



THE GYMNASIUM.

# Newcastle High School Magazine.

No. 19.

JUNE, 1911.

Fourpence.

## SCHOOL OFFICIALS.

Head Girl	...	...	...	...	...	...	P. COMRIE.
Prefects—							
	P. COMRIE,	M. ROBINSON,	P. BROWN,	L. ROBSON,	K. BREWIS,	D. HAMER,	
	D. FARRAR.						
Captain of Games	...	...	...	...	...	...	G. HICKS.
Secretary of Games	...	...	...	...	...	...	D. PROCTOR.
Property Monitress	...	...	...	...	...	...	D. FARRAR.
Editor of Magazine	...	...	...	...	...	...	P. COMRIE.

## EDITORIAL.

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First of all, an apology is due to the Old Girls on the score of there being no Old Girls' News in the last magazine; things were happening all the same; hockey matches against the school, in which the school was beaten; nonsense parties—the name describes them—and so on. We are sorry; no, we are very sorry; and we have tried to make up to them this time. Another apology—to the world at large—for the extreme lateness of this issue's appearance; now, we really have a good excuse this time—Bazaar! The school had no time for writing; the Editor had no time for harrying and collecting; but for the sake of the magnificent total reached at the Bazaar, again we hope for forgiveness.

And now the Editor must say farewell. Thirteen years is a fair time to have spent at one school, and it is quite time she went. So, hearty thanks to all those girls, present or past, who have so kindly helped with our Magazine; and all success and happiness to it and the School in the future.

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## SCHOOL NEWS.

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### ST. NICHOLAS' CHILDREN'S TREAT.

It seems strange, does it not, to write about the Christmas treat almost in the middle of summer, but as we were unable to give the treat in December, we gave it the third Friday in January. I cannot tell you how much the children enjoyed it, and it is unnecessary to say how we did. I will, however, insert a letter from one of the children, saying how fully it came up to the expectations of the little ones.

Dear Miss Gorney,

I want ter thank yer very much fur givin wor sich a nice treat agyen this Xmas, me an mg frens thought we was not goin ter have yin this time and wer all felt turrible misrabel, but down yer all came an decrated that great big tree an spred out all them dolls, ny they was lovely dolls, an toys an heaps of cloes, an yer gave wor a scrumtus big tea, wer did like that tea an the gyames an dancin, after tea was arful jolly, I got a butiful doll an a coat an sweets an oranges, I think it was arful kind of the lady ter give us them sweets, wer all hopes yer'll cum down agyen next Xmas, an so I thanks yer all agyen fur wor grand treat.

Yors very respectful,

AMELIA SIMMONS.

After that, all I can say is, that I hope next year's treat may be yet more successful, and that from year to year we may shed some little ray of Christmas gladness in the lives of these poor children.

**SCHOOL LISTS.**

	Neatness List. Minuses.	Star List. (Maximum 13.)	Entries in Excellent Book.
Form VI. ....	4	10	2
„ VA. ....	1	6	0
„ VB. ....	0	4	7
„ IV. ....	5	4	8
„ IIIA. ....	10	5	9
„ IIIB. ....	6	8	5
„ II. ....	4	6	0
„ I. ....	2	—	—
Kindergarten .....	5	—	—

**HONOUR CARDS.**

Form II.—D. Alexander, H. Maguire.

Form I.—O. Adams, I. Ritson, D. Cairns, G. Bolam.

Transition and Kindergarten.—M. Lancaster, F. Ferguson, R. Adams, W. Leech.

**Reading Society.**

The Easter term is a good one for reading, as there is no terrible examination pressure to limit the reading done to an amount on which no fines are exacted! So the totals were good; Doris Proctor was first, with 95 hours; and Gertrude Rowden second, 76 hours, 15 minutes. Connie Morrison with 61 hours 50 minutes, and Una Wilkinson with 60 hours 20 minutes, also attained to the expected standard of 60 hours a term.

**Additions to Library and Museum.**

Most hearty thanks are due to those who have so kindly presented books to our Library, or curiosities to our Museum, during the past year. The Library has a tremendous list of subscribers, whose equally tremendous appetites it is hard to satisfy, and all additions to the bill of fare are gladly received. The Museum is not as popular as it ought to be; and it is a fact that many of the Kindergarten could surprise the rest of the School by their knowledge of its contents.

**LECTURE ON CANADA.**

At the beginning of last term, Miss Ard, from the Colonial and Continental Church Society, came and gave us a very interesting lecture on Canada. She first spoke about the different districts in Canada, and illustrated from a map for the edification of the younger (?) members of the School. She then went on to tell us of some of her experiences out there. Getting up in the morning seems to be a fearful business. It is so very cold, and the water is always frozen, so snow must be melted first before washing. The eggs are always perfectly hard, and you could play golf with them quite easily, and meat which has been cooked for two or three hours is often still frozen inside!

We then heard something of the schools. They have splendid government schools, and education is most popular in Canada now. Many families from England come and settle, and it is often a hard struggle to make ends meet. Religion is forgotten in the hard labour, and as no religious education is given in the schools the children are growing up white heathen. To prevent this, this Society sends out clergy and laity to work amongst the settlers, and also provides churches and Sunday schools.

Miss Ard finished by asking us to help this Society, and to read about its work in Canada and other colonies.

Miss Gurney told us the following day that she had sent ten shillings from the School Charity Fund towards the building of the great College the Society has in hand.

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## FORM NOTES.

### FORM VI.

I've been told I've got to write about the form—

But I can't!

It makes me feel an idiot, limp and warm—

So I won't!

For there's nothing to relate;

Though I might put in the date

When we won the much-prized hockey cup—by storm.

There's absolutely nothing else to mention—

Not a thing!

We pursued our arduous labours with attention—

On the whole!

With this gratifying thought,

I will cut my effort short,

And give it to the *Ed.*—with apprehension.

DORIS PROCTOR.

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### FORM VA.

Last term was decidedly the term for hockey matches. We entertained great hopes of winning Miss Dickinson's hockey cup, but we were doomed to disappointment in this respect, so we hope for better luck next year.

We were very sorry to lose two of our mistresses, Miss Black and Miss Robson; the latter is going to be married. We all wish her every happiness in the future.

We had not very many stars last term, but we only had one minus.

I. WARD.

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### FORM VB.

Here we are again! and the form notes also. We are a very quiet set now, and are working hard for the Junior Cambridge. Don't we wish it was all over, and that the whole form had got through!

We have had a change in mistresses; there are two new ones this term. Are we going to take the Swimming Cup this season? Come on, girls, big and little, and try your luck! "Never venture, never win."

DOROTHY S. COBBOLD.

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FORM IV.

We had a good many excellents last term, but too many ordermarks. We hope to do better this term and get a party. We had a jolly Botany Picnic to Plessy Woods, with Miss Beddows and Miss Claridge to look after us. This term we won Miss Richardson's Basket-ball Shield after a very hard struggle.

GLADYS BREWIS.

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FORM IIIA.

Most of us who were in Form IIIb. last year were moved up, and have Miss Claridge once more for our form mistress. Last term we had eleven entries on the Excellent Book, and would have had a party, only we had too many order-marks. Also there were three new girls placed in our form, but two of them were moved up into the fourth form, as they were too clever for us.

We were all of us very sorry to lose Miss Robson and Miss Black, who both left us at the end of last term, but we all wish them good luck in the future.

Two new mistresses, Miss Barker and Miss Glyn, have taken their places.

Miss Wilson gave a gymnasium display, to which all the girls' parents and friends were invited.

DORIS CROSBY.

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FORM IIIb.

Last term we had six entries in Miss Gurney's Excellent Book, so we had earned a party. We had seventeen girls in our form, and it was the smallest in the school. We also got six stars last term.

Connie Bolam left us at the end of the term to go to boarding school.

There was a Gymnastic Display in the middle of the term, and some of our girls were in it.

WINIFRED BENSON.

KATHLEEN COOPER-ABBS.

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FORM II.

We have two new mistresses this term; one is our form mistress, Miss Glyn, the other is our history mistress, Miss Barker; they are both very nice.

We have had our form room changed this term, and it is much nicer and more airy for such a big form as ours.

The form garden is looking very nice now with marguerites and pansies; we are going to get some geraniums and lobelia, which will make it nicer still; we have had full marks two or three times.

AILS A FORBES.

## FORM I.

I am going to tell you a little about the first form. I am in Form I. They call our form mistress Miss Edmunds. All our lessons are nice, but I like botany and geography best.

MARJORIE THOMSON.

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 KINDERGARTEN.

I am very fond of school. I like reading the best, then arithmetic, and then poetry. I am going to try to be early all this term, and never to be absent.

ELSIE CAIRNS.

There was a very nice Sale of Work in May, and we all enjoyed it. There are nine boys in the Kindergarten, but not so many girls. I like story very much and paper folding. Miss Edmunds has a tortoise, and she keeps it in the playground in a clump of Ladies ribbon. It looks rather cross.

RONNIE ADAMS.

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**Two Morps Porps Worldlings.**

We're two of Newcastle High School corps,  
 And we're feeling inclined to set up a porps  
 Because we're not going to be here any morps;  
 With sorrow we're ready to sink through the florps,  
 Whether wood or cement doesn't matter a storps,  
 The loss to the School—and ourselves—we deplorps;  
 To think that the days of such bliss must be orps!  
 And now we are calmly showed out at the dorps,  
 While the ones that remain are in tears, sobbing, "Porps  
 Little things! For their apple they've munched to the corps,  
 And henceforth will be under a different lorps."  
 Of knowledge we've got a consid'able (?) storps;  
 Two plus one we've discovered with pain to make forps;  
 And those darling French verbs we cannot ignorps.  
 We hear someone asking, "Look here, how much morps?  
 These two are becoming a terrible corps!"  
 So we'll end up beforps you thirst for our gorps!!  
 Oh, pints of tear porps!!! Farewell, friends of yorps!!!!

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**GAMES.**

"Mens sana in corpore sano."

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**Hockey—Easter Term, 1911.**

We were more successful during the last part of the hockey season than we were during the first. We arranged several matches with Sunderland, but it was *always* wet, so we did not play them at all.

The most exciting match of the season was the final for the Lazenby Cup, against the Central High School, which was played on Thursday, March 23rd. They won the Shield—which we had had last year—so we were determined that they should not have the Cup as well. We were feeling rather downhearted at the beginning of the week, because nearly all the members of the team had something the matter with them, broken thumbs, German measles, or examinations, but fortunately everyone had recovered by Thursday except Olive Gracey, and so Kathleen Padfield took her place. The match was played on the Medical College Ground at Heaton; everyone was wild with excitement, and played up better than she had ever played before, and we won by 7-2. After the match we proceeded to Tweeddale's Cafe—as there was a Governors' meeting at school—and had tea with the Cup on view in the middle of the table. We then had a triumphant march to school—we wanted to sing, "See the conquering hero comes," but unfortunately no one knew the tune! We carried the Cup up into the Hall, and after saluting it we left it in its old place, where we hope it will stay for many years to come.

The form matches for Miss Dickinson's Hockey Cup were played during the Easter term. Forms IIb. and IIIa. made a very good fight for the Cup; the final was between Forms Va. and VI. After a good fight the sixth won, as they should, considering that there are eight members of the 1st XI. in the Form team.

Team:—Dorothy Hamer, Kitty Robson, Gertrude Hicks (capt.), Gertrude Hodgshon, Doris Proctor; Olive Gracey, Pearl Brown, Madge Robinson; Phyllis Comrie, Grace Nicholson; Alice Inskip.

The following is the notice given of the Cup match in the "Newcastle Daily Chronicle," word for word:—

#### GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL TEAMS IN OPPOSITION AT HEATON.

The College of Medicine ground at Heaton was the scene of the final of the Lazenby Hockey Cup yesterday, and a more interesting game could not have been desired. The Newcastle Girls' High School (Church Schools Company) were opposed to the Central Girls' High School, and despite the pronounced victory of the former—7-2 was the score—the game will rank as one of the most pleasant encounters ever witnessed on the Medicals ground. The play always was of a scientific character, the combination of the young ladies being very pretty to watch. In this respect the Newcastle High School girls were the superior. Their forward play was excellent, and there was no more outstanding player than Miss G. Hicks, the captain of the team, four of the seven goals being credited to her. At the interval the score stood at 3-1 in favour of the Church School girls, Miss Hicks having obtained two goals and Miss Hamer one, while Miss Angus was the scorer for the opposition. In the second half Miss Hicks again scored a couple, and Miss Robson and Miss D. Hodgshon one each, while Miss Amy Wharton scored the second goal for the Central, the players of which team showed great pluck against a superior side. Final:

NEWCASTLE GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL ..... 7 goals.

CENTRAL GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL ..... 2 goals.

The Cup was afterwards presented to the winners by Miss Moberley, the head-mistress of the Central High School.

## Basket Ball.

The Basket-Ball Tournament was played at Sunderland this year; the schools who entered for it were Sunderland, Durham, and Newcastle; York did not play. We played Sunderland first, and were beaten; Sunderland played splendidly, and their "putter-in" was a perfect marvel. Then we played Durham and beat them; then Durham played Sunderland and were beaten. The numbers of goals were added together, and Sunderland won by a large majority. We returned home rather crestfallen, but perhaps we may have better luck next time.

We had only one other match besides, and that was against Rutherford College; we should have gone there to play, but as it was wet, and they had no room indoors, they came to us, and we beat them; and so ended rather an uneventful season of Basket-Ball.

G. HICKS.

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## Old Girls' Club.

I am often told by Old Girls that they do not belong to the club, because they do not know any member of it (further investigation generally proves that they know half-a-dozen), and they do not know what the subscription is. The latter fact need not deter anyone from joining the Club, most of the present members do not know what the subscription is, nor when it is due. However, after this issue of the magazine no one need remain any longer in ignorance. The subscription is 2s. a year for a single member, 3s. 6d. for two sisters, 4s. 6d. for three sisters, provided that they take one magazine between them: two or three sisters, each taking a magazine, are charged 2s. each. The Life Members' Subscription is 10s. Subscriptions are due in January of each year.

The Club at present numbers 94 members, of these two are honorary members, and seven are life members.

### LIFE MEMBERS.

Miss Gurney (President)	A. M. Blagden (nee Fawcus)
F. E. Dickinson (Secretary)	Maud Forman
Ellenor Frere	Hilda Garrett (nee Hunter)
Leslie Purton (nee Frere)	

### HONORARY MEMBERS.

Deaconess Mary	Elsa Bedson
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### ORDINARY MEMBERS.

Dorothy Arnott	Ethel Atkinson (nee Scott)
Sophie Atkinson	Queenie Atkinson
Dorothy Baty	Gwen Beattie (nee Ferguson)
Elsie Bell	Edith Bell
Violet Benson	Gladys Boot
Flossie Brewis	Nellie Brewis
Anna Bullen	Betty Burnell
Kitty Charlewood	M. E. Claridge

ORDINARY MEMBERS.—*Continued.*

Katie Clark	Mildred Cook (Committee Member)
Cissie Cooke	Nancy Cooke
Connie Dixon	Elsie Dixon
Jennie Dixon	Florence Dodsworth
Stella East	Margaret Eaton
Hilda Edwards	Julia Edwards
May Edwards	Mildred Errington
Mary Ferguson	Kathleen Foster (nee Lambert)
Winifred Greaves	Nancy Grier
Dorothy Guy	Elsie Hall
Margaret Hamer	Mildred Hamer
Ethel Hardy	Mary Hicks
Lily Hodgshon	Dorothy Hooper
Mamie Horsley	Emily Hunter
Una Hunter	Myra Judges
H. M. Kelly	Connie Kirkup
Gladys Latimer	Alison Leitch
Hilda Lees	Mary Lunn
Edith Macarthy	Elsie Mathwin (Committee Member)
Nellie Matthewson	Netta McNeil
G. H. Moore	Norah Mundle (Committee Member)
Meta Nicholson	Ruth Nicholson
Edith Philipson	Doris Phillips
Ethel Potts	Winnie Potts
P. Ram	Alice Rewcastle
Olive Richardson	Kathleen Rogerson
Maude Robinson	Joyce Robson
Nellie Robson	Kitty Rowden
Margaret Ryder	Ethel Saunders
Eva Scott	N. Snowball (Committee Member)
Ada Sopwith	D. Stuart (Committee Member)
Phyllis Stuart	Dorothy Taylor
Lily Waggott	Marjorie Walker
Ada Weddell (Committee Member)	Vera White
Ada Wilson	

Sophie Atkinson has written and illustrated a book on Corfu, of which the King and the Kaiser have accepted copies.

Violet Benson is training at the Fleming Hospital. Hilda Edwards has completed her training at the Norland Institute, and May has begun her course.

We have to congratulate Connie Edwards, Elsie Hiddleston, Lillian Tweddell, and Elsie Baynham on their respective engagements, and Dorothy Guy on her recovery from a severe operation.

Margaret Hamer, Dorothy Hooper, and Rose Wilson all complete their University Course this term. Margaret and Rose are taking the Durham B.Litt. Course, and Dorothy the Durham B.A.

Kathie Richardson is in London preparing for Y.W.C.A. work.

Kathleen Rogerson is a private governess at Hexham.

Marjorie Stuart, who is at Holloway, will take the London B.A. Final in October.

F. E. DICKINSON.

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### MARRIAGES.

Kathleen Lambert to Mr. Foster.                      Ruby Weddell to Mr. P. Mills.  
Doris Bainbridge to Mr. R. Burrows.

### BIRTHS.

Gwen Beattie (nee Ferguson), a son.                      Emily Snowball (nee Maughan), a son.  
Elsie Laird (nee Latimer), a son.                      Hilda Garrett (nee Hunter), a son.

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## THE ANTEEKS.

They were only an hour old, these rosy, chubby babies, and yet they were bounding over the meadows, splashing in the brooks, dancing down the hill sides, and shouting in their glee. But then, you see, they were Anteeek Babies. Not modern ones like your little brother lying in his cradle.

That makes all the difference.

Dame Nature watched them with a happy smile. Yes, certainly they were an improvement upon all her other works!

Each kind of bird, beast, and insect that she had turned out of her wonderful machine, had given her satisfaction and pleasure. But these darling Babies, with their dimpled faces, and sunny smiles, and rippling laughter! Oh, they were perfect!

She opened her loving arms, and hugged them closely, and kissed their chubby cheeks, and patted their curly heads, and told them to play, and be happy always.

They came running to her every hour, asking a thousand questions, which she never tired of answering.

Then she laughed to see them deck themselves with flowers, and trailing wreaths, and admire themselves in the reflecting brooks.

They wore nothing but flowers.

That is because they were Anteeeks, and lived a long time ago, when the Earth was warmer, and there were no shops.

The weather *was* fine then, I can tell you! Not "blow hot, blow cold" (and chiefly cold), as it is now.

Still, we must not grumble.

One day, as a very chubby little Anteeek sat on a mossy stone talking to a dicky bird, his attention was attracted to the sun, now rising over the hill tops like a great red ball.

"What's the name of that fink?" he said.

"It's welly pretty," said another Baby.

"I don't fink it likes being looked at," said the first Anteeek, "it makes me shut my eyes."

"I wish we had it down here to play with," said another Baby Boy.

"It is so round and soft, and would roll down the hills just boofully."

"Oh, come away," cried several at once, "and let us ask Dame Nature to give it to us!"

Off they scampered, their pink toes scarcely touching the ground.

"Oh, mummy dear, do let us have that big round ball to play wif, please," they cried, pointing to the sun

"I'm sure he'd like to come," said a wee Anteek.

But Dame Nature smilingly shook her head.

"No, no, it cannot be," she said; "he may not leave his place."

Quite satisfied with this answer, away they ran, to dance, and paddle in the brooks. They were so happy that they quite forgot to watch the Sun, but late in the afternoon a Baby cried suddenly:

"Oh, look, look! See the big round ball, he has tumbled down in the sky!"

"Yes, poor ball!" cried another, "he is lying on the tops of those great big trees. Oh dear, I do believe he's fallen right *frew!*"

They all sat down in astonishment, and with open mouths stared at the setting Sun.

"He doesn't want to go a bit, I know he don't; look how red he's got wif trying to stop himself!"

"Let's run and tell Mummy!" cried some.

Away they flew to pour forth their eager tale.

"Oh, Mummy dear, the big round ball is tumbling down, do come and stop him!"

Dame Nature smiled, and comforted them.

"All is well," she said, "he has not tumbled down, he is only moving on to shine somewhere else for a time."

"Bid him good-bye," she went on, "and then look up and you will see another pretty thing come to take his place. It is called 'Moon,' and to-night there is a new one. I have just finished making her, and hung her up."

Off the Babies flew to see this new sight. There, sure enough, was a very pretty thing, just peeping at them, exactly opposite where they had seen the Sun "fall down." After watching the Moon for a little while, the Anteeks felt a funny sort of feeling, which made them rub their eyes, to keep them open, then pop a tiny thumb into their rosy mouths, and finally lie down upon the soft warm grass, cuddling close to one another, or by some woolly sheep. Then the little eyes *would* shut, and soon they were all sound asleep.

Over their heads travelled slowly the slender Moon, and when she too had "fallen down," up popped the Sun, and woke up the Babies.

"Good-morning," he cried, "I've come again to watch you play."

Up they sprang, and darted off to the little shallow brooks and pools.

Oh, what splashing and dashing!

The Sun soon dried them when they came out of the water.

Then how hungry they felt!

How they flew to pick the ripe blackberries, and apples, and ask the bees for some honey. The grass fairies milked the gentle cows, and brought them delicious drinks in large leaves. Then they played again.

They soon grew quite at home with the Sun, but the Moon puzzled them greatly. Each night she altered in shape, and the Anteeks could not understand this at all.

When she was quite round they called her "the White Sun," but when she grew smaller they were not pleased at all.

"Oh, White Sun, don't do that," they cried. "You do not give us half enough light; we fink you welly unkind. Oh, do grow big again."

But still the Moon grew thinner and thinner, and one night there were sounds of weeping and wailing.

The Sun had tumbled right down, and no Moon came to take his place.

The Babies were so frightened.

It was quite dark.

"We cannot see, we cannot see!" they cried. "Oh, Mummy, where are you?"

"Come quick and make another Moon."

"Hush, hush, my Babies," said Dame Nature, "this will not do at all, you were not meant to cry!"

But the Babies wailed louder than ever.

"Oh, give us another Moon, quick, Mummy dear."

"There is not one ready yet," said Dame Nature.

They only sobbed the more for hearing this.

"We do not like the dark, we do not like the dark."

Poor Dame Nature was distracted. Her Babies were not perfect after all! But was it not her own fault? How could such tiny, chubby Babies be expected to like the dark?

It is only grown up people, who have so much to do in the daytime, that they find the dark useful to think in, that really like it.

Then Dame Nature had a happy thought. Bidding the Babies stop crying and be patient, she left them and returned to her bower.

Then summoning her hand maidens she gave them very long sharp pointed wands, and bid them fly up to the heavens, and prick small holes all over.

At once they obeyed.

Soon the frightened Babies ceased their wailing, in wonder and delight.

They clapped their tiny hands and sang for joy.

Dame Nature gave a sigh of intense relief.

"You shall never be left quite in the dark again," she said. "When there is no new moon ready the light from 'Golden Land' will shine through the prick holes, to comfort you."

They gave her the sweetest of kisses for thanks.

She wiped their tear-stained faces, and soon all were contentedly lying on the grass, sucking their little thumbs, and gazing with drowsy eyes up at the "prick holes."

Mortals call them Stars: and the name really does very well.

E. F. CUMBERLEGE.

