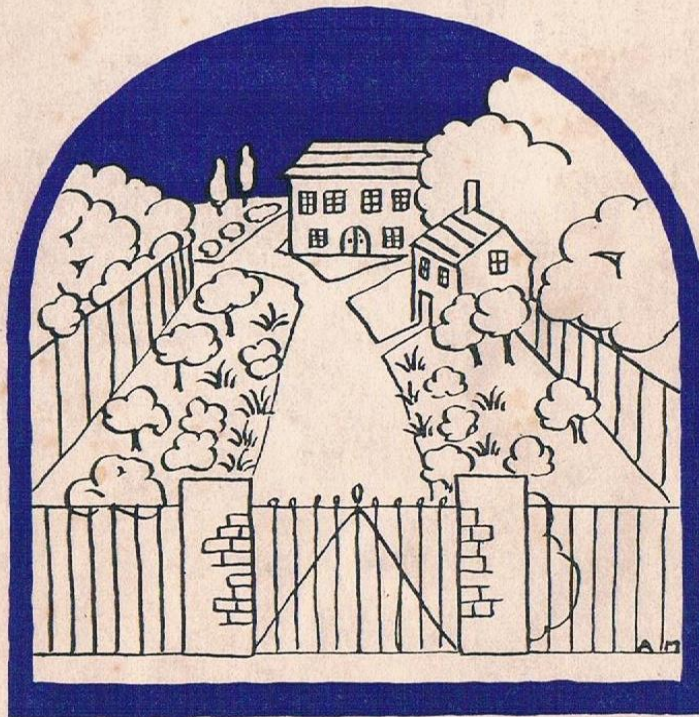


MITCHAM COUNTY
SCHOOL
FOR GIRLS



DECEMBER
1936

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Illustration (M. Cassie)	2
Editorial	3
School Officers	4
Speech Day Report... ..	5
Upper Fifth Plays	6
The Dramatic Society	6
The Singing Competition	7
Mon Séjour en France	8
The Visit of M. Taets	9
“Parliament”	9
A Visit to Windsor	9
The Tate Gallery	10
The Art Exhibition at School	10
Science Notes	11
Illustration (small) (J. Frey)	11
Dr. Barnardo's Home	7
Cricket, Tennis and Rounders Reports	12-14
Illustration (small) (N. Clayson)	14
 Original Contributions—	
1st Form Opinion	15
The Shepherd Lad	16
Terror	16
The Magazine Notice	17
A Scene on a Saturday Night	17
Music	17-18
Ireland	19
Lower Fifth Outlook	19
Upper Fifth Opinion	22
Typewriting	25
Extract from the Diary of a Perfect Schoolgirl	24
Night Ride	24
Overheard	25
The Knife Grinder	26
News from Old Girls	26-27
List of Old Girls	28
General Schools' Results	28-29
Financial Reports	30



M. CASSIE.

SCHOOL SOCIETIES, No. 1.
PARLIAMENT.

Mitcham County School for Girls Magazine.

Motto.—Qui cessat esse melior cessat esse bonus.

No. 11.

DECEMBER, 1936

Editorial Committee :—Miss DUNN, Miss KING, Miss DIXON
(*Advertisement Secretary*), Miss HEAL (*Treasurer*); K.
WELSH (*Editor*); M. GRAY (*Sub-Editor*).

Form Representatives :—R. KEMP, M. HEALEY, J. LEGOOD,
M. SHOEMACK, J. WESTBROOK, V. JACKMAN, C. YATES,
J. CHART, P. SEATON, E. UPHAM, M. GRAY, B. HEDGES,
V. CUTTING, M. SCOTT CREE.

EDITORIAL.

Eight years after its opening, the School "still continues to grow." It now contains three-hundred and fifty-five girls, and sixteen separately-conducted forms. We have thus, as Miss Dunn pointed out on Speech-Day, already out-grown our building. But in spite of difficulties of accommodation, the extended free-study system is being continued successfully, especially in the Senior School, where it meets with great approval.

Besides the new girls, we have to welcome to the school three new mistresses, Miss Cooke, Miss Shaw, and Mademoiselle Susini, who we hope will be very happy at Mitcham. We are fortunate in having Miss Murray to take Miss Browne's place this term. At the same time we have regretfully to say good-bye to Miss Connah, Mrs. Folkes, Miss Thomas (now Mrs. Phillips), and Miss Lindsay, who had taken Miss Brown's place since last February. To these we wish good luck for the future.

An innovation this term is the introduction of Junior Prefects who are on duty during Junior recreation. It is felt that Juniors should have more control over their own affairs than has formerly been allowed them.

In retrospect, little of interest seems to have happened during the last term. In so far as the societies were concerned, only one, Parliament, continued its meetings during the summer term. The Senior School appears to be developing a surprisingly keen interest in politics.

The lapses in other societies have been due rather to the preoccupation of the Upper Fifth Forms with General Schools Examination than lack of interest. This is demonstrated by the keenness with which activities have this term been renewed in the Dramatic Society.

For the Debating Society we look forward next term to the institution of really lively debates, and the renewal of the extremely interesting talks which have from time to time been given by visitors to the school.

Without the aid of a Society, Art appears to be maintaining a pre-eminent position in the interests of the school. The new house-panels, designed by Margaret Littleton, have been admirably executed in a short space of time by last year's Lower Fifth Forms, who are now engaged upon an original Frieze in the Upper Corridor.

As to that bi-yearly institution, the School Magazine, you have doubtless already noticed the new arrangement of original contributions. We feel that each form should be represented according to its standing in the school, and hope that the new system will produce this result.

Our sixth Speech Day is now over, and in conclusion, we would like to thank Doctor Soper for so kindly consenting to distribute to us our prizes. K.W.

SCHOOL OFFICERS, 1936-7.

Captain : M. SCOTT - CREE.

Vice-Captain : K. WELSH.

Prefects :

E. BOOTH.	M. HUMPHRIES.
M. GOLD.	W. MAYHEW.
M. GRAY.	M. NEED.
B. HEDGES.	M. OTTO.
P. HORNE.	G. WILLIAMSON.

Sub-Prefects :

M. MORRIS.	D. THOMAS.
------------	------------

Junior Prefects :

B. HARRIS.	J. PLUMRIDGE.
P. HILL	P. STOCK
V. JOVER	M. VAIL
P. MACKENZIE	D. WALLACE.

SPEECH DAY.

On November 12th, the sixth Annual Speech Day was held. Mr. Mizen, as Chairman of the Governors, stressed the progress of education in Surrey, and expressed a hope that girls would take the fullest advantage of their opportunities.

Miss Dunn, in her report, first explained that the report this year would be a brief one, as the previous Speech Day had been postponed for a term, and as the school was now so established that there would be fewer experiments to describe. She then welcomed the new members of staff, and pointed out that the school was now so full that applications for entry had to be given a term before the beginning of the school year.

Miss Dunn then passed to the new system of private study, and said that it was a success as girls were learning to think for themselves, but that it was not yet used to the fullest advantage. The Commercial Sixth Form had also proved a success, and the addition of a Civil Service Form made it easier for girls to specialise in the subjects most useful to them. Miss Dunn then spoke of school activities: the Singing Festival of the previous term, and the Dramatic Society's forthcoming production of "The Rivals," and concluded by attributing the happy atmosphere existing in the school to the co-operation between girls, staff, and Governors.

The prizewinners in the inter-form Singing Festival then sang the songs which had gained them first place. Another pleasant innovation was a member of staff, Miss Shaw, singing the solo of "O Jesus, I have promised," which was the first song of the evening.

The climax of the evening came with the distribution of prizes and the address by Doctor Soper. His main point was that there was more in life than the things which can be seen, so that education by nourishing our minds will make us realise the true importance of peace and love. Men were meant to live happily together; war and unhappiness were the result of ignorance. To illustrate his point that everything given away in love returns to the donor, he told us an amusing story.

Three men were left seventeen camels in their father's will, and of these one man was to have half, another a third and the last a ninth. In desperation they approached their uncle who gave them his only camel "Gladys," to make the division possible. There were now eighteen camels; one man took nine, another six, the last two, but this only amounted to seventeen, and "Gladys" could be returned to her owner.

After the rendering of more songs by the school, followed the votes of thanks. Then Dr. Soper, rising in reply to Mr. Bailey, made the most popular speech of the evening, a request for a whole holiday for the school. This was kindly granted by Mr. Mizen, and approved by Miss Dunn, so the evening concluded on a very happy note.

M.G. K.W.

THE FIFTH FORM PLAYS.

The two plays, "Slow Curtain," and "The Girl for the Hall," presented by the Upper Fifth Forms at the end of the Summer Term, were the first to be produced without the help of a mistress.

For Upper V_k, Brenda Hedges' production of "The Girl for the Hall" was vigorous and amusing. The stressing of the comedy however, made the play seem rather unbalanced—the less important characters dominating the stage. Thus the quiet studies of D. Prior, M. Michie and V. Jenvey, who represented the most important characters from the point of view of plot, had to give way to D. Peet, M. Ballisat, B. Hedges, and J. Mace—who was inclined to rant. The comedy was genuinely funny and spontaneous, however, and more than compensated for the overacting of certain parts.

M.G.

The Production of "Slow Curtain" by Upper V_c revealed considerable dramatic talent. The costumes were effective, the play well staged, and on the whole well-cast. Edna Cooper gave an excellent performance as the not-so-young actress. Joan Ellis did well in a difficult rôle, but Ray Oliver was not so well suited to the part of Delia.

The play itself was a thoughtful one, and its importance lay in the presentation of character, and so perhaps, as the school had just finished examinations, its somewhat subtler points were sometimes missed. Nevertheless, the humour, especially of the telephone conversations, and the good acting were appreciated.

The production ran smoothly and had obviously been well rehearsed, for which credit is due to Mavis Gray, as producer.

B.H. and M.M.

THE DRAMATIC SOCIETY.

This term the Dramatic Society is to produce its first full length play, "The Rivals," by Sheridan. Not only the producer and actors, but all members of the Society, whether in the designing of posters or the selling of tickets, are working hard to make it a success. We hope that the rest of the school, parents, and friends will encourage the Society by providing a large and stimulating audience at the Baths Hall, on Thursday and Friday, the 10th and 11th of December. By so doing we feel sure that they will enjoy a really good entertainment.

K.W.

THE SINGING COMPETITION.

The Singing Competition of last term was the first competition of its kind ever held at school. Most of the forms worked extremely hard, some girls coming to school very early to rehearse, and the winning choir in particular was seen practising hard—even in the corridor—at every opportunity.

The actual singing at the competition was not as good as at the last rehearsal. Even so, it was of a much higher standard than was anticipated. Some of the forms lacked accuracy, and needed to respond more quickly to the wishes of their conductor.

The singers of L.v.d deserve commendation for the accuracy of their singing of "Old Mother Hubbard," which they rendered well.

The pianists on the whole were good; they tried to follow and proved real accompanists. It is pleasing to know that even in junior forms there are girls who can really cope with a difficult accompaniment. Some girls should remember Miss Dixon's advice about pedalling. Kathleen Hickman who won the prize presented by Miss Holgate, deserved her success, and is to be congratulated.

The conductors were extremely good, some of those from junior forms showing great promise, and it was a very pleasant surprise to see the way some conductors made their singers respond to their wishes. A few of the conductors, however, should not exaggerate their mannerisms, because that takes attention from the singing.

It is hoped that the competition will be repeated next year, and a real interest developed in singing. We would like to thank Miss Dunn, Miss Dixon and Miss Sloane, the adjudicators, for their helpful criticism and advice, and Miss Holgate for presenting the prizes and trophies.

M.H.

THE BARNARDO LECTURE.

On Friday, the tenth of July, the school was given a talk by Mrs. Ford on the Doctor Barnardo Homes. She began by telling us of the troubles children were forced to bear in the earlier days, showing us how lucky they were to enjoy their present privileges, and went on to give us examples of the character of Doctor Barnardo, and the work of his Homes.

We were pleased to learn that the money we contributed to the charity collections went towards the upkeep of a "Mitcham" cot in a hospital. Mrs. Ford helped us to realise for what a splendid institution we were collecting.

V.D.

MON SÉJOUR EN FRANCE.

Dès que j'avais quitté Mitcham County School mes parents pensèrent que ce serait une bonne idée si j'allais faire un séjour en France pour continuer mes études avant d'entrez à l'école des Beaux-Arts en automne.

Alors, à Pâques, je suis arrivée à Paris avec mon frère qui y restait avec des amis. Mais moi, je suis allée avec une gentille Dame, Mme. Vinot, à Lormaye. Là j'ai rencontré ses deux filles, Evelyne et Florence, qui étaient à peu près de mon âge. Au commencement j'étais (comme d'habitude) très timide, et je ne pouvais pas beaucoup parler mais quand j'avais joué avec. Evelyne (la plus petite des deux filles), je suis devenue toute beureuse, et je n'étais plus timide.

A la fin de Pâques, Florence et Evelyne sont allées avec moi dans un lycée à Chartres—une belle ville, avec la plus belle cathédrale que j'aie jamais vue, et une des plus belles de la France, renommée pour son architecture magnifique et ses vitraux lumineux.

Au Lycée je me suis très bien amusée avec les autres élèves.

Tous les deux dimanches je suis allée chez Mme. Vinot, et pour les autres jours je suis restée au Lycée, comme pensionnaire. A la Pentecôte je suis allée chez mes amis à Lormaye.

De retour au lycée je m'amusais beaucoup. La dernière semaine du trimestre, j'avais beaucoup à faire, parce que toutes les élèves ont voulu des souvenirs de moi, sachant que j'avais beaucoup dessiné au Lycée, et que j'aimais bien le dessin et j'avais à leur faire des portraits ! A la fin du trimestre on m'a donné un livre d'Alphonse Daudet. "Lettres de mon Moulin" je le garde maintenant que je suis en Angleterre et ça me fait plaisir de me rappeler les beaux jours que j'ai eu à Chartres le douze juillet je suis allée à Paris où j'ai trouvé des amis et j'étais ravie quand ils m'ont montré les églises du Sacré Cœur et de Notre Dame, et les galeries des Beaux-Arts au Louvre.

Le seize juillet je me suis trouvé avec Mme Vinot et ses filles à la gare Saint Lazare et nous nous sommes embarquées pour l'Angleterre. J'étais au comble du bonheur de voir mes parents, et j'avais beaucoup à leur raconter, mais je ne pouvais plus parler anglais.

Je me trouvais très heureuse en France, et si j'ai la chance d'y aller aux grandes vacances l'année prochaine, je serai bien contente.

M. LITTLETON.

(Margaret left from Form Lower Vb last Easter to spend a year in Paris before going to a School of Art in London. She designed the new House panels which have been embroidered by members of Form Upper Vk, and placed in the hall this Term).

THE VISIT OF M. TAETS.

Early this term, M. Taets, who organised the Belgian Tour at Easter, visited the school. He came to present the prizes, offered by the Belgian Board of Education, for the best essays written on the tour, amusing us all with his racy comments.

PARLIAMENT.

In spite of the glittering attractions of Tennis and Cricket, Parliament flourished during the Summer Term. Russia, the League of Nations, the Government's Policy on Education, Health and Traffic were discussed with vigour. M. Cave, L. Baker, P. O'Loughlin, P. Seaton, D. Goldsmith opened the debates. Their papers were thoughtful and thought provoking.

Parliament invites good listeners, good speakers with interests in the world and its affairs. Meetings are held on Tuesdays in the Library. The dates are given on the General Notice Board.

M.H.G.

A VISIT TO WINDSOR.

On Saturday July 11th, Mrs. Smith took a party of girls to Windsor. We left Mitcham about nine, and reached Windsor Castle shortly before eleven. On arriving, we visited the Curfew Tower, and saw the clock and dungeons. We then went into St. George's Chapel, the Albert Memorial Chapel, and Round Tower. In the latter the stairs seemed endless, but when we eventually reached the battlements we decided that the view was worth the climb.

About one o'clock we went down to the river, ate sandwiches and watched the boats going through Romney Lock. Unfortunately, it began to rain, and we had to seek shelter; but when it had stopped raining we made our way back to Windsor and inspected the State Apartments. The guide was very entertaining and during a solemn and impressive pause, a small child caused much amusement by remarking "Bla, Bla, Bla!"

Later, we went to the Conservative Hall where we spent an enjoyable tea-time.

We are very grateful to Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Stafford for accompanying us.

P. HORNE.

THE TATE GALLERY.

On July 17th, a party of Upper Fifth and Sixth form girls accompanied by Miss Thorpe, visited the Tate Gallery. The previous discussions on Modern Art had aroused conflicting opinion, and the argument become even more heated when actual examples of contemporary Art could be quoted. Turner, and the Pre-Raphaelites were the subject of great controversy, while Blake was the most severely criticised, and yet the most highly praised artist in the Gallery.

The arrangement and lighting of the pictures met with general approval however, and the small rooms containing pictures of similar subjects were preferred to long galleries of pictures resembling each other only in nationality. As usual, the time allotted was felt to be ridiculously short, and the first few minutes were spent in rushing breathlessly from room to room, but after an hour or so several enthusiastic critics were found reclining on the very comfortable seats, apparently memorising the details of the picture before them. Our interest has not abated however, and we thank Miss Thorpe for an enjoyable morning.

N.G.

THE ART EXHIBITION.

During the Summer Term an exhibition of contemporary art was held in the art room, and there was much discussion among the girls over the pictures. The different methods of painting were particularly striking. The "Irish Girl," by Frederick Schmid, was very life-like, the expressive face of the girl contrasting vividly with the sober clothes and background.

Another interesting portrait was that of an auburn-haired girl, the painting of which was carried out in free, bold brushwork. "The Village Children," by T. C. Dugdale, A.R.A., was an exceptionally charming and informal character study of two small children, while "The Florentine," a portrait of an aristocratic lady, by Ethel Walker, had a more formal elegance. The exhibition gave us examples of the various treatments of pictures according to their subjects, and at the same time enabled us to see the actual work of the real artists.

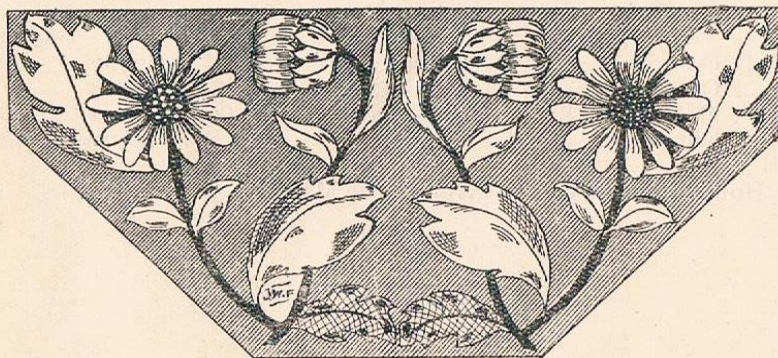
E.C.

SCIENCE NOTES.

Two Wild Flower Competitions were held this year. For the first, flowers were brought during the Summer term by girls in all parts of the school. In all, 221 specimens were collected and placed in the Biology Laboratory. Cranmer headed the list with 117, followed by Caesar with 64, Raleigh with 33 and Throckmorton 7. It was felt, however that many more girls actually gathered flowers than appeared from the marks since credit was only given for the first flower of a kind to be brought correctly named. Another competition was therefore suggested, in which girls were asked to collect and press flowers or fruits during the Summer holidays. Eleven collections were finally submitted, although several others were begun and not completed. The variety of flowers indicated that girls had searched by lake and sea, in wood and bog, in lane and field. Pamela Horne is especially to be congratulated on her collection of nearly 200 specimens, all well pressed and arranged and neatly labelled.

We should like to acknowledge with thanks the gift of a collection of minerals and fossils by the Misses Clayton. These, together with a mammoth's tooth found in Mitcham gravel, are exhibited on the upper corridor, as witness to the power of Nature's forces in the past. Outside the building, around the hockey field are to be seen the newly planted trees springing up to add further beauty to our grounds in the future.

A.C.H.



J. FREY.

GAMES REPORTS AND RESULTS

INTER-HOUSE TOURNAMENT RESULTS.

			<i>Cricket.</i>	<i>Rounders.</i>	<i>Tennis.</i>
Caesar	41 all out	5	17
v.					
Cranmer	76 for 4	2½	19
Caesar	50 all out	4½	16
v.					
Raleigh	66 for 5	4½	20
Caesar	65 for 5	1½	19
v.					
Throckmorton	50 all out	1	17
Cranmer	82 all out	5	18
v.					
Raleigh	56 all out	4½	18
Cranmer	84 for 6	1½	20
v.					
Throckmorton	19 all out	5½	16
Raleigh	56 for 6	2½	21
v.					
Throckmorton	57 for 6	5½	15

TOTAL POINTS.

	<i>Cricket.</i>		<i>Rounders.</i>		<i>Tennis.</i>	<i>Games.</i>
(1) Cranmer	6	(1) Caesar	5	(1) Raleigh		59
(2) Caesar	}	(2) Threckmtn.	4	(2) Cranmer		57
Raleigh		(3) Cranmer	2	(3) Caesar		52
Threkn.)		(4) Raleigh	1	(4) Threckmtn.		48

House Reports will be given in the May issue.

CRICKET REPORT.

1st XI.

This year's Cricket Team has been nearly the same as that of last year, few girls having left.

At the beginning of the season the fielding was lazy, and the batting results were disappointing. However, after a few

practices, both batting and fielding greatly improved. The team has some very good bowlers, and also some batters showing good style.

The team has won all its matches but the first two of the season one of which was a draw and one a loss.

The highest individual score of the season is 45, made by Doris Peet, against Beckenham County School.

The following girls have won their Cricket Colours this year :—

W. Vale, I. Regnauld, P. Palmer.

1st XI.

E. Booth, C. Foster, M. Morris, M. Neeld, P. Palmer (*Captain*), D. Peet, D. Prior, I. Regnauld, I. Salmon, W. Vale, B. Wicks.

L.V. XI.

This team won the only match that they played. The team played well, the fielding was smart and the batting and bowling good.

L.V. XI.

L. Baker, E. Booth, I. Cottrell, M. Davis, V. Davis, C. Foster, J. Foster, M. Morris, I. Regnauld, M. Stirling, B. Wicks (*Captain*).

TENNIS.

This year, with four new courts, more girls have been given an opportunity to practice, and most of them have used well this new advantage, to improve their play.

A new system of coaching was arranged, whereby on certain days of the week, older girls coached the juniors. Many of the younger girls have benefitted by the scheme, but unfortunately many others did not take it seriously enough.

The School Team has been very enthusiastic this year, and has willingly come to practices.

On June 26th, a party of girls visited Wimbledon, and saw some very good matches.

On July 14th the Inter-House Tournaments were held, Raleigh eventually winning the cup. Six couples from each house competed, instead of the customary three.

SCHOOL TEAM.

1st Couple : R. Hogfress (*Capt.*), M. Neeld.

2nd Couple : V. Jeffery, E. Booth.

3rd Couple : I. Regnauld, B. Young.

MATCHES.

<i>Opponents.</i>	<i>Ground.</i>	<i>Result.</i>
Rosebery ...	Away ...	1st Couple. Lost, 3—6, 10—8,
County School		6—4.
		2nd Couple. Won, 3—6, 6—4, 8—6
		3rd Couple. Lost, 0—6, 0—3.
		RITA HOGFRESS (<i>Capt.</i>).

ROUNDERS.

This year we have had another successful Rounders Team, which has only lost one match throughout the whole season. There is a great improvement in the batting. All members of the team are good keen fielders, although they sometimes miss certain catches. They are enthusiastic in practices and matches.

Team (under 13).—R. Highwood (*Capt.*), B. Cottrell (*Vice-Capt.*), M. Watson, V. Westley, M. Wintersen, K. Baldock, A. Chubb, D. Wilson, M. Etherton.

2nd Form Match.—M. Mussenden, M. Watson, R. Gray, K. Baldock, V. Westley, D. Hickling, A. Chubb, M. Etherton (*Capt.*), D. Wilson.

MATCHES.

<i>Opponents.</i>	<i>Ground.</i>	<i>Score.</i>
Rosebery County School ...	Home ...	Won, 2½ to ½.
Russell Hill School ...	Home ...	Won, 10 to nil.
East Sheen County School ...	Home ...	Lost, 1½ to 2.
Rosebery County School ...	Away ...	Won, 5½ to ½.
		R. HIGHWOOD.



N. CLAYSON.

ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS

"MY NEW SCHOOL"—1ST FORM OPINION.

"I like my new school because it is situated in a nice open space. The bus stop is about fifteen yards from the school gates, and you have to walk over a short stretch of green to the tram stop. The school gardens are very pretty, especially the pond, and the salt marsh is a good idea, while the bog is coming along nicely.

The teachers are friendly, and this is where a Secondary School differs from the ordinary school, the teachers are all ladies—which I prefer to men. The girls are pleasant, and look very smart in their uniforms.

JOAN ARCHER.

"As I walked down the drive on my first morning at the Mitcham County School, I was bewildered by the number of girls I saw, and wondered if I should ever know them all. I noticed the tennis courts and hoped that next summer I should be playing on them. When I went into the hall I thought it looked very attractive with the brightly coloured pictures and house cups."

DOREEN BROWNE.

"One of the most delightful things about the County School I thought, was the entire absence of boys—boys, that pushed and shoved, and shouted, as they did at my other school. At Sherwood Park School I had a most tiresome boy sitting next to me, who covered my frock with blots and pulled my hair, and was always trying to push me out of my desk."

BERYL JEFFS.

"When I came to my new school it seemed to be much more like a school than my old one, which was made of wood. Mitcham County School is a large building of red brick, with nice large grounds, and some gardens. The teachers in the County School have desks which are placed on platforms, and so they can see us much better as they are higher than we are."

JOYCE BRAKELL.

THE SHEPHERD LAD.

High on the hill top
Peaceful and old,
Sits David, the shepherd lad,
Guarding the fold.
Wolves in the night-time
Come prowling near,
But the shepherd is ready,
A lad of no fear.

DORIS BREWER. Form IIh.

TERROR.

I was staying with my Aunt in a lonely country cottage. One evening she went out, leaving me alone. Suddenly I realised that Auntie was late in returning. It was getting very dark and chilly. I did not feel as brave as when Auntie had left me. I was about to light the lamp, when I heard a most terrifying scream, which seemed to last several minutes, and then gradually died away. I dropped the lamp glass from sheer fright, and stood cowering against the wall unable to move. Auntie! I thought of the huge barns, and the three great fields before the road. Dare I go and look? Did the scream come from one of the rooms? I really could not go upstairs. Then I heard the sound of footsteps. What was I to do? Well! I just stayed where I was; I seemed rooted to the ground. Then the door opened, and in stepped Auntie, smiling and full of apologies for being late. Seeing my frightened face, she ceased smiling, and enquired what had happened. I related my story, but as my Aunt had heard nothing, she thought it was my imagination. Still, I felt sure of the scream, but of course grown-ups never seem to understand. I was packed off to bed, full of thoughts of ghosts and murders.

In the morning while my Auntie and I were walking close to the cottage, we saw a dead rabbit. Auntie suddenly realized the explanation of my fright. The rabbit had been killed by a stoat, which springs on the back of its prey and rides thus, gradually drawing the blood from its victim until the creature drops dead. The scream of the rabbit is truly of terror. From my visit, I discovered that the peaceful country can be lonely and full of fear.

RITA KEMP. Form IIIs.

THE MAGAZINE NOTICE.

Pinning up the paper
Neatly on the wall,
" Magazine Notice "
In a red ink scrawl.
" Articles are wanted.
Original please,
No poems about " Daffodils,"
Or " fairylike sweet-peas."
Articles of homework,
Articles of play,
Everything that goes to make
A schoolgirl's day.
Poems of the school grounds,
Hockey, netball teams,
All of these subjects
Provide " well-thought-out " themes.
So take your quill and take your scroll,
And rack your weary brain,
For the Magazine of Mitcham School—
Is coming out again.

J. LEGOOD. Form IIIs.

A SCENE ON A SATURDAY NIGHT.

Steam is issuing forth from the bedroom window. There is a great noise of splashing ; it dies down and is followed by " Hiawatha's Wedding Feast," " One Night of Love," and " Three Blind Mice." A brief period of silence is broken by a banging on the wall and a muffled cry of " Ready ! " In goes mother with the towels, and after a few minutes the door opens and out comes a red-faced cherub " sighing like a furnace." She asks for the nail scissors, and vanishes into the bedroom.

MONICA ETHELTON. Form IIIs.

MUSIC.

The reactions of the human race to musical expression are as varied as the possible combination of the musical notes, and the compositions created down through the ages by all tribes and nations.

Comparatively few human beings are entirely dead to the call of music, and few will deny that music rightly belongs to the realms of art. It may be truly said of music that what is one man's meat is another man's poison. There are some people who receive it almost with deaf ears. They are slightly

conscious of its existence, but do not respond. Some, when hearing true music are merely interested, and some slightly moved. Others again are stirred, while some will evince a genuine appreciation. Then there are those who are truly musical, and in his turn we find the real genius who, in response to the call of music, is profoundly inspired.

There are contrasting reactions to be found to the same tune. One person will respond sympathetically to one type of music and regard another type as repulsive. Another will record a liking of any form of music that has a tune in it, but possess no discerning ear for the infinite harmonies, expression, tone and genius which can be found in that form of music labelled "highbrow."

Is music necessary? To answer this we must ask another question—does music fulfil any purpose in human life? Imagine a world without music. Of course, life, without music would indeed be a mere existence. We have the military call of the silver trumpet and bugle. Whose soul is so dead that it has not thrilled to the bugle's pure clarion notes when heard coupled with the perfectly timed tread of soldiers? Recreation and the dance—can those two be entirely divorced in the scheme of human activities? The emotional ballads brought down to us from the past—are they the writings of history brought to life again? How many hours of due happiness have been given to mankind in the operas? To what sublime heights have the hearts of men been lifted by the hearing and singing of the patriotic airs? Whose devotion has not been deepened by the notes of the organ and the inspiring hymns of praise and worship? A wedding without music is indeed a dull affair, and the burials of great men have become inspirations to the living by the "March Funèbre." "Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast." It also has charms to soothe away our cares and give a touch of sweetness to dull lives.

Whilst we are apt to confine our attentions to the notes of music created by the varied instruments of the orchestras, there are other notes of music which are equally true music and without which life would be very dull. There is for example the rustling of the leaves when caressed by the wind, the rippling of the stream as it tumbles over the stony fall, and our holidays are tremendously enhanced by the breaking of the wavelets on the shore. Whose ear is deaf to the sweet notes of the bird? There is true music to gladden the hearts of all in the greeting of a friend, and the wind, and the buzz of the bee, and even in the Postman's knock. Even the most mundane of us can find music in the announcement of an unexpected holiday.

GLORIA BUTTON, Form IVd.

IRELAND.

The first thing that struck me about Ireland was the greenness of everything, especially the fields, and hills, on which the Irish cattle graze. It was strange at first to meet little donkey carts taking the peasants to market, and peat to town. On the road we also met large numbers of sheep and cattle going to pasture. A common sight in the lanes was a wooden stand with churns of milk waiting to be taken to the Creamery.

The land round the coast is generally very pleasant, with many trees and old buildings, but across the centre of Ireland it is very rocky and bare; all that can be seen for miles around are the peat diggings, and the donkey carts taking the peat to town.

The Irish villages and towns are really very dirty and uninteresting as the people are so poor. The children go to school with bare feet, and the women wear black shawls over their heads. In Dublin, the Irish jaunting cars are a familiar sight. It was here we spent most of our queer Irish notes and coins, much against our will. We also learnt phrases of the language and chatted with these friendly people.

I found the Irish and Ireland very lovable and charming, and long to go there again some day.

PAT STOCK, IVd.

LOWER-FIFTH OUTLOOK.

Although comparatively few years have passed since the school was built on the site of Cranmer House, its surroundings have already changed a great deal. The quiet lane at the back of the school and the orchard at the side which we remember so well—both are gone.

Everything is still, still, quiet and motionless, for there is no bird to disturb the bare branches of the trees which border the flower garden. Girls on the green field which stretches to a line of suburban houses are playing hockey, but even they are absolutely still, waiting, alert, for the signal to start. Besides the trees which litter the foremost part of the field with orange and brown leaves, a few old stumps can be seen, the only remains of lofty trees who once waved their leafy branches over the field. The garden is nearly bare, except for a few bunches of white and yellow flowers, and one small solitary red one. Two small sparrows hop daintily along the gravel path towards the bird table, but everything is quiet and peaceful.

P. KNIGHT, L.Vh.

SCENE FROM A SCHOOL WINDOW.

Across the sky scurried the clouds in endless succession, threatening rain. Against the sky the trees stood black and gawky with straggling leaves and stunted branches. The white goal post showed up startlingly against the field. The turf was green, washed clean by the rain and on it the leaves tossed and turned as if in a last restless sleep. The house roofs, weathered to a dull pink, seemed to express the last fading colour of the year. Suddenly the sun shone out tingeing the flying clouds with gold as they broke to show the sky which was blue as on a summer day. The landscape was startled into colour. The grey shadows of the trees darkened, the leaves till now drab and colourless woke to mellow, sage, and airy gold. In the background the flowers by the path nodded as if in appreciation of the sun.

DOROTHY PEARSE, L.Vh.

THE COMING OF WINTER.

Steady snowflakes falling
 Slowly from the sky—
Hark ! the North wind calling—
 Winter draweth nigh
All the bird songs hushing
 Where he coldly blows,
All the blossoms crushing
 Save the Christmas rose.
Comes the East wind racing,
 Winter's here again,
Rare the ferns he's tracing
 On the window pane.
While the moon is beaming
 O'er the scene below,
Mother Earth is dreaming
 Underneath the snow.

BETTY SUTTON, L.Vh.

ON SECOND THOUGHTS.

Do not suppose on seeing the above title that I am a new girl at this school.

I first started life here on September 14th, 1933, and did not feel very happy on that particular day. For one thing, I left the 'bus too soon, and had to walk the rest of the way to school. On that morning, too, I adopted the method of "follow the crowd." Having only a vague idea of the way to school, I just followed other girls who did not know the way.

When at last I stood outside the school building, I thought it rather strange that most people stood in groups, and did not seem to realise that there were lessons ahead, so excitedly were they conversing. In my mind, however, there was a dread lest new girls should have a knowledge test on entering the school.

The doors of the school opened, and a crowd of scholars surged in. To my intense delight there was no knowledge test.

Almost the first event to take place was the explanation of school rules. I can well recollect the words: "You are *not* to wear white blouses on Monday, *grey* blouses on Wednesday, and *black* blouses on Friday; you are to wear *white* blouses all the week." I was very careful to say "Madam" to every mistress, as we had been carefully taught at the school I had previously attended.

The first lesson I took part in was gymnastics. This lesson I did not enjoy. I was informed that I had a "poking head."

I had expected that we would receive homework when attending this school, and heard with incredible joy the words: "This form will not receive homework." That was in the second form.

One of the first difficulties I came up against at this school, was that of knowing at which end of the building the dining room was to be found, and at which end the staff-room.

One day, when we were lining up for prayers, I saw a notice on the form notice-board, which said: "Honours List," and underneath were several ink lines, but no names.

Imagine my surprise when I discovered that all one had to do to write one's name on this list was to obtain three "very good" marks. Previously I had supposed that it was necessary to save another girl's life, or something just as wild.

However, I am no longer a new girl, and have experienced three years of life at this school. I sadly fear, however, that my "poking head" still "pokes."

VERA JACKMAN, Form LVh.

UPPER-FIFTH FORM OPINION.

DEAR EDITOR,

The increased time for private study allows one really to settle down to work. At least, this should be the case, but I find that after a hectic scramble for a place in the library or a subject-Room, about seven minutes have passed before work can be begun. Then there is another disturbance at three-twenty when more girls go in and out of the rooms. The library is not big enough to accommodate all the girls who wish to work in silence, and many are disturbed in the subject-room.

Some girls remain in their own form-rooms even when they are not doing the subject to which their room is allotted. Thus there is no room for others who require help from their mistress.

There is also the "giving-in" trouble. Friday morning is always a scene of last-minute scribbles. Some girls seem unable to arrange their private study so as to prevent over-work at the end of the week.

So much for grumbles about the new system. It has, however, its good points. If one feels particularly historical, one can spend an evening doing history, and let that difficult French translation wait until to-morrow's study-period when one is fresher, and can in addition obtain help from the mistress. But beware! Do not find on Friday morning that the French translation is neither in the form file, nor even in one's desk, but, worse still, remains in the language of the Franks!

Yours truly,

MARY CAVE, U.Vc.

DEAR EDITOR,

It is sometimes most amusing to hear friends compete in their description of their schools. "Ours has three stair-cases, real marble!" says one. "Pooh! that's nothing," boasts another. "Ours has four, with mahogany bannisters, and a notice at each corner to say 'Please keep Left'!" So the combat continues, until commonplace buildings become palaces fit for goddesses.

Not only is the school itself subject to such exaltations. The girls are ideal: ladylike, and clever at both work and games. But as for the mistresses! You never saw such divine, capable, pleasant beings.

Then, of course, there is the uniform. To explain with my simple vocabulary, the raiment in which these glorious people are apparelled would be impossible. Still, for all that, I prefer our comparatively modest school—comparatively, I say, for we should be proud of our fine building, our human mistresses, and last, but not least, that we do not have to walk around clad in a violent medley of green, purple and orange.

Yours truly,

22

EDEL CARROL, U.Vk.

DEAR EDITOR,

The spirit of grumbling is fast getting hold of this school. I myself am grumbling now, but I only grumble at grumbling. We grumble at the new system of private study, which is a very good one. If we are given a little more work than we expected we cry indignantly, "Oh, but really Miss———, we have such overwhelming preparation already!" When it happens that we are occasionally willing to be useful in school, we shake ourselves carefully by the hand, and sit back well pleased with ourselves. Our form is lazy about games and gymnastics. I often grumble, "Oh, look at the beautiful sunshine! I thought it was going to rain. Now we shall have to suffer a games lesson after all." We possess a constant *munition* of "But need we's," ready to be fired at the first opportunity. I believe we enjoy grumbling. We bemoan with a happy grin. The fact that we have innumerable lines of Virgil's "Aeneid" to learn before General Schools Examination, and still more lines of English verse to have by heart in a week. None of this has killed us so far. In fact I even venture to argue that the juniors should have some homework. When, we were in the first and second forms we used to have some every night. It would keep them occupied—and give them something to grumble about.

Yours truly,

PAULINE SEATON, U.Vk.

DEAR EDITOR,

"Spare Moments," is a wide subject and popular.

The restful, leisurely school girl likes a deck-chair in the garden, or an armchair by the fire; a cushion beneath her head, and—clutched firmly in her right hand a copy of "Wordsworth & Coleridge," for that poem simply must be learnt to-night.

The more energetic prefers a long tramp in the country. They walk with easy stride and steady swing, but beneath the sturdy arm snuggles "Thurston's Progressive Geography," because Chapter V has somehow been missed this week, and ought to be read for the next lesson.

Of course, sometimes our spare moments are relentlessly wasted with an evening visitor, whilst a worried eye perpetually roves toward the little flat pink book, for it is maths. first lesson, tomorrow, you know.

But, as father profoundly observes, we must make the most of these days, for the time we spend at school—(you know what is coming)—is the happiest time of our life.

Yours truly,

GWEN MARSHALL, U.Vk.

EXTRACT FROM THE DIARY OF A PERFECT
SCHOOLGIRL.

I got up at six o'clock and had a cold bath. After breakfast I ran round the hockey field three times. I know Cecile Stringlim, our captain, was watching, which means she'll give me an extra large helping of pudding when she's on dinner duty. I took my shoes off at the door, so I didn't leave any mud in the cloakroom. I hope Cecile noticed that too.

Miss Fisic was so pleased with me in Science this morning. When we were heating water to turn it to steam I was the only girl who had the thermometer the right way up.

We had stewed pineapple for lunch. I do wish Cecile Stringlim had been on duty to-day.

During hockey this afternoon, Cecile said she was thinking of trying me in the first eleven. I knew she saw me this morning, but I let her know I shall expect a large helping of pudding as well.

Gladys Gobbett, head of the literary club, called a meeting after school. She read aloud my little poem "Spring Flowers" and then proposed I should be editor of our new magazine. Gladys is such a nice girl. Later I found two people had to be nominated for editor. The other person proposed is Irene Paterson. I don't like her. Some people seem to think she's pretty but I hate that swarthy sort of people.

I finished my homework and went to bed at eight. I found a dreadful bruise on my leg, and Irene Paterson was my opponent in hockey. I knew she wasn't a nice type of girl.

E. COOPER, Form VI.

NIGHT RIDE

Through the thick - enclosing dark,
Broke a soft spattering
And raindrops scattering,
Became each one a spark,
Falling through the lamp's bright beam
In one swift flash,
Swelling the splash of the steady-falling stream.
Down my yellow-shining cape it flowed
In intricate runnels:
While through black tunnels
Under the dripping firs we rode,
And the keen smell of pine and cone
Freshened with rain,
Quickened again
Minds lulled by fir-tops drowsy, murmured drone.

MARJORIE PAUL, Form VI.

TYPEWRITING.

Typewriting is a new occupation in which the VIth form indulges—when permitted, for the laws regarding the use of the machines by unskilled fingers are severe.

I am just getting over a stage in which I tried to “play” the typewriter in a manner reminiscent of piano scales; I kept trying to use my thumb. It was somewhat of a relief to be told to use it for the “space-bar.”

I think the whole school seems to have heard our little gramophone. It is so cheery! Those wretched exercises run round and round in my head, and the way we have to manipulate our fingers has become an obsession. Often when finding two or more electric-light switches on the wall to be operated, I unconsciously try to use the “right” fingers. I count my plum stones to the tune “a s d f,” and “Begin after six taps,” haunts my dreams.

For anyone with a weakness for gadgets, the typewriter is the very machine. Experiments are fraught with danger—anything may jump up and hit the unwary. I now press a button and stand well back.

Machines are temperamental, too. Sometimes my machine begins to buck and jump. A puzzled squeak brings up Miss M., and she promptly shows me how well it behaves for her; then she leaves me with the comforting words:—

“Oh, it’s you, you know!”

The old proverb of “bad workmen” must be correct.

JOAN ELLIS, Form VI.

OVERHEARD.

Upper-Fifth Intellect.

“Aren’t there any decent thrillers in this library?
I’ve grown out of love stories.”

Where’s Will Hay?

Junior: How long have you been at this school?

Sixth-former: Six years.

Junior: Ah! Now I know how old you are. You’re 17!

Have you no Idea of your Own?

Mistress: I’ll write something for the magazine if you’ll tell me what to write. I can’t think of anything.

English as She is Teached.

“This lecture was done in two bits.”

“Assisted by a Fully Qualified Staff.”

“There were twenty-nine pilgrims, and they were each to tell four stories, so that altogether they would have told um—oh well, anyhow, it doesn’t matter!”

Sixth-Former composes Price-list.

“How do you spell ‘Proficiency’?”

OBSERVER.

THE KNIFE GRINDER.

He suddenly appeared before us out of the darkness on the far side of the street. For an hour or two he must have been waiting. His eyes shone and twinkled in the lamplight under his dark cap; hand in pocket he stood there, white-aproned, expectant, yet slightly hesitating, polite but persistent. Then he nodded his head in the direction of something over in the shadows by the curbside. "I've got orl the stuff cut in lengths ready," he said, for he knew there was a chair to be reseated.

A few minutes later the chair stood bereft of its ancient broken rush, and ready for repair. The barrow had been wheeled into the lamplight, and he was whistling by the side of it. It was a barrow to be proud of. Its brass fittings shone and shone again: there was a curved brass guard as a protection for each of the three grinding wheels all adorned with an embossed ring for lifting, which, he said were "orf an ould tunic." Rolls of cane, sea-grass and fibre were stacked neatly round the sides of the barrow. A small lamp was attached to one side, and fixed to an inner frame was an enormous light-brown umbrella securely rolled. Scissor-grinding and china-rivetting could proceed in a downpour!

Deftly he wove the long strand of sea-grass from corner to corner, from side to side, of the chair's wooden frame, dexterously passing the fibre over and under, across and across.

"There was a lady down on the embankment," he said, "bit of an artist she was. Two large chairs I did for 'er. 'It would have taken me a month, she said, and *she* know'd how to do 'em!" And now the chair stood finished, a good piece of workmanship. We said good-night to our friend the knife-grinder, and he promised to come again to sharpen our scissors.

ALPHA.

GIRLS LEAVING SCHOOL AND COLLEGE,

1936.

More girls have left this year than in any previous year in the history of the school. Thirteen left from the commercial sixth form, all of whom have obtained posts, eight in the Civil Service, and the remainder as junior clerks in commercial offices. It is significant that in general, the salary obtained by these girls is considerably higher than that obtained by those entering business immediately after taking general school certificate.

Of the girls who left from the Upper Fifth forms, all but two are doing office work of some description. Betty Pratt is an apprentice in the gown department of D. H. Evans. Doreen Murray was for a short time an apprentice at Marshall & Snelgrove, but has now left; and hopes soon to begin training as a nurse. She cannot enter a general hospital until she is eighteen, so she is going first to the children's hospital at Croydon, where probationers are taken at seventeen.

A number of girls who entered the Civil Service as writing assistants and telephonists are studying for the Clerical Assistants examination in January. We wish them success.

Margaret Coulson has begun her training as an elementary teacher at Homerton College, Cambridge, where Rosalyn Atkins is now in her second year. Fenny de Jager is a second year student at Chichester Training College.

We were pleased to hear of Janet Sweetinburgh's success in obtaining a scholarship enabling her to spend a year at the British Institute in Paris.

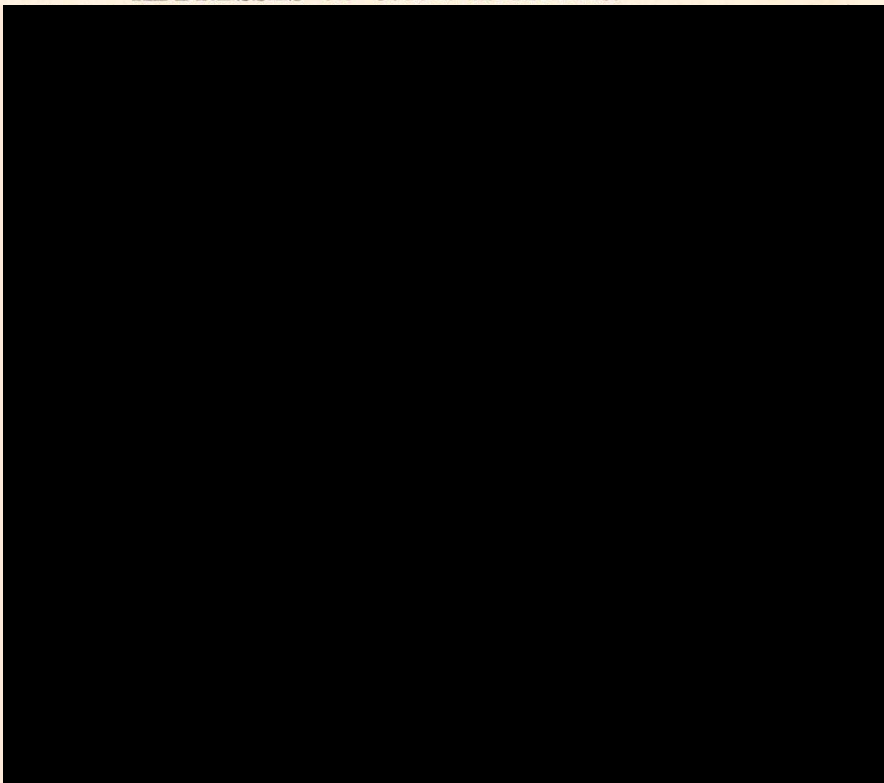
Phyllis Denny, who has obtained a post under Surrey Education Committee, is the first Old Girl of Mitcham to enter the teaching profession. In her final examinations she had a distinction in English.

I should very much like to stress a point made by Miss Dunn in her report on Speech Day. Why is it that so many of our girls settle into routine office posts on leaving school? Not, I think, because it is the work they want to do in life above all others, but because it is comparatively easy to obtain, and because the hours are usually good and afford plenty of time for amusement. These facts must undoubtedly be considered, but I am sure many girls would have more satisfying lives, if, in choosing a career, they had less regard for their own immediate pleasure, and had more of the spirit of adventure. For instance, of the one hundred or more girls who have left school during the last five years, one only, Deirdre Salmon, has taken up nursing. I know she enjoys her work very much, and is extremely well and happy, yet I am constantly told "I should not like to be a nurse, the work is too hard." Again recently, I was told "What I should like to do is to be an Airwoman, but I shall have to go into an office." Why take that attitude? The Head Mistresses' Employment Bureau will find out for you anything there is to be known about the career in which you are interested, and tell you how to prepare for it. Why not be thoroughly alive all day and interested in your work instead of spending half your waking life in boredom?

G.C.

ADDRESSES OF O.G.A. MEMBERS.

M.Aslett
 D. Baret
 J.Beaumont
 W. Bell
 J.Belsham
 H. Biddiscombe
 J. Campbell
 A. Chadwick
 J. Chadwick
 D. Davies
 P. Denny
 K. Ferguson
 J. Hale
 D. Ilott
 V. Jefferey
 H. Litt
 G. Lovatt
 E. Lusty
 J. Mason
 A.Muscutt
 V. Mitchell
 J. Nicol
 D. Peet
 D. Prior
 D.Reynolds
 D. Robson
 M. Roper
 B. Upton
 J. Yates
 Joan Brown
 E. Bates



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Betty E. Brown.	*Winifred E. Mayhew.
Margarita W. Browne.	Millicent G. Murray.
Eileen H. Burch.	*Majorie V. Neeld.
Kathleen M. Butler.	*Joyce J. Nicol.
Mabel C. Carey.	Ray Oliver.
Joan M. Chadwick.	*Maisie J. Otto.
Norah F. Clayson.	Marjorie E. Paul.
Edna P. Cooper.	*Joan N. Piper.
Doreen J. Davies.	Irene N. Salmon.
Joan P. Ellis.	Phyllis L. Turner.
*Margaret E. Gold.	M. Winifred Vale.
*Mavis E. Gray.	*Kathleen A. Welsh.
*Rita E. Hogfress.	Barbara G. Young.

*—With exemption from Matriculation.

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PITMAN'S SHORTHAND SPEED CERTIFICATES.

80 words per minute.

Pamela G. Palmer.
Barbara M. Stammers.

60 words per minute.

Barbara J. Brodie.

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Barbara J. Brodie.
Violet A. M. Jeffrey.
Vera B. Mitchell.
Audrey L. Muscutt.
Pamela G. Palmer.
Barbara M. Stammers.

TYPEWRITING—Stage II.

Pamela G. Palmer.

BOOK-KEEPING—Stage I.

Barbara J. Brodie.
Violet A. M. Jeffrey.
Audrey L. Muscutt.
Pamela G. Palmer.
Barbara M. Stammers.

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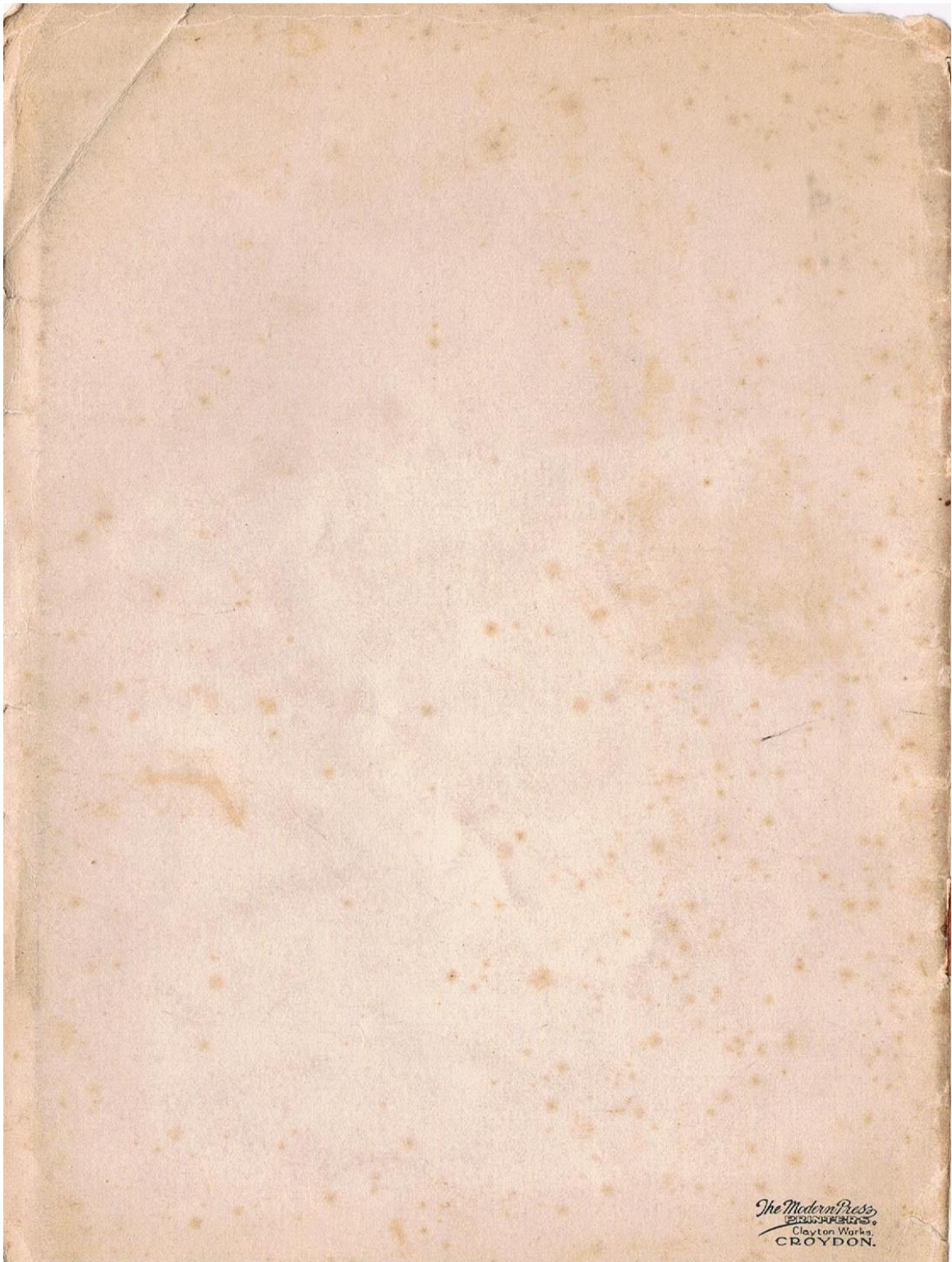
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