers fell off after Christmas, but the hockey eleven, with the aid of much coaching, succeeded in winning all its matches. The netball results were: Seniors, won 3, drawn 1; Juniors, won 2, drawn 1, lost 1.

At present, all our energy is concentrated on cricket and tennis, and our games captain has already begun the difficult task of selecting a reliable eleven. It would be considerably easier if more people would turn up to practices, to take

advantage of the enthusiastic coaching of Miss Preedy and Miss Nevill, to whom we offer our grateful thanks for their warm interest and help during the year.

During the Spring Term a dramatic section under members of VIB prepared scenes from "She Stoops to Conquer," and gave a most successful performance at the House Party which took place on 30th March.

In January, 1925, the House "adopted" a Greek girl, under a scheme of the Save the Children Fund, and a photograph of Elli Katsika now adorns our notice-board.

We hope this year to repeat our former successes in games, but winners or losers, we must remember that the effort counts far more than the result, and we shall have small cause for dissatisfaction if we have faithfully followed the advice and example of former house captains to "Play up and play the game."

EMMELINE BONE.

SAINT DAVID.

Last July St. David's lost Lily Dyer, who had been our House Captain for two years. She had worked exceedingly hard with tennis and cricket that term, and although our teams have no brilliant records, everyone enjoyed the games.

After the summer holidays Marjorie Rousseau, our Games Captain, set to work to make a junior and a senior netball team. We did not win all our matches, but Marjorie's work was by no means wasted. Hockey seemed utterly hopeless at first, but Miss Preedy and Miss Nevill spent much of their time helping us, and Marjorie was able to form an enthusiastic team. Early in April came the Drill Display with its House Team Races; this year we had some good new races which were great fun. At present, Marjorie is busy with cricket and tennis, for she is hoping for better results this year.

However, we have not used all our energies on games and left none for other House matters. Miss Lieben told us of an Adoption Scheme of the Save the Children Fund by which we could support a starving child on 8s. 4d. a month; so we have adopted a little nine-year-old Greek boy, named Thodoros Stefanides. On St. David's Day this year we sold daffodils at school for Miss Ellen Terry's fund, and collected nearly £3.

On the last day of March we had our Party, when we managed to have a good time. With Kathleen Hatton at the head, our Dramatic Society had worked hard to produce a dramatic version of Kingsley's "Perseus." It was a great success, for both audience and actors enjoyed it. We want

to thank Miss Bell, who gave such excellent advice over stage-managing, and provided many of the costumes. We are very grateful to Miss Lieben for all the work she has done for us, especially regarding Thodoros and Dafodil Day, and also to Miss Preedy and Miss Nevill for the time they have spent helping us with games.

GRETA BARKER.

ST. FRANCIS.

It was found necessary to add a new house to the other four at the beginning of this school year, so Saint Francis' House was formed. Equipped with purple braid, prefects' badges and handkerchiefs, we were soon ready to begin working hard at games. Unfortunately our first Games Captain left last Christmas, but she has a worthy successor in Florrie Upton, who has done her very best to improve our sports.

We were unfortunate in winning only one junior and one senior netball match but our teams seem to have suffered a great deal from "flu." Two of our hockey matches were drawn, and we were only beaten by Saint Andrew's after a very hard game. We are now very anxious to try our skill in cricket and tennis.

We have had other activities besides games. A choir was organised which competed with those of other Houses and proved very successful. We also had a dramatic society during the Winter Terms, but this did not show sufficient talent to perform at our House Party. Instead we had a short concert which everyone seemed to enjoy very much, and which came as a welcome interval in the dancing and games of the evening.

It would take too much space to thank everybody who had so kindly helped on the "new" House. Miss Webb must be mentioned, however, also Miss Preedy and Miss Nevill, who have been invaluable when the poor games captains were almost in despair, and who have also greatly helped us by their coaching. Among the girls, Ethel Denham and Beatrice Kennett worked very hard to make our choir and concert successful.

We have not done badly this year, and I think we have pulled up to the level of some of the other houses. Every girl has done a little bit for the house, but in some cases it has been a very small share indeed. Let us see if every girl can do her very best in future.

Remember—

"Do what you can, be what you are,
Shine like a glow worm if you cannot like a star."

FREDA ROBERTS.

ST. PATRICK.

During the summer of 1924, St. Patrick's was again successful with cricket, winning every match, but the tennis is still very disappointing, perhaps owing to the fact that so few seem keen on the game.

At the beginning of the Autumn Term, 1924, a House Committee, Captain and Representatives for the School Council were chosen, and Enid Gotts was elected House Games Captain. Towards the end of the term the House decided to "adopt" a little French child, Georgette Magniez, in connection with the Save the Children Fund.

The Senior netball did not come up to expectations and, as only a few girls came out to the practices, it was rather difficult to choose a team. However, the team won one match and drew one, and next year ought to do well. The Juniors are much keener on netball, and the results of their matches are quite creditable. They also won one and drew one. Perhaps next year, when they have grown a little, they will do even better.

We played our first hockey matches during the winter and again managed to win one and draw one. The chief fault in the team is lack of confidence on the part of the players, but with more practice they may lose all trace of nervousness.

Just after the Spring Half-Term Doris Wilkerson took over the House Captaincy for some time. It is by no means easy to step into a breach of this kind, but Doris filled the position most competently.

Towards the end of the Spring Term we held our House Party, when some Fairy scenes from "A Midsummer Night's Dream" were acted by the Dramatic Society under the management of Patricia May, the President.

We all thoroughly enjoyed the House Team races in the Drill Display, although we were not able to win any points.

In conclusion, we wish to thank Miss Preedy and Miss Nevill for their interest in our sports, and for all the help they have given us during the year.

G. E. RADCLIFFE.

ST. GEORGE.

During last Summer Term the House took up cricket and tennis again with great zest. Matches were played at the end of the term, and owing to the untiring efforts of Greta Reynolds, the Captain, and some of her supporters, St. George's House managed to produce quite good teams in both

games. The result of all the matches played throughout the year was that St. George's and St. Andrew's Houses were tied for the Cup. This was very encouraging, for it really was the result of increased keenness and energy throughout the House.

The alteration in the government of the School at the beginning of the Autumn Term greatly increased the work of the House. Two officials, a House Captain and a Games Captain, together with twenty Prefects, were therefore elected on the first day of Term. Molly Curtis did very good work as Games Captain throughout the Autumn and Spring Terms; Lorna Thompson has now taken her place and is proving an efficient and enthusiastic captain.

Attendance at hockey and netball has been good on the whole. Some members have worked very well, but there is room for considerable increase in the numbers of the enthusiasts. The Juniors again did very well at netball. In the Spring Term we played our first hockey matches. We thoroughly enjoyed every minute of them, and wish to thank Miss Preedy very much for the help she gave us throughout the winter. We also want to thank Miss Nevill very much for the help she has given at netball in choosing and encouraging the teams.

The Dramatic Section worked well under the leadership of Dorothy Cannon to prepare a short play for the House Party. Everyone was sorry when Dorothy had to give up in the middle of the Spring Term, but Marjorie Martin very kindly took her place. The performance of "Paddy Pools" at the House Party showed how hard all had worked.

The House has yet another interest. Through the "Save the Children Fund" we have "adopted" a little British boy, Derrick Pikes.

We should all like to thank Miss Dawson very much indeed for the help she has given the House, both officially as our representative on the School Council, and unofficially in being ever ready to advise and help.

K. VINE.

FORM ROOM TROPHIES.

Summer Term, 1924,	VB.
	IIA.
Autumn Term, 1924, Up.	V.
	IIIA.
Spring Term, 1925, Up.	II.
	IIIA.

THE BIOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.

At the end of the Summer Term, 1924, Vb once again arranged a tea for the members of the Biological Association. Owing to the weather, we were forced to have tea indoors, but enjoyed it none the less on this account. The Staff, VIa, the form gardeners, and other members of the Association were present. Directly after tea the reports on the gardens and botany tables were read, and the trophies presented by Miss Turner. The retiring officers of the Society were then thanked for their interest and help, and the new president was elected. Business over, we proceeded to enjoy ourselves with games and competitions.

It was decided that the trophies should be re-allotted this year, and so after the Spring Half-Term a general meeting of the Association was called, and Miss Turner passed on Donatello's Head of St. John to Vb. This form had throughout the Term maintained a high standard of marks for its specimen table. We were pleased to see the VI second on the list, with Va not far below. Very few animal exhibits have appeared on the tables as yet. Possibly this is due to the fact that zoology is not studied in the School until the VI is reached. I should like to draw the attention of the table monitresses to the fact that the Association is now called Biological—not merely Botanical—and to assure them that many interesting exhibits may be found in the animal world.

It has been found very difficult to arrange for a ramble at present this Term, owing to the general rush of school life. However, we still hope to arrange for one before the end of the Term.

At the beginning of the year Miss Attwater took the Form VI botany division to Farleigh for a botanical expedition. This was much appreciated by us all, and proved exceedingly profitable. VIa is now looking forward to a visit to Kew, and members of other Forms are to spend a day in the country.

An account of the School gardens follows, but we must here thank the head gardener, K. Hatton, and her able body of helpers who have so greatly improved the appearance of the north side of the School gardens.

Our special thanks are also due to the Staff, who interest themselves very keenly in this Society, and have greatly helped it to flourish.

D. WILKERSON.

THE SCHOOL GARDENS.

The gardens required so much work on them at the beginning of the year and the weather was so bad then that we nearly began to despair of their ever looking as beautiful as

they did last summer. However, I am sure that even the most critical must admit that they really are a credit to the School again. For this marvellous transformation we must thank the members of the staff who have supervised the work of the gardeners, most of whom have worked exceedingly hard to get the gardens into their present condition.

Most of the girls in charge of the north gardens spent their Empire Day half-holiday working very busily in the hot sun until about four o'clock, when tea under the trees provided a welcome diversion.

The quadrangle gardens are also very beautiful again owing to the untiring work of two of the staff and many girls in the upper school.

I must not omit to mention the juniors' gardens on the south side of the school, for they really are a credit to the younger girls who must have worked very hard to keep them so well.

K. HATTON, VIa.

THE INTER-SCHOOLS CLASSICAL ASSOCIATION.

As the members have been told at recent lectures, this year has been a very successful one for the Classical Association. The membership has been increasing rapidly throughout the year, while the lectures have all been most interesting.

Although only the fifth and sixth forms attend the lectures, the society is no stranger to the rest of the School, on account of the fact that the first of this year's lectures took place at Sydenham. On this occasion, when we entertained the Society, Mr. Bailey, of Oxford, came to lecture on the poetry and philosophy of Lucretius. This was a most interesting lecture, and everyone must have felt some surprise when Mr. Bailey told us that much of the philosophy of Lucretius was based on a kind of atomic theory, and that many of the ideas held by modern scientists also found place in this philosophy.

The second lecture of the year took place at the Mary Datchelor School, where Mr. Fyffe talked to members of the Society on Aristotle's Poetics. At this lecture we heard many of Aristotle's ideas of poetry and poetic art; how he felt that a tragedy was the story of the catastrophe of a life caused by some flaw in character which dragged down gradually the central figure of the story; how comedy depended largely on the unexpected, and that a mere mechanical study, without

any idealisation, cannot be true art. Though such subjects may not suggest humour, this was a very interesting and often amusing lecture.

Early in the Spring Term we went to Clapham Secondary School, where Dr. Brock gave an account, illustrated by lantern slides, of a visit to Rome. Dr. Brock spent her Christmas holidays in Rome, taking photographs, and visiting interesting buildings and ruins, and her lecture, the result of this visit, was most interesting. Among the many buildings and sites described, perhaps the house at Tivoli, supposed once to have belonged to Horace, the Catacombs with their gloomy passages and silent monks as guides, and the beautiful cypress trees on the road to the Campagna, appealed most to us. Dr. Brock must have spent a very enjoyable holiday, even if, on leaving the hotel, she was asked for the address to which her "remains" could be sent.

On another occasion we visited the Godolphin and Latymer School, at Hammersmith, to hear Mr. Sheppard lecture on Homer. We were persuaded to visit this somewhat distant school chiefly by Dr. Brock's recommendation of the charm of Mr. Sheppard's lectures, and we were not disappointed. The lecturer traced for us the main story of the Iliad and the Odyssey, here and there rendering his account more vivid by extracts from translations, and also analysed for us the main idea and the spirit of these great poems, and of their heroes. He showed the wonderful heroic spirit which prompted the actions of these men, especially in the Iliad, and pointed out how the Iliad depicted the tragic side of life, while the Odyssey was more a kind of comedy of life.

The last lecture of the year was at Streatham Hill High School, where Professor Mackail lectured on Homer's Penelope. Professor Mackail increased our already slight knowledge of Homer, on different lines, by tracing the personality and character of Penelope, and her relations with the other characters of the poem, throughout the Odyssey, giving a wonderful appreciation of a wonderful woman. It was rather strange to hear Professor Mackail, famous for his translation of Virgil, announce that translations were mere shadows and ghosts, of very little use. This was a most enjoyable lecture, as well for Professor Mackail's beautiful reading of Greek, and his very pleasant voice, as for the interest of the subject.

These lectures have given very great pleasure to the members of the Society, and we must all feel grateful to those who have been responsible for the organisation. Thus we were sorry to hear that Miss Leary, the secretary, chiefly responsible

for this, was forced to resign, but we hope that the Society will still live and flourish.

P. MAY.

THE ART CLUB.

The Art Club came into existence last autumn. It was formed with the idea of helping those who already enjoyed looking at beautiful pictures, to learn to criticise them, and so be better able to paint them. Arrangements were made, therefore, that the Club should meet twice a term: at one meeting we should study pictures in the picture-galleries; at the other, we should listen to Miss Whitehead's criticism of pictures which we ourselves had tried to paint, and we should also have the chance of giving our own criticism afterwards.

For the first meeting we made illustrations of "Tea-time" or "Sport," which were extremely interesting in their variety. They introduced us to all sorts of people from dainty little girls sipping tea, to sturdy lads kicking footballs. We much enjoyed looking at them, and were helped a great deal by Miss Whitehead's criticism.

A visit to the National Gallery to hear a lecture on Italian Art was arranged for our next meeting. On the Thursday before the lecture Miss Whitehead told us something about it and showed us reproductions which we have at School, so that we should be able to follow the lecture. The lecturer was extremely interesting. He began by showing us the earliest examples which were chiefly mural decorations. We saw a stiff and gaudy piece of Byzantine mosaic, and compared it with a later example which showed the Fall of the Angels very beautifully. He also showed us some early portraits made of a sort of wax, and, to point out their influence on wall-painting, he took us to see two wonderful fragments of fresco, and explained how it was done. We then looked at one fine example of Fra Angelico's work, called *The Adoration*, and we ended the meeting by studying a picture by Ucello.

For our third meeting we illustrated "Mrs. Willow," by John Drinkwater. We met one Saturday morning at the end of last term, to look at them, consequently only the keenest members came. The meeting was therefore particularly happy and the illustrations were much better than the first set. We have not yet had a meeting this term, but we are making illustrations of "Reading in Bed" in preparation. We also hope to go out at the end of this term, to draw the animals in a farm on the Downs. We are sure to have a grand time there, and shall probably enjoy it even more than the other very pleasant meetings we have had.

GRETA BARKER.

LA SOCIÉTÉ FRANÇAISE.

Nous regrettons que la société n'ait pas eu beaucoup de réunions pendant l'année passée. Il y en a eu une cependant, où nous nous sommes bien amusées. Après avoir pris le thé nous avons assisté à une représentation du "Shylock" d'Alfred de Vigny, par la classe de sixième B. On doit beaucoup féliciter les actrices du succès de leurs efforts, car il n'y avait rien qu'on n'ait pu entendre, et chacune a montré une bonne appréciation du caractère qu'elle jouait.

Il est difficile de choisir une ou deux parmi tant de bonnes actrices, mais Shylock surtout, a mérité de grands applaudissements. C'est un rôle difficile pour une jeune fille, mais notre Shylock a su y introduire toute la naine et toute l'avarice qu'on peut s'y imaginer. Le rôle de Portia aussi a été très bien joué, et le duc aussi a parlé très distinctement et avec beaucoup de dignité. Les costumes étaient très beaux, et ils ont montré combien de peine les actrices s'y étaient donné.

A la fin du trimestre d'été 1924, quelques unes des élèves plus jeunes ont donné des scènes de féerie et des fables de La Fontaine, dans la grande salle. Quelques scènes de "L'Oiseau Bleu" ont été très bien jouées, et les chansons des enfants aussi, ont charmé l'auditoire. On voit dans ces jeunes filles un fort appui pour la société à l'avenir.

Le trimestre suivant, il y a eu une réunion quand nous avons lu des scènes de "Le Genre de M. Poirier," qui nous ont fort amusées.

En conclusion, nous voulons offrir nos remerciements à Miss Rushforth de tout ce qu'elle a fait pour nous, et nous souhaitons que la société prospère dans l'année prochaine.

EMMELINE M. BONE.

THE MATRIC. CAMP, 1924.

Last year owing to the kindness of Miss Preedy, some of the girls who had just passed through the agonies of Matric. were able to enjoy a few days' rest at Bletchingly. We said "rest," but it must be remembered that there were potatoes to peel, fires to light and wood to chop. After school on Thursday we packed ourselves and our belongings into the lorry which was to carry us to camp, and set out.

By the time we had exhausted all our repertoire of songs, which included such gems as "Mary had a William goat" and "John Brown's Baby," we arrived at the large barn which was to be our home until the Sunday night.

We were divided into four sections, Imps, Rockets, Sunbeams and Pirates, and as soon as we arrived we set about our allotted duties.

On Friday evening Miss Dawson and Miss Nevill joined us. Saturday was visiting day, and Miss Lawrence, Miss Corbett and Miss Drury came to see us, the latter bringing with them enough strawberries and cream for all of us to have as much as we wanted. That evening we disregarded all school bed-time rules, and sat round the fire until about eleven o'clock singing, talking and consuming large quantities of biscuits and cocoa. Before we left Bletchingley we went through the garden of the land-owner. We were very much interested to see a chameleon in the greenhouse, whose coat exactly matched the grey bar on which it was sitting. All too soon it was time to come home, and we arrived at School at about 8 o'clock, very brown and untidy but extremely happy after an ideal week-end in novel circumstances. Very many thanks are due to the mistresses who took such trouble in arranging such a splendid holiday for us.

N. HARRIS.

M. ROUSSEAU.

Vib.

THE GUIDES.

The year 1924-25 has seen a few alterations in the Guide Company. At the beginning of the year, Miss Webb was forced, through pressure of work, to give up Guiding. Consequently Miss Dawson became captain. We all regretted the loss of Miss Webb, to whom we offer our grateful thanks, with the hope that she will join us again whenever possible.

Near the end of the Summer Term we took part in the District Sports. It was almost the first time that we had taken part in any district activity; we all enjoyed it so much that we were filled with the desire to co-operate with the other Guides of the district more frequently than we had done previously.

Once again we had our Children's Christmas Party at the end of the Autumn Term. Each Guide had her own little visitor, and the Staff and VIa were also invited to the Party. After tea, which was arranged in patrols, games were played. Great excitement prevailed when Father Christmas entered on a sleigh drawn by fairies, and accompanied by a band of carol singers. He found presents for all our visitors, and also presented the members of the Staff and VIa with offerings. As each child left the hall she was given some cakes and a

bag of sweets. Visitors and Guides alike all vowed that they had thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

The beginning of the Spring Term was occupied with thoughts of the coming Badge Exam. Several more senior guides attempted First Class, with the result that we now have two Guides—P. Holmes and P. Marsh—wearing the First Class Badge. Several others passed, but have not yet done the swimming necessary before they can wear this badge.

It was felt by many of us that it would be far more satisfactory if we could have our own camp equipment instead of borrowing it each time we went to camp. With this end in view we organised a tea and entertainment to which we invited all our friends, and which took place on March 25th. The School nobly supported us, and this resulted in the very satisfactory amount of £12 and, later, in an array of enamel ware and other equipment, which delighted Miss Dawson's heart, and greatly added to the comfort of this year's camp.

In conclusion we all wish to offer our thanks to the officers, under whose keenness and enthusiasm the company flourishes.

D. WILKERSON.
Senior Patrol Leader.

GUIDE CAMP, 1924.

(To our officers, with grateful thanks).

Attend, all ye who list to hear of how to Camp we went,
And in a barn near Bletchingly the Whitsun week-end spent!

It is about the rainy close of a cold and dull June day,
There comes a gallant lorry which blocks up the School path-
way;

The man-in-charge has rashly said he us to Camp will drive,
But, cautious man, he hasn't said he'll land us there alive!
But see! the lorry moves! a shout goes up from all its load;
A sudden dash—we charge the gate—then off, up Dartmouth
Road!

Thro' lanes with music sweet we speed; our song the peasant
thrills,

Thro' Godstone dash, thro' Bletchingly, and so reach Under-
hills.

And here, a barn with roof that leaks, a patch of grass we
find,

And soon, the smoke from well-built fires ascends upon the
wind.

At ten, when morning lights the skies and breakfast all is done,
 The C.O. calls her little Guides who swift towards her run.
 Then silence till the colours break and float upon the breeze,
 And Colour-party, duty done, trots back with mind at ease.
 The work all done we walking go and view the country-side,
 And are observant, as becomes the Perfect Little Guide.
 Then home to dinner where the cooks serve up an Irish stew;
 What's in it they won't tell us, but to give those cooks their due
 Th' exterior is pleasing, and there's little that we leave,
 For, since the eye has nothing seen, the foolish heart won't
 grieve.

When shades of night begin to fall the camp-fire flames shine
 bright,
 We sit around the ruddy glow and sing into the night.
 Last, tucked in bed, we sing good-night, "Lights Out" the
 whistle blows,
 And thirty weary little Guides sink down beneath the clo'es.

But now, alas! 'tis time to pack and back to London hie;
 Again thro' country lanes we pass, with singing homeward fly.
 The constable in Purley-town looks forth into the road.
 He sees a motor coming with a wildly yelling load.
 The lorry rushes onward, and the driver takes no heed,
 Till Norwood stands astonished at that reckless lorry's speed,
 Till terror and amazement all sleepy Sydenham fill,
 And the panic caused at Sydenham wakes the dogs of Forest
 Hill.

PHILOCASTRA.

THE LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY.

This Society was first instituted last Summer Term, but owing to the pressure of work meetings did not begin in earnest until September, when Kathleen Vine became Chairman. Since then there have been meetings nearly every Friday. The proceedings were so arranged that debates, and readings from plays or other books, took place on alternate weeks, the forms of the Upper School taking turns to read or debate. Some of the most interesting debates were: "It is right to kill animals for food" and "A woman's life is duller than a man's," both of which were rejected by a large majority after much heated discussion. Everyone enjoyed the readings from "When we were very young" and "The Sunny Side," by A. A. Milne with which members of VIa entertained the Society. So far it has proved an undoubted success. We hope it may continue to be so in the future.

M. ROUSSEAU (Secretary).



THE "LIVINGSTONE" EXPEDITION.

SOME COMMENTS BY FORMS IVa AND UP. III.

On May 25th about a hundred and twenty of us set out to see the Livingstone Film at the Kingsway Hall. We went by char-a-banc, beginning our journey about 4 o'clock.

E. B.

Livingstone was first shown to us as a very small boy talking to his old grandfather. He had a very thoughtful face with a look of determination and perseverance in it.

E. S.

We next saw Livingstone at Glasgow University, when he was eighteen years of age. With his summer earnings at the cotton mill he was able to pay for his winter course of classes.

V. H.

So clever did he become that he was made house-surgeon at Charing Cross Hospital. While there he heard an appeal by Dr. Moffatt for volunteers to help stamp out the slave traffic in Africa. Without an instant's hesitation Livingstone offered his services which were gladly accepted.

A. M.

We saw some of the beautiful wild scenery of Bechuanaland; the vast desolate veldt and the tall, thick elephant grass through which Livingstone was toiling on his way, closely followed by native carriers walking in single file.

A. F.-L.

David Livingstone essayed what no white man had ever done. He tried to cross Africa from West to East across the wide trackless desert. His wife and children and the son of a native chief went with him. After many days they ran out of water. They met a bushman, however, who showed them where to find ostrich eggs full of water hidden by the natives in the sand. Livingstone and his wife were greatly relieved, but the children's delight knew no bounds.

M. C.

We saw the natives performing some of their weird dances, and as a contrast, we saw them yoked together and sold into slavery. Most wonderful of all, we saw the magnificent Victoria Falls descending a great depth in a sparkling cascade amidst a shower of smoke-like spray.

E. B.

This discovery (the Victoria Falls) was due to the natives talking of "sounding smoke," as they called the foam and spray.

E. L.

EVERYMAN.

On Tuesday, March 24th, a party from IIIa and Up. III, with some of the VI, and Miss Rushforth and Miss Richardson, went to the Old Vic to see "Everyman." "Everyman" is one of the best known and most beautiful of the morality plays which were acted by the Guilds in the 15th Century. The play is the story of Everyman, who is told by "Dethe" that he must go on his last pilgrimage to the grave. In vain Everyman begs for some respite, but is only allowed to take a companion with him, if he can find any hardy enough to go.

He asks in turn "Felawshyp," "Kynrede," "Cosin," and "Goodes," but although all are willing enough to join him in pleasure, none will go with him on his terrible journey. At last he asks his "Good Dedes," who, although she is lying on the ground, so bound by his sins that she cannot stir, readily consents to do all she can for him. She introduces him to her sister, "Knowledge," who consents to be his guide. Knowledge brings him to Confession, from whom he receives the jewel "Penance." His penance frees Good Dedes, who then says that she will accompany him. Having received the sacrament, Everyman sets out on his pilgrimage, carrying the Cross, and accompanied by Knowledge, Good Dedes, "Beaute," "Strength," "Dyscrecion," and "Fyve Wyttes."

At the side of the grave, however, all desert him in turn, excepting Knowledge and Good Dedes. Knowledge says that she can go no farther but that there is no danger. Everyman then sinks into the grave, and an angel says that his penance will count before God. The "Doctour" then closes by explaining the moral of the play.

This play was being performed, most appropriately, every Tuesday in Lent, and during Holy Week. We all enjoyed it very much, and were pleased to have had the opportunity of seeing it.

V. MILLER, Up. III.

OLD GIRLS' ASSOCIATION.

In last year's magazine we reported that the dates of the Old Girl's meetings had been fixed at the business meeting so that they could be booked years in advance—but, for the first year, the fates intervened. Thinking, no doubt, that such a statement was presumptuous on the part of mortals,

they arranged a Higher School Zoology Examination for our July Saturday, and for the March Saturday, two activities affecting staff and Old Girls. However, we were able to hold our meetings on the "next door" Fridays, and we scored against the fates by holding our November re-union on the prescribed day as well as in the prescribed week-end.

In July we had a tennis meeting, and enthusiasts played until it was too dark to see the balls, while others showed equal but tranquil enjoyment in watching. Dorothy Harris and Hilda Clark carried off the victory in the end, and Miss Nevill and Miss Dawson were the runners-up. Our thanks are due to Mrs. Grist, who very kindly provided the prizes, as well as to Kathleen Miller and Agatha Alton, who organised the tournament.

The programmes for the Autumn and the Spring meetings were informal (except for the "business" of the former, which took only a short time), and everyone seemed to enjoy herself—especially when Miss Bowe played "something proper." During the last meeting there was a presentation to the School of a picture given in memory of Miss Metcalfe, the first Head Mistress of the Old Sydenham School. Marjorie Matthews presented the picture on behalf of past scholars of the Old Sydenham School, and Miss Turner, in accepting for the present School, spoke appreciatively of the idea and of the choice.

The secretaries would like to explain that they have tried multiplying the number of answers to notices by 2, by 4, and by 9, before ordering refreshments, and are hoping to work out a rule of proportionate increase for the benefit of future officers of the Association!

C. R.

OLD GIRLS' OPERATIC SOCIETY.

The results of our last year's experiment of presenting two operas during a season were sufficiently encouraging to decide us to adopt this plan as a regular thing, and we made two somewhat ambitious selections for the year 1924-5, namely, Hood and German's "Merrie England" and Gilbert and Sullivan's "Princess Ida."

During the Autumn, after we had begun rehearsing for the former, we gave two belated performances of the "Mikado," which, owing to the Summer Holidays, we had been unable to fit in earlier in the year. These were given, one

on November 7th, at the Stanley Hall, Norwood, in aid of the funds of the South Norwood School for Girls; and the other on November 8th, at the Congregational Church Hall, Crescent Road, Beckenham, in aid of Home and Foreign Missions. Both went off well, and proved financially successful.

Our first three performances of "Merrie England" took place at School on January 10th, 16th and 17th. The gross proceeds amounted to £109 16s. 1d., but Entertainment Tax (from which we had not obtained exemption, as we wished to be free to retain part of the money for future use), heavier royalties than usual, and divers other items, reduced this sum to £62 13s. 9d. Of this we sent our annual contribution of £30 for our Cot at the South Eastern Hospital for Children, and £20 to King's College Hospital, keeping back the balance.

On February 7th, at the Gordon Road Workhouse, we accomplished what the Stage-Managers and others consider our greatest achievement—we played, and played successfully, "Merrie England," with five understudies in the cast (as Wilkins, Raleigh, Jill, the Queen's Fool, and the 1st Lord), not one of whom had a complete rehearsal, and with at least half-a-dozen members of the chorus filling unexpected gaps left in dances. When we learnt that we should have to perform with two understudies, we were perturbed—when the number rose to a possible four (on February 5th)—we were alarmed—when on the day itself it rose to five the position became too much for our nerves. We had to collapse or burst out laughing. We laughed heartily—and the situation was saved! Our nerves grew steady, and we threw ourselves heart and soul into the show, with the result that we thoroughly enjoyed it and gave what we are assured was one of our best performances.

We have just finished "the run" of "Princess Ida," which we gave on April 24th at St. Andrew's, Catford, on May 2nd at St. Barnabas' Hall, Dulwich Village (for the Heber Road Girls' School), on May 14th at Stanley Hall (for the South Norwood Girls' School), and on May 15th and 16th at Hamilton Hall, Forest Hill (for Christchurch).

It is not possible to give even a rough estimate of the financial results of these ventures, as it has not yet been decided what share of the expenses the Churches and Schools will pay. The opera, however, proved, as we anticipated, a somewhat costly one, and it seems certain that no part of the £12 reserved after "Merrie England" will remain in our treasury.

Nevertheless, we shall be materially better off than before. The production of "Princess Ida" has necessitated the open-

ing of an Armoury, for now we are the proud possessors of fifteen battle-axes, three two-handed swords, and three most notable suits of armour. For the swords and the armour we thank two kind friends who have helped us on many occasions, namely, Mr. Atkin and Mr. Candy.

We owe and offer thanks also to Mr. Rodgers for so kindly directing our music for both operas, and for providing an orchestra for us. Unfortunately he was prevented by ill-health from attending many rehearsals during the Spring, and we should have been at a serious disadvantage if he had not been able to send us an excellent substitute in the person of Mr. Douglas Hopkins, who was good enough actually to conduct for us at our second, third, and fourth performances.

Our leading "tenor," Doris Young, must, we think, have broken a mirror or offended the Fates in some other way, for, not content with confining her to bed when she should have been playing Raleigh at Gordon Road, they deprived her of her voice the day before the third "Princess Ida" show—a particularly cruel trick as that one was being given in aid of her own School. As her understudy was already playing a part, this necessitated two changes in the cast, but after our experience on February 7th we were able to face the situation with comparative equanimity, and although perhaps we felt a little apprehensive at first (for the Stanley Hall is an awe-inspiring place even when our Company is mustered in its full strength and on that night there were several absentees) we soon recovered our spirits. Doris herself was present at all occasions, rendering invaluable assistance as scene-shifter-in-chief, and on the last evening as she found herself partially "in voice" once more appeared in the ranks of the male chorus in place of a member who had gone home ill.

The O.G.O.S. wishes very gratefully to acknowledge a most generous gift from Miss Hunt, the Headmistress of the South Norwood Girls' School—a copy of Hottenroth's standard Work on European Costume. We are all delighted to possess this volume, which will undoubtedly be of great service to us, besides being extremely interesting in itself.

As we have been obliged to open a waiting-list, intending new members should send in their names as soon as possible to the Secretary, Lily Gessey ("Devonshire Cottage," Fox Hill, Norwood, S.E.19). It will save time if each application is signed by two existing members, as all applicants must be proposed and seconded in this way before their names are placed upon the list. Anyone, however, who has no acquaint-

ances in the O.G.O.S. (if there be anyone!) need not hesitate to write to the Secretary, who will doubtless be able to arrange the matter without difficulty.

A. L. L.

THE OLD GIRLS' SPORTS CLUB.

The "Old Girls' " Netball Club has had another most successful season. Though we lost several of our members at the beginning of the season, we were able to welcome to the Club some of the newer "Old Girls." Practices have been well attended, and many matches played, and for the most part we have victory to report. The enthusiasm of our members has been greater than ever this year; perhaps this accounts in part for the great step taken by the Club in March, when we decided to enter for the "Daily Mirror" Challenge Shield. We were able to remain in the competition for the first three rounds, but after a hotly-contested fight we lost in the final round for our district to Greenwich Central Old Girls' Netball Club.

We had the great misfortune to lose through illness our Captain and most indefatigable Secretary, Doris Harwood, towards the end of the season. We wish her a speedy recovery, and hope to be able to welcome her back again next September to lead us to victory in the new League for "Old Girls" Netball Clubs. This League has only recently been formed, but will be firmly established, we hope, by next season, when we mean, if possible, to be the victors in our own district, at least.

The Club's record for this season is:—

FIRST TEAM.

25.10.24.—South London Tabernacle	Away	Won	29	5
15.10.24.—Lewisham Grammar O.G.	Home	Won	18	5
29.11.24.—Barrovians	Away	Won	27	3
6.12.24.—School	Home	Won	24	15
13.12.24.—Dame Alice Owen's O.G....	Home	Lost	10	12
3. 1.25.—Lewisham Grammar O.G.	Away	Won	26	19
24. 1.25.—Sutton Panthers	Away	Lost	9	13
31. 1.25.—Lewisham Grammar O.G.	Home	Won	27	19
7. 2.25.—South London Tabernacle	Home	Won	29	7
14. 2.25.—James Allen's O.G. ...	Home	Won	23	11
21. 2.25.—James Allen's O.G. ...	Away	Draw	25	25
28. 2.25.—Brockley Central	Home	Won	22	11
7. 3.25.—L.C.C.	Away	Won	27	16
14. 3.25.—Sutton Panthers	Home	Won	19	10
21. 3.25.—School	Away	Won	20	18

28.	3.25.—Rosendale Rd. Evening Institute	Away	Won	22	13
4.	4. 25.—Plumstead Y.W.C.A. ...	Home	Won	44	1
30.	4. 25.—Greenwich Central O.G.	Home	Lost	24	10

SECOND TEAM.

25.	10.24.—South London Tabernacle	Away	Won	19	1
22.	11.24.—L.C.C.	Away	Won	14	12
29.	11.24.—Barrovians	Away	Won	16	5
6.	12.24.—School	Home	Lost	16	8
13.	12.24.—Dame Alice Owen's O.G....	Home	Lost	6	8
24.	1.25.—Sutton Panthers	Away	Won	13	8
7.	2.25.—South London Tabernacle	Home	Won	30	6
28.	2.25.—Brockley Central	Home	Lost	10	14
14.	3.25.—Sutton Panthers	Home	Draw	15	15
21.	3.25.—School	Away	Lost	9	12
28.	3.25.—Rosendale Rd. Evening Institute	Away	Draw	7	7
			W. L. D.		

GYMNASTIC CLASS.

The O.G. Gymnastic Class is running successfully and brings much enjoyment to its members.

Intending new members should apply to the Sports Secretary, Doris Harwood, 39, Stillness Road, S.E.23.

THE OLD GIRLS' DANCE.

The "old" girls are not quite so decrepit as their name suggests. A considerable number still have some of that abundant energy which in the "good old days" found vent in gym. displays and paper chases.

Anyone looking into the school hall on the evening of January 24th, would have found us enjoying our first "old girls'" dance. We danced the evening away with the support of a small but lively orchestra and a supper that provided exciting surprises in luxuries such as fruit salad, jellies and cakes of delightful and unwholesome variety.

The dance was well-attended by "old girls" representing most of the past years. Many disguised their identity in fancy dress. Alice left Wonderland for this important occasion, and Tweedledum and Tweedledee honoured us with their presence. We saw Polly Peachum dancing with a fearsome pirate, and potentates from the east talking with some

of the ladies of "Merrie England." Gay pierrots were rescuing demure puritans from the tangles of streamers thrown from the gallery.

Prizes were given for the best costumes; by general consent Bessie Throgmorton from "Merrie England" (H. Clark) was acclaimed the prettiest, while Tweedledum and Tweedledee (E. Atkinson and E. Standring), very pleased with themselves, were awarded the prize for originality.

We danced till 10.30 when "the powers that be" decreed that our revels must end. The girls would like to thank all who were concerned in giving them such a delightful evening—Miss Turner for lending the school hall, and the special committee who so ably organised the first "Old Girls" dance.

H. M. D.

NEWS OF OLD GIRLS.

At the Colleges—1924 Entrants.

Bedford.—W. Marsh.

Westfield.—C. Parr.

Royal College of Science.—E. Jones, M. Vine, M. Collet-Brown.

University.—A. Console, W. Regan.

Bristol University.—H. Ling.

Furzedown.—T. Godfrey, R. Linstead, K. Peskett.

Avery Hill.—R. Bone, D. Carter, I. Spencer, G. Buckingham, I. Browning, L. Dyer, E. Preedy, E. Carpenter.

Regent Street Polytechnic.—D. Bowthorpe, D. Cardew, W. Sanders, G. Mildenhall, K. Pestell.

Chelsea Polytechnic School of Art.—W. Barker, D. Lines.

Successes.

E. Southgate.—A.S.A.A. (Associate of the Society of Incorporated Accountants and Auditors).

N. Irons, F. Osborn.—B.Sc. Hons., London.

D. Allder, M. Bonnett, H. Dyer, V. Davies, G. Davies.—B.A. Hons., London.

Ruth Kerridge.—Civil Service (Ministry of Labour) Examination—191st out of 1,300 candidates.

B. Budd.—Art Teachers' Diploma, June, 1924. Barbara is taking the Post Diploma course and practising teaching at School.

C. Rennie.—Certificate in French (Lond. Univ.), July, 1924.

Appointments.

M. Irons.—History Mistress at Twickenham County School.

N. Irons.—Science Mistress at West Kirby High School.

V. Saunders.—Clerk in the offices of Telephone Manufacturing Co.

B. Palmer (née Wallace).—Camberwell Central School.

E. Singer.—Monson Road Girls' School.

Marjorie Stephens, B.A.—Welfare worker for the Association of Fine Cotton Spinners, Settle, Yorks.

W. Whorlow.—General Grade Clerkship, L.C.C.

Marriages.

Hazel Goulston to John S. Jeffrey, August 5th, 1924.

Edna Etheridge to John A. Edgar, October 25th, 1924.

Elsie Collet-Brown to R. Farrugyar.

Births.

To I. Skelton (née Rickard)—a son. Peter John.

To L. Savage (née Storch)—a daughter.

To E. Cridland (née Humphries)—a son. Basil.

In Memoriam.

W. Chandler, died February 27th, 1925.

C. Collet-Brown, died June 25th, 1925.

Dorothy Dew would be pleased to hear from any "Old Girls" (over eighteen) who are interested in First Aid and Home Nursing. She is a member of the St. John's Ambulance Brigade, and her Division, which has its headquarters in the Temple, E.C.4., is in need of more members. She will be glad to answer any enquiries regarding the work and membership of the S.J.A.B. and the V.A.D. run in conjunction with it, and she can assure all that it is an interesting and useful hobby. Enquiries to:—Dorothy Dew, 88, Pentney Road, Balham, S.W.12.

News of "Old Girls" will always be welcomed by Connie Rennie, 5, Montem Road, Forest Hill, S.E.23.

BLUEBELLS.

I walk into the wood and see
A patch of blue beneath a tree.
And they are bluebells drooping down,
Like carpets blue on floors of brown.

And up above the tree-tops sway,
 Like ladies as they talk away,
 And when you through the forest walk,
 You hear their voices as they talk.

JOAN POUNCY, Lr.I.

THE KITTENS' CHORUS.

Miew! Miew! Miew! Miew!
 We want to catch mice, we do, we do,
 But our mother, the old white cat,
 Says we are rather fat for that.

Miew! Miew! Miew! Miew!
 We want to catch mother's tail, we do,
 But she says she is not such a common cat
 As to let her kits be so pert as that.

Miew! Miew! Miew! Miew!
 We want to be good, we do, we do,
 But that's much harder to do than to say,
 So we'll think about it another day.

E. NORWOOD, Lr.I

THE DANCE.

I saw fairies dancing within a bright ring,
 I heard their sweet voices beneath the moon sing,
 The glow-worms were hanging like lamps from the trees,
 And bluebells were nodding their heads in the breeze,
 The nightingale orchestra played a sweet song,
 The dance went on well and the glow-worms still shone,
 The fairies were having a dance with the bees,
 When goblins so angry jumped out of the trees,
 The moon in her fright threw a veil o'er her face,
 The nightingale orchestra all lost their place,
 The fairies were frightened, then vanished in flight,
 And all I could see was the strange dark, black night.

C. SMART, Lr.I.

HERALDS OF SPRING.

Pretty pale primroses, pretty pale primroses,
 Nodding your heads in the breeze,
 Patiently waiting for patches of sunlight,
 Throwing rays down through the trees.

Thrushes are singing, all sweetly singing,
 To welcome you, Heralds of Spring,
 Violets are op'ning, and green bowers are swinging,
 Swallows are now on the wing.

Pretty pale primroses, pretty pale primroses,
 Like stars in a cloudless blue sky,
 You lighten the forest and brighten the woodlands,
 Peeping with pale yellow eye.
 Then come the children and carelessly pluck you,
 Though you are hidden and shy,
 Sad are the woodlands, and lonely the forest,
 So little pale primrose! Good-bye!

BETTY BERNARD, I.a.

AUTUMN GOETH ALL IN RED.

Autumn goeth all in red,
 Creepers let their leaflets fall,
 Hips and haws their brightness shed
 On rosy peaches by the wall.

Dahlias now show at their best,
 Opening all their crimson flowers,
 All the colours of the West,
 Falling down in scarlet showers

JOYCE PEAL, I.a.

ORANGE.

When the cloudy skies are gray,
 On a dismal winter's day,
 Then the sun in Orange bright,
 Shines her best, with feeble light.

From the dark and gloomy mould,
 Little crocuses unfold
 Orange petals; making day
 Cheerful, though the skies are grey.

DOROTHY HUGHES, I.a.

A NIGHT VISITOR.

One night when I was in my bed,
 But not quite asleep,
 I heard a funny little noise,
 Like, creep, creep, creep.

And then I sat up in my bed
 And what do you think I saw?
 Why, there in a corner sat a wee mouse
 Who went gnaw, gnaw, gnaw.
 L. KNOWLES, I.a.

FISHING.

The fisher stands on the rocks so bare,
 Idly waiting the fish to snare,
 The sun is shining overhead,
 The sky is blue, the clouds have fled,
 The turgid water rushes by,
 The salmon leaps towards his fly,
 With skill he uses rod and reel,
 And brings his captive to his creel.
 SYLVIA ARBER, Up.I.

GOBLINS.

What are goblins? have they wings?
 Are they fair or ugly things?
 Can they skip or crawl or walk?
 Are they dumb, or can they talk?
 Do they break up all our toys?
 And try to eat up little boys?
 Dad, will you tell me and Kate,
 Why goblins only come out late?
 Goblins are dark and evil things,
 With bristly hair, and bat-like wings,
 With sallow cheeks, and dark green eyes,
 And wands in which their magic lies.
 S. MOORE, Up.I.

THE FAIRY RING.

I made a little fairy ring
 With grass and leaves and flowers,
 The fairies in it sweetly sing
 To pass the happy hours.
 One day a little gnome crept up
 And stole away the ring,
 And now there's not a buttercup,
 No fairies there to sing.
 CELIA THORNTON, Up.I.

CHUDLEIGH, IN DEVON.

Chudleigh, in Devonshire, is a sleepy old-world village, with nothing to distinguish it from any other village except its ancient Church, and the pixies' glen and cave. These pixies are supposed to dwell in the caves and glens, and in the boggy places on the moors. They are queer little sprites, who, when feeling kind towards mortals, will come and thresh a farmer's wheat. Pixies like solitary spots to make their habitations in, with soft, downy birds for bed-fellows, and shy rabbits and squirrels for play-mates. Some made their home in the cave, carving pictures of the wild animals, and, although no man has carved it, for it is far out of reach of a man's hand, there is a ram's head represented in the rock. Also there is an elephant's tusk and foot. All who visit this place are supposed to lay an offering on a stone for the fairies, otherwise the pixies will punish the offender. Many of the children believe this, and will not approach the cave after twilight has fallen.

D. FORSTER, II.b.

A FUNNY EVENT.

One Saturday my mother called me and told me to do some shopping for her, and while she was making out the shopping list, I emptied the hot-water bottle. I got my hat and coat on, and I walked to the greengrocer's, swinging, what I thought was my shopping basket. I ordered six pennyworth of potatoes, and instead of holding out the basket, which I thought I had brought with me, I held out the hot water bottle for the potatoes to be put in.

My sister and I had much trouble in getting home because we laughed so much.

J. BOWTHORPE, II.b

TWO NURSERY RHYME LEGENDS.

THE SONG OF THE HOURS.

"Sing a Song of Sixpence" has a very beautiful legend behind it. The four and twenty blackbirds baked in a pie are the hours of the day, the bottom of the pie is the earth, and the sky is the pie-crust. The dawn, or sunrise, takes place "When the pie is opened and the birds begin to sing," surely a sight fit for any king. The sun is represented by the King in the counting-house counting out his money, and the golden pieces which slip through his fingers are the golden sunbeams. The Queen sitting in the parlour is the moon, and the honey the moonlight.

The maid, who is hanging out clothes in the garden before her King, the sun, is up, is the daybreak, and the clothes represent the clouds. The sunset is signified by the blackbird nipping off the maid's nose, and that ends the song of the day, until another pie is opened, and another dawn set before the King, the sun.

EVA WIDDOWSON, IIa.

LITTLE MISS MUFFETT.

In the time of Charles I. there lived a knight named Sir Richard Langley. Sir Richard and his two sons were staunch loyalists, and directly the Civil War broke out, they rode away to fight for King Charles. Sir Richard's wife had died ten years before, and so when he and his sons rode to the war, his daughter Diana was left alone, except for the servants.

At first Diana was lonely, but after a few weeks she did not mind the feeling of being alone. One evening Diana was dining alone, as usual, when she heard a creaking sound. Turning round swiftly she saw a man in the doorway. "Madam, I am about to search the house for Royalists. I will search alone, but I have my men in the village," said the man. Diana ran away, trembling with fright. When she reached the stables she told the groom what had happened. The man told the rest of the servants, who chased the Roundhead, but he escaped.

The people wished to remember this event, and so they composed the rhyme "Little Miss Muffett." The spider represented the Roundhead, little Miss Muffett represented Diana, and the curds and whey stood for the unfinished dinner.

E. WORTHY, IIa.

[By the way, does anyone know the origin of these?—

I.

Little Miss Muffett, wanting to ruff it,
Put on ner plimsolls and pads,
But quickly our meadow was strewn with her dead—o—
Now we don't humour her fads!

II.

A flippant young lady
Played with a ball.
The flippant young lady
Had a great fall.
Even Miss Preedy,
With might and with main,
Couldn't put the young lady
Together again.]

A DICTIONARY.

In case you do not know me I must introduce myself—I am Johanna Nuttall, one of the world-famed dictionary family. You'd be surprised to hear how intelligent I am; for instance, I do not suppose you have ever thought when you sat down to dinner, why the cloth is called "damask" and why it is dearer than ordinary tablecloths. Now I can tell you; in the old days damask was only woven at Damascus, and that is where it found its name.

When somebody says "Where is a napron?" you tell them it is bad English to run "an" on to "apron," but once upon a time people said "a napron" as also "a napple," and you will see that Mr. Printer, a great friend of mine, has explained clearly and precisely that "napron" is M.E., that is middle English, if you look inside me.

Narcissi are delightful flowers but not many people know where they get their names from, so I'll tell you.

Narcissus was a handsome Greek boy and he used to roam in the woods all day long. One day he stopped by a pool to drink, and he saw his own lovely reflection in the still, clear water.

He had never seen a face so beautiful and he sat by the pool a long time calling on the beautiful person in the water to come out. Gradually he pined away for love of his own reflection, but the gods on Olympus had compassion on Narcissus, so they changed him into a beautiful flower which forever bends its stately head to look at its own reflection in the ponds by which it grows.

I could tell much more, but this is enough to prove how learned I am.

W. SIRETT, Up.II.

THE CHILD OF DAWN.

The Child of Dawn is light and gay,
 Her silv'ry curls about her neck,
 Bring freshness to th' awak'ning day,
 And all the earth with twilight deck.

Her misty lilac-tinted robe,
 Her head all garlanded with flow'rs,
 And dainty feet that tread the globe,
 Appear throughout the dawning hours.

She lives among the mountains tall,
 Her light illuminates the earth,
 O! Child of Dawn to thee we fall,
 With worship at thy daily birth.

W. KIRBY, Up.II.

IF.

I.

If I were king of all the sea,
 In coral halls I'd dwell,
 And nymphs would my attendants be,
 My throne a cockle shell,
 Anemones and seaweeds bright
 Of pink and green and red and white,
 Would light my way at dead of night,
 And make a path for me.

M. KILLICK, III.b.

II.

If I were King of Dragon-land,
 Attendants every day
 Would wait on me and bring my food
 Upon a silver tray.
 Fierce dragons big would guard my fort
 And win respect from all my court,
 But never hurt me, they'd be taught
 To honour and obey.

I. CHALLONER, IIIb.

BROWN.

Brown are the cows that graze in the field,
 Brown are the nuts that the hazels yield.

Brown are the horses that pull the plough,
 Brown are the leaves on the autumn bough.

Brown are the robins, brown are the wrens,
 Brown are some of the farmer's hens.

Brown is the squirrel, my eyes are brown,
 It's the commonest colour in country and town.

B. HOOK, IIIb.

THE SWIMMING BATHS.

On Monday morning off we go
 With energy and vim,
 For forty minutes to enjoy
 Our weekly swim.
 We hurry down the road until
 We reach the bath at Forest Hill.

Then on the diving-board we stand
 Upon the top-most stair—
 Wondering if we have the pluck
 To jump from there;
 (A gentle push the matter ends,
 Given by misguided friends).

Most joyously we splash about
 For half an hour or so
 Until the whistle sounds, and then
 We have to go.
 We dry and dress, then, fresh and cool,
 We hurry back towards the school.

B. BURFORD, IIIa.

PLASTER MODELLING.

This term, our form has been making models in plaster instead of painting, during our art lessons. The light was usually not good enough for painting, and modelling became very popular with most of us.

The school supplied the plaster-of-Paris, but we brought our own bottles of milk with which to mix it.

It took some time to make the figures, which were fixed together with hairpins, for if the plaster was too dry they fell to pieces at once, and if it was too wet they could not be shaped at all. Nearly all of them were finished at home. Unfortunately the milk in most of them went sour, producing such a horrible odour that for a time, at least, we were obliged to admire them from a respectful distance.

When they were quite dry and hard we painted and varnished them, which very greatly improved their appearance.

Some of the models were very good; indeed, their only fault was a distressing tendency to fall to pieces at the least touch.

B. BURFORD, IIIa.

FANTASIES.

On a cool October evening
 There I sit upon a stool,
 Thinking of the days of England
 When the Normans had their rule. . . .

Through the woods are hunters coming;
 Down the leaf-strewn forest road
 On they gallop, past the drawbridge,
 To the castle with their load.

Ah, the picture quickly changes
 'Tis a masque they're acting here,
 Yonder is the old Globe Theatre,
 There is Shakespeare standing near.

Now it is the Restoration,
 With, what's that—"Bring out your dead";
 Ah, it is the plague of London:
 Now the sky is coloured red.

For the great Fire fiercely rages,
 All is ruined in its clutch,
 Then it ceases at Pie Corner,
 Homes are shrivelled at its touch.

This has passed in byegone ages,
 Things like this and many more,
 When I waken from these pictures,
 Then I know they are of yore.

EILEEN LORD, Up. 3.

THE QUEST.

He came to the halls of the wealthy;
 He sought it, and found it not,
 For their hearts with gold were o'er crusted,
 And the wine on their lips was hot.

The Philosopher came to the cottage,
 Where an old man dwelt alone,
 Who worked for the poor and needy,
 And he found that Precious Stone.

What sought he in mansion and cottage,
 That time alone could prove?
 He'd searched the World, but he found it there—
 The Jewel that men call Love.

E. BOND, Up. III.

A WALK WITH THE POET, W. H. DAVIES.

It was midsummer, and as I joined my friend, Mr. Davies, by the sign-post in the lane, a drowsy silence hung over everything.

"Good-afternoon," said the poet; "As it is so hot I think we had better go to the woods, don't you?"

I agreed, and we walked on down the dusty lane. We passed many gardens full of the scent of flowers, and the hum of bees. "It is just such a day when 'bees will stand upon their heads in fragrant deeps,'" remarked Mr. Davies. "Look at the lazy cows chewing the cud in the fields. I think no landscape in spring, summer, or autumn is complete without them. I saw a beautiful picture once—a windmill surrounded by green fields; under the trees cows were standing, and fleecy clouds were floating in the sky, like white lambs."

"Why," I said, "I believe we have that very picture at home, but I have never really studied it closely."

"You should always use your eyes well and get the best out of everything, you see," answered my companion.

"What is this life, if, full of care,

We have no time to stand and stare.'

Look at that gorgeous Red Admiral, dancing over the flowers in that cottage garden. Truly

'Here are flowers, with heads

To nod and shake;

And dreaming butterflies

To tease and wake.'

He must be the king of 'Butterfly-land,' and when his short visit to us is ended he goes to his kingdom in a chariot of golden sunflowers, and drawn by a long team of wasps."

I listened in wonderment as the poet spoke on dreamily, weaving beautiful pictures in his poetical words. "Oh," I sighed, when he paused; "What lovely scenes you can make about everything!"

He laughed. "I love nature, and,

'Say what you like

All things love me!'"

We had now reached the wood. It looked cool and inviting after the heat of the lane for the leaves shaded the ground, and only here and there did the sun filter through.

"This is a lovely little wood, is it not?" said Mr. Davies. "'Here's my choice of either sun or shade, and both are green.' Look at that beautiful clump of silver birch trees, with their tall, graceful trunks, and the stately old oak in that clearing."

Our walk led us past a bank of fern dotted with wild roses, over the soft, mossy ground. The birds sang in the trees, and I saw my friend was entranced, perhaps again in his world of poetry. A rabbit darted across our path, bringing the poet once more to earth.

"When I do hear these joyful birds,
I cannot sit with my heart dumb,"
he said.

We began to walk home by a different way, which led us over a shady stream, bordered with reeds and bulrushes. As we walked over the quaint old bridge we could see the silvery fish darting hither and thither in the clear water, and the sedge-warbler performing quaint antics in the reeds. I thought of Mr. Davies' poem, "The King-fisher," which says,

"So runs it in thy blood to choose
For haunts the lonely pools, and keep
In company with trees that weep."

"I think you must have been by such a stream as this when you saw the lovely bird which inspired your poem, Mr. Davies," I said.

"You are right," he answered, "for

"I also love a quiet place
That's green, away from all mankind;
A lonely pool, and let a tree
Sigh with her bosom over me."

"Those silvery fish look like beams of light as they dart about in the water. They are the children of the stream, bubbling down from its rocky birth-place, a thread of silver from the moon, its mother."

"What a lovely idea!" I exclaimed, "Just like the King-fisher whose 'mother' was the Rainbow, and whose 'grand-mother,' Tears."

At last we reached the sign-post again, and, as we parted I said how much I had enjoyed my walk, and begged Mr. Davies to come with me again one day.

VERA CLARKE, Up. III.

THIRTY YEARS HENCE.

May 20th, 1955, has come and gone, and "The Smart Six of Sydenham" have held their meeting, arranged thirty years ago. One after the other they arrived at the meeting place, first the newspaper reporter, stepping briskly along with her pencil and her notebook in her hand, next the coffee-stall keeper, carrying a bag of rolls, and after her the owner of the famous "Jeunesse Beauty Parlour." Then came the poetess, her eyes fixed dreamily on the distant chimney pots. A few minutes later the pavement artist slouched along, and later still the millionaire's wife stepped languidly out of her car and swept towards them with a rustle of her silken skirts. After the greetings they adjourned to the house of the millionaire's wife to discuss the happenings of the past thirty years over a cup of tea.

The pavement artist, as eldest, mournfully began her tale: "Having spent hours after school carving out blocks for the Magazine, which gave me a taste for art, I determined to become the leading artist of my time. Although none of my pictures were accepted by the Academy I persevered, but approaching age damped the fires of my genius, and you see me as I am, a drudge of the London streets."

Having dried their eyes and silenced the hysterical sobs of the poor artist with another bun, they listened while the beauty parlour proprietress began to speak: "Ah! yours is a pathetic story, but it is no worse than that shown in the faces of some of my clients who come to me with a perfectly justified faith in my powers. Having a natural taste for beauty, it is at once my pleasure and vocation to bring happiness to thousands of unhappy people who—" here she was gagged by one of the rolls of the coffee-stall keeper, who began her story thus: "One day at School, when attempting to eat a Rock Cake, it came to me in a flash of light that it was my duty in life to pass on the heirloom to yet another generation. Accordingly I opened my stall with The Rock Cake as a very solid foundation. Then I did a fatal thing—I married. My husband, who was, in his youth, a choir boy, used to attract (?) customers by his singing, but at one blow he ruined his voice, temper and digestion by attempting to eat The Original Rock Cake."

Then the poetess, her "eye in a fine frenzy rolling," misquoted.

"What moved your mind with choir boys young to roam?
O had you stayed, and said your prayers at home!"

The ensuing applause moved the poetess to further effort, and she thus broke out :

“ Friends, sufferers, Sydenhamites, lend me your ears !
I come to tell my story, not to listen—”

We settled into silence, and she went on :—

“ When still a maid, my mind I made up quite,
That I'd be famous, and that I would write
Heart stirring stanzas——”

“ Oh ! what an awful plight,” broke in the journalist. The poetess brought her withering glance to bear upon the journalist, saying with bitter scorn : “ You block, you stone, you worse than senseless thing. O ! you hard heart, you feeble journalist.” And with this she retired into her shell, while the journalist began her story brilliantly by quoting :

“ Why did I write ; what sin to me unknown
Dipped me in ink, my parents' or my own ? ”

“ However,” she continued, “ I cannot stop to say much ; I am too busy taking down notes about you ; you'll make splendid ‘ copy ’ for my comic novel, which is going to make me famous as the author of the funniest novel ever written.”

“ Hear, hear ! ” they all called out in unison.

“ After the noise had subsided, the millionaire's wife, being tired of such a long spell of silence, began to speak : “ I began life as my husband's secretary, before his self-opening sardine——” (at this moment a door slammed and her husband came rushing in, tearing his hair and crying : “ Ruined, ruined—all my money has gone.”

The whole assembly jumped to their feet, and tactfully took their departure for another thirty years.

SSOS.

THE ARRIVAL OF A CIRCUS IN A COUNTRY TOWN.

His Worship the Mayor of Xavier was in a state of high indignation. He was very proud of his town, especially of its Mayor, its unique name, and its Puritanical primness. Never before had such a thing happened to Xavier—for now a *circus* was coming ! A *circus* and Xavier ! “ Why,” said his Worship, “ one might as well set up a roundabout in the Coliseum ! ” He was a well-read man, you perceive. But so it was, a circus was coming, and oh ! *what* a circus ! Why, it had actually sent a herald to him, to the very Mayor himself,

to announce its approach to the august town of Xavier. This was absolutely without precedent, as his Worship knew. Gipsies, he supposed. This very morning his town was to be invaded by a band of wandering gipsies!

Trumpets sounded in the street below, and the Mayor turned to the casement and leaned out, almost forgetting his dignity in wonder at the strange sight that met his gaze. The townsfolk were pouring forth from their houses and lining the street, while the flat house-roofs were crowded with boys. All were gazing at the cavalcade that was coming through the town gate.

A mighty elephant led the way, with a beaming, chocolate-coloured mahout, in a tinsel coat and a huge red turban, sitting grandly in a plush covered howdah. The Mayor groaned, and the Corporation, grouped behind him, tried hard to look severe. The townsfolk, also, seemed to be enjoying it. Certainly the boys were. The elephant continued his stately progress, halting in the market square, whither he was followed by a white horse bearing a lady, dressed as a fairy and holding a small, chattering, excited monkey. The little boys lost their hearts to the lady and the little girls thought how sweet the monkey would look in their little dolls' cradles at home. Next came a string of tiny ponies, each led by a wee dwarf. The children shrieked their admiration and the dwarfs made funny little bows in acknowledgment.

A great chariot followed the little ponies, and lo, a giant sat in it, with an enormous cardboard head. But all was real to the children, and many of them clung tightly to their mothers at the sight of the fearsome monster.

But the pride of the circus was yet to come. The Mayor sighed, but the Corporation were by now openly smiling at the antics of a dancing bear who followed the giant's chariot.

Close on the heels of Bruno, the bear, came the joy of the circus-owner's heart. This was a —— crocodile. It was a real one, with not an atom of cardboard about it, rather old, perhaps, but fairly active and quite tame.

The proprietor of this animal followed in a rather rickety carriage, and the procession was ended by two vans containing all the stage properties, with the actors and exhibits stowed away amongst them.

The whole circus had taken up its station in the market place, so the Mayor and Corporation made their way thither to demand the meaning of the invasion.

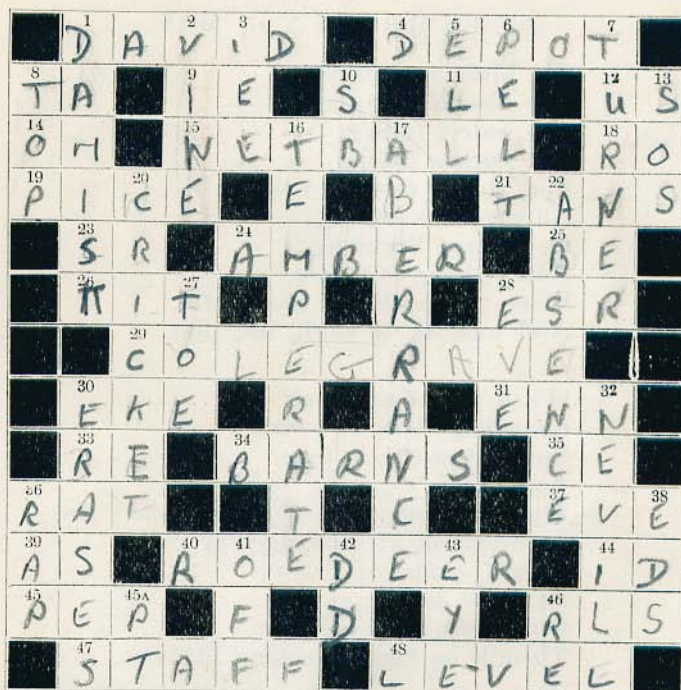
LILY MORRIS, Up. IV.

POPE.

How warped the man whom jealous envy bends,
Who sees his friends in foes, and foes in friends;
Who hates advisers, takes offence at nought,
And twists to evil ev'ry kindly thought;
Who strikes at those who cannot strike him back,
And stings with genius those who genius lack;
Whose humour lies but in the hateful sneer,
And who, when answered, shrinks away in fear.
However great the art of such a man,
He's loved by none, for love him no one can.
Yet were *we* crooked, were *our* bodies bent,
We might think evil of each good intent.
His mind so sensitive of ev'ry sneer,
He took to jeering, lest the rest should jeer.

M. KNIFE, Up. IV.

CROSS-WORD PUZZLE.



DEFINITIONS.

ACROSS.

- 1 A house at Sydenham Secondary School.
- 4 A station.
- 8 Thank you! (Slang).
- 9 That is (Abb.)
- 11 The definite article (Fr.)
- 12 Sydenham Secondary School Girls.
- 14 Part of a well-known verb.
- 15 A popular game at Sydenham.
- 18 A place where goods are received
- 19 A spice. (Abb.)
- 21 What a certain dyeing agent does.
- 23 A railway noted for its punctuality (?)
- 24 A pale yellow fossil resin. (Abb.)
- 25 Part of the verb "to be "
- 26 Possessed by every soldier, sailor and guide.
- 28 Eastern section of the Southern Railway (Abb.)
- 29 The most important girl at Sydenham.
- 30 Al-o.
- 31 A point of the compass (Reversed).
- 33 Concerning.
- 34 Places in which our Guides seem to enjoy sleeping.
- 35 Church of England. (Abb.)
- 36 A rodent.
- 37 Before nightfall.
- 39 Like.
- 40 Species of deer.
- 44 A day in the Roman Calendar (Abb.)

- 45 A slang term for energy.
- 46 Initials of a very famous author.
- 47 Without this our school could not exist.
- 48 Not uneven.

DOWN.

- 1 A deep rose colour.
- 2 A House Captain.
- 3 Institute of Electrical Engineers (Abb.)
- 5 Something you must not take i anybody gives you an inch.
- 6 To assail.
- 7 The head mistress of Sydenham.
- 8 A species of hat.
- 10 Antimony (Chemical Symbol).
- 13 Help!
- 16 The climate we live in.
- 17 Variance from type.
- 20 The same as 15 across.
- 22 After this required—a note.
- 27 A small member
- 30 What Time does in the School Song.
- 32 A mistress at Sydenham.
- 36 A sharp tap.
- 38 A commodity much advertised
- 41 Not on. (Initials)
- 42 A degree.
- 43 Common to needles and men.
- 45A A point (Abb.)
- 46 Prefix meaning again.

LINES WRITTEN IN MAY.

The birds are singing,
 The bluebells ringing,
 The waters falling,
 The cuckoo calling,
 For 'tis the month of May.
 All nature is smiling,
 Our senses beguiling,
 And making us joyful,
 When we should be thoughtful,
 And wanting to work, not play.

'Tis a pity that never,
 Can things last for ever,
 For next month is June,
 And matric's coming soon;
 There'll be weeping and wailing anon, anon,
 As we think of some myst'ry,
 From Gardiner's Hist'ry,
 At exam. papers gazing,
 Our heads never raising,
 There'll be forty groaning like one.

RUTH HUME, Va.

 PETER'S SONG.

I'm god of the woodlands, born of the sunlight;
 Lord of the Riverland, child of delight!
 Wendy may grow and the boys may forsake me,
 But a man and a mortal they never shall make me.
 Oh! The joy that is mine in the sunlight and laughter—
 Sweet as a dream when no pain follows after.

Come far away from the world and its sadness.
 To youth everlasting—the Neverland's gladness—
 Adventures and thrills and unnumbered blisses,
 The birds' thrilling song and the fairies' soft kisses.
 In my house in the tree tops there's room for another,
 And the roof's just been mended by Tinker Bell's brother!

Hark! The pirates are shouting, the redskins are dancing,
 Shy things of the woods through the shadows are glancing
 Oh! see where the moon on the lake lies a-dreaming
 And the mermaids' green hair in the starlight is gleaming!
 They call me—enthral me! Hear their sweet thrilling cry!
 They are lovely and treacherous, yet must I fly.

Good-bye, Good-bye!

C. BARNABY, Va.

ORIGINAL INFORMATION (*Continued*).

At Agincourt the French King and his ribaldry rushed down on the English.

The *cinogog* at Capernaum (the cinema is ever with us!)

In the temple there were two aisles and a knave ran down the middle.

Simmel went to Ireland because the Irish would believe anything.

"*Unus miles in aquam desiluit*" One mile into the water he leaped.

On reaching the sea I sat down on a breaker for a few minutes. (A hot weather hint!)

He *stabbed* himself on the *spur* of the moment.

In hot weather the shady trees are generally occupied by cattle.

"To the glory of my country and the honour of my father's shameless name," he cried.

You often see on tombstones "the late demented."

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SOLUTION TO THE CROSS-WORD PUZZLE.

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