

# Newcastle High School Magazine.

No. 42.

SUMMER TERM, 1921.

## 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.*

FORM VB 1... MISS SCOTT, B.A., Honours in Mathematical Science (R.U.I.); Diploma in Education, Dublin. *Mathematics.*

FORM VB 2... MADEMOISELLE DORIOT, Brevet Supérieure ... *French.*

FORM IVA ... MISS OSMAN, M.A. (Honours Classics St. Andrews), Berry Scholar and Diploma in Education (Cambridge) ... *Classics.*

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

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

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

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

FORM IIA ... MISS STUART, B.A. (London), Diploma in Education (Durham) ... *English.*

FORM IIB ... MISS MORLEY, B.Sc. (Durham) ... *Science.*

FORM I ... MISS PEARSON, N.F.U.

KINDERGARTEN { MISS MCNEIL, N.F.U. Certificate.  
MISS BREWIS, N.F.U. Higher Certificate.  
MISS WILSON, N.F.U. Higher Certificate.

MISS MORTON, B.Sc. (Durham) ... *Science.*

MISS WEEDON, B.A. (London) ... *Geography.*

MISS ELLERSHAW, B.A., Honours in English (Durham), and Diploma in Education (Oxford) ... *English.*

MISS HAWKRIDGE, A.B. Litt. Certificate, Oxford ... *Drawing.*

MISS BRAND ... *Music, Singing, Eurythmics.*

## SCHOOL OFFICIALS.

Head Girl ... M. Thomson.

Prefects { M. Thomson, J. Dunlop, C. Fowler, P. Gledson,  
M. Kipling, A. Simpson, B. Watson.

Hockey Captain ... J. Dunlop.

Netball Captain ... M. Thomson.

Secretary of Games ... M. McGuinness.

Magazine Committee { Miss Ellershaw, M. Thomson, J. Dunlop,  
M. Kipling, L. Morris, A. Simpson,  
B. Watson.

## SCHOLARSHIPS.

- M. Gibbs - Open Scholarships in History at Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford, and Virgin Mary Hospital Senior Exhibition.  
 V. Burton - Open Scholarship in Classics, Royal Holloway College.  
 C. Pringle - Northumberland Education Committee Leaving Exhibition.  
 B. Bookey - Newcastle Education Committee Leaving Exhibition.  
 D. Holmes - Tynemouth Education Committee Leaving Exhibition.  
 A. Simpson - Newcastle Education Committee Senior Scholarships.

### GOVERNORS' SCHOLARSHIPS.

Senior	-	-	-	-	-	D. Banks.
Junior	-	-	-	-	-	I. Rowell.

## EXAMINATIONS.

- Entrance to Girton College, Cambridge - C. Pringle, E. Morpeth.  
 Entrance to St. Hugh's, Oxford - - - D. Holmes.  
 University of Durham, Higher Certificate - - - D. Allan.  
 (Distinction in French).  
 National Froebel Union, Higher Certificate, Part I. - K. Connor.  
 Responsions - - - - - M. Gibbs.  
 University of Durham Matriculation—D. Carr, A. Coney, J. Dunlop,  
 G. Greener, E. Hunter, W. Lloyd, A. Simpson, M. Thomson, V.  
 Wilkinson.  
 University of London Matriculation - - - A. Simpson.  
 University of Durham, School Certificate Examination, Division II.—  
 D. Banks (Distinction in Religious Knowledge), M. Kipling, K.  
 McGill, L. Morris (Distinction in Religious Knowledge and French),  
 P. Philpott, E. Robertson (Distinction in French), K. Ross, B.  
 Watson.  
 The Associated Board of the Royal Academy and the Royal College of  
 Music School Examination, Higher Division—M. Graham; Lower  
 Division—I. Marr; Piano, Elementary Division—M. Fowler, J.  
 Pittar, N. Rowell; Piano, Primary Division—G. Vernon, H.  
 Watson, N. Whitfield; Violin, Elementary Division—A. Scorer.

## THE PRIZE GIVING.

Last year prizes were distributed in King's Hall by Sir Theodore Morison, Principal of Armstrong College, to whom a member of the Kindergarten presented a buttonhole.

First on the programme were two songs by the school. Miss Brand conducted and a violin accompaniment was provided by Miss Kirsop. Canon Boot, the chairman of the Governors, read a report and Canon Oakley said he hoped the parents would not think hardly of him because it was in his name that notices of increased fees were sent. Miss Gurney was then called upon to give her report of the progress of the school during the past year, on which she was heartily congratulated, and particularly for the two Open Scholarships won by V. Burton and M. Gibbs. After Professor Vickers made a speech Sir

Theodore was asked to present the prizes. He said he wished to congratulate the school not so much on their triumphs at games and in examinations, but on the tone of the whole school, which depended on the girls alone, and was really more important than anything else. Prizes and certificates were then given. Also there was the Swimming Cup, won by Dulcie Shaw. Edith Hunter won the School Cup for gymnastics. After the distribution an exhibition of dancing was given by pupils of the Misses Spalding.

Our thanks are due to Sir Theodore Morison for coming to distribute the prizes, and to the Council of Armstrong College for allowing us to use the King's Hall.

A. SIMPSON.

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## THE BAZAAR.

To the outside world the School Bazaar, in aid of Armstrong College and the Medical Colleges, began on Wednesday, April 6th, at 10-30 a.m., but for long weeks before the academic austerity of many of the classrooms had been made incongruous by the presence of articles ranging from scrubbing brushes to dolls' jumpers.

The bazaar was the united effort of the Old Girls, the present school and Thornton House. Early in the Spring Term a committee with a representative from each form was elected for each stall. These committees were responsible for collecting enough for the stalls; and the lavish display when the day came is a proof of their zeal. Others too worked late and long at rehearsals and should win no less praise.

The day before was devoted to preparations, when there was a decided superfluity of helpers. It seemed heartless to crush the willing spirit, but floor-space is unfortunately indispensable in such undertakings.

The stalls were in the class-rooms; and in arranging them a certain ready wit in adaptation was conspicuous. The means available were aggressively inappropriate, but in some unaccountable way were subtly transformed. We should like to commiserate the generous parents who have the misfortune to live in the neighbourhood of the school. They suffered many predatory raids. Our gratitude goes with our sympathy.

The bazaar was opened at 10-30 by Earl Grey, in the absence of the Countess, who was unfortunately ill. The chair was taken by Canon Newsom, and Canon Oakley proposed the vote of thanks. The large numbers present at the opening filled us with hopes that were not belied. After the speeches the fancy dress competition was judged and the star Singing Class performed.

When the opening ceremony was over, while the Bijou Orchestra played in the hall, the illicit trading which had been profitably carried on earlier in the morning was regularised and the money seemed to shower in. On the whole the Home Produce stall was the most popular, for obvious reasons in days of scarcity; but there were plenty of liberal buyers in every room. A tactful persistency and resource was shown by some who sold, which had very tangible results. The younger children joyfully undertook the peddling of some of the more

expensive wares by means of raffling and guessing, and by their very importunity were amazingly successful.

Between one and two o'clock there was an interval for lunch, whose calm was broken by the flight of a bantam belonging to the live stock stall. This stall, we may remark in passing, had aroused great interest and amusement, chiefly on account of the oft-expressed anxiety of the holders.

In the afternoon those who had bought all that they meant to, and doubtless much more, flocked into the hall to the counter-attractions of Eurythmics, *Peter Pan*, *Mr. Punch's Spy Play*, *Some Year*, and scenes from *The Rivals*. It was a great disappointment that the Henshelwood children were prevented by measles from giving their entertainment, but they have given it this term to the delight of all.

Meanwhile the tea-room was besieged by impatient throngs, but under the capable direction familiar to everyone of us, all were impartially served.

Side-shows likewise flourished in the form of palmistry and competitions. It was unwise to go into the competition room if you had but little time and money; for the diversions were infinite and alluring and the gain, to most of those ensnared, negligible. The winners, however, carried off noble prizes.

The plays in the evening were well timed; for they brought related buyers when selling was beginning to flag. As for the entertainment itself, the crowded hall and the repeated applause gave abundant proof of its excellence. To Mrs. W. F. Wilson and her friends we offer our grateful thanks.

When the dishevelled stalls had been dismantled and the goodly heaps of money were being counted, some with still unwearied feet joined in the dance that, combining pleasure and profit, was to end the day.

The dancers left their merry-making, the treasurer her calculations as the clock struck twelve. Theirs was an ephemeral enjoyment; hers the satisfaction of sending five hundred and fifty-two pounds, one and elevenpence to the colleges.

#### FINANCIAL STATEMENT.

<i>Stalls—</i>	£	s.	d.
Plain Needlework (Miss Mason and Miss Brown) ...	39	14	11
Fancy Work (Miss Clough and Miss Thomson) ...	54	13	8
Home Produce (Miss Scott and Miss Morton) ...	68	3	3
Baby Clothes (Miss Stuart and Miss Osman) ...	35	0	9
Pictures, Books, etc. (Mlle. Doriot and Miss Ellershaw)	22	1	2
Junior School (Misses McNeil, Pearson, Brewis, Morley, Wilson) ... ..	38	8	7½
Thornton House (Miss Kelly and staff) ... ..	23	1	4
Old Girls' Club (Miss Wilson and Miss Benson)	51	11	3½
<i>Refreshments</i> (Miss Dickinson and O.G.C.) ... ..	45	16	7
<i>Competitions</i> (Miss Ford and Miss Weedon) ... ..	17	11	10
<i>Left Luggage Office</i> ... ..	0	9	1
<i>Carried forward</i> ...	£396	12	6

							£	s.	d.
<i>Brought forward</i>							396	12	6
Side Shows, etc.	...	...	...	...	...	...	11	9	4
Entertainments	...	...	...	...	...	...	56	7	2
Dance	...	...	...	...	...	...	20	8	11
Entrance Money	...	...	...	...	...	...	28	1	4
Donations	...	...	...	...	...	...	42	5	11
<b>Total</b>							555	5	10
Expenses	...	...	...	...	...	...	31	14	6
<b>Amount sent to College Fund...</b>							<u>523</u>	<u>11</u>	<u>4</u>
Dancing Matinee	...	...	...	...	...	...	35	8	1
Expenses	...	...	...	...	...	...	6	17	6
<b>Total</b>							<u>28</u>	<u>10</u>	<u>7</u>
<b>Total Amount sent to College Fund...</b>							<u><u>£552</u></u>	<u><u>1</u></u>	<u><u>11</u></u>

## THE DANCING MATINÉE.

The Dancing Matinée was held this year on April 4th in Armstrong College. The Junior Matinée was first, from 2.30 to 4. All the little ones were dressed in shell pink and white, and they looked very pretty. The Misses Spalding had an anxious time collecting all the little ones together and getting them ready for their dances. Then between 4 and 4.30 we had tea.

At 4.30 the Senior Matinée began, the hall was full, and some of us were rather nervous, but when we started it was lovely.

The floor was rather slippery and some fell down, but all the dances were splendid. Three little girls did a dance called Joyland in Jazz trousers and with balloons on their hats.

Then the Solo Class did two dances, "Spring" and "June," in white ballet dresses with roses on. We had fox-trots, waltzes and one-steps.

The Misses Spalding gave a demonstration of the Tango, which we all enjoyed very much. We finished about 6.30. We were all very tired but the next day we were pleased to know that we made £28, which we gave to Armstrong College.

And we all felt we had done our bit for the College.

M. LOCKIE, IVR.

## THE HENSHELWOOD ENTERTAINMENT.

On May 23rd and 24th, Henshelwood gave the Entertainment which, though prepared for the Bazaar, had been postponed by an untimely outbreak of measles.

Monday was for outside visitors and on Tuesday the school came to attend the songs and fairy plays which were supplemented by the repetition of "Some Year" and "Mr. Punch's Spy Play."

Folk dancers, nursery rhyme people and fairies gave the spectators a pleasant entertainment, while Harriet and her weeping cats gained much applause.

## LITERARY SOCIETY.

*President*: B. Bookey, J. Dunlop, A. Simpson.

*Vice-President*: Miss Ellershaw, Miss Scott, Miss Osman.

*Treasurer*: E. Robertson, P. Gledson, B. Watson.

*Secretary*: B. Watson, M. Kipling, E. Russell.

From the list of officers any casual reader might wonder why on earth we have three presidents, three vice-presidents, etc. This is easily explained; offices are only held for one term, and it is a year since the last magazine was published, therefore, etc.—Q.E.D.

Four formal meetings have been held this year, two in the Winter and two in the Spring term.

At the first two meetings, Bernard Shaw's play "Arms and the Man" was read; the various parts were allotted by the president, and practically everyone had some part to play—or should we say read?

At the first meeting of the Spring term, Homer's *Odyssey* was read. Miss Osman very kindly told us about the characters in it, so that when we began to read we were not altogether "at sea." For the next meeting each member voted for a book which she wanted read, "Norse Stories" got the majority; these were very much enjoyed by all.

It has been the custom, since the Society was founded, for each meeting to be preceded by tea; and the present members are much too conscientious to let this rule lapse!

Quite the most exciting—or perhaps worrying—part of each meeting is that experienced by the Treasurer, who never knows until the last minute who may possibly forget her grub—she always feels sure that *someone* will. But "All's well that ends well," and we have always been done very well—many thanks, treasurer!

So far the only meeting held this term has been to elect officers; when we do have one we hope—weather permitting—to have it outside.

MARY KIPLING,  
BETTY WATSON.

## N. H. S. O. G. C.

December 8th, 1920, saw the first re-union of the Old Girls' Club for several years and the whole day was such a great success that we hope it is only the first of many others.

First of all, at Miss Gurney's invitation, we came to Prayers, then feeling that school was ours once again we wandered about, going in to lessons and finding out what a lot we must have known once upon a time! We hope we were not too much of a nuisance to the Staff and that the present girls will still think of us as very clever people—as we hope they used to do when we were Sixth Form—they were even more junior than they are now!

At eleven o'clock a Net Ball Match was played in which the Old Girls only distinguished themselves by being very badly beaten.

At twelve o'clock the business meeting assembled in the Hall. By this time there was quite a good attendance of Old Girls and the fol-

lowing business was transacted. The Committee in future to consist of 9 members:—

President	...	...	...	...	Miss Gurney.
Secretary	...	...	...	...	F. E. Dickinson.
Assistant Secretary	...	...	...	...	K. M. Harrison.
Ex-Officio	...	...	...	...	N. Cooke.
As representative of the Dramatic Club					P. Comrie.
"	"	"	"	Charity Committee	J. Robson.
"	"	"	"	Dance	" W. Benson.
"	"	"	"	Bazaar	" A. Wilson.
"	"	"	"	Games	" M. Ford.

It was decided that the subscriptions should be raised.

Yearly subscription to be 4/-  
Life " " £1

It was discussed and agreed that it would be interesting to draw up a record of work done by Old Girls during the war. This record was not to be simply of people who had been engaged in direct war work, such as nursing or munitions work, but was to include every sort of work undertaken—teaching, banking, clerical work or anything. So few replies came in answer to the circular, however, that the matter has not been taken up further.

In the afternoon Old Girls played Present at the Grove in a Hockey Match which had a better result than the morning's Net Ball match. Miss Gurney had very kindly asked us to tea at the Grove afterwards. After tea there was a further semi-official business talk and arrangements about the Bazaar were discussed.

Then we separated to meet again at 6-45 for the great events of the day, *i.e.*, dinner at Tilleys, followed by a trip to the Hippodrome where we arrived a few minutes late and rather upset the attendants by the way in which we poured in.

We enjoyed the whole day and hope that now "Old Girls' Day" has been instituted it will be carried on. We thank Miss Gurney and the other organizers of the day very sincerely indeed for having made it such a tremendous success.  
K.M.H.

#### HOLME'S WHITE ROSE BOWL, 1920-21.

A. Wilson	}	G. Brewis	}	G. Brewis	}	G. Brewis
G. Brewis		4 and 3				
N. Cooke	}	N. Cooke	}	N. Brewis	}	G. Brewis
I. Ward		8 and 5				
N. Brewis	}	N. Brewis	}	N. Brewis	}	G. Brewis
J. Oliver		w.o.				
		K. Clarke				

#### NEWS OF THE OLD GIRLS.

The Old Girls are still shy about reporting their doings to the Secretary, so that she has only a very inadequate list to publish.

The following Old Girls have been married since the last magazine was published :—

Daisy Hodgshon to Mr. C. H. Marshall.

Winifred Greaves to Mr. Francis.

Edith Macartney to Captain W. Ross Maguire

(Connaught Rangers).

Kathleen Padfield to Mr. J. Egerton Leigh.

Nora Burnip has gained a first-class in Part II. of the Classical Tripos, and Ella Burnett a second-class in Part II. of the Mental-Moral Science Tripos.

Madge Robinson goes next term to the new Training College at Kenton Lodge as History Lecturer, Ethel Fletcher to the Withington High School, Manchester, as French Mistress, and Gertrude Hodgshon comes to us as Miss Mason's successor.

F. E. DICKINSON.

## FRANCE IN 1920

In August of last year I went to France with my mother for a day's visit to our own particular military cemetery ; and as this is perhaps as recent a visit as many of us have made, an account of it may be of some interest.

We went under the guidance of the Church Army, at a total charge of £8 each. This paid boat and train fares, hotels and taxis ; and in every way the arrangements were excellently carried out. From the moment when we all met at Victoria for the 8 a.m. boat train to the time we arrived there again three days later, it was a most carefully personally conducted tour.

Of course it was a bad crossing from Folkestone. The moment we left the quay I knew the worst was coming. Just opposite us on the deck, where we sat on our suit cases in the most acute discomfort, the waves sending down our backs showers of spray that found a way between the tightly-fastened weather curtains—just opposite us sat two boys of eighteen, laughingly determined to hang on as long as possible in face of the ghastly roll and pitch of the boat. One said, as he lit his cigarette, " Well, I'll enjoy a cig. while I can ! " But before it was a quarter smoked it was cast tragically aside into the wash of water at the deck side, and my mother had his chair for the rest of the voyage. A quarter of an hour later, I shakily followed him below, and fell down the companion steps into the arms of a pitiful steward ; somehow I missed the ladies' cabin and came to anchor on a red leather settee in the men's quarters. No one there was in a state to protest, so I stayed.

When we got into the French customs room, the usual fight was going on at the counters, the porters seeming more than usually slow and indifferent, when one of our party leaned forward over the counter and said to a douane official, " Monsieur, we are a party of English pilgrims to our cemeteries." " Ah, but why did you not say that before? These baggages pass at once!" And they did—none were opened.

At Béthune, in our hotel—the Hôtel des Gobelins—we met the same sympathetic courtesy. Our party numbered ten—a mother and daughter who kept a small sweet shop in Manchester, another similar trio from the Black Country, a young ex-private and his sister, the

Church Army padre, and ourselves. They were the cheeriest set imaginable; it was impossible to feel depressed in their company, because apart from the time spent in their own cemeteries—we visited four—they were simply out on the Grand Tour, the Great Adventure of their lives. They were delighted to find that the name of our hotel was well within their reach of language—"Eh, what'll oor Lizzie say to us stayin' at the Ho-tel dee Gobbelinns? Everything was a thrill to them—the short sleeves and shorter skirts of the Boulogne ladies, the high steps into the trains—where they sat and read Ethel M. Dell with perfect outward composure—the shops full of fantastic French pastries—"Why, I could make them there easy at 'ome!" In every dish we ate, they searched for frogs' legs; the joke never staled. They tasted the bright red and yellow syrups with fearful excitement; they broke into fits of happy giggles when the patron of the hotel poured floods of French at us. Even the damp sheets on the beds were a joke. They ordered Bass's beer for lunch; and the patron's surprise when he found that it was really for them—two of the elderly ladies—was nothing to their surprise at his being surprised!

In Béthune, I think every house is chipped; the red brick or the layers of ornamental stone are starred like a glass window where boys have thrown stones. In the market square, the central group of buildings round the high tower have all gone—except the tower, which points upwards still in lonely fashion now that the houses and shops clinging to its skirts have gone. Here the ruin is all tidied away; only the tiled floors are left on the ground level, and holes in them showing the cellars below. In one cellar, a massive safe was standing with the door open; one wondered if the owner escaped with his life, after trying to preserve his livelihood—a cellar is not the most usual place for a safe. In another cellar, an enterprising and original Frenchman is running a unique "Estaminet de la Cave"; probably he began business during the war, possibly carried on during raids and bombardments. Now he has installed electric light; and at the foot of the flight of steps we saw a greater number of men drinking than at any other estaminet in the town. There was one other house worthy of note; the front of it was untouched, but at the back all the doors and windows had been blown out, and since replaced with sacking. But such was the shortage of houses in Béthune that every room in that house was occupied. The roof was on, and they were lucky to have that—what more could you want?

The beautiful town hall was shattered and roofless, all the carved stone-work round the doorway destroyed; the pitifully tidy empty shell was left standing, and the business was being carried on in a small wooden hut with a felt roof.

On the day of our cemetery visits, two closed taxis arrived early in the morning, and we packed in, safe from the driving grey rain that lasted till lunch. All the cemeteries were unexpectedly neat and tidy—rows on rows of uniform mounds, some of smooth brown earth, some covered with short meadow grass, with sprays of wild poppy and cornflower here and there. In one cemetery, that at Chocques, which was in charge of a British soldier living in Béthune, there was a long strip of planted garden ground running beneath the crosses, planted with iris and cornflower and shrubs; the rest was grass. All the cemeteries had rows upon rows of the low, narrow, grey wood cross; nailed to it, on strips of metal stamped out exactly as the machines in railway stations stamp twenty-six letters for a penny,

were the name and regiment. On some graves, larger crosses had been erected by friends; in one cemetery, there were many graves, those of airmen, headed by a broken propeller. In all, there was a gardener working; and as we left one, we met a British officer going in, who told us he was there officially, to inspect and identify certain graves. There is every evidence of the greatest care and attention.

We had about twenty minutes to spend in each cemetery; long enough to put in the plants and arrange the flowers we had bought at the absurdly low prices they charged in Béthune. At Boulogne I changed an English ten shilling note for French money; I bought two flowering plants, a book of twenty picture post cards, an exquisite little china ash-tray, a pound of chocolate, and—had five shillings left when I re-changed my French money for English!

In the cemeteries, the padre gave us a short service if we chose; the mother and daughter from Manchester had carried a cross of wood and artificial flowers, wrapped in tissue paper, all the way from England, and had clung to it through all the crowded discomfort of boat and train; the padre tied it on to their particular cross—and then I think they felt their work was done. They stood in the drenching rain and looked at its purple and silver while the padre bared his head and held his service—and then in five minutes the dear women were off to help the others to find their grave among the forest of crosses.

For the country itself; the roads were good where they were paved, otherwise very rough. Even then, a year after the clearing-up had begun, our taxis kept picking up long nails in their tyres. The roads are edged with roll upon roll of rusty barbed wire, tidily stacked and awaiting a possible salvage corps. The peasants with true French economy have appropriated and fenced their gardens with the camouflage wire-netting used before to cover our guns—every mesh with a strip of brown or green canvas knotted into it by hand, to imitate foliage. In the country the ruin has been left much more than in the towns; it was a shock to pass an acre or two of heaped débris—bricks, stone, beams, mortar,—with rank grass and weeds growing among them, and in the middle a white notice-board with the word “Loos” or “Vermelles” in printed letters on it. Near one cemetery an old dame came out to talk to us; she pointed to one white stone wall left standing, and said, “That used to be my château. Now I live in the cowsheds—there is nowhere else. Terrible? Ah yes—but I have my two sons coming back safe to me, so I am content.” She pointed out the old trenches, the zig-zag lines white on the hill-sides, where the chalky earth had been thrown up; the Vimy ridge away in the distance—such a tiny rise to have been the aim of such bitter fighting; her skeleton fruit-trees, throwing up their thin bare arms in agony at the gas that had stifled them and the shells that had torn them; and then, proudly, her fields reclaimed from the actual battlefield, where her turnips were growing as serenely in yard-deep shell-holes as on their customary level ground!

All the ground possible is under crops—hardly any pasture. Between Béthune and Boulogne, we could have counted the cows we saw on both hands; and this explains the fact that though the food was excellent, we never tasted fresh milk; it was all condensed. They told us the fresh was kept for the children; and indeed, for them everything possible is being done. Near Boulogne we saw the great cage-camps built for German prisoners being used as holiday homes for crowds of French children brought from the worst devastated

areas; they were scampering happily about in the sunny sea air, glad to be away from the ruin which, even in the few minutes we were among it, depressed us so terribly. For it is the ruin and destruction, not the cemeteries, that are the saddest part; in the cemeteries the ranks are kept, the army is still carrying on. But to restore the damage to the villages and towns of France seems almost impossible; the ruin seems irreparable; and one feels thankful that each separate human being who must live among it has only his own particular bit of trouble to bear. The sum of it all, the hopeless immensity of it, the cumulating effect, as seen by the tourist or the pilgrim to cemeteries, is almost beyond bearing. But the brave, gay spirit that plants turnips in shell holes and laughs at them is the French spirit; an incredible amount of reclaiming has been done since the war stopped, and every French man, woman and child is hard at work. The result is more than justifying their labours, so that here in England one is envious of their fine courage and steadiness of purpose, for I think that here in England we have nothing to equal their national keen desire for improvement by means of their own labour.

PHYLLIS COMRIE.

## SCHOOL TROPHIES.

### FORM TROPHIES—MARCHING CUP.

(Christmas Term)	-	-	-	Forms IIA and IVR.
(Easter Term)	-	-	-	IVR.

### NEATNESS CUP.

(Christmas Term)	-	-	-	-	Form IVR.
(Easter Term)	-	-	-	-	VI.

Senior Tennis Cup	-	-	-	-	Form VI.
Junior Tennis Cup	-	-	-	-	1VA.
Senior Hockey	-	-	-	-	VB.1.
Junior Hockey	-	-	-	-	IIIA.
Net-ball Shield	-	-	-	-	VI.

### INDIVIDUAL TROPHIES.

Tennis Cup	-	-	-	-	W. Lloyd.
Gymnastic Cup	-	-	-	-	E. Hunter.

## HOCKEY.

This last season has been very fortunate for us in two ways. Not only have we had the luxury of a splendidly smooth field at St. George's, but also the weather has favoured us so well that we have rarely had to postpone a match—and we have had quite a number of them, too.

In the middle of the Autumn Term we played the Allan School (which is entered in the League for the first time) in the first round for the Shield, and defeated them by 10-0. The second round was not played until the beginning of the Easter Term. We then went to Darlington where we had a fine game but lost 1-4. We have to con-

gratulate Bede on finally gaining the Shield. We were drawn to play the Central in the first round for the Lazenby Cup, but, alas! we were beaten, the score being 1-5. The Central won the finals, too, and we congratulate them on holding the Cup for another year.

We had several matches against the Old Girls' team and it was very exciting for the School team to try to defeat them. They usually defeated us, I am afraid, but we were very delighted when we once won by 4-1!

Our second last match was against the Gymnasts, and after a very keen game the score was 2 all. We enjoyed it immensely and when Miss Gurney kindly invited the teams to tea at the Grove, well, our joy was crowned.

We had two other matches as well. One of them was against Rutherford and the other against Overcliffe Old Girls' team, both of which were played away, and which we won.

As the form matches are being given in detail in another paragraph there is nothing more to say, except that we hope that next season will be very successful and that both the Cup and Shield will come into our possession. We should also like to take this opportunity of thanking Miss Dickinson very much indeed for spending so much of her time in coaching us.

J. DUNLOP.

#### HOCKEY LEAGUE.

Newcastle	}	Newcastle	}	Darlington	}	Bede 4-0
Allan School		10-0		4-1		
Central	}	Darlington	}	Tynemouth		
Darlington		2-1				
Tynemouth	}	Tynemouth	}	Bede		
Whitley Bay		2-1				
Rutherford	}	Rutherford	}	Bede		
Sunderland		2-1				
Bishop Auckland	}	Bishop Auckland	}	Bede		
West Hartlepool		4-1				
Bede—bye						

#### LAZENBY CUP.

Central	}	Central	}	Central 10-1
Newcastle		5-1		
Bishop Auckland	}	Grange School	}	Grange School
Grange School, Sunderland		}		
Gordon College (withdrew)				
Sunderland				

#### JUNIOR HOCKEY.

Junior Hockey last season (Forms IIA.—IVB.) was remarkable for the improvement in the lower forms; in both semi-finals and finals, the junior team of the pair won its tie, a very unusual event; and IIIA. won the cup in the final, which has not happened for some years; and they fully deserved it.

In the semi-final, IIA. (captain, Eileen Pittar) beat IIIB. (captain, Kitty Spencer) by 4 goals to 2; and IIIA. (captain, Cynthia Robinson)

beat IVB. (captain, Brenda Mackay) by 1 goal to none. In the latter game, the dash and determined play of IIIA. was really fine; IVB. was frightened, and went entirely to pieces. In the final between IIIA. and IIA., the result was inevitable, IIIA. winning the match and the cup by 6 goals to none; but IIA. deserves congratulation on putting up a very game resistance. There are some very promising players in the junior forms; regular attendance at practices should ensure some of them a place on the School team in the future.

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## NET BALL.

Great energy and enthusiasm has been shown throughout the school this last season. This does not only apply to the seniors, but also to the juniors—of which IIA. are to be especially congratulated in the form matches. In fact, the school can look forward to splendid teams in the future with such promising young players. We have Miss Dickinson to thank for this, who even sacrificed her recreations to referee for form matches, which, although very short, caused great excitement.

As a rule, the first and second seven played in matches. We had several fixtures—two matches against Rutherford College, one against Sunderland, one against Wallsend, and one against the Central. At last November 27th arrived—the day of the Shield match. We were drawn against the Central and to play on their ground. The match was very exciting to watch, and we should like to congratulate the Central for winning by 20 goals to 10. However, we considered ourselves very lucky, because both the Northumberland semi-final between Rutherford College and Sunderland were played on our ground. We thoroughly enjoyed watching both these matches, and being able to join in the cheers when the Rutherford College captain was finally presented with the shield.

M. THOMSON.

### NET-BALL LEAGUE.

B. Auckland	} Winner	} Bishop		
York	} resigned	} Auckland	} Sunderland	} Rutherford 21-12
W. Hartlepool	} Darlington	} 11-6		
Darlington	} 18-9	} Sunderland	} 15-14	
Bede	} Bede			
Durham High S.	} 34-2			
Sunderland	} Sunderland			
Durham County	} 18-14			
Central	} Central	} Rutherford	} Rutherford	
N.H.S.	} 20-10			
Hexham	} Rutherford			
Rutherford	} 33-5			
Morpeth	} Morpeth	} Morpeth	} 19-12	
Blyth				
Wallsend	} Alnwick			
Alnwick	} 16-13			

## TENNIS NOTES.

In spite of the bad weather last season we managed to get our matches played, and on the whole were very successful but unfortunately did not win the shield.

We had two courts up at Fenham, and team practices were held once a week at "Manora," Gosforth, when members of the staff very kindly coached us.

The School team consisted of :—

W. Lloyd,	}	1st couple.	M. Thomson,	}	2nd couple.
F. Ferguson,			M. McGuinness,		

Subs. :—E. Johnson and E. Cairns.

E. Johnson played in F. Ferguson's place in the Shield match ; and E. Cairns played in one or two of the other matches.

The matches and results were as follows :—

v. Durham High School	-	-	(away)—won.
v. Durham College	-	-	(away)—won.
v. Durham High School	-	-	(home)—won.
v. Sunderland High School	-	-	(away)—won.
v. Rutherford College	-	-	(away)—lost.
v. Central Newcastle High School	-	-	(away)—won.
v. Old Girls	-	-	(home)—lost.
v. Staff	-	-	(Wylam)—lost.
School v. Boarders	-	-	(home)—Boarders won.

The old girls proved far too strong for us as we anticipated, but we thank them for the good practice it gave us.

We had a most enjoyable afternoon at Wylam when we played the staff. It was a very close and exciting match, the staff eventually being victorious. Very many thanks to Miss Cooke for her kindness.

Last year the Shield matches were played at Durham.

In the 1st round, Durham played Sunderland, Sunderland winning, and the Central High School played us, the Central winning. In the final, the Central beat Sunderland.

The VI form holds the Senior form cup—VA being 2nd. IVA and IVR played in the final for the Junior form cup—IVA being victorious. Some very promising play was shown in the Junior form matches.

W. Lloyd and M. Thomson played in the final for the Singles' Championship Cup—the former winning.

The only remaining members of the team for this year are, M. Thomson and M. McGuinness. The others I am sure will join with me in regretting not being able to play for the dear old N.H.S. again.

I must not finish these notes without expressing the pride we felt at our girls' success in the County Tournament.

M. Thomson won the girls' singles, and also the girls' doubles with E. Cairns.

S. Kent and M. Carter were 2nd.

Heartiest congratulations to them.

W. LLOYD.

## SWIMMING.

## THE SCHOOLS' SWIMMING COMPETITION.

On Thursday, July 22nd, 1920, there was the usual Schools' Swimming Competition, of which Mr. Priestley was judge. The first event was the Beginners' Race for the Rose Bowl. In this, however, we were not fortunate enough to gain a position in the final. Following this was the most exciting race of the afternoon—namely, the cup race; in which D. Shaw triumphed by coming in first with a record time for that race of 60  $\frac{1}{5}$  secs. The third event was the Junior Race, where we were again successful by E. Simon gaining first place. Succeeding this was the Neat Diving Competition, in which we much regretted the absence from school of M. Fowler. Lastly, there was the Team Race, won by Rutherford College.

The prizes were presented by Mrs. Appleby, after which Councillor Rowe remarked on the splendid swimming of all the schools, and especially the style of D. Shaw and E. Simon. It was declared that such swimming deserved better baths for the girls.

## NEWCASTLE HIGH SCHOOL SUCCESSES.

*Beginner's Race for Rose Bowl.*

M. Mackay...	...	...	...	...	2nd in 1st heat.
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*Cup Race.*

D. Shaw	...	...	...	...	2nd in 1st heat.
F. Fallows	...	...	...	...	1st in 2nd heat.
J. Musgrave	...	...	...	...	2nd in 3rd heat.
D. Shaw	...	...	...	...	1st in final.

*Junior Race.*

E. Simon	...	...	...	...	2nd in 1st heat.
M. Muras	...	...	...	...	2nd in 2nd heat.
E. Simon	...	...	...	...	1st in final.

## SWIMMING SPORTS.

The School Sports were held in the Autumn Term with a large audience. Mr. Priestley very kindly consented to judge the competitors, assisted by Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Watteeu.

The list of prizes is as follows:—

<i>60 yards Race</i>	...	...	1st, D. Shaw.
			2nd, S. Watteeu.
<i>Beginner's Race</i>	...	...	1st, V. Cooke.
<i>Handicap</i>	...	...	1st, A. Robson.
			2nd, D. Shaw.
<i>Diving</i>	...	...	1st, J. Hudson.
			2nd, S. Watteeu.
<i>Candle Race</i>	...	...	1st, S. Watteeu.
			2nd, J. Musgrave.
<i>Neatest Breast Stroke</i>	...	...	1st, D. Shaw.
			2nd, S. Watteeu and J. Musgrave.
<i>Team Race</i>	...	...	1st, VA. Team— D. Shaw, S. Watteeu, J. Hudson, M. McGuinness.
			2nd, VB. Team.

## SCHOOL GUIDES.

It is a year since the last magazine was published, and such a busy year in the history of the Guides that I doubt whether I can include everything and yet not incur the wrath of the mag. committee for taking up too much space; however I will try.

We were very sorry to have to part with Grace Hanson as Treasurer at the end of last summer term; but she is not lost altogether and has taken on the duties of lieutenant. May we take this opportunity of thanking her for her valuable services and also of saying what an excellent successor we have found in P. L. Jessie Dunlop.

One awful day in the winter term, Miss Balls came and inspected us, for a shield to be presented to the most efficient Company in Newcastle. We just held an ordinary guide meeting and were marked on neatness, quickness to command etc. On the whole, Miss Balls did not seem very impressed but we resolved to try harder next time.

The next thing to work for was the great rally of Newcastle Companies in the Drill Hall. The chief part our Company played was in the procession, illustrating the work done in earning the various proficiency badges. Our Company had to illustrate the gymnast, carpenters, entertainers, and boatswain. A song had to be sung without words, a recitation recited without words! Mrs. Jarvie (G. Hanson) was also there with her wax-works. To illustrate the boatswain, a clothes basket was rigged up to represent a boat; it was a double-power ship, being rowed by four oarsmen and at the same time drawn by a rope. The carpenters looked very business-like in their brown overalls and green aprons, each doing some bit of joinery.

The most exciting event of the whole year was the competition for the cup presented by the late Mr. Menzies for the most proficient patrol.

Marks were counted on three things—patrol drill, guide general knowledge and five minute entertainments. Miss Gurney very kindly judged the entertainments while Miss Ford judged the other subjects. The winning patrol was Jessie Dunlop's, The Scarlet Pimpernel. Congratulations on behalf of the guides.

In April, Mr. Richardson, of Elswick Leather works, invited some of the guides to look over his works. The visit was greatly enjoyed by all who were able to go.

Several of our guides again entered for the Federation of Girls Clubs' Competitions. A team was sent in for the dramatic—the subject was "The Trial Scene from The Merchant of Venice"—although we only came second in our heat we thoroughly enjoyed the practices, and would like to thank Mrs. Cumberlege and Miss Comrie for the invaluable help they gave us.

The following girls won prizes:—

Cake—J. Dunlop, 1st.  
 Laundry—B. Watson, 1st; C. Fowler, 2nd.  
 Essay—D. Shaw, 1st.  
 Poem—L. Morris.

The following were highly commended:—

Cake—B. Dotchin and M. Alderson.  
 Knitting—B. Watson.

During the spring term, the first ten minutes of each meeting was generally given to inter patrol net-ball matches ; these proved very exciting and the patrols were very keen, and, although we get heaps of net-ball, no one seemed to get bored.

On February 12th, we sent a hockey and net-ball team to play Blaydon Secondary School Guides : the hockey was a keen game and resulted in a win for the home team by 3 goals to 1 ; our net-ball team won by 29 goals to 1.

We are now the proud possessors of a Company flag ; the guide badge is stencilled in blue on a dark green cloth background (school colours). We must thank Miss Thomson for the originality of the design and also for carrying it out for us.

Looking over the above events, one wonders that there was any time for guide work, but we have managed to get a great deal done. Many of the following badges have been won by the guides:—2nd class—Thrift, Health, Cyclist, Swimming, Gymnastic, and Gardener.

The leaders at present are B. Dotchin, J. Dunlop, C. Fowler, B. Watson, M. Watson, E. Hunter, M. McGuinness, S. Watteeu, M. Fowler, V. Laws. The last five are new since last year.

Although the present patrols have full members, we are only waiting for some new guides to start others.

B. WATSON (*Sec.*)

## BROWNIES.

The Brownie Pack is in a very healthy state just now. Seven patrols are at work—Elves, Fairies, Goblins, Imps, Leprechaun, Pixies, and Wolf Cubs (boys). Some of the patrols are more than full, and new recruits come nearly every week ; they are all doing splendid work, and showing the keenest interest in all the tests. In marks given for different inspections and competitions held at various times—clean nails, tidy hair, patrol ribbons, clean tunics, etc.—the Wolf Cubs' patrol is first with 21 marks, and the Goblins and Imps are second with 20 marks each.

We are very proud of the first Brownies who have gained their second-class badge—Joan Griffith-Young, Eleanor Spinks and Elsie Young ; several others have very nearly gained it. Several Collector's Badges have also been won—Dorothy Bolt, Kathleen Greenwood, Joyce Lockie, and Elizabeth Sanders.

The Brownies had a party in the Christmas term ; Miss Ford inspected them, and found the pack very smart and neat. We hope that the Brownie pic-nic will really come off this term ; last summer term the continual bad weather prevented it, so we had sports in the Henshelwood garden instead.

We owe the warmest thanks to the Guides who gave up their own pleasure every week to lend a hand to the Brownies and teach the patrols. The work simply could not go on without them, and the Brown Owl and the Brownies can never express all the gratitude they feel for all the steady help given.

Below is a list of the **Sixer** and **Second** of each patrol:—

*Elves*—Joan Griffith-Young, Kathleen Greenwood.

*Fairies*—Mary Lough, Betty Morrow.

*Goblins*—Thora Olloman, Marjorie Patterson.

*Imps*—Olga Jokelson, Elsie Young.

*Leprechaun*—Evie Moore, Laura Morris.

*Picnies*—Joyce Lockie, Nancy Bowles.

*Wolf Cubs*—Trevor Hackett, Billy Turpin.

## SHOES

(*With apologies to Kipling*).

I'm look-look-look-look-looking round boot-holes again,  
 Look-look-look-look-looking round boot-holes again,  
 Shoes-shoes-shoes-shoes lying everywhere again,  
 There's no improvement I can see.

Seven-six-eleven-five-nine and twenty out to-day ;  
 Four-eleven-seventeen-thirty-two the day before—  
 Shoes-shoes-shoes-shoes lying everywhere again  
 There's no improvement I can see.

Don't-don't-don't-don't bother to remember that  
 Bags-bags-bags-bags—red bags are provided for  
 Shoes-shoes-shoes that should not lie round everywhere  
 There's no improvement I can see.

I can bear with exercises left at home,  
 But not-not-not-not-not the daily sight of those,  
 Shoes-shoes-shoes-shoes lying everywhere again  
 There's no improvement I can see.

Some-some day when you have children of your own,  
 You-you-you will sigh like me and also say  
 "Shoes-shoes-shoes! Why will they leave them lying round?"  
 There's no improvement I can see.

THE LOOKER.

## RED HERRINGS.

There are many ways and various  
 Of avoiding work or play,  
 How to hide that you've learnt nothing  
 Is the subject of my lay.

You've perhaps been to a party—  
 Had a glorious time—such fun!  
 Time for prep? Well, is it likely?  
 If she makes us write, we're done.

But some way there must be surely  
 Of avoiding a Return.  
 Hearken, sinners, I have done it  
 In my day. Be still and learn.

On the entrance of the mistress  
 Greet her gaily with a smile ;  
 Silence is to be avoided,  
 Keep her talking for a while.

Any subject—'tis no matter  
 If she's young, she'll notice not ;  
 But, beware with the old stager,  
 Or, perchance, you'll get it hot.

Let the duffer take command first  
 Of her difficulties tell—  
 How she worked till it was bedtime—  
 Really thought she knew it well.

Back her up in her endeavour,  
 Some one might begin to cough,  
 Ask if she may get some water ;  
 Some one else complain of Waugh.

Then the windows, if they're open,  
 May you shut them just a bit ?  
 If they're shut, some one shows symptoms  
 Of a threatening fainting fit.

Just a reference to the subject  
 Of the lesson may be made,  
 Lest, by chance, you cause suspicion,  
 Difficult to be allayed.

Then the blackboard—shall you clean it ?  
 (She is getting tired of talk)  
 Sorry you forgot to do it,  
 May you go and fetch some chalk ?

While the chalk is being sought for  
 Do not let your spirits sink—  
 Time's just up—better inquire now  
 "Please, are we to write in ink ?"

Watch the clock ! but, oh ! be cautious !  
 Bid your beating heart be still !  
 Murmur, as she writes the question  
 "Please, we have to go to drill !"

AN OLD STAGER.

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## LINES WRITTEN IN DEJECTION NEAR N.H.S.

My essays all must have brief introductions,  
 Saying (with tact) just what I'm driving at,  
 This poem (?) describes rows, riots and eruptions,  
 Now let me introduce you all to that  
 Bad Junior Cloak-Room.

Old Milton's Pandemonium's out of date,  
 Compared with ours 'twas very Paradise,  
 You place each Prefect quickly learns to hate  
 And take her duty there with groans and sighs,  
 O Junior Cloak-Room !

Then 1832 Reform was needed  
 Just half as much as one is needed here,  
 Rules, orders, impots.—nothing's ever heeded,  
 Daily you're growing worse and worse I fear  
 O Junior Cloak-Room!

The thoughts and theorems of Pythagoras  
 Muddle my brain until it's like a churn,  
 Some Rec. you'll find, you eating, squealing mass  
 That, like the famous worm, Prefects will turn  
 O Junior Cloak-Room!

One Cicero once wrote, "De Senecute"  
 "Youth is responsible for old age bliss"  
 To warn you, then, it is my solemn duty,  
 When old, you will repent having done amiss  
 O Junior Cloak-Room!

But long before Methuselah's age you reach,  
 When we have other troubles, far away,  
 You'll be the Prefects then, to swear and preach,  
 Repenting past misdeeds you'll groan and say  
 That Junior Cloak-Room!  
 M. KIPLING.

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## DIALOGUE BETWEEN TOUCHSTONE AND JACQUES ON THE SUBJECT OF LYING.

*Jacques*: Touchstone! Thou motley fool! Whither away so fast? To meet that gazelle of thine?

*Touchstone*: Nay! Forsooth! I go to rhyme reason into William's thick pate.

*Jacques*: How now? I do mistrust such an answer. Thine eye betrays thee! I see the lover's expectancy touch thy stony eye.

*Touchstone*: By all the pancakes ever made! I go to sharpen my wits on his wooden head.

*Jacques*: A strange procedure in truth! To sharpen dough upon a log. By my faith thou liest, my good motley.

*Touchstone*: What is a lie! A lie is a thing invented to save one's back after one has mistaken another man's mess for one's own. Therefore a very good thing in truth, my conglomeration of philosophy and misery.

*Jacques*: Nay, nothing is a lie, because everything is a lie. Yea, my good fool, thou art a lie, for thou sayest that thou art Touchstone and thou art a delusion.

*Touchstone*: By my troth! Thou wouldst have me believe that I am not?

*Jacques*: I would, because, perchance, thou art me and I am thee. Who knows, it may be so.

*Touchstone*: I am not thee. Thou liest! Hast thou a penny in thy pocket?

*Jacques*: I' truth I have.

*Touchstone:* Yea, most noble philosopher, I am thee. Hand me my penny. For, if I am thee, thou art not thee, therefore that which thou sayest is thine is mine. Therefore hand me the penny.

*Jacques:* Forsooth thy wit is as two sided as thy lies. Take the penny, perchance it is a lie also.

*Touchstone:* Nay! I'll tell thee a thing. Behold my master's friend Orlando, is he a lie? How knows't thou if anything be a lie!

*Jacques:* Because I say, if thou sayest one thing and doest another and thou hast done the deed before the thing has been said, then the thing said is a lie and the deed is true. But, if thou sayest one thing and doest another, the thing which thou hast done is lie to the speech which thou hast made.

*Touchstone:* Behold, I say that I am not hungry but I eat a large meal. Is the meal a lie? It is not because it is good and that which is evil is not good. Thou sayest a lie is evil therefore a thing which is good is not a lie because a lie is evil. Therefore I say thy philosophy is like thy countenance.

*Jacques:* How is my countenance then?

*Touchstone:* Both ripe and rotten.

*Jacques:* That which thou sayest is a contradiction of thine own philosophy for the rotten is bad and the ripe is good.

*Touchstone:* There thou art wrong, for the medlar is a good fruit and is only ripe when it is rotten. Therefore as thou art a meddler in all things thou art both ripe and rotten at the same time.

*Jacques:* Thy pun is like thy wit and both resemble a young calf.

*Touchstone:* Why? Forsooth a young calf is no lie. Therefore my wit is good.

*Jacques:* It has points, let me instruct thee. I said, it has points but they are so feeble, like a calf's legs, they cannot bear thee out.

*Touchstone:* Tush! I am to be compared to a calf! Therefore I am not a lie because a calf is good and good cannot be a lie. Thou art, therefore, lying.

*Jacques:* Thou mistakest. People never tell lies because they believe what they say to be true. If they cannot believe that they do believe the thing to be true they imagine that it is true which is just as good. Therefore they do not lie.

*Touchstone:* I do believe—hark! I hear master Ganymede kissing good sire Orlando which means that they do part. Therefore I go and lest I should lie, by tarrying, I will go at once. Fare thee well, master meddler.

*Jacques:* Fare thee well, good motley.

*Exeunt.*

ISABEL BURGESS, VA.

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## THE N.H.S. HOCKEY TEAM, 1921.

Our hockey team's a perfect dream  
 Applaud it heart and soul,  
 Away with blues! we'll never lose  
 While Esther keeps the goal.

Our backs are Fergie of great renown  
 And Cairns, a ripping sport  
 And side by side when sorely tried  
 They hold the giddy fort.

Our half-back line is really fine  
 There's Watson and Mackay  
 And Stella too, a noble crew  
 Who always do or die.

The forwards shoot with fearless aim  
 What splendid sports they are  
 When Jessie plays in awed amaze  
 We watch that brilliant star.

Another strain of this refrain  
 I fear that it might bore us,  
 But mind you prize and don't despise  
 These ardent lines of Moira's.

MOIRA FOWLER, VB 2.

“ Give back the ring by Reinig wrought,  
 Give back to me the elfin ring,  
 And I, Denreigal, king of dwarves,  
 Will give you half of all the gold  
 That lies beneath Elphindrath Lake.”  
 Beside the water kneels the dwarf,  
 For once emotion fills his face.  
 The water Maiden heeds him not,  
 And in her eyes he sees himself,  
 Reflected in their depths of green,  
 Distorted, blurred in mockery.  
 Green is her hair like water-weeds  
 Stranded upon the sandy beach,  
 And green her arms extended now,  
 While her green fingers hold the jewel.  
 Powerless is he to seize his own,  
 Helpless is he who could have called  
 A thousand goblins for his guard.  
 Beseeching, humbled he remains  
 While only circling ripples mark  
 Where Verta with the ring has stood.

ELLA SIMPSON, IVA.

## A TALE OF A LION.

“ My dear,” said the fox to his mate, “ Would you believe it, but that crafty old lion is at this moment engaged in eating the bones of our dearest friends and relations.” Here he stopped for breath and wiped his eyes with a green silk handkerchief. “ I-I-I am so upset I-I d-d-don't know what t-to do.” “ Now,” said his wife, “ you really must calm yourself while I get you some gruel or something warm and then you may tell me all about it, and if you would prefer chicken broth, why, you shall have it.”

“Yes! yes!” said the poor fox in a feeble tone, sinking down before the fire, “I’ll have some chicken broth and a little bread, please.” The kindly fox bustled away to the kitchen where she prepared him a nice supper, and while he ate it he told her the story.

“Well, I knocked at the door enquiring after his health, he replied that he was far from well and was not able to hunt for his food, but the animals had kept him well supplied (which was true in a way) and made me suspect, for I saw footprints going up towards the cave but none coming away.” Here he paused and looked thoughtful, took a bite of bread and wiped his eyes once more with the green silk handkerchief and proceeded.

The lion asked me to come in, but I said I was in a hurry but might come in later. I heard him growl and say, “later won’t do,” so I turned round and ran home as fast as I could. “Oh dear! Oh dear! and my cousin was there too, and my grandfather, and it’s a wonder I am not there, too,” and after he had wiped his eyes his wife and he went to bed.

ELSIE RICHARDSON, Form IIIA.

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## THE BANANA TRAGEDY.

A boy once walking along the Strand,  
Saw on the path a banana stand,  
Licked his lips till they grew hot,  
“Shall us? Lets! If not, why not?”

\* \* \* \* \*

Seeing an old man walk along,  
Who said to himself some language strong,  
The boy did look at the skin a lot,  
“Shall us? Lets! If not, why not?”

\* \* \* \* \*

The old man slipped upon the skin,  
He said, “It is an awful sin,  
Should I to find a p’liceman trot,  
Shall us? Lets! If not, why not?”

\* \* \* \* \*

The p’liceman then came, out of breath,  
“This boy has has nearly caused my death,”  
The old man said, “Lets give it him hot.  
Shall us? Lets! If not, why not?”

\* \* \* \* \*

The boy then wept along the Strand,  
Passed again the banana stand,  
Wished he’d never said that rot,—  
“Shall us? Lets! If not, why not.”

FLIP-FLOP.

## A RIDDLE-ME-REE.

My first is in but but not in nut,  
 My second is in under but not in over,  
 My third is in cat but not in dog,  
 My fourth is in rat but not in mouse,  
 My fifth is in eating but not in drinking,  
 My sixth is in running but not in walking,  
 My seventh is in chair but not in table,  
 My eighth is in turn but not in fern,  
 My last is in pea but not in sea,  
 And when you have guessed my Riddle-me-ree,  
 A name of a flower you plainly will see.

DOROTHY OWEN, III B.

*Answer* : Buttercup.

## RIDDLE-ME-REE.

My first is in mouse but not in rat,  
 My second is in cat but not in kitt,  
 My third is in tree but not in bough,  
 My fourth is in joy but not in play,  
 My fifth is in orange but not in apple,  
 My sixth is in cart but not in cab,  
 My seventh is in iron but not in lead,  
 My last is in here but not in air,  
 And when you have thought out my Riddle-me-ree,  
 A name of a girl you plainly will see.

M. OWEN, III B.

*Answer*: Marjorie.

## THE SQUIRREL.

Little brown squirrel with twinkling eye,  
 And a big, bushy tale that seems to fly.  
 You hop and jump from tree to tree,  
 But please—why don't you walk like me?

MARGARET BAIN, Form I.