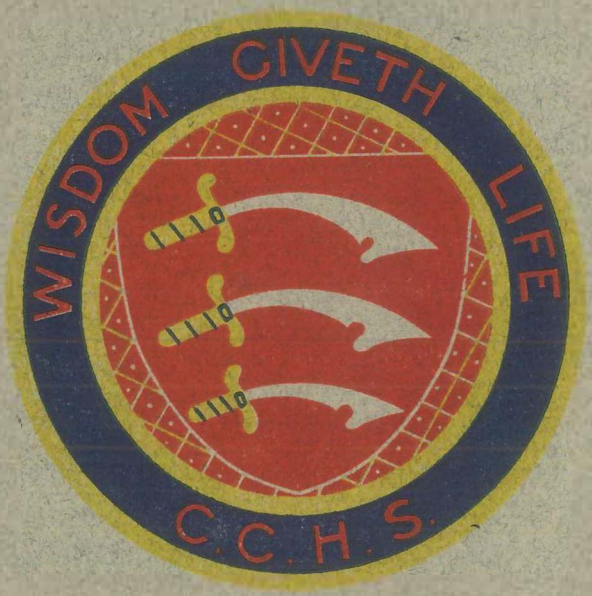

WISDOM GIVETH LIFE
C.C.H.S.

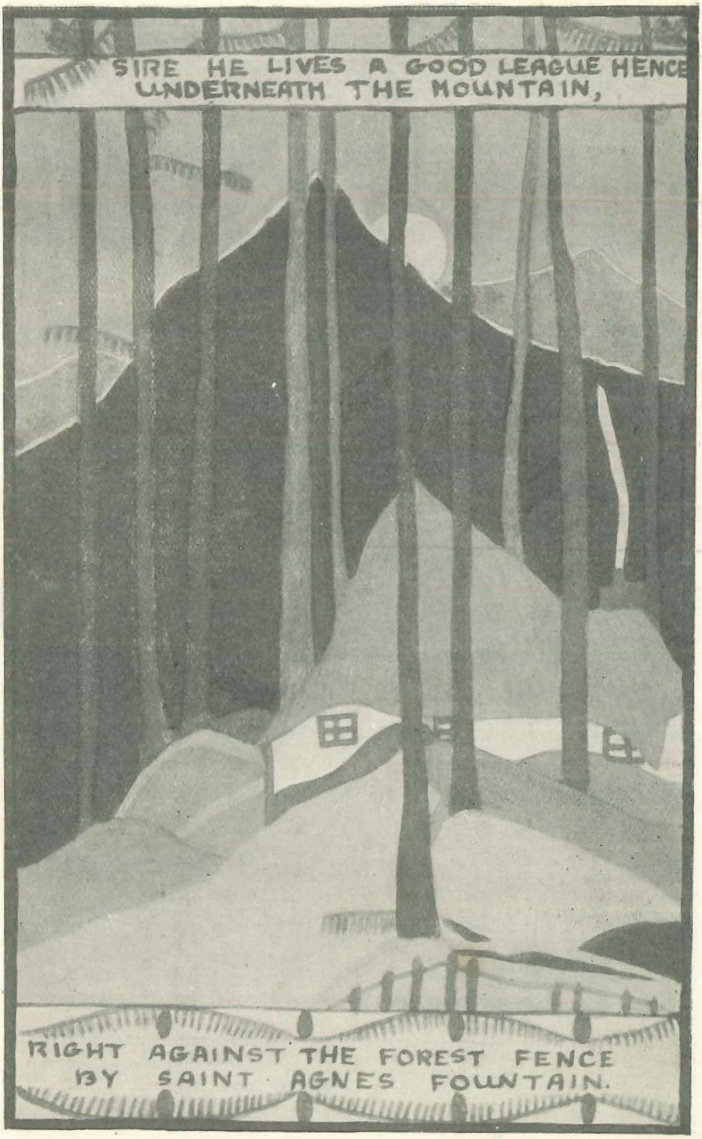


ILLUSTRATION FOR A CHRISTMAS CARD.

COLCHESTER
COUNTY HIGH SCHOOL
MAGAZINE



No. XII.

DECEMBER, 1928.

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Colchester County High School Magazine.

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Staff Representatives: Miss PHILLIPS.* Miss THORNBERY.*

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Upper VB (ii)	G. Dale J. Thackery	Lower IVB	M. Collins M. Firmin
Upper Vc	T. Duncan D. Wright	Lower IVc	M. Gilling P. Payne
Lower VA	E. Lynch O. Wigley	Upper IIIA	A. Calveley N. Blomfield
Lower VB	E. Magill J. White	Upper IIIB	J. Bethell M. Freeman
Lower Vc	N. Firmin P. Pannell	Lower IIIA	J, Durrant J. Martin
Upper IVA	E. Jones M. Bradley	Lower IIIB	R. Potter G. Wright

Ex-Officio (Upper VI).

J. Hickford* M. Andrews
M. Fieldgate M. Rivers.

**Members of the Executive Committee*

EDITORIAL.

ONCE more the School is confronted with its own production, and made to realise, for the sum of one shilling, that it is still very much alive. Here you may see that, besides many other activities, we have passed exams, and played games, and spent our Summer holidays composing poems and writing stories. The magazine is launched, Christmas is coming, and the Editor and Committee rest from their labours.

The competitions and miscellaneous poetry and prose sent in this year were on the whole pleasant and encouraging, both in quantity and quality. The seniors could still do more ; but they have made a gallant effort to spare time from their loftier contemplations, and are to be congratulated. Form representatives can do a great deal in this matter by keeping their Forms awake. The representatives at North Hill have worked very hard, but there has been some slackness at Greyfriars, which is unusual and surprising. All representatives are too light-hearted about General Meetings, often sending substitutes without a proper explanation.

We hope that Old Girls are not forgetting the magazine ; at any rate, their interest did not run to pen and ink this year. We are very grateful to M. Roper and I. French, who have written to us from Reading without coercion of any sort.

Miss King has been with us since the Easter term, and is no longer a stranger, but this is our first opportunity of welcoming her officially. We hope that she will find her life in Colchester very happy indeed. We also welcome to the School Miss Cooke, Miss Relph and Miss Hodgkiss, and this term Miss Sapp and Miss Walker. But there have been sad good-byes as well. Last Easter we lost Miss Pitt, and in the Summer Miss Dancer and Miss Hanson, who will be especially remembered for all her work for the School branch of the League of Nations Union.

Great sorrow was felt by the whole school at the death of Dorothy Richardson. She died very suddenly, just after half-term. She had only been at school a year, and few people outside her own Form had time to know her well. We feel her death is all the sadder, when she was just beginning to be known and liked and to find a place in school life.

EXAMINATION RESULTS.

Cambridge School Certificate.

December, 1927.

Pass—M. Andrews ; N. Calveley* (Matric : Exemption) ; V. Cushing ; P. Day.

* Exemption from London Matriculation.

JULY, 1928.

Honours—G. Facer* ; I. Hayward* (Distinction in History); D. Priddle*.

Pass—I. Akehurst ; L. Appleton ; C. Carter ; B. Christmas ; D. Clements ; M. Collier ; E. Elmer ; I. Fenning ; V. Gausden ; L. Hoare ; D. Jago ; R. James ; R. King ; E. Laccohee ; B. Ladbrooke ; D. McMullen ; E. Patmore ; K. Player ; E. Wildman ; M. Wylie*.

CAMBRIDGE HIGHER CERTIFICATE, JULY, 1928.

F. Digby ; B. Murray (Distinction in History) ; M. Roper ; J. Waumsley.

SCHOLARSHIPS.

B. Theobald, Major County Scholarship (£40 for 3 years).

LONDON MATRICULATION.

January, 1928	J. Fletcher.
June, 1928	M. Barker ; M. Fieldgate
September, 1928	B. Chalk.

LONDON INTERMEDIATE (ARTS), JULY, 1928.

B. Theobald.

UNIVERSITY SUCCESSES OF OLD GIRLS.

M. Fitch, Bedford College, London, B.A. Honours—History Class II.

A. Wadley, Bedford College, London, B.A. Honours—Latin, Class II.

G. Brooks, Reading University, B.A. Honours—English Class II.

M. Stokes, Reading University, B.A., Pass.

NATIONAL SOCIETY FOR DOMESTIC STUDIES.

HOUSECRAFT CERTIFICATE, JULY, 1928.

Class I. M. Cardo ; M. Croydon ; G. Davies ; L. Payne.

Class II. G. Brown ; M. Lewes ; L. Robson.

* Exemption from London Matriculation.

GAMES REPORTS.

NETBALL REPORT.

THE School team this year has worked with enthusiasm, not only during matches but also at practices.

The team again reached the final League match, but were sadly beaten by Woodford.

We were very unfortunate in losing three of our players at the end of the Autumn term, and the vacant places were not easily filled.

It is hoped that the School will show more enthusiasm during the season, and not leave so much work to the chosen team, as new players are badly needed in all parts of the court.

It is very encouraging to the School when colours are awarded, and this year we are very pleased that M. Cardo has received hers.

Team Criticism.

G.S. P. Clarke. A steady shooter when she gets the ball, but she must get free more often and be quicker in her passing.

A. D. Wright. She is rather erratic in her shooting, but gets free quickly.

A.C. M. Cardo. Very good. She is quick and neat and plays well with her centres.

M.C. Y. Bridgeman. She is a steady player, and jumps well. She must try varying her passes more often.

D.C. J. Lomax. She catches well but must mark her opponent more carefully.

D. D. Morris. If she passed more carefully she would make a good defence.

G.K. M. Wildman (Capt.). Her play was much more steady towards the end of the season, and the play between the Goal Keeper and Defence was good. She was a very reliable and helpful Captain. (N.F.J.)

Results of Matches, 1927-1928.

School	1st	Team	v.	Ipswich ...	School won 18- 8
,,	2nd	,,	v.	,, ...	,, ,, 21- 4
,,	1st	,,	v.	Southend (League)	,, ,, 14-11
,,	2nd	,,	v.	,, ...	,, lost 11-15
,,	1st	,,	v.	Ipswich ...	,, won 15-13
,,	1st	,,	v.	Chelmsford (League)	,, ,, 18-12
,,	2nd	,,	v.	,,	,, ,, 13- 3
,,	1st	,,	v.	Woodford (League)	,, lost 30- 8
,,	2nd	,,	v.	,,	,, ,, 22-10
,,	Junior	,,	v.	,,	,, won 20-12

M. Wildman.

HOCKEY, 1927-1928.

THERE has been a good deal of improvement in hockey this year, and the standard of play has been higher. All keen people are very persevering, but there should be still more of them. The 2nd XI has shown great improvement; the players are combining well and gaining in knowledge of the game. Both teams need much more speed and more practice in dribbling.

The form matches showed how much can be done by practice in the dinner-hour. Everybody worked very hard, and many practice-matches were arranged.

Team Criticism—1st XI.

G.K. M. Turner. Kicks hard but must control her movements better and clear to both sides of the goal.

R.B. B. Claydon. Good—she drives well and is really reliable.

L.B. J. Francis. Slow and must learn to watch the ball more closely

R.H. J. Blomfield. Watches her opposing wing well and is very neat with her stick. As acting captain she has been most reliable. (M.H.)

C.H. M. Hunt. Energetic and backs up well.

L.H. M. Wildman. Marks well and has improved her drive. She must be careful about roughness and kicking.

R.W. M. Blomfield. Still rather clumsy and apt to muddle, but her drive has improved.

R.I. Y. Bridgeman. Good—she is fast with neat stick-work and quick, well-placed shooting.

C.F. P. Stuart. Good—she is really fast and has improved her passing, but could still combine more with the other forwards.

L.I. M. Cardo. Rushes well, but her stick-work is clumsy and passing poor.

L.W. There has been no permanent L.W. in either the 1st or 2nd Team this year.

L. Robson.
J. Blomfield.

2nd XI.

G. M. Diss. Kicks and clears well, but is rather slow.

R.B. B. Bullock. Has a hard drive but must use it to the best advantage, and must not be rough.

L.B. W. Broom. Drives well and backs up her wing. She has improved during the season, but is still too slow.

R.H. B. Butt. Tackles well, but is rather slow. She does not back up her wing as much as she might do.

C.H. I. Hayward. An energetic half who marks well and is neat with her stick.
L.H. M. Croydon. She has a good drive and keeps her place well.
R.W. P. Faulkner. A quick wing who tackles well, but is inclined to keep the ball too long before passing into the centre.
R.I M. Gould. Must learn to pass to the right as well as the left.
C.F. N. Calveley. A steady centre who combines well with her forward line, but rather slow. (M.H.)
L.I. L. Bunting. A quick inner, but is not sure enough of her strokes. Does not combine enough with the other forwards.
L.W. There was no definite left wing in the 2nd XI this year, D. Page and I. Fenning both being in the team.
D. Page. A good shooter, but is too slow and inclined to lose the ball.
I. Fenning. Must not muddle and must improve her drive.

N. Calveley.

Results of Matches, 1927-1928.

1st XI. Michaelmas Term.

School v. Harwich County High School	School lost 0-14
„ v. Staff	„ won 3- 2
„ v. Chelmsford	„ lost 1- 6

2nd XI. Michaelmas Term.

School v. Ipswich	School lost 0-4

Junior XI. Michaelmas Term.

School v. St. Mary's	School lost 1-4

1st XI. Spring Term.

School v. Halstead Grammar School ...	School drew 3-3
„ v. Staff	„ lost 3-4
„ v. Harwich	„ „ 1-9

2nd XI. Spring Term.

School v. Staff	School drew 0-0
„ v. Harwich County High School	„ won 1-0

LAWN TENNIS, 1928.

THE standard of tennis has improved very much this year, and there are many more promising players, especially in the middle School, because a keener interest is taken in good coaching.

Girls still do not realize the necessity for practising individual strokes, with correct positions; they are much too eager to begin to play before they have really learnt to take a ball properly; as a result of this, backhands are especially weak all through the School.

This year an interest was taken in umpiring and girls umpired for the form matches.

Team Criticism.

E. Stringer. Her play has improved considerably and she has cultivated a very good forehand drive. She is inclined to be slow in moving.

B. Higgins. Her style is good, but her backhands are still rather unsteady. If she could improve these and move more quickly she would play a better game.

L. Robson. Her driving is rather erratic; she must learn to time her balls more correctly. Her network is quite effective.

S. Harpham. She is a steady player, and has improved throughout the term. If she could put more force into her strokes she would become a strong opponent.

A. Menzies. With more concentration and effort her play would be much improved. Her style is quite good, but she is inclined to drop her wrist when taking strokes.

Y. Bridgeman. Her style and judgment in back-line play are very good and her service is really strong. When she has mastered the volley she will be a still more valuable member of the team. We are very glad to have her as captain for a second year. (M.H.)

Match Results.

School v. Langford Grove	...	School lost 63-36 games
„ v. Maldon (League)	...	„ won 3 events-0
„ v. Old Girls	...	„ lost 56-43 games
„ v. Chelmsford (League)	.	„ lost 3 events-0
„ v. Staff ...	...	„ won 54-45 games
„ v. S. Mary's ...	...	„ won 55-43 games
„ Braintree ...	...	„ won 77-52 games

Yvonne Bridgeman.

A CAROL.

IN a lonely manger bed,
Little Jesus laid his head,
Innocent and sweet looked he
Dimples in his cheeks and knee.

Heaven and earth ring forth your mirth,
This the day of Jesu's birth.

Gifts to Jesus oft were brought,
By the men who for him sought.
Mary sat beside her son,
Jesus Christ the Holy one.

Heaven and earth ring forth your mirth,
This the day of Jesu's birth.

Shepherds who watched o'er their sheep,
Saw from heaven an angel sweep.
And with gifts for the Holy one,
Made there way to Mary's son.

Heaven and earth ring forth your mirth,
This the day of Jesus birth.

J. WICKHAM, Lower IVc. Age 12.

"PRE" NOTES.

THE Pre have enjoyed the concerts very much this term. Upper II and Lower II are learning to play netball. In the summer term they played a rounders match against the Grammar School Pre and won by half a rounder.

A NOW DESCRIPTIVE OF A COLD DAY.

(With apologies to Leigh Hunt).

NOW the ground is covered with glistening snow, icicles hang from the house-eaves, and smoke curls from every chimney.

Now pipes burst, and pumps in the country are covered with straw.

Now the trees are bare, and birds fluff up their feathers.

Now everyone is wrapt in thick coats, and furs.

Now noses are blue with cold, and horses slip over.

Now it must be very unpleasant to be a milkman.

Now children wearing bright scarves and hats are seen tobogganing down hills, and some toboggans go on down the hill alone whilst the owners roll in the snow.

Now skating is in full swing, and hockey on the ice.

Now snow battles wax fast and furious.

Now old gentlemen's hats are knocked off by small boys with snowballs, and old ladies step on slides hidden by fresh-fallen snow.

Now a giant snowball may roll along behind you, and knock you over.

Now a playful schoolboy drops a lump of ice down his schoolfellow's neck.

Now a street fiddler blows his aching fingers, and looks very miserable.

Now old men selling baked potatoes and chestnuts do a roaring trade.

Now is the time to sit in front of a huge fire, and drink hot drinks.

Now it is very hard to get up in the morning, and you stay in bed till the very last minute, and rush to catch the train along roads covered with ice and snow, fall over dozens of times, and arrive at the station feeling a terrible wreck, just in time to see the train steaming out of the station.

Now it is nearly as bad to go to bed. The sheets are cold, and feel like layers of ice, and the only way to sleep is to curl up into a ball, and have your knees nearly touching your chin.

Now, having to wait a long time for a train, a very cold person rushes off to the waiting-room hoping to sit in front of the fire, only to find a crowd of people all clustered round it.

Now white dogs look quite dirty against the snow.

Now, after having walked two or three miles through the snow and fog, you stamp your feet with cold, take off your shoes and get near the fire, but as soon as your feet begin to get warm they tingle so much that you almost wish they were cold again.

Now, with the sparkling snow covering everything and great stillness all round, the red sun sets behind the spectre-like trees.

H. Husk, Upper Vb I. Age 15.

THE MUSIC CLUB.

THE School Music Club has been very successful during the past year; we have had a good variety of concerts, and people seem to have enjoyed them more than ever.

During the year Miss Reiss-Smith came and played the 'cello, Madame Lucy Polgreen and Mr. Bronckhurst gave pianoforte recitals, Vivien Lambelet and Dorothy Lebish vocal duets, Dr. Hirst a lecture on "How to Study Music"; and Dr. Daymond and Stuart Robertson, who are always welcome, came for one concert, also the well-known Kendall String Quartet.

The girls' concert was not so successful as it might have been; there is plenty of good material in the school but not enough time is spent on practising together.

Miss Gordon, Miss Goodwin, Miss Mortimer and Miss Jex have only given one concert during the year; we enjoyed this very much and we should all like to hear them more frequently.

An outstanding concert for popularity, was one given by the Chelsea Singers; the eighteenth century costumes worn by them made the songs seem very realistic; they paid a return visit in the latter part of the year. We were fortunate in having another visit from York Bowen, but, perhaps we were still more fortunate and greatly honoured in having Albert Sammons for a concert; it was very generous of him to come. Reginald Paul came again to play to us, and the school is greatly indebted to him for the quantity of different music he has given us the opportunity of hearing, usually preparing special pieces by request.

We have had one new visitor during the year, Dr. Thomas Wood, who gave an interesting and amusing lecture on "Folk Song."

We are all grateful to Miss Gordon for arranging such interesting concerts, and we hope that she will accept our thanks, for through the Music Club we are able to hear excellent performances of some of the finest music.

M. L. Fieldgate.

THE TERROR.

HER crumpled form was bent over a soft, grey mass which she feverishly re-arranged as each stage was accomplished. Absorbed in her task, she did not notice the darkness which was slowly enveloping her. In each hand she held a weapon, which clashed from time to time with the sound of steel on steel. Suddenly she stiffened, as though that still, grey body had moved of its own accord. Her cheeks paled, her fingers shook, and her whole frame trembled. She strove in vain to master herself, until at last blank Despair took possession of her heart. And then she spoke, and in the silence of the dusk, her voice seemed to pierce the gloom: "Dash! I've dropped a stitch and I can't pick it up in this light."

Morna Maclaren, Upper Va. Age 16.

HIAWATHA IN THE WOOD.

WHEN he went into the forests
Hiawatha saw a squirrel
In the oak-trees cracking acorns;
And the rabbits from their burrows
Blinked their eyes at Hiawatha.
Hiawatha heard the pigeon
Heard him coo among the pine-trees,
Saw the red-deer at the river,
And the golden fishes darting
Up and down the shining water.

Hiawatha heard the robin
Singing to him in the tall-trees;
Saw the foxes stealing pheasants.
Then he got his bow and arrow
Tracked the foxes and he shot them,
Took them home and skinned the fur off
For a floor rug for his wigwam.
All the birds sang all around him,
Seemed to watch him from the branches,
Till the sun went down at evening.

HELEN MAY, Lower IIIA. Age 10.

SPORTS DAY, 1928.

THE afternoon of June 22nd was fine, which pleased both the spectators and competitors, and the field looked very gay decorated with coloured flags, while each girl proudly displayed her form colour.

The first event was the high jump, won by P. Stuart of Upper VA at 4ft. 9in. The team races were very exciting, the Lower VI winning the picture of the "Duke of Wellington" as the prize for the Girdle Race, while Upper VB2 won the "Infanta-Maria-Theresa" for Cross and Tunnel, and Upper VB1 the View looking towards Murano for the Flag. Lower IVA gained the most points and so won "The Artist's Studio," and Upper VB2 and Upper IIIA tied equal second, thereby gaining "The Water Carrier" and "The Letter."

The Mayor kindly presented the prizes to the winning forms, praising the keenness of the girls and the work and organisation of Miss King and the Staff.

We thank all those who so generously gave to the Sports Fund.

N. CALVELEY.

DUNSTANBURGH CASTLE.

THERE once lived a wicked, old, magician in a castle called Dunstanburgh. In this castle he kept as a prisoner a beautiful princess. He kept her in a room with a dragon outside the door, In the room next door he kept all his magic done up in coloured glass bottles.

The Princess was not to be freed until a brave knight came and killed the dragon. Many knights had been killed by the dragon while trying to rescue the princess.

One day a brave knight called Sir Guy, came to the castle to try to rescue the princess. He waited, and waited, until the dragon was sleeping. Then he crept up behind it and thrust his sword into its tail. When the dragon felt the stab it jumped up and rushed round the castle sending out clouds of fire from its nostrils. Then it had a most awful fight with Sir Guy, and went rushing round the castle knocking down pillars and walls. Then the Magician came out of his magic room to see what all the noise was, and got knocked over by the dragon, and was killed. The dragon then rushed into the magic room knocking down all the bottles and breaking them. The pieces of glass are still to be found and people call them Dunstanburgh diamonds. The dragon then rushed all over the place knocking all the walls down, and when at last Sir Guy did kill it, by thrusting his sword down its throat, the castle was in ruins.

Then he went and found the princess, who was very frightened but not hurt.

P. STEVENS, Lower IVc. Age 12.

SIXTH FORM NOTES.

LAST year's Upper VI, as every other year's, worked hard preparing for the Summer examinations, Cambridge Higher School and London Intermediate, the result of which may be found on another page.

We did fairly well in sport. Though we did not get anywhere with the netball, the Upper and Lower VI hockey team drew with Upper VB2 in the Final match. In the Summer term it was great fun practising for the Sports, all of us trying with varied results to juggle and balance treacle tins on bumpy heads. We were third in the heats, but on Sports Day we came eleventh and were beaten by Upper VB2 in the final of the cross-and-tunnel. The Lower VI. were more successful and won Goya's "Duke of Wellington" in the girdle race.

This year the Upper VI won the Hark picture. We had a thrilling time making our model of a Tudor village and when we put our heads together, we found that there were exciting things for all of us to do. Even the non-historians and non-artists could gather moss, make trees and cotton-wool sheep and tumble-down cottages. The Lower VI made some jolly fretwork figures of Henry VIII and his wives and were highly commended.

B. THEOBALD.

A CAROL.

IN the middle of the Winter
Jesus Christ was born ;
Come all you carollers
Sing about the morn.
Come and sing, come and sing,
All about our Christmas King.

The wise men from the East
Came with their presents fine ;
Come all you carollers
Join this song of mine.
Come and sing, come and sing,
All about our Christmas King.

The shepherds on the hill
Came to worship him ;
Come all you carollers
Before our light goes dim.
Come and sing, come and sing,
All about our Christmas King.

We wish you happiness ;
We wish you joy and love ;
Come all you carollers
Sing about our Lord above.
Come and sing, come and sing,
All about our Christmas King.

A. CALVELEY, Upper IIIa. Age 10.

Y.H.L.

DURING the Christmas term we were very busy making presents for the children at Doctor Barnardo's Homes. We had meetings after School once a week, and those who did not come to these made things at home.

Miss Hill came to speak to us. She told us about our boy Arthur Burge, who is at the Watts Naval School. She also told us that we have a rival school, so we are trying hard to increase the number of members to three hundred. We have now got 231 members, 70 of whom are new this year.

In the summer term we had two entertainments, one at North Hill and one at Greyfriars, to get money to keep the boy. We got £120 for the entertainments, and we collected £32 4s. 8d. in the boxes.

B. HAYDON.

GREYFRIARS ENTERTAINMENT.

ON Thursday, June 7th we gave an entertainment at Greyfriars in aid of Dr. Barnardo's Homes. It was held out of doors on the lawn and after an unpromising morning we had quite a nice afternoon. Luckily the ground had been kept dry with tarpaulins.

At the far end of the lawn was a screen of evergreens with 'ivory gates and golden.'

Four children—three girls and a boy—dressed in pretty period costume were discovered reading fairy tales. It was Midsummer night and after dancing they made a magic ring and then all fell asleep.

The fairies entered and danced. They saw the children and enchanted them and carried them off to Fairyland. The Golden Gates were then thrown open and the children were shown the wonders of Fairyland and met all their old nursery favourites including Dick Whittington, Bo-Peep, Red Riding Hood and others, and also those of more recent years such as Peter Pan with Wendy and John, Christopher Robin and his faithful Pooh Bear and Pip, Squeak and Wilfred.

The children awoke and their old friends left them to return through the 'Ivory gate and Golden.' Before they went back to Fairyland for ever they made one final appearance in a procession round the lawn. Then Cristopher Robin invited everybody to tea.

Tea was served by waitresses from Upper IVc and the good things provided by generous friends were much appreciated.

The proceeds amounted to £87 15s. 0d.

J. BALDWIN, Upper IVA.

THE KNIGHT OF THE BURNING PESTLE.

DURING the Summer term the Knight of the Burning Pestle, by Francis Beaumont, was produced at North Hill by Miss Phillips in aid of Dr. Barnardo's Homes. Two performances were given, on Thursday and Saturday the 5th and 7th of July,

and the dress rehearsal was also open to the School at a reduced price. The play was produced as far as possible as it was acted in Elizabethan times, and there was some fear that the audience would not understand the interference of the Citizen and his wife and their part in the plot of the play. A very explicit role by Miss Phillips which was given out with the programme made the play quite clear and it was a great success. Everyone acted well and it is almost impossible to pick out anyone individually; all those taking part seemed thoroughly to appreciate the humour of the play and this gave the performance vigour. M. Dowman and G. Newman in the very difficult parts of the Citizen and his wife, G. Jefferies as Ralph and those whose parts included singing deserve special mention. The costumes were most successful, and those of the Staff and girls who gave up so much time and energy to make them were well rewarded by the result. Perhaps the most striking costumes were those of Ralph, his squire, and dwarf, when they galloped in upon the most realistic hobby-horses.

Not only did the play afford much amusement, but it also gave a very good impression of the conditions under which Shakespeare's plays were produced; the Elizabethan atmosphere was heightened by the use of a virginal very kindly lent by Alec Hodson, Esq., and by the violin playing of Miss Joyce Kennelly, for whose help we are so very grateful.

Altogether £40 was realised, which sum together with the proceeds of the Greyfriars Entertainment makes sufficient to keep the boy supported by the school for two years, so that the play was a great success in every way.

B. MURRAY.

THE TOY DOG.

HE sits about with podgy grace;
The size of a teacup is his face;
He sees the world through silk and lace.

Society life around him whirls,
He sees it all from where he curls;
Dukes, Duchesses, Knights and Earls.

J. BERRY, Lower Vc. Age 13.

ODE TO WINTER.

OH! Winter thou art the deadest of all seasons. All the trees have lost their leaves, except the Holly which is thy friend. He doth not feel the cold so doth not complain of thy cruel hardness. The pale watery sun in winter, trieth her hardest to bring back her all her spring friends, but cannot till her appointed time. The Fir doth live the Winter through and keepeth her

cones for the Autumn which is the harvest of all fruits. Thou hast no friendly beasts trampling thy carpet of white, cold, crisp snow, but they do live under the warm brown leaves and the earth.

Thy songs, oh! Winter, are most wailful. The wind through the Fir trees maketh a moaning sound, but the robin cheereth us. There are no lambs bleating or baby sparrows twittering from their nests, but still the same moaning sound of the wind which comes tearing through the trees.

J. White, Lower Vb. Age 14

ON THAXTED CHURCH.

OH church, when I do look upon thy pillars,
And the light of coloured windows,
Casting shades of different hues
Upon thy stonèd floor.
I often think what people could
Have also looked and gazed
With joy upon the lovely sight.
The altar with its tapestries all hung
And on the right the lady chapel,
With the lovely window, encasing figures
Of the people; who once used to be
Men of the greatest chivalry.
The organ with the patterns cut
In wood. And then I think
That many kinds of men and women
Have sung the hymns and psalms,
And on a Christmas day
Have made thy carvèd roof
Echo the hymns of young and agèd men.

G. Dale, Upper Vbii, Age 14.

L. N. U.

LAST year both Admiral Allen and Mr. Whelen came down to speak to us about the League of Nations and its work and to answer our many questions.

During the Spring term we debated the motion "That total disarmament is at present impracticable." The motion was carried by a large number of votes.

Several members of the branch were successful in gaining prizes in the District L.N.U. Essay Competitions. First prizes in the different divisions were awarded to B. Murray and M.

Blomfield, and second prizes to G. Facer and R. Digby. We especially congratulate B. Murray, who last year proved a keen and able chairman, on gaining a prize in the County Essay Competition.

Weekly L.N.U. form meetings have been held throughout the year. It is hoped that every member of the school branch will do her best to be present at these meetings for which different members of the Staff are willing to give up their time. The meetings are held so that members may get some knowledge of the League and its work, and of the political and social conditions of the world. This knowledge is essential to an intelligent and active supporter of the League, and it is therefore hoped that members will, whenever possible, attend the meetings and also make use of the L.N.U. library. The latter is now well stocked with books and pamphlets, and the school copy of "Headway" may be found there.

We would like to take this opportunity of thanking Miss Hanson, who has now left the School, for the time and energy she has given to making the School branch a success. Miss Hanson will be very much missed for her work in connection with the League of Nations Union.

J. WAUMSLEY.

IMPRESSIONS OF THE YORKSHIRE COAST.

IT was a breezy, summer morning as we spun across the moors—some sixty or so of us, merry girls packed into two charabancs. We had left the town, and passed through glades of dark pine-trees, through which the sunlight filtered on to the sharp needles. In the clearings purple willow-herb grew in amazing quantities.

Gradually this sort of country gave place to great sweeps of smooth pasture land, with one or two stone farmsteads nestling on the hillsides. The grass grew more scanty as we went on until, at length, swinging round a bend in the road, we saw the moors stretching out before us.

Heather covered the land as far as the misty horizon. Through this the road wound on, like a white ribbon, here and there disappearing behind a heather-clad ridge, only to rise to the summit of the next. The dew still sparkled on the ground, and a blue haze hung over the vales. The hills rose in gentle undulations with soft, blurred outlines, and the winding valleys were deep and mist-filled. All was purple or hazy blue, except for the dazzling, white road and a few clumps of blackened, wind-swept pines.

We raced on, plunging down a little hill, and crossing a narrow stone bridge, under which a clear stream babbled over its

pebbly bed. At last we arrived at Whitby. Having zig-zagged down the winding, extremely narrow streets of the more modern part of the town, we ascended the steep slope on the other side of the river, and looked over the Abbey. Crowning all stood its ruins, black against the clear sky, its noble arches and columns rising proudly from the smooth grass of the hill top. Beneath it the red-roofed, quaint houses clustered on the slope. We then turned south again, down lanes bordered by loose stone walls over which white, bell-shaped convolvulus trailed.

On the crest of a hill, we suddenly caught sight of the sea. A little bay lay below us, shimmering in the sunlight, the waves foaming round the smooth boulders which ran out in a point to the open sea, and on which we afterwards discovered small, white pyramids of barnacles and brown sea-anemones with red feelers and vivid blue splashes.

The descent to the sea was precipitous, and the winding road led at length into the cobbled street of an old-fashioned fishing village, and ended on the sea-weed strewn beach. From above, the roofs of the village showed red or moss-grown or covered with a bright, yellow flower through a bluish haze of smoke.

As we neared home, the setting sun lit up the towering white cliffs of Flamborough, rising sheer out of bright green seas, and, looking behind, we saw the great clouds of spray rising over Filey Brigg, and we could imagine the swirling, green waves thundering into the caves, which at low tide were uncannily silent with their deep, limpid pools lined with sea-weed.

J. Francis, Upper Va. Age 16.

THE HOSTEL.

THIS is for the benefit of those ignorant few who do not know what, or where the Hostel is.

Ask anyone where the C.C.H.S. Hostel is, and they will tell you, Westfield, Victoria Road, off Lexden Road. Twenty girls, two small boys, two maids, and a dog* live in the Hostel with Mr. and Mrs. Haydon and the Matron. Betty Higgins is our head.

It would take more time and space than can be spared to tell of all we do. But the chief events are—the Christmas party, when we have games, dancing and a sumptuous repast; birthday teas, where the Staff add to the fun; and the Tenikoit match, an annual summer event, which causes great excitement. Last summer the Staff team challenged the Hostel to a match at Greyfriars, and were defeated.

*We are sorry to hear that he has since died in a fit.

Sometimes when we are just going off to sleep, we are roused by blasts on a whistle and the clanging of the rising bell. We murmur, "fire drill!" and out of bed we roll, flying to our appointed charges, two seniors to each dormitory. Down we rush to the dining room where the roll call is taken. We boast a record of two-and-a-half minutes.

Apple pie beds and midnight feasts add to the excitement of the term, especially when mattresses are hidden in such obscure places as the box-room.

Occasionally there is an accident. For example, one morning the senior dormitory was awakened by the crash of a washing-basin and the dripping of water which soon appeared on the ceiling.

Of course, we have our serious moments. We have our appointed time for preparation when absolute silence is maintained. We wake up and go to bed to the strains of the two pianos. Our crocodile has been growing termly and is now full grown.

THE HOSTELITES.

POOH'S CHRISTMAS.

ONE morning when the ground was all white with snow, Pooh Bear was lying tucked up in bed feeling very comfy, with one toe on a cold hot water bottle and the other toes wrapped up in a bedsock because he had chilblains.

As he lay in bed Pooh began to dream little dreams; until a big dream came to him, and it said very loudly: —

"Get up Winnie ther Pooh, like the Best kind of Bear would, and do your morning exercises." As Pooh was about to do this some one knocked at the door.

"Come in" he called, and Piglet put his head round the door, "Come in, right in, all of you" he said again as Piglet hesitated; "That's better Little Piglet" said Pooh, as Piglet came and sat on his bed. "Pooh I've come to wish you a happy Christmas" said Piglet, but as he said no more Pooh began to think thinks, then "I thought you wanted to wish me a Happy Christmas" said Pooh, a little puzzled, "But I have" said Piglet staring.

"Oh!" said Pooh, then "Oh!" then "Oh! I see."

"I say Pooh, I've brought you a Christmas Present" said Piglet.

"A! what —" asked Pooh,

"A! Christmas! Present!" said Piglet very loudly;

"Did you say for Me!" asked Pooh, as if to make sure he was right.

"Yes! for you" said Piglet, this time very plainly;

"What is it?" asked Pooh, "A Jar of Honey" Piglet replied.

"A Big one, Big Honey I mean, you can have the jar if you like Piglet."

"How soon can I have it?" asked Pooh anxiously,

"Here it is Pooh with many Happy Christmas's":

"Thank you Piglet." Pooh took the jar of Honey.

"Where's the Happy Christmas's Little Piglet, am I to have that, or those or it as well?" he asked; Piglet sighed—

"I think Pooh Bear, Happy Christmas's are just things you say" said Piglet.

"Oh!" said Pooh "I see!" he said, "any way the honey is very nice." And he took a large lick.

"I like Christmas Presents" said Pooh.

"I like presents Pooh, ever so much Pooh. do you hear Pooh" said Piglet, jumping up and down on Pooh's chilblains.

"Do you Piglet?" said Pooh, and licked.

"Won't you get up and give your Christmas Presents to me —and er—me and—Christopher Robin?" asked Piglet dismally,

"No, I'm going to spend this Christmas in bed and give my Presents next time we have a Christmas" said Pooh, taking another lick at his Honey.

"Oh!" said Piglet "Well!—Well!—I'll go and see if Christopher Robin is giving his presents this Christmas or next,

Good-by! Pooh"; but Pooh did'nt say anything, but licked, and licked, and licked.

STELLA WALKER, Lower IVc. Age 13.

THE OUTLAWS' SONG.

SOUND your horns, merry men, outlaws so bold,
Deck you in Lincoln green, new coats or old.
Hark! for the deer in the forest do play,
Haste! then, all idlers and let us away.

See the deer startle, and then see it fall,
One clever marksman has beaten them all.
See how he loosens the hide of the beast,
Carries it home to prepare for the feast.

Now, when the venison homeward is borne,
Yoemen, make merry, and priest with head shorn.
Now we will feast in the glades of this wood,
All loyal outlaws know ven'son is good.

E. CHANTLER, Upper IVa. Age 13.

HARK, 1928.

THE Society only made three expeditions this year. The first was to Thaxted on March 31st, visiting the churches at Shalford and Wethersfield on the way. On July 14th, about sixteen members of the Hark spent a hot and exciting day in Cambridge; they saw the churches of S. Sepulchre and S. Benedict and many of the colleges. On September 29th, about thirty members went by bus to S. Osyth Priory and church. We have had two lectures this year. Miss Reynolds gave a lantern lecture on Rome, and Mrs. Kennedy North, of the English Folk Dancing Society, a lecture on Folk-songs and Folk-dancing.

Sing-songs were started at the beginning of the year, and they have been most successful We meet after school on Fridays to sing folk-songs and other historical songs. At first Miss Winters housed us, but now we have spread to Greyfriars Hall. In the summer, folk-dancing was included, with the help of Miss Finch.

A competition was arranged during the winter; forms might send in fretwork figures or a doll dressed to show clothes of different periods, or a model of a town or village. The number of entries was disappointing. With a most ingenious and attractive model of a Tudor village, the Upper VI. won the prize given by Miss Winters, Vermeer's "Head of a Girl."

J. BLOMFIELD.

COMPETITIONS.

AGES 16 AND OVER.

IN this section, girls had to make up a Cautionary Story, in verse, or an original riddle in this form:

Q. Why did the Owl howl?
A. Because the Woodpecker would peck her.

The prize goes to J. Hickford for her riddle. The Cautionary Stories were also good. We print an extract from M. Maclaren's "Sad case of Semolina Sin, who rode her bicycle round the drive"; the best parts of her story were very good, and the worst parts very bad.

. . . . Although this rule said, "Please dismount
Before you reach
The copper beech."
She thought for her it didn't count.

One day, while gaily riding round,
Oblivious
She met Miss Fuss——
The impact threw both on the ground.
Books flew in showers
Among the flowers.

M. MACLAREN, Upper VA. Age 16.

RIDDLE.

Why did John Drinkwater?
Because he had De Quincey (the quinsey).

J. HICKFORD, Upper VI. Age 17.

AGES 14 AND UNDER 16.

THE subject for this competition was either a Just-So Story entitled "How the Hedgehog got its Spines," or a companion song to "The Old Woman and Her Dog," called "The Old Man and His Cat." There was only one entry for the song; the standard of the Just-So Stories was high. The prize goes to B. Wootten. M. Turner and E. Beaumont are highly commended.

HOW THE HEDGEHOG GOT HIS PRICKLES.

ONCE upon a time, oh Best-Beloved, in the far back, never-to-be-forgotten days, before you or I lived, there was a very little pig with long, grey, silky fur. His was the most beautiful fur in the Jungle. This little pig was very proud of his fur because no other pig either great or small had any fur at all, let alone the best fur in the Jungle. But the pig got a rather swollen head, as most folks and animals do when they've got something which no one else has but which everybody else wants and admires, Best-Beloved. After a time he decided that he would not speak to the old black-but-very-kind mole, or to grey mouse or to any of his old friends.

These faithful friends did not like being turned down by the Little-Pig-of-the-Hedge, and they did not like to hear his excessive boasting either, so they held a most solemn council. At this meeting, oh Best-Beloved, it was decided that the long, grey, silky fur of the Little-Pig-of-the-Hedge was really the cause of all his incorrigible impertinence and pride.

The next day they went to the Wise Woman and told her that they wanted something sticky and brown and that would become quite hard when it dried. The Wise Woman nodded her wise head and said,

"Um—m—m—m," very slowly and deliberately; then she said,

"Hm—m—m—m," also slowly and deliberately; and then she jumped up, shook her skirts, picked up her wild, weird, wonderful cat and a tin can and hurried out to the Forest.

There she collected gum and resin from this tree, and then from that one, Best-Beloved, and then, when she had got enough she went back to her cave where the old blind mole, the grey mouse, the black rat and all their friends were waiting for her, and mixed her gum with pink powder, and blue powder, red liquids and violet liquids, and many other things. After boiling and baking and more mixing she at last seemed satisfied and gave a large bottle of this sticky, brown stuff to the old, blind mole.

The little animals then scampered and scurried, hopped and ran, until they reached the Little-Pig-of-the-Hedge who was sleeping under a hedge with his long, grey, silky fur all neatly brushed The spry-and-lively Squirrel who, Best-Beloved really hated the Little-Pig-of-the-Hedge, volunteered to do the deed. While the other animals squirmed and squiggled and burrowed and climbed to hiding places from which they could see all that went on, the squirrel ran up to Little-Pig-of-the-Hedge and poured the sticky, brown stuff on his back and then sprang up the tree and sat cracking a nut on the topmost branch.

Poor Little-Pig-of-the-Hedge woke up and felt horribly sticky and ran home to his mother. She could not get the sticky, brown stuff off her incorrigibly impertinent and proud son's long, grey, silky fur, although she rubbed and she scrubbed.

One day she had seen the woman sitting by the fountain combing her hair, so she bustled away and stole the woman's comb and tried to comb the sticky, brown stuff out of her son's long, grey, silky fur. All this time, Best-Beloved, the sticky stuff had been getting harder and harder, so when Little-Pig-of-the-Hedge's mother had finished combing his long, grey, silky fur, it stood up all over his back in sharp prickles, and the floor of their burrow was almost as sticky as Little-Pig-of-the-Hedge had been.

BETTY WOOTTEN, Upper VA. Age 15½ years.

AGES 11 AND UNDER 14.

THE competition in this section was "An Adventure Song by Winnie the Pooh," or a prose description of the Land of Nod. The Committee were very pleased with M. Foster, who had never heard of Winnie the Pooh; although she could not write a song by Pooh, she wrote a poem about him. We print the first part of

her poem below. On the whole, the songs were poor. M. Goodchild wins the prize with her description of the Land of Nod. We commend Joyce Tobitt, whose description was also good.

O Winnie the Pooh
I've ne'er heard of You,
In my reading of books and poems.
So write about you is a thing I can't do,
But perhaps I shall meet you to-morrow.

M. Foster, Upper IIIb. Age 11.

THE LAND OF NOD.

THE Land of Nod is an island, where mortals go when they fall asleep. It is bordered on the West and North by rest, and on the East and South by dreams. The Land of Nod is away from the cares and worry of the world. There is never any rain in this beautiful island, it is always fair weather; neither is there any crying or heavy hearts, all is laughter and gayness. When you cannot see the moon, on earth, and the stars are hid by dull heavy-looking clouds, there is a clear sky, and bright stars in the Land of Nod. For the moon and stars live in the Land of Nod; the moon is Queen of Nod, and the stars are little fairies clad in silver dresses. The stars wait on Lady Moon, and as they are as quick as lightning, we can see them twinkling in the sky when they obey the orders of their mistress. Sometimes, however, the stars do not obey Lady Moon, and then she punishes them, by sending them away on a long journey round the earth until they can learn obedience; this is when we see one of the stars shoot from its place across the sky.

In the daytime, the Land of Nod sinks below the ocean, but it comes up again when the sun has left the sky, and soon flocks of mortals arrive in light boats manned by swift moonbeams. It is rather a long journey to the Land of Nod; to reach the island you embark in any of the crafts that come along, and sail gently down the river of Sleep (which is a silver stream of clear moonlight) past misty houses, and woods, until you reach the open sea, when you sail on and on until you come to the Land of Nod. No one has really seen the Land of Nod, but everyone has been there; of course it is not marked on the Atlas, because fairy places never are. Nothing is real in the Land of Nod, everything only seems.

Lady Moon lights everything in the island, and all the little stars show forth their twinkling lights, too; they both, willingly, give their light to make dreary mortals forget their cares. Everyone who visits the island is clad in pyjamas and wears no shoes or stockings.

Some of the mortals climb on to bats' backs, and take a flight in the dark blue sky, others go and sup with Lady Moon in her palace of light.

The Mortals who visit the Beautiful Land of Nod, always forget their sorrows, and drown their cares in laughing, but when they set sail for the return journey, as they gradually get nearer the earth, their cares come back again; but they are not so weary as before and hope makes some of the sorrows fly away.

Another name for the Land of Nod is Dreamland.

MIRIAM GOODCHILD, Lower VA. Age 13.

AGES 9 AND UNDER 11.

THE competition set this year was either a poem called "A Surprise," or "The Lost Puppy," or a prose description of an adventure in an aeroplane of your own or a game you have invented. The prize goes to T. Robinson.

For the last three years, Mrs. Pogson (whom we know so much better as Miss Samuels) has given the prize in this section and has set the competition herself. We should like to thank her very much.

AN ADVENTURE IN MY AEROPLANE.

AN uncle of mine died and left me an aeroplane but I was rather poor. I thought I would have to sell it because they cost so much to fly. So I felt I must fly it once more, and so off I went. It was about midday and I was beginning to feel hungry so I flew for about half-hour, I landed on the oases, and I saw some dates so I picked some and took some back with me to my aeroplane. I thought I would go to a little island I knew of. It was a difficult landing because there was so little space but I was well repayed because I found some oysters on the beach, which as well as being good to eat some of them had a small pearl in them. Instead of returning home poor I was quite rich.

The End.

TEENIE ROBINSON, Lower IIIA. Age 9.

PREPARATORY COMPETITIONS.

FORMS UPPER IIA AND B.

THE Upper II's enjoyed meeting a fairy and asking for three wishes; all their wishes were very good. We print Mary Pratt's and Joan Crooks' entries; Joan's wishes were interesting and exciting, but Mary's were put together better, so she has the

prize. Many other wishes were good. Geoffrey Chopping very sensibly wanted a wand to grant all his wishes. John Bullough was going into the Navy. Several people wanted horses, and the nicest one was to be brown, and to go galloping round a field. One garden was to have poppies, and a pond with ducks. There was a tortoise, too, to walk about the garden in the Summer.

THREE WISHES.

ONCE upon a time when I was walking through a wood when a Fairy came along and asked me three wishes. I said I would like a Prince dressed in shining armour to marry me. Then I said I would like a white horse to ride upon. Then I said I would a beautiful big garden with a fountain in it and path all over it and grass and some flower beds, and at the bottom of it I would like a wood. At once all these things came. There was the Prince in shining armour standing in front of me and the horse beside me and the beautiful garden in front of me.

MARY PRATT, Upper IIA. Age 8.

If a fairy were to offer me 3 wishes I should choose,
A new House, which never got dirty so you dont have to help mother.
Not to have to go to school, but learn by magic.
To go on a Tour round the world, and see loins and tigers and Elephants and all kinds of animals.

JOAN CROOKS, Upper IIB. Age 8.

FORMS I AND LOWER II.

THE First Form and Lower II had to draw a picture of their favourite toy. None of the drawings were good enough for a prize. Roy Wilton's boat was neat and well-coloured, and Christine Jacklin drew a nice doll; Bob Waugh's picture of a house in a tree was interesting, but it was not a toy.

ILLUSTRATION FOR A CHRISTMAS CARD

THIS competition was open to the whole school. The prize, offered by Miss Phillips, goes to E. Cocksedge. Good illustrations were sent in by Y. Bridgeman and M. Roome. We are sorry not to be able to print Eileen's drawing in colour, as it is very beautiful indeed; but it may be seen on the notice-board at North Hill.

SCHOOL SONG.

THE result of this competition, open to North Hill was disappointing. There were few entries, and the standard was not high. The Committee feel very strongly that a School song should be produced f om somewhere. They recommend this to the whole school and to Old Girls as a subject for deep and serious meditation.

OLD GIRLS' COMPETITION.

THERE were no entries for the animal snapshot set as a competition for this year. Next year the prize will be offered for "A Nightmare" in pictorial or literary form.

STAFF COMPETITION.

THE Staff were this year required to rack their brains for School Reminiscences. The unceasing efforts of the Upper VI extracted little but unseemly mockery and halting verse. It is evident that the Staff need encouragement, gentle or otherwise, and preferably otherwise. The prize goes to Miss Roper, whose reminiscences were rather long but quite amusing.

A RELENTLESS Editor demands Reminiscences from a reluctuant Staff. Is it that she believes that only by such tales of virtue and industry will the school be inspired to greater and nobler efforts in the future? Be it known then to the inquisitive that we always did as we were told, we never gave out books in late or talked in corridor or class, we always were punctual and neat and never caused our teachers grief and pain. But perhaps that is too general and obvious a statement of facts and an account of special incidents is expected. If that be so, for the sake of time, space, and the morals of the readers my Reminiscences shall be limited to two which belong to the days when we were very young.

Imagine, simultaneously, if possible, a broiling airless day when your hair stood on end as far as the blue ribbon (school colour) which held it back allowed and your skin felt too tight, and the official visit of the Bishop of the diocese complete with cassock and gaiters. All through the hot afternoon we had answered his questions and recited our collects, and at last the ordeal was coming to an end when we gathered in the Hall for prayers. Thirty overwrought and fearfully solemn children bowed their heads, but the strain was too much for one—she tittered. The tension suddenly snapped—to the Headmistress' horror and amazement we were all helplessly convulsed. Just as suddenly, we realised the enormity of our offence and a petrified silence fell. That day each penitent morsel was sent home alone

with orders not to speak to anyone on the way. In the morning we assembled under a black cloud of disapproval to hear our fate. The head girl had to write a letter of apology and all who could write signed their names. The Bishop was graciously pleased to accept our baby signatures and granted us his pardon.

The second incident occurred in a singing lesson. We enjoyed singing songs, and resented the innovation of the Tonic Solfa and a Modulator. For two or three lessons we had obediently made queer sounds as the pointer skipped up and down the meaningless symbols, but one day a wave of telepathy put us all on strike at once, and the waving pointer was answered by dead silence. The strike was as unpremeditated as it was complete. In vain were we exhorted and encouraged individually and collectively. There was no blackleg among us, and each one called in turn retained a stony silence At last the bell put an end to the battle of wills and we turned with relief to something we would do. The modulator and its pointer never appeared again, and normal singing lessons were resumed. Perhaps this explains why, in a more grown up school, I was never in the choir.

M. E. Roper.

OLD GIRLS' SECTION.

IT is a very long time since there has been any voluntary contribution for this section; two Old Girls have written from Reading. The Editor and Committee were very pleased to receive their letter and hope that next year others will follow this example.

Old Girls seem very busy people. It has always been difficult to persuade them to write and this year all requests for letters were without result.

The Magazine representative would be glad to receive letters at any time and suggests that Old Girls should think of their section of the Magazine during holidays.

M. Harvey.

WE should like to congratulate Winnie Edmunds on her hockey; she is now Captain for Bedford College, and plays left inner for the London University Team.

OLD GIRLS' BUSINESS REPORT.

AT the Easter meeting, members of the O.G.A. performed "The Superior Miss Pellender," by Sydney Bowkett. Two performances were given and a collection taken at each which amounted to £12 1s. 0d. £5 0s. 0d. was given to the School Sports Fund and a balance of £1 0s. 8d. paid on the back curtains. After all expenses were paid the balance of £3 18s. 4d. went to the Old Girls' Fund

The Summer meeting was held at North Hill and commenced with the annual business meeting at which it was decided that any of the Staff who have left should be eligible for membership of the O.G.A.

The Committee for the ensuing year was elected as follows :

O. Carter, N. Calveley, D. Sumner, D. Stanyon, M. Thackery.

Magazine Representative : M. Harvey.

A tennis tournament followed this meeting.

OLD GIRLS' CLUB.

ON the whole it has been quite a good year for the Club There has been quite a steady attendance, but we hope that in the new year girls who have not yet been will make an effort to come. Of course we realize that it is difficult for those who do not live in Colchester.

In the Spring term we had country dancing and singing, ballroom dancing, play reading and were entertained by the Staff and the VI. Indoor games and Gym completed the programme.

It was decided to have three meetings in the Summer: a paper chase, a rounders match and a picnic at Olivers woods. The rounders in particular proved a great success, the only drawback being the loss of so many balls. We all hit so hard that they went into the road every time!

On September 14th, a short general meeting was held to elect an executive committee. This term we had a good netball game, a very intriguing guessing competition, a violin recital by Miss Gordon, and progressive games and a tune competition by the VI and Miss Mortimer respectively, with ballroom dancing and carols still to come.

Altogether it has been a very enjoyable year, with some meetings exceptionally successful. The Committee is appended below.

Staff Member	...	Miss PHILLIPS (*Chairman*)
Sixth Form	...	J. BLOMFIELD
Old Girls ...	...	D. STANYON, D. SUMNER, O. CANT, N. CALVELEY (*Treasurer*).

READING UNIVERSITY RAG.

THE great day dawned, grey and cold, and after breakfast it rained cats and dogs—(and little fishes!). Hopefully we all set out, arrayed in weird and wonderful garb, a bundle of "Rattlers,"—The Rag Mag—and a collecting box under one arm and holding in the other hand an umbrella.

We continued for about an hour in the downpour to stop all and sundry on their way to work, and demanded their money for local charities. Then the rain ceased, the sun appeared on the scene and shone brilliantly for the rest of the day.

Now to describe some of the outstanding costumes. Perhaps the most amusing of the girls was "Granny," who with her little black bonnet and grey bun was a typical grandmother, the tone of her voice far exceeding everything when she said "Can't you spare a penny?" Some of the gypsies were very realistic and other girls made excellent but horrifying pirates. We, with brown faces, (which had to be scrubbed for about an hour before they regained their natural colour) went as Indian women.

Others formed highway gangs and stopped all cars coming into Reading and again demanded money. Still others paraded the streets playing dreadful tunes on ancient barrel organs. In fact every possible way of drawing money from the crowds was employed. We did not confine ourselves to the people in the street but boarded trams and buses, enjoying a free ride while selling our "Rattlers."

At twelve o'clock the wonderful procession began, led by Charlie Chaplin, followed by decorated lorries. Some of these illustrated the local dentist, the lighter side of college life (scenes in the buttery), Winter Sports (amid the snow), Sighting Mars.

The afternoon was not without its attractions. There was the landing of William the Conquerer (at Reading Bridge, not Hastings) and the battle between the armies of William and Harold. Unfortunately we were busy collecting and so were not able to watch this and therefore cannot describe it in detail.

The closing event and perhaps the most popular was the torchlight procession. This time all the lorries were lit up by torches. Some of the lorries were more effective by torchlight, particularly the Chinese Opium Den, decorated with Chinese lanterns.

Thus ended for us a most enjoyable though very tiring day. We hope we have given you some idea of R.U.R., but words cannot describe it adequately. We ourselves found it even more strenuous than attending lectures, to which we must return tomorrow.

IVY. E. FRENCH.
MURIEL I. ROPER.

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