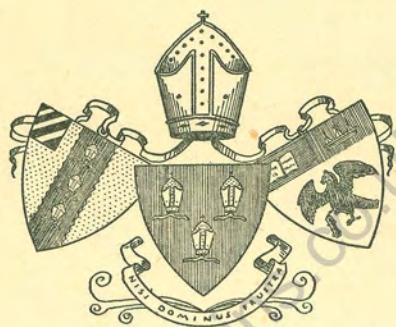


ST. ELPHIN'S MAGAZINE



ST. ELPHIN'S SCHOOL
DARLEY DALE
MATLOCK

No. 66

SEPTEMBER, 1948

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No. 66

September, 1948

EDITORIAL

THIS number of the School Magazine records the events of the school year 1947 to 1948, with some reference to those of the previous year. A number was prepared by Miss Crankshaw a year ago and sent to the printer. Shortage of paper prevented its being printed, so we have included some of the original contributions and news of Old Girls from it.

Since the last issue, the Centenary Number, a new Domestic Science Wing and Library have been opened. Among the chief events of 1946 was the production, as the annual school play, of Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird," in French.

In the Summer Term, 1948, Rev. R. J. Stanford, Rector of Darley, kindly gave to the senior girls a series of lectures on Fundamental Ideas of Religion. He explained the ideas of Holiness and of Prayer to be found in Judaism, Hinduism, Islam and other religions. We are very grateful for these lectures, and hope that he will continue them next term.

During the past two years, several members of the staff have left St. Elphin's, among them Miss Gregson, who, after many years of devoted service to the School, retired from the post of Director of Music in December, 1946. Her influence lives on in the love of music which she fostered, and in the tradition of chapel music which she built up. In July, 1946, Miss Julian Smith and Miss Jennie Gamble left, and in 1947, Miss Longmire. We remember thankfully Miss Longmire's work as Art Mistress, and Miss Julian Smith and Miss Gamble's services to the Chapel as Sacristans.

We should like to thank Miss Stella Allen and the sub-secretaries of the Old Girls' Guild for collecting the news which forms the Old Girls' Chronicle. We intend to publish the magazine annually, early in the Summer Term. We hope that Old Girls will send us accounts of the work they are doing, and that the present members of the School will freely express their ideas in art and in writing.

Acknowledgements

We thank Leeds Girls' High School for sending us their School Magazine.



"H.M.S. PINAFORE"

*St. Elphin's School,
Darley Dale,
Matlock.*

22nd July, 1948.

Dear Old and Present Girls,

It is with great pleasure that I write a brief note to welcome the re-appearance of the school magazine, the first issue since the Centenary number, but now we trust, to appear annually. This number covers two years as last year's issue was held up by the paper shortage.

We were very grateful to Miss Crankshaw for getting the 1947 number ready for the press and this year our warm thanks are due to Miss Hunt who, as English Mistress, is now the permanent magazine editor. These two years have been a time of development within the school, but as the school continues to grow and its activities become multiplied and many-sided we realise all the more that our strength lies in our roots. I hope Old Girls will always find us true to the traditions they themselves helped to form, for I am sure that the special contribution to be made by a school like ours in these difficult times lies in our ability to uphold firmly those ultimate standards of what is right and wrong, of what is true and false, which remain fixed and invariable however much public opinion may shift and waver.

It is with great pride that we read of the useful and often distinguished work being done by Old Girls in the world and I hope the School Magazine will serve to keep alive sympathetic interest between the past and the present members of the school just as it gives me a chance of reminding Old Girls of the real interest taken in them at St. Elphin's and of the warm welcome they will receive whenever they can return on a visit. We propose to hold an Old Girls' Reunion at the School next year from April 23rd to 26th. I shall be glad if any Old Girls who would like to come would write to me nearer the time and before the end of the Easter Term, March 30th, for full details.

It was a great pleasure to welcome Miss Flood to St. Elphin's at the beginning of 1947 and we are all so grateful to her for the excellent arrangements she makes for the London meetings. We hope to welcome her as our Guest of Honour at the April Reunion.

With best wishes to you all,

Yours affectionately,

E. E. STOPFORD.



SCHOOL PREFECTS, 1947—48

Audrey Gardner, *Head Girl*

Joan Gregory, *Deputy Head Girl*

Monica Cooke

Rosemary Hadfield

Barbara Ward

Wendy Bainbridge

CALENDAR OF EVENTS

Summer Term, 1947

- May 1—Beginning of Term
13—A party of girls went to York for the Gambia Festival.
15—Ascension Day. The school had a half-holiday and went for Form picnics. The Sixth Form went to Kelham, saw the Chapel of the Society of the Sacred Mission, and stayed to Solemn Evensong.
23—The Annual Gynmastics Competition was held. The cup was won by Powys House.
28—Bishop O'Ferrall confirmed fifteen girls in the School Chapel
31—Mr. Palmer gave an exhibition and talk on Etchings.
- June 7—Rev. C. Storrs Fox conducted a Quiet Day for confirmed girls.
8—The newly confirmed girls made their first Communion.
21—Sports Day.
- July 3—A Party of Girls went to Chesterfield to see "The Merchant of Venice."
24—Speech Day was held in the Drill Hall, Matlock, by kind permission of the Territorial Army. The Guest of Honour was Miss B. E. Gwyer, Former Principal of St. Hugh's College, Oxford. Miss Gwyer distributed the prizes and certificates and addressed the School.
25—End of Term.

Autumn Term, 1947

- Sept. 18—Beginning of Term.
Sept. 22—Mr. Frank Lowe gave a lantern lecture on animals.
- Oct. 1—The School Harvest Festival Service. The gifts of flowers, fruit, vegetables and groceries were divided between the Whitworth Hospital, Bakewell Cottage Hospital and Institution.
7—Mr. Roscoe spoke to the school about the British Empire Leprosy Relief Association.
14—Mr. Tidy of the S.P.G. spoke to the School about Burma.
- Nov. 20—In honour of the wedding of Princess Elizabeth, the School had a whole holiday. Special wedding music was played at Morning Chapel. The School listened to the broadcast. In the afternoon there was a cross-country run for the seniors and a treasure hunt for the juniors. This was followed by an entertainment.
24—Miss Trott, an Old Girl of the School, spoke to the School about her work in Japan.
26—Miss Duff Grant, Matron of Manchester Royal Infirmary, spoke to the School about nursing as a career.
- Dec. 17—Carol Service, the lighting of the Candles at the Crib, and Christmas Parties.
18—End of Term.

Spring Term, 1948

- Jan. 14—Beginning of Term.
Feb. 10—Mr. E. Walker gave a talk on Bookbinding.
11—Ash Wednesday. 3.30 Lent Service taken by Rev. R. W. Bansall.
13—Captain Lawson-Smith gave a lantern lecture on Deep Sea Diving.
16—Mr. P. J. Ashton spoke to the School about Palestine.
18—Lent Service taken by Rev. R. W. Bansall.
25—Lent Service taken by Rev. R. W. Bansall.
26—Miss Symons gave a lecture recital on English and French Folk Lore.
Mar. 2—Mr. Geoffrey Philippe gave a piano recital.
4—Lent Service taken by Rev. C. W. Trendell.
9—Miss Underwood, Travelling Secretary of the S.P.G., visited the School and gave two talks on India.
11—Veronica Lawton, an Old Girl of the School, brought some students of the Manchester College of Music, who gave a concert to the School.



EXAMINATION SUCCESSES

1946

- R. Newell was awarded a Cheshire County Major Scholarship in Science.
M. E. Martin was awarded an Exhibition in English at Westfield College, London.

Higher School Certificate Examination

(with "goods" gained)

- E. Hancock
M. Hibbins.
R. Newell. Distinction in Botany, Good in Zoology.
G. Owen. Good in Botany and Zoology
M. Williams

1947—48

- S. Hare. Kent County Major Exhibition, and entrance to Royal Holloway College, London.
H. Lund. Durham County Major Scholarship and entrance to St. Aidan's College, Durham.
F. Peters. Entrance to Westfield College, London.

Higher School Certificate Examination

(with "distinctions" and "goods" gained).

- J. Cox. Good in Botany and Zoology.
S. M. Hare
H. M. Lund
J. M. Swift. Distinction in English

School Certificate Examination

(with "very goods" gained).

M. Aitchison
W. Bainbridge. English Language, English Literature
A. Cartwright
R. Chadwick. English Literature
M. Cooke. Art
P. Ellis
B. Eves
S. Hetherington. English Language, English Literature
M. Hoyland. Art
E. Lamont. English Literature
W. Murray. Scripture, English Language, English Literature
E. Owen
E. Perry. Scripture
D. Selby
A. Tusting-Cocking
V. Waterhouse. English Literature
G. Bembridge. Art
M. Corsbie
C. Gordon. Art
P. Holmes
B. Pates
G. Rees. Scripture, Art
G. Robertson
S. Simpkinson
D. Smith. Art
P. Wheeldon

Associated Board of the Royal Schools of Music

Advanced Grade—W. Bainbridge (Credit), B. Eves, E. Perry

Higher Grade—J. Barber, M. Cardno, A. Foster, B. Lavender.

Lower Grade—A. Carson, B. Lavender, M. Lovell, P. Mosley.



PRIZE DAY, 1948

AN informal prize-giving was held at school on July 15th, 1948. Lady Stubbs kindly came to present the prizes and certificates. Miss Stopford introduced Lady Stubbs as one who, with her husband the late Sir Edward Stubbs, G.C.M.G. Governor in turn of Hong Kong, Jamaica, Cyprus and Ceylon, has lived in many parts of the world and has learned to know the things that count.

The two things which Lady Stubbs emphasised in her address were tradition and service. Tradition, "the act of delivering into the hands of another," is the wisdom of the past, the sure foundation on which to build, provided that we discriminate. We in St. Elphin's have a tradition which has been growing through the century of the School's life. Service is "an outward expression of our attitude to God." We wonder, especially those girls who are leaving school, what we are going to do with our lives. There is now current a dangerous and infectious idea that everything is being done for us, that service is not needed.

Service in the true sense, said Lady Stubbs, was never more deeply needed. The motive which should guide us in choosing a job is the need of our generation. Our choice may be limited by circumstances, such as family ties and responsibilities or lack of money. If our motive is merely inclination, or the desire to attract attention, or the love of power, our service will be of very little value. The only true motive is love of one's neighbour, that love which is understanding and which is related to the love of God.

The prize-giving was followed by a short entertainment of music and dancing, to which the Juniors and Middle School contributed.



THE SCHOOL CHAPEL

WE are very fortunate in having such a beautiful chapel which encourages the worship of the school and makes the work of the sacristans a real pleasure. We are able to enjoy a Holy Communion and Sung Eucharist service every Sunday.

During the Autumn, 1946, we were very sorry to lose Father Dibben, who has given up the school chaplaincy because he felt that he could no longer devote enough time to it as he had been appointed Vice-Provost of the Woodward Schools. Father Dibben has not left us completely, as he still continues to take Sunday duties here twice a term; and he also invites the sacristans and servers over to Staveley for Evensong on occasions. His place has been filled by the Rev. C. Storrs Fox, who has very kindly undertaken the school chaplaincy, even though he has no curate to help him in his Parish of Rowsley.

In the Autumn Term, 1947, we had our annual Harvest Festival service, which was conducted by the Rev. C. Storrs Fox. The Chapel was beautifully decorated and everyone enjoyed the service.

As is the custom the choir sang parts of "The Messiah" and several old English carols at the last evensong of the term.

We were at school for Palm Sunday this year, and we celebrated this with the blessing and distribution of palm crosses, followed by a procession. This, led by the Head Girl as Crucifer, went out of the sanctuary, through the sacristy, and was admitted to the chapel by the west door, after the Crucifer had knocked upon it three times with the cross; thus symbolising Christ's entry into Jerusalem. The service was taken by our chaplain.

The Bishop of Derby confirmed fifty girls this term on the Wednesday in Whitsuntide. This was an unusually large number and we are most grateful to the Rev. Storrs Fox for giving up so much of his time to preparing the candidates. There were many visitors present and the Bishop's address was most inspiring and helpful.

We were delighted this term, to have a visit from Bishop Gresford Jones, who has such a firm link with the school. His sermon made us think of the motives which should guide our choice of a profession. Taking his text from the parable of Dives and Lazarus, which was the Gospel for that day, he told us that we have to choose between compassion and inclination—the inclination to seek the purple and fine linen and sumptuous fare of a post offering security and ease. Compassion is the motive for teaching, nursing and work in the mission

field, the callings which he considered the highest women could follow. It was a great pleasure to have the Bishop among us once again.

Our Quiet Day was conducted by our school chaplain on the Saturday before half-term ; and we are most grateful to him for his very helpful addresses. It was attended by about seventy girls and members of the Staff. The newly confirmed girls made their first Communion on the Sunday, the service being taken by the Rev. C. Storrs Fox. Many people found this short retreat most helpful.

The Sunday of Sports' Day' week-end, our service of the Holy Communion was celebrated by the Bishop of Gambia who is in this country for the Lambeth Conference. We were pleased to see him again, as he is an old friend of the school.

We should like to thank all the priests who come to take Sunday duties for us.

BARBARA WARD, *Upper VI*



UNITED NATIONS EDUCATIONAL, SCIENTIFIC AND CULTURAL ORGANISATION.

IN accordance with the Government request that schools should be brought into touch with the work of U.N.E.S.C.O., St. Elphin's held in November, 1946 a U.N.E.S.C.O. week. During this period the afternoons were spent in a study of the life, customs and educational systems of various countries.

The first day was devoted to several parts of the British Empire. Elizabeth Storrs Fox told us something of Kenya, where she lived for some time before coming to England, and Florence Peters in an interesting account of the educational system of her native Gambia stressed the great need for raising the standard of education there. Miss Hunt based her talk on India on the life and work of the Indian poet Tagore ; finally Miss Stopford gave us the benefit of her personal experiences in Jamaica.

France was the subject on Tuesday, and Miss Ferguson gave us a most valuable insight into the French system of education. It was interesting to see the differences between the English and French outlook and methods. She finished her talk by taking us on a quick tour round Paris, especially fascinating to those members of the school who are expecting to go to Paris in the summer.

On the following day, there was a talk on America, the country with which, outside the British Empire, England has most affinities. In view of the part that this large country, with its vast resources, will of necessity play in future world affairs, it is essential for us to understand their point of view and way of life. Both the talks on France and America were helped by songs and singing games given by the children.

Finally on Thursday we had a very fascinating lantern-lecture given by Dr. Soutter. He and his family had spent many years in China, and he showed us some very lovely photographs, and gave us some very interesting facts about life in China. We are most grateful to Dr. Soutter for coming to St. Elphin's.

The aim behind all these talks was to enable us to know about other countries and in knowing more, to be more sympathetic towards them.

THE ELIZABETH VON THADDEN SCHULE, HEIDELBERG

DURING the past two years St. Elphin's has entered into relationship with a German School, the Elizabeth von Thadden Schule in Heidelberg. This contact was first made when some girls who learn German wished to have German pen-friends ; later other girls were put in touch with pen-friends with whom they correspond wholly in English. There are now more than sixty girls who write to us from Heidelberg.

The Elizabeth von Thadden Schule was founded, under another name, as a school principally intended for boarders and had for its buildings an old manor-house. Unfortunately, owing to the fact that the Allied troops held part of the buildings, the boarding part of the school had to be closed and was only able to be reopened a year ago. The School was renamed the Elizabeth von Thadden Schule after the war in honour of its last head-mistress, who was executed by the Nazis for her anti-Hitler activities, which she carried out as a member of the German Confessional Church.

Correspondence between the two schools has become fuller and more frequent ; photographs have been exchanged, and parcels of sweets were sent by us at Christmas and Easter. We have also sent some parcels of clothing given by some of the girls and staff. We are continuing to send these parcels as soon as enough clothing is collected. All have been greatly appreciated and we have received many letters of gratitude including the following : " You can't imagine the gladness I felt, when my teacher handed me the beautiful grey costume which your school had sent to ours. Thank you very much. It is wonderful that you help us German girls, whom you don't know and whom you perhaps never will see, in our hardest times."

" Today I will say you my cordial thanks for your very pretty present. From your packet received a very nice blue dress, which has blue buttons on the front part. The dress must only be a little changed and then I can wear it very well. You cannot imagine how happy I was to see that people in other countries try to help us with their own means."

We hope very much that in future our friendship with the Elizabeth von Thadden Schule will be strengthened in other ways.

H. LUND.



A VISIT TO PARIS

LAST summer Miss Ferguson took a party of girls to Paris. It was a new and exciting experience for us, and it was the first time Miss Ferguson had been to France since the war.

We all met in London where we stayed the night, and then took the boat train to Newhaven. The crossing was very calm, and I shall never forget our first sight of the shores of France, our arrival in the picturesque harbour of Dieppe, and the excitement of hearing French spoken for the first time.

We saw many interesting places in Paris, the most awe-inspiring

being the cathedral of Notre Dame. After a walk through the busy streets of Paris, and past the quaint bookstalls which line the pavement along the banks of the Seine, we arrived at Notre Dame and passed from the bright sunshine into the dim light of the cathedral. There was so much to admire that it is impossible to remember everything, but the things which impressed us most were the beautiful rose window, the intricate beauty of the architecture, and above all the feeling that it was the centre of the worship of the many Parisians who were to be seen there.

We visited also the Louvre, where we saw many famous pictures including the well-known 'Mona Lisa' of da Vinci. Another day we visited Les Invalides where we saw the tomb of Napoleon, and the torn ragged remnants of some of the flags used in his campaigns.

On the Sunday we went to a High Mass at the Roman Catholic Church of St. Etienne.

One of our most interesting outings was our visit to the famous palace of Louis XIV at Versailles. The palace is a beautiful and imposing building. We were shown round it by a guide, and saw many of the ornate and beautifully furnished rooms, including The Hall of Mirrors. The view of the gardens from the palace is most impressive. Massive stone steps gradually lead down from terrace to terrace until they reach a small lake at the bottom. The whole garden is a blaze of colour, and must be even more beautiful when all the many fountains are playing. We walked some way through the grounds, along straight avenues of trees down which it was easy to imagine the courtiers of old, returning on horseback from their day's hunting.

We walked around through the grounds, to a small lake by which is the attractive little village built specially for Marie Antoinette, who with her ladies-in-waiting delighted in playing at village life as she imagined it.

We hope that in future years Miss Ferguson will be able to take other parties abroad, as we enjoyed it so much.

J. HILL, *Upper VI.*



"H.M.S. PINAFORE"

GILBERT and Sullivan's "H.M.S. Pinafore" was performed in Matlock Bath Pavilion on May 8th, 1948. It was so successful that it was repeated in Bakewell Town Hall on July 17th and 19th, in aid of the funds of St. Helen's Church, Darley. The play was produced by Mr. Broun who helped to make the singing gay and exhilarating, and Mrs. Williams, who enabled everyone to live in her part and enjoy it.

The curtain rose upon a nautical scene. A white sail hoisted against a dazzling blue sky, rigging improvised from the Gymnasium ropes, and three large life-belts hanging on substantial bulwarks, were all assembled by Miss Garnett. By skilful handling of the lights, Miss Ansell produced bright sunlight or a subdued moonlight at the appropriate times. She was also responsible for the sea-breeze in which the Union Jack fluttered in sympathy with the fortunes of the hero.

The play was full of colour, which was chiefly due to the costumes, designed by Miss Ferguson and Miss Horner. The sailors, wearing white trousers and blouses with navy-striped collars and panama hats, swung their brown arms and swept the deck in time with a jaunty sea-song. The "sisters, cousins and aunts" tripped in daintily, their flower-trimmed bonnets and gay crinolines making vivid splashes of colour as they swept and swayed across the deck.

The part of Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B., was played by Rosemary Hadfield, who made an imposing figure as she entered accompanied by her devoted Cousin Hebe. The great and splendid Captain Corcoran, played by June Brierley, was rather abashed by the Admiral's insistent demands for politeness towards the crew ; but when assured that his charming daughter Josephine, played by Pat James, was betrothed to "the lord who ruled the water," he joined Sir Joseph in prancing light-heartedly beside Josephine in the popular song, "Never mind the why and wherefore."

Ralph Rackstraw, played by June Brooker, had a very clear and melodious voice employed most effectively in his marriage proposals. Other parts were played by Anne Carson as the emotional and buxom Buttercup, Wendy Bainbridge and Monica Cooke as the Bo'sun and his Mate who saw that the crew did not shirk their duties, and Elaine Owen as the repulsive Dick Deadeye.

E. PERRY, *Lower VI.*



THE BISHOP OF GAMBIA'S VISIT

THE Bishop of Gambia, an old friend of St. Elphin's, came to speak to us on the 24th June about his work, in which we are very much interested. The Bishop avoided the historical method, since he felt we knew too much about Gambia, and instead he spoke particularly of the achievements of Sammy Palmer and Andrew N'Jie, young men of his diocese. In this way he emphasised his main theme which was the great hunger for education in West Africa.

He spoke of how Sammy as a little boy had been given to him, when he first went out as Bishop, by his widowed mother. Sammy was taken into the Mission House of the Transfiguration, from where he attended the Methodist Boy's School. When he passed his School Certificate Examination and matriculated, he decided he wanted to become a Doctor ; and since no science was taught in Gambia Sammy had to go twelve hundred miles away to Achimota College on the Gold Coast to learn science. There he passed his first M.B. ; and later he succeeded in getting a government scholarship to England. Sammy is now doing very well at Bristol University where he has passed his second M.B.

The Bishop's account of Andrew, who used to be Momodan N'Jie until he became a Christian, interested us very much. He was a Mohammedan who lived with Sammy at the House of the Transfiguration and attended the same school. He wanted to be a dentist but he could not get a scholarship to come to England. The Government tried to make him study Arts and Crafts but Momodan would not be persuaded. The Bishop advised him to accept a temporary job at the local hospital and uphold the name of his street

"Perseverance" by persevering. It all happened very suddenly and Momodan was given a scholarship to England. He too, is doing extremely good work in Edinburgh University, where he had already passed the first part of his finals. He has now become a Christian in defiance of his family's feelings.

The Bishop showed the great eagerness of everyone to gain knowledge by a story of some stowaways who were discovered on his boat. One of them was a pupil-teacher from Nigeria who had hiked all the way to Bathurst and had found an admirable opportunity for stowing away on the ground nut boat. His great aim was to find a job in England and get enough money to attend a night school which would improve his education. The Bishop emphasised that the people of West Africa were craving for education, not because they want to be better than their fellow men, but because they want to be of more use to their country and people.

The Bishop also spoke of our great friends, Mr. and Mrs. Fye of Kristi Kunda. St. Elphin's has been specially interested in the work of Kristi Kunda and has corresponded with Mrs. Fye. Mr. Fye has received the M.B.E. for his pioneering work. He will be coming to England to train to be a priest; his wife may also come with him to study midwifery which will be very useful for her work in Gambia. The Bishop ended by saying he hoped St. Elphin's would be able to meet them when they come.

FLORENCE PETERS, *Upper VI.*



At the beginning of the year, Mrs. Williams kindly undertook the position of Dramatic Advisor to the society, while Miss Hunt retained her position of literary advisor.

Our first production was Shaw's "St. Joan," which took the form of a play-reading with stage movements. It was quite different from anything we had done previously, and was very well received by the school. This play has a large cast and it was difficult to find enough senior members with a knowledge of dramatics to take part in it. Therefore, with Miss Stopford's permission, Mrs. Williams and the committee decided to include the whole school in the society, instead of Middle Fifth upwards, with a lower rate of subscription for the junior members. It was also decided that there should be coaching classes for

anyone who wished to attend, including a study of mime, stagecraft and production. Thus, in the future, we hope people will be better equipped to take a leading part in the activities of the society.

Our next play was a comedy in one act—"Everybody comes to Mabel," by T. B. Morris, which was produced by a member of the committee. It was presented to the members only, who enjoyed it very much. Again it was a play-reading with stage movement.

During the Easter term we produced "Apple Pie Order," by T.B. Morris in aid of the Lent Fund. We raised £3.

Further productions were curtailed by rehearsals for the School Play, but having had one very successful coaching class there is great hope for the Society in the future.

ROSEMARY HADFIELD, *President.*



WILSON HOUSE SPORTS DAY 1948.

THIS year our Sports Day was held on June 19th. Once more St. Elphin's was very fortunate, for although it rained heavily all the morning, by lunch time there was a clear patch of blue sky over the pitch. As usual we had a splendid gathering of parents and friends, as well as several old girls.

All the races were run off smoothly and the events followed each other in quick succession. The Senior Relay was book-balancing on bicycles which caused a great deal of amusement because of the competitors' set faces as they rode to and fro with the books on their heads. The Junior Relay was leap-frog. Both events were won by Wilson House.

The traditional tug-of-war between the clergy and laity was won by the laity.

Mrs. Gardner, our head girl's mother, gave away the prizes for us this year. The House which gained the highest number of points was Wilson, which was closely followed by Kennedy.

The honour of Senior Victrix *Ludorum was shared by Cicely Armstrong and Monica Cooke. The Middle School Victrix Ludorum was Jill Cartwright, and the intermediate Lesley Smedley. Our usual bazaar was again successful and well patronised by our parents and friends. After tea there took place the Fathers' Cricket Match and the Mothers' Tennis Match. The parents showed their daughters what they could do and in both matches the school lost to the parents.

Altogether the day was a very successful one, and the school thanks Miss Maufe who enabled it all to run smoothly.

J. KING, *Upper V.*



FLETCHER HOUSE, 1947—1948

THIS year, on the whole has shown greater co-operation and house-spirit amongst the junior members, although the lack of seniors is a disadvantage, particularly in the athletic activities.

After holding the Order Shield for the school year 1946—1947 and the Autumn Term, we lost it for the Spring Term.

The Work Shield has not been in our possession for several years now. I feel that there is yet a long way to go before Fletcher regains it, because she is not working as hard as she is able, and greater effort is needed.

The Standard of games is slowly but steadily improving, although the cups still remain a little beyond our reach. The Hockey and Tennis teams have played well and shown more enthusiasm, but the Lacrosse team suffered from lack of play last year through the bad weather. The Cricket, formed again last year, has yet to prove its ability this year against Wilson. The Gymnastics Competition was held, and although our position was unchanged, our standard was very much nearer that attained by the other Houses.

On Sports Day the bazaar was again held, Fletcher raising a substantial sum of money.

Fletcher now has a very large number of Juniors so that our numbers are equal to those of the other Houses, and the prospects for Fletcher's future look very cheerful.

Committee

<i>Captain</i>	..	..	JOAN GREGORY
<i>Vice Captain</i>	..	..	ROSEMARY SMITH
<i>Appointed members</i>	..		CATHERINE SCUTTER EILEEN BURNETT
<i>Elected members</i>	..		ELIZABETH STORRS-FOX JOAN SWINDLE

KENNEDY HOUSE

THIS year has been quite a successful one for Kennedy.

I am pleased to say that there has been an improvement in the standard of work during this year, although there is room for even more.

At the end of the year 1946—47, Kennedy did not hold any of the shields, but succeeded in winning the hockey, badminton and cricket cups. This year, 1947—48, we lost the hockey and lacrosse cups to Wilson, but we managed to win the badminton cup for the fourth year in succession.

Kennedy has shown strong team spirit in games, and her successes are very gratifying, but the House must realise that work and order are just as important. In the future she must aim at raising the standard of work and at lowering the number of order marks.

At the end of the Autumn Term we had our usual House Parties, and we also had a party in honour of Mr. Storrs Fox's son. Each house did an entertainment, and the Kennedy Juniors acted a few scenes from "A Christmas Carol" by Dickens, and they did it well.

On the day of the Royal Silver Wedding the House went for a picnic at Rickety and we spent a very pleasant and happy afternoon together.

Kennedy House congratulates Helena Lund on winning a Durham County Major Scholarship on her Higher School Certificate.

Committee

<i>Head of House</i> ..	..	AUDREY GARDNER
<i>Vice Head</i> ..	..	ANN CARTWRIGHT
<i>Appointed Member</i> ..	..	DINA SELBY
<i>Elected Members</i> ..	..	JANET HILL JENNIFER POOLER CICELY ARMSTRONG



POWYS HOUSE

DURING the last two years, Powys has maintained a steady standard in work and order, showing a keen House Spirit in all activities. At the end of the year 1946—47 we were first in the Boarding Order, and third in the Work and Day Order. At the present time we are first in the Work and Boarding Order.

Our games standard has not been very high, but there is hope for the future among those lower down the school.

We played our first Hockey match against Fletcher and won 3—0. We then played against Wilson, who won 5—2. We were second in the contest for the Badminton Cup. We lost our first Lacrosse match to Kennedy. Unfortunately we did not retain the Gymnastics Cup this year, but were second.

There has been no Singing Competition for two years, so we still retain the Cup.

Florence Peters has greatly helped us in our work, by her gaining entrance to Westfield College, London, where she will be with Betty Martin and Mary Hibbins.

Outstanding events in the year for the house have been the House Party at Christmas, which everyone enjoyed very much, and the Royal Silver Wedding when we took a picnic to the "Happy Valley."

The two years have been happy for all the house, and there is hope for even happier times in the future.

Committee

<i>House Head</i>	..	..	R. HADFIELD
<i>Vice Head</i>	..	..	W. BAINBRIDGE
<i>Appointed Member</i>	..		E. PERRY
<i>Elected Members</i>	..		B. EVES
			P. THOMAS
			J. BROOKER
			P. DONALD



WILSON HOUSE

DURING the year, Wilson has been very successful in games but less so in Order. The previous year's work, 1946—47, resulted in the winning of the Work Shield, but the work at the house in general has deteriorated recently with the exception of some members.

The Hockey Cup and the Lacrosse Cups were both won by Wilson. Unfortunately we only came third in the Badminton Matches. During the Summer Term we have won the Gymnastics and Sports Cups, the latter for the fifth year in succession. Last year we won the Tennis Cup, and came second for the Cricket Cup.

The Annual Bazaar was held on Sports Day. The house proceeds, £18 16s., were added to the School General Funds for charities.

On the Silver Wedding anniversary, Wilson were able to go for a picnic to Stanton Moor. Everyone enjoyed this outing very much.

The close of the Summer Term always brings the loss of many members of the house. They have played a great part towards its success, and we are much indebted to them.

Committee

<i>Head of House</i>	..	..	MONICA COOKE
<i>Vice Head</i>	..	..	SUSAN HETHERINGTON
<i>Appointed members</i>	..		BARBARA WARD
			JEAN KING
<i>Elected members</i>	..		ELAINE OWEN
			MARGARET AITCHISON



HOUSE AWARDS, JULY 1948

<i>Work Shield</i>	..	..	..	POWYS
<i>Day Order Shield</i>	..	..	..	FLETCHER
<i>Boarding Order Shield</i>	..	..	..	POWYS
<i>Cricket Cup</i>	..	..	..	KENNEDY
<i>Tennis Cup</i>	..	..	..	WILSON

HOCKEY

THIS season's hockey began and ended well, and we were very fortunate in having good weather throughout most of the term, giving us ample time in which to practise, and raise our general standard of play.

We opened the season with two matches both played on the same day. The 1st XI played St. Ronan's, which was a victory to us, eight goals to two, this result was a good beginning, and the team gained much confidence and enthusiasm from it. Owing to a misunderstanding, our 2nd XI played the Convent's 1st XI, and after a well fought match, were beaten, six goals to three.

The third match of the term was played against the Convent, both teams consisting of a mixture of 1st and 2nd XI's. This match was very fast, and thoroughly enjoyed by all, and after an exciting game we won, seven goals to five.

During the second half of term we were unfortunate in having two of our matches cancelled.

The first of the remaining two was played on an icy surface, against Lady Manners' School, resulting in a draw, one all.

The last match was played against the Old Bailean Hockey Club, which we won, nine goals to four. This match was very well played, and the team showed ability and co-operated well together, forming a formidable line of attack, with a strong defence line behind.

The Inter-House matches were played at the end of term, Wilson beating Kennedy and Powys beating Fletcher, and after a thrilling final, Wilson defeated Powys by two goals to one.

This year, the standard of hockey has risen considerably owing to more chance of practising, and the team, although inexperienced was determined and enthusiastic, and we hope for as good results next year.

The Inter-Schools Tournament was played during the following term. As we play lacrosse this term, we were unable to get much practice, but the team played well, although just beaten.

The members of the School 1st XI were :—

<i>Goal</i>	..	..	..	MARGARET RADFORD
<i>Right Back</i>	..	..	..	CHRIS GORDON
				<i>Captain</i>
<i>Left Back</i>	..	..	..	BRENDA FOXON
<i>Right Half</i>	..	..	..	PAT JAMES
<i>Left Half</i>	..	..	..	GWEN BEMBRIDGE
<i>Centre Half</i>	..	..	..	JENNIFER POOLER
<i>Right Wing</i>	..	..	..	MONICA COOKE
<i>Right Inner</i>	..	..	..	ELIZABETH ROWE
<i>Centre Forward</i>	..	..	..	DINA SELBY
				<i>Vice-captain</i>
<i>Left Inner</i>	..	..	..	CICELY ARMSTRONG
<i>Left Wing</i>	..	..	..	Jean King

BADMINTON 1948

THE Inter-House Badminton cups was won by Kennedy House for the fourth year in succession.

SPRING TERM, 1948

LACROSSE

THE weather during this year was not so severe as during the previous year, so we were able to play more Lacrosse, but unfortunately only one match. This was against Sheffield University. We found them less strong than we expected, and we won the match, the score being 4—2.

The House Lacrosse matches were played at the end of the term. These created great excitement in the school, especially to Wilson, the winning house.



CRICKET

OWING to the small number of girls' schools in the neighbourhood who play cricket, the school team has had very few matches this term.

At the beginning of the term we lost the match against the Sheffield University Ladies' Cricket Club.

On the evening of Sports Day we played the Fathers, who beat us, but only by a small number of runs. We always enjoy playing them and we had a pleasant match.

During the latter half of term we played one match against the Convent School in Matlock and we beat them by 16 runs and 5 wickets.

AUDREY GARDNER, *Captain*.

The members of the school XI

<i>Wickets</i>	..	..	..	MARGARET BOWERS
<i>Point</i>	..	..	..	CICELY ARMSTRONG
<i>Cover Point</i>	..	..	..	EILEEN BURNETT
<i>Mid off</i>	..	..	..	JOAN GREGORY
<i>Mid on</i>	..	..	..	MARGARET NOTLEY
<i>Slips</i>	..	..	..	JUNE BRIERLEY
<i>Mid Wickets</i>	..	..	..	PAULA THOMAS
<i>Square Leg</i>	..	..	..	MARGARET RADFORD
				<i>Vice-Captain</i>
<i>Long Leg</i>	..	..	..	AUDREY GARDNER
				<i>Captain</i>
<i>Deep</i>	..	..	..	JEAN KING
<i>Change</i>	..	..	..	JUDY COOP



TENNIS

THE standard of tennis greatly improved towards the end of term, as a result of hard practising. The school team started off at a great disadvantage, having only one of its original members left.

The first match that was to have been played had to be cancelled, owing to rain. The second match was played against the girls of Lady Manners' School, Bakewell. This was won by St. Elphin's by 17 games, the score being 58 to 41. A match was played against the

girls of the Cavendish Grammar School and St. Elphin's was narrowly beaten by 5 games.

The House Tennis Cup of 1947 was won by Wilson House after brilliant play had been shown by Fletcher House.

The School Team consists of :—

- 1st Couple—CICELY ARMSTRONG, *Captain*
JEAN KING, *Vice-captain*
2nd Couple—MARGARET AITCHISON
MARGARET RADFORD
3rd Couple—DINA SELBY
PAT DONALD



Original Contributions

THE ROSE

Oh rose so deeply red that your soft bud
Seems like a drop o'erflown from some deep heart
Dark drenched with love,
Free me with your beauty,
And let your velvet-petalled tip
Satisfy the craving you inspire.
To what heaven does your incense rise ?
Oh, take me thither in your gentle eyes,
And let me worship the High Deity
Whose love gave you being,
From whom you arise.
Oh, dark enchantress,
Completing the circle of fulfilment
As you pour beauty forth
And pouring die, to live again,
Let me come with you,
And in your last sigh to the caressing sun
Let me absorbed be,
So that free at last-yet for ever connected—
We live through the Blood from the Heart of Grace.

A. ROBERTS, *Lower VI.*
(1946—47)



THE MASSACRE OF THE INNOCENTS

For his revenge did cruel Herod plot,
And from his purpose faltered not,
Neglected and alone in kingly pride,
He sat there, musing, crafty-eyed . . .
Next day the babes of Bethlehem died.

M. BEVINGTON, *Upper VI.*

THE EVENING STAR

The twilight slowly deepens into night
Just as the lights fade gradually away,
Before the opening curtain of the play
Fills all the theatre with dazzling light.

The chattering ceases and the music dies,
For all is ready, and the stage is set.
Behind the scenes the actors, ready met
Await their call with steadfast, shining eyes.

Before our watchful eye the curtain draws,
The mist is gone, the stage is gently lit
Amidst the shadows dancers softly flit
And gradually, the chorus seems to pause . . .

We hear the sound of nature's beating drum,
A soft light glows, it glistens and draws near,
And as it brightens, so it glows more clear,
Till all is silent, and the star is come.

M. BEVINGTON, *Upper VI.*



THE VILLAGE GOSSIP

She trips along the village streets,
Her tiny feet a-patter,
She nods her head to all she meets,
Her little tongue a-chatter.

Tells us the crime-wave and the scandal,
And also all the news ;
From Lady Grand to Widow Randall
From Main Street to the Mews.

Her skimpy skirts and wispy hair,
Her shopping bag all torn,
Her clothes have many a rent and tear,
Shoes down-at-heel and worn.

She doesn't care a rap for home,
Her heart is set on talking,
She don't care if the children roam,
She's always out a-walking.

She's never time to make a bed,
Her house is that untidy !
She's always gossiping instead,
From Friday until Friday.

G. REES, *Upper VA.*
(1946—47)

KENYA

IN Kenya the weather is almost always pleasing, hot and dry most of the year, with some rain in July; then it rains hard for several days, and then we have no more rain for weeks or even months.

There wild animals are seen in their natural haunts instead of penned up in uncomfortable cages. It is a lovely sight to see a family of lion cubs, gambolling and frolicking in an open patch of grass, or to see a herd of dainty antelopes or zebras, drinking from a water-hole on a moonlit night, or again, you may see a herd of timid giraffes lifting their long, graceful necks to nibble a tit-bit from the top of a flat-topped thorn tree.

Many parts of the country are still very uncivilized, and it is delightful to get away from the noise and bustle of a civilized town, to go right out into the wilds and watch the native people going about their sundry occupations, looking very cheerful and often singing, the native woman hoeing in her maize patch or the children herding the sheep and goats, the warriors walking along carrying their spears and weapons, or the buck they have killed.

The scenery is magnificent; you can see for miles because the atmosphere is not polluted by dirty smoke and the only hindrance is the heat haze. You can be standing on one side of a valley, and see a waterfall cascading for a thousand or more feet down a steep cliff. Then, looking down, you can see a lake in the valley below, and the winding course of a river, marked by a strip of green in an otherwise dry land. On the other side of the valley, thirty miles away are steep cliffs and precipices; over all this is the rugged splendour of a mountain peak capped with everlasting snow.

Then there is the excitement of Africa: you can be in bed at night and hear a lion roar, or go outside and find that a leopard has passed under your very window while you were asleep.

Your car may break down miles away from anywhere, and you may find yourself on a road which nobody traverses for days. Sometimes the wild, excited yells of the warriors of the locality, engaged in a breath-taking leopard hunt keep you awake. Having killed their quarry, they gather for a celebration, which goes on far into the night.

E. STORRS FOX, *Middle V.*
(1946—47)



IN DEFENCE OF NOISE

WHEREVER we go we are sure to find some sort of noise and man could not exist without it. There are many kinds of noises: the cries of animals, the rising hum of conversation at the Mothers' Union, or the sound of our neighbour's wireless shrieking out through the open window.

In all the inhabited corners of the earth we find noise, which is loved by all, except the eccentric. Take for instance, the school. As soon as the rather frightened visitor crosses the threshold of the gates, he is welcomed by that delicious roar, so musical to the ear of the schoolgirl, which announces to him that the school is enjoying its

dinner. The fact that it is enjoying it so much is not wholly due to the popular fish and 'stodge' it is devouring, but to the noise it is making.

Also, in the classroom, the girls would not enjoy their lesson nearly so much, if no one besides the teacher were making a noise. However, in a normal school, both teacher and pupil are happy making their different noises in lessons.

Again, in preparation, the time one spends upon one's Latin or English would pass even more slowly if one did not hear comforting noises coming from one's neighbour who is sighing and groaning over the Science.

Then there are the noises in the home. There are always to be heard the musical yells coming from the baby, or the cat purring, mingled with Tommy Handley or some comedian cackling with laughter over a recently made joke, and the milk, having boiled over, sizzling furiously on the stove. Although people might, now and again, complain about one or other of these noises, they would be strangely upset, if they were absent. After all, we love these for their sweet familiarity and our home would cease to be home if they were missing.

There are the musical noises—our small sister strumming laboriously at her scales, trying to drown the strains of the Palm Court Orchestra on the wireless, Father up in the bathroom whistling while shaving or the 'daily help' singing in her glorious contralto as she scrubs the kitchen floor. All these noises help us through our work, and at the close of day we can sit down quietly and enjoy Concert Hour or Jazz Club. Both these items are equally satisfying to the average person, as they help to create a noise.

There are innumerable kinds of noises that help to make life worth living. Man could not endure living in silence, for all of us are natural lovers of noise, whatever its pitch or note.

SHIRLEY LEWIS, *Middle V.*



"I HOPE NEVER TO RETURN THERE"

I was about ten years old at the time. I had no parents and I lived with about fifty more children in a large, bleak house : namely the Orphanage. I cannot remember the time when I was not herded together with them, as though no-one had any personality.

We were dressed in the same fashion, green-checked gingham for the summer and grey serge for the winter, we lived our fifty lives as one, the only things different were our faces. When I say that, do not think our expressions differed, they did not. It was only our features. The expressions on our faces never varied individually ; if one was beaten we all cried in sympathy ; if one found some small joy we shared it accordingly.

There was only one dormitory, one school-room, one dining room and—oh ! smallest of all—one play-room. There were many other rooms, but they were forbidden territory. One particular room, at the south of the building looking out over the estate, was the most sacred of them all. We rarely visited it, and when we did we returned with swollen eyes after being punished for some small offence. You can guess that this room belonged to our principal.

One morning after breakfast, in early June, the matron of our Orphanage summoned me to her room. It was a beautiful sunny morning, but to me it soon became as dark as a November night. I know what this meant, I was wanted by the principal. Before going I had to be scrubbed and polished, till I shone like a new pin : all this time I was trying to think of any crime I had unwittingly committed—none came to my mind. Soon, however, I was ready. My hair was pulled tightly across my skull and plaited even more tightly in two small tufts, which protruded like antlers from the back of my neck. I was wearing a clean frock of green gingham and the newest shoes of my size the matron possessed.

She ushered me quickly along the passage to the door and left me, telling me to knock for myself. After a long hesitation, I knocked, I could not go back now. Soon I was in the room, how I do not know, and staring dazedly at the most lovely lady I had ever seen. It was all over very quickly. The lady had decided to adopt me. I was speechless with delight and also there was a pang of remorse for my more unfortunate comrades.

Within an hour I was driving our of the wrought iron gates, still gazing at the lady and still speechless, to a new life and future. I thought of all my past life with pain and sorrow and said to myself, "I hope never to return there."

PATRICIA HAYWARD, *Middle V.*
(1947—48).

IN DISGRACE

"Master, what is wrong to-day ?
Why look at these holes with such dismay ?
I only dug them for my bones
Why speak in such appalling tones ?
I'm sure I haven't hurt the lawn,
And only parts of it are torn.
What is this ? a rockery stone ?
I pushed it there to find my bone.
And this you said a rose tree ? Good !
This dirty piece of dried-up wood !
And now you take my bone away !
Oh ! surely I can go and play.
You've got the lead ! Good, gracious me !
Now where's the safest place to flee ?
Up the stairs and under the bed,
Or, maybe, out of doors instead.
'He who hesitates is lost'
The master in the hall has crossed,
And stands to catch me, waiting there,
As I watch him from my chair.
And swearing at my harmless play,
He drags me out, the price to pay."

C. PHILIPS, *Lower V.*
(1946—47)

APRIL

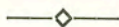
Bringing sweet scents and showers,
Bringing the shy, wild flowers,
Laughing away the hours,
Sweet April comes.

The hawthorn blooms to greet her,
The swallows fly to meet her,
The pear tree loves to seat her
On blossom'd bough.

Now all is song and laughter,
The cuckoo follows after,
The brown bat leaves the rafter,
The young lambs play.

The trees put on green dresses,
When April shakes her tresses ;
And God the harvest blesses,
When April comes.

A. DAWS, *Lower V.A.*



AN ARISTOCRATIC CHINESE LADY AND BRITISH COMMONER

CHANG-Wang is light fawn in colour, and has a very pug nose. She has long hair, tufts on her ears and a short but sweeping tail. Her mistress is a very fussy old lady who always wears purple and still clings to the old-fashioned lorgnette which she has fastened to her frocks by a small gold brooch and a piece of black velvet ribbon. Chang-Wang is also fussy like her mistress. Because she is considered aristocratic and also Chinese, she has her food off a green lacquer dish with gold dragons on it. She is fed on nothing but the best food such as creamed chicken and baked plaice and sometimes a small portion of liver. Instead of rushing along like an ordinary dog, she waddles fatly when she walks, owing to the fact that she has only rich things to eat, and her mistress's lady friends always give her sugar biscuits when she goes out to tea with them.

She has her own gold silk cushion. When she goes out for a walk she wears a little harness with bells on it which tinkle as she walks. Needless to say, some boys usually jeer at her because she often has a blue silk bow on her harness.

All this petting makes her snarl when anyone other than her mistress has anything to do with her, that is, except when offering her a tit-bit. In her young days she was able to catch a piece of sugar on her nose but now she cannot as she is too fat. She spends most of her time sleeping. Her portliness is partly due to her not having enough exercise.

Blot has a pointed muzzle with alert ears. His colour is a very dark brown except for a white blot round his left eye ; this white blot gives

him rather a rakish face. He is rather battle-scarred and has a large piece out of his left ear and his eye is partly closed. He is nobody's dog. Nearly everyone shuns him and when anything disappears, he is always suspected of having something to do with its disappearance. Instead of being given food at regular intervals, he has to poach rabbits when he can, or go without. He once lived with a poacher, but the poacher went off and left him to his own devices. There is one farmhouse to which he is always welcome as once he was prowling round and a burglar nearly rifled the safe. But Blot, thinking he smelt sinister, seized him by the leg and held him screaming till the farmer came. Now the farmer's wife usually gives him a good meal when she sees him and also a large bone. Because he is always on the run, he is gaunt, rather thin and haggard-looking. Yet he can run like the wind.

L. NEGUS, *Lower V.A.*
(1947—48)



THE GLORY OF POCKETS

A CHILD'S pocket may be filled with a number of things, provided that it lacks a hole. If there is a hole, however, the objects in the pockets depend on their own size and the size of the hole in question. The objects become fewer and bigger and the smaller objects are transported to a sounder pocket. If the owner is very lucky, he may have a lining which is sewn along the hem of the garment. If this is the case there is nothing more to desire, except something to fill this wide space. All holes in the pocket are widened to their widest capacity and objects begin to move in. Collections of various kinds can be made with the assurance that there will be plenty of room : collections such as clean pebbles, pieces of string, cotton reels, empty snail-shells, a wide range of tickets, pieces of paper and stub ends of pencils.

One must be wary of the eagle eye of an adult who, having got past the stage of collecting things of interest, now looks on them with scorn. This scorn cannot be understood by the collector, for they are as important to him as Government and business matters are to adults.

Their annoyance at the sight of an untidy mass of odds and ends blinds them to their value as a collection of treasures. They find reasons for depriving the owner of them and having got them, what do they do? Burn the orange bus ticket and put the rest of the loot in the dust bin. But treasures do not stay in the dust bin long ; even yet they may save the owner from numerous dangers and bring good luck.

As the child grows older, catapults, complete with spare parts and ammunition, begin to appear, knives, and whistles, buttons, scarves and ties, which looked better off than on, or came off during a game, and water-pistols and pea-shooters. These things cannot, surely, do any harm to adults either mentally or physically, if not in the hands of the owner. It should be with the greatest of pleasure, that a mother in the middle of washing a garment secures the treasure from the horrors and tortures of mangling and ironing. Besides, think of the monotony it relieves. If the mother really wanted to miss these joys, she should tell the owner when a washing attack is going to be made or the cleaners

are going to get a job. Only minor treasures or over-flows are affected by this danger, because the most useful of the treasures are carried on the owner's person, which saves him some disappointment and the pockets some dishonour.

RUTH BERRY, *Lower VA.*
(1946—47)



A PRAYER FROM A SHEPHERD IN THE 1939—45 WAR

Oh ! How I long for the open moor,
And my little hut with brown peat floor,
The smell of the rain and the wind and the sun,
Away from the sound of a booming gun,
Away from the slaughter of beast and man,
To hold in my arms a new-born lamb,
To watch them as they skip and play,
And help them when they lose their way.
“ Oh God Almighty, up on high,
Please grant me this before I die :
That I may see my home once more,
And stroke my dog and shake his paw,
And, if this thing can surely be,
Then I'll renew my faith in Thee.”

C. PHILLIPS, *Lower V.*
(1946—47)



NIGHT

The sky is clear and blue,
The blinding sun
Dazzles one's eyes, but,
When day is done,
Night falls.

The lonely, dark, cool night,
When all shall sleep.
The silvery moon.
Sails the blue deep
Alone.

And then the rosy dawn
Pierces the sky.
The light-giving sun
Is drawing nigh.
Night goes.

MADELEINE HOGG, *Lower IV.*
(1947—48)

OLD GIRLS' CHRONICLE

Secretary's Notes

IF some of the news appearing below seems rather out-of-date, it is because much of it was collected for the 1947 magazine, which the printer was unable to publish. This is the answer to the many queries received about the magazine during the past year. (May I say thank you to the Editor for giving us these pages in this year's issue?)

Since the end of the war we have had two London reunions, arranged by Miss Flood, but so far none at Manchester. If we could have one in the North this Autumn we should have at last returned to the old tradition of alternate London and Manchester meetings. Duplicated forms are being circulated to all members, with the request that they fill in as soon as possible their address and other details, so that an up-to-date address-book can be published. This will also help the organiser of the reunions to decide whom to inform beforehand.

Joan Brittain has very kindly taken over Flora Bisset-Smith's group, as Flora finds that Medicine takes up all her time now. The following sub-secretaries also wish to resign: W. Garnett, B. Layton and J. Harris. I should be grateful to anyone who would volunteer to adopt their groups which consist of eleven, six and ten members respectively.

Many thanks to all sub-secretaries who collected their news and subscriptions and sent them in punctually. May I remind members that annual subscriptions are payable on January 1st, and should reach the Treasurer by March 25th, (Quarter Day). These dates were fixed at the business meeting held at St. Elphin's in April, 1946.

STELLA ALLEN, *Hon. Sec. O.G.G.*

The Roof-tree,

West Street,

Somerton,

Somerset.

London Reunion, 1947

A reunion, arranged by Miss Flood, was held at 3 p.m. on April 26th, at the Y.W.C.A., Great Russell Street. A short meeting took place, at which Miss Stopford took the chair, as Miss Flood had so recently come out of a nursing home. Miss Dorothea Trott talked to the Old Girls about her life in Japan just before the outbreak of war. The rest of the time was spent in conversation and in drinking tea.

Those present included: Miss Flood, Miss Stopford, Miss Gregson, Miss McKenzie, Miss Hall, Miss Just, Dorothea Trott, Muriel Touche (née Winckley), Cicely Whittington, Dorothy Reynolds (née Srawley), Dorothea Flinn (née Robbs), Ella Baines (née Thorpe), Dorothy Cheesman (née Howe), Mabel Hedley, Patricia Mayne, Freda Plant, Betty Martin, Mary Phillips, Sylvia May, W. Spencer, E. M. Carus-Wilson, Irene Bullock, Grace Townsend (née Blakelock), Connie Hardwick (née Kaye), Helen Gilbert, Cynthia Lucas, Paddy Smardon, Joan Bradfield, Joanne Wells, Rowan Price-Rhys (née Wilkin), Stella Allan, Doris Kaye, Kathleen Wilson, Helen Karn, June Lowe, Betty Edwin (née Patrick), Syvil Osmond (née Wells), Joan Chadbund (née Wells), Mary Goodman.

One very old member present was Mrs. Nellie Robbs (née Moore),

aged 83, the mother of Dorothea Flinn. She was at the school in Warrington days.

All present agreed that a London reunion was such a marked success that one should be held every year. Miss Flood volunteered to book the room for it, and has since suggested that a "London List" should be compiled, to consist of members living or working in or near London. Any St. Elphinite going up to town for work or training should get in touch with Miss Flood or the Secretary, and her name will be put on the list for reunion invitations.

London Reunion, 1948

THE London reunion of April 17th this year was again organised by Miss Flood, and held at the Y.W.C.A., Great Russell Street.

Old Girls were interested to hear Miss Flood, (who is in much better health than last year), speak about the active life she leads ; her occupations range from G.F.S. work and running a play-reading group, to looking after children of three to four years of age.

The Minutes of the last meeting were read and approved, the Treasurer's report read and the balance sheet presented.

Miss Stopford, who had come down from Derbyshire specially for the meeting, then gave a most interesting and informative talk about the internal affairs of the present school, and also said that it was hoped to hold another reunion at St. Elphin's in 1949.

It was proposed that a memorial to Old Girls who gave their lives during the war should be placed in the school chapel, and it was decided that a committee should be appointed to discuss what form the memorial should take.

The reunion continued till 5.30 p.m. Those present included :— Miss Flood, Miss Stopford, Miss Burchnall, Ella Baines (née Thorpe), Dorothy Cheesman (née Howe), Ruth Scott (née Scott), Margaret Williams (née Pollock-Hill), Margaret Griffiths (née Ashton), Dorothy Nightingale (née Nash), Dorothy Edwards, Olga Mort, Hazel Foster, Muriel M. Jones, Jean Beauchamp, Joan Brittain, Molly Keane, Jean Watson, Jane Clarke, Buntty Ray, Jill Proth (née Patrick), Margaret Aubrey- Cound, Margaret Lang, Joan McIlidowie (née Ballachey), Charity Maudslay (née Johnston), Alix Berwick, Rachal Johnston, Margaret Houghton, Margaret Williams (née Thompson), Winifred Watkins (née Knight), Ethne Boswell (née O'Ferrall), Ruth Adam (née King), Anna Devinney, Richmal Crompton Lambern, Stella Allen, Miss Cole.

IN MEMORIAM

Mabel Chambers

IT was with great regret that we heard of the death of Mabel Chambers. All those of us whose memories go back to the days of long ago, will know that the affection and loyalty which Mabel and her sisters throughout their lives showed towards the school was outstanding. The name "St. Elphin's" bore a charm for them, and they were ever ready to give support to it in any way they could. Up to their very last years they never failed to attend the Re-unions.

Enthusiasm for whatever she was doing was a marked characteristic in Mabel's nature, and it did not fail her in her dealings with St. Elphin's. She remained a sub-secretary of the Old Girls' Guild from the time of its formation in 1911, until the time of her passing on, and it was always most interesting to listen to her recollections of the customs of the school in the days long gone by.

May she rest in peace.

H. M. THATCHER.

Biddy Johnson

IN August 1947 Biddy Johnson died at the age of eighteen after a life of suffering borne with great fortitude. She was in her second year at St. Elphin's when I came in 1941 and was so cheerful and lively a member of the Upper Fourth that for some time I had little realisation of the ordeals she underwent in the holidays and had suffered throughout her life by the extreme and dangerous attacks of asthma to which she was subject. It seemed at first as though Darley Dale was a place in which she would be able to escape from this trouble and I believe her two years here were the healthiest she was to know. At the end of the Summer Term of 1942 however she was overtaken by a very severe attack and was in the sanatorium for the first weeks of the holidays in a serious condition. Those who looked after her marvelled at the gallant way in which she rallied in the intervals between the attacks, and her courage was made the subject of one of our acts of thanksgiving during the end-of-term Retreat we were then holding. Father Charles, who was conducting the Retreat, often visited her and taught her the Prayer of Saint Francis which she used to the end of her life and from which are taken the words on her memorial tablet now in the School Chapel. This illness put an end to her time at school and the rest of her life was spent combating attacks of asthma, either at hospital or at home, where the heroism of her parents combined with Biddy's own indomitability in refusing to let her accept the conventional rôle of a chronic invalid. She loved poetry, books and nature. We print a delightful essay which she wrote on "Hills." It was after a happy holiday in the Welsh hills that the end came very suddenly last summer. I was anxious that we should have in our Chapel a lasting record of such splendid courage under difficulties to inspire all who worship there and by the generosity of her parents and her friends among staff and Old Girls a tablet has been erected in the Chapel. This was dedicated by Father Dibben and unveiled by her mother at a service held on July 18th, the last Sunday of term. The wording on the tablet is as follows :—

In memory of
Biddy Johnson

Who, after a life of suffering borne with gallant
courage, entered into rest on August 7th 1947.

Aged eighteen years.

"It is in dying that we are born to eternal
life."

At the same time Father Dibben dedicated a beautiful silver alms dish which Mr. and Mrs. Johnson have given to the Chapel in memory of Biddy's time at school. Let us remember that it is not alone by

the work and love of Old Girls in this life that the school is encouraged and helped.

In the communion of Saints
Is wisdom, safely and delight ;
And when my heart declines and faints
It's raised by their heat and light.

THE HILLS

WHY are some people stirred by the hills, while others feel nothing? Is their charm too subtle for some to feel? Charm is too light a word for the compelling, primitive force with which they affect you. Everyone must feel this force, but while some welcome it, others resent the intrusion on their feelings and prefer the more passive attractions of the lowlands,

But the hills, like cats, are indifferent to men. They hold great cities and little villages in their palms, and seem not to notice that their air is fouled with smoke and their sides scarred with quarries. For the Bank Holiday crowds that desecrate their silence with rowdy noise, and their beauty with paper bags and empty tins, they have nothing but a faint contempt. Throughout all the noise and dirt mankind can spill upon them they are serene and seem to say, "We shall be there always : you cannot destroy us."

Indifferent as they are towards men, they yet have moods. One of their greatest attractions is this changeful changelessness, always there and always different. They have playful moods in which they will tempt you up their steepest slopes with flickering sunlight and shadow only to envelope you in white cloud when you reach the top. On some days they are dark and brooding, treacherous underfoot and silent with the silence of mist : it is then that they feel most pagan, as if Valhalla might open and some Norse god come striding through the dripping pine-woods spear in hand. They have mad moods, when everything is colour and movement, when shadows chase themselves and a high wind tears the clouds to tatters and sends them flapping round the crags, when streams laugh and dance, and the air is full of the intoxicating smell of peat and damp moss. On other days they are lazy and still with a heat-haze shimmering over the rocks ; the air is so thick with heat that it muffles the tiny whisper of the shrunken stream, and the only sound is the soft scraping of a grass-hopper hidden in the dark shade of a stone.

There are those who say that the hills are barren land and that farming there is all "stone walls and starvation." This is no rich, lush country for lazy husbandmen to grow fat upon. The hills cannot be conquered by the plough, their steep slopes and stony soil save them from the civilized charm of cultivation and have thus kept them unchanged through the centuries.

The hills have always meant something to us. Perhaps it is because back in the Dark Ages our forefathers made their first homes on these high bare places. As civilization spread, their descendants slowly ebbed away to the more fertile valleys and plains, leaving the hills desolate once more. All through history, in times of trouble, man has returned to the stronghold of the high land—to the hills that were once his home and are always his refuge.

ELIZABETH JOHNSON.

LETTER FROM INDIA

*St. Stephen's Hospital,
Delhi, 24/11/47*

Dear Old School,

There is so much unrest in the world today that the troubles of one place seem nothing to those in another, and yet the difficulties that each one of us has to put up with seem at times to be almost unendurable. You in England have had and are having weekly more and more difficulties to face, and from all I hear you are putting up with them very patiently. Europe, too, has been through awful trials and is still far from comfortable. China is suffering all the horrors and hardships of prolonged war. And then suddenly India's name was added to the list of countries torn by war.

I live in Delhi which has figured so much in the news this autumn, so perhaps you might like to hear how it appeared to me.

August 15th was a wonderful day in the history of India—the actual handing over of Government by the British to the separate governments of the Dominions of Pakistan and India. It was a day of great rejoicing, and seeing the Governor General and Lady Mountbatten, who are as popular here as in England, drive in state in an open coach, was as thrilling as it must have been for you to see Princess Elizabeth drive to her wedding.

But even while the rejoicing in Delhi was going on, the most foul murders were being carried out within a few miles of the city, and it was only two weeks later that the horrors spread to the city itself. Curfew was enforced which I have learnt to get used to in the two years I have been here. The very word brings to mind William the Conqueror and the Doomsday Book, though we heard the word used during the war when it was enforced in the Low Countries. Curfew may be a great nuisance to those working distances from their homes, but it is a protective measure and not merely clamped down to be annoying. Things happened quickly then, Patients in hospital who depend on having their food brought to them from their homes each day were having to go hungry. Tales of murder and looting reached their ears and very soon those who could were asking to go home or else just running away. Night after night of shooting and screams not far from here were very wearing and we wanted in some way to help. There was obviously plenty of medical aid required. All casualties were taken to the big Government hospital three miles away in New Delhi, so two of us went there daily to do what we could. Casualties were pouring in, some severely injured, others not so badly. These were put on the floor, the only available space left. Our almost empty hospital was then used to take some of the injured, so we were kept busy at home. But though we had more to do, and more help was coming in to the Government hospital, there was help needed at the refuge camps. Two of the old gardens dating back to Moghul times, glorious picnic spots, were rapidly filling up with Muslims escaping from the city for refuge. Conditions were awful. Their home conditions were nothing to boast of, but here they had no shelter, no water, no food, and some had only what they stood up in. Food came, and medicines, and outside, and then tents and water taps at more accessible places ; then the rains came—weeks later than usual. Only a few had acquired tents—the others

had no alternative to getting soaked. And then dysentery and cholera came and the situation looked desperate. But in spite of 60,000 or so people being crowded together in such grim circumstances, conditions improved and organisation got things under control. Gradually the exodus began. Huge train loads were getting out of the city to Pakistan. Many never arrived but thousands did.

Meanwhile we had taken in six children to our hospital, who had been injured and whose parents had apparently been killed. What were we going to do with six Muslim children between twelve and three years? They were such dears and we were getting fond of them, but by the end of a month when their injuries were nearly cured we thought it best to take them to the camps in the hope of finding relatives before everyone went to Pakistan. The prospect was not rosy—unknown relatives wanted out of 60,000 people. But there was a camp broadcasting system and we had hardly got down from the 'bus when we heard their names being loudly announced all over the camp. One by one a child was claimed by a brother, an uncle or some remote relative. It was pathetic to see them go; neither knew whether to cry or what to do. But it was such joy to see them among their own people, even if scarcely at home. Our youngest, aged three, was the only one left. He knew just what was happening. He knew his friends had gone home, but he knew I would not abandon him, but all the world was his enemy and he bravely fought back the tears. Just as we were going, a little fellow of about seven came up and said he knew this little boy and what's more, thought he knew where his relatives were. So with his help we searched, and sure enough we found them. Remote relatives though they were, they claimed him as their own and he at last was happy, clutching a packet of sweets in one hand as he saw us walk away for the last time.

Six weeks have gone by since then. Trains have been attacked, homes have been looted and burned, thousands of men, women and children have been foully slaughtered on both sides. Thousands have walked on foot out of danger into poverty and a strange land. We in hospital have treated the recent injuries of Muslims inflicted by Hindus. All these have gone and their places are taken by Hindus and Sikhs suffering from privations and starvation brought about by the cruelty and greed of Muslims up in the north. Hatred and jealousy and revenge are rife, and from a human standpoint one can sympathise with their feelings. But what of the Christian attitude? Is it only to heal the sick and do good work? Much more. Of course nothing less than a belief in the Fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of all men in Him, the love of one's enemies as one's friends, is the only way to peace and that freedom that India and the world long for, and that India thought she had won so short a time ago. "Love the Germans? Don't be so silly" was what people said during the war. "Love the man who killed my husband and tore my children in pieces and burned my home and tried to cut off my hands? You must be mad!" It's easy to love an injured Muslim and a starving Hindu when you're Christian and no one's after your blood. Maybe by our very love and patience and sympathy, that we have an opportunity of showing in hospital, we may show them Christ. Pray for India, and remember us, that the fruits of the Spirit may so show in our lives as to draw men to Christ.

RUTH ROSEVEARE.

NEWS OF OLD GIRLS, JUNE 1948

Irene Bullock's group.

Dorothea Flinn (née Robbs) has gone back to teaching after 22 years, and has a post at Cheadle Hulme High School.

Eileen Macdonald, who in 1940 addressed an appeal to the House of Lords, the first woman advocate to do so, has lately been appointed Assistant Recorder at Liverpool.

Nancy Dewar (née Thompson) is now living in Port Elizabeth, South Africa.

Dorothy Maye (née Bache) has been back in England since April 1946, though her husband is still in India. He was awarded the M.B.E. for war service, and Dorothy served as a 2nd Officer in the Women's Royal Indian Naval Service. She is now teaching at a school in North Cornwall, and her three children are at boarding schools in England.

Frances Watson (née Smith) teaches at Devonport High School.

Charlotte Garnett gave up her teaching at Clifton High School in July last year, but stayed on temporarily as librarian. Her sister

Isabel Garnett (Sister Isabel Mary, O.S.A.) is at Wuchang working under the American Board of Missions. She runs a small clinic.

Doris Kaye is running a preparatory school for about 40 boys in Worthing.

Mary Owen (née Calthrop) has two boys at school, and hopes her small daughter will go to St. Elphin's later on. She has had two nieces there already.

Helen Fairhurst is teaching near Shrewsbury, after having a teaching post in Switzerland.

Sadie Broadbent is at home, and doing G.F.S. work.

Constance Butler (née Eling) has moved to 198, Station Road, Draycott, Near. Derby.

Mary Gamble's group

Marjorie Whiteside returned to England last May, having been overseas in B.L.A. and then B.A.O.R. since August 1944, working with the Y.M.C.A., providing welfare for the Forces, and working as Deputy in Command Women Personnel. Marjorie is now Regional Organiser for the W.V.S. for four north-west counties of Cumberland, Westmorland, Lancashire and Cheshire, with her headquarters in Manchester.

Barbara James, 1 Courtlands, Fulford Road, Scarborough, is a Physiotherapist in private practice. Her spare time is taken up with Guiding.

Joyce Renwick's group.

Joan Brown (née Taylor) is living in Leeds, where her husband is Professor of Economics at the University.

Beryl West (née Renwick) was married last October. (See Marriages.) Joyce Renwick and Stella Allen were two of her bridesmaids. Her address is Upton Vicarage, Newark-on-Trent, Notts.

Alix Berwick has been appointed an H.M.I. for the Ministry of Education beginning from September.

Joan Lloyd has been appointed Assistant Matron of the Robert Davies (City of Liverpool) Nursing Home.

Margaret Houghton's group.

Diane Eyre is now at the C.M.S. Training College at Chislehurst, and hopes eventually to go out to West Africa as a missionary, doing work in a school or college out there in the administrative domestic side.

Ruth Hindley (née Sproston) is still living at Rhyl, and sees **Peggie Walton** (née Henstock) occasionally, as Peggie is living at St. Asaph.

Joan Hughes is now in the final year of a Social Science Certificate Course. She hopes the Home Office will accept her for training on a Child Care Course, so that she can become a Children's Officer, dealing with the boarding out of children deprived of a normal home life.

Rachel Johnston is back from Singapore and is once more at St. Thomas' Hospital, but the Godalming branch. Both Rachel and Charity were at the London Reunion.

Sylvia Lloyd is now living at Wigan, where she has a post as Children's Officer, inspecting homes of boarded out children.

Patricia Miller (née Nash) is now living at Formby, where they have managed to get a house quite close to the sea.

Nancy Rhodes was sailing on September 12th, 1947, to South Africa, where her sister and four children live. She was taking a temporary job in a library out there until April and then returning with her sister who was coming back for a short visit. She has been Deputy County Librarian of Gloucestershire since April, 1946.

Patricia Smylie, at Northgate House, St. Dunstan's, Rottingdean, Sussex, is in Massage Students' House, and helps to prepare them for exams. The work seems very pleasant; she helps to take the men to dances, theatres, etc., and also took them to Epsom and Lords.

Eileen Appleby left St. Dunstan's to go home for a six month's rest.

Margaret Houghton is still teaching at the College of Arts and Crafts, Nottingham, and has a flat at 6 Vickers St., Mapperley Park, Nottingham. (See Engagements).

Marjorie Gardener's group.

Mary Illsley has been working for the British Hemp and Flax Development Co., Ltd., as an Agricultural Representative in the counties of Derbyshire, Leicestershire and Staffordshire. She still sells a good quantity of bees and honey.

Margaret Lang was demobbed in 1946, and took a secretarial course. Since May last year she has been with a firm of Tutors in the West End, London, first as Assistant Secretary and then as Secretary with a part-time shorthand typist.

Marjorie Gardner (née Longden) has just moved with her husband from Edinburgh to Liverpool. She is hoping to get a part-time teaching post.

Frances Trower-Foyan's group.

Jean Kennard (née Donaldson) has given up nursing, and she and her husband are now living in London.

Mary Coveney has left the Victoria Memorial Jewish Hospital, Manchester, to take up a nursing post nearer home.

Helen Karn is an Almoner with the Birmingham United Hospitals. (See Engagements).

Mary Scudamore (née Jones) is living at South View, Sandiacre, Near Nottingham, where her husband has a practice.

Margaret Clarke is working at the Head Office of the District Bank in Manchester. She was a bridesmaid to **Phoebe Melville-White**, who was married this year and is now living in London.

Luana Wells has a very interesting job with Chases Cloches, Ltd., at Chertsey. Formerly she was looking after rare plants at No. 4 house, Kew Gardens.

Frances Trower-Foyan (née Adams) is in charge of the staff canteen of the Imperial Chemical Industries, Ltd., (Pharmaceutical Dept.) at Alderley Edge.

Joan Trapnell's group.

Joan Trapnell (née Martin) is living at Slade Cottage, Northdown Road, Bideford, North Devon. (See Marriages.) She has given up teaching P.T., but still runs the school Guide Company and does a little games coaching and dancing. Last season she played hockey for Devon, for the third year running, and this summer she is a reserve for the West of England Women's Cricket XI. Her husband is a very keen sportsman. Any St. Elphinites finding themselves in her part of the world will always be very welcome at Slade Cottage.

Diana Rapson writes—"I was demobbed from the W.R.N.S., in August, 1946, and after a spell recovering from three and a half years in black woolly stockings, I migrated to the metropolis and now I am Secretary to the Press Representative of M.G.M. Films. However after 18 months at it, I feel like something a bit brighter so am busy dashing all over the place for interviews."

Gillian Burrows is in the housekeeping department of King's College Hospital.

Grace Holland is a Physiotherapist in the Kettering General Hospital. She occasionally sees **Jean Maughan**, who is nursing.

Esme Feaster has moved to "Moriot," Alexandre Road, Buxton.

Joan Parr is teaching P.T. at Tavistock Grammar School. Her school came in 2nd in Devon Inter-School Sports. She played hockey for the Devon 2nd XI last season. Joan Trapnell spent a night with her a few weeks ago.

Jill Prooth (née Patrick) is living in Hampstead. (See Marriages).

Joan Brittain's Group. (Joan has recently taken over this group from Flora Bisset-Smith.)

Flora Bisset-Smith and **Mary Swift** are in their 4th year of Medicine at Manchester University.

Peggy Wood (née Ashe) and her husband have a house in Doncaster. (See Marriages.)

Joy Siddons went to South Africa as a nurse, and is now married.

Jill Prooth (née Patrick) and her husband have a flat in London. Jill got her B.Sc. (Econ.) in June, 1947, and is now doing Government

Social Survey at the Central Office of Information. (See Marriages). **Muriel M. Jones** is looking after her father and brother at home, but

hopes to get a job as Cookery Demonstrator fairly soon.

Biddy Quinlan (née Yates) is living in York. Her husband went into the R.A.M.C. last July and has been posted at the Military Hospital in York after being in Italy for two months. (See Marriages.)

June Burr is studying at an Art School in London, and has just finished her finals. She was lately awarded a Senior County Scholarship, and hopes to teach part-time in an Art School, and free-lance in printed textiles.

Hazel Foster has been a staff-nurse at the Hospital for Sick Children, Great Ormond Street, since November, 1947, when she also took the first part of the Midwifery exam.

Cynthia Lucas is a temporary Sub-Warden and Cook Caterer at one of the hostels at the Domestic Science College in Leicester.

Joan Brittain has just finished three years as an assistant Radiographer at Scunthorpe Hospital and hopes to get a post in the London area.

Betty Martin's group.

Jean Beauchamp is enjoying her secretarial job with two Harley Street Pathologists.

Joan Bradfield is still her father's chauffeuse. She seems to manage to "go" some very interesting places in the process.

Jean Cable is training in Physiotherapy at Manchester Royal Infirmary.

Nora Caldwell finishes her training at St. Katharine's Training College, Scarisbrick Hall, Southport, this year.

Elizabeth Carson is busy running the home in Middlesbrough, after completing her training at St. James' Secretarial College in November 1946. She finds time to take a very active part in the Middlesbrough Musical Society and is having organ lessons.

Jill Chorlton (See Engagements) has taken a secretarial course in London. She hopes to get married in October if they can find anywhere to live, in or near London.

Barbara Clegg, now a trained nursery nurse, is looking after three children at Wareham in Dorset.

Mary Davidson is working for the Publicity Officer in the Lancashire County Offices in Preston. She is as cheery as ever, and her letters are as voluminous and illegible as usual.

Ruth Flitcroft ? Any news of Ruth will be very gratefully received by Betty Martin, Westfield College, N.W. 3.

Jean Hutchinson at Sheffield Royal Infirmary, became S.R.N. at the beginning of the year. Congratulations !

Pat Mansfield has taken a post as Assistant Physiotherapist at the

Northern Hospital, Manchester. She did her training at the Manchester Royal Infirmary.

Buntly Martin began her general nursing training in Manchester last January, having first taken a two year course in Institutional Management at Sheffield Domestic Science College.

Linette Rice has just taken her Finals in Sociology at Manchester, and is going to take up Personnel Management. She feels sad at leaving the University after a very lively three years.

Margaret Russon is completing her three-year teacher's training course at Gloucester Domestic Science College. She hopes to take up a post in Nottingham.

Anne Rust was still at St Thomas' Hospital in 1947.

Rosemary Taylor is doing 101 things. The main one at the moment is teaching Botany and Games at a school in Birmingham. She is also reading for a London external degree, in the evenings, and playing in a Birmingham Cricket Club in her spare time. She also tends a garden which produces vegetables for a large household. Her address is 47, Mayfield Road, Moseley, Birmingham 13.

Jean Waddell finished at Oswestry in January, and started her general nursing training at Leicester in March.

Betty Martin, at Westfield College, London, takes Finals in June, 1949. She finds time to visit a settlement in Stepney and do some social work, also to play hockey, lax and cricket. She was a bridesmaid with Grace Holland, at her sister Joan's wedding in September.

Jean Watson's group (1947).

Angela Cocking started a secretarial training in January.

Ann Crosthwaite hopes to do Nursery School training.

Helen Dyke is doing Domestic Science at Malvern for a year, and then Radiography at Derby Royal Infirmary.

Ann Micklethwaite is taking a two-year secretarial training before going into her father's business.

Eileen Bartram is hoping to go to the University.

Mary Bennett is going to Malvern School of Domestic Science, and then hopes to go on the stage.

Joan Swift is working at Sheffield University for scholarships, for a year, then hopes to do English.

Jane Cox was probably going to Salford Technical College for a year, before going into the Medical School at Manchester University.

Marjorie Domville is at Manchester Domestic Science College.

Margaret Lovatt is doing Physiotherapy at Liverpool Royal Southern Hospital.

Anne Macfarlane was probably going to Malvern Domestic Science College for a year, before taking up Physiotherapy at Queen Elizabeth's Hospital, Birmingham.

Mollie McCombie started her general nursing training at Nottingham General Hospital in November, 1947.

Gillian Robertson is taking a course as Instructress in Horse-riding.

Jean Watson started her general nursing training at University College Hospital, London, in April, 1948.

NEWS sent during 1947

Some of this is probably out of date, but as no further news has been received from the following people, we are printing it as it stands.)

Francine Collins has completed her training as Physiotherapist at the Devonshire Royal Hospital, Buxton.

Ann Courts is waiting for the results of her Intermediate examination at the Leicester College of Art and Crafts. She hopes to take her National Diploma in Fabric Design.

Isobel Kucera (née Courts) is living in America with her Texan husband. She has a baby son, Michael.

Veronica Lawton is studying music, especially singing, at the Manchester College of Music.

Jean Wallis is now in a good position at the North Staffs. Royal Infirmary, Stoke-on-Trent.

Margaret Wontner-Smith writes from the Prep. Department of the Harrogate Ladies' College that she is enjoying being a matron. Her address now is 67 Kent Road, Harrogate.

Heather Woodcock is working at the Midland Bureau for Educated Women at Birmingham, as Registrar for the Employment Agency, and Secretary to the Principal. She says there is an ever-growing school of ex-service girls taking a secretarial training. Her permanent address now is 54 Park Road, Moseley, Birmingham 13.

Erica Hancock is at Birmingham University.

Fay Trickett has taken her Finals at Bedford P.T. College, and has accepted a post at Parkfield Cedars School, Derby.

Kathlyn Rees finds life very busy and interesting as the only woman reporter of the Chester Chronicle series.

Anne Adamson (née Otley) is at home again, more or less recovered from her spine trouble.

Ailsa Moore is an Industrial nurse in Salford, where she finds there is a large psychological side to her work, as many of the people she deals with imagine all sorts of things wrong with them.

Olga Mort is working in Newcastle as a student of the Society of Women Housing Managers.

Stephanie Jones has taken a post as matron of a school which has just moved into Ravenscroft Hall, Middlewich.

Meryl Turner (née Chambers) is living in Lytham. (See Births).

Dorothy Tredwell (née Kiddell) is in Kidderminster, where her husband is teaching. She has a daughter.

Joan Cheese has changed her address to April Close, Balsham, Cambs.

Mary Burton (née Peters) has changed her address to Park House, Stubbington, Near Fareham, Hants.

June Lowe is sitting for her Finals at King's College of Household and Social Science, after which she will look for a job as a social worker.

Kathleen Jones (née Woods) is Chief Probation Officer for the East Riding of Yorkshire.

Muriel Rose (née Stavert) paid a visit to Sweden in the summer. (See Births).

Miss Hudson is Principal of Hockerill Training College, Bishops Stortford, Herts., (not Principal of Bishops Stortford, as erroneously printed in the News-letter).

BIRTHS

- One May 12th, 1945, to Vera (née Murdoch), wife of W. M. Hoole, a daughter—Kathleen May.
- On Christmas Day, 1946, at Cape Town, to Betty (Née Rhodes), wife of the Rev. G. A. Lee, a daughter—Rosemary Elizabeth Noel (sister for David, Anne and John).
- On February 3rd, 1947, to Meryl (née Chambers), wife of W. M. N. Turner, a daughter—Elizabeth Laetitia.
- In March, 1947, to Beryl (née Drew), wife of J. M. Layton, a third daughter—Elizabeth Janet.
- On May 16th, 1947, to Eleanor (née Burnett), wife of A. C. Jones, a second daughter—Rosa Kathleen.
- In March, 1948, at Great Longstone, Near Bakewell, to Barbara Brooke-Taylor, (née Barrow,) a son.
- On March 26th, 1948, to Joyce (née Gibbs), wife of James Houghton, a daughter—Elizabeth Joyce.
- In April, 1948, At Lindfield, Sussex, to Eveline (née Trower-Foyan), wife of C. Thomas, a son—Christopher.
- In May, 1948, to Muriel Rose (née Stavert), a son.

ENGAGEMENTS

- HINDLE—CHEESE. John Robert Hindle to Molly Cheese.
- REID—CHORLTON. Desmond Keneln Reid to Elizabeth Jill Chorlton.
- GOODMAN—KARN. John Goodman to Helen Karn.
- CARMICHAEL—HOUGHTON. Henry Robert Carmichael to Margaret Chilvers Houghton.

MARRIAGES

- MERRILL—SMARDON. On May 12th, 1945, at St. Mary's Church, Harrow, Lieut. Bruce Merrill of the 8th U.S.A.A.F. to Mary Smardon.
- CHADBUND—WELLS. On March 29th, 1947, at Hathersage Parish Church, Derbyshire, Geoffrey Spencer Chadbund to Gratian Jane Wells.
- PROOTH—PATRICK. On March 29th, 1947, Christopher Prooth to Jill Patrick.
- WOOD—ASHE. On May 28th, 1947, at St. Georges' Church, Doncaster, Errol Wood to Peggy Ashe.
- PEATE—REES. On February 23rd, 1948, at St. Mary's, Thornton-le-Moors, Robert Walter Peate to Kathlyn Megan Rees.
- QUINLAN—YATES. On July 5th, 1947, Dr. Anthony Grey Quinlan, M.B.B.S. to Biddy Yates.
- WRIGHT—WHITE. Dr. Charles Wright to Nora Helen White.
- TRAPNELL—MARTIN. On September 27th, 1947, Peter Trapnell to Joan Martin.
- WEST—RENWICK. On October 21st, 1947, at Holme Pierrepont Church, Near Nottingham, the Venerable Francis Horner West, Archdeacon of Newark, to Beryl Elaine Renwick.
- WHITE—FINCH. In December, 1947, at Taunton, Somerset, John White (Regular Army) to Robin Fitch.

DEATHS

- MILLS. In June, 1947, quite suddenly, Alice Mills (née Jones) of 21 Bathgate Road, Wimbledon.
- CHAMBERS. On January 9th, 1948, Mabel Chambers, of Ashbourne, Derbyshire.

ST. ELPHIN'S OLD GIRLS' GUILD Balance Sheet—Year Ending 31st December, 1947
CURRENT ACCOUNT

RECEIPTS		PAYMENTS	
	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
To Balance brought forward. (1/1/47)	38 9 7	By Hire of Room—London Re-union	1 5 0
" Subscriptions	17 10 6	" Tip	5 0
" Sale of Metal Badges	10 0	" Printing and Postage	3 10 0
" Miss Stopford—(News Letters for school).	10 6	" Sub Secretary's expenses ..	18 3
" Interest 1947	1 0 5	" Treasurer's expenses	15 0
		" Balance 31/12/47 carried forward	51 7 9
	<u>£58 1 0</u>		<u>£58 1 0</u>

LIFE SUBSCRIPTIONS ACCOUNT

	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
To Balance brought forward (1/1/47)	127 19 2	By Balance 31/12/47 carried forward	182 0 11
" Subscriptions. (24 .. £2/2/0)	50 8 0		
" Interest 1947	3 13 9		
	<u>£182 0 11</u>		<u>£182 0 11</u>
Checked, September 4th, 1948 MARGARET HUNT.		MARY D. GOODMAN. Hon. Treasurer.	

