

ST. GABRIEL'S  
SCHOOL  
MAGAZINE

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SUMMER TERM 1935

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# St. Gabriel's School Magazine

Summer Term, 1935

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*In Sodalitate Virtus.*

## THE EDITORIAL.

As this is our third magazine we now consider ourselves quite "old hands."

Our numbers are still increasing and last September we returned to find that "Woodcroft" had been annexed as a Preparatory School. Phyllis Clarke, formerly our joint head girl, came back as a student teacher, but after the Easter holiday deserted us in order to become a "full-blown" member of the staff, and is now "Miss Clarke." Until then she was able to play in School matches and we realise how greatly she will be missed. While on the subject of sport we should like to congratulate all the teams on the true fighting spirit they displayed on Sports Day.

This year has seen the start of our Hockey Team. At first our efforts were rather comical, but now, however, owing to the enthusiastic and able coaching of Miss Wende and Miss Javan our play has greatly improved. We have now added Swimming to our many activities, and we hope that the silver Team Swimming Cup so kindly given by Mr. and Mrs. Cowper will add greater zest to our efforts in the Baths.

The Old Girls' Association has commenced its career successfully and we shall look forward to meeting one another and hearing all the news at the two meetings to be held yearly, one at the beginning of the Easter Term and one in the summer.

We had almost omitted the all-important subject of work. Needless to say our enthusiasm for this is *almost* as great as it is for games.

We have had many contributions to the Magazine, and the work of selection has been difficult. The Lower V. sent in three stories, all of them so good that as we could not accept the three, we have had reluctantly to exclude all of them.

Let us hope that we have whetted your appetite for the good things to come, and so we leave you to enjoy them at your leisure.

MARY CRONE.  
RUTH MEAD.

#### SCHOOL NEWS.

"WOODCROFT." As our numbers were increasing, the Congregation of Jesus the Good Shepherd, in August, 1934, bought "Woodcroft," the house adjoining St. Gabriel's for the Preparatory School which at present is occupying the ground floor. The little ones are very delighted with their new home and have settled in very happily. We all love to look at the garden, though only the small children are allowed to play in it.

CONFIRMATION. The usual summer Confirmation at St. Michael's has been postponed to December, when we are hoping that several of our girls will be confirmed. Rosamond Pritchett was confirmed at the John Keble Church in December, and Viola Arter at St. Mary's, Hendon in April.

ST. MICHAEL'S DAY. We kept our School birthday on Wednesday, October 3rd, as St. Michael's Day fell on a Saturday. Games in the afternoon (we specially liked "Animals hunt Nuts"), charades and competitions in the evening were all enjoyed. We are very grateful to Mrs. Maw who again gave us a birthday cake—large, beautiful to look at and delicious.

**THE CHRISTMAS TREE.** The "Babes" had a very merry Christmas Party at the end of the autumn term. Their enjoyment was shared by the Companions and some of the older girls who came to help—we all voted it was the nicest party we had had at St. Gabriel's. The little ones are still singing the rhyme that Father Christmas (the Vicar) taught them.

**THE WAITRESSES' LUNCH.** Those of us who act as waitresses at the School dinners received an invitation from the Companions to a special lunch at the end of the Autumn term, and were joined by the Superior C.J.G.S., who was visiting the School. Each guest had a very dainty menu card and thoroughly enjoyed the good fare provided. Gwen Medcalf made a little speech of thanks at the end. Since then, members of the middle school have begun to show a great enthusiasm for waiting at table!

**THE HOLIDAY READING ESSAYS.** Prizes for these essays were awarded to Rosamond Pritchett, Pamela Dowlen, Betty Hilborne, Beryl Dain, Molly Robinson, Mary Jackson.

**THE KING'S JUBILEE.** We returned to School on June 7th after the Easter holidays, and in the afternoon we celebrated the King's Jubilee by a half-holiday which we spent in the garden practising for the School Sports. Later in the afternoon we enjoyed the ginger beer and the picnic boxes, which the Hendon Borough Council very kindly sent us. In the following week Councillor and Mrs. Arter visited the School and presented to each of us a very beautiful illustrated book containing an account of the King's reign. The Middlesex County Council also gave each child a medal, which many of us wore on Jubilee Day.

**GIFTS.** We have received a most lovely gift this term. Mr. and Mrs. Cowper have kindly presented the School with a very beautiful Cup for Inter-Team Swimming. We are all most grateful, and are going to try and show our gratitude by making our swimming more worthy of such a lovely cup.

We have to thank Captain Young for a very welcome gift of twelve tall cut-glass flower vases. These have certainly added to the beauty of our Form rooms.



Jean Chant and Mary Hicks have each given us a lovely picture, Hazel Walker an illustrated copy of "Jane Eyre" for the library, and Gwen Medcalf two little statuettes. Thank you all very much indeed.

SUCCESSSES. Jean Chant, Hazel Walker and Mary Hicks obtained their Oxford School Leaving Certificate last July. Jean Chant obtained Credits in English, French, Geography and Mathematics; Hazel Walker in English, History and Art; Mary Hicks in Mathematics and Art.

Three girls gained Certificates of the Associated Board of the Royal Schools of Music—Daphne Burrows, Grade V. Piano; Betty Knight, Grade III., Grammar of Music (91 marks out of 99) and Pamela Baker, Grade I., Piano. Hearty congratulations to all.

We are hoping that Betty Knight will be the first girl to take Music for Oxford School Certificate.

VALETE. We have to say good-bye this term to Mary Crone, Ruth Mead, Priscilla Copinger, Rita Lant and June Young. We wish them all success in the days to come.

#### ST. ALBAN.

At the beginning of this year we had the misfortune to lose Phyllis Clarke, our Captain, but in her present capacity as a mistress, she has been a great help to us.

In Sport we have been fairly successful. We retained the Netball Cup after a very hard fight with St. Chad, while we also managed by perseverance to keep the Sports Cup. This year we had more entries in the individual races than we have had before, so this helped our final total. The fate of the Tennis Cup is as yet undecided but we are afraid we shall not be able to beat St. Bede.

In work we have not been so successful, and we shall not be top in the Work Competition this year. The position which we shall eventually occupy is still uncertain, but we are afraid it will not be very high. Ruth Mead and Molly Robinson have both been top of their respective Forms, and Molly Robinson gained a Book Essay prize this term. Unfortunately, there are several girls who continue to lose marks and this is a serious handicap to the team. We hope however that they will mend their ways next year.

Two of our number are leaving—our Team Captain, Ruth Mead, and June Young. We shall miss them very much indeed, for both have done a great deal for their Team.

## ST. AIDAN.

This year we have not done anything outstanding either in work or in games, but we have plodded along, never giving up hope. We have had a continuous fight with St. Bede to escape the bottom place for work, but on the whole we have managed to keep a few marks ahead of them. This term we are second and let us hope we shall keep this high position. However, Mavis Hodges was top of her Form, and Mary Jackson and Priscilla Copinger have won prizes for Book Essays during the past year.

We were bottom in the Sports this year, but as all the teams were very close, perhaps we shall have a chance next year. We managed to win the Junior Netball match after a stiff fight with St. Bede.

We shall be very sorry to say good-bye to Priscilla Copinger, our Team leader, and to Rita Lant who has helped us so much in our sports. We hope that next year we shall be able to say "A most successful year!"

## ST. BEDE.

The achievements of the team have not been at all outstanding this year, though this is not for want of keenness. In work we come second to bottom, which is a rise from last year, though we still forget to give our books in and some of us, alas, get C's! Yet we are all determined to do better next year. Mary Maw came first in her form in the Christmas term and we hope others will do the same this term.

We are trying very hard to obtain the beautiful swimming cup which Mrs. Cowper so very kindly presented to the School.

We are getting on fairly well in the Tennis tournament, though it looks as if St. Alban will win it.

We have some quite good players at Netball but they are not super enough for us to win.

Rosamond Pritchett won a prize in the Holiday Reading Essay competition in the Christmas term. We were all very pleased about this.

We did not shine at Sports this year though we came first in a few races. St. Bede hopes to do better in work and games next session.

## ST. CHAD.

We have been more successful this year in every way. At the moment we are well ahead for work, and unless anything unforeseen happens, we shall be the first to have our name on the Honours Board (the Sheila Evans Memorial) an achievement of which we shall be justly proud. Beryl Dain, Hazel Banner and Daphne Webber have succeeded in coming top of their respective forms during the past year. Betty Hilborne, Pamela Dowlen and Beryl Dain also won prizes for their Holiday Reading Essays.

On the Sports field too, we have been luckier this year. After a very promising start, we came second on Sports Day, and only two points behind St. Alban. In the Inter-Team Netball matches, we again lost to St. Alban in the finals.

Although we do not achieve much on land in the way of Sports, we do in the water, and are leading for the Swimming Cup, several lengths in front of the other teams.

If everything turns out as we hope, this will have been quite a successful year for us.

We shall miss our Team Captain, Mary Crone, who is leaving this summer. We all wish her the best of good luck.

## 5th MILL HILL (St. Gabriel's) GUIDES.

The plan of a Senior Patrol was not successful and we have reverted to the original idea of four patrols, each of which contains Seniors and Juniors. Their names are Robin, Thrush, Kingfisher and Swallow.

A large number of badges have been obtained by the Guides, and we have been successful in some new tests which we had not attempted previously—Domestic Service, Gymnast, Writer and Handywoman (a very difficult and much coveted badge).

Many Guides are desirous of getting their First Class and only the Hike now separates Betty Knight from that goal. May she achieve it soon! Mary Maw and Muriel Kitchiner are following hard on her heels, and there is every hope that they may gain it at the next First Class Test in November. Some have given up, but a number of keen, determined Guides are well on the way.



Nineteen of us are due to set off for Camp at Walberswick on July 23rd. It will be our first Company Camp, and we do so hope that the weather will be kind to us. Camp equipment is very costly and we have to thank Mrs. Arter very much indeed for so kindly getting up a Whist Drive to raise funds for the purpose and we also offer our very grateful thanks for an unexpected gift from the Mothers' Union and the Fellowship of Marriage of St. Michael's Church, at whose fete we thoroughly enjoyed ourselves acting as waitresses.

### HOCKEY.

St. Gabriel's had an enjoyable first hockey season. Although there were no matches against other schools there were some exciting mixed team matches.

The new hockey film was seen during the Christmas holidays and in March a visit was made to the Oval to see the International match between England and Scotland.

Now that the general idea of the game is understood next season should show great improvement.

Players must RUN—not saunter; HIT—not tap; *MUST NOT try to play every position on the field at once.*

### NET BALL.

The School has again had a successful season and the First Team was unbeaten. The standard of play among the Seniors was good. The under 13 Junior Team after a most promising start became "ragged" and lost two matches, but the other Junior teams were all successful.

The Senior Net Ball Cup was won by St. Alban for the second year in succession, and the Junior Competition by St. Aidan.

The following girls played in various Junior matches—Rosamond Pritchett, Muriel Kitchiner, Rita Lant, Beryl Dain, Pamela Dowlen, Doreen Cowper, Audrey Middlemass, Eilan Fraser, Eileen Hilborne, Eileen Hill, Doreen Williams, Pamela Arter, Mary Cousins, Daphne Dowlen, Hazel Fry.

### CRITICISMS—1ST VII.

M. MAW.—A reliable shooter who is beginning to get free better.

- D. BURROWS.—A vastly improved player who gets free very well—shooting usually good.
- R. MEAD.—A keen and energetic player—throwing sometimes rather wild.
- P. CLARKE.—A very quick player and an excellent captain who will be much missed.
- B. HILBORNE.—Played up very well in matches.
- M. CRONE.—A steady player, but one who needs to mark her opponent more closely.
- J. CHANT (Christmas Term).—A steady player.
- V. ARTER (Easter Term).—Very persevering.

#### SCHOOL MATCHES.

Oct.

8. Jnr. Team v. Ravensfield Jnr. VII. Won 20—18

Nov.

22. 1st VII. v. Downhurst 2nd VII. ... Won 20—10

22. Jnr. Team v. Downhurst Jnr. VII. Drawn 12—12

28. Jnr. Team v. Camford Jnr. VII. Won 20—5

30. 1st VII. v. Ravensfield 2nd VII. ... Won 20—14

Dec.

5. Jnr. Team v. Lyonsdown Jnr. VII. Scratched

Jan.

23. Jnr. Team v. Lyonsdown Jnr. VII. Won 22—9

Feb.

7. Jnr. Team v. Downhurst Jnr. VII. Won 5—0

7. 1st. VII. v. Downhurst 2nd. VII. Won 17—13

11. Jnr. Team v. Ravensfield Jnr. VII. Lost 16—22

21. Jnr. Team v. La Sagesse Jnr. VII. Won 22—15

27. Jnr. Team v. Camford Jnr. VII. Won 32—4

March

1. 1st. VII v. Ravensfield 1st. VII. ... Drawn 14—14

1. Jnr. Team v. Ravensfield Jnr. VII. Lost 16—21

#### TENNIS.

The School tennis as a whole reaches a very mediocre standard, and it will remain mediocre until girls take every opportunity of practising in the evening.

There are however two distinct groups of girls who are endeavouring to play really good tennis. It is hoped to arrange winter coaching for them in order that they may have the opportunity of practising stroke play in preparation for next summer.

The following have been chosen to represent the School in the match against Downhurst.

Seniors : 1st couple, P. Wainwright, J. Young; 2nd couple, M. Maw, M. Kitchiner.

The following Juniors played in the two matches against Lyonsdown, which they won by 27 games to 18, and 40 games to 23—D. Cowper, A. Middlemass, R. Lant, B. Dain, S. Greig; P. Davy and P. Dowlen.

### SPORTS DAY.

What a disappointment it was to us when it began to rain a few minutes before we started! We had to begin in the rain for the parents had already arrived.

Sports began with the high jump, and this was terrible for we kept slipping.

After we had finished the jumping we continued with some other races, but it soon began to pelt with rain, much to our disgust. All the parents and the girls had to shelter in the school. It was horrible waiting for the rain to stop, we all felt so disappointed. After waiting a few minutes (it seemed like hours to us), the rain gradually slowed down, till it finally stopped, and we all went out, and continued the races.

Up to half time, Chad was leading by about two points. Then Alban put a spurt on and passed them.

In the final race Alban came last. That caused great excitement, for now we were not sure who *had* won.

The whistle then went for us to gather round the table on which the cup was standing.

This year Miss Wray, was presenting the cup, for she was one of the first visitors to the school.

It went to Alban! They were two points above Chad. This year all the teams were close, for the first and the last were only five points apart. You can imagine our delight in winning the cup, for I myself am an Alban.

Then came the cheers, but I should say the loudest and the heartiest of all was the one for Mrs. Maw who had treated the school to ices.

A. MIDDLEMASS (12).

### THE OLD GIRLS' ASSOCIATION.

Last Summer term it was proposed to form an Old Girls' Association. Seven members joined and we held our first meeting in February.

The desks had been cleared in St. Christopher and in their place were a number of little tables. We sat at these thoroughly enjoying sandwiches, cakes and coffee which the Companions had so kindly provided for us, and discussed old times with one another, and learnt all the School news from the members of the Fifth Form and the mistresses who had honoured us with their company.

Very soon the Fifth departed, and, to our surprise and pleasure five minutes later, a stern voice bid us be seated for "The Box Office," a play which these girls had so nobly got up in their spare time.

It was very well acted, and we all thoroughly enjoyed ourselves, the actresses included, if we are not mistaken.

Then it was the Companions' turn, and they provided us with some most exciting pencil and paper games, one being a series of general knowledge questions that, as may be well imagined, caused much pencil biting and hair pulling. (The pencils we trust were *not* Cn. Margaret's.) Hazel Walker was the brightest of us all and achieved the highest number of marks for which she was awarded a prize.

The Summer meeting was fixed for June 15th—and although the weather was very bad at first, we found that after tea the sun had come out, and we were able to have our tennis match against the School as we had planned. Before tea we had an impromptu Ping-pong tournament.

We all greatly enjoyed the Tennis match—and the lovely lemonade with which we were spurred on to fresh efforts, but it was with sorrow that we record the fact that the School were victors with 22 games against our 14. Our two couples were Jean Brooker and Phyllis Clarke and Kathleen Saunders and Prue Hudson.

A special vote of thanks should be made to Rita and Betty Knight who so nobly acted as ball-boys and so admirably performed their rather arduous duties.

We are all hoping to meet again next January, by which time we shall have grown considerably.

May we go on growing and have a long and flourishing time.

JEAN BROOKER.

### NEWS OF OLD GIRLS.

Jean Brooker is taking a course in Journalism with Kennedy Williamson. May her name become famous in the field of literature!

Phyllis Clarke after staying on as a student mistress at St. Gabriel's is now joining the Staff.

Hazel Walker is studying Dramatic Art at the Guildhall School of Music.

Mary Hicks is taking a year's course at the London School of Secretaries.

Jean Chant has begun her year of training at Miss Ransom's Secretarial College.

Prunella Hudson has still another year to spend at Pitman's Business College.

Gwen Medcalf has a post as Junior Nurse at St. Mary's, Stamford Hill.

Kathleen Saunders has passed into the Civil Service as Writing Assistant.

Betty Major is in her father's office and says she is extremely busy!

### CORAL LEAGUE.

This year not many things have happened, but all the time we have been quietly working on, all trying to keep and carry out the three Coral League rules.

At Christmas we had a jolly party in true African fashion. For tea we all sat round on the floor in a circle, and had paper plantain leaves as plates. Among the games we had African proverbs, and sticking the tail, blindfolded, on a beautiful elephant which Companion Marjorie had painted.

This term we are all working very hard making things for our sale in aid of the U.M.C.A., which will be held next term. We all sincerely hope that all the kind parents will bring their friends to buy their Christmas presents at the sale. Also they will see four short plays telling the stories of our Team Saints.

BETTY KNIGHT.

## EVENTIDE.

Old George Pendlebury walked slowly down the dark creaking stairs of his grim red stoned farm house. He went through the gleaming kitchen and out over the cobbled farm yard to the cow shed. A dour faced old man he was, almost bent double by rheumatism but yet active for his eighty-five summers. The clatter of his footsteps across the cobbles sounded strangely hollow in the early morning stillness. The sun was just rising and it spread a gleaming light over the Bedfordshire village situated at the foot of one of the highest points of the Chiltern Hills. The red-tiled farm houses and cottages looked fresh and bright under the hazy blue-sky on that May morning. George, however, was oblivious of the beauty of the scene. He was late, for it was already half past five. In spite of his age he always came to watch his son do the milking. He distrusted his son for he had some of these "new-fangled ideas," and George considered that if he did not watch him closely, he would introduce some of these "notions" to the farm. George was proud of his farm. For four generations it had belonged to a Pendlebury, and George had farmed it in exactly the same way as his grandfather and father had done and he was determined that while he lived it should still be farmed that way.

In the cow shed his son John had almost finished the milking, and George sighed with relief when he saw that despite his relaxed vigilance, the milking had been done properly.

It seemed as if George had given the signal for everyone to wake up, for the calm stillness of the morning was shattered, and dogs barked, cows mooed, and cocks crew, making a medley of farm noises.

At half past six George returned to the farm house, having inspected the farm and given his opinion that "them pig styes wanted a good clean out," and that he did not agree with the way his son was feeding the newly hatched chickens. In the kitchen the windows were thrown open wide and the pretty curtains blew in the breeze, and the scent of may was wafted in from the fields. From the large kitchen range his daughter-in-law lifted a smiling face, and



soon she had placed before him a large plate of golden eggs and home cured bacon. For an old man George had an excellent appetite! Soon he was joined by his son and his six year old grandson and the whole family sat down to breakfast.

At half past eight George called for his stick and his old straw hat. Then taking his grandson by the hand he walked slowly out of the farm yard, up the leafy, may be-decked lane and into the main street. No one took the boy to school but his grandfather. Soon George had collected quite a crowd of children whom he led up the street, across the village green, past the square towered stone Church with its green churchyard overgrown with celandines, daisies and buttercups, and into the school yard.

Having delivered his charges, George slowly retraced his steps to the farm, where he found his favourite chair placed under a shady tree, and there he sat gazing with dim eyes at the far blue horizon.

Meanwhile the village was astir with life. From the fields came the steady whir of the mowing machine as the first field of hay was cut. Now and again there echoed the cry of a labourer working in the fields. In the farm yard pigs moved slowly and gruntingly along, a chicken squawked as it narrowly missed losing its life as a car sped by. Now and again a cart clattered noisily down the street, and the sun rose higher in the sky and smiled upon "England's green and pleasant land."

At noon, George moved once more to the school and collected his throng of happy children. After dinner he took them all back and as their shouts died away, the village settled down to its afternoon sleep. All was still and quiet except for an occasional cuckoo which came from a large clump of trees on the hillside. George fetched "his children" as he called them, from school, and then went to supervise the evening milking. Across the fields came the cows in a straggling line, mooing softly as they came homeward.

As the sun sank lower in the sky, it spread a red glow over the village, and as the men folk, their work done, walked to the old "Horse and Plough," it shone through the clump of trees like a great red ball.

As they returned homeward the moon took its place,  
and bathed the still village in a glorious white haze.  
The day's work is finished. Sleep comes.

RUTH MEAD (16).

### MARIGOLD-ANNE.

We had arrived in Paris. "We" were Aunt Miriam, Jim, myself and, unhappily, Marigold-Anne.

I never expected to reach Paris with Marigold-Anne as a travelling companion, but my fears were groundless. Apart from a slight misunderstanding with a porter's legs, her ladyship arrived in Paris with her character unstained.

We stayed at an hotel managed by an old nurse of my aunt's, a Frenchwoman from Nice. She had a child of her own, and to our surprise, she immediately fell in love with Marigold-Anne. She called her an angel, declared that there was not another child in the world with such a beautiful figure (my cousin is distinctly round) and best of all, offered to take care of her while we explored Paris.

With Marigold-Anne safely off our hands we proceeded to enjoy ourselves. Her ladyship showed no desire to see the sights of Paris with us and we came and went in peace. Not a museum, cathedral or picture-gallery was left unvisited.

When on our last day we left the palace of Versailles, I found myself thinking how virtuous Marigold-Anne had been during our stay in Paris. I thought too soon. When we reached the hotel, we were surprised to find that Marigold-Anne was not there in the hall to meet us. My aunt turned to her old nurse.

"Where is the little one?" she inquired.

"She is in the garden, playing with Pierre." Pierre was Madame's son.

We strolled out into the garden, but there were no signs of the children. Perhaps they were with cook. We went to see. Cook was voluble. She had seen the imp. Oh yes, most certainly she had seen the imp. Had not the imp removed a fine plate of tarts from under her very nose? This outrage had occurred an hour before, but it was obvious that the kitchen was too hot for Marigold-Anne just then.

I was searching the hall when the street door opened and Pierre came in. He was wet from the waist down and dirty all over. Marigold-Anne was not with him and when I questioned him, he burst into tears. I groaned and bore him off to his mother.

All that she could get from him was that Marigold-Anne was in the river, dead or drowning. Jim and I waited for no more. We pelted off towards the river.

During our short run we nearly bowled over one old gentleman, fell over a pram, and knocked a child off her bicycle. We rounded the last corner panting hard and expecting to find Marigold-Anne lying dead on the bank. Instead, we found her sitting on a sailor's broad shoulder. She smiled upon us sweetly.

"Was Versailles nice?" she asked. I leaned against the wall and laughed weakly, but Jim saluted her with:

"Dr. Livingstone, I presume."

MOLLY ROBINSON (13).

#### A TOAD'S TEA PARTY.

A man at Golders Green has an enclosure in his garden in which he keeps toads, frogs, lizards and tortoises, some of which came from abroad. On certain occasions two of the toads have a tea party.

On the day we were there, he caught two large toads and placed them in special chairs with seats sloping backwards, at a small round table. Their tiny plates and glasses were stuck to the little table. Some meal worms were placed on their plates. The toads would not eat the worms until they saw them move, when they flicked out their tongues. It was a matter of who got there first, as sometimes they would eat a whole plateful in one mouthful. They did not mind from whose plate they took the worms, but they had to be in their line of vision or they did not see them. Some of the worms kept walking off before the toads saw them. When the supply of meal worms came to an end, they sat

for a long time waiting for more to appear. The man told us that he had once put a small piece of meat on a wire and moved it in front of a toad who ate it, and then looked most annoyed.

MARGARET STEVENSON JONES (12).

### NIGHT.

So still, so quiet,  
There is no sound at all  
Only the owls faintly hooting  
In the trees so tall.

So bright, so clear,  
The stars come peeping through  
The clouds go racing o'er the sky  
And the grass is damp with dew.

SHEILA NESS (9).

### PINKLE PURR AND HIS FAMILY.

Mrs. Georgina Brown was a very well known cat in the social world. It was acknowledged by all the cats that she was the best bird-stalker and rat-catcher. She also knew how to bring up kittens well—which many cats did not. Indeed, everyone took her as an example in this respect.

One day, Mrs. Georgina Brown was lying on the best green silk cushion—the drawing-room one! and blinking her eyes lazily, when—clatter! bang! rattle and a chorus of “miews” disturbed her peace of mind. The coal basket was upset covering her two kittens with coal-dust.

Mrs. Georgina Brown leapt up and raced to the scene of the accident. Two little blacks smuts crept towards her.

Mrs. Georgina Brown surveyed the kittens with disfavour.

“You naughty kittens,” scolded she, “What do you mean by this? Come and be washed at once,” and with a waving of her tail she hustled them to the sofa to undergo their toilets.

The third little kitten blinked softly to itself and gave a satisfied wave of its tail. Pinkle Purr did not think that it was necessary to state that *he* had pushed the coal-basket over, while Pixie and Puck were not looking.

"Ha! Ha!," he winked to himself, "now I will go and explore the great big world." And he raced out of the room. He found the garden and was jumping round about gleefully when an inquisitive butterfly settled on his nose.

"Where are you going, and what are you doing?" she asked.

"I am exploring," said Pinkle Purr.

"Are you indeed! Well your mother does not approve, I'm sure."

Replied Pinkle Purr, "Do mind your own business," and he strolled off to smell a beautiful red rose. Then he saw a bird, a great big bird. "I'll have this bird" he purred.

The robin flew to a near-by branch and sang merrily, "You can't catch me, you can't, you can't." He flew a little further, then looked down at Pinkle Purr. "Why, its only a kitten. What's your name Kitty?"

Pinkle Purr replied with dignity and a wag of his tail.

"I am not a kitten and my name is Mr. Pinkle Purr."

By and by night drew near and Pinkle Purr grew frightened. He thought of Mother, Pixie and Puck, of milk, fish and a lovely warm fire—What was that? The shadows were falling and a great big bark was heard.

"Who are you? I want Mother, I want Mother!"

But Mr. Thomas Dog only chased poor Pinkle under a bush.

Pinkle Purr mewed pitifully, "I want Mother. Please come here!"

Presently he heard a foot-fall and a voice out of the dusk said,

"Why, if it ain't one of them kittens from the house! What's he a-doing here?"

It was Dick, the Gardener.

That night there was a happy little family—Mrs. Georgina Brown, Pixie, Puck and—Pinkle Purr.

ROSAMOND PRITCHETT (13).

## SHIPS.

Tall ships, small ships,  
Ships with stately sails,  
Bringing home to England  
Goods and foreign mails.

Warships, brave ships,  
To fight for England's good,  
The "Courageous," the "Nelson,"  
The "Rodney" and the "Hood."

England, the Island  
Supreme o'er all the sea,  
From battleship to fishing fleet,  
They all come back to thee.

MARY MAW (14).

## WHY THE CROW IS BLACK.

Once upon a time, a long, long while ago, a large white crow was settling down to sleep when he heard a tiny voice say "Please, Mr. Crow, may I share your nest for the night? It is so cold outside, and it is beginning to snow." Looking up the crow saw a little fairy wet and shivering. "No," answered the crow roughly and put his head under his wing again, "Very well," said the fairy gently, "from now onwards you shall be black and have a harsh voice." And when he woke up in the morning he found it was true. The fairy got shelter from a nightingale, who has ever since had a beautiful voice.

PATRICIA YOUNG (12).

## MRS. WHISKERS' KITCHEN FLOOR.

Mrs. Whiskers poked her little rabbit nose out of the burrow and called, "Go along, children or you'll be late for school."



Beatrice, Henrietta and Robinetta ran down the hill into the valley and stopped short in the thickest of the undergrowth to look at Grandfather Whiskers and Obadiah, the rabbit next door but one. They were playing some game on a piece of cardboard marked out in black and white squares, and they were moving black and white counters on it. It was draughts of course, but Beatrice did not know that, nor did Robinetta, nor Henrietta.

But Robinetta whispered, "Let's give that to Mummy—that floor." And the other two said, "Yes, let's—" and somewhere or other a dog barked.

Grandpa and Obadiah froze, but the children only thought of the kitchen floor and picking it up, they ran away. Half-way up the hill they *had* to sit down and rest, and they saw Grandpa and Obadiah rushing about in the valley looking for the draughts-board.

And wasn't Mrs. Whiskers pleased when the children came home, and she let them have a holiday from school that day.

And wasn't Grandpa *angry* when he could not find his draughts-board!

And he was crosser than ever when he had to break open his new money-box to buy another one.

BARI MARTIN (12).

### A RAINY AFTERNOON.

Watching through the window pane,  
Watching hail and sleet and rain.  
What a dreary afternoon!  
Hope it will be tea-time soon.  
People hurry through the street,  
Hear the patter of their feet.  
How I wish the rain would stop,  
Every single little drop,  
And the sun begin to shine,  
Lighting up the world so fine.

VICTORIA DUKE (9).

## BIRD TIME.

The baby birds begin to fly,  
With their tiny wings outspread,  
They fly from Beech to Silver Birch,  
'Till its time to go to bed.

The birds are singing in the trees,  
Softly falls the Summer rain,  
While Blackbirds, Thrushes and the Finches,  
Tune their cheerful songs again.

The Autumn leaves in woods are lying,  
The hills are decked with purple heather;  
Soon Robins search for odd cake crumbs,  
In the cold and wintry weather.

EILAN FRASER (12).

## THE FINDING OF TINY .

Once upon a time there lived two little children, named Joan and Patricia. Joan was eleven years of age and Patricia twelve. They lived in a large house in the country.

They had a pet dog called Tiny. One day when they were going away for their holidays, they lost Tiny. Where could he have gone? They looked everywhere, they even looked in the wood, but he could not be seen. Joan was very sad because she loved him.

But now they had to go on their long journey. The roads were very stony and rough and the car jogged along till they came to Palmy Bay. The next day they went to a fair and saw some gypsies. Behind their caravan there was a little dog barking, and looking behind they saw Tiny. "The gypsies must have stolen him," said Joan. Then they picked up Tiny and ran home.

AUDREY HILL WILSON (9).

## STOP PRESS NEWS.

TENNIS.—The 'Inter Team Tennis Cup has been won by St. Bede.

SWIMMING.—The new Cup has been won by St. Bede.  
Hearty congratulations to St. Bede.

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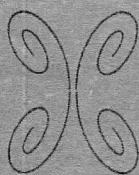
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