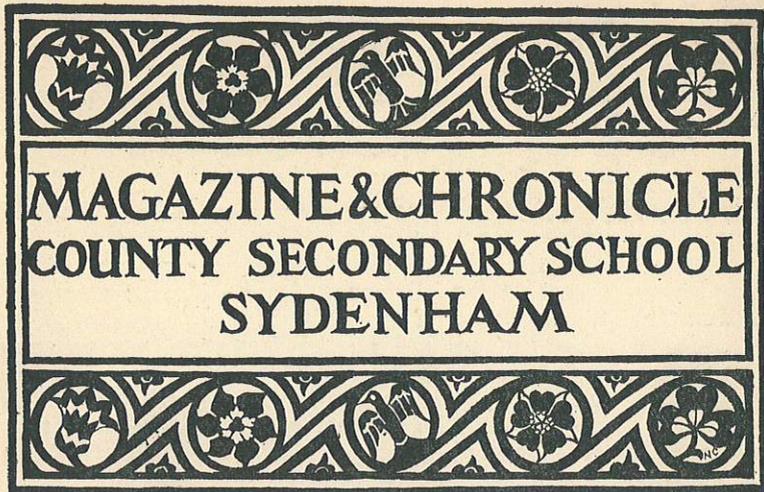


MAGAZINE & CHRONICLE



COUNTY SECONDARY
SCHOOL SYDENHAM

OCTOBER 1936



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No. XVII.

OCTOBER, 1936

FOREWORD.

In this short review of the School year I generally have to mention one or two Staff changes but this year has been momentous, for not less than a quarter of the Staff were involved in changes at the beginning or end of the year. We welcomed two newcomers in September, 1935, Miss Du Mont and Miss Gemmell. Miss du Mont stayed with us for one year only and then was offered a post near her home and departed to South Hampstead High School, where we hear that she is enjoying her work very much. Miss Gemmell is happily still with us and progressing towards seniority by leaps and bounds, for since she came six of her seniors have left. Miss du Mont I have already mentioned and Miss Buckle had been with us for only one year longer. She left us to become the wife of Doctor Housden and much as we miss her we cannot but share her happiness at the change. The other four had been with us for many years, Miss Corbett and Miss MacArthur since the first days of the School in 1905, Miss Trayler since 1908 and Miss Frodsham since 1921. It is inevitable that changes should occur, and a school that is 31 years old cannot hope to keep any of its original members of staff much longer; we have been unusually fortunate indeed to keep them so long. They

have built up the traditions of the School and have been the repositories of more than traditional wisdom. They—I am including Miss Trayler and Miss Frodsham with the two originators now—would be the last to wish us to mourn unduly. They know that the spirit they have helped to create in the School will carry it forward to the joyous encounter with fresh experience but I think they also know that we are grateful for all they have done for us and that we wish them much happiness in their unaccustomed leisure.

The fourth decade of our history which started in September, 1935, saw the beginning of two important experiments. First, we began a modified Dalton plan of Free Study and, secondly, we had no "B" Forms, but grouped all girls in Form I, II, III according to age as Senior, Middle or Junior First, etc. It is too early to say whether either or both experiments will be increasingly successful but they made a hopeful beginning.

An interesting new record for the School was set up by Phyllis Riddiford and Pauline Hyde, who won two of the new modern language scholarships provided by the L.C.C. Phyllis, having applied in both French and German groups, was offered her choice and chose to go to Germany for three months, while Pauline was offered a French scholarship. They were abroad during July, August and September and each had a very good and profitable holiday.

Our chief purchase was necessary equipment for the Dalton scheme—new bookcases for subject-rooms—and another pleasant addition was the Bush Radiogram for the Hall, bought from the proceeds of the play. The wet dinner-hour is still a problem owing to our large numbers and limited space, but at least we no longer condemn a pianist to thump an almost inaudible piano while we dance.

Twenty-six girls entered VIb at the beginning of the year. They dropped to 20 at Christmas, but how much more satisfactory a number than the exiguous entry of 1933 and 1934! Seven of them left in July—D. Dannenberg, D. Gill and B. Pigot to training colleges, M. White to art school, J. Dunk to be a laboratory assistant and K. Howe and M. Hodge to clerical posts.

The tale of VIa is soon told. They were four in September, but B. Lindsay and G. Heard left at Christmas and then they were but two. Barbara Miln, the Head Girl, was one of the travellers who, led by Miss Gemmell, Miss Higgs and Miss du Mont, went to Budapest in the Easter holidays. This perhaps roused in her a latent desire for

travel, for in August she went to Austria and is now in France for a year before starting her training as a nurse. Her companion in VIa, Muriel Bagnall, after some hesitation about medicine and after franking First Medical in her Higher School examination, has also decided to become a nurse. Our thanks and best wishes to all these VI Form leavers and to those of VIc also! As there were so few in VIa the responsibility of each girl has been heavier than usual and the School owes them a great deal. E. T.

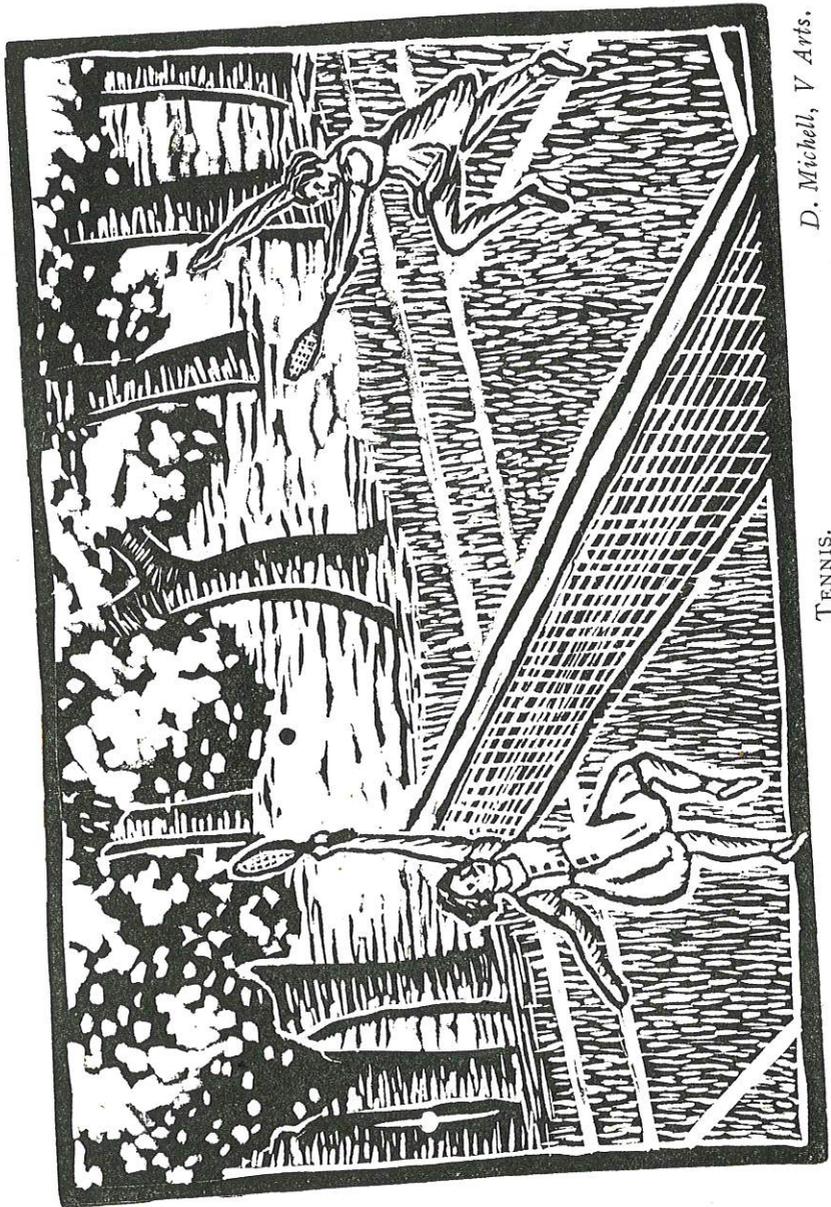
EDITORIAL.

Our School Magazine has always owed a great deal to Miss Corbett, and the seventeenth number is no less fortunate than its predecessors in this respect. Henceforth, however, we shall miss her keen interest and wise judgment in this, as in so many other departments of School life, and it is with sad reluctance that I view the end of a collaboration of nearly seventeen happy and fruitful years, during which Miss Corbett has given such generous help from her rich store of experience and scholarship. Our grateful memories of the past and best wishes for the future accompany her into her retirement.

The School has responded well to our appeal this year, and editing the Magazine has been both a joy and a grief. It has been a great pleasure to handle so many good contributions, but a sad necessity to have to reject twice as many nearly as good. This applies to many interesting accounts of School events as well as to the original contributions. We should like to include that enthusiastic account of the Fifth Form's visit to Windsor, of the First Forms at the London Speech Festival, of the Swimming Gala and Mr. Roy Newland's lecture on the theatre, to name a few, but the limitations of space forbid. A word of praise is due also to Form III Senior for especially good work this year, and to many girls from other forms whose interesting efforts had to be sacrificed at the last moment when we came to count up the pages. But good writing, like virtue, is often its own reward, and a very satisfactory reward too, in many cases; so we confidently trust that our contributors will be just as busy next year.

Now, as the Editorial must be short, we must hasten to thank all our helpers, especially Miss Turner, Miss Whitehead and the Magazine Committee. To many others who have borne our needs in mind throughout the year—our appreciation and thanks!

H. D.



D. Michell, V Arts.

TENNIS.

SCHOOL CALENDAR, 1935-6.

AUTUMN TERM, 1935.

- Sept. 11. School re-opened.
- Oct. 14. School Council Meeting.
Visit to Victory House, Leicester Square, for
Puppet Show (V's).
- „ 18. Visit to Victory House, Leicester Square, for
Puppet Show (VI's).
- „ 29. Recital, by Miss Fisher (piano) and Miss McClure
(mezzo-soprano). A party from Sydenham
High School attended.
- Nov. 8. Old Girls' Meeting.
- „ 14. Lecture on "Civil Service as a Career for
Women," at Burlington House (VI's).
- „ 21. Lecture-Recital on "The Growth of the Theatre,"
by Mr. Roy Newlands.
- „ 23. Visit to Hockey Tournament and Trials at Chisle-
hurst (1st XI).
- „ 28. Prize-giving.
- „ 29. Half-term Holiday.
Visit to League of Nations Conference (VI's).
- „ 30. League of Nations Conference, continued.
- Dec. 1. School Council Meeting.
- „ 3. Lecture on China, by Mrs. Forbes-Primmer.
- „ 11. Guide Party.
- „ 12, 13. School Play, "A Man's House," by John
Drinkwater.
- „ 15. Carol Party.
- „ 16. Junior School Party.
- „ 17. Middle School Party.
- „ 18. Senior School Party.
- „ 19. End of Term.

SPRING TERM, 1936.

- Jan. 14. School re-opened.
- „ 24, 25. Old Girls' Opera.
- Feb. 14. Science Club Lecture on Photography.
- „ 28. Old Girls' Meeting.
- Mar. 2. Half-term Holiday.
- „ 16. School Council Meeting.
- „ 20. Science Club Lecture on Hospital X-ray Depart-
ment.

- Mar. 21. Musical Festival at Blackheath.
Verse-Speaking Competition at Regent Street
Polytechnic. Forms L.I and I Junior took
part.
- " 23—27. Five House Parties.
- " 30. The Gym. Competition.
- " 31. Inter-Form Matches.
- April 1. The Staff and VIth Form Tea Party.
- " 2. Literary and Debating Society Tea Party.
- " 3. End of Term.

SUMMER TERM, 1936.

- April 28. School re-opened.
- May 7. Lecture on Nursery Schools by Dr. Tchaikovsky.
- " 13. A party of girls, directed by Miss Preedy, took
part in a Gymnastic Demonstration at the Inter-
national Congress of Physical Medicine.
- " 25. Commonwealth Day Celebration.
- " 27. School Council Meeting.
- June 1. Whitsuntide Holiday.
- " 2. Half-term Holiday.
- " 8—9. Oral Examinations in French and German.
- " 15. Higher School Examination began.
Needlework Examination (General School).
- " 17. General School Examination began.
- July 1. General School Examination ended.
- " 10. Old Girls' Meeting.
- " 14. Visit to Windsor and Eton (V's).
- " 17. Babies' Party.
Southwark Cathedral Service for girls leaving
School.
- " 22. Gymnastic Demonstration.
- " 24. Results of General School Examination published.
- " 27. Swimming Sports.
- " 29. End of Term.

PRIZE GIVING, NOVEMBER 28th, 1935.

PROGRAMME.

Selection for Strings—

" Gavotte "	<i>Bach</i>
" Bourrée "	<i>Bach</i>

(ORCHESTRA.)

of youth! The world was ours; we only had to take it. The only occupation open to women in his young days was household drudgery, with or without matrimony, but now women could get any posts. He told us to think for ourselves, and not be afraid of making mistakes or becoming unpopular through saying what we thought. The world was like soft clay and was modelled by thought.

When girls were young and single they had freedom, but when they married they lost this. Some girls spent much more time than they should painting their faces. At this point applause broke out to show agreement.

He now had some advice to give us which might be rejected by nineteen out of twenty of us, but still he would give it. He told us to take the country into our lives and not be absorbed by the towns. For six months of the year England was very beautiful, and we should visit many parts of it, and then the Continent. We should learn the ways of birds and beasts and trees, and then our lives would be full of happiness and satisfaction.

Many of us would soon be going out into the world and we were all well prepared. Science was at work on the land and in factories and workshops, so that much of the drudgery was removed, and we should see the end of slums, the birth of a United State of Europe, and the removal of factories to the country.

He concluded by telling us to be of good cheer and try to be good members of the greatest civilization in the world; and he hoped that we should all enjoy the holiday which had been granted to us for the next day.

His speech was greatly applauded, and when the clapping had died down he rose and thanked us for our patience in listening to him.

JOAN W. HAYES, V Arts.

PRIZE LIST, 1934-35.

Lower I.

Pat Bateman.
Esther Sayer.

Ia.

Agnes Mason.
Dorothy Clark.
Doreen Talbot.
Connie Spittle.

Upper I.

Marjorie Bennett.
Olive Beveridge.
Grace Hughes.
Mabel Veale.
Pat Williams.

IIa.

Marion Coombs.
Margaret Davies.
Sheila Fletcher.
Marion Lupton.
Sybil Yeates.

Upper II.

Phyllis Allen.
Joyce Davies.
Elsie Gosling.

IIIb.

Doris Dixon.
Louie Holmes.
Joan Johnson

IIIa.

Irene Byron.
Winnie Wright.
Joyce Waking.
Joan Pearce.

Upper III.

Josephine Anderson.
Lois Brooker.
Evelyn Margetts.

IV.

ARTS.

Joan Dormer.
Betty Garrod.
Connie Hathaway.
Dorothy Michell.
Betty Reed.

IV.

SCIENCE.

Eileen Baxter.
Margaret Bayfield.
Betty Brown.
Betty Charles.
Dorothy Clark.
Helen Davey.
Marjorie Wren.

Vb.

Joan Colley.
Doreen Ifield.
Eleanor Smith.

Va.

MATRICULATION.

Margaret Back.
Agnes Bartels.
Norah Carlton.
Marjorie Clausen.

Va.—*continued.*

Dorothy Francis.
Joan Francis.
Marjorie Holliday.
Doris Humphreys.
Margaret Jaggar.
Evelyn Jones.
Nancy Joyce.
Marion Lewis.
Anne Renn.
Phyllis Riddiford.
Marjorie Salter.
Marjorie Sandiford.

Upper V.

MATRICULATION.

Audrey Ballard.
Doreen Dannenberg.
Beatrice Driver.
Nancy Hawkins.
Barbara Hopewell.
Kathleen Howe.
Pauline Hyde.
Jean Simpson.
Eileen Tattersall.
Margery White.

VIc.

LEAVING.

Vera Berry.
Betty East.
Kathleen Goodger.
Eileen Griffiths.
Edna Lemmon.
Marjorie Paine.
Dorrien Pounsett.
Evelyn Thorne.
Eunice Waller.
Connie Weston.

VIb.

LEAVING.

Lorna Adey.
Evelyn Bradshaw.
Marjorie Dudley.
Dorothy Hall.
Gladys Heard.
Vera Holford.
Marjorie Oliver.
Doris Laws.

VIa.

HIGHER SCHOOL.

Rhona Astbury.
Marjorie Homewood.
Mollie Scott.

LEAVING.

Kathleen White.
Eileen Moffatt.
Molly Stevens.
Doris Taylor.

SPECIAL PRIZES.

WRITING.

Ib.

Peggy Weston.

Ia.

Margaret Forshall,

Upper I.

Joan Richards.

IIa.

Peggy Grosvenor.
Barbara Butcher.

Upper II.

Margaret Fitton.

GENERAL AND HIGHER SCHOOL CERTIFICATES.

Rhona Astbury.
Marjorie Homewood.

Eileen Moffatt.
Mollie Scott.

Molly Stevens.
Kathleen White.

GENERAL SCHOOL CERTIFICATES.

Lorna Adey.
Betty Allam.
Audrey Ballard.
Winnie Bassett.
Iris Beattie.
Vera Berry.
Evelyn Bradshaw.
Doris Brooks.
Marjorie Bull.
Joyce Coster.
Beatrice Driver.

Marjorie Dudley.
Betty East.
Margaret Firth.
Irene Fox.
Kathleen Goodger.
Eileen Griffiths.
Dorothy Hall.
Doris Hitchin.
Vera Holford.
Kathleen Hollingworth.
Margaret Jaggar.

Pat Jordan.
Joyce Keays.
Eileen King.
Betty Kirby.
Doris Laws.
Edna Lemmon.
Maisie Lucking.
Jean McMillan.
Marjorie Oliver.
Marjorie Paine.
Beryl Palmer.

GENERAL SCHOOL CERTIFICATES—*continued.*

Dorrien Pounsett.	Kathleen Symons.	Barbara Vincent.
Joan Rushbrook.	Doris Taylor.	Eunice Waller.
Peggy Salkeld.	Evelyn Thorne.	Doris Walls.
Marjorie Salter.	Beryl Thornton.	Mavis Welch.
Lily Smith.	Maisie Townsend.	Connie Weston.
Betty Solman.	Dorothy Verrier.	

THE SCHOOL PLAY—"A MAN'S HOUSE."

By JOHN DRINKWATER.

CHARACTERS.

Salathiel, a rich merchant of Jerusalem	Kathleen Howe
Nathan, his brother	Marjorie Sandiford
Esther, his elder daughter	Mary MacDonald
Rachel, his younger daughter	Joan Jacob
Mathias, his son	Pauline Hyde
David, Rachel's lover	Ann Renn
Levi, another merchant	Barbara Pigot
Isaac, Salathiel's steward	Joan Rees
Jacob, one of his servants	Enid Ashby
A Roman Officer	Jean Cameron
Barnabas, David's father	Gwen Page
1st Roman Guard	Joyce Francis
2nd " "	Dorothy Francis
A Clerk	Nora Carlton
Servants to Salathiel	Evelyn Jones, Joan Hayes, Winnie Wright, Evelyn Margetts, Beryl Kennedy
Crowd, and Voices off ...	Margaret Back, Phyllis Riddiford, Olive Orsman, Winnie Singer, Joan Ashley, Joan Hucker

Act I.—Salathiel's house in Jerusalem.

Act II.—The same—past noon on the following day.

Act III.—The same—seven days later. The first Easter Sunday.

"A MAN'S HOUSE."

"And a man's foes shall be they of his own household." So it is written in the Gospel, and these words, coming from the lips of Nathan in the play, form the theme of Drinkwater's "A Man's House."

The household depicted, though existing at the time of Christ, is merely symbolical of any family to-day. It is easy

to understand, as we watch the disintegration of Salathiel's household, how such a thing could happen in modern times; and the agony of the father is the agony of any modern father who sees his loved ones forsaking him for some faith in which he has little or no belief.

The breaking-up can first be realised with the words of Rachel, the younger daughter of the house. "You needn't call him 'that Nazarene'," she rebukes Esther, "his name is Jesus." Almost immediately afterwards Salathiel accuses his brother, Nathan, of blasphemy because he suggests that perhaps, after all, Jesus is the Messiah.

But there is something in this doctrine—there must be. Even the steward is bewildered by the staunch loyalty of the little serving-boy, Jacob, to this unknown Jesus. And in spite of her blind sister's bitterness, her brother's hardness, and the reproaches of her loved father, Rachel leaves with her lover, David, and Nathan, her old uncle, to follow the Nazarene.

The most dramatic moment of the play centres on Esther. "I am no outcast," she has cried, realising, nevertheless, the barrier her blindness makes. Later, when Jesus rides into Jerusalem, she asks, "What does he look like, father? You cannot see his hands, can you?" No, Salathiel cannot see them; but in a very short while Esther can, for when she returns to her father's house it is with her sight restored, and a new faith.

And so they go, "All my people, Mathias, going up to Bethany. Yes, just six of them." From the father's point of view this faith is a tragedy. We feel his grief most keenly in his reply to Nathan's words, "My blessing on your house, my brother."

"It is desolate."

What comfort will Mathias be to him, who ends the play so magnificently by drawing the screen to shut out the sight of his departing family, and coldly returns to his figures?

The play was splendidly produced by Miss Drury and Miss Gemmell, and the whole cast was admirable. Kathleen Howe drew forth all our sympathy as the tragic father, as did Marjorie Sandiford as the gentle Nathan. Mary MacDonald's portrayal of the blind Esther to whom sight and faith were restored, and Ann Renn's and Joan Jacob's David and Rachel, the two young lovers, were all excellent. I cannot go on without praising Pauline Hyde's forceful performance as Mathias, or Barbara Pigot's rendering of Levi, while Gwen Page as Barnabas (David's father) adopted a perpetual air of outraged bewilderment which could not have been bettered.

Miss Whitehead's and Miss Higgs' scenery was truly beautiful; and I should like to praise as much as anybody the unknown people who managed the lighting so effectively; for though they rest in obscurity—from me at any rate—their work was one of the big successes of a very enjoyable evening.

MARGERY WHITE, VIIb.

We should like to thank Miss Ballard and the Orchestra for entertaining us between the Acts, and Miss Hartnell for her piping at the beginning of Acts I and II, and for the time and skill she spent in making up the actors. The sum of £38 9s. 0d. was raised, with which, after £8 4s. 4d. had been deducted for expenses, including the royalty, the School was able to buy a radio-gramophone.

THE JUNIOR SCHOOL PARTY.

On Tuesday, December 17th, 1935, a Party was held in the Large Hall of Sydenham Secondary School.

We were all in our Form-rooms by 2.40 p.m., and at 2.50 p.m. we marched into the Hall in threes. The Mistresses saw our fancy costumes, and then the performance began.

One of the Sixth Forms came in dressed as Cowboys and pulling a wagon. Some of them were members of the jazz band. Next came the Toy Soldiers. The leader had a black cloak on, and was riding on a donkey. She jumped down and asked Miss Turner to inspect the troops. The donkey turned round rather clumsily, for it was really two girls dressed up. When these had passed out, Muriel Bagnall entered wheeling a wheel-barrow, on which Barbara Miln balanced. She was throwing streamers and small packages amongst us, and both wore masks.

After these small performances we danced and played one or two games before having tea. Two or three of the soldiers were making tea, while others were putting round lemonade for those who wanted it.

Jelly, sandwiches, rolls, cakes, and fruit greeted our eyes as we sat down to tea. Barbara, in a pretty Columbine frock, walked up and down, but at last we had the satisfaction of having her at our table.

Tea being over we returned to the Hall, and pictures of some of the Sixth Form girls were shown on a sheet. The pictures were of the girls when they were young, among them appearing photographs of Barbara, Hazel Harman, Muriel and Nancy Hawkins. We wrote the names down on a piece of paper, and the winners had a small prize.

A Spot Dance was announced, and this was enjoyed very

much. An illumination dance soon followed, and some of the things we had to drop out for were very comical. For instance, some of them were, if we had steak for dinner, a safety-pin anywhere on us, black shoes on, and if we had an English lesson during the morning. At last Grace Gardner and I, with another couple, were left in. Barbara said that if we had a French lesson in the morning we were to drop out. All of us had, but we all won five delicious chocolates each, as there were two boxes, each containing ten for the prize.

Musical hat, fishes, and a play followed this, the latter being acted by II Senior. The first scene depicted Scrooge's office, the title of the play being "Scrooge and the Christmas Spirit."

After the play three cheers were given for Barbara and the Sixth Formers, and after singing "Auld Lang Syne" we returned home after a happy party.

EDNA HOBBS, I Junior.

HOUSE REPORTS, 1935-6.

ST. ANDREW'S.

This has been a fairly successful year for St. Andrew's; a certain number in the House have been very enthusiastic, but there are a few members who make very little effort.

In January we changed our House baby, and now we have a young baby, Georgina Mackay; Edith Mackay, our old House baby, is now about ten years old, and has profited so much from our help that we were asked to support another child.

We were very pleased that we managed to win the Swimming Cup again; but we have come down rather badly in Games. We have to thank Peggy Mortimer and Eileen Jenkins for their work as Games Captains, also Gladys Pallett and Dorothy Clark, who looked after Cricket and Swimming.

We were very sorry to have to say good-bye to Miss Trayler and Miss MacArthur, who have been in our House ever since it began. We should like to thank all our House Staff for their help during the year, especially Miss Trayler, who has done such a lot for the House as our House Mistress.

B. MILN.

ST. DAVID'S.

We feel that our House has made a definite improvement this year. It has been chiefly in the games field, but perhaps

the other sides of House activity will follow. We have now a number of enthusiastic Juniors who, we are glad to see, do not follow the example set by the Seniors in not turning out to games.

We had so many Juniors in the Dramatic Section that we were able to have a Junior and a Senior one, run by Barbara Pigot and Marjorie Clausen. The Juniors acted the "Princess and the Woodcutter" at our House Party.

We should like to thank Miss Whitehead especially for the valuable help she has given us, and the work she has done for the House and its members. We also thank the Staff for the Prefects' Tea, which we all enjoyed.

For the first time in many years we have managed to win one of the two Games Cups. This is partly due to Joan Ashley's hard work, which we greatly appreciate.

We also came second for the Swimming Cup, which result was rather unexpected.

We are supplying Sylvia Acreman with extra nourishment, and have sent several parcels of clothes, as well as an extra sum of money for a week's holiday during the year.

If the House does better next year than it has done this year we shall be satisfied.

HAZEL HARMAN.

ST. FRANCIS'.

To-day, St. Francis' is not a very cheerful House. Our victory of last year, when we carried off the Games Cup, seems very remote, for in spite of Ann's gallant efforts, the Cup is no longer ours. In Swimming, equally disastrous, we maintained our old place without difficulty—at the bottom. This was disappointing, for the Junior entries showed enthusiasm, and we are the proud possessors of the Junior School champion.

House Dramatics this year have been most successful. The section of the Seniors, which I myself took, worked splendidly, and we all enjoyed it thoroughly. At the House Party we produced scenes from Shaw's "St. Joan."

I should like to thank the Staff, on behalf of the House, for the friendly interest which they have manifested throughout the year at all times, especially our House Mistress, Miss Chaplin, whose help has been invaluable. The loss of our House Captain, Molly Stevens, and of our Games Captain, Eileen Tattersall, is one from which we are still suffering. Their energy for the House in all directions, most noticeably in Games, seemed to be inexhaustible. We are very sorry to have lost them, and wish them all luck for the future.

P. HYDE.

On behalf of the House, I should like to thank Muriel Bagnall, our second Head Girl, who so kindly carried on during Pauline's absence in July, leaving me a free hand for the Games. Muriel's co-operation in the House has always been reliable, and we are sorry to lose her. A. RENN.

ST. GEORGE'S.

I am glad to say that the horseshoe which adorns our House notice-board has brought us some luck during the year. The Netball team, after many practices, won three out of the four matches, but at Hockey we were not quite so successful. Our Cricket and Tennis results have been quite good, though there are still some matches to be played.* Our thanks go to Miss Preedy and Miss Buckle for the help they have given us.

At the beginning of the year we elected six new Prefects and soon had to say good-bye to our Games Captain, Gladys Heard. We were only consoled by the fact that Joyce Francis filled her position so ably. About the same time we lost another useful member in Betty Lindsay, who for a long time had helped with the Dramatic Section.

At the House Party in March, Joyce Francis and Doris Gill produced a Shakespearean charade, which we all enjoyed very much.

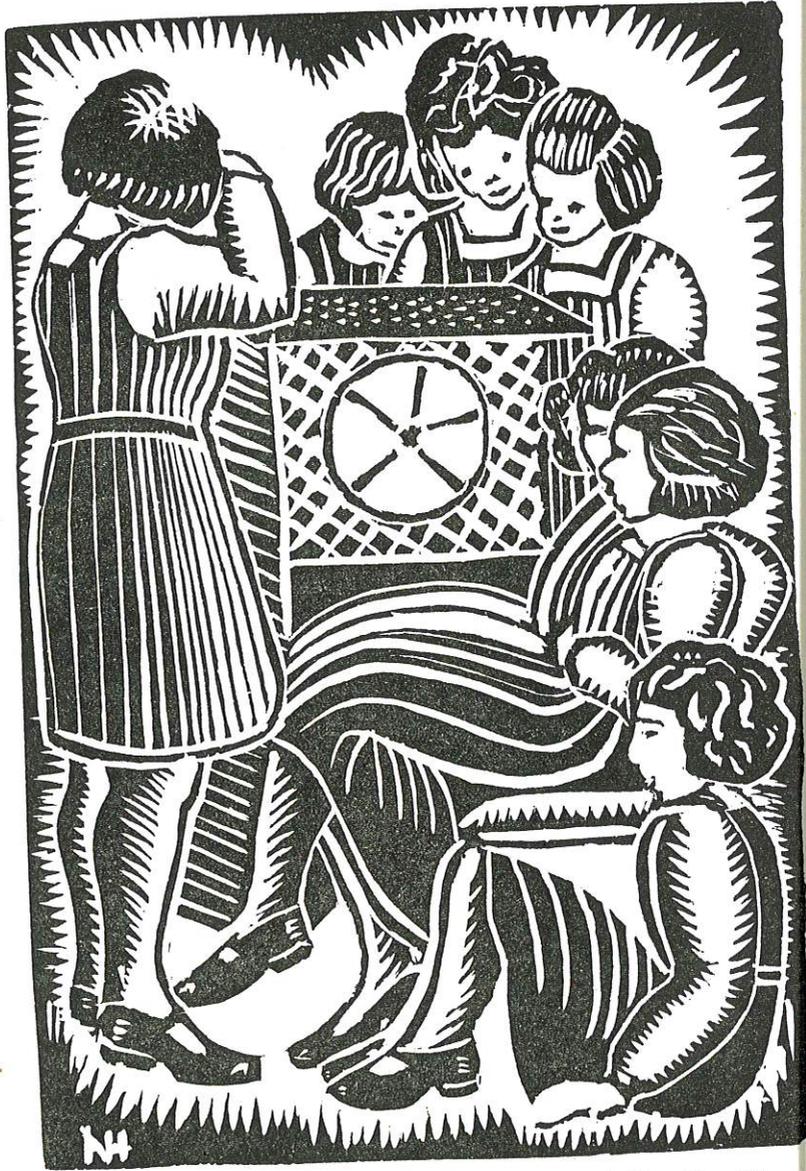
We sent Doris Humphreys a large parcel at Christmas and 10s. to pay for her holiday in July. The family is very poor, and has benefited from our gifts and from the regular baby-money.

We are all very sorry to say good-bye to Miss Corbett, who, during the many years that she has been in the School, has done a great deal for the House, and especially for the House Dramatics. We should like to thank the House Mistresses, and especially Miss Holliday, for the support they have given us through the year. DOREEN DÄNNENBERG.

* These, unfortunately, had to be abandoned, and we were awarded one of the two Games Cups (we chose the one presented to the School by Miss Corbett and Miss MacArthur), St. David's House receiving the other.

ST. PATRICK'S.

St. Patrick's House has had a pleasant, though not a brilliant, year. The Hockey team played very well, and won three matches and drew the fourth; the Netball team won two out of four matches. These results are very good, and we came top for the Winter Games.



THE RADIOGRAM.

N. Hawkins. Vlc.

The results of the Summer Games are not nearly so satisfactory, although during the Summer Term many girls in the House worked hard at Tennis, Cricket and Swimming.

We are grateful to all our House Mistresses for their help and interest, and particularly we thank Miss Seymour for the care and trouble she has taken in the work of the House. Also we must thank Betty Hawkins for all the hard work she has done as Games Captain, and Nora Carlton for all the time she has spent in connection with the Dramatic Section. The "Eye of the Beholder" was very successful, and was acted to the School at the end of the Spring Term.

The House Baby has been well supported, and we were able to send him five shillings for Christmas and ten shillings for the Summer holiday.

The members of St. Patrick's House, on the whole, have been fairly keen and interested this year, but with a little more effort from some girls the results would have been better.

N. HAWKINS.

RESULTS OF HOUSE GAMES.

	ST. DAVID	ST. GEORGE	ST. PATRICK	ST. ANDREW	ST. FRANCIS
Netball ..	5	15	10	15	5
Hockey ..	18	8	15	10	0
Cricket ..	10	15	5	0	10
Tennis ..	15	10	10	5	12½
TOTAL ..	48	43	30	30	27½

Owing to bad weather we were unable to complete tennis and cricket matches.

We should like to thank Miss Preedy and Miss Buckle for all the help they have given the houses in games and swimming.

HOCKEY, 1935-6.

The hockey season, 1935-36 was rather an unhappy one. The weather excelled to such an extent in frost and rain that we had very few practices and still fewer matches. In spite of this, both teams made considerable progress, as we began the year with only four of last year's 1st XI, and had reached quite a good standard by the end of the season. The 1st XI defence improved greatly, Betty Eversfield becoming more reliable though still inclined to be wild. Helen Davey, with experience, became an efficient centre-half. Barbara Miln at the end of the season began to get rid of the ball more quickly, and backed up well. The new for-

wards in the 1st XI, especially the wings, acquired a good knowledge of the game. Gladys Pallett's passing became good, though often inclined to be too unsympathetic. We felt the loss of Eileen Tattersall in the middle of the season both as our Captain and in the forward line.

We would like to record our gratitude to Miss Preece for the time and energy which she spent on both XI's throughout the season.

ANN RENN, VIb.

TEAMS, 1935-36.

1st XI.				2nd XI.
D. Dannenberg..	..	G	..	G. Sparks
B. Eversfield	L.B.	..	J. Francis.
K. Gardner	R.B.	..	J. Alexander.
H. Morris	L.H.	..	O. Speare.
H. Davey	C.H.	..	M. Lewis.
B. Miln	R.H.	..	B. Puxty.
J. Yates	L.W.	..	L. Rooks.
E. Tattersall, R. Condon		L.I.	..	B. Hawkins.
H. Harman	C.F.	..	M. Dannenberg.
A. Renn	R.I.	..	E. Jenkins.
G. Pallett	R.W.	..	S. Tonkin.

NETBALL TEAM, 1935-6.

Goal Shooter: Kathleen White.—Good shooting at times. Must concentrate more on the game. Her quickness and height lack of inches make her good at dodging.

Attack: J. Yates.—A good shooter and holds the ball well.

Centre Attack: M. Lupton.—A useful centre player, but must keep in the game more.

Centre: J. Short.—Quick to get the ball and jumps well but could be more accurate in passing.

Defence: B. Butcher.—Good defence player but inclined to be unsteady on her feet.

Goal Defence: J. Knott.—A useful player. She holds the ball well and passes carefully.

Centre Defence: M. Coombs (Captain).—Has been a good Captain. Her play is reliable, but she could be a little quicker on her feet.

M. B.

CRICKET, 1936.

This has been a bad season for cricket owing to a great amount of rain, which stopped many practices and matches. One match out of the two played was won,

third fixture being scratched. The batting has become a little steadier since the beginning of the season, but it is still rather wild at times. Fielding has improved greatly but is still occasionally a little sleepy. We should like to thank Miss Buckle for the coaching she has given the team and for umpiring matches; Miss Preedy for many helpful hints; and Betty Parker for scoring.

J. Alexander, Square Leg.—Bowling very good. Fielding good on the whole, sometimes a little slow. Batting fair—needs more force.

D. Dannenberg, Wickets.—Good, steady wicketkeeper. Batting good on the whole. Doreen has been a very keen member of the team.

B. Eversfield, Mid-On.—Batting fairly good but inclined to be wild. Fielding good on the whole. Useful bowler.

G. Pallett, Point.—Batting good on the whole—sometimes rather wild. Fielding usually good.

J. Yates, Long-On.—Fielding fairly good. Batting sometimes fair but much too erratic. Must learn to use defence strokes.

D. Clark, Cover Point.—Batting fair; must try to defend her wicket more. Dorothy fields well once she moves, but she must remember not to "sit back on her heels."

A. Renn, Long-Off.—Fielding good on the whole. Batting fairly good—sometimes a little wild.

M. Paine, Slip.—Bowling usually very good. Batting fair—inclined to be lazy about hitting hard. Fielding needs to be quicker.

B. Webb, Bowlers' Place.—Batting fair. Bowling very erratic. Fielding needs to be quicker at times.

I. Nunn, Mid-Off.—Good, steady bowler. Fielding quite good. Batting greatly improved since beginning of season.

M. HODGE, Vib.

M. Hodge (Captain), Deep Field.—Margaret has been a very enthusiastic Captain and has trained the team well. Her batting has improved a little but her fielding has not been so steady this season.

M. B.

TENNIS, 1936.

We did not begin too well with our tennis this season, perhaps owing to the fact that five of the Tennis Six left at the end of last year. Our play had neither character nor force, and was lacking in liveliness, though not in enthusiasm.

With the addition of a new practice board, erected at the back of the two hard courts, however, we improved considerably, although some, with slightly less accurate aim than others, played against the windows behind. They found that it was quite a simple matter to break them. When a higher net was placed behind the board it became more difficult to miss, and the game showed improvement.

Not sufficient, however, to win many matches. This was partly due to poor positioning and foot-faulting. Shots were not anticipated quickly enough. Players were inclined just to look at a fast ball—when it did come—rather than run for it.

In conclusion, we should like to thank Mrs. Preedy for the help and coaching she has given us during the term.

H. HARMAN.

GAMES NOTE.

Though the teams on the whole have not been so successful in the results of their matches, we do feel that the standard of play all round has considerably improved. In the tennis team, especially, there were about ten players who were level, no one outstandingly good or bad. Hazel Harman was Captain and she has put in a lot of hard work helping with the team; her play was steady, if not brilliant, in matches. We have to thank several girls in VIc for their help in fixing up the matches and arranging tea, etc. The Mistresses were very disappointed to have both their hockey and tennis matches scratched owing to weather.

D. A. P.

THE GUIDES.

Here we are again at the end of the year, and, although we have not done anything brilliant in the Guiding world, we have had a very enjoyable year in an informal way.

We carried off the Shield and the Senior Championship Cup at the District Gala, and several people swam for the division.

The Christmas party was as jolly as usual, and the Mistresses all liked their covered coat-hangers.

Although plenty of junior Guides entered for the District Competition, and religiously grew their Woolworth's 4d. tulips, we were not very successful in the end.

Several first-class badges and all-round cords were awarded, and D. Dannenberg and B. Eversfield added two more gold cords to the Company record.

We are now looking forward to the grand finale of the

year—another camp at Westerham. We are very grateful to Miss Preedy, Miss Stanton and Miss Buckle for working so hard for us all. We are very sorry to lose Miss Buckle and we wish her every happiness in her married life.

The Leaders for the year have been: S. Tonkin, B. Puxty, I. Ward, H. Davey, M. Dannenberg, A. Renn, P. Thomas, B. Watts, B. Gibson, O. Basted and J. Ashley.

J. ASHLEY.

LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY.

Among the plays read at the meetings of the Literary and Debating Society were "The Apple Cart," by Shaw, "Journey's End," by Sheriff, "Escape," by Galsworthy, "Lady Precious Stream," "The Rivals," by Sheridan, "Murder in the Cathedral," by T. S. Eliot, and, lastly, "Pride and Prejudice," by Jane Austen. The plays were well attended and all forms gave good renderings of them. We think, on the whole, "Journey's End" was most enjoyed. "Murder in the Cathedral," unfortunately, was not very well appreciated, probably because it was not understood.

The debates were better attended this year than formerly. Some of them were inclined to lag, but for the main part they were brisk and often witty. We discussed with great fervour such widely differing subjects as "That under modern conditions dictatorship can achieve more for mankind than democracy," which was debated with Selhurst Grammar School; "That the too rapid progress of science is more of a curse than a boon to mankind"; "That the influence of games on a nation is more harmful than beneficial"; "That we should be poorer without the cinema"; "That films are a bad influence on the British public"; "That builders of modern homes are crazy"; and even "That it is better to be a worm than a henpecked husband."

We held the party in the Spring Term instead of the Autumn, as is usual. We should like to thank the staff for their amusing entertainment, which we all very much enjoyed. Miss Butler as a shop-assistant caused much laughter, as did Ann Renn as Napoleon and Pauline Hyde as Nero in the VIth Form charades. The 5ths added their bit to our enjoyment by arranging a competition, in which the staff also took part, for the guessing of book titles from pictures.

Our thanks are due to Miss Short and Miss Bond for their generous assistance throughout both terms.

M. MACDONALD,

K. HOWE, Secretaries.

THE DEBATE BETWEEN SYDENHAM AND SELHURST GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

We were very much pleased to welcome a party of members of the Selhurst Grammar School Debating Society for a second inter-school debate. The subject chosen was "Dictatorship can achieve more under modern conditions than Democracy." A considerable adjustment of our traditional democratic sympathies was necessary.

Eunice Moat (Selhurst) proposed the motion. She asked us to consider dictatorship apart from the dragon's mask it has been so unfairly given. In each of the dictator-governed nations there has previously been chaos and hence the necessity of a fearless man who could rise above it and control the country with quick and decisive action. The proposer cited the gigantic strides, both social and economic, under Mussolini and Hitler, saying that while we, in a democratic country (or nearly so!), are still quibbling over trifling measures regarding social and political problems, the dictator, suppressing all futile opposition, is able to *act*. Dictatorship results in action, while democracy results in fruitless discussion.

Phyllis Riddiford (Sydenham), opposing the motion, immediately took up the last point, saying that democracy inevitably resulted in slow but solid progress, gradually, by trial and error, gaining sympathy for its measures instead of evoking storms of passionate criticism. Only under democracy can individual liberty be insured, steady political evolution and cultural development. Quick decision over vital matters is not identical with progress.

Ann Renn (Sydenham) seconding the motion, first gave a rapid survey of the world situation, then picked out the leading powers, showing that the democracy-ridden countries, with centuries of opportunity behind them, have not achieved what Hitler, in a few years, has achieved. She showed how the dictator-chancellor has welded all loose ends into an intrinsic whole, directed nationalism into productive channels and made Germany realise her mission in the world.

The seconder of the opposition (Selhurst) opened her speech with a plea for the continuance of democratic ideals in a world where every type of Government seems to be failing—from France's extreme democracy to Italy's supreme autocracy. Democracy is our only salvation, because only when all take an active part in government can the will of the nation, and thus its progress, be certain.

The general discussion, which embraced all things in heaven and earth, laid bare our democratic convictions, and

only two or three dictatorial voices in the wilderness managed to survive. Arguments of apathy and the resulting non-effectiveness of democracy were brought forward with the prompt reply that if one member failed to represent the mere thousands in his constituency, how could one man represent millions?

After full discussion, the motion was decisively defeated and we adjourned for tea—continuing the debate (and resulting digressions) until we parted—having very much enjoyed our second inter-school debate.

PAULINE HYDE, VIIb.

FOURTH FORM DEBATING SOCIETY.

For the first time in the history of Sydenham a Fourth Form Debating Society has been organised. We had several interesting debates, and, generally, the meetings were well supported. The argument which arose over "America will be the country of the future" brought out all the patriotic spirit in the Society, and the idea that such a thing could be possible horrified practically everybody.

Two of our other debates were: "The wireless causes more annoyance than pleasure" and "Robespierre was a public hero."

We also had several "spot" debates, and a fierce argument was waged over the question of bananas having zip-fasteners.

We should very much like to thank Miss Short and Miss Du Mont for the time they gave, and also Pauline Hyde for the trouble which she took in arranging the debates.
E. ASHLEY, IV Junior (Chairman).

SCHOOL BRANCH OF THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS' UNION.

At the beginning of the year the branch was divided into two because of the admission of the thirds. The junior part is quite separate. Therefore, since both fifths and sixths have "Current Events," when League problems of all kinds are discussed, we felt that extra meetings were unnecessary. This view was borne out by several of the speakers at the League of Nations' Union Conference on November 31st—December 2nd, at the London School of Economics, which Miss Falconer and four girls from the sixth attended. The meetings were extremely interesting. One speaker told us

about the adventures of some boys who were helped by the Union to go abroad, one travelling along the coast of northern Africa, sleeping with garrisons by night, another working his way to Australia and back. Dr. Gooch spoke on "The League and the future," which was much appreciated, as was Professor Murray's speech on "The Necessity of the League." We should like to thank Miss Falconer for giving up so much of her time to taking us to the Conference which we all so much enjoyed.

Several girls from the sixth attended an outside meeting at Church House, West Hill, when the re-occupation of the Rhine was discussed. A German and a Frenchman gave the points of view of their countries. These speeches and the ensuing debate were intensely interesting. At another outside meeting to which some of us went the vital question "Is the League worth while?" was discussed. This meeting also was much enjoyed. P. HYDE, VIb (Secretary).

JUNIOR LEAGUE OF NATIONS' UNION.

The Junior League of Nations' Union was organised this year and has so far been successful. A meeting held on October 21st, 1935, was well attended, and Miss Chaplin talked to us about the League and its work. It was decided to form a Junior League of Nations' Union in School, composed of thirds and fourths.

A second meeting was held on November 18th at which papers were read by girls on "Early relations between Italy and Abyssinia," on "Events which led to the war and to Abyssinia's appeal to the League," and also on "Efforts of the League to stop the war." After this there was a general discussion of the whole question.

In the Spring Term two short meetings were held, one on April 18th, to discuss competitions for the term. On April 26th a discussion on world affairs took place, as we were interested in the meeting of the League Council in London.

This term there have been as yet no full meetings, but we hope before long to act part of the 1934 Assembly, reconstructed from the published account. We have already rehearsed this. Fifteen new books have been added to the Junior Branch Library this term, and poster and scrap-book competitions are being held.

Altogether the Junior League of Nations' Union seems to be a successful society, and we hope enthusiasm for it will continue. PHYLLIS WARING, IV Junior.

SCIENCE CLUB.

President: M. Bagnall.

Secretary: A. Bartels.

The meetings of the Science Club have been fairly well attended this year.

The first meeting was held on September 27th, and it was decided that meetings should take place five times during the Autumn Term, every fortnight.

The list of papers read is as follows:—

“Microscopic Plants and Animals,” M. Bagnall and G. Head.

“The Coal-Gas Industry,” V Science.

“Lighting Through the Ages,” IV Senior.

Part I, “Speed, Space and Time,” VIb.

“Prehistoric Animals,” Miss Shuttleworth.

Miss Shuttleworth's lecture was very much appreciated by everybody; this meeting was extremely well attended.

Muriel Bagnall and Gladys Heard's paper on “Microscopic Plants and Animals” was illustrated by pictures on the epidiascope and slides on the micro-projector, and was very much enjoyed.

There were only three meetings in the Spring Term; the papers read are as follows:—

Part II, “Speed, Space and Time,” VIb.

“How to take Good Photographs,” Mr. Clarke.

“The X-ray Department of a Hospital,” by Dr. Robert Klaber.

Mr. Clarke, from the Kodak Film Company, was to have given a lecture on “The Passing Pageant,” but, unfortunately, he could not do so owing to the fact that the epidiascope was out of order; instead he spoke on “How to take Good Photographs.” This was appreciated by all.

A. BARTELS, VIb.

FORM GARDENS, 1935-6.

During the year good work was done by most Forms. In the autumn many bulbs were planted by the gardener, and work had to cease until the spring, when the bulbs grew. So the trophies were not awarded at the end of the Spring Term. When the bulbs flowered the gardens looked very gay, and this was some compensation for the enforced cessation of work during the winter.

The rockery had become badly overgrown, and some of

VI and V, notably V Science, did much hard work in restoring it to order. IV General, too, worked well and changed an overgrown bed into a pleasant garden. The Third Forms made a good beginning and worked with keenness.

The Trophy winners were:—

Autumn Term.—V Arts, V. Sci., IV Sen., V Gen.

Spring Term.—Not awarded.

Summer Term.—V Sci., IV Gen., III Mid.

P. L.

THE SCHOOL ORCHESTRA.

It was with many misgivings that the Orchestra began the year. Many of our older and more reliable members had left, and we felt keenly the loss of their support. However, we did our best and were included in several School functions, such as the School play, the prizegiving and, more recently, the concert given by Miss Ballard's pupils. We should like to take advantage of this opportunity to draw attention to the fact that next year the Orchestra will be very much depleted in numbers and we shall be very glad to welcome new members, especially those from the Lower School.

RAY CONDON, V Science.

THE UNION OF GIRLS' SCHOOLS FOR SOCIAL SERVICE.

The Social Service Week, 1936.

On Tuesday, April 21st, about thirty girls, representing schools from all parts of England, assembled at Stafford Street Settlement for the Social Service Week, the subject of which was "The London Girl and Boy at Work." We were split into three parties, shown the surrounding parishes and told about the social work done by the three churches (St. Mark's, St. Andrew's and St. Chrysostom's).

In the evening Dr. J. J. Mallon, Warden of Toynbee Hall, gave an address in which he pointed out the necessity for raising the school-leaving age.

On Wednesday we visited an Employment Exchange and were shown how it helps young girls and boys to find suitable employment after leaving school. The working of the Exchange was fully explained to us and the flaws in the system were discussed.

Visits were also made to the local elementary schools. These were of the old-fashioned type and showed the tremendous difficulties (lack of space, awkwardly-constructed buildings, etc.) the staff had to cope with.

In the afternoon we were once more divided into three parties; one party visited a model factory where gummed paper is manufactured, the second a laundry and the third a sweet factory. The model factory showed us the ideal conditions under which some workers of to-day are employed, ample provision for both mental and physical development being made in the form of dramatic and sports clubs, which all workers can join after the payment of an extremely small subscription. On the following day we visited the Bloomsbury Trade School for Girls, where girls between the ages of fourteen and sixteen are taught dress-making, embroidery, ladies' tailoring, etc. The fees are small and a large number of scholarships are awarded annually.

In the afternoon a flour factory was visited; it was run in an up-to-date fashion, but the workers were more crowded than in the model factory we saw the day before; they were given less opportunity profitably to enjoy their leisure hours—for there was no sports club.

The Peckham Nursery School was also visited, where mothers who have to go to work can leave their children (if the children are between the ages of two and five years) for the day. The children spend a great deal of time in the open air and they all seemed healthy and happy.

We also saw the Settlement Club at work and displays of boxing and gymnastics were given.

On Friday we assembled at Stafford Street Settlement for the last time to hear Dr. Willoughby sum up, she also emphasising the necessity for raising the school-leaving age.

A. BARTELS, VIb.

GYM. COMPETITION RESULTS, 1936.

Lower School	II	Junior
Middle School	IV	General
Upper School	V	Science



COLLECTIONS, 1935-6.

RECEIPTS.	£	s.	d.	EXPENDITURE.	£	s.	d.
Hospital Collections ..	79	18	9½	Adverse Balance ..	9	10½	
Fines	8	1	0	Queen's Hospital ..	37	10	0
Egg Collection ..	4	5	0	Heritage Craft Schools ..	37	10	0
<i>Special Collections—</i>				Sydenham			
Carol Party ..	3	3	0	Charitable Fête..	1	0	0
Gym. Display ..	14	10	4	Form Babies	3	5	9
				Royal Free Hospital ..	2	2	0
				Elizabeth Garrett Ander- son Hospital Appeal ..	10	0	
				U.G.S.	1	6	0
				Special Grants			
				(Clothes, etc)	8	0	
				Eggs to St. John's Hospital	4	5	0
				<i>Special Collections—</i>			
				Greater London Fund for			
				the Blind	3	3	0
				U.G.S.	2	10	4
				Children's Country			
				Holiday Fund	7	0	0
				Nursery School ..	5	0	0
					105	19	11½
				Balance in hand ..	3	18	2
					£109	18	1½
					£109	18	1½

NOTES FROM THE FORMS.

We have been able to print very few form notes this year and these have been chosen as examples of different styles. I Middle and V Science give a straightforward record, but each has an unusual Form experience to relate. The verse-record is represented by II Middle's account. III Senior uses the device of the "surprise ending" quite neatly, while IV Senior, V General and V Arts have each produced a successful imitation of a well-known literary style.

I MIDDLE.

We are thirty-three in number. We had two exciting experiences last term that other Forms had not had. One was that for four weeks we visited the Gaumont Picture Palace to see educational films, which were very interesting. The second was that we had a newcomer to the Form, Oscar, a goldfish, and he is a fine fellow.

At gym we do not excel. This was proved by our coming bottom in the Gym. Contest. Netball is a good

sport and in this we beat all the First Forms but we failed to beat the seconds.

Our Form Mistress is Miss Lambert and she does all she can to help us.

II JUNIOR.

Twenty-two smart schoolgirls,
 As lively as can be,
 Make up the Form Two Junior,
 We're always full of glee.
 Last term, to our amazement,
 The trophy came our way,
 For gym, we scored the highest;
 We knew not what to say.
 But though we won that trophy,
 The list for tidiness
 Quite shocked the Form Two Junior;
 We could have got no less.

III SENIOR.

Under the kind guidance of Miss Trench we have had an interesting year. Two of the Form's members have left, so now we are thirty. The Gym. Competition? We did our best, but two Forms in the Middle School did better. The netball matches? Our Form Team had bad luck and so didn't win. The gardens? Oh, the gardeners have worked well, and our gardens have shown some quite fine blooms among the weeds. Tidiness? Ah, here we have at least achieved something, for both the "Tidy Bowls" have reached Room 17 during the Autumn and Spring Terms.

So, you see, III Senior has been a tidy Form. But now please excuse us as there is a piece of paper on the floor and we must go and pick it up.

IV SENIOR.

. . . . And the greatest of the Gods decreed that a new Age should spring forth, which was called the Fourth Age, the dawn of a new people. This marvellous Age should know spotless perfection of tidiness, its people should be crowned with laurels for their athletic prowess. They should receive the gift of great wisdom and seek after knowledge.

But the new people understood not these things, and, though endowed with a fighting spirit, strive as they might, could not satisfy the great ruler. Perforce they incurred his deep wrath and at his bidding came the deluge, to punish the disobedient race. From destruction there remained—a gardening trophy.

THE LIBERATED VTH FORMERS (V General).

(WITH APOLOGIES TO CHARLES LAMB.)

If, peradventure, Reader, it has been thy lot to waste the golden hours of thy schooldays—thy *happy* schooldays—in the irksome confinement of a Form-room, to have thy prison days prolonged through the Junior School, Middle School and at last to the Senior School, without hope of release or respite, to have lived to forget that there are such things as grass, trees, flowers and fresh breezes, or to remember them but as parts of the prerogatives of childhood; then, and then only, will you be able to appreciate our deliverance.

It is now four and three quarter years since I first took my place in Sydenham Secondary School. Melancholy was the transition at eleven years from the outdoor life which I had led to the five and a half hours a day (and occasionally the five and a half hours plus forty minutes a day) attendance at this school. But time partially reconciles us to anything. I gradually became content—doggedly contented as wild animals in cages.

It is true we spent "Break" and dinner hour in the open air, but time flies so quickly that we hardly noticed the beauty which nature had provided; and it is true that we could see a little of the outside world from our desks, but this was only through the grim, prison-like windows.

However, one morning, just as the Summer Term came into existence, and as we were gathering our books together for the first dismal lesson—preparation—a message came to us which to our utter astonishment told us that it was the privilege of Fifth Formers to do preparation in summer in the school grounds!

For the first of our preparations we felt stunned, overwhelmed. We could only apprehend our felicity—we were too confused to taste it sincerely. We wandered about—neglecting our vast quantity of work—feeling the trees and their overhanging branches, smelling the flowers and admiring their beauty and brightness and softly caressing the cool green grass (actions which we had almost forgotten). We were in the condition of prisoners in Dartmoor suddenly let loose after 57 months' confinement. . . .

V ARTS.

And it came to pass, in the year A.D. 1935, that a certain tribe did gather themselves together into a place called Room Eight. And the name of that people was Five Arts; and there was appointed one to rule over them, and her name was Miss Drury. And it came to pass that there

rose up against this people a tribe which was called "The Weeds" and a tribe which was called "The Snails," and the warriors of the tribe of the Five Arts went out and did battle against them and each time they returned as conquerors, bearing the trophy for their valour. And they did strive also against the tribe "Untidiness" and did almost overcome them. And she that ruled over them said unto them: "Strive ye, that ye win glory in the Hockey Tournament and the Gym. Competition." And they strove mightily, but at the going down of the sun they did return, and they mourned because they had not conquered. And it came to pass at the end of the Summer Season that many of that tribe did depart thence, into the utmost parts of the earth, and great was the wailing thereof, over those that did depart and

V SCIENCE.

We always act scientifically. In us there is always room for new achievements. With one sweep we carried off the numerous and important trophies for strenuously cultivating our herbaceous flora, for "chasing the rolling circle's speed" and for heaving our hulking bodies over trembling horses and boxes. So noble and great was this latter achievement that we were requested by Miss Preedy to present the same to his Grace the Duke of York.

Alas! We have one immense inefficiency—we are untidy—but as we have already admitted, in us there is always room for new achievements.

Having boasted of our wonders, we now await the downfall of the good old Form. We really do hope the examiners are sports.

THE OLD GIRLS' ASSOCIATION.

As usual, the O.G.A. has held three meetings during the year, and all were well attended. The zeal and enterprise of all who attended the summer meeting, despite the unpleasant weather, must be specially commended. This meeting was memorable for the number of "old" O.G.s which it produced, probably owing to the fact that several of the Staff, who must have taught every one of the three hundred and seventy-five members of the Association, were leaving. Except for the business meeting in November, and a very enjoyable display by the O.G.s' Gymnastic Class in March, the meetings have been spent in the ever-popular way of talking with old friends.

Undoubtedly the ways of the members of the Association

change little with time. I quote as infallible proof a paragraph written by a wise secretary of the past. "It is still a fact that not ten per cent. of the invitations sent out are answered, and the Secretaries are left to cater for whatever numbers they think fit. The glorious dream of the future—when all girls who wish to attend meetings answer to that effect—I suppose will never be realised."

I suppose not!

E. F. L.

"RUDDIGORE."

On January 24th and 25th, 1936, the Old Girls' Operatic Society gave two very enjoyable performances of "Ruddigore." The net proceeds amounted to £20 16s. 6d., of which £10 was sent to the South Eastern Hospital for Children and £10 16s. 6d. to St. John's Hospital, Lewisham.

A further performance was given at the Croydon Borough Sanatorium in March. The appreciation of the audience, many of whom were in bed, together with that of the Nursing Staff, gave the Society such pleasure that they look forward to another visit to the Sanatorium in the future.

To Old Girls who have not already joined us! Why not do so and make sure of one thoroughly interesting and amusing evening every week during the winter? Rehearsals are held on Thursdays from 7.30 to 9.30 p.m., commencing in September. Full particulars from:—Miss L. Gessey, Devonshire Cottage, Fox Hill, Norwood, S.E.

THE NETBALL CLUB'S LAMENT.

Many matches we have played,
 The results, alas, leave us dismayed.
 Three we won, the rest we lost—
 All were fun, but at what a cost!
 Our reputation is now at stake,
 From the first division we must break,
 Unless we improve in the coming season;
 But listen to our excuse and reason.
 So small our numbers that week by week
 For two full teams we have to seek,
 Even married members help us out
 But it means we change our teams about
 With never a reserve on whom to rely;
 And this, you see, is the reason why
 A lament must form the year's report,
 Won't you join?—Please give it a thought.

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

RESULTS

LEAGUE MATCHES

1ST TEAM PLAYED		2ND TEAM PLAYED	
28. 9.35		Old Burlingtonians	.. Lost
26.10.35	Old Greys	Old Greys Won
2.11.35	Dolphins	Carlyle Lost
9.11.35	James Allen.. ..	James Allen Lost
30.11.35	Streatham	Streatham Lost
7.12.35	Furzedown	Furzedown Lost
11. 1.36		Old Burlingtonians	.. Lost
25. 1.36	Old Greys	Old Greys Lost
1. 2.36	Dolphins	Carlyle Lost
8. 2.36	James Allen.. ..	James Allen Lost
29. 2.36	Streatham	Streatham Lost

FRIENDLY MATCHES

12.10.35	M. Agriculture and Fisheries..	Won		
19.10.35	Plumstead	Lost	Plumstead Won
23.11.35	L.C.C.	Lost	L.C.C. Won
14.12.35	Peckham	Won	Peckham Lost
28.12.35	Lewisham	Lost		
21.12.36			Samuel Jones Won

NEWS OF OLD GIRLS.

COLLEGE ENTRANTS, 1935.

Newnham College, Cambridge.—K. White.
 University College, London.—M. Homewood.
 King's College, London.—M. Scott.
 King's College, London, and Furzedown Training College.—R. Astbury.
 Institute of Education.—E. Moffatt, M. Brookman.
 Chelsea Physical Training College.—M. Stevens.

SUCCESSSES.

M. Glock, B.A., Hons. London, Class I. (Marjorie is now training at the London College of Secretaries, Grosvenor Place.)

F. Collins, English Honours, Oxford, Class III.

B. Savage, B.Sc., London, Hons. (General), Class II.

O. Symons, B.Sc., General, London, Pass.

K. White, 1st Class in Cambridge "Mays." Kathleen has been awarded an additional scholarship on this result, to follow the three-year scholarship she already holds.

O. Singer. The Evans' Prize for Operative Midwifery at the London School of Medicine for Women.

G. Glock, awarded a one-year grant by the Medical Research Council to do research work on teeth at Bedford College.

M. Mittell, passed 2nd M.B., March, 1936.

J. Edwards, qualified as a Chartered Accountant in November, 1935, now working as an auditor in the City.

R. Martin, J. Kennard, H. Venning and T. Driver passed the Civil Service Clerical Class Examination in 1935, and P. Salkeld and D. Verrier in 1936. T. Driver is now working at the Admiralty in the Gunnery Branch of the Director of Naval Ordnance.

D. Taylor, awarded a First-Year Final Studentship and a prize at Birkbeck College on the results of her Intermediate Science Examination.

APPOINTMENTS, ETC.

Eva Widdowson, M.Sc., Lecturer in Physics and Mathematics at University College, Hull (January, 1936).

Kathleen Vine, late History Mistress at Holly Lodge School, near Birmingham, now appointed History Mistress at Chiswick County School.

Grace Yeates, Domestic Science Mistress at Chatham County School.

Marjorie Warren, Language Mistress at Marlborough School, Dewsbury.

Dorothy Clark, European Mistress in the Malay States for Primary Classes, from December 18th next.

Irene Verrall, lately teaching at Mantle Road School, now Headmistress of Glenister Road Infants' School, Greenwich.

Phyllis Andrew, Science Mistress at St. Helier Central Girls' School, Carshalton.

Nona Stevens, teaching post at Oxford.

Beryl Woolverton, teaching post at Crofton Council School.

Irene Feaver, teaching post at Glebe Avenue School, Kenton, Middlesex.

Delia Vine, teaching post at All Saints' School, Upper Norwood.

Kathleen Kinsey, Domestic Science Teacher at Downhills Road, Tottenham.

Mary Lord, trained at the National Training School of Cookery, now appointed to a Cookery Centre at Tottenham.

Mary Bell, sole representative for Southall's (Birmingham), Ltd., in Western England and the Channel Islands.

Kathleen Anderson, Senior Assistant Radiographer at University College Hospital.

Hilda Wilkins, Pathological Assistant at the L.C.C. S. Group Laboratory, Park Hospital, Hither Green.

Gladys Sandford, B.A., Probationer in the North Staffordshire Royal Infirmary.

Peggy Payne and Hilda Brown, clerical posts in the Scottish Widows' Assurance Company.

Connie Potton, post in the Gas Company's office, Lower Sydenham.

Nancy Mollett and Winnie Fennell, posts with Messrs. Gollancz, publishers.

Janet Hagerty has passed the Final Examination of the Institute of Education and is now on the L.C.C. List of First Appointments.

Marjorie Sandiford is assistant to Elsie Widdowson at King's College Hospital (Biological Dept.).

Elsie Widdowson, awarded a three-months' grant from the Medical Research Council to visit the principal Universities and Hospitals in the Eastern and Central States and in Eastern Canada in connection with food research. The result of the work undertaken with Dr. McCance has just been published.

Mollie Harris, B.Sc., teaching post at a school at Barry (Glam.).

OTHER ITEMS.

Miss Whitehead has kindly collected the following news items about Old Girls who are specialising in Art:—

Sylvia Pay has designed a catalogue for Dean's, the Rag Book Publishers, and she has illustrated for them two large and two small books. She has also sold a black and white design to Fleetway House.

Joan Ward is studying at the Croydon Art School under Miss Haffenden, who designs for theatrical and film productions, one of which is "Cranmer of Canterbury," to be played at the Mercury Theatre. Joan has made a costume for this play, that of the merchant's wife. She is also studying "Set Design" and has been busy with three sets to be shown at the Croydon Art School Exhibition. She hopes, when trained, to join some company like "Motley's, Ltd."

Theo Winney is engaged in various artistic activities. In addition to making drawings of memorials, seals and badges, including heraldry, for a sculptor, Mr. Wyon, Theo also makes drawings and designs for medals, sports trophies, etc. She works, also, in connection with the film industry, making slide designs from one or more "stills" with appropriate lettering, and lettering gilt slips which are stuck on to enlarged photographs for display purposes.

Joyce Winney, now Mrs. Sneddon, works for process block makers and does retouching and designs programme covers, menus, etc.

Jean Davidson has had her Christmas card designs accepted by the Medici Society and by Liberty's.

Rita Hayton has obtained her Board of Education Pedagogic Certificate and is now a qualified Art Teacher.

Cecily Hall has been teaching Art for two years at a school in Leicester.

MARRIAGES.

Miriam Bone to Charles Huggard, August 14th, 1935.

Joyce Winney to — Sneddon, September, 1935.

Gwendolen Smith to John Reekie, September 21st, 1935.

Kathleen Hean to J. Portsmore, July 11th, 1936.

Marjorie Strutt to E. Scarborough, July 11th, 1936.

Brenda Gichard to S. W. Jarman, September 12th, 1936.

BIRTHS.

To Irene Wakefield, née Wisdom, a daughter, Miriam Fiona, September 30th, 1935.

To Edna Antrobus, née Chard, a daughter, Celia Rosemary, January 22nd, 1936.

To Marjorie Sykes, née Thornton, a son, February 29th, 1936.

To Rosemary Williams, née Elcomb, a daughter, Ann Rosemary, April 22nd, 1936.

To Edna Whitworth, née Fitton, a daughter, Eileen Molly, May 8th, 1936.

To Beryl Kirkman Smith, née Hebditch, a son, Derek, August 14th, 1936.

To Nancy Murray (née Irons), a son, Roger, June 8th, 1936.

In Memoriam

JOYCE REYNOLDS, born June 28th, 1919, died May 25th, 1936,
after a long illness.



MISCELLANEOUS CONTRIBUTIONS.

THE SEA SHORE.

The waves are breaking high to-day,
 The wind moans round the shore;
 No children now are out to play,
 And down the raindrops pour.

The sun is brightly shining now
 And gladly out we run;
 We sing and leap and run, and how
 We love the golden sun!

The gulls high up, they wheel and turn,
 And loop and glide along,
 With wings like milk fresh out of churn,
 But never a note of song.

The sand is golden, fresh and neat,
 With not one empty tin,
 We race, and soon our heavy feet
 Have left an imprint in.

J. MILLS, Lr. I.

A NEW GREEK LEGEND.

Many of us have often gazed at the beautiful Daffodil but few can tell you the secret of its origin.

One day Daffodil was roaming leisurely through a shady wood when she met Jupiter, disguised, and carrying a golden trumpet. The god was charmed with Daffodil's beautiful golden hair, her delicate complexion and slender stature, and immediately fell in love with her.

But the time came when Jupiter had to return to Mount Olympus, leaving behind him his trumpet on a moss-covered tree trunk, where he and Daffodil often sat together. Fearing that some mishap would befall Daffodil, Jupiter sent some page boys, dressed in green and carrying green spears, to guard her. Daffodil mourned for her lover and always carried Jupiter's golden trumpet about with her.

Being so sad at heart, Daffodil gradually grew weaker and weaker, and Jupiter, taking pity on her, changed her into a flower, which can always be seen in spring. Her golden hair became petals, and Jupiter's trumpet became the projecting corolla. The green spears of the page boys became leaves, and Jupiter made her stem slender in memory of her graceful stature.

This flower bends with the wind and a field of daffodils is a magnificent sight.

EDNA HOBBS, I Junior.

AN IMAGINARY CHARACTER.

One evening I went into the woods and while I was walking under the trees, from behind one of the great oaks stepped a tall, handsome man. He was dressed in an old-fashioned suit which was made of silvery-grey satin. He had very fair hair, so fair, indeed, that it looked white. He stood with his silver-shod feet a few inches apart and smiled at me. His eyes were so bright they looked like stars. As he walked he left in each foot-print a star.

"Who are you?" I said, smiling back at him.

"My subjects call me Prince Moonlight," he answered in a soft, low voice. "I thought perhaps you would like to see my kingdom."

"I should, very much, please."

He took my hand and led me through the woods, but soon it seemed as though we were walking upon air, and in a moment we arrived at the moon. We walked along a shining path until we came to a silver palace. Many servants greeted us, saying, "Welcome to the moon." They

bowed as we passed them, and when we reached the Prince's room he blew into a tube and a servant appeared with a torch.

"Go and light up the moon," said the Prince.

I asked if I could go too, and the Prince consented, so I went with the lamp-lighter.

We passed through gardens where silver flowers were blooming. The lamp-lighter lit some lamps on the edge of the moon. I touched one of them to see if they were hot but, to my horror and fright, I found myself sliding down a moonbeam. I landed, Bonk! right in the middle of my bed, to wake up and (as all good stories end) to find it had only been a dream.

J. SAVAGE, I Junior.

THE SPRING'S SONG.

Just now the lilac is in bloom,
 To fill the air with sweet perfume.
 The chestnut candles flowering bright
 Break out in clusters pink and white.
 The birds are singing in the woods,
 The bluebells show their dainty hoods.
 On every sunny footpath shine
 The stars of Lesser-Celandine.
 Forget-me-nots are just in sight,
 The daisies show their dress of white.
 The tall and stately lupins mauve,
 Are like the sweet delphinium grove.
 The loganberry's now in flower,
 To add her scent to each sweet hour.
 How sweetly now the bluebells ring,
 To welcome in Dear Lady Spring.
 The fairy piper plays a tune,
 When from the sky peeps out the moon.

DORIS GREEN, I Middle.

WHAT OSCAR MIGHT HAVE BEEN THINKING.

How *many* times have I swum round this bowl I wonder? It must have been a good many times at any rate. Phew! I *am* hot. The sun is streaming on me and I just can't get out of it into the shade. Those funning-looking beings outside keep putting their hands up and down and waving them about as if they had nothing else to do. Still, I

suppose it's their custom; but they might have enough sense to put me in the shade.

I wonder why they are quiet when a Mistress comes into the room? Ah! Somebody has screened me with an exercise book at last. Now, what is written on this page? It is very bad writing; I can hardly read it. — Something about a — “corolla” and a — “c—calyx” and —oh, dear, I can't read it and I don't even know what it means so I'll leave it alone.

Oh, now they've started talking again. What's that? Something about a new aquarium? Let me listen and find out.

“Anyone contribute for Oscar's new aquarium? Come on! Will someone make it three and seven?”

* * * *

I'm getting tired, so I had better be going to sleep. To-night I shall dream about my lovely new aquarium filled with delicious fat tadpoles instead of the dry ants' eggs I have every day, and lots of water-weeds and perhaps a nice little friend to keep me company.

EILEEN ROBERTS, I Middle.

OUR TRIPS TO THE GAUMONT CINEMA.

The prospect of visiting a cinema in school hours sounded very exciting, but there was one drawback: we should have to answer questions on the films we saw after we had been the fourth and last time.

We walked down to Forest Hill Station after prayers one Friday morning and went by a fifty-eight tram to the Gaumont Palace Cinema on our first visit.

We saw six instructional films and they were all very interesting. I can remember one called “King Log,” showing the work in the Canadian timber forests. Also there were two films about Ceylon and one of a series of country films.

At the end of each performance a picture of King Edward VIII was shown and the National Anthem played. At twelve noon we left the cinema and caught another tram back to school, where we arrived at 12.30 p.m.

On the second and third visits we saw two more country films and two about Indian life. A favourite film was one illustrating the flight over Everest. It was called “Wings Over Everest.”

The very last film we saw was not instructional but was a period story with a moral. It was named “The



NETBALL—A TENSE MOMENT.

K. Bailey, II Junior.

Spectacle Maker." I liked it far more than the other films, partly because it was in colour and partly because it was a story.

A week after the last performance we had the questions set us. There were groans at first but they were very easy and most of us enjoyed answering them.

J. BLANN, I Middle.

THE MERMAID.

I saw a lovely mermaid,
Who owned a coral home,
Far down beneath the deepest waves,
All patterned white with foam.

There, through the sea-weed forest,
Where no light enters in,
The slender mermaid gleams and darts,
With flick of tail and fin.

And sometimes on a little rock,
Amid the foaming sea,
She'll sit and comb her golden hair,
With seagulls on her knee.

EDNA BLENCOWE, I Senior.

THE OWL.

When darkness falls upon the wood
The owl doth seek his prey,
Watching with great eyes gleaming bright,
For field-mice small and grey.
Soon in the green field there below,
The mice come out to play,
Then, swift as arrow from the bow,
The owl swoops on its prey.

DOREEN BRAMBLE, I Senior.

CROCUSES.

Crocuses are coming out,
 Purple, white and gold,
 They cluster tight beneath the trees
 And petals soon unfold.

Each one lifts its little head,
 To hear the blackbird sing,
 And listen to its lovely voice
 Heralding the spring.

The crocuses are dying now,
 For daffodils are here,
 And soon they'll be asleep again,
 To wake another year.

H. CRAWFORD, I Senior.

ON BOARD.

One August I went for a week-end cruise to Belgium. The name of the ship was S.S. "Vienna." We were conducted by a steward to our cabin where we left our luggage. Then we went on to the forward deck, which was illuminated with different coloured fairy lights. We were the last ship to leave, the "Amsterdam" and "Antwerp" leaving before us. The sirens blew, clouds of smoke came from the funnels, and we were off! We passed several buoys floating among the waves, by which the captain guided the ship safely. Then we decided to go to bed in our bunks as it was past eleven o'clock. In one corner was an electric light and there was a curtain that you could pull across. I tried very hard to get to sleep but I seemed to feel the motion of the ship going up and down. My father changed with me and let me go in the bottom bunk; after that I managed to get to sleep. At about seven o'clock my father woke me and I found that our steward had brought some tea and biscuits. After dressing we went on deck and watched a pilot climb up a rope ladder from a motor-cutter on to our ship. He was to take charge of the ship while going up the estuary of the Scheldt to the famous port, Antwerp. After having a good breakfast we went on deck and played several deck games, including bullboard, shuffleboard, deck quoits and deck golf. Then we played cricket and I took three wickets in one over. For luncheon I had iced melon, potage bretonne (which was soup), dressed lobster, cold buffet and dressed salad and

pear condé. In the afternoon we went ashore to visit the Brussels Exhibition. When we returned we had no time to dress for dinner. For dinner I had grape fruit, consommée brunoise, salmon mayonnaise, roast veal, tomato farci and browned potatoes and pineapple ices. The pineapple ices were delicious. The next morning, before breakfast, we had a shower and a game with the hose. In the evening we watched some wooden horse racing and packed our trunk. At about five o'clock on Monday morning we were awakened by our steward, and we arrived in London about eight o'clock by train.

J. RAMSDEN, II Junior.

EPITAPH ON MY DOG.

Here lies the unforgotten dead,
Whose mem'ry still lives on,
Who daily from my hand I fed,
The ever-faithful Don.

Each day at noon he took a walk
Along the village street,
Or with the dogs he'd have a talk
And chase the cats he'd meet.

Alas, the fateful day did come!
A trot across the road—
How sad our unsuspecting Don
Knew not the Highway Code!

PHYLLIS FORD, II Junior.

A PICTURE.

It was a sultry summer evening in July, and over all reigned a sweet silence. The birds were singing lazily in the trees, and the green hills, behind which the sun was slowly setting, were tipped with gold. Down in the valley the slowly-ripening corn was swaying to and fro in the cool evening breeze. On the shady slopes a wizened, sun-tanned shepherd was guiding his sheep to the fold at the little farmhouse behind the trees. Between their shady branches you could just see the thatched roof and the moss-covered stones that were the walls of the cosy cottage. From the little red chimney came a curling wisp of smoke caught in the golden rays of the fiery sun.

What a beautiful picture it would make if some great artist would paint it for me!

HELEN VINE, II Middle.

THE SCHOOLGIRL'S ANSWER TO MR. DAVIES.

If, Mr. Davies, full of care,
 We have no time to stop and stare,
 It is not that we cannot see
 The loveliness of flower and tree;
 Or that we do not wish to hear
 The thrush's song with notes so clear;
 Or that we love not Nature's face,
 Although life goes at such a pace;
 Or that the peaceful, starlit sky
 Does not attract our busy eye.
 But we have other things to do,
 School, and friends, and homework, too.
 And Father Time, with speeding wings,
 Requires our thoughts for other things.

II SENIOR.

SEEN FROM MY WINDOW.

The blue mist spread over the sea was the colour of "Love in the Mist" with a silvery light on it which came from the moon. Here and there it rippled, or made a splash as it broke over the rocks, only to be continually sent back.

The sky was covered with thunder-threatening clouds. They were blue-grey, but at the edge of each was the dark colour of night. The moon lit up the mist with a pale blue light.

On the horizon was the blurred outline of a ship, which gradually faded away, and on the right was a silhouette of an island. While to the left were the ruins of a castle, and the wind could be heard as it rushed through the slit windows and cracks in the ancient walls. The trees on the island could faintly be seen swaying to and fro in time to the water.

P. HARMER, II Senior.

THE CASTLE RUINS.

I wandered through a silent wood one day,
 And drowsy with the heat of afternoon,
 I sat me down upon a fallen tree,
 And gazed about this little world of mine.

I saw a squirrel jump from branch to branch,
 And baby rabbits scampering in the grass,
 And then I noticed through the stately trees
 The ruins of a castle tall and grim;
 The grey stone walls were crumbling in decay,
 And moss and lichen grew between the cracks,
 I thought then of the days of long ago,
 When knights and ladies, arm-in-arm would stroll
 Upon the wide and sloping terraces.
 And now this wood and castle must I leave,
 For eventide is drawing slowly nigh.

BERYL JEANS, III Junior.

THE FOX.

Crouched with his muzzle on his paws,
 He watches 'mid the hips and haws,
 With tighten'd limbs and quiv'ring jaws.
 A bird above him warning sings,
 His prey prepares to flap its wings—
 A moment tense—and then he springs!

BARBARA BUTCHER, III Junior.

MAY MORNING IN THE QUADRANGLE.

The early summer sun shines on the fading red tulips by the north corridor. A gentle warm wind blows the faded petals lightly to the ground. The green leaves of the rambling roses on the arches wave to and fro in the breeze.

The tall, stately scarlet tulips in the large centre bed cluster round the shooting rose trees. The yellow tulips in the oval bed lean towards the warm sun, and the closely-cut green grass looks fresh and cool against these summery colours.

One could sit and watch the swaying blooms and listen to the birds singing as they hop along the gutters and fall into a restful doze. Bang! The maids are arranging the tables in the dining room!

The bell rings. It is the end of Free Study. The noise of banging desks, shutting doors and scuttling feet breaks the silence in the Quadrangle. Girls in cool summer frocks run across the stone paths to the Form rooms. Silence in the Quadrangle no more!

MARY BOWMAN, III Junior.

DAYS TOO SHORT.

(With apologies to W. H. Davies.)

When rabbits bob their tails in glee,
And watch the glistening raindrops fall,
When furry squirrels, playfully all,
Do nimbly bound from tree to tree,

When sundown paints with red the west,
The nightingale begins his song,
And all the birds to nests do throng,
And woodland creatures seek their rest.

When sunshine warms us with its rays,
And insects work in heavy calm,
'Tis then I offer up a psalm
In thankfulness for summer days.

III MIDDLE.

HOMERIC SIMILES.

(III Middle.)

- I. Like to a stately swan upon the lake,
Which o'er the glassy depths doth seem to glide,
And spreads her webbed feet to check her speed,
So came the Viking ship in evening light.
The double rows of oars were dipped with ease,
And round her prows large burnished shields were
hung,
Which glistened in the sun's last fading rays,
Like drops of sparkling water which do roll
From off the swan's unruffled feathers sleek,
As she doth wend her way among the reeds,
And while I looked, behold! the ship was gone,
And in its place a stately swan did sail.

PHYLLIS ALLEN.

- II. And as a graceful bird that sails on high,
With wings outstretched athwart the summer sun,
And dips down to the earth when storms do come,
And back and forth across the heaven wings;
So sprang the dancer 'neath the shining light,
As on her toes she lightly danced and sprang.

EUNICE WINCH.

A VISIT TO THE CANTERBURY WEAVERS.

One day in my summer holidays last year I went with my family to Canterbury. We really went to see the Cathedral, but while we were in the town we visited the Canterbury Weavers. It is a very quaint old place dating right back to the time of the Huguenots. The leaded window panes were bent and broken, but the window boxes were full of blooming flowers, which gave the building a picturesque appearance. A canal flowed by the building and the bricks near the water were green with age and dampness.

We went up some rickety old stairs and along a narrow passage to a room where some young girls were working the actual looms which the Huguenots brought over to England, and set up in the historical town of Canterbury when they sought refuge from Louis XIV.

The looms were made of strong, hard wood and they were worn very smooth. The foot pedals were shiny and worn where so many feet had pushed them up and down to work the looms.

There were other old curios to see besides the looms; among them we saw the Queen Anne spice cupboard, the old window seat which is dated back to 1515, and the kitchen where the cooking was done by the Huguenots. In the passage there was a little trap door in the wall which led into another room. We were told that this was where the ladies and gentlemen used to put their heads through to have their elaborate wigs powdered by servants in the other room!

After we had seen everything we bought some pictures of the things we had seen and the building to remind us afterwards of our chance visit to that historical old building, the Canterbury Weavers.

DOREEN BOWELL, III Middle.

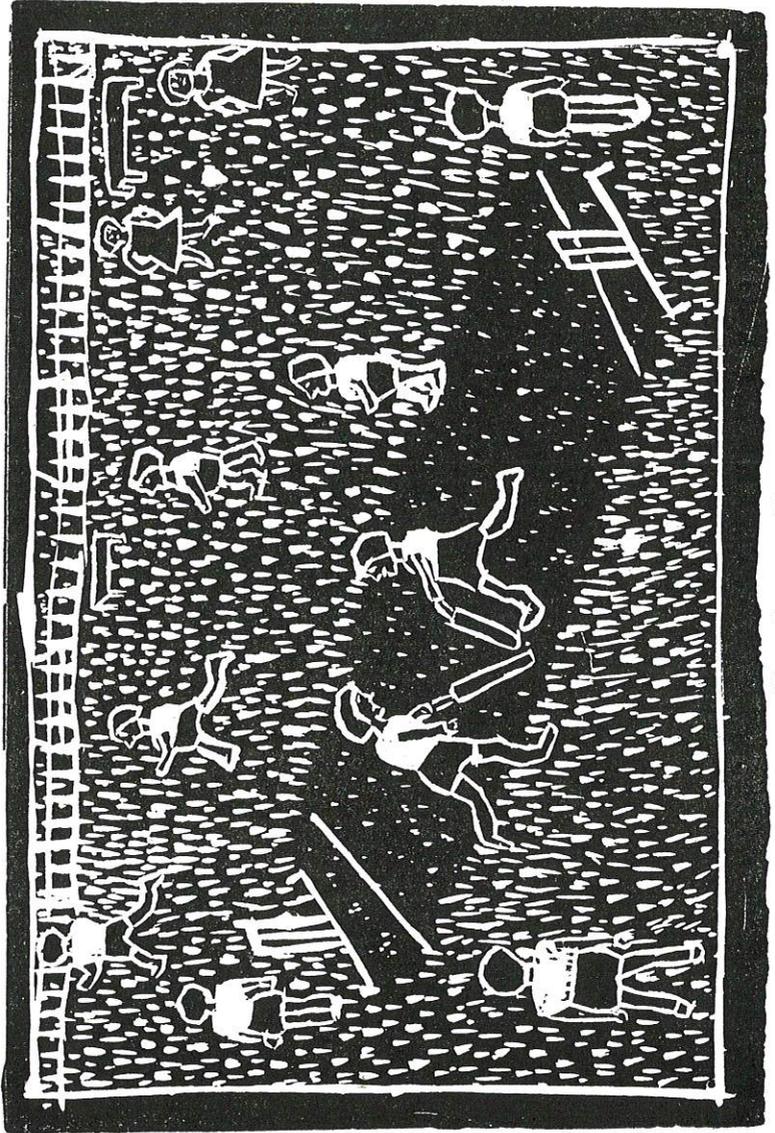
HOKKU.

This is the name given to Japanese poetry. Each poem consists of a definite number (e.g., 32) of words of one syllable, conveying one idea. III S. have tried to imitate it.

THE DOG.

He knows when I come home at four,
 He hears me knock at our front door,
 He barks and cries till I'm let in,
 Then brings his toys, my praise to win.

JOYCE WARD.



THE CRICKET FIELD. *B. Jenkins, III Senior.*

THE BABE.

His form is pink and plump and small,
 His head has got no hair at all,
 In his blue eyes lie lots of fun,
 He laughs at all, the new-born one.

BERYL DIBBS.

THE SWING.

I love to sit and swing,
 Like some bird on the wing,
 With no care in the world,
 When up and down I'm hurled,
 I seem to touch the sky
 As through the air I fly.

PAT WILSON.

SONG OF THE LARK.

Hark! Hark!
 I sing as I fly
 Up to the sun,
 Oh, so high!
 No bird, no one
 Can sing as I.
 Hark! Hark!

For I am a lark. MARGARET FITTON.

THE WRYNECK.

(For the story of the wryneck see Hudson's "Birds
 in a Village.")

I sought him here, I sought him there,
 I scrambled in the thorny briar,
 I hunted for him everywhere,
 But never did he seem to tire
 Of singing like a simple bird,
 Then crying shriller than the wind,
 Until it was a laugh I heard,
 But that strange bird I could not find.
 It haunted me, his eerie call,
 A laugh so human that I thought
 It could not be a bird at all,
 That mocking creature which I sought,
 I dreamed he was a doleful boy
 Who, through the death of his dear friend,
 Denied himself all love and joy,
 And so came to this tragic end.

JOAN BLUNDY, III Senior.

THE BARN.

The sun was high, the sky was blue,
 And through the fields the river ran,
 Past clacking hens and baby chicks,
 Past maiden with her milking can,
 And past the old and useful barn.

The barn was large and green with moss,
 And through the open doors the sun
 Was shining on the dirty floor,
 And dancing there as if in fun,
 Thus lighting up the dusty walls.

And just inside there stood a cart,
 Near wheelbarrows, and wat'ring cans,
 Long rakes, sharp scythes, stiff brooms and forks,
 Whilst in a pile were pails and pans,
 The homes of many insects sly.

But in the farthest corners dark,
 And in the pointed roof, the dust
 Was deep, and cob-webs limply hung,
 While hinges now were brown with rust
 From age and damp and lack of care.

P. DILON, III Senior.

SPEED !

I experienced the most exhilarating moment of my life when I had my first ride in a speedboat. It feels something like this.

You clamber down the steps of the pier into the arms of the sailors with an expectant thrill in your heart. Then comes a throb of the engine, zoom! and you're off. As the boat leaps out of the water you try to speak but you can't, the rush of wind and a mountain of foaming spray force the words back into your throat. Now you're turning round the bend of the pier, hold your hat on tight if you have one left. Zoom! and the boat turns on one side like some wounded monster and you think your end is near.

No, the boat has righted itself and has passed the bend; through a mist of brine you dimly see the faces of the onlookers on the pier. Now the boat is going faster; if you open your mouth the rush of air chokes you and you have to shut it with a gasp. At last the roar of the engine turns to a silky "purr" and you find, to your surprise, that you have reached the pier again. Then with rosy, wet

cheeks and wind-tossed hair you climb unsteadily out of the boat into the arms of your friends, saying weakly, "It was lovely, simply thrilling!"

PAT WILSON, III Senior.

SUNRISE.

(A SPENSERIAN STANZA.)

The early sunbeams quiver in the air,
 The blades of grass are beaded with the dew,
 Young, tender leaves with green are tinted fair,
 And all the world is springing up anew.
 The clear, translucent sky of pearly blue,
 Is decked with clouds made rosy by the ray
 Of rising sun. Sweet breezes blossoms strew,
 Grey shadows dance, the leafy branches sway,
 The blackbird pipes to praise the faëry month of May.

J. M. THOMSETT, IV Junior.

AN OLD SAILOR.

A sailor old stood gazing out to sea,
 Where many days, both good and sad, spent he.
 Indeed, the sea had always been his home,
 And he found comfort in her wind-flung foam.
 Adventures he had had, and thought of these—
 He'd sailed in ice-bound North and Tropic seas,
 He'd seen green icebergs and dark jungle-shore,
 And while he thought of this, he gazed before;
 His wrinkled, weather-beaten face was tann'd,
 His iron-grey hair, his brown and gnarled hand,
 His aged eyes and seaman's coat of blue
 Spoke of the ocean, which so well he knew.
 Some shrieking birds—a choir of screaming gulls—
 Disturb'd him not; his thoughts the ocean lulls.

FRANCES PAICE, IV Junior.

ON THE DEATH OF KING GEORGE V.

Here may you rest in solitude and peace,
 Remote from all life's cares, that only cease
 With death. And while the busy stream of life
 Flows on, and brings its trouble and its strife,
 Here may you lie in everlasting rest.
 For you have done your share, and done your best.

For five and twenty years you ruled the land,
 And ruled it with a wise and steady hand.
 Though you no longer live your name lives on,
 And ranks with those of long ago who've gone,
 Like you, to realms above, of peace serene,
 To live for ever in that bless'd demesne.

DOROTHY HOBART, IV Junior.

THE BALLAD OF THE 34.

We sailed across the ocean at a little after nine,
 We fed the little fishes living in salt sea brine,
 And we had a glimpse of Germany, and even saw the
 Rhine,

We 34.

We stayed in some Youth Hostel where the beds were
 all in bunks,
 We ate some butter and some rolls in whopping great
 big chunks,
 And then we parted with our bags and also with our
 trunks,

We 34.

We left two girls behind us taking photos by the score,
 We counted up to 32, but found there were no more,
 So Miss Du Mont alighted—it was a ghastly bore,

For 34.

We stayed at Munich two whole days, and stayed at
 Hansaheim,
 We did not have a spot of rain the whole of that short
 time,
 But careered around in charabancs till we were thick
 with grime,

We 34.

When we arrived at Budapest the greeting it was fine,
 Photographers were standing there in one unending line,
 But a storm was raging hard and long, it was a dismal
 sign,

For 34.

We sailed upon the Danube, which wasn't quite true blue,
 We danced Hungarian dances, of the ballet had a view,
 Heard Hungarian gypsy music and spoke Hungarian,
 too,

We 34.

We visited the famous baths, we walked the palace floor,
 We looked at churches, parliaments, art galleries galore,
 We gazed at many lovely views, till we could gaze no
 more,

We 34.

At Vienna we were put to sleep on beds as hard as
 wood,
 We tossed and turned, and turned and tossed, just
 every way we could,
 But whatever was at fault, we found the grub was very
 good,

We 34.

And then at last we started home, but just before we
 went,
 Found time to thank Miss Gemmell for all the care
 she'd spent,
 And also thank Miss Higgs and Miss Du Mont for
 all they'd meant,

To 34.

We left our cameras behind, we lost our tickets too,
 Wherever we saw window panes we put our elbows
 through,
 We went to bed at ghastly hours, but we were a jolly
 crew,

We 34.

We reached Victoria at last, more tired than you can
 guess,
 And Miss Gemmell went to Scotland by the 12 o'clock
 express,
 While we rolled home in cars and trains to our old
 home address,

We 34.

And though we all felt tired and cold, and longed to
 go to bed,
 If possible we would have gone to Budapest instead,
 For we would like to go again, as doubtless you've
 heard said,

By 34.

JOAN REES, IV Senior.

A SONNET ON MORNING.

Aurora slowly draws the veil of night,
 And from her silver bed she steps aside.
 The fresh-washed flowers no more their petals hide,
 And all the land is bathed in lambent light.
 The sky is streaked with pearl and amber rays,
 As Dawn in all her beauty sallies forth,
 And in her shimmering robe displays her worth,
 While over all, a soft and milky haze
 Is slowly spreading, heralding the morn.
 The birds are singing blithely in the leaves,
 Or waking from their nests among the eaves,
 While far away we hear the hunter's horn,
 Echoing clear among the murmuring rills,
 And all is peaceful in the quiet hills.

IRENE WHITE, Sen. IV.

THE CATHEDRAL.

Without, the ancient, massive, buttressed walls,
 Which rise with lofty grandeur 'gainst the sky;
 Within, the flickering, pious twilight falls
 On pew and choir and carven pillars high.
 The hour of evensong at length draws nigh;
 A beam of coloured light streams down the aisle,
 And in the shadows of the choir stands by
 The aged sexton, musing for a while
 Upon the holy place, so free from sin and guile.

LOIS BROOKER, IV Senior.

IF THE ZOO COULD TALK.

The midday sun was streaming down upon the Zoological Gardens in Regent's Park. The animals were arriving for their after-dinner gossip.

Up came Effie, the elephant, looking rather bored. "What's the matter with you? You look as if you were going to your own funeral," said Peggy, the parrot.

"Oh, that ridiculous old owl has been trying to talk Sanctions and trying to tell me she is interested in the Geneva Conference. I don't understand a word she is talking about, and I don't think she does, either."

"Never mind, Effie," said Boo-Boo, the chimpanzee, consolingly. "It's better than Donald, the duck, quacking about the intricacies of flying, just because he is interested in Amy Mollison. Have you heard him? If you haven't you are very lucky."

"Oh, Donald likes to sound big. He doesn't know anything. He——"

"Who is this talking about me?" piped up a small voice from the rear, and up waddled Donald, the duck. The other animals looked rather awkward, and then Leo, the lion, said, "My dear Donald, we were just remarking upon the clarity and brevity of your speech concerning aeronautics."

"I wonder if Donald knows what all that means," chuckled Larry, the lizard; "I don't, so he can't."

Presently Horace, the horse, arrived, bursting with news. "Do you know the latest?" he cried. "Those ridiculous monkeys, of Monkey Hill, are debating on whether the Budget leakage was caused by an M.P. or a spy!! None of them knows a thing about it, but each feels he is making a good impression on the rest."

At this there were roars of laughter, and with one accord the animals all trooped over to Monkey Hill, and there they saw a comical sight. In the centre of a ring of awestruck monkeys, waving his arms about and ejaculating wildly, stood Jubilee, the baby chimpanzee. Boo-boo, his mother, rescued him from the midst of highly-excited monkeys and made for home before he could cause more mischief.

AUDREY BROWN, IV Senior.

AN EXCITING ADVENTURE.

The sun was very hot, and, consequently, the ground dry, and the grass yellow rather than green. I was very happy as I walked along the cliff top, truth to say rather too near the edge which held a peculiar fascination for me. It happened suddenly—one minute I was walking on "terra firma"—the next, floating ungracefully through air, downwards. Needless to say, it was a most uncomfortable few seconds (though, indeed, it seemed years) before I landed, not on the boulders beneath, as I had anticipated, but on the grassy top of a newly-fallen particle of cliff. I was terribly shaken when I regained my feet, with but a scratch or two as evidence of my fall. It was later that I learnt that, owing to the dry weather, the cliff had crumbled and fallen, leaving the edge on which I had walked unsafe.

Just imagine my feelings when on the following day a native of the place advised me to go to see the landslide.

I. DEAN, V. General.

MEDITATIONS ON AN UMBRELLA.

It was with some sorrow that I gazed upon the battered relic which had once been an umbrella. Partly because it was pouring with rain and this was the only object resembling an umbrella left in the house; partly because I remembered that it had seen better days.

Two or three years ago that worn handle was bright and shining, and the umbrella itself was a credit to those seen walking with it. I was never allowed to take it out then, for, more often than not, the umbrellas which I take out do not come back with me. No, only grave, responsible people took it out in those proud and happy days when it was new. Occasionally I was allowed to hold this sacred object, when an adult was walking with me. I well remember how, during such a walk as this, after dropping it for the third time, I was coldly requested to hand it over into safer custody.

Later on, however, when the umbrella was older, it became my property, or rather, I was allowed to use it, if nobody else required it. How many times since then have I had to walk home with it, in the glaring sunshine, because I had left it at school the day before, when it was raining! How many times have I requested a hot and flustered cinema attendant to get down on his hands and knees, and look for my umbrella, between the legs of the audibly indignant picture-goers!

Then there are so many superstitions concerning umbrellas, one has to be careful. Once, to the horror of my mother and sister, I opened an umbrella in the house. When I laughed at their awful predictions they looked at me with a mixture of contempt and pity. They look at me like this when I walk under ladders while they carefully trip round them. However, when I drop an umbrella and talk of the inevitable years of bad luck which will ensue if I pick it up myself, they are very unsympathetic.

When my umbrella was older still, and one rib was broken, we used to take it out with us, on bright and sunny days, so that it would not rain. As you have no doubt discovered, the surest way to keep the rain off is to take an umbrella out. After this my umbrella fell into disuse, except for one dreadful day when my mother took it out with her. After she had been out for some time, it began to rain, and she walked along struggling with the umbrella. When she was quite wet, she managed to open it, and, almost immediately the rain stopped, and she again took up the battle with the umbrella. She arrived home in an

exhausted state, and was only revived by a strong cup of tea.

The umbrella now languishes in the hat stand. Such is life! Umbrellas are a nuisance, anyway.

JOAN DORMER, V Arts.

RELICS OF DICKENS.

I had just read "Bleak House," and it was that book that made me want to explore the environments of the Law Courts. Then one lovely Sunday evening in May, as I was walking down the Strand, I saw the words "Bell Yard" written up over a little alley-way which led by the side of the Law Courts. I turned up there, and hadn't gone more than a few steps when I felt as if I had stepped straight back into Dickens' day. On one side was the back of the Law Courts, silent and imposing, while on the other side were law shops and law stationers, antique and rag shops. The windows were very dusty and looked as if they had not been cleared out for years. It was in a house in Bell Yard that Esther had found her little maid, Charley.

The old-world and somewhat mysterious quiet of the neighbourhood caught me, and I walked on into Chancery Lane. Here, too, all was quiet, and the tall sombre houses frowned down on me. I am right in saying that, on leaving the Strand, I met only three people. The very atmosphere seemed to breathe Dickens and his characters. And now I came to Cursitor Street. There had been weird happenings here in "Bleak House," and I decided to hunt for relics. It is a narrow little street with many antique shops and warehouses, and blind alleys leading from it. It was in one of these courts, Cooks Court, now Took's Court, that Mr. Snagsby, the law stationer, lived with his vinegary "little woman." The house was on the corner and "afforded a good view of Cooks Court, not to mention a glimpse into Cursitor Street." I looked up at the law stationer's on the corner and just imagined Mr. Snagsby standing there in his shirt sleeves. Near by was the court where old Krook had come to his awful end of spontaneous combustion. There was not a sound from anywhere.

I now decided to go to Lincoln's Inn, and, not knowing the way, I was wondering what to do, when I saw a crazy little old woman just like Miss Flite, and, yes, she was carrying a bag "full of documents," perhaps. I asked her

the way, and although she told me politely, I was wondering all the time whether she might not ask me to go and see her birds. She did not ask me, however, and a few steps more up Chancery Lane brought me to a stone gateway leading to Lincoln's Inn. I passed through it, and came to a turnstile where there was a notice saying: "To the Library. Members only. Any persons making undue noise will be prosecuted."

I went through the turnstile and passed into the most peaceful, old-world garden I'd been in for a long time. The library in Lincoln's Inn stood a little way to the left, and the whole garden was well sheltered from peering eyes by being surrounded by tall brick walls. As soon as I entered the garden a feeling of peace came over me. The smooth, green lawns, the beds, bright with multi-coloured tulips, the wide gravel paths, and the lilac bushes that grew by the old walls, all filled me with pleasure. There were two other people sitting in the garden, but they were quiet and seemed to be in keeping with the place. I sat on a seat; the scent of lilac came to my nostrils, and I sighed and closed my eyes. In such a place it seemed impossible to be unhappy. Here, the ill-fated Mr. Tulkington had strolled to his chambers; Mr. Gruppy had come through here, with his lavender gloves; and Mr. Snagsby had taken the air in this very garden.

For a long time I sat dreaming of these things. Not three minutes away lay the busy thoroughfare of Holborn, and yet I seemed to be in the heart of the country—in the grounds of an old mansion.

When I reluctantly reached the Strand again, I found the old-world atmosphere had gone, but I was happy. The peace of that garden in the heart of busiest London had entered into my soul.

MARGERY GREENFIELD, V Arts.

QUEER TRADES.

I.—PIPES TO CLEAN.

In a small, cobbled, back street, far from the sea at Great Yarmouth, a little old man is engaged in a very queer trade.

He trundles a barrow on which he carries a small oil stove and a boiler shaped like a tea urn.

Water is boiled in the boiler, and when it is very hot he cries to all and sundry: "Any pipes or china to be cleaned?"

If a man's pipe is foul and all clogged up, he can take it to the old man to be cleaned. The man turns a tap in the side of the boiler and steam pours out. The bowl of the pipe is placed underneath the tap and the steam cleans the stem out.

The old man also cleans very elaborate china-ware which has too many corners and curves to be dusted, and he makes a small charge for cleaning things.

This seems to me to be a very queer and unusual way of earning a living, and I think that this old man is probably one of a very few people engaged in this curious trade.

ELSIE GOSLING, III Senior.

II.—A FLOATING SHOP.

Once upon a time there lived a man and his wife in China, and they had a son born to them. They were very pleased that their child was a man child, as he could help his father with his work, and carry on their name when they were dead.

Now Si Ku, for that was the name they had given the baby, was just an ordinary Chinese baby, but he was not born in an ordinary house. No, indeed not, he was born in a boat, one of the many thousand boats which help to make the floating city of Canton.

Si Ku grew up into a strong man, and took a wife. Soon after his parents died, leaving him their floating shop.

Now this shop was no ordinary shop, either, for it sold everything from chopsticks to fat little puppy dogs, which is the favourite dish of the Chinese.

By now, Si Ku was a tall Chinaman, with a long plait of stiff black hair. He had a long yellow face with a skin like parchment, and tiny yellow teeth. His eyes were mere slits of green in his yellow face; he was tall and lithe with long tapering fingers. A queer object, we should say, but to the Chinese, one of their strong and handsome younger generation.

Every day he left his wife to manage the shop, which was really a house boat with queer cages containing everything one could think of, and he would begin his round of delivering goods.

He would quickly jump from one boat to another, deliver the goods, have a few words with the master of the boat, then off again on to another barge.

Si Ku knows exactly where he has to go, and even if he finishes delivering goods at the other end of the town, he can find his way back to his shop in a few minutes.

Then he helps his wife to serve the customers who are able to come to his shop themselves and buy what they require.

Now Si Ku has a son, and he is teaching him this queer trade in this queer town.

JEANNE SIMES, III Senior.

III.—TREASURE IN DUSTBINS.

One Friday evening I switched on the wireless to listen to "In Town To-night." Most of the people brought to the microphone were not very interesting, but I have remembered one ever since. I cannot recollect his name, but, after he had been introduced to the thousands of people who must have been listening in at that time, there came a deep, gruff, Cockney voice telling all listeners about his queer trade.

He lived in the East End of London, and, not being able to find work elsewhere, he went round rummaging in dustbins and picking out bits of paper. When he had got quite a big haul he separated the better pieces from the bad and packed them into parcels. These he sent to firms who make rag-books. He seemed to be living quite happily on the proceeds, although it could not have been a very pleasant occupation.

I can just imagine him going round with a sack on his back, and probably a stick in his hand, knocking off the lids of dustbins, peering into their grimy depths and stirring the contents with his stick, fishing out a few likely-looking scraps of paper, stuffing them into his already packed sack, and straightening his aching back to pass on to the next dustbin.

Day after day, month after month. Is that all he will do? Is that all he has to live for? How terribly monotonous it must be! But still, he seemed quite cheerful, though all he had before him was the prospect of a similar day's work on the morrow.

BERYL DIBBS, III Senior.

IV.—THE BOULDERER.

A queer trade which I consider is very clever is that of the boulderer. A boulderer is the man who picks up pebbles off the sea-shore. Nothing clever in that, you say. Listen, those pebbles are very special. What for? They are to be made into glass for spectacles. The boulderer hunts among the pebbles, picking out those which are suitable, and when he has enough he puts them in the bell-shaped trucks. These trucks run on lines across the beaches to the factory. The trade is most common in Sussex.

There are many branches of this trade. Two of the most important are the procuring of the stones that are ground down into face-powder, and the looking for the stones that, when polished, become agates. I warn you, though, if you are thinking of following this branch, that an unpolished agate is nothing like the finished stone, and is quite drab and dull to look at. The boulders are usually round and the best are weathered to such an extent that they will wear no further. This type is used in decorating houses and, more often, churches. Remember, the boulderer has to judge by feeling the stones. Some people who see boulderers at work think that they are beachcombers. Of course, they are lucky sometimes, and jewellery is quite often found, but to call a boulderer a beachcomber is an insult to the trade.

Having considered this trade I still think it is queer, and even difficult. The boulderers, or pebble gatherers, have to have years of training, but the old men are very skilful. They can tell by looking at the waves from what depth and distance the stones will be washed up. This trade is, however, slowly dying out, and in the future people will just think that the art of bouldering was one of the queer things they had in the good old days.

NINA SILVERSON, V Science.

V.—CIGARETTE ENDS.

I was very much astonished when I first heard that some men earn their living out of cigarette ends. They get up early in the morning and walk the streets, picking up cigarette ends which have been thrown down. The best time for finding these is before the dust-carts and road-sweepers have been round. But cigarette ends can be found anywhere in the streets at any time by a man who knows his job well.

When a sufficient collection has been made the paper is peeled from the cigarette ends and the tobacco taken out and graded. Fresh cigarettes are then made and sold in packets at various prices, according to the grade of tobacco.

It is a recognised trade in some parts of London, and special places are allotted to the various well-known men. The best place to go is inside a theatre after everybody has left. A very good collection can be made then, and it is a privilege to be allowed inside any such place as a cinema. Sometimes the manager charges for it, but even then a profit can be made from the pickings.

Not only men, but women earn their living by this

method, and it is considered to be very profitable. When a man throws a cigarette end away, little does he think that it may be made up into another cigarette and be smoked again. While we are asleep the busy workers are searching dustbins and refuse dumps for spoil. They stand round the large West-end theatres, and there get much longer ends, containing more tobacco.

The people who sell the cigarettes made in this way have tiny shops where regular customers come to buy the cheap cigarettes. Sometimes the tobacco in them is very good, especially when it comes from a high-class theatre. Women smoke these, too, and seem to enjoy them just as much as they would the ordinary cigarettes. Perhaps it would not seem so objectionable if the smokers did not know how their cigarettes were made, but it is horrible to think that they know they are probably smoking tobacco from a rubbish heap.

B. HOLT, V Science.

SOME STRANGE CUSTOMS.

Most of the strange customs of England to-day are found in the country. Many of them are relics from the pagan days when feasts and ceremonies were held in honour of various gods. An example of this type is the old Cornish Floral Dance, held at Helston annually, where flowers are strewn for the gratification of ancient gods. Another strange custom, passed down from father to son through a great number of generations, is found in Wales, near Ffestiniog. Here, corn is thrashed with a flail of which the thong must be made of eel-skin to safeguard the corn.

Evil spirits seem to have caused a great deal of trouble in the past, and there still remain various customs which were used to ward off or destroy them. Originally, church bells were rung, not to call the people to church, but to frighten away the evil spirits lurking in the building. A similar custom is that of blessing the palms on Palm Sunday, for years ago it was firmly believed that trees and flowers harboured evil spirits. This is still done in some churches, and bell-ringing is still carried on in most churches, though not for its original purpose.

At Tissington, in Derbyshire, a ceremony known as "well-dressing" is held, when the well is decked with garlands of flowers by the villagers. This is probably in honour of a god, but, like so many more old customs, the original motive seems to be comparatively unimportant.

The "rolling of cheese" in the West Country is also a relic of bygone days.

In the towns one finds strange customs, too. At Westminster School, an annual event is that of "tossing the pancake." This is done by a very expert cook, who tosses it over a bar in the Hall, where the boys, having laid aside their tall hats and umbrellas, scramble for bits of the pancake. The boy procuring the largest piece is awarded a golden sovereign, which is often not nearly enough to repair the damage done to his clothes.

Another custom practised in London is that of "beating the bounds," which has been done since the time of Alfred the Great. Men and boys from wards of the City of London go round with stripped willow wands, touching the boundary in certain places. In some wards, this has to be done from the river, in which case the procession takes to boats.

Another well-known custom of London is the Orange-and-Lemon Service at St. Clement Danes, in the Strand, when there is a procession, and oranges and lemons are distributed to the poor of the parish. This is an interesting though hardly strange custom, for the children must be glad of such a service, without troubling much about its origin.

Practically all the old customs found in England to-day are remains of old beliefs and ideas, and although the world is becoming so scientific, I hope that these customs will not be condemned as useless and foolish, as they lend an extra charm to the country, a welcome relief from the industrialised atmosphere of the town.

BETTY PARKER, V Science.

THE LAST STRAW.

[TOLD BY BUTTONS, THE DOG.]

"A tiny bundle of fluff she was, when my master first brought her in. An ideal plaything, thought I, and was very much offended when my master sternly forbade me to touch her, as though I could not be trusted to treat her gently. There must be something curious about that new furry ball that I must investigate, I decided, and crept towards it directly my master left the room. What a surprise I received! Who would have thought a black fluffy bundle could change to a miniature whirlwind in half a second? Or that such a tiny kitten would have such sharp claws?"

"Of course, I have never forgiven Fluff, as they call

her, for her behaviour was very insulting to a dignified three-year-old dog, while she has never wished to be my friend. Right from her kittenhood she has annoyed me. She has usurped my chair, my basket, my master, my mistress, and even my kennel. She has eaten my food, stolen my bones, and drunk my water. She has spat at me, and scratched me, but I have behaved with becoming dignity, outwardly treating her with contempt, although inwardly fuming with rage, and gradually losing my patience. Now I can bear things no longer. When my master brought me back from the country this morning, where we had been staying, what do you think I found in my basket? Not only that stupid cat herself, but three even more stupid kittens as well. That is the last straw!"

G. SPARKS, V Science.

A CASTLE IN SPAIN.

The haunting strains of a violin, exquisitely rendering a piece of Chopin, filled the theatre. The audience was spellbound. Who was this newcomer to the orchestra? Mantovini, some said, but nobody knew for certain. The man was a genius! The theatre was suddenly silent, and then came the applause; a tremendous ovation. He, Mantovini, had won through with flying colours. His name would soon be well known to all the musical world, and this thought overwhelmed him. Then the curtain fell, and rose again. And again it fell.

Well, he was thankful in one way; for he was tired, very tired, and, after his hard struggle for fame, was like a storm-battered ship limping home to port. The landlady, where he lodged, would now be paid all the back rent. Grocers and other tradesmen, clamouring for their money, could be satisfied. He sighed. What a pity to think about such sordid things as bills when fame was his! But he consoled himself with the thought that glamour and romance are not the only contributors towards life.

Tenderly he raised his precious instrument from its case, and the scene at the theatre reconstructed itself in his mind. All was due to his loyal "friend" which had never let him down and always raised his hopes when they were at their lowest. Yes, he was tired and weary in mind, too. The Strad. slipped from his nerveless fingers and crashed to the ground. The precious gut was broken, and the wood, age old, was splintered. He sobbed like a child

Enrico Mantovini, an orphan, dragged himself away

from the dirty window of the slum, as the radio in the "house" opposite was switched off, and the symphony concert was ended. Dully he surveyed his left arm. It hung stiff by his side and could only be raised by force. He was only a paralytic after all, and much as he loved music, his dream of fame would always be a "castle in Spain."

J. JEWHRST, V Science.

BLANCMANGE.

VERS [TRES] LIBRE.

This is vers libre. All the best

Poets

Do it.

First you take a long line as long as you can squash in,
And then a short one.

Hurray!

Like that, to show how full of sudden,
Tense emotion you are.

Now we're off!

O, hideous,

Shapeless,

Heaving

lump!

You are so splodgy,

And indefinite. You have no meaning.

I look at you and my soul aches.

Why do I have

Cold dinner?

Why do I do staff tables

And look and smell and envy but never taste—

Like the Bisto kids?

No, that's not poetic. Like life,

It makes me go all epic.

I will now gaze at you for hours and hours and hours

And then discover—

O abysmal horror of infinitude!

You are only junket.

Which is even more like life.

[The difficulty is, once you've started,

To stop.

I mean

One could go on like this for ever.

Of course, there are always dots.]

Poetry

Life

Blancmange Ah! futility! B. PIGOT, VIb.

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