

MAGAZINE COMMITTEE.

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V.B. E. Mooring.
IV.A. J. Savage.
IV.B. M. Clack.
III.A. N. Wheeler.
III.B. G. Hawken.

EDITORIAL.

This term we are again printing a School Magazine, and we hope it will meet with as much approval as last year's.

We have had more contributions this year than last, especially from the Seniors. There was also more variety among the articles sent in and some of the poems show promise.

Soon, Old Girls and people revisiting the School will hardly recognise it, for the new buildings are growing apace, and will soon be ready for use. The School has had to be enlarged because the number of girls has increased so rapidly.

We hope this number of the Magazine will be appreciated and that it will prove a worthy successor to the old "Elizabethan" which was produced during the School's first years.

P. CHURCH,

Editor.

A SCENE IN A DENTIST'S WAITING ROOM

With a gentleman who is cross at being kept waiting so long and a lady who is frightened that she may not be kept much longer.

There is an atmosphere charged with excitement, uncertainty, impending danger and electricity in a dentist's waiting room, a combination of doubt, dread, nervousness and ghastly anticipation that is met with nowhere else. The whole system seems to be upset, every nerve is on edge, ready to start and jar at the least sound that may break the awful silence; the mind wanders, you can settle to nothing.

I was experiencing all these sensations myself, the other morning when I sat for three quarters of an hour, alternately watching the sunlight play through the half-lace curtain on the leaves of an aspidistra, standing on the small table in front of the window, and turning over the leaves of last year's "Bystander" without taking in a word of what was printed therein.

The black marble clock on the mantelpiece ticked out the seconds with an irritating precision, otherwise the silence was only broken by the occasional "Tut, Tuts" of an irate old gentleman, as he dropped his paper with a flutter and glanced at his watch, and the heart-rending sighs of a frightened-looking lady as she, too, observed the rate at which the clock hands were going round.

The old gentleman was sitting in the one shabby arm chair the room boasted, with his feet stretched out across the well-worn hearth rug. He was puffing thick clouds of blue smoke from his pipe and I watched the coils float slowly upwards and unweath into a thick mist that seemed to hang round all the objects in the room.

The lady was perched on the extreme edge of one of the six horse-hair dining-room chairs that were posted at intervals round the walls. She had drawn her chair up to the table so as to be in easy reach of the pile of old "Tatlers" and "Punches" lying there. From time to time she opened her handbag, searched feverishly through it from end to end, and finding therein nothing to divert her troubled mind, shut it up again with a snap.

I sat on a chair behind the door and vainly attempted to amuse myself by studying in detail some of the objects in the room. I had reflected on the old gentleman's bald head, the frayed end of his hat band, the worn condition of the carpet, the china vases on either side the marble clock, the silver on the sideboard, the smudge of powder on the lady's nose and was just in the act of studying the artistic design which a spider had employed in constructing his cobweb on the ceiling, when footsteps in the passage outside made us sit up, two of us at least with a sickening dread of what was coming.

The door opened. "Miss ——," the dentist smiled blandly, holding the door. I rose in a daze and walked out as steadily as possible.

Two sounds reached me as the door closed—an irritated "Tut, Tut" and a deep sigh of relief.

M. BASTARD. V.A.

KING ALFRED RETURNS TO THE BERKSHIRE DOWNS.

The sun was shining down the ridge. The bright blue sky was flecked with little white clouds. In fact it was a perfect spring day.

An old Berkshire road mender was cutting the grass at the side of the road, which ran at the foot of the manger. The White Horse was visible on the hillside above. On the other side of the road the ground sloped down to a wooded dingle through which ran a little stream. The old man's coat and dinner were lying by the side of the road. Nothing was heard but the "scrape, scrape" of the old man's spade, and his laboured breathing. At last he straightened his bent back, and taking out his red and white spotted handkerchief pushed back his cap and mopped his perspiring brow. He stopped suddenly, and stared in front of him, for there, standing looking at him, was a man dressed in a most peculiar fashion. He had on a coat of thin mail, and flung over his shoulder was a purple cloak. A sword was at his side, and he wore on his head a beautiful shining helmet.

The old roadman smiled and muttered to himself, "E must be a man from the Pageant over at Ashbury. E did give me a fright. Best speak to 'im for 'e don't look as though 'e'd speak to me. Marning Sir! Can I be of any 'elp to ye?"

"Good day to you my man. Will you be so kind as to tell me the way to Wulstan?"

"Woolstone sir? It be just t'other side of the 'ill there. Down a main steep road; ye can get there in ten minutes. Maybe ye are a stranger in these 'ere parts!"

"Ah my man, many years have passed since I have walked this country side. What a great change I see! This open country makes a great difference to the aspect of the land. Where is the forest which used to stretch for miles and miles, and where the wild wolves roamed? How have you managed to cultivate such a large piece of land?"

"Why sir, that were all done before I were born! See that there 'oss cut out on the downs. Maybe ye 'ave come to look at 'e. I 'ave 'eard it said that King Alfred 'ad 'im cut out when 'e won a great battle against the Danes up there in Ashdown Park. All I says is it's a great nuisance having to keep 'e clean. And while they were about it they might have made 'im look a bit more like an 'oss."

"Well it was the best they could do! How well I remember that great battle. No doubt many people come to see the place where these great deeds were done."

"I don't know about that sir, but I do know they stand in the 'oss's eye, and wishes, and it's said that their wish comes true during the year."

"And do they wish for success in battle, or to become great and noble?"

"Lard, no Sir; all the girls wish for is a nice looking young man, or perhaps one of them little Baby Austins. They get lots of visitors along there at Kingstone Lisle to see the Blowing Stone. It makes an unked noise."

"And do they still blow it to get the men together?"

"I don't know about that," said the old man scratching his head. "But they'll let you try to blow it, if you give the woman in charge summat towards the nursing association."

"Try to blow it my man. How many times have I used the Blower to summon my men!"

The old man stared at the stranger in a puzzled way. Then, as it was his dinner hour, with true country courtesy he offered him some of his bread and cheese.

"I guess this bread will taste sweeter than the cakes King Alfred burnt many years ago!"

"They surely never tell that old story about me now," said the strange visitor indignantly. "But what is this dread monster which is approaching so rapidly?"

The old man laughed, and as the car passed, turned to speak to the stranger, but could see him nowhere. He got up muttering to himself "Mighty queer! 'E be gone sure enough! Could I 'ave been a-dreaming? Well! Well! What a tale to tell the missus and the kids!"

R. FULLER. V.B.

ELIZABETH OF ENGLAND.

When on her beauty I do gaze,
I think upon a stately tree;
I gaze as through a misty haze,
When e'er she deigns to look on me.

Her glory glows among her hair,
As bright as stars her eyes do shine,
Her cheeks are like a rose most fair,
In all her features she's divine.

Her form and port are full of grace,
Her eye so stern, and lofty pride,
Doth this world's wonders so embase,
Full many a man for her hath died.

Her presence man with awe inspires,
Her wit full many a man doth dread,
If she but speaketh her desires,
They are done nigh as soon as said.

E. LAY. V.B.

THE JOURNEY TO SCHOOL.

At half-past eight, from the market-place
Of Wantage in the Vale
A yellow bus, with hurried pace
Runs noisily down the hill.

Not only the noise of the bus is heard,
But sounds of laughter and fun
Are often heard as we speed along
To our school at Faringdon.

From Wantage Town there are ten of us,
And two from the top of the hill,
Till we pass the old bone mill.
Then away we go with rattle and rush

Onward we go for over two miles
Until ahead is seen
A bridge going over a railway line,
And a house that is painted green.

Over the bridge we stop again
And, our number being sixteen
Away we go through the sheltered lanes
And rush past Stanford green.

Then on till we reach the Folly Hill,
Our journey's nearly done
We seize our satchels, leave the bus,
For business has begun.

L. DANCE. V.B.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

At four o'clock when we come out,
Our bus is waiting near,
And tumbling in we all cry out
Away to teatime cheer.

Then starts the busman with a will,
And drives through Faringdon,
So, soon we see the White Horse Hill,
Aglow with winter sun.

The fields and meads flash quickly by,
With ploughed land in between,
And in the furrows corn doth lie,
So shoots will soon be seen.

So next we come to Stanford small,
Where 'neath the chestnut tree,
There stands the village smith so tall,
And a brawny man is he.

But stay, now we are off again,
Now here comes Challow Bridge,
And on the line's a steaming train,
Just passing by the ridge.

At last we come to Wantage Town,
Where the bus is left behind,
And then we hurry homeward bound,
To the tea we know we'll find.

E. E. MOORING. V.B.

HOW I MANAGED TO ESCAPE FROM THE HOUNDS.

The meet as you know was at the "Black Bull" Inn. As you left the pretty little village of Longton and rode for Dinton wood, I slipped into the wild part at the East end of the wood. There I lay down in my snug couch of bracken, thinking that the hounds would pass by me. My hopes were blasted, for a young hound came up to where I was lying, and then threw back his head and made the wood echo with his cries to the pack. I left my couch and crept down a ride. Suddenly a red-coated whip appeared at the top of the ride! I slipped into the ditch, but the man saw me, and blew his horn. Soon the whole pack were dashing round about him.

I ran down the ditch for some time, then I crossed the ride, and began to run towards the fence. I heard a whimper, and then another, and soon the whole pack came screaming down on my line. Off I went like the wind. I had got under the hedge and now trusted myself to the open. I sped across a large grass field. When I came to the next hedge I looked round. The hounds were just leaving the covert; the field, led by the master, were waiting for the hounds to get out of the wood. I sped through field after field, the pack close behind me. I sped on and on. How much longer could I hold out? And then in front of me loomed a large brook; I was going too fast to stop; I could not turn. The hounds seemed to surge round me, and then—I had a dim remembrance of the icy water closing over my head; I was swept down stream and then only just managed to reach the bank. The huntsman tried to jump the brook, but he fell, for it was too large for a horse to jump. The master came up and spoke to the whip, then all the hunt moved away.

I crept to a wood near by and lay down under a furze bush, for I was thankful to escape with my life.

A. HIGGINS. 111. A.

THE JOYS OF SPRING.

I love to see the silver moon,
Upon the waters shining,
I love to see the little lambs,
Upon the grass reclining.

I love the meadow-lands in spring
And all the pretty flowers,
The golden sun which shines so bright,
The sweet refreshing showers.

I love to hear the little springs,
From where the waters flow,
I love to see the little streams,
Near where the lilies grow.

GWEN HAWKEN. 111. B.

POT POURRI.

With Apologies to the Bard of Avon.

STUDY.

"Study is like the heaven's glorious sun,
That will not be deep-searched with saucy looks:
Small have continual plodders ever won
Save base authority from others' books.
These earthly Godfathers of heaven's lights
That give a name to every fixed star,
Have no more profit of their shining nights
Than those that walk and wot not what they are
Too much to know, is to know naught but fame
And every Godfather can give a name."

—"Love's Labour Lost."

IN CLASS.

"Persevere, counterfeit sad looks,
Make mouths upon me when I turn my back,
Wink at each other: hold the sweet jest up
This sport well carried shall be chronicled."

—"Midsummer Night's Dream."

THE CHOIR

... "How sour sweet music is
When time is broke and no proportion kept!"

—"King Richard II."

ON CYCLING TO SCHOOL.

"The air bites shrewdly. It is very cold."
"Hamlet."

HIRD FORM.

... "With satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school."

—"As You Like It."

JUNIOR SINGING CLASS.

"What a caterwauling do you keep here?"

—"Twelfth Night,"

FRIDAY AFTERNOON.

"And the rain it raineth every day."

—"Twelfth Night."

ON RINGING THE BELL.

... "Come what come may
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day."

—"Macbeth."

E. M. - - TIN.

"If (s)he compact of jays grow musical
We shall have shortly discord in the spheres."

—"As You Like It."

J. S. E.	"You are full of pretty answers."	—"As You Like It."
D. H. N.	"Young "Lady" your spirits are too bold for your years."	—"As You Like It."
F. H. S.	"I hourly learn a doctrine of obedience."	—"Antony and Cleopatra".
A. H. S.	"A dumb innocent I."	—"All's Well That Ends Well".
R. F. B.	"Your wit makes wise things foolish."	—"Love's Labour Lost."

VI. Form.

THE SCHOOL PRIZE-GIVING.

On Friday, December 18th, 1931, the annual Prize-giving was held.

The chair was taken by Lady FitzGerald, and Mr. Walker, the Chairman of the Berkshire Education Sub-Committee, presented the prizes.

After Miss Moore had given her report and the prizes had been distributed, Mr. Walker spoke to his audience in such a way as to hold the attention of every one.

After a vote of thanks had been proposed by the Head Girl, songs and carols were sung by the Senior and Junior Singing Classes.

Prize-winners :—

Prizes for GENERAL WORK.—VI. M. Cadel, V.A. D. Chamberlain, V.B. W. Mildenhall, IV.A. M. Elliott, IV.B. J. Savage, III.A. K. Perry, III.B. A. Higgins.

GOVERNOR'S PRIZE :—N. Wheeler.

KEEP TROTH PRIZE :—Senior—G. Carter.

Junior—G. Chambers.

ESSAY PRIZE :—Senior—B. Cook.

Junior—E. Mooring.

READING PRIZE :—Senior—J. Savage.

Junior—J. Nyström.

HOLIDAY WORK PRIZE :—Senior—R. Fuller.

Junior—F. Tucker

E. MILES. V.A.

EXAMINATION SUCCESSES, 1931.

OXFORD SCHOOL CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION :—

Matriculation Certificate—G. Carter, P. Church, E. Martin, M. Styles.

School Certificate—D. Chamberlain, P. Chapman.

SCHOLARSHIPS :—

County Senior—G. Carter.

County Intermediate—N. Boor.

Ewelme—N. Boor.

LECTURES AND EXPEDITIONS.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

On February 10th, Miss Williams kindly took three of us to the New Theatre at Oxford to see the O.U.D.S. production of "Romeo and Juliet." We thoroughly enjoyed the play and we thought that it was the best of their productions that we had seen.

C. V. Hassell, as Romeo, was excellent. He has a fine speaking voice, and he played the part to perfection.

Miss Peggy Ashcroft, as Juliet, and Miss Edith Evans, as the Nurse, gave pleasing renderings of difficult parts, while G. A. C. Devine made Mercutio live for us.

Other characters worthy of mention were Tybalt (W. G. Delvin), the Friar (H. S. Hunt), and the Prince (W. T. Marshall).

Much praise is due to Mr. Gielgud, the producer, who, with the Society, achieved an outstanding success.

E. E. MARTIN. VI.

IMPRESSIONS OF AN EXPEDITION TO OXFORD TO SEE

"MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING."

We were all very eager to go to Oxford to see "Much Ado" because only a few of us had ever read the play and it was, on the whole, a fresh one to us. The weather was very kind, and we set off in high spirits, after a very hurried picnic-lunch in the garden, our excitement rising like the cloud of white dust behind us, as we sped along through woods and fields.

We were almost the first to step in through the green doors into the garden where the play was to be acted, so instead of going straight to our places in the tiers of wooden seats, we walked round the other parts of the garden. It struck me as being an ideal place for one of Shakespeare's plays to be acted; I could almost imagine the ladies and gentlemen who must have sat under the stately trees, walked across the velvet lawns, and haunted the corners of the old grey building in Shakespeare's time, their rich clothes lending some touches of colour to the rather over-greenness of the garden.

The play was performed in a little recess of the lawn, bounded by the walls of the building on three sides and cut off from the rest of the garden by a row of bushy evergreens. The seats were arranged parallel to these trees, but far enough from the building to leave a strip of lawn wide enough to act on. We were in the middle and could see beautifully when the other ladies of the audience lowered their forest of parasols.

The play itself fully satisfied our remotest hopes. Every part was beautifully acted and the dressing and staging were both charming. I hardly know which of the two principal ladies I liked the better, Hero was just as I had imagined her, small, fair and quietly charming, while the dark, colourful and lively Beatrice was equally attractive, and she kept up such a continual stream of by-play that it was difficult to keep one's eyes off her whenever she was on the stage.

The thing that struck me most about Benedick was the very natural but interesting way in which he said his long speeches, of which there were several, and not one of them was boring or too long.

I thought Claudio was excellent; although he could be free and jolly and enjoyed a good joke he showed a deeply emotional side to his character and that strong, firm-mindedness which is so essential in a soldier and a hero. The Prince was ever showing

his affection for Claudio and proving his friendship to him in a thousand little deeds; he seemed so different from his brother, Don John, that it was really difficult to realise that they were so closely connected.

All the costumes were charming, each one seemed to suit the person who was wearing it, and when they were all together they made a very pretty scene, especially when all the performers came on together and danced around at the end.

After it was over we made our way to the Cadena and enjoyed a much needed tea before packing into the bus and setting out for home.

The journey seemed to take no time, for everyone had so much to talk about, and by the time we reached Faringdon everyone had given her opinion on every body and everything we had seen during our very enjoyable expedition.

M. BASTARD. V.A.

A JOURNEY THROUGH AFRICA.

On Wednesday, November 25th, 1931, Mr. Montague Goodman gave us a most enjoyable lecture on his journey through the heart of Africa.

The journey commenced at Cape Town and in that city and around the coast we were shown some beautiful scenery. Setting out from Johannesburg, Mr. Goodman travelled by motor car along the Great North Road, until the basin of the Congo was reached. At no great distance from the road we saw the grave of Cecil Rhodes, and further on were the roaring Victoria Falls. To give us an idea of the tremendous drop of the falls, Mr. Goodman said they would stretch from the British Museum to the Marble Arch.

The journey then continued until Mr. Goodman reached the river Limpopo, where his car was taken across on a raft. This journey was not without an accident, for soon after this his car overturned in a ditch and had to be hauled out by natives. He continued his journey to the heart of Africa, and from thence along the Great East Road to Nyassaland. Although the scenery resembles the Highlands of Scotland, these parts are dangerous as they are in the tse-tse fly area. On account of the dreaded sleeping sickness, caused by the sting of these flies, the area is desolate.

From Nyassaland Mr. Goodman motored round Kenya Colony, a district infested with locusts. Then we were shown some very interesting pictures of wild animal life in the colony. The pictures included zebras, ostriches, gazelles, giraffes, and vultures.

Mr. Goodman finished his journey by flying from Nairobi into Egypt. There we saw hippopotami in the swampy parts of the Nile, and many Egyptian scenes featuring the life of the natives. These pictures were some of the most charming of the whole lecture. We saw snake-charmers, native weavers, water sellers, potters, and fishermen, who were catching fish in the muddy waters of the Nile. When the lecture ended we were all very sorry and wished there had been more pictures of life in different parts of Africa.

B. STYLES. V.A.

THE FIRST BIRD LECTURE.

In spite of the fact that he was very busy working for an exam., for which he was sitting on the very day he came to us, Mr. Cansdale kindly offered to spare some of his valuable time to come and give us a lecture on "Birds."

Mr. Cansdale brought with him some beautiful and very interesting slides, several of which he had made himself from his own photographs.

The lecture was divided into three parts. In the first section we were told several ways by which we could identify birds, and the slides in this part included pictures of the heads and feet of different birds.

In the second section, which showed some of the common English birds, we saw some very fascinating photographs of both birds and their nests.

In the last part of the lecture Mr. Cansdale told us some easy ways of feeding and taming birds, and besides showing us pictures he brought some actual specimens of bird tables with him for us to see.

The lecture was enjoyed very much by everyone and at its conclusion a vote of thanks to Mr. Cansdale was proposed, on behalf of the school, by the head girl.

M. BASTARD. V.A.

A LECTURE ON BIRDS.

On Thursday, March 10th, Mr. Cansdale gave us a second most enjoyable lecture on Birds. He illustrated his lecture by beautiful slides, including many taken at Buscot.

Mr. Cansdale took almost every common bird, and described them in detail, and we all went away feeling that we knew all there was to know about birds.

B. COOK. V.A.

ACTING.

The Inter-Form Acting Competition was held as usual at the end of the Winter Term. Miss Craig kindly acted as judge.

Each Form had to entertain the rest of the school for half an hour with scenes from a Play.

The winners were V.A. Their scenes were taken from "Julius Caesar." The dresses were carefully chosen and very effective. Mark Antony and Cassius were outstandingly good.

Next came V.B. with scenes from "The Rivals," by Sheridan. The best acting came from Captain Absolute and Jack. The dresses were charming, though not strictly of the correct period.

"Twelfth Night" was the Play chosen by V.I.A. Malvolio was their best actor.

Miss Craig gave a very helpful criticism at the end, and her ideas will help us in the future. Miss Moore presented the picture, which she kindly gave, to the prize-winners.

G. L. CARTER.

THE LITERARY SOCIETY.

We are glad to welcome several new members to our Literary Society this Term, so that now the membership is about twenty.

At the General Meeting held on October 12th, Miss Williams was elected President, E. Martin Vice-President, G. Carter Secretary, and a Committee consisting of a representative of each form in the Senior School—J. Savage IV.A., L. Dance V.B., B. Cook V.A., P. Church VI—was formed.

On October 15th, Barrie's "The Admirable Crichton" was read. It was unanimously voted to be one of the best meetings that the Society had held. We were fortunate in having with us Miss May, who was largely responsible for the success of the meeting.

On October 30th, Miss Cambridge gave a paper on "The Literary Associations of Faringdon and the District." It was both interesting and instructive, and was enjoyed by all the members present. We were glad to have our President back with us again.

"Ambrose Applejohn's Adventure," by Walter Hackett, was read at the meeting held on November 30th. Owing to the time being limited it was only possible to read parts of it, but both those taking part and the audience enjoyed it.

G. L. CARTER.

TENNIS REPORT, 1931.

On the whole we had a successful season, the weather interfering little with our matches. The regular Tennis Team for the term was :—

1st couple M. Cadel
E. Elliott.
2nd couple D. Chamberlain.
R. Maggs.
3rd couple P. Wheeler
J. Cadel.

The results were as follows :—

v. Witney G.S. Away. Won. 86 games—49 games.
v. Swindon College away. Won. 57 games—42 games.
v. Parents away. Won. 60 games—39 games.
v. Old Girls. Home. Lost. 2 sets—7 sets.
v. Parents home. Won. 51 games—48 games.
v. Oxford High S. away. Lost. 1 set—8 sets.
Final Result :—Won 4. Lost 2.

HOUSE MATCHES.

This year again, each house played a Senior and a Junior Couple. As a result of the Senior games :—

Grenville were 1st with 13 games.
Sidney were 2nd with 12 games.
Drake were 3rd with 8 games.

The Junior results were as follows :—

1st Grenville with 17 games.
2nd Drake with 13 games.
3rd Sidney with 3 games.

Final Result :—

1st Grenville with 30 games.
2nd Drake with 21 games.
3rd Sidney with 15 games.

M. CADEL, Tennis Captain.

HOCKEY, 1931—32.

We have been very unfortunate in failing to win any of our matches this season. Results :—

Oct. 24th. Coleshill Ladies. Home. Lost 2—1.
Oct. 31st. Shrivenham. Home. Lost 4—3.
Nov. 21st. Witney Grammar School. Away. Draw 1—1.
Feb. 27th. Witney. Home. Draw 1—1.
Mar. 12th. Coleshill Ladies. Away. Lost 8—0.
Mar. 19th. Swindon. Away. Draw 1—1.

Our school Team this year was as follows :—

E. Lay, P. Wheeler, M. Norton, B. Cook, R. Fuller, E. Elliott, J. Cadel, R. Maggs, M. Bastard, B. Styles, E. Martin.

In the first House Match played between Drake and Grenville there were no goals scored. The next match was played between Drake and Sidney, Drake won 1—0. Drake then played Grenville and won 2—1.

P. WHEELER, Hockey Captain

NETBALL.

At the end of the Autumn Term we played the House Netball matches. Drake won the trophy, first defeating Sidney, and then Grenville. They were keen games, and the play has very much improved lately.

This term we have had a series of interesting inter-form matches. III.A. Form beat IV.B. by 12 goals to 11, but they were unsuccessful against IV.A., losing by 19 to 5. IV.A. then met V.B., but were defeated by 12 to 4. The final took place between V.B. and V.A., and V.B. won—so proving themselves the champions—by 12 goals to 6.

E. MARTIN, Netball Captain.

1st. FARINGDON GIRL GUIDE COMPANY.

During the past year we have lost several members of our company, including M. Cadel and M. Hicks, our former Patrol Leaders. We have, however, several new ones, including B. Hamilton, D. Hamilton, A. Higgins, G. Chambers, M. Wilson, and K. Mason. We are also hoping to get a few more recruits.

In June, the Guides took part in a district Rounders Competition, and were successful in winning a shield, given by Mrs. Nickisson.

The North Berks. Girl Guide Rally was held at Grove this year, where we acted the legend of the Union Jack. Although it rained the whole time, the Guides enjoyed themselves thoroughly.

In the summer holidays Miss Pengilly and seven Guides went to camp at Worth Matravers, near Swanage, for a fortnight, and enjoyed themselves very much.

We are very proud of M. Cadel, who has now obtained her First Class Badge, and All Round Cord, as she is, I believe, the only Guide in the district to have reached that standard. I think the Guides would like me to add how grateful we are to Miss Pengilly, our Captain, who has spent so much time on us, and I should like to take this opportunity of thanking her.

N. TUCKER, Patrol Leader.