

The Woodstock Quadrangle.

Vol. I.—No. 1

WOODSTOCK SCHOOL AND COLLEGE FOR GIRLS
MUSSOORIE, U. P., INDIA.

DECEMBER 1908.

Board of Editors

BERYL PRICE.

OLIVE KEARNS ... IVY GUISE.
ITALI MONKS ... NINA FAWCETT SHAW.
Business Manager ... KATHLEEN DOYLE.

Editorial.

FOR the past few years we have been anxious to have a magazine at Woodstock, but owing to the fact that the college girls have been comparatively few in number, and these have had their time very well filled with studies and other duties, we have not until now been able to carry out our idea. This year, however, we have had on an average, about twenty-five girls in the various classes of the college department, and from among these we have chosen the board of Editors of our school paper.

To those who know the Woodstock of to-day, the appropriateness of the name of our magazine will at once be evident. Woodstock life centres about "the quadrangle." As the school building has grown, its new wings have extended around the old "pavement" until this has become the "quadrangle." Here in the early hours of the morning, even before the chota hazri gong has sounded, the smaller boys and girls of the school are out making the most of the fresh morning air, and by their merry shouts effectually preventing the rest of us from over-sleeping. Later in the day, as each bell announces a change of classes or a meal hour, the quadrangle fills with a crowd of girls crossing and recrossing the pavement.

Of an evening the quadrangle is often the scene of an exciting game of hockey or hop-sotch, which is such an old favorite with school-girls. Here and there we see groups of girls industriously plying their needles at various kinds of sewing and embroidery in anticipation of the annual display of needlework.

On Sunday, or on the occasion of some concert or other treat in Mussoorie, the quadrangle is filled with dandies and noisy coolies, who skilfully catch the rugs and cushions thrown down from the verandahs above. Then come the girls in their best attire, and soon the long line winds out to the road, leaving the quadrangle deserted and quiet.