

**ST. GABRIEL'S
SCHOOL
MAGAZINE**

SUMMER TERM, 1939

Telephone: Mill Hill 1283.

W H. CULLEN,

*GROCER & PROVISION
MERCHANT*

**46 The Broadway,
Mill Hill, N.W.7.**

A TRIAL ORDER WILL BE
APPECIATED . . .

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

St. Gabriel's School Magazine,

Summer Term, 1939.

In Sodalitate Virtus.

EDITORIAL.

The year has been a series of adventures—adventures which we cannot hope to describe adequately: We may only give an impression of our school year, its very essence cannot be conveyed to those who have not experienced it. To give some account of ourselves we present this, our Magazine.

Our great adventure began with the year. The crisis caused our never-to-be-forgotten exodus to Wantage. 'Wantage.' The name conjures up different pictures to all of us. We remember the delicious excitement of a great, strange house in the dark; our warm cosiness, and the throb of our hearts as a ghost story approached its climax; the shock of wakening in strange rooms, made suddenly taller by the collapse of a lilo; the roar of the dining-room at meal-times, and the corresponding bustle in the kitchen, and finally, the clear, rain-tinged wind upon the downs. All these we remember and much more that can never be told.

From the adventure of Wantage we passed to another—the adventure of the Sale of Work. Here, we remember only excitement—the decoration of the stalls, the Gym full of people. S. Christopher darkened save for the light from the stage, and the delight when we found we had made, not fifty, not seventy-five, but a whole hundred pounds.

From these excitements we passed to the comparative peace of the Easter term—to the singing competition, the Badminton cup, and the furiously contested netball matches.

So we came to the Summer Term, a term not yet over, and with another adventure, School Certificate, looming ahead of us as we go to press. Not so pleasant an adventure this, but, we hope, with as pleasant an ending. But the greatest adventure was the Sports, when miraculously, it did not rain, or even interrupt our morning by a single cloud.

Finally we come to the sad part of our year, we had to say goodbye to Miss Roberts at Christmas, and now we shall have to say goodbye to Miss Mayes and Miss Hemmerde, all of whom have done so much for us, and also to Miss Edington, who has filled Companion Marjorie's place so nobly for the past year. We must also say goodbye to Pamela Dowlen and Doreen Cowper who have been with the School through the adventures of many other years. We wish all of them the very best of luck in the future.

This is the tale of our adventure, the record of our year, a blurred impression of jumbled delights, with underlying hard work. We hope you will enjoy our Magazine, which is not only our account of adventures, but an adventure in itself.

MOLLY ROBINSON.

Each successive year seems to be a memorable year in its own way—the usual activities continue and there are new developments to meet new requirements.

To our great joy, our two Upper Sixth Form girls, Mary Maw and Molly Robinson, were successful in the Entrance Examination (competitive) for Bedford College, London. The Lower Sixth Form girls have spent, we hope, a happy and profitable year, taking English, French, Mathematics, Modern History, Anatomy, with some Typing and Shorthand and also Cooking.

We are going to miss all these girls very much indeed—I should like to pay a special tribute to them for their unfailing loyalty and help, given so willingly and for so many years—in games, in Guides and as Prefects, and last but not least for their cheery laughter at all times! Fortunately, one of them is staying on, so that she will be able to train the new sub-prefects in the way they should go!

The Gymnasium remains a great joy to all—but the debt is a constant anxiety to me. I want to take this opportunity of expressing my very great gratitude to all those parents who worked so hard to make the Sale of Work such a tremendous success, and also to the parent who in the Spring Term sent me a cheque to lighten that burden still more.

Companion Marjorie comes back to us in September, but alas! we lose Companion Margaret, who is going up to the C.J.G.S. School in Lancashire—perhaps only for a term, but perhaps indefinitely. We shall all miss her very much indeed and we hope that she will be able to come and see us from time to time.

We have all welcomed the termly visits of Sister Elspeth, the new Superior of C.J.G.S. and she has certainly made friends with Governors, Parents, Staff and girls—our only complaint is that her week with us goes far too quickly!

As I write this the European situation gives us cause for anxiety, but we all look forward hopefully to meeting here again on September 20th. Should this not be possible the Companion and Staff will meet in Devonshire those girls whose parents have arranged to send them to the temporary boarding school which we shall open there.

LILLA, C.J.G.S.

SCHOOL NEWS.

HEAD GIRLS—Christinas and Easter Terms:

Mary Maw and Molly Robinson.

Summer Term—Molly Robinson.

PREFECTS—Audrey Middlemass, Doreen Cowper, Pamela Dowlen.

GAMES CAPTAINS—Netball: Audrey Middlemass. Hockey and Tennis: Doreen Cowper.

SUCCESES.

Entrance Examination to Bedford College, London.

MARY MAW—Principal subject, French, Subsidiary, Latin.

MOLLY ROBINSON—Principal subject: History, English.

Oxford School Certificate Examination.

BERYL DAIN—Credit in English, History, Latin, French, Mathematics, Biology, Art.

MARY JACKSON—Credit in English, History, French, Mathematics, Biology, Geography, Art.

AUDREY MIDDLEMASS—Credit in English, New Testament, French, Mathematics, Additional Mathematics, Biology.

PAMELA DOWLEN—Credit in English, History, New Testament, French Mathematics, Biology, Geography.

DOREEN COWPER—Credit in New Testament, Mathematics, Additional Mathematics.

PEGGY COOPER—Credit in English, French, Mathematics.

PAMELA DAVY—Credit in English, French.

BERYL DAIN, MARY JACKSON, AUDREY MIDDLEMASS, and PAMELA DOWLEN gained exemption from London Matriculation.

French Concours.

Concours des Lauréats (Préparatoire).

Prix: PEGGY FRANSELLA.

Mention Honorable: MARY COUSINS.

Concours Mensuels:

Prix: PEGGY FRANSELLA (Primaire)

HAZEL BANNER (Primaire).

MARY COUSINS (Primaire).

MARGARET WOOLRYCH (Primaire).

ENGLISH.

Holiday Reading Essays.

The following girls had prizes—

MARGARET CHANT, HAZEL FRY, ELIZABETH BROWN, ANNE VEREKER, PAMELA BAKER, DAPHNE WEBBER.

VALETE.

MARY MAW—Form Upper VI. Came January 1930. Oxford School Certificate with Matriculation exemption 1937. Bedford College Entrance 1939. Sub Prefect 1935. Prefect and Head Girl 1936. First Tennis VI. First Netball VII. Badminton VI. Hockey XI. First Class Guide and Gold Cords.

MOLLY ROBINSON—Form Upper VI. Came April 1934. Oxford School Certificate with Matriculation exemption, 1937. Bedford College Entrance 1939. Sub Prefect 1936. Prefect 1937. Joint Head Girl 1938-9. Editor of School Magazine 1938-9. First Hockey XI. First Class Guide.

DOREEN COWPER—Form VI. Came February 1934. Oxford School Certificate 1938. Sub Prefect 1937. Prefect 1938. First Tennis VI. First Netball VII. First Hockey XI. Badminton VI. Games Captain 1937-9. First Class Guide and Gold Cords.

PAMELA DOWLEN—Form VI. Came September 1932. Oxford School Certificate with Matriculation Exemption, 1938. Sub Prefect 1937. Prefect 1938. First Tennis VI. First Netball VII. First Hockey XI. First Class Guide and Gold Cords.

PEGGY COOPER. Form VI. Came September 1936. Oxford School Certificate. Sub Prefect 1937. First Tennis VI. First Netball VII. First Hockey XI. Badminton VI.

We were very sorry to lose Margery Hickin, Eileen Hill, Eileen Hilborne, Margaret Knight, Mary Prince, during the year; and at the end of the present term we shall also have to say a regretful farewell to Margaret Chant, Jacqueline Collier, Joan Haigh, Mavis Hodges, Mary Maddock from Form Upper V. and to Molly Jarrett from Form Upper IV.

CONFIRMATION. During the year the following girls have been confirmed:—

Mary Jackson, Mavis Hodges, Diana Freer, Betty Jackson, Daphne Dowlen, Betty Cooper, Valerie Brown, Joyce Morley, Mary Read, Jean Burbridge, Lesley Gelli, Marjorie Jackson, Pauline Meakin, Winifred Thompson, Rosemary Young and Elizabeth Seton.

THE BIBLE READING FELLOWSHIP.. Our numbers now are 48 of which 26 are Juniors. We are very grateful to the Rev. N. Walford for his talk in the summer term and we hope he will be able to help us in the future.

CORAL LEAGUE. Meetings were held during the Christmas and Easter terms, when we drew maps, made missionary pictures for the Preparatory children, and knitted squares for

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rugs. The Friday School collections have been well maintained in most Forms, led by Upper III., who have headed the list every term so far. We were so pleased to be able to send £14 : 7 : 6 to U.M.C.A. during the year.

ST. MICHAEL'S DAY. We shall never forget our ninth birthday. We were determined that Hitler should not spoil our Corporate Communion, and the staff and many of the older girls were at church with us in the early morning and sat down to a festival breakfast at school afterwards. But we were much too busy to think of birthday parties on that Thursday. But on October 1st we had them at St. Agnes House, Wantage. We have to thank Mrs. Maw for the splendid cake, which though iceless through force of circumstances, was nevertheless very much enjoyed. We played the usual games after tea. It was extremely kind of Sister Elspeth, Sister Juliet and the Warden to come to our very noisy and crowded tea party.

THE PREFECTS' DANCE. December 19th was the coldest day of the whole winter. All day long we tried to get the Gym warm for the evening dance. When the time came, it was very prettily decorated and fairly warm. But the Prefects and their guests were not daunted and enjoyed every dance—and *also* the supper. Those who looked on, sat as close to the radiators as possible. We were very glad to see Miss Javan again.

RECITALS. This year Miss Hemmerde has continued to give us her very much appreciated recitals, and some of the music pupils have helped her. We have especially enjoyed the performanc which she and Mary Cousins gave of some of the Chopin waltzes this term. We shall all miss her recitals very much.

CONCERTS. In the winter term we went to the Queen's Hall to hear the Tudor Singers, conducted by Cuthbert Bates, and also the Pro Arte String Quartet, which played Beethoven's Quartet No. 13 in B flat. They also played Arnold Basc's Quintet in F minor for harp and strings. We were very intrigued by the harp, which was played by Marie Korchinska.

This term we went to Laffitte's recital at the Wigmore Hall. We enjoyed it all, but especially the Bach Organ Prelude and Fugue in D., and the six Chopin preludes which he played very delightfully.

DANCING DISPLAY.

The dancing display was held on Thursday, March 30th. The four dancing classes gave two performances, one in the afternoon and one in the evening. Each class did exercises

and dances learnt during the year, and then we did the Ballet, "The Princess and the Swineherd," which was originally got up for the Waifs and Strays Bazaar last summer, but owing to the bad weather was not so successful as it might have been, so we decided to do it again for the parents this year. With the help of branches, leaves and flowers, etc, we managed to make the Gym look quite like "out of doors"! and this time it went off very well; the music, composed by Miss Hemmerde, being very much appreciated.

S. AIDAN.

Our shelf this term has been looking very bare. We have lost several of our senior girls during the past year, but in spite of this, everyone works very hard.

Betty Cooper won the junior tennis cup last year, we are hoping that she will keep it again for us this year—good luck Betty!

Unfortunately we lost the singing shield to S. Alban last term.

On Sports Day, everyone worked very hard. Our team leader was away, owing to illness and Margaret Chant and Mavis Hodges came in and filled the breach, and did it very well.

Last term we held the Posture Trophy.

Although this has not been a very successful year for us, everyone has tried her best and we are determined to do better in the coming year.

MARGARET TURNER.

S. ALBAN.

This year we have been quite successful, especially in music, Joan Denoon, Molly Troughton and Julia Jupp won pianoforte prizes, and our choir now holds the coveted singing shield.

In the autumn term we gained the posture trophy, but unfortunately lost it by a fraction of a mark last term. This term, however, we are doing our best to regain it.

Although we have not been very successful at work, two girls have been top of their respective forms. Molly Troughton was top of Upper V. and Joy Dean of the II. form.

For the first time since it was presented we hold the Junior Netball Cup.

We are very sorry indeed to have to say goodbye to Molly Robinson, our head girl and former team leader; but we wish her the very best of luck at Bedford College.

AUDREY MIDDLEMASS.

S. BEDE.

S. Bede has had quite a successful year both in work and sport. Although we are not top in work at the present, many of our members have gained individual distinctions. Pamela Baker has won a book essay prize and been top in her form, while four of our team have gained either a prize or certificate in outside French Exams.

In the Easter Term we won the Badminton Cup, and were runners up for the Singing Shield and Senior Netball Cup.

For the first time since 1933, we were able to carry off the cup on Sports Day, much to the delight of the team, who did their utmost in both individual and team races.

We are very sorry to say goodbye to Mary Maw again, and unfortunately this time it is for good.

DOREEN COWPER.

S. CHAD.

Although we have again been unsuccessful in winning the Sports Cup, taking our usual position of runners-up, we have broken our run of bad luck in Netball, and have succeeded in winning the long-coveted Senior Netball Cup. Let's hope we keep it for a time, now!

In work we have not done so badly. Jean Poole, Daphne Webber, and Helen Stephens were top in their respective forms. So far we are leading in marks for work, but S. Bede is creeping closer, and so are Exams! Hazel Banner and Daphne Webber have both worked hard in the French competitions and have earned their certificates.

We have managed to win the Swimming Cup for three successive years, but we shall have to swim very hard this year if we are to keep it.

Next year, perhaps, if everyone works and plays a little harder, we shall be the proud holders of those cups which we have failed to obtain this year.

PAMELA DOWLEN.

HISTORICAL, LITERARY AND DEBATING
SOCIETY.

We had a very interesting debate in the Christmas term, the subject being "Is co-education beneficial?" It caused an amusing and interesting argument between two girls of the Upper IV who at last had to be ordered to sit down.

We were very sorry to lose Miss Roberts at Christmas. We miss her thrilling ghost stories very much and hope she will be able to turn up for meetings sometimes.

We have had many games and competitions. On one occasion each girl had to quote some lines of Shakespeare, the other members being asked to write down the name of the play from which the quotation came. We were *not* very successful!

At our last meeting we dressed up as famous historical characters and much amusement was caused by Dick Whittington's cat, which would insist on running under the piano. The first places were awarded to Penelope Underhill as Charles I, Joan Perry as Napoleon, and Peggy Fransella as Dick Whittington.

Our annual outing took the form of a visit to Westminster and the Houses of Parliament on June 24th. An account of this will be found on another page. We all felt such an interesting expedition was well worth the tired feet and long journey.

PAMELA DOWLEN (Secretary).

LE CERCLE FRANCAIS

Pendant cette année scolaire le Cercle a continué ses réunions qui ont eu lieu, comme d'habitude, dans la salle de gymnastique.

Cela nous a permis d'organiser les jeux, des charades, et des concours. Les jeux les plus populaires sont toujours ceux qui demandent plus de réflexion et de mouvements que de paroles. La conversation reste toujours une question à l'ordre du jour. On a toujours un peu peur de parler français.

Chaque langue a ses difficultés, et l'on peut se tromper. C'est ainsi qu'on réponse à une question: "*Que fait le petit oiseau?*" pour dire "*he flaps his wings*" l'élève a répondu: "*il bat des coulisses.*"

Ailes—Wings of a bird. *Coulisses*—wings of a theatre.

Nous souhaitons cependant qu'après le voyage à Paris on réalisera mieux l'utilité de bien savoir parler français, et nous espérons que l'année prochaine nous pourrons compter parmi nos membres de brillantes linguistes.

MUSIC CLUB.

Sister Elspeth, the Superior of C.J.G.S. has taken a great interest in our Music this year. She was present at one of our meetings in the Autumn, when there was singing by the Choir, and some of the music pupils played.

The members of the Club have had to exert themselves in the last two terms. Miss Hemmerde suggested to a very nervous member of the Club that she should give a talk on Chopin. The talk was given and was backed up by some lovely playing by Miss Hemmerde and Mary Cousins. At the second meeting we had a great surprise. Molly Troughton and her brother gave a delightful recital, Molly accompanying her brother's songs.

This term Jean Poole gave a very interesting talk on Liszt. Afterwards Miss Hemmerde played and we had a gramophone record of Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2.

(9)

We are all very sorry to say good-bye to Miss Hemmerde, but we hope that our work this year will make it easier to carry on in the future.

EILAN FRASER (Secretary).

5TH MILL HILL (S. GABRIEL'S) GUIDES.

The camp at Branscombe last summer was a great success and we thoroughly enjoyed the scramble up and down the cliffs for bathing, the walks, the games of cricket and the sing-songs in the barn. Unfortunately, owing to the heavy fare, we found ourselves with a debt, but Sports Day proceeds just covered this! We must now begin to save up for the 1940 camp.

We have welcomed many new recruits this year and the Company now numbers 31, divided into 4 patrols.

Kingfisher: P.L. Daphne Dowlen. 2nd Margaret Woolrych.

Swallow: P.L. Mary Cousins. 2nd Elisabeth Brown.

Robin: P.L. Pamela Baker. 2nd Pamela Arter.

Thrush: P.L. Julia Jupp. 2nd Audrey Turner.

We have to congratulate Daphne Dowlen, Jean Poole, Pamela Baker, Margaret Woolrych, Peggy Fransella, Patricia Young and Julia Jupp on gaining their First Class and All Round Cords.

Companion Lilla, who has been Captain since the Company was started, nearly seven years ago, is resigning this year, and Miss Cholmeley, who is coming to take Miss Maye's place and who is an experienced Guider, will be the new Captain.

Miss Way will continue her work as Lieutenant, and we are very much hoping that one of the VI. Form girls may be able to become a Second Lieutenant, such help would be very much valued.

We expect the Company to go forward next year with fresh zeal and enthusiasm.

HOCKEY.

We were only able to play two matches this season, as the weather always behaves badly when we want to play a Hockey match! However, the standard of play is getting much higher, and we still appreciate playing on the Hendon Hockey Club ground.

1ST. HOCKEY XI.

Goalkeeper, P. Young; Right back, M. Hodges; Left back, M. Robinson; Right half, M. Jarret; Centre half, D. Cowper, (Captain); Left half, P. Dowlen; Right wing, E. Fraser, J. Poole; Right inner, B. Cooper; Centre forward, A. Middlemass; Left inner, M. Turner; Left wing, P. Cooper, E. Fraser.

NETBALL.

1ST NETBALL VII.

* Colours

Shooter, P. Dowlen,* M. Maw;* Attack, A. Middlemass* (Captain); Centre attack, E. Hill,* E. Fraser; Centre, D. Cooper;* Centre defence, E. Fraser,* M. Hodges;* Defence, P. Cooper,*,* P. Young; Goal defence, P. Young,* J. Haigh,*

The 1st Netball VII. have again kept up their good standard of play this year, having won 10 matches out of the total of 11. Unfortunately we shall be losing some outstandingly good players next year, and it is to be hoped that those filling their places will make great efforts to maintain the high standard that has been achieved this year.

Those playing for the Junior Netball teams, 14 and under, 11 and under, etc, include: J. Perry, H. Banner, E. Brown, M. Cousins, D. Dowlen, P. Fransella, J. Jupp, M. Woolrych, P. Arter, B. Cooper, A. Turner, B. Bray, V. Duke, H. Fry, P. Underhill, A. Vereker, H. Denoon, B. Ferguson, S. Maddock, P. Sintzenich, P. Harper, B. Jones, A. Randall, R. Spiers, H. Stephens.

The Senior Netball Cup was won by S. Chad and the Junior Netball Cup was won by S. Alban.

GAMES FIXTURE LIST.

October.

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| 13. | 1st Netball VII. v. The Mount 1st VII. | Won 25— 5 |
| 13. | 14 and under Netball VII. v. The Mount 14 and under VII. | Won 25— 3 |

November.

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|-----|---|------------|
| 3. | 1st Netball VII v. Our Lady's Convent 1st VII. | Won 14— 7 |
| 3. | 14 and under Netball VII. v. Our Lady's Convent 14 and under VII. | Lost 10— 9 |
| 10. | 1st Netball VII v. S. Christopher's 1st VII. | Won 29--10 |
| 17. | 1st Netball VII v. Ravensfield 1st VII. | Won 21—10 |
| 17. | 13 and under Netball VII. v. Ravensfield 13 and under VII. | Won 15—12 |
| 19. | 1st Netball VII. v. Southlands 1st VII. | Won 33— 3 |
| 24. | 1st Netball VII, v. Downhurst 1st VII. | Lost 19—21 |
| 24. | 11 and under VII. v. Downhurst 11 and under VII. | Won 19—16 |
| 29. | 1st Hockey XI. v. S. Christopher's 1st XI. | Won. 4— 1 |

December.

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| 3. | 1st Hockey XI v. Convent High School 1st XI. | Scratched |
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February.

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| 4. | 1st Hockey XI. v. Northwood College XI. | Scratched |
| 4. | 1st Netball VII v. Northwood College 1st VII. | Won 26—19 |
| 4. | 14 and under Netball VII v. Northwood College 14 and under VII. ... | Won 25—15 |
| 23. | Junior Netball VII v. Lyonsdown 1st VII. | Won 26—10 |

March

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| 2. | 1st Netball VII v. Downhurst 1st VII. | Won 21—15 |
| 2. | 11 and under Netball VII v. Downhurst 11 and under VII. | Lost 8—15 |
| 8. | 1st Hockey XI. v. King's House School 1st XI. | Won 10—3 |
| 15. | 1st Netball VII v. The Mount 1st VII. | Won 17—14 |
| 15. | 14 and under Netball VII v. The Mount 14 and under VII. | Won 15—10 |
| 16. | 1st Netball VII. v. Ravensfield 1st VII. | Won 15—10 |
| 16. | 13 and under Netball VII v. Ravensfield 13 and under VII. | Lost 12—20 |
| 18. | 1st and 13 and under teams entered for Middlesex Netball Rally. | |
| 23 | 1st Netball VII v. Our Lady's Convent 1st VII. | Scratched |
| 23. | 14 and under Netball VII v. Our Lady's Convent 14 and under VII. ... | Scratched |

April.

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|----|---|-----|
| 1. | 1st and 2nd Netball teams v. Old Girls. | Won |
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TENNIS.

The 1st Tennis VI have had a very good match record this season. Out of a total of 7 matches they have won 5, drawn 2, and lost none.

The Tennis VI was as follows:—

- 1st couple—D. Cowper (Captain), A. Middlemass.
 2nd couple—P. Dowlen, E. Fraser.
 3rd couple—B. Cooper, D. Dowlen.

The Junior couples were:

- J. Perry, M. Cousins.
 P. Fransella, P. Underhill.

The Juniors have shown great keenness in their play this season and there are a number of very promising players amongst them.

SCHOOL TENNIS MATCHES.

June

3.	1st and 2nd Couples v. Southlands, 1st and 2nd couples	Draw	2—2
12.	1st, 2nd and 14 and under couples v. The Mount 1st and 2nd Juniors.	Won	45—14
17.	1st Tennis VI. v. Southlands 1st VI.	Won	65—34
19.	1st Tennis VI v. The Old Girls	Draw	4—4
20.	1st Tennis VI v. S. Christophers 1st VI	Scratched	
22.	1st Tennis VI. and. 13 and under couple v. Downhurst.	Won	83—53
27.	1st Tennis VI v. King's House School 1st VI.	Won	65—34
29.	Junior Tennis VI. v. Lyonsdown 1st VI	Won	58—23
July					
4	1st Tennis VI. v. Ravensfield 1st VI	Won	7—2

BADMINTON.

Although we have not had any outside matches this year there has been quite a lot of play amongst the Seniors, and it is very nice to be able to play Badminton in Games Time, when it is too wet for Netball.

The Inter-team Badminton Cup was won by S. Bede.

SPORTS DAY.

Sports Day, which was held on June 5th this year, was the first fine one we have had for six years. In fact, it was almost too fine, for the sun was so hot that we were all looking like boiled lobsters by the time the last race was over. We began, as usual, with jumping, Class A, which was won by Audrey Middlemass.

One of the most amusing races was the "Tin-on-Back" relay. Each girl had to crawl on all fours balancing an upright tin on her back, and you can well imagine that this is not too easy.

Another amusing race (amusing for the spectators, not for the performers), was the "lobster" race for Class B. This consisted of putting one foot round the other and so attempting to get along.

But the funniest race of all was the staff obstacle, which was arranged by the Sixth Form. The poor Staff had to do impossible sums, crawl under chairs blindfold, suck peas out of basins of water with straws, among other things.

Up to the first interval all the teams were fairly close together in marks. Then St. Bede took the lead and held it. After the final race Superior presented the Cup to the proud captain of St. Bede.

Then followed the cheers, but the loudest of all were those for Mrs. Maw, who had so very kindly given us ices once again. Tea was served to the visitors and when they went home everyone agreed it had been a most enjoyable day.

MARGARET WOOLRYCH.

Upper IV.

THE OLD GIRLS' SOCIETY.

Five years ago we started with just five members. To-day there are twenty-seven of us and we feel that at last the Society is on a firm footing.

As we leave school and decide to join the O.G.S., two alternatives for the privilege of membership are proposed to us. We can either pay £1 for life membership, or 2/6 each year. In either case when we have *paid* (the money is due in by the Summer meeting), we become fullblown members in that we are invited to the three yearly meetings, receive the School Magazine 'gratis' and are able to vote for committee members and give voice to any suggestions for improving or livening up the Society we think fit. After one year we may, ourselves be put up for committee.

Our committee consists of five members. The Treasurer, Secretary and three officers and they remain in office for one year, when they can be re-elected if they—and the voters—wish it. Our present committee consists of:—Secretary, Jean Brooker, Treasurer, Mary Crone, Officers, Phyllis Clarke, Jean Chant, and Ruth Mead.

Our Summer and Winter meetings are the most important. The Winter meeting is a Social affair, but the Summer meeting is an earnest and important business meeting; preceded by a Tennis Match against the present girls and greatly enlightened by a lovely supper with "ice-cream" which the Companions so generously prepare for us. Early in the Spring we have a small meeting, mainly consisting of a carefully selected team of Old'uns who battle against a school Netball VII. and any members who care to come along and watch. The Spring meeting this year enabled the School to give us a thorough beating, but in June, at the Summer meeting, we managed somehow to keep level with them and the final score was a draw—very likely because the darkness came down on our play and eventually sent us groping from the courts.

The date of our Winter meeting has been provisionally fixed for Monday, November 13th, if you will be so sensible as to make a note of the date, but the harassed secretary will be sending you all a reminder before then.

MEMBERS.

Jean Brooker, Phyllis Clarke, Mary Crone, Hazel Walker, Jean Chant, Gwen Medcalf, Ruth Mead, Prunella Hudson, Kathleen Saunders, Peggy Freer, Betty Knight, Betty Hilborne, June Young, Irene Harris, Viola Arter, Dorothy Milton, Muriel Kitchiner, Peggy Wilshire, Pamela Davy, Mary Brailsford, Peggy Cooper, Margery Hickin, Eileen Hill, Eileen Hilborne, Margaret Knight, Mary Prince.

Please write to Jean Brooker, 4 Parkside, at once, if your name is not on this list and you would like to belong to the Society.

EVACUATION

It was a most exciting experience! All my friends at other schools were telling me all about where they were going, when suddenly Companion Lilla told us where we were going. It was to an old school at Wantage which was out of use. And we were bundled off in a hurry. All the parents who owned cars had to take as many children as they could. On the Thursday all the smaller children went and also the prefects (who, I believe, went to help bath the babies). On the Friday all the seniors went.

The first three nights we slept in St. Katherine's. This was the main part of the school, but we only had one part of this, because it was so large. The other house was called St. Agnes, and this belonged to the main school but it was the other side of the road. This was where we had all our meals, school lessons (so called), etc.

But after those few nights we all had to move into St. Agnes, because some clergymen wanted our dormitories in St. Katherine's. I said all, but I did not mean the juniors. They still kept the top storey to themselves. But over in St. Agnes there was a squash! St. Agnes was not a great big place, it was only the size of two normal houses put together. None of the upstairs rooms were exceptionally large and all the rooms were crammed full with beds and mattresses. Of course there were no beds or any bedding there when we arrived. Luckily we had taken bedding and either a mattress or a camp bed with us in case of emergencies.

Then of course we had no maids to wash up or do cooking. So the four prefects who went did all the cooking and Stacey helped with the washing up. We all had to lay and clear the tables, dust and sweep our own classrooms, and make our beds.

Every afternoon we used to have walks—the long and short, for the energetic and lazy. We had some lovely walks. In the evenings sometimes we used to sit in the dark with rugs

and ciderdowns round us and listen to Miss Roberts telling ghost-stories (she tells them very well). Other times we played charades, and yet at other times we went to bed straight away after supper.

On the Sundays we went to church in the morning and then we had a shortened evening service once in the chapel at St. Katherine's and once at St. Michael's (where the Companions come from).

One day during the week we were invited to the Convent of the Community of St. Mary the Virgin. We were shown two beautiful chapels. The grounds were quite extensive and the Sisters showed us their pigs and cows which they kept. They were specially proud of their fine pigs and indeed they were something to be proud of !

When the second Monday came, which was the day we were to go home, I think we were all sorry although we were going home in two bus loads all together. Still, we had a jolly good time on the way home. And also, thanks to the Staff, a jolly good time during the whole visit to Wantage.

MARY COUSINS (Upper IV).

A VISIT TO THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

The outing of the Historical Society this year was to the Houses of Parliament, where we spent a most enjoyable morning, seeing many things in the short time we had. We journeyed up by tube and we got out at Westminster.

It was rather early and so we went to Westminster Abbey, but unfortunately we could not go in as a service was being held. So we walked along Whitehall, past the Cenotaph to Downing Street, where we saw the famous "number ten."

Then we made our way back to the Houses of Parliament or the Palace of Westminster as we were afterwards told. We were met by our Guide who took us into the building and showed us where the King entered on State occasions. Then we went to St. Stephen's Hall, where Parliament used to sit. We all admired the portraits of the late King, and Queen Mary, and of Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort. Next we made our way to the House of Lords and we saw where the King and Queen sat when they opened Parliament, we also saw the Wool Sack, and the Peers' and Peeresses' seats. We walked down many corridors with Historical Pictures on either side, until we came to the House of Commons, where we saw the Speaker's Seat and where Mr. Chamberlain sat, and on which side the Opposition bench was—in fact everything. As we came out we were told to notice the Ayes and Nays lobbys, which we did. After that we went down to the Crypt and into St. Stephen's Chapel, where members of Parliament may be married. When we came out we found we still had some

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spare time, so we went across again to Westminster Abbey, and as there wasn't a service, we went in. Unfortunately we soon had to go home, having spent a delightful morning.

JULIA JUPP. Upper IV.

THE SALE OF WORK.

The sale of work was held on December 16th and 17th to help to pay off the debt on the gymnasium. Lady Frances Tufnell very kindly consented to open it on the Friday, and she was introduced by the Warden of C.J.G.S., the Revd. M. J. Whicker. Miss Mackie opened it on the Saturday.

Unfortunately the first day was wet, and the visitors all arrived with Macintoshes and umbrellas dripping. However, the bright and jolly scene inside the gym. was a pleasing and striking contrast to the gloom and rain outside.

The hall was gaily decorated with paper chains and balloons, and the brilliantly dressed stalls made a lovely splash of colour against the white walls. Each Form was responsible for the running and arranging of a stall, or part of a stall.

The sideshows, which were organised by Miss Way and Molly Robinson, were all a great success; and a continual bubble of laughter was to be heard coming from their corner.

Tea was served at the top end of the gym, and efficient waitresses were in attendance.

For the occasion, St. Christopher was turned into a miniature theatre, and an interesting entertainment was to be seen there. A comedy based on "The Rose and the Ring" was produced by Miss Roberts, and the amusing antics of the performers caused many bursts of laughter from the audience. The next play, which was produced by Miss Codrington, was of a totally different nature, being based upon an incident from "The Tale of Two Cities." This gripped the audience from beginning to end. The show concluded with some delightful musical scenes from Snow White by the juniors, and arranged by Miss Hemmerde.

The whole event was a great success, and the profit of £105 far exceeded even our most sanguine hopes.

D. COWPER.

A. MIDDLEMASS.

OUR PARIS TRIP.

We were fourteen in number, twelve girls and two mistresses. We set off from Victoria on Thursday, May 25th., and our parents and Companion Lilla bade us 'Bon Voyage.' This we had, and we landed at Dieppe after a good crossing and negotiated the Customs with ease. Here we began to speak French, hoping to be able to continue to do so until we left—a vain hope, I am sorry to say! We arrived at Hôtel Stella about

six o'clock; everything had been admirably prepared, and a coach met us at the station. I'm afraid few of us slept that night, for excitement and the noise combined, kept us wide awake.

In the morning, we went to the Eiffel Tower, *via* L'Arc de Triomphe. At the latter we saw the magnificent tomb of the Unknown Warrior, with its everlasting flame. After lunch at a café we went to Les Invalides, which contains Napoleon's tomb. It is a magnificent place, and gives one a 'lost' feeling, not because of its vastness, but because of the awe inspiring grandeur of its style. That night we went to the Opera and saw a Ballet, which was very enjoyable.

After a good night's sleep we went to l'Île de la Cité, on which Paris first stood. There we saw the Conciergerie, which we went over, seeing the dining hall and living room, if such they could be called, of Marie Antoinette and her husband and children when they were captives during the Revolution. It was such a sad place, and we understood the guide well enough to be quite depressed by the information he gave us, one piece being that the Dauphin was made to drink strong wine until he became insane. From there we went to Notre Dame, and then on to the Latin Quarter. This part of Paris can only be described as weird and very Bohemian. There we saw the Panthéon, Jardin and Palais de Luxembourg.

The following day was Sunday; we went to our Communion at the English Church and later to a service at the Madeleine, where we saw M. Lebrun with his daughter and grandchildren. We spent the afternoon at Versailles, and Trianon. The splendour of the former is astounding, the simple beauty of the latter a striking contrast. We also went to the Sacré Cœur, a beautiful church built on a hill commanding a fine view of Paris. That night we hired three taxis and saw 'Paris by night,' it was a thoroughly enjoyable day.

The next day was spent in a visit to the Louvre and Jardins du Tuileries. The former is absolutely magnificent and thoroughly absorbed us all. In the afternoon we bought presents for the unlucky ones at home, and the following day we left gay Paris with heavy hearts and a brave smile. The return crossing was very rough, making many of us ill; we were not sorry to regain *terra firma*!

We owe our thanks to Companion Lilla for permitting us to go, and for organising the trip, and to Miss Codrington and Mademoiselle for their wholehearted support in all our excursions, and for their kindness in accompanying us.

JACQUELINE COLLIER. (Upper V).

A CHRONOMETRICAL AFTERNOON.

"Cathy, do you think you can amuse yourself quietly while I rest?"

"Yes, of course, Mummy," five years old Cathy lifted a pair of innocent blue eyes that protested they never did otherwise.

But she slipped out of the room with an alacrity which indicated she had some scheme on hand. Cathy and her mother were staying with her grandfather, who lived in a small old fashioned town and kept a still smaller and more old fashioned watchmaker's shop.

Having been left to her own devices, Cathy decided to take advantage of the latter's absence to do a little private exploring of the shop downstairs which was really forbidden her. She climbed carefully down the steep narrow stair case whose uncarpeted stairs creaked protestingly with each of Cathy's steps. She speedily arrived outside the green baize door which led into the little shop itself. When opening it Cathy was greeted by the loud ticking of numerous clocks whose round white faces stared down from the shelves on which they were ranged with pale disapproval at the diminutive intruder.

Cathy returned their dispassionate stare with an interest and curiosity not unmixed with mischief. How many there were! Dutch clocks, Swiss clocks, travelling clocks, alarm clocks, a cuckoo clock and a grandfather clock, all were there. Cathy's eyes shone with delighted and mischievous anticipation.

Time flew while childish fingers meddled with chronometers of all descriptions, overwinding several in a mistaken effort to be helpful, ruining a shiny red one in trying to set the alarm and damaging a pretty cuckoo clock beyond repair in her insatiable curiosity to know how it worked. Others she left minus hands or other parts of their machinery. Having tired of this absorbing occupation she remembered a promise of her grandfather to give her a clock for her birthday. A good idea to choose it now, she thought, and bent her curly head over a row of smaller clocks. She picked up a little exquisitely carved ivory one, with a low, sweet chime, to which she listened with delight. As she held it, however, she heard a sound which made her start with horror. Her grandfather's steps at the door! These forbidden precincts were the last place for him to find the youthful explorer. With the clock still in her hand she speedily put the baize door between herself and her grandfather, whose key she now heard turning in the outside lock. She was upstairs before she realised she still was holding the ivory clock and could not return it until the shop

was empty again. Childlike, she forgot that the havoc she had made would soon proclaim the presence of some intruder. She placed it in an inconspicuous place, and when her mother came in, tried to look as though she had been quietly amusing herself. Barely a minute had passed than hurried footsteps were to be heard on the stairs and the door burst open and Cathy's grandfather entered looking harassed and worried.

"I have been robbed," he cried, "they have stolen the French clock!"

"Which clock?" inquired Cathy's mother patiently.

"The valuable one I was repairing for the Count. He will never forgive me! I shall be ruined."

He paced the room distractedly, uttering doubts of the efficiency of the police he had summoned, while a horrible thought entered Cathy's mind. Before she could voice it, there came, low and clear, five short chimes from the half concealed clock.

Her grandfather pounced on it with an astounded expression of blank wonder. Cathy endeavoured to explain, but her grandfather cut her short spluttering angrily.

"Didn't I tell you never to go into the shop? Look what's happened now!" his face purpling as he refused to succumb to the charms of an elfish face trying to look suitably penitent, and Cathy was then and there sentenced to bed without supper.

Just then there was the loud knock of a policeman at the door below. Cathy thought it wise to slip unobtrusively out of the room.

PAMELA BAKER (Upper IV.)

CHEESE DREAMS.

Norah found herself in a large field. Some tall ruins stood a few yards from her. She decided to investigate, so she walked towards them. There was a decaying board with hordes of wood lice crawling over it, on which were inscribed these imposing words, "St. Gabriel's Seminary for Young Ladies." Norah felt interested, so she looked round her. There was a crumbling out-building which she decided to explore first. Inside there was an enormous grand piano with mouth-organs protruding from the keyboard. It was covered with dust and moth eaten clothes.

When she had explored this out-building thoroughly she decided to explore the main building. Up some smouldering stairs she found a small room with an upright piano in it. "Queer place!" she said aloud, "seems to be all pianos." The moss covered floor was strewn with yellowish books, each with this strange word on it "Augener." As she picked up one to examine it she saw a crack in the floor. She peered in and beheld hundreds of pencils! Venus, Royal Sovereign, Redhex and Yellowhex were all there!

There was a clap of thunder! The darkness came suddenly and the clock struck twelve. A voice floated up from the stairs. "I am the ghost of Miss Linguistico," it chanted "mensa, mensam. What do verbs conjugated with *avoir* agree with?" Norah gasped with astonishment and fright. But the darkness receded and when she was in the light once more she forgot her fright. She went down the steps, up which she had come and half way down she went down a little passage which ended in a door with a parchment label "Please Knock." She peeped in, and, not being a certain person whose Christian name begins with P., she was not very interested to find a lock of vivid auburn hair adorning a weatherbeaten typewriter.

She decided to go into the field again. It was rather misty, but she could see vague shapes throwing a ball about and a voice shouting, "Back up down the sides! Back up down the sides!" Norah felt tired and bewildered after all these strange experiences. She sank on the dewy grass and dozed off

When she woke up the alarm was going furiously and she remembered what she had eaten for supper. It spread like butter!

PEGGY FRANSILLA (Upper IV).

HIDDEN TREASURE.

Along a certain dingy street in Lambeth, at a certain hour when all the inhabitants appeared to be on parade, walked a man. There were many others, and to any casual passer-by, all "much of a muchness." But this man was not the usual type found in the poorer parts of London, as he had only recently lost a fair fortune and been forced to take rooms for himself and family in this poor neighbourhood. He was an ardent reader and the moment this story commences his eyes were fixed on the smeary windows of a dingy bookshop filled with still dingier volumes. He saw a book that took his fancy, so he opened a most dilapidated door and walked in.

The shop assistant, or rather the manager, (his difficulty was he had nobody to manage,) greeted him with a grunt. The man, whose name was Mr. Bloomer, took it to mean 'good morning,' so he replied to the same effect.

"Please," said Mr. Bloomer nervously, "but I wonder if you could let me have that book"—he pointed it out—"at a fairly reasonable price." The manager looked very wise as he said with an important air:—

"That one. Now, let me see"—looking Mr. Bloomer up and down—"Well, say a shilling."

"Can't you let it go for less than that?"

"Well, well! let you have it for twopence?"

"Thank you!" said Mr. Bloomer.

He received the ancient book from the shop-keeper, dusted it, tucked it under his threadbare coat, opened the squeaking door and walked once more into the dull street. He walked along the path until he came to one of the public borough seats. He sank into one and opened the volume. As he examined the title page, his eyes lit up. Mr. Bloomer got up, walked round the corner and down another narrow, sooty street. He halted outside a very small shop filled with ancient curios. Hanging over the door was a notice, and on it was faintly visible, "Meek's Antiques."

Mr. Meek was standing in the doorway and hovering uncertainly behind him, was his young assistant, Sally. He was a little man with a pair of spectacles balanced precariously on the end of his nose.

"Good morning. . ."

"I have just bought this book and it struck me as being a rarity. Would you give me an expert opinion on it?" said Mr. Bloomer.

"Certainly, show the gentleman in. I shan't be long, Mr. Bloomer."

Mr. Bloomer sat down in a squeaky chair and anxiously awaited Mr. Meek's verdict. In a few moments he re-entered the shop.

"I can safely tell you, Mr. Bloomer," he said "that this book is worth at least a hundred pounds. It is a first edition and in very good order."

About a month later Mr. Bloomer could have been seen sitting in a small, well kept garden reading. His two children were playing round his feet and his young wife was sitting beside him knitting. In the background was a small but pretty cottage. Mr. Bloomer looked up from his reading and said to his wife: "What a great difference one twopenny book has made to us."

DAPHNE WEBBER (Lower IV.)

THE TERROR OF INGLENOOK FARM.

Bluebell, the donkey, arrived at Inglenook Farm one Saturday evening, in July. As it was late, she was put in a field by herself, and left to her own devices.

Next morning, Farmer Mullins awoke earlier than usual. He was just going to sleep again, when he heard strange gruntings and cluckings coming from beneath the window. He hurriedly jumped out of bed and hung his head out of the window, and—Oh! what did he see?—Five or six pigs crunching his best potatoes, and about two dozen hens rooting up his newly sown lettuces. This wasn't all, oh no! The large farm cart-

horse was munching happily at his carefully tended piece of lawn.

In a great hurry, he dressed, and ran down the stairs. As he opened the door he was confronted by his one and only Jersey cow, placidly pulling the Ivy off the wall. Farmer Mullins hardly ever lost his temper, but to-day he had lost it. He shoed the hens back to the stable yard, then drove the pigs to their sty. Lastly the horse and cow were returned to their respective fields.

Hot and angry he was returning to the farmhouse, when he glanced towards Bluebell's field. The gate was open! There was no need to look twice, for he saw at once that Bluebell was not there. Wondering how she had got out he looked round for her. As he did so, he noticed that the corn in the field next to Bluebell's, was very crushed and broken, and also the gate was open! Then he saw Bluebell, fast asleep in the centre of his corn. This was too much. He woke her, led her back to the stables and locked her in.

By this time, the rest of the household were up and about. Farmer Mullins told them what had happened. They all wondered how the gates had been opened. Later in the day their question was answered, for a letter arrived from Bluebell's former owners, saying they had forgotten to tell Farmer Mullins that Bluebell had one bad habit,—that of opening gates!!

PENELOPE UNDERHILL (Lower IV).

THE GUIDE WHO DIDN'T GO.

It was a sunny Saturday morning. Jean Smith was walking along to her Guides Meeting and she was very thoughtful. When she arrived at the Hall there was a great noise and excitement. Jean looked at the notice-board and saw there, written in large letters:

ON JUNE 17th GUIDES ARE TAKEN TO CAMP FOR 10 DAYS.

Jean thought "No, I'm not going. Daddy can't afford it unless he gets those houses sold.

All the Guides, even her best friends, said "We're going, aren't you?" Poor Jean said "No, I'm not going. Sorry."

The day before the Guides were going to camp Jean thought it would be nice to go in the fields and plan a house. She could take some sandwiches and have her dinner there.

That day it was wet on the roads. As Jean neared the fields she heard a car coming round the corner and looked round. Suddenly the car skidded right over on to the grassy bank at the other side. Jean rushed to see what had happened. The driver was lying on the ground. She said "Are

you hurt?" The man answered "I think so, my leg seems painful." But with Jean's help he managed to stand, but could not walk. He looked round and said "You see that brown paper packet over there?" pointing to it. "Well, will you be kind enough to take it to the Town Hall? It is full of drawings and there is a competition on. When you get there ask the porter if you can speak to Mr. Harrow. . . You must give him these and say that they are from me, I'm Mr. Horley. He'll know what they are."

"Yes," said Jean, "I will."

"Please be quick, they have to be there by three o'clock," said Mr. Horley. "I'll get somone to help me over to that little tea shop. Come back, won't you?"

"I'll come back as soon as I can. Good bye," said Jean. She rushed down the hill as fast as her legs would carry her. When she arrived at the town there were crowds in it as it was market day and she could not get through very quickly. At last she arrived at the Town Hall and asked the porter if she could speak to Mr. Harrow.

Jean waited and soon he came. She said, rather out of breath, "These are the drawings from the architect Mr. Horley. I was told to give them to you. He has had a car accident."

"You are just in time" said Mr. Harrow, "I hope he is all right. Is he badly hurt?"

"I think he has sprained his ankle."

Jean ran back to the tea house and found Mr. Horley lying on a sofa.

"Hallo, are they there?" he asked happily.

"Yes, they are there all right," said Jean. She sat down beside him. They started talking about architecture and Jean was very interested. She told Mr. Horley that her father built the houses that no one was buying and how poor they were getting.

"Very well built houses too," said Mr. Horley cheerily. "We want a new Town Hall, the other one is too small. He may build it. Wouldn't that be nice?"

Mr Horley told Jean what the competition was for; it was for the best design for the new Town Hall. Next day the results were in the papers and placards were out about it. Mr. Horley had won it.

When Jean came home from school next day there was great excitement in the house. Her father had been asked by the Mayor to build the new Town Hall and Jean had been sent five pounds by Mr. Horley for helping him so nicely.

At the next Guides Meeting Jean said to her friends "I'm coming to camp next time."

HEATHER DENOON (Upper III.)

HOSPITALITY.

It was a dark wintry night. The wind whistled round the cottage and howled down the chimney till John Wills, drawing his chair nearer the fire, laid down his book to listen to it. Louder than even the wind came the sound of breakers crashing on the beach below.

"It's a night fit neither for man nor beast," said John to himself.

At that very minute, through the noise of the elements he heard a thundering knock at the door.

Slowly he rose and opened it. There, standing in the rain was a queer little man, dressed in what appeared to be a cloak, much bedraggled with the rain. For a moment John Wills stood and stared, and then he saw a very thin terrier dog at the man's heels.

It was the dwarf who spoke first. "Can you give me a bit of bread and a sup of tea, mister, please? It's such a night," he said in a very weak voice.

"Yes, come in stranger, and who be you?"

"Never you mind, my good man, be you quick with the tea and bread."

Then John showed the dwarf into his small sitting room and lit a candle, then hurried off for the tea. In a few minutes he came back with tea, cheese, and bread. He set the table with knife and fork, and set down the dishes.

"Who are you, little man?" he said, after the stranger had eaten, and he offered him a pipe and tobacco.

"I've told you once that I'm not going to tell you," said the stranger and went on puffing at his pipe.

None spoke for some long time, they just sat looking at each other.

The dog was under the table eating a few bones which John had kindly given him.

At last ten o'clock struck and John then asked the stranger "Excuse me, sir, would you be staying the night?"

Yes, if there's plenty of room," he growled.

"Yes, there's plenty of room," said John. "This way."

So saying he led the stranger to the little bedroom where he always slept and bade the stranger good night. He himself went into the room next door, where he slept for the first time since his wife's death.

Morning came. It was still very windy, and pouring with rain.

John got up at six o'clock and lit the fire down stairs, laid breakfast, dusted the room and when he had done all, he called to the stranger that breakfast was ready. John waited

half an hour, and still the stranger didn't come. So up the creaking stairs he went and knocked at the door of the room where the stranger had slept. No answer. Again he knocked but again no answer. At last he went in. What a sight met his eyes! No stranger was there. But there was something else. The room was full of glittering coins. John went over to them and saw a little note which read:—

"With love and best wishes from Peter Puck, and thank you for your kindness."

John was so surprised he just stared, then he took up the coins and locked them in a great oak chest.

John was rich for ever after, and he was very glad he had been hospitable.

SHEILA LANE (Lower III.)

THE LONDON ZOO.

One day we went to the London Zoo,
We saw the elephant and the gnu,
The leopard with his spotted coat,
The hippo and the mountain goat.

The baby panda was ever so sweet,
He was hardly able to stand on his feet,
He wobbled around as well as he could,
But could not get out, try as he would.

The rhinoceros had his daily dip,
The kangaroo gave, oh! such a skip,
The lion had just had a new baby cub,
The keeper was washing it in a small tub.

JOY DEAN (II.)

A CREEPY STORY.

Once upon a time Eileen and Bob were going to move into a new house for the first time in their lives. Well, at last the great day came, and they were both very excited. They were more thrilled than ever when they got inside the door. They kept running about and going behind the door, and boomed to their mother and father to frighten them. At seven they went to bed, and mother told them to go upstairs to the bathroom. They went upstairs quite fearlessly,. Suddenly they heard a shuffling of feet and saw two peculiar shapes, and ran downstairs and fell into their father's arms. And he asked what was the hurry, and they both told their father about the two ghosts. Then father went up with them, and again they saw the two ghosts and Eileen was just about to run downstairs again, when father

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grabbed her arm and said: "They are not ghosts, they are two white owls. But I do not know what the scuffling of feet is."

Tuesday night, when daddy went up with them, he saw two lizards scuttle across the staircarpet. Well, then they knew what the two ghosts were. The four animals were quite tame and later there were babies as well.

VIVIAN JENNER (I.)

BUTTERFLY SYLVIA.

Once upon a time there was a butterfly called Sylvia. She was asked to a party. She had lovely wings: they were red, yellow, blue and green. There was another butterfly named Sonia, who had white wings. Sonia admired Sylvia's wings so much that she asked where she lived. Sylvia said: "I live at Pink Rose Bush."

Next night Sonia went to Sylvia's house and took her wings and left her own behind. Next morning, when Sylvia woke, she was very cross when she saw her wings had gone. She went to Sonia's house and asked for her wings.

Sonia said: "Yes! you may have yours back if you will tell me how I can get a better pair."

So Sonia gave back the wings and Sylvia told her to go to the Fairy Queen. Sonia went to the Fairy Queen who gave her a new pair, and both butterflies lived happily together ever after.

ROSALIND ALLEN.
(Upper Preparatory).

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