

St. Elphin's Magazine



ST. ELPHIN'S SCHOOL
DARLEY DALE

No. 65

JULY, 1944

ST. ELPHIN'S SCHOOL



MABEL M. LUNGMEIER, 1944

ST. ELPHIN'S MAGAZINE

No. 65

JULY, 1944

FOREWORD

I HAVE been asked to write a Foreword to this Magazine, and will begin by explaining how it came about at all. It was the Sixth Form who asked if we could mark the centenary in this way and undertook to see that contributions came in from the School to make it a worthy centenary effort.

Miss Knott willingly consented to become Editor, and has been indefatigable at getting in contributions, not only from the present School but also from Old Girls and former members of Staff, so that the hundred years' existence of the School may be covered as much as possible. We were not able to get the whole School photographed, as the shortage of the photographer's quota did not allow of this, but hope you will be interested in the group of Staff, Sixth Form and Games' teams for the year. We celebrated our centenary year with the highest number in the School that there has yet been: 216. The Kindergarten, a new departure for many of you, is up to its full strength of twelve, and at the other end of the School we have a Sixth Form of twenty-three. There is a long waiting list, and we hope that after the war the Governors will be able to carry out their plans of enlarging the School buildings. Our particular needs are a Domestic Science Room and Library. I believe the Old Girls are particularly interested in the latter, and we are most grateful to those who have already contributed to the Fund, started by the generous contribution from Miss Cicely Wright in memory of her sister, also an Old Girl of this School.

But let us never forget that the School motto is *Nisi Dominus Frustra* and see to it that our hopes for the second century of the School are not based on new buildings and increased numbers, but on ever strengthening the foundations of "true religion and sound learning," upon which the School was founded in 1844.

E. E. STOPPFORD.

ST. ELPHIN'S CENTENARY SERVICE.

"Remember thou thy Creator in the days of thy youth." This was the text chosen by the Bishop of Chester for his address at the service of praise and thanksgiving on the hundredth anniversary of the founding of St. Elphin's School.

The service was held at Warrington Parish Church on the 15th January, three days before the beginning of term. In spite of difficult travelling complicated by fog, there was a large congregation, representing Governors, Staff, Present and Old Girls, Parents, and the School Outdoor, Laundry and Domestic Staffs. The service, drawn up by the Rector of Warrington, was conducted by the Bishop of Warrington. It began with the singing of S. Patrick's Breastplate, "I bind unto myself to-day the strong name of the Trinity," during which the school prefects, Canon Dibben, Miss Stopford and the Committee of Management entered by the West door. After the singing of school psalms 122 and 127, the lesson was read by the Head Girl.

The Bishop of Chester, in his sermon having paid tribute to the vision of the founder, Rev. Horace Powys, went on to discuss the ideas on education prevalent to-day. "Education is ultimately and only a spiritual thing," he said, "the giving to a child of a background that will enable it to live a full life, happy and capable of rendering great and real service." The Bishop of Warrington then led the prayers of thanksgiving. Very stirring at the close of the service was the singing of the Te Deum to Smart's setting in F by the School and Parish Church choirs. Miss Gregson accompanied on the organ with her usual dexterity.

After the service tea was kindly provided by two of the Governors in the Church Schools. It was a day of heartfelt thanksgiving, and our thanks are due to all who helped to arrange such a happy reunion on the site of the School's foundation.

AN EXTRACT FROM AN APPRECIATION OF MISS KENNEDY BY C. C. WRIGHT WHICH APPEARED IN THE SCHOOL MAGAZINE IN 1926 UNDER THE TITLE OF "A MIGHTY INTELLECT."

In September, 1896, a Headmistress chose to bring her intellect and outstanding personality to a small, then practically unknown, school. She had worked with the pioneers of women's education and herself was in the vanguard. But, happily for us, she was not ambitious, as the world understands this attribute. Her sole ambition, she was often heard to say, was to be allowed to help the daughters of the clergy of England. This it was given to her to realise. And for this we are indebted to another intellect, one of the greatest of that day and this. A master-mind had seen her possibilities, one who had engraven on his heart also the needs of these same girls.

To express an appreciation of Miss Kennedy's work as Headmistress would seem impertinence, save from an expert. Moreover, the facts speak for themselves. Within a few short years the School increased in numbers beyond the wildest hopes. Its tone was raised—the undesirable elements removed courageously and irrevocably. The whole standard of the work was raised to a more worthy plane. But this was not all. One can imagine other strong personalities who might have achieved this also. It was her intellect that made her tower above her kind—her brilliant brain, allied with the true concomitants of genius, generosity of mind and a wonderful humility. It is this in her that is undying, and it is in this that all of us, her pupils, have our share, unconscious though it may be. None of us can ever forget the intense, almost painful, pleasure felt when she praised some word offered by an eager member of a "translation" class. She never stayed content with half-truths. One word only met the case and that she sought, and we with her, and generously she gave the praise to her who found it. There was no shade of pretence or condescension here. That even the youngest of us knew. And so the pleasure that we felt held nothing in it of sentiment. It was all wonder and delight: to see the workings of a mighty intellect, its patient search for truth; its high ideals; to feel that for one instant we had stood on the same plane. That joy stayed with us, and is with us now.

And the wonderful patience of her! Truly it might be said that in the best sense "she suffered fools gladly." "Fools," of course, must not be taken quite literally, but to represent that type of mind to which a regular school curriculum presents great difficulty—the slow-brained, late-in-development type. Such girls, in her opinion, need the best of teachers, and to them she gave a vast proportion of her time and brain. To them she aimed at sending only the "born" teachers from her Staff. Her ideal was that no one should pass out of school whose work fell short of a given standard.

Well might the watchword of another pioneer, who gave his life to the cause of science, be applied to her: "Blessed is he who carries within himself a God . . . an ideal . . . and who obeys it."

MISS FLOOD. 1910—1933. An Appreciation.

During Miss Flood's years of office at St. Elphin's there were many of her personal qualities whose value to the School could be readily appreciated—her gay and eager vitality, her quick brain, her command of detail and her brilliant teaching.

In life in general, as well as in schools, the present prospect of greatly enlarged intellectual and personal opportunities is not incompatible with wide-spread uneasiness about the deeper life of the spirit. The subtlety and elusiveness of the spiritual reality, on which nevertheless all sense of value and purpose depends, make it difficult to give these their true place in our schemes. The claims of lesser personal activities so much more readily commend themselves, and the still,

small voice is only heard by the wise. This, it seems to me, gives the secret of Miss Flood's inspiration, especially in the years of the latter part of her career. She would win no credit for herself as progressive, by adopting new ideas or "stunts" that seemed to her to endanger this precious element, to encroach upon an inner freedom of growth in the spirit. While the amenities of school life were gradually improved—though never as much as she would have liked—and outgrown regulations abolished, she would never remove the restrictions on noise and disorder, as she felt that noise and disorder are inimical to free development, and restraint can be a matter of habit, not of repression.

Miss Flood's policy in dealing with her Staff was never to treat them as a means to an end. She felt responsible for their opportunities for development, for making possible a life of their own, appointing those who were least likely to become mere "schoolmarm" in the restrictions of a boarding-school. She was eager to train them in responsibility, too, always devising new schemes to give them scope. The happiness of her staff-room in the latter years of her rule was one of her greatest achievements, and one with an incalculable effect on the minds of the School.

Such an ideal of freedom in a community is essentially religious, for both its conception and its operation pre-suppose a supernatural reality, in which alone all members have their meaning. C.E.F.

AN APPRECIATION OF MISS HUDSON'S WORK AS HEADMISTRESS OF ST. ELPHIN'S SCHOOL, 1933—1941.

The eight years during which Miss Hudson was Headmistress of St. Elphin's School were a period of strong and steady growth; numbers were more than doubled, buildings extended and adapted, and the hidden roots of the spiritual life of the School struck deep.

Miss Hudson brought to bear upon every aspect of school life a lively freshness, invigorating all with whom she came into contact. The girls found in her an inspiring teacher, and a friend who knew how to create happiness and to share their interests. Only the briefest reference is possible to the improvements she made in the equipment of the School. Electric light was extended to all parts of the buildings; the laundry and kitchens were equipped with modern electrical apparatus, the dormitories with new beds, the dining-room, library and several of the Form-rooms with new furniture; all parts of the school were re-decorated, reflecting her love of beauty and brightness. A new and attractive uniform was introduced. The hockey-field was re-drained and three hard tennis courts were laid down.

The generosity of Major Fletcher made it possible for Miss Hudson to carry out one of her earliest ambitions for the School—the provision of the splendid new Common Room, above the two new Form-rooms which replaced the old conservatory.

When a noble bequest was made by Wilfred James Stanton, formerly School Chaplain, for the extension of the Chapel, the choice of Mr. Gibbons, of Westminster, as the architect, ensured that the work was carried out with much beauty and dignity, and the new Chapel, with all its appointments, made as worthy as possible for the worship of God.

Throughout the whole period in which Miss Hudson was at St. Elphin's the Chapel, and all that it stood for, formed the pivot upon which all her work turned. Her strong sense of spiritual values—a sense which she succeeded in imparting to many of those under her care—led her always to put first things first, knowing that, "Except the Lord build the house, their labour is but lost that build it," and while she gave her keen interest to all the material affairs of the School, she made it always her first concern to open the eyes of the girls to the splendour and joyous adventure of the Catholic Faith. Ever seeking first the Kingdom of God, her work was abundantly blessed, and these other things were added to her in generous measure.

E.M.J.

REMINISCENCES OF ST. ELPHIN'S, 1896—1904.

I have been asked to write some reminiscences of the School as I knew it in the old days at Warrington. A considerable number of years ago I was asked to do the same thing and, though I do not remember what I said then, I fear much of what I say now will be repetition of my former efforts, as I wrote somewhat fully then and my memories have not changed. Let us hope that the last few generations of St. Elphinites have not read that far-back magazine, and then my remarks will not be stale.

My first term at St. Elphin's was identical with Miss Kennedy's first term as Headmistress. I well remember my shyness those first few months, for I had never been accustomed to mixing with other girls, but I studied the habits of my school-fellows from afar, formed my own impression of them, and gradually fell in with them.

Perhaps it would interest some of you to hear a little about the funny old buildings which were our school at Warrington, and which now no longer exist. They adjoined those occupied by the Warrington Training College, which has now removed to Liverpool: they were not what one would have described as comfortable or cheerful premises, but were decidedly dingy, and the boarding of the passages was certainly "antique"; there was always an inconvenient number of nails sticking up, and as in those days grown-ups always wore long skirts with braid on the bottom of them, it quite often happened that when a mistress was conducting her class along the passage, her skirt would catch on a nail and yards (more or less!) of braid would be torn off, much to her discomfiture, but to the amusement of the girls.

There were, if my memory serves me aright, seven dormitories in the School; the two biggest were known as the East and the West; then there was the Bishop's, so called because, in the time of Bishop Powys, our Founder, it was used as the School Chapel, and so came to be called the Bishop's Room; the others were named after the colours of the bed-curtains, though these had all been replaced by white ones before my time. There were the Red Dormitory, the Red and White, the Blue and White, and the Blue. This last one was not in use when I first went there: tradition had it that it was haunted, and I well remember that after I became a prefect I was put in this dormitory for a short period, in charge of a very naughty girl, and how nervous I felt lest the ghost should appear. Certainly I woke up on my first night with the impression that my bed was shaking violently, but I expect that was due to nerves. The Bishop's Dormitory was also supposed to be haunted by a nun, and on one occasion the mistress there said that she was much alarmed in the night by sounds and movements which she attributed to the nun—no doubt this, too, was due to nerves! (I wonder if this Old Girl reads my little article in this magazine, whether she will remember the happening!) Certainly there were many eerie spots in the old school, and not least amongst them was the cloakroom, which was in the basement; these mistresses whose duty it was to see that this place was left tidy at night, were often scared stiff in the winter evenings when they had to go down there; there were many dark corners, one cut off by a door, into which we never dared to look. Down here, too, was the jumping-board, the noise of which could be heard all over the School when we put it into use.

How well all of us of those days remember dear old Mrs. Hughes, the house-keeper. She was quite one of the old, old school, in her muslin cap and apron and black dress. When any girl was not well she was sent "downstairs," as we used to call it—in other words to Mrs. Hughes' sitting-room. Under her care the first treatment always meted out was a strong dose of Gregory powder; then we were put to lie down on a very hard and uncomfortable horse-hair sofa, and if it happened that we were down there on a Sunday, Mrs. Hughes always read a chapter of the Bible to us, in Welsh—so you see we were not encouraged to be ill in those days. I recollect that on the only occasion on which I was "downstairs" I told Mrs. Flood, much to her amusement, that as soon as I was grown-up and had money of my own, I was going to present the School with a comfortable sofa.

I must mention also the laundry-room. On the occasions when the big Committee met at the School they occupied our dining-room and we had our dinner in the laundry-room. I think we were never quite sure whether we enjoyed this as a change and a novelty, or whether we disliked it on account of the very steamy and hot atmosphere and the many smuts that used to fall on us and our food!

Of course we had the daily "crocodile" which all schools used to have in those days, but ours was limited to one direction only, along the Manchester Road; only on very few occasions did we vary it by giving ourselves the treat of turning off the Manchester Road and walking round the cemetery instead!

Difficulties often befell us when playing on our hockey-ground. Running alongside of it was a biggish ditch, which was honoured with the name of The Moat. When there was water in it, it was of a very stagnant and dirty nature—as often as not there was no water, only slushy mud. As the moat was in no way fenced off from the hockey-ground, it frequently happened that the ball went into it, and to get it out we used to have to form a chain of girls, the one nearest the Moat having a hockey-stick with which she drew the ball to the edge; then she and the ball emerged with a thick coating of mud on them. Perhaps it does not sound very attractive to you, but it was always a pleasant interlude to us, and caused great fun.

Lastly, I must not forget our School Chapel, in which we assembled daily for Mattins and Evensong, and for which many of us had a great affection. On Sundays at 8 a.m. we had Holy Communion. The services were taken by the Rector of Warrington, the Rev. Canon Willis, for whom we all had a great respect and affection, or by one of the Assistant Priests.

Possibly what I have written may give you the impression that our days at Warrington were rather dreary ones, but not a bit of it. That it was a very hard-working and strict life is true, but we were always very happy and got a great deal of fun out of things, and we looked up to Miss Kennedy with the greatest respect. She was a great genius and a most inspiring teacher, and Mrs. Flood was always ready to help us with sympathy and advice, if we were in any trouble. There can have been few teachers who have devoted their whole heart and life to their school as she did. So we were all quite happy in our life there. Then came the great change, when we left dear old smoky Warrington and removed to the lovely country in Darley Dale. Yet, do you know that some of us wept when we had to leave Warrington, which shows that our strange life there had wormed itself with affection into our hearts.

I do not propose to write about the School after its removal into Derbyshire, as I know that others are doing so, and also I feel that I belonged to Warrington more than to Darley Dale.

H. M. THATCHER.

REMINISCENCES OF ST. ELPHIN'S, 1896—1933.

I hardly feel that there is any need for me to take up space and make a contribution to the "reminiscences" the Editor of the School Magazine has asked for from old St. Elphinites, for I have expended my energies on the short History of the School, and feel as if I had nothing more to say. At the same time, I know that I want to share the reminiscences of the School, so dear to us all, in this special Centenary number of the Magazine.

I came to St. Elphin's as a student in 1896, when Miss Kennedy became Headmistress and my mother joined her as Second Mistress. It was strange to a girl educated hitherto at a High School to begin, at student age, life in a boarding-school, but I was no older than the senior members of the Vith Form, and I really shared their life to a large extent. Presently Winifred Harry (now

Mrs. Garnett) and I became junior members of the Staff Room, and I am afraid we became rather a trial to the other members of the Staff, who were very considerably our seniors, but Miss Kennedy was happily inspired to give us a room of our own—a very small one, and mouse-infested, but where we happily studied for our Cambridge Higher Local Examinations and learnt the plurals of French compound nouns by singing them to a sort of chant and pronouncing the "s's" with vigour. Miss Kennedy was unaware of our methods of learning, but satisfied with the results.

I also worked with Miss Kennedy at Latin and Greek, and I well remember the struggles endured in getting Livy's preface translated into the exact words that were in Miss Kennedy's mind; in hammering out my first chorus in Sophocles' "Oedipus Rex," and extricating sense out of a complicated textual reading in Euripides' "Bacchae"—it still rings in my ears, "With the kettle-drums' roar we blended the wild cries of the Phrygian clariens." The methods were stern, but we had the joy of really knowing what we were meant to know, and of being thorough.

The Higher Locals bring to my mind Miss A. F. Tayler, who was a most excellent coach in History and English. How well I remember going to Manchester for one of these examinations, when all the occupants of the cab on the way to the station were busy learning up a stencilled paper on the poet Gray—which, by the way, exactly answered one of the questions in the paper set. Poor Miss Tayler suffered much, owing largely to the kindness of her heart, at the hands of the young, who could not appreciate her true greatness. It was in later years that most of them came to realise this; countless numbers of us thank her in our hearts for what she did for us—I among them.

A series of pictures comes into my mind as I write, but I must not do more than select a few—or the Editor will feel obliged to use the blue pencil vigorously. There is the picture of the buildings, imposing to look at from outside and with a few good rooms; others were very cramped. The cloakroom—called the Playroom—was a basement room and the scene of many terrors to the Student Mistress on "P.C." duty at night, seeing that all was tidy—for faces were said to be seen at the windows, a tennis-racket had been mysteriously withdrawn by hidden hands, when thrown into a dark passage said to lead to the Parish Church. The spiral staircase was a snare to the unwary, who did not realise that whatever was said at the bottom clearly came up to the top: there is a memory of one girl (I wonder if she remembers it!) warning a friend that there were two "old cats" at the top of the stairs on duty—the "old cats" being Winifred Harry and myself!

There were the Committee-days and Committee lunches, when there was always a large joint of cold beef with horse-radish sauce. This was a tradition firmly adhered to by the stately housekeeper, Mrs. Hughes, and by Leah Mursell who succeeded her.

Our games would certainly seem limited to the present generation; we had tennis, but it was often quite difficult to see the ball through the smoky atmosphere, and we had hockey. We played this latter game in long skirts, red

blouses and red tam-o'-shanters. It was easy to stop a goal by dropping a curtsy at the suitable moment! and the ball had a way of hurrying to the somewhat unsavoury "Moat"—filled with water overflowing from the Tannery!

Our ordinary "crocodile" walks were up and down the Manchester Road, but some of us had pleasant bicycle rides, including Miss Kennedy herself as one of the party. We also had a trip to Frodsham and Delamere, and to Mrs. Beaumont's house (strawberries being a special feature) and Colonel and Mrs. Buckton's, to name but a few of the happy excursions that came our way.

We enjoyed concerts too in Warrington occasionally, and we certainly enjoyed our own dramatic and musical performances. Here fits in a memory of the "Dream of Fair Women," when poor Kath Thatcher, as Joan of Arc, had such tight armour that she had to be lifted up and down "in a piece" as it were. Hazel Fletcher was a very imposing Cleopatra.

The scene shifts to Darley Dale, where there was more scope for out-of-door life. There were picnics in Dovedale, when it usually poured with rain, but there was a very large room where we could have games and have a magnificent tea. At Monsal Dale, too, I remember eating sandwiches in the rain. Still, we were not always doomed to rain, and we had some joyous outings. Haddon Hall and Chatsworth were of course visited. On Ascension Day there was the ceremony of the Well Dressings at Tissington, and those who went there will remember the quaint Biblical pictures done in flower-petals over the wells. The Sixth Form often spent their half-term holiday in picnics with me to Miller's Dale, Lathkill Dale, Bakewell and many other places of beauty or interest—often both.

We were able to give plays in the garden, on the grass below the terrace. Two Greek plays I remember our performing were Sophocles' "Antigone" and Euripides' "Alceste"; we gave Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night," too. I recall as a great success when we had Nancy and Edith Hodgkinson as Viola and Sebastian.

At Darley Dale we were able to enjoy swimming in our own small bath and at the Institute, and before we enjoyed the more spacious amenities of the latter we had grand aquatic sports at home—the judges and spectators clad in water-proofs.

On Saturday evenings there were traditional "At Homes" for the Sixth Form in the drawing-room; sometimes the Chaplain for Sunday duty joined us, and many will remember Bishop Rawstone, who occasionally himself entertained us, especially with Lancashire stories.

I must not run on—I thought when I began I had nothing to say—now I do not know how to stop! I have purposely written on the "lighter side" of school life, as I have dealt with the more serious side in my short History of the School, and anyone who knew me well knows that below all the fun and play there was a true and solid foundation of training and discipline, rooted in the teaching of the Chaplain, and the excellent work of a loyal and devoted Staff.

M. L. FLOOD.

REMINISCENCES OF ST. ELPHIN'S—1915—1919.

When I went to St. Elphin's in 1915, the School had been settled at Darley Dale for a number of years. "Orchards" and the dining-room had been built, but not the Junior Wing, or the present Gym. What is now the Recreation Room was then the Chapel, while the building which now forms the Chapel was then divided into Gymnasium and Cookery Room. There were certain advantages on wet nights in not having to cross the drive to Chapel, and the fact that we wore no hats for Chapel Practice when the Sanctuary curtains were drawn, led to the historic question, "Is it curtains or hats to-night?"

Although in essence the School was very much what it is now, certain traditions had come to us from an earlier day, which have probably now been forgotten, while we had a number of customs which have since been abolished. School property was still spoken of as "C.D.S." For instance, if one ran out of pocket-handkerchiefs, one asked, "Little Nurse" for a "C.D.S." one, and there was a dreadful oil-cloth pinny bearing the mystic letters embroidered on the front, which any unfortunate member of the Lower School who had had over many spills in one week was made to wear. Another survival from the past was the habit of calling the part of the lower garden, near the gate leading to the plot below the Chapel, "Little Village." I believe this was derived from a game of highwaymen played by a former generation.

Of customs that have vanished were the ritual of the dormy-book, which every member of the dormitory signed every morning, as evidence that she had kept all the rules the previous night; punishment needlework (half-an-hour for three Order Marks, or one Late Mark) when one hemmed harsh pink print, or knitted dish-cloth cotton, one's work being then undone, so that the next offender might re-hem or re-knit the same material, and the habit of painting play programmes and Half-Term dance programmes for the Staff.

We had a considerable vocabulary of our own. Our shoes always "went to the wash"; lost things "went to forfeits"; "How lovely the copper-beech is!" covered all embarrassment summer and winter alike, and how the present St. Elphinites manage without this useful phrase I cannot imagine.

We lived a rather more self-contained life than the School does now, for we never went to the pictures, or home for Half-Term, and only Vith Formers ever went to Matlock. Except for occasional lectures by Dr. Perkins and Dickens' recitals by Mr. Runnels-Moss, we made most of our own amusements, but there was nearly always a Form play in preparation, or some other excitement brewing.

By present standards we wore dreadful clothes, long shapeless navy-blue skirts and white blouses, and we did our hair in the most unbecoming fashion, not excluding the Vith Form, who wore theirs "up," and who, by the way, were addressed as "Miss" by members of the Lower School! Despite our unprepossessing appearance, I imagine we were very much like the St. Elphinites of to-day, and on the whole, and with exceptions, I think we were probably rather nice.

M. WELLS.

REMINISCENCES OF ST. ELPHIN'S, 1923—1942.

A building of many bells! To those who knew St. Elphin's of a few years ago, it is difficult to imagine how it existed for nearly four war years without the sounds of its many bells! One's first arrival was heralded by the pealing of the front door bell, when one stood shivering on the brink of a new world, contained within what was to become, one generation later, those beloved buildings so aptly dedicated to that mischievous, illusive and mysterious saint, Elphin. How quickly the serenely smiling face of white-capped Emily, appearing at the door, dispelled many unaided fears as she gently shepherded the newest of the new girls and her parents aloft to the sacred precincts of that awe-inspiring room, then called the "drawing-room," where Miss Flood welcomed her newest addition to the school. A tour of the buildings usually followed almost immediately, under the expert guidance of a member of one's new Form, who initiated one into the mysteries of the cloakroom, and the delights of Chapel Dormie, where no less than 26 beds were arrayed. Chapel Dormie brings back to memory the sound of 25 other clocks, besides one's own, all ticking steadily throughout the night—the sounds, gay or sad, of the other occupants of the dormitory, as they visited strange sights in the land of dreams—the strong cubicle posts upon which one spent not a few happy hours turning somersaults, when those in authority were safely engaged in other parts of the School! In my day it was considered to be an entertainment well worth the somewhat large fine of 2/6 for damages, which was imposed upon the unfortunate few who were discovered in the midst of their acrobatic performances. Chapel Dormitory—that blissful place where one awoke to the sound of the rising-bell, and was hushed to sleep by the silence-bell. After a year there, how well one remembers returning to school one eventful day, to discover that one had been raised to the seats of the mighty ones who dwelt in "Orchards," with its sound of many taps and ablutions proceeding from behind its wooden walls and doors.

The Long Corridor is connected with many memories of St. Elphin's, for in our day it was used for Chapel Line—how well one remembers standing down its long length two by two, the virtuous clad in goloshes, and the not-so-virtuous, whose goloshes had taken unto themselves wings and vanished, hoping that the eagle-eyed mistress on duty would not turn her gaze upon their offending feet! The Long Corridor was also closely connected with one of the events of the week—the Saturday night dance—the correct procedure in my day was to parade up and down this corridor two by two in the dance intervals, chatting sweet nothings to one's partner, and when this custom was replaced by merely "sitting-out," dancing on Saturdays, for many of us, lost its subtle charm.

That "Monday morning feeling" is still somehow vaguely connected in one's mind with the days of our's extreme youth, when weekly Mark Reading took place in the front hall. Miss Flood, in regal dignity, stood upon the small landing half-way up the staircase, facing her School which stood in serried ranks beneath—a solemn air of deep foreboding seemed, to the scapegrace delinquents of the then Lower IVth Form, always to hover around their ears on such occasions. Yet, upon looking back on our misdemeanours of that time, one marvels at the

patience and long-suffering shown to us by those in authority, and their ingenuity in making the punishments fit the crimes!

To those who reached the heights of the Sixth Form, the Saturday night dances had a grand finale, when Miss Flood invited her Sixth to what was known as "Saturday Night Drawing-room." It was there that we met many of the "prophets"—the priests who came over to take our Sunday services in the Chapel—and it was at these delightfully informal functions that Miss Flood endeared herself so deeply to her Sixth Formers. Often she, together with Miss Foster, would sing duets, and the musically gifted members of the Form would also contribute their share towards the evening's entertainment.

Every school has its own "language"; St. Elphin's in our day was no exception to the rule, and had a long and extensive vocabulary—"breathers," "returns," "sent-ups," "silent hour," "signs" and such expressive names as White Elephant, Orchards, Secret Garden and The Hump, all arouse many and varied memories. How well one remembers when a girl presented to the Matron a "sign," all too hurriedly written, on which she asked, "May I wash your hair to-day?" and the Matron stating in no uncertain terms beneath, "No, certainly not!"

How well one remembers the words of Miss Flood spoken to her School on the eve of the departure of my year of Sixth Form, "You will take away with you, wherever you may be and whatever you may become, the treasured possession of the storehouse of your memories and memory pictures of this school and your life here." One could reminisce for many hours over all the events that happened during a school-girl's lifetime at St. Elphin's, but when we think upon those precious days, and all the events that we managed to crowd into them, the predominant thought for many is one of thankfulness that one's parents had the forethought and wisdom to steel their hearts sufficiently to part with their offspring for a season, and that their choice of a school lay in what is, to so many generations of St. Elphinites, *the girls' boarding-school in England!*

To reminisce as a Staff would be far less interesting to the vast majority of readers of this Magazine, but no reminiscences would be complete without a thought about how much the St. Elphin's of to-day owes to two of its great headmistresses—Miss Flood and Miss Hudson; to the writer was given the tremendous privilege of serving both in the peculiarly intimate capacity of secretary. Miss Flood, with her scholarly mind and excellent organising gifts, laid the foundations which were both deep and broad—in her day the School possessed a list of scholarships which could hold its own with any other school in the land, and of which the youngest to the oldest was justly proud. To Miss Hudson, with her brilliant all-round ability, her stimulating personality and wide interests, was given the task of building and consolidating, upon those firm foundations, the modern and up-to-date St. Elphin's of the present time. But none realised better than these two most able headmistresses that the "things which are seen are temporal, but the things that are unseen are eternal," and each in her individual way built her work for the School around the Chapel as the centre and powerhouse of daily life and activity.

M. GAMBLE.

Centenary Parties.

I.

The Spring Term, 1944, opened with a round of festivities—the first of these being the School Fancy Dress Party. This was held on the afternoon and evening of the first day of term, and earlier in the day everyone was busy with last minute preparations.

The Junior party started at 3 p.m. with a Parade of Fancy Dresses, and the judges had a difficult task as there were many very attractive and original costumes. After this there were games, and a most enjoyable tea in the Common Room.

At 5 o'clock the Juniors went down to the Recreation Room to watch the Senior Fancy Dress Parade. Here again there was a great variety of costumes, and much time had obviously been spent in making many of them. In such a large number, it was difficult to pick out individuals, but there seemed to be many dresses of national or "period" type, and some of these were particularly attractive in colour and design. After the Senior parade, the Juniors walked round the room again, to show their dresses, and this was followed by the prize-giving.

After the Staff had entertained the whole School by means of an impromptu charade, there was a short interval, during which the Juniors went to bed, and the Seniors drew places for supper.

A very festive meal had been prepared in the Dining-room, which was gaily decorated for the occasion, and everyone did justice to the good things provided. At supper, many of the Staff who had not previously appeared in Fancy Dress, wore head-dresses, or costumes of characters from "Alice in Wonderland," and these caused considerable amusement.

The remainder of the evening was spent in dancing, and the singing of Auld Lang Syne concluded a most enjoyable party.

II.

Amongst the many notices on the Staff's notice board at the end of the Autumn Term, 1943, appeared a small card written by Miss Stopford, and addressed to the Staff. Quite a flutter of excitement followed. It was not an ordinary notice, but an invitation to dinner in the Library, and afterwards music in the Common Room, on January 21st, 1944. This special occasion was to celebrate the centenary of the School.

The day came very quickly, and after tea the Prefects and Sixth Form took complete charge of the School for the rest of the evening. By 7.15 p.m. we were all attired in our gayest party frocks, and assembled in the Sitting-room, where Miss Stopford welcomed us. Next, we each chose a card on which a

name, such as Darby, was typed, and wandered amongst the guests to find someone who had picked out the partner to it. While this was in progress we were enjoying gin and lime cocktails, or soft drinks. When we were all paired off our hostess, Miss Stopford, led the way down to the Library which was completely transformed. The tables were beautifully decorated with geraniums, and the menu cards painted by the girls were duly admired. We quickly found our places, which were named to correspond with the ones we had previously selected. Miss Stopford said grace, and the feasting began with potage aux légumes, followed by filets de sole, caneton rôti, pommes de terre au four, choux de bruxelles, haricots verts, meringue au chocolat, gâteau, crème à la rhubarbe, allumettes au fromage and dessert. It was excellently served and cooked, and all were amazed that such a meal could have been produced in these days of austerity. Towards the end of this sumptuous repast port wine was served. Miss Stopford proposed a toast, and we all drank to "The Health of St. Elphin's."

Later we withdrew to the Common Room to have coffee and cigarettes, and sat about in comfortable armchairs chatting. At intervals Miss Jean Mackie very kindly played a delightful programme of music on the grand piano, contributing to a most enjoyable evening which came to an end all too soon.

III.

On Saturday evening, January 29th, the Domestic, Laundry and Outdoor Staffs, met to celebrate the Centenary of St. Elphin's, and to toast the next hundred years of the School's life. One might at first glance have been surprised to see such a gathering of different nationalities in Derbyshire in war-time, for Egyptian, Spanish and Persian visitors met natives of countries as far distant as Hawaii, but closer examination soon proved them to be no strangers, but well-known friends. These, together with sailors, snowmen, school girls (very masculine of voice), nurses, pirotts—not forgetting Old Mother Riley herself—and many other characters, both comic and serious, made a brilliant assembly. Prizes were won by Mr. George Smith and Miss H. Ozenbrook as visitors from Hawaii; Miss N. Ozenbrook as a Flower Girl; Mrs. Whitcher as Night; Miss P. Thompson as a Snowman; Mr. M. Wayne as a Squanderbug, and Master G. Ozenbrook as a Spanish Boy.

There were no idle moments that evening, for games, supper and dancing followed in quick succession, and among our many memories who will forget the sight of Mr. Tom Smith's rosy face under his policeman's helmet, the breathless concentration of those who tried to fish in lemonade bottles, or the display of skill of the gentleman striving to be the first to hammer three nails into blocks of wood? Not least in attraction on the programme was the supper, which was the work of a number of the Teaching Staff who for the time being had changed their rôle to that of cooks. The party ended all too soon with a vote of thanks on behalf of the guests proposed by Mr. Croft, but none of us will forget the spirit of friendliness which marked the evening.

ST. ELPHIN'S SCHOOL CHAPEL.*Nisi Dominus Frustra.*

The building which now forms St. Elphin's School Chapel was originally used as a stable. On one of the outer stones in the wall are carved the initials I.H.S. The origin of this is unknown, but it is thought that the initials are probably those of the builder. Whether this be so or not, the stable, which was eventually to become a chapel, where the Holy Sacrifice of the Altar would be offered week by week, was marked with the letters of the Holy Name.

In 1916, thanks to the generosity of many friends, the conversion from stable to chapel was completed, and the building was dedicated by the Bishop of Southwell.

Some years later Miss E. C. Milne added a series of mural paintings in the Sanctuary and Chancel.

In 1940, owing to the increasing numbers in the School, the Chapel was enlarged by extending the East end and removing the organ and choir to the West end. A new and more spacious sanctuary was thus made possible, with the addition of a sacristy beyond the altar screen.

The altar now stands beneath a stained glass window, representing St. Helena holding the True Cross. (An etymologist has suggested that the name Elphin may possibly be a corruption of the name Helena.)

On either side of the altar, on the screen above, are two shields, of which the two central ones bearing the letters of the Holy Name of our Lord, and of His Mother, the Blessed Virgin Mary. The two outer ones show the coats of arms of the Bishop of Derby and of Fr. Stanton, formerly chaplain to the School, to whose generosity the present Chapel owes so much.

Among other accessories given by various friends, are the coloured frontals worked by the Sisters of Bethany, the crucifix and candlesticks given in memory of Miss K. Foster, the silver alms dish given in memory of Mrs. Flood, the pair of standard candlesticks, and the priest's and headmistress's desks of limed oak.

The alcove, which had formerly contained the organ, is now converted into a Lady Chapel. A crucifix, with a very beautiful carved Oberammergau figure, hangs on the wall over the altar, while a statue of our Lady and the Holy Child, specially carved by an Austrian refugee, himself from Oberammergau, stands nearby. Beneath the crucifix is an aumbry, where in case of sickness or other need, the Blessed Sacrament may be reverently reserved.

The School is fortunate in having as its present Chaplain, Canon Dibben, Rector of Staveley, who, for the last four years, has contributed much to the spiritual life of the School. In spite of the claims of a large industrial parish, he has found time not only to take the School services on some of the Sundays of each term, or to spare one of his assistant priests to do so, but has also usually visited the School each week, to give confirmation classes or other courses of instructions. At his instigation a communicants' guild has been formed, in which a great many girls and Staff have been enrolled.

A confirmation service is held each year in the School Chapel: thus a steady stream of regular communicants, sacristans and servers are continually coming forward to take the place of those leaving.

For the last four years a retreat has been held at the end of the summer term, which has proved of great value to those who took part in it. As this will not be possible this year, a quiet day was arranged on June 3rd, conducted by Father Dibben, which was much appreciated by the many communicants who attended it.

Each day of School life is begun and ended by prayers in Chapel, while on Sunday Mass is said at 8-15 a.m., followed by a sung Mass at 10-0 a.m., and evensong with an address in the evening. Mass is also said once or twice during the week, either by Father Nash, Vicar of All Saints, Matlock Bank, or by the visiting priest who has stayed at the School over the week-end.

Priests from Kelham and Mirfield visit the School regularly each term, while members of the committee and others pay periodic visits when they are able to do so.

As the Magi of old, with all their wisdom and knowledge, came to offer their gifts to the Saviour, born in a stable, so schoolgirls of many generations have come and offered their gifts of youth and learning to that same Christ; and from St. Elphin's Chapel, once a stable, they have gone out into the world, taking with them a spirit of service, and a firm faith, based upon the full Catholic teaching of the Church.

ST. ELPHIN'S COMMUNICANTS' GUILD.

On Wednesday, July 15th, 1942, the inaugural ceremony of St. Elphin's Communicants' Guild was held in the School Chapel by Canon Dibben. The aims of the Guild were outlined and explained, and badges were blessed and distributed to the 71 members.

Since then there have been several Corporate Communion, a Guild Party and various addresses. Brother Charles spoke of the advisability of making one's Communion a social as well as a personal act; the subject of Canon Dibben's talk was the meaning of Advent and the true significance of Communion; the Archdeacon of Chesterfield enlarged upon the benefits attained by Holy Communion and explained the change of the Elements by consecration; Bishop O'Ferrall distinguished between the various kinds of sacrifice, the greatest of which is the sacrifice of Christ as commemorated in Holy Communion; Father Harris talked of the personality of Christ and of the importance of trying to be like Him in all ways; Father Robert stressed the value of meditation, and suggested ways in which it may be achieved; Canon Dibben's second address was on the subject of Fellowship. He stated that the lack of this in the world to-day is responsible for much present suffering, and pointed out the only solution—unity in Christian worship, based on the ideals and precepts of the Early Church.

In October, 1942, fifteen new members were admitted to the Guild; in October, 1943, there were six new members.

3n Memoriam.

LOUI CHAMBERS.

When she went to St. Elphin's in 1879, aged not quite nine, Loui Chambers was its youngest member. She left school in 1887. Her contemporaries will remember how much the earliest school magazines owed to her artistic gifts, and the part she took in the musical life of the School. She was one of the first members of the "Guild of Honour," which developed into the Old Girls' Guild, of which she became the first secretary.

Many generations besides her own will sympathise with her sister in her great loss.

The honour of being asked to write some memories of Loui Chambers in her schooldays at St. Elphin's is one that I value very much, though I feel that there are others of our period who could have done so more worthily.

In the course of a long life one naturally comes into contact with "all sorts and conditions of men." I can truly say that I have never met anyone who more consistently presented those qualities of friendship and "goodwill to men" than did Loui during the years I have known her.

To the new girl, lonely amid a sea of strange and unfamiliar faces, the sight of her approach, as she looked upon the stranger with a friendly smile, her clear blue eyes and curly brown hair and her animated movements made a picture which brought hope that school-life might have its happier days, with companions such as Loui Chambers.

To the Old Girl entering a Reunion Meeting, conscious of her antiquity, and wondering how she could face the ordeal of being, perhaps, the "Oldest Inhabitant"—almost a pre-historic animal—there advanced, with a radiant smile and a light in her blue eyes (a few stray curls escaping from her hat), the friend who never failed one—Loui Chambers.

And to this Very Old Girl, venturing the journey to Warrington on January 15th, to join in the glorious Thanksgiving Service at St. Elphin's Church, there was all the time the comforting thought, "Loui will be there, and everything will come right." Alas! though the brave spirit wished to be there, Loui's health was failing then; and for the first time, that sunny, gracious presence was missing from our midst.

"We shall not look upon her like again," but she leaves with us an abiding memory of a life steadfast and true, brave and sunny, a life which stood for—

"Whatsoever things are lovely
And of good report."

DORA POLLIT (Dora Bell. 1883-1889).

House Reports

FLETCHER HOUSE REPORT.

1943-44

The most outstanding feature of this year is Fletcher's slow but steady improvement in games. Though the House hockey matches were not played in the Autumn Term, a team, well above any other of our previous House-team's standards, was the result of much hard practice. The Spring Term's lacrosse team was also of a higher standard than before, and though we were beaten 11-0 by Kennedy, in the House matches, we played harder and far better than in the previous year. I think that Fletcher, as a comparatively new House, is just beginning to find her feet in the sphere of games, and so should not be discouraged by inevitable defeats. This phase will pass.

The House suffered a great loss when Judy Lloyd left at the end of the Autumn Term, and to show its appreciation of all she had done for Fletcher, a House party was given, and many luscious contributions of food provided by the House and their parents!

The order throughout both the Autumn and Spring Terms was very good, and we gained the Order Shield at the end of each, thus procuring it for the whole year.

Unfortunately, Fletcher again lost the Gym. Competition, though there was a very noticeable improvement, and also a considerably neater impression given than in the competition of the year before.

We feel that Fletcher is at last beginning to settle down, and hope that 1945 will show an even greater improvement in House affairs.

COMMITTEE.

Head of House—Sheila Wildgoose.

Appointed Member—Gene Angove.

Vice-Head—Jean Hadfield.

Elected Members—Margaret Cadge.
Linette Rice.

KENNEDY HOUSE REPORT.

1943-1944.

On the whole this has not been a very successful year for Kennedy. This, I think, is mainly due to the fact that although the members are willing to give up time for games practices, they have not wanted to devote time to thinking about getting one of the Order Shields. There is room for considerable improvement in both work and order.

There have been numerous House activities this last year, among them hip-picking, a visit to the Red Cross Centre at Bakewell, and, of course, the Inter-House matches.

Jean Wallis was the captain of the lacrosse team, and thanks are due to her for coaching the team, and thus enabling us to win the cup after a hard fight against Powys. This is the only cup that Kennedy hold so far this year.

The reason for the above-mentioned visit to the Red Cross Centre was because each House has adopted two prisoners of war. The money for the parcels sent came from a bazaar, to which every member of the House contributed.

COMMITTEE.

Head of House—Margaret Thomson.

Appointed Member—Alyson Bradfield.

Vice-Head—Rosemary Taylor.

Elected Members—Jean Hutchinson.
Margaret Wallis.

POWYS HOUSE REPORT.

1943-1944.

The Centenary has a special importance for Powys because we are named after the founder of St. Elphin's, Bishop Powys.

Two pictures of Bishop Powys have been given to the School; one has been hung in the hall, and the other has been given to us.

During a conference on America in the Spring Term, Powys presented "Little Women" to the School. It was a success, although several of the original cast were unable to take part.

The work of the House has been steady throughout the year, and there were some excellent Higher and School Certificate results last summer. We again hold the Badminton and Gym. Cups; the captains of these were Francine Collins and Fay Trickett.

We have been supplying two prisoners of war with parcels of food and clothing, which are sent by the Red Cross each month. They are paid for by the money from the stall the House had on Sports Day last year. We have received several letters from our prisoners to thank us, and we are hoping to continue to send parcels with the money from Sports Day this year.

The very best of luck to Powys in the second century!

COMMITTEE.

Head of House—K. Rees.

Appointed Member—M. Davidson.

Vice-Head—F. Collins.

Elected Members—F. Trickett.
B. Martin.



THE SIXTH FORM

WILSON HOUSE REPORT.

1943-1944.

The Centenary year has proved to be one of slow but steady improvement in every respect but work, and the standard of this is very low. Owing to there only being a few Upper Vth members last year, there were very few School Certificates to help.

The order and dormitory order have improved. Wilson members have developed a very keen House spirit, and this was encouraged in our performance of Ian Hay's "Housemaster," which was thoroughly enjoyed by the cast, who worked with great enthusiasm.

The House worked hard last year to make money for the Red Cross prisoner of war fund by making articles for a bazaar held on Sports Day. Enough money was raised to keep two prisoners for a year. The House are working hard again in order to continue this effort next year.

Although Wilsonites are keen on games, and have tried hard, we have not been lucky enough to carry off any of the cups so far.

Wilson was presented with a large portrait of Canon Wilson, which now hangs in the House Room. We hope the House will do justice to his name in the new century.

Head of House—Veronica Lawton.

Vice-Head—Pamela Cartwell.

Appointed Member—Sheila Parker.

Elected Members—Elizabeth Hewitt.
Jean Waddell.

THE MINESWEEPER.

In the autumn of 1942 a minesweeper, H.M.S. "B.Y.M.S.L." (Skipper—Lieutenant A. E. Warburton), was adopted by the School.

This year we have sent off parcels of magazines and books, and the collection taken at the School's performance of "Ruddigore" last term paid for a football and an assortment of indoor games. Parcels of sweets, cigarettes and mittens and scarves, knitted by the School, have also been despatched.



A SPORTS| GROUP



THE STAFF

School Societies

THE LITERARY AND DRAMATIC SOCIETY.

During the Autumn and Easter Terms the Literary and Dramatic Society met six times and read two plays. Dorothy Sayers' "Busman's Honeymoon" appealed to a large audience; Marc Conelly's "Green Pastures" to a more select gathering, whose interest in American Negroes had perhaps been stimulated by our recent American Conference.

A Short Story Competition, which was initiated at the end of the Easter Term, produced anonymous contributions very varied in subject and in style. The winner has yet to be announced.

During the current term there has been a poetry reading, and we are looking forward to two more meetings. At one a paper on Maupassant will be read; at the other the Committee will read the best stories sent in for competition by St. Elphin's girls.

THE DEBATING SOCIETY.

The Debating Society has held several meetings during the year. The motions proving most popular were "That the future settlement of Europe should be based upon the federal system of the United States of America," and "That the Arts have contributed more to civilisation than the Sciences." The former was heavily defeated, but the latter was approved by a large majority.

There have usually been good attendances at these meetings, but people are still very reluctant to make speeches from the floor, preferring to mutter comments to each other at the back of the House.

At the end of the Easter Term a General Knowledge Bee was held, between four teams, presented by Powys, Wilson, Kennedy and the Staff. (Need we say who won?)





SCHOOL CAPTAINS—1943-1944.

<i>Hockey</i>	.. J. LLOYD (<i>Captain</i>)	J. WALLIS (<i>Vice-Captain</i>)
<i>Lacrosse</i>	.. F. COLLINS "	F. TRICKETT "
<i>Cricket</i>	.. R. TAYLOR "	M. DAVIDSON "
<i>Tennis</i>	.. V. LAWTON "	J. WADDELL "

School Games Secretary—BETTY MARTIN.

AUTUMN TERM, 1943.

HOCKEY.

The first half of the hockey season was good, but during the latter part of the term the field was too wet for regular play.

We were able to keep seven out of the eight fixtures made. The match against Penrhos College was particularly enjoyed, the score being a draw until the last minute of the game, when Penrhos scored the winning goal off a corner.

It was a great disappointment that, owing to the condition of the field, the Inter-House matches were scratched.

We shall be sorry to lose a number of the team next year, especially J. Lloyd and J. Wallis. They gained their School colours, and their combined play inspired both fellow members of the team and spectators.

	1st XI.	2nd IX.	3rd XI.
G.K.	A. Rust	S. Handley	B. Vernon
R.B.	J. WALLIS (<i>Vice-Capt.</i>)	J. Beauchamp	V. Lawton
L.B.	J. LLOYD (<i>Captain</i>)	A. Bradfield	P. Towers
R.H.	E. Swain	E. Hewitt	S. Mitton
C.H.	M. Wallis	G. Owen	J. Watson
L.H.	M. Martin	J. Cox	A. Roberts
R.W.	K. Armstrong	A. Daff	F. Plant
R.I.	F. Collins	J. Burr	M. DAVIDSON (<i>Capt.</i>)
C.	R. Taylor	J. Waddell	M. Lane
L.I.	F. Trickett	M. THOMSON (<i>Capt.</i>)	K. Rees
L.W.	J. Hutchinson	H. Woodcock	B. Bull

Reserves—M. Holderness, J. Swift, P. Cartmell.

HOUSE TEAMS.

	FLETCHER	KENNEDY	POWYS	WILSON
G.K.	S. Moxham	B. Vernon	A. Rust	J. Domville
R.B.	B. Cotgrave	J. WALLIS (<i>Capt.</i>)	J. Beauchamp	V. Lawton
L.B.	P. Scott	A. Bradfield	S. Handley	R. Newell
R.H.	J. Watson	J. Cox	E. Swain	F. Plant
C.H.	J. LLOYD (<i>Capt.</i>)	M. Wallis	BETTY MARTIN (<i>Vice-Capt.</i>)	D. Allen
L.H.	A. Roberts	S. Mirron	H. Bembridge	E. HEWITT (<i>Vice-Capt.</i>)
R.W.	E. Bartram	K. Armstrong	H. Demaine	J. WADDELL (<i>Capt.</i>)
R.I.	N. Caldwell	B. Bull	F. Collins	M. Lane
C.	P. Roe	R. TAYLOR (<i>Vice-Capt.</i>)	K. Rees	M. Wontner-Smith
L.I.	J. HADFIELD (<i>Vice-Capt.</i>)	M. Thomson	F. TRICKETT (<i>Capt.</i>)	G. Owen
L.W.	A. Gee	J. Hutchinson	J. Burr	H. Woodcock

BADMINTON.

The Cup was won by Powys.

	KENNEDY	POWYS	WILSON
1st Couple—			
	M. Wallis	F. TRICKETT (<i>Vice-Capt.</i>)	J. WADDELL (<i>Capt.</i>)
	R. TAYLOR (<i>Capt.</i>)	F. COLLINS (<i>Capt.</i>)	V. LAWTON (<i>Vice-Capt.</i>)
2nd Couple—			
	J. WALLIS (<i>Vice-Capt.</i>)	K. Rees	E. Hewitt
	M. Thomson	P. Towers	B. Wray
3rd Couple—			
	A. Daff	E. Swain	H. Woodcock
	S. Mitton	S. Handley	P. Cartmell

SPRING TERM, 1944.

LACROSSE.

Owing to snow we had a disappointing season, and our one match fixture had to be scratched.

Toward the end of the term the play improved, but it was definitely below standard. The Inter-House matches were exciting, and some promising play was shown by many of the younger members of the teams. The cup was won by Kennedy. Francine Collins gained her school colours.

	1st XI	2nd XII	3rd XII
G.K.	P. Hives	B. Vernon	H. Dyke
Pt.	E. Hewitt	M. Jones	K. REES (<i>Capt.</i>)
C. Pt.	Betty Martin	S. MITTON (<i>Vice-Capt.</i>)	P. Towers
3 M.	J. Wallis	A. Bradfield	M. Gray
R.D.W.	E. Swain	J. WATSON (<i>Capt.</i>)	A. Roberts
L.D.W.	J. Waddell	P. James	B. Wray
C.	M. Wallis	D. Smith	B. Clegg
R.A.W.	K. Armstrong	A. MacFarlane	A. Gee
L.A.W.	F. TRICKETT	J. Hutchinson	M. Wootner-Smith
	(<i>Vice-Capt.</i>)		
H.	M. Thomson	J. Cox	M. Lane
2 H.	F. COLLINS	G. Heppell	V. LAWTON
	(<i>Capt.</i>)		(<i>Vice-Capt.</i>)
1 H.	R. Taylor	E. Jackson	M. Holderness
	Reserve—D. Allen, G. Owen, A. Duff		

HOUSE TEAMS.

	FLETCHER	KENNEDY	POWYS	WILSON
G.K.	B. Cosgreaves	B. Vernon	H. Dyke	P. Hives
Pt.	M. Gray	A. Bradfield	P. Towers	A. Allen
C. Pt.	J. H. Jones	S. Mitton	Betty Martin	E. Hewitt
3 M.	M. Keane	J. WALLIS	K. Rees	M. Gray
		(<i>Capt.</i>)		
R.D.W.	J. WATSON	P. James	H. Bembridge	M. Jones
	(<i>Capt.</i>)			
L.D.W.	A. Roberts	J. Hutchinson	E. Swain	B. Wray
C.	P. Roe	J. Cox	D. Smith	M. Lane
R.A.W.	J. HADFIELD	K. Armstrong	A. MacFarlane	J. WADDELL
	(<i>Vice-Capt.</i>)			(<i>Capt.</i>)
L.A.W.	P. Holland	M. Wallis	F. TRICKETT	M. W. Smith
			(<i>Vice-Capt.</i>)	
3 H.	S. Moxham	M. Thomson	S. Handley	F. Platt
2 H.	P. Holland	J. Heppell	F. COLLINS	V. LAWTON
			(<i>Capt.</i>)	(<i>Vice-Capt.</i>)
1 H.	E. Bartram	R. TAYLOR	H. Demaine	B. Jackson
		(<i>Vice-Capt.</i>)		

NETBALL.

The game was played throughout the School this winter. A court was marked on "C" and we were able to play Netball when the pitches were too wet for Hockey or Lacrosse. We hope to reach team standard in this game next season.

SUMMER TERM.

We started the team with concentrated stroke practice both in tennis and cricket. Five fixtures were made, four tennis and one cricket. We are unable to give a full report of this term's games, as some teams are still unselected, and the Inter-House matches have yet to be played.

TENNIS.

1st VI

1st Couple—V. LAWTON (*Captain*)
F. COLLINS

2nd Couple—F. TRICKETT
R. TAYLOR

3rd Couple—M. THOMSON
J. WADDELL (*Vice-Captain*)

Reserves—S. Handley, P. Mayne, M. Wontner-Smith

HOUSE TEAMS.

FLETCHER	KENNEDY	POWYS	WILSON
1st Couple—			
J. HADFIELD (<i>Capt.</i>)	R. TAYLOR (<i>Vice-Capt.</i>)	F. COLLINS (<i>Vice-Capt.</i>)	V. LAWTON (<i>Capt.</i>)
J. WATSON (<i>Vice-Capt.</i>)	M. THOMSON (<i>Capt.</i>)	F. TRICKETT (<i>Capt.</i>)	J. WADDELL (<i>Vice-Capt.</i>)
2nd Couple—			
G. Robertson A. Gee	M. Wallis A. Bradfield	S. Handley P. Towers	P. Mayne M. Wontner-Smith
3rd Couple—			
S. Moxham B. Congreaves	K. Armstrong M. Russon	K. Rees E. Swain	H. Woodcock P. Cartmell

CRICKET.

1st XI

M. DAVIDSON (*Captain*)
 R. TAYLOR (*Vice-Captain*)
 Betty Martin
 M. Wallis
 E. Swain
 E. Hewitt
 A. Daff
 K. Armstrong
 J. Waddell
 B. Vernon
 J. Hutchinson

Reserves—J. Cox, M. Thomson

HOUSE TEAMS.

(Boarding Houses only.)

KENNEDY	POWYS	WILSON
R. TAYLOR (<i>Captain</i>)	M. DAVIDSON (<i>Captain</i>)	E. HEWITT (<i>Captain</i>)
M. WALLIS (<i>Vice-Captain</i>)	E. SWAIN (<i>Vice-Captain</i>)	E. JACKSON (<i>Vice-Capt</i>)
M. Thomson	F. Trickett	J. Waddell
A. Bradfield	K. Rees	F. Plant
B. Vernon	M. Holderness	M. Wontner-Smith
J. Hutchinson	H. Bembridge	P. Cartmell
A. Daff	F. Collins	G. Owen
S. Mitton	J. Beauchamp	P. Hives
J. Cox	B. Carson	M. Lovatt
P. James	A. Rust	B. Wray

THE INTER-HOUSE SPORTS CUP was won by WILSON.

Middle School Victrix Ludorum	G. Bembridge
Senior School Victrix Ludorum	J. Waddell

Original Contributions

MARCH

E. L. CARSON, L.VI.

Alla Marcia

maestoso

fina.

Rit.

p dolce

D.C.

mf

cresc.



Upper VI

THE CHURCH MOUSE.

The organ is rumbling,
 The hymns being sung.
 The people are standing
 Their heads backward flung.
 While under the altar
 A tiny brown shape
 Is nibbling and pawing
 The clergyman's cape.
 The choirboys are gaping,
 Forgetting to sing,
 And watching the play
 Of the tiny wee thing.
 But he doesn't notice—
 He's in his own house,
 For the church and the people
 Belong to the mouse!

M. KEANE. Upper V. A.

EVENING.

Silhouetted against the sky-line stood an old shepherd, whistling to his faithful dog who was herding together a flock of sheep.

The sun, setting behind the hills, was going down in all its glory. The sky for miles around reflected its fiery red, even the backs of the sheep were tinted with crimson.

Away down in the valley, along a country lane, plodded a cart-horse, pulling behind him the last load of hay, while beside him trudged the haymakers, tired, but happy.

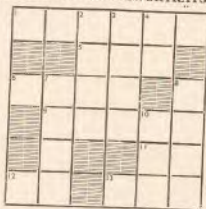
In the meadows the children played, and at the cottage door the old women sat spinning.

To the listener on the hill all was silence, for the shepherd had gathered his flock together and was following in the wake of the cart-horse. Suddenly across the hills came the sweet notes of the church bells, calling the people to evensong.

At this sound the children stopped their play and followed their parents up the winding road to the church. Then the doors were closed, and all was silent once more except for those everlasting sounds of Nature.

A. RUST. Upper VA.

DEUTSCHES KREUZWORTRATSEL.



WÄGHECHT.

1. Das womit der Vogel fliegt.
5. Zum Haus von.
6. Adlig.
9. Gemüse.
10. Präposition.
11. Nicht aus.
12. Leisten.

SENKRECHT.

2. Präposition.
3. Farbe.
4. Interjektion.
7. Von dir.
8. Als.
10. Die Hälfte von "sausen."

MARGARET CADGE. Lower VI.

FROLIC OF THE GNOMES

H. Williams

Scherzando

mp

dim.

f

cresc.

rall.

p

W. E. A.

?

I've settled down to write a little rhyme
For this, my gallant friends, a magazine ;
I won't put it off till another time
Not leave it just to be a "might-have-been."

The subject, though, is still a mystery,
I've thought and thought, but haven't found the clue.
And when the answer comes to me, you bet
This poem will be read by very few.

My ideas, one by one, are squashed quite flat—
"We've one on that already, too, I'm sure!"
I must not write about a subject that
Was written on by somebody before.

And so I'll finish now, my muddled brain
Can rest from hunting words that don't exist,
I might do better when I try again—
But you'll all wish, no doubt, that I'd desist.

M. HOLDERNESS. Upper Va.

THE MIRROR.

Marilyn Napier swung on the white gate of the tall, mellow red-brick house where she lived, posing delightfully with one toe dragging on the ground and one brown hand resting loosely on the top bar. With her chin tilted so that her satiny curls fell back from her elfish face, she presented a charming picture of care-free abandon, and people passing in the Avenue looked at the slim little figure admiringly. And didn't Marilyn know how they were looking at her! To the core of her nine year old soul she drank in their unspoken praises, for Marilyn, at nine, was a beauty, spoiled, not by her own family, but by everyone else who saw her. At home she was always by a mirror, preening and dimpling; at school she was gathered into an admiring clan of little girls who liked to flaunt her beauty to those who had not the favour of being her friends.

Tonight Marilyn gloated as she swung to and fro. There were to be visitors, and a party at which she was to appear. She did not think in so many words: "At the party I shall have an opportunity to look especially nice, and I shall be told by more new people how nice I look," but her unformed thoughts amounted to as much.

Red-headed Billy Davies from next door leaned over his front gate and beckoned, and she slipped off her perch to run and see what he wanted.

"Got a concert on in our shed after tea," said Billy. "Like to come?" He was not one of her followers, but she could be guaranteed to make his parties go with a swing in a way her admirers would never have believed.

Marilyn hesitated, then said: "Nope. Got a grown-up party's evening. I'm going, an' I don't want to get all dirty and scratched before it."



"Like to come?" said Billy.

Billy pulled a disgusted face, and Marilyn, tossing her curls, ran back to her own garden. Tea was laid under the cherry tree and the house-party was there with her mother. She had given up her own little bedroom to one of these visitors, and felt rather hostile towards her.

About seven o'clock she went into the unfamiliar spare room to dress for the party. She was to stay in the drawing-room for half an hour as a treat, and go to bed at the monstrously late hour of eight.

She wrinkled her small nose at the spare room with its bare furniture; the only human-looking things in it were her white comb and newly ironed hair-ribbons on the dressing table, and her blue muslin frock laid ready on the bed. She decided to put in time waiting for her governess to come and help her dress in posing to the mirror, a pastime she always enjoyed.

Marilyn peeked her rosy face in front of the old mirror and caught her breath. What had happened? The image in the mirror stared back at her, cheeks bloated, eyes popping, forehead lumpy. She clutched the knobs of the drawers and went cold with fright. She was ill! She had got a terrible disease which had taken away all her beauty. No one would admire her any more. She hardly dared take a second look at the awful apparition, but when she did, there it was, confronting her, worse than ever, so that a sick feeling pervaded her tummy.

"Miss Darwin, why do I look so funny!" she wailed, as her governess bustled in. But the latter had had experience of this particular line of hinting from her charge, and had her answer ready. *She* had set herself to break Marilyn of her self-admiration.

"I expect it's because you're such a vain little girl," she said, briskly. "Now, off with your frock and into the bathroom!"

So that was it! Marilyn reflected miserably on her sins as her face was scrubbed mercilessly. She knew she was vain, oh, yes! But she had always been so snug to know that there was cause for it, and now she was made ugly as an old witch.

Marilyn almost wept, but Miss Darwin attributed the tears to the soapy water which might have got in her eyes, and hustled her back to the bedroom to plump her on the bed and put on her bronze dancing pumps over spotless white socks.

While Miss Darwin did Marilyn's hair Marilyn shut her eyes so as not to see the terrible reflection. She did not even want to see the two big bows which she felt satiny and tight on either side of her head, or the effect of her beloved coral necklace on the blue frill round her collar, or the shining silky curls which felt cool to her neck. Miss Darwin, being busy, did not notice the unusual phenomenon of Marilyn avoiding a mirror.

Marilyn descended the stairs slowly, feeling her face with quivering hands. There was no trace of the bumps she had seen, but with childish acceptance of the fantastic she decided that it was a penance. She had heard stories of these in Divinity lessons at school.

As she approached the drawing-room door she wondered whether her mother would scream or faint at the sight of her. Miss Darwin had done neither.

Her mother came to the door and drew her in among the powdered, brightly-clothed guests sitting in lively groups in the big, lovely room. As they admired her, Mrs. Napier wondered what was the cause of the unhappy look beneath the polite demureness of the little face, and Marilyn caught her look, at once interpreting it as worry for her dreadful face. For sixty heart-aching minutes she sat there, answering questions in her clear little voice, and then she went wearily to bed, where she turned her back on the evil mirror and cried herself to sleep.

At school next day she crept about feeling glances which she interpreted as containing horror at her appearance. Her best friend deserted her and went round with her arm round someone else. In the course of the day Marilyn got so pale that she was sent home at three instead of staying for an hour's netball.

She surreptitiously investigated the contents of the medicine cupboard, no daring to ask her mother what was wrong with her.

Then, turning from the cupboard she beheld her face, quite accidentally, in the bathroom mirror.

It was quite natural. Curly, eyes, rosy cheeks, smooth forehead, all as usual! Staring, Marilyn felt sick. Then she ran to the spare room mirror and looked in. A wobbly countenance confronted her.

Mrs. Napier came in with a vase of flowers.

"Look at your funny face in that queer old mirror!" she laughed. "You look like an old witch!" Blinking back tears of reaction, Marilyn blurted out the story, and was hurt when her mother laughed.

"That should teach you not to look in mirrors in case you see a face like that again! A little girl like you should not need a mirror at all. Now, come and help me fill the drawing-room vases."

It took Marilyn quite half an hour to get over her shivery feeling of relief, and when she did, she told herself sternly that she was not going to think any more about her appearance. She would take no notice of compliments. She had *definitely* learned a lesson from her experience. She felt quite saintly about it. That night she went to bed as quickly as possible and never once looked in the mirror.

Next morning, however, all good resolutions were forgotten. Marilyn donned her clean blouse and pleated tunic and tied her black girdle in a fanciful bow. She arranged her curls round her wide hair ribbon and pirouetted gracefully. Imagining herself a beautiful princess about to breakfast off gold plates, she skipped daintily downstairs to the smell of eggs and bacon. In the hall she practised a new smile in the mirror there.

After breakfast she gathered together her school books, set her panama on the back of her head, and whirled out of the house into the cool golden morning.

Tilting her chin and pointing her toes she skipped along the road.

M. KEANE. Upper Va



THE VISIT OF AN UNCLE.

As I lay drowsily in the hot sunlight I could hear the insects humming round the flowers, and now and then a busy bumble bee would zoom over my face. The faint voice of mother talking to the maid floated over the lawn to where I rested. I wonder, I mused, if there are raspberries and cream for tea—cherries would be even better—and peaches . . . my mind stopped working, and I was conscious only of the hot sun penetrating through my closed lids. . . .

"Jane! Jane!" came mother's voice. "Will you, John and Mary, take the pony-trap to bring Uncle Stanley from the station?"

Uncle Stanley? I thought. Why of course, he was coming from South America. Wondering what a man from the wild regions of the world would be like, I collected John and Mary, bundled them into the pony-trap, and off we started.

On the way to the station we decided that Uncle would be as brown as the burnt umber in my paint box; as tall as the Vicar (who was so enormous that almost every time he came from the vestry to take a service he bumped his head on the vestry door, whereupon John and Mary promptly had a fit of the giggles, for which I always had the blame); and, to continue Uncle's imagined description, he would be the sort of man that would give us monkeys, and buy us sweets every day. (The latter contributed by John.)

"Let's race," cried John.

"You can't race without two traps," interpolated Mary, who imagined herself to be Miss Know-all.

"Can!"

"Well, we'll try," I said, and our pony began to trot as John would have done, if he had been a pony.

Suddenly, as we turned a corner, there was a series of high squeaks. I looked down to find the trap wheel squashing a peke's tail. When I had freed the little animal, I turned to see beloved Madame Pronier gabbling in French at me and gesticulating rapidly.

"I'm so sorry," I apologised—thinking, do that pampered creature's tail good to be hurt for once.

"Oh, *mais vous êtes horrible—too cruel—trop cruelle.* Mon pauvre Henri," gabbled Madame irately. Her hat of the latest Parisian mode, perched very precariously on her ugly head, kept bobbing up and down as she talked. How glad I was not to be like her, old and ugly, her face covered in make-up, which was doll-like, and cracked where her wrinkles were.

At last we got rid of her, and started off once more. When we reached the station, John and Mary went on the platform, while I waited in the trap. Soon I saw the slow, stop-at-all-stations, train puffing down the line, stopping with a grunt and a jolt at the station. There were John and Mary at the ticket barrier, but no Uncle. At least there was a small, bent, mouse-like man following in their wake, but surely that was not Uncle!

He was carrying a very dilapidated carpet-bag and about six paper carriers. At the ticket barrier he fumbled in all his pockets, eventually finding his ticket sticking in the band of his very rakish straw hat, which was similar to a straw carrier-bag with a brim.

"This is Uncle Stanley," announced John, uncertainly, adding in a whisper: "He isn't a bit brown."

The little pale man stared about him bewildered like a lost rabbit, looking first at me and then at my outstretched hand, which he decided he was meant to shake, he laboriously set down all his packages, proffered a withered paw, and stammered: "Yes, m-my n-name is S-Stanley."

"Well, you're Uncle Stanley to us," informed Mary, picking up his parcels and depositing them in the trap.

At that moment, I heard a too well-known voice. Horrors! it was Mrs. Maxing-Potter.

"Ah! Dearies!" she gushed, whereupon poor Uncle Stanley seemed to disappear into the corner with fright. "I know you wouldn't mind giving me a lift. Just one tweezy-weezy mile!"

"Er—yes-no—I mean do!" I gasped, as she tickled me under the chin (horrible woman!), said "Pretty girlie" to John, and "Nice boyisie" to Mary, patting them on the head. She wedged herself in beside me, and a scent of what she called "Bongswar" filled the air.

Suddenly she fixed her eyes on Uncle. "Ah-ha," she said, "Are you the little Uncle that I hear about from these *naest* children. Of course," she continued, "you come from the wilds of South America, where there are elephants or something like them, and all the women dress in sarongs. Don't you think I would look fascinating in a sarong, John?"

John uncomprehendingly replied that he had never heard of sour gongs, and, anyway, it would be jolly difficult to wear one. But I shuddered to think of her massive bulk attired after the fashion of Dorothy Lamour.

Shocked with John's unsympathetic reply, Mrs. Maxing-Potter focussed her attention on Uncle Stanley.

"I suppose you have brought some pets for these children," she said. The little man, too scared to reply, sank even further into the corner, his mouth open, while his horn-rimmed spectacles gradually slipped to the end of his nose.

"You promised you would!" interjected Mary.

"D-did I?" ventured Uncle, and rummaging in his carpet-bag he produced one darned sock, a pencil, a vermilion-striped handkerchief and a tin box. Opening the latter, he held up a fat, juicy worm. Mrs. Maxing-Potter shrieked, clambered out of the trap, and began wobbling home as fast as she could.

John and Mary at once began wailing like two ship's sirens. Then Uncle hurriedly replaced the worm in the tin, and once more subsided into his corner. At last we arrived home, to see Daddy standing at the front door with a big strong man.

"Hullo, kids," he said, "meet your Uncle Stanley."

"B-but this is Uncle Stanley," I stammered.

"Why, Mr. Stanley!" exclaimed Daddy. "I heard you were giving a Biology lecture on Earthworms at the Greenmount Orphanage today. Won't you stay to tea?"

The little man stuttered a refusal and disappeared.

Then we all sat down to tea, eating salad and watching two green parrots cracking nuts, perched on our real Uncle Stanley's shoulder.

GWENLLIAN OWEN. Upper VA.

SPRING IN SWITZERLAND.



G. OWEN, Upper VA.

PHOTOGRAPH ALBUM.

"Mum—did Granny really have all these ornaments and tassels and tables in her sitting-room?"

"I suppose so, dear," said my mother, vaguely.

"And this vegetable salad hat—did you ever see her in it?" I persisted.

"No, I don't think so—purl four, drop one, knit twelve. This will never be a balaclava!"

"Oh, it will come all right, I expect," I assured her. "Is this taken in Anglesey?—do look at this beard—whoever is it? He looks as though he'd just stepped out of the Bible."

"That's your great-grandfather—a fine old man, I believe, and that's Great Aunt Connie—she wore a toupee, oh, yes, and this revolting child in the sailor suit and long curls is your father."

My mother's interest was now fairly roused, and I pressed my advantage and the family photo album on her.

"Tell me about Great Aunt Connie. She was a gay old thing, wasn't she?"

"Yes," said my mother, laying aside the troublesome balaclava, rather willingly.

"I only saw her once when I was engaged. It was only in later years the toupée was necessary. She was very beautiful, I believe, and Granny, whose sister she was of course, told me what trouble she gave to her parents, being very high-spirited and self-willed. She was discovered having a correspondence with a handsome neighbouring farmer, and so she was sent to school in Switzerland.

She apparently settled down there, for they did not see her for two years. Travelling was difficult in those days, and letters infrequent. Then one day she appeared when the family were at breakfast with only luggage that she could carry. She had run away from school and persuaded the captain of a small sailing vessel to bring her back to England. It was found afterwards that she had fallen in love with a French doctor, who was very young too, and whose parents, after entertaining her and finding out from the school that she came of a good English family, had set about arranging a marriage in the manner of French parents. Connie took fright at this, and her family were so relieved that the marriage had not taken place that she was welcomed with open arms and forgiven all. She eventually married the curate and had twelve children. . . . I think she had her fun, though," finished my mother.

Turning a page, she went on:

"This was the middle daughter—isn't that a sweet frock? There must be yards and yards of material, and look at the embroidered petticoat showing through the starched muslin and the ribbon threaded through and that bow at the side. What quantities of starch they must have used. And the ironing!! Those weekly washes must have turned the home upside down, on Mondays, before laundries came in, in spite of all the staff."

"Is this your mother?" I asked.

"Yes," she said, "and this is me in my 'going away' suit and 'vaga-bond' hat."

"You know the old-fashioned clothes were much more romantic than the clothes you were married in," I said cruelly, "This waist at the knees is dreadful," and I laughed.

"We thought them nice then," said Mum.

"Yes, but how much nicer they are now."

"Well, we all think that of our own period. When you marry in ten years time you will think the clothes you wear the nicest you have ever had."

"Well," I said, "I'll look at this album again then and tell you if I do."

"Shall I? I wonder."

R. CUTHBERT-SMITH. Upper VA.

BIRDS OF BROOK AND WATERSIDE.

Kingfisher. Needs no description, but because it is so quick is often goes unobserved except for a flash of vivid blue wings. Its sharp whistle, which is frequently heard, will often give it away; then it is possible to watch it while it fishes from a branch overhanging a brook. It is with us all the year round. The nest is in a hole tunnelled in a bank, where six to eight white eggs are laid.



White Swan. This beautiful bird is so familiar and semi-domestic as to need little description. Of the three British swans it is the largest and though living in a wild state on many rivers and lakes, it is distinct from the really wild and rare swans, the Whooper and Bewick's swans, which are winter visitors and have not the red beak and black knob, theirs being yellow. The white swan is with us all the year round, and makes its nest on the ground near water.

Mallard or Wild Duck. One of the most familiar wild ducks on ponds and marshes. Although it is so common many people do not know that the drake moults in June, and is then similar to the duck until the autumn. Large numbers come from the North to visit us in winter, but some are with us all the year round. The nest of grass, leaves and down, is usually situated on the ground by a lake or hidden in vegetation in a wood.



S. MOXHAM. Upper VA.

DAFFODILS



JEAN HUTCHINTON, Uppet Va.

THE DIVINER CHARLES.

Aunt Deborah lazily swatted a fly with her copy of "The Times." "Charles, dear," she murmured. "What did you do in Australia?"

Uncle Charles grunted, removed his old hat from over his eyes and sat up. "Urrh?" he asked.

"I said," repeated my corpulent but well meaning aunt. "What did you do in Australia?"

Uncle Charles grunted again and sighed; his sister-in-law, though very kind-hearted, could talk the hind leg off a donkey, as her conversation took its pattern from Tennyson's "Brook"—"Men may come and men may go but I go on for ever." Uncle sneezed.

"Well," he said, "I . . . you see . . . I was a water diviner."

"I see," said aunt. "Harry!"

Harry glanced up sharply from his copy of the "Efficiency Magazine." "Bother it! He was in for another lecture. "Yes, dear?" he said sweetly, and settled himself in his deck chair.

Aunt Deborah leant forward still further, and the following conversation ensued, punctuated by Aunt stabbing her husband on the knee with a knitting needle.

AUNT DEBORAH: "Harry, Charles says he is a water diviner! Isn't it too—too divine! I suppose in Australia they have to have someone to wave a twig and make it rain because the rabbits drink it all. They are bad enough next door but in Australia they must be dreadful! Have you got your twig here, Charles, darling? No? Well would a beech twig do? We have plenty! Oh! You have! That's good! Do give us a demonstration, darling!"

This conversation ended, no one but Aunt Deborah having taken part, she subsided into her deck chair.

In a few minutes Charles returned with his twig, and disengaging herself from the Agony Column in "The Times," she creaked to her feet.

"Chu!" said aunt, and the Peke ran to her feet.

"Harry!" and her husband followed her.

"Isobel!" and I joined the procession.

Slowly, in single file, we wended our way down the garden path. Slower still, and still in single file, we crept back again. As we turned I observed three little boys, two big ones, an old gaffer and three young maidens gazing over the fence, all agog.

"Wotcher 'untin' fer? Gold?" demanded one little boy, an aggressive-looking red-haired lad with a snub nose.

"Shoo!" said Aunt Deborah.

"Shan't!" retaliated red-head.

Aunt Deb. marched majestically and aggressively towards the fence. Every one except red-head withdrew to a safe distance to watch the fun.

"What is your name?" asked Aunt Deborah.

"Arry," said the urchin.

"Well, Harry," said aunt, heavily, "are you aware of what you have been doing?"

"No, dear, what?" asked Uncle Harry, abjectly.

"Not you!" retorted aunt. "My lad! if I catch you staring over my fence again I shall have you prosecuted!"

At that moment Uncle Charles who, like Felix, had gone on walking, let out a yell. "Water!" he shouted.

We scurried across to him. His stick was jumping gaily. Aunt Deborah screamed and fainted, thinking it was a snake.



G. OWEN, Upper VA.

Uncle Harry's mouth opened and his pince-nez fell from his nose. The boys, girls and old man returned and leant in a row on the fence.

Uncle Charles ran for a spade.

"It's O.K., Mister!" yelled red-head. "She's not dead yet!"

Uncle Charles returned and began to dig feverishly.

We brought Aunt Deb. round amid showers of earth, and when she saw what was happening she fainted again.

* * * *

Two hours later Uncle's head was barely visible above the ground. Then his muffled voice was heard.

"Confound it!" he roared. "It's the sewer."

B. HANCOCK. Upper VA.

"ESCAPE."

Stephen was suddenly nauseated by the hot night club air. He wanted to get away from it all—from the harsh, jazzy music and the cheap, flashy women. He snatched his coat and pushed his way through the crowd. Pausing at the door he looked back into the stifling room, with the dancers, pressed close together, in the crush, and the glaring lights, and then out into the cold, glistening night. The snow was thick and crisp on the ground, and the moonlight showed up everything. It was three o'clock and yet he was not tired.

Stephen began to run; he did not know where, but he just wanted to run on and on into the night. The village was sleeping, and there was no sound after he was out of earshot of the club's strident band, except of his own running footsteps. Soon the village was behind him and he ceased to run—he had broken out in a cold sweat.

The dawn was breaking as Stephen reached the place of destination. He had not known where he was going, but reaching this place he knew instinctively that he must go no further. Not far off there was a small wood, and round him a few shrubs were dotted about. It was snowing again, and the ground was covered in the soft, white carpet; smooth and untouched by any human, which was a strange comfort for Stephen. The shrubs were gathered together in clumps as if trying to keep warm, except for an occasional one separated from the rest. The snow fell from a hard grey sky in soft noiseless flakes, and the tall, bare pines, heavily laden with snow bent their backs to the ground with the weight. Stephen crouched by a snow-covered heap of stones and looked on this scene with peace in his heart.

Suddenly an ugly black crow flew squawking over him and alighted on a tree at the edge of the wood. The branch quivered under its weight, and a shower of soft snow fell to the ground. The crow's black feathers showed up against the white snow and pearly grey sky; it huddled itself up and fluffed its feathers to keep warm. The snow was slackening off now, and the landscape was clearer. Beyond where Stephen was crouching was a small lake with bare weeping willows round its brink, and the ice entirely covered by the snow which had fallen irregularly and made folds like waves over it.

Stephen suddenly looked up to see the crow gone, so quietly that he did not see it; but away in the distance, towards the village, the same black form was steadily growing more indistinct, and the place was once more left to its quietness and solitude. Stephen realised that he was cold and his hands were numb—he had been in this place for hours. As he rose from his crouching position his legs could hardly hold him, but he stumbled back to the path and started in the direction of the village again.

"A HUNT."

The dawn of the day now is coming,
A bright yellow light 'neath the grey ;
The insects again start their humming,
White horses play out in the bay.



The grooms and the stable boys running,
The windows and doors open wide ;
The rattle of pails from the kitchen,
The roar of the oncoming tide.

The ducks on the pond, white and sable,
The cocks crowing out in the yard ;
The hunters asleep in the stable,
The old mare alone on the sward.



The family are up and are waiting,
The horses are round at the door,
My lordship his groom is berating,
For not having been there before.

Now at last all are mounted and ready,
The horses impatient to go ;
Now they're off with a pace sure and steady,
The Family trots off in a row.





First comes his lordship on "Lennie,"
A hunter of marvellous renown ;
Second, my lady on "Remony,"
A dapple fresh come from the town.

Next comes young Susan on "Whistle,"
A bouncy young pony, all black ;
Then Peter, her brother, on "Gristle,"
With splodges all over his back.



And now they've arrived at the meet,
In the little wood up on the downs ;
With horses and hounds all complete,
Far away from the grime of the town.

There is old Farmer Giles on his hack,
And pretty Miss Jean on her mare ;
The Huntsmen and Whips and the Pack,
And many more people are there.



The M.F.H. blows on his horn,
The Field stops talking to list ;
The clouds have uncovered the dawn,
The sun rises out of the mist.

Whilst deep in the heather lies Reynard,
A sleeping the sleep of the just ;
But he's seen by the Whipper-in Leonard,
Who spots his fine coat, red as rust.





Now the hunt is up and away, sir!
The little dogs bouncing along
The Field strung out through the day,
sir!

The pack singing out their glad song.

Over fences and hedges they fly,
Through hamlets and quiet country dells;
Their bowler hats knocked all awry,
Urging their horses with yells.



Some horses refused, and some jumped,
Some riders came off, some set tight,
Some fell on their heads and were bumped,
Whilst some almost died of pure fright.

Now its down a steep incline they ride,
Now its over a field, ploughed and bare,
On, on, through the green countryside,
O'er the downs, the home of the hare.



With never a check nor a halt,
With never a lift nor a cast;
The little dogs never at fault,
The pace like the wind, and as fast.

In the end they are led by the fox,
To the high towering cliffs above the beach;
Where deep down among the grey rocks,
Lies Reynard far out of their reach.





Now the Hunt's riding back through the
The little dogs trotting along ; morning,
The thrushes a'crying the warning,
With shrill sun-lit trickles of song.

And Reynard's left safely a'sleeping,
While cocks crow out in the yard ;
Young birds in their nest are a-chceeping,
The old mare's alone on the sward.



P. ROE. Upper V ALPHA.

BEAUTY.

It is a lovely thing to get up in the morning and go out to see the wakening of the world.

I did this one beautiful spring morning. I got out of my bed and dressed, and ran out of the house very quietly, for no one was awake except the dog, who came with me. Everywhere was very quiet ; there was not a sound from anywhere. We, the dog and I, went across some fields by some woods, into the open. The sun was shining, but there was just a nip in the air.

The trees were standing out very clearly in their beauty, the wild flowers in the hedges looked gay, crying out the good news of Spring. Even the grass seemed soft and springy under our feet. There was a feeling of happiness in the air. Even the dog noticed it, for he ran on in front of me with his head up and a contented look on his face ; he would stop and wait for me to catch up with him, and then run on.

I stopped to sit down under a horse-chestnut tree, to take in what I had seen that morning. I was sitting quietly looking around, when suddenly something seemed to fly from under my feet. I jumped up and saw, to my amazement, Mother Rabbit taking her young for a walk. I had been sitting by the doorway of her home. Then the whole world seemed to waken. The birds in the woods started to sing, the frogs to croak from their ponds ; the cows began to moo, as if waiting to be milked, and the rabbits to scuttle to and from their homes.

I heard a man's voice coming along the field, talking to his dog ; he was a shepherd with his sheep, taking them to a meadow near by.

" Good morning," he said, in a very cheerful voice which suited the morning, very well, for a good morning it certainly was.

Then we turned for home, and as we drew nearer the house, we heard the cars and the people going off to their work, and I thought as we reached our house, " This beauty of Nature and the peace and quiet of our countryside are certainly worth fighting for.

H. DEMAINÉ. Middle V.

PLENTY.

Before my eyes was a land of glistening gold and field upon field of tall, majestic corn, waving to and fro, playing some gleeful game with the old sun above. I wandered farther through this sea of richness and suddenly came upon massive waggons with golden sheaves piled up skywards, forming mountains, while the roadside was strewn with these glorious sprays. Even the emerald leaves of the low-hanging branches were flecked with gold from the passing waggons. Men, tired in the drowsy heat, their beady brows showing their fatigue, yet their eagerness to gather this precious gift overpowering their feelings.

SUSAN M. MITTON. Middle V.

NIGHT



STELLA HOLLAND, Lower IV.

FOREST TRAGEDY.

It was winter again in the wild forest, a winter of deep driving snow and stinging winds, and of frosty, starlit nights. The sun, that rose like a fiery ball, against which the trees were silhouetted, naked and black, failed to warm the frozen earth, so that the animals starved, slowly, wretchedly. In one night had come the blanket of serene, white snow, which glittered in the morning light, but had covered with cruel beauty the food of the deer, which huddled closer by the pool.

Up on the crags a man crawled, loading his rifle. His eyes swept the horizon. If he found no food today there was not much chance of his surviving to reach civilisation. He stiffened. His eye had caught the sight of an animal, moving far below. The air was so clear that, straining his sight, he could watch it twisting among the half buried rocks. Slowly he clambered down, making no sound, save for his hurried breathing.

Closer, closer he drew, but still the deer was oblivious of his presence. Nuzzling her son, whose ridiculously long legs wobbled dangerously, she wandered on seeking some stray bit of food, for her son had been born late and was still dependent on his mother.

Suddenly she lifted her head and turning, called her son, who tried to push his way back to the forest. A shot rang out and the mother, as she ran, left a trail of scarlet on the snow.

The welcome darkness closed in over her, and she stumbled painfully on to the pool. Where was her son? She looked round wildly! He was not there. No deer had seen him. She returned to the open, and wandered slowly round, her eyes searching for a sign of her young one. Gradually the sun set, but she wandered on. A mile away the man lay down to sleep, his hunger appeased by the tender flesh of the young deer, which he had caught when it fell behind its mother.

His mother wandered on yet another day, her eyes sad. Starvation and her wound were telling. Day after day she became weaker, her eyes dimmer, and her brain slower. But the snow, relentless, held the earth.

The next morning the winter sun rose on a pitiful mound, where she lay, too weak to rise, knowing that, with the next fall of snow, there would be only one way out—death. Mercifully, it snowed that same night and her miseries were ended.

Middle V.

1844—1944.

A century has come and gone
Since long ago, in Warrington
St. Elphin's doors were opened wide,
To welcome girls from every side.

In dimity and pantaloons,
They could be seen in afternoons,
Working samplers, neat and tidy,
From Monday—all the week—'til Friday.

To Darley Dale the School removed,
And such a lovely spot it proved,
That there it stayed and still remains
A centre full of youth and brains. (?)

The girls now clad in tunics blue,
To its traditions all are true.
Let's wish St. Elphin's the very best,
And centuries more of happiness.

EILEEN BARTRAM. Middle V.

IN SPRINGTIME.

The winds of March have passed away,
And April left us yesterday.
The cuckoo cries "Cuckoo, cuckoo,
I bring the Spring to all of you."

The buds appear upon the trees,
The sun shines 'midst a gentle breeze ;
The hedges sprout, the flowers peep out,
The children give a merry shout.

The woods are a carpet of deepest blue,
As the bluebells rustle in sprightly hue ;
The children gather them joyfully,
With shouts of laughter and full of glee.

The daffodils toss their graceful heads
In all the once-bare flower-beds.
Tulips, primroses, violets too
Wave their heads to me and you.

AUDREY LAVENDER. Middle V.

THE SELFISH ELF.

There once was an elf,
Who lived by himself,
In a little old hut by a wood ;
He was very gay,
But I'm sad to say,
He wasn't so terribly good.

Now this little fella'
Who had an umbrella,
Was walking along in the rain ;
When a fairy he met,
Who was very upset,
And asked him for shelter in vain.

The poor fairy cried
But this he defied,
As he left her alone to her fate ;
Then a hedgehog who'd seen
From his little ravine,
He looked at the elfie in hate.

When the wind from the sky,
Looked down with one eye,
At the bad little elfie, he knew,
That punish he must,
And so with a gust,
The umbrella he blew right in two.

The elf stayed till night,
But try as he might
The umbrella he could not regain ;
He went home to bed,
With a cold in his head,
Through being so selfish and vain.

Lower V.

SPUNKY.

Spunky was a little kitten, a very naughty little chap, who was always clawing his way up chair legs and such like, but to-day he was feeling more adventurous than ever.

There was a feeling of excitement everywhere. Spunky thoroughly enjoyed it, and decided that his mistress, Nancy, must be going out somewhere. So Spunky decided that if he stuck to Nancy, Nancy would have to take him with her (if she did not see him!). So Spunky followed her about wherever she went for the rest of the day. But when she went to get her coat and hat, Spunky just leaped four whole stairs to the bottom, which was the most he had ever done in the jumping contests which he held every morning at seven o'clock. Nancy was walking gaily along towards the cinema, but there was an unexpected somebody else jogging gaily along in her pocket and of course it was Spunky.

A few minutes later Spunky was peeping out of Nancy's pocket. They were in the cinema, and the film, which was called "Desperate Journey," had just begun. Spunky was enjoying himself thoroughly, but when a nice, kind, podgy man fell off a roof, Spunky miaowed loudly and took a flying leap out of Nancy's pocket, and rushed up to the screen to investigate and see if the poor man was dead. Nancy got the shock of her life when she saw and heard Spunky. She jumped up, picked him up, apologised for the fuss he had made, and asked if she might stay to see the end of the film and keep Spunky with her. The owner of the cinema was very kind and let them stay, and Spunky got into a comfortable position and purred for the rest of the film.

Upper IV.

SPOT.

I have a little dog
Whose name is Spot.
And he's sometimes white,
And he's sometimes not.
But whether he's white,
Or whether he's not,
There's a patch on his back
Which makes him Spot.

G. RETS. Upper IV.

SPRING.

The snowdrops are peeping over the ground,
The daffy buds are fat and round,
The primroses are coming out,
And children's voices are heard to shout,
"It's Spring, Spring, Spring!"

The little birds sing every day,
And all the black clouds flee away.
Our garden is looking pretty and gay,
It makes us want to sing and play.
It's Spring, Spring, Spring!

A lovely green carpet is over the ground,
And the world is full of twitter and sound.
The trees grow greener every day,
And rabbits scurry on their way.
It's Spring, Spring, Spring!

J. KING. Lower IV.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

John and Pauline lived in a very old house. It was big and creepy. At night when the children were in bed, they thought they heard noises, but they found it was only Scrabble and Scrubble, the two mice. Every time people walked upstairs there were creaks.

One night, when the children were in bed, they thought they heard clank, clank, clank; so John went into the passage, but he soon came back, as there were dim blue lights burning, which made everywhere look ghostly. The two children dived under the bedclothes and were soon fast asleep.

In the morning John mentioned the matter to his father, who told him that James, the butler's old master, wanted to get back into the house, and that James was having a good try to get them out of it. "Yesterday," he said, "I found out that James was a German, and his master promised that he would get hold of the house, as the Germans want it for storing ammunition. But the two men are now in prison, and all their German friends with them, so their bit of secret work did not last for very long, and we shall be able to stay in the house, with no more noises to disturb us."

J. BROOKER. Lower IV.

BLACKBERRYING.

O, who will come blackberrying,
This golden summer day?
And wander through the meadow-lands
Amid the flowers so gay?
The birds all sing so merrily
When they the berries see,
And if we do not pick them first
They all will eaten be.
Come sisters, then, and brothers too,
Let's go without delay!
We'll wander all the meadowlands,
Blackberrying to-day.

E. BURNETT. Lower IV.

THE PICNIC.

We all went on Form picnics on Ascension Day.
We took a picnic tea with us and set off on our way.
We had tea with Mrs. Metcalfe, in her rooms at "Craig-y-don,"
And we really cleared the platters, every sandwich, cake and scone,
After tea we had some games, and that was lovely fun,
We really did enjoy ourselves, once we had begun.
First we played "Poor Pussy," and when we finished that,
We looked at snaps and photographs, and then we had a chat.
When we'd played some other games the time drew near to six—
And if a day girl missed her bus she *would* be in a fix.
We then thanked Mrs. Metcalfe for a very lovely day,
Collected up our coats and hats, and set off on our way.

B. LAVENDER. Form III.

NIGGER.

I have a little kitten
As bad as bad can be ;
He chewed my sister's mitten
And hid it up a tree.

At night when he is able,
The naughty little thing,
He climbs on to the table
And sleeps there till morning.

J. KING. Lower IV.

LIFE ON THE MOORS.

Playboy awoke with a start ; it was raining hard, and his shaggy coat was not yet long enough to keep out the rain. So, scrambling up, he went to take refuge under his mother, but she would not let him.

"No," she said, "you must come with the herd to-day and see if your herd-leader will pass you in." So off Playboy went, whimpering a bit at the streaming torrents of rain.

As he got nearer to the herd he saw the lovely stallion raise his head and nicker. Immediately Peggy, Playboy's mother, nickered back and began to trot towards him. Playboy forgot about the rain and his cold, wet body, for he had never seen such a beautiful horse, and his heart glowed with pleasure to think that this was his father. The herd had moved a little now, and it took Playboy quite a long time to catch up with his mother on his funny long legs. He at last caught her up with leaps and bounds, and when he was near her he stopped leaping and trotted contentedly by her side.

Playboy loved to play with the other young ones of the herd. One day, as he was playing with one of his friends called Gipsy, they wandered off quite a long way from the herd. Suddenly a mist sprang up and Playboy heard Gipsy's mother calling her ; Gipsy trotted away to her mother, but Playboy had heard something else, too—it was a shrill whinny. Quickly he ran to where the sound came from and, seeing one of his friends stuck on a high rock, he went to help. He was very good at finding things in the mist and, travelling as quickly as he could, he reached his friend. Slowly and carefully Playboy led the way down and, as he got to the bottom, they both heard their mothers' nicker. As soon as they reached the herd they both began to chatter and talk of what had happened. When Flash, Playboy's father, knew what had happened, he congratulated his son very much. Playboy had never had a happier moment in his life.

C. PHILLIPS. Form III.

THE FAIRY BANQUET.

One day the Fairy Queen decided that she really must have a banquet, as she had not had one for a hundred years, and she thought she might as well have one whilst still in her youth, rather than wait until she was middle-aged (in another hundred years' time).

So Queen Primrose summoned her fairy servants and gave orders that the banqueting-hall was to be cleaned and her best gold throne placed on the golden platform; her Sunday-best crown was to be polished, and last, but not least, the grand piano was to be tuned by the Court Tuner, Unkum Flomp.

Then the Queen went to her writing-room and wrote out seven times seven invitations to all her friends and relations, and a good many other people besides. By the time she had finished, her hand was on the point of collapse, and it was past midnight.

All the next day the Fairy Queen hustled and bustled from one room to another, giving orders about refreshments, and the kind of music to play until Muddle Mess, the Court Musician, got quite in a flurry and played the right notes to the wrong tune, and the other way about. The Queen grew very angry, and said that Muddle Mess was no good at all; then Muddle Mess declared that he was quite a lot of good, if only she would leave him alone.

When the time came for the guests to arrive, the Queen dressed herself up in all her finery and sat down on her throne to receive them. After about half-an-hour had gone and nobody had arrived, she began to get worried. Another hour went by and nobody came. Four more hours passed before Queen Primrose rose from her throne and went to her writing-room—there on the table were the invitations; she had been so tired the night before that she had forgotten to post them!

P. THORNE. Form III.

MOONLIGHT.

When the moon came shining out,
Haunted shadows danced about.
The stars were gleaming up on high
Against the velvety black sky.

The beeches whisper'd in the breeze,
The birches shone like silver trees.
The sunbeams all had said "Good-night,"
The rabbits slept in their burrows tight.

C. PHILLIPS. Form III.

MY POEM—WRITTEN BY ME.

To some of you I'm but a name,
To others I'm not even that ;
I make no sort of claim
To distinction or fame,
I'm an ord'nary, common black cat.

Though others are nobler of birth
(But none more expert with a rat!)
To my mistress I'm worth
More than most things on earth,
So I'm glad I'm a common black cat.

Once, when I was not very old,
I ran away, far beyond Mat. ;
All the School, I am told,
Searched for weeks in the cold,
To recover a common black cat.

My coat is as soft as can be,
I'm elegant, rather than fat,
My eyes sparkle with glee
Like the sun on the sea,
Though I'm only a common black cat.

My ways are enchanting, I know,
(I've learnt this from casual chat),
And wherever I go
People all seem to show
Great esteem for a common black cat.

My kittens are marvellous quite,
Their fur lies down beautif'ly flat,
They're so sleek, neat and light,
Clever, handsome, polite,
Though brought up by a common black cat.

Next term I am hoping to come
Back wearing my smart new school hat ;
And I trust there'll be some
Who will gladly welcome
A quite ord'nary, common black cat.

NITA.

Old Girls' Chronicle

SECRETARY'S NOTES AND REPORT OF OLD GIRLS' GUILD, 1943-1944.

To begin with, I must apologise to all the sub-secretaries who tried so hard to collect their news by the end of June, but were too late to have it printed. The choice lay between publishing a somewhat incomplete Old Girls' Chronicle, and omitting it entirely. It would have been great pity for the Old Girls' Guild not to be represented at all in the Centenary number of the Magazine. Hence the obvious omissions; I am very sorry.

New members of the Guild are:—Margaret Owen, Mary Phillips and June Burr, and five former members have re-joined:—Mrs. Hughenden Baines (Ella Thorpe), Mrs. Crosbee (Elizabeth Chamberlain), V. Joan Hughes, Mary Cliffe and Jean Hughes. Mrs. Thomas (Eveline Trower-Foyan) is now a Life Member. We have lost one very well-known member through death—Loui Chambers, and should like to offer our sympathy to her sister, Mabel Chambers. An appreciation of Loui Chambers, written by Mrs. Pollit, a contemporary of hers, will be found elsewhere in this magazine.

I should like to renew the appeal for members willing to take over the groups formerly under the care of Mary Wright, Phyllis Postance and Dora Rountree; at present Irene Bullock is coping with all of them, which means that with her own group as well she has over thirty people to write to!

Expenses this year will be rather heavier than in previous war years, as the cost per Magazine is easily double that per News-sheet, but even so we shall have a substantial balance in hand, and the suggestion has been made that a donation to the Centenary Gift Fund of say £10 (to double Cicely Wright's original gift) could safely be made from it. As there seems no hope of holding a business meeting in the immediate future, I should be glad to hear the opinion of other members on this subject.

Mention of the Centenary Gift Fund leads on to the question of what would be the most effective way of giving. If, as was suggested, the Fund is to be devoted to a new Library, after the war, very generous gifts will be needed, and I think some "target" should be aimed at by givers; for instance, we might each give a certain sum representing the number of years we spent at St. Elphin's, the unit for one year being 2/6, 5/-, £1, etc., as each could afford.

It has been disappointing not to hear from more members of the Prayer Fellowship; those who replied to my query in the last News-Sheet are:—A. Milligan, I. Bullock, E. Blakelock, B. Phelps, Mrs. Chandler (E. Phelps), M. Lancelot, R. Roseveare, M. Goodman, E. Evans. Surely there are others who have not dropped out?

STELLA ALLEN,
Hon. Secretary, O.G.G.

NEWS OF OLD GIRLS.

GWEN MARSDEN (née Gwynne) has lately rejoined the Guild. Her home is at Heswall, and she has two daughters.

PHYLLIS GAVIN (née White) leads a busy domestic life in Shrewsbury, and in addition acts as receptionist and secretary and does work for the W.V.S. and Red Cross. Her sister Winifred also lives in Shrewsbury, and has two boys, one of them at Shrewsbury School.

DOROTHY FITCH (née Shaw) sends word that her daughter Robin, now on the staff of St. George's Hospital, London, is at present "lent" to an emergency hospital near Portsmouth.

CICELY WRIGHT was compelled by circumstances to close down her educational agency at the end of April last year; its special function during the nine years of its existence was the recommendation of suitable candidates for specific posts. The present shortage of school staff no longer allows of work of this individual character. She is now engaged in writing a book which she hopes to publish in the autumn of next year.

LUCY UNWIN (née Bidlake) has entered her daughter Jennifer for St. Elphin's in 1946.

DORIS KAYE teaches in a boys' prep. school, and for the past year has been matron as well, but also does work for the Red Cross.

The friends of DOROTHEA FLINN (née Robbs) will be sorry to hear that her husband died last February.

MARY BAILEY has left Whittingham Emergency Hospital, Preston, and has now begun the four years general nursing training at Guy's Hospital, London. As she has very little spare time, she feels she must resign her sub-secretaryship, so would members of her group please send any communications direct to the secretary, for the time being.

RUTH ROSEVEARE is at present temporary house surgeon at the Womens Hospital, Wolverhampton.

BERYL LAYTON (née Drew) is now living at Pennywell, St. Hilary's Drive, Deganwy, North Wales. She is well and happy, a busy housewife and the mother of two children.

BETTY EDWIN (née Patrick) was married this year; she is at present in South Kensington, but is looking for a house elsewhere.

ESTHER JACKSON went out to Aden some months ago to do medical work, under the Colonial Office. She is attached to the general hospital of Aden, where she is the only woman doctor. Most of her patients are Moslems.

MRS. HUGHENDEN BAINES (nee Ella Thorpe) lives at Donadca Lodge, Babell, Nr. Holywell, Flint., and will be glad to welcome any Old Girl who finds herself in that part of the country.

MARY CLIFFE is a dentist's receptionist at Leicester.

PAT CLIFFE has finished her nursing training at St. George's Hospital, London, and when last heard of was about to look for another job.

V. JOAN HUGHES is in the A.T.S., but the following address will always find her:—C/o. Rye Lodge, Victor Road, Dore, Sheffield.

B. KATHLEEN JONES ("Beaky") has gone abroad with the Q.A.I.M.N.S.R.

ELIZABETH CROSBEE (née Chamberlain) has just begun to train as a nurse at Moxley Hospital, Wednesbury. Her husband was expected home at the end of June, after five years' service abroad, and was to be attached to the R.E.M.E. (See "Marriages.")

JANET CHAMBERLAIN is a Torpedo "Wren" at Immingham, nr. Grimsby.

BARBARA BANKES, who is taking her nursing training at Warrington Infirmary, did very well in her first exams.

MARGARET OWEN, who left school in 1936, has recently joined the Guild. She is working at the District Bank, Wigan, and living at home.

ELIZABETH EVANS is in the W.A.A.F., stationed at Inverness.

HELEN GILBERT is an A.T.S. sergeant at Worcester.

ELIZABETH KINGDEN is a W.A.A.F. meteorologist corporal at Dunstable.

MARY ASTIN is still at Manchester University.

DOROTHY EDWARDS is at the Foreign Office.

PHOEBE MELVILLE-WHITE is a W.A.A.F. corporal in Cambridgeshire.

BETTY CURRIE is also at Cambridge.

AILSA MOOR is nursing at the Royal Infirmary, Edinburgh.

OLGA MORT is a wireless operator in the A.T.S., and is billeted at Queen Ethelburga's School, Harrogate.

ANNE OTLEY has her commission in the W.A.A.F., and is at Henlow.

JOYCE SARGENT is in the W.R.N.S., at a Fleet Air Arm station in the South-west.

MARY SMARDEN is at the Air Ministry.

BARBARA BARROW is in the W.A.A.F. at Stanmore.

FELICITY FORSTER is at Glasgow University.

JEAN HUGHES is working in a nursery school at Sidmouth.

ROBIN BISSETT-SMITH will finish at Oxford this year, and is then going to Manchester for a course in Social Science.

FAY HENY is in the W.A.A.F. in Staffordshire.

MOLLY WARD is in the W.L.A. near Leominster.

JOAN RAMSDEN is in the W.R.N.S. in N. Ireland.

MARY DALLIMORE, in the W.R.N.S., is now stationed in London.

JOAN BRIX is training as a nurse at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, London.

MARY FIRTH is an A.T.S. corporal.

MERYL CHAMBERS, in the W.A.A.F., is now stationed near Exeter.

SYLVIA MOSER is in a munitions factory.

MARGARET BACON is still at Harrogate College, preparing for her 1st M.B.

JANE CLARKE is still at Oxford High School, working for her preliminary examination into Oxford University.

JUNE LOWE is going to the King's College of Household and Social Science, London University (evacuated to Leicester) to take her first examination, which will exempt her from 1st M.B. She then hopes to transfer to the Medical School.

KATHLEEN KERSHAW is nursing at a convalescent home in Hertfordshire, attached to Great Ormond Street Children's Hospital, before going to the Preliminary Training School in Great Ormond Street in October.

SHEILA LAMBERT has just successfully completed her first year's teaching practice at Maria Grey College, Dudley View, Worcester.

CYNTHIA LUCAS has spent a year working in an accountant's office, and is going to Leicester Domestic Science Training College in September.

RITA PHILLIPS has had a busy year at a school in Chester, and is hoping to go either to Hull University or Liverpool University College in October to take an Honours Degree in Zoology.

JEANETTE REYNOLDS has spent the winter working on a farm, and is now waiting to join the W.L.A.

PAMELA TOWLER is in a special unit of the F.A.N.Y. (Women's Transport Service), in which she is training to be a wireless operator.

JOAN BRITTAIN is very much enjoying life as a student radiographer at Sheffield Royal Infirmary.

BIDDY YATES is thoroughly enjoying the training at the School of Massage, Devonshire Royal Hospital, Buxton.

PAMELA LAWRENCE has had a year's preliminary training as a nurse in two annexes of the Sheffield Royal Infirmary, and is hoping to start her real training at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, London, in September.

ROSEMARY TONGE, when last heard of, was waiting to go into the W.R.N.S.

FLORA BISSET-SMITH hopes to go to Manchester University (Medical School) in September.

JUNE BURR is at the Norwich School of Art, where she is going to specialise in Interior Decoration.

JILL PATRICK has just taken the Intermediate B.Sc. Econ. examination at the London School of Economics and, if successful, will return next year to take the training as a statistician.

MARRIAGES

On September 16th, 1939, ELIZABETH CHAMBERLAIN to Lieut. GEOFFREY CROSBEE, H.M.S. Intelligence Corps.

On December 4th, 1943, at St. Wilfrid's Church, N. Muskham, Newark, Notts., KATHLEEN I. BALLACHEY to HENRY R. VENABLES, of Chiswick, London.

On February 24th, 1944, at St. Wilfrid's Church, S. Muskham, Newark, Notts., CONSTANCE B. ELING to Capt. W. S. BUTLER, R.A., of Newcastle.

In May, 1944, BETTY PATRICK to Mr. EDWIN (No details).

DEATHS.

On November 18th, 1943, CONNIE THORPE. She had been a Bishops' Messenger in the Diocese of Chester for some years, and had done much valuable work as Speakers' Representative for the Mothers' Union. She left school in 1913.

In February, 1944, LOUI CHAMBERS, sister of Mabel Chambers, and the first secretary of the Old Girls' Guild. (See "In memoriam" notice in main part of magazine.)

On February 12th, 1944, at The Close, Llantfairfechan, SUSAN WHITE, aged 71. Miss White was the youngest daughter of Dr. White, of Warrington, who for so many years was Medical Attendant to St. Elphin's School. She and her two sisters were well known to all at the School in its Warrington days, and were always ready to give it their help in any way possible. Many of us will remember her, and be sorry to hear of her death.

BALANCE SHEET.

YEAR ENDING 31ST DECEMBER, 1943.

RECEIPTS.	£	s.	d.	PAYMENTS	£	s.	d.
Balance, 1/1/43	17	15	11	Duplicating News Sheets ..	8	7	6
Subscriptions (125 at 3/-) ..	18	15	0	Secretary's Expenses ..	2	14	2
Miss Stopford for News Sheets	2	5	0	Treasurer's Expenses ..	0	8	7
Interest	0	9	10	Sub-Secretaries' Expenses	0	15	4
				Balance, 31/12/43	27	0	2
	<u>£39</u>	<u>5</u>	<u>9</u>		<u>£39</u>	<u>5</u>	<u>9</u>

LIFE SUBSCRIPTIONS FUND.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Balance, 1/1/43	2	14	0	Balance, 31/12/43	47	1	5
Life Subscriptions	44	2	0				
Interest 1943	0	5	5				
	<u>£47</u>	<u>1</u>	<u>5</u>		<u>£47</u>	<u>1</u>	<u>5</u>

MARY D. GOODMAN,

Hon. Treasurer, O.G.G.

J. A. THOMPSON AND CO. LIMITED
41 MOOREFIELD, LIVERPOOL 2