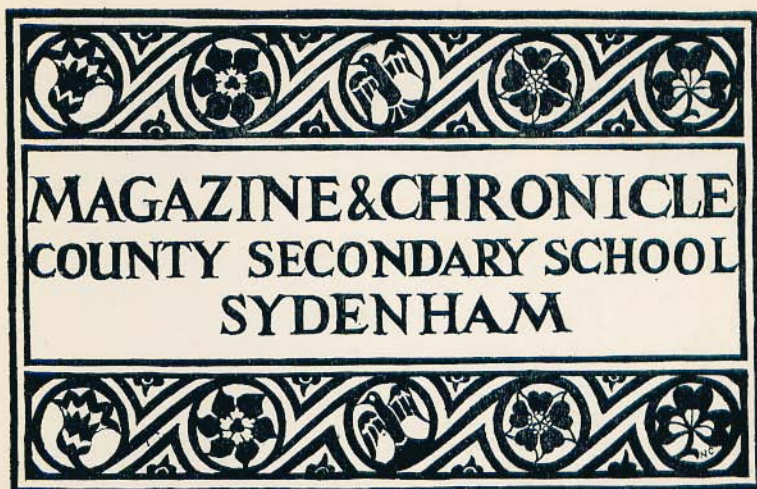


MAGAZINE & CHRONICLE



COUNTY SECONDARY
SCHOOL SYDENHAM
JUNE, 1929



MAGAZINE & CHRONICLE COUNTY SECONDARY SCHOOL SYDENHAM

No. X.

JUNE, 1929

FOREWORD.

Once more comes round the opportunity to send out our *Chronicle* and having read the manuscript through I must congratulate both School and Old Girls on a most interesting number. A great effort to collect news of past members of the School has produced an almost embarrassing crop, some of which we have been forced to store against a leaner time, though I hope the news collectors will continue the good work.

The staff record for the year leaves one with mixed feelings. Miss Bowe decided last Summer that she needed a rest and change and so resigned almost at the end of the Summer Term. She went to Italy in the late Autumn but not finding the atmosphere she needed returned before very long and is now home again. We wish her a speedy return to her normal freshness and vigour. Miss Dawson surprised us all by retiring to a nursing home for an operation in January but had recovered sufficiently to go to the sea in March and April and we were glad to greet her again this Term. The third victim is Miss Shuttleworth, whose doctor has ordered her three months' complete rest which she has just started. We hope she will be quite well and strong by September 12th.

The other part of the personal record is much more cheerful. True, we have lost Miss J. Stevens but she has visited

us as a most radiant Mrs. Myres so that we cannot but rejoice in her happiness. We wish no less happiness to Miss Arthurton who is leaving us to be married in August and to Miss Phillips, who has held Miss Bowe's post for one year only and is to be married in October.

We shall have to say good-bye also at the end of the Term to Miss M. I. Stevens who has been doing part of Miss J. Steven's work since February. We are sorry to lose her and hope she will be happy at St. Paul's Girls' School where she has a full-time post for next Term.

It remains only to say good-bye to the eight members of VIa who are leaving, a band to whom we all owe much for their keenness and loyalty. K. Reed, the Head Girl, has won an English Scholarship at Newnham College and we wish her a happy and successful career at Cambridge. D. Nicol has gained Entrance to Somerville College and a four-year Teachers' Scholarship at Oxford; E. Sheppard the same at Bedford and London Day Training College, and M. Wisdom at Furzedown. M. Greenwood is to hold a two-year scholarship at Furzedown and K. Roles at Chichester and E. Humphreys hopes to continue her science work while holding the post of laboratory assistant at James Allen's School. V. Miller's career is not yet decided and D. Vine, E. Lord, D. Collins and V. Clarke are all staying on for another year.

From VIb A. Forbes-Leith also goes to Furzedown with a four-year scholarship, M. Johnson to the Royal Academy of Music, N. Cooper to Goldsmith's School of Art, V. Rousseau to a Domestic Science course while E. Staines has just heard that she has passed the Civil Service Clerkship Examination and is placed 14th on the list. To all of them and to the rest of our Seniors who are leaving this Term we give our best wishes and hope that we shall see them or hear from them frequently when they are no longer members of the School but still Sydenhamites.

E. T.

EDITORIAL.

In sending out the tenth number of our School Magazine we should like to express our thanks to the many whose thought and interest have very considerably lightened the Editor's task, especially to Miss Corbett, Miss Whitehead and the Magazine Committee. This year, too, we owe a very special vote of thanks to Miss Turner, who has so kindly

offered us two prizes, one for the best prose contribution and one for the best set of verses. The former goes to P. Dyer, Up. V, and the latter to M. Brookman, Up. II. They have our heartiest congratulations.

It is difficult to single out any one form for special commendation this time, as everybody has worked for the Magazine with considerable energy and zeal, from the ingenious puzzle-maker to the writer of lyric verse. We have even risen to a German poem, and a German cross-word puzzle, but the latter we have had to omit, as we feel that a relatively small number of girls would find pleasure and entertainment in it.

The prose contributions submitted were more numerous than they have been in other years, and many showed imagination and some feeling for style. The writers themselves obviously derived great enjoyment from them; indeed, it is an exhilarating experience to feel occasionally the power of "winged words" that may some day send our thoughts "spinning through space into the nets of Time."

And how busy the young verse-writers have been! There is a surprising variety in the results; some little verses glowing

"With joy for the fresh changefulness
Of each familiar thing";

others carrying us away to those lands

"Where blaze the unimaginable flowers";
some a little overgrown and wild as to metre, perhaps, others as formal as a Dutch garden. The reading and sorting of these has been a very pleasurable task.

It has not been a short one, of course, and now the hour is late; but, while in De la Mare's haunting lines,

"The stars burn softly through
The world's dark latticings,"

and we

"prisoned stray
Within its lovely labyrinth,"

there is satisfaction in the thought that, in spite of our un-leisured modern life, we may win for ourselves the solace and repose that come from quiet reading and appreciation, and the power to

"Create a world for every day,
And store a dream for every night."

H. D.

SCHOOL CALENDAR.

1928-29.

AUTUMN TERM, 1928.

- Sept. 29.—Expedition to Merton for Hockey Match between Touring Team and Rest of England.
- Oct. 4.—St. Francis' House Party.
- „ 20.—A Party attended concert at Central Hall conducted by Dr. Malcolm Sargent.
- „ 24.—Senior Hockey Match v. Chelsea P.T.C.
- „ 31.—Junior Netball Match v. Selhurst Grammar School.
- Nov. 6.—Senior Hockey Match v. Aske's.
- „ 17.—Concert at Central Hall, Westminster.
- „ 12.—Expedition to James Allen's School to hear lecture (Inter-Schools Classical Association).
Expedition of Up. III to Victoria and Albert Museum.
- „ 20.—Hockey Match v. Lewisham Prendergast School.
- „ 28.—St. Andrew's House Party.
- „ 29.—School Prize-Giving.
- Dec. 1.—Expedition of VIc to Aluminium Factory at Merton.
- „ 4.—Senior Hockey Match v. Sydenham High School.
- „ 5.—Netball Match v. Peckham Secondary School.
- „ 5.—Expedition of Vs and VIs to Brockley Central School to see "Much Ado about Nothing," performed by the Isis players.
- „ 11.—Senior Hockey Match v. James Allen's School.
- „ 12.—School Guide Party.
- „ 14 & 15.—School Play—"Ambrose Applejohn's Adventure."
- „ 19.—Junior School Party.
- „ 20.—Senior School Party.

SPRING TERM, 1929.

- Jan. 21.—Expedition of Domestic Science VI to United Dairies Depot.
- Feb. 2.—Concert at Central Hall, Westminster.
- „ 2, 8 & 9.—Performances of "The Golden Rover" by the Old Girls' Operatic Society.
- „ 9.—Music Festival at Mary Datchelor's School.
- „ "East v. West"—Hockey Match at Merton.
- „ 11.—Junior Netball Match v. Peckham Secondary School.
- „ 25.—Expedition of Science VI to British Industries Fair.

- Mar. 5.—Senior Hockey Matches (1st and 2nd elevens) v. Lewisham Prendergast School.
 „ 7.—Expedition to Dutch Art Exhibition at Burlington House.
 „ London Secondary Schools Festival Concert.
 „ 9.—Concert at Central Hall.
 „ Hockey Match at Merton, England v. Scotland.
 „ Hockey Tournament at Dartford.
 „ 12.—Netball Match v. Selhurst Grammar School.
 „ 15.—St. David's House Party.
 „ 18.—Visit of Domestic Science VI to Ideal Home Exhibition at Olympia.
 „ 22.—St. Patrick's House Party.

SUMMER TERM, 1929.

- May 4.—Cricket Match v. Bedford College 2nd eleven.
 „ 14.—Art Exhibition and Concert.
 „ 23.—Tennis Match v. Chelsea 3rd Team.
 „ 25.—Cricket Match v. Dartford P.T.C. 3rd eleven.
 „ 28.—Cricket Match v. St. Dunstan's College (under 14).
 June 7.—Talk on "Women's Education in India" by Miss Sorabji.
 „ 11.—Cricket Match v. James Allen's.
 „ 15.—Expedition of IV forms to Kew.
 „ 17.—Holiday in honour of the English Scholarship (Newnham College Cambridge) gained by K. Reed.
 „ 19.—General Schools Examination begins.
 „ 24.—School Examinations begin.
 „ 27.—Higher Schools Examination begins.
 „ 24.—Swimming Sports.
 „ 25.—Babies' Party.
 „ 26.—Gym. Display.

ANNUAL PRIZE-GIVING, NOVEMBER 29th, 1928. PROGRAMME.

Unison Song :

"Let all the world in every corner sing"

Words by George Herbert

Music by E. T. Chapman

(UP. III—IIB).

THE HEADMISTRESS'S REPORT.

Part Song : "The Blue Bird"

Words by Mary Coleridge

Music by C. V. Stanford

CHOIR.

DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES BY MISS M. M. ALLAN.

Part Songs :

(a) " And how should I Thy true love know "

Old English Melody arranged by H. Balfour Gardiner

(b) " How merrily we live "

Music by Michael Este

CHOIR.

ADDRESS BY MISS ALLAN.

Part Song :

" Meg Merrilees "

*Words by John Keats**Music by C. V. Stanford*

(VI—IVB).

Vote of Thanks proposed by the Chairman.

Heroes.

God Save the King.

MISS ALLAN'S SPEECH AT THE PRIZE-GIVING.

Miss Allan, the principal of Homerton Training College, said how glad she was to come and speak to us. Just before she came her little niece had asked her whether she was going to speak to us altogether or one by one. She said she would have loved to speak to us individually, for she was more interested in girls than anything else, but she feared that was impossible. She did not quite know what to say, so before she came she had asked some of her staff what they remembered of the prize-givings held when they were at school, and what they thought she ought to talk about. One said that it did not matter what she said so long as she did not say too much, and another that she could remember nothing of the speeches at the prize-givings, but she remembered very well the personalities of the people who spoke. Miss Allan did not mind if this was what we did; we might forget her speech, which was very short, so long as we remembered her!

She now went on to the main point of her speech—"What is really worth while in life?"—and said that the end and aim of all education is to help every girl to find a worthy standard of values, for this is what the world most needs. Each girl is sure to find a different standard, but that does not matter, for we all have different talents, and something different to give to the world. Miss Allan said that on her way she had

been forced to wait at a large railway station, and to pass the time, she had observed the different types of girls as they passed by. She approved of some, but certainly not of others. First came the sporting girl, who considered games and the improvement of her physique the things most worth while attending to in life. Then there was the studious girl with her books who strove after nothing but knowledge, and the girl who worshipped dress above everything else. She warned us against becoming one of this type, "For when the clothes become more interesting than the girl herself, then she is but a clothes horse." Extremes of all kinds are bad, so we must be broadminded and fix our aims only on something in life which is the highest and the most worth-while. We must use all our affections, all our talents, and the improvement in physique of which we are so proud, to reach this standard. We must strive "with all our heart, and with all our soul, and with all our mind" and we must be satisfied with "Perfection, nothing less" if all is to be right with the world. All who love youth desire above everything else that the young will be satisfied only with the very highest.

M. BELL, VIB.

PRIZE LIST, 1927-28.

Lower I.—	Vera Edwards
Rhona Astbury	Phyllis Andrew
Iris Beattie	IVb.— <i>English Subjects</i> ,
Ia.—	Margaret Bradshaw
Eileen Moffatt	<i>Domestic Science</i> —
Kathleen White.	Alice Rose
Upper I.—	Kathleen Gain
Ruby Bridle	Art—
Mildred Jarvis	Hilda Ricketts
Olive Thomas	IVa.— <i>English Subjects and</i>
Ila.—	<i>Languages</i> —
Viola Oelman	Muriel Jenkins (double)
Eileen Ashley	<i>General</i> —
Upper II.—	Joan Grover
Jean Davidson	Upper IV.— <i>Languages and</i>
Lotte Keeton	<i>Science</i> —
Sheila Cooper	Muriel Warden (double)
Irene Shapland	Olive Singer (double)
IIla.—	<i>Languages</i> —
Margery Glock	Isobel Watts
Upper III.—	Peggy Shipway
Lilian Walter	<i>Science</i> —
Kathleen Elphick	Joan Eyden

<i>General—</i>	Janet Parry
Peggy Knemeyer	Kathleen Russell
<i>Art—</i>	Nona Stevens
Betty Summerfield	Lily Tapsall
<i>Vb.—English—</i>	<i>Vlc.—Leaving—</i>
Eileen Essam	Eileen Burr
<i>Languages and Science—</i>	Marjorie Davey
Freda Anderson (double)	Winnie Denton
<i>Art—</i>	Florrie Firman
Kathleen Thornton	Mabel Holding
<i>Va.—Matriculation—</i>	Gladys Jones
Marjorie Anderson	Audrey Moore
Lily Broome	<i>Vlb.—Art—</i>
Margaret Conway	Cecily Hall
Dora Gibb	<i>Leaving—</i>
Joan Humphries	Cecily Hall
Edna Staines	Maud Knife
Marjorie Warren	Dorothy Clark
Eva Widdowson	Marjorie Strutt
Eileen Worthy	Norah Forsey
<i>Upper V.—Matriculation—</i>	<i>Vla.—Leaving—</i>
Phyllis Barnard	Carlene Barnaby
Mildred Bell	Mabel Crump
Betty Burford	Marjorie Gibson
Enid Dennis	Gertrude Glock
Ailsa Forbes-Leith	Alice Green
Edna Holford	Mollie Harris
Margot Johnson	Phyllis Savage

CERTIFICATES.

These are the details of certificates gained, though *School Certificates* are not *presented* until the winner leaves school.

General School 47	Daphne Nicol
Honours General 7	Kathleen Reed
Matriculation 20	Phyllis Savage
Higher School 7	Eva Sheppard
Marjorie Gibson	<i>Intermediate Arts—</i>
Gertrude Glock	K. Reed
(State Scholarship) <i>Intermediate Science—</i>	G. Glock.
Alice Green	



The school play, "Ambrose Applejohn's Adventure," was produced with great success on 14th and 15th of December. The number of male characters in the play presented a difficulty but the successful attempts to overcome this added much to the interest of the performance.

It was most surprising that such a very respectable gentleman as Ambrose Applejohn (K. Reed) should become such a fierce pirate captain, even in a dream. Charming Poppy Faire (M. Conway) was introduced in the second act as a dear little cabin boy who was sadly bullied by the captain. Ivan Borolski (E. Worthy) retained his villainous mien under the disguise of the skull and cross-bones; it must have been a great disappointment to Ambrose when he awoke with Borolski's shrieks ringing in his ears to remember that his enemy was still very much alive.

Anna Valeska (M. Warren) was the villain's chief assistant, and her striking mode of dress, vampish ways and appealing feminine helplessness made a great impression on Ambrose and the audience. Poor Poppy's jealousy was heartbreaking to see.

Madame Valeska and Borolski had very active rivals in Mr. and Mrs. Pengard (B. Burford and K. Sayer). A man with the mannerisms and head-gear of an Eastern sage and a woman of the nouveau-riche type made a curious couple who did the most interesting things in the middle of the night with flashing torches and jemmies. Timely assistance was accorded them by Denet (E. Sheppard) who, despite Madame Valeska's biting remarks, made a very realistic constable.

There is quite a collection of villains towards the end of the third act, so that the false alarm which disperses them

into the night and prepares the way for a happy ending is very welcome. Johnny Jason (B. Dowman), the originator of many of Ambrose's romantic ideas, here clears up all mystery with regard to the pirate treasure, and shows what a jolly and ingenious young man he is. Just at the wrong moment Aunt Agatha (A. Forbes-Leith) presents herself in a blue silk dressing-gown and shows the audience how a real lady should be shocked. Finally, when Jason and Aunt Agatha have retired, and there is no danger of disturbance by the imperturbable Lush (L. Cripps) or the neat little maid, Marie (J. Parry), Ambrose finds the romance he had thought of seeking in distant lands standing before him in the person of Poppy Faire.

We should like to thank Miss MacArthur, to whose untiring efforts the success of the play was largely due; Miss Drury who so ably assisted her; Miss Whitehead and Miss Higgs who painted the delightful scenery; Miss Trench who gave so much of her time and thought to the costumes; and we must not forget Miss Phillips, who composed the pirate song. The proceeds (over £32) went to swell the deserving School Funds.

E. ESSAM, UP.V.



THE JUNIOR SCHOOL PARTY.

The Junior Fancy Dress Party took place on Tuesday, December 19th. The procession began at 3 o'clock, and the staff were the judges. The prize for prettiness was won by Betty Barnes, of Upper I, who came as Oranges and Lemons. The prize for originality was won by Kathleen Potton and Olive Terry. Kathleen Potton came as a smart, modern

young tennis player, and Olive Terry was an old-fashioned girl with a wide-brimmed hat. These two were called "Now and Then."

Great amusement was caused by a camel (really Miss Dawson and Miss Holliday); Miss Arthurton and Miss Chrystal were dressed as Arabs, and Miss Preedy was the camel-driver.

Many interesting games were played and Upper III acted a short play. After tea VIa acted a humorous "opera" entitled "Bluebeard." After the play, prizes were given and we ended up with ringing cheers for VIa.

MAISIE INGS, IIa.

SENIOR SCHOOL PARTY

The Senior Party held, on Thursday, December 22nd, was a great success owing to the ingenious ideas of the clever members of VIa.

The party opened as usual with a fancy dress parade. There were many pretty and original costumes and it took quite a long time to choose the best. The prizes for prettiness were awarded to D. Oates as a Spanish Vamp and N. Cooper as a Russian Peasant. I. Watts as the School Hat-band, won the prize for originality. The whole of the VIc as Bertie, the Bygone Beastie, caused great amusement.

The next item, which some of us probably regarded as the most important, was—supper.

The rest of the evening was very enjoyably spent. VIa had shown much originality in their two competitions, which were so difficult that even the mistresses would not have gained distinctions had the results been百分aged. Miss Butler won the prize for the first competition and Miss Lieben was given a "very nice consolation prize," which, when discovered to be a batch of rolls left over from supper, caused much laughter. The second competition was in the form of charades, each charade representing the title of a famous book. Miss Nicholas won the prize.

One game, in which a "husband" had two "wives," one of which he stole from some other "husband," unfortunately proved fatal for one or two fancy dresses (alas for Miss Preedy!) otherwise it was very exciting.

Perhaps the most amusing item on the programme was the obstacle race for mistresses. The competitors were obliged to bowl a hoop from one end of the hall to the other. On arriving there they were to get through a double

sheet of newspaper without splitting it in two. Having successfully accomplished this, the competitors were to light a candle and hop back to the starting point without letting the candle go out. Great was the laughter as a mistress's candle, just as she was reaching her destination, suddenly went out, and great was the dismay on her face. Miss Turner was the final winner.

The items were varied by foxtrots and waltzes in which, owing to the great congestion, couples were in great danger of colliding with one another.

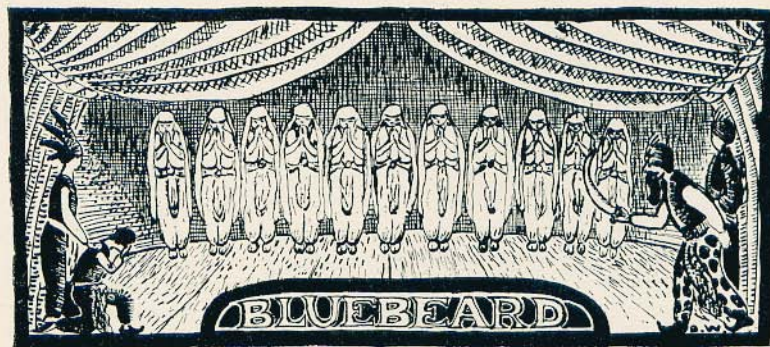
The play acted by VIa was a modernized version of "Bluebeard." The words were entirely composed and arranged by the actresses.

Eileen Lord as Bluebeard had indeed developed a terrifying note in her voice which was enough to scare even the bravest among the audience, but this horrid character was obliged to eat humble pie when poor despised Sister Anne (Delia Vine) fondly forgave his misdeeds, and lovingly flung her arms around him as the curtain descended.

The play, or rather opera, for many of the speeches were sung, was very well acted indeed.

The party ended with "Sir Roger De Coverley," and when the roof had nearly been raised by the loud cheering everyone returned home, tired but happy.

CELIA THORNTON, Va.



HOUSE REPORT.

The usual House activities have been carried on this year. The Houses celebrated their saints' days with parties, at which the entertainments given by the dramatic sections were quite striking in their improvement upon former attempts; three of them were original productions on the part of seniors of the House, who mostly seem to have a preference for fantasy. The House babies are still supported, through the medium of the "Save the Children" Fund. House games have been fairly well attended, and thanks are due to Miss Preedy and Miss Chrystal for the time and energy they have given to coaching.

K. A. REED,
E. F. LORD,
D. E. NICOL,
K. N. ROLES,
M. A. WISDOM.

GAMES.

CRICKET FIXTURES.

Summer Term, 1928.

School.	Date.	Results.
Beckenham Secondary.	June 8th.	Drew, 49—49 7 wickets.
St. Dunstan's,	"under 14."—June 12th.	
		Drew, 56 for 8—76.
James Allen's.	June 30th.	Lost, 30—62.
W.C.A.	July 11th.	Drew, 44 for 6 wickets—96 for 3 wkts.
Dartford P.T.C.	July 14th.	Lost, 39—111 for 2.

TENNIS FIXTURES.

Chelsea 3rd.	June 14th.	Unfinished.
James Allen's.	July 3rd.	Lost, 26 games to 73.
Selhurst Grammar.	July 20th.	Lost, 27 games to 54.
Sydenham High.	July 24th.	Scratched.

HOCKEY FIXTURES.

Autumn, 1928.

Chelsea P.T.C.	3rd.—October 24th.	Lost 2—10.
Aske's Girls' School.	November 6th.	Won, 3—2.
Mary Datchelor.	—Won 5—0.	
Lewisham Prendergast.	November 20th.	Won, 2—1.
Sydenham High.	December 4th.	Won, 3—1.
James Allen.	December 11th.	Lost, 0—4.

Spring Term, 1929.

Mary Datchelor.—February 13th. Scratched.

James Allen, 1st Team.—February 26th. Scratched.

James Allen, 2nd Team.—February 26th. Scratched.

Lewisham Prendergast, 1st.—March 5th. Won, 2—1.

Lewisham Prendergast, 2nd.—March 5th. Won, 5—2.

Coaching Match.—March 8th.

NETBALL FIXTURES.

Autumn, 1928.

Selhurst Grammar School.—Lost, 10—30.

Sydenham High School.—November 26th. Scratched.

Peckham Secondary School.—December 5th. Lost, 10—15.

Spring, 1929.

Sydenham High School.—January 30th. Won, 13—10.

Peckham Secondary School.—February 11th. Lost, 3—21.

Selhurst Grammar School.—March 11th. Lost, 11—26.

CRICKET, 1928.

Once again the matches were very disappointing, though we feel the standard of the play was higher than before. At present the fielding is much better than the batting, but even here there is still room for great improvement. The results of the matches would have been much better had the team shown more enthusiasm for practices, both with Miss Preedy and alone. We wish to thank Miss Preedy for her valuable help and criticism, and both Miss Preedy and Miss Chrystal for umpiring at our matches.

Criticism of the Team.

M. Sheryer. Batting has not shown much improvement. Fielding and throwing in very good. Was useful as a bowler, but was inclined to spoil her length by trying to attain speed.

M. Alexander. A promising fast bowler. Batting style needs more care and she must try to be more forceful.

A. Rose. Fielding very quick and neat. Batting average high, but style weak.

L. Broome. Very promising batsman. Must learn to pick the ball up more cleanly and to be more alert.

P. Vickers. Useful as a slow change bowler. Batting must be much more aggressive. Fielding very fair.

R. Newman. Fielding very good. Batting spoilt by an exaggerated style.

L. Chase. Improved greatly during the season. Made a very quick and reliable wicket keeper. A very promising batsman.

M. Jones. A neat fielder, but sometimes not sufficiently alert. Batting fair.

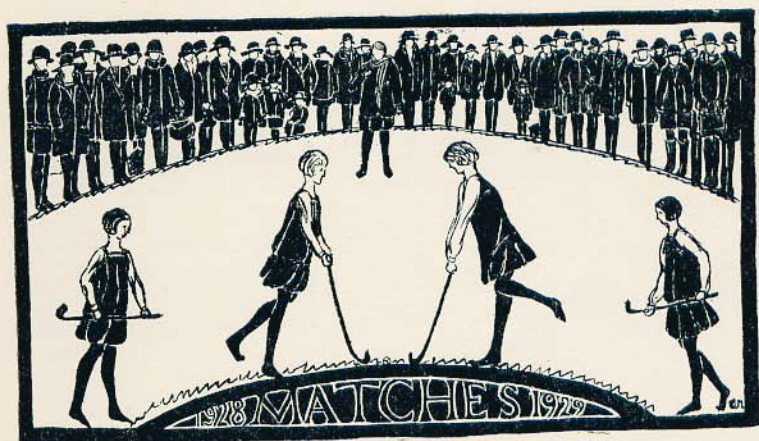
D. Tucker. Batting style is poor, but forceful. Her scores in matches were disappointing. Fielding poor.

B. Hickson. Has shown great improvement. Batting style quite good. Neat and quick in the field.

M. WISDOM.

M. Wisdom was our Captain this year. Bowling and fielding good, batting disappointing in matches.

D. A. P.



HOCKEY, 1928-29.

We feel that the standard of play this year has much improved. We were very fortunate in obtaining five positions in the Kent Junior team, and two in the reserve team. Those in the team were: M. Alexander, E. Lord, D. Clifford, E. Staines, N. Sheridan; and the reserves were L. Broome and V. Rousseau. At the end of the season we took part in the Kent Inter-School Tournament, losing in the final to Bromley High School, after a very close game. We have improved our stick work, for when the bad weather prevented our using the field, we practised hard with stick and ball on the netball court. This has shown to advantage in our matches, and the results have been very encouraging. We are much indebted to Miss Preedy for her excellent coaching, and we

wish to thank both her and Miss Chrystal for umpiring our matches.

The Inter-Form Hockey Tournament was again held and the VIth Form were the victors. We were very fortunate in securing Miss Scott to help to umpire. She is an A umpire; that is, she has qualified to umpire in International matches.

Curiously enough she noticed how very far back in the field the backs played; they seemed to entrench themselves nearly as far back as the goal circle and wait events! This had not been the case during the term, when often the whistle had to be blown for the backs to retire behind their own attacking forwards.

This year, for the first time, the 2nd XI team played a match, the result of which was very encouraging. We hope to arrange more 2nd XI matches in future.

M. WISDOM.

Criticism of the Team.

Left Wing.—D. MacPhee. Fairly quick. Hitting and centring need practice. Tackles back well.

Left Inner.—D. Clifford. Must learn to play with the team and pass more. Must shoot harder and not waste time when in the goal circle.

Right Inner.—M. Alexander. Very quick. Shooting needs practice. Worked well with her wing. Must try to rush the backs more.

Right Wing.—N. Stephens. Very quick, promising player. Passing improved.

Left Half.—E. Lord. Tackles well, but must reserve some of her energy for recovering. Hitting good. Played well with her left back.

Centre Half.—N. Sheridan. Very quick and neat. Fouls rather badly with quarter turns owing to using reverse stick unnecessarily. Inclined to forget her centre forward, especially in the goal circle. Backs up well.

Right Half.—V. Rousseau. Hitting weak. Must get down to the ball more. Tackles well, but slow in recovery.

Left Back.—L. Broome. Rather slow. Hitting good. The two backs worked well together and made a strong combination.

Right Back.—E. Staines. Tackles very well, and recovers quickly. Clears very well and uses her spaces.

Goal.—D. Tucker. Very uneven play, sometimes good, but must learn to stay in her goal more, and not be drawn out. Clearing good. Footwork not so good.

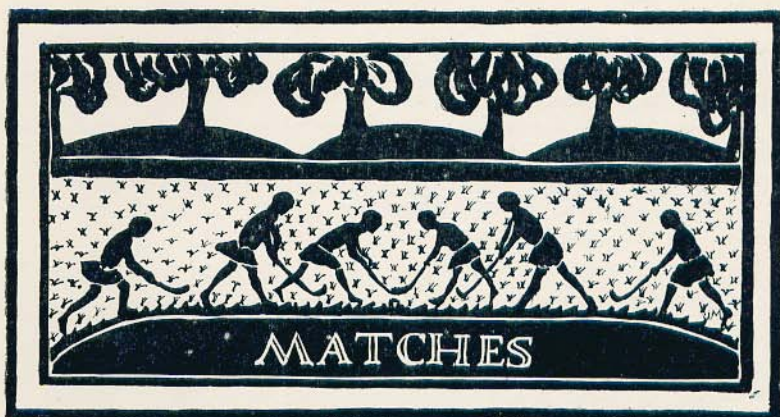
M. WISDOM, Capt.

Miriam Wisdom made an excellent Captain of Hockey as well as Cricket, and it was due to her zeal and hard work that the Hockey 1st and 2nd XI's showed so much improvement. Her play was disappointing during the first half of the season, but it showed better form after Christmas.

D. A. P.

Result Inter-Form Hockey Tournament.

VI		VI			
Up. IV	}		}	VI	
IVa		Va	}		
Va	}				VI
Up. V	}	Up. V	}	Up. V	
Vb	}				
IVb		bye	}		



NETBALL, 1928-29.

At the end of the Spring Term this year, in addition to the Junior House Netball matches, we also had an Inter-Form Netball Tournament among the Junior Forms, which was most interesting both from the spectators' and the players' point of view.

The final match was a very close one between IIIa and IIIb, being won by IIIb by only 2 goals (5—3).

We should like to congratulate Lower I on the plucky fight they put up against IIb and the enjoyment they showed even though they knew they were losing.

Taken as a whole, the weakest part of the play was the shooting, and as these are the Forms from which the Netball Team is drawn, we hope the Juniors will make full use of

the many opportunities they have for practice, so that we shall not find this a drawback next year.

The standard of play in the Junior Netball Team did not reach that of last year's team; however, in spite of the fairly raw material we had to start with, by the end of the season the team as a whole was showing better combination and more initiative, and we hope that next season some of them will be able to use their hard-won experience to help us again.

Goal Defender.—E. Frost. Made a good beginning and shows promise of being a good player. Marking good.

Defence.—K. Cawte. Marking and combination good. Kyra must improve her jumping and catching.

Defending Centre.—K. Edwards. Marks well, but passing is often too hurried and erratic.

Centre.—G. Jones (Captain). Good. Greta was quick and showed initiative, and kept her team well together.

Attacking Centre.—J. Garrett. A quick, reliable player, passing and interception good.

Attack.—B. Page Wood. Shooting fair, but Betty often lost opportunities by not getting into the circle quickly enough.

Shooter.—M. Kiss. Shooting good. Marjorie is quick in the circle and combined well with attack.

K. C.

TENNIS. SUMMER, 1928, AND WINTER, 1928-9.

It may have been due to the new rackets, or to the fine weather, but whichever was the case, the School in general was much more enthusiastic last season. The courts were used at every available opportunity. The results of the matches were not very encouraging, but we hope to be more fortunate this year.

Although Tennis throughout the School is not of as high a standard yet as we would wish, we feel on the whole it is improving, and should continue to do so as long as we realise that, to make the time spent on the courts of any use, all our speed and energy must be used to develop quick foot-work and hard driving.

During the winter a Tennis "20" was formed by Miss Preedy; anyone outside this group could challenge and by winning her match take her opponent's place in the "20."

Owing to the bad weather there was not much opportunity for practice, but even the small amount we had made a difference to those players at the beginning of this season.

and formed a nucleus from which to draw the team, while also providing a standard to which other ambitious people might attain.

TENNIS VI.

1st Couple.—M. Wisdom and M. Jones. Promising players, but inclined to be over anxious during matches. They both developed quite good style, and we feel that Miriam, who is our Captain again this year, should do well.

2nd Couple.—M. Sheryer and J. Jackson. M. Sheryer A quick and reliable player, except in her service, which was not up to the standard of the rest of her game. Her net play improved very much during the season. J. Jackson. Had a good forehand drive, but her play on the whole was rather erratic.

3rd Couple.—M. Alexander and J. Mitchell. M. Alexander. A promising and fairly steady player, who should do well when she develops a stronger drive. J. Mitchell. A quick, steady and reliable player who shows great promise.

K. C.

SCORERS I HAVE KNOWN.

The long time of a cricket match, with some periods of it inevitably slow and uneventful, gives the scorer plenty of time unconsciously to display essential characteristics.

There was my talkative friend. Talkative one may be off the cricket field; but an endeavour to keep up a sprightly conversation while scoring is fatal. It spoils one's own scoring and wears out the patience of one's fellow scorer. This particular one occupied her time in giving me information concerning the intimate friendships of her team. Her conversation (or rather monologue) ran rather like this: "You see that girl with the fair plait? Well she and the dark one—is that the 4th or 5th ball?—that went in first—lend me a rubber please—they've been friends since the third form, but they had an awful row last year—there, she's out. Is that the second ball of the over? (as a matter of fact it was the 5th)—but they've made it up since"—and so on. The French essay they had had the week before—her exam. time-table, how long she took over her home-work, how long she had had her hair shingled—I had it all. There were moments during that match when I would quite cheerfully have wrung her neck. The art of polite conversation, like other arts, can be over-cultivated.

Then there was the benign one. She adopted a motherly sort of air towards her team, and sat, with folded arms, smiling on all the world, and hoping "so much" that so-and-so would do well to-day. She occasionally gave encouraging little chirrupings of approval and looked to me for agreement. When I tentatively said "Yes, it was ripping. That was the fifth ball, wasn't it?" She would say, "Dear me, was it? I haven't got anything down for this over yet. What have the others been?" While she was copying them down, of course, another ball was bowled, and it all got very complicated, but her mood of complacent happiness was never stirred. I am afraid mine was.

There was another one who hadn't trained her friends properly. They kept dancing up during the match, breathing heavily down our necks and counting up the score (out loud) and remaining to discuss various little points which had nothing whatsoever to do with cricket.

So if anyone who reads this is entertaining any idea of ever being a scorer, for the sake of your scoring and of your companions' temper, attend to a few of these little points. When you find her rather monosyllabic in her answers, and when she keeps interrupting your intelligent remarks about how hot it is with a "Have you got that ball down?" don't immediately blame her and decide that her brusqueness and irritation are really deplorable. First try keeping quiet and getting on with what you are there for, and you will quite probably find after the match that she can talk quite as much and as fast as you can, and is perfectly willing to do so—after the match.

A SCORER.



GIRL GUIDES, 1928-1928.

Patrol Leaders:—P. Knemeyer, K. Atkins, B. Summerfield, F. Anderson, N. Jacob, J. Mitchell, E. Bissett, L. Platts and K. Roles.

The time has come round again to record the doing of Sydenham II, during the past year. The Company at the beginning of the year had grown exceptionally large, some of the patrols containing as many as ten and eleven members. In November everyone except the leaders and seconds drew lots, and the surplus members of each patrol formed a new patrol, which chose the name Kingfisher. The experiment has proved very successful.

Last July we had a Reunion of old Guides to which the staff and VIa were also invited. We had tea and supper in the glade. Dorothy Clark, with the help of the leaders, produced a gipsy play, which caused much amusement.

For the first week of the summer holidays a number of us, together with some of Forest Hill VI, went to camp in Sussex; in spite of the rain, the week proved very enjoyable and the site has been booked again for this year.

The first event of the new session was the District Swimming Gala held at Forest Hill Baths, at which the Company competed. We lost the shield, which we have held for two years, to Sydenham I.

The greatest event of the Autumn Term, of course, was the Christmas Party, during which Miss Corbett gallantly rescued from the fish-pond a little white dog, whom she christened Chaucer. Chaucer is very happy with his new mistress and often attends school functions.

We came back at the beginning of the Spring Term to hear that Miss Dawson would not be at School at all that Term. Our hearty thanks are due to Miss Preedy and Miss Chrystal, who carried on in her absence with untiring zeal and energy.

The first day of this term we welcomed Miss Dawson back with great ceremony. We decked her with a floral garland and crown until she looked more like a May Queen than a returned chief. We are now looking forward to going to camp.

Our thanks are due to Miss Dawson and our other officers for the help they have given us this year, and to Miss Cook, who so kindly keeps the accounts for us.

KATHLEEN M. ROLES, VIA.



Many of our Company and some of the 6th Forest Hill spent a most enjoyable week in camp at Pickwell, near Haywards Heath, Sussex. We set off on July 31st in high spirits which the rain tried hard to dampen at intervals. Finding its efforts unsuccessful, however, it at last gave way to a week-end of beautiful weather.

The camp site itself was glorious, affording a wonderful view of the Downs. One of the chief attractions (as far as the Guides were concerned) was the well from which we drew all our water.

Our programme was very varied from day to day. Each patrol had its special duties to perform and when these were done we rambled and tracked, sometimes going into Bolney or Cuckfield for provisions. One day each Patrol cooked its own dinner; another evening we had a grand Variety Concert in which each tent took part.

Besides our own three officers we also had the pleasure of having Miss Dawson's sister with us, who nobly looked after our money matters and also helped us greatly in our nature rambles. We would like to thank them all for the splendid time they gave us.

F. ANDERSON, UP. V.

THE LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY.

The Literary and Debating Society this year has attracted a small but regular attendance. The plays chosen for reading have been various in type and subject. Among the dramatists selected were Arnold Bennett, Sean O'Casey, Barrie, Synge and the ever-popular Shaw. The debates were equally broad in scope; social, political and literary problems were discussed with enthusiasm. Much latent idealism came to the surface in a debate on the advantages of modern civilisation, and many new ideas were put forward

in discussing the functions of the Monarchy. It must be owned, however, that efficiency in the art of repartee did not reach its highest level till the jumble debate with which we celebrated the end of the Christmas Term. Members became positively inspired on the question of whether it was more desirable that it should rain cats or dogs; though the climax was not reached till the alleged preference of gentlemen for blondes came up for debate. On the whole members have been enterprising and interested, although we could have wished for a larger attendance. DAPHNE NICOL, Secretary

THE GARDENS, MAY 1929.

The system employed, last year, for the working of the Botanic Gardens and Rockeries, was so successful that we are continuing along the same lines. The Senior Forms show great aptitude for organising and before the Summer Term was a week old, "Gardening Lists" were drawn up by the Head Gardeners in those Forms, giving the names of girls willing to work in the Gardens for one dinner interval each week. These lists included the majority of the Form, divided into five sets, each set always working on the same day in each week.

As the lists include a great many girls who do not study Botany, it is advisable to explain the arrangement of the Botanical Section of the Gardens. Most of the beds contain *Dicotyledons*, plants with net-veined foliage leaves and with floral leaves arranged in whorls of four or five leaves. *Dicotyledons* are divided into two large sections: *Archichlamydeæ* including plants with free petals, and *Sympetalæ* including plants with joined petals. One large bed, however, is devoted to *Monocotyledons*, plants with parallel-veined foliage leaves, and floral leaves in whorls of three.

There is also a small *Ecological Section* round and including the pond. One part has sandy, another peaty, and the third clayey soil. The object of this part of the Gardens is to have growing side by side *Hydrophytes* (water plants), *Xerophytes* (plants which require little water) and *Mesophytes* (the great majority of which require a moderate amount of water), and also to note the adaptability of the same species of plant to the different soils.

Each Form has two or three gardens of different types, so that practically any plant which a member of a Form brings can be placed in one of these and be labelled with its generic name and family, if not with its specific name as well.

G. A.

THE SCIENCE CLUB.

This year the Club decided that there should not be a series of papers as in former years, but that fewer papers should be read and that they should be quite disconnected. This produced the desired result of making the papers more simple and intelligible to all. A full list of the papers is given below.

The Manufacture of Artificial Silk—VIa, E. Sheppard.
Photography (two papers)—VIb, E. Widdowson, V. Rousseau.

Colour—Va, M. Warden.

The Progress of Science—Vb, V. Westwater.

Sir Isaac Newton—Up. IV, L. Walter, N. Beams.

The Beginnings of Biology—IVa, H. Wilkins.

The Solar System—Miss Leslie.

Hospitals.—E. Gotts, E. Allen, M. Prout.

The paper on the Solar System was very interesting indeed and Miss Leslie had managed to procure some lantern slides which were shown by Miss Lloyd and Miss Essame.

All the meetings were quite well attended, especially that devoted to Hospitals. This was of special interest as papers were read by two of our "old girls," who are now engaged in hospital work. Enid Gotts sent a most interesting paper on "Massage and Medical Gymnastics" and Ella Allen could not have had a more interesting subject, for she is now working in the radium department of St. Bartholemew's hospital. Dr. Mona Prout, another "old girl" who is on the staff at the Royal Free Hospital, was able to come down, and answered questions about the general work of the hospitals.

The last meeting of the year took the form of a "scientific social" which was very much enjoyed. There were competitions such as judging lengths, judging the number of splints in a bundle, finding faults in apparatus incorrectly set up, and others. We also tried an experiment in psychology. A very short drama lasting only about thirty seconds was staged and then everybody was asked to write an exact account of what happened. Some reports were astonishingly good, but the weakest were very inaccurate.

Our thanks are due to Miss Webb and other members of the staff who have helped us throughout the year, and to the students, Miss Leslie, Miss Lloyd and Miss Essame who have shown great interest in the Club and who first suggested to us the idea of a "scientific social."

E. SHEPPARD, VIA.

THE GYM. DISPLAY, 1928.

"I'm sure I shall feel too tired to run to-night"; "My arms will positively refuse to do the exercises, they're so stiff!"

Such remarks were overheard on all sides on the morning of July 25th after the final rehearsal for the Gym. and Dancing Display. And, in truth, we had practised so strenuously for a fortnight before this date, that, though our enthusiasm was damped by fatigue, we were as perfect in our drilling as reiterated commands by anxious gym-mistresses could make us.

It is surprising, however, how quickly excitement dispels "that tired feeling." By 6.45 p.m. every ache had gone and we were all eagerly waiting for the display to begin.

Punctually at 7 o'clock the junior school marched on to the field, seemingly from nowhere, and delighted the crowd of parents and friends assembled round the "arena" with their rhythmical free exercises and neat apparatus work.

The country, sword and Scotch dancing that followed was accompanied by the School Orchestra which played very well, considering this was its first public performance since its recent formation.

The Middle and Upper School were enthusiastically applauded after their respective displays, and the figure marching by the Upper School was also very popular.

Perhaps the two most interesting items of the evening were the Junior and Senior Inter-House Team Races. The whole school was present for these and shouted itself hoarse in support of different houses. They may have helped the other teams, but in ours, at any rate, it provoked nervousness; and our trembling hands could *not* secure the straps of the cricket pads, nor "flip" the hockey ball into the waste-paper basket!

The display had a jolly ending in Sellenger's round, in which every girl joined. There were seven concentric circles of girls, and several spectators regretted that they were not in an airplane overhead, from which the best view of the dance could have been obtained.

This is the third annual display that has been held on the cricket field, and they have all been so successful that we hope the event will be repeated for many years to come.

L. BROOME, VIC.

THE UNION OF GIRLS' SCHOOLS.

During the Easter Holidays, some girls from the Sixth Form attended the Social Service Work of the U.G.S. which was conducted by Miss E. Ramsay, B.A. Each day we met at the Settlement and then we started off in sections to pay our visits. First we went to the departments of the U.G.S. work, including the Welfare Centre and Playing Field. The next visits were to the L.C.C. institutes and various girls' clubs. Different types of schools were also visited; open-air schools, and those for the physically defective, the blind and the deaf. Besides this, some of us went to factories and others to the School for the Training of the Blind.

The last day was spent as a charabanc expedition; we drove through Limehouse, Chinatown and Millwall Docks, and went to Mansfield House Settlement where we saw the Model Cottage. In the afternoon we visited Dr. Barnardo's Village for Girls at Barkingside, which has the appearance of a delightfully tidy suburban garden city, complete with proper roads and lamp-posts! There is complete family life in the village; each cottage has its "mother" and "family," and everyone seems to be very happy. We went over nearly all the principal buildings, including the Church, hospital, library, laundry, and the various work-rooms.

From these visits we learned much about social conditions, which has made us feel that something must be done to improve the conditions of society.

NONA STEVENS, VIB.

A READING BY MR. JOHN DRINKWATER.

On Thursday, November 22nd, Miss Drury and Miss Essame took a party of girls from IIa and Upper II to London to hear Mr. John Drinkwater read his new book of poems.

When we got there we all felt very excited. The poems were to be read in the children's room at Messrs. Bumpus's book-shop.

We listened at first to a Mr. Wilson, who told us a little about Mr. Drinkwater and his poems. Then Mr. John Drinkwater stood up and told us about the making of poetry. He said that it was a thing about which no one could make hard and fast rules. He then told us to whom the book was dedicated and how it was named. It was dedicated to Sally Sopkins and Little John. One day Mr. Drinkwater was reading his new poems to Wilfred Wilson Gibson's daughter

when she exclaimed, "Why, that's all about me!" and so the book was called "All about Me!"

John was there, and we saw him, but Sally Sopkins was in bed with a cold.

The book was divided into four parts. The poems were very interesting, one in particular. It was called, "Exchanging." It was about a little girl who always gave away the best silver paper and kept the worst. Most of the poems, when I thought about them, had a moral behind them, one or two especially.

When he had finished, Mr. Drinkwater said that he was willing to sign autographs.

Miss Drury fortunately had a copy of the book with her and Mr. Drinkwater signed it. One little girl bought the book Mr. Drinkwater had used to read out of.

All of us enjoyed it very much. We also felt very thankful to Miss Drury and Miss Essame, because we were the first party of 2nds to be taken for an outing.

J. MACKIE, UP. II.

CONCERT, MAY 14th, 1929.—PROGRAMME.

(1) Orchestral Selection:

- (a) Gavotte - - - - - *J. B. Lully*
 (b) Minuet - - - - - *T. A. Arne*

(2) Three-part Song:

- The Snow - - - - - *Elgar*
 (UP. V & Va)

(3) Pianoforte Soli:

- Scherzo in A - - - - - *Hummel*
 (JEAN BELL, UP. II.)
 Waltz - - - - - *Beethoven*
 (EILEEN FIELDING, UP. III.)

(4) Three-part Song:

- The Witches' Steeds - - - - - *W. H. Harris*
 (CHOIR.)

(5) Pianoforte Solo:

- Sonata Op. 67 (1st Movement) - - - *Beethoven*
 (PENELOPE DYER, UP. V.)

(6) Orchestral Selection:

- Solemn Melody - - - - - *Walford Davies*

(7) Songs:

- The Child and the Twilight - - - - *Parry*
 Lindon Lea - - - - - *arr. Vaughan*
 (MISS PHILLIPS.)

Encore—Somerset Folk Song.

- (8) Violin Solo:
 Minuet and Trio - - - - *Beethoven*
 (JOAN WELLER, IIA.)
- (9) Pianoforte Solo:
 Prelude from Holberg Suite - - - *Grieg*
 (DOROTHY COLLINS, VIA.)
- (10) Two-part Song:
 Thou Crownest the Year - - - - *Bach*
 (CHOIR.)
- (11) Pianoforte Duet:
 Allegro from String Trio No. III - - *Hadyn*
 (DIANA MOIR, UP. V and MISS E. M. BALLARD.)
 God Save the King.
- Accompanists*:—Margot Johnson, VIB, Beatrice Hayes,
 Up. V, Isobel Watts, Va.

OUR ELECTION.

On the afternoon of May 30th, when part of the School was given up to the Electors of the district, we held a miniature election of our own. A candidate was put up by each of the three parties, and party-meetings were held in various "committee rooms" during the course of the afternoon. Voting took place at 3 o'clock. Below is an outline of these events from each party.

THE LIBERAL CAMPAIGN.

For about a fortnight before the Election day, the Liberal Cause was displayed before the electorate of the Sydenham Secondary division of Lewisham on striking posters, kindly supplied by the West Lewisham Liberal Association.

At 1.30 p.m. on Thursday, May 30th, the whole electorate assembled in the Hall to hear the views of the three candidates. Miss Eileen Worthy, the Liberal candidate, gave an arresting exposition of Liberal Principles. Party meetings were then held in separate rooms, the Liberals holding theirs in the Botany Lab. Various supporters addressed the meeting on Unemployment, Housing, Free Trade, Disarmament and Foreign Policy. At 2.20 Eileen Worthy made her final eve-of-the-poll appeal.

The Poll opened at 3 o'clock. In the straight count we polled 82 votes as against the Conservatives' 112 and the Labour's 57. By proportional representation, we polled 119 as against Conservative's 121.

EDNA STAINES, VIB.

THE LABOUR MEETING.

The Labour Party was represented at our mock Election by Mildred Bell. She described and justified the policy of the Party in a clear and convincing speech. Other speakers developed in greater detail Labour's Educational and Industrial policy; the meaning of Nationalization and the general principles of Labour. Feeling ran very high among those who attended, and no vague generalization or ambiguous statement was allowed to pass unquestioned. We could have wished, however, that our audience had come to the meeting with minds open to conviction, and that the criticism had been more thoughtful and constructive than was the case.

DAPHNE NICOL, VIA.

THE CONSERVATIVE MEETING.

The Conservative meeting was held in the Art Room after the three candidates had spoken in the Hall. Our candidate was Margot Johnson, chairman Nora Beeney, and speakers Hilda Cox, Joan Humphries and Diana Moir.

The meeting began with a speech on "Unemployment" by Joan Humphries. This did not cause any heckling as there were only Conservatives in the room at this stage of the election. However, a flood of Labourites and Liberals soon came in, having heard the first speeches at their own meetings, and Margot Johnson began to speak on the programme and achievements of her Party.

The meeting finished with a speech by Hilda Cox on "Education," and the voting took place. The Conservatives had undoubtedly won over many waverers, for our candidate was triumphant.

J. HUMPHRIES, VIB.

COLLECTIONS.

Summer Term, 1928.

	£	s.	d.
Royal Free Hospital	2	2	0
Walworth Sunlight Clinic	7	2	9
Pearson's Fresh Air Fund	7	2	9
Heritage Craft Schools	12	10	0
Queen's Hospital	12	10	0

Autumn Term, 1928.

Coalfields Distress Committee	11	0	0
Save-the-Children Fund	12	10	0
Sunshine Homes for Blind Babies	5	0	0
Heritage Craft Schools	12	10	0
Queen's Hospital	12	10	0

Spring Term, 1929.

				£	s.	d.
Heritage Craft Schools	12	10	0
Queen's Hospital	12	10	0
				<hr/>		
				£119	17	6
				<hr/>		

THE OLD GIRLS' ASSOCIATION.

The Old Girls' meetings are still as flourishing as ever, but we should rather like to see a few more of the older faces with us. We know that new interests and ties come with the years, but it would be very nice to see some of the old ones back again. Girls just leaving School are very enthusiastic and turn up in full force and we are very glad to see them.

It is still a fact that not ten per cent. of the invitations sent out are answered, and the Secretaries are left to cater for whatever number they think fit. The glorious dream of the future—when, at least, all girls who wish to attend meetings answer to that effect—I suppose will never be realised!

The meetings of last year were very successful. As usual, the year began with the November Annual Business Meeting, and although it may be rather dull, it is a necessity. The noise in the Dining Room and later, in the Hall, made up for the silence imposed during the business part of the meeting. There is no doubt that the chief reason for girls coming to the meetings is to talk and I think that most of us do so rather thoroughly. A short entertainment followed supper and then dancing and conversation. The time for "Heroes" came all too soon.

At the March meeting the Old Girls' Gymnastic Club gave a display, and a very good one it was. We all appreciated the smartness of the girls, and I expect that to most of us it brought back memories of our own poor efforts. The rest of the evening was spent in dancing and conversation.

A tennis tournament will be arranged for the July meeting. I think that perhaps the Summer meeting is the one most enjoyed, especially when the weather permits our having supper on the grass. The garden is such a jolly place in which to roam and is full of new delights; and there is always the tennis to watch.

E. J.

N.B.—We have been asked to remind members that the three annual meetings of the Association take place on days which have been permanently fixed: The 2nd Friday in November, the 1st Friday in March, and the 2nd Friday in July.

OLD GIRLS' SPORTS CLUB.

NETBALL.

The Netball Club suffered a partial eclipse during the past season, somewhat falling from their standard of the previous two or three years. The reason is a mystery, but it can certainly be said that in spite of defeats the games played were exceedingly enjoyable.

The 1st Team played 10 League matches, of which it won 7 and lost 3, and 10 Friendly matches, winning 3, losing 6 and drawing 1. The 2nd Team won 6 League matches and lost 2, and out of 10 Friendly matches won 8, lost 1 and drew 1.

In addition to the foregoing, the 1st Team was invited by Boro' Polytechnic to play an indoor exhibition match as an event in their gym. display on the 23rd March. On that evening, accordingly, our 1st Team were butchered to make a Boro' holiday and emerged the losers by 29 goals to 31, having certainly helped to give the spectators an exhibition of Netball!

Through not winning every League game, neither of our teams came out top of the South-East Section of the London Old Girls' Netball League as in previous years since the League was formed, but we are hoping to win back this place next season.

The teams at the end of the season were as follows:—

1ST TEAM.	2ND TEAM.
G.D.—R. Kerridge	G.D.—M. Richards
D.—W. Davis	D.—W. Denton
D.C.—M. Curtis	D.C.—C. Matthews
C.—D. Harwood	C.—L. Boyd
A.C.—G. Hampton	A.C.—E. Fussell
A.—M. Kimble	A.—E. Waghorn
Q.S.—G. Reynolds	G.S.—M. Matthews.

An event which should certainly be placed on record is the arrival of a son to Freda Vickers (formerly Freda Richards), thereby transforming all the members of the Club into Aunts.

In May of 1928 the Club held a dance at St. Saviour's Hall, Brockley Rise. This was a very happy affair, and showed, financially, neither gain or loss to the Club, which was the result desired.

GYMNASTIC CLASS.

Miss Sarson again gave us a very enjoyable season and the classes were well attended. A display was given at the Old Girls' Meeting in March.

D. H. H.

Applications for membership of the Netball Club or Gym. Class should be made to D. H. Harwood, 39, Stillness Road, S.E. 23.

OLD GIRLS' HOCKEY CLUB.

The Club has had a successful season, since two-thirds of the matches have resulted in wins. The total number of goals scored during the season was 57 as against 27 scored by opponents.

As it is the ambition of the members of the Club to run an additional team, new members will be welcome. These should apply to F. Upton, Hon. Secretary, 68, Landcroft Road, S.E.22.

E. AXFORD, Captain.

OLD GIRLS' OPERATIC SOCIETY.

The opera produced by the Society on February 2nd, 8th and 9th, 1919, "The Golden Rover," was especially interesting as it had been written and composed by Edith Newlyn (Mrs. Grist). Unfortunately our show was given during the influenza epidemic and the attendance on the first night was poor. However, on the last night the hall was packed, and the opera was thoroughly enjoyed by all. As a result of these performances we were able to send £30 to the South Eastern Hospital in support of our cot and £16 1s. 0d. to St. John's Hospital, Lewisham. Two extra performances were given; one at St. Barnabas Hall in aid of the funds of the Heber Road Girls' School, and the other at the Gordon Road Workhouse, Peckham.

Since then Edith Newlyn has relinquished her post as Stage Manager which she had held since the formation of the Society in 1920. We look forward to the time when we can welcome her back and hope that she will now enjoy a well-earned rest. Meanwhile, we welcome Doris Harwood as our new Stage Manager and hope that the Society will achieve still further success.

L. GESSEY.

NEWS OF OLD GIRLS.

College Entrants, 1928.

Somerville College, Oxford.—C. Barnaby.
 Bedford College, London.—G. Glock, M. Harris.
 Manchester University.—A. Green.
 Furzedown Training College.—D. Clark.

Royal College of Art.—K. Cathcart.
Chelsea Art School.—C. Hall.

Successes.

Mona Prout, M.D. (London).
P. Marsh, B.Sc. Honours, Gen. (London). Class I.
J. Chipperfield, B.A. (London). French, Class I (1st place).
K. Vine, 1928 Historical Tripos, Part 1, Class II. 1929 Historical Tripos, Part 2, Class II.
M. Collet-Brown, A.R.C.S. and B.Sc. (Chem. III).
E. Bone, Final Honours School of History (Oxford) III.
G. Barker, 1928, Top of painting school, R.C.A. 1929, one of three finalists for Prix de Rome in painting. Picture bought by the Chantry Bequest for the Tate Gallery.
M. Gibson, C.S. Executive Class (one of the 28 women successful in the first examination of this grade open to women).

Appointments, Etc.

Hilda Green, M.A.—Assistant Lecturer in English at the Royal Holloway College.

Mona Prout, M.D.—House Physician at the Elizabeth Garrett Anderson Hospital.

Hilda Ling, B.A.—Assistant Mistress, Bridport Grammar School.

Elsie Widdowson, B.Sc.—Temporary Research Post at the Royal College of Science.

Marjorie Vine, B.Sc.—Analytical Chemist at Messrs Lyons' Laboratories at Cadby Hall.

Ella Allen.—Radium Dept., St. Bartholomew's Hospital.

Connie Parr, B.A.—English Mistress in Ladies' College, Colombo, Ceylon.

Ada Console, B.A.—French and Music Mistress at Berwick-on-Tweed High School.

Ethel Denham.—Assistant Mistress at Scarsdale Road School, Camberwell.

Edith Forman.—Assistant Mistress at Paragon School, Camberwell.

Irene Wisdom.—Teacher of Domestic Subjects in Priory Road Special School, Wandsworth.

E. Bone, B.A.—History Mistress at Cliftonville College for Girls.

Winnie Marsh, B.Sc.—Science Mistress in a new Central School at Litherland, Liverpool.

Kathleen Vine.—History Mistress, Holly Lodge High School, Birmingham.

Greta Barker, A.R.C.A.—Art Mistress at King's Norton Secondary School, Birmingham.

Dorothy Burgess.—Assistant Mistress at Coles Road School, Peckham.

Mary Emden.—Assistant Mistress at Winterbourne Road School, Croydon.

Winifred Barker.—Assistant Mistress at All Saints', Peckham.

Gwen Barkham.—Appointment under Birmingham Education Committee.

Miriam Bone.—On the L.C.C. list of first appointments.

Maud Knife.—L.C.C. Clerkship.

Grace McNeill.—Appointment under Leeds Education Committee.

Enid Dennis.—Civil Service Writing Assistant.

Lily Tapsall.—Civil Service Writing Assistant.

Lily Jenks.—Clerk in the Burma Oil Co.

Freda Cripps.—Royal London Insurance Co.

This year sees the "Coming of Age" of the Scout Movement and also the "Coming Out" of the Guide Movement. In view of this it may be of interest to know of Old Girls connected with either of the movements as officers.

Kathleen Baldwin.—Captain 2nd Forest Hill (St. George's).

Doris Wood.—Captain, Sydenham.

Freda Spooner.—Captain 1st Forest Hill (St. Saviour's).

Winnie Bishop.—Lieutenant 1st Forest Hill (St. Saviour's).

Marjorie Martin.—Lieutenant 4th Forest Hill (Christ Church).

Sadie Barmes.—Captain of the only Jewish Company in South East London.

Muriel Eyre.—Cub Mistress of an Eltham Pack.

Other News.

Hilda Clements.—Shorthand Typist, Sea Insurance Co.

Marjorie Davey.—Typist, London & Lancashire Insurance Co.

Mabel Holding.—Shorthand Typist, New Zealand Press Agency.

Audrey Moore and Doris Tutt.—Are now both at Harrison and Crosfield's; Audrey as a shorthand Typist and Doris as a Filing Clerk.

Muriel Richards.—Shorthand Typist, etc., with a firm of architects and surveyors.

Gladys Jones.—Westminster Bank, Bishopsgate.

Mollie Grove.—Is in a Belgian Bank.

Grace Lawson.—Is in Barclay's Bank (Foreign Department).

Lorna Thompson.—Has given up nursing owing to rheumatism. She is now Junior House Mistress and Head-Mistress's Secretary at Stonor House, Sandwich.

Queenie Lipsham.—Has won the First Prize (£10) for Advanced Stage French awarded to Evening Institute Students.

Mollie Sides.—Has begun her training as a nurse at Charing Cross Hospital.

Doris Cox (née Bersey).—Trained at Battersea Polytechnic and obtained 1st Class Diploma in Domestic Science. Married in 1922 to Stanley Cox, B.Sc., and now lives at Acton.

Leila Halstead (née Bersey).—Married in 1920 to Dr. Halstead. Has a daughter, Christine, aged 8, and lives at Ramsgate.

Gwen Wallas (née Wallas).—Trained at Battersea Physical Training College. Married her cousin and has one son, and when last heard of was living in Australia.

Olive Sutton Lee (née Jones).—Married in 1924 and has one daughter.

Elsie Edwards (née Tharp).—Assistant Mistress at Carlton Road Infants' School. Runs a private dancing practice in her free time.

Elsie Scott (née Griggs).—Assistant Mistress at St. Michael's School, Sydenham. Has recently obtained her Diploma in English Language and Literature. Has one daughter, Enid.

Dollie Thomas (née Green).—Lives at Swansea and has two sons.

Margaret Bryan, B.A. (Hons. in History).—Has an appointment in the Civil Service.

May Herrington.—Headmistress of a school at Anerley or Norwood.

Jean Siddall.—Assistant Mistress at Kilmorie Road Girls' School.

Una Rutter.—Assistant Mistress at Richard Street Girls' School. Obtained her English Diploma at the same time as Elsie Scott.

Grace Smith.—Has an appointment on the major staff at County Hall.

Lily Harrison.—Assistant Mistress at Brixton Central School.

Marjorie Matthews.—Trained at Chelsea Physical Training College. Assistant Organising Inspector for Physical Education under the L.C.C.

Irene Spencer.—Assistant Mistress at Bethnal Green.

Marriages.

Edwina Kelly to Dennis Smith, September, 1928.

Constance Booer to L. G. Harrison, September, 1928.

Mollie Inglis to —. Howard, March, 1929.

Dorothy Harris to Philip H. Pimlott, September, 1928.

Peggy Eales to Douglas O. Richards, M.B., B.Sc., September, 1928.

Births.

To Margaret Holder (née Candy)—a son, July, 1928.

To Vera Knight (née Back)—a daughter, June, 1928.

To Kathleen Davey (née Quartermann)—a son, January, 1929.

To Doris Watson (née Lumley)—a son, April, 1929.

Hotel Ansonia,
Pietermaritzburg,
Natal,
October 23rd, 1928.

Dear Miss Turner,

You suggested that readers of the School Magazine might be interested to read of the impressions made by S. Africa on an Old Sydenhamite who is spending a year in Natal under the Interchange Scheme for Teachers; so I will do my best, but trust that you will cut out what appears to be superfluous, or, if necessary for the maintenance of the high standard of literature published in the Magazine, consign the entire letter that follows to the waste paper basket.

Strange though it may sound, for the first time in my life I've realised my nationality. Out here, amongst Zulus, Dutch and Indians one can't get away from the differences of race. We people at home do not realise the advantages we have over those living in more sparsely populated parts of the world: for example, here books are difficult to procure, both lesson books and fiction, but especially the former. The

class that I teach is ordered one Reader for the year, and this the pupils are obliged to read over and over again, and many of the children, I feel sure, never read another book during the twelve months. There is no free-library for either adults or children, which makes a great difference to the general knowledge acquired by the youngsters.

I had imagined that once in Natal I should be warm for evermore. Not so, for though the days, even in the winter time, are hot, yet the buildings here are so constructed that they get very little sunshine in the rooms, the result being that within doors 'tis icy. Very few of the schools or houses have any warming apparatus. Many a day I have kept my outdoor coat on from morning to night. This, of course, would not be so if one could lead an out-door life.

The scenery throughout Natal is beautiful. The Drakensberg Mountains are a real feast to the eyes of the beholder, so grand and impressive. They form a gigantic jagged wall shutting Natal in on her Western side. From the top of the Berg one can look towards the interior of Africa and see miles and miles of un-peopled, uncultivated lands. There is a most beautiful spot about twenty miles out of Pietermaritzburg called The Valley of a Thousand Hills. The name alone tells the wonder of the valley so I need say no more. During the winter time there is no rain at all; the whole countryside grows parched and covered with dust. At this season the farmers set fire to all their grass-land, this being considered the best way of keeping such wide stretches of veld-land in good condition. These fires are a wonderful sight at night; bands of fire creep up and down the hillside; not a flaring mass but a great snake of fire moving along sideways. By the end of July the entire country is burnt brown. You can't imagine how eagerly we wait for the rains which are due in September and oh, the joy to see these veld-lands turn from brown to green! The change of colour seems to take place all in one night. Then a few days after the veld has turned green, there spring up the most wonderful flowers—lily-flowers chiefly—of the most glorious reds and oranges. I have seen, also, arum lilies growing quite wild up in the forest on the hillside. The natives pick them and carry enormous bundles of them on their heads to be sold in the markets. During July I spent two weeks among the mountains camping. For three days we left our main camp and journeyed to a smaller camp about 9,000ft. up, and here we dwelt amongst the bush with no tent at all, sleeping with the starlit sky for our canopy. Sleeping out in the open is

possible all the winter months; only one must be sure to take plenty of coverings, as it gets cold immediately the sun goes down. This occurs at about 5.30 in the winter and 7 o'clock in the summer.

All forms of manual labour are done by the natives; they are a fine race in Natal, chiefly Zulus, and they are as happy as the day is long. They leave their kraals and come into the Towns to work for a few months, and when they've done as much as they feel inclined to do, they down tools and return to their haunts. Their kraals are most beautifully made of a kind of thatch-work. They look like very large bee-hives. All the native women carry their babies tied on their backs in a kind of blanket, they seem very comfortable, for I do not remember ever hearing a native baby cry.

There is one great disadvantage in life out here, and that is the fact that women cannot wander far alone. The natives out here have been spoiled, and this makes it unsafe for women-folk to go right out into the country unaccompanied by man. A woman seldom walks from one part of the town to another unescorted after 8.30 p.m. I found this very irritating at first, but one soon falls in with the customs of the country; still this certainly has a cramping effect on one's independence.

The rate of living out here is somewhat high, owing to the fact that so many of the necessities of civilized life are imported from Europe. Actual foodstuffs which are produced in Natal are, of course, very inexpensive; fruits of all kinds can be purchased for next to nothing in their season; but clothing and glass and chinaware, or anything from a chemist's shop, has a tremendous duty upon it.

There is much more that I could say but I fear it would not be concise enough for a letter for the magazine; but in conclusion I must say to all those who ever have an opportunity to spend a year abroad, seize it, let not the chance slip by; I wouldn't have missed this year for anything, in spite of the fact that there have been many moments when England has seemed very far away. With every good wish to all Sydenhamites.

Yours very sincerely,

AGATHA ALTON.

THE RACHEL McMILLAN NURSERY SCHOOL.

I have been asked to tell you something of my work and school and shall be very pleased to do so, because I think that everyone should know something of this movement.

I am teaching at the Rachel McMillan Open-Air Nursery School at Deptford, where I trained as a student and qualified for the higher Fröbel Teaching Certificate and the Nursery School Certificate.

This School is the pioneer nursery school and was founded by Miss Margaret McMillan and her sister Rachel. They also opened the first school clinic for children. The nursery school serves a twofold purpose. Firstly it is a school for the tiny children of the slums, and secondly it is a training centre for students. There is no provision made for the little child after he has ceased attending Infant Welfare Centres and Baby Clinics, and before he goes to school at the age of five. The nursery school adequately fills this gap. We have roughly three hundred and twenty children in our School, 80 of whom are between the ages of five and fifteen, the rest range from two to five.

The School is divided into six shelters. All these are built with three walls and have sliding doors with glass windows along the fourth side, which in fine weather can be pushed right back. There are covered ways or verandahs outside the shelters in order that the children may play in the open, even in wet weather. Each shelter is fitted with a bathroom containing baths and low handbasins. Every child has his own flannel, towel, toothbrush and brush and comb. The shelters themselves are made bright and cheery with flowers, pictures, nursery friezes, toys, etc. In winter they are heated with gas-fires or closed stoves.

Perhaps the most important feature of the nursery school is the garden. All of us take a great pride in our garden which is planned to meet the needs and natural desires of the children. We have a slide, see-saw, jungle-gym., rib-stalls, low-steps, little huts, jumping boards, and other playground apparatus.

The garden itself is in summer a mass of colour. There are rose walks, flower-beds, lawns, herb gardens, and numerous trees, a sun-dial, pigeon cote, bird bath and greenhouse. We have also pigeons, canaries, love-birds, guinea-pigs, rabbits, hens, and we once possessed a goat, but, sad to relate, she is now dead.

The School opens at seven-thirty for the few whose mothers need to be at work early, but most of the children arrive between eight and nine o'clock. They are first washed and those who need it are bathed. They are dressed in brightly coloured overalls and the little girls wear ribbons. Breakfast is served at nine-fifteen. The children sit at tables

in groups of eight, and each group is waited on by one child representing the mother or father. It is his work to set the table, take round the bread and butter or porridge, clear the table, and see that his children behave as they should. I think you would be surprised to see how well a little three-year-old can do this.

After breakfast the children are busy with different occupations, some dust, some scrub tables and chairs, some are busy with colour-matching, picture or shape-matching, buttoning or lacing frames, etc.

Half-past eleven is dinner-time, which always consists of two courses varying from day to day. Here is a typical dinner:—Meat, potatoes, gravy, grated raw vegetables, toast, suet pudding and treacle. We give cold liver oil and malt to those children who, by the doctor's advice, should have it. Dinner is followed by bed-time. The children sleep from one-and-a-half to two hours in their stretcher-beds and cosy red blankets, but those who do not wake are left to sleep until tea-time.

In the afternoon the children dance and sing to music, play with toys, or sand, blow bubbles, dig in the garden, have dolls' tea parties, and sometimes they even cook. There is tea at 4 o'clock with plenty of brown bread and butter and jam, and milk or cocoa. Parents contribute to the cost of the food and pay according to their means from 1/- to 2/- per week. At a quarter to five the gate is opened and in rush mothers, fathers, brothers, sisters, and the nursery school is over for the day.

Perhaps you would like to know a little of the students' life. We have forty students at present. Some are taking a three years' course and working for the Higher Froëbel Teaching Certificate. Some are working for the Board of Education Teaching Certificate, which is a two years' course. A few are already qualified teachers and even headmistresses, who have come to take a year's special course under the Board of Education, and some come for a year or two years in order to qualify for a Nursery School Certificate. There is no School Certificate necessary for the latter course, but it is needed for all the others. The Students live at present in four hostels, but the money has been raised, the plans drawn and passed for a new college which we hope will be built by next year.

I can assure you it is a work well worth doing. A great future is predicted for Nursery Schools, and Miss McMillan,

as pioneer of the movement, has sent students from Deptford to responsible positions all over the world.

If any of you who are fond of little children would like to know more about the school, write to the Principal, Miss Stevinson, Rachel McMillan Nursery School, Deptford, S.E.8.

HONOR M. EDWARDS.

A HAVEN.

Where the wild waves dash their loudest,
 Throw their spray unto the heavens,
 Where the seagulls scream derision,
 O'er the grassy cliff-tops covered
 With Wild Thyme and scented Heather;
 Where black rocks jut out in bleakness,
 Where the sand is golden yellow,
 There I know a little haven,
 Where I go when tired and restless,
 There I feel contented, peaceful,
 And go back refreshed, and wondering
 At the beauty of the sea-side,
 Thankful for that hour's enjoyment.

B. PIGOT, LOWER I.

PIXIE FROLICS.

Hand in hand we dance around,
 Skipping o'er the grassy mound,
 All among the poppies red,
 Where the fairies go to bed.
 Let us shake the poppy stem,
 Till we wake and frighten them,
 Laughing, skipping, through the glade,
 What a havoc we have made!
 See them lift each sleepy head!
 See their gauzy wings outspread!
 Let us take the mossy road
 Leading back to our abode.

LOWER I.

THE FAIRY'S MARKETING.

(Suggested by Miss R. Fyleman's Poem.)

A fairy went a marketing,
 She bought a pair of wings,
 All moonlight-blue and pearly white,

And clear as crystal springs;
 She fluttered in the Summer air,
 And down the moonbeams flew,
 Then gave them to a dragon-fly,
 Whose wing was pierced right through.

A fairy went a marketing,
 She bought a daffodil;
 She slept alone for many a night,
 Inside its dainty frill.
 She dressed herself in yellow gowns
 To match the dainty flower,
 Then gave it to an elfin waif,
 To make his tiny bower.

A fairy went a marketing,
 She bought a butterfly,
 To carry her from flower to flower,
 Beneath the summer sky;
 An hour she flew round Fairyland,
 Then gave it to an elf,
 Who said he'd fallen from a cloud,
 And hurt his little self.

LOWER I.

THE IRIS.

Where the water gently ripples,
 Through the rushes straight and tall,
 Grows the iris royal and stately,
 Proud, erect above them all.
 Golden crowned and robed in purple,
 She is guarded by a host
 Of warriors valiant, strong and stalwart,
 Swords unsheathed, still at their post.
 Her courtiers are for-get-me-nots,
 Who share with her the lake's cool breeze,
 The peaceful life of the water's edge,
 Under the shade of willow trees.
 Sometimes o'er the gleaming water,
 Darting, quivering dragon flies,
 Skim about her regal presence,
 'Neath the calm of sunset skies.

J. K. PREEDY, IA.

SPRING.

Lovely golden cowslips,
 Treasure trove,
 And the cloudy lilac,
 White and mauve.
 Dancing golden sunbeams
 On the grass,
 While the soft grey shadows
 Sigh and pass.
 Cuckoos in the greenwood,
 Sing their lay
 Ruddy farmboys whistle
 On their way.
 All is warm and music,
 All is bright,
 Till the opal sunset
 And the night.

RHONA ASTBURY, UP. I.

THE PRINCESS OF THE MORNING DEW.

I met at Dawn among the flowers,
 The Princess of the Morning Dew,
 And from her robe she scattered show'rs
 Of diamonds touched with rainbow hue.
 About her brow a violet wreath
 That matched the colour of her eyes,
 And on the lovely face beneath
 A sweet expression calm and wise.
 Her dress like gentle summer rain,
 Was rippling softly in the breeze,
 Then she was hid from view again,
 By silver birch and maple trees.
 So daintily she tripped along,
 I stood amazed to watch her pass;
 The soft wind brought the crystal song
 Of dewdrops falling on the grass.

UPPER I.

THE LAMENT OF THE WAVES.

(Based on the Story of Freyja's Necklace from "The
 Heroes of Asgard.")

Freyja, a fair young Vana was she,
 And she dwelt with Odur right happily,

In Asgard, the home of the God's, lived they,
 Odur and Freyja, the sister of Frey.
 But, "Ah me! Ah me!" did King Ægir sigh,
 "Alas! alas!" did the waves reply.
 For Odur has gone away—away,
 And Odur will never return.

In the cavern of dwarfs, where 'twas dark as night,
 She found a necklace of diamonds bright,
 She fitted it on and hastened back
 To make Odur admire, but "Alack, alack!"
 And "Ah me! Ah me!" did King Ægir sigh,
 "Alas! alas!" did the waves reply,
 For Odur had gone away—away,
 And Odur will never return.

Never again her Odur she'll see,
 Never again will she dance with glee,
 Odur has gone because she was vain,
 And Odur will never return again.
 And "Ah me! Ah me!" did King Ægir sigh,
 "Alas! alas!" did the waves reply.
 For Odur has gone away—away,
 And Odur will never return.

J. KENNARD, UP. I.

SHADOWS.

What a dreamy, shadowy, but beautiful maiden! Her eyes are like stars in a blue velvet sky. Her dress, a spider's silken web, I think; yes a silvery grey, shimmering in the dusk of evening. Her hair is like a beautiful, shadowy, slow-moving river, shimmering as she moves. No sound comes from those light treading feet; but wait, she is fading, fading, gone.

DOROTHY SMITH, UP. I.

DAWN.

She was a tall, shy, young maiden, dressed in a long, flowing, misty, grey and pink robe, glittering with dew-drops. About her head was a crown made of the first ruddy sunbeams that peep at sunrise, her feet were bare. As she passed by, all Nature awoke, birds began to sing and flowers lifted up their heads to her. She was Dawn.

M. HOMEWOOD, UP. I.

COPPER AND GOLD.

Mingled with copper
 A bright splash of gold,
 Laburnum of yellow,
 Beech tree so bold.
 Festoons of yellow,
 Clusters of red,
 Sunshine a-playing
 In boughs o'er my head.
 What a rich glow
 Around I behold,
 Laburnum and beech tree,
 Copper and Gold!

DOREEN OLDROYD, IIA.

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

The Old Year sat on his glistening throne,
 Bending his hoary head,
 His brow was lined, and his eyes were dim,
 For he knew he would soon be dead.
 The bells were about to ring that night,
 Out on that midnight clear,
 When, with a merry tinkling laugh,
 In skipped the little New Year.
 The Old Year made a quick little bow,
 For his breath was going fast,
 The little year gave a laugh and said,
 "I'm king of the world at last."
 The Old Year rose and moved away,
 Shaking his snow white head,
 "You will be king of the world at last,
 And I—I shall be dead."
 The little New Year was about to speak,
 When, on the midnight clear,
 The bells pealed forth and merrily cried,
 "Welcome the little New Year!"

MOLLY SCOTT, IIA.

SHOES TO SELL.

Shoes for sale! Shoes for sale!
 Come and buy my shoes!
 Brown and black,
 Pink and white,

All the shades for your delight,
Come and buy my shoes.

Ladies' shoes, fairies' shoes,
Shoes to walk the town in.

Blue and red,

Mauve and brown,

All to match your lady's gown,

Come and buy my shoes.

ENID SAYLE, IIA.

SCHOOL AS IT IS NOT.

Sometimes in my very wildest dreams I picture Sydenham as a boarding school. How nice it would be to have study teas round a roaring fire, everyone telling gruesome ghost stories.

Of course, the dormitories would be a great source of fun and amusement. There would be pillow fights after lights out, and midnight excursions into the grounds for adventures.

What fun it would be tracking ghosts and unravelling mysteries round a certain girl, and finding treasure behind secret panels! Burglaries of silver cups and medals, would, of course, take place every night, and certain heroic maidens would track them without the slightest difficulty. The above things would be sure to happen, or it would not be a proper boarding school according to books.

Then the crocodiles! How jolly they would be with a mistress in front and behind. Then, of course, there would be Botanical and Geological expeditions, and they must always end by someone falling over a cliff or somewhere, and a much disliked girl rescuing her and becoming the heroine of the school for ever after.

Such things are all taken as a matter of course and no one dares to think differently about a boarding school, and if Sydenham did become a boarding school, why, all these things would be bound to happen!

BETTY ANDREWS, IIA.

THE DANDELION.

'Twas on a pleasant summer's day,

A field I chanced to pass;

And saw a pretty maiden

A-dancing in the grass.

Her hair was of a golden hue,
 Her dress of brightest green;
 She looked as happy and as gay
 As if she were a queen.
 When eventide was falling,
 I passed the field again;
 My maiden wore an emerald hood
 To shield her from the rain.
 Next time I saw my maiden
 Her golden locks had flown;
 For they had changed to silver
 As older she had grown.
 I softly stood and watched her,
 The wind blew merrily;
 And, lock by lock, my maiden's hair
 Went sailing o'er the lea.
 Next year by that same meadow
 Again I chanced to pass,
 A crowd of pretty maidens
 Were dancing in the grass.

M. BROOKMAN, UP. II

THE TWA BRITHERS.

There were twa brithers gang to the skule,
 They were of the Gordon clan,
 The elder said to the younger, "Brither,
 Let us wrasle, man to man."
 They made their way to a glade hard by,
 For the younger did agree,
 And there they wrasled hard an' lang
 To gain the masterie.
 Now the elder brither he did have
 A dagger in his shirt,
 And in the struggle on the ground
 The younger lad it hurt.
 "O brither, brither, what have I done,
 What have I done to thee,
 The red blude is dripping from thy heart.
 An' I fear that thou wilt dee."
 He set him up agen a tree,
 And fetcht him water clear;
 While he does send last messages,
 To father an' mither dear.

" Oh, tell my father an' mither dear,
 This, that I now tell thee,
 That I twyn'd masel' o' my ain sweet life,
 That I made masel' for to dee."
 " But, brither, that would be a lee,
 An' a lee I may not tell.
 For should a lee escape my lips,
 I'd ride the fords o' hell."
 " Oh, brither, 'tis my last desire,
 Bid mither a fond farewell,
 But swear it by my blude sae red
 That the truth ye'll never tell."
 He let him sink unto the ground,
 For the young lad now was dead;
 The elder brither turned him hame,
 With the blude upon his head.

JEAN BELL, UP. II.

PREPARATION IS A BORE.

The clock upon the mantelpiece
 Can tell the tale, tick-tick,
 Of many long and weary hours
 In which I wrote, quick, quick.
 Once as at History worked I hard,
 With many an anxious glance
 I tried to race this kitchen clock,
 Now say, had I a chance?
 For how could I a Lollard be,
 Preaching on the green,
 When all my thoughts were miles away,
 Picturing another scene.
 I scribbled on in frantic haste,
 I'd never gone so fast,
 I filled a page, laid down my pen,
 Hurrah! I'd done at last!
 I slammed the book, then gave one gasp!
 For trouble I must look;
 Because I'd done my History Prep.
 In my Mathematics book!

R. BRIDLE, UP. II.

SCENES IN THE FIRE.

If you want to watch the wonderful things in the fire,
 you must have a particular kind. The best sort of fire is a

glowing coal fire on a cold evening, when twilight is falling, and the light of the flames makes a pattern on the walls.

Sometimes I have seen in the fire great forests in all their glorious Autumn colours—crimson and gold, orange and bronze, yellow and brown. On the boughs run little red squirrels gathering red chestnuts; while away in the distance rise red heather-covered hills, behind which the sunset shines. On a crimson sky, pink and orange clouds float like little rosy-sailed ships.

On the brown, dry grass, little gnomes, clad in different shades of red, run by, hugging jewels and lumps of metal, red rubies, yellow topaxes, the glowing garnet, bright gold and shining copper, which they have mined beneath the forest.

Watch! one is diving into a cavern. Its sides are formed of precious stones, rivalling the huge furnace flames in their brilliance. Into the cauldron, the little red men pour red gold which they melt down and make into beautiful things for the fairies. See that little one there, hammering and shaping the metal. Crash! the cavern walls have fallen in, burying the gnomes and their work, the big forest trees are falling, the little red squirrels drop to the ground! The play is over; the fire is out.

CECILE KENNEDY, IIIA.

THE SEA-GULL.

A flash of the wings and a sweep from the sky,
While you still look to find her, the sea-gull is by.
She hovers above you, she hangs in mid-air,
Like silver she glistens, so watchful, so fair.

In the cliffs, by the sea-coast, she makes her warm nest,
But out on the ocean's the life she likes best;
To fly after steamships, to dive for the fish,
To be friends with the waves is the sea-gull's great wish.

NORA STURGEON, IIIA.

THE SONG OF THE BLACKBIRD.

As I went down the Dartmouth road 'neath the shining sun
so yellow,
The blackbird whistled on the bough a note both sweet and
mellow;
To hear his song I paused awhile, and then passed on with
laughter,
But all along the homeward way I heard it following after:
"East—west—school's best—you'll enjoy your holiday well,
lass,

But of all the schools you'll find on earth,
There's none just like your own, lass."

As I came up the Dartmouth road, my satchel on my
shoulder,

The holidays had come and gone, and now they were all over;
The flowers were dead or drooping, and the leaves were
turning yellow,

But the same blackbird whistled still those words so sweet
and mellow:

"East—west—school's best; you've enjoyed your holiday
well, lass,

But of all the schools you'll find on earth,
There's none just like your own, lass."

I. PLATTS and G. THOMPSETT, IIIA.

BLANK VERSE BASED UPON STEVENSON'S "TRAVELS WITH A DONKEY."

The whole descent is like a dream to me.

I'd hardly left the summit ere the vale

Closed round my path. The track became a road

Of easy undulations up and down.

I passed my cabins uninhabited;

I saw no human creature, heard no sound,

Except the gurgling music of the stream.

Along the hills clung strong and sturdy oaks,

Whose leaves were touched by Autumn's red and brown.

The river foamed in rapids down below,

Or lay in lovely sea-green pools at rest;

Crystal was ne'er so clear, nor mead so green,

At every sparkling pool I longed to bathe.

HELEN HOOK, IIIA.

REVERSELETS.

The first line describes something which, reversed, is the
answer to the second line of the couplet.

1. A small cart, very light and gay.
Reversed, an actor has one in a play.
2. Several little nigger boys all in a row.
Reversed, a trap in which the fishes go.
3. The wind through these is often heard to sigh.
Reversed, an animal you'll find quite shy.
4. All streams do this and also waters small.
Reversed, an animal whose eyes appal.

CART
TRAP
TUV
NET
REED
DEER
FLOW
WOLF

5. A place of undulating plains and heather, MOOR
Reversed, you sit there when it's rainy weather. ROOM
6. Something of wood, for tidiness made, DRAWER
Given to one who a life has sav'd. REWARD
7. This is what father loves to do. NAP
Reversed, a vessel for making stew. PAN
8. Something you find on a flowering tree, BUD
And what the king does to a knight-to-be. DUB
9. Animals that cats do fight. RATS
You see this in the sky at night. STAR
10. A fiend, who evil loves to woo. DEVIL
What Noah in the ark did do. LIVED
11. An ugly smile, I hope not often found, LEER
Reversed, of rounded shape, where thread is wound. REEL
12. It is sometimes used as a salutation, HOD
Reversed, a noble of the Spanish nation. DON
(For the solutions, see end.)

IIIA.

MAI.

Von rosigem Schlummer erweckend, stieg
 Frau Sonne im Osten hervor.
 Der Nebel im Tale zerrissen hing
 Wie duftiger grauer Flor.
 Die Tannen erhoben die Köpfe;
 Das Bächlein rauschelte bei;
 Und die Vöglein im Baume sangen:
 "Es ist der goldene Mai!"

N. STURGEON, IIIA.

OLD AUNTS.

Old Aunts are prim and proper,
 Old Aunts are tall and thin;
 Their skirts are round their ankles,
 Short dresses are a sin.
 The house is quiet and darkened,
 Aunt in the parlour sits;
 Her ball of wool beside her,
 She knits, and knits, and knits.
 Why is a noise forbidden?
 Why should it make her start?
 But though you think her tiresome,
 She's not so bad at heart.

BETTY PEARMAN, UP. III.

A NEW PUZZLE.

Into the nine numbered squares below you have to place letters to make a common English word. Clues are given to letters of this word, which themselves make other words. For instance, "4, 5, 2, 6 — Chief," means that the fourth, fifth, second and sixth letters of the word you are trying to find spell a four lettered word, the clue for which is "Chief."

I

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
C	A	T	H	E	D	R	A	L

4, 5, 2, 6 Chief

1, 8, 3 Animal

7, 5, 8, 9 True

II

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
N	E	C	E	S	S	A	R	Y

5, 7, 1, 4 Well-balanced

3, 7, 8, 2 Mind

9, 4, 6 Affirmative

(For the solutions, see end.)

I. SHAPLAND, UP. III.

THE SUNBEAM.

"Open your eye, Mistress Daisy,
And spread out your petals white,
For I have been up since the silvery dawn—
And now don't you see it is light?"
Madam Daisy opened her yellow eye,
And put on her snowy gown,
She smiled at the golden bar of light
From her home on the breezy down.

"Spread out your wings, singing skylark,
From your nest in the whisp'ring corn;
And follow me up to the skies of blue,
This bright and sunny morn."
So the skylark rose from the poppies red,
Spread open his wings and flew,
And spent the day with the sunbeam
Up in the vault of blue.

"Awake, awake, silver dewdrop!
Where asleep in the primrose you lie;
Prepare for your long straight journey

Up to the clouds, and the sky."
 Then the sunbeam drew the pearly drop
 Up to its home in the sun;
 And out in the fields and the meadows
 Another day had begun.

J. SEARCH, UP. III.

A FAIRY SHOP.

Have you ever been lucky enough to see a fairy shop? I have. It happened one day last summer, when I was down in Devonshire. I was walking along through a wood in the evening, and the last rays of the sun were filtering through the trees, when I saw something glistening under the roots of a tree. Then I saw some tiny figures moving about. Creeping along very quietly, I managed to approach the big tree, and, lying flat, and peering over the top of a small, mossy bank, I was able to see quite clearly, and yet not be seen. The large, thick roots projected well above the ground, and the space between each had been thatched across, so that a roof had been made around the foot of the tree, which covered a tiny shop. Hanging outside were little pots, pans, kettles, and saucepans, which appeared as though they were made of pure gold.

Strings of rich coloured berries and fruits were displayed in curiously-shaped baskets; also beautiful little fairy suits of clothes, made from leaves and the wings of imperial butterflies, and it was quite possible for a fairy or an elf to purchase a new pair of wings, for there were large pairs of dragon-flies' wings hung up and marked "Two woodnuts per pair."

The little shop was lighted by glow-worms, who carried their tiny lamps about. There was a crowd of elfin folk. Tall fairies and short fairies, some with long noses, very ugly fellows, and some were very dainty little ladies bargaining over a dress of gossamer and spider web. There was also a small millinery department, where small or large hats could be purchased, made from bluebells, daffodils, and primroses, trimmed with feathers plucked from the breast of a robin. I am sure there was a great deal more to see, but I suddenly sneezed, and when I looked again, all had completely vanished. The next evening I returned to the same spot, but I did not see the fairy shop again.

EDNA FLEMING, UP. III.

TO SPRING.

Soft breezes blow the clouds across the sky,
 The sun sends out his rays to warm the air,
 The trees, that through the winter stood so bare,
 Are spreading forth their leaves and springing high.
 The squirrels brown no longer dormant lie;
 For Spring has come with mantle green and fair,
 And wreaths of snowdrops twined in her hair;
 Up wing the birds to sing as she goes by!
 Then Primrose follows Crocus in the bed;
 A flow'ry perfume ever fills the air,
 As Daffodil pokes up his yellow head.
 Though Winter leaves the earth so cold and bare,
 As soon as Spring's first April tears are shed,
 The world is changed, and all is green and fair!

SYLVIA PAY, IVB.

THE PRESENTATION.

Jolt! Jolt! what was that? I sat up and stared amazedly around me. Was I dreaming? No, everything seemed real except that I, in a long flowing gown of white, was being carried, on a contrivance made of cricket stumps lashed together, by about a dozen girls, up the School drive. In slow and stately manner the girls marched up the steps leading to the front entrance, and upon entering the front door I found myself face to face with several of my school-fellows.

I climbed off the raft-like contrivance of cricket stumps, and, in a whisper, for the place was filled with an awe-inspiring silence, asked somebody to what did I owe the honour of all this, waving my hand round in a vague sort of way. "Sh!" she cautioned, "The School Council. You know the members decided that all the girls must be presented before becoming members of the Senior School." Before I had time to reply two prefects marched from the hall, trumpeting "Heroes" as they came.

Never shall I forget that march down the middle of the hall! I wanted to pull my stockings, as never before since the world began, but feeling a stern eye upon me watching

whether my back were straight and my chin not poking, I did not dare. A prefect stood up and, in a frightened shrill tone read a proclamation, the only part of which I heard, the end, was to the effect that the first 1929 court of Sydenham Secondary was now open. Somebody whispered in a fierce voice, "Curtsey." I stared dumbfoundedly around me; not since the age of five had I performed anything approaching a curtsey, but heroically I bent my knees in, as I thought, the approved style, only, thanks to my train, to measure my length ignominiously on the floor.

Not daring for a few minutes to raise my eyes, I lay rigid, then cautiously I looked up, but nothing remained of the scene of splendour of a few minutes before except a daily paper, the front page of which contained photographs of a few of the season's debutantes.

L. COOKE, IVA.

A DREAM.

It was a very hot day in August, the sky was a vivid blue, the sun beat down unmercifully on the parched earth, and all the shadows seemed lost. I descended the small wooden steps that led to the beach and flung myself down on the burning sand; even the waves of the sea seemed too fatigued to break on the shore. I closed my eyes to shut out the glare of day.

Presently, I heard a faint scratching sound, and opened my eyes, and lo! seated before me and writing in a large book was a man who was dressed in the costume of the fourteenth century. I rubbed my eyes to be sure I was awake, but as I rubbed them a wind blew the pages of the book over and out of it came a youth dressed in a flowered tunic and long hose. He wore a high black hat and rode his horse well. "Evidently a squire," I said to myself. Other people fell, or rather rode, out of the book, a monk, a knight, a pardoner, a friar, a nun, and another lady riding on a horse, whom I recognised to be the Wife of Bath. Then the writer of the book must be Chaucer! Chaucer; how I had longed to see him! I could now sit and listen to the end of the unfinished squire's tale. I rose and went towards him, but the vision floated away before my eyes, and left me alone.

Yet there was still someone writing in a large gilt-edged book, a man in puffed trousers with a ruff round his neck and a beard about his chin. I looked over his shoulder and saw that there was not a word written in the book, but four people in Greek costume were pursuing each other through a wood, a quaint elf was laughing at them, and as they vanished through the pages the elf skipped off to join his sovereign, Oberon, and to laugh at Titania, the fairy queen, in the arms of the peasant with the ass's head. "A Midsummer Night's Dream," those words came to me as if by magic, and before me was Shakespeare, the world's greatest poet.

I looked again, but surely that person in the Puritan dress dictating despatches was not Shakespeare? No, the vision had changed, and the blind poet Milton was before me, the writer of *Comus*, *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*. Then a mysterious hand turned back the pages of the book, and I saw for myself *Comus*, the child of *Circe* and *Bacchus*, with his revelling troop of monsters, half men, half beasts, and the Attendant Spirit guiding the children through a wood. The hand turned over one more page, and I saw the pleasures of the thoughtful man and heard the far-off toll of the curfew and saw the bell-man blessing the doors, while at his window sat the thoughtful man outwatching the stars. Another page shewed me the cheerful man enjoying a walk in the early morning, while the cock was crowing and the lark soaring into the sky.

The hand turned over yet another page, but I have never seen its contents, for a flash of light startled me and I awoke to find myself on the sea shore, now dulled by black clouds, and to hear a distant rumble which heralded the approaching storm.

LOIS RODWELL, IVA.

ENGLAND v. SCOTLAND AT MERTON ABBEY.

Upon the morn of March the ninth
Of 1929,
I rose, and peered out anxiously
To see if it was fine.
Hurrah! Hurrah! No sign of rain,
So back I rolled to bed again.

At half-past twelve at Walter Cobb's
 We had arranged to meet,
 And just on twenty-five to one,
 The party was complete.
 Up rolled the 'bus, and on we filed,
 And sweetly said, "A threepenny child."

A penny on the Underground
 Was cheap, for all the fun
 We had upon the moving stairs,
 Descending with a run;
 We reached the ground with quickened pace,
 To "bag" a "really decent" place.

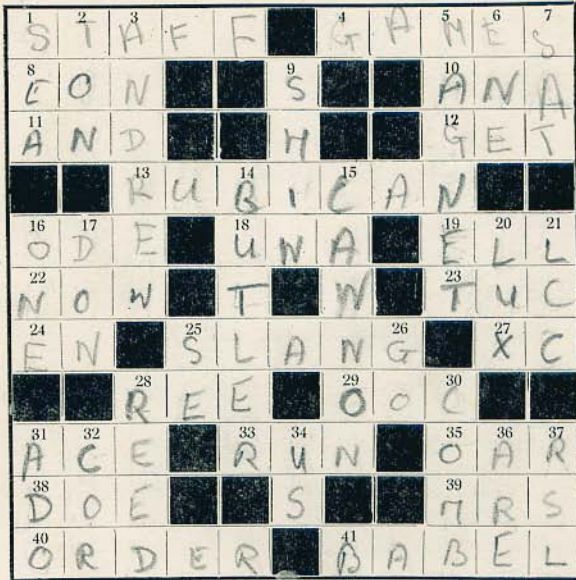
At last the two teams came along.
 Three pipers led the way,
 And marched around the hockey field,
 And Scotch tunes they did play.
 But, many rude remarks were made
 About the "noise" the pipers played.

Oh! That was an exciting game,
 Loud cries did rend the air,
 The sun beat fiercely on our necks,
 But little did we care.
 Of all the people that did watch
 'Twas strange how many there were Scotch.

And when at last the match was o'er,
 We hurried out for tea.
 (I ate two ices, double ones,
 And could have eaten three.)
 And now the day is past and o'er;
 Next year we hope to see some more.

M. ELLIOTT, IVA.

CROSS WORD PUZZLE.



CLUES ACROSS.

- The most important part of Sydenham Secondary School.
- A popular lesson at Sydenham Secondary School.
- A long period of time.
- In like quantity (Abb.)
- A Conjunction.
- To obtain.
- A river, the crossing of which caused Caesar to make war against the Republic.
- What we strive to make up for the School Magazine.
- Heroine of the "Fairy Queen."
- A measurement of cloth.
- At the present moment.
- Trade Union Council (Abb.)
- In (French)
- Objected to by the mistresses.
- A commercial abbreviation.
- Portuguese money.
- Noise made by doves (Reversed).
- A writ.
- What we do when we are late for school
- Used to propel a boat.
- A she deer.
- Mistress (Abb.)
- What is usually lacking in the form rooms, between lessons.
- What is usually heard in the form rooms, between lessons.

(For Solution, see end.)

DOWN.

- An expanse of salt water.
- Twenty hundredweight.
- A house at Sydenham Secondary School.
- What the swimming baths are in hot weather.
- East-North-East (Abb.)
- Past Simple of verb "sit."
- Where we often get hit when playing hockey.
- A Mistress at Sydenham Secondary School.
- A large gun.
- The hour at which we come out from dinner.
- A Spanish title.
- Used to wash woollens.
- The surplus of our needs.
- South East (Abb.)
- To depart.
- The head girl at Sydenham Secondary School.
- What we are not supposed to do to our hair in the formroom.
- A fuss.
- Heart (latin).
- The girls at Sydenham Secondary School.
- Part of the verb "to be."
- Royal Society of London (Abb.)

E. VENNING, Up. IV.

LINEs WRITTEN AT 10.40 A.M.

A gorgeous palace, spacious marble halls,
The golden coin that gleams and jingling falls,
And flashing gems, red wine in crystal bowls—
To gain such follies some would sell their souls.

And Nature's riches are alluring too:
The stars that gleam in skies of purplish hue,
The silver moon that watches Earth asleep,
The verdant pastures flecked with snow-white sheep,
The tow'ring cliffs with sea-gulls sadly crying,
The dashing waves, below, and salt spray flying—
And do I care a fig for these? Not one,
But I'd give worlds to purchase that last bun.

The Girl in the Bun Queue—M. JENKINS, VA.

MEMORIES.

Oh! to be at school again,
Now that June is here!
To see the roses blooming
As they used to every year.
To walk along the paths again
And watch our pet frog swim,
To stand upon the edge, once more,
And try to tickle him.
To walk across the cricket field,
And hear the whistle shrill,
To try and catch the cricket balls,
And wield our bat with skill.
And over there to walk once more
With school friends in the glade,
And talk of things we used to say
As we lingered in the shade.
To walk into the school again,
And find our form-rooms there,
To see the board at which we once
Looked with a vacant stare.
To troop into the hall again
And stand again to hear
Exam. results and things to come,
And meet our school-friends dear.

I wonder if it's still the same,
If they have lessons out when fine.
Oh, surely yes! They can't have changed,
It is but 1939!

W. BRAGG, VA.

A CATCH OF MACKEREL.

The first evening of our summer holiday at the little village of Salthouse in Norfolk was dreary and wet. Despite the rain, my father and I decided to go for a walk along the beach before supper. The sky was grey and dull except in the west, where a faint pink glow showed that the sun was setting, and the sea was leaden and flecked with white horses. We walked along, rejoicing at the fresh salt spray in our faces and the invigorating kisses of the wind.

The beach was deserted except for ourselves and three fishermen who were standing round their boat, which had been drawn up to the edge of the sea with its net folded ready for use. Even as we watched, one of them pointed excitedly out to sea and shouted something to his comrades who, in turn, gazed in the direction of his outstretched arm. Evidently something exciting was about to happen, for the boat was hurriedly pushed off, two of the men jumped in, and the other held on to the rope which was attached to one end of the net. We decided to stay and watch events, for, although we gazed at the sea where the man had pointed, we were unable to see anything out of the ordinary. The boat was rowed for a short distance out to sea, then it was quickly turned and pulled for the shore again, thus describing a semi-circle in the water. Meanwhile, the other man was quickly letting out the net from the boat. Then the little craft was beached and the net was hauled in from both ends.

I was totally unprepared for what I was to see, for as the net approached I perceived that it was full of silver mackerel, splashing and jumping and trying to extricate themselves from the meshes of the net. And the noise—I was told afterwards that it was a catch of between four and five hundred fish, yet I did not think even that number could have made such a noise, splashing and jumping and threshing the shallow water with their tails in a vain endeavour to get back into the sea. The three men began to pick them up quickly and to throw them higher up on the beach where they could not possibly escape into the sea. My father and I helped, too, and, although at first I did not like the feel of the live things jumping in my hand, I soon got used to it, and it was not long before they were all high and dry on the beach and ultimately packed into boxes ready for sale.

While I had the opportunity, I examined one of the fish closely. It was still pulsating with life, its mouth wide open, its gills expanding and contracting rapidly with its efforts to breathe, and its beautifully marked body shining with

iridescent colours. It seemed a pity that such glorious living things should have been drawn from their natural element, but they are so prolific that they would multiply too quickly if left in the sea.

Although I saw many subsequent catches, not one impressed me so much as that thrilling experience on the dreary wet beach the first evening of my holidays.

P. DYER, UP. V.

HORSE-RIDING.

Horse-riding is the best of all sports or hobbies in my opinion. A glorious canter round the riding school on a spirited charger is worth all other sports put together.

On first learning to ride a horse, I had to overcome one difficulty, that of being small in stature. The stirrup was so high that I had to be lifted up before my right leg could be swung over the horse's back into the other saddle. Once on the horse, all that had to be done was to gain and keep the correct position for riding in the saddle. The body is kept supple and bent slightly forward. The legs hang straight, from the knees downwards, and the instep rests in the stirrup. The heel is kept down and the toes are turned up. This position is the hardest and most uncomfortable to maintain. The knees are pressed against the horse so as to keep the rider steady in the saddle. The reins have to be held firmly in the fingers. The thumbs touch one another and the hands are kept in the centre of the body with the backs facing upwards.

It is not necessary to "tug" at the bit, all that is required is to "feel" the horse's mouth.

Perhaps it is as well to mention here, that in the riding school, the riding habit must be worn, and long riding boots are necessary, otherwise a leg might be broken.

To start the horse, the knees are pressed into the sides of the animal and the reins are "slackened." To stop the horse, the body is thrown back and the reins are pulled tight.

Nearly all riders agree that the walk and the canter are the most comfortable paces of the horse, although the canter is dangerous if the rider has not a good seat.

In the canter the horse is trying to gallop and the rider must hold him in, by pulling just a little on the bit and shortening the reins. On no account must the horse be allowed to go its own pace, otherwise the rider will finish the canter on the ground. The tan on the floor is, however, quite soft to fall on.

The trot is, perhaps, the most difficult of all. The horse makes four movements, and the rider must accommodate herself to them.

The most comfortable way of riding for this pace is to rise and fall in the saddle, putting more weight in the stirrups for every other movement of the horse.

I should like to mention the jump and turns, but space does not permit. One word of advice to would-be riders, give your horse two lumps of sugar before riding, and you may be sure that you will have an enjoyable two hours in the saddle.

W. BELLINGER, UP. V.

WINNING THE GYM. TROPHY.

Weeks before the actual competition took place, each form had been practising hard so as to produce its best upon the day. We hoped that, this being our last Term of School, we should top the list in the Upper School but rumours went round that the VIth were very good and neat, so our hopes were dashed to the ground. The last "gym. lesson" before the deciding day came and our hopes sank right down to zero as almost every time we touched a piece of apparatus it dropped or banged down, as if our fingers and hands were made of butter.

On the Tuesday morning everyone that entered our form room was eagerly asked if she had cleaned her shoes or left them at home; luckily nobody had forgotten them. Then came the time for us to show how efficient we were at drill, how lightly and neatly we could jump and walk. We had decided to sing "La Marseillaise" to march to, and every one of us hoped and prayed that the leader would pitch the note correctly as the tune goes up high in one place and if sung too high the notes sound like a cat's wail. When we managed that well, we breathed a trifle more freely, except for the fact that my legs felt like sagging at the knees, any moment, and the other girls, afterwards, said theirs felt in the same condition. All through the free-standing exercises each of us felt that we had bungled them, and when we came to the balancing part of the drill, the form supports seemed ten times more rickety and the windows wobbled in front of our eyes, so that I am sure that more than half of us trembled and wavered when throwing our ball up in the air and catching it.

Upon reaching the form room there was at once a general cry of "I forgot to lift my arms at such and such a time, or I forgot to count three instead of four." Everyone thought the VIth forms would win yet we had to wait like cats on hot bricks until the end of the afternoon to hear the results. I really do not know how some of us waded through that afternoon. The whole school assembled in the Hall at 3 p.m. and then we had to wait longer as Miss Sarson, the judge, who had kindly lent her services, began with her report and the Lower School results first. We were much interested in the Junior and Middle School results, but if only we could hear ours! When the faults of individual forms were read out our hearts sank within us, as we all thought: "That is exactly what we did!" There was a general stir at the back of the Hall and all listened eagerly to the marks until only two more forms' marks were to be read. There was a pause, we sat waiting for a doom with our hearts in our mouths: then next, the XIth and last of all, Upper V top. We gasped and naturally enough we felt very self satisfied that we had beaten the VIth. Not that we should grudge them their laurels if they had beaten us. When we returned to our form room, such a hubbub and hum of voices! Never was there such excitement and pandemonium! I think we almost went mad. So now the gym. trophy hangs aloft on the Up. V wall, and some of us look upon this as a sign that, though we are seniors and most of us are leaving School this Term, we are still agile and are not growing old and crotchety as some Juniors think we must be.

PATSY BARKER, UP. V.

THE INTER-SCHOOLS HOCKEY TOURNAMENT AT DARTFORD.

(To be sung to the tune of the Guide Song—Oh, Orderly, Orderly.)

9 o'clock on a shining morn we started on our way,
 With hockey sticks and pads and balls all ready for the fray;
 But when we to the station came we found to our dismay
 Miss Chrystal had not yet arrived (she must have lost her way).

Chorus.

Oh hockey, hockey, hockey every day,
 Poor tired Sydenhamites, Tra la la la la la la.

We reached the school all safe at last; on to the field we went,
 Resolving as we strolled along to win the tournament;
 There were eight schools competing and we started right
 away;

Accompanied by music we put vigour in our play.

We won the first two games and Bromley High did just the
 same,

We then went in to lunch before we played the final game.

We lunched and talked till 2.15 and then the finals came;

The music ceased, disheartened us, and so we lost the game.

The tournament thus ended we prepared ourselves for tea.

Which we enjoyed especially as it was provided free.

We said farewell and slowly to the station then we went,

So disappointed that we had not won the Tournament.

D. CLIFFORD, VIC.

N. SMEATON.

THE WINDS.

I love green fields, and summer sun,
 The calm of dusk, when day is done.
 I love green water's cool caress,
 The sunset's glowing loveliness.
 But most of all the winds I love
 That through the countryside do rove.
 The baby winds, but half awake
 Who smile, at sunrise, as they shake
 The leaves about my window; but
 Are gone, as soon as I get up.
 The blustery winds that love to chase
 The poor, bewildered clouds through space.
 Or stop to build them into towers,
 Then blow them down, and thus for hours
 Torment them, till a baby cloud
 Begins to weep, when long and loud
 The rest so many tear-drops shed,
 The wind retires discomfited.
 The eerie winds, that blow and moan
 Round corners, when I'm all alone,
 The little frightened winds of night
 Who sob behind the trees with fright.
 These do I love: and every breeze
 That plays among the woodland trees.

M. BELL, VIA.

ST. FRANCIS' HOUSE PLAY.

When the play began, Ann was fast asleep in bed. Presently she awoke, and sat up in bed to look at her new Nursery-Rhyme frieze. She could just see it by candle-light, and it looked strange. Was something wrong? Ann jumped out of bed, and went to look more closely. Why there was a gap! Who was missing? Not Georgy Porgy, he was still teasing Miss Muffitt. Not Jack Horner or Boy Blue, not—oh! it was Baby Bunting. How dreadful. Would Cuckoo, who lived in the clock, help her? It seemed not, he took no notice, but in a few minutes he had to come out and cuckoo eleven times. After that he spoke to Ann, telling her she must go to Nursery-Rhyme Land to help find Baby Bunting. He told her how to get there, and she obeyed him, then she found herself in Nursery-Rhyme Land.

All her old friends were there, and they were all very much worried about the loss of Baby Bunting, who had just disappeared while his father went out to shoot rabbits. No one could help. Jack and Jill fell down so often that they never understood what was the matter. The Queen of Hearts could think of nothing but her lost tarts, and Miss Muffett had to run away from the spider so often that she could not help. At last the Lady from Banbury Cross suggested looking for him in Baby Hall, where he came from. So the North Wind blew Ann to Baby Hall.

No, Baby Bunting was not there, and none of the babies seemed to be able to help, except one prococious youngster who shouted,

“ Ding, Dong, Bell,
Baby's in the Well.”

He was immediately silenced by the other babies who tugged him away and rolled on him. So Ann went sadly back to Nursery-Rhyme Land, where everyone was very sorrowful and quiet.

Suddenly there was a roar of laughter from Jack Horner, who came running in to say that Simple Simon said he had really caught a whale; he had got it from the well. Ann remembered what the Baby had said,

“ Ding, Dong, Bell,
Baby's in the Well,”

and asked if she might see the whale. So everyone sang the rhyme about it, and at the word “ whale,” Simple Simon fished out of his pail—Baby Bunting! How Father Bunting hugged his baby, and wrapped him in the new rabbit skins! How the Nursery-Rhyme people cheered and sang for joy as they danced away in great glee! EILEEN WORTHY, VIB.

A VISIT TO THE BRITISH INDUSTRIES FAIR.

On Monday, the 28th of February, Miss Webb, Miss Cook and eight girls from the Sixth, visited the Chemical Section of the British Industries Fair at the White City. We met at Victoria Station at 9.30 a.m. and arrived at the Fair soon after ten o'clock.

Various exhibits were interestingly explained to us. We were told all about the numerous bi-products of the Coal-gas Industry, and we saw samples of them. We learnt also of three minerals obtained from a clay in India, from which are obtained manium and other rare metals which are used in the manufacture of incandescent gas mantles, and as a substitute for some purposes, for the more costly radium. At the British Drug Houses stand, we saw various indicators, and we were all presented with a sample of Radio Malt. At another stand we had demonstrated to us a substance called Silicon Ester, which is used for preserving and restoring masonry.

We finished our tour by seeing a short film on the manufacture of Sulphuric Acid and Caustic Soda.

After lunch we returned to School, only wishing that we could have spent more time at the Exhibition. Those of the sixth who went to the Fair are very grateful to Miss Webb and Miss Cook for taking them, and we all thank the Imperial Chemical Industries, Ltd., for so kindly inviting us.

EDNA STAINES, VIB.

THE DUTCH ART EXHIBITION.

It is a mistake to collect pictures and hang them in numbers on the walls of galleries. It is a mistake to go to see such collections; for pictures, so collected and exhibited, withdraw sulkily within themselves; they are, if not dead, at least asleep, like the lions at the Zoo; they refuse to "show off." Here and there the force of the artist's genius overcomes this sensitive pride of the work of art, and the picture is kept awake; but such cases are rare. Decidedly, it is a mistake to frequent exhibitions. It is, of course, a still greater mistake to miss the opportunity of going to one. All London went to the Dutch Art Exhibition. We had cheap ticket, and we had a holiday; we went.

It was the last day but one, and thousands of people poured into the Academy. One's first impression was of a pageant of human beings; after a few moments one realised that behind all those people there were indeed pictures. One at least of us was dazzled and overwhelmed, but the holder

of our catalogue plunged at once, with great presence of mind. She is not of the kind who hesitate shivering on the high diving board, at the baths. We began to "see" the pictures. Oh, rows of them, dozens, hundreds; one was torn from this by a fascinating glimpse of that, caught out of the corner of the eye. Always there is, in these exhibitions, something rather better a little farther on.

It reminds one of the progress of Dante's pilgrims up the mountain of Purgatory; always the goal beyond.

"What? No, I don't like that much,—yes, I like this. No, I can't see what that's called. Where's the catalogue? Done this room? Oh, yes, I'm ready for the next if you are." There is time just for one lingering look back at that room we have "done." One could, of course, stand for half-an-hour before one picture; but we should never get through—nor could other people. And "he who has put his hand to the plough—" "Oh, yes, I'm coming! What! this—Rembrandt?"

Out of all the Rembrandt rooms, only one or two pictures remain uneffaced on the memory. One is "Alexander the Great." His beautiful, strong, clear-cut face stands out, golden-brown, from the rich, dark background. It is serene and aloof in its unconscious self-confidence. His steady light is within himself, no troubling external will-o'-the-wisp; almost a smile plays about his mouth.

The other picture which lives still, deservedly or not, is the "Jesus Christ." The Christ, presented as a pilgrim, looks straight out over the heads of the crowds before Him, His face is gentle and lovely, his eyes look into the distance, to the brink of eternity, sad with the sorrows of all ages and all mankind. This decidedly is the Man of Sorrows; there is here nothing of Christ the strong, the fighter. The picture which might be fired with joyful vitality is all sad, too sad; but it has in it something lastingly appealing.

Followed gallery after gallery. Maes, with his charming girl, framed in an apricot-embowered window, and his "Old Lady Reading the Bible," with her spinning-wheel at her side. Jan Van Steen, with his revolting, but no doubt very edifying, moral pictures, such as "The Effect of Intemperance"; and many of those sparkling Dutch interiors, the vitality of their clear colours enhanced by the brilliant sunshine their painters knew so well how to capture. Room after room, room after room, and the tired sensibility always straining to catch a quick and full expression from all those numberless pictures. All these crowds of people are like bees

hurrying from one flower to another; they recall a hazy recollection of a "science" friend once saying that the worker bees toil on and on till they die; the galleries are like a great garden, the brightly-coloured flowers being the pictures, and that perpetual hum of noise the buzzing of the bees. Buzz, buzz, buzz. They are all so intent and busy, darting here and there, with catalogues in constant use, calling friends from pictures they are enjoying to look at something else; hurrying after lost companions; peering through groups of people at pictures they particularly wish to see.

The next room is filled with Vermeer's works; the crowd is thinning out; here is an abode of peace and rest. Vermeer's gentle silvery-greys and subdued honey-tints are a kindly balm to the tired exhibition-walker. The sunlit kitchen, where lives his pleasant, comfortable cook, with her crusty-brown bread and her delicious-looking milk in a brown earthenware pot, is a very haven. As we turned away, we saw, smiling at us from the other end of the long room, a familiar and much-loved face, the long-sought, haunting us still even while we stood before other masterpieces. All together we ran. There she was, she herself. We had made her acquaintance through a print, but here was the very picture which "the perfect painter" himself had created so lovingly and carefully. Reserved, yet friendly, grave, yet happy, with seriousness behind her smile, and wisdom behind her innocence, with an indefinable suggestion of fantasy in spite of, or perhaps because of, her simplicity, she returned our gaze. The words "Wise as serpents and harmless as doves" spring to mind at sight of her. Her magic rivals that of the Monna Lisa; the Monna Lisa's spell is of experience, this girl's of innocence; the Monna Lisa fascinates by the arrogant confidence born of her self-knowledge, this girl by her complete unconsciousness of self.

Reluctantly we left her, the unconscious challenge of her personality still following us. The moderns received, I fear, but cursory treatment. She came between us and them, that "Girl in a Yellow Turban." Her simplicity made them artificial, and her subtlety made them crude. We were tired, and it was past lunch-time. We left the galleries, side-tracking frequently in a feverish desire "just to look at that one again." The sun struck the glaring streets with the fierce energy of early spring. The crowds were dense, and the restaurant hot and noisy, but the four tired exhibition-walkers were happy and quietly triumphant. They rejoiced in the sense of achievement; over their tiredness was shed a gently refreshing influence; in the midst of the clamour they rested

in an oasis of peaceful quiet ; they had seen Vermeer's portrait
of a " Girl in a Yellow Turban." K. REED, VIA.

KRACK !

Summer !

The time when

The little birds go

Twit-

ter,

Twit-

ter,

T r r r r r r r r r r r r r r r r r

The time when

the leaves go

Sussussussussussussussussuss

And the time of

Walls'

Ice creams and exams.

Summer summer summer summer summer SUMMER !

Cricket,

Tennis,

and baths :—

Splash !

Hark to Philomel !

See the rabbits' tails,

How they bob.

And juicy salad in the bowl,

Beetroot,

Lettuce,

Water-cress,

and

The spring onion !

Sing, my heart, sing !

Tra-la-la-la-la !

The birds are singing !

Hark !

Sing !

They are mad,

mad for joy.

So am I.

Ah, the joy, the madness

of

Summer !

The first published poem of one of our modern poets (and
the last, D.V.).

CROSS WORD PUZZLE SOLUTION.

1	S	2	T	3	A	F	F		4	G	A	5	M	6	E	7	S		
8	E	O	N					9	S			10	A	N	A				
11	A	N	D					H				12	G	E	T				
				13	R	U	B	I	14	C	O	N							
16	O	17	D	E				18	U	N	A		19	E	20	L	21	L	
22	N	O	W					T				23	T	U	C				
24	E	N		25	S	L	A	N	26	G		27	X	C					
				28	R	E	E		29	O	O	30	C						
31	A	32	C	E				33	R	34	U	N		35	O	36	A	37	R
38	D	O	E					S				39	M	R	S				
40	O	R	D	E	R				41	B	A	B	E	L					

SOLUTIONS (Upper III's Puzzle).

- I. CATHEDRAL.—Head, Cat, Real.
 II. NECESSARY—Sane, Care, Yes.

 “REVERSELETS” SOLUTIONS.

- | | |
|-----------------------|---------------------|
| 1. trap reversed part | 7. rap reversed par |
| 2. ten „ net | 8. bud „ dub |
| 3. reed „ deer | 9. rats „ star |
| 4. flow „ wolf | 10. devil „ lived |
| 5. moor „ room | 11. leer „ reel |
| 6. drawer „ reward | 12. rod „ dor |

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; Wimbledon County Girls' School; St. David's, Englefield Green.



R. E. TAYLOR & SONS, LTD.
Printers,
55/57 Banner Street, London,
E.C.4.
