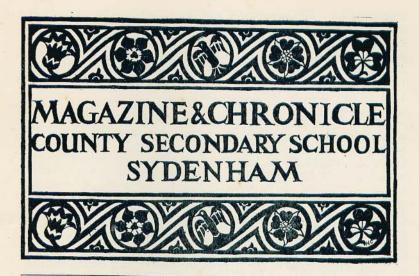
MAGAZINE& CHRONICLE



COUNTY SECONDARY
SCHOOL SYDENHAM



No. XVIII.

NOVEMBER, 1937

FOREWORD.

Every age regards itself as one of rapid change though history can distinguish great variations in the pace; so it may be that we are suffering from a common delusion when we think that the School is changing more rapidly than ever before. We have some grounds for the idea, however, for until lately the Staff formed the more permanent section of the School population; the average school life of a girl is under five years and we had a Staff of whom two-thirds had more than doubled that period and of whom one-third had passed it four, five, or even six times. Last year I recorded the retirement of four of these seniors among the six who left in July, 1936, and now I have to welcome the six successors.

Miss Hayes, Miss Gilbertson, Miss Green and Miss Lloyd replaced Miss Corbett, Miss MacArthur, Miss Trayler and Miss Frodsham, while Miss Belcher and Miss Groves succeeded Miss Buckle (Mrs. Housden) and Miss du Mont. I am happy to say they are all six still with us but two of them under new names, for Miss Gilbertson and Miss Green became Mrs. Sisson and Mrs. Willatts during the summer holidays of 1937. We wish them every happiness both at home and at school and with them their four con-

temporaries. We must add our good wishes to two other members of Staff who also married this summer and who retired from the Staff at the end of the school year. These are Miss Stanton and Miss Lambert, now Mrs. Pearce and Mrs. Minnis. They are not very far away and we hope to keep in touch with them and to see them at School as

visitors as often as they can come.

It remains to record the resignation of Miss Falconer whose work as Senior History Mistress since 1924 has lent a distinction to the School which we are all sorry to relinquish. Many of her pupils have won scholarships to Oxford, Cambridge or London University and many more, who have not had the opportunity to carry on their studies in this way, have taken with them into the world of business a vital memory of their history lessons and reading. Miss Falconer's new work as one of H.M. Inspectors of Secondary Schools will, we know, be an extension of the work she did here and we wish her every success and happiness in it.

Not many girls in the School remember Mr. Orme, whose death is recorded elsewhere in this issue. He was already Chairman of the governing body when I became Headmistress in January, 1919, and was re-elected annually until 1934. As will be seen he had then reached a considerable age and his energy and keenness were remarkable. He preferred to walk from his home at Upper Norwood to attend meetings at the School and his spare, upright figure was generally seen arriving well in advance of the hour. His death removes an old friend of the School in whom all who knew him found very much to esteem and admire.

The only improvement in the building this year is the provision of a changing-room next to the shower-baths. This was formerly a section of the junior cloak-room, which remains rather crowded as a result of the robbery; but the comfort and convenience of the new arrangement are unquestionable. A gas-heated drying cupboard for towels has been provided outside and this also is a welcome addition. What next? A separate gymnasium is the dream of many and who shall say it is impossible now that the country is becoming aware of the importance of physical fitness?

The subjects proposed for Magazine prints were school scenes and the seasons. Many interesting blocks were cut by girls in the Seconds and Thirds and the prints chosen are by Betty Wood and Joan Benjamin of III S., Etta Walker

of III M., Joyce Farrall and Gladys Carpenter of II S. and Eileen Roberts of II M. The work of six others calls for special commendation: Vera Dunn (III M.), Hilda Crawford (II S.), Elsie Crompton and Barbara Brotherton (II M.), Margaret Galbraith and Edna Hobbs (II J.).

We were once more fortunate to win two Modern Language scholarships this summer. P. Riddiford, who went to Germany in 1936, this year enjoyed equally a three months' residence in France and M. Clausen was the other fortunate traveller. Six other girls spent holidays of varying lengths in France, generally through the kind offices of Miss Lawrence or other members of the Staff, and we all hope that the practice will grow.

It remains to record our thanks and good wishes to the Prefects who left in July. The Head Girl, Pauline Hyde, we still have, and also A. Bartels and M. Holliday, but several of VIa have gone on to some further training—P. Riddiford to Bedford College, M. Clausen and D. Humphreys to Furzedown, A. Renn to an au pair post in France for a year before proceeding to the London School of Economics, N. Carlton and E. Jones to the City of London College. B. Hopewell is working in the biological laboratories at King's College while M. Lewis is laboratory assistant at Bromley County School for Girls. From VIb J. Francis, J. Bates, M. Batson and J. Fowler have gone to training colleges, and B. Jaggar, B. Parker and S. Tonkin have started training as nurses. To these and all our other leavers we offer the School's best wishes and a warm welcome when they return to visit us.

EDITORIAL.

Our eighteenth number is a crowded record where public and private affairs jostle one another for precious space. With the Coronation and the Crystal Palace fire to fill the imagination of our chroniclers, we might expect Prize Givings, School Plays and such annual events to pale into insignificance. However, as this is our own private Magazine, we must still give these first place. Though there were many fresh and entertaining items concerned with the Coronation in its various aspects — processions, floodlighting, Guide rallies, local celebrations, and so on—it was impossible to find room for them all. The familiar Crystal

Palace, too, that has appeared for years in every First Form drawing where a king's palace is required, inspired not a few elegies and laments on its passing. To those brought up in its shadow it must seem like losing an old friend.

The Chronicle is the prose section; this is one reason for the preponderance of poetry in the Miscellaneous section. The other, of course, is that by selecting more poetry we can include more contributors, verse of any merit being more concise and therefore shorter than prose. The verse on the whole was good. Both Seniors and Juniors have found joy in experimenting with it, to discover—

"What potent music lies

Pent up within its technicalities."

-a quotation, by the way, which applies as much to verse-

making as to pipe-playing!

Among the Seniors IV S. were most prolific. Their contributions alone would have almost filled a magazine, and I hope that, with so much talent and vigour, they will produce one of their very own. While the Seniors were occupied with public affairs, the Juniors were inspired by their pets, and we have been able to make their contributions on this subject into a separate section.

We must not conclude without thanking our helpers: Miss Turner, Miss Hayes, and the Magazine Committee. We must also thank Miss Whitehead and her Second and Third Forms, who have provided the illustrations this year.

H. D.

SCHOOL CALENDAR, 1936-7.

AUTUMN TERM, 1936.

Sept. 10. School re-opened.

, 12. Meeting of the School Council.

- 7, 13. Two Plays by Herr Brann's Puppets, shown in the School Hall.
 - , 16. Visit to the U.G.S. Settlement (V's and VI's).

,, 19. House Meetings.

, 26. Visit to the Victory House Puppets (VI's).

Nov. 2. Half-Term Holiday.

13. Meeting of the O.G.A.

16. Meeting of the School Council.

,, 19. Prize Giving. ,, 23. House Meetings.

,, 27. Peace Meeting at the Albert Hall (VI).

4 & 5. School Play, "Twelfth Night."

Guide Christmas Party.

Carol Party. 14. ,,

Junior School Party. 15. ,, Middle School Party. ,, Senior School Party. 17.

End of Term. 18.

SPRING TERM, 1937.

Jan. 12. School re-opened.

22-23. Old Girls' Opera, "The Minstrel." 28. Hockey Film, shown by Miss Anderson.

Feb. " Careers" Lecture at the Guildhall (V's and 4. VI's).

Gym. Display at the Albert Hall. 6. , ,

Half-Term Holiday. Science Lecture, "How Germs Attack Us." 16. , ,

P.T.A. Market. 19.

20. Visit of V's and VI's to the Old Vic to see " Hamlet."

22. House Meetings.

Mar. 1. Meeting of the School Council.

Meeting of the O.G.A. 5.

8. House Meetings.

,,

Lecture on "Czechoslovakia." 15.

Five House Parties.

21. Speech Festival at the Regent Street Polytechnic ,, (Lr. I and I M.).

24. a.m.—Hockey Match: Staff v. VI. p.m .- Inter-Form Hockey Match.

25. End of Term.

SUMMER TERM, 1937.

April 19. School re-opened.

May 10. Meeting of the School Council.

Distribution of Coronation Beakers, given by the 11. L.C.C., and a presentation book, "George VI," given by the Lewisham Borough Council.

. 12-18. Coronation and Whitsun Holiday.

12. Coronation Day. A party of eighty girls and four Mistresses saw the Coronation Procession from Victoria Embankment.

The whole School visited "The Capitol," at the 20. invitation of the Lewisham Borough Council, to see a Coronation Programme of Films.

Address by Dr. Willoughby, on The Stafford 25. Street Settlement.

June 5. Guide Rally at Wembley. June 16—28. General Schools Examination (V's). Higher Schools Examination (VIa). Tuly 1. Fourth and Fifth Forms went to see "Murder in the Cathedral," at the Old Vic. Meeting of the School Council. 5. Address by Mrs. Kimmins, of the Chailey Homes. Meeting of the O.G.A. 9. Meeting of the School Council. Babies' Party. 12. 19. 22. Gym. Display. Miss Ballard's Concert. 23. ,, Results of the General Schools Examination. Tennis Match, Staff v. School. 26.

29. End of Term.

PRIZE GIVING, NOVEMBER 19th, 1936. PROGRAMME.

Unison Song—
"Silver and Gold" Schubert

(THE SCHOOL.)

Two-Part Song—
"Sunshine in the Dell" Rathbone

(JUNIOR SCHOOL.)

Three-Part Song—
"The Gardener" Brahms

(SENIOR SCHOOL.)

HEAD MISTRESS'S REPORT.

DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES AND CERTIFICATES.

ADDRESS BY MRS. H. BROWN, J.P.

Unison Song—
"To Spring" ... Christopher Le Fleming

(CHOIR.)

Two-Part Songs—

(a) "Come, let us all a-maying go" ... Handel

(b) "Thanksgiving" Terry

(THE SCHOOL.)

Votes of Thanks, Proposed by the Chairman, Professor Frank Fletcher.

HEROES.

GOD SAVE THE KING.

MRS. BROWN'S ADDRESS.

This year it was a great pleasure for us to have Mrs. Brown, a J.P. and Alderman of Chester, to distribute our prizes at the School Prize Giving. We greatly appreciated her coming, especially as she was only on a visit to London, attending a conference.

Looking round the Hall, Mrs. Brown said she wondered how many of us had decided what career we wished to take up after leaving school. It is always a good thing to have a plan, even if you do not adhere to it. As an example of this, she told us the story of a little girl she once knew.

The girl was eight years old when she decided that she would like to keep a confectioner's shop when she grew up. It was to be situated on the Upper Thames and to have a rose garden and fountain. She pestered her father until at last he drew up a legal document which stated that her wish would be fulfilled if she was of the same mind at twenty-one. She changed her mind before she reached this age.

Talking about our future careers, Mrs. Brown said she hoped all girls who intended to stay at home after leaving school would take further courses in Domestic Science. These girls, whatever sort of work they did, would find they had a great deal of leisure. If they filled this time by visiting cinemas and theatres they would find themselves very bored later on. To prevent this she suggested that they should do more gym., games and walking. As a rule, every girl had her favourite subject at school. After leaving we might carry this further by going to Evening Classes. She also suggested reading as a pastime. Here public libraries are useful.

Mrs. Brown hoped that, if we married, we would not say, "What a waste of money," when anyone referred to our education. Women with a good education were more intelligent companions to their husbands, and also wiser and more sympathetic mothers.

To stress the necessity of education for girls, Mrs. Brown said she wanted more women with special knowledge on the local town councils. Married women could do the work, as it only takes two or three mornings and afternoons a week.

The applause which greeted the end of this speech showed that her audience wholly agreed with Mrs. Brown.

MARION PAINE, LILIAN PITCHER, V J.

PRIZE LIST, 1935-36.

Lower I. Evelyn Barnes. Jean Mills.

IJ. Kathleen Mortimer. Peggy Nourse. Elma Scrafton.

I M.
Beryl Andrews.
Eileen Roberts.
Brenda Ward.

IS. Edna Blencowe. Audrey Branch. Pauline Griffiths.

II J. Dorothy Clark.

II M.
Agnes Mason.
Gladys Reynolds.
Connie Spittle.
Doreen Talbot.
Helen Vine.
Pat Williams.

II S.
Florence Beattie,
Marjorie Bennett.
Olive Beveridge.
Grace Hughes.

III J.
Barbara Butcher.
Margaret Davies.
Joan Douglas.
Sybil Yeates.

III M.
Marion Coombs.
Joyce Fisher.
Marion Lupton.
Nancy Rhodes.

III S.
Doreen Cordery.
Joyce Davies.
Elsie Gosling.

IV J.
Irene Byron.
Esther Fairn.
Joan Girdler.
Joyce Wakeling.

IV G. Marjorie Oliver. Betty Puxty.

IV S.
Josephine Anderson.
Lois Brooker.
Evelyn Margetts.
Joan Tye.

Good Work.
Sylvia Baldock.
Gladys Colesby.

GENERAL SCHOOL. Avril Dell. Joan Fowler. Nancy Holman. Barbara Jaggar. Marie Maynard.

V A.

MATRICULATION.
Jasmine Bates.
Joan Dormer.
Connie Hathaway.
Margery Jackson.
Dorothy Michell.
Betty Parrott.
Irene Skellett.

GOOD WORK. Mabel Budd. Betty Garrod. Eleanor Smith.

GENERAL SCHOOL. Rose Ashley. Margaret Batson. Edith Broughton. Jean Cameron. Gladys Ellott. Betty Eversfield. Margery Greenfield. Joan Hayes. Eileen Jenkins. Beryl Kennedy. Minnie King. Hilda Morris. Olive Orsman. Lois Perry. Betty Reed. Margaret Simmons. Olive Speare. Sheila Tonkin. Betty Whiting.

MATRICULATION.
Joan Ashley.
Eileen Baxter.
Margaret Bayfield.
Betty Brown.
Mabel Burton.
Betty Charles.
Dorothy Clark.
Helen Davey.
Margaret Douglas.
Gladys Sparks.
Marjorie Wren.

Good Work. Winnie Brown. Enid Jervis. Joyce Symons.

GENERAL SCHOOL. Ethel Blencowe. Ray Condon. Margaret Dannenberg. Lovce Lewhurst.

Joyce Jewhurst. Enid Mackenzie. Marie Mann. Ivy Nunn. Betty Parker. Nina Silverson. Winnie Singer.

VI C.

LEAVING.
Jean Alexander.
Mago Clarke.
Joan Fellowes.
Margaret Gilchrist.
Hazel Harman.
Nancy Hawkins.
Pauline Howell.
Mary Johnson.
Nancy Joyce.
Myra Winder.

VI B.

GOOD WORK.

Marjorie Holliday.

Pauline Hyde.

Phyllis Riddiford

Leaving.
Doreen Dannenberg.
Joan Dunk.
Doris Gill.
Kathleen Howe.
Barbara Pigot.
Margery White.

VI A.

LEAVING.

Muriel Bagnall.

Barbara Miln.

Writing Prizes.
Lower I.
Joan Tinworth.

I M. Joan Ing.

IS'

Edna Blencowe.

II J. Margaret Wort.

II M. Pat Williams.

II S. Joan Littlewood.

General and Higher School Certificate.

Muriel Bagnall.

GENERAL SCHOOL CERTIFICATES.

Joan Ashley. Rose Ashley. Eileen Baxter. Ethel Blencowe. Edith Broughton. Mabel Budd. Mabel Burton. Dorothy Clark. Gladys Colesby. Doreen Dannenberg. Joan Dormer. Joan Dunk. Gladys Ellott. Joan Fellowes. Dorothy Francis. Margaret Gilchrist. Doris Gill,

Hazel Harman. Connie Hathaway. Nancy Hawkins. Gladys Heard. Margaret Hodge. Nancy Holman. Kathleen Howe. Pauline Howell. Joan Jacob. Mary Johnson. Nancy Joyce. Betty Lindsay. Enid Mackenzie. Mary McDonald. Marie Mann. Dorothy Michell. Barbara Miln.

Peggy Mortimer.
Ivy Nunn. Peggy Phillips. Barbara Pigot. Betty Reed. Marjorie Sandiford. Nina Silverson. Margaret Simmons. Iean Simpson. Winnie Singer. Eleanor Smith. Eileen Tattersall. Hilda Venning. Elsie Walker. Margery White. Moya Willmott. Myra Winder.

AT THE JUNIOR PARTY.

(II MIDDLE.)

Arriving.—I opened the cloakroom door and saw dozens of girls flitting about in fancy dress and in party frocks, long and short. One girl represented a jockey. She had a small hat jauntily perched on her head, a black and white spotted shirt and white trousers. Another girl was Queen Elizabeth. She had a white frock trimmed with gold. I also saw a pretty party dress; it was lemon coloured and had a sash and a round neck with a lace collar. From the cloakroom we went upstairs into the Hall. Pinned on the wall-bars were silhouettes of Prefects. On pieces of paper we wrote down whom we thought they represented. It was an amusing game and Miss Whitehead won the prize.

Jean Friend.

Games.—I enjoyed the Party very much, but I think the most exciting things were the games. The one called "Musical Mats" was very thrilling, and so was "Musical Arches." I also liked the competitions. I considered the competition where the Mistresses had to find all the things



THE MIDDLE SCHOOL PARTY.

B. Wood.

written on the board very funny. I managed not to have anything found on me. The prize (goldfish) was won by Miss Gilbertson. Throwing the ring over the milk bottle was very difficult. It was won by Geraldine Leigh-Brown. JOAN MERTTING.

The Plays .- " Make Believe " (VIc), " The First Christmas Tree" (IIS.). Many appreciative accounts of these were submitted, but they were rather too long to print. The

best was by E. Yates.

Conclusion.—At the end we all joined hands and sang "Auld Lang Syne," and I think we have to thank the Sixth for the very enjoyable time we had, especially Pauline Hyde, who organised it so well and carried it through.

IOAN TINWORTH.

"TWELFTH NIGHT."

In choosing a play the School this year decided to live up to its motto, "Aim High," with the result that "Twelfth Night" was produced.

Contrary to usual practice, the characters this year were largely drawn from members of the Middle School. Allowing for a little inevitable nervousness, however, their

performance was very praiseworthy.

Evelyn Margetts, as the Duke Orsino, shows much promise. Her voice and diction are good, and her actions natural. She conveyed the romantic love-sick Orsino well. Jean Cameron made a stately Olivia and was suitably cold

Pauline Ratcliffe's interpretation of Viola showed sympathy and a depth of feeling which held the audience, and Bervl Dibbs showed signs of considerable acting ability as

Sebastian.

Malvolio was very cleverly interpreted by Pat Wilson. She used her stick to great advantage, and sustained a lofty air, which helped her in her characterisation of the supercilious and conceited steward.

Gladys Sparks and Josephine Anderson in turn acted a boisterous Sir Toby, and Betty Eversfield and Peggy Dillon, as Fabian and Sir Andrew, were no less hilarious. Maria was saucily represented by Hester Green.

Sheila Kerwin was a delightfully mischievous Feste, and the quality of her voice was much appreciated, "O Mistress

Mine " being especially well sung.

The success of the play was to a very great extent due to the untiring work of Miss Short and Miss Gemmell in

rehearsal and in choosing costumes, in which branch of the work Miss Whitehead and Miss Higgs most ably helped them. The result well justified their hard work. We also thank Miss Whitehead and Miss Higgs, who, as usual, spent much time and trouble on the lovely scenery, and we must not forget Mr. Stribley and Mr. Horry, whose work is indispensable to all our School functions.

P. RIDDIFORD, VIa.

HOUSE REPORTS, 1936-7.

ST. ANDREW'S.

This has been qutie an auspicious year for St. Andrew's. We managed to win the Cup for Summer Games, but were unfortunate in losing all our netball matches, and, with them, the Cup for Winter Games. Eileen said she was quite pleased with the team's work, so let us derive courage from this remark and hope that St. Andrew's will once more hold the Winter Games Cup. With regard to the team races, we came second in the Junior and third in the Senior races. We did quite well at tennis, the first Junior couple coming second and the first and second Senior couples gaining first place. We also won three out of four cricket matches.

There are several people we have to thank for coaching and looking after our games. Firstly, Eileen Jenkins, who has worked hard in her capacity as Games Captain, and Betty Parker and Gladys Pallett, who have helped with cricket during the Summer Term. We must also thank Lucienne Jenn, who has been a very efficient Junior Games'

Captain.

We held our House Party in March, at which the Dramatic Section, led by Betty Parrott and Minnie King, acted "Archibald," which was much appreciated. Finally, we have to thank Miss Short for the help she has given the House as House Mistress.

BARBARA M. C. HOPEWELL.

ST. DAVID'S.

Unfortunately, we no longer have the Games Cup which we won last year, although Jean Cameron worked very hard with the various House teams. Our Junior netball team, ably captained by Eileen Tomkins, our Junior Games Captain, worked very well together and managed to win two and draw one of the four matches they played; no hockey matches were played, as the field was unfit. In

tennis the Junior couples did quite well, the second couple winning all their matches; the Senior couples were not so successful, and the cricket team managed to win only one match, although we enjoyed all the matches played.

The House felt the loss of its Games Captain very much when she left before the end of the Summer Term, but Hilda

Morris carried on gallantly in her place.

Our Dramatic Section was run by Joan Hayes in the Autumn Term and by Margery Jackson when Joan left. The Juniors, working with Joan, acted an amusing play at Christmas, and Margery produced "The Crimson Coconut" for the House Party in March, which everyone enjoyed.

During the year we have continued to support Sylvia Acreman, a little Welsh girl, and we sent her a large parcel

of clothes and toys at Christmas.

Miss Whitehead has been our House Mistress once more; I should like to thank her, as well as the other members of the Staff, for the support they have given us. The Prefects also thank the Staff for the tea they gave us in the Summer Term.

Lastly, but certainly not least, we are very sorry to say good-bye to Miss Falconer who has been with the House for many years; we shall miss her very much, and wish her the very best success in her new post.

EVELYN F. JONES.

ST. FRANCIS'.

"The time has come," the Walrus said,
"To talk of many things . . ."

—but we have not many things to talk about. We have not won any cups nor other honours, neither in summer nor winter games, and we were not able to distinguish ourselves by coming bottom in the Swimming Gala, as we did not have one. We did, however, come top in the team games at the Gym. Display, which was a true reward of labour, although unusual enough to be a pleasant surprise. This showed what we could do and as it is not so long ago since we got the Games Cup, St. Francis' need not despair in the world of games.

Socially, we have got on much better. The House Party, in March, was greatly enjoyed by everyone, and though we had no House play, the Prefects seemed to supply plenty of amusement in impromptu entertainment.

Many members of the House have been most generous in giving presents to our House Baby, who lives in Wales. When she was ill, early in this term, Lower I sent a really lovely parcel of toys on being told by Miss Chaplin that she was unwell.



HOUSE NOTICE BOARD.

J. Benjamin.

We are all very sorry to say good-bye to Miss Lambert, and we wish her all future happiness. I should like to thank Miss Chaplin, on behalf of the House, for the work she has done throughout the year. I, myself, am very sorry to say good-bye to St. Francis', though I am sure I leave the House in very capable hands.

ANN RENN.

ST. GEORGE'S.

As is usually the case, we lost our last year's House Captain, Doreen Dannenberg, and several of our Prefects last July. But, fortunately for us, our Games Captain, Joyce Francis, stayed on another year. We are all very grateful to her for her continued efforts with the teams, and although the results have not been brilliant, we have done quite well, especially in tennis.

Our House Baby, Doris Humphreys, who is now eleven, still seems very grateful for the little help we are able to give

her each month.

We had a happy time in April, at our House Party, and the play, "Shivering Shocks," produced by Joyce Francis, was a great success. We should like to thank Miss Hayes, whom we welcomed into the House this year in the place of Miss Corbett, very much for her help with the Dramatic Section.

We were very pleased to welcome Miss Butler into the House this year from St. Patrick's, and should like to thank her and the other Mistresses for their help and co-operation.

OLIVE ORSMAN.

ST. PATRICK'S.

This year has been a fairly successful one for St. Patrick's House. In the Spring Term we won the Games Cup for netball, and in the Summer Term we just failed to get the Games Cup for tennis, cricket, and team races. The House owes a great deal to Ray, and Helen (who became Games Captain half-way through the year), both of whom worked hard to earn success for St. Patrick's.

At Christmas the Prefects went carol singing for the third year in succession, to get a little extra money for the House Baby's Christmas present. They collected a substantial amount after an enjoyable evening. In the Autumn and Summer Terms the House Mistresses kindly invited the Prefects to tea parties, which were enjoyed very much.

At the House Party in the Spring Term, the Dramatic Section, ably led by Sheila Kerwin, acted Sir James Barrie's

unfinished play, "Shall we join the Ladies?".

At the end of the year it was decided to give up supporting a House Baby and to support instead a local

charity—the South-Eastern Hospital.

On behalf of the House I wish to thank Miss Drury and the other House Mistresses for the kind advice and help which they have given us this year, and I wish all success to the House and its new Head and Games Captain in the future.

NORA CARLTON.

THE SUMMER GAMES CUP.

House	Cricket	Sen. Tennis	Jr. Tennis	Team Races	Total
ST. ANDREW.	 15	8	3	1	27
ST. DAVID .	5	0	8	0	13
ST. FRANCIS	10	1	3	3	17
ST. GEORGE .	5	3	6	0	14
ST. PATRICK	15	4	0	5	24

RESULT-St. Andrew, 1st; St. Patrick, 2nd; St. Francis, 3rd.

THE WINTER GAMES CUP.

House			1	Netball
ST. ANDREW	 			0
ST. DAVID	 	****		10
ST. FRANCIS	 			10
ST. GEORGE	 			10
ST. PATRICK	 			20

We should like to thank Miss Preedy and Miss Belcher very much for all the help they have given in the House Games this year.

N. CARLTON, VIa.

HOCKEY, 1936-7.

We were all very disappointed in hockey last season. Owing to bad weather we had little practice and few matches. After getting on to the field for the first part of the Autumn Term it was not till the very end of the Spring Term that we got on again. We had no House matches, and the Inter-Form matches, though much enjoyed, did not show a high standard of play. In the last week of the Spring Term a match between the Staff and VIa provided both excitement and amusement, and was a happy conclusion to the hockey season at School.

The teams would like to thank Miss Preedy for all she

has done for them during the year, and for all the valuable

help that she has given them.

Teams 1936-37.—Ist XI: G. Sparks—G.; J. Francis—L.B.; B. Eversfield—R.B.; H. Morris—L.H.; H. Davey—C.H.; O. Speare—R.H.; A. Dell—L.W.; R. Condon—L.I.; E. Jenkins—C.F.; A. Renn—R.I.; G. Pallett—R.W. 2nd XI: A. Elvin—G.; D. Rowley—L.B.; O. Orsman—R.B.; B. Puxty—L.H.; M. Lewis—C.H.; B. Charles—R.H.; S. Tonkin—L.W.; B. Watts—L.I.; M. Dannenberg—C.F.; S. Andrews—R.I.; S. Barrett—R.W. Ann Renn.

JUNIOR NETBALL, 1936-7.

Our netball team this year consisted of the following girls: Shooter—Kathleen White; Attack—Pat Williams; C. Attack—Gladys Reynolds; Centre—Eileen Tomkins; C. Defence—Kathleen Broughton or Ena Baker; Defence—Jean Knott; G. Defence—Joan Goodall; Reserves—Kathleen

Branchett, Joan Tonge.

We were rather unfortunate in having two of our matches with St. Martin's scratched owing to bad weather. This left us with only two to play, both with James Allen's School. We regret to say that we lost both matches, although in each case by a narrow margin. Despite our defeat, the team was very keen and worked hard. We hope to do better next year.

M. D. BELCHER.

CRICKET, 1937.

This has not been a very good season for cricket. Out of the three matches played we won one, against Old Girls; but lost against the two schools which we played.

The bowling has improved, but batting has not been up to the usual standard. The fielding, in the majority of

cases, was not quick enough.

The team has consisted of rather young members, who are keen but inexperienced, and we are hoping great things

of them in the future.

CRICKET XI.—I. Hughes—deep; B. Jenkins—mid off; B. Puxty—sq. leg; G. Pallett—wicket keeper; B. Parker—slips; J. Bates—cover point; D. Hadden—mid on; M. Paine—bowler; C. Randall—point; B. Dibbs—long on; J. Short—long stop. G. PALLETT.

MATCHES.

7 4	Taman Allania				Away	Lost
June 1	James Allen's	 		***	Away	A STATE OF THE STA
12	Old Girls	 			Home	Won
July 16	Beckenham County	-	44		Away	Lost

TENNIS, 1937.

Although the tennis results were not very encouraging at the beginning of the season, our enthusiasm did not wane, and the last match of the year proved to be our first success. The results, however, are rather misleading, as most of the matches were very close.

One of the chief faults in the play this year has been lack of anticipation and failure to adjust our position, while none of the tennis six have learnt to move quickly enough. There have also been too many double faults in the serving.

We would like to thank Miss Preedy for giving up so much of her time to us, for extra coaching, and for all her encouragement.

O. ORSMAN.

TENNIS COUPLES.

Joyce Francis. Helen Davey. Eileen Jenkins. Olive Orsman. Hilda Morris.
Dorothy Rowley.

GUIDE NOTE-JULY, 1937.

At the beginning of the Autumn Term we welcomed Miss Belcher into the Company as Lieutenant, in the place of Miss Buckle, who left to get married. At the annual

District Swimming Gala we retained the Shield.

Several members of the Company attended an interesting lecture on "World Guiding," by Lady Baden-Powell, at Dulwich Baths. Meanwhile preparations were being made for the Christmas Party. Weird animals and figures were made out of nuts, sticks, etc., as gifts for the Staff, who enjoyed the lively games as much as the children. Santa Claus, who appeared after the Leaders' play, developed a suitable deep voice when distributing presents to the children.

We were unfortunate in losing our Company Leader, Betty Eversfield, in the Spring Term, who left to carry on the Guide tradition as a civil servant. The Senior Patrol read two lectures on "Nature" and "The Romance of London," which were well illustrated by interesting

epidiascope slides kindly lent by the L.P.T.B.

Then the news came of the Great Coronation Rally, to be held on June 5th, and industry flourished. Two sections, under the guidance of Miss Preedy and Miss Belcher, prepared "physical jerks" to music. Another section revived the spirit of "Olde England" in folk-dancing, and the remaining six perfected the art of erecting a bell-tent. Our united effort was camp-fire songs. These activities

were resumed in the Summer Term, and when the great day dawned bright and fair, we were given a rousing send-off from the "Woodman." Acting on orders from Headquarters, likely victims of locomotive nausea carried paper bags. The splendid organisation and appreciative audience amply satisfied our anticipations.

Towards the end of the term attempts at primitive cooking were found to be not altogether successful (eggs

poached in orange skins are decidedly unpalatable!).

We wish Miss Stanton, who is leaving to get married, a

very happy future.

audiences.

We wish to express our gratitude to our officers for their valuable help and work during the year.

J. K. FRANCIS.

THE LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY.

No definite plan was followed this year in the choice of plays, each Form being quite free to choose its own. On the whole, they were successful, especially V Senior, who read "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," and V Junior, who read "The Rose without a Thorn." Both of these were sympathetically rendered and were much enjoyed by large

The Society's interest in debates has not been so great this year. Two subjects, however, provoked strong feeling on either side, namely, "That Pacifism is not practicable," and "That Euthanasia should be legalised." The rest of the subjects did not produce good debates, and so we followed the example of Selhurst Grammar School, who, having found a similar difficulty with debates, have turned to discussion. We hoped that, not being tied down definitely to one side, people would give their views more freely. The first discussion, one on the Spanish War, did not bear this out. But, on another occasion, when a party from Sydenham went over to Selhurst to discuss the subject, "Whether the vision of Youth or the experience of Age should guide in public affairs," the discussion went extremely well, and views were freely given. We hope that, if next year discussion entirely supersedes debates,

members will offer their views as freely as in this one. We should like to thank Miss Hayes and Miss Seymour

for the help they have given us throughout the year.

PAULINE HYDE. ANN RENN. JOYCE FRANCIS.

JUNIOR LEAGUE OF NATIONS UNION.

The Junior League of Nations Union, with the help of Miss Chaplin, has had a very successful year. The first meeting was held in October, when the aims of the League were explained to the new Third Form members. We were very fortunate towards the end of last year, for Miss Turner gave us a very interesting talk on the Peace Congress at Brussels, which she herself had attended during the Much enthusiasm was aroused at the discussion meeting on "Whether the League of Nations is effective or not," and good speeches were made for both sides.

Other meetings were held to discuss the work of the International Labour Organisation, and the situation in

Spain.

In June a competition was held, and at this meeting girls made speeches on different aspects of League work. The prizewinners were Peggy Dillon, who spoke on "Armaments," and M. Bennett, whose subject was "Mandates." M. Knott, on "Opinion," was third. A poster competition is also being held this term, and we hope to have another meeting after the examinations. I. DAVIS.

SCIENCE CLUB.

President: Agnes Bartels, VIa. Secretary: Marjorie Holliday, VIa.

The meetings this year have been fairly well attended,

especially by members of the Fourth Forms.

A preliminary meeting was held at the beginning of the Autumn Term. During the previous year the impossibility of obtaining papers from members of the Club capable of interesting both the IV and VI Forms at once had been demonstrated again and again. It was decided, therefore, that there should be two branches of the Club, a Senior one for the V and VI Forms, and a Junior one to include the III and IV Forms. The two branches were to unite for the visit of an outside lecturer.

The following papers were read during the year:-AUTUMN TERM.

"Pioneers of Chemistry," by VIa and VIb.
"The Passing Pageant," by Mr. Clark.
"Evolution," by Miss Shuttleworth.

SPRING TERM.

"How germs attack us, and how hospitals are learning to defeat them," by a London Hospital doctor.

The outside lectures were found very interesting; each was illustrated by slides. Miss Shuttleworth's talk, given to

a large gathering, was much enjoyed.

Many members of the Club spent an interesting time during the winter weighing everything they ate for a week. The results were sent to King's College Hospital, where research on food is now being conducted. In the Summer Term those who had taken part were invited to look over the hospital.

Finally, we would like to take this opportunity to thank Miss Webb for all the trouble she has taken over arranging papers and securing the services of outside lecturers.

M. HOLLIDAY, VIa.

THE VISIT TO KING'S COLLEGE HOSPITAL.

During the Spring Term several members of the Upper School kept records of all that they are for a week to help an Old Girl, Elsie Widdowson, who is working with Dr. McCance in the bio-chemical department of King's College Hospital. The hospital provided us with balances on which we weighed our food. This we all found very interesting.

As Dr. McCance wished to make a blood test and to examine the teeth of all who sent him records, Miss Webb took a party to the hospital on July 19th. While there we were shown over the hospital, and many of us, especially the Science members of VIa, were particularly interested in their very modern X-ray apparatus; we also saw the hospital chapel, which was a very beautiful one.

We were taken over the hospital kitchens and saw their many expensive labour-saving machines, such as one which peeled 60 lb. of potatoes in two minutes. Then we were taken over the bio-chemical lab., where the blood tests were made, a drop of blood being taken from the lobe of the ear. In the lab. we saw some of the many animals, rats, mice and guinea-pigs, which are kept for diet experiments, and also some analytical experiments on the composition of different samples of food and blood. One of the things which intrigued us very much was a demonstration of glassblowing.

Finally, a very interesting afternoon was ended by our being invited to tea in the Board Room. We thank King's College Hospital very much for their kindness, and hope the School will support them as much as possible in the future.

EVELYN JONES, VIa.

THE P.T.A. MARKET.

It was on February 19th when we came to School at 7 o'clock; no, not to work, but to buy goods at the School market. There were several stalls all round the Hall, and VIa's flower stall in the centre. The fruit stall was in one corner of the Hall and on it were large Jaffa oranges and lovely apples, also lots of other delicious fruits. Here also were the sweets. Some were home-made sweets and others were bought. The decorated stall in the other corner at the far end of the Hall had on it dolls dressed up as tea-cosies or pyjama cases, embroidered table runners, coat-hangers, and many other useful articles.

The flower stall in the centre was covered with different coloured flowers at the beginning, but after a little while it was practically empty, and soon had sold out. This did not worry VIa, however, for they got some more flowers from

somewhere and sold these out also.

Different games were going on in different parts of the Hall and there were two or three bagatelle boards. There were also four different objects being raffled at a 1d. a ticket, these were a doll, a tablecloth and two cakes.

About half-way through the evening we were told that first-class refreshments were being served in the Dining Hall, and that when you had finished you might come in at

the door on the right of platform and be weighed.

The Hall cleared a little after this. During the evening, Miss Whitehead and some of the Seniors had been giving performances of pupper shows. There was 3d. charged for admission, and quite a lot of money was made from it, which all went towards the P.T.A. Thankoffering Fund.

In the Art Room an exhibition of work done during the year in all the Forms was being shown, including some very

exquisite Hungarian blouses.

The market gradually drew to a close. It was about 10 o'clock when some of the stalls began to lower the prices of their unsold goods. The raffled objects had been claimed when I reluctantly left the School, and especially the Hall, which I had seen that night so gay and colourful. How different from the Hall as I had seen it on the same morning, with a class standing smartly in rows doing gym.!

THE SCHOOL ORCHESTRA, 1936-7.

The beginning of the Autumn Term, 1936, found the Orchestra lacking in senior members, since most of these had left at the end of the year. We now consist mainly of Juniors and Middle School, and we would be grateful for new recruits, especially Juniors!
With the help of a few old members, the Orchestra

supplied the music for the School Play.

The fact that we are so few in number has not detracted in the least from our enjoyment, and we are very much indebted to Miss Ballard for all the valuable help and time she has given us. HELEN DAVEY, VIb.

MUSIC SOCIETY, 1937.

This year we started a Music Society. It was, in the beginning, an experiment. We were not sure of its success, when there were already so many well-founded activities in School. It has, however, been a most successful, though small, body. Miss Chaplin and Miss Hartnell most kindly took an interest in the Society from the beginning, planning the programme, which was to trace the development of the symphony. Owing to our inability to hold sufficient meetings in so busy a term, this course of study has not been completed. We have derived great enjoyment from the music, and Miss Chaplin's and Miss Hartnell's accompanying lectures on the composers and works that we have heard have been most helpful and interesting. The music which we have heard has been Haydn's Surprise Symphony, on gramophone records, Beethoven's Waldstein Sonata, played by Miss Hartnell, Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, Mozart's Quartet for Strings in B flat, and Schubert's Unfinished Symphony, all on gramophone records.

We should like to thank Miss Chaplin and Miss Hartnell for taking so much trouble over our meetings, and Miss Short for her kindness in lending records and helping us in our earlier struggles. We are all deeply indebted to Miss Turner for her generosity in buying records for us, from which we have derived so much enjoyment, and also for supporting

us in our new venture.

We hope that the future Sixth Form will appreciate the spade work that has been done and avail themselves of the opportunities which the Music Club has to offer. ANN RENN. VIa.



THE CAROL PARTY.

The Carol Party this year was held on December 14th. The interest in the carols given by each form was heightened by the many able soloists who had been discovered. The School Choir sang unaccompanied a five-part arrangement of "In Dulci Jubilo." A "surprise item" in the shape of an old French carol, "Petit Noel," given by members of the Sixth Form, was enjoyed by all. The two junior choirs, conducted by Margaret Back and Jasmine Bates, although small in numbers, sang "St. Joseph meek and mild" and the "Holy Well Carol." Further interest was supplied by the junior choir, conducted by Miss Hartnell.

Our sincere thanks are due to Miss Hartnell for the interesting way in which she trained the School and the

choirs.

The proceeds of the Carol Party were given to the Greater London Fund for the Blind. J. BATES, VIb.

COLLECTIONS, 1936-37.

RECEIPTS.		1	s.	d.	EXPENDITURE.	f	S.	d.
Balance in hand				31	Queen's Hospital			
Hospital Collections				8	Heritage Craft Schools			
					Form Babies	3	17	9
					Special Grants			
Sundries			11		(Clothes, etc.)	2	2	113
Special Collections-	-				U.G.S		3	1112
Carol Concert		3	5	0	Special Collections—			
Egg Collection		3	15	0	Greater London Fund for			
Nursery School		1	10	0	the Blind	3	5	0
Basque Children		9	11	6	Eggs to St. John's Hospital	3	15	0
Gym Display		3000	0	0	Nursery School			
-3					Basque Refugee Children	9	11	6
					Children's Country			
					Holidays Fund	6	0	0
						96	1	61
					Balance in hand	4		5
	£	100	18	111	£	100	18	111
	-	1	1000	-	-		100	

NOTES FROM A FEW OF THE FORMS.

LOWER I.

The very first term of the School year we were only twelve in number, but the next term we were fifteen, and

now we have grown to twenty-eight.

We are almost the only Form in the School which has a music lesson. Miss Chaplin, our Form Mistress, takes us for this, and we have it every Wednesday at the end of the morning. The girls who have been here for two terms or more are making musical pipes, which are made of bamboo sticks and corks, which are fitted in at the top of the pipe. It is very exciting trying to get your first note.

In the first term of the year Miss Chaplin took about ten of us to a concert at Beckenham. There was some very

beautiful music played, and we enjoyed it very much.

In the second term we went to a poetry competition, Miss Drury, our Poetry Mistress, took us. We went in a charabanc with I Middle. We had to say two pieces of poetry, one of which was called the "Ride-by-Nights" and the other "Cherry Stones." It was very exciting.

This term we go to swimming once a week, on Monday. We are all trying to get our cross, which shows that we

can swim.

I think you must admit that we have had a very exciting year, and now we must end our story of Lower I.

IV JUNIOR.

I am the Ghost of IV Junior Past. What do I see? Alas and alack, no trophies adorn their walls, and I see no Tidiness Bowl gracing the table. I see them now, fighting in a game of hockey—eleven gallant maidens—but hark, I hear the umpire's whistle, and they are beaten. Now I see a sad sight. I behold two small gardens. True, they contain some flowers, but I can see many more weeds crying out to be extracted.

I am the Ghost of IV Junior Present. I see a hardworking Form, awaiting in terror their fate—in the form of examination marks. But their fingers are well employed, as, under the guidance of their able Form Mistress, they make

a large and warm blanket for their Form-Baby.

I am the Ghost of IV Junior Future. What do I see? Ah, they have a glorious future before them. I see them passing up the School—but now is the moment—for I see them as they will be—celebrities!

IV MIDDLE.

The third term's drawing to a close,
Our fourth year's nearly gone,
Distinctions gained were very few,
And trophies only one.
A trophy gained by gardeners,
Who decorate the room
With the flowers from the garden
And schoolgirls from the home.
We thank Miss Butler for her help,
And inspiration, too.

Then, knocking on the Fifth Form's door, All waiting in a queue, Four Middle says good-bye to all, Till holidays are through.

IV SENIOR.

In School to-day! In School to-day! Halt!!

Ladies and gentlemen, to-day we bring to a halt the noise and bustle of school-life to bring to the microphone several interesting people who are "In School to-day."

To-day we have, at great expense, secured the services of several prominent members of that illustrious Form, IV Senior, to tell you some of their interesting experiences.

Ladies and gentlemen, allow me to present the Form

Prefects, Miss Joyce Ward and Miss H. Green.

"Good morning, friends! Please pardon our worried frowns and puckered brows, but we have had a very noisy Form this year. We still look forward with joy to that distant day when the tinkle of our bell is received with heavenly silence. Good-day, everybody, good-day."

Thank you, Miss Ward. I am sure that we all appreciate

Thank you, Miss Ward. I am sure that we all appreciate your difficulties, and the excellent way in which you have

tackled your unenvied task.

And now I perceive approaching two very downcast and sad girls with eyes continually gazing at the ground, who now and then stop to pick up pieces of paper, and who lift up their eyes and gaze at me in horror. Alas! my desk is untidy.

Ladies and gentlemen, allow me to present the two Tidy

Monitresses.

"Alas! two unhappy people are we. We strive in vain

to attain our goal, that precious Tidy Bowl.

"We are late for dinner, late down to the cloakroom, because we stay to tidy up the Form-room. We plead, in vain sometimes, for flowers for the Form-room, and then every week we listen in pained silence when we hear our names read out on the 'Lost Property List.' Good-day, friends, perhaps one day we shall succeed."

"Thank you, always remember, 'If at first you don't

succeed, try, try again '.

And now, ladies and gentlemen, allow me to present the

Form gardeners.

"At the end of last year we gained a trophy—which even now hangs on the wall. This year, being very original, we decided to have a 'Coronation bed,' with red and white tulips and blue forget-me-nots. Unfortunately, the red was retarded; this, however, did not damp our spirits, and we proudly broadcast the fact that we had a blue and white

bed for Scotland, to show our vicarious patriotism. Good-day, everyone."

And now, ladies and gentlemen, we bring to a close

our "In School To-day." Carry on, School.

V GENERAL.

This year V General welcomed a newcomer to the Staff as their Form Mistress, although Miss Green had been to the School before to teach Geography in the absence of Miss Trayler. At the beginning of the year we numbered twentythree, but now we are only sixteen; fifteen of whom have to face the prospect of General Schools. This term we are privileged to do our prep. in the grounds, which is very delightful, and we also possess a Form-room with french windows leading into the Quad. We are really a mixture of last year's Fourths and Fifths, this fact giving us an advantage, for last year's IV General brought the Gym. Trophy with them, while last year's V General brought the bowl for tidiness, which we have kept for this year. We also won the Gardening Trophy at the beginning of the year, which we have managed to keep. The Gym. Trophy we still own, as there has been no Gym. Competition this vear.

Here's luck and success to all taking General Schools, and may V General be as successful in the results as she

was in gaining trophies!

V SENIOR.

Oh, Fifth Form Senior, dost thou lie so low? Are all thy strivings, efforts, labours, toils, Shrunk to this little measure? Oh, 'tis true: You strove, we do not doubt, because you were Ambitious to achieve the utmost round. But as you failed, we weep for labour lost. For Fate did not decree that tidiness, Whose inspiration guides the neat and trim, Should make his dwelling-place among your desks, Nor did it please the gods to make you light And swift of foot, that you might win great fame And glory, both on playing fields and gym., Nor was it given you to weed and dig, To plant and sow, save for some six or eight, And now thy day is gone—it is too late. Slowly a dismal shadow falls on thee. A canopy most fatal, under which Thy members lie, prepared to sink or swim. That shadow has one oft-repeated name, Written in words of fire—'tis General Schools

THE CORONATION PROCESSION.

A party of eighty girls went from our School to see the Coronation procession. We travelled by a crowded special train from Upper Sydenham to Blackfriars. Some of us had coloured ribbons in our button-holes, and Miss Preedy sported a brilliantly patriotic scarf. After quite a long tramp along the Embankment, we were shown our places on the pavement just by Charing Cross Bridge. We were very lucky to have such good positions. Many people who had paid a lot for their seats were not so well-off as we. There was room enough for us all to sit down, and soon after we were settled we were each provided with a packet of Smith's crisps (in Coronation bags), and a red, white and blue carton of milk.

Then followed a long wait, during which we talked excitedly, ate our sandwiches and drank water out of army bottles. Unfortunately we could only hear the louder singing of the Abbey service, which was relayed to us. This was partly owing to the general movement. We were also entertained by the "antics" of the "Terriers" posted along the road.

We were all sitting down when suddenly, and quite unexpectedly, someone yelled, "It's coming!" and we all sprang up, to see the first part of the procession. There were contingents of soldiers from all parts of the Empire, the white officers looking very serious, but the dusky faces beaming. The Horse Artillery, who followed, with rattling guns and shining horses, the Royal Marines, in their white sun-helmets, the Canadian "Mounties," looking very fine in their red coats, and the Scots, with their swinging kilts and swirling pipes, called forth an enthusiastic cheer.

After a long pause there was a carriage procession of Colonial representatives and Prime Ministers. Each carriage had an escort of four. The Indian representative was escorted by a Bengal Lancer, the Australian minister by an escort of "Aussies," the Canadian by "Mounties." Baldwin was escorted by Metropolitan Mounted Police.

Then came the Royal Family: Prince Arthur of Connaught and his Princess, the Duchesses of Gloucester and Kent (both looking very lovely), accompanied by the Hon. Gerald Lascelles in red page's attire, and the Princess Royal with her elder son. Queen Mary followed with the two little Princesses. The Queen Mother looked very stately, and bowed her head slightly. Princess Elizabeth, who may one day be crowned herself, looked towards us, but her sister

only turned our way as the landau went away from us.

Everyone cheered loudly.

Then a gaily-coloured parade of Aides de Camp, Field Marshals, Sea Lords and orderly officers passed, and then the King's escort, the King's Bodyguard of Yeomen, and the King's suite. Out came the coloured handkerchiefs and balloons as the high, gilded coach rolled by with the newly-crowned sovereigns. I could not see Their Majesties, but I waved my Union Jack just the same and cheered. The coach, drawn by eight Windsor Greys, passed quickly, followed by the King's personal Aides de Camp, the Dukes of Gloucester and Kent (the former in the uniform of the Hussars, and the latter in Naval uniform), and the Earls of Harewood and Athlone. The procession ended with equerries, royal grooms, and two divisions of the Sovereign's escort.

The drizzle, which had started just as the Royal Coach was approaching, suddenly turned into a fierce torrent. Sections of the Territorials hurried by, and some members of the St. John Ambulance Brigade broke into a run, cheered

by the children, their spirits undamped.

We walked to Blackfriars, rain running down our backs. We had to wait for a while in a park. Some of us, being thirsty, bought ice creams, and sucked them, considerably diluted by rain water, as we watched our beautiful red, white and blue banner slowly turn a pinky-mauve where the colours were running. At Blackfriars we had to wait a little while for our train, but at last reached Sydenham, wet and cold. Nevertheless, we had enjoyed a great privilege, and are very grateful for all the care and organisation which made what might have been a confused riot so simple and orderly.

A. L. ELVIN, V Junior.

CORONATION HUMOUR.

On Coronation morning, at 4 a.m., we were walking along Regent Street when we saw a funny sight. A man was peacefully slumbering near a lamp-post. Tied to the lamp-post was an alarm clock. This man certainly did not mean to miss the Coronation!

Another man in Regent Street had a good idea. He took a tea-pot, some cups and a primus stove with him. He filled his kettle at a water hydrant. Then he made some pots of tea and sold the tea at 2d. per cup to the sleepy

people. The people found it very refreshing and the man

made a profit.

HILL BER HE TO

Some people in the stands in St. James's Street were amusing themselves by tempting the people below waiting on the pavement by lowering a bottle of refreshment on a length of string. The people below made several unsuccessful attempts to catch it. At last they caught it, then a cheer went up.

A dust cart made its way up St. James's Street with a dustman perched on the top of the cart. When he approached the people they raised a hearty cheer and the dustman gracefully swept off his hat and acknowledged the cheers.

NORMA KIDMAN, II Senior.

THE FLOODLIGHTING.

On Saturday night, May 15th, my father and I went up to see the floodlighting. We went by train to Piccadilly Circus and there saw the people being directed by a policeman perched on the statue of Eros and crying, "Don't keep still, please; just keep going round and round." We went to Regent Street and walked round, admiring the decorations. We turned into Oxford Street and saw huge crowds, all intent on seeing Selfridges. The splendour of the shops made me gasp with surprise. On the roof, just above a glittering crown, was the figure of the "Angel of Peace."

The flags of the Empire were flying at regular intervals along the roof, and in the centre was a group representing

the "Empire's homage to the throne."

After we had seen this we went to Hyde Park. We strolled along the park and watched the lights twinkle through the trees. As we passed Hamilton Palace we saw the seats we had sat on to watch the Coronation procession on Wednesday and we thought again of that wonderful spectacle.

Then we went to Buckingham Palace, there was not a shadow on it, and it looked a fitting home for the kings of

England.

The tall tulips in the grounds of St. James's Park were illuminated with floodlights and looked like flowers from Fairyland. But we decided the Horse Guards were the prettiest of all, looking very effective with pale blue lights.

But all good things come to an end, and at last we turned homewards, carrying with us vivid impressions of floodlit London.

B. BROTHERTON, II Middle.

CRYSTAL PALACE.

I stood upon a crowded hill last night, Among the people standing tense and still. Who watched a tragedy, the worst for years, And who felt each the sadness and the loss Of Crystal Palace, burning to its doom. A hazy glow was all that we could see, Until a breath of wind blew back the smoke; Then to our eager gaze was shown a sight That tore our hearts for very shame and grief, To see the flames remorselessly surround The landmark 'neath whose shadow we had grown. And when we knew that hope would be no good, We turned our saddened eyes from off the scene, And went back home, where, later on that night, The B.B.C. gave out those fatal words, "The Palace is no more," and we were sad. And thought upon those times when at that place Great shows were held and people went to see The birds and fish and statues, known so well; When children went to see the marvellous grounds, And laughter echoed in the towering halls. But now the Crystal Palace stands no more, Except for both its towers, which loom up there As if to keep in mind that building which Once stood so grand, but now in ruin lies. MARION WALKER, IV Middle.

THE MANOR MOUNT AND SYDENHAM OLD GIRLS' ASSOCIATION.

The Old Girls' Association continues to hold three

meetings each year.

The last November meeting was perhaps one of the most successful we have had recently. The retirement of Miss Corbett, Miss Trayler and Miss MacArthur, and the consequent hope of seeing them at the meeting, caused many "old" Old Girls, whom we had hardly hoped to see again, to put in an appearance. We should like to see these present at many more meetings. Indeed, were it not for the fact that each retirement means one less friend should we return to School on any ordinary day, and that the present scholars must be considered before our needs, we should venture to

suggest that a sprinkling of retirements over the next years would be an invaluable bait for attracting these rarer

members back to our meetings!

Though we spent a pleasant evening in March dancing and talking, we were sorry that Miss Turner was not able to attend. We look forward to seeing her at the summer meeting in a few days' time.

We hope many old and new members will come and

help swell our numbers at the next November meeting.

E. F. L.

OLD GIRLS' NETBALL CLUB.

The results of the season's play look distinctly disappointing, and it is to be feared that these results tell a true story. The usual difficulty of an insufficiency of members has been augmented by the weather, which seemed to reserve all its unkind moods for Saturday afternoons. Week after week, League matches had to be postponed, which meant that many friendly matches had to be cancelled in order to fit in these important ones, and so the whole fixture list became disorganised. One cannot hope to change the English weather, but one can make yet another plea for more members, and also hope that next season will be more successful in every way.

M. E. CURTIS.

Please note that the above Club has a new Secretary. All communications to be addressed to:—

Miss N. Cooper, 53, Kirkdale,

Sydenham, S.E.26.

RESULTS OF MATCHES, 1936-37.

Date	Fixture					Result, Goals	
1936 Sept. 26 Away	Old Burlingtonia	ns	i	League	2nd Team	Lost 10-31	
Oct. 3 Home	Practice						
Oct. 10	Old Greys			League	1st Team	Won 16-5	
Away	St. Saviour's			League	2nd Team	Drew 12-12	
Oct. 17	Peckham			Friendly	1st Team	Drew 15-15	
Home					2nd Team	Lost 15-17	
Oct. 24	Streatham		2 000	League	1st Team	Lost 8-23	
Away	.,			Friendly	2nd Team	Lost 12-25	
Oct. 31	Match postponed						
Nov. 7	Tiffin		• •	League	1st Team	Lost 14-21	
Home							



SUMMER.

G. Carpenter.

RESULTS OF MATCHES, 1936-37-continued.

	KESULIS OI	141	110	1110, 100	0.01	· ····································
Date	Fixture					Result, Goals
Nov. 21	Carlyle	• :		League	2nd Team	Lost 13-14
Away				155		
Dec. 5	Furzedown			League	1st Team	Lost 6-23
Away					2nd Team	Lost by default
						atch Lost 8-18
Dec. 12	Plumstead	4.4		Friendly	1st Team	Lost 5-17
Home					50.1	2 22 22
Dec. 19	Old Burlingtonian	ıs	* *	League	2nd Team	Lost 10-16
Home						
1937				2	2 / / / / / / / / / / / / / / / / / / /	
Jan. 2	James Allen			League	1st Team	Lost 10-22
Home					2nd Team	Lost by default
	Total and					atch Won 17-11
Jan. 9	Old Greys			League	1st Team	Won 16-10
Home	St. Saviours			League	2nd Team	Won by default
programs solves	1986 - 11 - 11 - 11 - 12 - 12 - 12 - 12 - 1			-		atch Won 20-10
Jan. 16	Plumstead			Friendly	2nd Team	Lost 11-25
Away						
Jan. 23	Match postponed					
Jan. 30	Match postponed			120 To 100 TO 10	* *	T 10.10
Feb. 6	Tiffin			League	1st Team	Drew 13-13
Away					0.170	T 10 1F
Feb. 13	Peckham		**	Friendly	2nd Team	Lost 10-17
Away	44			-	1	T 11 10
Feb. 20	Streatham			League	1st Team	Lost 11-16
Home	Carlyle	•		League	2nd Team	Won by default Lost 8-16
Feb. 27	Furzedown	***	***	League	1st Team	
Home				+	2nd Team	Postponed Lost 14-24
Mar. 6	James Allen			League	1st Team	
Away				Ť	2nd Team	Lost by default Lost by default
	Furzedown	1.11	1.12	League	2nd Team	Lost by delautt
Mar. 13	Match scratched			72.1	0-17	T and 10 17
Mar. 20	Orpington			Friendly	2nd Team	Lost 10-17
Home				T2-1	1at Tac-	Won 13-7
April 3	L.C.C	•••		Friendly	1st Team 2nd Team	Lost 10-19
Away				T		Lost 10-19 Lost 12-17
April 10	Plumstead	• •		Friendly	1st Team 2nd Team	Lost 12-17 Lost 12-18
Home				5 10	znu ream	LUST 12-10

THE OLD GIRLS' GYM. CLASS.

This Class was taken over last year by the L.C.C. and proved very successful from our point of view, as it reduced our fee by at least half. It is still only open to Old Girls, and is held in the School Hall. The day and hour, Monday, at 7.30, remain the same, and the fee is 4s. for the whole year. We would still like to increase our numbers, and new

people would be very welcome. You may enrol at the Sydenham Evening Institute during September or on the first gym. night at the School. I shall be pleased to give any information to girls interested if they will write to me.

D. M. CLIFFORD, 190, Kirkdale, S.E.26.

"THE MINSTREL."

It was the pleasure of the Old Girls' Operatic Society to give at School, on January 22nd and 23rd, 1937, two performances of "The Minstrel," a musical extravaganza written and composed by two Old Girls, Edith Newlyn and Edith Saunders. The performances were most enjoyable

and were a great success.

It had been decided by the Committee that the Operatic Society would like to give a donation to the School Thank-offering Fund, and as our net proceeds amounted to £19 11s. 10d. we forwarded a cheque for £5 to the Parent Teachers' Association to help on the good work of this fund. For this sum we received their extremely grateful thanks, and it is our intention that, if possible, we shall help them again in this way next year. The balance of £14 11s. 10d. was divided equally between St. John's Hospital, Lewisham, and the South Eastern Hospital, Sydenham, who expressed their appreciation of our help given to them each year.

The Society was very pleased again to visit the Newington Institute on February 4th and to give a further show to the patients at the Croydon Borough Sanatorium on

February 6th.

Any new members will be welcomed by the Society. Rehearsals are on Tuesday evenings from 7.30 to 9.30 p.m., recommencing in September next. Miss L. Gessey, Devonshire Cottage, Fox Hill, Norwood, S.E., will be pleased to give full particulars.

HAIL AND FAREWELL!

The preparations which the Committee of the Old Girls' Operatic Society are making for their forthcoming production of "The Pirates of Penzance" are clouded at the moment by the loss which the Society has just sustained by the sudden death of Mrs. Lee, a Vice-President, and our most

devoted honorary accompanist since the second year of our existence. No single individual can have contributed more to such measure of success as our efforts have attained. Her unfailing good humour and her loyal attendance at rehearsals in all weathers made her, long ago, an outstanding figure in our company. Though we deeply mourn her loss, we can take comfort from the knowledge that her spirit will go forward with us; to her sorrowing family we can only tender our sincerest sympathy.

NEWS OF OLD GIRLS.

COLLEGE AND ART SCHOOL ENTRANTS, 1936.

Doreen Dannenberg to Whitelands College. Doris Gill to Bishop Otter College, Chichester. Barbara Pigot to St. Gabriel's College, Kennington. Nancy Hawkins to Central School of Arts and Crafts. Margery White to Clapham Art School.

SUCCESSES.

N. Sturgeon, B.A., Honours, Oxford (History), Class II. N. Moss, B.A., Honours, Oxford (History), Class III. E. Ashley, B.Sc., Honours, London (Chemistry), Class II.

M. Homewood, B.Sc., Honours, General, London, Pass. M. Brookman, B.A., Honours, London (History), Class

IIa. C. Kennedy, B.A., Honours, London (French with Latin), Class IIa.

E. Moffatt, B.Sc., Honours, General, London, Class II.

O. Singer, M.B.B.S., December, 1936.
L. Walter, M.B.B.S., June, 1937.
K. White, Natural Science Tripos, Cambridge, Part I,
Class I. (Kathleen was one of the four women in Class I and has received a prize from her College, Newnham.)

APPOINTMENTS, ETC.

O. Singer, House Surgeon at the South London Hospital for Women.

C. Barnaby, History Mistress at Kensington High

F. Watson, Physical Training Organiser for the Lindsay (Lincs.) area.

B. Savage, research post at the Royal Free Hospital. (Brenda hopes to get her M.Sc. next year on this work.)

D. Mortimer, Domestic Science Mistress at Sunnyhill

School, Bruton, Somerset.

D. Hall, post under the Wolverhampton Education Committee.

M. Oliver, post under the Barking Education Committee. H. Simpson, post as Domestic Science Mistress under the Hertfordshire Education Committee.

K. Osborne, teaching in an Infants' School at Islington. A. Allan, Domestic Science Teacher at Totton Senior School, Southampton.

A. Witton, Estate Matron for the Claude Leigh Manage-

ment, Ltd., at Canning Town.

H. Ricketts, post as Instructor in the Canadian Branch of the League of Health and Beauty.

Lilian Walter, Assistant Surgeon and Casualty Officer at the Prince of Wales' Hospital, Devonport.

OTHER ITEMS.

H. Pegrum has been Science Mistress at the Romford County High School for the last four years.

M. Strutt and M. Greenwood are working in the

evenings for their Inter. B.Sc.

M. Brookman is training as a teacher at the Institute of Education.

Mary Bone has given up teaching and is training as a

nurse at Oxford.

B. Palmer has passed the Board of Education Drawing Examination and is training as an Art Teacher at the Institute of Education.

N. Jones is training at the Norland College for Nursery

Nurses.

D. Harris is at South Lodge, Buchan Hill, Crawley.

learning stable and horse management.

P. Butler-Joyce has written two more books (stories for girls) to be published next year. One is a sequel to her first story, "Hot Water" (Harrap).

P. Kneymeyer has passed the Final Examination of the

Bankers' Institute.

BIRTHS.

To Mary Powell (née Standring), a daughter, Ann. December 27th, 1936.

To Joyce Elvy (née Hopkins), a son, Roger Thomas,

born June 3rd, 1937.

MARRIAGES.

Marjorie Burrows to R. Coram, May 13th, 1937. Winifred Grant to A. Barber, February 20th, 1937. Kathleen Vidler to E. Middlemas, June 19th, 1937.

In Memoriam.

Mr. STEPHEN UMENORD ORME, for many years Chairman of the Governors of Sydenham Secondary School, former Chairman of the Furzedown Training College Governors, and Headmaster of Beaumaris Grammar School, North Wales, and of the Rossall School, Fleetwood, died January 16th, 1937, aged 94.

JESSIE L. EDMONDS, for some years French Mistress at Eltham Hill Secondary School, died December 4th, 1936.



MISCELLANEOUS CONTRIBUTIONS.

HIAWATHA'S QUESTIONS.

Then the little Hiawatha
Saw the sun shine in the heavens,
Saw the rays that spring around it,
Whispered, "What is that, Nokomis?"
And the good Nokomis answered:
"Those are but the swords of spirits
Flashing in the golden sunlight."

A. HARMAN.

Then he heard the winter rain fall, Heard the rain fall patter round him, Heard the quarrel of the lightning, Whispered, "What is that, Nokomis?" And the good Nokomis answered: "'Tis the battle of the spirits, 'Tis the clatter of their armour, And the clashing of their axes As they strive and fight above us."

A. GARROD.

Saw the birds fly up above him, Laughed, and shouted, "Look, Nokomis!" And the good Nokomis told him: "Gitchee Manito the Mighty Sends his servants through the heavens, Messengers that fly above us."

ROSE MARIE.

Long time ago, when I was young, I had a nightcase doll; Her hair was gold, her eyes were blue, And on the couch she'd loll.

Her waist was small, her skirt was wide, Her name was Rose Marie, And though she never spoke a word, Sweet was this doll to me.

Alas, one morn when I woke up, She wasn't by my side; The cat had torn her into bits, And, oh dear, how I cried!

J. MILLS, I Junior.

MOONLIGHT IN THE WOODS.

I could hear the river rippling, Running through the lonely woodland. In the dreamy silver moonlight All was silent, ghostly silent. Suddenly I heard sweet music, Fairy music, bells a-tinkling. Little fairies also singing. Fairy pipers prancing madly. Dancing, singing, piping, ringing, All was gay beneath the moonlight. Then I saw 'twas fairies' tea-time. Fairy wine on tiny mushrooms, Fairy cakes and bread and butter. All was gone within a minute; Dawn soon came, the farmhouse cock crowed, All was silent, fairies flew back To their homes in fairy forests. E. CAISTER, I Middle.

THEIR NURSERY TOYS.

Four cupboards in their nursery stood, Painted green, and made of wood, Golliwogs, dolls and Teddy bears Sat around in wicker chairs; Dolls in little prams and cots, Trains and boats and snakes with spots. In four large cupboards, far from neat,
A box of soldiers, guns complete,
Model gardens, farms and cars,
A battleship with jolly tars,
Books and paints and bat and ball,
Jig-saw puzzles, games for all.
J. PRESTON, I Middle.

THE PENGUIN.

Penguin, clothed in black and white, Are you not the quaintest sight? From the Arctic you have come To make our London Zoo your home. There, in comfort, you now stay, To strut, or bask, or swim all day. Penguin, with your webbéd feet, Here are fish for you to eat. Down your throat they quickly slide, To join their comrades there inside. Penguin, with your yellow bill, Dive, and catch, and eat your fill. Your flippers dip to ask for more. As though there were an endless store; Your meal is over, none the less, You funniest bird in evening dress. MARGARET NOURSE, II Junior.

THE STARLING.

Who wakes me from my morning bed, Just as the east is flushing red, And loud proclaims that he has fed? The starling.

Who sports a jacket coloured green, With varied tints to give it sheen, Whose beak is sharp to keep it clean? The starling.

Who mimics birds' songs, every one, The snipe or piper, oh! what fun (Whoever lists can hear it done)?

The starling.

"There's no song that I can't tackle, Peeewit's cry or chicken's cackle,"
So says he, with pretty chuckle—
The starling.

Who quarrels with his mate all day, Till at the end he hastes away, Leaving his wife to have her say?

The starling.

E. HOBBS, II Junior.

CHRISTMAS SHOPPING.

From the Point of View of a Pekingese Dog.

Oh dear, Christmas shopping is a nuisance; my mistress takes me out with her to the shops, and I get trodden on and pushed about. Me!—trodden on! These humans have no respect for a high-bred Pekingese dog. It's not right! I say. Only the other day my mistress took me with her to Holdron's (she wanted to buy a few things for her relations) and a shop assistant tripped over me (clumsy thing!), and then—then she said it was my fault! I never do anything wrong, or cause any trouble; my mistress said so, and she ought to know.

I think people ought to have a special rule about Pekingese dogs; they ought to let them have a special pathway of their own in shops; or, a better thing still, would be to let them stay at home on the armchair with the blue velvet cushion, and the fire, and Fluffy, the cat. Mind you, I'm not saying I like Fluffy; she's a silly thing, and vulgar, but it's nice to have someone for company, especially when it's

dark—not that I'm afraid of the dark.

Well, now to get back to shopping. As I was saying, Pekingese dogs ought to have a pathway of their own in shops. It's a good idea, and they ought to put it into practice. Yes, it's a very good idea, all my ideas are—

mind you, I'm not boasting-it runs in the family.

I suppose we shall be going out again soon, and I'll get trodden on (as usual). I heard my mistress say that we were going to Gamages, wherever that may be; more sensible if she went to the butcher's. I wish she would leave me at home. There! she's calling me now: "Come along, Winky." That's my name, "Winky"—nice name, isn't it?

Oh dear, she says I've got to go, and I suppose I'll get trodden on. People don't care, they have no respect for a high-bred Pekingese dog. Why are you making that funny gurgling noise, Fluffy? Oh well, I suppose you can't help it. JOAN TAYLOR, II Junior.

THE QUEEN'S LAMENT.

(From the story of Tristram.)

My son, my son, oh speak to me, It is your mither, dear; I fear that ye the poison drank, And now thy death draws near.

Nae mair ye'll hear the birdies sing, Nor see the blossoms bloom, Nor see the goldfish in the stream Go flashing in the gloom.

Nae mair ye'll play with golden balls, That glitter in the sun; Nae mair ye'll ride the rocking horse, My son, my handsome son.

Goodbye, my son, my Gildebrand, Revenge your death I will, I'll kill my wicked stepson, And lay him cold and still.

BERYL ANDREWS, II Middle.

WISHES.

If I could have but wishes three, I'd wish for a cottage by the sea; My bedroom window looking o'er The waves that roll upon the shore. I'd hear the seagulls cry all day And watch the children run and play.

A farm, my second wish would be, A pond, with goldfish two or three. A cow would give me daily milk, Some baby pigs with coats like silk. Two little lambs would frisk all day

Around the field, all bright and gay. An orchard, would my third wish be, With fruit trees of good quality. Some ducks and chicks would peck around The fallen fruit upon the ground. But, oh, how long before I'm grown And have a cottage of my own!

AUDREY MASON, II Middle.

A CHRISTMAS PARTY.

Out in the fields one Christmas eve, I was surprised to see an old scarecrow sucking a carefully-preserved banana-skin, which he drew from the pocket of his tattered coat. High above a bright Christmas moon threw his solitary shadow across the snow-covered ground.

All was still, till suddenly a faint sound of approaching footsteps made the scarecrow stiffen and turn in the direction

of the noise.

"Ah-ha!" he chuckled. "That's old Clara, to be

As I watched, a ragged scarecrow, belonging to the next field, came thumping awkwardly across the snow. When she saw the figure near me she hurried towards him, and from behind a friendly tree I watched silently.

"Good e'en, Turnips," she said. present for 'e. Merry Christmas!"

"Thank 'e," said Turnips, as he took from her a rusty fruit-tin. "I can always do with such useful things as this here tin to keep my food in, Clara."

Then he paused, for about six more scarecrows, of all sizes and ages, slowly approached, each carrying some

strange present in its hand.

"Ho, ho! How jolly you look, and what a party we shall have!" cried Turnips, dancing up and down on his

clumsy broomstick legs.

Then each gave him its present and joined the others, to chat about the coming hours. Soon Turnips had collected a pickle-jar, three banana skins, a rotten apple, a handleless and paintless saucepan, and last, but not least, Clara's fruit-tin.

"Now," cried Turnips, "let us dance till midnight!

Take a partner, everyone!"

Then all at once the happy scarecrows galloped furiously round and round, shouting at the top of their squeaky voices, clumsily colliding into ane another and falling over and over, till-suddenly the moon was hidden behind a cloud and I continued on my way, their voices dying into the darkness behind.

EILEEN ROBERTS, II Middle.

A WINTER SCENE.

Whistling in alleys and howling in valleys,
The merciless wind scuttled on,
Rustling the dead leaves and hustling the red leaves
Beneath the cold moon as it shone.
Lightning was breaking the skies with its flashing,
And thunder was roaring beyond;
Thus raged the storm with its cruelty lashing,
Over hill, valley, dale, and pond.
Winter, the cruel, the horrible winter,
The season that nobody loves;
Who would not give all their riches and splendour
For summer, with cuckoos and doves?

JEANNE MILLER, II Middle.

THE LUMBER ROOM.

Dust and cobwebs everywhere. Squeaking rats hold revels there, Scurrying through moth-eaten mats, Over boxes, round old vats. The hinges on the door are rusted, The windows, too, are never dusted; The sun's bright beams ne'er filter thro', Everything's a sombre hue. Here an oaken chest is seen, Its owner's pride it once had been. On frameless pictures, dust of ages Lies collecting; yellow pages Of a musty book lie scattered Torn, with blots of ink bespattered; Proudly once they were displayed In a mansion since decayed. Now forsaken, they are left, Of their glory all bereft, Till among the gloom and shade They will like the dust be made. EUGENIE WORTHY, II Senior.

SIMILES.

The water-lily on the pond A fragile chariot, gliding, And a sturdy charioteer Is in the lily riding. Around this white and dainty flower Are faithful rushes, quiv'ring; They're just like tall, stern sentinels In winter winds a-shiv'ring. A bright red poppy in a field A swirling gypsy dances, And as a gust of wind blows past Upon the grass she prances. The daisy, with her star-like face, Beside the poppy peeping, With morning's silver dew on her, Is like a maiden weeping. EDNA BLENCOWE, II Senior.

THE FAITHFUL SPARROW.

He came to my window early each day,
A bright little sparrow, with feathers of grey.
I fed him with crumbs and with pieces of bread,
I talked to him gently and stroked his soft head.
Then one snowy morning he came not to me;
I looked for him, called him; oh, where could he be?
The next day the snow went, and on the hard mould
Lay a little grey body, all frozen and cold.
I buried him gently under a tree,
And put up a tombstone, for all friends to see:
"To Tweety, my small friend, so faithful and true,
Who came to my window out of the blue."
HILDA CRAWFORD, II Senior.

THE BELFRY AT BRUGES.

The Belfry, known as the Tour des Halles, towers three hundred and fifty feet above the city. The upper storey dates from the end of the fifteenth century, but the two small stages below were begun in the thirteenth century. A few francs was the price for admission, and we began to mount and mount; and the steps were so narrow that, when we



SUMMER.

E. Walker.

met a person descending, we had to flatten ourselves against the wall to let her pass. At last we reached the top and we rushed eagerly to the side to peer out. It was a very clear day, and wide vistas of Flanders were visible. One window framed the Cathedral of St. Saviour. This was a cumbrous and unpretentious structure from without, compared with the Belfry and the Town Hall. While we were enjoying the view some person rang the bells. The clamour was terrific, as we were so near. We heard an attendant bound up the steps two at a time, and, when he reached us, he let forth an angry torrent of Flemish, which, naturally, I could not comprehend. A notice said: "Please do not touch these bells"—and the fine, the man said, was about five hundred francs.

After descending to the ground we went for an excursion in a motor-boat on the canals. We passed the Church of Notre Dame and the whitewashed houses of the Béguinage, founded in the thirteenth century. We also saw the Quai du Rosaire and the Quai Vert. The quaint bridges we passed under were very low and we had to bend our heads to get under safely. Bruges is rightly named the Venice of

Flanders.

While looking for a café in which to have tea we saw a sign, saying: "Tea, as mother makes it at home." We waited eagerly; all we got was a very pale yellowish brown liquid, not at all like tea. JOYCE RAMSDEN, III Junior.

THE LIONS.

The lions, watching for their prey,
Crouch low beneath the sun's bright ray;
Magnificent in strength are they.
Through quiv'ring leaves a head is shown,
The zebra thinks he is alone.
They leap; their prey drops like a stone.
BARBARA BURDON, III Junior.

BLUE.

Look there, just in the middle of that field which has a blue fence. Yes, that is right; a little Japanese lady dressed in a blue kimono is talking to a little Japanese gentleman who is also dressed in blue. The little blue-man is giving the little blue-lady a bluebird for happiness. The little blue house is winking its eye with an eyelid of blue. A servant in a blue frock is opening the blue back door with a blue handle, and

the peacock, with blue tail-feathers, struts proudly in front of the blue Persian cat. The cat is dreamily watching the blue sky, and her kittens are getting angry with a blue toy mouse.

Look now! The blue-lady is playing with a boy in a blue suit and a girl in a blue dress. The blue-man is watching her tenderly as he strokes the blue Persian on his lap. It is spring, and all the bluebells are out, carpeting their garden with a furry rug of blue. The little blue servant is playing by the blue back door, which has a blue handle, with two blue children of her own, and her husband, the blue groom, waves to her as he comes out of the blue stable with a blue saddle in his hand. The blue peacock's son struts up and down now, and the bluebird, which has done its duty in bringing happiness, hangs by the window of the little blue house. The house still winks its eye at me with a blue eyelid, from both sides of the fireplace, as I gaze at my grandmother's old-fashioned plates.

EILEEN TOMKINS, III Junior.

THE KINGFISHER.

'Twas as I walked beside the rippling stream, Where delved the silver minnows in their sport, That all at once I saw a brilliant bird Break from his brambly cover in the bank; His plumage was of many rainbow hues, And sparkled in the sun with myriad lights, As if with precious stones his wings were set; He swiftly skimmed along with wicked eyes Piercing into the clear depths of the stream; Then suddenly he swooped, and rose again, A silver fish held in his evil beak. One last despairing wriggle gave the fish, Threshing its tail in agony of death; Then, all at once, it stiffened, and was still, No more to gaily sport amidst the blue. Then rose the bird and circled once again, Rejoicing in his triumph o'er his prey; Then, lifting his proud head and spying me, He cast his vain airs to the boisterous breeze, And, swooping down, back to his nest he flew. To disappear into the reed-grown bank, For ever gone from my reluctant eves. PAT WILLIAMS, III Middle.

THE SEA AT NIGHT.

At evening, when the sun is set,
The waves go rolling on the shore,
Away out yonder, round the world,
For evermore.

The moon shines down upon the waves, A silver pathway making there; The mermaids watch it from the rocks, And comb their hair.

They comb it with a silver comb,
While here and there a moonbeam rests;
They love to glide amid the foam
On wavelet crests.

Thus while they dream of other lands,
Far out across the moonlit deep,
Night passes; and the rosy bands
Of morning creep.

HELEN VINE, III Middle.

BREAK, BREAK, BREAK.

At last! We hear the joyous sound, Echoing, throbbing, round and round. Our desks are slammed, books put away, It's break time here. Hurray! hurray! But, hush! We're not supposed to talk As we along the passage walk: Our Seniors must finish prep. Before they hear our noisy step. So, till the second bell is heard, We drink our milk without a word, And eat our penny buns, and sigh, Wishing those extra minutes by. But, when they're gone, we shout and yell, For we've such lots and lots to tell: How so-and-so said this and that-Of someone else's funny hat. The fifteen minutes quickly go-How short it is, you'll never know. It's lessons next; that's all to tell, We're waiting for the next Break Bell. III Middle.

THE DESERTED HOUSE.

All alone, so large and still,
Perched upon a wooded hill;
Not a sound of e'en a mouse
Comes from the "deserted house"!
With the moon's all-silver ray,
Shining on that house so grey,
White and bony ghosts are seen
(Fingers long and bodies lean).
Ivy-covered, broken walls,
Secret panels in its halls;
All that's old, unique and still,
Makes that house upon the hill.
D. WEICHARDT, III Senior.

REVERIE.

One day, as I was walking in the wood, I looked around me, and I saw the ground All covered with a host of bluebells bright, That swayed and danced in time with passing winds. So long I stood and gazed, that all the flow'rs Around seemed merged into a sea of blue, And in my ears I heard the sound of waves That broke upon an island's sunny shore. And then the vision faded, and I saw Once more, a crowd of bluebells in the wood.

MARJORIE SHEPHERD, III Senior.

MY EARLIEST RECOLLECTIONS.

My earliest recollections are of a holiday in Belgium. I must have been about five years old, and although I cannot remember very much about it, a few things have remained quite clear in my mind.

First of all, I remember losing my book and crayons,

which rolled overboard on the boat going to Belgium.

Then I remember the chef at the hotel where we stayed, who used to make me special puddings for my supper, as I wasn't allowed to have the usual late dinner in the evening.

I can recall a religious procession in the streets of Heyst on a Sunday, with the people kneeling on the pavement as it passed, and the guns being fired over the water; the priests, as they went by, blessing the sea, so that the fishing season should be a good one.

While there we went to Sluys in Holland, and I can remember seeing the little mirrors fixed to the outside of the window frames, so that the people could sit in their rooms

and see what was going on up and down the street.

I have also a vivid recollection of being stung on my legs by a jelly-fish, on the same holiday. I used to play on the sands with five children, all of different nationalities. There was one English (myself), one French, one Dutch, one Belgian and one German. The game we played, now known as "Queenie," we called, "Un, deux, trois, qui a la balle?" None of us could understand what any of us were saying, but we were good friends and had some fun.

On this same holiday I remember going in a car to Ypres and seeing the Menin Gate, with all the names of the soldiers on it killed in the Great War; and, passing in front of it, a little milk-cart filled with cans, and drawn by a

big dog.

We used to ride on donkeys on the sands, and they had white sheepskins over their backs for the children to sit on.

I think that holiday was the most exciting and interesting one I have ever spent, and I certainly hope to go to Belgium again.

BERYL JANES, III Senior.

PETS, STRANGE AND FAMILIAR.

In verse and prose.

AN INTERESTING NEW PET.

We were staying at a little farm, situated just outside New York. The farmer and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Borram, were very kind people and were very fond of animals. All stray and poor animals came to them, and often people brought their old dogs and animals that were not wanted any more. One day a man came up the road with a long wicker basket. He knocked at the door and asked to see Mrs. Borram. She came to the door at once and asked him in. He asked her to accept the basket with the creature inside it. She was rather nervous and asked to see the animal, bird, insect, fish, reptile or mammal, as the case might be. He

opened the basket and, lying in between some newspaper, was a baby crocodile. He was nine inches long, with a tiny little snout, little webbed feet and a muscly tail. He was green with a yellow belly and black spots. He had two little eyes which missed nothing. Mrs. Borram looked flabber-

gasted.

"You see," said the stranger, "I bought him for twenty-five cents; they were killing them like mosquitoes. This one was so small I kept him, and sent the others that remained to a Californian Crocodile Farm. I have to go to a nursing home for my health. I heard you never turned away a living creature, however strange, so I ask you to accept this baby crocodile.''
"I—I don't know. Yes, I mean, I will have him.

What does he eat?" asked Mrs. Borram.

"Two pounds of raw meat, any kind, and half a pint of

milk a day," was the answer.

"I see. He is rather expensive. But I can manage it, I think. He can have the old duck pond; it is large and roomy. We will train him to have his food in the same place."

"Thank you, very much," said the stranger. The maid

showed him out.

Robby, the crocodile, was soon settled in his new home and enjoyed it very much. He grew bigger and bigger until he was fully grown. Then Mr. and Mrs. Borram decided to send him to Yellowstone Park. He was accepted and was soon settled in his new home. Mr. and Mrs. Borram went to see him off. They will never forget what an interesting and strange pet they had.

M. CULLIN, III Junior.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

I am four months old, and my name is Friday. I am proud of that name, as not many dogs have it. I am a wire-haired terrier, and I have five sisters and three brothers. My mother's name is Scamp, and she was always proud of us. When visitors came, she always showed us to them, which meant another wash for us. Those visitors were very boring. We all knew exactly what they would say. The ladies: "Oh, aren't they sweet, the little darlings!" And the gentlemen: "What jolly little fellows!"

imitate them. Mother was annoyed at this, and she told us not to play this game. These humans are very simple things;

they have no new ideas.

When I was six weeks old my young master's friend and his sister took me away to their home. The journey was good fun! They wrapped me in a little blanket, and put me on some straw in a basket. I popped my head out once, and a huge thing roared by, and frightened me. So I retired into the basket, and tore the blanket to pieces. It was fun, and I developed a taste for that sort of occupation.

My new home is a good one, with a warm basket, and plenty of meat and biscuits. The only thing I have to complain of is their tidiness. Since I unwound an ounce of wool, and broke a pair of knitting needles, chewed the fur off mistress's bedroom slippers, tore up young mistress's homework paper, these people shut up everything in cupboards. They don't even let me help dig the garden!

Still, I have a good time with my bones and ball; and, as I see master with my lead, I'll have to finish another time.

Good hunting!

DOROTHY CLARK, III Junior.

FAREWELL ODE TO HARMONIUS AND HERODIUS (II Junior's Goldfish).

Harmonius, Herodius, when you are gone away, I will mourn all through the night, and through the live-long day.

Your place upon the cupboard, alas! 'twill now be bare, When you've departed to the pond we'll come and see you there.

How many times we've dropped you, in places hard and bare; Once in the paper basket, that was resting on the stair. And when you were a-riding, upon one Tuesday morn, You were upset within the 'bus on the conductor's corn. Harmonius, Herodius, when dropped without due care, We saved you from the jaws of death upon the winding stair. Now we to you apologise, for mishaps great and small; When Grace upset you in the 'bus, your pride, it had a fall. No longer will we drop you, as once upon the stair; We beg your pardon, darlings, we did it unaware. How we regret those many times we dropped you on the floor, But now that you are in the pond we shall do so no more.

JOE.

My little dog, I call him Ioe, Is naughty as can be, you know; He just adores raw kippers And he's chewed up all our slippers. He chases every rabbit, It's a very shocking habit. If I take him for a run His eyes look up and plead for fun, Until we have a race to bed, Where soon we nod a sleepy head. As soon as we are well awake We both of breakfast do partake, And sometimes have a little fight, Although we try to look polite If my mum and dad come near. Then we drop a sinful tear, And say, "We'll be so good, you know," Myself and little doggie Joe. I. FULCHER, I Senior.

STRANGE PETS.

One day I went to call for my friend to go for a walk, and she asked me if I would like some cat-fish. I said "Yes, please," so she gave me two. When I got home mummy said, "Whatever have you got there?" and I told

her that they were cat-fish.

Cat-fish are a blackish-brown in colour. They have a skin like a seal. Their heads are large, and they have green eyes, with a black speck in the middle. At the sides of their face they have long black whiskers. Just underneath their mouth there are some more black whiskers, and also above their eyes. The underneath part of a cat-fish is a bluish-white line. At the sides and at the top of their skin there are fins.

These cat-fish live in a glass bowl, and I change their water once a week. At the bottom of the bowl there are some shells, which they hide under. Also, I put watercress in the bowl. This they get under for shelter in the summer.

Their food is bought in packets. It is made for fish

only.

E. DAWES, I Middle.

MY PET—A PARROT.

My pet is a parrot. She has bright green feathers, intermixed with red and blue feathers towards the tail. her beak are small red feathers, and over her red and black eyes are small blue ones. Her beak is very powerful and can break a man's finger with one nip. It is grey in colour and very pointed.

Polly does not like grown-ups but she is passionately fond of children. Even if a grown-up goes to put food in her cage she will try her hardest to bite him, yet if it was a

child she would not attempt to harm it.

I feed her on parrot's food, which consists of nuts, a hard bean, a red piece of food, and some white food like hard macaroon, and other small things like toffee, cabbage stalk, biscuit soaked in tea, and the white of a fried egg.

Some of Polly's habits and sayings are very peculiar. she sees one of my friends she will study her carefully for a minute or two, then she will say: "I know her now, I know her now." Then, if she is left alone, and there is no sound, she will do a sort of low grunt on different notes. If I am singing, or Mummy is, Polly will join in on a top note, and she sings very well, considering she is a parrot.

We think she is about fifty years old. She can call any one of the family by name.

D. YATES, I Middle.

A PET GRASSHOPPER.

One very warm evening, on my holidays in Denmark, we were sitting on the verandah outside the house, when suddenly we heard a queer sound. We couldn't make out where it came from. We all got up to search in different places. At last we had a great surprise, when we found an enormous grasshopper sitting on a picture frame in the room behind, making very sharp chirping notes, in fact, so sharp and high-pitched that we could hardly bear to stand very close to him. We were very interested and watched him carefully. He had a lovely green colour and huge hind legs, on which, by rubbing his wings against them, he made this chirping noise. He kept on with this chirping for a long time. The strange thing about him was that he came again several other nights in different places in the same room. One evening, when we had visitors, he suddenly began to chirp, and gave the visitors quite a fright. Whenever we put the light on he stopped his chirping. Sometimes we saw him crawling up the big clock that hangs on the wall. We came to like him and

gave him pet names.

At last he disappeared, so I supposed he got tired of going visiting indoors.

E. GETTRUP, I Middle.

THE SUNDIAL.

The sun steals slanting o'er the carvèd dial Which stands amid the grass and scented flowers. The stone is mellowed, worn with age, and chipped. But charming still, it marks the fleeting hours. The crazy paths wind slowly through the bowers, And back towards the dial idly stray. The dull grey metal gleams; the bright sun lowers, And casts its dying gleam in every way. The birds begin to sing their nightly roundelay. ENID RICHARDSON, IV Junior.

THE WITCHES IN "MACBETH."

Upon a windy heather-covered moor,
'Mid lightning's blinding flash, and thunder's roar,
Three old hags sat around a bubbling pot
In which a mixture gurgled, boiling hot.
From all three skinny chins, grey beards did hang,
Each yellow tooth looked like a great wolf's fang;
Each one was mumbling words of evil spells,
That merging, droned like bees in honey cells;
But see, e'en as I look they all start up,
And from the cauldron each one fills a cup.
And as I watch them with increasing fears
In one quick flash the whole scene disappears.

DOREEN BOWELL, IV Middle.

AN OLD-FASHIONED GARDEN.

A haven of perfect rest, a garden of flowers! Here would I rest and dream the hours away, 'Neath banks of rosemary and dewy bowers, By columbine and heavy scent of may; And hear the trilling of the birds all day And drowsy hum of insects in the eaves; But here, to my regret, I cannot stay, For flickering shades are stealing through the leaves,

And the setting sun, above, a crimson picture weaves.

R. KIRBY, IV Middle.

LONDON AT NIGHT.

Oh, London is a peaceful place at night,
Lit by the stars and pale moon's silvery light.
The leaves of plane trees rustle in the breeze.
Right through the heart of London to the seas
The murky waters of the Thames flow by,
And seagulls from the bridges homeward fly.
The Pool holds silent barges side by side,
Which wait in safety for the turn of tide.
The noisy 'buses at this hour have stopped;
A tramp sleeps in the park where sparrows hopped.
The calm is broken by the tramp of feet:
There goes a policeman on his lonely beat.
Black shadows of old buildings all look down,
And view at night the scene of London Town.

JOYCE FLISHER, IV Middle.

MINOR PLEASURES.

I.—WAITING OUTSIDE A STAGE DOOR.

What is it that gives us that uplifted feeling in our hearts, that blissful sense of expectation, when we leave the darkened precincts of the theatre? 'Tis the knowledge that, in a few minutes, nay, seconds, we shall arrive at our glorious

goal-the Stage Door!

Clutching autograph books in our moist hands, hearts thumping almost audibly, we purse our lips determinedly, and march grimly towards our destination. We reach the sacred spot at last, and, with bated breath, we glue our eyes to that divine temple, that shrine before which our hearts turn to water and our feet to ice. We are united by one purpose, to obtain our favourite actor's signature by fair means or foul, or die in the attempt.

Each departure of a minor actor or actress is heralded by a rush forward of the worshippers, and the embarrassed victim is scrutinised suspiciously by the whole assembly. "No, it's not 'im," comes the observant remark from a young urchin, who, taking advantage of the sudden surge forward, has acquired a more conspicuous position in the

throng. "Well, if 'e don't come soon, I'll have to take Maggie 'ome!" says one stout female, determinedly. However, the wails of her young offspring cower her into a submissive silence, and she fixes her eye once more upon the door.



E. Roberts.

The excited whisper, "He's coming!" circulates throughout the mass. Ecstasy! At last our prize is at hand. Already, in our mind's eye, we see ourselves showing the coveted autograph to admiring friends.

"There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip," is a very wise adage, which it would become many of us to

follow. I will expound.

A certain tenseness hangs over the crowd at the moment; in the far corner a thin woman giggles hysterically with excitement. The door is held open by the manager, beaming with self-importance; in fact, the scene is set for the entrance of our hero. He emerges!

Speechless with suppressed excitement, we press forward in a body. However, our hero, not to be outdone, also pushes, and throws himself into the waiting taxi. "Oh, 'e's gone!" comes the disappointed but obvious remark from

the stout woman.

"What's done, cannot be undone," we quote sadly. To bed, to bed to bed!"

PAT WILSON, IV Senior.

II.—CRACKING NUTS.

Ah! how I delight in shattering the brittle outside covering of the fruit of the walnut tree, and other such fruits. How they snap and crack between the metal teeth of the nutcrackers! Crack! Snap! Listen to the crisp, sharp noise which is created by these fruits during the process of being rent asunder. How I hope that the delicate, delicious kernel has not been shattered!

has not been shattered!

Oh! what joy! The shell has been rent in twain and the luscious kernel has fallen from its testa. The voluptuous fruit has survived the perils of being cracked, and before me I behold a luxurious kernel of creamy hue, free from decay or any other defect. I then sprinkle the delicious seed with sodium chloride (salt) and, after one lingering look, I thrust the fruit into my mouth. Munch, munch; oh! what measure of delight this kernel yields, and how I gloat over the fact that I am eating the last nut in the bag, whose existence has been forgotten by my companions!

But alas! the fruit has been eaten and its delicious flavour has vanished from my mouth. Oh! how envious am I of the fruiterer, who may eat as many nuts as he desires!

MARY GROVES, IV Senior.

THE CLIMBING OF THE BRIENZER GRAT.

(Based on Hilaire Belloc's mountaineering experiences.)

The spongy meads were damp beneath my feet, With rivulets the hidden flowers were sprayed. The air grew misty and I climbed dismayed—I might with Death at every footstep meet. Oh! that I could the welcome sunshine greet. I stopped to rest, and saw a scene displayed Of silver peaks with snow and ice arrayed, And watched it, sitting on my rocky seat. When next I glanced above the air was clear, And lo, I found that I had reached the ridge. Imagine, then, my wonder and my fear: Perhaps I might have stumbled and been hurled Beyond a space that man could never bridge, A crashing body in this still, white world.

BARBARA IRONS, IV Senior.

NARCISSUS.

(A Translation.)

A pool there was, with silver shimmering waves: A limpid pool; not herds, not mountain goats, Nor flocks had trampled it; not any bird Nor beast disturbed; no fallen bough from tree. By grass surrounded, fed by the near stream; By forest cooled, it never saw the sun. —The boy, outworn by heat and tiring hunt, Sank down beside the pool, a beauteous place. He drank, beheld enthralled his mirrored self. Gazing on waves, semblance not substance loved. Spell-bound, he watched himself with changeless mien. Stayed like some marble statue, motionless; Lying on earth, his eyes, twin stars he scanned, Locks fit for Bacchus, for Apollo fit. Those beardless cheeks, that ivory neck, he sees; That face so fair, red roses 'mid snow-white. Strange marvels views, yet marvels at himself.

Fond fool, that fain would'st reach a fleeting shade, The form thou see'st thy mirrored likeness is Naught is its own: with thee it comes and stays, With thee will go, could'st thou but turn away. No care for Cere's gifts, no care for rest Could draw him thence: stretched on the shady grass; With hungry eyes he watched the feignéd form, His eyes his doom. Rising a little then, He stretched his arms to the encircling woods: "Ye woods," he said, "was ever love so cruel? Greater my grief since no sea severs us, No highway, mountains, city with closed gates. Nay, 'tis but water a thin veil between. Come forth, O peerless one! Ah, fail me not! When I hold out my arms, thou liftest thine; For smiles thou giv'st me smiles, for gestures, signs. Oft have I marked thee weeping when I wept. From movement of thy lovely mouth I ween Thou murmur'st answers that I may not hear. Grief saps away my strength. So short the span Of living left! So young, yet must I die. Death is no ill, that brings from grief release." -Distraught, he turned, and silent gazed anew; Grieving, drew down his garment's topmost edge; His bloodless hands beat on his baréd breast, Which, beaten, reddened into rosy red, As apples will, which, showing one side white, One side grows red; or clusters of the grape, Not wholly ripe, don heav'nly purple hue. -Faded the roses; all his face is white: Gone his glad strength: here is no beauty more. Yet once he spoke, still gazing in the pool: "Oh, youth I loved in vain." And all his words The place re-echoed; then his last "Farewell!" He laid his tired head on the green grass; Death closed the eyes fixed on his own fair form. -And still in Stygian waters, 'mid the shades, He gazed upon himself. The sister nymphs Beat woeful breasts, cut off their locks in woe. They fetched the pyre, the bier, and torches to wave. Of him they found no trace, only a flower, With golden centre and white petals round. -Fabula auctore Publio Ovidio Nasone,

DITTISHAM AND DANDELIONS.

One day, while walking through the little village of Dittisham, in Devonshire, I noticed a cottage. It was not nearly as neat or well-kept as the others, but it attracted me even more so when I saw that one of the little leaded windows had slipped slightly sideways, making the cottage look as if it was squinting.

So I stopped for a minute, and looked at it, and while I was engaged in this occupation I heard a voice say, in very broad Devon: "What are you a-lookin at our 'ouse-for?"

I looked down, and saw a grubby little girl gazing up at me with great interest.

"Oh, I was just thinking how nice it looked, that's all!"

"You can come in if you like. My mum, she says it's old, and if people wants to look inside, she don't mind—as long as they pays. It's tuppence; mum says it ain't much, considerin'.'

"Considering what?" I wondered, but I found two pennies, and gave them to the little girl, who rushed gleefully into the cottage.

Presently a tall, thin, mournful-looking woman appeared

in the doorway.

"Good afternoon, miss," she said, gloomily, "come in!"

So I walked up the little weed-grown path to the cottage. The wooden front door, its green paint peeling off, opened straight into a room which took up the whole ground floor of the cottage. A scene of squalor and neglect met my eyes. The gaudy paper, blotched with damp, was hanging from the wall in shreds, and the matchboarding, to which it had been pasted, was broken in many places, giving a glimpse of timbered walls beneath.

I walked forward, over the wooden, delightfully uneven floor, looking round with interest, when suddenly I tripped, and piercing shrieks rose from under my feet: I had fallen

over the baby!

I apologised profusely, and continued across the floor. One of the tiny leaded windows actually had its original green glass, through which I saw, slightly distorted, a very old pump in the little backyard. When I turned, I all but trod on three children, all in various stages of griminess, who were staring up at me as though fascinated.

The low, beamed ceiling was defaced by pencil marks and crude drawings, while the old fireplace, which took up most of one side of the dirty little room, had been treated in

the same way. I stepped into the hearth, and, looking up the chimney, was rewarded by seeing a square of blue sky

at the top.

Suddenly I saw a little recess, which I had not previously noticed, and the matchboarding having broken away, its walls showed timbered, and in some places the plaster had flaked off, clearly showing the wattle and daub beneath. But the whole atmosphere of this little recess was spoilt by a very anæmic-looking aspidistra, and a horrible, gaudy picture of Edward VII.

As I left the room, thanking the mournful woman, the little girl, to whom I had just spoken, came up to me with a bunch of dandelions.

"'Ere y'are," she said, handing them to me. "Pretty,

aren't they? Good-bye! Don't drop 'em, will you?"

I still have one of those dandelions, pressed in a drying book. I am not quite sure why I have kept it so long—but she was a dear little girl.

J. M. THOMSETT, V Junior.

A VISIT TO THE ROYAL PALACE, BUDAPEST.

I am very fond of old buildings, and have visited many places of historical interest in England, but perhaps there is an added thrill attached to a foreign imperial palace.

To my mind, there are two main sources of interest in any building, ancient or modern: firstly, the outward beauty, and then, the people and scenes associated with the

place.

When we visited the Royal Palace in Budapest, words of amazement were on everyone's lips at the lavish beauty, not only of the architecture and exterior carvings, but of the

interior furnishings.

The most famous person connected with the building was the great Empress Maria-Theresa. All over Vienna and Budapest we had seen statues of this monarch—a Hapsburg ruler over the Austro-Hungarian Empire; and in her halls hung pictures of the Hapsburg imperial family, with Maria-Theresa always the dominating figure. She looked a great, noble, brave woman, royal every inch, and yet perhaps the pictures did not show the real side of her—the pig-headed, cruel, relentless power that was hers. But the beauty of her home, and the many portraits of the unhappy Marie-Antoinette, her daughter, made you forget the tyrannic despotism of the mother.

Wandering through those rooms, some small antechambers, others huge reception halls or dining rooms, with their silk-covered walls, brilliantly painted ceilings, gold and silver chandeliers, huge casements, satined-chairs, wide, high, dark beds, and gilt-framed portraits, I began to imagine I was some mighty princess, with a rustling silken gown, jewels glistening on my fingers, and a lovely white wig on my head. As I walked down the grand staircases I could almost feel the heavy folds of my brocaded skirt falling against my legs, and hear the soft music of it, as it passed over the thick.

royal-red carpet.

The reception hall of the Empress filled me with awe. In the gilt and crimson chair, on the slightly raised platform in the centre. Maria-Theresa used to sit, perhaps a golden shoe showing from beneath the flowing folds of her dress, which might rest on the shallow steps. On either side of the centre chair were ranged several smaller chairs, all covered with the same crimson satin, matching also the colour of the rose-covered silk on the walls. I could well imagine the bowing, scraping courtiers, who perhaps once sat on those very chairs. I could imagine them, one after another, starting forward to pay the imperious lady some little compliment to flatter her into smiling on them. I could imagine, too, the important ambassadors of state, with gold-hilted swords, waiting on her pleasure, when she would see them. In the little ante-rooms I could see them pacing to and fro, impatient that she should keep them so long, and yet, when she condescended to interview them, fawning and smiling as if the waiting had been a pleasure. Maria-Theresa knew how to be an empress. I always imagined Queen Elizabeth to be such a one as she.

And what of the court life surrounding this woman? She was a Hapsburg; one of a family famed for its splendour and extravagance, and her palace far surpassed anything I have seen in England. The grand hall, which gave us the best idea of the grandeur of the court, was the ball-room. It adjoined the dining-hall, and with this, stretched all along the back of the building, overlooking, from a huge stone balcony, the river Danube, the lower side of the city Pest, and the lovely, dome-topped Houses of Parliament. These last were scarcely less in splendour than the Imperial Palace itself.

But to return to the silver-chandeliered ball-room. The candles are lighted. The dance is in progress. Gallants and ladies are swaying gracefully to the sweet music from the string instruments. Some older men, more serious and grave, stand watching the light-hearted youths and maidens in their

bright clothes. Above all spreads the wonderful ceiling, painted with cherubs and angels in wild confusion, and under the elegantly-slippered feet of the dancers the inlaid floor shines with polish. In little groups around the room, young and old converse. The casements, opening on to the balcony from the whole length of the room, are uncurtained, and two young lovers stand at one window, the soft breeze ruffling her curls and cooling her flushed face. What a wonderful view they see! All Pest stretches out before them, dark against the brilliance of the room, but dotted with little silver lights, where the townsfolk look from their windows, straining their eyes to see something of the splendour of the ball. The Danube, reflecting the lights in its almost unrippled surface, shows grey and cold just under the Fisher Bastion, a riverside fortification of pure white stone, rising up queer and spectre-like in the light of the moon.

A glimpse of the old régime! It was just a glimpse, as I stood in the ball-room, the same polished floor beneath my feet, the same painted ceiling above my head, the same light happiness at heart, as had those carefree courtiers at their

balls of long ago.

A. L. ELVIN, V Junior.

THOUGHTS ON ENDEAVOURING TO WRITE POETRY.

(By One who Can't!)

One Monday black ('twas but a week ago) Some cheery maids received a crushing blow: To school, with hope, returning, trim and neat, With hearts a-flutter, from their week-end treat, And news, new-conned, of all the latest "stars. Then conscience wakes, and cheery nonsense bars. Resolving hopefully their marks to raise, Fate then involves them in a rhyming craze. Via the blackboard, she who taught, decreed Practice in poem-writing is a need Of all who seek to learn immortal Pope. Then, groaning, sat we down and tried to grope For inspiration, which refused to come. Searching for subjects struck us nearly dumb! Feeling that ignorance is not such bliss, At last, in desperation, I write this! ENID JERVIS, V Senior.

THE SNOWDROP.

(A mock-heroic poem after the style of Pope.) When hoary-headed Winter fades away, And new-born Spring comes welcome on her way, The chestnut-buds declaim with sticky joy, And income-tax collectors do annoy The humble and the rich with fine disdain, And woollies are discarded once again; But no significance these facts will bring Without the snowdrop, herald of the Spring. There was a story once by Bismarck told Of distant Russia, land of constant cold, Where Bolshevists and beards forever freeze, And every name is like a cough-and-sneeze. Some visitors, in furs and astrakhan, One day a grand palatial tour began; Th' Imperial Palace of the Czars of old, Of whom so many anecdotes are told. On reaching in the grounds a spot remote, They found a sentry in a scarlet coat; He held his bayonet with flaccid grip, While from his nose an icicle did drip. His eyes, of sombre dark Eurasian hue, Were gazing moodily into the blue. What was he guarding on this plain forlorn? Why did he stand so still upon the lawn? The puzzled visitors enquired in vain And each official racked his Russian brain. At last their curious minds enlightened were; An ancient servant did the story bare: The Empress, twenty years or so ago, Had seen a single snowdrop in the snow. She gazed enraptured, clasped her hands with joy, Delighted as a baby with a toy. That very day a sentry there did stand To guard the snowdrop from some cruel hand. The months went by, the snowdrop died away, But her protector was condemned to stay; Full twenty years upon that spot he stood: The snowdrop, though, had disappeared for good. A single flower, 'twas such a tiny thing-A woman's whim—a fancy in the Spring. TOAN COOLEY, V Senior.

JEMIMA VISITS THE DENTIST.

The pain inflicted by the hand of man Has caused great suff'ring since the world began. With trembling hand, Jemima knocked the door-And tried to hide the dreadful fear she bore From passers-by, who pitying glances cast, As though each sigh she heaved would be her last. The door was opened by a sprightly maid, Her shapely form in black and white array'd, Who led Jemima up a polished stair, And begged her sit upon an easy chair To read old "Punches," or the daily news. Temima, e'en though loth, could not refuse. Impending doom was weighing on her mind, Trembling, her handkerchief she tried to find. The handle turned, the great door opened wide, And smilingly, the dentist stepped inside. "Ah, let me see, another tooth decayed!" Thus spoke the villain, while the maiden pray'd. " Just step in here, we'll soon have that removed." Jemima shuddered, for that tooth she loved. The villain gave a tug, and then a shout, Loudly proclaiming that the tooth was out. Iemima, feeling faint with unfeigned fears, Uttered a scream, and then burst into tears. But now, the tooth with dignity and grace, Proudly reposes—in a shining case. GLADYS REEVE, V Senior.

SEJOUR EN FRANCE.

Voyager-voilà mon rêve! Voir un pays étranger, avoir l'occasion de parler une langue étrangère tout le temps, voir toujours autour de soi des habitudes étrangères, vivre chez les étrangers sans voir de compatriote, se perdre à la campagne, étudier la vie et les moeurs du pays, se sentir indépendant, être obligé de faire tout pour soi-même; c'est apprendre quelque chose de pratique, c'est de l'expérience: voilà ce que j'ai goûté pendant trois mois en France l'annee dermère.

J'ai passé la plupart du temps en Lorraine en pleine campagne dans une région très intéressante. La maison où je suis restée est située près du Bois le Fiêtre ou se trouvent beaucoup de souvenirs de la guerre—des tranchées, des maisons détruites, des prés interdits au public à cause des obus qui y restent toujours, des affiches qui montrent les positions exactes des régiments français et allemands—que

parfois quelques métres seuls séparent.

C'était impressionnant, beaucoup plus impressionnant que Verdun dont on a tant parlé mais qui est devenu à présent

trop centre de tourisme.

N'importe où j'ai fait des excursions on m'a montré des souvenirs de la guerre, des régions complètement dévastées près de " la Voie Sacrée" où rien ne passe, absolument rien!

J'ai visité aussi Strasbourg et les environs et le Luxembourg, Nancy, Metz et Domrémy où naquit Jeanne d'Arc. On peut voir sa petite maison et aussi, là au milieu des prés où elle entendait les voix, on lui a dédié une basilique splendide.

Savez-vous ce qu'un goûter, un vrai goûter de province? Oui? Alors je vous plains! Mais dans le cas où vous n'avez pas eu ce plaisir, voici de quoi il s'agit. C'est un grand assemblage de personnes, pour la plupart inconnues l'une à l'autre, qui, assises sur des chaises Louis Quinze, admirables à regarder, mais abominables au point de vue confort, jouent au bridge tout en parlant des confitures qu'on vient de faire ou du temps qu'il fait.

Evidemment pour connaître la vie française il faut bien plus de trois mois. Trois mois—ce n'est rien! Peut-être pas—mais ce court séjour suffit pour apprendre bien des choses, et excite l'envie de retourner le plus tôt possible en France.

P. HYDE, VIa.

TO A MILITIAMAN OF THE INTERNATIONAL COLUMN, ALBUQUERQUE, SPAIN.

The Intellectuals—they talk so wisely, They sit in calm dispassionate groups and ruminate, Desiring compromise.

Then they give forth conclusions thoughtfully,

Having meditated.

They have decided that your war is wrong,

No differentiating here.

"Folly of war we know. No good may come of it. Trust in your fellow man. All will be well."

I listen to their calculated speech

-Am swayed by it, in grey suburbia.

Then came your letters.

You live, not reason, fight in war-stained Spain, Beneath the blazing blue. I can imagine you, Sweating and hot in grey-blue uniform, Red tassel dangling from a squint militia cap Before a nose new-tanned by Spanish sun, Firing, grim, "No pasarán" upon your lips, Or eating the eternal beans, as you would have it, Among those comrades, never disillusioned.

I love your courage.

Your quiet malediction for that shell
That shakes the smoking candle, as you write,
At midnight, in the dirty, bomb-raked dug-out.
You were? A railway clerk before you left.
You have become? Servant of liberty.
You have left theory to the realms of dreams,
To thinkers and respectable old men.
With burning eyes you saw the realms of vision,
Beheld your brave new world, then went to fight,
Bearing your heart to help in its creation.

Bearing your arms to lend strength to the cause; Perhaps to die.

I know your reasoning.

What do you care that you should give your life, If, in the giving, life got Liberty?

ANN RENN, VIa.

ORIGINAL INFORMATION.

Bi-carbonate of soda is a white amorous substance.

The chief occupation of British Columbia is catching Salome (salmon?) . . . which, when caught, is beheaded, tailed, and cut up into pieces and put in a tin.

The course of the earth round the sun is epileptic.

A volcano consists of lather and rock.

"I.D.B." stands for "It's a dirty business." (Illicit Diamond Broking.)

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