

ST. GABRIEL'S  
SCHOOL  
MAGAZINE

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SUMMER TERM 1934

Telephone - Mill Hill 1945

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# St. Gabriel's School Magazine

Summer Term, 1934

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## THE EDITORIAL.

For the second time we are publishing our school magazine. We do not feel so nervous as we did last year, for we have received a great deal of encouragement, both from the girls and from the many friends of the school. We should like to say thank you to all our readers.

The school grows steadily and this has meant various alterations and additions to the school premises. Last summer holidays "St. Christopher" and "St. Francis" were enlarged. The conservatory, where we kept all our games' apparatus disappeared, but we found a handsome Games Hut which our parents, to our great delight presented to the school, and for which we are very grateful. All our games' apparatus is now stored there, and each Form in turn is *supposed* to keep it tidy. After the Easter holidays we found a new Form room—"St. Katharine"—overlooking the garden, the piano and Music Room having moved up to the floor above. Alterations had been made in the loft and the Companions have now a beautiful little chapel there which many of us have been privileged to see.

There have been alterations and additions in the Staff too. Miss Wende, besides the help that she gives us in lesson time, is invaluable in the net-ball and tennis court. Miss Finnegan, our Gym. Mistress also helps us with our games. The suggestion of hockey next term has been hailed

with great delight, and we know that both Miss Wende and Miss Javan (our Montessori Mistress) are enthusiastic players—so there should be good times coming!

But you are all longing to read the magazine and perhaps to find your name in it. Before I close, I should like to congratulate the St. Alban team on their successes during the past year, but they must *not* be allowed to do this sort of thing next year. You must see to it, St. Aidan, St. Bede and St. Chad.

JEAN BROOKER.

### MEMORIAL TO SHEILA EVANS.

The whole magazine speaks to us of Sheila and of her achievements, but it can give no idea of her very vivid and lovely personality.

Outstanding in work and in the games and dancing she so thoroughly enjoyed, Sheila always gave of her very best, and in the Nativity Play she did indeed live her part.

In the School Hall is to be placed an oak memorial carved with the lilies which are the school emblem, and which seem to typify so well the wonderful beauty of Sheila's life. We feel that she will always be one of us, and the very fact that the name of the winning Team for Work will be inscribed on the memorial each year will keep the inspiration of Sheila's life ever before us.

### THE SCHOOL MOTTO :

In SODALITATE VIRTUS.

I want to congratulate you on your school motto : In SODALITATE VIRTUS. This motto does not introduce a new ideal into your life at St. Gabriel's, it does but give terse and vivid expression to what, from the first, has been the spirit of the school. Even a slight contact with St. Gabriel's

makes one aware of the strength, power and sense of enhanced vitality that flows from the school's life of happy fellowship, a life in which the effort of each member strengthens the whole body, and the good of each is the joy of all.

Behind this happy life of fellowship at St. Gabriel's, is another "sodality"—viz. the Congregation of JESUS the Good Shepherd, to which the school owes its being. So you see, our fellowship—our living bond of union—is in the Name which you take daily on your lips as you meet, morning by morning, to begin the school day—the Holy Name of JESUS.

How much it really means, how rich and happy we are whose strength and inspiration lies in our fellowship in this Holy Name, I am sure neither you nor I can guess. Sometimes things happen that throw a gleam of light to reveal something of the strength and beauty of it.

Last August, only a few days after he had been helping us to shape this very motto, IN SODALITATE VIRTUS—Father Hogg died. He was the priest who had more than anyone else to do with the foundation of C.J.G.S., and the welfare of St. Gabriel's School meant very much to him. This term, one of your number, dear Sheila Evans, with undimmed courage and contentment has gone by a shining way, home to God. She faced the trials of pain, of undergoing an operation, of subsequent weakness and of entering into the valley of the shadow of death, in the power of the Name of Jesus. Let us all learn from her, what she is surely longing that we should know, how true the courage, how great the strength that comes in the time of need to those who can say with St. John, the beloved disciple, "Truly our fellowship is with the Father, and with His Son, Jesus Christ."

SISTER LAETA MARY, C.S.M.V.,

*Superior, C.J.G.S..*

## SCHOOL NEWS.

CONFIRMATION. On Sunday, July 1st, many of us had the happiness of being at St. Michael's Church for the Confirmation by Bishop Paget, of Irene Harris and June Young.

BIBLE READING FELLOWSHIP. During Lent, we all made a special effort, and most of the girls in the Middle and Upper School bought the "Readings" and used them. This term we have formed a Group of the Bible Reading Fellowship with thirty members.

PARENTS' DAYS. We had two very successful Parents' Days at the end of the Easter term. The programme included the French plays and French songs which each Form prepares during the term under Mlle. Sillon's supervision. Members of Miss Boggan's Dancing Class did some national dances, and some Folk Dances by the School Guides concluded the entertainment. Tea was served by the Guides, and many of our visitors stayed to inspect the work done by the Art Classes which was arranged on the walls of "St. Christopher."

GIFTS. On the last day of the summer term of 1933, the girls, who were then in the Upper III. and Lower IV. presented the Companions with a very beautiful coloured reproduction of Raphael's Sistine Madonna which now occupies the place of honour in the entrance hall, and which we all love.

Nancy Keene, who left us after winning a Scholarship to Christ's Hospital, gave the school a lovely picture of the beech-woods in autumn, called "Nature's Cathedral." There is great competition among the Forms to possess it, for it is awarded each term to the Form who has shown the



tidiest and best kept room. The appearance of the Form rooms has improved marvellously and Form Mistresses are very grateful to Nancy.

Jean Brooker, our Head Girl, has presented us with a very fine framed engraving of Our Lady holding the two doves in her hand as she goes to her Purification in the Temple. Thank you, Jean, very much.

Lastly, there is the school bell which was given to us by Miss Wray, who was one of the first to welcome us to Mill Hill. It is most satisfactory, and no girl can say she is not able to hear it, though she may be at the further end of the orchard! Again, we are very grateful to Miss Wray.

VERSE COMPETITION. In the summer term we had a verse competition. All girls of the Senior and Middle School were asked to produce something—and they did! Mrs. Maw very kindly judged our attempts and gave three prizes. Jean Brooker, Priscilla Copinger and Hazel Banner were the lucky winners.

THE HOLIDAY READING ESSAYS are written at the beginning of every term. The prize winners during the past year have been: Hazel Walker, Mary Crone, Ruth Mead, Sheila Evans, Rosamund Pritchett, Mary Maw, Pamela Dowlen and Beryl Dain.

SUCCESSSES. Jean Brooker obtained her Oxford School Leaving Certificate last July with credits in English, Mathematics and Art.

Beryl Short, who was with us from 1929 to 1933, has won a prize of a guinea offered by a new magazine "The Nature Lover" for an essay.

Very best congratulations to both.

VALETE. We are very sorry to say good-bye to Jean Brooker (our Head Girl), Hazel Walker and Mary Hicks. We are so glad that Phyllis Clarke (Games Captain and joint Head Girl) is returning to us as a student.

OLD GIRLS' ASSOCIATION. Now that the School is looking forward to its sixth birthday, and the time has come for many of the older girls to leave School, we feel that a link must be forged to unite Past and Present.

It has been suggested that at least two meetings a year should be held, of which one should be in the winter, and one in the summer, and at the latter we should hope to have a tennis match between Past and Present. In addition to the meetings all old girls belonging to the Association would receive a copy of the School Magazine each year, and we should hope to welcome them at Sports, Entertainments and other School functions.

The annual subscription, payable on January 1st, will be two shillings and sixpence. During the first year Phyllis Clarke, Heathdene, Sylvan Avenue, will act as Secretary and Treasurer, and we hope that after the first meeting a committee will be formed to deal with all business. Names of those who would care to join should be given to Phyllis as soon as possible.

### THE NATIVITY PLAY.

All of us at St. Gabriel's lived so much in the Nativity Play that it seemed impossible for us to write an account of it. We are most grateful to Mrs. Crone for the following appreciation :—

Success in the presentation of a Nativity Play depends to a very great extent on "atmosphere." And to create the right "atmosphere" three things seem necessary. Firstly, extreme care in producing, in order that the Play



may appear *real* yet not too theatrical. Secondly, a spiritual sensitiveness on the part of the Players, and thirdly, a reverent attitude of mind on the part of the audience.

There was abundant evidence of all three in the really beautiful Nativity Play performed by the pupils of St. Gabriel's School in December.

This Play so charmingly written by Mrs. Maw, yet in language so simple that the youngest child could understand and live her part, was splendidly acted, and a true spirit of devotion pervaded each homely scene. We saw it in the modest demeanour of the Virgin Mother; in the devout curiosity of the Shepherds; in the stately pilgrimage of the Three Kings with their gifts, and in the tiny Angels led by the beautiful Gabriel.

We shall not soon forget the eager little shepherd who, left to guard the sheep, so greatly longed to go with his father and grandfather to seek the Birthplace of the Infant Christ. Do coming events cast their shadows before them? Was it significant that the Angel came to release "him" from his duties that he might hasten away to kneel beside the Saviour?

It was good for many of us, grown-ups and children alike, to see in those vivid pictures of the Holy Family the deeper meaning of the Christmas season when the fun and fare, the garlands of holly and the bulging sacks of Santa Claus tend to obscure the clear vision of the Manger at Bethlehem.

We hope there will be many repetitions of this Nativity Play and would offer our most sincere congratulations to all who made it "live."

## ST. AIDAN.

Once during the year has this team achieved the place of honour in the fight for top place in "Work and Order." This was during the Christmas Term, and unfortunately we have not again soared to those heights. We are not, however, entirely without merit, as in the Verse Competition two St. Aidan girls took the Upper School prizes, *i.e.*, Jean Brooker and Priscilla Copinger. Also Jean Chant and Muriel Kitchener headed their Form lists at the Christmas examinations.

We had great hopes of winning the Sports Cup and the Inter-Team Tennis matches, but unluckily for us, St. Alban with its usual determination and spirit, have gaily dashed those covetous hopes of ours.

So there is nothing else to tell you, but with a happy shake of our girdles and a wink of our golden buttons, we hope to be able to give you a better account of ourselves next year.

## ST. ALBAN.

We have not been top in work and order for two terms though last term we lost by only two marks. This term we are working hard; at present we are well ahead and hope to be there at the end of the term.

Some girls have helped the team by their outstanding work, specially Ruth Mead, Sheila Evans and Molly Troughton, who were all top of their forms in the Christmas term. Ruth Mead also won the prize for the Book Essay this term.

We are all very keen on sports and we specially wished to win the Cup this year as Sheila had been so keen. At the Sports trials our hearts sank lower and lower as there were very few Albans left in the individual races; but on Sports Day we all set our teeth and we won the Cup from St. Bede by one mark.

We also won the Cup for Netball in the matches played during the Easter term.

In tennis, Phyllis Clarke has won the Championship three years in succession and has been presented with a tiny silver cup as a memento. We have won the Inter-Team tennis Cup too, this year, after a stiff fight with St. Aidan.

#### ST. BEDE.

Our distinguished position for Work and Order this year is bottom of the list. We cannot help feeling that some of the juniors are responsible for the loss of many marks through their forgetfulness. We are hoping for better things next year.

Some honours, however have come our way. Mary Maw has secured the Junior Tennis Cup beating Muriel Kitchener 6—3, 8—6. Phyllis Wainwright won it for us last year and we are pleased to keep it in our possession. This year Phyllis played in the senior division and managed to get into the finals, but she was beaten by Phyllis Clarke 6—1, 6—3. In netball we beat St. Aidan in the first round and lost to St. Alban in the final. After holding the Sports Cup for three years, we lost it by one mark to St. Alban.

#### ST. CHAD.

This year again has not been a very outstanding one for us in the way of games. But we were top for "Work and Order" in the Easter Term, while Beryl Dain and Hazel Banner were both top of their respective forms at the Christmas examination.

We all offer our sympathy to Dorothy Milton in her long illness and we are hoping to see her again soon.

Hazel Banner having written a delightful little poem, won a prize in the Verse Competition this term.

One thing we do seem to be more successful in is the Holiday Reading, the prizes for which have been won by Hazel Walker, Pamela Dowlen, Beryl Dain and Mary Crone at different times during the past year. Even this does not compensate for the lack of success on the sports field. But we hope to remedy this next year.

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

During the course of the year the Company has grown considerably, and a fourth Patrol, really a Senior Patrol, has recently been formed mainly for the girls who are approaching School Certificate, in order that they may continue Guiding without taking time from their School work.

This year for the first time, we entered very nervously for the District Competition, realising that we were a very young Company. We did not distinguish ourselves, except in the Inspection, for which we gained full marks, but were relieved to find that we were placed fifth out of eight.

By dint of hard work a number of us have obtained Proficiency Badges. The Tests passed include Cook, Laundress, Scribe, Minstrel, Dancer, Artist, Athlete, Sports-woman, Basket Worker, Book Lover, and Child Nurse. At the moment we are all feeling very diffident about the coming Test for Needle Woman.

Some of us who are older have begun preparing for the coveted First Class Badge. It entails a great deal of work, and cannot be completed before the end of next year. We hope that some at least of those who have started may persevere to a triumphant ending.

## NET BALL.

The School has had quite a successful season, and on the whole the play has been keen and quick. During the coming year, it will behove every girl to do her utmost to maintain this standard as we are losing a number of valuable players.

The Team Matches were very keenly contested this year. In the final St. Alban defeated St. Bede, and thus became the first winners of the new cup.

## CRITICISMS—1ST VII.

M. HICKS.—A vastly improved player, who gets free well. She will be much missed.

J. BROOKER.—Rather erratic—good when on her game.

S. EVANS.—An excellent player who never failed her team.

P. CLARKE.—A good captain, and a very unselfish player.

- B. HILBORNE.—A steady player but must make increased efforts during the coming season.
- M. CRONE.—Plays steadily, but needs more determination.
- J. CHANT.—A player who improved during the latter part of the season.

Junior Teams of varying ages had a very successful season having lost only one match. It is impossible to give criticisms of all who played, but the following deserve special mention—M. Maw, M. Kitchiner, R. Pritchett, A. Middlemass, E. Hill, R. Lant, P. Dowlen, B. Dain.

#### SCHOOL MATCHES.

Oct.

23. Jnr. Team v. Ravensfield Jnr. Team Won 17—10

Nov.

3. 1st VII. v. Ravensfield 2nd VII. ... Lost 16—20
17. 1st VII. v. Downhurst 2nd VII. ... Lost 13—14
17. Jnr. Team v. Downhurst Jnr. Team Lost 9—13
22. 1st VII. v. Camford 1st VII. ... Won 44—2
27. Jur. Team v. Broadfields Jur. Team Won 35—9

Feb.

1. 1st VII. v. Downhurst 2nd VII. ... Won 9—8
1. Jnr. Team v. Downhurst Jnr. VII. Won 12—6
8. 1st VII. v. Ravensfield 2nd VII. ... Lost 7—20
8. Jnr. Team v. Ravensfield Jnr. VII. Won 18—8
16. Jnr. Team v. Camford Junior VII. ... Won 31—3
20. Jnr. Team v. Broadfields Jnr. VII. Won 34—1

#### TENNIS.

On the whole the general standard is higher than last year, particularly in the Middle School. More girls are trying to play net, to drive a better length ball, to place their balls better, and to cultivate a more finished style of service.

The tournaments have been well contested, and the Junior Final resulted in a most exciting match between M. Maw and M. Kitchiner. M. Maw after reaching the Final

for three years, at last won the cup by 6—1, 8—6. Among the seniors, P. Clarke won the cup for the third time in succession. Her victim this year was P. Wainwright (last year's Junior Champion), whom she defeated 6—1, 6—3.

One more match remains to be played in the Inter-Team Doubles, but this result cannot alter the fact that the cup goes to St. Alban. This has been achieved by the consistently good play of both their couples.

### SPORTS DAY.

Sports Day was fixed for June 3rd, but that day dawned so dull and cold that we really thought it would have to be postponed. The fates were kind, however; the sun came out and in the afternoon it shone brilliantly.

There were many guesses as to who would win the cup. The trials seemed to point to St. Aidan or St. Chad, but once again it was a fight between St. Alban and St. Bede.

One of the most amusing races of the afternoon was the "Late for Train" race for the older girls. Each competitor had to run up to her suitcase, take out her blazer, girdle, gloves, shoes. She had to put on these and her hat, lock her suitcase, put up her umbrella and run to the winning post.

The obstacle race was a very popular feature. Many came to grief over the sum, and it was difficult to make the balloon go where it should. The obstacle race is often more amusing for the onlookers than for the competitors.

The final Broomstick Relay was the prettiest race of the afternoon. We had to run up the course in turn, tie our colours on the broomstick which was held by two girls, and run back again. Finally, the two girls holding the broomstick, raised it as high as they could, and ran to their team.

By that time most of us were too excited to think of anything else but who had won the Cup. We realised that St. Alban and St. Bede were very close together, and after a few minutes it was announced that St. Alban had won the Cup from St. Bede by *one* point!

Mrs. Pitchett then presented the Cup to the St. Alban captain and congratulated her and her team. Tea was then served to our visitors, and the ices which Mrs. Maw again very kindly provided, were much appreciated by all the girls.

RUTH MEAD (15).

## "MACBETH."

A few lucky members of the Lower V., accompanied by two of the Companions, went to the "Old Vic," to see an excellent performance of "Macbeth."

Charles Laughton took the title part for the first time, and showed us that he is undoubtedly a splendid actor. Lady Macbeth, perhaps Shakespeare's most famous character, was played by Flora Robson. She also was very good, but Laughton's superb acting of Macbeth eclipsed the rest of the cast.

One of the most striking points of this production was the scenery, which for everything, from the "blasted" heath to the banqueting hall, was the same, and the different effects were obtained by lighting. Altogether it was a wonderful performance and we all wished that we could see it again.

MARY CRONE (15).

## IN LAMENTATION.

O verdurous oak, whose mighty bowers  
Have felt the wet of heavenly showers,  
O birch, thou dainty maiden fair,  
Harm not my son.

O flinty path, O wind so free,  
And thou, dear ash, tall stately tree,  
And lion, feared beast, leave not thy lair  
To harm my son.

Tempestuous sea, stay rippling calm;  
Dread whirlpool, send my son no harm,  
And busy ants, the roadways clear  
For my dear son."

And so I asked them one by one  
From pearly daybreak till the sun  
Dyed red and gold the misty air—  
Life for my son.



But, woe is me! I one forgot.  
The subtle mistletoe was shot  
To kill the son that I did bear—  
My beauteous son!

And he lies cold beneath the earth  
Once full of life and playful mirth.  
'Tis only spirits of the air  
Now know my son.

JEAN BROOKER (17).

### THE SHIP OF MYSTERY.

Oh, where are going, you fair sailing ship?  
On bright dancing waves you still circle and dip.  
Your white sail is swaying,  
On water now playing.  
Oh, wonderful, beautiful mystery ship.  
What cargo you carry, what diamonds and gold!  
What stories, what tales, you have still left untold!  
What ships you have scattered  
And made yourself battered,  
Once more to return to your England of old!  
I long to sail off on the wide open sea  
To roam in far lands and always be free.  
O ship that is sailing,  
From foreign lands hailing,  
I'm longing to sail o'er the ocean with thee.

PRISCILLA COPINGER (16).

### THE SEASONS.

Lambs are skipping, birds are singing,  
Spring is in the air;  
Bulbs are shooting, snowdrops peeping  
From the borders bare.

Sun is shining, brightly shining  
On the earth so gay;  
Multicoloured flowers are growing,  
Summer's come to stay.

Trees are turning many colours,  
Sun is not so bright;  
Wind churns up the leafy carpet,  
Bonfires men do light.

Wind is whistling, wind is howling  
On a stormy day;  
Snow has fallen, fallen thickly,  
Still the sky is grey.

BETTY KNIGHT (15)

#### BROUGHLY CASTLE.

"Margaret!"

"Um?"

I wasn't going to look up from my book however much Tom wanted me. Tom's my twin brother, and, between you and me and the bed post, he's a bit of an ass

"Margaret!" The voice was chilly this time. I looked up in a hurry. Goodness, it was Aunt Amelia! "Will you please answer when I speak to you, and not grunt in that fashion."

"Yes, Aunt," I said meekly.

"I am going to take you and Thomas to Broughly Castle this afternoon. Be ready by half-past two." She stalked out, leaving a ghastly silence behind her.

"The beast!" I gasped.

"She knows we were going fishing this afternoon."

"She'll expect us to know who built it!"

"And When!"

"And why!"

"And the date it was captured by Julius Caesar!"

"O bother!"

From which you will gather that neither of us has much use for the doings of our ancestors.

But at two-thirty we were ready in the hall of our aunt's residence. We climbed into her car and started off. But when we had driven for half-an-hour, the engine gave a splutter and stopped.

We climbed out again.

The chauffer, after examining the engine announced that the car was immovable.

"Ah" cried Tom, almost dancing for joy, "Then we'll have to go home again." Not so Aunt Amelia, she was quite calm and composed.

"I understand," she remarked in her precise voice, "that a motor-bus passes along this road into Broughly."

We groaned under our breaths. We had dared to hope.

The village of Broughly is situated on the banks of a small river with the castle rising grimly behind it, half-a-mile away.

We walked that half-mile from the village in silence, and a very long half-mile it seemed. The castle was surrounded by a high wall with gates in it which were locked at night, for the draw-bridge was never raised. It had thick walls and a broad moat. Certainly a useful stronghold.

The three of us descended to the dungeons which were on the same level as the moat. It was then four o'clock, but as we were not to catch our bus home until half-past six, we felt, at least Aunt Amelia didn't, but we did, that we had plenty of time. Aunt Amelia's housemaid, who came from Broughly had informed us that a deaf old man pottered up from the village at half-past six every evening to shut the gates.

Tom and I wandered aimlessly round after Aunt Amelia. She led us a dance indeed—from the dungeons to the battlements—we could not have left a cupboard or

cubby-hole unexplored. We saw bedrooms and bedrooms, banqueting halls and servants' halls, kitchens and sculleries. But when at last we reached the battlements the blow fell. Tom had been looking over them, when he suddenly uttered a yell.

"Please refrain from making those unseemly sounds, Thomas," Aunt Amelia said rebukingly. But for once he ignored her remark.

"That old man, he's coming to close the gates!" and he waved his hand towards an old man who was walking along about fifty yards from the gates.

It was the first—and last—time I have ever seen Aunt Amelia run. She went down those stairs so fast that I thought she would fall headlong. She rushed past the rooms in which she had been so interested before and out over the draw bridge. The old man was just shutting the gates. Tom put on a spurt and got there in time to stop him. It was a jolly good thing! Fancy having to stay in an old castle, probably haunted. Br-r-r, it makes me shiver.

We caught the six o'clock bus home—they ran every half-hour—and scolded Annie the housemaid for misinforming us as to the time the castle closed. Tom said he was sorry we had got out in time. I don't believe him.

MOLLY ROBINSON (12).

### MARCUS AND GEORGINA.

Do you know our little cats?  
One is tabby, the other black.  
Surely they must be known to fame!  
Can you guess what is their name?—  
Well, one is Marcus, the other Georgina,  
One is fat, the other leaner.

MURIEL KITCHINER (13).

## LITTLE MOUSIE.

Once upon a time there lived a mouse in a teeny tiny house. She was always doing something. Sometimes she was sewing, sometimes cooking, and sometimes washing—but she was always doing something.

One day when she was cooking, she heard a great knocking on the door. "Oh, my whiskers!" said little mousie, "What ever's that?" So she ran to the door and looked through the keyhole, but she didn't see anybody. So she went back to the kitchen, and as soon as she got back she heard it again, and went back to the door again. Nobody there! She went back to the kitchen again, and she heard it again. It was so loud that she had to hold on to the banisters to keep herself from falling on her nose. She looked through the key-hole and she saw the whiskers of the big tabby cat that lived at the bottom of the garden. The cat was trying to pull down the door and eat the mouse. Mousie ran round to have a look, and the cat saw her tail as she went round the corner. The mouse ran into the house and got some lovely sardines and put them just round the corner. The cat saw her and he ran to eat her up, but when he got to the corner he saw some lovely sardines and he said to himself, "Oh, lovely sardines!"

The mouse ran to Caesar, the dog, who lived in the garden. She asked him if he could get the tabby cat away. It was lucky Caesar was not chained to his kennel. So Caesar came out and chased the cat and said, "If you don't go home at once, I shall eat you up." So the cat ran home and the little mouse thanked Caesar for sending her away.

BETH BRAY (7).

## SAND FAIRIES.

Josephine Gray was staying with mother and daddy in Granny's little bungalow by the seashore.

Now Josie had seen the ordinary little fairies and elves and quite a number of the pretty mermaids with their silvery green fish-tails, and she wondered if there were any fairies of the sand. Here cousin Amy said she was very foolish and that there were no such things, when Josie told her about them.

One day she asked her Auntie Lilian about them and when she had told Josie all she wanted to know, she left the room. Josie now determined to do what her aunt had advised.

So early next morning she rose and dressed herself very quickly and took her bucket and spade and slipped out of the house before ever Gladys the maid was up. Then she climbed up the cliff and filled her bucket with water from the clear, cool stream that ran through some rocks. She carried it down to the beach, and then with her spade she dug a hole in the sand and put her bucket in it, then went away and hid behind a rock and waited. Presently some bubbles came out of the sand. She didn't cough like her Granny did, but kept as still as a mouse. Then the bubbles grew bigger and little yellow-skinned fairies came out and went into the pail and swam about in it. Josie, breathless with excitement, came forward and frightened away the fairies. Then she looked into the pail, there was *one* left! She took it home with her, but it got very homesick, and at last she took it down to where she had found it. After a little while she came back again, and it was gone. But at the bottom of the pail was a pair of shoes. They were too small for her to wear but they were golden and Josie wears them under her dress now.

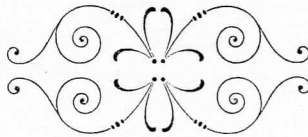
PAMELA BAKER (9).

## THE PUPIL I SHOULD LIKE TO TEACH.

I should like to teach a girl who tried hardest at the things she could not do. I should like to teach a bright girl, but not a "goody-good." I should like her to be mischievous, but if she was told to do anything, she would do it without grumbling. I should not enjoy teaching her if she was not happy. If she was clever—all the better, but if she was not I should like her to try her utmost. Above all, I should like her to be honest, and to be a "sport." If she wanted to ask a question, she would put up her hand and not call out. If she could not do something she wanted to do, she would not go about grumbling but would make the best of things. I should like her to be patient, and not to give up if she could not do a thing. I should like her to be quiet.

(I only know a few friends like this).

DOREEN WILLIAMS (9).





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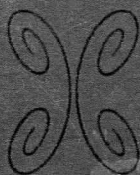
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