

MAGAZINE COMMITTEE, 1934.



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EDITORIAL.

The fact that the Magazine has been printed at all seems incredible to anyone who knows the difficulties with which we have had to contend.

To begin with, the person who is to be Editor of the Magazine for this school, needs to have iron nerves and forceful methods. This year large coloured posters were put up, telling everybody about the Magazine, and urging them to give in contributions. On the day appointed for giving them in we received precisely ten contributions, and a few more trickled in during the next few days. We commanded, threatened and pleaded, but all in vain. The situation became desperate, but at last everybody, under great pressure, handed in their efforts.

Now, we can lean back in our chair and watch the new building, which is growing rapidly. Many other eyes besides ours watch the workmen as they balance on the unsteady scaffolding, and many ears are gladdened by their cheerful rendering of popular melodies. "Almost as good as the wireless!" is the general remark!

E. MOORING,
Editor.

This year seems to have been more full of incident than most. We began the Autumn Term with 85 in the school, and had to rent an extra room as a form room for Va. In October we had a full inspection by the Board of Education, followed immediately by the Prize Giving, and in January Mr. Walker laid a stone in the new building.

The Berks County Council has now bought not only the school buildings and grounds, but also Knighton Close, as a playing field. This we hope to get levelled during the autumn, but already cricket, rounders, and a rather sporting form of tennis are played there.

All the year the new buildings have been growing and now are almost finished. Two large new form rooms and a beautiful hall are to be opened on Thursday, July 12th, by Lord Elton. The opening will be at 12 noon, and in the afternoon we hope to have a "House Sale" and short plays to raise money for improving the new field.

During the year the school has had several most welcome gifts. Mrs. Bourne gave us a pony and a mowing machine, Mr. Allen Stevens and Mr. Liddiard lent rollers and horses and the new field has been much improved by them. Several girls leaving have given books, and one present of £10 to spend on the Library was especially generous.

ANSTACE H. MOORE.

THE CONFISCATION BOX.

A jumble of dusty, blue garments adorn the VI Form, spoiling the otherwise pleasant appearance of that room. The articles, which are in confiscation, are all packed into a small box. Crumpled science overalls, old goloshes, frayed gym shoes, a skipping rope and several old stockings are all mixed up together, waiting for their owners to claim them. Dinner tins appear frequently, and the frantic owners rush up to the VI Form just before nine o'clock, seize their tins, ram in their lunch, and thunder downstairs to place them on the dinner wagon.

The owners of the confiscated articles come at varied times, but seldom at the right one, to redeem their goods. Some come coyly to the VI Form just before two o'clock, and hover about the door uncertainly, but at last attract your attention and ask for a missing golosh or indoor shoe. After the whole box has been turned out and the hunt has been unsuccessful, you ask them when they had lost it, and they meekly reply they had missed it during the dinner hour. You feel pardonably vexed that they had not said so before, as nothing is ever confiscated in the dinner hour. Other brazen lasses walk in, get their goods, and when asked for their halfpennies say they will bring them the next day; but for such people the next day never seems to arrive. The science overalls and footwear remain for weeks in the box and it is an unsolved mystery how their owners fare without them.

Periodically, when there is a big heap of articles, a grand display is held in the cloakroom, and everybody is warned by word of mouth and by heavily emphasised notices, that the articles which are not claimed will be immediately destroyed. A few weeks afterwards, when another store is accumulating, a small person trips up and asks for a missing article. Seated among a medley of objects, you ask kindly,

"And when did you see it last?"

"Oh," returns the culprit brightly, "it was when all the things were shown in the cloakroom. I hadn't got a halfpenny then, and I've got one now, so I thought I would get it. Can't you find it? I wonder where it has gone?"

E. E. MOORING. VI.

THE LURE OF SIGN-POSTS.

It stood at a corner, pointing with a shaky arm down a shady lane to "Bablock Hithe." The car slowed, then turned sharply, and took the road to which the old sign post pointed invitingly. High green hedges grew on either side, and the ground gradually dropped down till a sharp descent brought us in view of the river. Here . . .

. . . "Oxford riders blithe,

Returning home on summer nights, have met
Crossing the stripling Thames at Bab-lock-hithe
Trailing in the cool stream his fingers wet,
As the slow punt swings round . . ."
the Scholar Gipsy.

It was a haunt of ancient peace that day. The old ferry, still pulled by hand, took us across to the other side. Several big lads who had been lounging near, helped the ferry man with evident enjoyment. The sign-post had not disappointed us; Bab-lock-hithe was as delightful as its name.

A study of the names on many of our sign-posts, is both interesting and profitable. The names of places ending in "ton" or "don," as Abingdon, Faringdon, Compton, Uffington (Uff's Town), were originally Saxon homes. After the Norman Conquest, to many of these Saxon settlements came Norman barons. The Saxon name of the village was still used, but to this was added the family name of the Norman overlord. Thus we get the romantic combination of Sutton Courtenay, a village on a beautiful backwater of the Thames, with its wide village street, rushing weirs, and deep bathing pool. Compton Beauchamp, with its moated manor house, nestling in the lee of the downs; and Aston Tirrold, with its old timbered and thatched cottages in the vale.

Dorchester, with its beautiful abbey, is the only town in this neighbourhood whose name has survived from the Roman invasion. Inkpen, the little village near the famous beacon, is a survival of the old British age.

Wantage is said by some antiquarians to mean "Wunts Town," that is, in old Saxon, the place of the moles, and to anyone who knows the surrounding country, this seems quite appropriate, for both on the downs and in the vale hundreds of these "little gentlemen in velvet coats" make their homes.

Many an old legend is told of these ancient villages. The devil seems to have been associated with some. One story goes that he was trudging along the Ridgeway, on a very hot summer's day, carrying a village on his back. He stopped for a moment to mop his heated brow, when the village started to slip. He hastily made an attempt to stop it, but an old man walking at the foot of the hill said, "Let us come, maister, let us come," and the devil dropped the village, which broke into two halves, and became the Letcombe Bassett and Letcombe Regis of to-day.

Letcombe Regis certainly means the Letcombe of the King, but the King in question was not the monarch of the underworld, but King John, who is said to have had a hunting box here.

There are many places near here whose very names entice me and I am determined to see them this summer. A sign-post to Inkpen points down a shady lane "to Totterdown." The car shall certainly turn off there one day. Just the other side of Andover, after going through pretty Anna Valley, another points to "Abbot's Ann." That is another turning we must take, and then, perhaps, I shall find out what the Abbot had to do with Ann.

RUTH FULLER. VI.

LONDON AS I SEE IT.

Dick Whittington is supposed to have thought of London as a place where the streets are paved with gold; but after his first glimpse, his opinion must have been considerably altered.

I cannot remember how I pictured London before I saw it; but I certainly know the picture I have of London now that I have seen it.

When I am going along the Great West Road and meet the traffic coming out from the city, chiefly lorries returning with Covent Garden produce, or empty meat vans, it is then that I feel I am in London. The factories along that road always remain in my memory—the "Pyrene" factory, the "Firestone" and the large concrete building of "Smith's Potato Crisps"; all these seem to show that London is not far away.

Shepherd's Bush Green, although surrounded by modern buildings, is like a remaining part of the old London when stage coaches rattled along. When I go through Kew at any time, I have the same impression. I remember John Ridd's impression of London the first time he visited it, and Kew, even to-day, seems very much as he described it.

I was very young when I first saw Trafalgar Square, and I can remember thinking how very absurd it was to call a "round" a "square." I had no idea at the time who the figure at the top of the column was, but the lions interested me greatly.

Whenever I see the statue of Boadicea on the Embankment, I am not at all surprised at her looking thoroughly scared; I know I should be if I were in a war chariot and the horses were prancing in opposite directions with nothing to stop them. Queerly enough, I have never been impressed by Westminster; but there is a figure I can well remember, just on the corner, right opposite Big Ben. He is, or was, a very old man, and he had a telescope, through which one could look at the face of the clock at the cost of a penny.

Westminster Bridge is a very famous bridge; the picture seen from Westminster Bridge to-day, is very different from the picture Wordsworth had one early morning in 1802:—

"This city now doth like a garment wear
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open unto the fields and to the sky,—
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air."

There are no open fields anywhere near there to-day, and the only semblance of the country, are the poor crest-fallen trees on the pavement, looking as if they are struggling very hard to keep themselves alive. The river looks dirty and sluggish and the barges appear languid.

"The river glideth at his own sweet will," but his "sweet will" does not make him glide very fast.

The city is a place I love visiting, but it is not a place where I would wish to live. Lamb held a different opinion. He wrote: "London, whose dirtiest drab-frequented alley, and her lowest bowing tradesmen, I would not exchange for Skiddaw, Helvellyn, James, Walter and the parson into the bargain. Oh! her lamps of a night! her rich goldsmiths, print-shops, toy-shops, mercers, hardwaremen, pastry-cooks! St. Paul's Churchyard, the Strand! Exeter Change! Charing Cross, with the man upon a black horse! These are thy gods, O London." But I would change London for Berkshire, where

"Above yon sombre swell of land
Thou see'st the dawn's grave orange hue,
With one pale streak like yellow sand,
And over that a vein of blue."

BETTY CAHILL. Va.

AN ANTIQUE SHOP.

In a poor quarter of the old town, and only known to the people who lived around, there stood, or more exactly, was propped, an old antique shop. To those who enjoyed rummaging amongst old things, it was a great pleasure to come across; in fact, it was like finding an oasis in the desert.

The building itself was hundreds of years old, and had been used for an antique shop for generations. The roof looked more like the Bristol Channel on a rough day, than a shelter fit for any human habitation. Huge masses of gloriously tinted mosses grew at intervals all over the roof, and many tiles were missing. The house only boasted one really sensible window, and as that projected over the lower part of the building, it was cunningly propped up with odd pieces of timber. Downstairs there was a door, which opened in two halves. On the upper part there was a rusty iron knocker which was modelled in the shape of an axe. As one lifted the axe to knock at the door, it fell down again as if it was chopping a piece of wood. To the left of this door, there was a moderately large window which was stacked, tier upon tier, with interesting antiques, but as the window was very dirty and dusty, it was necessary for the spectators to enter through the door in order to examine the goods.

At the entrance of the building there were two white stone steps, which were very much worn down in the centre. After descending these, you were usually met by an elderly man, who, politely shutting the lower half of the door behind you, passed some remark about the behaviour of the weather.

Once in the shop, there seemed to be very little room to reach anything which you particularly wished to inspect, and after having carefully stepped over a pile of leather-bound volumes, and having cautiously walked round a table piled with pieces of china, you eventually arrived at the object. Immediately, the well-meaning old man proceeded to give you a long history of the article in question. With many more comments, he picked up a pair of hand-painted bellows, and assured you that they were indeed a bargain for five pounds. "Only just h' imagine them quaint h' old bellers a 'anging by your chimbley-piece when you sits round the fire o' nights. No need to keep on gettin' h' up to fetch some more wood, just give the fire a puff with them bellers and the flames 'll leap h' up the chimbley."

Having gazed around the dust-laden chamber, you noticed many small objects which you did not recollect having ever seen in use before. There were sovereign-balancers, candle extinguishers, and needle-cases, which looked almost large enough to hold sacking-needles. On the walls there were hung some oil-paintings; one, by George Denstone, showed some cattle happily grazing in a marshy field by the shining river, while all the others were depicting their own little scenes of the remote past.

An antique shop is a place you should visit when you are free for many hours, for probably there are treasures of many ages ago, buried beneath those dusty remnants.

JOAN HUNTER. Va.

A DREAM.

One night I had a very queer dream. My homework, the evening before, had been in Latin and French, and my head was in a whirl as I went to sleep. I dreamt that I had been taken here and there, and I had seen people doing the funniest things imaginable. I found myself at Lossiemouth, talking to Mr. Ramsay MacDonald. He was rehearsing for a play called "Out of Office." He was enjoying himself and never once spoke of politics.

Then I was walking down a country lane in Berkshire, when I met Mrs. J. A. Hollison, reading a poem, which was entitled "The Vagabond." She told me she was on a hiking tour of Berkshire. Along came a racing car with the name "Bluebird" printed on the side. I jumped into the car and soon found myself at Croydon. A black aeroplane called "Seafarer" was waiting for me. We flew to Germany and landed at the Berlin aerodrome. I was greeted by Herr Hitler, who was wearing a black shirt with a vivid red tie. I wondered whether he was in fancy dress, or if he had become a Communist. As quickly as I reached Berlin I left it and came to England. I met Mr. Lloyd George at his home; he had his hair cut very short. A visitor called to see him. It was President Roosevelt. He began talking to Mr. Lloyd George. He said America was quite willing to let Britain off the War Debt—Oh quite—and he was going to reduce his army. I wondered if this amazing person was really President Roosevelt. While I was looking at him I felt myself being swept away. When I came to my senses I was listening to Professor Einstein speaking about his theory. He said he was sure no one lived on the earth. Then I discovered he was speaking to the Martians; they are the people who live on Mars. He began explaining his point of view and using me as a model. I screamed and then jumped. I came to earth with a thud. A man rushed out of a nearby house and picked me up. The man was Leonard Henry. He started to read out of a large volume, "Friends, Romans, countrymen." Then he came to a sudden stop as the Boatrace crews came in sight, riding on bicycles. He started shouting at the top of his voice, "Go on, Oxford," and ran away and left me. In a moment I found myself face to face with Mr. Gandhi. For once he was not fasting, but eating without any thought to his digestion. I left him and I was taken to a concert hall in Warsaw. There was Paderewski playing syncopated dance music to the great delight of the audience. The shock woke me up and I found myself on the floor.

JOYCE BROWN IVa.

THE HOUSE IN THE WOODS.

The quaint little cottage in the woods, now half tumbled down, its broken window panes grown over with sprays of ivy, was supposed by the inhabitants of the village, to have been the dwelling of a witch.

The old lady certainly had been rather eccentric, but she never harmed a single soul and one hardly ever saw her. Her spirit was said to haunt the old ruin. Now nobody went near the cottage, and so it became more and more desolate as the years passed by.

It stood in the centre of the woods, not far from a pond, where wild duck swam, and made their homes in the rushes. A rotten fence surrounded the cottage,

and a broken path led to the old green door, now leaning heavily on its rusty hinges. Inside, the stair-case had collapsed, and the plaster on the ceiling had fallen in. Grass had begun to grow under the floor, and the leg of a chair lay in a corner. Rats had begun to make their homes in the wainscoting. A few stones, which had been blown down in the storm, lay on the floor, old pieces of thatch were strewn about outside, and birds had built their nests in the rafters. An owl flew out from under a beam, and I heard a rat scuttle away from under the floor.

The little cottage was now to be left to the wind and the stars, and the rain.

JUNE COLLEDGE. IVa.

A DREAM-PARTY.

One night, after doing my homework later than usual, I fell asleep with my mind rather muddled, and this affected my dreams.

I seemed to be walking through a town of narrow streets and small houses, when behind me, I heard a voice.

"Dear, dear," it said, "I shall be late for the Duchess's party! Come along Mary Ann," and turning around, I beheld the White Rabbit, from "Alice in Wonderland!" He caught hold of my hand, and we rushed along to The Old Curiosity Shop, where we met Mr. Pickwick. Off we rushed again, picking up Lorna Doone, David Copperfield, Robin Hood, Maid Marian and Friar Tuck on the way.

Presently, we arrived at Kenilworth Castle, where a Twelfth Night party was in full swing. I looked around for the "Duchess," but perceived that Peter Pan and Wendy were host and hostess. Among the distinguished guests were Long John Silver, Oliver Twist, Rip Van Winkle, Quentin Durward and Silas Marner.

Jack Payne's band was playing "The Blue Danube," and such a mixture of partners I have never seen before! The White Rabbit was dancing with Friar Tuck, Mr. Pickwick with Lorna Doone, and Maid Marian with David Copperfield. I found myself the partner of Oliver Twist, whose first remark was, "I wish I could have some more porridge!"

Some time later, Gulliver entered the Hall, with a dozen of the Lilliputians sitting on his hand. Immediately, the guests crowded round him, asking him to relate some of his adventures. For an hour he kept us entertained, until Peter Pan suggested that refreshments should be served. The servants were Ali-Baba and the Forty Thieves.

Long John Silver was leaning against the wall whistling, "Fifteen men on the dead man's chest." The White Rabbit said, "I really must go now, or I shall be late for the Duchess's party."

"Another party!" I thought; "he will be tired!"

"It's four o'clock," remarked the White Rabbit, "do hurry up, Mary Ann!"

"It is eight o'clock," said another voice, that of my mother, and I opened my eyes. I looked up at the clock, and saw that I was late, not for a party, but in getting up!

JOAN HARRIS. IVa.

SUNSET.

The sun stood in the sky like a victorious king sending its glorious rays to earth; the sky above him, was his canopy of shining blue, while across it drifted a few filmy clouds of pale amber, deepening as they went to a mellow orange. A bright ray of sun fell upon the lake, turning its waters to a quivering mass of colour, changing from silver to deep gold and then bronze. The hills surrounding the lake glowed with a warm violet, flecked with bright red, as though fairies were just lighting their tiny bonfires on them. Away in the distance was a mass of rock whose rugged lines the sunset turned into ethereal loveliness by a misty veil of rose pink. Then the colours deepened and glowed with a glorious lustre, as an array of purple clouds swept beneath the sun to form his footstool.

After a few moments the whole scene had changed. The deep purple and rich scarlet had melted into a beautiful lilac mauve. Two filmy clouds, as dainty as if they had been made of gossamer, drifted across it. They were pale green, fringed with soft primrose. Between them the sun shone like a shield of polished gold.

This scene gradually faded into a pearly grey, tinted with pale blue: the waters of the lake resumed their greyish green, the hills changed to pale mauve; the rose pink mist was replaced by a grey fog, and the pale soft moon shed her silver rays on the earth, for the glory of sunset was over.

GWEN HAWKEN. IVb.

A VISIT TO NIAGARA FALLS, CANADA.

I stood by the wall looking down on the Falls. The roar was in my ears while the playful breeze ruffled my hair. Spray hit my face like rain on a wet day.

The roaring troubled waters hurled themselves down over the horseshoe cascade. The glorious sweep of waters fascinated me as they rushed over the brink into the depths below. I could picture in my mind the Indian maid in her flower bedecked canoe rushing towards her doom.

Across the falls a rainbow formed an arch of misty colours. Surely the name Niagara was a worthy one for the tumbling, dashing waters. The name Niagara means Thunder of Waters.

Goat Island separates the American Falls from the Horseshoe or Canadian Falls. At the foot of the Falls the seething waters race on down the narrow gorge that nature has carved out of the rock, into the whirlpool rapids, where Captain Webb lost his life.

Beautiful Parkland hid the town of Niagara from view. The green grass and fir trees, wet with spray, besides the rose gardens and flower beds, make a coloured back ground to the Falls.

In the winter the spray on the trees and grass is frozen into tiny icicles, while the river is a sheet of ice, and the Falls are turned into giant organ pipes of ice, white with snow. This wintry scene is like fairy land, glittering and gleaming in the sunlight.

In the evening the Falls are illuminated with lights of every hue. The summer evenings are made delightful by the scent of the roses wafted on the evening breeze.

MARGARET WOODHOUSE IVb.

DAWN.

At last, the night to summer morn drew near,
The stars began to fade, and mist away,
The sky grew pale, but ever yet more clear,
As near, and nearer still, advanced the day.
The sunbeams made the sky most fair and gay,
O'erdecked with ribands bright, of wondrous rose;
Aurora's elves around her seemed to play.
The world was made of poetry—not prose,
And then—for man, there seemed no hateful cruel foes.

The waking birds their matins did begin;
A thrush began to sing; how clear and shrill!
His voice could drive away all thoughts of sin,
And no one, then, could wish another ill.
No man his brother then could wish to kill,
Upon a morn so beautiful and fair.
All hearts with beauteous thoughts would 'gin to fill;
Far, far away, would flee dull, gloomy Care;
And still, the day grew slowly ever yet more fair.

Apollo, in his golden chair drew nigh,
Until he burst above the gentle hills,
And even mounted he into the sky.
The birds their joy poured forth in gladsome trills,
They, one and all, did open wide their bills,
And filled the air with golden, liquid strains.
The sun still mounted, high above the hills,
And sent his bounty down, on hills and plains;
His warmth and goodness, made to drive away all pains.

The flowercups were bright with silver dew,
Like precious stones, in setting of deep jade,
Fit for to be the crest of knight most true,
Or to adorn the brow of fairest maid—;
They looked immortals, that would never fade.
In distance dim, a cock was heard to crow.
Like incense, rose the scented smoke, that made
Thin spirals blue, which upwards soft did blow—;
And all was beauty, peace, and quiet and fair show.

INGRID NYSTROM. Vb.

THE LOCH NESS MONSTER.

(With apologies to Blake).

Monster! Monster! burning bright
With thy glowing eyes at night,
Not a mortal hand or eye
Could solve thy fearful mystery.

In what distant deeps or skies
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
In what boats dared they aspire
To photograph—their great desire.

And what humps! and what a start!
The sailors soon from thee depart.
Thy head would startle the whole fleet—
What size shoes for such huge feet?

What the scales! and what a mane!
In what vacuum was thy brain?
What a long neck! what dread grasp
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When thou weep'st and shed'st large tears
The Loch Ness water sways and fears
That it will flow out to the sea
(He went with it, didn't he?).

Monster! Monster! burning bright
With thy glowing eyes at night,
Not a mortal hand or eye
Could solve thy fearful mystery.

GWEN COX, MARY HIGSON, Va.

AUTUMN GOLD.

Grey against gold, gold against grey,
Summer all told, Autumn to stay.
Against the golden sunset sky,
Stand trees more golden, towering high;
The rowan berries that once seem'd dead,
Have turned into a glorious red.
The beech is in her russet gown,
The tall old elm is clothed in brown;
Cedar and pine in green, still stand,
And yet the finest in the land
Are trees who clothe themselves in gold,
And quiver gently on the wold.
Grey against gold, gold against grey,
Summer all told, Autumn to stay.

PEGGY SPINAGE. IVb.

THE SEA.

I love to hear the sea
On a stormy night,
Rushing against the rocks
In a wave of light.

I love to see the gulls
Wheeling in the sky,
Alighting on the sea,
Making their lone cry.

I love to hear the wind
Rush across the sky,
Whistling round the corners
Of the rocks nearby.

I love to hear the waves
Splashing on the sand,
Making little ripples
Close to where I stand.

JEAN MILLER. IVb.

BONFIRE NIGHT.

On Bonfire Night we have such fun,
With fireworks and a guy.
Six Catherine wheels spin on the wall,
While rockets light the sky.

We all stand round the jolly blaze,
And watch the grand display.
Of thunderbolts, and golden showers,
And fountains, in array.

At last, the bonfire burns right down,
And in the ashes red,
We roast potatoes in their skins,
Before we go to bed.

KATHLEEN HARRIS. III

MAKE-BELIEVE.

"Oh what shall we do?"
Said Tommy to Sue.

"Let's play make-believe,
That Dobbin's my steed.

"And I'll be a knight,
In my armour bright.

"You be a maid fair,
With gems in your hair.

"We'll ride forth to slay
A dragon at bay."

They rode forth in style,
To a fairy isle.

"Whats' that I did hear?"
"Oh! tea-time is near."

They made for the door,
Poor Dobs on the floor.

JOAN WILLMER. III.

A NATURE ALPHABET.

A is for Apple which will be here soon,
B is for Buttercup that shines like the moon.
C is for Cowslip that closes at night,
D is for Daffodil, yellow and bright.
E is for Elder which is now often seen,
F is for Fairies that dance on the green.
G is for Goose who waddles in mud,
H is for Hyacinth which is just now in bud.
I is for Ivy that clings to the tree,
J is for Jackdaw so clever to see.
K is for Kingfisher who loves every one.
L is for Lambs who now have great fun.
M is for March, the month that brings Spring,
N is for Nightingale whom we love to hear sing.
O is for Onion, mind you don't cry!
P is for Plum on the tree so high.
Q is for Queen-bee, the Queen of the swarm,
R is for Rainbow that follows the storm.
S is for Snowdrop, so small and white,
T is for Trees that keep out the light.
U is for Umbrella we use for the rain,
V is for Valentine which has passed again.
W is for Willow that weeps by the spring,
X is for Xmas, the birth of our King,
Y is for a colour most beautiful—yellow,
Z is for Zebra, a very fine fellow!

NANCY WILSON. II.

SPORTS DAY, 1933.

The sports were held in Knighton Close on May 26th. We were extremely fortunate in having such lovely weather; the sunshine attracted quite a large crowd to watch us.

Admiral Clifton Brown, Captain Colledge, Mr. Hawken, Mr. Tucker, and Mr. Whitfield kindly acted as judges, and Captain Allen Stevens presented the trophies. The Cup was awarded to Sidney House.

SENIOR RESULTS.

The badge was awarded to J. Cadel (Grenville), with F. Tucker (Drake) as runner-up.

MIDDLE SCHOOL RESULTS.

B. Rhodes (Grenville) won the badge, and I. Glenny (Drake) was runner-up.

JUNIOR RESULTS.

Pamela Harris (Sidney) was first and M. Austin (Grenville) second.

N. BOOR.

THE ANNUAL FLOWER SHOW, 1933.

The Flower Show was held on July 28th. As this was the last day of the term, there was a holiday feeling in the air; examinations were over, and everyone seemed very gay. A large number of visitors came, and, apparently, they enjoyed themselves looking at the exhibits.

An interesting display of Drill and Country Dancing was given on the lawn, where seniors afterwards served the visitors with tea.

The prizes were kindly distributed by Mrs. Tucker. The trophy was won by Sidney. J. Sampson (Grenville) was the first senior, and E. Wheeler (Drake) came second. The first junior was E. Drew (Sidney) with B. Lawson (Grenville) as runner-up.

In addition to these, three prizes were given to those who had collected the largest number of flowers during the half-term week-end. These were awarded to R. Fuller (Senior), G. Hawken (Middle School), and M. Austin (Junior).

N. BOOR.

OLD GIRLS' GARDEN PARTY.

A most enjoyable Garden Party was given by the School in June, 1933, which many members of the School, past and present, attended. Tennis and Rounders matches were played. We were particularly fortunate in having Miss Beck and Miss Bartels, both late Headmistresses of the School, with us. A very delightful afternoon, when acquaintances were renewed and old friends met again, was spent.

G. CARTER.

PRIZE GIVING, 1933.

The Annual Prize Giving was held on Friday, October 27th. Captain T. Allen Stevens, Vice-Chairman of the Berkshire Education Committee, presided, and several of the Governors were present.

Miss Moore presented her Annual Report. She mentioned that the inspection of the School conducted by the Board of Education had been entirely satisfactory. The School was fortunate enough to be having new buildings in the near future.

The Chairman then introduced Sir Francis Goodenough, C.B.E., who presented the prizes. In his address Sir Francis talked of success and how it can be obtained. Promotion only comes to those who have worked for it and earned it, and in order to get the best and most interesting work you have first to do, and do well, the work that is set you at the beginning. There is no such thing as luck. What is gained by chance is not worth having. The qualities an employer considers first are certain points of character—temperament, manners, intelligence, wisdom, common-sense, general knowledge. These are essential: brains are additional. Character, brains and energy together produce success. Apart from these fundamental principles of character, the other qualities an employer looks for are cheerfulness, courtesy and good temper. "It may be hard climbing the ladder of success, but remember that it is much more exhilarating and pleasant to be climbing even a steep path, than strolling around on the level."

A concert followed and the programme included some Old English songs.

G CARTER.

PRIZES.

FORM PRIZES:

VI P. Church; Va—N. Boor; Vb—V. Tepper; IVa—F. Pettman; IVb—J. Harris; III—P. Spinage; II—M. Phipps.

GOVERNORS' PRIZE: G. Carter.

KEEP TROTH: Senior, E. Martin; Junior, N. Wheeler.

HOLIDAY WORK: Senior, R. Fuller; Middle, C. Hawken; Junior, C. Whitfield.

READING: Senior, E. Mooring; Middle, A. Higgins; Junior, G. Hawken.

ESSAY: Senior, J. Hunter; Middle, J. Colledge.

TROPHIES, 1932-33:

All Round Cup, Sidney; Hockey Shield, Drake; Netball Cup, Drake; Sports Cup, Sidney; Flower Show Trophy, Sidney.

PREFECTS:

G. Carter (Head Girl), E. Martin, E. Mooring, E. Lay, F. Tucker, S. Watson, G. Chambers.

RESULTS OF EXAMINATIONS, 1933.

OXFORD HIGHER CERTIFICATE:

G. Carter. French (with Oral), History, English.
P. Church. French (with Oral), History, English.

PASS IN SUBSIDIARY SUBJECTS:

W. Mildenhall. French (with Oral), History.

OXFORD SCHOOL CERTIFICATE:

MATRICULATION EXEMPTION:

N. Boor. *English, *History, *French (with Oral), *Mathematics, *Botany.
J. Cadell. *English, *History, *French (with Oral), *Mathematics, *Botany, *Geography.

PASS:

L. Dance. *English, French (with Oral), Mathematics, Botany, *Geography.
J. Edmonds. *English, *History, French (with Oral), Mathematics, *Botany, *Geography.
R. Fuller. English, *History, Mathematics, *Botany, *Geography.
E. Lay. *English, History, *French (with Oral), Arithmetic, Botany, *Geography.
E. Mooring. *English, *History, French (with Oral), Mathematics, Botany, *Geography.
F. Tucker. *English, History, French (with Oral), Mathematics, *Botany, *Geography.
N. Tucker. English, History, *French (with Oral), *Mathematics, *Botany, *Geography.

* Denotes Credit.

ROYAL DRAWING SOCIETY:

80 Honours Certificates. 15 Pass Certificates.

SUCCESSES GAINED BY OLD GIRLS:

B. Holding. Diploma in Education, Reading University.
M. Drew. Certificate in Education, Truro College.

THE EXPEDITION TO STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

We all thoroughly enjoyed the day last Summer Term, when the whole School journeyed to Stratford-on-Avon, to see the performance of "Richard II," at the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre.

We left School in three buses about ten o'clock, on a very wet morning, which however, did not damp our high spirits. We arrived at Stratford, after lunching on the way, and set out on a voyage of exploration. One party visited the Grammar School and the other Shakespeare's house. The doors are wooden, studded with iron nails, and inside the fascinating little rooms are a few pieces of antique furniture, whilst writings of the great playwright are displayed under a glass case.

When we had completed our survey we walked to the theatre, a very large impressive building of red brick. The interior looked very luxuriant in the subdued glow of the electric lights. Then the curtain rose on the first scene of the play and from then onwards we were in a delightful dream. The lighting was faultless, the costumes gorgeous, the scenery realistic, and the acting superb.

We saw a new Richard, not as the history books depict him, but a dignified brave king, with weak moments, but still a majestic figure. The rest of the cast acted splendidly, especially Gaunt and York. The stage was darkened for the scene of Gaunt's death, and black figures crouched near the couch of the dying man. It was very eerie but very effective. It was only when the curtain fell on the last scene and thunderous applause broke out that we came back to everyday life.

We had tea in an old world café, in a room hung with different kinds of weapons. Then we returned to the 'buses and reached Faringdon at seven o'clock, having enjoyed every minute of the time.

E. MOORING.

"THE HONOURABLE HISTORY OF FRIAR BACON."

On June 14th, Miss Moore and Miss Williams kindly took a few of us to the open-air theatre at Kidlington to see "The Honourable History of Friar Bacon," which was produced by the Oxfordshire Historical Play Society. We all thoroughly enjoyed the pageant and thought that it was quite the best we had ever seen.

We were much impressed by the really beautiful scenery and costumes, and the lovely music. We also enjoyed the spectacular masque, and the pretty country dances, introduced in Acts II and III. The grouping in each scene was most artistically and cleverly arranged. The actors were all very good indeed.

M. WILSON.

THE SHERWOOD MOORE PLAYERS.

During the Autumn Term, the School was taken to a delightful entertainment given by the Sherwood Moore Players.

The performance opened with some scenes taken from "Pickwick Papers," by Dickens. The part depicted was the courting of Mr. Tupman, which formed an amusing little play.

The second item on the programme was a delightful recitation from Masfield's "Reynard the Fox." The eager pack in full cry, the fox striving nobly to reach his refuge,—the stopped earth, and the happy ending, in which Reynard escapes, all formed a vivid picture in the mind's eye.

An amusing poem by A. A. Milne was next acted; the king was a particular man and her Royal Highness had to obtain both the help of the dairy-maid and the Alderney cow, before the king would be content with his breakfast.

A tragic recitation followed. It was about Matilda, who told such dreadful lies, that in the end no one would believe a word she said; when Matilda's house burnt down no one heeded her frantic cries for help; and both Matilda and the house were reduced to ashes.

The last half of the programme was devoted to a number of old ballads; one imagined oneself back in the Middle Ages, when they were told by the roaring fires in the halls of the Feudal Castles. An amusing tale from Chaucer about a cock Chanticleer who was stolen away from his love by a fox, was followed by several ballads.

The entertainment ended with the ballad of "Sir Patrick Spens."

ANNE HIGGINS.

THE LAYING OF THE FOUNDATION STONE.

A solemn ceremony took place at 3 o'clock on January 18th, when Mr. Walker very kindly laid the foundation stone of our new building. The School stood near the building and watched first, Mr. Walker laying the stone, and then the prefects with the youngest girl in the School each laying a brick, and saying gravely, "I declare this brick well and truly laid." After this the National Anthem was sung and the prefect took Mr. Walker up to VI Form for tea.

After tea each of the prefects received a beautiful little diary from Mr. Walker to commemorate the great day on which the foundation stone was laid.

E. MOORING.

A LECTURE ON GREECE.

On February 2nd, Mr. Martin gave us a most enjoyable lecture on Greece at the islands near it. At first we thought that we were going to have a lecture without slides, as part of the lantern was missing, but luckily, just before it was too late another part was obtained.

Mr. Martin told us of the different people who lived in Greece in the year B.C.; and by means of many beautiful pictures, we were able to see the various types of buildings and temples which each new race erected.

The lecture was made more interesting because most of the slides had been taken by Mr. Martin himself while on a visit to Greece. We were also shown pictures of the ruins of an ancient town, which has recently been excavated; and we were surprised to learn how civilised the inhabitants of Greece must have been in those centuries gone by.

M. WILSON.

MR. CANSDALE'S LECTURE.

On Friday, March 9th, 1934, Mr. Cansdale again gave us a very interesting lecture on birds, and the different kinds of forests found in the world. He started with a cinematograph film, which made his pictures seem very real. The programme varied in the middle, by scenes of a bumping race in progress on the river, and also ice-hockey, played with two caps as a goal!

J. EDMONDS.

"A VAGABOND IN SPAIN."

On Friday, March 9th, 1934, some members of the School went with Mr. Moore and four members of the staff, to a lecture arranged by the Horticultural Society. The subject was "A Vagabond in Spain," and it was given by Mr. Cowley, F.R.H.S. of London. It was illustrated by some beautiful lantern slides.

Most of the slides were of the beautiful mountainous country through which he travelled, in his efforts to obtain specimens of Alpine plants. One very interesting slide Mr. Cowley showed us, was of a mud village, through which he passed. We were also shown some very beautiful slides of the Alhambra.

The lecture was very interesting, and everyone thoroughly enjoyed it.

J. CAHILL, P. SPINAGE

INTER-FORM ACTING COMPETITION, 1933.

The Inter-Form Acting Competition was held at the end of the Winter Term. Miss Craig kindly acted as judge. Each Senior Form produced a scene from one of Shakespeare's plays to last about half an hour.

VI Form won the competition with a scene from "Henry IV." The dim lantern light shining on the old pewter tankards, the wooden table and benches, combined with the gaily-coloured doublets and hose of the prince and his companions to produce the atmosphere of a fourteenth century inn. Outstanding performances were given by Prince Hal (E. Mooring) and Falstaff (G. Carter).

Second came Va, with a scene from "Julius Caesar." V. Tepper, as Portia, played her part specially well, but some of their characters were mis-cast.

Vb chose a difficult scene from "The Tempest."

IVa, who had not taken part in the competition in former years, presented a scene from "As You Like It." J. Colledge gave the best performance; her speaking was very clear.

After the competition, Miss Craig gave her criticisms, remarking on the great improvement of the acting. The picture was then presented to G. Carter, the VI Form producer.

N. BOOR.

LITERARY SOCIETY.

The Literary Society has been stronger this year, not only in numbers but in enthusiasm.

At the first meeting of the year we had a Lunch, followed by Literary Games. E. Martin was re-elected Vice-President, and G. Carter Secretary.

Our activities, apart from this, have taken the form of play-readings. On November 29th some scenes from "The Lady with a Lamp," by Reginald Berkeley, were read, and on February 26th Gordon Daviot's "Richard of Bordeaux" was the play chosen. Both these meetings were enthusiastically attended, and afforded pleasure alike to those taking parts and to the spectators.

G. CARTER, Secretary.

FICTION AND REFERENCE LIBRARIES.

This last year has been a fortunate one for both the School Libraries. Last summer E. Lay presented us with four volumes of "The History of England." That proved to be the first of many other new books, for in the autumn we had between twenty and thirty more, mostly history, many of which were very badly needed.

The Fiction Library, too, has also benefitted greatly, for a number of attractive new books have been added to both sections and have brightened the shelves with their gaily-coloured dust-covers. Needless to say, this resulted in several new members, but still more would be welcomed. Perhaps some of those seniors who have not joined have forgotten that we also have a number of County Library books which are available to senior members.

P. CHURCH.

GYM COMPETITION, 1934.

The Gym Competition was held for the second year on Monday, March 26th. The School was divided into two groups, junior and senior, everybody in each Form taking part. The Forms showed a keen sense of competition, and VA and VI gained an equal number of marks. They showed some of the work again, and VA finally carried off the Cup, having also won it the previous year as VB. Form III won the junior cup.

The work shown consisted of free standing exercises, easy jumps and skipping in the Junior School, and more difficult exercises and jumps in the Senior School. As a new venture the seniors showed skipping to music, and three in each Form showed an original skipping dance. One member of each Form also took the first three exercises.

Miss Devereux very kindly came to judge the competition and gave some helpful criticism. She said that the standard of work had considerably improved since the summer when she was here. The chief criticism was that the School showed a great tendency to be heavy in moving about, this being due to lack of spring and inability to use the joints of the feet, causing flat foot. Posture on the whole was better, but there is a great need for thought about this out of gym time.

P. JAMES.

HOUSE ENTERTAINMENTS.

The House Entertainments, which have now become a regular end of term feature, were given on March 28th.

All three programmes proved to be highly interesting, and as Miss James remarked when she proposed the vote of thanks at the end of the afternoon, they were also very varied. Items worth special notice were the two short plays by Sidney and Drake—"The New Wing at Elsinore" and "A Shakespearean Nightmare"—both, strangely enough, with a strong Shakespearean flavour; the duet, "Poet and Peasant," from Sidney's programme, and the "Campfire," given by Grenville. All these were entirely new and original features, and were thoroughly appreciated by the audience. The unaccompanied sea-shanties given by Drake and the unaccompanied song from Grenville's "Campfire" were also a welcome innovation.

The aim of these short entertainments, which is to find hidden talent and to encourage the girls to entertain each other, is certainly being fulfilled, for each programme was thoroughly enjoyed by the members of the other Houses.

P. CHURCH.

TENNIS, 1933-34.

We were unfortunate this season, as two of our matches were scratched owing to bad weather.

Results:

The College, Swindon, 1st VI. Away. Scratched.

The Commonweal, Swindon, 1st VI. Away. Lost 30-42 games.

Oxford High School, 2nd VI. Home. Scratched.

Witney Grammar School. 1st VI. Away. Won 60-39 games.

Old Girls' 1st VI. Home. Lost 51-66 games.

Mothers' 1st VI. Home. Lost 39-60 games.

Our tennis six was as follows: P. Wheeler and J. Cadel (first couple), F. Tuck and G. Chambers (second couple), J. Edmonds and R. Fuller (third couple).

P. WHEELER (Tennis Captain).

HOCKEY, 1933-34.

Owing to the kind gift of a pony and mower from Mrs. Bourne, the field was in much better condition this year.

Results:

Witney Grammar School. Away. Lost 1-6.
Commonweal School, Swindon. Home. Draw 4-4.
Oxford High School 3rd XI. Home. Won 6-2.
Milham Ford, Oxford. Home. Lost 1-6.
Commonweal School, Swindon. Away. Lost 8-3.
Witney Grammar School. Home. Won 3-2.
The College, Swindon. Home. Lost 4-0.
Old Girls. Home. Lost 11-0.

The first XI: J. Sampson, P. Grover, M. Belcher, N. Wheeler, L. Dance, J. Edmonds, E. Martin, F. Tucker, R. Fuller, B. Rhodes, G. Chambers.

In the first House match played between Drake and Sidney, Drake won 3-1. The next match was between Drake and Grenville, and Grenville won 5-4 after an exciting game.
G. CHAMBERS (Hockey Captain).

NETBALL.

The results of our matches this year have been disappointing. Owing to bad weather both our matches with Milham Ford have been scratched.

The Inter-Form matches, which were played again this year, resulted in a victory for VI Form. In the final they defeated IVA, who had previously been successful against VB and VA.

The House matches roused great enthusiasm, and Drake retained the Cup.

Drake v. Sidney, 19-3.

Drake v. Grenville, 23-6.

Matches:

Old Girls' 1st VII. Home. Won 23-12.
Swindon Commonweal. Away. Lost 17-23.
Swindon Commonweal. Home. Lost 14-12.
St. Katherine's 1st VII. Away. Lost 36-6.
St. Katherine's 2nd VII. Away. Lost 25-1.

First team: E. Martin, E. Mooring, J. Edmonds, G. Chambers, R. Fuller, J. Harris, S. Watson.

E. MARTIN (Netball Captain).

GUIDES.

This last year has been very uneventful for the Guides. We were unable to compete for the Rounders Shield owing to illness, and we were not able to compete in the Rally.

Mrs. Allen-Stevens kindly invited us to a camp fire on November 5th, and we spent a very enjoyable evening.

N. Tucker and J. Cadel, two of the oldest Guides, have left, and four new members have been enrolled—G. Allen-Stevens, M. Austin, J. Cahill and P. Spinage. There are only eight Guides in the Company, and many more recruits are needed to make up a really good Troop.
F. TUCKER (Patrol Leader).

OLD GIRLS' ASSOCIATION.

It was impossible to hold a Christmas Party this year as so few members were able to attend. We hope that our next attempt will be more successful, but this depends entirely upon the support of the members.

This year we welcome as new members J. Cadel, P. Church, P. Chapman, E. Elliot, N. Tucker and P. Wheeler.

M. Cadel has obtained a Chelsea P.T. Diploma, with Distinction in Teaching. She has been appointed Gym and Games Mistress at Saltley Secondary School, Birmingham.

J. Cadel has become a Probationer at the Faringdon Cottage Hospital.

P. Church is private secretary to Miss Moore.

P. Chapman is training for the Nursing Profession at Guy's Hospital, London.

M. Drew has obtained the Teaching Certificate of the South-West Board.

N. Tucker has become Captain of the 2nd Faringdon Girl Guides.

P. Wheeler is at present still at home.

R. Maggs has just finished a secretarial course at Swindon.

E. Elliot is in charge of her own business in Faringdon.

Any member who would like to read the very few news letters which have been received this year should apply to the Secretary.

Miss Beck, in her interesting letter, sends us news of Robin, and Miss Bartels writes about her school at Maidstone. Letters have been received from Mémé Griffith, who writes about her small son, and from Joyce Maidment, who is still teaching at Reading. Congratulations and good luck to P. Carter, who is shortly to become Mrs. Johnson, and to M. Walker, who has changed her name to Mrs. Forman. Congratulations to Eileen Thomas, who has got a small daughter.

MARY BALLARD, Hon. Sec.

OLD GIRLS' GAMES REPORT.

The tennis match is always the most successful match that the Old Girls play against the School, and we again defeated them by 66 games to 51. The match was played on a beautiful afternoon, but it was almost too hot for the spectators, not to mention the players.

The School had their revenge for this defeat when we played them at netball for the first time. Our side put up a very good fight, but the School team-work was too good for us, and the School won 23-12.

In the Easter Term we played the School at hockey, and, although we played one short, we managed to win 11-0. Our team was strong, but the School put up a good fight.
B. J. TUCKER, Games Secretary.

County School for Girls,
The Park,
Ealing, W.5,
26th February, 1934.

Dear Mary,

Has the time really arrived for me to send you another letter? My life seems to be going along rather in a groove now—a busy groove for all that. It was very delightful to see so many of you last summer, and to see, too, the great changes that have been made at "The Elms."

Perhaps I had better tell you about Robin, as his life seems to be changing more than mine. Incidentally, I was surprised to have to buy "small men's" underwear for him last Monday when I went shopping. From this you will gather that he is growing very fast. Unfortunately he was suddenly taken ill with appendicitis on January 12th, and had to be admitted to Hospital in half-an-hour and be operated on. He was in the Hospital for five weeks, and only came out on Friday week, looking rather white and wilted. However, he eats everything that we put in front of him, so I have great hopes that he will soon begin to fill out and be really strong again. He has left his school, and if he is accepted, as I hope he will be, he will join the "Mercury" Training Ship on the Hamble River, Southampton, on May 1st. Till then he is going to work hard at mathematics, which he will need, and have a good holiday at Weston-super-Mare, and pass his time in this way. It is quite settled for him to go, provided that he passes the medical test and the eyesight test. I know his eyesight is excellent, but there is a colour test which has to be passed by all boys who are intending to take up the sea as their profession. At the end of about two years I hope he will pass into a training ship of the Navy, for which his time on the "Mercury" will give him a good preparation. He is quite keen about doing this, much more so than he was at the idea of entering an office, so I hope he will prove suitable and that he will enjoy the life. I went down to see the training ship at the end of January, and was very much impressed by all I saw. Of course it is not a luxurious life, but everything seemed spotless, and austere without being bare. They have a beautiful room for gymnasium and boxing and games, which had a frieze round of sailing ships, hand-painted in water-colours. In the mess room they had small tables, accommodating eight each, and at one end was a dresser with very bright and pretty china on it. They have a theatre and an orchestra, and I want Robin to take part in the band. They have their own chapel, and large grounds for games, etc. Twice a week they go on board a vessel for training in seamanship, and they sleep on board a vessel which is moored in the Hamble River. They learn English, Mathematics and Science, and this they do in classrooms on shore. In fact, all their activities except seamanship are carried on on shore, and they just sleep on the vessel, so that the name "Training Ship" is rather a misnomer. Anyhow, I think he is a very lucky boy, and I think he agrees with me. I am sorry he is not able to finish the Terra at his old school, but he would not be fit to go back for a fortnight yet, and of course it is so near the end of Term.

The staff here are doing a play this week, which will be rather amusing. We are trying to raise a large sum of money to help girls who want to take up a particular training after they have left school, and the proceeds of the play will go towards this fund. Unfortunately there is such a heavy fee to pay (nine guineas for the two nights)

that we are afraid our receipts will not be very heavy. The licensing authorities only allow us to have two hundred and fifty in our hall at a dramatic performance, so that limits very much what we can make by any entertainment we do.

I do hope a lot of Old Girls will write letters for the News Letter. I suppose they feel as I do, that what one does oneself is not of particular interest, but, after all, it is of interest, and it is the only way we have of keeping in touch.

With best wishes,

I remain,

Yours very sincerely,

DOROTHY BECK.

Grammar School For Girls,
Maidstone.
13th February, 1934.

My dear Mary,

It was very pleasant to get a letter from you, but I wish you had given me news of Faringdon, instead of asking me to send news to you. I try so hard to get news of the School, and all the people there, but very little leaks through. I was quite thrilled to see on the medical card of a little girl who came to us this term, that she was born in Faringdon. I hastened to ask her where she lived, and when she left, and what everybody was doing, but she only smiled at me and said, "I was eighteen months old when I left," so I did not get much information out of her. Her father has just been appointed prison chaplain here; I must ask him about Faringdon when I see him next, but he must have left ten-years ago or more.

We have just had a full Board of Education Inspection, and I was interested to hear that Miss Bradshaw had been to Faringdon and seen Audrey Chamberlain. I longed to ask many questions, but knew it would have been useless even if it had been a reasonable thing to do. I did hear a rumour that your new buildings had been begun, and I felt very envious, as ours are as far away as ever. That we are on the urgent list leaves me quite cold because we have been there for four years now; however, as our numbers are now 463, and likely to be more in September, something must be done, and there is talk of two extra classrooms being squeezed into our already very small playground.

To-day the games mistress asked me to arrange for a hockey film to be shown to the girls, and I said at once, "Oh, the thing breaks into pieces," and then I remembered that I was thinking of a long past event, when we had the film at Faringdon and Miss Read lectured, and the film was a perfect fiasco. I wonder if any of you remember it? I hope our effort here will not be so disastrous—we are going to combine it with a Life Saving Film. Many of the girls here are very keen on swimming and have won their silver and bronze medals for life saving. Our baths are not very good, but I think the water is cleaner than that in the open air baths at Faringdon!

Some of our little people in the Junior House are really very entertaining. Last week when I went down, a small boy piped up in a very shrill voice, "I saw you at Wickhams on Wednesday." Wickhams is a local café, and highly respectable, but I felt for a moment as though I had been discovered in some shameful act. On the first day of each term, I always go down to take prayers for them, and last term, when I went down a day or so later in the middle of the morning, a new five-year-old said, "Oh,

here's Miss Bartels—shall we have to pray?" It is often very difficult to keep solemn with them, and I am afraid one day we all failed hopelessly. I was reading marks to them and said to a child sitting in the front row, "Give Miss X a chair." She got up very reluctantly, and with rather a white face, turned round to the class and said in a shaking voice "Three cheers for Miss X." I know the story reflects very badly upon my clearness in speaking, but the outcome was so unexpected that everybody shouted with laughter except the poor little girl.

I think some of you may be interested to know that I had to part with my dear old car this winter and I now have a little Austin Ten-Four, for which I feel no real affection. It was, however, rather amusing to find how few people recognised me when first I drove it in all its dazzling newness. I know now, that to be really distinguished, one must drive either an "Old Crock" or a super model.

I look forward to getting the Magazine, and I do hope there will be a great many letters from Old Girls in it.

My greetings to all I know,

Yours sincerely,

RUTH BARTELS.