Colchester County High School.



Magazine.



No. 7. December, 1923.

Colchester County High School Magazine.

No. VII. DECEMBER, 1923.

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EXAMINATION RESULTS, 1923.

CAMBRIDGE SCHOOL CERTIFICATE, DECEMBER, 1922.

V. L. Mason, B. L. Moxley, O. S. Parker, J. M. Tennant, E. Weston.

JULY, 1923—*Honours.*

J. M. Bedwell, distinction in French.

J. D. Ritchie, distinction in Scripture, English, Latin, French.

M. M. Stokes, distinction in French.

Pass—

M. E. Baldwin, M. Ball, E. M. Barnard, G. O. Borrett, C. W Clarke, E. C. Flux, M. A. Frost, D. M. F. Godfrey, M. Major, B. M. Makepeace (distinction in English), A. Malster, A. Merchant, E. M. Moore, E. M. Moss, D. M. Page, E. O. Smith, A. M. Twyman, D. L. Wadley, E. M. Ward, E. B. Young, D. F. Reeve.

CAMBRIDGE HIGHER SCHOOL CERTIFICATE, JULY, 1923.

E. J. Gallifant.	Group II.	French and English.
E. M. Jeeves.	Group II.	French and English. (distinction)
J. O. McBryde.	Group II.	English (distinction) History (distinction)
D. L. Pearce.	Group II.	English (distinction) History.

LONDON MATRICULATION, JANUARY, 1923.

M. Frost, D. M. Hum, F. M. Sharp, A. D. Wadley, I. E. Wyatt.

JUNE, 1923. A. Canham.

SEPTEMBER, 1923. W. Edmunds. M. Thackery.

LONDON INTERMEDIATE (ARTS), JULY, 1923.

A. C. Tatum.

EDITORIAL.

THIS is the second number of the School Magazine produced under the new system, and, as this was fully explained in last year's Editorial, there is little for the Editor to say except words of exhortation and encouragement.

Although many of the form representatives have really worked hard to make the Magazine a success, it is felt that there has been a certain amount of slackness in one or two directions, judging from the competition entries. Although we know that the success or otherwise of the Magazine ultimately rests with each individual girl, it is the representatives of the forms, more than anyone else, who have the opportunity of keeping up a spirit of keenness throughout the School. If they do not do this the work falls upon members of the executive committee and becomes mere sporadic reminding and encouraging from above. It has been specially arranged that every form should have a direct share in producing the Magazine and it is the form representatives who should be keen themselves and so make the rest of their form keen. There is nothing so catching as enthusiasm. According to our promise to make the Magazine more interesting for Old Girls, and thus to link them more closely to the present members of the School, we are giving a full list of the names and addresses of members of the O.G.A. as well as more letters from them.

At the end of the year Miss Diller and Miss Ironmonger left us. Miss Diller had been a member of the Staff for nearly six years and has gone to teach at the Wimbledon County Secondary School, while Miss Ironmonger, who had been with us for two years, has also taken up other work. We are all very sorry to say good-bye to them both and we hope that they will often come back to see us. The new members of the Staff this term are Miss Coote (Mathematics) and Miss Deane (History).

School Celebrities, 1922-3.



Back Row: J. McBryde (Hockey Captain), D. Bullman (President of the School Branch of L.N.U.), C. Manning (Head of the School and Magazine Editor), E. Palmer (Secretary of O.G.A.), B. White (Netball Captain).

Front Row: M. Learmonth (Netball Captain—Grey Friars VII.), D. Sumner (Hockey Captain—Grey Friars XI.), D. Stringer (Tennis Captain—Grey Friars Team).

The Tennis Captain, C. Kent, was unfortunately absent.

[We were confidentially told, by one of the celebrities, that the expression of unrelieved gloom on all faces was due to hunger, and no other cause as this photograph was taken at the end of the morning].

KATHLEEN BOYES.

IT is with great sorrow that we record the death of Kathleen Boyes during the Summer holidays after a short, painful illness.

Kathleen entered the School in 1916 and had just completed her first year in the Sixth form.

She was always cheerful and unselfish and ever anxious, as one of her closest friends has said, that no one should feel lonely or left out in the cold. She is greatly missed.

THE SCARECROW.

In the middle of a large cornfield there stands
An object with wooden feet, and hands
That wave gently to and fro.
Its clothes are of the shabbiest kind
And if you look you're sure to find
It's a forsaken scarecrow.

There it has stood for many a year
With never a care and never a fear
Never a friend or foe.
Its hat was a model in Oxford Street
And its coat once in Parliament had a seat
But now it's a scarecrow.

The village lads often ask the squire
If they can have it to make a bonfire
But the squire always says, "No !—
Its done as much service as you have and more ;
Get you gone, my lads, away from my door
For you'll never have my scarecrow."

GLADYS BAKER, Lower VB.

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS.

LAST year, it was decided that as it was difficult to hold many assembly meetings, each form should hold fortnightly meetings of its own in which it should discuss current events. As these meetings have proved a great success, they are to be continued this year.

Mr. Whelan has once again been to talk to us about the League and its activities. At the close of his lecture, he presente ! the two prizes won by Dorothy Bullman, and Mary Flatman in the League of Nations' Essay Competition. He also remarked how pleased he was to see that one of these prizes had gone to the President of the Branch (D. Bullman).

We are all very sorry this year to have to say good-bye to our President. We fully realise and appreciate the great amount of time and trouble she has expended upon the branch, especially as she was herself, so busy with exams. We all wish her every success in her future life at Reading, and hope, that she may sometimes be able to attend our meetings.

B. M. MAKEPEACE.

THE NIGHTMARE.

ONE night I left my homework until rather late, and on finishing it, I went straight to bed. About midnight I awoke suddenly, and standing near my bed, I saw a tiny figure in sombre black. "Come along," it said, "she hates to be kept waiting. Wondering greatly who "she" could be, I followed my escort, who said her name was Zena, down a long passage. "Well," I thought, "I never saw this in our house before." "No," said Zena, as if reading my thoughts, "and I don't suppose you will again. She is sure to behead you or perhaps burn you." I could only gasp in wonder and awe. Was she mad or was I? But I was soon to be enlightened. Suddenly, Zena stopped, and opening a massive door, which appeared apparently from nowhere, led me into a hall crowded with people. As soon as I entered, they all stood up and shouted, "Behead her." I confess my knees began to feel rather wobbly, but a proud, gorgeously-dressed woman seated on a throne at the far end of the room, cried "Silence! Let the trial commence." Instantly a tall, venerable old man stood up, "Your Majesty," he said, "the prisoner wrote that your were vain, loved flattery, and was a yellow, toothless old woman." "Oh," said the Queen, "did you?" "No, I didn't," I said, "Yes, she did, Queen Elizabeth," they all shouted. How do *you* know," I shouted back. "Treason," they all shouted, "behead her." But now I remembered writing about Queen Elizabeth in my History essay, but—"Your Majesty," piped a small man, who had maps of the world painted on his robes, "She said India was noted for Red Indians and America for—" Oh, I didn't," I burst in. This was too much. I felt certain my Geography was quite all right. "Be quiet," said Queen Elizabeth, glaring at me. "Also," added someone else, "in her English homework she said Tennyson was a poet living in the time of Julius Cæsar, and who persuaded Henry VIII. to divorce Cleopatra." "Enough of this," shouted the Queen, whose face was getting more angry each moment, "She shall be beheaded." How they all cheered! Zena then conducted me to another room, where a man with a mask over his face and horrible black eyes, was sharpening his axe. "Put your head over that block,"

he cried, and raised his axe threateningly. I gave one look at the axe, gave a scream and—woke up.

(I always do my homework directly after tea now. It's the safest plan I think).

DORIS APPLEBY, Upper VB.

THE LONDON EXPEDITION.

ONE Saturday, last summer term, a party of 60 girls and mistresses went to London by the 8.45 train.

On reaching Liverpool Street Station we broke up into smaller parties so that we should not get lost and then set out by different routes to the Houses of Parliament. There, one of the members took us all over the buildings including those parts reserved for members only. As we passed through the various halls and rooms the member told us many amusing incidents which had happened in them. We all spent a very happy morning and at 12.30p.m. we went off in our parties for dinner.

At 2 p.m. we met again at His Majesty's Theatre, Haymarket, where we saw Drinkwater's Oliver Cromwell acted. Henry Ainley was playing Oliver Cromwell, and we all enjoyed watching his wonderful acting. Charles I. was portrayed as a crafty and malicious character, which was different from the character which some of us supposed him to be.

After the play a few girls caught a train back to Colchester, while the rest of us stayed in London and then went back in the evening after having spent a very interesting and enjoyable day.

OLIVE LAWRENCE.

THE THREE HORSEMEN.

From out the west three horsemen came,
All dressed in armour bright;
And they were going to London town
A battle there to fight.
And as along the path they rode,

Their gallant horses shied;
And as they in their saddles turned,
A man all masked they spied.

And he behind a tree had hid,
To wait for travellers bold;
Quoth he "move not an arm or foot
But give me all your gold."

So stern a voice so keen an eye,
The horsemen all did shake;
Until one horseman gained his speech,
And to the thief he spake—

"Good sir" quoth he "we have no gold
Believe me we are poor
But if thou'll let us go our way
Then your reward is sure."

Up spake the robber carelessly
"I believe thee not a jot
An hour ago I robbed some men
Of all the gold they'd got.

And as he spake a quiet voice
They heard, not twelve yards off
And all four turned and saw a man
Who said his name was Roff.

Quoth he "I think not that thou'll have
These worthy soldiers gold,
For I am going to fill my bag
With your and their bright gold."

With that he quickly tied them up
And freed them of their cash.
He wrapped it up, then waved his hand
And down the road did dash.

JESSIE FLETCHER, Lower VB.

CONCERT IN AID OF THE WORKING WOMEN'S COLLEGE.

EVERY year the School raises enough money to support a girl at the Working Women's College at Beckenham, and this year the student teachers and the Sixth arranged a very enjoyable concert, given during the last week of the Spring term.

Helen Stringer opened the performance with an Essex ballad, given in the unique Essex dialect and we showed our appreciation by encoring her. The next item was a humorous sketch, "At Cross Purposes." This is the bare outline. Miss Oldfield (Mary Frost) hears from her nephew in Italy that he is married and that he is sending his wife home with her maid to visit her. Pained that her nephew should have married without her consent, Miss Oldfield decides to refuse to receive his wife, who she thinks, is an Italian. An Italian street-singer (Millie Ennew) and her mother (Helen Stringer) come begging to the house and Miss Oldfield at once mistakes them for niece and her maid. She questions the beggar who replies in a puzzled tone that she has never heard of Miss Oldfield or dear Aunt Deborah, that all she wants is money. Miss Oldfield turns them out, and laments that her nephew should be so stony-hearted and ungrateful as never to have mentioned his dear Aunt Deborah. Then her real niece, a young English girl, (Irene Wyatt) arrives on the scene with

her maid (Dorothy Moore). Miss Oldfield is doubtful at first, but on hearing that her nephew speaks frequently and affectionately of "dear Aunt Deborah" she welcomes her niece warmly and as far as we know, they all lived happily ever after. The other characters were Miss Priscilla Blandish (Peggy Tennant), whose everlasting praise of her cat was very amusing, and Martha (Elsie Weston) who could not forget that she had nursed Master Harry "ever since he was a hinfant."

In the second part, we were admirably entertained by a Pierrot troupe (B. Baker, K. Boyes, G. Carter, M. Flatman, G. Grant, M. Jeffery, C. Manning and M. Thackery. F. Sharp was at the piano). G. Grant gave an excellent fancy skipping item and responded willingly to our cries of "Encore." Other items were:—"Oh, no John!" a duet by G. Carter and G. Grant, violin solo by M. Jeffery, solo dance by C. Manning, "The Camel's Hump," sung by G. Carter, children's recitations and stories by M. Thackery, dancing and choruses by the troupe. A thrilling item was the Musical Competition, in which we had to recognise the tunes of well-known folk-songs.

But the entertainment was not the only attraction. Arrangements were made for teas in the dining-hall and for sweet-stalls in the interval and after the performance. Only those girls who were going to the first tea were allowed to patronise the stall during the interval, and they bought up almost everything, much to the disgust of those who were going to the second tea and who had to wait until after the performance.

The afternoon was a great success. The splendid sum of £20 was realised and our heartiest thanks are due to the student teachers and the sixth.

JEAN RITCHIE.

DOGGEREL.

DOGS in general are best described as are the rats in the 'Pied Piper of Hamelin,' *i.e.*, there are big dogs, little dogs, black dogs, brown dogs, spotted dogs, tawny dogs, and many other kinds of dogs, but, the dog of whom I write, is best described as a mongrel.

He combines at once the body of a Falstaff and the soul of a Richard Coeur de Lion. Now, a dog of this kind has his advantages, and his disadvantages. He is infinitely superior to the ordinary member of the canine species, who lives but to eat and sleep, but, one must pay dearly for this superiority. For instance, perhaps after infinite time and trouble, we manage to escape down the road to the town without our faithful hound. Alas, we have not gone a hundred yards, when there is a puffing and a blowing behind, and we turn to behold his portly form bearing down upon us. He ambles up, grinning and wagging his tail, as much as to say, "Bless me, you nearly forgot me that time."

In his youth, he was a mighty warrior, a slayer of rats, and a harrier of caitif curs. Even now, bards sing of how he fought and overcame the Bone-Stealer, and of how by his cunning the Gnawer of the Wood-Shed was laid low. And now, though he is old, and must soon pass to Valhalla, the young puppies pause in their play to gaze upon him as he passes by, and, no warrior however bold, will trespass upon his lands, for, if you would find true hero-worship, you must go to the dogs.

B. M. MAKEPEACE, Lower VI.

THE COURT OF STAR CHAMBER.

Characters—BARON OF NOTTINGHAM, BARONESS OF NOTTINGHAM, BARON VON HUSSIF, LORD CHANCELOR, JUDGES, WITNESSES, SERVANTS.

BARON OF N. My Lord, verily I say this man's a thief. When I was in London Town, I had a letter from my wife to say my castle was captured by the Baron von Hussif. I had two trusty servants with me. We dashed from London Town to Nottingham as fast as our steeds would carry us. Alas, we were too late to lay hands on the thief but could see his livery. So we stayed at the Inn for the night and returned to London Town in the morning.

1ST JUDGE (speaking to Baroness). Baroness, give me your account of what happened at the castle.

BARONESS. My Lord, I was in the dining hall, when having my midday meal, when I heard the clatter of horses hoofs. Thinking it was my husband I sent my faithful servant to look. When she returned she bore the news that Baron von Hussif had surrounded the castle and taken the land. I and my servants went up to the top tower, and shut ourselves in. Then we heard the noise stop and we went to see what had happened, but before I went I wrote a letter to my husband and hoped for the best. But Alas, when I got down I found myself in the hands of Baron von Hussif.

BARON VON H. (interrupting with shouts). They speak not the truth. It must have been some other livery. I was in London Town myself when this happened. Why fine me, when I tell you I am more innocent than the witnesses.

JUDGE 2 (coming up to the servant that was in the dining hall at the time). What did you see when you looked out of the window at your Lady's command?

1ST SERVANT. My Lord, when I looked out of the window, I saw a great many soldiers.

JUDGE 3. And could you see whether it was the Baron von Hussif?

1ST SERVANT My Lord, I am quite sure.

JUDGE 4 (going to 2nd servant). Have you anything about this?

2ND SERVANT. My Lord, all I know is that when going to the rose garden I heard a terrible noise. When I looked up I found that the Baron von Hussif had surrounded the castle. I could not get in by any of the main doorways so I fled to the village.

JUDGE 5. Now we will talk it over ourselves.

1ST WITNESS (after talking for some time). We beg of your Majesty to let us speak with the Lord Chancellor.

KING. Your wish is granted.

LORD C. And what may that be.

2ND WITNESS. We want to see if you agree with what we have to say.

6TH JUDGE (to Lord Chancellor). We find this man guilty.

LORD C. (to Judges). Why I think so too, so shall I tell the King our thoughts?

ALL. Yes, I think so.

KING. We find you guilty, Baron von Hussif. We think the only way to punish you is to take away your livered men and fine you £5,000.

THE ENTERTAINMENT AT GREYFRIARS.

ON July 5th the school gave an entertainment at Greyfriars in aid of Dr. Barnardo's Home. It took the form of country amusement in the time of Queen Elizabeth. Dances by the junior girls were interspersed with folk songs by the seniors. Miss Roasio, Miss Mortimer and Miss Jex all worked very hard to train us. First the Queen (Edna Key, Upper IV. B) entered with her courtiers, all dressed in Elizabethan style, and proceeded in a stately fashion to the throne in a shady corner of the lawn. The herald (Monica Stringer) then announced that her majesty would be graciously pleased to watch the sports of her subjects at Colchester.

The entertainment opened with Shakespeare's song, "When daisies pied," by the seniors followed by country dances by Upper III. B in costume. Then song followed dance, the prettiest being the jesters dance by Form I. in black and yellow costumes, the Maypole dance by Upper III. A and the shepherdesses' dance by

Lower III. A. Shooting at the Popinjay by the hunters of Lower IV. A was very much enjoyed, the successful hunter receiving a prize from the Queen, who then allowed her courtiers to tread a stately measure for the entertainment of those present.

The afternoon closed with a general dance and a procession round the garden and playground of the Queen and court followed by all the dancers.

There were stalls for sweets, fruit and flowers arranged by the Sixth in quaint costumes, and a drawing exhibition was held in the hall. The proceeds amounted to over £87.

J. Osborn.

ALL HALLOW E'EN.

GREAT and mysterious night
All Hallow E'en.
What are thy mysteries?
What do they mean?

Will there be phantom ghosts
Wandering abroad?
Mystery for guest and host,
Servant and lord?

Will a great big blue moon
Rise in the sky?
Let us keep watch to-night,
Mystery is nigh.

Great and mysterious night,
All Hallow E'en.
What are thy mysteries?
What do they mean?

Jessie Waumsley,
Lower V. A.

GAMES REPORTS.

Netball, 1922-23.

THE Netball Team was successful in winning all matches played against other schools this season, but unfortunately we were beaten in the one match which we played against the Staff. The Netball of the Upper School is not improving as much as we should wish. We hope that this season there will be more enthusiasm shown at North Hill.

TEAM CRITICISM.

G.K.—E. Weston. Fair, but rather too slow.
D.—G. Osborne. Excellent.
D.C.—E. Boyes. Very good ; shows promise.
M.—G. Campbell. Very good indeed ; jumps well.
A.C.—M. Jeffery. Quick, and played well with centres.
A.—M. Major. Very good indeed.
G.S.—B. Stringer. A very good, steady player.
B. White (Capt.) She was an excellent captain and member of the team during the one term she was able to play. (N.F J.)

The team played well together. We hope this season's team will have as good results.

Two of the team won netball badges: B. White (captain) and G. Campbell (vice-captain).

B. WHITE.

The results of the School Matches are:—

School v. Maldon. School won 16—9.
„ v. Halstead. „ „ 35—5
„ v. Hamilton Road Central School. School won 26—6.
„ v. Hamilton Road Central School. School won 18—8 (2nd VII.).
„ v. Staff. School lost 14—15.
„ v. Chelmsford. School won 17—13.
„ v. „ „ 18—17 (2nd VII.)

HOCKEY, 1922-23.

Although we have not won many matches this year the school hockey has on the whole improved. This is due to the fact that we have at last found a hockey field of our own, which we can use every day. Everyone has thus had a better opportunity for practice, and the younger players have been especially keen. This keenness, coupled with the indefatigable coaching of Miss Holmes, has produced a Junior Team which can win its matches, and which will in time make a good 1st XI.

TEAM CRITICISM.

R.W.—M. Jeffery. Her dribbling and passing have improved, making her a useful wing.

R.I.—B. Makepeace. Her speed has improved, but she must learn to play better with the forward line.

R.H.—C. Manning. She tackles vigorously, but should clear more cleanly.

C.F.—C. Kent. Is a good fast C.F., and is neat with her stick.

C.H.—J. Ritchie. Is a steady half and tackles well.

L.H.—E. Jeeves. She marks well, and her play would be very effective with more force.

L.I.—J. McBryde (Capt.) Played well with the other forwards and her shooting was good. She was a good captain and took a keen interest in the hockey throughout the school. M.H.

L.W.—W. Edmunds. Her keenness in practice has improved her play, but her passing is sometimes erratic.

R.B.—A. Twyman. Is a strong defence. She plays with her head.

L.B.—J. Woodard. She clears well, but needs to judge the direction of her strokes more carefully.

G.—E. Moss. Is a good G.K. She uses her feet well.

J. McBryde.

Results of Matches—Michaelmas Term.

School	v. Maldon.	School lost 2—4.
„	v. Staff	„ won 1—0.
„	v. Halstead	„ lost 2—4.
„	v. Braintree	„ lost 1—6.
„	v. Dovercourt	„ lost 1—2.
„	v. Endsleigh House.	School lost 0—6.

Spring Term.

School	v. Old Girls.	School lost 0—3.
„	v. Ipswich	„ lost 1—10.
„	v. Maldon	„ lost 2—4.
„	v. Hadleigh	„ won 5—1.
„	v. Braintree	„ lost 0—2.
„	v. Horkesley H.C.	„ lost 0—11.

Grey Friars XI. v. St. Mary's, won 2—1.
Oxford v. Cambridge, draw 2—2.

Tennis, 1923.

IT may be said that every girl in the school is "keen on" Tennis, but there is a lack of enthusiasm for *real* practice. If only the girls who wish to become good players would get some coaching from one of the team or from anyone who knows more about the game than themselves, there would be a better choice for the team.

It is earnestly hoped that the girls from the middle school will take this advice, because from them the future teams will be picked.

"Net play" is a great advantage to a tennis player, and more attention should be paid to this during the coming season.

Upper V. B. won the cup after an exciting match with the Sixth.

TEAM CRITICISM.

A girl was never definitely decided upon for the sixth place in the team, so she will not be criticised.

B. Stringer. Good steady play throughout the term.

M. Flatman. Her play would be less erratic if she would forget everything but the game.

A. Green. Her play has become much steadier, but she needs more strength behind her long drives.

Y. Champness. Her service and placing is good, although she was handicapped by a continual change of partners; she needs more confidence in herself.

C. KENT (Captain).

C. Kent. Her game, erratic at first, gained strength and steadiness through the term. As captain she showed keenness and good judgment.—M.H.

RESULTS OF MATCHES.

School	v. Ipswich.	School	lost 0—8 (setts).
,,	v. Maldon.	,,	won 63—36 (games).
,,	v. Staff.	,,	lost 40—59 ,,
,,	v. Old Girls	,,	won 59—40 ,,

THE C.C.H.S. ALPHABET.

A'S for the Art-room; we go there in turns
And draw lines and leaves, milk-cans and churns.
B's for the Bell that calls us from games
To lessons and class-rooms to answer our names.
C's for the Chem. Lab. with its bottles and sinks,
Explosions and noises, and often it stinks!
D is for Dancing and also for Drill.
We enjoy them both for we hate to sit still,
E is for Enid the head of the school,
She makes the speeches according to rule.
F is for French, in which we excel:
Comment-allez-vous?—I hope you are well.
G is for Games and also for Gym.
We all like these lessons, the fat and the slim.
H is for Hockey, the finest of games,
We play it quite often except when it rains.
I's for the Ink that gets spilled on the floor,
On hands and on blouses, etc., galore!
J's for the Joyous noise that we hear
When exams. are over and parties are near.
K's for the Kitchen, with its lovely big fire,
We all crowd around it, and raise the maids' ire.

L's for the laughter with which the room rings
When our form-mistress jokes and says funny things.
M's for the Matches we play at Net-ball,
Play up for the School and try to win all !
N is for Neatness and Needlework too,
Also for Naughtiness (but that won't do).
O is for Order-mark ; (touch wood) I've not had
One yet this term, so that's not so bad.
P's for the Playground, a popular place
For tennis and net-ball and running a race.
Q's for Questions we get in exams.
The howlers we tell ! not to mention the crams !
R's for the Rules, so easily broken :
Order mark ! Umph ! and I'd *only* spoken !
S is for the Staff, so sprightly and gay.
They help in our work and join in our play.
T's for the train, the 4.11 I mean.
Hurry up ! don't loiter ! there's no time to dream !
U is for eUclid. I really don't know
Why he ever lived to plague us so.
V is for Vaulting over the horse.
We play leap-frog too—but that's wrong, of course !
W's for the Water that *will* spill on the cloth.
We have to bring pennies, although not well off !
X, Y and *Z*, my tale is now told.
I hope none will think I've been over-bold.

LILY ROBSON, Upper IVA.

SPORTS, 1923.

THE Sports this year were even better than they were last year, since the whole School took part in them. As before, it was decided that the prizes should go to winning forms and not to individuals.

The Preparatory Sports were held on Saturday, June 9th, when Upper IIB. came out with the highest number of points, Lower II. was second, whilst Upper IIA. won both relay races. The rest of the School held their Sports at North Hill on Friday afternoon, June 15th. It was feared that they would have to be postponed because the weather looked so threatening, but as there was no more rain after a slight shower at 2 o'clock, the proceedings were carried on, to the great relief of everybody. Although it was rather cold a great number of spectators were present. The various items succeeded each other without any weary pauses, thanks to the careful rounding up and arranging of the competitors. The competition was very keen and all the races were watched with great interest.

Dame Catharine Hunt very kindly agreed to present the prizes. She remarked upon the keenness yet friendliness with which the girls competed and said how much better it was to work and play for one's form than for oneself. Lower IIIA. came first with 33 points, and so became the lucky possessors of the statuette, the Boy with the Thorn. They also carried off the two bowls, as winners of the Time-ball race. Upper IIIA. came second with 26 points, and took the picture of Beatrice D'Este as their prize. The Flag Race was won by Upper IIIB., who took Rembrandt's Knight in Armour. Upper VAi won the Arch and Tunnel Race and so secured the Hounds in Leash for North Hill. The Old Girls' race was won by Miriam Smith.

Everyone enjoyed the Sports very much and everyone was sorry when they were over. Even at the risk of losing their trains many of the train girls stayed to hear the results and to see the prizes presented to the winning forms. North Hill was rather sad to see so many of the prizes departing to Grey Friars, but everyone agreed that the afternoon of June 15th was one of the most enjoyable and most strenuous of the term.

A. C. TATUM.

COMPETITIONS.

SUGGESTION FOR A COMPETITION, WITH RULES.

THIS Competition, the prize for which is presented by Miss Phillips, was open to the whole School and there were a great many entries, both from North Hill and Grey Friars.

Alice Twyman, Lower VI., (Age 16), comes first; her suggestion is printed below and will be one of next year's competitions. The suggestions of Margaret Shephard, Lower VB., (Age 13), Beryl Chalk, Upper IVC., (Age 12), and Ruth Lewis, Lower IVA., (Age 12), are highly commended and may be used in the future.

The suggestion of Jessie Hickford, Upper IVA. (Age 12), is also printed below and Miss Phillips wishes to offer a prize next year for the best picture of Hidden Bananas. We think that this will preserve the memory of the song which seems to have inspired the competition, and which will probably have entered into oblivion within the year.

1. What singers are always in the kitchen?
2. What four-legged creature lives in the Hall?
3. What state of mind is to be avoided?
4. What table should always be remembered?
5. When is a door not a door?

6. Which room can be most relied on?
7. What breezy down have we at school?
8. What vegetables are most welcome at hockey matches —the team excluded.
9. What part of the school skeleton is kept in the Hall?
10. When is the cloak room mirror not a mirror?
11. What dehiscent fruit never dehisces in the 'lab'?
12. What is in the lab which is often used by orators?
13. What bird's cry would be a suitable name for a duster?
14. What four writers are used by girls who spell acid on their fingers?
15. What foreign coins are not exchangeable at school?
16. What games shield do we all possess?
17. What sea do we all dislike?
18. What heavenly bodies do goal shooters most resemble?

RULES.

The answers to all questions are things in school or connected with school.

Age of girls—12 to 15 years.

Where necessary difference in spelling will be overlooked.

ALICE TWYMAN.

"FIND BANANAS."

HAVE a picture like the above *very rough sketch** so that when you turn the picture about you will find bananas hidden in trees, people, things and on the ground. What you have to do is:—put a **X** on each banana, and when you have found as many bananas as you can, count up and put the number of bananas in space below picture.

RULES.

1. The cross must be written neatly in ink.
2. No competition will be accepted if in a muddle.
3. The decision of the Judge is final.
4. Competitors must not discuss the competition with each other.
5. Only girls over eight and under fourteen may go in for the competition.

JESSIE HICKFORD.

PHOTOGRAPH.

The alternative subjects for this competition, which was open to the whole school, were:—

1. A single figure, person or animal.
2. A group, preferably in action.
3. A view.

* The Committee regret that they are unable to reproduce the sketch, which was very delightful.

There were a fair number of entries for this competition, but the Committee decided not to print any, as they were not of outstanding merit as photographs, although some were most attractive.

The prize, presented by a Parent, goes to Ena Young, Lower VI. (age 16), for a view, and the work of Ivy Hassell, Upper V. C. (age 15), is highly commended.

PREPARATORY.

THE subject given to the "Pre." this year was the illustration of some well-known fairy story or nursery rhyme. The sad history of Humpty Dumpty was very popular in this competition, and was chosen by Gwen Bell, Upper II. (age 9), who wins the prize presented by Eva Palmer and Mary Harvey. As a great treat we are printing Gwen's picture. The drawings of Dick, Peter, K. Cowan, and Stella Privett are highly commended. The Committee would very much like to know the story of "There was a King met a King," which Stella chose to illustrate.

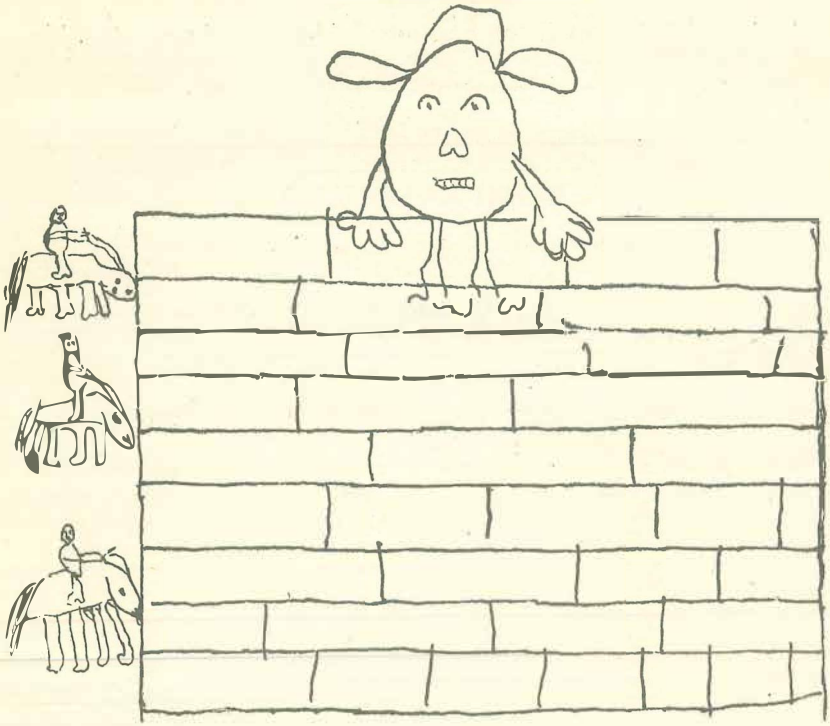
SHORT STORY IN PROSE OR VERSE.

THIS Competition was open to girls from 9 to 11 years of age, and the story was to be about either a little pig or a goblin. There were a large number of entries, the little pig stories being mostly in verse and the goblin stories in prose.

The prize, presented by Miss Crosthwaite, was won by Edith Garrad, Lower III. B. (age 10), and the work of Margaret Dowman, Upper III. A. (age 11), is highly commended. We print below the best story about a little pig, by Clarice Carter, Upper III. (age 11), together with the winning story, which is about a goblin.

THE GOBLIN.

THERE was once a very good little goblin whose name was Ariel, he lived in the depths of a wood in a tree trunk. He had a little green dress on also a little green cap. He could skip jump and frolic about like a grasshopper altogether he was a bright little goblin. One day he saw a cricket which spoke to him saying, "How do you do, Master goblin, You are just the person I want, I'm in rather a troubled condition, for my son has got the mumps and my daughter out of work so I wondered if you could help me|" said the cricket. The goblin waved his little cap in the air, and tolled the cricket to go home.



Humpty Dumpty

So the cricket went home and found just what he wanted, his daughter in work and son better of the mumps walking about the garden. The cricket went back to the lane and thanked Ariel for doing such a kind thing for him, then they both went home happy.

EDITH GARRAD, Lower III.B.

PIGGY'S DAY AT THE SEASIDE.

PIGGY to the seaside goes,
With his spade and pail,
Glances at his shiny toes,
As he twists his curly tail.

He built castles on the sand,
Till he was tired as he could be,
Then he listened to the band,
And the murmering of the sea.

CLARICE CARTER, Upper III.A.

ADVENTURE STORY.

THERE were a great many entries in this competition, which was for girls from 12 to 14 years of age. "The Wreck of the 'Mary Rose'" was by far the most popular subject. "Snowbound" came second. "The Treasure Seekers," which inspired the fewest number of people, was chosen by Margot Harden, Lower V.c. (age 14), the winner of the prize presented by a Parent. The best "Snowbound" was written by Dolly Sumner, Lover V.B. (age 13), and the best "Wreck of the 'Mary Rose'" by Mary Brooke, Upper V.B. (age 14).

The winning story follows :—

THE TREASURE SEEKERS.

FROM her high perch on a lofty mountain, The Great Mother Eagle of Ireland could hear some one sobbing bitterly, but she could not see who was in trouble ; till at last she saw a child weeping so bitterly that she was flooding a pond that she was looking into; The Great Mother watched, and waited for a little while and she was just going to ask the child what she was crying for, when she saw a boy step from behind the bushes.

"What are you crying for" said the boy. "Because the wicked Wizard Algaharro who holds my father captive threatens to kill him if I do not bring him some of the treasure which I see in this pond," said the girl. "I see no treasure" said the boy.

Come! said the girl, stand where I am and you will see far in the depths of the pond a beautiful silver ball. He looked, and knelt down beside the pond and put his hand over the place where the silver ball was to be seen, then he looked under his hand and there was nothing to be seen. So he got up and laughed and said, "There is nothing there, it is the reflection of the moon in the water but at this Deirdre wept the more saying if that is so I must bid my father farewell; for I shall never get the treasure of the moon. At this rebuff Shebawn looked crest-fallen; and gazed up at at the solitary moon, and saw that she was higher than the highest mountain in all the world and higher than the highest clouds and the only way to get there would be to fly. As neither of them could fly he realized it was impossible to get the treasure of the moon. For a while Shebawn sat deep in thought, but The Great Mother took pity on Deirdre and her captive father and the boy who had comforted the unhappy child; so she took a feather from each wing and let them fall on the shoulders of Deirdre and Shebawn. The falling of the feather on his shoulder made Shebawn think that it meant something; so he looked up at the moon and then at the feathers which seemed, as he touched them to turn to wings. Then he knew that he and Deirdre were meant to fly to the moon so he took Deirdre by the hand and said "Come! we have wings so we can fly to the moon and bring some of the treasure that you can see reflected in the pond and then your father will be released."

Deirdre looked up from her weeping and when she saw the wings she was overjoyed. And together they rose into the air and flew higher and higher and nearer and nearer the lovely silver moon till at last they got so near it was like day light because the moon shone so brightly and they could see the people on the moon.

They were small with blue eyes the colour of the evening sky with hair the colour of the harvest moon. All these little people were heaping up mountains of silver fragments which are the hills that we can still see on the moon.

Deirdre and Shebawn were at first afraid to set foot on the moon for fear the moon people should be angry.

But one of the little men saw them and said to his comrades "See all ye friends, look you well at these strange men joined together by wings of an Eagle what do they here" And with one accord the moon people stopped their work and picking up fragments of silver begun throwing at Deirdre and Shebawn As they were standing on the edge of the moon the fragments fell all around them in the sky and there they still are, only we call them stars. When the moon people saw that they did not move they stopped throwing stars at Deirdre and asked what they wanted.

When Deirdre told them what they had come for they were very amused as silver to them was like the sand on the seashore of the earth. They were however most friendly and allowed Deirdre and Shebawn to take as many silver fragments as they could carry away.

Instead of releasing his captive, the wicked Algaharro refused to fulfill his promise; saying that if they could bring so much silver they could bring more and he had not yet enough to fill his coffers. "Unless you bring me the silver within 3 days your father shall die" said he.

The disappointed treasure finders set forth again on their flight to the moon, for more silver to satisfy the greedy Wizard.

As before they were kindly received by the moon people who allowed them to take away as much silver as they could carry.

This time Algaharro was quite satisfied and released his captive for whom he had gained so good a ransom.

So now you know why the moon is not always full, and what we call stars are really the silver fragments thrown by the moon people at Deirdre and Shebawn when first they made their flight to the moon.

MARGOT HARDEN.

ESSAY.

THE subjects set were "The Weather" or "The Symbolic Value of Dress," and the competition was for girls of 15 and over. The results were disappointing. There were only three entries and as the standard of the work was not high the committee has decided not to award a prize. This need not discourage those who were keen enough to send in essays, as they were all only just over age for the Adventure Story and the essay subjects were very much more difficult. We do feel, however, that there are many older people who might have gone in for the Competition and we hope that the result will be better next year.

STAFF COMPETITION.

THIS year the subject for the Staff Competition was a Triolet. In spite of complaints as to our exaggerated estimate of the mental intelligence of the Staff, there was a fairly large number of entries, and the Upper Sixth assure the Staff that it is much more difficult to judge triolets than to write them. The prize (presented by the Upper Sixth) goes to Miss Winters, with Miss Reynolds a close second. We print the three best entries below.

We set sail for New York
But we landed at Cadiz.
With a cargo of pork
We set sail for New York;
But the captain *would* talk
And flirt round with the ladies.
We set sail for New York
But we landed at Cadiz.

E. D. M. WINTERS.

With apologies to Catullus:

My precious is dead,
My own pet canary.
My eyes are all red
For my precious is dead.
Cruel Fate snapped the thread—
O mei miserere!
My precious is dead,
My own pet canary!

L. C. REYNOLDS.

Here comes the Competition Day,
And triolets are hard to write.
But I have heard the Sixth Form say,
"Here comes the Competition Day.
You must for inspiration pray
And you must try with all your might."
Here comes the Competition Day,
And triolets are hard to write.

B. C. SAMUELS.

OLD GIRLS' COMPETITION.

THE prize in this Competition was presented by Miss Diller for the best original Spoonerism. Unfortunately there were very few entries, but we hope it was due to the difficulty of making Spoonerisms and not to lack of interest. The prize goes to Kathleen Harvey, and Dorothy Stanyon comes second. We print below the three best Spoonerisms sent in.

A careful cook bastes her *feet with the mat* to make it tender, and a careful boy wipes his *meat on the fat* to make them clean.

Before going to the office, dear, be sure you *hush your brat*.

K. HARVEY.

He *hated his book* with a worm.

D. STANYON.

We thank all those who so kindly gave prizes for the competitions and thus made it possible for us again to do without entrance fees.

SCHOOL NOTES

"PRE."

AT the "Pre." Sports Upper II. A. won two prizes, a little statue for the Flag race and a lovely picture for the Relay race. Upper II. B. won the first prize for the highest number of points; it was a picture of a little old-fashioned girl. Lower II. took the second form prize, which was a pretty bulb bowl.

At the Entertainment Upper II. A. and Upper II. B. did a Milkmaid's Dance. They did it in partners and one had a stool and one a pail. When they passed Queen Elizabeth they had to curtsey. Form I. did a Jester's Dance

Upper II. B. began to use ink when they went up at the beginning of the Christmas Term. Upper II. A grew some very nice seeds in their form room. They had a lovely bean and a horse chestnut which grew so long that they had to put them in the garden. They had some black and yellow chrysalises and one very dark red one which came out and flew away, but all the black ones died. Lower II. also planted seeds. They made a puzzle in handwork lessons, which they took home in turns.

GREY FRIARS.

IN the Autumn Term last year, Upper III. A. came first in the term's work and Lower III. A. came second. Some girls went up to North Hill to hear a very interesting talk on the League of Nations by Professor Gilbert Murray. The Young Helpers League sent many parcels of toys and clothes to Dr. Barnardo's Home.

In the Spring Term the Gym Competition was held, Lower III. A. winning the cup. Members of the League of Nations went up to North Hill to hear Mr. Whelan's lecture on the League. The Young Helpers League gave an entertainment consisting of two little plays called "Oranges and Lemons" and "Ride a Cock Horse." They were encored, and the collection realised over £2.

In the Summer Term the Annual Sports were held at North Hill on June 5th. Lower III. A. had the greatest number of points and also won the prize for the Time Ball Race. Upper III. A. won the prize for the next greatest number of points, and Upper III. B. won the Flag Race. At the Entertainment on behalf of Dr. Barnardo's, on July 5th, nearly all the dancing was performed by Greyfriars girls and proved a great success. A Rounders Tournament, which took place this term, was won by Lower IV. A.

NORTH HILL.

THIS year the Games' Cup has been awarded each term, for Netball at Christmas, Hockey at Easter and Tennis at the end of the year. Upper V.A.i. won the cup for Netball and for Hockey too. Upper V.B were champions in the Tennis matches, after coming very near to victory in the Netball and Hockey. Upper IV.A. have been very successful this year at work, winning the Cup twice and being second to Lower V.A. in the Summer term. Lower V.A. are to be congratulated on their final success. They deserved it.

Various forms had picnics during the Summer term. Upper V.B. went to Mersea, as did Upper V.A., while Upper IV.A. favoured Dedham. The Botany Competition was won by Upper V.B., who have been rewarded with a bowl of bulbs, which will be in their new form room.

The Gym. Competition was held in the Spring term. The Cup went back to Greyfriars but Lower V.A. came second and Upper V.B. third with only one mark between each. Sports were again held this year and were a great success.

SIXTH FORM.

PRESUMBABLY the Sixth form notes are meant to give a picture of the Sixth in their lighter moments, as no one outside ourselves is interested in knowing how many Latin proses or English or History essays, we do in a year. For this reason there is very little to say this year because work has occupied all our time. To the uninitiated the Sixth looks an alluring form to have reached, because we have the privilege of sending other people out at break. This is a sad mistake, for we are allowed no rest, but pass on breathlessly from one examination to the next.

However we have managed to survive this year, and are al, agreed that we have had a very jolly one. In the summer terml those of us who were fortunate enough to have finished examinations, took part in a form tennis tournament, played in odd times. A. Green won the final round, after a close game against A. Wadley. After we had broken up, there was a form picnic at Dedham, and all who went thoroughly enjoyed themselves on the river, and managed to return safely.

This term the Upper VI. are again in the Committee Room, and the Lower VI. are in 17, sharing Miss Hurt, as form-mistress. The Upper VI., to their great delight, have been allowed to have the beautiful little statuette—"the flying Mercury"—which Miss Diller has given the school.

At the end of last term we had to say good-bye to sixteen out of our twenty-five members. From the Upper VI., C. Manning has gone as a Home Student to Oxford, D. Bullman and A.

Tatum— of whom we are especially proud, as she is the first member of the school to have passed External Intermediate Arts —have both gone to University College, Reading, J. McBryde to Royal Holloway College, and J. Gallifant is student teaching, preparatory to going to a training college. From the Lower VI. we have lost M. Jeffery, who has gone to the Maria Grey College, E. Weston, who has gone to Battersea Polytechnic, I. Wyatt, E. Smith, A. Canham, D. Hum, who are student teaching, P. Tennant, D. Moore, B. Baker, J. Harden and H. Stringer. We wish them all our very best luck for the future, and we hope to see them as often as possible.

D. L. Pearce.

School Prefects, 1923-24.

School Captain: E. M. Jeeves.

Prefects: W. N. Edmunds, M. Fitch, M. Flatman, M. Frost, D. L. Pearce, F. M. Sharp, A. D. Wadley.

FRAGMENT OF EPIC IN THE VIRGILIAN MANNER.

(*Dedicated to the Upper Sixth*, 1922-23).

O! ye who walk the beaten tracks of men,
Turn ye your weary eyes towards that place,
That sacred place, within whose hallowed walls
Dwell those fair maids, those goddesses divine.
Lo! there walks she, the noblest of the band—
If aught can nobler than her comrades be.
Her brow is smooth, her eye serene and calm,
She wields the sceptre with an easy grace.
And with her walks her chosen comrade; she
Who shines afar, with wealth of burnished tress,
And bears within her hand a vessel rare
Of crystal clear, and wrought of strange device.
And on her other side, with equal tread,
Goes that wise maid, famed for her learning wide;
Guardian of Time is she, and on her arm,
On her soft, snow-white arm, a silver disc
She bears, and in her hand a gong
Of beaten bronze, which ever and anon
She sounds, and with its clanging tones
Summons the weary mortals from their toils.
Behind them pace with footsteps slow those three,
Those glorious three, who yet are but as one.
With discourse sweet they pass the pleasant hours,
And charm away the time with dance and song,
With sporting on the green Elysian lawns,
And weaving garlands of the ivy pale.

Last of the band - not least—comes one with eyes
Aglow ; and burning speech pours from her lips.
Slender is she ; with springing gait she walks,
And overtops her comrades even as
The poplar in the woods its stately trunk
Rears high above the oak with foliage dense,
The willow grey and birch with silver sheen.
And lo ! even as we watch with eager gaze,
The virgins, dazzling bright, fade from your sight.
They mingle with the breezes and are gone,
Returning back to their Olympic home.

C. E. MANNING.

OLD GIRLS' ASSOCIATION.

WE are pleased to note that more and more girls are joining the Association. The numbers have been steadily increasing since last September.

We hope that those who read and enjoy the magazine will continue to subscribe to it, and will also urge others to do so. It is a valuable link between the School and the Old Girls, and the Magazine Committee are endeavouring to make it as interesting as possible for us. To further this, Mary Harvey was elected representative of the Old Girls, and she is pleased to receive all news of Old Girls and their doings. Her address is, Sunnybrae, Wivenhoe.

The Easter meeting again took the form of a concert, which was an exceedingly enjoyable and successful affair. After deducting £1 for expenses, £4 1s. 0d. was given to Miss Crosthwaite, for the purpose of buying a picture for the School.

At the Summer meeting the committee for the ensuing year was elected. The weather was kinder to us this year than last, and the tennis tournament was enjoyed both by those taking part, and by those watching.

At this meeting the Old Girls' Blazers were first worn. These are obtainable at Owen Ward's upon receipt of a membership card.

We hope that Old Girls will continue to join the Association.

The Secretary is Eva Palmer, and the Treasurer is Madge Palmer, 3 Ireton Road, Colchester.

Committee :—D. Stanyon, C. Waters, M. Johnson, C. Dunn.

LETTERS FROM OLD GIRLS.

S.P.T.C.

CLANG! ding! dong! —7 a.m. dressing bell—Another new day, oh bother! it's raining, we can't have hockey this morning, I suppose it will be a Games Lecture, how disappointing. Nobody seems to be getting up, I think I'll have another ten minutes in bed. Ding! dong! ding! No! surely not the breakfast bell,—it must be though, for the seniors are coming across the garden. I must have been to sleep again. Five minutes later the gong is sounded and all stream into breakfast—behold the late-comers running downstairs doing up buttons and straightening ties as they come—all who are late for grace pay a fine of 1d. as they go in. It is Monday to-day and every Monday we move on two places at table, so each table loses two members and gets two new ones. After breakfast, all except the Roman Catholics walk across to College for Prayers—we all take our turns at reading at Prayers. Prayers done, we go to our own houses to make beds and get ready for classes. The rain keeps on—a steady downpour. Word is sent across that there will be Badminton in the gym for juniors at 9.15 and study in College afterwards. So, armed with racquets, study books and pencils, we go across. Where did I leave my rain-coat? "Yes Mrs. Green, I will tell them to take coats." There is a scramble for coats and a rush over to College gym. After roll has been called we play, score and watch till the seniors come to claim the gym The Games' instructress stays for the seniors, and a junior member of the Staff presides over "study." We study (or not) for the rest of the morning; some are in the midst of Anatomy, some are worrying about carbohydrates and bitumens in milk; others take a partner into the far corners and go through the various drills with a class of one member; still others study the pathological changes in angular kyphosis and "tell it not in Gath," but some are writing letters.

So the morning passes till lunch at 1.10. It is early in the term as yet and people have not developed their college appetites so lunch is soon over and we all retire to our rooms for "rest hour" which should be spent on our beds. As it is Monday, the dull day, the afternoon brings more study, but cheer up! there is a strenuous *Swedish teaching class ahead. "I hope we have 'swinging rings' and 'fish leap.'" The "Meds" till tea. Word has just been sent that as many of us have our First Aid Certificates there will be a country dance class for those not attending the lectures. So a "dull" day turns out a very pleasant one, but, would you believe it, so do all days at S.P.T.C.

E. S. GRUBB,
Southport Physical Training College.

* In Swedish teaching, or any teaching class, a few are chosen each week to make out tables and teach the rest for an allotted time.

COLLEGE LIFE.

IN college life there are two sides to consider, the actual work and the social life. I shall briefly touch on the former, as work is the same everywhere, whereas social life differs in all colleges.

In our first year we begin with Housewifery, that being the easiest subject, going on in our second term to Laundrywork. Then in the summer term, we start Cookery, doing in that term artisan cookery and also teaching.

In the second year we do more advanced cookery and more teaching. Throughout the course we do chemistry applied to these subjects which is the cause of many grey hairs. At the end of the year come our finals.

If we are lucky we are allowed to stay a third year to specialize either in needlework and dressmaking or chemistry.

For teaching we go to various centres attached to elementary schools where housewifery, laundry and cookery are taught. While we teach we are under the supervision of the centre mistress and sometimes a college staff who comes at intervals to see how we are getting on. After each lesson we are given a criticism. To a poor nervous student beginning to teach this is terrible. You seem to have no voice, although you may have been called up at college for making a noise. The subject of the lesson flies from you and you stand before the class speechless.

These subjects fill our day up to four o'clock when we go to our respective hostels which are about twenty minutes' walk from the Polytechnic and face Clapham Common.

As soon as we get in the door we rush to see if there are any letters, generally loud groans and words, of sympathy from the lucky ones, and of envy from the unlucky. That over, we have tea, which is a long, slow meal, as we are hungry and tired and there are the papers to be read and general exchange of notes on the day's doings.

Up to seven o'clock is our laziest time. We retire to our bedrooms or cubicles, some to rest; some to read; some to sew. Christmas presents have started already; quite a number work, while others go over to Clapham to shop, commonly known as "going over to the 'Pluff'" *i.e.* "Plough."

From seven till half-past we have dinner with our warden and also coffee and conversation with her in the Study till eight.

Eight till half-past ten is study time when there is silence in the Study. Lights out at 10.30 p.m., so that we should really go up before them to be in bed by light, but we are all adepts at going to bed in the dark.

There are various clubs and societies, chief of which is the Debating Society, to which all staff and students belong. We have three meetings during the term either for debate, lecture or entertainments from each division.

Then there are several reading circles in each year, with a staff as president for each one. We read many plays ranging from drama to comedy, nothing being too difficult for our gallant attempts.

On the 17th of November the hostel students are inviting the Staff and day students to a Fancy Dress Dance and Entertainment for which we are all devising wonderful costumes and vainly trying to keep them secret until the day.

Just before Christmas we give a Children's Party to the cleaner's children and various schools near. We have a Christmas tree decorated with a toy for each child. The toys are distributed by a most realistic Father Christmas and the children get so excited they nearly swamp him.

Of course we have a hockey club. We run four elevens and have very good matches with some of the many clubs in and near London.

Last year and this we were able to send up several players for Surrey County Trials. Last year they were chosen as reserves and played for the 2nd XI., but this year as the trials were on Nov. 3rd the results are not yet out.

This is only a brief account of a Domestic Science student's life so that you can see that we are kept busy and time flies—in fact we are advertising for forty-eight hours in every twelve.

I. MacDonald.
Battersea Polytechnic.

SOME EPISODES IN THE LIFE OF AN OXFORD FRESHER.

FIRST DAY OF TERM.

THE train slows down, and with a start the fresher looks up—and there lies Oxford, "city of dreaming spires." The fresher's heart beats fast as she watches those spires coming nearer, and wonders what Oxford is going to hold for her. The train stops, carriage doors fly open, undergraduates pour out, and the invariable greeting, "Hullo! Had a good vac?" is heard on every side. The timid fresher—now feeling *very* "fresh"—mounts guard over her luggage until she can secure a porter. By this time every taxi has sailed away, and the fresher, perforce, rides in solitary state in a "hansome," surrounded by her boxes, her bicycle hanging perilously in front. The ancient horse will not lower his dignity by hurrying, and at a leisurely pace she proceeds on her triumphal way through busy Carfax, and up the High; past St. Mary's, with its soaring spire and twisted pillars, "The Book and Triple Crown" set over the gateway; past All Souls' and Queen's, University and the Examination Schools (whose better acquaintance she will make later); past lovely Magdalen,

over Magdalen Bridge—and away to her destination. And the afternoon sun lights up the grey old buildings, and Oxford smiles on this first day of Term, glad to welcome back her many sons and daughters.

MATRICULATION.

On the day after her arrival, a message is brought to the fresher that the Vice Chancellor will "matriculate all new women students at twelve o'clock." Accordingly she dons "full academical dress," which she is required to wear at all University ceremonies, and sets out "an eager novice, robed in fluttering gown." In company with her sister freshers, she proceeds in a "croc.," headed by a tutor, to the Divinity School. Within its sacred precincts is a solemn hush, for there in his chair at the end of the Hall sits that august presence, the Vice Chancellor. One by one the freshers file up, and write their names—in rather shaky writing—in the University book. The Vice Chancellor next calls upon each by name, and hands her a blue book containing the Statutes of the University, and her "quo die," a very precious document, signed by the Vice Chancellor, "Josephus Wells." Then he raises his hat to the assembly, as a sign that he is admitting them into the University, addresses them in Latin, and once more raises his hat. They bow to him, and depart—fully fledged undergraduates, and consequently feeling two inches taller!

MORNING LECTURES.

It is five minutes to eleven in the morning. Our fresher, who is due at a lecture at eleven, hastily flings on her cap and gown, seizes her books, mounts her bicycle, and rides off as though bent on an errand of life or death. Over the Bridge she flies, and up the High, her gown streaming out behind her, and turns up St. Catherine Street, narrowly escaping collision with an undergrad. who is flying at equal speed in the other direction. As the clocks are striking eleven she arrives at the Clarendon Building, the home of freshers, and, running up eight flights of stairs, three steps at a time, reaches the haven of the lecture room—breathless. After two hours' bondage she descends, and once more mounts her bicycle. Oxford at one o'clock in Term time is a sight never to be forgotten! From every college swarm undergrads., released from lectures, and bicycles skim across the roads in every direction. In the High is a fleet of cars, motor-bicycles—and again bicycles, in dozens! The fresher joins the fleet, and proceeds up the High, her front wheel two inches off somebody else's back wheel, grim determination in her eye, her heart in her mouth, and her hand on her bell—which will not ring! Whatever happens she dare not stop, or the person behind her, whose front wheel is two inches off *her* back wheel, will be forced to stop also, and the whole fleet will be held up. Once safely over the Bridge, at which point the fleet divides, she breathes again, and rides swiftly home to well-earned refreshment.

OXFORD AT NIGHT.

Once more it is five to eleven, but this time—low be it spoken! —at night. Our fresher, having left festivities at the house of some friend, or the allurements of some entertainment, is again riding swiftly up the High. At home awaits her gate-bill, which faithfully records the time of her entry each night, and if she is out after eleven without permission, then wrath will descend upon her head when the Principal sees that gate-bill. It is a frosty night, and everything is powdered as if with snow. There is a bright moon, too, and the spires and towers stand out dark against the clear sky. Magdalen College and Bridge, with the Cherwell glittering beneath, and the white trees standing like sentinels along the banks, are almost unearthly in their intense loveliness. The fresher is tempted to stay and drink in the scene, but the sight of shadowy forms approaching hurries her on. They are the Proctor and his three "bulldogs," looking for undergrads. who may be behaving in an unseemly manner. Hastily the fresher puts her hand to her head, Yes, her cap is there—but, horrors!—her gown is round her neck, doing duty as a muffler, instead of hanging gracefully in its lawful place. One moment of suspense, and the awful Proctor has passed by unheeding. The bells are chiming, Old Tom of Christchurch leading the chorus, as she wheels her bicycle in, and, with a sense of virtue at having arrived before eleven, she retires to bed, a very happy child of the great Alma Mater, and ready for another glorious day on the morrow.

C. E. MANNING,

"CLANG!" "Clang!" Clang!" a groan is heard, then a sigh, one eye opens and a head is seen to emerge from the bed clothes. I realise with horror it is once more 7 a.m. After hastily donning my clothes, I join in the train of hectic looking females, all with one intent,—a piano. After much dashing round I secure my object and commence operations for the day, —scales. Once each piano has a tormentor, one might imagine oneself to be in the midst of Bedlam, instead of there being a dozen workers doing their bit.

Five minutes to eight! Prayers and breakfast! At half-past eight, should I wish to go out at night, I must join the queue outside the Lady Superintendent's door, and wait my turn to ask permission.

Then there is a hasty scramble to get beds turned down and help one's partner in dusting the study. After that it all depends how my lessons and classes are arranged, whether I go on with practising or across to the Royal College of Music.

On approaching the College, one has no misgivings as to which is the building, for the weird sounds that come from it resemble somewhat the Zoo at feeding time.

It is very difficult to give any clear idea of work at College; but I will try and describe a typical day. In the morning I go to a sight singing and ear training class; followed by choral class in the Concert Hall, under the Director's able baton.

In the afternoon I practise for an hour and then endeavour to continue my journey along the stony road of harmony—falling into the pit of consecutive fifths or cutting my feet on the stones of discords. After overcoming some of these difficulties I then find it is time to rush back to College for a singing lesson. I pass gently over the first part of the lesson, because the A's and Ah's sound somewhat like a "Cow with a cough." But on reaching the song stage all else is forgotten.

On another day I have my piano lesson. When term is in full swing concerts are given by the students, and afford a very pleasant part of our daily routine. At the end of the term our Orchestra gives us the opportunity of hearing many well-known, and modern orchestral works, thus increasing our knowledge of great composers. These concerts prove a great treat and are always well attended.

It is in this way, by practising, attending lessons, working, and with a good deal of pleasure thrown in, that the week passes all too quickly.

RUBY V. DUNCAN.

OLD GIRLS' EXAMINATION SUCCESSES, 1923.

London Intermediate (Arts), M. C. Makepeace.
M. Ball.
" " (Science) R. V. Causton.
Final Honours, B.A. Lond., Class II., W. Savill, (English).
L. Dancer, (French).
Class III., G. Patten, (French).

MARRIAGES.

BICKNELL—SMITH——JEFFERIES—SMITH.—August 27, at St. Mary-at-the-Walls, Colchester, by Rev Canon G. T. Brunwin-Hales, Rector of the parish and Rural Dean, assisted by the Rev. G. H. Basset, assistant curate, Albert George, only son of Mr. Albert Bicknell, of Hazeldale, Petersfield, Hants, to Gladys Maud, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Albert C. Smith, of 12, Beverley Road, Colchester. Also at same time and place, Ernest Jocelyn Jefferies, second son of the late Mr. Harry Jocelyn Jefferies, of 24 Coniger Road, Hurlingham, S.W.6, to Doris Lilian, third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Albert C. Smith.