

Ely High School
Magazine.



Easter, 1932.



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No. 40. Easter, 1932.

Editorial.

When Alice was with the Red Queen in the Chess-Board Country it took her all the running she could do to keep in the same place; if she wanted to get somewhere else she had to run at least twice as fast. We are in just the same position. To produce a magazine equal to its forerunners takes hard running; to produce one superior demands a spurt from everyone; neither will any of your last-minute sprints suffice. A magazine is not there to register the pace and brilliance of the race-winners, but the steady progress of the "also rans."

Here, then, we put before you the simple record of the year's works and days. We have to acknowledge places where energy has flagged, but, on the whole, the runners have kept up gallantly, and we hope you will detect no backsliding.

We also hope that you won't find this Magazine as dry as the biscuits which the Red Queen provided for Alice's refreshment.

E.S.

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Prefects.

Head Girl Beatrice Brailey.

Prefects.—Hilda Chapman, Ruby Chapman, Stella Dimmock.

Sub-Prefects.—Joyce Bird, Kathleen Fuller, Phyllis Gandy, Hilda Norfolk, Daisy Scott, Joyce Smith.

School Notes.

Through a further increase of numbers since last Magazine, we began our new School year with 225. Staff and buildings have been increased accordingly, so that we have had an eventful year.

It was sad to say "good-bye" to Miss Piggott and Miss Duffield after they had taught in the Preparatory for over 25 years; they have been succeeded by Miss Pater and Miss Catley. A very old friend left us, too, in Mr. Pearson, whom we wish every happiness in his retirement. We have also lost Miss Foden, who is living at home for a while, and Miss Colling, who has gone to teach at the Havergal College, Toronto. Miss Towell and Miss Gurry have taken their places, and we have, also, two additional mistresses, Miss Fowden for French and Latin and Miss McMurtry for Domestic Science. To all new members of the Staff we give a hearty welcome.

During the summer holidays the School buildings were greatly improved by the addition of a fine new Gymnasium. We appreciate its greater space and much enjoy the new apparatus. The Hut was also altered. At one end we have a very interesting domestic science room to which the Middle and Upper School (save for a few unfortunate members of the V. and VI. Form) wend their weekly way. In the centre is the new art room, surrounded by pictures old and new, while at the further end the Upper III. room remains as before. The old gymnasium, with walls painted by the girls, has been converted into a form room, whose occupants will tell you all about it.

Most of our lectures are again recorded by the "Odds and Ends" Club, though all of us have been able to attend many of them. Besides these, this term the whole School saw a Hockey Film, shown and described by Miss Gaskell, President of the East Anglian Women's Hockey Association. This proved exceedingly interesting, and, doubtless, inspired many to thoughts of days to come when they would see their "nothings monster'd" in the "Hockey Field." We enjoyed welcoming Miss Young again, who, on her return from Palestine, kindly came to tell the upper forms about her experiences there. Mr. Middleton was also warmly welcomed when he came to talk to us about "Form in Music," giving illustrations.

In the Summer Term Miss Richards took Forms VI. and V. to Herringswell on a Botany expedition, where, after much seeking after specimens, we all enjoyed tea at the Place by the very kind invitation of Mrs. Davies. Expeditions have been fewer than last year, but in these days of husbandry we have been obliged to limit our activities.

We have to thank Mr. Cutlack very much for yet another gift to the School in the shape of some fine slides for microscope work. We also have to thank Mr. Tyndall very much for his gift of some most interesting books to the Library.

At the end of the Christmas Term we enjoyed our usual carol singing and were specially glad that Mr. Middleton once more came, as he put it, to have a holiday with us for the afternoon. In March we hope to send a Choir to the Cambridge Festival of Music, for which we are preparing three Sea-Songs.

During the Summer Term the Form Gymnastic Competition was held in the open and was kindly judged by Miss Drummond, M.A., President of the Ling Association. The winners were Upper III. and Upper IV.

At the end of this Term each form is to produce, before the rest of the School, a scene from the play it has been reading. The scenes will, for the most part, be from Shakespeare, and as each form is to work entirely on its own under the supervision of a self-appointed stage-manager, it will be interesting to see the result of these activities.

BEATRICE BRAILEY, U. VI.

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Speech Day.—December 3rd, 1931.

The first Speech Day in a new Hall is clearly an event not to be forgotten, but the wise words spoken there could not fail to preserve the day fresh in our minds. We were very sorry that the Dean could not be present on such an important occasion; his place in the Chair was kindly taken by Mr. Cutlack.

The afternoon began with music, and Spring came suddenly into the Hall with the wild wood-notes of cuckoo, quail and nightingale, as the whole School sang Haydn's Toy Symphony. This was followed by parts of Gluck's Orpheus, sung well by the Upper School.

Mr. Payne then drew our attention to the important fact that the Hall-Gymnasium, complete with all the best equipment and in itself a building the finest that could be wished, had yet been put up with such a very modest outlay that its plans were being copied by the Board of Education for use in other schools throughout the country. Miss Verini, in her Report, showed how the School was trying to keep itself aware of the responsibility attaching to such advantages as it now possessed, to look upon itself as its country's investment and so develop, to however small an extent, that potentiality which is the heritage of everyone.

After she had given away the prizes, Miss Savill warned us that the complexity of modern life made it increasingly difficult for us to concentrate upon the power of growth. The number of things in life brought with them not the happiness but rather the perplexity of kings; and it was for us to choose between what was lovely and of good report and what was base and ugly. This we could especially practise in our reading and in our music. Those who lived in Cathedral cities, she said, such as we in Ely and herself in Lincoln, had the special privilege of close contact with beauty which must not be lightly abused nor neglected. Miss Savill emphasised certain points which we might well bring home to our business and bosoms if we would have our minds not dwindle but expand. The first is effort,—the capacity to make the final 'push' which is the prelude to achievement; close to this comes concentration, and with it, silence, a habit of mind which our age often neglects. Then there is contentment, and the simpler the delights, the better. Finally, and most important of all, there is imagination, the power whereby we see into the minds of others and look out from their angle as well as from our own.

Miss Savill said that she was glad to hear that one of our Houses was called Hereward because it was with him that she always associated Ely. To her, Hereward stood for adventure, and she hoped that girls in Ely now had still that

spirit within them to invigorate their minds and perhaps to urge them on to explore life beyond the seas. Wise, indeed, were Miss Savill's words in their instruction and we were privileged to hear them.

After tea, the Senior Dramatic Society went rollicking through the 'robustious' Elizabethan comedy, "The Knight of the Burning Pestle." They obviously enjoyed themselves and rose like yeast to the occasion, inspired by a very kindly and appreciative audience, and by the gay doublets and hosen, ruffs and farthingales with which Miss Hay had furnished them.

The day ended, as it had begun, with music, for on Speech Day Miss Cooper's light cannot be hid under a bushel. The old carols brought the day to an end with a merry peacefulness.

E.S.

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Prizes and Certificates, 1931.

Form Prizes.

- Form Upper VI. Eva Chapman (Higher School Certificate), Grace Houghton, Mildred Sawyer (Higher School Certificate and General Work), Hilda Scott (English).
- Form Lower VI. Beatrice Brailey (Music), Marjorie Fordham (Science), Dorothy Layton (English Essay).
- Form V. Joyce Bird, Dorothy Dade, Kathleen Fuller, Marjorie Hawkes, (General Work), Hilda Norfolk (Art and Gymnastics), Kathleen Towell (Mathematics).
- Form Upper IV. Marjorie Audus, Daisy Scott (General Work), Joyce Long (Scripture), Winifred Street (Mathematics), Eva Taylor (Latin).
- Form Lower IV. Daphne Drayton, Ivy Steadman (General Work), Stella Ager (Art and English), Daisy Audus (Scripture and English), Mollie Evershed (English), Muriel Marsh (Scripture and Needlework).
- Upper III. Doris Burton, Margaret Vince (General Work), Vera Cropley (Scripture), Marjorie Sparrow (Latin), Lois Yarrow (Needlework).
- Lower IIIa. Rosabelle Hawkes (General Work), Mollie Bays (Art), Joan Clarke (Scripture), Violet Dicker (Art).
- Lower IIIb. Kathleen Holt, Rose Street (General Work), Elizabeth Howard (Scripture and Science), May Russell (English).
- Form II. Joan Hayward (General Work), Erica Woodrow (English).
- Form I. Pamela Vince (General Work), Jose Rayment (Art), Hilda Whitehead (Nature—Arthur Tyndall Prize), Eileen Woodrow (English).
- Transition. Marjorie Brown (General Work).

Examination Successes.

SCHOLARSHIPS.

Grace Houghton, County Major Scholarship.

Dorothy Dade, County Intermediate Scholarship.

CAMBRIDGE HIGHER SCHOOL CERTIFICATE.

July, 1931. Eva Chapman, Grace Houghton, Mildred Sawyer.

CAMBRIDGE SCHOOL CERTIFICATE.

Dec., 1931. *Stella Dimmock, *Margaret Park, Hilda Chapman, Beatrice Brailey.

July, 1931. *Honours*—*Joyce Bird (Distinction in History). *Pass*—*Dorothy Dade, *Kathleen Fuller, *Marjorie Hawkes, Kathleen Towell, Nancy Ada, Elsie Smith, Joyce Smith, Elsie Stevens, Ruby Chapman, Joyce Humphrey, Hilda Norfolk (Distinction in Art), Gwentyth Spinks.

* Exemption from London Matriculation.

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The Summer Fête.

We held our Summer Fête again this year in June and were very fortunate in our weather, for a threatening morning cleared into a sunny afternoon.

There were several exhibitions of work; in the Dining Room there was a fine display of paintings, needlework and handwork of various kinds, including some attractive pottery. Here, too, there was a book of the best poems written by members of the School during the year. On the Gymnasium walls were many maps and drawings connected with History and Geography, most of which were the work of younger forms. There were also models of a Norman Castle, a Saxon Village and a Mediæval Tournament. The walls of the Laboratory were also covered with drawings and diagrams. This exhibition was made particularly interesting by its aquarium, over which a small glass fountain bubbled; also by the specimens shown under the microscope. The Preparatory Department, too, showed some of their models and handwork. In the garden the Guides had built a model camp, complete even to a stick fire which crackled beneath a little dixie-can.

In the afternoon the Senior Dramatic Club acted "The Rose and the Ring" and, after that, tea was served to the visitors in the garden and we acted as waitresses.

After tea there was dancing on the lawn by members of the dancing class, followed by Kindergarten games, and gymnastics by the winning forms in the Competition.

JOYCE BIRD, L. VI.

Sports Day.

This year a change has been made in regard to our Sports. Owing to the frequent heat in July and the numerous other events of the Summer Term, it has been arranged that we have our Sports earlier in the year, and our Summer gathering and Fête in June. We, therefore, had our Sports in May on Paradise Ground.

Although the weather was cold and dull we spent a jolly afternoon running off the various events, many of which were novel and original team races, such as the circular bean-bag race. Points were awarded to the winning teams and these went towards the gaining of the Deric Sports Shield, this year won by Etheldreda, and the Junior Sports Cup gained by Hereward House.

NANCY ADA, L. VI.

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Games.

Hockey.—The outward results of our efforts this year are somewhat depressing—but we are not feeling depressed. On the contrary, we are feeling quite happy, knowing that we have enjoyed ourselves, and improved.

During the Spring Term the Fenland League hockey matches were played. Of these we lost four and won one. House matches in the same Term resulted in a victory for Hereward.

In the Autumn Term we affiliated to the County Association and so were entitled to take part in the County Tournament and Coaching, both of which we did with great zest. We saw fresh scenes and heard new words of wisdom, and, above all, had a very good time on both days. Shortly after this, we entered the Trials for the Junior County team, a new and welcome venture. D. Scott, the present School games captain, was successful in being selected to play left wing.

Later in the Autumn Term we played the Cambridge and County School 1st and 2nd XIs., and Thetford Grammar School 1st XI. All these matches resulted in defeats.

At the beginning of the Spring Term, 1932, we had a great inspiration in the form of the Hockey film. Here we saw, in slow motion and otherwise, the game as it is played

by some of its finest exponents. We were very fortunate in receiving, at the same time, a visit from Miss M. A. Gaskell, President of the East Anglian Women's Hockey Association, who came to talk on the film.

Netball.—Netball in the Junior School has been progressing alongside the hockey. The netball House Matches were played in the Spring Term, Alan being the victors. Netball has also been organised in the dinner hour by the vice-captain, K. Towell, for Forms VI.—Upper III.

Tennis.—In tennis we diligently practised our strokes and played the game with vigour—too much, sometimes! In the League Tournament we were placed sixth in the Senior division and seventh in the Junior division. We played one other match, against Thetford Grammar School, which we lost by a narrow margin. The House Tennis was won by Hereward House. We shall have to work hard to pull up our standard next Summer, though we had the final encouragement of beating the Staff.

Rounders.—We came to rounders this year with one year's play behind us and a better understanding of the game. There is still room for a great deal of improvement in accurate fielding and throwing in. But we had some marvellously exciting games. We played one first XI. match against Peterborough County School, which we lost, and an "under 14" match against the same School, which we won. One afternoon was devoted to a House Tournament, which was won by Knut.

M.S.

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U.G.S.

This year the School has been very active in the work of the Union of Girls' Schools for Social Service, to help towards the happiness of the poor children in the South East of London.

Last summer a collection of eggs and flowers was made and we were able to despatch 773 eggs and 3 large hampers of flowers to the U.G.S. Centre at Peckham. Mr. Browne, of Sutton, kindly conveyed them for us.

At the end of the Christmas Term a hamper of jolly toys was sent as a Christmas treat to the little ones in the

Peckham Settlement. There were dolls' beds, a model classroom, a doll's house and other wooden toys, made by the Lower Thirds and Second forms; also some woollen animals of every description, the work of the Fifth Form. With these was sent £2 2s. 0d. as a result of our annual Christmas collection.

Some enthusiastic Ely, Littleport and Sutton girls went round in the holidays carol singing and collected £3 3s. 5d., which was sent up later.

We are hoping that Miss Braithwaite, who is Secretary of the U.G.S., will be able to spare time to come and tell us more about the work which the Union is doing in the poor neighbourhood around Peckham.

For our local Social Service, we have had collections, as last year, in aid of Earl Haig's Fund on Poppy Day, Addenbrooke's Hospital and the R.S.P.C.A.

DAISY SCOTT, V.

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The Library.

During the last year we have been able to add several books to the various sections. A love of reading is growing throughout the School, and on 'changing' days girls come "not single spies but in battalions."

Attention is by no means confined to the fiction side alone, though there are still many people who never give other things a chance. The demand for poetry is increasing, and there are more requests from lower parts of the School for permission to go and look up references. The whole Library has recently been re-catalogued on a card-index.

Some recent additions include;—

Non-fiction.—The Life of Jesus—Basil Matthews; The Story of the Prophets—Gillie; Virgil—Mackail; The Greek View of Life—Lowes Dickinson; Readings from the Literature of Greece and Rome—Dora Pym; The Land—Sackville West; Sixty Three Poems—Wilfred Wilson Gibson; Memoir and Poems of Rupert Brooke; 24 modern "Augustan" poets; Great Short Biographies; Outline of Modern Knowledge; Sir Robert Peel; Painters of Florence—Julia Cartwright; William Blake—de Selincourt; Dr. Johnson and His Company—Robert Lynd; The Ordeal of this Generation—Gilbert Murray.

Fiction.—Novels and tales by:—Baroness von Arlen, Charlotte Brontë, Walter de la Mare, Rider Haggard, W. H. Hudson, Mary Johnson, Frank Kendon, E. V. Lucas, Mrs. Nesbit, J. B. Priestley, E. T. Sheppard, James Stephens, H. Williamson, Mrs. Vaizey, T. B. Reed, Stories from Chaucer, Dante, Malory, Virgil; Robin Hood Tales, Legends of Saints, "Boys and Girls who Became Famous."

E.S.

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National Savings Association.

Our branch of the National Savings Association has now thirty members, but unfortunately only about eight of these members subscribe regularly. This accounts for the fact that the amount of money invested during this year is less than half of the amount invested last year. Thirty certificates have been completed, and the total amount invested during the year is £21 3s. 6d.

H.G.

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SCHOOL CLUBS.

Senior Dramatic Club.—There are now thirty of us, ten more than last year.

During the Summer Term we all enjoyed ourselves very much preparing for the play "The Rose and the Ring," which proved a great success when acted on June 25th, the School's Fête Day. Our success, we think, was chiefly due to Miss Simpson, our coach, and Miss Hay, our dresser, who made wonderful clothes at very small expense.

Last Term, for Speech Day, we acted "The Knight of the Burning Pestle," which, we hope, was even a greater success than "The Rose and the Ring" because it was more ambitious. As an experiment we produced it Elizabethan-fashion, without scenery or front curtain, and we hope next to try Shakespeare in the same simple way.

We were all very sorry when the rehearsals were over, and are looking forward to producing another play before long.

This Term we are reading "Crossings," by Walter de la Mare, which we are enjoying very much.

PHYLLIS GANDY, V.

The Junior Dramatic Club.—There are twelve members of the Junior Dramatic Club. Miss Wilson is in charge of us, and chooses the plays which we act. We generally give a play at Christmas and one in the Summer, but this year we gave two at Christmas. They were called "Boots and the North Wind" and "The Dream Lady." We had some very curious stage properties in "Boots and the North Wind." We had a stuffed cat, a velvet mouse, and some card-board eatables, cut and painted to represent cheese, sausages, potatoes, etc., These had tabs pasted on the back to make them stand upright.

Besides the School, the parents of those who were acting were invited to watch.

ELIZABETH HOWARD, Upper IIIa.

Arts and Crafts Club.—During the past year the Arts and Crafts Club has met fairly regularly, but occasionally we have gone to lectures given to the whole School and so have missed our weekly meetings. The Club, which now consists of over thirty members, many of whom we welcome as new girls, meets in the new Art Room.

Some of us have been busily occupied in making toys for the U.G.S., including a fretwork caravan on wheels, complete with a horse. Others have worked at their usual cane-work, raffia, embroidery, pewter work, painting on wood and writing on vellum.

HILDA NORFOLK, V.

Odds and Ends Club.—Since the publication of the last Magazine our Club has continued in the same way and our numbers have increased. Although we generally meet together we sometimes divide into Senior and Junior sections.

This year, we have again had some lectures on different countries. Mr. Cutlack came and showed us his slides of Switzerland and Winter Sport, and we look forward to his coming again in the near future. Mr. Simpson showed us slides of some of the beautiful old Italian cities. Miss Milliken told us about life in Palestine and illustrated the lecture, not only by slides, but by bringing us some native costumes to put on. Miss Kennett came and told us all about her experiences in Roumania, showing us some wonderful embroidery which had been done by the peasants in the winter months.

Besides these lectures we had some musical lectures. Dr. Conway came on two occasions and told us about the 'History of Music.' We have been particularly fortunate in having a visit from a string quartet, kindly arranged by Mrs. Hackforth; they played quartets by Bach, Mozart and Purcell, and we only hope they will come again.

Our other meetings have included a lecture on Early Christian Architecture, illustrated by slides, and given by Mrs. Palmer, from Newnham College; a wonderful exhibition of slides showing the development of Photography, which were explained by Mr. Clarke, from the Kodak Co., Ltd., and a lecture, with readings about Country Life in Literature from Miss Defew whom we specially welcomed as an old girl of the School.

EILEEN GENTLE, V.

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Guide Notes.

We are pleased to welcome Miss Towell as our Captain in place of Miss Colling who left us to go to Canada.

Before she went, however, Miss Colling took our Company and three Guides from Dr. Barnardo's Homes to camp for a week at Wolverton, near Sandringham, where we had a very good time.

At the end of last Summer Term an Ambulance Competition was held, in which most of the Guide Companies in the district took part. Dr. Slade kindly judged and we were placed first.

At the Fête last summer we made a model camp which was on view in the garden. About four o'clock we lit our camp fire, which attracted a large crowd.

We had no meetings last Term as we had no Captain, but during the term Miss Simpson took some of the Company to a Rally in Cambridge to see Lady Baden Powell.

This Term our meetings are held after school, on Wednesdays, in the Hall. The tenderfoots are working for their second-class and the second-class guides for their first-class.

MOLLIE EVERSLED, Upper IV.

FORM NOTES.

The Preparatory.

There are ever so many children in this School. Every Tuesday we go across to the Big School to have prayers.

In the Preparatory we have all sorts of lessons.

Our Form-room has a clock in it.

We read a book called Robin Hood.

Miss Catley made a weather chart and we colour pictures every month on it.

In our room we have a frieze of snow-balling. Miss Verini has given us some beautiful pictures that we have on the wall.

We have some hyacinth bulbs in some pots, and they are growing up to their flowers now.

At a party that we had Miss Pigott started a library for us and it has quite a lot of books in it. We like the library very much.

We have a tree and bird table outside our window, and tits and sparrows go on them.

Form II.

The Second Form Room, not large, not small, just suitable, is in the Lodge next door to the Office, far enough away from the road to be out of noise, but not too far to be forgotten. It contains fourteen little desks and has fourteen occupants, and is really the jolliest place in the School.

We have two pictures drawn and painted on the lower slopes of the Alps; two hyacinth bulbs and a shelf full of nice books. By the window there is a nature table; on it we have a pink vase with three pieces of pampas grass, and jars of buds like the ash and elm. We are making a little diary of them.

On Tuesday afternoons we have Miss Gurry and make things for U.G.S. Take it all round, it is on the way to perfection.

Lower IIIb.

We have a nice cosy form room at the top of the School; the fire is always big and bright when we come up to lessons, and we have five large windows where the sun shines and the air is very beautiful coming in on us.

The walls are painted brown and yellow. We have a picture of Sir Walter Raleigh when he was a boy, another of some angels and one of a lady by Van Eyck. On the mantel-piece we have a doggy calendar and a vase of violets and a cardboard clock which one of the girls made so that we can learn to tell the time in French.

On the notice board we have a poster of a port and some little pictures of Pilgrim's Progress which we are reading.

We have acted some plays with Miss Verini and some ballads with Miss Simpson.

We have twenty little desks in neat rows. Miss Towell is our form-mistress and she is very kind to us all.

Lower IIIa.

We have plenty of fresh air and sunshine in our form-room and from the windows we can see Ely Cathedral. The walls have been painted and they look very bright, half red and half green. We have some pretty pictures on the walls. One is a snow picture and looks very cold; another is of a beautiful waterfall and another of bees and heather.

We have a hyacinth plant and some pretty little snowdrops growing. We have a form-library with some nice books in. Our Form-Mistress, Miss Wilson, kindly gave us a calendar.

Last Term we acted two plays to Miss Verini, one was called Lord Ullin's Daughter and the other was the Pied Piper of Hamelin; we all dressed up and did them in our form-room. This Term, in English, we are acting some very nice plays and ballads and reading Pilgrim's Progress, and illustrating it as we read it.

In handwork, we have been painting boxes and doing script writing with a special kind of nib.

We play netball and rounders.

Upper III.

We are a very large form of thirty-six, but we are split into two divisions. We have six nice big windows and so get plenty of fresh air. Instead of having stoves now we have radiators, painted silver.

Miss Hay has kindly put up for us some very nice pictures by Turner, and Reinbrandt and Michael Angelo, and also some Japanese ones. We have a nice form-library, kindly arranged by Miss Simpson.

Often, one or two sparrows fly in at our open windows and sit and cheep at us; and once we found a wee black kitten behind the bookshelf, which we hope will bring us good luck.

This year we started Latin and hockey. We had our sticks and pads in the Autumn and Miss Samways, our form mistress, is very good to us and takes great pains to make us play rightly.

Lower IV.

This year we are in a very nice form-room which faces South and overlooks the street and the Cathedral. It is rather noisy, but it makes up for that by the sun's streaming through our five windows. This makes it very bright and it always looks cheerful, even on dull, rainy days.

Our walls are decorated with pictures; one is of a tulip field in Holland and another is of mountains in Connemara. We have another picture by Vermeer, which we won in the Gym. Competition. Our form mistress, Miss Simpson, has kindly lent us many French pictures to put up on the notice board, also a Shakespeare calendar. On our window sills are a pot of orange tulips and a blue hyacinth and snowdrops growing.

We are a very large form and we have to talk quietly. We were very sorry to lose one of our members, who left our neighbourhood at Christmas, but we are very pleased with the Calendar she has sent us. We are very proud of our Games Captain, who has played in the 2nd XI.

We have three Clubs, the Loudspeakers, Chatterboxes and Spectacles, and every Friday morning one of these Clubs gives the news of the week. We also have a form-library.

We have started Cookery and have made many things, including tarts, rock cakes and steamed fish.

Upper IV.

We were very pleased to welcome Miss Fowden this year as our Form Mistress.

“Cloudy skies and meadows green
Around our form-room can be seen.”

The walls were very desolate when the apparatus was first taken off, but then there appeared girls with pots of paint and brushes, and soon the walls were dressed as they had never been before in the soft blues and greens of the country. We used to wonder who would have this room, but it was Upper IV. who happened to be the lucky ones to be taught lessons in the gayest form-room of all.

The windows are rather high, so we cannot see the people passing, but we can see chimney pots, the trees, the sky, the rain, the snow and, best of all, the sun. We have a lovely bowl of mauve crocuses. There are many cupboards, in one of which is an interesting form-library and a French library. We are quite near the kitchens and during the morning savoury smells waft along the corridor, which remind us of when Wordsworth first went up to Cambridge and had his room over the kitchen.

We have started cookery this year and enjoy it immensely. We have already practised stewing, steaming, boiling, baking and frying.

“B division’s jealous
Of our cooking, I can see
They cannot cook like us, oh no,
Poor old division B!” (Says an A).

But the B’s defeated the A’s in a hockey match. We are very proud to have 4 girls in the form who have played in the 1st XI. this year.

The Walls of Upper Four.

We have a sunny form-room,
On the walls are pictures painted,
I will describe them to you,
Then with them you’ll be acquainted.

Over the fire is a village,
An old couple climbing a hill,
A house with a pot of geraniums
Upon the window sill.

On another wall there are meadows
Where sheep feed by a stream ;
When we are working in our desks
They just lie still and dream.

*Part of the Wall.**Hilda Norfolk, V.*

At the end of the room a farmer
 Is merrily ploughing his lands,
 And two country girls are working
 Near a house where a hay-stack stands.
 And also near the lasses
 A white goat's tethered by chains;
 So you see, we've a pleasant form-room,
 To cheer us if it rains.

IVY STEADMAN, Upper IV.

Form V.

We had to say "good-bye" to Miss Colling, our Form Mistress, at the end of last year, but we were very glad to welcome Miss Gurry in her place. One or two girls have left us and we wish them the best of luck for the future. In spite of their going we are still quite a stalwart body.

Our conservatory is still flourishing and Miss Verini kindly gave us a piece of material as a new curtain for it. Last Term we bought some bulbs and bowls in which to grow them. We have, at present, some very fine hyacinths in bloom and hope very soon to have some daffodils out.

Last Term, with Miss Gurry's help, we made woolly animals for the U.G.S. They were a great success, we may, with modesty, say. We had an exhibition of them in the Library and charged a penny each admission to the rest of the School.

We are very proud to have won the Gymnastic Cup.

AFTERTHOUGHT.—

If we could dream, yet not make dreams our master (in class)
 If we could meet with Triumph and Disaster (hockey matches)
 And treat these two impostors just the same.
 If we could fill the unforgiving minute (waiting for lessons)
 With sixty seconds' worth of good hard work;
 If all these things, and more, could come about,
 A model form we'd be, without a doubt.

Sixth Form.

Come list to me and you shall hear,
 All that befell the sixth this year,
 Their ups and downs in these two terms;
 That they have "worked" each one affirms.
 They dwell in a secluded spot,
 From which they see a chimney pot,
 Some roofs of houses and some trees,
 And birds that twitter on the eaves.
 Twelve maidens fair make up the form,
 Please note they're "fair" and not "forlorn,"
 They passed the "School" with swotting dire,
 And now they aim for something Higher.
 Three Prefects and three "subs" are here,
 And our Head-Girl, whom all revere;
 The ones remaining in this crew
 Are also-rans like me and you.
 We've racked our brains and torn our hair,
 But cannot think of more, we fear,
 To make these rhymes we've done our best,
 And to the School we leave the rest.

Dissertation on a Toad.

"—the toad, ugly and venomous,
 Wears yet a precious jewel in his head."—*As you Like It.*

A toad is ugly venomous,
 So shy,
 For why?
 One day a fairy, Jewelgift,
 Passed by
 On high,
 Followed by evil Puckerbrow,
 Serene,
 Unseen.

He touched her broomstick, down she fell,
Swirling,
Twirling.

Into a river crashed the fay—
Lashing,
Splashing.

To aid the pretty fay swam Toad—
Buoyant,
Gallant.



Muriel Marsh, Upper IV.

He dragged her from the rippling stream
That knave,
So brave.

A token she gave him, a jewel
So fair
And rare.

He bowed to her with kingly grace.
Delighted,
Requited.

The red orb sank, the fairy placed
A ruby red
On toad's head.

Toad ne'er comes out in company
For fear
She's near.

Toad loves the fay in secret,
That why
He's shy.

DAAPHNE DRAYTON, Upper IV.

The Song of the Robin.

A sprinkle of leaves on the ground,
Such a litter;
Not a leaf on the tree can be found.
The air is still, but bitter,
And there's nothing to hear but the sound
Of my twitter.

The fairies they've made me a vest
Which is velvet and rosy,
Like the shine of the sun in the west,
Or a pink posy,
That's why I'm singing my best,
Being so comfy and cosy.

NORAH READER, Lower IV.

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The Story of a Telegraph Pole.

Once I stood in Norway cool,
Now I am a cold, stiff pole,
Once I was a home for birds,
Now I carry secrets, words!

Tall and graceful, full of life,
I listened with a smile to strife
Of squirrels chatt'ring in my branches
Darting past with saucy glances.

Then a bird, a cheeky fellow—
In the twilight soft and mellow
Told us he'd seen men in bands
Walk with axes in their hands.

Oh, my heart went pitter-patter,
Listening to his merry chatter,
For I stood so straight and tall
Yards and feet above them all.

For I knew when men in bands
Walk with axes in their hands
They don't do it all for pleasure,
And my length I soon would measure
On the axes at my feet
For in height I all did beat.

In the morning tip they came
 And ere long I felt the pain
 Of axes biting in my bark :
 My brain reeled, then all was dark.

When I came to life again
 I felt a heavy crushing pain,
 For on me lies a monstrous pile
 Of trees who've travelled many a mile.

Now I stand up straight and keep
 Messages that make me weep,
 Messages that make me merry,
 Of bridge, road, rail and ferry.

Messages that make me prance,
 Messages that make me dance ;
 So I hear them all the day
 And feel at once both grave and gay.

KATHLEEN HOLT, Upper IIIa.

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The Tea Tray.

A tea tray's work is not all fun,
 From early morn to setting sun,
 I've never finished carrying things,
 I really need a pair of wings.

I start the day at eight o'clock,
 Then all the family will flock
 To where I'm standing, calm and bright,
 Ready to work until the night.

When supper's done I really feel
 I'm glad there's not another meal,
 Because the day is very long,
 And when I fail things all go wrong.

When anybody lets me fall
 They don't own that they bumped the wall,
 Of course it's me who slipped and fell,
 And let the plates get chipped as well.

Of course at night I have a rest,
 So that's the time I long for best,
 When the pale moon shines through the trees
 I can lie still and take my ease.

WINIFRED HOUGHTON, Lower IV.

*Dorothy Partridge, U. IV.*

A Cigarette.

In a hot country, where mountains high
 Look down on a plain under sunlit sky
 And the rivers like silver go rushing by,
 Tobacco grew.

First came the dark leaves on the plain,
 Then bloomed the white flowers drenched with rain,
 Till the tobacco plant flourished again,
 Ready for you.

Next came the natives to gather the leaves,
 Ready to take them by black factory eaves
 Where the dirt, smoke and soot always cleaves,
 Splashed by dew.

Taken away from its country home,
 Away by a steamer over the foam,
 Then out in the world, for ever to roam,
 Just for you.

Left with a shopman, bearded and old,
 In the dull dreariness of England's cold,
 Thrown in the gutter to rot and to mould,
 A cigarette.

DORIS BURTON, Lower IV.

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The Twilight Dancer.

Among the drowsy, nodding flowers and grasses,
 Lighter than any leaf or flower,
 A little dancer, drifting lightly, passes
 In the grey twilight hour,
 Lighter than any leaf or flower
 She floats across like blowing thistle-down,
 Her wings are woven of a falling shower
 And dew drops are her crown.

The little dancer in the twilight lingers,
 Wistfully peering at your lighted pane,
 Taps on the glass with shy and eager fingers
 Then drifts away again,
 Leaving no footprints for your eyes to follow,
 Lost in the velvet darkness of the night,
 Passing as swiftly as a glancing swallow
 Out of the candle light.

MARGARET MURFET, Lower IV.

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Two Sonnets.

I.—On Awakening to Find a Snowy Morning.

I stood and looked, transfixed with sheer delight,
 For when I went to bed that winter's night
 The world it was a hard reality,
 But now 'tis filled with true frivolity.
 As if I went to bed and dreamed a dream,
 And was afraid to wake, but it did seem
 The world in best apparel now was decked
 And nature with the snow was fully flecked.
 The branches of the trees are piled up high,
 The copses and the woods like spectres stand;
 The azure and the white up in the sky,
 And everything is dignified and grand.
 But all that glitters is not gold they say,
 And so it proved,—that snow it did not stay.

DORIS CLARKE, V.

II.—Wales.

The mountain tops are purple through the mist,
 The harebells nodding gently in the breeze,
 The mountain ponies grazing at their ease,
 The source of Severn by the sunlight kissed.
 The colliery is black against the sky,
 The great wheels turn to bring men up on earth,
 The lambs which have been frisking from their birth
 Are frisking still, the shepherds homeward hie.
 'Tis now I think of London far away,
 Where purple mist is changed into a fog,
 And the blue sky is now o'ercast and grey.
 The barges drifting down the muddy Thames,
 The urchins in those slums this lovely day
 What would they give here to transfer their games!

MARGARET DANIELS, V.

Bakewell.

Once upon a time, in a little town,
There lived a lot of people who always wore a frown,
For you must remember, their food they never cooked,
Which made their faces longer and their backs grow crooked.

One day there came a woman, whose face was very round,
And she bought a little cottage, standing on a mound,
And she made the sweetest cookies that you ever saw,
And with one bright penny of them you could buy four.

They asked her what she did to make her food so tempting,
So she gave them her recipes; they to cook were oft attempting,
But they never could make pastry, nice and crisp and hard
However much they tried, theirs always looked like lard.

So they went to the lady's house where cake mixture was
molden,

And to their amazement, was put into an oven,
All this time their food they had been eating raw,
Which made their teeth all broken and their indigestion sore.

So now they all have ovens of iron painted black
And to that old lady they gave a gold-filled sack,
And they called their village Bakewell, that everyone might know
That they'd rather have their puddings baked, than just plain
lumps of dough.

MURIEL MARSH, Upper IV.

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Wild Life around Ely in Winter.

Whilst I was taking a walk in the Fens one crisp morning in December, I was struck by the unparalleled beauty of the country-side as it lay naked around me. No sound could be heard save the distant lowing of cattle and the constant twitter and chirping of birds as they revelled in the joys of a winter's morning. A brook, which usually babbled between its steep, lichened banks, now drowsily slunk along beneath its burden of thin ice; whilst the overhanging trees bowed their snow-laden branches as though in sympathy with the frozen stream.

I was startled by a sudden confusion in the tree tops above my head, and, on looking up, saw two sparrows engaged in a furious quarrel. They were beating each other cruelly with

their wings amid a flutter of downy feathers, and continued thus until, apparently exhausted, they ceased their tactics and flew away.

I passed on until I came across a drove of cattle being masterfully managed by an old sheep-dog, who, barking furiously at her charges, dodged the savage kicks of the animals which lashed out at her when she snapped at their heels.

Feeling weary, I sat on a gate nearby and watched a pair of kid-goats gambolling round their wise old mother, who eyed them appraisingly. In the next field a bay gelding noiselessly cropped the snow-crustrated turf, whilst a herd of bullocks stood huddled in one corner to keep warm.

At the foot of the worm-eaten gate-post on which I was sitting, I noticed an ants' nest and it seemed as if all the ants in the hill had gathered together to clear away the snow from the entrance to their dwelling.



Hilda Norfolk, V.

I was sitting there thinking when I was awakened from my reverie by a slight rustle near me, and keeping very still, I was surprised to see a large brown rabbit scamper across the open field and dart down a hole near an old oak tree. I was soon to know the cause of this rabbit's haste, however, for scarcely had it vanished when the old sheep-dog reappeared through a gap in the hedge, followed immediately by a farm labourer carrying a two-barrelled gun under his arm and a box of ferrets on his back.

As I walked round the field in hope of finding a mole at work in a mole-hill, I was surprised to see a few red berries on the ground just beneath a large ash tree. I climbed the

tree just for curiosity's sake and discovered a small hole in the tree trunk. It was just large enough to allow me to thrust my hand in, but I withdrew it quickly when I felt it being severely pecked by something from within. On my doing so, to my amazement, several red berries like those on the ground, tumbled out. The bird had been collecting them and eating them when it could not find other delicacies. I found out from the farm labourer that this bird was a woodpecker. A little way off I noticed a slight movement in the ground, and after a moment or two, I saw a black head emerge, having two small, bead-like eyes set above a sharp-pointed nose. I had at last seen a mole at work.

As time was passing quickly I thought I had better retrace my steps homeward; so I walked across a field, climbed the gate and made my way along the bank of a frozen stream. I was watching the water gently rippling over old tree roots when a water rat crawled out of the bank and plunged into the brook. This so startled me that I missed my footing and slipped knee-deep into the water. Cold and bedraggled, I hastened home to change, after a memorable morning on the Fens of Ely.

DAISY SCOTT, V.

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On the Gog Magog Hills.

It was a very exciting day for me; the sun was shining and it was very hot when I arrived there about half-past-two in the afternoon. The first things I saw were some small ponies galloping through the wood. They were very shy; they ran a good way and then they turned round and looked at me.

While I was looking at them the branches above my head began to sway. I looked up and saw a cheeky little squirrel; as soon as he saw me he, too, began to hop away.

I then began to walk towards the house. There were a great many trees, so there were only a few rays of sun coming through. I walked on until I crossed a small bridge and under this flowed a shallow little stream. From the bridge hung baskets of geraniums which reflected on to the stream.

Then I came to the house.

MARY HOBBS, Upper IIIb.

Bird, Wind and River.

At the foot of the old willow tree and by the side of the river that flows rippling along grow meadow-sweet, forget-me-nots and irises. Here the west wind loves to play and the thrush comes to trill her merry song to the river folk.

Last Thursday, when the sun was shining brightly in the early afternoon and all the world seemed fast asleep, the river paused in its long, weary run to the sea to talk for a moment with the thrush. The west wind, playing in the flowers, stopped to join in the conversation.

"What a glorious day!" said the thrush. "Does it not give one pleasure to listen to the busy bee humming and buzzing in the flowers?"

"It certainly is a glorious day and the music is pleasant," returned the river dreamily, "but I prefer something quieter, the sound of the snake idly rustling the grass by the riverside as it crawls along its banks; the cattle lapping the cool water thirstily in the hot summer; the south wind drowsily murmuring over the sweet flowers, and the soft splash of rain on a misty June morning. Ah! How pleasant it is to hear the snow softly falling on the moors and Jack Frost walking quietly by on a winter's night, when the moon smiles down upon me and all the world is still. Such music is worth hearing and knowing."

"What a dreamer you are!" cried the west wind impatiently. "If we all were so dreamy, the world would be dull. I will tell you of music that you cannot but agree is the best, for I have been where you can never hope to go. Yes! I know the places to find music. The infuriated cry of the bull-elephant rushing madly through the jungle, the roar of the lion calling to his mate, the incessant chattering of the monkey and the weird, hollow, drum-like sound of the ape beating his hairy chest; the lash of the sea on the shingle and its roar on a stormy night as it rushes on some doomed merchant ship, swirling and foaming like an angry being. Such sounds as these form the music of nature. Now, do you not agree?"

"Not so, not so, my friend," trilled the thrush. "Those sounds would fill me with trembling, for they belong to destructive things and would jarr upon my senses. Isn't that so?" Turning to the river.

"It is so," agreed the river in a low monotone, "but it is useless to argue thus. Tell us your idea of music."

"Very well," returned the thrush gaily. "To my mind the music in nature lies in pleasant things: in the song of birds, in the sound of men and women busy in the hayfield laughing and chattering; in the murmur of the bee making her way homeward, droning monotonously as she goes; in the shrill cry of the night-owl and the whirr of the bat wheeling round and round at dusk."

"Well," said the west wind. "Your ideas are a little less dreamy than the river's, but, I declare, they would soon send me to sleep. The roar of the gale in mid-winter is much more to my liking."

"Better than that, the soft sighing of the wind through the trees on an autumn eve," sang the thrush.

"Far better than either is the swish of the hay as the mower mows it down, or of the corn as a child's form passes through it," murmured the river.

"But far better than all music is the silence of a still summer's evening when all the world is quiet," said the thrush, softly.

"I agree with that," said the river. "And even I think that is the best," sighed the west wind. Then he added "Good-bye! For I must be off to the jungle."

"And I must be off to the sea," rippled the river. "Good-bye! I shall remember our conversation."

"Good-bye," whistled the thrush, as he spread his wings and soared heavenward till he was but a speck in the blue. "Good-bye."

MARJORIE AUDUS, V.

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The Story of St. Etheldreda.

In 630, Ely was an island; it was called Ely because men used to catch eels in the swamps round about.

The King of East Anglia had a daughter whose name was Etheldreda. The King wanted her to marry one of his lords called Tonbert, but she did not want to because she wanted to be a nun. However, she did as her father wished, and Tonbert's wedding present to her was the Isle of Ely.

When she had been married a few years her husband died and soon her father was killed in battle. Then her brother said, "Will you marry the son of the King of Northumbria, then there will be peace between us?" So she did marry Egfrid and was his Queen and lived with him till 672. One day she said to her husband, "I cannot bear any more of this life, will you let me be a nun?" He loved her so much that he said "Yes," so she went to live with her Aunt Ebba at Coldingham, in Scotland.

One day, Etheldreda heard that her husband had sent some armed men to fetch her back because he was so lonely. She asked her aunt what to do, and she said, "Go to the Isle of Ely and found a monastery." So Etheldreda took with her two hand maidens, Sewenna and Sewara. When she got to St. Abb's Head she saw the armed men coming after her, and by some miracle the sea came round her and cut her off from them. When she came near Lincoln she was tired and lay down to rest, and when she put her staff into the ground it turned into a tree to sit under.

When she came to Ely she built a monastery. The Archbishop of York helped her, his name was Wilfred. He had to get permission of the Pope first, and while he was gone, Etheldreda died, when she was forty-nine years old.

MARGUERITE WHETTON, Lower IIIb.

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Lewis Carroll.

When Lewis Carroll was a young man he started training to enter the priesthood. He was, indeed, ordained as a deacon, but he did not go any further. He very seldom preached because he stammered, but his friends said that when he did he was very outspoken. He firmly believed in everything he said.

After a time, he became a professor at Oxford. It may seem strange, if you judge by his tales, but he was a lecturer in mathematics. He was very fond of neat, tidy things which could be written down clearly. For instance, this is the way he chose his pen-name. He was christened Charles Lutwidge

Dodgson, and this is what he said:—Lewis=Ludovicus=Lutwidge: Carroll=Carolus=Charles—and there you are! He kept many records and diaries, keeping one of all the letters he received and also all those he sent away.

He was very fond of asking little girls to tea and gave them a very jolly time. Packets of postcards were kept especially for them to look at. He was very fond of taking their photographs. He had a lot of clothes and he would dress them up and take them as Indians, or something like that.

He was very particular about what he gave his little friends to eat, always choosing the dinner himself. He kept a record of what he gave each little girl so that he should not give her the same food twice.

There were three little girls he was especially fond of, Alice, Edith and Lorina Liddle. One day when they were out on the river together the children begged for a story. So he told them the story of Alice in Wonderland and sometimes teased them by pretending to go to sleep in the middle of it.

A short time after that he thought he would write his story down. When his friends advised him to have it printed, he did, and sent a copy at once to the Alice to whom it had been first told.

Lewis Carroll was also very fond of taking his friends to the theatre. If it so happened that there was a little girl in the play, he would send her a copy of Alice in Wonderland and sometimes a box of chocolates as well.

One day he took a little girl called Beatrice to see "Much Ado about Nothing." After it was over he went behind the scenes and soon reappeared with a piece of paper in his hand. He gave it to the little girl and on it was written "From Beatrice to Beatrice." He had asked Miss Ellen Terry, who was acting that part, to write it for him.

Beatrice is still alive and she treasures that piece of paper, you may be sure.

GILLIAN EDWARDS, Upper IIIa.

Isleham

(The third of our series on villages in the neighbourhood).

Isleham, or the Island Home, dates back to Alfred the Great, for in 875 the great king said "At Isleham there are two great halls, St. Bernard's Hall (which still remains) and Beck Hall, and the owners have no one to preach to their servants."

Accordingly, he had built a little wooden chapel just where the present church stands. This was started in the 12th century, but was pulled down. Then a cathedral was begun, the pillars of which can still be seen, but the building never actually became a cathedral and it was carried on as a church and dedicated to St. Andrew.

At the West End of the Church are two boards on which are written the names of the benefactors of the Church. One of these, Lady Frances Peyton, endowed a hospital in 1575. The building is now called the Alms Houses. There are five houses and one at the back, which, until about two years ago, was still used as a hospital.

In the Lady Chapel, in a north wing, are many burial places. The seats here are very small and old, and are used by the Sunday School. The Chancel in the east was dedicated in the harvest of 1331 by the Bishop of Rochester. Ever since, Isleham has been closely connected with the See of Rochester and last year the present Bishop, together with the Bishop and Archdeacon of Ely, conducted a festival in celebration of the six-hundredth birthday of the Chancel. There was a long procession of choirs: Isleham, Fordham, Lode, Soham and Swaffam Prior, with the Cross and Banners, and a long file of Clergy and Bishops, heralded by a fanfare of trumpets. It was impressive to see the crowded church and the long procession slowly going up from the great West Door to their places eastward

Since 1331, a few more seats have been added to the Chancel, one of which was given by Queen Elizabeth herself in 1560. There used to be thirteen brasses, but many of these were snatched up in the Dausend rebellion in the 16th century

The lectern, which was dug up in Isleham Fen, is made of latern and was presented by Lady Catherine Peyton. It is supposed to be the finest in the country and a smaller copy of it was made for Ely Cathedral.

In a part of the roof that suddenly gets higher is a door where the monks could watch who came into church without being seen. In the porch is the only Pre-Reformation glass that remains.

At the east of the church, separated from it only by a small lane, stands the oldest house in Isleham. It is a large house and one of the downstairs rooms has been converted into a shop. The door leading into the shop has in it two panes of plain glass which are bordered by squares and rectangles of coloured glass. Some of this is real old blue stained glass, which Englishmen have lost the secret of making. In a cellar of this house is a font in which the priests used to christen the children, and from this cellar to the top of the house, there is a spiral staircase. From this house is an underground tunnel to the Church and if a cart goes down the Church Lane you can hear a hollow rumble as it passes over the tunnel.

At the extreme west of Isleham, in a meadow, is a piece of ground known as the Temple. This large square plot is raised above the level of the rest of the field. The Temple is supposed to have been an old Norman Castle or monastery of some sort. Some holes round it are thought to have been the moat and part of a double moat. The underground leads from the Church to a barn known as the Priory Barn, and from there to the Temple.

This Priory Barn was an old Priory and high up in the walls are the narrow slits which served as windows. Behind this is the Priory Close, and in it are large holes, the remains of the ponds where the monks used to fish.

St. Bernard's Hall was partially pulled down by one of the squires of Isleham and now only the servants' quarters are left. The squire no longer lives here (although we have a squire who came to visit Isleham last summer and lives in America).

The whole of Isleham and all the land round it belonged to the squire, but one of them, who had been very extravagant

was forced to sell his land, so now the squire is only squire in name. One of the squires sat in the Long Parliament and eventually married Oliver Cromwell's sister.

Isleham has still its village green, on which a fair is held regularly at Whitsun.

I have heard people say they would not like to live in Isleham, it does not lead anywhere. But that is not wholly true, for you can get to Ely, through Prickwillow, by the river bank, although the road by the bank is covered with ruts, some of which are over two feet deep and in winter are filled with mud and water. You can also get to Soham, across the fields, in about three-quarters-of-an-hour (walking). People in Isleham are very proud of their village and do not wish to leave it.

MARJORIE AUDUS, V.

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E.H.S.O.G.A.

President Miss Verini.

Vice-President Miss Fletcher.

Committee.

Miss Baird, Miss Clements, Miss G. Driver, Miss F. Knights, Miss Kempton, Mrs. Lee, Miss Prior, Miss Samuels, Mrs. Waddington, Miss Woolnough.

Mrs. L. G. Taylor (*Hon. Sec.*) 18, Prickwillow Road, Ely.

The Re-union for 1931 was held at the High School on Saturday, July 25th.

It was most encouraging to see so many Old Girls at the Re-union and it is hoped that as many Old Girls as possible will continue to attend the Re-unions.

When the Re-unions are well attended by members of the Association it proves that the members are still interested in the Association; also old friendships are renewed.

We were very pleased to have Miss Fletcher and Miss Parkes with us again.

A business meeting was held first in the Gymnasium, when the Constitution, drawn up by the Committee, was discussed and passed in the following form:—

- I. The O.G.A shall consist of Old Girls and past members of the Staff; present members of the Staff being Honorary Members.

- II. The Headmistress shall be ex-officio President, and past Headmistresses may be elected Vice-Presidents.
- III. The Committee shall consist of 9 Old Girls (representing as far as possible, different areas and periods); an Old Girl as Secretary, and a Staff Representative.
- IV. The Editor of the School Magazine and the Head Girl shall be ex-officio members of the Committee, without ruling powers.
- V. Members of Committee shall be elected for three years, at the end of which time they shall retire, but shall be eligible for re-election.
- VI. These members of the Committee shall retire annually to secure this three year rotation.
- VII. The Committee shall be elected at the General Meeting of the Association in the summer, nominations being made beforehand in writing or at the Meeting, *the consent of the nominee having first been obtained.*
- VIII. The Committee has power to co-opt an Old Girl representative for a special purpose.
- IX. Subscriptions are as follows:—One member, 2s. annually. Two sisters (sharing magazine and correspondence) 2s. annually. Three sisters, ditto, 3s. annually.

The Annual Re-union will be held on the last Saturday of each Summer Term. Annual subscriptions should be paid by the end of October.

Articles, letters and information for the School Magazine should be sent in by the 2nd week in February each year.

The Secretary hopes that every member has received a copy of the Constitution; if any have not, will they please let her know and she will send a copy.

After the Meeting, tea was served in the Dining Hall, and the following presentations made on behalf of the Association:—

Mrs. Moon (née Margaret Coy) presented a china tea service and gold wristlet watch to Miss Piggott on her retirement from being Head of the Preparatory. We hope that Miss Piggott may be spared many years to enjoy her well-earned rest. Margaret Gaskin presented a fountain pen and pencil (in case) and a travelling clock to Miss Duffield, whom we were also very sorry to lose after her many years' service in the Preparatory. The presentations were subscribed for by many members of the Association and several old pupils of the Preparatory. After the presentation charades were acted and thoroughly enjoyed.

In June, Miss Fletcher gave an At Home for Old Girls, at her flat in Hampstead, and a very happy time was spent by those Old Girls who were fortunate enough to be able to accept Miss Fletcher's kind invitation. After the visitors had finished tea, they were taken by motor 'bus to Harrow, where they were very kindly entertained by Miss Fletcher's sister, Mrs. Houle.

The Association continues to grow in numbers; the numbers are now 193.

The annual General Meeting of the Gymnasium and Folk Dancing classes was held on Tuesday, Dec. 15th. Miss Gladys Watson was elected Hon. Sec. and Treasurer, and the Committee elected were, E. Cross, G. Woolnough, G. Driver and L. Neal. The classes are held every Tuesday evening, from 6.30—7.30 p.m., and are much enjoyed by all those who attend. It is regretted that more girls do not join the Gymnasium Classes. All members of the Association are eligible to join the classes, if they have paid their annual subscription.

We wish to thank those Old Girls who have kindly sent articles for the magazine. [It would greatly reduce labour if these were written *on one side* of the paper only; if not signed, they should be accompanied by name and address of sender. Editor]. The Secretary would be glad if members would notify her of any changes of address, otherwise they may not receive communications and magazines.

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News of Old Girls.

Gillian Ada and Nina Ambrose have both successfully passed their post-graduate Training examinations at Cambridge Training College and Reading University respectively. Gillian is now English Mistress at Sutton-in-Ashfield Secondary School and Nina teaches French at Polano Hall School, Darlington.

Grace Houghton has begun her course at Reading University, where she is working for History Honours.

The following have entered Training Colleges this year and seem thoroughly to enjoy the work and College life:

Derby Training College	...	Joyce Humphrey.
Hockerill Training College		Elsie Smith.
Homerton College	...	Mildred Sawyer, Hilda Scott.
Norwich Training College		Marjorie Fordham, Margaret Park, Ivy Pinion.
Whitelands College	...	Doris Ashby.

Phyllis Vail is working as a student-teacher at Griton House School, Hove, and hopes to enter a College next year.

Winifred Palmer is teaching at Haddenham and will enter St. Gabriel's College, Camberwell, next September.

Eva Chapman is teaching at Manea and Dorothy Layton at Coveney. Odetta Whitta is in Rome teaching English to the small son of the Marchesa Marianna di Roccajovani, and evidently has a most interesting time.

We are glad that entrants into the nursing profession continue. Muriel Haddock has begun her training at Addenbrooke's Hospital and Joan Porter hopes to begin hers this April.

Ena Day obtained a good post as Children's Nurse in Bromley, after her training.

Marjorie Risebro has completed her Secretarial course at Pitman's School, and is now Secretary to the Manager of the Central Cinema at Cambridge.

Hilda Bowers and Margaret Gaskin have obtained posts as show-room assistants. Hilda is at Bainbridge's Drapery Shop at Lincoln and Margaret at Harvey's, Ely. Audrey Hawkes is helping at Bonnett's Cafe. Mary Kerridge is working at Chatteris Post Office and Nellie Peachey at Fordham.

Marjorie Cockerton is at the Birmingham General Hospital. Their work there, she says, gives them experience of In-patients, Out-patients, Casualty, X-Ray and Radium; she has also been in the Children's Ward.

Phyllis Strapps writes: "I am teaching in a large Junior Mixed School in Ilford. It is really an Infants' School as we have very few over seven years old. This year mine is the babies' class. After the daily struggle to teach them reading and speaking, I while away the evenings by learning to read and speak myself—only my language is Esperanto. You have probably heard of it as the universal auxiliary language, and it really is all it claims to be. It enabled me to enjoy a wonderful week at Krakow last August, where I was able to talk (more or less intelligently, I hope!) with people from all parts of the world."

We should like to congratulate Phyllis on her enterprise.

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We are glad to welcome Mrs. Bevan back to Ely and to be able to publish this interesting article.

The Women of Ceylon Vote for the First Time.

Until last year Ceylon was governed by a British Governor and members of the Legislative Council. Only a few of these members were representatives of the people by their own vote, the others were nominated by the Governor. The Donnuighmore Scheme, which was the result of the Donnuighmore Commission sent out to the island to see what could be done to extend the franchise, gave the vote to every man and woman above the age of twenty-one.

As only a small percentage of the people can read and write, the method of voting had to be different from that employed in countries where the percentage of literates is much higher. The method of ballot by colour was adopted. Each candidate in every constituency was given a colour, and he canvassed his district by displaying posters printed in the colour allocated to him and impressed upon the people the importance of voting for his colour. Certain colours were more popular than others: yellow, the colour of the saffron-dyed robes of the Buddhist priests, being the most popular, and red, the colour associated with blood, which no good Buddhist will shed, being the least popular.

The polling booths were partitioned off into a number of cubicles, with walls of palm leaves sewn together. Each cubicle contained as many boxes as there were candidates, each box being painted the candidate's colour. The voter was required to drop a slip of paper through the slit in the top of the box belonging to the candidate of his choice.

On the morning of the poll the women thronged the compounds of the female voting booths fully two hours before the poll opened. They wore their best sarees and all their jewellery. Trouble began when, to preserve the secrecy of the ballot, only one woman at a time was allowed in the cubicle where the ballot boxes were. They wanted to take all their relatives in with them and the older ones instructed the younger ones how to vote. Some did not know their own minds and asked the presiding officer to vote for them. But though confusion and indecision prevailed at times, most of the women behaved sensibly, and were proud to avail themselves of the opportunity of sending a representative to the State Council of Ceylon.

C. BEVAN (née Sykes).

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Bee Keeping as a Hobby.

Have you ever thought of keeping bees as a hobby? Some of you may, perhaps, own large and flourishing apiaries, and it is not for you that I write this, for I am only a novice and quite an ignorant one, I confess.

All of you who have read Maeterlinck's, "Life of the Bee," cannot fail to have been fascinated by the purposeful lives and ways of these little insects. I do not think, however, that it was this book which first attracted me to take up bee keeping. Perhaps it was from a monetary point of view, for, incidentally, I can think of few other hobbies that can be so lucrative. Perhaps it was that I, like Pooh Bear, have a great liking for honey. But allowing these baser motives their full significance, I think it was principally because of

the general romance surrounding the whole idea of living in the country and keeping bees. Poetry and Literature suggest that the one is the complement of the other. Yeats would have his "Nine bean rows and a hive for the honey bee." The Vicarage at Grantchester certainly had its row of hives, for Brooke, in a wave of homesickness, asks, "And is there honey still for tea?" Then you may remember V. Sackville West's "Bee Master," and Martin Armstrong's "Honey Harvest," which show an intimate knowledge of bee life and the bee master's craft. Not only the moderns, but literature through the ages has found inspiration in the Bee.

One, perhaps, might whimsically say that bee keeping gives one a sense of power. I am a ruler of a very busy populace. Are not these thousands of little workers my willing slaves? Do they not garner for me stores of the purest and sweetest? Essence of the yellow crocus and the apple blossom: the purple clover and the gorse all golden on the hillside, of the currant, the thorn and the sycamore.

' And all day long the plundering hordes go round,
And every overweighted blossom nods.'

There is no need to chide for laziness and their love of cleanliness is almost fanatical. The betterment of their race amounts almost to a passion. Individual sacrifice counts as nothing. Each sting given in defence of the hive is paid for by the death of a little Spartan. In swarming, a deliberate sacrifice is made when the colony, becoming over-populated, owing to newly hatched bees, decides that a section, with the old Queen leading, shall seek a new home. Perhaps they will be fortunate enough to build again a fortress and establish a new colony; but they risk meeting with hunger and bad weather, which to them means death.

Clever manipulation of the bees is an art, and I confess that at first I was rather nervous of handling them. I was extremely gratified when a bee expert offered to come and examine my hive, of which I was inordinately proud, but which I had hitherto scarcely explored, through lack of courage. The expert was so unlike what I expected him to be, that I think he warrants a description. He was a little man, wizened and sallow, eyes a twinkle, with so humble and simple a manner that his dexterity astonished me. My imagination ran riot and I could see him in monk's habit—a veritable Saint Francis, among his little sisters—"the bees." He wore no protection and the bees crawled all over his hands, never attempting to sting him. He was very gentle with them: no movement was hurried or jerked: and he hardly used the smoker I had provided for him. Lost in admiration, I said "I suppose you *love* bees?" He looked at me, the blue eyes mildly astonished, as if he thought me not a little mad, and he answered, "Love 'em?

Well.—I get kinda used to 'em, y'know." St. Francis was gone. In his place was just a quaint little man with, never the less, an uncanny gift for handling bees. He calmly told me that a swarm had once settled on his chin. After his visit I found I had lost all fear of being stung. Of course, my bees stung me at times, in spite of protecting my face and hands. But given a sunny day, with no thunder or rain threatening, and a little smoke to subdue them, they are as gentle as one could expect.

If you think of taking up bee keeping as a hobby, you will find the year full of interest and excitement from early spring, when the bees emerge from their winter stupor, to the first shrill piping of a virgin Queen about to do battle with her mother: from the mad exuberant rush of the swarm, drunk with honey and seeking a new home, to the thrill of 'taking' your swarm and enlisting thousands more to your vast army of willing workers. There is the incredible wonder of the new comb—each six-sided cell a masterpiece of architecture. There is the dreadful day of the massacre of the drones; the idle princes who have been housed and fed during the Summer, now taken by force and mercilessly stung to death. There is the day when

‘the hand of man,
Inscrutable and ravaging descend,
Pillaging their citadels:
Defeating wantonly their provident plan:
Making havoc of their patient hoard.’

Then, in Autumn, you must 'pack' them snug and warm for the long winter. If you have been greedy, you must feed the bees periodically to prevent starvation. You must constantly guard against mice and other little intruders that cause disturbance and do great damage to the court.

So round to Spring again. Meanwhile:—

“Let a choice of every kind be made
And labelled, set upon your storehouse racks,
Of Hawthorn honey that of almond smacks,
That delicate honey culled
From Apple blossom, that of sunlight tastes:
And sunlight-coloured honey of the Clover.
Bring out the Lime-tree honey, the embalmed
Soul of a lost July—or Heather spiced,
Brown gleaming court wherein sleeps crystallised
All the hot perfume of the heathery slope
And, tasting and remembering, live in hope.”

Martin Armstrong "Honey Harvest."

LORNA M. KISBY (nee Hammond).

Births.

- Dodds. On June 8th, 1931, at Nairobi, Kenya, to Vera Mary (nee Haddock), wife of William Huntley Dodds, Shika, Kenya, a son.
- Green. On June 3rd, 1931, at Manton's Farm, Ten Mile Bank, Downham Market, to Kathleen (née Graven), wife of Leslie F. Green, a daughter.
- Metcalfe-Brown. On November 2nd, 1931, at 57, Bricknell Avenue, Hull, to Violet (nee Everitt), wife of Dr. C. Metcalfe-Brown, a daughter.

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Marriages.

- Baxter—Clark.*—On 7th September, 1931, at Sutton, Frank Alfred Baxter, of Norwich, to Kathleen Clark, of Sutton.
- Sallis—Harle.*—On 11th April, 1931, at Littleport, Hubert Edward Sallis to Phyllis May Harle, of Littleport.
- Peet—Rouse.*—On 6th April, 1931, at Soham, Daniel Joseph Peet, of Oldham, to Clara Winifred Rouse, of Soham.
- Sulman—Saberton.*—On 19th September, 1931, at Witcham, Arthur William Sulman to Gladys Irene Saberton, of Witcham.
- Fitches—White.*—On 3rd October, 1931, at Soham, Eric Fitches, of Chippenham, to Laura Frances White, of Soham.
- Holden—Ennion.*—On 8th July, 1931, at Soham, Frank Harrison Holden, of St. Neots, to Ella Eugenie Ennion, of Soham.
- Myers—Trimmer.*—On 16th July, 1931, at Port Elizabeth, Flying Officer Bryce Vivian Myers to Agnes Barbara Charlotte (Betty) Trimmer.
- Wilson—Appleyard.*—On 19th November, 1931, at Ely, George Harry Wilson, of Peterborough, to Molly Doreen Appleyard, of Ely.
- Sach—Arber.*—On 3rd February, 1932, at Haddenham, Leslie H. E. Sach, of Braintree, to Ruby Rose Arber, of Haddenham.

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