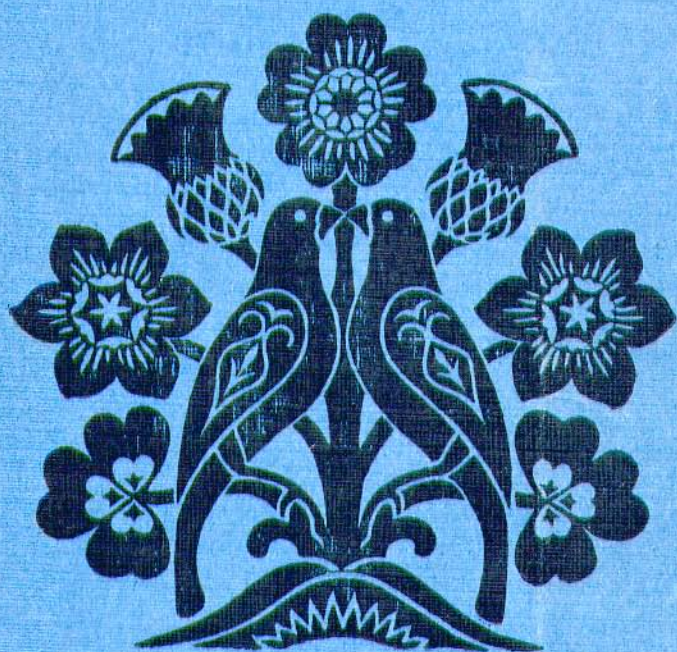


MAGAZINE & CHRONICLE



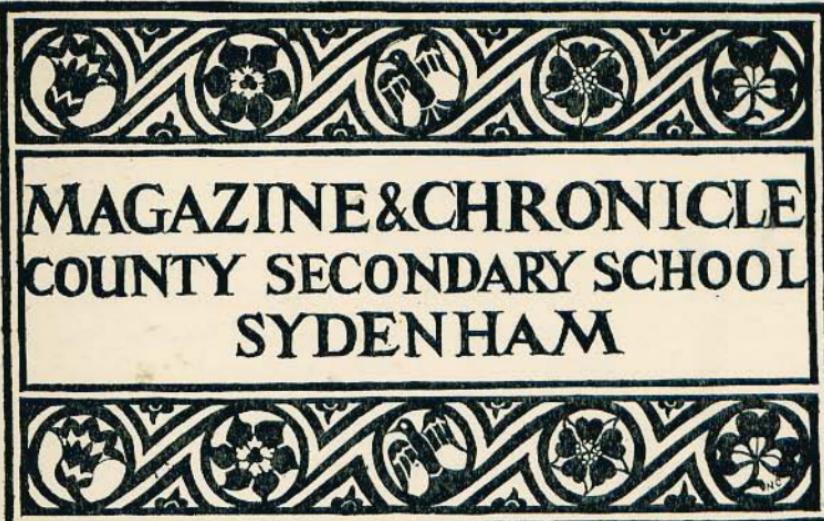
COUNTY SECONDARY
SCHOOL SYDENHAM
OCTOBER, 1935

THE THANK-OFFERING FUND

I have been asked to remind you all once more through the Magazine of the existence and value of the Thank-Offering Fund.

It was started by the Parent-Teacher Association two years ago and has already made grants amounting to over £30 to five girls who, but for this help, would have had to leave school without finishing their course. Its helpfulness depends on your continued support, for the money is going out all the time and unless it comes in as rapidly we shall obviously have to curtail grants. Please don't wait till you can afford to give a large sum. A great many small sums are just as useful as a large one and if all Parents and Old Girls who feel that the School has been a help to them will send a small subscription it will enable the P.T.A. Committee to carry on what I know is a most useful work.

E.T.



MAGAZINE & CHRONICLE
COUNTY SECONDARY SCHOOL
SYDENHAM

No. XVI.

OCTOBER, 1935

FOREWORD.

The School year, 1934-5, was an unusual one in one respect—the very small VI Form, for we lost nearly all the thirty-two promising matriculants of June, 1934. A few entered VI b, but not one with the intention of reaching Higher School, and while VI c began the year as a vigorous Form, nearly all its members found posts before the end. The total number in the School in the summer dropped below 520 and though this may not seem very much smaller than the usual 540 it makes a considerable difference if the loss is nearly all from the Sixth Form. I expect that the cause was a certain revival in the City, the parents feeling that after the lean years posts had better be accepted while they were to be had; but it was sad to realise that for most of these clever girls the opportunity of develop-

ment afforded by the Intermediate Scholarship had passed for ever. Happily the present year has started quite differently, otherwise one could hardly bear to speak of September, 1934, and of how empty the top of the School felt.

I can strike a more cheerful note by recording the welcome arrival of two new members of staff, who came to us a year ago, Miss Lambert joining the science staff and Miss Buckle coming instead of Miss Challen, who had become Mrs. Moys in August. Miss Rushforth's post was not filled but Miss Smith joined the French staff for one year, so that we started with three new mistresses and before very long Miss Watson arrived too, for Miss Preedy went off to Malaya to see her brother and was away for four months.

It is pleasant to dwell upon the thought of these new friends, but the mind rushes forward to the end of the year when we said good-bye to an old friend in Miss Lieben. She had been on the staff for twenty-one years and the whole School is the poorer for her loss, for she brought to the business of teaching not only a vivid and interesting mind but a generous humanity which made all of us her friends and linked us up with the many causes she had at heart. The School will remember her with pleasure for many years and when the girls that know her have left they will only have joined all the Old Girls to whom she is already one of the main bonds with the School.

There were no alterations to the buildings in 1934-5, but two useful gifts for the School were secured by Joan Cowie and Joan Douglas. With the £15 they won as writing prizes in competitions organised by the *Children's Newspaper* and the *News Chronicle* we bought an electric clock for the hall and four large electric bells which ring at the same moment and thus save the prefects from running round with the muffin-man's bell between lessons. A

distinct improvement in Sixth Form scholarship should result from the saving of time!

General School results in July were satisfactory; 56 girls passed out of 61 who entered and of these 24 matriculated, and a number increased to 26 in September. Of the seven girls in VI a three had passed Higher School in 1934 and the other four entered this year, of whom three passed, Rhona Astbury and Mollie Scott in English, History, French and Latin, and Marjorie Homewood in Chemistry, Physics, Pure and Applied Mathematics (Doris Taylor unfortunately came down in Applied Mathematics). The three successful ones have all gone to London University, Rhona and Mollie to King's College, and Marjorie to University College, while of the third years, Kathleen White, the Head Girl, won a Science and Mathematics Scholarship at Newnham College, Eileen Moffatt was awarded a four-year Teacher's Scholarship at the Institute of Education and Molly Stevens a Training Scholarship at Chelsea Physical Training College. Let the last word here express our good wishes to them and to the other college entrants from VI b as well.

E. T.

EDITORIAL.

First, we should like to thank all who have helped to produce our sixteenth School Magazine, especially Miss Turner, Miss Corbett and Miss Whitehead. For much of the preliminary work of sorting and arranging, our thanks are due to Mollie Scott and Rhona Astbury, who, in the capacity of sub-editors, devoted many busy hours to this work.

We were well occupied at the end of last term. Contributions came in so generously from all parts of the School that it is quite impossible to single out one Form for special mention this year. The Junior School contributed most in quantity, but the work of the Upper School was more varied and original. May we remind all contributors that verses and articles should be written in ink, on ordinary school paper, and *on one side of the paper only*? Re-copying has caused some unnecessary delay. Also it would be well to remember that we cannot print five or six poems on the same subject (usually "Spring" or "The Brook"!) Some subjects and some rhymes really need a long rest. Do we ever escape from that "gentle breeze" that is sure to be "wafting" something or other "through the trees," or the "dainty daffodil," or the waterfall that "gushes," or the silence that "reigns"? I am tempted to conclude with a verse of the Victorian parodist who said:—

"O, if billows and pillows and hours and flowers,
And all the brave rhymes of an older day,
Could be furled together this genial weather,
And carted or carried on "wafts" away,
Nor ever again trotted out—Ah, me!"
—what bright and original verse we should see!

H. D.

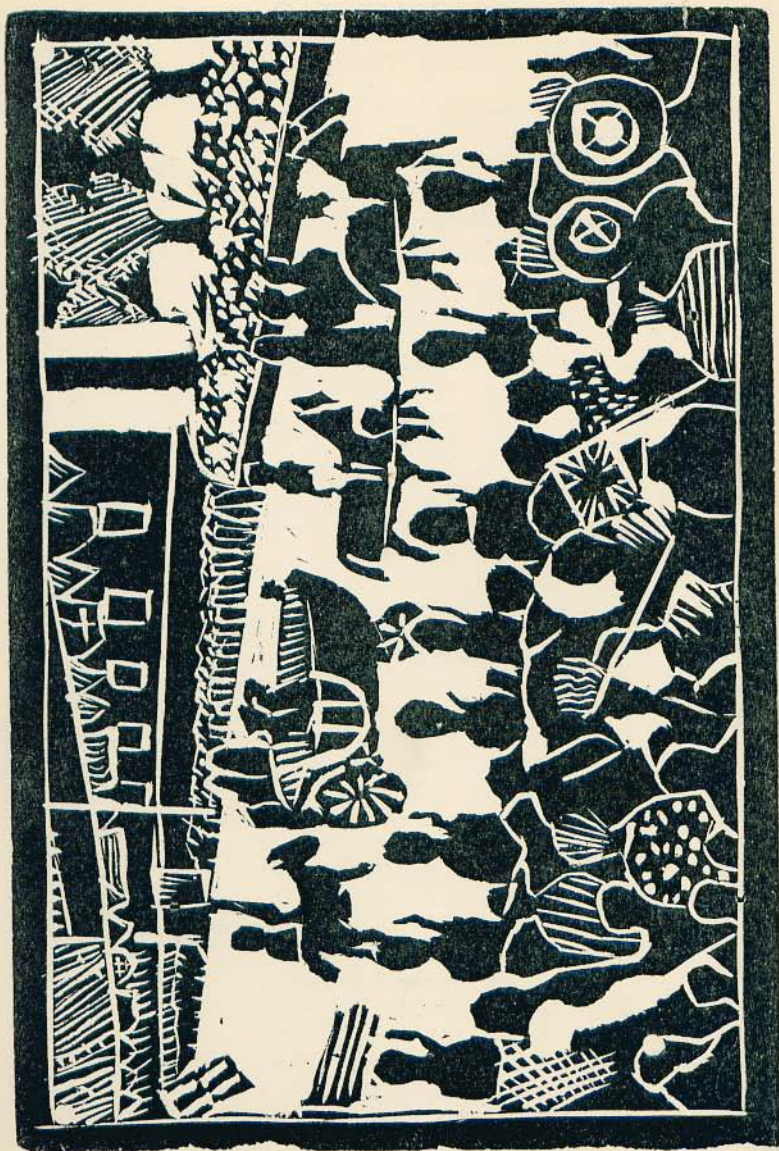
SCHOOL CALENDAR, 1934.

AUTUMN TERM, 1934.

- Sept. 11. Term began.
 „ 12. House Meetings.
 „ 21. Visit to Building Exhibition at Olympia (VI's).
 Oct. 8. School Council Meeting.
 „ 15. House Meetings.
 „ 31. "Richard II," at the Old Vic. (V's).
 Nov. 2. Prize-giving.
 „ 5. Half-term Holiday.
 „ 9. Meeting of O.G.A.
 Science Club Lecture, "Photography," by Mr. Clarke.
 „ 19. School Council Meeting.
 „ 23. Science Club Lecture, "The Action of Mind on Body," by Dr. Hildred Carlill.
 „ 26. House Meetings.
 „ 30. L.N.U. Lecture, "Disarmament," by Miss Freda White.
 Dec. 3. Visit to Rubber Exhibition at South Kensington (Sci. VI's).
 „ 4. Meeting of Anglo-German Club at the Anglo-German Bureau.
 „ 12. Guide Party.
 „ 14 & 15.—School Play, "Richard of Bordeaux."
 „ 17. Carol Party.
 „ 18. Junior School Party.
 „ 20. Senior School Party.
 „ 21. End of Term.

SPRING TERM, 1935.

- Jan. 15. Term began.
 „ 17. Two Films shown in the School Hall.
 „ 21. House Meetings.
 Feb. 1. Local Special Place Examination.
 Visit to St. Pancras Housing Estate (VI's and V's).
 „ 1 & 2. Old Girls' Opera, "The Rebel Maid."
 „ 4. School Council Meeting.
 „ 11. House Meetings.
 „ 14. Examinations (Forms VIa, Up. V and Va) began.
 „ 25. House Meetings.



The Jubilee Procession.

- Mar. 1. Address on behalf of South London Hospital, by Viscountess Tiverton.
Lecture, "La Mode Parisienne," by Dr. Hedgcock.
Meeting of O.G.A.
- " 2. Secondary Schools' Musical Festival.
- " 4. Violin and Piano Recital, by Miss Winifred Ewens and Mr. Myers Foggin.
- " 7. Lectures on "Architecture" and "Art in Industry," at Burlington Gardens (VI's and V's).
- " 11. Half-term Holiday.
- " 16. London Speech Festival (L.I, U.I and IIb entered).
- " 18. School Council Meeting.
- " 21. Inter-School Debate, at Selhurst Grammar School.
- " 25. House Meetings.
- " 28. "Henry IV," at His Majesty's Theatre (VI's and V's).
- April 1—5. Four House Parties.
- " 8. Lecture by Chief Os-ke-non-ton.
House Meetings.
- " 10. Open Day.
- " 11. End of Term.

SUMMER TERM, 1935.

- May 7. Term began.
- " 11. Jubilee Processional Drive, witnessed by 140 girls in the Mall.
- " 16. St. Andrew's House Party.
- " 24. Commonwealth Day. Half-holiday.
- " 27. School Council Meeting.
- " 28. House Meetings.
- June 1 & 3. Gymnastic Demonstrations, at County Hall.
- " 10. Whitsuntide Holiday.
- " 11. Holiday to celebrate K. White's Scholarship.
- " 12. House Meetings and Form Photographs.
- " 13 & 14. Oral Examinations in French and German.
- " 17. General and Higher School Examinations began.
- " 24. School Examinations began.
- July 1. School Council Meeting.
- " 2. Local Special Place Examination.
- " 3. House Meetings.
- " 5. Special Jubilee Holiday.
- " 8. Half-term Holiday.

- July 11. Social Hygiene Lecture by Mrs. Lee (Marjorie Cotter-Brown).
 „ 12. Southwark Cathedral Service for School-leavers. O.G.A. Meeting.
 „ 17. Gymnastic Display.
 „ 19. Babies' Party.
 „ 22 & 23. "A Midsummer Night's Dream," performed by Third Forms.
 „ 29. Swimming Sports.
 „ 30. End of Term.

PRIZE GIVING, NOVEMBER 2nd, 1934.

PROGRAMME.

Unison Songs—

- (a) "Where'er You Walk" *Handel*
 (b) "Brother James' Air" *descant by Gordon Jacob*
 (THE SCHOOL.)

HEADMISTRESS'S REPORT.

Part Songs—

- (a) "Strike it up, Tabor" *Weelkes*
 (b) "I wandered lonely" *Eric Thiman*
 (THE CHOIR.)

DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES AND CERTIFICATES BY MRS. MAWER.

Part Song—

- "Slumber Town" *Colin Taylor*
 (LOWER SCHOOL.)

ADDRESS BY DR. ALLEN MAWER.

Part Song—

- "Sound the Trumpet" *Purcell*
 (UPPER SCHOOL.)

VOTES OF THANKS, PROPOSED BY THE CHAIRMAN.

HEROES.

GOD SAVE THE KING.

SPEECH OF DR. MAWER, Provost of University College.

Dr. Mawer expressed his pleasure at being present, and said that on an occasion of that sort, two kinds of speeches were often made. The first told the younger generation how infinitely better off they were than their parents. The second type referred to the "good old days." He was not inclined to agree entirely with either. If it was a case of deciding whether we were moving forwards, backwards or round in a circle, he would say we are moving forwards. But, of course, we never move in a perfectly straight line; we go a little too much one way, then a little too much the other. This tendency was clearly seen in literature.

We do need to reflect on whither we are tending, and to develop a critical attitude to modern life. For instance, we do not want to set ourselves against scientific discovery, like the group of "humanitarians," who said the curse of the age was the internal combustion engine!

But, on the other hand, we want to accept these inventions and turn them to our own use. A certain healthy reaction should follow over-development, as hiking opposes the craze for speed.

We should not let ourselves be carried away by these inventions. Wireless should not prevent us from making our own music, the cinema should not be allowed to dull our sense of decency, and above all, we should beware of being influenced too much by the Press, advertising firms, and even the wireless.

That is to say, we must develop a critical judgment, so that we can make modern inventions serve us instead of becoming their slaves, and must cultivate a certain opposition to mass suggestion.

R. ASTBURY.

PRIZE LIST, 1933-34.

Lower I.

Joan Benjamin.
Helen Vine.

Ia.

Barbara Butcher.
Marion Coombs.
Margaret Davies.
Joan Douglas.
Sheila Fletcher.
Marion Lupton.
Sybil Yeates.

Upper I.

Phyllis Allen.
Doreen Bowell.
Doreen Cordery.
Joyce Davis.
Winnie Wakely.

Ib.

Nancy Rhodes.

IIb.

Joyce Wisker.

IIa.
Irene Byron.

Upper II.
Lois Brooker.
Margaret Davies.
Evelyn Margetts.
Joan Tye.

IIIb.
Enid Jervis.

IIIa.
Peggy Prince.

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

IVb.
Joan Colley.

IVa.
Agnes Bartels.
Joan Fellowes.
Joyce Francis.
Marjorie Holliday.
Marjorie Salter.
Marjorie Sandiford.

Upper IV.
Beatrice Driver.
Pauline Hyde.
Margaret Jaggar.
Evelyn Jones.
Nancy Joyce.
Marion Lewis.

Vb.
Barbara Hopewell.
Eileen Tattersall.

Va.
MATRICULATION.
Peggy Andrews.
Doris Brooks.
Winnie Cole.
Marjorie Dudley.
Betty East.
Irene Fox.
Eileen Griffiths.
Hazel Harman.
Edna Lem Mon.
Betty Lindsay.
Barbara Miln.
Kathleen Prince.
Peggy Salkeld.
Joan Skilling.
Irene Stafford.
Vera Stevens.
Dorothy Verrier.
Doris Walls.
Connie Weston.

Upper V.
MATRICULATION.
Lorna Adey.
Iris Beattie.
Vera Berry.
Gwen Bettis.
Evelyn Bradshaw.
Pat d'Arcy.
Dorothy Hall.
Edith Hayward.
Vera Holford.
Edith Jones.
Jean McMillan.
Margaret Oliver.
Dorrien Pounsett.
Evelyn Thorne.

VIc.
LEAVING.
Joan Andrews.
Joyce Bown.
Gladys Mavnard.
Joan Pottinger.
Elsie Ridgwell.
Phyllis Riggs.

Vib.
LEAVING.
Margaret Grove.
Betty Jeyes.
Nancy Jones.
Joan Weller.

Via.
HIGHER SCHOOL.
Molly Brookman.
Joan Francis.
Audrey Getty.
Nelly Keller.
Eileen Moffatt.
Norah Moss.
Brenda Savage.
Enid Sayle.
Molly Scott.
Molly Stevens.
Doreen Ward.
Kathleen White.
Beryl Woolverton.

LEAVING.
Anita Allan.
Eileen Ashley.
Joan Burdon.
Cecile Kennedy.
Dora Mortimer.
Nora Sturgeon.

SPECIAL PRIZES.
WRITING.

Ia.
Joan Douglas.

Upper I.
Margaret Fitton.

IIa.
Marion Paine.

Upper II.
Beryl Edwards.
Betty Watts.

GENERAL AND HIGHER SCHOOL CERTIFICATES.

Eileen Ashley.
Molly Brookman.
Joan Burdon.
Joan Francis.
Audrey Getty

Nelly Keller.
Cecile Kennedy.
Dora Mortimer.
Norah Moss.
Brenda Savage.

Enid Sayle.
Nora Sturgeon.
Doreen Ward.
Beryl Woolverton

GENERAL SCHOOL CERTIFICATES.

Anita Allan.	Joan Lees.	Mavis Jackson.
Jean Bell.	Ruth Martin.	Edith Jones.
Amy Carter.	Gladys Maynard.	Doreen Moore.
Margaret Grove.	Molly Phillips.	Gwen Thompson.
Betty Jeyes.	Joan Pottinger.	Peggy Andrews.
Nancy Jones.	Elsie Ridgwell.	Eileen Chapman.
Joyce Kennard.	Mary Sargeant.	Winnie Cole.
Phyllis Riggs.	Hilda Taylor.	Jessie Gloster.
Joan Weller.	Pat d'Arcy.	Ivy Poole.
Joyce Bown.	Gwen Bettis.	Kathleen Prince.
Elsie Burrows.	Dorothy Caie.	Joan Skilling.
Madeleine Condon.	Muriel Gee.	Irene Stafford.
Jean Horsley.	Joan Harris.	Vera Stevens.
Ethel Kelsey.	Edith Hayward.	

“RICHARD OF BORDEAUX,”**December 14th and 15th, 1934.**

CHARACTERS.

(In order of their appearance.)

Fair Page, Maudelyn	Peggy Ffitch, later Eileen King
Dark Page	Joan Hayes
Richard, King of England	Mary MacDonald
Anne, the Queen	Phyllis Day
Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloucester ...	Pauline Hyde
John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster	Dorothy Verrier
Sir Simon Burley	Barbara Hopewell
Edmund of Langley, Duke of York	Doris Laws
Michael de la Pole, Chancellor of England	Irene Fox
Richard, Earl of Arundel	Doris Brooks
Thomas Arundel, Archbishop of Canterbury ...	Jean Cameron
Robert de Vere, Earl of Oxford	Joan Ward
Mary, Countess of Derby	Barbara Pigot
Agnes Launcecron, the Queen's Waiting-Woman	Doris Walls
Henry, Earl of Derby	Kathleen Howe
Thomas Mowbray, Earl of Nottingham	Joan Dunk
Sir John Montague	Barbara Bennison
Edward, Earl of Rutland	Eunice Waller
A Waiting-Woman	Marjorie Salter
Doctor	Joyce Francis
A Man in the Street	Doris Laws
Second Man	Peggy Salkeld
Third Man	Betty Harris
Woman with Loaves	Dorrien Pounsett

Woman with Vegetables	Muriel Bagnall
First Page	Joan Hayes
Second Page	Yvonne Wiseman
Third Page	Hazel Harman
Fourth Page	Jean Knott
Lord Derby's Page	Beryl Kennedy

MY PART IN "RICHARD OF BORDEAUX."

(By the Youngest Member of the Cast.)

It happened like this. Rather a long time ago, Miss Falconer came into the Form-room and looked about and said, "I want to see which girls are good enough to be in the play." She then tried my height and Joy's; we both suited her. "Come to-morrow at ten," said Miss Falconer. The next day I came at ten o'clock. We had our voices tried, but poor Joy had a weak voice, and I had a loud voice.

Rehearsal after rehearsal went by, and the day approached. I had only a small part, though. Mary MacDonald was Richard, and I was the page with Jean Knott. The first day, while waiting for my part, I played noughts and crosses. After my part was over I went on the balcony and watched. On Saturday a Senior read me stories until it was my turn to go on. I was not nervous this time.

At the end we all went on the stage, and we were pleased to see that our play was an entire success.

Y. WISEMAN, Lr. I.

THE JUNIOR PARTY.

BY LOWER I.

[Lower I evidently enjoyed their first School Party, and we may enjoy it anew as we read some of their impressions.]

On Tuesday, December 18th, I went to the Junior Fancy Dress Party. I went as a Belisha Beacon. One girl went as a wedding cake. She did look nice, but I don't think she could have danced very well. Another girl went as an Eastern Princess. She had a veil over her nose and mouth, but she took it off at tea-time.

After the parade all Robin Hood's Merry Men came in. Then came the Seniors, dressed as dolls and toys. They looked funny, I thought, especially the Mickey Mice.

Our Form was a very mixed lot.

We had most delicious sandwiches and beautiful jelly. After tea we pulled crackers, and I had a whistle, but it soon broke.

A play was written and acted by Up. II, called "Childe Rowland." A girl came from between the curtains and told you about the first scene. Then you saw the Princess and her ladies. There was a wizard, too, and some elves.

The game I liked best was running over the mats while the music was played, but girls with long dresses found it hard to run. After that we played heaps more games. I was so sorry when it was all over. We *did* have fun.

HOUSE REPORTS, 1934-5.

ST. ANDREW'S.

We were very sorry to lose Beryl Woolverton and many other Prefects and Seniors in July. We had seven new Prefects at the beginning of the year, and one more after Christmas.

Both Seniors and Juniors have worked very hard at House games this year, and Barbara Miln has proved herself a very energetic Games Captain, for we rarely had empty lists. Once again we lost the Games Cup to St. Francis, but we have many promising Juniors coming on, and hope for better luck next year. Most Saturday mornings have seen Barbara and other enthusiastic swimmers at the baths, practising hard for the Swimming Gala, at which we hope to win the cup.

The House Party, which was to be held at the end of the Spring Term, had to be postponed until May. The Dramatic Section, led by Kathleen Howe and Mary MacDonald, presented a one-act play, "The Crimson Cocoon," which was enthusiastically received.

Our House baby, Edith Mackay, seems to be benefiting from our help. At Christmas and on her birthday we sent her large parcels of clothes, toys and books.

We wish to thank the Mistresses, especially the House Mistress, Miss McArthur, for the support they have given in all House activities.

EILEEN MOFFATT.

ST. DAVID'S.

We have now come to the end of an interesting, though not brilliant, year. We were sorry to lose Anita Allan last July, and also many other Senior members of the House. As a result of these losses we had to appoint several new Prefects, many of whom have unfortunately left during the year.

Our thanks are due to Hazel Harman, the Games Captain, for the hard work she has done. The Juniors gave an unrivalled exhibition in the House Netball matches, and also succeeded in gaining first place in the Junior Team races. The Seniors, however, did not do nearly so brilliantly, probably owing to the lack of enthusiasm. The cricket and hockey teams each won one match only.

The House Party, held on April 2nd, was quite a success, owing to the efforts of the Prefects and the other Senior members. The Dramatic Section, ably led by D. Pounsett and C. Weston, acted a scene from "Little Women."

Our House Baby, Sylvia Acreman, is unfortunately still in a state of ill-health, but she has been profiting by the little help we have given her.

Finally, our thanks are due to our House Mistress, Miss Valentine, and to the other Mistresses, for their helpful interest and co-operation during the past year. L. ADEY.

ST. FRANCIS'.

At the beginning of the year we welcomed Miss Lambert into the House, and elected a new Games Captain, Eileen Tattersall, and two new Prefects. During the year four more Prefects were appointed, owing to girls leaving.

During the Autumn Term we changed our "baby." Henry Coombes was seventeen, and had found work in a mine, so that he could no longer be called a baby. We were sorry to lose Henry, but decided to adopt a little Welsh girl, Barbara Jones, who is only two years old.

In March we had our annual House Party. Everyone enjoyed a short humorous play, "Old Moore's Almanac," which was performed by the Dramatic Section, led by Marjorie Dudley.

Thanks to the energy and enthusiasm that Eileen has put into her work, and to hard work on the part of the teams, we have managed to get top marks for the Games Cup.

We must thank Miss Lawrence, our House Mistress, for all she has done for the House. MOLLY STEVENS.

ST. GEORGE'S.

This year, in spite of all our efforts, St. George's has sunk to the bottom of the list for games. We have, however, had one great triumph, which must not be passed over. We have won a hockey match, the first for four years! So, next year, perhaps, we shall do great things.

We have lost a great many of our Prefects this year. No fewer than seven have obtained posts, and left during the year.

Our House Party was held at the end of the Spring Term. The Dramatic Section gave a very successful performance of "Cinderella," produced by Betty Lindsay and Peggy Salkeld.

We have supported our House Baby, Doris Humphries, throughout the year, and I think the money we send every month has been very welcome, as the family has had a good deal of illness and trouble this year.

I should like to thank all our House Staff, especially Miss Stanton, who has been House Mistress this year, for the interest they have taken in all our House activities.

M. HOMEWOOD.

ST. PATRICK'S.

We were unfortunate in losing our Games Captain, Iris Beattie, at the beginning of this year, but we were glad to be able to welcome Doris Laws in her place. We did not do well at the winter games, but we are doing better at cricket, and have come first for tennis.

Our Dramatic Section, in charge of Nora Carlton and Marjorie Sandiford, performed two plays at the House Party. These appeared to be very successful. Our thanks are due to Miss Drury for helping at rehearsals.

We have changed our House Baby several times this year, and we are now looking after a little boy from Merthyr Tydvil. We were glad to have a younger child, as we were able to send him a parcel as well as a postal-order at Christmas.

We should like to thank the Mistresses, especially Miss Frodsham, our House Mistress, for their help and interest during the year.

KATHLEEN WHITE.

RESULTS OF HOUSE GAMES.

	ST. FRANCIS	ST. ANDREW	ST. PATRICK	ST. DAVID	ST. GEORGE
Netball ..	15	5	5	20	5
Hockey ..	18	18	5	3	8
Cricket ..	15	10	15	5	0
Tennis ..	14	13	18	3	6
Team Races	3	6	2	5	0
TOTAL ..	65	52	45	36	19

RESULTS : St. Francis, 1st ; St. Andrew, 2nd ; St. Patrick, 3rd.

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

HOCKEY, 1934-5.

The season, on the whole, has been a successful one, although the field could not be used at the end of the Autumn Term owing to rain. We were unfortunate, too, in losing Miss Preedy for three months, but Miss Watson very kindly took over the work of coaching the teams in her absence.

Both teams have undergone a number of changes during the season, owing to illness or members leaving. The results of the matches, however, have been satisfactory, and we were lucky in winning the Beckenham Tournament at the end of the Spring Term. In the 1st XI the forwards should pass more and the defence should try not to muddle each other. The 2nd XI forwards were the strongest part of their team, for the defence did not clear quickly and effectively.

The standard of play in the House matches in the Spring Term was unusually high, and there seem to be many promising people for next year. In the Inter-Form Tournament, won by VIb, the standard of play was also good.

The teams would like to express their appreciation of the coaching given by Miss Preedy and Miss Watson, and to thank them and Miss Buckle for umpiring matches. We must also thank VIc, who have again very kindly arranged the match teas.

CRITICISM OF TEAMS.

1st XI.

D. Verrier, R.W.—Rather disappointing towards end of season. Centring is not good enough as a rule.

A. Rear, R.I.—Very good player. Shoots well and gives good passes to wing.

H. Harman, C.F.—Very hard-working, but gets ball too much under feet to be effective, and inclined to wander.

E. Tattersall, L.I.—Good, neat player. Shoots well and uses flip stroke to advantage.

D. Laws, L.W.—Uses reversed stick too much, and so is slow in picking up ball. Usually centres well.

B. Miln, R.I.—Play usually good, but rather slow in recovery.

G. Heard, R.I. (after Christmas).—A reliable player. Clearing and tackling very good.

M. Oliver, C.H.—Very good, particularly when attacking. Clears and shoots well.

L. Adey, C.H. (after Christmas).—Play much improved this season, and has made a useful reserve C.H.

J. Beattie, L.H.—Good, reliable player. Still rather slow in recovery.

M. Stevens, R.B.—Very good. Clearing is good, and recovery much improved.

D. Pounsett, G.—Play disappointing towards end of season. Does not clear quickly enough. E. L. M.

We have lost E. Moffatt, who has been Hockey Captain for three years. She has been an excellent Captain and player, and we hope to hear of her in the hockey world in the future.

D. A. P.

2nd XI.

B. Wheeler, R.W.—Has improved since last season. Picks the ball up well, but still needs to make more effort.

J. Rushbrook, R.I.—Shooting and passing good. Should tackle more.

B. Eversfield, C.F.—Works very hard and tackles well. Inclined to wander in the field.

C. Potton, L.W.—A keen player. Picks the ball up well. Should practise centring. Must be careful with her stick.

G. Heard, R.H.—A reliable player. Clears and marks well.

B. Puxty, R.H.—Has made a good substitute. At present slow in clearing and inclined to give up too soon. Does not mark well in defence, and does not quite understand the game.

V. Holford, C.H.—A useful player. Clears well in the field, but is rather slow.

M. Welch, L.H.—Disappointing at times. Must practise hitting, and remember to use two hands on her stick.

J. Simpson, R.B.—Disappointing, and very slow in recovery. Must learn not to clear across the goal circle.

L. Adey, L.B.—A useful and reliable back. Clears and tackles well.

M. Homewood, G.—Has played well this season. Kicking and clearing good.

There are some very promising IVth Form girls who have played for the team, amongst them G. Pallett, H. Davey, M. Dannenberg, and M. Weller. We hope great things of them next year.

D. C. H.

D. Hall has been Captain of the 2nd XI. She is rather slow in the field, but a very hard worker. We shall miss her next season.

D. A. P.

NETBALL, 1934-5.

Shooter: L. Clarke.—Play good and quick, but shooting rather erratic.

Attack: I. Byron.—Quick in the field, but rather inclined to play outside the circle when she should be inside. Shooting good.

Centre Attack: J. Chessun.—Good combination with other centre players, and quick play round the circle. Is inclined to give up rather easily.

Centre: J. Anderson.—A reliable centre player.

Centre Defence: A. Brown.—A keen player, but inclined to be rather wild in passing.

Goal Defence: (1) A. Mackenzie.—A careful player, but does not attempt enough. She is content with marking and does not attack.

(2) D. Rowley.—Rather slow, and not careful enough.

Defence: S. Andrews (Captain).—A reliable player and a good Captain.

M. B.

CRICKET, 1935.

We were unfortunate at the beginning of the season in having a great deal of rain, which stopped practices and one match.

The results of the matches have been very disappointing, as we have only won one match out of four. Again the batting has been the weakest point. With one or two exceptions the batting lacks confidence, and the style is poor.

The fielding has improved considerably through the season, but many of the players are not ready enough to move, and some possible catches have been lost through late starting.

The team has not been very fixed, and besides those mentioned below, B. Wheeler, B. Lindsay, H. Tomkins, K. Simpson, and J. Cameron have been useful members in some matches.

We should like to thank Miss Buckle for the coaching she has given the team, and for umpiring our matches; also Miss Preedy for coaching, and G. Heard for scoring.

J. Francis, Deep.—Fielding very good; batting fair.

M. Jaggar, Square Leg.—Fielding and batting fair.

A. Renn, Wickets.—Must stand up to wickets more, and be ready for stumping, and should use her hands more; batting too uncontrolled.

K. Gardner, Slips.—Fielding good, bowling sometimes very good, but is rather erratic; batting weak.

B. Harris, Mid-On.—Fielding and bowling good; batting fair.

B. Hawkins, 2nd Slip.—Fielding fairly good; batting very good and confident.

M. Hodge, Long-On.—Fielding rather slow, but throwing in very good; batting weak.

J. Alexander, Change Bowler.—Fielding and bowling good; batting strokes need more force behind them, and Jean is slow in calling.

E. Tattersall, Point.—Fielding good; batting style very good, but results in matches disappointing.

M. Oliver, Cover Point.—Fielding fair; batting good, but should back up better between the wickets.

M. S.

M. Stevens (Captain), Mid-off.—Fielding very good, bowling good, batting fairly good. Molly has made a very good Captain, and is reliable and enthusiastic. M. B.

TENNIS, 1935.

We have had an unfortunate tennis season this year, owing to a late start and to other activities falling on tennis days.

We have aimed at good placing of shots rather than great speed. Net play has been much improved this season.

We should like to thank Miss Preedy for her coaching and advice to the team.

E. Tattersall.—Good style; is quick about the court, and is a reliable partner. Should be a little more forceful.

M. Oliver.—Plays very steadily, although back-hand is weak, and she should learn to follow through on her service. Net play, quite good.

L. Adey.—Good forearm drive, but back-hand needs practice. Service style needs improving. Has not been so nervous this season, and so has played better in matches.

D. Francis.—Has a fairly good style. Service and volleys need practice.

H. Harman.—Has a nice fore-hand drive, but back-hand and service are rather weak. Net play needs care.

Junior Couple.

H. Davey.—Good drives, but service a little weak. Plays steadily in matches, and is a promising player.

N. Silversen.—Drives rather inconsistent. Weight wrong in service; should improve this or she will not go very far.

In a junior match we had, our Juniors showed promise for the matches next year.

V. H.

Vera Holford.—Has been our Tennis Captain for two years. She is a very good player, and we hope she will go a long way in the tennis world, with all her coaching and ability.

D. A. P.

THE INTER-SCHOOLS TENNIS TOURNAMENT.

The Inter-Schools Tennis Tournament (Catford Bridge) was won by Vera Holford and Eileen Tattersall (first couple for the School team).

GUIDES, 1934-5.

The time has come round again to record the events of the year, and it is difficult to know where to begin.

I think the most important event is the gaining of Gold Cords by nine of our members: J. Ashley, I. Beattie, H. Harman, G. Heard, M. Homewood, B. Miln, C. Potton, M. Stevens and M. Welch. Commissioner Chapman came to present them, and she told us that the previous year there were only nine Gold Cords awarded in all London.

At the end of last Summer Term we said good-bye to our Lieutenant, Miss Challen, who left to get married.

At the beginning of the summer holiday Miss Preedy took about forty of us to camp at Moorhouse Hamlet, near Westerham; Miss Buckle, our new Lieutenant, and M. Alexander also came. To all three we owe many thanks for a very enjoyable week.

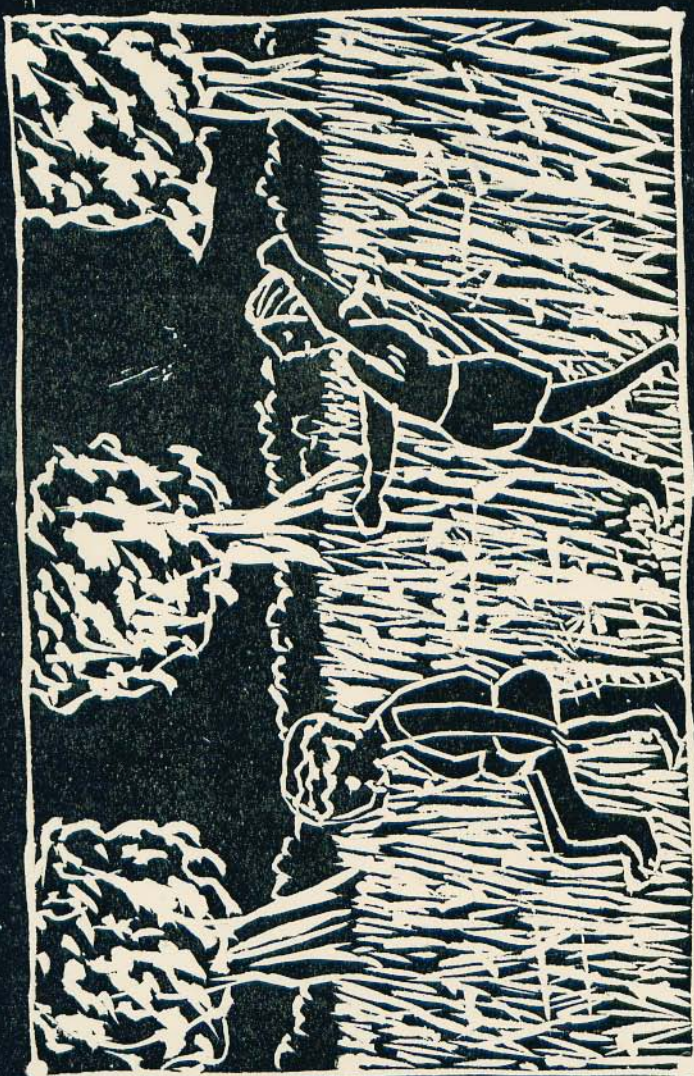
The beginning of the Autumn Term was taken up in preparing for the District Swimming Gala, at which we were fortunate in winning the Shield. B. Miln won the Senior Championship Cup, and she and H. Harman were chosen to swim in the Divisional Gala.

Early in October our Captain went for a holiday to the Federated Malay States, returning in February. During her absence we had the annual Christmas Party. The Leaders acted a play called "The Three Pirates," in which, quite accidentally, Father Christmas lost his beard. At the end of the play the curtain rose to reveal a Christmas tree, illuminated with fairy lights, and loaded with toys.

On May 12th the Company attended the Church Parade at Holy Trinity Church.

At Whitsuntide Miss Preedy took the Leaders and Seconds to camp at Moorhouse Hamlet for the week-end, and we have to thank the Officers again for yet another enjoyable camp. We are not having the usual summer camp this year.

On June 29th nearly all the Company attended the Divisional Rally at the Crystal Palace. We went in the morning and three Patrols cooked their dinners on camp fires, but the weather proved too hot for the rest. The march-past looked very impressive, the salute being taken by Miss V. E. D. Garrad, Divisional Commissioner of Bengal Province. We then competed for the Divisional Shield in team races, but we did not win it, although we came top of the District.



During the year D. Dannenberg, M. Dannenberg, B. Eversfield, P. Flannery, M. Lewis, A. Renn and E. Waller have gained First-Class Badges, and D. Dannenberg, B. Eversfield and E. Waller All-Round Cords.

The Patrol-Leaders this year have been: J. Ashley, D. Dannenberg, B. Eversfield, P. Flannery, D. Francis, J. Francis, B. Hawkins, C. Potton, A. Renn, M. Welch, M. White, and G. Heard.

Our heartiest thanks are due to Miss Preedy, Miss Stanton and Miss Buckle, who have worked so hard for the Company, and also to Miss Cook, for keeping the accounts.

G. HEARD (Company Leader).

THE GYM. DISPLAY.

If you were asked what, in your opinion, was one of the outstanding events of the Summer Term you would very likely answer, "The Gym. Display."

No one would desire more sunshine than favoured our practices during the week preceding the great event. No one would expect more of the dear old English summer than those clouds which lingered in the sky on the evening itself, ready to dash the hopes of mortals should their ambitions rise too high.

The wide field, open to the sky, seemed an ideal place for the moving lines of girls, who tried to combine energy and self-control in gymnastics and dancing, and the evening air was filled again and again with the shouts of the School, divided against itself—over the House-team games. Sometimes the strains of the orchestra were heard, accompanying the marching or dancing.

Surely our ancestors of Merrie England rejoiced at the sight of the old folk-dances and, being kindly spirits, they would be glad to hear that the collection was to help the unfortunate children of the City to escape from it for just a few weeks of the year.

R. ASTBURY, VIa.

PROGRAMME.

1. Junior School Gymnastics.

Forms: Lower I, Ib, Ia, Upper I, IIb, IIa, Upper II.

2. Senior School English Country Dancing.
The Old Mole.
Parson's Farewell.
Christchurch Bells.
 3. Junior Inter-House Team Races.
 4. Middle School Gymnastics.
Forms: IIIb, IIIa, Upper III, IVArts, IVSci., IVP.
-

COLLECTION in aid of the Children's Country Holiday Fund and the Sydenham Infant Welfare Centre.

5. Senior Inter-House Team Races.
 6. Junior School Dancing.
Ia. Squirrels.
Up. I. Dwarfs in the Wind.
IIb, IIa, Up. II. Galloping Horses.
 7. Upper School Gymnastics.
Forms: Vb, Va, Upper V, VIc, VIb, VIa.
 8. Middle School Dancing.
The Mill (a running dance).
 9. Figure March.
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LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY, 1934-5.

This year the attendance at the Literary and Debating Society has been on the whole good, the debates attracting almost as large an audience as the plays. At the beginning of the year Miss Drury suggested that plays should be read representing the growth of the English Drama through the centuries. Working on this plan, many interesting plays were read, the first of the series being a *Shepherds' Play*, from the *Wakefield Cycle*. "The Rivals," "Will Shakespeare," by Clemence Dane, "A Man's House," by Drinkwater, and "The Queen of Scots," by Gordon Daviot (the author of "Richard of Bordeaux"), were well received by the members of the Society.

After the principal debates, short "spot" debates on

light subjects were held. The latter were usually more enthusiastically supported than the main debates. Heated arguments were held on whether it is better to have a kipper on a plate than a goldfish in a bowl, and whether it is a crime to sing in the bath. The subjects for the main debates were not unusual, nevertheless the audience seemed to enjoy them. The more attractive debates were "Cinemas should be open on Sunday," "Equality of wage destroys ambition," and "Compulsory games are harmful to mind and body." Occasionally those who were debating wandered from the point, and members were much swayed by personal prejudices. For the first time since the Society was formed, a debate with another School was held. Twenty-five members went to Selhurst Grammar School to debate on the subject, "The Individual Conscience is above the Law." (The motion was carried by a large majority.) The debate was well supported, and we returned to School eager to have another "outside" debate.

We should like to thank both Miss Drury and Miss Short for the help they have given the Society, and other members of the Staff for suggestions in preparing debates.

MOLLY SCOTT, VIa.

SCIENCE CLUB.

President: K. White.

Secretary: M. Homewood.

The meetings of the Science Club have been difficult to fit in this year, owing to the dates clashing with hockey practices. The meetings have, however, been fairly well attended, and the members have been very keen.

The first meeting of the Term was given up to a Photographic Exhibition and Competition. The Competition was open to the whole School; about fifty entries were received, and the standard was very high. Miss Whitehead kindly judged the Competition; the first prize was awarded to Molly Stevens and second to Hazel Harman. A few weeks later a very interesting lecture was given by Mr. Clarke, from the Kodak Film Company.

Kathleen White gave a series of lectures on Wireless and Television, illustrated by experiments, which were much enjoyed.

The list of papers read this Term is as follows:—

“Photographic Exhibition,” and Paper on “Photography,” M. Homewood.

“Wireless ” (1), K. White.

“Wireless ” (2), K. White.

“Photography,” Mr. Clarke.

“Action of Mind on Body,” Dr. Hildred Carlill.

“Solar System,” B. Lindsay.

Papers on “Application of Science in Art and Industry,”
Members of Fourth Forms.

“Television ” (1), K. White.

“Television ” (2), K. White.

M. HOMEWOOD.

THE FORM GARDENS.

The gardens continue to be run as Form enterprises and, on the whole, this method is proving successful, although we should like to see more sustained interest in some Forms.

Good work has been done, especially by Forms IV Arts and IV Science, where the Head Gardeners, J. Hayes and D. Clark, have worked most enthusiastically.

Upper V and Va have also worked well, and have done much to improve the Rock Garden.

The Trophy winners are:—

Winter Term.—1 Va; 2, IV Arts and IV Sci.; 3, Upper V.

Spring Term.—1, IV Arts; 2, Va; 3, IVSci., 4, IVp.

Summer Term.—1, IV Arts; 2, IVSci.

M. L.

THE SCHOOL CHOIR.

This year the Choir again competed in the Festival for School Choirs at Clapham High School. We were awarded a first-class in the part-song and the unison song. The Nine Voice Choir was placed in the second class. We also gained ninety-five marks for sight reading. For these successes our thanks are due to Miss Ovenden, who taught us during Miss Hartnell's absence, and also to Margaret Oliver for accompanying us.

We were very much pleased to welcome Miss Hartnell back after her illness, and we very much appreciate the help she continues to give us.

D. HALL, VIb.

JUNIOR CHOIR.

The Junior self-trained Choir consists of about twenty-five girls from first, second and third forms. We spend our time in practices, in singing folk-songs, rounds, unison and part-songs. The Choir sang at the Carol Party and on Open Day.

M. OLIVER, Vlb.

THE SCHOOL ORCHESTRA.

The Orchestra found itself considerably diminished at the beginning of this year, and in spite of the new members from the Violin Class, the number had dropped to thirteen. Miss Chaplin has kindly learned the 'cello in the absence of volunteers from the School, and K. Simpson has left the first violin section to play viola. Some of our old members came to assist us when we played incidental music for the School Play at Christmas. By Easter, owing to the patient efforts of Miss Ballard, we were sufficiently consolidated to play on the Open Day.

We are sometimes reproached for having no wind or reed instruments in the Orchestra, but it is obviously impossible to achieve this when we can barely assemble enough strings. No one will deny that Miss Preedy's remarkable performance on the drum at the Gym. Display added more zest to the proceedings. Can't we be more ambitious about our Orchestra? Judging from the size of the School, we ought to be able to run a Junior and Senior section, and enter for Musical Festivals. If you would like to learn an instrument but cannot afford to buy one, that need not be a hindrance; Miss Ballard will arrange about it if you will only speak to her.

Pull up your socks, Sydenham!

A MEMBER.

SOCIAL SERVICE WEEK, 1935.

The subject studied during Social Service Week this year was "The Fourteen-year-old Girl at Work and Play." Nearly thirty students assembled at Stafford Street Settlement on Monday, April 29th. Visits were made to the surrounding parishes, and we heard about the social work

done by the Churches. In the evening the Bishop of Kingston gave an introductory address, after which Miss Elliott told us about some kinds of work done by fourteen-year-old girls.

On Tuesday we visited three factories in order to see the conditions in which the young girls work. In the more modern factory we saw that, although the conditions of work were very good, the girls had to work much faster than in the more old-fashioned ones, and there was the continual strain of having to work to time to avoid slowing up the work of the rest of the girls. In the more old-fashioned factories there was a more friendly feeling, and the work was done in a more leisurely manner. In the afternoon we visited a clothing factory in the East End, and saw the mass production of suits, from the cutting out of forty suits at a time by an electric knife to the sewing on of buttons by machine. Although this seems at first to be good organisation and the employers are very proud of it, we felt that it must be very monotonous for the girls, and the effect of never finishing one garment, but always doing one particular part, must be to give them the feeling that they are simply parts of one great machine, and what the machine produces cannot interest them very much.

On Wednesday morning we visited Barrett Street Trade School, where more fortunate fourteen-year-old girls are trained in tailoring, dressmaking and hairdressing. We then went to a boys' technical school and, after an interesting tour of the kitchens, had lunch cooked and served by the boys who are training to be chefs and waiters. In the afternoon we heard at the Employment Exchange how the fourteen-year-old children are helped to find work when they leave school.

We saw more of the fourteen-year-old girl at work than at play, but we heard about the Clubs, where the girls can spend their spare evenings. In the final session, on Thursday morning, summaries were made by the leaders of the three groups. Emphasis was laid on the need for the raising of the school-leaving age and, in addition to relieving the monotony of their work, for more Clubs and social entertainment for the girls.

DORIS TAYLOR, VIa.

MURIEL BAGNALL, VIb.

SWIMMING SPORTS, 1935.

This year the Swimming Sports took place on July 29th. The Cup was won by St. Andrew's House.

In addition to the usual Championship, Style and Diving events, there were some very amusing fancy races. The Juniors had to swim a width with a belt and float, burst a balloon, and swim back with the pieces, and the Seniors had to swim two widths in sacks.

The ever-popular Bovril Tin Race had many entries, and there were about seven heats. The Junior Inter-Form Relay Race was won by IIIb, and the Senior by VIb.

The last race was a new one. One person sat on a rubber tyre and two others swam beside her, towing her along. This was called the Chariot Race.

The Gala was very successful, and we should like to thank Miss Urwick for judging the style, diving and life-saving, and Miss Preedy and Miss Buckle for all their hard work in connection with the Sports. Barbara Miln and her friends also deserve a word of thanks for planning the very interesting programme.

DORIS TAYLOR, VIa.

THE SPEECH FESTIVAL.

On March 16th there was a little gathering of school-girls outside our School; we were going to the Regent Street Polytechnic, and we were all very excited. Sixteen of our Form went, besides most of Lower I and IIb. Miss Drury, Miss Short and Miss Blunt came with us.

On the way there I expect many of us were wondering what our pieces would sound like on the stage. Two girls felt sick, and I hoped they would feel better when we arrived. We passed several places that we know, but I do not think anyone took much notice of them, as we were too excited.

When we arrived, we went first to the Portland Hall, where Lower I was going to recite. We saw several other schools there, and as Lower I went in we wished them luck.

Then we went to the Regent Street Polytechnic, where we waited a while in the lounge. After that we went to some seats specially kept for us, to listen to the others. We heard some deaf children speak passages from the Bible,



A Midsummer Night's Dream

and I thought they were very good and well-trained, and hoped the others liked them.

At last our turn came. We had to go into a tiny room at the back of the stage to wait, where we could hear the others being clapped. When we heard the marks, I think our Form were a little disappointed, for we had only 72 per cent. for both poem and prose; Ilb received 74 per cent. and 75 per cent., and Lower I 81 per cent. Nevertheless, we had a very enjoyable ride home, and are grateful to Miss Drury for coaching us.

OLIVE BEVERIDGE, Up. I.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

On Tuesday, July 23rd, at half-past six, a large audience assembled in the School grounds to see "A Midsummer Night's Dream" performed by members of the Third Forms. It was the first time that a School play had been acted out of doors, and all agreed that it was a most successful experiment. The glade formed the stage, and the hockey field the auditorium. Owing to the fact that two amplifiers had been hired, the audience was enabled to hear the play with perfect ease.

"A Midsummer Night's Dream" is an admirable play for an outdoor setting and, fortunately, the weather that evening could not have been better. The sky was pearly grey and white, and the sun glimmered through the trees. The costumes harmonised well with the woodland setting, particularly those of the fairies and the Athenian workmen. The fairies wore dresses of soft shades of green, cobweb grey, fawn, blue and delicate yellow. Quince, Bottom, and the other workmen were dressed in forest green and brown.

Although it is impossible in such a short space to speak of each character individually, mention must be made of the four lovers, Theseus, and Hippolyta. Both their acting and costumes gave pleasure to the audience. They were strikingly dressed, Theseus' armour arousing much admiration.

The Athenian workmen, particularly Bottom, provided the humour in the play, and we were very much amused by the most lamentable comedy of Pyramus and Thisbe. The actors certainly appeared to enjoy their parts; the singing and dancing of the fairies at the end of Act V made an effective ending to a delightful evening.

MOLLIE SCOTT, VIa.

“ A MIDSUMMER NIGHT’S DREAM.”

BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Presented by Forms Up. III, IIIa, IIIb.

Theseus, Duke of Athens	Evelyn Margetts
Hippolyta, betrothed to Theseus	Pamela Thomas
Egeus, father to Hermia	Irene White
Lysander	Josephine Smith
Demetrius in love with Hermia	Joan Tye
Hermia	Sheila Kerwin
Helena	Audrey Brown
Philostrate, master of the revels	Phyllis Waring
Quince, a carpenter	Enid Ashby
Snug, a joiner	Joan Mary Tomsett
Bottom, a weaver	Dorothy Rowley
Flute, a bellows-mender	Josephine Anderson
Snout, a tinker	Doris Dixon
Starveling, a tailor	Sheila Barrett
Oberon, King of the Fairies	Joan Hucker
Titania, Queen of the Fairies	Mary Reville
Puck	Audrey Elvin and Peggy Francis
Peaseblossom	Ivy Roberts
Cobweb	Lorna Clark
Moth	Betty Watts
Mustardseed	Gladys Hall

Other Fairies: Jean Rodwell, Audrey Mortimer, Joyce Smith,
Audrey Mackenzie, Julia Basham, Alice Emonson.

Attendants: Joyce Williams, Doreen Cullen, Winnie Wright,
Kathleen Palmer.

GYM. COMPETITION RESULTS, 1935.

Upper School.—Va.
Middle School.—IV Science.
Lower School.—Upper I.

COLLECTIONS.

Autumn Term, 1934.

Sydenham Charitable Fête ...	£1	0	0	
Greater London Fund for the Blind (Carol Party) ...	4	17	4	
Queen's Hospital for Children	12	10	0	
Heritage Craft Schools ...	12	10	0	
Sunshine Homes for Blind Babies	0	18	0	
	<hr/>			£31 15 4

Spring Term, 1935.

Egg Collection for St. John's Hospital, Lewisham ...	£3	13	6	
National Playing Fields Asso- ciation	4	6	0	
Heritage Craft Schools ...	12	10	0	
Queen's Hospital for Children	12	10	0	
	<hr/>			£32 19 6

Summer Term, 1935.

Purse for South Eastern Hos- pital	£8	2	6	
Royal Free Hospital	2	2	0	
Queen's Hospital for Children	12	10	0	
Heritage Craft Schools ...	12	10	0	
	<hr/>			£35 4 6
	<hr/>			£99 19 4
	<hr/>			

NOTES FROM THE FORMS.

A few Forms would have us believe that they had no history at all this year; no aspirations, apparently, and no achievements. A most unenviable condition! One or two others did not manage a very interesting record. The rest we print on following pages.

Ia.

We lost in the inter-form matches
 For Upper I scored the first time,
 And we missed all the easiest catches,
 At Netball we really don't shine.

Our room did not quite reach perfection
 And the tidy-bowl passed by our door,
 For when the time came for inspection,
 Some paper had dropped on the floor.

UPPER I.

At the beginning of this School year eighteen girls in our Form arrived at the School for the first time. For a while we bore the name of "New Girls," but this name soon wore off and we now feel as "old" as any of the others.

For the Gym. Competition we worked very hard, and when the results were read out we waited in breathless silence; but what a proud moment it was for us when our Form prefect came down from the platform bringing with her the trophy!

IIa.

We have been very happy this year with Miss Chaplin as our Form Mistress. She has helped us very much. We are very proud of Joan Douglas, who won a writing prize in an all-England writing competition. The prize she won for the School paid for the electric bells which we now possess. Our Form Baby is called James Hawkins and was born on Christmas Day. We hope he will prove as interesting as the memorable Jim Hawkins in "Treasure Island"! We all hope we shall not be separated too much next year, but we are eagerly looking forward to the Autumn Term.

IIIb.

What have we in the way of achievements? Now you are touching on a tender subject. Well, we have won no trophies nor have we excelled at games, though we did manage to survive until the finals in the Inter-Form Netball matches. Are we models of goodness, you ask? Well, hardly, but we do manage to enjoy ourselves.

And what of our Form Baby? His name is Derek and he is just a year old. We have all been busy sewing and knitting small garments for his summer parcel.

IIIa.

Xcheny, the witch's son, had three magic bowls. And he looked in the first and saw a garden, and people gardening industriously, for this was a new task which interested them. And then, dressed in clothes of bygone days, these people acted "A Merchant of Venice."

In the second bowl Xcheny saw these same people, who were rejoicing, for they had been placed second in the great contest of Gymnastics. But then they were sad, for, alas, they were so untidy that they were last on the list for tidiness!

Then, in the third bowl, Xcheny saw a swimming bath, and these people, who so joyously visited it. Also, they studied a play by a great author, and some time in the future Xcheny can tell they will act it, in a cool and shady place—but as yet that is only a whisper. And so Xcheny leaves them, in charge of her who has ruled them so well through the year.

IV PRACTICAL

Practical IV though we may be
 We're not very good as you may see,
 Glories of sport though we have none
 A trophy for gardening we have won.
 Although we were in a hockey match
 We didn't quite come up to scratch.
 We hope to win perhaps next year,
 Maybe you'll come and give a cheer,
 So having nothing else to report
 Of work or play or other sport,
 We hope next year we'll have something to say
 Decidedly better than that of to-day.

IV ARTS.

Thirty-five young maids are we,
 Pert as schoolgirls well can be,
 Filled to the brim with girlish glee,
 Thirty and five young maids.

Having introduced ourselves thus, it is time to tell of our failures and successes. We have had only one success. That was in winning the gardening trophy; a beautiful image of Tobias and the Angel hangs against the wall of our form-room. But what of Hockey, and the bowl for tidiness? We are afraid they are our failures, but we hope to do better than this, and gain the Tidy Bowl for Miss Trayler who has been so helpful to us this year, and whom we have enjoyed having for our Form Mistress.

Vb.

(With Apologies to T. Moore.)

There is not in this whole School a form-room so sweet,
 As the one midst whose bustle the Vb-ites meet;
 Though we've worked in our garden, with hearty goodwill,
 We have no distinction of scholarly skill.
 In Hockey we're second, so trophies may go,
 Though undecorated one "constant" we know
 That the last rays of feeling and life must depart,
 Ere this year's pleasant memories fade from our heart.

Va.

What shall we tell you?
 Tales, marvellous tales.

—Flecker.

—But we can't!

Our Form Diary reveals a year of strenuous work and a few hard-earned successes.

Here is a summary:—

Autumn Term: Gardening trophy gained.

Spring Term: Gardening trophy again; in Form Hockey matches beaten by VIb after a good game; Senior School Gym. Trophy.

Summer Term: Out of 33 General School Examination candidates, 14 matriculated, 17 took General Schools.

Now, Mr. Flecker, on with your tale!

Vlb.

It was their personality, their forcefulness and puff,
 That gave Vlb the vantage point
 In scrimmage hot and tough.
 With purpose grim and hearts aglow
 They overcame their valiant foe.
 Three of their number cheered them on,
 And, mark you this, the match they won.

It was their flexibility, their tidiness and mien,
 That gave Vlb the vantage point
 In keeping form-rooms clean.
 By organising scavenge hunts,
 They twice performed the noble stunt.
 Each one urged the other on,
 And, mark you this, the bowl they won.

But never, never have I viewed
 A Vlb-ite in weeding mood.
 Is it the gentle worm they shun?
 Can they abhor the beetle's fun?
 And yet—who knows—as summer fares
 They may revert to earthy cares.

THE OLD GIRLS' ASSOCIATION.

Once again it gives us much pleasure to report that the three meetings of the Association covered by this issue have been very well attended. Members have apparently enjoyed these reunions to the full, and have been especially pleased to see so many of the staff of "to-day and yesterday" present on each occasion.

The 1934 November meeting was definitely a combination of business and pleasure, although the pleasure was tempered with regret. On this occasion we presented Miss Rushforth with a clock and Miss Attwater with an eiderdown to commemorate their retirement from School, and as a token of members' appreciation of "services rendered."

Country dancing—a new venture—proved very popular at the March meeting this year. With the Sixth Form leading the way, the fun waxed fast and furious and the experiment certainly bids fair to be repeated next year!

Our last two July meetings have been marred by cold

and thunderstorm, but this year the heat wave stood us in good stead and members were able to enjoy their annual "picnic" in every way.

We very much hope that the Association and its several branches will recruit many new members from girls leaving School this year, and we look forward to receiving applications in time for the 1935 November Business Meeting.

NANCY PETHYBRIDGE,

GLADYS HUCKS (née Hughes).

"THE REBEL MAID."

On the 1st and 2nd of February the Old Girls' Operatic Society gave two very successful performances of "The Rebel Maid." The net proceeds were, unfortunately, not so large as is usually the case. £15 was sent to the South-Eastern Hospital for Children, and £6 1s. 2d. to St. John's Hospital, Lewisham.

Subsequent performances were given at Streatham Vale, Westmoreland Road, and Newington Public Baths, and the company received a very cordial welcome on each occasion.

The Society would like to take this opportunity of making a very urgent appeal for new members. Our numbers are now so small that there is imminent danger of the Society winding up, which we feel would be a great pity as it has been in existence for so many years and has done such good work for the hospitals.

Rehearsals are held during the winter on Thursday evenings at School, from 7.30 to 9.30 p.m., and it is hoped to produce "Ruddigore" early in 1936.

Miss L. Gessey, of Devonshire Cottage, Fox Hill, Norwood, S.E., will be pleased to give any girl full particulars of the Society's activities.

COME TO NETBALL!

Please make it a rule
To come to School
On Saturday afternoons.

No, not to work,
Yet not to shirk
On Saturday afternoons.

Just come to play,
Come, join the fray
Each Saturday afternoon.

The sub. is small
And there's room for all
On Saturday afternoon.

It's fun on the court,
Please give it a thought
Next Saturday afternoon.

Then write to me
And happy we'll be
On Saturday afternoons.

M. E. CURTIS,
24, Bournville Road, S.E.6.

MATCH RESULTS, 1934-35.

Date	Ground	Fixture	1st Team	2nd Team
			For Agst.	For Agst.
1934				
Oct. 6	Home	London Telephone Service ..	Lost 12 15	Lost 3 23
" 13	Home	St. Saviour's & St. Olave's ..	Won 13 6	Won 21 10
" 20	Away	Lewisham Prendergast ..	Won 17 15	Lost 8 10
" 27	Home	*James Allen	Lost by default	Lost 10 24
Nov. 3	Away	*Furzedown	Lost 10 17	Lost 8 24
" 17	Home	Bermondsey	Won 20 9
		*Carlyle	Lost 6 20
Dec. 1	Away	*Streatham	Lost 12 19	Lost 6 13
" 8	Home	Avery Hill	Lost 17 24
1935				
Jan. 12	Away	*James Allen	Drew 11 11	Lost 3 8
" 19	Home	Lewisham Prendergast ..	Won 16 15	Won 28 5
Feb. 2	Away	Bermondsey	Won 21 9
		*Carlyle	Lost 12 25
" 9	Home	*Streatham	Drew 17 17	Won by default
" 16	Home	Greycoat	Lost 10 28	Won 7 5
" 23	Home	*Furzedown	Lost 12 23	Lost by default
Mar. 2	Away	Plumstead	Lost 9 18
" 9	Home	London Teachers	Drew 18 18
" 30	Away	St. Saviour's & St. Olave's ..	Lost 11 18
Apl. 13	Away	Carlyle	Lost 8 21	Lost 9 12
			* League Matches	

OLD GIRLS' GYM. CLASS.

Although there was a slight decrease in the number of members during the past season, the classes, which were taken this year by Miss Chubb, were most enjoyable. We should, however, welcome a few new members, and if they will write to me at the address below, I will gladly send particulars of next season's activities.

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

NEWS OF OLD GIRLS.

COLLEGE ENTRANTS, 1934.

St. Hilda's, Oxford.—N. Sturgeon, N. Moss.
Royal Holloway College, London.—E. Ashley.
Bedford College, London.—M. Brookman, B. Savage.
University College, London.—N. Keller.
King's College, London, and Furzedown Training College.—J. Francis.
Clapham High School Training Centre.—E. Sayle.
Bishop Otter Training College, Chichester.—B. Wool-
verton.
Battersea Domestic Training College.—A. Allen, D. Mortimer.

SUCSESSES.

Gladys Sandford, B.A., General Examination (Internal), Second Division.
Joan Eyden, B.A., Hons. (External) History, Class II, Upper Division.
F. Dyer, Final Board of Education Teachers' Certificate with Distinction in Education and Biology and Credits in Geography and Hygiene.
P. Carlton, the only Art Prize at Furzedown.
I. Watts, A.R.C.M. and G.R.S.M. (Lond.) (the graduate music teachers' degree).

APPOINTMENTS, ETC.

C. Hall, Art Mistress at Alderman Newton's Girls' School, Leicester.

K. Russell, Modern Language Mistress at a school at Worthing.

W. Barnes, Senior Science Mistress at Dudley High School.

F. Watson, who took Miss Preedy's place at School for about a term last year, had a temporary post at Dartford County School in the Summer Term and was appointed to the Barratt Street Trade School in the Autumn Term, 1935.

R. Fothergill, teaching post at Ealing.

K. Scott, teaching post at Hornsey.

P. Carlton, London List of First Appointments.

H. Hook, teaching post at Lyndhurst (Hants).

R. Renn, teaching post at Tottenham.

F. Dyer, teaching post at Melvin Senior Girls' School.

D. Gibbs, Radiographer at St. Olave's Hospital (L.C.C.) near Surrey Docks.

E. Woodcraft, Dairymaid at Rodsall Manor, Surrey—Lady Guellemand's farm.

M. Jones, Probationer at the Children's Hip Hospital, Sevenoaks.

P. d'Arcy, clerical post in the Imperial Chemical Industries, Ltd., Millbank.

E. Holford, B.Sc., has a post as secretary and research assistant to Dr. Tutin, a naval architect and author of a recent book on the atom.

OTHER NEWS.

J. Lees is enjoying work in a private bank in the City.

C. Barnaby, History Mistress at Dudley High School, is exchanging for a year with an American teacher from California.

P. Butler (Mrs. Butler-Joyce) has written a good school tale, "Hot Water," published by Messrs. Harrap, and is now engaged on another book.

M. Brookman and her friends have been inspired by R. Watson's example to continue their interest in the Battersea babies. This year at the Annual Party there were two little boys dressed by Old Girls. The number of babies "adopted" by the School has now reached 100.

Evelyn Brunton, Secretary of the Empire Day Movement, was among those honoured by the King in the Jubilee Year. She was made a Member of the Order of the British Empire.

MARRIAGES.

- Elsie Poole to H. Hayward, June, 1934.
 Eileen Burr to W. Evans, November, 1934.
 Ivy Banger to W. T. Whitfield, April, 1935.
 Winnie Regan to — Leggatt, April, 1935.
 Marjorie Thornton to O. Sykes, April, 1935.
 Marjorie Clarke to S. Tinkham, April, 1935.
 Mary Standring to F. Powell, April, 1935.
 Gladys Hughes to L. G. Hucks, June, 1935.
 Phyllis Barnard to W. Brown, June, 1935.
 Margaret Foreman to M. H. Videan, —, 1935.
 Rosemary Elcomb to B. Williams, June, 1935.
 Janet Squire to B. Rooney, June, 1935.
 Margaret Tindall to T. G. West, July, 1935.
 Marjorie Stephens to W. Love.
 Eileen Jones to S. Lewis, August, 1935.

BIRTHS.

To Evelyn Cook (née Axford), a daughter, Valerie Sheila Mary, November 13th, 1934.

To Marie Sadler (née Ashford), a son, Michael Russell, April 3rd, 1935.

To Dorothy Redshaw (née Bassom), a daughter, Yvonne, May, 1935.

To Sybell Crimp (née Corbett), a daughter, Celia, January 29th, 1935.

To Freda Cousins (née Roberts), a daughter, Marion Astrid, July 31st, 1935.

In Memoriam

Extract from "The Times," March 28th, 1935.

PURDIE.—On March 25th, at Oraz de Lys, Tankerton, Kent, Florence Mary Purdie, late Head Mistress, Maynard School, Exeter, 1902-1908; Sydenham County School, 1908-1914; Paddington and Maida Vale High School, 1914-1931.

Winifred Pitcher, died October 24th, 1934.

Ivy Pitcher, died November 25th, 1934.

Extracts from a LETTER from NANCY JONES.

(Nancy wrote last November from Gien, France, where she took a temporary post in a boarding school).

. . . Gien is only a small town, on the Loire, two hours south of Paris. It is ever so picturesque, with cobbled streets, some very old houses and a weekly market which holds indescribable thrills for me. The school is very large, consisting of four houses, with gardens in the middle. There are 130 children altogether at the school and 43 boarders. The youngest kiddy is only two, and the eldest eighteen (older than I am!). There are, I think, thirteen mistresses, and they are all very young and jolly.

. . . We have breakfast at 8 o'clock and lessons begin at 8.30 and continue till 11.44, with a short break at 10.45. Lunch is at 12 o'clock. Each of us has to take a table of eight girls, and I was absolutely terrified at first because I *could* not speak and they *would* not, and the Head Mistress is very strong on conversation, which they make a great point of in France. However, we all get on well together now, and are, I am afraid, one of the noisiest tables! The

food is excellent, and really beautifully served. After lunch there is a break from 1 to 1.30, during which I am in charge. Lessons begin again at 1.30 and continue until 4.30, when we have tea.

. . . As you see, the children have very little time to themselves (we work all Saturday) and everything is of necessity organised and rather monotonous, and yet they do not seem to lose their individuality at all and are nearly all original and delightful company. All the same, I am glad now that I never went to a boarding school!

Every evening I take the whole of the boarders for prep., a thing which terrified me at first, but which I do not mind a bit now; and they are *very* good. At 6.45 I have to get them all down *in silence* to the "salle-à-manger," and we have supper at 7 o'clock. After a very short recreation we go to our rooms about 8.30. Practically all preparation and correction of lessons has to be done after that. If nothing else, I shall be used to hard work at the end of this year! but that doesn't hurt anyone, and I am really very happy here and like it better every day.

. . . I have three one-hour gym. lessons a week, and about 40 children for each. . . . I do not suppose you will believe that I stand up and give a gym. lesson to 40 girls in French without fear! I would not have believed that I could have changed so much in two months.





MISCELLANEOUS CONTRIBUTIONS.

A BROWNIE WENT WANDERING.

A brownie went a-wandering
 Beside a silver stream;
 He danced across the stepping-stones
 And saw the fishes gleam.
 He slipped upon a mossy stone
 And head-first he fell in;
 And all the little toads did laugh,
 But brownie did not grin.

The brownie went a-wandering,
 He never cared a jot;
 He came across a wicked witch,
 A-singing at her pot.
 Not long did little brownie stay,
 As he was quite afraid,
 But hastened, oh! so far away,
 Right to a silent glade.

G. CARPENTER, Lr. I.

HEIGH HO!

Oh, who is so fleecy, so fleecy, heigh-ho!
As the woolly young lambkin, heigh-ho, heigh-ho!

He frisks all day long
To the sparrow's gay song
With a hey and a heigh and a ho!

Oh, who is so frisky, so frisky, heigh ho!
As my little black puppy, heigh-ho, heigh-ho!

He hides in the grass
And barks when we pass
With a hey and a heigh and a ho!

Oh, who is so naughty, so naughty, heigh-ho!
As my naughty young brother, heigh-ho, heigh-ho!

He pulls at my hair,
Not seeming to care,
With a hey and a heigh and a ho!

P. BATEMAN, Lr. I.

A DAY IN MY LIFE.

TOLD BY PRINCE, AN ALSATIAN DOG.

I am an Alsatian dog and my name is "Prince." I live on the farm in Riverlea Village.

On the farm is a pond, and every morning after I have woken the animals up I have a bathe. I wake them up by pulling their tails in my mouth. They get very angry sometimes.

I enjoy myself very much, splashing about in the pond. After that I go upstairs and wake my mistress up. I jump on the bed and put my nose in the sheets. When my master wakes up he gets dressed and takes me for a walk round the fields. When we come to the hayfields I roll in the hay. It is a lovely, soft feeling. In the afternoon I run along by the side of my master's bicycle, it is great fun. I often see the rabbits peeping from their burrows in the earth and the squirrels peeping from the tree-tops. I must go back now to my kennel.

Good-bye.—Prince.

P. WEBB, Ib.

THE FEATHER.

I had a bird's gay feather,
 All red and blue and brown;
 And with a sprig of heather,
 I sewed it on my gown.

I had a dainty rosebud,
 I tied it in my hair;
 That, riding on my pony,
 All folks might spy it there.

I had a small, white kitten;
 An elf stole him away;
 But when he felt less naughty,
 He brought him back next day.

D. CLARK, Ia.

THE FORGET-ME-NOT.

My flowers are blue;
 In grassy places
 They softly raise
 Their tiny faces.

I'm rarely seen
 In garden plot,
 The pale, blue-pink
 Forget-me-not.

I hate the bustle
 Of the town,
 So full of smoke
 And chimneys brown.

I love the quiet
 Of country-life,
 So far away
 From noise and strife.

I'm hard to find,
 Though sought a lot;
 But, though I'm small,
 Forget me not.

LORNA ESSON, Ia.

THE NAUGHTIEST PIG AT "DOVECOT FARM."

Piggy-Wig was the most dear little naughty pig ever known.

I cannot think why he was so naughty, because he lived in the most pleasant place in all the world, a place where the sun shone, the birds sang, and where even the animals looked happy as they ate the grass in the meadows. The cock crowed every morning early, and awoke everyone except the little pig, who was a sound sleeper.

In spite of all this, he was naughty. He was tired of running round his sty all day doing nothing. Not that he wanted to do anything, but still he was tired, and he had a funny tingling feeling at the tip of his curly little tail, and was slightly empty inside. After all, he had had his breakfast over half-an-hour ago, which was a long time for a pig like Piggy-Wig.

So he strolled out of the door through a hole in the fence and out of the kitchen garden. Outside the kitchen door was a basket of fruit that the greengrocer had just left. He crept slowly up, and smelt.

"This smells good," he said to himself. He was looking at a banana. He then gave a grab and seized it.

He little knew that the kitchen girl was watching him, and had run to tell her master.

By this time Piggy-Wig had run off on his short, stumpy legs, and sat down at last in the middle of the carrots to enjoy his tasty morsel. As he was busily eating it, he did not notice the farmer coming round the corner of the garden fence. Piggy had now finished his banana, and was just going to run off, when the farmer caught him by the tail and gave him a hard smack on his fat sides.

.

Poor old Piggy-Wig, he limped back to his sty.

"I will never venture out again," he whimpered. So after that Piggy had to be content, even if he did feel tired or slightly empty inside.

D. JEANS, Ia.

THE FAIRIES' MARKET.

I watched them in the little glen,
The fairies with the goblin men;
As if they were a swarm of bees
They flitted round the baby trees.

The butcher sold them joints of mice,
And tasty chops at such low price;
I should not like to taste their meat—
I'm sure it is not nice to eat.

But sweets are quite a different thing,
They make you want to dance and sing;
The cakes have such a tempting look,
Just like those in a picture book.

I wish that I could go and buy
As they do; and have wings to fly,
Have gowns of gossamer and wings
As lovely as the fairy king's. H. VINE, Up. I

SNOW.

Snow on the house-tops,
Snow on the ground;
Snow falling softly,
With ne'er a sound.

Snow-fights are raging
'Twixt boys and girls;
Snowballs are glistening
Like silver pearls.

Jolly the snow-man,
With a top-hat,
Gloves and old shoes on,
Looking so fat.

Busy the sweepers,
Clearing away
Snow from the pathways,
Busy all day.

How the fire flickers;
Embers aglow!
While the heat from it
Melts all the snow.

H. VINE, Up. I.



Chief Os-ke-non-ton.



Chief Os-ke-non-ton.

CHIEF OSKENONTON.

To our School came Oskenonton,
Chieftain of the tribe of Mohawks,
Sang his war and love songs to us,
Sang them in the Mohawk language;
Showed us many a different head-dress,
Some with horns and some with feathers,
Brightly coloured eagle's feathers,
Dyed with yellow and with crimson;
Told us how, when young, his mother
Taught him how to make a head-dress,
How to trace the lion's footprints,
And the bison, and the wild-deer;
Showed us how to smoke the peace-pipe,
Showed us how he lit his fire;
Told us, too, of Hiawatha
(From the tribe of Oskenonton),
How he smote the bear and bison,
How he followed tracks of wild-deer.
Oskenonton also told us
How he made his cosy wigwam,
How he sailed his small canoe there:
So departed Oskenonton,
Whilst we clapped our hands so loudly,
Hoping he would come again soon,
Soon to tell us other stories.

D. WEICHARDT, Up. I.

A JUNE MORNING.

As I was a-walking
 One morning in June,
 A sweet little linnet
 Did sing me a tune.

A tree bent its branches
 To show me a nest,
 With several large eggs in it,
 Each like the rest.

And then from the nest, as
 Mine eyes turned away,
 I saw some sweet roses,
 So fresh and so gay.

I plucked a bright posy
 To stick in my hair;
 Then sang a sweet spring song,
 With never a care.

I laughed and I sang, dear,
 To liven my heart,
 When from all these wonders
 Once more I must part.

JEAN KNOTT, Up. I.

MORN AND EVE.

The sun is shining o'er the hills,
 The birds their songs begin to sing;
 The toadstools in the night have come
 Up in a ring.

The sun has sunk behind the hills,
 The birds their songs have ceased to sing;
 The owl and other night-birds are
 Upon the wing.

J. BENJAMIN, Up. I.

SPRING.

The daffodils are nodding
 Their golden heads once more;
 The tiny shoots are peeping
 Above the grassy floor.
 The hawthorn bush is blooming,
 The sky is bright and clear;
 The dew, like sparkling diamonds,
 Looks bright in harebells near.
 The stunted, old laburnum,
 By cottage door and thatch,
 Is bent with golden blossom
 That falls around the latch.
 The little birds are singing
 And warbling in the trees,
 And merry spring is smiling
 On the butterflies and bees.
 ELAINE HANVEY, IIa.

BELLS.

Oh! now I can hear,
 So near and so clear,
 The ringing of bells
 O'er the echoing fells.
 Oh! why do they ring?
 It's to welcome the spring;
 And as the sun sinks
 Behind the green links,
 The chiming of bells
 I can hear o'er the fells.
 MURIEL GROVES, IIa.

A VISIT TO GERMANY.

One year I spent a holiday in a little village called
 Winnigen, on the river Moselle, in Germany. The villagers
 were celebrating a wine festival there. All the girls were
 dressed in their regional costumes and they wore grapes in
 their hair.

One had to buy a badge before entering the village on
 this occasion. When this badge was bought, one walked

through an arch decorated with vine leaves. A little farther on was the village square. In the middle stood a fountain running with wine. On the payment of 20 pfennigs, a carton of wine from the fountain could be obtained.

A small village band played at the side of the square. Round the square was an imitation old Roman wall, made of painted wood. Guards dressed in mediæval costumes walked in and out of the archway in the middle of the wall. All the streets were decorated, and all the people sang and danced round the wine fountain from ten o'clock in the morning till midnight.

The square was beautifully illuminated at night. Across the river gigantic electric swastikas shone.

“O du herrliche Mosel,
Fels gegürtet, Wein umrankt
Sich' ich fand in deiner Nähe,
Was mein Herz verlangt.”

So sang hundreds of villagers and visitors. I shall always remember that song and that merry village.

SHEILA FLETCHER, IIa.

WEATHERS.

This is the weather the robins love,

And so do I;

When snowflakes come floating down from above,

And dead leaves fly;

And the wind is a-howling through the trees,

And the old people groan, and shiver, and freeze,

And the other ones cough, and splutter, and sneeze,

And the children play in the snow as they please,

And so do I;

This is the weather the swallows like,

And so do I;

When the fish in the ponds, the roach and pike,

No longer lie;

When the lofty blue sky is flecked with white,

And the sun shines down with a gleam so bright,

And the swallows return from their southward flight,

And the child is gay in the warm sunlight,

And so am I.

BARBARA BUTCHER, IIa.

WHAT THE MOON SAW.

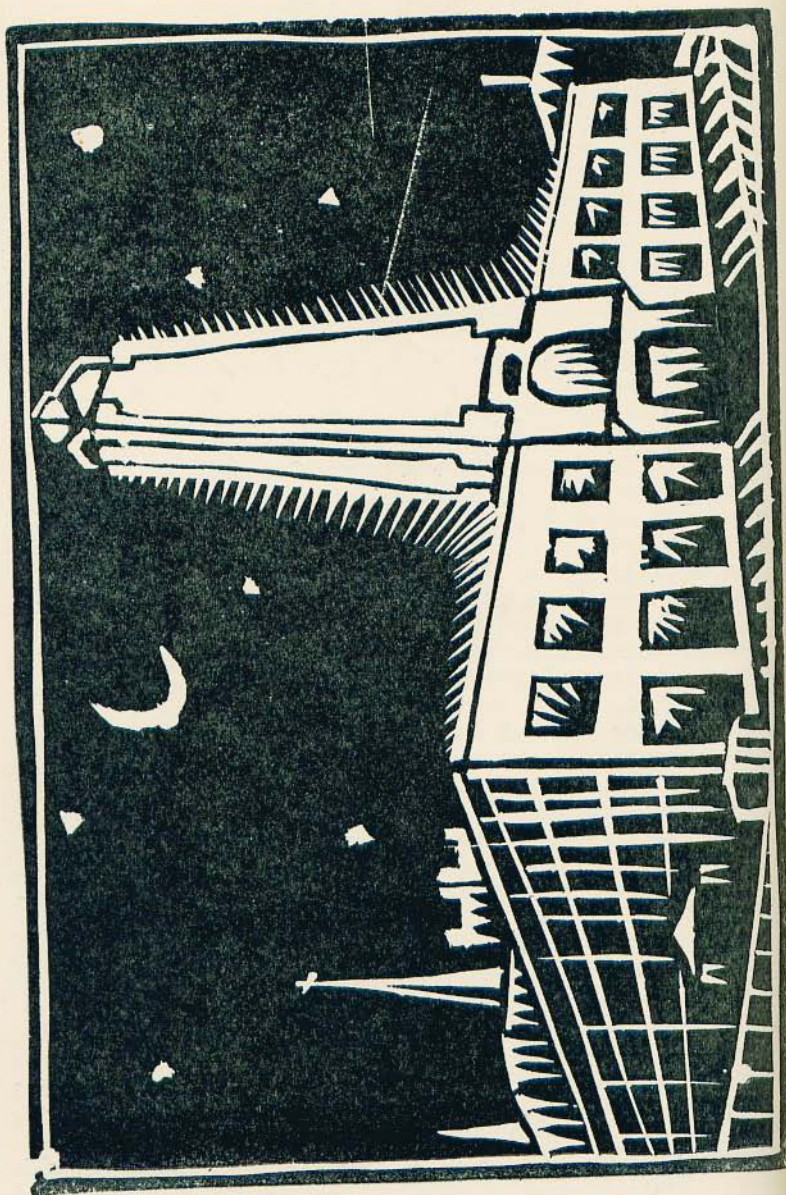
May 5th.—This evening I saw on the steps of Nelson's column three small children rubbing their eyes, vainly endeavouring to keep awake to listen to the music and to watch the people dancing. Over them was a brown blanket which their mother, who was dressed in a red, white and blue skirt and hat, had brought. One said, "I wonder if Princess Elizabeth will wave to me." Soon they fell asleep, with smiles on their faces. In the hand of one of the children was a Jubilee medal, which even in sleep was clutched tightly, and as I moved my beams along, I could not help thinking that something important was going to happen the following day.

May 6th.—As my bright rays fell on the streets of London to-night, I saw that my help was not required. Dazzling beams of light were directed on all the well-known buildings. I made my way to Trafalgar Square, where I always go, to have a talk with one of the lions. He, poor fellow, was well-nigh blinded by the beams of light that enveloped him. I left him to his fate, and wandered towards Piccadilly, hoping to catch a glimpse of the two little princesses asleep in their beds. However, to my surprise, they were awake, and talking volubly to each other. Little Elizabeth, her eyes starry with excitement, was jumping up and down in her bed. "... were so many people," I heard her say, till the entrance of her nurse interrupted the conversation, and I left the room hurriedly.

Later on I gazed down upon a wonderful scene; people were everywhere, laughing, happy, some dancing, some cheering, and some singing. In one street a dance was being held, and I peeped through the window. Presently, people passing in the street heard the band playing, so they began to dance. Then the lady of the house brought the band on to the balcony, and all her guests, ladies in evening dresses, and officers of high rank, danced with those in the street. Refreshments were brought out and shared with everybody. I thought how kind the lady was to share her pleasures with those she could not invite.

I left this happy scene to watch what was happening in a poor and dingy street. Here many lanterns had been hung from house to house across the street, and under them men and women and children were gaily dancing to the strains of a barrel-organ.

May 10th.—To-night I watched the people outside Buckingham Palace. There were so many that they could



Flood Lighting.

hardly move, but they did not care. Sometimes they sang, then they would cheer; the only things they could talk about were the Jubilee, and the King and Queen. The sentry outside the palace was very red in the face, and many people made jokes about him. Suddenly there was a great roar; hats, hands, and handkerchiefs were waved as their Majesties stood on the balcony. The Queen wore a gown with many jewels, and the King was in evening dress. When their Majesties had re-entered the palace, the people still stayed to cheer, and it was very late before some of them went home.

May 11th.—To-night I sent my beams through the window of a suburban house, the home of two small boys. Attired in their pyjamas, they sat on their beds and talked.

"I *did* enjoy those potato crisps, didn't you, Michael?" said one.

"Yes, Jim, but I liked the milk better, it was so cool after our walk through the hot streets."

"What interested you most to-day?"

"Why, the milk and chips, of course," answered the greedy little boy.

"I thought he was lovely; when I grow up I shall have a horse like that, and have potato crisps and milk for dinner, tea, and supper," replied Michael.

"I wish I was a soldier like the King!" exclaimed Jim.

"But the other day you wanted to be a pirate, and the day before that a bus conductor, and the day . . ."

"Ah! But I want to be a soldier now, and wear a fine uniform like His Majesty," persisted the little lad.

I beamed upon them and glided away, wondering if in time to come the wishes of these little boys would come true.

Up. II.

SHADOWS.

My candle throws great shadows on the dim and darkened wall,

Which form into fantastic shapes, like those down in the hall.
Then I pretend they're dragons, and they're going to eat me up,

So I'd better hurry into bed, before they have their sup.
I creep quite softly up the stairs, and round the corners peep.
And when the dragons bite me, I pretend I'm fast asleep,
For children when they're sleeping have only happy dreams
Of chocolates, and apples, and lovely icy creams.

MARGARET FITTON, Up. II.

BY CANDLELIGHT.

Flickering shadows on the wall,
 Ghostly, yet so real,
 And eerie tappings in the hall,
 Make me frightened feel.
 Sometimes I see by candlelight,
 A shrouded figure near,
 And hear in the stillness of the night,
 A sigh that makes me fear.
 My shaking hands I do unclasp,
 And dare to peep and see,
 But thin, cold air is all I grasp,
 And I laugh despairingly.

JEANNE SIMES, Up. II.

A SQUIRREL.

Squirrel, squirrel, bright and gay,
 Playing midst the leaves all day,
 Soon you'll have an occupation
 Gathering nuts for hibernation.
 You blithely jump from tree to tree,
 I wish you'd come and speak to me,
 And tell me how, when Winter's nigh,
 You fill your store-rooms very high.
 Perhaps you'll show me where you hide
 The food you need for Winter-tide;
 So that you I still may find
 When Summer-time is far behind.

IVY WHITEHEAD, Up. II.

THE VILLAGE STORES.

It was a quaint little shop, with its rows of bottles on the shelves and its bottle-glass windows.

I entered. Behind the counter stood the shopkeeper. She was typically the English countrywoman. Her jolly, fat face beamed a welcome as I passed through the doorway.

On the counter many painted clay vases were arranged; on the shelves behind, were large bottles containing rice, tapioca, sago, and other groceries; farther along the counter,

Miss Jane, a thin, miserable-looking girl, was selling long bars of a sticky substance to a group of grubby children.

I bought a vase and a postcard, and stood writing on the latter.

After a little while, a hawk-nosed woman, dressed in a brilliant pink frock, came into the shop. Miss Jane disappeared into the living-room behind the shop, muttering inaudible phrases.

"A tin of cream, if you please, Mrs. Jenkins. Oh no! Not *that*! The whipped cream—in a blue tin. Oh no!—*please* not that yellow tin. The last one I had smelt simply *dreadful*! B-r-r-r! What a cold morning it is! Yes—that's the one. And some ham. What! Three shillings a pound! Oh my! I'll take pressed beef. Oh, *how* fat that is. Oh well!—I'll have to take it. Good-morning."

Then a tiny tot toddled up to the counter. "Pease, I wants a nice torfee-apple, pease," she lisped. Mrs. Jenkins supplied the required sweet and led the little child to the door with several pats on the head and on the cheek.

Then a kindly-faced man came in, wearing a clerical collar.

"Fine morning, Mrs. Jenkins," he said briskly. "A packet of those biscuits, please. I'm just going to visit old Mr. Toby. His rheumatics are terrible now. Well, good-day."

Now I had posted my card in the tiny red box and was ready to depart.

"Good-day," I smiled.

"Good-day to you, dear," beamed back the good-natured Mrs. Jenkins.

As I left, I heard Jane come from the sitting-room whispering, "'As she gorn?" But I believe this remark was intended to apply to the stiff, hawk-nosed lady.

AUDREY ELVIN, IIIa.

A PEEP INTO THE FUTURE.

BY AN ORDINARY MAN OF 1935.

I was crossing the road on a warm day of May, 1935, when suddenly the world around me disappeared into blackness.

When I came to, I found myself in a strange room with two men standing beside me. The chair I was sitting on was very comfortable, but a strange new shape. Looking round I saw a calendar on the wall. "April 1st, 2035," I read, and looked in bewilderment at the men. One of them

explained that I had been killed in an accident in 1935, that my body had been secured from the grave, and now I had been brought back to life by some very clever doctors of 2035.

I attempted to get up, and found, to my horror, I only possessed one leg! The man explained that my leg had been amputated after the accident, as it was thought that I might then recover, but I didn't. I also learnt that my leg was being examined by a doctor at New York, and the man sent his companion to fetch it.

For ten minutes I tried to puzzle things out, and then, to my surprise, the man returned with my leg, and fixed it on with a few swift movements. Still very dazed, I walked to the window, then—what a shock I received! For this strange house was in the air! My host explained that nearly all the important buildings were in the air, and that this was the research hospital.

Then I was taken for a ride in a 'plane, and shown the ruins of important buildings of 1935. We landed on a long, grassy path, which I found was where Oxford Street had been! We walked round the countryside, and I saw something of this new life. Nearly everything was obtained from machines, and the people nearly all possessed 'planes, and some lived on them. Dress, too, had changed considerably, and children learnt their lessons from films.

But I could not help thinking of the life I was used to, then—crash! I had bumped into the wall—blackness once more descended upon me.

"Feeling better?" I looked up into the face of a doctor, who had spoken. "You've just recovered from the anæsthetic, you'll soon be all right." So I was back in 1935 again, and my visit into the future was only a trick of the anæsthetic!

DOROTHY HOBART, IIIa.

SNOW.

The ground is white, the snow is falling fast,
 The sun sinks in the west, a fiery orb
 Which sheds a rosy glow o'er the white pall
 Of snow which lies upon the sleeping earth.
 The old beech tree stands like a sentinel,
 To watch the garden through its winter sleep;
 'Tis bowed, and weighted down with sparkling snow
 Which hangs upon it like a fleecy cloud.

J. M. THOMSETT, IIIa.

THE WIND.

A homeless wanderer o'er the earth—
 A restless spirit, I,
 No rest have I known since my birth,
 Nor shall know, till I die.
 The golden sunset in the west
 Is veiled by fleecy cloud,
 Swept lightly onward by my breath
 To make Day's evening shroud.
 Then in the gloom I sigh so low,
 Awaiting break of morn,
 Refreshed, though sleepless, forth I go
 O'er mountain, wood and lawn.
 Sometimes in anger fierce I roar
 Death and destruction vent,
 O'er wave and forest, till the force
 Of my vast wrath is spent.
 The raging blizzard, trembling leaves
 On silent aspen tree;
 The boisterous gale and zephyr breeze
 Are all controlled by me.
 GLADYS REEVE, Up. III.

THE FISHERMEN.

Slowly the fishing smacks pulled into harbour,
 Their red sails lurid in the fire of the sun;
 Calm lay the water in one golden splendour,
 As home came the fishermen, all their work done.
 The silver cargo of the seas was taken;
 The setting sun leaned low across the sea,
 And in the evening now, their nets forsaken,
 The fishermen trudged homeward wearily.
 J. ANDERSON, Up. III.

THE FIREWORKS.

The town was crowded with holiday-makers and residents, filled with the merry spirit of carnival-time. Men, women and children wore fancy hats and showered confetti on the passers-by. Yachts, canoes, rowing boats and floats raced all the morning; the swimming and land sports were held in the afternoon. At last the evening shadows began to fall—a thrill of excitement seemed to pervade the town. Then, the crowds slowly made their way towards the pier and promenade.

Presently the fairy lights on the front disappeared, the pleasure boats drew nearer to the shore. Then, with a slight "whizz," the first rockets sailed into the dark sky, showing clearly in a sudden flash of light the esplanade, pier and sands thronged with the eager faces of the merrymakers. Rocket followed rocket; then there was a slight pause. The next minute, a gigantic catherine wheel twirled round and round, discharging rockets as it gradually diminished in size. The rockets burst and a shower of brilliant golden and rainbow-hued balls rained into space, to fall at last into the great expanse of calm, rippling sea.

Next, four blue flares illuminated the sky, slowly changing to pink, then yellow, next pink again, then blue, to die down at last, giving place to the firework acrobat. He swung over and under a horizontal bar, falling and rising again to drop eventually to the ground. Next rockets shot from one side of the enclosure to the other, igniting others until a dazzling spectacle was formed. Then sudden fountains of stars played in perfect formation, being followed by a most realistic waterfall. At last came the grand finale!

A battleship appeared on either side of the enclosure. They were engaged in war, firing rocket after rocket at each other with resounding bangs. Then the ship on the land side managed to defeat that by the sea; the vanquished boat fell without a sound. The conqueror slowly faded away.

There were a few minutes of silence and darkness, then the lights came on, revealing the contented faces of the spectators. The crowds slowly began to disperse; carnival day was over!

GWEN PARKINSON, Upper III.

JUBILEE NIGHT.

From nine o'clock onwards a crowd of dark figures began to collect round the beacon on Blythe Hill, my family and I among them. A cordon of Boy Scouts kept the people back; some were singing lustily, with hoarse young voices, the usual community songs. The waiting throng did not join in much, but waited quietly and patiently. The beacon was composed of sticks, faggots and combustible material, with ribs of stout stakes. They were letting off rockets at the Crystal Palace and choruses of "Ohs" and "Ahs" followed their ascent. Towards Blackheath there were myriads of tiny lights.

Suddenly, just before ten, silence was called for and the first simple strains of the National Anthem, sung by hundreds of voices, filled the dark, warm night. Three hearty cheers were given for His Majesty and then, with startling suddenness, two rockets were let off simultaneously, leaving a trail of red sparks behind them. A Scout applied the torch underneath, there was a loud hissing, crackling sound, a sheet of flame rocketed skywards and the beacon was alight!

Immediately the ring of dark figures, with here and there a face lighted up, surged backwards, for the heat was scorching. The beacon blazed away for a while and then burnt with a lambent yellow flame. We counted two other beacons in the distance, still burning like ours.

As we left, the beacon fringed with that inky circle of figures was still burning, the stakes alone untouched. There echoed in many hearts, I feel sure, that night, the loyal wish, "Long may he reign."

E. MARGETTS, Upper III.

STORM AND CALM.

The breakers roll and thunder up the beach
 And hurl themselves in fury on the cliffs,
 Crested with foam, and sending up a spray
 Of stones and surge and seaweed, caught and held
 Within their grip of iron. Far out to sea
 The swelling waves push forward to the shore.
 The angry clouds are swiftly blown along,
 Their places filled by darker ones than they,
 All Nature seems to be in sympathy.
 The hours have passed; the storm has ceased to vent
 Its fury on the shaken, flooded shore.
 The sky is pale; the sea is calm, but still
 It rolls in swollen heaps as though it might
 Renew its rage.

PEGGY COLESBY, Upper III.

A SUMMER'S DAY (AFTER WESTWARD HO !)

A little stream leapt lightly through a chasm,
 Beneath the shady, overarching vines.
 The grassy crag behind majestic rose
 Some twenty feet in height towards the sky.
 Below a thousand orchids, brilliant hued,
 Reflected in the water cool beneath,
 Made beautiful the silence of the pool.
 The air was laden with the scent of flowers,
 All drowsy with the murmur of the stream.
 And round about the hum of insects rose
 With gentle coo of doves: and songs of birds
 From near and far, came softly to the ear.
 High on the rock above, a lonely tree
 Swayed by the whispering breezes, leaning down
 Dropped luscious fruits upon the grass beneath.

P. THOMAS, Upper III.

THE LITTLE OLD MAN.

When I first met him, I was arrested by his striking smile. It seemed to welcome me, and was reflected in his deep blue eyes. He was old, and this, I suppose, accounted for the wrinkles on his weatherbeaten, yet still rosy face.

He wore a pointed red cap, which was perched saucily on one side of his white-haired, slightly tilted head. He wore bright blue trousers that fitted tightly to his slightly bent legs. His shoes, which were black, peeped from under his trousers to show that they were bright as though they were just new. He wore a red tie over his pale blue shirt, but it was almost covered by *his rough white beard*.

He was at the moment rolling up the sleeve from his right arm, for in his hand he held a ball as if he was going to bowl for his side in the annual village cricket match.

He looked a very lovable old chap when I first saw him, and still does, although his clothes are not so colourful, and his shoes lack the shine they first had. But then, he has been out in all weathers, for he is our little stone garden ornament in the shape of a little old man.

D. CLARK, IV Sc.



The Dead Gull.

SONNET ON A DEAD GULL.

He lies with wings outstretched, and body stiff,
 His once fine plumage matted with the sea;
 Alone he lies beneath the rising cliff;
 No more a climber of the heights to be.
 He oft had poised upon a galleon's stern,
 Or glided o'er the water with his wing,
 Many a time he'd seen the tide-wave turn,
 Or watched the rain clouds that the west winds bring.
 But now he lies outstretched upon the sand,
 Lulled by the sighing waters of the tide;
 Every small wave that saw him proud and grand
 Shall see him ne'er again. Gone is his pride.
 Whilst out beyond the waters of the bay,
 The ships unheeding pass upon their way.

J. REES, IV Arts.

ADVENTURE.

I am tired of the greyness of winter days
 And the bareness of the trees,
 So I'll go and seek for a stately ship
 And sail her over the seas.
 I'll hoist my sails with the morning star
 And sail for the Spanish Main,
 Over the glimmering ocean depths,
 'Neath a sky new-washed by the rain.
 Where set in the midst of the rolling waves
 A palm-fringed island lies;
 And the golden sand steps down to the sea,
 And the sea climbs up to the skies.
 I'll anchor her fast in a sapphire bay
 And row for the golden strand,
 And set my foot on the sunny shore
 Of an undiscovered land.
 I'll wander alone through the forest depths
 Of a new, enchanting land;
 And when the moon is high in the heavens
 I'll sleep on the silvered sand.

D. MITCHELL, IV Arts.

THE CLATTERING OF THE TEA THINGS.

"The clattering of the tea things." Have you ever thought of the different pictures these words suggest? I see a homely sitting-room. The gas is lit, the blinds drawn, and the family are at tea. There is Grandpa in an arm-chair over the fire, eating toasted muffins, balancing his cup and saucer on the arm of the chair. Mother is pouring out from a large, white, slightly cracked teapot. Grandma is sitting next to Baby Joan cutting up her bread. Mary and Jim, who have just come home from school, and who are "hungry as hunters," are just eating and eating, and looking neither to the right nor to the left. The cat is having his saucer of milk on the floor, and Joan has set all her dolls on the window sill. They are going to have their tea when Daddy comes home. Jim has something to ask Dad about taking him to a football match on Saturday. Mary wants his help with her algebra. Daddy is the subject of conversation. "He's come!" and with one accord the family rush to greet him.

I see a shady garden. Under one of the spreading pear trees is a little table furnished with dainty white china. There are two young girls in two basket chairs, who are dressed in cool muslins. One of the girls is pouring out the tea, and is handing the thin bread and butter to her friend. A little white dog is sitting beside the table. Soon he will get something to eat, but it is hard to watch one's mistress eating, and to know that one must wait till she is finished. The two friends are laughing. It is nice and shady; a breeze just rustles the branches of the pear tree. A juicy yellow pear drops right into one of the tea cups. Screams!

A church hall; a stuffy church hall, lit with gas jets; a confused hum of voices; the clattering of tea things; it is a chapel tea party. Tables are set round a room crowded with people, mostly women. There is an old woman who looks as if she has just stepped out of the Ark. Who wears crape-trimmed frocks nowadays? And that hat has at least a pint of cherries on the brim! I see a number of younger women sitting down holding their cups with their little fingers curled—a most annoying habit! How hot it is! Stifling!

Hark! I hear the clattering of my own tea things. Muffins, cream horns and . . . no more pictures of other people's tea times yet awhile!

MARGERY GREENFIELD, IVa.

THREE TRIOLETS.

HIKING.

Over the hill
 The hikers stray,
 Feeling quite ill
 Over the hill.
 They get a thrill
 In this queer way!
 Over the hill
 The hikers stray.

AT TENNIS.

Serving the ball
 Mary sat down.
 She had a fall,
 Serving the ball,
 And that's not all!
 She spoilt her gown,
 Serving the ball,
 As she sat down!

J. DORMER, IV Arts.

BOO BOO THE CHIMPANZEE.

Boo Boo the Chimpanzee
 Holding her baby daughter,
 Provided a chance for me,
 Boo Boo the Chimpanzee,
 To photograph Jubilee.
 Trusting to luck I caught her,
 Boo Boo the Chimpanzee
 Holding her baby daughter.

B. KENNEDY, IV Arts.

DIARIES.

Diaries are popular things these days. Everyone keeps, or tries to keep, a diary. Perhaps this is because diaries are so remarkably cheap. You can buy one at any stationer's shop for about sixpence. They are handsome little books, too: about three inches square, with navy blue or brown leather covers and gilt edges to the pages. Inside you have a calendar for the year and a space for your name and

address and telephone number. On the next page you have two more calendars, one for 1934 and one for 1936. Then you have a calendar for 1935 again, in which you find out what happens, or should happen, on each day. You can find out when there is a new moon, when the Christmas fire insurance ceases, when your dog licence is due, when the Law Sittings begin, and when St. Paul was converted, and many more interesting facts. When you have read through all this you come to another space in which to put your telephone number and name, and then you come to what you have been looking for for the last half hour. That is, a space for you to put down what you do each day. The page is divided into two parts, so that you have exactly one and a half inches in which to put down your adventures for one day. The diary makers have good-naturedly ruled lines for you about one centimetre apart, and have taken up three of those lines in telling you that it is New Year's Day, that the dog and annual motor licences are renewable, and that it is Bank Holiday in Scotland. But the rest of the space you have to do what you like with. At least a modern diary teaches people to be tidy!

I have been trying to keep a diary for the last five years. Each year, as I have stood at the front door to welcome in the New Year, I have made a solemn resolution to keep a diary. Such a diary it was to be: a model of neatness and interest, so that when my grandchildren and great-grandchildren read it, they would marvel at the tidiness of their wonderful grandmother. But, so far, I have not succeeded.

The other day I found the diary which I wrote when I was ten, and this is what I had written on the 1st of January: "I got up. It was raining. I went out shopping in the morning. I went out to tea in the afternoon. I went to bed, it was still raining." The next day I was not able to write anything as, owing to the limited space, my discourse on the first day had taken up all the space for the second as well. But I started out on the third day in the same bold style. "I got up. It was foggy. I went out shopping. I went to bed." On the fifteenth of January my diary stopped, for on that day I went back to school, and apparently had no more time to go out shopping.

Many people have succeeded in keeping a diary, and I think that I ought to be able to keep one for at least a year. I am trying to keep one this year, indeed, and so far I have succeeded.

J. FOWLER, Vb.

A VISIT TO "RICHARD II."

On Wednesday, October 31st, 26 happy girls congregated in the hall after dinner for an expedition to the Old Vic to see Shakespeare's "Richard II." Everyone was filled with an ever-increasing desire to see the play performed, as we had recently read it in class. At last we were off, and a coach was to convey us to the Old Vic. Who cared if it was raining hard? It could not dampen our ardour.

The play was thoroughly enjoyed by all. Maurice Evans, who played the part of King Richard, acted so splendidly that one forgave the King's vices and saw only his virtues. Bolingbroke made a marked contrast to Richard. He was a hard, blunt man, lacking Richard's oratory. All the costumes worn were both magnificent and appropriate.

At last all was over; Richard had made his last bow and retired; the heart-felt applause had at last died down, and we were bound for the coach and for home. We parted with but one thought in our minds, and went to bed that night to dream of Richard in all his glory.

We all felt very grateful to Miss Short for giving us the opportunity to go together and enjoy such a thoroughly appreciated play.

GRACE MARTIN, Vb.

EXTRACT FROM BROTHER JEROME'S SPEECH AT THE DEATH OF JOAN OF ARC.

I thank Thee, Lord, for yellow buttercups,
For fair, fresh daisies and for whispering trees,
For stars I know not, and for flames I know,
For dew upon the little cherry tree;
For the dear smile upon the Virgin's face,
Linking man's sins with immortality.
For that deep silence which is filled with words
When Christ speaks, and I listen, and am still;
For voiceless thoughts. . . . But, Father of my soul,
I thank Thee for this pearl which Thou hast cast
To light our way and shine, that we may see
All that we are not, all Thou wouldst have us be.

B. PIGOT, Up. V.

YOUTH AND AGE.

I used to think there could not be
More terrifying destiny
Than that of Age—the years to be.

I wept to see you lying there
All withered in your wicker-chair,
So old, and yet so unaware.

You snored—you slept—you drank—you ate,
I sighed, and thought "Such bitter fate
Is hard for me to contemplate."

Poor fool! These thoughts have left me sage,
For now I've turned another page
And find myself enjoying age.

MARGERY WHITE, Up. V.

DO YOU COLLECT BOOK-PLATES?

Collecting book-plates is an interesting, if unusual, hobby. I have thirty-five specimens and have only been collecting for a few months. Many collectors steam the plates out of the books and thus save space, but I prefer to keep the "entires." This method results in an original collection of books, displaying some beautiful examples of period binding and printing, typical end-papers, and engraved dedication-plates and portraits.

Book-plates may be studied from two points of view: as designs by various artists, engravers and printers, or as associations with notable people in volumes from their own libraries.

I divide my collection into two groups: "Old" (before 1800) and "Modern." Nearly all of the earlier ones are heraldic, and if one studies even the most elementary rules of heraldry, they become much more interesting. One finds that certain "differences" mean the arms in question are those of a first or other son up to the ninth; and one may speak learnedly in terms of blazoning, party per pale, and rampant regardant! A little Latin will make most of the mottoes intelligible. Some of the coats-of-arms are very fine, but many others terribly florid and elaborate. In striking contrast to these, I have a charming little modern book-plate showing only a spider's web. This belonged to E. H. Webb.

My most treasured book is an odd volume of "Memoires du regne de Louis XIV," containing Richard Brinsley Sheridan's book-plate; almost as precious is my oldest book, printed in 1636, which contains two book-plates, one of Balliol College, Oxford. This is a lovely example of seventeenth century printing and binding. I have S. E. B. Bouverie-Pusey's book-plate, in a devotional book, but no other "famous" person's.

A Victorian specimen, by H. Stacy Marks, R.A., is a large design of a Puritan reading. On another the reader is seated beneath a tree, the motto being from Chaucer: "Out of old Bookes cometh al this New Science." One is arranged like a stained-glass window, the Virgin and Child and four Saints playing on different musical instruments figuring among the branches of a tree.

My strangest design assembles such emblems as mourning faces, Egyptian female figures, scarabs, human embryos and symbolic staffs grouped round a skull, while below is the pessimistic motto: "Dum loquimur fugerit invida ætas."

Now that second-hand books are so cheap, collecting book-plates is not an expensive hobby; but if my method is adopted one soon requires a good-sized bookcase.

B. PALMER, VIC.

JINNY.

Jinny arrived as a little fury in a sack. She had been sent home by my brother from South Africa, and my mother had to collect her at the London Docks. At home it had not seemed a difficult task to handle a small monkey, but we had not reckoned for Jinny. She was still more than half wild, and it was soon discovered to be impossible to bring her only on a chain, through London, in a car. So someone found a large sack to put her in, and of course she thoroughly resented it. At last, however, she arrived home safely and soon became friendly.

She was a little, grey-haired, long-tailed monkey. Her soft brown eyes, in her white face, always had a very sorrowful expression. Her tail seemed to have no feeling in it, for if it got twined round her chain, she would disentangle it as if it did not belong to her.

We kept her on a long chain attached to a leather strap

round her waist. When the weather was fine the chain was hooked over a horizontal pole in the garden, so that she could go the length of the pole as well as the length of her chain. At nights she slept in a cupboard, in the door of which we cut some large holes for air, and she could always get out when she wanted. We lined the cupboard with canvas and spread a piece of blanket on the bottom. When it was at all cold at night, we gave her a hot-water bottle wrapped up in an old stocking, and she would cuddle up to it to keep warm.

Like all monkeys, Jinny loved breaking and pulling things to pieces. We bought her a so-called unbreakable dish for her food, but, of course, she soon disproved our belief by knocking it over and smashing it. She was a little terror with flowers, too. If you watched her you might think that she couldn't possibly reach that lovely pansy. But just wait until your back was turned, she would have it in a second, carefully pull it to pieces, and chew it slowly to see how it tasted. She had an extraordinary taste in some things. One day we found her quietly eating tubes of paint, which we had thought were out of her reach! She was covered with yellow paint, and everything round her was daubed with it. The paint, luckily, did not have any ill-effects on her.

She lived chiefly on fruit and green food. Her breakfast consisted usually of a dish of bread and milk and some fruit. She was specially fond of cherries and grapes. It seemed strange that whatever fruit you gave her, she would never eat the skin, although she always carefully extracted any pips or stones, had a good look at them, and crunched them up. She drank very little water, as she got a lot of moisture out of the fruit, and when a dish of water was put down for her, she would drink a little, then tip the rest out.

One day we gave her a handbag mirror to play with. Turning it over she caught sight of another monkey behind it. She put her face close up to the mirror and looked sideways into it. Yes, it was still there, so she kept feeling behind the mirror for it. At last she gave it up in disgust and proceeded to chew the leather backing off.

She was a very lovable little creature and very fond of children, but unfortunately she began to get spiteful after a time. We did not wish to send her to the Zoo, as she had been a pet at home; so in the end we had to have her destroyed.

MOLLY STEVENS, VIa.

BEETHOVEN (Moonlight Sonata).

The waves of moonlight fell upon the shore,
 On sea-waves hollowed deep.
 The slow swell of the light you saw
 And wove in sound; you caught the swell
 Of the long surge that rose and fell
 As the sea breathed in sleep.

You caught the little breeze that blew the spray,
 White, as the soft moon smiled.
 You caught the light, as clouds were chased away,
 You heard the whispers where the ripples play
 Round stones that they have piled.

And then you felt the passion of the moon,
 The tumult, and the pain.
 You wove the passion in tumultuous tune,
 Arpeggios, and harplike chords, you wrote—
 Alas, the ears were deaf the music smote—
 But when we hear the music that you wrote
 The moonlight lives again.

KATHLEEN WHITE, VIa.

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