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THE LOWESTOFTIAN

THE MAGAZINE OF THE PAST AND
PRESENT SCHOLARS OF THE LOWESTOFT
SECONDARY SCHOOL

No. 12

March 1927



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I desire to appeal to all Parents and to friends of the School who see our Magazine to support it by giving their patronage, wherever possible, to the advertisers whose notices appear in our pages. By this means they can do much to strengthen the financial foundations on which our new and improved issue is built.

R. McARTHUR.

Headmaster.

A Stop-Press Symposium

Upon the issue of *The Lowestoftian* in this new form, we had hoped to obtain messages and even possibly contributions from

Mr. BERNARD SHAW

Mr. H. G. WELLS

Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON

AND MANY OTHERS ;

but when our representative called on the above gentlemen, Mr. Shaw was out, Mr. Wells was not in, and Mr. Chesterton for some reason happened to be away from home. We have to be content therefore with a few messages from the Many Others.

THE BARON DE BEEF (*of the Mustard Club*)

[who appears to have misunderstood our representative.]

"I prefer it in a yellow tin. Mustard is the lifeblood of the Empire."

MR. PERCY PONDLEQUICK (*the well-known Frothblower*)

[who must have mistaken the question.]

"A pewter mug for me, every time. What—and I repeat it—I always have said—and I say it again—is—and I reiterate it—that the future of this great Empire always has been, and always will be, for some time at any rate, in Froth. Froth is——" [*here our representative left*]

MADAME RAYNEWARTA BUTT (*the celebrated soprano*)

[who, it is obvious, did not understand the inquiry.]

"No, only once. But as I always have said and always will say, if you cannot get above top C you are no use at all. Among the top notes of the piano lies the future of this great Empire."

MGLVOGSKI SKOOGLVITCH (*the newly-discovered tenor*)

[who understood the question, but speaks no English.]

"Iq uit eagr ee. Wi thth e *Lowestoftian* res tst hefu tu reoft hisg rea tempi re."

MARSHAL BANG BANG BANG (*agent for Shoversux vacuum cleaners*)

[to whom our representative seems to have inadequately conveyed his requirements.]

"We must eliminate dust from this great Empire. If the air that Julius Cæsar breathed had been free from dust, he would have been alive to-day. [*hastily*] Very nearly, at any rate."

Speech Day

The whole School is to be congratulated on its conduct of the proceedings arranged for Speech Day this year. The day must be pronounced a great success from every point of view. In spite of the dismal weather a very large number of parents and friends had filled the Theatre by 2.30 and there was an air of enthusiasm and encouragement when our proceedings opened punctually at 3 p.m. The Prize-giving was brisk. Mr. Rentoul's presence seemed to shed a happy glow and his amusing remarks and good advice (which he had promised not to give) kept us all so entertained that, before we were aware of it, we had reached four o'clock, precisely the time for clearing the stage and getting to action. The punctuality with which this first part of the programme was carried out reflects the greatest credit on every one who took part in it, and especially on Mr. Gilliat, whose careful arrangement and ingenious preparation had made such speed possible.

The entertainment programme was carried out with the same briskness and punctuality and everyone seems to have been delighted with it. The items were varied and the whole programme was not too long. The choir sang its pieces quite delightfully. The "Dance of the Nymphs" was so well received that it had to be repeated. We must congratulate the Nymphs and Miss Walsh. The Boys' Gymnastic Display was much admired; the speed and energy with which it was carried out gave us a feeling of exhilaration. There was no hitch. It was clear that Mr. Millican had taken great pains both with the drill and the music, and if his little duet party and soloist were a trifle nervous at their entry into the Play, this was no doubt merely because they had a laudable sense of responsibility. The Country Dances were much more jolly than we had expected after seeing the glum faces of the performers during their rehearsals in the School Hall, and they must be judged to have acquitted themselves quite well.

The Quaker Girl was heard right up to the Gallery. She spoke her words and acted her part with the most perfect ease and taste.

The chief item of the entertainment was of course the selection from "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme." Mr. Durling had shown a nice judgment in the selection of every character

in this rather ambitious piece. He was justified of his choice. They all rose to the occasion and performed their parts to the real enjoyment of their audience who, whether they understood the French or not, could very well understand what was going on, and clearly enjoyed it. The fine feathers, too, made fine birds. A few members of the audience needed to be assured that these were all really our boys and girls.

The Minuet, gracefully performed, made a pleasant interlude.

Mr. Millican's happy inspiration of getting the whole Theatre to join in the concluding shanty brought a clean and quick and satisfying end to the afternoon.

Social Service Society

THE Annual Meeting and Social was held in the School on Friday, March 11th. There was a large gathering of Members and friends. The earlier part of the evening was enjoyably spent in games, dancing, competition, and a humorous "Gym Display." This was followed by supper, to which those present did ample justice. The business part of the proceedings then took place, Miss A. Ling occupying the chair. The Secretary in her report shewed that satisfactory progress had been made during the year. This is given in full below.

The Chairman read to the Meeting a letter of thanks from Suriakanthie—the Society's Indian protégée—and referred briefly to the forthcoming Sale of Work, which she hoped would do much to augment the Funds.

An exceedingly interesting lecture on "Japan" was then given by Mrs. Reeve, who had spent some years in Missionary work in that country. In a most vivid fashion the lecturer dealt with the marvellous fairyland of the Japanese countryside; the queer wooden, thatched houses, and the great simplicity of the furnishings; the people, their dress and curious customs, and especially their appreciation of beauty. Additional interest centred in a fine collection of Japanese curios and photographs brought by the lecturer.

Miss Ling voiced the thanks of those present to Mrs. Reeve, and a further period of games concluded the proceedings.



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The Secretary's report was as follows:

I am pleased to report that our Social Service Organisation continues to flourish, and this year we have been able to widen the scope of our activities. It is pleasant to be able to state that keener rivalry between the Houses for the purpose of "Doing Good" has led to wider interest in the movement, and has enabled us to help in increased measure various charitable organisations.

First as to Membership. Last year at this time our Membership was 102. We now number 134—that means that in the past year we have increased our Membership by one-third. I think that the House Secretaries should be congratulated on this result—all the Houses shew a decided increase—and special mention should be made of the fact that the Nightingale House during one Term this year achieved a record—inasmuch that every member of that House was also a member of our Society.

I think, too, that a word must be said of the ingenious schemes adopted by three out of our four Houses in order to obtain Funds other than by subscriptions, or to help in other ways.

Nightingale House, perhaps, deserves the palm in this respect. Their brilliant idea was to obtain pennies by the yard, and they succeeded in getting ten yards of pennies, value £1 5s. 0d. by this means. Of this, a guinea went to the Lowestoft Hospital and 4s. to the Matron's Christmas Fund. In addition, this House collected 20 lbs. of silver paper for the benefit of the Hospital.

Cavell House believes that "many a mickle makes a muckle" and they proved the truth of it by collecting farthings—exactly 960 of them—value £1, and this was sent to the Fund for providing Surgical Appliances for the Cripples' Branch of the Shoreditch Institution.

Grace Darling House subscribed and bought a doll which was dressed by the Members themselves, and christened "Darling David." This doll was sent as a Christmas Present to our little Indian protégée, Suriakanthie.

These constitute, as I said, individual House efforts distinct from the main work of the Society, which, nevertheless, I think go to shew that the right spirit of Social Service animates our Members generally.

The main object of our Organisation, namely, the payment of the Education Fees of a little orphan Indian girl,

has again been accomplished, and £7 has been forwarded to India for that purpose this year. In addition, we have been able to send £1 in aid of a Nursery Extension to her School in India, and also £3 as a donation to the Gorleston Association for the Blind.

A fresh responsibility has been shouldered by the Society this year, namely, the provision of flowers regularly for the School War Memorial. We are proud to be able in this way to help to keep green the memory of those from this School who gave their lives for the ideals they learned here.

In conclusion I must refer to the very kind invitation to our Members extended by Miss Leathes in June last. We thoroughly appreciated and enjoyed her generous hospitality.

The Balance Sheet, made up to December 31st last, shews receipts for the year of £17 10s. 3d., and payments, £11 6s. 4d. leaving a Balance in hand on that date of £6 3s. 11d.

R. L. EASTO.

(Hon. Sec.)

Hockey Notes, 1926-1927

Results to date are as follows—

1ST XI.

Oct. 9	v.	Norwich Secondary	A.	Scratched.
Oct. 23	v.	Yarmouth High	H.	6—3 Win.
Oct. 29	v.	Norwich Secondary	A.	Scratched.
Oct. 30	v.	Beccles Ladies	H.	0—6 Loss.
Nov. 13	v.	Beccles Secondary	H.	1—6 Loss.
Dec. 2	v.	Lowestoft Ladies	H.	3—1 Win.
Dec. 4	v.	Leiston Secondary	H.	4—1 Win.
Dec. 11	v.	Lowestoft Ladies	H.	7—3 Win.
Dec. 18	v.	Lowestoft Convent	H.	8—0 Win.
Jan. 20	v.	Lowestoft Ladies	H.	4—3 Win.
Feb. 19	v.	Norwich High	H.	1—8 Loss.
Mar. 5	v.	Yarmouth High	A.	0—3 Loss.

34—34

2ND XI.

Nov. 13	v.	Lowestoft Central	H.	4—0 Abandoned before time.
Feb. 5	v.	Leiston Secondary	A.	3—3 Draw.

The totals of the above results shew that curiously enough we have scored exactly as many goals as have been registered against us. I think this proves that, in spite of expressed opinion to the contrary, we are at least as good, on the whole, as those who opposed us.

Several changes have had to be made in the Team from last year, and we have felt severely the loss of such stalwarts as Jennett Evans, Madis Allerton, and Doris Utting. The spirit of the new-comers, however, has been excellent, and, if on occasions we have found the odds too heavy for us, we have always "played the game," and gone down with colours flying.

It was rather a blow to find ourselves knocked out in the first round of the League, but we note that our opponents are now due to play in the final round. Good luck to them on this occasion also!

It is pleasant to note that more supporters have appeared at many of the home matches, and even on occasion at "away" events. A little more would add to the "pleasantness," for a "whoop" at the psychological moment is a remarkably effective tonic.

The Clerk of the weather seems determined to prevent our meeting with Norwich Secondary. Twice he has "queered" our Hockey Fixtures, not to mention one at Netball. Each time, however, the full team turned up at the station, prepared to go through with it if feasible.

We have still a few fixtures to play off, and are looking forward especially to the annual tussle with the Boys' Team.

R. EASTO.

(Capt).

School Football, 1926-7

THE 1st XI has experienced a very successful season, playing 17 matches, up to March 10th, with a record of 15 won, 2 drawn, and none lost. Furthermore, the School has scored 78 goals to their opponents' 22, and, with seven more matches to play, is in striking distance of the former record of 101 goals "for."

RESULTS (TO DATE)

1926		Opponents	Ground	Result	Score
October	2	Beccles, Sir John Leman's	Home	Won	4-2
October	7	St. Margaret's Thursday	Home	Won	3-1
October	9	Norwich High School	Home	Drawn	2-2
October	16	Bungay Grammar School	Away	Won	4-1
October	23	Norwich High School	Away	Won	6-1
November	13	Bungay Grammar	Home	Won	1-0
November	27	Beccles, Sir John Leman's	Away	Won	11-1
December	11	St. Margaret's 'B' XI	Home	Won	6-1
December	18	St. Margaret's 'B' XI	Home	Won	5-1

1927

January	1	Old Boys' XI	Home	Won	3-2
January	22	Beccles, Sir John Leman's	Home	Won	10-0
February	5	Rosebery Road United	Home	Won	7-2
February	12	St. Margaret's 1st XI	Home	Drawn	2-2
February	19	St. Margaret's 'B' XI	Home	Won	4-3
March	5	St. Margaret's 1st XI	Home	Won	6-2
March	10	St. Margaret's Thursday	Home	Won	4-1

RECORD (TO DATE)

	Played	Won	Lost	Drawn	Goals for	Against
1ST XI	17	15	0	2	78	22
Goal-scorers:—Stevens 31; Beckett (A) 20; Tripp 9; Solomon 5; Bayfield 5; Beckett (K) 2; Utting 2; Crossland 2; Peck and True.						

J. H. B., A.B.

"The First Eleven"

(Being a collection of the virtues and occasionally the faults of each member)

(Goal) Goldspink : Very sound always, and quite brilliant on occasions. Rather inclined to be pessimistic and "nervy" about the result.

(Right back) Potter : A veteran, whose experience is invaluable. Very reliable, but rather prone to believe that "It's better to receive than to give," in the matter of hacks.

(Left back) Penny : Extremely safe and makes good use of his weight. Has had several attempts at scoring, but has not yet registered a goal.

(Right-half) Peck : A useful man who has played in nearly every position. Never gets hurt, which is very significant. Another veteran.

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(*Centre-half*) Tripp: Captain of the 1st XI, and undoubtedly the chief factor in the unbroken run of success enjoyed by his team. Has emerged victorious from his tussles with the opposing forward lines, notably those of Rosebery Road United and the Old Boys' XI, and has often shown the forwards the way to the net. Is the lucky possessor of that all too rare asset, the match-winning personality.

(*Left-half*) Beckett (K): Vice-Captain of the 1st XI, and an able colleague for the captain. The goal-scoring left-wing owes much to this safe and judicious half-back who makes full use of the noble art of heading the ball.

(*Outside right*) Bayfield: Six foot odd. Size 11 boots. Visiting teams ask, "Is he married?" Can be relied upon to break up the spirit and other things of opponents, and scores not infrequently with lobs.

(*Inside right*) Harvey, Crossland. The berth was first filled by the former, but the latter is being tried. Both play well at times, and can be relied upon to support Stevens. Good shots, especially the latter.

(*Centre forward*) Stevens: Camsell II. Very fast and dashing. Difficult to get at, and the bogey of Beccles, etc. Hat-tricks a speciality.

(*Inside left*) Beckett (A): An admirable exponent of the finer points of dribbling and passing. A fine shot and nurses his wingman with great judgment. A regular goal-scorer.

(*Outside left*) Solomon: Abounds in wisdom. Has a clean accurate kick and has scored some fine goals. Very cool at all times. Many goals come from this wing.

A Brief but Complete History

IT is freely admitted that history would be quite entertaining were it not for the labour of memorising dates. That being so, this stupendous work will be most interesting, for reference will be made to no date whatever,—not even to 1066, when most of our ancestors came over.

To begin at the beginning, a great many years ago there lived a couple of vegetarians, to wit Adam and Eve. Darwin

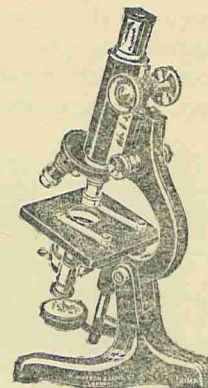


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draws a far from flattering portrait of them, and says they dwelt for the greater part in treetops. The present historian cannot fancy the fair Eva with side-whiskers and will content himself with remarking that their customs were free and easy. The costume of the period needs no description.



A notable East Anglian, Kett,¹ used to propound a conundrum concerning our common progenitors. It was 'When Adam dived and Eve span, who was then the gentleman?' and was supposed to be unanswerable. As a matter of fact the gentleman's name is seldom mentioned in polite society, but his occupation was to go about tempting people, in which he somewhat resembled the modern "commercial."

After Adam, mention must next be made of the man with the flint chopper. Apparently he was no faddist, but appreciated a good joint—say a sirloin of mammoth. Advanced students desirous of prying further into his habits can do so by digging in bogs and excavating little hillocks. They will then discover whether he was buried with his knees on his chest or his chest on his knees.

Later in history occur two Asiatics—most probably—whose names have not been handed down to posterity as they should have been. The one learned to tame instead of kill and the other fashioned the first hoe. Between them they laid the foundation of all subsequent civilisation. The inventor of the hoe has ever since been cursed to monotony by the budding agriculturist, whether Hottentot or Briton.

Among early civilisations are the stagnant ones of the far and the more virile but top-heavy of the near East. The Phoenicians are famous because they came to Cornwall and swindled the natives, a thing which is well-nigh impossible at the present day.

The Babylonians and Assyrians are to be remembered because they wrote in cuneiform characters upon brick. A trustworthy authority asserts that it was usual for librarians to serve an apprenticeship to bricklaying. This is possibly untrue. However that may be, no one has ever controverted

¹ Our History expert assures us that it was John Ball, not Kett.—Ed.

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his statement that schoolboys took their homework home in a hod.

The ancient Greeks are noted for a predilection for fairy tales and statues with bits chipped off them, winged Victories which have been on the moult and such like.

The Egyptians were the prize-winning cat-fanciers of the old world. It is noteworthy, too, that they made the Hebrews work.

The Romans were another ancient people. The tramp of their legionaries re-echoes down the corridor of time. This is not to be wondered at when we are told they wore iron shoes. For a time they occupied Britain and built baths, which astonished the natives; indeed some of the latter have not taken kindly to them yet. Being called away on urgent business they left the Britons in rather a predicament, for the Picts and Scots, an auburn-haired, raw-boned race of barbarians, took advantage of the Roman evacuation to swarm south. This invasion has continued on and off ever since.

The Britons made an arrangement with Jutes, Angles, Saxons and what-not to free the land of Scots. This they obligingly did, and then proceeded to free it of Britons likewise. From such a conglomeration of burglars sprang the noble English people. Thereafter it is deemed unnecessary to study further the history of any other nation. The English alone matter.

This brings us down to the period of open-work puttees and hearth-stone cookery. Alfred, though he had his ups and downs, is the outstanding figure of the times. The Danes made themselves a nuisance and Alfred incorporated them into an already very mixed society.

It takes but a stride to bring the historian to Harold, and the wink of an eyelid to the Norman conquest. William's army, it is said, consisted of the scum of Europe.¹ Like all scum they came to the top.

William was a great sportsman himself, but gave no other person the credit, or what is more the chance, of being such. The Rest of England had to content themselves with mole-catching and rat-poisoning.

The dress of the commonalty during the Norman period consisted of a leather coat called a jerkin and tights baggy at the knee. The gentry wore electro-plate, which brings us down to—another instalment next mag.

¹ Wasn't it Wellington's? But we won't spoil your point.—Ed.

Impressions of Cornwall

For East is East and West is West
And never the twain shall meet
Till earth and sky stand presently
At God's great judgment seat.

THAT is no reason, however, why those of you who live in the most easterly town of England should not hear something about this land of Tre, Pol, Pen, from a temporary resident in the most westerly town of our island—Penzance.

I suppose that to me the charm of this county lies in its absolute contrast to Suffolk, in its rugged, wild, and awe-inspiring coast, its desolate wind-swept moors, its quaint fishing villages, and in the many lovely coves nestling among the cliffs. From Penzance the grand sweep of Mounts Bay, from the Lizard to Penlee Point, with the lofty island of St. Michael's Mount, affords a splendid view.

On the top of the Mount, some 250 feet above the sea, is an ancient castle, around which are strewn a number of gigantic granite boulders. I saw similar boulders on this summit of Tren Crom, a hill 600 feet high, and four miles inland. Tradition says that Giant Corcoran lived on the Mount, and his brother on Tren Crom. One day they quarrelled, and got so angry that they threw stones at each other. The story must be true, for I have seen the stones on both the hills, and one of them that I measured on Tren Crom was some sixteen feet long, eight feet wide and about the same height. Some thrower that Giant!

But every visitor to Cornwall is anxious to visit Land's End, and Patricia has taken me there twice already. Oh, Patricia is the successor to Isabel. The road from Penzance is very good till we reach the village of Sennen, one mile from Land's End, and the most westerly village in Great Britain.

In due course we pass "The Last Hotel" and "The Last Inn"; further on is the last Police Station—unadvertised—but now we must put on the brake, for the road ends on the grass at the edge of a cliff and we are indeed at the land's end. Strangely enough here is a large hotel, also another refreshment house which proclaims itself "The First and Last," and this time the title is justified.

The scenery here is not so awe-inspiring as at other places, though the cliffs rise perpendicularly from the sea, which on my first visit was dashing wildly at their base, flinging up the foam to be blown far inland on the breeze. We clamber over the cliffs as near to the actual edge as we can, and gaze out at the Longships Lighthouse apparently only a stone's throw off, but really one and a half miles away. On our return we notice a pillar box right on the cliff edge where, if we wish, we may post cards which our host of the refreshment house is anxious to sell us.

On our return journey we make a détour, and, leaving Patricia, climb to the top of Carn Brea, on top of which are remains of an ancient British Camp and from which the sea is visible from north-west round by west and south to the south-east, a sweep of three-quarters of the circle.

Another day we may explore the fishing village of Mousehole (pronounced Mowsell), and lose ourselves in its tangle of narrow streets. The stone houses appear to have been dropped down in all sorts of odd places on the hillside, and then the streets made to run in and out among the houses. At the little town of St. Ives, the stone houses of the fishing quarter have their staircases outside the house, and the family washing is stretched across the narrow streets, hardly any wider than our Lowestoft Scores.

But what is this scent wafted to our senses as we walk along the lanes? Violets, violets in full bloom in January, fields full of them, and now, the second week in February, the narcissi are out in many fields, and wallflowers, geraniums, marguerites, veronica, primroses and polyanthus, forget-me-nots, anemones, Brompton stock, daisies, and the pink campion, heather and arabis, are all in blossom.

Space will not permit me to describe the beauties of King Arthur's Castle at Tintagel, or the lighthouse at the Lizard, but some day the Editor will perhaps allow me to tell you more about this wonderful land of sea and moor, of legend and of superstition. Meanwhile I bask in the sunshine and rejoice that the temperature outdoors in Penzance is warmer than that of a certain rather large room with three radiators that most of you readers will wot of.

H. C. T.

"Convention"

IN its Christmas Number, *The Lowestoftian* ventured, for the first time we believe, into the realms of musical criticism. No doubt this constitutes an advance in the right direction, yet we cannot help regretting that the article in question took the form of a studied attack on "jazz." We have no other grounds for discontent, except that the article is bound to miss fire, because every struggling writer under the sun has forestalled our contributor. To attack "jazz" is the chief pastime of an aesthetic age, if we except the frequent and ridiculous onslaughts of those who ought to know better, on the healthy, and very attractive (I assure you, Mr. Editor) dress of the "weaker sex." Our critics attack it, because they believe it to be an unholy desecration of the works of the great masters; the newspapers attack it because the critics attack it; and the public attacks it for no other reason than the very human desire to be "in the swim." In this way a vast amount of hypocrisy has accumulated round the crusade against jazz. There can be no doubt that nearly everyone has listened to "jazz" with feelings which are the exact antithesis of the horror and loathing which they pretend to feel when they are expatiating on the subject, before a circle of admiring friends. We have seen the most ardent "crusaders" cast off their humble slough, and appear fresh, we have seen them dancing and laughing and flirting and kissing and making abject idiots of themselves to the strains of a jazz band—and then we have seen them draw themselves up with a glance at that same band expressing lofty disdain not unmingled with sheepishness, as another "crusader" enters the room and casts a surprised look at the usually staid opponent of jazz. There is but one reason for this outrageous hypocrisy—it is the natural outcome of that besetting evil that we have named "Convention."

Let no one imagine that this spirit of blind adherence to the dictates of the "giants" of the critical world, this Convention, is confined to the sphere of music. It is startlingly apparent in all walks of life and human activity, nowhere more so than in the world of books, nor can we find a better example than the "master-novelist," Charles Dickens.

Admittedly, Dickens is a master-novelist, but to be such a one does not of necessity preclude him from the possibility of occasional errors and blunders. But should a presumptuous

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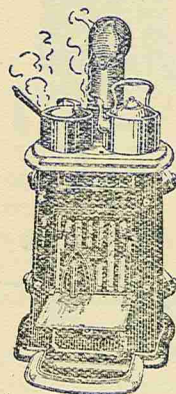
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mortal express dissatisfaction or, what is worse, boredom, all the hounds of Convention are immediately let loose on his trail. He is bombarded with the age-old conventional exclamations—"But, sir, his remarkable power of characterisation—" "Ah, you can't have read 'Bleak House'—now if you *had*, sir—" "His humour, sir, is the most exquisite since Addison, anybody but a blind fool could see that!" "Sir (with dignity), Dickens has brought joy to countless homes, his books have shed a ray of hope in the darksome squalor of poverty, he has changed the life of nations, and (working up into a frenzy) let me tell you, sir, that there never has been and never will be any novelist to equal him!"—(here an impressive pause, usually spoilt by the addition of a vindictive "So there!" or the forceful formula "Anybody but a blind fool could see that").

Yet many of those ardent supporters may have felt at some time the marionette grotesqueness of some of the novelist's characters, very possibly have never read "Bleak House" (an unmixed blessing for them, to our mind), and quite likely have yawned over the broad crudity of not a few of Dickens' humorous sallies.

Nor is the blind worship of name and fame confined to the author of "Christmas Tales." The reply we have always encountered when we have dared to give verbal expression to the feeling of boredom which enveloped us as we read "Adam Bede" or "The Mill on the Floss," has been accompanied with a knowing wink and a reassuring pat on the shoulder—"My boy, that woman *knew* the world." Our own opinion, held secretly in the early days of serfdom and now expressed with redoubled assurance, is that if "George Eliot" knew the world so well, she might have given us a more entertaining and realistic view of that much-maligned planet—but, hush, the hounds of Convention are already astir.

J. H. BAYFIELD, VI.



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Muscatel. Now Almonda was a real go-getter, but
as she had been hitting the high spots, she beat it for a rest
cure. On the trail, her outfit was held up by a witch, and
a posse of ogres, most of whom were two-gun men.

"Stick 'em up slick!" said the witch, "and
come across with the goods."

Almonda said: "Say, listen! you take it from
me, this baby is on the rocks."

"Applesauce!" replied the witch. "That's
all bunk! Rope her up, and make it snappy!"

The Muscatel ranchers were quick on the draw,
but the ogres had the drop on them, and Almonda's
outfit was soon shot up, and she herself was tied
to a tree. The posse then produced a bundle of
dynamite and a length of fuse. The witch lit the
fuse and hit the trail with her gang.



As they disappeared a nifty fairy prince rode up in his
Super-Sports auto, and before she could bat an eyelid, he
had thrown the dynamite into the Mississippi and released her.

"Oh boy!" he cried, "guess you're the slickest little
cutie I've ever lamped, I'll tell the world."

"Say, you big stiff," she replied, applying lip-stick, "don't
shoot your mouth! You have spoilt this scene."

"Hot dog!" snapped the camera man, who had ceased
operations. "This bird is dippy!"

And the "fairy prince" followed the "dynamite."

E. TRUE (VI).



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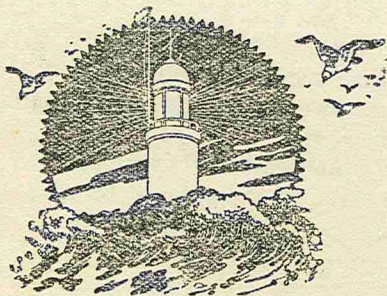
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The Art of Cooking

By One Who Knows

COOKING is not merely the art of sticking a bloater in a frying-pan and rescuing it when it starts to burn. Nothing should be wasted. Even a doubtful egg can be served up for breakfast when there is something exciting in the newspaper.

In making soup, if it is wanted thick, a little glue may be added. It can also be flavoured with the stuff you buy in packets, and, if the packet is red, put that in also to give the soup a rich colour. Boil well and add salt to disguise the flavour. You'll need the salt.

To fry anything drop it in boiling fat: or better still, get somebody else to drop it in, because it will splash.

A chop is a piece of meat with a bone stuck through it. If the butcher has forgotten to send the chops, you can make some of your own by tying some scraps of meat round knitting needles. In some cases the knitting itself will be just as tasty.

Most people boil things too fast, and boil all the water away, which causes blisters on the meat. A bad habit.

A pie is something with something inside it and something else on top to hide what is inside it.

All you need now before starting to cook is the address of the nearest doctor and where you can get a good meal after the cooking.

G. P. (Vb.)

An Anaesthetic

By "A Weakling"

IF your name is on the Operation list, which is sent up to your Ward the night before, you can bet a dollar there will be no breakfast for you the next morning.

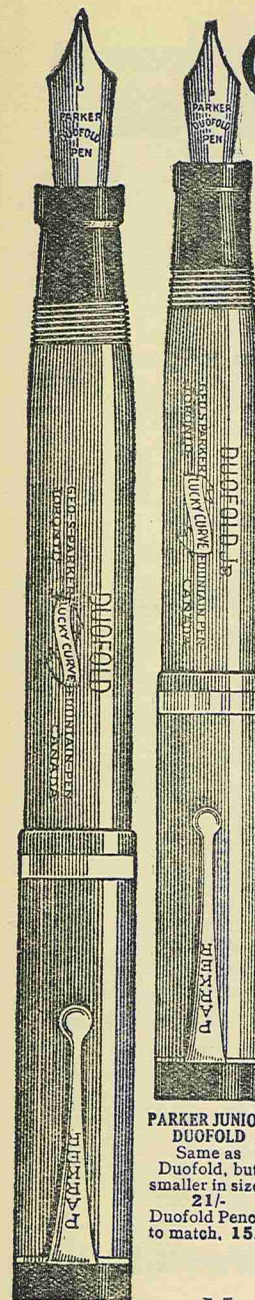
About an hour before the dreaded moment a nurse will come and thoroughly cleanse and bandage the seat of your operation. She will give you beautifully warm socks to wear, and place cosy-looking blankets by the side of your bed. She will then prick your arm with a special needle, at the same time injecting a fluid. If it hurts a little, you ignore it and pretend not to feel it at all, until the nurse has gone.

*THEY ARE
VERY UNSYMPATHETIC MEN

You are then wheeled along the Ward, and if you have made acquaintances amongst the patients they will probably greet you with "Cheerio No. 13, you do look bad ! Are you taking any coal? Can I have your collarstuds when you are gone?" You smile at these remarks, but really it is difficult ; lumps arise in your throat, though you don't show it.

A strong odour of ether is noticeable, and if the Surgeon has arrived, you are strapped down to a table.

The nurses' conversation gradually gets more and more distant ; your heart beats louder and louder ; other noises



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commence—you murmur a wee prayer—still the throbbing get faster ; the noises increase until you feel there *must* be a climax. Then everything stops, and a fresh sensation begins ; it is a high-pitched singing noise which you cannot fight against, and you relax yourself, and your last thought is, " I give it up."

F. J.

Cycling Maniacs

By One of Them

MANY people in Lowestoft are under the impression that we boys of this most excellent school are " cycling maniacs." Not only do we hear remarks about the mad way in which we ride, but we see evidences of this delusion in print and also in a certain prominent window ; which shall be nameless.

Last term, as one of our cyclists was riding to school, he collided with a motor lorry. The case was taken to court, and the remark was made by some officious being that " the mad way in which the Secondary schoolboys ride to school was absolutely obvious to Lowestoft people." If this person had read Shakespeare and believed what *he* wrote, he would have found in *As You Like It*, (Act II., Scene VII.), " then the school-boy, with shining morning face, creeping like snail, unwillingly to school." This surely does away with the idea that a schoolboy is a " cycling maniac."

We don't mind seeing an exhibition of a cycling accident in a shop-window, which no doubt has its advantages from an advertising standpoint, but when the unfortunate object of the accident is wearing the particular headgear of our famous School, then we feel that the limit has just about been reached.

While deploring this publicity, we admit that it at least shows we are a real live unit of this ancient borough of Lowestoft. Even our stolid contemporary has begun to take notice.



"SOME
OFFICIOUS
BEING"

Girls' House Notes

GRACE DARLING HOUSE

AT the end of last Term, Miss Avens, our House Mistress, resigned owing to ill-health. She displayed enthusiastic interest in the doings of the House, and it was largely this zeal that enabled us to win the Cup. We all unite in wishing her a speedy recovery. Miss Schmidt, our deputy House Mistress, at the same time returned to South Africa. Miss Blamey and Miss Clapham now respectively fill the vacancies, and we are all in high hopes of retaining our premier position.

We have only played one House Match to date, and managed after a really keen struggle to win 3-1 against the Cavell House.

If we are to retain the Cup, we shall need to put forth our best efforts both in team and individual work. The Competitions are vitally important, and it is hoped that EVERY member will *in good time*, enter for one of the five sections in handicraft. Valuable points can be scored by ALL in this way.

We again headed the list for Social Service Subscriptions, a special donation of 7s 6d. from Miss Avens bringing our total to over £1.

In the next issue I hope to be able to chronicle the fact that the "Darlings" have retained their position as Cup-holders.

R. EASTO.
(House Capt.)

NIGHTINGALE HOUSE

UP to the time of writing, we have played but one House Match [netball], which resulted in a win against the St. Margaret's by four goals to one. We have some more difficult trials to come, however, so I hope everybody has made the most of the numberless games periods of the first half term. Games alone will not win us the Cup, so will everybody please study the competition list on the notice board? I shall certainly expect to be overwhelmed with first-rate work from the "Nightingales," after the holidays.

We have lost our place in the Social Service Subscription List, eight members who joined last term having failed to pay their subscriptions. Let us hope this is not due to the new sweet stall, and that they intend to send in their contributions to M. Talbot, next term.

We are now, I think, the smallest house, having been reduced to thirty-eight members. But it is often the little ones that kick up the most dust, so work away the "Nightingales," and put forth your very best efforts.

L. MAY.
(House Capt.).

National Savings Association

A BRANCH of the National Savings Association was established in the School during 1917, but after working very well for three or four years became dormant. In March, 1925, however, it was revived, and has now about a hundred members. The contributions are small compared with those of the war and boom period, but still during the two years the sum of £263 6s. od. has been invested. The boys are doing better than the girls, the proportion of members being about four boys to one girl.

Below is a list of the sums invested; the effect of the trade depression in 1926 may be observed—

			£	s.	d.
Part of half-year, ending March 31st, 1925	16	1	0
Half year ending September 30th, 1925	52	9	0
" " " March 31st, 1926	110	1	0
" " " September 30th, 1926	39	1	0
Part of half-year up to March 1st, 1927	45	14	0
Total			263	6	0

Old Girls' Association

THE ANNUAL DINNER, followed by the General Meeting, was held on January 14th, 1927, at the Imperial Hotel. There were 32 present, including Mr. and Mrs. McArthur, who were our guests.

An excellent dinner was served—the table decorations were charming, and the effect was enhanced by the variety

of colours of the ladies' dresses, making altogether a very charming picture.

After the coffee was served the business of the Meeting commenced. The following officers were elected—

President : Miss Ling.

Vice-President : Mrs. David.

Secretary and Treasurer : Miss E. M. Evans.

Committee : Mrs. Dawson, Mrs. Jenkerson, Misses J. Brown, D. Gee, H. Ratcliffe, M. Robinson and D. Utting.

The Report showed a successful year, increased membership, revival of the Tennis Club, and an enjoyable Christmas Social. The Balance Sheet showed a balance of £4 5s. 5d, a larger balance than the previous year.

The other business consisted in a revision of constitutional rules, the presentation of a subject prize to the girls of the School by the Association, as well as a Sports Prize. It was decided to form a Reading Circle, to be held on the first Tuesday of every month at 14, Beach Road.

A hearty vote of thanks was accorded to Miss Ling for taking the chair, and for her help and encouragement ever since the Association was revived in 1918. In replying to this vote of thanks Miss Ling suggested that the Association should undertake some social work in the town.

Mr. McArthur congratulated the Association on its flourishing condition and reported on the work of the School during the year.

Subscriptions for 1927 are now due. I shall be glad to receive them as soon as possible.

E. M. EVANS.
(Hon. Sec.)

Old Boys' Notes

CHRISTMAS SOCIAL

UPWARDS of eighty Old Boys and Girls attended the Annual Social at the School on Wednesday, December 23rd. Everybody seemed to be imbued with the real Christmas spirit, and Auld Lang Syne was not sung until the early hours of the morning.

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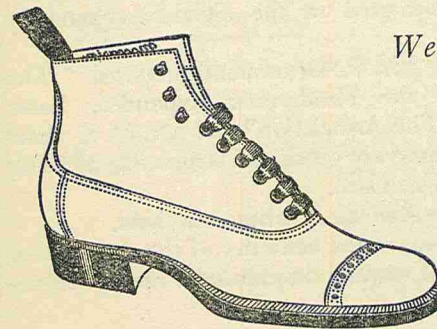
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As usual, the catering arrangements were undertaken by the Old Girls and were carried out in an excellent manner.

The musical items were rendered by Miss Mary Lawton and Miss Audrey Brett, and Mr. Millican preformed heroically on the piano during the dancing.

SCHOOL MATCH

On Saturday, January 1st, an Old Boys' Team played the School XI and was beaten by three goals to two. It was a most enjoyable match, and there was very little difference between the two sides, the School of course having the advantage of playing regularly together. Half a dozen Old Boys were on the touch-line and these together with the team were entertained to tea after the Match.

Old Boys' Team: Cunningham; Robinson, Warner; Finch, Collen, Cole; Larter, Cooper, Andrews, Baker, Browne.

N.B.—The next Match with the School will be on Easter Tuesday, April 19th, at 3 p.m.

DINNER

The Third Annual Dinner, which was held at the Imperial Hotel on Saturday, January 22nd, was attended by—

The Headmaster; Messrs. R. Neal, F. Wilkinson, F. Gilliat, C. A. Finbow, R. W. J. Smith, J. Lerrigo and T. N. Millican [members of the Staff] and 30 Old Boys.

As usual, the Dinner itself was excellent, and the tables were very tastefully decorated in the School colours by Mrs. Moyes.

After the loyal toast, Mr. S. Drummond proposed "The School and Staff" and the Headmaster responded. Later Mr. Finbow proposed "The Association" and Mr. O. S. Bond replied. The speeches were very good, and struck one as being rather above the usual standard.

After the dinner the Annual Meeting was held.

The Secretary reported on the activities of the Association during the year, and the Treasurer announced a useful balance on the year's working.

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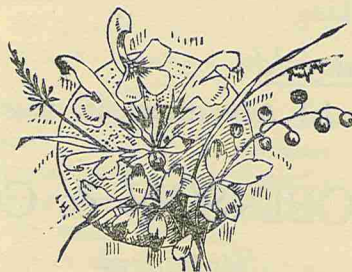
56/7 High Street, Lowestoft

The following officers were elected—
President : The Headmaster.
Chairman : Mr. R. Neal.
Vice-Chairman : Mr. E. Harrington.
Secretary : Mr. R. Atkins.
Treasurer : Mr. J. Nursey.
Members of Staff : Mr. F. Gilliat and Mr. T. Millican.
Committee : Messrs. Colley, J. Cunningham, A. Cunningham,
ham, Warman, West, Sterry, Andrews, Smith, Harrison and
Ayres.

Musical items were rendered by Messrs. Harrington,
A. Cunningham, Drummond and Lerrigo, and the remainder
of the evening was spent in Chorus-singing.

Dance

The Second Dance of the season was held at Reddish's
Restaurant on Wednesday, February 16th, and proved to be
a great success. About 80 Old Students and friends were
present, and although the floor was rather crowded at times,
especially when the Charleston experts were busy, everyone
agreed that it had been a really jolly evening. The Committee
hope that as many people will be present at the next dance
on Easter Tuesday.



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Letters to the Editor

[The following letter to a member of the magazine staff arrived too late for publication in the Christmas issue.]

Royal Holloway College,
Englefield Green
Surrey.

Nov. 20th, 1926.

MY DEAR LILIAN,

I will relieve myself straightway of the customary and somewhat obvious comment that life at College is very different from what it is at home. Apart from any question of routine, the size of College itself was at first somewhat disconcerting. To quote from the Calendar: "The College forms a double quadrangle, measuring 550 feet by 376 feet; the general design is that of two lofty blocks running parallel to each other, connected in the middle and at the ends by lower cross buildings." All of which sounds much less exciting than it really is. At all events, the "loftiness" of the blocks was immediately and painfully apparent to me, for first year students have their rooms on the fourth floor!

It didn't take an impossible time to get used to the routine here. After the first few days, the memories of which are not altogether agreeable, I began to realise that the corridors are not endless (actually they are only 550 feet long!); that walking (or running) up and down innumerable stairs daily has no detrimental effects. I learnt, moreover, what I had at first believed impossible, that it is very easy to sleep through the clang of the dressing-bell at 7 a.m. This is by no means to my advantage, since the next bell does not ring till 7.50, and morning chapel begins at 8. Attendance is compulsory, by the wish of Mr. Holloway, stated in his Deed of Foundation. The entrance to Chapel on the second to eighth strokes of the clock, is blocked by maidens doing their utmost to carry out the Founder's wishes.

Breakfast and lunch are in the dining-hall at 8.15 a.m. and 1 p.m. You can judge of their informal nature, by the fact that meetings of students, fire drills, etc., are held at 8.30 a.m. or 1.20 p.m.—another instance of the survival of the fittest!

Dinner is at 7.15 and formal, preceded by a procession in twos from the Museum. This affords further possibilities of showing one's skill in speedy dressing and in negotiating four flights of stairs in minimum time!

The time occupied by work here is by no means insignificant. Hours of study are 9 to 1; 5 to 7 p.m. and 8.30 to 10 p.m., with, I imagine, any extra if one feels so inclined. The afternoons are quite free; and we are very lucky in having all our games pitches, besides a Swimming Bath and very pleasing walks, in the College grounds.

Certain of the College students form the Fire Brigade, membership of which is compulsory during one's first year. I'm afraid the workings of this are too elaborate to explain satisfactorily; there is plenty of amusement to be derived from our weekly practices, and in case of a fire occurring, we are quite capable of taking all necessary steps without waiting for the local Brigade.



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The most exciting event of the term has been the First Year Rag, which we had the last Saturday in October. Having organised a really thorough rag of second years' bedrooms, and a most successful party for ourselves, we felt not wholly insignificant members of an exceedingly interesting College.

My very best wishes for the success of the newly organised magazine.

Yours sincerely,

JENNETT EVANS.

Cambridge.

Feb. 23rd.

MY DEAR MALLET,

If you're at all interested in plays you ought to be in Cambridge now. The University produces a Greek play once in three years, and this year (and this week) they're doing the *Electra* of Sophocles.

It's thoroughly entertaining to sit through a play in Greek when the only word of the language you know is 'Evoe.' (And even that I'm a bit dubious about pronouncing). For the first time in your life you're able to consider the various elements that go to make a stage-play—scenery, colour, music, grouping, movement—without having to concentrate on the meaning of the words. Knowing only the rough outline of the play, you can watch the mere literary theme come alive and fulfil itself in the medium of the stage. It's perhaps a little like listening to programme music.

They had some special music for this production—good, I thought but of course I know nothing about it. I noticed that when the chorus sang their odes together it was at least as intelligible to me as the chorus in English opera. Language after all is such a little thing to a chorus.

If you'd been up here last week, you could have seen C. K. Munro's play, 'The Rumour,' produced at the Festival Theatre, where a repertory company tries to give us a good play every week. And it sometimes succeeds. "The Rumour" is certainly an excellent play—nearly always clever, and sometimes more than clever. What's more, it was enormously popular. Good *and* popular? The apparent contradiction in terms is resolved by the fact that there were various levels of appreciation at which the play could be enjoyed. For instance, one delighted lady said to her friend afterwards: "Do you know, I don't believe it is a comedy. I think it's a satire." (The play, by the way, is a tragedy). Still, these people pay.

This week the Festival Players are exchanging with the Oxford Players, who have come here with Tchekov's 'Uncle Vanya.'

Then at the end of term the Marlowe Society, which produces only Elizabethan plays, is reviving Heywood's 'Fair Maid of the West.' Simply a glut of interesting plays, isn't it?

Oh, and I forgot—there's 'Is Zat So?' at the orthodox theatre.

Yours,

D. W. HARDING.

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Sir,

To the Editor of the "Lowestoftian."

I should like to draw the attention of your readers to the somewhat unusual story of Percival, of whose last hours I was unfortunately the only witness. I feel sure that those who read his touching history, however, will not disbelieve it because of that trifling fact.

Percival, Sir, was the name I gave to a most intelligent wood-worm I found one evening in my desk. When I say "in" my desk, I mean it: he was at least three-sixteenths of an inch in the wood of the lid, and though, strictly speaking, I did not discover his existence until I saw his head emerging from the hole he had made, I found him, as I say, IN the desk.

He took to me at once, crawling towards me in a dignified manner and doing his best to bow, and then licking my hand. Forgetting our somewhat differing sizes, I absent-mindedly attempted to stroke him, and it was only due to the fact that he had the presence of mind to dodge that he remained alive as long as he did.

As he crawled interestedly round my books, inspecting them from all sides, he suddenly observed my signature; and I hope, Sir, that you will believe me when I tell you that he crawled along that signature, following the pen-strokes no less than six times, from beginning to end: obviously with the idea of learning it by heart, for after the sixth journey he returned to the desk and began to bite the letters on the surface.

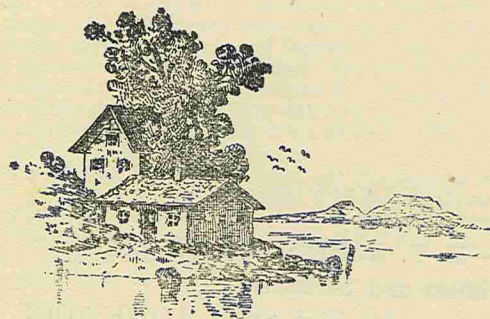
I watched him, spellbound, as he did so. After completing his arduous task—even to the final flourish—he lay down exhausted, and looked at me as if for approval.

I was at a loss to know how to reward him, but at length thanked him in a few well-chosen words, and went home, leaving him apparently in a state of coma. And now, Sir, comes the amazing part of my story.

Next morning I went at once to my desk in order to see how little Percival had progressed during the night. For some time I could discern no sign of him; but noticing some fresh carving, as I thought on the desk-lid, I examined it more closely, and discovered to my sorrow the letters R.I.P., with the rear portion of poor Percival protruding from the last full stop.

As I say, I hope your readers will believe this, but I am compelled to admit I am not very sanguine.

Yours,
NATURALIST.



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