Colchester County High School Magazine.

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SCHOOL NEWS.

THE beginning of the Spring Term was a landmark in our history, when the Lower School moved to Grey Friars. As there are now more than 400 girls in the School, greater accomodation was badly needed, there being such a shortage of rooms that the Sixth had to encamp in the gallery! The Upper School has been in parties to visit the new building, and everyone envies the Juniors for being in such a delightful place.

It is with great regret that we say good-bye to Miss Howson and Miss Lee this term. Miss Howson has been at the School for over seven years, longer than any other of the mistresses, and everyone will miss her very much. We are looking forward to a long visit from her next term, and we hope that Miss Lee, too, will come and see us whenever she can.

The prize for a design for the cover of this Magazine, offered by Miss Howson, was won by B. Temple. W. Edmunds was second, and two of J. Barnett's designs were highly commended. School colours have been won by I. McDonald and B. Temple for hockey, and M. Mercer for net ball. The Hawkins' Memorial Cup was awarded to Upper IVA.

There was great excitement one day in the Spring Term when we heard that the Prince of Wales was coming to Colchester. We all took up our stand in Layer Road, and waited patiently for about an hour, but unfortunately only a few saw him after all, as he came into the town by a different road from what had been arranged.

On February 7th, a party of about forty went up from the School to see "Hamlet" acted at the Covent Garden Opera House. We started early, and spent the morning sight-seeing, some going to Westminster Abbey, others to the Tower, others to picture galleries, and so on. Everyone thoroughly enjoyed the day, and we hope that many more similar excursions will be arranged.

A School Choir has been formed, so we hope that the singing in the morning will improve!

We congratulate Doris Gallifant on passing London Matriculation.

MATCHES.

HOCKEY.

1st Eleven *v.* Staff, February 28th. Result, 3-0 to the Staff.
1st Eleven *v.* Staff, March 12th. Result, 2-0 to the Staff.
1st Eleven *v.* Maldon Girls' School, March 20th. Result, 4-1 to Maldon.

NET BALL.

1st Seven *v.* Ipswich Municipal School, March 13th. Result, 13-10 to the School.
"14 years and under" team *v.* Ipswich Municipal School (2nd team), March 13th. Result, 16-4 to Ipswich.
1st Seven *v.* Old Girls, March 27th. Result, 15-6 to the School.

FORM NET BALL MATCHES. Result:---

1st. The Sixth.
2nd. Upper V.
3rd. Lower Vc.

GREYFRIARS.

THIS is the school where the nuns lived.

These are the girls that went to the school where the nuns lived.

This is the food that was given the girls that went to the school where the nuns lived.

This is the cook that prepared the food that was given the girls that went to the school where the nuns lived.

This is the room where slept the cook that prepared the food that was given the girls that went to the school where the nuns lived.

This is the ghost, with majestic sway, that haunted the room where slept the cook that prepared the food that was given the girls that went to the school where the nuns lived.

This is the Friar of Orders Grey that expelled the ghost with majestic sway that haunted the room where slept the cook that prepared the food that was given the girls that went to the school where the nuns lived.

This is the Council that purchased, they say, the rights of the Friar of Orders Grey that expelled the ghost with majestic sway

that haunted the room where slept the cook that prepared the food that was given the girls that went to the school where the nuns lived.

This is our school, "Greyfriars," to-day, thanks to the Council that purchased, they say, the rights of the Friar of Orders Grey that expelled the ghost with majestic sway that haunted the room where slept the cook that prepared the food that was given the girls that went to the school where the nuns lived.

O. LAWRENCE, Lower IVA.

PICKWICK PAPER.

MR. PICKWICK RIDES A BICYCLE.

MR. PICKWICK was again staying with some of his friends at the Manor Farm. The whole party were out in the country with one bicycle between them, on which they were teaching each other to ride.

"Your turn now, Mr. Pickwick," cried Mr. Wardle.

"Have you ever ridden, Sir"? cried one of the ladies.

"I did when I was a young man, on a bicycle which I fear was rather different from what this one is," replied he.

"Never mind that," said Mr. Snodgrass, "we'll hold you on."

Mr. Pickwick stood still, thought a few minutes, took a few steps forward, backed into the hedge, tucked his handkerchief into his sleeve, took hold of the handlebars, and gravely mounted the bicycle.

"You'll be all right, Sir," cried Sam, as first Mr. Tupman took hold of the seat, then Mr. Bob Sawyer the handlebars, and the other members any part of Mr. Pickwick's clothing they could find

Mr. Pickwick's face was a delight to behold, with his benign smile and eyes full of good humour. He did not mind in the least, when first he would be pulled towards one hedge to avoid a stray dog, then he would be violently pulled back to avoid a chicken, and this happened often enough to try the temper of a very mild person. His feet went slowly and precisely round the pedals, he guided the handlebars with deftness whenever he could keep possession of them, and when he could not, he just beamed upon all the company.

At last he said, "Now, gentlemen, I beg you will let me alone, I can quite well manage by myself." So away went Mr. Pickwick, his hat on the back of his head, his handkerchief and coat-tails waggling in the breeze, while everyone stood and watched him delightedly. Then a bend in the road hid him from their view, so they hurried to get round it. Alas! no Mr. Pickwick was in sight. All they could find was his handkerchief and his hat lying on the

road. Then they saw the bicycle in a ditch full of stingingnettles, and underneath, a glimpse of a black-gaitered leg. At the sight of this Mr. Tupman ran off screaming at the top of his voice, "Man drowning, life-belt ahoy!" "Please do try to get up, Mr. Pickwick," cried the ladies, "For the bicycle's sake," added Mr. Bob Sawyer, which was rather unnecessary.

"If you will lift the bicycle from me, I think I shall be able to extricate myself," said Mr. Pickwick, and after some difficulty, he stood on firm ground again. D. PEARCE, Lower VA.

WONDERLAND.

THUNDER of breakers upon the shore,
Song of the skylarks as homeward they soar,
Murmur of tall reeds, swayed by the breeze,
Flash of the sunlight upon the trees,
Swirl of the river, twitter of birds,
Tinkle of sheep bells, lowing of herds---
The songs they sing I can understand
For I learnt them all in Wonderland.

Shimmer of moonlight over the sea,
Odours of roses and rosemary,
Stars in the heavens gleaming bright,
Sweep of the wind through the quiet night,
Nightingale singing his love-song there,
Hush of expectancy in the still air---
Their message of love I can understand;
I learnt it from them in Wonderland.

Bursting of buds from out their green sheath,
Song of the Spring-time o'er meadow and heath;
Glitter of raindrops---purest of gems---
Violets nestling 'mid tender, green stems,
The shining ripples upon the lake
The dainty moorhen leaves in her wake---
The joy of living I understand
For I found it once in Wonderland.

G. FAIRMAN, The Sixth.

JUST SO STORY.

WHY THE GIRAFFE HAS A LONG NECK.

ONCE upon a time Mr. Giraffe lived in the wilds of South Africa. Well, you must know, oh, best beloved, that this giraffe was very unpopular with other wild animals; he had only very few friends because he was proud and haughty and exceedingly naughty,

but, above all, he was very inquisitive. When he roamed about the moors for his meals he pried into other animals' haunts and made himself a great nuisance.

Now it happened one day that Mr. Giraffe went out as usual to seek for food, but, oh, best beloved, do not forget that he was very inquisitive. Well, he wandered on and on, but found nothing for his meal till at last he came to a thick wood, which he entered. There was a great bustle and chattering going on in the trees above, and, on looking up, Mr. Giraffe saw a group of monkeys, and, being very inquisitive, he was very angry at not knowing what the monkeys said to one another, and also, because he was proud and haughty, and exceedingly naughty, he said, "I will go up that tree and see what the monkeys have to say." Up jumped the giraffe, but in one minute he had caught his head on a high branch, and there he hung. He sighed, and he cried, and he scrambled, but still dangled *and he could* not get down. Presently, along came the zebra, the giraffe's only friend. He caught hold of Mr. Giraffe's legs and he pulled and pulled till at last Mr. Giraffe's *neck* pulled longer and longer, and with one more pull his legs touched the ground. Mr. Giraffe was just able to reach his home and then fell down quite exhausted. But now, to this very day, all giraffes are born with very long necks, and I expect by this time they are getting used to it.

B. Stringer, Upper IVb.

THE FAIRIES.

SOMETIMES in late summer when the corn is standing yellow,
And the harvest moon is rising from behind the wooded hill,
And the star-specked sky is glowing with the light so soft and mellow,
And not a leaf is stirring and everything is still,
You may see the fairies dancing in the meadow by the wood,
Where the little river bubbles in between.
But I'm not allowed to go there, though I often wish I could,
For I should so love to see the fairy queen.

She goes circling round the tree-tops on a shining dragon-fly,
In a shimmering dress of moonshine and with dewdrops in her hair,
And the little stars sing softly as they peep down from the sky,
And the breeze flies laughing, laughing as it stirs the quiet air.
And until the moon has crossed the sky and dropped towards the west,
And the stars have gone out one by one as the eastern sky grows bright,
The fairies go on dancing and never stop to rest;
Then they fly away with the morning mist as soon as it is light.

E. Jeeves, Lower Va.

THE ELVES.

THE elves found a baby asleep one day,
And they all perched round on her cot to play
Their fairy music.
The faintest tinkle, like silvery bells,
From the fairy pipes first trembles, then swells,
With rhythm angelic.

The elves wove a dream for the child sleeping there;
A dream of delights and revels most rare,
From fairyland.
Then they tip-toed up near her and danced round her head,
While they leaped o'er her curls with their light fairy tread;
This frolicsome band.

Her eyes opened wide; filled with wonderment then,
As she stretched out her arms to the little green men
Who were silent and still.
In a flash they had gone to their woodland home,
Riding on clouds through the sky's great dome,
O'er mountain and rill.

J. McBryde, Lower Va.

SCHOOL ENTERTAINMENT.

ON Thursday, March 25th, the School assembled in the Hall to see an entertainment given by various forms for the amusement of the others.

The Upper V. acted scenes from "The Tempest"; the parts were well chosen and some of the costumes quite wonderful, and the whole thing was very well done and must have taken a great deal of valuable time to arrange.

A little French play, "Les Korrigans," caused a great deal of amusement; it was very good, and the elves and their king were most delightful.

There were various country dances by the members of Miss Wagstaff's dancing class. First there was a sword dance, and later the VI. did a morris-dance.

Lastly, another form dramatised the proposal scene from "Pride and Prejudice." It was very good indeed, and one felt, perhaps, even more strongly than when reading the book, the extraordinary egotism of Mr. Collins.

The proceeds of the concert, amounting to over £2, have been spent in procuring new books for the Fiction Library.

M. Brooke.

IMAGINATION.

DID I see a fairy then
Lightly skipping in the glen?
Did I see some shining wings,
And many other pretty things?

Did I hear a fairy then
Softly singing in the glen?
Did I hear a footstep fall,
'Mongst the trees so stiff and tall?

Did I feel a fairy then
Pushing me into the glen?
Did I feel a tiny hand
Leading me to Fairyland?

MYRA WHORLOW, Lower VA.

A DAY AT THE BATTERSEA POLYTECHNIC.

BETWEEN 8.45 and 9.30 a.m. the students gradually arrive at the Polytechnic, most of them coming from the five hostels at Clapham Common, but some---those who live at home---from farther afield. By 9.30 the various classes have assembled, the students clad in their butcher blue uniforms with white collars, sleeves and aprons, ready for their lectures, demonstrations, or practical work.

Work goes on all the morning, with the exception of ten minutes' break at 11 o'clock, until 12.30, when there is a welcome interval for lunch. It is resumed again by 2 o'clock, though some classes begin at 1.45 or even 1.30. At 4 o'clock most of the afternoon work ends, although some lectures continue until 5 p.m., and the weary students wend their way homewards, not feeling much inclined to settle down in the evening to more work---theory papers, notes of lessons, and lecture notes to copy up.

The Domestic Science branch at the Polytechnic covers many different subjects. The chief are, of course, Housewifery, Laundry-work and Cookery, but the teaching students have to attend lectures on Hygiene, Physiology, and Theory of Education, as well as giving up a fair amount of time to Chemistry and Physics, and those who are not being trained for Domestic Science Teachers, but who intend to become matrons or housekeepers at schools or institutions, do not go in for many of these extra subjects, as they only take a one-year course.

After their first two terms the teaching students have to give demonstrations to their fellow students for a term or two, then they start teaching in earnest, visiting the various elementary school centres near Battersea two or three times a week.

Teaching takes up most of the students' time during their second year, at the end of which they take their Finals, and if they succeed in gaining their diplomas are now ready to go into the world as qualified Domestic Science teachers.

Many students, however, stay on at the Polytechnic for a third year, taking Needlework, third year Science, or Advanced Cookery and Housecraft, in order to obtain better posts at the end of their training.

M. K. COMPTON.

A DAY IN AN INFANTS' SCHOOL.

9.15. I enter the Babies' Room, fully intending to tell a Scripture story. "Once upon a time," I begin, "there lived a King---well, Tommy, what is it?" "Teacher, there's a pin on the floor." Knowing that there will be no peace till that pin is disposed of, I pick it up and start again, to be interrupted in a few minutes' time by loud sobs from Mary. "What's the matter, Mary?" "Leslie b-bit me!" is the doleful answer. When Leslie has been put in the corner and Mary consoled, the story continues with more or less interruptions---usually more.

10.15. Now it is time to give a Reading Lesson to the next class. About a dozen of the dullest children in the class cluster round the blackboard and the lesson proceeds. For a quarter of an hour I mechanically repeat, "C-at, cat, B-at, bat, etc., and for a change of occupation alternately shake inattentive boys and keep an eye on those standing nearest the blackboard as they are rather fond of trying to pull the pegs out of the easel.

11.5. I go to a class of elder children and tell them a story. This is supposed to last for twenty minutes, and if the story is a short one, I fill up the time with artistic illustrations on the blackboard. If there is a teacher in the room I usually omit most of the drawings as my humble efforts are only for those who cannot criticise.

11.30. After play, the babies have games in the hall and I have to play either for marching or for the games themselves. When they have "Sir Roger de Coverley" I do not play---I only make mistakes, and when I finally hit on a few correct notes, it is time to stop, much to my relief.

2.30. In the afternoon, I take Standard I. boys for Knitting. One boy in the class is evidently under the impression that knitting is a continual process of casting-on. I have never yet seen him knit a stitch properly, and I have long since given up all hope of doing so. I spend this lesson in picking up stitches and endeavouring to make twenty boys sit still without talking for half-an-hour. At last they go out to play, and for the rest of the day I am observing other peoples' lessons.

I have come to the conclusion that a Student Teacher needs an enormous amount of patience and a very strong sense of humour. I certainly do not possess the former. G. HARDING.

A DREAM.

I WONDER what London will be like in the year 2,000! In imagination I see it to-day as a city weighed in the balance and found wanting; in imagination I see it then as a city tried by fire, purified and cleansed. It must be the wish of every patriot to see this great and glorious London of ours, as a lake, full of pure waters, from which the rivers that feed the Empire flow.

I fell asleep, and I dreamt that I was in London in 2,000, and this is my dream. I saw a new and better London standing on the ruins of the old city. All the slums were done away with, and neat, bright little houses stood in their stead. In the East End as well as the West, large parks and gardens were thrown open and in them the children's voices sounded all day long. I marvelled as I passed through the streets at the happy faces of the people who thronged the thoroughfares. Not one miserable or discontented look did I see, all were busy doing the work that was allotted to them and doing it heartily. Each class helped the other, for all class distinctions were swept aside. I passed down Whitehall and stopped beside a beautiful monument. It was inscribed "To the memory of our glorious dead," and I recognised the Cenotaph. Not indeed the Cenotaph of my own day, but a pure white marble monument, beautifully carved and inscribed. As I stood there I thought of a story I had heard in the days of the Great War. A young soldier was dying on the battlefield, and as his chaplain tried to brighten his last moments, the boy said wistfully, "Padre, do you think England will forget us when it is all over?" I now asked the same question, "Has England forgotten?" and even as I wondered a notice on a board beside the Cenotaph arrested my attention. It was to the effect that November 11th was a day set apart for prayer and thanksgiving, when the whole country remembered the heroes who had died that England might be a better England. I turned away, satisfied that this better England had not forgotten.

My wandering steps led me past Buckingham Palace. The remarks of some people passing me led me to suppose that someone of importance was coming out, and so out of no idle curiosity, I waited. In the old London, it had been said that kings would be done away with, and that England would become a Republic. But as I waited I heard shouts of "Long live the King" and I was happy because I knew now that London was a city beloved of God. With this shout I awoke and found myself in London in 1919, but even in the mutterings of the storm I seem to see the lights of that perfect London that shall be one day. AN OLD GIRL.

RECOLLECTIONS OF C.C.H.S.

THIS is the kind of article generally contributed by a Mrs. Humphrey Ward, a Miss Ellen Terry, or some other important personage with an illustrious past. I feel greatly honoured at being asked to "reminisce" in spite of my youth, and only hope I sha'n't be prosy.

The memories are only experiences which every girl in C.C.H.S. is enjoying for herself to-day. But people look at experiences through different coloured spectacles. Perhaps mine were very rosy. No, I don't think it was that. One couldn't help enjoying work and play in such beautiful surroundings. I often think of the sense of light and space I had there---the wide shining corridor, the many windows, and the view for miles of the open plain.

Each week seemed full of zest to me. There was always something exciting to anticipate. If life was particularly calm, zest of a rather unwelcome nature was introduced by an unexpected test, during which one victim, at least, used to lose her wits, and work herself up into a high fever. There must have been something attractive about those tests, however, for when time was up, everybody wanted that particular test all over again!

Then there were red letter days---the day of the tennis tournament for one. Not that I showed myself a budding champion---quite the contrary! But it was so delightful to see the terraces covered with white clad figures playing, chatting, and strolling about in the glorious sunshine. The day of the bazaar I shall NEVER forget, when I assisted at the vegetable stall by giving patrons wrong change, and getting in everybody's way! Then there were the two or three concerts, when the forms gave selections of songs to parents and friends. How proud we all felt of belonging to the school---and how embarassing it was to pretend not to see one's own particular parent or friend in the audience.

The one day I didn't like was breaking up day---particularly my last. I suppose an end must come to all experiences, however pleasant, though happy memories can always be retained. At present I DON'T "reminisce"---speculating on the future is much more thrilling. I am saving up all my pleasant remembrances for the time when I am---say about ninty-six, and thinking of spending my last years in quietness! Then, even if I have no other happy memories, my recollections of my stay at Colchester will provide a veritable feast.

F. M. HALTON.

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