

THE Newcastle High School Magazine.

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Fourpence.

Editorial.

The Editor hopes, and fully expects, that the readers of the Magazine will find this number of special interest. A few people have responded to the appeal for articles; we are grateful to these, but sorry that the remainder are so painfully modest as regards their literary attainments.

There are not very many changes to chronicle. Mrs. Coghlan, B.Sc., joined the staff, temporarily, last term, as mistress of Form IIIa. Miss Cooper, L.L.A., is now mistress of Form IIIa, and Miss Robson, B. Litt., of Form II, Miss Dalgleish also having left at the end of last term.

The Fourth Form Party.

By some still unexplained good fortune, the Fourth Form managed to get seven entries in the "Excellent" book during the winter term. Nothing short of a Form Party could appropriately celebrate such an event. It was an occasion quite historical, and for that reason it is not easy to remember the date. This is not an examination paper and dates should not be expected. What is certain, is, that the time was evening, from 4.30 to 7.30 as a matter of fact. We remember that quite easily and take no credit for it. Of course there was tea. That, naturally, came first, and was all very nice. Then we had a Wedding Romance, told by question and answer, the question being supposed to suggest the answer, like *num* and *ne* in Latin, but, alas! much less plainly. For instance, when the question was "Where is the Bridegroom?" we were expected to know that the answer was "Coming through the Rye," the answer being always the title of a song. This was arranged by Miss Fawcus and Miss Kelly, and in the end there was a tie between Miss Dickinson and Miss Gurney for the prize. It was arranged, therefore, that the prize should go to the winner in a potato race. In this, Miss Dickinson was successful and received a box of pencils. There was also a wooden spoon for a booby-prize, which went to Doris Farrer. Of course we had musical chairs; how could there be a party without musical chairs? D. Taylor won the prize for that. We had also trays of objects for observation and description from memory. Why was that like goods at a bazaar? The answer must be given now

because the riddle will be forgotten before our next issue. And the answer is: Because it was useful as well as ornamental. The prize was won by E. Macarthy. Then we had a dance, and finished with some "Gaudeamus" songs and "Auld Lang Syne." We are not envious of the Fourth Form, but we should like to suggest that there was no need to get seven entries in the "Excellent" book; five would have been enough for that purpose. Some other Form might hope to get five, but seven! that is a quite impossible standard of virtue.

Games.

Last season's Hockey was extremely successful. The team played splendidly and was, in Miss Gurney's opinion, the best team the School has ever had. It was only beaten once during the whole season, and that was by our Old Girls, who beat us 1-0.

On March 7th, after having beaten Stockton High School at Durham 6-1 in the Shield final, we brought home the longed-for Shield in triumph.

On March 28th, we played Durham in the Cup final, and defeated them 5-1; by so doing we were able to adorn the Hall with the Lazenby Cup as well as the Shield.

The total number of goals for the season is:—67 against 8.

Team:—D. Taylor, P. Comrie, P. Brown, G. Hicks, L. Haigh, M. Hamer, M. Cook (*Capt.*), A. Nicholson, E. Dixon, H. Edwards, D. Stuart.

N. Snowball made a good substitute for P. Comrie in two Cup matches.

The Golf Trophy, presented by Mr. White, has not yet been played for, but the Committee is at present endeavouring to secure a course and handicap the competitors. The result will probably be known by October.

Last term, the Basket-ball team (juniors) played a match against the Central on our own ground; it was a lovely day and there was a good number of spectators. We were victorious, the goals being about 16-4.

We played a return match on the Central ground, but unfortunately we were beaten, as several of our team were unable to play, including the putter-in, who was a great loss.

The team was as follows:—K. Robson (*Capt.*), E. Borton, M. Edwards, G. Hodgshon, L. Marsh, S. Proctor, P. Telfer.

Old Girls' Club.

Only two meetings of the above Society were held last term. The first, which was a social gathering, took place on Wednesday, February 19th, when the Misses C. and E. Ericsson, Q. Atkinson,

S. Lister and H. Robson entertained the company with music. This was followed by an amusing dialogue, recited by G. Newcombe and Gladys Ferguson, which was, in its turn, succeeded by musical chairs. Songs from Gaudeamus, lustily rendered by the whole company, closed a successful evening.

On March 17th, a literary gathering was held, at which a small company assembled to listen to the reading of fifteen specimen ballads in the English language. Only seven readers actually appeared, but this was felt to be, in some measure, an advantage, as the listeners found they had quite as much literary nourishment as they could possibly assimilate, when they had heard the following poems:—Edinburgh after Flodden, Chevy Chase, The Ancient Mariner, The Pied Piper of Hamelin, Young Lochinvar, How they brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix, and The Charge of the Heavy Brigade.

Letter from Constance Scott-Moncrieff.

Extracts from letter from Constance Scott-Moncrieff, *nee* Constance Lunn, written when travelling with her husband to New Zealand.

December 26th.

And yesterday was Xmas Day; four days ago we left Cape Town and are now *en route* for Australia. How I thought of you all and opened your presents, and read your so welcome letters and wished you all a Merry Xmas; wondered what you were doing and worked back to see exactly what time it was in England, at odd moments during the day. We had Holy Communion at 7 a.m. Then back to our cabin and the opening of presents. Oh! Colin and I were startled at 12 a.m. on Xmas Eve at hearing "Christians Awake" sung outside our window. The Captain had been having a meeting to arrange sports for Xmas Day, and brought down his committee to give us the benefit of a hymn. It was a glorious hot day. At breakfast, we all "Merry Xmased." The Captain received a Xmas card which had been concocted and drawn by Colin, though other passengers gave advice on one or two points. It was really a skit on his predilection for the fair sex. A slightly sketched map of the world, with a heart in various parts of every continent, a little ship in the middle and a minute man on the bridge, with the inscription "They all love Jack." We had Morning Service on deck and there was a good attendance, especially of sailors. As we sang the old hymns in the hot sunshine, and sat on deck chairs to hear the old lessons read, I thought of you all in the dear little decorated Church at Chillingham. After Church, we had an early lunch, and the Captain gave me a box of chocolates. In the afternoon, we had delightful sports. I watched from the top deck, with Mrs. and

Miss Collins and Mrs. Shaddock. A tug-of-war, sailors *v.* firemen, was very exciting, a tremendously close struggle ending in a win for the firemen. The ladies' egg and spoon race was very good too. At 7.30 dinner, the saloon was decorated with flags, and the tables looked gay with fruit, plants, and a box of chocolates for everyone. I enjoyed it so much and I think everyone did. After this, a concert, during which your sister Constance presented the sports-prizes (she really is going up in the world!) A good many sailors came down, such nice very respectable men. Mince-pies were handed round; they were very good and we ate just as many as the sailors. Colin and I, and in fact all the first-class retired early, and after twelve o'clock some of the third-class, and not only the third, did their best to spoil the day by getting drunk. Colin is going to preach about it next Sunday, as I am afraid New Year's Eve will be a great temptation to them.

December 29th.

The great excitement at present is the wedding. Miss P. (the bride-elect, such a nice girl) was to have bought her dress in Cape Town. As we arrived on Sunday, this was out of the question and she was terribly disappointed; she so wanted to be married in white. In steps Constance Scott-Moncrieff and very humbly offers her embroidered muslin dress. It is accepted most gratefully, and Miss P. comes to Mrs. S.-M.'s to try it on. It fits splendidly and Mrs. S.-M. offers to get out her own bridal veil and orange blossom, and make an arrangement for Miss P.'s hair. Fancy my muslin dress being used as a wedding dress! It is worthy of it though, as it is all hand-worked. The Captain was very anxious for bridesmaids. He wanted four, two grown-ups and two little girls; he deputed me to call a meeting to talk over bridesmaids' clothes. I proposed white, with pale blue sashes and hair ribbons. Mrs. Collins found broad pale blue ribbon and my narrow baby-ribbon was just the same colour, so they were gladly given.

January 1st.

A Happy New Year to you all! And now, I have so much to tell you; all this week we have been busy with work for the wedding. What have we not done? Miss Collins and I have worked like niggers, and everybody seems to have had a finger in the pie too! The wedding ring was cut from a larger one of Mr. W.'s (the bridegroom) by the engineers. The cook made a two-tier wedding-cake, all covered with sugar. We all presented the happy pair with presents. I draped the bodice of the dress with chiffon and put a spray of orange blossom at her breast and some more in her hair. Then about a bouquet. We cogitated and thought until I suddenly remembered I could make paper flowers. I taught Miss Collins and we made a number of white chrysanthemums from tissue paper gathered from our trunks. Then for green for the stalks,

we cut the pattern from white Japanese dinner napkins which happened to have a green edge. Then for leaves to make it look light and pretty! The Captain asked the cook if there was anything in the freezer, and he brought up a kind of parsley, which was really very pretty. With this the bouquet was made and tied with white ribbon! The bride and bridegroom needed prayer-books as they are Scotch. Colin had two little black ones, for which Miss Collins and I made covers out of white satin ribbon, worked a little gold cross in front and made little markers from narrow satin ribbon. A more perfect day than to-day I cannot imagine; a cloudless sky all day, just enough wind to keep us cool, and yet beautifully hot, it might have been made on purpose for the wedding. The saloon was decorated with flags. The ship's log-book gave a form of certificate in the event of a wedding. At 2 p.m. the bride began to dress. At 3 p.m. the ship's bells began to peal (or rather jingle), the guests began to arrive, the bridegroom and best man in frock-coats also arrived, the bridesmaids assembled at the cabin door. At 3.15, I left my cabin clad in tussore dress, London hat and ostrich feather boa, and made for the piano. Then the bride came, and I began "The Voice that breathed o'er Eden," everyone sang, and the ceremony began. People felt the solemnity of it and spoke of it afterwards. Then the gramophone burst into the Wedding March, the bride and bridegroom went into the Captain's cabin to sign the register and the stewards appeared to arrange the tables for the reception. The cake was cut, speeches made and the presents given. The ship is awfully proud of having done things so well; as far as cakes, waiters and bridescake went, we might all have been at a fashionable wedding at home.—C.S.-M.

Dresden.

I have often thought of writing an article on Dresden for the Magazine, but have always felt rather shy about beginning, not having any gift in story-telling.

I have been three times to Dresden now, and would like to tell you something about it. I suppose you all know it is the capital of Saxony, and is on the river Elbe. It is only about two hours from Leipzig and little more from Berlin. Being the chief town, it is the residence of the King of Saxony and the Royal Family, who have an old castle in the town and several other places in the country round about. Dresden is an exceedingly beautiful town, though very flat, and is cut in two by the Elbe; there are some very fine old bridges connecting the two parts, unfortunately the oldest and most beautiful is being pulled down as unsafe. Some of the finest buildings stand on the riverside, such as the castle, old cathedral, picture galleries, and opera house; they look exceedingly fine,

especially those with roofs or domes of copper which has rusted and turned a beautiful green. The picture gallery of course is world-famous, and contains one of the finest collections of old masters that exists. There are fine examples of Van Dyke, Rubens, Raphael (the beautiful Sistine Madonna), Rembrandt, Corregio, Franz Hals, Durer, Holbein and others without number. The gallery is part of a fine old building which forms a large square, in which is a beautifully-kept old-fashioned garden with fountains and stiff borders.

The opera house is a magnificent building in a perfect situation, and the operas are said to be given as well as anywhere in Europe, which I can well believe. I spent a great deal of time there. It is especially noted for the magnificent production of Richard Wagner's wonderful musical dramas. He was conductor and director of the opera house in 1842. The orchestra is very large indeed and is first-class, being composed of the leading musicians of the town.

The principal street, called Pragerstrasse, is so narrow that in one part the trams have to turn off into a side street, but it contains many beautiful shops. The tram service is very good and one can easily get out into the country in this way. The country is very lovely, especially in Saxon Switzerland, which is a peculiar part of the country, very steep and craggy, and it is situated on the banks of the Elbe, about two hours from town. I must also mention the Grosser Garten, which is a very fine park, almost in the town; it is very large and beautifully laid out, and the flowers are very lovely there. Certainly the Germans are excellent gardeners, and their bedding-out is wonderful. In this garden, one can get many a beautiful walk among the avenues of tall trees, and one can have tea or refreshments there, sitting under the trees or beside the lake.

The blossom all round, both in the town and round about it, is marvellous in spring. I only wish they would line all our residential streets with pink thorns or horse-chestnuts, as they do in Dresden. In the town there are many squares laid out with lovely beds of tulips and daffodils, and richly planted with lilacs, laburnums and pink horse-chestnuts, in great masses.

I like the Germans immensely, and find them so kind. Dresden is essentially a musical place, and is full of musical people. At the opera there is never a whisper, once the overture has begun, whereas here a great many people just begin to arrive during the overture, and do not seem to realize that it is generally one of the most important parts of the whole opera.

While I was in Dresden, I worked hard at music, and enjoyed it thoroughly. I also studied German, which I found difficult at first, as I had to begin at the very beginning. I always regret very much that I never learned it at school,

but was made to learn Latin, as it is very poor sport having to start at the beginning and learn all the grammar after one has left school. As it is such an interesting language I advise everyone to start at school.

I also recommend anyone who gets a chance, to go to Dresden ; although it is a long and tedious journey, it will repay you. Try and go there in winter, when you will get any amount of skating, and stay there for the spring, which begins very early, and is indeed beautiful. I only wish I could have seen some of the many other very interesting places which there are in Germany.

Q.A.

Extracts from a Letter from Miss Ram.

We ended our second term on March 31st, and began our third on April 1st. We had examinations much the same as at home, and the children were just as clamorous to hear their marks as you are. I, being unwary, told some of the children how they had done, and the results would have been amusing if they did not disgust one so ; the top girl full of self-satisfaction at beating all the others, and not attempting to hide it as an English girl would ; the next girls as sulky and cross as could be because they were not first ; while the failures put their heads on their desks and howled, refusing to do any more work. When the Head Mistress reads all the marks together she says to begin with, " If anyone cries I stop and read no more marks."

In spite of this sulkiness and untrustworthiness the girls have some very nice points about them. They are very affectionate and easily influenced. It is quite a common thing to be interrupted in one's lesson by, " Mees, I shall die," or " Mees, I am dying!" The last girl who said that was the fattest and healthiest looking girl in the school, so I said that for a dying woman she looked remarkably healthy. These children are very good at English! I teach children of the second form age, and they understand quite well when I tell them fairy stories like " Cinderella," and some of them can repeat the stories in English. They have very curious expressions ; one is " Yakti!" " Oh! my sister!" and you hear this on all sides, especially when a child has a difficult piece of English to read ; between each word she says " Yakti."

Our hours are long, from 8 to 11.45 and from 2 to 4, solid teaching, and we only get a day and a half a week off. On Fridays, which are our free days, we generally get right away from Cairo. You will see this is very necessary when I say that the noise outside my room is worse than a continuous Temperance Festival. The desert is our playground ; one can do many things there—play golf, donkey or camel ride, have lunch in a tomb, hunt beside old tombs for beads and charms. Donkey riding is splendid, but I find it rather a fearful joy for

the first ten minutes, as these creatures go so fast, and one is never sure if the saddle is going to stay on or not. The donkey-boys give their donkeys most extraordinary names. My last was Whiskey and I have heard of Potted Meat.

The desert is very fascinating and the air is so fresh and exhilarating. Do you remember my telling you in Botany that Professor Henston said that the vegetation on the desert near Cairo was grey? When I first went to the desert I wondered whatever he meant, as I saw no vegetation; but on close inspection, and after a shower, which is very rare, you can find a good many tiny plants—quite unnoticeable unless one goes down on one's hands and knees—and it is quite true they are so covered with hairs that the leaves look grey.

It is wonderful to think that I have seen buildings and tombs which were built hundreds of years before the Exodus of the Children of Israel. The paintings on the walls are so wonderful. The human form is rather peculiar, but the birds are beautifully drawn and painted. I have also been to the site of the ancient city of On, mentioned in Genesis, where Moses learned the wisdom of the Egyptians. There is not much left now except a most beautiful obelisk in almost perfect condition. . . . I am looking forward to coming up to Newcastle in July. . . .

M.D.R.