

The Newcastle-upon-Tyne Church High School Magazine.

No. 49.

YEAR, 1927-28.

STAFF.

<i>Head Mistress—</i>					
FORM VI ... MISS GURNEY.					
<i>Second Mistress—</i>					
FORM VA	Classical	MISS DICKINSON	...	<i>Modern Languages.</i>	
"	VB	" SCOTT	...	<i>Mathematics.</i>	
"	VB Modern	" COMRIE	...	<i>French.</i>	
"	IVA	" OSMAN	...	<i>Classics.</i>	
"	IV ALPHA	" WEEDON	...	<i>Geography.</i>	
"	IVB	" HILLMAN	...	<i>Mathematics.</i>	
"	IVBETA	" FORD	...	<i>Gymnastics.</i>	
"	IIIA	" BALL	...	<i>History.</i>	
"	IIIB	" STUART	...	<i>English.</i>	
"	IIIC	" PUGSLEY	}	... <i>Junior School.</i>	
"	II	" TURNBULL			
"	IA	" DAVIES			
"	IB	" WADE SMITH			
"	IC	" READ			
"	Remove	" WHITLEY			
Kindergarten	"	" BREWIS			
MISS BRICE	<i>English.</i>
MADEMOISELLE DADIER	<i>French.</i>
DR. E. WHITE	<i>Natural Science.</i>
MISS MORLEY	<i>"Drawing and Painting.</i>
MISS HAWKRIDGE	
MISS SOUTAR BRAND	<i>Music.</i>
MISS DUNCAN	"
MISS ILIFFE	"
MISS YATES	"

SCHOOL OFFICIALS.

Head Girl	Betty Crisp.
" "	(Summer Term)	Phyllis Patterson.	
School Prefects	Phyllis Patterson and Kathleen Sinclair.			
" "	(Summer Term) Kathleen Sinclair and Faith Hall.			
Prefects	Joan Burgh, Nancie Whitfield, Rae Scott.			
" "	(Summer Term) Joyce Evers, Kathleen Greenwood.			
Head of Blue House	Phyllis Patterson.	
" Red	"	Betty Crisp.	
" "	"	(Summer Term)	Mary Lough.	
" White	"	Faith Hall.	
" "	"	(Summer Term)	Mary Abram.	
" Orange	"	Kathleen Sinclair.	
Hockey Captain	Phyllis Patterson.	
Netball	"	Phyllis Patterson.	
Tennis	"	Phyllis Patterson.	
Lacrosse	"	Kathleen Greenwood.	
Cricket	"	Joyce Evers.	
Swimming	"	Joan Simon.	
Magazine Committee	J. Evers, P. Patterson, K. Sinclair, R. Scott, N. Whitfield.			
Editor	Miss Brice.

EDITORIAL.

Last year's editorial expressed a hope that in this issue of the Magazine, at least one article would appear from every form in the senior school. It has not been possible to carry out this aim, because the standard of contributions was so much higher in some forms than in others. IVA sent in many promising articles and poems, and deserves to be congratulated on its keenness and interest in the magazine. The small prize offered this year by the Committee for the best original contribution, was won by Eileen Hastings, a member of the same form.

Co-operation is as necessary in producing a good magazine as in affairs of much vaster importance, and we want other forms in the school, where examination fever has not yet become a serious menace, to exert themselves more strongly in future, and definitely to aim at making their share of the Magazine a success. We still hope that next year the articles will be much more representative, of a wider variety, and of a higher standard, than those of the present issue.

In November last, Miss Gurney celebrated her 25th anniversary at the school, and we include here a few remarks written by an Old Girl, which, I think, express the feelings of all of us on this subject:—

"This year has been marked by an event of much interest to all who know Miss Gurney. November, 1927, was the 25th anniversary of her appointment as headmistress to the school, and it would be impossible either to do justice to her service in this capacity, or to describe in any detail the good work she has accomplished during that time.

The School buildings have been extended on a very large scale, and the number of pupils has increased correspondingly. The standard of scholarship and games has become higher with each succeeding year. All this may justly be ascribed to Miss Gurney's untiring energy and practical ability. Her admirable personality has won her countless friends, while her devotion to the interests of the School has been a source of inspiration to all who have come in contact with her.

In her report at the last Prize Giving, Miss Gurney very charmingly remarked that she would be pleased to stay with the School as long as it required her, and we can assure her that she will be needed and loved for as long as ever she cares to stay with the school."

S. R. S. BRICE, August, 1928.

TO THE GOVERNORS, PARENTS AND CHILDREN, THE STAFF PRESENT AND PAST, AND THE OLD GIRLS.

A quarter of a century sounds a very long time to look back upon. It is delightfully so to a headmistress to whom every year of the twenty-five has brought new friends and in every year of which she has seen progress and advancement of her girls, small ones, big ones and grown-ups. It is a real happiness to me that the beginning of my twenty-sixth year at school is distinguished by the evidences of your kind feeling for me. These give me tremendous pleasure, both because of their origin and because of their own beauty and usefulness. The diamond pendant from the Governors, Parents and Children, the silver tea-set with its hundred year old teapot from the Old Girls, and the gold bracelet watch and plated tea-tray from the Staff, are all beautiful of their kind, and all are used on every appropriate occasion. Even this list does not exhaust your generosity, for there was a sum left over from all three funds amounting to just over four pounds in all, which has bought a portiere to match my drawing-room curtains.

I enjoy the use of my lovely presents, and I am proud to know that you wished to give me so much pleasure. They remind me of you who gave them and they make, as one of the Old Girls said very charmingly, a little feast of each of the many occasions on which they are used.

I thank you all very gratefully and very heartily for your beautiful gifts and for your kind feeling towards me.

I hope to enjoy your friendship both in school and out of it for a long time to come, and to serve the School more effectively because of the added inspiration that you have given me.

L. M. GURNEY.

CHANGES ON THE GOVERNING BODY.

This year we have lost three valued friends from the Governing Body, namely: our Chairman, Canon Newsom, Mrs. Gracie and Canon Boot.

We of the School shall sadly miss them. They have given much time and thought in our service, and their support, alike on public occasions and at Governors' meetings, has always been forthcoming. The School as a whole owes much to their continuous interest and to their self-sacrifice on its behalf.

We wish them goodbye, with our grateful thanks of all their feelings and acts of friendship, and we hope that they will not forget us, but will visit us very often, at the yearly Prize Giving and at other times.

Mrs. Gracie, as all will remember, has given the School all the prizes for needlework throughout her time of office as a Governor.

She intends to continue this generous and encouraging gift, and for this we thank her very gratefully.

L. M. GURNEY.

TO THE GOVERNORS, HEADMISTRESS, STAFF, AND PUPILS OF THE NEWCASTLE CHURCH HIGH SCHOOL.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,

Just before I leave Newcastle for Cambridge, I should like to offer you a message of cordial good wishes. I have always felt it both a pleasure and an honour to be your Chairman and in both ways I have felt it more and more so in recent years, for the School has manifestly been making excellent progress in every way. Its finance and its whole outfit of buildings and accommodation for games have been greatly improved by the care that has been given to them in these later years, and the School, of which I have always been very proud, is more than ever a source of great and legitimate pride to us all. My hope and prayer is that it may go from strength to strength, that all the girls may grow together in the true team spirit, may take full advantage of the training that is given in health of body and wisdom of mind, and that all who are concerned, from the Governors and Headmistress down to the smallest child, may continue as a good family of God's children to work together for the service of His Kingdom.

I shall not forget the kindness I have received from you all and, in particular, the glad surprise that you gave me in the present of this magnificent armchair.

Yours affectionately,

G. E. NEWSOM, Vicar of Newcastle.

THE PLAYING FIELD.

By the time that the Magazine is in the hands of its readers, the School will have secured its Playing Field. It is where we have always hoped that it would be, on the Grove Estate, adjoining the wall of the Jesmond Tennis Club and of the houses on either side of the Jesmond Tennis Club. The ground will be large enough for one Lacrosse pitch so that one game at a time, of Hockey or of Lacrosse, can be played.

As it is so near to the school, we have to be content with the one pitch, which even so is costing six thousand pounds to buy, since building prices in Jesmond are necessarily a serious matter. Our portion of ground is level, but it will need clearing and the greater part will need turfing. The school ground includes a part of the little wood, and of the west end of the former playing field, and between these, it includes the turf which was laid some years ago for tennis on the old kitchen garden.

The Games Capital Fund, amounting to two thousand and forty four pounds, has gone far to make it possible for the Governors to obtain this field for the School.

Elsewhere in the Magazine a School poet has expressed our thanks to all those who have helped us so splendidly. We are very grateful indeed, as she says, and we feel encouraged by this step to continue our efforts to help to raise the funds which shall complete the payment for the ground and put it into playing condition.

A pavilion and shed are also needed.

We thank the Governors who are undertaking to provide us with this very delightful addition to the School's premises, and particularly our treasurer, Mr. Hugh Pybus, whose watchful interest, perseverance, and wisdom have procured for us a permanent playing field within easy reach of the School.

L. M. GURNEY.

YE GAMES CAPITAL FUND.

Know ye that large our schule hath growné,
 And for a meadow of our owné
 In whych to play at sportés rude
 We conseil take wyth non abood.¹
 Some brainé sed "A fund begin,
 Shylings and pence to mette in."
 All kinds of schemes and plannes were maydé
 Which many wylling friends dyd aydé.
 Much people cam to our bizarré;
 They hied from near, they hied from faré.
 Some danced before them in the Hallé
 Wyth shoelesse feete and dresses smallé
 And each mayde wiked wyth swich a wylle
 That moneye bags gan fast to fillé.
 Swich thyngs as daunces, sayles of sweets
 And plays, were held and other featés.
 And now of moneye we've a lotté
 The field, 'tis said, we've almost gotté,
 So one and all wyth gratitude,
 We fain would thank our friendés good.,
 Who wyth their hearty swink² and aydé
 A tryomph of our fund have maydé
 Them we'll remember, those renownde
 Who helped our schule to get the grownde.

1 Delay

2 Work

JEAN SINCLAIR, VA.

EXAMINATIONS.

December, 1927.

University of Durham School Certificate—

Pass—

J. Evers, K. Greenwood (excused Matriculation), N. Porter,
D. Scott.

July, 1928.

National Froebel Union—Part I - - - Gwen. Philpott.

University of Durham Higher Certificate—

*Pass—*N. Whitfield.

University of Durham School Certificate—

Honours—

J. Hedley (distinction in Geography).

J. Sinclair (distinction in Drawing).

Pass—

E. Armstrong (excused Matriculation), B. Cuthbertson (excused
Matriculation), V. Dodds, M. Elder (excused Matriculation),
D. Hall, M. Hill, K. Holliday, N. Holmes (excused Matriculation),
J. Humphrey (excused Matriculation) B. Morrow, N. Porter,
M. Robinson, M. Smith, E. Taylor.

Additional Subjects—

E. Rodenhurst, Mod. History, Maths.; P. Patterson, Maths.

Music Examinations—

Rudiments of Music - - - M. Lindsay, M. Hunter,
E. Rodenhurst (90 out of 99)

July, 1928.

Higher Division— - - - M. Strong, Z. Moore.

Elementary Division— - - - H. Isherwood, J. Porter.

Drawing Examination—

First Class Certificates—

Lower Section . - - - J. Kerr, M. Thorp.

Middle Section - - - L. Appleby, B. Nisbet.

Upper Section - - - L. Godfree, O. Harris.

E. Rodenhurst, J. Sinclair.

THE PRIZE GIVING.

The Prize Giving was held in the King's Hall, Armstrong College, on Wednesday, November 23rd, 1927. The Bishop of Newcastle kindly presented the prizes and certificates, and stimulated us by his address.

SCHOLARSHIPS.

Year 1928-1929.

Governors' Scholarship—Senior - - - Jean Sinclair.

„ „ Junior - Alisoun Cumberlege, Nora Lunn.

SOCIAL WORK.

THE PERSIAN GIRL.

We were all very pleased to hear from Miss Hodgshon that Jehan is making better progress, although she still has a natural aptitude for getting into mischief. In her last letter Miss Hodgshon tells us that Jehan may soon be able to write to us herself.

People have been much better in remembering to bring their contributions this year. In the Autumn and Spring Terms we obtained £10 Os. 3d. so that we were able to dispense with the Summer Term's collection.

After her visit to England last year, Miss Hodgshon wrote describing the return journey to Persia. The letter from which we give a few extracts was most interesting:—

(Cairo)—“Next morning we spent in the museum, seeing all Tutankamen’s treasures, and in the afternoon we motored out to the Pyramids, and Sphynx; they were indeed wonderful, standing on the fringe of civilisation, looking away over the desert.”

“I shall never forget our first glimpse of the Lake, (The Sea of Galilee) looking down on it, from a mountain top, so calm, and such a wonderful blue.”

(Jerusalem)—“I wish I could tell you all about the week we spent there, but it would take too long. It, too, is wonderfully situated on a hill-top. I think I enjoyed seeing the Mount of Olives, the Temple Area, the Hill of Calvary, and the Garden Tomb, most, but the whole city was a constant reminder of the life and death of Jesus, our Saviour.”

(Damascus)—“It is a quaint place, very much destroyed by fighting; half the streets are still in ruins. From there we began our 36 hours run across the Arabian Desert. It was most thrilling, as the convoy which immediately preceded ours had been attacked by robbers, and one man severely wounded, so we had to go under military orders, with a machine gun in front and another behind, travelling 60 to 70 miles an hour, with only a stop of two hours from 10 to midnight, for something to eat. It was a dash.”

(The journey from Bagdad, by motor.)—“All went well, until we left Kermanshah, and then we took a wrong turning, stuck on a mountain side in snow and mud; a terrific snowstorm and blizzard commenced, so that we had to leave the car, and walk miles over a steep pass before we came across half a dozen mud huts. There we stayed the night, and early next morning, without waiting for anything to eat or drink, we set off with nine men, to try to dig out our car, but we couldn’t move it. Then we had to tramp on to another village and send back more men. This time they did move it, but in doing so, broke a cog-wheel, so we had to hire an empty room, and stay four days until our chauffeur walked to the nearest town, where he dismantled another car, in order to repair ours. However, we eventually did reach Ispahan.”

(Jehan)—“ . . . She has grown. She looked so nice in one of the frocks you gave me to send out to her. She told me to give you all her love, and to thank you very much for all you are doing for her. She really is a nice child now, and Mrs. Stewart, her headmistress, tells me she is doing ever so much better in her lessons, and is one of the head ones in her class.”

N. WHITFIELD

THE CATHEDRAL NURSES.

Form VI., £4 0s. 0d., Form VA Class., £7 3s. 4d., Form VB Class., £5 4s. 3d.

A large collection of silver paper was made by VB Class, and sent to Miss Abraham. The money was used for food and clothing for the sick poor.

FLEMING MEMORIAL HOSPITAL.

Form IVA, £9 0s. 0d., Tankerville House, £9 16s. 3d., (Autumn and Spring Terms).

During the Summer Term, Tankerville House worked especially hard, and a total collection of £22 6s. 9d. was made. This made it possible for a member of each form to present a purse containing £3 to the Duchess of York, and these sums were afterwards handed over to the Fleming Memorial Hospital.

HOME FOR INCURABLES.

Form VA Modern, £6 15s. 0d. Part of this was spent on gramophone records for the gramophone recently presented to the Home by a former class of Miss Weedon's, and the remainder in purchasing small packets, each to the value of about 6d., of chocolate, sweets, cigarettes and fruit.

GIRLS' ORPHANAGE, MOOR EDGE.

Form IV, Alpha, £7 12s. 0d. In the Autumn Term, £2 0s. 0d. of this was spent in giving a party to the girls from the orphanage. The children seemed delighted with the writing outfits, notepaper, boxes of sweets, and games which we had bought for them. There was an attractive supper of sandwiches, cakes, jelly and trifle, lemonade, ice cream and fruit. The form decorated the hall, and did everything to ensure the enjoyment of their guests.

CHILDREN'S WARD, ROYAL VICTORIA INFIRMARY.

Form IIIC, £1 8s. 4d. This sum was sent to the Infirmary, and spent as the Matron thought best.

'SAVE THE CHILDREN' FUND.

During the year £5 4s. 7d. has been collected by Forms IVB and IVBETA for a little girl called Vilma Besseney in Budapest, and food and clothes have been sent to her. We have received letters of thanks from her and her mother. She is very delicate, and they are most grateful for our help.

CRIPPLES' HOME AT GOSFORTH.

Form IIIB, £4 0s. 0d. This sum was realised by means of weekly collections and sweet sales. During the summer term the children attended a Sale of Work at the Cripples' Home, where they made a few purchases, had tea, and presented the term's collection to the Matron.

DAME MARGARET'S HOME.

Form IIIA, £6 16s. 0d. This sum was raised by means of weekly collections, sweet sales and a Pet Show held during the Summer Term.

The latter was an original undertaking, and proved as successful as it was interesting. The various pets brought by the children were to be seen on payment of 2d., and the tennis courts looked like a miniature zoo, such was the display of tortoises, guinea pigs, puppies, pigeons, rabbits and canaries that the form provided. Each visitor was asked to vote for the animal, bird or reptile which she considered to be the finest specimen, and as the collection was so heterogeneous, this was no easy task. The largest number of votes went to a red setter pup, the owner of which, Lois Sinclair, was awarded a small prize.

COLLECTION FOR NEWCASTLE HOSPITALS.

In response to the appeal made by Lady Armstrong for the hospitals of Newcastle, the School presented seventeen purses to Her Royal Highness the Duchess of York. The presentation took place at the Hippodrome on July 16th. The Duchess charmed us all with her gracious manner, but unfortunately, she only spoke to those on the stage. The donors went up in turn, and presented their purses, and each received the Duchess' charming "Thank you," though there were over three hundred donors.

Indeed, none of us will ever forget the experience of meeting with a Royal Lady. She has set us an example in the ways before mentioned, and in cheerful perseverance to the end of an undertaking which will be a life-long inspiration.

MORNING AND NIGHT.

When in the dawning the sunlight is breaking ;
Then hope, joy, living and laughter are waking :
Sweet little flowerettes the fairies are making
Radiant with dew.
Dear little birds to my window come trilling ;
My room with shrill songs of joy they are filling :
Each morn anew.

When up in the sky the pale stars are peeping,
And out on the downs little daisies are sleeping,
Goblin-like forms in the candle-light leaping,
Are heralds of night,
Round my white bed quaint fairies come creeping,
Tiny hands on me, their sweet dreams are heaping,
Golden and bright.

EILEEN HASTINGS, I.VA.

There is a garden behind a wall,
Full of roses and thyme,
Where gauzy butterflies flit all day ;
And golden brown bumble bees gather the dust
As they lazily pause in the soft drooping flowers,
In the garden behind the wall.

The folks they say that a maiden lived there,
Away from the noisy world,
To wait for a lover who never came
From the far away wars in an Eastern land,
In the garden behind the wall.

HELEN HALL, I.VA.

Spring sits by the silvery stream,
With flowers in her golden hair ;
She is weaving the web of a wonderful dream :
From showers and sunbeams fair.

IRENE MALLETT, I.VA.

THE MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT.

During the morning of Friday, June 22nd, the buttering of bread, the slicing of cucumbers, and the squashing of tomatoes, was carried on ceaselessly by Miss Yates and many others, in order to provide tea for about 300 parents and the performers, at the close of the afternoon's entertainment.

At 3 o'clock the School Hall was filled with parents, and the School Choir, attired in white for the occasion, were trembling in anticipation behind the curtains on the platform.

The concert opened with two songs sung by the choir, "Little Red Burn," and "The Dance Song," both of which were conducted by Nance Whitfield.

The members of the Kindergarten and Remove bands were clad in their gayest cotton frocks, and formed a delightful picture on the platform. They all solemnly kept time on their respective instruments, to the piano accompaniments played by some of the youngest music pupils of the School, and to the beating of their enthusiastic little conductors.

IB, trained by Miss Iliff, rendered a most charming and realistic scene of Autumn. The leaves came out and danced to the music, and skipped merrily round the trees ; the squirrels hopped out of their

hiding-places; two small orange messenger fairies were sent to wake the Autumn wind, which began to moan among the trees, first softly, then louder so that the trees swayed to and fro to the bewitching music. The leaves had a fine frolic and then lay down; the wind calmed; the trees became motionless; the squirrels went to sleep for the Winter, and Autumn herself, with the two little messenger fairies, rested—their work being completed.

The nursery-rhyme, "Lavender's Blue," was cleverly acted by IIA, and the small king and queen to be, bowed and curtsied to each other with almost real exactitude, while their faithful followers were sent "Some to the plough, diddle-diddle, Some to cut corn." The realistic effect, and the charm of the scene, were due entirely to Miss Iliff's training.

A most captivating little musical play, "The Apple Green Lady," was performed by IIIA (who were taught by Miss Duncan) in which the ardent young lover came untiringly to woo his lady under the apple-tree, when the tree was in blossom, in leaf, and finally when it was laden with fruit, when at last he is able to lead away his beautiful young bride, who consented to leave her home and merry companions, to sail with him "A hundred leagues over the water."

One of Schubert's "Moments Musicaux," played by Muriel Herbertson, was interpreted in a dance by Hestia Grey, Mary Walker, Cynthia Martin, and Margaret Morrow,

Interspersed among these little plays and dances, were piano solos by Dorothy McAdam, Moire Lindsay, Muriel Herbertson, and myself, and a violin solo by Enid Silleman.

The performance which deserves the most praise, was a series of piano duets played by Muriel Herbertson and Margaret Widdes.

After the concert, tea was served in the Gymnasium.

The success of the entertainment was entirely due to the organisation and hard work of Miss Brand and the other members of the music staff, who made the occasion enjoyable both to the performers and to the audience.

EULALIE RODENHURST.

THE DANCING MATINEE.

The Dancing Classes gave us a very effective display on March 31st. At the beginning, there was a march round by all the classes, the babies looking very sweet in their frilly dresses. Then the Senior Class did a very pretty dance, holding baskets of flowers.

Diana Feetham, not a member of the School, came to help us by dancing the Naughty Elf dance. She justified her name by eating too many mushrooms.

The classes also gave displays of ballroom dancing.

The Senior Fancy Dancing Class gave two very charming dances, a Sea Dance and a Rhythmic Dance in four, while the Junior Fancy Dancing Class did a Doll Dance, looking very stiff and doll-like, and a Muff Dance. Then the Baby Class delighted us with a Rabbit Dance and a Play Dance, in which they sang rhymes and danced to them. Joan Sharp and Diana Feetham were the very images of two old-fashioned dames with barking dogs in "Scandal."

There were two more solo dances: Joan Kerr gave us the Fairy Cobbler Dance, and Hazel Barnett "Summer 1927" which was amusingly realistic.

A new feature was introduced: this being a display of Fencing, in which Miss Bauche's assistants took part. It was really most exciting, and smartly given. The Seniors did a Tambourine Dance and a Gavotte. To finish up this enjoyable afternoon, the Toe Dancing Class performed the "Coming of Winter" which was extremely pretty.

We must thank Miss Bauche for presenting the proceeds to the Games Capital Fund.

N. PORTER.

HOWLERS.

Some interesting Biographical details.

"Cecil Rhodes was a very clever man. When he went to S. Africa he did not give up his studies, but travelled to England every few months to take his B.A. degree."

(We should like to know how many times he sat for the examination. In his case, perseverance and constant application were certainly *Rhodes* to success.)

"Cecil Rhodes is often described as sitting in a cart, drawn by oxen reading the classics."

("Are we to be out done by oxen?" asks the Classics mistress in desperation!)

"Molière is the French for molecule."

"Ne'er so well expressed."

"Portia had a maid or somebody named Nerissa, and when she heard that someone wanted a pound of flesh from someone's body, she dressed up as a doctor or something, and went to the house to try and stop them."

Extract from an account of the expedition to Holystone.

"We went to visit the well where Paulinus baptized three thousand people and then had a picnic lunch."

(A well deserved meal!)

Q. "Who wrote 'The Canterbury Tales?'"

A. "Lamb." ("Canterbury Lamb?")

Q. "Who wrote 'The Dissertation on Roast Pig?'"

A. "Bacon."

(We should like to know to what author the writer would attribute "The Apparition of Mrs. Veal.")

Q. "What famous author died last January?"

A. (i) "Robert Burns." (ii) "Prince Henry."

Some answers to the query: "The ter-centenary of what person will be celebrated next November?"—

"Captain Cook." "The Great War." (How time flies!)

"Florence Nightingale." "The Old Gate and Castle."

"The Duke and Duchess of York." "Princess Elizabeth."

(Long live the Duke and Duchess!)

Some answers to the query: "Who wrote 'Gray's Elegy'?—

"Cowper." "Raleigh." "Shakespeare." "Tennyson."

"Goldsmith." "Wordsworth." "Thompson." "Burns."

Q. What famous character in fiction said these words: "It is a far far better thing that I do than I have ever done. It is a far far better place that I go to than I have ever known?"

A. (i) "Rudyard Kipling."

(ii) "Little Nell."

(iii) "Sir John Martin Harvey."

(iv) "Julius Caesar."

(v) "Socrates."

(vi) "Hamlet."

(vii) "Shakespeare."

(viii) "King Arthur on the Death Barge."

Q. "What is a tripos?"

A. "A three legged stand for hanging pots over a fire in a gypsy camp."

Q. "What is the Bodleian?"

A. "An Arab chief."

- Q. "Who is the father of the House of Commons?"
 A. (i) "Conan Doyle." (ii) "Dr. Samuel Johnson."
- Q. "What is a 'maiden over'?"
 A. (i) "A maiden over twenty-one."
 (ii) "A girl's overarm bowl at cricket, or a small overhand throw."
- Q. "What is a reredos?"
 (i) "A turnover cake."
 (ii) "A small animal."
 (iii) "bent back."
- Q. "Name the Bank-holidays in England."
 A. "Race-week."
- Q. "Name the architect whose design has been accepted for the new Shakespeare Memorial Theatre?"
 A. "Edgar Wallace."
 (The versatility of this man daily becomes more amazing.)
- Q. "For whom do these initials stand?—G.K.C."
 A. "Good King Charles."
- Q. "What form of musical composition is the "Elijah" by Mendelssohn?"
 (i) "An uproar."
 (ii) "A minuet."
- Q. "Whose theories have recently changed our own ideas of the motions of the planets?"
 A. "Miss Weedon's."
- Q. "Who was Purcell?"
 A. (i) "A great footballer."
 (ii) "The man who invented Persil washing-soap."
- Q. "Who introduced vaccination?"
 A. (i) "The Cow." (ii) "Dr. Vaccin."

"LILIES OF THE FIELD."

It is very interesting to write a criticism of a play six months after it has been performed. The outstanding features spring to the mind at once; the impressions have crystallised, the jewels have formed and gleam brightly. A picture rises compounded of swaying crinolines, blue beaded chairs, Victorian posies in gold frills, Victorian barrel fur muffs and affectation, contrasted with the laughing charm of a youthful modern grandmother, and the deeper tone of Barnaby's gravely impassioned sincerity forms a background to it that has lingered in the memory.

It was a gay two evenings, a gay stage, a gay audience generous with their kindly appreciation. A little slowness in playing was partly due to the writing of this particular comedy; the difficulties in choosing a suitable play are known only to the committee, but this was redeemed by the real dramatic gifts of the players. All the parts, small and large, showed signs of right conception and careful individual study and preparation; but perhaps the outstanding performance was the Vicar's, whose ease and humour justified the liberties he took with the words. He was a great strength to the cast, and the whole production bore the marks of his long stage experience; the company was fortunate in securing the privilege of his presence. It is an inspiration to work with actors such as Mr. Graham Barrow, also Mr. Lloyd Russell, whose study of the Victorian exquisite delighted the audience.

The next picture which arises is that of the twins, who achieved a pleasant ease and charm of manner on the stage, and were as convincing in their tense scenes as in their lighter moments. With a little more smoothness or perhaps absence of gesture, they should produce excellent work. A great point of their playing was the way in which they never forgot to emphasise the contrast between the modern and the Victorian girl, each a perfect foil for the other. Perhaps Eleanor Hair reached her highest pitch in her struggle with herself to tell her puzzled lover of the changeling trick she had played on him to gain his love; her own sorrow and shame, and her fear of losing him were extremely well expressed. This was a scene which by its restrained emotion and deep sincerity held the audience throughout.

Pat Nicholls reached actually a high standard at two points; first in her nervously shy boldness in encouraging a shy lover, and then in her unaffected scorn of the two affected Victorian ladies. Vivienne Taylor and Rita Berkley in these roles deserve special praise; it is hard not to overact character parts, and their presentation of the two prim, unsympathetic, artificial ladies struck just the right note.

A great contribution to the success of the production was the stage management. This is a thankless task, and usually wins faint praise, but Mrs. Horsley's work here cannot pass without the thanks of everyone concerned, audience and players alike. It was a stimulus to the imagination of us all to live for a while among the furniture and ornaments, sometimes rarely beautiful, sometimes only quaint, but always true to period, which she collected either from friends or from Woolworth's. Her study of the stage was as detailed and careful as that of her own part.

A word of special thanks is due to Miss Kitty Foster, who with her friends gave us so much pleasure by her delightful incidental music; and also to those whose regular attendance at rehearsals made rehearsal possible.

To come and read in a part you will never play, to arrive early and stay late, to print tickets and programmes, argue a devotion to the cause which is a real strength and encouragement to us all. It is hard work to prepare a play, but the fun and good fellowship and added experience we get in the preparation, and the usual substantial cheques paid—£23 9s. 6d. to the Games Capital Fund, and £5 to the Diocesan Maternity Home, Elswick Lodge, make the annual production well worth the effort it entails.

HOUSE NOTES.

OFFICIALS.

	Blue.	Orange.	Red.	White.
House Capt.—	P. Patterson.	K. Sinclair.	B. Crisp. Summer, M. Lough.	F. Hall. Summer, M. Abram.
Vice ,,	J. Evers.	M. Featonby.	J. Burgh.	M. Abram. Summer, R. Scott.
Snr. Hockey—	P. Patterson. J. Evers.	K. Sinclair.	B. Crisp.	M. Abram.
„ Netball—	P. Patterson.	D. Hall.	J. Hedley.	M. Abram.
„ Lacrosse—	P. Patterson.	V. Thorp.	H. Grey.	F. Hall.
„ Swimming	J. Evers.	J. Widdas.	H. Gray.	F. Hall.
„ Sports—	J. Evers.	M. Featonby.	M. Lough.	F. Hall.
„ Cricket—	J. Evers.	K. Sinclair.	M. Lough.	M. Abram.
„ Tennis—	P. Patterson.	V. Thorp.	N. Scott.	R. Scott.
„ Music—	E. Rodenhurst.	N. Whitfield.	M. Elder.	R. Scott.

Jnr. Hockey—	M. Strong.	N. Lamb.	M. Walker.	M. Thorp.
„ Netball—	J. Lunn.	V. Greenwood.	A. Grey.	C. Martin.
„ Cricket—	M. Humphrey.	V. Greenwood.	M. Walker.	C. Martin.
„ Tennis—	M. Strong.	N. Lamb.	M. Wattsford.	E. Pettin- [ger.
„ Sports—		N. Lamb.		

TROPHIES.

AUTUMN TERM.

Swimming Shield	-	Red House.
Drill Cup	-	Orange „
Neatness Cup	-	Blue „
Honours „	-	Orange „
Report Trophy	-	{ Blue House. Red House.

SPRING TERM.

Senior Netball	-	White House.
Junior „	-	Blue „
Senior Hockey	-	White „
Junior „	-	Orange „
Lacrosse Cup	-	Blue „
Marching Cup	-	„ „
Neatness „	-	Orange „
Honours „	-	Orange and White.
Report Trophy	-	Red and Orange.
Junior School Drill	-	Red House.

SUMMER TERM.

Sports Cup	-	Blue House.
Sports Senior Championship	-	„ „ Vida Dodds.
Junior Championship	-	C. Martin, M. Thorp (White)
Senior Tennis	-	Blue House.
Junior „	-	Red „
Senior Cricket	-	Blue „
Junior „	-	White „
Music Competition Shield	-	Blue „
Senior Tennis Championship	-	N. Scott (Red)
Runner-up	-	M. Elder „
Junior Championship	-	N. Lamb (Orange)
Gardening	-	White House.
Neatness	-	Red „
Honours	-	Blue „
Report	-	Orange „
Junior School Netball	-	Blue „

The House Captains would like to express their pleasure at the keenness of the houses at games, but also feel the necessity of reminding everyone that reports of both kinds are far too numerous.

LACROSSE.

A small section of the School was keen and derived much pleasure from this game. The style generally has improved and there was some good individual material shown. Blue House kept up its record by winning the House Cup in an American Tournament, when its team work, catching, and throwing were outstanding.

MATCHES.

Date.	Opponent.	Venue.	Result.
Feb. 8—	Newcastle Ladies' A Team	- A - -	lost 2—20
Mar. 7—	„ „ II „	- H - -	Scratched for weather.
„ 17—	Morpeth High School	- H „ „	„ „
Apr. 4—	Tyne Ladies' - - -	- H „ „	lost 6—7

HOUSE TOURNAMENT.

	Blue	Orange	Red	White	Total
Blue	-	4	4	4	12 Goals.
Orange	1	-	0	0	1 „
Red	0	0	-	1	1 „
White	3	0	1	-	4 „

After much changing, the School team was arranged as follows:—

Goal	...	M. Thorp.
Point	...	K. Greenwood.
Cover Point	...	V. Thorp.
3rd. Man	...	R. Scott,
Rt. Defence	...	F. Hall.
Lt. Defence	...	M. Lough.
Centre	...	P. Patterson.
Rt. Attack	...	M. Walker.
Lt. Attack	...	B. Harper.
3rd. Home	...	J. Evers.
2nd. Home	...	E. Rodenhurst.
1st. Home	...	A. Cumberlege.

RESERVES.

M. Ford. D. Patterson.

HOCKEY.

1st. XI.

MATCH RESULTS.

Date.	Opponent.	Venue	Result.
Oct. —	Rutherford College	A	lost 1—4
Dec. 9—	Newcastle Ladies' A	H	lost 1—6
Dec. 10—	Central High School	H	won 3—2
Dec. 16—	Old Girls	H	won 2—1
Jan. 28—	Staff	H	lost 2—4
Feb. 2—	Rutherford College	H	won 3—1
Feb. 23—	Sunderland High School	H	won 5—2
Mar. 2—	Rutherford College	H	won 3—1

HOUSE MATCHES.

Senior Cup.—Orange	} Draw 0—0 After extra time White 1—0	} White after extra time 2-1
White		
Blue		
Red	} Red 5-4	}
Junior Cup.—Orange		
Blue	} Orange 8—1	} Draw 1—1 after extra time
White		
Red	} White 5—2	} Orange 1—0 in replay

TEAMS.

1st XI.—Goal: K. Sinclair.

Backs: V. Thorp, M. Abram.

Half-backs: K. Greenwood, P. Paterson, (Capt.) K. Waugh.

Forwards: B. Harper, B. Crisp, D. Thompson, M. Lough.
J. Evers.

2nd XI.—Goal: J. Sinclair.

Backs: M. Scott, A. Gibb.

Half-backs: M. Thorp, M. Henderson, J. Widdas.

Forwards: M. Walker, V. Huthwaite, V. Greenwood,
V. Dodds, (Capt.) M. Trow.

Goal.—Needs practice and must learn to use her feet as well as stick.

Left-back.—Too slow—should play further up the field.

Right-back.—Promising, but needs to be quicker off the mark.

Left-half.—Uses reverse sticks too much and lacks pace.

Centre-half.—Good—should try to use both sides of the field equally.

Right-half.—Good defence player—wants to practise the “scoop” to her wing.

Left-wing.—Fast, and combines well with her inner but uses reverse sticks too much.

Left-inner.—Very promising player; has played well the whole season—should practise using her centre-forward more.

Centre-forward.—Has improved greatly—follows up well in the circle.

Right-inner.—Has played some good games but is inclined to get out of position.

Right-wing.—Has speed and centres well—needs practice in controlling the ball when running fast.

Although the scores do not indicate it, School has been better in attack than in defence; nevertheless the team as a whole has played well. From an initial loss of 1—4 to Rutherford College we gradually improved as the season progressed to terminate with a win of 5—2 against Sunderland High School—in itself a very satisfactory achievement since Sunderland has shown a high standard of play latterly.

Colours have been awarded to K. Sinclair, V. Thorp, M. Abram, M. Lough, W. Thompson, B. Crisp.

F. E. DUFF

TENNIS.

SCHOOL MATCHES.

Date.	Opponent.	Venue.	Result.
May 14—	Sunderland High School	A	lost 42—29
May 24—	Staff	H	lost 40—39
May 30—	Durham High School (League)	H	won 41—32
June 11—	Sunderland High School	H	lost 41—24
June 15—	Central High School (League)	H	lost 39—31
July 4—	Old Girls	H	lost 106—30
July 6—	Central High School	H	lost 49—26

SCHOOL TEAM.

1st couple { P. Patterson (Capt.)
V. Thorp

2nd couple { D. Thompson
V. Dodds.

SECONDARY SCHOOLS SHIELD.

Tynemouth	Tynemouth	Sunderland w.o.	Sunderland 42—31
Alnwick	38—37		
Durham County	Sunderland		
Sunderland	47—21	Central 39—31	
Newcastle H.S.	Newcastle		
Durham H.S.	41—32		
Central	Central		
Rutherford	48—17		

HIGH SCHOOL TOURNAMENT.

		N.H.S.		S.H.S.		Central.		Durham.		
		1st	2nd	1st	2nd	1st	2nd	1st	2nd	
N.H.S.	1st -	-	—	3	2	6	9	5	10	62
	2nd -	-	—	5	2	5	6	3	6	
S.H.S.	1st -	-	8	6	—	4	5	9	9	87
	2nd -	-	9	9	—	4	4	9	11	
Central	1st -	-	5	6	7	—	—	10	11	80
	2nd -	-	2	5	6	7	—	7	7	
Durham	1st -	-	6	8	2	2	1	4	—	35
	2nd -	-	1	5	2	0	4	—	—	

SENIOR HOUSE MATCHES.

Blue	}	Blue	} Blue 40—36
Red	}	42—33	
Orange	}	Orange	
White	}	39—29	

BLUE HOUSE TEAM—

{ P. Patterson	{ D. Thompson
{ J. Evers	{ V. Dodds

ORANGE HOUSE TEAM—

{ V. Thorpe	{ D. Hall
{ N. Lamb and J. Fenwick	{ J. Fenwick, K. Sinclair

WHITE HOUSE TEAM—

{ R. Scott	{ K. Waugh
{ M. Abram	{ J. Sinclair

RED HOUSE TEAM—

{ N. Scott	{ M. Elder
{ J. Hedley	{ B. Firth

JUNIOR HOUSE MATCHES,

White	}	White	} Red 46—39
Blue	}	48—12	
Orange	}	Red	
Red	}	40—16	

BLUE TEAM—

{ M. Strong	{ J. Kerr
{ E. Elder	{ E. Southern

ORANGE TEAM—

{ V. Greenwood	{ E. Hall
{ J. Spencer	{ H. Booth

WHITE TEAM—

{ E. Pettinger	{ C. Martin
{ M. Thorp	{ M. Hunter

RED TEAM—

{ M. Wattsford	{ M. Petch
{ M. Walker	{ E. Hatton

Senior Championship.—N. Scott beat M. Elder, 6—4, 2—6, 6—3.

Junior Championship.—N. Lamb beat M. Thorp, 6—4, 5—6.

TENNIS NOTES.

The team this year has done better than results would indicate. The players have worked hard and shown improvement, particularly in style; it is lack of steadiness that has accounted for our negative match results; V. Thorp, however, played a consistent game throughout the term.

In the first round of the league we beat Durham High School easily, but in the second round lost to Central by 39—31. At the Shield Tournament on July 14th, we squared our earlier league defeat, beating Central by 7 games, but unfortunately we lacked steadiness, and this was our undoing, for, losing to Sunderland, we even had to accede to Durham, coming out third in the whole Tournament.

Mr. Hughes came up for three weeks in June to give special coaching; the juniors took most advantage of this valuable opportunity, and we have already noticed marked improvement in more than one of his pupils.

Colours have been awarded to the following people—P. Patterson, V. Thorp, D. Thompson, V. Dodds.

P. Patterson.—Has a good first service, and her forearm drive has speed and is placed well when it is not mistimed; is inclined to lift her backhand.

V. Thorp.—A steady player, with good overhead work; should practise getting up the to net after her first service.

D. Thompson.—Has excellent style, but does not play an attacking game, and her return to the service is often a poor length.

V. Dodds.—Has a very good service, and lobs to advantage; must exercise her energy more, and cultivate a straight arm with her forearm drive.

F. E. DUFF.

SWIMMING.

The annual Inter-School Swimming Competition was held on July 17th at the Chillingham Road Baths. Hestia Grey, having won the Senior Race last year was debarred from competing this year, and the Senior Race was won by last year's runner up, L. Kluckvin of Benwell. Margaret Morrow was third in the Final.

The Central High School won the Diving Competition and the Intermediate Race, in the Final of which Ailsa McKellar was fourth. Rutherford College won the Beginner's Race, in the final of which Irene Mallet swam, though she was not placed. Rutherford also won the Old Girls' Race, Eliza Widdas being second.

Joan Burgh was placed first for style and for the third consecutive year we won the Team Race. Our team consisted of Barbara Firth, Joyce Evers, Margaret Morrow and Hestia Grey. Any School winning a race in three consecutive years is entitled to a trophy which it keeps, the cup being competed for again. Up to the present time the Central High School, which won the Intermediate Race three times in succession, is the only School holding a trophy. We shall have to wait for ours till after the next Schools Swimming Meeting in April or May.

Swimmers and others should read in the Old Girls' News what an old Swimming Captain and winner of the Diving Competition has done this summer. How many of you could have done what Moira did?

Our own Swimming Sports were held at Chillingham Road last October. Red House won the Cup with 38 marks, Blue House being second with 18 marks. Hestia Grey was champion and Margaret Morrow was runner-up.

This year and in future years we shall have a Championship Cup, which has been presented by Joan Simon. We hope Joan will be present at the Sports and will present her Cup to the champion.

F. E. DICKINSON.

NETBALL.

It is difficult in August to remember exact details of a game which has not been played since March, but a very definite general impression does remain on my mind. The School is, I think, more enthusiastic than it has ever been; the number of lukewarm players is diminishing rapidly, and the position of the new court and the nearness of the pillar supporting the Lab. has not interfered with our play a bit. It was helpful to have Miss Barff, a member of the Oxford University Team, with us for a term. We hope to have help and hints from her in the future when she joins the staff.

We did not play as many matches as usual, because, owing to building operations, the big court was unusable until the November half-term. The House Matches were played in the Spring term; the play on the whole was good, and the Captain and I have our eye on various surprising people who distinguished themselves then.

White House won the Senior Cup and Blue the Junior.

F. E. DICKINSON

CRICKET.

Cricket has been played during the summer term, when there was no rain and sometimes when there was. No outside matches were played. The House Matches showed a higher standard of play than in previous years, though most of the fielding still leaves much to be desired.

The Senior Cup was won by Blue House and the Junior by White House.

F. E. DICKINSON.

THE EXPEDITION TO HOLYSTONE.

On Thursday, July 19th, at 10. a.m., a large and spacious charabanc drew up outside the School, and was soon loaded with members of VA and a few of the VIth. The party was accompanied by Miss Dickinson and Miss Brice.

The journey was enjoyable, but uneventful. Old men smiled benignly on the "bright young faces" that greeted them from the charabanc, and our spirits were kept up by the musical (?) efforts of the choir in the back row. The road followed the Coquet in the latter half of the journey, and the geographical members of the band were thrilled to see its exemplary meanders, (though sad to relate! not one of them knew its name!) The arrival was exciting, because, although Miss Dickinson assured us we were now at Holystone, all we could see was a small cottage adorned with a large wooden salmon, and a butcher's Ford car! The former dwelling was the Salmon Inn, through which we had to pass in order to visit the well where Paulinus baptized three thousand people in 627 A.D. It was difficult to imagine such a large number assembled in so deserted a spot.

Some people seemed more interested in the fish in the pond than in the historical importance of this event, though everyone remarked upon the chipped nose of Paulinus.

On the way down to the river, where we had decided to have lunch, we met a few village children of whom Miss Dickinson asked whether a small building, near by, was their school. At such a hideous mistake the children were horrified, and stood, their lower jaws slowly dropping. One however, who was a little braver than the rest, goaded on by righteous anger, indignantly replied, "Naw, that's wor chorch!" After this we fed on our somewhat squashed sandwiches, and drank pure cold water from a conveniently situated fountain. Some adventurous spirits preferred to eat their lunch on the opposite side of the stream, but alas! one person was beguiled by the slippery verge of a mossy stone, and had to carry her wet stockings about with her for the rest of the afternoon.

Not being satisfied with their lunch, two people wandered about looking for a sweet shop, and at last discovered one with a window two feet square, decorated with Californian Syrup of Figs, rouge, baking powder, and cold cream. Inside, however, sweets of every variety presented themselves. After investing in sherbet balls, and jelly-babies, we again collected, and set off for Rob-Roy's cave. This could only be reached at great risk, as it lay at the bottom of an almost perpendicular slope, but fortunately there were no casualties. One of us had the misfortune to sit on a toad, but no damage was done to either party.

On the other side of the stream was a grassy moor, where we sat and basked in the sunshine, and took a few snapshots. Swarms of flies accompanied us, and made their presence felt in rather an objectionable manner.

At 3-20, we left for the Salmon Inn, where a real old fashioned tea was prepared for us in the garden. This was perhaps the most delightful part of the day's programme, and although there were thirteen people sitting at two of the tables, nobody seemed to mind in the least.

The last piece of excitement was the discovery of a priest's hole, in the large old fashioned chimney of one of the rooms in the inn, where a Covenanter is supposed to have taken shelter in times of religious persecution.

At 4-30, considerably refreshed with sponge cake, rock buns, home made scones and gooseberry jelly, to which we had all done justice, we returned to the charabanc and set off home.

We spent a very enjoyable day, and should all like to thank both Miss Dickinson and Miss Brice for making the expedition a success.

(Compiled from extracts written by various people in VA)

"SUIT THE ACTION TO THE WORD, THE WORD TO THE ACTION."

VA WORKING FOR SCHOOL CERTIFICATE.

"Small have continual plodders ever won,
Save base authority from others' books."—*Love's Labour Lost*.

POST-EXAMINATION MEDITATIONS.

"I wasted time, and now doth time waste me."—*Richard II*.

"I'll burn my books."—*Marlowe*.

SCHOOL DINNER.

"A man must take the fat with the lean; that's what he must
make up his mind to in this life."—*Dickens*.

SOMEONE WE ALL LOVE.

"Thy voice is stern and harsh, but it is the voice of a friend."
—*Longfellow*.

A JUNIOR LEARNING TO DIVE.

"The slippery verge her feet beguiled, she tumbled headlong in."
—*Gray*.

GENERAL KNOWLEDGE EXAMINATION.

"Such tricks hath strong imagination."

A LITERARY TEA.

"A Table richly spread in regal mode with dishes piled."
—*Milton*.

"Every pleasure is transitory: we can't even eat long!"
—*Dickens*.

THE SCHOOL SPORTS.

"They ronne so, hem thoughte his herte breke,
They yelleden as feendes doon in helle . . .
So hidious was the noyse a 'benedicite.'—*Chaucer*.

VISIT OF THE DUCHESS OF YORK TO NEWCASTLE.

"'Twas not her husband's presence only, called that spot of joy into the Duchess' cheek."—*Browning*.

"Surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision."—*Burke*.

MENTAL TESTS.

"Three pounds of sugar; give pound of currants.

I cannot do't without counters."—*A Winter's Tale*.

MOST PEOPLE AT SCHOOL.

. . . . "think too little, and talk too much."

—*Dryden*.

A SIXTH FORMER LEAVING FOR COLLEGE.

"And so to study; three years is but short."

—*Love's Labour Lost*.

END OF TERM.

"If we do not meet again, we'll smile indeed,

If not, 'tis true this parting was well made."—*Julius Cæsar*.

"Since there's no help, come let us kiss and part."—*Drayton*.

THE VITH FORM LITERARY SOCIETY.

OFFICIALS. 1927-28.

Presidents: N. Whitfield, B. Crisp, J. Burgh.

Vice-Presidents: Miss Stuart, Miss Brice, Miss Ball.

Secretaries: K. Sinclair, P. Patterson.

Treasurers: J. Burgh, R. Scott.

At our first meeting in the Autumn term, we read "The Critic" by Sheridan, thus beginning the year in a proper and orthodox manner. At the second meeting we chose a more modern play—Arnold Bennett's "Great Adventure" which was extremely amusing in parts and very refreshing.

In the Spring we held an "Open Night", when Miss Gurney, and those members of the Staff and Old Girls who are not members of the Literary Society were invited. The play chosen was "Prunella" by Houseman and Barker, and a practice having been held beforehand, it was rendered in a most successful manner in spite of the nervous qualms of all concerned—and unconcerned—when Prunella was borne bodily from the stage. We hope the audience enjoyed the play as much as the actors.

The second time we met in the Spring term we read another Arnold Bennett—"Milestones." This play gave us some idea of the progress that has been made since the Victorian Age. We enjoyed it very much.

Early in the Summer term we read "Escape" by John Galsworthy. This play was unusual in as much as each act was complete in itself, depicting one of the convict's adventures. It was extremely interesting and we especially enjoyed his encounter with the trippers, and the man in plus-fours and his unconventional wife.

After the examinations, feeling the need of relaxation, we met to read Bernard Shaw's "Arms and the Man." Miss Gurney once more honoured us with her presence on this occasion, although we were all sorry that she had to leave early. The play itself was very successful. Two of the Staff were members of the cast, which is not often the case, and does not happen as often as we could wish.

The VIth form enjoy the meetings very much, and our only regret is that we are unable to hold more.

N. WHITFIELD. VI.

VTH FORM LITERARY SOCIETY.

Form VA had three literary teas this year. At the beginning of the Winter term we read the first part of "The Good Natured Man", by Goldsmith. The play was finished at the next meeting when we had tea in the Geography room and found it much more cosy than the gymnasium.

In the Spring term five members read papers on Dickens' characteristics as shewn in "David Copperfield," and each was responsible for illustrating one characteristic by reading or acting extracts from the book. This was the jolliest meeting of the year, chiefly, I think, because the actors "dressed up" and so many humorous scenes were presented. Curiously, the sad scenes caused most mirth, and when the pathos in "David Copperfield" was illustrated, the audience rocked with laughter, to the great embarrassment of the actors, who, no doubt, had zealously rehearsed their tragic roles intending to move the spectators to tears. This they did, though the cause was hilarity rather than sorrow.

Unfortunately, the Durham Certificate Examination was held in the Summer term, and after that the form visited Holystone, so that we had no time for a fourth literary tea, but were compensated by memories of the three earlier merry and successful meetings.

LAURA HILDREY, Vice-President.

THE JUNIOR LITERARY SOCIETY'S EXPEDITION TO NEWMINSTER ABBEY AND MORPETH CASTLE.

On Friday, July 20th, a party of about thirty-eight members of the Junior Literary Society took a 'bus and went to Morpeth Castle. As the great aunt of a member of the party was living in the Gate House, she had asked us to come and see over it, and have tea in the garden.

Before tea we divided into two parties, and while one party inspected the Gate House and went up into the battlements, the other looked round the garden.

The garden is a delightful place almost surrounded by the old castle walls. Across the kitchen garden is a beech hedge over three hundred years old, and in one corner stand the remains of an old wooden statue. The wood, although worn and rotten in some parts, is quite hard and strong in others.

Just as we were going into the house, someone noticed a species of sweet pea; but although the flowers resembled those of an ordinary sweet pea, they were very much smaller, and grew in clusters at the end of the stem. They are called mummy peas because the seeds were found in a mummy case.

Once inside the Gate House we saw some engravings of what the castle was like long ago. We also saw some of the original windows built in the thickness of the walls. One can imagine dark deeds being done when so little light was admitted into the rooms; but one wonders how the ladies managed to do such fine embroideries, especially when the only artificial light to be procured was that of a candle.

On climbing a little spiral staircase we reached the roof, and saw the holes in the walls, through which stones and boiling lead were poured down upon unwelcome visitors.

After tea we again embarked on the 'bus, and went to Newminster to see the remains of an old abbey. Having obtained Sir George Renwick's permission to go into the abbey, we all climbed over the fence, as there was no gate visible.

It was a lovely ruin. The cloisters (in most parts) were fitted together in their original form. We had no difficulty in finding the chapter house, and near the north transept we found a tombstone on which was the engraving of a chalice. Some bloodthirsty young people picked up some old bones, and one person found a tooth. Whether they thought the bones were the remains of some old monks, they know best themselves. Miss Stuart said she thought they were sheeps' bones and probably she was right.

When tired of looking at the ruins, the more energetic of our party began to pick flowers. Some "painted water flags" were found and several people returned to the ruins covered with mud, but laden with flowers.

We returned from the iris bed to find Miss Stuart talking with Sir George who very kindly said that he wanted us to come and see his garden. We went up a little steep winding path through a dark spinney; and then, suddenly, we came to the garden, such a lovely, vast garden that it would take pages to describe it!

We came back tired and dusty at half-past seven, and we must thank Miss Stuart for arranging such a delightful outing.

MARGARET HENDERSON, IVA.

THE ORATORY COMPETITION 1928.

Having successfully passed the preliminary weeding out of the Oratory Competition, our two competitors, Joyce Evers and Faith Hall, were chosen to give their speeches in the final on March 30th at Rutherford College.

The subject was "The World's Bridges," and by the end of the evening the audience knew everything (and possibly more) than was worth knowing on the subject. However, the competition was not only instructive in subject matter, but also in studies of the behaviour of different personalities under the stress of public speaking. Our two competitors, both in style and subject matter, undoubtedly surpassed the other five competitors who were all boys as was shown by the result. Joyce Evers was first, and Faith Hall second. Both deserve our heartiest congratulations on their able handling of the subject, and on their successful orations.

KATHLEEN SINCLAIR.

HEROES AND HERO-WORSHIP.

(Not after Carlyle.)

They steal along the corridor,

They linger at the Vith form door;

With anxious look upon their face

They prowl in almost every place,

Looking for one whom they adore

Her love and favour to implore.

Offerings of flowers they to her bring,

And many another pretty thing.

They queue "in never ending line"

With albums, which she's asked to sign.

And if their buttonhole she wears,

Or smiles at them, what joy is their's!

They cluster round the tennis courts

To watch her excellence in sports,

And cheer her loudly as she strives

With brilliant serves, and back-hand drives.

And then they 'snap' her in delight

Before she refuge takes in flight.

But how it wastes their schoolgirl days
When victims to this tiresome craze!

I wonder if these people know
What foolishness they often show,
Neglecting work, neglecting play,
That near their idol they may stay.

BY A SIXTH-FORMER.

THE LAST DAY OF THE HOLIDAYS.

School starts to-morrow! what shall I do?

My one clean blouse is torn in two;

My stockings have ladders from knee to toe,

When they'll get darned I'm sure I don't know.

From off my blazer the buttons are gone,

And my overcoat only has one sewn on.

My house brooch has left the face of the earth,

And my tunic is visiting Pullars of Perth.

It's no great shock, but 'tis as I feared,

My Cæsar and Milton have clean disappeared.

Only last week that naughty young pup

Got hold of my Shakespeare, and chewed it up.

My gym shoes are almost as black as my hat,

I've lost my satchel, but what of that?

For here comes Mother, she'll make it all right,

And help me out of this terrible plight.

DAPHNE ATHILL, VB CLASSICAL.

GUIDES.

10th NEWCASTLE COMPANY.

Guiders: Captain, M. Ford; Lieutenant, P. Pimm.

Patrol Leaders: *Acorn*: M. Walker; *Bantam*: B. Morrow; *Cornflower*: F. Hall; *Forget-me-not*: R. Scott; *Robin*: E. Watson; *Scarlet Pimpernel*: H. Grey; *Secretary*: P. Pimm; *Treasurer*: F. Hall.

This year the Competition between the 8th and 10th Newcastle for the Patrol Cup, consisted of Inspection, a test paper, (2nd class standard) and tests in observation and morse. The results were good, the marks of the three top Patrols being very close indeed. The Cup and Swastikas were won by the Robin Patrol.

On March 6th, the 8th and 10th Newcastle gave a party, inviting the 20th Newcastle company, the Captain of which is Mrs Armstrong. (B. Bookey.)

The Rally was held at the end of March in St. James' Hall. The Picture for the Best All Round Guide has been won this year by Rae Scott.

There have been seventy-six proficiency badges gained this year which shows extreme keenness on the part of the Guides. P. PIMM'

8th NEWCASTLE COMPANY.

In Autumn, 1927, a rather diminished company of fifteen met together, with Miss Weedon, who kindly helped us to try to maintain the standard which we had reached under Miss Frodsham.

The 10th won the Cup in our annual competition, our marks being rather disgraceful, but with Miss Wilkinshaw's help, we were able to pull up, and were third in the division for the Challenge Shield.

On March 28th, we met the 10th at School, and marched down to St. James' Boxing Hall. There we spent a happy evening, singing songs and watching entertainments at the Rally.

Twelve of us went to camp with the 10th at Osmotherley during Race Week, and returned home looking very sunburnt.

JOAN SIMON, VI.

8th and 10th NEWCASTLE CAMP.

The 8th and 10th companies held a very enjoyable joint camp at Osmotherly, under the direction of Miss Ford. Miss Weedon kindly came with us too, and catered admirably for our camp appetites.

The site was quite close to a farm, and a stream bubbled merrily at the bottom of the field. The surrounding country was very beautiful. There were thickly-wooded and springy-turfed hills, and heathery moors, besides a wonderful view of the vale of York, with its flat, neatly laid out fields, and scattered farm buildings.

We had several interesting walks, including a visit to Chequers Inn, where we saw a fire which had not been out for two hundred years. We also followed three exciting trails, and enjoyed them very much.

The various showers forced us to have many meals in the tents and huge was the task of the waitresses serving out viands to the ever-hungry guides. However, they didn't do so badly.

A highly respectable patrol leader was even discovered in the store tent, rapidly consuming the remains of a large enamel basin of custard!

On Wednesday evening we had a camp fire. Swathed in coloured rugs and blankets like so many Indian tribesmen, we squatted round a roaring log blaze, and sang till the hills re-echoed with the sound.

We put up two magnificent wash-tents, but most of the ablutions were performed in the stream.

Saturday came all too soon, and it was with much reluctance that we packed up all our things and came home, after a glorious week.

JOYCE EVERS, VI.

MARCHING AND DRILL COMPETITION.

The Cup was won by :—

Autumn Term 1927.	-	Department Test, Orange House.
Spring Term 1928.	-	Blue House.
Summer Term 1928.	-	not competed for.

JUNIOR CUP.

Autumn Term	-	-	not competed for.
Spring Term	-	-	Red House.
Summer Term	-	-	Orange House.

COUNTRY DANCING.

A Senior Team entered for the Musical Tournament and were fifth, gaining a proficiency certificate. Dr. White has very kindly taken voluntary classes on Wednesday afternoons.

NEATNESS CUP.

This Cup was won by :—

Autumn Term	-	-	Blue House.
Spring Term	-	-	Orange House.
Summer Term	-	-	Red House.

GARDENING CUP.

This Cup was won by :—White House.

A SCHOOL NURSERY RHYME.

Sing a song of sports-day,
A pocket-full of fun ;
Four and twenty schoolgirls
Running in the sun.

When the sports were started,
We all began to shout—
“Red ! Blue ! White ! and Orange !”
A noise without a doubt.

Our Head was in the centre
Watching with a smile ;
The staff were very busy
Marking out the mile.

The maids were in the garden
Serving out the ice,
When down came the Juniors
—’Twas gone in a trice !

SPORTS.

The Sports were held on Saturday, June 2nd, at the Grove. Fortune favoured us with an exceptionally fine day, much to the relief of the Committee.

A new race for parents was introduced this year, the aim of which was to bowl a hoop with a ruler. It was certainly very amusing to see Miss Dickinson sternly disqualifying an enthusiastic male parent, who had arrived first but, alas, had left the greater portion of his ruler at the starting post. We were very enterprising, and decided to have a 440 yards race instead of the usual 220 yards for Seniors, but as we were only allowed to enter for one run, only the very energetic people entered. In the senior school spoons were given for the more important events, and the pins with the inscription “N.C.H.S. Sports, 1928” for the minor events.

V. Dodds proved to be the Senior Sports champion, and gained the Cup with 15½ marks for Blue House. M. Thorp and C. Martin were the Junior champions with 5½ marks each. Blue House, who were the winners of both the Relay Teams won the Sports Cup with 106½ marks.

We are very grateful to Miss Dickinson and to the rest of the staff for their help at the Heats and on Sports Day, also to Mrs. Mattison who arranged for us to have refreshments.

HOUSE RESULTS.

Cup Winners—Blue House	-	106½ marks.
2nd—White House	-	105½ marks.
3rd—Orange House	-	102½ marks.
4th—Red House	-	68½ marks.
Individual Senior Championship.	-	Vida Dodds, B 15 pts.
Junior „	M. Thorp and C. Martin,	W 5½ „
Tankerville House „	J. Thorp and M. Teasdale,	O 4½ „

SENIOR RACES
(over 15).

Flat, 100 yds.	-	-	F. Hall	W
Flat, 440 yds.	-	-	V. Dodds	B
High Jump	-	-	F. Hall	W
Long Jump	-	-	V. Dodds	B

JUNIOR RACES
(under 15).

M. Thorp	W
220 yds. C. Martin	W
E. Southern	B
M. Thorp	W
M. Thorp	W

Cricket Ball	-	-	{	N. Scott	R			
				M. Davison	O	-	N. Lamb	O
Sack	-	-	-	D. Black	O	-	M. Harrison	O
Obstacle	-	-	-	M. Davison	O	-	E. Pettinger	W
Egg and Spoon	-	-	-	I. Lunn	B	-	J. Kerr	B
Relay Race	-	-	-		Blue House			
Bean Bag Relay	-	-	-		Blue House			
Third Form Relay	-	-	-		IIIA			

TANKERVILLE HOUSE.

			(over 9)		(under 9)		(under 7)	
Flat	-	-	J. Wilson	W	P. Markham	O	R. Cumberlege	W
Egg and Spoon	-	-	E. Birk	R	B. Porter	W	G. Anderson	W
Skipping	-	-	J. Fox	W	M. Teasdale	O	P. Natrass	O
Potato Potting-			D. White	O	B. Thorp	B	J. Osborne	B

A TROUBLED AUTHORESS.

With pen in hand, and wrinkled brow,
 I sought the Muse, and seek her now.
 Oh! that the Goddess might be led
 To pour her gifts upon my head.
 Then I might venture some worthy verse,
 To send to the Mag, which may have worse.
 Your patience, readers, I will not strain,
 So thick a haze o'erspreads my brain.
 In vain I tax my addled head,
 My feet are cold, so I'm off to bed.

By an uninspired composer.

EIRENE BOWIE, FORM IVA.

SCHOOL ALPHABET.

A is the Art-room, where time quickly lapses,
 B is the Blackboard, that often collapses,
 C is the Classroom, the centre of learning,
 'D' is the mark, we have much fear of earning,
 E is the End-of-Term, a joy to us all,
 F is for Faith, whose surname is Hall,
 G's for Geometry, disliked by the lazy,
 H for Miss Hillman, whom our efforts drive crazy,
 I's the Inspection, a thing we detest,
 J is the Jam on a tunic that's messed.
 K for the Knowledge we strive to attain,
 L is for Latin, we dare not disdain,
 M for the Mistresses who teach us so well,
 N for the Noise, they oft have to quell,
 O is Oration Prize, J. Evers did win,
 P for the Prefects, who rave at our din,
 Q for the Questions, our house captains raise,
 when R for Reports in crowds meet their gaze,
 S is for Singing, ('tis mostly a wail!)
 T for the Trouble, when in tests we all fail,
 U for Untidiness too often our error,
 V for the Victims, the staff fill with terror,
 W for White House, the best of the bunch,
 X for the Excellent biscuits at lunch,
 Y for the Yells, we raise on Sports Day,
 Z is our Zeal for work and for play.

E. H. BURNS, FORM VB CLASSICAL.

NEWS OF THE OLD GIRLS.

Marjorie K. Walker has three pictures at the Laing Art Gallery, and has had six at the Newcastle Artists' Exhibition during 1927-28.

Margaret Duncan is in Denmark training to be a Masseuse.

Emmie Simon, who was at the London School of Medicine for Women, has passed the first part of the second M.B. Examination.

Susie Blickstadts (Holzapfel) now lives at Christiania and has two daughters.

Annie Fovgener (Holzapfel) also lives at Christiania: she has three children. At present she is in Switzerland for health reasons.

Iddy Dick (Dove) has four girls, one of whom is coming to School next term.

Winnie Dove is now Lady Piggott, wife of Sir George Piggott, a retired judge.

Florence Dove is the wife of Major Laing (H.Q. Western Command). She is now at Chester, but Major Laing is soon to be transferred to Egypt.

Pearl Fine (Leventhal) is now living at Cardiff and has two daughters.

Vivienne Carter is living at Knaresborough and is helping to look after Molly's little daughter.

Mollie Dunlop has a post as Gymnastic Supervisor under the Northumberland Education Committee.

Patricia Cranswick has had a temporary post as typist to Mr. J. G. Thompson, Fire Assessor, of Hood Street.

Mary Stewart is secretary to Mr. Guy Barend.

Florence Mackenzie has obtained a 2nd class Honours Upper Division in the London University History Finals.

Mabel Hackett has obtained a 1st Class Honours in Armstrong College Mathematical Finals. She has asked for a School holiday which we are to have in November. Will she please accept the School's heartiest congratulations and thanks?

Muriel Soulsby and Ella Lowes have each obtained 2nd Class Honours in English Finals, Muriel at Durham and Ella at Armstrong.

Kathleen McGowan has a pass in English B.A. Finals.

Jean Hudson has passed B.Sc. Finals.

Marianne Watson is teaching Mathematics and Science at West-wing College, Ryde, Isle of Wight.

Kathleen McKitterick is governess to a girl of fifteen and is working for the London Intermediate Arts Examination.

Mary Cameron is teaching Domestic Science at Simpson Street School, Sunderland.

Nancy Cameron is teaching Gymnastics, Games and Dancing at Devonshire House School, Carlisle.

Connie Caris and Shirley Parker, who are students at the College of Medicine, have both passed the first M.B. Examination.

Lillian Pyle is teaching near Haltwhistle.

Edith Ross is teaching Domestic Science at Woodlands Middle School near Doncaster.

Enyd Robinson is a nurse. She trained at the David Lewis Northern Hospital, Liverpool, and is now working for the C.M.B. at the Princess Mary Maternity Hospital in Newcastle.

Helen Hounsfield is now at Wakefield High School, in the Lower Fourth Form, and centre forward in her Form's Hockey team. Mary Burton is on the Staff of the same School.

Joyce Carr is at School at Marnor (*sic*) House, Piltdown, Sussex.

Molly Stell and Joyce Bristow are at St. Mary's College, Paddington, working for the N.F.U. Certificate.

Gladys Ison has married W. E. Thompson, wireless operator on S.S. Sheafgarth.

It was the Bishop of Barking, better known to many of us as Canon Inskip, who wrote to tell us of the death of Miss Edmunds. The Bishop and Alice were present at the funeral, the Bishop taking part in the service.

On Saturday, August 18th, Moira Fowler dived, fully clothed, into the River Ribble, and successfully helped in the rescue of a drowning woman.

Minnie Goodfellow is now working at the Automobile Association Office in Newcastle.

Bessie Carr is now Assistant Secretary at School. Phyllis Philpott is taking a well deserved rest.

Joan Holmes has been working at the Babies' Hospital in Westmorland Road, and she will study at the School of Massage of the Royal Victoria Infirmary in Newcastle. Joan Simon, Doreen Jamieson, and Doris Armstrong are also beginning there in the Autumn Term. Betty Crisp and Dora Wilks have been learning there since May.

Mary Heath and Helen Baker have just passed the first part of their Massage examination from this School and they are now studying for the final part.

Mary M'Coull holds a temporary post at Sunderland Infirmary, and Audrey Coates has a temporary post at Stockton and Thornaby Hospital.

Helen Horsley is at the Great Ormsby Hospital, Middlesbrough, and Elma Carnegie (who qualified some time ago) has just obtained a post at Ashington Hospital.

Marjorie Thomson has held two resident posts at the Royal Victoria Infirmary. Jessie Dunlop, Phyllis Walker, Olga Adams and Alys Simpson have also held posts there during this last year. Marjorie Thomson and Jessie Dunlop now hold resident posts at the Fleming Memorial Hospital, and Alys Simpson has a non-resident post.

Hilda Robson is studying medicine at the Croydon School of Medicine for Women.

Kathleen Appleton, Lily Jones and Charlotte Parkin are studying in the Margaret Bauche School of Dancing, Kathleen and Lily since September. Both gained certificates, and Kathleen a prize at Mrs. Wordsworth's examination in London this summer.

Vera Cooke has studied for two years, and is teaching dancing in Newcastle.

Millicent Walker has passed her examination for the B.A. degree at Armstrong College. She will begin training for her teaching diploma in October also at Armstrong College.

Joyce Robson has been appointed Warden of the Parr's Wood House hostel for Women Students at Manchester. She goes into residence this September.

BIRTHS.

Greig.—At Edinburgh, on August 13th, 1927, to Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Greig (Annie Kirk) a son.

Dowland.—At Jodhpur, India, on September 5th, 1927, to Captain and Mrs. Dowland (Hilda Hodgshon) a son.

Charlesworth.—At Tynemouth, on September 17th, 1927, to Mr. and Mrs. J. Charlesworth (Lily Waggott) a daughter.

Waller-Wilkinson.—At Newcastle-on-Tyne, on December 30th, 1927, to Mr. and Mrs. Waller-Wilkinson (Gladys Durant) twins.

Mennie.—At Jesmond, on March 3rd, 1928, to Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Mennie, a daughter.

- Larmor.**—At Lisbon, Co. Antrim, Ireland, on April 6th, 1928, to Mr. and Mrs. J. Graham Larmor (Gladys Maughan) a son.
Wattsford.—At Benwell, on June 20th, 1928, to Dr. and Mrs. Wattsford (Gladys Fletcher) a son.
Webster.—At Leeds, on June 24th, 1928, to Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Webster (Margaret Robinson) a son.
Surtees.—In London, on July 21st, to the Rev. V. and Mrs. Surtees (Joan Salkeld) a son.

MARRIAGES.

- Hinton—Stevenson.**—At Longbenton, on September 7th, 1927, Eric Hinton to Kathleen Stevenson.
Rock—Svendson.—At Hexham, on September 8th, 1927, Dennis I. B. Rock to Vera Svendson.
Heal—Nicholson.—At Jesmond, on September 27th, 1927, John C. Heal to Winifred Nicholson.
Robson—Whitley.—At Whalton, on December 27th, 1927, Allan Robson to Mollie Whitley.
Jaques—Griffith-Young.—At Newcastle, on January 6th, 1928, Dr. Edward H. Jaques to Marjorie Griffith-Young.
Holmes—Fallows.—At Stocksfield, on February 9th, 1928, Percival Holmes to Freda Fallows.
Nicholson—Zollner.—At Newcastle, on February 16th, 1928, William I. Nicholson to Nella Zollner.
Cockburn—Tate.—At Lamesley, on March 12th, 1928, George B. Cockburn to Mary Tate.
Wiggans—Robson.—At Gosforth, on March 29th, 1928, Herbert H. Wiggans to Ailsa Robson.
Sansom—Brewer.—At Meerut, India, on April 9th, 1928, Captain A. E. Sansom, 6th Lancers, to Dorothy Brewer.
Nixon—Smallwood.—At Gosforth, on April 18th, 1928, Ernest Nixon to Nellie Smallwood.
Beaty—Booth.—At Ashington, on June 14th, 1927, Gladstone Beaty to Julia Booth.
Trevelyan—Wardale.—At Newcastle, on June 19th, 1928, John T. Trevelyan to Nancy Wardale.
Thompson—Ison.—At Newcastle, on June 27th, 1928, Edward L. Thompson to Gladys Ison.

DEATH.

- Edmunds.**—At Bridport, Dorset, on April 30th, 1928, Annie Edmunds, for some years First Form Mistress at Newcastle High School,

JE ME RAPPELLE.

The last evening of two halcyon days at the end of April, spent in a tiny village set deep in a sheltered cove near Dover; two heaven-sent days of perfect June weather that lost their way in the Summer of 1927, and found themselves a year later among the hot, heavy scent of the golden gorse in flower along the Kentish cliffs; June heat tempered by a brisk little salt-laden breeze that sets you striding along the broad turf paths high above the water, watching the first white butterflies, catching the note of the first cuckoo. A scent of wall-flower and sweet-briar from a garden near; the gulls wheeling in wide, effortless circles, their wings motionless at full spread, round the high sharp promontory of the white cliff to the west; the absurd creaking cry of a clumsy over-grown young gull down on the shingle, stretching its speckled brown body as it follows its mother over the stones, selfishly demanding for itself all that she gleans from the day's

visitors. A magic casement opening on fairy seas, where there lingers a hint of jade and blue beneath the ruffled luminous grey; soft silvery-white bars of cloud flecking a pale-blue sky which deepens to misty purple and grey on the horizon; and in your ears the break and his of the little waves falling on a shelving beach—the one sound in the world which never wearies by its constant presence.

Earlier in the day, over the water we had seen the low grey line that is France. Then the sun caught her, and there the sands shone golden; and pure gold were the memories that came beating their way like the gulls. Perhaps it was right that the first was Normandy and Caen, the home of that king whom we are proud now to call the Conqueror; Caen in an August so hot that at mid-day we avoided crossing the squares, and edged round them on their shady side. There was cool and peace only in the white beauty of the Cathedral of Saint Etienne, beneath the massively perfect proportion of the Norman arches in the nave, and in the absence of restless ornament and plaster saint. Then Bayeux, with its gay gardens and open windows, where little girls sat bent over their lace pillows, their flaxen plaits falling on each side of their intent faces, never raising their eyes when we stopped to watch their fingers flying among the hobbins, never suspecting the pity we felt for childhood mis-spent. Perhaps they were a re-incarnation of the Queen and her ladies who bent year after year over the strips of tapestry above in the Museum—strips which surprise by their narrowness—where we read the story of an earlier day among the angular figures with domed helmets whose long nose-pieces must surely have been the most uncomfortable things in the world.

Next, a night in Rennes, a city of broad open squares whose sole contribution to memory is the novelty of snowy cream cheese served with young green almonds in their shells; we had to dally carelessly with the cheese till we saw how the other diners—French people these—attacked the nuts. And so into Brittany, to a tiny village on the cliffs, west of St. Malo, west of Saint-Quay. It had a new little hotel full of shining new furniture, where our bedroom windows were just above the kitchen premises; and our first morning was made gay by the voice of the pretty little dark, pink-gowned maid, who was afraid to carry up the coffee to “deux Anglaises”—her first experience of this ordeal. “Mais j’en ai peur, moi; au moins je pourrai leur dire ‘Good-morning’, (this with an indescribable accent) ‘Dieu merci; mais c’est là tout!’”

There were heather-covered cliffs, thick with the great ripe blackberries which no good French child will touch, because they are black, and also because perhaps their branches once made a crown of thorns. There were dolmens and menhirs raising their ageless heads, in whose presence you felt that faint swaying mental giddiness, that sense of the unreality of the present, caused by all such monuments. There was, along with them, a bent little Breton woman, ageless as they, all alertness and twinkling eyes and white apron, who told us long tales of their history. With true sense of the dramatic she kept till the last her best point. “Et tout ça, voyez-vous, c’est très ancien; plus ancien que les Romains, plus ancien même que la Révolution.”

Later we went to Finistère, to a village that is the artist's Paradise; to a hotel where they have filled the wall-spaces of a panelled room with their paintings, all given in gratitude of heart to the Julia who kept the hotel—gratitude surely above all for the breakfast yard-long hot loaves and the deep golden butter that are the best in all France. We were in luck's way, for it was fête time there, the Fête des Genêts, and all the town was decked with the blazing yellow plumes. All day long the girls wore their traditional Breton dress, the immensely full black skirt with row upon row of broad black velvet near the hem, the apron of exquisite coloured brocade,

often gay with bright embroidery and gold lace edging; the close-fitting black velvet-trimmed bodice, the wide white ruff with the myriad tiny goffered pleats that are stiffened on straws; and the small proud fair heads crowned with the complication of strips of starched muslin and lace, the sky-blue ribbon streamers floating to the waist behind. And their men were worthy of them; spotless whiteshirts under sleeveless waistcoats of black, circled and striped and edged with gold and purple and scarlet; immensely wide baggy pleated breeches of coarse creamy home-spun; buckled shoes, and to crown all, a wide, brimmed black felt hat, with black velvet streamers flying behind. They walked in processions behind the squeaking "biniau," they danced arm in arm in swaying sixes and eights in the village square, they sat demurely on a platform during an impassioned speech by the dark handsome Théodore Botrel, in which he besought them to "rester Bretonnes"; they smiled their promises, but all the time you knew that they would gladly have exchanged ten of their national costumes for one dress from the Rue de la Paix.

At Concarneau, it was the Fête des Filets Bleus, and the houses were draped with the soft blue folds of the fishing nets that would bring wealth to the town later. We crossed the stone bridge to the Ville Close, asleep within its grey battlemented walls, surrounded by the quiet water of the harbour, and we found that there too the people had given of their best in decoration; the butcher had a row of pallid calves' heads above his window, and the fish shop a large young shark caught that morning, all grey and glutinous, and still dripping blood from his wounds. But one must "faire preuve de bonne volonté."

So much—or so little—for Brittany. Dijon follows. It is always two a.m. here, with an insistent raucous cry of "Dijon ville—dix minutes d'arrêt!"—the last long drawn out syllable echoing drearily along the deserted platforms. You stretch your legs after the long immobility of the six hours' night journey from Paris; you smile bravely at your companion in the compartment, thankful for the dimness that hides your travel-stained gritty weariness; you pull aside the blinds and blink up at the swinging arc lamps; the wheel-tapper passes on his musical ringing progress; then with a jerk which almost dislocates your spine and must certainly have uncoupled some of the coaches, the long train pulls out, and you sink uneasily to sleep again.

We wakened in Besançon, among the foothills of the Jura; a sleepy little University town with a green-clad knoll rising against the pale clear sky visible at the end of every street, where the woods are blue with periwinkle in May. A town with a storied past, this; a perfect Roman gateway on the hill-top, with massive heroic figures, and the arch carved in rich lozenge-shaped relief; beyond it you may trace the chariot-wheel tracks over the rocks out in the open country, exactly as you find them on Hadrian's Wall in Northumberland; in the city still stand the gracious stone columns with their carved capitals which guarded the Roman road to the centre of the town. Fifteen hundred years later the Spanish invasion left its mark on the old grey houses, and the inhabitants defended their windows against foreign marauders by heavy iron bars that curve out at the bottom; but to-day they shelter only the children on the broad sill watching the passers-by, or a cat sunning itself among the pots of carnation and mignonette.

This is the Kent of France. We watched the storm of cherry blossom whiten the hills; later, the fruit was a luscious revelation of sweet black wine-flavoured juice, or of flushed white crispness; here too we first found the delicate white strawberries served floating in cognac syrup. Truly a land fit for Lucullus and Brillat-Savarin.

Other memories wing a swift way past the window. Wimereux, a little town of great hotels, with wide firm sands where you hear

only English spoken, and only English children seem to play ; where the Cape Griz-Nez light exchanges winks with the Dover and Goodwin lights all night long. Boulogne, full of souvenir shops to attract the fleeting tourists ; St. Malo, where you choose your whiskered lobster for lunch from the piled dishes on the tables ready laid on the warm pavement, and then sit there waiting till it is ready ; Honfleur, where there is a votive chapel to the Sancta Maria, Maris Stella whose Son was a friend of the fishermen ; so on this cliff where her church stands, a light burns each night to warn her children of the rocks below ; and when they come safely home, they hang near her altar an oar, or rudder, or maybe a roughly painted picture of the ship she saved. There is Mont Saint-Michel, where you toil up the cobbles and steps of a steep street just three yards wide, and laugh to see its name, "Grande Rue", on a house. Here lived that Tiphaine, wife of the Chevalier du Gueschin, who had the gift of second sight ; you wander through her tapestry-hung rooms, and lean from the window where she watched for his return, her heart dead within her because of her vision of her dead lord. You climb the hundred steps to the great castle hall ; you walk round the battlements that keep the tiny piled-up houses from slipping down their rock into the sea, and you look out across the wide shining stretch of sand that is slowly flooding with the in-coming tide ; you feel a moment's regret for the permanent dyke that prosaically joins to the mainland this pinnacled fairy city, so that it can never again be the sea-girt island of dreams ; then you turn away with a sigh, and fall into helpless laughter, a victim to the twinkling smile and broken English of a French waitress, surely taught by some British schoolboy to say, at the psychological moment, "A cup of tea ? Just like mother makes it !"

Strangely enough, almost the latest to arrive of the flocking gulls of memory is Paris ; but the City of Light is the City of all the World ; it cannot be hid, and needs no praise. The daylight is fading, and tall against the soft green evening sky stands out a Cross of Sacrifice. Béthune shows a brave front of new houses ; but go down her back streets, and the piles of shattered bricks and mortar are still there, where her houses fell, and her men, and the hopes of many lives. A brave front ; drive out on the road to the big British cemetery, and for a bewildered moment you are no longer in France, so thick by the road-side are the square, sturdy British army huts, where French families are spilling over the thresholds, gathering up the broken threads of their lives, and triumphing over a housing shortage more acute than any we knew in England.

Inside the cemetery, you realise that the Old and New Testament conceptions of the Divine have become one ; the God of Battles, and the Man of Sorrows acquainted with grief. We walked over the smooth grass, down the long rows of uniform carved headstones, rank upon rank as an army should be ; the turf lay between, and long lines of colour—waving green tamarisk, purple fuchsias, the soft pink of monthly roses, and further over, the bushes of the sweet-scented yellow tree-lupin. The surrounding stone wall was thick with clusters of wisteria, and the young trees were growing strong and tall to guard our British graves, and in a corner Germans, and Chinese labour battalions ; here was a strange international fellowship, the desire of nations ; the achievement of the dead and the hope of the living.

The square of the window has turned deep blue, set with sparkling diamond ; outside there is the throb and pulse of a propeller, and a late Channel boat threshes its way westward, a fairy galleon outlined with tiny lights, of no shape known to the Navy. One restless light perched aloft on a mast twinkles a signal to the lighthouse on the cliff, whose long beams are wheeling in dizzy circles over sea and sky. The ship passes into the night. A seagull cries in its sleep. The quiet waves plash and hiss softly on the beach—softly—softly.

P. COMRIE.