

**The County Secondary School,
Spdenham.**

Magazine & Chronicle.

June, 1926.



THE
COUNTY SECONDARY SCHOOL
SYDENHAM.

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No. VII.

JUNE, 1926

FOREWORD.

These paragraphs are generally written during the peace of the General School and School Examinations, when all that can be heard is the ghostly stir of five hundred writing like one. But this year that quiet time has reached its end before a suitable moment could be seized, and the leisure is that of a special holiday secured for us by the prowess of certain members of VIa. We offer our congratulations—and thanks—to Kathleen Vine (Winkworth Scholarship in History at Newnham College, Cambridge), Patricia May (Entrance Exhibition in History at Westfield College), Philippa Keene (Drapers' Company's Scholarship in Science at East London College), and Primrose Marsh (Drapers' Company's Exhibition in Science at East London College), and wish them and the other fortunate ones who enter College in October much happiness.

Primrose is not actually holding her Exhibition, for she is going to Bedford College to join her sister, Winnie. Of the others entering on degree courses, Gladys Wilson goes to St. Hugh's College, Oxford (four-year Teachers' Scholarship), Marjorie Rousseau to University College and London Day Training College; Freda Roberts to Furzedown and King's College, and this year or next, Ella Allen to King's College School of Medicine. Then Nora Harris hopes to enter the School of Librarianship at University College; Grace Yeates goes to the Domestic Science Department at Battersea; Ethel Denham to Furzedown, and Winnie Barton is taking a secretarial course. From VIIb K. Berry goes to Chelsea

Physical Training College; K. Cathcart to Beckenham Art School, and M. Browning, D. Burgess and M. King-Smith, along with two girls from Upper V, go to two-year training colleges.

To all we offer our sincere good wishes.

The Editor's note that this is the seventh issue of the Magazine, recalls another magic number, and reminds us that the School is now "of age." We were born in two places, but, fortunately, at one time. How awkward if there had been a doubt as to our date of birth! The place matters less, because the place of the celebration is already known to all, and dear to many. And the time will be, I imagine, as near the beginning of next term as we can manage it, since Sydenham and Manor Mount County Secondary Schools both began in September, 1905.

Everybody will be pleased to know that two former Headmistresses, Miss Dangerfield and Miss Purdie, hope to be present at the celebration, and it remains to decide only on the exact date and form of the event.

The mention of Miss Dangerfield, whose Headship lasted for thirteen years, or for nearly two-thirds of the School's life, calls up the name of her Second Mistress, Miss Cruickshank, who is leaving us this term. Miss Cruickshank has thus seen the infant school develop through its healthy childhood and youth, and, like a faithful nurse and friend, has refused to seek her own ease until it has reached its majority. May the School continue to demean itself worthily under her friendly but critical eyes! We are fortunate enough to have still with us other members of the original staff in Miss Bell, Miss Attwater, Miss Corbett, Miss MacArthur, and Miss Trench, and are glad that in their cases the joy of the twenty-first birthday celebrations is not to be marred by farewells, as in the case of Miss Cruickshank.

Another parting to be faced is that with Miss Nevill. We know that when a young mistress comes to us straight from college we cannot hope or expect her to stay with us too long. Her career demands that she seek other experience sooner or later, and we are fortunate to have had Miss Nevill for six years. She will be missed in the Form Room and at the piano, as well as in the Gym., and on the games field, and we hope she will be very happy at Tonbridge County School, where she will be in charge of the Gymnastics and Games.

We have to say goodbye, also, to Miss Hinton and Miss Ballantine, who came to us for one year, in place of Miss Lieben and Miss Lawrence. Miss Ballantine was only lent to us, and returns in September to Eltham County Secondary School, and Miss Hinton has been appointed Senior French Mistress at Plumstead. We are most grateful for all the help they have given us, and wish them both happiness and success.

We are sorry to record that Miss Jacob's health finally obliged her to resign her post at Easter, after a very broken connection with the School, dating from September, 1924. Her place was temporarily filled by Miss Wakefield, who has now been appointed to it permanently, and we are fortunate in knowing also Miss Nevill's successor, Miss Chrystal, who replaced Miss Preedy during May and June, while the latter went to Denmark. We wish both Miss Wakefield and Miss Chrystal a long and happy connection with the School, and the same to Miss Arthurton and Miss Stevens, who join us in September. The fourth new appointment is due to increase in numbers, for the School is now about 540 strong.

The chief development in the curriculum this year has been the provision of a commercial course for girls who have entered for General School. In September eight typewriters were bought, and sixteen girls were admitted to the course which has been arranged and run by Miss Valentine. I think the experiment has amply justified itself. Several of the girls have reached speeds of 100 in Shorthand and 30 and over in Typewriting. They have been able to continue their general education also, and, in most cases, have benefited considerably by the year in VIc.

I am glad that Miss Preedy and Miss Nevill suggested a winter swimming club this session also. About a dozen girls joined, and short, but regular, practices were held, which must have been extremely valuable. K. Anderson (Upper V), and M. Tindall (IVa) received bathing costumes from Miss Preedy and Miss Nevill in recognition of the best all-round work.

And now nothing separates us from longed-for summer holidays but about three weeks of life, crowded with Higher School Examinations for some, but not so strenuous for the rest of us. Best wishes to those thirteen shut into Room 15, and to us all, from July 29th till September 14th!

E. T.

EDITORIAL.

It is very satisfactory to find so many more girls this year sending in voluntary contributions to the Magazine on matters of interest to themselves or their Forms. This more than compensates for the lack of zest shown by the Secretaries of the various Societies, who seem to think that their meetings and expeditions are of passing interest only, and not worthy of a permanent record. We have no account this year from the Classical Association, or the Biological Association; even though one of these Societies, we believe, secured a prize in an inter-schools competition.

In the number and quality of the Form contributions Upper I. is easily first. This Form sent in over forty efforts, some of which we should be glad to consider again next year, when there may be more space. This applies to many rejected offerings from other Forms as well (notably IIIa)—so please preserve them, and, if possible, improve them ready for our next issue. Many of the verses would have secured a place if more time had been spent polishing them, and many of the prose accounts would have been more interesting if they had been shorter by a page or two. The art of writing consists largely in knowing what to leave out—though, perhaps, one needs to edit a magazine to realise this fully!

Our thanks are due once more to Miss Turner, Miss Corbett, the Magazine Committee, and many others, whose help and interest have gone to the making of this, the seventh number of the Sydenham Secondary School Magazine.

The frontispiece is an impression of a strike scene, by Muriel Richards, Upper IV. The two other illustrations are from drawings by Upper III. and IIIa.

H. D.

A SCHOOL CALENDAR.

AUTUMN TERM, 1925.

- Oct. 14.—Netball Match v. Peckham.
 „ 21.—Netball Match v. Selhurst.
 „ 29.—Expedition to see the film, “The Lure of the East.”

- Nov. 7.—Expedition to the Haymarket to see "Hamlet in Modern Dress."
 „ 10.—Meeting of the Inter-School Classical Club at Clapham High School to hear an Address by Mr. Macgregor, of Bedford College, on "Sophocles' Philocteles."
 „ 11.—Visit of some girls from Forms V. and VI. to hear the Bishop of Woolwich on "The League of Nations."
 „ 21.—Netball Match v. Wallington.
 Dec. 11.—Distribution of Prizes by Miss Oldham.
 „ 18 and 19.—The School Play, "Arms and the Man," by G. B. Shaw.
 „ 21.—Lower School Party.
 „ 22.—Upper School Party.

SPRING TERM, 1926.

- Feb. 1.—Mr. Geoffrey's Shaw's Lecture on "Folk Songs."
 „ 8.—Netball Match v. Selhurst.
 „ 13.—Netball Match v. Old Girls.
 „ 13.—School's Musical Festival. Judge, Mr. Kennedy Scott.
 „ 26.—Lecture on "Science in Medicine," at the School.
 Mar. 2.—Hockey Match v. Aske's School.
 „ 9.—Hockey Match v. Lewisham Grammar School.
 „ 16.—Hockey Match v. Sydenham High School.
 „ 17.—Netball Match v. Wallington.
 „ 18.—Meeting of the Inter-School Classical Club at Clapham Secondary School to hear Mr. Upcott, of Balliol, on Roman History.
 „ 24.—Hockey Match v. City of London School.
 „ 29.—House Dramatic Entertainments.
 „ 30.—Dancing and Skipping Display.

SUMMER TERM, 1926.

- May 18.—A visit by some Third Form Girls under the direction of Miss Whitehead, to the Victoria and Albert Museum.
 „ 31.—School Concert.
 June 7.—Meeting of the Inter-School Classical Club at St. Saviour's and St. Olave's School to hear Miss Taylor, of Royal Holloway College, on "Stoicism."
 „ 21.—General School Examination begins.
 „ 24.—School Examinations begin.

- July 5.—High School Examination begins.
 „ 19.—Swimming Sports.
 „ 22.—Gymnastic Display.
 „ 23.—Visit of Babies.
 „ 28.—Breaking up.

THE PRIZE-GIVING, DECEMBER 11th, 1925. PROGRAMME.

- (1) Unison Songs—
 (a) The Blacksmith - - - - *Brahms*
 FORMS IIB—UPP. III.
 (b) O Lord, whose mercies - - - *Handel*
 FORMS IVB—VIA.
- (2) The Head Mistress's Report.
- (3) Part Songs—
 (a) Shepherd's Dance - - - - *Ed. German*
 FORMS IVB—VIA.
 (b) Aubade - - - - - *J. Ireland*
 FORMS IIB—VIA.
- (4) Distribution of Prizes and Address by Miss Oldham.
- (5) Unison Songs—
 (a) Cargoes - - - - - *M. Shaw*
 FORMS IIB—VIA.
 (b) Let us now praise famous men
Vaughan Williams
 FORMS IVB—VIA.
- (6) Vote of thanks, proposed by the Chairman.
 Heroes.
 God Save the King.

MISS OLDHAM'S SPEECH.

Miss Oldham began her speech by saying that she was very much impressed by all that she had seen, and heartily congratulated Miss Turner on the successes of which she had just been hearing.

She then said that her greatest aim at that moment was to avoid giving a dull speech, as "the worst revenge maturity can take on the young is to preach at them." There was,

she said, no crime greater; it was one "which lambs could not forgive, nor worms forget." And yet she must speak of Education, otherwise she felt she had no right to be at a Prize-giving. So the question was, can one speak of Education without being dull? She was sure that if she put this question to some of the younger girls, they would immediately say, "No!" As she must speak of Education, however, she would choose two subjects which we had all learnt for a very long time, but which were both well worth speaking about. These were Reading and Writing. Although we had all learnt them for so long, and they appeared to us quite simple, yet we did not all perform them well, and, indeed, she had found that it was very rare to meet anyone who could really do both creditably.

There were, she said, two sides to reading and writing, a higher and a lower side. With regard to the latter, we all know that what we strive for most is a good pronunciation, and a clear, well-modulated voice in reading; and a neat, legible and, if possible, beautiful hand in writing. It would seem that these were the least we should be able to do, yet there are many people who have not yet learnt these things.

Then, taking the higher side, Miss Oldham said what we most required to know is *what* to read, and *how* to write. We needed a high, sure taste, and discrimination when choosing from a wide field, and, after that, the power to express what we have selected. We can, most of us, *take in* what is written in great poetry by men who have the power to fire our imaginations by invisible things. We should, then, be able to *give out* also, clearly and tersely, not by long involved sentences, as these show either laziness, confusion, or affectation, but by short, clear sentences. We should learn the beauty and strength of simplicity. At exciting moments, or at a great crisis, the effect of fine words palls. For example, when King Lear was dying, his trusty servant, who was watching over him, spoke not in grand, flowing sentences, but quite simply; he began—

"Vex not his ghost; O, let him pass! he hates him
That would upon the rack of this tough world
Stretch him out longer."

Although almost every word is a monosyllable, yet these few words convey to us the tragedy of the situation far better than long complicated sentences would have done.

In connection with reading, Miss Oldham wished to say something on the subject of memorising. The time is past

when memory was cultivated at the expense of observation and reason, but, by rather neglecting it now-a-days, she felt that we did lose something. For it is surely greatly to our advantage to have a few, even a very few, noble passages stored up in our memory, "which is the only key and keeper of all learning." The greatest difficulty of memory is that we always manage to remember things which we want to forget, and are almost certain to forget those things which we most wish to remember. As a wise man had reminded us, "Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested," and in these things we must be able to exercise discrimination. We should not be like Macaulay, who remembered everything he learnt. Nor, on the other hand, should we be like the schoolboy who, when listening to a new and exciting discovery, remarked with a groan, "Another beastly thing to remember." The great aim in reading was to make friends with books, to use them for our work, and to use them as the companions of our leisure. It matters greatly what we do with our leisure and, as Matthew Arnold said, "Reading the best literature is like being in the best company." We should read for pleasure, and should then find faithful and ever-present friends in books, which have been written by some of the wisest people of all ages.

Now that all kinds of careers are open to women, and that they are needed in Parliament and on Councils, our Education becomes doubly useful. But Miss Oldham hoped that there was not a girl present who considered domestic life uninteresting or beneath her dignity. Many women seem to think that the career of a doctor or an architect is infinitely superior to that of a home-maker. Yet we must not mistake her in thinking that she meant women to be shut out of professions. She simply did not wish us to disparage a domestic life, for it was, in her opinion, a great career, worthy of the best education, and a work which, if badly done, was to our shame.

Miss Oldham then thanked Miss Turner and the School for her kind welcome, and said how pleased she was to see so many happy faces around her, for, as she said, "Gladness of heart is the life of man."

EDNA CHARD, Up. V.

PRIZE LIST.

- Lower I.—
Doris Hunt
- Ia.—
Joan Grover
Mabel Hughes
- Upper I.—
Joan Eyden
Muriel Warden
- IIa.—
Eva Widdowson
Freda Anderson
Sylvia Hopkins
Dora Gibb
Marjorie Anderson
- Upper II.—
Joan Humphries
Edna Staines
- IIIa.—
Cecily Hall
Mildred Bell
- Upper III.—
May Connell
Vera Clarke
Eileen Bond
Lily Jenks
Enid Dennis
Vera Miller
Eileen Lord
- IVb.—*Domestic Science*—
Muriel Gurney
- Art—
Elsie Fryatt
- IVa.—*Science and English*—
Eva Sheppard (double)
- English*—
Kathleen Roles
- Languages*—
Delia Vine
- Science*—
Violet Hoare
- Art—
Marie Bartlett
- Upper IV.—*Science and Maths.*
Mabel Sanders
Miriam Wisdom
- Languages*—
Vera Major
Kathleen Reed
- Art—
Phyllis Savage
Mabel Crump
- Vb.—*English*—
Gwen John
- Art—
Violet Nelson
- Domestic Science*—
Doris Orford
- General Progress*
Mary Standring
- Va.—*Matriculation Prizes*—
Carlene Barnaby
Joyce Hopkins
Marjorie Bishop
Grace MacNeill
Gertrude Glock
Hetty Pegrum
Enid Gotts
Bessie Warwick
Mollie Harris
- Up. V.—*Matriculation Prizes*—
Kathleen Berry
Kathleen Jeans
Margaret Browning
Beatrice Kennett
Constance Davies
Margaret King-Smith
Sylvia Frith
Gertrude Radcliffe
Joan Knight
- Art—
Kathleen Cathcart

Vlb.—*Leaving Prizes*—

Ivy Banger
Hilda Hunt
Annie Mendelson
Olive Palfery
Barbara Sims
Florence Upton
Doris Wilkerson
Irene Wisdom

Via.—*Leaving Prizes*—

Greta Barker
Emmeline Bone
Dorothy Cannon
Jessie Chipperfield
Margaret Colgrave
Kathleen Hatton
Phyllis Holmes
Marjorie Martin
Elsie Poole
Elsie Widdowson
Bessie Waring

*Mr. Ball's Composition Prizes**Senior School*—

Emmeline Bone
Patricia May
Carlene Barnaby

Middle School—

Maud Knife
Kathleen Williams
Vera Miller
Vera Clarke

Junior School—

Nancy Mollett
Muriel Jenkins
Lilian Broome

Music (given by Miss Ballard)
Nora Forsey

Certificates Won.

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

General School, 40

Matriculation 18

Higher School, 6

{	Greta Barker
	Jessie Chipperfield
	Elsie Poole
	Kathleen Vine
	Elsie Widdowson
	Gladys Wilson

Intermediate Arts, 3

{	Jessie Chipperfield
	Kathleen Vine
	Gladys Wilson

Intermediate Science, 2

{	Elsie Poole
	Elsie Widdowson

THE JUNIOR SCHOOL PARTY,

December 21st.

I.—THE DRESSES.

The Junior Fancy Dress Party began at 2.30 p.m. As one entered the hall it was like a sea of colour. First the girls who had been chosen as the prettiest from each Form lined up in front of the Mistresses. Beryl Moreland looked very pretty as "Eat More Fruit." Her dress was covered with fruit, and fruit hung down from the band round her head. Later in the evening Miss Turner announced that Beryl had won the prize. Eileen Coveney obtained a

consolation prize as a butterfly. I think she looked prettier than Beryl when she had her wings out.

Peggy Symons got a prize for the most ingenious as "Picnic." She wore a green dress, over which was a cloth, covered with things used at a picnic. Her hat was made of a serviette. One girl in our class came as "Ivy on the wall." She had a brown dress made like a wall, and ivy sewn all over it.

Another girl came as a cat, and by pressing a knob on her wrist she made the eyes light up.

Miss Preedy, Miss Nevill and Miss Dawson came dressed as Brownies, and Miss Hinton as a Pierrette.

One girl came as "Danger Signals." Her dress was red in colour and painted on it was "Beware of the dog," and "Cross roads," also "Dangerous corner."

DAISY LEWSEY.

II.—THE PLAY.

The thing that was most popular at the Junior School Party was the play acted by the Sixth Form, entitled "The Princess Who Wouldn't Laugh."

The Princess was Gladys Wilson, who tried hard not to smile at the funny sights before her, but sometimes her feelings overcame her, and she buried her face in her handkerchief.

The funniest thing about the play, in my opinion, were the Marionettes, although everything was very funny. The drill was also very droll, in spite of the fact that the face of one of the actresses came off.

Marjorie Rousseau as Cinderella was very good, although the glass slipper was not glass but ordinary brown leather. Just at the end, when I was wondering what it would be like to see the Counsellor's head rolling on the floor, in walked the Prince (which was very fortunate for the Counsellor) and all lived happily ever after.

L. CRIPPS.

III.—A NEW GIRL'S EXPERIENCE.

I did come late! But I was glad I had my "slate" frock on beneath my coat. I dashed upstairs to the Form-room and found the door open.

Angela and Betty were chosen as wearing the prettiest dresses, and Freda wore the most ingenious one. As I entered the Form-room I was chosen to be Freda's partner. I never thought I should be in the procession in that dull frock of grey sateen, edged with brown, but I think it was because

of the wrong sums in front and the bad spelling on the back.

So we marched off into the hall.

N. STURGEON, Lower I.

"THE SYDENHAM SENTINEL."

EXCITING TIMES IN SCHOOL HALL.

BRILLIANT FARCE BY SIXTH FORM GIRLS.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

Sydenham,

December 23rd, 1925.

Treasure-hunts and thrills in the darkness were features of a party which took place yesterday (December 22nd) at the County Secondary School, Sydenham.

The Upper School Party was opened by a parade of fancy dresses. The prize for prettiness was won by Miss M. Bell, of IVa. Interviewed, Miss Bell stated that she had never won a prize before, and that she had decided to share it (chocolates) among her comrades.

The girls then danced in the hall and, in the large crowd, skill in steering became necessary and a spice of excitement was added to the enjoyment.

Games were organised by the Sixth Form, members of which had displayed much originality.

Then came what was to many the most important part of the proceedings—tea. This was served in the Dining Room. The first relay of girls was so long away that anxious looks began to appear on the faces of those in the Hall.

After tea came the most exciting games. The first was for the Mistresses. Buns were hung on strings across the Hall and the competitors were required to eat a bun without touching it. Many were successful, quite an amazing gastronomic feat, considering their recent prowess at the tea table. The winner then displayed much poetic skill in composing the couplet—

"Miss Preedy
Is very greedy."

We hope to see more from the pen of this talented authoress before very long.

Games for the girls followed. The first was played in the darkness, a girl with a torch and bell being pursued by

the others. This caused much excitement. It was followed by dancing in the dark, which, besides being romantic, gave the revellers a space to recover their breath.

Many were the thrills during the treasure-hunt. Girls in a wild state of excitement tore from room to room in search of "clues," which had been "buried" in the most unlikely places. No oak chest filled with Spanish doubloons, the hoard of blood-thirsty pirates of the Middle Ages, ever caused more excitement than did the tin of toffee, which was eventually discovered behind the radiators in the Physics Lab.

Then came the Sixth Form Play. It was a brilliant piece of work, admirably produced and acted. The villainess was so malicious that we could almost see her twirling her moustache. The innocent heroine, blue-eyed and timid, and the German Mistress, whose English was almost as hard to understand as her German, were both greatly applauded.

The plot was of the type which is to be found in many school tales with brilliant paper covers. Nora Harris, the well-known tragic actress, played the part of the Head Mistress, and few members of the audience could restrain their tears as she fondly kissed the heroine in the last scene.

This play was one of the best seen in Sydenham for a long time. The next performance is to be held on Thursday, the day on which Sydenham breaks up. I predict a warm reception for it then, and a long run when it reaches the London theatres.

Festivities at the Party were ended by Sir Roger de Coverley, Auld Lang Syne, and the School Song, and the revellers, having cheered themselves hoarse, returned home to bed.

M. KNIFE, Vb.

ARMS AND THE MAN (G. B. Shaw).

We regret that there is no account of the School Play this year. A humorous "playlet" on the subject was attempted, but it seems to have suffered from infantile paralysis at birth and perished of senile decay early in June.

The play itself had a most healthy career. The delightful stage setting, the spirited acting, which was so obviously enjoyed by the actors themselves, and the realistic "noises off" (which those who were behind the curtain still hear in their dreams) will long remain an outstanding memory for us.

The proceeds amounted to £63 12s. 6d.

After expenses had been paid and a useful and long-desired stage-fitting had been bought, the balance (£37 12s.) was handed over to the School Fund.

Below is a copy of the programme--

ARMS AND THE MAN.

By G. B. SHAW.

Act I.—A Lady's Bedchamber in Bulgaria.

Act II.—Four months later. The garden of Major Petkoff's house.

Act III.—The same day after lunch. Major Petkoff's Library.

CHARACTERS.

Captain Bluntschli—a Swiss soldier	-	Carlene Barnaby
Major Sergius Saranoff—engaged to Raina	-	Kathleen Vine
Major Paul Petkoff—father of Raina	-	Margaret King Smith
An Officer in the Bulgarian Army	-	Marjorie Kirby
Nicola	} Servants in the house of Petkoff {	Muriel Eyre
Louka		Kathleen Cathcart
Catherine Petkoff—mother of Raina	-	Margaret Andrew
Raina Petkoff	- - - - -	Gladys Wilson

H.D.

HOUSE REPORT.

The Houses have pursued their usual activities this year. House Games have been fairly well attended, but hockey was often impossible owing to the bad weather. We are now vigorously practising cricket and tennis in preparation for the matches at the end of the term.

We still support children in connection with the Save the Children Fund—two in Britain, one in France, and two in Greece. Three of the Houses also helped with the Fund's Christmas Party, and the other two had special collections for the Sunshine Homes.

This year all the House Dramatic Sections gave their performances to the whole School one afternoon at the end of last term. These were more successful than those of previous years, though altogether they took rather too long.

We should like to thank the Games Mistresses for the time they have spent in coaching us after school, and also the

House Mistresses for the interest they have always shown.
We wish the Houses the best of luck for the future.

K. H. VINE.
N. B. HARRIS.
G. E. RADCLIFFE.
F. I. ROBERTS.
M. L. ROUSSEAU.

HOUSE ALPHABET.

A is for Andrew's, the House with the Cup,
B's for the babies we help to bring up.
C is for cricket, we play when it's fine,
D is for David's (we can't find a rhyme!)
E's for the energy our Games Captains show
F is for Francis, whose colour's a blow.
G is for George's, so stalwart and strong,
H is for Hockey, we don't play for long.
I's for the idle: each House has its share;
J is the judgment each idler must bear.
K's for the keen; we wish there were more.
L's for the library; please knock at the door.
M's for the money that comes in so late.
N is for netball, to keep down our weight.
O's for the order we strive to maintain.
P is for Patrick's of recognised fame.
Q is for quietness—more often there's row.
R is for rules, to which we must bow.
S is for Saints, who give us our names;
T is for tennis, the jolliest of games.
U is for us, who soon will be gone;
V is the voting that has to be done.
W's the wickets we try to knock down;
X the 'xcuses we meet with a frown.
Y is for youth, flying quickly like time.
Z ends the alphabet; also this rhyme.

CRICKET—SUMMER, 1925.

Our cricket is still improving. Last season we played five matches, and won all except that with Chelsea "A" team. The results were as follows:—

Sydenham v. Avery Hill College: Sydenham 53; Avery Hill, 51.

Sydenham v. Chelsea "A" team: Sydenham 57; Chelsea "A" 71.

Sydenham v. Roan School: Sydenham 71 (for four wickets); Roan 26 (two innings).

Sydenham v. Wallington County School: Sydenham 102 (for seven wickets); Wallington 39.

Sydenham v. Beckenham Secondary School: Sydenham 80 (for six wickets); Beckenham 74.

The match that we lost was in some respects the most gratifying. Chelsea sent a strong team, and, of course, much older and more experienced than ours. If our fielding had been equal to theirs—as, on the whole, the batting and bowling were—the result would have been much closer. Fielding is a department of the game to which we must pay particular attention; and we want also a greater variety of bowling. Our batting is more spirited, but there is still too much "hitting up." That is another fault to correct.

We are very grateful to Miss Preedy for all the time she has given up to coach us, and we thank both Miss Preedy and Miss Nevill for undertaking the onerous task of umpiring in our matches.

Criticism of the Team.

H. Radcliffe.—An all-round player. Batting and bowling good. Fielding needs more care.

M. Pinhorn.—Batting good. Bowling most useful, but would be improved by better pace. Fielding good.

K. Berry.—An excellent wicket-keeper, and a useful batsman.

M. Rousseau.—Keen and quick in the field. Batting will improve when the "timing" of the ball has been mastered.

E. Gotts.—Batting improved; good style, but rather too slow. Bowling and fielding unequal.

M. Wisdom.—A most promising batsman. Fielding good.

I. Wisdom.—Fielding and throwing-in very good. Batting quite good.

L. Thompson.—Has the making of a good bat. Fair in the field.

C. Perridge.—Ought to be a first-class fielder. Throws in well. "Picking-up" needs practice.

J. Knight.—Seen to most advantage in the field. Batting rather stiff and slow.

G. E. RADCLIFFE.

G. Radcliffe (Captain).—Has made an excellent captain, showing increasing power of judgment. Bowling and batting good. Fielding somewhat disappointing. D. A. P.

BATTING AVERAGES, 1925.

		I.	R.	N.O.	H.Sc.	Average.
H. Radcliffe	...	5	77	0	34	15.4
G. Radcliffe	...	4	52	0	26	13.0
K. Berry	...	5	47	1	20(N.O.)	11.75
M. Pinhorn	...	5	57	0	19	11.4

BOWLING AVERAGES, 1925.

		O.	M.	R.	W.	Average.
G. Radcliffe	...	52.2	17	58	25	2.32
E. Gotts	...	12	1	19	5	3.8
H. Radcliffe	...	59.4	19	85	22	3.86
M. Pinhorn	...	18	3	51	4	12.75

HOCKEY, 1925-26.

Last winter the School's first Hockey XI was chosen. Although our first season, it was, on the whole, a successful one. Of six matches played, we won five, our one defeat being the return match with Lewisham Grammar School. The results were as follows:—

Sydenham v. Lewisham Grammar School	...	Won	4—1
Sydenham v. Mary Datchelor School	...	Won	11—0
Sydenham v. Aske's Grammar School	...	Won	4—1
Sydenham v. Lewisham Grammar School	...	Lost	0—1
Sydenham v. Sydenham High School	...	Won	1—0
Sydenham v. City of London School	...	Won	2—0

The members of the team managed to get a considerable amount of individual practice, but still more was needed. In play the team worked well together as a rule, and sometimes the passing by the forwards was distinctly good. The forwards should learn to rush more, and the centre-forward should remember her inners, and not overwork the right wing. The halves were good and steady. At the beginning of the season the backs played rather too far up, and sometimes, especially in the return Lewisham match, were out-run by the opposing forwards.

We give sincere thanks to Miss Preedy for the time she gave to coaching, and for umpiring the matches. Some of the team have had the advantage of improving their knowledge of the game through watching the Kent matches, in which Miss Preedy played.

Criticism of the Team.

Right Wing.—G. Smith. Dribbling and dodging good, especially in first half of the season. Centred well, though sometimes a little late.

Right Inside.—N. Taylor. Shooting improved during the season. Should do well.

Centre-Forward.—K. Anderson. A good player. Quick, but not consistent in later matches.

Left Inside.—P. Vickers. Improved. Should practise shooting.

Left Wing.—M. Rousseau. Quick. Dribbling and centring improved. Rather too fond of using reverse stick. M. Wisdom. Good idea of centring, but rather slow. Did not tackle back enough.

Right Half.—H. Radcliffe. Reliable. Marks opponents well.

Centre Half.—M. Sheryer. Good. Clears well. A good support to forwards.

Left Half.—M. Noble. Very useful player. Stops ball very well.

Right Back.—K. Berry. Steady, but should be quicker. Often cleared well.

Goalkeeper.—L. Thompson. Very good beginning. Clears well.

G. E. RADCLIFFE.

G. Radcliffe (Captain).—Has not always shown sufficient judgment in selecting players. A very fair player, though rather erratic.

D. A. P.

NETBALL.

Both teams this year have worked well, and though the actual results have been poor, many of the games played have been really good, the combination of both teams having improved. Further improvement must depend on individual practice.

First Team.

Shooter.—G. Smith. Works well, but must practise dodging more and learn to hold on to the ball when she receives it.

Attack.—M. Pinhorn. Sometimes very good. Should work more steadily. Dodging only fair.

A. Centre.—K. Berry. A very good, reliable player.

D. Centre.—M. Curtis. Good. An enthusiastic player who works well. Passing still needs care.

Defence.—E. Gotts.— Good; sometimes very good. Combines well with the rest of the team.

Defender.—C. Barnaby. Has worked well, and much improved during the year. Play sometimes spoilt through lack of agility.

K. VINE.

Centre.—K. Vine (Captain).—Good; works hard, and for two years has made a very useful Captain.

F. M. N.

Second Team.

Shooter.—P. Yeates. Shooting sometimes good, but very erratic. Dodging poor.

Attack.—E. Francis. Good. A reliable shooter who is also helpful on the field.

A. Centre.—M. Turner. Good, but rather uncontrolled. Jumps well.

Centre.—M. Wisdom. Good. Holds centre-play well together.

D. Centre.—H. Radcliffe (Captain). Good on the whole. Plays a better attacking than defending game. Must realise the importance of intercepting her opponents' first pass from the centre.

Defence.—K. Anderson. Not so good this year. Inclined to give up after one attempt to gain possession of the ball. Must learn never to relax her efforts until the ball is cleared well away from her field of play.

Defender.—L. Thompson. Fair. Does not yet mark her opponent closely enough. Must jump more.

MATCHES.

Autumn Term, 1925.

Sydenham v. Peckham	1st team lost 10—20
		...	2nd team lost 14—16
Sydenham v. Selhurst	1st team lost 14—18
		...	2nd team lost 20—22
Sydenham v. Wallington	1st team lost 14—26

Spring Term, 1926.

Sydenham v. Selhurst	1st team lost 19—22
		...	2nd team lost 16—17
Sydenham v. Old Girls	1st team lost 14—19
		...	2nd team won 24—15
Sydenham v. Wallington	1st team lost 25—33
		...	2nd team lost 21—22

K. VINE.

THE LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY.

More enthusiasm for the meetings of the Literary and Debating Society has been shown this year, and, consequently, they have been more successful. The officers remained the same, except that Nora Harris took the place of Kathleen Vine as President during the Autumn Term while the play-practices were in progress.

It was suggested by Miss Turner that we should occasionally hold informal Sing-Song meetings. These were extremely popular, perhaps partly owing to the fact that they took the form of tea-parties. Most of the debates proved to be very interesting, and the reading from plays, including Barrie's "Quality Street," and Shaw's "St. Joan," were much enjoyed.

The final meeting of the year was, perhaps, the most exciting. We had a jolly Sing-Song and a tea, and as a "grand finale," some members of the Sixth Form performed a melodrama, which provoked roars of laughter from the audience.

We should like to thank the Mistresses and girls who have helped to make *the Society such an undoubted success*, and we hope that the future meetings may be equally helpful and interesting.

M. ROUSSEAU (Secretary).

LA SOCIETE FRANCAISE.

Malheureusement nous avons eu seulement deux réunions de la Société Française cette année, mais la cause est plutôt un manque de temps qu'un manque d'enthousiasme. Maintenant les élèves de VIème A ont en train de préparer quelques scènes de Ruy Blas que nous espérons présenter à la société pendant le trimestre d'été.

A la première réunion qui a eu lieu le vingt novembre *nous avons pris le thé, en essayant de causer en français, ce* qui ne réussit pas toujours. Puis nous nous sommes rendues à la bibliothèque pour chanter des chansons françaises et assister à deux charades présentées par les élèves de IVème A et Vème B.

A la réunion suivante Miss Barlow nous a fait une causerie sur "Un voyage en Bretagne," illustrée par des projections. *Elle a chanté aussi plusieurs chansons bretonnes qui avaient* toutes le même trait caractéristique de tristesse et de deuil. C'est certain que nous voulions toutes faire une visite à la Bretagne après avoir entendu cette causerie intéressante.

Cette année nous avons été bien aidées dans nos études de français par Mademoiselle Arnal qui va retourner

en France cet été. Nous espérons que ses souvenirs de l'Angleterre et des Anglais seront heureux.

Pour finir rien ne reste qu'à remercier Miss Rushforth qui a été toujours prête à nous aider, et à souhaiter que la société prospère l'année prochaine.

NORA HARRIS, VIa.

THE GUIDES.

The Guide Company was somewhat reduced in number at the end of last summer term by the loss of nearly twenty older Guides who left School at this time, but many new Guides from the Lower School have helped to fill up, and this past year has seen much keen and active work done in the Company.

At the end of the summer we sent in some of the Company for the Divisional Swimming Competition, and Miss Preedy was chosen for the officers' race, and G. Smith as a reserve for the diving. Those chosen for the Division competed against other Divisions one Saturday afternoon at Westminster, when quite a number of the Company went to watch and cheer themselves hoarse.

At Christmas we held our annual Children's Party, complete with Christmas tree, Father Christmas, a huge coloured cracker, out of which tumbled presents for the staff, and that no less important item—tea. We all enjoyed ourselves, Guides as much as visitors.

In the Spring Term our Company entered for the District Competition for the first time, and came third out of about twelve companies competing. The competition was in various branches of tenderfoot and second-class work, including knots, company drill, observation and elementary First Aid. Afterwards two officers and four Guides went as onlookers to the Divisional Competition, when the winners of the various districts competed for the Divisional flag.

Later on in the term we were visited by Mrs. Mark Kerr, our County Commissioner, accompanied by our Divisional and District Commissioner. On this occasion parents of Guides were also invited, so that they might see a little of the Guides' work. Two or three new recruits were enrolled as Guides, and Mrs. Mark Kerr then gave us a very interesting talk about the Guide movement. After tea visitors joined in games and competitions, organised by separate patrols.

We now boast a Company flag, which we displayed in public on St. George's Day, when some of the Company

joined in a district Church Parade of Guides and Scouts.

We held a camp at Whitsun near East Grinstead, of which there is a separate account. We hope to have another day's "hike" this term, when we cook our dinner in the open. This is great fun.

In conclusion our thanks are due to our officers, who work so hard for the Company.

P. MARSH.

GUIDE CAMP, 1926. (Tune "Can you sew cushions.")

At Courtlands, Nr. East Grinstead.

Oh, can you eat porridge, and can you go sleep
All in an old barn where rats and mice creep,
And can you fetch water, and can you find wood,
Which the cooks do not growl at and say is no good?

Oh, can you track dickies and can you wade deep
In black sticky mud and where long brambles creep?
Can you visit the store tent when Cap'n's not there,
And make yourself scarce when the phys. is your share?

Towards Ashdown Forest your way can you wend,
And not mind if it thunders and rain storms descend?
Out of straw and brown paper can you make a dress,
To dance in at nightfall, and make your friends guess?

Can you sing at your mightiest round camp fire at night,
And undress in the darkness without e'er a light?
Can you sleep though the mouse by your head will not doze,
And a rat joins the chorus and at dawn the cock crows?

Can you sit in a lorry on last day of camp,
Midst the tins and the kettles and not get the cramp?
Can you eat bread and jam as it rumbles along?
Turn home with reluctance, yet join in a song?

A CAMPER.



DOMESTIC SCIENCE.

This year, instead of learning needlework, Upper III. and IIIa have been doing Domestic Science. This has never been done before. As the Third Forms are so large, half of each Form took Domestic Science for the first half of the year, while the remainder took Art, and at the half-year we changed about.

We all wore white overalls and caps while we learnt cooking. In the first few lessons we learned how to clean wood, metals, windows and brushes. After that we had several lessons on laundering and, at length, what we had all been longing for, *cookery*. The first dishes we made were soup and baked custard, and I think we must have been extra clumsy; at least, I know one baked custard ended its life on the floor, and some of the soup had a queer flavour.

When we were learning cookery we worked in three sections. Each section was divided into couples, and a section-leader appointed. During the year we cooked all sorts of things, and, towards the end, we made pancakes. A good many pancakes stuck, or broke, at first, but at last we managed to toss them without even making two attempts. Miss Dawson made the first batch to show us the way. We cooked them between us and then ate them, after sending our Form Mistress a piece.

At the last lesson each section cooked a dinner. One dinner consisted of fish cakes, steak with fried potatoes and tomatoes, and pancakes. One of the things cooked was a large joint.

I do not know whether anybody shared my experience, but whenever I took home anything I had made, the family ate it all, and then made rude remarks about it.

E. WORTHY, IIIa.

MR. BALL'S ESSAY COMPETITION.—PRIZE ESSAYS.

FAMOUS MEN OF CAMBERWELL.

(Senior School Subject.)

It has been hot all day, very hot, and Camberwell, no longer a pleasant country village, has burned and groaned for hours beneath the pitiless sun. Now it is evening, and little cool breezes begin to stir the stunted trees in the grimmest courts away towards Walworth, and to cool the heated tennis players, strolling home, out in less crowded Dulwich. As the sun sinks and the light fades, shadowy figures pass down the streets and through the squares, figures unheeded by the weary policeman waiting to be relieved from duty, unnoticed by the passers-by, intent on their own business. Camberwell's dead men are coming back again.

Over Camberwell Green comes Bishop Odo of Bayeux, half-brother of William the Conqueror, from whom he has received this manor of Camberwell as a gift. He pauses, puzzled by the noise, the strange vehicles propelling themselves along with harsh noises, the queer dull clothes of the men, and, above all, the houses, terrible, grimy places, packed so closely together. What is left of his country manor, his fields and meadows? Only this, this little piece of grass, with iron railings and ugly seats, and prim flower beds. Odo cannot understand; he shakes his head and seeks his tomb once more.

Then others come; Sir Edmund Bowyer, who built a magnificent house in Camberwell, where he received many notable men. See, he is walking arm-in-arm with Evelyn, of diary fame. Evelyn often visits him, for he finds the Manor House a pleasant place. That figure close behind Sir Edmund, looking round furtively, watching, as if in fear, that is James II. He is in hiding at the Manor House, but on this hot evening, his place of concealment has become intolerable, and he has come out, even at the risk of being seen. Over by Wren Road, another of Sir Edmund's guests, Sir Christopher Wren, is examining, with puckered brow, the street that bears his name. What buildings, those flat, dingy houses, and that church, with so little beauty in its construction! And this is Wren Road! Sir Christopher hurriedly seeks his great monument away at the top of Ludgate Hill.

There are three men strolling over Denmark Hill, watching with interest the group of young medical students who have just finished playing cricket on the sports field on the hill. That bearded man with a cheerful face is Robert Browning, who was born in Camberwell in 1812. He went to

a private school there for a while, and he chuckles to think how he played truant in order to go to Camberwell Fair, which was notorious, as well as famous. Were he to go farther into Walworth, he would find a Browning Settlement and a Browning Hall, endeavouring to help the strugglers and the oppressed. Leaning on his arm is John Ruskin, writer and social worker, who, born at Herne Hill in 1819, came with his parents, twenty years later, to live in Denmark Hill, where Ruskin Park perpetuates his fame. Ruskin has often come down Denmark Hill, with his art-class, composed chiefly of working men, whom he took to sketch on Sydenham Hill. With Ruskin and Browning is Thomas Hood, poet and social worker, whose famous "Song of the Shirt" was so strong a force in attempts to help the sweated worker. These three gave all their genius, all their effort, to help the poor, the miserable, the down-trodden; yet Camberwell still has slums, crowded with worn-out workers. No wonder that when the crowd of cricketers has passed on, the three great men look rather sad.

From Denmark Hill, they go down to Peckham Rye, and there meet another of the great brotherhood of poets, William Blake. Blake, when a boy, once saw angels on a tree on Peckham Rye. There are no angels there now; only a broken paper kite, tangled in the branches; only some sparrows watched by a half-starved cat. Blake turns away with a sigh. Be consoled, singer of "Songs of Innocence"; all faith is not dead; Francis Thompson has seen Jacob's ladder, not, certainly, on Peckham Rye, but in London, at Charing Cross.

Down by the pond, where a solitary urchin still splashes, a ghostly crowd of little boys stroll homeward with their usher. They are Doctor Milner's boys, and the man in charge of them is Oliver Goldsmith, poet and novelist, schoolmaster and doctor, who earned a precarious living in Peckham, and wrote, when he could, his famous "Vicar of Wakefield."

Leaving Peckham and coming towards Dulwich, the roads are broader, and the houses less crowded. Groups of laughing, chattering girls and men go home, tennis rackets and shoes in their hands. They are full of the life and beauty of the summer's evening, but amongst them, too, the grey ghosts pass, and pause and wonder. There are the Alleynes, a whole family of them, including the famous proprietor of the Fortune Theatre, where Burbage played. It is said that the appearance of the Devil amongst the players once drove the frightened proprietor to build his famous College of God's Gift. Whatever his motive, his good action has

not ceased to bear fruit, and pensioners and scholars alike think gratefully of his name to-day.

Near to Alleyne is a later master of the College, Gilkes by name, a good man who sent many of his promising pupils to the universities, when the boys' parents themselves could not afford to do so. With Gilkes is a famous "Old Boy," Sir Ernest Shackleton, whose name lives to be a glory and inspiration to present boys.

Alone in Dulwich Wood, a shadowy boy roams, muttering angrily to himself, clenching and unclenching his fists. He is lame and ungraceful, but what a beautiful head! He is young to be here alone at this time. It is Byron, a schoolboy at Doctor Glennie's academy in Dulwich Grove, but he has broken out of school, angry and unhappy, to fume and fret alone in the woods.

The Ghosts creep about all night, wondering, watching, puzzled, but dawn comes and they go, and Camberwell wakes up again, to heat and dust and toil, until the cool of another evening.

EMMELINE BONE, VIa.

PAPERS FOUND IN AN OLD HOUSE.

(Middle School Subject.)

Some time ago I was given a bundle of old, yellow-looking papers, found in an ancient Manor House in the Midlands. They were printed mostly, and tied together with ribbon, so old that it could hardly hold together. On opening the bundle I found that it was composed of copies of the "Spectator." To the back of each copy a sheet of paper was attached, which was covered with neat writing. The ink had faded with time, and some of the words I could hardly read. The written pages were evidently notes on the matter contained in the number of the "Spectator" to which they were attached.

The first copy with notes was the essay on Moll White. The notes read: "This paper is particularly interesting to me. I do not wholly agree with the 'Spectator' in his theories about witches. Of course, these people are helpmates of the Devil, for all these accidents cannot be coincidences. We have a fair maid in our village who once laughed at an old woman, who in many ways has proved herself to be a witch. Next morning she was found on the floor of her room, very much bruised. It was said by some that she had had the nightmare, and had fallen from her bed, but the witch admitted doing the deed, and would have been drowned in the pond but for some good-hearted souls of the village."

J.W.

The next notes read:—"I do much envy the good knight Sir Roger for his household. I had had it in my mind for some time to visit Worcestershire to see the good man, but, on acquainting William with my purpose I altered my mind. For he said that there was no such knight, and laughed so heartily that I was much put out. But I said that it was a pity, for I had intended asking him how he would manage a turbulent son; at which William did not laugh so loudly.

"But, in truth, this knight must be a wise man. For he knows how to manage his household, which is very difficult. For either servants do not respect their masters, or they go in constant fear lest they should be punished. I must take the example of Sir Roger to improve my household." J.W.

The next paper was the one which tells of Sir Roger and the Gypsies.

"This paper has come at a very good time, and I have given it to William that he may digest it well. Last year he was robbed while his fortune was being told by one of these rascally creatures. Had he kept his eye more on the wench's hand than on her face he might not have missed a good fat purse. But he is young and will attain wisdom soon. I wish something could be done to stop the thefts which occur everywhere. But perhaps they are not so evil as they seem. I remember that one once told me that I was a favourite among ladies." J.W.

"I found to-day's paper on my table when I returned from a good day's hunting. I pity Sir Roger that he is too old to hut the fox, for it is a fine sport, and good for a man's body and mind. Although I am over sixty I still hunt the hare, and it keeps me in a fit condition. I have often reproached William because he does not hunt much. He prefers a smoky tavern, I fear. I think if he were to try hunting once or twice he would take it up, for surely there is more excitement in that than in a card game. Think of the rush of the wind, the sound of the horn, and all the time the musical cry of the hounds, as you rush after the fox. Think of the triumph when it is caught. I wish I were young enough to hunt the fox. No one would find me in an inn." J.W.

"The last three papers have seemed very strange. I do not often visit London, and I know little about theatres and other places of amusement. I have decided to go to London, and have asked William to accompany me. He does not seem very anxious for me to go. Perhaps he is afraid

for my health, but it seems more as though he does not wish to be seen with an old country gentleman. I wish very much to see Westminster Abbey and the tombs of such famous men as are described in the paper. I am going with Sir Joshua, as he is an old friend of mine, and has not been much in town." J.W.

"This morning, on opening my paper, I am exceedingly sorry to hear of the death of Sir Roger. I cannot quite persuade myself that he never really lived, but William assured me that he did not. I have decided to put off my visit to town. Somehow, now, I do not seem to wish to go. I am afraid that I am getting rather old, for I have found that in many ways I am not so strong as I used to be. My doctor has said that I shall not live much longer. I am very sorry that the De Coverley papers have stopped, for they gave me great pleasure. I shall follow the good old Knight's example, and try to do good in my few remaining years." J.W.

The last entry was a little blurred. I was told that the writer of these notes was John Wetherby, who lived in the house long ago. He died shortly afterwards, and in the crypt under the Manor is an old stone tomb, engraved with his name, and a motto in Latin which, translated, means—

"He was both good and generous and kind,
Simple of heart and of a trusting mind."

M. KNIFE, Up. IV.

"THE LURE OF THE EAST."

On October 29th a party went up from school to see "The Lure of the East," at the Kingsway Hall. "The Lure of the East" is the film of Major Forbes-Leith's remarkable journey from England to India by road. The enterprise was one which called for great courage and perseverance; for to try to travel by car from England to India is a very daring thing to do.

The party left Leeds in April, 1924, consisting of Major Forbes-Leith, Alan Wroe and Montague Redknap, with "Felix" for a mascot—the Wolseley car having been named "Felix II."

They encountered some very bad weather at Folkestone and Paris, but soon got out of it. They travelled down the Loire Valley, of which they obtained some very beautiful photographs. At Flassons they saw a 12th century ruin, and outside Cannes they halted and noticed the bare ground on which there had formerly been a great forest, which had been

destroyed by fire in 1922. At Genoa these modern Colum-buses went to see the house of Christopher Columbus, whose native town was Genoa.

At Venice "Felix II" was abandoned, for no motor vehicle is allowed inside the city, and so, the party viewed Venice and obtained some very beautiful photographs from a gondola—a very pleasant change after travelling for so long on bumpy roads. It was interesting to learn that at Zagrab the police organisation is modelled on that of London to the smallest detail.

They passed through Belgrade, a town where there is no speed limit, such a thing being entirely superfluous, for the roads are in such a bad state that it is quicker to walk than to drive a car.

At Pirot they took some photographs of the women making their own carpets by hand—an industry which is still carried on there.

The road to Bulgaria was indeed a terrible road. The river bed was preferable to the ordinary road. They halted at Sofia for rest and took many beautiful photographs, notably one of the Cathedral which was blown up later. To see this photograph and then the picture of the desolate ruins makes indeed a very sad contrast.

At Andrianople is the largest mosque in the world, a sign of the city's former glory which is now departing.

The Arab villages at Aleppo are very interesting, each house communicating with its neighbours.

Baalbek was perhaps, one of the most interesting towns. It was built long before Roman times and still shows some evidences of marvellous workmanship.

At Damascus the car was prepared for 600 miles of desert travelling with only one well, and that 252 miles on the way.

The route through Persia was very interesting because of the number of quaint villages through which the party passed. They came to Teheran, the capital of Persia, and here had to leave Wroe behind in hospital with typhoid fever.

When they were passing through the Sirvand Pass they were pursued by armed brigands for many miles.

At Shiraz, the Persian commander turned out the entire garrison for their benefit. The Persian army is a well-disciplined body, modelled on the Russian Army.

After staying in Kerman, the last city in Persia, they went on through the desert, meeting many camels carrying goods bound for Leeds.

After travelling in this way for ten days they went through Baluchistan, mostly on railway sleepers. They had one more strip of difficult land and then came to Quetta, their journey's end, where they were heartily welcomed. They had come through many hardships bravely and cheerfully and deserve great honour and admiration.

D. VINE, Vb.

FORM ROOM TROPHIES.

Summer Term, 1925,	VIA.
	IIIB.
Winter Term, 1925,	VIB.
	Lr. I.
Spring Term, 1926,	IIA.
	VIC.
	IA.

COLLECTIONS.

Summer Term, 1925:—

	£	s.	d.
Queen's Hospital	12	0	0
Charity Homes	12	0	0
"Daily News" Wireless Fund	4	0	0
Royal Free Hospital	2	2	0

Autumn Term, 1925:—

	£	s.	d.
Queen's Hospital	15	0	0
Charity Homes	15	0	0

Spring Term, 1926:—

	£	s.	d.
Queen's Hospital	15	0	0
Charity Homes	15	0	0
South Eastern Hospital	10	0	0

Total £100 2 0

EXTRACT FROM THE REPORT OF THE BATTER-SEA INFANT WELFARE CENTRE, 1924-5.

"In conclusion, we wish to express our thanks for all the cheerful help we have received from our voluntary workers and valued old friends, and would include among them the pupils of the Secondary School at Sydenham, who for some

years past have 'adopted' twenty of our babies from the day of their birth to the age of three years—making and sending them regular parcels of beautifully made clothing and entirely dressing them for the three years. Every summer, also, they invite the twenty babies to bring their mothers to a tea party! Much pleasure for the mothers and much petting for the babies! Our hearty thanks to these kind girls."

THE OLD GIRLS' ASSOCIATION.

The O.G.A. flourishes; there is no mistake about that. Every branch is active, and every meeting is well attended. Even the number of answers to invitations has increased, and the secretaries are slowly recovering from the shock.

The chief facts for record are that we held a tennis tournament last July, a business meeting in November when we decided that all re-unions should be on Friday evenings, an ordinary meeting in March, an "extra" in January in the form of a fancy dress dance, and we are talking about Twenty-first Birthday Celebrations.

But let none imagine that the Association can be judged fairly from that report on its activities. There is a vital something which exists apart from the happenings, and only those who have felt it, know how much the O.G.A. means to its members.

C.R.

OLD GIRLS' OPERATIC AND DRAMATIC SOCIETY.

The opening of our seventh season, in the autumn of last year, was marked by an extremely pleasing event—the announcement by our Secretary that Miss Bertha Lewis had kindly consented to become our President. All those acquainted with the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company will readily imagine our delight. We were tremendously gratified and are determined to give Miss Lewis no cause to regret having allowed her name to be associated with ours.

Our first production was "The Mountebanks" (Gilbert & Cellier), of which we gave three performances in the School Hall. Of the proceeds, we sent £30 to King's College Hospital, and £30 to the South-Eastern Hospital for Children, for the support of our cot there. Our expenses came to about £40.

Our second production was "Amasis" (Fenn & Faraday), and we gave five performances, one at Thornton Heath, one at St. Saviour's, Brockley, two at Hamilton Hall, Forest Hill,



and one at St. Barnabas' Hall, Dulwich Village. The financial results have not yet reached us. The performances at Hamilton Hall were given in aid of the Society's Funds, which are very low, but the expenses were heavy, and it is feared that the funds will not be found to have benefited to any great extent. This is unfortunate, because we seem to have produced most of the operas which are both inexpensive and attractive; moreover, we naturally desire to make our productions more and more "professional"—as regards costumes, scenery, properties, etc.—as we go on, and of course, to do so necessitates greater expenditure. However, even if our profits are not what we could wish them to be, we enjoyed the performances tremendously, and have some grounds for believing that the audiences enjoyed them also.

Our fifth performance was given during the General Strike. We should not have been surprised had a large number of the performers failed to put in an appearance, particularly as the Hall was not in Forest Hill but in Dulwich, at a very great distance from the homes of many of our members. There were nearly fifty of us in the cast, and it is therefore very gratifying to record that of that large number only two (sisters—living a long way away) were unable to reach the Hall, and only one other was even late.

The Society has several names on its waiting-list and intending new members are advised to have their names put on that list as soon as possible. Applications for membership should be made in writing to the Secretary (Lily Gessey, Devonshire Cottage, Fox Hill, Norwood), and signed by two present members, as proposer and seconder. It is believed that intending members will find no difficulty in obtaining proposers and seconders, but should there be any who do not know two existing members they should let the Secretary know. Admissions are made, when vacancies occur, in strict order of application.

A.L.L.

THE OLD GIRLS' SPORTS CLUB. NETBALL.

The Old Girls' Netball Teams competed in the London Old Girls' Netball League (for O.G. Teams of High and Secondary Schools, and of Training Colleges) and won all matches in their section—the South-East. In the Semi-Finals both teams played Furzedown, who won the "Daily Mirror" Shield last year, and lost. Furzedown First Team beat Kentish Town in the Finals, while Hornsey won the 2nd Team Finals. Next year our teams hope to try harder and do even better!

MATCHES, 1924-25.

Date	Opponent	Home or	Goals			
			Away	Result	For	Against
18. 4.25	Barrovians ...	Home	I Won	28	7	
			II Won	13	9	
25. 4.25	L.C.C. ...	Home	I Won	18	5	
			II Won	15	14	

MATCHES, 1925-26. FIRST TEAM.

3.10.25	Lewisham Grammar O.G.	Home	Won	12	8	
L 10.10.25	Roan O.G. ...	Away	Won	20	11	
17.10.25	Sutton ...	Away	Lost	13	14	
24.10.25	Brockley Central ...	Home	Won	21	8	
31.10.25	Dame Alice Owens O.G. ...	Away	Lost	10	18	
L 7.11.25	Avery Hill O.G. ...	Away	Won	13	6	
21.11.25	Plumstead O.G. ...	Away	Won	12	11	
L 5.12.25	St. Olaves O.G. ...	Home	Won	19	12	
12.12.25	James Allens O.G....	Home	Won	24	11	
L 19.12.25	Plumstead O.G. ...	Away	Won	17	7	
2. 1.26	Peckham O.G. ...	Away	Lost	9	10	
9. 1.26	L.C.C. ...	Home	Won	19	10	
13. 2.26	School ...	Home	Won	19	14	
20. 2.26	Avery Hill O.G. ...	Home	Won	19	13	
L 27. 2.26	Avery Hill O.G. ...	Home	Won	28	8	
L 6. 3.26	Plumstead O.G. ...	Home	Won	25	5	
13. 3.26	James Allens O.G....	Away	Won	19	12	
L 20. 3.26	St. Olaves O.G. ...	Away	Won	24	3	
27. 3.26	Greenwich Central O.G. ...	Away	Lost	10	20	
L 17. 4.26	Furzedown O.G. ...	Neutral ground	Lost	9	23	

(James Allens)

24. 4.26	Sutton ...	Home	Won	16	6	
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Matches marked "L" are League Matches.

SECOND TEAM.

17.10.25	Sutton ...	Away	Won	12	4	
24.10.25	Brockley Central ...	Home	Won	14	10	
31.10.25	Dame Alice Owens O.G. ...	Away	Lost	12	15	
21.11.25	Plumstead O.G. ...	Away	Won	13	6	
12.12.25	St. James ...	Home	Won	10	6	
L 19.12.25	Plumstead O.G. ...	Away	Won	11	10	
9. 1.26	L.C.C. ...	Home	Won	25	10	
30. 1.26	Sutton ...	Home	Won	14	11	
6. 2.26	Holbeach Road ...	Home	Won	14	5	
13. 2.26	School ...	Home	Lost	13	24	
27. 2.26	Avery Hill ...	Home	Won	14	11	
L 6. 3.26	Plumstead ...	Home	Won	12	7	
13. 3.26	St. James ...	Away	Lost	13	17	
20. 3.26	James Allens ...	Home	Lost			
27. 3.26	Greenwich Central O.G. ...	Away	Lost	8	20	
L 17. 4.26	Furzedown O.G. ...	Neutral ground	Lost	7	18	

(James Allens)

24. 4.26	Sutton ...	Home	Won	12	4	
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The Second Team won two League Matches by default on the part of their Opponents.

GYMNASTIC CLASS.

The O.G. Gymnastic Class was taken by Miss Flint and proved as enjoyable as ever; the "die-hards" turned up loyally on Monday evenings, with, it is noted with satisfaction, sundry new members.

The class spent the weeks between Christmas and the O.G. March Meeting in working up a Gym. Display for the benefit of the meeting, which display was duly performed to the accompaniment of much conversation and some applause. Having disposed of this responsibility the class enjoyed to the full the few carefree lessons which remained, then bade a temporary adieu to Miss Flint and Gymnastics until next September, when it is hoped the class will re-open with renewed energy and lots of new members.

D.H.H.

NOTE.—Intending Gym. and Netball members should apply to Doris Harwood, 39, Stillness Road, S.E.23.

HOCKEY.

The nucleus of an Old Girls' Hockey Team has come into being during the past season, and though temporarily combined with a local team it is hoped that shortly, with an increase of membership, the Old Girls' Team will be sufficiently strong to stand alone.

New members will be joyfully welcomed for the coming season and should send their names and addresses to: Agatha Alton, 2, St. Germain's Road, Forest Hill, S.E.23.

NURSING—A PROFESSION.

During last week, at the Association of Headmistresses, Miss Gwatkin, of Streatham High School, is reported to have said that the present form of higher education for girls, so fine in aim and so admirable in achievement, was not yet meant for all minds. Chiefly it was the practical girl who suffered.

It is for the practical girl I am writing now, for the educated practical girl, because the modern system of training has raised the nurse from her original position of an automaton to a scientifically educated co-operator, who is able to perform her duties the more efficiently because she is now able to take an intelligent interest in the meaning of the principles which

underlie so much of what originally she was expected to accept without question and without reason.

Since July, 1925, a nurse is unrecognised by the State unless she has satisfied the Board of Examiners appointed by the State. The examination consists of the primary part and the final.

At the end of eighteen months' training, which consists of practical nursing, lectures in theory, and demonstrations, the probationer nurse is required to sit for the primary examination, to write two papers, and attend one viva on Anatomy, Physiology, Hygiene, and general nursing knowledge.

During her third year of training the nurse must take her final examination and write a six hours' paper on surgical, medical, and gynæcological nursing, which requires a knowledge of the diseases, their cause and after-treatment, and of the surgical preparation of patients, the room, ward or theatre, and of first aid and quick recognition of conditions. The nurse has to take to the examination a signed book stating that she has herself performed successfully a tremendous number of things, each stated definitely and separately and considered necessary for the equipment of the nurse who is to be entitled to represent herself as Miss Joan Smith, S.R.N., and no longer the old-time Nurse Smith.

In London the Central Midwives' Board is doing its utmost to maintain a high educational standard of midwives, but I cannot say this of the provinces. A State-registered nurse is required to have six months' training in Midwifery before she is eligible for examination by the Board.

It is advantageous for a girl taking up nursing to train at a recognised hospital, otherwise she will not be permitted by the State to sit for the qualifying examination. If a girl does any nursing before she is twenty years old, it should be at a children's hospital, but before commencing at all, she should obtain reliable medical advice regarding her health and physical condition. Having started her training, she should forget her physical condition, and smile, avoid tea and gossip, and believe with all her heart in the dignity of all work.

There is no interest to equal the study of human nature and character, and not only does this study interest, but it induces a breadth of mind necessary to a nurse, for no narrow-minded person will be able entirely to submerge her view of righteousness in dealing with weaker vessels who are suffering through lapses from the straight path.

There is so much more I should like to say, there is so much to say, but I will just say to the girl who is going to

hospital, "Forget yourself, remember your patients and respect their confidences," and I will give you this ode, written on the refectory door of a monastery at Chester:—

"Give me a good digestion, Lord,
 And also something to digest.
 Give me a healthy body, Lord,
 With sense to keep it at its best.
 Give me a healthy mind, O Lord,
 To keep the pure and good in sight,
 Which, seeing sin, is not appalled,
 But finds a way to set it right.
 Give me a mind that is not bored,
 That does not whimper, whine or sigh.
 Don't let me worry overmuch
 About the fussy thing called "I."
 Give me a sense of humour, Lord,
 Give me the grace to see a joke,
 To get some happiness in life,
 And pass it on to other folk."

DORIS EDWARDS, S.R.N.,
 Certified Midwife.

OXFORD.

For more than four hundred years the grey tower of Magdalen has watched the waters of the Cherwell flowing down, heedless, to the great ocean, not a drop pausing in its course, not a wave mindful of the storied antiquity of the overhanging walls. But not only has Magdalen watched the river: with all the rest of Oxford's "dreaming spires," it has watched the stream of human life flowing by its walls, a stream as heedless as the water and leaving as little impression on the old grey stones. Life in Oxford may well be compared to the river, for it is characterised by the same unceasing movement and vigour, the same unwearied energy and innovation; but at one point the analogy breaks down. The Cherwell has backwaters into which one may drift and rest; Oxford life has no backwaters; once get caught in the stream, and there is no escape. You are carried on relentlessly, protestingly, for three or four years, and then flung out, panting and battered, on the bank, to wonder if the toil and buffeting has been worth while.

The very streets of the city are indicative of the intensity with which life is lived. They should be full of ghosts, for

every lane, every alley, is memory-haunted; but the ghosts have sought the dim sanctity of the Cathedral or the quiet seclusion of New College gardens. The streets are full of living men and women, far too much concerned with the vivid present to heed the pale shades fleeing in terror from their noisy approach. They are of all sorts and types, these men and women. There is the student with gown closely wrapped about anxious shoulders, and cap firmly jammed over furrowed brow; there is the "hearty" with ragged gown flapping gloriously over a bright striped blazer, or rolled in a careless bundle under a muscular arm; there is the æsthete in the most beautiful of pale pink shirts and artistic ties; and, finally, there is the great body of ordinary people, noisy and energetic, determined to enjoy life to the utmost, and not blight their days with more work than is absolutely necessary to humour tutors.

One of the great delights of Oxford, though at first a disconcerting pleasure, is the entire freedom which one has with regard to work. One's tutor demands one or two essays a week, but beyond these no work is compulsory, though in view of "Schools" at the end of the third or fourth year, it is generally considered advisable to attend a few lectures. But without going to extremes of laziness or industry, it is a real pleasure to be released from the almost monotonous regularity of school curriculum; happy is the undergrad. who, under such conditions, achieves the perfect time-table, neither all work nor all play.

To fill one's periods of leisure, be they long or short, there are recreations to suit all tastes. First and foremost comes the river, which provides opportunities for the earnest and strenuous sculler, for the skilful but non-professional wielder of the punt-pole and paddle, and for all that large body of river enthusiasts who can only assist in the propulsion of a punt by words of encouragement, delivered from the comfortable depths of a cushioned seat, to the hot and weary punter standing up in the sun at the end of the boat. When boating is impracticable, there are the usual games to be played, and the competitive spirit is nourished by inter-collegiate "Cuppers," the winning of a cup being followed by the celebration of a "bump," supper, when even the decorous members of a women's college throw off the burden of advancing years and scholastic responsibilities, and shout and sing with all the enthusiastic abandon of earliest school-days.

Intellectual recreation can likewise be obtained in many ways. As is usual where many young and illusioned people

are gathered together, political clubs flourish greatly, and opinions of every hue, from deepest Die-hard blue to fiercest Communist red, are advanced by incipient politicians, under whose guidance, were the opportunity given them, England would undoubtedly become a veritable Utopia. For the music-lover there is the Bach Choir, under the able, if somewhat eccentric, direction of Sir Hugh Allan; or for passive appreciation there is the weekly music in the Cathedral, where one may sit in the shadow of the great pillars and hear the notes of the organ thunder about the tattered banners overhanging the aisle, or the clear voices of the choristers vibrate amongst the echoing arches. Then there are many other societies, collegiate and inter-collegiate, to supply an outlet for every branch of energy and interest. On the social life of Oxford volumes might be written. Tea parties, cocoa parties, river or theatre parties, in rapid succession, testify to the social and hospitable instincts of the undergraduate, and the fact that china, cutlery, etc., are generally regarded as being held *in commune* points to a praiseworthy growth of the communal spirit.

Such a catalogue of mere activities fails to convey any of the fascination which Oxford exerts over all those who are privileged to know; but perhaps her lure can never be expressed in words. Though we ask with Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch,

“Know you her secret none can utter?

Hers of the Book and triple Crown?”

with him we are forced to the conclusion that here is, also, a “secret none discover.”

E. M. BONE (St. Hugh's).

13.6.26.

NEWS OF OLD GIRLS.

At the Colleges—1925 Entrants.

St. Hugh's College, Oxford.—E. Bone.

Bedford College.—D. Cannon.

University College.—J. Chipperfield.

London School of Economics.—M. Colegrave.

Royal College of Art.—G. Barker.

Royal College of Science.—E. Widdowson.

Battersea Polytechnic (Dom. Sci. Dept.).—D. Wilkerson,

I. Wisdom.

Furzedown.—K. Hatton, P. Holmes, M. Martin, E. Poole, I. Banger, A. Mendelson.

Avery Hill.—S. Frith, R. Levell.
 Graystoke Place.—E. Wann.
 Regent Street Polytechnic.—J. Hopkins.

Successes.

B.A. (Hons.), London, 1925.—Catherine Barlow (French I), Violet Jones (née Tidman) (Sociology I), Winnie Fulton (History II), Kathleen Brunton (History III).

B.Sc. (Hons.), London, 1925.—Nona Reynolds (Chemistry II), Grace Levell (Chemistry III).

Cambridge, Historical Tripos, 1926.—Isobel Ambler (Class II, Div. i).

Hilda Green, M.A.—Research Fellowship given by the Commonwealth Fund of America for two years at the University of Pennsylvania.

Gwen Chaplin.—London Inter. Arts, 1925.

Doris Edwards.—S.R.N. and C.M.B. Diplomas.

Daisy Keeble.—London Promotion List.

Eva Singer.—Certificate in French (London University), 1925.

Kathleen Ambrose.—C.S. Clerical Class Examination, sixth place out of 1,191. Hilda Hunt and Florence Upton were about 140th in the same examination.

Appointments.

Faith Tatham.—Headmistress, Stanley Street Girls' School, Deptford.

Hilda Freeman.—St. John's Infants' School, Camberwell.

Doris Wallis-Stolzle has been appointed to a Southwark school.

Gladys J. Clark.—In charge of Mission School at Hope Fountain, S. Rhodesia.

Marjory Matthews.—Assistant Organiser of Physical Education to the L.C.C.

Catherine Barlow, B.A.—Modern Language Mistress at Lady Eleanor Holles' School, Hackney.

Ethel Watts.—Headmistress at Lewisham Bridge Infants' School.

Hilda Dyer, B.A.—Junior English and French Mistress at Girls' Grammar School, Wembley.

Frances Osborn, B.Sc.—Junior Science Mistress at Central Secondary School, Sheffield.

Mary Bonnett.—French Mistress at Northampton High School.

Eileen Couch.—Assistant Matron at Alleyn House, Caterham (Boys' School with 220 boarders).

Marjorie Oxbrow and Sadie Barnes.—L.C.C. Clerkships.

We should like to congratulate Violet Jones, who is the first Old Girl to take the new degree in Sociology, and Hilda Green, who is the first to hold a Research Fellowship. Hilda leaves England in September, and we wish her success and enjoyment in Pennsylvania, where, we understand, she will be free to do just as she likes, except that she is expected to hear all she can, to visit other Universities, and to get to know as many people as possible.

We are glad to welcome back to the O.G.A. Kathleen Favelle (née Hood), and we hope that she and her two children will often come to Old Girls' meetings in the future.

Doris Hitchcock is home on furlough from Madras, and it has been pleasant to see her again and to hear of her interesting work.

We were all sorry to hear that Vera Davies, who started teaching at Connaught School, Frinton-on-Sea, last September, has been obliged to give up her post on account of ill-health. She is still in a sanatorium, but her sister, Gwen, says she is now making good progress. Vera was so happy in her work and had always been so healthy, that the news of her illness was a great shock to everybody who knew her. We wish her a good recovery.

Theodora and Joyce Winney and some friends are holding a joint exhibition at XXI Gallery, Durham House St., Adelphi, from 14th July to 15th August. Colour and pencil drawings, Rhyme Sheets, Toys, Posters, Xmas Cards and Calendars will be exhibited.

Nancy Salway has gone to Greece as governess to a little girl, and writes enthusiastically of her life there.

Old Girls are asked not to be shy of sending news of themselves and of their friends to—

Connie Rennie,
5, Montem Road,
S.E.23.

Marriages.

Doris Adshead to — Prideaux.

Vera Johnson to William Petersen, Copenhagen.

Births.

To Bertha Bloodworth (née Boyes)—a son, Michael.
 To Phyllis Forster (née Shinn)—a son, Peter
 To Gladys Buck (née Webb)—a daughter.

In Memoriam.

May Connell, aged 15, died June 17th, 1926.

MISCELLANEOUS CONTRIBUTIONS.

INSCRIPTIONS.

For a Sundial.

I.

Look at me
 And you will see
 The time is that
 Which I point at.

M. WRIGHT, Up. I.

II.

In a garden filled with flowers,
 Here I stand to tell the hours.

D. HOLLANDER, IVb.

III.

The sunny hours that pass me by
 Are numbered here before they die;
 But if the hours are dark and drear,
 Ye will not see them shadowed here.

K. LEE, IVb.

For a Drinking Fountain.

I.

Clear is my water,
 Running so free,
 Sparkling and dancing
 Right merrily.
 Cometh the trav'ler
 His cup to fill,
 Where the trees whisper,
 And the birds trill.

V. EDWARDS, Up. I.

II.

How could you live without water to drink?
 Come and refresh yourselves here at my brink.
 L. SMITH, Up. I.

An Epitaph on Robin Hood.

Here lie the bones of Robin Hood,
 Who seldom did wrong and often did good.

With Marion fair and Little John
 He lived on joints of venison.

Now here he lies in woodland tomb,
 On which are primroses in bloom.

And I sincerely hope that he
 Is sleeping well and peacefully.
 PEGGY SIMONS, IIa.

On the Tombstone of a Tom Cat

He woke us oft who lies here now
 In solitude and peace;
 For slumbers soft were gone until
 His caterwauling ceased.
 J. HUMPHRIES, Up. III.

On a Cat.

Here lies poor Pat,
 Our greedy cat,
 Who swallowed poison
 Meant for a rat.
 LILY PLATTS, Up. III.

RAINDROPS.

We tumble from the winter sky,
 Across the pane we patter;
 We trickle off the ivy leaves,
 Like silver balls we scatter.

We really do enjoy ourselves;
 We dance upon the railing,
 We make a river down the street,
 Along the gutter sailing.

We fall upon the leafy trees,
 Where little buds are peeping;
 We fall into a nice warm nest,
 Where little birds are sleeping.

The flowers all lift up their heads,
 We fill the fairy glasses,
 All ready for the annual ball,
 Before the summer passes.

FORM LOWER I.

SNOW FLAKES.

Now the snow is falling fast,
 Feathery flakes are drifting past;
 Now the ground is crisp and white,
 We can have a snowball fight.

Houses look like wedding cake
 Which the children cannot take,
 Fixed as firmly on the ground
 As the trees are, I'll be bound.

Snow has covered all the hill,
 Like a blanket, white and still.
 Now the sun is shining bright,
 Gleaming yellow on the white.

PEGGY COVENEY, L. I.

THE LITTLE BLACK PUSSY.

Oh, who is so furry, so furry, heigh ho!
 As a little black pussy, heigh ho!

Heigh ho!

He scratches and claws,
 With his tiny white paws.

He is a sweet little kitten, heigh ho!

Heigh ho!

Oh, who is so jolly, so jolly, heigh ho!
 As a little black pussy, heigh ho!

Heigh ho!

He plays with a ball,
 Slips all over the hall.

He is only a kitten, you know,

Heigh ho!

JOYCE HESELTON, L. I.

CALAMITIES.

Some days are all calamities,
 And I wish that I were dead.
 They begin the moment I get up,
 And end when I'm in bed.

My blouse, it goes on back to front,
 My tunic is all right;
 My stocking seams are in the front,
 My hair—well, it's a fright.

At breakfast-time I spill my tea.
 At school it's just as bad:
 For everybody lectures me,
 And nearly drives me mad.

I drop my desk lid with a bang,
 And, what annoys me more,
 The mistress says, "Oh! What a noise!
 Stay in till half-past four."

Then, when at last I get to bed,
 I cuddle down and say,
 "I hope to-morrow will not be
 Another awful day."

M. ELLIOTT, Ib.

BATHING.

Hand in hand they run so fast,
 Never a look on the beach they cast.
 Run! Leap! Hop! They go flying past,
 Down to the sea, to the sea at last.

Like grasshoppers nimble, they jump in the sea;
 They swim, and they jump with the greatest of glee;
 Land at their backs, and sea all around,
 They call and they shout with the merriest sound.

One was swimming so fast because
 She knew her last sea bathe it was;
 Then, leaving sea and billows behind her,
 She flew like a bird, and billows can't find her.

And now she's out of the water at last,
 Running and leaping and hopping so fast.
 Nobody knows where she now can be;
 Nobody knows, not even the sea.

J. POUNCY, Ia.

SPRING.

When Spring-time comes in greenish gown,
 With snowdrops fastened in her crown,
 She kisses all the buds and trees,
 And opens with her magic keys
 The poor hard ground.

And up in woods the daffies spring,
 And in the trees the birds all sing,
 The little lambs all frisk and play
 About the meadows, green and gay,
 When Spring does come.

Snowdrops come out, and bluebells, too,
 Fair crocuses and violets blue;
 All peep their heads above the ground—
 The Spring has come.

M. BROWN, Ia.

MY TEDDY BEAR.

I've got a lovely Teddy Bear—
 He's golden brown—
 But when we go to bed at night,
 He won't lie down.

And when I want to dress again,
 He's naughty still;
 He won't get up, but stays and sulks,
 And says he's ill.

WINNIE GRANT, Up. 1.

STARLIGHT REVELRY.

Where the gold-ferns and the stars are
 Twinkling at the dead of night,
 In the woodland elves are dancing
 In the pale moonlight.

Where the cowslips and the birds are,
 All the elves have fled away.
 Only now the gold-fern sparkles
 In the flush of day.

Where the glow-worms and the stars are,
 In the dark and purple night,
 In a woodland, fair with blossom,
 Fairies weave the light.

When the morning, flushed and rosy,
 Steals into the woodland glade,
 Scattering sunshine all around her,
 Starlight fairies fade.

STELLA MOORE, Up. I.

A WASP.

A wasp said to a bee, one day,
 "Oh, brother bee, do tell me, pray,
 Why people like you so much more,
 And scream if I fly in a door?"

"My coat is bright, I'm quick and gay,
 I laugh, and fly, and play all day:
 I sometimes sting, but all for fun;
 But when I'm out, most people run."

"Oh, brother wasp, you do no work,
 But play in gardens. Oh, you shirk!
 While I collect the nice, sweet honey
 In summer, when 'tis bright and sunny."

STELLA MOORE, Up. I.

BUNTY: A COLT.

(From real life.)

A colt we know—an untamed colt—
 A white patch on his nose,
 But otherwise he is all black,
 And Bunty has no foes.

He has a lovely, sweeping tail,
 And soft, black, shaggy fur;
 But if you hold a carrot out,
 Bunty won't demur.

Bunty has such lovely eyes,
 Of velvet, brown, and blue;
 He has a glossy, flowing mane,
 It feels so soft to you.

But Bunty has a temper, too;
 His eyes gleam fierce and grim.
 And sulky, too, he often gets,
 If you have nought for him.

OLIVE TUPPEN, Up. I.

GOLD.

From east to west the golden sun
 Is travelling till the day is done.
 His golden rays shine on the pond,
 And on the dewy fields beyond.
 A golden bird goes flying by,
 With golden wing and golden eye.
 The Autumn leaves are golden bright
 As they are dancing in the light.
 The window panes seem all of gold,
 Like armour of a knight of old.
 The corn is gleaming golden, too,
 Against a sky of dazzling blue;
 And golden fruit on golden trees
 Is visited by golden bees.

UPPER I.

THE FOUR SEASONS.

Sing a song of Winter days,
 Frozen ponds and snowy ways,
 Snow-tipped trees, so cold and bare,
 In Winter days are everywhere.

Sing a song of Spring-time days,
 Grassy banks and dewy ways;
 Budding flowers, of different shades,
 Dance and whisper in the glades.

Sing a song of Summer days,
Flow'ry paths and sunny rays,
Fields of clover, pink and white,
Make a picture of delight.

Sing a song of Autumn days;
Now the crimson leaf decays,
Now the Winter days are nigh,
Soon the Winter winds will sigh.

MIRIAM WINER.

LOCAL RHYMES.

(Inspired by Eleanor Farjeon.)

PERRY RISE.

Perry, rise! Perry, rise! it's half-past eight.
Perry, rise! Perry, rise! or else you'll be late.
Perry, rise! Perry, rise! come down, come down.
Perry, rise! Perry, rise! there's a fire in the town.

IRENE A. FOWLER, Up. I.

PECKHAM.

The ham and lemon curd
Were pecked at by a bird;
Scorn came on the face of Sam,
Who said, "Young birds should not Peckham."

JOYCE HARRIS, Up. I.

HAMMERSMITH.

Hammer smith,
Hammer smith,
Silver plating,
I am waiting.
Quick, I prithee!
Hammer smith.

MIRIAM WINER, Up. I.

LADYWELL.

There is a well called Ladywell,
Where once a lady sat.
She threw her hat into the well.
And then she said, "That's that!"

JOYCE HARRIS
BRENDA GICHARD

Up. I.

ANERLEY.

There lived a maid named Anna Leigh;
 So good and kind to all was she,
 That when she died,
 The burghers cried,
 "We'll call our home town Anerley,
 In memory of Anna Leigh."

E. WORTHY, IIIa.

CATFORD.

Three black cats, three black cats,
 See how they run, see how they run.
 They all ran away from our Old London Town,
 And forded the river that runs o'er the down;
 We nowadays call that same spot Catford Town.
 Three black cats.

E. WORTHY, IIIa.

THE INTRUDER.

On a sprig of mauve lilac there sat a wee elf;
 He was dressed in a green silken suit,
 And was playing a tune so gay to himself
 On a wee little silvery flute.

On the sprig then perched boldly a very large bird,
 Which startled that poor little sprite,
 And the tune on the flute was no more to be heard,
 For the player had vanished in flight.

C. THORNTON, Up. II.

TEN THOUSAND BRIGHT DAISIES.

Ten thousand bright daisies, they came in the night,
 With their little gold heads, and their dresses of white.
 Ten thousand bright daisies, 'mong buttercups tall,
 With their laughter and dancing and music and all.

Ten thousand bright daisies, they danced on the lawn,
 Till the gold in the east told the coming of dawn.
 Then ten thousand bright daisies lay down on the lawn,
 Just as good as could be, with a smile for the morn.

And when I looked out of my window to-day,
 The lawn was all sprinkled with sweet daisies gay,
 With their little white frocks, and their hair golden-crowned,
 Like little white stars growing out of the ground.

W. FENNELL, Up. II.

LONDON STREETS.

The country lad, with smock and staff, loves the sun-bathed
country-side;
The boy who's born by the salt sea-shore loves the ocean's
ceaseless tide;
The Australian loves the bushland and the Eucalyptus tree—
“But,” says the little Cockney boy, “the London streets
for me.”

The pastures may be fresh and green, the woodlands sweet
and cool;
The wide sea may be better far than the crowded swimming-
pool;
The bushland may be wondrous, with its Eucalyptus tree—
“But,” says the little Cockney boy, “the London streets
for me.”

There's a policeman at the corner, by the little sweet-stuff
shop;
And tall and dirty houses, smoky chimneys on the top;
There's costermongers calling out in every different key—
“Yet,” says the little Cockney boy, “the London streets
for me.”

He loves the great old buildings, he loves the smoke and
grime,
The grinding, screeching traffic, and the sound of Bow bells'
chime;
He loves the sluggish river as it goes to meet the sea—
“Yes,” says the little Cockney boy, “the London streets
for me.”

W. FENNELL, Up. II.

IN THE FORFEIT CUPBOARD.

Mary Ann was a very careless little girl and was continually losing such things as towels and shoes.

One day, when she went to the forfeit cupboard to claim some lost property, the keeper of the cupboard said, “I wonder how your shoes and towels like being lost? You wouldn't like to be shut up in a cupboard just because your mother left you outside the front door one night, would you?”

"Pooh!" said Mary Ann, "they can't feel; they don't know anything about it."

"Can't feel!" The shoes in her hand almost shook with indignation. "Can't f-feel, indeed! If she l-leaves me l-lying about again, I'll t-teach her. Can't feel! Brrr!" stuttered a gym.-shoe angrily. But Mary Ann, quite oblivious of this awful threat, walked away.

A week later, Mary Ann had again lost some things—three shoes and a towel.

That evening, as she was going home, she lost her way. She wandered along strange roads she had never seen before, and she could not see a soul of whom to ask the way. Then, as it grew dusk, she found herself walking up the school drive. Something seemed to be drawing her towards the forfeit cupboard. When she reached it, the door swung open and she was met by an object which looked familiar. Yes, it was her own gym.-shoe. But what a size! It had grown twice the size of Mary Ann! She began to feel very frightened.

The forfeit cupboard seemed to have grown larger, and on the hospital fines box sat the towel, now the size of a large bedspread, wearing a judge's wig.

"Mary Ann," said the towel sternly, "you are charged with the crime of wilfully and deliberately having caused us"—he waved his hand towards the three shoes, who stood at attention—"caused us, and many others, to be imprisoned in this cupboard, this mean, poky, little cupboard, I say"—his voice rose to a shriek. "And then you have the impudence to say we know nothing about it! Of course, you have no word to offer in your defence?"

Mary Ann remained silent, and the judge continued: "We have here the counsel for the prosecution and two witnesses. First witness, give your evidence."

"Your worship," said the games shoe, "on nine occasions this term have I seen, with my own eyes, Sir Gerald Gymbo pushed under the rack and left there till he was rescued by the officer on duty and handed over to the keeper, who imprisoned him." The games shoe retired after this speech, and the gym. shoe said: "Mistress Gertrude Gameshoe has been, on several occasions, left on the cold floor of the cloakroom instead of being allowed to rest on the rack, your Honour." "Prisoner, do you hear this?" thundered the Judge. "I decree that, as a punishment, you shall be shut up in the Hospital Fines Box for a month." Mary then tried to run, but the Counsel for the Prosecution caught her. She shut her eyes and felt herself being shaken . . . shaken.

She heard a voice say, "Have you lost your way, missy?" and she found herself sitting on the door-step of her own home, with a policeman standing over her. "N-n-n-no," she stuttered, "I-I live here," and the policeman rang the bell for her.

Mary Ann's towel now hangs on her peg; her gym. shoes repose in her bag; her games shoes lie on the rack. But Mary Ann never passes the door of the forfeit cupboard without a shudder.

M. ANDERSON, IIIa.

Susan Grey once lost her hat
(She's just the girl that would do that),
But now she loses hats, nor sashes,
For all her things are marked with Cash's.

NANCY MOLLETT, IIIa.

HOW THE LILY OF THE VALLEY CAME ON EARTH.

Long ago, when fairies lived in England, some were sent before dawn to collect the dew in small white buckets.

This was to be done before dawn, but the fairies, being jolly, stayed to play, and hung their buckets on either side of a blade of grass. They played for some time, but, alas! the sun was rising, and they retraced their steps to the spot where they had left their buckets. To their surprise they found all the buckets inverted, and growing on to the grass. This was the first lily of the valley to appear on earth.

R. HARRIS, Up. III.

MAKING THE BEST OF THE STRIKE.

The first day Peggy and I walked to school, as we generally do, but it seemed to take us much longer than usual, as there were so many people walking. All the pedestrians seemed quite cheerful about it; there were a few, however, that looked rather cross and "grumpy."

It was quite amusing to watch the people, with their old bicycles, which had not seen daylight for many a day; also the cars loaded up with, sometimes, five or six people in the back, whereas they would only carry two people in the ordinary way.

There were about six big orange charabancs for the people from Barclays Bank. The people in them seemed to like going to the bank by charabanc.

The policeman at Forest Hill Station had a lot to do, holding up the traffic here, and beckoning it on there.

The third day, as I was waiting for Peggy at the corner where we always meet, I saw a car come round the corner, and, much to my surprise, Peggy was in the front, and three other girls from our school in the back. The gentleman drew up to the side of the road and told me to get in the back, and I had to sit on another girl's knees. We went to the end of Woodvale and up to the top of the hill, and turned into Sydenham Rise. There, standing on the pavement, were three gentlemen, and they looked very dismayed when they saw that the car was full. But they smiled again quite happily when they saw us all tumble out. The gentleman with the car took us every morning of the strike, and picked his friends up and took them off somewhere.

Some of the 'buses had very funny inscriptions on them, such as "Flappers only," "We have no pains, dear Mother, now."

My sister was on a 'bus and heard a girl tell the conductor that she wanted to get off. He went to the front of the 'bus (for they were on top) and called over the front to the driver in a very affected tone, "Driver, would you mind stopping at the next corner? A lady wishes to alight."

Several afternoons we went home, or, rather, part of the way home, in some lovely cars,, all nicely done up in grey and different colours.

I think that the students and volunteers rather enjoyed being special constables, 'bus drivers and conductors.

I don't know what other people thought about the strike, but I think many of us rather enjoyed it.

J. CRAIG, IVb.

FORM INTERESTS.

DOLLS.

Girls in IVb who do not do Domestic Science are dressing dolls in costumes of all the different ages. They are going to be used in English and History lessons in the 1st Forms.

The Saxon lady and Frankish noble are now completed, and are only waiting for a stand on which we can place them to show off their beauty.

The ladies who required "wasp" waists have had to be split open, in order to have some stuffing taken out, and have then been tightly bound with tape. This acts very well, and by taking stuffing out here and putting it in there we are able to obtain the required figure.

The dolls are going to carry scrolls, on which will be written details about their dress and manner.

We are sorry that we cannot be especially historical as regards the underclothing. There is, apparently, little record of what undergarments ladies and gentlemen wore, so we have treated the ladies and gentlemen of all ages in the same fashion.

P. ATKINS, IVb.

CAN YOU TELL ME?

Can you tell me where the flowers go
When the world is white with snow?

Do they go to bed
And shut their tired eyes
Till the Springtime says,
"Little flowers arise"?

Yes, throughout old Winter's reign,
They sleep beneath their counterpane.

Where do the stars go in the light
That shine so brightly in the night?

Does the big round sun,
Looking all about,
Tell them it is day,
And put their lanterns out?

Yes, we need their tiny spark
Only when the night is dark.

Sometimes how the rough wind blows!
Can you tell me where it goes?

Does it get tired out
Blowing through the trees,
That it sleeps and wakes
Like a gentle breeze?

North, South, East and West it blows,
But where it goes to—no one knows.

M. RHODES, IVb.

MRS. MALAPROP UP-TO-DATE.

(A letter from that lady to a friend.)

Dear Elizabeth,

Many thanks for your last apostle, which I received last week. What with that girl of mine, and the boy, Charlie, and my brother Ernest, with his artistic temperature, I don't know whether I'm on my head or my heels this week. However, I promised to write to you all about Bridget's wedding, so I will begin now.

I expect you remember my sister Bridget—a tall, fine girl, very graceful, with a beautiful cemetrical figure. Well, we had the wedding yesterday, and a very fine affair it was. She was married at St. John's Chapel on the hill, a most lovely little place, covered all over with hysteria and ivy, and such lovely dresses as she and the bridesmaids had, you never could imagine.

But the work, and the hurry all the morning; it fair took my breath away, and a more clumsy, imperturbable, insufficient girl than that Phœbe of mine, I never did see. We had to arrange the presents on the sideboard, and she dropped a lovely set of liquor trays and scratched them all. The presents were lovely, and the guests were all so distinguished. There was Professor James from Oxford, a very profane philosopher, and Colonel Browne, who got the C.O.D. in the war, and Mrs. White-Thompson, in lovely London fashions.

The service was very touching, and it fairly made me cry. But the breakfast afterwards was lovely; everything had French names, such as "cul-de-sac" and "mal-de-mer," those being the only French expressions I can remember for the moment, but Bridget could tell you them all, she could.

They went to Paris for the honeymoon. Myself, I don't hold with foreigners, especially Frenchmen, with such internal machines as the gelatine, and places like the Borstal. But Bridget would have a honeymoon in France. "If I don't go now," says she, "maybe I'll never go," so David said, "Very well," and off they went to Paris. Myself, I wouldn't go over the sea for a hundred pounds; it always did make me so ill, and I always think of that sad poem we used to read at school, which ended—

"The waters wild went o'er his child,
And he was left fermenting."

But I daresay it would be very educating to see the Louvre and the Awful Tower, and such like edifications.

Why! if that Phœbe hasn't gone and smashed a dozen plates this very minute as I write these words! And Charlie getting into all sorts of mischief, I'll be bound, and me getting a cramp in my wrist through writing all this. I must stop now, whether I like it or not. I hope you enjoy good health, also your husband.

Yours affectedly,

Priscilla.

P.M. & B.B., IVa.

THE RESTORATION SQUIRE.

A squire there was, and that a worthy man,
Returned from Holland he, now that the ban
Of the Rump's cruelty had been removed,
Only to find that those whom he had loved,
His daughter, and his sturdy English son
(To whom the squire, his race of duty run,
Should leave the squirehood, ere he lay at last
In the dim churchyard where his wife had passed).
At nineteen years could neither of them read,
Of writing they had found but little need.
Well versed in kitchen and in stable lore,
What use to them was learning's precious store?
Yet, spite of disappointment and despair,
The parish first came underneath his care.
His duty then, a parson mild to find,
And next the congregation to remind
That church attendance was their first concern;
To hire farm-labourers, and in his turn,
Last, but not least, in Parliament to stand.
So lived the squires, and dying, left their brand,
Still burning bright with memory's sacred fire,
To flame, yet unconsumed, upon their pyre.

E. BOND, Up. IV.

A NEW GIRL'S IMPRESSIONS.

Having only recently come as a "new girl," it is obvious that I must have some experiences and impressions of school life to relate. It is extremely difficult, however, to tell people what you think about them.

As a new girl is always a source of interest, I suppose I was no exception. I soon found that most of the girls were eager to enlighten me on the topics which they had most at heart, and, looking back, it is surprising how much I learnt on the first day.

Having come from a smaller school I did not feel quite so ready to perform gymnastic feats, as most of those around me, but the enthusiasm of those who tried to help me over the difficulties roused me to impatience to be with them in practice, though, I fear, I did not do very well after all! Text books, presenting a great variety of colours, of course, held their attraction for me, and my curiosity was somewhat gratified by having a selection of these to call my own for a year. At the end of the first morning all were busy talking to their friends, and finding out how many alterations had been made since last term. After dinner I was shown round the grounds. Some girls were busy setting their gardens in order; some were taking their ease in conversation, some were recreating themselves on the hockey field, while others were practising on the netball court.

The hall is, I think, the best part of the school; here it is that the school assembles on any important occasion, and all the girls, dressed in blue tunics and white blouses, seem to fill the large space with life, and make it look quite comfortable. Over the doors, and right along the south side, there are scenes depicted in plaster work. I never heard any exciting history of these, but the imagination can conjure up all kinds of tales about the nurse and the baby's pram, the young man with his bicycle, and the stage coach. Upstairs, a balcony runs round three sides of the hall, two sides of this having spaces about the size of windows, curtained off, where one can stand quite snugly and watch the dancing during wet dinner intervals.

As at most schools, I believe, there are those who would grumble at the school dinner, but, personally, I look upon it as a thing of interest. It is not known before the time what is going to be served up, unless, of course, a stray odour betrays the dish. The only way for most girls to spend comfortable dinner hours is to stay at school. Those who do so have quite an enjoyable time for about twenty minutes after the meal, which those unfortunates who make the journey home generally spend in an omnibus.

If there is any part of the school life which I do not quite agree with, it is that there are a greater number of rules than I am used to, which make one feel rather like an offender when one thinks about them. But this difficulty soon vanishes when one remembers other large schools, boarding schools, in particular, where the number of rules must certainly exceed those known and observed at Sydenham.

By the end of the term a new girl must surely have learnt a great deal, not only about the girls and the customs of the

school, but also of the main purpose of schools, viz., education; for it is almost impossible to pass a term without feeling much more grown up at the end, and thinking over the thirteen weeks with a feeling of examinations at the back of the mind. By this time the new girl has learnt to find her way about the intricacies of the building, never more to lose her way, or to be in the embarrassing situation of having "lost" the stairs just at the moment when a visitor has asked her the way down.

M. STIMPSON, Vb.

TO THE CUCKOO.

Oh! happy bird,
 From sorrow free,
Thy note is heard
 In every tree.
 Sing on, sing on, sweet bird of song,
 Our troubles banish, joys prolong.
 In May and June
 Thy merry call
 Is heard—too soon
 No more't doth fall
 Upon our ears in England here,
 For Summer's passing, Autumn's near.
 Farewell, farewell,
 Thou bird of Spring.
 In wood and dell
 Afar, now sing.
 Return, good minstrel, yet again,
 To glad our hearts with thy sweet strain.
E. BUTCHER, Vb.

TROUBLES OF SCHOOLGIRLS.

Up beside the gardens,
 Round about the pond,
 We daren't go a-hunting,
 For fear of Miss Bond!

Up upon the hockey field,
 In heels, now it is level,
 We daren't go a-running,
 For fear of Miss Nevill!

In and out the Form-rooms,
 Oh! it is a sell!
 We daren't go a-wandering,
 For fear of Miss Bell!

In our history lessons
 (Well, we know we oughtn'ter),
 We daren't go a-whispering,
 For fear of Miss Falconer!

And so there's always something,
 Sometimes we mustn't laugh!
 And we *daren't* go a-hunting,
 For fear of all the Staff.

Va.

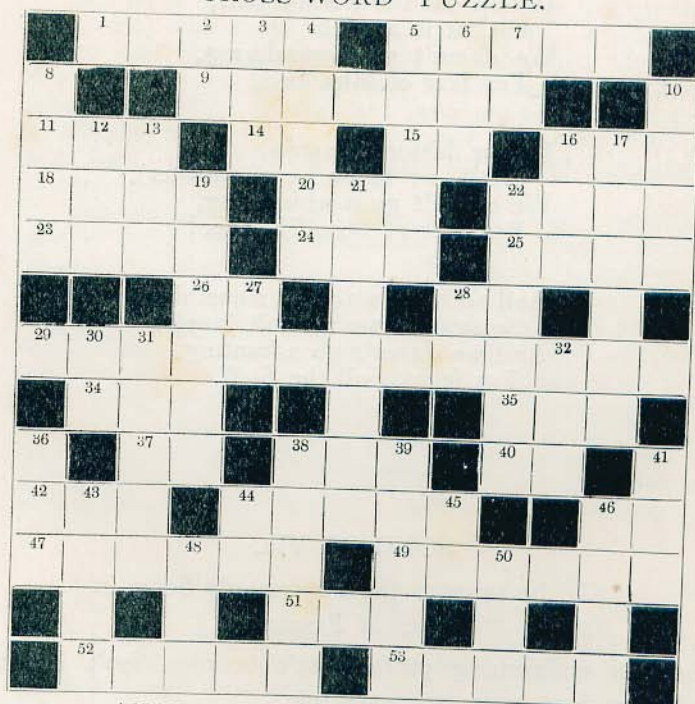
SONG OF VIa.

[To be sung to the Policeman's Song in
 "Pirates of Penzance."]

When an enterprising prefect isn't bossing, isn't bossing,
 Or laying down some necessary rule,
 Aside her prefect's badge she would be tossing, would be
 tossing,
 And would play about like any other fool.
 She would often like to run along the corridor,
 Or in her form-room eat a penny bun,
 Oh, 'tis a prefect whom you should be sorry for—
 A prefect's life is not a happy one!

N. HARRIS.

CROSS-WORD PUZZLE.



ACROSS.

1. A popular lesson at Sydenham.
5. A proposal.
9. A popular game at Sydenham.
11. A rounded body covered with a shell.
14. The Navy (abb.).
15. The indefinite article.
16. A girl's name.
18. A large cork.
20. Well known to remedial enthusiasts.
22. A range of mountains.
23. A cow-house.
24. Seen on Prayer-books (reversed).
25. A patent plug.
26. A preposition.
28. His Excellency (abb.).
29. Feared and respected by Up 5 and 4 A.
34. An animal.
35. A boy's name (abb.).
37. Sydenham Secondary School Girls.
38. Doomed to die (Scotch).
40. National Union (abb.).
42. Born (feminine).
44. Four grains.
46. The negro's pronunciation of "the."
47. One of the houses.
49. A popular sport played at Sydenham.
51. A sergeant.
52. The Roman goddess of love.
53. The science of animal life (beheaded).

DOWN.

2. Master of Ceremonies.
3. To transgress.
4. The choir does this.
5. A giraffe-like animal (South Africa).
6. Marshy land.
7. Measure of length (abb.).
8. A science mistress.
10. That with which all our games are connected.
12. A boy's name.
13. A railway (initials).
16. A degree.
17. A mistress.
19. A house.
21. A poet studied in the sixth form.
22. The headmistress (jumbled).
27. Denotes condition. (reversed).
28. Exclamation.
30. Anno Domini.
31. Dragged.
32. An acknowledgment of a debt.
36. A collection of sayings.
38. Flatters.
39. A degraded man (according to Swift).
41. An instrument for opening or closing a lock.
43. The head girl (reversed).
44. Church of England.
45. Not from.
46. To contradict.
48. An intransitive verb of motion.
50. Exclamation denoting surprise (slang).

MORE ORIGINAL INFORMATION.

1. The priests used to burn *insects* on the altar to make a sweet smell.
2. If a page was page to a lady, he had to carve her joints.
3. March went out a lamb but came in a *loin*.
4. I was *quacking* with fear.
5. She could hear the *bleating* of her own heart (from the same Form as 4—evidently a *menagerie*).
6. In the West of Ireland the Irish live on potatoes and *wild oats*.
7. The King went mad and had a son.
8. Charles executed the regicides, and cut off the heads of Cromwell and Ireton, though they were dead. This he called an Act of Indemnity.
9. Cromwell was in danger of being assassinated, but, fortunately for him, he died soon.
10. The natives at first regarded the white men as gods, but later on, they knew better.

 ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

We wish to thank the following schools for copies of their Magazines:—County Secondary School, Bromley; County Secondary School, Clapham; St Saviour's and St. Olave's School.

SOLUTION TO THE CROSS-WORD PUZZLE.

	¹ G	A	² M	³ E	S		⁵ O	⁶ F	⁷ F	E	R	
⁸ W			⁹ C	R	I	C	K	E	T			¹⁰ B
¹¹ E	¹² G	¹³ G		¹⁴ R	N		¹⁵ A	N		¹⁶ A	¹⁷ D	A
¹⁸ B	U	N	¹⁹ G		²⁰ G	²¹ C	P		²² U	R	A	L
²³ B	Y	R	E		²⁴ S	H	I		²⁵ R	A	W	L
				²⁶ O	²⁷ F		A		²⁸ H	E		S
²⁹ M	³⁰ A	³¹ T	R	I	C	U	L	A	T	³² I	O	N
	³⁴ D	³⁵ O	³⁶ G			C			³⁵ R	O	N	
³⁶ A		³⁷ W	E		³⁸ F	E	³⁹ Y		⁴⁰ N	U		⁴¹ K
⁴² N	⁴³ E	E		⁴⁴ C	A	R	A	⁴⁵ T			⁴⁶ D	E
⁴⁷ A	N	D	⁴⁸ R	E	W		⁴⁹ H	⁵⁰ O	C	K	E	Y
	I		U		⁵¹ N	C	O		O		N	
	⁵² V	E	N	U	S		⁵³ O	L	O	G	Y	