

1937

SCHOOL MAGAZINE



EDITORIAL

IT seems difficult to believe that another year has gone by, and we have prepared the 1937 School magazine.

As a rule school magazines all seem very much alike, and the difficulty in making them different is that they all deal with very much the same sort of thing.

However this year we are introducing some new features, such as useful hints, crosswords, and riddles with answers, and we hope that this will make the magazine more attractive.

We are grateful to those who have contributed, and so long as our aim is to make the magazine better and more interesting every year, we feel we are on the right road.

It has been said that a school can be judged by its magazine: we hope ours will have a favourable report.

Sheila D *Editor (Upper IV).*

EVENTS OF THE YEAR

Guilds

Guilds met on Mondays from 4 to 5 p.m. during the Autumn and Spring terms.

During the Autumn Term all Guildsmen (and those who were too young to be Guildsmen) were busy preparing for the Christmas Fair in aid of the Somerstown Nursery School. Owing to the activity of master-craftsmen and apprentices we had many goods to sell as well as plays and side shows. Last year's Troubadors showed the advantage of their training in a very good French play which

they acted with the rest of the Upper IVth. We made £52 in all, and for this we have to thank all the parents and friends who came and spent their money so generously.

In the Spring Term Guild work went on quietly and unobtrusively. You will read elsewhere of the Bookmen's miming which helped us considerably when we produced "Goblin Market" this term.

Music Makers, a large and Scientific band of Oddfellows, Tinkers, and Artworkers all busily improved their talents, and we finished the Spring Term with a festal meeting, at which, after the Bookmen had mimed the "Story of the Nightingale," we played games.

As Guilds become less new we find they are more stable and more reliable bands of citizens, and we realize now that in each Guild we have a group of people who are ready to work for the good of the city and who are also practising some special gift or interest so that they may have more joy in life and may have more skill to offer for the help of others.

The Mayor.

The Lecture of Captain Knight

After games at Grove House on Friday, May 21, we had a very hurried tea, then went to the Hall where Captain Knight was going to show us his films. We hoped he would bring his tame eagles, Mr. Ramshaw and James, but we found out later that he could not.

We were rather late and Miss Jebb was making her speech as we crept to our seats in the front and sat down.

Once when Captain Knight was out in Africa at a friend's house, he found a pair of eagles there. He asked the farmer not to shoot them but to tell him if anything happened.

One day when he was in the garden in England a telegram arrived, and it said, "An egg laid." So he went to the farm in Africa as he had said he would.

When he arrived in Africa, before he went to the farm he took some pictures of wild animals.

At last he was at the farm again. The farmer and his dog welcomed him. The next day he went to the eyrie and took some pictures of the egg and its parents.

Later the egg was hatched. There were some very funny pictures of the young eaglet trying to fly.

One day when Captain Knight was taking some pictures of the eyrie, he saw something white in a bush near. It was a dead sheep. He took the head back to the farmer, who said that James (that was the young eaglet's name) must be shot, because he could not have three eagles on his farm killing his sheep.

Captain Knight and the farmer were by the eyrie when he thought he would try to capture James for himself. He climbed up the tree to the eyrie and made a grab at James's legs, but James flew away. He and the farmer chased James for about two miles, then they found him, and Captain Knight thanked the farmer and came home with James.

Betty A (Upper IVb).

The Hyacinth Bulb Competition

Last Spring Term we had a hyacinth competition. All the forms from the first form upwards went in for it. All the Autumn Term we were planting and watering them. When the hyacinths were to be judged we all took them into Miss Caiger-Smith's form room. There were lovely colours: red, white, blue, mauve, yellow, and so on.

The Lower IV won the prize. It was a rose tree. The second form also won a prize for a very good show.

A good hyacinth can be grown by planting the bulb in early October. It is best to water it every day when it is young, and every other day when it begins to flower. You can make the flower grow taller by putting a paper cone over it when it is still in bud.

When the flower is judged, the points which the judges look for chiefly are: the shape of the flower, the quality of the bloom, and the height of it.

Helen W (Upper IV).

Eurythmics

On Wednesday, March 3, a Eurythmics Team aged 8-9 years competed in the Musical Festival at the Central Hall, Westminster, and won the cup and medallion.

Miming

Last term Miss Lester and Miss Fanchiotti took the Bookmans Guild to Grove House, to watch some miming. It was very interesting. First the lecturer talked about miming, and how it has

developed from the beginning, and then her students did exercises and some acting.

Miming is acting without words, and sometimes without scenery. Every word is expressed by an action. The students did a little play, in which they were only dressed up, otherwise they had no scenery at all.

It was very well acted, and when I look back at it, I seem to hear words and see scenery.

At the end of last term the Bookman's Guild acted "The Nightingale" in miming. The only scenery we had was a chair, and we had no make-up dresses on.

Cecily M Sub-Editor (Upper IV).

Form Ia Visits the Whipsnade Zoo

On May 28 we went to Whipsnade Zoo in the school bus. We had a lovely time.

First we saw the wolves. They live in a large pine forest. We then saw the brown bears in a great enclosed square, with a den. Derek threw them a tin of golden syrup, and one ate the lot.

We had a picnic overlooking the Downs. Then we had a rest and a story.

We saw the tigers playing about. The lions and polar bears were very nice, too. We saw an ostrich. We gave it a big bit of bread. It was funny when the crust went down its neck.

We found the Wallabies amongst the bushes. They were so sweet. One had a baby in its pouch. We crept up to them and Dean patted one. One fed from Derek's hand.

We saw the chimpanzee playing with a sack. Several peacocks spread their lovely tails.

On the way back we stopped to pick buttercups.

Form I.

Arrival at Stockbury

When you walk through the gate leading from the lane you see on your left the kitchens and where the Miss Pugh's sleep. On your right is a large patch of grass where the geese were. In front of you (a little to the left) is the dining room and you walk right through to the work room; joining on to that is the Dormy house where the girls sleep.

There is a large barn which we weren't allowed to go into, and a cottage which the boys slept in. Lots of cows' sheds and outhouses are dotted round the farm. There is a field with hay and another with corn; in the middle field we played rounders. There is also a large orchard which Edward, the donkey, usually inhabits.

We all were sorry when we found that we could not have rides on Edward, because Miss Pugh who looked after him was away on holiday, but all the same there was quite enough to do.

Judy F (Middle IV).

The Animals at Stockbury

At the Hill Farm there are quite a lot of animals. Edward the donkey was living in an orchard a little way up the lane when we were there. He has a very loud voice. In the orchard next door to him there was a sow with twelve piglets, when the man that fed them tapped on a bucket of food and called, they all came running along the path one after the other, but as soon as somebody moved they scurried off again.

Miss Pugh also keeps some cows; three are milked. One of them had two calves, there were also some calves in a field across the road. When we were there we tried to milk the cows.

In a corner of the yard there were some goslings one had fractured his leg and had to have it done up.

Alethea B (Middle IV).

Canterbury

On Monday, June 14, all the Stockbury children and some of the students went to Canterbury.

In the morning Miss Duncan took Lower IVb round the Cathedral and we saw where Thomas à Becket had been murdered by four knights of Henry II. We also saw the Black Prince's tomb, and his armour hanging above the tomb. Then we saw some Norman and Gothic architecture, then we had lunch.

In the afternoon we went with Miss Caiger-Smith to draw some Norman and Gothic architecture, and Miss Caiger-Smith took some photos of us. We also saw some ruins of the old monastery. Then we went to the evening service and sat in the choir, and then we bought post cards and little books. After that we went home.

Farouk N (Lower IVb).

A Conversation between Yarrow and Owen (The Two Dogs at Stockbury)

"Hullo! Yarrow," said Owen.

"Hullo! Owen," said Yarrow.

"I wonder where all those children have gone," said Owen.

"I think they have gone back to London. I heard them saying good-bye to Miss Pugh, but I hope they have not," said Yarrow.

"They used to take me for lovely walks in the wood before breakfast," went on Owen.

"Sometimes they took me when they went out their walks. Did they ever take you?"

"No, not very often," replied Owen, "sometimes I went with the boys."

"I wonder if any more children will be coming to stay here soon?" said Yarrow.

"I think some are coming tomorrow," replied Owen.

"Oh, there is Miss Pugh calling me. I must go, good-bye."

"Good-bye," said Owen.

Rosemary R (Lower IVa).

Smudgey's Babies

(Smudgey is a rabbit.—ED.)

Smudgey has had eight babies. Four are black and white, one brown, two are black, and one white. Tony has got the brown one, he calls it Brownie. Pat Dawbarn has got a black one, Paddy a black and white. A black, and a black and white one have gone to Grove House. We think the father is Dutchie. We have got two other rabbits, their names are Snowball and Wendy. We feed them on wet bran and greens. When they are young they feed on bread and milk and greens.

Jenifer L. (Form II).

The Fair at Grove House

On Friday and Saturday, June 18 and 19,

they held a Fair at Grove House. There were coconut shies, rolling the penny, hoop-la, darts, throwing balls into buckets (every time a ball stayed in you got a penny) and also there were skittles and throwing quoits on to a post. There were lemonade drinks and ice creams, and a lady with a hundred pockets for a lucky dip. Altogether they made over £400. The money was for the new building. In the Grotto there was the Never Neverland, from the story of Peter Pan by J. M. Barrie. People were allowed to look at the lake and there were rowing boats so that you could have a row, they charged you 6d. There were two plays which cost 6d. to see. One was given by Grove House School, and the other, "Goblin Market," was given by the Froebel Preparatory School. They both went off very well.

Anne J and Betty C (Lower IV).

What I Thought of the Fair

I thought that the Fair to get money for a building was a good idea, so I spent as much money as I could on sideshows and pony rides and on balloons and coconut-shies. We went in a boat on the lake, then in the cave, but anyway we had a lovely time.

Joan B (Form II)

NETBALL MATCHES

Team: J. Cockrell (Captain), B. Bell, B. Coker, S. Douet, H. Wicks, C. Mann, J. Farmer.

Reserves: J. Heiber, R. Rees.

Results of this school year's netball matches:

Parkfield Horsham (away)—played on Saturday, October 17—Froebel lost 11-21 goals.

Putney High School (away)—played on Friday, November 13—Froebel won 18-9 goals.

Challoner School (home)—played on Tuesday, November 17—Froebel won 6-1 goals. (No 2nd half because of rain.)

Broomfield House School (home)—played on Friday, November 20—Froebel won 21-9 goals.

Oakhill Wimbledon (home)—played on Friday, November 27—Froebel lost 7-16 goals.

Challoner School (away)—played on Tuesday, February 9, 1937—Froebel won 8-4 goals.

Putney High School (home)—played on Friday, February 12—Froebel won 14-10 goals.

Queens Gate School (home) under 12—played on Tuesday, February 16—Froebel won 20-8 goals.

Tite Street School (home) junior—played on Friday, February 19—Froebel lost 6-9 goals.

B. Bell (Net ball Secretary).

ROUNDERS

Captain: Cecily

Vice-Captain: Jeanne

Secretary: Sheila

Team: C. Mann, J. Cockrell, S. Douet, J. Bransome, B. Bell, B. Coker, H. Wicks, J. Farrar, P. Green.

MATCHES

Froebel v. Parkfield—July 2—Froebel won 7-6.
Froebel v. Challoner—July 9—

S. Douet (Rounders Secretary).

FOOTBALL

Captain: William
Vice-Captain: Campbell
Secretary: Maurice

The rest of the XI: G. Parker Wright, P. Heard, P. Barber, R. Wood, F. Nabi, D. Donovan, D. Annear, C. Mortimer.

December 4—Match v. Barkstone: Barkstone 2,
Froebel 1.

March 12—Match v. Barkstone: Barkstone 2,
Froebel 0.

CRICKET

Captain: Campbell
Vice-Captain: William
Secretary: Maurice

The rest of the XI: P. Heard, R. Wood, P. Barber, F. Nabi, D. Donovan, D. Annear, J. Snelling, C. Mortimer (Junior), A. Tripp, M. Mann, S. Hughes Stanton, T. Kahn, J. Crowther.

MATCHES

June 25—Froebel v. Barkston Prep.—Barkston Prep. won 32-14.

July 9—Froebel v. Wagner's (junior match)—

THE SWORD

The squire who saw the sword
Shining upon the ford,
Came running to the king
And told a wondrous thing.

No knight could pull it out,
It put them all to rout,
Save Galahad, the best of all,
And at a touch the sword did fall.

Ann M (Lower IVa).

PROVERBS THROUGH THE DAY

- 7 o'clock—getting up—"It's the early bird that catches the worm."
7.15—hole discovered in stocking—"A stitch in time saves nine."
7.30—breakfast—"The cock crows but the hen delivers the goods."
8.50—going to school—"Step by step, little by little."
9.25—arriving at school—"Better early than late, but better late than never."
9.30-11—lessons—"All work and no play make Jack a dull boy."
1 o'clock—dinner—"Too many cooks spoil the broth."
1.30—after dinner—"After dinner rest awhile."
2.5—afternoon school—"When the cat's away the mice will play."
2.50—handwork—"More haste, less speed."
3.30—games—"Look before you leap."
5 o'clock—end of school—"Every cloud has a silver lining."

- 5.15—tea—"Eat and be happy."
 5.50—after tea—"Many hands make light work" (of tea table).
 6.0—homework—"Never leave until tomorrow what you can do today."
 8.0—bathtime—"Still waters run deep."
 8.30—"Early to bed and early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise."

*By Brenda B Jacqueline H
 and Betty C*

THE CRYSTAL PALACE

(This is the song that Stephen made up and sang to Nursery to the tune of "London Bridge is Broken Down."—ED.)

The Crystal Palace is burning down,
 burning down,
 burning down,
 The Crystal Palace is burning down,
 On Sidemund Hill.

Send for the firemen to put out the flames,
 put out the flames,
 put out the flames,
 Send for the firemen to put out the flames,
 On Sidemund Hill.

The firemen came and squirted their hosen,
 squirted their hosen,
 squirted their hosen,
 The firemen came and squirted their hosen,
 On Sidemund Hill.

My clothes would be of crimson.
A gold crown on my head,
A counterpane of satin,
Would cover my silver bed.

I'd have a choir of singers
And gay songs they would sing,
A happy happy life I'd lead,
If I were such a king.

Silvia B (Form III).

CHARACTER OF AN OLD SAILOR

HE was an old man—about seventy years old, and he used to sit for hours outside the “Lighthouse Tavern” with his tankard of beer and a pack of playing cards. When I saw him he was staring out to sea watching the fishing smacks. It was early morning and I was strolling along the front to get an appetite for breakfast, so I sat down beside him for I guessed he would have a good tale to tell once he was started on the subject of his life.

For a while we sat in silence and I studied his features, he was very wrinkled in his face but was still sun tanned from life abroad. His hair was white and he wore an old sailor's cap and his eyes were very blue. The old sailor's hands were gnarled and wrinkled from hard work at sea and he wore an old navy blue jersey and sailors' trousers with their bell shaped legs.

At last he turned and spoke to me, and I asked him about his life at sea. He then told me many stirring tales about his life. At the end I asked if

he came down to the front every day for I would enjoy another yarn from him.

"Pretty nearly," he answered, "I like to watch them bringing in the catch—and I help them, too."

I liked his voice, it was gruff yet kindly, and all the time he was telling me his adventures I knew his mind was dwelling back in the past as though he were living the moments again. He then began to set the pack of cards for a game of patience and I watched him absently moving the cards. Suddenly he gave an exclamation of glee.

"Ha! here it is, the bounder, just at the right moment, too."

I looked up sharply, expecting to see one of the fishing smacks in, but they were all still at sea. I turned to the old sailor to see him thumping the ace of clubs on to the table and watched him as he moved all the cards out correctly.

I walked away smiling, I don't think he noticed that I had gone, it really was funny the way he was so pleased at getting the ace of clubs.

Brenda B (Upper IVa).

THE GOBLIN

There was a little goblin,
And he lived upon the moss
But in the windy weather he was very, very cross.
And always in the winter he would have
porridge in a pot,
And when it was his bedtime he was tucked up
in a cot.

Sylvia P (Form II).

ANOTHER GOBLIN

I wish I was a goblin,
To tramp about the glen
I would have such fun and games
With the other little men.
We would throw fruits about
Up and down the glen.
But we would not shout for fear
We would wake the world of men.

Jean P (Form II).

LOST AND FOUND

ONE day when I was five, I was walking down the High Street with my mother; she was doing shopping and I was watching the traffic which interested me.

I turned round to ask my mother something when, to my horror, I saw she was no longer by my side. I looked in all the shops near me, but as I could not find her I began to cry. Suddenly I heard a kind woman's voice ask me what was wrong. I told her, between my sobs, that I had lost my mother. She said, "Never mind," then took me down the street holding my hand with her free hand. In the other she was holding about eight parcels. I cheered up then, and studied my kind companion. She was not talkative, her age was about forty; she was thin and short, her flowered dress went well with the neat black coat and widow's cap.

Her face was kind and gentle looking, her eyes were sad and thoughtful. We stopped in front of a little cottage down a side street. In every

window was a box full of lovely flowers, the front garden was tidy as the woman herself, the flowers were blooming in lovely colours. I thought it was decidedly the nicest looking house in that little street.

The kind woman opened the door and we entered.

By this time I was crying again because I thought she was going to kidnap me. I was very young and knew no better. She saw that I was very tired, so she gave me some milk and biscuits, and told me that she was going out but would be back soon. How she trusted me not to touch anything I don't know.

The room I was in was neat and tidy. A clock ticked slowly on the mantelpiece, and a cat lay purring on the hearth rug.

The table had a big bowl of nasturtiums on it and also a meal of bread, cheese, and salad, all laid out for one person. It seemed ages before the door opened and to my delight in walked my mother.

She thanked the kind little woman for taking me to her house, and we left together, happy again.

Cecily M (Upper IV).

HOW THOR CAUGHT LOKI

ONE day Thor went fishing. And that day he had some good luck, and he caught a good lot of fishes. The last fish he caught was the biggest. "Ah," said Thor, "I'll have this fish for my supper tonight." "You don't mean me, do

you?" said a voice from the fish. Thor was astonished when he heard the voice. "That's just like Loki's voice," he said, "he must be hiding." "I'm not hiding, I'm in front of you," said Loki. Thor looked in front of him, and instead of a fish there was Loki doubled up with laughter.

Heather S (Form III).

THE SEASONS

Spring will bring the shoots
The freshness and the flowers
Summer will bring the sun
The birds and sunshine showers;
Autumn brings the leaves
All lying in the street,
But Winter brings hardly anything,
Except for a Christmas treat.

Enid B. H (Form III).

AN ADVENTURE

LAST summer we went to stay at Seaton in Devonshire. The countryside is hilly and there are two very high cliffs of rather more than 300 feet each. In the spring there had been a great fall of cliff due to a large crack at the top of the cliff which resulted in a few thousand tons of chalk, grass, clay, etc. being strewn along the beach for about quarter of a mile. So important was this event that it will be remembered as being mentioned in the newspapers with pictures of the damage.

One afternoon my father and myself decided to

explore round the cliff and, if we could, climb up it. We walked along the beach and clambered up the rocks and had got up to where the most recent fall of rocks had been. We had to climb over many slippery and large boulders before we got to a ledge 60-70 feet high. There we rested. We had the alternative of climbing the cliff or going back. We decided on the former because it seemed that there was a path leading to the top of the cliff and it also seemed that many people had been up before, as the path was worn. Going back meant a very dangerous job and as my father was lame we decided to go on. We climbed up about 50 yards and found it easy going and went on. But, as we went on, it became increasingly difficult to climb and at a certain point we saw a kind of shrubbery. Then we thought that we could not go any farther, but we discovered an opening and crawled through. On either side were tufts of grass and we helped ourselves up by them. Once I caught a tuft and it slipped and I began to slip down, tuft and all. But I managed to cling on to a blackberry bush and pulled myself up by it. We went straight on and got to the top. We were both thankful that we were safe and sound.

Several people we spoke to about our climb would hardly believe we had gone up that way to the cliff top. A fisherman warned us not to attempt it again owing to the danger—we found after that the path we took was part of a main path originally, but ended suddenly owing to the collapse of the cliff.

Sheila D (Upper IV).

THE ISLE OF WIGHT

When I went to the Isle of Wight,
I saw a most amazing sight,
Of sand of reds and greens and blues,
And some of it got in my shoes.

Patricia D (Lower IV).

SAMPSON

Sampson went awalking
Upon a summer's day;
He picked up all the houses
To throw them far away.
The people in the houses
Began to scream and shout,
And cried, "Oh, mighty Sampson,
When will you let us out?"
Sampson answered, "Never,"
And threw them in the air.
I don't know where they landed,
But they had an awful scare.

Ilona C (Middle IV).

USEFUL THINGS TO KNOW

HOW TO MAKE PEPPERMINT CREAMS

Boil a cup of water with a cup-and-a-half of castor sugar in a saucepan over a low gas for ten minutes. While waiting, spread a sheet of grease-proof paper over the pastry board or table, and get out peppermint oil. Then, when ten minutes have gone, take the mixture (still in the saucepan) and add six or seven drops of the oil, and stir briskly; do not let the mixture settle. With a tablespoon

put drops on the paper as big as wanted. (If the cream does not harden, put it over the gas again and stir.) In about ten minutes the peppermint will have turned into hard peppermint creams.

Cecily M. (Upper IV).

COLLECTING CURIOUS HOUSE NAMES

Everyone loves to collect. Small children collect tram tickets, car numbers, or cigarette cards, rich men collect antique furniture, old silver, paintings.

But to some of you all these things may seem uninteresting and you wonder what to collect, so why not start collecting house names. All you need is a pocket book and pencil and an exercise book and a dictionary.

When you get home enter the names in alphabetical order in your exercise book, then take your dictionary and find what they mean, and so the collection becomes very interesting.

Betty C (Upper IV).

HOW TO MAKE A MODEL PLANE

To make this little model plane you need two match boxes (one a little larger than the other), an elastic band, a large bead and four matches.

Only the covers of the match boxes are needed. Cut away a side of the larger box, but leave quarter of an inch each end to act as supports. On the opposite side leave a central piece half an inch wide, as well as the two end supports, and in the middle of this make a small hole. Cut away the sides of the smaller box in a similar manner.

Make three of the matches very smooth, and then gum them to the boxes like this: two on the top and one on the bottom, thus joining the smaller to the larger box so that the two sides of the boxes which have the middles cut out are about half an inch apart.

The propeller is cut out of notepaper, and is strengthened by a match glued down the centre of the blades. It should measure five inches long and $1\frac{1}{4}$ inches wide.

When all the gum is dry, slip an elastic band over the propeller, thread it through the bead and through the hole in the centre of the side of the large box. Pass it through both boxes and slip a short bit of match through the loop at the end of the band.

Hold the 'plane in the left hand; gently turn the propellor until the band is well twisted. Then launch the 'plane and it will fly.

Maurice M (Upper IV).

HOW I WAS NEARLY KILLED

I WAS staying over with my cousins at Yorkes Peninsula at hay carting time. It was a warm summer day without a breath of wind and we wanted to go down on a waggon. We were told we could if we waited till the last waggon went.

They were, as usual, loading a waggon stook by stook, and from underneath each stook would come rats and mice; snakes hissed and wriggled.

The last waggon was slightly overloaded and did not look very safe but nothing was going to stop us going up there.

Neither of the horses was really meant for a waggon horse. They had just been broken in and were still frisky.

My uncle did not want us to go, but we persuaded him to let us so we started off down the unmade bush track which led to the main road.

As we entered the main road the horses brought the waggon to a standstill by trying to make it run over a large stone. The men backed the horses and we started afresh.

We came to a bend in the road and round the corner came a car at a terrific speed, the horses were not used to cars going at a terrific rate and both horses bolted, they ran over stones but at last came to a standstill with a jerk and a sway which sent us off the top on to the ground, and I felt a sudden pain in my head and then everything went black.

The next thing I remember was waking up and finding I could hardly see for a bandage over my eyes.

I had come off worst of all from the fall because I had cut my head in three places, broken one ankle, and sprained the other and both my wrists.

Everybody saw me the next day with a bandaged head, and wrists in a sling, and my foot in plaster of Paris.

One cousin had a sprained ankle and a dislocated shoulder; the other cousin had a cut over her eye and a few bruises. They came off well from the fall because they fell on me.

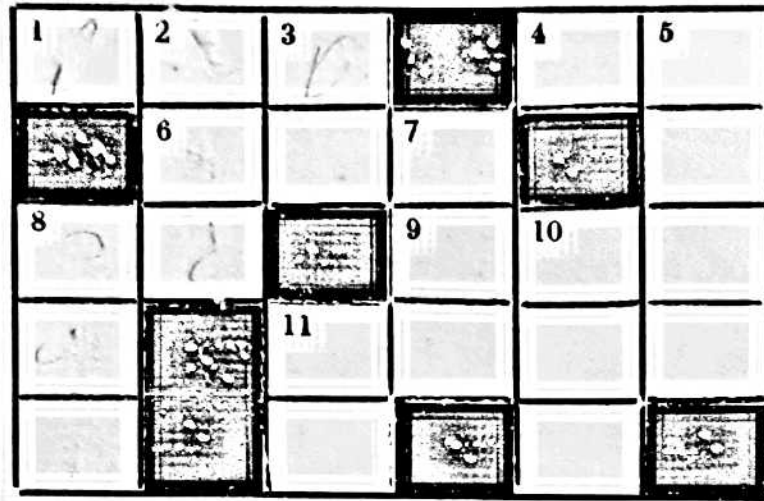
June B. (Upper IV).

F. E. I.

It's fun to be at F.E.I.,
Tho' the noisy trains run by.
There the great brains are produced,
There work is more and play reduced.
There descants rising high and higher
Issue from the Froebel choir.
Our thirst for learning there we quench
On Maths. and Latin, English, French.
There dinner is the noisiest time
(To stop the din would be a crime!)
Stern Mrs. Smith thro' hatch doth peer
To watch the carrots disappear.
After dinner, rest in rows,
Still and straight from head to toes.
Then cricket is the playtime game,
And echoes Mr. Keegan's name;
But little ones of kindly habits,
Tend and nurse the baby rabbits:
For Smudgey, rabbit mother proud,
Has eight fine babies—such a crowd!
Some seek the climber, some the garden,
Where digging makes our muscles harden.
Then off we go to swim or play,
And that's the end of a happy day.
Some like woodwork, some like clay,
Some like *Toil*; but some folk say
That dinner is the nicest part,
Especially when it's treacle tart.

Upper IVa.

CROSSWORD PUZZLE



DOWN

- 2 Not the beginning.
- 3 A verb.
- 5 Low clouds.
- 7 I went to — country.
- 8 What you do with chocolate.
- 10 I had a dog — a cat.
- 11 A word in the Bible.

ACROSS

- 1 Used at night.
- 4 The morning.
- 6 A very heavy thing back-wards.
- 8 Often the ending of a verb.
- 9 Part of the verb "have."
- 11 A Fast before Easter.

Mariella F (Form III).

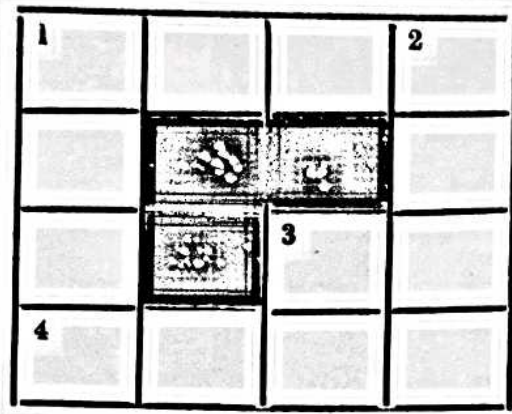
Here are some places in England. Can you find them?

YERRUS
SEXSE
LAWLCRON
RONLOKF

BERDY
NOTLRINGAD
VEDONSIHRE

Janet W (Form III).

CROSSWORD PUZZLE



ACROSS

- 1 A fruit.
- 3 Part of the verb
"to be."
- 4 Fine dirt.

DOWN

- 1 A pool.
- 2 Rhyming with rust.
- 3 The same as 3 across.

Maureen H (Form III).

