

# Newcastle High School Magazine.

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No. 37.

SUMMER TERM, 1917.

Fourpence.

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SCHOOL PLAYING FIELD.



## EDITORIAL

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Since it appears that the work as Editor is too strenuous to be carried on for more than one year at a time, the magazine has again changed hands. We are very grateful to the late Editor for all the trouble she has taken over the magazine in the past, and for her help in the production of this number, and also for the helpful suggestions on Form Notes. We are very pleased to see that everyone has tried to carry out these suggestions, and consequently there is a great improvement, though there is still plenty of room for more.

One fact which it seems impossible for people to grasp is that contributions to the magazine—poetry as well as prose—must be written on one side of the paper only. The Middle School are the worst offenders in this respect, and we hope that in future they will endeavour to remember this simple little rule.

The number of poets in the School is rapidly increasing, judging by the numerous productions which have been sent in for this month's magazine. We are sorry to say that space does not permit of their all being printed in this magazine, but those left out will appear in next term's.

We also thank the prose writers very much for their interesting articles, and we must again apologise for the non-appearance of some of them in this number for the reason mentioned above.

We hope that by the time this magazine is out we shall be enjoying real summer weather, and the School will be exercising its pent-up energy of last term by playing its hardest at tennis.

We congratulate U. Burton and Gregor Adams on winning the prizes for the best Form Notes. Elsie Morpeth has brought honour to the School by winning a prize in the Lord Mayor's Essay Competition on Thrift; we feel all the more proud of her as she was the only girl who won a prize at all.

## SCHOOL NEWS

## LISTS.

						Stars.	Entries in Excellent Book.
Form VI	...	...	...	...	...	11	—
„ VA	...	...	...	...	...	8	—
„ VB	...	...	...	...	...	3	1
„ IVA	...	...	...	...	...	6	—
„ IVAR	...	...	...	...	...	2	7
„ IVB	...	...	...	...	...	2	1
„ IIIA	...	...	...	...	...	2	2
„ IIIB	...	...	...	...	...	1	6
„ II	...	...	...	...	...	8	13
„ I	...	...	...	...	...	—	—
Kindergarten	...	...	...	...	...	—	—

## HONOUR CARDS.

*Form II.*—J. Bristow.

*Form I.*—R. Morrison, D. Ison, F. Rycroft, S. Muir.

*Transition.*—D. Morris.

*Kindergarten A.*—B. Basham, D. Dryburgh, D. Molineux, D. McCullough.

*Kindergarten B.*—J. Bird, R. Morrison, G. Richardson.

## CAMBRIDGE LOCAL EXAMINATION RESULTS.

*December, 1916.*

## SENIOR.

*Honours, Class III.*—A. M. Allan,\* distinction in French; E. Doherty, distinction in History.

*Passed.*—W. E. B. Benson,\* N. C. Chaston, D. M. Davison, D. Hardy,\* V. C. Hayward,\* G. E. Ison, D. M. Lawrence, E. Morris, M. Thomson,\* P. M. Walker,\* E. Winter.

## JUNIOR.

*Honours, Class II.*—M. E. Gibbs, distinction in Arithmetic, English, History, and Geography.

*Passed.*—O. H. Adams,\* J. Booth, A. Coney, distinction in Religious Knowledge; E. W. Daniels, G. Hanson, M. Marchbank,\* E. Poppelwell, E. Wallis.

\* Passed in Spoken French.

## CAMBRIDGE PREVIOUS.

*Part II and Additional.*—E. Burnett.

## ROYAL DRAWING SOCIETY'S EXHIBITION.

G. Greener.—Bronze Star and Highly Commended.

H. Maguire.—1st and 2nd Class Commendation.

## FORM NOTES

### FORM VI.

To those newly moved up from VA the Sixth Form seems decidedly strange. Up to this time we have come back to school on the first day of term to find all our work arranged for us—our time-tables only needed taking down and following out. This term, however, we found a list of available lessons out of which we had to arrange our own time-tables. As a result most of us felt rather like fish out of water (especially as some did not know in what subjects they wanted to specialise), and formed the idea that the Sixth Form was a pleasant place for those who had endured the agonies of Senior Cambridge, and still had enough courage to stay at School and hear the results read out in public—in fact that it was a place where there was nothing to do but enjoy themselves. All too soon our illusions sped to the winds and we found plenty of lessons to fill in our “free times,” and now we know that in the Sixth Form, as elsewhere, it is “work first and play after,” or not at all.

The first and most thrilling event of the term (for those most concerned at anyrate) was the announcement of the Cambridge Results, when we stood trembling and thought our names would never come, but they did, for almost all the Seniors passed. In spite of this I'm afraid we did not distinguish ourselves as much as other years' Seniors for only two succeeded in reaching Honours standard, and they were only 3rd class.

Another event we all enjoyed immensely—but this is not the place to tell of it or I shall incur the wrath of the Editor.

The Form Hockey Matches were arranged, although VB was about the only Form which possessed a full team. Imagine our horror at finding ourselves opposed to them while we could only scrape up eight players. We quite hoped, nevertheless, to carry off the cup, but on the appointed day the weather was so atrocious that there was no hope of hockey, the next day was the same, and as time went on and still we could not play, our team dwindled till one day there were only four available players—for the first time we were glad we couldn't play. The matches have not been played yet so we look forward to some rather warm work next term, and hope for a bevy of new girls who are expert hockey players.

One of our number left before half-term, but another came up from VA to take her place.

One of the “old” Sixth has been up to Cambridge for “Little-Go,” so we will have to say good-bye to her soon.

A. ALLAN.

### FORM VA.

I will begin my Form Notes by following the Editor's suggestions in the last magazine, and trying to tell about Form matters.

I am afraid that we have no cause to be bashful about proclaiming our number of entries—they are none—excellents in VA are about as scarce as sovereigns at the present day—but we have managed to obtain a few.

As for games, the captain of the second Net-ball VII and several members of the first and second VII's belong to our form, which indeed contains more net-ball players than hockey players, so for the Form hockey matches we could only scrape together a team of seven, two of whom could not play on the appointed day, leaving us a team of five;

perhaps fortunately for us, after playing for three minutes, during which time our opponents had obtained an equal number of goals, the rain started, and the match has never been played yet.

As one gets into the Upper Forms one's lessons seem to become more and more interesting. For instance in algebra, instead of learning what are the factors of  $a^2 - b^2$ , we learn such extraordinary facts as that ten people in a railway carriage can be arranged in over three million ways (which appears perfectly true when proved by permutations, but otherwise absolutely incredible). Arranging them would certainly supply an interesting occupation for a long railway journey. In botany too we do experiments for ourselves; these are ranged round the class-room on the window-sills, and even hanging from the gas-bracket! A certain patch of mustard had to have a label attached, "Not to be eaten," owing to two members of the Form attacking it for that purpose.

One day Mr Pringle came to give us some hints on how to do Latin Unseens (our marks for the latter would, I think, testify that we needed these hints badly); and then he gave us a rather difficult piece from Cæsar to translate, with the aid of a dictionary, fortunately; our translations of this we gave in to him, he judged them, and then very kindly gave two prizes for the best two, though only five competed. Next term we are going to do a special examination for him, for which also he has promised a prize.

As I have endeavoured to please the Editor by following her instructions and mentioning nothing but Form matters, and there is no more Form news to tell, I think I had better stop before I wander to the usual topic, "lectures."  
U. BURTON.

#### FORM Vb.

I shall attempt to take to heart the good counsel given by the Editor in the last magazine as to Form Notes, and try to make these deal as much with the Form's personal affairs as possible, even at the risk of a little melancholy exposure.

In pursuance of this resolution I shall merely mention the most enjoyable Dickens lecture which took up nearly the whole of one Thursday morning, before proceeding to more personal matters.

Unfortunately, I must make the reluctant admission that our number of order marks has been rather large this term; we really made no end of good resolutions and intended to be most virtuous, but somehow the mistresses did not properly appreciate our efforts, and only rewarded them with a crop of order marks.

Having made this melancholy exposure, I must balance it by saying that the Form has also gained quite a large number of "excellents" this term, so that order marks really proceed from a too exuberant interest in our work, and *not*—as a cursory glance at the former facts might lead one to think—from any fault such as idleness.

The invasion by winter of the domain of spring, besides giving an ironic significance to Browning's lines:

"Oh! to be in England  
Now that April's there,"

has quite prevented the playing of the Form hockey matches, much to our disappointment, for we can say without boasting that we had quite a good team and fair hope of success. As it is, however, I suppose the winner must be King Winter this year, though I must declare that I hardly think he played fairly.

On the whole, this term has gone very quickly, though no one is now sorry for the near approach of the holidays. Another approach,

however, which would be greeted with even greater joy, would be that of

“Spring, the sweet spring, the year’s pleasant king,”  
but that happy event seems, as I write, as distant as ever.

MILDRED E. GIBBS.

#### FORM IVA.

So Form Notes have to be *Form* Notes this time? Well, I suppose we ought just to mention certain interesting little points concerning our own Form.

To begin with we won the first Form Hockey Match this season, and owing to the bad behaviour of the weather we have to put off the remaining matches until next term. But we did not do this wonderful deed of winning the first Form match by ourselves, we had to join with IVA remove, as only a few girls were available for Hockey from our own Form and theirs. May we have the pleasure of hoping for a better Net-ball team next term.

We are doing Henry V. for literature this term, and I do not think that one literature lesson has passed without our laughing until we nearly cried, especially the scenes where Pistol appears. All the School was sewing to-day for the wounded. We had to make hot water bottle bags; some were finished, but others, poor things, have to wait until more red tape can be procured. One poor individual was sent out to find some, and after trying two shops, at last came back with tape also red in colour, but alas! the wrong shade! So the poor bags are waiting still. While we were sewing Miss Johnson kindly read us a most lovely book called “Patsy.” But I believe half the loveliness was due to the way in which it was read.

Singing and drawing lessons are now in the afternoon. If any girls had cared to come into our Form-room a few days ago they would have seen a most interesting piece of Composition (in Latin) about the German and English fleets! Perhaps we may write another one and invite you all to read it, or we may get it put in the magazine.

A. SMALLWOOD.

#### FORM IVAR.

It will be sufficient, I think, to enumerate the lectures which were given this term, and pass on, as the last Editor suggested, to matters concerning the Form alone.

The Bishop, as he had promised, took prayers one morning.

Mademoiselle de Lisle lectured on Holland, and illustrated her remarks with beautifully coloured lantern slides.

A visitor, who was highly appreciated, was the Rev. R. Moss of Birmingham. This gentleman told and cleverly acted the story of “David Copperfield,” and his last remark, that he hoped “Our mutual friend, the librarian, would soon be All-of-a-Twist and have a Dickens of a time of it,” created much amusement.

Now for the Form: Order markless it is not, though, for its position in the School, it has done well in Excellents.

This winter’s snow, of course, put a stop to most gardening, and next term our cherished flower-bed will, in all probability, become a Form Cabbage Patch. Only in the last few weeks were people minded to decorate our class-room with flowers. Grace Bolam and Dorothy Carr brought daffodils, and Kathleen Ross gave snowdrops.

There have been the Form matches; and in a game of hockey against the Central High School one "Remove" girl, Mary Tate, played. With Molly McGuinness she is in the second net-ball team.

People curious as to further news of sports are referred to Gladys Ison's notes on the subject.

Our literature this spring has been very interesting—Shakespeare's "King Henry V." Most of us are looking forward to finishing it after the holidays. The quaint old-fashioned half French of several scenes is extremely laughable.

We hope our Form-room will remain unchanged, because it is situated so conveniently near the library.

Wishing all who read these notes the best of times this Easter, I have now only to add the superscription, address, and style of your most humble and obedient servant to command,

ALYS G. SIMPSON.

#### FORM IVB.

This term has not been a very long one, so there have not been so many adventures. I know we had a very interesting lecture by Mr Moss, which lasted from 10 o'clock till 1 o'clock. He told us about David Copperfield. That is one which I will never forget. We also had a very nice French lecture by Mademoiselle de Lisle, which we all enjoyed immensely. The enjoyment was added to by a magic lantern, which showed very pretty pictures of Holland and France, which Mademoiselle explained in French, each one in turn. Miss Oliver and Miss Ford have undertaken to train us for girl guides. Each patrol has a patrol leader, and she teaches the guides in it. Each patrol has a name after a flower; we have a meeting every Wednesday afternoon. You need not have joined if you did not want to, but I am glad to say there are a lot who have done so.

We have had some of the hockey matches this term, but the ground has not been dry enough to finish some of them. There was also a basket-ball match against Rutherford College team; we won one round and they won the other; it was a very good match.

FREDA FERGUSON.

#### FORM IIIA

This has been a very nice term. On Ash Wednesday the Bishop and Mr Oakley kindly took the service.

We had two lectures this term. The first was a French lecture by Mademoiselle de Lisle. It was very interesting as far as we could understand it. We had a magic lantern with the lecture. The second lecture was by Rev. Runnels Moss on David Copperfield. We all liked it very much, it was so funny. We were kept laughing all the time.

There was a net-ball match between Rutherford College and our teams. It came to a draw between the two first teams, and our second team lost against their second team. We also had a net-ball match against the Central High School, which we won.

We were glad to find ourselves in Form IIIA this term, and wish all the mistresses and girls a merry Easter holiday.

EILEEN MUIR,  
ADA WHITE.

FORM III<sub>B</sub>.

This has been a very eventful term.

We had a hockey match against the Second Form, and we gave them a good beating. We won by four goals to none, which was a very good thing, but we have to play III<sub>A</sub> early next term, and if we win we will get the cup.

This term has been very short. I have been moved up into III<sub>B</sub>, and Miss Clough is our Form mistress now.

We had a very nice lecture by Mr Moss; he told us all about David Copperfield. I think we all enjoyed it very much; Mr Moss made us all laugh so much that we could hardly sit still.

We break up to-morrow, I am sorry to say, because I don't like the holidays very much. We had a sewing exam. all yesterday, and we made some handkerchiefs; two girls knitted pyjama girdles, but I am afraid they did not get them finished.

One day this term Miss Ford was absent, and all the Second Form girls wrote her a letter, and when she came back she said she had quite a nice time in reading them all. We had the dancing matinée yesterday, it was not a big one; we had all sorts of lovely things at the end, because it was the last day.

I am very sorry to say that our Form has only had one star, because we have had so many order marks, but we have had a lot of excellents. We had our pound day on the 24th March, which was a great success.

V. HOBBS.

## FORM II.

We have got seven stars this term.

One Thursday we had a gentleman telling us the story of "David Copperfield." It was very nice.

We had a sewing exam. on Monday, and I was in Class A. Muriel Ross and I were the best.

We had a hockey match against III<sub>B</sub>, but they won. It is a very wet day to-day, but I hope it won't be like this to-morrow for breaking up. Dorinda and I had a race for an Entry; she has got hers, but I will get one before the end of the term.

MAY S. TATE.

We have had a very jolly term. We had a lecture on David Copperfield. It was very funny indeed. The lecturer was Mr Moss. We have had a hockey match against Form III<sub>B</sub>, but we are sorry to say Form III<sub>B</sub> won.

There are a lot of new boarders this term at the Grove; we are boarders too.

It is lovely at the boarding-house in the summer. There are five quite small ones. Good-bye.

D. PATTERSON,  
P. BIRD.

## FORM I.

On Wednesday, February 28th, Miss Edmunds very kindly took the First Form and Kindergarten to the Brandling Park in the afternoon. When we got into the park Miss Edmunds let us go anywhere in her sight. I was very sorry that I had to go at three o'clock, but I had a lovely time all the same. I think Miss Edmunds was very kind to take us, and I thank her very much indeed.

I was moved up into Form I this term. I was very sorry to leave Miss McNeil, and yet very glad to have Miss Edmunds. We got some frog's spawn on Tuesday, March 27th, and on Wednesday, March 28th, at Nature with Miss McNeil, we had to look at the frog's spawn and draw what we saw, and then she told us the different stages of a frog.

I think I like sewing, singing, clay modelling, and arithmetic best. I like history and geography second best. I think I have liked this term better than any of the others so far. At handwork with Miss Clark we made some dear little serviette rings. I am going to make some for a bazaar. I am afraid I must not write any more, so good-bye.

MURIEL GRIER.

I am sorry the term is nearly finished because I like school very much. Miss Edmunds took us to the Brandling Park one afternoon. The trees were beginning to bud and the crocuses were just peeping up. I hope we will all enjoy our Easter holidays and have warm weather, for it has been such a cold winter.

SHEILA MUIR.

### TRANSITION.

I like school very much. I was very pleased to be put up in Transition. I hope I get an Honour Card. The lessons that I like best are sewing, arithmetic, reading, painting, and story lesson. We have had such fine weather that instead of going to afternoon lessons we went to Brandling Park. We saw crocuses and all sorts of things. After that we went back to school and home.

DOROTHY MORRIS.

One fine afternoon instead of doing lessons we went to Brandling Park to see the signs of spring.

We saw some crocuses; they were just coming out of their warm blankets. Some of the poor little crocus bulbs had been put in upside down. We saw one like that; Miss Edmunds let me put it in the right way because my fingers were grubby. We saw a swan. There were some birds; we saw a rook and some sparrows, then we went back to school.

The spring days are beginning to come, and Miss McNeil is teaching us a piece of poetry about a little crocus baby, who was called by a sunbeam to waken up and get out of bed, which means to grow.

GREGOR ADAMS.

This term Miss Gurney is giving a silver cup to the Form that drills the best. Miss McNeil takes us for sewing; I like it very much, and I like story as well. I hope I get an Honour Card. I have been moved up to Transition. In the gymnastic class I do not find Transition any harder than Kindergarten A. There is going to be a Girl Guides' Company. I think it is a pity boys cannot join for it would be great fun. Girls under eleven cannot join. I enjoyed the Christmas holidays very much, for there was some sledging at Lindisfarne. There was skating at Paddy Freeman's pond.

I like writing Form Notes, for Miss McNeil lets us do them at home. I like doing them at home, for when I have nothing to do they keep me busy.

Yesterday afternoon Miss Edmunds took Transition and First Form to Brandling Park. We saw some crocuses just coming out of the earth. We saw some pretty trees. One of them, Miss Edmunds told us, was a box tree. Perhaps I have seen it but never known it. I cannot think of more. Good-bye.

GERALD LEVENTHAL.

## KINDERGARTEN A.

I like school very much. My favourite lessons are reading, Bible story, and clay modelling. Miss Edmunds took us to the Dene on Wednesday, and we looked for sycamores. I am sure every little girl likes school. We have nice lessons and nice mistresses.

DOROTHY LOWE.

We have hockey on Wednesdays and Fridays, and I like it very much. I like Miss McNeil to take us for arithmetic and painting. I like all the mistresses, and I like gym very much, and I like Miss Ford to take us for it. I am in the last class for gym, from 3.30 to 4 o'clock. Good-bye, with love from Derick.

DERICK WYAND.

## KINDERGARTEN B.

I like school very much indeed. I like all my lessons. I am very fond of drill and games, and also I like Nature. We had a lesson about an apple to-day, but we could not eat it. Last week we had a lesson about a dog. His name was Jackie, and he came into the Kindergarten and let us all pat him.

BARBARA C. SMITH.

I started school at the beginning of January, and I like it very much. My favourite lessons are poetry and blackboard drawing. Everything my teachers tell me is very interesting. I have a little baby brother who is eight months old, and when he grows into a big boy mother says that he is going to Miss Gurney's school.

M. THOMAS.

## BOARDERS' NOTES.

We returned to school last term full of expectation. Some of us had been sitting the Cambridge. Great was the rejoicing when at last the results came and all of us had managed to "satisfy the examiners."

At the first parade of our Guide Company the leaders became acquainted with their patrols, which had been rearranged owing to the increase of our numbers. Now there are full-boarders in two patrols, and the weekly boarders have a patrol to themselves. Miss Dickinson very kindly took us for First Aid, and we did so enjoy it, especially the bandaging. "Bandaging is useless unless very tight," we were told, and the victims know only too well how strictly this rule was adhered to! A little knowledge of First Aid was necessary for our second class badge, and Miss Dickinson, when she examined us, though resolved to fail someone, found it was impossible.

The last night of term Lady Parsons enrolled the Brownies and a few tenderfoots, and presented second-class badges to the rest of the Company.

A few of the Brownies gave a display of bandaging, and being so very small they really were very sweet.

Great excitement then ensued. The Heartsease Patrol came across a burning cottage and signalled for the Iris First Aid Squad, who hurried up to perform their duties, and the patients had just been taken to the hospital with a good deal of joggling and laughter, when there was a piercing shriek—a rush—and soon we saw descending over the banisters a pair of pink bed-socks, and down came a little girl who had been forgotten in the disaster, and after much bandaging she too was conveyed to the hospital. We had a really jolly evening, and loved having Lady Parsons, and we all hope she will visit us again soon.

We have patrol gardens in which we plant cabbage and lettuce, etc., and Miss Oliver very kindly comes up on Saturday morning sometimes to instruct us in the art of horticulture.

Towards the end of term the Guides gave a little entertainment to Miss Gurney. The full-boarders acted a charade. The costumes were really delightful and much excelled the acting. You should have seen the male characters sporting their fathers' suits with quite three inches to spare on each shoulder and very much overlapping waistcoats!

The weekly boarders acted dumb-charades and played games, and we were treated to a comb band as a grand finale. No sound was forthcoming until the band moved with its back to the audience (which we no doubt preferred!) and then indeed there were tunes enough to delight the heart of man, for the whole audience swayed with laughter.

We had a very jolly term, but I am sure we all felt ready for a holiday.

C. HAYWARD.

## GAMES

*Mens sana in corpore sano.*

### NET-BALL.

One can hardly expect to have perfect weather at the beginning of the year, but really we have been more unfortunate than usual with our games this term, and our Net-ball practices have been few and far between. However, we were lucky in being able to have two matches, and certainly we were more fortunate than the Hockeyites.

Our first match was on March 15th against Rutherford College, which we all enjoyed immensely. Both the first and second VII's played, and both games were exceedingly exciting. The result of the first VII's was a draw, the goals being 10 all; our second VII had the misfortune to lose by 11 goals to 12. It was a very close game, and I think if they were to have their say, they would blame the first VII, for it was a case of "robbing Peter to pay Paul," seeing that we took two of their defenders to substitute for our own; so we will take this opportunity of thanking them for their kind loan of two such efficient substitutes.

The other match was against the Central High School on March 21st, and this time we were not so well favoured by the greatest essential—the weather. Great was the suspense during the morning as snow-shower followed snow-shower, but much to our relief we were able to play, and despite the occasional showers and piercing wind, we had a most enjoyable game. The spectators, I fear, were the worst sufferers, for (let them be commended) they stood like Spartans and cheered us on, in spite of the fact that they were gradually approaching the icicle stage!

Both our VII's came off victorious, the first winning by 11 goals to 10, and the second by 14 goals to 10; and as before our first team must plead guilty to borrowing one (but only one this time) of the second team's members.

We congratulate Mollie Thomson on winning her colours, and would remind aspiring players there is still one place vacant in the first team.

GLADYS H. FLETCHER, *Captain.*

### HOCKEY.

Hockey Notes! It would be more appropriate to write Weather Notes, for we have had very few practices and only one outside match.

This one match we played against the Central High School, the result of which was a draw, 1—1. The struggle for victory was a hard one. We scored the goal before half-time, after which short respite we started again with renewed vigour, but our efforts were useless.

We looked forward therefore with special eagerness to the Form matches, as our sole outside effort merely whetted our appetite, but alas! the forbidding weather has denied us this small pleasure, and the Form matches have been postponed till the beginning of next term.

GLADYS ISON, *Captain.*

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## ASH WEDNESDAY SERVICE

Our usual Ash Wednesday Service was taken this year by the Lord Bishop, assisted by Mr Oakley. He gave us a most interesting address, taking for his text Heb. 12, 1, "Wherefore seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us." Lent is the time set apart for laying aside the weight which hangs on us, that when Easter Sunday arrives we may be able to share whole-heartedly in that great triumph. The "Cloud of Witnesses" who have run the race are watching us now; some day we shall be among them and watching others run it.

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## LECTURES

### FRENCH LECTURE.

On February 5th Mademoiselle de Lisle came and gave us a French lecture on Holland. The lecture was, perhaps, more interesting than usual, as it was accompanied by lantern slides. As each slide was shown Mademoiselle de Lisle explained it, and told us a little about it.

The first slide was a picture of William Prince of Orange, who is the Dutch hero. Although Holland is a very flat country we were easily convinced that it is a very beautiful one. The old Dutch costumes are very picturesque, so also are the windmills which show up so well on the flat landscape.

There were some pictures of cowsheds. The Dutch cowsheds have little windows with white curtains. This shows what a clean people the Dutch are. There were many other interesting pictures, and we were very sorry when the end came.

### DICKENS LECTURE.

We were all delighted to receive a visit from Mr Runnells Moss this term. He gave us an excellent rendering of David Copperfield, which held us enthralled for nearly three hours. We were all convulsed with laughter over his reproductions of the various light characters in the book, in fact most of us almost forgot that we were living in the twentieth century, and imagined ourselves in Dickens' times.

Our curiosity was roused when, at the conclusion of the lecture, Mr Runnells Moss said that he had a great secret to impart to us. After keeping us in suspense for a few minutes as to the nature of the said secret, he finally told us that for several years he had been busily engaged in fighting the "penny popular," the "shilling shocker," and the "halfpenny horrible," so dear to the hearts of little boys. I am quite sure most of us determined to read Dickens in future, after hearing the splendid lecture on "David Copperfield."

## WAIFS AND STRAYS FUND

It is a matter of congratulation that the collection for the above has increased this term, but we need not pat ourselves too heavily on the back, as there is still room for improvement. It is hoped that a few more girls will recover the use of their memories before next term, and that those who have recovered them will not lose them. Those who remark, "Oh! I've forgotten," may be reminded that the box stands on the table in the Sixth Form quite willing to receive any offerings during the week.

The exact amount collected this term is 16s.

GLADYS ISON, *Hon. Sec.*

## LIBRARY

Many thanks are due to the kind donors of the following books to the Library:

"The Water Babies Told to the Children" ...	Freda Rycroft.
"Sophy of Kvavonia"— <i>A. Hope</i> ...	P. Leventhall.
"Paddy, The-Next-Best-Thing"— <i>G. Page</i> ...	G. Spencer.
"Grannie's Wonderful Chair"— <i>F. Brown</i> ...	M. Younger.
"Just Patty"— <i>J. Webster</i> ...	N. Hunter.

## THE GIRL GUIDES

When the School heard that a troop of Girl Guides had been formed at the Boarding House it was filled with envy, and desired to do likewise, and thus the one thought prevalent in the minds of many at the beginning of the term was whether a troop could be formed at School. Miss Gurney was asked, and at prayers one morning we heard with joy that Miss Oliver had consented to be captain and Miss Ford lieutenant of all who wished to become guides.

At the first meeting which was held to see "how we liked it" no one of the number present withdrew. Patrols were formed and patrol-leaders chosen, not by merit but by seniority; thus all members of the Sixth present received the privilege of commanding a patrol, a privilege which, later, was found to resemble all other so-called privileges of the Sixth—better viewed from a distance. Everyone's energies were now directed to the making of knots, which, though apparently so simple, had the unfortunate habit of becoming hopelessly tangled and anything but what they should be, and it was the happy lot of the patrol-leader to show a happy-go-lucky patrol how to make them assume their proper form.

At the third meeting we heard that the tenderfoot examination was to be held in a few days' time, and the school seemed to outside eyes to have suddenly gone mad; it was knots, knots, knots, from 9 o'clock to 1 o'clock, knots before prayers, knots between lessons; and though Mr Waterman was moved to complain about the amount of string left lying about, it certainly was never available at the right time, and the constant demands for it nearly drove everyone crazy. At recreation harried patrol-leaders gathered their patrols together and attempted to teach them the various knots and the composition of the Union Jack until the dates 1606 and 1801 haunted them, even in their sleep.

At last the examination was over, and to the extreme surprise of the patrol-leaders everyone passed. Then there was a breathing space, but only for a time, for it was announced that the enrolment was to take place the day before the end of the term and that it would be advisable for patrol-leaders to practise their patrols in turning and saluting, in the execution of which they were rather weak. This was received quite calmly, but not so the fact that Miss Gurney and the Staff were to witness the enrolment, and, worst of all, that the patrol-leaders were to command their own patrols. How patrol-leaders wished they were members of Form II, of anywhere but Forms VI, VA, and VB!

From that time the hall became a scene of confusion. Patrol-leaders drilled their patrols which, in the execution of a wrong command, had a habit of marching into each other and becoming inextricably mixed.

Too soon the day arrived, also Miss Gurney and the Staff, and in turn the nine patrols received their colours and arrived back, more or less successfully, to their appointed places in the Gymnasium. Miss Gurney and Miss Oliver addressed us, emphasising how serious were the promises we had made, and how the whole success of the movement in the school depended on us. Then we gave three cheers for Miss Oliver and Miss Ford for their kindness in giving up so much of their time, and for the Staff for having graced the ceremony with their presence. After that we dismissed—now full-blown Girl Guides.

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## THE N.H.S. LITERARY SOCIETY

Officers:—*President*, Miss Dodgson; *Vice-President*, Miss Shipley; *Secretary*, E. Burnett; *Treasurer*, M. Burton.

As the Debating Society has not met this year, a Literary Society has been formed by the Sixth. The object of this Society is to promote the reading of modern literature, both prose and verse. All meetings are preceded by tea (this is an unwritten rule, but most emphatic). Activities during last term were confined to one Literary meeting, a general meeting, and numerous informal gatherings of the Sixth. The last dispensed with President and Vice-President in order to discuss more freely such minor points as cost, quantity, and quality of refreshments, etc.

The general meeting was held on March 1st when the officers were appointed, and as time did not permit further arrangements, the meeting was adjourned till March 7th, when the number of Literary meetings per term was the chief point of discussion. Party feeling was unexpectedly warm, and it was no doubt owing to the agitated condition of the voters that some people voted twice and one omitted that ceremony entirely. As no satisfactory result was obtained a further meeting was requested. Zealous partisans of both sides seized the opportunity of making converts, and a stormy time ensued in the Sixth. Waverers were at times seized and forced to listen to fluent and abusive harangues from the leading spirits of both parties, poured simultaneously into their ears. It is a fact that one sensitive member announced her intention of being absent at the next meeting since affairs had come to such a painful pass.

It was finally decided, without a meeting, that there should be two and not three meetings a term.

The Society held its first Literary meeting on March 27th, when Miss Shipley, after giving a brief account of the life of Rupert Brooke, read some of his poems and three of the "Letters from America."

N. Burnip, in proposing a very hearty vote of thanks, which was ably seconded by P. Walker, brought to a conclusion a very enjoyable meeting.

## MY WORK AT THE HOSPITAL.

Every Saturday morning since the end of the summer holidays I have gone to the St John Ambulance Brigade Hospital, 6 Kensington Terrace, and played the rôle of "Housemaid." But really there is no playing about it, for although there is no really hard work to do, there is a great deal to get through in rather too short a time.

I usually go to the hospital about nine o'clock and stay till my work is finished, which varies from two o'clock till any time up to six. My first duty is always to wash up Matron's, the cook's, and the night nurses' breakfast things. When we had officers as patients I had their breakfast things to wash too, but now they are gone I have three cups and saucers and about twelve plates less to wash, for which I am not exactly sorry.

This first washing up finished, I proceed to Matron's sitting-room. The floor has to be swept and the room carefully dusted, also there are any amount of odd things always lying about which have to be tidied up. Occasionally I wash the paintings, but only if they are very dirty.

Then I go to the nurses' bedroom. There are three beds to make here, and they take no little time for each one has to be made in the proper regulation manner. The washstand, mantelpiece, and dressing-table all have to be washed, and if the windows are dirty they have to be washed too. Of course I only do the insides—the outsides of the windows are washed regularly by the orderlies. Then the floor must be swept till there is not a speck anywhere, and the mats must be shaken even if they do look quite clean.

By this time it is getting on towards the nurses' lunch, which is usually from ten to ten-thirty o'clock. Once this used to be a proper "sit-down" meal, but now in the days of short rations we just have it on our knees, and there is no "spread-out" like there used to be—just plain bread and butter and jam and tea, but quite enough to keep one from fainting from hunger until dinner-time. I have all these dishes to wash up, which takes me till nearly eleven o'clock, as the nurses can't come before they are ready, and it is a very rare thing if they are all ready together.

After washing-up I go to Matron's bedroom and the same proceedings take place here as in the nurses' bedrooms, only here there is only one bed to make. The next item is the washing of the day-room tables. This is always what I look forward to most, because here you can *really* see a result of your labour, for I'm sure there's some work you do that looks no better at the finish than it did at the start, such as tidying the staff-room cupboard, but as to the tables there is really a plainly visible difference!

By this time it is nearly the dinner hour, so I have to set the nurses' table, and see that there is plenty of milk, bread, sugar, and coffee, etc.

As soon as the patients have got their dinners the nurses begin their own. Sometimes the doctor happens to call when we are just going to commence, but as a rule the meal is finished in peace.

After dinner I clear all the things away and wash everything up except the plates, which are done by the orderly or char-lady.

As soon as these are finished I am free to go as soon as I like, but very often I have stayed all the afternoon, and when I used to stay on Sundays I always waited for the service that is held at five o'clock for the men.

On Christmas Day I stayed at the hospital till nearly nine o'clock. We had a lovely time that day; it was a day of days both for patients and nurses!

I rarely have time to go into the wards, and I don't often see the patients except on such days as Pound Days, etc., when I am there all day.

Several of the nurses are old Newcastle High School girls, i.e., Nurse MacBean, who has nursed since the beginning of the war, and others.

Some of my happiest days have been spent at 6 Kensington Terrace, for which my thanks are due in the first place to Miss Gurney for giving me permission to go there, and also to Matron for allowing me to work there.

On reckoning up I have done a little over sixty days' work at the hospital, on an average of seven hours per day. I love my work and will be more than sorry when I have to give it up.

MOLLIE ROSS.

## FOR ENGLAND'S HONOUR.

Oh strive for England's glory,  
And keep her honour bright,  
Keep watching, ever ready  
To hasten to the fight.

Awake, awake, and follow those who fought their way to fame,  
For the sake of England's honour, and England's glorious name.

And try your very best, e'en if  
It's little you can do;  
For there's work for every Britisher,  
There's work for me and you.

Awake, awake, and follow those whom terror ne'er o'ercame,  
Who fought for England's honour, and England's glorious name.

Yes, there's something for us each to do,  
The big ones and the small,  
Be we of high or low estate,  
There's work for each and all.

Awake, awake, and follow those who gained immortal fame,  
Who fought for England's honour, and triumphed for her name.

LULU MORRIS.

## A VOYAGE TO SOUTH AFRICA

As I understand an account of my voyage from South Africa might be interesting to some who have never experienced an ocean voyage, I have undertaken to describe it.

We arrived at Durban from Johannesburg on the 22nd December, 1914, at about nine o'clock at night, after a very hot and uncomfortable journey of twenty-four hours in the train. On the next day our ship, the *Balmoral Castle*, arrived at the docks, and we went on board in the evening, though she did not start her return voyage till the next afternoon. Then she moved slowly away from the quay, which was crowded with people waving good-bye to their friends, and out over the bar, accompanied by the tug which was to take back the pilot, and by tea-time we were slowly passing along the coast, near enough to it to enable us to see the cliffs very clearly.

Next day was Christmas Day, which we spent anchored outside East London. All day the creaking of the "donkey engine" which

moves the crane sounded in our ears, and we watched the lighters being towed out from the shore, bringing with them wool, mealies, and other commodities to be packed in the hold. In the evening, when we were again in motion, there was some attempt at holding festivities in honour of the day, for we were supplied with turkey and plum-pudding at dinner, with a glass of wine each, at the expense of the company, and there was dancing on deck afterwards. Boxing Day was spent in practically the same way, except for the Christmas fare and dancing, outside Port Elizabeth. The morning of the next day, which was Sunday, we were outside Mossel Bay, and the next day we had reached Cape Town.

Cape Town is the last stop before Madeira is reached, and here we went on shore to do our last shopping on land before our arrival in England, and to look at the Botanical Gardens. As, however, our ship was only to stop one day at Cape Town instead of the usual two, on account of the war, there was no time to visit any of the places of interest in the neighbourhood. Instead, we went on board again for lunch, as we had friends coming to bid us farewell, and finally said good-bye to South Africa in the afternoon.

After Cape Town everyone on board settles down into the routine which will be observed throughout the remainder of the voyage. Round the coast from Durban the ship carries, besides the passengers who are going right to England, pleasure-seekers, who are indulging in a trip round the coast. This is especially the case in the Christmas holidays, when a favourite excursion for Johannesburg people is to go from that city to Durban by train, thence to Cape Town by sea, and back to Johannesburg by railway. But after Cape Town is left behind there is no one on board except those who are really going to be companions for the rest of the journey, and friendships are made; it is arranged who are to be table-companions throughout the rest of the journey, and committees are formed to run the various sports and amusements.

Every day quoits of two kinds were set out on deck, flat rubber ones to be thrown into circles chalked by the sailors, and small rings of rope to be thrown into buckets. On this voyage, as nearly always happens, tournaments were arranged in both games, besides others in drafts and bridge. As well as this, a sweep was arranged to take place every day on the run of the ship. All this made work for the sports' committee, who arranged the various events, and who were, indeed, kept busy all the time.

On New Year's Day we were practically on the equator, and so hot that the sports which are always a feature of a long voyage, and which had been arranged to take place on that day, had to be postponed. Nevertheless some energetic passengers played cricket on deck—a netting having been hung up to prevent the ball from going overboard—thus setting even equatorial heat at defiance.

The sports came off a few days later, children having a day to themselves. They consisted of potato races, egg and spoon races, "chalking the pig's eye," and, for the men, bolster bar. This game is played by two men who sit astride a bar of wood lashed across the deck and hit at one another with bolsters till one of them falls off, when the other is declared the victor.

Other amusements in the course of the voyage were a fancy-dress ball on deck, a book dinner, when each passenger wore something to indicate the title of a well-known book, and the fun consisted in each one trying to guess what the others represented, and two very pleasant concerts.

On Sunday no quoits were laid out on the deck, and the church service was read in the first-class saloon over the Union Jack by a

clergyman who happened to be on board. When there is no clergyman this is done by the captain, and the sailors always sing beautifully.

After Cape Town was left behind we saw no land till Cape Verde appeared on the horizon. Part of this time was spent in the doldrums, when we steamed over a smooth, oily-looking sea with no wind except what we made by our own motion, and part of the time with the trade-winds behind us, blowing just as fast as the speed of the ship, so that there was hardly a breath of air. We saw a great many flying fish during this part of our journey, which rose from the sea in a cloud of tiny black specks, and then dropped into it again in their attempt to escape from the pursuing porpoises. We saw also several of these mortal enemies of the flying fish; one afternoon in particular we ran through a great shoal of them, so numerous that we thought at first the strange appearance of the sea which they caused must be made by some curious effect of the wind. One of this set jumped so high out of the water that we had a most perfect view of his whole body before he settled down into the sea again.

In the evenings the furrowed water in the wake of our ship was alight with phosphorescence, which looked like stars fallen into the sea and still shining there amongst all the disturbance caused by the screw. One night in particular there was a marvellous display of this phenomenon.

When we began to near the Canary Islands the wind blew so hard off the shore that some of the sand from the Sahara settled in the crevices of the ship. It was bright red, and we were told whence it had come by the sailors. Indeed there was no other land from which it could have been blown.

We reached Madeira on a Sunday morning, but this fact made no difference to the Portuguese inhabitants of the island, who swarmed out to us in their little green rowing-boats begging for coins to be thrown to them. When these fell into the water they dived after them, nearly always catching them before they reached the bottom. Meanwhile other men had swarmed on board, bringing with them the wares of the island for sale, and soon the ship was transformed into a busy bazaar. There were table-cloths, frocks, petticoats, bedspreads, and other specimens of the beautiful Madeira embroidery, basket chairs and tables, earthenware articles, birds in cages, silver ornaments, and models of the sledges in which those who go on shore come down the mountain which stands above the town of Funchal, rag dolls, and a variety of other dainty articles, for all of which the vendors, as a matter of course, asked double the price they expected to get. Everyone—even our clergyman who afterwards got very badly “done” over one of his purchases—completely forgot what day it was, and set to work examining and bargaining for the things until about four o’clock, when the strangers were all ordered to pack their wares and clear off, which they did very slowly, remaining willing to sell to the very last possible minute. Then, all having been disposed of, the engines started again, and Madeira was left behind, leaving the passengers to examine their purchases and the sailors to clean the ship which was very much dirtier than it had been since leaving Durban.

As we neared England the days became very much shorter and colder. At Cape Town it had been light up till eight o’clock in the evening, but now, scarcely more than a fortnight afterwards, it became dark at about four o’clock—a very noticeable difference. After Madeira, all the boats were hung out ready for all contingencies, and we got wireless news each day; it was then that we first heard of the naval raid on Cuxhaven.

We did not know until the last day where we were to land. The place at which we finally arrived was Plymouth. By about four o’clock

in the morning we were all up and dressed, watching the searchlights flashed upon us from the ships outside the harbour, and straining our eyes for a first glimpse of dear old England. Shortly after daylight came all British subjects were allowed to land, which we did by means of a tug, and almost before this tiny craft had reached the land we saw the *Balmoral Castle* turn and leave the harbour for an unknown destination which had been communicated to the captain in a sealed packet before we left the ship. When we had seen the last of what had been our home for three weeks we landed and entered the London train, and those who had been fellow-passengers and lived in the closest intimacy for three weeks were scattered over the length and breadth of the kingdom, some never to meet again.

MILDRED E. GIBBS.

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## NOVOCASTRIA

N.H.S. girls should find historical study of the great city from which their school is named, and where many of them live, intensely interesting. It is so full of pictures.

First, one has the Celts, skin-clad and woad-stained in war, occupying the site, with wattle huts and even basket-work fortifications. The scene changes. Up the river in long triremes float legions from Rome, weary with the long sea-voyage, and casting eager eyes on the lovely landscape at either side. On what was to be the future Castle Hill arise the strongholds of the Roman Sixth Legion. Strange temples rear their mystic heads, and stranger gods are worshipped. Vestal maidens and calm-browed priests take part in the services that among the war-spent warriors awaken memories of the Imperial City on the Tiber. And there is always building, building, building. From Wallsend to the Solway Firth stretches a great barrier for the Northern Barbarians, the Picts and Scots from the wild hill-country in an impenetrable Beyond.

Then come the Saxon moot-hill and common fields, the great councils of Northumbria, and the work of the early Irish missionaries—Aidan, Cuthbert, and Columba. Often the fierce Vikings devastate the land around, sometimes gaining possession of the township itself. Odin and Thor, once expelled by the Christians, return with these war-like invaders, presently, however, giving place to the gentler religion and culture of the English. Not so very far from the green banks of bonny Tyne Harold vanquished his brother Tostig and the Norwegian king, Hardrada.

Next, under Norman rule, rose the Castle, stately and strong, looking down protectingly on a little community encircled by the Town Walls, and near the first Saint Nicholas, which was burned in Elizabeth's reign, and when restored soon after, threatened by the Scotch besiegers of 1644.

In Georgian times Newcastle was the London of the North. Fashionable people came for the season to their town-houses on the Quayside, and Wesley describes the city as the most beautiful place on earth.

With the discovery of steam-power and the consequent demand for coal, a great change comes about. The noble mediæval houses, with their extensive grounds, disappear, and instead are factories, warehouses, and offices. The Old Keep, which looked for so many years over pleasant fields, is now in full view of a railway crossing which has no equal in the world for size.

Thus passes in pageant, Novocastria of all ages, though every out-of-the-way corner and by-way in the town has enough history of its own to occupy many an autumn holiday.

A. SIMPSON.

## "MICHAEL"

I have a little brother,  
 And he is oh! so good,  
 In fact he can be everything  
 A very good baby should.

At night he sleeps with Mama,  
 In the same room as me,  
 And every morn at six p.m.  
 He has his early tea.

He says his name is "Goo-Goo,"  
 But really that's not likely,  
 So even if it does vex him  
 His real name is just "Mikie."

EILEEN GOUGH, *Transition*.

## M. PIGOUCH

Although this story may seem very like a fairy-tale, yet there can be no doubts as to its verity, because it was told to me by an officer, who heard it from a "Tommy" billeted on the estate of M. Pigouch.

Somewhere in France, a few miles behind the firing-line, there is a little village called (censored), and in it there once lived a certain French lawyer named M. Pigouch.

Some British Tommies were billeted in this village during the winter months, but as soon as the summer came the colonel of their regiment decided that they should go under canvas. The only place available was a large green field owned by M. Pigouch, so the colonel commandeered this field and paid the ordinary billet money to M. Pigouch.

A few days after, when the men were duly installed in their new billet, the colonel received a bill for the price of the land upon which each circular tent stood. (Fancy working out the area of each tent, think of the time wasted, and the numbers of IIs (pies) there would be to multiply and divide—the measurements were even down to centimeters!)

Now M. Pigouch (whom the men named "Pigwash") had a lovely orchard which contained apples, pears, peaches, and other lovely ripe fruits. Naturally the men became very attached to this orchard, but after a few feasts how they wished (like little Johnny in the song) they had never touched that "lovely" fruit for "it gave them a pain where their waistcoats began." M. Pigouch had poisoned all the remaining fruit.

A few days later another bill came in for one and a half francs, stating that the men had been "kicking balloons on his glass roof and split two large cakes of glass." The colonel sighed but he paid up because he knew there had been a football match the day before!

Some time later it was found necessary to make a gully to carry away the waste water from the kitchens. Some bricks and a nice piece of lead piping were found on the premises, but the next day, lo and behold the bricks had all disappeared, and instead there was a bill charging two and a half francs for the piping. (The colonel made a few very startling remarks, but he sent the money.)

Two days later a dispatch-rider just pulled up his bike in time to save himself performing wonderful acrobatic feats over his handle bars, for across the road was stretched a huge iron chain.

At the end of this road was an iron gate which had not been closed for years, and another dispatch-rider who was tearing along it, as fast as he could one pitch dark night, felt a huge blow and heard a terrific bang, and knew no more until he found himself in hospital. Now this gate was quite close to M. Pigouch's field, and when the men encamped in it heard that terrific noise they rushed to see what had happened. Were they getting shelled? They found, much to their relief, that it was only the poor dispatch-rider insensible beside the huge iron gate, which had been unhinged, and on the top of which half a ton of bricks had been thrown; but, worst of all, his dispatches were stolen!

Curiously enough M. Pigouch had also vanished; they could not find him anywhere! The last I heard of him was a little green mound not far behind the British firing-line.

It turned out that before the war he was generally known as "Hans Schmidt."

Moral

*Crimina morte extinguuntur.*

G. ADAM.

## TACTICS

I dreamed I saw a battle rage in Postgate's Latin Primer,  
 The verbs and nouns had started it but all began to simmer,  
 Until in serried ranks they stood on one side or the other,  
 The primal reason of the fight nigh lost amid the smother.  
 The verbs were ranged in goodly show, the Regulars protecting,  
 And to the rear Subordinates were hastily erecting  
 The arms in mounds that grew and grew till all at last was ready;  
 And panting, hot Auxiliaries in lengthy streams and steady  
 Distributed among the rest the weapons for defending  
 The honour of the legions in the earnest fight impending.  
 Upon the other side the nouns in rank and file assembled;  
 A goodly company it was, and mighty kings had trembled  
 Before the names that gathered there, when Rome was in her glory,  
 And startling gain on startling gain had filled the thrilling story.  
 Augustus Cæsar led them all, the Roman Eagle flying,  
 The Commons in the foremost ranks collectively defying,  
 And secret pro-noun parties were supplying information  
 Which proved to be of value in the final consummation.  
 The reason of this sudden heat was jealousy unstinted,  
 And as to which was worse to learn I've also heard it hinted.  
 They countered Conjugations as they charged across the pages  
 With Declensions—five battalions—and retired by easy stages,  
 With naught accomplished either side since each had equal forces  
 (The consequence of espionage and news from various sources).  
 But lucklessly the nouns were slow regaining their positions,  
 And ere they had restored once more original conditions  
 Subjunctives charged upon them all and left them much depleted,  
 And when the work of Regulars was finally completed  
 The columns of Irregulars fulfilled their expectations,  
 And were successful in the fray beyond all aspirations.  
 The verbs now thought the day was theirs; they shrieked for joy and  
 shouted;  
 But nouns had made a cunning plan, and though they had been routed,  
 Their final effort saved them all and made the contest equal,

And peace and unity remains the satisfactory sequel:  
 Abandoning all strategy they found a forceful notion,  
 And signalled their relieving force, who saw the frantic motion,  
 And singling out a company amongst that band's components,  
 They brought up fiery Adjectives and hurled at their opponents.

DASIA COOPER.

## THROUGH THE AGES

There's a small, weak, harassed country,  
 And a king hedged round by foes,  
 And a rough and hardy people  
 With no time for aught but blows,  
 Blows from a Saxon hammer  
 On the helm of a heathen Dane,  
 And learning struggling feebly  
 And almost it seems in vain.  
 That was England—Alfred's England  
 In its earliest morning glow,  
 The first beginnings of England,  
 A thousand years ago.

There's a scowling, angry monarch,  
 And a circle of mail-clad men,  
 And they gaze on their king right sternly,  
 For his fingers hold a pen;  
 And he signs them a mighty charter,  
 That, if times be good or ill,  
 There shall ever be in old England,  
 Right, freedom, and justice still.  
 So law began in old England,  
 And freedom began to grow  
 With the signing of Magna Charta,  
 Sev'n hundred years ago.

There's the mighty fleet of a tyrant,  
 And the spoils of a ruined land,  
 And some small ships manned by freemen,  
 Who love their native strand.  
 There are galleons huge that moulder,  
 Whilst brave men sail the sea,  
 Free waves for the sons of England,  
 For the sons of a land that's free.  
 That was England—Eliza's England,  
 When her sons began to go  
 Over the heaving waters,  
 Three hundred years ago.

There's the fleet of another tyrant  
 That will no more sail the sea,  
 There's mourn for a cold, dead hero  
 Who was killed in his victory.  
 There are cannon that roar like thunder,  
 There's a charge o'er the bloody plain,  
 There's Europe, freed by England  
 From tyranny, war, and pain.  
 That was England—Nelson's England,  
 Which Napoleon learnt to know,  
 When Wellington broke his legions,  
 A hundred years ago.

And now we stand united,  
 For a tyrant has risen again;  
 We stand—the people of Britain,  
 And our kindred beyond the main,  
 The men of our far-flung Empire,  
 In battle, assert once more  
 The right of the world to freedom,  
 'Midst the booming cannon's roar.  
 So may it e'er be with England  
 In the centuries yet to come,  
 Till war-drums throb no longer,  
 And the cannon's mouth is dumb.

MILDRED E. GIBBS.

## JUST SMILE

When all the world is glum and sad,  
 When things all seem most frightful bad,  
 And everyone is full of fad,  
 And you feel nearly crazy mad,  
 Just smile.

When all the sky is drear and grey,  
 When all goes wrong throughout the day,  
 And troubles meet you every way,  
 And all the joy has gone from play,  
 Though what is wrong you cannot say,  
 Just smile.

When you are disappointed too  
 'Cos what you want you cannot do,  
 And what you planned has fallen thro',  
 Just smile.

When pain has come to spoil your sleep,  
 When aches make you inclined to weep,  
 When you your share of illness reap,  
 Just smile.

When deepest sorrow makes you smart,  
 When from this world you wish to part,  
 Then cover up your broken heart,  
 And smile.

When all your courage seems to fail,  
 When all your efforts don't avail,  
 When you from dreadful struggles quail,  
 Don't let the world see you are frail,  
 But smile.

And so go on till life is done,  
 Thro' storm or calm, thro' rain or sun,  
 And for your motto take this one,  
 "Just smile."

MOLLY CHALLONER.