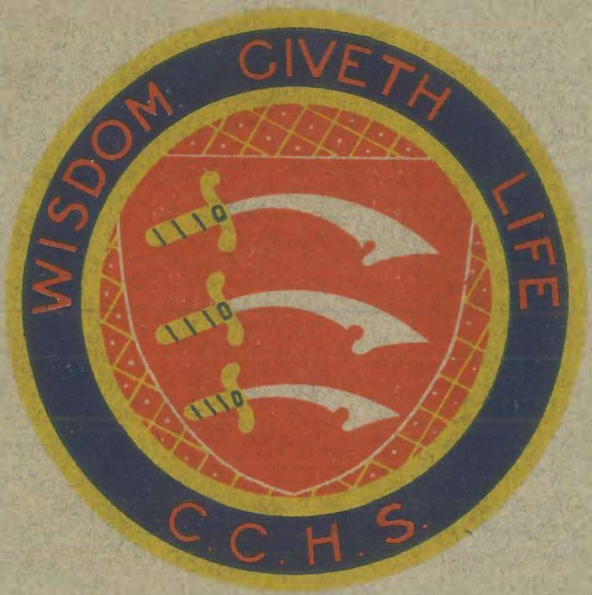

WISDOM GIVETH LIFE
C.C.H.S.

COLCHESTER
COUNTY HIGH SCHOOL
MAGAZINE



No. XI.

DECEMBER, 1927.

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Colchester County High School Magazine.

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* *Members of the Executive Committee.*

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Head of Preparatory Dept. : Miss HARRIS, Higher N.F.U.

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Miss ZELLIKOFF, B.A. (French)
Art { Miss BRIGGS, (Board of Education Drawing Certificate, etc.)
Miss BRIGNELL, Art Master's Cert.
Miss JOHNSON, Art Class Cert.

EDITORIAL.

THE Editor and Committee have the pleasure of once again presenting C.C.H.S. with its magazine, the fruit of another year of its work and activities. We are pleased to be able to present the magazine in a new cover. For the sake of Old Girls, we must explain that the badge on the front was designed by Mr. Gurney Benham and is going to be the new badge. The words "Wisdom giveth Life" were chosen by Miss Crosthwaite from Ecc. VII., 12; and she particularly chose an English motto so that no girl, if asked what the words on her badge meant, would be unable to explain.

Judging from the amount of miscellaneous prose and poetry sent in, most of the representatives have been working hard to get their forms interested in the Magazine, and of course, on the interest of every individual girl, the success of the Magazine depends. The Committee especially commends D. Rawlston on the number of her contributions though it was felt that she would do better by concentrating on fewer. We also congratulate the representatives of Lower VB. and C on the number of efforts that were sent in by their forms. The quality of the miscellaneous material sent in this year was on the whole considered to be very good and in many cases it was difficult to decide what to put in and what to leave out.

The absence of staff competitions in the Magazine will be noticed. The Staff found that the continual strain of the yearly competition was too much for them, so they have "struck" this year. It is hoped that next year, when their weary* brains have had two years' rest from the toil of cross-word puzzles, the staff will once again attain their past high standard of literary art. However, you may read elsewhere of this matter.

We welcome to the school this year four new members of the staff—Miss Birchby, Miss Briggs, Miss Knee and Miss Strang. Last year we were sorry to lose Mrs. Enoch who had been with us since 1918, and Miss Deane who had been with us since 1923 and left to be married. This term we shall have to say good-bye to Miss Barclay and Miss Potter and with special sorrow to Miss Crosthwaite who has been head-mistress since 1913. It is impossible to say how much we shall all miss her—we cannot imagine what it will be like when she is no longer with us, to advise, to praise and at times to scold. It is wonderful to think of all the hundreds of girls who have passed through the school, who owe a great debt to Miss Crosthwaite, for she took a sympathetic interest in every girl. She has always tried to teach us that the success of our school career depends not so much on whether we have done well in our work, as on whether we have learnt to take our place in the world as good citizens. Sorry as we are to lose her we all wish her the very greatest happiness in her new school at Wycombe.

We had hoped to be able to have included in the Magazine a letter from Miss Crosthwaite herself, but we greatly regret that we have not been fortunate enough to get this. Below are printed letters from Miss Collier, M. Brooke, who was at school from 1914—1921, and B. Theobald (Headgirl). The letters give just some idea of the high esteem in which Miss Crosthwaite has been held, and of how much we shall all miss her.

1913—1927.

IN 1912 the Colchester County School removed from its premises in the Albert School of Art, where it had originally been a Pupil Teachers' Centre, and took up its abode in the new uilding on North Hill. Miss Collins was Head Mistress at the ime. On her leaving Colchester, Miss Crosthwaite was appointed Head Mistress in September, 1913, of a School of 150 girls. The task before her was a difficult one, for the School being in a transition stage, as yet held no tradition.

* The Upper VIth hope that this adjective and no other explains the quality of the last Staff Competition.

To begin with few changes were made, but after one year there were no less than four new developments; in 1914 the Preparatory Department was opened in St. Peter's Parish Room, and Swedish Gymnastics, Cookery, and Class Singing became definite parts of the School curriculum.

Then came the four years of the War. As we look back we are grateful for the help given us during that difficult time by Miss Crosthwaite's sane outlook on life. During this time and in the years immediately following the War, the County High School—as it now became—grew by such leaps and bounds that in January, 1920, it overflowed, and the Junior part including the Preparatory was moved into Greyfriars. Since then we have been in two buildings, and the School has continued not only to develop in its various activities but to increase in numbers, until now in 1927 it is an organization numbering almost 600 girls.

It has been a privilege to work with Miss Crosthwaite. She has been unfailingly cheerful herself, and has taught us the secret of finding happiness in our work rather than seeking for it outside. Her enthusiasm and boundless energy even in the face of what might have seemed insurmountable difficulties have enabled the School to become what it is during her 14 years in Colchester. She has followed with keen interest every stage of its growth; nothing has been too trivial for her to deal with. Yet in spite of the pressing demands that each day has put upon her, she has succeeded in keeping her mind fresh and has supplied the vision for many a venture which might have been considered impossible, but which nevertheless has proved successful when carried out. She has clung to her own principles, but her faith in other people has made it possible for them to experiment and to develop their own ideas.

Miss Crosthwaite possesses the gift of sympathy, and with that the power to draw out the best in all those with whom she has to deal. Her genuine love of youth and youthful enthusiasms has won for her the affection of all the girls who have passed through her hands, and one of the most striking features in the life of the School has been the spirit of kindliness that has existed throughout. Parents, staff, girls, all have been able to discuss matters quite freely with Miss Crosthwaite, and have placed entire confidence in her; she has been readily accessible to all, and the infinite pains she has taken in dealing with individuals has been amazing.

But the qualities which stand out supremely are her complete sincerity and her unerring sense of justice. It is these things that will never be forgotten; they have made their mark for all time not only on the School but on this whole town.

Miss Crosthwaite has been appointed Head Mistress of one of the most important Public Schools in the country. Her departure is a great loss to us, but we must recognise progress in

all things and try to give her up willingly. She takes with her the good wishes of hundreds of people, and if these count for anything she will be as happy in her work at Wycombe Abbey as she has been in Colchester. M. COLLIER.

[Miss Collier has been on the staff longer than anyone—she came in 1914].

IT was in 1913 that Miss Crosthwaite came to School but I cannot remember her coming, I can go back only to 1914. The School was very small then, the Staff was small, we were small! From IIIB form room at the end of the corridor it was a long way to her room—rather an adventure—and to knock at the door needed a stout heart. It would be all right, once inside, one reflected, palpitating on the threshold. It was only when she was a long way off that one was shy. Oh yes, it would be all right inside. And so one knocked—"Come in!"—and all was well.

And so the years went by. Perhaps we hardly understood then whom we had among us. Every year the School grew, every year it became more exciting. We only dimly apprehended that it was her mind and spirit that were inspiring it all. We knew that she was the centre, that nothing went on without her knowledge. But we took life as it came, in those days. Sometimes we were startled into momentary comprehension—How did she know so much about us? Not our private failings—that would not have been surprising—but our intimate hopes and ambitions that we thought had gone unrecognised and unsuspected.

But we were growing up and now we found, to our gratification, that our help was needed in running the school! We were given responsibilities and began to understand a little how things were done. No trepidation now as we knocked at her door—only an assurance that we should get what we had sought—sympathy and encouragement—and that re-assuring nod as we went forth! And if we had failures we were cheered and our successes were not complete till she had sealed them.

And now, when we have gone back, she has been still the same. Still that same "Come in!" when we have knocked, a little shy once again but this time of the School, not her, reaching her room as a refuge! And then the quick smile and the firm handclasp and one was back once again.

It is as Head Mistress that we honour her—for her courage and her skill and the strength of the personality which wins all whom she meets; and for the devotion which has made the School what it is. But it is as a friend that we love her—for her understanding and the sympathy which is her greatest gift. It is hard to have to let her go when we thought we had her safe. But we shall not lose her. She takes with her our love and honour and leaves a name behind her that her praises may be reported.

M. BROOKE (Old Girl).

WITH the deepest regret, the school will say good-bye to Miss Crosthwaite at the end of the term. She has been wonderful. Under her care the school has become more and more successful every year. There are now about 600 girls and Miss Crosthwaite has taken a personal interest in each of us, and at the same time has made us feel that we are part of the school. We shall be very sorry to lose her; but we know she will not forget us and we are proud that she has been chosen as Head Mistress for one of the finest schools in England, and chosen from among so many. And so we all join in wishing her every success and happiness for her new work.

BEATRICE THEOBALD, (Head Girl.)

EXAMINATION RESULTS.

CAMBRIDGE SCHOOL CERTIFICATE, DECEMBER, 1926.

Pass

E. Chalk
M. Harden
L. Hitchcock
A. Ladbrooke
M. Shephard
M. Stuart
B. Weston

CAMBRIDGE SCHOOL CERTIFICATE, JULY, 1927.

Honours—*J. Blomfield. Distinction French and English.

Pass

M. Barker
G. Bedwell
H. Bland
J. Byford
M. Cardo
B. Chalk
P. Cousins
O. Fairclough
K. Fox
H. Freeman
J. Gosling
R. Hall
J. Ham
J. Hickford
M. Rivers
L. Robson
O. Savory
H. Smith
P. Stokes
F. Thomson
*H. Wilkinson
M. Willis
I. Gardner

CAMBRIDGE HIGHER SCHOOL CERTIFICATE, JULY, 1927.

D. Clarkson
S. Gosling — Distinction in History
B. Theobald

*Exemption from London Matriculation.

Scholarships.

D. Clarkson, Major County Scholarship of £50 for 3 years.
S. Gosling, Major County Scholarship of £50 for 3 years.

London Matriculation.

January, 1927	M. Roper	L. Percival
June, 1927	L. Payne	G. Brown

Old Girls' University Successes

M. Flatman, Royal Holloway College, London, B.A. Honours—French Class I.
D. Pearce, Bedford College, London, B.A. Honours—English Class II.
E. Jeeves, Somerville College, Oxford, B.A. Class II. English Language and Literature.
D. Bullman, Reading University. Pass B.A., London.
F. Sharp, Reading University. Pass B.A., London

National Society of Domestic Studies.

F. Moss, Cookery, Class I.
L. Tadman, Housecraft, Class I.
M. Porkess ,, ,,
E. Weaver ,, ,,
E. Chalk ,, Class II.

"PRE." NOTES.

THERE are 60 children in the preparatory—7 are boys. Last term the boys had a rounders team and played in matches against the girls.

Forms Upper II A and B are learning geography and netball this term and are acting a play called "Goody Witch."

Form Lower II sit in front of the hall at the concerts and enjoy them very much.

Form I have put a cocoa-nut on the balcony and like watching the tits eating it.

THE CAT AND THE BIRD.

The cat stood on the garden wall,
Where oft she'd stood before,
Her eyes were on a little bird,
She wanted more and more.

The bird he sang a little song,
Which oft he'd sung before,
His eyes were on the speckled cat,
He hated more and more.

I love my little pussy cat,
Though wicked she may be,
I also love the little bird
Which sang its song to me.

EILEEN ALMOND, Lower IV B. Age 12 yrs.

GAMES REPORTS.

NETBALL REPORT.

THE Netball Team were this year beaten in the Semi-Final of the League by Southend Secondary School. The shooting and defence of the team is not as strong as it has been in the past. The shooting should never be weak as there is always the opportunity for Practice. It is hoped that girls will make a great effort to improve this weak part of the team next season.

The defending side of the team has always been weaker than the attacking. It is the more difficult but if tall people would practise in the extra times after school and in their games lessons this should improve in time.

THE RESULTS OF THE MATCHES, 1926-1927.

School	v. Staff	School won 16- 6
„	v. Ipswich	„ „ 33- 7
„	v. Chelmsford (League)...	„ „ 35-18
„	v. Staff	„ „ 16- 7
„	v. Southend (League) ...	„ lost 15-28
(2nd Team)	v. Southend (League)	„ won 20-11

TEAM CRITICISM.

G.S. N. Hindes. She needs to get free more quickly.

A. E. Chalk. A reliable shooter and gets free quickly.

A.C. J. Fletcher. Very good. She is quick and neat and passes well.

N.C. J. Barton. Good. She is quick and jumps well but should vary her passing a little more.

D.C. D. Stringer (Capt.) Her play has distinctly improved and she has been a good captain. (N.I.J.)

G.K. N. Freye. She is quick and jumps well but is inclined to be rough

D. N. Golding. She jumps well but must mark her opponent more and pass more carefully.

The Team as a whole played well together.

D. STRINGER.

HOCKEY, 1926-1927.

SCHOOL hockey has improved a little during this last season but it still lacks the keenness that is essential to make it a success. This applies far more to Seniors than to Juniors, who turned up in large numbers to practices and who showed great promise in their match against St. Mary's. It is to be remembered that the promising Junior players of one year will eventually form the First Eleven.

The two elevens worked hard, however, in spite of many changes. As yet the teams still need speed and more control over the ball combined with brainwork.

The Form matches were of a higher standard this year and it is to be hoped that they will continue so.

Team Criticism.

L.W. L Robson. A good quick wing.
L.I. M. Harden. Combines well but is slow in picking up passes.
C.F. D. Aldridge. Neat with her stick but must learn to use both sides of her forward line. Shooting weak.
R.I. D. Stringer. A quick forward who follows up well in the circle, but needs to combine more with centre and wing.
R.W. P. Cousins. Is quick but rather apt to over-run and so lose control of the ball.
R.H. J. Blomfield. Tackles well but must learn to hit cleanly.
C.H. L. Tadman. Plays steadily and is a reliable half.
L.H. M. Shephard. A steady half but rather slow. She has been a very reliable captain. (M.H.)
R.B. H. Wilkinson. A good steady back who thinks before she passes.
L.B. M. Freye. Has a good, long clearing stroke but at times is rather erratic.
G.K. M. Learmonth. A promising goal-keeper with a good strong drive.

M. E. Shephard.

Results of Matches, 1926-1927.

1st XI. Michaelmas Term.

School	v. Ipswich High School	School lost 1-8
„	v. Maldon Grammar School	„ drew 5-5
„	v. Harwich County High School ...	„ lost 0-5
„	v. Staff	„ won 3-1

2nd XI. Michaelmas Term.

School v. Maldon Grammar School	School lost 3-5

1ST XI. SPRING TERM.

School v. Old Girls	School lost 0-9
„ v. Maldon Grammar School	„ lost 0-6
„ v. Braintree County High School ...	„ lost 5-6
„ v. Ipswich High School 2nd XI ...	„ won 6-4

2ND XI. SPRING TERM.

School v. Harwich County High School ...	School won 5-2
Oxford Junior v. Cambridge Junior ...	Cambridge won 6-0
„ Senior v. „ Senior ...	Oxford drew 3-3
Greyfriars v. St. Mary's School ...	Greyfriars won 3-1

LAWN TENNIS, 1927.

TENNIS this year was very much handicapped by the weather and consequently we played very few matches.

To improve the standard of tennis, girls should make every effort to make use of the practice which is possible at school. There are excellent opportunities for practising the individual strokes, and everyone who really wishes to improve her game should practise correctly, one stroke at a time, until it becomes quite natural. Most people are very weak on their backhand strokes and this is the best way of improving them.

TEAM CRITICISM.

Y. Bridgeman. Has some good drives but is sometimes rather late in hitting the ball. Her play has improved steadily during the term.

L. Robson. Has a good forehand drive and would make a very strong opponent if she could cultivate a much stronger backhand.

P. Day. Her forehand strokes are often well placed but she needs more strength in her other strokes. Her network is often quite effective.

E. Higgins. Her style is good but she is slow in moving. If she could improve her footwork and her backhand stroke, she would be a very promising player.

E. Stringer. Her strokes are good when taken in time, and if she would move more quickly and learn to place, she would make a strong player.

D. Stringer (Capt.) Her play has been much steadier this season; but she often spoils her backhand drive by beginning too late so that she uses her wrist only. She has been a good captain.

(M.H.

RESULTS.

May 14th. School v. Langford Grove. School lost 100—44.
May 21st. School v. Southend (League). School lost 7 sets—1 set
June 2nd. School v. Old Girls. School lost 100—84.
June 14th. School v. Staff. School won 105—59.
July 18th. School 2nd VI v. St. Mary's. School lost 102—54.
Other matches scratched owing to bad weather conditions.

K. D. D. STRINGER.

SPORTS, 1927.

A TORRENTIAL downpour of rain on June 17th sent all spectators of the sports helter-skelter into the school long before the last race should have been run. As the rain did not stop another sports day was arranged at a later date, and the remaining events were held. Although last year's high jump of 4ft. 7in. was a record, Y. Bridgeman beat this by jumping 4ft. 10in. The two halves of Upper VA won the Flag and Cross and Tunnel team races, thereby gaining for their form-room the "Card Players" and "The Earl de la Warr." Upper Vc's reward for winning the Girdle race was "The Infant Sforza reading Cicero," and the prize for the highest number of points gained by Lower VA was a statuette the "Seated Mercury." We thank those who so kindly provided prizes for the sports.

E. BALLS.

THE MAGIC WOOD.

THE way into the Magic wood cannot always be found—I found it just after sunset one evening in summer, when there was a new moon high in the sky, long before the light had faded. The way into the wood lay up a long glade, only wide enough for two to walk in abreast, on either side of which were thickets, as dense and compact as hedges. Little paths crossed the main glade, bending quickly away, mysterious and deceptive like paths in a maze. As I passed up the narrow glade I felt the hot breath of a dragon three times upon me, and I knew for certain that the wood was magic. The path ran on gently uphill, straight as a dart, until at last, out of sight of the road behind it met a hedge at right angles. The hedge was dark and gloomy, formed of twisted trees like wicked old men with grasping fingers, and bright red toadstools grew beside the path along the ditch. Beyond the hedge was a field, and on the further side an old dark house. No smoke rose from the chimneys and the lattice windows were dark except where lit up by the glow of the sunset. All

was still as death and no one moved about the house. There was no way out of the field except through a five-barred gate into the wood again. The magic wood stretched on for miles, with countless paths crossing and branching off, some carpeted with last year's leaves, some green and boggy. Not a sound disturbed the stillness of approaching night save for the sudden startled movement of a rabbit or a pheasant in the undergrowth. Soon I had lost all sense of direction, and only followed blindly the paths which led uphill, until they came out on a round hill, topped with grey-trunked beeches, and over the tops of the sweet chestnut trees below I could see the new moon and the banks of grey mist on the horizon. But still there was no way out of the Magic wood. It stretched out in all directions, and every moment the magic grew stronger, the silence more oppressive, and the feeling of absolute separation from the world was impressed more and more forcibly upon my senses. The wood was magic, unreal, it had never to my knowledge been there before and I felt sure that if ever I got out it would never be there again. The paths ran down the hill, down, down, getting darker and darker, the chestnuts meeting in an arch overhead, and always strange creatures watched from behind the trees, rustled in the undergrowth, and moved swiftly along the paths I left behind me. Then the paths began to go uphill. It was by then getting dark, the new moon had set, the paths became more and more confusing and alike, while the magic grew stronger as the dusk increased. The hill rose before me, and I went on up, and up and up, and yet never was high enough to see over the trees. Suddenly the wood ended as unexpected in this as in all else, and I came out into an open field, from which I saw a house perched on a steep slope, rosy in the fading light, and with its rooms lit up, real and yet fairy like, and I knew that for that night the evil spirits of the wood and their black magic had failed to entrance me.

B. Murray, Upper VIth

SIXTH FORM NOTES.

WE are proud to record that two members of last year's Upper VIth, Doris Clarkson and Sybil Gosling, gained County Major Scholarships. Doris is now at Royal Holloway College and Sybil at Reading University. This year the Upper VIth are as usual very busy working for exams. and scholarships.

Cæsar hasn't emerged from his cupboard much this term. The fumes of the gas fire are rather too much for him. He is very interested in the Magazine this year because it has "proverbs for dogs," though he doesn't agree with all of them.

As the Upper and Lower VIth have so benefited from the new library, we feel it deserves a word of mention here. Until last term the corridor outside Room 33 was a very bare and ordinary place, but now its very atmosphere is that of learning. Along one wall are six large bookcases and along the other a row of desks. Above the desks hangs Raphael's "Sistine Madonna," and the library has also a small picture gallery. It has green hangings and floor covering Silence reigns supreme so that the busy student may work undisturbed.

B. THEOBALD.

SIR GALAHAD.

ONCE through a forest fair and green
There rode a knight of handsome mien,
And he was in red armour clad,
His name it was Sir Galahad.

Oh! he was out to do and dare,
To seek adventures brave and rare,
Aud faster galloped his faithful steed
As his master sought to do a great deed.

And soon they came to a castle grand
And round it a hundred knights did stand,
When Galahad saw this glorious sight
He hastened on to join the fight.

When he arrived t'was nearly done
The Knights outside had almost won,
That they were winning could not be doubted
"Yield to us now" they rudely shouted.

From the Knights within came the swift retort
"Fighting we'll die to save our fort!"
When Galahad heard the brave reply
He said "These rogues outside shall die."

So to his breast he pressed his shield
And rushed into the battle field,
He thrust his lance on the foremost man,
"Now rogue," said he, "Get up if you can."

The others who saw this apparition
Were filled with doubt, fear and suspicion.
Said they to him "What is thy name?"
He answered "I'm a Knight of fame."

Once more he rushed upon his foes
And struck each man with heavy blows,
Until they one and all had fled,
Except the ones who lay there dead.

The imprisoned Knights came boldly out
And gave a loud and joyful shout.
"A feast we'll quickly spread for thee
And bless thy name on land and sea."

MARJORIE LONGLEY, Upper Vc, Age 15.

SCHOOL CONCERT.

IN the Spring term the school gave a successful concert in the Moot Hall to which parents were invited by Miss Crosthwaite. The hall was filled with people who appreciated the part-songs sung by the Upper School, the folk-songs and sea shanties sung by Greyfriars, which were conducted by Miss Goodwin and accompanied by Miss Mortimer, and the pianoforte solos by Lilian Percival and Mary Fieldgate. Miss Marie Korchinska, of the Moscow Conservatoire of Music, delighted the audience by her brilliant harp solos; the concert was ended by two unison songs, "The Pilgrim's Song" and the school hymn "God be in my Head," in which the whole school joined. All the songs were sung as if the school really enjoyed singing, even the Preparatory singing their Nursery Rhymes without nervousness. The way in which the girls responded to Miss Goodwin's conducting showed that all must have worked very hard to render the songs so clearly and in such a creditable manner. Many thanks are due to Miss Goodwin, who has trained the school to produce a concert which has been so highly praised.

A. V. SWAN.

PSALM CXXI IN VERSE.

TO the hills and my helper my eyes will I raise,
To my Lord and my Keeper will I give praise.

He slumbereth not, the Lord who thee keepeth,
The Lord slumbereth not, and he never sleepeth.

Fear not the bright sun for the Lord is thy shade,
Of the pale moon by night, thou shalt not be afraid.

Thy body is safe in the Lord's keeping,
For the health of thy soul there need be no weeping.

The Lord shall preserve thee for ever and ever,
The bonds between thee no foes can sever.

M. COLLEER, Upper V A.

THE MUSIC CLUB.

THE Music Club is still very popular and nearly all the girls at school belong to it. There have been some very good concerts this year, including instrumental music, songs and lectures.

The girls themselves have given two concerts, and although there was not very much time to practise for the last one, it was much better than the first. Everyone did her best both for the singing and the solos.

"A Musical Story" Competition was introduced at one of the concerts. Miss Gordon read aloud a story leaving occasional spaces and playing instead a few bars of a well-known piece or song of which the title or words provided the missing part of the story and competitors were asked to write down the names of the musical items. The results of the competition were very good—59 tunes were played and a large number of the papers showed between 45 and 54 correct answers.

Dr. Daymond is still quite a constant visitor, and she brought Mr. Keith Faulkner to sing to us while she explained the songs and accompanied them.

Mr. York Bowen has given two excellent piano recitals which we all enjoyed immensely, and Mr. Reginald Paul has also played several times.

This year we have had two or three specially interesting concerts. Miss Marie Korchinska brought her harp and played to us one week, accompanied by Mr. Kony who played a flute. Then Mr. Leon Goosens came and played the oboe, accompanied by Mr. Henry Bronkhurst. This was very interesting because most of us had not heard an oboe recital before.

This term the Chelsea Singers came, dressed in eighteenth century costume, and sang madrigals and folk songs. There were five of them, three female and two male voices. Everyone enjoyed the concert very much, but we regret that we cannot have them very often as five performers are rather expensive.

We must thank Miss Gordon, Miss Mortimer, Miss Jex and Miss Goodwin, who are always willing to give us a concert, and especially Miss Gordon who arranges all the concerts which we enjoy very much.

L. PERCIVAL.

LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI'S SONG TO THE PALE KNIGHT.

COME with me to my native land
For there are many things to see,
Things that would make you wonder much,
And question me.

Soft, through the moonlight we would steal
By trickling rills, and scented brakes,
Where nightingales throb out their love
By shimmering lakes.

Then we would lie on mossy banks,
Lulled by the music of Pan's pipe.
While elfins feed us on brown nuts
And berries ripe.

So then would sorrow, pain and care
Linger, and flicker like a flame
Then vanish, while your heart would sing.
"I'm glad I came."

K. R. YOUNG, Upper VA L.

COMPETITIONS.

AGES 16 AND OVER.

THE subject for this competition was "5 a.m." or a nonsense rhyme. There were very few entries and only one nonsense rhyme. The prize goes to L. Robson.

5 A.M.

THE pearl grey sky was slowly flushed with pink. Then the colour deepened and over the distant hill-top the sun burst forth in all his majesty, bathing the morning in glory. The enthusiast stood entranced, contemplating the infinite beauty of the heavens. Turning to his companion he said, "Such an exquisite scene satisfies my inmost soul!"

A man clad in corduroys and heavy boots was plodding along the damp, muddy path, through the grey early-morning mists "Un! Hoäd code! It'ull fare to be wet on them meshes, when I goes doon for them coos. Folks is lucky wot lies abed of a mannin!"

Lord Eustace Fitz-Maurice and Lady Clara Vere de Vere who were returning from their usual round of dances and night-clubs, stopped at a coffee-stall for refreshment. "Have a cup of coffee old sport!——they are served——"It really is delicious!" A hefty navvy, on his way to work stopped for his breakfast. "A two-eyed steak, two door-steps and a cup of thick! 'Urry up guv'nor!"

Horses, carts, drays, men, donkeys, lorries, cars, crates, baskets, costers, flowers, fruit and vegetables, all contributed to a scene of indescribable bustle and confusion. Suburban greengrocers, hunting for their lots, seemed to continually hinder the porters, who were hurrying by, heavily laden.

"Goo-goo!" chuckled the baby wide-awake; he then began to play with his toes. Tired of this, he looked at his mother, asleep in the big bed beside him. "How stodgy to be asleep now" thought he, "I'll wake her! Then he began to shriek. Father's voice was heard "Can't you make the brat shut up?" Mother awoke and went over to the child. "Didums den, did 'oo wake up? 'Oos going to bye-byes now" and put him down. "Hum" thought the baby, "grown-ups are tedious!"

The night-watchman stood up, stretching himself, "Mornin' at last!" He filled his pipe, stirred up the cinders in his pail and put his billy on to warm. Leaving his hut he extinguished all the red lights and looked up at the cloudy sky. "Another wet day!" thought he, as he returned to the hut. He drank his tea, and sat smoking for another hour, then one of the workmen arrived "So yer've come at larst, 'ave yer?" grunted the watchman "I'm for bed," and shambled off down the road.

Myself————sno-o-o-o-re!

L. Robson, Lower VI, Age 17.

AGES 14 AND UNDER 16.

IN this section girls had to make up three original proverbs for dogs, or write a fable to illustrate the following proverb, "When the cat's away the mice will play." There were very few entries for this competition. The prize goes to M. Dowman whose proverbs were good, although they might have been more concise. We highly commend J. Southgate whose proverbs were concise but had not so much point in them. We hope all dogs will take these proverbs to heart!

PROVERBS FOR DOGS.

Steal not, feel not!

Make a noise till you get a thing, but keep quiet when you've got it!

Don't lose your small bone through trying in vain for the larger one!

M. Dowman, Upper Vb (I), Age 15.

AGES 11 AND UNDER 14.

THE competition in this section was to write either "A description of the treasure cave of the Thieving Goblin," in prose, or "A further adventure of Jack and Jill," in verse. A good many girls wrote about Jack and Jill but their entries were turned down, chiefly because of bad verse form. The Prize goes to E. Bailey for her description of the treasure cave.

THE THIEVING GOBLINS' CAVES.

THE Thieving Goblins lived in little caves leading out of a big one by the seashore. They had little wee holes to creep into and when the Goblins came home in the evening they pushed their spoil into the caves and then climbed in themselves. The first Goblin had a lovely little cave and although it was little it was beautiful. It had a green curtain to divide the spoil room from the living room and a red one for the bedroom. Inside the bedroom were beautiful tapestries hanging round a sweet little bed. In the living room there were strings of pearls hanging on the walls with rich silks in between each. The mirror was studded with pearls and so was every other thing in the room, the table, chairs, couch, flower vase (which was full of flowers), piano and stool. All the Goblins' caves were like this except the chief's which was better than ever, for the mirror and all the rest of the things were studded with diamonds and so were the walls. One day there was a big storm and a big wave came into the cave and washed away all the Goblins' things, and what became of the Goblins I don't know but on a stormy day you can hear a moan and see some silken tapestries on the coast of Cornwall.

EVELYN BAILEY, Lower IV B. Age 12.

AGES 9 AND UNDER 11.

MISS SAMUELS has very kindly offered to give the prize for this section. The subjects she set were either "The Magic Soap" or "The Adventures of an Autumn Leaf," in prose, or "Bubbles" or "The Candle's Song," in poetry. She has given the prize to P. Everett who wrote about the "Magic Soap."

THE MAGIC SOAP.

MOLLY was sitting on the garden seat trying to blow bubbles but every time she blew the tiniest one it burst, "Oh dear" she sighed "What ever is the good of bubbles if they won't fly away before they burst." Just as she said that she saw on the edge of her bowl a little elf, "Why don't you cross the Rainbow and buy some magic soap" he said, but Molly was so surprised she couldn't answer, "Why don't you cross the Rainbow and buy some magic soap" he said for a second time. Molly had somewhat got over her astonishment then so she said, "I don't know where the Rainbow is."

"Well would you like to come across now with me and get it?"

"I haven't got any money, besides what good is magic soap to me?"

"You could blow bubbles as big as you wished without them bursting, and all you need for money is two acorns."

At this Molly ran to the bottom of the garden where the acorn tree was and picked up two acorns that had fallen on the ground; then the elf said "Now hold my hand and shut your eyes and don't open them again until I tell you." Molly did as she was told and found herself flying through the air at a terrific pace and then she felt herself going down, down, down, and the elf told her to open her eyes and when she did it she was looking at a lovely hill that seemed to go up a long way and then down the other side and there were borders of different coloured flowers all along it. "This is the Rainbow," said the elf, "we shall have to cross this on foot"; although it was a long way crossing the Rainbow it did not seem very long to Molly, as she was excited to get the magic soap. When they got there she saw a stall with a little man at the counter who was selling magic soap of all colours and each colour did a certain thing in the way of magic and there were lots of little fairies buying it. The elf took Molly to the stall and she found that the soap that made you blow bubbles was all colours. Just as she had bought it she found herself on the seat again clasping tight the piece of magic soap.

But now she blows bubbles as big as herself.

PAMELA EVERETT, Upper IIIa, Age 10.

PREPARATORY COMPETITIONS.

IT was felt that it was not fair that the Upper II's, who are allowed to write with pen and ink, should be allowed to enter for the same competition as the Lower II and Form I, so this year there has been a competition for each of them.

FORMS UPPER II A AND B.

THE Upper II's had to describe a rounders match between the Gnomes and the Fairies. The committee felt that it would like to have been at all the rounders matches described, they all sounded so thrilling and after all the matches both players and spectators were most magnificently provided for. Helen May has won the prize; hers really was a "fairy" match because they had such a lot of time for playing. Doreen Grinter's, which was a very vivid account, is also printed.

A ROUNDERS MATCH BETWEEN THE FAIRIES AND THE GNOMES.

THE Fairies and Gnomes had a game of rounders the other day it was a wet day and there were a lot of people there. There was one Gnome who rolled over and over three times and got dirty and had to change. A gnome had a queroll with a fairy the gnome said he had a rounder and the fairy said she hit him and he was out. There were twenty fairies and twenty gnomes on each side. In ten minutes the fairies had four rounders and the Gnomes had one. There was a pond in the field and a gnome hit a ball in it. The match lasted for seven hours and when the seven hours were over the fairies had won by five goles and the people clapped for two hours after words. The people gave a big party and a christmas tree. They danced in the evening and had lots of fun. The party lasted from six to twelve o'clock. When it was over the fairies were very tired and went home to bed.

HELEN MAY, Upper IIA, Age 9.

IT was fun. The Queen went she had a goldon dress on. I now she did not forget her crown. I went the fairies won. They had tea afterwods. I had one of everything. It was finished early. Then we went and plaid tennis and till it was dard. I forget every thing I will tell you now. They were so hot they had to change every thing even their vests. Their hair was wet. I really thort the gnomes would win they had a strang team.

The End.

DOREEN GRINTER, Upper IIB, Age 8.

FORMS I AND LOWER II.

THE Competition was to draw a picture of what you would like to see if you stayed with the fairies. We wish we could print all the drawings, they were so nice. Some wanted to see castles, some wanted to see the King and the Queen, and there were others who would have liked to have seen their little baby. Bob Waugh, Lower II, Age 6, has won the prize. He drew a tall tree with a little house on top and from this house, through the trunk of the tree was a path leading to another little house under the ground. Muriel Clark drew a very neat picture of the Fairy Castle, and Geoffrey Chopping a very war-like Fairy King sitting on his throne, with his men-at-arms and executioner near him. We wish we could describe them all.

HOLIDAY SNAPSHOT.

THE prize offered by the Staff for the best holiday snapshot in action, goes to B. Haydon. Her photo of a number of fishermen bringing up a boat really did show "figures in action," and it was well printed. E. Edmund's snapshot was good but it was carelessly printed.

POSTER ADVERTISING L.N.U.

THIS Competition was open to North Hill. The prize offered by Miss Phillips goes to Ethné Payne. There were not many entries and hers was decidedly the best. We regret that it is impossible to print the prize poster but it will be shown on the notice board at North Hill.

FRENCH TRANSLATION.

THE French Staff did not consider any of the verse translations of Ronsard's poetry worthy of a prize. We print Morna Maclaren's translation of the first verse, which was considered good, but her second verse did not reach the same standard.

Early this morning the bud of a rose
Opened its crimson folds to the sun.
Come my love and at evening's close
See if its bloom its course has run.
Alas! It has fallen, its fragrance gone,
Its petals scattered; its day is done.

M. MACLAREN, Upper VB (ii), Age 15.

OLD GIRLS' COMPETITION.

THERE were no entries received for this year's competition. Next year the prize will be offered for the best animal snapshot, taken and printed by the competitor. We hope next year's competition will be more popular than this year's.

STAFF COMPETITION.

AS mentioned in the editorial, the Staff refused to have a competition this year. We must not, however, omit to mention the fact that three members of the Staff did make enquiries concerning the competition. This was most encouraging. We regret to say, however, that we doubt the sincerity of

one of these enquiries, as a certain member of the Staff, having already admitted that she was not greatly concerned at the absence of Staff competitions as she never entered for them, proceeded to disparage one of her colleagues. We feel that her enquiry was a mere excuse. However, we trust that this offender will not be sued for libel as we are quite sure she has never been guilty of such an offence before.

A TRIP TO FRANCE.

MISS ZELLIKOFF conducted a lucky party of thirteen to France this Summer, thinking, that by living and talking among the French for a fortnight we should all return talking like natives!

We set off for London in high spirits, and were met by Miss Dancer and Miss Illington at Liverpool Street station with armsful of chocolates.

The sea was calm, the sun was shining and we were ready to shout with delight, and if it had not been for some gloomy faces round us, I am sure we should have raised a cheer at the first sight of the cliffs of France.

We stayed at a fine College in Calais, and were ready every morning for the most amusing and interesting French lessons and lectures given by the professors.

We had never been told that the French were particularly prompt, but we were soon to find out. The professors were very punctual at the beginning of the lessons, and were equally punctual at the end. This we discovered from our first class. One of the boys in our class was reading (all work and conversation was in French—no English at all), and was in the middle of a paragraph when the bell rang. Immediately the professor shut his book, put on his hat and went out of the room without saying a word.

We were very much surprised and expected him to return, but we discovered it was a French custom, and thought it a great contrast to the C.C.H S. habit of ten minutes after the bell!

The professors were all very jolly and talkative (as we discovered all French are) and all wore their hats until they were seated in their desks.

We had all our meals in the great hall at the College. Eating seems to be a very important item in France. We were catered for in a most delicate Frenchy fashion, (no good old English puddings), but there was always plenty of food.

Every afternoon we went out exploring, and one day we even found ourselves as far away as Belgium, where we took some wonderful snaps of Ypres and the ruins of the Great War.

On our travels we saw many interesting sights, *e.g.* the Bell which rang the French Revolution., the Field of the Cloth of Gold, the Menin Gates at Ypres, Hill 60 and many of the ruins of the French Revolution.

Miss Zellikoff brought the fortnight to an end by treating us all to a grand Birthday Party. The honourable guest made a speech in French which was cheered and clapped in the French manner.

We all agreed that French theatres are not so good as the English, so we decided to let the French hear how the English can sing, and as our singing Mistresses were safely out of hearing, we sang two old Folk songs, which were very popular.

Talking with French people was a new game to most of us, but when we were returning home, on a rough and furious sea, we all concluded that a fortnight in France was more profitable than a term at school.

M. WILDMAN.

Y.H.L.

THE number of members belonging to the Young Helpers' League has increased to two hundred this term. The League had enough money left this year to keep the boy at the Watts' Naval Training School, so we have not raised any more this year. Frederick Brown, the boy whom we were keeping at the Training School, has left now, and is earning his own living, so we have a different one, whose name is Arthur Burge.

The members of the Y.H.L. meet every week during the Autumn Term to make toys, etc., for the Christmas parcels which we always send to the children at the Homes for Christmas.

Miss Hill came this term to thank us and tell us a little about the Homes which are now so full up with children of all ages.

L. PERCIVAL.

SHOOTING STARS.

PEOPLE who live in glass houses—grow tomatoes.
An eclipse is when two people run away together.
Kings Charlesley wrote the "Water Babies."
The artist who painted "Flatford Mill" was Reginald Paul.
Terra Cotta is to be preferred to the perils of the deep.

LEAGUE OF NATIONS UNION.

THIS year we were again fortunate in having Mr. Whelen and Mr. MacDonell to talk to us on the work of the League and to answer our questions.

The School Branch, under the leadership of this year's excellent chairman, Doris Clarkson, is still working well with its Assemblies, Councils and fortnightly form meetings. The two Assemblies this year were very interesting—one took the form of a Council debate and the other a Mock Assembly.

The motion for the Council debate was "that China has cause to resent foreign presence in the country." The speeches were interesting and in the open discussion afterwards the motion was well debated even down to the bloodthirsty methods of the Chinese torturers!

At the Mock Assembly, forty-four delegates discussed the Disarmament question in the presence of a large number of the the general public. As the President of the Assembly was English the proceedings were carried out in English although some of the speeches were very ably translated into French by the Interpreter for the benefit of the other nations. Finally the motion "That this Assembly is convinced that the adoption by the civilized nations of a scheme for the limitation of armaments is vital to the peace of the world," was carried by forty votes to four.

The League Library is now well stocked with books and we hope that they will be used at the fortnightly meetings.

MARGARET E. SHEPHARD.

BROADSTAIRS.

BROADSTAIRS for dainty feet to trip up and down,
Broadstairs for a lady with a russling gown,
Broadstairs for gentlemen, solemn and tall,
Broadstairs for children, chubby and small.

Broadstairs for fairies when the bright stars peep,
When ladies and gentlemen and children sleep.
Broadstairs for little elves dressed all in green
When up in the sky the round moon is seen.

DORIS ROSS, Lower VA. Age 13.

A PENNY.

I HAVE a penny,
A bright and shiny penny;
And on this penny is a head
Superior to many.

Britannia on the other side
Ruling many oceans;
Guarding home and industry
From evil people's notions.

This penny is an English coin
Worth one twelfth of a shilling;
But will not purchase very much
Unless the shopman's willing.

L. PALMER, Lower Vc.

HARK, 1927.

THE first expedition of the year was made on March 26, when members of the Hark visited Little Wenham Hall, and the Churches at Hadleigh, Polstead and Stoke. At Hadleigh they were very fortunate in being allowed to go over the Tudor Deanery, through the kindness of the Dean of Bocking. On June 5 a party, accompanied by Miss O'Grady, went by 'bus to Earls Colne Priory, where Miss O'Grady read a paper on the De Veres of Hedingham and Colne. Unfortunately it was impossible to go over the Castle at Hedingham, but the Society visited the Churches at Sible Hedingham and Castle Hedingham, and also the round Church of the Templars at Little Maplestead.

The cycling expeditions, so popular last summer, were continued this year. On May 28, about 20 members of the Hark went to Copford, Kelvedon, Easthorpe, Gt. Tey and Coggeshall, where they visited Paycockes Hall. And on July 16 a party went by 'bus and on bicycles to Gifford's Hall, Stoke-by-Nayland, which they visited by the kind permission of Colonel T. C. Tabor.

The London Expedition, so long postponed, eventually took place on Saturday, September 24, when several members of the Society, accompanied by Miss Winters, Miss Reynolds, and Miss Morton, visited the Tower, Westminster Abbey, the Houses of Parliament, and the Church of St. Bartholomew the Great.

A new feature was introduced into the Society this year, when it was decided to start a Hark Hobbies Club. With a view to this a committee meeting was held on February 8, and it was agreed that the Society should begin by making a collection of paintings of historical costumes, and several members of the Society made very able fretwork figures illustrating costumes of different periods. Experiments were also made in clay modelling.

S. GOSLING.

A SONNET ON "THE FIRST CHRISTMAS DAY."

THE eventide has come, and with her brought
A sparkling frost and deep enshrouding peace.

The lowing of the cattle soon will cease,
Another night has the Creator wrought.

Quiet has come. All men have sought their rest
Save these rough shepherds, watching o'er their sheep,

Careful and fearless, while the shadows deep
Surround the men in dew-drenched garments drest.

While, in the village small, o'er yonder fields
A Baby, quiet in a manger lies,
No sound he utters, and no childish cries

Watched over by a mother's loving eye.
Her Baby Son she from the night-breeze shields,
Whilst dew-drenched shepherds wondering draw nigh.

M. DOWMAN, Upper V B (I).

SUNSET.

IT was a glorious, golden, August evening as I lay in the long grass of the meadow watching the rooks black against the glow of the evening sky, fly cawing home to their nests in the tall, black, elm trees.

All around, the crickets were chirping loudly, while a robin whistled cheerily to his mate, and the tall grasses swayed gracefully in the breeze, showering their dust-like pollen on the wide-eyed daisies below.

All at once, the level rays of the sinking sun caught the reddish trunks of a group of fir trees, turning them to ruddy gold.

I looked up.—The setting sun was just peeping above the dark, brown furrows of the hill across the valley.

The whole western sky was like a golden bay, with towering ruddy cliffs on one hand, a stretch of glistening sand studded with shiny, wet pebbles and shells, and beyond that the ocean, and all was jet black or burning gold.

The ivy-clad ruin of an old castle stood out black against the gold of the sky on the top of the cliffs ; sometimes braving the fierce blasts of the winter's storm, looking out over the boiling, angry waters by the fitful, pale light of the moon with clouds scudding across her face, but now basking in the calm golden light of the evening.

Little, foam-tipped wavelets gently washed the edge of the sand. Further out, the sea foamed and boiled round great, black rocks, the waves being shivered into a thousand minute drops, and falling back into the sea as rainbow spray.

Full out on the ocean a great ship lay at anchor, her sails wind-filled and her high carved prow arched proudly from the waves.

I dreamed of treasure galleons, and could almost hear the shout of the sailors aboard her, the soughing of the breeze in her sails, and the creaking of her masts straining in the wind.

Behind her noble shape rose an island with a long stretch of glistening, golden sands, then dark, mysterious palm trees, and, crowning all, the saucer-shaped crater of a volcano, with a dense cloud of black smoke even then hanging over it, lighted up on its underside with a lurid glare.

As I watched, the bay, the cliffs, the island, and the noble ship gradually faded, becoming fainter and fainter every minute until, at last, all that was left, was a burning, golden glow in the west with straggling, black clouds trailing across it and just the tip of the bright, red sun above the furrows.

Turning, I saw the golden crescent of the moon, hanging above the whispering cornfields, and a bright star peeping down on the shadowy world.

JOYCE E. FRANCIS, Upper V B (I). Age 15.

MY DREAMS.

WHEN the sun and the birds and you and me
Are all fast asleep in bed,
It's then that all sorts of funny things
Come in to my sleepy little head.
Sometimes it's an ogre with one eye,
And sometimes it's a giant with none at all,
And sometimes it's a group of fairies
Playing at touch or catch ball.

And when I've been good a lady comes
And takes me by the hand,
And she leads me thro' the nursery floor
Right into fairyland.
There I play with all the fairies
Until it's time for dawn to break,
And then at the nicest part of all
Of course I have to wake.

So if you're good and do as you're told,
Perhaps she'll come to you
And take you to the place called Fairyland,
And you'll wish it would all come true.

OLIVE FAIRHALL, Upper IV C. Age 13.

SPRING FLOWERS.

THE little snowdrops from their beds
Haste to arise at spring's first sound.
The modest violets lift their heads
And shed their sweetness all around,
The daffodils in yellow gowns
Are dancing gaily on the downs.

Golden crocus and primrose pale
All hasten in their garments gay,
And all about the hill and dale
The golden sunbeams dance and play.
The spring has come and all the flowers
Are dancing through the sunny hours.

PEGGIE ANGIER, Lower Va, Age 13.

OLD GIRLS' SECTION.

OLD GIRLS' BUSINESS REPORT.

THE membership of the O.G.A. is still favourably increasing. New members this year number 57.

At the Easter meeting A. A. Milne's play "Belinda," was performed by members of the O.G.A. Two performances were given, as last year. The collections for both evenings amounted to £11 6s. 0d.; £5 was given to the School Sports Fund and £4 towards new back curtains for the stage.

The Summer meeting was held at North Hill and commenced with the annual business meeting, at which it was decided:—

1. That the offices of Secretary and Treasurer should be combined and held for two years.
2. That one member of the Committee should be a girl who has left school within the last year.
3. That only members who have paid their subscriptions by November 1st should have a school magazine.

The Committee for the ensuing year was elected and resulted as follows:—

Secretary and Treasurer: I SMITH, 18 Creffield Road, Colchester.

Committee: L. S. DANCER, N. JACKSON. D. STANYON, M. THACKERY, C. WHITE.

Sub-Secretaries: G. DAVIES, 1914-16; M. HARVEY, 1917-19; E. BERRY, 1920-22; C. MANNING, 1923-25; B. MAKEPEACE, 1926-28.

Magazine Representative: M. HARVEY.

OLD GIRLS' CLUB.

THIS club, which was formed with the object of linking up Old Girls more closely with the School and with each other, has now run for over a year, and the numbers who have come each week have certainly justified its existence. During the Easter Term there were meetings every Friday, at which there were sing-songs, a play-reading, country dancing, music, and talks by members of the Staff, and indoor games. One Friday the Sixth Form entertained the members with progressive games, and at the last meeting a business meeting was held, preceded by ping pong.

At this meeting members decided that they would like to continue the club in the summer. Three meetings were arranged for; a paper chase, country dancing at Greyfriars, and a picnic to Donyland Woods; and of these the latter was especially enjoyed.

A business meeting to be held on September 15th, was arranged for at the summer meeting of the O.G.A., to elect the new committee, to fill in the programme for the Christmas Term, and to settle on which night the club should meet. This meeting was very well attended. The new committee is as follows:—

Staff member	...	Miss Phillips.
Student Teacher	...	J. Woodard.
Sixth Form	...	F. Digby, I. French (Treasurer).
O.G.'s ...	...	D. Stanyon, L. Dancer, D. Sumner.

By a large majority Friday was retained as the night for the Club meetings The Club rules are to remain unchanged. For the benefit of new members of the O G.A. these are:—

1. All members of the Club must belong to the O G.A.
2. Before joining the O.G.A. any Old Girl may come to two meetings of the Club.
3. Members of the Staff, the Sixth Form and Student Teachers may join the Club.
4. The subscription is to be 1/- each term, or 2d. each atttendance, with an extra 6d. for each play-reading.
5. With the exception of half-term, meetings are to be held each Friday from 6-8 at Greyfriars.
6. The committee is to consist of one member of the Staff, one Student Teacher, one member of the Sixth, and three Old Girls. This committee is elected each year, and is responsible for drawing up the programmes for each term.

ST. PETER'S COLLEGE, PETERBOROUGH.

COLLEGE life here is so full and so varied that I can only give you a hint of some of our activities.

It is a Training College for a hundred students who will become Elementary School teachers. We live either in the College itself or in a big hostel, "The Vineyard." Both buildings are in the cathedral precincts, and from nearly all the windows we get beautiful views of the great Norman building. From my window on a moonlight night I can see the central tower standing up strong and courageous. It is indeed a beautiful place in which we live.

We have lectures from nine o'clock each morning; we are free in the afternoon, and we study from half-past four until nine or later, with a break half way for supper.

Of course nobody does any work after one o'clock on Saturday. We usually have a dance in the evening in the hall or at the Vineyard. On All Hallows E'en the second year students wear sheets and tell ghost stories in dark corners to delighted first years. We learn our fates as a candle we have been watching goes out, while the only light comes from other candles burning in turnips carved to look like human faces.

On Saturday afternoons we often have expeditions. There is so much to be seen around Peterborough, from Wittering Church, with its wonderful Saxon Chancel arch, to the latest sugar beet factory.

Visitors to College see strange sights. Sometimes about twenty students in tunics are playing "Pop goes the Weasel" in real earnest. They are learning how to take Physical Training with babies. A stranger sight is that of one bewildered student trying to explain an exercise to the others who are being extremely dense and imagining that they are behaving like children! Meanwhile the poor student is only getting more muddled in trying to make her explanation more clear.

School practice is not one of the most welcome times of College life, but it causes a good deal of fun. The first year students at present are energetically blowing whistles in preparation for Physical Training lessons. A set of forty text books, an attache case, a roll of illustrations, and two net balls really require some care, yet often while on school practice we leave college for school burdened thus. It is a good thing that the townspeople are now quite used to students.

The lecturers are very pleasant helps especially in time of trouble, from Miss Ball who takes one out for a ride in "Jane Austen," to Miss Mercier the brisk matron, who arrives with a large bottle and spoon if one has a pain. In fact she is so delightful that one would rather enjoy being ill—it is said that she reads modern Irish plays to those lucky enough to catch influenza.

VERA L. PAICE.

CLUB-LIFE AS AN OPENING FOR GIRLS.

DOMESTIC work is no longer regarded in the light that it used to be. Every year it is becoming more popular and it has wide possibilities for girls of every class.

Club life itself is very varied and interesting and provides an excellent training for all those interested in domestic work of any description.

Firstly, there is the dining room where one is taught how to wait efficiently. Here one learns to overcome self-conciousness, to be quick and alert and to be self-detached in a crowd.

Then there is the house where visitors are continually coming and going. The rooms have to be kept clean and tidy, the luggage attended to and the linen repaired. Here a knowledge of home-nursing is useful as occasionally people are ill. There are also odd meals to be attended to.

In the kitchen, although the majority of the cooks are trained, there are several posts which can be filled by untrained people, and who can then get a very good insight of institution cookery.

The Stores are an extremely interesting department. Here all the ordering is done, and the goods are then issued to all parts of the building, and a careful record kept.

The linen room is another department, where all the linen is checked on its departure for and arrival from the laundry. Here the staff uniforms are dealt with.

Then there is the office where all accounts are kept and business matters transacted.

All these departments need practical and capable people at the head of them and an excellent training is provided in each for girls who are practical and inclined to take up domestic work.

OLIVE CHILD.

St. Andrew's Hall,
Reading.

ONE is at a disadvantage in describing a new University like Reading, because it is not possible to call to one's aid the poets or refer to the historical associations and traditions of the University. Oxford's "dreaming spires," " Cambridge towers, so old, so wise," have been often sung in verse, but the poets are yet to come who will celebrate Reading as their Alma Mater. We have no history, no associations; we are ourselves forming the traditions which future generations of students will follow. In this respect we are, I think, more fortunate than older Universities, because students coming to Reading do not find a prescribed path marked out by custom and tradition, in which they are bound to

walk, but they are able, to a certain extent, to strike out on their own. Then, too, Reading courses of study, are arranged on more up-to-date lines, and are broader and more varied than similar courses in other Universities.

Of course as members of a new University we have a good deal of responsibility—at least so our Vice-Chancellor is always reminding us—but this responsibility does not seem to weigh very heavily on Reading undergraduates. Indeed a casual visitor to the University would probably be inclined to think that Reading students were rather frivolous and unacademic. He would find students crowding round the athletic board, flocking to the buttery, or strolling about the annexe discussing the last S.U. dance, and he would perhaps wonder if anyone ever did any work at Reading. Of course if Easter Collections or Finals were approaching it would be quite another story. Then the annexe would be empty, the buttery deserted, and everyone would be in the library, poring over notes in preparation for the coming ordeal.

However, exams apart, we have a very good time at Reading. There are many interests outside our work, such as inter-hall debates, a model Parliament at which great fun is caused by the socialist hecklers, and by the questions put to the ministers before the debates, besides a number of clubs and societies. Of these the chief are Kosmos, the science club, and the "Guild of the Red Rose," a literary society modelled on the old town guild's dramatic activities. The customs and archaic language of the old guild are retained; the members are called gildani, and at each morrowspeche, as the guild meetings are called, plays are read by certain of the gildani.

On half-holidays, most people are to be found either on the river or at the athletic ground, where hockey, netball, tennis, lacrosse, and badminton are played, The inter-hall rowing and sculling races are very exciting, and still more thrilling are the races we have occasionally with other Universities.

Apart from societies and games, there is a great deal of variety about life at Reading. For one thing we have a good many foreign students, Peruvians, Indians, one or two Egyptian and Japanese students, and also a Russian who is the moving spirit of the Labour club. Another thing which makes for variety is the number of different courses open to students at Reading University. Besides pure arts and science courses there are fine arts, music, commerce, horticulture, agriculture, dairy and domestic science. There is a tradition at Reading that abbreviated forms of words should be used wherever possible, and so these courses are never known by the official names, but always as horti., agri., dom., sci., etc. In the same way we speak of coll., the lib., the but., and anyone who insisted on using the correct names would be severely squashed.

The members of the Staff, are, of course never spoken of by their proper names. Some are called simply by their Christian names, such as Percy and Lucy. Others are known by such affectionate diminutives as Billy, Bobbie, Sid, Dessy. The science people however are more original in their choice of nicknames; a worthy professor of bacteriology is known as the Collyopti, while one of the Chemi-lecturers rejoices in the name of Peroxide Polly. An example of the conservatism of students is seen in the name given to our Vice-Chancellor, who is universally known as Prinny, a survival from the days before we received our Charter, when the Vice-Chancellor was merely the Principal of University College.

I am afraid I have not left myself any space in which to describe life at St. Andrew's Hall, but I hope many more people from school will come here and see what it is like for themselves. I am sure they would have a very good time at St. Andrew's, and would like being here very much.

GWEN BROOKS.

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