

EDITORIAL.

We beg to state we think the Magazine should be pictorial,
A picture of the Editors, instead of Editorial?
M. Wilson in the foreground, with expression dictatorial,
While Ingrid fills the background, in an attitude armorial.

But this is just an empty dream, and with grimaces various,
We grapple with the horrid task. We do not feel hilarious.
It looks as though we'll have to have resort to means nefarious
To get this done. Our hold upon this post feels most precarious.

We hope that now, towards us two, you don't feel acrimonious,
Because we're unconventional, and so unceremonious
As not to write the proper things in numbers quite harmonious.
But please—the Magazine is cheap, so don't be parsimonious.

MARY WILSON.
INGRID NYSTROM.

1935-36.

The School owes very much to the wise planning and steady encouragement of Mr. W. F. C. Anderson, for many years Secretary of Education to Berkshire County Council, who died this year.

During the School year Ingrid Nyström won a Distinction in English in School Certificate, the first we have had for some years, and the last we shall have, since Distinctions and Honours have now been abolished. Margaret Beams has been accepted at Gipsy Hill Training College, and Faith Tucker at Chelsea Physical Training College, and both start training in September.

The number of girls in the School has been between 80 and 90 all this year, and seems likely to increase. In September we are to have an extra full-time member of staff, but we say good-bye with real regret to Miss Reed, Miss Nobbs, and Miss Foers.

We are most grateful for the following presents which have been given to the School. Photograph of Mr. Anderson, given by Mr. Kearsey. Picture by Van Gogh as a Speech Contest Trophy, given by Miss Williams. Form Netball Cup by Miss James. Books for the Library, Mr. Allen Stevens, Mrs. Hamilton, Mrs. Perman.

ANSTACE H. MOORE.

REFLECTIONS.

There are mountains all round me; mountains covered with thick pines, which gradually give way to bleak grassland and then to sheer rugged rock. The sun is slowly rising on the left, a big red ball of flame, taking the curling clouds with it on its journey heavenwards. Away in the far distance the snow-covered peaks of the Bernese Alps are visible.

The lake of Brienz stretches away before me till it is swallowed up by the mountains. The water is even bluer than the sky. Several little fishing boats, their sails flapping in the light breeze, are making their way homewards after a night out on the calm waters. A shrill whistle breaks the silence, and through a tunnel in the rocks the quaint mountain train leaves the darkness, and slowly crawls down to the tiny station below.

From my balcony I also have a good view of the town and the little Swiss chalets with their many coloured roofs and shutters, their whitewashed walls, and gardens full of sweet-smelling flowers. On my right is the ancient Catholic Church; the bell is tolling to call the worshippers to Mass.

The beauty of the town is not marred by traffic signals and Belisha Beacons. A boy on a bicycle, with a basket on his back containing new rolls of bread, goes whistling down the road. Over the way, a fair, rosy-faced girl in a red dress and white pinafore, is hanging the washing out to dry. She nods to two little children who are on their way to school, and calls out to them "Guten Morgen."

My eye travels back to the mountains. The sun is now shining on the many cascades of the Griesbach Falls; the water comes rushing and tumbling over the rocks, until it reaches the lake, sending up a great cloud of spray. Down the valley wanders a herd of cows, the faint tinkle of their bells comes to me as they draw nearer.

As the last clouds roll away, the glistening snows, and the mighty glaciers of the Queen of the Oberland become visible in the distance.

"—I have seen the soaring Jungfrau rear
Her never-trodden snow, and seen the hoar
Glaciers of bleak Mont Blanc."

Interlaken, Summer, 1935.

M. WILSON, VI.

LEISURE.

- 7.30 a.m. Wake up.
 7.31 a.m. Read English, French or History.
 8.0 a.m. Get up.
 8.15 a.m. Have breakfast.
 8.35 a.m. Go to school, muttering selections from Wordsworth.
 8.50 a.m. Light VI. Form Fire.
 8.55 a.m. Dust form room, mutterings continued.
 9.3 a.m. Prayers.
 9.15 a.m. Lessons.
 10.45 a.m. Break; make out hockey list, do break duty.
 11.0 a.m. Lessons (cont.).
 12.30 p.m. Finish hockey list.
 12.40 p.m. Go home, thinking out facts for history time questions.
 12.50 p.m. Write them down to make them stick.
 1.0 p.m. Dinner.
 1.10 p.m. Return to school in great haste, suffering from violent indigestion.
 1.20 p.m. Play in netball practice.
 1.45 p.m. Rush round collecting people, balls, bands, pads, sticks.
 1.46 p.m. Dash to hockey.
 2.30 p.m. Study period.
 4.0 p.m. Order 'buses, find out 'phone numbers.
 4.5 p.m. Get prep.
 4.15 p.m. Tidy form room, quoting Chateaubriand to myself.
 4.22 p.m. Rake out fire, scorching hands.
 4.25 p.m. Confiscate.
 4.35 p.m. Go home, composing French speech.
 4.45 p.m. Start prep.
 5 p.m. Have tea.
 5.30 p.m. Continue prep.
 8 p.m. Supper.
 8.10 p.m. More prep.
 11 p.m. Retire to bed.
 11.10 p.m. Learn English or French.
 11.30 p.m. Fall asleep—book in hand—exhausted.
 11.30 p.m.—7.30 a.m. My leisure hours; this time is all my own—on Friday, Saturday, Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday.
 On Thursday.—Am chased all night by dreadful dragons and ogres, strangely familiar, followed by crowds of belegged school editions, charts, maps of India and Russia, all about to tear me up for not having done my homework.
 7.31 a.m. As above.

FAITH TUCKER, VIa.

SHADOWS.

" . . . when shadows fall and the cypress stands upright,
 Distinct in the cool light."

The shadows of evening are beautiful in themselves, and enhance the beauty of all which they image. It is the shadows in the flowers that show us how lovely their petals are, and the shadows of the trees on the grass that remind us how fine the trees are. The rainbow casts its shadow upon the clouds and illuminates them with its radiance.

All shadows are themselves lovely. Who is not delighted by the shadows of the flickering firelight on the ceiling, and who will not stand in silent admiration of the black lacy shadows cast on a path by criss-cross branches, when the moon is shining on the tree, or of the shadow of a graceful dancer thrown on a curtain?

But though so mysteriously beautiful, shadows are often grotesque and frightening, the bogies that frighten small children after dark. There is something very sinister about a huge, black patch of shadow at the corner of a deserted street, for who knows what lurking devils are hidden there, or what malefactors wait there, with evil in their hearts? So it seems to the very young, and to many grown-ups too, and the great black shadows lie like nightmares on some of us all our lives.

It seems odd that strong, healthy people, who have passed the foolishness of youth, should be afraid of a mere shadow, a thing with no substance or reality. But, after consideration, we see how reasonable and natural it is that people should fear and dislike shadows, for they remind us of death, which creeps inevitably upon us, which takes us from the world of men into a land of shadows, transforms us into shadows ourselves, and condemns us to float forever in formless space. And yet, perhaps, Death is not quite like that, for we are told that this life is but a shadow of the Hereafter.

Though they may have frightening and unpleasant associations, shadows are sometimes taken as symbols of security and protection. The Bible tells us that God will shelter us under His wings which is the same as saying He will cast a protective shadow over and around us. Many primitive races also hold this belief, especially the Zulus; if the shadow of someone they fear, or love and reverence, falls on an enemy or evil-doer, none will afterwards harm him.

Shadows are our second selves, the mirrors of our actions, the counterparts of every created thing, and more beautiful than fine sculpture. They almost induce us to believe in fairies, for in such homes there would surely be such things. Shadows, of all nature's phenomena, are the most fascinating.

INGRID NYSTROM, VIa.

NIGHT.

When darkness has come over the Western Sea,
 And the world has been wrapped in sleep,
 Night comes as a soft, soft sigh out of the deep.
 I lie awake, while others with sleep are blest,
 Looking into the mysterious darkness,
 Pondering on the great silence and stillness
 Until night's carresses bid me rest.

C. HAWKEN, Va.

STAMPS.

Perhaps to some people this may only be reminiscent of the nasty "taste" on the back of postage stamps. Others may be reminded of grey-haired professors who haunt auction rooms hoping to pick up a good collection of stamps, or peer through magnifying glasses trying to identify a stamp to find its value. But stamp-collecting has a very different meaning. It is an interesting hobby, and there is no end to it. Collections of stamps are handed down from generation to generation, and the small boy who "swaps" sweets for stamps is probably following in his father's footsteps.

If you are lucky enough to have friends abroad, and to know people who have foreign correspondents, then you can soon begin a collection of stamps. Unused stamps are always thought more of, but they are harder to obtain. Foreign stamps seem very gay and unusual when placed beside our rather ordinary postage stamps. 1935 was a great year for stamp collectors. Silver Jubilee commemoration stamps were issued by the Dominions as well as England. Stamps were also issued to mark the opening of the Brussels Exhibition, and the maiden voyage of the Normandie. Air mail stamps make interesting new issues; they often bear the picture of an aeroplane. One air mail stamp which does not is the Siamese, which bears a strange picture of a creature, half man and half bird, flying with wings outstretched.

The Australian Jubilee stamp bears a fine picture of the late King George V. on a charger. Indian stamps bear the King's head, and pictures of national interest, such as the Taj Mahal. Straits Settlements have commemoration stamps of the King's head and a picture of Windsor Castle, with the flag flying proudly at full-mast.

Many republics issue stamps showing pictures of their past presidents. America has stamps of President Washington, and President Garfield, while some German stamps bear a portrait of President von Hindenburg. France issued a stamp showing Cardinal Richelieu, who has a very supercilious air. Kings of many countries are also portrayed on stamps, and some look very fine and proud. The Brussels Exhibition stamp shows the picture of a New York "skyscraper," and the Normandie stamp is of a very beautiful ship, riding proudly through the waves. Stamps often bear pictures typical of their country. Some Egyptian stamps bear camels, and a stamp from Ceylon has a picture of a coolie tapping a tree for rubber.

Amateur philatelists may only see a few of the most beautiful stamps, but a more beautiful one could not be found than that of the late Queen Astrid. If this is the most beautiful stamp, the most valuable is the Mauritius stamp, and perhaps the strangest, the triangular Cape of Good Hope stamp. Stamp collecting is a very interesting hobby; perhaps you would never realise that such queer things are stuck on letters.

JOYCE BROWN, VA.

THE BEST HOUR OF THE DAY.

I think that the best hour of the day is the time when one goes to bed.

It is very pleasant, on a summer's evening, to sit by the window between half-past nine and ten o'clock and watch the evening shadows gradually envelope the trees and fields in misty blackness. It is surprising how warm and often airless the atmosphere seems. There is not a breath of wind to rustle the leaves, and the only sounds to break the silence are the occasional rumbling of a train or the drone of some car which casts the rays from its lamps across the field towards my window.

Sometimes the sudden hoot of a startled owl, the howling of a cow, or the squeak of a flitting bat, disturb the quietness.

The sky glitters with a million twinkling stars and the moon,
"walks the night in her silver shoon,
This way and that she peers, and sees
Silver fruit upon silver trees."

On the western horizon lingers the pink glow of the sunset, the last sign of the fading day-light.

As I sit by my window, watching the wonders of the sky and landscape, I like to recall the day's occurrences, and to smile at the foolish ordinary things that had passed my notice at the time of happening. In this state of semi-consciousness I like to dream idly on until the moon has climbed the skies, and the dew moistens the grasses, and a low white mist shrouds the earth.

Then, half-dazed with sleep, I creep into my bed, and fall asleep, to be awakened only by the morning sun and chattering birds.

JUNE COLLEDGE, VA.

A DREAM AFTER VISITING THE BRISTOL ZOO.

I dreamed I saw a pig with wings
And many other funny things,
Cats with rabbits' tails and legs,
Bright green hens which laid red eggs,
Little mice who ate razor blades,
A golden eagle which walked on spades,
Purple elephants, zebras blue,
Bats bright red and pink ones too,
Sandy crows, and pale pink rooks,
Monkeys which had quite good looks,
Fishes walking on dry land,
Horses running hand in hand,
And after seeing an orange pup,
Would you believe it? I woke up.

J. MILLER, Va.

ON GOING TO THE THEATRE.

Going to the theatre is a very pleasant thing, and we generally get very excited about it. Often the plans for our going are made about a fortnight beforehand and that means a fortnight of anxious waiting in case anything should happen to hinder the expedition. When the right time arrives we begin getting ready hours before we need to, and there is generally a quarrel about the clothes we shall wear. We want to put on our best ones and mother doesn't agree.

So we arrive at last, a trifle disgruntled, at the garage door and jump into the car. We feel terribly anxious as for the fifth time father puts his foot on the self-starter and the car will not go. But at last she does go, and we draw up outside the theatre in plenty of time.

In our eyes there never was such a magnificent place. We get out of the car in a terrible hurry and then we discover to our great disappointment that we have to wait because father, who has gone to put the car up, has the tickets in his pocket.

After what seems hours, he comes back, and in a few moments we really are in our seats, eagerly craning forward and longing for the curtain to go up.

Two very tall men walk along the row in front of us and we hold our breath as they stop right in front of us and, yes, they are sitting down. Our breath comes out in a long moan. What are we going to do now? We can't see a thing. But the orchestra begins to play and in the excitement of watching the curtain go up we forget all about the two men in front of us, and contrive to see somehow.

Every time the curtain goes down we look at each other, and the glance plainly says, "Do you think it is the interval yet?" When the dreaded interval does come it is not so bad and we enjoy it, and forget all about it meaning that half the play is over. We buy ices and sit licking our spoons and arguing about some old lady or gentleman in front of us, until the lights go out.

There are some dances in the play and these fascinate us, but whenever anyone begins to sing we resume our argument about the old lady in front. Then it is the end and when the players come on to take the curtain the thought that it is over makes us almost too disappointed to clap. We walk out from the theatre in a dazed sort of fashion and up the street to the garage, blinking all the way. But when we are in the car we begin to talk again; we discuss the play from all angles, and have long arguments about the girl we thought the prettiest.

But the worst part of going to the theatre is getting home. I have to jump out and open the garage doors, and then we stumble up the steps and indoors to bed.

GWEN HAWKEN, Va.

CYCLING TO SCHOOL.

In the distance the White Horse Hills are seen,
With their wooded slopes and pastures green,
Dappled so richly with sun and shade,
Now purple, then golden, a fairy glade.

A budded hedge with massed black-thorn,
Its beauty enhanced by a sky of storm.
The mellow notes of a piping blackbird,
Hushed, hidden, when intruders are heard.

Acres of ploughed land and fresh up-turned furrows,
Scantly-clad larches, slim, in a row,
A glimpse of the towering, wind-swept "Folly,"
As I rush through the morning breeze to school.

N. NEWPORT, IVA.

A CONVERSATION BETWEEN A LEFT AND A RIGHT HAND OF THE SAME PERSON.

Right Hand: Help me to lift this bucket you lazy old thing; you do not do half so much work as I do.

Left Hand: I was just going to, I am not lazy.

Right Hand: I am so pleased that our owner is going to school, we shall meet lots of other hands there.

Left Hand: I am not, there will be a lot more work for me to do.

Right Hand: I like doing work, perhaps the Mistress will say I do nice writing, and I shall have lots of fun with the other hands.

Left Hand: I hope Joan plays tennis at school, then I can hold the balls for her while you do all the work.

Right Hand: So do I, it is great fun hitting the balls with a racquet. I hope she learns to swim too.

Left Hand: Yes. I love pushing the water back, and splashing other hands.

Right Hand: Joan would be able to swim if the legs would keep time with us and do more work.

Left Hand: Yesterday Nancy's hands told me Nancy was going to school.

Right Hand: Hurrah! what fun we shall have together.

Left Hand: We shall be eleven years old to-morrow. I feel quite grown up.

Right Hand: We are still children, but we are growing up as we are going to school instead of having a governess.

Left Hand: I hope Joan has a birthday cake. I love lighting the candles.

Right Hand: I would rather help to ice the cake.

Left Hand: Do you like Joan's brother John?

Right Hand: No, he sometimes hits me with a stick.

Left Hand: Oh dear! I have to carry these books, what a nuisance!

Right Hand: I will carry them for you. Goodbye.

Left Hand: Goodbye.

M. AUSTIN, IVA.

A SCHOOL ALPHABET.

A is for Algebra, learnt at school.

B's for Biology, skipped as a rule.

C is for Common Sense, not always used.

D is for Dinner, never refused.

E is for Elegance, when some do run.

F is for Fidgeting, also Fun.

G is for Giggling, common in class.

H is for Holidays, that soon do pass.

I's for Intelligent, that some do seem.

J is for Joke that makes most of us beam.

K is for Knowledge, quite easily shown.

L is for Latin, done with a groan.

M's for Mathematics, brain-wracking stuff.

N is for Nonsense, we make quite enough.

O is for Omnibus, which brings us here.

P is for Physics, which sometimes seem queer.

Q is for Questions asked each day.

R's for Response, given after delay.

S is for Shuffling of feet on the floor.

T is for Tickling, which makes us roar.

U is for Uniform that we all wear.

V is for Verbs, for which we don't care.

W's for Way, by which we go home.

X stands for ten in the figures of Rome.

Y is for Yarrow, white as a rule.

Z's for Zoology, taught at school.

J. MATTHEWS, IVA.

A VISIT TO NORWICH CASTLE.

In August last year my mother and father, a school friend and myself visited the castle at Norwich.

The castle, which is now a museum, stands on a steep hill overlooking the largest cattle market in England. The castle moat is now dry and in place of the water with which the castle was once surrounded there are now many beautiful terraces and gardens. The castle itself is square and is built of huge blocks of stone.

The great hall is a large, pillared structure, with an oaken, carved gallery running nearly all round it. From the beamed roof hang numerous flags and banners, some of which are so old that nets have been used to prevent them completely falling to pieces. In the great hall are several rooms partitioned off from the rest of the hall. In one, the walls are completely covered with beautiful tapestry, while another is arranged as an Early Victorian drawing room. In this same hall are many specimens of rare china, Prehistoric, Saxon and Norman weapons and early firearms, together with many delightful models, the most striking of which is a complete model of the city of Norwich and the surrounding country.

We went up on to the battlements from where we had a very fine view of the city. We could see the Guildhall, the cattle market, the fruit market, many noted factories and the famous Cathedral.

Then we left the battlements and went down a hundred very narrow, steep stone steps to the dungeons. These were very interesting, as they contained specimens of almost every instrument of torture that was used on the prisoners of the Mediaeval age. Here also we saw the first bicycles and the city's first fire engine. Then our guide took us into the actual cells where the prisoners were confined. They were absolutely dark and bare, and on the walls are still the chains to which the prisoners were secured. Altogether these chambers were so unpleasant that we were not sorry when we again entered the great hall.

Norwich Castle is one of the oldest in England, and one of the most interesting. It is now used solely as a museum and an art gallery, to which in the course of a year many people flock to see the treasures of long ago.

DORIS ROBERTSON, IVa.

AFTER AN ATTEMPT TO WRITE FOR THE SCHOOL MAGAZINE.

I've tried to write a poem,
I've tried to write a play,
I've tried to be an authoress
By candle light and day,
So alas! and stack!
For the School Magazine,
I'd like to burn it up
With a can of gasoline.

EILEEN WOODHOUSE, IVa.

HAVE YOU SEEN?

Have you ever seen a rainbow?
Glittering in the sky,
Arched above the houses
As the clouds roll by?

Have you ever seen a leafy pool
Rippling in the breeze?
Or wandered in an orchard
With blossom on the trees?

Have you ever seen a kitten
Playing with a leaf?
Or poppies midst the golden corn
Ripening in the sheaf?

MONICA HUGHES, IVa.

A RIDE ON THE BACK OF A WHALE.

I am a mermaid, and I live in the blue sea with my six sisters. Our father and mother are the king and queen of the sea.

One day I complained to my father and said, "Father, there is not enough amusement in your kingdom. I would like other play-things." My father at once called all the animals in the sea together, and tried to suggest some sort of amusement for me. To every offer I said "No," until at last a whale said he would take me for rides round the ocean on his back. I was very delighted and accepted the offer at once.

I jumped on his back and away we went, swimming through the blue ocean. He swam to the shore and hid behind some great rocks. There we had a splendid view of what was going on at the seaside. Lots of children were making sandcastles and some were paddling and swimming. One girl came round the rock where we were hidden and she ran away screaming with delight. The whale was frightened, so he dived into the water and away we went once more.

He twisted and leapt and plunged, and I had such fun. We went for miles and miles, and when it was beginning to grow dark, I said we had better go home. He turned and whirled me home through the bright blue water.

MARY FARMER, IVa.

THE SNOW.

Girls and boys come out to play,
The snow is on the ground today.
We will surely have some fun.
A snowball fight with everyone.
You can make a snowman fat
And put on him your father's hat.
You can skate, and you can slide,
And you can have a toboggan ride.
Girls and boys come out to play,
The snow is on the ground today.

NANCY WILSON, IVa.

SANDY.

I've got a dog whose name is Sandy,
His nose is straight, his legs are bandy,
And when he begs for sugar lumps,
His tail upon the floor he bumps.

He carries walking-sticks and gamps,
And barks at beggar-folk and tramps,
So, as a pet, he's very handy.
How I love my little Sandy.

P. GANTLETT, III.

SING A SONG OF SWIMMING.

Sing a song of swimming
In the month of May,
Oh! the sea is brimming
On this sunny day.

I've seen a lot of seaweed,
A crab has nipped my toe,
Soon it will be dinner-time
So out I'll have to go.

M. NOBBS, III.

THE T SHOP.

Here neatly set upon shelves you may see
All sorts of things that begin with a T;
Terrible tom-cats that scratch in the night,
Stuffed donkeys' tails that are filled very tight;
Tea-cups and turkeys and trains with their tunnels,
Toy-tigers, trucks, and boats with their funnels.
Think how well you could tease a person
Who was rather afraid of anything fearsome.

B. MORTON, III.

THREE LITTLE PIGS.

Three little pigs,
Three little pigs,
Three crooked legs,
Three crooked legs,
Out of the orchard hedge they ran,
Skipping and hopping into the van,
Three little pigs.

J. WHITFIELD, II REMOVE.

MY TREE.

My tree it is a willow,
It is a lovely one,
It hangs its branches to the ground,
And shades me from the sun.

Oh, my willow is so lovely,
And graceful you may see,
And it's growing always bigger,
Oh, my weeping willow tree!

HELEN GANTLETT, II REMOVE.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF INDIA.

Rattle, rattle, shake, bump—stop! Clatter, yell, spit, clang—start! Repeat for thirty-eight hours, sprinkle well with dust, and you have some idea of the train journey from Bombay to Kathgodam. After a few hours of this I began to sympathise with those who wax poetic about "Our England." I tried to sleep, and dream of England's orderly railways and helpful porters, but was only conscious of noise and dirt. I tried opening one eye, but was disappointed that India could show absolutely nothing but dried-up yellow plains. Our only relief was in pacing the numerous blistering-hot stations where we stopped. Here the entire population seemed to congregate to sit, squabble, chew and spit, the latter being performed with a concoction called betel nut.

At last the plain came to a sudden stop at Kathgodam where we were faced with towering hills. They looked a formidable barrier but a wonderful road winds up and up, with always a steep precipice on one side and great cliffs on the other. We were driven the twenty miles with a rise of 7,000 feet in an hour, the air getting clearer and cooler till we reached Naini Tal.

If you can imagine the Lake District about three times enlarged all ways you have some idea of the grandeur of Naini Tal. The mountains rise sheer from the lake and are dotted with trees, willows and bamboos at the bottom, evergreen oaks and ash, and then species of larches higher up.

At either end of the lake are native markets where you go and barter, if you have the courage and can bear the smell! A coolie is hired to carry your wares in a basket on his head. The shopkeepers are very kindly and all you have to do is to attach the appropriate English word to the Hindustani for either "stop," "go," "bring," "take," or "enough." It is impossible to describe the native dress as no two are alike. Some wear caps, some turbans, some English coats, some just shirts and rags and tight white breeches. The women are gay in their brightly coloured saris.

Round the sides of the lake, which is a mile long, are dotted the European houses, big shops, schools and official buildings. There is a Hindu temple where bells are constantly rung because the natives think that the goddess, Naini, will be angry otherwise, and will cause one hill to fall into the lake, Tal. At another point a rock is painted red, and here, too, bells are rung. It seems that a man in escaping from the police jumped from there and was drowned and now Naini demands, and seems to get, one life a year. So if you fall out of your boat no native will rescue you. "It is the will of Naini."

PHYLLIS M. JAMES.

PRIZE GIVING, 1935.

The Prize Giving was held on Friday, December the 6th, in the School Hall. Captain Allen Stevens was in the chair and other Governors were also present. After Miss Moore had read her report on the year's progress in the school, Miss D. E. De Zouche kindly presented the prizes and gave a very interesting and helpful address. This was followed by a programme of songs.

PRIZES.

FORM PRIZES.

VIA—E. Mooring; VIIa—M. Beams, M. Wilson; VA—F. Pettman, B. Robbins;
Vb—R. Bright; IVA—G. Hawken, IVa—N. Newport, R. Peers; III—M.
Hughes; II—P. Wilson.

GOVERNORS' PRIZE: E. Mooring.

KEEP TROTH: Senior, E. Mooring; Junior, J. Cripps.

DRAWING: Senior, P. Grover, J. Skinner; Junior, M. Willmer.

NEEDLEWORK: Senior, R. Keylock; Junior, D. Harris.

READING: V. Packer.

HOLIDAY COMPETITION: R. Hubbard.

ESSAY: Senior, G. Hawken; Junior, M. Willmer.

OXFORD HIGHER CERTIFICATE RESULT, JULY, 1935.

E. Mooring: English, History, Subsidiary French and Art.

OXFORD SCHOOL CERTIFICATE RESULTS, JULY, 1935.

MATRICULATION.

F. Pettman: *English, *History, *French with Oral, *Mathematics, *Botany;

B. Robbins: *English, *History, *French with Oral, *Mathematics, Botany,
*Art.

PASS.

P. Grover: *English, History, *French with Oral, Mathematics, *Art.

I. Nyström: *English, *French with Oral, *Mathematics, Botany, *Art.

ADDITIONS TO SCHOOL CERTIFICATE.

Biology: M. Beams, *F. Tucker, S. Watson.

DECEMBER, 1935.

Matriculation Exemption: I. Nyström, with Distinction in English.

Addition to School Certificate: M. Wilson, *Latin.
* Denotes Credit.

ROYAL DRAWING SOCIETY EXAMINATIONS:

47 Honours Certificates.

33 Pass Certificates.

TROPHIES, 1934-35:

All Round Cup, Sidney; Hockey Shield, Drake; Netball Cup, Grenville;
Tennis Cup, Drake; Sports Cup, Sidney.

GYMNASTIC CUP: Senior, Form VI; Junior, Form II.

TENNIS CHAMPIONS: Senior, F. Tucker; Junior, J. Hoddinott.

SPORTS BADGES: Senior, F. Tucker; Middle School, J. Cahill; Junior, E.
Woodhouse.

PREFECTS, 1935-36:

M. Beams (Head Girl), F. Tucker, S. Watson, M. Wilson, J. Sampson, A.
Alder, P. Grover, B. Robbins, R. Bright, J. Brown.

M. BEAMS, VIA.

SCHOOL CALENDAR, 1935-1936.

November 4th: Forms VI, VA and Vb went into Oxford to see "Le Voyage de
M. Perichon" at the Playhouse.

December 6th: Speech Day.

December 12th: Concert given by Miss Chitty and her friends in aid of the Playing
Field Fund.

December 17th: Acting Competition. Picture won by Form VI.

December 19th: School Party.

January 20th: Lecture on Russia by Mr. Broadbent.

March 31st: Gym. Competition. Senior Cup won by VA, Junior Cup by IVb.

May 15th: Sports. Victor Ludorum: Senior, J. Cahill; Middle, N. Viner;
Junior, B. Iles.

June 6th: Performance of "The Ivory Door" in the School Hall.

June 10th: Forms VI and VA went to see "Twelfth Night" at the Shakespeare
Memorial Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon.

July 13th: Visit of the Sherwood-Moore Players.

July 28th: School and Old Girls' Garden Party.

CLUBS.

The Senior English and Senior French Clubs each held two meetings during
the Christmas Term. The Junior English Club met once.

All the Clubs gave their time during the Spring Term to rehearsals for "The
Ivory Door."

This Term House Games have occupied Club time.

THE IVORY DOOR.

On Saturday, June 6th, the school presented "The Ivory Door," by A. A. Milne. The large audience showed a quick and ready appreciation of the intricate and subtle pattern of the play.

The crowd worked well to convey the mixture of credulity and attachment to tradition, commonly associated with the mediæval outlook. The bright colours and the detailed, yet varied, accuracy of the costumes served continually to emphasise the atmosphere of mediævalism. The whole cast played their parts convincingly and with understanding.

HOCKEY, 1935-1936.

First XI: J. Sampson, P. Grover, N. Wheeler, S. Watson, R. Bright, A. Alder, F. Tucker (Captain), J. Hoddinott, J. Cahill, B. Rhodes, J. Skinner.

We were unfortunate in losing three members of the team at the end of the Christmas Term, and we were also very unlucky about weather during the Spring Term.

Results:—

Oxford High School 2nd XI. Home. Won 3—2.
Witney Grammar School 1st XI. Away. Won 4—2.
Oxford High School 2nd XI. Away. Lost 2—3.
The College, Swindon, 1st XI. Home. Scratched.
Witney Grammar School 1st XI. Home. Scratched.
Milham Ford 2nd XI. Home. Scratched.
Old Girls' 1st XI. Home. Scratched.

F. TUCKER, VIA.

NETBALL, 1935-1936.

First VII: A. Alder, R. Bright, S. Watson (Captain), B. Rhodes, F. Tucker, J. Harris, E. Mooring.

Second VII: M. Beams, R. Hubbard, N. Wheeler (Captain), J. Cahill, J. Skinner, N. Mulford, K. Harris.

The results were less good this year owing to many inevitable changes in the team's personnel.

Results:—

St. Helen's, Abingdon, 1st VII. Home. Lost 15—19.
Milham Ford 1st VII. Away. Lost 10—21.
Commonweal, Swindon 1st VII. Away. Lost 18—20.
Old Girls 1st VII. Home. Won 22—8.
St. Helen's, Abingdon, 1st VII. Away. Lost 12—13.
Oxford High School 1st and 2nd VII. Away. (1) Lost 13—17.
(2) Lost 9—18.
Commonweal, Swindon, 1st and 2nd VII. Home. (1) Won 16—15.
(2) Lost 10—13.
Oxford High School 1st and 2nd VII. Home. (1) Won 21—16.
(2) Lost 7—9.

Form VI won the Inter-form Netball Cup which Miss James very kindly gave us when she left.

S. WATSON, VIA.

TENNIS, 1936.

First VI:

1st Couple: F. Tucker (Captain), M. Beams.

2nd Couple: J. Colledge, M. Smith.

3rd Couple: A. Alder, J. Harris.

The team has been badly handicapped by the weather.

Results:—

Commonweal, Swindon, 1st VI. Home. Won 74—63 games.
St. Helen's, Abingdon, 1st VI. Away. Scratched.
Witney Grammar School 1st VI. Home. Scratched.
The College, Swindon, 1st VI. Away. Lost 29—34 games.
Oxford High School 2nd VI. Away. Unfinished.

F. TUCKER, VIA.

OLD GIRLS' ASSOCIATION.

As usual the Summer Meeting last year took the form of a Garden Party and Tennis Match, when a good number of members was present. After tea Miss Matthews, who was leaving to be married, and had been at school for nine years and on the Old Girls' Committee for nearly as long, was presented with a nest of tables, as an appreciation of her work and the great interest she had taken in the Society. Miss Reed, Senior Mistress, now represents the Staff on the Committee.

The date of the Summer Meeting for 1936 has been fixed for July 28th, so we hope all members will keep this date open.

It was impossible to hold a Christmas Party this year owing to lack of support from the members. Last year it was a great success and it is a great pity that it could not have been repeated this year.

This year we welcome as new members: B. Cahill, E. Mooring.

NEWS OF OLD GIRLS.

Sheila Tucker has accepted an appointment at Plymouth High School this term.

Nora Tucker has finished a Domestic Science Course at Eastbourne.

Marjorie Cadel has been appointed as Gym. and Games Mistress at Solehill High School, Birmingham.

Gill Chambers is training for Kindergarten work at the Froebel Institute, Rochampton.

Nelda Boor has a secretarial post at Morris', Oxford.

Betty Cahill is a probationer at Uxbridge Cottage Hospital.

Audrey Cambridge is teaching at the Girls' Coptic College, Abbassieh, Cairo.

Gladys Carter is a private secretary to Mr. Allen Stevens.

Gwen Cox is an Assistant Mistress at Faringdon Council Girls' School.

Evelyn Martin has finished her training at the Deddisham Nursery Training College, and has been appointed Nursery Nurse at The Babies' Home, Downend, Bristol.

Nelly Phillips, who has been Assistant Mistress at the Boys' Council School, Faringdon, is leaving to be married.

Lois Dance has gained her Entrance to St. Katharine's Elementary Training College, Tottenham, and goes there in September.

Stella Watson has begun her training at the Convalescent Home of Great Ormond St. Children's Hospital.

Jean Sampson and Nina Taylor are training for Secretarial work.

Brenda Rhodes has a part-time post as telegraphist at Faringdon Post Office.

Freda Inidge is giving up her post at Didcot Junior School, to be married.

BIRTH.

To Mr. and Mrs. P. Vincent (née Barbara Tucker), a son. May, 1936.

MARRIAGES.

Gwen Wheeler to Ernest Butt. Nov., 1935.

Miss Matthews to Rev. George Perman. Aug., 1935.

We reprint the following letter which Mrs. Perman (Miss Matthews) has kindly sent us:—

68, Burnside Drive,
Levenshulme,
Manchester.
March 17th, 1936.

My dear Old Girls,

For several years I have read with great interest the letters from "Old Girls"; now it seems strange to be writing a letter for the Magazine.

We have now been in Manchester just over six months, and I am beginning to feel much more familiar with all here, but I have never really felt a stranger, because the people of Burnage gave me such a hearty welcome into their midst.

At first I found it most difficult to remember the many names of old and young, and to associate them with the right people. I often thought how very much easier it had been to remember French and Latin.

There are about fifteen thousand people in the parish in which we are working. Nine years ago the Church was the centre of a small village with a population of only a few hundred. If we had been here then I think it might have reminded us more of Faringdon. Now, instead of farms and corn fields, council houses are seen almost everywhere, but there are still a few traces of the old life in the street names, and old cottages appropriately inhabited by old Burnagians. It has been a great pleasure sometimes to leave such a densely populated district and to enjoy the beauties of Derbyshire and Cheshire, which are within easy reach.

I have been very glad not to sever my connection entirely with children's work. I was asked to take charge of the Intermediate Sunday School until the appointment of a lady worker. We usually have just over a hundred children, six to nine years old in our afternoon school. I have also seen something of the work in the Children's Church, morning and evening. I must not go into detail about the work with the young people and with the women, but I have found it all most interesting and it is a life which does bring a very real joy.

Before I close this letter, I would like to thank all those whom I did not see last summer who gave me the most useful and attractive nest of tables. They have been used almost every day.

Yours very sincerely,

GERTRUDE A. PERMAN.

A. Chamberlain
P. Church

Hon. Secretaries