

ST. GABRIEL'S
SCHOOL
MAGAZINE

SUMMER TERM 1933

St. Gabriel's School Magazine

Summer Term, 1933.

EDITORIAL.

This is the first Magazine we have ever had at St. Gabriel's, so we are all very excited and naturally rather scared about it. However, everyone is helping us as much and more than we expected. We shall just have to hope breathlessly for a fairly good result—anyhow—"Please be kind, readers!"

This is the fourth summer Term our school has seen! We started with only ten girls, and today we are a large party of seventy-three altogether.

Many changes have taken place since that first term: we have even moved to a larger house down the road!

Companion Margaret, who was with us at the old house, returned in the autumn term, we were all very pleased to see her again, especially as her advice in art lessons is invaluable. We regret to say that Miss Holden who was our popular housekeeper has left. We miss her as she was so good at net-ball, and helped our teams a great deal. She has now taken up nursing and is having a very busy time we understand. Good luck to you Miss Holden!

When Miss Javan joined us last term we little thought how much it would mean to us. Without her we should never have started our Guide Company so soon, and where should we have been in the net-ball matches?

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We were all awfully upset the other morning when Companion announced that after this term we should no longer have Miss Lewis to teach us gym. and coach us in tennis. No one has dared to think yet what we shall do without her for she has been so helpful and jolly with us all. We shall just have to hope that now and then she will come and see us again.

We have four teams in school at the moment—St. Alban, St. Aidan, St. Bede and St. Chad. Each of us works for her respective team and tries to make it top by *not* getting returned work, and by not doing the really very few things which are not allowed.

St. Bede's team is lamenting the fact that their captain, Beryl Short, has just left. She was a very great help to them on Sports Day, apart from the fact that she was their captain. We are all especially sorry to say goodbye to Beryl as she was one of the ten that started with us on that memorable winter term four years ago.

I expect you are all wondering how much more room I am going to take up! Well, not much, but I must add that this year we have added to our happy family, a dear old leather, headless and tail-less horse, for the small gym. My one complaint is that he is not christened as yet. We shall have to see about it.

IN MEMORIAM.

The Reverend Mother General C.S.M.V. appointed Sister Ada to succeed Sister Mary Beatrice as Superior of the Congregation of Jesus the Good Shepherd in May, 1931. Although she was not strong, she came to visit the Congregation School every term and took the keenest interest in each individual child. During her term of office many improvements for the school were planned, some of which have been already carried out. Owing to her increasing ill health she was relieved of her office in February, 1933, and passed away at St. Mary's Convent, Wantage, on June 16th.

CONFIRMATION.

Bishop Perrin held a Confirmation at St. Michael's Church on Sunday, June 18th. Five of our girls were confirmed—Ruth Mead, Betty Major, Betty Knight, Mary Maw and Phyllis Wainwright. There are now quite a number of girls who have been confirmed and we are wondering if it will be possible to make the Feast of St. Michael and All Angels a day for our corporate Communion.

A SCHOOL SUCCESS.

In the Competitive Examination held in June, Nancy Keene (10½) gained an entrance scholarship to Christ's Hospital. These scholarships are very difficult to obtain and we heartily congratulate Nancy on her success. We shall all miss her very much at St. Gabriel's.

CALENDAR OF EVENTS.

AUTUMN TERM.

THE SCHOOL PARTY.

We had our fourth School Birthday Party on September 29th, the festival of St. Michael and All Angels. The Middle and Lower School had games in the garden during the afternoon and the whole School sat down to tea together. The birthday cake grows in size from year to year and was very much appreciated. The Vicar very kindly presided at tea and cut the cake and he and John joined in the Progressive Games arranged for the older girls during the evening.

A VISIT TO ST. ALBANS.

A full account of this will be found elsewhere.

LECTURE ON SPAIN.

Miss Greeves, B.A., of the Camps and Tours Union, on November 25th, gave us a lantern lecture on "Things

Old and New in Southern Spain." This showed us some very beautiful slides and we especially enjoyed the pictures of the Moorish Palace, of the Alhambra, and Miss Greeves' descriptions of Spanish life.

SPRING TERM.

VISIT TO THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

On March 11th we, the Upper and Lower IV., paid a visit to the National Gallery to see some of the famous Italian pictures of which we had been hearing in our history lessons. It was a sunny Saturday afternoon, and we stood for a few minutes at the entrance and looked at Nelson gazing down at the fountains and pigeons, from his high column. We were very interested in the pictures though the figures in the earliest paintings were very stiff and ugly. Our favourite was Leonardo da Vinci's "Madonna of the Rocks" with its rocky background and ring of lovely faces.

HISTORICAL PLAY.

Most of the Fourth Form went to see a historical play "Henry VII. given by Miss C. Lewis at Charrington Hall, on March 20th. It certainly helped us in our history, and we shall never forget that Henry VII. loved to make money. The Earl of Warwick, Perkin Warbeck and the Lady Catherine Gordon had our deep sympathy.

A VISIT TO ST. ALBANS.

How anxiously we watched the sky when that great day arrived! If the weather were fine, we were all going to see the Roman Remains that had been found near St. Albans.

It looked rather cloudy whilst we were waiting on the platform for the train, and we thought ourselves awfully lucky that it did not start raining until we were on our way, "We shall not be able to go back now!" we thought, and anyhow we are missing History. Some lucky people were even missing French!

It was still pouring when we arrived at St. Alban's station, but luckily Companion was able to find a man who had a friend who owned a bus, which was most fortunate. A very nice man he was too, for he said that as it was raining he would take us to the Abbey first, and then if it cleared he would take us on to the Roman Remains, and then back to tea.

I will not mention the charge, but it was very low! The Verger who showed us round the Abbey was very interesting, and we all thoroughly enjoyed ourselves.

When we came out of the Abbey—Wonder of Wonders—the Sun was shining brightly, so off we went to the "Excavations."

At one time there had been a Roman city there but now there were only muddy fields; but they did not daunt us.

We were shown round by Mrs. Wheeler who was in charge of the excavations and was very interesting. She first pointed out the foundation of a butcher's shop—a great number of bones had been found close to it. Next we were shown the remains of a large Roman house, with its tessellated pavement carefully covered over. Some underground passages had proved a veritable treasure trove for—as Mrs. Wheeler aptly put it—there must have been in the house a real "Mary Ann" who had hidden her broken crockery down there. This house had a very complicated heating system, which ran under the floors of the many rooms, the hot air passages radiating from one furnace.

The remains of a Roman Bath were also to be seen.

We had just been shown the site of a mosaic floor in the house when down came the rain again forcing us to make tracks for the museum near the entrance-gate. On the way, the line of the walls of ancient Verulamium were pointed out to us, and the position of the great gates.

In the museum we saw the famous mosaic, which had been marvellously reconstructed by the excavators—Mrs. Wheeler, who showed us round, said that it was her idea

which led to a successful method of reconstruction. There were also exhibited many different types of pottery and culinary utensils.

The rain had stopped once more when we came out, so off we ran back to the bus, and then to tea! After tea the bus took us to the station—and we were soon home.

Thus ended a most interesting and enjoyable afternoon, the uncertain weather having added to our enjoyment rather than hindered it.

THE SHORT-STORY COMPETITION.

At the end of the Easter Term a Short-Story Competition was held. The Upper School was divided into two, and prizes were to be given for the best stories in each division. The titles under which we were to write were, for seniors, "The Greatest Gift," "The Silver Cup" and "The Last House in the Street," and for juniors, "The Little Pig that stayed at Home," "The House in the Wood" and "A Guide to the Rescue." The stories were judged by Mrs. Maw, and each girl was given a typewritten criticism of her story. The prizes were also presented by Mrs. Maw. The winners of the Competition were, seniors, Beryl Short and Betty Hilborne who wrote on "The Last House in the Street" and "The Silver Cup," respectively and juniors, Nancy Keene and Sheila Evans who both chose "A Guide to the Rescue" as their subject. We all enjoyed writing the stories very much, and are extremely grateful to Mrs. Maw for suggesting the Competition and for taking so much trouble over it.

HOLIDAY READING.

At the end of every term, each girl in the Upper and Middle School has a book given to her to read in the holidays. On the first day at school, she has to write an essay on her book, and prizes are given for the best. The prize winners for the Christmas term were Pamela Davy and Jean Chant, and for the Easter term, Beryl Short.

Mrs. Maw, Companion Lilla and Companion Daisy have to be thanked for reading through these essays and for choosing such appropriate prizes.

We have to say a big thank you to Betty Knight for the many story books she has given us for the School Library. The girls of the Middle School show their appreciation of Betty's kindness by the eagerness with which they read them.

THE CORAL LEAGUE.

"It's an ill wind blows nobody good"—and an epidemic of measles which seemed to threaten disaster in July, proved to be of great benefit to the funds of the Coral League, as we had two extra months in which to add to our collection of articles for our Sale of Work finally held in September. When the day arrived, unfavourable weather compelled us to arrange everything indoors, and we spent a busy afternoon downstairs in the tea rooms or upstairs at the stalls. Business everywhere was extremely brisk—so much so that some things were sold twice over!—and as a result we were able to send £18 to U.M.C.A.

Much interest was aroused in the cause for which we were working by a well acted play entitled "Farmer Grumbleton's Conversion," in which was included one scene from a play, "The Open Window," by the same authoress. This drew the attention of the audience to the great need for Missionaries in Central Africa. We hope the needs of the Coral League will be as firmly fixed in the minds of our readers as the black make-up was on the natives in our play: so much water was used in removing it that an air-lock occurred in the pipes which had to be blown out!!

We learn from the Missionaries who are already serving in that country that they have need of many things for the natives such as, red sashes for their servers, woollen squares for rugs, Kisibaus (worn by the natives) coloured pillow cases and many other things too numerous to mention.

We have already painted for them picture snap cards and a set of 135 African syllables, made up scrap-books of sacred pictures and threaded many brightly coloured beads. But unfortunately, owing to the rise in custom duties, Missionaries now pay heavily for what is sent out: therefore we are asked to concentrate our efforts on raising *funds* of which they are badly in need.

TEAM REPORTS.

ST. CHAD.

Although we have not won the Sports Cup or any of the Tennis Cups, we have done quite well in our work this year. In the Christmas term we were top for Work and Order, which was a great effort on our part. Beryl Dain and Marny Jones both did well in their form and Nancy Keene got a double remove up to the Lower IV. where she still maintains a good position. Nancy has just obtained a Scholarship into Christ's Hospital about which we are all very pleased. Considering the number of candidates and the few Scholarships to be obtained, it is a splendid effort and her team is justly proud of her. Nancy also came first in the junior Short Story Competition last term and Betty Hilborne came second in the senior Short Story Competition both having written very good stories.

Now for games at which we are not at present quite so good. In the Sports we however managed to come third with $45\frac{1}{2}$ points which is a good pull up from last year. Nancy Keene and Beryl Dain brought us the most marks for jumping, the latter having learned to fall on her feet instead of on Companion! We managed to come first in several team races, but came down badly in the individual races.

In the Tennis Tournament this term Hazel Walker and Mary Crone got as far as the semi-finals; Hazel putting up a good fight. But we hope to do better in the Inter-team Netball Matches next term.

ST. AIDAN.

Our team is known throughout the school by its yellow button which each girl wears, and by the yellow colour worn during sports events.

We did nothing outstanding last school year, but this year we have been more successful.

Last term we were very proud when the prizes for the Holiday Reading Competition were both won by St. Aidan's girls—Jean Chant carried off the Senior Prize, whilst Pamela Davy received the Junior one. We succeeded in winning the second place for the same competition this term, the chief honour falling to St. Bede's team.

In games we are again not very outstanding, though Jean Brooker reached the Tennis Finals. We have done better at Net-ball, for during the winter terms, two of our team were in the Senior Net-ball VII., and three in the Junior Net-ball VII. We have two extremely promising Junior players in Rita Lant and Muriel Kitchiner.

ST. ALBAN.

We are the wearers of the red button. We have a good record for work this year, being the winning team for "Work and Order" in the Easter term. We are doing our best to keep up our character for work this term, though we have a few girls who let us down rather badly sometimes.

Some individuals have especially distinguished themselves in work, Ruth Mead and Sheila Evans were top of their respective Forms at the Christmas Examinations, and Sheila Evans also won the second prize in the Short Story Competition (Junior Section). We hope that next year we may have more writers of articles for the Magazine.

We are very keen about games, and tied with St. Bede's on Sport's Day last year, and also managed to beat them in the Final Inter-Team Net-ball Matches.

This year we were just one mark below the winning team on Sport's Day. We are better as a whole at Net-ball

than Tennis—three of us were chosen to play in Net-ball Matches last season—but we are very glad that Phyllis Clarke our Captain has won the Senior Tennis Tournament this term.

We have several little girls of Form I. in the team, including the two babies of the school. They are all growing very fast and some are distinctly promising. We are hoping great things from them in the future.

ST. BEDE.

In work we have hardly been outstanding this year, for only one girl managed to be top of her form in the Christmas examination, while three of us contrived to occupy the lowest place. We are also very forgetful, and our name does not yet decorate the honours list for work and order. Some of the junior members of the team might be more helpful in this respect—and incidentally, if they were steadier they would be more use on Sports Day!

However, a certain number of distinctions have fallen to our lot—Beryl Short won the Short Story Competition for seniors, and also wrote the best essay on the Easter Holiday Reading. In the Net-ball team matches we beat St. Chad in the first round, but lost to St. Alban in the Final. We have secured the Junior Tennis Cup—both the finalists belong to St. Bede, and eventually Phyllis Wainwright beat Mary Maw 6—4, 6—3. Also, the American Doubles Tournament on Ascension Day was won by Prunella Hudson and Mary Maw.

Finally, and most important of all, we have once again won the much coveted Sports Cup, which was so kindly presented to the School two years ago by Mrs. Maw.

We were all very sorry to lose our Captain, Beryl Short, at half term. She has been at the School since the very beginning, and we shall all miss her very much indeed.

5th MILL HILL (ST. GABRIEL'S) GUIDES.

We really began on Saturday, November 12th, when one Guide, and several would-be Guides arrived at School, at 9 a.m. where they were met by their lieutenant—Miss Javan, and began at once to learn what is meant by "Guiding."

On December 19th we were very glad to welcome the District Commissioner—Miss Wyatt, who very kindly came to enrol Betty Major, Mary Maw, Rosamond Pritchett, and Daphne Burrows. Since then we have grown considerably, and are now divided into three Patrols:—

ROBIN PATROL—P.L. Betty Major; 2nd Priscilla Copinger; Gwen Medcalf, Daphne Burrows, June Young, and Margaret Turner.

THRUSH PATROL—P.L. Betty Knight; 2nd Rita Lant; Pamela Davy, Viola Arter, Audrey Middlemas.

KINGFISHER PATROL—P.L. Mary Maw; 2nd Rosamond Pritchett; Muriel Kitchener, Beryl Dain, Eileen Hill.

We have worked very, very hard—(did we hear Companion say MUCH harder than in School?)—and at all odd moments might be heard—"Do you know your legends?" "I never can remember W—is it dash dash dot? Oh! no, that's G!" "Lend me your bandage!" "Oh! dear this bowline, it always slips!" Despite this, several of us are now Second Class Guides.

In addition, Betty Major, Priscilla, Mary, Rosamond, Muriel, and Rita, have gained their Athlete's Badge. HOW we did work that day! We jumped, we skipped, we expanded our chests, we ran as we have never run before, and threw as we shall never throw again! This victory is spurring us all on to further attempts in many and varied fields.

While yet in its infancy the Company found a very good friend, and on Sunday, February 26th, we went to Church for the dedication of our beautiful Colours, which had been so kindly presented to us by Mrs. Maw. The

Colour Party consisted of —Mary Maw as Colour Bearer, and Betty Major and Rosamond Pritchett as Escort. We hope to make the Festivals when the School as a whole attends St. Michael's Church, the occasions of our Guide Parades.

The Guides have begun with great enthusiasm, and we hope that the whole Company will strive towards those high ideals, for which the Movement stands.

NET BALL.

This season for the first time, matches have been played by the Seniors against Ravensfield 2nd VII., and Downhurst 2nd VII. Each match has been lost, but the experience gained has been very valuable. A much faster game is now being played, and the failure to win is due mainly to inaccurate shooting, and the apparent inability of the team to jump.

CRITICISMS 1st VII.

J. BROOKER, Shooter.—Shoots well at times but too erratic in matches. Gets free well.

Attack.—Various players were tried but no one came up to first Team standard.

P. HUDSON, Centre Attack.—A quick energetic player—must jump more to compensate for lack of height.

P. CLARKE, Centre.—A keen Captain, and a consistently good player.

B. HILBORNE, Centre Defence.—A good player. Her game improved vastly during the season.

M. CRONE, Defence.—A useful player, but must mark more closely.

J. CHANT, Goal Defence.—A player who marks closely, but at present by pushing instead of anticipation.

There were two Junior Teams, one under thirteen against Ravensfield and one under twelve against Downhurst. The former Team won one match and lost two, while the latter won their only match.

CRITICISMS—JUNIOR TEAM.

M. MAW, Shooter.—A good shooter as a rule—her catching is improving.

A. MIDDLEMAS, Attack.—A good quick player, and a promising shooter, but inclined to spoil the game by selfish play.

R. PRITCHETT, Centre Attack.—A player who gets free well, and passes accurately, but MUST try to mark her opponent more closely.

M. KITCHINER, Centre.—A very quick energetic player, but one whose passes are sometimes rather wild.

E. HILL, Centre Defence.—A neat energetic little player who dodges well.

R. LANT, Defence.—Plays a very keen game but must mark more closely.

P. DAVY, Goal Defence.—Catches well, but is too slow.

In the 1931-2 season, Inter-Team Net Ball matches were attempted for the first time. By the following year the standard of play had already improved so much that we all felt that we really ought to have a Cup for which to compete. A friend of the School very kindly came to the rescue and a beautiful Cup was presented by Mr. Saunders for which we offer him our very hearty thanks. The Cup will be played for next year and there will be keen competition to gain the distinction of being the first to win it.

TENNIS.

Among the older girls there are one or two good players and some of the Middle School show distinct promise, but there is far too much mediocre play. Individual strokes MUST be practised, if the standard of play is to be raised—at present back-hands are avoided, the ball is not thrown up sufficiently high in the over-arm service, nor is it hit with a straight arm, and the general footwork is poor.

However, there have been some very keenly contested tournaments, and both the Senior and Junior singles produced exciting finals. The results were as follows :—

Senior, J. Brooker v. P. Clarke—P. Clarke, 5—7, 6—4,
6—1. Junior, P. Wainwright v M. Maw—P. Wainwright,
6—3, 6—4.

The Inter-Team Doubles, for which the girls of Form Upper IV. have very kindly presented a Cup, are still in progress.

SPORTS DAY.

We all came to School on Wednesday, 28th June, feeling rather dispirited and we had reason. For it was our Sports Day and the weather clerk had not answered our request, and it was dull and threatening. We remained in a state of uncertainty all the morning, but just before 2 o'clock in the afternoon it settled down to be fine.

Five girls were appointed to distribute programmes to the parents as they came in, and they were kept busy as we had many visitors. We started the sports with jumping and although Phyllis Clarke actually jumped the highest (4 feet 6 ins.) Nancy Keene won, for she cleared 4 feet 2 ins. and as she was only ten years old she had a handicap of five inches. After that the team races and individual races followed in quick succession.

One of the most interesting and amusing races was the blind-fold potato and it was the cause of much laughter. Other popular races were tilting, tape-cutting and obstacle the last calling for much skill on the part of the competitors. Besides the races there was a drill display given by Form I. and a gym. display given by six girls from Form Upper II.

As soon as the last race was over the marks were added up, and amidst an almost breathless silence, were read out. St. Bede had won, one mark above St. Alban! Well done St. Bede! Hard luck St. Alban! The Cup (so very kindly given to the School by Mrs. Maw, two years ago) was presented to the winning team by the new Superior of C.J.G.S. Sister Laeta Mary. Prizes were also very kindly given by Miss Lewis to the girl in each of the three drill classes who had worked hardest during the year. These

were awarded to Sheila Evans, Audrey Middlemas and Alma Randall. After this we hurried across the lawn to where ices were being served, the reward for both winners and losers.

OCTOBER.

Golden is the gorse,
Golden the sun,
Golden are the leaves,
Now October's come.

Brown are the hedges,
Brown the land,
Brown are the tree boughs,
Bare they stand.

Red are the sun sets,
Red apples fall,
Red are the berries,
That grow on the wall.

MARY MAW, L.IV.

THE SEVEN REPRESENTATIVES.

Seven Representatives
Striving to obtain
Items for the Magazine
From those who have some brain

Three Representatives
Have each collected one,
What about the others?
They say "It can't be done!"

Anxious Representatives
Look on their forms with scorn
"Surely each can manage *one*"
The answer is a yawn

dared to pass the old house when the moon was full, and people barred their windows and locked their doors, and swore that a curse had come upon the village.

There was nothing forbidding in the outside appearance of the old house. A high brick wall surrounded it, and behind that, masses of thick green trees with their branches laden with blossom hung over the wall, and sent their tiny pink petals fluttering down to the pavement beneath. The villagers refused to walk on the pavement at such times, and the petals were left undisturbed until the wind came, and blew them away. And yet—the house was occupied. A tall red haired man was seen daily to come out of the door in the wall, and go down to the village. There he would buy some meat, paying for it on the spot, and return to the house. And that was all, but it was uncanny! The birds never sang in the trees, and the village cats that had ventured to climb the wall had never been seen again.

On one spring morning, Farmer Jennings stood outside the farm house gate, thoughtfully smoking his pipe. His dim old eyes watering with the glare of the sun, gazed down the street towards the Haunted House. Suddenly a large blue car swung round the corner past the "Fox and Hounds" and stopped outside the house he had been gazing at so attentively. He walked closer, and saw a tall man dressed in soldier's uniform get out, and knock loudly on the door. After some minutes it was opened by somebody, Jennings could not see by whom, and the soldier disappeared.

Farmer Jennings waited and waited without any result, and after an hour he very unwillingly went away. When he returned after milking time, the car had gone. He shook his head. Would this dreadful web of mystery never be broken?

That night a full moon rose above the Downs and shone down on to the little sleeping village in the valley. Its rays shone down like a search light, and Farmer Jennings watched them as he stood outside the farm house. He felt in a restless mood, he could not sleep tonight like the other

village folk, and had even turned away from his customary supper of bread and cheese and beer. The poor old man sensed that something was going to happen, and it did! Suddenly the stillness of the night was broken by the sound of a car coming nearer and nearer. It turned the corner by the church, the driver switched off the engine, and it passed the Farmer noiselessly and by its headlights he recognised the big blue car. He felt strangely excited. What was this car doing here at this time of night? "It's a rum business he muttered and scratched his head thoughtfully.

The car stopped again outside the "Haunted House" and the old place looked even more mysterious in the moonlight, with the blossom on the trees all mystic and white and that strong wild perfume that is so enchanting. The young soldier knocked at the door and this time he was accompanied by another man. They disappeared, and the Farmer waited a short distance away. It was not long, however, before the door opened again. The tall red haired man came out first and opened the door of the car. He carried several rugs, and arranged them in the back of the car. Then the two men came, supporting a very old man much against his will, for the Farmer heard him saying in his hoarse voice, "I'm all right, you leave me alone! Do you hear? Leave me alone, I say!" and the taller of the two men answered firmly, "Now, Sir, in you get!" Grumbling and grunting furiously the old man was put into the back of the car, and they drove away just as slowly and as noiselessly as they had come, and the Farmer felt as if a great weight had been lifted from his heart.

The red haired man was left standing on the pavement, and the Farmer walked up to him.

"The first time I have ever seen a car down here at this time of night," he said. The tall man jerked his thumb towards the retreating car. "Got him away at last," he explained, "I've been with him for years, a real old miser he's been." "Who are the two men with him?" asked the Farmer. "His two sons, they've been trying to get him

Joyous Representatives
Have won their little war
Articles are coming by
The dozen and the score
Seven Representatives
Look on their Mag. with glee
"It was worth it," ventures one
And the others all agree.

HAZEL WALKER, Lower V.

WHIPSNADE.

One day I went to the Zoo at Whipsnade. I had a ride on a pony. We had a picnic and I had an ice after lunch. Then I fed the animals. The kangaroos were loose. It is lovely country, the elephants live in a hut. There were some bulls. When I went home I had some chocolate and I hugged it and it melted all over my coat I was tired when I got home and I went straight to bed.

PENELOPE UNDERHILL, I.B.

AN AMERICAN TOURNAMENT.

On Ascension Day we had a half-holiday. Companion Lilla thought it would be nice to have an American Tournament for the better players of the school. The younger girls were asked to volunteer to be ball-boys. Three other girls and myself were chosen. We brought our own tea and then put it altogether to form quite a large spread.

The weather looked a bit doubtful and a few large drops of rain fell. The players looked glum and rather disappointed. But a few minutes later, lo and behold! the sun was shining. Everybody cheered up and went to the tennis courts. At first I was a ball-boy on the grass court where the games were very even. Prue Hudson and Mary Maw, "The Infants" as they were nick-named, seemed to be getting on very well. They beat one couple 7—0. The

last couple they had to play consisted of Phyllis Clarke and Betty Major. Everybody thought it would be a victory for Phyllis and her partner as Phyllis was the Champion. But they were beaten 7—1! Prue and Mary were awarded as prizes a propelling pencil each.

We then went into tea. After tea we ball-boys had a game of tennis and later the Tournament players had a game of progressive tennis. We then went home.

SHEILA EVANS, L.IV.

FROST FAIRIES.

The frost upon the windows
Was glittering and light,
Hand in hand the fairies came
A whispering at night,
And painted it with fairy hands
In colours soft and bright.
Pictures they drew upon the pane
Of cobwebs light as air,
And sprinkled them with diamond dust;
They put them everywhere,
And when at dawn the sun rose up
The children saw them there.

MARY MAW, L.IV.

THE LAST HOUSE IN THE STREET.

The old house had stood on the corner of the street for many years, it had been discussed by the villagers in the Village Hall, and at the meetings of the working parties; it had been discussed over tea cups of flowered china in the Squire's drawing-room, over the washing-up in the cottages. Some people said that Queen Elizabeth had lived there, and others with a larger imagination swore that her ghost haunted it, and that when the moon was full they heard her singing. This story so terrified the villagers, that no one

away for years and at last they've succeeded. His father lived here and grandfather. Queer lot you know, cracked on money!" And he shook his head and began to light a pipe.

"What's going to happen to the house?" asked the Farmer. The man smiled. "Eh! you're interested ain't you, I guess a few more people will be too."

"It has been a house of great curiosity," said the Farmer. The man nodded. "I know, come and see it tomorrow. Goodnight." "Goodnight." Farmer Jennings turned and walked away.

The next day great excitement filled the village, the wooden door in the wall of the old house was thrown open, and people were allowed to go in and look over the place.

"Jolly fine place really," remarked the Farmer to the red haired man.

"Yes, but a dreadful owner," the other replied, "if a cat came over the old man would drown it and shoot the birds. Dreadful!"

"Why did he suddenly give it up?"

"His sons insisted and he's ill, he won't live much longer I'm afraid. Well I must go in and see what their doing upstairs. See you later!" The man turned away, and the Farmer was left alone under the almond blossom. He suddenly looked up, the birds were singing in the trees, and primroses covered the lawns. "Well I never!" exclaimed the Farmer, "Who would have believed it!"

BERYL SHORT, Upper IV.

SPRING.

With Spring comes flowers of hues so gay,
Through the dark brown earth they have pushed their way,
Daffodils, Crocuses, Violets, too,
These Spring flowers are all for you.
No need to sit by the fire all day,
Come into the garden and let's be gay,
With flowers around us smile and sing,
And help our friends enjoy the Spring.

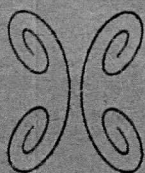
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