

## FOREWORD.

**A**NOTHER year has passed, and once again our School Magazine makes its appearance. The contributions give a very fair idea of our various activities, of the work and play carried on in the School, and of the interest taken by all of us in our production, and in this connection we wish to thank IVs, Lower Vs, and Upper Vs, particularly for the keenness they have shown.

We extend a welcome to Miss Haggart, who has joined our staff, and we trust she is happy with us. We have been pleased to see Mrs. Anderson, Mrs. Dicks, and Miss Logic more than once since they left. We are sorry to have to say good-bye to Miss Lamb and Miss Macpherson at the end of this term: we wish them well, and it seems scarcely necessary to tell them that we shall be delighted to see them if they find it possible to visit us.

Here, as everywhere, the coming eclipse is the topic of the moment, and we, among others, are looking forward to beginning the day's work on the 29th of June unusually early, and in a most interesting and perhaps even exciting fashion.

We are always glad to have news of old Bedans, and are grateful to those who remember to let us know how they are faring, but, like *Olive Twist*, we want "more."

The year has been a happy one, and as it comes to a close we wish every one good luck in the examinations, and a thoroughly enjoyable and invigorating holiday.

## An Appreciation:

Yeats's "Wanderings of Oisín."

"The Wanderings of Oisín" is the longest of Yeats's poems, and is thoroughly characteristic of this Irish poet. It is a narrative poem, though it contains many lyrical passages. The romantic witchery of it is unsurpassed in all his other work. It tells of the love of Princess Niam, an immortal woman, for Oisín, and how Niam carried Oisín away, riding over "the glassy sea" to spend three hundred years with her in the Land of the Ever-Young; at the end of this time Oisín returned only to find his years heavy upon him, and to find his companions long dead. The poem is a dramatic dialogue, for Oisín himself, in his old age—"broken with pain and years"—tells the story of his wanderings to St. Patrick.

The first impression of the poem is the romantic charm of the world where Niam and her lover ride. The mythic world of everlasting youth is created by the romantic magic of the Celtic imagination; Niam is a creature similar to the fairy woman in Keat's "La Belle Dame Sans Merci." The passage that describes her when we meet her for the first time is a masterpiece:

"A pearl-pale, high-born lady, who rode  
On a horse with a bridle of lightning;  
And like a sunset were her lips,  
A snowy sunset on doomed stage;  
A crown whose bloom'd in her hair  
Shed down to her feet white ventures bowed,  
And with the glimmering orbicles glowed,  
Oh many a square embroidery;  
And it was bound with a pearl-pale shell  
That warred like the wildest storm,  
As her tall bosom rose and fell."

The landscape in this poem is almost as fine as the portraits; the nature of the country of the Ever-Young is weird and fairy-like:

"But now the moon is like white rose above  
In the pale west, and the sun's rim sunk  
And cloud arrayed their rank to rank  
About his crimson fading ball."

and again:

"The horns toward the music roared  
Neighing along the ribbon waves;  
Like noisy furies, many a tree  
Rose over out of the warm sea,  
And they were trampling ceaselessly."

The mood throughout is one of wistful longing; a longing for a life of the spirit, free from the trials of life and death. This mood is truly characteristic of the Celt's hatred of reality; it is shown in the first book of the poem, in the following passage:

"And in a wild and sudden dance  
We mocked at time and fate and chance."

and again:

"But we in a lonely land abide  
Unhappily on the dim tide;  
With hearts that know no law nor rule,  
And hands that hold no wearisome tool  
Folded in love that fears no sorrow  
Nor the grip wandering cupry sorrow."

We notice, too, the contrast between the old religion of Oisín and the new Christianity of St. Patrick. Oisín had known a world that loved "the roaring of laughter and song," a world where there was "no languor nor fatigue: no endless feast, an endless war."

Oisín loved a life of battle, a life of joy, and he hated the monks who

"Murder song  
With heaven words and lying histories of the weak."

He was unable to understand the worship of the

"Milk pale face  
Under a crown of thorns and dark with blood."

St. Patrick tries, without avail, to make a Christian of Oisín, by warning him of the trials of hell; and though "best and bold and blind, with a heavy heart and a wandering mind," Oisín will not change, and his last wish is that he may join his old companions, whether they dwell in heaven or hell:

"It were sad to gaze on the blessed and no man I loved of old there;  
I throw down the chain of small sorrow! when life in my body has ceased,  
I will go to Carlin, and Conan, and Bran, Spidan, Lorcán,  
And dwell in the house of the Fomor, be they in heaven or on earth."

The music of the poem is very fine; and it never falters, despite its great length. "The Wanderings of Oisín" reveals to us a poetic temperament of a high order, and, incidentally, is a fine illustration of the adaptability of old legends to modern poetry.

NOBIA VOYLA.

## An Autumn Evening.

Sunset—a September evening. The scene—the wild, beautiful Cheatot Hills. We are returning from a twelve-mile tramp, tired and hungry, but unbelievably happy. We are miles and miles from even the sign of a town, yea, and even miles, perhaps, from a human being other than ourselves; but, nevertheless, we are in a world which pulsates with life.

At our feet is a rippling, flower-clad burn, which twists and turns, and whose every movement is music. We have been following our sock as this all day until we can say with the poet:

—Give me a Border burn  
That comes ris' w'oot a turn."

The shaggy Highland cattle, which have been browsing all day by the water, are winding their way up the hillside. Something in the proud poise of their heads, and the defiant toss of their magnificent horns, brings to our minds the dauntless courage and independence of the ancient Border class.

Away on our left can be seen an old peel-tower glistening in the easy sunlight, and still guarding the glen now as it did in the days of the Border raids. In vivid contrast to its grey walls is the purple carpet of heather, where the black and yellow spotted adders lurk in search of prey.

From above there floats to us the shrill trilling cry of the hooting curlew, blending beautifully with the plaintive cry of a black-faced sheep traveling up the hill.

The waylaxers are few, if any, since the only person likely to be met with is the old shepherd; the shepherd in whose wise, kindly, weather-beaten old face is so well reflected the nature of his calling. His face lights up in kindly greeting as he passes attended by his faithful collie.

We go to sleep at night with the sound of a singing burn and the sigh of the wind in the pines running in our heads, the clinging, never-to-be-forgotten scent of mingled heather and wild thyme in our nostrils, and something which we cannot express in our hearts. We can say with Ogilvie:

"[see a sweep of marsh-moorland and heather,  
Just a burn where the black faces drink,  
[see a loch where the grey walls foreground,  
[see a glen where the wild duck and pheasant  
And the henna eye of Cheatot rhyme!  
Find a sheltering nook from the blast,  
Just a peel-tower that stoops in the distance  
With the legend and lore of the Past."

WINIFRED GRAMER, Upper Va.

### Verse Translation Competition.

Here are the results of this Competition:

**SENIOR DIVISION.**—Prize, Annie Wilson, Upper VI. *Præs.* Acc., Kathleen Walton, Lower VI.

**JUNIOR SECTION.**—Prize, Isabel Scott, IVa. *Præs.* Acc., D. Anderson, IVa.; D. Ward, IVa.; B. Coates, IIIb.; R. Glendon, IIIa.

Miss Wood, who was good enough to make the final decision for us, has kindly sent a special prize to Betty Coates, and the *Bédan* has awarded consolation prizes to Kathleen Walton and to Dalcie Andersen.

There were 67 entries in the Junior and 30 in the Senior Section, and many of the verses contained pleasing lines and happy phrases. Especially were we pleased with the quality of the work sent in by the Juniors. Among these, "The Guardian Angel" was the most popular poem, and produced quite a number of good versions, many of which came from the Third Form. The metre of "The Little Brother" proved a difficulty, and only Doreen Ward's version really suggested that of the original; there were, however, several other good translations. About a dozen girls attempted "Noël" and were mostly quite as successful with it as were the many who translated it from the Senior Section, where it was the popular choice. In every case, Junior or Senior, the second stanza was well done.

In the Senior Section the average merit was less outstanding, though the prize poems are good, and all the competitors who translated "Vest de Mer" found a musical and effective refrain—a necessary part of such a poem; those, too, who bravely attempted the "Chanson du Chat" succeeded in keeping the spirit, and, in some cases, the sound of the original.

One or two Seniors and a few Juniors still offer us "verses" with neither rhyme nor rhythm, or rhyme unaccented syllables, and others choose a metre unsuited to the subject of the poem. We feel, too, that free verse is a dangerous medium, though we had some brave efforts in it.

It is of course much easier to write verses if one may add ideas at will to help with the difficulty of rhyming; and a few rhetorical versions were not accurate enough as translations to admit of their being considered as prize poems. R. Charlton's "Noël," S. Varty's sympathetic little poem on the "Baby Brother," and M. Kockford's interpretation of "The Guardian Angel" were among these, and M. Hinkley's rendering of the "Chanson du Chat" had too many added ideas to be awarded a prize; but we liked it very much.

Space forbids our classifying the poems here or giving extracts. We quote, however, from Miss Wood's letter:

"We thoroughly enjoyed reading and discussing the verses; we think the general level very high indeed, especially in the Junior division.

"In the Senior division we put Annie Wilson's "Ode to the Sea Wind" first. It is a scholarly version, and warrants the difficulties neatly, though it has less of the evaluation of the original than K. Walton's version, that ran it very close for that reason. We thought the Juniors were more successful with "Noel," and liked M. K. Hinkley's "Cat Song" next.

"In the Junior division we had much difficulty in choosing the best from the following—"Noel," by Isabel Scott, Dulcie Anderson, and Rama Glaholm; "The Tiny Little Brother," by Dornen Ward; and "The Guardian Angel," by Dulcie Anderson. We finally chose Isabel Scott's "Noel," but think that Dulcie Anderson should have special mention, as she had two poems in the final list.

"We should also like to recommend for special praise the two charming versions of Betty Coates, IIIb."

### Ode to the Sea Wind.

(From the Journal of Annie L. Fox.)

- O monarch of winds, thou wind of the ocean,  
Hurricane days, who mak'st us to groan  
The souls of the agonized, in fearful commotion  
And the wild voices of those thro' whom,  
Blow, blow, bitterly save,  
O monarch of winds, thou wind of the wave.
- O wind of the sea, thou kindly blow,  
Drive from the threshold of our soul  
The vain deceiving dreams besought,  
Along with darkness's peevish toll,  
Blow, blow, bitterly save,  
O monarch of winds, thou wind of the wave.
- O monarch of winds, thou wind of the sea,  
Make us to see into thy domain,  
Above the waves to be borne by thee,  
Beyond the heights that our hope wades,  
Blow, blow, bitterly save,  
O monarch of winds, thou wind of the wave.
- O monarch of winds, thou wind of the ocean,  
Thy passing is like to the voice of our God  
As He speaks in the souls of His saints in direction,  
Above the wild noise of the sea and the flood,  
Blow, blow, bitterly save,  
O monarch of winds, thou wind of the wave.

O wind of the sea, thou singly hast,  
 On thy white wings may our dream be lost,  
 Whence it may to eternal night be cast,  
 Or rise to the heights of eternal morn.  
 Blow on thy way, kindly man,  
 O monarch of winds, thou wind of the wave.

ALICE WILSON, Upper VI.

### Noël.

(From the French of Théophile Gautier.)

The sky is black, the earth is white,  
 The bells the air with music send,  
 Jesus is born.—The virgin fair  
 Her charming face doth o'er His head.

No incensed curtain round him hang,  
 To shield him from the blast or cold,  
 Naught save the silken robe alone,  
 Which hang upon the rafters old.

He shivers on His bed of straw,  
 The infant Jesus, weak and wild;  
 The sun and air breathe over Him  
 To warm and cheer the Holy Child.

The church is fringed with stars and ice,  
 The hallowed eve' mid ring of hell,  
 And to the shepherds in the fields  
 The white-robed angels sing — Noël.

L. SCOTT, IYA.

### Song of the Sea Wind.

(From the French of Anatole le Breton.)

O wind, O wildest wind of the sea,  
 Who whist'est among the drooping boughs  
 As a quivering reed do, dreamily,  
 When, newly-attuned, thou dost come,  
 Blow, with banners strong and free,  
 O wildest wind, O wind of the sea.

O wind, O wildest wind of the sea,  
 Take from our souls when passing by  
 Dazzling dreams, as from the sea  
 Thou comest to the haven to fall and die,  
 Blow, with banners strong and free,  
 O wildest wind, O wind of the sea.

O wind, O wildest wind of the sea,  
 Could we see, too, thy heights strain  
 And watch the sea spread wildly  
 With restless waves, from thy domain?  
 Blow, with banners strong and free,  
 O wildest wind, O wind of the sea.

## THE HUMAN.

O wind, O wilder wind of the sea,  
 'Tis said that God, when thou art near,  
 Through loose-flow'ring space speaks tenderly  
 That eager, listening work may hear.

Blow, with breezes strong and free,  
 O wilder wind, O wind of the sea.

O wind, O wilder wind of the sea,  
 Take our dream when in thy flight,  
 To rise with dawn, serenely,  
 Or plunge in everlasting night.

Blow, with breezes strong and free,  
 O wilder wind, O wind of the sea.

E. WALTON, Lower VI.

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 Netball, 1926—1927.
 

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Despite the fact that there have been no Shield matches this year, we have had a very successful Netball season. Throughout the season the weather has been extremely favourable, the only matches which had to be cancelled were those against Rutherford and Durham; but even these were played at the end of the season. All first team matches, except one, have been won, and that against Kedby resulted in a draw. The second team was not so successful at the beginning of the season; but it steadily improved with practice.

We should like to take this opportunity of thanking Miss Lodge and Miss Arkle for the time and energy they have spent in coaching the teams, and those missesses of the staff who have taken charge of the matches which Miss Lodge was unable to attend. We should also like to thank Bertha Dyfield, Winifred Talbot, and Marjory Victory for so ably catering for the refreshments.

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 Netball, Season 1928—9.
 

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## FIRST TEAM.

- H. **SECRETARY**\*—Plays an excellent game in every way, whether at jumping, catching, or passing, and is always ready for unusual developments. Has been a reliable and helpful Captain.
- D. **FORWARD**—Marks and catches well, but is a little slow when her opponent dodges. Is very dependable.
- L. **WARRIOR**—Very energetic, jumps well, and usually passes quite readily; but needs to improve in style.
- A. **KICKER**—A good kicker—marks well and intercepts passes very well; but is inclined to have lapses in her passing.

\* School captain.



- L. MARTY—Has improved very much, plays a good game. Catches well, passes in to the shooters both sensibly and well.
- R. BARTING\*—Plays a very good game in every way. Is good at getting clear and at catching, and is very certain at shooting. Has been a reliable and helpful Secretary.
- R. BARNES—Shoots very well as a rule, is improving at getting clear; but is not very good at catching and holding the ball.

I should like to say what a pleasure it has been to take the teams round for matches, and to thank the Captain and Secretary for the smooth way in which everything has been arranged.

F. A. LORAN.

### Hockey Notes.

We have just finished a most successful season, 1928-9. Five out of twenty two fixtures have been scratched because of unfortunate weather, and in the seventeen other matches, two draws and fifteen victories have been experienced. Our highest score was in a match against Hartlepool, played on a Rugby pitch, which resulted in 14-0. Our total score results in 80 goals for and 9 against, for the season. In spite of difficulties, the Second XI, has two matches to its credit, and two "under fourteen" matches have been played against the Sandeford High School. The spirit and tone in all the matches have been most pleasant, and all our relations with other schools have been very happy.

We must thank Miss Macpherson for the time and energy she has spent in training our First and Second teams, and for the most enjoyable season which we have just completed.

We also thank Isabel Alexander and Diana Verity for being so-kind as to do the "tea" for us at every home match and to distribute very evenly the remaining provisions on Monday mornings.

BLANCHÉ COOPER (Captain).

#### Hockey, 1928-29.

##### FIRST ELEVEN.

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|------------|---|
| Goal       | E. CARTER—A steady and reliable player.                               |
| Right Back | E. BARNES—Play much improved; must now concentrate on stickwork.      |
| Left Back  | R. FARMER—A very reliable player, works well, and stick-work good.    |
| Right Half | J. SWAINSON—Is keen and shows promise; must cultivate a stronger hit. |

\* School colours.

- Centre Half.* D. COMAN—Has made a good captain. Her play has greatly improved since last season. *Wick-work* good.
- Left Half.* B. CANNON—Fishes correctly, but improved towards the end of the season. Captain must cultivate more speed if she is to become a good player.
- Right Wing.* M. PATTEN—Shows promise, is quick and keen; but must try to combine more with her team.
- Right Inset.* W. ROBERTS—Plays with grit and determination, much improved towards the end of the season. Would trust her somewhat on *wick-work*.
- Centre Forward.* E. PATTEN—Is quick, *wick-work* and shooting good. Is inclined at times to try too much on her own when a pass to her team would be more profitable.
- Left Inset.* R. WALTERS—Captain has made an excellent and more helpful inventory. *Wick-work* good, play greatly improved; but shooting is still erratic.
- Left Wing.* C. FARRINGTON—A good, neat, and useful player, *wick-work* and shooting good. Comie has been a very helpful Vice-Captain.

## RESERVE.

- B. ROBERTS—Doris's play has been most disappointing. She showed promise, but nothing has come of it.
- W. CANNON—Play improved, but must learn to mark her opponent more closely and back up her own forwards.

## Société de Lecture de la Sixième Classe.

Pour la cinquième année de suite nous avons repris notre Société Française qui s'est établie, il y a deux ans comme Société de Lecture. Cette année nous nous sommes bornés à lire des morceaux choisis de auteurs que nous étudions pour l'examen. Nous voudrions remercier Mlle. Shearer de nous avoir aidés à passer des séances agréables et instructives.

## Le Cercle Français de la Quatrième Classe.

Cette année nous avons formé un cercle français. Nous essayons de persuader aux autres jeunes filles d'écrire des causeries, et de chanter des chansons, mais nous avons une tâche difficile, comme elles sont très rétives.

Cependant nous étudions en général, et pendant la dernière leçon de l'après midi de mercredi, nous avons des chansons ou des jeux, des charades, ou nous écoutons les causeries, que les jeunes filles ont écrites. Nous nous amusons bien et nous espérons que notre français s'est perfectionné.

Nous voudrions remercier Miss Shearer de son aide.

LA COMTE.

### League of Nations, 1926-27.

The Bode Girls' Branch of the League of Nations Union has now completed its third year. Alice Munro was elected President; Kathleen Walton, Vice-President; Isabel Alexander, Secretary; and Bertha Bailey, Treasurer. The meetings, which are held every fortnight, took the form of debates and discussions on many interesting subjects, dealing mostly with the present work of the League of Nations. The meetings have, on the whole, been well attended, and the interest has been ably sustained by the members. We are very grateful to Miss Lamb for taking such an interest in our branch, and for her willing and helpful advice. We extend a sincere welcome to all new members who will be able to join in 1927-28, and we hope that they will carry on the work with interest.

### A Sketch.

One of his many little home he sweeps when I look on to him—pink eyes, pink ears, a length of white tail, and a gracefully curved tail, white as a snow-dust. "Sawey," I call, "Sawey," and round and round go those little pink eyes, and white, white goes his little pink mouth, and soon the silver-bump has gone, and Sawey looks up again respectfully.

Sawey is a very quiet little mouse, and a very thoughtful one; sometimes I wonder if he is lonely: perhaps he dreams of his happy days in Mossland. But I am very kind to him, so times I lift him from his little home, he flutters the pink of his nose deep in my hand, then there is a wriggle of the little tail, a hiding of his, and—*Hay Presto!* he is asleep.

My little mouse is of too quiet a nature to play games; but occasionally he toddle his little silver ball between his two front paws and shakes it up and down, cocking his ear the while, for he likes the silver rattle of the little ball.

At other times Sawey runs up and down his home, kicking the silver ball with his hind leg at intervals of about three minutes.

Sawey must be very, very old now, for he seldom feels disposed to play many games, he likes better, I think, to sit and dream with his little eyes glass straightly round, and are filled with pictures of the beautiful games he once played in Mossland, long, long ago.

M. E. COCHRAN, 1926.

### A Woodland Hll.

A white mist gently sinks upon the hills,  
The last faint ray of sunset slowly dies,  
A whisper with the evening silence falls,  
And out across the rolling meadow drifts,  
In rippling leader, softens, dies away,  
A grey bird peeps out and chirps away;  
The pages of Pan lift slowly up: but stay!  
Pan with his saffron rears into view.

They cease; the air is filled with music sweet,  
 The zephyr glad is piping 'neath the boughs,  
 The very flowers open at his feet,  
 Pan's piping sleeping nature doth arouse.  
 He pipes, now slow and soft, now quick and clear,  
 The zephyr away and dances like wind-swept reeds;  
 And Autumn leaves of brown all tumbling o'er  
 Dance to him, across the dusky darkening meads.  
 And still they dance, but far away the sun,  
 Is slowly creeping up the eastern sky;  
 The moon, whose silver beams are waning,  
 Descends and hideth from her post on high.  
 Now, as the moonbeams' softened beams wane,  
 And Pan's sweet music doth soft wane,  
 The sun shines forth and in his splendour reigns  
 While hushed and whispering welcome to the day.

M. FIELD, Form IVa.

### Spring Cleaning Fever.

A few weeks before Easter there was a serious epidemic of that very infectious disease called Spring Cleaning Fever, which, with the first glimpse of Spring weather, became almost to annoy the community.

We are told that measles, mumps, and flu are very infectious diseases, but as for Spring Cleaning Fever—well within about a month it spreads all over the country, and very probably extends to Northern Europe and North America.

It is rather curious that only women are afflicted with Spring Cleaning Fever; although no doctor has, as yet, mastered this disease. The only thing one can do to relieve the patient, is to let her do whatever she desires and not to interfere with it in the least in any way whatsoever, and a cure is generally effected at the end of two or three weeks.

While a woman has this fever her one aim and object appears to be to remove everything which can possibly be removed from each room in turn, send all the carpets to the laundry, whitewash the ceilings, repaper the walls, remove all the dust from everything, and make the house in general very uncomfortable for the other members of the family. When every speck of dust and dirt has been removed from every inch and corner in every room and from everything else, save the useless articles which mysteriously manage to collect, things are removed to their old or new places. Then the Spring Cleaning Fever leaves the housewife as quickly as it came upon her, and all is peace once again until another Spring comes round.

H. LORAN, Lower Va.

### The Fox and the Grapes.

A fox some grapes did one day see,  
 And after the meal was done,  
 "These fine grapes I'll have," said he,  
 And then to jump began.

He tried his tricks, but could not reach,  
 His efforts were in vain;  
 He tried again those grapes to reach,  
 But them he could not gain.

As sadly on his way he went  
He wanted to be happy ;  
But all in vain was his attempt,  
He still remained as wrappy.

And then at last he reached his den—  
I know it was not soon—  
For by the clock it was past ten,  
and out had come the moon.

Next morning at the waking hour,  
He told the tale to all ;  
And Bobbie said, — "The grapes were sour,"  
So they ate on the wall.

BERTY CARTER, Form III.

### Bobbie.

Five-year old Bobbie was sitting quietly by his Mother's side waiting for the pronunciation to begin ; at last his impatience got the better of him.

"Mummy," he said, "when will it begin?"

"When the outside rises," was the reply.

"Does a man push it up with a pole?" continued Bobbie.

"No, it rises itself."

"Is there some self-raising flour on it?" was the next innocent question.

"No, mummy, it goes up by electricity."

"If I had electricity, would I go up?" said the undaunted youngster.

"No, child, be quiet ; the play is beginning," said the exasperated mother.

There was silence for awhile, then a voice from the stage said, "Come English, let us sit by the side of this creature."

Bobbie—"What is a creature, Mummy?"

"A small stream," was the reply. "—Let" means small."

"If a horse is to let, is it small?"

"Of course not, 'let' must be on the end of a word."

"Well then," persisted Bobbie, "when Daddy says a bullet went through his arm, does he mean a little ball?"

"No, Bobbie, of course not. If you say another word you will have to get up and go out."

"Alright, mummy ; don't forget I want to get up by electricity," were Bobbie's final words.

KATE ANDERSON, Lewis Th.

### EXAMS.

(Written during the time of study, yet uncorrected, following Exams.)

EXAMS, we have finished at last!  
How slowly those days have gone by,  
We think of all that has past,  
Oh questions of which we brought shy.

Our brains have been puzzled with Maths,  
 The Grammar we've covered a grain,  
 At French we have measured "Alas!"  
 And, when called for, have done Brown.

Results we have yet got to face,  
 We tremble and quibble and blush  
 At the mirror says (what a disgrace!)  
 "You have managed to gain a C+!"

DORRIS WAIN, IVa

### Superstitions.

Superstitions may be defined as those blind beliefs in the supernatural which rest on no authority but that of habit, custom, and the word of man.

There are so many superstitions that there must be some cause for them—broadly speaking, we can say there are two causes for them. The first one is man's instinctive longing to seek something greater and better than himself, and the second is the unfulfilled feeling which finds its expression as well when he said,

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,  
 Than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

Superstitions seem to vary with peoples and nations, they seem to take their roots from the people amongst whom they flourish. Thus we get the beautiful Irish myths which have become so interwoven with the poetry of the world that they will never die. On the other hand, the superstitions of the African savage are as degraded as himself.

Natural scenery, too, has a wonderful effect upon superstitions—thus our Swiss Emmentalers brought with them from their Piedmont plains the belief in gnomes, pixies, and fairies, whereas the giant figures largely in the superstitions of the mountain dwellers.

The hollow sound of the wind over the wild heaps, probably suggested the idea of the hobgoblin's wail to the Irish peasants, while dwellers in volcanic regions have a number of superstitions connected with their volcanoes.

To-day England is far less superstitious than she was a hundred years ago, but still many superstitions linger with us. The use of mistletoe at Christmas, the lighting of bonfires here at Halloween still lend a touch of poetry to our modern life. The children, too, would ill afford to lose the harmless superstitions of fairy lore and of Santa Claus.

Such superstitions as these linger as quaint customs and harmless fancies, ghosts of the past, imparting a little of their poetry and romance to the more matter-of-fact present.

DORRIS WAIN, Laver VI.

### The Prospect of Entering into the New School.

When one thinks of the joy of at last entering into the new Bible School, so great is one's delight that one can hardly believe that such a happening is within the bounds of possibility. Up till quite recently the new School has been something like a "land of promise," which we have hoped to see; but we have always felt that our hopes were unlikely to be realized.

For many years now the new School has been "in the air," an idea, as it were, floating before the mental eyes of ever-hopeful Bibles; and as often it seemed as if the idea was to become a reality; but, alas! Not yet! Not yet!

A chain of hindering circumstances seemed to conspire persistently to delay the realization of the glorious dream; and our temporary habitation continued to try our temper—particularly when the temperature was in the region of freezing point.

Now, however, the "long winter of our discontent" bids fair to break. Spring has come, and with it a glorious prospect. No longer is our new School "a poor's dream." "A castle in the air," an ephemeral fairyland without a solid foundation is fact. The foundation is not only in fact, but also in the earth on *Hambledon Hill*.

As the weeks and months go by, interested and anxious eyes all watch the progress of the new building—more and more as it grows will it become the adorable object round which our thoughts and interests revolve.

Won't it be lovely? And yet!—We will miss the dear old School, where we worked and played together. With all its faults and shortcomings, it really was a dear old place. Well, well!—The old order changeth, yielding place to new," and this is the age of progress and reforms. The old Beds School served its purpose; it has many honours and triumphs to its name. The new School is necessary, so that greater triumphs and advances may be made, to keep pace with the march of progress; and this thought must smother us when we "bid our tears of reason" at parting from our old friend, to cross the threshold of "the promised land."

EMIL BANA, Lower Va.

### The New Beds School.

With apologies to R. Browning.

Beds School is in Sandhurst,  
Near famous Parkhurst city;  
The river Wens, deep and wide,  
Washes its banks on the northern side,  
A pleasant spot you never sated;  
But when begins dry-dry,  
Almost twenty years ago,  
To see the scholars suffer so  
From draughts, it was a pity!

The Mayor and East, West, North and South,  
To offer the workmen, by word of mouth,  
Silver and gold, with the Town's consent,  
If only they'd come on building bent—  
But alas! he found 'twas a bad endeavour,  
The old Beds School must go on for ever.

At last the parents in consultation  
Interviewed the Mayor and Corporation,  
Begged for a new School, quite up to date;  
Money was provided, some given by the State,  
Then the Mayor asked for a plan,  
And was strongly supported by an Alderman.

In nineteen hundred and twenty-six—  
A noteworthy date in memory to fix—  
The site where the monument will rise  
Was chosen for the new Beds School.  
But though we've had to dodge the drops  
To save ourselves from getting caught,  
We have enjoyed ourselves and laughed  
In spite of the rain and in spite of draughts.  
We hope to the opening we shall be invited,  
Or else we shall feel decidedly slighted.

D. SMITH, 1776.

## The Garden.

\* A garden is a fortunate thing, God send!

From pine  
To almond grove  
To rose-tree—  
The valley school  
Of poets.

It was a day in Spring. Above, the sky was a motionless expanse of blue; beneath, the earth was covered with a carpet of green, splashed here and there with glowing colours. A gentle breeze rustled among the delicate leaves of the budding trees, making the air cool and sweet.

The garden lay sleeping in the sunlight. Flowers of the Spring nodded their drooping heads; the ferns of lawn could not possibly resist themselves so much as to tell the world to sleep. The sun-dial, alone, tall amidst the flowers gently swaying in the wind, stood like a sentinel. At the bottom of the garden the rippling sound of flowing water could be heard. A miniature waterfall was tumbling over mossy stones and rocks into a tiny lake, where the water glistened and sparkled like crystals in the sunshine.

It was a sheltered spot; no breeze could from the distant city could ever penetrate its peaceful atmosphere. The white cherty road went on its lonely way towards the purple moor, which stretched far beyond the horizon, leaving the little garden undisturbed and still.

A shadow fell over the garden; the shadow of adversity. A time was coming when the garden would be forsaken, deserted. Weeds and briars would be allowed to run there. The splashes of water would hide the former glory of the garden. Only the aged sun-dial, cracked and crumbling, yet still seen above the wilderness, would know of the beauty which had once been and which had faded into the dim regions of times past.

SMITH, BLENHEIM.

## Spring.

Spring is coming, Spring is coming,  
Dancing down the valleys sweet;  
To her laughter loud and blithe  
Open 'neath her smiling feet.

Spring is coming, Spring the fair,  
Laughing, singing everywhere;  
Now she strikes the hills with green,  
At her touch the brooklets gleam,  
And laughter echoes near,  
For Spring is here.

DR. FELLO, FIRM DIX.

## Tangrams.

I think it would be to the benefit of everyone to hear about Tangrams. They surpass even Chinese Puzzles for providing amusement and testing the powers of invention. They are an ancient amusement, dating back thousands of years, and were invented by the Chinese. The Chinese name for the game is "Chi Chiao Tu"—"The Ingenious Puzzle of Seven Pieces." The exact origin of the word "Tangram" is unknown. It is seemingly derived from many languages, and, being a curious word, it is very appropriate as the name of a curious game.



The game consists of making any recognizable figure from a square of paper, which is cut into seven geometrical shapes—two triangles, a square, and a parallelogram. They are put out thus:



Much mirth is produced at the sight of a man with triangular head on the same page as a motor car with square wheels! Again, one cannot maintain a perfectly serious face when gazing at a country bowler who is holding a square ball in a triangular hat, leaning slightly forward on a leg shaped like a parallelogram, and looking defiantly on his enemy, holding a hat of the same shape and size as the bowler's leg, and standing, not very firmly, on a triangular foot.

Besides taxing the inventive powers and providing unlimited mirth and laughter, the game of Tangrams also tries the patient very severely at times. Can you imagine anything more exasperating than being unable to make a lion for one's eldest figure owing to lack of the *pin*, or completing the figure with five of six shapes and having one or two left unused (for that is illegal in the rules of the game)?

Then how the powers of attention are exercised! It is a hard task to respond pleasantly when some appointed critic fails to recognize one's figure, or recognizes it as something different from what it was meant to be. This happened to me a short time ago!

I made a perfect little man and placed on his head a rather large hat. This was shown to two people successively (and I might say there had been no conversation between them). They both expressed their admiration in the words—"What a nice landscape!" Rather trying, isn't it?

Never mind! Life's hard, but Tangrams make it worth while. If a laugh a day keeps the doctor away—then try Tangrams!

E. BULLARD, Lower Va.

### My Lady's Chamber.

Curtains of ivory velvet were lined with silk of red,  
 A dining golden crescent, like those on the bed,  
 A fine Venetian mirror in a frame of filigree,  
 Two stools of gold and velvet, and a desk of ebony.

And shining on these treasures two lamps of metal cast,  
 And near them, resting on the desk, two books of Common Prayer,  
 Two pistols and a dagger were placed above the bed,  
 And straight from distant Persia was a carpet, thickly spread.

This was My Lady's chamber, whose once an abbey grey,  
 Before his altar crucifix, had oft been wont to pray,  
 This glorious apartment, far removed from any sound,  
 Saw theighting of Accos as he blew across the ground.

REV. CHARLES, III.

### The Story of Two Pictures and a Little Girl.

There is a very interesting story about two pretty pictures which hang up in our room, IIIA., which most of the new girls and a great many of the older ones too will not have heard about. A good many years ago there came to the Middle School a little girl, whose name was Nancy McGrogan. Although she was in the lowest Form of all, that is the Second Form, she was very clever at English and won many prizes, above all a special prize for which all the junior school could enter. She would have had the prize presented to her had not a very sad thing happened. She was taken ill and died. It was a blow to the whole School as well as to her parents, as she was a favourite amongst all. In Nancy's room at home there were two pictures of which she was very fond, and because she liked them so much, and because the School was so upset about the sad happening, her mother, Mrs. McGrogan, gave the two pictures to the School, to be hung up in the lowest Form-room, in loving remembrance of her.

One is a paper sitting on a tree-trunk in a wood, and as he pipes he seems to draw all the leaves and animal life of the wood. In the other there are two little children sitting on a hill-top in the sunshine and round them are flying many birds in gaily coloured dresses which they are watching with delight.

I am sure you will agree with me that both pictures are very pretty indeed!

M. CLARKE, IIIA.

### The Rat and the Cat.

Little Mr. Rat,  
 Lived in an old hat,  
 Which was made of silk;  
 Near him lived Mr. Cat,  
 In colour white as milk,  
 And an nose marrow,  
 To his sorrow,  
 Mr. Cat called upon Mr. Rat,  
 Said that silly old cat  
 To that little young rat,  
 "Come out, Mr. Rat,  
 From your nice silk hat,  
 And play."  
 And that silly young rat  
 Went out to that cat,  
 And has never come home  
 To this day.

EMMA KOTTON, IIIA.

### A Contrast in Epitaphs.

Here lies a head whose locks no barber's shears  
 Have done of their intended length and curl.  
 She died in Baldwin's time of fourteen years,  
 Just in the month when trees their leaves unfold.

M. MacLACHLAN, Lower Va.

(With apologies to the author of "The Shipwreck in a County Churchyard.")

When underneath this marble slab I lie,  
 One with earth's dust, long, uncolored, unknown,  
 Will somewhere in the infinite space of time,  
 My spirit roam, disconsolate alone?

J. BROWN, Lower Va.

### Lower Sixth Form Activities.

Lower Sixth Form has been very vigorous this year and has set a rate of activity running through the School. Our greatest venture was the formation of the Dramatic Society. The suggestion that we should have such a society was received with great excitement, and we speedily sought permission of Miss Hoop and our Form-Mistress, who willingly sanctioned the formation of the society. Through the Committee was selected in the usual atmosphere of the question when rain had stopped hockey, the Society was given on a business footing and given the title of the "Lower Sixth Form Dramatic Society." Our Form-Mistress was unanimously elected President, in which capacity she is our greatest help.

We set to work at once to produce our first play. We felt that our undertaking was a big one, and that we must secure our Society's position by an initial success. A. A. Milne's "Mink Felties" was very enjoyable to perform and, after many amusing practices, we felt we had it as our finger food, we all gathered from doubts as to whether it would go or not. Happily all went well, as the applause given to the first scene was a sure sign that we had "got away." Our theatrical debut was a success.

From the financial point of view our entertainment was very successful; we have bought twenty delightful wooden books, selected from suggestions made by individual members of the Form. Milton, Flavel, and Shaw are popular favourites, whilst Station Wagon's "Outward Bound" has many admirers.

We should like to take our library up to Upper Sixth with us, as we could not bear to part with it so soon.

M. ANDERSON, Lower VI.

### Some Interesting Old Customs of Lindisfarne.

Lindisfarne is the largest of the Farne Islands and lies about three and a half miles away from the mainland. Its inhabitants number about two hundred altogether, and they are very quaint and have old customs, which they keep up from one generation to another. The oldest and most interesting takes place at a wedding.

After the marriage the bride passes through the churchyard to a large wishing-pond about three feet high. She must jump over this once. An old fisherman takes hold of each hand, and she is principally lifted over. The gate of the churchyard is fast with rope, and over this gate other fishermen fix a table from their gills as the happy couple are allowed to pass through the gate after distributing tuppence to all around. On arriving at the door of the bride's home, a plate holding a large piece of cake is thrust over the bride's head. If it breaks it is a sign of good luck, and, as the roads are all very rough at the island, it inevitably does break.

The island has lately acquired a new water lifeline. During my holiday there last year it was launched for practice. The houseboat stands above the deep water at a height of about twenty feet. When the motor starts, the boat and crew are quickly launched into the sea, the bow of the boat going under water and the stern, clad in stilts, are enveloped in a cloud of spray. After cruising around, they return to the houseboat, and there can be seen the laborious, slow task of hauling the boat up the slipway. It is an awesome sight even at practice—all honour to the men who will gloriously risk their lives in stormy seas.

ISLAND, MOUNTAIN, UPPER VA.

### "The Chequers Inn," Slapstones.

On one of the finest days last summer we decided to hire a car and pay a visit to the interesting inn at Slapstones. Arriving at Chomforthley, a picturesque little village a mile or so from the inn, we looked round the twelfth century church, and were shown the old Market Cross and the plague stone.

Leaving Chomforthley behind, we proceeded towards our destination. The inn, a solitary, plain building, stood amidst a sea of unshowering heather-clad moors. The building—originally an inn—is now a pleasure farm. Nevertheless, to this day, it is known as the "Chequers Inn," because of the strange sign-board which still hangs outside. The sign, representing a chess-board, bears the following inscription:

"Be not in haste,  
 For every is only once,  
 And no man can be wronging."

Legend has it that a weary, drowsy tramp was so encouraged by this promise that he slept in the hedge all night. On waking for his breakfast the next day, he had his attention drawn to the fact that the sign said "no man can be wronging" with rage and disappointment, the tramp set upon the old landlord, raising blows to him.

Thus warned by the misadventure of the tramp, we refrained from demanding our breakfast, but, entering the respectable vicarage, we purchased—homonate!

The living room was very interesting. Its barbed post day, we were told, had not been cut for over two hundred years. An old brass candlestick hung over the glowing embers, which heated a large oven, from which a beautifully browned cake was being taken on our arrival. Against the oven hung an old sword—in use as a poker—and on the hearth was a large black kettle and a brick-broom. Opposite the fire stood a large dresser, on which were rows of pewter plates and dishes. We were told that a curious custom in the inn was very keen to purchase this pewter. However, the owners would not part with it, as it had been in the family as long as the fire had been light.

After taking a piece of post from the stack outside for a memento, we left the good woman to her baking, and spent the rest of the day pic-nicking amongst the heather.

ISLAND, MOUNTAIN, UPPER VA.

## Our Efforts at a Contribution for the Bedon.

Homerick's done at last, and now for my attempt at a contribution for that illustrious magazine of which we are all so proud—namely, *The Bedon*.

Al! what a jolly it is trying to please one's readers—such as they are—for something worthy to grace the pages of our magazine. It would not be so had it when we had produced something good enough and had written it neatly out in our best handwriting, it was finished and done with, for, as Shakespeare says,

"It is now done when 'tis done, then 'twere well  
It were done quickly."

But no! No sooner is it handed to them than critical groups in the North Firm receive it and proceed to criticize it, and pull it to pieces. It is very fortunate that the good authors is not forced to stand and listen to the scolding remarks, and see the kindly (?) smiles as it is passed from hand to hand, and finally to see it rejected and consigned to the "W.P.M."

On the other hand, she might be very pleased and proud, and perhaps be in danger of giving a swollen head, if she could see the smiles of pleasure and joy with which so unusual an article is read!

After the article has passed through three hands—supposing such to be the case—it is sent, along with many more to the printers, and at length emerges in the pages of *The Bedon*, to be read and criticized, re-read and criticized, until the magazine is finally placed in some out of the way place along with past editions of it.

While I have been considering on I have found that I have at least made some attempt at a contribution, and now with one last look I venture it in the face and the North as to whether it will appear in our next edition of *The Bedon*.

TOWN MEADOW, Lower Vb.

## A Reverie.

It was a glorious summer noon as I sat in the shade of the trees surrounding my seat in 1866, but I am afraid my thoughts wandered.

A few yards away the bank-side rose steeply from the path along which I had come a short time previously, and from my position amongst the trees I could clearly see the beautiful Wood of Sybil Goss, cut out of the scene and overhaunted with company.

Being very hot and thirsty after my long climb uphill from the river village of Boxanton, I had stopped as I passed the place, and while drinking of its clear icy water the inscription carved out of the rock caught my eye. Although much of it was almost obliterated by the pebbles' march, I managed to make out the following words:

"Drink, weary Pilgrims, drink and pass  
By the hand, and of Sybil Goss,  
Who built this tower and wall."

I walked on for a few yards and then seeing a beautifully shady spot under a spreading tree, I sat down and for a while gazed over the beauties of the surrounding country.

About half a mile away, at the bottom of the incline, I saw a silver thread which I recognized as the little river Tull. How long I sat gazing thus it is impossible to say, but suddenly it seemed that the peaceful scene was broken by hoarse shouts and the clanging of steel.

Quickly I turned my head and then I saw a wild group in the hollow near the stream—two warriors stained with gore, their plumage torn and dirty, were gently laying down a wounded comrade. Clearly and distinctly I heard the voice of the stranger man as he removed the capote from the battered form. "Man! he is dead!" and then the other's voice, "Place! he breath!"

Apparently revived by the fresh air, the wounded knight attempted to raise his head, and then I guessed from his groans that he was displeased with his companions for leaving the fray, and was begging them to return to it. His dying whimpers were faint, and it was only by listening intently that I heard his last words to them—"Must I bid thee twice? Hence vantage! Fly! Leave Marston here alone—to die."

Sadly they turned and left him, but as his weary head sunk back unheededly a smother ran out from a hideous croupe, and, snatching up the battered escuage, she ran lightly down to the brook, where she stopped to fling and a cry of anguish escaped from her lips. I followed her gaze and saw to my horror that the clear water was fast becoming stained with the blood that oozed down the mountain side.

She looked around her, and then a smile broke over her face as she spied the Well of Sybil Gray.

Up the hill she sped and came to the stone well where she quickly filled the escuage with the cool sparkling water, and then fled back to the dying man—not so quickly this time, however, but she should spill any of the precious draught.

With glad surprise she saw that someone was heading over the soldier, and, turning round, she realized that it was an old monk who had dared the danger and noise of battle in order to be at hand to hold the last solemn rites to the dying man. Beyond them they raised Marston's head and gave him sips of the life-giving fluid—

As suddenly as it had appeared the vision faded, and I saw with relief that the sun was well shining through the trees to the pathway, the Toll was again a silver stream, and all was peace.

ELIZABETH H. GARRETTSON, Upper Va.

## A Walk Round an Old Church.

The church I am going to describe is the ancient parish church of Uppeswick-in-Craven, which is dedicated to Saint Alfhilda, a Saxon princess, the founderess of it, who was strangled by two Danish heathen women.

Near the entrance to the church there is a book containing a list of the incumbents, dating as far back as 1190. The first on the list is just called Lawrence.

The church contains architecture of different periods—Saxon and early Norman—and it is thought that the church was partially destroyed during the Wars of the Roses, and rebuilt in 1558. It has a bellry and a tower, with six bell-crowned bells, which represent Faith, Hope, Charity, Justice, Self-control, and Fortitude. These were rung in 1558. Every Christmas-eve, at midnight, the bells are heard far over the country side ringing the wonderful "Virgin Chime," which is supposed to represent the waiting of the Holy Mother of our Lord. The clock in the bellry was presented by the masters and boys of Uppeswick Grammar School. The West window is one of the most famous in England. It is quite unique, for it has a picture of the scene—"Ebbing and Flowing Well," with the "Spout" of the Well moving the water, while the women of the village look on. It also has pictures of the martyrdom of Saint Alfhilda and the Baptism of Christ. The font is very old, and standing beside it is an iron bucket of brass and oak, in which water is brought from the "Ebbing and Flowing Well," not as a half mile distant, for Holy Baptism. The main door is an

old when one and has an "invasion bolt." The "post" has been the date 1400. Other things of interest in the church are two stone effigies of two of Sir Richard Tempest's wives, a stone coffin, and on the North wall the Royal coat of arms, placed there during the Reformation. There are several tombs in the church, but when I was there I noticed that the altar-cloth wanted mending.

EMERY CANNON, Upper VI.

### Upper VI. Form Notes.

Since we are thirteen in number, the superstitious members of the Form began the year with fear and trembling. We have not, however, found our lot to be singularly unfortunate; for a kindly Fate has bestowed the Hackey Shield upon us, and—"hope springs eternal in the human breast"—we harbour designs upon the Gym. Shield, and gaze with eyes of passion upon the blinging Cup.

To encourage our hopes and remind us of our past progress in the world of sport, we have adorned our walls with portraits of "Our Noble Selves." There, members of the Hackey, Netball, and Tennis teams smile benevolently down, in illustrious company with Lord Byron, Cromwell, and Charles I.

It seems that many members of the Form are anxious to perpetuate the excellence of their work in like manner; for, one member of the Form has left a lasting memory of her excellence at leatherwork by staining a desk bright scarlet. We are relieved that she has spared the delicate hues of our cherished carpet.

Others of our number are so careful of the safety of our library that they cherish their favourite books in the refuge of their own homes. The Librarian, we notice, has a haggard look.

We were extremely pleased to have had the opportunity of being present at the laying of the Foundation Stone last term, and we hope that those people who are more fortunate than we are and who will actually behold a new Bede School may have as happy and enjoyable a year in the Upper VI. as we have who are to leave this year.

### Lower VI. Form Notes.

Lower VI. this year is most industrious, for, in addition to ordinary schoolwork—which is not so easy as we would wish it—we have both a Dramatic and a French Society in attend. The Dramatic Society is a very popular institution, and its first play, given at the beginning of the Spring Term, was, in our opinion at least, quite a success. The proceeds from this play went towards buying books for the Form Library which we have started. This library is also very popular, and the Librarian has a hard task to soothe those who are clamouring for a volume with assurances

that they will most certainly get it next time. We have, unfortunately, lost all our hockey matches. We won our netball match with Upper Va.; but lost to Upper Vb.

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### Upper Va. Form Notes.

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To the eyes of many people the name Upper Va. conveys an impression of intellectuality and general "braininess," coupled with a marked aptitude for games. It is much to be regretted, therefore, that our unhappy mortals who represent the present Upper Va. have been badly deserted by those gods whose business it is to distribute success in the hockey and netball matches!

Having failed so signally to cover ourselves with glory at games, it is up to us to make up for that by our prowess when the much talked of *Gymnasium Competition* takes place.

As for the impression of intellectuality which is usually associated with this Form, that has been built up more on the merits of its previous members than by the distinguished efforts which have been made by us this year so far! Nevertheless, we have been blessed with several people whose brains are well developed, and we hope that future Beldars will measure our success as a Form by their individual success.

The room has been kept well stocked with flowers all the Spring—and, as cannot live in the country, we have brought as much of it as possible in the form of cowslips and wallflowers to our Form-room.

We are all contemplating this summer term with mixed feelings—on the one hand, there is the prospect of tennis; on the other, the dreaded "Durham."

Life is not all a bed of roses in an examination form.

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### Upper Vb. Form Notes.

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We, the girls of Upper Vb. are taking Betsy in one year for the dreaded Durham Examination, and in order to show everybody how well we are progressing we planted a large number of bulbs before the Christmas holidays. We were complimented on our colourful array when they sprouted. We have done well in games this term, having carried off both the Netball and Hockey Pictures. We hope to do the same with the Shields and other trophies. We do not know if games are making us heavy; but at any rate we have had several visits from the joiners to repair our cracking floor. No girl in our Form has kept her "crowning glory," and we feel we have created a record in this. None of us are looking



forward to June 25th; but we hope and trust the examination will take pity on twenty-three poor schoolgirls and give us all our certificates.

M. J. CONRY.

P.S.—Since writing these Notes we are sorry to announce that our hopes have been shattered in one respect, as we were beaten by the Upper VI. and Students in the final for the Hockey Shield, the score being 4—1.

### Lower Va. Form Notes.

We played off our Hockey and Netball matches last term. The Hockey match against Lower Vb., played for the Picture, we lost. However, we won the next match, for the Shield; but unfortunately were beaten by Upper VI., and so lost it. The same fate befell us in the Netball matches, as we lost the Picture match against Lower Vb.; won the Shield match, and then lost when playing against Lower VI. We hope for better luck when competing for the Shield for Gymnastics.

During a history lesson at the close of last term we had a visitor. A little bird flew in at the open window and perched itself, first on the gas-pipe, then on the window-sash, chirping cheerily again and again.

If anyone had passed our Form-room during certain lessons towards the end of the term, they would have heard groans proceeding from the Form. These were caused by the announcement of holiday tasks. Holiday tasks! Think of it!

Spring seemed to have filled our girls with Spring-cleaning instincts, even as it does housewives. During the concluding days of the Easter term, tracks of these busy bees could be clearly traced as ink splashes, occasioned by washing ink wells, adorned the way from cloakroom to classroom. However, the motive to have everything clean and ready for the next term is worthy of praise, though the execution might have left much to be desired had not the "splashes" removed all traces of their arduous work.

### Lower Vb. Form Notes.

We, of Lower Vb., are rather a large Form, and of course it is not very easy to keep the room tidy; but we manage quite well, except for the cupboard tops, which are hardly ever free from books and cases. However, we try to divert the eyes from these unsightly cupboard tops by the presence of flowers, and we have even tried to grow a hyacinth; but it was not a success. Being a "Botany

Form " we should have produced a beautiful specimen—but then things never turn out as we expect them to.

This year we are specially honoured by having two Form Mistresses, for both Miss Lamb and Miss Huggart share the responsibility of our rather bolsterous Form; but we have been told that there is a marked improvement in us since the beginning of the year—by the end we may be the model Form of the School.

We have won both the Hockey and Netball Pictures; but lost the Shields. Perhaps our bad luck in the Shield matches is due to the fact that we inhabit Room II; but let us hope that it will have no effect on our efforts for the Gymnastic Shield and the Singing Cup.

#### IVa. Form Notes.

We are now in Room III, and we are honoured by being the only Form in the temporary building—that lives in the skies, so to speak. We feel proud of the fact, as we have now attained the dignity of being the top Form in the Lower School.

We all enjoyed the time-honoured party held in Withersell's Rooms.

Two of our girls have been clever enough to win the second prize in the "L'écho de France" Competition, and in consequence we have a number of new French books.

We have done quite well for our hands so far, and made £3 for the "Silver Lining" by selling toffee, chocolate, and other sweets.

At present we have played only a few Hockey matches, and have had the good luck to win three out of the four. We have been quite successful in the Netball matches as well; we did not win the Shield owing to the fact that Lower Va. defeated us; but we did manage to gain the Picture.

At last we have taken possession of our new Gymnasium. There had been much gossiping rumours of the speedy appearance of new apparatus prior to the Easter holidays, and these were confirmed when we came back and found a new pair of horizontal bars! Now we are going to exert ourselves to the utmost to win the new Shield.

M. FINE.

J. TAYLOR.

#### IVb. Form Notes.

Our Form is a large one, having in it thirty girls. We have not been very successful in games, and were very disappointed to lose the Hockey Shield, having been defeated by IVa. On Sports Day we did fairly well. We came in second and third a few times;

but we did not manage to obtain first place. However, we did our best for the Form.

Our classroom is not conveniently situated; but we do get the afternoon sunshine whenever there is any, and have kept the room gay with flowers.

### IVc. Form Notes.

This year, as Form IVc., we have had Miss Reynolds as our Form mistress. As a Form we may be rather dull at lessons; but we have tried to do our best at games, and we defeated IVb. in the Netball match, but were in our turn defeated by IVa.

Miss Beards is our Form prefect, and has proved helpful to us in many ways. The mistresses who teach us say we have improved tremendously since the beginning of the year, and this term we hope to be the best Form in the temporary building.

### IIIa. Form Notes.

There are many new girls in IIIa. this year; but one of them has left the School again, as she is leaving the town.

We made quite good efforts for the "Silver Lining" and the "Baby" Funds this year, one girl alone making ten shillings for the "Silver Lining."

On the wall of our Form-room hangs a large sheet of paper, marked in dated squares, some being filled with a red paper star. This has excited so much curiosity that a little explanation may be necessary. We are divided into three teams—the Daffodil, Violet, and Rose. Marks are awarded for tidiness, quickness, and quietness during the day, and three marks gain for the successful team a star. At the end of the term a Picture is presented to the team possessing most stars. The Violets have received it twice, the Roses and Daffodils once.

We have won the Netball Picture, but were not successful at Hockey. Nevertheless, we are going to make a big attempt for the Gym. Shield and at Sports.

We also have the Junior Singing Cup in our room, of which we are very proud.

We all enjoyed our School Party, and when it was finished we all wished for another.

H. EDWARDS.  
M. GILLES.

### IIIb. Form Notes.

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Our Form has not done badly for the first year. It is a scholarship Form, and great things are expected from it. We beat IIIc. at Hockey, but we were beaten by IIIc. We were not so fortunate in Netball, as we were beaten by IIIa. At lessons, too, I do not think we have done badly, although some girls could do better.

We are learning to play Tennis, and we all enjoy it very much. We try to keep our room bright and cheerful with flowers, each section taking a week in which to buy them.

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### IIIc. Form Notes.

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Our classroom is the largest in the School, and we have the disadvantage of having too many windows, which make it cold and draughty. Our bulbs grew very well this year, and the white hyacinths improved the appearance of the room; we also buy flowers fairly regularly. We were beaten at Netball, but the game was very exciting. The score was 5-4, and just as our shooter got the ball the whistle blew. But we are proud to say, we succeeded in winning the Hockey Picture.

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### IIIe. Form Notes.

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IIIe. is the smallest Form in the School, there being only twenty-two girls in it. Some of the girls are slow in games, which caused us to lose the first Hockey match, played against IIIb. We all hope that our class work is better than our games.

At Christmas five new girls came—they are improving in their work and like their School immensely. Five girls collected for the "Baby Fund"—Mary Stern, Hope Buckingham, Barbara Crofton, and Cynthia Gilks—and they added to the collection a great deal.

The Form did not do very well on Sports Day; but we did our best and expect to do better next year.