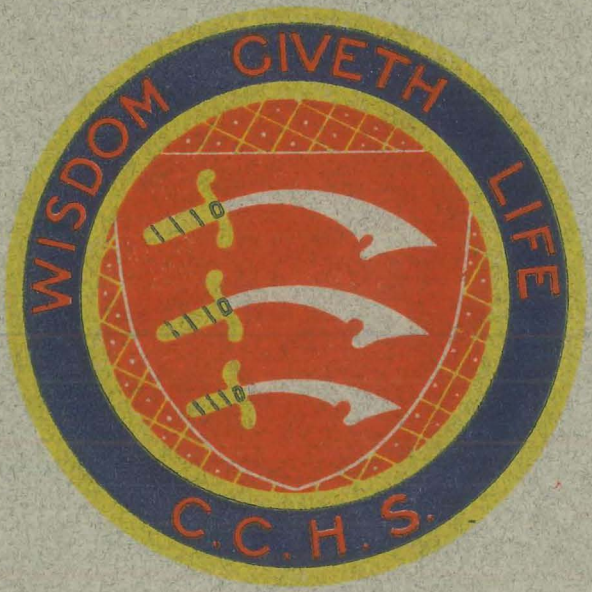

WISDOM GIVETH LIFE
C.C.H.S.

COLCHESTER COUNTY HIGH SCHOOL MAGAZINE



No. XIII.

DECEMBER, 1929.

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Colchester County High School Magazine.

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*M. Blomfield (Lower VI)
*M. Gould (Lower VI)
*R. Digby (Upper V)

Ex-officio (Upper VI)

M. Wylie

**Members of Executive Committee.*

EDITORIAL.

AN Editorial is a useful place. It is a prominent place. Often it is an uncomfortable gaping place, an immense empty page imploring the covering decency of a few trite remarks. But not so this year. The editorial feelings are beginning to seethe and bubble; the Executive Committee is jumping about and nudging the editorial elbow; and the waste-paper basket is full.

The School's attitude to the Magazine does call for some comment. Those who are at all conscious of its existence seem to regard the Magazine as a tiresome and slightly stale tradition. People might really write things for the Magazine, instead of unearthing some odd piece of work and sending it in at the last minute—generally on both sides of the paper, too, which infuriates the Editor, and means a great deal of copying. Of course, anything interesting and well-written is always acceptable, but this particular method entails so little trouble that it is reasonable to expect more from it. After earnest persuasion, the younger ones sent in a fair amount; some people were very gallant. But on the whole the standard was low. This does not apply to the Seniors, who contributed practically nothing, although what they did send in was good. It seems a pity that everyone who attains the great age of sixteen or thereabouts sits back with a sense of relief, and forthwith retires into a comfortable and indolent old age.

Old Girls, on the other hand, have poured out material in a most astonishing and delightful manner. Some we print as really valuable information; some for its attractive and varied description; and all because it is so good and kind of them to remember us, and so interesting to the School past and present. So the proportions of the Magazine are a little curious; but it is impossible to represent those unwilling to make any effort.

It has been suggested that in future the Magazine should represent school activities from Christmas to Christmas, instead of struggling to keep to the ordinary School year. As a matter of fact, this generally does happen, in everything except Games reports. Will those who have any views on the subject communicate them to the people they elect on to the General Committee.

This term we welcome Miss Scott; Miss Faithfull, too, has come to teach in the Preparatory. We were very sorry to lose Miss Jewell, but we hope that she will not forget us, and often come back to see us.

EXAMINATION RESULTS.

Cambridge School Certificate.

December, 1928.

Pass—R. Lamb ; G. Percival.

July, 1929.

Honours—M. Lord,* M. MacLaren,* J. Stevens, M. Angier,* M. Blomfield, W. Broom,* J. Francis (Distinction in Scripture and Botany),* M. Gould (Distinction in French)*, P White,* B. Wootten.*

Pass—P. Cock, E. Crosby, M. Diss, M. Dowman, I. Eastlake, P. Faulkner, C. Gould, H. Gray, S. Harpham, B. Haydon, W. Kettle, G Mason, G. Newman, J. Osborn, J. Pallot, O. Payne, M. Powell, A. Scott-Taylor, B. Shiel, E. Troll, M. Turner, M. Warren, P. Wright.

Cambridge Higher School Certificate.

July, 1929.

J. Blomfield (Distinction in French), O. Fairclough, J. Hickford.

London Matriculation, July, 1929.

R. King, B. Ladbrook.

Scholarships.

M. Fieldgate, County Major Scholarship.
B. Hindes, Chelmsford Agricultural College (Horticulture).

* Exemption from London Matriculation.

National Society for Domestic Studies.

Housecraft Certificate, July, 1929.

Class I. C. Carter, M. Hunt, E. Wildman.
Class II. B. Higgins, P. Stuart.

University Successes of Old Girls.

J. Bedwell, Bedford College, London, B.A. : Classics, Class II., Division I.
W. Edmunds, Bedford College, London, B.A. : French, Class II., Division I.
J. Kempthorne, Home Student, Oxford, B A. : History, Class III.
B. Makepeace, St. Hugh's College, Oxford, B.A. : History, Class III.

GAMES REPORTS.

NETBALL, 1928-29.

THIS season there was a general improvement both in team and School netball, and on the whole the team played well together and practised hard.

One match was lost during the season, but this year it was the semi-final instead of the final of the Essex League. It was an unfortunate match as the shooter was absent and one of the team sprained her ankle during the first five minutes. Next year we hope that the team will be successful not only in the semi-final but also in the final

Mr. Morris very kindly motored the team to Brentwood to watch the final match between Woodford and Southend. Woodford won after a hard game.

We were surprised to see so many fouls in a final match.

Three girls were given their colours this year—Y. Bridgeman, J. Lomax, D. Wright.

The School as a whole is weak on the defensive side of Netball, and in every form girls should make a great effort to become good Goalkeepers and Defences.

Team Criticism.

G.S. P. Clarke. A steady shooter who must be quicker and not rely on her height, but must get in front of her defence.

A. D. Wright. She is a really reliable shooter, who is quick and jumps well.

A.C. P. Faulkner. She jumps well but must mark more closely.

M.C. Y. Bridgeman. She has played a much quicker game this season and is now a very good centre. She has been a reliable and helpful Captain. N.F.J.

D.C. J. Lomax. A very sure centre who is quick and passes accurately.

D. D. Morris. She combines well with her goal-keeper and centres, but in doing so she is inclined to leave her opponent unmarked.

G.K. N. Golding. Her passes are rather wild, but she is quick and marks well.

Results of Matches, 1928-29.

			Goals.
School	v. Brentwood.		School won 20- 7
„ 2nd	v. „	...	2nd „ „ 20- 6
„ Junior	v. „	...	Junior „ „ 17-10
„ 1st	v. Chelmsford	...	„ „ 28-15
„ 2nd	v. Chelmsford	...	„ „ 19-11
„ "A" team	v. Ipswich	...	„ „ 21-11
„ Junior	„ v. „	...	„ „ 11- 9
„ 1st	v. „	...	„ lost 8-16
„ 1st	v. Old Girls	...	„ won 22- 2

Y. Bridgeman.

HOCKEY, 1928-29.

HOCKEY throughout the school has made great strides this year, and far more people practise seriously and regularly. This is largely because we now have the use of a really excellent field; by kind permission we are allowed the Garrison Ground for matches and some practices. Everyone is attracted by the prospect of playing on such a field, and at last keen people have a chance of improving themselves. The team, too, began to get together and speed up their game, until illness in the very cold weather broke up promising combinations.

This year J. Blomfield and Y. Bridgeman both gained their colours.

Team Criticism. 1st XI.

G. M. Turner. A good goal with sound judgment, who uses her feet well.

R.B. B. Bullock. Has speed, and can tackle well, but is too inclined to be rough. Her passing is still wild.

L.B. J. Francis. Her clearing hit is strong and she backs up well, but is still too slow.

R.H. J. Blomfield. Has good stickwork and has gained speed and staying power. She has been a very keen and reliable captain, and in arranging the teams her sound judgment has been most valuable. M.H.

C.H. M. Hunt. A sensible half, who is always energetic, and uses judgment in feeding her forward line.

L.H. I. Hayward. Tackles very well, and makes good use of the push stroke.

R.W. M. Blomfield. Combines well with her inner, but must learn to pass before she is tackled.

R.I. Y. Bridgeman. A fast inner with a powerful shot.

C.F. P. Stuart. Good at rushing, but too apt to lose control of the ball.

L.I. G. Dale. Her passing is still too vague, but she plays keenly and tackles back well.

L.W. J. Lomax. A promising player who spoils her game by starting far too late.

J. Blomfield.

2nd XI.

G. M. Diss. She kicks well but must try to hit harder when clearing.

R.B. M. Wylie. She tackles well but must try to clear better and not across the goal.

L.B. W. Broom. She clears and tackles well when she gets there.

R.H. M. Warren. She tackles well but must try to be quicker.

L.H. J. Thackery. She must keep in her place and look before she hits.
C.H. B. Garnham. She passes well but must guard the centre forward more.
R.W. P. Faulkner. She is a quick wing and centres well, and has been a good captain. M.H.
L.W. J. Eyres. She keeps in her place, but does not receive passes well and is slow.
R.I. G. Dale. She is quick and shoots well, but must learn to pass to the right.
L.I. E. Magill. She passes well but must press more in the circle.
C.F. G. Wright. She is quick and shoots well, but must look where she is passing.

P. FAULKNER.

MATCH RESULTS.—1st XI.

	Goals
School v. Halstead Grammar School ...	School won 9-0
,, v. Harwich Grammar School ...	,, drew 3-3
,, v. Staff	,, won 5-2
,, v. Old Girls	,, lost 3-5
,, v. Braintree High School—"A" team	,, lost 5-8
,, v. Maldon Grammar School—"A" team	,, lost 3-9
Oxford and Cambridge 1st XI.	Cambridge won 3-0
,, ,,	,, won 5-0

2nd XI.

School v. Staff	School won 3-0
,, v. 2nd XI.	,, drew 2-2

TENNIS, 1929.

THERE was a general improvement in tennis this year; everyone practised hard.

Although the match results are not very encouraging the actual games were closer and more even. But the members of the team must learn to play with one another much more, and to watch and see what their opponents are going to do and be ready on their toes to move quickly.

This year a still greater interest was taken in umpiring, and each form produced an umpire for the form matches, which were undertaken entirely by themselves.

Team Criticism.

A. Menzies. Although her service is rather unsteady, her drives have shown improvement, and her net play is promising.

B. Higgins. Generally steady all round, but sometimes her drives become wild.

J. Lomax Her play is rather unsteady. She must be quicker in meeting the ball, and not wait for it.

P. Chamberlain. She has some quite good drives, and with more practice will become a promising player.

B. Garnham. Her service is quite strong but she too easily loses confidence in herself.

Y. Bridgeman. Her service is very good and her driving has improved, but she needs more self-confidence in volleying. She has been an energetic captain and we are glad to have her for another year. M.H.

Results of Matches, 1929.

School	v. Westcliff County High	School lost 38-43 games
,,	v. Ipswich High ...	,, ,, 21-78 ,,
,, 2nd	v. Ipswich High ...	,, ,, 33-66 ,,
,,	v. Old Girls ...	,, ,, 34-65 ,,
,,	v. Staff (5 couples) ...	,, won 104-11 ,,
,,	v. Staff (4 couples) ...	,, ,, 75-69 ,,
,,	v. St. Mary's ...	,, lost 37-62 ,,
,,	v. Chelmsford County High	,, ,, 31-68 ,,

Y. Bridgeman.

ON THE SOUTH DOWNS.

ROLLING downs that are lost in misty haze,
White scarred where cave men gash'd so deep their green
Smooth sides, and cut the turf with chisels keen.
Near on the smooth slopes straying sheep-flocks graze,
While clouds, like flocks, drift on thro' sunny days.
There on the nearest hillside may be seen
Old ruins where an ancient farm has been . . . .
Such is the peaceful scene on which I gaze.

And as I rest upon these tranquil slopes
Which countless ages do not seem to change,
It seems there can be no place like the town,
With bustle, noise, and buildings grim that frown,
Or places in the East where ways are strange,
Or prisons where ir'n bars have crush'd men's hopes.

J. Allen, Upper Va. Age 16.

HARK, 1929.

HARK has made three very successful expeditions in the course of the year. On March 16, the society descended on Bury St. Edmunds in two buses; there was time to stop at Long Melford and Lavenham, too. The Thaxted and Saffron Walden expedition included the churches at Finchingfield and Great Bardfield, with a good view of the mansion at Audley End on the way home. This term we visited Beeleigh Abbey, by kind permission of Mr. R. E. Thomas, and went on to the Saxon church at Bradwell.

With increased membership, Hark has extended its activities. Throughout the year, sing-songs have been held regularly on Friday evenings. Numbers make country dancing a little complicated, but we have learnt several new dances, a great many songs, and one or two madrigals. At the end of July, we entertained ourselves with songs and dances at Greyfriars. Miss Collier helped us arrange a grand tea for nearly seventy people, and afterwards we went out on to the lawn. There were items contributed by each Form and by the Staff; Miss Jex and Miss Stanyon danced a Morris jig, Upper VBi came in with another Morris, and Upper IVA produced a play. The programme included plenty of community singing and dancing.

This term we have been very busy rubbing brasses. There are plenty of good brasses within reasonable distance, and forms have been very enthusiastic in making collections for competition.

At the end of the Summer Term we had to say goodbye to Miss Jewell, one of the most energetic and untiring members of Hark, especially on the piano. Although we miss her terribly in the flesh, she is certainly with us in the spirit; for all things are possible to the fervour which pays a subscription several months in advance!

J. BLOMFIELD, Upper VI.

PRE. NOTES.

THERE are 66 in the Pre., but lots of us have been away this term (with chicken-pox).

Form I have made some lovely necklaces with clay*. Lower II are learning to play netball. Form Upper II have a library and are able to have a new book each week.

[* The Executive Committee, who gather in solemn conclave round the fire so kindly left by the First Form, cannot help feeling that these words very inadequately describe the necklaces, whose beauty fills them with wonder and admiration—and raging jealousy; the beads are carved and varnished, threaded on green leather, with ravishing tassels. There are beautiful houses, too, and bright pictures, and mysterious pockets containing little cards. Altogether, the First Form room is a delightful place for meetings.].

ONE CHRISTMAS NIGHT.

THE earth was still. The trees were sending deep black shadows over the grass of the field and roadway. Frost covered each leaf and blade with delicate whiteness. The hamlet was silent as death, and the cattle were resting undisturbed. Yet the brooding silence was one of expectancy. Even the stars set like jewels in the blue velvet of the sky, seemed to be waiting.

Suddenly from the hill near at hand, came the faint bleating of sheep, and the sound was taken up by the cattle in the sheds. The frost glittered more brightly, and the stars twinkled with joy. On the eastern sky, a great liquid star broke out, its five points dazzling white. The earth no longer slept. Mingled with the lowing of the cattle came the cry of a Baby, and far away, lowly shepherds were listening to the angels' song.—"Glory to God in the Highest, and on earth peace, goodwill towards men."

M. DOWMAN, Lower VI.

GYM COMPETITION, MARCH, 1929.

MISS Nordqvist very kindly came to judge this year's Gym Competition. Upper VA2 won the cup with 78½ points, second came the Sixth Form with 75 points.

After Miss King had read the results Miss Nordqvist gave a short criticism of the school's gymnastic work. The apparatus work she considered good but the free-standing needed improvement. An easier movement was wanted, with more rhythm. The juniors were inclined to be lifeless, probably because they were too serious. To create a good impression they should show more vigour and look more cheerful. The upper school was better in this respect but the elder girls were far too slow in moving to and from their places.

Miss Nordqvist praised the general neatness of the girls and their good vaulting but said that the balance had not reached a very high standard. She thought that all the forms had worked very hard and very earnestly.

We hope that Miss Nordqvist will come and see us again and that those things which she criticised will have improved.

O. FAIRCLOUGH, Upper VI.

HOSTEL NOTES.

EXIT the fourth year, and the Hostel still stands firmly. This has been one of the most eventful years.

The most outstanding feature has been the Cambridge exam. Revision took place in all parts of the house, the bedrooms being the most popular, and everyone was very relieved when the last exam was over, especially the sternly suppressed infants.

There have been three quarantines this year, two for scarlet fever which Betty Haydon and Mary Elson thrust upon us, and one for chicken pox which Joyce Tobitt developed. We worked every morning during these quarantines owing to exams which were approaching, and went for many long walks.

We ended the first quarantine with a fancy dress party which Mrs. Haydon kindly gave us, owing to the fact that we all missed the school parties. Morna Maclaren won first prize as a paper bag. The next quarantine ended with a gym competition in which the different dormitories competed and Miss Holmes sent a cup to the winners. A great deal of our spare time during quarantine was spent in knitting a blanket for the miners, which proved a success.

On the last night but one Mrs. Haydon gave the seniors a farewell supper rounded up by a singsong and moonlight walk.

Besides losing four of our members this year, our matron is leaving to go to Roedean.

The annual feasts have taken place in all the dormitories, with no casualties. On these occasions all mysterious noises are tactfully ignored !

The term ended with a most unexpected fire drill, when we all assembled on the lawn in our night attire.

THE HOSTELITES.

APPLE-BLOSSOM.

A FRAGRANCE which was sweet to smell,
Which seemed to weave a magic spell
On all around,
As to the ground,
The apple blossom softly fell.

The dainty blossoms still fell fast,
And round about our feet, they cast
A cloak of pink,
Which made us think
The beauty of the tree was past.

EILEEN WICKHAM. Middle VB.

L. N. U.

THIS year we have been very fortunate in having, in the Spring Term, Captain Deane who gave us an exciting lecture on poison gases and afterwards answered questions on anything we wanted to know about them, and, in the Autumn Term, Mr. Graham White who spoke to us about the I. L. O.

During the Spring Term we did something that we have never done before. We had an L. N. U. Tea-Party. It was followed by a meeting, where each form showed that it was

working hard in the weekly meetings by sending a representative to read a paper on the subject the form had studied during the Term. In the Summer Term we had a debate. The motion was "That the League does not justify its existence." It was well discussed but finally defeated by a large majority.

Four members won prizes again this year for the L. N. U. Essay competition, Joan Blomfield and Rita Digby had first prizes and Molly Blomfield and Ida Hayward had second prizes.

This Autumn Term a party of girls, organized by Margaret Dowman and Gweneth Newman, went to the Great Bentley Wesley Guild and, as judges of the Hague Court, judged two cases. Miss Reynolds went with them and after the trials spoke to the meeting. At the end the audience showed their enthusiasm by buying nearly every one of the pamplets that the girls took with them to sell.

M. GOULD, Lower VI.

SPORTS DAY, 1929.

WE were lucky again this year in having a fine and warm day for our Sports. We began promptly at half-past two with the Senior high jump won by P. Stuart (Lower VI), who jumped 4ft. 8in. In the Middles high jump there was a tie between G Wright (Lower Vc) and D. Hunt (Upper IVA), both jumping 4ft. 5in., while M. Bradley (Upper IVA) jumped 4ft. in the Junior final.

A new event this year was the slow bicycle race, which caused much amusement.

Team races were exciting, and the Upper VA's excelled themselves in this event. Upper VA I won both the Flag and Girdle races, thereby gaining Fra Angelico's "Annunication" and "The Girl at the Casement," after Vermeer, while Upper VA II just beat them in Cross and Tunnel, and so won Mrs. Young's "Autumn at Chillon." Upper IIIB gained the highest number of points and therefore had the First prize, Vermeer's "View of Delft." Upper VA I came second and Lower Vc third. Their prizes were "The Music Lesson," by Vermeer, and Pisanello's "Vision of St. Eustace."

A welcome addition to Sports Day, both for spectators and competitors, was the provision of tea, cakes and lemonade arranged by Miss Collier and Miss Strang We hope that it will be repeated.

The Mayor very kindly presented the prizes. He praised the work of Miss King and the Staff in organising the Sports, and the keeness with which the girls took part.

We wish to thank Mrs. Young very much for presenting us one of her own paintings (Autumn at Chillon), the Staff and Old Girls for giving prizes, and all those who gave so generously to the Sports Fund.

J. HICKFORD, Upper VI.

THE SCHOOL CONCERT.

ON May 16, the School gave a musical concert in the Moot Hall. The platform was filled with rows of trembling people from North Hill; the Preparatory sat on forms in the front; Greyfriars sat where they could—chiefly on the stairs. When we were all arranged Miss Goodwin mounted the table, and the fun began. Miss Mortimer accompanied. The programme open with three Folk-songs from the Fourth Forms. The Preparatory enjoyed their songs, little poems by A. A. Milne, set to music; so did everyone else. North Hill sang part-songs, and the Third Forms gave us three songs by Eleanor Farjeon. Joan Head and Lilian Percival played pianoforte solos. But the most exciting part of it all was contributed by Albert Sammons, the great violinist, who again did us the honour of playing at our concert. By his special wish Dr. Young kindly came to play the accompaniments. Mr. Sammons played us violin solos from Handel, Leclair and Sarasate, as well as some of his own composition. Best of all, when parents and friends had gone home and we thought everything was over, Mr. Sammons came back, and played several pieces to the School alone; Poldini's "Dancing Doll" pleased everyone immensely. The Concert meant hard work for the conductor and accompanist, and considerable endurance from the singers; and we are very grateful to Mr. Sammons for kindness which felt like a reward.

J. BLOMFIELD, Upper VI.

NEW FACTS RECENTLY COME TO LIGHT.

HENRY II. employed mercerized troops and sat in the curious Regius.

In the last verse of the carol "Unto us is born a Son"—O and A stands for the Ox and the Ass.

The theory of attraction as interpreted by our scientists—Particles are held together by love.

(Wordsworth's sudden popularity in certain quarters is worthy of notice: he has lately been identified with Stevenson and St. Paul, who apparently completed his education at Cambridge.)

The Brain . . . . consists of convulsed grey matter . . . . The more convulsed, the more intellectual the person.

NOISES IN THE NIGHT.

MIDNIGHT. The moon not yet risen, and the whole of the Camp wrapped in a white ground mist. Not a breath of wind. All lay hushed and quiet. A beam of light piercing the tent canvas. A scratching under the brailing. Still the light shining and persistent.

Sleepless I lay there and a sea-mew wailed and cried. The meaning of that light? I left the tent to look. It was a tiny glow-worm.

Fascinated by the gloom and the glistening river, I wandered. How sweet the world was. The scent of the earth after rain. Grey sky, whispering rushes. The sounds unnoticed in the day sounded so clear in the stillness.

A light splash—a fish rises. Tall trees creak. An apple falls—thud! I jump, and a twig snaps with the noise of a pistol.

A night moth flutters and drowsy bees drone sleepily. They stop and a deep silence follows.

Then the nightingale's piercing, throbbing, song. For several minutes, sweet trills and echoing melodies. A lull. Silence. A bat screeches, how different from the nightingale's song. The whirring of the bat's wings. A boom of a gun in the distance.

A cricket chirping. A breeze rising. A snap, as the dog-violet scatters its seeds. Four o'clock tolls in the distance. A bird wakes. Rustles its wings. Sings its morning matins.

The sky grows lighter and a streak of pink darts across the east. A family of young birds clamour for their breakfast.

Morning—in Wrabness.

ETHNE PAYNE, Upper V., age 15.

Y.H.L.

THE Y.H.L. has had a very successful year. The members were busy during the Autumn term making and collecting the presents that were sent to Dr. Barnardo's Homes at Christmas, together with a gift to Arthur Burge, the boy we support at the Watts Naval School.

The result of the box-opening was a total of £18 0s. 1d. from North Hill and £17 6s. from Greyfriars. There are now 222 members in the School. It is hoped that the Young Helpers' League will be as active as usual this Christmas, and that everybody who is not yet a member will join immediately.

M. FIELDGATE, Upper VI.

ON Wednesday, September 25, 1929, about fifty members of the Y.H.L. visited the Barkingside Girls' Village Home near Brentwood.

We were conducted round the Village, which consists of many little cottages, with thirty girls in each cottage, and a "Mother" to look after them.

All the work in the cottages is done by the girls. The kitchen maids intend to be real kitchen maids when they are old enough. The bigger girls look after the younger ones.

We went, first of all, into the Church in which every cottage has a certain pew. The Homes have no Rector, therefore a visiting Rector comes from Brentwood.

We then visited the laundry, which is entirely run by the older girls of the village.

Scarves, lace and embroidery are made by other girls in a special building.

The Babies have a very pretty and comfortable nursery in Cherry Court. Near to this nursery is the Hospital, in which there were hardly any patients.

We saw the Memorial which was set up to the late Dr. Barnardo, and the figures of the two crippled girls sitting at his feet, and we were told that one of the girls is still living in the village.

A lesson was in progress in the Kindergarten School, and we saw the older girls coming out of school in the afternoon.

There are netball courts and swings in the grounds.

The library is kept up by voluntary contributions of books.

After seeing the donkey and giving it a friendly pat, we went into Victoria House to have tea, which was provided by some of the girls.

G. DALE, Upper VA.

SIXTH FORM NOTES.

WE were an unusually small Upper Sixth last year and so we were joined with the Lower VI. for everything in Sport except tennis. We did quite well in hockey. We got into the final and were just beaten by Upper VAI in an exciting match on the Garrison Ground, but we did nothing in netball or tennis. In the Spring Term we were pleasantly surprised at finding ourselves second in the Gym Competition, and in the summer we came ninth in the Sports.

Besides working hard for Games we had the more serious work for Higher School Certificate which four of us took in July.

The past Upper Sixths may be interested to know that "Cæsar" departed to Dr. Barnardo's Homes in the Christmas Term without any regrets*.

At the end of the year we heard the good news that M. Fieldgate had been awarded a County Major Scholarship.

J. HICKFORD, Head Girl.

* [The Editor, who is tender-hearted, here protests, and disassociates herself most strongly.]

NEWS OF LAST YEAR'S SIXTH FORM.

I. Akehurst ...	Reading University.
M. Andrews ...	Brighton Training College.
C. Carter ...	Cowdray Club.
†B. Chalk ...	Avery Hill Training College, London.
O. Fairclough	Peterborough Training College.
M. Fieldgate ...	King's College, London.
†R. Hall ...	Peterborough Training College.
J. Hickford ...	Homerton Training College, Cambridge.
B. Higgins ...	National Training College for Domestic Subjects, London (in January).
M. Hunt ..	Harcombe House Cooking School, Devonshire.
R. King ...	Hockerill Training College, Bishop's Stortford.
M. Rivers ...	Peterborough Training College.
O. Savory ...	Hockerill Training College. Bishop's Stortford.
†H. Smith ...	Avery Hill Training College, London.
P. Stuart ...	Berridge House Domestic Science College, Hampstead.
†F. Thomson ...	Peterborough Training College.
†J. Waumsley ...	Furzedown Training College, London.

† Student-teaching 1928-29.

SIGN POSTS.

THE white post at the cross-roads is always a welcome sign to a traveller. While trudging along a road which burns your feet and seems unending the sight of a sign-post inspires new hope—until it is reached and informs you that the place which is your goal is ten miles away.

If you look up "sign post" in a dictionary it will say "a post from which a sign hangs," and so it would seem that all sign posts are alike. But they are not.

There are nice, obliging sign posts which are just as good as personal explanation—and better than many peoples'—, and there are mere sign posts, and there are rude, abrupt, uncommunicative sign posts.

Now, an obliging sign post has several arms, and will not only tell you in which direction a place lies, but what class of road it is, how many miles there are to go, and what parish it is in; if it is a *very* obliging post it will only say 1 or 1½ miles at the most.

It will be painted a nice, clean, refreshing white, and will be found just where it is wanted—at a bewildering maze of deserted cross-roads.

The next type is the mere sign post. This post points in some directions, possibly in the one you want, but it does not tell you in what parish it is, it has only two arms, and it rarely has any miles on it.

Failing the obliging sign post the mere one will do.

Worse than this is the rude, abrupt sign post; what a contrast it is to the obliging one. It has one tired-looking arm pointing disparagingly in the direction you have come from, and says nothing about the place you want to go to—or if it should elect to do so it will say it is about 9 miles away. It might quite well, to add to its tactlessness, tell you that you have only walked one mile from the place you left hours ago, when you *know* that you have walked at least five.

This type is usually found on a broiling day, and is a dirty mud-splashed grey. It will lead you along bad roads, while the obliging post will direct you to picturesque, quaint villages and primrosy woods.

This obliging post is welcomed with joy by every traveller—it is a friend—and may we be preserved from rude sign posts!

JOAN ALLEN, Upper VA. Age 16.

THE MUSIC CLUB.

THIS year we have again had some very interesting concerts.

Among the special ones were those given by Albert Sammons, who is always so good in coming to us, and the Virtuoso String Quartet, all the members of which are well-known musicians.

An unusual concert was given by Miss Kendall and Robert Murchie, violin and flute. Miss Kendall had played to us before, but it was the first time we had heard the flute as a solo instrument.

Dr. Thomas Wood, whom we always welcome, gave some very interesting lectures on "Instruments of the Orchestra," "Carols," and "English Traditional Song" In the latter he was assisted by Stuart Robertson, who gave song illustrations. Another lecture by Miss Joy Smith showed us how the outside world affected composers and their work.

We have had two 'cello recitals, by Beatrice Eveline and Helen Luard respectively, and Edgerton Tidmarsh, one of the professors of the Royal Academy of Music, gave a very interesting piano recital in which he played Beethoven's beautiful "Sonata Appassionata." This was the first time many of us had heard it.

An interesting lecture and display was given by the English Folk Dance Society at the Albert Hall, the lecturer being Miss Karpeles, one of the original organisers of the Society.—Illustrations were given of Country Dances (Step Stately, Newcastle,

etc.) a Sword dance (Earsdon) and Morris dances (Trunkles, and in particular, Step Back, Leap Frog and a Morris Jig danced by men). The music was provided by a pianist and violinist.

Altogether it has been a most interesting concert year, and our thanks are due to Miss Gordon, who spends so much time in arranging them.

M. Diss, Lower VI.

THE PARIS PARTY'S TRIP.

ONCE again Miss Zellikoff conducted a very happy party of girls to France. This time it was to Paris and a very enjoyable time was spent there. We went to different places of interest each day. Such buildings as the Louvre (which was the palace of the French kings) and the château at Versailles with their beautiful art treasures were great favourites of ours. We saw some lovely stained glass windows in Notre Dame Cathedral and Chartres Cathedral. Among other places of interest were the Arc de Triomphe and Eiffel Tower, both of which we went up, also the Bois de Boulogne where we had a jolly picnic. We enjoyed ourselves when we travelled on the underground railways, and looked over the large shops. By the end of the holiday we all felt that we had a better idea of the French people and their language, and we would all like to thank Miss Zellikoff for giving us such a wonderful time and such a good chance of going abroad.

Phyllis Voak, Upper Vb.

COMPETITIONS.

AGES 16 AND OVER.

THIS was a most disappointing section. The competitions set were either a short article on one of these subjects:

"That the early bird does not catch the worm."

"That a bird in the hand is not worth two in the bush."

"That people in glass houses should throw stones."

or a poem parodying The Sands of Dee or lamenting the Disappearing Duster. The last subject is surely very near to everyone's heart. The Committee sadly concludes that part of the senior school is very busy and the rest very lazy; for two Dirges appeared, and nothing else at all. We award the prize to Gweneth Newman.

THE DIRGE OF THE DISAPPEARING DUSTER.

WHEN in the form-room I recline
Placed on the black-board shelf,
I look complacently around
Contented with myself.
Someone enters in a fluster
"Would you kindly lend your duster?"
Alack-a-day! ah! woe is me!
Wherever can our duster be?

Snugly hidden in my nook
I watch with joy and glee.
I watch them as they look and look
But find no trace of me.
A shout arises from the muster,
"Oh, where O where is our dear duster?"
Alack-a-day! ah! woe is me!
Wherever can our duster be?

A note is written on the board
For everyone to see.
TWENTY SHILLINGS FOR REWARD
PLUS TWOPENCE HALF-PENNY,
Lost, on Friday morning, just a
Simple, yellow, flannel duster,
Alack-a-day! ah! woe is me!
Wherever can our duster be?

Great is the jubilation, then
When last I am restored,
And once more placed upon my perch
On top of the black-board.
But once again in group and cluster
They're looking for the missing duster.
Alack-a-day! ah! woe is me!
Wherever can our duster be?

G. NEWMAN, Lower VI. Age 17.

AGES 14 AND UNDER 16.

HERE there were alternatives in verse and prose. Subjects set for prose were either "An adventure which begins in a third-class carriage in a corridor train, and depends upon four people in that carriage," or "Haymaking"; poems might be written to the titles "Carnival" or "Cats on a Roof." Joan Knape's poem wins the prize. The adventure sent in by Violet Chaplin was different from all the others, and is highly commended; the Committee thinks it very well worth printing, and the lack of miscellaneous prose this year makes this possible. We also commend Olive Fairhall, who described her people well. Cats on a roof, not unnaturally, evoked rather wild attempts.

CARNIVAL.

CARNIVAL, carnival, merry and gay,
Jolly and cheerful; laughing all day;
Colours from rainbows,
Leaves and bright flowers,
Sparkling like dewdrops,
Or fresh, warm, spring showers,
Flitting on painted wings,
Swift fly your hours.

Carnival, carnival, laughter and fun,
Smiling and jolly; a flash and you're done;
Clowns and gay jesters;
Many strange things;
Silver steeds prancing;
Small fairies with wings,
Merry's the Carnival;
Glad hours it brings.

Carnival, carnival; fields and the seas;
Your music of bluebells you waft on the breeze
No blaring music,
No gaudy show;
Natures own Carnival;
Where wild flowers grow,
Seasons in plumage gay
One by one go.

JOAN KNAPE, Middle VB. Age 14.

MIDSUMMER'S NIGHT.

THREE girls were talking excitedly together as the last train to leave London passed through London suburbs on the way to Epping. They were off to spend mid-summer's day in the country and had started the night before in order that they might have the whole day. They were sitting opposite to the door which led into the corridor, and being very interested in the plans they were making for the next day, did not notice that a woman who was a farmer's wife got into the carriage. They were talking of picnicking all the day in the forest, and perhaps staying very late so that they could enjoy a supper in the forest; when a voice said to them, "Look at the moon, now; what a night for a dance under the moon."

The girls looked up and laughed when they saw the woman, and one of them said "We did not notice you come in. Yes, it is a lovely night for a moonlight dance, but I'm afraid we will have to have our supper, when we have reached Epping, and the forest is a good distance from my aunt's house."

The woman answered her by saying, "Will you come to our farm for supper? It is on the edge of the forest. You will be able to go out afterwards and join the dancers in the forest, then you can go to your aunt's to bed."

"Oh!" they all cried, "are there always dances in the forest on Midsummer's eve?"

"Only when the moon is right, as it is this year," replied the farmer's wife.

"Then we would love to come with you for supper," they said all at once.

When the train reached Epping, they had arranged all their plans, and they went with the farmer's wife to her house which they found was almost on top of the forest. They saw it with the moonlight shining on it, and behind were the outskirts of the forest.

The girls longed to be in the forest, and almost decided to go without having supper, but when they suggested this to the farmer's wife she asked them to wait for her, because she had to go in to leave her parcels, and see that everything was alright.

When they did reach the forest they saw arrows pointing along a path, and they followed the arrows until they came to a long glade lit up by the moon and fringed with oaks and chestnuts which cast shadows on to the carpet of grass below.

Then the girls saw that the villagers had arranged an entertainment, first fairy dances by the children and then a grand moonlight ball for everyone.

The three London girls sat on the grass where they were and watched entranced with everyone else, while out of the still woods from every side fairies came in ones and twos and danced in a ring in the centre of the glade. They danced bare-footed in the moonlight, the fairy ring growing ever larger until there was room for no more, and then they disappeared as they had come, into nowhere.

The three girls had watched the dance with dreamy eyes and had not moved once through it all, and when it was finished they looked at one another and said, "Surely they were real fairies."

Then an old shepherd appeared with his pipe, and he piped many weird tunes. Presently he was asked to pipe for the young people. As soon as he started on the old country dance tunes, from the shadows of the trees there came all the young people, and with them the three London girls.

They danced in the light of the moon till long past midnight, and then they went to their beds and dreamt of fairy rings.

V. Chaplin, Middle Va. Age 15.

AGES 11 AND UNDER 14.

THE competition was to write a prose description of the most curious dream you could imagine, or a poem about thunder and lightning or a peaceful place. It was impossible to decide between Audrey Calveley's poem and the dream described by Joyce Tobitt; the Committee decided to divide the prize. We also print Helen May's Peaceful Place, which is highly commended.

THUNDER AND LIGHTNING.

THE thunder roars as a lion roars,
Hungrily seeking its prey.
The lightning flashes as armour does,
In the battle-field array.

As an old man tries to light his pipe,
The high wind puts it out;
He growls, a long and angry growl,
Much worse than any shout.

The Man in the Moon lights his pipe,
(That is the lightning flash)
And growls because it is put out,
(That is the thunder crash).

And so he tries for many times,
Until the storm is o'er;
Then all is wet, and quiet, and still,
And peaceful as before.

AUDREY CALVELEY, Lower IVA, age 11.

THE MOST CURIOUS DREAM I CAN IMAGINE.

THE night on which all this happened I had come home very late from a party. Perhaps that accounted for the curious dream I had.

I fell asleep very quickly but suddenly woke up to find the moonlight streaming into the room. I was still blinking and trying to wake myself up properly when all of a sudden the wall facing my bed disappeared and the bed began to glide out of the window. I was so surprised that I did not attempt to move, and I wondered whatever *was* going to happen next, when the bed floated right out of the room and up among the clouds.

Suddenly I felt somebody trying to pull me out of bed. I sat up but I could not see anybody. I was trying to think out a way of steering the bed back home when I saw a Shadow stand on the bed-rail and turn a somersault down through the clouds. A good many more followed and by the time I had watched them all go through the clouds I felt I must follow. I climbed on to

the bed-rail and was surprised to find how easy it was to balance. I could see the clouds down below looking beautifully soft and white. While I was thinking whether or not I should follow the Shadows, somebody pushed me and I went head first down into the fleecy whiteness.

I felt myself falling down, down, down. It seemed ages before I arrived down in the Land of Nod. A little man in pyjamas and a red night-cap came up to me and asked me if I would like to come for a slide down the rainbow. I accepted his offer and spent a very jolly time sliding about. It takes about ten minutes to get right along the rainbow. I did not get to the end the first time I tried, I got about half-way along and then I fell off. You can only get right along once out of every three tries. I wasn't prepared for the end because I got there sooner than I expected. I was going along at a fine rate when I slid off with a bump into the place where the rainbow ends. I was so pleased that I had got along the rainbow that I forgot to see if I had hurt myself.

The first thing I saw when I looked round was a lovely hall all lighted up. I walked inside to find that it looked even nicer inside than it did from outdoors. The walls were white shot with different colours. There were several small people dancing in the hall, and I suddenly found myself dancing with them. I had shrunk until I was only about six inches high. All of a sudden there was a whirring sound and everybody rushed to the sides of the hall to make room for the table that suddenly appeared.

The table was laid with glass knives and forks, glass plates, and glass dishes of all colours. We all sat down and I looked round, but could not see any food. There was a menu card on the table which I took and commenced to study. Strangely enough all the things were the same as I had had the evening before at the party. While I was still looking at the card every-one rose to their feet. I stood up too and saw a little man, whom I took to be the king, approaching.

He had a long white beard down to his knees, and a golden crown on his head. He was dressed in an orangey-red suit which sparkled in the light. A long cloak was fastened to his shoulders with gold clasps and held up by two train bearers in sparkling white suits that looked like frosting on a Christmas cake.

He seated himself on a throne at the head of the table. He looked first at the menu card and then at me. He kept staring at me and then he shouted:—

"There's our supper, I can see it inside."

Then everybody rushed at me. I screamed and started fighting. Someone knocked me over and I woke up to find that I had fallen out of bed.

JOYCE TOBITT, Upper IVB., age 12.

A PEACEFUL PLACE.

I LIE in the wood
And hear the birds sing,
The magpies are chattering
The distant bells ring.

The ripple of water
Upon the gold sand
In the bed of the river
So close to my hand.

A little grey rabbit
Popped up from his hole
And twiddled his whiskers
And quietly stole,

To where the soft grass
Was tender and green,
And where he thought
He could not be seen.

The flowers in the woodland
Are all smelling so sweet,
A big bunch of primroses
Close to my feet.

I feel the sweet breezes
So soft to my face.
Now what do you think
Of my Peaceful Place?

HELEN MAY, Upper III A, age 11.

AGES 9 AND UNDER 11.

GREAT variety was offered to these people. A poem about a pet or a toy balloon, or a description of a fairy or an elf, in prose or verse, might be submitted; or else a story written round these twelve words: Mountain, Lake, Prince, Princess, Castle, Dungeon, Garden, Monster, Witch, Giant, Feast, Ship. The Committee set the words, but the suggestion came from Greyfriars. Some of the stories were good, but many hardly did justice to the material put before them. The prize goes to Joan Robinson, who took a great deal of trouble, and filled her story with exciting and romantic adventures.

THE ADVENTURES OF THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS.

ONCE upon a time there lived a king with one son. The prince's name was Merryheart. He had this name because he was very merry and always joyful and happy. The king wanted his son to get married quickly because the king was getting very old. Just outside the kingdom there was a big mountain and at the bottom there was a very big lake. Nobody ever fished in this lake because on the top of the mountain a giant lived in an enormouse castle and all the people were frightened of the giant so they dare not fish in the lake because it was his.

The king said, "You must go beyond the lake and you will pass the mountain and find a princess." Merryheart said, "I will go father, and though I have to go past the mountain." The people who had gone into the wood had never come back again so they thought there must be dangerous things there. The giant had got someone in his castle but nobody knew who. Merryheart was determined to rescue the person. So he set off on his white mare. The castle had dungeons belonging to it so the prince thought of course he could not get in. Yet, he thought he would try. He travelled all day up the mountain, leaving his mare down below, with plenty to drink and eat. At last he got to the top and he crept round the castle and broke a window. He then hid away behind a tree. Nothing happened however so he climbed through the bars into the dungeon. There to his surprise, there was a princess sitting on a stool, weeping bitterly. When she heard Merryheart coming she looked up, and smiled through her tears. Then she said, "O kind prince will you save me from this horrid place." The prince looked grave and said, "O fair princess I will certainly do my best." Suddenly they both heard an angry voice saying "I will go and see." "That is the giant, hide and be quick for he will find out that you are here," said the princess. So the prince hid and in came the giant who said, "To-morrow at six o'clock I am coming to kill and eat you and that will be the end of you." The princess sobbed quietly, but when he went out the prince said, "Now is our chance." They crawled out of the dungeon window. Giant windows are of course bigger. Just as they crawled out who should appear but the giant who said, "Now I've got you." But as he said this the prince stuck his sword in the giant's side and the giant fell down dead. They were very glad he was dead. "I must go through the wood, and home," said the princess sadly. "Well I will come with you," said the prince. They went down the mountain and got on the mare and trotted through the forest. As they got to the forest they came upon a little hut so they called there and asked for shelter which they got. The old lady

was very ugly and she had a cat that kept on winking. Just as the prince was going to lie down he heard the old lady saying, "I am longing for to-morrow for we are going to have a feast on that prince for he does not know that I am a witch. Ha! Ha! Ha!" When the witch had gone to bed he crept out, wakened the princess and said, "We will burn this hut because that old lady is going to eat me to-morrow." He rubbed two sticks together till they were alight and then he threw them on the hut. They saw the witch climb on to the roof of the hut, but when she saw the flames she was so frightened she fell off and was killed. The prince clapped his hands and said, "Now she is dead we have nothing to fear." Then the princess explained why she had to go through the wood because she was under a spell and if she married, she would die, but now the spell was broken. They started home to the palace and as they were passing the lake the prince decided to fish. He was about to do so when a little ship appeared close to them the prince caught hold of it and helped the princess in. He was just starting to fish when suddenly from the water arose a big monster. The princess screamed as the prince was swallowed by the monster. The prince inside thought that before he died he would stab its heart. As the monster sunk Merryheart jumped out of the mouth of the monster and swam to shore. The princess was overjoyed and hoped that was the last adventure. They got to the palace without any more adventures. Princess Fairlocks was the Princess's name. Merryheart said, "I will have a feast in our garden and let everyone have a flower each." The feast was a great success and it was called The Garden Feast. They had another feast later on at which the prince and princess were married, and it was the prettiest marriage that had ever taken place in the kingdom.

The End.

JOAN ROBINSON, Upper IIIB, age 10.

PREPARATORY COMPETITIONS.

THE First Form and Lower II were asked to illustrate a story. Most of the drawings were quite good, and there was a great deal of lovely bright colour, which pleased the Committee and cheered them on their way; sometimes, though, it was very difficult to tell what they were all about. Clytie Brown's was the best; she drew Dick Whittington starting out with his very humorous cat, with a background full of houses and gardens, and a church too. The picture sent by Doreen Naylor was good; Cinderella stood before the hearth with her broom, and there were photographs of her sisters on the mantlepiece.

Upper IIA and B wrote about a treasure hunt. All their adventures were exciting and interesting, and most people went a long way to look for treasure. Geography would seem to be their favourite subject. Mary Cater wins the prize, and Elsie Hatfield comes next. Francis Batten spells badly, but we think his adventures worth printing.

A TREASURE HUNT.

I AM going for a treasure hunt to find gold. I wonder where I could find some. I think I will try America. So I travel on to America. It is a very long way. I must go by boat. Now I have come to America. I must look about. I can see some people they are looking at me. As if they are wondering who I am. I think that I will try and get friendly with them. They are quite friendly. They show me where there is lots of gold. Then they take me about and show me lots of things. Now I must go some where difrent. I will try France I think. I must go again by boat. Now I have come to France. This time I came to a cave. I went in the door. In the cave were lots of pots. In the pots was lots of gold. I was just going to take some when I heard some men coming. Quickly I got into one of the pots and hid. Soon I heard them speak. Some body been here said one. Let us look about said a other. So they all looked about. Till at last they thought that some body might be in one of the pots. One of them found me. They drew their swords at me but I rushed to the door. They chaced me out.

MARY CATER. Upper IIA. Age 8.

A TREASURE HUNT.

MY father said that long ago there were robbers and that they had caves and said that a lot of people had found things there. So my brother and I went down the next morning to look for treasure Soon we came to a big cave and we went in, inside was a big chest and there we found bags of money and things and then we took them home to are Mother and Father On the way home there came on thunder and rain and we went in a nother cave to keep dry and then right through the narrow cave we went till we came to a door and we went up the lader and through the door and found ourselves in our own garden and the sun was shinning brightly. And when we showed them to Mum and Dad they found some things that they had had stollen from them years ago. And amongst other things was a little gold pear and we hung it up by the fire. And we did not go Treasure Hunting any more.

ELSIE HATFIELD, Upper IIA. Age 9.

A TREASURE HUNT.

I SAW when I went treasure hunting I saw a big mable stone which was carved a figer and I found a peice of stone so clear that I kood see through it. I went on a horse through a forest and I crosed a brook. And I saw a mable in the brook, and I got off my horse and picked it up and put it in my pocket I got on my horse and rode on till I came to a river and I went over the bridge and then I found a scelenton in a dich and I went through a town and just as I got out side the town I found the remains of of a old gate, and some remains of the roman wall. The I went on a ship to go to Africa and there I found the remains of a ship. And then I went to Holland and I found a clod with a lovely pearl in it and I had it, and the clod had on it a figure painted on it. And I went up a steep mountain in Swiztland and I found a coloured stone which was shaped like a basin. And I went up the Southdowns hills and I found a big peise of chalk.

FRANCIS BATTEN, Upper II. Age 8.

FRENCH COMPETITION.

SENIORS were asked to write a poem in French, and the competition set for Lower Fifths was a charade. There were very few entries, and the standard was not high ; the one charade, though quite good, was hardly worthy of a prize. The French staff therefore decided to award no prize this year.

STAFF COMPETITION.

AT last the Staff have abandoned the strongholds of obstinacy and feeble resentment; in the genial atmosphere of a pleasant and very easy competition they have become positively sparkling. The subject set was a nonsense rhyme or set of rhymes on the model of Lewis Carrol's verses in Sylvie and Bruno. The Upper VI. hasten to disclaim any credit for this inspiration, which came from a member of the Staff ; all they have done is to accept it very gratefully, and tear out their hair in the effort to judge the numerous entries. After much deliberation, it was decided that Miss Mortimer should have the prize. We print a selection from a wealth of very entertaining material.

HE thought he saw a paragraph
In yesterday's Observer,
He looked again and found it was
A statue of Minerva.
"Too late we meet," he sadly said,
"I've lost my early fervour."

He thought he saw the cauliflower
Hobnobbing with the cheese.
He looked again and found it was
The wind among the trees.
"If these were those," he said, "Who knows?
How sad if those were these!"

He thought he saw a water spout
Arising unto heaven,
He looked again and found it was
Two thirty + 11.
"It seldom comes to 9," he said,
"More rarely still to 7."

H. M. MORTIMER.

"IF pigs can fly," the young man said,
"They surely must have wings.
"They'd travel better if they had
"Semi-elliptic springs."
He ate and ate, and as he ate
He thought of higher things.

R. H. KING.

I THOUGHT I saw a hollyhock
Flaunt idly in the breeze;
I looked again, and saw it was
My nose about to sneeze:
"I'll hold it till it's red," I said,
"It does it just to tease."

G. M. MORTON.

I THOUGHT I saw Lord Byron lead
His men to fight for Greece:
I looked again, and saw it was
The vicar and his niece.
"We must do all we can" he said
"To serve the cause of peace."

E. D. M. WINTERS.

HE thought he saw a Hard-boiled egg,
That sang a nursery rhyme :
He looked again, and found it was
Exactly Greenwich time.
"Merely to mention it" he said
"Should constitute a crime."

R. L. PHILLIPS.

OLD GIRLS' COMPETITION.

THE Old Girls were asked to produce a Nightmare, in pictorial or literary form. There was only one entry for this competition, but it was so good that the Committee have no hesitation in awarding it the prize, offered by Miss Phillips.

A NIGHTMARE.

I WAS back at school again and about to take an important examination. Unfortunately I could not remember what the subject was which I ought to have revised as I had mislaid the syllabus. I kept trying to find it in the cupboards in the Upper VIth form room, but they were crammed with books and papers which I pulled out in armfuls until I was knee deep in them and still had not found the missing paper. At this moment Mr. Holland entered and said that the room was required immediately for a committee meeting. I started to pack the things back but it was a hopeless task. The more I packed in the more still remained strewn about the floor, while various members of the form further hindered me by searching for their own books among those which I had already packed in. At last I gave up the unequal struggle and left the room. Outside I met Miss Reynolds, who said; "Ah! you are the person I was looking for. We want to read prayers in Latin this morning as it's the anniversary of Virgil's birth, You must take them as it will be such excellent practice for your examination." In vain I protested at this unprecedented demand; Miss Reynolds looked sterner and sterner. In fact her expression became so ferocious that I was hardly surprised to find that it was no longer Miss Reynolds who was standing beside me, but a Lion! In horror I rushed away and a terrible chase began, through streets and houses, down stairs and round corners—and whenever I glanced behind, the lion, now grown to an enormous size, was close on my heels. A last desperate chase up a steep hill, and I fell exhausted. I thought that I had woken up and found that I was in the Hall at Grey Friars. "I must have fallen asleep in the last lesson," I thought

calmly, with a sense of relief that the lion episode was only a nightmare. But suddenly looking towards the piano my blood ran cold. I had expected to see Miss Jewell playing the piano as usual for the Old Girl's Club. Instead, there sat my lion, evidently thinking contentedly of a recent good meal. I gave a wild scream, a bell rang and a voice said, "Will the girl who shrieked kindly leave the room!" We were now in the dining room and I tried to explain the cause of my alarm. In my effort to make people realize their danger and to prevent Miss Crosthwaite turning out the lights because it was after the time that Old Girls should have left the building, I awoke.

BETTY MURRAY.

OLD GIRLS' SECTION.

BUSINESS REPORT.

AT the Easter meeting two one-act plays were performed, "Five Birds in a Cage" by Gertrude Jennings, and "The Man in the Bowler Hat" by A. A. Milne. The collection amounted to £10 11s. 3d., £4 4s. of which was given to the School Sports Fund, and after expenses had been paid, the remainder was put into a reserve fund to save up for new front curtains and footlights.

The Summer meeting was held at North Hill, and at the business meeting the following officers were elected:—

Secretary and Treasurer—N. Calveley,

Committee—J. Martin, I. Smith, D. Stanyon, M. Thackery, G. White.

Magazine Representative—M. Harvey.

J. Martin afterwards resigned, and her place was filled by W. Broom, the other person nominated.

In future, the new member of the Committee will be elected at school by the people who are leaving, as most Old Girls are not in a position to vote.

It was decided that meetings of the Old Girls' Club should be held three times a term instead of every Friday, as the attendance had gone down considerably during the last winter, and that play-reading should be held in between.

The business meeting was followed by a tennis tournament, in which we were joined by members of the Staff, the Old Staff, and the Sixth, and which was won by D. Aldridge and C. Russell, who beat J. Hickford and E. Moss in the final.

MARRIAGES.

Miller—Learmonth. On July 3, 1929, Violet F. Learmonth to Mr. David Miller.

NEWS OF OLD GIRLS.

IN the New Year Winnie Edmunds takes up a post as French mistress at Shaftesbury.

Jean McBryde is teaching English at Grantham and Kesteven High School.

Agnes Wadley is teaching Classics at Brownhills High School, Stoke-on-Trent.

Joan Byford, who left us to go to America, has recently won a gold cup offered by the Bishop of North Carolina for a Scripture essay.

OLD GIRLS' CLUB.

THE Club met every Friday during the Easter term and the evenings were enjoyed by the few who came. We thank the Staff for arranging the programme every alternate Friday, and are grateful to the Sixth for their successful Progressive games.

Those who attended the Club meetings felt they would like Playreading instead of a varied programme, so this Term we have had three general meetings with Playreadings every three weeks, when we read "The Women have their way," "Cæsar and Cleopatra," "The First Mrs. Fraser," and "Loyalties."

N. CALVELEY.

BEDFORD COLLEGE, LONDON.

BEDFORD College, the oldest women's college of London University, is not widely known, but yet the number of its students is always just over six hundred.

There are the "Freshers," some very timid and looking rather lost in the large building, others who are braver and who revel in the absolute freedom that prevails and in such novelties as wearing an undergraduate's gown for the first time. There are the "second years," filled with a sense of great importance and free from the strain of examination work: they impart joy and gaiety to College life and are to be found in the common rooms, in "Oliver" (the dining hall), at all public functions and public lectures. No one thinks of looking for a "second year" in "The Tate" (the library) or in the Reading Room. Then there are the "Seniors," the greater number of them careworn, and as early as January "FINALS" can be read on their faces, in their hurried walk from the "Tate" to the lecture room and back again and in their almost entire oblivion to the outside world. Most important of all are those seniors who run the students'

affairs, named the Union Committee, who can only be approached with diffidence. They are likened unto the gods upon Olympus.

Students of all nationalities meet at Bedford College. Among the English girls can be seen Indians, dressed in richly embroidered silks of the most beautiful colours, small Japanese girls, all wearing long tight-fitting tunics with high collars, Egyptians, French girls, Spanish girls and Russian girls whose names not even the Professors can pronounce. In summer the pageant of dresses is sobered, the glaring jazz effect avoided, by the dull black of the gowns which have to be worn for all lectures and for all academic functions.

Whether English, Indian or Japanese, whether of a social, athletic or "swotting" disposition, every student is free to pursue that side of College life which pleases her most.

To the student whose only aim is to work and to attend lectures Bedford must seem an earthly paradise. There is the "Tate" containing over fifty thousand volumes, the Departmental Libraries and the Reading Room where she may work, if she will, from 9 a.m. to 7 p.m. She may browse over books in the Library, take home as many volumes as she can carry, and work at them all night. This type of student is seldom found lingering over meals, idling near the notice-boards in the corridors or walking in the grounds.

The Athletic Union plays a large part in the College life of the ordinary student. For one who thinks of nothing but games there is Netball, Hockey and Lacrosse in the winter and Cricket in the summer. Tennis, Badminton, Swimming and Boating can be enjoyed all the year round, while the Walking Club arranges walks for those students who are at a loss how to spend their week-ends. Each club is run by officials elected by the students who choose their own teams and arrange their own fixture lists. The Boating Club, the members of which scull on Regent's Park lake which partially surrounds the College grounds, is perhaps the favourite club, but the Hockey Club comes a good second, with the Tennis Club third. The Tennis Club has only five grass courts and one hard court, which are not enough for nearly six hundred players, and so restrictions have to be put on the number of times a week a member is allowed to play. Coachings are held by most clubs and so the enthusiast can, in one week, get coaching in Netball, Hockey, Lacrosse and Swimming in the winter, and in Tennis, Cricket, Swimming and Boating in the summer. There are inter-collegiate matches and races and University teams to try for, and once more Bedford proves a paradise for those athletically inclined.

Nor are social affairs neglected by students at Bedford College. Social gatherings are arranged by societies under the Union Society, such as the Historical Society, the Modern Languages Society, the Dramatic Society, the Guide Society, the

Choral Society, etc. At the beginning of the session each society gives a social to all members of the Students' Union Society, and from time to time prominent people outside College are asked to lecture. These lectures, on art, music, literature, history, social problems, etc , are greatly appreciated and prevent college from becoming merely a place in which to work for a degree.

Perhaps a word or two should be said of lectures and lecturers. The latter differ so widely that they cannot be classed together: some are aloof and indifferent to student life, while others might almost be considered students themselves. Occasionally lectures are dull and then the students pay more attention to the clock than to work, but more often they are very interesting and well worth attending. Usually lecturers stay in the background: only at public functions of great importance, such as the laying of the foundation stone of the new wing do they come into their real glory. Then they wear their great glowing gowns of orange, purple, scarlet or saxe blue, and the undergraduate, sinking to her proper level, hides within her humble black gown as these imposing figures walk slowly by.

It must not be thought, however, that Bedford College is the horizon that bounds the lives of the six hundred students within its walls. London University is a living institution for the Bedford student and most, if not all, of the College clubs and societies are affiliated to the corresponding University clubs and societies. Bedford College is always well represented at all University functions.

Within, Bedford is a scene of unceasing activity, but outside quiet and peace prevail. To see the flowers blooming in the grounds no one would think the Bedford was in the heart of London. In spring crocuses and daffodils form lovely mats of colour on the grass; in summer, limes, beeches and mulberry trees cast plentiful shades in which are placed rough country-looking benches. Sometimes the scene becomes more rustic when the ducks and swans from the lake make themselves at home on the grass. The grounds only breathe more quietly the air of happiness and youth that is within.

WINIFRED EDMUNDS, (B C. 1925-29).

SOMERVILLE COLLEGE, OXFORD.

THIS has been a very important year for Somerville as in the Summer we held our Jubilee Celebrations. Present, first and second year students were not invited to the Jubilee Garden party in July, but we had our own private celebrations during term—a Dinner at which two of the first Somervillians described life at Oxford in their time, and, by our own choice, a visit to 'Iolanthe' when we proudly occupied the main part of the Stalls and had specially printed programmes.

The speeches made at the Jubilee dinner impressed upon us how much more freedom women students at Oxford enjoy today than fifty years ago. Regulations now are certainly reduced almost to the minimum, for instance, having signed one's name and stated where one is going one can stay out of college until eleven p.m., or by paying a shilling and for special reasons, until 12 o'clock. Although Somerville has a reputation for hard work and the story told against us in Oxford is that one of our Dons once remarked to a student, "You are looking rather tired—take Sunday off!" Somervillians are not really such slaves as this implies. Opportunities for study and for social activities at Oxford are fairly evenly balanced and the stress laid on each depends entirely upon the individual. We are expected to do about seven hours of concentrated work each day, to attend between six and eight lectures and one or two Tutorials (semi-individual coachings) a week, and if anyone works more than this it is usually because she wants to and not by compulsion. Afternoons are left free for games and the river and an examination of the 'Late Leave Book' shows that we manage to get through our quota of work and find time to go out in the evening pretty often. It is lucky that the terms are only eight weeks long, as Oxford life is so hectic that sleep seems to get cut down to the minimum. There is hardly an evening when there is not something attractive to tempt one out, Inter-Collegiate society meetings, such as the University English Club at which distinguished authors and poets speak, and the Political Clubs, the New Theatre, where by 'queueing' one can sit in the gallery and see Shakespeare or Gilbert and Sullivan for eight pence and the Cinema, where even the worst films are enlivened by the witticisms of the undergraduates. Sometimes there are interesting things going on in Somerville itself—performances by our Dramatic society, Debates, or adresses by interesting visitors—Indians, Chinese, or other foreigners.

Altogether life at Somerville is most exciting and crowded with incident. One rushes madly from lectures to the Bodleian Library and from the Bodley to a punt on the river, from the river back to the Camera Reading room, from the Camera to the Theatre, and finally when term ends one finds oneself in a breathless condition at home, surrounded by piles of books to be 'read, marked, learned and inwardly digested' by next term.

BETTY MURRAY.

YOU have probably never felt more strange than you did on the evening when you arrived at college. It all happened so suddenly; a few hours earlier you had been at home among all that was familiar; you had woven dreams of what you thought

it would be like but they were false and you had plunged into the unknown. The experience was one of bewilderment at first and you could only with difficulty take in the situation. You were convinced that it was not so very long ago that you began the summer holiday ; that it was not so many hours ago that you were walking perfectly familiar streets. Somehow there was a gap between the past and the present. Of course you knew that the things you remembered really had happened and that they really weren't memories of some vague pre-existence in another world, though you were inclined to think that they might be.

There was absolutely nothing that was familiar ; the building, the faces, the voices, all were very strange. And then night came, but though it was a strange room that awaited you there would be your own friendly possessions to greet you and there would be a chance to wonder and think, to think and wonder till sleep had carried you and your thoughts through from the first night to the first day.

The sound of a bell was a little startling to rouse you from slumber when the first morning had really dawned ; the surroundings too gave you something of a shock. Soon you would be again amid the crowd of strange faces. Yet somehow they were not half so strange that morning ; nor was anything half so strange. The joy was to come across someone whom you remembered from the previous night, especially someone whose name you knew. There was a whole morning before you and you passed most of it in conversation. It was then that you realized that yours is after all only a little world and that it was not surprising that you should meet there those who knew the people you also knew. The day wore on and you "explored" the building ; somehow it wasn't at all like the place you had found on the first night. But nothing seemed quite the same as it had done then.

It was strange as the end of term came along to look back on those first days. Everything seemed to strike you so differently as it had become more familiar. The dining hall as you now knew it was not the dining hall you had entered on your first night ; your own room seemed to have changed since you had first seen it. Little by little the spirit of college had been wrapping round you till suddenly you found it had envelopped you and you had become a little part of college yourself.

JESSIE WAUMSLEY,
Furzedown College.

ACROSS THE "HERRING-POND."

"GOD'S Own Country" I have heard it called—the South of these wonderful United States, and it must be admitted that the American certainly has much ground for his proverbial boasting, as a visit can prove to us.

We will make our trip in some way, which is yet to be discovered, whereby we may avoid all the unpleasantness usually attendant upon such a voyage, such as the undesirable experience of having a shower bath of coffee or soup, as the result of a steward's suddenly finding the floor was not where he thought it was, and other equally uncomfortable, sometimes embarrassing incidents. I remember one night when I packed my attaché case and sat and waited for the call "The Boats!" The next night was equally restless, for every time I settled down to sleep there would be a bang and a swish and I had to seize whatever was nearest to prevent breaking my neck on the opposite wall! The days were spent in fighting the humiliating feeling resembling that, I imagine, of a fly in a jam pot, unable to get out, for we were surrounded by mountains of water towering high above us. Most of our time, however, was occupied by wondering where we were and where we would be next. We would start out to walk to our cabins and suddenly find ourselves back in the main hall, via several walls, two or three chairs, and a flight of steps taken at one drop, assisted by an occasional push from a door—or may be it was a ceiling!

At last we leave it all behind—rain, wind, snow, fog, sleet, and ice, and we'll reach New York harbour. To finish up our trip, we'll have a fancy dress dance, since it is calm now, and then we must all go out to welcome the Pilot on board at midnight. After that, to bed, and to watch the lights of Coney Island, and then we rise for an early breakfast, and go out to see Miss Liberty and the New York skyline. There follows a rush of greetings, shouts, commands, discussions with immigration officers and customs officers, and again that terrible feeling of "smallness,"—mere little pieces of humanity among those great things which reach the sky.

It is bitterly cold, so we shall not linger, but leave this afternoon, travelling by road, through New Jersey, and reaching Oxford, Penn, to-night. To-morrow we will travel on again, taking time in Washington D.C. to view the Capitol, and going through Alexandria, Virginia, and on to Durham, N. Carolina that night. The next day we shall be home.

We shall not find it difficult to "settle down," for the Southerners are very friendly and hospitable, and the countryside could scarcely be more beautiful. From the coast to Blue Ridge and Smoky Mountains there is varied and wonderful scenery, but especially in the west. The distant view of the mountains, which look like waves of a purple ocean, the winding mountain road, with the mountain above it on one side, and below it, on the the other, a wooded valley, the little houses on the slopes, almost hidden, with their zig-zag trails—all these are beautiful. Some-

how it seems that our thoughts naturally turn to the place which taught us to understand and appreciate beauty, and, looking at the beauty around us we think of our Mother Country, and our Alma Mater—our C.C.H.S.!

JOAN BYFORD.

ITALY is indeed a land of beauty, with the deep blue Mediterranean sea sparkling in the glorious sun, shining from a cloudless blue sky, and the mountains rising steeply behind the coast, where there are small towns bathed in sunshine near the shore, with tiny white dusty winding roads, leading to the villages perched on the cliffs at the side of the mountains; or nestling among olive groves and pine woods.

Most of the towns near the shore are composed of new buildings while the old town itself is in a protected position further inland, sometimes adjoining the new town, as as San Remo, but sometimes two or three miles away. The old narrow steep cobblestone streets, with tall quaint houses on each side, joined overhead by arches, to prevent the shock of earthquakes, are delightfully cool even on the hottest summer days, while here and there where the sun does come stealing in through chinks and crevices, it lights up the grey stone walls of the houses, sometimes finding one of the many small shrines which are often placed over the doorways of the houses. Inside the churches too it is always peaceful and cool, as the sun can only penetrate through the beautiful stained glass windows, lighting up the lofty pillars and marble floors with all the lovely reflected colours.

The people of Italy are as charming as the language they speak, especially the peasants of the mountain villages who have not yet adopted the modern style of dress, but still wear bright coloured kerchiefs over their heads, and dresses with tight bodices and long flowing skirts. One sees them busily working in their gardens on the sides of the mountains, picking fruit or olives or carrying enormous baskets filled with fruit and flowers on their heads; many of them singing merrily in their rich musical voices, and they are always ready to answer enquiries or to greet one with a friendly smile and "Buon Giorno Signorina."

There are many different kinds of fruit all the year round here, and at this season everyone is busy making wine from the grapes, which are so delicious to eat, and so are the figs of which there are several varieties. Then at Christmas the oranges and Tangarines begin to ripen; in the spring the fruits which we have in England in the summer, such as strawberries and cherries are ripe, while in the hot weather the peaches and apricots are ready to eat. Also the Italians are very fond of sweet chestnuts and have many delightful ways of serving them. Olives too are a favourite fruit, but many of them are made into olive oil which is used a great deal for frying.

All the Italians are very fond of "Pasta" as they call it, which is really like macaroni, but it is made into hundreds of different shapes instead of the long sticks, and is served with tomato and grated cheese. Risotto also is another favourite dish and is varied in all sorts of delightful ways. Many of the Italian peasants make their midday meal from Pasta or Risotto and very seldom eat meat, and in practically all the houses and hotels Risotto or Pasta is served first, then meat, and afterwards fruit and cheese, are nearly always served as a sweet instead of the puddings which we have in England.

It is very interesting indeed learning the different ways of cooking here, and endeavouring to adapt English cooking to foreign ways and methods; and the Italians are always so willing and helpful that in spite of the many difficulties of utensils and ovens, we manage to combine English with Italian cooking very well.

E. F. BRAZIER.

[ELIZABETH BRAZIER took the Home Science Course from 1925-6. After two years' training at the Cowdray Club she obtained the post of Lady Cook at an English Girls' School in San Rémo, Italy. She cooks for about 70 people with the help of Italian maids, and in addition to her ordinary duties makes a Birthday cake for each girl in the school as her turn comes round. She found things a little difficult at first as the cookery untensils were so different, and our ordinary English pie-dishes and puddiug basins could not be bought for love or money.

M. COLLIER.]

We wish to acknowledge with thanks magazines from the Loughton High School and Chelmsford County High School.