

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



VINCIT OMNIA VERITAS

The Newcastle-upon-Tyne Church High School Magazine.

No. 56.

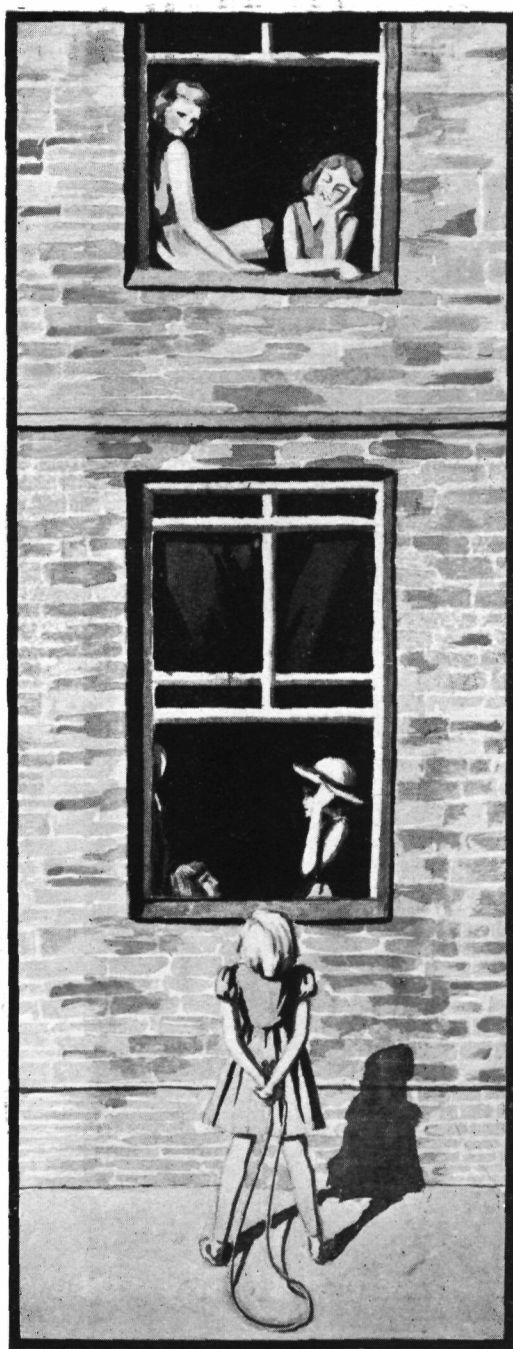
YEAR, 1934—35.

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	.. EATON ... <i>History.</i>
.. IVB1	.. BENNETT ... <i>Mathematics.</i>
.. IVB2	.. PUGSLEY ... <i>Elocution.</i>
.. IIIA...	.. FORD ... <i>Gymnastics.</i>
.. IIIB...	.. STUART... <i>English.</i>
.. II	.. DAVIES ...
.. IA	.. WADE SMITH ...
.. IB	.. SKEEN ...
.. IC	.. THOMPSON ...
.. Remove	.. WHITLEY ...
.. Kindergarten	.. BREWIS...
MISS WEEDON	... <i>Geography.</i>
MLE. DADIER (Aut. Term)	... <i>French.</i>
MME. CARCENAC	... <i>French.</i>
MISS MACGREGOR	... <i>Chemistry.</i>
.. HODGSON	... <i>English.</i>
.. WATSON	... <i>Science.</i>
.. HAWKRIDGE...	... <i>Art.</i>
.. SOUTAR BRAND	... <i>Music.</i>
.. DARROLL	... "
.. HERBERTSON	... "
.. THOMAS	... "
.. DILL	... (Violin) "
.. POTTS	... <i>Dancing.</i>
Mrs. BROWN	... <i>Swimming.</i>
.. WATTEU	... "
MISS COOKE	... <i>Secretary.</i>
.. CARR	... <i>Assistant Secretary.</i>

SCHOOL OFFICIALS.

Head Girl J. Bryant.
School Prefect	... B. Rennell.
Prefects ...	E. Blair, D. Booth, D. Gough, B. Heslop, D. Hudson, G. Tarver, M. Thursfield, J. Welling; Spring Term: M. Barrass, M. Hastings; Summer Term: J. Bellis, F. Hill, E. Mitchell, H. Noble.
Blue House Captain	... D. Hudson.
Orange J. Bryant.
Red B. Tinsley.
White D. Gough.
Hockey Captain	... J. Bryant.
Netball E. Mitchell.
Tennis J. Bryant.
Lacrosse J. Bryant.
Rounders B. Tinsley.
Swimming B. Rennell.
Magazine ...	Miss Hodgson, Miss Cohen.



M. HASTINGS, VI.

EDITORIAL.



Annus Mirabilis indeed, what with public and private Jubilees and their attendant excitements! In the Church High School we found them both eminently satisfactory, for we knew that they marked an important thing, the gradual growth and development that deserves recognition; that they brought with them a sense of stability and increasing purpose; that what seemed looking back was really looking forward, was, in fact, a second beginning. For us it was, too, a justification. There had been that paragraph in the local Press at our inception—"Negotiations are in progress to commence a High School for Girls in Newcastle Whether there is an absolute need of such a school is another matter." A little disparaging. Intimidating, too. Hardly surprising if we found it provocative. At any rate, the result of all our stir is that we have had our history compiled up to date—it makes a handsome volume—and we know how old we are; we start our next fifty years with high hearts and a new uniform—in which, may we say, it is possible to look very smart if the wearer has the wit to ensure it.

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

SCHOLARSHIPS.

Governors' Scholarship (Senior)—U. Brown.

Proxime Accesserunt { M. Goldsbrough.
A. Grey.

Governors' Scholarship (Junior) { V. Pennington.
(Divided.) { M. Thomson.

EXAMINATIONS.

December, 1934.

University of Durham School Certificate—

Honours—Y. Bruce (Distinction in French).

Pass—M. Carrick, C. Clucas, V. Elliott (Distinction in Religious Knowledge), P. Hollingsworth, B. Tinsley, D. White.

Extra Subjects—J. Bryant (Credit in Botany : Pass in English), H. Cowley (Credit in English), F. Hill (Spec. Credit in French), G. Tarver (Credit in Mathematics).

February, 1935.

Entrance to Newnham College, Cambridge—B. Rennell.

July, 1935—

University of Durham Higher School Certificate—
M. Hastings.

University of Durham School Certificate—

Honours—

E. Baird (Distinction in History and Geography), U. Brown (Distinction in English, History, French, Latin, Geography), M. Goldsbrough (Distinction in English), V. Gough (Distinction in Religious Knowledge), A. Grey (Distinction in English and Botany).

Pass—

J. Bowran, B. Calderwood, E. Davison, F. Glover, J. Graham, J. Grieve, M. Mainds, A. Nisbet (Distinction in Art), M. Scaife, E. Sharp, B. Tinsley, J. White (Distinction in English), K. Wilks.

Extra Subjects—

Y. Bruce (Spec. Credit in Mathematics), J. Bellis (Credit in French), J. Welling (Distinction in Spanish and Oral Spanish).

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

Autumn Term, 1934.

Grammar of Music, Grade IV—A. Nisbet.

Grade IV—E. Brown.

Grade II—K. Simpson.

Grade I—M. Dagger.

Spring Term, 1935.

Grade II—J. Alexander (Hon. Ment.).

Summer Term, 1935—

Grade VI—D. Mosley (Distinction).

Grade V—P. Davies (Distinction), D. Feetham (Hon. Ment.), R. Gibson.

Grade IV—V. Anderson.

Grade III—W. Floyd (Distinction), B. Elphick (Hon. Ment.), E. Balls.

Grade II—I. Hall (Hon. Ment.), M. Mackellar.

Grade I—D. Magee (Distinction), M. Macdonald (Hon. Ment.).

Preliminary—M. Metcalf, P. Rutley.

*Art—**Autumn Term, 1934.*

M. Hastings—Prize Essay in an open competition of the Royal Institute of British Architects.

*Summer Term, 1935—**North of England Musical Tournament—**Team Reading Competition—*

Senior Team (E. Baird, M. Hastings, M. McEwan, M. Miller)—

First Prize and John Tooke Trophy.

Junior Team (C. Curtis, R. Fullerton, M. Goldsbrough, B. Whitaker)—

Second Prize.

Dear Old Girls,

The School's Jubilee Celebrations, to which we had looked forward for so long, are now a delightful memory. I cannot tell you what intense pleasure it gave me to take part in those great meetings of Old Girls, former Staff and friends, whose connection with the School ranged from 1885 to 1935.

The beautiful service in the Cathedral was the centre and the crown of the whole. It gave us inspiration to try to carry on worthily the work which had been begun with courage and faith, and it filled us with gratitude for the help and guidance which God had given. The Form of Service, to which the Reverend Mark Fletcher, of Long Benton, had given much time, was beautiful, and nearly liturgically perfect according to a Church authority. The organ playing and the singing were in harmony with the perfection of the whole. Dr. Ellis was exceedingly kind to us, not only in conducting a rehearsal for us on the Saturday, but in arranging for the choir boys to attend, and in playing for the service. The School thanks very gratefully both Dr. Ellis and those Old Girls and parents, particularly Doris Pickering, Mabel Wade, and Mrs. Phillips, who joined so often and so faithfully in the many singing practices which were held by Miss Brand and the School Choir.

The Lord Bishop's sermon on the Light of the World lives in our memories, and if we need a reminder we have an engraving hanging in the School Hall.

I will not describe the School Jubilee, for that has been excellently done in a later article by Nancy Broadbent. My object in writing is to try to express, even if inadequately, the thanks of the School to all who helped by their presence, their work and their good-will to make its Jubilee the great success we all felt it to be, and also to those who have given beautiful gifts in celebration of the occasion to add to the School's dignity and to increase its usefulness.

We wish to place on record our great gratitude to the Duchess of Northumberland for giving our prizes for the second time, and to assure her that we highly appreciate her goodness and friendship towards us : also to the Lord Bishop of Newcastle, our Patron, for his interest and support and for his much-valued Divinity prize.

We greatly enjoyed the visit of the Lord Bishop of Barking. Not only is he a personal friend of many of the members of the School, but his was the moving spirit and the courage responsible for the continuance of the School at a time of crisis in 1909. We also wish to record our hearty appreciation of the interest and good-will shown by the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, who attended all the large gatherings, thus adding dignity, and encouraging the members of the School by their civic recognition as well as by their personal friendship. The Lady Mayoress will be known to her contemporaries in the School as Annie Dixon, and we all know of her keen interest in our work.

It was a great joy to have Miss Ackerley and Miss Siddall on the platform taking part in the general reunion.

The work of the Governors towards the success of the whole must be gratefully acknowledged by those who enjoyed the result. The Provost, in his office as Chairman, was delightful and seemed unwearied. Major Grey, the Chairman of the Jubilee Committee, was the pivot of the whole. He was on every sub-committee, and there were many. His wisdom and his influence, firmness, and tact averted the major and minor disasters which threaten a big undertaking, and his presence in School supported the office staff and myself in emergencies and cheered us in our labours. The Jubilee Committee and its sub-committees worked hard and held many meetings. Certain members of the Staff and the Old Girls' Club were on the

Jubilee Committee, with some of the Governors. The details of the Reception were the work of the Staff, except for the catering, which was the work of a special committee.

I congratulate Miss Hodgson and Miss Britton, the Staff's nominees to the Jubilee Committee, and all the members of the Staff, on the result of their indefatigable work and their resourcefulness.

Visitors greatly admired the display of the children's work, which was excellent. Every detail of the whole was well thought out, so that the Reception was one of the most successful and enjoyable of the celebrations.

The School thanks Dr. Curtis, too, especially for the transmission which he arranged and provided, making the music of Guy Watteau's orchestra heard in the Gymnasium from the Hall where they were playing.

The Old Girls' Art Exhibition, arranged by Mollie Challoner and Mollie Cooper-Bailey, and the room of School Memories, were interesting features of the Reception Exhibition, particularly to the Old Girls.

The Office Staff, Nancy Cooke, and Bessie Carr and the Old Girls' Club Secretary (Katie Clark) had a tremendous amount of work in connection with the Jubilee. They were cheerful throughout and never seemed at a loss either for resource or energy, though the number of circular letters sent out ran into several thousands, and to distinguish between the details for each event was a herculean task. The School congratulates them on a great achievement. They were effectively and generously helped by Mr. Horsley, whom we thank gratefully.

Alex Coney and Florence Mackenzie made an indispensable contribution to the School's Jubilee in producing the Jubilee Book, which is recognised by those qualified to judge as an exceedingly good piece of work. Its record of the history of the School and of personalities connected with the School is one which every member of the School should possess.

Foremost among the gifts of which mention was made earlier, and which the School appreciates most highly, is the gift of oak tables, benches and chairs for the dining hall. Mildred Horsley was the moving spirit in this, ably assisted by Katie Clark, and they also made the blue carving cloths.

The donors of this wonderful gift are Old Girls, Old Boys, Governors, and others. On each table, chair, or bench is carved the name of the person or body of people who gave it, and a list of donors is to be kept. The tables, chairs, and benches are beautiful both in form and colour, and they harmonize with the walls and make our Dining Hall worthy of the School. Some day we may be able to add oak panelling to the walls.

The Staff gave a fine oak chair for the Hall platform, and the present pupils an oak table. Both chair and table are of weathered oak carved to harmonize with the reading desk. Mr. and Mrs. Rennell presented a splendid Lectionary Bible in memory of Blanche's seven-and-a-half years in the School. Nancy Broadbent is adding to her other gifts a footstool, which completes the beautiful and dignified platform furniture.

The Staff and pupils also gave books to the Libraries, which are enumerated in the Library list.

Mildred Horsley and the Boarders embroidered and gave flags in the School colours for the games field. These have long been wanted.

Finally, but by no means least, our Chairman, the Provost, gave the School a fine Union Jack. The School thanks all these generous givers for their beautiful and appropriate gifts. It also thanks our faithful friends who give yearly prizes, whose names are printed in the programme at the Prize Giving. Among these is now Lord Armstrong. The late Lady Armstrong, whose death occurred after the last publication of the Magazine, was a most kind friend of the School, and we grieve to lose her personal interest, while we thank Lord Armstrong for taking up her generous undertaking to give prizes for Catechism and for Art.

We thank the Reverend G. O. A. Jackson, of Newburn, for giving a silver cup for "Excellent" entries, and Miss Pugsley for the pewter beaker for Dramatic work. We also thank an anonymous donor for a modern telephone for the office. This completes our list of Jubilee gifts, all of which form a lasting memorial of a wonderfully happy experience, and of the many workers, known and unknown, who have been responsible for making the School into that which we know and love.

Yours affectionately,

L. M. GURNEY.

AN OLD GIRL'S IMPRESSIONS OF THE JUBILEE.

JANUARY 18th—21st, 1935.

I was lucky enough to be able to spend the whole week-end in Newcastle, so I missed no part of the Jubilee. It all began with the Prize-giving, and, of course, one could not help making comparisons. The Hall at School, which once held us easily, is not nearly big enough now, and the huge hall we were in seemed to be quite full. It was grand to see old friends all round, some, alas, only in the distance, but others, by good chance, near enough to talk to—and talk we did. Then silence, and we all rose as the Duchess of Northumberland came in with the Bishop and all three Headmistresses, surely a record for any School Jubilee. The girls looked very nice all in white; at first I thought they were all wearing flowers, but found it was their House colours, and very pretty they looked. After the Prize-giving, following the usual custom, the School sang, very well too, and then it was over: the Jubilee had begun.

Saturday brought the Old Girls v. Present hockey match, in the interval of which the new pavilion flag was hoisted (Naval fashion) by Miss Gurney, the Boarders, who had made it, standing by. The Press had great difficulty in getting the photograph they wanted, but at last they were satisfied. Then came tea and a marvellous cake given and made by Katie Clarke. Delicious! And most beautifully iced in the shape of the School cross.

That evening saw us all collected in School for the Reception. How we managed to get in is a mystery, for I believe there were over nine hundred there. Such a crowd and such fun! Again we had all three "Heads" with us, and also the Bishop of Barking, well known to the girls of my time.

There was much to see. The O.G. Art Exhibition was excellently organised by Mollie Challoner and Mollie Cooper-Bailey. Nearly all the Arts were represented, and well represented. Embroidery, weaving, silver and copper work, sculpture, etching, painting, woodcuts and photography were all there, and it was very interesting to see work by people whom one had not met for many years. Then there were exhibitions of School art and needlework, and I could not help noticing that the standard of work was much higher than

in my day, and the results more interesting both to look at and do. The Guides and Brownies also had a room in which they showed various activities, including a very attractive model camp. But, of course, the "*pièce de résistance*," as far as Old Girls were concerned, was the Room of School Memories, for which Miss Dickinson and Mildred Horsley were chiefly responsible. It was a marvellous place; all round were the faces of old friends, either in the flesh or on the walls. And what snapshots! How plain we most of us were, and how frightful our clothes. How much some of us have changed and how little others. It wasn't always a compliment to be told "You haven't changed a bit." Whatever we did or wherever we went, we always came back to the Room of Memories for just one more look.

Then there was the cake. I missed the ceremonial cutting of it by Miss Gurney, but I had examined it with care earlier in the day. It was a masterpiece—the cake by Grace Balfour, decorations by Grace Balfour and Mildred Horsley, whose touch we recognised in the delightful little figures of past and present School girls and boys. After much talk and some dancing it was time to go, and the second day was over.

Sunday was a quiet day, on which we saw and talked to some of our oldest friends, a sort of quiet preparation for the greatest part of our Jubilee.

Monday, at 7-40, a pleasant walk to Jesmond Church, and a wonderful service in the early morning quiet. Canon Goddard kindly gave breakfast to those who could stay, which was appreciated by those who were there.

10-30 found us hastening to the Cathedral among crowds of Old Girls and Present Girls, and parents and friends of the School. It was a wonderful sight; School filled all the centre aisle, and the rest of us filled the Cathedral. How nice the School uniform looked, and how we wished we had had it in "our day."

The service itself was sheer beauty and joy. I felt it really was a thanksgiving service, and that everyone there felt it too, and that the spiritual life of the School was still a real thing, as it had been in our time. The Bishop spoke to us, and we all felt just that was needed to complete that wonderful service.

The choir sang very well, and was helped by Doris Pickering and Mrs. Phillips, whose descant added beauty to the hymns.

From the Cathedral we walked up to the Grand Assembly Rooms, and there over three hundred Old Girls (and a few Old Boys) met for lunch. I saw many groups of old friends collected together, and there was much signing of books and menus. Oh, I forgot to mention the Jubilee Book, a volume well worth having, full of interest and most attractively bound; every Old Girl should possess one, if only for the excellent photographs of our dear "Heads."

All this signing made lunch rather complicated, especially for the waitresses. The Toastmaster was most imposing; after "The King" we had various toasts, and the chance of hearing many old friends speak. (Low be it spoken, but many of us thought that the honours went to the ladies.) At the end of the speeches I was left with the impression that the School had created a wonderful tradition of service for others, which it was keeping up; that the School is very much alive and abreast of all modern ideas of education; in short, that the School is still "the School" as we have known and loved it.

N. B.

THE "BREAKING OF THE SCHOOL COLOURS,"

JANUARY 19th, 1935.

One of the many interesting Jubilee celebrations was the "breaking of the School colours" on the Saturday afternoon at the School playing field.

In spite of the gloomy and damp day the hockey match, School versus Old Girls, was played, the School winning by 3 goals to 1 (seemingly youthful ardour cannot be damped).

At half-time Miss Gurney arrived, accompanied by Miss Ackerley and Deaconess Mary Siddall.

Surrounded by an expectant group of spectators and photographers Miss Gurney performed the ceremony of hoisting the flag (in the Naval fashion, I am told). The flag valiantly responded to the all-too-feeble breeze and was greeted by a rousing cheer.

This flag is a masterpiece of which the School should be very proud, especially as it was created by Mildred Horsley, an Old Girl of the School.

At the conclusion of the ceremony, and after our three Headmistresses had been photographed together (a happy idea of the photographers), everyone went into the kindly shelter of the pavilion for tea.

What a wonderful sight greeted our eyes! A magnificent cake, adorned with the School badge in coloured marzipan and surrounded by 50 burning candles, had the place of honour in the centre of the table—a second masterpiece, this time created by the hands of our indefatigable secretary, Katie Clark.

An account of the ceremony would not be complete without expressing our thanks to our three Headmistresses for turning out on such a disagreeable afternoon, to Mildred Horsley for the flag, to the Boarders for the field flags, to Katie Clark for the cake, and last but not least to Mildred Ford, Irene Lunn, Marjorie Thompson and Ada Weddell for so nobly labouring in the background to provide us with an excellent tea.

E. O. H.

JUBILEE LUNCHEON.



A. NISBET, VA.

One of the most enjoyable of all the Jubilee festivities was the luncheon which was held, after the Cathedral Thanksgiving Service, in the Grand Assembly Rooms on Monday, January 21st.

Old Girls, representing every epoch in the life of the School, gathered together and eagerly plunged into reminiscences of their school-days. The Lord Mayor and many distinguished guests were present, and as an invitation had been extended to the VIth Form all those who could availed themselves of the opportunity. Modestly they secured seats at the farthest end of the room, where they commanded a clear view of the cheerful and animated scene. Several old friends

of the School and many parents were also present.

The lunch itself was excellent and was thoroughly appreciated by everybody. Afterwards toasts were proposed and responded to. Never before have we experienced such feelings of intense loyalty and patriotism towards our School. Amidst laughter and cheers Miss Dickinson (called "Dickie" in public for the first time in her life—to our knowledge) rose to her feet and made a speech, very brief and to the point. When we finally dispersed it was late in the afternoon, and everyone regretted that another of the celebrations, one which must have afforded immense pleasure to the Governors, Miss Gurney, the Staff, pupils past and present, and to all those connected with or interested in the School, had come to an end.

D. GOUGH, VI.

JUBILEE DANCE.

And finally, on Monday, the 21st, as the final effort of a strenuous week-end, came Fitt the Last: The Vanishing. This was the Jubilee Dance, primarily the School's occasion. The dance itself was fun, especially as we proved beyond question that our School gives the best of educations—like the Gryphon's and the Mock Turtle's—with Reeling and Writhing in the regular course. We will admit, if you like, that it is generally called Gymnastics in the light of day and a sober curriculum, but on this occasion, being night, and sober curricula out of the question, it was the genuine article, an Eightsome Reel(ing), a very vigorous and exhilarating affair. That, and the Old Girls' dress parade, gave the dance spectacular effect—their Lobster Quadrille turned out to be a Minuet, but that we forgave. And then, lessons having steadily lessened since the beginning of term (you know the derivation of the word?), in the proper and admirably logical "Alice" tradition, the next day was a holiday.

FROM A SUBSEQUENT GOVERNORS' MEETING.

At the written request of Mr. Robson a special vote of thanks was proposed and was carried: "That the thanks of the Governors be given to Major Grey, as Chairman of the Jubilee Committee, and to his band of helpers, who did so much to ensure the success of the Jubilee Celebrations." In acknowledging the thanks of the Governors Major Grey stressed the acceptable help that he had received from all members of the Jubilee Committee, without which the success of the work done could not have been so high.

THE PECULIAR WOOD.

Amarantha jumped from her bedroom window, and muttered desperately, as she floated earthwards: "*Quem supra demonstravimus.*"

"What a stupid sentence," she suddenly thought. "It has no subject, and 'Our Living Language' distinctly says . . ."

However, she discovered that it went very nicely to the tune of "Old King Cole." What did a subject matter when four semi-colons equalled a minim? She began to beat time in the air, then recollected that he didn't like it and ceased abruptly. Of course he was a very old man. If you took two million years and subtracted an hour every time the clock was put forward, and added the same amount when the clocks were put back . . .?

"The answer, of course, is a lemon," snapped a very cross voice.

Amarantha was very much surprised to find herself on firm ground. Curiously she stared about her. She was standing on a narrow, undulating woodland path which wound into the distance and vanished over the horizon. On each hand a dense waving forest of hockey sticks, laden with scrubbing brushes, stretched as far as the eye could reach. To the topmost brush of every tree was tethered a purple cow, gigantic balloons drifting aimlessly in the air.

"Or a pineapple," continued the voice, and a plump little man in a scarlet toga, his bald head wreathed with dandelions, appeared from behind a clump of hockey sticks. His rubicund face was of the same brilliant hue as his garment. One podgy little hand clung tenaciously to a scroll of parchment.

"You look very warm, sir," Amarantha greeted the apparition, politely.

"Warm! Of course I'm warm!" retorted the gentleman, irritably. "Can elephants snore? Can lizards swim? Can gorillas eat sausages? It's my inspiration—that's what! This new carmen has held me in its clutches for over a fortnight. Odd's fish! What have you done with the type-writer? Never mind, never mind! Sit down and I'll recite the first twenty-two yards or so."

Amarantha's eyes grew round in wonder. This was Horace, of course, and must be treated with deference—but twenty-two yards!

"Isn't that a bit long?" she suggested, timidly.

Horace fumbled in the folds of his toga and produced a monocle, which he hung over his left ear.

"Young woman," he said pompously, "I am no mean poet. I give the public quantity as well as quality. If I didn't the price of potatoes would go down, and geraniums couldn't be planted leaf downwards. If you are daring to . . ."

"I'm not! I'm truly sorry, Horace. Horace, please forgive me," interposed Amarantha anxiously. "Please, please read your poem," and she squatted obediently on the grass.

"It's not a poem. It's a node," contradicted Horace, appeased nevertheless by her apology. With a flourish he unrolled the parchment, propped it up against a sleeping guinea-pig, and in a voice loud enough to waken the seven sleepers (but not the guinea-pig) he began his recitation :

"The Shinnig Sun put forth his head,
To spy Erath below.
But when he saw he grinngin sang
'Fah, re, me, te, soh, doh.'
He saw the flutterbies dancenig,
The wapses in a buzz,
He clapsed his knee in ecstasy,
At Bridie's twitternig."

Amarantha, to whom all this was quite incomprehensible, concluded that it was written in Chinese, and allowed her attention to wander. Gazing upwards she noticed that one of the purple cows had broken loose from its moorings and was now sitting placidly on the bristles of the largest scrubbing brush, devouring a slice of water-melon. When it saw Amarantha it winked saucily, and whispered sibilantly :
"Don't tell Mother Hubbard I'm here."

"Why not?" asked Amarantha, inquisitively.

"Because I belong to her, silly. I'm Patricia. Surely you've heard of me?"

Old Mother Hubbard went to the shop,
To buy Patricia a lean pork chop.
But Pat. the cow liked something soft,
So she stole a melon and went aloft.

Why, I thought everybody knew that rhyme."

"I've heard of Mother Hubbard, of course," replied Amarantha, somewhat puzzled, "but I always thought the animal was a dog:

When she got there, the cupboard was bare,
And so the poor doggie got none.

I'm sure that's what you mean."

"Pooh! You're old fashioned!" exclaimed Patricia, loftily. "The revised version distinctly says cow. However, I'm not prepared to stay and argue. You see that Galumphing Ostrich?"

Amarantha followed the direction indicated by the hoof which was not holding the water-melon. A yellow Ostrich, ornamented with rose-coloured spots, was proceeding in a peculiar manner through the wood. For every three steps it advanced it retreated two, in the self-same manner as Amarantha prolonged the journey upstairs at bedtime. She blushed and nodded in reply to Patricia's question.

"Well, that's Mother Hubbard's dinner," explained the cow. "I promised to get her something in return for this melon. She's extremely fond of Ostrich—especially the Galumphing variety. The feathers are so useful afterwards. Well, good-bye! If you see Timothy, remember me to his wife."

And she trotted off in pursuit of her quarry before Amarantha had time to inquire as to the identity of Timothy. A voice, reciting monotonously, recalled Horace to the little girl's memory, and she searched round for him guiltily. Horace, however, had vanished, and in his place squatted an emerald-green Giraffe, mournfully contemplating a mushroom, which he held aloft and addressed thus dismally:

"All hail to thee, Mushroom! I trow thou art sweet,
You garnish the bacon and make it look neat.
I wish you no harm and I like you a lot,
I dote on you so, that my crime is a blot,
For, dear Mush, though I'm stirred to the depths of
my heart,
You make my mouth water, so you must depart!"

Here, to Amarantha's consternation, he swallowed the mushroom; then, apparently overcome by grief and remorse, he buried his nose in his hoofs and sobbed bitterly. For several minutes his shoulders heaved up and down in the violence of his grief, then drawing forth

a large handkerchief he mopped away his tears, blew his nose vigorously and continued his recitation :

“ Dear little Mushroom, although you have gone,
Still out of sight you are lingering on.

This thought comforts me, I will not regret.

No longer my whiskers with tears will I wet.”

Amarantha watched this scene in amazement. She felt exceedingly sorry for the poor Giraffe, torn thus between two conflicting emotions, his love sacrificed upon the altar of hunger. She patted his shoulder gently and whispered soothingly : “ There ! there ! I quite understand. How very awkward for you.”

The Giraffe sniffed loudly, and, rolling over on to his back, padded his hoofs feebly in the air, and pleaded pathetically : “ Tickle tum ! ”

He looked so sad that Amarantha longed to comply, but the delicacy of her feelings prevented her.

“ I’ll stroke your head if you like,” she whispered, to comfort him.

The Giraffe shook his head.

“ I’m afraid I must be tickled. Christopher Columbus discovered that it was a family weakness and put it in the guide book. Even barometers could not prevent him—and he saw plenty of penguins. Tickle the apex of my left ear. That’s correct ! And now the obtuse section of the right. Ah me, what bliss ! ”

He sighed contentedly, and Amarantha obligingly tickled until he began to grow drowsy. His head sank lower and lower until it touched the ground, and, murmuring softly “ more bees buzz at the apex than this world dreams of,” he fell fast asleep. Amarantha tucked him up as well as she could (which was very badly as she had nothing to help her to do it successfully), and tiptoed cautiously away. She had not walked many yards, however, when she heard a great puffing and panting behind her, and, glancing over her shoulder, beheld a very black and very angry-looking steam roller hot on her track.

She held her finger to her lips warningly. “ S-sh, S-sh ! ” she begged, “ think of the Giraffe ! ” “ And double it ! ” glared the steam-roller, “ which is the same as saying that you don’t like my waistcoat ! Why, you young cub, if you don’t steam ahead pretty

quick I will, and clip your wings into the bargain. Which is the same as saying that I don't like lobster sandwiches ! ”

With that he began to advance at an alarming pace, so alarming, in fact, that Amarantha, who had no desire to become microscopic dust, turned and fled into the wood. That solid mass of iron, however, had no intention of letting his victim escape. He moved with surprising swiftness among the trees, crashing against the trunks, scratching and grinding among the scrubbing brushes, jamming and jostling hither and thither, and gaining every second upon the palpitating Amarantha. She felt his scorching breath on her neck and told herself firmly : “ You must be brave. You're going to be squashed flat, but you must be brave ! ”

“ That's right,” agreed a cheerful voice ; and a little brass horse, gleaming like gold, suddenly confronted Amarantha.

“ Don't be afraid. Just jump on my back and we'll give that old lump of metal a smack in the eye. I'm Invicta. I usually ride in front of the steam roller, but I thought I'd like a vacation ! That's why he's mad ! Up you come, and away we go. Sometimes it rains, sometimes it snows, sometimes it swallows what nobody knows. This is grand ! ”

Amarantha heard one cry of baffled fury from the steam roller, then, clinging tightly to Invicta's shining mane, she was lifted dizzily into space, and the peculiar wood receded from view.

“ What a good job I happened to be there,” cried the gallant little steed ; “ that murderous villain would have cut you off at the base. He has no respect for angles and less for degrees. The old fool ! He can never realise that glue and daffodils turn into canaries on healing, and that crab-apple jelly does not consist of pumpkin pie ! He prefers to sublime serenely in fixed proportions, unless, of course, he pays cash down. Don't copy him, Amarantha ! It's not strictly grammatical. It's much better to plant your rice pudding upside down, to camouflage your cucumbers, and to advance backwards into the future of the present time.”

“ Whatever are —— ” began Amarantha, and then stopped dead. For everything had become suddenly warm and soft ; Invicta melted into nothingness, and Amarantha found herself snuggling between the sheets in her own little bed at home.

“ *Quem supra demonstravimus*,” she muttered drowsily, and turning over went straight to sleep again.

(And so, good night.)

D. GOUGH, VI.

MONOMETER.**THE EPIGRAMMATIC :—**

He fought
For nought,
So wrought
Great wrong.

He thought
Of nought,
So wrought
Great wrong.

B. HIRST, VB Cl.

THE PURELY SEASONAL :—

Cold breeze
In trees.
You wheeze,
You sneeze,
You freeze,
And squeeze
Pelisse
Round knees.

L. GREY, VB Cl.

THE HIGHLY SEASONED :—

So, high
and dry
on shore,
we sighed——

Then spied
a boat
afloat.
No sail,
no mast.
We cast
one look,
then took
no time
to climb
aboard
our ship,
and slip
from shore.

We saw
the land
and sand
abaft
our craft ;
and sped
ahead ;
and then
we ran
'longside
the boat

afloat.
No sound !

We looked
around ;
then found
a skull.
The hull
was full
of stones
and bones ;
and in
that cold
dark hold
a leak
began.

We ran ;
and when
once more
the shore
we reached,
and beached
our boat,
we took
one last
quick look,
and saw
no more
that boat
afloat.

M. BELLIS, VB Cl.

IT WAS BEACONS, BEACONS ALL THE WAY

I had a motor,
A shining new motor.
I drove my motor through the town one day ;
I passed people,
Crowds and crowds of people,
And whenever I shot past them they all turned my way.

I passed beacons,
Scores and scores of beacons—
People seemed to cling to them as I went past.
I had a motor,
A new and shining motor ;
But I drove my motor through the town too fast.

I went to prison,
A dark and gloomy prison,
And my new and shining motor car was left outside.
But now I am out again,
Out and about again,
I favour a donkey cart in which to ride.

J. WELLING, VI.

THE RAT.

Evidence is not always to be trusted, even of one's own eyes and ears, for emotions and circumstances often colour the imagination and cause extravagantly mistaken ideas.

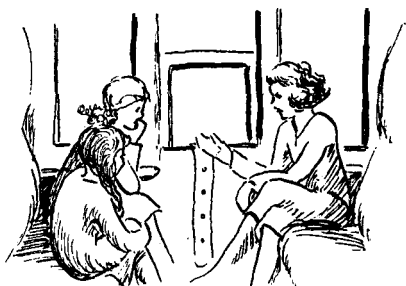
The summer of 19— was an unusually hot one. This fact I remember well, owing to a rather mortifying experience.

A visit to London had been planned for me, and, as it was my first acquaintance with the metropolis, I was feeling very excited at the prospect.

Two of my very intimate chums, who were sisters, were also travelling south, so they invited me to join them and to break my journey for a couple of nights at their aunt's home in L—shire. My

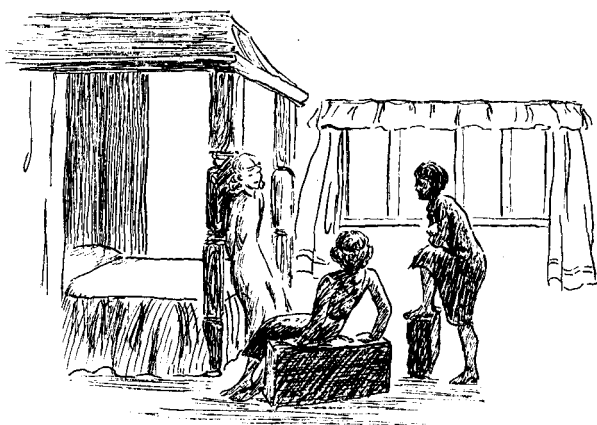


parents agreed to this suggestion, and we had a very happy journey, the time being occupied with various stories of the quaint old house where we should stay. My friends, whom I will call Ethel and Dora, told me of their many former visits and of the rumbling noises which they had heard at the dead of night. These noises their relatives accounted for by the nocturnal exercises of many mice and rats in the wainscoting.



Now I have no love for mice, and of rats I have an indescribable horror, so that I almost regretted my promise to accompany them.

Owing to a slight misunderstanding about the date of our arrival, and the large number of guests who were there besides our-



selves, Ethel, Dora and I were obliged to occupy one bedroom. We found it contained what would have been a very wide and comfortable bed for two people, but which was rather small for three.

Some time was spent before a decision was reached as to who should sleep in the middle of the bed, and for quite a couple of hours after this the whole circumstance was treated as a joke, with much laughter and talk; but when a clock in the distance chimed the

hour of two, and sleep was growing more and more impossible through the heat and our lack of space, we lost sight of the amusing side of our position and became irritable and even cross with one another.

All the night through we tossed and turned in that burning bed, falling into a restless doze at dawn only to be awakened by a violent voice outside. It was a lordly cock-a-doodle-doo, answered by a brother at a little distance, and repeated twice more by relatives further afield. Then came our closer friend again, and so the round went on.

It was a very weary and dispirited trio who at length arrived downstairs for breakfast. The fact that we were so quiet at the table seemed to make us all the more conspicuous, and everyone

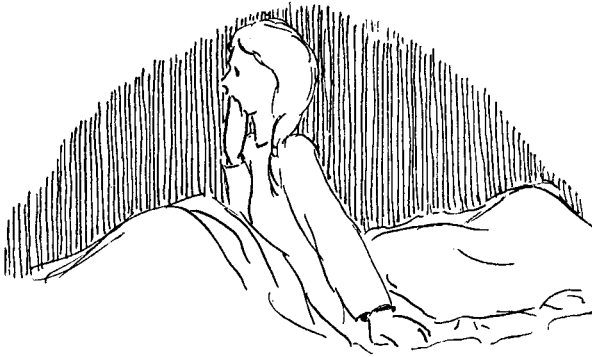


became uncomfortably curious as to the state of our health. Our hostess, however, had no sooner heard the symptoms than she diagnosed our case as due to lack of sleep. She very soon unearthed a little low bedstead from some box-room under the eaves, re-erected it in a corner of our room, and spread a bulbous feather mattress round the kitchen fire to air.

The next night we retired early, after a pleasant day on the river, to find the little bed made up in the corner of the room. We tossed up to decide who should sleep in it, and Ethel won with "heads."

Although we had been awake for the greater part of the previous night we had heard no sound of mice, and so were confident that once more we should be undisturbed by them.

We must have been asleep for some time when the whole bed in which I was lying seemed to heave. I imagined that the raft on which I had been drifting in the middle of the Pacific had merely been swept away from beneath me. But I opened one questioning



eye to make sure, and beheld the faint whiteness of Dora's nightgown sitting bolt upright in a tense attitude. It took her about five seconds,



I should think, to notice my open eye, and another three to whisper hoarsely: "There's a rat in the room!" Noiselessly raising myself on my elbow, I listened.

Now, as it happened, we had wrapped the proverbial "forgotten-till-the-last-minute" tooth brush and other small articles in various odd pieces of brown paper. On unpacking we had thrust these under the bed, as being the place most easily converted into a waste-paper basket. As we were listening, motionless in the dark, it seemed to me that someone or something was lifting these pieces of paper up and putting them in a pile as quickly as possible. After a while "it" seemed to grow careless of noise, and by the time we had concen-

trated on this sound for a minute and a half it had become deafening.

It astonished us that Ethel should be sleeping through it. In the dim light we watched the clothes over her heave gently up and down, until it became quite annoying.



What right had she

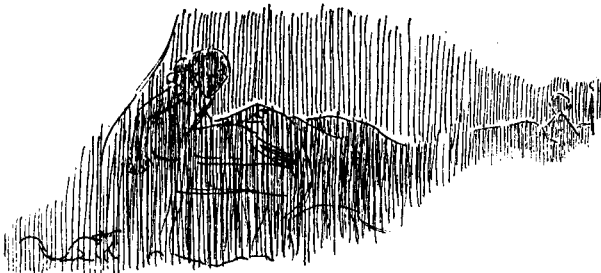
to be breathing so heavily, any way, when we were trying to listen to this rat? We whispered to her, but it had no effect, so Dora threw her pillow across. It arrived with a thud on Ethel's head, which was immediately thrust up round the corner with an exclamation of "Ze-diggin-ze-matta?" We told her, but the rat was evidently listening to our voices, for the noise had stopped. We told Ethel to listen instead of grumbling, or she couldn't expect to hear anything. Soon it began again.

After a while I complained that keeping one's head under the bed-clothes was hot work, to say the least. Ethel suggested that someone should light the oil lamp on the mantel-shelf.

"Good idea!" I said. "Hurry up, you're nearest!"

"Well, the matches are on the table by you," she grumbled.

"O well, if it's only the matches you want, here they are," I said, and tossed them over. They landed, however, half-way between us on the floor, or so she said, suggesting I had better get out and look for them. I told her she was in a very disagreeable mood, but of course I would get them for her if she were afraid of rats. When I had removed the blanket from one knee, I stopped to



explain that the rat was probably more frightened of us than we were of it. Judging from the noise of scratching and spasmodic scuttling which now proceeded from under the bed, this seemed quite possible. Dora told us of a rat which had flown at a man through sheer terror. I began to feel just a little cold, so I pulled the clothes over me again till the story should have ended. I think I must have forgotten about the matches.

At this point the rat began to vary its occupation with startling rapidity. It had scampered across the room and was half-way up the Venetian blinds before we could breathe again. We could dimly see its grey form hanging with its front paws stretched out above its head. All semblance of bravery was now despaired of. Ethel shrieked, and wailed for sympathy, because her bed was so near to the floor that the rat was sure to "get her first."

Dora and I were just edging a little further down under the clothes when something cold and clammy seemed to drop on to the bed and wriggle down between us. We both yelled as loudly as was humanly possible that "'it' was after us." Then "it" sighed with relief and resolved itself into Ethel, who had fled in terror from her own little bed to the safer height of ours.

Her hurricane-like passage across the floor and our simultaneous shrieks had further alarmed the rat. It was now running all over the floor, scattering papers right and left, and jumping up at the curtains. It knocked the poker down into the hearth with a thud which set our hearts beating wildly, and when it turned its attention to the chairs it scratched them, and knocked them about so ferociously that we thought we ought to call for help before it reduced everything to matchwood.

Now I did not feel entitled to call our hostess "Auntie," so while Ethel and Dora were shouting "Auntie!" "Auntie!" alternately, like two men driving a post, in steady rotation, with big hammers, into the street, I piped out: "Mrs. Coppenger, there's a rat in the room!" over and over again.

At last a welcome chink of flickering light appeared beneath the door, and as this was gradually opened the silhouette of a hand

shielding a candle came in sight. Mrs. Coppenger's raised eyebrows and curling papers were lit up by the light from below.

"So you're not sleeping in your little bed after all!" her gruff, manly voice came from the door; but we were all peering apprehensively about the room.

"Why, whatever is pussy doing up here?" said Mrs. Coppenger; and a bright orange cat with fiery eyes pranced quickly over to the door with its tail up and its ears cocked forward.



At breakfast next morning we three tried to turn the conversation to fishing, picnics, cycling, and even the weather, but someone would break in with a comment on the power of our vocal chords, or some scoffing remark about the inadvisability of allowing one's imagination to run riot in the dark.

I happened to notice an insignificant little black house cat preening itself on the hearthrug.

"I didn't know you had two cats," I said to Mrs. Coppenger.

"We haven't, my dear. What made you think so?" she answered.

"Well, the cat I saw last night seemed to me to be bright orange, with fiery eyes . . ."

I suddenly remembered that I was giving them a further opportunity for mirth, so I escaped hurriedly into the garden, leaving a roomful of laughing people behind me.

So our rat had been a cat, and even so, a very ordinary harmless little animal. Where was the enormous, fiery monster of my imagination? I hope since this experience I have been more lenient and less

scornful towards my small brother's semi-colour-blindness, and perhaps a little less aggressive and dogmatic in my assertions, realising that one can be mistaken. Even a blood-curdling scream heard at the dead of night may only be a next-door neighbour's wireless.



M. HASTINGS, VI.

SONNET TO FRA ANGELICO.

The painter-monk, old Fra Angelico,
 So patient, and so gentle, and so kind,
 With eyes which seemed to dream and yet to glow
 With great ideas, forming in his mind,
 Would paint what truly he could feel and see;
 Not for the glory of the world, the thrill,
 But just because he loved it, and to be
 In realms where he could wander at his will.
 Dreaming away his life in solitude,
 He painted saints and angels, and illumined lines;
 And changed the art of painting from the crude
 And ugly drawings of Byzantine times
 To glorious pictures, which are lasting still
 In Florence, where he lived, upon the hill.

E. HENDERSON, Upp. IVA.

PRAISE.

There are so many lovely things which give the days a song,
 And we owe them a debt indeed for helping life along—
 The rabbits in the forest wild, the humming of the bees,
 The music in the mountain tops, the sighing of the trees,
 The cry of seagulls on the wave, the saltness of the spray,
 The moonshine and the sunshine—the lamps of night and day,
 The lightness of the fleecy clouds that ride across the sky,
 The chirruping of redbreasts, and the shrill, sweet starling's cry,
 The scent of damp turf on the moor, all freshened by the rain
 And a thousand times made sweeter when the sun shines out
 again.

There's peacefulness and dimness when the shadows longer creep,
 And in twilight before moonrise when the sun has gone to sleep.
 What joy to see the lightning flicker, fall, and flash,
 With rumbling thunder overhead and thunderbolt and crash ;
 And when the storm has ceased once more, and all is calm and
 still,
 There's a wondrous feeling in the air and a rainbow o'er the hill,
 And the grey mist is incense as it rises from the sod—
 Then heaven is close to earth, and earth is closer still to God.

A. GLENDENNING, IVB2.

"TOO TRUE TO BE GOOD."

A COMMONPLACE STORY.

There once was a man who lived in the year nineteen-thirty-five. He was not very rich, nor yet very poor ; not very handsome, nor yet very plain ; not very kind, and not in the least mean. Outwardly he behaved very much as did the other people of his age, which is not to be wondered at, for he had the same tastes, the same ability, and the same opportunities as they. Inwardly, however, he was much above the average, because he was gifted with an abnormal amount of intelligence, which, up to the time of writing, had been lying hopelessly drugged by the so-called civilization of the times.

Of course he never recognised this intelligence of his for what it was, and therefore declined to share it with his fellows—indeed, he was rather ashamed of it, for the last thing he desired was to be branded different from the rest. However, as I said before, so far it had given him no trouble, and he kept it carefully bound hand and foot just in case it did.

The daily routine of this man was as follows.

Foremost every day, except on Sundays, was his Business. His Business was very important indeed, for it kept him and his family from starvation, even though he sometimes couldn't quite believe it, as he sat behind his desk smoking a cigar and searching his paper for the result of the three-thirty.

When he had finished his Business he filled in the rest of his time in a number of different ways—quite a number. If it was fine he would get out his nice little car from the garage adjoining his house and take out his family or his wife, according to the nature of the place to which they were bound. If it was wet he did the same thing, only their destination was then limited to indoors. That was his favourite occupation, and that is what he would have described to you if you had asked him how he amused himself after office hours. But, strangely enough, he only managed to do this about once a fortnight, for he seemed to have no time to do it more often. Other distractions would spring up—a round of golf, an invitation for a yachting week-end, a running head-cold caught through refusing to wear his winter vests at the correct time, if this might be called a distraction—all manner of things would prevent the family expedition. It must not be imagined, however, that he left his family in the lurch for thirteen days out of every fourteen, for they were just as busy as he was in their different ways, and while he was at Business his wife did the house-work, and his children were at school. Very often the man and his wife would go out to a friend's house to play bridge or mah-jong or to dinner, and very often they would return hospitality by entertaining in their own home. Very often in summer they would play at the local tennis club, where they were no mean performers, and they could also hold their own at the newly-opened swimming club, which was as yet definitely select, as those beyond the pale had not yet summoned up enough courage to join. The man was even dreaming of a small ketch, not quite so luxurious as

the yawl owned by his boss, on which he was sometimes invited to brave the ocean, but something strong enough to weather the treacherous North Sea. As for becoming a member of the hunt, which often met quite near, the man knew his limitations well

Sometimes he would take his family to a cinema, when he had ascertained beforehand what was being shown ; and occasionally to a theatre, although, by a careful perusal of the *Radio Times* they managed to get much of their entertainment at home.

Once every year the man took his wife up to town during the season for a long week-end and stayed at a big hotel and " did things."

Once they went on a pleasure cruise and came back very much disgusted, and very angry at having fed the fishes so well that should have been feeding them.

The man had his hobbies, of course—gardening, and his dog, and stamps—but here his Intelligence seemed to stir in her sleep, and her bonds creaked ominously.

From the above it may be seen what kind of life this man led, and that it was pretty tightly packed with incident. It must surely be rather familiar to you who read. This was the state of things when this story begins and had been so for quite a number of years.

Then one day a war broke out somewhere, and when the man was reading about it in the silly papers in his office it made him think about things. But the curious thing was that none of the things had very much to do with the war. At last his Intelligence had struggled out of her fetters, and he saw with amazing clearness. He saw how all his life had been wasted, that he had achieved nothing because he had tried to do too many things at once. His mind had been divided, with no single purpose : the only thing he had done successfully was to bring up his children well, and even as he thought this he realized that they would do exactly as he had done, so that even this was a moot point.

Then and there, in his neat little chromium-plated office, he made a resolution to be of some use, to sink his selfishness. He realized that all his friends were just as he was, but he doubted his ability to bring them to this blinding enlightenment. Full of white-hot

enthusiasm for his new life, he seized his bowler and strode out on to the pavement. The city, with all its noise and bustle, seemed to fan his flame. and he could not help being a little scornful of the passers-by, because they failed to see in him a resurrected soul, and saw only a Business Man who had brought off a good deal.

He worked himself into a passion of anger against buttons which made things open, and levers that made things shut, as being part of the huge fabric to ensnare human beings into laziness and gradual degradation, but reflected that he would have to use a good many of these devices before he could even return himself to the bosom of his family. At which point he laughed rather weakly.

By the time he had talked with a few of his colleagues in the home-bound train about this and that, all subjects intertwined with their busy little lives, he began to see how difficult it was going to be to break away from this sort of thing ; and by the time he had been welcomed at the gate by his youngest son with reminders of yesterday's promise—a visit to a circus—he was not even sure that he wanted to break away from it.

By the time he had heard all the news from various members of the family, and had discussed prospects for the evening, he was quite certain that he must have been crazy a few hours ago.

Now the man's wife was the person he revered most on earth, and the only person to whom he could ever tell his innermost confidences. Therefore that night, after he had pretended to read three pages and had only read the first line of each page (for he had been thinking), he switched off the reading lamp, stared straight up through the blackness at the ceiling, and told her the whole history of that afternoon. Perhaps it was because he was not a very good narrator, or perhaps it was because he had lost much of his former enthusiasm, but he failed to interest her very greatly, as he well knew by her skilfully inserted remarks of " Yes, dear," " Oh really, how strange ! " ; and before he had finished she was almost asleep.

So with a sigh he gathered in his Intelligence and tied her hand and foot, and she returned once more to her endless stupor.

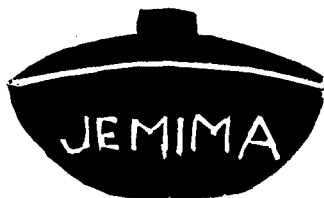
A. NISBET, VI.

NURSERY RHYMES**BY ELDERLY PEOPLE.**

1. Fie ! Fie ! Elizabeth Spry
Putting your bonnet on all awry !
Take a fine needle
And fill it with thread,
Or light you a candle
And take you to bed !
 2. A floppety parson from flippety street,
With long spindle-shanks and turn-inety feet,
While running to church quite entangled his toes
And bumpety-crashety fell on his nose.
 3. Trumpets and drums ! Trumpets and drums !
See how the rollicking regiment comes !
Phil sounds the clarion, and Peter the fife,
I'd sooner a soldier than have a good wife.
 4. The cheerful little gay-gay bird
Was sitting on a tree ;
And many and many a thought he thunk,
And many a wink wunk he.
 5. Grasshopper green he does nothing but jump
From grasses to grasses, and yet he's quite plump ;
But Maisie the tortoise sits still all day long,
And yet she's so skinny : there's something gone wrong.
 6. With hips and hops and hips and hops,
Mary Jane is off to the shops ;
She's got a new penny to buy lollipops,
And she's off to the shops with hips and hops.
-

ABOUT JEMIMA, WHO WOULDN'T CLEAN HER TEETH.

Jemima would not clean her teeth,
 She stamped, and threw right underneath
 The bath her brush.
 And such a hush
 Fell on her nurse, her fond mamma,
 That housemaid Jane said " Oh, La La ! "
 And afterwards she lived to rue
 What once she had refused to do.
 As months, then years, did roll away,
 The giant, who is called Decay,
 Attacked those teeth, that once were white,
 And soon they looked a perfect sight.
 Jemima at the first was brave,
 And did not heed the jabs they gave.
 Alas ! much worse they later grew,
 She couldn't eat, she couldn't chew.
 She couldn't bite her breakfast toast,
 Nor could she touch the Sunday roast.
 She never took an apple raw,
 Because her gums were very sore.
 No crispy biscuits would she take
 Because her teeth began to ache ;
 And crunchy toffees, or things sweet,
 Now never were her lot to eat.
 The dentist came, but shook his head :
 " With teeth so bad you'll soon be dead ! "
 Jemima went from bad to worse,
 And friends prepared to see the hearse.
 Her teeth dropped out, the gaps grew wide,
 And very soon Jemima died.
 To all her friends they then related
 How poor Jemima'd been cremated.



Now, children, hearken to my cry,
 And clean your teeth, or else you'll die !

L. HESLOP, Vb Cl.

HOW THE RABBIT GOT ITS EARS.

Once upon a time, in a particularly-green-and-shady wood, there lived a rabbit called Maurice. Maurice is, of course, rather an uncommon name for a rabbit, but then he happened to be rather an uncommon sort of rabbit.

Maurice's great desire was to be different from All-the-other-Rabbits. If All-the-other-Rabbits made their homes in the midst of the wood, Maurice immediately departed to the outskirts ; whereas if All-the-other-Rabbits moved to the outskirts, Maurice immediately went back to the middle of the wood.

The trouble was that All-the-other-Rabbits liked Maurice, and were inclined to be a nuisance. They insisted that Maurice was only an ordinary rabbit after all, and were always trying to persuade him to behave accordingly. They would gather round Maurice's front door in the evenings and knock until he simply *had* to come out ; then they would argue until he simply *had* to ask them in to supper. Finally, they would go away convinced that Maurice would change his mind about Differences. Maurice, however, did no such thing.

Instead, he began to wonder how he could become Absolutely Different from All-the-other-Rabbits, and contemplated growing abnormally long whiskers, so that he could wear them tied in a bow, or in some equally distinctive style, and thus become quite apart from All-the-other-Rabbits. So one evening he packed his best pyjamas, and, slinging his knapsack on to his back, set off by the back door to try to discover some means of growing abnormally long whiskers.

Now it happened (and this is really *most* important) that on a particularly-green-and-shady leaf in the very middle of the wood there lived the Smallest-Insect-of-All. Although he was the Smallest-Insect-of-All he was exceedingly clever, and managed to gather a great deal of information from the conversations which went on round about him among the numerous families who inhabited the other leaves. Accordingly he decided that his leaf was far too small and unimportant, and really rather too uncomfortable a place for him to occupy. He must find a superior home.

He started his journey by crawling, then hopped for a change, and finally flew just a teeny-weeny bit, so you see he *was* a remarkably clever insect for his size. At last, after many days of crawling, and hopping, and flying just a teeny-weeny bit, he hopped into what he thought must be the softest and altogether the most comfortable place in the whole wood. He was quite unaware that it was Maurice's ear, and it therefore never occurred to him that Maurice might object. Insects, even if they are the Smallest-of-All, can tickle a good deal.

It must be explained here that Maurice's ears were not like those which our present-day rabbits possess. They were very small indeed—so small that they were really hardly there. Of course, as the Smallest-Insect-of-All *was* the Smallest-Insect-of-All, he didn't notice the lack of accommodation.

Maurice, who had just been having a short nap, woke up and scratched his ear a little on the outside. This had no great effect except that the Smallest-Insect-of-All thought it must be very windy. Then Maurice tried to scratch his ear on the inside, but his paw was much too big to go inside his very small ear, so that was no use either. He tried wagging his ears up and down, and round and round, but they were so very small that they hardly wagged at all. There was nothing to so but to see if conversation made any difference.

"Oh, whatever-you-are-in-my-ear, will you come out?" said Maurice.

This gave the Smallest-Insect-of-All quite a shock, but he remained where he was.

"What are you, anyway?" asked Maurice.

The Smallest-Insect-of-All considered. It was evident that he had landed in the ear of some great and important personage. He realised this, of course, by Maurice's tone of voice. So he said, in a very small and humble tone of voice, so small and humble that if he had not been in Maurice's ear Maurice would never have heard him at all:

"O Most-Gracious-and-Noble-Owner-of-the-Ear-in-which-I-am, pray do not be angry with me. I am only a very small insect."

Maurice had never been called Gracious and Noble before. He felt most important. He straightened himself up and even attempted to sit on his hind legs, but his tail got in the way. Therefore, being obliged to stand on all fours again, he said in as impressive a voice as he could assume: "What are you doing in my ear?"

The Smallest-Insect-of-All considered again.

"O Most-Gracious-and-Noble-Owner-of-the-Ear-in-which-I-am, please, *please* allow me to stay here," he pleaded. "I am so comfortable. Besides," he added in a more confident tone, "I may be of some use to you, because I'm really rather a clever insect." He was too eager to bother about being modest.

Maurice thought for a moment. Perhaps this creature might be able to tell him how to grow abnormally long whiskers, which would be most gratifying.

"You may stay," he said, "if you behave yourself and try not to talk."

"O Most-Gracious-and-Noble-Owner-of-the-Ear-in-which-I-am," piped the Smallest-Insect-of-All, "th-*thank* you!"

Maurice frowned. "My name is Maurice," he said. "If you mention that other name it tickles dreadfully, so pray be so kind as to address me as Maurice in future."

Then he explained about All-the-other-Rabbits, and asked if the Smallest-Insect-of-All knew of any way to make whiskers grow longer. The Smallest-Insect-of-All considered, and finally replied that he didn't. Maurice grew angry.

"Well," he exclaimed, "I am afraid that you must abandon your present location." (He always tried to use long words when he was really angry.) The Smallest-Insect-of-All considered desperately, and suddenly remembered something that his grandmother had once told him.

"O Most Gracious Maurice," he said, tickling in a most annoying manner, "my grandmother once told me of a very clever Magician who lives in a cave somewhere in the vicinity of the wood. I'm sure he will be able to show you how to make whiskers grow longer."

Maurice became more amiable. "If that is so," he said, "we may as well consult him. Do you know the way to his-er-dwelling?"

The Smallest-Insect-of-All considered. "Yes, I do," he replied, "my grandmother had a very good sense of direction, and I have a very good memory."

"Pray proceed," said Maurice.

For many days and nights Maurice and the Smallest-Insect-of-All journeyed through the wood. At last they reached the very edge of it and Maurice stopped.

"Are you quite sure about the Magician?" he asked. "It would be dreadful to venture so far for nothing!"

"Oh, yes," answered the Smallest-Insect-of-All confidently. He was feeling very pleased with himself, because, as they had reached the edge of the wood, it was evident that he had been giving the right directions.

"Well, where do we go next?" queried Maurice, casting a wistful glance at the inviting shadiness of the wood. He was secretly wondering how the grandmother of the Smallest-Insect-of-All could possibly have travelled so far.

"Turn to the left after the three hundredth blade of grass, and keep straight on to the next fence."

Maurice heaved a sigh and set off, hoping that the Magician wouldn't be a fierce sort of person, if they ever found him, an event which he was beginning to doubt.

* * * * *

The Magician was in a particularly bad temper. The chief reason for this was that it happened to be washing-day, and he was always unsettled on washing-days. Then his Washerwoman had hung the clothes line across the front of the cave and he had been obliged to retire to the very back, where it was horribly uncomfortable, to experiment with a new kind of spell that he had just invented.

The Washerwoman had placed the wash-tub just outside the cave entrance, and had just gone into the cave for a few extra clothes-pegs as Maurice came in sight. He had never seen a wash-tub before.

Nor had the Smallest-Insect-of-All. After walking cautiously round it twice Maurice could contain his curiosity no longer and decided to risk a jump. Gathering himself together he leapt at the tub, balanced for a second on the narrow rim, and then plunged into the watery depths !

The Washerwoman, emerging from the cave a few seconds later, was astonished to hear the water in the tub swirling round in a most unaccountable manner, and on approaching it she was still more astonished to notice a small brown object bobbing up and down inside the tub. With the aid of a stick she fished it out, cautiously.

" Bless my soul ! " she exclaimed, " it's a rabbit ! However did you get here ? " Poor Maurice was unable to do anything but splutter helplessly, and watched her rather anxiously as she removed the Magician's second best cloak from the line and extracted two clothes-pegs from her apron pocket. " Wh-wh-what are you g-going to d-do ? " he managed to splutter at last. " I w-want to s-see the M-Magician ! "

" Well, he's busy, and, anyway, you're too wet," declared the Washerwoman, and with a practised hand she pegged him firmly to the line by his two ears, small as they were.

" Besides," she added, as she pegged up a pair of socks next to him, " he's in a dreadful temper."

" Oh, d-dear, I wish I h-hadn't c-come," almost sobbed poor little Maurice. " It's all the fault of that wretched insect." Then a sudden thought struck him.

" Good gracious ! " he exclaimed. " Wherever is he ? Can you see him anywhere ? "

" No, I can't," said the Washerwoman, dragging the tub along as she spoke. " And you'll just stay there till you're properly dry." With a final pull she relinquished her hold on the tub.

" That will have to be emptied," she remarked, " but first I think a little rest is what I need "; and, leaning against the side of the cave, she closed her eyes and was soon snoring loudly.

Maurice looked round him as well as he could. He was terribly frightened, and his only desire was to get back to his comfortable green-and-shady-wood as soon as possible. Suddenly his eyes rested

on the tub, which stood almost beneath him. What was that crawling along the rim? Surely it was the Smallest-Insect-of-All! He had hardly had time to realise this astonishing fact when there came an angry call from within the cave:

“Washerwoman, is my cloak not dry yet?”

The Washerwoman awoke with a start, and was on her feet even as the question was repeated in a yet louder tone.

“Not quite—n-not quite—soon-will-be—” she called back as she feverishly tore down the socks and Maurice from the line to make room for the cloak once more.

“Oh, dear, he will be angry,” she muttered. “I hope it dries quickly. You’ll have to wait a bit, Rabbit. Bless my soul, where is he?” For Maurice had disappeared.

As soon as his feet had touched the ground he was off like the wind, only pausing for an instant by the tub while the Smallest-Insect-of-All half-hopped, half-flew on to his back. He never slackened speed until he reached the edge of the wood. How particularly-green-and-shady it looked! He forgot how damp he was feeling as he entered the friendly shade once more.

“Oh, Maurice, Maurice, please take me back to my leaf!” he heard a tiny voice cry in his ear. The Smallest-Insect-of-All had crawled, hopped and flown until he had reached his former resting place. “I’ve been nearly drowned, and practically squashed, and I never want to travel any more. Besides, your ear is now horribly damp and uncomfortable.”

“You’re an ungrateful creature, and you don’t deserve it,” said Maurice sternly; but he was too relieved to be really angry, and added: “But I’ll take you.”

“Oh, thank you,” cried the Smallest-Insect-of-All; then in a smaller voice than ever he added: “I haven’t really been any help at all, have I?”

Maurice stopped. He had just remembered how the adventure had started. A wave of disappointment swept through him. He hadn’t returned Different from All-the-other-Rabbits after all! Then he considered. He was safely back in his particularly-green-and-shady-wood, and that was all that really mattered.

"Oh, that's all right," he said, and set off for the middle of the wood.

After seeing the Smallest-Insect-of-All safely on to his leaf he set out for home, and came face to face with All-the-other-Rabbits as he turned a corner.

"Oh—hullo!" he said, a little awkwardly. It was going to be rather difficult to confess that he had decided to remain an Ordinary Rabbit for the rest of his days.

"Hullo, Maurice!" said All-the-other-Rabbits. Then suddenly, "Oh, what *have* you done to your ears?"

"My ears?" repeated Maurice.

"Yes, they're three times the usual size!"

Without waiting to hear any more Maurice darted along the path to the edge of a little brook, and, finding a clear pool, looked at his reflection in the water. Sure enough, instead of two tiny little ears that could hardly be seen there were two tall, floppy, but decidedly smart-looking ears.

"I must have stretched in the wash," thought Maurice, wagging his new ears proudly as he spoke. "There are the marks where the clothes-pegs were put. Oh, don't they look grand!"

"Oh, Maurice, where did you get them?" cried All-the-other-Rabbits, jumping joyfully round him. Then Maurice had to tell the whole story. "So now," he concluded, "you can't pretend that I'm only an Ordinary Rabbit." But he had hardly finished before All-the-other-Rabbits were off like streaks of lightning.

They came back a few weeks later and they all had ears like Maurice. They had plunged into the wash-tub, and the Washer-woman had most obligingly hung them all up to dry. So Maurice had to settle down as an Ordinary Rabbit after all.

Nevertheless, if it hadn't been for him all rabbits would have tiny little ears that make no show at all, whereas if you look at any rabbit to-day you will find that he has two really *fine* ears—just like Maurice's.

M. McEWAN, VI.
(Senior Holiday Competition Prize Essay.)

NOTE.—The Middle School Holiday Essay Prize was won by Mavis Allan, with an interesting and well-written original legend: “How Rest-and-be-Thankful, a hill in Scotland, got its name,”—which is, however, much too long to include.

THE TRAGEDY OF GREEDINESS.

His mother and father got terribly vexed—
 “I really wonder what Fred will do next!”
 Yesterday only, he climbed the roof top,
 Lost his footing, came down with a flop;
 Slowly recovered, was sent off to bed;
 Fell in the duck-pond, bumping his head;
 Climbed on the hay-stacks, spoilt all the hay,
 Leaving the farmers annoyed for the day.
 He comes from the bath-room, and calmly declares,
 “The bath’s running over, and swilling the stairs.”
 A gourmand for food, he eats all he sees,
 Seven helpings for breakfast, and twenty for teas.
 At last on the hedge some berries he spies,
 Golden, green, yellow, and blue as the skies.
 Mouth opens as usual, in goes the lot,
 Warnings and heedings entirely forgot.
 Homeward he staggers, giddy and faint,
 Opens his mouth just to make a complaint,
 Feebly he takes a step or two more,
 Then with a bump, flops on the floor.
 The doctor comes in and shakes his bald head:
 “It’s too late, Madam, your son is dead.”
 This is the ending of absolute greed,
 So please take the warning all who may read.
 Don’t eat whatever comes by your way,
 Look at it first—and then let it stay.

THE PHLUFFY.

The Phluffy is quite
a remarkable bird ;
of it
I'm quite sure
you will often have heard.
It paints both its toes
and its fingers
bright red ;
and daily on ice-
cream and soda is fed.

Its platinum feathers are
permed into curls,
and round its
neck
Messrs. Woolworth's real pearls
are displayed--

So you can't tell me now
that you've never
once heard
of the Phluffy,
that really remarkable
bird ?

J. WELLING, VI.

GROWING UP—YOUTH LOOKS FORWARD.

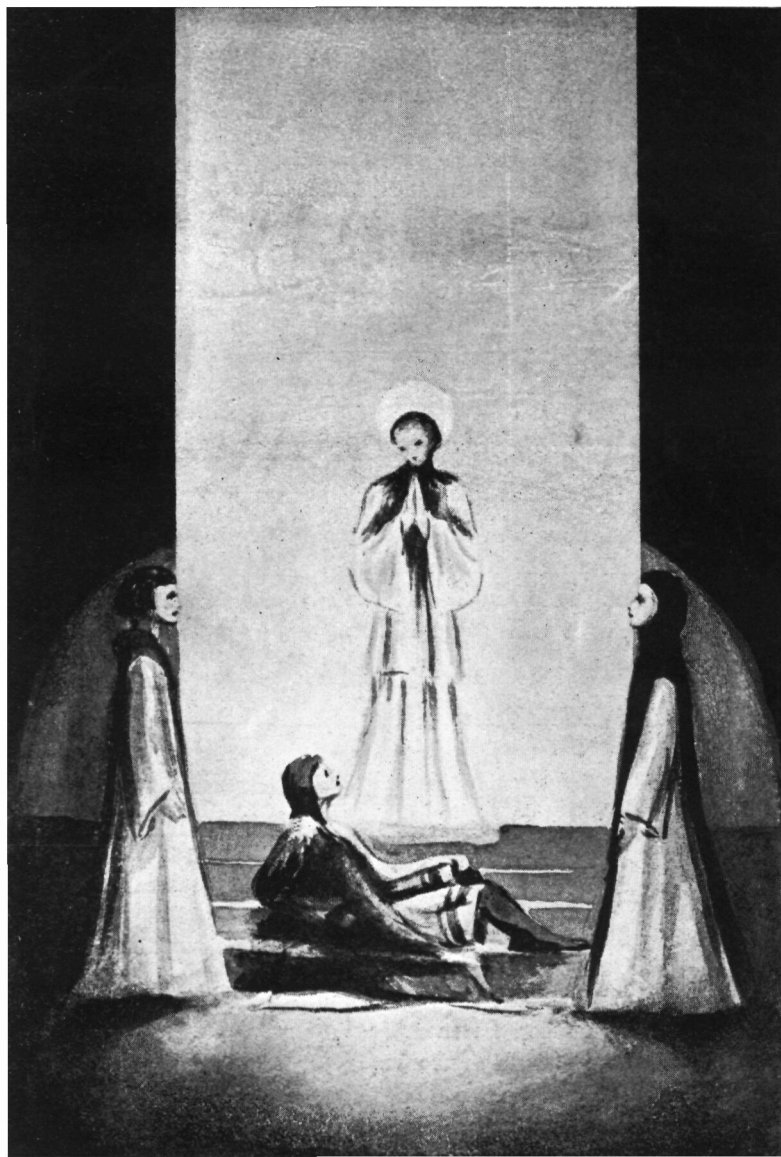
I wonder if I will remember writing this
When I am old and grey,—
The trouble that it cost me, and the bliss
In finishing the lay.
I wonder if I will remember anything I do this day.

I wonder what I'll wonder, if I think at all,
When I am old and grey.
But if I do, I hope I'll just recall
Things beautiful and gay.
May some spare time 'mongst memories be spent
When I'm too old for play.

J. BELLIS, VI.



M. HASTINGS, VI.
DEATH SUMMONS EVERYMAN TO JUDGMENT.
(From School production of *Everyman*, Lent, 1935.)



M. HASTINGS, VI.

THE ANGEL RAISES EVERYMAN.

(From School production of *Everyman*, Lent, 1935.)

FORTY YEARS ON——?**AGE REMEMBERS—DETAILS CHIEFLY.**

I remember, I remember
 My joyful days at School,—
 Those friends who joined in many a prank
 And often played the fool.
 The Latin lessons on the roof,
 With Cæsar bold and brave ;
 But now my hair is white, and I
 Have one foot in the grave.

I remember, I remember
 When mother was away,
 I raked out all her Sunday best
 And had a lovely day.
 But now I'm old and badly bent,
 And youthful days are past.
 I owe it to my dear Mama
 I've got some sense at last.

I remember, I remember
 King's George's jubilee.
 The flags and streamers in the streets,
 The crowds quite mad with glee.
 The bonfires lit on hill-tops high,
 Their red and lurid glare
 That drew the crowds in thousands round
 About, to stand and stare.

I remember, I remember
 The ceiling in my room.
 The damp had made a picture there—
 A black witch on her broom.
 Then, blue-bell slopes were mountains steep,
 The copse a jungle dark,
 Where fearsome creatures crouched to spring—
 But now it's just a park.

I remember, I remember
 Haphazard, youthful days ;
 But now I have a well-planned house
 With double-fronted bays—
 A Council house, all straight and trim—
 And cinema close by,
 I oft forget to look above
 To see the starry sky.

And one old lady (who must have done Charles Lamb for School Certificate) sentimentalizes, as she reviews her treasures:—I find something soothing and touching in these old remembrances. Behold my greatest treasure! A cherub framed in cardboard, its dimpled limbs but partially concealed by filmy draperies, my first birthday card! I do not remember the moment when I first beheld the gift, but of the giver I have yet a clear vision. Dear Uncle Arthur, the kindest and the weakest of mankind. The black sheep of a most exact, rigid and conventional family, doomed to die and to be buried in a remote country, banished far from the bosom of his kinsmen. I, who with the eyes of childhood never perceived those faults so apparent to the uncharitable, loved you, and you (unless your actions belied you) loved me, and the object of our mutual affection was the scratched oak table in the austere dining-room of that even more austere vicarage. Do you remember what it was that we used to play every evening in the winter, just as it began to grow duskish? How I, my two feet odd inches shrouded in a tattered curtain, would emerge from beneath the table (the fairy Princess banished from the Palace of Gold), and upon entering the enchanted wood (the black cavity 'twixt the sofa and the wall) would encounter you, the Ogre, resplendent in a crimson brocaded dressing-gown and Great-aunt Helen's goloshes! The nature of our game never varied, but we, in our simplicity (for in spite of your manhood you were at heart but a child) and our perfect companionship, never grew tired of it. Always the fun waxed fast and furious (your conception of the mythical monster created no terrors in me), and did not cease until our jollity jarred upon the ears of our aged relative, whom a lack of such jollity and a state of single blessedness had soured to the world. Then, bearing

me in your arms, you stole into the hall, and in a voice vastly lulling and agreeable to a drowsy child, you sang repeatedly :

“ Maid of Athens, ere we part,
Give, O give me back my heart.”

What these words conveyed to me then I know not, but they pleased me immensely, and I would not allow you to soothe me into slumber with aught else. Had you an inkling, while you crooned those impassioned words into my ear, how imminent our parting was ? Whether I have your heart or not I know not (perhaps you reclaimed it that turbulent night when, seething with a hatred for all your associates, you quitted your home never to return to it), and I cannot say that you have mine (for many years have passed, and memory waxes dim), but your card is preserved with religious care, and will never, by my hand, be destroyed.

SILVER JUBILEE SUPPLEMENT.

JUBILEE.

Why all the flags and bunting, pray,
That our fair land bedecks,
The evergreens, and colours gay,
And banners marked “ George Rex ” ?
The surging crowds in London town,
Parading streets, first up, then down,
Are waiting there while others sing
“ God bless, long live, our gracious King ! ”
Why do these thousand people line
The streets of London gay ?
Why does the sun so brilliant shine
On this bright Sixth of May ?
You ask the question, friend, from me ?
To-day’s our Sovereigns’ Jubilee !
They’ve shared their nation’s joy and grief
In times of peace and strife,
With all their people’s good at heart
They’ve lived a noble life.
So let us shout, and cry again,
“ Long may they live ! Long may they reign ! ”

D. GRIEVE, VB Cl.

OUR VILLAGE CELEBRATES THE KING'S JUBILEE.

It was a bright and sunny afternoon, and the little village in the hollow seemed to have been awakened by the ringing of joy bells from the tower of the village church. This was the day that everyone had been looking forward to for months, and everyone was out to enjoy himself.

The celebrations began with a Thanksgiving Service in the church, corresponding almost exactly to that which the King and Queen attended in St. Paul's only a few hours before. On entering the little church everyone was handed a pamphlet by a small boy, who assured you, in a gentle voice, that "Ye can keep it!" At the top of these little pamphlets was the inscription: "A Thanksgiving Service for use in St. Paul's Cathedral" St. Paul's Cathedral! this tiny church was not St. Paul's, but it was packed full, and all sang with as much enthusiasm as any of the Lords who attended the Royal service.

After leaving the church everybody flocked to the village hall, where a free tea was provided for all. The hall was gaily decorated with red, white and blue streamers, balloons and bells; a great Union Jack was hung over the entrance, while a smaller one was suspended over the fireplace. All the school-children were given squeaking balloons, and, as they all blew them at the same time, and everybody else expressed loud feelings to their neighbours, the noise was almost deafening.

After tea there was about half an hour when nothing was scheduled to take place, therefore our village football team played against the boys of a neighbouring village on the village green. Bundles of coats supplied the necessary goal-posts and corner points, and the game was played with as much vigour as if they had been crack teams fighting for the F.A. cup.

Then followed the ceremony of the presenting of Jubilee mugs to the school-children by the oldest inhabitants of the village. The oldest inhabitants were both women, one a pale, sedate lady, decked in white lace, who performed her duties as well as any queen; the other, a little fat woman with rosy cheeks and no teeth, who wore a large Jubilee grin, and chuckled to herself all the time; the contrast between these two was very amusing.

After all the children had received their mugs everyone rushed to the Vicarage tennis court, where sports and games were held for young and old until supper time. The noise at supper was even greater than that at tea! There was a great commotion after all had finished, as the hall was to be cleared of tables and the chairs placed in neat rows for the entertainment.

This provided an excellent ventriloquist and "Gin," the conjurer; both caused great amusement, especially "Gin," who brought sausages out of bewildered children's pockets, and a rabbit out of an empty saucepan.

As it was now dark, and almost ten o'clock, everyone went outside to watch a splendid display of fireworks.

The singing of the National Anthem ended our village celebrations of the King's Jubilee.

M. THORNTON, VB Cl.

AND SO DOES THE TOWN . . .

In the evening greetings and congratulations to the King were broadcast. After this came the Prime Minister's speech. Mr. McDonald said: ". . . . He has reigned over us for twenty-five years wearing a heavy crown not only with regal dignity and graciousness, but with human understanding, feeling and anxiety . . ."

Then the King spoke, and I am sure that his speech will live long in the memories of all who heard it. He said that he could not fail to be deeply moved as he drove to St. Paul's that morning and saw the crowds of his subjects and heard their cheers.

" Words cannot express my thoughts and feelings," he said. "I can only say to you, my very dear people, that the Queen and I thank you from the depth of our hearts. . . . I dedicate myself anew to your service for the years that may still be given to me."

He did not forget anyone. He went on to say that in the midst of all this rejoicing he grieved to think of those who were still without work, but he thought that the Prince of Wales' Fund would be a great help towards their being employed. He remembered the younger generation, and said:

“ To the children I would like to send a special message. . . . The King is speaking to *you*. . . . I ask you to remember that in days to come you will be citizens of a great Empire.” He said that as they grew up they should keep this thought always before them, and be proud to serve their country.

Newcastle, as usual, was not behind in showing its loyalty. At School, on the Friday before, the Provost of Newcastle, who is Chairman of the Governors, took prayers, and Joyce Bryant (Head Girl) read the lesson. The Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress presented souvenir books and boxes of toffee to all the members of the School in the name of the City of Newcastle ; and Miss Balls, County Commissioner of Girl Guides, explained the objects of King George’s Jubilee Trust Fund, to which we were that morning contributing.

At night, on the Town Moor, a huge bonfire was lit. There were dances and a midnight matinée which lasted until the early hours of the morning.

D. TAYLOR, VB Cl.

WHILE IN LONDON . . .

Majestic London—city of enchantment—

Never were you more fair than at this hour,
When, in the beauty of the night’s advancement,
Your floodlit radiance falls on tree and tower.

M. MILLER, VI.

SAYINGS OF THE YEAR.

“ An essay is a means of tidying up one’s mind.”—This means that in writing an essay it enables the writer to say all he can about any subject, and so leave his mind nearer a blank than when he started. (Juvenile cynicism.)

“ Grand organ-mouth of England.”—Alternatively given as Mr. Lloyd George and the Lord Mayor of Newcastle.

One of our modern authors.—“ Bevelyneckles.”

Bible Stories for Everyday.—“ After three days the wale sicked Jonah up.”

Our Juniors go to the Cathedral for the Jubilee Service.—One, delightedly, “saw all the men with wigs on coming down the aisle.”

And another thought—“the kettrel was very pritty, and I liked all through the Sevet.”

While another, obviously shocked, complained—“We were singing ‘Let us with a gladsome mine’ and ‘Praise the Lord ye heavens adore Him.’ All the kindergarten up to 1B went out.”

Yet one more, with an eye for Art (and what else?) declared—“The bannas were very beautiful too, and the ornerments were beautifully *calved*.”

And of the Dance, one last—evidently competitive—remarked : “Miss Gurney danced with the Bishop and I danced with Miss Herbertson.”

But by unanimous consent they agreed : “I liked the Jubble very much.”



STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

June, 1935.

Accompanied by Miss Hodgson and Miss Cohen, five of us spent Race Week at Stratford-on-Avon.

After travelling for over six hours we arrived at Stratford and made straight for our headquarters, with prospects of a wash and meal in view. We found The Firs to be a pleasantly situated guest-house-cum-school-cum-house, with a delightful garden.

The weather was good during most of the week, especially the first few days, when it was exceptionally hot. We spent Sunday quietly and passed a pleasant afternoon by the Avon. The rest of the week was largely occupied in sight seeing, and among various places of interest we visited Shakespeare's birthplace, New Place, Anne Hathaway's cottage and Mary Arden's home at Wilmcote, which has just recently been opened to the public. While we were at Anne Hathaway's cottage a thunderstorm, which had been imminent for some hours, suddenly broke, and as it was impossible for us to attempt the return journey at once, we were allowed to eat the tea which we had brought in the parlour of the cottage—a rare privilege.

We spent four evenings at the Memorial Theatre, and amidst ideal surroundings watched four of Shakespeare's plays: "As You Like It," "The Tempest," "Antony and Cleopatra," and "Henry IV" (Part I).

Our interest, however, was not wholly limited to Stratford, for on our last day we took the 'bus to Warwick and Kenilworth. Here we saw two historic castles, one still in occupation in its beautiful and well-kept surroundings, the other a crumbling ruin with little to recall its former glory.

When at last we assembled at the station for our homeward journey it was with much regret that we turned our backs on Stratford. We thank Miss Hodgson and Miss Cohen most sincerely for giving us a happy and stimulating week.

M. McEWAN, VI.

THE ORATORY COMPETITION, 1934.

The Church High School took a creditable share in the Junior Oratory Competition arranged by the Trustees of the Richard Thompson Bequest, during the Autumn Term of 1934. The subject was: "Natural History and the Hancock Museum"—not a subject which lent itself to much diversity of treatment. The fear of sameness led to some striving after effect by way of florid and pompous diction, and occasional inept quotation, in an effort to enliven the material. But there were also good and well-delivered speeches. The first prize deservedly went to Blanche Rennell, of the Church High School, and the second to George Scott, of Rutherford College Boys' School; the third was divided between Jean Welling, of the Church High School, and Gerard Muttrie, of St. Cuthbert's Grammar School.

SCHOOL CONCERT.

The School Concert, which took place on July 19th, was very successful.

This year fifty-three pianists took part, and all played from memory without mishap. The Junior School Percussion Band, accompanying songs by Form IB and Form II, provided enjoyable items, as did also the violin solos and duets, part-songs by the School choir, and German folk-songs sung in German by Form Upp. IVA. A novel feature of the programme was the Verse-speaking Choir trained by Miss Pugsley.

THE DANCING MATINEE.

On Wednesday, April 3rd, at the Old Assembly Rooms, the Church High School pupils of Miss Potts gave a very successful and charming display of dancing. Judging by the applause which greeted each item the matinée was most successful.

The soloists all danced with grace and understanding, and the costumes were most delightful. The classes are to be congratulated on their excellent performances of fox trots, waltzes and many fancy dances.

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

J. B.

GIRLS' SCHOOLS' SPELLING LEAGUE, 1934-35.

The League Competitions this year have produced one shining result in Carol Curtis's 100% paper, but no extraordinary brilliance in team results. The standard has been sound without being sensational; and the Junior Team still keeps the best reputation for consistency.

LECTURES, ENTERTAINMENTS AND EXPEDITIONS.

Autumn Term.

The French Play—"L'Avare," by Molière—at the Empire Theatre. Those who could not go to the theatre saw the play at night at the Heaton Girls' Secondary School.

The Children's Theatre Company, at Heaton Girls' Secondary School—a very attractive performance, to which a mixed party drawn from various Forms was taken.

The Lord Mayor's Inauguration—Form VI and representatives from all Fifth and Fourth Forms went to the official ceremony at the City Hall on November 9th, at which the Lord Mayor and Sheriff received the insignia of their offices.

A.E. W. H.A. Hockey Film shown in School.

Orchestral Concert for School Children given by the Newcastle Philharmonic Orchestra, under the direction of Dr. S. Leslie Russell, at the City Hall.

Two Lectures given by Arthur Bryant and Charles Morgan, arranged by the Northern Area Conservative Education Committee—VI.

French Film—" Le Petit Roi "—at the Haymarket Cinema.

Paul Brann's Munich Marionette Theatre—A Sixth Form party went to see the beautiful and impressive performance of a Nativity Play in King's Hall, Armstrong College.

Travel Talk on Egypt and Palestine, illustrated by slides, given by Miss Cherry-Garrard to the Upper School.

Lecture on Foreign Missionary Work to Sixth Form, given by Miss Richardson, an old girl of the School.

Lacrosse Lecture and Demonstration to the Senior School, given by Miss Newbold.

Spring Term.

Messrs. Fry's Educational Film shown in School.

" King Lear," at the People's Theatre—a VI Form party.

VI Form Party to the Staff.

The English Classical Players—This was the second visit of this Company to School. The play—" The Merchant of Venice "—was delightedly followed by the School, who remembered with lively satisfaction the very adequate performance of " Macbeth " given last year.

French Film—" Pêcheur d'Islande "—at the Haymarket Cinema.

Summer Term.

Expedition to Borcovicus—a biennial excursion : reported below :—

Miss Osman kindly arranged the annual trip to Borcovicus for the second Saturday of the Summer Term. In spite of the dull weather we hardly set off in two open charabancs, devoutly hoping that the rain would keep away. Never has a fire seemed so welcome as the one at " The George," Chollerford, where we stopped to purchase drinks and chocolates. On arriving at the camp we ate our lunch among the interesting, though draughty, Roman remains. Miss Osman then took us round the camp before we started on our walk to Crag Lough. The walk along the Wall seemed to rouse the photographers of the party, who would run on for a few yards and then breathlessly exhort you to " look up." A few patches of snow on the hills reminded us that summer had not yet arrived, although on reaching Crag Lough we were tempted to think that it had, for the sun shone brilliantly, and we spent a delightful time before tea exploring the wooded slopes round the lake. Tea over, we reluctantly left the " house by the lake " and re-joined our 'buses, with considerably lighter haversacks and healthier complexions.

J. WELLING, VI.

Expedition to Lemington Glassworks—Form VA.

Lecture on Housing, given by Miss E. Hamilton to VI and VA : reported below :—

On the last Friday of the Summer Term Forms VI and VA were given a most interesting and instructive lecture by Miss Hamilton, of the Public Utility Company. We learnt, many of us for the first time, of the appalling housing conditions existing in the slums and of the excellent social work which Miss Hamilton and her colleagues are doing to reform them. She made us realize that the housing problem in the slums is a responsibility for all of us.

The state of the slums to-day is due partly to neglectful and irresponsible landlords, and partly to factory owners of the last century, who hurriedly built houses for their employees, regardless of the convenience and health of the housewife and her family. Thus people in the slums are now condemned to spend their whole lives in houses which are not fit for human habitation, being both insanitary and unsafe.

Miss Hamilton said that the Public Utility Company had three aims in view—"to raise the standard of housing in general," "to preserve good, old houses from decay and convert them into decent, well-organised flats for poorer people," and "to provide alternative accommodation for those whom they evacuated from the slums."

Under the system of the Public Utility Company the people are removed into well-equipped and healthy houses, at a reasonable rent, and are aided by small loans of money, which they must pay back. Miss Hamilton pointed out decisively that the Company was not a charity but a business proposition.

U. BROWN, VA.

M. GOLDSBROUGH, VA.

Lecture on The Roman Wall, given by F. G. Simpson, Esq., to VI and VA : reported below :—

Forms VI and VA had the further pleasure of a lecture on Hadrian's Wall, given by Mr. Simpson, the archaeologist. He demonstrated to us, with the aid of lantern slides, the various stages of the excavation of Roman remains. He described the unearthing of a milecastle and showed how useful inscriptions, coins and pottery could be in determining the dates of historical events during the Roman occupation of Britain.

Mr. Simpson concluded by telling us of the effect of Roman civilization on European politics to-day. He said that corrupted history is the cause of trouble in Europe, and impressed upon us the necessity of studying history as an additional, not an alternative, subject.

"For," he said, "neither the swollen vanity of nationalism nor the premature suspicion of political panic can enter a mind filled and disciplined by historical thinking."

U. BROWN, VA.

M. GOLDSBROUGH, VA.

Lecture on The Development of the Idea of God in the Old Testament to VI, given by Miss Coney.

Lecture on Careers to VA, given by Miss Gurney.

Expedition to Consett Iron Works—VI. Miss Coney very kindly took the party, in the absence of Miss Macgregor. The programme included a picnic lunch beforehand, and tea afterwards, generously provided by Mrs. Firth.

Lecture on "General Health and How to Keep Fit," given to VI and VA by Dr. Campbell : a yearly lecture to these Forms of very real value.

School Journey (VI Form) to Stratford—reported elsewhere.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

It was thought well this year to abandon the old plan of rather inadequate Form Literary Societies in order to produce, by a concentration of the School's talent, something at least a little more finished and a little more ambitious. The play chosen was "Everyman"—

Here beginneth a treatise how
the High Father of Heaven
sendeth Death to summon
every creature to come
and give account of
their lives in this
world and is in
manner of a
moral play—

to be produced just before the end of term, at Easter, in the first place for the School, but also, by invitation, for the parents of the people concerned. A report of the play is given below :—

The production of "Everyman" was, as far as we know, the first attempt in School to produce a play in which setting, costumes and lighting effects were designed to create a definite atmosphere. The austerity of the play was implied in the architecture of the scene, a low flight of steps leading up to the great stone pillars at the back, and in the black and white costumes of Everyman and his earthly supporters, the insubstantial shadows in which he trusted. Colour was reserved for the Angel, and for the Heaven from which he came, the Heaven to which he would lead back the risen and repentant Everyman.

The Hall was very dark. Suddenly there stood before the curtain a Messenger, black cassocked, with short white cotta. In the complete silence his grave voice rang out clearly, begging all to listen reverently to this moral play. He hints that Everyman, having sinned much during life, is forsaken by all on whom he has relied, at the final reckoning with God.

Darkness falls again. From very far away, but clearly, speaks the voice of God, grieving over his erring creatures. Everyman is to be brought to him by the mighty messenger, Death. And there, against a flaming sky, Death stands, cloaked and winged, black, erect and grim, with shining sword.

On a lighter stage Everyman appears, carelessly sauntering, but Death abruptly hails him. The luckless fellow hears his sentence and begs for a respite, or at least for company on his dark journey. There follows a procession of his faithless friends, a procession mournful in its unanimity to forsake him. Everyman has achieved nothing in his life, no enduring friendship: even his Good-Deeds are powerless to help him, bound hand and foot by his sins. It is only through Everyman's penitence and suffering that Good-Deeds can be released for his comfort and justification, for now Strength, Discretion, Beauty and Five-Wits also leave him.

The mediæval doctor at the end is hardly necessary to point the moral.

H. COWLEY, VI.

A. NISBET, VA.

PATIENT GRISELDA. A MIME BY THE SECOND FORM.

Everything about the Second Form's mime of Patient Griselda delighted the audience—Griselda with her rapid changes of frock and shoes, the tearful ladies-in-waiting, the fierce executioners and the procession of unfortunate babies despatched by the very unkind king. The gaps in the story were filled in by a very well-spoken prologue, and the precise and careful little scene-shifter added merriment to the intervals. The ease with which we followed this unspoken story proves how clearly and well it was acted. We thank the Second Form for a very good little entertainment.

D. C.

THE DEBATING SOCIETY.

OFFICIALS :

President	...	Miss Gurney.
Chairman	...	Miss Weedon.
Committee	...	Miss Hodgson, Miss Tully, M. Hastings, E. Baird, Mgt. Teasdale.
Treasurer	...	D. Gough.
Secretary	...	E. Mitchell.

The number of members increased considerably this year, but after the first meeting, which was eagerly supported, only a fraction of those who had joined were interested enough to continue.

There was only one debate in the Autumn Term : " That no principle is worth dying for." (Motion defeated.)

Two debates were arranged for the Easter Term, but owing to lack of support the second had to be cancelled : " That this House deplores Pot-hunting." (Motion carried.)

In the Summer Term it was decided not to hold meetings, as it seemed impossible to fit them in with the rest of the School functions.

E. MITCHELL, VI

HISTORY CLUB.

President	...	Miss Gurney.
Vice-Presidents		Miss Stuart, Miss Eaton.
Secretary	...	B. Rennell.

A meeting was arranged early in the Christmas Term, at which an address was to be given by a speaker from the League of Nations Union on Modern European Politics, but had to be cancelled as it fell on November 29th. In the Lent Term Capt. Trenham gave a most interesting talk on the Peace Ballot, which was then being canvassed in the town. The meeting was open to the School, and the audience, previously fortified by an enormous tea, asked really intelligent questions.

Owing to the scarcity of available Saturdays in the earlier part of the term, and preoccupation with examinations in the latter part, there was no meeting of the Club in the summer.

C. M. E.

MUSIC CLUB NOTES.

The Music Club meeting, with a programme arranged by Miss Thomas, proved very enjoyable and of educational value musically.

The composer chosen was Haydn. A piano trio, known as the " Gipsy Rondo," was played by Miss Thomas, Miss Dill and Mrs. Russell. Two violin works of Haydn were played by Miss Dill, and a spirited performance of the

"Toy Symphony" was given by some of the girls, supported by the Trio. A paper on Haydn was read by Joyce Bryant.

We are indebted to Mrs. Russell for her kind help in playing the 'cello part of the trio.

H. S. B.

THE LIBRARIES.

THE REFERENCE LIBRARY.

New books have been added to the Library this year in each of the following sections: Religious Knowledge, English, History, French, Classics, Geography, Mathematics, Science, Art, Music, Physical Training.

A special addition has also been made as part of the Staff's Jubilee Gift to the School:—

The Concise Dictionary of National Biography.

Stage Scenery and Lighting—*Selden and Sellman*.

Everest, 1933—*Rutledge*.

Each batch of new books is kept on a reserved shelf in order to be easily visible and accessible till the next batch arrives.

SIXTH FORM FICTION LIBRARY.

A Fiction Library reserved for the Sixth Form, and for the Staff if they like to use it, was begun in the Summer Term, 1935. The idea was that the library should be started with whatever money could be diverted to it, and that every member of the Sixth who cared to should give a book known to be wanted when she left. It was pleasant to see with what unanimity the suggestion was approved and how willingly the first donors made their gifts. The library at present contains books by: Fr. Rolfe (Baron Corvo), Virginia Woolf, Joseph Conrad, C. E. Montague, Hugh Walpole, Rose Macaulay, L. Feuchtwanger, Thornton Wilder, V. Sackville West, Mary Webb, Clemence Dane, Margaret Irwin, Constance Cotter, H. G. Wells, John Buchan, Willa Cather, John Masefield, W. de la Mare, F. Brett Young, A. E. W. Mason, E. E. Somerville and Martin Ross, Thomas Hardy.

These include gifts from J. Bellis, D. Booth, J. Bryant, C. Clucas, M. Hastings, F. Hill, B. Rennell, J. Welling.

THE SCHOOL FICTION LIBRARY.

Additions during the year include books by: Sapper, John Buchan, John Galsworthy, Ian Hay, Mark Twain, "Q," L. M. Montgomery, Margaret Irwin, E. Forman Lewis, Hugh Walpole, Prescott, and volumes from the "Told to the Children" Series.

We are very grateful to Joyce Bryant for giving some attractive school stories.

JUNIOR SCHOOL.

The Junior School Class and Fiction Libraries have also had regular additions.

SOCIAL WORK.

CATHEDRAL NURSING SOCIETY.

Form VI, £2 12s. 9d. ; Form VA, £7 12s. 5d.

The money collected by both Forms was sent to Miss Abraham, of the Cathedral Nursing Society, for use among the sick and poor in Newcastle.

BENSHAM GROVE NURSERY SCHOOL.

Form VB Cl., £3 15s. 3d. ; Form IIIA2, £1 14s. 0d.

Form IIIB, £4 2s. 0d.

At Christmas Forms VB Cl. and IIIB (IIIA2 was not then in existence) combined to give a party at the School, and members of both Forms had tea with the children and helped with the Christmas tree. The Forms provided presents for each child, which Major Grey very kindly took to the School. During the year VB Cl.'s contributions have helped to support a special child. Form IIIB was able to realize its good total by a sale of lavender bags.

MARY MAGDALENE HOME.

Form VB Mod., £2 6s. 9d.

As a rule the money was sent directly to the Matron of the Home to use at her discretion, but in the Autumn Term flowers were bought for the wards.

ROYAL VICTORIA INFIRMARY.

Form Upp. IVA, £2 16s. 4½d.

The money collected was spent on toys and books at Christmas ; chocolate eggs, fresh eggs, and fruit at Easter ; and fruit in summer for the Children's Ward of the Infirmary.

BYKER NURSERY SCHOOL.

Form IVA, £2 17s. 6d.

Members of IVA were present at the Nursery School when Countess Grey visited it in the Autumn Term. Christmas presents were sent to the children at the end of that term, and Easter eggs were taken at the end of the next. In addition to these gifts Form IVA also sent 80 " bun " pennies to the Newcastle Chronicle Sunshine Fund.

THE NORTHERN COUNTIES ORPHANAGE.

Form IV Alpha, £2 13s. 3d.

Form IV Alpha had intended to celebrate the end of the Summer Term by providing fruit and cream for the Orphanage School, but, finding that they were already on holiday, has decided to use the money for a Christmas party.

HOME FOR WAIFS AND STRAYS, CULLERCOATS.

Forms IVB1 and IVB2, £5 11s. 0d.

These two Forms raised £1 5s. 0d. of their money during the Autumn Term by an entertainment, and were able to send 25s. worth of fireworks for Nov. 5th and a Christmas hamper costing 35s. to the Home. At the end

of the Summer Term twenty-five of the children came to tea at School, played games, and were entertained by a play which IIIA1 had prepared for them and for their own friends from Dame Margaret's.

DAME MARGARET'S HOME, WASHINGTON.

Form IIIA1, £1 9s. 2½d.

During the year individual members of IIIA adopted friends at Dame Margaret's, to whom they wrote and sent Christmas presents and Easter eggs. Early in the Summer Term IIIA1 visited Dame Margaret's and met their individual friends for the first time. After tea a Jubilee Pageant of Nations was given by Dame Margaret's, in which the singing was excellent. At the end of term Dame Margaret's returned the visit, and IVB1 and 2 entertained Cullercoats on the same day. After tea and games IIIA1 and some members of IIIA2 gave a play which Miss Pugsley had kindly produced—"The Fairies of Caldon Low." IIIA1 would like to thank Miss Pugsley, Miss Wade Smith, and Miss Britton for helping them with the play; Mr. and Mrs. Mattison and the kitchen staff for their kind help with the tea. The money collected during this term was used to pay for the bus which brought the children from Washington.

R.S.P.C.A. DISPENSARY.

Form II, £2 7s. 2d.

Form II raised 9s. of their Autumn Term collection by a play, "Snow-White and the Seven Dwarfs," acted for the Junior School, admission 1d. Twice during the year the Form spent an evening at the Dispensary. They also visited the Fleming Hospital at Christmas with gifts of toys and books, and at Easter with nine dozen eggs: they have collected silver paper for the Hospital throughout the year.

THE FLEMING MEMORIAL HOSPITAL.

Form IA, £1 19s. 0d.; Form IB, £1 0s. 10d.;

Form IC, £1 8s. 0d.; Remove, 7s.;

Kindergarten, Silver paper.

All these Forms brought Christmas presents of toys and books, which they took to the Hospital themselves, and in the next term gifts of Easter eggs. Most of them have also collected silver paper assiduously throughout the year.

ARMISTICE DAY COLLECTION.

The sale of Flanders poppies in School realized £14 5s. 4d.

KING GEORGE'S JUBILEE FUND.

£16 6s. 9d. was collected in School for King George's Jubilee Trust Fund.

LIFE-BOAT FUND.

A collection at prayers for the Life-Boat Fund brought in £3 15s. 5d.

HOUSE NOTES.

OFFICIALS.

	Blue.	Orange.	Red.	White.
Captains	...D. Hudson (Aut. and Spring Terms)	J. Bryant	B. Tinsley	D. Gough
Vice-Captains	J. Welling J. Welling (Aut. and Spring Terms)	E. Mitchell	H. Noble	J. Reay (Aut.)
	D. Booth			F. Hill
Sen. Hockey	...S. lePen	J. Bryant	B. Tinsley	D. Gough
Sen. Netball	...S. lePen (Aut.) B. Barr (Spring)	E. Mitchell	B. Tinsley	J. Reay (Aut.)
Sen. Tennis	...B. Barr	J. Bryant	B. Tinsley	D. Gough (Spring)
Sen. Rounders	Jy. Thorp	J. Bryant	E. Baird	B. Calderwood
Lacrosse	...D. Hudson	J. Bryant	Joan Thorp	D. Gough
Sports	...B. Barr	J. Bryant	B. Tinsley	R. Cumberlege
	J. Bowran	E. Mitchell	E. Baird	D. Gough
Swimming	...J. Bowran	B. Rennell	E. Baird	B. Calderwood
Music	...F. Tarver	J. Bryant	H. Noble	I. Babbs
				E. Blair (Aut.)
Art	...M. Bellis	M. Hastings	E. Baird	A. Nisbet
Hd. Gardener	D. Booth	J. Bellis	D. Patterson	A. Nisbet
				M. Thursfield (Aut. and Spring)
				C. Lucas
Jun. Hockey	...C. Curtis	Mgt. Grey	J. Halliday	D. Laws
Jun. Netball	...	E. Isaac	Y. Heads	R. Cumberlege
Jun. Tennis	...M. Nelson	Mgt. Grey	Y. Heads	B. Whitaker
Jun. Rounders	M. Nelson	Mgt. Grey	Y. Heads	B. Whitaker

CUPS.

AUTUMN TERM.

Senior Report Trophy	Orange House	
Art Shield	"	"
Junior Swimming Championship	"	"
Gardening Cup	"	"
Senior Hockey Cup	Red	"
Senior Swimming Championship	"	(E. Baird)
Excellents Cup	"	"
Neatness Cup	"	"
Junior Hockey Cup	Blue	"
House Swimming Shield	"	"
Junior Report Cup	White	"
Junior Gym. Cup	"	(U. Brown)

SPRING TERM.

Lacrosse Cup	Orange House
Senior Netball Shield	" "
Neatness Cup	" "
Junior Report Cup	" "
Senior Report Trophy	" "
	(shared with Blue House)
Honours Cup	Red House
Gardening Cup	" "
Spelling Cup	White "
Junior Netball Cup	" "
Senior Report Trophy	Blue "
	(shared with Orange House)

SUMMER TERM.

Senior House Tennis Cup	Orange House
Junior House Tennis Cup	" "
Senior Tennis Championship	" " (E. Mitchell)
Senior Tennis Championship (Runner-up)	" " (J. Bryant)
Junior Tennis Championship	" " (Mgt. Grey)
Senior Rounders Cup	" "
Athlete's Cup	" " (J. Bryant)
Junior Gymnastic Cup... ..	" " (Mgt. Grey)
Marching Cup	" "
Gardening Cup	" "
Neatness Cup	" "
Middle School Sports Championship ...	Blue " (C. Curtis)
Spelling Cup	" "
Junior Rounders Cup	" "
Senior Report Trophy	" "
Senior Gymnastic Cup... ..	White " (D. Laws)
Junior School Sports Championship ...	" " (J. Adler)
Junior Report Cup	" "
Sports Cup	" "
Senior Sports Championship	Red " (U. Finney)
Honours Cup	" "
Junior School Netball Cup	" "
Junior School Marching Cup	Form Ia

BLUE HOUSE.

Blue House has had quite a successful year, but it is noticeable that its successes have been due more to individuals than to the combined effort of the House. The number of reports decreased during the Summer Term, and we hope the House will make an effort to retain the shield during the coming year.

We congratulate Carol Curtis on her outstanding achievements in swimming and spelling. If the House were keener, Blue might easily produce a few more such creditable performances.

We wish Blue House the very best of luck for the coming year.

D. HUDSON, J. O. WELLING.

ORANGE HOUSE.

Orange House has had a most successful year. In the Michaelmas Term we won the Gardening Cup and the Junior Champion House Swimming Cup. We lost the Gardening Cup in the Easter Term after a close struggle with Red House, but to compensate, we won, that term, the Neatness Cup, the Junior Report Cup and the Lacrosse Cup.

Of the three terms the Summer Term was the most fruitful. We regained the Gardening Cup owing to the proficiency and keenness of our House gardeners. The interest displayed by the Middle School and Juniors was most encouraging.

I am glad that as a result of the House's care about general tidiness we have held the Neatness Cup for two terms.

We must congratulate Elizabeth Mitchell on winning the Senior Tennis Championship, and Margaret Grey on winning the Junior Tennis Championship and the Junior Gymnastics Cup.

Our heartiest congratulations to Blanche Rennell, who has gained an Entrance to Newnham College, Cambridge—the outstanding scholastic achievement of the year. We wish her every success in her career.

After seven exceedingly happy years at school I am sorry to be leaving it, but that time has to come to all of us. I go leaving my best wishes with Orange House and to the future House captain—to whom I am sure you will give the same loyal support as you have to me.

J. BRYANT.

RED HOUSE.

Red House has had a more successful year than last. Both sport and school work have improved. More keenness is necessary, however, if we are to retain our position, and there should be a big reduction in the number of reports in the coming year.

I hope for the continued success of Red House.

B. TINSLEY.

WHITE HOUSE.

On the whole this has been a successful year, for White House has won several Cups and has been second for a considerable number.

We wish to congratulate Ursula Brown and Doreen Laws on winning both Gymnastics Cups, and also our Juniors, who managed to keep the Netball Cup. Our Seniors played well and were runners-up in hockey, netball, tennis and rounders. With a little extra keenness we may be first next year.

Our spelling has been good. We won the Cup in the Spring Term, and in the summer lost it to Red by only a very small margin.

The Aims Charts did much to increase the House's keenness for sports, and we were very proud to be the Champion House on Sports Day. We also obtained the highest average when the totals of the charts were taken.

Unfortunately we were last in the House Marching Competition. There was too much slackness and lack of keenness, especially among the Juniors.

The House garden has improved immensely this year. Our gardeners have worked hard, but the lack of helpers has been very noticeable.

The number of reports, both ordinary and neatness, has been disgraceful. Each term we accumulated far more than any other House. We ought to take an example from our Juniors, who brought us the Cup in both the Autumn and Summer Terms.

I hope that White House will be very successful in the coming year.

D. GOUGH.

HOCKEY, 1934—1935.

The Hockey season this year has been quite successful, and the standard of play has certainly improved. The defence particularly has been playing well, and the attack is beginning to be more effective in the circle, as the last match against the Old Girls showed. We managed to gain three positions in the Junior County team, Eileen Baird as centre-half, Barbara Tinsley as right back, and Elizabeth Mitchell as occasional goalkeeper. Apart from this, House matches raised considerable enthusiasm, and the Central High School were kind enough to lend us their field for a re-play in the final of the Seniors. We had an opportunity, also, of watching first-class hockey in the North v. South match at Cochrane Park, and we were pleased that so many people availed themselves of it.

M. FORD.

K. THOMPSON.

TEAMS.

		1st.		2nd.
R.W.	...	B. Calderwood	...	J. Bellis
R.I.	...	M. Elder	...	J. Grieve
C.F.	...	D. Gough*	...	M. Halford
L.I.	...	V. Gough	...	M. Maughan
L.W.	...	D. Hudson*	...	D. Laws (C. Curtis)
R.H.	...	Jo. Thorp*	...	B. Rennell
C.H.	...	E. Baird*	...	M. McEwan
L.H.	...	J. Bryant*	...	M. Bellis
R.B.	...	B. Tinsley	...	G. Tarver
L.B.	...	M. Teasdale	...	B. Moffit
G.	...	E. Mitchell*	...	J. Reay

* Colours.

TEAM CRITICISM.

- B. Calderwood—Is inclined to over-run the ball. Needs to centre a little sooner.
- M. Elder—Improved during the season. Effective in the circle.
- D. Gough—Played a much more dashing game towards the end of the season. Needs to open up the game more with long through passes.
- V. Gough—A useful inner. Wing passes good, but must be careful to keep in position.
- D. Hudson—A quick wing, but needs to centre more accurately.
- Jo. Thorp—Has improved her game enormously. Is now a most reliable half. Marking particularly good.
- E. Baird—Most energetic, but still needs to mark more closely.
- J. Bryant (capt.)—Has learnt to mark better, and make the most of her speed.
- B. Tinsley—Has developed into a very good right back. Has a sound sense of tactics.
- M. Teasdale—Has improved her game. Marking up the field much better.
- E. Mitchell—A good, steady goalkeeper; stops and clears well.

FIXTURES.

					For.	Agst.
Nov.	17—Heaton Secondary School	...	Away	...	scratched.	
"	24—Central High School	...	Away	...	1	3
Dec.	1—Whitley and Monkseaton High Sch.	...	Away	...	2	1
"	8—Tynemouth High School	...	Home	...	scratched.	
"	13—Old Girls	...	Home	...	scratched.	
"	15—Westoe Secondary School	...	Home	...	scratched.	
Jan.	19—Old Girls	...	Home	...	3	0

HOUSE MATCHES.**SENIOR.**

Red	}	Red	}	
Orange	}	1-0	}	draw, 1-1
White	}	White	}	
Blue	}	2-1	}	re-play, Red 1-0

JUNIOR.

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

JUNIOR COUNTY HOCKEY TRIALS.

Three people have been selected to play for the Junior County this season.

Eileen Baird as captain and centre-half.

Barbara Tinsley as right back.

Elizabeth Mitchell as goal.

Joan Thorpe is reserve right half.

LACROSSE.

Last year's Magazine announced the contemplated change in the winter games programme, whereby Lacrosse was to become the only field game for a complete term. This change came into effect in January, but its way was prepared by a lecture and demonstration given in the Autumn Term by Miss Newbold. Her enthusiasm and vigour startled even quite sluggish minds and bodies into an unexpected activity, and practice with crosse and ball was popular. But leisurely catching and throwing, however sensational the height and distance, frequently is mere pleasurable indulgence with little or no reference to adaptability to the game; and it is only useful to a very limited degree. Short, neat passing, a use of the body and the crosse as a unit, terrific will and speed form the basis of good play. Rhythm is essential to running, and the crosse must swing to form part of that rhythm.

Considering that we were ambitious enough to play matches in the first term of the new order, we were fortunate to get off so lightly; good luck may have had more to do with the results than one cares to admit, because certainly our play was not of match standard. But the nervous anxiety which accompanies a team in its first match also produced a tremendous eagerness and desire to play hard, qualities which augur well for the future.

M. FORD.

D. COHEN.

MATCHES.

March	7—Heaton Secondary School	...	Away	...	lost	...	2-4
„	20—Sunderland Ladies' II	...	Home	...	lost	...	2-12
„	28—House Matches as an American Tournament—						

Orange, 7 goals

Blue

Red

White

} 2 goals.

TEAM.

Goal	E. Monkhouse or J. Paterson
Point	M. Elder
Cover Point	A. Nisbet
3rd Man	Joan Thorp
R. Defence Wing	M. Nelson
L. Defence Wing	E. Baird
Centre	E. Mitchell
R. Attack Wing	R. Cumberlege
L. Attack Wing	*J. Bryant (captain)
3rd Home	Mgt. Grey
2nd Home	M. Maughan
1st Home	B. Barr

* Colours.

NETBALL, 1934—1935.

FIXTURES.

Oct.	6—Central High School 1st and 2nd VII's	H	...	1st lost 21-29 2nd won 14-12	
Oct.	20—Fenham Convent 1st and J.	...	A	...	1st won 19-10 J. draw 15-15
Oct.	27—Sunderland High School 1st, 2nd and J.	H	...	scratched	
Nov.	20—West Jesmond Elementary J....	...	A	...	won 10-9
Dec.	4—Central High School, J.	...	H	...	scratched
Dec.	8—Brackenrigg, Stocksfield, J.	...	H	...	scratched
Dec.	11—Old Girls 1st	...	H	...	lost 11-14
Feb.	2—West Jesmond Elementary J....	...	H	...	won 14-6
Feb.	9—Sunderland High Sch. 1st and 2nd VII's	H	...	1st lost 19-23 2nd won 14-13	
Feb.	12—Brackenrigg, Stocksfield, J.	...	H	...	won 35-2
Mar.	2—Morpeth High School 1st and 2nd VII's	H	...	scratched	
Mar.	16—County Tournament	...	—	...	won by Central
Mar.	18—Central High School J.	...	A	...	draw 15-15
Mar.	28—Fenham Convent 1st and J.	...	H	...	1st won 26-12 J. won 7-4
Mar.	30—Rutherford College 1st and 2nd	...	H	...	1st lost 19-22 2nd won 20-9
April	2—Central High School 2nd VII...	...	H	...	won 16-7

TEAMS.

	1st VII.	2nd VII.	Junior VII.
G.S....	... E. Young M. Maughan	D. Grieve	R. Cumberlege
H. *E. Mitchell (capt.)	V. Pennington	V. Pennington
C.H.	... V. Gough	M. Nelson B. Barr	M. Nelson
C. *D. Gough (vice-capt.)	Mgt. Grey	Mgt. Grey
D.C.	... S. lePen B. Heslop	B. Calderwood J. Harding	P. Gough
D. *Mgt. Teasdale	J. Reay D. Bell	Mary Grey
G.D.	... Pat Markham	J. Paterson	Jean Paterson
Reserves : B. Whitaker, H. Bailey, R. Goddard, H. Francis.			

* Colours.

TEAM CRITICISM.

E. Young—A good shooter, but not sufficiently energetic.

M. Maughan—A good shooter and a very keen player.

E. Mitchell—Shooting very good—also general play. A keen and efficient captain.

V. Gough—A thoughtful and untiring player.

D. Gough—Quite a good knowledge of centre play, but unfortunately had insufficient practice with the rest of the team.

S. lePen—Defensive work quite good, but footwork untidy and play generally uncontrolled.

B. Heslop—A very strong player. Defensive work good.

Mgt. Teasdale—Should concentrate on marking—relied too much on intercepting passes. Needs to realize the value of combining.

P. Markham—A keen player. Must mark her opponent more closely.

The standard of play of the 1st VII was satisfactory, but not good enough to pull off victories in matches. More determination and team spirit was required—against a first-class team there was a tendency to play as a losing team and without spirit. The attack play was better than defensive play. The 2nd VII had better results. They showed much more fighting spirit. The Juniors were also very keen and played well in matches. There are some promising players for the Senior teams among them.

M. L. BENNETT.

HOUSE MATCHES.

SENIOR.

			Blue.	Orange.	Red.	White.	Total.
Blue	—	2	4	1	7
Orange	14	—	19	15	48
Red	6	2	—	4	12
White	13	6	10	—	29

JUNIOR.

			Blue.	Orange.	Red.	White.	Total.
Blue	—	6	3	5	14
Orange	0	—	3	4	7
Red	2	2	—	3	7
White	7	6	3	—	16

In the Senior matches Orange House had a very strong team, so that the games were rather uneven.

Play in the Junior teams was of a very satisfactory standard, but the shooting should have been better.

JUNIOR SCHOOL NETBALL HOUSE MATCHES.

The matches were played on Monday, 8th July.

Result :	Red House ...	} 8 goals
	Orange House ...	
	White House ...	
	*Blue House ...	0 goals

* Blue played three substitutes.

TENNIS.**MATCH RESULTS.**

Date.	Opponents.	Venue.	Result.
May 16—	R.V.I. Massage School	H ...	won 40-35
„ 22—	Old Girls (3 couples)	H ...	won 88-79
„ 25—	The Duchess' School, Alnwick (3 couples)	A ...	won 73-26
„ 28—	Tynemouth High School (3 couples) ...	H ...	won 70-11
June 1—	Central Newcastle High School		
	(1st Round League)	A ...	won 44-33
„ 13—	Royal Grammar School (3 couples) ...	H ...	lost 46-101
„ 15—	The Duchess' School, Alnwick		
	(2nd Round League)	A ...	won 45-23
„ 19—	Durham County School... ..	A ...	won 48-14
July 18—	Staff (3 couples)	H ...	won 55-42

HOUSE MATCHES.

PLAYED AS AN AMERICAN TOURNAMENT.

SENIOR.

1st	Orange ...	81
2nd	White ...	53
3rd	Red ...	47
4th	Blue ...	35

JUNIOR.

1st	Orange ...	32
2nd	Red ...	30
3rd	{ Blue	} ... 29
	{ White	

HIGH SCHOOLS SHIELD TOURNAMENT ON JULY 13th.

The Tournament was played on the Central Newcastle High School ground, and the result was as follows:—

1.	Newcastle Church High School	86 games.
2.	Central Newcastle High School	74 games.
3.	Durham High School	63 games.
4.	Sunderland High School	41 games.

We should like to thank Miss Odell for all her kind arrangements, which made the day such an enjoyable one for everyone who was present.

**NORTHUMBERLAND AND DURHAM SECONDARY
SCHOOLS TENNIS LEAGUE.**

We are grateful to Miss Brown for arranging for us to play the final of the League at the Archery, Durham, on July 20th. Our team beat the Durham High School team by 42 games to 32.

SENIOR CHAMPIONSHIP.

Elizabeth Mitchell beat Joyce Bryant 6-3, 6-2.

JUNIOR CHAMPIONSHIP.

Margaret Grey beat Pamela Secretan 6-3, 6-4.

SCHOOL TEAM.

1st Couple.
J. Bryant (capt.)
E. Mitchell

2nd Couple.
B. Tinsley
Bunty Barr

3rd Couple.
B. Calderwood
J. Grieve

Colours were awarded to Bunty Barr and Jean Grieve.

It was unfortunate that Bunty Barr had to leave before the end of term ; she was a very reliable member of the team, particularly good at the base line and at her best in a match. Her place was taken by Jean Grieve, whose play is very promising and style good. Her whole game now needs speeding up and placing of balls needs special care.

The School is very proud of the team, which has again won both Shields for us.

We have had more matches than last season, and on most occasions three couples have played. There are some promising players among the Juniors, and I hope as many as possible will try to arrange a weekly practice during the winter.

I should like the House Teams to be chosen earlier next season so that they may practise together before the date fixed for the House matches.

The members of the team have done a great deal to interest the rest of the School in tennis, and particularly among the Juniors have found many willing helpers. There is one way in which everyone can support the team—by coming to watch the matches. It would be very nice to see more spectators, especially at the home matches.

One other point—an effort should be made to keep the games cupboard tidy. Will those who are rather careless about their racquets please bear this in mind ?

It is pleasing that so many girls have taken advantage of the half-crown tickets of admission to the County Tournament. We are very grateful to Mr. Corder for sending us the tickets.

This term we say good-bye—or, as we hope, *au revoir*—to Joyce Bryant. We shall miss her very much. For three years she has been Tennis captain, and a valued member of the team for even longer. Her place will be difficult to fill. Our very best wishes go with her when she leaves for Glasgow.

K. BRITTON.

September.

We congratulate Elizabeth Mitchell and Pam Bird on reaching the final of the Open Doubles in the Junior County Tournament.

Elizabeth Mitchell also reached the semi-final of the Singles and of the Open Mixed Doubles.

ROUNDERS, 1935.

This year's Rounders Team has lacked the hard hitting which was a feature of last year's team, and consequently has not done quite so well in accumulating rounders. The fielding is, however, much improved—due we have no doubt, to the adoption of discs in preference to posts ; but it is a pity that there is not more uniformity in this direction, as the change of method tends to unsettle opposing teams. We, of course, prefer discs, and only wish more people would follow our example.

M. FORD.
K. THOMPSON.

TEAMS.

		1st.	2nd.
Posts	1	D. Gough*	P. Markham
	2	V. Gough*	Mgt. Grey
	3	Jo. Thorp*	M. Teasdale
	4	B. Tinsley*	C. Curtis
Deeps	1	J. Grieve	B. Calderwood
	2	M. Bellis	D. Grieve
	3	M. Nelson	M. Elder
Bowler		B. Whitaker	J. Paterson
Backstop		E. Mitchell*	E. Baird

		JUNIOR.	RESERVES.
Posts	1	P. Markham	
	2	C. Curtis	R. Goddard
	3	V. Shafto	Y. Heads
	4	D. Laws	M. Morrison
Deeps	1	M. Whitaker	A. Miller
	2	M. Bellis	J. Mold
	3	M. Nelson	
Bowler		B. Whitaker	
Backstop		Mgt. Grey	

* Colours.

TEAM CRITICISM.

D. Gough—Usually a reliable 1st Post, but needs to watch for opportunities to get more than one man out.

V. Gough—Does useful work in saving the ball from getting into deep field. Could improve her hitting.

Jo. Thorp—Has done good work in batting and fielding.

B. Tinsley (capt.)—Has an exceptionally good hit, but needs more speed.

J. Grieve—Has a very good throw in. Batting has improved.

M. Bellis—Fields exceptionally well. Is sometimes inclined to stand too far out.

M. Nelson—Neat fielder. Usually makes the most of opportunities.

B. Whitaker—Usually throws a good ball and fields well, but needs to learn to play carefully.

E. Mitchell—Makes a very good backstop. An asset to the batting side.

FIXTURES.

							For.	Agst.
June	6—Tynemouth High School	1st	H	...	6	2
		2nd	H	...	6	1½
,,	15—Sunderland High School	A	A	...	7½	11½
		Jnr.	A	...	4½	7
,,	20—Heaton Sec. School	1st	H	...	scratched	
		Jnr.	H	...	scratched	
July	10—Central High School	Jnr.	A	...	4	10
		Jnr.	A	...	scratched	
,,	11—Tynemouth „ „	1st	7½	1½
		2nd	4½	½
,,	17—Central „ „	1st	A	...	2	5
		Jnr.	A	...	3	7
,,	18—Heaton Sec. School	1st	H	...	5½	3½
		2nd	H	...	1	2½

HOUSE MATCHES.**SENIOR.**

Orange	}	Orange	}	Draw 3-3 Re-play Orange 5- $\frac{1}{2}$
Red	}	2-0		
White	}	White	}	
Blue	}	1 $\frac{1}{2}$ - $\frac{1}{2}$		

JUNIOR.

White	}	Orange	}	Blue 6-1
Orange	}	8-4		
Blue	}	Blue	}	
Red	}	8 $\frac{1}{2}$ -2		

SWIMMING.

This has been a very satisfactory year, showing marked progress in the development of some of our swimmers and bringing considerable success to our teams.

The School sports were held as usual in October at the Grammar School baths. Senior Champion House, Blue.

Junior Champion House, Orange.

Senior individual Champion, Eileen Baird.

Junior individual Champion, Valerie Pennington.

It has been decided that in future the sports shall be held in the Summer Term.

During the season there were three matches, all of which the School won.

1. Wednesday, June 5th, v. Women's College of Medicine, at Northumberland Road Baths. School won by half a length. Time, 1 minute 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ seconds.

Team : Eileen Baird, Joyce Bowran, Joan Graham, Carol Curtis.

2. At Grammar School Bath, Thursday, July 4th, v. Central High School. Our team won.

Team : Joan Graham, Doreen Laws, Catherine Stuart, Pat. Markham.

3. At Grammar School Bath, Thursday, July 11th, against Women's College [of Medicine. School won by quarter-length in 1 minute 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ seconds.

Team : Pat. Markham, Valerie Pennington, Catherine Stuart, Carol Curtis.

On this day there was also a diving match, in which the College of Medicine won the first two places, Carol Curtis being placed third.

THE INTER-SCHOOLS GALA was held as usual at the Chillingham Road bath, and, also as usual, was extremely exciting. We were greatly concerned when Carol Curtis hurt her wrist so badly that she could not swim in the Intermediate race. Luckily Pat. Markham excelled herself and created a record for that bath by swimming the length in 14 seconds and so winning the Intermediate Cup. Valerie Pennington was third.

Eileen Baird just failed to beat a Heaton girl in the Senior race and was second.

To our very great joy we managed to win the Team race—by a touch only—in 64½ seconds. It is good to see the much-coveted “Diving Girl” on the bracket again. Our team was Eileen Baird, Joan Graham, Joyce Bowran and Pat. Markham.

It is a great disappointment that the School makes so little progress in diving and in style that it was placed bottom of the list in these two events at the gala. All swimmers are particularly asked to make a great effort to improve their diving.

Colours were awarded to Catherine Stuart, Doreen Laws, Valerie Pennington and Yvonne Heads.

Pocket ribbons (in lieu of School girdles) were awarded to Eileen Baird, Joyce Bowran, Carol Curtis, Joan Graham and Pat. Markham.

Very special congratulations are due to Carol Curtis and Pat. Markham. For two years in succession they have been the School-girl Champion and runner-up of Newcastle, and in October this year Carol became also the Girl Champion of Northumberland and Durham (50 yards), making a new time record of 33 seconds and just beating Joan Chaplin (Redcar), who had recorded the same time in her heat.

We welcome Eileen Baird as Captain for the 1935-36 season.

M. E. W.

ROYAL LIFE-SAVING SOCIETY.

Award of Silver and Bronze Medals and Certificates for swimming, Autumn, 1934.

Bronze Medal and Proficiency Certificate :—

Eileen Baird, Joice Bowran, Ursula Brown, Patricia Markham, Helen Noble.

October, 1935 :—

Mary Grey, Avis Patterson, Joice Peary, Joyce Robinson.

Silver Medal and Award of Merit :—

Isobel Babbs.

We cannot close this notice of the School's progress in swimming without expressing our regret in parting from Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Watteeu, our swimming teachers, who have done so much for us all during the last twenty-three years. Their devotion and enthusiasm are responsible for the good general standard of swimming in School. Alike for the very little ones, for Middle School girls, and for proficient swimmers, their work has been unflagging and their help never failing. The result is seen in the confidence and in the success of the swimmers, not only in this School but in all schools in which they have taught. We wish them *au revoir*, and hope they may have an enjoyable and refreshing period of rest from their arduous labours for our benefit. Mrs. Watteeu is joining her mother in London. We hope that she will visit Mrs. Brown, who will remain in Stocksfield, so that we may often see them in School.

L. M. GURNEY.

GYMNASTICS.

Competitions took place on the last Monday morning of the Summer Term. Miss Osborne kindly judged and gave some helpful criticism. In the Senior House Marching Competition, she said that the work was good on the whole—the girls stepped out well, but in each House there were individuals with poking heads and waists; others looked down or marched stiffly. Crooked lines and heaviness were noticeable in all Houses. Orange House looked more cheerful than the other Houses. That is probably why they won the Cup, as cheerfulness gives greater confidence and better work results.

The Junior School competed in forms and Form 1A won the Cup. There was no time for criticism—we were already keeping parents and nurses waiting—but they were an enthusiastic, hardworking team.

The Senior Individual Gymnastics Cup was won by Doreen Laws, who has a very good and easy style, and Doreen Grieve and Annette Nisbet were close seconds; Margaret Grey, as the best Junior in the competition, holds the Junior Cup.

New colours are awarded to M. Bellis, C. Curtis, Mgt. Grey, D. Grieve, D. Laws and D. Patterson.

M. FORD.

DEPORTMENT.

Several Deportment Badges have been given during the year, and the recipients are to be congratulated. It is hoped that they will endeavour to live up to what the badges imply, good manners and good carriage, to the end of their School life and after.

We would remind all Deportment Badge holders that badges are to be re-considered every year, and the undeserving will have to give their badges up.

SPORTS, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 12th.

Sports were preceded this year by Figure Marching, in which the entire Senior School took part. It was a nice change and gave everybody fifteen minutes in which to be important, and the spectators appreciated their efforts.

The House Championship was won by White House with 168½ points; Orange had 159, Blue 148½, Red 136. Individual Champions were: Senior (over 14 on May 1st), Ursula Finney, R., 11 points; Middle School (under 14 and in Senior School), Carol Curtis, B., 21 points; Junior School, Joan Adler, W., 5½ points. Mr. McEwan won the Fathers' race, which was a competition of hammering 12 nails into a piece of wood. It proved more popular than the Mothers' race (casting on 50 stitches), which was won by Mrs. Richardson. Nadine Charlier won the Little Visitors' race, and Miss Macgregor the Staff and Old Girls' race, a short obstacle event.

We should like to thank the Staff, Archer, the Mattisons and others for their help on Sports Day and before it.

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

OTHER RESULTS.

SENIOR RACES.

	1st.	2nd.	3rd.
220 yards	U. Finney, R.	E. Baird, R.	D. Gough, W.
100 yards	U. Finney, R.	Mgt. Grey, O.	E. Baird, R.
High Jump	D. Grieve, W.	H. Bailey, W.	M. Bonner, O.
Ball Throwing	J. Grieve, O.	E. Mitchell, O.	M. Halford, O.
Hurdles	Mgt. Grey, O.	A. Nisbet, W.	D. Patterson, R.
Sack	M. Bellis, B.	Mary Grey, W.	M. Hedley, O.
Obstacle	U. Brown, W.	M. Johnson, R.	M. Maughan, W.
Lacrosse	I. Babbs, W.	Judy Thorp, B.	Joan Thorp, R.
Slow Bicycle	C. Stuart, O.	D. Greenwell, O.	B. Cresswell, R.
Shuttle Relay	Red	Orange	White

MIDDLE SCHOOL RACES.

220 yards	C. Curtis, B.	P. Gough, B.	T. Robson, O.
100 yards	C. Curtis, B.	M. McClintock, W.	E. Birkett, W.
High Jump	Y. Heads, R.	L. Granlund, O.	—
Ball Throwing	R. Goddard, B.	R. Goddard, B.	M. Simpson, W.
Hurdles	E. Birkett, W.	M. Morrison, O.	M. Nelson, B.
Sack	C. Curtis, B.	P. Gough, B.	J. Vine, W.
Obstacle	Y. Heads, R.	I. Hall, B.	M. Clark, R.
Lacrosse	C. Curtis, B.	E. Mordue, O.	E. Isaac, O.
Slow Bicycle	E. Balls, W.	W. Macgregor, W.	J. Alexander, R.
Third Form			
Race	M. Bell, B.	M. Topping, B.	M. Wade, O.
Shuttle Relay	Orange	Blue	White

JUNIOR RACES.

Over 8—			
Running	S. Crawford, O.	J. Adler, W.	A. Vine, R.
Skipping	J. Adler, W.	V. Dickinson, W.	P. Urwin, O.
Egg & Spoon	P. Speed, R.	A. Kerr, R.	C. Mennie, B.
Obstacle	J. Adler, W.	S. Crawford, O.	K. Woodward, B.
Relay	Orange	White	Red
Under 8—			
Running	P. Halder, W.	J. Sparrow, W.	C. Harbottle, W.
Skipping	F. Mennie, R.	C. Harbottle, W.	J. Waggott, B.
Egg & Spoon	J. Davison, W.	C. Harbottle, W.	J. Baker, R.
Obstacle	A. Wilby, W.	J. Waggott, B.	M. Brown, B.
Under 6—			
Running	G. Speed, W.	J. Waggott, B.	A. Wilby, W.

FORM RACES.

	1st.	2nd.	3rd.
Baton (Senior) ...	VB Cl.	VA	VB Mod.
„ (Middle School) ...	IVB2	IIIA1	IIIA2
Quoit on Head (Junior) ...	Remove	IB	II

M. FORD.

ATHLETIC AIMS.

Out of 13 tests the results were :—

1. White House	6.21	per person.
2. Orange House	5.83	" "
3. Blue House...	5.72	" "
4. Red House	5.36	" "
Forms. Upper	IVA averaged		8.74	
	VI		7.71	
	IVB1		7.04	
	IVB2		6.60	
	IVA		6.41	
	VB Cl.		6.00	
	VA		5.56	
	IIIA1		5.54	
	VB Mod.		5.48	
	IV Alpha		4.35	
	IIIA2		3.83	
	IIIB		3.48	

The following completed all 13 tests: VI, J. Bryant, E. Mitchell, H. Noble, B. Tinsley; VB Cl., C. Curtis, H. Mearns, D. Patterson, M. Thornton; VB Mod., M. Nelson; Up. IVA, P. Gough, D. Laws, P. Markham, J. Mold, D. Mosley; IVA, J. Dickinson, Margaret Grey, J. Paterson, V. Pennington, M. Preston; IV Alpha, Mary Grey; IVB1, Y. Heads, R. Hedley, A. Miller, R. Tinsley, M. Whitaker; IIIA1, M. Simpson, M. Wade.

This is a greater number than we have had before, which is very gratifying. All receive Athlete's Badges, but there is to be a Junior award as the Senior tests are harder in comparison.

Ursula Finney, as Senior Sports Champion, has also gained her Athlete's Badge, and Carol Curtis, as Middle School Champion, has won her badge twice over.

Form VB Cl. possessed the best decorated chart—artist, Diana Patterson. Form VA was second—artist, Ursula Brown.

BEST ALL-ROUND ATHLETE CUP.

According to the instructions of the donors, the people with most games' colours in the School were nominated, and voted for by Forms VI and V. Of six people with 4½ or more colours or School girdle, Joyce Bryant was voted the best all-round athlete.

GUIDE NOTES FOR 1934—1935.

10th NEWCASTLE COMPANY.

The history of the Guide Company this year could almost be described as a procession of different officers. Naturally this has somewhat hindered the work of the Company. We began the year last September with Irene Lunn as Captain, and Joan Woll and Sybil Grey as Lieutenants. At the end of November Joan Woll left us to take up nursing in London. At the beginning of the following term the pressure of her work at the Cookery School made it impossible for Irene to continue her Guide work. We were very sorry to lose her, and take this opportunity of thanking her for all the work she has

done for the Company. We were, however, very fortunate in securing Miss Crowther to act as Captain. Unfortunately, after being with us some three weeks, her work took her to London. For the rest of the School year the Company was forced to carry on without an official Captain. Much to the disappointment of all the Guides it was almost impossible to hold a camp. We had, therefore, to be satisfied with a few hikes and our usual meetings.

We have now emerged from this year of calamities. Miss Ford, in spite of the many calls upon her time, has again very kindly taken over the Captaincy. We are all well aware of her efficiency, and hope to do some good work this year. Nevertheless, we feel that there is not enough enthusiasm for Guides in the School, and we do urge that all the younger members of the School should join and that the present members of the Company will not find themselves unable to continue their guiding. As a School Company we ought to be able to do valuable work, and the Commissioners expect us to produce several efficient officers.

SYBIL GREY (Lieutenant).

10th NEWCASTLE BROWNIES.

The Brownies have found many things to interest them during the year, and the chief amongst these was their annual picnic on July 20th in Plessey Woods. The day was a fine one and everyone seemed to enjoy herself.

The cup has been competed for each month among the sixes, and so far the Elves seem to have been the most frequent possessors, although the others have made valiant efforts to recover it. The great complaint is that Brownie meetings do not seem to be long enough for everything which needs to be done.

K. THOMPSON (Brown Owl).

OLD GIRLS' CLUB.

OFFICERS AND COMMITTEE, 1934-5.

President	Miss Gurney.
Hon. Treasurer	Miss Dickinson, 6, Eskdale Terrace, Newcastle.
Secretary	K. L. Clark, 40, Burdon Terrace, Newcastle.
Dramatic Secretary	S.	Nicholson,	Birch Holme, The Drive, Gateshead.
Committee	G. Brewis, G. Balfour, N. Cooke, M. Ford, C. Grey, M. Horsley, I. Lunn, P. Pimm, A. Weddell.

"KEEP FIT" AND GYMNASTIC CLASS.

Several members enjoyed the "Keep Fit" and Gym. Class on Monday evenings, and Miss Ford again kindly came every week to instruct. Badminton also was a very popular attraction. These classes are being continued this winter.

TENNIS.

A match was played against School in June, School winning by 88 games to 79.

An American Tournament was held on Monday, July 8th. There was a very good entry, and the spoons were won by Sybil Grey and Katie Clark.

There was tennis for any members of the Club on Monday evenings on the School courts.

GOLF.

A very successful meeting was held on June 3rd at Gosforth Club for the Holmes-White Cup, which was won by Netta Hiddleston. Irene Slora (Oliver) was second, and Grace Balfour and Katie Clark tied for third place. There were 14 entries, and everyone was pleased that Miss Gurney played.

A match was played on March 4th against Central High School Old Girls' Club at Gosforth Golf Club. Central won 7-1. Our team consisted of Miss Balfour, Miss Clark, Mrs. Dodds, Mrs. Oliver, Miss Oliver, Mrs. Slora, Miss Stevenson, Miss Wilson.

OLD GIRLS' DRAMATIC CLUB.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

The Old Girls' Dramatic Club is to be congratulated on two excellent performances of *As You Like It*, played to most appreciative houses on successive nights.

Their choice of play was wholly commendable in view of the wealth of talent to be found among Club members, for Shakespeare alone could reveal what had lain hidden for so long.

The setting of the stage was charming, and adequate for the smooth succession of one scene on another. There actually were no hitches, for which praise is due not only to the players but to the admirable backing of an efficient band of helpers behind the scenes. It may seem like "putting the cart before the horse" to mention them before the actual players, but the perfect production does depend on those unseen labours.

Gladys Boot played Orlando with outstanding charm and captivated the hearts of the whole audience, not only that of the fair Rosalind. Nothing could have been more touching than Orlando's sympathy with and support to the aged Adam, and, later, what more convincing than his quiet mastery of the situation when he descended, alone, upon the feasting Duke and his Foresters.

Celia and Rosalind were most attractive, whether in their courtly splendour, or in their assumed simplicity of the country maid and youth. Katherine Vipond and Elizabeth Greenwell are to be congratulated on their charming interpretations of these parts.

Bessie Carr played Duke Senior to perfection, with able backing from her band of Lords and Foresters. There was an air of peaceful calm about their forest banquet, which contrasted agreeably with the strained indecision and unexpected predicaments of the other characters.

Two months after the play each scene is still a vivid and beautiful picture. It is to be hoped that the Old Girls will give us Shakespeare again, for they have all the necessary talent to make his plays live. The soundest advice to all readers is: "Come and see for yourselves next year, and do not be content with hearing or reading of the show."

Finally, but of greatest importance, the work of Mr. E. P. Graham Barrow as producer must be remembered. It is impossible to estimate how much the players owed to him, but he must feel more than repaid by the success of his production.

G. E. H.

TAKINGS.

Friday night	£10 12 8
Saturday night	5 13 9
Profit from ice cream	0 13 0
Total					£16 19 5

EXPENSES.

Picture repaired	£1 1 0
Expenses (including tips)	2 10 4
Dramatic Club chairs for dining room	10 4 6
Deposited in Bank	3 3 7
Total					£16 19 5

K. B. (Hon. Treasurer.)

EXTRACT FROM LETTER FROM MISS ACKERLEY.

The years I spent in Newcastle were very happy ones, and it was a real pleasure to meet so many of the old girls. Will you please convey to the "Old Girls' Association" my appreciation of their generosity—including the large piece of cake presented to me?

CAROLINE ACKERLEY.

Deaconess Mary Siddall also wishes her thanks conveyed to all Old Girls who made her visit to the Jubilee Celebrations so happy.

MISS WARD SCORES.(Cutting from the *Evening Chronicle*.)

Miss Irene Ward (Con., Wallsend) has won the approval of women throughout the country with her recent triumph in the House of Commons.

She is one of the most active of our women members and always among the first to support any scheme which may lead to developing the interest of women in local and national government.

Her amendment to the Government of India Bill . . . " Provided that of the seats allotted to Madras, Bombay, Bengal, United Provinces, Punjab and Bihar, one in each province shall be reserved to women," was accepted by the Government and Miss Ward was warmly applauded by members of all parties.

The greatest importance is attached to the part that the women of India are to play in politics, and it is Miss Ward's sincere belief that they should take their full and proper part in the future development and government of their land.

We congratulate Miss Ward on being returned to Parliament for the second time as Conservative member for Wallsend.

LETTER FROM MISS HUNNYBUN.

(Organising Secretary of the Newcastle Diocesan Association for Moral Welfare Work.)

October, 9th, 1935.

Dear Miss Clark,

We want to take this opportunity of thanking very much all those members of the Church High School Old Girls' Guild for the splendid parcel of clothes and gift of money they sent us last Christmas for our City Outdoor Worker, Miss Findlow, to distribute. The number of little children (boys as well as little girls) and young girls we are called upon to help, increases more and more each year, as people are realizing what we stand for and the real constructive help we offer. Many of our children and young people are passed on to Training Homes, and this often means that we have to find outfits; then there is the girl going to a situation who possesses little of the clothes needed. Boots, shoes and underclothes are in great demand. The little babies must not be forgotten, and if any of your members who are married have baby clothes to spare, please ask them to send them along. I wish I could give you some brief pictures of all we are asked to do for such young people, who often from no fault of their own have fallen out by the way, and stand sorely in need of that spiritual and moral help which alone can remake, re-educate them into useful citizenship.

With many thanks—and please do all you can for us.

Yours sincerely,

M. C. M. HUNNYBUN.

NEWS OF OLD GIRLS.

EXAMINATION RESULTS.

Esther Hall	...	B.A. (Hons.). Class Upper II.	English.	Durham University.
Lucy Appleby	...	B.A. (Hons.). Class III.	Classics.	London University.
Dorothy Dunn	...	B.A. (Hons.). Class II., div. I.	Modern Languages.	London University.
Nona Philpott	...	M.A.		Durham University.
Mary Mackenzie		M.A.		St. Andrew's University.
Ailsa McKellar	...	B.Sc. (Hons.). Class II.;	A.R.C.S.	London University.
Brenda Muras	...	B.Com.		Armstrong College.
Jean McKellar	...	3rd M.B., B.S.	Final Minors.	University of Durham College of Medicine.
Meena Rowell	...	3rd M.B., B.S.	" "	" "
Kathleen Woll	...	2nd M.B., B.S.	" "	" "
Connie Grey	...	" "	" "	" "
Kathleen Dunn	...	1st M.B., B.S.	" "	" "
Sheila Brown	...	" "	" "	" "
Marion Harrison		" "	" "	" "
Sybil Russell	...	" "	" "	" "
Beryl Gibbs	...	" "	" "	" "
Barbara Firth	...	" "	" "	" "
Irene Mallett	...	2nd Year History (Hons.).		Armstrong College.
Elizabeth Burns		Part I Classical Tripos ; Class II.		Girton College.
Sheila Hails	...	1st Year Exam. Geography ; Class II.		Newnham College.
Margaret Henderson		Part I National Diploma in Dairying.		Reading University.
Helen Burns	...	1st M.B. (Dist. in Botany).		Glasgow University.
Betty Sprague	...	1st Year Exam. in Fine Art at King Edward VII School of Art,		Armstrong College.
Sybil Grey	...	1st Year LL.B.		Armstrong College.
Marion Kerr	...	Pre-Registration.		Armstrong College.
Dorothy Dickinson		L.G.S.M.		Royal Academy of Dramatic Art.
Honor Garrett	...	1st Class Princess Louise Nurse.		

OTHER NEWS.

Miss Ellershaw has been appointed Head Mistress of the Ladies' College, Guernsey.

Alex Coney has been appointed Assistant Mistress to teach Scripture, with some History and English, at the Orme Girls' School, Newcastle, Staffs. She has just finished a special course in Theology at S. Christopher's College.

Joan Woll is studying to be a Lady Almoner at Armstrong College.

Dorothy Dickinson is now qualified to teach elocution and is secretary of the Old Girls' Dramatic Club.

Gertrude Woodthorpe has just published her first novel, "Spring Head"—Nelson.

Florence Mackenzie is Departmental Assistant in the Department of Egyptology of the University of London.

Joan Kerr, who has been teaching under the Newcastle Education Committee, has accepted a post in a private school at Lymington.

Oona Hall has recently come home from Germany, where she has been studying the language.

Theo Morris has taken a three years' course in Agriculture and Dairying at Studley Agricultural College and has a post as Lecturer under the National Milk Publicity Council in Durham County. She says that anyone fond of an outdoor life, who is uncertain what profession to take up, would thoroughly enjoy a course at Studley.

Nancy Langdale is teaching Science and Mathematics at The Hoo, Willingdon, Sussex.

Dorothy Dyson has completed a secretarial course and hopes to obtain a post in which she can use her drawing qualifications.

Muriel Dyson is a governess at Londesborough Rectory, Yorkshire, and is very busy with a Guide Company she has started and in producing plays for a Dramatic Society at Market Weighton.

Joan Howell is studying Institutional Housekeeping at the Northern Counties College of Domestic Science, after which she intends to study Electrical Housecraft at Battersea Polytechnic, London.

Helen Ridley is training as a Nurse at Glasgow Infirmary.

Joan Oliver is working for the League of Remembrance, Bryanston Square, London, preparatory to training as a Hospital Nurse, for which she is not yet old enough.

Jane Dixon has gone to Los Angeles for a year to visit her sister.

Margaret Widdas has been teaching music at St. Bees School, Cumberland.

Doris Rutter is Sub-Editor of *The Guide*, and works at Imperial Headquarters, Buckingham Palace Road, London.

Joan Mackinlay is working in the Bank of England.

Angela Forster has had a post in the Treasury, Whitehall, London, but is now working for the National Council of Women.

Joan Mearns is working in the catering department of Messrs. Fenwick Ltd., Newcastle.

Gertrude Rowden is doing massage at the North Staffs. Infirmary, where she has now been seven years.

Dorothy Rowden is teaching and doing secretarial work at Luckley, Wolvingham, Berks.

Dorothy Oakley (Holmes) is in a remote part of the Sudan, where the post arrives and leaves only once in three weeks. Her two daughters live with their grandparents at Bywell Vicarage, Stocksfield.

Honor Garrett, having qualified as a 1st Class Princess Louise Nurse, is now taking a course in Household Management at Atholl Crescent Domestic Science College, Edinburgh.

Nona Philpott, who has graduated M.A. in the University of Durham, has also recently married. She intends, however, to carry on her teaching of Elocution and has now a great many private pupils.

Jean Hogg has trained as a secretary at Mrs. Hoster's College, and now has a post in the Foreign Coaling Dept. of Wilson, Sons & Co. Ltd., of London Wall.

Miss Newsom is married to Mr. John Peile and living in Nigeria. She visited School with her husband and two of her sisters at the beginning of this term on her way to Scotland for a holiday.

Edith Kynoch is training to be a Hospital Nurse at Christchurch, New Zealand.

Kathleen Monterief is married (Mrs. Cheale) and living in Tunbridge Wells; she has four children, two girls and two boys.

Norah Inskip (Mrs. Heawood) has two children and is living near Durham.

Kathleen Cain has had success with her compositions of dance music.

Margaret Owen has designed a picture for a commemorative card for the G.F.S. Diamond Jubilee, and won the 1st Prize in a competition open to the whole of England.

Vivian Martin has a post at Lea House Preparatory School, Kidderminster.

Yvonne Greenwood has a post at the Lea House School, Kidderminster.

Betty Morrow is in the office at Madame Enid's dress establishment.

Margaret Morrow is manageress at a hairdressing establishment.

Olive Hunter is private secretary to General Jebb, of the St. John Ambulance Brigade.

Gwynneth Robinson is junior demonstrator with the General Electric Company, London.

Emmie Simon has been House Surgeon at Middlesex County Hospital, Edmonton, since April, 1935.

Joan Simon is doing massage at the Richard Murray Hospital, Blackhill.

Mildred Gibbs is Warden of St. John's College, Agra.

Margaret Abraham has finished her training for the Fröbel Certificate and now has a post at Frodsham, near Warrington.

Mrs. Dunkerley (Miss Beddows) is carrying on her late husband's business as a chartered accountant in Oldham ; her daughter has matriculated with five distinctions.

Gladys Pestle is teaching at Hulme Grammar School and has taught Mrs. Dunkerley's daughter.

Betty Watson is teaching at Fairfield, near Manchester. She and Gladys Pestle meet at Mrs. Dunkerley's house.

Edna Dogherty is Second Mistress in the Victoria Jubilee School, Newcastle.

Cynthia Patterson has a post on the staff of the Sutton, Stainton and Allerhead Canine and Veterinary Hospital.

Betty James is at Bristol University.

Marjorie Macleod is at the Royal Academy of Music, London.

Audrey Barr has a post in a branch of Lloyds Bank in Newcastle.

Bunty Barr is taking a course in secretarial work.

Vera Elliott is training for Fröbel work at St. Mary's, Paddington.

Gwen Tarver is training for Fröbel work at Roehampton.

Kathleen Baird is Senior Student at Sunderland Training College.

Jean Bellis and Monica Hastings are both doing Art at the King Edward VII School of Art, Armstrong College.

Margaret Thursfield is at the Leicester Domestic Science College.

Dorothy Booth is at the Northern Counties College of Domestic Science.

Mary Fenwick is training to be a Nurse.

Blanche Rennell has gone to Newnham College, Cambridge, to read Geography.

Joyce Bryant is at the Domestic Science College, Glasgow.

Mary Barrass is at Kenton Lodge Training College.

Cicely Clucas is at the Northern Counties College of Domestic Science.

Betty Heslop is training in London at the London College of Secretaries.

Florence Hill is living with a family at Allevard-les-Bains, France, and teaching two small boys ; she is likely to be there for a year and likes it very much.

Doreen Hudson is helping at a Kindergarten School in Tynemouth.

Margaret Lyle is at Atholl Crescent Domestic Science College, Edinburgh.

Dorothy Burnett is at school—George Watson's Ladies' College—in Edinburgh.

Mrs. Codd (Miss Miller) has a daughter who was in a temporary post in York teaching Classics. She is now working for her M.A., London.

Eulalie Rodenhurst was Business Officer at one of the big Student Christian Movement Conferences at Swanwick.

Dorothy Eltringham is teaching at Leadgate.

Marjorie Wattsford is teaching at South Moor.

Ailsa McKellar is now working for her M.Sc. in Bio-chemistry at University College.

MARRIAGES.

Bird-Roberts—On November 10th, 1934, Phyllis Bird to C. O. Roberts.

Iliff-Byers—On November 17th, 1934, Miss Iliff to John Byers.

Dadier-Allan—On December 20th, 1934, Mlle. Dadier to Dr. W. G. H. Allan.

Taylor-Corker—On April 27th, 1935, Vivienne L. Taylor to Harold F. S. Corker.

Morpeth-Roux—On April 29th, 1935, Dorothy Morpeth to André Roux.

Paul-Evans—On May 4th, 1935, Edith Marjorie Paul to Stanley Frederick Evans, M.Sc.

Jones-Thompson—On May 6th, 1935, Lily Jones to M. S. Thompson.

Walker-Blunt—On June 4th, 1935, Amy Walker to Charles F. Blunt.

Vipond-Forster—On June 8th, 1935, Marion Vipond to Horsley Forster.

Dunlop-Miller—On June 20th, 1935, Molly Dunlop to James Bowie Miller.

Brunyate-Collis—On June 29th, 1935, Annie Eileen Mary Brunyate to William Blow Gurney Collis.

Rusden-Fiddes—On July 3rd, 1935, Ursula Rusden to James Fiddes.

Athill-White—On July 9th, 1935, Daphne Margaret Athill to Thomas Astley Woollaston White.

Holmes-Bruce—On July 27th, 1935, Natalie Holmes to Kenneth Wilkinson Bruce.

Thompson-Mitchell—On July 30th, 1935, Doris Thompson to Kenneth Mitchell.

Vipond-Smith—On August 3rd, 1935, Katherine Vipond to Philip Charles Pendrell Smith.

Ford-Coates—On August 16th, 1935, Alan Lothian Ford to Jean Davison Coates.

Tully-Bridgeman—On September 5th, 1935, Miss Tully to Geoffrey Bridgeman.

Hanson-Bass—On September 10th, 1935, Grace Hanson to Edward Bass.

Philpott-Batey—On September 11th, 1935, Vivienne Nona Philpott to William Nicholas Noel Batey.

Wood-Wallace—On September 14th, 1935, Freda Wood to William Wallace.

BIRTHS.

Craggs—On April 6th, 1934, to Dr. and Mrs. Craggs (Peggy Gledson), a daughter, Janet Manelle.

Turnbull—On October 10th, 1934, to Mr. and Mrs. Turnbull (Peggy Storey), twins, a son and daughter.

Carruthers—On November 13th, 1934, to Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Carruthers (Lucy Askew), a daughter.

Symons—On December 1st, 1934, to Mr. and Mrs. Symons (Noreen Oake), a daughter, Judith Patricia.

Davies—On December 27th, 1934, to the Rev. and Mrs. Davies (Diana Baker-Cresswell), a son.

Sanderson—On December 29th, 1934, to Mr. and Mrs. Sanderson (Elsie Morpeth), a son.

Hillman—To Mr. and Mrs. Rodney Hillman (Annys Thornton), a daughter.

Howell-Jones—On January 3rd, 1935, to Mr. and Mrs. Howell-Jones (Kathleen Greenwood), a daughter.

Richardson—On April 28th, 1935, to Dr. and Mrs. Richardson (Eva Copeland), a daughter, Margaret.

Hoult—On May 19th, 1935, to Mr. and Mrs. Hoult (Beatrice Wilson), a daughter.

Allan—On August 13th, 1935, to Dr. and Mrs. W. G. H. Allan (Mlle. Dadier), a daughter, Claire Marguerite.

Sloan—On October 8th, 1935, to Mr. and Mrs. Sloan (Lottie Waugh), a daughter.

Evers—On November 24th, 1935, to Mr. and Mrs. R. E. G. Evers, a son.

DEATHS.

McCullagh—On April 19th, 1935, Doreen McCullagh.

Smith—On July 21st, 1935, Mollie Smith (Mollie Ross).

OBITUARY.

We grieve to record the deaths of three Old Girls, Mollie Smith, née Ross, Doreen McCullagh and Sybil Bell, besides those of Lady Armstrong and of Mr. W. F. Henderson, who were friends of the School.

We send our deep sympathy to the parents of Mollie, Doreen and Sybil, to Mollie's husband and children, and to the relatives and friends of all.

Doreen McCullagh had gone to Penrhos College, Colwyn Bay, after being eight years at School. Then she proceeded to Armstrong College, where she obtained her degree of Master of Science, and became a Lecturer in Biology and Botany. Her death, the result of an accident while riding, cut short what promised to be a brilliant career, and she is greatly missed by her many friends.