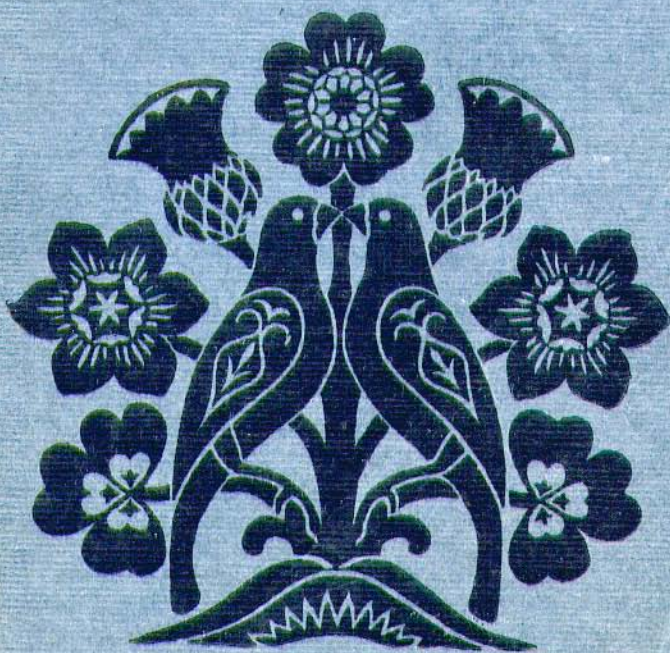


# MAGAZINE & CHRONICLE



COUNTY SECONDARY  
SCHOOL SYDENHAM

JULY, 1931





MISS TURNER




---

 No. XII.

 JULY, 1931
 

---

### EDITORIAL.

The outstanding event of this school year, I think we would all agree, is Miss Turner's Canadian Tour. It was a proud moment when we heard, last January, that our Headmistress was to be one of the twelve chosen from schools all over the kingdom to undertake an important educational mission; a mission which would take her right across the American continent, from the Atlantic coast to the Pacific. But though we were pleased that she should be thus honoured, we were still more pleased to welcome her back among us in June, after an absence of eight weeks. We have persuaded Miss Turner to have her photograph reproduced for the School magazine to celebrate this occasion.

Last July we were sorry to say good-bye to Miss Joseph. She was with us only two terms, but long enough for us to appreciate the vigour and freshness of her personality. It is a little late to welcome Miss Challen who filled her place, and so quickly and unobtrusively became one of us; nevertheless, we all wish her a happy career at Sydenham. We extend similar good wishes to Miss Hartnell, who joined us last September, and from whose brilliant playing we have



already derived much pleasure. The Spring Term deprived us temporarily of Miss Preedy, who felt that she must be at home during her mother's very serious illness, but we are glad to have her back again in time for all the varied athletic activities of the Summer Term.

We have just heard that we are to lose Miss Bartlett at the end of this term. For nine years she has made herself indispensable to the Science Staff and to the School, and it is with the greatest regret that we all say good-bye to her. We must rejoice in her good fortune, however, although it means our loss, and congratulate her on her appointment to the post of Science Mistress at the Epsom County School.

Many girls who knew Mrs. Myres (Miss J. Stevens) will want to join us in congratulating her on the birth of a little son—Miles Timothy. There are fewer, perhaps, who remember Mrs. O'Dea (Miss Walton), but these will be interested to hear that she now has a baby daughter—Katharine Sophia.

There is one small addition to our schoolrooms to record this year. The third-year Sixth have acquired a study! The one-time "pear-room" has lost its ugly, wide shelves on which fruit used to be stored, and has been re-decorated, furnished, and provided with a radiator, so that it is now, in its new glory, almost unrecognisable. The transformation is a decided improvement.

With the end of the Summer Term there comes always a sad time of parting for some of us. Often, however, the sadness of farewell is mitigated by the glad prospect of a new adventure. Our head girl, Mildred Bell, goes to Oxford (St. Hilda's) with a History Scholarship, and a similar triumph (the St. Dunstan's Medical Scholarship) carries Olive Singer to the London School of Medicine. They take with them the best wishes of their school for a happy and successful future. Of the rest of the Sixth Form, P. Shipway, K. Elphick, K. Webb, and N. Say have already obtained posts in the Civil Service, as also have K. Pollock (Upper V) and L. Cooke (Va). J. Humphries has gained a Teaching Scholarship at University College, and the London Day Training College; D. Oates and E. Fitton, at Furzedown and King's College, and M. Alexander, at Liverpool University; K. Russell, M. Anderson and B. Sandford are also going to University College, while I. Watts will be studying at the Royal College of Music.



Six girls are taking a two-year course at the Training Colleges: C. Thornton, M. Coates, L. Cripps and M. Coe at Avery Hill; M. Strutt and W. Bragg at Furzedown. Most of VIc are leaving to fill various business posts. We wish them all happiness in the careers they have chosen, and hope to hear from them very often.

And now to turn to the Magazine. Here is full measure and brimming over! How many things we seem to have seen and done, and what willing recorders these have found! We have rambled, it seems, from Atholl to Lugano, and our interests range from pets to Persian pictures. The number of contributions this year was almost embarrassing. It is so hard to have to cast out a really good effort because others are better; and we view with wistful longing an unusually large pile of rejected MSS. Upper IV and IVa have been especially zealous, and we congratulate them.

As the material this year is exceptionally good, Miss Turner and Miss Corbett are both kindly offering us prizes, for which we should like to take this opportunity of thanking them. That for the best prose contribution goes to M. Glock (VIb); one prize for poetry to N. Sturgeon (Va); the other is divided between M. Back and M. Winder, both of Ia. The following are specially commended; J. Francis and M. Brookman (Upper IV), Upper Three (for their similes), and B. Wheeler (Upper II). We wish to thank all our other helpers also, especially Miss Whitehead and the Magazine Committee, for the time and interest they so readily give to the Magazine.

And now we must cheer up the unsuccessful writers, because there are so many of them! They will, by this time, have received back their efforts, and some are quite worth saving and re-touching for another year. These contributors must be encouraged to go on sending out their ships of adventure on the sea of literature with undaunted persistence, in the hope that one day their "little paper argosies" will sail into port, or should we say, into print? We are prepared to deal with as many MSS. as the School can produce. In fact, one contribution from each girl in the School is the ideal to aim at, and after that—two; and then, "double numbers" to make room for them all!

"But which of us hath his desire, or having it, is satisfied?"

H. D.

## CANADA.

It would be an impertinence for me to write under this heading after a six-weeks' journey across a continent if I did not make it clear at the beginning that what I offer is merely a few appreciative notes and neither instruction nor criticism.

For Canada is too great, in every sense of the word, to be summed up so easily. On our April journey from Atlantic to Pacific we experienced every kind of climate from wintry snow in the Maritimes and Rockies to the drought of the prairies and the almost midsummer sunshine of the Pacific slope. And the countryside varied as much as the weather. In the maritime provinces it is rather bare in spring and is not unlike parts of Scotland. Travelling west one spends a day and a half running through a vast lake district with those inland seas, the Great Lakes, to the south and to the north hundreds of smaller lakes in a land of scrub forests. After this come the prairies. They have their two or three months of grass and flowers, but in April they were still grey and lifeless in appearance. True they were pining for the spring rains which had failed for the third successive year, and we could see by the severity of the dust storms through which we passed that the position of the farmer must be serious. At Moose Jaw we stopped for half-an-hour and were met by a deputation from a local women's club and taken for a walk in the main street of the town. Our conductors were alive to the seriousness of the situation and told us how everyone who had work surrendered 10 per cent. of his or her wages for the benefit of the less fortunate; but they were amazingly courageous and hopeful. We were much struck by this spirited attitude, but when we stayed for a day or two at Edmonton and Saskatoon we found ourselves performing prodigies of energy and sleeping very little after our strenuous days. Perhaps the altitude has something to do with it, for one doesn't realise while running across these hundreds of miles of almost level plain that the plain is generally over 2,000 feet above sea-level. At any rate, the people of the prairie towns seem to be full of energy and courage and whatever the difficulties of life there may be they are faced with real enjoyment and zest.

After the prairies came the thrill of the Rockies. One morning after a day of dust-storm, as brown as a November fog in parts, we were roused by one of our party who had



seen very faintly appearing above the horizon a white serrated ridge which must be the snow peaks. All day we approached them and hour after hour they grew ever more distinct and lovely until they almost encircled us and in the late afternoon we were amongst them indeed. At Banff the railway line had climbed to over 4,000 feet and one and a half hour's later at the Great Divide it was over 5,000 feet above sea-level. After this it dropped nearly 3,000 feet in 60 miles to the Columbia River Valley, only to climb again to pierce the Selkirks at Glacier before beginning the slower descent of the Pacific slope.

It was on our return journey through the Rockies that we looked down from our train upon a forest fire in a valley far below. It must have been raging for some time and had worked outward from its starting-point into a great circle of destruction. Its progress was rapid even while we were passing, and we saw many a fine tree first outlined in fire as the flames seized on the frailer outer twigs and branches, then suddenly glowing incandescent like a great torch before it crashed.

On the morning after our day among the snows we ran into Vancouver and found all the gardens full of flowers and every flowering tree and shrub in full bloom. From December to June in one step it seemed, and we appreciated all the more keenly for the contrast the sunshine and flowers for which British Columbia is famous.

Canadian trains are very different from ours in many ways. Their engines are bigger and look more impressive because you see the whole of them, for if there is a platform at all it is only a few inches high. It is in keeping with the monster's dignity that it gives notice of its approach not by means of a childish whistle, but by ringing a distinctly serious and Sundayish bell. The equipment in the "parler" cars includes easy chairs and radio with ear-phones for each passenger, while for night travelling the sleeping berths are very comfortable, though the problem of dressing and undressing in or on your bed is a thorny one for those unaccustomed to it. I met it only when I left our party for a day or two to visit a brother in Chicago. When we were "at home" in the car lent to us for the double trip by the C.P.R., we had ten compartments, each with two comfortable seats, a wardrobe and fixed lavatory basin with hot and cold water for washing and iced water for drinking. At night our darkie

porter, nick-named "Slim," made up two excellent beds, one above the other, and in quite early days the owners of the top beds—I speak quite confidently for one of them—learnt to scramble up and down with money-like agility.

We were fortunate enough to see something of the homes of Canada, and learnt, first, that the stories of Canadian hospitality are not exaggerated. Perhaps because human beings are more scattered and lonely in those vast spaces, the habit of opening the door to the stranger is much more common there than here. The very appearance of the houses, outside and in, is in conformity with this, for in most places gardens are not fenced off from the "side-walk" and within, the ground floor rooms are often doorless. Central heating makes this doorlessness possible, of course, but one cannot but feel that it is characteristic of the spirit of the people.

There is plenty of room in Canada and even in towns land is generally much cheaper than here, so that the detached house is more commonly seen and there is certainly less monotony about the building of houses. Kitchens are well equipped with labour-saving apparatus, for in many parts electricity is cheap and labour dear, and this perhaps re-acts on the housewife and makes her more free for social activities. The general impression was of a distinctly more frank and open social interchange than we enjoy.

Our business was chiefly with universities and schools and a few words about the latter may be of interest. Apart from a few private schools, generally following an English model, the schools are provided by the different provinces and education is free in nearly all cases up to the age of sixteen. Boys and girls attend the same school and work together in the same classes generally, though as they get older they naturally divide for such subjects as dress-designing and machine-shop practice in the Junior Technical Schools. The school buildings in the larger towns are often very fine, but as the winter is long and severe and the summer short and hot, except in British Columbia, outdoor games are not so much played as at home. Moreover, the gymnasium is not generally equipped with apparatus and drill is confined to free-standing and agility exercises.

The determination shown by the authorities in the education of scattered communities interested us intensely and we once saw a travelling school—a railway car in which the teacher



lives, generally staying for a fortnight on one siding to which the children come from their scattered farms. They are set to work alone for the next fortnight while the car goes on to another siding, perhaps forty miles away.

Another educational problem is caused by the mixture of races among Canadian immigrants and the spirit in which it is met is best illustrated in the answer given by the Headmaster of a Vancouver school in which it was said that thirty-four nations were represented. When he was asked how many nationalities he counted among his pupils he answered simply, "One."

It is such an answer as this that makes one feel that in Canada while there is much work to do there is room to do it, and the spirit to get it done. A brave and spacious land!

E. T.

## SCHOOL CALENDAR, 1930-1.

### AUTUMN TERM, 1930.

- Sept. 18. Invitation to contribute to "The Schoolboys' Newspaper."
- „ 26. Lewisham District Inter-Company Guide Swimming Competition. 2nd Sydenham won the Shield and Senior and Junior Championships.
- Oct. 3. Exhibition of School Work, followed by a Piano-forte Recital by Miss Bowe.
- „ 10. Netball Match against Sydenham High School.
- „ 16. Hockey Match against Malvern House School.
- „ 17. Visit by members of the Sixth and Fifth Forms to St. Dunstan's School, to see French Players.
- „ 22. 1st Team Hockey Match against George Green's School. 2nd Team Hockey Match against Malvern House School. Meeting of the U.G.S. at Great Smith Street.
- „ 30. Lecture on "Careers other than Teaching for the University Student," at the Civil Service Commission, Burlington House.
- Nov. 5. Netball Match against Selhurst Grammar School. Hockey Match against James Allen's School (both teams).
- „ 7. Guide Badge Examination held at School.
- „ 8. Guide Badge Examination held at School.

- Nov. 10. Visit by members of the Sixth Forms and Upper V to the United Dairies, Perry Vale.
- „ 11. Hockey Match against Lewisham Prendergast School.
- „ 12. Members of the Sixth and Fifth Forms listened in to the King's Speech at the opening of the Indian Round-Table Conference.
- „ 12. Lecture to Guides on "Pets and their Care," by a representative of the R.S.P.C.A.
- „ 14. Meeting of Old Girls.
- „ 19. Netball Match against St. Martin's High School.
- „ 28. Prize Giving.
- Dec. 1. Lecture on "The League of Nations," given by Mrs. Buckmaster, to the Sixth, Fifth and Fourth Forms.
- „ 4. Examinations began.
- „ 10. Visit to members of the Sixth, Fifth and Fourth Forms to James Allen's School, to see England against Australia Hockey Match (women).
- „ 16. Guide Party.
- „ 17. Junior School Party.
- „ 18. Senior School Party.

#### SPRING TERM, 1931.

- Jan. 23. Free Place Entrance Examination.
- „ 27. Hockey Match against Lewisham Prendergast School.
- „ 29. Netball Match against Sydenham High School.
- Feb. 6 & 7.—Old Girls' Operatic Society acted "The Yeoman of the Guard."
- „ 2. House Netball started.
- „ 6. Lantern Lecture on "Persian Art," given by Mr. Kendrick.
- „ 13 & 14.—Performance of the School Play, "The Importance of Being Earnest."
- „ 14. Hockey Match against the Old Girls.
- „ 18. Visit to Persian Art Exhibition at Burlington House.
- „ 20. Hockey Match against Sydenham High School.
- „ 21. London Secondary Schools' Music Festival held at School.
- „ 23. St. Patrick's House Party.
- „ 24. St. Andrew's House Party.
- „ 25. St. David's House Party.
- „ 26. St. Francis' House Party.



- Feb. 27. Visit of Upper V and Va to the Victoria and Albert Museum.
- Mar. 4. Hockey Match against George Green's School.  
Netball Match against St. Martin's High School.
- „ 5. House Hockey began.
- „ 6. Meeting of Old Girls. Lower I took part in the Verse Speaking Section of the London Secondary Schools' Music Festival.
- „ 10. St. George's House Party.
- „ 13. Guide Badge Examination held at School.
- „ 16. Inter-Form Gym. Competition.
- „ 18. 2nd Team Hockey Match against James Allen's School.
- „ 23. Netball Match—Via against the Staff.
- „ 25. Hockey Match against Malvern House School.
- „ 27. Miss Turner sailed for Canada.
- „ 30. Inter-Form Hockey and Netball Matches.
- „ 31. House Plays. Hockey Match—School against the Guides.

#### SUMMER TERM, 1931.

- May 20. Tennis Match against Malvern House School.
- „ 23. Miss Turner landed in England.
- „ 28. "League of Nations" Meeting.
- „ 29. Tennis Match against Sydenham High School.
- June 1. Miss Turner returned to School.
- „ 2. Tennis Match against James Allen's School.
- „ 6. Cricket Match against Brockley Secondary School (boys).
- „ 9. Tennis Match against Selhurst Grammar School.
- „ 15. Holiday in Honour of Scholarships won by Mildred Bell (The Gamble History Scholarship, St. Hugh's College, Oxford), and Olive Singer (St. Dunstan's Medical Scholarship). Members of Sixth and Fifth Forms went for a Paper Chase.
- „ 17. General School Examination began.
- „ 18. Higher School Examination began.
- „ 19. Cricket Match against St. Martin's High School.
- July 10. Service at Southwark Cathedral for scholars leaving School. Meeting of Old Girls.
- „ 15. School "At Home" to parents.
- „ 17. Cricket Match against Beckenham County School.
- „ 20. Cricket Match against James Allen's School.
- „ 24. Babies' Party.
- „ 27. Swimming Sports.

# PRIZE DISTRIBUTION, Nov. 28th, 1930.

## PROGRAMME.

Selection for Strings 1. Air.  
 2. Gavotte ... *Bach, from Suite in*  
 (SCHOOL ORCHESTRA.) *D Major.*

## THE HEADMISTRESS'S REPORT.

Part Song ... "Five Eyes"  
*Words by W. de la Mare.*  
*Music by Armstrong Gibbs.*  
 (FORM VA)

## DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES AND CERTIFICATES BY LADY CORBETT.

Part Songs 1. "The Lord is my Shepherd" ... *Schubert.*  
 2. "Whither Runneth my Sweetheart"  
*John Bartlett.*  
 (THE CHOIR.)

## ADDRESS BY SIR GEOFFREY L. CORBETT, K.B.E., C.I.E.

Unison Song ... "Pilgrim Song" *Words by Bunyan.*  
*Music by Thos. Dunkhill.*  
 (THE SCHOOL.)

## VOTES OF THANKS PROPOSED BY THE CHAIRMAN.

Heroes.

GOD SAVE THE KING.



## SIR GEOFFREY CORBETT'S SPEECH.

Sir Geoffrey Corbett began his speech by saying that although Miss Turner had introduced him as a man who was largely engaged in public affairs, and a member of the Round Table Conference, he would rather have a more human and intimate introduction. He thought we all knew his sister, and he was very pleased to have a direct link with us.

As some of us had read "Jungle John," he thought that we should be interested to know that it was written by a friend of his, and that the dog in it, called Ugly, was his dog. While he was thinking what to say to us, he remembered Ugly, who was half fox-terrier and half spaniel, with a tan head, and very well connected on both sides. Ugly, though a dog, embodied the essential characteristics of a man. He was devoted to the family, especially to the baby, and he was a great sportsman.

Sir Geoffrey had come straight from the Round Table Conference to the Prizegiving, and when he was outside St. James's Palace that afternoon, he thought of how Akbar, the Mogul Emperor, when the crisis of his life came, "placed his foot in the stirrup of opportunity." The time had now come to copy Akbar in our dealings with India, and, in the words of the Maharajah of Bikaner, "to take our courage in both hands, to throw our heart over the fence, and jump after it."

He believed that the family would prove the salvation of India, because, if families were united, this would lead to the unification of the provinces and states. Although women of to-day were coming forward in public life, as was shown particularly by the presence of Mrs. Subbarayan and the Begum Shah Nawaz at the Round Table Conference, it was still essential that they should retain the love of their family. The Begum had stressed this in her appeal for the women of India. Villages, towns, districts, provinces and states were to make up the federal union of India and to make it part of that greater federation, the British

Commonwealth of Nations. But at the bottom of all was the family, and the family was the only basis on which the federal union of India could be founded.

Sir Geoffrey advised us, when we entered public life, not to forget that the family was more important than the state; for one could not be true to the state if one were not true to one's family. He had been speaking to the Viceroy, Lord Irwin, one of the men who loved India most and had done most for India. He had asked Lord Irwin, if he did not love his son better than India. The Viceroy had replied that he loved his son better. Thus we should remember that human relationship was one of the most important things in life.

Sir Geoffrey concluded by saying that those who do small jobs to the best of their ability will not lack courage in the great decisions of life.

G. SANDFORD	(VIb),
K. POLLOCK	} (Up. V).
K. KINSEY	





## PRIZE LIST, 1929-30.

- L. I—  
Pauline Hyde
- Ia—  
Betty Lindsay
- Up. I—  
Doris Brooks  
Irene Fox
- IIa—  
Amy Carter  
Edith Hayward
- Up. II—  
Rhona Astbury  
Ruby Bolton  
Marjorie Homewood  
Edith Jones  
Joyce Kennard  
Gladys Maynard  
Doris Taylor  
Eleanor Varney
- 111a—  
Lilian Hammond  
Molly Stevens  
Kathleen White
- Up. III—  
Ruby Bridle  
Mollie Brookman  
Joan Francis
- IVb—  
*Domestic Science*  
Audrey Field  
*Art*  
Joan Joslin
- IVa—  
(1) *Mathematics and Science*  
(2) *English*  
(3) *Languages*  
Eileen Ashley
- IVa— *continued.*  
(1) *Mathematics and Science*  
(2) *English*  
Viola Oelman  
(1) *English*  
(2) *Languages*  
Cecile Kennedy  
*English Subjects*  
Nora Sturgeon  
*General Progress*  
Brenda Savage
- Up. IV—  
(1) *Languages*  
(2) *Science and Mathematics*  
Lotte Keeton  
Sheila Cooper  
*Languages*  
Jean Davidson  
Elsie Packham  
*Art*  
Phyllis Carlton  
Dora Taylor
- Vr—  
*General Progress*  
Vera Drage  
*Art*  
Sylvia Pay
- Vb—  
*Languages*  
Audrey Attwooll  
Kathleen Pollock  
*Art*  
Rita Hayton  
*Domestic Science*  
Kathleen Kinsey

Va—

*Matriculation*

Phyllis Andrew  
 Lilian Bellward  
 Irene Bucksey  
 Irma Collardon  
 Laurie Cooke  
 Freda Dyer  
 Joyce Edwards  
 Vera Edwards  
 Kathleen Elphick  
 Marjorie Glock  
 Winnie Grant  
 Janet Hagerty  
 Joyce Harris  
 Iris Hugo  
 Stella Moore  
 Lois Rodwell  
 Gladys Sandford  
 Audrey Sanftleben  
 Nellie Say (honours)  
 Olive Tuppen  
 Lilian Walter (honours)  
 Kathleen Webb  
 Miriam Winer

Up. V—

*Matriculation*

Kathleen Brookman  
 Lily Cripps  
 Peggy Jones  
 Lurline Knowles  
 Nancy Mollett  
 Jennie Sorrell  
 Vera Westwater  
*Art*  
 Hilda Ricketts

VIc—

*Leaving Prizes*

Louisa Buller  
 Doris Camp  
 Mildred Cattlin

VIc—continued.

Kathleen Haustead  
 Mabel Hughes  
 Daisy Lewsey  
 Phyllis Middlemass  
 Muriel Miller  
 Florrie Robinson  
 Mildred Rundle  
 Eileen Ryder  
 Joyce Selby

VIb—

*Matriculation*

Edna Fitton

*Leaving Prizes*

Winnie Bellinger  
 Penelope Dyer  
 Eileen Essam  
 Lily Jenks  
 Ida Laws  
 Enid Lilley  
 Doreen Tucker

VIa—

*Leaving Prizes*

Delia Vine  
 Vera Clarke  
 Dorothy Collins  
 Norrien Cooper  
 Dora Gibb

*Higher School*

Marjorie Anderson  
 Mildred Bell  
 Edna Holford  
 Joan Humphries  
 Eileen Lord  
 Kathleen Russell  
 Nona Stevens  
 Eva Widdowson  
 Eileen Worthy



## SCHOOL CERTIFICATES

(AWARDED WHEN GIRLS LEAVE).

### *Higher School Certificates.*

Vera Clarke (and Intermediate Arts)  
 Dorothy Collins (and Intermediate Arts)  
 Edna Holford (and Intermediate Science)  
 Eileen Lord (and Intermediate Arts)  
 Nona Stevens  
 Delia Vine (and Intermediate Arts)  
 Eva Widdowson (and Intermediate Science)  
 Eileen Worthy (and Intermediate Arts)

### *Honours General.*

Vera Clarke	Muriel Warden
Dorothy Collins	Eva Widdowson

### *General School Certificates.*

Norrien Cooper	Margaret Richardson
Dora Gibb	Florrie Robinson
Edna Holford	Mildred Rundle
Eileen Lord	Eileen Ryder
Nona Stevens	Joyce Selby
Delia Vine	Kathleen Thornton
Eileen Worthy	Elsie Bisset
Winnie Bellinger	Ivy Bowell
Joan Burnett	Peggy Jones
Penelope Dyer	Kathleen Sayer
Eileen Essam	Doris Shea
Joan Grover	Gwen Thomas
Norah Jacob	Mary Watson
Peggy Knemeyer	Vera Westwater
Ida Laws	Hilda Wilkins
Nora Lewis	Lilian Bellward
Enid Lilley	Irma Collardon
Doreen Tucker	Laurie Cooke
Louisa Buller	Joyce Edwards
Doris Camp	Vera Edwards
Mildred Cattlin	Edith Hutchinson
Kathleen Haustead	Lily Marchant
Mabel Hughes	Stella Moore
Daisy McPhee	Audrey Sanftleben
Phyllis Middlemass	Miriam Winer
Muriel Miller	Vera Rousseau



## THE SCHOOL PLAY.

"The Importance of Being Earnest," was acted at School on the 13th and 14th of February.

Excitement ran high in the School as glimpses of fantastic and brightly-coloured scenery had been seen and fully commented upon.

The play opened with the two young men, Jack Worthing and Algernon Moncrieff (ably played by V. Richardson and M. Glock respectively) in the select room of Algernon's flat. Their realistic eating of tempting cucumber sandwiches made many mouths water.

The entry of Lady Bracknell (G. Sandford) with her lorgnette and rustling, sweeping skirts, was most effective. Nevertheless, one admired the spirit of the sophisticated Gwendolen (F. Dyer), who refused to be suppressed by her mother. Lady Bracknell's little, dry witticisms appealed very much to the audience, especially her enquiries as to whether Jack Worthing was fit to marry her daughter. But when she heard that he had lost both parents, she gravely remarked, "To lose one parent is a misfortune, but to lose both looks like carelessness," and she firmly resolved that Gwendolen should not marry a "parcel." (Jack, as a baby, had been found in the cloakroom at Victoria Station.)



When the curtain rose on the garden scene, with its prospect of flowers and archway and trees, one really thought it was summer, and was most distressed to find, on leaving, that drizzling rain was falling outside. The beauty of the old-world garden was only equalled by the prettiness of Cecily Cardew (N. Mollett), whose simple muslin dress and red sash were in perfect harmony with the scene, and made an effective contrast to Gwendolen's splendid green silk dress and large hat with drooping ostrich feather.

The young men were also well contrasted, Jack being dressed rather soberly, feeling his position as Cecily's guardian, and Algy, the rather lackadaisical, carefree youth, in a light-coloured flannel suit.

Miss Prism, the governess (J. Sorrell), in her stiff straw hat, shirt blouse and check skirt, was so prim and proper and perfect, that every movement caused a chuckle. One was later almost as interested in the love affairs of Miss Prism and "dear Dr. Chasuble" (J. Hagerty) as in those of Jack and Gwendolen, and Algy and Cecily.

Alas, all good things must come to an end, and the play was no exception. When Jack, who has early discovered the importance of being earnest—or Ernest—proves to be indeed Ernest Moncrieff, the nephew of Lady Bracknell, one says with Miss Prism, "As a man sows, so shall he reap," for by his persistence alone, Jack deserved his happy ending.

In concluding, we should like to thank Miss Drury and Miss Short for an interesting production. We are also grateful to Miss Lawrence and Miss Higgs for the time and thought they gave to the dresses, and to Miss Whitehead for designing the very attractive scenery.

1VA.





## THE JUNIOR SCHOOL PARTY.

All was bustle and excitement! A rustling of long skirts filled the air. Terrible Turks, with long beards, escorted mediæval ladies along the corridors. Fairies of all descriptions flew down the stairs. Nursery rhyme characters skipped along heedless of rules. Mistresses looked on and smiled. None offered a word of reproof.

The hall was a scene of enchantment! At last an excited whisper from the competitors, and the procession started. How pretty and original the dresses! I almost pitied the people who had to choose the best. Suddenly there was a loud war-whoop, and a large tribe of Red Indians, usually known as VIa, rushed in, brandishing weapons. Hardly had the laugh subsided when VIc rushed in, as pleasant a band of "Nippies" as ever served in Lyons.

Suddenly the doors again burst open, and Miss Dawson, Miss Preedy, Miss Challen, Miss Hartnell and Miss Whitehead appeared in long silk dresses and curly wigs, carrying little silk bags. They bore a paper, saying: "What we are coming to."

Finally we heard the result of the competition. The first prize for prettiness was awarded to Joan Cooley, as a



Hawaiian girl, and the second to Pamela Turner, a night-fairy. Patience Watts, representing a telephone, won the first prize for originality, and the second went to Norah Kesby, Edith Jones and Joyce Kennard, who came as "Morning, Noon and Night."

R. MARTIN, UP. III.

### SIR ROGER DE COVERLY.

"Get in two lines—stand back!"

After a lot of shuffling we arranged ourselves, and the music began. Clap-clap-a-clap. A bewildered "Night" was thrust down the avenue. "Bow—, bow, come back—now, right hand. Bow—right hand—left hand—both hands—slide," prompted someone in a whisper. Then a party of jigging, clapping dancers, advertisements and poke-bonneted Victorians, crawled through the arch to begin all over again.

R. ASTBURY, UP. III.

## THE HOUSES.

The House system is slowly improving from year to year. Last year saw the initiation of regular monthly meetings, in the hope that co-operation and contact would be established in the Houses, and in the House Report of 1930, it was declared that enough use had not been made of these gatherings, which were felt to be chiefly a medium for collecting baby money. Another year has now passed, and we still feel that full use has not been made of these meetings, which are of too short duration for developing the social side of the Houses, and are completely occupied with the ordinary House business. A notice board, however well employed, cannot sufficiently serve our purpose, which is to make the Houses into social units and inspire them with keenness and co-operation. The House system is of great importance, for whereas Forms divide the School horizontally, the Houses divide it vertically, so that members of different Forms come to know one another through the medium of the House. Contact is thus established between all the Forms throughout the School. It is, therefore, of great importance that the House should be firmly united.

However, we become acquainted with each other to a certain extent at House Games, Parties, and in the Dramatic sections, which have shown a marked improvement in the

standard of entertainment, and have greatly amused themselves and others. The sports this year are pursued with the usual enthusiasm, and St. Andrew and St. George, who hold the Games Cup and Swimming Cup respectively, will have to work hard to keep them. We thank Miss Preedy, Miss Challen, Miss Cater, and all the House Mistresses, who are always ready to help us out of difficulties, for the way in which they have aided us.

Meanwhile we are all searching for some method of securing greater unity which, however, must not involve more work for the Prefects, who have served their Houses loyally and energetically throughout the year.

M. BELL.  
J. HUMPHRIES.  
C. THORNTON.  
M. JENKINS.  
I. WATTS.

## GAMES, 1930-31

### CRICKET MATCHES.

#### SUMMER, 1930.

v. James Allen's	...	...	June 3	Home. Scratched.
v. St. Martin's High	...	...	June 27	Home. Won 39—32.
v. Brockley Secondary (Boys)	...	...	July 1	Home. Lost 49—42.
v. Dartford P.T.C.	...	...	July 5	Home. Won 101—86.
v. Beckenham Secondary	...	...	July 11	Home. Won (82 for 8— 61 all out).

### TENNIS MATCHES.

#### SUMMER, 1930.

v. James Allen's	...	...	May 28	Home. Lost 44—37 games.
v. Chelsea P.T.C.	...	...	June 2	Home. Unfinished (Lost, 34—20 games).
v. Sydenham High	...	...	July 10	Home. Lost 47—34 games.
v. Selhurst Grammar	...	...	July 16	Home. Won 50—31 games.

### HOCKEY MATCHES.

#### AUTUMN TERM, 1930.

v. Malvern House	...	...	1st XI.	Oct. 16	Away. Won 5—3
v. Malvern House	...	...	2nd XI.	Oct. 22	Away. Lost 0—3
v. George Green's	...	...	1st XI.	Oct. 22	Home. Won 15—0
v. James Allen's	...	...	1st XI.	Nov. 5	Away. Lost 12—4
v. James Allen's	...	...	2nd XI.	Nov. 5	Away. Lost 3—1



## HOCKEY MATCHES—(continued.)

v. Lewisham Prendergast	...	1st XI.	Nov. 11	Home.	Lost 7—1
v. Old Girls' ...	...	1st XI.	Nov. 15	Home.	Won 7—5
v. Sydenham High ...	...	1st XI.	Nov. 28	Away.	Scratched.
v. Sydenham High ...	...	2nd XI.	Nov. 28	Away.	Scratched.
v. Lewisham Prendergast	...	2nd XI.	Dec. 2	Home.	Scratched.

## SPRING TERM, 1931.

v. Lewisham Prendergast	...	1st XI.	Jan. 27	Away.	Won 4—0
v. Old Girls' ...	...	1st XI.	Feb. 14	Away.	Lost 5—4
v. Sydenham High ...	...	1st XI.	Feb. 20	Away.	Lost 5—0
v. James Allen's ...	...	1st XI.	Mar. 3	Home.	Scratched.
v. George Green's ...	...	Scratch XI.	Mar. 4	Home.	Won 5—0.
v. Lewisham Prendergast	...	2nd XI.	Mar. 10	Away.	Scratched
v. Malvern House ...	...	2nd XI.	Mar. 12	Away.	Lost 5—4
v. James Allen's ...	...	2nd XI.	Mar. 18	Home.	Drawn 2—2
v. Malvern House ...	...	1st XI.	Mar. 25	Home.	Won 3—0

## NETBALL MATCHES.

## AUTUMN TERM, 1930.

v. Sydenham High ...	...	...	Oct. 10	Home.	Won 15—10.
v. Selhurst Grammar	...	...	Nov. 5	Home.	Lost 11—10.
v. Peckham Secondary	...	...	Nov. 10	Home.	Scratched.
v. St. Martin's High	...	...	Nov. 19	Home.	Won 11—7.

## SPRING TERM, 1931.

v. Sydenham High ...	...	...	Jan. 29	Away.	Lost 17—4.
v. St. Martin's High	...	...	Mar. 4	Away.	Lost 11—6.
v. Honor Oak School	...	...	Mar. 9	Away.	Scratched.
v. Selhurst Grammar	...	...	Mar. 17	Away.	Lost 29—6.

## CRICKET, 1930.

This season, although we played fewer matches, the results were very satisfactory. Our success can only be attributed to much fielding practice and to the help Miss Preedy has given us in this direction. Both fielding and batting improved steadily during the latter part of the term, but constant practice is necessary to keep up a high standard. Many younger girls have been out for practices and, although only three have played in matches, all show promise and have gained experience for next year. Again, this season, the team had one day a week for practice and practices were held regularly; only one day was missed, and that owing to rain.

Of those juniors who have played, B. Dodridge is rather slow in the field, but her bowling shows promise; M. Stevens is inclined to be slow in the field and would do well with

more experience, her bowling is promising; J. Kennard, who has played in most of the matches, is an effective change bowler and her batting has shown much improvement.

We must thank Miss Preedy for her very valuable coaching, and both Miss Preedy and Miss Joseph for umpiring our matches.

# 1ST XI.

D. Tucker.—3rd bowler. Rather disappointing; slow in the field and inclined to slog when batting.

J. Mitchell.—Good fielder at square-leg.

K. Webb.—Mid-on.

E. Lord.—Reliable wicket-keeper and bat.

E. Lilley.—1st bowler and point. Fielding went off during the season.

P. Price.—Slips. A good fielder.

M. Strutt.—Mid-off. Has highest batting average.

K. Vidler.—Deep.

W. Maybank.—Change fielder; a very reliable and stylish bat.

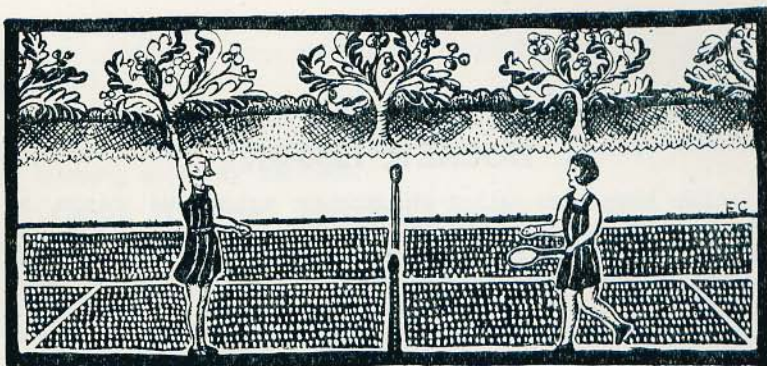
J. ALEXANDER.

M. Alexander.—Made a very good captain. Bowling and fielding good. Very good style in batting.

D.A.P.







## TENNIS, 1930.

Tennis has again proved very popular in the School this season, and the general standard of play has considerably improved. The "Tennis 20" has continued to practise on Saturday mornings and after school on Wednesdays, but we feel that members have not taken as much advantage of the Wednesday practices as they might have done, and hope that they will be even more keen in the future.

The members of the "Junior 20," however, have all supported the practices before school on Mondays and Thursdays with great enthusiasm, and the result of the extra coaching they have received is seen in the many promising junior players, who should do well later on.

*The results of the matches have, on the whole, been quite encouraging, for although we won only one match out of the four, one being unfinished owing to the weather, the team enjoyed the games, and really benefited by the practice and the experience gained.*

We are very grateful to Miss Preedy and Miss Joseph for the coaching they have given, and also to the other Mistresses who have played with us after school.

### *Tennis VI:*

1st Couple—E. Holford; D. Tucker.

2nd Couple—V. Clarke; J. Mitchell.

3rd Couple—M. Alexander; M. Moorlen.

V. CLARKE, VIA.

## HOCKEY, 1930-31.

We have been rather unfortunate again this season, as the weather has not favoured us, and the hockey field has not been in a fit condition for play during the greater part of the season. However, in spite of the fact that we were unable to get on the field for some time before and after Christmas, we had stick practices, and were able to take advantage of the fine weather during the latter part of the Spring Term.

The teams have undergone a number of changes, owing to members not coming up to the expected standard, and this has made combination difficult. The 1st XI has worked steadily with disappointing results. The defence have marked well but their play has suffered through lack of recovery; they seemed unable to get back after being overtaken, and the halves must remember to back up their own forwards more during attack. On the other hand, the forwards have not tackled back enough, and have not helped their halves. The forwards must work more together and pass sooner. Shooting is still poor. The wings improved a great deal towards the end of the season, but they are still rather a weak point in the team.

The 1st XI attended the Junior Kent Trials and we managed to obtain two places in the team—K. Vidler (right back) and G. Miller (left half). K. Webb and K. Sheridan also played.

We must thank Miss Preedy and Miss Challen for the valuable help they have given us during the season, and Miss Preedy, Miss Challen and Miss Cater for umpiring our matches.

### *1st Team.*

Goal.—(i) Autumn Term: P. Wilson. Cleared well on occasion, but disappointing after Christmas. (ii) Spring Term: B. Miller. Clearing has improved considerably; a very promising player.

Right Back.—(i) K. Webb. Was lucky to be chosen as a reserve for Kent team; very slow in recovery; must not let



her opposing forward shoot. (ii) M. Moorlen. Clears well to her forwards. Must get back more quickly and not muddle her goal.

Left Back.—K. Vidler. A good and reliable player on the whole. Has done well this season and been unfortunate in missing so many matches.

Centre Half.—K. Sheridan. A very energetic player, but must mark her centre forward more closely. Has played well.

Right Half.—P. Price. Play was a little disappointing, though improved. Tackled well, but must be quicker in recovery.

Left Half.—G. Miller. Works well with left back, but must tackle more quickly and learn to hit harder.

Left Wing.—(i) E. Woodard. Very fast, but wastes her own and the rest of the team's energy by not being able to centre the ball. (ii) K. Edwards. Has made a good, keen beginning, and should do well. Must use more dodges and centre the ball sooner.

Left Inner.—I Watts. Has played well; shooting has much improved, but must follow up shots at goal.

Centre Forward.—V. Oelmann. Quite good; must combine more with her inners. Plays rather a muddly game.

Right Wing.—M. Lord. Rather lazy, but has much improved, still does not centre the ball soon enough. Must tackle back more.

## 2ND XI.

The 2nd XI has played several matches, and the results have been quite encouraging. There are several younger members who have made a good beginning and should do very well next season.

The following played for the 2nd XI: B. Miller, P. Wilson, B. Doderidge, J. Bell, J. Garrett, S. Cooper, V. Hulford, B. Reinganum, E. Fitton, E. Cheeseman, W. Maybank, M. Bell, M. Coates, M. Hennings.

## UPPER SCHOOL HOCKEY TOURNAMENT.

There was a marked improvement in the standard of play this year, and an absence of fouling. The Forms

played well together and seemed to have more idea of teamwork. The matches were all very close, and the final between Up. V and Va showed a good standard. The teams were well supported, and a very enjoyable afternoon was spent.

M. M. ALEXANDER.

Right Inner.—M. Alexander. Has made a good, reliable captain. As a player has ability, but at times disappointing and inclined to give up too soon; goal shooting good.

D.A.P.



### JUNIOR NETBALL TEAM, 1930-31.

During the first half of the season the team was very successful, but after Christmas several were too old, and there were no good substitutes to fill their places. This especially applied to the shooters, and much more practice must be put in by all the Junior School to raise the standard next season.

The centres combined well together, but must be ready to get back and defend after an attacking movement. The defence marked well, but better passes are needed in clearing to the attack.

### JUNIOR TEAM.

Goalkeeper.—M. Grove. Played well all the season and combined with her defence.



Defence.—E. Bradshaw. Marked well, but passing needs care.

Defending Centre.—(i) E. Jones. Quick at dodging, but passing poor. (ii) J. Simpson. Slow at times, but marks well.

Centre.—B. Wheeler. Good and neat at dodging, but at a disadvantage owing to lack of height

Attacking Centre.—I. Lodge.—Played well at the beginning of the season, but later inclined to muddle.

Attack.—(i) P. Watts. Shoots well, but must keep her place. (ii) M. Bull. Dodges well, but shooting disappointing.

Goal Shooter.—(i) J. Kennard. Good shooter and combined well with her attack. (ii) E. Hyam. Not quick enough and shooting erratic.

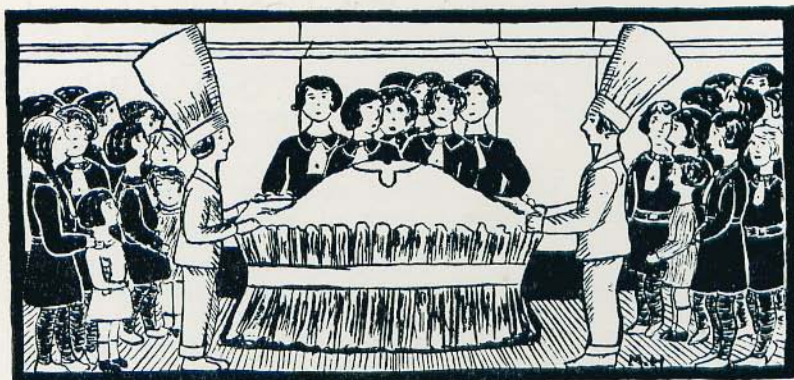
N.J.C.

## THANKS TO VIc.

The report of all the games cannot be passed without a word of thanks to VIc for all the voluntary work they do in this connection. They not only work out all the possible dates and times for matches, but also look after and arrange all teas and keep our games apparatus in good repair, taking it to be repaired when necessary.

Every year their efficiency seems to improve and this year it has been excellent.

D.A.P.



### GUIDES, 1930-31.

During the past year the Patrols have been under the leadership of B. Gichard, B. Miller, N. Blackman, E. Wheeler, J. Bell, K. Kinsey, G. Miller, J. Harris and P. Biggs. But owing to the coming "General Schools" in the Summer Term, B. Miller and G. Miller were replaced by M. Stevens and B. Page-Wood in the Spring Term.

On May 23rd, 1930, our Company was represented by D. Macphee at the laying of the foundation-stone of the new Guide Headquarters by Princess Mary.

Forty lucky Guides, with some of Miss Preedy's Company, spent an enjoyable week in camp at Pickwell, Kent, in the last week of the Summer Term.

In September we entered again for the District Swimming Gala and managed to retain the shield. B. Gichard, M. Alexander and B. Miller won their way into the Divisional Swimming Gala, which took place at the Westminster Baths.

On November 12th, Captain Cannon, of the R.S.P.C., gave us a delightful lecture on "Pets and their Care," which, incidentally reminded us of the 6th Guide Law.

The greatest event of the Christmas Term took place on December 16th, when we had our usual Guide Party for poor children, which was very much enjoyed by all. Among other Guide visitors was Miss Manning, the new Divisional Commissioner.

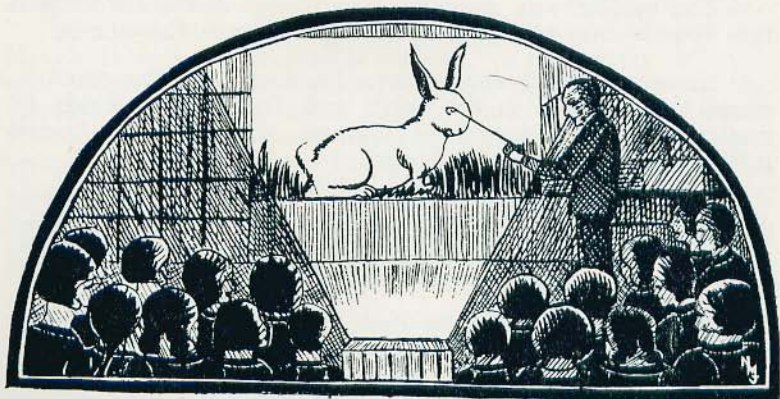
A few Guides greatly enjoyed a Bird Lecture on December 24th.

The Leaders spent a very interesting morning on March 27th, looking over the new Guide Headquarters, which the Queen had recently opened.

Four Guides passed their 1st Class Hike at Leyton on May 2nd, and B. Gichard passed her 1st Class and also obtained her All-round Cord this term.

We are very grateful to Miss Dawson, Miss Preedy and Miss Challen, also Miss Cater, who took Miss Preedy's place during her absence in the Spring Term, for helping us so willingly to keep up the reputation of the 2nd Sydenham Company.

#### FOURTH FORM GUIDES.



#### CAPTAIN CANNON'S TALK ON PETS.

I am certain that everyone, in her heart of hearts, is a lover of all the little furry animals which one finds in the fields, and sometimes keeps as pets, and also of the bigger animals, like dogs and horses, which one comes to regard as friends. It was very interesting for us to listen to Captain Cannon speaking about all kinds of pets.



He talked about the rabbit first; there are a number of different types, some of which were shown on lantern slides. There was a lovely wild "bunny" with his scut in the air, who was winking at you over his shoulder, and a most aristocratic-looking Angora, who, I should imagine, would be very supercilious, perhaps on account of his beautiful, long hair.

Then we heard of those friendly, silly creatures, so much sought after as pets—guinea-pigs. We were told of the cruelty of some people to mice. Fancy! a poor little mouse was kept in a tiny cardboard box! It must have been dreadful for it.

There was a slide of an otter, the pluckly little animal which was once so widely hunted for sport in this country. The squirrels, with their long bushy tails, were general favourites, but I, at any rate, would rather see one wild, red squirrel, among the dark, green pine trees, than all the tame grey ones in Kensington Gardens.

The badger was also shown, although his queer striped face is now only seldom seen at night-time in the woods.

However, moles can always be found in the country, where they burrow in the earth and feed on all kinds of insects. They are dear little creatures, with tiny eyes buried in their lovely greyish-black fur.

Hedgehogs are most exciting when they roll themselves up into those prickly balls of wrath and indignation; they are sworn enemies to the dogs, and the famous "watchdog's bark" is not seldom caused by the assault of an hedgehog.

When Captain Cannon had almost ended his talk, he spoke a little about the best, truest, and most treasured of all pets—the dog. There was a slide of a great, strong, golden-haired mastiff, that very English, or rather ancient, British dog, which was said to be worth three Roman soldiers, and one, also, of his descendant, the world-famous bulldog, with his ugly, flat face and bow-legs.

We were all longing for different dogs; some liked the silky-haired spaniels, some those beautiful collies, and others the cheeky little terriers, or rough, useful Airedales.

Then we were shown a few slides of horses; the hardy-treated circus horse gained the larger share of pity from us, which, after all, is only his due. (Personally, I vowed that

wild horses should on no pretext drag me to the Crystal Palace at "circus time.")

I am positively certain that, by this most interesting talk, Captain Cannon has gained a number of supporters for the R.S.P.C.A., and not a few friends to animals, which some of us had regarded hitherto in rather a cold manner.

N. STURGEON, Thistle Patrol.

## LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY, 1930-31.

President: M. A. Bell. Vice-President: M. Strutt.

Secretary: M. H. Anderson.

This year the plays to be read were chosen with a view to tracing the development of modern drama from the end of the 19th century to the present day. The first play read under this scheme was a rather weak drawing-room play, "The Liars," by Henry Jones. This was followed by Henrik Ibsen's "The Master Builder," a completely different type of play. At subsequent meetings, plays illustrating the various types arising from Ibsen's work were read. Oscar Wilde's "The Importance of Being Earnest," a social satire, amused the Society very much, but Anton Tchekov's "The Three Sisters"—an introspective play—and Capek's symbolic play, "R.U.R.," were not so well received. Had there been time a discussion play, probably G. B. Shaw's "The Apple Cart," would also have been read.

The attendance at the plays was very good, but it was sad to note the falling-off of numbers at the debate meetings. The subjects for debate dealt with the theatre and dramatic art. Although the motion, "That the theatre is of more benefit to society than is the cinema," provoked quite interesting discussion, at most of the meetings the argument was not so sound, nor the repartee so quick as one could desire.

Readings of De la Mare and H. G. Wells at one meeting were much appreciated, and the End-of-Term Tea greatly enjoyed. It was, on the whole, a profitable and amusing session.

M.H.A., Hon. Sec.



## SCIENCE CLUB, 1930-31.

President: M. H. Anderson. Secretary: J. Hagerty.

At the initial meeting of the Science Club, it was decided that a series of talks on one subject should be held during the Autumn Term, as a more advanced and interesting aspect of each subject could be dealt with in a number of meetings than could possibly be included in one paper. Accordingly, the subject chosen for the Autumn Term was "Astronomy," and four well-prepared and interesting lectures were given, each being illustrated by lantern slides, which caused much excitement, besides making the talks clearer. In the Spring Term, three talks on "Physiology" were held, the lantern again proving an attraction. These papers were of great value to the members, for although Physiology is a most interesting subject, there is no time for it in the School curriculum. The audience, although enthusiastic, was not so large as we should have liked, but we feel that this was partly due to the other attractions—House-games and dramatic meetings—which Thursday offered. We hope that next year a more convenient day will be managed and that the audience, while retaining its present enthusiasm, will increase in numbers.

M. H. ANDERSON.

## THE SCHOOL GARDENS.

During last summer the Houses took over the organisation of the gardens, and carried this out quite ably. At the beginning of the new School year, however, the gardeners in each Form were so emphatic in their request that the gardens in the possession of any Form should be run entirely by that Form, that permission for this change in the organisation was given. The experiment is being entirely satisfactory.

Forms Upper IV and IVa are at present in possession of the trophies, but the competition is so keen that they will have to work very hard if they are still to retain them at the end of July.

G.A.



## THE SCHOOL ORCHESTRA.

The orchestra is still quite young, but this year it has improved greatly. It has been strengthened by five more violinists and one 'cellist, who have taken the places of the girls who left last year, and with a little more support from other musicians in the School it should be able to do something really wonderful at the next Prize-giving, and make the School really proud of it. We have to thank Miss Ballard for the work she has undertaken in founding the orchestra and conducting it for us, and I am sure we shall all do our best to make it a success during the coming year.

BETTY JEVES, UP. IV.

## THE OPENING OF THE NEW U.G.S. SETTLEMENT.

The Queen's visit was an exciting event for Peckham. The school-children were given a holiday, hawkers paraded the streets with Union Jacks, the borough had sanded the roads and sent out bands of mounted police; in fact, everyone was excited and prepared. Round Stafford Street itself the traffic was blocked, and mothers and babies lined the street in the hopes of getting a glimpse of the Queen. Scouts and Guides of all sorts and sizes were forming a guard-of-honour up to the Settlement.

Inside the Settlement itself there was just as much bustle. Everything had been prepared, the rooms were sunny with their fresh paint and bowls of daffodils. The Head Mistresses were conducted to their seats in the front of the flag-decorated hall, and the head girls, looking very pure and modest in their white dresses, kid gloves and black stockings, were being perched up on a dais at the back.

Eventually, when all the visitors were in their right places, the Bishops in their full canonicals and the Mayor and Corporation arrived and waited by the door for the Queen, who soon glided up in a long, slim Rolls-Royce.

She was dressed in silver-grey from head to foot, and was presented as soon as she arrived with a glorious bouquet of carnations and roses.

Then the ceremony began. The Bishop of Kingston said prayers, and the Bishop of Southwark gave a short history of the U.G.S. movement and mentioned the work of Bishop Talbot, the very old bishop, who was sitting on the platform. The Queen then declared the Settlement open, and received the embroidered purses from the head girls, while the Bishop of Southwark read out the name of the school and the amount of its donation. Sixty girls in all filed up and curtsied in as dignified a manner as space would allow. The Queen was then conducted round the Settlement, while Dr. Brock spoke about the importance of the Settlement's work in South London. The Queen then drove away amid the cheers of the inhabitants.

Finally, we were all given tea and shown round the Settlement. It is a beautifully equipped place, and well situated for its work, as it is next to a pickle factory and opposite Mellin's Food factory. The Settlement should be able to carry on its work even better in this lovely new home

M. BELL, VIA.

## THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS.

The School branch of the League of Nations was inaugurated in July, 1928, but it was re-organised this year. Previously we had been addressed by adults, such as Miss Falconer, Miss Stevens and Miss Buckmaster, but this year it was decided that the girls should run the Society by themselves.

So on February 5th, 1931, a meeting was held, which was enthusiastically attended by most of the Upper School. (The result of Miss Falconer's energetic whip-efforts.) Mildred Bell was elected Secretary of the branch, and J. Humphries, Treasurer. Several speeches followed—J. Eyden spoke on "Finance and the League," M. Bell on "Disarmament," F. Collins on "Mandates," and M. Barton on "The League's Work during 1930." The speeches were all interesting and quite successful considering that in most cases they

were first attempts at speech-making. However, they provided hints for future speakers: they should remember that a speech and an essay are not the same thing; that facts should be assembled in such a way that they are palatable to the audience (for the speeches with their detailed statistics were a trifle overwhelming).

A second meeting was held on May 28th, when M. Bell and W. Bragg spoke on two exciting subjects: "Slavery" and "Refugees."

We hope that another meeting will follow this year, for the subjects of "The League's activities in connection with the Drug Traffic" and "Outstanding achievements of the League" have already been suggested.

M. BELL, VIA.

## THE LONDON SECONDARY SCHOOLS' MUSIC FESTIVAL.

The London Secondary Schools' Music Festival, 1931 (South-East Unit), took place at the School on Saturday, February 21st. The adjudicator was Mr. Charles Kennedy Scott. He entered the Hall at 9 a.m. and spoke to the assembled choirs for a few minutes on the subject of Musical Festivals. After this, the judging of the Senior choirs commenced. The School choir was one of nine competing in this class.

### TEST PIECES.

Unison: "Leaves a'Dancing," *Ley*.

Part-Song: "Music when Soft Voices Die," *C. Wood*.

When all the choirs had been heard, Mr. Kennedy Scott read out his report on each choir, as this year there was no placing in order of merit. The School choir received a creditable report, for which all our thanks are due to Miss Hartnell, who spent much time and trouble in training us.

After an interval, Mr. Kennedy Scott conducted the testing of massed work for all Senior choirs.



## TEST PIECES.

Unison: "Worship," *G. Shaw*.

Part-Song: "Festival Chimes," *Holst*.

The competitions for nine-voice and self-trained choirs followed, in which the School did not compete. The Festival continued, with an interval for luncheon, until about 4 p.m., but the School choir was not present in the afternoon when the Junior and Middle choirs were heard.

JOAN FRANCIS, UP. IV.

## SWIMMING SPORTS, 1930.

## PROGRAMME.

1. Championships. 2 lengths. (Seniors and Juniors.)
2. Inter-Form Relay. 1 length. (Seniors and Juniors.)
3. People without crosses swim two widths with belt.
4. Inter-House:
  - (1) Senior Crocodile. 6 in a team.
  - (2) Junior Diving—Side and Board.
  - (3) House Teams. 6 in a team. (Senior or Junior.)
  - (4) Junior Style—Breast Stroke, and Back Stroke with arms folded.
  - (5) Senior Diving—High, Running, Board, Duck.
  - (6) Junior Life-Saving—1st method. 2 from each House.
  - (7) Junior Crocodile. 6 in a team.
  - (8) Senior Style—Crawl and Breast Stroke.
  - (9) Senior Life-Saving—2nd method.
5. Bovril Tine. (Seniors.)
6. Potato and Spoon. (Juniors.)
7. Circle Team Race. (Seniors.)
8. "Goodnight" Race.
9. Whole House (Style). Breast Stroke.

## THE DRILL DISPLAY, 1930.

---

### PROGRAMME.

1. Lower School Gymnastics :  
Forms Lower I, Ib, Ia, Upper I, IIa and Upper II.
2. Scottish Country Dancing : Voluntary Class.
  - (1) The Scottish Reform.
  - (2) The Dashing White Sergeant.
  - (3) The Triumph.
3. Inter-House Team Races—Seniors. (Six in a team.)
4. Middle School Gymnastics :  
Forms IIIb, IIIa, Upper III, IVb, IVa, Upper IV.  
  
Collection for Dr. Tchaykovsky's Baby Clinic at Harrow and the Children's Country Holidays Fund.
5. Dancing : Members of the Dancing Class.
  - (1) The Circle Dance.
  - (2) Brahms' Waltz No. 2.                      Seniors.
  - (3) A Running Dance.
  - (4) Nymph Dance.                                Juniors.
6. Vaulting—Horse and Box :  
Picked Team from VIth Forms.
7. Inter-House Team Races—Juniors.
8. Upper School Gymnastics :  
Forms VR, Vb, Va, Upper V, VIc, VIb, VIa.  
Figure March.

## LES VACANCES DE PAQUES A PARIS.

Le lundi de Pâques une douzaine d'entre nous sommes allées à Paris pour y passer trois semaines. Nous sommes restées à Versailles, tout près du Palais et du Parc de Versailles, et c'est là que nous nous sommes bien amusées quand nous ne sommes pas allées plus loin. Le Palais est renommé pour ses tapisseries et ses peintures, la Salle de l'Empire et la Galerie des Glaces, d'où on voit de longues perspectives à travers le Parc et ses jolis bassins.

Nous avons fait notre première visite—et la plus frappante—à l'Île de la Cité, un des quartiers les plus anciens et les plus intéressants. Nous avons fait le tour de la Cathédrale de Notre-Dame, du Palais de Justice, de la Sainte-Chapelle et de la Conciergerie. Ce sont quelques-uns des plus importants édifices, au point de vue de l'histoire et de l'architecture.

Nous avons visité le Louvre, ses musées et ses galeries, où nous avons vu la Victoire Ailée, la Vénus de Milo, "La Joconde" et des peintures telles que "Les Glaneuses" et "L'Angelus" de Millet. C'était là que nous avons rencontré par hasard Mademoiselle Lawrence. Le lundi prochain nous sommes allées avec elle au Bois de Boulogne, à L'Arc de Triomphe et aux Jardins des Tuileries.

Quoiqu'il fît mauvais temps cette semaine, le jeudi nous sommes allées à Fontainebleau en autocar. Là nous avons vu le somptueux palais de Napoléon, entouré d'une vaste forêt. Ici nous avons fait des promenades, et nous nous sommes bien amusées à grimper sur les rochers. La dernière semaine nous avons fait encore une excursion en autocar à St. Cloud, St. Germain et le Château de Rambouillet.

Notre séjour à Paris a été fait certainement à la plus belle saison de l'année. Les arbres des boulevards étaient revêtus de leurs robes printanières, et dans le Parc on pouvait cueillir des primevères, des anémones et des violettes.

Presque tous les jours nous avons fait des achats; il était très amusant, sans doute, et pour nous et pour les marchands, d'essayer de nous faire comprendre. Le dernier jour nous avons acheté nos cadeaux aux grands magasins de



Paris. Nous avons goûté sur le toit de la Galerie Lafayette, d'où peut voir tout Paris sous les yeux.

Le dimanche nous avons quitté Paris avec tant de regrets pour nos amies françaises, mais tout le monde gardera ses photos et ses souvenirs.

Enfin, je veux remercier Miss Rushforth de la part de tout le monde pour ce qu'elle a fait pour nous. C'est elle qui a arrangé notre voyage, et surtout elle a eu grand soin de nous pendant ces terribles traversées. Donc j'espère qu'elle sera récompensée par les progrès que nous avons faits en français.

EDNA L. FITTON, VIA.

## UNE APRES-MIDI AVEC DES ACTEURS FRANCAIS.

Le mercredi vingt-et-un octobre une centaine de jeunes filles de notre école sont allées voir représenter deux comédies françaises, "Gringoire" et "Le Médecin Malgré Lui."

"Gringoire" faisait affaire avec les fortunes d'un pauvre poète, qui s'est marié enfin avec Loyse, fille charmante de Simon Fourniez, un riche marchand. L'actrice qui jouait le rôle de Loyse, était vraiment attrayante; elle portait une belle robe bleue, bordée de fourrure blanche, qui allait bien avec ses cheveux blonds. Gringoire était très maigre et laid, et il était vêtu d'une sale tunique rose, et des bas jaunes. Quoiqu'il fût un bon acteur, ce n'était pas notre idée du héros de la pièce, et nous avons été un peu désappointées de ce rôle.

L'autre représentation, "Le Médecin Malgré Lui," était, à notre avis, plus amusante que "Gringoire." L'acteur qui jouait le rôle du bûcheron qui est devenu un médecin malgré lui, était très capable, et provoquait bien souvent le fou rire dans son auditoire. Nous pouvions le comprendre beaucoup mieux que les autres, qui parlaient un peu trop vite pour nous.

Un monsieur a pris la parole après cette pièce-là, et puis, quelques-uns des acteurs ont récité, chacun à son tour, une fable de la Fontaine. A la fin, tous ont chanté la Marseillaise, et nous sommes allées chez nous après avoir passé un après-midi bien agréable.

JEAN DAVIDSON, VA.

ELSIE PACKHAM, VA.

---

---

### COLLECTIONS, 1930-31.

#### *Summer, 1930.*

Queen's Hospital for Children	£12	10	0	
Heritage Craft Schools	...	£12	10	0
				£25 0 0

#### *Autumn, 1930.*

Royal Free Hospital	...	£2	2	0
Queen's Hospital for Children	...	£12	10	0
Heritage Craft Schools	...	£12	10	0
				£27 2 0

#### *Spring, 1931.*

*Union of Girls Schools for				
Social Service	...	£8	0	0
Queen's Hospital for Children	...	£12	10	0
Heritage Craft Schools	...	£12	10	0
				£33 0 0
				£85 2 0

\* The purse presented on March 11th contained £40, £32 of which came from the proceeds of the School Play.

## OLD GIRLS

---

### MANOR MOUNT AND SYDENHAM OLD GIRLS' ASSOCIATION.

The Old Girls' meetings in July, November and March were all well attended.

The summer meeting, however, did not keep up its tradition of "glorious July weather." An afternoon of rain made supper out-of-doors impossible, but the tennis tournament was held as usual and the Old Girls enjoyed an evening of news and gossip.

In November the General Business Meeting was held, when the statement of accounts was read and elections to the Committee were made. After supper the evening was given to conversation and dancing, with Sir Roger to let off the last ounces of steam.

The Old Girls were glad to enjoy the company of more of the Staff at this year's meetings.

Many names were added last year to the list of Old Girls and the Association looks forward once again to welcoming new members at the opening meeting in November.

E. C. JONES.

I. K. JOHNSTON.

---

### "THE YEOMAN OF THE GUARD."

The Old Girls' Operatic Society this year broke new ground and performed "The Yeoman of the Guard." Three performances were given, as usual, and it was generally agreed that the last evening was a real triumph. Many very kind and flattering things were said of the other two performances, however, so we imagine that our audiences enjoyed our entertainment as much as we had enjoyed the productions.



The financial result was a total of £56 9s. 0d. handed over to the South-Eastern Hospital for Children and King's College Hospital, an increase of £9 17s. 5d. over last year. The Company paid "touring" visits to Waddon and to the Poor Law Institutions at Constance Road and Gordon Road, being enthusiastically received by each audience.

D. K. AMBROSE.

## THE OLD GIRLS' DANCE.

Perhaps it was due to the prevailing fashion of "womanly women" that so few of those who came to the "Old Girls' Dance in February wore male attire; as a crowd we clung to our skirts. The result was a happy one, for all formalities were abandoned, and we danced in twos, in threes, in rows, and *en masse*. The evening went with a tremendous swing, everyone looking gay—everyone except the three dolorous gentlemen who, by dint of skilful thumpings, blowings and bangings on various instruments, provided us with suitable music. The old tunes were revived, the Barn Dance being especially popular. There seemed to be diverse ideas on how this should be danced, but all seemed to agree on vigorous motion, and an onlooker would no doubt have been impressed more by the bouncing health of the dancers than by their grace of movement. Overhead the suspended balloons jerked nervously up and down.

We have grown accustomed each year to a certain band of friends moving us to mirth by their appearance in weird and original costumes when the dance is at its height. This year seven repulsive-looking South Sea Islanders descended upon us. They were of undoubted cannibalistic tendencies, and leapt around, uttering horrid cries, which, however, became less hostile as time went on. Agatha Alton and Co. are to be congratulated on their ingenious costumes.

It was very delightful to have, as our guest of honour, Miss Cruickshank, who maintains her interest in "Old Girls" so keenly, and who seems to enjoy our chats with her as much as we ourselves do.

Supper was a triumph. Even the three dolorous musicians were observed to smile. Our thanks went out to Mabel Mortleman and Beryl Smith, who had been responsible for the catering.

The success of the evening was due in large measure to the work of the promoters, Iris Johnston and Eileen Jones, to whom we offer our humble appreciation.

PEGGY BUTLER-JOYCE.

## OLD GIRLS' SPORTS CLUB.

### NETBALL CLUB.

Having somewhat prematurely (and with a sigh of relief) handed over to my successor the insignia of office, I am unable, with any degree of accuracy, to put on record, of the matches played during this season, how many we lost or won. Anyway, as far as results are concerned, I am afraid it would not be any too creditable a record, for the succession of victories at the beginning of the season proved to be but "a flash in the pan," and we ended up rather badly.

However, as the well-worn quotation has it (so well worn that I cannot recall it accurately), "It matters not whether the match was lost or won, but how you played the game." We always enjoy our Saturday afternoons (at least, those unspoiled by the vagaries of our fickle English climate), and invite newcomers to participate in the joys of the game. Intending members should communicate with our new Secretary,

M. CURTIS,  
35, Blythe Hill,  
Catford, S.E.6.

R. K.

### GYMNASTIC CLASS.

We are glad to report a substantial increase in our numbers this year—a sure proof of the popularity of this section of the Sports Club.

Is it just idle curiosity or Dame Fashion, I wonder, which prompts the weekly queue at the scales? The sighs

of happiness at the thought of two pounds lost alone make the Class worth while for some, and others inwardly resolve to make another valiant attempt at refusing potatoes, pastries and pudding, etc.

Come and do your "weekly dozen" with us.

Write to:—

E. FUSSELL,  
52, Woodvale,  
S.E.23,

for particulars.

R. K.

## NEWS OF OLD GIRLS.

*College Entrants, 1930.*

Girton College, Cambridge.—V. Clarke.  
St. Hugh's College, Oxford.—D. Collins.  
Bedford College, London.—E. Holford.  
King's College, London.—E. Widdowson.  
University College, London.—D. Vine, E. Worthy.  
Avery Hill Training College.—W. Bellinger, P. Dyer.  
Furzedown Training College.—N. Cooper, E. Lord,  
N. Stevens, L. Jenks, I. Laws.

1930. *Successes.*

W. Barnes, B.Sc., Botany, Hons. (London), Class III.  
G. Glock, B.Sc., Hon., Gen., Class II.  
H. Pegrum, B.Sc., Hons., Gen., Class II.  
M. Harris, B.Sc., Hons., Gen., Class II.  
G. Radcliffe, B.Sc., Hons., Gen., Class III.  
C. Hall, Scholarship at the Royal College of Art.  
M. Johnson, Bronze Medal for Piano, Royal Academy of Music.

A. Forbes-Leith, London Intermediate (Arts).

1931.

E. Allen and E. Humphreys, London Intermediate (Science).  
Theodora Winney, a water-colour painting in this year's Royal Academy.  
G. Glock, B.Sc. Hons. Special (Physiology), Class I.

*Appointments.*

Greta Barker.—Appointed Art Lecturer at Avery Hill, May, 1931.

Ruth Bone has a post in St. George the Martyr's School, London.



Phyllis Barnard.—Assistant Secretary to the Principal of St. George's College.

Marjorie Rousseau has the post of French Mistress in the Wembley Grammar School.

Primrose Marsh has the post of Maths. Mistress in Notre Dame High School, Wigan.

Gertrude Radcliffe, B.Sc., has the post of Science Mistress at the Chapel Allerton High School, Leeds.

Winnie Barnes, B.Sc.—appointed Botany Mistress at Dudley High School (from September next).

Florence Upton has been made Inspector on the Outdoor Staff of the Ministry of Health in the Bolton Area.

Joan Burnett has a temporary post in the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries.

Enid Dennis, having passed the Civil Service Executive Examination, has a post on the Outdoor Staff of the Ministry of Health.

Joan Grover has a post in the India Office, Whitehall.

Doris Tyler, Joyce Selby, Kathleen Sayer, Muriel Miller, Elsie Bisset, Phyllis Middlemass, Dorothy Hughes, Kathleen Haustead, Vera Edwards, Daisy Lewsey, Grace Streeter have all posts in City Firms, Insurance Offices, and Banks.

Winnie Round has taken up Poultry Farming.

K. Roles has been appointed at an Infants' School at Islington.

### *Marriages.*

Marjorie Vine to Henry Hudson. August, 1930.

Nellie Blythe to Thomas Harwatt, B.A. March, 1931.

Doris Hitchcock to Ranjit Mohan Chetsingh. December, 1930.

Nona Reynolds to W. J. B. Price. May, 1931.

Alma Rodgers to Dr. Sidney Douglas McLean. April, 1931.

Ruth Sheridan to Robert Hunter. November, 1930.

Marjorie Hull to Dr. D. W. McLaren. June, 1931.

### *In Memoriam.*

Vera Davies. April 11th, 1931.

Daisy Cotterill. Easter, 1931.

## A LETTER FROM HILDA HENSON.

(Last Summer, Hilda and Vera emigrated with their parents to Canada, and Hilda writes interestingly of the life there.)

. . . On 1st August we left Wenvoe (the training centre in South Wales) for good. We were one of eight families, all that were left. The 'bus to take us to Cardiff was late and it caught fire on the way, so every five minutes we stopped to give the engine a breather. We sailed from Liverpool on the S.S. "Andania" on the 2nd August.

When we landed in Quebec, Daddy, Dolly and Mother, who were ill on the boat, were sent to the Immigration Hospital outside Quebec, and the rest of us—Madeline, Vera and I—went to the Immigration Hall. We stopped a fortnight in Quebec. The Hall is very high and overlooks Quebec Harbour, so we saw all the boats coming in and out. From our bedroom window we could see the forts and the Chateau Frontenac.

Quebec looks fine at night time when the boats are lit up on the river. Only one person in the Hall could speak English besides ourselves. Everybody spoke French, bourgeois French, not Parisian French; Vera and I found we could understand pretty well.

We left Quebec for Toronto and there we were taken to a boarding-house, where we met some of the other families all ready to quit and go back because there were no good jobs left, for the farmers had had ten years of drought before we came. We were put under the care of the British Settlement Society. This Society was supposed to find work for us in Ontario, but there was none. Daddy then suggested to the superintendent that it would be cheaper to send us West on farms of our own, than keep us on charity in Toronto. The other families except one would not agree to go West, but the scheme was carried out and there are now six other British Legion families out here.

The journey across Canada was fun after six weeks in Toronto; we stopped in Winnipeg and went sightseeing all round the city.

Vermilion was our station, a little town on the Canadian National. From there we motored to our farm in Gilt

Edge. It is forty-three miles to Vermilion from our farm and twenty to Wainwright, our nearest town.

We have a quarter section, one hundred and sixty acres, of the finest wheat land in the world. The trees do not grow very big here, just scrub. We have open sections practically all round us so there is plenty of room to expand.

The house was already up when we got here. It has three rooms downstairs and one big one upstairs. We have a porch up now so we count it as five rooms. Then there was the barn; it was finished but there were no stalls or harness-racks made. We finished that last month.

We have four horses, not shires. They are fast horses and make good saddle horses, although none of ours are broken to the saddle as yet. I got on Nigger, our quietest horse, but he bucked me off, so we are waiting until one of our friends breaks Charley, our fastest horse, and the quickest round here.

All the children ride bare back until they are seventeen, then they use a saddle and start breaking their own colts and farming their sections. Our cow is giving plenty of milk still and the calf is coming along fine.

We have a wagon, a discer, and a breaking plough. In the house there were two chairs, a rough table, a stove, and a big double bed. Daddy has made four small beds with barbed wire (Vera and I debarbed it). We are fenced in now. The range cattle and horses wandered all over our section so we got it fenced in as quickly as possible.

Our well is ninety feet deep, too deep for a pump, so Daddy is going to get another one dug as soon as the dollars start coming in. We have located a good place for one already. The water is above ground now although of course it is frozen right through.

We have dug our cellar and filled it with our winter supplies.

Three days after we arrived I went nine miles to a farm across Battle River to work, but the farmer's wife had got the notion that all girls except herself are as strong as Hercules; so I packed and came home.

The threshing was very late this year because the crops did not start till late in June. One or two have not finished threshing yet.



Vera and I milk the cow, Vera when I happen to be away. We help Daddy harness, and I often drive the team by myself. The ground is slightly covered with snow and frozen to a depth of about eighteen inches to two feet. The sun shines brightly every day and the sky is a deep blue. At night we can see the Aurora Borealis; it is awfully pretty.

Sometimes in the morning the frost on the trees is just like Lux soap flakes, and the bluffs look like gardens of Christmas trees. The frost remains on the trees all day.

There is plenty of amusement here in winter, dances at the School houses and Christmas parties at Christmas time. It is nothing uncommon for a dance to end at 5 a.m. They do many old dances here.

By the way, there are big stones on the prairie and lots of them, and the geography book says there are not any. I do not believe in geography any more. In winter the book says Northern Alberta is feet thick with snow; there has never been that much since we came. In Canada there are no fogs, I understood; we have had two good thick ones since we have been here. Anyway, I prefer shooting rabbits to learning geography. The rabbits are pure white here now, and the fur is beautifully thick.

It is hard work here although it is fun, we have got such a lot to do before it gets too cold to go out; haul food, cut wood, build piggeries and chicken houses, besides breaking. When Sunday comes we all are dead beat.

I think I had better quit now as it is getting late and coal oil is expensive.

Mother wishes to be remembered to you and we all wish the new year will prove a good one for you.

Your old pupil,

HILDA HENSON.

---



## MISCELLANEOUS CONTRIBUTIONS.

### NOTES FROM THE FORMS.

#### Lower I. THE POETRY COMPETITION.

One day, last March, a number of our form went with Miss Drury and Miss Dawson to London for a poetry competition. A lot of Secondary schools were going to compete. We all went on a 'bus to Penge Station, and got the train there. When we got to Victoria we met Miss Corbett and Miss Valentine on the platform. Then we walked through the streets until we came to a big hall, which looked like a church. We went inside and sat down in the corner pews, and listened to the other schools reciting. At last, it came to our turn and we went and lined up on the platform, and said our poetry as well as we could. After that we listened to about ten more poems, and at last the results were read, and we found that Honor Oak School was top. Then we came home on the train and each one got out at her own station.

#### Ib. THE GYM. COMPETITION.

When we all arrived at School one morning everyone was talking in awed whispers about the gym. competition. For weeks we had been practising our exercises, but now the day had come we all felt rather shaky about the knees. To our friends in other forms we confided we should not



win, but deep down in our heart we said we would. Then we filed up the hall. However, we did not do so badly as we anticipated. We only made two or three mistakes. Then we marched round the hall and out. Once outside most of us gave sighs of relief. Eagerly we awaited the results. When it was given out we found we had not done too badly. Next from the bottom.

Ia.

As a whole, from the beginning of the year, the form has done well in work and games. We won one of the two netball matches we played. We have a rather good netball team and we hope to have some tennis, cricket and swimming champions. The first term we were Ia we won the bowl for tidiness and in the Spring Term we won the second bowl for tidiness.

Upper I.

Rather awed by the bigness of the School and fascinated by the wonderful bas-reliefs in the Hall and the beauty of the rose-garden, we entered our form-room with its many blackboards and rows of single desks. The discovery that many of us knew each other inspired us "to greater things." Later in the year we succeeded in coming third in the Gym. Competition for the Lower School, and one of us, Barbara Pigot, actually managed to win a book for her essay on Kipling's "Jungle Book," written for the "Schoolboy's News." Our hopes for the future are many and various, but we have definitely decided that Upper I is going to be "The ladder by which we ascend the throne"—of VIa!

IIb.

As there is a good deal to say about the form I will start with successful events of the Winter Term. Nearly all the form were enthusiastic where netball was concerned, a few actually getting chosen for the School Netball Team. We played Upper III in the inter-form matches and although they beat us, we managed to put up quite a good fight.

The Summer Term so far has been eventful, cricket, tennis and swimming now being in full swing. Many girls have obtained their crosses and others are endeavouring to do the same. One member of the form was fortunate enough to be chosen for the cricket team, and we all hope to be as fortunate in time. Anyway, so far so good.



IIa.

## OUR PLAYS.

At the close of the Autumn Term Miss Short suggested that, as we had been reading "A Christmas Carol" and "Morte D'Arthur," we should make them into plays. Leaders were chosen and the form was divided into four sections. With a number of meetings at various times, and vigorous work on the part of the leaders, we were able to produce really nice plays. Clothing was a difficulty hard to overcome. (Knights wore no armour or helmets in *our* plays.) But in spite of the fact that one Queen shed her jewels in an undignified manner (owing to weak glue), and the Red Knight refused to die gracefully, our plays were well applauded, and considered a good success.

## Upper II. A PEEP BEHIND THE CURTAIN.

What a bustle in Upper II form-room as preparations for a "Grand Dramatic Production" are made! It is difficult to decide what characters some girls are supposed to represent as the effort to make up French costumes has produced queer results in some cases. Red Riding Hood herself is a centre of attraction for the less fortunate members of the form who will *not* appear on the stage.

At last the very attractive costumes are completed and the actresses sally forth to show their abilities in French.

IIIa.

We are a large form of thirty-five members. Half of us started Domestic Science, for the first time, after the Summer holidays, while the others did Art. We changed round after the Spring half-term holiday. All of us found Domestic Science very jolly, especially when it came to tossing pancakes, some of which found themselves decorating the floor. We all went for a visit to the Victoria and Albert Museum accompanied by Miss Whitehead, to whom we owe many thanks. During the Spring Term came the Gym. Competition. Being the lowest form in the Middle School we found ourselves adorning the bottom of the list, but we are all looking forward to the next competition, when we hope to show our abilities to greater advantage. Also, at the end of that term when the inter-form netball matches came along, we found ourselves in the final with Upper III who, to our dismay, managed to beat us after a fierce fight.

## Upper III.

As the top form of the Lower School, Upper III made a special effort this year, and succeeded in winning the netball trophy again. We also acted a play, at our Junior School party, called: "Philemon and Baucis," and we hope that all the audience enjoyed watching it as much as we enjoyed acting it. But if we feel too inclined to give ourselves a pat on the back, we have only to think of the tidiness results. Poor Upper III! neatness is not our strong point, though we try hard to keep our cases in place, and not drop chalk about. But where there's a will, there's a way, which we hope to prove in future.

## IVb. HOW WE WON THE FORM-ROOM BOWL.

Last term it was IVb's ambition to win the bowl for tidiness, so we duly set to work to get it. Our desks were models of tidiness; no scraps of paper were allowed to rest on the floor, and the representatives were always ready to vent wrath on our unfortunate heads if our cases were in the wrong place. Although it was the Winter Term, we did our best to keep the form supplied with flowers. At last the last day of term arrived and we filed into the hall with mingled feelings. The results were read from the bottom upwards, and we waited breathlessly for our form to be read out, but it did not come. Then the name of the second best form was read out, but it was not ours. We gasped. IVb had won the trophy.

## IVa.

OYEZ! OYEZ!

This is to say that IVa has won the Gym. Trophy, has won the Gardening Trophy, has come top in Shower Baths twice, has not yet won the bowl for tidiness but is trying hard.

Oyez! Oyez!

## Upper IV.

When Upper III became Upper IV in the Autumn Term, we were all glad to think that we had kept together to enjoy the pleasures of the year, which have been many.

During the Autumn Term we were able to do some gardening nearly every day, and at the end of the term we were awarded one of the two gardening trophies, as we came second on the list. As the weather was too bad in the Spring Term for gardening, the trophies were retained;



even if Upper IV cannot get the tidiness trophy, it has enthusiastic gardeners.

We did not have many games lessons in the Autumn Term or the Spring Term, owing to the rainy weather, but at the end of last term, when we played against VIa in the inter-form hockey matches, we put up a good fight although we were beaten.

On February 18th many of the form visited Burlington House to see the Persian Art Exhibition, which they enjoyed very much.

This term we have begun swimming, cricket and tennis, all of which have so far been attended with enthusiasm by our form, and we possess some members in the Tennis Twenty, so "Good luck, Upper IV," for the end of the year!

#### Vbr. THE GARDEN OUTSIDE OUR FORM-ROOM.

Now that we have become dignified members of the fifths, our form-room looks out on to a garden. Whether this privilege is given to us so that the agony of working at a matric. standard may be alleviated, or whether it is given because, being high up in the School, we can be trusted to forbear following Keats' excellent advice of ever letting the fancy roam, we do not know. However, let it suffice that we appreciate this display of Nature. How often during French do we seek comfort in the sight of the wine-red and tawny wallflowers, knowing that their ignorance of innumerable verbs can never trouble them. Don't envy us, juniors! Your turn will come!

#### VIc.

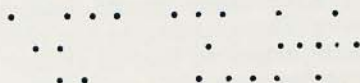
Last term VIc catered for the School parties, and greatly enjoyed the work. This term we have been having *The Daily Telegraph* each day, in order that we may keep in touch with contemporary events both at home and abroad. We greatly appreciate this innovation.

---

We notice that the examination forms have submitted no record of their form activities. As they are now busy with their General School and Higher School papers, perhaps they are hoping to achieve results that will leave a more distinguished mark on our School history than anything they have done hitherto. They have our best wishes!



## ELM COURT.



A bell clanged—Marjorie, aged fourteen, pushed back the bed-clothes and slipped out of bed. She went into the lavatories where face-flannels, tooth-brushes and mugs were hanging in neat rows, each bearing a number. She felt each hook in turn: one, two, three, four, and took down her tooth-brush.

She had come from an elementary school for blind children in North London to Elm Court, which is the only school of its type in London for girls of twelve to sixteen years. Her sight had been lost as a result of scarlet fever when she was nine. At Elm Court she would be made independent, but she would inevitably be two years behind the normal child in development. She was now quite capable of walking about the school without help.

When she had washed she and her friends returned to the dormitories, made their beds, put their folded nightgowns into the little baskets under the bed, and polished up the brass knobs of the doors and cupboards. Marjorie then went downstairs to the dining-room for breakfast. Here there were numerous tables and she sat down at the head of one, for she was a "table-mother." After the meal she and her friends had a walk round the garden and then went down to school.

Her first lesson was History, and she was reading "Piers Plowman," which is specially printed for blind schools in Braille.

Marjorie then put on her plimsolls for dancing. She enjoyed this lesson and was good at both country and ball-room dancing. Some of the girls, however, lack confidence, and their movements are rather cramped in consequence. Recreation ensued. Marjorie took her rope out into the playground and skipped with her friends. Most of the children excel at this game, which is extremely good for them, since it gives them a sense of direction and rhythm.

A bell rang, and Marjorie went back to her classroom for a poetry lesson. There are few poetry books in the school, so the mistress dictated about twelve lines of a poem to the girls, which they took down in Braille. This was done surprisingly quickly. A piece of paper is pinned on a wooden board and a metal band with two rows of regularly-spaced oblong holes placed across it. By means of a pointed instrument pricks are made to represent letters. The whole alphabet is made up from a combination of six dots. (The words "Elm Court" appear in Braille at the head of this article.)

This poetry they were to learn in the evening. The last lesson of the morning, Drill, was greatly enjoyed by the girls. They played several team games, working in pairs. Marjorie, because her eyes were sensitive to light, partnered a girl who was totally blind. They also did exercises which stretch the body, for blind girls are naturally less vivacious than normal ones.

After dinner, Marjorie went to a large room where the scholars do hand-work of all kinds. Here she spent the afternoon in making baskets and cane seats for chairs. Some of her friends were doing simple needlework—they were learning to run a hem and to sew on buttons. Others were making socks and knitting garments on machines in the knitting-room.

Marjorie was sometimes a little worried as to what she could do when she left school. Perhaps she could do machine knitting, or make the net luggage racks for a railway company, or perhaps the London County Council would employ her as a typist. She could type well and in the evenings she sent typewritten letters to her parents. Two evenings a week she attended evening classes and sometimes one of the mistresses read aloud to the girls. The evenings are long for a blind child, but there are magazines in Braille dealing with current events, which are sent to the school once a week.

At seven o'clock the younger girls went to bed after a warm bath. Marjorie soon fell asleep, dreaming of her coming visit to the Zoo, for the school was being taken there on the next morning.

M. BELL  
M. ANDERSON

VIa.





## NEW LIGHT ON OLD FAVOURITES.

A new collection of the works of Euclid, compiled by Professor Hypothesis (Isosceles and Equilateral, 3s. 6d.), baffles description. The somewhat futuristic illustrations by Mr. Sector Rightangle are invaluable, as most of the volume is spent in explaining them.

"Latin Grammar," by Professor Mudfrost, is one of the very latest thrillers. As the reader advances deeper into the book so the crime becomes more and more hideous, until he learns of the blood-curdling secret society "Gratio Obliqua" with the passwords, "Dixit et negavit"—unless, of course, he has been unable to get beyond the appalling tortures of hic, haec, and hoc. The book is published by Messrs. Pulcherrimus, Pulchrior and Pulcher.

All readers who delight in the more intricate plots will be pleased to read "Log Tables," written by Mr. Mean Difference, and produced by Cosine and Tangent (price 2s.). Nine characters are clearly defined throughout the volume, and tracing their intricate connections with one another is no trivial pastime. However, the book is briefly and clearly written, with no waste of words. One of the pithiest observations, absolutely true to life and the 5th decimal place, is that  $\text{Log } 2 = .30103$ .

On the latest list of what to read, we notice "The Little Copybook," written by Mr. Mark A. Pothook, and published by Flydash and Spindle (price 4d.). This is no book of mystery or thrills, but, as a sure guide to the straight and narrow path, it is endued with undeniable



and profound moral qualities. This single quotation—"A Crown cannot cure a headache," suffices to illustrate the high truth contained in every phrase. Spaces are left in each copy for comment by the fortunate possessor, who rarely fails to agree whole-heartedly with Mr. Pothook's philosophy.

"Irregular French Verbs," by Mesdames Vouloir and Pouvoir, is one of the latest announcements of the Egalité Press. The most jaded reader will find a refreshing store of surprises in the plot of this book. Unexpected relations are constantly intruding themselves and causing complications, while *Grammaire Française*, the heroine of the story, must be blamed for her disastrous mismanagement of her family affairs. Mode Subjonctif is an utterly nauseating villain who delights to see his victims in the throes of lunacy and brain-fever. But I must leave the reader to learn for himself the solution to these intriguing problems.

M. JENKINS, VIa.

## ARIEL.

Ariel, Ariel, whither away?  
Come, thou sweet sprite,  
Through the Spring night  
Dance in the moonlight and play!

Ariel, Ariel, whither so fast?  
Cowslips are ringing,  
Nightingales singing—  
Have I not caught thee at last?

Ariel, Ariel, wilt thou not play?  
Come out of the shadow  
And into the meadow—  
Tell me, why wilt thou not stay?

NORA STURGEON, VA.

## A PEN PORTRAIT.

He was a little figure, leaning over the wide stone brim of the large basin, which caught the tumbling water from the fountain in Trafalgar Square.

Under a shock of chestnut-brown curls, which, if cared for, would have glistened red-gold in the summer sunshine, was an oval face streaked with dirt, tiny channels having been made by the rubbing of a wet finger across his cheeks. Above these cheeks and the slightly pronounced cheek-bones, were the largest brown eyes I have ever seen, bright twinkling eyes that were eager and intelligent, faintly inquiring, and possessing above all that expression of infinite wisdom which is amazingly noticeable in the eyes of a London slum child.

He was clad in what once had been a brown corduroy velvet suit, but now the tight knickerbockers were clumsily patched with rough tweed of varying hues, and the coat was one collection of rents and holes, probably the results of many street fights and tumbles. The only covering on his short, thin legs was a dirty, blood-stained bandage, placed awkwardly round his left knee. He was standing on tiptoe, and I noticed he had very small feet for a boy of—but how is it possible to tell the age of these little people, grown old before their years in a horrible environment? Possibly he was eight or nine years old.

He was dabbling one hand in the cool water, and there was no need for him to turn his cuff back, as the sleeve dropped away from his arm owing to a rent from the shoulder to the wrist. This particular hand was clean from the continual washing in the water, but a bracelet of dirt encircled his thin little wrist; the other hand clutched a battered tin soldier, retrieved, perhaps, from the gutter or a passing dustcart.

“Hallo, sonny,” I said quietly, “what are you doing here?”

He started guiltily, and his little hand clutched the tin toy more tightly, and he cast a quick look over me; then, as if reassured, he said, “Oh, I dunno, jus’ gettin’ cool, I s’pose.”

“And what is your name?”

Again that quick cursory glance, and a shake of the unruly curls, and then, "I don't quite know, but Sally calls me Curly."

With this, he gave me a quick nod, and limped away hurriedly to—who knows where? Some alley or back street in the black heart of London; just one of the many dirty, but lovable, "Curlies" who abound in the slums of this great city of ours.

MARJORIE WELCH, UPPER V.

## ON VISITING THE ROOM WHERE THE PEACE PACT WAS SIGNED IN 1925.

Within this room awhile was History made  
For here, six years ago, a stone was laid  
Towards the cause of peace, a noble aim,  
When to a Pact each country put its name.  
For here Locarno's Peace was lately signed,  
By many lands, who are to peace inclined.  
This room commemorates the glorious day,  
For all is left the same as then it lay.  
From this same window Chamberlain let know,  
To anxious crowds assembled there below,  
The glad news. And the blotting paper here  
Their writing bears, reversed, 'tis true, but clear.  
The clock the same whose fateful pulse was stilled.  
The very hour the treaty was fulfilled,  
And ne'er has gone again. The walls are hung  
With withered garlands, for that day there strung.  
And flags of many nations there do warn  
That war's dire horrors shall not long be borne.  
No single thing is changed, the room is still  
The same as when those nations voiced their will.  
And may the work in this same room begun  
Ne'er brook delay, until its aims be won.

K. BROOKMAN, VIc.



## SEEN FROM A JETTY.

To sit with one's legs on the seaward side of the low wall at the end of the jetty was a forbidden pleasure. It was none the less enjoyable, for it afforded an excellent view of the yachting, rowing and speed-boat racing of Babbacombe Regatta.

The yachting was distinctly uninteresting. I was fully prepared to see the yachts gliding over the water at an angle of forty-five degrees, but I was disappointed. A race it might have been but the yachts were not affected in any way by this fact. Three of them were in view, but apparently they had no intention of reaching the winning post (in this case the black and white committee boat). For a long time now not one of the three had even moved, and what their owner's feelings were, I cannot imagine. However, after a further half-hour's rest they bestirred themselves and a few minutes later one of them sailed nonchalantly past the committee boat.

Life was at once renewed on the latter. As soon as the pistol shot had announced that the yacht in question had completed a lap, a man appeared on the bridge of the committee boat and signalled (with remarkable precision for the heat of the day, I thought) to another man on the top of the cliff, who was chalking up the speeds of the yachts on a large blackboard.

As the next yacht in sight showed very little sign of life, I abandoned my enthusiasm for that kind of sport and viewed the surroundings.

After the glare of the dazzling white stone of the jetty, it was restful to look on the dark, green woods, which come almost down to the water's edge. Beyond Babbacombe beach, which is deserted at the busiest of times, is Oddicombe beach, a haunt for sun-bathers, ice cream sellers, deck chairs, beach huts, swimmers and pleasure boats. The cliff railway, quite unaffected by the heat, was steadily mounting and descending the cliff face, empty on its upward journey, but crammed with would-be idlers on its downward trip.

Towering above Oddicombe, Petit Tor, topped with fresh green downs and its small tuft of poplars, looked cool and inviting. Two or three sheep, who were browsing

lazily on its slope, had been raddled, and so were looking "most individual and bewildering."

I let my gaze wander from Petit Tor, with its three pink sheep, to the cliff road, down which motor cars were crawling sleepily to the beach, like great black beetles.

The friendly chug-chug of a speed boat engine roused me from my survey of the neighbouring land. Five speed-boats were taking up their positions at the starting point. A pistol shot and they were off, busily making their way round the triangular laps.

The leading boat had just completed the second lap when a loud bang and a cloud of smoke announced that one of its cylinders had burst. The boat was hopelessly out of control, zig-zagging towards the beach. Fortunately, however, it was stopped before any damage was done. It was at this moment that a placid voice behind me broke the silence with: "Dear me! There's something wrong with that boat!"

The owner was now standing up in it, and judging by the expression on his face, was saying something very strong. He threw down (with great force) first one glove and then the other, and then with a resigned look, submitted to being towed ingloriously away by a larger motor boat.

The thrill had now gone from the speed-boat racing, so we left the much-cherished seat on the jetty and made our way up the corkscrew cliff path.

Uneventful though the afternoon was, it has always stood out in my memory. The hazy, cloudless sky, the black and white committee boat, the red and green signalling flags, the slopes of Petit Tor and the three pink sheep, and the incident of the gloves I shall always associate with things seen from a jetty.

RITA HAYTON, UP. V.

---



## THE SAND ARTIST.

Hillborough was once a flourishing seaside resort in the north of England. Hither a large number of the more wealthy of the citizens of Bradford and Sheffield came every June and July. There was no concert party or amusement park, but there was a band that played selections from Gilbert and Sullivan every Sunday afternoon, and a pier just long enough to allow churchgoers to walk to the end and back before lunch.

It was from the pier that people used to watch Henry Scott making pictures with a stick in the sand, and used to throw down pennies, and sometimes, even threepenny pieces. Henry had drawn pictures in the sand, or helped his father to do so, ever since he was a small boy. Indeed, the only other thing he could remember doing was going with his mother to visit his great-aunt in Sheffield. Before they came away, she had given him five shillings, and he could remember the sailing ship he had bought, painted green, with a white line round the top, just below the rail. For six years after his father died he made pictures in the sand, and for six years the tide came up and washed them away.

But several years ago people began to realise that Scarborough was a much pleasanter place in which to spend their holidays. There, the sea did not wash up little heaps of seaweed on to the sand, and there were roundabouts, and slot machines, and at night, the pier was lit up with electric lights. Gradually, the number of people who sat on the pier at Hillborough and watched Henry drawing in the sand, dwindled away to two old ladies and a few invalids, who were wheeled to the very end every morning.

At last there came a day when Henry was unable to pay for his room at the lodging house. Stoutly he packed up his things and went down to the beach. It was drizzling slightly, and there was no one on the pier. He knelt down and began to draw. It was a boat in full sail, with the waves dashing against the side, and a line round the top, just below the rail. Over the top he wrote, as usual, "Thank you."

Then he did something he had never done before. He paid his twopence, and went and sat on the pier in the rain,



and watched the tide come slowly in and wash away first the waves, then the ship, the sails, the sky, and the words "Thank you," written round the top. He found himself staring at an empty stretch of wet sand, and shaking himself, he got up, and set off down the road to the station.

M. GLOCK, VIb.

## GOLD.

The gold of Spring is with us now,  
The weary winter's past;  
The crocuses and daffodils  
Are all abloom at last.

The miser sits and chinks his gold,  
To him the Spring means nought;  
He counts the money into bags,  
It is his only thought.

The flowers of Spring are worth much more  
Than all the miser's gold;  
The blossoms of the early Spring  
Are joy and wealth untold.

BETTY WHEELER, Up. II.



PHILEMON AND BAUCIS (JUNIOR PARTY).

## RAMBLES IN ATHOLL.

The Battle of Killiecrankie, 1689—I wonder what most people think of when they learn that. Probably they have only a very vague idea of the whereabouts of Killiecrankie—just somewhere in Scotland. But, in the opinion of many people, it is one of the most beautiful spots in the beautiful district of Atholl.

The Pass of Killiecrankie is in Perthshire, about thirty miles from Perth and about one mile from Pitlochry. There is no mountain at Killiecrankie, but the River Tummel, a tributary of the Tay, flows through what is almost a gorge; the sides are quite steep and the rough path on the hill-side from the Garry Bridge to the village of Killiecrankie, is the Pass. The Tummel, though not very wide, is swift and deep, with water of a beautiful golden colour, like that of most highland streams, and so clear that one can see the bottom. Both banks of the river are thickly wooded, chiefly with larch and silver birch. In spring the Pass is a lovely sight, the river with its creamy-white foam, the banks covered with budding trees and wild flowers, primroses and wild hyacinths and violets, while snow-capped Schiehallion towers in the distance.

At one end of the Pass is the famous "Soldier's Leap." This is a large rock which juts out almost into the middle of the stream in a most dangerous part, for the river having just turned an S-shaped bend has the force of a whirlpool. No one who fell in there could be rescued alive. The story goes that, after the Battle of Killiecrankie, one of William's men was flying from the field pursued by several Highlanders. His only chance of escape was to cross the river, but before he reached the bridge he would be caught. The desperate man, therefore, ran up on to this rock and leapt over to the other bank. Such a feat had never been performed before, and by the time the pursuers had recovered from their surprise their enemy was far up the hillside out of reach.

The whole district is extremely interesting. About twelve miles away is Birnam, well known to readers of "Macbeth." The village is surrounded by woods but the visitor must decide for himself which Shakespeare meant.

In another direction is Fortingall, near the remains of a Roman camp. There is a tradition that Pontius Pilate murdered his mother-in-law there! This, however, has never

been verified. The oldest tree in Great Britain is to be seen in the churchyard. It is a large yew, supposed to be over two thousand years old, and easily as large as four ordinary trees.

Pitlochry has two places of interest. One is the remains of the "Black Castle." It is said that the family in the castle fell ill of the plague. The people feared that the disease might spread, so one night they fetched supplies of wood and, surrounding the castle, set all on fire. Not one person came out alive. At a short distance from the castle is "Robert Louis Stevenson's House." He spent several summers there, and gave a description of its situation in a letter.

There are other interesting places quite near, and to this is added the attraction of perhaps the most beautiful scenery in the British Isles. Though few people know it, Atholl is well worth visiting.

CECILE KENNEDY, VA.

## A SOLILOQUY BY THE TOWER CLOCK.

I stand above the city's throng,  
The bustle and the strife;  
The worldly tumult and the noise,  
Surrounding city life.

I gaze below on travellers all,  
I watch them on their way;  
Each one I know who passes there,  
I see them every day.

There goes a tradesboy, whistling still,  
A porter, cap awry;  
A strolling singer lingers there,  
And a beggar passes by.

All day the newsboy shouts and yells,  
And rushes to and fro;  
Ah me! that I might live as they,  
That daily pass below.

JOYCE K. PREEDY, IIIA.



## THE WAY OF NATURE.

The she-lynx woke with a sense of uneasiness. She rose from underneath her cub and glided to the entrance of the cave. All was silent without and seemed safe enough, so she returned to her cub and began to lick him.

Fate had been cruel to her, coming in the form of trappers to rob her of mate and three eldest cubs. Her first litter, of which she had been so proud, consisted of a little blind, helpless ball of fur, depending entirely on his mother for existence.

Once more she stepped to the entrance. What was that distant rumble that she heard? Her weather sense told her that it was too late in the year for thunder. She whined dismally, and wished for her mate. The noise was getting louder and now it spelt danger. She ran backwards and forwards undecided what to do. Then the panic left her, she seized her cub in her teeth and trotted forth into the night. She reached the river and there saw a terrifying spectacle. Surging towards her, bearing huge trees and logs on its foamy crest, came a wall of yellow flood water. All around her were other animals, but in this time of common danger not even loathed man thought of attacking.

She leapt up a slender tree and crouched along a branch which overhung the river. Her cub hampered her considerably, but not for her life would she have deserted him.

Now the flood was on them. She felt the tree on which she was standing begin to sway, and as a massive tree trunk swirled by, she sprang, and alighted without so much as wetting her feet.

Many hours passed. The cat's natural repugnance for water and her perfect balance had saved her from death so far, but she was rapidly tiring, and although the current had subsided the log was still in mid-water.

As they turned the twentieth bend of the river the current changed, and the tree trunk came near enough to the shore for the lynx to spring.

Her cub was barely living, so she set to work to find a cave. She made a lair among some rocks, and caught a young rabbit, which she devoured eagerly.

A young lynx gazed at her as she hunted for more food and then dived into the brushwood. The next night he came, and the next, and yet again. At first the mother snarled at him with suspicion, but she soon began to realise that he came as a friend, not a foe, till the fifth night found him inside, not outside, the lair, guarding his new-found mate faithfully, with every muscle tense and wide open eyes.

Then life began again for mother and cub.

J. BELL, UPPER IV.

### A SHAKESPEARE HOLOCAUST.

Decapitate young Hermia's sire,  
 Then one of her gay lovers;  
 Chop off the head of Shakespeare's queen  
 And let it join the others.  
 Now take Shylock's serving-man  
 And make his fate the same;  
 And then a lord, companion of  
 A king of fighting fame.  
 Our victim next, an English queen,  
 King Edward's wife so fair;  
 And then to join our gory band  
 A goddess of the air.  
 Two more remain to lose their heads;  
 The first, a maid's twin brother,  
 And last of this our ghastly crew  
 A spurnèd money-lover.  
 Unite these fallen heads and then you'll see  
 An emblem of unstained nobility.

SHEILA COOPER,  
 IRENE SHAPLAND, FORM VA.

## NOCTURNAL AERIAL MANŒUVRES.

Peace, utter and absolute, reigned—a very rare occurrence at a crowded seaside resort on a hot August afternoon. The blissful haven? A tower on the top of a house which dominated the town surrounding it. The huge windows were open, thus a current of cool air passed continually through the octagonal look-out. The sea was calm and blue, and the curious formation of the coastline gave the feeling that the house and tower stood on a peninsula with the cornfields and the London road stretching far away behind.

How different was the scene when we returned late that night! The sky was clouded and all the stars were hidden. The town could only be discerned with difficulty, the dim lights winking solemnly up at us. The sea was only a blacker mass than the land. It was making a low, threatening murmur, only to be heard when we cautiously opened one of the seaward windows a very little way, for angry gusts of wind swirled round the tower, accompanied by the wild beating of rain alternated with periods of deadly calm. We were all puzzled by a droning sound, not made by the sea, and by the occasional appearance of brilliant searchlights. Suddenly my father exclaimed, "It's a battle in the air! See, that searchlight has caught one of the enemy 'planes right in its beam." Of course, we all remembered reading about it then.

It was eerie in that tower! The strength of the gale increased every moment, whilst the slashing of the rain on the windows seemed as if it must break them. The pauses in the storm were terrifying, when the raindrops raced madly down the panes, leaving the windows comparatively clear. Anxious eyes gazed out and upwards into the blackness of the night, waiting for some momentous happening to be staged, with the dark, billowing clouds as a background.

During these calm periods we tried to follow the battle in the air. We could tell when the lights were expecting to "search out" a 'plane, because the light of a great battleship far out to sea signalled when it thought an enemy had escaped it. Then the searchlights crept over the sky. I am sure that we were more breathlessly anxious than the men working the lights. There were ejaculations of "There!



that light's found it. I thought the enemy went that way," or "No! it's over there," then someone else would point in a totally different direction. Generally, we did not realise that the enemy was caught until all the searchlights were focused upon it, a strangely forlorn-looking silver gleam in the centre of those relentlessly pursuing beams.

Now and again an aeroplane could be seen travelling swiftly through the air. This had lights attached to it, and although the precise colour of the lights was never established, the aeroplane enthusiasts unanimously decided that it was a defending 'plane. Another intriguing point was, how did the defending force decide when the enemy's aeroplanes were put out of action?

The most interesting point of this mimic warfare was the movements of the searchlights. When they caught an aeroplane the beams seemed to form the dome-shaped roof of a great hall. When they were "searching" they made many constantly changing and fantastical figures. Perhaps only one beam would be creeping across the sky, then suddenly all around it many others would spring up, crossing and re-crossing in seemingly hopeless confusion. The searchlight on the battleship was more powerful than those on the land. It worked alone, moving across the sky in quick, graceful sweeps.

During one of the tensest periods we silently scanned the sky to the east, because we were all certain that a gigantic airship was coming over. We waited for a very long while, and could distinctly see a large grey shape floating against the darker clouds. The sky was becoming lighter in the place we were watching, and of all the wide expanse, in that place only, as we triumphantly pointed out to one another. Suddenly the moon flooded the clouds nearby with her light. We watched breathlessly, but our "airship" was pitilessly revealed as a peculiarly shaped mass of light grey clouds.

A factor in the "battle" which aroused discussion was how the ground positions of the searchlights were changed so quickly. It was decided at last that they were mobile on specially-constructed lorries. When these were very near we could vaguely discern them rushing madly along deserted roads. The brilliant headlights of some private cars rushing along the sea road were a constant snare, because we kept thinking that they were *the* lorries. Every time we saw them,

first as a glow in the distance, we hoped against hope, until the quite ordinary car flashed by. This hope was not quite extinguished even as we lingered by the little green door, before tottering, dizzy and tired, down the tiny spiral staircase to less elevated haunts—and bed!

KATHLEEN GORDON, FORM VA.

## TO SLEEP.

Sleep, sleep, in Summer time  
 Beneath the heavy blossoms of the lime  
 Or on some drowsy mountain sward  
 Among the gentian and the meadow-sweet,  
 With the woven glint of the sun on hill and plain,  
 And the long grass, each blade a pointed sword,  
 Closing o'er head:  
 Sleep, with the sunshine to greet  
 On waking again.  
 Sleep, sleep, in Summer time  
 Beneath the bee-haunted blossoms of the lime.

N. STURGEON, VA.



SCENE FROM "THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST."

## RIDDLE-ME-REES.

1. My first is in sister but not in brother,  
 My second's in father and also in mother,  
 My third is in school and also in home,  
 My fourth is in brush but not in comb,  
 My last is in stick but not in pole,  
 And my whole is heard when the School gets a goal.  
 Answer—Shout.

2. My first is in George but not in Francis,  
 My second's in parties and also in dances,  
 My third is in Andrew and also in Patrick,  
 My fourth's in audience and in dramatic,  
 My fifth is in netball and also in cricket,  
 My last is in bowling but not in wicket.  
 Each form has a whole, from IVb to VIa,  
 Each girl does her best to make it look gay.  
 Answer—Garden.

B. REINGANUM, Va.

## SONNET TO A CAT.

Embodiment of liveness and of grace,  
 With Sphinx-like knowledge gleaming in thine eyes!  
 Thou sitt'st with eyes that mirror in green glaze  
 The fire that leaps before thee; the slow rise  
 Of breath thy tones majestic swell. Thou lean  
 Pretender! Thou, a gleaming, glinting glide  
 Of swift black splendour, sporting have I seen.  
 Carved thou liest, rejoicing in thy pride.

Can we believe that other life of thine,  
 Wherein thou tearest limb from limb thy prey,  
 Bereft of aspect kingly, manners fine,  
 Revelling with thy kind until the day?

So, through the day thou liest, waxing fat,  
 At night—oh! let me sleep, unholy cat!

D. WHITEHOUSE, VB1.



## THE CUCKOO'S DREAM JOURNEY

(FOUNDED ON FACT.)

Beneath the lamp's red, rosy glow,  
 A sun in softer guise,  
 Beating his wings the cuckoo stood  
 With fixèd, dreaming eyes.

He thought not of his master's room,  
 The only home he knew;  
 But with his brothers and his friends  
 His fancy southward flew.

O'er British field and Hampshire wood,  
 The Solent and the Wight,  
 The winged army travelled on,  
 Onward in glorious flight.

Then over France's sunny fields,  
 Where grows the luscious vine;  
 And on the warmer southern coast  
 The olive tree so fine.

Across the azure sea they flew,  
 Past Italy and Crete,  
 Morocco's hills and staring walls,  
 And dry Sahara's heat.

At last the birds flew slowly, then  
 They settled on the ground;  
 'Twas Central Africa at last,  
 Their winter haven found.

But there beneath the reading-lamp  
 The crippled cuckoo stood.  
 In life, he could not fly away,  
 But in his dreams he could.

PEGGY BARKER, UPPER IV.

## WHEN YOU'VE THE HUMP.

(THE "JUST SO STORIES.")

The ideal story book to read, "When you've the hump, the camelious hump, the hump which is black and blue," is the "Just So" story book by R. Kipling, written 'clusively for you, Best Beloved (so that's all right. Do you see?)

Now, Best Beloved, attend and listen! There was once a whale who ate all the fishes in the sea, excepting one, and he ate with his mouth . . . so! The last small 'stute fish told him to swim to latitude 50 north and longitude 40 west (that's magic) and he would find a mariner on a raft with nothing on save a pair of breeches, a pair of suspenders (you must *not* forget the suspenders, Best Beloved) and a knife. This was a man-of-infinite-resource-and-sagacity. (So that's all right, Best Beloved.) The whale swam and he found the mariner with nothing on save a pair of breeches, a pair of suspenders (which you must *particularly* remember) and a knife. The whale opened his mouth and . . . now doesn't that fill you full of "'satiabile curtiosity"?

Well, Best Beloved, if it does, you should read about the Elephant's Child who was *full* of "'satiabile curtiosity," and all his uncles and aunts spanked him because he was full of "'satiabile curtiosity" and wanted to know what the crocodile had for dinner. Well, this Elephant lived when Elephants only had a "mear smear" nose, and when you read the "Just So" stories you'll see how he got a long trunk and spanked all his aunts and uncles with it (so that was *quite* all right, Best Beloved. Do you see?).

If, Oh, My Best Beloved, you are full of "'satiabile curtiosity" as to how the Leopard got his spots, how the Alphabet was made by a small-person-without-any-manners-who-ought-to-be-spanked, and her daddy, not to speak of how the Camel got his hump, you should ask your own Daddy to buy the "Just So" stories. They are "just so" lovely, with a picture for nearly every page and lots of "inciting" stories. So if Daddy does not buy you this lovely book for Christmas, you'll agree, when you've been able to satisfy "that 'satiabile curtiosity, which is *not* very comfy," that your Daddy is a man-of-most-infinite-resource-and-sagacity. (So that'll be all right, Best Beloved. I'm *sure* you see.)

K. EDWARDS, IVA.

## SUPERSTITION.

The weary writer, his pen laid by  
 To gaze at the quickly darkening sky.  
 Many a minute sat he there,  
 Watching bright Vega and the Bear  
 Wheeling slowly out of his sight,  
 Till the earth's gleaming satellite  
 Crept beneath his thoughtful gaze.  
 "How bright her disc! How pure her rays!  
 No sound has e'er disturbed her peace,  
 She knows no present and no morrow,  
 No life, no love, nor joy, nor sorrow.  
 Scorched by day, frozen by night . . ."  
 The speaker rose in quite a fright,  
 "Dear me! How *most* annoying." Alas!  
 New moon; he'd looked at her through glass.

JOAN FRANCIS, UPPER IV.

## "DIGNITY AND IMPUDENCE."

There he stood, aged six, like a little Napoleon, "Legs wide, arms thrust behind," but instead of "neck outthrust," the little man stood with his head bent back in order to take in all that stood before him. This "all" was a tall, well-built young policeman on duty by the park gates. His silver buttons were polished to the last degree of brightness, as were also his enormous black boots. There was not a speck of dust on his uniform from the trouser hem up to his stiff, high collar, emblazoned with the letters P.C. 1904. His head was bent forward to see the little child looking up at him, showing a fresh, clear-cut face with merry, twinkling blue eyes and a smiling mouth.

The child, dressed Christopher Robin style, with long gaiters, a felt hat and furry gloves, was deeply interested, secretly wishing that he was old enough to be one of these big, handsome policemen that he admired so much.

There I left them, staring at each other, "Dignity and Impudence."

I. BURDON, IVA.



## SKI-ING IN SWITZERLAND.

Every week-end during the winter I used to go ski-ing in the mountains, and these days brought me great hapiness. One Saturday I started with a friend of mine on a small ski-ing tour. After a ride on the electric mountain railway, we reached the small mountain village of Heiden. After having strapped on our skis, we followed for about an hour or so, the same winding road. The day was clear and sunny. The snow crunched under our skis, a sign that the weather was going to last.

After we had mounted steadily for some time, one of my skis slipped backwards, and I fell on one knee. With a great effort I managed to straighten my leg a little, when to my horror, I felt my other foot slipping also, and I went slithering down the slope. At last, putting out all my strength, digging my fists into the deep snow and throwing myself sideways into it, I managed to stop myself from slipping. All the wiser for my misfortune, I picked myself up, shook the snow from my trousers and jacket and proceeded on my journey upwards again. This time I mounted slowly but surely in a zigzag line up the hill, so that we arrived at our destination in good time. This was a hut, belonging to the ski-ing club of Arbon, and as members we could obtain meals and sleep there for a small charge.

Weary from our exertions, we spent most of the afternoon and evening in this hut. Early next morning we rose, ate our breakfasts and waxed the bottom of our skis. We then practised our skill at making "Telemarks" and "Christianas" on a neighbouring little hill. Oh, the joy of reaching the bottom of a slope without making acquaintance with the snow!

After we had had our lunch we started on a small tour, which was to take us on a roundabout way back to Heiden. We climbed to the top of the hill and then the delight of ski-ing really began, the "Abfahrt," as it is called in German, the delight of all ski-ers. After many a tumble, covered with snow we arrived at the bottom of the hill. We ascended a second hill, which took us much longer than the first one had taken us the previous day. On the summit of the hill we entered a dense wood of pine trees. Swiftly and softly we started to glide down the narrow path, pressed into the snow by the many ski-ers who passed here daily. To our right and left the trees, sighing under their heavy burden of snow, were

flitting past. All was quiet, except for the crunching of the snow under our skis and an occasional pitter-patter of snow, which had loosened itself from a tree and was falling on the ground. Every now and then one of the trees would stretch out its snowladen branches in our way, when we had to bend down quickly to avoid receiving a cold showerbath on our heads and necks.

Suddenly we glided out of the wood and were momentarily blinded by the full glare of the midday sun, and by the glistening of the snow which was sparkling, as if it consisted of many diamonds.

A most beautiful landscape stretched at our feet. Far down in the valley was a little village, its farmhouses, cottages and sheds forming an artistic contrast to the monotonous white of the surrounding fields. Through the quietness of the Sunday midday we heard the melodious peal of the church bells.

On the other side of this valley rose a chain of majestic mountains, their snowy peaks gleaming in the winter sun. In the distance lay the lake of Constance, covered with a thin mist. Everything round us breathed an air of freedom.

Only one thing was there in this exquisite landscape to damp our spirits—a heavy cloud was gathering. Suddenly, as from nowhere, a sharp breeze sprang up. This grew into a biting wind. A snowstorm was rising, so we hurried on our way, but we could not escape. Soon the clouds had covered the face of the sun, and the wind was blowing and whistling round our heads. We had not gone much further, when the expected snowstorm started in earnest. The snow was falling in small, sharp flakes, and the wind was driving them with full force into our faces. Each one caused us a sharp, stinging pain. At last we came into another wood, where we could ski, sheltered from the blizzard, almost as far as Heiden.

We arrived there in good time, wet through, but all the same our sprits were still high, as we had had a fine time, while the good weather lasted.

For a thoroughly enjoyable and exhilarating holiday, I can most certainly recommend a winter in Switzerland on skis.

N. KELLER, IVA.

## GANDRIA.

Perched on the quiet shores of Lugan's pool  
 A village lies, so peaceful and so cool:  
 Above, the flaming sun sends down its rays;  
 Below, the water ripples all the days.  
 Thou ancient spot, so shady and so still,  
 With cobbled pathways winding up the hill;  
 With crumbling houses twinkling in the gloom,  
 Where swarthy, sturdy fishers make their home;  
 With eery creeks, so shadowy by night.  
 And crannies dark, weird even in the light:  
 How many secret crimes those creeks have seen!  
 What smuggled goods have in those crannies been?  
 How many corpses, in the days gone by,  
 Into the lake were hurlèd there to lie?  
 But now, upon a gently sloping mound,  
 The grey-walled chapel sends its peace around.

M. BROOKMAN, UPPER IV.

## THE END OF THE MATCH.

The sun was sending down its scorching rays,  
 And only four more runs to win the game,  
 And only one more minute to the end.  
 The game depended on the batsmen now,  
 And there she stood, the Captain of the team,  
 Looking towards the bowler, steadily  
 But when the bowler took her headlong run  
 The watchers held their breath in frank dismay  
 "She's out, she's out," they cried with one accord.  
 But no, the ball was sailing far and high  
 Just like a rocket, when it makes its flight,  
 Into the sky, and past the twinkling stars,  
 When lit by some young hand on Guy Fawke's Night,  
 So flew that ball, right o'er the boundary line,  
 And "Sydenham Secondary" had won the match!

DOROTHY SMITH, Up. III.



## A CHANCE MEETING WITH SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY IN A TUBE STATION.

What strange meetings can take place in the most unromantic of places! It was in a crowded tube station the other day that I met Sir Roger de Coverley, strayed from the eighteenth century into the twentieth. I was on the moving staircase when I saw a burly fellow roughly elbow an elderly gentleman in front of me. I put out my hand to steady the old man, and as he turned to thank me I realised with a sudden thrill that I had seen or heard of that place before. The lean, hooked nose, the kindly expression on the lined face—surely I know them. Then their owner spoke.

"Thank you, thank you, madam," he said. "I am afraid I do not know my way about here very well—I do not know quite how I got here," and he passed his gnarled, brown hand across his forehead in a dazed sort of way.

As soon as he spoke I recognised him. Sir Roger de Coverley, Squire of de Coverley village, a Justice of the Quorum, beloved by all his tenants! Of course, I knew him.

"Sir Roger!" I cried.

"Sir Roger," he repeated. "Sir Roger. Why, yes, I remember. I am Sir Roger. But how did I get here?"

That was what I wanted to know, so, as we were now at the top of the escalator, I took him by the arm and led him, unresisting, into a Lyons' teashop. Once ensconced in a sheltered corner, sipping a cup of tea, Sir Roger seemed to recover some of his friendly good-nature, and soon he was telling me all about de Coverley village. He seemed very vague upon the subject of how he reached an escalator in the tube station at Piccadilly, and eventually I gave up asking him, but let him talk as he pleased about his home.

"I had to have Jim Matthews imprisoned for stealing," he was saying, when all at once I noticed his voice and outline were growing fainter. "He had been stealing one of Moll White's brooms —." Here his voice cracked, and he seemed to realise at last that something was wrong. He waved his hands feebly, trying to speak, as he slowly faded away before my astonished gaze. At last he was gone, and the only proof I had that he had been there was a half-drained cup of tea, and a button from the coat which he had been wearing. The waitress seemed not to have noticed him, for

she prepared my bill with a perplexed air, and, incidentally, Sir Roger's with it. I paid the bill, and departed hurriedly under the puzzled gaze of all the waitresses, but the next day I saw the headlines in the newspaper.

"FAILURE OF SCIENTISTS' EXPERIMENT.

"Dr. Robertson, working upon Professor Einstein's theory, yesterday tried out the machine he thought he had just perfected for bringing people from the past or future into our time. He attempted to get the "wave-length" of Sir Roger de Coverley, whom Addison immortalised, but although at first the gathering of famous scientists thought they saw the figure of a man, the experiment was a failure, and after about an hour it was discontinued."

K. WHITE, IVA.



## THE OUTCAST OF THE ALPHABET.

A vagrant now, I'm forced to roam.  
 You've turned me out of 'ouse and 'ome.  
 Just like a tramp alone I stray,  
 I 'obble on the 'ard 'ighway.

I 'ave to sleep, when ends the day,  
 In some poor 'ut or 'mong the 'ay.  
 No wonder that I 'owl and mope,  
 With none to 'elp I'm losing 'ope.

And at the end I'm sure to be  
 Left out of Heaven, just wait and see.  
 But with *your* 'elp I'll cease to moan,  
 If you'll put me back in 'ouse and 'ome.

EVELYN HUDSON, UPPER IV.

## FIRE PICTURES.

How I love the firelight  
 On a snowy winter's night;  
 Fairy stories then I see  
 Made as true as true can be,  
 Little bridges made of gold,  
 Fairies, elves and goblins old.

In the fire to and fro,  
 I sit and watch the figures go;  
 Knights and ladies slim and tall,  
 Walking round a castle wall;  
 Soldiers dressed in red and blue  
 Marching ever two by two

And when I have gone to bed,  
 I still can see them in my head;  
 See them marching here and there,  
 While their firelight torches flare;  
 On a snowy winter's night,  
 How I love the firelight!

V. RICHARDSON, IVB.



## DO YOU RECOGNISE THEM?

IF DOCTOR JOHNSON HAD WRITTEN OUR  
PROVERBS!

"*A treasury of Proverbs*"—by the Author of the celebrated Dictionary. . . . If the august lexicographer had brought his ponderous learning to bear upon the folk-wisdom of our nation and compiled a treasury of proverbs and their meanings, the following sonorous explanations might have found their way into it.

*"Every impending mass of condensed liquid is equipped with a luminous interior."*

*"A petrous particle on its rotating journey gathers no herbaceous garbage."*

*"Attach your vehicle for the conveyance of necessary articles to a celestial body of heavenly radiance."*

*"It is a thoroughfare of far extended linear dimensions that contains no deviations."*

*"Think not all that coruscates  
Some aurous metal indicates."*

*"Innumerable handmaids of the culinary art  
Meddling with the seething pot, some mischief will  
impart."*

The proverbs certainly look uncomfortable in their unfamiliar dress, but they would doubtless be consoled to hear that "Handsome plumage enhances the attraction of the feather denizens of the air."

IVA.

## CRADLE SONG.

When baby lies sleeping  
The sun shines on him,  
His little face dimples  
Right down to his chin;  
His curly hair gleaming,  
On which shines the sun;  
His little nose wrinkling;  
He's dreaming of fun.

MAISIE TOWNSEND, Up. I.

## THE MAGNOLIA TREE.

All covered o'er with blossom see it stand,  
 With glossy cups of finest porcelain,  
 Each moulded, tinted by a master hand,  
 And finely crossed with pearly, delicate vein.  
 A solitary shower of summer rain  
 Has scattered from the boughs a rosy fleet  
 Of cockles for Titania and her train;  
 She, proudly, in the largest takes her seat;  
 Away! in majesty her envious lord to greet.

JOAN FRANCIS, UPPER IV.

## FIRE DRILL.

I was new to Lower I when we first had fire drill. It was on a Friday. We were just coming away from Art, when I heard a funny tinkle. It was not the bell for lessons to stop, I knew. It was not like that. All Lower I began to run on to the lawn. I found out what all the bustle was. It was fire drill. Miss Bond, our Form Mistress, came out and took the register, the front one ran to Miss Turner, who was with the other Mistresses, and told her we were all there. Then we led back into school again. The exciting fire drill was all over.

J. RODWELL, Lr. I.

## SNOWMEN.

When the children play with snowflakes  
 In the clear and frosty weather,  
 Making snowmen round and portly,  
 Coal for eyes and cork for noses,  
 Then the air is full of laughter,  
 Children shouting to each other,  
 "He is finished! He is finished!"  
 Come and see our portly snowman!"

LOWER I.

## THE LAKE OF VISION.

I was seated at my desk in the dining-room, about to begin an essay on Trinidad for Geography homework, when, glancing out of the window for inspiration I chanced to see a passing tarcart. It was a cold evening and the wind was whistling round the house and down the chimney, so the sight of glowing coals and the heat from the boiling pitch were very welcome. In a trice my thoughts were wandering far away from homework, away from England, and I was standing on the edge of the great pitch lake in Trinidad, where that tar had come from.

I turned my back on the gloomy lake, and looked over the lovely landscape to the horizon. In the distance the sea was an exquisite blue, the colour of a pansy, and within the coral reef it was a wondrous green and very clear. Situated by the coast, I saw many roof-tops peeping out of the trees; this, I reflected, must be the little port of La Brea.

As I stood there a coolie employed on the lake came up to me and began chattering. He appeared to know a good deal of the English language, but he spoke so quickly and excitedly that I could only recognise the most familiar words. At length, however, I realised he was telling me all about the great pitch lake and its importance. After bidding him, "Good-day," I turned down one of the long tarred roads to La Brea.

Everything in the village seemed to be associated with pitch; many of the houses were washed down with pitch, the sea shore was coated with it, and great boulders were lying about all along the streets. On one of these boulders sat a little child happily playing with a pitch-doll. Being tired I sat down myself to watch the sun sinking behind the tropical forest. It seemed to be getting colder, colder, much colder. "Miaow," my cat stretched itself lazily in front on the fire; no tar cart was in sight, so I settled down to homework once more, with new thoughts for my Geography essay.

B. PALMER, Up. II.



## THE PRINCE OF EVENING.

Along the pathway came the Prince of evening; he was shrouded in a blue mist, that entirely covered his body. His face was pale, and his eyes, which were brown and gentle, shone with a strange light, and everywhere he went was an ecstasy of peace.

As he passed the flowers closed their petals, and drooped a little their colourful heads, bowing to the glory of his presence, and, across the sky fluttered a few dainty pink clouds, which the sun had kissed before sinking to rest in the western sky.

LILY SMITH, Up. I.

---

## THE TIN SOLDIER.

He stood so upright and firm, outside a funny little sentry-box. He carried a tiny black bayonet over his shoulder. He himself was smooth, deliciously smooth, if a trifle sticky, and he smelt fascinatingly tinny—that clean, fresh smell one always associates with tin. He had two bright pink cheeks of the rosiest hue, and his spine—such as it was—seemed to keep him ridiculously stiff like the soldiers outside Buckingham Palace. I wondered if the king knew that I had a soldier just like his. *I wonder* if he knew. I hope he did—I think it would please him.

B. PIGOT, Up. I.

---

## SOME BLANK VERSE SIMILES.

By UPPER III.

Like to a Magic Carpet of old lore,  
Which carries one o'er countries far and wide  
O'er palm-fringed shores and parklands warm and dry,  
Where dark-skinned natives labour in the sun;  
So is a lesson in geography,  
Till one is asked the products—sordid facts.

RHONA ASTBURY.

The form room clock is slowly ticking on:  
All else is silent save the scratching pens:  
Examination terror fills the air.  
To one small person sitting in the front  
That clock is like an evil smiling face,  
With just one central, staring, leering eye;  
The kind that haunts one's bedside in a dream,  
So seems the clock; till suddenly she finds  
The answer to the question, and the face  
Has vanished, while she scribbles hard and fast.

The form-room clock is slowly ticking on.

RUTH MARTIN.

The Chestnut's like a lighted Christmas tree,  
With candles fixed upon the leafy boughs;  
Of festive hues, of silky pink and white,  
That brightly burn in candlesticks of leaves,  
And die out in a mass of falling snow.

M. E. PAINE.

## SPRING.

The wind's on high, the wind's on high!  
 On magic wings it whistles by,  
 The trees are dancing gay,—oh!  
 And whistling free,  
 On cherry tree,  
 The Blackbird pipes his lay,—oh!

The air is sweet, and Pan pipes clear,  
 Mankind is free,—for Spring is here!  
 The leaves are cups of rain—oh!  
 On dusky wing,  
 The Goblin King  
 Is beckoning through the pane—oh!

And feathers, eyes, and fur, and claws  
 Are scampering by without a pause;  
 The rainbow's gleaming far—oh!  
 All life whirls by,  
 Till Sunbeams die,  
 And then we'll watch the star—oh!

B. PIGOT, Up. I.

## THE PASSING OF THE TREES IN THE GLADE.

Oh! well beloved green and grassy glade,  
 Where once the happy hosts of children played,  
 Thy trees are gone, and all thy shades are fled,  
 Which once were thrown by mighty branches spread.  
 No more thy twitt'ring leaves shake in the breeze,  
 But on the stumps the sparrows take their ease.  
 The trees that fell beneath the swinging axe  
 Are now in logs and piled high in stacks.  
 The one or two tall trees that yet remain  
 Are ranked to form a bleak and lonely lane.  
 I shudder as I walk the lane along,  
 And for the Glade I used to know, I long.

ANITA ALLAN, UPPER IV.



## THE SONG OF THE TRAMP.

I come from dusty roads and barns,  
I wander through the alleys,  
I pass by country lanes and farms  
And linger in the valleys.

I lag, I plod, I stump, I jog,  
I tramp through cities dreary;  
I rest upon a fallen log,  
Or sleep in churchyards eerie.

But I am always quite content  
As long as I can travel;  
No matter how the day is spent,  
While mysteries I unravel.

I am a tramp, a tramp, a tramp,  
I do what gives me pleasure;  
I watch the gipsies in their camp,  
And all my time is leisure.

D. VERRIER, IIa.

## MY PET.

My pet—yes, he is my pet though only a temporary one—is a worm that I keep in a big old jam-jar. The jar is filled with earth and leaves and a few pebbles, and this is where my “sable” worm enjoys life.

He has some beautiful markings which show up clearly against the green moss. His favourite occupation is to glide gracefully up and down the slippery jam-jar.

His name is Pluto. Perhaps I should have told you before, but I thought I would explain to you the origin. He inherits his name from Pluto, for he, like his ancestor, dwelt in the underworld.

I have other pets, such as my wood-lice trio, only I thought I would tell you about Pluto.

PAULINE HYDE, Up. I.

## THE GATHERING SNOWFLAKES.

(March 10th, 1931.)

We are they who come chilly and white,  
 We are they who come sparkling with light,  
 And we fill all young hearts with delight,  
     As we circle and settle around.  
 On branches and housetops we lie,  
 And we whiten the folks passing by,  
 As we float slowly down from the sky,  
     And spread our white sheets on the ground.

When the trees are so dull, and so brown,  
 We come softly fluttering down,  
 'Till they're clothed in our feathery gown,  
 That's so soft, and so cool, and so white.  
 The rivers now trickling along,  
 Will be covered with ice before long,  
 And freezing so thick and so strong,  
     There'll be skating upon them to-night.  
P. SMART, IIB.

## MY PARK.

When I am old and very rich,  
 I'll buy a beautiful green park,  
 And let the little children in,  
 Till it is dark.

The little girls may pick the flowers,  
 Great bunches if they really wish.  
 I'll have a pond, big as the sea,  
 Where boys may fish.

I'll write some bills, "Keep on the grass,"  
 And also, "Paddle, if you choose.  
 My faithful little dog will mind  
 Your socks and shoes."

I'll put a big refreshment tent  
 Beneath the shady chestnut trees,  
 And one and all may help themselves  
 To things they please.

MYRA WINDER, IA.

## A WISH.

Mine be a cot far in the west,  
A small dark wood with leafy trees,  
A little garden where to rest,  
And watch the busy bumble bees.

The swallows darting up above,  
The sweet scent of the early may.  
The little cooing turtle dove  
Shall flit about my cot all day.

A little brook shall gently pass  
Between my cot and leafy trees,  
"While squirrels hide their nuts in grass"  
And flowers bend before the breeze.

And then the moon comes out to shine  
Upon the small birds in their nest;  
And I trudge slowly home to mine  
When all the world has gone to rest.

P. WATTS, IIB.

## NIGHT.

As the night comes creeping on  
With it come the stars and moon,  
Lighting up the dark blue sky;  
Owls come soon.

The wind goes whistling through the trees,  
Blows the branches to and fro,  
Makes a noise, and sometimes wakes  
Folk below.

I love the night, and all it brings,  
The whistling wind, the hooting owl,  
The silver moon, the shining stars,  
Though dogs howl.

ELSIE STEGGELL, IA.



## MORE LEISURE.

(With apologies to Mr. W. H. Davies.)

What pleasure if we hurry by  
And never watch the sunset sky?

If, when the birds come back in Spring,  
We have no time to hear them sing;

No time to watch the bluebells grow,  
Or squirrels bounding to and fro;

To search for violets growing wild,  
On which the evening sun has smiled.

No time to see the sparkling snow  
When crackling fires are all aglow.

No time to watch the stars come out,  
And cast their silver light about.

What pleasure if we cannot stay  
And watch the sunset fade away?

IIB.

## THE BANDAR-LOG.

Now we'll sit in a "branchy" row,  
Telling each other what we know.  
Never we walk the earth so low,  
*We are the Bandar-Log.*

Now we are a merry band,  
Holding each other's lovely hand.  
We are so handsome and so grand.  
*We are the Bandar-Log.*

Now we'll scamper up the trees;  
The jungle folk are on their knees,  
We will disturb the humble bees,  
*We are the Bandar-Log.*

JOYCE PARKINSON, IA.

## ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE.

All the birds and beasts and flowers  
Come to him for joyous hours,  
E'en the subtle snake appears  
And his glistening back uprears.  
All the trees and mountains bend  
And their way to Orpheus wend.

The Lion and the Bear they come  
And to his harp they music hum;  
And Eurydice, his wife,  
The joy, the star, of all his life,  
Says, "Ah! My love, my husband, see,  
Every creature follows thee."

But one day a serpent glides  
And among the rushes hides,  
Out he shoots, she lieth—dead,  
Eurydice, the newly wed.  
Orpheus comes, he weeps, he cries,  
But his dear one silent lies.

MARGARET BACK, IA.



AT THE SENIOR PARTY.

### ORIGINAL INFORMATION.

1. Out of a volcano come sulphur, lava and red-hot *sinner*s.

2. By the side of the road is a small church which has only one knave.

3. Croesus was nearly burnt on a spire (pyre) and he called out, " So long! So long!" (Solon).

4. Midas was clothed in the ears of an ass.

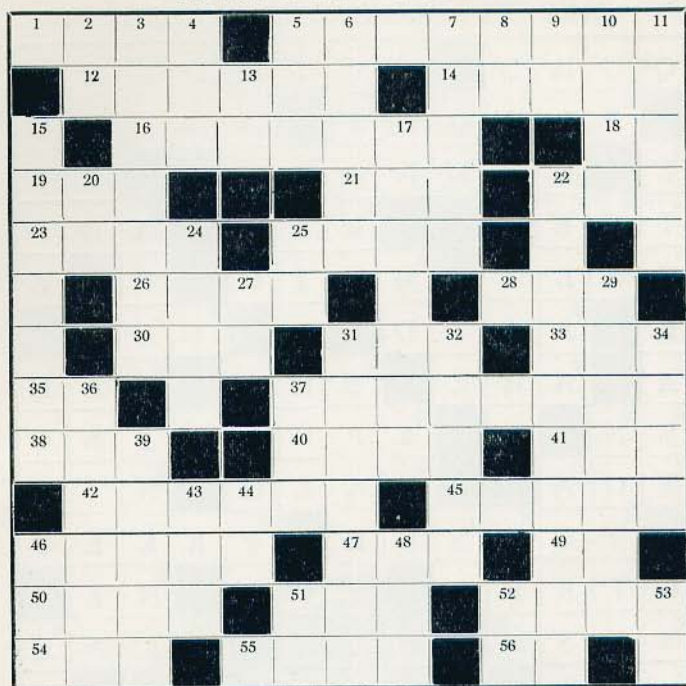
5. A circle is a straight line that goes round in the same direction without stopping.

6. Aviaries are where aviators live.

7. " Miscellaneous books " means books you mislay.



## CROSS-WORD PUZZLE.



## CLUES ACROSS.

1. The centre of the school.
5. What we enjoy in the summer.
12. For gardening at the end of each term.
14. Farewell.
16. We all try to be a very good —.
18. Engineering Institute (ab.).
19. We enjoy this also in summer.
21. Royal Automobile Club.
22. We do this in Maths.
23. Each House has one.
25. Fabulous story.
26. An attack.
28. Disc (beheaded).
30. Dread.
31. Pronoun.
32. Taut (curtailed).
35. Royal Navy.
37. You have to be careful of this in —.
38. That (poet).
40. What we hope to have some day.
41. N.T.L. (act.).
42. A Recent Explorer.
45. of Miss Freedy.
46. What we are.
47. A cereal.
49. North East.
50. School initials.
51. What Sydenham is like at lunch-time.
52. Skin disease.
54. Born.
55. Worn by females.
56. That is.

## CLUES DOWN.

2. Preposition.
3. A lesson.
4. Opp. to night.
5. A heavenly body.
6. How everyone feels at end of exams.
7. What we like to watch.
8. Doctor of medicine.
9. Part of a Latin verb.
10. Necessity.
11. There are many at school.
13. Quarter Master (ab.).
15. In every form-room.
17. For carrying books.
20. French pronoun.
22. A refraining from.
24. Sign of tiredness.
25. Same as 8 down.
27. That is.
29. At 3.30 every day.
31. Bird.
32. To run away.
34. Not pretty.
36. Usually one on the board.
37. Pronoun.
39. Seen every term.
43. Robert Louis Stevenson.
44. N S (act.).
46. Initials of a Mistress at Sydenham.
48. Same as 38 across.
51. Z O (act.).
52. 1st word of school motto (curt.).
53. Initials of 42.

MARGARET BROWN &amp; DOROTHY HAMSON, VA.

## KEY TO CROSS-WORD PUZZLE.

1	Q	2	U	3	A	4	D		5	S	6	W	7	I	8	M	9	M	10	I	11	N	12	G
		12	P	13	L	A	Q	U	E		14	A	D	I	E	U								
15	L		16	G	Y	M	N	A	17	S	T			18	E	I								
19	I	20	C	E					21	R	A	C		22	A	D	D							
23	B	A	B	24	Y		25	M	Y	T	H		B		E									
	R		26	R	A	27	I	D		C		28	I	S	29	C								
	A		30	A	W	E		31	S	H	E		32	T	A	33	U							
35	R	36	N		N		37	S	P	E	L	L	I	N	G									
38	Y	O	N			39	H	A	L	O		40	N	T	L									
		42	T	U	R	43	N	E	R		44	P	R	E	E	Y								
46	G	I	R	L	S		47	R	48	Y	E		49	N	E									
50	S	C	S	S		51	Z	O	O		52	A	C	N	53	E								
54	N	E	E		55	G	O	W	N		56	I	E			T								

## SOLUTION TO "A SHAKESPEARE HOLOCAUST."

(See page 67).

Egeus

Demetrius.

Elizabeth.

Launcelot Gobbo.

Willoughby.

Elizabeth Woodville.

Iris.

Sebastian.

Shylock.

*Edelweiss.*

## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

We wish to thank the following Schools for copies of their Magazine:—County Secondary School, Bromley; County Secondary School, Clapham; Selhurst Grammar School; Croydon High School; Wimbledon County Girls' School; Downham Central School; Honor Oak School; St. David's, Englefield Green.

