Colchester County High School.



Magazine.



No. 10. December, 1926.

Colchester County High School Magazine.

X. DECEMBER, 1926.

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F. Moss	H. Newborn	L. Tadman	B. Theobald

* Members of Executive Committee.

EDITORIAL.

THE Editor and Committee, having edited the material sent in by the School and judged the competitions, hope that everybody will be pleased with the School's work. We wish to point out that the function of the School Magazine is to prove to all and sundry that we are very much alive. This is not done only by reports of various school activities,—though we hope of course

that interest in our societies will continue to increase—but by letting our spirits overflow into the magazine. (Please note that we do not mean that girls should write, as one did, about "the unknown joys" to be found in the classes at Greyfriars—this is too vague to be convincing). What we really want is lots of exciting stuff for the Mag. Our interest in it should not be confined to the perusal and criticism of our fellows' literary art. But if we ourselves are incapable of writing we can at least encourage them!

This year Form Notes have been ommitted, but there are short notes on the Pre. and the Sixth Form. Form representatives found very little to say without overlapping the other reports.

We were very sorry to lose Miss Hole, who left at Easter to take up a post at Reading, but we have Miss Barclay in her place. Last year we had to say good-bye to Miss Samuels who is still taking an interest in the Magazine, and to Miss Illington and Miss Jenkins who had both been with us for more than five years. We welcome Miss Finch and Miss Morton (English) and Miss Peatfeld (Maths.).

EXAMINATION RESULTS.

Cambridge School Certificate, December, 1925.

Bishop, V. D.
Taylor, M.

July, 1926.

Armstrong, K. A.
*Balls, E. S. (Honours).
Brown, G. F.
Death, C. M.
*Digby, F. M. (Honours).
Fletcher, J. S. W.
*French, I. E. (Honours)
Freye, M.
Gould, M. N. R.
Green, O. H.
Grosvenor-Smyth, P. M.
Head, R. E.
Jackson, N. A. M.
Payne, L. M.
Percival, L. (Honours)
Porkess, M. R.
Roper, M. I.
Springett, D. M.
Stringer, N. M.
Sumner, D. M. A.
*Swan, A. V. (Honours. Distinction in Latin).
*Wadley, E. (Honours. Distinction in French).
*Waumsley, J. M. (Honours).
Williamson, E. E.

*Exemption from London Matriculation.

Cambridge Higher School Certificate, July, 1926.

Hurnard, N. D. (Group II).

LONDON MATRICULATION, JANUARY, 1926.

Brown, E. B.
Higgins, J. N.
Theobald, B. A.

JULY, 1926.

Blythe, B. L.
Crawford, M.
Newborn, H. E.
Reeve, M. G.

LONDON INTERMEDIATE ARTS, JULY, 1926.

Bedwell. M. J.
Brooks, G.
Compton, N. (3 Subjects out of 4)

HOUSECRAFT EXAMINATION, NATIONAL SOCIETY FOR DOMESTIC STUDIES, JULY, 1926.

1ST CLASS.

Angier, E. A.
Brazier, E. F.
Child, O.

2ND CLASS.

Ditchburn, I.
Moss, F. M.
Surridge, E. N.
Wildman, H. W.

SCHOLARSHIPS.

Brooks, G., St. Andrew's Hall Scholarship, Reading University.
Bedwell, M. J., Open Exhibition, Bedford College, London.

ESSEX COUNTY COUNCIL MAJOR SCHOLARSHIPS.

Bedwell, M. J.
Brooks, G.

PRE. NOTES.

FORM I.

There are seventeen in our form. Three are boys. We have room 13 for our form room. It has French windows and a balcony on which we hang fat for the birds. We have seen blue tits, sparrows, robins, starlings and thrushes. They enjoy it very much. We are furnishing a school room for the dolls and we have a bowl in which we keep sea weeds and shells.

FORM LOWER II.

There are twenty-two in our form and we have room 3. It is a very nice room because in it are lots of pictures and statues. We are learning to play netball though we have not had many games because of the rain. At the end of term we are going to act The King's Breakfast and Winnie-the-pooh.

UPPER II A & B.

There are sixteen girls and three boys in our form. We look after the flowers in Miss Crosthwaite's room and also Miss Gordon's. We have a library in our room, and we pay 2d. a term to borrow books which we take out every Friday. We are making doll's hats in handwork and the boys are making baskets. We are also making sponge bags in our needlework lessons. We have one red badge in our form and six members of the Y.H.L. Nearly every Monday this term we have been turned out of our room for the medical examination. We don't like it at all because we forget our books and lose our pencils.

GREY FRIARS.

GREY FRIARS is an ancient building,
On the hill of East Gates standing.
At the bottom is a green-house
At the right side is a small pond.
And the girls they play together,
With their ropes and balls and playthings,
On the asphelt in the winter,
On the big lawn in the summer,
Very pretty is Grey Friars,
With its lawn and trees and flowers.

E. JONES, Age 11.

GAMES REPORTS.

NETBALL REPORT, 1925-26.

THERE were not very many matches played this season, but the 1st Team was successful in again reaching the Final match in the League which was played against Woodford. It was a very good game and at half-time the School was leading by one goal. Finally Woodford won by 25-15.

It is hoped that girls will make an effort to improve the shooting which is at present weak throughout the School; and also that the forms will practice quick passing during free time as the teams seem to be so tired by half-time in matches, which is chiefly caused by lack of training.

Team Criticism.

1st Term.	G.S.	G. Mann.	Made a good Shooter but was inclined to be rather rough.
2nd Term		E. Chalk	A very good and steady shooter.
	A.	R. Frame	Very good though a little erratic. She gets free and passes well.
1st Term.	A.C.	E. Boyes (Capt).	Very good indeed.
2nd „		J. Fletcher	Very quck and neat and passes well.
1st Term.	M.C.	B. Page	Very steady and played well with her centres.
2nd „		M. Brooke	Made a useful centre but was too slow.
1st Term.	D.C.	P. Turner	Quick and neat. She jumps well.
2nd „		D. Stringer (Capt.)	Plays thoughtfully and well, especially in the first half of the game. Her play has very much improved during the season and she is a useful and good captain. (N.F.J.)

D. T. Johnson. Good; but she must mark her opponent more closely.

G.K. N. Jackson. A very strong defence, she jumps well.

Results of Matches, 1925-26.

School	v. Chelmsford (League Match)	School won 32-8.
„	v. Woodford Green („ „)	„ lost 25-15.
„	v. Ipswich	„ won 29-5.
„	v. Old Girls	„ „ 26-20.
„	(2nd Team) v. Chelmsford ...	„ „ 17-2.

D. Stringer (Capt).

HOCKEY, 1925-1926.

THE team combined well considering that there were only four players left from last year's First XI. The Saturday morning games were well attended, but very few played in the evening practices. A second XI was formed this year and played some quite good matches. But until girls realize that one game a week is not sufficient if they want to play well, the standard of the Hockey in the school will not improve.

Team Criticism.

G.K. K. Armstrong. Uses her feet well but must learn to be able to stop the ball when shot from any angle.

R.B. H. Wilkinson. A steady back who can be relied upon. Rather slow.

L.B. M. Freye. A good strong back, but she must learn to have more control over the ball.

R.H. M. Shephard. Has a strong clearing stroke, and uses her head. Rather slow.

C.H. D. Sumner (Capt.). A most reliable centre half, because she uses judgement in feeding her forward line. She has been a keen captain. M.H.

L.H. J. Woodard. She tackles well and backs up her forwards. A little slow in clearing.

R.W. R. Kempson. A fast wing, and a real dribbler, but apt to muddle with her inner.

R.I. N. Surridge. Good at rushing but inclined to overrun the ball. Passes well.

C.F. T. Johnson. A strong player but careless at times. Shoots well.

L.I. D. Aldridge. Quite fast and neat with her stick, but must use more force when shooting.

L.W. H. Kempthorne. A good dribbler, but she must learn to pass before she is tackled.

D. Sumner.

Result of Matches 1925-26.

Michaelmas Term.

School v. Maldon Grammar School ...	School lost	1-10
„ v. Braintree County High School	„ won	2-0

Spring Term.

School v. Harwich County High School	School lost	1-4
„ v. Ipswich High School ...	„ „	2-5
„ v. Chelmsford County High School	„ „	1-9
„ v. Staff	„ won	5-1

Second XI. Michaelmas Term.

School v. Staff	School lost	0-3

Spring Term.

School v. Maldon Grammar School ...	School won	6-2
„ v. Chelmsford County High School	„ lost	0-4
Oxford v. Cambridge	Oxford won	6-2

LAWN TENNIS, 1926.

DURING this season the standard of play has improved owing to the keener interest in practising the individual strokes. On the whole the serving is very weak, chiefly because girls do not realise how essential it is to start a service with a good swing round using the whole of the arm and shoulder instead of merely using the elbow.

This swing not only gives strength to the service, but it also greatly improves the style.

In the finals of the form matches, the Upper VI won the cup after a close and hard game against Lower Vb.

Team Criticism.

T. Johnson. Makes a strong opponent and has some good drives though she is inclin d to be a little wild.

D. Sumner. If in serving she would use her whole arm and shoulder, not merely her elbow, she would gain strength and her style would be greatly improved. She has some good forehand strokes but her backhand is still rather weak.

M. Stringer. Has a reliable backhand but her forehand needs practice. The style of her service is good but is often very erratic.

Y. Bridgeman. With a more reliable service she would play a good all-round game. Her net work is promising.

L. Robson. Has some good cross-court drives, and with a much freer swing from her arm and shoulder they would be much more effective. Her play has improved during the season.

D. Stringer.

D. Stringer (Capt.). Her style is good, but she too easily loses confidence in her powers in a difficult game. We hope she will captain the team again next summer.

M. H

Results of Matches, 1926.

School	v. Harwich (League Match)	School won	2—1 matches.
„	v. Chelmsford („ „ „	lost	3—0 „
„	v. Ipswich	lost	66—33 games
„	v. Old Girls	lost	57—42 „
„	v. Maldon	won	52—47 „
„	v. Chelmsford	lost	62—37 „

SPORTS DAY, 1926.

ALTHOUGH it rained on the Saturday when we were to have run the heats, they were all finished by Sports Day on June 5th. Every break a stream of girls equipped with plimsolls, collars and ties was seen making for the field where the heats were being run off. June 5th was fine but cool, which was good for the competitors but perhaps some of the spectators found it rather cold.

We again had record high jumping, the senior winner jumping 4ft. 3in. against 4ft. 7in. last year.

The team races were more exciting than ever this year; they were Girdle Race, Flag Race and Crossball, a very complicated race we had never run before. Upper IVc won the Girdle Race and were given the statuette "The Boy with a Thorn" for their formroom. Upper Va, won "The Concert" after Gerard Terborch for the Flag Race and "Eros" was Upper Vb's prize for Crossball.

The Mayor kindly consented to present the prizes. The three top forms were :—

1. Upper IVa—prize—"The Sweeping Girl" after Rembrandt.
2. Upper IIIa—prize—"The Letter" after Gerard Terborch.
3. Lower IIIa—prize—"Anne Cressacre."

DORIS CLARKSON.

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A HOME-SCIENTIST.

IN ones and twos we arrive, and donning our white overalls we prepare ourselves for the Fray. "Good morning," my dears says Miss Collier, "sit down and we'll begin."

Thus having been allotted our various tasks for the day we settle down to real, hard work!

All goes well; potatoes are peeled, pastry made and cleaning up is in full swing, when CRASH, down goes a basin; knives and forks are scattered on the tiled floor, and a dreamy voice is heard exclaiming, "Oh dash, that's 3/6 gone west, and there would be a plate inside it too!"

Biscuit time comes round and for a few minutes we take the opportunity of resting our weary limbs.

Meanwhile puddings are steaming and potatoes cooking furiously; we are all busy when a voice breaks in on our labours: "My dears, these potatoes are boiling far too fast."

At 12 o'clock we begin frying our pancakes. Everyone crowds round the gas, and someone, while trying to reach the sugar, increases the pandemonium by upsetting the whole tin. There is a lull, broken by the sizzling of the fat and the sighs of the culprit.

At last one of the pancakes is ready for tossing. "Over the table, please, and keep your wrist loose," says Miss Collier. We draw back to watch the proceeding. The amateur chef tosses, but, alas, the pancake returns no more to its former resting place!

The day's cooking is done, 12.25 p.m. and no dishing up done.

Two of us run to the saucepans. The steak and kidney pudding is pulled out: at this critical moment the basin breaks, and our lovely pudding is left floating about in the water.

At 12.30 we are all ready, *mirabile dictu*, and in spite of accidents we enjoy our dinner thoroughly.

The afternoon's work is comparatively uneventful. There can be no juggling with towels, although there are twenty-one processes of washing to be gone through.

We finish at 3.45, and return to our respective homes, tired with the day's toil.

L. TADMAN.

SIXTH FORM NOTES.

THE 1926 Sixth Form lived up to the reputation (for hard work) which always clings to this illustrious body. As a result of this virtuous labour two members of the form gained open Scholarships at Universities.

But it must not be thought that the Sixth indulges in mental gymnastics to the exclusion of gymnastics for the body. The Upper VI carried off the Cup for tennis in the summer; and this year for the first time they performed on their own in the Gym Competition and also in Netball matches. It was the Lower VI who distinguished themselves by winning Peter Pan for Netball.

Of last year's Sixth Form, two members have gone to Oxford, B. Makepeace (St. Hugh's) and J. Kempthorne (Home Student), J. Bedwell to Bedford College and E. Brooks and W. Wadley to Reading.

SYBIL GOSLING.

TRAFFIC CONTROL.

YEAR by year the traffic problem in the corridor seems to become more and more acute. Collisions occur at every door-way as soon as the bell is rung. So this term it was decided that prefects should be on 'point duty' at the most congested spots, to control the apparently never ending streams: but we were sorry to find that so many people suffer from defective hearing. At first the installation of a megaphone to aid such sufferers was proposed, but it was afterwards realised that this might only add to the general uproar. However, the next

suggestion of a white line down the centre of the corridor seemed much more hopeful. It would then only be necessary for someone to be at each end, to see that nobody crossed the line and thus the strain on prefect's vocal organs would be considerably reduced.

H. NEWBORN

TWO ROBBERS.

TWO Robbers one day,
Set upon their way,
To burn the house down.

Round the house they crept
With a stealty step,
To burn the house down.

"Got your matches bill?"
No there on the hill!
So they did't burn the house down.

JOAN BULLOUGH, Age 11.

THE MUSIC CLUB.

ANY adequate account of the starting of the Music Club at school this year must begin with gratitude to Miss Gordon. We are probably not far wrong in guessing that the idea and original planning of such a Club was hers, and there is no doubt whatever that the Club in being depends upon her and means work for her all the time. She does all this for the School so quietly that she is suspected of hoping that nobody knows who is doing it, but they do and are tremendously grateful.

The Music Club was started at the beginning of the Autumn Term, 1925. The members of the club pay a subscription of one shilling and sixpence a term and at North Hill during the term we have six concerts or lectures and at Greyfriars they have a weekly concert. The object of the Club is to give us all a chance of hearing good music.

The concerts themselves are very interesting because they are not merely a series of songs or instrumental music, but the items are usually introduced by short introductory notes. The lectures are accompanied by solos which make them real and illustrate them well.

A rather interesting feature of the Music Club is the concerts which are given by the girls themselves. We have had two of these concerts, one in the first term of the Club's existence, and the other in the third. Each form had to produce items and the concerts provided a good deal of variety and interest.

Our most constant visitor is Dr. Daymond who has been several times. She usually brings someone who sings to us while she herself tells us about the songs and accompanies them and sometimes gives us pianoforte solos.

Another visitor who has given several piano recitals is Mr. Reginald Paul. He is of particular interest to us because he gave the very first concert after the formation of the Music Club.

An unusual concert was given this term by Madame Adelaide Lambe who brought her harpsichord and played and sang to us. She created the atmosphere of the period of the harpsichord by wearing an old time dress; she also showed us an instrument used by the Africans, which is worked on much the same principle as the harpsichord.

Miss Gordon and Miss Mortimer have also played a few times on the violin and piano. Miss Jex has played her 'cello to us and Miss Goodwin has sung.

We have recently acquired a new Grand Piano which was largely subscribed to by an entertainment held at Greyfriars in the summer term.

The Music Club is very popular and most of the girls belong to it.

As we began we must end by thanking Miss Gordon for her own music which she gives so freely for our enjoyment, and for the time and trouble she expends so generously in bringing other people's music within our reach.

THE SCHOOL CONCERT.

ON February 26th, the singing classes of North Hill and Grey Friars gave a concert at the Moot Hall, which Mr. Albert Sammons, the Violinist, helped to make a success. Grey Friars opened the programme with 'The Coast's of High Barbary,' a unison song, and this was followed by part songs by North Hill, including 'O Hush thee my Baby,' 'Over Hill over Dale,' and 'All throught the night.' Between some of the songs, Mr. Sammons with Dr. Young accompanying him played delightfully.

The concert was varied further by three pianoforte solos, a Chopin Waltz played by Rosalie Bridgeman, a Mendlessohn study, played by Beryl Page and John Ireland's 'Island Spell' by Helen Giles.

The very successful afternoon came to a end with the singing of 'The Pilgrim's Song,' and 'God be in my head.'

J. HIGGINS.

THE ENTERTAINMENT AT GREY FRIARS.

ON July 22nd a dancing Entertainment, arranged by Miss Jex, was held in Grey Friars garden to raise funds for a new piano for North Hill. The music was contributed by Miss Mortimer and Miss Gordon.

This year it took the form of an old-world flower garden in which all the flowers as well as butterflies, bees and autumn leaves danced to amuse the owners, eight Ladies and Gentlemen. Four little boys and girls also figured in the masque, blowing most successful soap-bubbles, playing ball and skipping. The Ladies and Gentlemen themselves were not above passing the time with a stately minuet.

The Spirit of the Garden first invoked her subjects.

In the course of the afternoon the herald announced Buttercups and Daises, Water Lilies, Roses, Primroses, Snowdrops, Daffodils, Anchusa, Crocuses, Bluebells and even Poppies, who were driven out as weeds, daintily and appropriately costumed. The Butterflies were there of course, as well as most realistic wasps and bees. After the last item, the dance of Autumn and her leaves, the Gardener concluded by sweeping them all up with great patience and fortitude.

Stalls of flowers, sweets etc. were held by various forms. Upper Vb. and c provided teas on the playground, afterwards.

J. Blomield, Upper Va.

COMPETITIONS.

AGES 16 AND OVER.

IN this section the girls had to write either an essay in the style of any well-known essayist or a sonnet. There were not very many entries, and only one essay. The prize goes to H. Wilkinson.

OFTEN I've watched the trains rush through the night,
A line of golden light shoot from the dim
Dark row of shiv'ring trees that form a rim
Against the starry sky ; flutt'ring in fright
Their leaves and whispr'ing as the lights appear
Around the bend, and sparks shoot through the sky,
While dusky, dim, smoke-clouds roll darkly by,
Which leave the trees all-trembling in their fear.
But trees and fields are slipping swiftly back :
The train goes roaring through the dark, clear, night,
And on, still on, speeds o'er its shining track,
The steadfast stars alone to mark its flight.
So, thoughtless, heedless, through our lives we go,
Towards a vast unknown of joy or woe.

H. Wilkinson, Upper 5a. Age 16.



THERE was a crooked man and went he a crooked mile,
He found a crooked sixpence against a crooked stile :
He bought a crooked cat which caught a crooked mouse,
And they all lived together in a little crooked house.

AGES 14 AND UNDER 16.

THERE were many entries in this section for each of the competitions; one of which was to illustrate a nursery rhyme, and the other to write a speech for the animal's debate, the motion being "That it is better to be a dog than a cat." The nursery rhyme illustrations were particularly good, and the

prize goes to Yvonne Bridgeman, the chief figure of whose illustration is reproduced; the Committee very much regret that it was impossible to reproduce all of it. People at North Hill will be able to see some of the others, which are highly commended, on the notice board. The animals got quite ferocious over their debate; the subject was evidently a most important one. Ruth Lewis' is printed below; it was felt that it did not really deserve a prize because it is not exactly what was asked for, but people who do not know can learn from it how a debate ought to be conducted.

THE ANIMALS DEBATE (I AM A RABBIT).

ON a moonlight night in Fern Glen Wood, all the animals were summoned by Mr. Fox, chairman of the 'Animal's Debating Society' to a debate.

When the Dandelion Clocks blew midnight, I went to my brother's burrow and together we went to a Glen where the debate was to be held. Mr. Fox was seated on a tree stump with the animals seated around on hillocks and stumps and the birds perching on low bushes.

Mr. Fox rose and said "Animals and Animalesses, we meet here to-night for a debate, the motion being, 'That it is better to be a dog than a cat,' I will now call upon Mr. Parrot to make a speech favouring 'It is better to be a dog.' I think you will all agree with me that he will be able to speak with some authority as he lives in a house with a dog and a cat." Here we all clapped.

Mr. Parrot flew on to a high bough. "Mr. Chairman, Animals and Animalesses" he began, "I think you will agree with our honourable Chairman in choosing me to speak. I have lived with cats and dogs all my life, and watched them with my usual keen observance. "Conceit" muttered a large rat at this point. "Silence" said the Chairman severely. "Ah just so" said my brother. "I say that it is infinitely preferable to be a dog" continued Mr. Parrot, ignoring the interruption. "If the family goes out the dog goes with them, where as poor puss is consigned to the shed. Try and shut the dog up in the shed and he will bark until somebody lets him out for fear of being deafened, where as poor puss would mew in vain. For the dog somebody always buys biscuits, Melox and bones, where as Puss has to live on the scraps if there are any and if not what she can get. I think dogs are considered more in every way." Mr. Parrot descended. We all clapped. "Ah just so," said my brother.

The Chairman then rising thanks Mr. Parrot for his speech and calls upon Mr. Jackdaw to make a speech favouring 'It is better to be a cat.'

Mr. Jackdaw here ascends to the bough of honour. "Mr. Chairman, Animals and Animalesses," he begins "I disagree with the last honourable speaker, I think cats are far better cared for than dogs. I, like the last honourable speaker live in a house where there is a cat and a dog The cat purrs in front of the fire or over a saucer of milk all day, taking little walks in the sun when it feels like it, and in odd moments being amused by some foolish person with a cork on a string, where as the dog is chained in the yard all day, only being let off the chain for a little run in the evening." Here a small Pom rose and said scornfully "Are you speaking of dogs of our superior species or those common watch dogs?" At this point a watch dog growled and showed its teeth viciously.

Mr. Chairman rose "The presence of Lady Pom and Mr. Terrier is no longer desirable," he said. "I should be obliged if they have their duel in another part of the wood."

The two animals put their tails between their legs and walked sulkily away "Ah just so" said my brother. Mr. Fox glared at him, then said "I now declare the meeting open to discussion, "Ah, yes just so" said my brother.

A large rat here stood up "Mr. Chairman, Animals and Animalesses, I disagree with the last honourable speaker. Cats, cruel things, have a better time than dogs, they are equally well fed and then not content they hunt us. One killed four of my babies last week."

"Hear, Hear!" exclaimed a field mouse "Ah jus——" but my brothers voice trailed away into silence, and I looked up to see him hurtling through the air, for Mr. Mole now emerged from his front door, on which my brother had been sitting, by mistake for a hillock.

Order having been restored, a weasel rose and said "Mr. Chairman, Animals and Animalesses, I beg to say that dogs are just as cruel as cats, the way they hunt us is atrocious." Then Mr. Chairman said "I beg to remind the last honourable speaker that he is wandering from the point. We are not having a debate on the cruelty of dogs and cats. Now by show of paws and claws will you vote as to whether it is better to be a cat or a dog." In his excitement my brother sat on his hind legs and waved both his little white paws in the air.

"That young rabbit there" said the Chairman, "Do you mean one paw in favour 'that it is better to be a cat' and one paw in favour 'that it is better to be a dog' or——"Ah yes just so" said my brother.

The Chairman looked exasperated. In another minute I think he would have picked my brother up and shaken him, but at this moment Phœbë hid her face, the first streaks of dawn were plainly discernible on the eastern horizon, and the steps of a gamekeeper were heard coming through the wood.

The meeting broke up in confusion. We all went wearily home, each animal still firmly holding under it's little fur, feather or hair cap it's own opinion as to whether it is better to be a dog than a cat, and I expect you hold your opinion, if so hold it until you get an invitation from our Chairman to a debate in Fern Glen Wood, then air it to your heart's content.

RUTH LEWIS, Upper Vc., Age 15.

AGES 11 AND UNDER 14.

THE competition in this section was to write either an original adventure of Alice in Wonderland or an original ballad. The prize goes to J. Southgate and E. Payne is highly commended. The Committee felt that the required originality had been attained.

ALICE IN ZOOLAND.

ALICE was in an arm-chair in front of the fire day dreaming. It seemed as though the fire was a big patch of sunlight on the green grass which was the hearth tiles. A big brown bear was coming towards her and strange to say she did not feel afraid of it. It ambled up to her and said in a deep voice, "Oh! so you are here at last, you're late enough. The dinner has nearly all gone, and we are all tired of waiting for you, so hurry up!" Alice was surprised but she said nothing, and followed the bear to a rocky place with pools of water in the midst. Several bears, brown and black, were playing a game in the water. It was like "off-ground-touch," but it was out of water touch really, for they had to swim to get on to the rocks in the pool when they wanted a rest.

The bear led Alice to a place near the water where a lot of uncooked fish were lying on the ground. She hoped she was not expected to eat these, but she was. "Hurry up and get them eaten," said the grisly bear, "You are lucky to get any at all." Alice nibbled at a tiny bit of fish, and then saying she had had enough, and was feeling very thirsty, asked for a drink. The bear took her to another pool of clearer water and told her to drink some of it. This was not pure water, but it had got a powder in it for keeping the bears cool in hot weather. Alice did not drink much because it did not taste very nice, but it helped to quench her thirst.

After that she played with the bears in the water. They were really quite gentle. She knew how to swim but she could not swim nearly as fast as they could. When the grisly bear called her out of the water she was dismayed to find the pretty blue cotton frock she had had on at first, had changed to a coat of short brown fur. The bear took her to the monkey house and left her there.

She felt a tiny bit shy at first because the monkeys were talking in such a funny way, and she could not understand it. But she soon got over that and had a lively game with them. Later on she felt very hungry and the monkeys offered her some monkey-nuts which she took gladly, for she liked monkey-nuts very much. Another monkey offered her a raw potatoe. They were very fond of raw potatoes and it was rather kind of the monkey to give her one as they hadn't got many. Alice didn't like potatoes at all, especially raw ones, so she said, "Gibber nop gretons potate naime," which meant, "I don't like raw potatoes thank-you." She suddenly seemed to know their language Probably the nuts made her. They monkeys were very annoyed when she refused the potatoe, and turned her out.

She was wandering about, feeling rather lonely, when she heard a loud trumpet quite close to her ear. She turned round and saw a large elephant standing in a stable at her side, and looking at her sympathetically, "Hullo, my name is Jumbo," he said, "What is yours? I saw those gibbering monkeys turning you out and I felt rather sorry for you. They always do get angry quickly. I see you have been drinking the water with the bears' cooling powder in, to get that hairy coat on. Won't you have a bit of my tea? Those biscuits will take all that hair off and give you a nice smooth skin. They will also strengthen the bone in your nose and make it grow nice and straight."

Alice gladly accepted the biscuit because she was conscious of having a snub-nose, and she thought perhaps the biscuit would make it a little longer. It did! but not in the way Alice wanted it to, for it grew very much like a trunk, and her fur coat turned into a dull grey skin. She was very frightened and angry with the poor elephant who had meant to be kind to her. She made the elephants temper rise and he picked her up with his trunk and placed her on the other side of the bars of his stable. Alice suddenly found herself in a jungle, and a man was pointing a gun at her. She was so terrified she ran away as quickly as she could. Then she heard a bang and she dropped down with a loud thud, on to the ———rug in front of the fire. She felt for her trunk but it had gone and only her snnb nose remained,

JOYCE SOUTHGATE,

Upper IVA. 13 years

A BALLAD.

IT was all on a pleasant time
Upon a summer's day
The Baron's sweet, young, daughter,
Ran to the woods to play.

She had a game of hide-and-seek
Until the sun went down
And then it was she noticed
That she had torn her gown.

She sat down on a fallen tree
And she began to cry
For well she knew her father
Would whip her by and by.

An hour passed then she looked up
And saw to her surprise
A goodly man was listening
To all her sobs and cries.

He told her of another land
Where trees are silver trees
And birds are all of iv'ry
And bees are golden bees.

And she said, "Oh! take me there
And let me be your wife
Where I can be so happy
And live away from strife."

The man he took her in his arms
And ran to the seashore
And on a ship they hurried
To come back never-more.

But just as they lost sight of land
A ship it did appear
And as it overtook them
Oh, she did faint with fear.

For quickly did she recognize
Her father's ship of white
So ere she reached the new land
Oh, she did die of fright.

ETHNE PAYNE, Age 13, Upper IVA

AGES 9 AND UNDER 11.

WE want to thank Miss Samuels very much for so kindly offering to give the prize in this section for the next three years. This time she suggested that the girls should write either a poem on Soap-bubbles or the Dance of the Raindrops, or else a composition on A Puppy's Game or the Adventures of an Ink-Goblin. She has awarded the prize to W. Cook.

THE STORY OF AN INK GOBLIN.

ONCE upon a time, there lived in a big, black, bottle, an Ink Goblin. Every night he used to go to the place where all goblins met (some-where on the other side of the moon) and collect stray scraps. When he got home, he put all these scraps back in his bottle which naturally made the ink messy. Really he was a very ugly sight to look at. He had long shaggy hair, with ink dripping from it, he always wore a yellow coat, that too was always dirty. He also used to amuse himself by dragging his inky hair all over peoples nice clean writing paper. One night, a little girl stayed up in the night to see how her paper got so dirty. She happened to make a noise, the Goblin heard her, and flew off. Where he went to nobody knows and nobody cares.

WINIFRED COOK, Lower 3A, Aged 9

PREPARATORY.

ALL the stories sent in by the Preparatory began in the same way, because in their competition they were told about the four orange toad-stools, of which three were "to let," and asked to go on with the story. But the inhabitants of that fourth toad-stool were many and various, and of course included "Toods." Once the toad-stool had a terrible adventure because on a rainy day "an elf flew off with it over his head to keep him dry"! The prize goes to Mary Arnold; Audrey Calverly's is printed as well; her dor-mouse was thought to be very sensible but not quite so cute as Mary's little man.

ONCE upon a time in the middle of a deep forest there stood four orange toad stools. Three of them were "To Let," but under the fourth there lived a tiny little man and he made his house look like an orange so that when eny little boys or girls came into the wood or got lost he could catch them and make them work for him and one day there was a little girl

came into the wood and she saw the little house and there was something outside the door and when you trod on it you at once grew smaller and the little girl trod on it and she grew small and she went into the little house and the little man kept her.

MARY ARNOLD, Upper II. Age 9 years.

THE FOUR TOAD STOOLS.

ONCE upon a time in the middle of a deep forest there stood four orange toad stools. Three of them were "to let," but under the fourth there lived a dor-mouse.

It was a fine Autumn day so he went out to gather nuts for his winter store. Although he went every where he found no nuts or acorns, "I suppose Mr. Squirrel has had them," said the dor-mouse. "Indeed, it is not," came the sudden voice of Mr. Squirrel, "I went there myself and found none."

"Do you know who has had them?"

"No, I don't, I wish I did."

Presently by came Mr. Pig.

"Have you had the acorns this morning?"

"Yes, I wanted my breakfast early to-day, and I knew Mr. Wolf would eat me if I was later."

Mr. Pig ran as fast as his legs would carry him, "Here comes Mr. Wolf, look out, cried Mr. Pig."

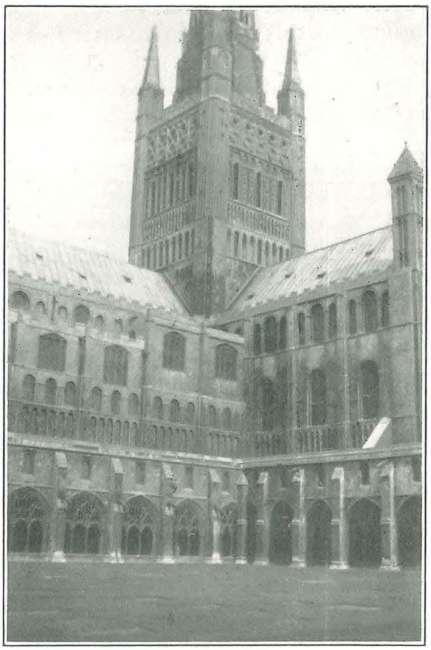
By came Mr. Wolf, Mr. Squirrel and the dor-mouse hid.

"I wish I could tease Mr. Dor-mouse," said Mr. Wolf, "I know, I'll knock down his toad stool," and he ran to the toad stools and knocked down his toad stool before Mr. Dor-mouse could get there. There are only three toad stools now, but Mr. Dor-mouse lives in one that was "To Let," but Mr. Wolf does not know.

The End.

AUDREY CALVERLY, Upper II., Age 8 years.

MISS WINTERS' prize for the best photo of an object of historical interest or beauty, goes to Betty Haydon, whose photo of Norwich Cathedral is reproduced. Joyce Francis and Doris Clarkson came next. All the entries may be seen in the Hark Scrap-Book.



NORWICH CATHEDRAL.

THIS view of the Cathedral is taken from the cloisters. It shows the wonderful Norman Architecture of the tower, and the exterior of the knave and transept. Also the cloisters and quadrangle. The Cathedral is built in the form of a cross. The foundation stone was laid by Bishop Herber de Lozenger in 1097.

B HAYDON, Lower VA, Age 14

TRANSLATION FROM THE FRENCH.

THIS competition which was open to North Hill was to translate the fable "La Cigale et la Fourmi." The French Staff has awarded the prize to J. Blomfield; translations were good on the whole, and J. Waumsley and D. Clarkson are highly commended.

Now winter time was drawing nigh,
The grasshopper had no supply:
Nothing her larder walls along
For all a summer spent in song.

No little worms or dainty flies,
Choice morsels all, rejoiced her eyes.
Thinking the wise ant neighbouring
Might lend her something till the Spring,
Towards her house she set her face
To demonstrate her sorry case.
But, sad to tell, in vain she swore
By insect's faith, to pay before
Another August saw an end—
The busy ant can never lend.
"Tell me my borrowing friend so spry,
What was your work in hot July?"
"All through the Summer days and Spring,
So please you, I did nought but sing."
Thus was the ant from conscience free—
"Now of your joy go dance!" said she.

JOAN E. BLOMFIELD, Upper Va, Age 15.

SCHOOL MONTHS' CALENDAR.

THIS competition was open to the whole school. The prize, offered by Miss Phillips, goes to J. Byford.

SCHOOL CALENDAR.

IN the cold days of winter,
We gaily the term begin,
For January's come with its sliding and fun,
The snowballing month is in.

Now February's rain is pouring,
At once we begin to pair,
We rush to the hall, quite forgetful of all
But the dance that awaits us there.

The end of the term is coming—
March winds have followed the rain;
Excitement is rife, and there's much friendly strife,
On the hockey field down Land Lane.

March winds and the showers of April
Have brought forth the flowers of May,
Again we see the last term of the year
After our holiday gay.

The month of June is returning,
And our games captains worry around—
"Now I hope each one all the races will run
So our honours on Sports Day abound."

Next is the month of July,
Anxious we all of us feel,
For exams come again:—much hard work for the brain
If we're going to pass the ordeal.

We return again in September,
After our seven weeks rest,
For another year in a different sphere,
Determined to work our best.

In October we start to play netball,
For we're all of us eager to win
The Cup if we can, if not, Peter Pan,
So early in term we begin.

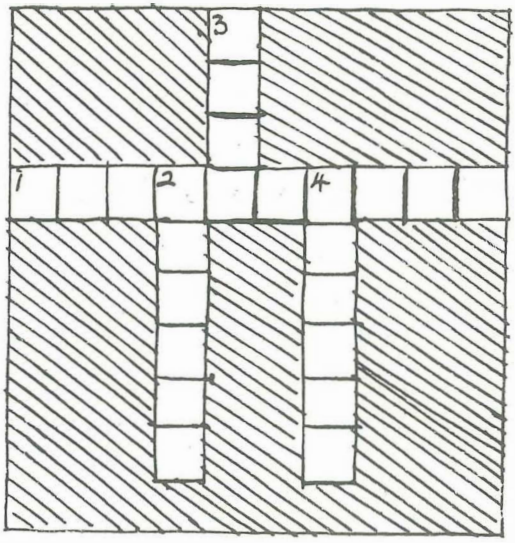
Then there is foggy November,
Our half-term week-end arrives;
"Oh come now! don't shirk, settle down to some work!"—
The Mag. is the theme of our lives.

December—a month of excitement—
Magazine results we know,
Then we finish the year with a laugh and a cheer,
As home from the party we go.

J. Byford, Upper Va., Age 15.

STAFF COMPETITION.

THE Upper VI., who give the prize for this competition, found that most of the entries failed to comply with the requirements, a Cross-Word Puzzle, size 3" sqr. with small squares of 0.3" sqr. All but two of the entries were discarded because they were badly arranged and the words did not cross. On solving the two kept, those namely of Miss Mortimer and Miss Phillips, we were surprised to find that the solutions were the same. We feel absolutely sure however that this cannot have been due to any collaboration; the words were in fact such as might well suggest themselves to any member of this school. Miss Phillip's was untidily shaded; the prize therefore goes to Miss Mortimer, whose Cross-Word is reproduced.



ACROSS.

1.—$\frac{3}{5}$ of a mark of punctuation + "the proper study of mankind" = a department of a large drapery store.

DOWN.

2.—$\frac{1}{2}$ a Stevensonian ejaculation = an anagram of an early Danish ruler.

3. Of rank, or rank itself.

4. Add the portion removed from 1 across to the second half of the ejaculation in 2 down. Make the whole plural and re-arrange.

OLD GIRLS' COMPETITION.

THE subjects in this competition were Memories of School Life or An original Parody of Tennyson's "Break, break, break." The prize goes to A. Wadley, and I. Cock is second.

CLANG, CLANG, CLANG.

CLANG, clang, clang
On this cold, cold world, O Bell!
And I would that my heart might urge me
To bound out of bed with a yell.

O well for my neighbour next door,
As she gurgles and shouts in the bath !
O well for our busy cook,
That her job keeps her close by the hearth !

And the hurrying clock ticks on
To nearly a quarter to nine ;
But O that the sun had not left his bed
And that I could still stay in mine !

Clang, clang, clang
At the foot of the stairs, O Bell !
But ignoring the time on a cold foggy morn
Is something at which I excel.

A. D. WADLEY.

BURNT, burnt, burnt !
In the hot, black oven, O see !
It is well that my tongue does not utter
The thoughts that arise in me !

Oh well, for the fully-trained cook,
That she bakes everything " to a Turn "
Oh well, for her kitchen-maid
That she will not let anything burn !

And the beautiful tarts go on
To their doom—We would sing and rejoice
But oh, for the touch of the cookie's hand
And the sound of her warning voice !

Burnt, burnt, burnt !
In the midst of the oven, O see !
But the wonderful art of cooking a tart,
Will never come back to me.

I. L. M. COCK.

NEXT year's Old Girls' Competition is a picture to be made using :—

3 equilateral triangles, sides 1".
1 square, side 1".
1 circle, radius $\frac{1}{2}$".
4 straight lines of any length.
1 curved line of any shape or length.
6 dots.
Everything given must be used.

Breathes there the man with soul so dead,
By heresies so grossly led,
Who will extol Geometry ;
Whose heart hath ne'er within him bounced
To hear Pythagoras denounced,
Laid bare in every villany.
If such there breathe, go, mark his ways
He meets you with a steely gaze,
In which all theorems e'er designed
Are inextricably combined.
For him, all earthly glories pall
Before the Quadrilateral ;
With Euclid's every base decree
Proceeding from a Deity :
No dirge shall mourn his name—except
A Proof—unhonoured and unwept.

J. E. Blomfield,
Upper Va

NEW FACTS COME TO LIGHT.

Mabel was thirteen so she was illegible for the competition.

The hat was so voluble that the dog could curl up inside it.

How does a builder find out whether a wall is vertical or not?
He uses a plumstone.

Heat is produced by condescension and conviction.

(*With acknowledgements to the Newcastle Central High School.*)

LEAGUE OF NATIONS UNION.

THE School branch of the League of Nations Union has had another very interesting year. Early in the year we all went to see the League film and heard Mr. Whelen speak on the work of the League in general. This term Mr. Macdonell came to speak to us on the work of the Seventh Assembly and afterwards answered questions. We have had two interesting Assemblies this year, one taking the form of papers upon various activities of the League and the other was a Mock Assembly admitting Germany into the League.

The Assembly was opened with the presidential speech in French. This was interpreted and then each country was called —in alphabetical order—to make its speech and put arguments both for and against Germany's entry into the League. The speeches were well prepared and very interesting. The procedings were closed by the President with a short speech and afterwards both delegates and the general public said how much they had enjoyed the Mock Assembly.

Throughout the whole year there have been fortnightly form meetings in which matters of interest were discussed. The Council, composed of form representatives, Chairman, Treasurer and Secretary, have also held their meetings to discuss Assemblies and programmes for the year, under the leadership of Joyce Bedwell, who was a most enthusiastic Chairman during her year of office.

MARGARET E. SHEPHARD.

DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES.

LAST year the Young Helpers' League raised sufficient money to keep our boy in the Watt's Naval Training School for two years so there has been no need for any special effort this year. Before Christmas of course we had two working parties a week to make toys etc. for the Christmas parcels for the homes.

DORIS CLARKSON.

HARK 1926.

MEMBERS of the Society have been able to enjoy some delightful expeditions this year. On March 20 an excursion was made to St. Osyth where the Priory and Church were visited. The General Strike, coming at the beginning of the Summer Term prevented us from going to Norwich, since for so long a journey it was necessary to go by train. Instead however there were two cycling expeditions into Suffolk—one to Dedham and Stratford St. Mary, and the other to Stoke, Polstead and Wissington. On October 3 about 30 members went to Norwich where they saw the Cathedral, St. Peter Mancroft Church, the Stranger's Hall and St. Andrew's Hall. Mrs. Cozens-Hardy very kindly met us and started us on our way.

On June 26 members of the Hark entertained some members of the similar Society at Chelmsford C.H.S. when Miss Winters had given an introductory talk on Colchester the party visited all the interesting places in the town and later had tea at Grey Friars.

Later in the term the Society decided to entertain itself and so there was a garden party at Grey Friars on July 17. All members present wore historical costume and acted charades, and the Upper VI gave one of the Little Plays of St. Francis.

Thanks are due to Miss Reynolds for her interesting lantern lecture on Hadrian's Well on March 10, and to Miss Winters, who on July 7, gave a delightful talk on Mediæval Travellers. Also we are grateful to J. Kempthorne, B. Makepeace and E. Young for their papers on historical subjects.

HARK DEBATING CIRCLE.

THE debating circle was able to hold its meetings fairly regularly throughout the year. The motions varied considerably and were not all concerned with History. The sharp practice debate proved very entertaining while it is interesting to note that the motion, "That the Study of History is entirely useless" was carried.

S. M. GOSLING.

THE SEASONS.

THE Spring with light and joyous steps, o'er hills,
And valleys smiling in the first bright gleams
Of sun, which dance in many streams,
And make each drop a living diamond;
Goes 'neath the cloudless skies where each bird sings,
And through the grass past magic fairy rings,
To touch and wake the sleeping flowers.

All crown'd with flaming poppies from the fields,
And brown'd by suns that shine in southern skies,
With hair of jet and lang'rous night-dark eyes;
The years queen, summer, wand'ring past brooklets,
The purling water frets with her slim hands,
And sends soft, trembling sighs across the lands,
To bend and rustle rip'ning corn.

Autumnal mists now wrap the hills around,
When dewy morning, shaking her bright hair
Over the face of night so dark, yet fair
In giving rest; sends gilding beams of light
'Cross pil'd-up sheaves, and steps from clouds bright lin'd
With gold, to show the birds where they may find
The ripest fruit upon the boughs.

Bright deck'd with glittering spangles of the frost,
Austere and proud and cold with outstretched hands
Which scatter snowflakes over frozen lands
And draw a dull grey curtain o'er the blue;
Then lightly breathing with her breath so chill
The waters leaping down the rocks to still
The virgin winter stands upon the heights.

H. WILKINSON, Upper VA.

OLD GIRLS' SECTION.

THE membership of the O.G.A. is very satisfactory this year, the new members number 34 as against 17 last year.

At Easter, Noël Coward's play "I'll leave it to you" was presented by members of the O.G.A. Encouraged by the success of previous years two performances were given: on Thursday, March 18th and Saturday, March 20th. That this venture was justified was proved, by the well filled hall, and the excellent financial result—£14—out of which contributions were given to the School Sports Fund and the grand piano which the school has long required.

The Summer meeting, which took the form of a tennis tournament, was held at North Hill. Play was preceded by the annual business meeting, at which it was decided to form an Old Girls' Club, instead of the Play reading Club which met during the year. The committee for the O.G.C. was decided as follows:—

1 member of staff	...	Miss Phillips.
1 student teacher	...	D. Appleby.
1 member of the sixth	...	D. Clarkson.
3 old girls ...	...	M. Johnson, D. Pearce and D. Stanyon.

Later the committee co-opted the secretary of the O.G.A. as chairman. The following committee was elected for the O.G.A.:—

Secretary—B. C. White

Treasurer—M. Jeffery

Committee—L. S. Dancer, D. Piper, A. Trayler, G. White.
Sub. Secretaries—G. Davis, 1914-16; M. Harvey, 1917-19; E. Berry, 1920-22; C. Manning, 1923-25 and B. Makepeace, 1926-28.
Magazine Representative—M. Harvey.

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

We have received letters from several of the Old Girls, including one from M. Flatman, which we print. Mary Frost has written about her experiences in Switzerland, and Noel Surridge tells us about her work as matron in a boarding-school. We are sorry that we have not room to print these letters too ; we are very grateful to Old Girls for writing.

TWO MONTHS IN ORLEANS.

IN spite of the somewhat unpleasant experience of arriving in a strange town at 11 p m., I found Orleans a very interesting old place, though amazingly unenterprising. You would imagine that with the châteaux of the Loire and many historic places around, Orleans would run a service of auto-cars, if only to compete with the neighbouring towns of Blois and Tours. But Orleans does no such thing. It is quite content to go on in its own sleepy, jog-trot way. The only day it ever seems to wake up is Saturday, when the "compagne" comes in for market-day, and if you go down to the market you meet jostling crowds of countrywomen, and fall over stray rabbits and hens. These country folk are quite a contrast with the real "Orleanais" who are taciturn and reserved and generally indifferent to anything but the fluctuations of stocks and shares—or so I was told.

There is one subject, however, which can arouse an "Orléanais" to enthusiasm, and that is the subject of Jeanne d' Arc. The people are so devoted to her memory that it almost seems as though they must have intimate remembrance of her. They show you proudly the foundations of the old "Pont des Tourelles" over which she passed with her army on the way to the town, after defeating the English at Marceau on the other side of the river. There is a great statue of her on horseback in the "Place du Mastroi" and another at the end of the main bridge across the Loire. All the shops display statuettes and souvenirs of all kinds ; and since her canonisation statues of her swarm in all the churches backed by blue draperies patterned with the golden fleur de lys. Some of these statues are rather too gaily coloured, but the one in the Cathedral is really beautiful. It stands, straight and tall, over the high altar, all of white marble, with just a touch of gold. The saint's eyes are raised and she clasps the standard of her mission. The effect, seen under the lofty vaulted roof and against the dark background of rising arches and narrow stained glass windows is very imposing.

With the family with whom I was staying I made various excursions to places in the neighbourhood, chiefly by bicycle. Everyone in Orleans seems to possess a bicycle, as the country is so flat and there are many easy rides. Beaugency is one of the quaintest and oldest places I have ever seen. There are narrow cobble-stoned streets, where some of the houses must have been contemporary with Jeanne d'Arc herself. The view over the Loire across the Sologne—Beaugency stands on high ground—is well worth seeing. But the most interesting thing in Beaugency is the "Abbaye," which used to belong to Dunois, bastard of Orleans and companion-in-arms of Jeanne d'Arc. There we saw the oratory of Jeanne. where she spent a night. It is a tiny room, with a domed roof still painted in faded colours surrounded by a Latin inscription. Dunois' observatory, too, caused us a thrill of excitement, especially as we could trace the almost obliterated fleur-de-lys carved on the low rafters. We visited many other places—Meung-sur-Loire, Jargeau, Chateauneuf, St. Benoit-sur-Loire, with its very ancient abbey, and Cléry, where we saw the skulls of Louis XI and his wife, Charlotte de Savoie, the only relics of French royalty which survived the revolution. There, too, we were shown the treasure of the church—part of which was unfortunately burgled only a few days later,—among which was some priceless needle work and wonderful chalices and crosses set with precious stones. But the most wonderful thing of all was the wooden image of Our Lady of Cléry, which is supposed to date back to Cxiii and to possess miraculous powers.

Of course, we dutifully visited all the museums and saw the one authentic signature of "Jehanne," but it was rather a relief sometimes to go off into the country, through quaint little villages or by the side of the canal, which was shaded by lines of acacias and covered with floating beds of water-lilies.

I must mention the streets of Orleans which are the worst I have ever known—I had great experience of them on a bicycle. They are nearly all very narrow, with uneven paving and enormous holes, while there is a perfect maze of tramlines. I am sure the streets cannot have been mended for at least fifteen years. Some of the side-streets have the quaintest names—Rue de la Chèvre qui Dance; Rue des Sept Dormants etc.

It was an interesting two months, although I advise people who go to Orleans to go in winter, not in summer. The heat was truly dreadful, and left me, at any rate, without a scrap of energy. There were days on which it was impossible to do anything but lie and gasp on a sofa, with windows and shuttters closed to keep out the stifling air. The Loire was almost dried up, just a narrow stream and a few pools among wide stretches of sand and clumps of willows. When there is a gale on these occasions of drought and you are unfortunate enough to have to

cross the bridge, you are nearly choked and blinded by the clouds of sand that blow up from the bed of the river like a miniature sandstorm.

It was a real relief to get back to the sea after such a baking. At four o'clock in the afternoon when I left Orleans it was still scorching; it was just bearable in Paris at seven and at midnight when the boat started there was a delicious cool sea-breeze. I have decided to say no more about the English climate—it may be depressingly dull and wet but I think it can still give a few points to Orleans.

M. FLATMAN.

BAD SPENSERIAN STANZAS

By a student of English Literature, upon being adjured to write something for the magazine.

AT the stern call of duty she sat down
And took a sheet of paper, fair and white,
Ploughed her smooth forehead with a desperate frown:
Some child of her own brain, this very night
She must bring forth, or else endure the spight
Of sharp Reproach, without and eke within
And never more stand carefree in the sight
Of such as bade her wordy webs to spin.
But inspiration stood on Parnasse Hill
Far off, nor deigned descend to guide her labouring quill.

For all her mind had been subjected long
(Two full years now) to muses not her own.
Miltonian epic, and the found of song
Which rose in beauty by Eliza's throne;
And chants of earlier ages, only known
To such as grapple with the Saxon tongue;
And that last chorus of bewildering tone
With which the century behind her rung.
To these she gave her thought. Her muse grew pale;
Sick from neglect was she, almost too weak to wait.

Yet doth she give one last despairing cry
To show the world what such a fate may be
That others may—(drop tears from every eye;
The stanza is unfinished R.I.P.)

E. JEEVES.

THE OLD GIRLS CLUB.

IT has long been felt that the three meetings a year of the O.G.A. were not sufficient to keep Old Girls in touch with the school. For this reason an Old Girls Club, in connection with the O.G.A. has been formed, meeting every Friday night, from 6—8 p.m. An informal programme admits of anyone dropping in at any time for as long as they care to stay. To cover lighting and incidental expenses, a charge of 1/- per term, or 2d. per night has been made. The attendances this term, and the enthusiasm shewn for every class of entertainment, whether games, lectures, singsongs or playreading, have quite justified its formation. Our thanks are given most sincerely to those members of the staff who have so generously given their time and services both by entertaining us, or joining in our 'community' affairs.

The committee have tried to introduce as varied a programme as possible, to suit all tastes, and any suggestions would be of great help to them.

Membership is open to all who have joined the O.G.A., the Sixth Form, and Staff. Any past member of the school who is for any reason ineligible for the O.G.A., can in special circumstances be admitted to the club, providing she applies to the Secretary stating those circumstances, the matter being brought before the committee for decision.

A hearty welcome will always be extended to any past member of the staff who may be in the neighbourhood. Visitors, other than residents in Colchester may be brought to the Club meetings.

Those who are not members of the O.G.A., and who may view these meetings with a prejudiced mind, may sample three before actually joining; by that time we feel convinced they will be only too anxious to become members!

We do hope that more than ever will attend next term, and so get into closer touch with the school, and with each other.

D. E. STANYON

EXAMPLE OF THE VALUE OF A WELL-TREATED MUSE.

(This poem is on Sir Philip Sydney's sonnet which ends :—

"Thus great with child to speak, and helpless in my throes
Biting my truant pen, beating myself for spite;
Fool said my muse to me, look in thy heart and write.")

THE Muse of Sir Philip Sydney
Was a Muse of rare kidney.
It remarked to him of its own accord.
One day when he was floored
For want of new things to say
(Or old things in a new way)
In a series of poems to the dame
To whom he thought of offering his name—
That Sir Philip was rather a fool
To chew his pen and wriggle about on his stool;
Because if he took the trouble to look in his heart
The Muse had stowed away there nearly all the material requisite to his art.

E. JEEVES.

A WALKING SONG.

HEY! for a walk on a bright Spring morn
When all the lambs are newly born.

All the hedges are green and new
And the grassy fields are wet with dew.

Buttercups, daisies and primroses sweet
Make a fairy carpet for our feet

Hey for a walk on a summer day
When woods are leafy and flowers are gay.

The fleecy white clouds in the high blue sky
And little brown birds that sing and fly.

The shadowy woods with oak trees tall,
The mottled brown thrush with its thrilling call.

Wild roses, campions and bird's' eye blue,
Sweet smelling clover and honeysuckle too.

Hey! for a walk on an Autumn noon
When lanes are misty and darkness comes soon.

All the leaves are gay today
With red and golden and brown array

Fruits are ripe and apples are red,
Flowers have all their petals shed.

Hey for a walk on a winter night
When the silver moon is shining bright.

The snow lies thick o'er all the trees,
And the branches crack in the icy breeze.

JOAN ALLEN, Upper IVa., Age 13.

A WALK IN THE LAKE DISTRICT.

WE had been passing through bleak, barren, hilly country, when suddenly we espied ahead a beautiful well-wooded valley. It was then autumn and near the end of the day, and the declining rays of the sun fell on to the trees, which wore their beautiful raiment of gold, red, bronze, yellow and green.

We made our way down a narrow path, which led eventually through the woods. This was bordered on one side by crackling bracken, and the other side sloped down, to where a tinkling stream trickled along the valley. This slope was covered with short grass, and the sheep bells could be heard, as the animals moved about. Rabbits frisked on the soft grass, but quickly disappeared down their sandy holes as we approached.

Suddenly, there was a loud whirr, and a nye of pheasants flew out of the cover of the golden, bronze bracken.

At length we reached the woods, and we threaded our way along the narrow path.

A gentle wind stirred the trees, and the golden, yellow leaves whispered as it passed. They came whirling down, and made a lovely, soft carpet to tread on.

Great, spotted, red toadstools and patches of soft, deep, green moss grew by the path. Robins chirped to one another and the incessant tapping of woodpeckers could be heard. Jays screeched now and then among the tree-tops and bright-eyed squirrels bounded from bough to bough.

At last, we came upon a clearing, where we could see the sun as it set behind the purplish mountains to the westward. The great red ball sank slowly, setting fire to all the fleecy clouds and twilight came on.

We plunged into woodland again. The shadows grew long, and the wind moaned among the trees. Suddenly we were startled by a crashing noise, and peering into the gathering dusk, we saw a small herd of shadowy deer break away from us, and then they were swallowed up into the gloom.

We passed through some dark mysterious pine trees, which whispered and sighed uncannily. To add to weirdness, owls began to hoot, and bats flickered about overhead.

The moon had now risen, and poured a pale unearthly light upon the scene. The black pine tops were silhoueted against the bright silver moon, and they swayed in the evening air.

At last we got free of the wooded country and we found ourselves on a dry grassy tableland.

JOYCE FRANCIS, Lower VA., Age 14.

A DAY AT THE ZOO.

LAST Saturday as we'd nothing to do
Nannie took us off to the Zoo.

We saw the birds of Paradise
And oh! their colours were so nice!
The parrots were making such a fuss!
They said "Hullo!" and "Goodbye," to us,
The monkeys were making a lot of noise
The visitors gave them nuts and toys
The restless lion paced up and down
While its mate looked on with such a frown.
We saw the giraffes with necks so long
Yet such slender legs to walk upon.
But I fell in love with the Polar Bear
With its lovely coat of snow-white hair.
But I cannot tell you all we saw,
We saw all these and lots, lots more!

D. CLARKE, Lower IV.c.,
Age 12.

THE LOST SHOE.

LUCY had been wandering about all over the world looking for her shoe, but no one knew anything about it. She had been looking for over a year. One day she had wandered to Cornwall and was walking along one of the cornish coasts, asking every one she met if they had seen her shoe, when she suddenly remembered that she had not yet been to Australia to look for her shoe.

She at once got a boat, and had a very long and miserable voyage to Australia.

She heard nothing of her shoe on the way.

She then began to hunt over Australia, but no one knew anything about it either.

One day she asked a funny old man who happened to pass her way, and he said, "I do not know anything about it. Why ever don't you buy a new one? But if it is too precious to lose the Hermit who lives in the wood will tell you."

Lucy ran to the Hermit's house, and he said that he saw a fairy, whose name was the Mischief maker, carry a little satin shoe over the water and drop it round about Australia nearly two years ago.

Lucy then bought diver's clothes; and everyone came and watched her dive under the sea.

She then went to the King's Palace, and two enormous crabs, dressed in red velvet, opened the gates for her.

She ran upstairs, not asking any one if she might do so, and there, sleeping in her shoe, was the Princess.

Lucy took the Princess out and threw her out of the window.

Then she ran down stairs making all the fish scream by stepping on their tails, and climbed up the leg of the pier with her shoe.

Now that she had found her shoe again, she gave a grand dance and party, and danced all the time in her found shoe.

When she died her shoe was put in a glass case in the Australian museum and its story written underneath.

By now I expect the Fairy Mischief-Maker has taken it again.

C. PAYNE, Age 12.

HIAWATHA.

SITTING in the wigwam's doorway
Hiawatha watched the rain fall;
Saw the rain fall from the Heavens
Falling, riseing wetting all things.
Asked Nokomis where it came from
How it fell, and where it went to.
And the good Nokomis answered
Told the little Hiawatha,
"That comes from the Gods above us,
Watering all our plaines and prairies
Making all our forests flourish;
Flourish in the rain and sunshine"
And the little Hiawatha
Saw and wondered at these marvels.

NANCY BERRY, Lower IVc., Age 11.

A LULLABY.

YOUR cradle is lined with the down of a duck,
Your pillow is made of silk,
Your light for the night is a glow-worm bright,
And your food is fresh honey and milk.

O-coo-oo-oo. O-coo-oo-oo.

So now in your cradle so soft and so warm
Sweet elfin I'll hum you to rest,
I'll keep you asleep till the morning stars peep
To rouse the young birds in their nest.

O-coo-oo-oo, O-coo-oo-oo.

J. H. SOUTHGATE, Upper IVa.

THE SCARECROW.

THE fields are bare, and all is drear and cold,
The sun no longer warms my frozen knees.
The birds are dumb and the shivering naked trees
Moan aloud and the sheep cry in the fold.

The birds who once were frightened now are bold,
And perch upon my head with greatest ease.
The rabbits have their cosy holes, the bees
Their hives, for me there's nothing but the cold.

I long for the Summer months to come again
To see the fields of golden swaying corn
And once more keep all blackbirds from the grain.

I long to hear the cuckoo's note so clear
And listen to the skylark's trill at dawn.
O Winter why art thou so dull and drear?

MARY TURNER, Upper Vc., Age 15.

A WINTER SCENE.

SCENE: IN A LARGE COUNTRY FARM HOUSE KITCHEN

THERE was a fire burning merrily in the grate, and there were chestnuts roasting on the fire. On one side of the fire was a cat washing its self and purring, on the other side of the hearth was a big shaggy sheep dog fast asleep after his day's work. There was a large table in the middle of the room, which was laid already for supper when the farmer came home at dusk. There were new bread and rolls, beautiful farm house butter, cream cheese and sausages and a steaming pot of tea. There was a canary singing in a cage, and the farmers wife sat knitting in the window seat, and looking for her husband's return. The ground was covered with a beautiful carpet of snow, with a few snowdrops and daffodils peeping out of the snow. It was snowing hard and the ice sickles hung down over the window sill. The children had gone to bed and were singing songs to each other, which they had learnt at school.

V. LAST, Age 13.

SAILS.

WHITE sails shining,
Boats n'eer far away,
Making for their haven,
Sailing o'er the bay.

Red sails filling
As the wind blows free,
Sailing up the river
From across the sea.

Full sails jibbing
When the storm blasts strain,
Sails torn and flutt'ring
In the driving rain.

Wet sails glitt'ring
When the storm is done,
And hosts of diamonds
Sparkle 'neath the sun.

H. WILKINSON, Upper Va.

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