

ST. GABRIEL'S
SCHOOL
MAGAZINE

SUMMER TERM 1936.

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St. Gabriel's School Magazine.

Summer Term, 1936.

In Sodalitate Virtus.

EDITORIAL.

We celebrated our sixth Birthday last September. This year it was no ordinary party, for we heard the great news that there were over a hundred girls in the school. We joyously invited the old girls to come and help us celebrate the great day. They did and we had a very happy party.

We were all very pleased to welcome Companion Rosalie back again after Easter. She had been away for a term and a half. During her absence Miss James came to wrestle with our Maths. and Science. We were very sorry that Miss James had to leave us, for she entered into everything so thoroughly, and we soon felt as if she had been with us for years.

Last Easter, Miss Marr left and Miss Hemmerde came to teach us music in her place. From time to time Miss Hemmerde gives us recitals, which we all enjoy very much.

The really great event of the year is the making of our new hard courts. They are very beautiful ones. Although they were finished last term, we still look at them fondly and proudly. We love to hear the murmurs of admiration coming from other schools. We are very grateful for them too, for we have been able to play matches and have some good tennis on them, although it has been such a wet summer. When we think of how wet our old court used to get, we smile proudly and look up the garden to where they lie in all their splendour of green, with high netting all round so that we need not waste our time hunting for balls.

Betty Knight is leaving us this term. Betty was one of the original ten, indeed she was the first to send in her entrance form. We shall miss her very much and hope that she will be able to come and see us occasionally.

Miss Wende, who has been with us for three years, is deserting us to get married this term. We hope that she will be extremely happy, though we shall miss her very much. St. Bede will miss her particularly, for they owe a great deal to her coaching and help.

The Guides are very sad at the thought of Miss Javan leaving. Miss Javan really started the Guide company, and we can't think how it is going to continue without her.

I will now leave you to read our magazine. I hope that it has not fallen below its usual standard. If it has,—please be kind, readers!

ROSAMOND PRITCHETT.

SCHOOL NEWS.

CONFIRMATION. At St. Michael's Church, on December 2nd, the following girls were confirmed:—Muriel Kitchiner, Pamela Davy, Daphne Burrows, Peggy Freer, Eileen Hill, Eileen Laws and Margery Hickin. In March, Patricia Young was confirmed at St. Mary's Church, Hendon.

ST. MICHAEL'S DAY. As St. Michael's Day was on a Sunday, our school parties to celebrate our sixth birthday, were held on October 2nd. From 2.30 to 4.30 p.m. the children of the Preparatory and Lower School were entertained, and from 4 to 6.30 p.m. the children of the Middle School. Tea was at 4 p.m., and again we thank Mrs. Maw for a large delicious birthday cake. The Fifth Forms, Old Girls and Staff were entertained from 7 to 9 p.m. (Was it 9 or 10.30 p.m. when we finally went home?) Everyone seemed to have had a very happy time.

DANCING. In October the members of the Senior Dancing Class gave a very enjoyable evening dance, each member inviting a guest. In March a very successful display of Greek Dancing was given by the members of the three classes, all of whom will be very sorry to say goodbye to Miss Parry who is leaving us this term.

FESTIVAL OF GREEK DANCING. A party from School went to the Albert Hall to see a display of Greek Dancing, organised by Miss Ruby Ginner. Everyone very much enjoyed it.

THE TATTOO. On June 9th a party of us with Miss Wende and Miss Clarke saw the daylight rehearsal of the Military Tattoo at Aldershot. The weather was perfect and we had a thoroughly enjoyable day.

CONCERT. Joan Denoon and her friends kindly gave a Concert at School in January in aid of the Hard Tennis Courts Fund. It was a very delightful entertainment and we are very grateful to Mrs. Denoon and her friends who helped with the Concert. The result was the addition of nearly £10 to the Fund.

THE BIBLE READING FELLOWSHIP has increased its numbers this year. We are very grateful to the Revd. J. Stubbs for coming to speak to us about our Readings each term.

THE HOLIDAY READING ESSAYS. Prizes for book essays were given to Muriel Kitchiner, Pamela Fry, Mary Maw, Molly Troughton, Daphne Burrows, Eileen Hilborne.

GIFTS. Thank you very much—Rita Lant, for a copy of "Pickwick Papers." Priscilla Copinger, for a Junior Net Ball Cup. Miss James for two books, "Tell England" and "Puck of Pook's Hill."

SUCCESSSES. Ruth Mead, Mary Crone and Priscilla Copinger obtained their Oxford School Leaving Certificates last July. Ruth Mead obtained Credits in English, History, Scripture, Mathematics, Geography and Science, and exemption from London Matriculation. Mary Crone had Credits in English, History, Scripture, Geography; and Priscilla Copinger in English, Scripture and Geography.

Mary Cousins gained a Certificate of the Associated Board of the Royal School of Music, Elementary Grade II.

FRANCAIS. Pour la première fois ce trimestre on a présenté des élèves aux examens organisés par la "Société Nationale des Professeurs de Français" et deux d'entre elles, Mary Cousins et Margaret Woolrych ont remporté des "Mentions Honorables."

Mary Maw a gagné un prix de 10/ à un concours organisé par le journal "La France" et a généreusement donné 5/ au club français.

VALETE. It is always very sad when girls leave who have been with us a long time. This year we have had to say goodbye to Betty Knight, Irene Harris, Daphne Burrows, Phyllis Wainwright and Peggy Freer. We give them our hearty good wishes for the future.

TEAM REPORTS.

ST. AIDAN.

At last we have managed to win the Sports Cup. Now we must *keep* it! It is a pity we do not do better in the baths, still we must persevere and more must try to swim

the width by next year.

This term we are third for work, surely we can go a step higher and be second. We seem to manage to get the least number of marks off, but we must try and get more on.

In the holiday reading essays we have been quite successful, Muriel Kitchiner, Daphne Burrows and Pamela Fry having won prizes during the last year.

In the Junior and Senior Net Ball we ought to have done better; also we are not doing very well in the Tennis. Now come on Aidans, get those brains working and those legs swimming, racquets swinging and netballs shooting!

This term we are very sorry to say goodbye to Miss Parry who has been with us for a year, also to Daphne Burrows, who has helped us so much in sports.

ST. ALBAN.

This year St. Alban has not been so successful as we should have liked. Although we have a few people who pull the team down, we also have several hard working members. Molly Troughton, Bessie Arnot and Jean Gray have been top of their respective forms. Molly Troughton has won a prize for book essay this term. We regret that we are bottom in Work and Order this year.

For the first time in three years we have lost the Sports Cup, but everybody tried her best. We have also lost the Net Ball Cup which we have held for a year, but Audrey Middlemass has won the Senior Tennis Tournament.

We were very happy to welcome Companion Rosalie back after her illness. Miss James, who filled her place for a term and a half, was very good to us, and we hope to see her again one day.

We shall be very sorry to say goodbye to Irene Harris, our Team Captain, and she has our very best wishes for the future.

ST. BEDE.

St. Bede this year has not on the whole been as bad as usual. But we have not excelled this term. We lost the Sports Cup by one and a half points to St. Aidan and we lost the Senior Singles Tennis Cup, but we have again won the Inter Doubles Team Tennis Cup.

However, a certain number of distinctions have fallen to our lot. Mary Maw won a prize in a competition in "La France" and Rosamond Pritchett and Mary Maw tied first in their form last term. Margaret Woolrych came top in her form, and also got an Honourable Mention in the Degré Préparatoire of an open French Examination. In Net Ball we were successful and carried off both the Senior and Junior Cups.

Our name does not yet appear on the Honours list for work and order but we are a close second to St. Chad, and if some of our team remember to give books in and try to work harder, we may one day achieve something worthy of note. In the meantime we are like Mr. Micawber—

"Waiting for something to turn up."

ST. CHAD.

St. Chad is just a few marks ahead of the others teams in work, and with a great effort in the examinations we hope to maintain the lead, and again have our names on the Honours Board—The Sheila Evans Memorial. Eileen Hilborne won a prize for her Holiday Reading Essay, and Daphne Dowlen a prize in the French Spelling Competition.

On Sports Day we made a valiant fight and at the beginning were leading, but then gradually dropped to the third place, just a few marks behind the winning team. We are hoping to see the name of St. Chad on the Sports Cup next year.

Margery Hickin won the Junior Tennis Cup. Well done, Margery!

In sport, St. Chad prefers water to dry land, for we are many points ahead of the other teams for the Swimming Cup.

We are sorry to say Goodbye to our Team Captain, Betty Knight, and we wish her the best of luck.

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

There have been at least two outstanding events this year.

First must come the Camp at Walberswick, to which 19 Guides were able to go. Camp is really beyond description, and all we would say is that the weather was perfect, the camp site was secluded but just near a most lovely heather covered common, the air was wonderful and we all

developed the most marvellous appetites, and returned home very scorched but in excellent health. We are going to Walberswick for a second time this year, for there are still unexplored possibilities there.

We have to congratulate Betty Knight, Mary Maw and Muriel Kitchiner on becoming First Class Guides and gaining All Round Cords as well.

We have all been glad to welcome a number of new recruits this year who should in the future prove a great strength to the company.

When we meet in September it will be, alas! without our lieutenant, Miss Javan. No one but a Guide can realise what she has meant to the Company. Her unfailing humour, her cheery criticisms, which no one could resent and which kept us all laughing, and above all, her marvellous conducting of orchestra(?) and songs round the Camp Fire, are all quite unforgettable! How can we go on without her! At first we thought we simply couldn't do it, but some of the senior Guides are coming to the rescue and we hope to carry on the Company in the same spirit in which she began it.

HOCKEY.

The School did not play as much Hockey as they would have liked on account of the weather, but there were some quite exciting games. Players still need to keep in their own positions more, instead of running wildly anywhere and so muddling. The centre players are inclined to play selfishly—they must pass out to the wings much more.

NET BALL.

The School had a fairly successful season, except for the Under 13 team, who lost all their matches.

The Senior and Junior Net Ball Cups were both won by St. Bede.

The following girls played in the various Junior matches—under 15, under 13 and under 12.

Rosamond Pritchett, Pamela Dowlen, Eileen Hill, Pamela Hargreaves, Eileen Hilborne, Doreen Williams, Pamela Arter, Eileen Laws, Mary Cousins, Joan Perry, Eilan Fraser, Daphne Dowlen, Julia Jupp, Hazel Fry, Audrey Turner, Diana Freer, Jean Gray, Elizabeth Brown.

CRITICISMS—1ST VII.

- Shooter : MARY MAW—a reliable shooter and a good captain.
 Attack : DAPHNE BURROWS—a good shooter who plays up well in matches and who will be much missed.
 Centre Attack : DOREEN COWPER—a very quick and energetic player.
 Centre : MURIEL KITCHINER—gets free very well and makes an excellent centre.
 Centre Defence : AUDREY MIDDLEMASS—a reliable and good player.
 Defence : BERYL DAIN—a very good defence.
 Goal. Different girls were tried in this position in the various matches.

SCHOOL MATCHES.

October			
30.	Jnr. VII. v. La Sagesse Jnr. VII.	Won	16—9
November			
1.	Jnr. VII. v. Ravensfield Jnr. VII.	Lost	7—18
6.	Jnr. VII. v. Lyonsdown Jnr. VII.	Won	20—3
28.	1st VII. v. Ravensfield 2nd VII. ...	Won	22—14
28.	Jnr. VII. v. Ravensfield Jnr. VII.	Lost	8—18
December			
3.	Jnr. VII. v. Erlsmere	Won	8—1
March			
3.	1st VII. v. Ravensfield 1st VII. ...	Drawn	16—16
4.	Jnr. VII. v. Lyonsdown Jnr. VII.	Lost	12—19
9.	1st VII. v. Ravensfield 1st VII. ...	Lost	10—21
16.	Jnr. VII. v. Ravensfield Jnr. VII.	Lost	16—34
19.	Jnr. VII. v. The Mount Jnr. VII.	Won	16—11
19.	1st VII. v. The Mount 1st VII. ...	Won	32—4
25.	1st VII. v. Our Lady's Convent 1st VII.	Lost	15—17
27.	Jnr. VII. v. Broadfields	Won	47—3
28.	1st VII. v. Old Girls 1st VII. ...	Won	19—11
April			
2.	1st VII. v. Our Lady's Convent 1st VII.	Lost	16—18

TENNIS.

This year has really inaugurated a new era in St. Gabriel's tennis. To begin with there have been the new courts, which are a source of great joy to all, then there have been the Thursdays when Miss Rhoades has come to

give professional coaching to various lucky girls, and finally the School has now a Senior Tennis VI. as well as a Junior Tennis VI. playing matches against other schools. This first season has been more successful than we had dared to hope and we must all determine to do our best to keep it up in the future. If we are to do this however, there must be much more serious practice by the girls in the Junior School as at present, with a few exceptions, the standard there is very low indeed.

The following have been chosen to represent the School in matches against other schools.

SENIORS—1st couple, Phyllis Wainwright and Mary Maw. The other two couples were chosen from Muriel Kitchiner, Doreen Cowper, Rosamond Pritchett, Audrey Middlemass.

JUNIORS—Audrey Middlemass, Pamela Dowlen, Eilan Fraser, Joan Denoon, Eileen Hilborne, Margaret Chant.

The Inter-Team Doubles Cup was won by St. Bede, the Senior Tennis Cup by Audrey Middlemass, St. Alban, and the Junior by Margery Hickin, St. Chad.

SCHOOL MATCHES.

May				
27.	3 Jnr. couples v. Lyonsdown ...	Home	Won	38-25
June				
12	2 Snr. and 1 Jnr. couple v. The Mount ...	Home	Won	35-23
18.	4 couples v. Old Girls ...		Won	54-26
19.	2 Snr. and 1 Jnr. couple v Downhurst	Home	Lost	25-50
23.	3 Snr. coup'es v. Ravensfield	Home	Won	8 sets to 1
July				
3.	3 Snr. couples v. Ravensfield ...	Away	Lost	31-32

SPORTS DAY.

Came the third of June, a Tuesday,
Slightly cloudy, rather breezy;
Came the Sports day at S. Gabriel's,
All the schoolgirls paused and wondered.
Still the staff kept brightly teaching,
No one heard them murmur, "Thunder!
Rain and showers and bitter weather,
And the cakes pale pink with icing
Lying nestling in the larder!"
Still the telephone kept ringing,
Tired teachers wilted from it,
Still in wearied accents saying,
"Sports today despite the weather."

In January we found that much of our finesse as a netball team had left us, and we were disastrously beaten by the school at a score we have conveniently forgotten. Our spirits soon rose again, however, when we found a grand "spread" awaiting our arrival in St. Christopher: we cleared the board with the greatest facility, and then sat round for a good chat with one another.

In June we tried our hand at tennis against the school's first four couples. The result was little better than the netball match, the school team played splendid tennis, and beat us thoroughly. The score will be found in another part of this magazine! It was a glorious evening, but we were all very hot and thirsty when the bell called us in to supper. Lemonade, jellies and other such delights were manna indeed and we would like to thank Miss Pattinson and the Companions, once more, for the obvious care and trouble they took in preparing so delightful a meal. Afterwards we elected our committee, and this made us feel so superior that we discussed politics and other weighty matters . . . until C. Lilla sent us into fits of laughter over her trip to Germany. We *nearly* out-stayed our welcome, and by the time we had finished chatting at street corners, (a practice strictly forbidden) most of us were very late to bed that night.

And so . . . the old Gabrellians met and parted. Next year we will meet again, our numbers swelled: next year we will try to regain our self respect at tennis and netball . . .

Next year everybody, and don't forget the subs.!

JEAN BROOKER.

NEWS OF OLD GIRLS.

Mary Hicks is clerk to a solicitor in an Insurance office.

Jean Chant is a typist at the Petty Sessions, Hendon.

Prunella Hudson is doing secretarial work in a Stock-broker's office.

Betty Major is studying at Hornsey Art School.

Ruth Mead is a Writing Assistant in the Civil Service and is working for a higher Examination.

Mary Crone has been studying at University Tutorial College.

Priscilla Copinger is taking a Training Course in Domestic Science at St. Hilda's, Hampstead.

Betty Hilborne is taking a course at Pitman's Business College.

June Young is Secretary to a dentist at Harpenden.
Dorothy Milton is a Laboratory Assistant at Westfield
College.
Peggy Freer is studying Dancing under Miss Boggon.

CORAL LEAGUE.

The first interesting event this year was a visit from Miss Taylor, U.M.C.A., who talked to us about her work in Africa.

Generally we act a Missionary Play every third year to raise funds for U.M.C.A., but this time we acted four short plays kindly written by Mrs. Maw, showing incidents in the lives of our team saints.

St. Alban, the first British martyr, was shown sheltering a Christian priest at the risk of his own life, and then, having learned the faith of the Resurrection, giving himself up instead of the priest to the Roman executioners.

The saintly Bishop Aidan was seen gracing the King's table and blessing him for his generosity to the poor.

St. Chad was seen at prayer in his cell, when he heard the heavenly music and the Archangels Michael, Gabriel and Raphael with their tiny attendants brought him the message that in eight days they would return to carry his soul to Paradise.

Last of all we saw the Venerable Bede engaged in his work of translating St. John's Gospel and stopping to be kind to a little beggar child.

The plays were followed by tea and a Sale of Work. Everybody was very generous and as a result we were able to send £33 to U.M.C.A.

Meetings had to be suspended during Companion Rosalie's absence, but in the Easter holidays, four keen members of the Coral League, Julia Jupp, Peggy Fransella, Margaret Woolrych and Pamela Baker acted a little play, "The Witch's Curse" in each of their homes and raised £1.

LITERARY, DEBATING AND HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

A Literary, Debating and Historical Society was formed this year.

At the end of the Autumn term a debate was held on the subject "The best way to run a school is by the team system." The motion was carried almost unanimously but on the whole the meeting was remarkable for the unusual silence of its members.

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NEWS OF OLD GIRLS.

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At the second meeting which was held in February, three minute papers were read on various aspects of life during the Middle Ages such as on the Costume, the Architecture, Ships, Armour and Customs. Very good drawings were shown by the artistic members of the Society.

A broadcast play was presented by the Society entitled "The Road to Bath." This depicted life in England during the eighteenth century, in the London Coffee house, along the road by stage coach and in the fashionable town of Bath.

In the Summer term the Society visited the Folk Park which has recently been opened at Barnet. This is the only Folk Park in England although there are several abroad.

The members of the Society have been extremely enthusiastic and have shown it by working hard at whatever they have had to do. They cheerfully prepared their speeches for the debate, they worked well at their papers on Mediaeval Life and they always came punctually to rehearsals of the play.

It is to be hoped that the Literary, Debating and Historical Society will flourish and live long.

AT THE FOLK PARK.

On June 30th, the Historical Society visited the Folk Park at Barnet

History does not live under glass cases in ordinary Museums. It does live in the Folk Park.

One of the parts which we found most interesting was the collection of pre-historic dwellings. In ordinary Museums we are introduced to the Stone Ages by cases and cases of sharp little pieces of stone. These may be very interesting to antiquarians but to more ordinary mortals they are not very helpful. At the Folk Park we saw actual reconstructions of the houses our ancestors lived in, with their tools and weapons in their natural surroundings. These have been constructed very carefully and are historically accurate.

The earliest dwelling was the Summer residence of the Cave Men who lived about 20,000 B.C. This was little more than a pit across the top of which grass and turf was thrown for the Cave Men could not thatch. There were two or three dwellings of the New Stone Age. These showed how man gradually became more skillful in using his stone tools. He had learned the art of thatching. He lived above the ground. From very simple materials he fashioned his weapons and tools. A shoulder-blade bone fixed to a piece of wood made an excellent shovel. There

were most ingenious little arrows—twigs with sharp pieces of flint fixed into the ends. The collection of prehistoric dwellings ended with one dated about the year 43 A.D. This was made of "wattle and daub" in other words of basket work smeared with mud and covered with a thatched roof. At this date mud huts went out of fashion for the Romans came and the Britons quickly moved into new houses with baths and central heating.

A few steps in the Folk Park and we had travelled nineteen centuries in time. Victorian England sprang to life. Here was the "front" room, the parlour and here was a fascinating medley of lace curtains, valentines, plush table-cloths, samplers, stuffed birds under glass cases, family albums, antimacassars, aspidistras and the many knick-knacks and what-nots that delighted the Victorian family.

There is a glorious collection of stained glass. One may go to York or to Canterbury to see the finest mediaeval glass but one has to travel to St. Cross, Winchester for the most beautiful modern. At the Folk Park there are examples of the art of stained glass from each century. You can see the deep and rich colours of the fifteenth century, then the gradual decay of the art until its nadir was reached in the nineteenth century and then happily its revival in our own times. There are few people who would not appreciate the riot of colour in the Oratory of the Angels.

Everyone was thrilled by the sixteenth century witch's cottage. This was full of "atmosphere." Outside was the dark, gloomy, deep and slimy well. Inside were the witch's familiars, a dragon and a porcupine. There was her magic circle in which she muttered her incantations, there her cauldron, there her stick and naturally her broom on which she rode the heavens at night.

All these treasures are set out in a beautiful garden and the exhibits are so varied that everyone found something of interest. The visit to the Folk Park was voted most enjoyable and many hoped that they would be able to come again.

LE CLUB FRANÇAIS.

Le "Club Français" qui se réunit environ 3 fois par trimestre a pour but de permettre aux membres de se trouver dans une atmosphère française, de parler français, et de se perfectionner dans la langue.

Les leçons de français semblent être pour la plupart des élèves quelque chose de terrible où l'étude des verbes et des nombreuses Règles de Grammaire tiennent la première place.

L'étude d'une langue n'est pas toujours aussi ennuyeuse et c'est pour oublier un peu les tristes moments, passés à conjuguer les verbes, ou à faire d'impossibles traductions, que l'on a créé à S. Gabriel's le Club français.

Plus de verbes, plus de oaductions, plus de règles de grammaire . . . mais des jeux, des chants, de la conversation.

Le trimestre dernier plusieurs élèves ont fait de petites conférences avec projections sur : Paris—la Corse—le district des lacs etc. . . On a aussi joué deux pièces "Simple erreur" et "L'affaire de la cruche."

Il faut donc espérer que bientôt tout le monde pourra parler français à St. Gabriel's.

Il faut remercier les Companions pour l'aide qu'elles ont apportée au Club en assistant aux réunions.

TREES.

The trees stood out in the meadow. In the dusk of evening they were like tall, shadowy, mysterious beings who were waiting for night to fall. A soft breeze stirred their branches.

"A little noiseless noise among the leaves
Born of the very sigh that silence leaves."

Trees are always beautiful but sometimes at night they seem to have a different look. They seem to whisper and stir as if they had a secret with the night.

In Spring the trees are green. The beech unfolds its delicate leaves which have a faint silvery look as if they had been washed with dew. The chestnut tree has wide leaves and its beautiful pink and white flowers look like candles. The willow which hangs over a stream or brook waves its slender leaves even on the stillest day. The poplar does this too. The poplar seems a sad tree for its leaves rustle and stir. When there is a high wind the slender branches make a moaning sound. The English oak is one of the most beautiful of trees. Its huge, solid branches spread out so as to make the tree almost round in shape. The oak seems a cautious tree for it is always late in opening its leaves. Perhaps it wants to make quite sure that a frost will not kill its precious buds. King Charles hid in an oak tree and then its solid branches stood him in good stead. Another beautiful but very different tree is the silver birch. The trunk of this is dainty and slender and with its fragile leaves it looks like a lovely lady

Trees always seem to me to have particular places where they ought to grow. The oak should grow in a wide green park or on the lawns of a stately country house. It fits in with the splendour of an old building or wide space. The plane tree I picture by the side of a by-pass road or in a suburb. The willow is found by streams where its spreading branches can touch the water. Silver birches should be on the tops of mountains or high moors where the wind can bend their trunks. Beeches should be in a wood and they are especially beautiful in autumn when their leaves are brown, and touched with the golden sun. Cedars I connect with Lebanon, and the time that the Temple was built of cedar. Chestnut trees should be in an avenue or in a village. Rupert Brook in his poem about Grantchester says :

“ Oh! there the Chestnuts, summer through,
Beside the river make for you
A tunnel of green gloom, and sleep
Deeply above; and green and deep
The stream mysterious glides beneath
Green as a dream and deep as death.”

In autumn the trees are red, gold, yellow and brown. They seem to be having a farewell banquet in all their glory before they say good-bye for the winter when,

“ Smooth pillars of beech, domed chestnut, sycamore
In stony sleep they stand.”

Trees wave softly in the sweet evening breeze : trees that have stood for many hundreds of years ; trees that will still stand for generations to come.

Trees that are more beautiful than any song, verse or music ; for

“ I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree,
A tree whose hungry mouth is prest
Against the earth's sweet flowing breast.”

ROSAMOND PRITCHETT (15).

THE TREAT.

Overbridge village clock struck, one, two, three, four, five! A medley of noises began in the Sussex farm yard. Farmer Giles, with his merry blue eyes, sat on the corner of his brass bedstead pulling on his socks. His

chubby wife went on dreaming her happy dream, while the starlings twittered in the eaves of the old mellow farm house. The chintz curtains waved merrily in the soft puffs of wind, and the snow white pinks wafted their scent up into the sunlit bedroom.

Miles away in the heart of the East End of London, eight beautiful orange coaches stood before a row of dingy, dirty, evil smelling houses. Round them clustered thin, pale children with their mothers, in whose arms were dirty howling infants. This was the great day,—“the School Treat.” “We’re off!” “Now mind you look after Ernie. Susie, else you’ll get a good clout when you come ’ome.” “’Bye, Mum! ’Bye Pa!” “Have a good time.” So the eight coaches with their happy occupants set off, with many wavings of hands and good wishes.

Mrs. Giles by this time had stopped her dreams. She was in her gleaming kitchen, with its polished tiles, making crisp golden ginger snaps and scrunchy biscuits. The vicar’s wife was helping her. Farmer Giles had done all the farm work he was going to do that day. He helped the vicar to put up the coconut shies and prepare the field for the children’s visit.

At last the happy occupants of the coaches arrived at Meadow Pipit field. Nothing much had happened except that Tom Brenton had given Ernie a black eye. “Coo! Is this grass?” cried the children, immediately beginning to roll in it.

Now the fun of the fair began. The children all sat down under the old spreading oak and had their dinner. Farmer Giles served out the jelly, and I am afraid that the grass had rather a good helping.

After dinner they had a grand time. -Some of them played hide-and-seek with the vicar. Poor Ernie was so intent on getting a good hiding place, that he fell in a bed of stinging nettles. Some of them fished for sticklebacks and tiddlers in the little stream that gurgled through the green field. The willow dipped her branches in the sparkling water in order to cool them. Others went round the farm with Farmer Giles. They had rides on Molly the pony, till she could give them rides no longer. They pulled the chickens’ feathers, trod on the dogs’ tails and stroked the

cats the wrong way, which they did not like at all. Altogether the animals did not like the East Enders' visit to the farmyard.

After tea they had a great cricket match. Farmer Giles and the Vicar pitched sides. The farmer's side were in batting and they only had to get one more run to win the match. Ernie was batting. "Come on, Ernie, 'it it!'" The ball came up slowly. Ernie gave a tremendous hit and made three runs. Farmer Giles' eyes twinkled more than ever under his wide panama hat. After this very exciting match, the children gathered round the Walls Ice Cream barrow.

Then the eight drivers climbed into their coaches. The children tumbled in, tired but happy. They had bags of sticky sweets, jam jars of sticklebacks, and strangled bunches of buttercups and ragged robin. They waved good-bye and with many thanks to the four people in Meadow Pipit field, they set off for the grim East End.

Two clocks struck eleven,—St. John's in the East End, and Overbridge Parish Church. Ernie with his three brothers was sleeping peacefully in their dismal room, dreaming of the happy day spent in Meadow Pipit Field.

Farmer Giles, while the moon shone on the sweet williams, and a nightingale sang in a neighbouring poplar, dreamt of the happy faces of the little East Enders.

MURIEL KITCHINER (15).

FAIRY DREAMS.

I dreamt of the fairies so small and so light;
With elves they were dancing on midsummer's night.
I watched them dance on the velvety green;
A prettier sight could hardly be seen.

Their music was made by the blue bells near by;
Their lights were the stars high up in the sky;
Their cobwebby dresses were spangled with gold;
Their delicate wings they softly did fold.

The music grew softer, it died right away;
The fairies danced out, the elves ran away;
A soft breeze was blowing, the stars flickered low;
White petals were falling, softly, like snow.

MARGERY HICKIN (13).

HENRY.

I am Henry, the H.H. pencil. I was born in a "Royal Sovereign" pencil factory. Directly I had been born, I was sent to a place where they made pencil cases, and I was put in a blue pencil case.

Next to me was Brian, a B.B. pencil, also born in my factory. Peggy, the penholder, was of a bright green colour and she was very, very proud of a brass end to herself. The only other friend was Robert, the rubber.

Soon I was sent to a stationer's in the case with all the other friends. I was put in the window and I stayed there quite a long time. I began to lose all hope of being bought and going to a new home, but one day a lady came in and bought the pencil case I was in, and many others. I was very excited and the others in the case were all trying to guess where we should go.

Well, we were carried in a bag to a big school, and for a time we were shut in a dark cupboard. Then the great day came and we were brought out and set on a table in a large garden. It was Sports' Day at this school, and there were many ladies sitting on chairs all round. Someone made a speech, and then I was lifted up and given to a girl called Daisy Brooke.

The next day I was wakened by Robert who said he had looked out of the case and found that we were on a desk. Suddenly I was taken out of the case and Daisy started writing with me. She was writing Latin and she did not know how to spell one word, so she put me in her mouth and chewed me: Oh, how unpleasant it was! Then at last she put me down and I rolled on to a window ledge and soon found I was in the garden.

Stoughton, the gardener, came and picked me up, and with him I have been ever since.

PEGGY FRANELLA (10).

JANE HELPS THE FAIRY.

Jane was feeling very unhappy on this particular morning. The day before she had gone to a party and she was now in quarantine for measles. It was a dreadful nuisance because she had been invited to Angela Brown's birthday party and now she could not go.

As she was walking sadly along the garden path, she met the most lovely little fairy that you ever saw, with a broken wing.

Jane asked her how she had broken her wing.

The fairy told her all about it and that two nasty little boys had trodden on her. Jack, and George, the two little boys, had been pulling up all the nasturtiums at the end of their garden. "And when they saw me, they came and trod on me, so here I am with a broken wing."

Jane felt very sorry for the fairy and asked if she could see what she could do to mend it, so she went indoors and fetched some cotton and a needle and said, "I am going to mend your wing for you." Then she set to work and very soon it was mended.

And after thanking Jane, the fairy flew away.

The next morning when Jane woke up, her Mother found a rash on her and hurried her back to bed.

As soon as Jane's Mother had gone out of the room, Jane saw the lovely fairy again with the Fairy Queen.

"We are going to help you," they said. Then the Fairy Queen waved her magic wand and the rash had gone and so had the measles.

Then they took Jane to a fairy feast and Jane thought it very much better than going to Angela Brown's birthday party.

ANN EVERETT (8).

THE THREE FAIRIES.

Once upon a time there were three fairies, Rose, Snowdrop, and Bluebell. They were dancing in a cup of dew.

It was a lovely summer afternoon and they saw someone looking at them, so they ran away and never came back again.

JOY DEAN (7).

TWINKLETOES.

Once upon a time there was a big fat gnome. He was called Twinkle-toes. He was a cross old gnome, and nobody liked him. So he tried to be a kind gnome and all the fairies and gnomes loved him ever after.

ROSEMARY SPIERS (8)

THE WICKED AUNT.

Once there were three children. Their names were Alan, Pat and Jerry. They had a little girl friend called Joy. They lived at the seaside with a wicked Aunt. One night Joy told them that her Aunt had hired a boat and left it on the sea shore. So they all crept out and got into the boat and rowed away from their wicked Aunt.

JEAN BAKER (8).

ST. GABRIEL'S ALPHABET.

A is for Aidan who took off the cup.
B is for Bede—only just runners up.
C is for Chad—at lessons the best.
D is for Duty—sometimes a test!
E for the Energy which we display.
F for Flower Lane. We see it each day.
G for St. Gabriel's, also for Guides.
H is for Hockey, a game of two sides.
I, Imposition. We don't get a lot.
J for Jumping at which we're quite hot.
K is for Knot, the Guides understand!
L is for Litmus in the lab. near at hand.
M is St. Michael's, our own Parish Church.
N for its Nave, we money must search.
O is for Orchard, it's nearly all gone.
P is for Prep., that's sometimes too long.
Q is for Quotient, "Oh, how many times?"
R for Remainder, Refectory and Rhymes.
S for the Staff. Some wear a brown habit.
T is for Tennis, "Is someone a rabbit?"
U is for Uniform, a light shade of blue.
V is for Vigour, just known to a few.
W for Work. I hope we take pains.
X the X-rays that might find our brains.
Y is for Youth, and its modern attire.
Z for its Zeal, which we greatly admire.

EILEEN LAWS (13).

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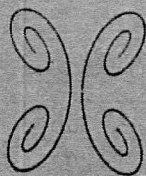
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