

**The
Newcastle-upon-Tyne
Church High School
Magazine**



VINCIT OMNIA VERITAS

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The Newcastle-upon-Tyne Church High School Magazine.

No. 55.

YEAR, 1934-35

STAFF.

<i>Head Mistress—</i>			
FORM VI ...	MISS GURNEY.		
<i>Second Mistress—</i>			
FORM VA ...	MISS DICKINSON	...	<i>Modern Languages.</i>
„ VB Cl. ...	OSMAN	...	<i>Classics.</i>
„ VB Mod. ...	COHEN	...	<i>English.</i>
„ Upp. IVA ...	TULLY	...	<i>Mathematics.</i>
„ IVA ...	BRITTON	...	<i>Modern Languages.</i>
„ IV ALPHA ...	SINCLAIR	...	<i>History.</i>
„ IVB ...	BENNETT	...	<i>Mathematics.</i>
„ IV BETA ...	PUGSLEY	...	<i>Elocution.</i>
„ IIIA... ..	FORD	...	<i>Gymnastics.</i>
„ IIIB... ..	STUART	...	<i>English.</i>
„ II ...	DAVIES	...	} <i>Junior School.</i>
„ Ia ...	WADE SMITH	...	
„ Ib ...	JORDON	...	
„ Ic ...	THOMPSON	...	
„ Remove ...	WHITLEY	...	
„ Kindergarten	BREWIS	...	
MISS WEEDON	<i>Geography.</i>
MADAMOISELLE DADIER	<i>French.</i>
MISS MACGREGOR...	<i>Chemistry.</i>
MISS HODGSON	<i>English.</i>
MISS WATSON	<i>Science.</i>
MISS HAWKRIDGE...	<i>Art.</i>
MISS SOUTAR BRAND	<i>Music.</i>
MISS ILIFF...	„
MISS DARROLL	„
MISS HERBERTSON	„
MISS DILL	(<i>Violin</i>) „
MISS COOKE	<i>Secretary.</i>
MISS CARR	<i>Assistant Secretary.</i>

SCHOOL OFFICIALS.

Head GirlA. Forster (Autumn Term), H. Burns.
School PrefectH. Burns (Autumn Term), S. Hails.
Prefects ...	S. Hails (Autumn Term), K. Baird, J. Bryant, Y. Greenwood (Autumn Term), M. Mau (Autumn and Spring), S. Russell, S. Grey (Spring and Summer), B. Lough (Summer), M. Teasdale (Summer).
Blue House Captain	S. Hails.
Orange „ „	J. Bryant.
Red „ „	H. Burns (Autumn Term), J. Turner Brown.
White „ „	M. Teasdale.
Hockey Captain	J. Robson.
Netball „ „	J. Robson.
Tennis „ „	J. Bryant.
Lacrosse „ „	J. Bryant.
Rounders „ „	J. Robson.
Swimming „ „	B. Rennell.
Magazine Committee—	Miss Hodgson, Miss Cohen, K. Baird, H. Burns, S. Hails





M. HASTINGS, VI.

EDITORIAL.

An Editorial usually looks back over the year that has gone, but this year we are tempted rather to look forward. We have a new dining room, staff room, geography room, form rooms, rest room, an additional lab.; we have various improvements in the kitchen premises; we have a wireless; we have a "flat roof"—that is to say we can sit out on it (below, you will see us there, very adequately protected): we have all these things, and we count our blessings. But we are so near the fiftieth year of our age that, as the weeks pass, we are increasingly conscious of it. Not regretfully or fearfully so, for the life and vigour of a school need not fail within three score years and ten. We know that time has brought opportunities and that age has dignity.

Now, at the approach of our fiftieth birthday, on January 21st, 1935, we find ourselves in the excellent company of those many girls' schools started by the Girls' Public Day School Trust and the Church Schools Company which have already celebrated, or are ~~about~~ to celebrate, the same Jubilee. To schoolgirls of the present generation it may seem odd that so many schools are now fifty years old, and only fifty; that before 1850 there was not in England a single school of the kind. In 1864 there were only twelve, and they had to struggle for any kind of recognition, even for the privilege of failing in public examinations. A Royal Commission appointed in the 1860s to investigate secondary education would have ignored Girls' Schools altogether if they would have let themselves be ignored. But they had the courage to want their deficiencies advertised and condemned, in the hope that good might come of the humiliation. The good that did come was that between 1864 and 1894 more than sixty Girls' Schools were opened;—opened then, and built afterwards, for many of them began insignificantly in private houses, with little space and less equipment. Among them, on January 21st, 1885, the Newcastle High School.

But all this is to anticipate. The history of the Newcastle Church High School is the subject of the Jubilee Book which has been prepared by Alex Coney and Florence Mackenzie as co-editors (price 2/9: post free, 3/3). The festivities last from Friday, January 18th, to Monday, January 21st. Everyone who is interested in the School is invited to buy the book, and every Old Girl and Old Boy who can is urged to be present at the celebrations.



F. GLOVER, Vb. Cl.

GIFTS.

We should like to thank Lady Cochrane, Miss Comrie, and C. E. Robson, Esq., for gifts to the School during the last year.

Lady Cochrane's gift of flower vases for the new Dining Hall, and of flowers for the Opening Dinner, gave, and still gives, very great pleasure.

Miss Comrie's gift of a chair for the new Staff Room is confined to the use of a section of the community which is not less discriminating and appreciative.

Mr. C. E. Robson's gift of "*Lettres sur les Voyages 1726*," by B. L. de Muralt, adds to the resources of the Reference Library.

Incidentally, we should also like to direct the attention of Senior Forms to the range and variety of new books added every term to the Reference Library. The term's new books in every subject are now kept on a special shelf until they are superseded by the next batch, when they take their ordinary places on the shelves.

We have pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of the Sunderland High School Chronicle, the Rutherford Vincula, the Newcastle Preparatory School Chronicle, the Central Newcastle High School Magazine, the Heaton Secondary School Magazine, Dame Allan's Girls' School Magazine.

FOREWORD.

This number of the Magazine is the forerunner of the School's Jubilee, and its Foreword is a personal invitation to everyone who is connected with the School to join in the celebrations as fully as possible. The School as it stands is the result of fifty years' effort and love on the part of the Governors, parents, Staff and pupils, and of good-will on the part of many friends. The Jubilee Book records much of this ; but we shall all know of much that is not, and cannot be, recorded. We rejoice in the fruition of the work of past generations of members of the School, and we trust that our Jubilee will inspire those of us who are here to make our contribution to the School's history a worthy one.

L. M. GURNEY.

SCHOLARSHIPS.

Virgin Mary Hospital Exhibition—S. Hails.

Governors' Scholarship (Senior)—B. Heslop.

Proxime Accessit—D. Gough.

Governors' Scholarship (Junior)—C. Curtis.

Proxime Accessit { R. Fullerton.
I. Goodman.

EXAMINATIONS.

December, 1933.

University of Durham School Certificate—

Pass—

A. Barr, M. Barrass, G. Birk (Distinction in Religious Knowledge),
D. Boss, J. Bryant, D. Harris, I. Martin (Distinction in History).

Extra Subjects—

English—M. Hastings.

Latin—M. Mackenzie.

Geography—M. Thursfield.

Mathematics—S. Brown, Y. Greenwood, M. Kerr, M. Mackenzie.

February, 1934.

Entrance to Newnham College, Cambridge—S. Hails.

June, 1934.

Pre-Registration—S. Brown, B. Gibbs, S. Russell.

July, 1934.

University of Durham Higher School Certificate—

K. Baird.

University of Durham School Certificate—

Honours—

D. Gough (Distinction in Religious Knowledge), B. Heslop (Distinction in Religious Knowledge and History), D. Spence (Distinction in History),
J. Welling (Distinction in Religious Knowledge).

Pass—

A. Bates, J. Bellis, J. Bevan, B. Booth, D. Burnett, P. Coote, H. Cowley,
C. Fenning, F. Hill, J. Hogg, D. Hudson, M. McEwan (Distinction in Religious Knowledge), J. Mearns, M. Miller, H. Noble, G. Tarver (Distinction in History).

Extra Subjects—

English—M. Laverick.

Latin—Y. Glover, B. Lough.

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

Autumn Term, 1933.

Grade V—A. Bates (Hon. Ment.).

Grade III—D. Feetham, P. Glover, M. Morrison.

Grade II—B. Bookless (Hon. Ment.), E. Balls, S. Richardson.

Grade I—J. Alexander (Hon. Ment.), K. Simpson (Hon. Ment.).

Preliminary—M. Dagger (Hon. Ment.).

Spring Term, 1934.

Grade IV—E. Dodds (Hon. Ment.), R. Gibson, B. Whitaker.
 Grade II—W. Floyd (Hon. Ment.), E. Smirk (Hon. Ment.), D. Karstel.
 Grade I—M. Whitaker (Hon. Ment.), B. Isaac.
 Preliminary—H. Porteous (Hon. Ment.).

Summer Term, 1934.

Grade V—E. Sharp (Distinction).
 Grade IV—P. Davis (Hon. Ment.), M. Vinycomb.
 Grade III—L. Bookless.
 Grade II—B. Elphick, J. George, P. Gough, P. Natrass.
 Preliminary—M. Macdonald, K. McKeag.

The Guildhall School of Music—
 Verse Speaking, Higher Grade—
 S. Grey, Pass with Merit.
 J. Turner Brown, Pass with Merit.

Royal Life Saving Society—
 Bronze Medal and Proficiency Certificate—
 H. Burns, J. Robson, M. Teasdale.

Newcastle Schoolgirls' Open Swimming Championship—
 C. Curtis.
 Runner-up, P. Markham.

PRIZE-GIVING, 1933.

The Prize-giving was held in the Oxford Galleries on Monday, November 20th, the prizes being presented by Mrs. George Hall, in the unavoidable absence of Mr. J. W. Leech, M.P.

Mrs. Hall spoke of the famous High Schools of Newcastle, of which the city had good reason to be proud. She suggested that we should give some time to social work after leaving school.

The most popular and outstanding event of the evening was the Naze march. The School had practised hard and long for this, but the prolonged applause justified all efforts. From the gallery the march was particularly effective, and looked extremely difficult and complicated.

After the marching the floor was cleared for dancing, for which the School had been waiting, more or less patiently, all the evening.

THE MONSTER.

A bluebottle settled, for an instant, on my nose, and then zig-zagged drunkenly away into the blue. I rolled over, and, having thrown away a perfectly horrible lesson book, which landed several yards away in the sweet-smelling grass which towered up on all sides, I began to regard the matted jungle a few inches from my eyes. On such a sweltering, drowsy day, no being, beast or man, could be energetic, or even industrious. A pony stood knee-deep in the meadow, flicking his mangy tail from side to side, with eyes closed and ears flat. He had no right there, of course, but then neither had I.

One busy little tribe was in its element, however, as a monotonous drone and high screeching showed. The insect world was all agog, and even as I watched, a beetle, who had been so busy watching an earwig curling into a buttercup that he forgot to look where he was stepping, reached the top of his stalk, and stepped into air with a drunken gurgle.

But I must describe the little scene, which I was watching so curiously.

A little path, or so it seemed, curved round from the right and disappeared straight ahead. On both sides the delicate, pale green stems, bent and curved into a multitude of shapes, arched over it and intertwined above, throwing a green light on the mossy floor. At other places streaks of sunlight filtered through the undergrowth, lighting up a buttercup here and a tiny fern there.

Suddenly an angry voice sounded quite close from round the bend of the path. I lay perfectly still, for I knew that one movement would fell to earth hundreds of the mighty trees, and would, perhaps, kill some of the tiny folk all about me.

"Hurry, Maria! don't bother about your gloves. Do you think I can possibly afford to be late for the Professor's lecture? Oh, come on, do!"

At that moment two beetles appeared round the bend. The first was extremely smart, with top hat and cane. The other, his wife, evidently, was adjusting her hat and at the same time pulling on her gloves, a somewhat complicated process.

"I'm sure I'm being as quick as I can, Hubert," said the latter, huffily, "but you never told me till this morning, and then I had to make sandwiches for the Orphan Caterpillars' Tea. It's kind of me to come with you at all."

"Dear me, I'm sure I never begged you to come. What a huge skyscraper that is, my dear. It's quite the biggest one I've ever seen," exclaimed the beetle, gazing up at me with awe.

I was hard put to it to keep my mouth straight, but I was determined not to show any signs of life.

"Oh," muttered Maria, fearfully, "I don't think it is a skyscraper. It doesn't look the right shape, somehow."

"I think we'd better tell the village constable," said Hubert. "It's a monstrous thing to have bang in the middle of the public fairway."

Round the corner came several more beetles, one of whom wore a blue uniform with brass buttons. The couple explained what they feared, and made a great impression on the others.

"It's a monster," said one, "like the one that was seen at Noch Less not long ago."

They communed amongst themselves for a bit, till finally it was decided to tell the Lord Mayor, when they all hurried away.

I was left in suspense. Whatever fate they were working out for me I was left to imagine. I certainly did so. Quite suddenly I heard the sound of many trampings of little feet. A huge army of beetles appeared, all in shining array, headed by the Lord Mayor. They halted directly in front of my face.

"Draw your swords, my lads, and see if it is alive or dead! Machine gunners, aim at the two shining orbs when they are not shuttered, as they frequently are. One! two! three! . . ."

In a panic I seized "A Shorter Latin Grammar," held it up on high, and dropped it onto the swarms below. It was a tyrant's act, I must admit, but it was in self-defence. Cautiously I lifted it up. There was nothing underneath.

I lay back with a sigh of relief, while a bluebottle settled, for an instant, on my nose, and then zigzagged drunkenly away into the blue

A. NISBET, Form VB Cl.

THE FIRST DRESSING.

"The time has come." Think of something,
and be quick—
They are here this minute, and standing round
the bed.
O, quickly! Quickly, for skilful hands are now
about my head.

"Sorry, old lady, it's going to"

Fingers pull gently, and then more firmly,
Dragging and tearing. Now is the time to
think
Of "ships and shoes," and hang on to them
fast.
"Ships and shoes, shoes and ships," over and
over again
While body and brain alike are numb with
pain.

K. BAIRD, Form VI.

COTTON-TAIL.

He was a little cotton-tail,
So soon to be a pie.
He meant to scamper down the vale;
He was a little cotton-tail,
Who glued his eyes upon the trail,
So man he did not spy.
He was a little cotton-tail,
So soon to be a pie.

L. HESLOP, Upp. IVA.

*"The hills, like giants at a hunting, lay
Chin upon hand ———"*

"Childe Roland."—Browning.

It was stuffy in the valley, sultry, suffocating : the air, a thick, oppressive blanket, weighed down upon us and clutched at our throats with hot, moist hands. We, gasping for air like fish out of water, felt we must climb up the hillside in search of it. It was dank and dusk in the lane ; we seemed almost to be walking in a tunnel. There were hedges on both sides of us, elms towered above us, dark, fantastic shapes ; one was like a giant's head with beard complete ; others, with long, gaunt arms stretched to the sky, clutched at their neighbours with talon-like fingers.

Not a leaf stirred. The crack of a twig sounded like the report of a gun : the atmosphere was taut to breaking point. It was one of those evenings when everyone speaks in a subdued voice, almost a whisper. The glossy surface of the road shone in the gloom as though it were wet, our hob-nailed shoes rang on it, and you could hear the rattle of our sticks.

It was a haunted evening. The air was electrical. By yourself, and with an empty stomach, you could have imagined anything, a bogle in every ditch, evil faces in the trees, a witch round every corner, but we, fortified by a good dinner, were as brave as lions and ready for anything. Someone's white socks twinkled ahead of us ; those dark blotches, in the shadow of the trees, were evidently people. There came a gap in the hedge, a lighter patch of sky showed ; a large dog crashed through the undergrowth, through what was presumably a gateway, and thrust his cool, damp nose into our hands ; impossible in this half-light to ascertain his kind. He, too, was feeling the effects of the sultry evening ; his tongue lolled out of his mouth, and his only response to our pats was a slight, slow movement of his heavy, rudder-like tail.

A sudden rush of light : we were out in the open once more. A man, his shirt-sleeves white in the gloom, was standing on a ladder against a cone-shaped haystack. He handed up an armful of fresh, green rushes to his companion on the top. They worked silently and deftly, with anxious glances at the western sky. Would they finish thatching in time ? The sky was overcast with smoke-grey clouds.

There was a faint yellow glow over the black bumps of Rannerdale Knotts; would there be a good sunset? We scrambled up from the road, over some slippery rocks, up a stony path past the tumble-down cottage with its ingenious bicycle-shed made of a couple of rusty iron bedsteads and a sheet of corrugated iron. Now we were walking on soft, short, springy, green turf with seas of bracken as high as our waists on both sides of us. When we glanced back at Buttermere we almost failed to see it; the reflection was so clear that all seemed trees, rocks and grass. Up and up we scrambled, till we reached the top, breathless.

The sun, which was low in the sky, had a watery look, for it was behind a cloud. Beneath a great bank of long, purple-black, evening clouds, beyond Loweswater, the western coast and Irish Sea gleamed, a pale primrose. The sun, a molten ball of fire, dropped down from behind the cloud, and the gloomy scene was transformed. There was a flood of glorious orange light. A long line of dark blue cloud, shot with gold and slashed with orange, appeared against the primrose background; some clouds were lined with silver, others edged with pure gold. In front of us lay Loweswater, a sheet of silver, slightly rippled, like a piece of crinkled foil. Next it was Crummock Water; it, too, was silver, white-hot. Above Crummock rose mountains, High Crag, High Stile, and Red Pike, purple against a patch of saffron sky. More to the south-east lay Buttermere, dark, oily, and sinister, like a lake of pitch; and behind it rose, dark and threatening, the mass of Wanscale Bottom, Honister Crag, and the Haystacks. Robinson, which was behind us, was a vivid emerald green, and against it was cast a weird shadow, the rugged outline of Rannerdale Knotts, like an ugly witch. Whiteless Pike, Grassmoor, and Rannerdale Knotts itself, on which we stood, gleamed a glorious red gold. Our faces, too, glowed with a peach-like bloom.

Suddenly it began to rain. The drops shone pure gold in the dying light of the sun, and clung to our clothing like crystals. All at once the gulf between us and the green mass of Robinson was bridged by a magnificent rainbow; gorgeous, brilliant, it gleamed against the dusky sky, blue, red, orange, yellow, green . . . We could see where it ended in the little green valley of Rannerdale below us, but we were not tempted to look for the pot of gold. By now there were two suns, one drowning in Loweswater. Five minutes more, and both had disappeared.

Down the hillside we trooped, a long string of figures, dark against the sky. We dropped into the road. There was the house, a solid cube of black, pitted with orange squares. The water gurgled, unseen, as we crossed the bridge.

P. OLIVER, Form VI.



S. GREY, VI.

CHRISTINA OF SERJÜK.

Serjük was wrapped in darkness. Its miserable mud hovels were only faintly discernible through the gloom, and the squalor and filth in which it abounded were for another six hours or so mercifully hidden.

The castle clock had struck midnight ; it was a moonless night and bitterly cold, yet in the village muffled and furtive forms slunk here and there among the huts. That some serious business was afoot was evident from their silence and stealth. A sinister group of these figures gathered outside a hut, larger and more isolated than the rest, and one of their number tapped softly on the door.

Almost immediately it was opened, and the figure of a man appeared in the aperture. For a moment he peered suspiciously at the muffled forms outside, but at a low-spoken word he breathed a deep sigh of relief.

"Thank heaven you have come," he muttered, "I was beginning to think that fear had dulled your yearning for liberty. Come in, come in, little fathers ! I have news for you. Christina Alexievna comes to our meeting to-night."

The men filed into the dimly-lit interior and the door was closed behind them. A guttering oil lamp was suspended from the smoke-blackened ceiling, and as the men undid their wraps its feeble rays revealed faces scarcely recognizable as human. Grey cheeks, hollow and lined, and sunken bloodshot eyes, were surmounted by tousled mops of matted hair. Resentment for their sufferings, and hatred for those who condemned them to it, lent to each face an expression of wolf-like ferocity.

A tall, black-bearded man began to pace up and down in what space the meagre interior allowed. Backwards and forwards he went, savagely biting his nails and occasionally giving sharp nervous tugs at his beard.

The owner of the hut eyed him curiously and somewhat doubtfully.

"Art afeared, Vürlinoff?" he queried brusquely at length, "better leave us now than fail us at the moment of action. We have no use for cowards. Even Christina"

"Christina to the devil!" burst forth Vürlinoff, furiously; "it is anger, not cowardice, that makes me behave thus. We long for liberty—for revenge—to rid ourselves of the tyrant who for so long has crushed us under his heel. Now that our chance has come, are we to be guided by the girl Alexievna?—by a dreamy wench with an idle tongue? Nay, we are men, and it is a man who must lead us!"

"Meaning yourself, Boris Vürlinoff?" came a low voice from the doorway.

All eyes turned swiftly in that direction. A young girl stood there, hollow-cheeked and ghastly pale like her compatriots, but with a fierce, eager light glowing in her large dark eyes. She closed the door softly and came forward into the room, then stood motionless, staring thoughtfully at the conspirators. For a while deep silence reigned whilst the men fidgeted under her gaze.

"What do you want?" demanded Vürlinoff sullenly at length.

"To speak to you," replied the girl quietly. "Listen! I know what your feelings are. I hate the Prince even as you do. Did he not deprive me of my parents only a year ago? Have I not, along with you, toiled and suffered and starved for years under his rule? For years we have wondered why Heaven has allowed us to be treated so. Now I have the answer. Instead of standing up to our enemy we have cringed to him in fear. In the future we must be brave. We must go to the Prince and rebuke him for his cruelty. We must demand freedom for ourselves and for our dear ones. Right is on our side and we will triumph!"

Christina was carried away by the force of her eloquence. Her white cheeks flushed and her eyes shone even more brightly. The men, however, were not moved by the speech.

"You are mad, girl," cried Vürlinoff, impatiently, "Do you think that Petrovsky will submit to your tirade? He will send down

hired soldiers on the village, and we shall be thrown, dead and dying, into the castle dungeons."

"If we are brave, all will be well," persisted the girl. "I feel that in the near future everything is going to be all right. But we must be patient—just a little longer."

"We have been patient long enough," growled another. "Nay, my friends, we must wipe him out altogether, he and all his cursed family."

The rest of the assembly uttered guttural sounds of satisfaction. They licked their lips like animals, as though even now they were tasting the tyrant's blood.

Christina pressed her hands tightly together.

"Little fathers," she said earnestly, "You do wrong to speak so. It is not right to take the Prince's punishment into your own hands. Believe me, he will not escape it. Sooner or later we shall be avenged."

"We will avenge ourselves—and now!" shouted Vürlinoff. "Be off, wench, and leave this business in our hands. We have decided. To-morrow night the house of Petrovsky will be no more," and, seizing Christina, he pushed her roughly towards the door.

"Listen, I pray," the girl began, desperately, but her captor cut her short.

"Keep your prayers for Petrovsky," he sneered, "He needs them more than we," and opening the door he forced her out into the night.

* * * * *

Next day, instead of rising and setting about her work as usual Christina lay still on her bed of rags thinking deeply. She lay so long that at last her old lame grandmother chided her sharply for her inactivity.

"The Prince gave you work to do in the castle garden, didn't he?" she scolded. "If he returns and finds it undone he'll have you whipped. The best thing, too, for a lazy wench!"

"Better his garden should go untended than that he should lose his life," Christina answered dreamily. "I hate him, my grandmother, but if I can save him I will, for I am sure it is right."

The old hag stubbed her stick angrily on the floor of the hovel, and her little eyes regarded the girl maliciously.

"If the serfs are making a plan to get rid of Petrovsky," she croaked, "you keep your meddling hands from interfering. If you don't they'll get rid of you and I'll be left to starve. Idle-brained hussy! Get off to your tasks now or I'll give you the best beating you ever had in your life!"

Christina rose hastily and departed to the castle gardens, where a few serfs were already at work. Two she recognized as having been in the hut the night before, and it was next to these that she began digging, hoping to hear dropped a chance word concerning Vürlinoff's plans. The men, however, were on their guard, and at the end of the day's toil she still remained as completely ignorant as before. Walking home she began to reason things out for herself.

"To-night the Prince and Princess return from Castle Chevinsky," she reflected. "It will be late, for the journey is long and difficult. Setting out at dawn they could not arrive before ten or eleven of the clock. Now will Vürlinoff lie in ambush for the coach, or will he first sack the castle, and wait there to complete his revenge. Nay, surely he will first deal with Petrovsky. Or, maybe, he will send half his company to the castle and keep the rest with him to lie in wait. Oh, it is hard—one girl against so many. What can I do?"

Suddenly someone seized her arm. It was old Peter Dievushkin, the owner of the hut in which the conspirators had gathered together the previous night.

"Listen, my little Christina," he whispered softly; "don't risk your life by meddling in our plans. We are determined on the

tyrant's death, and nothing shall stand in our way. Even his private servants are won over to our side. Be warned, therefore, and keep out of this business."

He was gone before Christina could speak, but as she pursued her way, her heart, strangely enough, felt much lighter. Dievushkin, unwittingly enough, had given her an idea. When she reached home not even her grandmother's angry grumblings could rouse her from her pre-occupied state, and at last the old shrew fell asleep, worn out by her own vehemence. Christina heaved a sigh of relief. Now she was free to act. Wrapping a dark shawl round her head she quietly left the hut, and, keeping to the shadows, rapidly climbed the hill to the castle. At the entrance to the courtyard her way was barred by two of the Prince's armed servants.

"I come in Vürlinoff's service," she informed them. "I am commanded to take Prince Ivan and his sister to Dievushkin's hut. After Petrovsky is slain they are to be dealt with there."

She laughed as the men lowered their weapons. "This is a great day for us, my friends. Soon we will be free. We have been ground down and down, but now our turn has come."

The servants were nothing loth to utter imprecations against their brutal master. They talked eagerly to Christina, questioning her about Vürlinoff's plans and offering their help. Christina chatted with them gaily, her witty remarks often causing them to laugh aloud, but underneath her lightheartedness she was trembling with the fear of discovery. At length, she urged the men to produce the little Prince and Princess.

"Friend Vürlinoff will think me a traitor if I do not return soon," she said. "I'll wait here whilst you seek the children. But hurry, my friends, hurry!"

It seemed to Christina that hours passed whilst she waited in suspense in that gloomy, forbidding courtyard. She could make out the dim outline of the gallows, where many a wretched serf had suffered death for some trifling offence—often for no crime at all.

She was trembling in terror when the men returned, pushing in front of them the tiny son and daughter of the Prince and Princess

Petrovsky. They gave them into Christina's charge and then mockingly bowed.

"Farewell, little master. May the saints preserve you, for 'tis certain that none else will. Farewell, little mistress, and the same to you."

The two laughed heartily at this pleasantry. Christina forced herself to join in; then, seizing a child's hand in each of her own, she hurried down the hill. She avoided the village and directed her steps along a track, the route which she knew the Prince's coach was bound to take. She did her best to comfort the little ones, who were naturally frightened at being forced to leave their cosy apartments to face the darkness and cold in the company of a stranger. As on the previous night there was no moon. It was exceedingly cold, and from afar off came the mournful howling of the wolves, a sound which no-one shelterless hears without a spasm of uncontrollable fear. Christina shivered now, and lifted the tired boy into her arms, bidding Nadya, his sister, hold tightly to her skirts.

Thus they had continued for along while, Christina struggling manfully with her burden, when suddenly a dark form rose from a clump of bushes on their left and confronted them in the track. Christina shivered yet again as she recognised the conspirator-in-chief, Boris Vürlinoff.

The serf eyed the frightened little group gloatingly.

"So you are a traitoress, Christina Alexievna? I am not surprised. It is only to be expected from a wench who speaks with such an idle tongue. No doubt the Prince would have paid you well. It is a pity you will not be able to claim your reward."

He laughed and seized the shrinking girl by the arm. Raising the other hand to his mouth he uttered a peculiar, bird-like cry, which echoed and re-echoed in the silence of the night. A similar cry came back in response, and almost immediately Christina found herself in the centre of a hostile circle of peasants, all clamouring to be told what had happened.

Vürlinoff raised his voice in explanation. "There stands a traitoress, little fathers, caught in the very midst of her guilt. She

was going to betray you and your families for the sake of the tyrant's gold. See how she shields his children ! What shall we do ? How shall she suffer for her treachery ? ”

“ Death ! Death ! Death ! ”

Christina closed her eyes. She was half-dazed. The hideous clamour of voices, the wailing of the frightened child in her arms, all seemed part of some ghastly, terrifying nightmare. But for the first time she realised that she was indeed a traitoress—she was about to betray the people among whom she had lived all her life. What mattered the life of the tyrant compared with their happiness ? Why should she herself risk her life for him ? She opened her mouth to cry out—to tell them to take the children—to kill Petrovsky—anything—anything.

Menacing hands fastened on her shoulders, the child was wrenched from her grasp, whilst the noise around her grew louder, louder, and even louder. Christina felt herself sinking ; she struggled to save herself but a heavy weight seemed to press her down ; there was no air ; she felt herself gasping for breath. Then, as if by magic, the din faded away, a sense of restfulness stole over her, and with a little sigh she sank into oblivion. When she recovered consciousness it was to hear Vürlihoff speaking :

“ It is true, my lord, even as I have said. The girl planned to kill your children to avenge her parents, whom you most justly slew just over a year ago. She hates you, my lord, and calls you a tyrant. She tried to persuade us, your loyal serfs, to rise up and rebuke you and to demand freedom. But we would have none of her. She is a dangerous girl, my lord.”

Christina opened her eyes and struggled to her feet. The place seemed ablaze with light. The serfs, who a while back had thronged round her, were now cowering back in attitudes of abject servility. They were surrounded by a large number of mounted soldiers, each of whom carried a lighted torch. In the track stood a richly-decorated coach drawn by a handsome four-in-hand, within which sat the Princess Petrovsky, clinging tightly to her little son and his sister. Facing the serfs stood the Prince and his erstwhile host, the Count Chevinsky.

All eyes turned upon Christina as she rose to her feet. The Prince, smiling cruelly, addressed her : " You know the accusation, girl ? "

Christina dropped a curtsy.

" No, my lord."

" You are accused of having plotted against my children, of urging the rest of my serfs to rise up and demand freedom. You are accused of hating me and of calling me a tyrant. Is this true ? "

A strange light shone in Christina's eyes. She looked up steadily at her master.

" You are a tyrant, and I hate you," she replied simply. " I did urge the people to ask for freedom but they would not listen. I would gladly see you die. You are not fit to be a Prince. But I wished your children no harm."

Petrovsky's eyes were glittering with rage as he turned to the Count.

" It is well that you and your bodyguard came with us, Chevinsky," he said. " It is obvious there was a plot either against my family or myself. These dogs," scornfully indicating the cringing serfs, " probably hate me as much as this girl does, only they are wise enough to conceal it. However, I have no wish to decrease the number of my serfs to such an extent. The girl on her own confession is the ringleader. Back into the carriage, Chevinsky ! To-night you shall see how the House of Petrovsky deals with an upstart serf."

At the word of command the Count's retainers closed round Christina. The coachman whipped up the horses and the carriage started forward, followed by the procession of horsemen and with the peasant girl walking in their midst. The serfs remained gazing until the last rider had passed from view, then silently they made their way back to the village.

By common consent they gathered together in Dievushkin's hut to talk over preceding events.

"The traitoress is rightfully rewarded," remarked Vürlinoff in great satisfaction. "She'll trouble us no more. Petrovsky is not the man to forgive an insult."

The others exchanged glances. Many of them seemed strangely ill at ease.

"Perhaps we made a mistake," suggested one. "She had a chance to relate our part in the conspiracy, and yet she did not. What if she was trying to help us?"

"Ay, what if we were wrong?" came the chorus.

Vürlinoff hastened to check these misgivings.

"You are letting your kind hearts affect your judgment, little fathers," he said. "It is obvious she meant to betray us. Why else did she take the children? Why did she not deny the charge? No, she is guilty, and she must suffer. Let us think"

He broke off as a sudden shouting began in the street. Flinging open the door the men peered forth. A procession of women and children, all bearing lighted torches, was moving in their direction. Everyone was singing and shouting lustily, and strangely enough the din contained a note of jubilation. The conspirators eyed the scene in astonishment. Joy was almost an unheard of thing in Serjûk.

As the band approached nearer they were able to distinguish some of the words.

"Free! Free! Long live the Emperor! God save the Emperor! Free! We are free!"

"Can this be true?" muttered Vürlinoff. "Do you hear, my friends? They say we are free." He pushed his way roughly through his comrades, who were staring stupidly, quite stunned by the stupendous news.

Soon, however, all their astonishment turned to gladness. The women pushed forward a travel-stained courier.

"It is quite true," he cried. "This day we are all freed by the grace of our Emperor Alexander II. The proclamation was issued to-day in St. Catherinesburg. I have come alone many miles through the wolves to tell you. We are free! God bless the Emperor!"

The cry was taken up with enthusiasm. As many as could crowded into Dievushkin's hut. Laughter and talk sounded on all sides. More than one face was wet with tears. An old, white-haired man gazing round upon the joyous throng closed his eyes and breathed devoutly: "I thank God to have seen the salvation of our country."

Two or three of the younger ones began a dance. Their elders looked on and clapped encouragement. The courier began a song, in which everybody joined. Never before had Serjūk witnessed so gay a scene.

The mirth was at its height when the sudden shattering report of a rifle shot fell upon the ears of the assembly. The noise ceased abruptly. The revellers exchanged frightened glances and remained in strained attitudes, listening intently. A chill seemed to settle on the spirits of the company. Far away in the forest the hungry wolves set up a dismal wailing chorus.

And all at once, as though the baying of the wolves had imparted a message, they understood.

Amidst the hysterical weeping which followed, Peter Dievushkin stumbled to his feet:

"To-day we are free, but there is one of our number who will not taste this new-found freedom, one who died rather than betray us. My friends, let us think awhile upon the courage of Christina of Serjūk . . ."

And once more a deep silence fell upon the room.

D. GOUGH, Form VA.
(Senior Holiday Competition Prize.)



M. GOLDSBOROUGH, VB Cl.

*Nymph, nymph, what are your beads?
 Green glass, goblin. Why do you stare
 at them?
 Give them me! No!*

H. MUNRO.

PEPYS'S RACE WEEKE.

June 24th (Lord's Day).—My wife and I did reach my cozen's at Newcastle late last night to spend the Race Weeke with him. I found my cozen in good health and right glad to have us stay with him. Up betimes and so to church with my wife to hear the Right Reverend Lord Bishop preach in the Cathedral, but I was mightily distressed by the discourse, for the Bishop did speak most truly against gambling.

25th.—After dinner did accompany my wife to the shoppes and there met with many fayre damsels, that it did please my heart to see them. My wife did demand a new hat, which angered me sorely, but, anon, I relented and gave her payment for such. That evening we did see a filme, which methought vastly entertaining, but which shocked my wife mightily. So to bed.

26th.—To-night my wife and I did visit the Temperance Festival, and did see, to our amusement, the fatte woman there. Indeed, methought she must weigh many hundreds of pounds, and I would have remained with her longer, for she was a pleasant, jolly woman, but that my wife did wish otherwise. My wife and I did then enter into a small carriage which carried us along rails, up and down continually, until my wife, poor wretch, was like to fall off. Indeed, I myself did undergo unpleasant sensations in my inside, and was greatly relieved when we at last descended on to the ground. We then payed to see a dead whale, but the stench from it caused us to hasten away, holding our noses. My wife and I enjoyed a ride on moving horses of painted wood, my wife's hat was blown from her head, which displeased her mightily, but was greatly to the amusement of the publick. And so home, in high spirits.

27th.—Remained in bed until noon, feeling greatly refreshed for dinner. My wife and I then decided to watch the racing that afternoon. I resolved not to pay too great heed to my Lord Bishop's discours, and layed out my money on a likely animal. My wife screamed loudly when the excited mobbe surged forward to watch the race. The poor creature was so overcome and begged me so piteously to take her out of the crowd that I was forced to do so. She speedily recovered when she knew my horse had won, and became mighty merry when I gave her my winnings, a matter of two pounds. We returned to my cozen's house, and my wife, full of content, did relate our afternoon's adventure.

28th.—At breakfast my wife expressed great eagerness to see the famous Whitley Bay. So we took an omnibus—the fumes of which caused her to resort to her smelling salts—and soon arrived at the sea. We enjoyed the day mightily, and thought it a prodigious fine place, and I do like it very well.

29th.—Up, and did a little business with my cozen, while my wife did visit the shoppes. At noon, home again, finding her mighty joyful, wearing a new necklace of pearls. She said it was a very good one, worth eighty pounds. I was exceeding vexed, and left her, but she ran after me and showed me the bill for twenty shillings. She prayed me to forgive her, which I did, and took her to a play.

30th.—My wife and I lay long discussing the pleasantness of our stay. We resolved to have one more visit to the Festival. This we did, trying our skill at different boothes. My wife won, to her great joy, a right gaudily-painted tea-set, which she insisted on my carrying. I myself did mighty well, for I won a canarie, two coconuts, and some sweetmeats. And so home, feeling very foolish carrying such burdens, but happy withal. Sat up till midnight, writing up my journal.

U. BROWN, Form VB Cl.

A NOVEMBER EVENING.

Dull, cold, and misty was the night,
Not even a single star's white light
Penetrated the dull blanket of fog
Which veiled the city.

The streets were damp, cheerless, and cold,
Shops deserted, their wares unsold ;
Doors closed, and windows firmly shuttered
To keep out the mist.

But now a glimpse of dancing light,
A glimpse of cosy fire-side bright
Dispels the gloom, as from his toil
A man returns home.

G. ANDERSON, Upp. IVa.

MAN AND BIRD AND BEAST.

The summer holidays give one plenty of opportunity for observing nature; the days are long and warm, and bird and animal life is very active, for the birds and animals, too, love the sun and make the most of it. To see much of nature one should be alone, for two people make more noise and movement than one, and most wild birds and animals are very shy. I, living near the country, was able to visit many delightful places, where I saw some very interesting things which greatly added to the joys of my holiday.

A few miles from my home there is a certain area of thickly-wooded land, through which runs a most attractive winding burn. One day in late July, when I was walking along the soft grassy path, with trees towering upwards on either side of it, I stopped suddenly as I heard a loud, startling scream, which sounded very much like a harsh, hysterical laugh. It was the unmistakable cry of a woodpecker. I turned towards the direction of the sound and suddenly a large green-coloured bird, with a crimson crown, flew out of the thicket and alighted on the trunk of a tree about fifty yards away. It was undoubtedly a green woodpecker, although it appeared almost black now that it was between the sun and myself. I approached the tree carefully to obtain a better view, and, as I watched, the woodpecker ran up the trunk in a diagonal course, halting occasionally with its head drawn back and slightly on one side, with an alert expression: as it proceeded upwards it tapped the bark with sharp little taps. Suddenly it flew away, leaving its harsh, mocking laugh ringing in my ears.

About the beginning of August I was greatly pleased to find a bat's nest containing young—the first I had ever found or seen. The nest was found quite accidentally. It was about eight o'clock one fine, warm evening, when my cousin and I entered by a low doorway the unused loft of some small farm building, which stood with a little cottage at the foot of a wooded valley. We were suddenly attracted by a faint squeaking which came from a crevice in one of the stone walls. Thinking that in the crevice would be a mouse's nest, we pulled at the mortar between the stones to make a wider entrance. It was dark inside the hole, but with the aid of a torch we could distinguish little mice-like forms huddled together in a small hollow in the centre of the thick wall. We carefully felt round the inside of the hole with a stick (the entrance was too small to admit

a hand) and, withdrawing it, we found a bat clinging to the end. It flew wildly round the loft and swooped out of the open doorway. We again turned our attention to the nest, and, as our eyes became accustomed to the dull light in the crevice of masonry, we saw quite clearly the little wrinkled faces of about five baby bats. Their half-opened eyes looked like tiny black beads, and their noses like miniature pigs' snouts. Four of the small bats lay in the bottom of the nest rubbing their eyes with tiny claws as the unusual light dazzled them. The fifth baby hung vertically from a piece of stone above the nest, regarding us with blinking eyes. We then closed up part of the entrance and went out of the loft, whereupon the parent bat soon returned to its young.

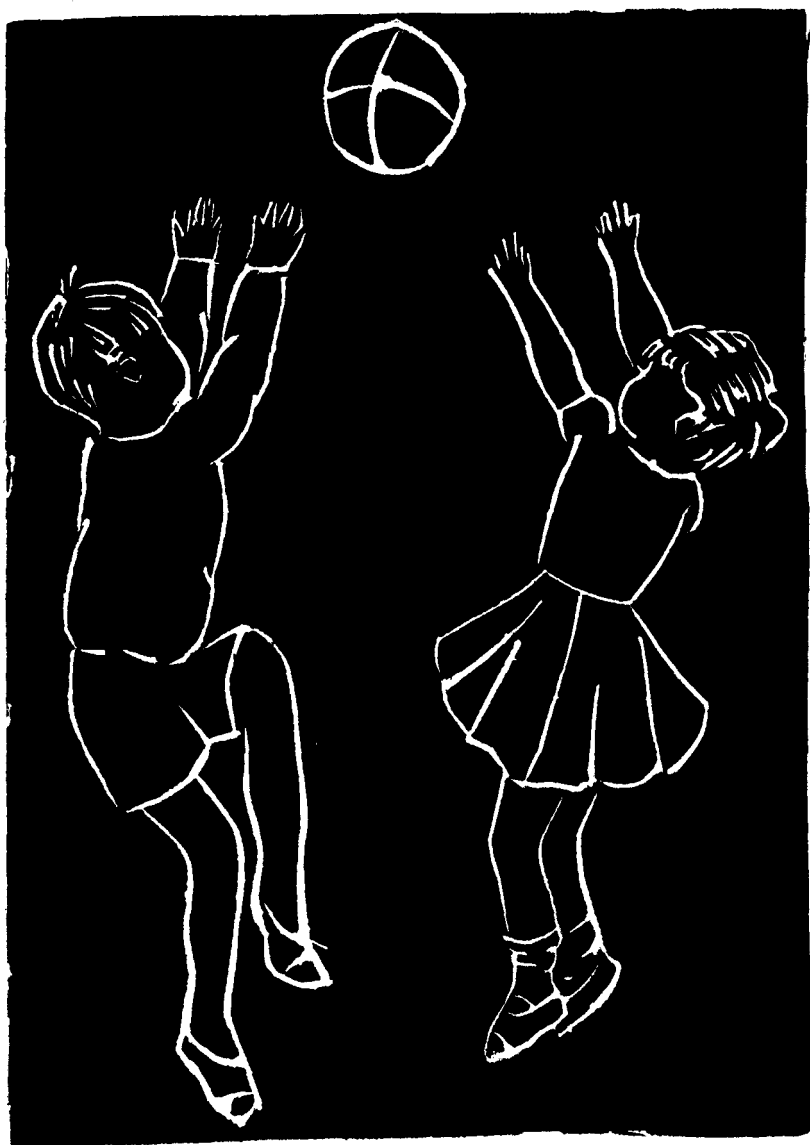
When staying for a short period on the north-east coast I naturally saw many sea-birds, but especially I noticed the redshank, which haunted a little marsh near the sea. It stood dipping its head and breast up and down, as if hinged on its long red legs, and then disappeared among the reeds. The sandpiper, like myself, was only a summer visitor to the coast. It had come down from the hills to enjoy a short spell by the sea before leaving the north for a warmer climate. If one approached the sandpiper, it stood violently jerking its tail and nodding its head, and then suddenly flew off, circling in the air, its wing beats very strong and decided.

One day in late August I noticed that the birds were making a great commotion near a certain tree in the garden. After staring at the copper beech for a minute I saw the reason for the fuss—a tawny owl was sitting bolt upright in a fork of the tree, its body pressed against the trunk. Blackbirds were screaming their alarm cry; robins, chaffinches, starlings, all joined in with the jabber. Jackdaws flew round wildly above the tree. The owl sat quite unmoved by the commotion about him, and looked at me with half-open, dreamy eyes. Then he flew off to another tree, with the mob following behind, screeching taunts at the common foe.

That night the eerie, drawn-out call of the owl reached my ears as I lay in bed.

D. PATTERSON, Upp. IVA.
(Middle School Holiday Competition Prize.)

JUNIOR SCHOOL VERSES.



P. SCHLEGEL, Vb Mod.

UNDER THE WATER—A NONSENSE RHYME.

Said the Serpent to the Eel,
 " You imagine how I feel
 To be able to walk freely round the town."

" O look, the Merking's daughter
 Afloating down the water,
 Counting hankies on a dock-leaf upside down."

" O Mr. Serpent, look and see
 That Salmon singing in the tree
 To babies in a small nest quite close by."

" It's a pretty thing to hear
 A Sunfish play the harp quite near ;
 We'll have to give him pennies or a pie."

" If Mr. Serpent wants an ice
 He may have one hot, with rice,
 For the ice-cream man is standing very near."

" See, the thrush he flies through water
 Just to kiss the Sole's young daughter,
 Who faints in terror, fright, and sickly fear."

K. BATY, Form II.

THE WIND IN THE WILLOWS.

All along the back-water,
 By the shady trees,
 Rat and Mole went boating,
 Boating in the breeze.

Boating in the breeze they went,
 Down the river slowly,
 Talking, talking all the time,
 Did little Rat and Moley.

M. PEARSON, Form II.

DO YOU LIKE DICTATION ?

“ Do you like dictation ? ”

“ Well, I say ‘ yes,’

But I often wish

‘ She ’ would give a little less.”

“ Do you like dictation ? ”

“ Well, I say ‘ no,’

Because how to spell the words

I hardly ever know.”

“ Do you like dictation ? ”

“ Well, I cannot say,

Because it's sometimes very hard

And sometimes nearly play.”

A. WILSON, Form II.

THE WAVES.

White horses of the sea

Come galloping past.

Here will they ever be,

While life shall last,

High on each boisterous wave

With waving mane,

Where sleep the sailors brave :

Long have they lain.

A. SMITH, Form II.



M. GOLDSBOROUGH, Vb Cl.

“ COSTLY THY HABIT.”

“ Lady Nouveauriche was charming in a gown, by Worth, of black satin, over which she wore a seraphic cape of white satin lined with black, which showed in the amusing friar’s hood which hung down the back.”—Thus any modern newspaper report.

Let us turn back the clock and see how they described these things in the time of Dutch William and his Mary.

Here is description by a writer of that day : “ We see her coming afar off ; against the yew hedge her weeds shine for a moment. We see her figuretto gown well looped and puffed with the monte-la-haut. Her échelle is beautiful, and her pinner exquisitely worked. We can see her commode, her top-not, and her fontage, for she wears no rayonné. A silver pin holds her meurtriers, and the fashion suits better than did the crève-cœurs. One hand holds her Saxon green muffetee ; under one arm is her chapeau-bras. She is beautiful ; she needs no plumpers ; and she regards us kindly with her watchet eyes.”

Suppose we translate this William and Mary fashion language.

“ Weeds ” means the entire outer garments, and is still used in “ widow’s weeds.” The “ pinner ” was an apron, hence the pinafore. “ A figuretto gown looped and puffed with the monte-la-haut ” was

a gown of figured material looped and stiffened with wires. Her hair was piled in high masses on a wire frame, which was the "commode," on it was worn a large bow called the "top-not." Her "chapeau-bras" was a hat she did not wear but carried under her arm, and her "watchet" eyes were blue.

Milady of that time looped up her dress to make panniers. She was very stiff and tight-laced, and her gown had a long train.

Later, she began to copy men's wear, with wide-skirted coats having broad lapels and deep pockets with flaps, and puffed linen or lace at the wrists.

She even wore waistcoats!

Marlene Dietrich, did you live in Dutch William's reign?

In the winter milady wore a loose Dutch jacket lined and edged with fur—prim, proud, and prosperous.

Oh, Molyneux and Chanel, your creations may be breath-taking but your descriptions are as dead as Dutch William and his Mary.

L. HESLOP, Upp. IVA.



THE TREE.

M. HASTINGS, VI.

ON THE COAST OF KENT.

Smuggling was a popular career on the coast of Kent in the time of the French Revolution. Frenchmen used to give anything for English gold, and George III tried to stop this gold going to France. The company of smugglers I am going to tell you about lived in the little town of Folkestone. The Vicar and Doctor of Folkestone were smugglers, together with my ancestor and a company of others who make up the characters in my story. My ancestor had the Swan Inn at Folkestone, and saved much money.

Laden with barrels of gold the smugglers sailed secretly to France. There the Frenchmen would load their ships with French silks in exchange for the gold. With this they would wait outside Folkestone until a man signalled from shore when it was safe to smuggle the stuffs into their cave without being seen from the Custom House. They would sell the wine cheaply as it had not come through the Customs.

One day there was a terrible fight on the beach with the Customs men and my ancestor had his eye badly damaged. The Customs men were overpowering the smugglers, so they ran for refuge.

When they arrived at the inn they were wondering where they could hide the gold from the Customs men, when one man had an inspiration to put the bags of gold under the innkeeper's daughter while she was sleeping. This was done, for they would not suspect the mattress with the sleeping girl on the top.

When the Customs men came to search the house the smugglers let them in, and told them not to waken the girl upstairs. They sought in vain, and finally went away none the wiser, but the smugglers told the girl in the morning, and so the story is passed from one generation to another.

Another day something like it happened. There was another fight on the beach with the Customs House men, and again the smugglers were overpowered and ran. The Customs men were free to

run, while the smugglers had barrels on their backs to carry. When the smugglers came to a pond with the reflection of the moon in it they thought the best thing was to throw all the barrels into the water, and this was done. They got away safely that night, but the next night they began pulling the barrels up, until the alarm signal was given that the Customs House men were coming. Immediately they let the barrels down again. But how could they escape? One man had an idea—that they should all pretend to be drunk, so when the police came they all looked as if they had been drinking. The innkeeper said that he wanted the cheese, which was really the reflection of the moon, and asked his mates to get it.

The Customs men watched for a time and soon left, as they thought the smugglers drunk, and so the smugglers got the barrels without being caught. If they had been caught, as did sometimes happen, they would either have been sent to prison or made to join the King's navy.

There is one more story I know about these smugglers, who once helped the Vicar.

The Vicar (a smuggler) complained that there had been a landslide, which brought his church too near the cliff's edge. One old fisherman had an idea, and said if they all pushed hard away from the cliff they could push the church inland. So a day was arranged for them to meet. When the time came they were all there, including the Vicar, and they all pushed hard. As they could not tell if the church was moving they laid their coats on the other side and pushed again, hoping to push the church over their coats.

In the meantime three tramps came along the road and found a dozen good coats; so they picked them up and ran off with them. The smugglers, coming round to see how far they had pushed the church, found the coats gone and went home quite happy thinking they had pushed the church over their coats.

R. GODDARD, FORM IIIA.
(Junior Holiday Competition Prize.)



B. RENNEL, VI.

SCHOOL JOURNEY.

SCHOLARS' CRUISE ON BOARD "S.S. DORIC."

This year's School Journey has been the most original and perhaps the most enjoyable we have ever undertaken—a thirteen days' cruise to Madeira, the Grand Canary, Casablanca, and Lisbon. Thirteen girls went on the cruise, with Miss Gurney, Miss Weedon, and Miss Cooke.

We left Newcastle on the 8-15 a.m. train on Wednesday, August 15th, for London, catching a special boat train from Waterloo for Southampton. The day was hot and sunny, and everything promised well. Miss Gurney and Miss Weedon, who had already learnt something of the geography of the ship, met us at the dockside. Promptly at 5 p.m. the White Star liner *Doric*, of 16,500 tons, warped out from behind the great Cunarder *Aquitania*, and the cruise had begun. Slowly the ship moved down Southampton Water, dropped her pilot, and gathered speed as she passed the Needles and entered the open Channel. From beginning to end the cruise was a wonderful experi-

ence, with smooth water even in the dreaded "Bay," much sun, though we were never really too hot, and glorious sea winds. Our cabins were most comfortable, the food and service beyond reproach, and there was a great variety of occupation and interest.

We had breakfast at 8, lunch at 12, and dinner at 6-15, with tea at 4 if we liked, and the bedtime bugle was sounded at 10-30. At first our table stewards (one must not call them waiters) wore black coats, but as we steamed southwards and the weather grew warmer, all the stewards, stewardesses, and ship's officers changed into white.

In the mornings we sunbathed or played deck games (B. Calderwood and her partner won the Junior Deck tennis tournaments), or swam in one of the two bathing pools, or energetically walked our mile round the deck, or just happily did nothing

The afternoons went like a flash, and in the evenings we danced on the promenade deck, or went to the pictures. It was sometimes a little difficult to remember that one was on a ship in mid-ocean, until a wave a little larger than the rest made the *Doric* give a playful lurch. There were two Gala Dinners, when the dining saloon was beautifully decorated and there were specially good things to eat, and on one night a Fancy Dress Parade, at which one of our party won a prize.

The shore excursions were most interesting, and when we were to land anywhere a lecture was given beforehand on the place we were to visit.

After four days' sailing, that is, on the Sunday morning, we had our first glimpse of land. There was considerable excitement as the mountain peaks of the Canary Islands came nearer. We kept them in sight all the morning and at 2 p.m. we anchored in the lovely bay of Funchal, the chief town of Madeira. Immediately the ship was besieged with small boats laden with basket and linen work, while boys and men dived for money thrown into the sea—a very animated and foreign scene. We went ashore in launches and spent

the afternoon in the town, where the streets are entirely cobbled and the chief means of transport is an ox cart on sleds. In the evening some of us were lucky enough to go to a dance given at the Casino in honour of the *Doric* passengers.

The next day we travelled by mountain railway to a high peak of the island, from which the view was magnificent. Below us lay the little town almost hidden in trees ; around us were the lofty peaks, and far beyond stretched the bay, where the toy-like ships swam in a haze of heat. We were very sorry that we could not spend longer in this lovely place, where oranges and bananas ripen in the open air and ferns grow to the size of trees.

The *Doric* sailed at 2 p.m., and at 10 a.m. on Tuesday we reached Las Palmas, the capital of the Grand Canary. Here we were given a civic reception, at which one of our party represented the northern schools. We had a busy day here, visiting in the morning the cathedral, museum, and theatre, and the clean and lively town. After lunch under the palms of the beautiful Park Doramas we proceeded in small cars along a hair-raising mountain road into the heart of this volcanic island. It seemed hopelessly barren and dry ; vast lava streams of past eruptions stretched over the sun-baked earth, where cactus and prickly pear made a scanty covering. We visited a village high up on the mountains where the people live primitively in caves, and make rough pottery for sale. It was almost a relief to get back to the ship, where the air seemed fresher. We had found the Spanish people most friendly and hospitable, and they gave us a rousing send-off.

We were at sea all the next day sailing north-eastwards, reaching Casablanca, in N.-W. Africa, on Thursday. Part of the city is very modern and very French, but the native quarters were all that we expected Africa to be. There were boys in fez, and veiled ladies and men in turbans and white cloaks and sandals, sitting among their fruit and meat in the open market, and lazily flicking off the busy

flies. There was a mosque, and the Sultan's palace with extremely beautiful gardens, and everywhere sand and the hot, dusty, choking smell that one always associates with Africa. The noise on the quay-side, where we bartered with the natives for beads and leather-work, was indescribable. The Cathedral here is built of gleaming white stone, and the streets have avenues of palms that look like giant pineapples.

After Africa, Lisbon, which we reached after a night and another day's sail, seemed almost English. We reached it at night, and the lights of the city, built upon the rising banks of the great river Tagus, made a picturesque sight. We spent a hot, sunny morning on the lovely Portuguese lido at Estoril, where we bathed in what seemed extraordinarily cold water. The squares and avenues of Lisbon are very beautifully paved with mosaic.

All too soon dawned Tuesday, August 28th, when at 8 a.m. we docked once more at Southampton. By 10 o'clock we had passed through the Customs, and were on the train heading for London and home.

It was a wonderful holiday, both instructive and enjoyable. To travel seems to be the only way to learn that the sea really is blue, and how much there is of it; that England is really a very small country; that clocks are really altered an hour either backwards or forwards as one goes west or east; and to appreciate the different lives of people in foreign countries.

Our sincerest thanks are due to Miss Gurney, Miss Weedon, and Miss Cooke for taking us on the cruise, and for giving us such an excellent time. But we must not forget the officials of the White Star Line, who did so much to make the 1934 School Summer Cruise such a splendid success.

B. D. R., M. E. W.



A. NISBET, V.B. CL.

THE NATIVITY PLAY.

(GIVEN AT SCHOOL, AND AT OVINGHAM PARISH CHURCH,
CHRISTMAS, 1933.)

The Nativity Play, given by the pupils of the Newcastle Church High School on Wednesday, December 20th, was a new departure. As it is probably the first play given in the church since the Reformation, we are making history.

It is impossible to speak too highly of the performance. The play itself is remarkable—one felt that the author must have been inspired—and the presentation of the play was flawless. The title is “The Cradle of the King,” and the theme is the visit of the Wise Men, who represent Europe, Asia and Africa.

The first, a king, brings a golden crown ; the second, representing the mysticism of the East, brings frankincense ; and the third, representing the slave races of Africa, comes on foot bringing myrrh, a symbol of suffering. They pass a Russian peasant’s cottage, and each in turn invites her to accompany him in the search for the Baby King. She refuses them, but sets off herself next day in search of the Royal Child.

In the second scene the Russian peasant, now grown old—thus marking the lapse of a considerable period of time—is still searching for the King. The Angel of the Way meets her and reveals to her the timeless pageant of the birth of Jesus, and the Wise Men are seen again presenting their gifts to the Baby King.

Those who saw the play will remember it for many a day, and those who did not missed a great treat.

It should be noted that a stage was erected in front of the chancel screen, and the crib was placed just inside the chancel; the screen, with the cross on the top, made an ideal setting for this.

(Extract from *Ovingham Parish Magazine*.)

THE CRADLE OF THE KING.

CAST :

Baboushka, a Russian peasant woman	Kathleen Baird.
King Caspar	Jean Turner-Brown.
King Melchior	Sheila Hails.
King Balthasar...	Sybil Grey.
Attendants on King Caspar	Ursula Brown, Jean Adams.
Attendant on King Melchior	Wendy Floyd.
Attendant on King Balthasar...	Edwina Goodman.
The Angel of the Way...	Jean Hogg.
The Virgin Mary	Monica Hastings.
St. Joseph	Joan Graham.
An Angel	Helen Porteous.
A Shepherd	Margaret McEwan.

Children of many Countries—

Betty Buist, Grace Cairns, Ann Cohen, Pat Elphick, Rosemary Hall, Doreen Jackson, Joy Johnson, Ann Nattrass, Laura Smith.

We should like to thank Mr. Mattison for all the help he gave us with the properties for the play, and especially for the manger. This, we have heard recently, was a perfect reproduction of those still to be found in the East.

E. M. P.

THE NORTH OF ENGLAND MUSICAL TOURNAMENT, 1934.

BY A TEAM READER.

After several weeks of hard practice with Miss Pugsley and Sybil Grey, the day came upon which we were to enter for the competition.

Having been deluged with good wishes we departed for the Connaught Hall. The walk down was very pleasant, and by talking very fast we managed to keep ourselves from getting nervous. When we arrived at the hall we went to take off our hats and coats.

On going back into the hall we found that Miss Gurney had very kindly come to encourage us by her presence. We had very good seats, and sat down to hear all the classes which came before ours. We were greatly amused by some of the remarks made by Mr. Duncan Clark, the judge. At last came the class before ours, and we began to realise what was going to happen.

When it did happen we followed the other teams into an ante-room, behind a sound-proof door. I think a green baize door will always make me shake in my shoes now ! While talking in the ante-room we tried to make ourselves feel very bold, but I, at any rate, did not succeed. As we were the last team on the list we were left alone in the ante-room for what seemed a very long time. At last that dreadful door opened, and we walked on to the platform very much wishing the floor would open. However, when we got there we cheered up and did our very best. We waited for our marks with tense excitement, and found ourselves second, three marks behind Rutherford College, the winning team. Our Senior Team was also second, one mark behind Rutherford College. We then heard Mr. Clark's criticisms of our reading before we were called up to receive our bronze medals.

We arrived back at school about one o'clock. The noise and bustle was a great relief after the silence and solemnity of the Musical Tournament.

R. L. FULLERTON, Form IVA.

THE ORATORY COMPETITION, 1933.

The girls' record for first place in the Junior Oratory Competition was broken this year by Robert Kellie, of Rutherford College Boys' School, whom we congratulate very heartily indeed on a remarkably capable and vigorous piece of work. The Church High School's single representative was Monica Hastings, who spoke clearly and persuasively, and was awarded the second prize. The third prize was also won by a girl, Violet Morrow, of Rutherford College Girls' School, who ran Monica close for second prize. The result suggests that the girls are still on the whole the more effective and influential speakers.

" Father Tyne," the subject this year, allowed a less technical and controversial treatment than some that have gone before, but many of the

speeches showed definite research into local history and conditions. There was no failure to recognize and point the melancholy contrast between the business of the past and the sobering inactivity of recent years; but neither was there any doubt about the capacity of Tyneside to seize any chances that might come.

SCHOOL CONCERT.

The School Concert was held on July 20th. The programme opened with an item by the Junior School Band, which was played with neatness and precision.

Then came the first group of pianists. As the concert was intended mainly to demonstrate the piano playing of the School, fifty pianists took part, all playing from memory, with good technical control and understanding of what they played. But between the groups of pianists there were some very enjoyable items such as violin solos, and a violin duet, by small players with very pretty style and tone.

Members of IIIA and IIIB demonstrated Rhythmic Movement, and the choir sang two cheerful part songs. There was also one solo, Schubert's "Wild Rose," sung by Jean Hogg.

The audience was appreciative and the arrangements very successful.

THE DANCING MATINÉE.

On Saturday, March 24th, a very finished performance of dancing was given at the Old Assembly Rooms by the Church High School pupils of Miss Potts. Each item was beautifully artistic and perfect in detail from the technical point of view. The general appreciation of style indicated hours of patient, watchful teaching and much anxious thought, as well as a gift for getting the best out of the performers.

A word of praise is due for the dresses and for the work of Miss Potts' clever pianist, who made a definite contribution to the success of the matinée.

A. SPALDING.

GIRLS' SCHOOLS' SPELLING LEAGUE, 1933-34.

We have continued to send in teams for the Senior, Junior and Children's Competitions arranged by the League, and in the Summer Term this year we had the best result since we started. The Junior Team was 2nd, out of 84 teams, with 1,031 marks out of a possible 1,100, only 3 marks below the winners, the whole team, with one exception, scoring 90 per cent. or more.

LECTURES, ENTERTAINMENTS, AND EXPEDITIONS.

Autumn Term.

Lecture to VI on Indian Medical Missions by Miss Fletcher.

The French Play—"Le Barbier de Seville"—at the Empire Theatre.
Upp. IVA—VI.

Lecture to VI on China by Rev. J. Porteous.

"St. Joan," at the People's Theatre. VI.

Lecture to VI on Social Service by Rev. A. H. Robins.

Spring Term.

"Macbeth," presented in the School hall by "The English Classical Players." It was agreed by the candid opinion of all Forms, from III_B to VI, that this was a very impressive performance. The set was strikingly effective, the lighting ingenious, the witches hideously grotesque, but it was the power and restraint of the acting that brought out the beauty and terror of the play.

By the courteous invitation of the Central High School some of us were able to see "The Tempest" given there, again in masterly fashion, by the same players.

Everest Film—a very successful experiment, which we hope may often be repeated, when we listened to a talking film in our own hall. A nature study film came first, shewing the growth of the bean. This was followed by thrilling views of volcanic action in various parts of the world. It was difficult to believe that places could be exposed to such fury and still exist. Most interesting of all was the picture of the 1933 Ruttledge Expedition to Mount Everest. Only a moving film can adequately show the supreme difficulty of the climb, the bravery and endurance of the men who attempted it, and the unconquerable majesty of the mountain that still eludes them.

Visit by VA to Hancock Museum.

Summer Term.

Visit to Lemington Glassworks by VI and VA. This was a repetition of a visit paid last year, which had aroused very great interest and was fully reported in last year's Magazine.

Lecture to VI and VA by Miss Marsh, of Lever Bros., on the washability of fabrics—both informative and entertaining.

Lecture to VI and VA by Dr. Campbell on "General Health and How to Keep Fit." We are grateful to Dr. Campbell for making this a yearly visit and for her sound advice.

Expedition down the Tyne to Tynemouth—History Club; a repetition, on a more ambitious scale, of a very successful expedition of two years ago.



SCHOOL NOTES.

As this is the first time such a brilliant journalistic enterprise as this has appeared in our Magazine, we hope, dear reader, that you will so appreciate our great attempt that never again will our Magazine be without such record of the year's events.

We began the year by thinking high—practices for our prize-giving demonstrations claimed most of our time and energy. Speech day itself proved a great success, the unique event being the Naze March. The Staff on that night looked so delightful in the highly educational figures they cut that, ever since, they have continued to wear their gowns, thus making the School appear a perfectly academic institute.

Great was our joy, and many our voyages of discovery, when, on returning to School after the Christmas holiday, we found the new buildings actually there and ready for use; the gods, at last, removed to Olympus, and from those starry heights the aroma of coffee—the Staff's nectar—was wont to sweeten the swift breezes and to tempt us weary mortals down below.

No longer now do the sick and seedy seek the Staff room for their ailments, but stagger into the Rest Room, where everything is reminiscent of a hospital ward. All we need now is a Nurse.

VA removed next door to the Staff room for peace and quiet, and, we hope, found it.

On the first day of term the new Dining Hall was opened with all due rites and ceremonies. The Governors dined with us on that important occasion, and great was the delight of all when a gluttonous banquet was spread before us. The eyes of the Juniors glittered with delicious greed when they beheld the turkey on their plates and trifle on the hatch.

Another great feature of the Easter Term was Open Day, when proud parents came to see their children at work, and incidentally to inspect the new buildings.

As the warmer days came nearer we were allowed to have lessons on the roof. We half expected that an astronomy class would be formed and that night would find us staring at the stars—but no such wonder materialised.

During the early part of the year we heard of the new uniform, and soon some of us were arriving adorned in green. But we who are leaving have lived too soon, and, talking of envy, we may mention here that the idea of a wireless might have been thought of sooner.

We should also like to inquire if future pupils of the School will have a private omnibus, or perhaps air-liner, to bring them to school in the morning. We have been waiting for this for a long time; and may we suggest a lift and

robot prefects as possible improvements to the School. The top of the stairs would afford a very adequate position for the "Stop," "Caution," "Go" lights.

* * * * *

Now we have one or two little things to say about the Sixth Form.

The year began with a touching incident of a perfectly good brass rod, which somebody mistook for a poker.

We were disappointed to see that our age-old tables—venerable antiquities of the Sixth Form—had been varnished : but their glossy surface had its uses.

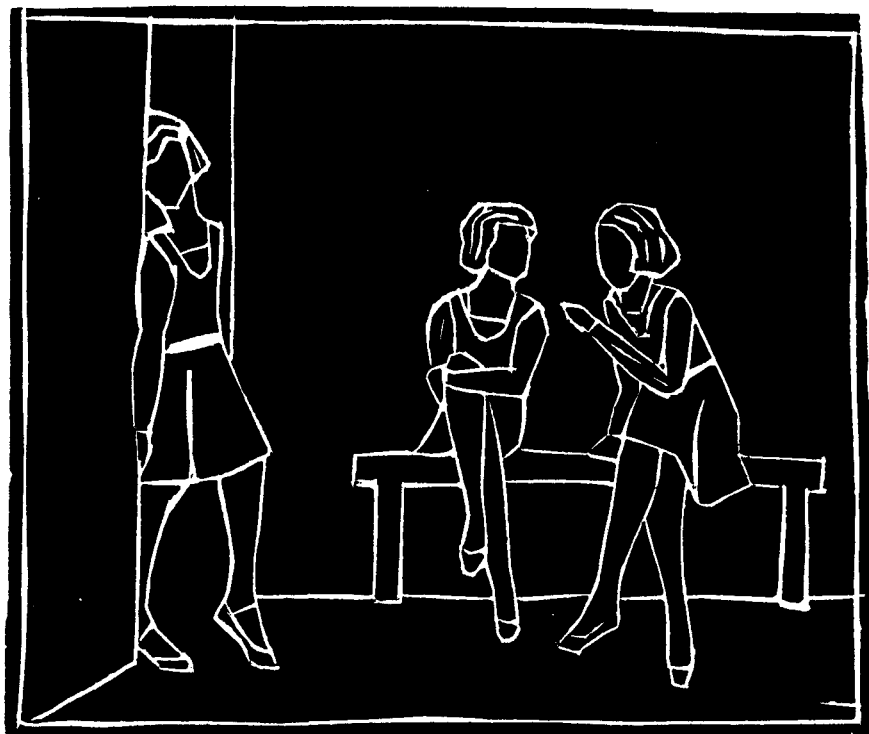
A Badminton court had been marked in the Gymnasium, and the Sixth Form was allowed—nay, not allowed, but conscripted—by a strict and efficient coach to play.

The outstanding feature of the Sixth Form Party was the supper ; and perhaps, after those competitions, we had earned it worthily.

The end of term came speedily, but, alas and alack ! few of us were there to see it.

And then in the summer, after a term of highly intellectual studies, we planned our last week. After various teas and expeditions we held our annual Tennis Party. Unfortunately, adverse climatic conditions made the ground unfit for play, so we had a quiet social evening in the hall.

*Eheu fugaces, Postume, Postume,
labuntur anni*



THE LITERARY SOCIETIES.

STAFF AND VI FORM.

OFFICIALS :

President	...	Miss Gurney.
Vice-Presidents		Miss Hodgson, Miss Cohen.
Committee	...	Miss Tully, Miss Sinclair, H. Burns, K. Baird, S. Hails, S. Grey.

Owing to general business and the special malignity of Providence the year has been a lean one. The Spring Term rehearsals for "She Stoops to Conquer" had to be abandoned, and the VI Form decided, with a curious unanimity, to retire from public life for periods of seven to ten days.

In the Summer Term Mr. Puff's tragedy "The Spanish Armada," from "The Critic," was produced. This provoked some spirited acting from the chief characters, notably Sir Walter, Sir Christopher, and Tilburina. Lord Burleigh had attained a profound gravity, and kept a portentous silence.

The audience for this meeting is inevitably restricted—unless we issue a general invitation—to the few who are not acting, but it was a pity that on this occasion it was quite so meagre.

THE V FORM LITERARY SOCIETY.

Committee :

VA.	VB Cl.	VB Mod.
D. Gough.	E. Baird.	J. Graham.
J. Richardson.	U. Brown.	M. Teasdale.

The first meeting of the V Form Literary Society was this year held in the Spring Term, when three very good plays were produced. VA presented "Elizabeth Refuses," a short play adapted from "Pride and Prejudice," by Jane Austen. The effectiveness of this play lay chiefly in the dialogue, which in many places was very amusing.

VB Classical and VB Modern both chose plays of an exciting nature. VB Classical gave an excellent performance of "A Night at an Inn"; and in "The Grand Cham's Diamond" VB Modern, besides acting well, provided vast entertainment by their use of the Tyneside dialect.

In the Summer Term VA had, unfortunately, to abandon their play owing to the absence of several of the cast. VB Classical produced "The Boy Comes Home," in which they displayed considerable acting ability and won hearty appreciation from the audience. VB Modern again selected something eerie in "The Monkey's Paw." They gave a very convincing performance, and Angela Grey and Joan Graham are specially to be congratulated on their sympathetic acting of two exceedingly difficult parts.

Both meetings were very successful, due mainly to the hard work of Miss Hodgson and Miss Cohen in arranging and conducting rehearsals.

D. GOUGH, Form VA.

IV FORM LITERARY SOCIETY.

Committee :

Upp IVA.	IVA.	IV Alpha.
C. Curtis.	R. Fullerton.	R. Gibson.
L. Heslop.	D. Laws.	C. Stuart.

During the Spring Term the IV Form Literary Society presented three plays. "The Pot of Broth," an Irish country tale by W. B. Yeats, was produced by Upp. IVA; IVA presented part of "Little Women," and Pat Markham, as "Jo," smashed a tray of dishes very naturally; while "the tedious brief scene of young Pyramus and his love Thisbe" was given by IV Alpha.

In the Summer Term Upp. IVA gave Maurice Baring's play "The Rehearsal," a rehearsal of the sleep-walking scene of "Macbeth" and the fight between Macduff and Macbeth, as it might have happened in the Globe Theatre. Carol Curtis was very good as Lady Macbeth. IVA's play, Ferguson's "Scarecrow," was very impressively performed and was enjoyed by the audience. IV Alpha gave A. A. Milne's "Man in the Bowler Hat," which was well acted.

L. HESLOP, R. FULLERTON.

THE DEBATING SOCIETY.

OFFICIALS :

President	...	Miss Gurney.
Chairman	...	Miss Weedon.
Committee	...	Miss Sinclair, Miss Hodgson, Sybil Grey, Joyce Bryant, Jean Hogg, Jean Welling.
Treasurer	...	Kathleen Baird.
Secretary	...	Sheila Hails.

The number of members fell considerably this year, and only a fraction of those who did join were interested enough to come to the meetings. Because of the small attendances all the meetings were held in the Geography Room, where people seem to come much nearer to the desirable state of being "drunk with the exuberance of their own verbosity."

There were two debates during the Autumn Term :—

"That Britain is a back number." (Motion defeated.)

"That foxhunting is a barbarous and brutalizing sport." (Motion defeated.)

Two meetings were arranged for the Summer Term, but the second had to be cancelled as it fell on the same day as the School Concert.

At this term's meeting we had impromptu debates, and this experiment proved very successful. We were to have had five short debates, but people had so much to say that there was only time for three :—

(a) "That capital punishment should be abolished." (Motion defeated.)

(b) "That it is better to live on the edge of a precipice than in a secluded valley." (Motion carried.)

(c) "That sports champions should not be regarded as national heroes." (Motion carried.)

S. HAILS, Form VI'

THE HISTORY CLUB REPORT, 1933-34.

President	...	Miss Gurney.
Vice-President		Miss Sinclair.
Secretary	...	Angela Forster (Autumn Term), Sybil Grey.
Treasurer	...	Joyce Bryant.
Committee	...	Miss Stuart, Helen Burns, Blanche Rennell.

At the first meeting of the year, which was well attended, we were fortunate in having a member of the Staff of the League of Nations to speak to us. She gave us a very interesting talk on the many different aspects of the work of the League.

On November 30th the club held a St. Andrew's night party. Those of the members who boasted Scottish blood came in their national costumes. The meeting mainly consisted of a really Scottish tea, a parade of the fancy costumes, an exhibition of reels, and community singing. The party ended with a schottische, which was taught us by Miss Macgregor and was accompanied by wild howls of a truly Scottish character.

Unfortunately, owing to the shortness of the term and an outbreak of German measles, there was no meeting of the History Club during the Lent term.

At the end of the Summer Term Miss Gurney kindly excused us morning school, and an expedition was made down the Tyne. We sailed up the river as far as Dunston, and then down to Tynemouth. This expedition proved a great success. Many members had never before seen the town from the river, and all enjoyed the interesting experience.

We should like to thank our President, Miss Gurney, who always takes an interest in the work of the Club and helps us to carry out our plans; and Miss Sinclair and Miss Stuart for working so hard for us. We should like to take this opportunity of saying how very sorry we are to lose Miss Sinclair, whom we cannot thank enough for the work she has done for the Club.

S. GREY, Form VI.

The History Holiday Competition brought in some good entries. The results were: 1, Lorna Heslop; 2, Mavis Allen; 3, Ann Cohen and Margaret Clark.

MUSIC CLUB NOTES.

At the Music Club meeting, held just before Christmas, there was a very enjoyable programme arranged by Miss Darroll, composed of songs, nursery rhymes, and a recitation.

After tea there was a competition consisting of jumbled names of composers. After this the choir sang two songs, "The Scissor Man," by Gustave Holst, and "The Morning," by Markham Lee. Members of the Junior and Middle School then performed a very amusing rendering of "The Old Woman who lived in a Shoe."

The next item was "Yankee Doodle," acted by some of the Senior School. Then Ursula Brown's delightful recitation, "The Bazaar," amused and entertained us very much. This was followed by "A Knight from Spain," also acted by members of the Senior School.

Our thanks are due to Miss Darroll for giving up so much of her time in order to provide us with such a delightful entertainment.

B. BOOTH, Form VI.

Music Shield Competition—Orange House, with Blue House one mark behind.

Miss Duncan's Cup for Sight-reading—E. Blair (White House).

SOCIAL WORK.

THE CATHEDRAL NURSING SOCIETY.

Form VI, £3 7s. 0d.; Form VA, £9 0s. 0d.

The money collected was sent to the Cathedral Nurses for their work among the sick and poor in the city.

MARY MAGDALENE HOME.

Form VB Mod., £3 12s. 0d.

Cheques were sent in the Autumn and Summer Terms; in the Spring Term sweets and cigarettes. The Spring Term collection in VB Modern was supplemented by a very successful and efficiently organized flower show.

ROYAL VICTORIA INFIRMARY.

Form Upp. IVA, £2 10s. 11d.

The money collected was used to send toys and fruit in the Autumn Term, Easter eggs in the Spring Term, and books and fruit in Summer to the children's ward of the R.V.I.

BENSHAM GROVE NURSERY SCHOOL.

Form VB Cl., £2 19s. 0d.; Form IVA, £4 17s. 8d.;

Form IIIB, £1 4s. 0d. and several feet of pennies.

The collections for the Nursery School were increased in a most welcome fashion by the proceeds of IVA's ingenious Egg Competition and Show. IVA also took eggs to the School at the end of the Easter Term. A Christmas party was given, in which IIIB helped.

NORTHERN COUNTIES ORPHANAGE.

Form IV Alpha, £3 6s. 0d.

In the Autumn and Spring Terms money was sent to the Orphanage. In the Summer Term part of the money was spent, at the suggestion of the Matron, on skipping ropes for the junior girls. Fifteen members of the Form attended the Annual Meeting, and after seeing over the building watched an excellent display of swimming in the Orphanage Bath.

ST. OSWALD'S HOME, CULLERCOATS.

Forms IVB and Beta, £3 13s. 6½d.

In the Autumn Term IVB and Beta sent fireworks for the "Fifth" and a Christmas hamper. Several went to the display, some brought gifts to be sent to the Home, and some brought wool for a cripple child in the slums to knit a blanket. In the Spring and Summer Terms money was sent to the Home.

DAME MARGARET'S HOME, WASHINGTON.

Form IIIA, £2 3s. 2d.

Gramophone records were bought in the Autumn Term, and in Spring money and Easter eggs were sent. In Summer the Form visited Dame Margaret's and met the friends with whom they had been corresponding. On July 16th Dame Margaret's came to see us. Both visits were much enjoyed and followed the same procedure—reception, tea, conducted tours over the buildings, games, much noise. Most of the money collected in Spring and Summer was used to pay for the 'bus which carried Dame Margaret's girls to and from our party.

IIIA would like to thank Mrs. Mattison and the kitchen staff for helping with the tea and clearing up afterwards so that they could all go straight out to play.

FLEMING MEMORIAL HOSPITAL.

Junior School, £3 18s. 3½d.

The Junior School has collected both money and silver paper for the Hospital. Remove sent gifts on "Pound Day," and all the Junior Forms, from II to K.G., took or sent books and toys at Christmas and eggs at Easter.

R.S.P.C.A.—ANIMAL DISPENSARY.

Form II, £6 7s. 9d.

At the beginning of the year two groups of children visited the Dispensary and all took gifts of money. Again in the Summer Term many of the Form spent an evening there. During this term an ambitious Sweet Sale raised £4 3s. 0d. for the fund.

ARMISTICE DAY COLLECTION.

The sale of Flanders poppies in School this year realised £15 6s. 1d.

CATHEDRAL PILGRIMAGE FOR THE UNEMPLOYED.

The School was represented by Staff and girls at the Cathedral Service, and £9 7s. 0d. was raised for the fund by the sale of Pilgrim badges in School.

THE DIOCESAN FUND.

£1 17s. 0d. was contributed in response to the Bishop's appeal for a self-denial week collection.

CODEx SINAITICUS.

£3 6s. 0d. was sent by the School to the fund for purchasing the Bible manuscript.

HOUSE NOTES.



THE NEATNESS INSPECTION.

M. HASTINGS.

OFFICIALS.

	Blue.	Orange.	Red.	White.
Captains	...S. Hails	J. Bryant	H. Burns (Aut. and Spring Terms)	M. Teasdale
			J. Turner Brown	
Vice-Captains	J. Robson	S. Grey	J. Turner Brown (Aut. and Spring Terms)	M. Kerr
			H. Burns	
Sen. Hockey	...J. Robson	J. Bryant	B. Tinsley	M. Teasdale
Sen. Netball	...J. Robson	E. Mitchell	B. Tinsley	M. Teasdale
Sen. Tennis	...J. Robson	J. Bryant	B. Tinsley	M. Kerr
Sen. Rounders	J. Robson	J. Bryant	E. Baird	M. Teasdale
Lacrosse	...J. Robson	J. Bryant	D. Spence	M. Teasdale
Sports	...J. Robson	J. Bryant	B. Tinsley	M. Teasdale
Swimming	...J. Oliver	S. Grey	E. Baird	M. Kerr
Music	...B. Booth	B. Rennell	I. Martin	E. Blair
		(Summer Term)		
		J. Bryant		
Art	...S. Hails	S. Grey	H. Burns	A. Nisbet

OFFICIALS—continued.

	Blue.	Orange.	Red.	White.
Hd. Gardener	B. Booth	S. Grey	H. Burns	M. Kerr
Jun. Hockey	J. Thorp	Mgt. Teasdale	E. Baird	B. Calderwood
Jun. Netball	...J. Thorp	P. Markham	B. Tinsley	B. Calderwood
Jun. Tennis	...J. Thorp	Mgt. Teasdale	B. Tinsley	B. Calderwood
Jun. Rounders	J. Thorp	Mgt. Grey	E. Baird	B. Calderwood

CUPS.**AUTUMN TERM.**

✓ Senior Swimming Championship	...	White House (M. Kerr)	
✓ House Swimming Shield	...	"	"
✓ Senior Report Trophy (shared with Blue)	...	"	"
✓ Junior Report Cup	...	"	"
✓ Neatness Cup	...	"	"
✓ Spelling Cup	...	"	"
✓ Honours Cup...	...	"	"
✓ Senior Report Trophy (shared with White)	...	Blue	"
✓ Art Shield	...	Orange	"
✓ Junior Swimming Championship	...	Red	" (E. Baird)

SPRING TERM.

✓ Senior Report Trophy	...	White House	
✓ Junior Report Cup	...	"	"
✓ Junior Netball Cup	...	"	"
✓ Gardening Cup (shared with Red)	...	"	"
✓ Junior Hockey Cup (shared with Orange)	...	White	"
✓ Senior Netball Cup	...	Orange	"
✓ Junior Hockey Cup (shared with White)	...	"	"
✓ Senior Hockey Cup	...	Red	"
✓ Gardening Cup (shared with White)	...	"	"
✓ Honours Cup...	...	Blue	"
✓ Neatness Cup...	...	"	"

SUMMER TERM.

✓ Junior Sports Championship	...	Orange House (Mgt. Grey)	
✓ Senior Report Trophy	...	"	"
✓ Music Shield	...	"	"
✓ Senior Rounders	...	"	"
✓ Junior Rounders	...	"	"
✓ Senior Tennis...	...	"	"
✓ Senior Tennis Championship (Runner-up)	...	"	" (B. Mitchell)
✓ Marching Cup	...	"	"
✓ Sports Cup	...	Blue	"
✓ Senior Sports Championship	...	"	" (J. Robson)
✓ Senior Tennis Championship	...	"	" (J. Robson)
✓ Tankerville Sports Championship	...	"	" (W. Wardill)
✓ Athlete's Cup...	...	"	" (J. Robson)
✓ Senior Gymnastic Cup (since 1931)	...	"	" (J. Robson)
✓ Gardening Cup	...	"	"
✓ Neatness Cup...	...	"	"
✓ Junior Tennis Cup	...	White	"
✓ Junior Tennis Championship	...	"	" (R. Cumberlege)
✓ Junior Report Cup	...	"	"
✓ Spelling Cup	...	"	"
✓ Music Sight Reading Cup	...	"	"
✓ Junior Gymnastic Cup	...	"	" (U. Brown)
✓ Honours Cup	...	Red	"
✓ Junior Marching Cup	...	Form II	

BLUE HOUSE.

Blue House does not suffer from lack of ability but from a general lack of keenness, except for one or two outstanding people.

As usual, in the matter of reports, we excelled only in the number we succeeded in gathering, although in the Autumn Term we managed to share the Trophy with Orange House. It is wiser to draw a veil over the next two terms. Even the Juniors in Tankerville House succumbed. The neatness of the House has been good. It is sad that our conduct should fall so far below our appearance.

In the Autumn Term we lost the Swimming House Championship and both the Senior and Junior Championships. We won the Senior Team Race and came in second in the Junior.

The Honours Cup, which we won in the Spring Term, was lost in the Summer Term, and we were unsuccessful in the House Hockey and Netball matches.

The Summer Term was our most successful term. On Sports Day we shone as Champion House, while Jean Robson was Senior, and Walter Wardill, Tankerville Sports Champion. Jean Robson also won the Athlete and Gym. Cups. Her departure will be a great loss to the House next year. The unlimited energy of Brenda Booth, the only member of the House who seemed to be interested in the House garden, brought us the Gardening Cup. In the Marching Competition we were runners-up.

The failure to win a cup would be quite unimportant if only the House would get over its most disheartening lack of enthusiasm and keenness.

S. HAILS.

ORANGE HOUSE.

Orange House has had a most successful year. Most of our successes have been in sport, excepting the Report Trophy and the Music Shield, which we won in the Summer Term.

I hope that in the coming year our School work will be as good as our sport.

J. BRYANT.

RED HOUSE.

Red House is still waiting to grow up and gain confidence, but for all that we have put up a good fight on several occasions this year.

Our Netball was a disgrace. We must have more players in future, and more enthusiasm ; but we showed the School what we were made of in Hockey by winning the Senior Hockey Cup after a fierce fight. The Juniors, too, played up well.

In Swimming, Red House did well. Eileen Baird deserves special mention for her successes throughout the year.

The Tennis Cup was not won, but Red House made a good fight for it.

In Rounders the House needs much more practice to gain confidence.

At the Sports, however, Red House made a sturdy effort, though K. Dunn's departure was a loss here, as in the Music competitions.

In the Marching Competition the House was unfortunate in not possessing one really capable instructress, but the position might have been improved had the Seniors been less slack in coming to practices.

The House has many promising artists, and we hope soon to see the Art Shield on our bracket. Our garden, too, maintained a good standard throughout the year: we wish to thank all who have helped with the garden, and we hope that future gardeners will regain the Cup.

Both Seniors and Juniors have been extremely slack in getting reports. We had the Trophy only twice last term—for which two or three culprits were particularly responsible. The House is not slack as a whole, and it need not seem to be so if it will show more team spirit, more determination to win, and give the other Houses a better fight for their gains. These things should come with a clean sheet to start on. And we did have the Honours Cup.

Good luck for next year!

H. BURNS, J. TURNER BROWN.

WHITE HOUSE.

White House has had quite a successful year. The Seniors began well by winning the Swimming Shield and Senior Swimming Championship. The Juniors won both the Tennis Cup and the Tennis Championship and drew with Orange in the final of the Hockey matches. They are all to be congratulated on their excellent work.

The House spelling is improving rapidly, and we should produce some very good results in the future.

White House was second by half a mark in the Music Shield, and we should like to congratulate the Music Captain on winning the Sight Reading Cup.

Lack of House gardeners has been very noticeable, all the work being left to individual people, who had quite enough to do.

The only failure in the whole year was the increase in the number of reports, both neatness and ordinary, and we feel that we ought to take an example from our Juniors, who brought us the Cup regularly every week.

I wish White House the very best of luck in the coming year.

M. TEASDALE.

HOCKEY, 1933—1934.

FIXTURES.

Autumn Term.

Oct.	19—Sunderland	A	...	drawn	2 all.
Nov.	2—St. Margaret's	H	scratched.
„	3—Central	A	„
„	11—Whitley and Monkseaton	A	„
„	16—Old Girls...	H	„
Dec.	2—Heaton	A	„
„	18—Old Girls...	won	4 — 3	

Easter Term.

Jan.	27—Whitley and Monkseaton	A	...	lost	6 — 1
Feb.	10—Central	H	...	1st lost	2 — 1
					2nd won	...	6 — 0
Mar.	3—Rutherford	H	...	won	2 — 1
„	8—Tynemouth	A	scratched.
„	15—St. Margaret's	A	„

HOUSE MATCHES.

SENIOR.

White	}	White 5-1	}	Red 3-1
Orange	}		}	
Red	}	draw, 3 all.	}	
Blue	}	re-play, Red 2-1	}	

JUNIORS.

White	}	White 6-2	}	draw, 1 all.
Blue	}		}	draw, no goals.
Orange	}	Orange 2-1	}	
Red	}		}	

TEAMS.

		1st XI.		2nd XI.
R. wing	...	*B. Heslop	...	M. Kerr
R. inner	...	*J. Robson	...	D. Gough
C. forward	...	*K. Baird		
		A. Forster		
		(Aut. Term)		J. Thorp
L. inner	...	*V. Gough	...	C. Fenning
L. wing	...	D. Hudson	...	B. Bell
R. half	...	*M. Teasdale	...	J. Thorp
C. half	...	*E. Baird	...	M. McEwan
L. half	...	*J. Bryant	...	S. Grey
R. back	...	*B. Tinsley	...	M. Teasdale
L. back	...	B. Lough	...	G. Tarver
Goal	...	*E. Mitchell...	...	J. Reay

* Colours.

CRITICISM OF THE TEAM.

- E. Mitchell—Has made a reliable goal. Good footwork, but should clear a little more quickly.
- B. Tinsley—Has improved very much during the season. Backs up well and plays a steady, reliable game. Needs, if anything, to be quicker on to the ball.
- B. Lough—Needs to be more careful in marking and recovering, but has combined well and improved during the season.
- M. Teasdale—Understood her position better by the end of the season, but should play less strenuously. Backs up well, but is inclined to get rid of the ball carelessly.
- E. Baird—A good, neat player. Should be really first class when she learns to keep her own position.
- J. Bryant—Stick work and intercepting good, but slow in recovering.
- B. Heslop—Makes a speedy wing, but must keep out more. Tackles back well and is an asset to the forward line.
- J. Robson—Good in combining with the wing and in stickwork, but sometimes disappointing in the circle. Inclined to waste time in dribbling when a good strong shot is necessary.
- K. Baird—Has improved during the season, especially in the circle. She would gain in style, and find results more effective, if she held her stick higher.
- V. Gough—Useful member of the forward line whose play has improved a great deal. Has a good wing pass, but should be more effective in the circle.
- D. Hudson—Quite fast, but needs to centre more quickly and keep further out. Has tried hard in a difficult position.

The Hockey season this year suffered a great deal from the weather, as six matches out of the eleven fixtures had to be cancelled. Of those which remained we won two, lost two, and drew one, so that although we cannot show a balance on the credit side there was no actual deficit. Our greatest victory was over the Old Girls, whom we managed to defeat after an exciting game, the score being 4-3 in our favour. The standard of play improved during the season, especially among the defence, whose ideas on covering and combination were considerably clearer at the end of play. We were sorry to lose our Captain and several good members of the team, but hope that next season more talent will be forthcoming to take their places.

JUNIOR COUNTY.

E. Baird, as centre-half, and B. Heslop, as right wing, were selected to play for the Junior County Team, with J. Bryant as reserve.

M. FORD.
K. THOMPSON.
J. ROBSON (Captain).

NETBALL.

We have had a successful Netball season this year. Once again we managed to win the County Tournament, beating Fenham Convent in the final after having lost to them earlier in the season. Sunderland was the only other team which beat us. They won by one goal after a hard struggle.

Our second team was beaten only once—by the Old Girls.

The House matches were played between heavy showers, which made playing very difficult, but Orange House finally won the Senior Cup and White House the Junior.

We wish to thank Miss Dickinson for her untiring patience in coaching the teams, and Miss Bennett for her help at matches.

J. ROBSON (Capt.).

COUNTY NETBALL TOURNAMENT.

ROUND I.		ROUND II.		ROUND III.		FINAL.
N. H. S. I	N. H. S. I	N. H. S. I	N. H. S. I	N. H. S. I	N. H. S. I 19-7	N. H. S. I 11-8
Lemington I	13-3	Central N. H. S.	11-10			
N. H. S. II	N. H. S. II	Rutherford II	Rutherford II	Rutherford II		
Lemington I	8-6	N. H. S. II	6-5			
		Wallsend I	Rutherford I	Fenham 9-8		
		Rutherford I	6-2			
		Fenham	Fenham			
		Wallsend II	8-1			

HOUSE MATCHES.

SENIORS.

	Blue.	Orange.	Red.	White.	Total.
Blue ...	—	5	10	7	22
Orange ...	13	—	9	8	30
Red ...	1	3	—	3	7
White ...	3	6	12	—	21

Winners of Senior Cup—Orange.

JUNIORS.

	Blue.	Orange.	Red.	White.	Total.
Blue ...	—	3	2	1	6
Orange ...	3	—	0	2	5
Red ...	3	3	—	2	8
White ...	8	10	5	—	23

Winners of Junior Cup—White.

JUNIOR SCHOOL.

Blue.	Orange.	*Red.	*White.
27	25	2	0

Junior School winners—Blue.
 * Played with substitutes.

NETBALL MATCHES.

Against.	1st VII.	2nd VII.
Fenham ...	lost 16-18 ...	won 21-13
Sunderland ...	lost 21-22 ...	won 14-9
Fenham ...	won 29-16 ...	won 18-16
Old Girls ...	won 20-5 ...	lost 13-6
Jesmond Elementary Junior, lost 22-7

NETBALL TEAMS.

1st VII.	2nd VII.
B. Booth* ...	Shooter ... B. Tinsley
E. Mitchell* ...	Attack ... E. Thompson
D. Gough† ...	Centre Attack ... B. Calderwood
J. Robson* ...	Centre ... V. Gough
B. Heslop ...	Centre Defence ... S. LePen
Mu. Teasdale† ...	Defence ... Mgt. Teasdale
A. Forster ...	Goal ... J. Gill
Mgt. Teasdale† ...	D. Bell
* Colours.	† New Colours.

LACROSSE.

Interest in Lacrosse this season has been limited to such a small number of girls that it has not always been possible to get full practices. Those who have played have shewn remarkable keenness and anxiety to improve, and some of them, given the opportunity, should make good players. We are, however, hoping great things from the change of programme in the School's winter games, whereby Lacrosse becomes the only field game for the Lent Term. With an increased number of players to draw from we should be able to produce a team more satisfactorily representative of a large school.

Our only matches this season have been with the Duchess' School, Alnwick, and although we managed in the return match to reduce considerably the extent of our defeat, we hope to be able to meet them more on their own level in the future.

D. COHEN, J. BRYANT (Capt.).

ROUNDERS.

FIXTURES.

May	12—Morpeth	A	...	1st	...	won	6-2½
							2nd	...	won	10-5
„	17—Tynemouth	A	...	1st	...	won	11½-4½
							2nd	...	won	6-½
„	26—Heaton	H	...	1st	...	won	10½-9
							2nd	...	lost	14-3
June	16—Sunderland	A	...	1st	...	won	16-10
							Jnr.	...	won	17-14½
July	20—Central	A	...	1st	...	won	5½-4
„	21—Durham	A	...	Jnr.	...	lost	11½-3½
„	24—Central	A	...	Jnr.	...	lost	4½-1

HOUSE MATCHES.

SENIOR.

Orange	}	Orange 16-8½	}	Orange 4-3½
White				
Blue		Blue 9-3		
Red				

JUNIORS.

Orange	}	Orange 11-8	}	Orange 11½-5½
Blue				
White		White 12-0		
Red				

TEAMS.

		1st.		2nd.
1st Post	...	*J. Robson	...	V. Gough
2nd „	...	*D. Gough	...	S. le Pen
3rd „	...	*Mu. Teasdale	...	J. Thorp
4th „	...	*M. Kerr	...	C. Fenning
Deep	...	J. Reay	...	P. Markham
		*B. Heslop	...	A. Wardill
		J. Grieve	...	M. Smillie
Backstop	...	*E. Mitchell...	...	B. Calderwood
			...	E. Baird
Bowler	...	M. Teasdale	...	J. Bevan

* Colours.

CRITICISM OF TEAM.

- J. Robson—Good, quick player. Fielding and throwing excellent.
 D. Gough—Reliable play with occasional very good batting.
 M. Teasdale—Made a good third post, but batting disappointing.
 M. Kerr—Quick and neat. Made a very good fourth post.
 B. Heslop—Made an excellent deep. A great asset to the batting side.
 J. Reay—Fielding very good. Very good throw in, and a valiant batter.
 J. Grieve—Batting occasionally good, but inclined to be slow in tossing in.
 E. Mitchell—A very good backstop and a reliable bat.
 Mgt. Teasdale—A good bowler, but must be more careful about foot faulting.
 Batting sometimes very good.

The Rounders Team this year was fortunate in having several very strong batters, which enabled us to come out fairly successfully in our matches. We played eleven matches, and of those won eight, which is a good average. The fielding was quick and good, the only fault being a tendency to overlook the possibility of getting more than one person out with the same ball. Towards the end of the season we experimented with the new metal base in place of the old cumbersome post, and it was, most of us thought, a definite improvement. It certainly puts the batsmen on their mettle, and as time goes on the fielders will become more accustomed to it and move with more freedom. The House Matches provided some excellent entertainment for spectators and were well supported.

K. THOMPSON, J. ROBSON (Capt.).

TENNIS.

MATCH RESULTS.

Date.	Opponents.	Venue.	Result.
May 24	Old Girls (3 couples)	H ...	lost 45-95
„ 26	Duchess' School, Alnwick (1st Rd. League) ...	A ...	won 42-27
„ 29	Tynemouth High School	H ...	won 48-11
June 9	Duchess' School (3 couples)	H ...	won 74-25
„ 16	Sunderland High School (2nd Rd. League) ...	A ...	won 43-25
July 17	Rutherford College	H ...	won 48-19

HOUSE CUPS.

PLAYED AS AN AMERICAN TOURNAMENT.

SENIOR.

1st	Orange	... 48
2nd	White	... 45
3rd	Blue	... 38
4th	Red	... 37

JUNIOR.

1st	White	... 68
2nd	Blue	... 47
3rd	Orange	... 31
4th	Red	... 22

HIGH SCHOOLS SHIELD TOURNAMENT ON JULY 21st.

The Tournament was played on the Sunderland High School ground, with the following result :—

1. Newcastle Church High School	88 games.
2. Central Newcastle High School	71 games.
3. Durham High School	56 games.
4. Sunderland High School	49 games.

We are grateful to Miss Ironside for her kind arrangements and would like to thank her for a most enjoyable day.

NORTHUMBERLAND AND DURHAM SECONDARY SCHOOLS TENNIS LEAGUE.

Through the kindness of Mr. Fyffe we were again allowed to play the final of the League on the County Ground, Osborne Road. The match could not be finished on July 18th owing to a heavy thunderstorm, and was therefore re-played on July 25th. Our team beat the Central Newcastle High School team by 48 games to 21.

SENIOR CHAMPIONSHIP.

J. Robson beat E. Mitchell 6-2, 4-6, 7-5.

JUNIOR CHAMPIONSHIP.

R. Cumberlege beat B. Calderwood 6-2, 6-3.

SCHOOL TEAM.

1st Couple.	2nd Couple.
J. Bryant	J. Robson
M. Kerr	E. Mitchell

There was only one second team match this season—against Durham High School 1st team—which was stopped by rain. The following team played :—

1st Couple.	2nd Couple.
Margaret Teasdale	Buntly Barr
Joan Thorp	Moir. Maughan

It has not been possible to arrange any matches for the Juniors, and so no Junior Team was chosen this year.

J. Bryant (Captain)—Very reliable and helpful both as Captain and as a partner. "Court-craft" much improved.

M. Kerr—Play has been erratic; very good in the last match. Position on the court needs care, especially for volleying.

J. Robson (Senior Champion, Colours, and School girdle)—Plays a very steady game; good at the base-line. Needs to practice hard hitting and net play.

E. Mitchell (Colours and School girdle)—Confident and untiring in a match. Hits hard. Net play often very good. Needs to get a "long ball" more often.

We have again had a most successful season, and the School is proud to be holding both Shields for another year. It is unfortunate that B. Tinsley has not been able to play for the School at all owing to her accident. We thank her for her help in other ways. The two new members of the team, J. Robson and E. Mitchell have been very reliable and have played well all the season.

I hope that as many girls as possible will practise during the winter—remember that we usually find a new "star" in the winter and spring terms!

There is one fault which must be mentioned and which I hope will be remedied next year. A great many girls have been extremely careless about the balls they have used after school, and on more than one occasion balls have been left on the courts overnight. Those who use the courts in the evenings should try to show their appreciation by taking care of the balls.

In conclusion we should like to thank Archer for looking after the courts so well for us, and Mrs. Mattison and her kitchen staff for their help every time there has been a "tennis tea."

K. BRITTON.

September.

We congratulate Joyce Bryant and Marian Kerr on winning the Girls' Doubles in the Junior County Tournament, Elizabeth Mitchell and her partner on reaching the semi-final, and also Rhoda Cumberlege, who reached the final of the Singles in both the Alnmouth and Junior County Tournaments.

K. B.

SWIMMING.

A. GREY, VB Mod.

The year's work in Swimming may be described as satisfactory, if in no way spectacular. The standard is increasingly high, and we appear to be rising to it.

On Thursday, May 31st, our team beat Armstrong College by three-quarters of a length, and on June 14th we swam against Heaton Secondary School. Our first team won by a yard, the second team was beaten by half a length.

The School sports were held on October 12th, 1933, in the Grammar School baths. They were immensely enjoyable, and the results were as follows :—

Senior Race—2 lengths	...	1	M. Kerr	Blue
		2	D. Spence	Red
		3	A. Barr	Orange
Intermediate Race—1 length		1	E. Baird	Red
		2	J. Bowran	Blue
		3	V. Gough	Orange
Junior Length	...	1	C. Curtis	Blue
		2	P. Markham	Orange
		3	A. Wardill	Orange
Junior Breadth	...	1	L. Smith	Blue
		2	W. McGregor	White
		3	M. Clark	Red
Senior Handicap	...	1	I. Babbs	White
		2	A. Barr	Orange
		3	M. Muir	Blue
Junior Handicap	...	1	D. Laws	White
		2	H. Noble	Red
		3	M. Smillie	White
Senior Obstacle	...	1	M. Kerr	White
			(S. Brown	White
		3	H. Burns	Red
Junior Obstacle	...	1	E. Baird	Red
		2	P. Markham	Orange
		3	C. Curtis	Blue
Senior Diving	...	1	M. Mackenzie	White
		2	J. Robson	Blue
		3	A. Hay	Orange
Junior Diving	...	1	E. Baird	Red
		2	C. Curtis	Blue
		3	A. Wardill	Orange
Senior Team	1	Blue	
		2	Orange	
		3	Red	
Junior Team	1	White	
		2	Blue	
		3	Orange	

These results made White the Champion House with 38 points, while Red became the Junior Champion House. The Senior individual Champion was Marian Kerr (White) and Eileen Baird (Red) was the Junior individual Champion.

The Inter-Schools Swimming Gala took place on Monday, July 23rd, at the Chillingham Road Baths. The competition was extremely keen and the standard of swimming excellent. For the first time outside judges were present, who congratulated the schools on their racing, but not on their style.

In the Senior Two-length race, won by Heaton (with a county swimmer), Eileen Baird gained second and Joan Oliver third place.

The Intermediate race was brilliantly won by Carol Curtis in the record time of 14 seconds. In this race A. Wardill, M. Smillie, B. Cresswell and B. Whitaker did well.

Sylvia Spence did well in the Beginners' race.

The Team race was a breath-taking affair, which Heaton won by a touch. Our team was B. Heslop, J. Bowran, E. Baird and C. Curtis.

During the summer holidays C. Curtis became the School Girls' Champion of Newcastle, and Pat Markham runner-up.

Our weakest points appear to be our style and our diving.

M. E. WEEDON.

SPORTS, WEDNESDAY, MAY 23rd.

Heats were held on Wednesday morning, May 9th (Junior School), Ascension Day, after church (Middle School), and on Friday afternoon, May 11th (Senior School).

On Sports Day the weather was kind until the end, when the Old Girls' and Staff races had to be abandoned for rain. The best feats were performed by Suzette le Pen, B. (Senior), who beat the record for the 100 yards, taking 12 seconds; Margaret Bellis, B. (Middle), who took 12½ seconds; Jean Robson, B. (Senior), who threw a rounders ball 58 yards; and Rosemary Goddard (Middle, under 12 years) who threw a rounders ball 43 yards. The Champions—see below—and Blue House are also to be congratulated. The Parents' race was a sad reflection on the mothers, considering that the task was turning pancakes, because fathers took 1st, 2nd and 3rd places.

Miss Stuart's tea arrangements were fully appreciated by a very large crowd, and we would thank her and all other helpers.

N.B.—In scoring, the Aim Chart results were added to the House totals.

RESULTS.

House Championship	1	Blue	182½ points.
	2	Orange	142 „
	3	White	113½ „
	4	Red	94 „
Senior Champion	...	Jean Robson, B.	18½ points.
Middle School Champion	...	Margaret Grey, O.	19½ „
Junior School Champion	...	Walter Wardill, B.	6¼ „

SENIOR SCHOOL.

		1st.		2nd.
220 yards	...	J. Robson, B....	...	D. Gough, W.
100 yards	...	S. le Pen, B.	B. Lough, B.
High Jump	...	J. Reay, W.	J. Robson, B.
			...	{ B. Heslop, O.
Ball Throwing	...	J. Robson, B.	...	B. Heslop, O.
Hurdles	...	J. Reay, W.	B. Heslop, O.

SENIOR SCHOOL—*continued.*

Hop, Step and Jump	B. Lough, B. H. Bailey, W. J. Reay, W.	
Sack	B. Booth, B.	Muriel Teasdale, W.
Obstacle	B. Booth, B.	B. Lough, B.
Egg and Spoon	V. Gough, O.	S. le Pen, B.
Slow Bicycle	C. Fenning, R.	A. Gillespie, R.
Relay	Blue	White
Treasure Hunt	White	Red

MIDDLE SCHOOL.

	1st.	2nd.
220 yards	Mgt. Grey, O.	C. Curtis, B.
100 yards	M. Bellis, B.	D. Laws, W.
High Jump	P. Markham, O.	Mgt. Grey, O.
Ball Throwing	R. Goddard, B.	C. Curtis, B.
Hurdles	Mgt. Grey, O.	L. Heslop, R.
Hop, Step and Jump	M. Bellis, B.	M. Whitaker, B.
Sack	C. Curtis, B.	A. Wardill, O.
Obstacle	Mgt. Grey, O.	B. Whitaker, W.
Egg and Spoon	M. Bellis, B.	A. Cheyne, B.
Slow Bicycle	Y. Temperley, B.	H. Francis, R.
Relay	Orange	Blue
Third Form Race	Y. Heads, R.	M. McClintock, W.

JUNIOR SCHOOL.

Over 8—	1st.	2nd.
Running	M. Charlier, O.	S. Hepple, R.
Egg and Spoon	K. Baty, B.	B. Buist, R.
Potato... ..	B. Cheyne, O.	J. Bell, O.
Hoop	E. Harbottle, O.	C. Mennie, B.
Relay	{ Orange White	
Under 8—	1st.	2nd.
Running	W. Wardill, B.	D. Gilmour, O.
Egg and Spoon	J. Goudy, R.	W. Wardill, B.
Potato... ..	C. Thompson, R.	P. Hobart, R.
Hoop	D. Gilmour, O.	B. Neill, W.
Relay	Red	White
Under 6—	1st.	2nd.
Running	M. Hartshorne, B.	Alan Adler, R.
Bean Bag Throwing (Boys)	W. Wardill, B.	R. Tasker, O.

OTHER RACES.

Little Visitors' 1	N. Charlier	P. George
" " 2	I. Nelson	V. Dickinson
Parents' Pancake Turning	Mr. Bellis	Mr. Calderwood
Old Girls	Not competed for rain.	
Staff	" " "	

M. FORD.

ATHLETIC AIMS.

We again had the chance of testing our athletic ability as last year. Out of 18 tests Orange House averaged 5·9 per person, Blue averaged 5, White 4·4, and Red 4.

Forms averaged ...	1st	Upper IVA	6·58 tests per person.
	2nd	VB Cl. IVB	6·53 " "
	4th	IV Beta	6·29 " "
	5th	IVA	6·18 " "
	6th	VA	5·42 " "
	7th	VI	5·33 " "
	8th	VB Mod.	3·46 " "
	9th	IIIA	3·31 " "
	10th	IV Lwr. Alpha IIIB	2·46 " "

The best individuals were Jean Robson, B., Muriel Teasdale, W., Betty Heslop, O., and Joyce Reay, W., who passed all 18 tests, and Elizabeth Mitchell, O., who passed 17.

Colours have been awarded during the year in

Gymnastics.	Athlete.
to Ursula Brown	to Delphine Gough
Joyce Bryant	Vera Gough
Joan Fawcett	Marian Kerr
Vera Gough	Elizabeth Mitchell
Oona Hall	Joyce Reay
Marian Kerr	Muriel Teasdale
Betty Lough	

Best All-round Athlete's Cup—Jean Robson, B.

Deportment, to—

Marjorie Abel	Jean Fowler	Monica McClintock
Vera Anderson	Beryl Gibbs	Margaret McEwan
Gladys Birk	Pauline Glover	Avis Paterson
Myfanwy Bell	Marie Goldsbrough	Jean Patterson
Dorothy Booth	Delphine Gough	Grace Pearlman
Joan Brown	Angela Gray	Valerie Pennington
Betty Cheyne	Betty Harrison	Mary Preston
Cecily Clucas	Yvonne Heads	Joyce Rothfield
Mary Cole	Betty Isaac	Pamela Scaife
Joyce Cole	Mary Jackson	Pamela Secretan
Mercia Coote	Moirra Johnson	Brenda Stafford
Hilda Crowe	Margaret Mau	Margaret Thompson
Joan Dickinson	Evelyn Mordue	Dulcie Thursfield
Betty Elphick		Sonia Tinn

GUIDE NOTES.

10th NEWCASTLE COMPANY.

Captains : Miss Jordan (Autumn Term), Miss Lunn (Spring and Summer Terms).

Lieutenants : Miss Lunn (Autumn Term), Miss J. Woll and S. Grey (Spring and Summer Terms).

Patrol Leaders : *Bantam*, Joan Mearns ; *Robin*, J. Bellis ; *Shamrock*, M. Bellis ; *Scarlet Pimpernel*, B. Whitaker ; *White Heather*, M. Kerr.

The 10th Newcastle Guide Company has had an enjoyable year, although it has not been notable for badge winning.

We were very sorry to lose our Captain, Miss Jordon, at Xmas, and we thank her for all she did for us.

In December we held a party for some Post Guides and Rangers. We hope they enjoyed themselves as much as we did.

We spent Race Week camping at Hartburn, and we take this opportunity of thanking Mr. and Mrs. Robson, whose hospitality we were enjoying and who were extremely kind to us ; Miss Brewis (our cook) for her unending work and for "Kuk's Reports" ; Miss Grey, who doctored us very successfully ; and all the other Officers and Guides who helped to make the camp a success.

I. LUNN (Captain).

10th NEWCASTLE BROWNIES.

Our Brownie meetings this year have been happy and successful, and good progress has been made by most members of the Pack.

During the Autumn Term, 1933, the 8th and 10th Packs worked separately, but in January it was thought advisable to amalgamate the 8th Pack with the 10th, as Miss Thompson, Brown Owl of the 8th Pack, was required to take games in the Senior School.

A large number of Golden Bars has been gained during the year, and several Brownies have nearly completed the test for the Golden Hand ; two of these badges have actually been awarded.

Our Christmas Party was very exciting. We held our Pow-Wow and Brownie Feast by candle-light, while the Owl looked gravely down at us from his perch on the toadstool. During this party we collected toys and books, which were greatly appreciated by a poor Brownie Pack.

In the Summer Term we went for a Brownie Picnic to Ovingham, where we met Mrs. Wade, who took us to her house and gave us a delightful time in her garden. We should like to thank her once more for her kindness and tell her it was one of the jolliest picnics we have had.

During the Autumn Term the Brownie Cup was competed for by both the Packs and was won by the Gnomes six of the 8th Pack. After the Packs were amalgamated the competition was held between the sixes of the Pack. In the Spring Term the cup was won by the Pixies, and in the Summer Term by the Elves.

D. JORDON (Brown Owl).

OLD GIRLS' CLUB.

THE OLD GIRLS' DINNER.

The Old Girls' Dinner has passed from the experimental stage to that of established tradition ; every year there are more newcomers, and every year more and more people regard it as an essential social occasion—a date to be kept free however deeply one is involved in the before-Christmas rush. This is very pleasant, but the growing numbers and the higher standards which must accompany progress have made the task of the Committee, and especially of the Secretary, increasingly difficult, and it was decided this year to try a change of scene. Accordingly, on December 18th, we assembled in the rather unfamiliar surroundings of the Royal Station Hotel. That it was a wise move I think everyone will agree ; there was more room everywhere, and in the very attractive dining room the food was better and the service more efficient.

There has for too long been an idea that one did not attend the dinner for two or three years after leaving School, but one of the noticeable things this year was the large number of very new Old Girls, and we hope this will continue. The guest of the evening was to have been Major Grey. Unfortunately, he was ill and unable to come, though we were very glad to see Mrs. Grey. Jessie Dunlop proposed his health in a witty and delightful speech, stressing the work Major Grey has done for the School, especially in regard to the purchase and upkeep of the playing field. Dorinda Patterson seconded the proposal, to which Mrs. Grey replied by reading an amusing letter from Major Grey, in which he told us of his own school-days. The toast of " Miss Gurney, the Staff and the School " was proposed by Grace Hanson, who described how a telegram from Miss Cooke, read by the light of a candle in the early hours of the morning, had induced her to make the speech. (Jessie Dunlop had also referred somewhat caustically to Miss Cooke's persuasive powers ; the task of collecting speech-makers is a thankless one). Margery Walker seconded the proposal, speaking of School in the early days of the war, and Miss Gurney replied in an all-too-short speech.

We then moved into the large reception room, and Doris Pickering (née Phillips), accompanied by Mrs. Phillips, sang to us. For the last three years this has been a very pleasant part of the programme ; may we hope that it also is becoming a tradition ? There followed a short one-act play. The play itself was not good enough to give scope to the actors, who, as we know, can act. In any case the organizers need never fear that our volubility would be exhausted if we had ten minutes longer to talk.

The dress parade which followed was a delight to everyone. Many of the dresses were really old, and others had been carefully copied, and our thanks are warmly given to those who lent historic dresses and to the organizers, whose care and thought showed in every detail of an artistic production. The wearers of the dresses were kind about stopping in their progress to allow people to look at them more closely. It is difficult to comment on individual dresses, but at my end of the room popular opinion favoured the charming simplicity of the Norman lady ; two beautiful early Tudor dresses which had an added interest, for one had been worn by Lady Hume when Margaret Tudor rested at Fast Castle on her way to marry James IV of Scotland, and the other by a lady-in-waiting ; and a lovely early eighteenth-century dress worn by Gladys Boot. Surprisingly, when the last Edwardian had departed, with feather and lace and jet, we found it was eleven o'clock. In the subsequent scurry in the cloakrooms the notes which were to have formed the basis of this account were lost, and I have been able to give only the impressions that remain in my mind after seven months. Other people will have remembered other things, but that it was one of the most successful dinners we have had I think we must all agree.

F. M.

" KEEP FIT " AND GYM. CLASS.

A new attraction last winter was a " Keep Fit " and Gym. Class at which Miss Ford kindly instructed, followed by Badminton.

About forty members attended. The class will be continued this winter on Monday evenings at 5 o'clock.

GOLF.

There was a very successful meeting at Gosforth Golf Club for the Holmes-White Cup, which was won by Joy Oliver. Grace Balfour and Honor Stephenson tied for second place. There was a record entry, and everyone was pleased that Miss Gurney came to play, and several members of Staff.

OLD GIRLS' DRAMATIC CLUB.

On February 8th and 9th the Old Girls' Dramatic Club presented their annual play. This year "Her Shop," by Philip and Aimée Stuart, was chosen.

Included in the cast were Connie McLaren, who filled a difficult role admirably, Kathleen Brewis, Grace Eskdale, Gladys Brewis, Nella Nicholson, Peggy Pimm, Susie Nicholson, Alan Anderson, Jack Wilkinson, Jack Graham and Tony Harbottle. We have to thank, besides the players, Gwynneth Robinson for prompting, Ian Wilkinson for stage-managing, and most of all Mr. Graham Barrow for so kindly producing.

As a result of the two nights' entertainment £20 14s. 4d. was collected, £11 4s. 4d. of which was handed over to Mrs. Harrison in aid of the Byker Emergency Open-Air Nursing Association.

C. GREY.

NEWS OF OLD GIRLS.

Ruth Nicholson, M.B., Ch.B., M.S., B.Hy., D.P.H., F.C.O.G., is now Lecturer in Clinical Obstetrics and Gynaecology at the University of Liverpool; Hon. Surgeon, Liverpool Maternity Hospital; Hon. Gynaecological Surgeon, Liverpool Stanley Hospital; Examiner to the Central Midwives Board. She gave the first Home Nursing lecture in School.

Miss Walpole has been appointed Headmistress of the Red Maids' School, Bristol, where there are about eighty boarders and the same number of day pupils. Her school celebrates the 300th anniversary of its foundation this year.

Mildred Gibbs is Sub-Warden of the Women's Hostel for St. John's College, Agra, under a native Indian as Warden.

Lesley Dove is married and living in London. As she has three children, all of school age, she very rarely comes to Newcastle in term-time, but hopes to be here for the Jubilee celebrations.

Phyllis Comrie has been appointed Head of St. Mary's School, Colchester.

Kathleen Sparke is Second Mistress at Sherborne.

Ursula Gillespie is at the Academy of Dramatic Art, in London.

Mabel Pollard (née Hackett) and her small daughter are back in England from South Africa for a holiday.

Kathleen McClellan (née Stell) is in China, teaching cookery to Chinese women. She has one child.

Dorothy Harrison is studying French in Switzerland.

Elsie Harrison has a post as Junior Clerk on the Office Staff at Armstrong College.

Ray Dickinson has finished her training at the Rachel Macmillan Nursery Training College.

Norah Schlegel is Secretary for Enquiries at the *Woman's Journal* office, Farringdon Street, London.

Moire Lindsay has finished her training for kindergarten work.

Kathleen Hughes has had a holiday post as governess to Lady Allendale's children.

Alice Rowland is teaching Domestic Science under the Felling Education Committee.

Natalie Holmes has her Durham Teaching Diploma, D.Th. P.T.

Angela Forster is at Mrs. Hoster's Secretarial College, in London.

Oline Andersen has a post with the Great Northern Telegraph Company, in Newcastle.

Dorothy Carr had a picture hung in this year's Royal Academy. The picture is a water-colour called "Sheep out of Grisedale."

Stella Booth has a post as Kindergarten Mistress at Loughborough High School.

Nancy Weddell has finished her training for N.F.U. Certificate.

Osa Marsh is lecturing and demonstrating for Messrs. Lever Bros

Joyce Humphrey has passed her B.Com., Durham.

Joan Kerr has passed her B.Sc., Durham.

Kathleen Dunn and Marion Harrison have passed 1st M.B., Durham.

Violet Hutchinson has a post in the County Accountant's office. She was second in the Pianoforte Accompanying Class in the North of England Tournament.

Honor Isherwood has passed her Higher Certificate and is going to the Liverpool Domestic Science College.

Dorothy Eltringham is teaching in Durham.

Honor Garrett is doing eight months' training at the Princess Louise Nurseries, in Edinburgh.

Vera Hudson is on the Staff of Lloyd's Bank, Collingwood Street, Newcastle.

Naomi Huthwaite has been appointed to the S.P.G., in London.

Mary Marks is Kindergarten Mistress at the Grange School, Sunderland.

Doris Tinn has passed her Durham B.A. with Second Class Honours in Mathematics and is now taking her Diploma in the Theory and Practice of Teaching.

Norah Bird has passed her Final B.A. of Durham University.

Olwen Harris, who was at Miss Kerr Saunders' Secretarial College, has a post with the publishing firm of Thornton Butterworth's, in the Strand.

Margaret Henderson has been working on a farm in order to complete her Reading University Diploma in Agriculture. She has her Rowing Colours for the University, and while there was active in raising a rowing eight and a rowing four which successfully challenged Bedford College, London, and some other colleges.

Hilda Booth is nursing at the Royal Victoria Infirmary.

Esther Hall has passed Second Year Honours English at Armstrong College.

Dorothy Hollingsworth has passed First Year Honours Chemistry at Armstrong College.

Irene Mallett has passed First Year Honours History at Armstrong College.

Nora Lunn has passed Intermediate B.Sc. at Armstrong College.

Eleanor Southern has passed Second Year Honours in Fine Art at King Edward VII School of Art, Armstrong College.

Jean Pearcey is working for an Arts Degree at Armstrong College.

Chris Harbottle, Muriel Taws, and Peggy Black are working for the examinations of the Chartered Society of Massage and Medical Gymnastics and Medical Electricity.

Noel Vernier has passed the final examination of the Chartered Society of Massage and Medical Gymnastics and Medical Electricity, was third in England in Biology and Physics, and won Mr. Gordon Urwin's prize for the best student of the year. She now has a post at the Cripples' Home, Gosforth.

Betty Teasdale is working on a poultry farm at Codicote, in Hertfordshire.

Eileen Hastings is in France for three months.

Rosemary Patterson is studying languages at the Berlitz School.

Joyce and Dorothea Amsden are both working in the Ministry of Pensions.

Peggy Pimm is an Associate of the Institute of Hospital Almoners. She is Secretary of the Proctor Memorial Home, Shotley Bridge, and of the Invalid Loan Society, Newcastle.

Betty James is still at school in Bristol, is a prefect, and is working for Higher School Certificate.

Angela Grey is Lady Cook at a new Preparatory School opened by Captain and Mrs. Foy at Fleet, in Hampshire.

Gwynneth Brown has passed the final examination at the Northern Counties' College of Domestic Science (Housekeepers' Course) with First Class Honours.

Gwynneth Robinson was selected from the Northern Counties for a demonstration post at Cadbury's works, but, being too young, is gaining experience in the Electrical Supply Company's showrooms in London.

Kathleen Nightingale (née Rogerson), who was a Senior Mistress under the Hong Kong Education Department from 1927-1932, is now living at Bickley, Kent.

Ailsa MacKellar has passed her second year B.Sc. of London University with Second Class Honours and with a First in Geology as her subsidiary subject. She is studying at the Imperial College of Science and Technology, and has a flat in Chiswick.

Jean MacKellar has passed her Fourth Year Examination for the medical degree of the University of Durham.

Jean Marden has passed Second Year Honours in Chemistry at Armstrong College.

Mary Armstrong is taking a Correspondence Course for B.A.

Barbara Girling is doing second year work in Mathematics at Armstrong.

Betty Sprague is taking a Fine Art Course at King Edward VII School of Art.

Joan Woll is going to train for Nursing at Guy's Hospital.

Margaret Abram has passed her second year Freebel examination at St. Mary's College, London.

Joyce Buston (now Mrs. E. C. Hilton) is living in Gosforth. She had previously had a post in a preparatory school in Putney, after taking her N.F.U. Certificate from St. Mary's, Paddington.

Ruth Salkeld is a fully-qualified Masseuse and has a post as a doctor's Masseuse at Sheringham, in Norfolk.

Stella Watteau has been appointed Lecturer in Physical Training at the City of Leeds Training College.

Eulalie Rodenhurst is living at home at Golders Green.

Joyce Evers has finished her fourth year at University College Hospital.

Kathleen Murgatroyd has been at Miss Kerr-Saunders' Secretarial College, in Piccadilly, and now has a post in London.

Faith Hall has been teaching for a year at St. Brandon's C.D. School in Bristol.

Nina Sabra, who is still living and going to school in Copenhagen, writes describing her school life and her summer holidays in the country near Randers, in Jutland. She has just heard that Ingrid McConnell is at school in Hillerød, a long way from Copenhagen, but hopes sometime to be able to see her.

Muriel Hill has been teaching since May, 1934, at the Mayville Road School, Leytonstone. She has fifty seven-year-olds in her class.

Joan Henderson and Greta Abel are in the L.N.E.R. office at the Central Station.

Vida Greenwood is studying Dietetics at Edinburgh Infirmary.

Yvonne Greenwood has just begun her training for Nursing at the Middlesex Hospital.

Margaret Elliott is a clerk in the Northumberland Street branch of Martin's Bank and finds her work interesting and varied.

Nell Harrison is in her third year at the London Hospital training for Nursing.

Mary Bharendt (née Hicks) has two sons, one of whom is doing very well at Worksope College.

Gertrude Turnbull (née Hicks) lives at Ipswich and has three children, the eldest of whom has left school.

Valerie Wilson is working for the Citizens' Service Society.

Edna Dogherty has taken Third Class Honours in Geography at London University and is now Second Mistress at the Victoria Jubilee School.

Murie Harris has a post as Junior Mistress at Wembley Girls' Grammar School.

Margaret Booth is training for Norland Nursing at Notting Hill Gate.

Nancy Dogherty is Second Mistress at Bradford Girls' Grammar School.

Winnie Dogherty is Head Mistress of the Margaret Sewell Central School, Carlisle.

Margaret Mau is learning typing with Miss Hands until she is old enough to go to the Royal Victoria Infirmary to do massage.

Audrey Jones is at the Domestic Science College.

Muriel Howie is a shorthand typist at Grid House, with the Newcastle and Gateshead Electricity Company.

Muriel Drukker is doing a six months' course at the College of Domestic Science.

Eleanor Irvine is at the Gregg School for a year and intends later to take the Domestic Science Diploma.

Laura Hildrey is a qualified teacher at the Royal Victoria School for the Blind, Benwell Dene.

Hilda Davidson is Superintendent of the Nursery School at North Shields, which has about fifty children.

Mary Pullen (Mrs. Geoffrey Williams) is living at Ditchling, Sussex, and has a small son of eight.

Dorothy Mole is in Martins Bank, Grey Street. In the final of the Bank Tennis Tournament, which she won, she played Thelma Davidson, who also used to be at School.

Barbara Atkinson has passed her Teacher's Diploma in Higher Cookery at the Domestic Science College and is now teaching at Fourth Bank Cookery College, Middlesborough.

Kathleen Baird is at Sunderland Training College.

Glady's Birk has been in Paris, and is about to begin Frœbel training.

Brenda Booth is taking the first part of the Pharmacy Course at Rutherford Technical College.

Sheila Brown, Beryl Gibbs and Sybil Russell have passed their Pre-Registration examination and are working for 1st M.B. at the Medical College.

Helen Burns is at Glasgow University beginning her work for the Medical course.

Betty Cox is studying at the Conservatoire.

Joan Fawssett is at school in Paris.

Yvonne Glover is reading History at St. Mary's, Durham.

Sybil Grey is reading Law at Armstrong College.

Sheila Hails is at Newnham College, Cambridge, reading for the Geographical Tripos.

Jean Hogg is at Mrs. Hoster's Secretarial College in London

Marian Kerr is working for Pre-Registration at Armstrong College.

Mary Laverick is doing a nine months' course in Dispensing at Rutherford Technical College.

Betty Lough is doing Fine Art at King Edward VII School of Art, Amrstrong College.

Ida Martin has begun work for the B.Sc. degree at Armstrong College.

Peggy Oliver is training for Fröbel work at St. Mary's, Paddington.

Jean Robson is at Dartford Physical Training College, and played as Captain in the A Hockey team against Roehampton.

Dorothy Spence is at the College of Domestic Science.

Elsie Thompson is at the Domestic Science College.

Jean Turner Brown is at the College of Dramatic Art, in Edinburgh.

MARRIAGES.

Reid-Scott—On June 16th, 1933, Edna Reid to Athol Scott.

Thompson-Bancroft—On November 4th, 1933, Della Thompson to F. Bancroft.

Cox-Thompson—On December 30th, 1933, Dorothy Bedford Cox to Brian C. Thompson, M.A., M.B., B.Ch.

Burgess-Hoseason—On February 20th, 1934, Laura Isabel Burgess to Dr. A. Sanford Hoseason.

Gledson-Latham—On March 22nd, 1934, Mary Gledson to George Latham.

Hair-Pollitt—On April 4th, 1934, Eleanor Hair to Lieut. Ernest J. Pollitt, R.N.R.

Clark-Ramshaw—On April 10th, 1934, Dorothy Clark to Harold George Ramshaw.

Hatton-Doig—On April 10th, 1934, Joyce Ernestine Hatton to Walter Robert Doig.

Kent-Levick—On April 19th, 1934, Stella Kent to C. Blaxland Levick.

Cairns-Fallow—On June 1st, 1934, Ella Cairns to Brian Fife Fallow.

Gale-Alder—On June 2nd, 1934, Winifred Gale to William C. Alder.

Parker-Livingstone—On June 2nd, 1934, Shirley Parker to Duncan Cameron Livingstone.

Ross-Walton—On June 6th, 1934, Ena Ross to Henry Neville Walton.

Stuart-Layton—On June 7th, 1934, Annette Stuart to Maurice Layton.

Robinson-Taylor—On June 9th, 1934, Edna Maud Robinson to Norman Michael Taylor.

Lowe-Allan—On June 14th, 1934, Dorothy Lowe to Archibald George Allan.

Jopling-Chapman—On July 7th, 1934, Patricia Jopling to Hedley Chapman.

Carr-Ellison-Currie—On July 19th, 1934, Rita Carr-Ellison to Lieut. John T. Currie, R.N.

Macarthy-Howard—On August 2nd, 1934, Dorothy Macarthy to Townley Howard.

Fowler-Jackson—On September 15th, 1934, Phyllis Mona Fowler to John Benedict Jackson.

Berkley-Gibson—On September 22nd, 1934, Rita Berkley to Dudley Crawford Gibson.

Caris-Blaiklock—On October 3rd, 1934, Constance Caris, M.B., B.S., to Thomas Snowdon Blaiklock, M.D.

BIRTHS.

Surtees—On January 15th, 1933, to Mr. and Mrs. Surtees (Joan Salkeld), a son.

Alcock—On November 21st, 1933, to Dr. and Mrs. Alcock (Olga Adams), a daughter.

Ducker—On November 24th, 1933, to Mr. and Mrs. Ducker (Joyce Pittar),
a son.

Boland—On January 11th, 1934, to Dr. and Mrs. Boland (Beatrix Parker),
a daughter.

Balfour—On January 30th, 1934, to Mr. and Mrs. John Balfour (Barbara
Crawford Smith), a son.

Hanson—On February 12th, 1934, to Dr. and Mrs. Hanson (Mary Walker),
a son.

Fryer—On April 28th, 1934, to Mr. and Mrs. Fryer (Ella Grace EgdeU) a son.

Hinton—On June 12th, 1934, to Mr. and Mrs. Hinton (Verna Stephenson),
a daughter.

Armstrong—On July 19th, 1934, to Dr. and Mrs. Armstrong (Barbara Bookey),
a daughter.

Jewison—On July 22nd, 1934, to Mr. and Mrs. Jewison (Ethel Fletcher),
a daughter.

Alderson—On July 29th, 1934, to Mr. and Mrs. Alderson (Doris Reid), a son.

Lowry—On September 23rd, 1934, to Mr. and Mrs. Lowry (Violet Wilkinson),
a daughter.

OBITUARY.

CANON NEWSOM, Master of Selwyn College, Cambridge, Hon. Chaplain
to H.M. the King, Vicar of Newcastle 1917-1928.

Early in the year we heard with grief of the death of our former kind
Governor, Canon Newsom, under whose Chairmanship the School enjoyed
more than ten happy years of marked progress, progress which testifies to the
whole-hearted interest which he brought to bear on our work, and to
the stimulus and encouragement we derived from his friendship and confidence.

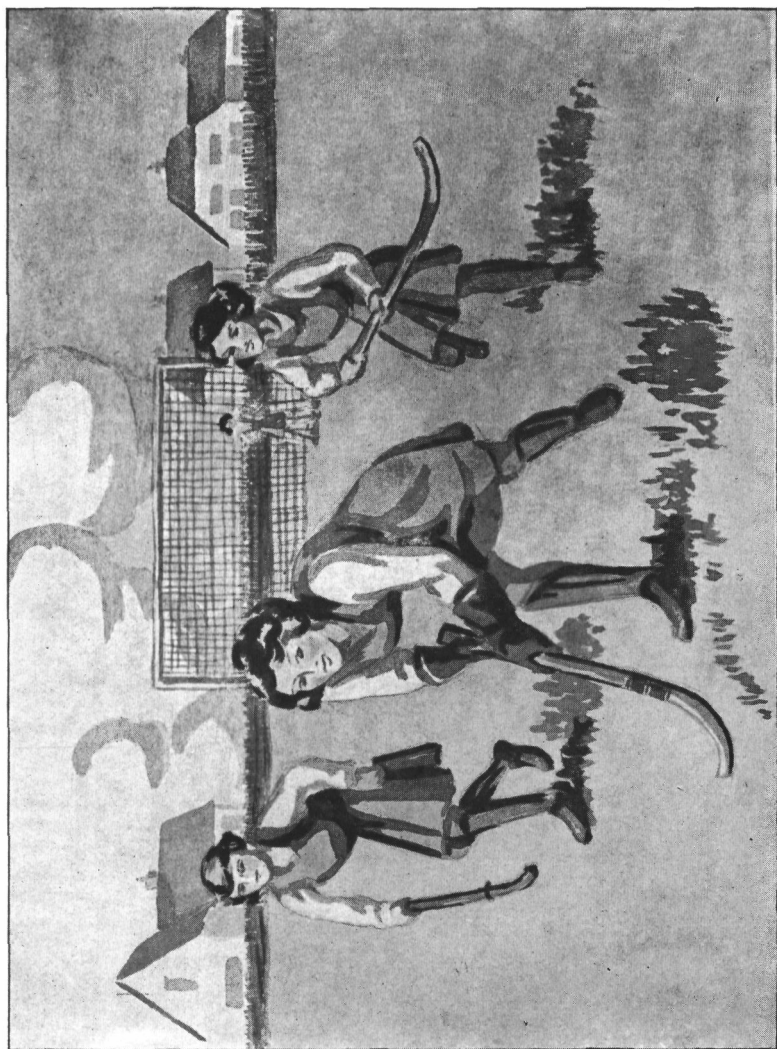
In his time the numbers of the School rose from 300 to 450 ; the Staff salaries were raised to the Burnham Scale ; the Junior School was provided with a separate building ; a playing field was acquired ; the present constitution of the School was evolved, and the Association, by which it is governed, was formed.

We missed him greatly when he left Newcastle for Cambridge, but we were happy in knowing that he would visit us at times, and in receiving letters telling us news of his family and of himself, and expressing the deep interest which he still felt in our affairs.

His death came as an unexpected sorrow to us all. We send our deep sympathy to Mrs. Newsom and to his family, on whom the blow has fallen most heavily.

L. M. GURNEY.





M. HASTINGS, VI.