Colchester County High School.



Magazine.



No. 8. December, 1924.

Colchester County High School Magazine.

VIII. DECEMBER, 1924.

MAGAZINE COMMITTEE.

Editor: J. D. RITCHIE.*

Sub-Editor: B. M. MAKEPEACE.* *Treasurer*: D. CLARKSON.*

Old Girls' Representative: M. HARVEY.*

Staff Representatives: Miss PHILLIPS* Miss THORNBERY.*

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	J. Woodard.*		J. Hickford.
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	V. Beech.	Lower Vc.	G. Davies.
Upper VB.	J. Waumsley.		L. Wheaton.
	E. Wadley.	Upper IVA.	N. Bradshaw.
Upper Vc.	M. Harden.		M. Richards.
	M. Shephard.	Upper IVB.	B. Wright.
			P. Last.

Ex Officio: (Upper VI.)

A. Wadley.	W. Edmunds.	F. Sharp.
J. Bedwell*	G. Campbell.	A. Green.
M. Goodgame.	M. Stokes.*	A. Trayler
	A. Twyman.*	

EDITORIAL.

Schoolgirls, awake! and o'er these pages pore—
The C.C.H.S. Mag. for 1924.

AS all the world knows (or should know) our Magazine comes out once a year, and it is everyone's duty to make this tender annual flower (ahem!) a hardy blossom This is rather a worn-out remark, but the moral is not worn-out. Having propounded the moral, let us proceed to enlarge upon it, and incidentally to enlarge the quantity and improve the quality of matter sent in for the Magazine. This applies to seniors in particular.

*Members of the Executive Committee.

Method : *(a)* Copy out the list of competitions in July (the seed is sown). *(b)* Think about the Magazine when you are lying on your back on the sand beside the sad sea waves in August. *(c)* Write numerous miscellaneous articles and competitions in September. *(d)* Bring the afore-mentioned to school in October. *(e)* Wait patiently in November. *(f)* Pay a shilling in December.

Result : A topping Magazine. (The flower has bloomed !)

Inference : The school is vital and alive.

This all sounds very "pi," but it is really the only way to make our Magazine a school affair and not merely the product of a few enterprising spirits from each form. . . .

We had got so far, when the Committee jogged our elbow and said it wasn't prepared to judge umpteen* articles from every girl, so you are requested to limit your entries to six.

At the end of the year we had to say good-bye to Miss Stoodley and Miss Berlin. Miss Stoodley had been with us for eight years and left us to go to France. Miss Berlin, who was a member of the staff for two years, left us to be married. We were all sorry to lose them both, but we wish them the very best of luck, and hope that they will often be able to come back and see us. We welcome this term Miss Dancer (French) and Miss Zellikoff (French).

We wish to thank the Old Girls for their continued interest in the School during the past year. They gave £4 to our Sports Fund as the result of a concert given at their Easter Meeting, and in addition gave us a handsome grant of £5 for the Library, which has enabled us to buy many new books which otherwise we should have had to do without. Our heartiest thanks are due to the Old Girls.

EXAMINATION RESULTS.

Cambridge School Certificate, December, 1923.

G. G. Campbell.
O. M. Carter.
G. E. Chalk.
V. E. Steggles.
A. E. Trayler.

July, 1924.

†V. N. Bright.
†D. M. Clarkson. Honours.
M. E. Coates.
C. E. Cranfield.
O. M. Crickmore.
J. A. Kempthorne. Honours.
O. E. J. Lawrence.
M. Lennox.
E. E. de Lisle.
G. D. Manning.

*This is not the word it used. but it meant that !

†Exemption from London Matriculation.

D. L. Durant.
V. Gray.
A. L. Gunton,
Distinction in French.
K. Harden.
†N. D. Hurnard. Honours.
Distinction in French and Scripture.
†E. Johnson.
L. E. Kemp.
†J. M. Osborn. Honours.
Distinction in Scripture, English, French.
V. L. Paice.
I. M. Prior.
D. E. Pritchard.
M. J. Taylor.
G. I. Wilkinson.
†J. E. Woodard.
Distinction in French.

LONDON MATRICULATION, JANUARY, 1924.

J. M. Bedwell.
M. R. Ennew.

JUNE, 1924.

E. M. Barnard.
C. W. Clarke.
B. M. Makepeace.

CAMBRIDGE HIGHER SCHOOL CERTIFICATE, JULY, 1924.

W. K. N. Edmunds.
M. R. Ennew.
M. G. Fitch.
Distinction in History.
M. T. Flatman.
Distinction in French.
M. Frost.
F. M. Sharp.
A. D. Wadley.

LONDON INTERMEDIATE ARTS, JANUARY, 1924.

D. L. Pearce.

SCHOLARSHIPS.

E. M. Jeeves, Open Exhibition (Hon.) English, Somerville College, Oxford.
M. T. Flatman, Open Scholarship French, Royal Holloway College.
M. T. Flatman, State University Scholarship.

A CAROL.

SHEPHERDS on the earth lay sleeping,
Stars above were gently peeping,
As the angels watch were keeping
O'er the Holy Babe.

Far and wide the bells were ringing,
Golden angels sweetly singing,
Telling news that they were bringing
Of the Holy Babe.

†Exemption from London Matriculation.

In a manger lowly lying,
Born to sorrowing and sighing,
Born to save us all from dying,
Lay the Holy Babe.

Now before Him low we're bending,
And in joy our voices lending,
Sweetest praises never ending
To the Holy Babe.

EVA WADLEY, Lower VA.

SONNET TO MATHEMATICS.

OH, Maths., to some of life the very bane,
To sing thy praise one shall not lacking be,
So practical thou art, from passions free.
Ah! oft encompassed by Fate's iron chain
I write an English Essay in great pain
When I would plot a graph most willingly,
Or try a complicated sum with glee,
And scarce from shedding tears I then refrain.
Sir Francis Bacon, learned man and great,
Who wrote of Study in the days of yore,
For those that lack the power to concentrate
Did think indeed thou wert the only cure.
Therefore, oh, Maths, until I'm eighty-eight
I'll learn thee, Maths, and love thee evermore.

JOYCE M. BEDWELL, Lower VI.

AUTUMN AFTERNOON.

THE golden leaves are scattered on the ground
By many a wildly-whirling wind that sings,
And fills the wood with leafy murmurings,
Bowing the towering tree-tops all around.
And all about my weary feet I found
Sad sodden leaves that many a high tree flings,
Rejected children of a thousand springs,
Mourning their downfall with a rustling sound.
Around my head they slowly circling fall;
The blustering eastern wind is rising high;
It stirs the pools, it bends the poplars tall,
And tosses laughing leaves to the broad sky.
I hear a lone bird's melancholy call,
And the year wanes, and leaves must drift and die.

JOAN E. BLOMFIELD, Lower VA.

JONES'S "BOMB."

IT was Jones's first night at a real country cottage. For hours he had tried to go to sleep between the lavender-scented and incidentally damp sheets, but what with the tinned lobster that he had eaten for supper, and the war stories that Smith had told him, and the wind stirring the ivy outside, and the state of his own nerves, he was literally shaking in his bedsocks.

Jones wanted to shut the window, but Smith had decreed that all windows were to remain open to "blow away the office cobwebs." Supposing he came in and found the window shut! He kept thinking about the bomb-attacks that they had discussed in the train. How easily anyone could throw a bomb in that window! But listen! What was that? He suddenly became frozen with horror, he heard something slowly but surely climbing up the ivy. Jones wished that he had brought his revolver. He believed that there was a poker somewhere in the fireplace, but he didn't know where the fireplace was. He dropped softly out of bed. In less than two seconds he had found it, for, picking his feet well up to avoid making a noise, he had brought his big toe down on the knob of the poker, which protruded in country-cottage fashion, well over the fender, and in less time than it takes to think it, the point had nearly knocked his knee out of joint.

By the time Jones had recovered enough to feel that his knee was still there, the rustling had ceased. He picked up the poker, and fearfully turned his eyes towards the window. What he saw made his well-brilliantined hair stand on end, while the poker fell with a big thud from between his nerveless fingers, and if his knees had not propped each other up he would have fallen, for, silhouetted against the faint moonlight, something round and black, outlined with a fringe of hair, had appeared above the window-sill.

At the moment when the poker dropped, the "something" disappeared from the window, and something else seemed to be hurled forcibly into the room, and to glide or roll noiselessly beneath the bed.

He stood rooted to the floor, and from the direction in which the second "something" had vanished came an unmistakable Brrrrrr-Brrrrrr. Jones believed that bombs went Brrrrrr! just before they went off. What could he do? The door was at the other side of the bed, so was the window, so both were quite impossible exits. He thought wildly of the chimney, and under the carpet, and finally of the bed itself as possible places of safety. He gave one leap into the bed and began spasmodically to roll the bedclothes round him:, whén suddenly "Crash!!!" He had rolled once too often and was now lying with his head wrapped in two pillows, a sheet, and four chair legs on the same plane as the "bomb."

How long he stayed, lying in abject misery on the floor it is impossible to say, but the next thing that he heard was the cheery voice of Smith exclaiming "Did *you* make all that row, having a cat hunt with the poker? If you are looking in those bedclothes for the cat, I had better inform you that she has just disappeared through the window."

The things that Jones tried to refrain from saying about cats would have filled a volume.

E. WEAVER, Upper Va.

Virgil Translation, Book IV., Lines 522-529.

NIGHT.

THE night had come; all o'er the earth tired man
Did rest; the woods were still, and tranquil lay
The ocean wild. The heavenly bodies rolled
Around the curved sky. The fields asleep
Did lie. The flocks and gaily plumaged birds
Which thronged beside the limpid lakes, and dwelt
In thorny thickets far and wide, were hushed
In sleep 'mid silent night; all cares were soothed
And weary hearts forgot awhile their toil.

L. MOLONEY, Upper Vb.

IN MEMORY OF LEIGH-MALLORY AND IRVINE.

JUNE, 1924.

UP on the mountains near to God,
Treading the path no man had trod,
Trying, through snow, their way to plod,
God called them.

FLORENCE CARRINGTON, Lower Va.

A MYSTERY POEM.

THE night was black and stormy,
And dark and full of moans;
As I came a crawling creeping,
To see what caused the groans;
The churchyard gate lay open,
And white the tombstones gleamed,
The wind was sighing madly
And through the tree-tops screamed;
A figure rose and creeping
Along the wall it sped,

The bony hands were reeking,
And wildly howling shrieking
Away from me it fled,
I started up in terror—
And found myself in bed!

KITTY YOUNG, Upper IVc.

STARS.

HIGH above the earth,
How high I cannot tell,
The merry stars have come to birth,
The stars I love so well.

Here beneath the trees,
I spy a pleasant sight,
Of gleamey lights that through the trees
Play hide-and-seek at night.

Right across the sky
There runs a milky way;
Where fairy kings and queens do hie
When stars come out to play.

CATHERINE COOMBER, Upper IVa.

A PARODY ON "COCK ROBIN":

With apologies to the Staff.

WHO killed the King?
"I," said Miss Deane,
"With my glance so keen
I killed the King."

Who saw him die?
"I," said Miss Pitt,
"He died in a fit.
I saw him die."

Who'll tell the Queen?
"I," said Miss Coote
"Because I can scoot.
I'll tell the Queen."

Who'll make his shroud?
"I," said Miss Hurt,
"I'll sew him a shirt.
I'll make his shroud."

Who'll dig the grave?
"I," said Miss Winters,
"I'll dig it with splinters.
I'll dig the grave."

Who'll toll the bell?
"I," said Miss Bailey,
"I'll pull the rope daily.
I'll toll the bell."

Who'll bury the King?
"I," said Miss Holmes,
"I'll cover his bones.
I'll bury the King."

"Who'll weep for the King?
"I," said Miss Hole,
"I'll fill a big bowl.
I'll weep for the King."

Who'll write on his tomb?
"I," said Miss Jex,
"'Hic iacet Rex,'
I'll write on his tomb."

F. CARRINGTON, Upper VB

AN UNKNOWN COUNTRY.

JUST across an old rickety stile a broad green meadow stretched, covered with early daisies. At the back of the meadow a dark green wood stood out against the blue-and-white sky. Inside the wood the cuckoo called; was it the cuckoo or some wonderful creature which was imitating that brown, shy bird? The meadow was rather swampy, and a few herons were pecking about at the swampiest end. Inside the wood the birds flew about through the leaves and pecked the early buds of the horse chestnuts. On the edge of the wood a large pond lay quite still, in spite of the evening breeze; but the rushes swayed to and fro as small water-rats scuttled after each other and then basked in the last rays of the sun. Again on the opposite side of the wild, unknown wooded spaces, another stretch of meadow lay, but it was a smooth green platform compared with the other one. Did fairies or pixies dance here at night-time, with no one to disturb them in their frolics? Did the great god Pan rule over this quiet country with no humans to come along and kill his small sons and daughters as they played all day, while their father and ruler looked at them between the leafy boughs? Only the sun, moon and stars saw what went on in this unknown place, and they did not tell.

A soft melody came through the wood. It was Pan, telling Nature it was time to rest; and then birds and beasts left their play, and the wood became quiet except for Pan who still played up and down on his pipe, now soft and then louder and louder. As the wind rose, so the pipe rose too: and then the wind died softly away and the pipe became a mere echo in the distance. The moon went away behind a cloud: and the stars twinkled as though they had just awakened from a musical dream.

M. WILLIS, Lower VA.

TRIOLET.

I FEAR me Teacher will be riled
I have not done my English Prep.
I fear me Teacher will be riled,
She'll say, " You tiresome lazy child !
No mistress with you *could* be mild,
I'll have to take a serious step
I fear me ! " Teacher *will* be riled,
I have not done my English Prep.

JOYCE M. BEDWELL, Upper VI.

NOW AND THEN.

NOW is a word used in many senses and its meaning is often uncertain.

When you scold a child you say " Now, now ! " in a deep, cross voice. What does it mean ? " Stop at once ! now ! " ? Or is it just a noise made by a furious person who is too angry to speak and written thus ? Or perhaps it was once said " No, no," and was written by some foolish person " Now, now," and meant to be pronounced as in "now."

From the use of the word it is most difficult to decide its meaning. You call your brother. "I'm coming now," he says cheerfully, and appears about ten minutes after. By this it would seem that " now " means " in ten minutes' time." Confirmed in this idea you meet a friend who says, " I met your sister just now." You think, " You met my sister just in ten minutes' time ! She must mean ten minutes ago," and so you decide that " now " must mean anything within the radius of ten minutes; but when you find that the meeting had occurred about two hours before, you give up thinking about the meaning of " now," and look it up in the dictionary which says, Now—" at the present time "—now and then !

Now to discuss "then." Someone says, "What, then, do you want?" I should have said "What, now, do you want?" Surely you want it now, not then, for even if you do not want it now it will keep until then in your own hands better than in anyone else's. Another expression is "You can if you like then." Why say "then"? Surely there is no need? It does not much matter when you do it, I suppose, as long as it is only now and then. Why does one say, "If she is there then her sister will be there too"? This seems to be the wrong order. Why cannot one say, "If she is there her sister will be there then"? "Then" meaning "at that time." But, I suppose, "then" does not always mean that, but only now and then.

Now to combine the words into the phrase "now and then," and then leave them for someone else to find a meaning.

DORIS CLARKSON, Lower VI.

Virgil, Aeneid III., 655-677.

THE MONSTER POLYPHEME.

SCARCE has he spoken thus, when lo! we see
Upon the mountain top huge Polypheme,
A mighty mass, guarding his flocks of sheep.
He seeks the well-known shores, a shapeless form,
Hideous, forboding, vast, bereft of sight.
He carries in his hand a fellèd pine,
And therewith steadies his uncertain steps.
His sheep, thick-fleecèd, follow on behind,
His one delight and solace in such pain.
Now he has touched the sea, and, stooping down,
He washes from his eye the oozing blood,
And groans, and grinds his teeth. Now through the waves
He strides, but wets not yet his towering side.
We hasten far away in rapid flight,
And with us boards the suppliant so deserving.
Silent, we cut the cable; forward leaning,
With striving oars we cleave the mighty sea.
He hears, and turns toward the echoing sound,
But cannot reach us with his giant hand,
Nor pursuing, cross the Ionian sea.
A mighty roar breaks forth; the sea and waves
Surrounding, tremble, and Italia's land
And Aetna's vaulted caverns moan aloud.

F. M. SHARP.

TO SNOW.

SNOW, snow, falling so softly,
Wrapping the earth in a mantle of white,
Sparkling like jewels in the dawn's frosty sunshine,
Gleaming like silver in the moonshine at night;
Snow, snow, falling so softly,
Why, tell me why, do you leave us so soon?

Snow, snow, falling so softly,
Falling on cottage and mansion and hall,
Hiding the dark, dreary wastes of our winter,
Clothing the trees and the shrubs as you fall;
Snow, snow, falling so softly,
Why, tell me why, do you leave us so soon?

HELENA NEWBORN, Lower V.A.

LEAGUE OF NATIONS UNION.

THIS year we have had two very interesting lectures, one from Mr. Whelan, dealing with various activities of the League, and one from Mr. MacDonnell on the League's Loan to Austria, both of which were very much appreciated.

The fortnightly form meetings have been continued, and we are glad to say that more use has been made of the books in the League of Nations Library.

During the winter many members have attended the fortnightly lectures held by the town branch of the League of Nations Union which were extremely interesting.

B. M. MAKEPEACE.

"THE HARK."

AT last a society has been formed at school to encourage an interest in History and Archæology by lectures and expeditions to ancient remains. This society soon acquired the nickname of "The Hark," an abbreviation of its full name, "The Historical and Archæological Society."

Membership is open to all girls at North Hill and to any member of the Old Girls' Association. At present there are about one hundred and thirty members. The committee of "The Hark" consists of a President (Miss Crosthwaite), three Vice-Presidents (Miss Reynolds, Miss Deane, Miss Winters), a Chairman (B. Makepeace), a Secretary (W. Edmunds), a Treasurer (A. Twyman), an Old Girls representative (E. Jeeves), and a representative from each form at North Hill.

It has been arranged by the Committee that there shall be three general meetings each term, of which the first shall be an expedition to some place or building of historical interest; at the second meeting a paper shall be given by a member of the society, whilst at the third a lecture shall be given, illustrated, if possible, by lantern slides.

The first expedition took place on Saturday, Sept. 27th, in order to give those of the Old Girls who would soon be going up to College an opportunity of joining it. About sixty members of "The Hark," well provided with mackintoshes, went, either by bus or cycling, to "Paycockes," the fine old Tudor house at Coggeshall. The party divided into two, and while one group was being shown over "Paycockes" by a competent guide, the other went to the Abbey ruins and the Church.

It is hoped that girls will continue to take an interest in "The Hark," not merely for the fun of the expeditions, but for the beauty of historical remains and the knowledge that can be gained from them.

W. EDMUNDS.

THE SIXTH FORM CONCERT.

LAST spring term the Sixth Form gave an excellent concert, the money realized to support a girl at the Working Women's College at Beckenham.

The first item was a Greek play, Iphigenia, which was excellently rendered by the Upper Sixth. There were two French action songs, "Au Clair de la Lune," by Frances Sharp and Agnes Wadley, and "Avec mes Sabots" by Mary Flatman. They also acted "King Alfred and the Cakes," in which Enid Jeeves amusingly represented King Alfred.

The Lower Sixth acted a folk song, "The Laird of Cockpen," in which Audrey Trayler made a very good "Laird." "The Old Woman and the Pedlar," with Agnes Wadley as the pedlar, and Jean Ritchie as a very realistic old woman, was encored.

The final item was a short play, "The Playgoers," by the Lower Sixth. Barbara Makepeace made a fascinating mistress, and Audrey Green a most realistic man. The servants were Connie Clark (parlour-maid), A Palmer (kitchen-maid), Jean Ritchie (cook), Olwen Carter and Audrey Trayler (maids), and Joyce Bedwell (an odd-job man).

Perhaps the most popular event was the competition. Silhouettes of the staff were displayed and the competitors had to guess their identity. Clara Cranfield and Olive Lawrence tied for the prize.

Tea, and then dancing, ended a most enjoyable afternoon. The splendid sum of £24 was realised.

D. M. CLARKSON.
V. L. PAICE.

SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER.

THIS year, in order to raise the money to keep our Dr. Barnardo's boy, the school gave two performances of "She Stoops to Conquer." This is the most ambitious play which has been attempted for some time, and everybody worked hard to make it a success—which it certainly was.

Some scenes, such as that at the Three Jolly Pigeons, and the first meeting between Kate and Mr. Marlow, stand out more vividly in one's mind than the rest of the play, the first for its general atmosphere of jollity and fun, for which Tony Lumpkin was largely responsible, both here and in the rest of the play, and the second because of the excellent acting of Mr. Barlow and Kate.

It is quite impossible to mention all the people who acted well because to do so it would be necessary to copy out the entire list of dramatis personæ, but mention must be made of Mr. Hardcastle, who, although evidently suffering from gout in both legs, was most convincing.

The staging of the play was very artistic, especially that of the inn scene. The people who spent much valuable time sticking brown paper over the drawing-pins which kept some of the scenery in place are to be congratulated. Not one was to be seen.

The general impression the play gave one was that everybody thoroughly enjoyed taking part and on both occasions, in spite of the hot weather, the energetic clapping of the audience showed that they also enjoyed it, and appreciated the time and trouble which had been expended to produce it.

B. M. MAKEPEACE.

GAMES REPORTS.

NETBALL, 1923-24.

THE Netball 1st and 2nd Sevens have been successful in keeping last year's record, and again winning all the matches played against other schools. We hope that the 1st Seven will have as good results in the League matches this season.

There was enthusiasm throughout the school this season, especially during the first term of the school year, when the cup matches were played.

Upper VA. ii. won the cup for Netball at North Hill, and Upper IVc. won the games picture at Grey Friars.

TEAM CRITICISM.

Goal Shooter. B. Stringer. Very good indeed, she is steady and quick.

Attack. Y. Champness. Very good, she is quick and shoots well.
Attack Centre. N. Campbell. Very good indeed, she played well with the centres.
Mid Centre. B. White. She has played well and been a most useful Captain. (N.F.J.).
Defence Centre. E. Boyes. Excellent.
Defence. G. Wilkinson. She jumps well, but should mark her opponent more closely.
Goal Keeper. G. Campbell. Very good indeed.

B. WHITE.

RESULTS OF MATCHES, MICHAELMAS TERM, 1923.

School	v. Old Girls	...	School won 44-3.
,,	v. Staff	...	,, ,, 17-15.
,,	v. Halstead	...	,, ,, 31-3.
,,	v. Ipswich	...	,, ,, 40-19.
,,	v. Maldon	...	,, ,, 15-12.

SPRING TERM, 1924.

School	v. Ipswich, 1st VII.	...	won 20-14.
	2nd VII.	...	,, 14-4.
,,	v. Maldon School	...	,, 39-9.
,,	v. Hamilton Road 1st VII.		,, 30-13.
	Junior Team		,, 23-14.
,,	v. Staff 1st. VII.		,, 16-15.
	2nd VII.		drew 11-11.

HOCKEY, 1923-1924.

THE team was hit by lack of regular practice, owing partly to the weather and partly to the distance of the hockey field. This year, however, everybody— not only the team—should take advantage of the school field, now newly delivered from netball, and learn to hit, stop and dribble, as these things can only be learnt by practice, not in a game, and this is the only way in which school hockey can really be improved.

TEAM CRITICISM.

R.W.—A. Palmer. Tackles her half well, but having got the ball is apt to forget that her object is the goal.
R.I.—N. Campbell. Quick, shoots well, and is neat with her stick.
R.H.—D. Sumner. Tackles and hits cleanly. She might back up her forwards a good deal more than she does.
C.F.—A. Green is good at rushing, but is inclined to be rough and to make crooked, though hard, shots at goal.

C.H.—J. Ritchie uses her brains and generally tackles well She could pull the team together if she kept her place better.

L.W.—W. Edmunds picks up passes and centres well with reversed stick, but should often get rid of the ball more quickly.

L.I.—B. Stringer. If she would combine rather more with her centre they would make between them a very fast attack.

L.H.—E. Jeeves, (Capt.). She tackles well and her clearing hit has gained strength She has been a keen and reliable Captain (M. H.)

L.B.—J. Woodard. A fairly steady back Is inclined to rely, too much on her stick for stopping the ball, and sometimes to muddle and clear across the goal.

R.B.—A. Twyman. A very strong back when at the top of her form, but not always there.

G.—P. Paterson. An intelligent goal who kicks out well

E. M. JEEVES.

RESULTS OF MATCHES, MICHAELMAS TERM, 1923.

School	v. Old Girls	School won 7-1.
,,	v. Halstead	,, ,, 7-2.
,,	v. Endsleigh House ...	,, ,, 6-4.
,,	v. Maldon	,, drew 4-4.

SPRING TERM, 1924.

School	v. Chelmsford ...	School lost 1-3.
,,	v. Ipswich	,, ,, 1-5.
,,	v. Maldon	,, drew 1-1.
,,	v. Dovercourt ...	,, lost 3-5.
,,	v. Staff	,, won 5-2.
Oxford	v. Cambridge ...	drew 1-1.

TENNIS, 1924.

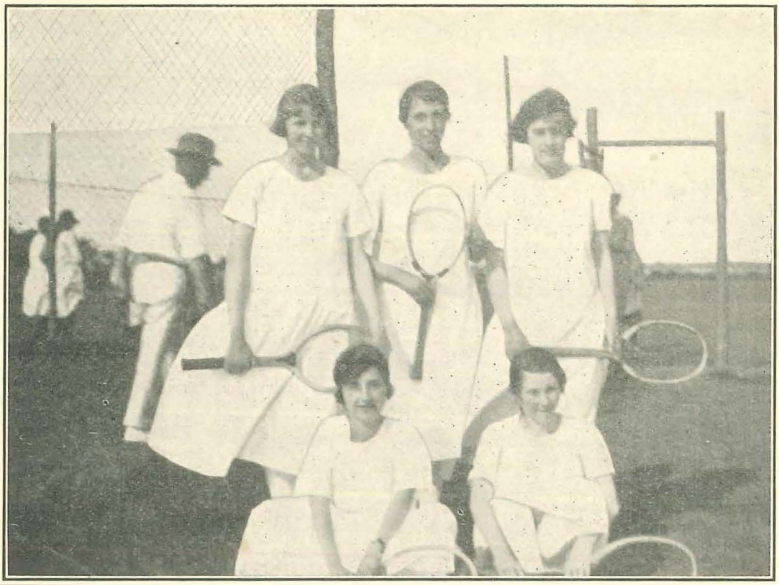


Photo: P. Paterson.

Back Row: Y. CHAMPNESS, B. STRINGER, A. GREEN (Capt.)
Front Row: A. WADLEY, E. BOYES.

THIS season the school was on the whole keener on tennis and the standard of play has gone up. We hope that now we have hard courts it will be even higher next year, as we shall not be so handicapped by the weather.

This year we joined the Tennis League, and although we only reached the second round it was thrilling to try and we hope to do better next season.

Great keenness was shown in the form matches and much better tennis was played than we have had previously.

B. Stringer won a silver shield. We are especially proud of her as she is the first girl to win her colours for some years.

[This photo is printed as a special feature to celebrate the first year we played in County League Matches.—Ed.]

TEAM CRITICISM.

A. Green (Capt.). Her play has improved steadily throughout the term. With a better service she would be a very formidable opponent. She has made a good captain.

(M. H.)

B. Stringer. Her play has gained strength all round, and her excellent style and sureness make her a most valuable member of the team ; in singles she is inclined to allow herself to be drawn too easily to the net.

Y. Champness Has very good forehand strokes but needs more strength on her backhand ; otherwise she is a reliable backline player. She should try not to let her strokes suffer from the depression of a losing game.

A. Wadley. Her strokes when developed should be good, but she still needs a freer style and more strength at the net and when driving, especially on the backhand.

E. Boyes Her style is good and her play promising, but she still needs to learn net play.

N. Campbell. With a stronger service she would play a good all-round game—her net work is often very effective.

A. GREEN.

RESULTS OF MATCHES.

School v. Ipswich (League Match)	School won 3-0 (matches)
„ v. Romford („ „)	„ lost 2-1 („)
„ v. Old Girls	„ „ 62-37 (games)
„ v. Staff	„ won 60-39 („)
„ v. Maldon	„ „ 69-30 („)
Grey Friars v. S. Mary's School	Grey Friars „ 29-15 („)

SPORTS DAY, 1924.

AFTER hiding himself all the morning, the sun shone his brightest on the afternoon of June 27th. At 2.30 p.m. all the school was assembled, each girl striving to look her best in spite of nervous feelings. This year each form had a colour of its own, and everyone was proudly displaying her form colour. The field looked very gay with bright-coloured flags which added a festive appearance to the whole scene. There were a great many spectators, and all the room available was filled. The roof was very well patronised and the upper tennis courts were crowded. At 2.30 the programme opened with Mass Drill by the Juniors, followed by the Senior Mass Drill. These items received great applause, and certainly deserved it, for there were few, if any, mistakes, and the exercises numerous and complicated. Then followed races on the field—potato, hobble hockey, flat and numerous other races. The rest of the Sports was held on the lower tennis courts. The high jumping results are worthy of mention. The jumping competition for girls under twelve was won by Betty Haydon, who cleared 3ft. 11ins., a remarkably good jump for so small a person. Mildred Willis won the competition for girls between twelve and fifteen, with a fine clear jump of 4ft. 5ins. Three girls, Catherine Holliday, Mary Brooke and Norah Jackson tied for first place in the Senior High Jump, each clearing 4ft. 5in.

After the team races had been finished, Councillor Wasey Chopping presented the prizes in the absence of the Mayor. He remarked that, as usual, there were no individual prizes, but form prizes. He commented upon the keenness shown by the girls in their sports, and highly praised the C. C. H. S.

Upper IIIA. gained the highest number of points, and was awarded a picture as first prize. Incidentally Upper IIIA. receives also the Sports Shield given by Miss Stoodley when she left at the end of the Summer Term. Upper IVc. received the second form prize, and Lower VB the third. Upper IVc. won also the prizes for two team races—the flag and girdle races. The arch and tunnel race was won by Lower VA Upper IVc. did exceptionally well in the Sports, gaining three of the six prizes. North Hill hopes to win more prizes next year; it was not through lack of practice that North Hill people were not so successful.

Judging by the number of spectators, and the enthusiasm shown in the races, Sports Day at the C. C. H. S. this year was the most successful we have held.

F. M. SHARP.

COMPETITIONS.

A SCHOOL MONOGRAM.

THIS Competition, which was open to the whole School, gave scope for those whose talents are artistic rather than literary. A large number of entries was sent in, and the standard was high.

The prize, which is presented by Miss Phillips, is won by Elsie Weaver, Upper V.R., whose monogram shows original treatment. The monogram of Joyce Taylor, Lower VI., was also very ingenious. Among those whose monograms were conventional, B. Stringer, Upper VR., M. Harden, Upper Vc., and Y. Bridgeman, Lower IVA., are highly commended. We print a page of the best monograms.

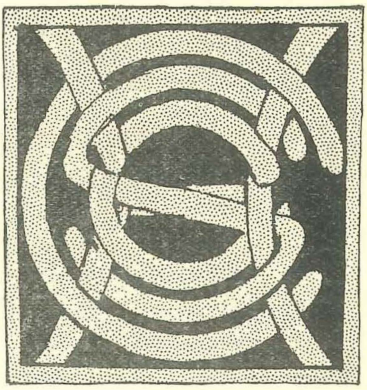
One of the competitions for next year will be to design a new cover for the Magazine, embodying whichever monogram is adopted by the School.

PREPARATORY.

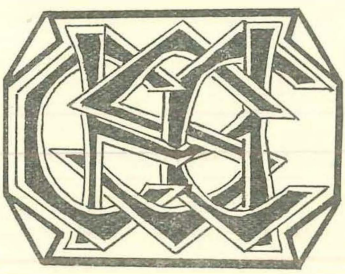
THIS year the Pre. had to write additional lines to two lines of verse composed by the Committee. Some of the verses were very charming, and we print below the three best. The prize goes to Tom Watts, and Adair Ferguson and Audrey Stewart are highly commended.



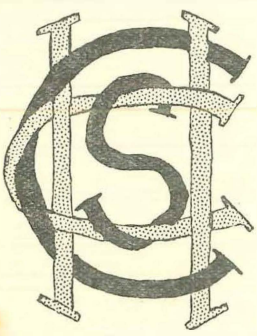
BARBARA STRINGER, AGE 18.



JOYCE TAYLOR, AGE 16.



E. WEAVER, AGE 17.



Y. BRIDGEMAN, AGE 14.



M. HARDEN, AGE 15.

ONCE in the sun a lovely bee
Went flitting past so gay,
She settled on a pink sweet-pea,
Upon that summer's day.

TOM WATTS, Age 7.

THE PRETTY BEE.

ONCE in the sun a lovely bee,
Went flitting past so gay,
He never even looked at me,
But went and flew away.

ADAIR FERGUSON, Age 8.

THE BEE AND I.

ONCE in the sun a lovely bee,
Went flitting past so gay,
He stung me so when I had tea,
And went on with his play.

AUDREY STEWART, Age 9.

AGES 9 AND UNDER 12.

THE competitions in this section were either to tell any well-known fairy story or legend in verse, or to write the diary of a puppy or a robin. The diary of a puppy was the most popular subject and some of the puppies' lives seemed to be spent in tumbling out of one scrape into another. The fairy story was chosen by Ethne Payne, Upper IIIA. (Age 11) and she wins the prize presented by a parent. We print her poem and also the work of Maud Hodson, Lower IIIA. (Age 10) and Betty Wootten, Lower IV.C (Age 10), who are highly commended.

CINDERELLA—RETOLD.

O list to me, my children dear,
And I a tale will tell,
Of little Cinderella,
And what to her befell.

Her mother died when she was young,
It made her very sad,
Because she missed so very much,
The good times she had had.

Now her dear dad had by mischance
Married another wife,
And her two vain daughters,
Made Cinderella's life—

A constant whirl and worry,
And that's not all, my dears,
She had to be their kitchen-maid,
Amidst her hopes and fears.

It came to pass about this time,
The sisters had a note
From a Prince, a wondrous Prince,
And quickly back they wrote.

For it was an invitation,
To go to a nice ball,
But Cinderella was not asked,
And could not go at all.

She had to fit their dresses up,
And tie their hair in bows,
It was not 'till they'd gone,
She from her cinders rose.

She started crying and 't was then,
A tiny creak was heard,
And her Fairy Godmother,
Was standing like a bird.

She said "Don't cry, my sweetheart dear,
Just bring me here a pumpkin,
And one or two fat lizards,
You'll find them in the bin."

She harnessed them and touched them
With her starlight fairy wand,
And into a coach and horses
They turned, by the side of the pond.

She then touched Cinderella,
And her rags disappeared ;
She had a lovely ball dress,
And it all seemed very weird.

When she arrived at the ball,
The Prince was struck first sight,
At half-past ten she curtseyed low,
And ran with all her might.

The next evening she went again,
But quite forgot the time,
And rushed away with hurried haste,
Hearing the church bells chime.

She only just got home in time,
When knocking at the door,
Reminded her they'd come home
And she could do no more.

While walking round the palace,
The Prince a slipper found,
He sent a proclamation
Which was carried round.

It said the Prince would marry,
Whomever the slipper would fit,
And so did it go round and round,
But nobody could claim it.

It came to Cinderella's house,
Her sisters both did try,
But neither of them did it fit,
And Cinderella was shy.

She asked if she might try it on.
Her sisters laughed and jeered,
" Do you think you'll be the Prince's wife?
Be off with you " they cheered.

The messenger however said,
" She may try it on,"
So Cinderella tried it,
And found she was not wrong.

It went on just so easily,
Her sisters were amazed,
Her Fairy Godmother then came in,
Which made the sisters dazed.

Her ball dress once again spread o'er her,
And she stood in full array,
She went back to the palace,
And was married without delay.

ETHNE PAYNE, Age 11.

THE BUTTERFLY.

A BUTTERFLY was looking for a bride among the flowers.
He saw them sitting quietly and discreetly in their bowers,
But there were so many of them that his task was not complete
Till he saw a little Daisy which in France is Marguerite.
The Daisy was the cleverest of all the pretty flowers.
So he asked her if she'd tell him which he'd got amongst the flowers.
But Marguerite was angry and she would not answer him.
And as it was the early Spring and the Snowdrops looked so charming.
He thought he'd go and fly to them but found their youth alarming.
He went to many others but he was so hard to please.
The Spring to Autumn quickly passed,
And yet from his task he could not cease.
He stooped at last to the wild Thyme and thought her fragrance sweet.
But the wild Thyme stood so stiff and still
That at last he saw defeat.
So, alas, he was a bachelor in the drizzling rain and cold
And accidentally went indoors, but oh! he missed the sun.
They stuck him on a needle and with some curios he was sold.
He said "It's almost like being married.
One is tied so very fast."
But the plants mocked him.
He was lonely to the last.

M. HODSON, Age 10.

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF A PUPPY.

JULY 31st. Went to town with my master. Fought another dog and beat it. Stole a bone from a butcher's shop, but while I was enjoying it in a quiet corner of the market, another great black dog came and took it. The afternoon was hot, so I sat under a tree and watched two kittens at play. Presently a boy creeped by to steal my master's chickens I immediately bit him.

August 3rd. When I awoke I saw a strange dog in the yard, I fought him and conquered. That afternoon I went out with my master.

August 4th. When I entered the kitchen everyone was excited. Soon I heard some rumour about mistress's baby. In the afternoon I found that it was true that my mistress had a baby. This was bad news! Oh how I wished I could bite its leg!

August 5th. It was Sunday, and I was determined that I would follow my master to church. So when he started, I followed, but when we reached the door I hesitated. When I had comfortably curled myself up in the corner of an empty pew, the people began to sing ; so did I, but my voice did not go right, so I was discovered and taken out.

August 7th. After I was in bed I heard a scraping on the roof of the shed opposite. When I looked out I saw a burglar climbing along the flat roof of the shed. With a bound I caught his leg and sent him to the ground. I sprang down and bit his leg. I saw a knife flash in the moonlight then all grew dark.

August 8th. I was unconscious.

August 9th. I remember an animal's doctor standing over me.

August 10th. I spent on a bed of rugs.

August 11th. I spent in bed also.

August 12th. I had to keep still.

August 13th. I was not allowed to move about.

August 14th. I was allowed to walk about and was made a great fuss of. My mistress brought the baby and showed me. It was quite a nice baby and we soon were friends.

BETTY WOOTTEN, Age 10.

AGES 12 AND UNDER 15.

GIRLS in this section had to write either about the Land of Lost School Property or a 10-line poem about Colchester, whose lines should begin with the letters of the word Colchester. There were quite a lot of entries, both essays and poems, and they were all very good, particularly the poems.

The best poem was by Jessie Waumsley, Upper VB. (age 14) who wins the prize, and the best essay by Florence Thomson, Upper IVA. (age 13) who is highly commended. We print the best poem and the best essay.

COLCHESTER.

COME let us sing in praise of Colchester,
Of famous men who've trod it's ancient streets.
Lords, martyrs, kings have for its' glory lived.
Chime loud ye bells for all their glorious feats !
Here many a Briton fought the Roman foe,
Endeavouring to maintain his well-loved town.
Since then, the years have slowly carried on
Traditions full of glory and renown.
Enrich you then the records they've begun.
Ring may the bells for deeds that you have done !

JESSIE WAUMSLEY, Age 14.

THE LAND OF LOST SCHOOL PROPERTY.

"ITS too bad," sighed the buttonless shoe. "Here I've been all the holidays and now the term has started and I am still without an owner.

"Oh, do stop grumbling," cried the atlas. "I have more knowledge than all of you others and I have not a mistress, but do I grumble? No, not I, but still, I will say those girls are troublesome, and" he continued, looking round, "it is high time we stopped this nonsense."

"It is no good," sighed the buttonless shoe. "Oh! if only I knew where my twin is, we were such a smart pair. Now my button has gone, and my buckle has gone. Oh, those girls, those girls."

"Yes," chimed in the watch, "it's too dreadful to think I have not been wound up for a week."

"I think my case is the worst," broke in the pen. "Once I was —"

"Silence! Silence!" shouted the atlas "Listen to me, and I will tell you of a plan to get even with our unfeeling mistresses. To-night we will — oh bother! we've to be exhibited again. I can't see much use anyhow because we never get claimed. Why! I believe I am being claimed. Yes, I am. Good-bye, unfortunate friends. If you had listened instead of grumbling, I could have helped you." And then all was silent.

"Well!" remarked the penknife, "he has not done us any good, I am sure."

"I say!" shouted the glove, joyously. "I believe we are going to be given away."

It was quite true, and once more these unhappy people possessed mistresses, who, I trust, treated them differently from what they had been accustomed to.

F. THOMSON, Age 13.

AGE 15 AND OVER.

THE subjects set for girls of 15 and over were suggestions for a School Motto or a Dialogue about the School between Greeks or Romans. We are sorry to say that very few entries were sent in. This was a pity, because the essay subject was quite interesting and should have inspired more girls in the upper part of the School. The Executive Committee would welcome suggestions for competitions that would be more popular. The prize is won by Margot Harden, Upper Vc. (age 15) and extracts from her Dialogue are printed below. Agnes Wadley sent in the best motto, which we also print.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN ÆGEUS (A ROMAN) AND HIS SON.

ÆGEUS slowly paced the path leading from the Roman gate in the kitchen garden of C. C. H. S.

With one hand he caressed from time to time the head of a lank greyhound that ambled at his side, while in the other he held a dirty tennis ball. He muttered to himself as he walked.

"Ay! Ay! 'Tis all very strange, I can not make it out at all; I have watched for a whole year all these strange things. Nobody but my dog and I have witnessed them. Alas! my villa and my gardens are all vanished, my son left me ages ago, and has not returned. . . .

Allanus! my son, Allanus, how camest thou here? I heard not thy steps."

"Nay, my father; only this second have I arrived. . . . Me thought I saw many things that have sprung up since last I trod this soil."

"My son thou art right, the times have changed, miracles have been performed; for lo and behold, there stands yonder a huge building, and I know not what it is. Come thou and let us regard it. For one whole year have I watched the habits of these strange beings that issue from the building at the sound of a bell, and likewise they return at the sound of another bell. They are I think some strange people grown from the ages."

"These creatures then that you speak of are men of a sort. What garb wear they?" . . .

"My son, they wore short tuniques like thine only it had no armour over it. Theirs were dark and they had white shirts beneath them which showed about their neck and were long in the sleeves."

"Perchance this is some haunt of strange spirits, some strange foreign people. . . . At certain periods in the year they do not show themselves outside their abode Then am I quite alone, and save for the thought that this dog here would die I myself would die.

In summer time they come out with white balls like this one I have, and weapons like tight-drawn fishing nets. With these weapons they hit the balls backwards and forwards in foolish fashion, but with strength and sometimes with cunning.

A few of them are more skilled at this game, for such I suppose it is, than others; these few practice amongst themselves on yonder lawns between white lines thereon."

"What do they do in winter, what form of exercise do they take then?"

"In winter they get a larger ball, made, this time, of animals' hide which is brown. This ball they throw from one to another with their hands, they use no weapon for this game, but jump about and shout, and throw it high in the air through a ring at the end of a stout post set in the ground.

They also in the cold weather bring a white ball that is hard like stone. Many of them come to this game with wooden weapons liken unto scythes, and some wear scarlet bands about their shoulders, and they hit this rounded stone at one another. Many are the hits and bangs they receive from their weapons."

Ægeus and his son had been walking up the steps to the school while saying these things.

Ægeus now followed Allanus up the steps into the gym. "Stay thou outside, my dog" said Ægeus.

"This is a strange place. What is it, I wonder? Perhaps it is their place of worship, but what are these strange bars of wood? Perchance they are a kind of panelling used by these people. This must be their god. See, here is an image of an animal without a head. Perhaps they come to this court to worship this beast. I see none of the creatures thou relatest of. Where are they?"

"Allanus, hearken unto this. Here is a strange instrument most cunningly wrought; as I strike these strips of ivory they cause sweet sound like the humming of a lyre to issue from the back which is hung with rude tapestry."

"Father, come hither. See this fine glass, as clear as the air, that is skilfully let into these doors. Father, Father, venture further into this wonderful place. See these rows of little chests upon metal legs. They contain books of unique workmanship. And Oh! see these people are not what we took them for, they are not ignorant; this must be some great school, some place of profound learning, for here on this book is the most noble name of Julius Cæsar." . . .

M. Harden, Age 15.

SCHOOL MOTTO.

"Ardua quae Pulchra."

Agnes D. Wadley.

ONE-ACT PLAY.

A PRIZE was kindly offered by a parent for the best One-Act Play. A few entries were sent in, but the Committee decided that none of them were up to prize standard, although some of them were quite good. It was thought that some of the girls in the higher forms might have sent in entries.

STAFF COMPETITION.

LOUD and long were the complaints of the Staff when they knew that their subject for this year was a parody of Rudyard Kipling's "If." Though few, the entries sent in show that the complaints were uttered more from habit than from real anguish, for they were all good and some of them most amusing. The prize (presented by the Upper Sixth) is won by Miss Deane, and Miss Thornbery's parody is so good that we print it also. Miss Hole, Miss Phillips and Miss Reynolds are highly commended. The Upper Sixth wish to say that they fully appreciated and were deeply touched by the reference to "each Sixth Form face so fair."

IF.

IF you will lose your youth, when all about you
Are keeping theirs, (by paint and powder, too)
If you can sleep, when others dance and flout you
For not fox-trotting (oft from eight till two !)
If, firmly, you knit bed-socks and don't quail-o,
When jumper-makers say that you're an ass,
I hope you'll get, as you deserve, a halo,
But, I'll confess, you'll be a bore, my lass !

L. DEANE.

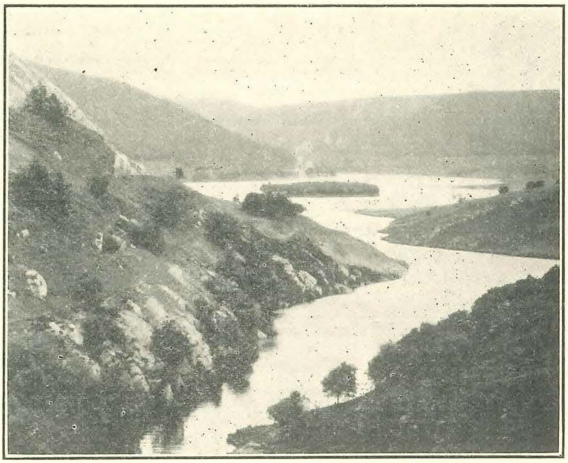
IF.

IF you can see a ghost without his raiment
And watch his sickly grin and misty eye ;
If you grow numb with cold and stiff with torment
And try to shriek but only feebly sigh ;
If all your sins rise up and seem to hit you
As nearer creeps the phosphorescent spirit ;
Yours is a dream with nightmares to outwit you
And—probably—the cheese for supper did it !

J. D. THORNBERY.

OLD GIRLS' COMPETITION.

A PRIZE was offered for the best photograph of a view, taken and printed by an Old Girl. The result was encouraging, for a large number of extraordinarily good snaps was sent in. The prize goes to Kathleen Lawrence whose photo of the Elan Valley we print. The work of Mabel Baldwin is highly commended.



The Elan Valley, Rhayader, Radnorshire.

WE print here the Old Girls' Competition for next year. It is a narrative from which words have been omitted. The words omitted are geographical names, chiefly towns. For instance, "ham ——" should be "ham sandwich." The narrative with the gaps filled in should be sent in to the Magazine Editor by October 31st, 1925.

OLD GIRLS' COMPETITION FOR 1925.

AS I was walking down the road, I met a squad of soldiers on the ——. Their captain was dressed in khaki trousers,—— wool slippers, a thick white woollen ——, and a —— leather belt. His collar was fastened at the neck with a —— and ——. It was a rough stony road, and as he walked he got a —— in his foot. This disabled him, and his men had to wheel him in a——. Then he got a fly in his ——, and this pained him so much that he died on the way. The obvious thing to do was to —— him. So his men took him to the undertaker, who made him a neat —— coffin, and they bore him to the graveyard of a —— near by. These things distressed me, but I went home and had a ——, and feeling much refreshed, set out again, this time taking my lunch which consisted of one ham ——, a currant ——, and some —— cakes. The —— was blue, the sun was shining, and so I decided that instead of walking, I would ——. As I went along, I met my friend D——, with his —— dog, carrying a bag of —— for his allotment. I needed some too, but when I asked him the

price per cwt., he said "Six pounds ——." This was too much for me, and I left him. I remembered that my stable had a very ——, and the door was always blowing open, so I thought I had better buy a ——. I took the shortest route to the town through a pine wood. —— were all over the ground and I could have picked up many a quaint ——. Here I met my Cousin A——, who, I am sorry to say, —— a gay life, but she is a good friend of mine and, when I was married, sent me a beautiful —— carpet and a navy blue plush ——. She has a brother who is a commander of the ——, and she told me the sad news that he and all his —— had been drowned. I was so overcome that I was obliged to return home, having quite forgotten to eat my lunch!

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

SCHOOL NOTES.

PRE. NOTES.

FORM I's. form room was painted during the holidays, so it looks very nice. They have two new pictures and a big clock which they won on Sports Day. They have made a doll's house and a puzzle which they are going to give to a poor little girl for Christmas. Last term Lower II. won the Philosopher. They like the little boy very much and tried to model him in clay. Some of them wrote poetry for the Magazine and liked doing it. Upper IIB's form has a new door, so now they do not have to walk through Upper IIIB's room, and the best part is that the switch is in their room so that they have to put on the light. They are learning to play netball and are going to play a match soon against Upper IIA. There are sixteen in Upper IIA. They are reading "A Christmas Carol." Some of them are going to act it at Christmas.

GREY FRIARS.

THIS year two forms Upper IVc. and Lower IVB. were conspicuous for their success in games. In the Michaelmas Term Upper IVc. came first; in the Spring Term the two forms were bracketed for first place and in the Summer Term Lower IVB. were the Champions.

In work too, there was keen competition. Each term the first Form picture was carried off by Upper IIIA. although Lower IIIA. dogged their footsteps very closely and was a good second every term.

NORTH HILL.

IN the Christmas Term when the Games Cup is given to the form who wins in the Netball Final, Upper VAii bore off the cup in triumph. In the Spring Term a most exciting hockey match was played by the Sixth and Lower VA in the final. The result was a draw, so each form kept the cup for half a term. Again in the Summer Term, after a thrilling tennis match on a blazing hot day, the Lower VI. carried off the cup.

Throughout the year there was keen competition for the Douglass Round Challenge Cup. In the Christmas Term the cup was won by Lower VA and the statuette went to Lower VB. Upper VB came at the top of the list in the Spring Term and Lower VA was second, and in the Summer Term the order was reversed and Lower VA won the Cup again, with Upper VB a close second.

This year North Hill was successful in wresting the much-coveted Gym Cup from Grey Friars' loving grip and the cup now stands proudly in Upper IVA's form room.

SIXTH FORM NOTES.

THERE is little of interest to report about the VI.—except that we went on working as usual.

During the Spring term we gave an entertainment in aid of the Working Women's College and were more than satisfied with the result.

In the netball matches we were knocked out in the first round but in the Gym. competition we came fourth, which was really quite creditable considering our age and stiffness. In the matches for the hockey cup we beat Lower Vc. and Upper VA ii. and then drew in the final with Lower VA. after an exciting game. Though the hockey team was taken from both Upper and Lower VI., we were divided for tennis—the Upper VI. lost in the semi-final against Lower VA., but the Lower VI. got through to the final and carried off the cup.

In the Summer term, too, came the examinations for which we had been working all the year, but owing to over-pressure we could not fit in a form picnic—which I think we all deserved!

At the end of the year we had to say good-bye to many of our members. Some have gone to college, others are student teachers; but wherever they have gone we wish them the best of luck for the future and hope they will not forget us.

It may perhaps be interesting to know what the people who left are doing: —

E. Jeeves	...	Somerville College, Oxford.
D. Pearce	...	Bedford.
M. Fitch	...	King's.
M. Flatman	...	Holloway.
M. Frost	...	Teaching abroad.
M. Ennew	...	Student teaching.
C. Clarke	...	,, ,,
O. Carter	...	,, ,,
D. Page	...	,, ,,
G. Grant	...	,, ,,
E. Barnard	...	,, ,,
D. Godfrey	...	,, ,,
E. Moore	...	,, ,,
E. de Lisle	...	Physical training.
A. Merchant	...	Training College.

A. D. WADLEY.

SCHOOL PREFECTS, 1924-25.

School Captain: A. D. Wadley.

Prefects: J. Bedwell, G. Campbell, W. Edmunds, A. Green, B. Makepeace, J. Ritchie, F. Sharp, M. Stokes, A. Trayler, A. Twyman.

OLD GIRLS' SECTION.

THE Old Girls' Association is in a very flourishing condition now and most of the girls leaving School join it, so that the numbers should continue to increase.

Last year the Old Girls' section of the Magazine was enlarged and made more interesting and it is hoped that this year Old Girls will find it better still. Last year the Editor had to beg for contributions from Old Girls who seemed unnaturally shy of seeing their letters printed, but this year quite a number of articles and letters have been sent in. The Competition also attracted more entries and some good snapshots were received. We hope that there will be more entries still for the next Competition, which will be found on another page.

The Easter Meeting took the form of a Concert. In the first part items were given by a Nigger Troupe, and the second part consisted of scenes from Struwelpeter. A collection was taken, and after £1 had been deducted for expenses £4 was handed over to the School Sports Fund.

At the Summer Meeting it was decided that the payment for the Magazine should be included in the yearly subscription, which is now 3/-. The attendance at the meeting was not very large as it rained until just before the meeting began. Later it cleared up and more people arrived, and we were able to have the tennis tournament on the hard courts.

The following Committee was elected at the meeting :-

Secretary—E. BERRY

Treasurer—C. KENT

Committee—D. STANYON, D. POCOCK, E. PALMER, M. HARVEY.

The Old Girls have also been divided up into sections and a permanent Sub-Secretary has been chosen for each Section.

G. DAVIES, 1914-16; M. HARVEY, 1917-19; E. BERRY, 1920-22; C. MANNING, 1923-25.

The Sub-Secretaries will be pleased to hear from girls in their section at any time, and news may also be sent to the Magazine Representative.

OLD GIRLS' LETTERS.

ONDERSTEPOORT LABORATORY,
NEAR PRETORIA, TRANSVAAL.

All our preparations were complete. For a week we had been getting ready for a trip to the bushveld, and now this morning in early October we started of. No motor car, no train carried us on our way; we set forth in a waggon drawn by a sapn of twelve black oxen, like the Voortrekkers of old.

It was my first experience of the bushveld and, incidentally, camp life. Mile upon mile, as far as the eye could see, the bush stretched, consisting mostly of small thorn trees (Acacia species) which now in early summer were a riot of yellow fluffy Mimosa flowers. These trees are the homes of hundreds of birds as brightly dressed as themselves; finches, black and orange, red and black, darted in front of the waggon; the beautiful blue jays, protected by law showed their lovely plumage as we passed; the widowbird with its long weeds of black feathers, sometimes 15 inches long, flew slowly amongst the bushes; and the secretary bird stalked majestically across open spaces in search of snakes. Little bush buck sprang up from their shelters with startled cries to their mates, whilst in a clearing we saw a stately Koedoe and three does standing in full view of us. There was great lamenting amongst the men of the party that the shooting season was closed.

We outspanned the weary oxen at 2 p.m. and after lunch, rested from the glare of the midday sun in the shade of the trees. We then set forth again, some of the energetic ones walking beside the waggon, and the rest of us sitting on it. At sunset we came to the banks of the Aapies (Monkey) River, and were horrified to see a raging torrent where only a few weeks before a tiny stream had trickled past. We could not possibly get through, so decided to camp there for the night. The oxen were fastened on to chains and kept near us, while we, after our evening meal, sat around our camp fire telling stories, singing, etc. Beyond the glow of the fire, the night loomed black and eerie, the myriads of stars shone bright and large in the sky, and the earth seemed alive with the croaking of frogs and the noises of the many insects. In the distance could be heard the howling of jackals and hyenas, great pests to the farmers, while high up on a kopje a baboon on guard was heard occasionally to "whoof."

I slept soundly after the day in the open, and was awakened in the morning by our Kaffir boy peering round the flap of the tent saying "Koffie, Nonnie?"

The river had gone down by now, so we safely crossed and proceeded on our way. A diversion was caused in the morning when we came to a small Kaffir kraal where we persuaded the almost naked picannins to dance for pieces of bread and meat.

We spent two lovely days like this going from one beautiful place to another, camping each night, until a break-up in the weather was predicted by the Native driver. We turned homeward, and the storm overtook us just before we reached Pretoria. The clouds rose in a thick, black bank behind us, rent asunder by vivid streaks of forked lightning, and the terrific crashes of thunder seemed to shake the very earth. The tension was at length relieved by the rain which fell in torrents with a deafening noise. "It's hail!" shouted someone, and hail it was. The

whole earth seemed white, the roads became like rivers and every hole and hollow was filled with lumps of ice. We made what shelter we could, but just as quickly as the storm had risen, so quickly did it pass over, and fifteen minutes later the sun was shining as brightly as ever on a dripping wet world. We all smiled again, built a fire, ate a wet lunch and felt very relieved to think home was so near and we all well, safe and happy.

JOAN ADAMS.

ST. PETER'S COLLEGE, PETERBOROUGH.

ST. Peter's College is in the Cathedral precincts. On the south side of the College we have a magnificent view of the Cathedral. On a beautiful clear autumn afternoon, it is just an inspiration to look at it. The glorious mass of architecture, "petrified music," stands out against the bright blue sky. The trees enhance the beauty of it with their leaves of autumn gold, and one copper beech tree makes a splash of red amongst the gold.

There is rather a strange contrast on the north side of the College. There are streets of small and very cramped houses, and crowds of children tumbling about the pavements.

The inside of the College is much nicer than the outside would give you to understand. We have a large library where the intellectual students find an atmosphere congenial to work. Rows upon rows of books stare down upon us, the works of great minds on Divinity, History, English, Psychology, Biology and all the other "ologies."

A crowd of students was once walking past the front entrance of the College. Peeping surreptitiously round the door post was a little boy. "Oh" he said as he rejoined his fellows in the street "it must be a nunnery." Possibly had the student who overheard the remark been a nun she would have sustained a shock. We cannot claim that life here is synonymous with that of a nunnery. Silence is no golden rule, except for three-quarters of an hour after the seven o'clock rising bell. At eight o'clock we wearily make our way to the dining hall to breakfast. The rhythmical intonations of the College bell accompany our footsteps. Again the bell calls us to morning service at 8.45, and then we begin lectures or private study. At times lectures are very thrilling, especially when students give them, for then we hear things. I have been told that a temporarily mentally deranged student gave these commands in a physical training class "Knees backward—bend." "One in front of each other behind me—run." I believe the class did their best! A lecturer once said "Draw a rectangular square with diameter 9 inches."

In the afternoon each goes her own way. Some to hockey, some for walks, some to do their shopping, and some laze happily in the common room in anticipation of a good tea (holding the newspaper upside down).

We have lectures or private study again in the evening, a meal at 7 o'clock, and again we go to private study. We end the day, tired but happy, by having an evening service. I could write much more, perhaps you wish I had never begun!

EDNA A. CANT.

LAUSANNE.

I WOULD like to try and give you, if possible, some idea of life in Switzerland. Switzerland with its calm blue lakes, its chains of vast mountains with their familiar peaks, its tinkling cowbells, and its clusters of lofty pines stretching away into the sky; Switzerland with its deep gorges, the sound of its rushing cascades and mountain torrents, its fields of vines and quaint old towers and castles rising in the midst of its villages.

Lausanne lies on the curve of Lac Leman, where it bends off on the one side to Geneva, and on the other to Villeneuve, and Chailly, the part of Lausanne that I am at, is right up on the hillside. We often regret being so far from the Lake, but there is a glorious view from the balconies and we also get the fresh air of the hills, and the walks through the forest that the pensionnats by the edge of the lake miss.

The day begins in Switzerland much earlier than in England. Breakfast, a very *slight* meal (to say the least of it) consists of coffee and a petit pain which one devours at 8, and then work starts at 8.30 and goes on till 12. In the afternoon there is generally nothing very strenuous—Couture, Lecture and Preparation, and then tea at 4. Tea is also a rather scanty meal, but one makes up for these two slight meals at dinner and supper, and the food is most awfully good—a thing to be thankful for as everyone is always frightfully hungry—one girl remarked the other day that all she existed for was meals and letters, and on the whole it is fairly true, I think! After tea comes the daily walk—the walks through the forest are simply glorious, especially now with the red and gold tints of autumn; the hillsides are just a picture with their rich foliage, and then in the distance rise the dim mountain forms, just visible through the soft autumn mist.

What makes life in a pensionnat especially interesting is the contact with such varied types of people, all of different nationalities and with different ideas and points of view. You meet Swedes and Poles, Dutch, Germans and Danes, one common end uniting them all—the task of learning French. After a month

or so of the year everything begins to settle down a bit and French becomes more or less the only language heard, but at first there is nothing but a buzz of different languages, and if by any chance you do hear French it is—well, not the sort of French a Frenchman would own or understand! One girl came out from the West Indies without knowing one word of French—it is just appalling trying to drum something into her head. I don't know whether she has anything in the form of a brain or not, but its very doubtful!

What I find especially interesting is hearing the views of the German girls. One of the two we have here is an awfully nice girl, but simply wrapped up in her country. She belongs to the Nationalist party, who are most frightfully bitter against the French, much more so than against the English, and I think they would welcome war against France any minute. They think they have been wronged and treated abominably, and that the League of Nations is no good. We have a fairly hot time of it in Histoire Actuelle classes when we are doing present day history, from the Treaty of Versailles onwards.

Wednesday here is a half-day and Saturday a whole holiday, and on these days lately we having been making the best of the lovely autumn weather, and on Tuesday and Friday evenings someone generally comes round with: Qui aimesait faire une course demain? And on the next day, if it is fine, off we start. The scenery and those glorious tramps through the hills make up for a lot, and make one feel that life away from England is just possible!

Lausanne itself is very picturesque especially on Saturday market day when all the streets are lined with the most glorious flowers and fruits, with the sellers sitting round on little stools. The cathedral dominates the whole town, and the great landmark is the Place St. François, the great centre for shopping, etc. On Saturday mornings when there is no course on the pennsionats wend their way er ville to do their shopping for the week. Most people's money finds its way to Schnell's, the Kodak shop, and to one or other of the various chocolate shops Money simply flies; the only things that are not too appallingly dear being fruit, clocks and chocolates. Time passes very quickly on the whole, and the things to live for now are winter sports, then Italy at Easter and then the summer and home!

With best wishes to all, both past and present.

MARY FROST.

We have had an interesting letter from Joy Power, who is at the Nursery Training School, Golders Green, explaining that she had no time to write an article for the Magazine, as she was just going in for an exam. and was hard at work preparing for it.

She sent us instead a Prospectus of the School so that we could see what she was doing.

The training lasts a year. There are babies living at the School, whose ages range from a few days to five years. The students spend six months in the nurseries and have the care of one or two children for a month at a time. They do everything for the babies during that time and learn about their ailments, etc.

There are no servants at the School, so the students also learn to do housework and cooking, laundry work and needlework. In addition they have lectures "On the various aspects of the care of children" and learn how to teach games and kindergarten work.

Joy says it is "awfully nice" there and the only thing she dislikes is getting up in the morning. As they have roll-call at 6.30 and sometimes have to get up at five when they are in a baby nursery, the dislike seems natural. Joy finished her training at the end of October.

Letters were also received from Hilda Powell and Ida Weston, but we are sorry they were too long to print. Hilda wrote a very interesting and amusing account of the doings of Clacton Guides abroad, and Ida sent an appeal that some of the Old Girls should take up Guide Work, not for amusement, but for the joy of working for others and of making their lives vital and useful.

OLD GIRLS' EXAM. SUCCESSES.

D. BULLMAN—London Intermediate Arts.

J. McBRYDE— „ „ „

C. MANNING—Pass Moderations, Oxford.

B. T. TEMPLE—1st Class Certificate, National Society of Art Masters.

N. DELL—Bronze and Silver Medals for Elocution from London Academy of Music.

MARRIAGES.

MAYHEW—WHORLOW. Joy Whorlow to Rev. Thomas P. Mayhew, on June 18th, 1924. Joy is now living at Melton Mowbray.

BARRELL—JOHNSON. At St. Mary-at-the-Walls, Colchester, on May 24th, 1924, Lily Johnson to Mr. Gordon Barrell. Address: Queen Street, Colchester.

JEFFERY—MILLS. In New York, Maud Mills to Mr. Athelstan

NICHOLSON—WELLS. During last year, Doris Wells to Mr. Cyril Nicholson.

BIRTH.

On June 1st, 1924, to Mr. and Mrs. Bicknell (*née* Gladys Smith)—a daughter.

WE acknowledge with thanks "The Chelmsford County High School Magazine" and the magazine of the Colchester High School, Illinois.