

Newcastle High School Magazine.

No. 38.

AUTUMN TERM, 1917.

Fourpence.



STAFF

Head Mistress:—

FORM VI ... MISS GURNEY, M.A., B.Sc. (Girton Coll. Camb.; Math. Tripos M.A., T.C.D.; B.Sc. and Diploma in Education, Durham.)

Second Mistress:—

FORM VA ... MISS DICKINSON, Oxford Final Honours School of Modern Languages *Modern Languages and Singing.*

FORM VB ... MISS SCOTT, B.A. (R.U.I., Dublin). *Mathematics.*

FORM IVA ... MISS HESLOP, M.Sc. (Durham) and Oxford Diploma in Geography *Geography.*

FORM IVAR ... MISS DODGSON, Cambridge Mediæval and Modern Languages Tripos, and Diploma in Education *English Literature.*

FORM IVB ... Miss COMRIE, B.A. Honours (London), and Diploma in Education (Durham) *French.*

FORM IIIA ... MISS MASON, Cambridge Mathematical Tripos and Diploma in Education (Manchester) *Mathematics.*

FORM IIIAR ... MISS CLOUGH, B.A., History Honours (Durham), and Diploma in Education *History.*

FORM IIIB ... MISS FORD, Certificated Student of Mme. Oesterberg, *Swedish Drill.*

FORM II ... Miss STUART, B.A. (London), Diploma in Education (Durham), *English.*

FORM I ... MISS EDMUNDS, N.F.U. Higher Certificate.

KINDERGARTEN } MISS MCNEIL, N.F.U. Certificate.
KINDERGARTEN } MISS WEDDELL, N.F.U. Higher Certificate.
KINDERGARTEN } MISS OLIVER, B.Sc. (Aberdeen) *Science.*
KINDERGARTEN } MISS SHIPLEY, Cambridge Classical Tripos, Parts 1 and 2, *Classics.*

SCHOOL OFFICIALS

Head Girl	N. Burnip.
School Prefect	M. Burton.
Prefects	{ N. Burnip, M. Burton, G. Ison, E. Burnett.
Hockey Captain	G. Ison.
Tennis Captain	M. Macfadyen.
Secretary of Games	E. Morpeth.
Secretary of Charitable FundsG. Ison.
Lost Property Monitress	M. Macfadyen.
Editor of the Magazine	M. Burton.
Magazine Committee	{ Miss Dodgson, M. Burton, E. Burnett, E. Morpeth, M. Gibbs.

EDITORIAL

Several changes have taken place in the Magazine this term, and we hope they will prove to be for the better.

At the end of last term Miss Dodgson very kindly offered two prizes: one to be given in the Junior School for the best original poem, and the other in the Senior for the best story. We had hoped that in this way we should have had more choice of material for the Magazine; but unfortunately our hopes proved false, as there were not many entries. It is disappointing to find that so few people are interested in the improvement of the Magazine, and we hope that in future everyone will try to do something.

A Magazine Committee has been formed to judge the stories and poetry which are sent in for the competitions, so that only the prize ones will appear in print. This term, however, it has had no great difficulty in judging, as only a few stories and poems were sent in. The Senior prize has been awarded to Molly Challoner, Form VA, and the Junior to Phyllis Anderson, Form II. We congratulate both these competitors, and urge them to continue.

Now we come to that everlasting topic of Form Notes. This time it is not all complaint, as there really is a great improvement, and the writers must be commended on their efforts to exclude school news. It seems a pity to have to spoil this commendation by any "don'ts," yet there is one that must be said, and that is "Don't mention Girl Guides in the Notes." It is very hard not to when so many members of the Form belong to them, but since their doings are all described at length in another part of the Magazine it is rather unnecessary as well as very monotonous to have them mentioned four or five times previously in the Notes. We congratulate Gladys Fletcher on winning the prize for the Form Notes.

We are all very sorry to lose our school poet, Dasia Coopper, who has held this position for two years, and has fulfilled her duties well. We had hoped that there would have been more competition to fill this vacancy, but evidently people are not ambitious in this line. Mildred Gibbs (Form VB) has been elected as her successor; we hope that she will find her task agreeable, and we wish her every success.

We must now depart from matters concerning the Magazine and express our regret at the departure of Miss Kelly and Miss Johnson. They have both been with us for a number of years, and we shall miss them very much, but still we can be thankful that they have not left the town, so that we shall be able to see them sometimes. We hope that they will enjoy their new work, and our best wishes go with them.

We acknowledge with thanks the Chronicle of the Sunderland High School.

SCHOOL NEWS

LISTS.

				Stars.	Entries in Excellent Book
Form VI	11	—
Form VA	12	0
Form VB	5	1
Form IV A	8	1
Form IV AR	3	2
Form IV B	0	0
Form III A	3	4
Form III AR	8	2
Form III B	5	1
Form II	6	8

HONOUR CARDS.

Form II.—J. Bristow, B. Wilson, N. Woodall.

Form I.—D. Smith, M. Grier, F. Rycroft, N. Mendelson, D. Ison, D. Dryburgh.

Transition.—D. Morris, G. White, Amy White.

Kindergarten A.—B. Basham, R. Morison, C. Robertson, C. Wood.

Kindergarten B.—J. Mendelson, B. Smith, Albert White.

EXAMINATION RESULTS.

Durham Matriculation (July).—*Full Certificate.*—C. Pringle.

Completed Certificate.—E. Morris.

(September).—*Full Certificate.*—G. Fletcher.

Virgin Mary Hospital Minor Scholarship of £30 a year for three years has been won by Phyllis Walker.

GOVERNORS' SCHOLARSHIPS, 1917-1918.

Senior.—Ursula Burton.

Junior.—Margaret Graham.

FORM NOTES

FORM VI.

Once upon a time—or rather a few terms ago, an appeal appeared in some Form Notes for a new beginning for the same, but as yet I have seen no answer to the said appeal—much to my disappointment, for no brain-wave has swept over me and I have waited in vain for an inspiration.

Now to recount the doings of the Sixth Form during the Summer Term. First of all once more we enjoy the privilege of having a Form-room, and I think none of us were sorry to leave our old quarters, the Hall; not that we were uncomfortable there, but that we feel more select and quiet in our new domain, and of course we feel much more at home with our own familiar pictures around us, though those in the Hall are certainly most beautiful.

We were very proud to win the Form Net-ball Cup, especially as it was a novel incident, it being the first year that the Sixth Form has been allowed to compete, and we hope that we will be allowed to try again next year, and not be debarred because we won this time.

We were very keen to win the Tennis Cup too, but that was pre-destined not to fall to our lot. We managed to get as far as the Final, but Form VB proved too strong for us, and we congratulate them in carrying off the coveted trophy.

Never before have we known the trials which our mistresses go through in examination time until this term, and even then in a very minor degree, for I think we all rather enjoyed the setting and correcting of the General Knowledge Paper, which fell to our lot this term. It was really quite interesting to see what people *would* put as answers to questions of which they knew absolutely nothing, and to notice their ingenuity.

Mabyl Macfadyen has brought another honour to our Form by winning the Tennis Singles Championship Cup. We were all immensely pleased, as I am sure everyone will admit that it is a great honour to have the School Champion for a member of one's Form.

We congratulate Phyllis Walker on winning a Virgin Mary Scholarship, Cicely Pringle on passing her Durham Matriculation, and Elsie Morris on completing her certificate in Latin.

Sewing was the order of the day again at the end of this term. We all feel very glad to be able to help our soldiers even in this little way, and this term we were especially pleased at being promoted to pyjamas and shirts from the hot-water bottle covers and bags of former terms!

It was a great blow when we heard that Miss Kelly and Miss Johnson were going to leave us, but it was mercifully alleviated when we were told that they were not forsaking us absolutely, but were starting a new branch of the N.H.S. in another part of the town, and so would still claim to be a part of us. We do hope that their new school will flourish and be as great a success as our own is.

Four of us have felt very sad at the thought that this is our last term at school; Phyllis Walker, Elsie Morris, and I are going on to the College of Medicine, and Edna Dogherty to teach in her father's school, but we shall always look back with pleasure on the happy times we spent at Newcastle High School.

"School days soon are over, but our memory clings
 Faithfully and fondly to the dear old schoolday things.
 May N.H.S. long prosper, leading others on,
 Teaching them to love the right, to strive to right the wrong.
 Blessings on our School, dear old School,
 School by the old North Road."

GLADYS H. FLETCHER.

FORM VA.

As everybody is now thinking of food production and allotments I will begin by mentioning our beautiful Form garden, which, thanks to the unfailing energy of our garden monitors, is filled with beans, onions, lettuces, and other vegetables. I know there were some cauliflower, but I believe that they are in poor health now as the rest of the Form never thought of watering them when the monitors both happened to be absent.

We don't mind the school being so full, because in consequence we have had some lovely new desks in our Form and we have to make great efforts to keep them speckless. This is not very easy in examination time, because one is in too much of a hurry always to put one's pen down with the nib over the edge of the desk! The desks were inspected this morning and none of them were speckless; one of the two cleanest had one and a half spots of ink on it. I do not know what the other one had.

In sports we have not excelled ourselves. We only just had a full net-ball team for the Form matches, as our centre was absent; and, although in these matches we managed to get into the final, when playing off the latter we only got 2 goals, whilst the top Form got about 20. In hockey we had to drop out of the matches altogether because we had only about four hockey players in our Form. In tennis too we did not excel ourselves any more than in other games, for we were knocked out in the first round by V_B. In the Form Marching Competitions, although, of course, we wished for the cup, we never really expected it, especially after we had seen IVAR—who won the cup-march.

As I cannot think of any other Form news, and there are certain subjects which the Editor has given us serious injunctions not to mention, as they will be properly discoursed on elsewhere in the Magazine, I will now stop.

U. BURTON.

FORM V_B.

The weather this term forms a very good introduction to Form Notes, and although I am often being told that to talk or write about the weather is most impolite, I am doing so for at least two reasons. This interesting topic, besides being a thing which distinctly concerns our Form, and which, without reprimand from the Editor, we can pursue with as much gusto as we like, forms an excellent excuse for the poorness of these Form Notes, for the last fortnight has been so intensely hot, the air so heavy, and the ardour of exams so great, that it has left one without any energy (if anyone ever had any energy over the production of Form Notes).

The exams this term took up seven whole days—the fourteenth exam being a General Knowledge Paper containing one hundred and ten questions, of which you were asked to attempt not more than a hundred.

I was pleased to attempt only forty.

One of the girls told me something very amusing about her composition paper—which brings to light the great originality, not to mention the knowledge of French and Latin which she possesses. Question 2 in the paper was a list of words of which by putting into suitable sentences we were to show the meaning. One of these words was “luxuriant,” which, not being very clearly printed, was thought by the girl to be lusuriant. She confessed to me that she had never heard of the word, but deciding to make at least some attempt, wrote thus:—“Lus comes from the Latin *lux*, a light; curiant is the present participle of the verb *courir*, to run; therefore a running light, which means a shooting star.”

The finals of the Form Hockey Matches were played the first week of term, in which our Form versus VI were beaten.

I may frankly say we were sorry to lose our basket-ball shield, which has travelled about with us since last summer, and which we lost in the matches at the beginning of term. We are glad that Form VI

won it, though we are rather afraid they are getting too many of the cups and shields;; indeed it looked rather suspicious when they had to be moved into a Form room of their own.

This sad loss of ours, however, is somewhat lessened by the presence of a silver cup on the mistress's desk, and the bareness of the walls has been amended by a quantity of pictures from one of the Forms which exchanged places with the VI.

We did not shine in the Form drilling this term, but still live in hopes of gaining the cup next term.

Quite a lot of our Form are going fruit picking, and I expect when this Magazine comes out they will look back upon the time spent at Blairgowrie as one of the most enjoyable fortnights they have ever had.

We are sorry to lose Miss Kelly as our Form mistress, but as she is not leaving Newcastle we hope to see her and Miss Johnson sometimes. In fact Miss Kelly has invited us to come and have tea with her when they are settled, which shows that she is not glad to see the last of us, and that is very nice of her. We wish them both the best of luck and success in the new school.

F. M. CHARLES.

FORM IV_A.

Thank goodness the examinations are over! It seemed almost too good to be true to discover that you had no examinations to revise! There has only been one lecture this term. It was "Vive la France," given by Mademoiselle de Lisle. But really we have not had time to be dull, we have had such a lot to do for the girl guides. I don't know whatever we will do next term—no second class badges to work for, and no concert. Those who are not guides must have thought us all mad! Bandages here and bandages there! After dinner you were sure to find some poor victim getting bandaged for some imaginary complaint!

Then there was the Union Jack which Miss Gurney presented to us, and the Guide Cup and brooches (which our patrol did *not* get).

The Marching Competition was very exciting, and I am sure IV_A deserved the cup. We all knew that they were sure to get it.

We had sewing all the morning of the day before we broke up, and we made pyjamas for the soldiers. It was very annoying when you had got most of your sewing done to find that both you and your partner were doing left legs.

We are all very sorry that Miss Johnson and Miss Kelly are leaving us.

G. GREENER.

FORM IV_A.

I am a new girl. Strictly speaking I am not. Because last term I just took one or two lessons, and some coaching, while I wandered in my lessons from III_B to IV_A. This term, however, I am no Nomade, but stay in IV_A except for French, where I go up in IV_A. English school-life is different from the school-life in Roumania. In that country you started school at eight o'clock in the morning and finished at six in the evening. One gets used to it after a time. This term is the first real occasion where I have felt the English school-life, and it has been most successful and I enjoyed it very much. What has helped it to be so cheerful was the little lecture of Mdlle. de Lisle, and the Girl Guides' performance.

A lot of excitement was shown just before the exams, and a few girls I am sorry to say wished that they had learned better during the term. For it is rather hard, when you see yourself confronted with the whole of last term's and this term's work; and when you have to repeat it all in one or two days, for nobody likes to fail I should think.

As our Form is one of the best in the school (or I suppose it is so), and there are a number of clever and very hard-working girls in it, I find it rather hard to keep up the reputation of the Form, but after the results of the examinations I heave a big sigh of satisfaction and say to myself: "Well, you have not done so very badly, considering that you have been absent the whole of last term." And I am satisfied.

MAY HARTLEY.

FORM IVB.

This term we have had fine weather for the Form matches. We lost both the tennis and basket-ball matches, for which we are very sorry.

The Girl Guides have proved a great success, and there are a great many more girls waiting to join. They have given two concerts this term; the last one the mothers were invited. Both were a great success, and were given in aid of the school charities. The last one made £15, 12s. 6d., and they wanted £16. The concerts were got up entirely by the Guides themselves.

On Empire Day all our school girls went to Jesmond Church in the morning. The Vicar gave us a very nice address.

We have had one star and no entries this term, but we have had a good many excellents and order marks.

We have still gone on with the War Savings, and I think it has mounted up to £84, 14s. this term.

One of the most important events of the term was the Form Drilling Competitions. Each Form was drilled in turn by Miss Ford. Then Miss Gurney gave the cup.

Our egg weeks for the wounded soldiers in Miss Gurney's Hospital have gone on as usual.

VERA ZOLLNER.
CLAIRE FOWLER.

FORM IIIA.

This has been a very nice term. We had a French lecture by Mademoiselle de Lisle. It was very interesting.

At the end of last term II played IIIB at hockey and IIIB won. This term IIIB played IIIA, and after a good game we won. The Junior Hockey Cup was given to our Form. There was a net-ball match for all the school from Form II and above. We are sorry to say that we lost. The Sixth had the good fortune of winning after playing several forms.

In the Drill Competition we came second. The Girl Guides gave two concerts and they were very good. They got £15, 12s. 6d. at the second concert for the orphan. Our tennis champions played several other schools, and each time we have been successful.

There has been a new Form made in the middle of this term called IIIA Remove. We are glad the examinations are over, and are looking forward to the holidays.

E. MUIR.
P. CHICKEN.

FORM IIIAR.

This term has been very jolly. We have been playing tennis tournaments against different schools. One was against the Central High School, and we won.

We have had our Forms rearranged, because there were too many girls in one Form. Some of Form II have come up, and some of IIIA are with us, so there is quite a lot of Forms in one. It is called IIIAR, and that is a big lift for the Form II girls who have come up.

We had a French lecture this term, but our Form was not allowed to go, because we would not understand it.

The Girl Guides gave a concert, first to the girls, and then to the parents. We sold tickets to the parents, because we were sixteen pounds short. We are helping a girl called Doris Hetherington, and the funds were very low, so we gave the concert to help. We raised £15, 12s. 6d., which was a great help I suppose, and both the concerts were a great success. The whole school was sewing all day on Monday; we were making things for the soldiers. Some girls were doing Red Cross work, which was very useful.

We had a marching up this term, and after we had marched we were inspected. Mrs Ford presented the cup, and IVAR won it, and IIIA was next. Miss Heslop is the mistress of IVAR, and she would be very proud of her Form. We break up on Wednesday, and I hope we will all have a jolly holiday.

VIOLET HOBBIS.

FORM IIIB.

This term has been very exciting. On Empire Day we all went to Jesmond Church. The school had a very nice Drill Competition on the 28th June; IVAR won the cup, presented by Mrs Ford. Miss Gurney thought that our Form was too big, so she divided it into two Forms, IIIB and IIIAR. Miss Ford is our Form mistress again. The Girl Guides had a very nice concert, and they asked the whole school to tea. We stayed from 2.30 till 9.30, although the concert should have been over at 7.30. Then they had it again because Miss Oliver thought it was so good, and all the fathers and mothers went and they liked it very much. Some of the big girls are going on to a farm with Miss Oliver.

BELLE DOTCHIN.

MURIEL HERBERTSON.

FORM II.

I think this term has been very jolly. We had a Marching Cup given. Mrs Ford gave it to the Form that marched best.

We have had only five stars, I am sorry to say, because last term we only had about two order marks.

The school also were asked to the Guides' day, and we enjoyed it very much.

The gardens are very pretty just now, and they have got a lot of vegetables in them, as they ought to have.

We changed our Form-room into the Hall, and there is another Form-room also in the Hall. IIIB, IIIA, and us were such big Forms that Miss Gurney made another Form, called IIIAR. Two of our girls went right up and missed IIIB. I have not failed in any of the exams, but only got honours in dictation, and that was all.

Miss Clarke has been away, and is back now, so we have been having Miss Ford quite a lot. I do love gym and net-ball, although my side has never won.

Our Form is much bigger now; we have about twenty-three girls.

Now I must close. Good-bye.

E. R. HANKS.

FORM I.

Miss Edmunds has been absent about half this term; we were very glad when she came back. Mary Younger brought some newts to school. We had a Drill Competition at school; IVAR got the cup. The Girl Guides gave a concert, and they collected £15, 12s. 6d.

L. JOKELSON.

This has been a very nice term. Two of our mistresses are leaving this term to go to another school. We have two newts in our Form-room. We had the Marching Competition, and Mrs Ford presented the cup to IVAR. Miss Gurney and the Guides gave a concert, and we got fifteen pounds twelve and sixpence for the orphan that we keep at Whitley.

E. CAIRNS.

BOARDERS' NOTES.

Strawberries! If anyone likes strawberries they should come to the Grove in the summer term. We had glorious times picking and eating strawberries, but all this happened about the middle of the term, and we think it would be more advisable to begin the Boarders' Notes with the beginning of the term.

When we came back Miss Fletcher and Mademoiselle were unable to be here, so we were left to ourselves, and strange to say managed to behave ourselves without their awe-inspiring presence to correct our misconduct.

On Ascension Day we had our first piece of excitement. In the morning there was a tennis tournament, and in the evening most of us went to see "Dorothy." Those who were left at home had a most exciting time, as they scaled rickety steps and arrived in the tower, and went into the unopened wing of the house.

On Whit Monday we entertained the 1st Newcastle Company of Guides. They made fires and had tea on the hockey field. One night there was an ambulance display, also in the hockey field, which we were allowed to watch.

Another Saturday we helped to entertain Miss Nellie's Sunday School children, and we were very surprised to see some of them in Church the next morning after the amount of tea they had eaten!

We were very pleased that one of our patrols carried off the Guide Cup, which was kindly presented by Mr Mennie for the best patrol. The faces of the Grove Guides, especially those of our captain and lieutenant, shone after the event as if they had been polished by some magic hand. The last night of the term, as a breaking-up ceremony, we had a fancy-dress ball, and the various costumes looked most picturesque. Mademoiselle as a French nobleman of the eighteenth century exceeded the limit and won the prize. We were all very sorry that Mademoiselle had to go back to France, but we wish her very good luck wherever she may be.

A.C.E.P.M.T.

GAMES

Mens sana in corpore sano.

TENNIS.

This year we have had perfect tennis weather, and we have been very lucky in having the same courts as before, which are very nice indeed.

We have been very successful in the way of matches, winning them all except the match against the Old Girls which we always lose. It is hoped that the standard of play will continue for the Shield Match next year.

The following girls played for the school:—M. Macfadyen, W. Lloyd, L. Balfour, A. Smallwood, N. Martin.

We congratulate the four latter players on winning their brooches.

The matches played were:—

June 12th.—v. Central High School. Home. Won by 38 games to 28 games.

June 21st.—v. Rutherford College. Home. Won by 48 games to 28 games.

July 12th.—v. The Old Girls. Home. Lost by 22 games to 48 games.

July 16th.—v. Central High School. Away. Won by 45 games to 34 games.

Form Doubles' Championship won by Form VB.

Singles' Championship won by M. Macfadyen.

Senior Tournament won by L. Balfour and F. Stott.

Junior Tournament won by H. Conner and J. Harbottle.

The Juniors must be congratulated on their play this year, as there has been a great improvement which we hope will continue; but it is hoped that the behaviour on the courts will improve, because if it does not we will not be able to play on them in future.

M. MACFADYEN (*Capt.*)

NET-BALL.

It is an unusual occurrence for there to be any Net-ball Notes in the summer Magazine, for as a rule we do not play this term. Owing to the bad weather at the end of last, however, we were unable to play off the Form Matches, and so the important event had to be postponed. Three weeks after term had begun, on a very fine but windy (an especially good climatic condition for Net-ball!) day, all the Forms gathered together to compete for the Shield. Now besides being played in the wrong term, the matches were unique in that Forms VI and VA were allowed to "try their hand," an event which has not taken place before for this Shield.

The Forms were divided into three groups, each Form playing the other in the respective groups, and then the winners of each group playing each other in the final. The goals that each Form had gained altogether were added up, and the one which had the largest score was the winner.

As was rightly so, after a very hard, but exciting struggle, the Sixth Form was victorious, and triumphantly carried the day, or—as it happened—the Shield.

Each game was most exciting, and everyone played their hardest. Some of the Junior Forms we must especially congratulate, for they showed a very keen and sporting spirit under rather trying conditions (having opponents quite twice their size!)

We had no more Net-ball after the Form Matches, but are looking forward to some good games and Matches next term, and all remember to

“Play up, play up, play the game.”

GLADYS FLETCHER (*Capt.*).

FRENCH LECTURE

On May 14th Mademoiselle de Lisle gave us a most interesting lecture in French; the subject was “*Vive la France*,” and was one of the most entertaining and comprehensible lectures we have had for some time.

The French people as a whole, Mademoiselle de Lisle pointed out, are, even in normal times, a much more economical race than the British. Even among the highest classes economy is practised to a very great extent, as a matter of principle. One of the main characteristics of the French is civility, from the highest to the very lowest orders. No boy or girl would think of leaving or entering a class-room without saying “*Bon jour, Mademoiselle*,” whereas the English are much more brusque and casual in their manner, and in this matter at any rate could well take a lesson from their neighbours across the Channel. They consider it the height of bad manners to appear anything but light-hearted and at ease during meals. Outward cheerfulness and a ready flow of conversation are essential to good breeding, and a child who sits down to dinner with a frown upon her face is at once rebuked as threatening to spoil everyone’s appetite by her *mauvaise humeur*. Another point much emphasised by Mademoiselle was the remarkably early rising of the French. “How many of you,” she asked, “would like to get up every morning, summer and winter, at five or six o’clock?” No answers!

Now after all these remarks in favour of the French, just one thing must be mentioned on our behalf, namely, that there is scarcely any comparison between the two nations as regards sports. The British are by far the more athletic race. A French boy when playing football had two teeth knocked out. His parents claimed £400 damages from the master. And what is more they won their case! How many British parents would go to court on such a plea?

THE GIRL GUIDES

This term the Guides had something definite to work for, and that was a Silver Cup most kindly given by Mr Mennie. The Cup was to be competed for by the Patrols, the winning Patrol being presented with brooches given by Miss Oliver and Miss Ford. As the School Company had not been formed as long as the Grove, it was decided that the marks would be given for Competitions in which each Company would have the same chance. These Competitions were Handiwork, Relay Race, Long Jump, Patrol Drill, and Patrol Singing. At every odd moment the Patrol leaders trained their Patrols for these various events, and there was great excitement and mystery concerning the form the handiwork would take.

In addition to the Competitions a Guide Day was arranged and the whole school invited to a tea and concert. Rehearsing for the concert took a great deal of time, and those of the performers who were also Patrol leaders had very little spare time. In spite of these distractions the real Guide Work was not neglected, and the Guides also worked for their 2nd Class Badges. As Miss Oliver and Miss Ford were so busy the task of instructing the Patrols was undertaken by the Patrol leaders. It was very difficult teaching First Aid out of a book, but about forty managed to pass. It was hoped that the badges would have been presented on the day of the concert, but unfortunately that was not possible.

All too soon the great day arrived. The Competitions were judged by Miss Gurney, Miss Mennie, and Miss Nellie Gurney, and some of the staff. The Handiwork was really very good, since nothing had to cost more than 1s. 9d., and the Competitions were most exciting, especially the Patrol Drill and the Singing. When everything had been judged the tea was served by the VIth and VA, who kindly looked after that part of the programme, as the Guides were too busy.

After tea the Cup was presented by Miss Mennie to the winning Patrol—Elsa Wallis's of the Grove. Miss Gurney very kindly gave a beautiful Union Jack to the Guides, and a march past took place, everyone saluting the flag. Miss Oliver gave the brooches to the winning Patrol, who are to wear them on their tunics.

After this everyone marched upstairs to the Hall where the guests were assembled, and the concert began with the Guide Song. We possess an orchestra of which we are very proud, and are hoping that it may be greatly enlarged. The concert was such a success that we gave it again a fortnight later. This time we wished to raise money, as the fund which provides for the keep of Doris Hetherington at St Oswald's Home, Cullercoats, was getting low. It was hoped that £16 would be raised, and parents and friends were all invited. We were very pleased when it was announced that well over £15 had been raised.

The Guides had shown what they could do, and it is said that over thirty more want to become Guides.

THE GUIDES' CONCERT

An air of mystery pervaded the school at the beginning of term in connection with the Girl Guides. We discovered nothing, however, until one morning, when, on going into school, we found a large, beautifully printed notice in the corridor inviting the school to attend on July 5th a Guides' Day, which was to include tea and a concert in the evening. Needless to say, the school accepted the invitation with pleasure.

The concert took place in the Hall after tea, and we enjoyed it immensely throughout the whole programme, which began with the Guides' Song, and was brought to a suitable end by the Brownies' "Good Night" Song. A quartette played "Chant sans Paroles," and Siebel Beswick played two delightful violin solos. There were a number of good songs, dances, and recitations by various Guides. Dorothea Holmes and Amy Macintosh acted an amusing sketch called "The Crystal Gazer," and we all wept with laughter at "Mechanical Jane," another sketch, acted by Gladys Ison, Pearl Leventhall, and Lois Balfour, who was "Jane" herself.

In the interval, Miss Gurney, as auctioneer, sold to the audience articles made by the Guides in the Competition for the Silver Cup pre-

sented by Mr Mennie. Miss Gurney made a splendid auctioneer, and the audience bid well, so that everything was sold.

Everyone agreed that the concert was a great success, so much so that it was repeated a few weeks later for the benefit of outsiders, and the proceeds, £5. 12s. 6d., were given to the School Charitable Fund.

We congratulate Miss Oliver and Miss Ford and the Guides, and thank them very much for inviting us to their splendid concert.

ELSIE M. MORPETH.

THE N.H.S. LITERARY SOCIETY

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

In accordance with the decision arrived at last term, two, and not three, meetings of the Literary Society have been held this term.

The first took place on Tuesday, June 12th. Tea (needless to relate!) was the first item on the programme. The members then departed to the playground where it was decided to hold the meeting on account of the delightful weather. Chairs were procured for the President and Vice-President, while the less illustrious members reclined in more or less elegant attitudes upon the ground, with the exception of the Secretary, who, apparently deeming herself too mighty a personage for so humble a resting-place, took up her position on the caretaker's glass frames, with rather disastrous results!

Bernard Shaw's "Arms and the Man" was the play chosen for reading. Both the President and Vice-President took parts, Form VI providing the rest of the *dramatis personæ*. Two members of VA were invited, but they took no part in the actual proceedings. At 6.15 the meeting adjourned.

The second meeting was held on Monday, July 2nd, likewise out of doors, preference being given to the tennis courts. Another of Bernard Shaw's works was read, namely, "You Never Can Tell." This time a member of VA was given a part which she ably performed. Both meetings were greatly enjoyed by the VIth, who are much indebted to Miss Dodgson and Miss Shipley for the interest they have taken in forming and directing the Society.

Next term works other than those of Bernard Shaw will be chosen.

LIBRARY

The Librarian acknowledges with many thanks the gift of the following books :—

"Roger Ingleton, Minor."	T. B. Reed	...	Poppie Lowe.
"The Heroes."	C. Kingsley	...	P. M. Walker.
"The Island of Refuge."	C. A. Mercer	...	P. M. Walker.
"A Naval Venture"	Mrs Talbot.

Readers will notice that several new shelves have recently been added to the Library, which will provide ample accommodation for any further gifts.

NEWS OF OLD GIRLS

MARRIAGES.

Oliver—Edwards.—At Jesmond Church, on the 5th inst., by the Rev. G. D. Oakley, Frank Scott, only son of the late James L. and Mrs Oliver, of Tynemouth, to Julia Winifred, third daughter of Mr and Mrs F. H. Edwards, of Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Sempill—Kelly.—At Gosforth Parish Church, Newcastle-on-Tyne, on 4th September, by the Rev. Canon Maddison, Rector, assisted by the Rev. W. King, Hugh Douglas, son of the late John Douglas Sempill, Stirling, to Nora May, youngest daughter of the late Bruce Kelly and of Mrs Kelly, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

“DOING OUR BIT”

“Self-praise is no recommendation” is an excellent proverb for all except those to whom falls the lot of rendering a readable account of a successful undertaking in which they took an active part; and if the following account of the doings of the High School Fruit Picking Party fails in any sense to convey what actually took place, it is because the writer feels the utter impossibility of giving to anyone who was not actually there an adequate idea of the results of the expenditure of some of the superabundant energies of the forty “young animals” who comprised the party.

On July 27th at 9.15 a.m. we met at Newcastle Station. We counted our parcels and Miss Oliver, Miss Weddell, and Miss Cooke each counted us several times so that there might be no mistake when we got out at Edinburgh. There was much anxiety over one person who insisted upon being overlooked. To while away the tedium of the journey most people had brought books, but there are more ways of amusing oneself in a train than by reading, and quite a number found it necessary to start eating immediately we left Newcastle in order to consume the enormous quantity of food they had brought. Crossing the border we raised a cheer; no one knew exactly why we should do so, but it seemed very appropriate, and a great relief to our feelings. So far the scenery had not been a matter for discussion, in fact it had almost been ignored, but once in Scotland—and for many it was the first time—we expected to see a change. Scotland, however, turned out to be amazingly like England in everything except the shape of its hayricks!

We arrived at Blairgowrie about 7 p.m., and were offered a choice of waiting two hours for a conveyance or walking out to Essendy where the fruit-picking settlement is situated, and which is said to be three and a half Scotch miles from Blairgowrie. Deceptive adjective! We walked and walked and walked, and you may find people to-day who will solemnly affirm that Blairgowrie is six miles from Essendy, though the more sober members of the party will put it at four and a half. Certainly all are agreed it was *not* three and a half miles. We had supper at the canteen which the growers provided, and immediately afterwards went to bed.

And thereby hangs a tale! The great majority of the budding fruit-pickers had desired to retire nightly to delightful little bedrooms, perhaps modestly but artistically furnished, but at least possessing each a single feather bed of unknown depths! The surprise of these poetic dreamers can well be imagined when they found that twenty could sleep

in a dormitory and two in a bed without suffering any discomfort, and that although they soon "touched bottom," they slept as though borne on fleecy clouds to the realms of bliss. Moreover the arrangement offered unprecedented opportunities for practise in the tenets of socialism. When anyone got a box she was "At Home" in her bed to many and willing guests, who called upon her, partook of refreshments, and then passed on to another bed, repeating the performance *ad lib* till the "silence bell" rang. And so scandalous was the consumption of sweets and cakes, and so alarming the inevitable consequences that Miss Oliver found it necessary to put us on sweet rations before the end of the first week. The daily allowance was six sweets or one bar of chocolate, and no canteen lemonade. *Errare est humanum!*

One of the greatest delights granted to us was the splendid bathing facilities at Clunie Loch, which was only about half a mile away from the settlement. The morning after our arrival was spent at the Loch side, when some bathed and gave a highly satisfactory report. The stones which bordered the Loch were very sharp, and in proof one or two people proudly exhibited cut feet. Beyond the stones there was the deepest, slimiest, muddiest mud ever experienced, and the taste of the water—according to some people who seemed to drink great quantities every time they went in—was not unlike that of a spa. However, away from the "man with the muck-rake," one could have a delightful swim, and thus every evening we came into intimate touch with nature and refreshed ourselves with elemental and primeval joys.

The afternoon of the first day was spent in Blairgowrie, where we laid in for ourselves stocks of jam, treacle, biscuits, and such like additions to the canteen fare, and also had tea.

The second day, being Sunday and consequently not a working day, we met Miss Gurney and Miss Dickinson in Blairgowrie and went for a sixteen-mile drive to Kirkmichael. The fortunate people who managed to obtain the box seats conversed with the drivers, and gave the occupants of the brakes the benefit of a translation of his remarks, which translation was more remarkable for ingenuity than accuracy. It may be remarked in passing that some attained remarkable proficiency in the Scotch tongue before leaving, at least in the eyes of the uninitiated to whom Scotch meant mangled English. We had a very good lunch beside the river at Kirkmichael, and spent the afternoon there in blazing sunshine. As we were leaving, however, it commenced to rain, and continued to do so without ceasing until we reached Blairgowrie. Eventually our panamas hung in folds about our faces, our macintoshes were soaked through, and large pools collected in the rubber brake rugs which had to be periodically drained. At Blairgowrie, as guests of Miss Gurney, we enjoyed an excellent tea, then set off on our tramp towards Essendy, bed, and quinine pills!

The next day we rose at 5 a.m. and commenced work. We picked raspberries for Mr Ballantyne whose field was quite close to the settlement. The raspberry bushes grow in long straight drills, and the pickers work in pairs, one on each side of the drill. The fruit is picked into a small pail which is fastened at the picker's waist, and when this is full it is emptied into a larger pail which would hold about 28 lbs. It was not very tiring work, and one could generally find a congenial partner with whom to talk or, as was more often the case, with whom to sing. We generally worked from 6 a.m. till 8 a.m., 9—12 a.m., 2 p.m.—4.15 p.m. Twice we worked overtime. We were paid at the rate of 4d. per lb. of fruit picked, and almost everybody found this sufficient to pay for their food at the canteen. With many it was more than enough, for in the second week some earned 5s. and over in one day. Payment was given at the end of each period of work, and we were requested by Miss Oliver to keep strict account of our earnings, as a prize was to be awarded to the most energetic picker. This proved to

be Peggy Daniels, who in the fortnight earned £1 9s. 2d. On Thursday and Friday morning we worked for another grower, but Friday afternoon was so wet that work was impossible, so we did the best thing we could and went to bed, not to sleep, but to play cards, tell fortunes, sing, and generally enjoy ourselves. The following afternoon was spent in Blairgowrie, where we shopped and afterwards had tea at the invitation of the Staff.

On Sunday we went to Church, being first paraded before Miss Oliver, who scrutinised us back and front to see if we were sufficiently tidy, and presented us each with a threepenny piece, which was not for "keeps" but for collection. After a hot two-mile walk, we arrived at the "Kirk," only to find there was no service until 2 p.m. So we returned and had the exceedingly good dinner which was the result of the overnight preparation of the Staff, and once more set out for Church. It was a small building of an unclassified architectural type, inside it was very simple, with straight, narrow, high-backed pews. And it was intensely hot. Brilliant sunshine poured through the unshaded windows upon silent sufferers, who alternately squirmed and mopped their faces. Following our arrival the lady organist took her place and played the Intermezzo of Cavalleria Rusticana at a rate becoming for a Church voluntary! Then the choir, also composed of females, took their places upon the beautiful carved oak Jacobean chairs which faced the congregation. The sermon was preached by a Scotchman of an imaginative and fiery temperament, and commemorated the third anniversary of the outbreak of war. It was a long sermon, enlivened by dramatic periods which drew tears from some and painfully concealed mirth from others, according to the nature and experience—or inexperience—of the listener.

The next week raspberries were more plentiful, and we worked harder and more skilfully. There was always tremendous competition as to who should earn the most. It was a much debated point whether "squashed" raspberries or "unsquashed" raspberries weighed heavier. Mr Ballantyne professed himself pleased with our efforts; "he would be pleased to see us again next year, we were the cleanest pickers he'd had for twelve years." The latter remark not being meant as a compliment upon our appearance, but having reference to our method of picking. During the fortnight we gathered 7 tons of fruit. We worked until noon on Friday, August 10th; the afternoon was given over to packing, and we left the settlement about 7.30 a.m. the following morning.

For fear of incurring the Editor's wrath, and the reader's impatience at the length of this article I must now close. To describe the endless and delightful little incidents which took place during the fortnight would fill the Magazine. Nothing has been said about the teas which we had in picnic style in front of the Staff tent, nor of the jolly things Miss Oliver found for us to eat, nor of the nightly concerts which took place in adjourning dormitories, nor of the time when we in turn entertained our neighbours, nor how when water ran short some of us washed at the pump and some didn't wash at all, nor how on the last morning we rose at 4 a.m. and went to gather heather, but detailed accounts of these happenings and of many others can be had from any picker.

There is no doubt but that the fruit-picking expedition to Blairgowrie was an unqualified success. To all those who hesitated to join us because the accommodation was not that of a first-class hotel we can only say that they missed the best time of their lives. With those who could not come we deeply sympathise, and remind them that they may have the opportunity of doing so next year.

It would not be proper to close this sketchy report without some reference to the members of the Staff who contributed so much to the

success of the undertaking; to Miss Oliver who—unconsciously perhaps—impressed us all by her readiness to anticipate our insatiable appetites and restore the unheeding and broken ones back to the path of health and virtue; to Miss Weddell and Miss Cooke also for their kindly thought on our behalf, and to all alike who gave some service to help to make the High School Fruit-Picking Party a worthy though unique supporter of the traditions of our school.

SONS OF ENGLAND

If ye are Sons of England,
Then answer to the call,
For King and country need you,
They need you one and all.

If ye belong our Empire,
Then march along the trail,
That leads to joyful triumph,
O'er hills and stones, through vale.

If ye are Sons of Glory,
Ye'll make a glorious fight,
No matter how you do it
If you do it for the Right.

MARGARET GRAHAM, *Form IIIa.*

ROYAL HOLLOWAY COLLEGE

I have been asked by the Editor to tell you something about Royal Holloway College. I'll do my best, but you must forgive me if on coming here you find this description does not seem "quite right." I couldn't tell you in a small space half or even quarter of the things I would like to say.

One of the nicest descriptions of College is I think given in the first four lines of one of our college songs:

"Our College is well-founded—
Four square, a stately pile;
By terraced woods surrounded,
Far seen for many a mile."

The main entrance looks north-west, and on either side of this entrance are the chapel and picture gallery, the latter containing a valuable collection. The chapel is very beautiful; it was designed by an Italian, and is one of the few of its kind in England. The students' rooms are ranged down the two sides; we each possess two rooms, a study and a bedroom, furnished by College, but extras, such as cushions, pictures, etc., we bring for ourselves. At the south end are the library and museum, and across the middle of the building, from east to west, are the dining-hall and kitchen, thus dividing the enclosed space into two quadrangles, which are supposed to be the finest in England. The grounds are very extensive and very lovely. We have

a swimming bath of our own a short distance from the main building, which is very convenient because we can make a noise there without disturbing people who may be working.

Now I'll tell you about one day in summer. The waking bell goes at 7 a.m., though quite a number of energetic people are up before that, working, gardening, or rolling the tennis courts. At 7.50 another bell is rung, a kind of warning that it is getting near chapel time. A few sleepy and tired people on being wakened by this bell bound out of bed and *hurry*, and it's perfectly true that after having lived in College a few weeks you find ten minutes quite time enough to dress and get to chapel, even if you live on Corridor East IV, which means a walk of a sixth of a mile (for our corridors are that length) and six flights of eleven steps. Chapel commences at 8 o'clock, and directly afterwards we go into Hall for breakfast, throwing off our caps and gowns in the cloisters or anywhere we can on the way. At 8.35 meetings are sometimes held, such as elections of corridor swimming, running, or tennis captains, or a business meeting of one of the many societies which exist in College. Nine till one are College hours, in which we either work in our own rooms or have lectures, with a break at eleven for milk and biscuits; numerous tea-parties also take place at that time. At 10 o'clock we have lunch, a meal over which we spend a very short time. Why? Nobody knows! At 1.25 p.m. there may be a "Students' Meeting," which all must attend, or else there may be a Fire Brigade Drill Practice—that is quite exciting, the whistle blows, students in the Brigade rush quickly to the scene with "dummy" extinguishers, while others get out the hoses, then we go down the chute. Perhaps some of you have never seen a chute—well, imagine getting out of your bedroom window and slipping quickly down a long canvas tube to the ground—it's a little scaring the first time you have to let yourself go. Then we have roll call, and the drill is over.

During the afternoons we most of us "play." Some have to work, some have practicals, but others spend their time at the baths, on the tennis courts or river, or just sit about in the grounds. At 4 o'clock we have tea; this is the one meal we have in our own rooms. We get milk, rolls and butter from the Common Room, and provide anything else we may want. Four-forty-five to seven p.m. are again College hours. At 7 the dressing-bell goes, and at 7.15 another bell is rung, and we all assemble in the library and meet our partners ("dinner partners" are booked up the first day for the rest of term).

After dinner we usually stay with our partners till 8.30 p.m. (unless any General Meeting is being held), then we work again till 10 o'clock, and from 10 to 10.30 we make as much noise as we please. In the winter terms cocoa parties are the order of the day. From 10.30 onwards are College hours, and we retire to bed when we feel inclined.

In the winter terms instead of swimming, tennis, and the river, we have hockey, net-ball, and there is a gymnastic class held for those who wish.

Having written so much I'm afraid that I must stop, although I haven't succeeded very well in telling you what Holloway is really like.

GERTRUDE HODGSHON.

THE UNANSWERED QUESTION

As I was going down the lane one fine and sunny morning
 I met a very agéd man, of whom, with no forewarning,
 I asked the way to Houghton town which I had long been seeking;
 He answered in a trembling voice like rusty hinges creaking:—
 “The way to Houghton is it then? Eh me, how I remember
 One cauld an’ snowy winter’s day, a week before December,
 Me feyther says to me, sez ’e—leastways it were me mother—
 ‘Now John,’ says she, ‘go over yon to Houghton to me brother’—
 Which were me uncle, don’t ye see, wot had a markit garden,
 An’ well I mind the man *he* was, who never owed a farden,
 For all he had a grand hoose there he built when he wed Annie,
 Which were me feyther’s sister’s child—a wee bit thing, but canny.
 He kept his trap, me uncle did, to drive to church on Sundays,
 An’ by! what fun we use’ ter have, I mind, on Easter Mondays,
 A-drivin’ down to Ryton there to spend the day with Lilly,
 Me eldest sister who was born a year before our Willy
 There use’ ter be the six of us”—he stopped to cough and splutter,
 And far away I thought I heard a distant thunder-mutter.
 “It looks like rain,” I cried in haste, “so which road do I follow?”
 In vain—I might have known the hope to stay his words was hollow,
 “Aye!—yes, I doot we’ll get some rain; it’s what the crops is needing,”
 He answered with a glance around, my question never heeding.
 “I reckerlect a storm we had—eh, how it rained an’ lightened!
 There ain’t a man as I’d of blamed that day for bein’ frightened.
 Nigh sixty year ago it were, when I had just turned twenty;
 The worst I ever saw an’ all, an’ mind, but I’ve seen plenty.
 The wife was nearly off her head, the thunder was that fearful,
 And even I was scared a bit, though tryin’ to keep cheerful.
 The hailstones was an inch across, an’ beat the corn down shockin’,
 An’ what with them and thunder-claps the house seemed fairly rockin’.
 It lasted all the afternoon, an’ then it got out brighter,
 An’ mind we weren’t half glad to see the Heavins gettin’ lighter.
 It got faired up by half-past six, an’ when the rain was over
 It made your heart fair ache to see the corn down with the clover
 All lyin’ flat upon the ground an’ covered up with water.
 My word, it nearly ruined me; I paid no rent that quarter—
 And wot a time I had that year with weather and with trouble.”
 He gave a most terrific sneeze which nearly bent him double.
 “The way to Houghton”—I began—alas! he had recovered!
 It seemed to me the way I sought would never be discovered.
 “You’ll likely come from town?” he said, “I hear it’s greatly altered
 Since I were there in ‘thirty-nine”—his old voice slightly faltered—
 “I mind I lost me penknife there an’ raised the place with howling,”
 (And even then that ancient grief had power to set him scowling).
 “I might be six that day we went, or mebbe somethin’ under,
 But still I ain’t forgot a thing—an’ really ‘taint no wonder,
 For everythink was new to me with livin’ in seclooshun,
 An’ by! I near went off me head with noises an’ confusion.
 I reckerlect the wee bit burn that ran by Barras Bridge there,
 And mind I thought a burn in town enough to make a cat stare.
 An’ Grainger Street was buildin’ then—leastways the walls was standin’,
 With joists in ready for the floors as far’s the second landin’.
 The pleecemen used to sleep there then; I’ve heard me feyther sayin’
 As how when they came out at six they’d got the lime a’layin’
 All over ‘em from top to toe”—he gave a feeble cackle
 Which set him coughing till I heard his very eyelids crackle.

He coughed and wheezed and crowed and choked, and I ran home rejoicing,
 And never more will I assist that ancient man in voicing
 The past adventures of his life by asking information
 Which to my cost I know will find no part in his narration.

DASIA COOPER.

A VISIT TO THE FISH QUAY

A visit to the fish quay! It does not suggest much except a rather unpleasant smell! But given a day, fine and not too hot, one can spend a very interesting hour there.

We went to the quay one day last spring out of mere curiosity, and were agreeably surprised. We climbed down the Library stairs, which are so steep that anyone going down in the dark is liable to fall down the whole hundred and four and end up at the bottom with a cracked skull. Then the way lay along the Low Street, the abode of foreigners, chiefly Italians, keepers of ice-cream and fried fish shops. Every step we took we passed men in light blue cotton suits, slouching along with their hands in their pockets, who always turned round to stare when we had gone by. As we went on the smell of fish grew stronger until, emerging out of the narrow cobbled streets, we came out on to the square just before the quay.

The fleet had just come in with a good catch, and the men were busily unloading the boats and cleaning the nets, throwing stray fish to the urchins on the quayside. The fish were thrown into buckets which were either carried or swung by pulleys and cranes on to the side. Then we passed on to the real quay which floats and is joined to the mainland by a wide swing bridge. All along this there were carts where women, or fishwives, sold huge mackerel and soles to the casual buyer, saying "Aye, hinney; no, hinney," all the time the bargain was being driven. Hither and thither hurried anxious-looking men buying for shops and firms; children abounded, stealing herring when the men turned their backs.

The part of the quay furthest out in the river was covered over and was piled with thousands of barrels, some filled with salt and others empty, waiting to be filled with herrings. Every time a bucket of fish was slung up from a boat it was seized by the women, who, with their blue serge skirts pinned up and their sleeves rolled above their elbows, filled the barrels. First a layer of coarse salt was thrown in and then a layer of fish, then salt, and so on until the barrel was full and another took its place. When a certain number of barrels were full they were lifted on to carts and driven off.

Sometimes large fish were brought in, but generally the catch consisted of smaller fish, herring, mackerel, soles, and haddocks.

We had seen everything, so we turned to go, pursued by the cries of the women, "Now, hinney, nice piece of fish." When we came off the quay on to the square we passed the smoke houses where herring were being converted into kippers. We walked back along the street and climbed the stairs again, and reached the upper part of the town. We turned round and leant over the railings looking down over the river. To the left the fleet were moored along the quayside, making a bright mass of colour with their rich brown sails patched with blue and grey; carts laden with fish and ice rattled along the cobbles; the red-roofed houses gave a quaint old world effect, and through the gaps between the houses and shops the grey green river shone in the sun.

D. HOLMES, VA.

ROSE, THISTLE, AND SHAMROCK

Red rose of old England bloomed bright on a bough,
 Purple thistle of Scotland grew smiling below,
 Entwined with the shamrock to Ireland so dear,
 All blooming together in soft summer air.

Red rose speaks of homes where chaste dame and fair maid
 Welcomed warmly the hero returned from crusade;
 Thistle speaks of a nation upholding its right;
 Shamrock tells a saint's story of beauty and light.

The storm-clouds rolled up through the soft summer air,
 There was rumbling of thunder and lightning's fierce glare,
 And rose, thistle, and shamrock were lashed by the blast,
 Twined with maple and wattle and heath till it passed.

The storm rolled away and the sun shone again,
 And the flowers bloomed the fresher and brighter for rain,
 For ever entwined in the closest embrace,
 Washed clean by the rain clothed with beauty and grace.

MILDRED E. GIBBS.

THE SONG PRINCESS

Prize Story.

She sat, a pathetic little figure in all her grandeur: a picture of pink and white and blue and gold all fading into each other. On her head she wore a little gold coronet—for she was a princess, and yet she was sad, very sad. Suddenly she lifted her head and a beautiful melody broke the stillness, falling and rising, but containing no words. It was the little princess, but she only sang, there was no word or sound other than this that she could utter; the little princess was dumb.

Little Princess Merline had been born dumb, but at her christening her good fairy godmother had given her the power of singing, singing more beautifully than anyone in the kingdom, but never a word did she sing. By her songs the princess was wont to make herself understood. Certain tunes to those who knew her meant certain things; it was a language. But she was very, very sad, and now as she sat, she heard the children of the court laughing and playing and shouting, and she must only sing. The other princesses, for there were thirteen altogether, would have little to do with her; she was the unlucky number. It had always been so, it would always be so she supposed.

The only person with whom she could converse absolutely simply was her godmother, the Fairy Cynthia, and she had not been to visit her for such a long time. Merline raised herself from among her cushions, and, strolling into the garden, began wandering among the flowers, singing to herself as she went. Suddenly the bushes parted and there before her stood the Fairy Cynthia, who stooped and kissed her, saying, "My poor godchild! You were calling, I have come."

Merline led the fairy to a grassy bank, and there they seated themselves.

"Tell me what it is," said Fairy Cynthia.

Looking straight in front of her over the valley to the blue, blue sky beyond, Merline told the fairy all, in a passionate, wild song, full of longing and sorrow. Fairy Cynthia stroked Merline's hair as the song died away.

"So you want to be able to speak, Merline," she said sadly. "Do you know what that means? I have only the power to give you a voice in one way, and that is by taking it from some other child. to give to you, you, who have your songs. Surely you would not have it thus, my godchild."

But Merline thought otherwise—anything, anything, if only she could speak, and play, and shout, like other children.

"Well, it shall be so, only you must follow my instructions. Wait under that witch elm yonder, and the first child that comes to you, go and kiss her on the lips, and slip this ring on her finger. Take it off again, and put it on your own—it will then contain her voice. Good-bye."

Merline ran, wildly excited, to the tree; the song she sang now was no longer melancholy, but full of joy and expectancy. She did not wait long: her joyful music soon attracted the attention of little Rita, the only child of one of the king's soldiers. Rita was a loving little maiden, and perhaps of all the princess's playmates this child of humble birth best understood Merline. As she came running to the princess, Merline seized her hand, and, slipping the fairy ring on to her finger, kissed her and then withdrew the ring and put it on her own finger. Rita gave a little startled cry, but Merline turned and ran laughing to the palace. She ran quickly into the room where the king and queen sat and called out, "Mother! Father! Godmother has given me a voice; I can talk now just like Adelaide, and Rosamonde, and Jesamine, and Henrietta, and all my other sisters."

For a week Merline enjoyed the use of her speech; there was a grand ball to celebrate it, and Merline felt very happy. But one day as she was playing in the garden who should pass but Rita. She looked sad and tired, but Merline only shook her head and laughed and said, "You poor silly child," and ran away from that pitiful face.

"It is quite time I had a turn at talking. It won't hurt her to go without a voice, she is only a soldier's child," she thought to herself.

That evening Rita's mother came crying to her, "Oh, Princess! Oh, your Royal Highness, what shall we do; Rita is dumb, she has been so ever since you had your speech. We can't understand what she wants; we can't understand our little girl. Can you not help us, you who know what it is to be dumb?"

"Go away, silly old woman, of course I can't," said Merline crossly.

All that night Merline could not sleep for thinking of little Rita. The next day she was no longer happy, and the next night was the same. At last she could bear it no longer, and going to the witch elm she stood under it, and sang and waited. Presently Fairy Cynthia came, but she looked very sad. Merline did not greet her with music as usual, but with words.

"Godmother," she said, "I am unhappy, why is it? I have a voice—why am I unhappy?"

The fairy replied, "It is because of your voice that you are unhappy, because you stole that voice from another child."

"Then—then—do you think I had—better—give—it—back!"

"Yes! I do. You have your songs, let this past week be as a dream."

Merline covered her face and cried softly to herself; when she looked up the Fairy Cynthia had gone, but little Rita stood in her place trying to comfort the princess. As before Merline stooped and kissed Rita, slipping the fairy ring off her finger on to Rita's. Rita looked surprised, astonished, and then said:

"Why, you have given me my voice. Thank you, thank you,
I—"

But Merline had turned and ran swiftly towards the palace.

That night in Merline's sleep her Fairy Godmother came and visited her again.

"Merline, Merline," she softly said, "Merline, my good, brave child, I am not able to give you your voice again, only you may have one wish, which I will grant."

Merline sat up in bed and sang a song, a beautiful song, like the nightingales at evening, and this is what she meant:

"Godmother, this is what I ask—that the spirits of all dumb children may sing after they are dead, even as I sing now. Grant that they may fly over the earth, and sing, and sing, and let them become birds."

And her wish was granted.

S. M. CHALLONER, *Form Va.*

SUNSET

A minute ago the sky was gold,
Now it deepens to crimson red,
There towers and trees and mountains rise
That swiftly change and are fled;
But it tells of the golden city bright
Where the Holiest reigns for aye,
And the close of a grey, dark day on earth
Is a glimpse of the heavenly day.

MILDRED E. GIBBS.

ALL ABOUT THE LITTLE BIRDIES

Prize Poem.

Little birdies, as you fly
So near to me,
Rest your wing upon my sill,
And from my fountain drink your fill.
You need not fear me, birdies dear,
For hurt a bird I never will.
Build your nest upon my wall,
Build it fast and build it small,
So no prying eyes can see,
For nests belong to you and me.
Do not fear that I will take
The nest you took so long to make.

P. ANDERSON, *Form II.*

ON LEAVING SCHOOL

And so 'tis past—that little world wherein
Lie all the doubts and fears, the griefs and joys,
The trembling hopes some valued prize to win,
As in the wider world, where, moved as toys,
Obeys some strange laws of circumstance,
We live our lives and mould them as we can;
First taught in youth to view this wide expanse

Of universe as being made for man
 To conquer, and take captive in the strife,
 In which, when grown, we each must take our part,
 And to which end at school our youthful life
 Is filled with work to do, while mind and heart
 Are each prepared for their appointed place,
 (The one to guide and sway the other's vow,
 And thus give Love no cramped or narrow space),
 And our impulsive youth is taught to bow
 To Wisdom, whose wise counsel is instilled
 By Discipline, her servant, in whose train
 Comes Self-Reliance, in whose customs drilled
 We reap in full the gifts of heart and brain.
 Thus learning by experience how to act,
 And being furnished with the means to fight,
 We do the duties which both worlds exact,
 But still in miniature, until the flight
 Of certain years has brought us to the goal
 —The end of small things suited to our size—
 And we have entered with an armoured soul
 Upon the conflict, with the World as prize.

—*Salve atque Vale*—

Farewell, O little world, and welcome thou
 Whose way is trackless and whose usage hard,
 Whose perils are unknown, whose rules allow
 No weakening and no falt'ring; who hast marred
 The lives of many, yet by some been ruled.
 Behold me, tyrant! Look upon me well;
 Prepare! for soon to meek subjection schooled
 Your hand shall ring your freedom's fun'ral knell;
 For I will trample down your haughty pride,
 Will make your pleasure to my will incline,
 Will see you kneel before me, meek and tried,
 Your service, treasure, homage, praises mine!

DASIA COOPPER.

HOWLERS

(Taken from General Knowledge Paper, Summer, 1917.)

What is an army chaplain called at the Front?
 Charlie Chaplin.

What happens to a bee after it has stung someone?
 You try to kill it.

Who is General Maude?
 A woman motor driver.

Who was Michael Angelo?
 The Archangel Michael.

Who was Julius Caesar?
 A great monk.

What is the great difference between moths and butterflies?
 Moths eat holes, and butterflies eat cabbages.

Give the meanings of the following abbreviations:—

C.O. means Co-operation; A.B. means Army Beds; W. D. means Waste Drain; A.V.C. means a Victoria Cross.