County School for Girls Magazine.

No. 1. JANUARY, 1914.

EDITORIAL.

THE School reassembled on September 10th. Several important changes in the staff call for attention. This Spring Miss Collins received the appointment of H.M.I. of schools and has now removed to Ilkley to undertake her new duties. Miss Collins was Head Mistress of the County School for four years, and during that time was unsparing in her efforts for the welfare of the school. She fostered its development in every way, and it is largely owing to her untiring energy and devotion that the school has gained its present position. We would like to express to her our gratitude for all that she has done for us, and on behalf of the school wish her success and happiness in her new work. On the first page of this issue will be found a letter from Miss Collins to the school. We look forward to having the pleasure of seeing her this term.

Miss Crosthwaite is the new Head Mistress of the County School and to her we give a hearty welcome. Miss Riddell, for many years History Mistress, has left to take up an appointment at the Southend High School. We thank her for her message of greeting to the school and send her all good wishes.

Miss Cunynghame and Miss E. Goddard have now joined the staff.

We congratulate E. Heap, E. Popperwell and O. Russell on passing the London Matriculation during the last year. Five old scholars have entered Training Colleges this year. E. Bareham and E. Oakey have gone to Hockerill, H. Berry to Southlands, E. Cheese to Homerton and D. Berry to Brighton.

The School now numbers 165. Owing to the Middle School being full, it has been necessary to refuse several applications for admittance. Games and School Societies are in full swing. Each form has its own Net Ball team, and several Inter-form matches have already taken place. Owing to the kindness of the Head Master of the Grammar School we have been able to start Hockey. We greatly appreciate the privilege of using the Grammar School playing fields so kindly placed at our disposal, and we thank Mr.

Shaw Jeffrey very warmly for pleasure retrospective and prospective. We hope the school will soon have a thoroughly good Hockey XI and we encourage all to practise as much as possible. The Debating Society meets every fortnight and an interesting debate took place on November 7th, on "Woman's Suffrage."

The Dramatic Society has a large number of members, and hopes to produce "The Rose and the Ring." A new feature this term is a class for Morris Dancing which promises to be a great success.

This is the first issue of a School 'printed' Magazine. We are very grateful to Miss Crosthwaite for suggesting that we should have such a magazine and for helping us in the work of editing. The editors hope everyone will support the new venture and will send in contributions for the next issue at an early date.

By the time this is in press the holidays will once more be at hand. To the Staff and the rest of the school the editors give heartiest greetings for Christmas and the New Year, 1914.

SPA HYDRO,
ILKLEY, YORKS.

My dear Girls,

I am most grateful to Miss Crosthwaite for her kindness in offering me this opportunity of writing to you all, now that I can no longer see you and talk with you. I am delighted to hear that so far from allowing the School Magazine to drop out of existence, you are issuing it in a more highly organised form, for I am convinced that any activity in which you can all join is most helpful to the well being of the school collectively and yourselves individually. I hear too, that the Debating and Dramatic Societies are both well supported, and I hope both Societies will give me a performance when I come to see you again.

You will perhaps be interested to hear some of my experiences in the North, but first let me remind you that I am equally anxious to hear from you, although I cannot promise to answer letters by return of post, and most particularly am I anxious to hear that in work and in play you are helping to make the school stronger and nobler. I have the privilege of seeing many schools now, you know, but the County School, Colchester, will always be 'the' school to me.

And now if any of you are at a loss to know where to spend your next summer holidays let me advise you to visit the Yorkshire dales. I smile to myself when I remember with what regret I pictured the contrast between Colchester's peaceful lanes and woods and the bleak ugliness of the Northern industrial district to which I was coming. You may judge of my surprise and delight

when I found that I was to live in Wharfedale, one of the loveliest river-valleys I have ever explored. Ilkley itself is a holiday centre for the townsfolk of the West Riding, and contingents of walkers come out by train every Saturday afternoon from Bradford and other places near, and then walk on by the riverside to the lovely woods beyond Bolton Abbey, or climb the steep paths to the moors that lie in a great ridge above our little town. The other day I walked home from Keighley, which lies in the next river valley, Airedale, over the moorland water-parting, and never have I seen more beautiful colouring than I did that day. The uplands were golden-brown with bracken, the trees on the way down to Ilkley seemed to fire the slopes, and the misty air was penetrated with the pale rose from the after glow of an autumn sunset. It was so intensely beautiful as to be almost painful, and I wished that all the people who were enduring squalor and ugliness could come out to the hillside with me. Today the trees are almost bare, so the valley looks somewhat desolate but the moors are as strong and silent as ever. I am looking forward so much to seeing them under snow with a blue sky and a crisp air to make walking an absolutely perfect delight.

I hope to see you all before long, so I will not begin to describe the other side of my picture, but bring my letter to a close with very affectionate greetings to you all.

Yours very sincerely,

M. Collins.

THE CAPTURE OF THE "ONION."

THE creek lay bathed in sunset's soft, mellow light. The rosy tints seemed to have diffused themselves into the crisp salt marshes making them glow like a new born rose. Dotted here and there, like dewdrops on a rose's petal, were the shining flats. Everything shone with a quiet radiance.

Alone amid this beautiful scene was a bent old man with a keen, cruel face and an abundance of white hair. The most striking thing about him was his suit, and this was patched all over with such bright colours that it gave him the appearance of a mediæval court-jester.

"Twen'y gowdan guineas for abou' sax words" murmured the old man. Just then a strain of music and laughter floated across the marshes. "Huh," said he, "they're a laughin' terday, but termorrer I'll make some of 'em sing in a different tune." Saying this he swung his winkle sack over his shoulder and started for home.

At last he came to the winding village street; the quaint

shops and cottages were crowded together and at the end of it was the village green. The street was crowded with laughing village folk and sailors, for to-day was a holiday. Old Mrs. M——'s shop was full of holiday makers. Ah ! that was a most wonderful shop, small and mysterious, and in it was kept the most delicious toffee that was ever made. Old Mr. L—— kept his ginger pop stall over the way and the children were enjoying this excellent drink. Knots of women were talking and laughing together, whilst the male population regaled themselves with refreshments outside the inevitable village inn. It was hither that the old man wended his venerable footsteps.

As he passed through the blue haze of smoke, a snug dogcart came dashing up the road. It drew up outside the inn and its driver jumped out. He was slim and upright, true son of the grand old Vikings. He was a mere boy of nineteen and---breathe not a word---the captain of the most daring smuggling craft on the East Coast.

"What cheer, Cap'en?" called the old man.

"Oh, hearty, thank you my mates," he replied brightly. Then drawing a man apart from the others he whispered, "Revenue officers suspect. Tell the whole gang to come to West Mush Point at 11 o'clock to-night. We must sink that cargo afore daybreak. Hullo," he said, breaking off suddenly, "there's Old Hoppety Cander over there, d'you think he heard?"

"Heard, Cap'en? No, he's def and daft and everything else. All right, sir, to-night West Mush Point." Saying this, he moved away to his mates, while the Captain went to dance on the green.

"Huh," grumbled old Hoppety, "West Mush Point ternight. Huh ! twen'y gowden guineas, and all for about sax words. Def and daft, is I? Wal, it strikes me there's some people as is blind as well as def, so it seems." Then rising from his seat he paid for his "levener," a thing he rarely did himself, and went his way.

The golden ringed moon shed its serene light over the dark, silent waters of the creek. Scarcely distinct through their silver veil of mist stretched the lonely marshlands all round. Far in the distance, like a grim sentinel, the old Church reared its rugged Norman tower. All was calm and tranquil with that perfect calm which precedes a heavy storm.

Over the marshes came stealing many grey figures who gathered into a group and quietly waited the approach of the muffled form that came lithely springing over the spongy ground. Just then a light breeze sprang up and the clouds began scudding over the sky like frightened sheep. The waters shivered ; the whole marshland seemed to stir, and the silver mist changed to a dull leaden grey. "Looks as if we'ere going to have a fresher, mates," called the Captain, for the muffled form was no other than

our hero. "Hearken to me my lads, but keep steady heads on your shoulders. The game's up. To-night we must get out of this, and quickly too. Man the boats, and look alive there; shove off to the vessel, let's have a good start whatever we do."

Deftly and silently the men pushed off and got the vessel underweigh. But scarcely had they gone a mile when they saw the Revenue's smart cutter racing along in the distance. Then began an hour of sickening suspense.

At last the boy captain saw that there was not the slightest chance of escape. So calling his men together he said in his usual abrupt manner, "Do you consent to allow me to light the powder train, my boys?" "Aye," said the men fearfully, "anything rather than prison and the cat." He went to the train, his men following him with deadly fear. It was damp! Hoppety's work, said the Captain tensely. Then the last bond of self-control was removed from the men. They stumbled about the deck like madmen, frantically manning the guns and priming their own weapons again. The young Captain alone was calm, but he was only like a drop of cold water in a boiler of hot liquid. Then the Revenue boat grated against the ship's side with a noise like the rasp of a file.

After a short, fierce struggle the contraband vessel was taken and afterwards burned. The Revenue men in triumph marched the smugglers that were left. The victory was on the side of peace and justice.

In the little village cell the Captain sat alone. He felt very downcast. If he had been killed, he reflected, he might have been considered a hero, but as he was alive, popular feeling had turned against him. He knew that he would not be punished very severely; hundreds of young men had taken the same course and had settled down to become respected townsfolk in after years. But "ignominy," if only temporary, is hard to bear. As for repentance, this merry little Captain had none. Why he had been cradled in smuggling since his boyhood, and had been taught to think it was right.

Meanwhile the villagers were holding a torchlight procession in his honour, and afterwards burned his effigy with much ceremony. As they sat around the blazing bonfire, the mocking yellow flames lighting their flushed faces, a picture was involuntarily brought up in the minds of many thoughtful observers. It made them think of a number of painted cannibals dancing around a bonfire in honour of one of their frightful orgies. But, of course, thoughts like these are absurd, for nobody should think of likening respectable villagers of the 18th century to mere South Sea Islanders.

O. Eagle, Form Vb.

A DEVOUT LOVER. THE RHYME AND REASON OF HIS LOVE.

HE worshipped from afar,
As if she were a star,
So gazed he lovingly!
If only he might dare
To touch her dusky hair
So sighed he longingly!
The moon was growing old,
His love was waxing cold,
He sniffed increasingly!
The reason was that she
(A cat of high degree)
Felt safer up that tree
For just as long as he
(A bulldog full of glee
And obviously free)
Should waiting for her be!
Don't you see?
(So did she!)

E. GRANT, Form VA.

CAREERS FOR GIRLS.

A GIRL who has a career has many more advantages than one who has not. She is far more independent and helpful to others and herself. She is dependent on no one for food and clothing, and has much wider views of life altogether. Sometimes girls are able to help at home in the education of younger brothers and sisters, or if their parents are left with a small income, they may be able to give considerable help from their own earnings.

A career or profession also helps to form a girl's character. It makes her more decisive in action and quicker in conversation than she otherwise would be. It also gives her something on which her mind may be centred, something to keep her interested.

There are a great many openings now for girls. In Victorian times it was considered unladylike for a girl to do anything but stay at home, or go out as companion. She might go in for nursing or teaching, but the general idea was that girls should stay at home. Nowadays everybody has far broader views, and there are innumerable careers for girls.

Teachers are wanted in many branches, such as dancing, classics, gymnastics, music, science and domestic science, which

latter includes cooking, laundry work and housewifery. There are also many positions as clerks and secretaries which women can obtain. Factory inspection is quite a new branch for women. workers. It is an interesting life and makes a splendid opening for girls.

Agriculture in many branches, bee-keeping, dairy-work or poultry-farming is suitable work for women, especially for those whose health demands an outdoor life. In fact there is hardly any field of work that is not open to women to day.

Of course in every case a good training is essential. To hope to obtain any post without certain certificates is useless. A few years ago examinations were not so necessary, but now it is imperative that one should hold testimonials in order to secure a good position. A girl should decide what she is going to do when she is about sixteen years old, or even earlier, for if three or four years training are necessary an early decision is invaluable.

Every girl should learn to do something, whatever it may be, for one never knows if one may be stranded with very small means. It is much better to be able to turn one's hand to some trade or profession, even if at present it seems that it will never be needed.

One of the best openings for the present day for women is dispensing. Since the Insurance Act came into force doctors and chemists are very hard worked to get their prescriptions made up owing to the scarcity of male chemists. The training is neither long nor difficult. An intelligent girl who begins her studies in good time can pass all necessary examinations by the time she is twenty or twenty-two, and can command a good salary.

P. Gummer, Form IVa.

A FORM I. CONTRIBUTION.

ONE day a little girl was walking out with her mother when she saw a little toy dog in a shop window. Then she asked her mother if she might buy it. Her mother gave her enough money to buy it and a cat. When she arrived home she found she had lost it, but her mother said "Never mind, you can buy another one." She then went out and bought another one. Coming home she saw a poor child whom she took pity on, and she gave the cat and the dog to the small child. As she was going along she found the dog she had lost. When she got home she told her mother about her adventure. When her mother had heard what she had done her mother said "Kindness is always rewarded."

Edna Sergant, Form I.

HIDDEN HISTORICAL PERSONS.

I. Queen Alexandra keeps many dogs.
II. She rewarded Marlborough with the gift of Blenheim House.
III. It was too new to need mending.
IV. The Highwaymen robbed everyone they met.
V. Their actions were constant in everything.
VI. William fell off a horse.
VII. Edwin was there himself, garbed in mail.

N. SMALLWOOD, Form IIIA.

NOTES ON FORM IIIB---BY THAT FORM.

WE were allowed to play games on Tuesdays and Thursdays. Some are learning dancing instead with Miss Holland. For Physics and Nature Study we are divided into two divisions. Our cupboards are rather a trouble to keep tidy; Miss Cunynghame calls it Scotland Yard.

We have three kinds of desks in our room, only girls who have lock desks may keep their books in over-night; the other girls have to put theirs in the cupboard. Some of the girls have made designs for our Time Table. Now we are in a higher form we have Home-work.

Every Wednesday Miss Sutton reads us a story; She is reading the "Jungle Stories."

THE DRAMATIC SOCIETY.

THE members of this society, consisting of girls from Forms IVB to VA, are at present preparing to act a play, entitled "The Rose and the Ring" (Thackeray).

Under the guidance of Miss Sutton the rehearsals are progressing well, and the society hope to give the performance at an early date.

O. EAGLE (Sec).

NET BALL.

CAPTAINS AND VICE-CAPTAINS OF FORM TEAMS.

Form VA.	W. Horlock,	E. Brown.
„ VB.	N. Turner.	O. Eagle.
„ IVA	Mary Macdonald,	O. Bond.
„ IVB	P. Greenwood,	Margery Macdonald
„ IIIA	M. White,	V. Cook.
„ IIIB	M. Dodson,	I. Macdonald.
„ II & I	C. Potter,	E. White.

THIS year, as in the past, net-ball has been keenly taken up. It is to be hoped that, in spite of the interest taken in hockey, it will always continue to be a success.

Practices are arranged every day, except Friday, after school. Mondays and Wednesdays being reserved for the Upper School, Tuesdays and Thursdays for the Middle and Lower Schools.

At present the style of play needs a great deal of attention; the passing being far too monotonous. Players always pass over, and scarcely ever throw under or round their opponents. Then too, a great many in endeavouring to pass quickly run several steps before parting with the ball. It is necessary to emphasize the rule that a player must stop dead directly she catches the ball.

If these faults are remedied, the games will probably become even more interesting than they are now. This term many keenly-contested inter-form matches have taken place

Oct. 29th. IVA *versus* IVB. There was good play on both sides; G. Thorne, IVB's centre attack showed great rapidity in her passing. The best feature of the match was the splendid centre passing of both teams. At the close of the game, the result was IVB 9 goals, and IVA 5. The referee was Miss Crosthwaite.

Nov. 19th. VA *versus* VB. The game was a fast one. Towards the end of the match it became somewhat difficult to see the ball. The score was 12 goals to VA, and 5 to VB. The referee was Miss Goddard.

Nov. 26th. VB *versus* IVA. IVA had the better of the game almost throughout, excelling greatly in the good passing of their centres, O. Bond, Mary Macdonald and P. Gummer. Both teams ran with the ball. The game ended with a victory to IVA with 9 goals to 4. The referee was Miss Howson.

W. HORLOCK.

THE DEBATING SOCIETY.

THE Debating Society which is open to all girls in Forms IVA to VA, has elected the following as officers for the term:— M. Huxter, President; E. Brown, Secretary; O. Eagle, Treasurer; N. Buck, W. Horlock, J. Weston, members of committee.

The meetings are held fortnightly, on Fridays, sharp practice alternating with debates proper. Three meetings have been held this term. On Nov. 7th, S. Harden proposed and M. Summers seconded that "Women should be granted the Parliamentary Franchise." D. Millatt, seconded by W. Horlock opposed. After an interesting discussion the motion was carried by 9 votes to 3.

E. BROWN, Secretary.

FORM CAPTAINS.

Form VA	M. Huxter,	Form VB	N. Turner.
,, IVA	L. Scott,	,, IVB	B. Cheshire.
,, IIIA	M. White,	,, IIIA	L. Dancer.

Forms I and II E. Potter.

OLD GIRLS' ASSOCIATION.

THIS Association, though only recently formed, has now a large number of members. At a meeting held at the school on Saturday, December 6th,, officers for the ensuing year were elected, and in our next issue we hope to give a full account of the proceedings. Letters from old girls for insertion in the School Magazine will be gladly welcomed. Among recent appointments are the following :—

W. Harlow. West Bergholt Council School.
E. Turner. Myland Council School.
E. Clarke. Do. Do.
G. Cudmore. Headmistress, Melton Mowbray Council School.
K. Rainbird. Canterbury Road School.
W. Heap. Wesleyan School, Canterbury.

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