

THE.

COUSIN'S REVIEW.

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Dear Cousins,

I am sure we all want this paper to be a success and to make it so we must be as enthusiastic all along as we are at the beginning.

You must send all your articles to me at least a week before issue, that being the first of the month. Do not be disappointed if one of your articles is not put in, for I may be leaving it over for the next month's paper.

If the readers or contributors of this paper have any criticisms to make, send them to me, and I will reserve a column for the answers; for we shall not resent

any suggestions for improvement.

Peggy will take charge of the musical column, as I think she is most suitable as she knows more about it than the rest of us.

Bessie will take charge of the dramatical column and also the designs on the cover. Gladys and Alice will help to do the school girls diary, and we shall rely on Mary for most of the jokes and riddles.

As regards the complete story; I should like all of us to write one, then I shall have some in reserve. The first chapter of the serial will be written by me, and

then Peggy then Bessie Gladys  
Alice and Mary. This I think  
will provide plenty of amuse-  
ment, as all of us will have  
different ideas of how it should  
be written.

I think if we all  
stick to our parts, and keep  
improving month by month  
this Cousins's Review, will be  
a real success; so I am sure  
you will all join with me  
in wishing it the best of luck  
and a long life,

The Editor (Doris)

Q. Why is a butterfly like a loaf of bread?  
a. Because it's the grub that makes  
the butter-fly.

(Alice)

## MUSICAL

This is my first attempt  
at writing about music, so the  
readers of this wonderful paper  
must not expect too much.

As all of you know  
I am one of the many lovers  
of music and it is my  
ambition to make it my  
profession.

Amongst my associates  
I have heard many discussions  
as to whether music is neces-  
sary or not.

My opinion is, that it  
is necessary; but of course, every-  
one won't think the same, and  
I would like some of you to  
write up to this paper, address-  
ing it to me, at Burnley

whether you think it necessary or not, and give your reason as well; and I think it will be very interesting.

Another thing I wish to tell you, is this; when you go to these musical concerts don't just go and listen to the music, (with what you might say 'one ear') you should listen attentively and get the soul out of the music and let it fill you with that sadness, which in a way is a joyful sadness.

Now, as to giving you any advice as to the learning of music, there is only one way, and that is - practice  
(Peggy)

Q. Why is Mary like a drunken man?

A. Because she is a rum jaker.

Q. Why is Alice like a needle?

A. Because she is sharp.

Q. Why is Gladys like a hedgehog?

A. Because she is keen on crickets.

Q. Why is Bessie like a villain?

A. Because she's vile in her violin.

Q. Why is Peggy like Princess Mary?

A. Because she has four brothers.

Q. Which tree does Doris represent?

A. The Elder.

There was a young person <sup>Mary</sup> called

Who danced as light as a fairy

She danced and she sung

Although very young

That clever young person

called Mary

(Doris)

"Honesty is the Best Policy" of villas. When he arrived he  
Twin brother Leslie and Basil was shown into a great room  
who were sixteen years old once lined with books. After waiting  
found a purse containing several about half an hour, a gentleman  
piece of money. came in, and thanked him

Leslie urged his brother to give up the purse, but Basil  
badly wanted a new coat, and wished to keep it.

However in the end they decided to divide it between them  
and Basil got his coat, but Leslie put some more money to his, and  
took it to the police station. He gave up the purse and was told to call  
again in two days.

When the days were past he again made his appearance,  
and a tall man told him to go to a certain house in a row

for the purse (for it belonged to him). "For," said he, "in that  
purse was a secret pocket which  
contained a diamond worth  
£1,000,000.

Leslie was given a great  
sum of money and the gentle  
man took him into his service  
as a private secretary,  
(Alice)

Wife, "Just think of it. A few words  
mumbled by a minister and  
people are married.

Husband. "Yes, and after words mumbled by sleeping hus-  
band, and people are divorced W. T.

## Schoolgirl's Diary.

### The Prince of Wales' visit to Oldham.

Upon one Wednesday July the 6<sup>th</sup>

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales came, and put us all in a fix.

(At least the females not the males)

We had to wait in Boundary Park  
Two hours and a half, without a sup,  
And never again will I embark  
To that place again, whatever's up.

I very nearly fainted out

When my headmaster carried me

And lay me down upon the floor

Just when I, the Prince, could see.

The Prince he came and spoke to me

And asked if I was ill,

"No sir!" I answered him with glee

And I felt much better still.

(Alice)

### The History of a Patch

Half a dozen girls were

sliding on the floor of a certain  
school, thinking all the

mistresses had gone home

The were sliding in a

row when all at once a

mistress turned the corner

and nearly banged into them

She gave them all an order

mark and a lecture on their

sins, then she left them.

The girls had been sliding

so often, that one girl's gym.

dress was quite worn through

and that is the reason

why a certain gym. dress

has a patch at the back.

(Alice)

Serial

### Three Blue Crosses.

The real Manor House was a ruined building on the right of the Manor House School.

The school had only been built five years, and it had been intended for a gentleman's house at first; but it was afterwards bought by Miss Hollins and turned into a girls' school.

The girls were very proud of the ruins, for they were very historical, and right- seems from all over England came to hunt through them during the summer: - but they were forbidden ground to the girls.

Miss Hollins had told them, that some day she would take them through herself

but they must not go themselves for there were certain places in the ruins that were very dangerous.

At first the girls were very indignant; but a few weeks afterwards, a girl, more venturesome than the rest, went without any one knowing, fell and broke her leg, and was in the school hospital for several weeks.

This incident, of course, was a lesson to them all, and none of them ever thought of going there afterwards.

At the beginning of the summer term, a new girl, Joan Andrews, showed much interest in the ruins, indeed Kathleen Burns (her special

friend) had told others that she had vowed to explore them at the first opportunity, but of course no one believed she would date.

One night Joan whispered to Kathleen "Kath. tomorrow we're going to explore the ruins!"

"Oh! are we?" asked Kathleen glancing. "Yes dear! we are. At recess we'll nip along, and glide in the mystic shadows of the ruins, no one will see us for they will be too interested in their gardens."

At first, Kathleen would not listen to such an escapade but after half an hour's persuading from Joan she promised to go.

At recess, the two girls with beating hearts glided in

the mystic shadows" of the ruins. Of course there were plenty of visitors but they would not recognise the schoolgirls.

In one part were notices warning people to beware of the rocky paths, but Joan determined to do the thing properly, followed an old gentleman down a rocky passage, with Kathleen struggling after her.

The passage led into a dimly lighted room and by the time they had walked to the other end the old gentleman had mysteriously disappeared.

"Where on earth has he got

to?" ejaculated Joan.

"There must be a door some-  
where," said Kathleen; and as  
she spoke she saw a faint streak  
of light farther down the passage

Breeping on their tip-tops  
the girls reached the door and  
peeped inside. There was the  
old gentleman in the act of  
replacing a brick out of the  
wall, he then left the room  
by another door.

The girls, after waiting  
a few minutes, went in and  
were not long in removing the  
brick again. On a ledge was a  
piece of paper with the words: Three  
yards north of Oak. and underneath  
were Three BLUE CROSSES!

(Doris)

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT MONTH.

We've done all sorts of things for you

By some sort of ways and means  
But never before have we tried to do  
Such things as magazines.

We've made up plays to act, for you  
With true realistic scenes  
But never before have we tried to do  
Such things as magazines.

We've acted witches and villains for you  
Goblins, elves and Fairy Queens

But never before have we tried to do  
Such things as magazines

We hope to get much approval from you  
Whether you're curates, bishops or deans  
Or clerics again shall we try to do  
Such things as magazines.

(Doris)

## Dramatical

The title of our first play went under the first fearsome name of "The Witches Curse".

There were eight characters but only four actresses, but we solved the difficulty by taking two parts each.

The plot of the play was briefly: Roderigo was in love with Zara, but her father, Don Pedro would not let them marry for Roderigo was a poor man. Hugo, the villain, wanted to marry her but he knew Zara loved Roderigo, so therefore the best thing to do was to kill him. So he asked the witch to give him two charms one to kill Roderigo and the other to make Zara

love him. The witch, however decides to have her revenge on Hugo and when he is about to give the lovers the drinks she changes them for two harmless ones, after wards he gets thirsty and drinks the poisonous one himself and so dies.

The witch gives a fortune to Roderigo and Zara and so they get married and live happily ever after.

I have had to put it as briefly as possible owing to lack of space but I hope you will have a good idea of how the story goes, and now you will be able to understand the funny incidents which happened. We were of course dressed up and we looked very real.

astic, so much so indeed  
that when I stalked on in,  
the first act, as the villain  
Mother was so surprised  
she burst out laughing. We  
all had a good laugh and  
then went on with the play  
All went well until I was  
helping Zara down a "rope  
ladder, from a tower which  
consisted of brown paper stuck  
on the wall with gum, and  
steps of brick from the garden,  
and she fell over the bucket  
which we had forgotten to move to 10°  
when she stewed her toads and  
boiled her worms in the first  
act when she was the  
witch.

Anyhow when we got

to the 3<sup>rd</sup> act where I had  
to die, I simply brought the  
house down. (I beg your pardon  
I mean the curtain). For as  
I was dying as gracefully as  
I could without hurting my-  
self, my finger caught on the  
curtain across the room, and  
it gracefully died on the  
floor.

Afterwards Gladys said  
a poem, made up by Doris,  
with a hint in it about our  
great expense, (which amounted

to 10°) and each of us got 1/3°  
We hadn't made a poem  
up to thank them, so on the  
spur of the moment Doris said "We  
all of us thank you, and we hope  
we haven't bankrupted you, and so ended our  
first play. (Bessie)

Q. Baby fell but didn't fall,  
What did she do?

a. Fell asleep.

Q. What key is the hardest  
to turn?

a. A don-key.

Q. Why did the clock stop?

a. Because it was run down.

Q. Why is a pen-maker, wicked?

a. Because he makes people  
steal (steel) things.

Q. I am black and white and red  
(read) all over, what am I?

a. A newspaper.

(Mary)

Teacher: "Now Johnie, tell me the  
two chief minerals."

Johnie, "Please sit! lime juice  
and ginger pop!"

(Mary)

## Night

At night when I am sleeping,  
I tucked up in my cosy bed  
The night-men come a-creeping  
And dance all round my bed

—  
Holding one-another's hands  
Around me they dance in  
bands

First to left and then to right  
They dance around me all  
the night.

—  
They keep on dancing round  
me

Until the break of day  
And then when the sun  
they see,  
Of one accord, they run away.  
(Gladys.)

Hurrah! for the "Cousin's Review,"  
I think of it in the pew,  
The people in church I see few  
For my thoughts are still ling'ring with you.

There is painted Conway Castle  
At the front of the "Cousin's Review"  
And its name rings out like a rattle  
And every-one gives us their view.

I hope this C.R. will continue  
Until our days are few  
For there's nothing like keeping old friendships  
And keep on resisting the new.  
(Peggy)