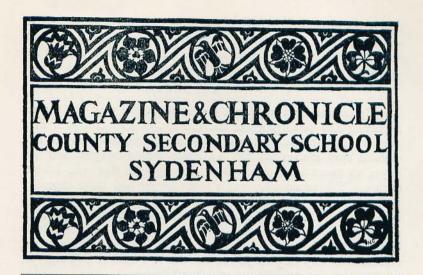
MAGAZINE& CHRONICLE



COUNTY SECONDARY SCHOOL SYDENHAM

NOVEMBER, 1938



No. XIX.

NOVEMBER, 1938.

FOREWORD.

It will be seen that the year under review has once more provided plenty of material for the chroniclers. This one must record first the staff changes lest it be forgotten that three whom we already regard as old friends actually joined us only in September, 1937. They are Miss Alexander and Miss Dobby, replacing Miss Lambert and Miss Stanton who left be married, and Miss Hastings, who succeeded Miss Falconer as Senior History Mistress when the latter became one of H.M.'s Inspectors. All three have established themselves so firmly and easily in the community that I have had to look up last year's Chronicle to be sure that their arrival is so recent. During 1937-8 we also had as temporary member of staff a visitor from U.S.A., Miss Bower, who exchanged posts with Miss Seymour. We hope Miss Bower enjoyed Sydenham as much as we appreciated her friendly presence among us.

These are all matters for self-congratulation but the other change is not, for in July last we said good-bye to Miss Webb on her retirement. It was hard to believe that Miss Webb had reached retiring age for she retained so much zest and liveliness in her work and play that she seemed very little older than when she came to

Sydenham in January, 1919. The school has lost a gifted teacher and a loyal and devoted member but we know that Miss Webb's friendly interest will follow us and she will count on ours in her new home in Sussex.

By far the most important improvement this year was the refurnishing and cataloguing of the Library. The change from a number of marmalade-coloured cupboards to well-constructed and uniform open shelves has had an effect almost magical and has helped us to secure an atmosphere of quiet work that will, I hope, endure. The cataloguing was a much longer and more expensive business than we expected but now it is over its value is appreciated by everyone. The School Play, noticed elsewhere, made a generous contribution towards the cost. Though it was well and charmingly dressed, the expenses, including £9 9s. od. for performing rights, amounted to only £23 1s. 7d., so that out of a total of £53 19s. 3d.

a balance of £30 17s. 8d. went to the Library.

This seems a good place to mention the Parent-Teacher Association in the hope that a few more parents will join it. The numbers increased slightly during the session but it would be more than twice as valuable if it had twice as many members. The Thank Offering Fund, provided in part by the Association and in part by Old Girls and other friends of the school, does a very good work. This year it has made grants of a total value of about £50. I know that such help is much appreciated and in several cases it has enabled girls to finish their school course who would otherwise have had to leave.

The School once more entered two competitors for the Writing Prizes given by Mrs. Galsworthy and again both competitors were successful. They were Pat Williams (IVM.) and Joan Ing (IIIM.), who received £4 4s. od. each.

Three full-page illustrations in the Magazine were provided by Enid Henke, Joyce Pragnell and Joan Tinworth from IIm., while Vera Dunn (IVM.) and Joan Graves (IVs.) are responsible for the other two, Gardening and Life-Saving. It is time now to say good-bye to our Sixth Form leavers. All the VIA. girls departed in July. Pauline Hyde, Head Girl since September, 1936, having won an Open Exhibition in History, was awarded a Senior County Scholarship and has gone to St. Hilda's College, Oxford. Marjorie Holliday (Science Exhibition and State Scholarship) goes to Bedford College, and Margaret Back (State Scholarship) to King's College, where Agnes Bartels will be found also. The last one, Beryl Kennedy, having passed Higher School, will work for the Executive Class Examination of the Civil Service and is attending special Civil Service classes.

The other college entrants are Tessie Steele and Eileen Keates of VIB., who both go to Battersea Domestic Science Training College, while Joan-mary Thomsett has started to train for Nursery School work at the Rachel McMillan Training College.

We offer to all these our best wishes for their college years and to them and the other Prefects who have left from VI. and V. our thanks for all they did for the school.

E. T.

EDITORIAL.

"From the troubles of the world I turn to ducks," said a soldier-poet in 1918. It was with similar feelings of relaxation that I turned, when the world crisis lifted late in September—somewhat too late for the business in hand, it must be confessed—to the final stages of shaping our nineteenth School Magazine. Here was matter for pleasure and matter for mirth; (what a turn for satire was developed in the V's!). Here also were records of our everyday life and the joy of little things;

"Birds,

Cheerily chirping in the early day,

Bards,

Singing of summer scything through the hay, Bees,

Shaking the heavy dew from bloom and frond."

And how infinitely precious these things seem at such a time!

The members of Vs. (last year's IVs.) must again be congratulated on their work. They presented a bulky budget, a magazine in itself, of varied interest and good literary standard. It is with

regret that so much has had to be omitted, but space will not stretch beyond a certain limit!

IV. Middle have also worked hard for the Magazine and their efforts deserve commendation.

The Chronicle section did not shape quite so easily, and I should like to remind Secretaries of School Societies, Games Captains, etc. to keep their records for the School Magazine very carefully next year. This will save everybody much trouble at the end of the Summer Term.

Once again our thanks are due to our many helpers, in particular to Miss Turner, Miss Hayes, Miss Whitehead and the Magazine Committee. Here's to the success of the nineteenth number!

H.D.

SCHOOL CALENDAR, 1937-8.

AUTUMN TERM, 1937.

- Sept. 14. School re-opened.
 - ,, 16. House Meetings.
 - , 21. Visit to the Victoria and Albert Museum (VIs.).
- Oct. 11. Meeting of the School Council.
 - ,, 21. French Re-union (V's. and VI's.).
 - ,, 28. Visit of IV. Forms to "She Stoops to Conquer."
- Nov. 1. Half Term Holiday.
 - ,, 12. Meeting of the O.G.A.
 - " 19. Prize Giving.
 - " 22. Prize Giving Holiday.
 - , 29. Meeting of the School Council.
 - " 30. German "Christmas Evening."
- Dec. 1. Guides' Christmas Party.
 - ,, 3-4. School Play, "Pride and Prejudice."
 - " 13. Carol Party and Nativity Play.
 - " 14. Junior School Party.
 - " 15. Middle School Party.
 - " 16. Senior School Party.
 - ,, 17. End of Term.

SPRING TERM, 1938.

- Jan. 11. School re-opened.
 - ,, 24. Meeting of the School Council.
 - " 26. Local Special Place Examination.
 - " 28-9. Old Girls' Opera, "The Pirates of Penzance."
 - , 27-Feb. 4. Examinations (IV., V. and VI.).
- Feb. 28. Half Term Holiday.
- Mar. 2. Visit of VIB. to "La Mort du Cygne" at the Curzon.
 - ,, 4. A short talk to Forms V. and VI. by a visitor from Spain.
 - " 11. Meeting of the O.G.A.
 - " 12. London Speech Festival at Conway Hall (Lr. I. and Is. competed).
 - " 21. Meeting of the School Council.
 - " 30. Gym. Competition.
 - , 31-April 6. Five House Parties.
- Aprl. 8. End of Term.

SUMMER TERM, 1938.

- May 3. School re-opened.
 - " 20. Members of Form VI. went to see "Power and Glory."
 - " 24. Commonwealth Day (half holiday).
 - " 30. Meeting of the School Council.
- June 6-7. Half Term and Whitsun Holiday.
 - ,, 9. Form Photographs.
 - " 16. Higher and General School Examinations begun.
- " 20. School Examinations begun.
- July I. Visit to the Norwood Technical Institute by some members of Forms IV., V. and VI.
 - " 4. Scholarship Holiday.
 - " 5. Meeting of the School Council.
 - " 8-22. School Camp at Ingham Old Hall, Norfolk (40 girls and 6 members of the Staff).
 - " 15. Babies' Party.
 - " 20. Open Day.
 - ,, 22. Sixth Form Dance.
 - " 25. Swimming Gala.
 - " 28. House Meetings and End of Term.

PRIZE GIVING, NOVEMBER 19th, 1937.

PROGRAMME.

Unison Song ... "Cargoes" ... Martin Shaw Middle and Junior School.

Two-Part Song ... "Beauty Lately" Handel Middle School Choir.

Unison Song ... "Let us now praise Famous Men"

R. Vaughan Williams
School.

HEAD MISTRESS'S REPORT.

DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES AND CERTIFICATES.
ADDRESS BY A. E. DEAN, Esq., M.A., M.LITT.

Three-Part Song "The Lovely Lass of Inverness" A. Somervell Senior Choir.

Two-Part Song ... "Thou Crownest the Year" ... Bach Senior School.

Two-Part Song ... "The Shepherd's Dance" ... E. German School.

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

"God Save the King."

MR. DEAN'S SPEECH.

This year we were very fortunate in having Mr. Dean, prin-

cipal of Goldsmith's College, present at our Prize-Giving.

In his speech Mr. Dean said that this was his first visit to the School, and he had just been reading the School Magazine. He was also very much interested in the system of "Free Study" by which we worked. Such a system should teach us to think and act for ourselves, and not depend on others.

Much more attention was now being paid to the education of women. Before the twentieth century very few girls had the chance of obtaining a higher education. There were no scholarships, and High Schools were confined to daughters of the well-to-do. But now women had an equal chance with men as voters and Members of Parliament, and there were a quarter of a million girls receiving a Secondary School education.

This raised the question, what should a good education be? Education should be a preparation for life and citizenship. It should not pay too much attention to examinations; they should not be allowed to oppress people's lives. Girls, Mr. Dean said, get more hot and bothered than boys. If you give a girl too much work to do, she breaks down; if you give a boy too much, he does not do it. Education should enable one to achieve independence, and should not be a direct preparation for any special kind of occupation.

The school should also deal with leisure, as well as work. A girl should learn to entertain others, as well as herself; she should keep, fit, energetic, thoughtful and public-spirited. The school should help her to do this, and also help her to develop good taste

and to entertain new ideas broadmindedly.

This was very important because the future of the world depended on the courage and self-sacrifice of the growing generation. This was a very serious and individual responsibility, where freedom of opinion was necessary. The school should bring its inmates up to understand the "storm-driven world."

Mr. Dean then referred to the old notions which used to be called "female education." He quoted from "A Mother's Advice to Her Daughter," written in 1807. According to this, a girl should be "perfect in the first four rules of arithmetic," and should be instructed in "the gentle arts of music and drawing." Girls not following this advice were expected to become "useless wives and impertinent companions."

Mr. Dean wished more people with a secondary school education would "nurse the sick society" by elementary school teaching, and reap the full fruits of their education in this way. In the Sixth Form we are able to become leaders (or rebels), thinking and caring about something better than ourselves, and he advised us all to stay on at school as long as possible, then afterwards to live the fullest life possible, and try to make our own little corner of the world a better place to live in.

The Chairman proposed a vote of thanks, which was seconded by Mrs. Lowe.

MARGARET LEVITT, DOROTHY HOBART, VI.B.

PRIZE LIST, 1936-37.

L.I.	IV.s.	V.s.—ctd.
M. Fairn.	J. Blundy.	MATRICULATION.
M. Page-Wood.	D. Cordery.	J. Anderson.
	J. Davis.	L. Brooker.
I.J.	E. Gosling.	M. Greenfield.
J. Janes.	B. Jenkins.	E. Jervis.
J. Mills.	P. Wilson.	J. Johnson.
D. Vincent.	Vic	S. Kerwin.
I.M.	V.G.	E. Margetts.
E. Caister.	G. Pallett.	K. Moss.
I.s.	GENERAL SCHOOL.	J. Munnery.
E. Mollett.	J. Beck.	G. Parkinson.
E. Morris.	B. Sargeant.	P. Ratcliffe.
	T. Steele.	J. Symons.
II.J.		J. Tye.
D. Gillett.	V.J.	GENERAL SCHOOL.
M. Nourse.	J. Pearce.	A. Brown.
J. Pratten.	A. Elvin.	P. Colesby.
II.M.	E. Fairn.	J. Cowie.
J. Blann.	MATRICULATION.	J. Daniels.
D. Green.	S. Andrews.	B. Edwards.
E. Roberts.	I. Byron,	J. Forshall.
II.s.	D. Hobart.	D. Fry.
P. Griffiths.	M. Levitt.	H. Land.
	M. Reville.	G. Reeve.
III.J.	J. Wakeling.	J. Smith.
D. Clark.	General School.	B. Watts.
III.M.	E. Ashby.	M. Welch.
A. Mason.	D. Cullen.	VIc.
G. Reynolds.	D. Dixson.	LEAVING PRIZES.
J. Shoebridge.	I. Everitt.	S. Baldock.
C. Spittle.	I. Ford.	J. Cameron,
D. Talbot.	M. French.	B. Charles.
P. Williams.	J. Girdler.	I. Dean.
IV.J.	L. Holmes.	M. Douglas.
B. Butcher.	E. Miller.	B. Garrod.
M. Davies.	F. Paice.	E. Jenkins.
J. Douglas.	M. Paine.	B. Knowles.
S. Fletcher.	L. Pitcher.	M. Maynard.
M. French.	J. Press.	H. Morris.
D. Littell.	D. Rowley.	O. Orsman.
S. Yeates.	M. Stiff.	L. Perry.
IV.M.	P. Symons.	I. Skellett.
V. Ball.	J. Thomsett.	VIB.
D. Bowell.	P. Waring.	M. Back.
M. Coombs.	W. Wright.	LEAVING PRIZES.
J. Flisher.	V.s.	J. Bates.
R. Kirby.	J. Hucker.	H. Davey.
M. Lupton.	P. Mogridge.	J. Francis.
4.00 Tel (1975)		

VIB.	VIA.	
LEAVING.	HIGHER SCHOOL.	LEAVING PRIZES.
B. Jagger.	M. Holliday.	N. Carlton,
B. Parker.	P. Hyde.	M. Clausen.
B. Parrott.	A. Renn.	B. Hopewell.
S. Tonkin.	P. Riddiford.	D. Humphreys.
		E. Jones.
		M. Lewis.

HIGHER AND GENERAL SCHOOL CERTIFICATE.
A. Renn.
P. Riddiford.

GENERAL SCHOOL CERTIFICATES.

S. Andrews.	E. Fairn.	K. Moss.
E. Ashby.	I. Ford.	J. Munnery.
J. Bates.	J. Fowler.	O. Orsman.
M. Batson.	J. Francis.	M. Paine.
M. Bayfield.	M. French.	G. Pallett.
J. Beck.	D. Fry.	B. Parker.
A. Brown.	B. Garrod.	G. Parkinson.
B. Brown.	J. Girdler.	B. Parrott.
J. Cameron.	J. Haves.	L. Perry.
N. Carlton.	L. Holmes.	P. Ratcliffe.
B. Charles.	B. Hopewell.	B. Sargeant.
M. Clausen.	J. Hucker.	I. Skellett.
P. Colesby.	D. Humphreys.	G. Sparks.
R. Condon.	M. Jackson.	O. Speare.
J. Cowie.	B. Jagger.	J. Symons.
J. Daniels.	E. Jenkins.	P. Symons.
M. Dannenberg.	J. Jewhurst.	S. Tonkin.
H. Davey.	E. Jones.	J. Tye.
A. Dell.	S. Kerwin.	P. Waring.
D. Dixson.	M. King.	B. Watts.
M. Douglas.	H. Land.	B. Whiting.
B. Edwards.	M. Lewis.	M. Wren.
I. Everitt.	M. Maynard.	
B. Eversfield.	H. Morris.	

"PRIDE AND PREJUDICE."

This year Miss Hayes and Miss Gemmell produced Helen Jerome's dramatised version of "Pride and Prejudice." It was a great success owing, in part, to the untiring efforts of the producers, but also to the good team work of the players. This co-operation between individual members of the cast resulted in a performance that was remarkable for its finish.

The acting of certain people calls for special mention. Pat Wilson, as Mr. Bennet, with his amusing little ironies, gave an impression of controlled strength which dominated the scenes in

which she appeared. Joyce Ward, in one of the most difficult rôles, that of Mrs. Bennet, gave an excellent interpretation of the fond but foolish mother. Eileen Millar (Caroline) positively oozed insincerity Josephine Anderson as Elizabeth, and Audrey and condescension. Elvin, suitably boisterous as Lydia, both gave vivacious portravals, which made Jane appear perhaps more colourless than the part required; although Mary Reville and Margaret Fitton, who shared the part of Jane, achieved a certain pathetic sweetness, and Elizabeth did not quite achieve that degree of gentility which one would expect to find in one of Miss Austen's heroines. Mr. Collins' (Dorothy Rowley) love-making scenes with Elizabeth quite convulsed the audience, as did his obsequious attentions to his "revered patroness," the Lady Catherine de Bourgh, whose condescension exceeded all bounds even if her affability—despite Mr. Collins' protestations—was singularly lacking. Peggy Dillon's short character sketch of Lady Lucas was most amusing.

Evelyn Margetts maintained a suitable air of detachment and haughty contempt in her part of Mr. Darcy, although it was unfortunate that this made her rôle a passive rather than an active one. Of the other men Bingley (Margaret Knott) and Wickham (Hester

Green) were disappointing.

Mention must also be made of many non-actors who rendered valuable assistance in the production of the play; these were Miss Whitehead, who with the help of the Sixth Form, designed the costumes; and Marjorie Johnson, Pat Hayes and Jean Knott, who helped Miss Higgs to make the costumes, which were charming; other mistresses who helped with the making up, and, of course, Mr. Stribley and Mr. Horrey. Lastly may I congratulate the bright person who suggested refreshments in the intervals, for I think these helped very materially towards the enjoyment of a really good performance.

B. KENNEDY, VIA.

THE JUNIOR PARTY.

Anticipation.

As I entered the cloakroom some girls were putting on fancy dresses, long and short frocks. Along the corridors more girls were hustling and putting their frocks in order. In the form-room girls were here and there tying up sashes, doing up shoes, putting on head-

dresses. Then the door opened and a prefect said, "Will all girls who are not in fancy dress come to the hall?" We went into the hall and made a gangway for the girls in fancy dress to go through. Along they came; old-fashioned ladies, little Bo-Peep, a snowman, Queen Elizabeth and many other characters.

H. HARRISON, IIM.

Gratification.

The dancing seemed very much nicer this year because Pauline and Dorothy invented so many different varieties of dances. One was a statue dance, where you had to keep very still when the music stopped. We tried hard not to move, but the Sixth Form tried their hardest to make us, and at last we were out.

Another was when the lights went out and you tried to find another partner. Then, when you had found one and settled down, to your consternation the lights went out again. These are some of the merry dances we had. This was followed by the Second Form Play, "The Truth About the Tarts," produced by Miss Groves and Miss Alexander. So we had a jolly time, thanks to our Mistresses and the Sixth Form.

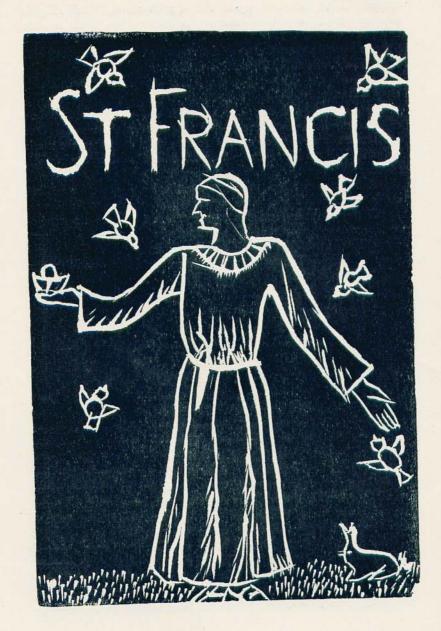
J. TINWORTH, IIM.

HOUSE REPORTS, 1937-8.

ST. ANDREW'S.

This winter, despite the efforts of Audrey Elvin and Doris Leach (our Junior Games Captain) we did not do well, either in hockey or netball, but since we lost some of our best players last summer, the result was not unexpected. However, it would have been better if it had not been for the lack of general enthusiasm in the House. Until the Summer Term House Games seemed to be supported by a few members only, who turned out to practices regularly. Fortunately the majority of the House has shown a greater interest in rounders, tennis and swimming during this term and the results for summer games were less disappointing.

This year we have changed our House Charity; instead of supporting our little Scotch girl, Edith Mackay, we decided to support St. John's Hospital, Lewisham; however, so that Edith would not feel too disappointed we sent her a large parcel of clothes, books and toys at Christmas time. St. John's has been assisted by our regular



weekly collections and also by the money made by the House on Open Day, also a great many farthings have been collected, as well as "Daily Sketch" and "Daily Mirror" tokens during the early part of the year. Three parties of girls have been to see over the Hospital and were greatly interested by all they saw.

At the House Party we all thoroughly enjoyed scenes from "Victoria Regina," played by the Senior Dramatic Section. The play was produced by Sybil Yeates, who, with the cast, must be congratulated for making such a success of a very difficult play.

At the end of the Summer Term the Junior Dramatic Section performed a play to the Lower School, which was very much appreciated. The play was produced by Margaret Fitton.

Finally we must say how sorry we were that Miss Short was unable to be with us until the Spring Term owing to her illness; we were all very glad to see her back again. Miss Gemmell undertook the duties of House Mistress during Miss Short's absence and we wish to thank them both very much for their interest and help in the activities of the House.

AGNES R. D. BARTELS.

ST. DAVID'S.

This year has been fairly successful as far as our charities—The Welfare Centre and Sylvia Acreman, an unemployed miner's daughter—are concerned. The Open Day was very successful in many ways, and our House Room and Side Shows were well frequented. We hope to be able to send extra money to Sylvia so that she may have a fortnight's holiday.

We have been fortunate in games, both in winter and summer. Although we did not win the Winter Games Cup, we did quite well in hockey, putting up a hard fight for the matches we lost. In swimming we accomplished a feat which has not been done, it seems, almost since the School began: St. David's won the swimming gala! Congratulations to all those who co-operated so enthusiastically. Junior and Senior Rounders Teams both won three out of their four matches, though the House did not do quite so well in tennis. Margaret Knott has worked very hard at coaching in games and we all want to thank her heartily.

Good luck to St. David's and its leaders in 1938-9!

M. BACK.

ST. FRANCIS'.

This year has seen many changes in the House. At the beginning of the year we welcomed Miss Alexander in the place of

Miss Lambert, who left to get married.

We elected a new Games Captain, Barbara Gillbe, and six new Prefects. Unfortunately Barbara left us at the end of the Spring Term and we were sorry to lose her, as she had proved herself able and willing. Josephine Anderson, who had led the House Dramatics during the year, took over the office. Three new Prefects were made during the year to fill the places vacated by "leavers."

We chose the Union of Girls' Schools' Settlement for our new charity this year and the House also desired to keep on the House

Baby.

In spite of the efforts of the Games Captains the House has not

won either of the Games Cups nor the Swimming Cup.

We are very sorry to have to say good-bye to Miss Webb this year, as she has been with the House since its commencement and we wish her every happiness in her retirement.

We should like to thank Miss Chaplin on behalf of the House

for all the interest that she has taken in the House activities.

E. M. KEATES.

ST. GEORGE'S.

Owing to the mighty efforts of our Games Captains, Betty Puxty (Senior) and Jean Barker (Junior), we have achieved the seemingly impossible,—the Winter and Summer Games Cups now repose on the bracket as the proud possession of St. George's House. Although we tried very hard in the Swimming Gala, we only came second. Better luck next year!

This year we have sent contributions to King's College Hos-

pital, and to Doris Humphreys, our House Baby.

At the House Party in April this year the Dramatic Section, ably led by Evelyn Margetts and Beryl Dibbs, presented the play "The Reluctant Dragon." The costumes were very good, and especial credit must be given to Beryl, who created a most terrifying dragon.

Miss Hayes has been our House Mistress this year, and I am sure that St. George's House appreciates very much all the help that

she and the other members of the Staff have given us.

DOROTHY ROWLEY.

ST. PATRICK'S.

We were sorry to lose ten prefects at the end of July, including our House and Games Captains, Nora Carlton and Helen Davey. We also missed Miss Seymour, who went to America for the year, but we were pleased to welcome Miss Bower in her place, who has shown great interest in the House's activities.

Unfortunately we dropped rather low in the Winter and Summer Games this year and so lost the Cup which we had won in the previous year, but we hope to recover our position again next year.

Our thanks are due to Pat Wilson, our Games Captain, and to Dorothy Hobart, the leader of our Dramatic Section, who ably produced scenes from "Toad of Toad Hall" at the House Party in March. The cast of twenty included a number of juniors, so the outlook for next year's Dramatic Section is promising.

This year we have supported the South Eastern Hospital for Children and as it is local we were able to send several parties to look over it. During the year we sent about £5 each term and also a large number of disused stamps, which the Hospital can sell.

The mistresses and prefects have had two tea parties, which

were both enjoyed very much.

We wish to thank the House mistresses, particularly Miss Drury, for all they have done during the year.

WINNIE WRIGHT.

WINTER GAMES CUP, 1937-8.

1.—St. George.
2.—St. David.
3.—St. Andrew,
St. Patrick.
5.—St. Francis.

SUMMER GAMES CUP, 1938.

1.—St. George. 4.—St. Francis. 2.—St. David. 5.—St. Patrick.

3.-St. Andrew.



HOCKEY, 1937-8.

The season on the whole has not been very successful. We were unfortunate in losing almost every member of both teams at the end of last season, but there are some promising young people and the standard of play should be higher next year. Both teams were inclined to be slow, and often showed little sign of retaliation. At the end of the season, however, they improved, both in attacking force and general team work.

The teams would like to express their appreciation of the coaching given by Miss Preedy and would like to thank her and Miss Belcher for umpiring matches. We must also thank the girls who kindly arranged match teas, and Barbara Gillbe, who acted as Games Secretary.

J. ANDERSON, VIB.

THE TEAMS, 1937-8.

IST.	2ND.
G.—A. Elvin.	B. Dibbs.
L.B.—B. Gillbe.	J. Knott.
к.в.—D. Rowley.	J. Graves.
L.н.—I. Roberts.	P. Williams.
с.н.—I. Hughes.	B. Puxty.
R.н.—I. Byron.	J. Davis.
L.W.—M. Knott.	M. Coombs.
L.I.—J. Anderson.	D. Bowell.
c.f.—J. Short.	L. Jenn.
R.I.—P. Tunstall.	B. Jenkins.
R.W.—M. Jenkins.	J. Tonge.

JUNIOR NETBALL, 1937-8.

Our netball team this year consisted of the following girls: — Shooter, E. Giles; Attack, K. White; Centre Attack, V. Emblem; Centre, K. Broughton; Centre Defence, D. Leach; Defence, E. Partlett; Goal Defence, J. Goodall.

The "Under Thirteen" Team: Shooter, M. Mills; Attack, B. Stone; Centre Attack, J. Howlett; Centre, B. Angel; Centre Defence, J. Gibbs; Defence, B. Alexander; Goal Defence, M. Barrett.

Three matches were played, two against Honor Oak, one of which we won; another against St. Martin's, which we also won. The "Under Thirteens" won one of their matches.

The teams were keen and worked hard, though in matches they were sometimes rather wild. We hope that they will retain their enthusiasm and play more steadily next season.

D. LEACH, IIIJ.

TENNIS, 1937-8.

Our match results were not very encouraging at the beginning of the season, but with the improvement of our style we eventually were able to put up a good fight in our last three matches, winning one and losing the other two by a few games.

Back-hands were the poorest strokes this year, but with practice against the board, these improved towards the end of the season.

Our thanks are due to Miss Preedy for her untiring efforts at coaching.

D. ROWLEY.

TENNIS COUPLES.

D. Rowley, M. Knott, J. Knott, M. Reville, O. Beveridge, L. Jenn.

ROUNDERS.

This year it was decided that we should play Rounders as one of our summer games, instead of Cricket. The game has been popular, particularly in the Junior School, and we played both Inter-Form and Inter-House matches. We also arranged matches against James Allen Girls' School and Aylwin School, Bermondsey. We were not very successful as regards score, but we enjoyed our first attempt!

"Under 15" TEAM.

Bowler	 G. Leigh Brown.
Backstop	 E. Tomkins (Captain).
1st Post	 V. Emblen.
2nd Post	 J. Ing.
3rd Post	 M. Barrett.
Deep Fielder	 E. Partlett.
Deep Fielder	 K. Branchett.
Deep Fielder	 J. Tinworth.
Deep Fielder	 M. Mills.

"Under 13" Team was chosen from the following: G. Angel, B. Connell, B. Gow, M. Maple, B. Pallet, J. Dyerson, C. Eteson, J. Gibbs, J. Jenkins, P. Clark, P. Hart, P. Mell.

GUIDES.

1937-38 School year has been much enjoyed by the Guides. Unfortunately we did not plough the turbulent waves so fast as the other Sydenham Companies at the Forest Hill Baths, and so we no longer have the pleasure of cleaning the Swimming Shield. The Tuesday evening before the Guide Party saw many little Guides festooning the hall with paper chains and balloons, and though our artistic efforts were much appreciated by the rest of the School, the elusive drawing pins caused much anxiety during gym. the next day. The festivities of the evening were enjoyed by the Staff and small visitors. The inevitable leaders' play wound up with the appearance of Father Christmas in his usual regalia, with the Senior Patrol (draped in blankets, rugs, etc.) as reindeer in attendance.

During the Summer Term we spent many of our Wednesdays cooking, *i.e.* burning sausages, and the family frying pan, which had been lugged to School in the morning.

Miss Preedy, Miss Belcher and Miss Higgs took twelve of us down to camp on a farm in Cornwall. The first few days of torrential rain did not damp our appetite and the local weighing machines registered a distinct increase in the weight of everyone. Miss Preedy was much touched by our contribution to her birthday jollities, *i.e.* a pink, rubber, squeaking pig, and some handkerchiefs, also by Miss Belcher's and Miss Higgs' rejuvenating present.

We should like to thank Miss Preedy and Miss Belcher for making our Wednesday afternoons so interesting, and also Miss Cook for keeping our accounts.

The leaders this year have been: Company Leader, Betty Puxty; Patrol Leaders, B. Burdon, P. Hayes, E. Hanvey, I. Hanvey, J. Knott, I. Hughes and D. Rowley.

LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY.

The debates this year have on the whole been rather poor, partly on the score of subject, where members have a certain shyness of broaching subjects of universal interest, and partly through sheer nervousness of speaking in public. Whether this fear is due to genuine lack of something to say, or dislike of laying oneself open to attack is hard to say, but if it is the latter, fears are unnecessary. One subject, namely, "That the adoption of a universal language would be in the interests of world peace," was very well and enthusiastically debated, perhaps owing to the presence of the Fourths, who not only brought forward salient points, but sustained the discussion well.

Much greater interest was shown in plays, and on these days the attendance was good. VIB. and V. Senior each read scenes from "Victoria Regina," in both cases well cast and sympathetically rendered. V. Middle and V. Junior read J. B. Priestley's "I Have Been Here Before," which was quite well received. Members of the Staff and VIB. read Isherwood and Auden's "Ascent of F.6," which was well attended and much enjoyed.

At the last meeting papers were read by Miss Bower, Fräulein Schildt and Mademoiselle Vaughan on "The English Character," which, both informative and highly amusing, were very much appreciated by a large audience.

We very much hope that the Fourths, who show such debating ability and enthusiasm, will fill the ranks of next year's Society. We would like to take this opportunity of thanking all the members of the Staff who have given help to the Society.

Pauline Hyde, President. Marjorie Holliday, Secretary.

SCIENCE CLUB.

Secretaries, I. BYRON, J. WAKELING.

At the first meeting of the Science Club this year it was decided that instead of having a President we should have a different Chairman at each meeting.

Only three meetings were held this year, owing to many other activities, but these three were well attended.

At the first meeting, in the Autumn Term, the Sixth Form read papers on "The Alchemists and their Work," when the chair was taken by M. Holliday.

The other two lectures were given by outside speakers. On February 22nd Mr. Clark, the Kodak photographer, gave a very enjoyable lecture entitled "Eyes and No Eyes," well illustrated by lantern slides.

Miss Christie, of the London College of Nursing, spoke at the last meeting on "The Nurse's Vocation," and this lecture was also illustrated by slides. The subject was specially asked for by members of the Science Club interested in nursing.

We should like to take this opportunity of thanking Miss Webb for all the work she has done in arranging lectures for us and regret that in future she will not be present at our meetings.

I. Byron, VIB.

THE SCHOOL ORCHESTRA, 1937-8.

At the beginning of the year the Orchestra found itself lacking in senior and more efficient members. It seems strange that in such a large school only ten members can be produced and any new recruits, who are interested, would be welcomed by Miss Ballard.

We should like to thank Miss Ballard for all her noble efforts throughout the year, especially for the great pains she took, with the help of three Old Girls, in producing the incidental music for the play at Christmas.

MARJORIE JOHNSON, V. Senior.



MUSIC SOCIETY.

The Music Society has continued to thrive, and has held on an average three meetings each term. The attendance was small, but the lack of numbers was amply made up for by a quiet enthusiasm.

There was no settled plan to follow, as was attempted last year, so that the music played varied greatly in type. It included: — Bach's "Italian Concerto" played by Miss Hartnell, Bach's "Fifth Brandenburg Concerto," Mozart's "Jupiter Symphony," Ballet music from Stravinsky's "Petroushka," Beethoven's "Eroica Symphony," Brahm's "Concerto in D minor," Schubert's "Unfinished Symphony."

One of the summer meetings deserves special mention for its novel character. Girls brought their favourite records, and in each case gave a few biographical details about the composer. The pieces heard were short, and included works by such widely-differing composers as Bach, Brahms, Tschaikovsky, Delius, Flotow and Mascagny!

In conclusion, we should like to thank all those who have helped to make the Music Society a success, especially Miss Chaplin, for arranging the meetings and speaking at so many of them, and Miss Hartnell for playing to us.

> MARJORIE HOLLIDAY, MARGARET BACK.

JUNIOR LEAGUE OF NATIONS UNION, 1937-8.

We decided that this year the Junior League of Nations Union should be reserved for Third-formers. Our first meeting was held on September 14th with the Senior Section, when Miss Turner told us the various ways of keeping peace. The second meeting was a general discussion on "What the League Has Done." On November 16th Mrs. Sisson led a meeting about the Sino-Japanese War. The two following meetings were given by Miss Hastings about the affairs of Palestine and Austria. The latter speech was connected with Miss Valentine's discussion on Germany. Four members of the Sixth Form gave us a very interesting discussion on "Whether the League is Effective or Not." Good points were raised for each side. We are looking forward to having a Speech-making Competition soon.

On Open-Day a great section of the International Room was devoted to the League of Nations. Many juniors painted posters for the occasion, of which the majority appealed for the needs of Spain and China.

We should like to take this opportunity of expressing our gratitude to Miss Chaplin, Miss Hastings, Mrs. Sisson and Miss Valentine for giving up their time to the Junior Branch of the League of Nations.

We are hoping to have very many enthusiastic members during next year.

E. Roberts, P. Nourse.

THE FORM-BABIES' PARTY.

The form-babies' party was held this year on Friday, July 15th. The babies arrived at about half-past three, all looking very nice in the clothes made by various industrious members of the School. They were taken to the form-rooms first, where they were petted and made to feel quite at home. Tea was rather a noisy meal, and afterwards the mothers and babies were taken into the garden. Several people brought cameras, and some quite good photographs were taken. While the mothers watched the tennis matches, we took the babies round the grounds, and played with them until it was nearly time to go home. Unfortunately it started raining, so the party had to be finished in the hall. The mothers and babies were very sorry to go at six o'clock, and took with them a very happy memory, looking forward to their visit next year.

D. Hobart, VIB.

OPEN DAY, S.C.S.S., JULY, 1938.

One flaming day in July, Mrs. S—— met her friend Miss Jones in the street. Miss Jones looked very bored, and she confessed that she was at a "loose end." Whereupon Mrs. S——, instead of sympathising, said, "Well, don't be bored any more, but come with me up to my daughter's school, where they have a wonderful show." Miss Jones said, "Er, if it's an ordinary fête, I—er, don't really—"

"Oh, but this is *not*, I assure you; come on and see," replied Mrs. S—.

Both ladies hurried on, and, by the end of the evening Miss Jones had agreed that the Open Day was indeed more than an ordinary fête.

"We'll have tea first, I think," said Mrs. S—— as they arrived at the School. "Why, it's like Lyon's at Rush Hour," she exclaimed. There was indeed a huge rush and bustle in the dining room; girls in gay aprons and wearing dainty blue-check head bands were hurrying about with trays. They looked slightly harassed, but were most efficient in their methods of serving, and although they were pressed on all sides by visitors demanding cups of tea, they were very quick and brisk.

It was hot in the dining room, so the two friends took their plates of cakes and went into the charming rose garden. They chose a shady seat, and amid the scent of roses they enjoyed a most tasty tea with home-made cakes.

Miss Jones was a school teacher, therefore she naturally wanted to compare the work exhibited at Sydenham with that of her own pupils. In the history room she admired some perfectly written and composed essays and notes, whereas Mrs. S—— was more interested in the model of the first steam-train, and an old galleon.

Mrs. S—— found some of her daughter's own work exhibited in the English room, and whilst she was examining this with pride and satisfaction, Miss Jones was thinking that the work of the girls at Sydenham was just as good as that done by her own girls.

"On parle français ici, n'est-ce-pas?" asked Miss Jones, as they approached the French room. Miss Jones found that French was indeed spoken here, because Mademoiselle came forward, and charmed them with explanations of the various model French villages and the pictures and magazines.

The two friends next went up on the field where each form had a stall, and when Mrs. S—— was buying and admiring all the bath salts, sweets and clothes, Miss Jones was seriously considering hiring a hand-cart to take away all the books she wanted from the second-hand bookstall! They put all their purchases in Miss Jones's car, and then they wandered round the grounds. They were delighted by the fish pond and the rock gardens, and sat for a time on the lawn under a large, spreading pear tree, which was casting long shadows on the level grass.

After a rest, they went back into the School and walked round the Science labs. Although neither was scientific, they both appreciated the work done and were interested in the demonstrations and experiments.

The House Rooms were the next ports of call. In St. Patrick's room they both had a try at the train side show, and they loved the extremely true to life model of the South Eastern Hospital.

The little animals made by members of St. Francis House were most popular, and they were interested in the photographs of the work done by the U.G.S.

St. David and St. George's rooms were duly visited, each with its original idea. St. David had a model of the Welfare Centre and St. George had a "picture gallery" and a tableau.

When they came to St. Andrew's room Mrs. S—— was amazed at the realism displayed by the organisers. Four large dolls were in bed, each with some malady, and over the bed hung a temperature chart. There were also some large glass bottles, containing rather terrifying looking liquids in this room, and a uniformed nurse, who looked highly efficient, was waiting for any small children to be brought to her for minding.

Lastly, they went to the International room. Miss Jones considered this the most impressive show of the whole lot. There were posters all round the room, which, although they were not published by the same union, all advocated the same principles of peace and international brotherhood.

Miss Jones was very taken with the pamphlets and the peace literature and Mrs. S——, who was looking at the photographs of the Spanish and Chinese children and the admirably painted posters done by some of the girls, felt the horror of what was happening in those countries even perhaps at that very moment, and she and Miss Jones agreed to revisit the stalls so that their money would help to send food and medical supplies to Spain and China. They realised, by this visit to the international room, that they could not be simply word sympathisers with the victims of these appalling happenings, and Miss Jones took some peace literature home with her to get material for the next peace meeting she was to address.

"Well?" inquired Mrs. S-, somewhat anxiously, as they went off the field, after having watched the last embers of the camp

fire fall into ashes, and the last flames curl skywards. "A truly wonderful display; splendidly organised, with interesting exhibits and grand displays of work," replied Miss Jones. "The girls deserve all the money they get. I don't know when I've enjoyed an afternoon more. I shall have to suggest something like this for my own school, although," she smiled, "I shall have to think very deeply if I want something better than Sydenham's Open Day."

M. GREENFIELD, VIb.

SCHOOL CHARITIES.

AUTUMN TERM, 1937.			£	s.	d.
Royal Free Hospital Greater London Sund for the Blind		•••	2	2	0
Concert)	•••		3	0	0
SPRING TERM, 1938.					
Egg Collection, St. John's Hospital			3	11	2
SUMMER TERM, 1938.					
Royal Free Hospital			2	2	0
*Children's Country Holidays Fund			10	0	0
*National Joint Committee for Spanish	Relief				
(Basque Children)			25	0	0
*China Campaign Committee			25	0	0
			£70	15	2

^{*} Open Day.

HOUSE CHARITIES.

ST. ANDREW'S HOUSE.

COLLECTIONS FOR ST. JOHN'S HOSPITAL, LEWISHAM.

		£	S.	d.	
Autumn Term	 	 6	0	0	
Spring Term	 	 5	9	0	
Summer Term	 	 5	6	3	
			F	NS	

ST. DAVID'S HOUSE.

Subscriptions for the three terms amounted to £16 13s. 7d. From this amount £4 2s. 6d. was sent to the Save-the-Children Fund, plus 15s. for the Summer Holiday Scheme in response to a special appeal. The remainder, £11 16s. 1d., was sent to the Sydenham Infant Welfare Centre, which has been visited on three occasions by members of the House.

E.W.

ST. FRANCIS' HOUSE.

br. remiero mocesa.				
AUTUMN TERM.				
			s.	
House Baby			1	8
Union of Girls' Schools for Social Service		4	0	0
	-	£6	T	8
2 2 0		~	•	
Spring Term.				
House Baby		I	13	4
Union of Girls' Schools for Social Service		2	2	6
		£3	15	10
SUMMER TERM.				
House Baby		2	3	4
Union of Girls' Schools for Social Service		I	3	8
		£3	10	0

The whole of this money was raised by weekly collections, except for £1 15s. od., which was raised by the sale of Christmas presents in the Autumn Term.

F.E.C.

ST. GEORGE'S HOUSE.

AUTUMN TERM.

	£	s.	d.
Sent to King's College Hospital	 2	12	6
Sent to Save the Children Fund (for Doris			
Humphries)	 2	I	8

Spring Term.		£	S.	d.
50112 00 1111111111111111111111111111111		2	10	0
Sent to Save the Children Fund (for Doris				
Humphries)		I	13	4
SUMMER TERM.				
Sent to King's College Hospital	•••	2	10	0
Sent to Save the Children Fund (for Doris				
Humphries)				
In the Autumn and Spring Terms collections	of Da	ily	Ske	tch
and Daily Mirror Tokens were also sent to King's	College	e H		
			D.	Η.
ST. PATRICK'S HOUSE.				
The following sums have been sent to the S.E	C. Hosp	oital	: —	
AUTUMN TERM, 1937.		£	s.	d.
Collected from Staff and Girls		5	0	0
By sale of home made sweets		1	4	6
	-	cr		
		±6	4	6
Spring Term, 1938.	- 95			
Collected from Staff and Girls		4	14	0
SUMMER TERM, 1938.				
Collected from Staff and Girls and Open				
Day Collection		1	8	0
		-	H.	_

VIth FORM NOTE.

Eighteen sprightly maidens
Gathered in VIb,
Resolved to make their form-room
As tidy as could be.

When the end of term came
They carried off the prize,
And this was quite a miracle
Which caused the school surprise.

Eighteen sprightly maidens
At gardening were not bright,
The weeds resisted efforts
So the gardens looked a sight.

But still they're not downhearted
'Though two girls off did pop,
For mightily they strove in gym—
Came one below the top.

THE SCHOOL CAMP.

On July 9th we set out from school feeling rather like pioneers going on an adventure, to try the new experiment of a school camp.

After a long and eventful journey, we arrived at Ingham, Norfolk late in the evening, and had our first glimpse of the beautiful old Hall, which was to be our home for the next fortnight. The arrangements for our accommodation were perfect, and the food was excellent.

Ingham is a little country village in Norfolk situated among cornfields and beautiful scenery, and only a few miles from the sea. Ingham Old Hall is surrounded by spacious grounds where we could play tennis and other games.

We enjoyed very much our visits to the sea, where we were allowed to 'paddle.' We played games on the sand, built sand castles or walked for miles by the side of the sea, along the dunes.

We walked several miles every day and explored the country side, visiting several of the Broads.

We did lessons in the mornings, but they were made as interesting as possible, and were held out of doors if the weather permitted, so that they were not like ordinary lessons.

The Hall had its own private 'bus, which took us for excursions. One day we visited Norwich, and were conducted round Norwich Cathedral, a place of great historical interest. We also visited Colman's Factory at Norwich, and a canning factory at North Walsham.

One afternoon we went for a trip on the Broads, lazing in the sunshine and dreaming of the days when we should sail on the Broads in our own private yachts.

Our life at camp was a happy one; there was always fun and laughter, and if we were guilty of playing jokes, they were only played in fun, and helped to create the jolly atmosphere which made camp so enjoyable.

We wish to offer our sincere thanks to the mistresses who accompanied us (Miss Hayes, Mrs. Willatts and Miss Belcher the

first week, and Miss Preedy, Miss Gemmell and Miss Lloyd the second week), for the part that they played in making camp a real holiday, and for their enthusiasm and their unfailing energy in organising expeditions, walks and games; and above all for the wholehearted way in which they entered into the spirit of camp life.

The experiment of having a school camp was very successful, and we would thank Miss Turner for making the holiday possible for us, and wish every success to the next school camp. We look forward to the time when a school camp will be a regular feature of school life.

J. DAVIS, Vs.

GIFT TO THE LIBRARY.

We have to thank an anonymous friend for fifteen German books sent to us through Barbara Sims. They include some standard works and we are very glad to have them.

D. H.

THE MANOR MOUNT AND SYDENHAM OLD GIRLS' ASSOCIATION.

I am very pleased to report for the third time a successful year in the life of the Old Girls' Association.

As usual the November meeting attracted the greatest number of members, and a presentation to Miss Falconer persuaded many of the more retiring of them to make an appearance. The Country Dance Class helped to entertain us at the March meeting by performing several of the lesser known dances which they had learnt.

The clubs of the Association have been making an appeal for new members, and the Secretaries would welcome enquiries from both young and old 'Old Girls.'

It is sad to relate that whereas the number of Old Girls at the last meeting has not decreased, the number of subscriptions received this year is below the average for the last few years. Even now we should be very pleased to receive the sum of one shilling and sixpence from any Old Girl who so far has failed to send it to us!

E. F. L.

THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE.

The Old Girls' Operatic Society gave two performances of "The Pirates of Penzance" on the 28th and 29th January, 1938, in the School Hall. The Opera was a great success in every way and the proceeds were larger than has been the case for the past three years. We were, therefore, able to send the sum of £10 to St. John's Hospital, Lewisham, £10 to the South Eastern Hospital for Children, Sydenham, and to make a gift of £8 1s. to the P.T.A. Thankoffering Fund. It was a great pleasure to the Society to be able to make a much larger donation to the Thankoffering Fund this year, as we all appreciate the very good work which is being carried on.

Two subsequent performances were given at the Croydon Borough Sanatorium, Cheam—one to the mens' section and one to the womens' section—on the 12th February and 12th March. We were also asked to give a performance at the Redhill Institution, and this we did on the 19th February. The Company was given a very cordial welcome on each occasion.

The Society will be very pleased to receive new members. Rehearsals commence in September and are held every Thursday evening in the School Hall from 7.30 to 9.30 p.m. It is hoped to produce "The Mikado" in January, 1939. Miss L. Gessey, Devonshire Cottage, Fox Hill, Norwood, S.E., will be very pleased to give full particulars.

OLD GIRLS' NETBALL CLUB.

Although the results again this year show many losses, the standard of play has shown a slight improvement. We were fortunate in getting one or two new members, but this was discounted by the loss of several of our older players. Thus, we still had the difficulty of insufficiency of members. Despite our handicap and disappointments we have spent many enjoyable Saturday afternoons together this season, and I do appeal to the girls who are about to leave school to seriously consider joining our club. I am sure they will have a jolly time.

N. M. COOPER.

RESULTS OF MATCHES, 1937-38.

1937.	o or win	11 CIILS, 19.	37-30.
Date. Fixture.			Result. Goals.
Oct. 2.—Peckham	Friendly	ıst Team	Won 21-15.
Peckham		and Team	Lost 4—10.
Oct. 9.—James Allen	League	ıst Team	Lost 13—19.
James Allen	League	2nd Team	Lost 15—19.
Oct. 16.—Lewisham		ıst Team	Won 31—10.
Lewisham		2nd Team	Won 22-7.
Oct. 30.—Tiffin	Friendly	ıst Team	Lost 19—22.
Furzedown	League	2nd Team	Lost 7—19.
Nov. 6.—Greycoat	League	ıst Team	Lost 13—17.
Greycoat	League	2nd Team	Lost 15—18.
Nov. 13.—Old Burlingto	onians		3
	League	2nd Team	Lost 6—16.
Nov. 20.—Streatham	League	ıst Team	Drew 17—17.
Streatham	League	2nd Team	Won by default.
Dec. 11.—Lewisham	Friendly	ıst Team	Lost 7—8.
Dec. 18.—Plumstead	League	ıst Team	Won 21-5.
1938.			
Jan. 8.—Carlyle		1st Team	Lost 14—10.
Carlyle		2nd Team	Drew 9—9.
Jan. 15.—James Allen	League	1st Team	Lost 10—16.
James Allen	League	and Team	Won by default.
Jan. 22.—Old Burlington			
7	League	2nd Team	Won 11—9.
Jan. 29.—Tiffin	League	ıst Team	Lost 5-17.
Furzedown	League	2nd Team	Lost by default.
Feb. 5.—Greycoat	League	ıst Team	Lost 14—17.
Greycoat	League	2nd Team	Won by default.
Feb. 12.—Peckham	Friendly	2nd Team	Won 20—8.
Feb. 19.—Streatham	League	1st Team	Drew 12—12.
Streatham	League	2nd Team	Won by default.
Mar. 5.—Carlyle	League	1st Team	Drew 10—10.
Carlyle	League	211d Team	Lost 21—5.

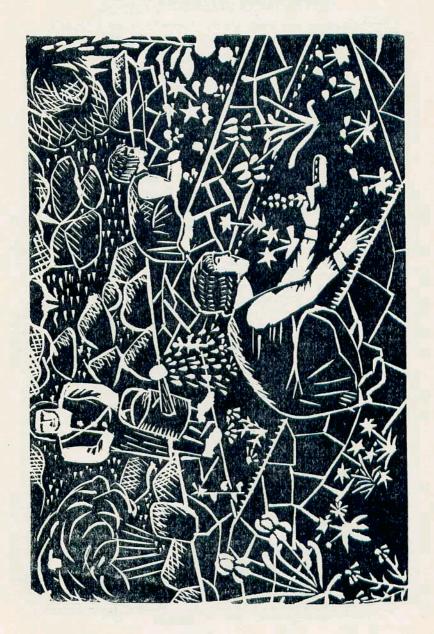
NEWS OF OLD GIRLS.

COLLEGE ENTRANTS, 1937.

Bedford College: Phyllis Riddiford.

Furzedown Training College: Marjorie Clausen, Margaret Batson, Jasmine Bates, Doris Humphreys.

Avery Hill Training College: Joan Fowler, Joyce Francis.



SUCCESSES.

Gertrude Glock, Ph.D. London (Bio-Chemistry), Nov., 1937. Joan Francis, London B.Sc. Hons. (Physics), Class II., 1937. also Barry Prize and A.K.C. Diploma in Divinity, 1937, and Teachers' Diploma Furzedown and Institute of Education, 1937-8.

Marjorie Homewood, London B.Sc. Hons. (Chemistry),

Class II.

Eileen Moffatt, London B.Sc. Hons. (Zoology), Class II.

Rhona Astbury, London B.A. Hons. (French), Class II. Division I.

Molly Scott, London B.A. Hons. (French,, Class II. Div. I. Marjorie Greenwood, London B.Sc. Hons. (Chemistry).

Marion Lewis, Intermediate Science.

Joyce Symons, Intermediate Science.

Margery White, Board of Education Drawing Certificate.

APPOINTMENTS. &c.

Nora Sturgeon, B.A. (Oxon.) passed a Ministry of Labour Tax Collectors' Examination in November, 1937, and has received an appointment in the S.E. area.

Joan Francis, B.Sc., Physics Mistress at Southend High School. Eileen Ashley, B.Sc., Chemistry Mistress at Dudley High School.

Anita Allan, Domestic Science Mistress, Alder School, East Finchley.

Eileen Worthy, B.A., School Secretary at Bromley County School.

Ruth Bone is now teaching at Elfrida Junior School.

Dorothy Clegg, trained as a specialist teacher of the deaf; appointed Speech Therapist at Middlesburgh.

Doreen Dannenberg, after two years at Whitelands, has been

appointed to a school at Ilford.

Molly Stevens, after three years at Chelsea Physical Training College, has been appointed at the County High School, Dovercourt Bay, Harwich.

Evelyn Jones, after a year at the City of London College, took

a post in the cable department of an important banking house.

Evelyn Bradshaw, Domestic Science Mistress at Leggatts Bay Senior Girls' School, Watford.

Norah Moss, B.A. (Oxon.), appointed to a post in the Passport Office.

Joan Weller, after training at Furzedown, with a third year at the R.C.M., has been appointed to Sandhurst Road (J.G.) School.

Hilda Wilkins, Laboratory Technician at Queen Mary's Hospital, Carshalton.

Molly Brookman, B.A., Junior Form Mistress in the John Watson's School, Edinburgh.

OTHER ITEMS.

Doris Taylor, Laboratory Assistant at the Aylwin School, is working for her B.Sc. Degree and passed Subsidiary Physics in July.

Nellie Keller, B.A. Hons., is continuing her academic work in German Literature and Language after finishing her training at the Institute of Education in 1937-8.

Ivy Dean has joined the new Women's Territorial Army.

Joan Ward, who has been trained at Croydon Art School, has been making costumes for the Canterbury Pageant and for the Drury Lane production, "The Sun Never Sets."

Beryl Palmer, now in training at the Blackheath School of Art, and Marjorie White, at the Claphame Art School, have both won Senior Art Scholarships which will enable them to complete their training as fully qualified Art Mistresses.

BIRTHS.

To Phyllis Ahearn (née Rodwell), a son, Richard Peter, April 22nd, 1938.

To Kathleen Middlemass (née Vidler), a daughter, Jascelyne Kay, June 15th, 1938.

To Winnie Leggatt (née Regan), a son.

MARRIAGES.

Rona Walker to Stanley Coleman, February 9th, 1938.

Joyce Harding to Eric Godman, June 12th, 1937.

Joan Burdon to A. C. Buck, May 14th, 1938.

Vera Clarke to Whitnell Allen, August 20th, 1938.

Theresa Tripp to R. V. A. Jones, September, 1938.

Mabel Crump to J. Gregory, July 9th, 1938.

Isobel Mary Watts to A. D. Stidolph, September 3rd, 1938.



MISCELLANEOUS CONTRIBUTIONS.

MY DREAM.

The moon went slowly up the sky, I watched it going up on high, The stars were twinkling with delight, The moon shone out with all its might.

Golden steps led from the moon And I was climbing up them soon; The bats were flying all about And little moon-ray elves came out.

Then up the golden steps I went And all the elves away were sent: Back they came with moonbeam cakes And spread them by the silver lakes.

The cakes were nice as nice could be, And all the elves invited me; But suddenly I bumped my head And found myself in my own bed.

Josephine Land, L.I.

AFTER "THE BUCKLE."

I had a dainty posy
Of poppies crimson red;
I twisted them into a wreath,
And wore them round my head.
I had a dappled pony,

He had a glossy mane;
I took him for a gentle ride,

And turned him loose again.

I had a fairy playmate,
I played with her all day,
And when the sun began to set
She softly stole away.

ALISON HALL, I.J.

WISHES.

"Turquoises blue," says Timothy;
"Amethysts mauve," says Elaine;
"A piece of green glass washed smooth by the sea
For me," says Jane.

"Butterflies bright," says Timothy;
"Dragonflies swift," says Elaine;
"A blue and green bluebottle buzzing all day
For me," says Jane.

"Tigers so fierce," says Timothy;
"A lion with a mane," says Elaine;
"A fat tabby cat that sleeps on a rug
For me," says Jane.

"A flight in a plane," says Timothy;
"A ski on the Alps," says Elaine;
"A swim in the sea, and a dry in the sun
For me," says Jane.

"To be king of the world," says Timothy;
"To be queen of the fays," says Elaine;
"To be no one but me and be happy and true
For me," says Jane.

ALISON HARMAN, I.J.

FRIENDS AT THE ZOO.

I'm a hissing sissing snake,

Through the grassy growth I glide,
I love in the sun to bake,

Or beneath the leaves to hide.

I'm a jabberty chattery chimp, I live in the forest dark, I'm a playful mischievous imp And ready for a lark.

I'm a grizzerly-izzerly bear,
I come from the Arctic coast,
I have fur instead of hair,
Though I'm far too proud to boast.

HEATHER MABBS, I.J.

A WALK IN THE COUNTRY IN SPRING.

It was a hot day for the beginning of April so I decided to take a walk. My dog, Rover, was feeling rather hot, so he followed me for one of our favourite walks through a nearby wood. I suppose he guessed that I was going there to get cool. To reach the woods we had to go through a little village which was sometimes called "Sleepy Hollow" because it was so peaceful. The houses had thatched roofs and very pretty gardens. The inhabitants only opened the front doors when anything extraordinary happened, such as a wedding or a funeral.

After walking for about ten minutes we reached the woods. The ground was like a carpet of primroses, and though I tried not to destroy any of them, they grew so thickly that this was impossible. I gathered a few, but they looked so lovely growing there that I could not spoil the scene. As I walked I became altogether oblivious of the fact that Rover was with me until I heard a low growl. I looked round and was just in time to stop him from chasing a rabbit that was scuttling along to its hole in a nearby bank. I then heard a faint twitter. I looked down and beheld a baby thrush, evidently just fallen out of his nest. I looked up and saw the nest high up in an oak tree. I bade Rover stay still and I, holding the fledgling

gently in my hand, began to climb the tree. It was not a very hard climb and I soon saw the anxious mother and three other babies in the nest. I placed the one that I had found next to its mother and she seemed overjoyed to see it. She began to twitter and chirp in ecstasy and the babies followed suit. Soon the father thrush, who had been away to hunt for the lost one, returned. I then began my descent and continued my walk.

I soon reached the end of the wood and walked on through a verdant meadow. Here and there were little clumps of buttercups and daisies. At the end of the meadows was a little lane, where the trees were one mass of blossom. With difficulty I tore myself away from the beauty of the spring and turned my steps homewards.

E. Pomphrey, I.M.

THE FLOWER FAIRIES' SONG.

Hark! the flower fairies cry, "Come buy our flowers, come buy, come buy! We've searched in every fairy's bower, Searched in all the mossy dells For the hyacinth's ringing bells. See the lovely eglantine Sweeter far than any wine, Scented poppies, violets blue, All for you, all for you! A penny piece will purchase them, Scented head and swaying stem, Petals velvet to the touch; But a penny; oh! not much. Buy our flowers ere 'tis too late, The air is heavy with the weight Of their scent; oh! please come buy! Scented poppies, violets blue, All for you, all for you!"

B. Simmons, Is.

THROUGH MY WINDOW.

Through my window I can see
Birds of all kinds watching me;
Sitting just across the way,
On a wire they gently sway.

When a car comes whizzing by All the birds away do fly, Then I turn my eyes and look At my favourite picture book.

When I turn and look again
Through the same old window pane,
I see crowds of passers-by,
Dogs that howl and babes who cry.

Through my window I can see
Over there a great tall tree,
I don't know what e'er I'd do
With no window to look through.

G. Angel, IIM.

THE OWL.

When lamps are lit and stars shine out, And old Tom-cats prowl round about, And all are tired without a doubt, And we are tucked in bed, And we are tucked in bed, The owl upon his midnight round, Flits through the dusk without a sound.

When stars are twinkling in the sky,
The moon smiles brightly from on high,
The breeze through trees comes whispering by,
And all is dark and still,
And all is dark and still,
The owl upon his midnight round
Flits through the dusk without a sound.

E. CAISTER, IIM.

THE SWIMMING LESSON.

Oh, how we looked forward to that first swimming lesson of the summer term! Oh, how we fidgeted through the needlework lesson! We bundled through the door, pushing and hustling the slowcoaches; we ran down the corridors, each one trying to get there before her neighbour.

At last, after rushing down the road at a breakneck speed, swerving into the road to get past other girls, and almost getting run over, we passed through the bath doors, laughing and chattering. Into our boxes we dashed and still breathless with excitement, we peeled off our clothes, struggled into our costumes, and pulled on our rubber bathing caps, and just got out of our boxes in time to see the slowcoaches dawdling down to the edge of the bath.

"All girls with their crosses on the spring board, and non-swimmers wait by their boxes," cried the swimming mistress. Up on to the board jumped the swimmers, with dancing feet. Oh how gloomy were the faces of the enthusiastic non-swimmers; how happy those of the funks!

Then, cutting the water with hardly a ripple, and down to the shallow end swimming the crawl stroke, went our best swimmer. Then those who could not dive jumped in and swam the length. After this we were free to do as we liked for a time while the mistress taught the non-swimmers.

Spontaneously our laughter came bubbling out while we splashed and churned the water, thoroughly enjoying ourselves.

The first dive! Ugh! How ghastly the water looked as we bent our knees, lowered our heads and raised our arms!

Then came the spring, then the feel of the water all round us again; then the scramble for the side to try again and again and again; then at last the dismal cry of, "All out and hurry up about it!" How reluctantly we swam to the side and how slowly we walked up the steps!

We were soon walking slowly up the road towards school again, but warm and happy, and looking ferward to going again the following Monday.

WINNIE WEATHERLEY, IIs.

THE POOL IN THE WOODS.

As I was walking through the woods,
Beneath the beeches, green and cool,
I wandered down a winding path
And came upon a sparkling pool.

The sunbeams filtered through the trees, The tranquil waters gleamed and shone Bluebells, violets, were mirrored there And ferns, which lined the banks along.

The wavelets rippled to the bank,
A soft breeze stirred the leafy trees,
A blackbird trilled a note or two:
No other sounds heard I, save these.

E. Mollett, IIs.

A MARCH DAY.

(Blank verse).

Clouds scuttled 'cross the streaked and wind-swept sky, Waves dashed against the cliff with spray and foam, The poplar bent, as bowing to the ground To greet the daffodils around its feet, The cottage gate creaked open on its hinge, The signboard by the inn swung to and fro, And on the hill the windmill sails flung round, While all was desolate upon the moor, But flowers and birds and waking life did hint, Of summer with blue skies and gentle breeze.

H. CRAWFORD, IIIs.

THE CHILDHOOD OF PEGGOTTY.

David Copperfield and Peggotty were spending an evening together at Yarmouth, and it was the eve of David's marriage to

Agnes, who was there also.

"Peggotty dear," said David, suddenly breaking a long silence. They had been speaking of those happy days long ago, when David and Peggotty and his mother had spent an evening in the "Rookery" parlour listening to stories from the Crocodile Book.



"Peggotty dear," David repeated, "in all the years we have known each other, you have never told me about your childhood."

"Well Davy," replied Peggotty, "I will tell you now, if Miss Agnes would be interested."

"Oh! yes Peggotty, I am sure I should," answered Agnes eagerly.

"Well then," said Peggotty, "just stir up the fire, Davy dear, and I'll tell you."

She sat still a few moments, as if to gather together all the happenings from the past, now sixty years ago.

"I was born," she began, "in a little fishing village in France, and when I was six months old I was brought back to England. My brother was then a little boy of six, and longed to be a sailor as our father was. Once in England, we went to Yarmouth, where Ham's father lived, and settled down in the old boat you know. Well, four years after this, on one stormy night, the worst we ever knew, the wind was howling over the flats, and the sea rose mountains high. My father and Ham's father were out late in the boats, and we all sat round the fire praying for the safety of our dear ones. At last through the howling of the storm we heard a knock at the door, and my mother, with tears of thankfulness running down her cheeks, opened the door. Neither my father or my uncle came in, but their boy who helped with the nets. He almost fell into the room, the rain pouring off his oilskins, while my mother struggled to reclose the door against the angry blasts of wind and rain. When at last she succeeded, Mrs. Gummidge, whom you know, and who was then young, and had lost her husband the year before at sea, rose from the corner, and removed Joe's oilskins.

"Well Joe," said my mother, struggling to look composed, "What is it?"

"Well ma'am," mumbled Joe, looking very uncomfortable, "we got in the first boat, the one I was in, but the second it—

"It went down, Joe?" whispered my mother faintly, "my husband and brother were in it." She swayed and fell. I was a baby at the time, but Daniel, who was fourteen, and of whom I was very fond, appeared so distressed that I set up a baby howl of sympathy and was carried away by the weeping Mrs. Gummidge. My mother only recovered consciousness once, to bless Daniel and myself, and then she died; the shock was too much for her."

Peggotty paused, and Agnes placed her hand on her arm in sympathy with her parents' tragic end. "So Daniel and I were orphaned in one night," continued Peggotty, "and after my mother was buried (my father and uncle having an ocean grave—they would not have wished otherwise) Daniel and I were cared for by Mrs. Gummidge, until Daniel was nineteen, and then she began to be queer as she is now.

"My life grew happier after that, and we had Ham to live with us. I never went to school as little Emily did, but spent a wild and open life revelling in the wonders of nature. It was not until I was nineteen, and first went to the "Rookery," to be housekeeper to Mr. Copperfield, four years before he married your mother, Davy, that Emily came. She was only a year old, and I spent all my free time at Yarmouth caring for her." Peggotty stopped talking and looked at Agnes and David. "So, Davy, you are going to be married; may you have every happiness, and God bless you both."

D. JEANS, IIIs.

A STRANGE MEETING.

We were on our holidays at a delightful place about half a mile from the sea. From our house we could see many hills and valleys.

I awoke once when it was still dark. I had a raging headache so I dressed and thought I would take a walk. I stole quietly out and walked about. I was standing in a valley looking up at a hill, when I saw coming up the eastern side of the hill a beautiful young woman dressed in white; up the other side was coming a young man clad in black armour. They stopped when they met at the summit of the hill and the knight knelt at the maiden's feet and said: 'I greet thee, Day."

The knight then wearily descended the eastern side while the maiden remained at the top.

I then blinked and realised that my imagination had been working very strongly. It was very light and I realised that day was indeed coming, and I had quite forgotten my headache.

Maisie Hawthorn, III.S.

NUMBER 10 DOWNING STREET.

Perhaps you have seen pictures of Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain opening a green door in a stone wall. This door is the back entrance to Number 10, Downing Street; I have been fortunate enough to enter that door too.

As I passed through this door I saw a large four-storied Queen Anne house. The French windows on the ground floor, otherwise known as the garden floor, led to the offices of the lady clerks and messengers. The ceiling of the garden floor was low, and the walls distempered a pleasant green. Round the walls were a few pictures of flowers and London streets.

From this floor we went upstairs to the first floor; the first floor is the most important floor, because the Cabinet Room, library, and rooms of the Prime Minister's secretaries are on this floor. The Cabinet Room is a large room with great double doors at one end with pillars on either side. Down the middle of the room is the table, at which all the Cabinet meetings are held. The Prime Minister has his chair in the middle of one side of the table facing the windows which overlook the Horse Guard. Outside the Cabinet Room is the cloakroom and lockers of the Cabinet Members; each member has a peg, with his name over, for his out-door clothes as we do at school, and also a locker for his books.

From the cloakroom we walked into the rooms of the secretaries. Each secretary had a large room attractively decorated in pale green paint and dark green hangings, with a desk, bookcase, chairs and private pictures and books. After seeing these rooms we went into the hall and up the marvellous flight of stairs which are built out of the wall. All up the walls of the stairs are the pictures of the Prime Ministers in order of their succession. Half way up these stairs is a narrow dark corridor lined on either side with cases and cases of beautifully bound books; this is the library of Number 10.

At the top of the stairs we came to Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin's house. The first room we entered was Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin's private drawing room.

This room was furnished in mahogany with beautiful dark blue hangings. In one corner of the room was a half finished picture of Mrs. Baldwin, which was being painted by an Austrian artist, who had painted her in a blue velvet dress.

The room leading out of the drawing room was Mrs. Baldwin's bouldoir, which was pale lime green. On either side of the big

marble fireplace were two green settees, and behind one was a table with photographs of friends and the Royal family. Round the walls were paintings of her children in order of age.

The next room we passed into was the large drawing room which is used only on state occasions. This room had at one end a table with photographs of the Royal family and at the opposite end were keys of all the buildings Mr. Baldwin had opened, and looked very beautiful with the dozens and dozens of spring flowers Mrs. Baldwin had arranged in bowls.

From the drawing room we passed into the small dining room which the Baldwins used every day. This was decorated in a country style, with wood-panelled walls and heavy Elizabethan table and chairs.

The last room we saw was the State Dining Room; this, like the large drawing-room, was only used on great occasions.

After seeing these beautiful rooms we went down the stairs and into the hall of 10, Downing Street. By the front door was a porter who sat in a queer cane chair which had a great hood. The porter opened the front door for us, and we went out into the road, where a policeman saluted us. Thus ended an enjoyable morning in the interesting house of all the Prime Ministers—No. 10, Downing Street.

M. J. Moor, IIIs.

A DISSERTATION UPON APPLE TART.

(WITH APOLOGIES TO MR. LAMB).

The two words "apple-tart" are not a fitting name for so sumptuous a delicacy. The one who so misnomered the dish could not have had one grain of aestheticism in his whole graceless body, nor one atom of decent respect for the greatness of him who invented the ambrosial treat. To many unworthy subjects has Man raised ugly and cold stone statues, but not to the deserving concocter of apple tarts. Why does not some bold and enterprising worshipper at thy shrine, O manna of all pure souls, erect a seemly, decorous, yet adequate edifice in thy praise? Is it from fear of being denominated gourmand by the less ethereal, more mundane souls?

When, when have I been more bitterly disappointed than when, dining out, an apple—no, not apple tart, but an indescribably heavy, lumpish, ill-conditioned portion of lead-like pastry, replenished with sour and unripe fruit, which an unusually misguided cook had given the name so revered by me, was served. Imagine hopes buoyed up, palates gently stimulated, and feelings of more-than-pleasant anticipation—all, all, for a keen and bitter disappointment!

But what, however, are the sentiments I feel when, gracefully reposing upon a snowy white morsel of lace, one of the truly well-cooked tarts graces the board! To see, only to see, is enough! The delicate, hypersensitive outer crust, tanned golden-brown by the mellowing influence of an oven, glazed so slightly, just so slightly that it is hardly glazed at all, covering—ah! what raptures, what bliss lies hid beneath it—the mellifluous, soft—but not over soft, sweet—but not saccharine gift of bounteous, all-wise Nature to a world insensible to its great gifts. A clove—two cloves—three (such ecstasies of flavour) but not, good cuisinière, NOT, I repeat, a currant, I beg! Do what you will with spices, but never mar a delicate beauty with black, heavy SPOTS. 'Twould be as if a fair lady of flawless loveliness were to allow a freckle to distort her beauty.

An apple tart so completely rounds off a repast, that one who is a visitor in my home will often share with me one such delicacy as is fit for kings!

Dorothy Clark, IVJ.

A VISIT TO THE HIGH COURT OF JUSTICE.

As this was the last day of the Easter holidays Father decided to take me to the High Courts of Justice. We managed to get in, and arrived at the right time, as the cases began at two o'clock. I had a desire to see the famous Lord Chief Justice, so we took our seats in the end court. This court was more richly furnished and much larger than the other courts. There were four ushers dressed in black and wearing curled wigs. The two K.C.'s were famous men, namely, Mr. Curtis Bennett and Mr. Temple Morris.

The case concerned a bookmaker who was accused of illegal betting in a public house. The bookmaker was not there in person, nor was there a jury. Then the ushers drew aside the heavy curtains and two subordinate Judges entered. His Lordship followed the Judges in, and all the spectators remained standing until he was seated in his large red-leathered armchair. He was clothed in flowing red robes, and wore a long curled wig, and a gold chain. A shaft of light entered the room from windows in the ceiling, and a Judge asked for the curtains to be drawn, as he was sitting in the direct path of this blinding beam. All through the case His Lordship consulted the two other Judges, and interrupted the Counsel for Defence with witty remarks. A betting clock was produced as evidence, and the Judge asked how it was used. He continually took sips from a glass of water, and ate several throat tablets.

It was very interesting hearing how two and two were put together and how the case was argued out. The Counsel for Defence spoke most of the time, and then the accusing Counsel arose to say a few words. He had not time to say much for the Lord Chief Justice pulled the carefully constructed accusation to pieces. The Judges consulted one another and then a subordinate Judge summed up the case. Sir Temple Morris won his case and the bookmaker was declared not guilty on all the counts. As this case had come to a close, we left the courts after an interesting experience which I thoroughly enjoyed.

JOYCE RAMSDEN, IVJ.

CARAVANING.

I think my greatest pleasure is caravaning. This recreation, of course, would not appeal to everybody, but I love a breezy, rough, open-air life. I do not mind whether the caravan is stationary or trailed along by a car; it is a beautiful life either way. So far I have not had much experience of travelling by caravan, but I have lived quite a lot in a stationary caravan in the middle of a field.

We generally travel down at night, which I think is much better than travelling by day, as this provides more novelty. The roads in the country are pitch black, and the little rabbits popping out of their holes are illuminated by the car's head lights. The

trees, too, loom up weirdly in the darkness.

When we first arrive at the caravan there is the business of opening our useful, but not ornamental, gate of barbed-wire, to enter the plot on which the caravan stands. We reach the door of the caravan, and then someone has to plug into the dashboard of the

car, as that is the only means we have of producing a light, other

than lamps, or candles.

Then we unpack ourselves and our belongings, and begin to make the beds. We all laugh as we seem to get in such hopeless muddles, for we are not used to such a confined space. Mummy and I then get into bed while Daddy prepares the supper, and gives it to us in bed. The dog, too, is tucked up snugly in its special blankets and put to bed. Occasionally Father, much to his annoyance, has to go out in the middle of the night and tie up the sheet over the car.

In the morning we are awakened by the cows in the fields behind us. Then we are given our breakfast in bed, and we listen to the wireless. After breakfast one person gets up, and then the next, because if we all get up at once, water is spilt, and clothes get muddled. The beds are then put away, the floor swept, and the caravan dusted, and then we are tidy. All the water that is used is put on the garden, which we have made near the caravan, to water our beautiful flowers.

Then we are ready to begin our holiday, which is spent in walks, and lazing. I do hope I have given you some idea of how lovely caravan life really is.

PAT SUMMERS, IVJ.

ON THE ROADS,-BY A CYCLIST.

"Cyclists are the pest of the roads! Thousands of accidents

are caused every year by careless cyclists."

This is the war cry of most motorists, and is voiced frequently by self-righteous road transport officials (all motorists, of course!) on every possible occasion. But just hear the defence of the pest for a few moments before deciding on your final verdict. I should like to make it clear in the beginning that I am speaking on behalf of reasonably careful cyclists who are willing to observe the courtesies of the road, as most are, if only they could obtain a little co-operation.

My biggest problem as a cyclist is the turn right at crossroads, or even at a small road intersection. I am riding along on the left side of the road, of course, and wish to turn off into another road on the opposite side. I raise my right arm a good twenty yards before I wish to turn, as a warning to vehicles passing me in both directions that I wish to cross their path. But does this have any effect? Usually no. Vehicles continue to speed past me, and as

it is impossible to remain stationary whilst mounted on a bicycle, I have to dismount and wait for the road to clear. By doing this am becoming an obstruction to other cyclists, and often buses too, coming up behind. I can, it is true, draw into the curb and wait; but this often means a pause of several minutes, and doing this six or more times on my ride to school in the morning, as well as waiting at 'the lights,' would certainly make me late.

The only other alternative is to risk it, and pass in front of a car, forcing it to pull up. There is an angry screech of brakes. Insults are hurled at me. "Deserve to get killed, these kids on bikes does," I hear cockney voices remark. Of course, I, the cyclist, am in the wrong. I ride on, with red cheeks and a sick feeling inside me, for there is always the chance that one of these times the car

whose path I cut across will not stop, and then-,

Well, it happened but a few days ago at a dangerous crossing on my way to school, where I had always known it would. After pushing my 'bike' to the top of a very steep hill I arrived at the busy crossroads at the top to find the 'lights' against me. I stopped, and soon a bus and a line of cars drew up, hemming me in. The green "Go" appeared, but not being able to give sufficient warning, I could not turn sharply across to my right as I wished to do, until the line of cars by my side had passed.

Having waited until all the cars had passed on, I was just about to turn, when to my annoyance, the red "STOP" appeared, and I had another wait. At last the green light returned. The road still sloped sharply upwards and I had to get started up the slope on my 'bike' before I could remove a hand from the handlebars to give the

signal.

Not expecting a car to be close behind me, I gave the signal for as long as I could; then finding myself almost past the road into which I wished to turn, I cut, or rather attempted to cut, across the road. Screech! went the brakes, and crash! went my cycle (and me!) against the side of a car; and what a blessing it was the side! If I had been a few feet further forward I should almost certainly have gone under the wheels and then what?

As it was I escaped with bruises (which I did not discover till later) and my cycle suffered only a few scratches and bent handlebars. But it was a miracle that I was not injured, if not killed. A less careful motorist (for I readily admit that in that case, I, or rather the unfortunate position of the lights on a slope, was as much to blame as he was)—and what would have happened?

Yes, it was a miracle, and I cannot forget it. I have become nervy—a fatal state on the roads. I find myself wavering in the middle of the road, not knowing whether to cut across a car, or let it pass me. But if I dismount and let *one* pass there is another to follow and so on. In my present condition I am liable to cause an accident by my very indecision. But is it my fault? I have been cycling for many months without a trace of nervousness, but now!

These are but a few of a cyclist's problems, there are many others. But, just think, does a motorist have to face any of these I have mentioned? No! Therefore why does he not give us a

chance?

PAT WILLIAMS, IVM.

FIRELIGHT.

The firelight flickered through the gathering gloom, And evening shadows, softly drawing nigh, Did cast a dusky blanket o'er the room, The silv'ry moon was peeping from on high And shed its fairy rays, so sweetly shy, Upon the head that once had been so fair, Her thoughts did idly roam; she heaved a sigh, And pondered in her life of toil and care So like the dying flames and glowing embers there.

G. REYNOLDS, IVM.

THE DELUGE.

Forthwith he enclosed the North Wind in his cave And all the blasts which clear the veiling clouds. Forth flew the South Wind, free, with dripping wings, His fearful face folded in murky gloom. Clouds weighed his beard, rain flowed from hoary locks, Mists decked his brow; his wings, his garments dripped. When with his hand he pressed the spreading clouds, The thunder crashed, rainstorms from heaven teemed. Now sped by Juno, robed in divers hues, Iris the waters drew to feed the clouds. The streams released rushed o'er the open leas,

Crops, dwellings, trees, the surging waters whirled And herds with men, and shrines with holy things. If any home stood firm and could resist The fearful onrush, falling not, the waves Rose o'er its roof. Deep waters hid the towers. Now nothing marked the limits of the land, For all was sea-a sea that knew no shores. One scaled a hill, one in his curved bark sat And plied his oars where he had ploughed of late; One sailed o'er crops or roofs of sunken homes; In elm tree top another man caught fish. By chance the anchor grazed the meadow green, And rounded keels rubbed vineyards now submerged. Where graceful she-goats lately cropped the grass, In that place now, the shapeless seals reclined, Roaming to seek for land where she might rest, A bird with weary wings sunk to the waves. The vast unbridled sea o'erwhelmed the hills New billows lapped about the mountain tops.

THE FIFTH FORM LATIN DIVISION.

THE MOUSE.

O hearken, Muse; a tragedy I bring, A tale of woe and conflict now I sing: She sat her down upon a nearby chair (Fair one, take thou the warning, and beware!) And with deft fingers and a learned look, She opened at a page the history book. And as she meditated o'er such facts As Peel, and Gray, and numerous factory acts, Her eyes, unseeing, wandered to the floor, Back to reality she came once more: A look of horror blazed in both her eyes "What apparition do I see!" she cries. For leering at her, with malicious stare, And hungry jaws, a full-grown mouse stood there!

With terror she took refuge on a chair "Oh help! Oh help!" she screamed and tore her hair, Not gallant knights o'ercome in deadly wars, Not stately ships thrown wrecked on alien shores, Not Father, when one stamps upon his corn Brought forth such cries, or wailing so forlorn. But lo! to aid her, in her rescuer came, Burning for conflict and desire of fame. "Ah ha! you scoundrel!" joyously he cried As on the floor the little mouse he spied, "Put up your hands! Surrender knave, to me! And ever more on earth confounded be!" He spake: and nobly dashed into the fight With song of triumph and a shout of might. With squeak of terror from his very soul, The foe turned tail and vanished down a hole. "My hero!" sighed the maid in thankful bliss "That saved me from a dreadful fate like this! O happy chance to make you come my way! For ever blessed be this joyous day!"

BARBARA BUTCHER, V.J.

PARIS IN APRIL, 1938.

During the Easter holidays I went for a short visit to Paris. Spring is notoriously beautiful in Paris, and this April was no exception. The horse-chestnuts in the Tuileries and along the Champs-Elyssées were in full leaf, and when it was sunny they seemed particularly magnificent.

We visited many of the well-known Parisian buildings, including the two most famous art galleries, the Louvre, and the Musée du Luxembourg. One evening we went to the opera to hear "Boris Godounov" and in the interval we went down to the foyer, with its glittering gold walls and crystal chandeliers. Here we saw two French officers in full dress, with cocked hats, and clanking, gold-hilted swords. They reminded one of the glory of the old French régime, and they seemed to fit in with the atmosphere of the foyer. When I returned upstairs to my box I experienced a great shock, as all the doors were locked, they all looked perfectly alike, and I

could not remember our number. After a frightened wait I saw my sister coming upstairs too, and the attendant opened our box door for both of us, so all was well.

We climbed to the top of the Eiffel Tower, or rather we were carried up there by lift. It is a most queer sensation. In the Conciergerie we saw the cells of Danton and Marie Antoinette, and the great chambers where the Revolutionary prisoners were herded together. Then we went to the Saint Chappelle to see its marvellous stained-glass windows of exquisite colours, especially the blue and the purple. On Easter Sunday we went to High Mass in Notre Dame. The Cathedral was packed with people, and each one carried with him a strong odour of garlic which did not blend nicely with the perfume of the incense. But in spite of these disadvantages I enjoyed it very much. All the Cathedral jewels were used, and the Cardinal conducted the ceremony. In the afternoon we went to Sacré Coeur in the Montmarte. We saw all manner of entertainments outside Sacreé Coeur, but I did not like my first glimpse of this famous district.

One evening we went to another part of the Quartier Latin, the Boulevard St. Michel. We went to have "orange pressé" in the café "Dupont," which is frequented by Oriental students from the University. "Dupont" is well worth seeing in the evening. It is packed full of noisy people, noisy music, and glaring lights, and it is exciting, living up to its aim, "Chez Dupont, Tout est bon."

We visited many other interesting places, including Versailles and Les Invalides, and we left Paris reluctantly. However I hope to renew my acquaintance as soon as possible.

S. R. YEATES, V.J.

GHOST STORIES.

Let us begin with the literature read by us at an early age, most probably "A Bumper Book for Girls" or "Exciting Stories of Adventure for Girls." How we devoured and followed carefully the adventures of girls (always Fourth Form) at school or home! There invariably appeared in every book either a story or several stories concerning ghosts. One favourite theme concerned two girls home for the holidays, staying at a haunted house with mis-

chievous brothers. Night would fall, a storm arise and, of course, one of the brothers with a sheet and phosphorescent paint would walk the draughty corridors. I must have read dozens of stories with a slight variation of this very same theme.

Then there are the authors who write as though they actually believed in ghosts, with the ghosts appearing from nowhere, wailing and generally making a disturbance. Following on from the childhood ghost stories are those with an ancient castle, or Tudor Manor, but still someone masquerading as a ghost. What usually happens is that a large house-party, after dinner, is seated round the fire while a storm rages outside. Let it be pointed out here that ghosts must appear while a storm is raging or a mist is rising from the river. Well, one member of the party tells the rest that one of the rooms of the house is haunted, because years ago his kinsman was found stabbed, and the body disappeared. This is the cue for a courageous gentleman to offer to sit in the blue room (it must be a blue room, please) all night. He is found dead, but in the end they find that his murderer was masquerading as a ghost. This masquerading is a favourite trick with authors when dealing with burglars in old mills, and smugglers wrecking ships off the rocky Cornish coast. This idea is used to perfection in the book called "The Ghost Train," and the whole effect, with a supposed phantom station master swinging a lantern and singing "Rock of Ages" is delightfully eerie. The old manors come forward once more in the stories of a tragic love affair, finally ending in the fading away of a lovely young girl who afterwards walks the corridors in a layender dress looking for her lover. Another point, the lady must wear a lavender dress and may also carry flowers.

Back to the pesent day once more and A. J. Alan, that most mysterious gentleman who, although he never actually admits ghosts to his stories, manages to convey this idea. There is one particularly good story of an empty house, a river, a mist, and a spectre in white. Yet at the end of the tale A. J. Alan concludes in his usual mysterious way, and more or less suggests that the spectre may have been simply the mist.

However, whether young or old, I think that readers will always look at a title suggesting ghosts and feel their hearts jump as they realise the thrills to come.

VERA BALL, V.M.

GENIUS ON THE THAMES.

It was a fair-sized public house in the neighbourhood of London's East End, within a stone's throw of the Thames; a few "regulars" hung round the bar, Suddenly, the door of the public bar swung open, and a small, insignificant-looking man walked in. His face was tanned and lined, but I noticed that, though his hands were rough, he had the long, slim fingers of a talented musician. One of his pals greeted him; "Wot cher, Ted, gonna give us a tune?"

Ted gave a casual nod, and, after a long draught of ale, he made for the piano in the corner.

But, instead of the usual ragtime tunes being hacked out of the tinny instrument, that man produced the unexpected. As we listened, he drew forth wonderful melodies—Bach, Handel, Mendelssohn, and we sat enthralled, watching those magic hands which might have, one day long ago, produced similar music from a Blüthner.

We were lucky; soon, he forgot all except his gift, and a silence settled on us all. Dockers, lightermen, skippers and commercial travellers alike stared in front of them, unconscious of the present, transformed out of this world and into the land of the unreal; where they could forget their heart-aches and worries in a short flight of fancy. Tears glistened in many eyes, and no one stirred for some moments after those fingers had left the notes.

Ted rose, and drained his glass of ale. "Well," he said, "I'll be getting along. Must be at Gravesend by evening, and the tide's right now. Coming George? So long, everybody!"

He was gone.

If you had followed him, you would have seen him board a dingy tug and set off down the river, with George by his side.

Just another of our gifted men, who have turned to Father Thames for a living.

MARION WALKER, VM.

A SCHOOL MATCH.

(fragment of an epic.)

The fiery orb of day throws up the scene Against the leafy background dark and green. The matadors are anxious for the fight, To finish it ere Phæbus loses height. With pads and sticks the armies are arrayed To do or die and hear perchance "Well played!" And now, drawn up, the fateful combat starts And friendly faces hide their hopeful hearts; And wood meets leather with a quick sharp sound That makes the watchers gather closer round. With faces flushed, and fierce fanatic glow The players stem the swift on-coming foe. They tense themselves-to hear the whistle sound, And fling themselves for joy upon the ground. The game is won, the victory is theirs, The gen'rous gods have answered all their prayers.

MARIAN COOMBS, VM.

THE VILLAGE DART-THROWING CHAMPIONSHIP.

What hidden talent from a hostel springs, What mighty contests rise from throwing things! A host of mankind, quaffing drinks of ale Before a fray, and rows of watchers pale, Assembled there to comment on a sight, A playful pastime, yet a valiant fight. A wooden circle hanging on the wall, One man assured, he stood among them all. Two armies ranged ready took their stands, Each warrior carried weapons in his hands. A hero stood, and, with his fervour fired, He saw, he wished, and to the prize aspired. His spear he poised, took careful aim and threw, But Fate, cold virgin, turned his hand askew. His winged point embedded in the wall, Predicted conqu'ring, and the hero's fall. But brave Apollo, carrier of the bow,

Denied a great advantage to the foe. Th'opposing archer hurled with all his skill A dart which landed on a window sill. Two pairs of two, from each side now cast out, "The final contest." rose a mighty shout. Two venerable men, with beards, arose To take their places, each one in the throes Of great excitement, yet of deadly calm. (As yet, the bullseye suffered had no harm) The hoary one, with steady eye, took aim And threw his dart, but dark Disaster came And turned his missile to a score of three. 'Twas on the circle, but the Spot was free. His brother, old as he but for one hour, In throwing darts, displayed a skilful power. For, rooted in the centre of the board His dart proclaimed he had a bullseye scored. And honours full he culled for this event, Another conquest ere his life was spent.

ELSIE A. GOSLING, Vs.

THE SCHOOL PLAY

(WITH APOLOGIES TO THE PRODUCERS). Like to a ship the School Play launched at last, Like to a crew its clever charming cast.

The scene is set, (if scene it can be called)
Somewhere behind the stage two voices bawled
At girls who pose as actors and actresses;
Who run about without their wits—and dresses.
Each stubborn girl is pushed into a chair,
With groans is fair made foul and foul made fair.
Our two great Admirals striving to keep calm
Are seen to jump at every false alarm;
And nearly every member of our cast
Has had the 'jitters'—but they didn't last.
Excited all the week, our youthful crew
Now sit about with nothing much to do,
Now slide along the shining narrow deck,

Now pray the venture will not prove a wreck, Until those in command in dulcet tones Beg for a little respite from our moans. The impending hour of doom is drawing near, And chatter from the Hall is growing clear. We huddle in impromptu dressing rooms, Await the nearby timepiece sound its booms. About five minutes to that dreaded time (I can't find anything with this to rhyme) We all lose heart—or some one's silken hose; We tread on trailing gowns-or some one's toes; We fear—but now at last the door is ope To let in fate, no longer must we mope. Our Pat, quite cool, is pushed into the wings At us a cheerful word she calmly slings; She says: "Fear not, my friends, for you shall see, It will succeed, so take your cue from me And calm yourselves; just take it in your stride And act your best for Predjudice and Pride." She shortly climbs the shining sacred stair To greet the garish gleam of footlight glare. (Close by the wings for ever crowned with blue There stands a structure architects might rue). The curtain rises—but our Pat just stares At rows and rows and rows of empty chairs. The moment passes, Pat herself again, Tho' for a moment thought she was not sane, Realises that the lights had 'done her wrong' So that she could not see the gathered throng.

And thus and thus the polished piece goes on, We say with pride the lines we had to con. Just as the busy chirping of a bird The voice of Mrs. Bennet here was heard. And like the pretty cooing of a dove Sweet Jane as shyly tells us of her love. Like to the peacock vain and many eyed The preening Lydia struts in all her pride. Like to the usual heroine of a play Our charming Lizzie carries well the day.

E'en as a cold and freezing drop of snow So Darcy acts with ease the frigid beau. While throwing forth a voice deep as Big Ben The Lady Catherine commands all men.

Alas! the time soon comes when all is o'er, And all that's left for us to do is roar For our two captains hiding off the stage Who linger in the wings, pretend to rage, At being brought into the limelight too Here to receive their flowers—and their due.

Like to a ship the School Play rides in port, The crew have won the fame for which they fought.

BERYL DIBBS, Vs.

MOCK-HEROIC VERSE, THE VILLAGE MELODRAMA.

So all day long excitement waxed apace Among the watchers, by the sacred place, Until that ancient theatre, seat by seat, Was filled by both plebeians and élite. And new unveiled, the first scene stood displayed, The belle appeared—Gadzooks a comely maid. She pacéd up and down with anguished pride, "Oh, Archibald! where are you dear?" she sighed, But gallant Archie had forgot his cue, And entered, with his manteau pinned askew. Say what strange parent, goddess! could agree To let her offspring ape Sir Beerbohm Tree? He said, "Lucinda, dear, we must elope," Then stuttered, and for words he paused to grope. The belle repelled him, with emphatic signs, "I'm not 'Lucinda,' dolt! don't 'fluff' your lines." Towards the prompter's corner he retired, He saw, he wished, off stage his car back-fired. The villain crept in, softly, from the wings, His podgy hands were clothed in diamond rings, At this the blood the virgin's cheek forsook,

"I cannot do this speech without the book,"
She said, and hung her guilty head in shame,
Then Fate stepped in, and shielded her from blame.
The curtain fell, as Archie entered Right,
And kindly hid "Lucinda's" sorry plight.
We left that sacred shrine as in a dream
And many eyes, with tears were seen to stream,
That gem is writ among the stars, and housed
With other great ones—Puss in Boots and Faust!

PATRICIA WILSON, Vs.

AN UNUSUAL SUNDAY FOR A WELL-BROUGHT-UP YOUNG LADY.

Sunday, October 8th, 1795.

As today was Sunday, wore my Best Dress of watchet taffety, which has a tunic of white satin, and is highly uncomfortable, for the waist is one whole inch smaller than I am accusotmed to have on my dresses. I declare, I would regard it as an instrument of torture if it were not for the fichu of real Valenciennes, and the coral brooch, which in my eyes are its only redeeming features.

Do not know how I would have lived through the morning if I had not smuggled 'The Romantic Adventures of Count Frederique,' to church with me. Mama must not know of this. Is Sunday a day so holy that one may not even play dominoes? For, I declare, I was sharply reprimanded by Mama in front of Cousin Ernest, for getting out the domino box. I see nothing evil in dominoes. Not only this but was forbidden to read 'The Life of Queen Anne,' which is excessively dull, but I would rather read that than 'The Pilgrim's Progress," which I detest. I had hoped Mama would not notice, but no! 'The Life of Queen Anne' was suddenly whipped out of my hands, and 'The Pilgrim's Progress' deposited in its place. What would Mama say if she knew that I have a book of Shakespeare's Sonnets concealed in my drawer?

But something happened to relieve the monotony of this deadliest of days. Was sent into the garden for a decorous stroll with Cousin Ernest, who has returned from making himself conspicuous in France, and persuaded him to show me his curricle, which is a very small uncovered carriage, painted in a cream colour. Was completely captivated by this vehicle, which has but two horses, so Cousin Ernest proposed a little spin.

Was very nervous at first, but would not show it, for I meant to have a ride, and if Cousin Ernest had seen I was frightened he would not have taken me. Experienced a strange sensation when we started off, and had much ado to conceal my feelings. Became highly excited after a time, and sang a song in a loud voice, for it is most exhiliarating to push along the streets against the wind. Asked Cousin how fast we were travelling, and he said twelve miles an hour!! Was thrilled! Have never travelled so rapidly in all my life before, and managed to reach the country in no more than half-an hour. I suppose the excessive speed is due to the lightness of the vehicle. The country, I think looks far more interesting when seen from a curricle.

But as we were going merrily along a very pretty road, there came a strange rumbling sound, the curricle leapt suddenly to the left, and Cousin Ernest and myself were flung violently into the air, to land in an undignified position in a muddy ditch. My best dress was utterly ruined.

When Cousin Ernest had made the wheel stay on, we started for home, and arrived at seven o'clock having been out for three whole hours. Mama wept to see me, and Cousin Ernest was subjected to a long lecture from Papa. But by that time had become so brazen that I actually did not mind being sent to bed at once.

Am a staunch advocate of the movement for women's rights. Mama must not know this either.

J. M. THOMSETT, VIB.

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