

The
Newcastle-upon-Tyne
Church High School
Magazine



VINCIT OMNIA VERITAS

The Newcastle-upon-Tyne Church High School Magazine.

No. 54.

YEAR, 1932—33.

STAFF.

<i>Head Mistress—</i>						
FORM VI ...	MISS GURNEY.					
<i>Second Mistress ... MISS DICKINSON.</i>						
FORM VA Cl.	MISS OSMAN	<i>Classics.</i>
.. VA Mod.	DICKINSON	<i>Modern Languages.</i>
.. VB Cl.	SCOTT	<i>Mathematics.</i>
.. VB Mod.	HODGSON	<i>English.</i>
.. Upp. IVA	MACGREGOR	<i>Chemistry.</i>
.. IVA	WEEDON	<i>Geography.</i>
.. IV ALPHA	TULLY	<i>Mathematics.</i>
.. IVB	PUGSLEY	<i>Elocution.</i>
.. IV BETA	FORD	<i>Gymnastics.</i>
.. IIIA	BRITTON	<i>French.</i>
.. IIIB	STUART	<i>English.</i>
.. II	DAVIES	} ... <i>Junior School.</i>
.. IA	WADE SMITH	
.. IB	{ WILLIS	
.. IC	{ JORDON...	
.. Remove	{ THOMPSON	
Kindergarten...	...	WHITLEY	
	...	BREWIS...	
MADemoisELLE DADIER	<i>French.</i>
MISS FURTADO	<i>English.</i>
MISS WATTS	<i>Science.</i>
MISS SINCLAIR	<i>History.</i>
MISS HAWKRIDGE	<i>Art.</i>
MISS SOUTAR BRAND	<i>Music.</i>
MISS LIFF...	"
MISS YATES	"
MISS DARROLL	"
MISS HERBERTSON	"
MISS COOKE	<i>Governors' Secretary.</i>
MISS CARR	<i>Head Mistress's</i> "

SCHOOL OFFICIALS.

Head Girl	K. Woll.
School Prefect	E. Burns.
Prefects ...	U. Burgh (Autumn Term), M. Elliott (Autumn Term),						
	A. Forster, B. Girling, C. Harbottle, D. Hollingsworth,						
	N. Lunn, I. Mallett, M. Taws (Autumn and Spring),						
	H. Ridley, J. Carrick (Summer), J. Woll (Summer).						
Blue House Captain	M. Taws, J. Woll (Summer Term).			
Orange „ „	C. Harbottle.	
Red „ „	M. Elliott (Autumn Term), D. Hollingsworth.				
White „ „	H. Ridley.	
Hockey Captain	K. Woll.	
Netball „	H. Ridley.	
Tennis „	J. Bryant.	
Lacrosse „	J. Woll (Autumn Term), I Mallett.			
Rounders „	„	„	
Swimming „	„	„	I. Mallett.



School Tennis Team—1933.

*Winners of Northumberland and Durham
High Schools Tennis Shield—1933.*

Standing (left to right)—J. Bryant. P. Wasteney Smith.

In front (left to right)—M. Kerr. B. Tinsley.



*Winners of Northumberland and Durham
Secondary Schools Tennis Shield—1933.*

*Front Row (right to left)—I. Mallett. C. Harbottle.
J. Bryant. P. Wasteney Smith.*

EDITORIAL.

There is a point of view from which even the writing of memoirs becomes almost a respectable thing. The desire to set one's house in order before one leaves it is a plausible motive, and the actual business of "tidying up" in itself a harmless and excusable extravagance at the end of a long life. A reassuring thought this, considering the present spate.

Happily we in this chronicle have no need to consider whether discretion would have been the better part, no need to anticipate any but the kindest criticism, no duty but to detail our own doings for ourselves to read: we are our own public. We may "tidy up" as often as we like without seeming to be house-proud; we may even make an arrangement with ourselves to do it every year, and still escape the comments provoked by the memoir-writer who has already begun—rather prematurely—at thirty, when his house is still in the building. What good dusting a house that has no roof and not a single room with what you can be sure is acelling? Ours at least has lodged people and deserves to be called a house. Besides, we expect more guests. On, then, with the autumn cleaning.

THE EDITOR.

We have pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of the Sunderland High School Chronicle, Central Newcastle High School Magazine, Durham Girls' County School Magazine, The Rutherford Vincula.

We should like to thank Mrs. Garrett for a gift of books for the libraries, Miss Ford for books for the fiction library, and Mrs. Dodd for a golden plover, sparrow hawk and goshawk for the studio.



Dear Old Girls,

Many of you will remember what a delightful experience it was to have Deaconess Eva Mary Siddall as our Guest of Honour last year on Old Girls' Day. I think that all who saw her and heard her speak realised what a splendid thing it was for our School to have her as Head Mistress during the early days, to inspire the School with her own spirit and to lay the foundation for the solid work of the future.

Deaconess Mary told us, during her visit, that she feels satisfied with the School as she finds it at present, and we, on our side, are proud to show her our progress.

Deaconess Mary sent us the message which follows, which we are all very glad to have, and for which we thank her :—

It was a delightful experience a short time ago to come across a bishop, who must have passed his three score years and ten, who was still as enthusiastic as a boy about his old school—one of the great public schools of our land. There are no doubt many like him, old boys and old girls, who remember with pride the school which inspired them with ideals in their early years. Schools are no less proud of their sons and daughters who have accepted the ideals and pursued them through life.

Schools vary considerably in character, but there must be one common purpose in all : to prepare boys and girls for a life service. The success of a school is not to be measured by the honours gained, but by the service rendered to the world by those who have passed through it. We are accustomed to see to-day in boys' schools a long list of those who have served their country in death, whose memory we delight to honour, but there could be a much longer list if it included the many who have served their country no less devotedly in many paths of life.

Our School has had a comparatively short history, but in fifty years many have passed through it, and even in my limited experience I know of many who are rendering true service in their generation. They are doing many kinds of work : it matters little what it is or how much they do, but what matters supremely is the spirit in which it is done. In some addresses given to school teachers by the Dean of St. Paul's these words occur : " My housemaid when she sweeps my study does nobler work than I do when I am writing a sermon or lecture, if, as is likely enough, she does her work more conscientiously than I do. We have therefore small reason to congratulate ourselves if our work is concerned with some big subject, or to commiserate ourselves if it seems to be on a small scale." What matters is that a man should have " a disinterested ideal in his work."

What is this disinterested ideal ? It will surely be to produce as perfect a piece of work as we can : true, thorough, and beautiful, something that will reflect the glory of God and that will affect for good the lives of others. If we have this ideal, we shall be concerned, in seeking our life's vocation, only with trying to find out how we may use our special powers most effectively in the service of the world. We shall not think how to gain power or how to earn the most money or how to get the most enjoyment out of life, our one goal will be service. If we are to reach this goal we must so train our minds and bodies that they may be ready instruments under our control. That is why we look back to our school days with loving gratitude, realising how much we owe to the disciplined life of our early years.

May the Newcastle Church High School continue to make its contribution to Church and State through the women who have gone forth from it imbued with high purpose finding expression in lowly service.

E. M. S., Dcs.

SCHOLARSHIPS.

Virgin Mary Hospital Exhibition—E. Burns.

Governors' Scholarship (Senior)—K. Dunn (left).

—Y. Glover. }
—S. Grey. }

Governors' Scholarship (Junior)—U. Brown. }

—M. Bellis. }

Proxime Accessit—C. Curtis.

Exhibition to St. Leonard's School—M. Wardill.

EXAMINATIONS.

December, 1932.

University of Durham School Certificate—

Pass—

J. Carrick (distinction in Art), M. Elliott, F. Hall, D. Harrison, V. Hudson, N. Huthwaite, D. Mole (distinction in Art), M. Rogers, J. Woll (distinction in History).

Extra Subjects—

K. Woll, Latin and Mathematics.

February, 1933.

Entrance to Girton College, Cambridge—E. Burns.

March, 1933.

Pre-Registration—H. Burns, K. Woll.

July, 1933.

University of Durham Higher School Certificate—

B. Girling, D. Hollingsworth, I. Mallett.

University of Durham School Certificate—

Honours—

K. Dunn (distinction in History, French, Music), Y. Glover (distinction in History, French), S. Grey (distinction in History), B. Lough (distinction in History, Art), B. Rennell (distinction in Religious Knowledge, History), S. Russell (distinction in Art).

Pass—

M. Armstrong, H. Barnett, J. Beattie, E. Blair, D. Booth, S. Brown (distinction in Art), Y. Greenwood, M. Hastings, M. Hogg, M. Howie, B. James, A. Jones (distinction in French), M. Kerr, M. Laverick, M. Mackenzie (distinction in Religious Knowledge), I. Martin, M. Mau (distinction in History), P. Oliver (distinction in History), R. Patterson, P. Richardson, J. Robson, B. Tarver (distinction in Religious Knowledge, Botany), M. Tavendale, M. Teasdale, E. Thompson, M. Thursfield, J. Turner Brown.

Extra Subjects—

S. Hails, Latin.

Music—Associated Board of the Royal Schools of Music (Schools Examination)—

Autumn Term, 1932.

Higher Division—D. Burnett (distinction).

Rudiments of Music—J. Bryant.

Elementary Division—P. Glover, M. Pout (Hon. Ment.).

Primary Division—E. Balls, J. George, S. Richardson (Hon. Ment.).

Preliminary Division—B. Buist, M. Clark.

Spring Term, 1933.

Grade VI—B. James.

Grade V—A. Nisbet (distinction), M. Lyle.

Grade IV—(Grammar of Music)—A. Pybus.

Grade III—J. Halliday, M. Vinycomb.

Grade II—P. Davis (distinction), E. Dodds (distinction), B. Whitaker
(Hon. Ment.), V. Anderson.Grade I—B. Elphick (distinction), P. Natrass (distinction), M. Bell,
W. Floyd.*Summer Term, 1933.*

Grade V—B. Calderwood.

Grade I—M. Clark (Hon. Ment.), V. Smith.

THE PRIZE-GIVING, 1932.

One of the most enjoyable Prize-givings we have had was held in the City Hall on the afternoon of October 11th.

The Bishop of Newcastle took the chair, and after his opening speech and a brief report by Miss Gurney, His Grace the Archbishop of York distributed the prizes. This was followed by His Grace's speech—a very interesting and memorable one.

He said there were two distinct types of education. One type used to be followed by the older universities and public schools, and laid its emphasis on the social value of college and school. It considered that the fresh ideas and the advantages obtained by living with people of your own generation were more important than mere learning. Once almost everyone could get a degree, unless they had the misfortune to be women. Oral examinations were usual, and the Archbishop told an amusing story of a young man who asked his examiners out to dinner and gave them plenty of college port. They then asked him two questions, to which he was able to give the desired, though not the correct answers. He was entirely successful.

A second type of education later grew up, which laid all its emphasis on facts, and it became more and more difficult to obtain a degree.

Unfortunately for a long time these two types, in their extreme form, remained entirely separate, until recently, when each began to see that it could gain much that was valuable from the other.

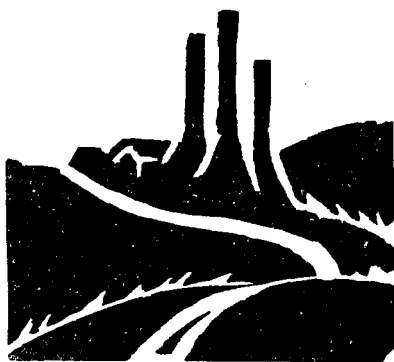
The Archbishop himself seemed to think the old better than the new in that it emphasised social values, and taught a boy "to think like a gentleman and not like a pedant." Hard, cold facts were of little value for their own sake—to know a date was useless unless you could go further and connect that event with a whole series of contemporary and related events. He had always been tempted to give a boy who knew "about when" a thing happened more marks than one who knew the exact date, because he thought the first boy probably understood its significance better.

He insisted that education was not so much a business of forcing facts into a boy's mind as bringing out and nourishing the ideas already there; and he criticized a purely scientific education on the ground that its reverence for facts and precise information was dangerous and limited, unless the imagination was also stimulated. "The important things of life are not capable of being weighed and measured," he said, "and questions that can be finally answered by 'Yes' or 'No' are usually not worth asking."

The School presented a book to the Archbishop, and afterwards three groups of songs were sung by the Choir and the School. Canon Bateman-Champain, the Provost, proposed a vote of thanks, and the School gave His Grace three cheers to thank him and Mrs. Temple for so kindly being present—and incidentally interceding for an extra half-term holiday.

B. GIRLING, Form VI.

The Prize-giving Dance was held later in the term, on December 12th, at the Oxford Galleries. To the School, at any rate, the new arrangement provided a "real" dance and more of it: besides, it was nearly Christmas. Every reason, then, for satisfaction, and satisfying the School found it.



S. HAILS. VI.

BLACKHOPE.

In North Rudshire there is a wild and desolate expanse with an air of having been abandoned by man. There are no large towns near, and few villages, only gaunt skeletons of the shafts of derelict mines; and there, on a high ridge surrounded by bleak moors, stand the great iron works of Blackhope. Blackhope was built in this place centuries ago, when charcoal was burnt in the blast furnaces. Iron ore was at hand, and the furnaces were built on the wild hill-top, where they would be exposed to every breeze. Now the ore is brought from Spain, and coal is burnt

in the furnaces; but Blackhope has stood there to this day, slowly altering through the generations to adapt itself to the changing conditions.

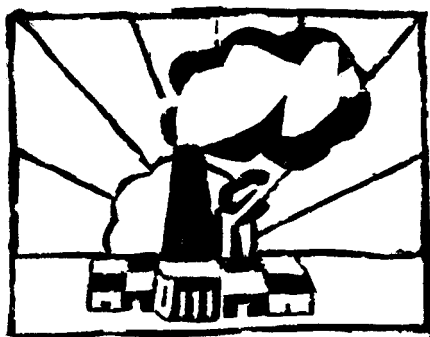
The little town is bleak, cold, and ugly; the country round is wild and beautiful, with rolling moors stretching as far as the eye can see, but the whole countryside is dominated by the iron works. There they stand on the hill, by day silhouetted blackly against the sky, by night lighting it with a lurid red glare. Like a great monster they crouch there, on the wild, free moors, always greedy for more coal and more ore; and in the huge black workshops are the slaves who serve the beast, men, dwarfed by the hugeness and the darkness, ceaselessly toiling in the dusty, pitiless, unbearable heat.

Seen from the outside the workshops are ugly, black, stark erections; inside they are hell, the kind of hell pictured by the ancient writers, unutterably ugly and unbearably hot. The dusty gloom is only relieved by an occasional red glow from a furnace, and the noise, the dreadful noise, the raucous shrieks of machines, the deafening clang of iron, never ceases. You watch, with amazement and horror, men, human beings like yourself, feeding the furnaces, toiling like slaves in the heat. The iron plates on the ground feel hot through the soles of your shoes, your nostrils are filled with a singeing smell from your clothing, and the blue glass which you are holding to peer into the furnaces burns your fingers. You lean over a gallery, and in the gloom below you see a huge piece of tortured iron in the clutch of a shrieking machine. It is flung backwards and forwards, at first white hot, then gradually fading to a dull red as it hisses in the water which is poured over it.

Blackhope is a symbol of modern engineering. All the power and impressiveness of great throbbing machines is there, and all the ugliness and horror. In the town you can see the houses of the workmen, small and bare, and built of crude yellow bricks, with the great slag heaps rising up behind them. You can also see the big houses of the managers and officials. They stand in beautiful gardens, a little way from the town, and they look towards the moors and the hills.

If, in the twilight, you are leaving Blackhope, and you pause to look back over the moors, you will see the black chimneys against the evening sky, which they are lighting with a red glow. Every now and then, as molten slag is tipped on the heaps below, there will be a brighter glow, dancing on the hill-top like a red and malevolent demon.

S. HAILS, Form VI.



U. BROWN, Upp. I V A.

1914—1918.

He went to the war,
So blithe and so gay.
My heart is still sore.
He went to the war,
He came back no more,
He was out but a day.
He went to the war,
So blithe and so gay.

M. Y. GREENWOOD, Form Va Cl.

THE PILGRIMAGE OF A "RED HAT" TO LHASSA.

The monastery of Lō-ping lay wrapped in sleep: it perched like a lammergeier's nest on a ledge, on the face of a great cliff. When there were no clouds in the valley, and one could look across from the other side of the three-thousand-feet-deep abyss, there seemed to be no way either up or down the sheer precipice from the nest-like building. But in reality there was a way both up to the grazing grounds and snow, and down to the little village in the valley.

It was no more than a goat track, and nobody except a Thibetan would ever think of using it unconcernedly. But the little greasy, dirty, strong hill-folk took their flocks up it without a stumble, for if they had stumbled they could scarcely have hoped to live.

If one had been in the courtyard of the monastery that morning one would have seen a strange sight. A tall, spare man walked quietly from the cell in which he slept, and, letting himself out of a small side door, he set off up the track. It was the Abbot of Lō-ping, and he was going to see the sun rise on his native hills for the last time.

As he climbed he disturbed a black bear, grubbing under stones for night insects; but it had fed well, and so was not disposed to be angry with the silent figure which passed it by: it did not know that the Abbot was so wrapped in his own thoughts that he had not noticed it.

As the man came to the top of the pass the sky was suddenly flooded with a pearly light, and the peaks, covered with the perpetual snows, turned black and iron-grey, gradually changing through every shade of yellow to deep orange, which was in turn splashed with deepening pinks till they became purple, mauve, and at last pale green and blue. All this while the snows had reflected the glorious colours, in vivid contrast to the grey-blue clouds in the valleys, through which peeped the tips of the great pines of the forest, showing black and ghostlike against the moving wreaths of semi-transparent mists.

As the sun climbed over the hill-side into the blue, and peeped down into the valley, a scarlet tragopan pheasant woke the echoes with his shrill morning pæan, and the beautiful animals and birds of the Himalayas awoke.

All this time the man at the head of the Pass had stood silent, drinking in the beauty of the scene before him; but now he turned, and strode silently back down the track: but this time his eyes were alert and watchful, and he saw all that passed around him. In the light one could see him clearly—he was dressed in dusty yellow-grey stuff, fold upon fold down to the ground; on his head was the enormous "red hat," and at his waist hung a rosary of polished beads, gathered from the surrounding forests. His face was wrinkled and yellow, that of a man accustomed to command and to be obeyed; but his eyes were very kind, and looked like little slits of twinkling jet.

When he got back to the monastery the mists had cleared from the valley, and he could see people moving about the village like tiny flies. It was a long, straggling little place, with a round threshing floor and a big walnut tree, built safely out of the way of floods from the mountain stream that tumbled noisily through the valley. On the way back to his cell he could hear the beautiful but monotonous chanting all around him of: "Om mane pudme hum; om mane pudme hum . . ." and the click of rosaries keeping time.

He broke his fast with slabs of cold rice and walnuts, before preparing for his journey. All his luggage, not only necessities but luxuries too, was methodically packed about his person, but nothing except his pen-case could be seen at all, so well was everything arranged. After many, many prayers, blessings, farewells and bits of advice, he at last started off. But all the way through the village he had to stop to bestow blessings and counsel; and he stopped to look back at his well-known, and better loved, home very often as he climbed the steep track leading further and further towards the north and Lhasa the Holy City, which the Thibetans think has never been seen by a white man.

The Abbot was going to spend the rest of his life in meditation in one of the many quiet monasteries at Lhasa, where there are always hundreds of lamas who might as well be dead as far as the world is concerned.

From Lō-ping to Lhasa is about two hundred miles as the eagle flies, but little, weak men must go at least five hundred to get there, even if they take the short cuts which the kindly natives pointed out to the holy "Red Hat," who was so kind to them and to their tiny cattle and sheep.

Each day's journey was practically the same as the one before, and the mountains never seemed to change in outline, however far one walked, so great were they compared to man; though they looked near enough to hit with a stone they were really sixty or a hundred miles away.

No Thibetan will take any food, or warm himself, while a lama remains hungry or cold, so every day the "Red Hat" was fed and directed, and every night he was given shelter. No adventures befell the traveller, except when he was caught in blizzards on the high passes, where the little flags to ward off evil storm fiends snap viciously in the piercing wind.

On the high hills he would sometimes see ibex, snow-leopards, bears, or little tail-less hill rats, which scuttered into holes either at the approach of the man or at that of a lammergeier, which probably measured some twelve feet from wing-tip to wing-tip. Once the man came to a glassy-surfaced, eerie, mountain tarn, where there was no sound but that of the great silence.

As he picked his way round the huge, lichen-covered boulders, he saw the tracks of some small animal in the snow. He followed them, and coming round a big rock he saw a strange sight.

A covey of snow-cock, the "Sprites of the Mountains," were feeding under the lee of a rock, and there was a sentry posted on a jut, gazing intently at a little grey stone where the tracks stopped: clearly the bird was puzzled, for the stone could not have been there long or it would have been covered up with snow, and the bird was probably trying to remember how long it had been there. Finally it decided that safety was best, and uttered a shrill cry. The fox, seeing that it was detected, made a desperate bound forward. But it only floundered into a drift of soft snow, out of which it crawled in time to hear the mocking, laughter-like cries of the Sprites. But the fox went dinnerless away.

Or sometimes the lama dipped down into deep valleys, into sub-tropical forests, where he would hear the big grey langurs, the Himalayan monkeys, coughing in the branches. Once he nearly trod on a great hornets' nest, and had to feign death to escape the terrible poison stings: and once he caught sight of the little, shy, rabbit-eared musk-deer. He often disturbed the monal pheasant, the "Emerald of the Forest," preening his glorious feathers, where lovely butterflies flitted from one bright-hued flower to another.

After about two months of travel the "Red Hat" arrived at the great mysterious, hidden city, situated on its grey plain that seems endless; the Hidden City is a good name for any place with walls like that of Lhasa—the Himalayas, and the deserts of Mongolia and Siberia.

When he had been in the city two days, and had seen the many monasteries and Chinese-looking buildings, it was permitted to the Abbot of Lō-ping to see and worship the Dhali-Lhama, that mysterious being of whom we know so little. After this he retired to the cell in which he intended to live and meditate. He settled himself in, and was welcomed and looked after by the kindly monks.

All wanderings for the rest of his life were over for the "Red Hat."

THE CAR.

He had a new and shining car,
 But soon he met his fate.
 He meant to tour both near and far,
 He had a new and shining car.
 While gazing at some distant star,
 He ran into a gate ———.
 He had a new and shining car,
 But soon he met his fate.

B. LOUGH, Form VA Cl.

CONFESSIONS OF A COLLECTOR.

My collections have been many and varied. They range from serious subjects like newspaper cuttings to silver paper. Now silver paper is a very common and prosaic thing to collect. Everyone has collected it at some time either for form charity or for some more profitable purpose. I must confess that I collected silver paper with an object in view—this, however, brings me on to another of my collecting manias.

At one time I had a passion for joining societies and collecting as many badges as possible. While this craze lasted I joined the Brownies, and then the Guides, the Gugnuncs, Donjeroos, Gloopers, and the Tudor Rose League. I have seriously considered joining the League of Nations Society, and am only deterred from doing so by two reasons—the first being that the badge is very ugly indeed, and the second that the craze has passed, and that I have lost most of my trophies. Indeed on inspection I find that I have only the Tudor Rose League badge and two Gloops Club badges left, besides several badges which I won while I was in the Brownies and Guides.

The two Gloops Club badges, by the way, are explained by the fact that I enrolled my young brother, thereby obtaining a Good Deed stamp—and then purloined his badge and added it to my collection, now, alas! sadly diminished.

But to return to the silver paper. For so many ounces of this precious substance the Gloops Club offered a Good Deed stamp. So that there was method behind my madness in collecting silver paper. But being no longer a Gloopster I now dedicate my puny collections of silver paper to the Cathedral Nurses.

My eldest brother, since he was eight, has ardently collected stamps. He is a born philatelist. He now has a collection of about 7,000 stamps. When he cannot afford to buy new stamps he amuses himself re-arranging them, or if this fails him he just spends the evening gloating over them. He is, in fact, stamp crazy. When I was about nine he tried to impart some of his enthusiasm to me, with very little success. He gave me all his duplicates and an old album as a start. But, alas, my interest soon waned, and the album lay neglected in a drawer for some years.

Then my young brother decided to collect stamps and I was ordered by mother to give him my old album. Not so, however. I could not bear to give away the fruits of all my labour for nothing. He must give me in exchange some cigarette cards of his, on which I had long cast envious eyes.

So that in parting with the stamps I added to my new collection, and as the only person in our family who smokes is an aunt who visits us periodically, it will be seen what a valuable addition this was. To this day I still collect cigarette cards, but in a haphazard manner—just taking what comes my way and not deigning to enter into mortal combat for them with my younger brother.

During my youth at boarding school I made a collection of pressed flowers. This was more or less compulsory, seeing that we did what was called nature study. My only other memory of these lessons is that worms were laid periodically on your desk—on a piece of paper, of course—and at the word "Go" you had to pick up the slimy, wriggling, little beasts, and hold them in your hand for ten counts—just to show that you were not squeamish about touching them.

But to return to the pressed flowers. I don't think I was ever intended to be a naturalist. I prefer to admire Nature with all her beauty at a distance, and I leave the investigation of the various stages of her growth to wiser heads than mine. So pressed flowers soon gave way to other interests.

About this time I became very interested in the decorations on Christmas cakes, and I had soon made a collection of the Eskimos and red china figures of Santa Claus, with which our cakes were usually adorned. The gem of this collection was a polar bear. I turned my Eskimos to a practical use too. I used them to decorate my dressing table at school. But, alas! my young brother soon cast his covetous eyes upon them, and as he could not get them himself, in a fit of rage—alack, alas!—he crushed them beneath his feet, and so died my beloved Eskimos.

Little daunted by this disaster I turned my attention to other interests. About this time we started to buy Bournville cocoa. The tins contained coupons, and for sixteen coupons you could get two half-pound slabs of chocolate. From that minute I began to collect coupons, and thanks to my labours the family has enjoyed many batches of free chocolate. Gaining confidence I extended my range to include Hindhaugh's Wholemeal and Ardath coupons, both of which proved profitable in varying degrees. I have, however, one failure to report. I started collecting coupons from a special brand of margarine. If you collected twenty-four coupons you got a P.O. for 1/-. I never got that shilling, for we changed to a different brand of margarine—a much inferior one in my opinion, seeing that no coupon enticements of any sort were offered.

So I still collect coupons, and in addition I have started a collection of newspaper cuttings. I was first inspired with this laudable idea through a History Chronicle competition, which, needless to say, I did not win.

At last, after these many years of experimenting, I have found my ideal hobby—I collect foreign coins. I have already collected for five years, so that I think I am justified in saying that the hobby is now firmly established. I have by no means a large collection, but in it I have what I call my treasures. These consist of a two-penny bit of Queen Victoria's reign, a George III. penny—a very massive affair—and a Yugo-Slavian coin which I fondly believe to be worth about 2/-.

Collecting foreign coins is my serious hobby, but I also have what I call my odds-and-ends box. On going through this the other day I discovered many other things: a bunch of white heather, a ring of lucky charms bought at Woolworth's, a Yo-Yo, which I am keeping as an interesting relic—having given up using it because I usually end up by getting my neck entangled in the string—and two brightly-coloured fishing flies, source unknown.

This, then, is a full confession of all my many collections up to this tenth day of May, this year of grace 1933.

A. FORSTER, Form VI.

A CAUTIONARY TALE.

*Of Ermentrude, who Wickedly Ignored a Notice Board, and
to a Horrid Death was Gored.*

There was a girl called Ermentrude,
Who was Perpetually Rude
To Parents, Aunt and Uncle too,
Her brother John, and Cousin Sue.

She had a Habit, Very Bad,
Of disobeying all, but Dad,
For her Papa was strict and stern
To little girls who took a turn
For disobeying rules He made,
Which really had to be obeyed.

Our Ermentrude a-walking went,
For exercise ; she had been sent
By her Mamma, with orders Strict
To stay near Home, and the District
Of Waldon Village, and to walk
On roads, and not to Vagrants talk.

But Ermentrude, she left the road,
And ran through fields to find a Toad
To place in brother Johnnie's sock,
And make him get a dreadful Shock.
She wander'd on till she did spy
A Notice on a gate nearby.
"Aha!" thought she, "a Notice Board
With 'Private' writ in Letters Broad."

Then Ermentrude leapt o'er the gate,
And hurried on, for it was late ;
As further from the gate she drew,
A dreadful bull came into View !
She gave a yell to raise the Dead,
The bull came on, with lower'd head
To toss its Victim in the Air,
So Ermentrude ran fast, but e'er
She reached the gate she was no more
Than Bones and bits of Flesh and Gore !

In sorrow great her parents were,
Tho' bad she was, they had lov'd her :
Loud wept her dear Mamma and Sire.
The bull was taken to its Byre,
The Farmer would not have it shot,
For it had cost him quite a lot.
So Ermentrude a Fun'ral had,
And everyone was very Sad.

If she had not ignored the board
No gory Death then her Reward.

.....
So children all, you must obey
A notice standing by the way,
And keep in mind poor 'Trudie's fate
When she went through that Private Gate.

THE FASCINATION OF MAPS.

Maps, to many people, are mere printed sheets of paper, which they regard as useful road guides for a motor tour, or as sources of information concerning the general features of the world. To these the colour schemes are unsuggestive, and many of the symbols meaningless. They lack imagination, and the magnetic attraction of a map has no effect on them. They can only regard maps from a purely materialistic point of view, and are oblivious of their use as playgrounds for the mind.

For me, at least, maps are very real. They have a peculiar fascination, which grows on me as I get to know them more intimately. I love to pick out a place on a large-scale map, that I have visited, or even just a name that I know. By a subtle chain of memories and associations, it gives me an extraordinarily friendly feeling towards the map. Of course, the advantage of not knowing the area at all, is, that you can get away from reality, and having built up the actual landscape given by the map, can clothe and colour it as fancy wills. Such flights of the imagination often cause great disappointment afterwards if you visit the place. The truth is so often pathetic and unsatisfying, compared with the perfect idea. But, despite this, we can have great pleasure out of our dream villages, even though there are rude awakenings later on!

The place names are one of my chief delights in maps. Who would not be charmed to find such names as Penny Hill, Make-em-Rich, Airy Hill, Windy Walls, Needless Hill, Hurly Hush, Peepy? They are so delightfully suggestive and quaint, and some of them are so satisfying to say, that you just have to keep on saying them. It is very fascinating to try to find out why the places have been given such names. Very often there is so much obvious and simple common sense about the reasons that you feel you must laugh, or die.

Then, too, there is so much logic about a map. It's a most absorbing occupation to reason out why a valley is u-shaped, or why a certain area is singularly devoid of streams and rivers. Then, given the physical features, there is a reason for all man's activities and constructions. It is interesting to follow the trend of his thoughts and calculations, and to work out for yourself why a road goes here, and a railway there, or why a town grew up here, while there is only a hamlet there. It fascinates the practical side of me, there is so much reason, and common sense about it.

For me, the greatest attraction of small-scale atlas maps is their colouring. Colours, if carefully chosen, can be most helpful and stimulating to the imagination, and give feeling and expression to the map. I remember once in my younger days being charmed by a large sheet of Switzerland. It was a poem in artistic mapping, and if I had never before felt the urge to see Switzerland that map would certainly have filled me with the desire to go. The artist had imagined a light shining on the mountains from the north-west, and the south-east slopes were in shadow. The north-west slopes and the peaks were left pure white, while the south-east slopes were shaded a delightfully pale, shadowy mauve. Such is the lure of clever colouring.

The rainfall maps have always been special favourites of mine. The shading is so suggestive of the feeling of rain, as your mind travels from the dry, hot-looking brown of the desert, through the insipid-looking yellow and pale-blue areas of light rain, to the honest, solid deep-blue and black patches of heavy rain. The strong curving red lines in rows of four and five abreast round the coasts, which represent currents on these maps, bend so definitely that you almost get the feeling of being actually swept along in the strong gulfs of water. Very significant, too, are the temperature maps, with bold, black or red isotherms wandering all over them in fascinating curves. Pinks and reds and yellows, warm colours, dominate the summer climate, while yellow and green and blue prevail in winter.

Geology maps are quite good favourites, although they have a definitely more futuristic type of line. They always look to me so exactly like a patch-work quilt I dimly remember seeing when a child. The colours are bold, and there is never any sympathy or curvature about the contours of the various rocks. There are angular-looking deposits of coal here, and out-croppings of granite or sandstone there, and no graceful continuity at all. But they have an attraction of their own, nevertheless.

The vivid colours of the population maps have very suggestive meanings. The deep browns and bright red of densely-populated areas call to mind overcrowded industrial towns on hot afternoons, while the vast whiteness of the stretches of Russia and Siberia and the hot deserts make you shudder at their isolation and loneliness.

Perhaps the most attractive of all are the physical maps showing height. The deep blue-green of the lands below sea level somehow suggests the unhealthy atmosphere and moist unpleasantness of swamps and marshes. The pretty leaf-green and buff call to mind broad, open meadows and pleasant rolling country, pretty in a quiet sort of way, where stately trees lend grandeur and height to the plains. The deeper brown hints at open moorlands, with peaty streams trickling down, and great barren ridges, with the shrill winds sweeping over them; the dark brown at grim mountainous areas, rugged and threatening, some of them relieved by crowns of pink on their upper slopes, and snowy-white peaks. These colours seem to embody the spirit of the map, and bring out the contrast between the different natures of high and low land.

Map reading can be a most fascinating occupation, if you are in a favourable mood for establishing the right spirit between yourself and the map. Your own interpretation of a map is something satisfying and private, for a map can never mean the same thing to any two people. Therein lies part of its fascination.

N. LUNN, Form VI.

NEWCASTLE.

Oh, a long time ago,
Yes, a long time ago,
In ten sixty-six,
England had a proud foe :

In the far days of old,
Yes, the far days of old,
Came sailing to England
A conqueror bold.

Oh, he conquered our land,
Yes, he conquered our land,
And his son Rufus marched
With an army so grand

Till he came to the Tyne,
Yes, he came to the Tyne,
And he said : " I shall build here,
" For this land is mine ! "

And he built a stronghold,
Yes, he built a stronghold,
A great castle of stone,
Near to where the Tyne roll'd.

And he called it Newcastle,
 Yes, he called it Newcastle,
 And stayed there in state
 With many a vassal.

And there it stands still,
 Yes, there it stands still,
 On the bank of the Tyne,
 At the foot of the hill.

* * * * *

And girl Guides of to-day,
 Yes, girl Guides of to-day,
 Plant marigolds round it
 To make it look gay.

E. HENDERSON, Form IVB.

QUEENIE: A CAT.

Queenie was given to us as a "he." He was a fluffy, grey kitten, with a white shirt and four white feet. He was very playful and kept us well amused with his queer antics of leaping up in the air, and trying to catch his tail.

As he grew older we were rather surprised to see that he attracted a good many tom cats into the garden; however, we were still more surprised when "he" had four kittens! So far he had had no other name than "Pussy," but after we discovered "he" was a "she" we called her Queenie.

We kept one of her kittens, and called it Cushie. Queenie was a very good mother, and taught her daughter to be clean by growling and shooing her into the coal-house. When the kitten grew larger and was able to run about, Queenie used to play with her, bounding and leaping on all fours round the kitchen; she climbed trees and caught birds with her.

Queenie is an excellent bird-catcher, and although I think it exceedingly cruel, one cannot blame her as it is a natural instinct of cats to want to catch birds. Very often Queenie is seen sneaking along on her feet and stomach, with her head well down, watching a bird. She must be very patient, as sometimes she lies and waits for almost an hour until her prey comes within reach, when a claw darts out and the poor little bird is helpless in her iron clutch. If ever she is seen by any of us she is given a good spanking, but it has no effect.

Queenie is rather a clever cat, and is certainly very intelligent. If she has been shut outside, and the doors are closed, she will sit on the window sill and mew. If she is not noticed she unfolds her claws from her soft, velvety paws, and taps on the window. Sometimes her drinking dish will be empty, so if she is thirsty she jumps up on to the rim of the kitchen sink, and putting her tongue out catches the drops of water dripping from the tap. Queenie is rather like a dog in many ways, for at meal times she will sit on her hind legs, with her fore paws hanging limply down, begging for a tasty bite. If she is unobserved she will give your arm a gentle push, hoping that a tit-bit will come her way quicker than if she sat silent.

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And he built a stronghold,
Yes, he built a stronghold,
A great castle of stone,
Near to where the Tyne roll'd.

MRS. T——.

Mrs. T—— is a woman of a type which seems to be found pretty frequently in every town or village. She is a widow : and how she suffers ! But not because she is a widow : on the contrary, if she had a husband living her woes would be doubled, for she would have his worries to talk about as well as her own. Nor yet is it the thought of feeding her starving children, for she has none. She has a miniature dog, which seems to take as much looking after as a pack of hounds. Her first words to you on meeting, accompanied by the look of a martyred saint in dire agony, are : " My dear, I can't stop—I haven't a moment—Snooky is behaving so queerly this morning. I think she is sickening for hysteria, and just as I had arranged to go and stay with the Smithfields for the week-end, too ! Now I can't possibly go. I'm just taking Snooky along to the vet.'s, and then I'll send a wire to the Smithfields to say I can't go. It is such a pity, but I am always the one to suffer. Do you know, I've never had a real holiday since poor Fred died ? " . . . and so she continues to wail, and will not be comforted, because she has no real worries to bother her.

She has an income left to her by her dear Fred, a comfortable house, friends, everything, in fact, except something to do. If she has visitors for tea she is peeved because they have arrived uninvited, and if she has no visitors her trouble then is that her friends don't seem to like her, and have stopped calling on her.

But Mrs. T.'s real bug-bear is money. Although she would be the last one on earth to admit it, she is miserly. She is always saying that she has given this, that, and the other to charity, and what sacrifices she has to make in order to give away so much. But on enquiry you find that she manages to give all her superfluous lumber to charity bazaars, and as for sacrifice, there is none.

And yet, in other ways, she is most wasteful with money ; half-a-crown tips for waiters, where an opportunity for looking large presents itself : taxi-cabs in which to ride short distances—necessary, she says, because of her ill-health. She is always in a state of imaginary mental and physical exhaustion. How her digestion manages to stand the contents of all those rows of medicine bottles on her bathroom shelf, passes comprehension. She never stays long with one doctor, and is always saying that she has no faith in " Dr. So and So," he does not understand her case. But the real reason of these numerous changes, is, I believe, that the doctor finally tells her that she is absolutely sound in wind and limb. And so her worries go on, for she must have some way of employing her time and money.

S. D. M. BROWN, Form VA Cl.

FIRESIDE FANCIES.

When doors and windows are all barred tight
I love to sit at the fire so bright.
The wind and rain mean nothing to me,
For I am cosy and warm, you see.

I see in the fire all sorts of things :
Fairies, princesses, queens and kings
Passing along on a stage of flame—
I think this really a wonderful game.

All the things in books I've read
Across my little stage have fled
On wings of fire, and haste away,
But will return, I hope, some day.

A. AGNEW, Form II. Age 10.

GREEN.

Isn't the grass a wonderful green ?
It's the prettiest colour I've ever seen.
The emerald stone is wonderful, too,
Its colour is lovely, I think, don't you ?

I'd love my dresses all to be made
Of green of every different shade.
In fact I've often thought and said
It would be dreadful to dress in red.
But green I love, and it loves me,
'Cos I've red hair, so now you see !

A. AGNEW, Form II. Age 11.

HOLIDAY ESSAY COMPETITION.

SENIOR.

PORTRAIT OF A CHILD.

I was five-and-a-half years old when my brother David was born. The first intimation we children had of strange happenings going on in the house was when we found Mother making up a cot one day. I was told that it was being got ready for one of my dollies. In great excitement I hurried off to the nursery to make the necessary preparations. When I went into Mother's bedroom the next morning, however, I found the cot already occupied. David had arrived. I remember thinking how funny he looked, lying there asleep in his cot—such a fat, chubby little thing.

There was great discussion as to what David should be called. Dad favoured John, while Granny Pringle even went so far as to offer to give David £5 if he was called Harry. Granny's own son, Harry, had been in the Lifeguards, and had died as the result of being kicked on the head by a horse. In the end, however, Mother had her own way, and my brother was called David Reginald.

At the time David was born we lived in Framlington Place. The nursery was very near the flight of kitchen stairs, at the top of which a small wicket-gate was put. This gate always had to be kept shut. When David reached the "romper" stage his favourite amusement was to stagger out on to the landing with his toys, drop them over the banisters and then solemnly tell us that they were "gong !" "Gong" and "Mummy" were David's first words. This amusement used to keep David happy for hours on end, in fact it was usually Charles and I who grew tired of it first, and refused to go and bring the toys up again.

When David was about four we all went to stay with one of our aunts at Low Warden. Charles and I were just beginning to play golf at that time, and of course David had to have a club too. David used to spend his time on the lawn. Whenever he managed to hit his ball about two yards he used to shelter his eyes with his hand, calling out at the same time, "O good 'hot, good 'hot." I am afraid that when we left the lawn looked as if a carthorse had been practising for the Grand National on it.

David has always been a very nervous child. Mother thinks the fact that the nurse dropped him into the bath one day has something to do with it. After that day David used to have terrible screaming fits while he was being bathed. The only person who could quieten him was Dad. He used to walk the floor with David until he dropped off to sleep. Although David often goes to the baths he has never yet learnt to swim. He seems to be afraid to trust himself to the water.

When David was little Charles could always reduce him to tears, either by pretending to throw himself out of the window or by hanging over the edge of the bath when it was full. Poor little David used to burst into tears and do his very best to pull Charles back. It really was very childish of Charles to tease David in this way, but I don't think Charles has ever grown up properly even yet. He squabbled fiercely, only the other morning, with David over the toast. David had taken the best pieces, and Charles ended up by getting "the sulks."

As a child David had a most winning way with him, and he has never quite lost it even to this day. When David was about eight, and Uncle Bill, who lives at Liverpool, came over to pay us a flying visit, David completely captivated him. This is one of the many conversations which passed between them :

David—"Can I have half-a-crown, Uncle Bill ? "

(Half-a-crown changes hands.)

David—"Can I have another half-crown, Uncle Bill ? "

(Another half-crown changes hands.)

David—"Can I have another half-crown, Uncle Bill ? "

(A penny changes hands.)

David (nothing daunted)—"Can I have a fairy-cycle, Uncle Bill ? "

(They go out together.)

I got rather out of touch with David while I was at boarding school, and during that time he grew out of babyhood into boyhood. Soon, I am afraid, he will be leaving boyhood behind too. During this last month David has started to put oil on his hair. Before that time I don't think he ever put a brush to his hair, except on some very special occasion. This makes the result even more hideous. In lieu of hair-oil David uses about half a bottle of Mother's hair lotion, brushes his hair straight back and tries to look as much like a tailor's dummy as possible.

Yesterday David went to see Clyde Beatty in "The Big Cage." He was very quiet all last night, and when I went up to see him this morning in his own special haunt, the attic, I found him driving a carriage. The carriage consisted of a broken armchair, Charles' tuck-box, his own sleeping-bag, and an old cushion which the cat used to sleep on. David was supremely happy with his carriage, and so I left him alone. Going upstairs some time later however, I was drawn to the attic by a strange cracking sound. Inside I found David standing in the middle of the room cracking a long whip. This time he was Clyde Beatty, and I had disturbed him just as he was getting one of his lions to do a special trick.

It is a long, long time, since David last played in the attic, and it gives me ground for hoping that his hair-oiling is just a phase, and will soon pass away, leaving the boyish David that I know and love so well.

PERSONAL EXPLORATION OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

I heard, last night, a talk on the wireless, the subject, "The National Character." The speaker asked, "What does England mean to you?" Supposing I ask myself, "What does Northumberland mean to me?" Here is an opportunity to be gloriously sentimental, and lyrical, to speak in thrilling terms of home. Perhaps I do feel all these things, perhaps I do not; if I do I should prefer to say nothing about them. To be brief, I shall merely say that Northumberland is the place where I was born, though that, to be sure, was in one of the ugliest parts, the place where I have lived all my life, and the place which I know better than any other. I know that Northumberland is like a beautifully illuminated old book, crammed with history and romance, and I have been trying so hard to get inside.

I wish I had been born and had lived in the country, but there was always the sea; at least I was not doomed to spend my life in a stuffy inland town. Now, even though I think I like to be in the country most of all, I always feel there is something missing, and when I come home I know that that something is the sea. I have watched it, and heard it, and smelt it for so long that it seems strange not to have it within sight and hearing. I have seen the cruelty of the sea when it lashes the rocks in wild ungovernable fury, tossing great foam-crosted pinnacles into the air. I have been in it when it surged round my body foaming and boiling, and dragged me along the stony bottom, and flung me, gasping for breath, on the beach. I have seen it flat and glimmering, a pale blue-green like a turquoise, when you can quietly drift out in a boat and watch the seaweed and rocks beneath you. I have seen it on a calm peaceful evening, when the moon made a broad silver pathway leading on and on for ever, and on a foggy night with the foghorn booming, and white sinister lines of foam creeping silently and horribly up the beach. I have seen a battleship gleaming bronze in the setting sun and the foam of the waves turned to a glorious pink. On the Northumbrian coast there are cliffs, and sand dunes, modern sea-side resorts like Whitley Bay—of which the less said the better—quaint old sleepy fishing villages like Craster, and dirty coaling ports like Blyth. Bamburgh has the best sand dunes, miniature mountains of fine silver sand topped with coarse prickly grass, where you can play all kinds of wonderful games invented on the spur of the moment. It is good to sit on the top of a slope, then suddenly swoop down in an avalanche of sand, but best of all is to lie on a hot sandy slope, basking in the sun, listening to the murmur of the sea, and watching the clouds slipping behind the castle.

I think the most fascinating of all Northumbrian castles are those on the coast, Bamburgh, Dunstanburgh, and Holy Island. Bamburgh is the Joyous Gard of Lancelot. It stands, square and massive, on a great pile of rock, looking over the sea on one side and on the other across the country to the hills of Scotland and the Cheviots. I have never seen a castle that looked more noble and impressive, more solid in its great age and strength, more truly like a castle than Bamburgh. Dunstanburgh is a black, forbidding ruin, standing on the very edge of a cliff; but little Beblowe, on Holy Island, is the most wonderful of all. It is like a turreted castle in a fairy tale, built high up on a rock, guarding its little island. A steep, narrow path, cut out of the rock, leads up to a heavy, studded gate in a stone archway, but the magical outside of the castle makes you expect so much that the inside is disappointing. Instead of going beyond the gate, go back to the village and wait until evening. Holy Island Castle looks even more fairy-like, more fantastic at night, when it is getting fainter and fainter against the darkening sky, until at last you wonder whether you are really seeing or only imagining that dim outline. On Holy Island there is also the ruin of Lindisfarne Priory. Here is a beautiful slender arch, flung across between two high ruined walls, looking so delicate and fragile that you are almost afraid to breathe in case it falls.

Wherever one goes in Northumberland one finds great castles and abbeys, quaint old churches, pele towers, manor houses, strongly fortified old British camps, Roman remains, all relics of the past, so numerous and crying out so clearly of times that have gone that they cannot be hidden or pushed aside

by any number of crude red brick bungalows, electric cable pylons, or any other signs of modern progress. The most famous of all castles is probably Alnwick, the home of the Percys. I always remember Alnwick for the figures of fighting men poised high up on the battlements, the horrible, dark, musty, bottle-neck dungeon, the lion with a stiff pointing tail on the bridge, and the sudden unexpected view into the park from the same bridge. The first abbey I think of is Hexham. I could spend hours poking round in Hexham Abbey, there are so many curious and fascinating things to see. There is the great stone staircase with the Roman tombstone at the bottom, and the queer old paintings of devils and saints, one, I remember, carrying his head under his arm; the old stone seat called the Fridstool, and best of all the crypt and tiny shrine, all built of Roman stones and altars.

Probably the greatest of all wonderful things in Northumberland is the Roman Wall. I have two favourite places on the Wall. One just beyond Borecovicus, where you can walk for a short space along its broad, grassy top through a belt of pines, the other at Crag Lough, where it runs along the very edge of a great cliff, and through the trees below you can see the grey waters of the tiny lake.

There is so much I want to do and see in Northumberland. I want to follow the Wall along its whole length. I want to explore all the castles, hear the legends that haunt the whole country, and wander over the moors in spring, when the bracken is pale green; in summer, when clouds of honey-scented pollen rise up from the purple heather under your feet; in autumn, when everything is red and brown and gold.

S. HAILS, Form VI.

HOLIDAY ESSAY COMPETITION. MIDDLE SCHOOL.

ON MAKING A ROCK GARDEN.

In the heart of glorious lakeland, not far from Skelwith Bridge, there is a most delightful natural rock garden. One approaches along a leafy drive, and, rounding the corner, is met by a perfect blaze of colour against a background of sombre mountain limestone. Little pathways wind among the grey boulders, here mauve with alpine wallflowers and aubretia, there yellow and white with alyssum and candytuft. In loamy pockets are masses of glorious blue gentian, and many kinds of saxifrage, massy and encrusted, encroach on the steps that lead to rocky heights. Sage-green pillars of Irish juniper stand out against the red-leaved Japanese maples. This was the garden in its spring glory, but many plants gave promise of colour yet to come.

Such is the ideal, but, if that rocky hillside were an essential feature, it would be useless to attempt to make a rock garden near any ordinary house. Happily, the chief fascination of a rock garden is in the fact that everyone may choose his own design. If you are fortunate enough to have a steep slope or undulating piece of ground in your garden the construction of a rock garden will be much simpler.

It is a mistake to build up a bank of rocks all of somewhat similar size. The effect will be much more natural if the rocks are grouped to form bold masses and promontories, the pockets between them being filled with small, low-growing Alpine plants.

With this in view, it is well to make a plan to show the chief features which will make the character of the whole.

The next step is to procure several tons of well-weathered limestone or sandstone and a smaller quantity of split rock for the pathways. Gravel, sand, and leaf mould are also necessary materials.

The secret of success in any rock garden is to be sure that it is well drained, for bad drainage means sodden, sour soil, which will make your plants unhappy, and even cause many to perish.

It is well to group the bolder masses of stone first, taking particular care that they are placed according to their natural strata, and well bedded into the soil. Next complete the little pathways, and form smaller pockets of soil with the remaining stone in such a way as to make them suitable for the plants they are to hold.

With careful planning it is possible to have some colour in a rock garden almost the whole year round. During the spring months it can provide a cascade of colour; white arabis against the vivid gold and pale lemon of the alyssums; pink and dark red saxifrage contrasting sharply with the snowy blossoms of the evergreen candytuft; close cushions of aubretia with their dark green leaves almost hidden by red, mauve, or blue flowers.

Comes the summer, and with it the glory of the sun roses in all their delicate pastel shades; the campanulas, from the tall carpatica to the tiny pusilla, and the trailing garganica—deep blue, pale blue, white, lilac and purple, large bells, small bells, deep bells, shallow bells, myriads of them; and in a carefully-selected pocket the gentians, cushions of stiff, spear-shaped pale green leaves surmounted by trumpets of the brightest and clearest blue in all the garden.

Summer fades, and the autumn-flowering heaths take up the task of providing colour, handing on the duty when winter arrives to the anemones and crocuses.

Thus the calendar of colour is completed with but a few of the hundreds of Alpine plants.

L. HESLOP, Form IVa.

HOLIDAY ESSAY COMPETITION.

JUNIOR SCHOOL.

THE STORY OF MR. AND MRS. RABBIT.

CHAPTER I.

Mr. and Mrs. Rabbit live in a burrow near a small stream, but, if you said to them it was a burrow they would be very much offended, for they call it a very modern house. You see it is just new, and Mr. and Mrs. Rabbit have taken great care in choosing and decorating it.

"It is quite small, you know, but very compact and cosy," said Mrs. Rabbit, when describing it to Mr. and Mrs. Mole. "There are three bedrooms, mine and my husband's, the spare one, and the one for a baby which we are hoping to have soon; a bathroom, kitchen and dining room combined, a small lounge, and an extra room in case we need a nursery."

"Sounds very nice to me, and just the thing we are wanting," said Mrs. Mole to her husband.

"Yes, yes; why, it is five o'clock! Come on, dear," hurriedly said Mr. Mole, who did not want to buy a house so was trying to get Mrs. Mole to come away.

"Why, dear, it is only ten to," replied Mrs. Mole.

"Oh, dear! I have just remembered my watch is ten minutes slow," said Mr. Mole, still trying to get Mrs. Mole away.

"Right O! but I did want to hear more about the new house. Still, I suppose we must go. Cheerio!" exclaimed Mrs. Mole. So at last Mr. Mole's wish was granted.

CHAPTER II.

I have skipped a month, and now we find Mr. and Mrs. Rabbit the happy parents of a baby boy, who is only three weeks old.

Mrs. Rabbit spends her time with baby, but she has a rabbit nurse to look after him too, for, as she says: "I have to go out with my husband sometimes, although I love to be with baby."

Mrs. Mole comes each night to see the family, but Mr. Mole will not come.

Master Mole, who is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Mole, is absolutely fascinated with the new baby, and is longing for the time when he and Master Rabbit can play together.

It is a summer morning, and Mr. and Mrs. Rabbit have decided to take the baby for his first trip down the stream. Mr. Rabbit has just bought a new boat with a specially-fitted crib for baby and a tiny chair for Master Mole.

The Mole family is also going, and even Mr. Mole has been persuaded to go.

"Isn't it a lovely morning?" said he. "Yes, lovely," said Mr. Rabbit. "All aboard!"

It is now one o'clock, and a terrible misfortune has happened. The beautiful home of the Rabbit family has been knocked down, and all their goods have been stolen by Rabbit bandits. The same misfortune has happened to the Mole family, but luckily for the Rabbit family they are insured by the Rabbit Insurance Company, but the Mole family is not.

However, Mr. Rabbit has decided to have a larger house so that the two families may live together; and now, let's leave the two happy families together.

P. STEPHENSON, FORM IIIA.

The Holiday Art (House) Competition had good entries. White House won the Shield with the best show, but the other three Houses were close.

THE NORTH OF ENGLAND MUSICAL TOURNAMENT.

We believe that some information about the Team Reading Competition may be in place here as a preface to the account of this year's Tournament. It will, we hope, serve as an answer to many people whose questions have shown interest in the purpose and conditions of the competition, and the constitution of the teams.

A team consists of four people : Juniors, 14-16 years of age, Seniors, 16-19. Each member of the Junior Team reads in turn a poem, or part of a poem, a passage of prose (both prepared), and a piece of unseen prose. Each member of a Senior Team reads in turn a poem and a piece of prose (both unseen) and a poem which has been prepared. Silver medals are presented to the members of the winning team in each class, and bronze medals to the second team. The John Toole Trophy is awarded to the team which has gained the highest marks, irrespective of class.

THE 1933 TOURNAMENT.

BY A TEAM READER.

Immediately after prayers we set off for the Connaught Hall with an unpleasant feeling inside, wondering if there was any hope of bringing back the Trophy again. On our way down to the Hall we discussed the poems which we thought we might be asked to read, and those of us who had already been to a verse-speaking competition dwelt feelingly on the ordeal.

When we arrived at the Hall we saw the Trophy standing on a table, and our hearts sank within us as we thought that after having held it for three years we might now lose it ; but we took our seats and waited with excitement for the adjudicator to enter. There were several teams from Elementary and Central Schools to read before our turn came, so that when Miss Gurney suggested that we should go out and have some morning lunch somewhere we all greeted the suggestion with enthusiasm. We set out in very high spirits in search of lemon squash, and arrived back in time to hear the adjudicator give his criticisms of the last class. At last it was time for our Junior Team to go. They hurried out into the anteroom. Meanwhile we listened in suspense to the Rutherford Team, wondering whether we could possibly beat them. Then our team came out, and we listened intently, anxious lest they should make any great mistake. They did not, however, and we felt fairly hopeful for them. After the other four schools had all read the adjudicator rose, gave first his criticisms, and finally the results. We were thrilled to hear that our team was first with 80½ marks. The Municipal High School was second with 79½ marks.

The achievement of the Juniors helped to spur on the Seniors, and we went into the anteroom feeling that we simply must "pull it off." We had to read first, and went on to the platform feeling shaky but determined. The poem given was not too difficult, and both the unseen prose and poetry were passable, and we returned to our seats very relieved at having got it over. The Rutherford Team read next, and were followed by the Windsor Terrace School Team.

After several minutes of agonizing silence the adjudicator rose and gave first his criticisms and then the marks. We were overjoyed to hear that we, too, had managed to win, being first with 86½ marks, while Rutherford was second with 83 marks. We went up for our medals and the Trophy feeling that Fate had once more been very kind to us. We returned to school bearing the Trophy and feeling in the best of spirits. In case the school thought that we were a little too pleased with ourselves, may I say that our success was almost entirely due to the kind help of Miss Pugsley, who gave up a great deal of her time in order to train us for the great event.

S. GREY, FORM VA Cl.

THE ORATORY COMPETITION, 1932.

This year we have had to give way to Rutherford College (Girls) in the Junior Oratory Competition (held annually under the terms of the Richard Thompson Bequest), and we do most heartily congratulate their competitor, Marian K. Brown, on winning first place with a very thoughtful and confident speech. Our own two representatives, Phyllis Richardson and Sybil Grey, spoke with conviction and good sense on a subject that might appropriately enough have been proposed to H. G. Wells or a civil engineer. Phyllis Richardson was second, and Sybil Grey bracketed third with Mark Landau, of Rutherford College (Boys), speaking on "The Future of Transport by Land, Air, and Sea."

If, in this place, we might offer a suggestion and a criticism, it is that one mark of the effective orator is the ability to think on his feet. One's air may be gallant and persuasive, but it is not enough merely to speak words fed to the lips from a harassed memory, ready to take fright at the sight of any face out of the blur that suddenly becomes real and looks critical, ready to leave its unhappy owner anxiously listening in an empty world for the sound that used to begin the next paragraph. The happiest condition is to be aware of an audience but independent of it, to believe that you have power over the minds of others to make them think your thoughts, even if the illusion doesn't persist and they don't think them long.

J. H.

VERSE SPEAKING CLASSES' RECITAL.

Miss Gurney and the Governors must have been very satisfied indeed, and Miss Pugsley must have felt duly rewarded for her labours. It is not easy to implant in young pupils the underlying spirit of a piece which has to be committed to memory: the memorisation itself is instinctively the pupil's first consideration; only afterwards come such perplexities as emphasis, inflection, pitch and rhythm, and the real spirit of the piece is frequently unappreciated. Not so, however, with the second act of Barrie's "Quality Street," as presented by the Verse Speaking Classes on May 31st. Detached from the play as a whole, it is really rather surprising that the subtlety of the dialogue and the characteristic daintiness of this charming Barrie play should have been so definitely noticeable in these young people's performance. One does not wish to particularise, as all the parts were presented excellently, but in the case of two or three of the principals the standard attained was extraordinarily high. Miss Phoebe, the patient little schoolmistress, courageous and resourceful, but conscious of her fading radiance, was definitely superb in every way, and the same may quite truthfully be said of Patty, the maid. Miss Susan, the elder sister, less self-reliant and less enterprising, was really very good; so also were Charlotte and Blades, the erstwhile pupils, and Valentine Brown, the soldier home from war. The children in the schoolroom were as dainty as the artists' pictures of the period, and, as to mien and bearing, true to schoolroom type, alike of those days and of these. One hesitates to suggest that the three lady visitors were more prone to scandal and unkind thoughts than such ladies were, or are, in reality, but those who took the parts of Miss Henrietta, Miss Willoughby and Miss Fanny certainly invested the characters with all the qualities intended by the author without in any way over-acting.

In "Friday Street," by Form IIIB, and "Once I saw a little boat," one could appreciate the difficulty of obtaining good verse-speaking from several pupils in unison. It is difficult to prevent rhyme and rhythm being over-accentuated, and it speaks a great deal for Miss Pugsley's patient training that so little evidence of this real and notorious difficulty could be detected.

Quite a delicate little piece was "Out in the rain," and very sweetly recited, followed by "Grasshopper Green," which was equally good. "Noughts and Crosses," as played by King and Queen (robed and crowned, of course), and the gullibility of the Court Chamberlain, formed the theme of an amusing little piece in which three young pupils did very well; and "Whistle, Whistle," in the hands (or should one say voices?) of two maidens more mature, was no less successful and acceptable. When one has added to the items already mentioned the humorous monologue entitled "The Bald-headed Man," and the dramatic and dignified poem "A Silken Gown and a Golden Ring," each of which in its own style and needs afforded evidence of excellent tuition and careful practice, the wide range of the recital will be appreciated.

To some of the older generation it would seem that many of our present-day young people, either in affecting lazy speech, or in failing to attach due importance to clear enunciation and to diction which is really virile and audible, are making a very great mistake. Verse-speaking and elocution as taught to-day should be youth's safeguard against this evil, and this recital by Miss Pugsley's pupils, coupled with the School's repeated success at the Musical Tournaments, are excellent testimony in the right direction so far as the Newcastle Church High School is concerned.

T. W.



L. HESLOP, Form IVA.

THE DANCING MATINÉES.

Enthusiastic audiences attended each of the two Dancing Matinéés given by the pupils of Miss Potts in the School Hall on April 4th and 5th.

The spectators were delighted with the class demonstrations and ball-room dancing given by all the dancers, while the many and fascinating solos and novelty items were greatly appreciated, although too numerous to be described in detail here.

Our thanks and congratulations are due to Miss Potts and her helpers, and no less to her pupils, for the hard work which resulted in such attractive performances.

N. LUNN, Form VI.

GIRLS' SCHOOLS SPELLING LEAGUE.

During the year we have sent in four teams for each of the three Spelling League Competitions. The 1st Junior Team still keeps the highest position among our teams, its best result being 6th out of 60 teams.

EXPEDITIONS.

THE SCHOOL JOURNEY.

As it was decided that to go abroad this year was impracticable, Miss Gurney handed over the arrangements for a home holiday to Miss Weedon. After the success of last year it was arranged to spend eight days at the Victoria Hotel, Buttermere. Twenty-four girls travelled with Miss Weedon and Valerie Dobson on Saturday, July 15th, and were joined on Wednesday, July 19th, by five others, all returning on Sunday, July 23rd, after a simply perfect week. The weather was excellent the whole time, so that we were able to take full advantage of every moment.

Saturday.—We arrived at 5-15, and after a huge tea we set out to get our first glimpse of the valley. After dinner we climbed up Rannerdale Knotts to the Surprise View and watched a brilliant golden sunset.

Sunday.—Most of the party went for the first all-day walk, along the tops of Robinson, Hindsearth, and Dalehead, then down to Honister Pass, and so home. As most people were still feeling full of energy and extremely hot, some of the party had a hasty dip in the lake before dinner, to the edification of an assembly of villagers.

On Monday the effects of exams., mountain air, and rising at 5-30 for bathing on the previous morning, began to make themselves felt, and a lazy day was arranged. In the morning we walked round Buttermere and scrambled up Birkness Gill to an amazing waterfall. The path home lay through a wood, and here some of us saw for the first time the dim blueness of mountains seen through the feathery branches of larch trees. In the afternoon we visited an even more spectacular and awe-inspiring waterfall, Scale Force.

On Tuesday afternoon we did what we called rock-climbing on Goat Crag. After a breathless climb up a scree we lay in the heather on the top, eating bleaberries, feeling very proud of our achievement, and convinced that we were capable of climbing anything from the Matterhorn to Everest. Then we came down through the dusky, whispering silence, of the Fairy Wood, hoping, in vain, to see a boggart. At night there was a glorious sunset, when a widespread Alpine glow lit up all the mountains.

On Wednesday we tackled the finest ridge walk in England—Red Pike, High Stile, and High Crag. From here we had astounding views of Ennerdale and the Pillar Rock. Then, after bidding a tender farewell to Yvonne (the cairn on High Stile), we went down into Scarth Gap, and so home.

Thursday morning found us picking our way in a long line along the narrow path through Coledale Pass, on to Grassmoor and Wandhope, and here we sat with the whole of the Lake District spread before us, and watched the clouds sailing above our heads and the red ravens soaring in the valley below. The return down the steep, slippery slope from Whiteless Pike was made in very undignified positions. Even Miss Weedon and Valerie, whom we had understood to be experienced mountaineers, were seen to sit down "hard and sudden," like the elephant's child.

On Friday we had another all-day outing, a circuit of Crummock Water and Loweswater, where the wonderful views well rewarded our efforts in the burning heat.

Saturday, however, was our great and final effort—a seventeen-mile walk through Borrowdale. Our journey was made via Newlands Pass, over Catbells (where we met Hugh Walpole and dog), through Grange and Ros-thwaite, then to Seatoller, and home by the Honister Pass. This walk was, perhaps, the most beautiful of all, and we were able to compare the softer loveliness of Borrowdale with the wilder beauty of Buttermere. The evening was calm and lovely, and in spite of our long day we all climbed Rannerdale Knotts to see our last sunset from the Surprise View. The mountains all round, sharply defined, seemed “stamped on the atmosphere like a seal on blue paper.” Crummock and Loweswater gleamed like molten gold, and in the grey-blue water of Buttermere we could clearly see the reflections of the woods and fells above the lake.

Sunday was our last day. In the morning we divided into three groups, one going for a farewell visit to Scale Force, one to the Fairy Wood, and one to the lakeside.

After lunch the 'bus came and carried us away from the Secret Valley. As we looked back we saw the mist come down round Yvonne like a veil. Perhaps she, too, was sorry that we were going.

We are deeply grateful to Miss Weedon and Valerie for giving us the most perfect holiday we could possibly have had. We only hope that they enjoyed it as much as we did. Mr. Size and the hotel staff, and in fact everyone we met, were very kind and did everything they could to make our holiday a huge success.

SHEILA HAILS, Form VI.



S. HAILS. VI.

VISIT TO THE EXHIBITION OF PICTURES

by Dame Laura Knight and Harold Knight.

One Monday afternoon during the Summer Term Miss Hawkrigde took a party of us to see the exhibition of pictures by Dame Laura and Harold Knight, which was being held in the Laing Art Gallery.

The pictures by Dame Laura Knight were painted in an extremely powerful style, often in very vivid colours with striking contrasts of light and shade. The majority of her paintings depict circus life, of which she is a keen student. In some wonderful way she has managed in these pictures to show not only the gaudy and somewhat deceiving outward appearance of these circus players, but also their characters. There is something in the expressions of her clowns which shows us that, although it is their business to make others laugh, they are themselves far from happy. Her landscape paintings, though less unusual than her pictures of circus life, nevertheless bear the unmistakable evidence of her touch. The most striking of these was a picture of a cart carrying seaweed from the beach. The effect of brilliant sunshine which she has managed to show in this picture is particularly beautiful. Besides these two types of pictures there was also a portrait of the artist herself, which was very cleverly painted.

After looking at the vivid colours and startling effects of light and shade of Dame Laura Knight's pictures it was almost an agreeable change to turn to those by Harold Knight. His pictures are calm, his draughtsmanship perfect, his style unassuming. His painting, "A Window in St. John's Wood," is particularly pleasing, the beauty of colour and completeness of composition are extremely lovely, and the draughtsmanship flawless; while the soft blues and greys of "The Letter" are restful without being insipid.

In spite of the calm beauty of Harold Knight's pictures his art seems more painful and less spontaneous than that of Dame Laura Knight, whose pictures, though less perfect in drawing, leave behind the more lasting impression.

We thoroughly enjoyed seeing the pictures, and we thank Miss Hawkrigde for giving us this splendid opportunity.

S. GREY, Form VA Cl.

A VISIT TO THE MALING POTTERIES.

On May 17th Miss Hawkrigde took a party to the Maling Potteries, where a most attentive guide conducted us over the factory. We were told that the clay is first of all put into large kilns and fired: afterwards comes the designing. We saw one method of designing which may be done by transfer, tracing, or moulding. When the design is on the pottery it is covered with a slip, then the background is blown on (a mixture of turpentine and powder), and the slip is washed off, leaving the design ready for painting. Finally, after the painting, the pottery is glazed and fired.

We left the potteries knowing that we had gained valuable information. We are very grateful to our guide, who explained every process so very clearly, and to Miss Hawkrigde for having taken us on this interesting expedition.

B. M. TARVER, Form VA Mod.

A VISIT TO THE GLASS-WORKS.

On July 21st Miss MacGregor took a party of about forty members of VA and VI to the glassworks at Lemington-on-Tyne. We trammed to the Central Station and then boarded another tram and started on a long, weary, and apparently unending journey along Scotswood Road. When at last we arrived at our destination we seemed to be quite at the back of beyond.

We divided up into parties of about ten, and each was shown round by a separate guide. We first visited the mixing room and saw barrels of the various ingredients for the different kinds of glass—red lead, magnesite and sand. None of us had ever seen such marvellously white sand.

Next we watched men blowing electric bulbs of different shapes and sizes. The process for all the different bulbs looked much the same to us, but we were told that the men who blow the largest bulbs are quite unable to blow the small ones. The men dipped their irons, which are long, hollow tubes, into the molten glass, and blew a little air into them. Then they did some extraordinarily clever things. Each man rolled his bulb on a bench, waved the iron in the air, clamped it into a mould in cold water, and blew down the iron, rapidly turning it all the time. It was taken out of the mould and another man broke off the bulbs from the iron, and so the process continued. All this took place incredibly quickly. We were told that about 30,000 of one particular kind of bulb are made every week. This figure sounds enormous, but last year 250,000 of these bulbs were made per week. All the bulbs must be perfect, and even a few air-bubbles in the glass renders them useless.

We were very fortunate in seeing some glass tubing being drawn. This requires two men, and is one of the most difficult processes. One man dipped a special iron tube into the molten glass, brought out a mass of it, and attached another tube to it while it was still hot. Then one stood still and blew through his iron, while the other moved slowly away, drawing the tube out, both turning it all the time. When it had been drawn out to well over ten feet in length they laid it on a bench, measured its diameter, and cut it into lengths of about ten feet. This tubing is used for neon lighting. We were all very excited in our praise of the skill of this process, especially those of us who have tried to make capillary tubing without breaking it in the middle.

We were shown a furnace which was not in use. It looked rather like a cave with a hole in the middle of the floor, up which the hot gas rises to heat the furnace, and a hole in the front in which the clay pot is fixed. In making the glass the ingredients, in the required proportions, mixed with some broken glass, are heated in these pots from about 5 p.m. one afternoon till 6 a.m. next morning at about 1450°C. , after which the temperature is lowered to 1200°C. These temperatures are automatically recorded on a chart.

We next went down below and saw a roomful of clay pots. These ranged in size from large "elephant" pots to very small ones used only for experimental purposes. Unfortunately we could not see these pots being made because their maker was in London at the time of our visit. We were told that each pot is made by hand, layer by layer, and must stand for at least seven months after it is completed before it is used, otherwise it cracks. For this reason the date of completion is marked on each pot.

Next we followed the different stages in the life of a tumbler. At first it looked very unlike any tumbler we had ever seen, since each tumbler had a curiously curved top and looked rather like a bottle "gone wrong." It is first heated in a special furnace to take all the strain out of the glass. It is then taken to another part of the building, where the top is removed by heating it all round below the curved part with a fire ring of burners and then merely lifting the top off. It now really looks like a tumbler. The top of the glass is next ground and then heated to make it smooth. It is now taken to yet another part of the building, where the bottom is ground and then polished. A dear old man was in charge of this department, and he very kindly showed us how this last was done. He was obviously pleased with his job.

We went through the packing room and saw all the bulbs and tumblers being examined and packed ready for sending away.

Lastly we were taken to the showroom, and although the twelve o'clock buzzer had gone the man spent some considerable time telling us about the various bulbs on view. Among those we saw were enormous lighthouse bulbs, and tiny ones used for decorating Christmas trees, daylight blue bulbs, ruby bulbs, and orange bulbs used for imitation fires. We saw specimens in glass cases showing how tungsten wire is made and fitted into the evacuated or gas-filled bulbs.

This was one of the most interesting expeditions we have ever had. We thank Miss MacGregor very much indeed for arranging it for us, and we are very grateful to the authorities of the glassworks for giving up a whole morning to showing us round.

DOROTHY HOLLINGSWORTH, Form VI.

A VISIT TO THE TELEPHONE EXCHANGE.

On the last Wednesday of the Easter Term Miss MacGregor kindly took us to Telephone House to see the operators at work. We divided into two parties and went into the receiving room, where our guide explained how the wires are connected. We were given some helpful hints about how to answer the telephone correctly. We were then shot down in the lift to the basement, where we were met by a mechanic. He conducted us through a maze of machinery and gave us many technical details, which, to our limited knowledge of engineering, seemed very complicated. We saw how a faulty connection can be detected and repaired.

We went home with the realization that the telephone is an even more wonderful invention than we imagined.

D. GOUGH AND J. WELLING, Form VB Cl.

REPORTS OF LECTURES.

MISS WARD'S VISIT.

During the Autumn Term Miss Gurney arranged a very pleasant surprise for the Sixth Form when Miss Irene Ward came to talk to us for half-an-hour. Miss Ward had just returned from Germany and was able to give us what first-hand information she had gathered about the state of that and other European countries.

Much of what she said was entirely new to us, and it was with a sense of shame that we realized how little we knew of the history of Germany and Poland and the circumstances which led up to their present situations. We were greatly impressed by the difficulties created by the Treaty of Versailles, especially that clause which deals with the narrow strip of land now known as the "Polish corridor." This territory was ceded to Poland by Germany after the Great War in order that Poland might have a sea outlet on the Baltic; but it cuts off East Prussia from the rest of Germany, which makes the work of the administrative Government difficult. How the League of Nations will overcome this problem remains to be seen.

The attitude of the youth of Germany is clearly shown by the fact that the bulk of the supporters of Hitler, who now stands for repudiation of war debts, are the young people over twenty-one who have just obtained their vote.

France, we were told, lives in constant fear of another invasion from Germany, and is very suspicious of any claim Germany makes for equal armaments. With France and Germany in this state the way to world peace is beset with many difficulties.

We were keenly interested in all that Miss Ward told us, and at the end felt that we had gained some valuable knowledge. We should like her to know how grateful we are to her for sparing us so much of her time.

N. LUNN AND A. FORSTER, FORM VIA.

MISS SPEECHLEY'S LECTURE.

On Monday, November 14th, Miss Speechley, who is an official of the Missionary Settlement for University Women, Bombay, came to speak to the Sixth Form about India, its customs and its people. The subject which she treated most fully was the education of Indian women.

Women in India are not nowadays content to remain passive onlookers at the busy life around them. They want to be educated to take an effective part in the government of their country and in the attempt to solve its pressing problems. But these women must, she believed, in the course of their education be converted to Christianity: and there lay a difficulty, for, unfortunately, there are few Christian women out in India capable of teaching them and few colleges in which they can be taught. Of these few, said Miss Speechley, the residential college at Bombay is the largest and most important, and she told us briefly about the lives of the women in this college. Miss Speechley also described the dress of Indian women who attended the college, and in conclusion showed us some dolls dressed in the clothes of the different castes.

The whole lecture was very interesting and enlightening, and we thank Miss Speechley heartily for coming to talk to us.

I. MALLET.

LECTURE ON AUSTRALIA.

On Friday, November 18th, Mr. Brady gave a lecture to the Third and Fourth Forms about Australia and the Bush Church Aid Society's work there.

The aim of the Society is to help isolated settlers to keep in touch with the world. Mr. Brady showed us a slide of some ladies in a large lorry which was ploughing its way through all kinds of obstacles to bring the message of God to the lonely settlers, and give them magazines, books, and papers. The Society also owns two aeroplanes, which travel where a lorry cannot.

"If you work hard you will always get on in Australia," Mr. Brady told us, and he showed us the settler's first house and the one which he achieves after many years of hard labour.

One of the many facts we learnt was "how caterpillars stopped a train." Swarms of caterpillars were seen crossing railway lines, and they made the lines so greasy that the train wheels just slipped round. In consequence a quantity of sand had to be put on the lines before the train could move on.

Flowers in Australia grow in profusion, and we were shown beautiful views of fern gullies and specimens of wild flowers. In most people's minds kangaroos and Australia are invariably associated, and although we did not see any kangaroos Mr. Brady showed us some very close relatives, the wallabies. There was also a picture of a baby Australian bear clinging to a post, round which he peeped in a most comical fashion.

The applause at the end indicated the enthusiasm with which this enjoyable lecture was received.

L. HESLOP AND C. CURTIS, Form IVA.

LECTURE ON GENERAL HEALTH.

On Wednesday, July 19th, members of the VI and the two Vs attended a lecture by Dr. Mabel Campbell, on "How to keep fit." We learnt that the essentials for health are correct breathing, warm clothing, good, plain food, and sufficient rest.

We found the lecture both instructive and interesting, and we thank Dr. Mabel Campbell for giving up so much of her time for us.

A. FORSTER, Form VI.

MISS CLOUGH'S LECTURE ON INDIA.

On Thursday, 20th July, Miss Clough, a former member of the School Staff, and now Principal of St. Mary's Training College, Poona, gave us a most interesting lecture on India.

She spoke particularly of the difficult position of the Anglo-Indians and domiciled Europeans, telling us of the different origins of the two peoples and explaining that the Anglo-Indians are descended from the members of the East India Trading Company, who, having married Indians, brought their children up as Christians and taught them English customs. They are different, she said, from the domiciled Europeans, who are descendants of those who went out to India with their families in the hope of obtaining good positions, and being disillusioned, settled down in comparative poverty and were compelled to regard India as their permanent home. Some of these people now hold moderately important positions, but the majority of them are poor—the Anglo-Indians having arrived at this unhappy state through the ill-treatment meted out to them by the East India Company.

We learnt many interesting details about the people and their mode of living, and most of us at the end of the lecture felt that we had a very good idea of the type of people among whom our lecturer is carrying out her work.

We are very grateful to Miss Clough for having come to talk to us, and we hope she knows how much we appreciated her kindness.

J. HENDERSON, Form VA Mod.

We also had, during the Spring Term, an informal and interesting talk from Bishop Linton, who was then visiting England on furlough from Persia. He gave us an account of some of his experiences abroad, and Miss Lily Hodgshon, who was present with him, told us something of her own work as a medical missionary.

THE DEBATING SOCIETY.

OFFICIALS, 1932—33.

President	...	Miss Gurney.
Chairman	...	Miss Weedon.
Committee	...	Miss Furtado, Miss Sinclair, Kathleen Woll, Angela Forster, Joyce Bryant, Sybil Grey.
Treasurer	...	Joan Woll.
Secretary	...	Muriel Taws (two terms). Sheila Hails (one term).

The Debating Society was founded in the Xmas Term, 1932, at the suggestion of Kathleen Woll, with the support of Miss Weedon. Miss Furtado and Miss Sinclair were invited to join—otherwise membership was limited to members of the VIb and VA Forms, though, later on, the Staff were cordially invited to join the Society.

There was time for only one debate in the Christmas Term: "That disarmament is essential to world peace," (Motion carried) but people were very enthusiastic and quick to express themselves earnestly, if not brilliantly.

In the Easter Term a list of rules and a syllabus were drawn up and printed, and Miss Weedon very kindly presented a cup. Only two debates took place as the term was a short one. The debates were:—

- (a) "That homework should be abolished." (Motion defeated.)
- (b) "That in the opinion of this House Japan is justified in her present aggressive behaviour." (Motion carried.)

The Summer Term meetings showed a falling off in attendance, largely due to imminent examinations, but the discussions were keen, and considerable improvement in style of speech was obvious. At the last meeting, a minor celebration at the end of the School Certificate exam., Miss Weedon presented the cup, which had been won by Sheila Hails. The debates of this term were:—

- (a) "That this House deploras the use of vivisection." (Motion defeated.)
- (b) "That, at present, films are neither entertaining nor educational." (Motion defeated.)
- (c) "That bad scholars make good housewives." (Motion carried.)

Now, at the end of its first year, the Debating Society has over eighty members, and promises to become an important feature of school life.

S. HAILS, Form VI.

THE STAFF AND VI FORM LITERARY SOCIETY.

OFFICIALS 1932—33.

President	...	Miss Gurney.
Vice-Presidents		Miss Hodgson, Miss Furtado.
Secretaries	...	K. Wall (Autumn Term). E. Burns.
Committee	...	Miss Pugsley, A. Forster, Miss Sinclair, J. Carrick, M. Taws.

The Literary Society has had three meetings this year, all of which we enjoyed greatly.

At the first we read "The Charm School," by Alice Duer Miller and Robert Milton, in which both Staff and girls took part. The acting, under the guidance of Miss Brevis, was particularly good, and Miss Willis delighted us all with her hysterical tears.

In the Spring Term we turned to the study of law. The "Bardell and Pickwick" trial, from "Pickwick Papers," was acted by the Sixth Form. Sergeant Buzfuz (D. Harrison) is to be congratulated on his carefully-prepared speech, and Mr. Pickwick (S. Hails) on his clever costume and make-up.

The Staff produced a Scottish version of a mediæval French farce, "Rory Aforesaid," by John Brandane, in which Miss Hodgson and Miss Weedon, Miss Furtado, Miss MacGregor, Miss Carr and Miss Willis took part most successfully.

At our last meeting we attempted something quite different, and read the miracle play of "Noah's Flood" and a morality play called "The Disobedient Child." Old Girls were invited to this tea, and all visitors and Staff were presented with little "Noah's Ark" programmes, invented and printed by two enterprising Sixth-formers. We made our own scenery, and our home-made ark caused great perplexity to junior members of the School, being entirely unrecognizable to the uninitiated.

The two plays were greatly enjoyed by actors and spectators alike, and concluded successfully our meetings for the year.

E. H. BURNS, Form VI.

V FORM LITERARY SOCIETY.

Committee :

VA Cl.	VA Mod.	VB Cl.	VB Mod.
S. Grey.	M. Teasdale.	J. Hogg.	E. Mitchell.
S. Russell.	P. Richardson.	J. Welling.	D. White.

The Society held its first meeting in December. VB Classical gave an effective production of the 1st Act of "Arms and the Man," by G. B. Shaw, the fussy mother being excellently portrayed by Margaret Lyle, who made everyone burst into fits of laughter at her bouncing manner. This was followed by "The Comedy of the Man who Married a Dumb Wife," by Anatole France, performed by VA Classical, in which the dumb wife is cured and chatters so incessantly that the poor husband at last finds relief by being made deaf himself. This play was also exceedingly funny, especially when the nerve-racked husband tries to take refuge from his wife by sitting on the top of a large pair of steps.

"Columbine," by Reginald Arkell, a fantastical play, was produced by VB Classical at the summer meeting. The main part of this play is in verse, which lends a fairy-like atmosphere to the whole. An Eastern play, named "The Gods of the Mountains," by Lord Dunsany, was then performed by VA Classical; this ended with an exciting climax, when the five gods, covered from head to foot in jade green, stumped in with heavy footsteps and turned the five beggars, who had dared to impersonate the gods, into stone.

The two meetings were entirely successful and the plays afforded much enjoyment both to the actors and the audience.

S. RUSSELL, Form VA Cl.

IV FORM LITERARY SOCIETY.

Committee :

Upp. IVA.	IVA.	IV Alpha.
U. Brown.	C. Curtis.	L. Grey, I. Babbs.

In the Autumn Term, 1932, the IV Form Literary Society produced three amusing short plays. Upp. IVA presented "Eldorado," by Bernard Gilbert, a dialect comedy, in which Ursula Brown was particularly good as a hard-headed, middle-aged country woman. IVA produced "The Princess and the Woodcutter," by A. A. Milne, a charming imaginative tale and well acted; while IV Alpha gave a version of "The Travelling Musicians," complete with appropriate head-dresses.

In the Summer Term the Society acted two plays, Upp. IVA presenting Lady Gregory's Irish absurdity, "Spreading the News," and IVA a modernized version of "The Slippers of Cinderella," by W. Graham Robertson.

U. BROWN AND C. CURTIS.

HISTORY CLUB REPORT. 1932—33.

President	...	Miss Gurney.
Vice-President	...	Miss Sinclair.
Secretary	...	Angela Forster.
Treasurer	...	Muriel Taws.
Committee	...	Miss Stuart, Margaret Elliot, Christian Harbottle.

On November 26th a party of members of the History Club went to the Historical Pageant of Newcastle and the North. This comprised scenes of local history from Roman times up to the eighteenth century.

In the last term the club held a Mock Parliament. Miss Irene Ward kindly consented to act as Speaker. The meeting was well attended, and opened with the Speaker's procession. Full Parliamentary procedure was followed, and after question time the Sunday Cinemas Bill was read for the second time. When the division had been taken the House went into Committee, and four amendments were proposed and accepted. The House was then adjourned, and after a vote of thanks had been proposed to Miss Ward for her help the meeting broke up.

In the Summer Term there were expeditions to the Roman camp at Borcovicus and to Durham, which are reported below.

Our thanks are due to Miss Gurney for the great interest which she has shown in the club throughout the year, and to Miss Sinclair and Miss Stuart for organising the meetings so successfully.

THE BORCOVICUS EXPEDITION.

One of the first Saturdays in the Summer Term was the day reserved for Miss Osman's bi-annual expedition to Housesteads. There was a large party, as we had not been since 1931. The drive through the Northumberland scenery was very enjoyable, and our enjoyment was increased by a halt at the George Inn, Chollerford, to buy ginger pop and lemonade. Here, and later, there was much delay owing to the lack of bottle openers, sixty people sharing two! After lunch we went the usual tour round the remains, Miss Osman giving a brief but very interesting talk on their structure. We then walked along the Wall to Crag Lough, where we paddled. This has been one of the most enjoyable expeditions to Borcovicus, and we thank Miss Osman for it.

M. Y. GREENWOOD, Form VA Cl.

THE DURHAM EXPEDITION.

Towards the end of the Summer Term about two dozen members of VI and VA spent a day at Durham. We arrived at the quaint old town at about 11 o'clock and pursued an uncertain way up the steep, cobbled streets to the Castle. We were conducted over the Castle from the old kitchen and refectory, with their open fireplaces, to the bedrooms which the judges occupy during their visits, and from there down to the now disused chapel with its beautiful Norman arches. We were glad to come out from the cold, damp air into the sunshine, where we paused for a moment to admire the intricate carving over the Norman gateway. Then we went to the Cathedral.

At the Cathedral we had just time to walk round and gaze for a moment at the rose-window and the zig-zag carving on the tall pillars before meeting the Librarian. With him we looked at the old monks' kitchen (where Roman and other relics are now stored) and went into what was formerly the refectory. Here we saw the little niche in the wall, with its flight of stone steps, where a novice stood to read aloud from holy books to prevent the monks from talking during meals. After this we were taken to the library. The Librarian had laid out some ancient books, and he explained the history and importance of each. All were written by hand on parchment. One was an early hymn book, with signs above the words, rather like musical notes, to indicate the melody. Another was one of the first Latin grammars, in which the whole grammar took up only about two pages, but almost all the words were considerably, and, to us, mysteriously abbreviated. We then saw the monks' dormitory, and in it the coffin of St. Cuthbert. This ended our tour of the Cathedral.

We went down to the river to have lunch, and afterwards took boats out and had a very good time in spite of our inexperience in rowing. We returned home between five and six after a delightful day, thanks to the kindness and energy of Miss Sinclair.

K. DUNN, Form VA Cl.

MUSIC CLUB NOTES.

The Music Club meetings this year have been very enjoyable.

The Christmas meeting took a novel form. All members were given instruments and score and became players in a percussion band, conducted by Kathleen Dunn. The instrumentalists thoroughly enjoyed themselves. Perhaps it was just as well that there was no audience !

The second meeting was a rehearsal for the Concert, which took place on June 14th and was very successful. Here, again, was a percussion band, but a well-rehearsed and efficient one which was popular with its audience. Two items, also much appreciated, were given by two very small artistes on the violin, and the choir sang part songs, which it is hoped the audience enjoyed as much as it did. The pianists, thirty-five in all, played in groups ; all played from memory without serious mishaps, and maintained a high standard throughout.

Music Shield Competition—Red House.

Cup for Sight Playing—K. Dunn (Red House).

SOCIAL WORK.

THE CATHEDRAL NURSING SOCIETY.

Form VI, £1 8s. 7d. ; Form VA Cl., £3 12s. 2d.

Form VA Mod., £6 0s. 8d. ; Form VB Cl., £3 0s. 0d.

The money was sent to the Cathedral Nurses for the relief of the sick and poor dependent on the Society.

MARY MAGDALENE HOME.

Form VB Mod., £3 16s. 0d.

In the Autumn Term the money collected was spent on chocolate and cigarettes, which were taken to the Home by members of the Form. In the other terms plants were bought for the wards.

ROYAL VICTORIA INFIRMARY : CHILDREN'S WARD.

Form Upp. IVA, £2 5s. 9½d.

In the Autumn Term the money collected was spent on presents for the Christmas Tree and on flowers. Other toys were also brought and taken to the Infirmary by members of the Form. At Easter flowers and Easter eggs were sent, and in summer flowers and books.

BENSHAM GROVE NURSERY SCHOOL.

Form IVA, £3 8s. 0d. ; Form IIIA, £3 19s. 2d. ; Form IIIB, £3 16s. 6d.

A Christmas Party was given at the Settlement, for which extra presents were brought, and members of the Forms were present at the party.

NORTHERN COUNTIES ORPHANAGE.

Form IV Alpha, £3 7s. 0d.

Some of the money collected was spent in repairs to the gramophone and on new records. The rest was sent to the general fund of the Orphanage.

ST. OSWALD'S HOME, CULLERCOATS.

Form IV_B, £4 15s. 2½d.

In addition to the money collected a Christmas hamper was sent to the Home at the end of the Autumn Term. In the Spring Term the Form gave an entertainment to raise money so that the Guides of the Home might compete for the St. Oswald's Banner in Newcastle.

DAME MARGARET'S HOME, WASHINGTON.

Form IV Beta, £1 18s. 0d.

The money collected was spent on gramophone records at Christmas, chocolate eggs at Easter, and more records at midsummer, some brought from home by members of the Form. No visit was possible owing to infectious illnesses, but some of IV Beta corresponded with some of Dame Margaret's, and individual gifts were sent for Christmas and birthdays.

FLEMING MEMORIAL HOSPITAL.

Junior School, £5 9s. 3d. Collections of silver paper were also made.

During the Autumn Term books and toys were taken to the Hospital, and at Christmas gifts for the Christmas tree. At Easter fresh eggs were taken and the children were interested to see some of the patients and be shown round the wards.

R.S.P.C.A.—ANIMAL DISPENSARY.

Form II, £5 13s. 0d.

This grand total was achieved partly by subscription, but chiefly by a most successful Sweet Sale. A few members of Form II visited the Dispensary every week during the Summer Term with Pat Elphick.

P.C.H.A. SANATORIUM.

Form II, £1 0s. 0d.

This collection was the very practical result of a lecture on the P.C.H.A. Sanatorium at Stannington, given during the Summer Term by Miriam Simpson.

Form II is to be very heartily congratulated on the vigorous efforts it has made this year.

CATHEDRAL RESTORATION FUND. (Second Collection.)

A sum of £9 16s. 10d. was collected for this fund in response to an appeal from the Provost. Individual contributions had also been made before.

ARMISTICE DAY COLLECTION.

Apart from the Church collection the sale of Flanders poppies brought in £13 0s. 8d.

Parcels of clothes have been sent to the Jumble Sales of two poor schools in the district.

HOUSE NOTES.**OFFICIALS.**

	Blue.	Orange.	Red.	White.
Captains	...M. Taws	C. Harbottle	M. Elliott (Autumn)	H. Ridley
	J. Woll (Summer)		D. Hollingsworth	
Vice-Captains	J. Woll	U. Burgh (Autumn)	D. Hollingsworth (Autumn)	N. Lunn
	S. Hails (Summer)	A. Forster	K. Woll	
Sen. Hockey	...J. Woll	C. Harbottle	K. Woll	M. Teasdale
Sen. Netball	...M. Taws	C. Harbottle	K. Woll	H. Ridley
Sen. Tennis	...I. Mallett	J. Bryant	B. Tinsley	M. Kerr
Sen. Rounders	J. Woll	C. Harbottle	K. Woll	P. Richardson
Lacrosse	...J. Woll	P. Wasteneys Smith	K. Woll	M. Teasdale
Sports	...J. Robson	P. Wasteneys Smith	D. Hollingsworth	M. Teasdale
Swimming	...J. Mallett	C. Harbottle	C. Fenning	S. Brown
Music	...B. Booth	J. Bryant	K. Dunn	E. Burns
Art	...S. Hails	J. Carrick	M. Elliott	E. Burns
Hd. Gardener	B. Booth	J. Carrick	H. Burns	B. Girling
Jun. Hockey	...L. Grey	Mgt. Teasdale	E. Baird	J. Phillips
Jun. Netball	...J. Adams	Mgt. Teasdale	D. Burnett	P. Provis
Jun. Tennis	...B. Barr	J. Taylor	E. Davison	J. Reay
Jun. Rounders	J. Thorp	Mgt. Teasdale	M. Wardill	B. Calderwood

CUPS.**AUTUMN TERM.**

Senior Swimming Championship	...	Blue House (I. Mallett)
Junior Swimming Championship	...	„ „ (C. Curtis)
House Swimming Shield	...	„ „
Junior Reports Cup...	...	„ „
Honours Cup (shared with Orange)	...	„ „
Gardening Cup	...	Red „
Reports Trophy (Senior)	...	„ „
Neatness Cup	...	Orange „
Honours Cup (shared with Blue)	...	„ „

SPRING TERM.

Honours Cup...	...	Red House
Spelling Cup	...	„ „
Reports Trophy	...	„ „
Junior Hockey Cup	...	„ „
Senior Netball	...	Blue „
Lacrosse	...	„ „
Junior Reports Cup...	...	„ „
Marching Cup (shared with Orange)	...	„ „
Gardening Cup	...	Orange „
Senior Hockey Cup	...	„ „
Marching Cup (shared with Blue)	...	„ „
Neatness Cup	...	White „
Junior Netball Cup	...	„ „

SUMMER TERM.

Senior Rounders	Orange House	
Junior Rounders	" "	
Senior Tennis Cup	" "	
Junior Tennis Cup	" "	
Senior Tennis Championship	" "	(P. Wasteney Smith)
Senior Tennis Championship		
Runner-up	" "	(J. Bryant)
Junior Tennis Championship	" "	(E. Mitchell)
Sports Cup	" "	
Marching Cup	" "	
Neatness Cup	" "	
Senior Sports Championship	Blue	(J. Robson)
Tankerville Sports Championship	" "	(W. Wardill)
Athlete's Cup... ..	" "	(J. Robson)
Tankerville Drill Cup	" "	
Junior Reports Cup... ..	" "	
Gymnastic Cup (held since 1931)	" "	(J. Robson)
Junior Sports Championship	Red	(M. Wardill)
Music Shield	" "	
Music Sight-Reading Cup	" "	(K. Dunn)
Reports Trophy (Senior)	" "	
Art Shield	White	" "
Spelling Cup	" "	
Honours Cup... ..	" "	
Gardening Cup	" "	

BLUE HOUSE.

Blue House has had, on the whole, a successful year. Probably more all-round keenness in work and play from both Seniors and Juniors would make us winners instead of runners-up by one and sometimes half a point.

Alas—for reports! We should take an example from our Juniors, who have each term gallantly brought us the Junior Report Cup.

We heartily congratulate Jean Robson upon winning the Senior Sports Cup and the Athlete's Cup. We are very proud of possessing such a good, all-round athlete.

I wish the House the very best of luck in the coming year, and the years to come—"Play up! play up! and play the game"—"We'll fight and we'll conquer, again and again!"

J. WOLL.

ORANGE HOUSE.

The House, on the whole, has had a very successful year, and has been very fortunate in having a number of very keen Seniors and Juniors. The number of ordinary reports, however, has been serious throughout the year, with only a slight improvement towards the end of the Summer Term. The general neatness of the House, however, has been good, and we managed to win the Neatness Cup in both the Michaelmas and Summer Terms.

The standard of House Hockey has been much higher than in previous years, and we won the Senior Cup. The Juniors played well, but still need more practice in combining with each other and following up the ball.

In the Netball matches the House did fairly well, the Seniors being runners-up. The Juniors played well, especially the centres.

The House played extremely well in the Lacrosse matches, and only failed to keep the Cup by 2 goals. We congratulate Blue House on winning it.

We were fairly successful in the Swimming sports, being again runners-up, but I feel we might have been even more successful had there been more entries, since, as we know, each entry counts.

In the Rounders matches both Senior and Junior teams were exceptionally good, and we succeeded in winning both Cups by quite a large margin.

The Tennis standard, too, was very high, and we were very fortunate in having such a number of good, keen Seniors and Juniors. We all congratulate P. Wasteney Smith and E. Mitchell, who carried off both Senior and Junior Championships.

We again won the Sports Cup, and we appreciate the keenness of those who helped to do so.

The House Marching has been very good this year. We succeeded in sharing the Cup with Blue House in the Spring Term and winning it outright in the Summer.

I should like to thank the members of IIIA, who showed such keenness in the House Garden—our success in the Spring Term was chiefly due to them.

My best wishes for the future of Orange House.

C. HARBOTTLE.

RED HOUSE.

Although this House has not carried off a very large collection of Cups it has worked splendidly throughout the year.

The House deserves congratulations on winning the Report Trophy each term during the year. Unfortunately, neatness reports have been far too numerous.

We kept the Gardening Cup during the Autumn Term but lost it in the Spring Term, and have not yet retrieved it. I do hope that more of the Middle School will take up gardening seriously next year. They seem to think that this is essentially a Senior job, but I assure them that all help is very welcome.

During the Spring Term the standard of work improved and we won both the Honours Cup and the Spelling Cup; this standard was, unfortunately, not maintained, and we lost them both in the Summer Term.

Red House music is excellent, and we succeeded in retaining the Music Shield. Kathleen Dunn is to be congratulated on again winning the Sight-Reading Cup.

Our Seniors were not successful at Hockey, though they played remarkably well, but our Juniors managed to carry off the Junior Cup.

Both teams played well in the Netball matches but neither was successful, though the Juniors were close seconds.

Red House Lacrosse is very bad, and it is to be hoped that more people will take it up and practise hard next season.

The Senior Tennis Team put up a very good fight and tied second with Blue House. The Juniors did not do so well: they seemed lacking in confidence and in need of more practice.

Neither of our Rounders Teams was successful, though the Seniors played splendidly and were again the runners-up. The Juniors had a good team but they seemed to go to pieces during the match. It is to be hoped that they will play with more team spirit next year.

We did not manage to win the Sports Cup, though we gained second place. We congratulate M. Wardill on winning the Junior Championship. Incidentally we also congratulate her on winning a scholarship to St. Leonard's School.

We lost the Marching Cup in the Spring Term, and as yet have not won it back, though we were second in the Marching Competition in the Summer Term.

I hope the whole House will be encouraged by the number of times it has been second to go one better next year by being more often first.

I should like to say how sorry we were to lose our Captain, Margaret Elliot, at the end of the Autumn Term, and also to wish the House and the new House Captain the very best of luck in the future.

D. HOLLINGSWORTH.

WHITE HOUSE.

On the whole White House has had a very successful year, for although we have not won very many Cups we were second for quite a number. The Juniors especially deserve to be congratulated for their really hard work in every direction; they have shown excellent House spirit.

Games are not our strong point at the moment, but I do think that most people have given of their best wherever possible. We were proud of our Juniors, who managed to keep the Netball Cup, and they almost won the Tennis Cup, first of all drawing with Orange but in the re-play losing to Orange.

Our spelling has been very good this year; we were second in Spring Term, losing the Cup to Red by a very small margin, and in the Summer Term we won the Cup.

The House garden has improved immensely this year, but there are still too few gardeners, almost all work being left to an already overworked Sixth.

There have been far fewer reports in White House, especially during the Summer Term, when numbers decreased rapidly and we almost managed to get the Cup.

The general neatness of the House has reached a far higher standard this year, and in the Spring Term we were successful in winning the Cup.

The aim charts did much towards increasing the House's keenness for sports, and we were very proud of having the highest average when the totals of the charts were taken.

Once again our artists brought the Art Shield to our bracket, and Sheila Brown's work was especially commended by the committee.

We should like to congratulate Betty Burns on getting entrance into Girton College, and also on gaining the Virgin Mary Scholarship. We wish her the best of luck during her college life. Our good wishes also go to Nora Lunn and Barbara Girling, who are both going to Armstrong College.

In conclusion I wish both White House and its new Captain the best of good luck in the future.

H. RIDLEY.

HOCKEY, 1932—1933.

1st XI MATCHES PLAYED.



F. GLOVER. Upp. IVA.

Nov.	3—Tynemouth Secondary School	...	A	...	lost	...	1 — 5
„	5—Heaton Secondary School	...	H	...	lost	...	3 — 6
„	17—Sunderland High School	...	A	...	lost	...	1 — 3
„	19—Berwick High School	...	H	...	won	...	3 — 0
„	24—Old Girls...	...	H	...	drew	...	5 — 5
„	26—Whitley Bay High School	...	H	...	lost	...	1 — 2
Dec.	16—Old Girls	...	H	...	lost	...	3 — 7
Mar.	8—Central High School...	...	H	...	won	...	5 — 1
„	20—Rutherford College	...	A	...	won	...	3 — 1
„	25—Heaton Secondary School	...	A	...	won	...	2 — 1
„	30—Durham County School	...	A	...	lost	...	0 — 3
April	6—Tynemouth	...	H	...	won	...	6 — 2

2nd XI MATCHES.

Oct.	20—St. Margaret's 1st XI	...	A	...	won	...	2 — 0
Nov.	5—Heaton Secondary 2nd XI	...	H	...	lost	...	3 — 4
„	26—Whitley Bay 2nd XI	...	H	...	drew	...	3 — 3
Feb.	16—St. Margaret's 1st XI	...	H	...	won	...	5 — 0
Mar.	24—Central High School 2nd XI	...	H	...	won	...	3 — 0
„	25—Heaton Secondary School 2nd XI	...	A	...	lost	...	0 — 2

HOUSE MATCHES.

SENIOR.

Blue	Draw 0-0	
Red	Re-play, Blue 3-0	Orange 1-0
Orange	Orange 5-0	
White		

JUNIOR.

Red	Red 2-1	
White		Red 1-0
Blue	Blue 3-0	
Orange		

TEAMS.

1st XI.		Position.	2nd XI.	
Autumn Term.	Spring Term.		Autumn Term.	Spring Term.
* E. Mitchell		Goal	L. Grey	
* K. Woll		R. back	D. Mole	
* N. Huthwaite	* C. Harbottle	L. back	B. Lough	
* M. Teasdale		R. half	G. Tarver	
* J. Woll	* E. Baird	C. half	E. Baird	M. McEwan
* J. Bryant		L. half	B. Tarver	
* C. Harbottle	* B. Heslop	R. wing	K. Baird	P. Richardson
* J. Robson		R. inner	A. Barr	
* V. Hudson	A. Forster	Centre	J. Phillips	
* M. Elliot	V. Gough	L. inner	V. Gough	D. Gough
			N. Schlegel	
* M. Taws		L. wing	D. Hudson	M. Hogg
	* Colours.			

CRITICISM OF THE TEAM.

E. Mitchell—A young player who lacks experience, but is developing into a steady goalkeeper who thinks well.

K. Woll—A reliable, tireless player. Tackles and clears well. A good and enthusiastic Captain.

N. Huthwaite—A reliable back. Intercepts and clears well as a rule. Has increased her speed.

C. Harbottle—Rather slow in the forward line, she most sportingly concentrated on back play, and within a remarkably short time has become a very valuable back. She deserves much credit for her work as Secretary.

M. Teasdale—Usually plays very well. Sticks to her man heroically, but should try to be neater in her play.

J. Woll—Very good judgment, and makes an excellent pivot for the team.

J. Bryant—Works hard, and has steadily improved; but must try to get back more quickly to hold her own man.

J. Robson—Has sometimes played exceedingly well; at other times appears to lack confidence in the circle. Passing has improved, and she has an excellent shot.

A. Forster—Promises well. Rather an awkward stance, but has speed and determination.

V. Gough—Very promising. Has speed, and is improving in shooting. Dribbles well.

M. Taws—A fast and useful left wing who can get round. Sometimes very good, but inclined to stand "off-side."

E. Baird—Promises very well. Does a great deal of work and seems tireless. Intercepts well.

V. Hudson—Very good centre as a rule. Sometimes lacks confidence in the circle. Passes well.

M. Elliot—A reliable forward. Has improved her speed and tactics.

B. Heslop—Very fast. Should centre sooner, but has a hard hit. An acquisition to the team.

The team possessed much talent and had hard luck in not winning more matches. At the beginning of the season it pressed frequently but failed to shoot; then, just as it was settling down to play good hockey, it lost four members at the end of the Christmas Term, including J. Woll, its valuable centre-half, who has had such bad luck with her knee and who has all our sympathy and good wishes for its recovery. The newcomers to the team quickly adapted themselves and all did well. The Second Team was most promising, losing only to Heaton Secondary School.

JUNIOR COUNTY.

J. Woll as right half, and N. Huthwaite as left back, were selected to play for the Junior County Team, and K. Woll, M. Teasdale, J. Bryant, M. Elliot, and V. Hudson were reserves.

E. M. FURTADO, M. FORD, AND K. WOLL (Capt.).

NETBALL.

We have been most successful this year in Netball matches, as neither 1st nor 2nd VII lost a single match during the season, and we had only one tie—against Sunderland. We were also most fortunate in winning the County Tournament, and felt that our labours of the year had been well rewarded. For the first time we entered an "under fifteen" team, and after a really hard battle they were knocked out in the second round; they played a winning match against Hexham earlier in the year.

Once again Blue House was successful in the Senior House matches, as it still seemed to have most of the School team players, and White just managed to get the Junior Cup. We congratulate both teams on their successes.

We feel that our achievements during the season have been due to Miss Dickinson's coaching and encouragement, and on behalf of both teams I should like to thank her.

My very best wishes to the future School teams—may they ever be successful.

H. RIDLEY (Capt.).

NETBALL TEAMS, 1932—33.

1st VII.

- * E. Mitchell
- * B. Booth
- * R. Cardoe
- * H. Ridley
- * R. Taws
- * K. Woll
- * C. Harbottle
- * Colours.

Shooter
Attack
Centre Attack
Centre
Centre Defence
Defence
Goal

2nd VII.

- E. Thompson
- P. Richardson
- * J. Robson
- I. Mallett
- A. Barr
- A. Hay
- M. Lowther

MATCHES.

Against.	1st VII.	2nd VII.
Old Girls	won 22—11	won 34—11
Hexham	won 18—2	won 20—13
Rutherford... ..	won 24—13	won 36—17
Sunderland	drew 16—16	won 22—13
Old Girls' Day	won 15—9	—
Old Girls	won 25—11	won 28—13
Central	won 17—8	won 17—2

NETBALL TOURNAMENT.

Rutherford	Rutherford		
C. H. S.	10-4		
G. S. S.	N.H.S. 2nd VII	Rutherford	
N. H. S. 2nd VII	10-4	4-1	
Leamington	Wallsend		N. H. S. 1st VII
Wallsend	4-3		6-2
		N.H.S. 1st VII	
		11-0	
Leamington	N.H.S. 1st VII		
2nd	7-2		
N. H. S. 1st VII			

LACROSSE, 1932—1933.

This season our team consisted of the following players :—

Goal	* K. Woll
Point	—
Cover Point	—
3rd Man	* R. Cardoe
Left Defence Wing ...	* J. Bryant
Right Defence Wing	—
Centre... ..	* J. Woll (Captain).
Right Attack Wing ...	* M. Taws
Left Attack Wing ...	* N. Huthwaite
3rd Home	* I. Mallett
2nd Home	* P. Wasteneys Smith
1st Home	* P. Richardson
* Colours.	

The places of point, cover point, and right defence wing were played by C. Harbottle, J. Fawsett, A. Hay, A. Barr, J. Robson, and J. Thorp at different times.

Our reserves were Judy Thorp, D. Spence, Muriel Teasdale.

All the players played well during the season, especially those with colours.

We have to congratulate K. Woll, J. Bryant, M. Taws, I. Mallett, P. Wasteneys Smith, and P. Richardson on winning colours this season.

There are some very promising players among the others and among the Juniors. They will all improve tremendously as soon as they realise the importance of really good "stick-work."

The House matches were played on March 29th. Blue House won the Cup. The standard of play was fairly good, the match between Blue and Orange being particularly good.

Results :—

	Blue.	Orange.	Red.	White.	Total.
Blue ...	—	3	5	4	12
Orange ...	2	—	3	6	11
Red ...	0	0	—	1	1
White ...	1	0	0	—	1

D. E. PATTERSON.

ROUNDERS, 1933.

MATCHES.

June 10—Sunderland High School	... H	1st IX	... lost 2-3½
		Junior IX	... won 11-3
June 30—Morpeth High School	... H	1st IX	... won 4½-½
		Junior IX	... won 11-1½
July 22—Heaton Secondary	... A	1st IX	... lost 0-4
		Junior IX	... lost 1-4
July 24—Tynemouth Secondary	... H	1st IX	... won 14-4
July 27—Central High School	... H	1st IX	... lost 4-7
		2nd IX	... won 4½-3
		Junior IX	... lost 7½-5

HOUSE MATCHES.

SENIOR.

Orange ...	23 rounders.
Red ...	10½ „
Blue ...	7 „
White ...	5 „

JUNIOR.

Orange ...	15 rounders.
White ...	7½ „
Blue ...	5½ „
Red ...	3 „

FORM MATCHES.

IVB beat IV Beta by 5½ rounders to 4.

Teams.	1st IX.	Junior IX.
Back Stop ...	I. Mallett	M. Wardill
Bowler ...	A. Forster	J. Bevan
1st Post ...	J. Robson	E. Mitchell
2nd Post ...	K. Woll	V. Gough
3rd Post ...	M. Teasdale	Mgt. Teasdale
4th Post ...	N. French	B. Calderwood
Deep ...	C. Harbottle	J. Grieve
Midfield ...	D. Gough	Joan Thorp
Deep ...	A. Hay	J. Reay

CRITICISM OF TEAM.

- I. Mallett—Quick back stop, with good, accurate aim. Hits quite well. Has been a reliable acting-Captain.
 A. Forster—Good bowler, whose balls are hard to take, though she sends rather too many "no balls." Hits well as a rule.
 J. Robson—Very good hit. Quick 1st post. Very dependable.
 K. Woll—Understands the game well, but has not played much this season. Hits well; keeps her head when fielding.
 M. Teasdale—Quite good hit. Fielding very good as a rule. Occasionally amazingly brilliant.
 N. French—Good hit and sound 4th post.
 C. Harbottle—Hits very well. A safe fielder with a good throw.
 D. Gough—A good hit and safe fielder.
 A. Hay—Is quick and accurate at "deep." Hitting quite good.

On the whole there has been some good, keen play. The fielding has improved, but batsmen should vary their hitting more. The bowling is good. The Junior Team has played particularly well, and has had to take the place of a second Senior Team in most matches.

M. FORD, E. M. FURTADO, I. MALLETT (Capt.).

TENNIS.

MATCH RESULTS.

Date.	Opponents.	Venue.	Result.
May 18	Tynemouth Municipal High School ...	A ...	won 48 - 16
June 10	Sunderland High School (2nd Rd. League) ...	H ...	won 41 - 29
.. 12	Rutherford College	H ...	won 46 - 29
.. 26	Old Girls... ..	H ...	lost 32 - 37
.. 8	Durham High School	H ...	won 48 - 22
.. 20	Hexham Grammar School	H ...	won 43 - 36

SECOND TEAM.

June 29	Durham High School (1st Team) ...	A ...	won 35 - 33
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JUNIOR TEAM.

June 12	Rutherford College	H ...	won 30 - 14
July 8	Durham High School	H ...	won 42 - 33

HOUSE CUPS.

PLAYED AS AN AMERICAN TOURNAMENT.

SENIOR.			JUNIOR.		
1st	Orange House ...	62	Orange and White drew 48 all, and the re-play resulted as follows :—		
2nd	Blue House)	37	1st	Orange House...	57
	Red House)		2nd	White House ...	53
3rd	White House ...	32	3rd	Blue House ...	43
			4th	Red House ...	29

HIGH SCHOOLS SHIELD TOURNAMENT ON JULY 1st.

The Tournament was played on our ground, with the following result :—

1. Newcastle Church High School 102 games.
2. Sunderland High School 67 games.
3. Durham High School 51 games.
4. Central Newcastle High School 44 games.

Our team played exceedingly well, and our first couple won 62 games out of a possible 66.

NORTHUMBERLAND AND DURHAM SECONDARY SCHOOLS TENNIS LEAGUE.

We appreciate very much the kindness of Mr. Watson and Mr. Fyffe, who allowed us to play the final of the League on the County Ground, Osborne Road. Our team beat Tynemouth High School by 48 games to 16.

SENIOR CHAMPIONSHIP.

P. Wasteneys Smith beat J. Bryant 5-6, 6-1, 6-2.

JUNIOR CHAMPIONSHIP.

E. Mitchell beat R. Cumberlege 6-3, 6-4.

SCHOOL TEAM.

1st Couple.	2nd Couple.	3rd Couple.
J. Bryant	M. Kerr	C. Harbottle
P. Wasteneys Smith	B. Tinsley	I. Mallett

There was only one second team match this season, and the following team played :—

1st Couple.	2nd Couple.
C. Harbottle	M. Mackenzie
A. Forster	J. Richardson

JUNIOR TEAM.

1st Couple.	2nd Couple.
R. Cumberlege	Bunty Barr
J. Taylor	M. Maughan

We have had an extremely successful season, having lost only the match against the Old Girls, and we feel very proud of the teams which won both Shields for us this year. We were fortunate in having a strong third couple (C. Harbottle and I. Mallett), who replaced members of the first four in several matches, and were awarded colours after playing in the League match instead of M. Kerr and B. Tinsley, who were at Buttermere on the School Journey.

The play has reached a very high standard, and all the keen players who practised so regularly during the winter will feel that their efforts have been rewarded. I hope that some of the Juniors who are so promising at present will follow in the footsteps of the Captain and the Senior Team, whose keenness is responsible for our success this season.

A general word of warning is necessary against foot-faulting ; I hope this will be overcome during the winter practices.

J. Bryant (Captain)—Style excellent. Service reliable. Places balls carefully. Backhand returns from base-line need practice.

P. Wasteneys Smith (Senior Champion)—Exceptionally high standard of play. Confident and steady all through a match. Quick to notice and take advantage of her opponent's weak points.

M. Kerr (Colours)—Style good. Whole game very much improved. Has gained confidence in her service. Must avoid foot-faulting and practise volleying. Combines well with her partner.

B. Tinsley (Colours and School girdle)—Style good. Plays a swift game. Much more reliable than last season. Net play good.

C. Harbottle (Colours)—Steady, reliable player. Practised hard all the winter. Whole game much improved.

I. Mallett (Colours)—Quick on the court. Hits hard and gets some good, low returns. Play improved all round. Practised volleying and net play keenly all the winter.

The Championship matches revealed a wide choice for the Junior Team another year. Of those chosen this season the second couple was much more reliable in a match. The first couple did not combine well and showed a lack of concentration at times. R. Cumberlege plays a very good game, but needs to have confidence in her partner to play well in doubles.

In conclusion we thank Miss Ford, Miss Weedon, Miss Cooke, and Miss Tully for all their help in connection with the High Schools Shield Tournament, and also Miss Clark and Miss Watts, who umpired—not forgetting all who showed their interest by coming to watch.

K. BRITTON.

We congratulate P. Wasteney Smith on her success in the Carlisle Tournament, on establishing a record by winning all three Open Cups in the Newcastle Tournament, and on reaching the fifth round in the Wimbledon Junior Tournament, being one of the last eight out of 128 entries.

M. Kerr and J. Bryant reached the semi-final of the Girls' Doubles in the Junior County Tournament, and J. Adams and J. Grieve the semi-final of the Handicap Doubles. R. Cumberlege won the Girls' Singles at Alnmouth, and J. Bryant the Handicap Singles and the Mixed Doubles in her Club Tournament at Tynemouth.



S. GREY, VA. CL.

SWIMMING.

Our own Swimming Sports were held at the Grammar School Bath on Thursday, October 13th, 1932, and, judging from the noise, were much enjoyed by all present. We made some slight alteration in the events this year, omitting the Style event and substituting an Obstacle race, in which the competitors had to blow up and burst balloons and then swim a length. Swimming evidently develops lung power: most of the powerful swimmers had little difficulty in bursting their balloons. The thanks of the School are due to Kathleen Woll, who nobly collected bits of burst balloons, and Mr. Latimer, who not only started all the events and judged the Diving but also knelt on the side of the bath and retrieved balloon remnants from the water. Blue House was Champion, both for Senior and Junior events: Senior Champion was Irene Mallett (Blue), with Marian Kerr (White) as runner-up. Junior Champion was Carol Curtis (Blue), with Eileen Baird (Red) as runner-up.

The events were won as follows :—

Senior Race—2 lengths	...	1	Irene Mallett	Blue
		2	Marian Kerr	White
		3	Dorothy Mole	White
Intermediate Race—1 length		1	Joan Oliver	Blue
		2	Eileen Baird	Red
		3	Joyce Bowran	Blue
Junior Race—1 length	...	1	Carol Curtis	Blue
		2	Pat Markham	Orange
		3	Alison Wardill	Orange
Junior Race—1 breadth	...	1	Joan George	Blue
		2	Laura Smith	Blue
		3	Winifred McGregor	White
Senior Handicap	...	1	Audrey Barr	Orange
		2	Marian Kerr	White
		3	Clemence Fenning	Red
Junior Handicap	...	1	Eileen Baird	Red
		2	Joan Oliver	Blue
		3	Pat Markham	Orange
Junior Obstacle Race	...	1	Carol Curtis	Blue
		2	Eileen Baird	Red
		3	Betty Poland	Red
Senior Obstacle Race	...	1	Irene Mallett	Blue
		2	Marian Kerr	White
		3	Dorothy Mole	White
Junior Diving	...	1	Carol Curtis	Blue
		2	Alison Wardill	Orange
		3	Joan George	Blue
Senior Diving	...	1	Irene Mallett	Blue
		2	Sheila Brown	White
		3	Mgt. Mackenzie	White
Intermediate Team Race	...	1	Blue	
		2	Orange	
		3	White	
Senior Team Race	...	1	Blue	
		2	Orange	
		3	Red	

The Inter-Schools Swimming Gala, always an interesting event, took place on Monday, July 24th, at the Chillingham Road Baths. We have, unfortunately, not very much to congratulate ourselves upon this year, for though our standard was good, that of Heaton and Rutherford was better, and they carried off most of the trophies between them. In the Senior Two-length race I Mallett was second to C. Burns, of Heaton, and in the Intermediate race C. Curtis was second to E. Gibson, of Heaton. Our team was second to Heaton's first, and in the Old Girls' race M. Morrow was second to V. Martin, of Heaton. We hope that next year we may be able to increase our pace just the little that will make the big difference.

F. E. DICKINSON AND M. E. WEEDON.

SPORTS, 1933.

Heats took place on Ascension Day and the day following, and Sports Day was Wednesday, June 7th.

The standard was somewhat better than heretofore, thanks to the Athletics Tests, on which we had been concentrating for some months, and which counted towards the House Championship.

The races were much as usual : hop, step and jump taking the place of long jump. Hurdles were added and proved very popular. Here A. Pybus

excelled. B. Heslop jumped 4ft. 6ins. in the high jump in good style, but this event took place previously in the gymnasium.

The Champion House was Orange. The Senior Champion was J. Robson (Blue), the Junior M. Wardill (Red), and Walter Wardill (Blue) was Tankerville House Champion.

The Staff and Old Girls' race result was a dead heat between Mrs. Horsley and Mrs. Davison. There were very few entries for this race. Will Old Girls tell us why they refused to skip? The Staff, too, seemed otherwise engaged. The Parents-and-Daughters' race evoked more enthusiasm, and some creditable mental work, as well as powerful running, was observed.

The day was gloriously fine, and everyone appeared to enjoy the proceedings. Miss Stuart and her Tea Committee by their excellent arrangements greatly added to the enjoyment.

The Sports Committee would like to say "Thank you" to the Staff, who so efficiently did "duties;" to Archer for all his extra work on the field; to Mrs. Archer, Mr. and Mrs. Mattison and kitchen staff for their help with tea and ices; to Flora Glover and Joyce White for their excellent scullery work; to Jean Carrick, Yvonne Glover, and Kathleen Dunn for staying specially late and clearing up; to Mr. Horsley, John, and others who did noble work with chairs; and to all those who contributed to making the day the success everybody accorded it.

RESULTS.

SENIOR RACES.				JUNIOR RACES.	
200 yards	K. Dunn	...	M. Wardill
100 yards	J. Robson	...	U. Finney
High Jump	B. Heslop	...	H. Bailey
Ball Throwing	C. Harbottle	...	M. Smillie
Hurdles	A. Pybus	...	M. Wardill
					B. Calderwood
Sack	B. Booth	...	C. Curtis
Obstacle	S. Russell	...	H. Watson
Hop, Step and Jump	B. Lough	...	H. Bailey
Running Relay...	Orange House	...	White House
Hop, Step and Jump	
Relay	Orange House	...	White House
Third Forms Egg and Spoon	R. Cumberlege

TANKERVILLE HOUSE RACES.

Over 9.			Under 9.		Under 7.	
Egg and Spoon	...	J. George	D. Magee	P. Hobart		
Run	...	A. Agnew	S. Heppell	W. Wardill		
Skipping	...	A. Agnew	M. Sproat	(No race)		
Hoop	...	B. Charlewood	J. Adler	P. Baty		
Team (Running)	...	Blue	Red	White		

OTHER RACES.

Little Visitors	...	Colin Davis
Parents and Daughters	Mr. Horsley and Peggy Gough	
	Mr. Agnew and Alison	
Staff and Old Girls	...	Mrs. Horsley and Mrs. Davison

ATHLETIC AIMS.

Inspired by the orange handbook published by the Ling Association on the findings of a committee set up to investigate Athletics for School Children, Miss Gurney thought it would be a good idea to tempt every girl in the Senior and Middle Schools to attain the athletic standard required of her age. Charts were made out containing 14 "tests," including running, jumping, throwing and aiming, and the times and distances required according to age. Decorated form charts were then made with the help of Miss Hawkridge, who induced

girls from each form to do them and selected the best. These contained the names of the girls down the left side, and the aims along the top. When any girl had passed a test the mistress or senior girl who had witnessed it signed this chart in the appropriate square.

RESULTS.

White House was first with 62% of the possible marks. Orange second with 58%, Red third with 54%, Blue fourth with 53%. These marks were taken into account when the Sports House Cup was awarded.

The keenest Forms, with average per person out of 14 were:—Upper IV_A=8.19, IV_A=6.87, VI=6.64, V_B Cl.=6.46, and IV_B=6.21. These were satisfactory for a first effort, but better results are expected next time—other Forms please note!

Six girls completed the 14 tests and are to be congratulated: A. Forster, VI (O.); J. Robson, V_A Mod. (B.); D. Spence, V_B Mod. (R.); M. Maughan IV Alpha (W.); K. Neuenburg, IV_B (W.); M. Nelson IV_B (B.).

The following had only one omission: C. Harbottle, VI (O.); P. Richardson, V_A Mod. (W.); M. Teasdale, V_A Mod. (W.); J. Bellis, V_B Mod. (O.); S. LePen, IV Alpha (B.); D. Laws, IV_B (W.); R. Cumberlege, IIIA (W.).

Two omissions: D. Gough, V_B Cl. (W.); E. Mitchell, V_B Mod. (O.); J. Reay, V_B Mod. (W.); E. Baird, U. IV_A (R.); V. Gough, U. IV_A (O.); J. Grieve, U. IV_A (O.); A. Wardill, IV_A (O.).

M. FORD.

GUIDE NOTES.

8th NEWCASTLE COMPANY.

Captain: Miss Willis. Miss Featonby (Summer Term).
Lieutenant: J. Woll.

Patrol Leaders: *Shamrock*, B. Booth: *Nightingale*, K. Woll; *Cock*, M. Mau; *Blue Tit*, S. Russell; *Swallow*, B. Sprague.

This year in our meetings we concentrated most upon increasing the percentage of 2nd Class Guides in the Company. Quite a number of proficiency badges were also gained. We have, however, been unfortunate in the fact that all our leaders and many seconds have been exam.-people; but the rest rose admirably to the occasion and worked well. In the Autumn Term our adopted Company, St. Ann's, invited us to their birthday party, but as we were unable to go they kindly sent us part of their cake, which was much appreciated.

We managed only one hike this year (apart from 1st Class), when we spent a very enjoyable afternoon "hiking" (in the 'bus) to Whittle Dene Woods.

In Race Week Miss Willis very kindly came up and took some of the Guides to camp. The weather was fairly kind, and the campers came back looking very fit after a week under canvas. We thank Miss Willis very much for taking the camp. We also thank Miss Featonby for very kindly acting Captain during the Summer Term, after we lost Miss Willis.



J. WOLL (Lieut.).

B. SPRAGUE V_A Cl.

10th NEWCASTLE COMPANY.

Captain : Miss Jordon.

Lieutenant : Miss Lunn.

The 10th Newcastle Guide Company is glad to report a successful and happy year's work.

We must first congratulate Jean Carrick on having gained her Gold Cords. This is the highest honour awarded to a Guide for efficiency and hard work, and we are very proud of her. We should also like to congratulate Ursula Burgh on gaining her All-round Cords, and Muriel Howie on being awarded the First Class Badge.

Four other members of the Company have passed the practical part of their First Class Test, and are now waiting to write the theory paper. A large number of Proficiency and Second Class Badges has also been won.

In the Autumn Term we attended a most delightful and inspiring service, held in Jesmond Parish Church, by Canon Goddard, for the dedication of our Company's Colours. We are very grateful to him for his kindness.

Several meetings before Christmas were devoted to the making of toys and clothes for the poor children of the town. It was most interesting to see the ingenuity displayed by some members of the Company when these articles were exhibited at the last meeting of term.

By means of an Inter-Patrol Competition in the Spring Term we were able to raise over £3 in aid of our Camp Fund. The Company is now the proud possessor of three tents, and we hope gradually to add to this number and so in future make camping cheaper for everyone.

In the Easter holidays we spent a delightful week camping at Langley in a cottage kindly lent to us by Mrs. Blayney. We thoroughly enjoyed ourselves, and came home full of happy memories and none the worse for the 'brown stews' and other queer concoctions invented by the cooks!

This year our Summer Camp was held at Weldon Bridge. We camped for eleven days and enjoyed brilliant sunshine. The spirit of the Camp was as bright as the weather, in spite of the arduous duties which fell to the lot of the older Guides. We should like to thank Miss Brewis (cook), Miss Marshall (doctor), and Miss Brenda Marshall (Nurse) for all they did to help to make our camp a success.

D. JORDON (Captain).

8th NEWCASTLE BROWNIES.

Unfortunately, the 8th Pack lost their Brown Owl this year. Miss Willis, who had been with us for nearly two years, left us in May, and we were all sorry that she could not stay longer. We should like to take this opportunity of saying a real Brownie "Thank you" for all she did for us while she was our Brown Owl.

Brownie work has been going ahead this year, and we are glad to be able to say that we have now nine Golden Bars, although as yet no Golden Hand. Next year we hope to repair this omission.

Several of our Pack have grown too big for Brownies now, and have flown up to the Guides. We wish them a very good journey, and hope that they may enjoy being Guides just as much as they enjoyed being Brownies.

Brownies have been revelling, too, this year. The 8th Pack joined with all other Newcastle Brownies in the Revels held at St. George's, Jesmond, in July, and had a thoroughly good time. Lemonade and cakes tasted very good on a hot day, and we are sure all the other Packs enjoyed themselves as much as we did.

We have to announce that we are now no longer just the 8th Newcastle Brownies, as this term we have joined with the 10th to make one large Pack. We all think this is a very good plan, and intend to make the new 10th Newcastle one of the best Brownie Packs in the district.

K. THOMPSON (Brown Owl).

10th NEWCASTLE BROWNIES.

Although the numbers of the 10th Newcastle Pack were reduced considerably at the beginning of the School year, owing to School arrangements, the keenness of the remaining Brownies has been doubled, and we are pleased to report a happy and successful year's work.

During the year three Brownies have qualified for their Golden Hand (First Class Badge) and several are well on the way to winning it. We have also added five Golden Bar Brownies to the Pack.

Throughout the year we have had several enjoyable picnics, and at Christmas we had our Brownie Party, when we enjoyed the company of the Guide Patrol Leaders. Each Brownie who came to the Party brought a toy to give to the Brownies of a very poor Pack in the city.

In July the Queen of the Flower Fairies invited us to a delightful party held in St. George's Church garden. The Fairy Queen welcomed us as we entered the Magic Gates, and we had great fun dancing and playing among the imps, gnomes, sprites, and fairies until the magic tram carried us once more to our homes.

In the Autumn and Spring Terms the competition for the Brownie Cup was held between the 8th and 10th Packs. The Cup was won in the Autumn Term by the 10th Pack, and in the Spring Term by the 8th Pack. As the School was in quarantine at the end of the Summer Term the competition for the Cup could not be held.

We are very sorry to lose our Tawny Owl, Jean Carrick, who has helped us so much in our work and games. We wish her the very best of luck in her college career.

D. JORDON (Brown Owl).

OLD GIRLS' CLUB. THE OLD GIRLS' DINNER.

The Old Girls' Dinner was held on Friday, December 16th, 1932, at Tilley's Restaurant, Blackett Street. The dinner is always a success, but this year was a record year. There was a most fascinating mixture of "ancient and modern." Speaking as an "ancient," may I suggest to the other "ancients" that they should continue to grace the function with their presence in the future.

It was a great joy for those of us who were at school in Deaconess Mary's time to have her in our midst once again, looking just as she did in those good old days. (The atmosphere in the Head Mistress's room at N.C.H.S. must have some special rejuvenating quality—the years roll by, but the past and present occupants of that room remain unchanged.)

As soon as the Deaconess began to speak in her own brisk, easy way, many of us were, I am sure, carried right back to the days when we used to listen, spell-bound, to her inspiring end-of-term talks, which gave us new aims, and new courage to try to carry them out.

It was a happy thought to ask Violet Harden (née Lindsay) and Hilda Garrett (née Hunter) to toast our guest of the evening. Both of them were in School when it had the good fortune to welcome the Deaconess as the successor to Miss Ackerley, the first Head Mistress, and they have both kept in touch with the School ever since that time. Their reminiscences were both interesting and amusing.

After listening to the two brilliant speeches delivered by Alex Coney and Florence Mackenzie, proposing Miss Gurney's health, everyone must have been convinced that the splendid tradition of the School grew under the inspiring influence of its Head Mistresses.

The success of the gathering was very largely due to the atmosphere of good fellowship which was created by the wonderfully unselfish relationship between the past and the present Head Mistresses.

Musical items were given by Doris Pickering (née Phillips) and Mrs. Phillips, and enjoyed by everyone.

Old friends discovered one another, and conversation hummed pleasantly while the room was being prepared for the play, "Postal Orders," which was most ably performed by members of the Old Girls' Dramatic Club, supported by Miss Weedon and Mr. Harbottle.

This amusing play, followed by community carol singing, brought to a close a most interesting and enjoyable evening.

E. H.

Extract from letter acknowledging money and clothes collected on Old Girls' Day :—

. . . . I was glad to get the money and clothes in time for Christmas, and I think those who benefited by them were even more grateful than in previous years. The need is intense everywhere.

Perhaps some of the donors would like to know just how they helped to bring a little joy into the lives of others.

One family of twelve, nine of school age and under, father absconded with Parish relief, were helped with clothing. The mother could not restrain her tears when she came to express her thanks.

A woman, struggling to keep her two infants (she is minus both hands) by peddling, helped with food and clothing. Santa Claus also visited the home. The request was for a butcher's shop. It was found, complete with legs of mutton and chopping block and a butcher to stand outside. The cost was 1/6, and the little fellow thought Santa Claus had lived up to his reputation.

Another family, having a hard struggle and too sensitive to claim Parish relief, helped with provisions. Their gratitude caused me some embarrassment.

It would take too much time to give details of all helped, but I might add Santa Claus paid a good number of visits on the Old Girls' Fund.

Yours sincerely,

N. M. LEVER.

(Out-door Worker for Newcastle Diocesan Association for Preventive and Rescue Work.)

CATHEDRAL RESTORATION FUND.

The sum of £11 8s. 10d. was raised by the Old Girls' Club and sent to the Cathedral Restoration Fund by Miss Gladys Brewis.

OLD GIRLS' DRAMATIC CLUB.

On February 17th and 18th the Old Girls' Dramatic Club presented "Ten Days before the Wedding," a comedy in three acts, and "Postal Orders," a one-act farce.

The evening opened with "Postal Orders," which, to judge from the laughter, was much appreciated. The amusing acting of Miss Kathleen Brewis, Miss Weedon, and Mrs. Banks delighted the audience, especially the School members. Miss Gladys Brewis and Mr. Harbottle were admirable as impatient customers.

Before the second play began there was a short interval, with music by the Misses Brown's orchestra.

"Ten Days before the Wedding" was a comedy with dramatic and exciting moments—as when the heroine (Nancy Whitfield) was spirited away, in spite of the frenzy of her mother (Rita Berkley). The action of the play took place in an old house in Scotland, where the principal guests for the wedding were already assembled. The guests' parts were taken by Grace Eskdale, Gwynneth Robinson, and Vida Greenwood. Ruth Summerfield, Connie Grey, Dorothy Harbottle, Edna Dogherty, and Peggy Pimm all acted admirably in character parts as maids, factory hands, etc., with their varying Scottish, Cockney, and Lancashire accents.

The play relied greatly for its success on skilful lighting, which Mr. Ian Wilkinson, Mr. Jack Wilkinson, and Peggy Pmm managed splendidly: many thanks are due to them for their hard work.

We thank everyone who supported the play by their presence and enabled us (in spite of the rather heavy expenses) to hand over £11 0s. 9d. to the Newcastle Council of Social Service, earmarked for the Prince of Wales's Unemployment Fund.

Finally we should like to thank Mrs. Grant, the producer of "Ten Days before the Wedding," and Gladys Brewis, the Club's public-spirited and energetic Secretary.

V. GREENWOOD.

NEWS OF OLD GIRLS.

Mabel Pollard (née Hackett) writes from Cape Town:—"We had a wonderful tour over Christmas, covering 2,000 miles in our two-seater car; for the greater part of the time we camped out, carrying our own tent, etc., with us, but on occasions we were forced to hotels owing to the very severe drought—no rain for well over two months! The countryside was parched and cracking with dryness, and, though you will find it difficult to believe, it is without exaggeration true to say that on several days we saw no water for 300 miles on end, and hence no camping places; rivers, in full spate over the winter months, were bone dry, and in addition no shade was available even for an hour. Hedgerows were non-existent, and only occasional thorn bushes were to be seen—this was the Karroo! Some people who have lived there all their lives seem to find a very great content in the hidden beauties of the Karroo, but for myself, while I was undoubtedly interested in the scenery, I failed to find the beauty. We spent Christmas in a small "dorp," or village, north of Queenstown, and our homeward journey via the South Coast was very wonderful, from East London right to Cape Town."

Margaret Owen has been elected to the Central Council of the G. F. S. to stand as representative for the members in the six northern counties. In May this year she went on tour with the Princess Mary caravan, doing G. F. S. propaganda work in the Liverpool diocese.

Margaret Eldridge is now at St. Cuthbert's School, Southbourne-on-Sea, Hants.

Enid Eldridge is at Battersea Polytechnic College, taking a Domestic Science course.

Nellie Guillany (née Mennie) was in the Long Beach earthquake. Her family, including her six weeks old baby, had to spend three weeks in their motor car. There was no plaster left on the walls of their house, and they could not obtain food.

Phyllis Patterson has a post as Secretary to Mr. Kirsop, of Homeside Collieries.

Isabel Imeary is on the Staff of Claremont School, under the Nottingham Education Committee.

Lucy Appleby writes to say how much she enjoys Westfield College and how much she has appreciated all that Faith Hall has done to "show her the ropes." She plays hockey and goes to folk dancing, of which Faith Hall is leader, and has taken up sculling.

Marjorie Woodman (née Woodman) is now living in Baghdad, Iraq.

Mary Cameron's husband, Wilfred Gray, is stationed at Aldershot. Their daughter is two years old.

Nancy Cameron is married to George Purvis, who is on the Staff of the Liverpool Institute.

Rae Scott and Joan Hedley have obtained their Cambridge Teaching Diploma. Rae has been appointed to the Staff of Casterton School, Carnforth, and Joan to the Liverpool College for Girls.

Helen Newsom is going to Newnham College, Cambridge, in October.

Eulalie Rodenhurst has passed her Geography Tripos with Third Class Honours. She rowed stroke in the Cambridge University and Newnham College boats.

Nancy Edmenson has obtained a post as Lady Housekeeper at St. Mary's Hill Girls' School, Woking, Surrey.

Emmie Simon has passed her M.B., B.S., and has been appointed House Physician in the Children's Department at the Royal Free Hospital.

Dorothy Eltringham is teaching at the Elementary School at Witton Gilbert.

Agnes Allan lives at Bridgewater, Somerset, and is teaching in a school there.

Nina Sabra broadcast from Copenhagen Station part of A. A. Milne's "Winnie the Pooh," and was heard by friends in Newcastle.

Margaret Henderson is at Reading University, and has rowed stroke of University 2nd IV.

Nancy Whitfield has obtained her A.L.C.M. (Eloc.) and received a Silver Medal for the highest marks in Honours in Intermediate Grade. She has also passed the Advanced Grade, [Guildhall] School of Music (Eloc.), with Honours and obtained another Silver Medal. She is now teaching at St. Cuthbert's Boys' School, Gateshead.

Elsie Waugh is connected with the Z.B.M. Mission at Khurja United Provinces, India, and enjoys her work.

Kathleen Waugh is at Armstrong College, taking the Arts Course, and plays hockey for the College 1st team.

Winifred Dogherty is at the Margaret Sewell Girls' School, at Carlisle.

Dorothy Ballantyne (née Blenkinsop) is doing voluntary work at the Child Welfare Centre, at Gosforth.

Mabel Reed is teaching Art at Windsor Terrace School. She has designed and executed an embroidered wall panel, which has been exhibited in various parts of the country, including the Victoria and Albert Museum, London, and the Laing Art Gallery, Newcastle. It has been reproduced in the Studio publication, "Modern Embroidery."

Margaret Hogg has a post at St. Hilda's School, Edinburgh.

Shirley Parker is an M.B., B.S., of Durham.

Betty Wilkinson is Senior Art Student at King Edward VII. School of Art, Armstrong College.

Mollie Kirtley has passed her B.A. examination with Honours in Modern History, Class II, Division I.

Irene Ward, M.P., was presented at Their Majesties' Court, May 11th, 1933, by the Duchess of Devonshire.

Marjorie Wattsford has played in the Durham County Junior Tennis Team.

Doreen Watson is acting as Hostess and Receptionist at the All Peoples Association (known as the A.P.A.) in the Spectator Buildings, Gower Street. The Association has been in existence for three years and has over 3,000 members. They arrange large receptions, and also have Language Evenings.

Violet Thorp has had a post at the Prince of Wales's General Hospital, London, N.15, in the Massage Department, and now has a post at Llandridod Wells Hydropathic.

Margaret Mullens has passed her Probationer's examination and is a Nurse in St. Thomas's Hospital, London.

Vivienne Martin hopes to train at St. Thomas's Hospital.

Helen Baker is Masseuse at the Princess Beatrice Hospital, under Dr. Henderson, of Harley Street.

Kathleen Harrison is Assistant Secretary to the Byker Nursery School.

Norah Schlegel has been at the Triangle Secretarial College, London, and has now finished her course.

Barbara Tarver is at Studley Horticultural College.

Margaret Downie is at the Burrows Comptomatating School.

Madeleine Paul designed the cover of the " Rag Revue."

Violet Woodward (née Hamilton) has two daughters and two sons.

Jean Marden has passed her first year B.Sc. at Armstrong College, and is working for a Mathematics Honours Degree.

Hilda Booth is training to be a Hospital Nurse at the Royal Victoria Infirmary.

Nancy Langdale has passed her B.Sc. at St. Mary's College, Durham, and is now preparing for the Teaching Diploma examination.

Eileen Hastings has passed her Inter-B.A., and is now working for a Geography Honours Degree.

Stella Booth, Mary Marks, Moire Lindsay, and Nancy Weddell have all passed their second year N.F.U. examinations at St. Mary's College, Lancaster Gate, Stella and Mary with a First Class in Handwork.

Muriel Harris is at School, continuing practical work for her Froebel training, having completed her college course at St. Mary's College, Paddington.

Betty Hobbs, who went to Carlisle, has passed her School Certificate examination and has gained exemption from matriculation. She has decided to work for a London Medical Degree, after another year at School.

Joyce Evers has passed her second M.B. at University College, London.

Molly Dunlop is Assistant Organiser of Physical Training for Northumberland.

Stella Watteau is Organiser of Physical Training for Newcastle.

Connie Grey is reading for M.B., B.Sc., at the Medical College.

Gwynneth Robinson has passed the Housekeeping Certificate examination, with First Class Honours, at the Newcastle Domestic Science College, and is now doing the Institutional Housekeeping and Demonstrating Course.

Evelyn Docherty took an Honours Degree in English in 1931, a Diploma in Education in 1932, and is at present teaching at the Atkinson Road Senior School.

Peggy Black is doing six weeks' probationary work for Massage at the Royal Victoria Infirmary.

Grace Eskdale has her B.A. degree, and is teaching in Gateshead.

Edith Eskdale is in London in the Civil Service.

Dorothy Harbottle is teaching dancing, and training at the Conservatoire of Music for elocution.

Vida Greenwood is in the second year of her Diploma Course at the Domestic Science College.

Alex Coney is teaching the youngest daughter of C. H. Sanderson, Esq., at Newlands, Northumberland. She is also Captain of a Post Guide Company, and if any Old Girls would like to hear about this work she will be very pleased to tell them.

Peggy Pimm has passed her examination as a Lady Almoner.

Mildred Gibbs is teaching in the Queen Victoria High School, Agra, and hopes, ultimately, to be in charge of a new college, St. John's, where she will also lecture. She finds India, and Agra itself, extraordinarily interesting; has visited the Taj Mahal; the deserted city of Fatehpur Tilni, built to satisfy a whim of Akbar's and deserted after fourteen years; Meerut; a leper asylum; and has seen something of village life at Jeyi with its mud-brick houses.

Enid Atkinson has gone to Armstrong College to take a degree in Commerce.

Faith Hall has passed her final B.A. (Hons. Classics) examination, London, with Third Class Honours, and is now teaching at St. Brandon's, Bristol.

Natalie Holmes has passed her final B.A. (Hons. Geog.) at Armstrong College.

Eleanor Southern and Betty Nisbet have passed their second year examination for the Diploma in Art at King Edward VII. School of Art, Armstrong College.

Joan Kerr has passed her second year B.Sc. examination at Armstrong College.

Joyce Humphrey has passed her second year B.Com. at Armstrong College.

Esther Hall has passed her first year English Honours examination at Armstrong College.

Malvine Nicholson writes describing her adventures in charge of a riding school at Embleton during the summer holidays. They had a very successful season, and hope to repeat it next year.

Mary Rogers is doing a four years Certificate course in Art and Handicrafts at King Edward VII. School of Art.

Mary Armstrong has gone to Armstrong College to do an Arts course.

Betty Burns has gone to Girton College, Cambridge, to read Classics.

Jean Carrick is at the Slade School of Art in London.

Kathleen Dunn is taking Pre-Registration at Armstrong College before going on to the College of Medicine.

Barbara Girling and Norah Lunn are both doing Mathematics at Armstrong College.

Dorothy Hollingsworth is reading Science at Armstrong College.

Irene Mallett has gone to Armstrong College to do an Arts course.

Kathleen Woll is at the College of Medicine.

Mary Elliott is training for Poultry Farming, at Whickham.

Chris Harbottle and Muriel Taws are studying Massage and Medical Electricity at the Royal Victoria Infirmary.

Ursula Burgh is secretary to the Rev. A. H. Robins, of the Juvenile Organizations Council at the Education Office. She is also Captain of the 85th Newcastle Guides at St. Martin's Mission, Walker, and of the 85th Newcastle Brownies.

Joan Burgh has a temporary post in Glasgow.

BIRTHS.

- Jackson—On April 10th, 1933, to Mr. and Mrs. Edward Jackson (Freda Ferguson), a daughter.
- Reid—On April 12th, 1933, to Mr. and Mrs. Clive Reid (Enid Carrick), a daughter.
- Richardson—On May 17th, 1933, to Dr. and Mrs. C. F. Richardson (Eva Copeland), a son.
- Miller—On May 31st, 1933, to Professor and Mrs. Miller (Sophy Poulsen), a daughter.
- Burrell—On July 16th, 1933, to Mr. and Mrs. Burrell (Vera May Wallis), a daughter.
- Blundell—On July 21st, 1933, to Mr. and Mrs. Blundell (Kitty Robson), a son.
- Heal—On July 21st, 1933, to Mr. and Mrs. Heal (Winifred Nicholson), a son.
- Mekie—On August 15th, 1933, to Mr. and Mrs. Eoin Mekie (Margaret Blench) a daughter.
- Jaques—On September 16th, 1933, to Mr. and Mrs. E. Horland Jaques (Marjorie Griffith Young), a son.
- Purvis—On October 14th, 1933, to Mr. and Mrs. Purvis (N. Cameron), a daughter.
- Harbottle—On October 23rd, 1933, to Mr. and Mrs. George Harbottle (Winifred Benson), a son.
- Hoult—On October 30th, 1933, to Mr. and Mrs. Hoult (Beatrice Wilson) a son.
- Pollard—On October 31st, 1933, to Mr. and Mrs. M. Pollard (Mabel Hackett), a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

- Scott-Hunter—On October 5th, 1932, Vera Scott to William Hunter.
- Waggot-Tate—On November 30th, 1932, Evelyn Louisa Waggot to Morris Tate.
- Rowell-Davis—December, 1932, Nancy Rowell to Arnold Robert Davis.
- Fenwick-Sykes—December, 1932, Moira Fenwick to Edward Geoffrey Sykes.
- Oake-Symons—On January 24th, 1933, Moreen Oake to W. H. Symons.
- Greenwood-Howell Jones—On April 19th, 1933, Kathleen Mary Greenwood to Eustace Howell-Jones.
- Wilkinson-Lowry—On April 20th, 1933, Violet Wilkinson to William Reginald Lowry.
- Thornton-Hillman—On April 22nd, 1933, Annys Mary Thornton, B.A., to E. R. Hillman.
- Walker-Harrison—On April 27th, 1933, Phyllis Mary Walker, M.B., B.S., to Alec Hanson, M.B., B.S.
- Grey-Evers—On April 29th, 1933, Hestia D. Grey to Reginald E. J. Evers.
- Basham-Dickinson—On May 6th, 1933, Augusta E. (Biddy) Basham to George W. Dickinson.
- Crisp-MacDonald—On June 8th, 1933, Elizabeth Mary (Betty) Crisp to Hector MacDonald.
- Coulson-Hankey—On June 10th, 1933, Nora Coulson to George Trevor Hankey.
- Widdas Holliday—On July 26th, 1933, Eliza Widdas to N. F. Holliday.
- McGowan-Usher—On August 29th, 1933, Kathleen McGowan to the Rev. W. Usher.

White-Robinson—On September 11th, 1933, Amy White to Ernest Michael Robinson.

Hall-Hodge—On September 14th, 1933, Alicia Hall to David Hodge.

Brown-Croft—On September 20th, 1933, Kathleen Margaret Brown to J. L. R. Croft.

DEATH.

Kipling—On February 5th, 1933, Margaret Hannah Kipling.

SUMMARY OF EVENTS.

The Dramatic Club gave two plays at School on February 17th and 18th: "Ten Days before the Wedding" and "Postal Orders."

GOLF.—The Holmes White Cup was won by Joyce Dodds (née Coning).

NETBALL, HOCKEY, AND TENNIS RESULTS under School Results. The Tennis Tournament had to be cancelled because of weather.

LACROSSE.—One match was played against School on December 17th. School won by 12-1.

OBITUARY.

Mrs. J. L. GRACIE.—We have to record a grief and loss to the School in the death of Mrs. J. L. Gracie. Mrs. Gracie was best known to the present generation of Staff and pupils of the School as a member of the Governing Body and as a very generous giver of prizes for needlework; and many girls will remember the encouragement that she has given them. As a member of the Governing Body, Mrs. Gracie attended meetings most faithfully for twenty years, and she was always present when her presence could help the School. Mrs. Gracie's enterprise and optimism on behalf of the School have done more for us than most of the present generation can realise, as it was due largely to her co-operation with the Bishop of Barking (then the Vicar of Jesmond, the Reverend Canon Inskip) that the School was taken over by the Governing Body from the Church Schools Company, and that Mr. Gracie was both a lessor and a guarantor, together with Mr. Mathwin and Mr. W. F. Henderson—there being only three guarantors. This period, in 1909, was a critical one in the School's history, and the result of Mrs. Gracie's influential friendship was a time of increased prosperity, which has lasted up to the present.

We shall miss Mrs. Gracie in very many ways, and in none more than in her absence from the coming Prize Giving. We offer our sincere sympathy to her daughter and her sons.

HANNAH KIPLING.—Hannah Kipling was at School from January, 1919, until December, 1919. Though her time with us was so short she made a lasting impression on our minds by her sweet, even temper, her remarkable capacity for work, and by the fact that she took second place in the list for the Governors' Senior Scholarship. Hannah became a Nurse on leaving School, and it was with deep regret that we learned that she died in February of this year. We send our sincere sympathy to her sister, Mary, in her sorrow at the loss of her only sister.

JOAN ROBINSON.—It is most grievous to record also the death of little Joan Robinson, who had only been in the Kindergarten for one term. She died of a sudden illness at the Isle of Man. Joan was a clever and sweet-natured little girl who was always happy in her work and play, and who, we hoped, would take a high place eventually in the School. We send our deep sympathy to Dr. and Mrs. Robinson in their sorrow.