

# MAGAZINE & CHRONICLE



COUNTY SECONDARY  
SCHOOL SYDENHAM  
OCTOBER, 1934





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No. XV.

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## FOREWORD.

This has been a most eventful year and the effort to record its chief doings produced such a mass of writing that Miss Drury has had to discard many most interesting items, to the regret of all who saw them. No mention is made of Sybil Yeates winning the "News Chronicle" Handwriting Prize of £5, with another £5 for the School; it is not related that five out of six girls who took part in the Lewisham Music Festival gained Honours certificates; and many another deed is unchronicled also.

The Full Inspection by the Board of Education in the Spring Term was not exactly a Deed but it was certainly an Event and it is pleasant to record the subsequent receipt of an appreciative report from the Examiners. Both General and Higher School candidates did well in the midsummer examinations, 54 out of 59 passing General and 13 out of 15 Higher, with 32 reaching Matriculation and 7 Intermediate standard. We are proud of the Scholarship record also; of Nora Sturgeon winning a History Scholarship and Norah Moss a History Exhibition at St. Hilda's College, Oxford, Eileen Ashley, a Science and Mathematics Scholarship at The Royal Holloway College and Eileen Moffatt an

Exhibition for Botany at Westfield; and we offer our congratulations to all the successful ones.

The year has robbed us of two senior members of the staff and one junior in Miss Attwater, Miss Rushforth and Miss Challen.

Miss Attwater was a member of the staff of Manor Mount School from its opening in 1905 and to hundreds of girls who have passed through the School her teaching and her personal influence have been vital. Miss Attwater joined the study of botany in the laboratory with the care of the growing plants in the school gardens and from their first planting she was responsible for a great deal of the work done and the interest shown. Her farewell gifts to the school were, appropriately, two beautiful casts to be used as Form Gardening Trophies.

Miss Rushforth joined the Sydenham staff in 1906 and for the last fifteen years she has been Senior French Mistress. As a teacher she set a very high standard for her department and not only did the girls who went on to read French at the universities bring great credit to the School but the vitality of the subject was clear from the numbers of girls and Old Girls who spent holidays in France. It is pleasant to record that in the public examinations this summer there were eight French distinctions in General School and out of nine Higher School candidates three reached distinction standard and four were marked good. As a Form Mistress Miss Rushforth must have "mothered" over 800 girls, I should think, and her understanding and sympathy have helped to resolve countless tangles and to make school truly a place in which to grow.

We cannot but miss such loyal friends and colleagues very deeply but we shall best show our gratitude to them by refusing to fall below the standards of courtesy and kindness which they set.

The third member of the staff who left us in July was Miss Challen, now Mrs. Moys. I know she enjoyed her four years at Sydenham and we were all sorry to say good-bye but as she seems very pleased with her change of estate and assures me that she has never before been so well and happy we cannot be so churlish as to wish her back but must content ourselves with wishing her a lasting happiness.

In January Miss Chaplin, who had held a temporary appointment for a year, was put on the permanent staff and Miss Seymour came to us from Kensington High School.



We welcome both of them warmly and wish them a long and happy connection with the School.

Of former members of the staff I have to mention the marriage of Miss Neville to Mr. James Davidson in July, 1933, and the birth of a son to Mrs. Joslin (Miss Bartlett) in May, 1934. Our congratulations to both!

The destination of a few of last year's seniors is clear from the scholarship list above, though E. Moffatt has decided to stay on for another year. Two to Oxford, however, and one to Holloway head the list and after that follow M. Brookman and B. Savage to Bedford College, N. Keller to University College and J. Francis to King's College and Furzedown. A. Allan and D. Mortimer are training as Domestic Science teachers, E. Sayle as a Kindergarten Mistress and B. Woolverton is at Bishop Otter College, Chichester. Cécile Kennedy has joined the Executive Class of the Civil Service and Joan Burdon the L.C.C., while A. Getty is pursuing her studies at the City of London College. Doreen Ward's next step is not yet decided but we feel that she like the Head Girl, Eileen Ashley, and the others mentioned, played so useful a part at school that we can look with confidence to a future for them of usefulness in the world outside.

E. T.

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## EDITORIAL.

The fifteenth number of our School Magazine is at last ready for the press, owing to the efforts of our many helpers, among whom we must thank especially Miss Turner, Miss Corbett, Miss MacArthur, Miss Whitehead and the Magazine Committee. It is, of course, a great co-operative effort, and evidence of the abundant energy of the School as a whole. Indeed, the secretaries of School societies and the games secretaries seem to know so well what is expected of them that their part of the Magazine almost springs into being of its own accord. We look round when we are ready and find that, like Topsy, it has just "grewed."

Unfortunately, however, it goes on growing; it grows larger every year until we find our Magazine becoming too expensive. This fact accounts for a few omissions we have been compelled to make this year. You will find many School expeditions and functions mentioned, but not described, the prize-giving account shortened, the crossword puzzle omitted, and the space allotted to Form notes considerably curtailed. We have had to make a selection of the latter, although many more were interesting and well written. We hope to print a full set again next time.

The zeal of the miscellaneous contributors (and IVa and Upper II. must be specially mentioned in this connection) has provided ample choice of material in this section; but here also many promising articles have been rejected owing to lack of space. Their writers must not be discouraged. After all, it is very pleasant to take a clean sheet of paper and pour out one's inspirations upon it! And if they do not see print this year—well, next year, who knows what luck awaits them?

H. D.

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## SCHOOL CALENDAR, 1933-1934.

### AUTUMN TERM, 1933.

- Sept. 12. Beginning of Term.  
 „ 13. House Meetings.
- Oct. 1. Concert by Members of the Choir, at Southwark Chapter House.  
 „ 2. Council Meeting.  
 „ 9. House Meetings.  
 „ 20. Meeting of the Anglo-German Club, at Burlington House.  
 „ 21. " King Lear " at St. George's Hall, attended by girls of Vth and VIth forms.
- Nov. 2. Prize-giving.  
 „ 6. Half-term Holiday.  
 „ 13. Council Meeting.  
 „ 14. Mr. Innes' Lantern Lecture on " Dealers in Destruction."  
 „ 20. House Meetings.  
 „ 24. Meeting of the Anglo-German Club.  
 „ 24 & 25. Performances of the School Play, " Berkeley Square."
- Dec. 13. Guide Party.  
 „ 15. Carol Party.  
 „ 15. Literary and Debating Society's Tea.  
 „ 19. Junior School Party.  
 „ 20. Senior School Party.  
 „ 21. End of Term.

### SPRING TERM, 1934.

- Jan. 10. Beginning of Term.  
 „ 13. " The Tempest," at Sadler's Wells, attended by members of Form Va.  
 „ 15. House Meetings.  
 „ 19. Meeting of the Anglo-German Club.  
 „ 25. School Examinations began.  
 „ 29. Council Meeting.
- Feb. 2. Special Place and Entrance Examination.  
 „ 2 & 3. Performances of the Old Girls' Opera, " Haddon Hall."



- Feb. 5. House Meetings.  
 „ 6. Miss Falconer's address on "Disarmament" to the members of the League of Nations Union.  
 „ 13 to 16. Board of Education Inspection.  
 „ 16. Visit to Slum-Clearance and Re-Housing Areas by Vith Form girls, conducted by Miss Falconer.  
 Meeting of the Anglo-German Club.  
 „ 17. Secondary Schools Musical Festival, held at School.  
 „ 26. Half-term Holiday.
- Mar. 5. Council Meeting.  
 „ 9. Science Club Social.  
 „ 13. Visit to the British Art Exhibition, at Burlington House, by girls of Forms V and VI.  
 „ 14. Performance of Molière's "L'Avare," given by Les Comédiens de Paris, attended by girls from Forms V and VI.  
 „ 16. Meeting of the Anglo-German Club.  
 „ 16. Performance of "Le Voyage de Monsieur Perrichon," at St. Dunstan's School, attended by girls from Forms IV, V and VI.  
 „ 19. Badminton Match, Staff v. VI.  
 „ 22-28. House Parties.  
 „ 27. Inter-Form Netball and Hockey Matches.  
 „ 29. End of Term.

#### SUMMER TERM, 1934.

- Apr. 24. Beginning of Term.
- May 4. Visit of Senior Girls to Demonstration of Gymnastics at Albert Hall.  
 „ 11. Meeting of Anglo-German Club, at the Anglo-German Bureau.  
 „ 14. School Council Meeting.  
 „ 15. House Meetings.  
 „ 16. "Richard of Bordeaux," at Streatham Hill Theatre, attended by girls from the IVth Forms.  
 „ 21. Whitsuntide Holiday.  
 „ 22. Half-term Holiday.  
 „ 24. Empire Day. Half-holiday.  
 „ 30 & 31. General and Higher School Oral Examinations.

- June 5. Form Photographs.  
 „ 12. House Meetings.  
 „ 15. General School and Higher School Examinations began.  
 „ 16. London Speech Festival (L. I, Up. I, and 11a entered).  
 „ 21. School Examinations began.  
 „ 24. Entrance and Special Place Examination.
- July 2. School Council.  
 „ 3. House Meetings.  
 „ 9. Special Scholarship Holiday to celebrate scholarships won by N. Moss and N. Sturgeon (St. Hilda's, Oxford), E. Moffatt (Westfield) and E. Ashley (Holloway).  
 „ 10. Inaugural Meeting of the Sydenham Youth Group at the High School.  
 Address by Mrs. Lee (M. Collet-Brown) on Social Hygiene.  
 „ 13. Concert and Art Exhibition.  
 Service for girls leaving School, at Southwark Cathedral.  
 „ 18. Gym. Display.  
 „ 20. Babies' Party.  
 „ 23. Swimming Sports.  
 „ 25. Pianoforte Recital by Mr. Aubrey Raymar.  
 „ 25. Lecture by Miss Philippa Fawcett, O.B.E., on "The Work of the International Labour Organisation."  
 „ 26. Guide Play, "Hiawatha": collection for the Divisional Fund for poor Guide Companies.  
 „ 27. End of Term.
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## PRIZE-GIVING, NOVEMBER 2nd, 1933.

### PROGRAMME.

Selection for Strings—

Allegro from "Eine Kleine Nachtmusik"  
(SCHOOL ORCHESTRA.)

*Mozart*

### HEADMISTRESS'S REPORT.

Songs—

(a) "When Cats Run Home" Words by *Tennyson*  
Music by *Eric Thiman*  
(FORM VI.)

(b) "Sleep, Little Baby" *Colin Taylor*  
(CHOIR.)

### DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES AND CERTIFICATES BY SIR BASIL BLACKETT.

Song (to Music) ... .. Words by *Herrick*  
Music by *Chas. Wood*  
(SCHOOL.)

### ADDRESS BY SIR BASIL BLACKETT.

Songs—

(a) "The Road to the Isles" Hebridean Songs  
(FORM VI & CHOIR.)

(b) "The Cockle Gatherer" (traditional)  
(LOWER SCHOOL.) arranged

(c) "An Eriskay Love Lilt" *M. Kennedy-Frazer*  
(SCHOOL.)

VOTES OF THANKS PROPOSED BY THE CHAIRMAN.

HEROES.

GOD SAVE THE KING.

Sir Basil Blackett, our chief guest at the Prize-giving, spoke to us on the subject of living adventurously. He pointed out that, though we were grateful for the help of parents and teachers, our problems were new and different. The future was ours alone, and we must face it boldly, alive in body, mind and spirit, ready to do adventurous service for our own generation.

## PRIZE-WINNERS, 1932-33.

### Lr. I—

Sybil Yeates  
Margaret Fitton

### Ib—

Mary Reville  
Enid Ashby

### Ia—

Margaret Davies  
Winifred Wright  
Joyce Wakeling

### Up. I—

Josephine Anderson  
Beryl Edwards  
Joan Tye  
Sheila Kerwin  
Irene White

### IIa—

Peggy Prince  
Jean Powell

### Up. II—

Dorothy Michell  
Betty Brown  
Mabel Budd  
Betty Charles  
Eileen Baxter  
Joan Dormer  
Marjorie Wren

### IIIa—

Marjorie Holliday  
Marjorie Salter  
Marjorie Sandiford  
Marjorie Clausen  
Joyce Francis  
Phyllis Riddiford

### Up. III—

Beatrice Driver  
Betty Solman

### IVa—

Edna LemMon  
Betty Lindsay  
Dorothy Verrier  
Peggy Salkeld  
Betty East

### Up. IV—

Doris Brooks  
Irene Fox  
Doris Walls  
Kathleen Prince  
Marjorie Dudley

### Vb—

Edith Hayward  
Dorothy Hall

### Va—

#### *Matriculation.*

Rhona Astbury  
Muriel Bagnall  
Ruby Bolton  
Margaret Grove  
Gladys Heard  
Marjorie Homewood  
Nancy Jones  
Joyce Kennard  
Gladys Maynard  
Joan Piper  
Joan Pottinger  
Doris Taylor

### Up. V—

#### *Matriculation.*

Betty Andrews  
Betty Jeyes  
Phyllis Riggs  
Hilda Scowen  
Mavis Waller  
Joan Weller  
Edna Woodcraft

### Vlc—

#### *Leaving.*

Peggy Barker  
Muriel Cattermole  
Violet Caudrey  
Joan Hennings  
Margaret Hennings  
Dorothy Hoad  
Mildred Jarvis  
Marjorie Langford  
Barbara Walker  
Renee Watson  
Ethel Woodard

### Vlb—

#### *Matriculation.*

Kathleen White

#### *Form Prizes.*

Mollie Brookman  
Norah Moss  
Joan Francis  
Kathleen White



*Leaving.*

Irene Feaver  
 Joyce Jackson  
 Mary Lord  
 Kathleen Osborne  
 Betty Pearman  
 Hilda Simpson

## Via—

*Higher School.*  
 Eileen Ashley  
 Cecile Kennedy  
 Nora Sturgeon

*Leaving.*

Phyllis Carlton  
 Trixie Coles  
 Freda Collins  
 Rose Fothergill  
 Marjorie Glock  
 Lotte Keeton  
 Kathleen Kinsey  
 Gladys Sandford  
 Olive Symons  
 Kathleen Scott

## HIGHER &amp; GENERAL SCHOOL CERTIFICATES.

Marjorie Glock

Gladys Sandford

## HONOURS GENERAL.

Trixie Coles

Lotte Keeton

## GENERAL SCHOOL CERTIFICATES.

Betty Andrews  
 Peggy Barker  
 Sybil Bayley  
 Ruby Bolton  
 Phyllis Carlton  
 Muriel Cattermole  
 Violet Caudrey  
 Joan Caukill  
 Kyra Cawte  
 Freda Collins  
 Elsie Copper  
 Betty Dodridge  
 Irene Feaver  
 Rose Fothergill  
 Margaret Hennings  
 Joyce Heselton  
 Cynthia Holmes  
 Betty Hughes  
 Joyce Jackson  
 Mildred Jarvis  
 Norah Kesby  
 Kathleen Kinsey  
 Marjorie Langford  
 Isobel Langley  
 Joan Linecar  
 Mary Lord  
 Eileen May

Doreen Minett  
 Connie Mundy  
 Lorna Musk  
 Kathleen Osborne  
 Betty Page-Wood  
 Betty Pearman  
 Winnie Philpot  
 Joan Piper  
 Joyce Preedy  
 Vera Richardson  
 Kathleen Scott  
 Hilda Scowen  
 Hilda Simpson  
 Dorothy Smith  
 Lily Smith  
 Olive Symons  
 Rona Walker  
 Mavis Waller  
 Renee Watson  
 Patience Webb  
 Elsie Wheeler  
 Margaret Willison  
 Eileen Wilson  
 Ethel Woodard  
 Edna Woodcraft  
 Kathleen Zdzienicki

## BERKELEY SQUARE.

"All Time—real Time—is nothing but an idea in the mind of God." This is the keynote of Peter Standish's creed. He hates the glare of lamps and the noise of the city and longs for "the peace of old things—the quiet and the charm"; and so at 5.30 on the evening of October 3rd, 1933, by the potency of the Crux Ansata, he steps back into the year 1784.

With a diary of one of his ancestors (who has taken his place in the present) he is ready to face anything. "Things *can't* happen that *didn't* happen," he keeps protesting to himself when it seems that they can!

Having taken the place of his American ancestor, Peter knows he is to marry his cousin Kate; had he not known it he could have inferred it from the fussy flattering tone adopted towards him by her mother, the Lady Anne. He has two other cousins: Tom, the rude, bullying "gentleman" of the day, and Helen, an unsophisticated and imaginative girl, who is being forced into a marriage with a "little sneak," Throstle, because she is too queer to be much sought-after.

Peter finds his path not so easy as the diary had led him to believe. Lady Anne, thinking of his fortune, glosses over his obvious blunders, but Kate notices his curious expressions, and the way he has of talking about things *before* they happen. In his confusion he turns to Helen, the only one who is capable of understanding—this, of course, alienates Throstle. Then polite society, led by the Duchess of Devonshire, begins gossiping about them—"they might be already married."

Helen alone believes in him and to her he reveals the wonder and horrors of the future. Kate becomes convinced that he is from the Devil, and breaks off her engagement. Yet even when Peter has vented his wrath on the Pettigrews and on Throstle, his love for Helen makes him determined to face life in her time despite her persuasions. He eventually consents to go forward to his own life and live long after she is dead—but their love will last because it is a miracle.

And so, with his ideas changed, Peter steps out of the filthiness and cruelty as well as the quiet and charm of eighteenth-century England, and returns to the twentieth century; but he can never forget Helen, now buried in St. Mark's churchyard:—

"Who departed this life June 15th, 1787, aged 23 years."



Berkeley Square was produced at this School on November 24th and 25th, and £32 12s. was raised for the Thank-offering Fund. The part of Peter Standish was taken by Mollie Brookman, and Helen by Madeleine Condon. Joyce Kennard was the usually self-possessed but occasionally hysterical Kate, and Jean Bell, as Tom, lounged about and bawled. The Lady Anne was Joan Pottinger, and Connie Weston was the elderly dandy, Throstle. Marjorie Home-wood was the somewhat inebriate Duke of York, and Joyce Harding the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire. Other parts were taken by B. Jeyes, E. Thorne, I. Fox, D. Brooks, G. Heard, J. Simpson, M. Sandiford and B. Ricketts.

We should like to thank Miss Falconer, who spent so much time and thought on the Play; Miss Whitehead and Miss Higgs, who arranged the scenery; and those strong, silent men, Mr. Stribley and Mr. Horry, without whom the production of the Play would have been impossible.

RHONA ASTBURY, VIIb.

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## HOUSE REPORTS, 1933-4.

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### ST. ANDREW'S.

At the end of the Autumn Term, St. Andrew's was unfortunate enough to lose its Games Captain, Jean Bell. Her place is now being very ably filled by Eileen Moffatt. Later, another prefect departed—Joyce Kennard. To these, and others, who have also left, we wish good-luck for the future.

Although we lost the Games Cup this year, we managed to gain second place and also to win the Swimming Cup. We hope that St. Andrew's has only temporarily lost its reputation, for there is promising material in the House.

It was decided this year by St. Andrew's that a House Choir and the Dramatics should each be held for one term. This experiment was successful, although attendances at the Choir were apt to vary. We were able to hear the result of their work at the Carol Party.

The House Party was held on March 22nd, when the Dramatic Sections presented two one-act plays: "Alexan-

der's Horse " (Senior) and " The Dyspeptic Ogre " (Junior), which were well done, in spite of the accident to Henry's breeches at the end. This was a proof that we should be very sorry to drop Dramatic work entirely.

From the little news that we have heard about " our baby," Edith, it seems that she is benefiting from our help. At Christmas and on her birthday we were able to send a large parcel of toys, books and clothes, which were much appreciated.

Finally, we have to thank the House Mistresses, especially Miss Trench, for the support and help that they have given us in the House activities.

B. WOOLVERTON.

### ST. DAVID'S.

At the beginning of the year we had to choose a new House Captain and a new Games Captain. Joan Taft was chosen as Games Captain, but she was away a great deal owing to ill-health, and in June she resigned in favour of Dora Mortimer, who had been carrying on her work in her absence.

On March 27th we held our Annual Party, which was quite a success, owing to the efforts of the House Prefects, and other Senior members.

During the Autumn Term, Rhona Astbury and Joan Pottinger worked hard with a House Choir, which showed good results, and, during the Spring Term, Dorrien Pounsett led a Dramatic Section.

The results of the Winter Games were rather disappointing, perhaps, owing to the lack of enthusiasm, but the Summer Games have been much better, especially the team games on which we pulled up very much. We now occupy third place, being only two points behind the second House.

We have decided that the time has come to discontinue the help we have given to Byron Theophanides, who is going to graduate at the end of this School year, and in his place we have adopted seven-year old Sylvia Acreman, of Tonyrefail, in Wales, who is very delicate and in need of extra milk.

We wish to thank the Mistresses, especially the House Mistress, Miss Lieben, for the interest they have shown in the House, and Miss Hartnell for her help with the Choir.

ANITA M. ALLAN.



## ST. FRANCIS'.

There are always certain difficulties entailed in the writing of a House Note, for it is almost impossible to do justice to the many-sided activities of the House in so short a space. As regards games, we owe a really great debt of gratitude to Molly Stevens for all the time and energy she spent on coaching the House, and the glory of winning the Games Cup belongs in a large degree to her.

In the Autumn Term a proposal to substitute a Choir for a Dramatic Section was rejected by a large majority. The play, when it was performed at the House Party, showed some promise, especially among the younger actors, and we have to thank Vera Holford for successfully overcoming most, at any rate, of the difficulties met with in dealing with girls of such different ages.

The House Baby, according to the rather meagre news we have of him, seems to be progressing as well as can be expected in the very unhappy circumstances in which he is forced to exist.

In conclusion, it remains to thank the staff and especially the House Mistress, Miss Webb, for the help they have given to both Molly and myself.

N. STURGEON.

## ST. GEORGE'S.

The activities of St. George's House during the past year have been most interesting and enjoyable.

We are very proud of our Juniors for their unrivalled performance in the netball matches, and the Seniors also are to be congratulated on beating last year's record at hockey! Our cricket was, unfortunately, not brilliant, but the House did well at tennis, winning most of its matches. We came third in the Swimming Gala. Our Games Captain, Edith Jones, has worked very hard during the year.

An unprecedented effort was made this year by Upper I "Georgites." The ten members of Upper I and their Form Mistress, Miss Mitchell (also in our House), formed a cricket team, and challenged the other members of the Form, beating their team by one run. Bravo, Upper I XI!

At Christmas, Doris Humphreys, our House "baby," was sent a sack full of clothes and toys, and ten shillings, which were much appreciated.



At the House party on March 28th our Dramatic Section, under Marjorie Homewood and Gladys Heard, gave a fine performance of "Ali Baba."

We should like to thank our mistresses, especially our House Mistress, Miss Corbett, for their unselfish assistance. We were glad to welcome back Miss Holliday after Christmas, and Miss Stanton at the beginning of the Summer Term.

We were all extremely sorry to lose Miss Attwater at Easter. We hope she will be very happy in her retirement.

M. BROOKMAN.

### ST. PATRICK'S.

At the beginning of this year we had to say goodbye to Trixie Coles, the Head of our House, and Margaret Hennings, our Games Captain, who had done so much for the House. During the year, Miss Magrath, who had been with us such a long time, also left.

We were fairly successful in our hockey matches, but unfortunately did not do very well at netball, so that our place for winter games was rather low. However, Joan Harris, our Games Captain, managed practices ably, and we did quite well in cricket, although we did not play all our matches. We were not very successful at tennis, but came second in the swimming sports.

The Prefects have very much enjoyed the tea parties to which the House Mistresses have kindly invited them during the year; most of the House seem to have thoroughly enjoyed the House Party, at which the Prefects worked so hard, in March. Our Dramatic Section was well supported during the winter, and Joan Burdon and Betty Jeyes produced two excellent plays for the party.

As our House "baby" is now fifteen, we have decided to "adopt" another child; whom, we have not yet settled.

We must thank the Mistresses, especially Miss Butler, our House Mistress, for all they have done for the House in many ways during the year.

KATHLEEN R. WHITE.

## THE GAMES CUP.

<i>House.</i>					<i>Senior</i>	<i>Junior</i>	<i>Total.</i>
	<i>Hockey.</i>	<i>Netball.</i>	<i>Cricket.</i>	<i>Tennis.</i>	<i>Races.</i>	<i>Races.</i>	
St. Andrew .....	18	15	3	4	3	—	43
St. David .....	8	5	13	5	5	5	41
St. Francis .....	13	10	20	7	1	1	52
St. George .....	3	20	3	10	—	3	39
St. Patrick .....	11	0	13	1	—	—	25

*Results:* St. Francis, 1st; St. Andrew, 2nd; St. David, 3rd.

We should like to thank Miss Preedy and Miss Challen for all the help they have given the Houses in Games and Swimming, and the coaching they have given to the teams.

E. ASHLEY.

## SCHOOL GAMES, 1933-4.

### SCHOOL MATCHES.

#### NETBALL.

##### AUTUMN TERM.

<i>School.</i>	<i>Date.</i>	<i>Ground.</i>	<i>Result.</i>
v. St. Martin's High ... ..	Oct. 24.	Away.	Lost 12—7
v. Selhurst Grammar School ...	Nov. 8.	Home.	Won 20—7
v. Sydenham High ... ..	Dec. 14.	Home.	Scratched

##### SPRING TERM.

v. St. Martin's High ... ..	Jan. 31.	Home.	Won 29—12
v. Sydenham High ... ..	Feb. 15.	Away.	Won 18—4
v. Selhurst Grammar School ...	Mar. 5.	Away.	Won 11—10

#### HOCKEY.

##### AUTUMN TERM.

##### 1st XI.

<i>School.</i>	<i>Date.</i>	<i>Ground.</i>	<i>Result.</i>
v. Lewisham Prendergast ... ..	Oct. 17.	Home.	Drew
v. Sydenham High ... ..	Nov. 3.	Away.	Won 4—0
v. James Allen ... ..	Nov. 28.	Home.	Lost
v. Old Girls ... ..	Dec. 2.	Home.	Won 4—1

##### 2nd XI.

v. Lewisham Prendergast ... ..	Oct. 17.	Home.	Won 4—0
v. James Allen ... ..	Oct. 24.	Away.	Lost 4—1
v. Russell Hill ... ..	Nov. 22.	Home.	Drew 1—1
v. Old Girls ... ..	Dec. 2.	Home.	Lost 2—1

## SPRING TERM.

## 1st XI.

<i>School.</i>	<i>Date.</i>	<i>Ground.</i>	<i>Result.</i>
v. St. Martin's High ... ..	Feb. 3.	Away.	Won 3—2
v. Lewisham Prendergast ... ..	Feb. 13.	Away.	Drew 2—2
v. Sydenham High ... ..	Feb. 20.	Home.	Lost 4—1
v. James Allen ... ..	Feb. 27.	Away.	Won 3—1
v. Old Girls ... ..	Mar. 10.	Home.	Unfinished—rain
v. Beckenham County ... ..	Mar. 17.	Away.	Won 3—1

## 2nd XI.

v. St. Martin's High ... ..	Feb. 3.	Away.	Won 3—2
v. Lewisham Prendergast ... ..	Feb. 13.	Home.	Won 4—1
v. James Allen ... ..	Feb. 27.	Away.	Lost 4—1
v. Old Girls ... ..	Mar. 10.	Home.	Unfinished—rain
v. Beckenham County ... ..	Mar. 17.	Away.	Won 2—0.

## TENNIS.

## SUMMER TERM.

<i>School.</i>	<i>Date.</i>	<i>Ground.</i>	<i>Result.</i>
v. James Allen ... ..	May 29.	Home.	Won 62—19
v. Sydenham High ... ..	June 5.	Home.	Lost 34—47
v. St. Martin's High ... ..	June 30.	Home.	Won 45—36

## CRICKET.

## SUMMER TERM.

<i>School.</i>	<i>Date.</i>	<i>Ground.</i>	<i>Result.</i>
v. James Allen ... ..	May 29.	Home.	Lost 53—40
v. Beckenham County ... ..	June 12.	Away.	Won 72—45
v. Old Girls ... ..	July 14.	Home.	Lost 37—22

## HOCKEY, 1933-4.

We have been rather unfortunate this year, as frost has stopped many of our practices, although none of our matches has been scratched. The results of the matches have been satisfactory but the teams need to work together more. The forwards, especially, need to practise passing and shooting, while the defence should try to clear more quickly and effectively.

The First XI attended the Junior County Trials at Beckenham in November, and four of them went to the Final Trials at Rochester. We were lucky to obtain two places in the Junior Kent team, and one reserve.

We should like to thank Miss Preedy for the hard work she has done in coaching the teams, and both Miss Preedy and Miss Challen for umpiring our matches. We must also



thank Vic for so kindly arranging the match teas, also the various members who have taken on the difficult task of arranging the matches.

## CRITICISM OF TEAMS.

### 1ST XI.

- D. Verrier, R.W.—Good. Speed and centring good.  
 A. Renn, R.I.—Generally good, but is inclined to be lazy. Should shoot more in the circle.  
 H. Harman, C.F.—Works hard, and disappointing results improved towards the end of the season. Must remember to keep her place and not muddle her inside forwards.  
 J. Taft, L.I. (i).—Good. Jean was missed in the second half of the season when she had to retire through illness.  
 E. Tattersall, L.I. (ii).—Good, especially towards end of season.  
 D. Laws, L.W.—Good. Centres well and combines well with her left inner.  
 M. Grove, L. $\frac{1}{2}$  (i).—Very hard-working but is inclined to delay her clearing when on defensive. Backs up well.  
 I. Beattie, L. $\frac{1}{2}$  (ii).—Attack play good, but weak when defending. Recovery rather slow.  
 M. Oliver, C. $\frac{1}{2}$ .—Very good. Clears and shoots well. Marking much improved this season.  
 M. Jackson, R. $\frac{1}{2}$ .—Good, but must be careful not to give sticks when hitting.  
 M. Stevens, R.B.—Good. Dodges well, but is rather slow in clearing and recovery.  
 J. Bell.—G. (i).—Good. A reliable goal.  
 D. Pounsett, G. (ii).—Good and promising. A great find for the team half way through the season.

E. L. M.

- E. Moffat, L.B.—Made an excellent Captain and was a great asset to the team. She was very unfortunate in missing all House and Inter-Form matches owing to leg injury. All players should remember that attack is the best method of defence.

D. A. P.

### 2ND XI.

- B. Wheeler, R.W.—Rather erratic and wants more push behind her play.

- J. Rushbrook, R.I.—Has improved a great deal during the season. Tackles and shoots well, but is inclined to give up too soon.
- D. Hall, C.F.—Makes a good centre-forward. Picks the ball up well, but should practise passing to the right.
- B. Miln, L.I.—Very hard-working, but is rather slow.
- C. Potton, L.W.—Quite fast, picks up well, and should improve with practice.
- D. Mortimer, R. $\frac{1}{2}$ .—A reliable player and marks well.
- V. Holford, C. $\frac{1}{2}$ .—Clears well, but is too slow, and should mark her centre-forward more closely.
- J. Harris, L. $\frac{1}{2}$ .—Tackles quite well, but is inclined to wander in the field.
- B. Wolverton, L.B.—Disappointing at times; is rather slow and is inclined to use reverse stick unnecessarily.
- M. Homewood, G.—Good on the whole, but should anticipate more and move more quickly.

E. A.

- E. Ashley, R.B.—Has made a good and reliable Captain. Eileen is a very steady and safe player, and has on several occasions made a very useful substitute in the First XI. We shall miss her next season, as she has been in the team for three years. She should be a little quicker to reach First XI standard.

D. A. P.

## JUNIOR NETBALL TEAM, 1933-4.

We were fortunate in that several members of last year's team were still under fourteen, and so we were able to start the year with a good team, who have had a successful season, winning all but one match in the Autumn Term.

Goal-keeper.—(i) G. Pallett. Marks very closely, and combines well with her defence.

(ii) N. Silverson. Played well at the beginning of the season, but was disappointing later, as she became very slow.

Defence.—(i) J. Yates. A very useful member of the team; very quick when marking, and combines well.

(ii) J. Jewhurst. Good marking, but passing needs more control.

Defending Centre.—A. Brown. Passing good, but too slow in recovering to mark, and to dodge.

Centre.—E. Jenkins. Quick at dodging, and works hard, but her game is rather spoilt by careless passing.

Attacking Centre.—M. Weller. Passing and dodging good; but Miriam appears to get rather exhausted towards the end of a match.

Attack.—M. Dannenberg. Good dodging and shooting, and plays a neat game. Margaret has made a reliable Captain.

Goal-Shooter.—O. Orsman. Good shooting, but Olive still needs to be quicker at dodging.

N. J. C.

## TENNIS, 1934.

We have been successful in winning two out of the three matches we played this season. The Tennis Six has improved, and has played well generally. Volleying specially has much improved after regular practice throughout the term; and the team has aimed at good placing of shots. We owe this to Miss Challen's weekly coaching and are very grateful to her.

N. Keller.—Good service and forearm drive, but backhand drive needs practice. Good volleying but rather erratic.

L. Adey.—Service improved, drive quite good. She must try to conquer her nervousness in matches.

M. Oliver.—Steady player; volleying improved, and service stronger. She must try not to avoid backhand shots.

E. Jones.—Plays very steadily, but drives and service might be harder. Always plays well in matches.

E. Tattersall.—Good service and forearm drive; backhand drive not consistent. Plays steadily in matches.

V. H.

V. Holford.—Has played very well this season, driving and volleying both having improved; but she still needs to be quicker in anticipating and moving for her shots.

Vera has made a very reliable Captain.

N. J. C.



## CRICKET, 1934.

Again this season the standard of batting in School matches has been very low. Many opportunities are lost by slow backing up between the wickets.

Miss Preedy has tried several Second Form girls in the Second XI this year, with quite promising results for next season.

We must thank Miss Preedy and Miss Challen for the coaching they have given us, and for umpiring in our matches; also G. Heard, who scored for us.

B. Clarke—Deep. Fielding very good and bowling greatly improved; batting is erratic.

D. Brookes—Cover Point. Fielding fair; batting fairly good.

M. Hodge—Fine Slip. Throwing-in to the wicket is very good; but rather slow in the field; batting fair.

B. Harris—Slips. Bowling good, but fielding poor; batting fairly good.

B. Wheeler—Point. Fielding very good; bowling rather erratic; does not attack the bowling enough when batting.

M. Jaggar—Square Leg. Fielding and batting fairly good.

E. Ashley—Mid-On. Fielding good; batting usually good.

M. Grove—Long-On. Fielding and batting fair.

E. Wadmore—Change Bowler. Fielding and bowling promising; batting fairly good.

J. Harris—Wickets. Should use her hands more, instead of her legs, and stumping is not quick enough; batting good.

M. STEVENS.

M. Stevens—Captain. Molly has made a good Captain. Her bowling and fielding are very good; batting is disappointing.

D. A. P.

## GYM COMPETITION RESULTS, 1934.

Senior School Trophy won by	Va.
Middle     "     "	Up. IV.
Junior     "     "	Ia.

## DEMONSTRATION OF PHYSICAL TRAINING.

JULY 18th, 1934, at 7 p.m.

1. Lower School Gymnastics—First and Second Forms.
2. Dancing—First Forms: Sing a Song of Sixpence.  
     IIa: Sprites' Dance.  
     IIb and Up. II: Driving Horses.  
     All together: Galloping Study.
3. English Country Dancing—Middle School.  
     Mage on a Cree.  
     Broom, the Bonny, Bonny Broom.  
     Sellengers Round.
4. Senior House Team Races.
5. Middle School Gymnastics—Third and Fourth Forms.
6. Country Dancing—  
     Up. V and Vb: Green Sleeves and Yellow Lace.  
     Va and VI: Petronella.  
         Dashing White Sergeant.  
         Pleasures of the Town.  
     All together: First of April.

### INTERVAL.

Collection in aid of: Children's Country Holiday Fund.  
     National Playing Fields.  
     St. John Ambulance Brigade.

7. Senior School Gymnastics—Fifth and Sixth Forms.
8. Junior House Team Races.
9. Upper School Figure March.

HOUSES.—A House Cup is awarded at the end of the Summer Term to the House with the best games record for the year. Five extra points are gained by the highest total for First Junior and Senior team; three for the Second; and one for the Third place in these races.

## GUIDES, 1933-4.

A very enjoyable week was spent in Camp at Penshurst, at the beginning of the Summer Holidays, 1933. Miss Challen was unable to come, but we were very fortunate in having Miss Dawson with us again.

The beginning of the Autumn Term was taken up in practising for the District Guide Swimming Gala. The Company was divided up into four companies for the Gala, and Sydenham IID gained the Shield. B. Miln, J. Bell, H. Harman and J. Linecar, also swam in the Divisional Gala at Westminster.

The result of the Divisional Competition was known in the Autumn Term, and Miss Preedy and the Leaders received the Divisional Shield, which we have been fortunate enough to win, from Mrs. Janson Potts, at the Lewisham Guiders' Week.

Towards the end of term, Guides could be seen clambering up the wall-bars, and over the edge of the balcony, hanging up decorations for the Guide Party. The Leaders and some other Guides acted a short Play, which amused most of the children, but unfortunately, the appearance of the wicked ogre reduced one small member of the audience to tears. The tears, however, soon disappeared when the curtains on the stage went up to disclose the Christmas tree, sparkling with fairy lights.

The Spring Term brought the Badge exams., and many original badges were taken, besides the more usual ones. The results were very pleasing, as M. Welch, J. Simpson, C. Potton, J. Ashley, K. Symons, M. White and G. Heard, gained their First-Class Badges; and H. Harman, J. Simpson, C. Potton, M. Welch, M. White, J. Ashley and G. Heard, their All-Round Cords. The term concluded with an Inter-Patrol Netball Match, which all the participants thoroughly enjoyed.

The beginning of the Summer Term was spent in preparing for a performance of "Hiawatha," to be given at the end of July. One would not recognise the shouting, dancing, wild Indians as the Guides.

We are hoping to camp near Westerham this year. Many of the Guides, with Miss Preedy, had a sunny week-end at the District Camp, just after Whitsun.

The Patrol Leaders this year have been B. Miln, C.



Potton, B. Wheeler, M. White, J. Ashley, H. Harman, I. Beattie, D. Hall, D. Dannenberg and M. Stevens.

We should like to thank Miss Preedy, Miss Challen and Miss Stanton for all their efforts on behalf of the Company, also Miss Cook, who struggled with accounts for us.

M. STEVENS.

## THE LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY.

During the many meetings of the Literary and Debating Society this season, we have read many ambitious plays, and attempted several interesting debates.

As always, the same criticism must be made; the Society can be congratulated on the attendance at play readings, but that at the debates left much to be desired. We can only hope that this will be remedied during the next season. Form Vb are to be congratulated on their attendance and willingness to participate in debates.

Among the plays read were: "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," "The Brontës," "The Lady of the Lamp" and "Richard of Bordeaux." One of the many debates deserves mention; VIa led the debate, "That the Oxford Students were justified when they declared that they would under no circumstances fight for their King and Country." The motion was unanimously carried. Also we must not forget to mention an interesting paper that was read to the Society by D. Ward, on Wilfred Owen and Gerard Manley Hopkins.

Many thanks are due to Miss Short and Miss Butler for the help they have given to the Society.

ENID SAYLE (Secretary).

## SCIENCE CLUB.

President: K. White. Secretary: M. Homewood.

The meetings this year have been fairly well attended, especially by members of the Fourth Forms.

A preliminary meeting was held at the beginning of the year, and subjects for papers were suggested.

An outside lecturer, Captain Cannon, of the R.S.P.C.A., gave a very interesting lecture on "Pets and Wild Birds," which was illustrated by lantern slides.

The papers read during the year were as follows:—

- "Prehistoric Animals," K. White.
- "Life in the Sea," D. Brooks, J. Dunk.
- "Pets and Wild Birds," Capt. Cannon.
- "The Beginnings of Number," Miss Mallett.
- "The Atom," E. Ashley.
- "Modern Uses of Electricity," M. Willmot,  
P. Mortimer, M. Jaggar.

The last meeting of the year was a social one. During the first part of the meeting members of Vb conducted strange "psychological tests," such as drawing triangles and arranging pins. The Society then adjourned for the more important part of the meeting, tea in the Library.

M. HOMEWOOD.

## GERMAN CLUB.

The German Club, begun last year, has continued to hold meetings once a month, in which its members have practised German conversation. At several meetings games were played, short stories read aloud, and popular songs sung. Once Miss Lieben gave a very interesting lecture on the various festivals and how they are held in Germany, and on another occasion a German headmistress spoke to us about the schools in present-day Germany. Instead of our May meeting being held at the Burlington School, we were invited to the German Academic Bureau, where we were entertained by a film showing pictures of the Rhineland, by songs and a competition for which prizes were awarded.

We should like to thank Miss Valentine and Miss Lieben for all the help and enjoyment they have given the members of the German Club.

NELLY KELLER, VIa.

## THE FORM GARDENS.

The gardeners showed such enthusiasm in their work during the early part of the year that I should have felt very sorry to leave them in the lurch if Miss Lawrence had not volunteered to carry on the organisation of the Form Gardens.

It has given me much pleasure to see the gardens to-day, Thursday, July 26th, and to find that Vb has lived up to its reputation and has again headed the list.

May I also congratulate the gardeners on the number of plants that are flourishing in spite of the drought?

G.A.

## LEAGUE OF NATIONS UNION.

Four meetings have been held so far this year, at one of which Mr. Innes gave a very interesting lantern lecture on "Dealers in Destruction." At the next meeting, Miss Falconer spoken on the much discussed subject of "Disarmament," and on July 10th some of the members went to the inaugural meeting of the Sydenham Youth Group at Sydenham High School, where they were addressed by Miss Christine Fraser. At the time of writing we are looking forward to a talk by Miss Fawcett on "The International Labour Office," which is to take place on July 24th.

ANITA M. ALLAN.

## THE U.G.S. SETTLEMENT.

This year six girls from the Sixth Form spent a few very interesting and profitable days at the U.G.S. Settlement in Peckham. The subject we had to study was "Children," and by the time we had visited welfare centres, clinics, nursery, infant and senior schools, I can truthfully say that our one aim in life was to become social workers.

During these four short days we learnt a great deal about the children who leave school when they are fourteen; many of them come from very poor homes, where the conditions are so





GARDENING.

bad that they get no opportunity for quiet study. The number of children in Peckham who get scholarships to central or secondary schools is low, and the chief reason for this is that they do not get the proper amount of nourishment or sleep. It is not uncommon in certain families to find the members going to bed in relays. It is not surprising that the mental work of children who live in such conditions as these should be of a low standard.

We visited senior elementary schools for boys and girls over eleven years. Here the children read many good books and learn much poetry. Most of the girls are excellent needlewomen, and the striking thing about their drawings and needlework is that they are so beautifully clean and neat. Woodwork, metalwork and bookbinding, are taught in the boys' schools. The chief aim of these boys' schools is to train the children to be useful with their hands and to love beauty. When once the children have been taught to love music, art and literature, they will not be content to live surrounded by poverty and ugliness. One of the great difficulties of slum-clearance to-day is that people have got accustomed to the shocking conditions in which they live, and have lost their desire to look for something better.

Were there more space at my disposal, I should like to write of the Rev. G. Potter's hostel for boys on probation, the clinics, and the Rachel McMillan Nursery School. In the last named, the children lead happy outdoor lives, they get good food and plenty of sleep, and they get practice in doing things for themselves, by taking it in turns to be the "little mother or father" of their group. It is comforting to know that although many children are born into appalling homes, organisations similar to the U.G.S. are springing up all over the country, which are endeavouring to help parents with advice on the care of their children, as well as financially, and that the parents are responding to the help they are given.

MOLLIE SCOTT.





## THE LONDON SPEECH FESTIVAL.

On June 16th the Junior School again took part in the Verse Speaking Competition at the Regent Street Polytechnic. We entered three choirs: Upper I, with 77 marks, and IIa, with 75, both gained certificates, while Lower I missed a certificate by two marks.

The Competition Poems were:—

Lower I.

Gay Robin	...	...	...	<i>R. Bridges</i>
The Yellowhammer	...	...	...	<i>E. Farjeon</i>

Upper I and IIa.

Ode to the North-East Wind	...	<i>C. Kingsley</i>
Coronach	...	<i>W. Scott</i>

## PROGRAMME OF CONCERT.

JULY 13th, 1934.

Orchestra—Allegro from "Eine Kleine Nachtmusik" *Mozart*

Pianoforte Solo—Minuet ... .. *Purcell*

Musical Box ... .. *Cyril Scott*

PAT BUDDEN, IIIb.

Pianoforte Solo—Study in A minor ... .. *Heller*

EVELYN THORPE, Upper III.

Pianoforte Solo—Study in A flat ... .. *Heller*

JOAN PERRY, IIa.

Orchestra—Serenata ... .. *Moskowski*

Chant sans Paroles ... .. *Tschaikowsky*

Pianoforte Solo—Piper's Dance ... .. *Dunhill*

JOYCE TURNER, IIa.

Violin Solo—Country Dance ... .. *Frank Bridge*

BETTY HAWKINS, IVb.

School Choir—Songs from "H.M.S. Pinafore"

*Gilbert and Sullivan*

Pianoforte Solo—Vaudeville (Arranged Harold Craxton)

*Antoine Kammell*

OLIVE BARKHAM, IVb.



- Orchestra—Gavotte from “ Iphigenie en Aulide ” ... *Gluck*  
 Gavotte from “ Three Dances ” ... *German*
- Pianoforte Solo—Rondino in B minor ... .. *Gliere*  
 Prelude in F ... .. *Back*  
 MARIAN COOMBES, Ia.
- Violin Solo—Corrente from Sonata No. 11 in G minor *Eccles*  
 JOAN WALKER, Upper III.
- Pianoforte Solo—Arietta ... .. *Haydn*  
 Allegro in C minor ... .. *Back*  
 BERYL KENNEDY, IIIa.
- Violin Solo—Andante Tranquillo from 7th Concerto  
*Ch. de Beriot*  
 JOAN WELLER, VIb.  
 (Accompanied by Miss HARTNELL.)
- Orchestra—Andante from “ Surprise Symphony ” ... *Haydn*
- 

## SWIMMING SPORTS, 1934.

- A. School Championships—2 lengths: (a) Junior, (b) Senior.  
 B. Inter-Forms: (a) Junior, (b) Senior.  
 C. Without Crosses—2 widths with cork float.

House Captains arrange for:—

1. Senior Crocodiles—on back (6).
  2. Junior diving: (a) side, (b) board.
  3. Relay House team (width of Baths)—lighted candle (6).
  4. Junior Style—Breast stroke (2 from each House).
  5. Senior diving: (a) Board, (b) Top, (c) Duck.
  6. Junior Netball team race (6)—1st one ends at deep end.
  7. Life-saving—2nd method, release and rescue.
  8. Senior Style—(a) Breast, (b) Crawl (2 from each House).
  - D. Junior obstacle—over and under poles.
  - E. Seniors—1 length 3-legged race (must enter from same House).
  - F. Senior or Junior—1 length cork float, crawl legs.
  - G. Everyone supply tin-plate—duck diving, getting up as many as possible.
- The only strokes to be used throughout are:  
 Breast, Back, Crawl and Trudgeon.

Any girl may enter for: (1) Championship. (2) Inter-Form. (3) Life-saving or Style or Diving. (4) One team race for her House. (5) One fancy race.

All points count towards a Cup, which was presented by the Mistresses:—

1st gets 5 points. 2nd gets 3 points. 3rd gets 1 point.  
In C, D, E, F, G, 1st gets 3 points, 2nd gets 1 point.

N.B.—The Cup this year was won by St. Andrew's House.

## COLLECTIONS.

### *Autumn Term, 1933.*

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

### *Spring Term, 1934.*

Heritage Craft Schools ...	...	£12	10	0	
Queen's Hospital ...	...	12	10	0	
St. John's Hospital, Egg Col- lection ...	...	4	4	5	
					£29 4 5

### *Summer Term, 1934.*

Royal Free Hospital ...	...	£2	2	0	
Heritage Craft Schools ...	...	12	10	0	
Queen's Hospital ...	...	12	10	0	
					£27 2 0
					£83 8 0

### Other collections:—

December, 1933.—Carol Concert for Greater London Fund for the Blind ...	...	£6	8	3	
July, 1934.—Gymnastic Demonstration ... (Children's Country Holidays, National Playing Fields, St. John Ambulance.)	...	£13	18	4	

## NOTES FROM THE FORMS.

Owing to lack of space, we can publish only a very small selection of Form Notes this year. This is very sad, for they make interesting reading, and many Forms have evidently made a great effort to produce a bright account. But the notes seem to have grown very long since we began them in 1931! Perhaps next year we shall be glad to print a full set again.

### LOWER I.

Out comes the sun,  
For here is Lower One.  
And now to you we'll tell  
The things we've done so well.  
So kind Miss Bond has been;  
To help us she is keen.  
We went to Regent Street  
Our verses to repeat.  
Miss Drury hired a 'bus;  
She also came with us.  
We won the tidy bowl,  
We work with heart and soul.

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### Ib.

Hello, everybody! This is the Form Prefect calling. I'm going to tell you about our new Form Room and Form Mistress. We came back after the Christmas holiday and found we were to be separated into two different Forms. Lower I kept the same room but we moved to room 18, which once belonged to VIb. Our present Form Mistress is Miss Chaplin. The two Games Captains are getting impatient, so I must say goodbye.

Hello, everybody! These are the Games Captains speaking. We tried very hard this Easter to win the netball match, but having lost six games-lessons through wet weather, we did not succeed. We are now practising swimming for our crosses; thirteen girls having gained them. Here come the two girls who made up charades for the end of term.

Hello, everybody! We are just going to tell you about our charades. One, called "The Schoolgirl Mystery," illustrated the word "upright"; the other formed the word "welfare," and it was a fairy charade entitled "A Toyshop at Midnight." We loved dressing up as toy soldiers and toy clowns and fairy dolls.



Good gracious! Our call is up already. Goodbye, everybody!

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Ia. Here is the first News Bulletin, copyright reserved, received lately from Form Ia.

In the Autumn Term, 1933, we had twenty-eight new girls and only six old girls, but the new girls soon settled down and are very happy now. We were tidy in the Autumn Term and gained the bowl awarded for the top Form. We are very proud of three of our girls, Joan Douglas, Sheila Fletcher and Sybil Yeates. Joan won a prize for writing, Sheila a prize for translating a German letter in *The Girls' Own Paper*, and her good writing was complimented. Sybil won first prize in an All-England writing contest. Sheila's prize was one guinea's worth of books. Several of our girls are trying in a Geographical Essay Competition. We wish them good luck. In the Spring Term we won the trophy for gym. in the Lower School. Last of all we want to thank Miss Challen very much for all the help she has given us.

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IIa. This year we welcomed Miss Mallet for the first term, only to say goodbye again at the end of it. For the other two terms, Miss Seymour has been our Form Mistress, and we hope that she will continue to look after us. We did not do very well in the Gym. Competition, but we are working hard for next year.

With great excitement we went to the first swimming lesson of 1934. Here at last is something at which we excel—for we have four champions!

Also, two of our members entered for the Lewisham Musical Festival (pianoforte) and came first and second, respectively, in different sections. In the Verse-speaking Competition we gained 75 marks and a certificate.

All the same, next term we mean to gain more honours. Come on, IIa!

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IIIa.

“ Here we are again,  
 Happy as can be,  
 All good friends  
 And jolly good company-y!”

This (in case you did not know) is IIIa. Although we have not much to sing about, we are keeping jolly, and are hoping to gain the bowl for tidiness, which seems to slip through our fingers and pass on to honour another lucky Form.

But we are not a complete failure, for we won the Inter-Form Netball matches, and were rewarded with the first prize of seven little chicks sitting in a row, and, in addition, the second place in the Gym. Competition was allotted to us.

Also our diligent gardeners dispersed the snails and slugs, and wore their dainty fingers to the bone pulling up those weeds which, as everyone knows, persist in growing. Hence our jollity, and still we keep on going, singing our jolly old song:—

“ Here we are again,  
Happy as can be,  
All good friends  
And jolly good company!”

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#### UPPER V.

Twelve somewhat dusty chicks we have, the reminders of a hot tussle for the Hockey Trophy. We are very fond of them and we intend to keep them till their last feather falls. Unfortunately, our walls are decked by no other trophy. They should be, of course, but we wobbled in the fateful struggle, and so the Gym. Trophy hangs next door. The Gardening Trophies, too, are elsewhere. We wonder if there might be a trophy for the best collection of weeds. We have such pretty weeds in our garden. Lately you have probably noticed our grey hairs and wrinkled brows. They are the marks of care, heavy upon us, for “ Matric.” draws near.

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#### WE ARE FOURTEEN.

— A VIb Form

Which starts the year with pluck,  
Why should it lose so many girls  
And have peculiar luck?

I met a bouncing VIb-ite,  
She was seventeen, she said;  
The hair was waved and curled up tight  
That crowned her learned head.

She had a slightly perky air,  
 And she was lightly clad;  
 Her socks were green and very bright,  
 Their smallness made me sad.

Prefects and Guiders, Bright Young Maid,  
 How many may you be?  
 "Twice seven are we in all," she said,  
 And smiling looked at me.

"And where are they? I pray you tell."  
 She said, "Fourteen are we,  
 But five of us have left the school  
 And one is in VIc."

"But they have left, those five have left,  
 And one is in VIc."  
 'Twas throwing words away, for still  
 The Bright Young Maid would have her will,  
 And said, "Twice seven are we."

## OLD GIRLS.

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

The Old Girls' meetings during the past year have been well attended as usual, and at the March meeting the Old Girls' Gym. Class gave a display which was greatly appreciated.

Unfortunately the weather at the July meeting was very unkind to us, so that it was impossible to have supper in the garden as had been planned, and the tennis tournament had to be abandoned after only two rounds had been played. However, as a compensation, Miss Turner very kindly allowed us to inspect the Art Exhibition which had been arranged for the parents. Dancing also was enjoyed in the Hall, and, in spite of the much-needed but unfortunately timed "deluge," the evening was a great success.

The Old Girls were obviously glad to see a record number of mistresses at the last meeting, and hope that this "record" will be beaten at the next!



We should like to remind present members, and the many new members who, we hope, will be joining the Society next November, that Old Girls' meetings are held on the second Fridays in November and July, and the first Friday in March.

G. R. HUGHES.  
N. PETHYBRIDGE.

## **"HADDON HALL."**

This year's production of "Haddon Hall," though a departure from the ever popular Gilbert and Sullivan, proved another successful venture by the Old Girls' Operatic Society. The net proceeds on the two performances were £37 5s. 2d., of which £30 was sent to the South-Eastern Hospital to support the Edelweiss Cot for another year, and the balance to St. John's, Lewisham.

The company "toured" to Hunsdon, Streatham Vale and Westmoreland Road Institute, and received a warm welcome at each of these additional shows.

The Society would extend a cordial welcome to anyone who is interested in its productions and would like to become a member. Rehearsals are held during the winter on Thursday evenings, at School, from 7.30 to 9.30, and it is hoped that as there is so little facility for getting into touch with would-be members, anybody who would like to join will not hesitate to come along. Miss L. Gessey, of Devonshire Cottage, Fox Hill, Norwood, S.E., will be very willing to let anyone know about the Society's activities, and the date when rehearsals commence for the forthcoming production of "The Rebel Maid."

M. RICHARDS.

## **O.G.N.C.**

Where, oh where, do old Sydenham girls go on winter Saturday afternoons? Why don't they come to the Old Girls' Netball Club? There they will be received with open arms, they will discover that netball is the jolliest of all winter games, and they will cause this Club to flourish, instead of struggling bravely on in the face of decreasing

membership and its attendant worries. The matches this season have proved as enjoyable as ever, and, as the results show, we have kept our flag flying in spite of these difficulties.

M. E. CURTIS, Hon. Sec.,  
24, Bourneville Road,  
Catford, S.E.6.

DATE.	FIXTURE.			FIRST RESULT.			SECOND	RESULT.	
				For Agst.			For	Agst.	
7.10.33*	1st Lewisham	...	Away	Won	21	15	Lost	8	17
	2nd London								
	Teachers								
21.10.33	Forest Hill Central	Home		One Team only.			Won	22	8
28.10.33*	Blackheath	...	Away	Lost	10	13			
4.11.33	Avery Hill	...	Away	Lost	18	21	Won	14	11
11.11.33*	1st Old Roan	...							
	2nd Eltham	...	Home	Won	18	11	Won	21	14
18.11.33	Carlyle	...	Away	Won	13	10	Won	16	5
25.11.33*	Peckham	...	Home	Lost	11	14	Drew	7	7
2.12.33*	Plumstead	...	Away	Won	18	13	Won	9	7
30.12.33	L.C.C.	...	Away	Won	10	8	Drew	12	12
6. 1.34*	1st Lewisham	...							
	2nd London								
	Teachers	Home		Won	18	13	Lost	3	17
13. 1.34*	Blackheath	...	Home	Won	15	8			
20. 1.34*	Avery Hill	...	Home	Lost	7	9			
27. 1.34*	Avery Hill	...	Home				Won	14	10
3. 2.34*	Eltham	...	Away				Won on points.		
10. 2.34*	Peckham	...	Away	Won	15	12	Lost	12	14
17. 2.34	James Allen	...	Away	Lost	7	15	Lost	7	13
24. 2.34*	Plumstead	...	Home	Won	22	6	Won	12	7
3. 3.34	St. Saviour's and								
	St. Olave's	Home		Lost	13	17	Won	13	6
17. 3.34	Furzedown	...	Away				Lost	21	7
24. 3.34*	L.C.C.	...	Home	One Team only.			Won	11	7
7. 4.34	St. Saviour's and								
	St. Olave's	Away		Won	20	9	Won	13	10
14. 4.34	Carlyle	...	Home	Won	28	8	Lost	11	27
21. 4.34	Streatham...	...	Home	Won	16	8	Lost	8	14
		* League Matches.							

\* League Matches.

## SYDENHAM INNOMINATA.

This notice is sure to be read by everyone because of the title! This is the new name of the Old Girls' Cricket Club. We were unable to get enough support from Old Girls and therefore had to invite a few outside enthusiasts to join the Club. This is why we had to change our name, and this is the only suitable one we could think of! We now have a

membership of about fourteen—Old Girls, of course, being in the majority.

A membership of fourteen is not enough; we must get more people who are leaving School to swell our ranks. We know that some of you are very keen on Cricket. Now why not join us? We have a very nice ground at Bromley, to which there is attached a swimming bath and tennis courts, and we can guarantee a good time for you. Write now for particulars to:—

P. MUIR,  
129, Grierson Road, S.E.23.

Don't put it off or you will forget!

May we add a note about the Hockey Club? This is still definitely an Old Girls' Club and we hope it will never be otherwise. We are always glad to have new members, and now is the time to join. Write to P. Muir for particulars.

You will never regret having joined either of the above Clubs!

## OLD GIRLS' GYMNASTIC CLASS.

The Gym. Class was again taken by Miss Sarson this year, and was well supported by keen members. We were able to give a short display at the March meeting of the Old Girl's Association, which we all enjoyed.

All intending new members should write now to the address below, so that they may receive a notice when the class re-opens.

D. M. CLIFFORD,  
35, Kirkdale, S.E.26.

Miss Attwater has sent word that she will be "At Home" to Old Girls and members of the Sixth Form on the last Friday of every month from 5 to 7 p.m., at 58, Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood, S.E.19.

The Old Girls will be interested to hear that the Forms (from IIb to VIa) continue to clothe babies from the Battersea Welfare Centre. This year, at the Annual Party, in addition to the sixteen School babies and their mothers, there was a little girl dressed by an Old Girl, Renee Watson. If anyone would like to help Renee, the address is Vardecourt, Addington Road, West Wickham, Kent.



## NEWS OF OLD GIRLS.

### COLLEGE ENTRANTS, 1933.

- St. Hilda's, Oxford.—F. Collins.  
 King's College, London.—M. Glock, G. Sandford.  
 Bedford College, London.—O. Symons.  
 Furzedown Training College.—P. Carlton, K. Scott, R. Fothergill.  
 Avery Hill Training College.—I. Feaver, K. Osborne, J. Jackson.  
 Portsmouth Training College.—P. Webb.  
 Battersea Domestic Training College.—K. Kinsey, H. Simpson.  
 National Training School of Cookery.—M. Lord.

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### SUCCESES.

- Doris Oates, London B.A., Hons. French, Class II, Div. 2.  
 Kathleen Russell, London B.A., Hons. German, Class II, Div. 2.  
 Marjorie Warren, London B.A., Hons. French, Class II, Div. 2.  
 Eva Widdowson, B.Sc., Lond. Univ. Post-Graduate Research Studentship, value £150, for one year.  
 Audrey Witton, Social Science Certificate (London School of Economics), with distinction in History, Social and Economic.  
 Dorothy Collins, Oxford Univ. Diploma in Education.  
 Olive Symons, London Intermediate Science, Bedford College.  
 Cicely Hall, Associate of the Royal College of Art.  
 Dorothy Clark and Kathleen Roles, Higher Certificate, National Froebel Union.  
 Lilian Walter, Second Medical Examination (London School of Medicine for Women).  
 Rita Hayton, Board of Education Drawing Examination and Senior Teachers' Scholarship.  
 Florence Searls, Academic Diploma for teaching English. (Florence is undertaking work in Evening Institutes.)  
 Ruby Bolton, Civil Service Examination (Clerical Class), September, 1933.

## APPOINTMENTS, ETC.

Enid Gotts.—Teacher of Medical Electricity in the Otago School of Massage, Dunedin, New Zealand. Sailed September, 1934.

Vera Clarke.—English Mistress, the Varndean School, Brighton.

Eileen Lord.—Assistant Mistress, Haseltine Road School, Sydenham.

Dorothy Collins.—History Mistress, Berwick-on-Tweed High School.

Grace Levell.—Science Mistress, Mansford Street Central School, Bethnal Green.

May Brown.—Science Mistress, Latymer School, Edmonton.

Doris Alder.—Vice-Principal, St. Mary's High School, Rangoon.

Elizabeth Standring.—Domestic Science Mistress, Nairobi High School, Kenya.

Primrose Marsh.—Mathematics Mistress, West Ham High School.

Muriel Elliott.—A post in a Nursery School at Cambridge.

Nona Stevens.—Teaching at the Village School, Great Barrow, near Chester.

Eileen Worthy.—Clerk in the Records Department of the Milk Marketing Board.

Barbara Walker.—The Editorial Department of Nelson's (publishers).

Marjorie Anderson.—Secretarial post at Knight's Agency for Teachers, while working for her Science degree.

Eileen Humphreys.—Laboratory Demonstrator at Furzedown College. Eileen is working for her Science degree, and has just passed in her subsidiary subject (Botany).

Florence Searls.—English teacher at the Monnow Institute Evening Classes. Florence also has an appointment as typist in the Foreign Office.

Audrey Witton.—Junior Organiser of Children's Care Work (L.C.C.).

Kathleen Gordon.—The London List of First Appointments.

Hilda Wilkins.—Assistant in the Bacteriological Department at the Royal Free Hospital.

Margaret Barton, who left Furzedown in July, 1934, is teaching at St. Saviour's, Herne Hill.

## OTHER NEWS.

Mona Prout, M.D., now has a practice at Bromley.

Marjorie Lee (née Collet-Brown) is working with her husband for the British Social Hygiene Council.

Phyllis Holmes is enjoying her work with Lever Bros., Port Sunlight.

Jennie Sorrell, who left VIc in 1932 to enter an office, is now training as a teacher at Hockerill Training College, Bishop's Stortford.

Mary Alexander is training as a teacher of gymnastics at the Chelsea College of Physical Education.

Elsie Widdowson, in addition to her work in the Bio-chemical Research Department at the Middlesex Hospital, has undertaken further research work for Dr. McCance at King's College Hospital.

## MARRIAGES.

Edna Fitton to F. Whitworth, February 24th, 1934.

Marie Ashford to E. P. Sadler, June 2nd, 1934.

Gwen John to E. Church, June 30th, 1934.

Mildred Bell to W. Archer, July 17th, 1934.

Phyllis Savage to F. R. Amos, July 21st, 1934.

Joyce Hopkins to — Elvey, July, 1934.

Edna Chard to H. Antrobus, M.A., August, 1934.

Marjorie Bishop to G. D. Cast, August, 1934.

Ruth Hume to — Saunders, August, 1934.

Grace Corbett to J. Meredith, August 28th, 1934.

Greta Reynolds to T. D. Graves, September 1st, 1934.

Dorothy Dew to E. Johnson, September 1st, 1934.

## BIRTHS.

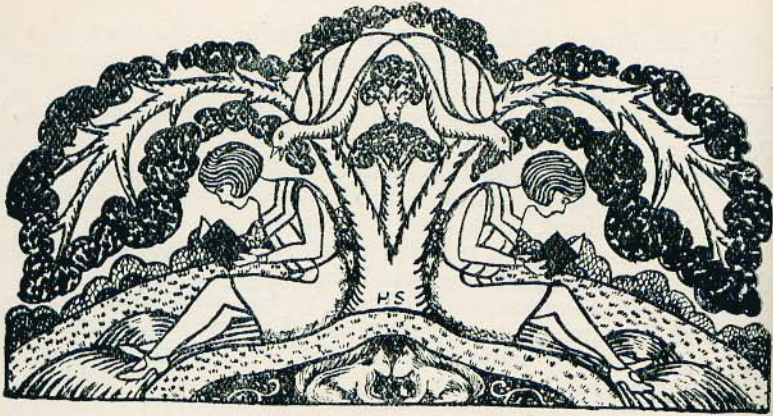
To Eileen Warrington (née Watson), a daughter (Jean Audrey), April 5th, 1934.

**In Memorium.**

Brenda Pocock (née Palmer), died March 27th, 1934.

Lilian Cumbers (1930-31), died January 13th, 1934.





## MISCELLANEOUS CONTRIBUTIONS.

### IN THE BRACKEN.

Mary, Betty, Esther, Beryl,  
 Stood together midst the bracken,  
 Picking pink and purple heather:  
 Heard the skylark singing sweetly,  
 Soaring up into the heavens.  
 Heard the river flowing gaily,  
 Down beside the grassy meadow.  
 Heard the church bells ringing loudly  
 From the village in the valley.  
 Saw the bee fly quickly past them,  
 Gath'ring honey from the flowers.  
 Saw the rabbits skipping gaily  
 In their pretty laughing frolic.  
 Then they left the woodland pathway,  
 On their homeward journey going.

LOWER I.

## FANCY DRESS AT THE FÊTE.

"Well, children," said Mrs. Grey, "what are you going to wear at the Fête on Saturday?"

"I think I should like to be big, bold Julius Cæsar," said Jack.

"The dress would be very hard to make," laughed Tubs, the fat boy of the family.

"It will be quite easy, really. The helmet will be made out of cardboard with silver paper on it. I think I shall have a nose-piece over my nose, and streaks of red paint on my sword to make it look like blood."

Tubs was laughing all this time.

"Whatever are you laughing at?" said Conrad.

"Laughing at my thoughts of fancy dress."

"What are they?" said Mrs. Grey.

"Ha! ha! ha! I am going as Jublionkny, the thin boy of the circus, trapeze artiste." He started doing trapeze movements, and they burst out laughing at his funny antics.

"What are you going as?" said Mrs. Grey to Conrad.

"I shall go as a nurse. I look so nice as a girl. You remember that play we had when I was a girl? Everybody said that I looked nice."

"I suppose you want one of our small sheets for your hat."

"Get on with your breakfast, boys; then you can make your dresses and get them finished."

"I shall only have to wear trousers and a blouse," said Tubs.

"I should put some cushions in your blouse to make you a bit *thinner*," said Conrad.

"Don't be rude," said Tubs, "or you will get one thrown at you."

"Are you ready, children? You may get down and make your dresses now."

E. TOMKINS, Lr. I.

## MY WEE BONNY THINGS.

I had a fluffy kitten,  
I fed it night and morn;  
Only the dog that lives next door  
May bark at it at dawn.

I had a tiny garden,  
Just outside the door;  
The fairies dance on it at night,  
A carpet is their floor.

I had a yellow duster,  
To wipe the dust away;  
I dusted the piano stool—  
And later, went to play.

I had a silver birch-tree,  
In it the birds did nest;  
They sang me pretty songs at morn,  
At dusk they sank to rest.

J. KNOTT, Lr. I.

## JANE.

In among the grasses green  
Jane pretends she is a queen.  
In her mother's dressing-gown,  
With some daisies for her crown.  
Then she walks beside the lake,  
Frightened lest the frogs should wake.  
Underneath a tiny rock,  
A pixie in a yellow frock  
Watches her with big, round eyes,  
While his friend around her flies.  
But Jane hears her mother call,  
Scampers o'er the garden wall.  
Queen no longer, she must be  
Little Jane called in to tea.

N. RHODES, Ib.



## SPRING'S MESSENGERS.

Sing a song of daffodils,  
 With their skirts of yellow frills.  
 Dancing polkas in the breeze,  
 Underneath the spreading trees.  
 Mid their pointed leaves of green  
 In their beauty they are seen.  
 By the rippling stream they stand,  
 Whisp'ring softly, "Spring's at hand."

Ib.

## THE WIND.

The wind he moans and sings and sighs,  
 And shrieks and blows and laughs and cries.  
 He blows the apples off the trees  
 And churns the billows on the seas.  
 He helps the mills the corn to grind,  
 No better servant can one find.  
 He helps the fishing boats to sail,  
 And sees the monsters: shark and whale.  
 He then comes back to you and me,  
 Across the wide Atlantic sea.

H. COOMBS, Ia.



## THE GOBLINS.

By the brookside rushes  
Goblins sell their wares :  
Oranges and quinces,  
Plums and juicy pears.

Hark! I hear them coming,  
Lightly do they tread;  
Each a dish is bearing,  
One has apples red.

Peaches they will show you,  
Mulberries as well;  
But the fruits are evil  
That they try to sell.

Woe betide the mortal,  
Venturing at night,  
Near the haunts of goblins,  
Or within their sight.

JOAN HILL, JOYCE DAVIS, VERA BALL,  
Up. I.

## EARLY MORNING.

The blackbird is singing,  
The morning is grey;  
The sunshine is peeping,  
The month is sweet May.

The house is now stirring,  
Awake are the trees;  
The wind softly blowing  
Among the green leaves.

A workman is tramping  
Along the rough lane;  
The grass is still dewy  
Across the wide plain.

HESTER GREEN, Up. I.



## UNDER THE SEA.

Beneath the sea where corals grow,  
And silver sparkling wavelets flow,  
Sea-horses play amongst the brine,  
And lobsters wear their armour fine.

The sea-stocks quiver in the sway  
And mermaids frolic in the bay;  
The oysters shut their shells up tight  
And fishes swim up to the light.

Old Father Neptune mounts his throne  
To rule the sparkling seas alone;  
The pretty shells the mermaids wear  
And gorgeous pearls fix in their hair.

And coloured fish swim through the waves,  
Through seaweed bright, and mystic caves;  
Faintly the sun's rays come and go,  
Revealing wonders down below.

PHYLLIS ALLEN, Upper I.

## MR. BEAMAWAY.

Oh! but he was generous and open-handed to everyone, was Mr. Beamaway; a benignant, amiable, kindly, liberal old man. Mild and gentle as a small child, from whom generosity and simplicity were always flowing; frank and open, and as friendly as the busy bee. The warmth within him warmed his features, made his nose snub and jolly, rounded his ruddy cheeks, and loosened his striding gait; made his eyes twinkle merrily and his lips always ready with a beaming smile; and spoke out booming in his happy-go-lucky voice. A little white curl was the only thing to be seen on his shiny bald head, and the same kind of curl straggled happily from his double chin. He carried his own benevolent temperament always with him; he kept his office comfortably fresh in the dog days, and warmed it heartily at Christmas.

E. MILLER, IIa.

## AN UNLUCKY DAY.

Superstitious people say that January the thirteenth is unlucky. Spot was not usually superstitious, or naughty, as his mistress called him. But there, being only small, I suppose he is to be excused.

On January the thirteenth, Spot woke up feeling exceedingly cross and naughty. He got out of his basket and went downstairs like a white streak. He chewed his master's slippers to ribbons, drank the cat's milk, and ate her breakfast. The cat was so furious that she flew at him and scratched his eye with her claws. Cook, who was very fat, was angry with Spot for chasing the "dear cat," as she called it, and sent Sarah, the maid, after him with the mop.

After wandering aimlessly round the garden for some time, Spot espied Baby walking round and round the garden pond. Spot knew that Baby was not supposed to do this with no outdoor clothes on, so he bounded up the garden and took Baby's crawlers between his teeth and pulled. Baby did not want to go and he pulled the other way, his crawlers tore and both he and Spot fell into the pond among the goldfish. The commotion brought Mistress, nurse, cook and the gardener, all armed with weapons of war, at least so Spot observed.

After he had recovered from the spanking, he ate his dinner in silence, and then went out into the garden next door. An old lady lived there who kept two canaries, a parrot and a Pekinese. Spot hated them all, so he ran to the dog's kennel and tried to capture a bone, but the Pekinese objected and soon Spot was in the thick of a fight. The birds, who were on the lawn, joined in the commotion. The parrot shrieked out "Polly" and danced backwards and forwards on her perch. The canaries kept up a great twittering and beat their wings against the cage. Then out came Spot's mistress and poured out apologies to the old lady. After the apologies had been accepted, Spot was taken indoors, smacked and put to bed.

Next morning, the fourteenth, he woke up in a much better frame of mind, glad that January the thirteenth comes only once a year.

E. ASHBY, IIa.

**SUMMER.**

The lark does sing,  
The church bells ring;  
The children play  
In the fields all day;  
Their fathers and mothers,  
And sisters and brothers,  
Are cutting the corn,  
In the early morn.

The poppy is gay,  
As she dances all day;  
The brook prattles by,  
With many a sigh,  
Till she reaches the mill  
At the foot of the hill;  
Where the old miller stands,  
With his floury-white hands.

The evening draws on,  
And the sunshine is gone;  
The birds in their nest,  
Have settled to rest.  
The moon is high  
In the silvery sky;  
And the trees are grey  
With the parting day.

PAMELA THOMAS, Up. II.



## HOW TO ACT A PLAY IN A TOY THEATRE.

Acting plays on a miniature stage can be great fun if you only know how to set about it. So, assuming, of course, that you have a toy theatre with curtains, scenery and characters, as I have, I intend to tell you how to arrange for and carry out this novel kind of entertainment.

First, you must, naturally, have the play written out (this is for those who want to make "the show" totally original). Such an undertaking may sound formidable, but all you need is a plot and a good flow of words. Do not make too many characters "enter" at once: you have only one pair of hands. Remember, too, not to let the stage get too crowded. And you need not have long words and marvellous English. Your audience wants a play of human interest. What would *you* think if the villain stalked before you (in a real play) and said: "I shall now proceed to illuminate you further; and I shall endeavour to do so with clarity and brevity. This small but deadly weapon is for the purpose of plunging into your heart . . ."?

Now you are almost ready to give your play. Are your characters suitable? (A slim young girl in rags will not, under any circumstances, do for Henry VIII.) If they are not—make some more. And the same applies to scenery.

Pull the curtain up. Now begin the play. Change your voice as much as possible. By this your audience will get to know the "actors." They will not mind if the "pitch" is not absolutely right. Put a great deal of expression into it; the more the better. Make it as dramatic as you can. But, above all, do not be afraid of your audience. Just live in your play until it is over. Then you can come from "behind the scenes" and talk and laugh with all your friends. But until then, *be* everyone in your play. It will make it all the better.

Bear all these warnings in mind and your entertainment should be a great success—in these long winter days especially.

MARGARET DAVIES, Up. II.

## FIRE.

Leaping, glancing, flick'ring, dancing,  
 Like a blushing rose:  
 Jumping, crying, growing, dying.  
 Fire in glory goes;  
 On her back a flimsy veil—  
 Smoke—so soft, and grey, and pale.

MARGARET DAVIES, Up. II.

## THE BROOK.

'Neath a large and spreading tree,  
 In a shady nook,  
 Scintillating in the sun,  
 Runs a little brook  
 Gurgling, chuckling on its way  
 Through the shady trees,  
 There it ripples, bubbles on,  
 Laughing to the breeze.  
 Down the valleys, through the fields,  
 Over dale and hill;  
 Passing over stony ways,  
 But it's flowing still!  
 As it passes, whisp'ring trees  
 Bend their heads and say,  
 "How we'd love to follow you,  
 But we have to stay."  
 Ripple on, my babbling brook,  
 Laugh your cares away,  
 Murmur to the whistling wind,  
 And the trees that sway.

J. DICKENSON, IIIb.

## “DAVID COPPERFIELD”: A RE-DISCOVERED FRAGMENT.

All was peace and quietness in my aunt's little house that afternoon, when suddenly—

“Janet, donkeys!” cried my aunt, and flew to the front door. She opened the door and hurled the water out of a large can at a figure standing on the grass. There was a loud scream, then a well-known voice said,

“Good gracious! what is the meaning of this? Pardon me, Madam.”

I recognised the voice of Mrs. Gummidge, and hurried downstairs.

“Remove that donkey,” cried my aunt, “Here, you,” to a boy holding the donkey, “take him away, I say! Trot, my dear, do you know this woman?” I replied in the affirmative, and advanced and introduced Mrs. Gummidge. My aunt inquired the reason of her visit; and was considerably surprised to hear that Mrs. Gummidge was collecting money, in aid of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

“Animals! Donkeys!” cried my aunt, “Donkeys, the whole pack of 'em.”

“But, aunt, all animals are not donkeys,” I interposed gently. “Remember that cat you told me you used to have. Now she was certainly not a donkey, was she?”

“Trot,” said my aunt in a softer tone, “you are right. My darling Fluff was no donkey; but what of dogs, bad-tempered things, bulls and cows, worthless and dangerous? And those humped creatures, some folks are pleased to call 'em camels; they and other wild beasts are bad enough, but donkeys, ugh! Anyway, I should like to know what is the object of this society?”

Mrs. Gummidge replied that it prevented cruelty to animals, and helped to find food and homes for destitute animals.

“Food!” cried my aunt, “why, turn a donkey out into the street and it eats other folks' front lawns. Food, indeed, for donkeys! Thieves that they are, ugh!”

I commenced to explain again to my aunt that all animals are not donkeys, but my explanation was rudely interrupted, for Mrs. Gummidge's donkey had strayed on to the grass



again, the boy having run away in a fright when my aunt had appeared, and was now peacefully nibbling the green grass.

My aunt ran at the donkey with a big stick, but Mrs. Gummidge mounted it hurriedly and rode off.

"Trot," said my aunt, "let us go in, now that I have got rid of that woman."

We went indoors where, to my surprise, my aunt, a few seconds later, opened her large bead bag, and produced a crown piece.

"Trot," said she, "run after that woman, and give her this. It's only Christian, and, after all, I might have been born a donk—I mean an animal myself. But mind," as I hurried out of the house, "tell her not to bring her impudent donkeys on my grass again. And tell her, too, not to come begging from me again," she added.

BERYL KENNEDY, IIIa.

## THAT WONDERFUL CREATURE THE AEROPLANE.

I was sitting in the garden as the golden sun sank behind the dark fir trees. It was so peaceful and quiet, but it could not last; with a loud "caw, caw," a large crow landed on the cherry-tree. Something was going to happen, I could see that by his look, so I decided to lie low and keep quiet.

"Caw, cawm along now, cawm along," said the crow. "Coo, coo, cooming," said a dove as she plumped down on the tree. "What a treet, what a treet!" said a pair of chaffinches as they arrived, and soon the tree was full of a number of birds of all shapes and sizes.

The jay took the chair, or rather the branch, because he had the loudest voice, and he opened the meeting. "Quills and downlings, we are here to talk of the wonderful new bird which flies without flapping its wings, makes an unbirdlike noise and is always carrying a man." "Chirrup, chut up," said a naughty sparrow, but he stopped when he saw the jay's face.

"Could we not coome to soome conclusion?" said the dove, "Could we not tell him our thoughts?"

"He ought to be banished, the noisy wretch; he keeps my downlings awake," said Mrs. Wren, who was very fond of her babies.

"Send a deputy to him with our good wishes and say we hope he will kindly move into another part of the country," suggested a wood pigeon.

"Coo, couldn't we?" said the dove.

"Tweet, tweet, what a treet, tell him to leave our street!" said the cheeky little sparrow.

I was getting quite interested when, horrors! Ali Baba, unnoticed by the birds, was creeping towards them. Ali is our cat. I must warn the birds, I thought, so even though the meeting was at its most exciting part, I broke it up. With a shout I jumped out of my chair, and the birds were scattered, for that evening at least.

P. PRINCE, IIIa.

## BIRD NOTES.

On the lawn in our garden we have a tall stone bird-bath and beside it an earthenware bowl for smaller birds. A pair of blackbirds have a nest in the poplar tree at the bottom of the garden, and each day they come down to bathe and drink. One day, after I had just filled both bowl and bath, Mr. Blackbird came down and began to wash himself in the stone birdbath. He stood right in the bath and beat the water with his wings, so that most of it got splashed on to the lawn.

Then Mrs. Blackbird arrived and got in beside him. This did not seem to please him, for he flew down into the smaller birdbath and began to do the same thing. Meanwhile, Mrs. Blackbird, finding herself left in a birdbath most of the water of which had been splashed on to the lawn by her husband's vigorous ablutions, followed him to the smaller bath. She was, however, a little too late, for he had emptied that bath, and now flew up into the tree, his black body gleaming with moisture. She retired with a ruffled air to the topmost branch of the tree in the next garden, while the sparrows yelled derision from the house-tops.

Here I sallied forth with the watering-can and filled both birdbaths, whereupon Mrs. Blackbird came down from the tree and had her bath. After this she hopped away across





A BIRD FAMILY.



the lawn with a dignified air, and a few moments later I saw her, with feet and legs braced and head thrown back, pulling a worm out of the lawn as though her life depended upon the success of her effort.

JOAN HAYES, Up. III.

In a hedge in a neighbour's garden, a thrush had built its nest. For a long time the parents reared their baby, until it grew up, and flew away to explore the world alone; and then the parents hatched another egg in its place: a beautiful light blue speckled with brown.

My brother and his friends, when out in the country, saw two sparrows having a fierce fight. One bird was pecking the other's head, and scattering its feathers. When they approached, the bird flew away, and the other, who had had both eyes pecked out, wriggled slightly, and then lay lifeless on the ground.

JOAN REES, Up. III.

While on a ramble on Whit-Monday, we happened to take our lunch under a hollow oak tree. Our peace was rudely disturbed with shrill cries coming from inside the tree. Curiosity led us to investigate. Upon climbing the tree we peered down into a cavity in the trunk and beheld a family of hungry, featherless thrushes, all clamouring loudly for their dinner.

We cleared our things away, and when we were ready to start again we saw the mother bird going to feed her babies.

ETHEL BLENCOWE, Up. III.





LULLABY.



## CHESTNUTS IN THE CEVENNES.

The craggy summits towered far above.  
 Below, the Tarn was roaring, loud and hoarse.  
 A fringe of ash trees stood upon the hills,  
 And Spanish chestnuts on the lower slopes,  
 Their tented branches forming shady nooks.  
 Some trusting to their roots to hold them straight  
 Found strength to prosper on the rapid slopes;  
 Others upon the margin of the stream  
 Marshalled in line like soldiers stood erect.  
 The gorgeous tints of autumn, red and gold,  
 Had tarnished all the leaves and made them glow.  
 A faint, sweet, lingering perfume filled the air.  
 And drooping sprays of glorious foliage fell,  
 Against the fluted columns of the trunks.

ELSIE CHAMBERS & DOROTHY NEVILLE, Up. III.

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## A LULLABY.

The air is still; the birds no longer sing,  
 The wind sighs softly in the swaying trees.  
 The owls and bats alone are on the wing,  
 And flitting madly in the gentle breeze.  
 Diana throws her beams upon your bed;  
 The twinkling stars have come again to peep.  
 And while I lay to rest your little head,  
 And while the weary foxes homeward creep,  
     Hush my little one,  
     And sleep.

The purple clouds sail through the silent night;  
 The fairies tighter close their silvery wings.  
 And on the rolling stream the moon shines bright,  
 While 'tis the elfin midnight bell that rings.  
 Then when the sheep have nestled in their fold;  
 And when the sun has long set in the west;  
 Then when I've tucked you from the dark and cold,  
 Tight in your bed, your little tiny nest;  
     Hush my little one,  
     And rest.

JOAN REES, Up. III.



### A DEVON COUNTRYSIDE.

The perfume of the honeysuckle sweet  
Floats upwards from the lane, where drooping ferns  
Cluster beneath the hedge; up to the hill  
Where stands the ancient Court amid its ring  
Of age-old oaks, which bravely lift their crests  
To meet the winds of heaven. Far below  
The waves come tumbling in upon the bay  
To break beneath the wall of purple cliffs;  
While through deep rolling hills of golden sand,  
Past broad and fertile plains of emerald green  
Where sleepy cattle browse the long day through,  
The silv'ry river winds with eager haste  
To reach at last its longed-for goal, the sea.  
And there the Torridge, like a land-locked lake,  
Sleeps undisturbed in peacefulness and calm  
Unheeding, while the busy ages pass.

DOROTHY MICHELL, Up. III.

## SOME INTERESTING HOBBIES.

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### A Book of Extracts.

I have many hobbies really, including reading and swimming, but I want to speak about my latest, which is keeping a book of extracts. I first got the idea from my sister, who once showed me a ragged sheaf of papers, dating from 1924 to 1933. These were all typewritten extracts from books and poems. These inspired me, as I often found pieces, when reading, that I should like to keep.

So I bought a fat, ruled exercise book, and some red ink, and started *my* extracts, ruling off each one with a red line. Now, my book is nearly full—extracts from books, short stories and poems; whole poems, and quotations from famous people.

Since then my sister has bought a beautiful loose-leaf album (costing 5s. 6d.) with blank pages for typewriting, and coloured sheets of thin cardboard which you can use if you like to divide the book up into separate parts, which she has done. I live in hopes that one day I, too, shall possess such a luxury!

My hobby is, of course, only useful to people who really like reading. I myself never tire of looking through my collection and recalling memories of delightful, interesting, humorous or sad books.

J. TURNER, IIa.

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### Writing Poetry, etc.

My hobby is writing poetry, short stories and plays. I came to take it up when I had scarlet fever. I was, you see, almost alone for about six weeks, and during this time I found it very dull. In my room, on the window-sill, I had a beautiful pink hyacinth, and it was this that gave me the suggestion for writing poems. When I had written several, one of which had eighteen verses, my mind wandered farther and I found myself making up stories and plays.

I carry my hobby out when I am alone in a quiet spot, with a pad and pencil. I get ideas about themes sometimes when I am amongst my usual surroundings, and if I go somewhere unusual and see something spectacular I weave a story round it. I believe that reading the newspapers helps, for I made a short play up about "the Loch Ness Monster."

I like my hobby because I love poetry and elocution, reading and writing. I do not think I shall be an authoress or a poet when I grow up, but who knows?

P. DILLON, IIa.

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### **A Private Library.**

I keep a library for my hobby. I have thirty-three books, about ten miscellaneous and the rest fiction. I do not charge to have books out, but if anyone keeps a book out longer than a fortnight I charge a half-penny fine. These fines go to the hospital. I do not charge for joining my library, and I print the numbers on my books with a printing set which I own. I am glad I keep a library as I have an enjoyable time looking after and repairing my books.

J. BLUNDY, IIa.

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### **Skating.**

I have many interesting hobbies, but my favourite is skating. On the first Saturday of every month I go to the Streatham Ice Rink in the afternoon, from half-past one till half-past five. I cannot skate very well yet, but I hope to in the near future. I have not got my own skates, as it is wise not to buy them until you can skate properly, because while you are learning you would tread them out of shape. I therefore have to borrow skates from the rink. It is a great thrill to lace up your boots, and still greater to glide over the smooth, glass-like surface of the ice. When you skate it is best to wear a frock or skirt cut on the flare, so that the legs are free to move in any direction. If you are not a good skater you should wear socks, as stockings easily tear when the leg is bent as you fall down. Always wear a pair of instep-supporting boots, as that is where the foot tends to bend and go over. I enjoy the quarter of an hour of dancing best, when all the experts dance with grace and charm, in time to music. The ten-step is the fastest and most difficult, and the waltz is the easiest. Altogether skating is a very healthy sport as well as being an interesting hobby.

D. ROWLEY, IIa.

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### **Fancy-work.**

I have several hobbies which are all very interesting, but the most interesting of all is making fancy-work things, such as duchess-sets, tea-cosies and pin-cushions with dolls in the



top like old-fashioned ladies. I make such things as these for presents. I have been making these things for a long time now, the first thing I made was a pin-cushion as a present for one of my aunts.

Sometimes I buy the materials specially, but sometimes I use oddments of stuff that mummy gives me.

For a pin-cushion I need a piece of silk, some ribbon and a celluloid doll. I first make the body in the shape of a skirt, and cover it with silk. Then I sew frills of ribbon round it and sit the doll in the top, after dressing her with a little bodice made of baby ribbon to match her skirt. To complete it I make her a poke bonnet of the silk, and sew her in.

I like making these things because they are very interesting to make and also very useful in the home.

P. GLOSTER, IIa.

### Sealing-wax Modelling.

The girl who makes a hobby of sealing-wax novelties will never be at a loss for presents, for what friend will not be delighted by the sight of a lovely necklace or a gay trinket-box on her birthday morn? A few sticks of sealing-wax and a bunch of tapers do not cost much, so this is an economical hobby. You will need the help of a friend, if you decide to make a necklace, to hold the wax and taper, while you carefully fashion the beads on a fine knitting-needle.

First fill a saucer with cold water, and place it within reach. Then lightly grease your knitting-needle. Hand your friend the taper and the wax, and hold the needle horizontally in your left hand. Remember that sealing-wax modelling must be quick, otherwise the wax will harden before your bead is finished. Your friend places the taper to the wax, and the drips begin to fall on the needle you are holding. See that the drips fall one upon the other, and slowly turn the needle until the steel is well-covered with wax, and you are satisfied the bead is the right size. Swiftly mould the bead into whatever shape you like with your finger and thumb, and then dip it quickly into the saucer of water. When it emerges you will have a lovely glistening bead, ready to be slipped on to a thread. A few scratches made with a needle upon the bead, just before it is dipped into the water, will produce a very pretty effect, especially if they are carefully brushed over with a little gold paint.

A very pretty necklace is made in the following way. First collect a few prettily coloured glass beads and crunch them up into tiny crystals. Make your bead in the ordinary way and, having slightly warmed the crystals, roll the bead in them before the wax sets.

When once you start, you will be surprised how quickly ideas will come to you.

M. BAYFIELD, IIIa.

## **Preserving Wild Flowers.**

The preserving of wild flowers is one of the summer hobbies which can be taken up instead of an indoor one. This hobby costs practically nothing, all that is needed is a little sand, a box and a little heat (gas or fire).

A small quantity of sand is washed, dried and made perfectly clean, and about half is put in a small tin box; then the flower is pressed into the sand in the same position as it grows. Next the rest of the sand is sifted over until the flower is covered. The box should then be stood in the sun for two or three days, but as the sun is not very reliable in our country, you can put the box in the oven, just after it has been used and is still hot, and leave it for an hour; fleshy plants need longer.

When the flowers are taken out they are baked and rather brittle, so they should be carefully handled. Light-coloured flowers look well mounted on black, and dark on white, with names underneath.

*Note.*—If belled flowers are preserved, the bells should be filled with cotton wool or sand to keep their natural shape.

BETTY CHARLES, Up. III.

## **Stamp Collecting.**

Stamp collecting is both interesting and instructive. From the stamps many things can be learned; often one can tell from the designs how civilised the people are in that country. The stamps issued by the Mozambique Company depict various scenes from that country; products and sports, types of natives, style of houses, and animals of the country; one valuation shows rubber growing, tobacco farming, coffee plantations, and sisal farms; also we learn that the elephant is among the animals of Mozambique.

Many other countries use scenic effects for designs on stamps, but chiefly in the Eastern Hemisphere or New World. Nearly all European stamps show heads of reigning rulers.



Answers to questions in a geography or history lesson often come more readily when one is interested in foreign stamps.

BETTY CHARLES, Up. III.

### Orange Papers.

"What a funny idea!" . . . But is it? Have you ever looked carefully into the pictures on orange papers? They are most interesting. Everything, from Columbus landing in America to Greta Garbo; puns, jokes, and really *pretty* pictures, Goliath, Eve, Pomona, Saint Nicolas, and Saint George all appear in my book. The most remarkable of all seems to me to be a picture of the King, with the tune of "God Save the King," printed complete, beside it.

Next time you have an orange with a paper on it, look and see if yours is as remarkable as some of my collection are.

WINNIE COLE, Va.

### EXAMINATION LISTS.

(*An Echo from "Julius Cæsar."*)

And when you heard Miss Turner read the list,  
Have you not made an universal clap  
That booms have trembled underneath the floor  
To hear five hundred girls repeat th'applause  
Started by one brave soul? And do you now  
In wonder and surprise adjourn to class,  
To hear the other marks and tremble there  
Until your name—the lowest—comes at last?

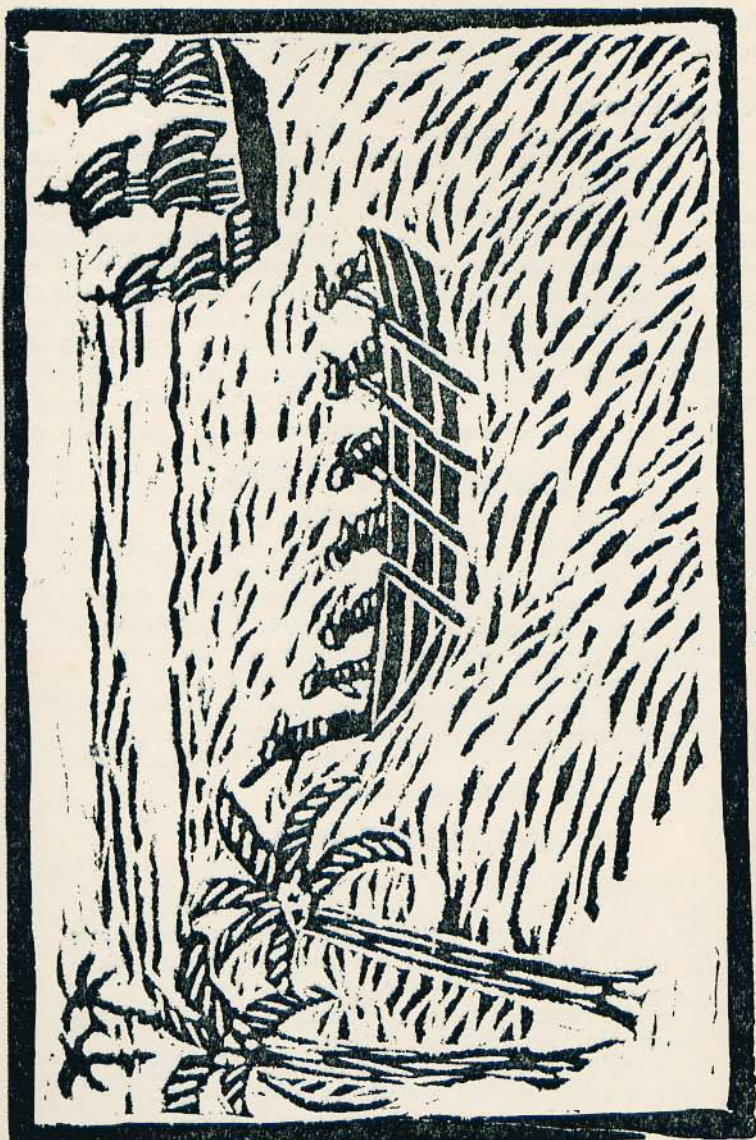
T. STEELE, IVb.

### AN EVENING WALK.

The scent of bluebells came to me one night  
As slowly down the country road I walked.  
The drowsy fields were hushed and wet with dew;  
A soft, white mist was covering all the ground  
Just like a fluffy blanket o'er the flowers.  
The trees loomed large and ghost-like in the mead,  
Small and insignificant I felt,  
Beneath kind Nature's shadow and the Night,  
Whose tears lay on the clover and the grass  
Where thickly clustered honeysuckle grew,  
And mingled with the slender columbine.

JOAN COLLEY, IVb.





THE WANDERER.

## SAMIA CECROPIA.

Very timidly and carefully I unpacked the box, for surely *Samia Cecropia* must be a terrible beast. A layer of moss; another layer. They were gingerly tweaked to one side and the occupant of the mysterious box lay before me. His small head, with a pair of powerful jaws (Does he bite? I wondered) was surmounted by four glaring red knobs. A line of yellow dots extended down his back, while his green flanks were studded with blue knobs. Such a daring colour scheme bewildered me. Some of his feet seemed clawed, and I decided to beware. He stood there glaring round him, while I wondered whether he was hungry and was proposing to begin on me.

Just then I noticed a slip of paper among the shavings, and this is what I read:—

“*Samia Cecropia*, caterpillar of a North American moth. Feed on oak leaves. Length, 5 to 6 inches.”

M. SANDIFORD, IVa.

## THE WANDERER.

The ship was old and battered,  
 But stately yet was she.  
 She rested far above the reach  
 Of the ever-hungry sea.

Her cabins, sails and tiller  
 Had fallen in the hold.  
 But still her name, “The Wanderer,”  
 Appeared distinct in gold.

H. TOMKINS, IVa.



## A CHILD OF THE PAST.

Glancing towards me with her big, sorrowful, blue eyes, she stood there, a lonely little figure among the grey and white gravestones. She wore a frock of white silk that reached to her feet. It fell down from her waist in soft folds which made the tiny frills on the bottom of the gown look even more pretty. The bodice was a mass of tiny frills, and her poke bonnet was lined with them too. Her bonnet was tied under her chin with brown velvet ribbon, and her tiny golden curls peeped out bewitchingly from beneath it. In her right hand she held a black prayer-book, and in her left hand she held a dainty, lace handkerchief. She was a beautiful child, this rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed maiden.

Suddenly as I watched her, she moved noiselessly across the grass towards the little old church near by. Fascinated by this entrancing little creature, I followed. She entered the church, but I stood at the doorway, crossing the golden light that the sun was shedding on to the stone-paved floor. I looked in, and saw my little lady walking down the aisle. When she came to the third row of pews from the front, she stopped, and then entered the row on the left. She sat down in the middle of the row, watching the rays of sunshine drift in through the stained-glass windows before her. She stayed like this for several minutes, and I was going to leave her there, and creep noiselessly away, when I saw her rise. She came out the same way as she had gone in, and I pressed myself flat against the wall as she passed for fear I might touch her, and she would disappear.

I followed once more, until I came to the seat on which I had been sitting before. Then I sat down, because she had stopped again. This time she stopped in front of a very old and dilapidated gravestone. Then she stooped, and putting one hand on the stone, she raised the bottom of her gown with the other. She began to descend what seemed like steps, but she was fading away, and when I saw her last, she was looking at me with that same sorrowful look, her head only above the ground. Then she disappeared altogether. I closed my eyes, then opened them again, and I saw that she had certainly gone. All was quiet again, and I was alone. I rose from the seat, and went to the grave into which she had disappeared. I glanced at the tombstone, and on it I saw this inscription: "Here lies Margaret Foster,



who departed from this life at the age of nine years, on the fourteenth day of July, 1827." Then I remembered that it was July 14th that day, so I decided to revisit the churchyard on the same day the next year. Although I have visited that churchyard many times since, I have never seen my little lady again.

N. CARLTON, IVa.

## THE ENCHANTED ISLE (OFF THE COAST OF NEW ZEALAND).

It was not very large, about two miles long and a mile broad, but it was truly an enchanted island. The shore was of golden sand and on the left a diminutive peninsula jutted out into the sea. It was on this peninsula that I was standing, gazing entranced at the little bay. The beach was not very broad and soon gave way to the green tangled bush that looked so cool and inviting; great rata trees, with scarlet bell-like flowers, a-drip with nectar for the honey-loving birds, grew quite near the beach; here were ferns, some of them stood nearly six feet high, and were slightly scented; thick mosses grew underneath the trees and wild vines, supple lianas with amber-coloured berries clambered over all. At the very edge of the bay grew a gigantic flax bush, its great sword-like leaves nearly a yard in length. Great brown wekas flew overhead, piercing the stillness with their sharp cries, and a merry little flock of parakeets was playing on the branches of a rata tree. Overhead the sky was blue without any little white clouds scudding across it. I went to the very edge of the bay; through the clear, cool water I could see spiny sea-urchins, anemones and sea cucumbers; here and there a brightly coloured starfish was lying on a heap of mussels. All was silent save the sound of the wavelets on the beach.

A. BARTELS, IVa.

## LET'S PRETEND.

The old house was very still. The hall was dusty and drearily silent, except for the steady monotonous tic-ticking of a grandfather's clock, and the sunbeam that danced through the cracked window on to the dusty floor seemed shy, and a little out of place. Gradually one's eye, becoming

accustomed to the general drabness, lighted on a still black figure in the corner, and realised with a shock that it was not a piece of furniture, but a man.

He sat absolutely still, his fingers showing white and thin against his black coat; they were clasped as though in agony, and his face, though rigid, betrayed an intense weariness and sorrow that was accentuated by the hollows under his eyes and in his cheeks. Not a finger moved; he seemed like a tragic figure cut in dull black rock.

Suddenly there came a chuckle, a whisper, a bump, and a short, fat figure, clad from head to foot in a voluminous orange silk robe and wearing on its head something that looked suspiciously like a tea-cosy, appeared on the stairs. It descended very gravely, intoning a kind of chant beneath its breath.

"O, I *am* the Shah of Persia! I am, I am, I am." It was followed by a small, plain girl with plaits, who wore a sheet labelled "Cæsar's Ghost."

The pair stalked across the hall, and the third "I am" brought them parallel with the silent figure in the corner.

"I am the—oh, I *beg* your pardon!"

The man started, and a look of utter amazement dawned in his eyes.

"Who are you?" he said.

"I *am* the Shah of Persia," chanted the boy, "and she is Cæsar's ghost, having gone all morbid ever since she went into the graveyard."

"Don't listen to him," said the girl anxiously. "We are the caretaker's children, and we came in here to find her tea-cosy. She said you would be out."

They formed a curious picture; the tall, gaunt, black-clad man gazing down at the two small figures, one clad with a kind of barbaric gaiety, and both gazing solemnly up at him, their faces framed in the light from the cracked window.

"And so you are playing 'Let's Pretend,'" said the master of the house.

"Yes, sir," said the girl timidly, "it's a nice game. Do you ever play it?"

"I always play it. You play at being the Shah of Persia, I play at—at—I play——"

"Yes, sir?"

"I play," said the man, "at being alive."

"Eh?"

"All of me—all the living, vital part is dead. It can



never be alive again. But I eat, I sleep, I 'make pretend' I am alive—not that you will understand that. We will play together. I am used to *my* part, and playing with you will make it easier. Let's pretend."

"That I am the Shah of Persia," said the boy.

"That I am Cæsar's ghost."

"That I am alive," said the man, and together they walked out of the drab house into the sunshine.

B. PIGOT, Up. IV.

## BOOK TITLES.

Personally, I consider that titles make or break books, as I, for one, never pick up a book if the title has not first interested me, unless, of course, I am sure of the author. Titles seem to have been bestowed on some books solely because a book *must have* a title and these are the ones that are usually uninteresting, and are obviously the first that the author has thought of.

For instance, take one of the classics, Mrs. Gaskell's "Cranford." If I had seen this on a bookstall for the first time, I should never have dreamed it would be full of such delicious humour, but should have thought it a solid description on the lines of a S.R. holiday booklet, and this is typical of those written by authors now long out-dated.

As a contrast let me give some titles that immediately attract one. During the past few months I have read a great many books that lived up to their attractive titles, often whimsical, witty and satirical.

"Truth is not Sober" is one, also "Cry Havoc," "If," "The Questing Beast," "A Shade Byronic," "Pull Devil, pull Baker" and "Folly Field."

The first was a challenge, and I read the book to discover the author's reasons for such a statement. The second I must admit I read because of the author, but nevertheless the title *is* provocative. The third appealed to me because we are for ever imagining things that might have happened to turn the world topsy-turvy—"if . . ."

"The Questing Beast" lay on the biography shelf and invited reading because the writer obviously had a sense of humour: no one would seriously label himself thus, surely? And I cannot bear "high-flown" biographies, I like to feel the author is human.



The last three I chose solely because each had a title, unusual to the point of being "queer," and I appreciate anything out of the ordinary.

There are a few authors whose book titles are always in the first class, namely Beverley Nichols, Michael Arlen, H. A. Vachell and H. G. Wells, and why their contemporaries do not pay more attention to titles I cannot imagine, but can only hope they will improve as they grow older and wiser.

BARBARA BENNISON, Up. IV.

## TO A BUTTERFLY.

Bright starry creature!

How you would revel in your happy sight,  
Had you a magic mirror, to reflect,  
Your misty hovering wings, each ruby-decked,  
And gleaming as you wheel your multi-coloured flight.

Oh, happy creature!

Idly to drift away each glorious hour  
In wordless parley with the droning bees,  
Or lazing 'neath the shadows of the trees,  
Or sipping nectar from each honey-oozing flower.

Oh, envied creature!

You live to see the pageant of the day,  
To feel the sun, to kiss the pallid rose,  
To brush the grasses where the river flows,  
Then merge into the clouds and swiftly fade away.

Oh, blessed creature!

Your flags of happiness are swiftly furled,  
And yet, you fall ere you have time to mourn,  
While man must pray, with idle words forlorn,  
That he might die before he wearies of the world.

MARGERY WHITE, Vb.

## ON FIRST ENJOYING THE PRIVILEGE OF DOING PREPARATION IN THE QUADRANGLE.

For five years, now past, we have gazed out with zest,  
At the "quad." both sunny and cool,  
And thought, "How much nicer to use it for rest,  
Or, better, a large swimming pool!"

Just lately a scholar, with brains all a-hum,  
Suggested that seniors wise,  
Might sit in the cool, when lessons were done,  
And gaze up at sunny blue skies.

The Council then met! With "Ah, ah," "let me see,"  
"Let us think," "why not?" "might be so,"  
And at last they decided (Oh, happy are we!)  
That to "study," out there, we might go.

So that is why now we're enjoying the sun,  
Thinking with joy that, at last,  
The days when such things were "really not done,"  
Have become just "a thing of the past."

WINNIE COLE, Va.





### KITTENS AT PLAY.

The leaves rustled noisily as I walked down the path, and then like a flash, two round, fat bundles of fur bounded out of the bushes and rolled over and over across my path. Here they separated by mutual consent, and sitting well back on their haunches, regarded me with an innocent and dignified air which did not in the least deceive me.

The bigger kitten was a fine, sturdy tabby, beautifully proportioned and the owner of a glossy, well-marked coat. Two slanting grey eyes set wide apart and gloriously flecked with tiny golden marks stared at me sombrely from an attractive, pointed face topped by two tufted ears. This severity was unfortunately belied by a withered, brown leaf that had caught in his whiskers, and gave him a rakish, mischievous air.

The spell was broken by the black kitten, a demure creature of a lovable countenance, but devilish character, for with great precision and forethought she tweaked her brother's tail hard, and withdrew discreetly, while he, eager to avenge such an insult, fled after her.

D. HALL, Up. V.

## A STREET SCENE.

One morning I was walking down Willow Walk on my way to school. Willow Walk is a narrow lane with a right-angled turn in the middle. On this morning workmen were seated round a fire at the bend of the road, breakfasting, near an alley where a sweep keeps his horse and cart. There was hardly a sound to be heard.

Then the chimney-sweep appeared, leading his horse and cart into the roadway. The horse was fresh, and seemed eager to get on the trot. As I came down the road I idly watched them. Twice the sweep attempted to climb into the cart, and each time he was unsuccessful, because the horse kept moving. His third attempt seemed to be successful, and I was turning to look at the peaceful workmen, when the horse shot into the air and the sweep was knocked on to the ground, and he rolled over and over. For a moment I watched the sweep, wondering if he was hurt, but the next moment I realised the horse was galloping full speed towards me. My knees trembled; I did not know where to go in my excitement; but my senses quickly returned; I sprang to the path; and then I asked myself if I was safe. I stumbled past a gate into a garden, and stood against a fence recovering my breath.

Then I turned my attention to the occupants of the road. There were only three. All were schoolgirls; one was in the sixth, and the other two, who were on cycles, were in the thirds. At the sight that met my eyes I stood and laughed. The sixth form girl was in front, running with all her might towards the main street; behind her one of the other girls ran as though for her life, having thrown her cycle into the middle of the road, right in the horse's way. The third girl had disappeared down an alley, taking her cycle with her. Behind the two running girls raced the horse, dragging the cart behind it, and behind this ran the little sweep, with his hand in the air, shouting "Stop!" at the top of his voice. A crowd collected. Excitement was in the air. Women appeared in the doorways. A little boy came up to me. "What's up?" he asked. "The sweep's horse has run away," I answered shortly. "Coo," he replied, and headed towards the street. The horse ran over the bicycle and, just skimming past a car, ran into the main road, but was stopped before he had had time to do any damage.

MURIEL GEE, Up. V.

## LE VOYAGE DE M. PERRICHON.

Le trimestre dernier, plusieurs d'entre nous ont passé l'après-midi à St. Dunstons, où la compagnie d'acteurs et d'actrices français présentaient "Le Voyage de M. Perrichon." Cette petite pièce semble peu amusante à lire, peut-être, mais l'entendre jouer par de bons comédiens, c'est autre chose. Presque chaque rôle était bien rempli; mais je crois que Mlle. Charance qui jouait le rôle d'Henriette était trop raide. Elle ne me semblait pas tout à fait à son aise; au contraire la servante, quoiqu'elle ne dise que quelques mots, se montrait comme une actrice très perfectionnée.

D'ailleurs je n'aimais point Armand. Je trouvais ridicule qu'Henriette puisse préférer ce petit homme d'apparence rusé et vieilli et qui était habillé de vêtements tellement râpés, à Daniel qui était si chic et qui possédait tant de costumes différentes. Mais il faut avouer que tous les deux jouaient parfaitement.

Pour ma part, je trouvais le Commandant et son domestique encore plus amusants que Majorin. Celui-ci extravaguait un peu dans son rôle, et on peut reprocher à M. Perrichon aussi d'avoir commis cette faute vers la fin. Cependant Majorin tirait grand parti de son rôle. Ses paroles "Des carrossiers qui vont en Suisse?" sifflaient magnifiquement; et ses excuses, quand il désirait un congé, qui passaient du mariage au divorce et puis à l'enterrement, amusaient bien l'assistance, quoique je ne m'en souvienne pas dans le texte.

Je trouvais Mme. Perrichon très amusante au commencement, mais vers la fin elle se trouvait éclipsée par son mari. Cependant jusqu'à dans ses habits, elle apparaissait comme la bonne bourgeoise, un peu vulgaire mais très saine, car elle portait, avec son tailleur convenable, au voyage, un ridicule petit chapeau garni d'une plume d'autruche.

Enfin, chaque rôle était bien joué et je crois que tout le monde a apprécié très vivement cette représentation.

CECILE KENNEDY, VIa.



**SONNET (Translated from the French).**

A bird of passage lost in drifting rains  
 Calls wildly to the heavens as he flies,  
 And, answering, a nightingale complains  
 From flower-gemmed woods where she a-brooding lies.  
 Thus did your spirit hear my spirit's cry;  
 You answered in that language so adored,  
 That sad, sweet charm I loved in days gone by,  
 That pure hearts' contact that you have restored.  
 Oh, is this really you, so sweet, so fair!  
 Regrets you speak of now and dull despair,  
 And I——, perhaps my heart was broken, too.  
 To love at all, 'tis folly evermore!  
 Who'll bring us back the flowers Ophelia threw  
 On waves which wash'd them to some unknown shore?

NORAH MOSS, VIa.

**“WILD BIRDS.”**

I never hear the wild fowl crying  
 In solitary autumn afternoons,  
 But I see a drift of white wings  
 Over the feathered grass in the brooding sun,  
 Wings which soar and ascend  
 Over the gates of the day, and are gone,  
 So soon, so soon.  
 I never hear the wild birds shrieking  
 In trackless alleys of the wind and rain,  
 But I see the ships which have sailed  
 Across the horizon's dim,  
 From waiting harbour and bay,  
 Ships which have sailed from the mind, and are gone,  
 Too soon, too soon.

D. WARD, VIa.

### THE ROVER.

No pastel tints for me when I grow old,  
No veil hung o'er my sun, no rainbow charms.  
For me the blue sea and the brazen sun,  
For me the blue sky and the yellow sand,  
For me the blue lagoon and withered rock.  
There shall I make my house when I am old,  
Where beauty blue and golden fills the air,  
Where sky and sun are pitiless and cruel.  
There shall I listen for the wild cyclone,  
There shall I dream of blustering youth, and storms  
That make the cyclone paltry. There I'll dream  
A mellow dream of golden lotus flowers,  
A happy dream, of youth's triumphant strength,  
An eulogy, with all youth's faults washed out,  
And drowned in that hard blue. No pastel tints,  
No zephyr sighs, for me. For me, the wind,  
For me the cyclone, and for me the storm,  
For me the sun, for me the beauty cruel.

K. WHITE, VIa.

### ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

We should like to thank the following schools for copies of their magazine: Beckenham County School, Bromley Secondary School, Clapham Secondary School, Selhurst Grammar School, Honor Oak School, Wimbledon Secondary School, Croydon High School, St. David's, Englefield Green.