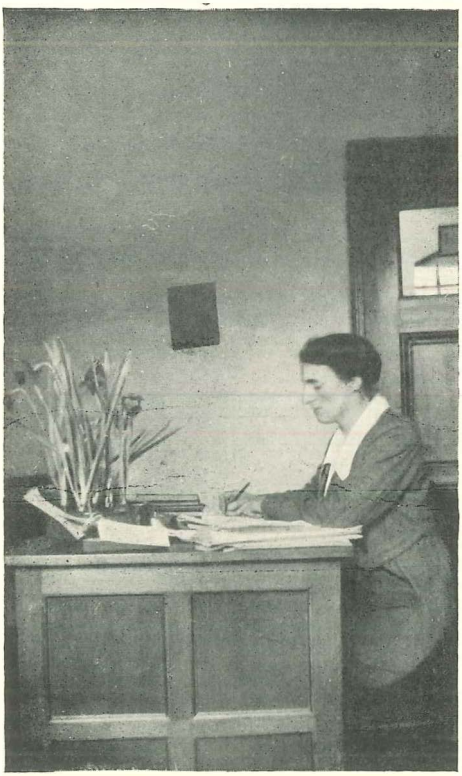
Colchester County High School.



Magazine.



No. 9. December, 1925.



MISS CROSTHWAITE, B.Sc.

Colchester County High School Magazine.

IX. DECEMBER, 1925.

MAGAZINE COMMITTEE.

Editor: B. M. MAKEPEACE.*

Sub-Editor: J. M. BEDWELL.* *Treasurer*: D. M. CLARKSON*

Old Girls' Representative:—M. L. HARVEY.*

Staff Representatives:—Miss PHILLIPS* Miss THORNBERY*

Form Representatives:

Lower VI.	M. Brooke.*	Lower Vc.	P. Stuart.
	E. Weaver.		E. Wildman.
Remove	V Bishop.	Upper IVA.	M. Gould.
Upper VA.	J Waumsley		J. Francis.
	A. Swan.	Upper IVB.	S. Appleton.
Upper VB.	J. Blomfield*		B. Brooke
	N. Calverly.	Upper IVc.	J. Taylor.
Upper Vc.	G. Davies		M. Angier.
	N. Barker.	Lower IVA.	A. Clanchey.
Lower VA.	F. Thompson		J. Southgate.
	H. Smith.	Lower IVB.	T. Duncan
Lower VB.	K. Lain		W. Edmunds.
	E. Stringer.	Lower IVc.	R. Digby.
			N. Durrant.

Ex Officio: (Upper VI.)

N. Compton.	N. Hurnard.	J. Kempthorne.*
J. Osborn*	N. Surridge.	J. Taylor.
D. Wadley.	J. Woodard.	E. Young.*

EDITORIAL.

THE Editor and Committee have the honour of presenting to the School, Magazine number nine, which they hope will meet with general approval.

It was felt that this year the Form Representatives had worked hard, and that, for the most part, Forms had responded nobly to their exhortations. We do wish, however, that people were less anxious to hide their lights under bushels, and would come forth and produce their efforts courageously. The Executive Committee say that they sincerely hope that this modesty is not due to fear of them as they are really most harmless and inoffensive. We hope that next year people will boldly force their contributions upon the Committee, and that the present extortions by guile and force may cease.

* Members of Executive Committee.

We regret the preponderance of verse in the Magazine, but this was unavoidable, as, on the whole, the miscellaneous prose was much inferior to the poetry. We ask for more miscellaneous prose next year.

Since our last issue Musical Clubs have been formed at both North Hill and Grey Friars, which are a great asset to the School and a proof of its ever-widening activities. Details of these clubs really belong to next year's Magazine, but it was felt that they should be at least mentioned in this number.

At the end of last term we heard that Miss Diller, a member of the staff for nearly six years, had been married. We should like to take this opportunity of wishing her every happiness. Miss Bailey also was married in the summer holidays, but, we are glad to say, she is still with us.

This year we welcome to the School Miss Jewell (Scripture).

Thanks are due to the Old Girls for the £5 which they so kindly contributed to the Sports Fund. The money was spent on two pictures, one for North Hill and one for Grey Friars.

EXAMINATION RESULTS.

Cambridge School Certificate, December, 1924.

O. M. Cant.
C. E. Dowman.
A. M. Kirkman.
M. S. Nurse.
V. M. Sargeant.
E. A. Stuart.
E. M. Weaver.
B. C. White.

July, 1925.

E. A. Angier.
D. M. Appleby (Honours).*
G. M. Barton.
V. B. Beech.
B. L. Blythe.
E. F. Brazier.
I. M. Brooke.
G. E. Brook (Honours. Distinction in French).*
E. B. Brown.
N. V. Cade.
O. Child.
J. B. R. Daly.
I. Ditchburn.
E. Frost.
S. M. Gosling (Honours).*
J. N. Higgins.
A. L. Moloney.
H. E. Newborn.
I. Playle.
E. Ravenscroft.
M. G. Reeve.
B. A. Theobald (Honours. Distinction in French).
B. G. Stringer.
O. E. Wenden.

London Matriculation, January, 1925.

D. M. F. Godfrey.
O. E. J. Lawrence.
A. H. A. Green.
M. J. Taylor
D. L. Wadley.

* Exemption from London Martriculation.

JUNE, 1925.

V. L. Paice.
N. Surridge.
D. E. Pritchard.
E. B. Young.

SEPTEMBER, 1925.

M. E. Coates.
G. I. Wilkinson.

CAMBRIDGE HIGHER SCHOOL CERTIFICATE, JULY, 1925.

M. J. Bedwell.
W. K. N. Edmunds.
M. M. Stokes.
A. M. Twyman.
B. M. Makepeace (Distinction in English).
J. D. Richie (Distinction in French).

SCHOLARSHIPS.

J. D. RITCHIE, Open Exhibition Royal Holloway College. Awarded for English with credit for French.
D. M. CLARKSON, Essex County Council Intermediate Scholarship.

LEAGUE OF NATIONS' UNION.

THE School Branch of the League is now four years old, and those four years have been a success and not a failure. The members are very keen and there have been many interesting lectures and assemblies. Early this year, Lady Mary Murray spoke to us on the Protocol, and Mr. Macdonnell on the Empire. We asked questions after both these lectures and all our doubtful points were cleared up. We also had a working party and made garments for Greek refugees. We worked most industriously winding wool, knitting vests and jumpers—button holing—gathering and doing herring-bone stitch on the seams of skirts. Some people said we talked too much to do any work but that cannot have been true because we had a large pile of garments completed when the working party stopped.

During the Summer Term we gave a Dancing display at Grey Friars. Miss Jex kindly taught us the national dances of many countries We had sweets, fruit, flowers and lemonade stalls. We made £21 2s. 0d. for the League. Last year we had a capable and enthusiastic chairman in Jean Ritchie, who worked hard to make our Branch a success.

MARGARET E. SHEPHARD.

THE HARK.

DURING the past year the Society has had three expeditions by 'bus to places of historical and archæological interest. On February 26th, Layer Marney Towers and Church were visited, the former by the kind permission of Dr. Campbell, and on the

way Inworth Church and Kelvedon Church and the Sun Inn at Feering were also seen. On July 4th, a party went to Bury St. Edmunds, where they saw the Abbey ruins, the Churches of St. Mary and St. James, and the twelfth century "Jew's House" in the Market Place. On the way they stopped at Lavenham and visited the beautiful Church and the Guildhall, and on the way home they also stopped at Long Melford Church. The last expedition was on September 19th, when Ely Cathedral was visited.

Four very interesting lectures have been given to the Society which were all much appreciated. December 10th (1924) "Colchester Castle" by Mr. Gurney Benham, illustrated by a plan and pictures of the Castle; March 4th, "Phases of Church life in English History," by Canon Rendall of Dedham; March 18th, "Churches in the Neighbourhood," by Miss O'Grady, and June 26th, "The Tweedside Abbeys," by Miss A. Jennings, the last two lectures being illustrated by lantern slides.

A Debating Circle has just been formed, open to all members of the Hark. So far there have been two meetings at which the subjects debated were, "That if you want peace you must prepare for war," and "That self-government is better than good government."

J. A. KEMPTHORNE.

C.C.H.S. IN EDUCATION WEEK.

OUR curiosity and enthusiasm were very much aroused when we heard of the proposal of the Mayor, Mrs. Alderton, to hold what she termed an Education Week in Colchester. There were to be exhibitions of work from all the schools, both elementary and secondary, and concerts and demonstrations by girls and boys from those schools. Conferences for teachers and others interested in Education were to be held throughout the week.

The C.C.H.S. played quite a large part in the activities of Education Week. Many exhibitions of written work were sent in—English essays, and Latin and French translations. Many art exhibitions were sent from C.C.H.S. too; there were paintings, little bowls and egg cups with painted patterns, and samplers worked by girls in both junior and senior schools.

On the Tuesday afternoon of Education Week, we took part in the Physical Training demonstration given in the Drill Hall. The juniors gave some very pretty dances and the seniors physicial training, both free standing and apparatus. There were many comments on the smart appearance of the seniors.

On the Wednesday afternoon we gave a Concert in the Moot Hall. The Concert opened with part songs by the seniors, followed by scenes from L'avocat Patelin, performed by members of the Sixth Form. Everybody was much amused by the volubility of the irate M. Ouillaume, and by the realistic fall (too realistic, alas!) of Patelin himself when performing a strictly classical dance with M. Ouillaume.

Next the Juniors sang three folk songs, and this was followed by the Screen Scene from "The School for Scandal." The Seniors next sang two part songs, and the Juniors acted two short French plays, "Le Petit Chaperon Rouge," and "Le Petit Poncet." These were acted very well on the whole; the most amusing piece of acting was that of the Giant in "Le Petit Poncet." The Concert concluded with two songs by both Juniors and Seniors in unison.

We all voted Education Week a great success, and thought much praise was due to the Mayor. We hope that there will be many more Education Weeks in Colchester as successful as this.

F. M. SHARP.

DR. BARNADO'S HOMES.

LAST year we tried a new scheme to raise the money to support our boy in the Watts' Naval Training School. In previous years when we have had one big entertainment all the work attached to it has fallen to a few girls and some of the staff, the majority of us taking no share at all. It was suggested that this time each form should be responsible for raising a sum of money on its own. This we could do in any way we liked and were allowed the year in which to carry out our plans. Many were quite original, and the younger forms at Grey Friars are especially to be congratulated on their fine results.

The new scheme was a great success financially, and the eagerness with which everyone worked shows that it was also very popular.

The following is a complete list of the entertainments:—

Sixth.	Gym. Display.
Upper VA.	Dance.
Upper VB.	Noah's Deluge and The Nativity.
Upper Vc. Lower Vc.	Tea at Sports.
Lower VA.	Play.
Lower VB.	Tennis Tournament.
Upper IVA.	The Chantant.
Upper IVB.	Dance.
Upper IVc.	Dance.
Lower IVA.	Concert.
Lower IVB.	A Fair.
Lower IVc.	Made and sold Sweets.
Upper IIIA.	Concert and original Play.
Upper IIIB.	Sale.
Lower IIIA.	Sale.
Lower IIIB.	Cinderella.
Pre.	Tea at Sports.

A. WADLEY.

GAMES REPORTS.

NETBALL REPORT.

THE Netball 1st Team was, this year, successful in reaching the Final match in the League.

The Semi-Final was played on neutral ground at Chelmsford, against Chelmsford. The Final match against Woodford was played at Colchester. It was an excellent game and resulted in a win for Woodford. After the match the Woodford Team were taken round Colchester by members of the Upper VI., and then returned home about 6 p.m.

Throughout the School the defences are weak. It is hoped that girls will make a special effort to improve this weak spot in the School Netball,

TEAM CRITICISMS OF 1ST VII.

Goal Keeper. G. Campbell. Good; she jumps well and her passes are varied.

Defence. G. Wilkinson. Untiring in her efforts, and passes accurately.

Defence Centre. E. Boyes. Quick and neat; her passes are accurate and varied.

Centre. B. White. She played a really good game and was an excellent Captain. (N. F. JEX).

Attack Centre. B. Page. Very steady; her passes are quick and varied.

Attack. G. Champness. She jumps well, gets free quickly and her shots are accurate.

Attack. R. Frame. Very neat and quick; gets free quickly, catches well, and is a steady shooter.

Goal Shooter. B. G Stringer. Thoroughly reliable; she is very steady, and the team has the utmost confidence in her.

B. WHITE.

RESULT OF MATCHES, 1924-25.

School (1st Team)	v. Chelmsford	(League Match)	School won	19-12.
„ (2nd „)	v. „	(„ „)	„ „	19-17.
„ (1st „)	v. Woodford Green	(„ „)	„ lost	25-15.
„ (1st „)	v. Maldon	...	School won	25-8.
„ (2nd „)	v. „	...	„ „	28-2.

HOCKEY, 1924-1925.

THE team put in some good practice, but the rest of the school was very lax about turning up to after school games, and after the first week or two evening practice had to be abandoned. The field is a long way from the school, but until girls are really keen, our Hockey will remain our weakest game. It is hoped that next year no forms will have difficulty in finding eleven people to play for them!

Team Criticism.

R.W. O. Winch. Dribbles quickly up the wing, but often keeps the ball too long, and does not use her judgment in passing.

R. I. B. Stringer. A quick forward, neat with her stick, and a good shooter.

C.F. T. Johnson. Makesa strong centre and is good at rushing, but should combine a little better with the other forwards.

L.I. D. Aldridge. Is quick to follow up shots in the circle, but has still to learn to pass to the right.

L.W. W. Edmunds. Her play has improved steadily, and her shooting is excellent.

R.H. D. Sumner. Her straight eye makes her a formidable half. She tackles well and has backed up her forwards better this year.

C.H. J. Ritchie (Capt). She tackles well and has kept her place much better this year. She has been a very reliable Captain. (M.H.)

L.H. J. Woodard. At the beginning of the season passed carelessly, but improved later on. Rather slow.

R.B. A. Twyman. Rather erratic, and does not always stop the ball, but has a good, strong clearing stroke.

G.K. P. Paterson. A good goalkeeper, who uses her feet well and hits out.

J. D. Ritchie.

Results of Matches, 1924-25.

Michaelmas Term.

School	v. Ipswich ...	School lost 3-5.
,,	v. Halstead ...	,, won 5-0.
,,	v. Harwich ...	,, lost 1-2.
,,	v. Endsleigh House ...	,, drew 2-2.

Spring Term.

School	v. Old Girls ...	School won 4-2.
,,	v. Chelmsford ...	,, lost 2-3.
,,	v. Braintree ...	,, ,, 1-3.
,,	v. Maldon ...	,, won 5-2.
,,	v. Staff	,, won 6-0.
Oxford	v. Cambridge ...	Oxford won 3-0.

LAWN TENNIS SEASON, 1924.

THE general standard of play in the school this season has not improved as much as one would have liked.

Stroke practice is absolutely necessary to a player, and the practice and coaching which are available at school provide great opportunities to girls for improving their game.

Nearly every girl is weak on the backhand, and practising the stroke persistently is the only means by which it can be improved.

Many girls also forget that the position of the feet is one of the first and most important things to be learnt in tennis. A faulty position of the feet is generally the cause of a misdirected shot.

It was encouraging to notice that in the Junior team there were some promising players as it is on the Middle and Junior school that the future teams depend.

It was satisfactory to note that keen interest was taken in the form matches this year and some good tennis was played.

Upper Va. ii. won the cup after a very close and enjoyable match against the Upper VI.

Team Criticism.

B. Stringer (Capt.). She always sets herself a very high standard which with her sense of style and power of analysing her strokes makes her a very strong player. She has been an excellent Captain. (M.H.)

Y. Champness. Wants a little more self-confidence to make her a steady player with a good forehand cross-court stroke.

A. Wadley. A strong opponent if she could cultivate a harder drive with more length. She sometimes places quite well.

E. Boyes. Is a promising player with good style, but inclined to be a little erratic at times.

T. Johnson. With practice ought to make a good player, but is rather wild and needs to steady down considerably.

D. Stringer. Has a good idea of the strokes and with careful practice should become a promising player.

Results of Matches.

School v. Harwich (League Match)	School won	3-0 matches
,, v. Romford (,, ,,)	,, lost	2-1 ,,
,, v. Braintree ..	,, won	81-18 games.
,, v. Old Girls ...	,, ,,	78-66 ,,
,, v. Staff	,, lost	60-39 ,,
,, v. Maldon ...	,, won	51-48 ,,
,, v. Ipswich ...	,, lost	60-39 ,,
Grey Friars v. S. Mary's School	Grey Friars lost	50-31 ,,

B. G. Stringer.

SPORTS DAY, 1925.

JUNE 19th was a glorious day for this year's sports and the field looked most inspiring. The new check frocks were cool and smart especially when worn by whole teams instead of tunics. The procedures started with jumping—

Senior Jumping.	E. Boyes, 4ft. 7ins.	(school record).
	E. Boyes	style.
Middle School.	B. Poole, 4ft. 7ins.	
	G. Bridgeman	style.
Junior.	N. Reeve, 4ft. 1in.	

The team races were very thrilling, and it was a surprise to see them all won by North Hill Forms, with time records lower than ever before.

Flag Race ...	Lower Vc.
Arch and Tunnel	Lower VB.
Girdle	Lower VA.

Entire forms at Grey Friars entered for all the heats and so started with several people in each race. Individual races were very interesting, and the obstacle race, though strenuous for performers, was very amusing for onlookers. Another jolly race was the Old Girls' punting, which was won by Lucy Dancer in fine style.

After this race we went to the tennis courts to await the final decision. The prizes were very fine, thanks to subscriptions given by parents, staff, Old Girls and friends, for which the School does thank them very much indeed. The first prize was a statuette of the Gladiator, and some of the pictures were Gorgione's "Portrait of a Man," the Assisi Church picture of "St. Francis and the Birds" and Van Vermeer's "Girl reading a letter."

The Mayor had kindly consented to present the prizes, and after a short speech (in which she spoke very highly of the School and of the work done by the Staff), the order of the forms was read as usual from the bottom upwards. The three top forms were:—

I.	Lower IVA.	30·1 points.
II.	Upper III.	29·8 „
III.	Lower Vc.	17·2 „

After the prizes had been presented many people enjoyed a tea which Upper and Lower Vc. had prepared in aid of Dr. Barnardo's Homes. All the afternoon they had done good work refreshing competitors with lemonade. In fact everybody felt that this year's sports had been the most thoroughly enjoyable and successful we have ever held.

A. M. TWYMAN.

COMPETITIONS.

DESIGN FOR MAGAZINE COVER.

THIS competition, which was an open one for the whole School, was rather disappointing, and it was decided not to award the prize which Miss Phillips had kindly offered.

G. Bridgeman's design was attractive but not up to prize standard. K. Armstrong's was clever but hardly artistic, and while the Committee appreciated M. Shephard's effort after original arrangement, the general effect was a badly balanced whole, and the printing was weak. M. Harden's design was felt to have no connection with the subject—a school magazine.

VERSE TRANSLATION OF FRENCH RONDEAU.

THIS competition was open to all girls at North Hill. The prize, offered by the French Staff, goes to June Kempthorne, whose translation is printed below with that of Joan Blomfield which came second and is highly commended.

THE year has cast its mantle grey
Of stormy wind and frost and rain,
And now has clothed itself again
Fresh in the clear sun's broideries gay.
There's not a bird nor beast this day
But shouts and sings its own refrain,
The year has cast its mantle grey
Of stormy wind and frost and rain.
Rivers and streams flow on their way,
While now a gold and silver chain
Of dewdrops decks anew their train.
All glad the jewelled fountains play,
The year has cast it mantle grey.

J. A. KEMPTHORNE, Upper VI., age 18.

THE year his sorry cloak hath cast,
With cold and wind and rain inwrought;
And he his broidered veil hath sought,
And comes with sunshine clothed at last.
All creatures, freed from Winter's blast,
Do call and cry as God hath taught:
The year his sorry cloak hath cast,
With cold and wind and rain inwrought;
The pleasant waters, bubbling fast,
With silver-dropping sprays are fraught;
All things are clothed with jewels, bought
From Nature's hand, for cares are past—
The year his sorry cloak hath cast.

JOAN E. BLOMFIELD, Upper VB., Age 14.

PREPARATORY.

THIS year the Pre. wrote little stories on any subject they liked and the prize has been awarded to Michael Joscelyne for "The Adventure," which we print together with Audrey Calveley's "Geting up."

The Committee was rather shocked at some of the spelling in Michael's story but thought that probably the story, which was very sad, had made him forget all about it.

THE ADVENTURE.

ONE day their lived a little puppy and his name was Tim. And he sat by the fire with me. But one day we wheir coming home from the country and we wheir very cold and Tim got a cold! And Tim got pneumonia and distemper. And medeson were supplyed and a little jacket for Tim, and the vet came. Tim lucket at us. And he did died.—The Eand.

MICHAEL JOSCELYNE.

GETING UP.

I DON'T like geting out of bed in the morning as I suppose some of you are the same, because of my sweet little canary who sings so sweetly to me at night so I go to sleep soon. And I feed her on groundsel and water, which I give her fresh every day, she likes lettuce leaves very much. Her colours are green and yellow. She has got one little egg which the father is hatching.

AUDREY CALVELEY.

AGES 9 AND UNDER 12.

THE people in this section had to write a poem on one of the following subjects:—"Bread and Honey," "If I were a Bluebell," or "Midsummer Eve." The two best were both on the same subject "If I were a Bluebell," and the prize, which was offered by Miss Samuels, goes to M. F. Heddle; Janet Jack being highly commended.

IF I WERE A BLUEBELL.

IF I could be a blossem,
Within the woodland green.
I'd like to be a bluebell
The sweetest ever seen.

If I were a bluebell,
In a sweet woodland dell,
I'd like to have a fairy,
Within my little bell.

If I were a bluebell,
I wouldn't like to be
Snapped off so very short
By a little girl like me,

M. F. HEDDLE, Lower IIIA., age 10 years.

IF I WERE A BLUEBELL.

If I were a bluebell
As blue as the sky,
I'd ring in the wind
As it passes me by.

If I were a bluebell
I'd grow in the dell,
And have lots of secrets
And stories to tell.

JANET JACK, Age 9.

AGES 12 AND UNDER 15.

THE subjects in this section were either "A Fairy's Charm or A Witch's Spell," "Among the Chimney-Tops," "Over the Hills and Far Away," or "Breakfast." The entries could be either in verse or prose.

The prize goes to Lillian Moloney. J. Blomfield, J. Francis, M Richards and B. Poole, all being highly commended.

The Committee enjoyed reading the entries for this competition they were so original.

A WITCH'S SPELL.

NOUGHT will last, ages passed.
Mortals sigh.
Mortals die.
Silent owls, ill-omened fowls
Ever fly
Through the sky.
Cauldron boil, joy to spoil
I espy
Mischief nigh.
Fiend, dance round, in leap and bound,
Ever cry
"Mortal! Fie!"
Toad and bat, owl and cat.
Broom away,
We'll not stay.
Foul air, and nought that's fair.
But which way
I'll ne er say.
When I do ride my cat beside,
On my broom
O! t'is doom.
To those who spy me in the sky.
It means too soon
A cold grey tomb.

LILLIAN MOLONEY, aged 14.

AMONG THE CHIMNEY-TOPS.

WHERE chimney-tops abound
There dwell my feathered friends,
A happy note in every sound,
Their singing never ends.

Their singing never ends
Till all around are still:
The weary labourer homeward bends
His footsteps o'er the hill.

His footsteps o'er the hill
Grow faint and fade away,
Beyond far hay-stack, distant mill,
The moon creeps on her way.

The moon creeps on her way
Up — upward through the sky,
Then o'er the chimney-tops she'll stay
Where birdies sleeping lie.

Where birdies sleeping lie
And ghostly bats do flit
Around the chimney-stacks so high
The sooty goblins sit.

The sooty goblins sit
And "howl" the moon to bed
Then jump into their "chimney pit"
To dance on embers red.

To dance on embers red
With skips and jumps and hops,
A favourite occupation's bred.
Among the chimney-tops.

Among the chimney-tops
All sooty drab and grey
A little flying robin stops
To tell the break of day.

M. RICHARDS, age 14 years, Lower VA.

A WITCH'S SPELL.

WHEN the moon doth rise,
And the stars twinkle bright,
And the screech owl cries
In the eerie night.

'Tis then that the witch,
Prepares her spell,
In her pot of pitch,
Like a great black well.

While she stirs the pot
With serpent's stings,
She pours in a lot
Of horrible things.

From mouses' tails,
And crocodiles' blood,
To slimy snails,
And thick black mud.

As soon as it bubbles,
The charm is done,
To add to the troubles
Of everyone.

BETTY POOLE, Age 14.

BREAKFAST.

SOME people live on crusty rolls,
But sausages for Tim and me;
Some people live on crusty rolls,
Or bread-and-milk in china bowls!
While some refresh their weary souls
With Kruschen salts or China tea—
Some people live on crusty rolls,
But sausages for Tim and me.

J. E. BLOMFIELD, Upper VB., Age 14.

BREAKFAST.

I AM a little boy of seven years old. When I come down in the morning I find my breakfast ready, and Mummy brings in my porridge. My porridge is just like the Red Sea, and I divide it into two parts with my spoon, to let the Israelites pass over on dry land. (The Israelites are grains of sugar.) When the Egyptians come along, I drown them all with milk. Sometimes I make islands, and castles in my porridge, with a milky sea surrounding them, and then I make a storm by blowing, and the sea washes the castles and islands down. My coffee is a brown river, that flows into a dark red cavern, and then continues its way in a black underground tunnel. My poached egg looks like the sun in a bank of clouds. Daddy says it is wrong to poach, so Mummy ought not to poach my egg, but perhaps she does not know it is wrong. I always feed the birds with my crumbs. They collect outside the window waiting for their breakfast. I wonder why they don't eat eggs and bacon and things like me. They must get very tired of only bread to eat.

JOYCE FRANCIS, Upper IVA.

AGES 15 AND OVER.

THE girls in this section could either choose a poem and put it in an original rhyme sheet setting or write an original detective story.

The Rhyme Sheets were so good and one of the detective stories,—though lacking in the detective element, was so amusing that Miss Phillips said she would like to give a prize for the best rhyme sheet and the other prize could then go for the detective story. Miss Phillips' prize goes to M. Harden. H. Kempthorne and N. Compton both being highly commended. The Committee is sorry that the rhyme sheets cannot be printed, but the best will be pinned on the notice board at North Hill, for people to look at.

The prize for the detective story is awarded to Lily Robson.

THE AMATEURS, OR MRS. DOOLITTLE'S GREAT SPY CAPTURE.

THE following series of events happened in a sleepy little village in East Anglia, in the autumn of 1916. But perhaps I ought not to say sleepy for the inhabitants for once in their lives were really very wide awake. There was so much that was unusual going on, soldiers here, there and everywhere. Hardly a house or cottage but had some one billetted in it. There were of course all kinds of regulations, especially with regard to lights. There were strange rumours about, for lights had been noticed every evening for the last week at about the same time near the old tower that stood beside the Creek. Could it be that some one was signalling? Surely no German spy had crept in amongst them. The matter was discussed every evening at the Crossed Keys and again at the "Stag's Head," and everyone felt that for the credit of the village the matter must be threshed out.

A few days later a man appeared at the foot of the old tower. He carried paper, pencils and drawing materials, and he asked permission from the inhabitants of the Tower House to climb the tower and make some sketches.

At the Tower House dwelt Mr. and Mrs. Doolittle and their chubby little son Felix. The latter had just returned from school, and he told his mother about a strange man who had asked him all sorts of questions about the Creek. How deep it was, how many times boats came in, and had they to wait for the tide before they could get out again, were a few of the questions asked. Mr. Doolittle's thoughts at once turned to the spy question. Could this be a clue? Mrs. Doolittle's cousin, Miss Eliza Tellum, had come in from the neighbouring village of Oakhouse, and, of course was told all about the mysterious lights. Naturally enough she repeated all this news when she reached home.

Next day when Felix came home from school he told his mother that two men had gone up the old tower and were using glasses and drawing again. Mrs Doolittle began to wonder if she ought to tell the police, but for the present she contented herself with telling the neighbours. On the following morning she was startled by a loud ring. On answering the door she saw a very serious looking second-lieutenant who said that he was billetted at Oakhouse and had heard about her mysterious visitors. He told Mrs. Doolittle to let him know at once if they came again. "Can't you 'phone me," he said. "No, there is no telephone in the place, and my husband is out a good deal so that I have no one to send." "Well, in any case you must detain them somehow. Shall I leave you my revolver?" "No! good gracious no!" said Mrs. Doolittle, that would scare me more than a dozen strangers. I don t want there to be any shooting." "But you *must* manage to keep them here and send for the police."

* * *

Now Mrs. Doolittle began to think that there must be something in all those rumours of spies and lights and signalling, and so, not liking to be alone in the house, she sent for her friend, Mrs. Puffin. Teatime came, and Felix returned from school and reported that *three* men had cycled to the old tower and left their bicycles leaning against the gate at the top of the drive.

Fortunately at this moment her husband came in. She begged him to go at once for the police, and he set off to do so. But first he was obliged to go in the opposite direction to the railway station. This lead him past the house of Mr. Bashem, and so he stopped to tell him the trouble. Meanwhile, Mrs. Doolittle thought of a plan. She begged Mrs. Puffin to keep watch on the tower, and should the men come down to keep them in conversation with her for a while. Then choosing a sharp pair of scissors from her workbasket, she took a round-about path which lead her to the top of the drive, where the bicycles were leaning. Hurriedly she thrust both blades through each back tyre in turn, and then she hastened back by the way she had come. Through the window she could see Mrs. Puffin busily engaged talking away her hardest (and that is saying something) Presently the strangers took their departure, only to return far quicker than they went, incoherent with anger, spluttering with rage, demanding to know who had done it, etc., etc.

Mrs. Doolittle, who had by this time grown cool and calm after her hurried climb, went out to them to know the cause of the trouble, while Mrs. Puffin suggested that they might like a bowl of water with which to find the puncture. "Where is the owner of the tower?" "Who has committed this outrage?"

"I am the owner of the tower," said Mr. Bashem, who had just come up bringing with him a friend who carried an old horse pistol, "What do you want with the owner of the tower?"

* * *

Meanwhile Mr. Doolittle had completed his business at the station and cycled on to the neighbouring town of Nearsby Having with great difficulty aroused Constable Plumper from his afternoon nap he endeavoured to explain the matter to him. This was a long and laborious task. At the first mention of German spies Plumper scratched his head and decided that he must be still asleep, next he decided that it must be one of Mr. Doolittle's practical jokes, and finally he thought that perhaps he had better look into the matter. Then began the search for his helmet, and after about fifteen minutes it was found in the baby's toybox. At last they set out on their bicycles, but as Plumper insisted on getting off and walking every time there was the slighest rise their progress was not very rapid. Presently they espied three weary, dishevelled, dusty men trudging along wheeling three equally dusty bicycles, each with a back tyre as flat as a pancake. "Now what did I tell you!" said Mr. Doolittle, "here they come." "Them!" said Plumper "they're no German spies." "Why sir, yer tyre's flat and so'm yourn, dearie me," "I should think they are flat, and here are we trying to do our bit with this costal defence stunt and this is the way we get treated. The owner of the tower, confound his impudence." "————" "What, what," said Mr. Doolittle, "I am the owner of the tower." "No you're not, you can't be, we have seen the owner of the tower, and all he could do was swear at us." "There seem to be two owners to my tower," observed Mr. Doolittle.

The matter was now explained, the gentlemen were staying at the Grange, and they were well known to the police constable. The question of the lights, however, continued to be a mystery for some weeks longer, but it turned out to be bargees who had been stealing poultry. Our little village has now resumed its usual state of somnolent calm, except that when Mrs. Doolittle's friends meet her, they make a mysterious cutting sign with two of their fingers.

LILY ROBSON, Upper VA., Age 15 years 1 month.

STAFF COMPETITION.

THIS year the Staff, having begged for "something easy," were asked to invent an onomatopœic word for good or one for evil. This competition was invented by a member of the staff. But although the Members of the Upper vi. willingly offered to give in all their essays late in order to create a suitable atmosphere for at least one kind of onomatopœic word, yet nothing was forthcoming. There was not a single entry and therefore no prize has been awarded.

OLD GIRLS' COMPETITION.

THIS year the Old Girls had to fill in words which had been omitted from a story, the missing words being Geographical names. There were quite a number of entries (considering the shyness of Old Girls).

Most people erred upon the side of over intelligence which was very cheering. K. Harvey and K. Harden tied for the prize, both having five mistakes. The correct words are printed below.

SOLUTION TO OLD GIRLS' COMPETITION.

1.	March	12.	Chappell	23.	Porlock
2.	Berlin	13.	Bath	24.	Newquay
3.	Jersey	14.	Sandwich	25.	The Needles
4.	Morocco	15.	Scone	26.	Colne
5.	Hook	16.	Banbury	27.	Adelaide
6.	Eye	17.	Skye	28.	Leeds
7.	Flint	18.	Ryde	29.	Brussels
8.	Barrow	19.	Douglas	30.	Hassock
9.	Eye	20.	Newfoundland	31.	Fleet
10.	Bury	21.	Lyne	32.	Crewe
11.	Deal	22.	Stirling		

OLD GIRLS' COMPETITION, 1926.

AS usual we print next year's Old Girls' Competition. It is to write either "Memories of School Life" or an Original Parody on Tennyson's "Break, break, break." Entries should reach the Magazine Editor by October 31st, 1926.

We wish to thank all those who very kindly offered prizes for the competitions.

SCHOOL NOTES.

PRE. NOTES.

THERE are nineteen children in Form I. Four of them are boys and six are new this term. They are very busy making the furniture for the doll's house. They are growing some bulbs and acorns, but they do not know the names of the bulbs until they see the flowers. Fifteen of the Form have joined the Music Club and like the concerts very much.

There are only seven in Upper IIB, so they have lots of lessons with Upper IIA., and they have joined Upper IIA's. library from which they can have a new book on Fridays. They like playing netball very much.

In Upper IIA. there are seventeen children of which four are boys. Each morning the flower monitors change the flowers in Miss Crosthwaite's room. This term Upper IIA. have a library to which Upper IIB belong. Each person pays 2d. and lends one book. They have bought two books with the money. They are learning to play netball and are soon to play a match against Lower IIB.

GREY FRIARS.

FOR the first two terms of the year Lower IVA held the picture for work, but the third term Upper IIIA. captured it, Lower IVA. being second.

Lower IIIB. won the picture which Miss Crosthwaite offered at Grey Friars as at North Hill, for the least number of signatures.

In Games, Upper IVB. were victorious, winning the Netball, and also the Rounders, by half a rounder, after a thrilling match.

The Gym. Cup belongs as much to Grey Friar Notes as to North Hill ones and therefore it must be recorded in both North Hill and Grey Friar Notes that Upper VB. and Lower IVA. tied for it.

NORTH HILL.

LAST year was a most exciting year at North Hill, both as regards work and games' cups, because the first and second forms were always so close that until the very last moment it was never certain which was going to be first.

During the Christmas and Spring Terms Upper IVA. held the Douglas Round Challenge Cup for work, while Upper VB., always a close second, had the Statue. In the last term however, Upper VB. won the Cup and Upper IVA. got the Statue, which unhappily, they only kept a few moments as it fell over and was smasned. Upper VB. also won the "Pearl Necklace," a picture given by Miss Crosthwaite, to the form which had been quietest during the year.

In Games, Lower VA. shone. They won the Netball Cup and came second in the Hockey, which was won by the Sixth after a hard fight. The Tennis final, which had to be played on the last day of the Summer Term owing to the bad weather, was won by Upper VA., although the Upper VI. were a good second and the match was most exciting.

The Gym. Cup, which last year North Hill managed to wrest from Grey Friars, now hovers between the two buildings, for this year Upper VB. and Lower IVA. tied for it.

In the Summer Term a few people from North Hill went with Miss Holmes to Dovercourt High School to give a small Gym. Display.

SIXTH FORM NOTES.

THERE is little of interest to report about the VI., except that "we went on working as usual." (We believe that this is the correct way to begin Sixth Form Notes.).

During the Spring Term we gave a Gym, Display in aid of Dr. Barnardo's and raised about £11.

Although we were not very successful in our netball activities, we managed to beat Lower Va. at hockey in the final for the Cup, after a thrilling game. On the last day of the Summer Term we played the tennis final, but were beaten, Alas! by Upper Va. ii. However, though we have not the Cup we have the little Peter Pan Statue to console us.

At the end of the Summer Term the Upper VI., having been deprived of its picnic last year, went to Mersea for the day, where they played rounders, leap-frog and similar serious and highly intellectual games.

It may perhaps be interesting to the School to know what people who have left are doing.

Universities.

Bedford College	D. Pearce, A. Wadley, W. Edmunds.
Royal Holloway College ...	J. McBryde, M. Flatman, J. Ritchie, A. Twyman.
Reading	A. Tatum, D. Bullman, F. Sharp, M. Stokes.
Oxford—Somerville . .	E. Jeeves.
Oxford—Home Student ..	C. Manning.
King's College	M. Fitch

Domestic Science.

Battersea	E. Weston.
Berridge House	M. Lennox.

Art.

Regent Street Polytechnic	E. de Lisle.

Music.

Royal College of Music ...	R. Duncan.

Training Colleges.

2nd year Hockerill ...	A. Merchant, E. Flux, O. Parker, A. Malster.
„ „ Southlands ...	I. Wyatt, A. Canham.
„ „ Stockwell ...	D. Hum, K. Thackery.
„ „ Peterborough ...	E. Smith.
„ „ Home and Colonial	M. Ball.
3rd year King's College ...	E. Cant.
1st year Hockerill ...	V. Mason, V. Gray, E. Moore, V. Steggles, E. Barnard, C. Clarke.

Homerton	J. Gallifant, M. Ennew.
St. Gabriels	M. Goodgame.
Brighton	O. Carter.
Avery Hill	G. Grant.
Home and Colonial ...	D. Godfrey.

J. BEDWELL,
B. MAKEPEACE.

SCHOOL PREFECTS, 1925-26.

School Captain: B. M. Makepeace.
Prefects: J. M. Bedwell, D. M. Clarkson, N. Hurnard, J. A. Kempthorne, J. Osborn, N. Surridge, D. Wadley, J. Woodard.

THRENODY.[1]

(On the departure of the Upper VI., 1925).

UPPER VI. with lamentations I begin my mournful strain,
Soon we separate for ever, who on high Olympus reign.
For our year of work is over, when we tried in vain to thrive;
But though weak in mind and body let's rejoice that we survive.
And when in our leisure moments (oh! how few and far apart)
We forgot examinations looming near to chill the heart,
And when all exams were over freeing us from every care.
Then indeed with joy we tasted privileges rich and rare,
Which must end, I fear, on Thursday—[2] then will come the parting fell.
Agnes "ave atque vale"[3] thou hast wisely ruled and well,
With thy pale but active prefects ere obedient to thy voice.
Alice, Audrey, Barbara, Francis and Georgina, Jean and Joyce,[4]
And the Marjories twain and Winnie,[5] Upper VI., I say farewell.
More distressed that we are parting than my feeble verse can tell.

M. JOYCE BEDWELL, Upper VI.

1. Song of lamentation.
2. Last day of Summer Term.
3. "Hail and farewell."
4. The admission of the author's name must be excused, as its inclusion was necessary for metrical purposes.
5. This order is strictly alphabetical.

OLD GIRLS' SECTION.

IT seems unnecessary to say that the Old Girls' Association is still flourishing, and that the membership is increasing, for the numbers at the meetings this year have shown this.

It is still rather difficult to persuade Old Girls to send contributions for their section of the magazine; and there were not many entries for the Competition. We hope that there will be more next year.

At Christmas we had a dance and an entertainment by the Staff. Some of the VI. Form were present and a record number of Old Girls.

Members of the O.G.A. acted Oscar Wilde's "The Importance of being Earnest" at the Easter Meeting. The hall was full of Old Girls' and their friends, a collectton was taken and £5 was given to the School Sports Fund.

This year we had a lovely day for the Summer Meeting and a large number took part in the Tennis tournament. A business meeting was held before the tournament. It was decided that any Old Girl who wished could pay a life subscription of 2 guineas instead of 3/- annually.

The following Committee was elected :—

Secretary—G. WHITE

Treasurer—W. LEWIS

Committee—E. BERRY, C. KENT, D. PIPER, D. STANYON.

Sub-Secretaries—G. DAVIS, 1914-16; M. HARVEY, 1917-19; E. BERRY, 1920-22; C. MANNING, 1923-25.

Magazine Representative—M. HARVEY.

The Sub-Secretaries and the Magazine Representative would be pleased to hear from Old Girls at any time.

THE REGENT STREET POLYTECHNIC SCHOOL OF ART.

APPARENTLY if one cherishes a remote wish to become an artist, it is necessary to struggle. Now the Polytechnic gives much scope for this. One often reads of the valour of men in their war on collar-studs, but rarely, if ever of the hardships of art students who have to climb the Polytechnic stairs. If, for instance, one of the "tender blossoms" is seized, in the middle of the morning with a violent hunger, or is conscience stricken by the loss of a drawing pin, he or she is reduced to walking first down and then up one hundred and sixty stairs to arrive in a state of semi-collapse at the top—probably at the same time as the lift. Thus we poor art students struggle! The simpleness of this process is, I have heard, one of the causes of the great success of this school of art.

Of course we work. We really get through an extraordinary quantity—when so minded. There are compositions (illustration and poster), criticisms and lectures on Perspective, Anatomy and Architecture, besides all the others, and this not counting any practicals.

When I first arrived clay modelling was a great joy to me. The clay is such obliging stuff. When it is all "tacky" it is quite a good pastime making it harder by throwing it, either at one's board or at a fellow student. This, although not permitted, is quite instructive, it teaches one, not only to throw straight, but also how readily expressions may be altered by the addition of a little clay.

If we wish to achieve greatness it is necessary to work strenuously with upturned sleeves to pass the manifold tests. These "tests" go before committees which "sit on them" and discuss one's misdeeds and scream over messy masterpieces—and then—the result!

Any of us who are of that Essex ilk should be thankful to an art school for declaring the impossibility of hurrying. A student is told on entering that if she shows great intelligence in passing exams. and things, she may get through the course in about six years or so. In the meanwhile—if she does not happen to be intelligent—she could apparently go on until overtaken by the toothlessness and baldness of old age. Then perhaps she would be mummified and used as a model for future students.

As a matter of fact this art school is one of the very best, many of the students have exhibited in the Royal Academy for years. So one looks for the top of the tree, and struggles.

ENA DE LISLE.

(Who will not vouch for the accuracy of any facts!)

LIFE IN A PENSIONNAT.

LIFE in a Swiss Pensionnat is rather a mixture of the strictest rules of school life and the most utter slackness. Sometimes we are "jeunes demoiselles" and must behave as if we had already attained a ripe old age, and sometimes we are treated as romping urchins of nine or ten. We are allowed to write letters once a week, on Sunday afternoons, when we are also allowed to buy one small packet, from Mdlle., of course, as it would corrupt our morals to enter a shop! But it all makes things so amusing. It is most interesting to rub shoulders with so many different nationalities and to learn their ways; but the more you learn the prouder you become of England and her customs, and you think that John of Gaunt's language was not too flowery when he sang her praises on his death bed.

On the whole we have a very good time. We get up at 7.15, and have very haphazard kind of lessons from 8.30 till 12.15, and then two hours preparation. About once a week we go for all day excursions into the Jura mountains. I cannot decide if Switzerland is more beautiful in summer when the mountains, even under the trees, are simply covered with flowers of every colour and kind, or in autumn when the leaves are turning. The colours are so much more brilliant than in England, and the contrast against the pines and firs is absolutely wonderful. I think perhaps autumn wins because it is then that the Alps are clearest We have a view of them across the lake from Mont Blanc to the Matterhorn, as Neuchâtel is just opposite the Jung Frau, and this autumn there is the glorious Alperglüher nearly every evening.

We always dance on Saturday evenings and on special occasions, such as birthdays. On Fridays, from 8 to 10 p.m., we have dancing lessons with a really typical little Swiss dancing master. They are by far the most amusing hours that we have —for the first half of the time we are opening rose-buds, dying butterflies and other equally inappropriate things. For the other hour we have just ordinary ballroom dancing. Until last week we have only had tennis, but after a great deal of agitation from the English, Mdlle. bought a football and two posts, so now we are trying to play netball on the tennis court, but as only the five English have ever played before its rather difficult and the rules are rather free !

Sometimes, as a special treat, we go to the cinema. It starts at 8 p.m. and goes on till 11.15 ; there are never less than eleven acts, and as cushioned seats are unknown out here one gets rather fidgety towards the end, and personally I always have the greatest difficulty in keeping awake after about 10 o'clock ! Neuchâtel is quite a gay little town ; it possesses a theatre, two cinemas and a concert hall, so we are hoping for great things later on in the winter.

Now of course we are all longing for the snow, as then we all go to Chaumort, a mountain just outside Neuchâtel, for the sports about twice or three times a week. I hear that the hardest winter for two hundred years is predicted, and that there will be ski-ing in England, so I can already see the High School practising down the slopes on the tennis courts. I often wish I could do it with them ! With very best wishes to the school and all good luck.

AUDREY GREEN.

A YEAR IN STRASBOURG.

AFTER our first year at the University College, Reading, it was decided that the larger part of the " French Honours " students should spend a year abroad and continue their studies in

a French University. Two of us chose Strasbourg University, partly because it had the reputation of being an excellent one and partly because we were sure there would not be as many compatriots there as at Paris.

The town is a very old one and the best view of it is obtained from the top of the Cathedral. One stands on a narrow platform surrounding the lace-like stonework of the spire, through which the wind eddies capriciously. Closely clustered round the cathedral square, and forming the heart of the city, lie the old brown houses with their sharply sloping roofs pierced by row on row of small windows. Here and there a stork's nest rests upon a chimney top, looking like a large dark ball neatly poised there by some chance kick. So serried are the ranks of houses that there seems no room for streets between them. The river Ill which divides and flows round this part of the town, making it into an island, seems to be crushing the houses together and keeping them aloof from the more modern quarters.

Across the river one sees large blocks of white stone buildings, chiefly built by the Germans after 1870, in massive and ornate style. There are the post office buildings with empty niches along the facade from which the statues of the Emperor William and his generals were torn by the mob in 1918; the University with its imposing columned front and its statues of Schiller, Goethe, Heine and other German writers left intact; the Palais du Rhin facing a square with lawns and flower beds; lines of foreign consulates, and finally a long chain of barracks and fortifications encircling the town. Beyond these the Alsatian plain stretches flat and treeless to the Rhine on the East and the Vosges forming a semi-circle on the West.

In term time there was not much time for anything except work at the University. French University life is a great contrast to life in an English University. In the first place Strasbourg, like all other Universities in France, was not residential, and as a result there was very little corporate life and no *esprit de corps*. The pride with which any English student takes in his university seemed quite lacking amongst the French, This was very largely due also to the fact that there were no sports clubs for the students. Although the University had a very large number of students it had not a single football or tennis ground of its own! It is not surprising that to an English student the French seemed to have no kind of band holding them together in a body.

The students themselves worked very hard indeed, and were never seen without their large, black porte-feuilles full of books, proceeding to lectures, their coats draped over their shoulders, the sleeves swinging empty behind. Lectures at 8.30 were as well attended in France as eleven o'clock ones.

Student demonstrations were of a very uninteresting type. A few of the wilder spirits used to form a long queue or *monome* and march round the square in front of the University, singing (to a tune of three notes)—

"Formez monôme, formez monôme Formez."

The rest of the students would look on tolerantly, and the assembly soon dispersed without attracting much attention and without having done anything original.

But if students failed to form a good procession, those organized by the town to celebrate such occasions as Armistice day, or the visit of the President, were quite good. The whole town used to blaze with electric lights placed along the fronts of the principal buildings, hung in the trees along the boulevards, and round the cathedral spire. After dark the Buarmite troops used to parade the streets bearing wonderful paper models of pagodas, huge fish, birds with flapping wings, and squatting gods, all lit up from the inside with torches. These weird creatures with their subdued internal glare of light, looked, from a distance as if they were moving of their own accord just above the heads of the crowd.

Space is very limited, and the general idea of the year spent in Strasbourg which I have tried to give is necessarily very limited too. In conclusion I can only say that if anyone wants to have a really good time let them go to Strasbourg!

A. TATUM.

VENICE, OCTOBER, 1925.

OUR party, which included several other Old Girls, left Victoria on Monday morning, October 5th, at 9 a.m., and after a splendid crossing from Folkestone to Boulogne and a comfortable journey via Paris, we arrived at the Swiss frontier at 5 o'clock Tuesday morning. Here we had to show our passports, etc., and were in the station one hour, but when we moved out again, it seemed as though we had entered Fairyland. High mountains, all beautifully wooded with autumn-tinted trees, shut us in on both sides, and the waterfalls and tiny rivulets made the scenery beautiful. The sun was rising over Lake Geneva and made a calm and peaceful picture in the morning light.

As we went further south, the mountains became more bold and some were quite bare rock, while others were cultivated on the lower slopes in terraces. After passing through the Simplon Tunnel, which took us 25 minutes, we soon entered the Plain of Lombary, and the scenery there except for the fields of maize and grapes, was very similar to Essex.

We arrived at Venice about 8 p.m. that night after crossing the huge railway bridge, about 4 miles long, which connects the island to the mainland, and went by steamer along the Grand Canal from the station to the Rialto Hotel where we stayed. The buildings along the canal were not nearly so brilliantly lighted as we expected, but our hopes were raised the next day when the weather proved to be warm and cloudless.

We were actually in Venice 8 days which was quite long enough to see all the places of interest, and to make us long for a good English breakfast. Our first visit was to St. Mark's Cathedral which is built entirely of marble, and the ceilings are decorated with wonderful mosaic pictures, all illustrating Bible stories. The Doge's Palace, joining the Cathedral, is also very wonderful in its costly architecture. In it is the largest picture in the world, which covers one whole side of a huge room. The dungeons in the Palace are horrible, and the entrance to the to the Bridge of Sighs opens from them.

Many of the men of Venice work in the glass factories where we saw them blowing the glass at the furnaces, and the girls work in the lace factories, making beautiful lace and embroideries by hand.

We had a great disappointment—the gondoliers were most unromantic. Most of them were very fat, dirty men, who looked as if they had not shaved their faces for weeks. The gondolas line up along the Promenade like taxis on a taxi rank, but before you hire them, you have to be very careful to bargain the price of the fare. For ordinary travelling, everyone goes by steamers, and these take the place of our public omnibusses. Some people imagine that you cannot walk about in Venice at all. This is very wrong, as you can walk all over the island by diving down various narrow alleys and over hundreds of small bridges. There is no wheeled traffic at all and everything is moved by gondolas—vegetables, logs of wood, furniture, and even funerals.

We went across to the Lido which is a separate island about 20 minutes steamer ride from Venice. The whole island consists of two broad avenues, huge hotels, and a few shops. Each hotel on the front has its own private piece of beach and huts fenced off, so we had to go a long way beyond all these before we could bathe. The water was very warm, and sitting on the sand a little while, we were perfectly dry.

We left Venice at 8.30 a.m. the Thursday morning for our return journey, and arrived at Paris at 7.30 a.m. Friday morning. After breakfast there we had a hasty tour to La Place de la Concour, Eiffel Tower and the Louvre, and a short ride on the stuffy Metropolitan Railway. When we left Paris it started to rain—such a contrast to warm, sunny Italy—and across the

Channel from Calais to Dover the wind was bitterly cold, but for all our enjoyable travels, London in its cold drizzle was home, and we were very glad to be back.

EDITH M. BERRY.

OLD GIRLS' EXAM. SUCCESSES.

M. MAKEPEACE—B.A. (London) Honours French Class II.
R. CAUSTON—B.Sc. (London) Division I.
M. FLATMAN—Intermediate Arts (London).
M. FITCH—Intermediate Arts (London).
E. JEEVES—Pass Mods. (Oxford).

MARRIAGE.

LOCKE—BEALE. At All Saints, Shrub End, Colchester, on September 15th, 1925. Vera Beale to Mr. A. M. Locke

---

BIRTH.

On June 15th, 1925, to Mr. and Mrs. Jefferies (neé Doris Smith)—a daughter.

NEW OLD GIRLS.

K. NORFOLK
A. TRAYLER
L. PRICE
O. CANT
V. PAICE
A. WADLEY
W. EDMUNDS
M. ENNEW
G. CAMPBELL
J. RITCHIE
E. STUART
V. SARGEANT—STOKES

"MEDEA."

ON the 2nd of July nine girls and three of the Staff went up for the afternoon to Walthamstow High School to see a performance of Gilbert Murray's translation of the "Medea" of Euripides.

A Greek theatre has just been built in the school grounds and as in all Greek theatres there was a circular space in the middle for the chorus—a very important feature of Greek drama —and in this some incense was burning most realistically. The stage is a small platform and there are three entrances to it. The spectators sit on benches which rise in tiers and make large semi-circles open to the sky.

We arrived just in time to see the play opening, Sybil Thorndike—so famous as St. Joan—made a tragic Medea, and her husband, Lewis Casson, acted well the parts of Creon, King of Corinth, and of the messenger. Medea's two children were played by Sybil Thorndike's own little girls.

After refreshing ourselves with ices and looking over the School we returned to Liverpool Street and came home.

Everyone agreed that the expedition was most enjoyable and it certainly renewed our interest in the Greeks.

JOYCE BEDWELL.

THE SWISS EXPEDITION.

THIS year, Miss Dancer took a party of twelve girls to spend the first fortnight of the summer holidays in Switzerland. Miss Crosthwaite and Miss Collier joined the party.

We had good crossings and very successful journeys, travelling via Paris. On the return journey we were able to visit Notre Dame.

We stayed at Chailly, a village just above Lausanne, and the view over the town and the Lake of Geneva was ideal. We stayed in a large house used as a school, and the people who looked after us were very pleasant and nice to us.

We had beautiful weather and so were able to go for long walks and explore the district round Lausanne, often picnicing in the woods; sometimes we even went out before breakfast. It was so warm that we were able to enjoy bathing in the Lake.

Our two longest expeditions were to Chillon and Geneva. We went on the Lake to visit both places. At Chillon we saw the famous castle and explored it down to the dungeons, finding it a most wonderful place.

At Geneva we saw the Salle de la Reformation, where the League Assemblies are held, and also the Palais des Nations where a great deal of the League work is done This of course

made us feel more ardent supporters of the League than ever. We went to Geneva on a lovely day and saw Mont Blanc very clearly.

While we were away we learnt quite a lot of French ; we had some amusing experiences but managed to make people understand our French. We went to a French service at the Cathedral in Lausanne, and understood some of it, although we could not make sense of the sermon. We had a very exciting fortnight and when it was over we all wished we had longer, and mutually decided it was the best holiday we had spent in our lives

E. YOUNG.

MARE'S NEST BY MOONSHINE.

IN the pale moon's light,
'Neath a tall gloomy tree,
I watched an old man
But he didn't watch me.

On the grey-green trunk
His eyes were fixed fast,
First up and then down
His look he would cast.

For mysterious marks,
Went as far as the boughs,
Like the imprints of hoofs—
Was it horses or cows ?

But hark ! there's a sound
Like the hard thud of feet,
The old man fled
And my own heart beat.

And out of the dark
Into pale moonlight,
Charged a galloping steed,
Of ivory white.

* * *

Not a sound round about,
All the earth was at rest,
But the old man and I
Know that mares build a nest.

JESSIE WAUMSLEY, Age 15.

CROSS-WORD PUZZLES.

THE spell of the cross-word puzzle is upon us, and is binding us tightly in its iron grip. Even if one has not succumbed to it oneself, one cannot ignore it—this terrible giant which has prostrated so many of us, and is stealthily prowling round, "seeking whom he may devour" next. The only way to keep sane is to be very firm, and when a raving maniac comes up to you flushed with victory or tearing his hair in despair, as the case may be, simply turn away your eyes and say in a cool, level, voice "I am afraid I don't understand those puzzles you are doing." During meals, when the conversation turns on the subject of words, such as the technical term for the backbone of a caterpillar, you must take no part in the discussion. If you become interested it will be all over with you; you will be seized with a wild craving for those strange little geometrical patterns of black and white, and you will walk about all day with a strange, far-away look in your eyes, clasping a dictionary to your heart and murmuring strange words to yourself.

The epidemic spreads with fearful rapidity, and is no respector of persons, schoolboys, staid business men, girls and old ladies, are alike smitten; and one hears the cross-word jargon being earnestly talked in station waiting-rooms, in schools, in the street and at home. The thing is becoming a science, and hostile schools of thought are being formed, some holding that the "black squares should be precise and geometrical in pattern," and others that "they should be massed together in fanciful designs over the puzzle."

But what is there in those innocent-looking black and white squares that can turn a perfectly sane man into an almost raving lunatic.? I doubt if a cross-word puzzler himself could explain what was holding him. Perhaps it is the mystery of those baffling little clues, worded so alluringly. For instance, who could resist "His brother's murderer," or "Vehicles," or "a watcher by the sea," which, when translated, mean Cain, buses, and C.G., short for coast-guard? Perhaps it is the glorious sense of having fought hard and overcome great difficulties which thrills him so as he lies back in his chair, with the finished puzzle on his knee, panting with exhaustion and flushed with victory. What does he do next? Celebrate his triumph with feasting and song? Go for a brisk walk? Not a bit of it! His eye creeps guiltily round to the clock, as slowly and stealthily he turns over the next page of the "Shilling Cross-Word Puzzle Book."

J. A. KEMPTHORNE, L. VI.

THE OWL.

THE owl that screeched all night
When the stars were shining bright
As it took its quiet flight
Its eyes glittered so bright
The animals stood still with fright
They pleaded in their plight
And cried with all their might.

MICHAEL FROST (Pre.)

HAMLET REDIVIVUS.

(With many apologies to Shakespere).

TO bob or not to bob—that is the question :
Whether 'tis better on the head to suffer
An insecure and feeble " bun " of hair,
Or in the face of dismal friends' foreboding,
To say a last farewell to scanty locks,
And with the scissors end them ? To cut—to bob—
And by a bob to find we end all head-ache,
Capital freedom and free growth insured,
And after all, why not ? To cut—to bob—
To bob,—perhaps to wish—ay, there's the rub—
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
To wish our head less like a bunch of tow
All thin and straight—till bobbed, we cannot tell,
This makes us rather bear the ill we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of !
Thus conscience doth make cowards of us all,
We're torn in twain, we know not which to do
Each path beset with briers—who can pass thro' ?

M. JOYCE BEDWELL, 1/6/25.

A SUNSET SCENE.

(As seen from the top of Barracks' Hill, Norwich).

I CLIMBED the hill, and stood
And looked
Into the vale below.
It seemed as though no breath of wind did blow,
And all the city that I watched was still.
The sun had set, but from the high steep hill
I saw the last rays ling'ring even still.
Bright red, and orange faint,

Were mixed as though with fairy brush and paint,
A fairy artist had been working there ;
And with his magic touches in the air,
Had wrought this work so fine and wonderful,
For everyone to gaze on.
Beautiful
It was beyond all thought :
The city with a few small lights beneath ;
Above, the sunset sky ; all round, the heath.

J. Byford, Upper Vb.

ON THE DEATH OF QUEEN ALEXANDRA.

WE may not see the wonders of the earth—
The countless things that made our lives before :
The ruthless winds have swept the garnished floor,
All things are gone, and vanished is our mirth—
A queen shall come no more.

Let us go out and leave the haunts of men
To seek the solace of the frozen skies ;
The silence shall unfold its mysteries ;
The world is cold ; O bring to us again
The comfort in your eyes.

New generations through the ageless years,
You shall but know the things that we have seen ;
She may yet pass as lovely and serene,
You shall think of her still, with pride and tears
Who lived and died a queen.

J. Bloomfield, Upper V.B.

FRUITS FROM THE TREE OF KNOWLEDGE.

The main sheet is the most important one.

Charles Wain was Pip's friend in "Great Expectations" ; he helped Pip a lot.

Uncle Sam either a character in Uncle Tom's Cabin or in Vanity Fair.

Cleopatra's Needle is a small gate where camels' (if they can) pass throught.

King Arthur's Seat was at the Round Table with his knights.

The Golden Horn is the Sign of Plenty.

A wet winter doesn't make a summer.

The Milky Way is an expression used by Wordsworth meaning the clouds.

A law suit is an ordinary suit of plain material or a suit you wear to the Law Courts.

Michael Angelo was an acrobat.

A Gladiator is a large ferocious animal found in tropical waters.

A leaking pot never boils.

THE YOUNG IDEA SHOOTS.

Piping Voice in Prep: "May I borrow a 'centimental' ruler, mine hasn't got any?"

THE SONG IN THE MARSHES.

DOWN in the marshes at evening-tide
The croak of the frogs is alone my guide
Over the fields in the mist dank and drear
The will-o-the-wisps flitting there and then here,
Then a mournful sound creeps up from the glade
Like the musical woe of a fairy maid.

You can follow the sound to the top of the hill
And find 'tis the song of a running rill
Then follow it down to a deep ravine
Its only the rush of the gorge between,
But if you go down to the deep cool glade
You will say it's the sigh of a fairy maid.

Then if you go to a neighbouring fell
It sounds like the peal of a far-off bell
You can trace it all over the country side
And at times it sounds like the incoming tide
Its the croak of the frogs in the marsh, near the glade
But mingled with brooks its the sigh of a maid.

P. LEACH, Upper V.c.

LIMERICK.

I ONCE had a little black cat
It was sleek and both lazy and fat
She stayed in the house
Never troubled a mouse
And she seemed quite afraid of a rat.

J. PILKINGTON, Upper IIIB., 11 years.

THE MOON.

O GOLDEN, shining moon,
Shining big and bright
Down upon this cold dark earth
To cheer us with your light.

O quiet yellow moon,
Send out your shafts of light
And silver rays and moon-beams
For fairies to alight.

O silver glistening moon
Veiled in shadows white
As if you held a secret,
While pale mists hide your light.

O hornèd crescent moon
You are a silver boat
Skimming o'er the dark blue sky
As if on sea afloat.

You are steered by fairies
Out on the sea up there ;
Paler they than dewdrops
With silver floating hair.

O pale and sickly moon
Pallid, white and wan,
You are slowly waning
And you will soon be gone.

Hide behind the clouds of gloom
Like a halo pale,
And call again the bright new moon
For all the world to hail.

G. BEDWELL. Upper V.C.

"EROS."

Alone he stood,
And gazed upon that city brood
Of men and women hurrying past,
A minute only would they last,
Then disappear.

But some he knew so well,
Who stood beneath to sell
Their baskets full of fairest flowers,
Beloved of all the city goers,
Passing near.

Above them all he hung,
Within his bow his arrow strung,
Now commerce reigns, love's reign is done,
And we must mourn him, Venus' son.

H. WILKINSON, Upper VB.

MY GARDEN.

I HAVE a little garden
With heaps of pretty flowers
I could rake it and water it
Or sit by it for hours,

I have some purple pansies
And purple violas too
And, perhaps, some happy day
I'll give a bunch to you.

I have some purple irises,
And a little apple tree,
And some purple spiderwort,
Visited by a bee.

I love my little garden
With all its flowers so gay
I love to sit and look at it
To pass the hours away.

A. CLANCHY, Age 11.

A SUN-DIAL'S COMPLAINT.

O, PITY me, thou passer-by,
And pitying, kindly wonder why
I stand so useless here.

The task once set me I fulfilled,
Whilst I had means, and then was stilled,
Thus growing old and sere.

These spreading trees have grown so high
That they completely hide the sky
And cast this gloomy shade.

So that is why I cannot say
The hours and minutes of the day,
But stand a sun-robbed jade.

I'm firmly fixed, a block of stone,
And often to myself I moan
Of this existence drear.

O, pity me, thou passer-by,
And pitying, kindly wonder why
I stand so useless here.

MARY CARDO, Upper Vc.

WE wish to acknowledge with thanks the magazine of the Wimbledon County High School.