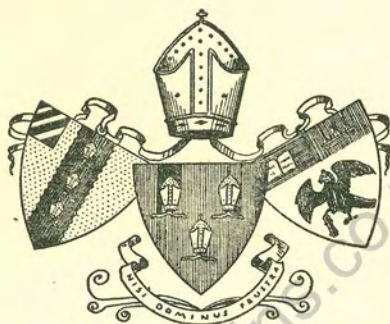


ST. ELPHIN'S MAGAZINE

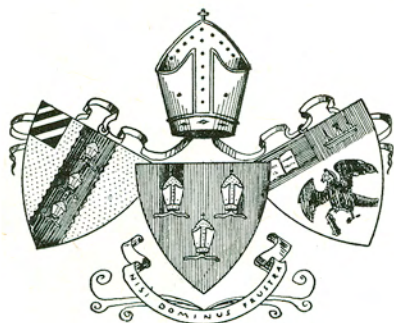


ST. ELPHIN'S SCHOOL
DARLEY DALE
MATLOCK

No. 73

JULY, 1955

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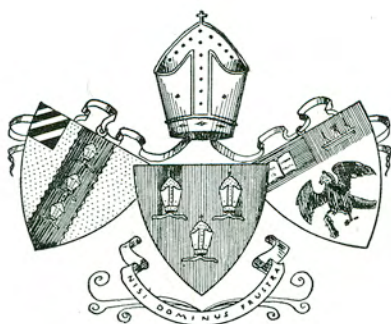


**ST. ELPHIN'S SCHOOL
DARLEY DALE
MATLOCK**

No. 73

JULY, 1955

ST. ELPHIN'S MAGAZINE



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THE PLATFORM PARTY, SPEECH DAY, 1954

ST. ELPHIN'S MAGAZINE

No. 73

July, 1955

SCHOOL OFFICE HOLDERS

Head Girl—DOROTHEA BEAN

Deputies—ROSEMARY SANDS

MARIE DAWSON

Prefects—Janet Adey, Marie Pepper, Mary Swift, Caroline Symmers, Jennifer Booth, Janet Buttery, Sandra Thornton.

Sub-Prefects—Mollie Barsby, Cynthia Clamp, Jean Donaldson, Pamela Jefferies, Susan Rayner, Jillian Shorland-Ball, Gay Whiteman.

SCHOOL NOTES, 1954-55

THE joyous bustle of departure proclaims our refusal to be deprived of the summer half-term week-end, in spite of a railway strike and, with a glorious Whit Monday just over, we return to a full programme of Examinations, Speech Day, and Sports and the many end of term activities.

The photographs in this issue recall Speech Day of 1954 when the Guest of Honour, the Duchess of Devonshire won the warm approval of the school and guests alike for her views on education. As this occasion commemorates the jubilee of St. Elphin's removal from Warrington to the present site in Derbyshire, Miss Stopford recalled episodes of interest in the life of the school.

Fortunately the weather cleared in the afternoon and the annual Sports was held under almost ideal conditions. Kennedy House won the Sports Cup; the Senior Victrix Ludorum was Gillian James, the Middle School, Susan Pimlott, and the Junior, Karina Williams. At the end of term, the Dramatic Society produced an amusing farce "High Life below Stairs" which it had not been possible to fit in with the Garden Fete entertainments. These enthusiasts were ambitious enough to close the Easter Term with a highly creditable performance of Christopher Fry's "The Lady's not for Burning"; the wit was thoroughly appreciated by school and Staff. We enjoyed, too, a very charming production of the Junior School Nativity Play.

The school has had both pleasure and profit from the series of films shown in the Common Room as well as from a variety of lectures and a finished recital of songs from Shakespeare's plays to the accompaniment of the lute. A party visited Bakewell to see the Lady Manners School production of Clemence Dame's "Will Shakespeare" and the Seniors opened the summer term in popular manner by a visit to Derby to see the film version of Shaw's "Caesar and Cleopatra". A week before the General Election, St. Elphin's Middle School elected a Conservative candidate amid all the fun and fire of a Mock Election.

We shall miss the stalwarts of the VIth Form who leave us this year and we sincerely wish them all happiness and success in the future.

LETTER OF THE HEADMISTRESS

8th June, 1955.

My dear Old Girls,

I write to you in the middle of the Railway Strike. With the aid of motor coaches from Woolliscrofts and many lifts from parents in private cars we managed to get all our boarders home for the half-term exeat and are particularly glad of this as it was a lovely week-end. We now look forward to Speech Day on July 2nd when Miss Darbshire, formerly Principal of Somerville College, Oxford and a great authority on Wordsworth, will be the Guest of Honour.

We have had a good school year though not a very eventful one. The Garden Fete was once again a great success and we raised £300 for the Friends of St. Elphin's. This year it will be held on September 24th and we have decided to begin the Fete in the morning as at that time of year so many parents want to get off soon after tea-time. We shall be very grateful if Old Girls will again send us contributions. A particularly easy and good way of helping us would be to send us a parcel containing something which cost not less than 1/-. The parcel with its wrappings is put into the Parcel Stall. We found last year that we could have sold twice as many parcels as we received.

We had an interesting Sixth Form Conference on "South Africa Today" in the Spring Term which was also attended by members of the Sixth Form of Lady Manners School. Our two speakers were people who both had personal experience of work in South Africa and our Chaplain, Mr. Symonds, was in the Chair. Mr. Symonds, the Vicar of Edensor, became our Chaplain in the Autumn. He came to us from Ardingley, one of the Woodard Schools for boys, where he had been Chaplain. Before this he had had experience as an S.P.G. missionary in Japan, as a Chaplain in the Royal Navy and as a member of the headquarters staff of S.P.G. At the end of this term our Sixth Form is having a Conference at Lady Manners School with Sixth Form representatives from other Derbyshire schools. They are also looking forward to dances at Denstone and at Abbotsholme.

We are very glad to have Angela Holder as a representative of St. Elphin's at the New Hall, Cambridge. She was awarded a State Scholarship and a Derby County Major Scholarship in the summer. Rosemary Sands has gained a place at St. Hugh's College and will go there in October to read History. She will have just a year with Jill Goodwin. Our present Head Girl, Thea Bean, will be going to Durham University to read for her Mus.Bac. and Marie Dawson and Madeleine Hogg will also be going to Durham to read for Honours in Science and in English so we shall be well represented there.

It is always a great pleasure to welcome Old Girls back to the school for week-ends and we have had a good many visitors this year. I hope you will keep up this good custom. I look forward to meeting many of you at the General Meeting in October.

With love and best wishes to you all,

Yours affectionately,

E. E. STOPFORD.

SUCSESSES IN PUBLIC EXAMINATIONS

Scholarships

Angela Holder	..	State Scholarship; Derbyshire County Major Scholarship and entrance to New Hall, Cambridge. ENGLISH.
Rosemary Sands	..	Derbyshire County Exhibition and entrance to St. Hugh's College, Oxford. HISTORY.
Dorothea Bean	..	West Riding County Bursary and entrance to Durham University. MUSIC.

The General Certificate of Education, 1954

Advanced Level

Dorothea Bean	..	Music; Biology.
Marie Dawson	..	Zoology.
Tessa Haddock	..	English.
Sallie Hitchin	..	Music.
Madeleine Hogg	..	English (with Distinction); History.
Angela Holder	..	English (with Distinction); History; Latin.
Rosemary Sands	..	English (with Distinction); History; French.
Felicity Platten	..	Art.

Ordinary Level

The following passed in four or more subjects:

Mollie Barsby.	Maureen Ashcroft.
Jennifer Booth.	Janet Buttery.
Jean Donaldson.	Jennifer Dearnaley.
Ann Harman.	Vivienne Druitt.
Jane Heelis.	Gillian James.
Diana Holme.	Mary James.
Pamela Jefferies.	Hilary Lane.
Susan Rayner.	Ann Parry.
Annabel Rees.	Pauline Thompson.
Gillian Shorland-Ball.	Sandra Thornton.
Catherine Smart.	Susan Williams.

Associated Board of Royal Schools of Music

Grade I. Claire Henderson, with Merit; Gillian Randle, with Merit; Susan Granger, Susan Carr, Karen Marker, Fleur Key, Jane Caudwell, Faith Beard.

Grade II. Rosemary Thornton, with Merit; Judith Emm, Jacqueline Gascoyne, Oenone Dunkley, Jennifer Carr, Elizabeth Glass, Claire Henderson, Rosalind Young, Mary Wilde, Mary Broomhead, Audrey Buxton, Mary Niblock.

Grade III. Joyce Elgar, Marguerita Knowles, Maria McBarnett, Margaret Cartledge, Margaret Hodson.

Grade IV. Judith Tuckwell, with Distinction; Elizabeth Busby, Arlene Bailey, Dorothy Owen, Elizabeth Bourne (*Violin*).

Grade V. Christine Line, Cecelia Lunn.

Grade VI. Mary Rose Sockett, with Merit; Anna Watts.

Passes in Theory of Music

Grade V. Margaret Ellison, Alison Hall, Sheila Thomas, Anna Watts, Mary Rose Sockett, Jane Atkinson, Judith Tuckwell.

The Guildhall School of Music and Drama

Elocution

Grade IVa. Hilary Schonhut, Joyce Wood, Anna Wortley.

Grade IV. Mary James, with Merit; Tessa Haddock.

Grade III. Judith Chatterton, with Merit; Ann Lomas, with Merit; Sheila Grimes.

Grade II. Margaret Clamp, with Merit; Margaret Smart, with Merit; Karina Williams, with Merit; Beryl Latham, Judith Molyneaux, Susan Pimlott.

Grade I. Judith Allen, with Merit; Judith Hick, Rosemary Meadows, Anna Watts.

Preliminary Grade. Mary Davies, with Merit; Meuros Dobson, with Merit; Marguerita Knowles, with Merit; Elizabeth Morley, with Merit; Elizabeth Wass, with Merit; Catherine Ellis, Anthea Johnson, Frances Lunn, Joyce Tanner, Judith Watson.

THE SCHOOL CHAPEL, 1954-55

AT the beginning of the year, Mr. Symonds, recently-appointed Vicar of Edensor and Beeley, came to be school chaplain in place of Mr. Storrs-Fox. He conducted the Harvest Festival service in October, and the fruit, flowers and groceries were afterwards sent to three local hospitals.

Just before Christmas we had the customary service of Nine Lessons and Carols and ended the term with carols in the Common-room.

We held the Requiem Mass in February and Father Genders, of the Community of the Resurrection, Mirfield, delivered the weekly Lenten talks. We were also pleased to have with us for a week-end Father Gowing, an organiser of the St. Pancras Housing Society.

The Archdeacon of Manchester came as usual to take the Whitsuntide services and several girls were confirmed by the Bishop of Derby in the School Chapel on the following Wednesday.

During the summer the school held a Quiet Week-end conducted by Mr. Cave. This interlude in the school routine is very highly valued by many girls; it provides an opportunity for rest and reflection.

We should like to thank Mr. Cave for his services to the school as temporary chaplain.

MADELEINE HOGG, *VIa*.

THE LIBRARIES

It is with pleasure that we can report a distinct improvement in the condition of all three Libraries. Losses have been reduced throughout the year until now, we await only perfection in this matter, which is not unattainable now that the Librarians have inaugurated their praiseworthy system of control and supervision. This commendable condition is due to the watchful care and efficiency of the Librarian, Madeleine Hogg, and the members of the Library Committees whose work has been worthily done.

THE LITERARY AND DRAMATIC CLUB

THE "Lit. and Dram." has had a very successful season, and several enthusiastic new members have joined us.

At the end of the Spring Term we put on (to school) 'The Lady's not for Burning' by Christopher Fry, although it was greatly hampered, first, by the lack of time, and secondly by the poor selection in the school acting cupboard (the same tights and doublets come out for every play). One hour before it was due to start, scenery was being painted back stage, while the stage-manager tacked down the felt, and House Badminton Matches were being played in the auditorium!

Several of the members were also in "High Life below Stairs", a roaring early-Georgian farce which was produced at the end of the Christmas Term, although clothes again added to the difficulties, one of the main characters having to be sewn into her dress!

We have met every week throughout the year and have read a wide selection of plays, from Congreve to T. S. Eliot, and have also discussed ballads, verse plays, and Production, at various different times.

Perhaps among the most popular plays was "The Critic". As one can imagine, the onerous part of Lord Burleigh was much sought after, but it was eventually awarded to the Head Girl.

We feel that the "Lit. and Dram." has started successfully on its career, and is now firmly established. It has certainly brought a great deal of pleasure and interest to its members throughout the year.

GILL SHORLAND-BALL, *President.*

MADELEINE HOGG

JANE HEELIS

FRANCES JACKSON

} *Committee.*

GRAMOPHONE CLUB

DURING the year we have had many enjoyable meetings, and for these our thanks are due to Miss Harrison, who has given up so much of her free time to the Club.

We have had many varied programmes, including one consisting entirely of Beethoven's music, which enabled us to hear some of his longer works. We also had two programmes of light music this season. All three had very large attendances.

From time to time, the members of the club gave small donations, and with these, we were able at the end of the season to buy "The Ritual Fire Dance" and "Dance of Terror" by de Falla. One of the most popular records was of Kathleen Ferrier singing "Bach Arias", and we were able to hear this many times.

The Gramophone Club is very grateful for the generous gifts of records received from various parents.

PAMELA JEFFERIES, *Lower VI.*

THE SIXTH FORM CONFERENCE

THIS year we held one of the most successful conferences on the subject of "South Africa Today". We were pleased to welcome a number of the Staff and VIth Form of Lady Manners School. The

guest speakers were the Rev. Donald Cragg, a Rhodes Scholar, born and educated in South Africa, and the Rev. John Lyon, under the chairmanship of Mr. Symonds who opened the conference.

Mr. Cragg spoke first on the history of South Africa and the policy of the present government in an impartial and incisive account. He made us aware of the defects of the Apartheid policy, and suggested financial and educational reform as a solution to the present problems in South Africa. His talk was illustrated by a film "Light in the Darkness".

In the afternoon the Rev. J. Lyon gave a detailed account of the causes and effects of the recent legislation, which sprang from the superiority in numbers of the coloured Africans. As a consequence of the Bantu Education Act many churches and places of education were forced to close.

The speeches were followed by group discussions and then each group reported its findings.

This stimulating conference was concluded by prayers in the School Chapel.

The conference was followed up by a visit to Buxton to hear the Bishop of Johannesburg, the Rt. Rev. Ambrose Reeves, speak on "South Africa—the Facts". He gave a detailed and convincing survey of the economic and moral problems, and by his telling illustrations impressed upon us the gravity of the present situation in South Africa.

ROSEMARY SANDS } *Vla.*
MADELEINE HOGG }

THE MATLOCK BATH MUSIC FESTIVAL

THE Matlock Bath Music Festival is rapidly becoming an important feature of the school year. Since it was restarted after the war it has grown both in size and quality, and I think it is true to say that our entrants have likewise improved in standard.

We usually gain several "firsts" and "seconds" in the pianoforte classes, from the junior to the open ones, but the main item in most eyes, is the choral class. The year before last we began a new venture by entering an "Under 19" choir, singing "The Nightingale" by Weelkes. We were somewhat disappointed at obtaining only fifth place, but, nothing daunted, entered three choirs last year. The "Under 12" and "Under 16" set pieces "Bumble Bee" by A. Rowley and "The Dream Seller" by Markham Lee were most attractive. There was very stiff competition for both classes and as the standard of performance was exceedingly high, we were not too disappointed with the results, 81 per cent and 82 per cent respectively.

The "Under 19" choir, however, was our star exhibit and we were determined to reach either first or second place this time. The set piece was Quilter's "Non Nobis, Domine" arranged for female voices, and our "own choice" was Vaughan William's "It was a Lover and his Lass". We were immediately at a disadvantage with "Non Nobis, Domine" as it is practically impossible to obtain the breadth and fullness of tone essential for a good performance of this piece without the help of male voices, but as the results showed, we made the most of what powers we had. The other song provided a good contrast to

"Non Nobis, Domine" for it was light, gay, and written for female voices. It was, however, also very difficult, although the actual notes provided no great problem and that is, I think, where we lost marks. We obtained second place; "Woodlands" a neighbouring school was first.

This year we intend to win! The set piece is much more suited to our voices, and we have yet to choose between "Alleluja" by Mozart and "Follow me down to Carlow" arranged by Percy Grainger, for our other song. Miss Thompson and Miss Harrison have worked hard in preparing the pieces and it will be our fault, not theirs, if we don't succeed.

D. M. BEAN, *Vla.*

INTER-HOUSE MUSIC COMPETITION

IN March once more we quailed under the weight of the music competition. Frantic captains ran madly round school performing on combs, trumpets and any available junior! At last the day arrived.

Miss Beresford, the County Music Adviser to the Derbyshire Education Committee was to adjudicate. Each House in turn filed trembling into the Common-room where they gave their performance.

Each House sang the two set songs which were "Care flies from the lad that is merry" by Michael Arne, a unison song, and a two-part one by Edgar Bainton called "The Sower". Then came the junior and senior sight-playing which was followed by the 'surprise items', which varied from Gilbert and Sullivan to Chopin.

The results, the dreaded part of the morning, came. Miss Beresford said that the standard had improved considerably during the past year and each House had obtained a better sense of rhythm and flow in music. Some of the people who competed in the sight-playing failed to keep the music moving but others failed to realise the key before beginning.

There was some good concerted work, in duets for recorders and piano, and two good piano solos. Selwyn House sang three folk songs which were delightful to listen to and obviously enjoyed by the singers themselves.

Miss Beresford concluded that there had obviously been a great deal of hard work, but she did not stop there, as she conducted the whole school in singing the songs as they should really be sung.

I am sure we are all very grateful to Miss Beresford for her help in this and all her other musical connections with school.

CYNTHIA CLAMP, *Head Choir Girl.*

A SCHOOL HOLIDAY IN THE RHINELAND

OUR holiday really began in London. After meeting at Victoria Station an excited party caught the boat train to Dover. As the sea was calm, the three and a half-hour crossing was uneventful, and we passed through the Customs at Ostend with little difficulty, then boarded the train for Cologne. At twelve-thirty a.m. we were joined by Miss Huyghe at Brussels. At Cologne we found there was a three-

hour wait before our train, so that we had plenty of time for refreshments. Some of the party slept on the floor in the crowded waiting-room; some on their cases, whilst others wandered around.

At Bacharach at 8.30 a.m. we were met by the proprietor's daughter who escorted us to the hotel. After being shown to our rooms we had a truly Continental breakfast, after which we tidied ourselves and set off to explore Bacharach. We found the people there very friendly and seeing a sign "English Spoken" in a shop window, went in. A very jocular salesman who, having spent many years in London, could speak English, sprayed us with Eau-de-Cologne and told us to tell our friends about his shop. Everyone found the shops in Bacharach fascinating, as they had turntables in the windows displaying various trinkets.

The beauty of the scenery is hard to describe, with the Rhine flowing swiftly along and hills rising steeply on either side. The hill slopes are covered in vineyards and on the higher slopes ruined castles make an imposing outline.

On Wednesday morning some people visited Starlech Castle which stands above Bacharach; it is in better condition than many of the castles and is now a Youth Hostel. In the afternoon our large party descended on the wine cellars of Bacharach. We were shown how the bottles were washed, filled, corked and sealed before being stored in the cellars which were cut out of the rock several feet below the surface. At the far ends of the cellars there are several large casks, some wooden, others metal. The owner, who was acting as our guide, told us it is not safe to put large quantities of wine in the wooden casks, as they are old and liable to split. The metal casks however are stronger and more serviceable. The temperature in the cellars rarely changes from season to season but the atmosphere is damp, so damp in fact that the metal casks, only painted four months before, already showed definite signs of rusting.

Eight o'clock on Thursday morning found us in the market square waiting for our bus to take us on our first trip which was to Frankfurt. On the way we stopped at a Spa to sample the waters, with which we were not much impressed. Our next stop was Wiesbaden but first we had a view of this beautiful city from a hill above it. Standing on the top of this hill is a large hotel, requisitioned by the Americans, which our large party invaded. We were all amused by the beautifully upholstered ladies' room, where even the waste-paper basket was adorned with a pink frill.

Standing on the left of this hill is a beautiful old church, built in 1845 by a wealthy man in memory of his wife. It is built in marble and has many gold decorations.

We now descended the hill by bus into Wiesbaden, where we saw the largest cuckoo-clock in the world. After looking round the town we moved on to our destination. The main interest in Frankfurt is the birthplace of Goethe which we were able to look round. When the other interesting sights and shops had been visited we started on our long journey back to Bacharach.

Friday was free and as it was very hot many of us went swimming whilst others went for trips on the Rhine. In the afternoon several of

us, wishing to go on the Rhine, went down to ask if this was possible. The owner of the boat whom we asked could speak little English and we could speak little German. However as we managed to make ourselves understood, we got in and started off down-stream. When we inquired the price we were told, much to our surprise, it would cost nothing or a hundred marks but naturally, we decided we would have the trip free. After a little while we stopped in mid-stream by a fishing trawler and, although we wondered what was happening, followed the instructions to get on. We had, however, just stopped to see the catch, which was eels, and to watch the fishermen cleaning their nets. Returning to our boat we carried on down-stream until we came to a small place on the opposite bank called Kaulb. After staying there for three hours we returned to Bacharach. The benches along the Rhine were full when we disembarked and we were rather surprised to find that all these people were watching us with amused interest. Some smiled at us, others just stared, and one man got out his binoculars. Wondering if we had done something wrong we made inquiries as to who owned this particular boat, and eventually we found, much to our horror, that we had been taken for a trip in the local police launch!

On Saturday there was another trip, this time to Heidelberg, where we visited the Castle and University. In the Castle grounds there are some of the oldest rocks in Europe, a happy hunting ground for archaeologists. We could only go inside the old University, but it was very interesting to see the students' prison, the walls of which are covered in drawings made by the students. On our return to Bacharach we stopped at Worms to visit the Cathedral; it is not large but is extremely beautiful.

Sunday was another fine day and as there were no trips we were free to do what we wished. Some of us went to church on Sunday morning. I am sure the sermon would have been very inspiring if we could have understood what the priest was saying. For most of us the rest of the day was spent on the beach, swimming and sunbathing. On the Monday some of us amused ourselves by canoeing down the Rhine but it is not a very advisable sport for the non-swimmer.

Tuesday brought us our last conducted tour, when we went to Cologne, Bonn and Koblenz. The Cathedral at Cologne is truly magnificent. Some of the vestments were on show, all of which were well worth seeing. At Bonn we visited the government buildings, saw the house of Dr. Adenauer and went round Beethoven's birthplace. We did not stay long at Koblenz where the most interesting feature was a memorial for the buildings destroyed in the war.

Wednesday was taken up by packing and spending our last few marks and pfennigs as we left for Brussels in the evening. We had to change at Koblenz and Cologne but we were all getting hardened to travelling by now. We arrived at Brussels about 7.30 a.m. and went straight to our hotel; after breakfast we had a much needed rest for we had had little sleep for twenty-four hours. In the afternoon we went sight-seeing, but were now a rather quieter party than that of a few days before; the hectic holiday was beginning to tell on us. However most of us found enough strength to go and see the lights of Brussels

that evening. Five-thirty a.m. the next morning we were awakened in order to have our cases packed by 6.15 a.m. and to be at the station in time to catch our homeward-bound train.

Once again we walked straight through the Customs at Ostend. The sea was even calmer than on the outward journey, so that we had a very pleasant crossing. At Dover when the Customs officer inquired if we had any clocks, watches or anything else to declare, we just smiled sweetly and were through. Back to British Railways, the train went out half an hour late and arrived in London an hour late. It was, by this time the peak of the 'rush hour' and so the tubes were extremely crowded, but we all managed to get on one train and after twelve stops arrived at St. Pancras. We arrived on the platform three minutes before the first train was due to depart. However we all managed to catch our trains and our wonderful holiday in the Rhineland was over.

SANDRA THORNTON, *Vib.*

THE GYMNASTICS COMPETITION

THE gym. competition was once again held before half-term owing to the many matches which have to be played nearer the end. Consequently everyone was practising hard by the second week of term. The same exercises were performed by every House apart from the introductory movement, which was devised by the respective gym. captains.

We were very grateful to Miss Boyd, games mistress of Ockbrook School, for coming to judge the competition. After each House had competed, we assembled eagerly in the gym. to hear Miss Boyd's criticism and the final result. All the Houses were very close there being only twelve marks between the first, Wilson, who gained 78 per cent and the last House; and this I am sure is due to Miss Thompson's unfailing help to each individual, for which we should like to thank her very much.

SANDRA THORNTON, *Vib.*

HOUSE REPORTS

FLETCHER HOUSE

THIS year Fletcher has proved herself to be on an equal footing with the boarding Houses in both the work and the games competitions. The outstanding ability of Angela Holder as House Captain for the past two years has played a large part in our successes this year.

In the Autumn Term, Fletcher won both the Work and Order Shields for the first time for ten years. In the Spring Term we were second in work, and in the hockey matches drew with Kennedy, winning for the first time. Another improvement was in the Music Competition, when efficient captaincy and hard work rather than outstanding musical ability gained us second place.

In spite of this improvement, Fletcher has no cause for complacency. The work results of each person can still improve, and the order has recently been unnecessarily poor.

If we can show the same determination to win the Work and Order Shields as we have in the games competitions, I am sure Fletcher will go on to even greater successes.

With very best wishes.

<i>House-Captain</i>	..	ROSEMARY SANDS
<i>Vice-Captain</i>	..	MARIE PEPPER
<i>Committee</i>	..	CHRISTINE JOHNSON
		DIANE PARKER
		SUZANNE BLACKWALL

GRESFORD HOUSE

WE were very sorry to lose Judy Shipman at the end of the Summer Term and wish her the very best of luck in the future.

The work this year has improved considerably; we won the Work Shield in the Spring Term.

The Order has been steady enough to win the Boarding Order Shield at the end of the Spring Term, but we still feel that with more effort, better results could be obtained.

This year we won both the Junior and Senior Netball Cups, and reached the finals for the Cricket Cup. The sports showed great promise, and we should like to congratulate Karina Williams for winning the Junior Vixtrix Ludorum.

I am sorry to say that this year we were unable to have House Picnics, owing to lack of time, but the House Party was very much enjoyed by all.

I should like to thank the Committee for their steady and reliable support and wish them and the House the very best of luck in the future.

<i>Captain</i>	..	CAROLINE SYMMERS
<i>Vice-Captain</i>	..	SUSAN RAYNER
<i>Committee</i>	..	PAMELA JEFFERIES
		PAULINE THOMPSON
		ANN LOMAS

KENNEDY HOUSE

WE were extremely sorry to lose Elizabeth Pickering at the end of the Summer Term, and wish her every success in her nursing career.

The House this year has shown a marked improvement in Order, and we managed to win the Boarding Order Shield at the end of the Autumn Term much to everyone's delight.

The Work, however, is still appalling, especially that of the lower half of the school. This, I am sure, is not due to lack of ability, and only wish that a little more co-operation from this half of the House was forthcoming.

The House as always, has shown great enthusiasm on the games field. We gained the much coveted Sports Cup from Wilson, and also won the Tennis, Cricket, and Rounders Cups. After a very close and exciting finals we shared the Hockey Cup with Fletcher.

Unfortunately the last House Picnic was cancelled owing to lack

of time, but the House Party at Christmas was as usual a great success.

The very best of luck in the future, Kennedy.

<i>Captain</i>		MARIE DAWSON
<i>Vice-Captain</i>		GILLIAN MOSLEY
<i>Appointed Member</i>		CAROL ATKINSON
<i>Elected Members</i>		JANET GRIMES
		ANNABEL REES

POWYS HOUSE

WE were very sorry to lose Madeleine Hogg at the end of the Summer Term. We thank her for all she did for the House and wish her the best of luck in the future.

Throughout this year, we have maintained a steady standard of work, but the Day and Boarding Orders are still very poor; everyone must make a much greater effort if we are to improve.

There has been a pleasing improvement in sports. We tied with Gresford for second place in the Annual Sports and won the Badminton Cup in the Spring Term owing to the help and enthusiasm of S. Pimlott as Captain. We did quite well in both Hockey and Netball but failed to reach the finals.

I should like to thank the Committee for their unfailing help and co-operation, and I leave you with my very best wishes for the future.

<i>Captain</i>		JANET BUTTERY
<i>Vice-Captain</i>		KATHARINE SHEPHERD
<i>Committee</i>		HILARY RADCLIFFE
		CATHERINE SMART
		HEATHER HADFIELD

SELWYN HOUSE

WE were very sorry to lose Jackie Cleaver, Tessa Haddock and Jennifer Booth at the end of the year.

Unfortunately, we have not shone at games in the past but are an enthusiastic House and won the Day Order Shield for the Spring Term and the Work Shield during the Christmas Term. We were quite pleased with the results of both Music and Gym. Competitions, missing second place by only half a mark.

Next year, we hope to do even better. Anyhow, the best of luck, Selwyn!

<i>Captain</i>		JANET ADEY
<i>Vice-Captain</i>		GILL SHORLAND-BALL
<i>Committee</i>		ANN JEFFRIES
		JANE HEELIS
		BARBARA COOPER

WILSON HOUSE

WE were very sorry to have to say good-bye to Margaret Clamp at the end of last term, and I fear that her departure has had adverse effects on the Order results.

We have, however, pulled together well in other activities, winning both Music and Gym. Cups and reaching the finals and semifinals

of the Netball and Hockey Competitions respectively. I feel that if we can obtain such good results in the fields of sport and music, we should also be capable of reaching much higher standards in both Work and Order.

Finally, I should like to thank Sandra Thornton and the rest of the Committee for all that they did for the House when I was away during the Easter Term.

<i>Captain</i>	..	..	D. BEAN
<i>Vice-Captain</i>	..	..	S. THORNTON
<i>Committee</i>	..	..	C. CLAMP
			M. BARSBY
			J. DEARNALEY
			J. DONALDSON
			S. SILK

GAMES REPORTS

TENNIS

The standard has improved slightly this year, owing to tennis coaching from which many of the Senior school benefit. As yet we have had only one match, against Ockbrook, which we unfortunately lost. This may be put down to the fact that three of last year's team have left, and the couples have been re-arranged. At present we have had little practice as a team, but I hope we shall improve as the season progresses.

The Team: S. Thornton, *Captain*, G. Mosley, S. Pimlott, M. Pepper, S. Pepper, M. Dawson.

CRICKET, 1955

We have been unfortunate this year in that all our fixtures so far have been cancelled. Three members of the team went to the County Trials, and Gillian Mosley was selected as 12th man for the Derbyshire XI, under the captaincy of Sheila Blyde, an Old Girl of the school.

This year the team is young and lacks experience, but shows great promise. More practice in playing as a team should provide a very strong XI for next season.

Captain ROSEMARY SANDS

The team will be chosen from: R. Sands, G. Mosley, J. Grimes, S. Pimlott, D. Bean, M. Reeman, C. Clamp, A. Rees, G. Whiteman, S. Thornton, H. Radcliffe, C. Hudson, J. Coulter.

NETBALL, 1954-55

The School's standard of Netball has improved greatly since last season as we have had much more practice. The team played more as a whole than as individuals and greater attention was given to foot-work. We played only two matches, drawing the first against the Convent and winning the second against the Old Girls.

Members of the first VII were: G.K. S. Thornton; D. G. Whiteman, *Vice-Captain*; D.C. J. Grimes; C. S. Pimlott; A.C. G. Mosley; A. M. Barsley, *Captain*; S. S. Pepper.

HOCKEY REPORT 1954-1955

The play this season matched the weather. This I hope was mainly due to the fact that we retained only four of our previous team all of whom were forwards. The standard of play improved towards the end of the season as the team gained in experience. This was shown in the results of the tournament which compared very favourably with the previous results.

		<i>Captain</i>	..	..	C. SYMMERS
		<i>Vice-Captain</i>	..	..	R. SANDS
<i>Goal</i>	..	G. JAMES		<i>Right Wing</i>	.. G. WHITEMAN
<i>Right Back</i>	..	J. GRIMES		<i>Right Inner</i>	.. C. SYMMERS
<i>Left Back</i>	..	C. ATKINSON		<i>Centre Forward</i>	.. S. PIMLOTT
<i>Right Half</i>	..	M. HOGG		<i>Left Inner</i>	.. S. THORNTON
<i>Centre Half</i>	..	J. ATKINSON		<i>Left Wing</i>	.. G. MOSLEY
<i>Left Half</i>	..	R. SANDS		<i>Reserve</i>	.. C. HUDSON

ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS

WORTH REMEMBERING

MY mental image of "Fingal's Cave" was first created by Mendelssohn's "Hebridean Overture", played by the Hallé Orchestra. The music conjured up a rocky coastline, lashed by grey waves, crouching under the pall of a grey sky. In the coastline I pictured, a dark cave-mouth was visible, and as I neared it, the water washing into it changed to a deep turquoise, with a brilliant white light streaming from the opening on to the glittering sea. The sky above became indigo and a few clear stars appeared. I seemed to see inside the cave the figures of ancient hoary chieftains dressed in the tartan.

My visit to Fingal's Cave revealed a sight that was different but no less beautiful. Perhaps this was due to the weather. The Scottish steam-boat reached the island of Staffa in the Outer Hebrides on a bright sunny day and moored some way off the rocky shore; a small boat, bouncing in the heavy swell, came out, was filled with brightly-clad tourists and then bobbed back to the only available landing-space amongst the rocks.

The island is entirely of basaltic rock formed into natural steps and staircases, and we leaped from rock to rock until we reached Fingal's Cave.

In front the bleached rocks gradually flattened until they gently disappeared into the sea. The water was a pale emerald-green and here and there broke gently into white foam bubbles.

As the cave deepened the water became darker and deeper. The white sanded floor of the cave gleamed up through the idle ripples which were all that disturbed the water's smooth surface. Long smooth strands of seaweed clung to the cave wall, or extended a limp spray out through the water, and small marble-white jellyfish, tinged with red, floated, drifting with the ebb and flow of the sea. The far cave wall sloped steeply upward and echoed dully when a larger wave than usual smacked its side.

Fingal's Cave is one of the most beautiful sights I have yet seen in Britain. But a sight to rival it is the sunset seen from a hill in Rome.

The twilight there is short. About seven o'clock the sky becomes flushed with a delicate pink and yellow and the dome of St. Peter's, the Pantheon, and the leaping horses on the Quirinale turn a dark, smokey grey against the sky-line. An occasional black-robed priest, solemn beneath his broad-brimmed hat, hurries softly through the streets.

In front of the Trevi fountain, now illuminated with misty yellow lights, silent groups of people sit on the steps patiently watching the fountain waters twinkling down before them. Occasionally a dark-haired girl goes forward and trails her hand in the clear shallow water or some visitor tosses in a light silver "lire" which splashes lightly on the surface and then drifts slowly down through the quivering light-shot ripples to join the rest of the glittering horde on the floor of the pool. Down the alleys leading from the square of the Fontana di Trevi comes the murmur of voices and the occasional rustle of a bead curtain over the door of a cafe.

By half-past seven the darkness has quite fallen and the Tiber is no more than a silver streak winding turgidly between old and new Rome. At intervals along the banks are patches of light sent up from some open-air dancing-floor, surrounded by trees hung with fairy lights, and by gay metal tables and striped umbrellas. On the small tiled dance floors dark Italians stamp their feet, snap their fingers and twirl their full skirts in a gay rhythmic dance, accompanied by a thirsting band of musicians.

Rome is attractive, not only to the aesthete or the archaeologist. We went also to an audience given by the Pope. During the hot summer he retires to his villa at Castel Gandolfo, out in the mountains beyond Frascati. Attendance was not limited to the one denomination of Roman Catholics, though there were several in our party.

The villa is on a hill, and one enters by two gateways. Above the first are several tablets bearing Papal inscriptions; the name of the present Pope, Pius XII, is up also. The first gateway leads to the outer courtyard.

The gateway to the inner courtyard is guarded by Swiss Vatican soldiers, brilliant in striped red and yellow mediaeval dress and wearing dark blue plumed caps. They stand impassively on either side of the entrance, holding their shining pikes.

The inner courtyard is quite small. The four walls of the villa which surround it are of yellow sun-baked plaster, intersected with a double row of white windows. Immediately above the gateway is a small white balcony with a microphone on it, and a white-curtained French window behind; above this is a clock.

The yard teemed with people. The women were wearing head coverings, chiefly of black. To my right was a large group of negroes; to my left, tucked into a corner, a band of children. In front an English family, parents and one small girl, stood eagerly waiting. The little girl was fumbling with a new, rather gaudy rosary of pink beads; every so often her father directed her attention to the clock, which moved slowly on to a quarter to six, the time when the Pope was due to appear. At many of the windows above the yard leaned black-robed priests, many with shaven heads and gold-rimmed spectacles, looking down impersonally on to the swaying heads of the crowd.

Although the crowd was fairly quiet, a tremendous feeling of excitement and tension communicated itself, and at intervals found expression in an "Ave Maria", or the chanting of a psalm. Some section of the crowd occasionally began stamping feet, and repeated, like the beat of a drum, "Vive le Pape! Vive le Pape! Vive le Pape!" Then the white curtains quivered, and the subdued murmur began to swell. But it was only an insignificant little man, who scuttled quickly on to the balcony, flung over a rich red velvet cloth edged with gold, which was fastened to the balcony and hung down in front, and then retreated as hastily as he had come.

Finally, at a quarter to six, the doors opened and the Pope appeared. A great roar and thunder of applause went up as he stood for fully five minutes bowing and waving. Then the hubbub quietened and he began to speak.

What I had expected to see and hear I do not quite know. Possibly I imagined that he would spend a short five minutes acknowledging the cheers of the crowd, would remain rather remote and impersonal and then retire. But it was not so.

He was a man of medium height, dressed in a white cassock bound with a white cord, and wearing a small white skull-cap. His face was an ascetic pale yellowish-grey and he wore gold-rimmed spectacles. His expression was kind and benevolent.

The audience lasted almost an hour. During that time he spoke in seven different languages, including English, French, Portuguese, German. The crowd listened attentively, although occasionally one part would break out into an "Ave" to attract his attention; he stopped and listened, and after they had finished addressed to them his ensuing remarks on repentance and confession. They listened eagerly, replied, "Si, Santa Padre, Si, Santa Padre", and then clapped enthusiastically. Sometimes after one of these speeches I saw an aged grey-haired woman, dressed entirely in black, tremblingly telling her beads, with tears running down her furrowed cheeks and her eyes fixed on the Pope.

The negroes began a song in their own dialect and a small black boy was hoisted on his father's shoulders to see the Pope more clearly. The children in the left-hand corner of the courtyard called up to him in high clear voices and he leaned over, listened benignly, and replied reassuringly.

Finally, he announced a blessing. Everyone immediately became still and bowed while the Pope pronounced some Latin phrases. Then he retired; the crowd sighed and shifted and moved towards the gateway.

That visit was remarkable because I had never before experienced such contact between a man and a crowd. The Pope achieved a strong degree of intimacy with the people below him; his personality impressed itself strongly and he was treated like a father. Yet despite this intimacy, no loss of dignity on his side was involved; he could command respect instantly. Many imagine that those in authority must keep their distance if they wish to retain their dignity. This is not true of the Pope. He achieved an extraordinary relationship with the crowd; a relationship at once free and binding. He also has a capacity for inspiring confidence. That Roman visit is a lively and unforgettable experience.

MADELEINE HOGG, *Vla.*

WINTER

Blind snow spins through the empty dark,
Through the echoing chasms of space,
Weaves its meaningless patterns
That smooth away all known land-marks
So that lost, we wander, groping.
Yet somewhere dust dances in the sun,
Somewhere slow bees bumble in the grass;
Though here the sun will burn no more.

GILL SHORLAND-BALL, *Vib.*

NIGHT PIECE

Only the whispered ticking in the dark
As silence treads on silken feet through dust,
Pushes at the door, and chatters. Dogs bark
From some dim limbo of washed moon shallows,
Where ghosts stalk, worn and gaunt and pale—bone white.
From the corners shadows peer and squint
And in their pointed faces eyes gleam bright
And fierce; the whispers grow, stutter and hint;
But then the sun springs palely into life
And foiled they turn and flee to sleep till dusk.

GILL SHORLAND-BALL, *Vib.*

KELVIN HALL, APRIL 18th, 1955

WE—that is, my father and I—were sitting in our seats in Kelvin Hall, Glasgow. The time was about 6.45 p.m.

We had come from Liverpool on Sunday, the day before, our main object being to hear Billy Graham, the American Evangelist, that night. Earlier in the day, we had been up to Loch Lomond, which is the most beautiful place I have ever seen, and to the Billy Graham offices in Glasgow, as we had only one ticket between us. There, we had met the man in charge of the whole Billy Graham organisation in Glasgow, and arranged to be at Kelvin Hall that evening early (about 6 p.m.) so that Mr. Jones's page could show us round the Hall. All the main people had pages to do their odd jobs, as they were so busy.

Daddy and I had arrived at Kelvin Hall at about five minutes to six, as arranged, and had been shown round. The entire building is on one floor. It is enormous, the main part holding twelve thousand people, and the overflow-rooms, partitioned off, altogether holding about four thousand, I think. Scaffolding had been erected, with the chairs nailed on to planks of wood on it, so that one and all could see the platform. People in the overflow rooms had a full view of the platform by close-circuit televisions. In the largest room, there were eight TV. screens of about two and a half feet by four feet. The camera was on a small platform halfway up one of the pillars in the front of the main auditorium. There were microphones hanging all round the platform, on which one thousand of the four thousand choir, the Billy Graham Team, and various guests of the Team were seated. (The rest of the choir were in an overflow room). There were loud-speakers all over the Hall.

Daddy and I sat down at about twenty minutes to seven, for although the service did not begin until 7.30 p.m., people were rapidly coming

in. It gave one a peculiar feeling to sit there while 12,000 seats were rapidly filled, and more in the rooms partitioned off. On the platform, the choir gradually came in. The sopranos sat on the extreme right, then the basses, then the tenors, with the contraltos on the extreme left. The ladies were dressed in white and gentlemen in black.

There was a small raised part in the centre of the platform jutting out, with flowers all round it, from which Billy Graham spoke. On the left of this was the grand piano; on the right, the organ. There were tables all round the front of the platform, where the reporters and journalists sat, and typed, took notes and commentated.

The entire Hall was hung with blue and grey curtains, to prevent echoes. Above the platform was an enormous plaque, which glittered, as if made of diamonds, with the words in red, "Jesus saith, I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life".

At about seven o'clock, Cliff Burrows, who is in charge of all the Billy Graham music, came on to the platform with the organist and pianist. With the microphones low, the choir practised hymns for the evening's service.

By about 7.25 p.m. the whole Hall was filled, the platform full, with all the Team except Billy Graham himself present. The choir sat down for a minute or two, and then the microphones were turned up, the choir stood, and sounding now loud and victorious, sang the chorus of the favourite Billy Graham hymn, "Blessed Assurance". The words hung on the air. "This is MY story, this is MY song, Praising MY Saviour all the day long". Dead silence filled the Hall now, as Cliff Burrows turned to face the congregation with "Good evening, everyone and welcome to our service tonight". He spoke sincerely and gladly. It made one feel really welcome. He gave out a few notices, then we all sang "Blessed Assurance". After the first verse and chorus, we had the chorus again, with the people in the overflow rooms singing by themselves "This is my story, this is my song", and the choir answering them with, "Praising my Saviour, all the day long". The singing was distant, and therefore faint, but none the less victorious and sincere.

Then the Gospel-singer Beverley Shae, sang a solo "The Holy City", followed by a reading from the Bible, another hymn, then the choir sang, "Wonderful Grace of Jesus", a hymn which is practically an anthem. During this time Billy Graham unobtrusively walked on to the platform. Then there was another song from Beverley Shae, another hymn, after which Billy Graham gave out some notices of services to follow, and after a last song from Beverley Shae, he gave his talk. I have no words to explain what that talk did to me and many other people, I believe, in Kelvin Hall that memorable night. Afterwards, while the converts walked up to the platform, as they were bidden by Billy Graham, the choir sang softly, "Just as I am, without one plea". I, and many with me received Christ as Saviour and Lord.

ANNA WATTS, *Middle Va.*

Acknowledgments

We should like to thank all those schools whose Magazines have been received throughout this year.

WISDOM (from Verlaine)

Above the roof the heavens lie
So blue, so tranquil;
Above the roof a tree
Sways its branches.

The bell seen against the sky
Rings sweetly.
The bird seen on the tree
Sings its lament.

Oh, God, my God, life is there,
Simple, serene.
A lulled whisper
Comes from the town.

Oh, you that here are forever weeping
What have you done,
Tell me, what have you done
With your youth?

MADELEINE HOGG, *VIa*.

MEDITATION (from Baudelaire)

Be good, my Sorrow, and rest more peacefully.
You entreated the evening; it falls; it is here.
The dusky atmosphere shrouds the town
Bringing to some, peace, to others, care.
While the abject swarm of mortals
Goes to reap remorse at the slavish festival
Under the whip of that merciless hangman, Pleasure.
Sorrow, give me your hand, come here,
Far from them. See the dead Years
In old-fashioned robes, leaning on the balconies of Heaven.
See Regret surge up smiling from the bottom of a pool,
The dying sun falling asleep under the arch,
And listen, beloved, listen to the gentle night
Which moves as if trailing a long winding-sheet from the east.

MADELEINE HOGG, *VIa*.

HYMN (from Baudelaire)

An immortal greeting
To the dearest, to the most beautiful
being,
To the angel, to the immortal idol,
Who fills my heart with light.

She pervades my life
Like a breeze laden with salt,
And pours a taste of eternity
Into my insatiable soul.

Ever-fresh sachet that scents the air
Of a beloved nook,
Forgotten censor that secretly
Smokes through the night.

O incorruptible love,
How can I describe you honestly?
A musk seed which lies unseen
At the core of my being.

An immortal greeting
To the dearest, most kind one,
To the angel, the immortal idol
Source of my well-being and my
delight.

MADELEINE HOGG, *VIa*.

FLYING FROM INDIA

THE plane was leaving the Madras Airport at 11.15 a.m. and we were to travel on a Dakota. Our luggage was weighed and carried to the plane, when a voice on the loudspeaker told us to board the plane. I said goodbye to Mummy and Daddy and climbed in.

We fastened our safety belts, as the plane moved down to the end of the runway, and turned round, remaining still while the engines were warmed; this caused a deafening noise for these smaller planes are not pressurized. The plane soon started to move, gathering more and more speed until we were air-borne. As we circled round the air-

port, I could see many of the places I know in Madras; the race-course, the light-house, and the long sandy beaches. Soon we could see no more of the town, and were flying over thick jungle; the wide rivers were the only things one could see among the green mass. The flight from Madras took $3\frac{1}{2}$ hours and we arrived in Bombay at 2.30 p.m.

On arriving we had tea, and then wandered around the airport looking at the shops and watching planes arriving and leaving.

At 8 p.m. we went through the customs, and medical offices and then we walked to the plane. Luckily I had a seat by the window though I could see nothing then because it was so dark. At the end of the aisle a notice saying "Please fasten safety belts" was lit up with a red light. The plane took off at 9 p.m. and started to fly at an altitude of 14,000 feet. We arrived in Karachi, Pakistan at 11.30 p.m., but I could not see what it looked like because it was so dark. In the airport post cards and various ivory ornaments were being sold.

We left Karachi after an hour and I slept till six in the morning. When I woke it was light outside, and the hostess told me we were flying over Arabia at an altitude of 18,500 feet. The journey from Karachi to Cairo took 9 hours and is the longest stage in this trip. Soon we were flying over the Red Sea; it was such a beautiful day that we could see everything outside, even the breakers which appeared as tiny white spots on the deep blue sea. We could also see the Suez Canal when we were over Egypt. We arrived in Cairo at 9.30 a.m. where the plane was refuelled and we had breakfast while waiting. Guards were marching round the airport carrying guns, and there was a man inside who cleaned shoes for two annas. The Egyptian standard time is $4\frac{1}{2}$ hours behind that of India.

After leaving Cairo we flew over the Mediterranean Sea and passed Crete, and the toe of Italy.

At 1.30 p.m. we arrived in Geneva and just before landing we saw Lake Geneva and the Rhone.

Geneva is a beautiful city, situated on the lake, with the Swiss Alps around. We had dinner here, and then looked at the beautiful watches clocks and musical boxes which were being sold.

When we took off from Geneva we circled around the airport twice to gather height, and then we flew over the mountains. The scenery was very beautiful and we could see Mont Blanc in the distance, but we were not allowed to take photographs.

We arrived in Paris for tea. While eating chicken sandwiches, a lady across the table began to tease us and said that the sandwiches were frog, not chicken; I immediately felt ill, and did not feel better till we were safely in London.

On leaving Paris we saw the Eiffel Tower, and other famous buildings.

Soon we were flying over the Channel, but outside it was misty, and as the plane kept flying through air pockets, I felt desperately upset.

It was raining when we arrived in London. I went quickly through the Customs and medical offices. and then I met my Aunt who had been waiting for me. As soon as possible we sent a cable home to Madras saying I had arrived safely in England.

JUDITH MOLYNEAUX, *Middle V.*

ELIE

ELIE, on the Firth of Forth, is the village of my choice; it has grown a bit since it was built and now joins with Earlsferry, another small village.

It has a small harbour, which is left high and dry at low tide; in it are one or two fishing smacks, a rowing boat or two, and a few small yachts and dinghies. Nets are strewn across high posts at the side of the causeway leading to the harbour, and on the jetty, lobster and crab pots are piled high.

One stormy day, when I was standing on the harbour wall watching the sea lash against the rocks, a small boy turned to me and said in a very Scots accent, "Have you ever been out on a day like this? On the sea, I mean!" I replied, "Yes," because a normal North Sea with a slight swell on it is like that. His mouth dropped open and he ran away to tell his friends and I was the object of discussion for the next ten minutes.

From the harbour can be seen the Isle of May and on very clear days the Bass Rock, a shadowy wraith in the distance. On one part of the headland the sea comes in with a crash and makes peculiar booming then a sucking noise as it swishes out. On this headland the lighthouse is situated, and a very old tower named 'Lady Tower'. The legend goes that a wicked Bishop tried to carry off a beautiful lady, but she took refuge in the tower.

There are many little bays to bathe in for the sea is nearly always calm and clear. The shrimps tickle your toes and tiny crabs scuttle into the shadow of the rocks; but one has to be careful of the jelly fish!

The bay where we spent a great deal of time was bigger than most, and above high water mark coarse sea-grasses grow. In spring many birds build their nests there for we saw all kinds of birds, including the still, dark cormorants, raucous, screaming gulls, graceful terns and once, a flock of dunlins. There are the usual different types of seaweeds; the bladderwrack, the sea lettuce and the coralline, and of course, shellfish; mussels, winkles, and razor fish.

The walks around Elie are always pleasant as there are rocks and sands to walk on, and ruined castles to explore. In fact this is the ideal village for people who wish for a quiet, peaceful holiday.

I shall never forget my holiday in Elie and one day perhaps in the not so far distant future, I shall return. I think the ending of the poem "Imagination" describes my wish.

'And somewhere in some magic place,
Where seabirds call and billows race
Green-crested, leaping as of old
From purple rocks to sands of gold,
The visions that my childhood knew
Will all return, and all be true.'

J. HICK, *Lower V.*

THE REALM OF GOLD

In the old romantic fairy-tales
That mothers told of old,
Underneath the rainbow's sails,
There was a Realm of Gold.

There fairies lived, and spirits too,
All clothed in cloth of gold.
And fleecy sheep of golden hue,
Were bartered and were sold.

But nowadays, when fairy-lore
Is lost, and thought untrue.
The Realm of Gold fades more and
more
But to a chosen few.

A chosen few, who still do lend
Their thoughts, to tales of old,
That somewhere, near the rainbow's
end
There *is* a Realm of Gold.

JUDITH WATSON, *Lower V.*

THE SHIP

A little white ship
Sailed round the coast;
Its sails were as white
As the snow laid new,
As the snow laid new.

Its bows were golden
As the sun came through
As the sun came through,
On the little white ship from Dover.

The little white ship
Tacked once, twice, thrice,
And then turned, homeward bound
To the little white cliffs of Dover,
The little white cliffs of Dover.

SIDONIA EMERSON, *Form II.*

YOUNG THINGS

Lambs, black and white, in the sunshine play,
Frisking and frolicking day after day;
In sheltered spots they play when it's cold,
And when it is warmer they try to be bold.

Tiny little kittens with eyes shut tight,
Playing in the basket as mother thinks right;
When their eyes do open, they're beady bright and blue.
And all around looks vast and all very new.

Tiny little fluffy chicks, soft and white,
Running to and fro in the bright sunlight;
Tiny little puppies looking mischievous and bad,
With soft, impressive eyes, so deceptively sad.

CECILIA LUNN, *Lower V.*

SPRING SONG

When swallows return from their
winter retreat,
And the cuckoo sounds from nearby
fields,
Then out of the ground the green
corn peeps
And the air the scent of the violet
yields.

When bare brown trees turn the
gayest green,
And banks are arrayed with the
primrose flower,
Then the sun shines down with a
welcoming gleam,
And decked in blossom is the apple
bower.

JUDITH WOOLISCROFT, *Lower V.*

AN EASTER SONG

Easter has come round again
With birds and flowers and busy
bees,
And April with its showers of rain
Dropping on the new green leaves

Easter time is happy, gay,
And joyfully all people sing,
Because Christ did rise today.
In churches all the bells do ring.

Everyone now praises God
On this great festal day,
With angels, singing hymns and
psalms,
In joy they sing both night and day.

Three days in kindly Joseph's tomb,
The Christ, the Crucified He lay,
Until at Easter-tide He rose
O happy, joyful Easter day!

FAITH BEARD, *Lower IV.*

THE BURNING OF 'WINTER'

THIS is an old custom which is celebrated annually in Zurich, in Switzerland. Men who belong to what are the equivalent of the old English Guilds, parade through the streets and down to the lake where they burn a large snowman over a bonfire. This is never called a Carnival.

It was a bright, cold day when we set off, and the streets were crowded with people hurrying to reach a good place for seeing the parade. Even though there were so many people, we could not help seeing the flags and bunting flying from the shops, and the snowmen in the windows. One such snowman was burning on a fire made of sausages!

It was the children's parade that afternoon. How proud they were of their fancy dresses! Some wore national costume and some crinolines and powdered wigs. There was a whole tribe of Red indians and some cowboys, too. There were some Chinese women and a few Arabs leading donkeys and camels. There were some gardeners with a great big watering can on a cart and the little boys whose fathers belonged to the Hatters' Guild all wore grey top hats like those that the Mad Hatter wore in Alice in Wonderland. Some children rode in coaches or on decorated drays, with the horses groomed to perfection and wearing brightly polished horse-brasses. One dray had an apple-tree with paper leaves and real apples on it. All the children carried flowers. Although it took about three-quarters of an hour to pass, the crowd and children enjoyed every minute of it.

The next day was the parade of all the men in the Guilds. The streets were packed; all the upstairs windows and balconies were full. Police were on duty to get people into their seats. Women were walking up and down selling flowers and everyone seemed to buy a bunch or two.

At last came the moment when the first band could be heard; everyone strained forward to catch the first glimpse and a murmur went through the crowd.

The first band marched proudly past, playing instruments decorated with flowers, and after them came the Gentlemen of the Guild in black suits and carrying flowers. Then followed the rest of the men, some on horses and some on foot, but all carrying flowers. They were dressed in the costume of the Guild, and were followed by the children. Whenever spectators saw some one they knew in the parade they threw flowers; sometimes when they tried to throw them to the men on the

horses they frightened the horses and made them rear and plunge. There were horse-drawn drays decorated to suit the Guild to which they belonged. There was the last St. Gotthard post drawn by five beautiful prancing greys with coats like silk and beautiful pluming tails. The Bakers had a cart full of small rolls of bread which they threw to the delighted children. The Fishermen had a large basket of fish and when they threw those into the crowd, they were greeted by screams from the people where they landed and laughter from everyone else. Some of the Tailors had long wooden scissors with which they removed people's hats. The Arabs' horses had bridles with tassels and brightly coloured reins and trappings. Two of the Wine-makers were carrying a large bunch of grapes which looked very real. The Blacksmiths had a dray with a forge in it and two men were busy hammering a piece of iron. The parade took almost two hours to pass, and finished by the lake where the big snowman was waiting to be burnt. When the fire was lit the flames leapt high in the air setting fire to the snowman who was full of fireworks. The Arabs were galloping round the fire and when the fireworks started to bang it frightened the horses who galloped faster and faster, sometimes losing their riders, but still galloping on.

After the fire had burnt down, each Guild went to a special place to have dinner. After dinner some of the men and the band from each Guild went visiting the other Guilds. All the men except the band carried candle lanterns which looked very pretty when reflected in the river. Many shops and houses had small coloured pots on the windowsills each with a candle in it; they flickered and looked more attractive than any of our fairy lights.

The men who had been visiting, came back to their own hotel about one o'clock and made speeches and reports. The party broke up early in the morning and all trudged wearily home for a few hours' well-earned rest.

DIANE CLARKE, *Lower V.*

BEAUTY

The crystal coolness of water;
The dip and soar of a bird;
The freshness of wind on a hilltop;
The rustling of trees, wind-stirred;
The whiteness of skies in a morning;
The deep velvet-blackness of night;
The scent of lilacs 'neath raindrops;
The flash of swallows in flight;
The gold-edged clouds massed at
sunset;
The cobbled village street;
The chimes from a tall church steeple;
The baying of hounds at the meet;
The blue-green haze of the distance;
The echoing call of the sea;
The quiet of an old-world garden;
All these belong to me.

N. GOODWIN, *Middle V.*

AUTUMN

Russett burn the leaves,
Soon bare will stand the trees;
Squirrells pick up fallen nuts,
And mud collects in all the ruts.
Then the leaves about do blow
In the wind. Away they go!
Then berries ripen on the bushes
And brown and golden grow the
ruses.
Then birds come flocking down to
feast;
And inside go horse and beast
To the warm hay-bedded barn.
Then sometimes frozen lies the tarn
Where the wild fowl made their nest;
Here again they come to rest
And outlive the winter's zest.

MARY WILDE, *Lower V.*

THE TREE I LOVE

Down in the cool dim woods
Where the skylark sings above
There by the rippling brook
Stands the tree I love.

Down where the bluebells gleam
And softly coos the dove
There in the shady grass
Stands the tree I love.

Down where the cuckoo calls
Where grows the tall foxglove
There amongst wild flowers
Stands the tree I love.

With wide spreading branches
Where the birds love to sing
There stands the tree I love
Where the harebells ring.

LESLEY KEMP, *Lower V.*

THE PINE

Alone, in solitude he stands,
King of all surrounding lands,
With branches graciously bent down,
Wearing an invisible crown.
They crowned him king
All birds that sing;
They bade him reign
O'er that wild domain,
The North, my home—
Best place to roam,
Where stands my pine
Glorious even without sunshine.

C. RATCLIFFE, *Lower V.*

AN ENGLISH SUMMER

A LAMENT

In days gone by they used to say,
Isn't the sun hot today?
But now, alas, we sit and sigh
And watch a sheet of rain pass by.

The summers then were hot and
long,
Upon the beach there was a throng
Of people basking in the sun;
A smile was worn by everyone.

But in the summer of '55
We sometimes wish we weren't alive,
The winter months dragged one by one
And still with summer there came
no sun.

Perhaps the sun will shine again;
Perhaps there'll be no wind and rain;
Perhaps gay clothes we'll wear all day
And children will get brown at play.

ANTHEA JOHNSON, *Lower V.*

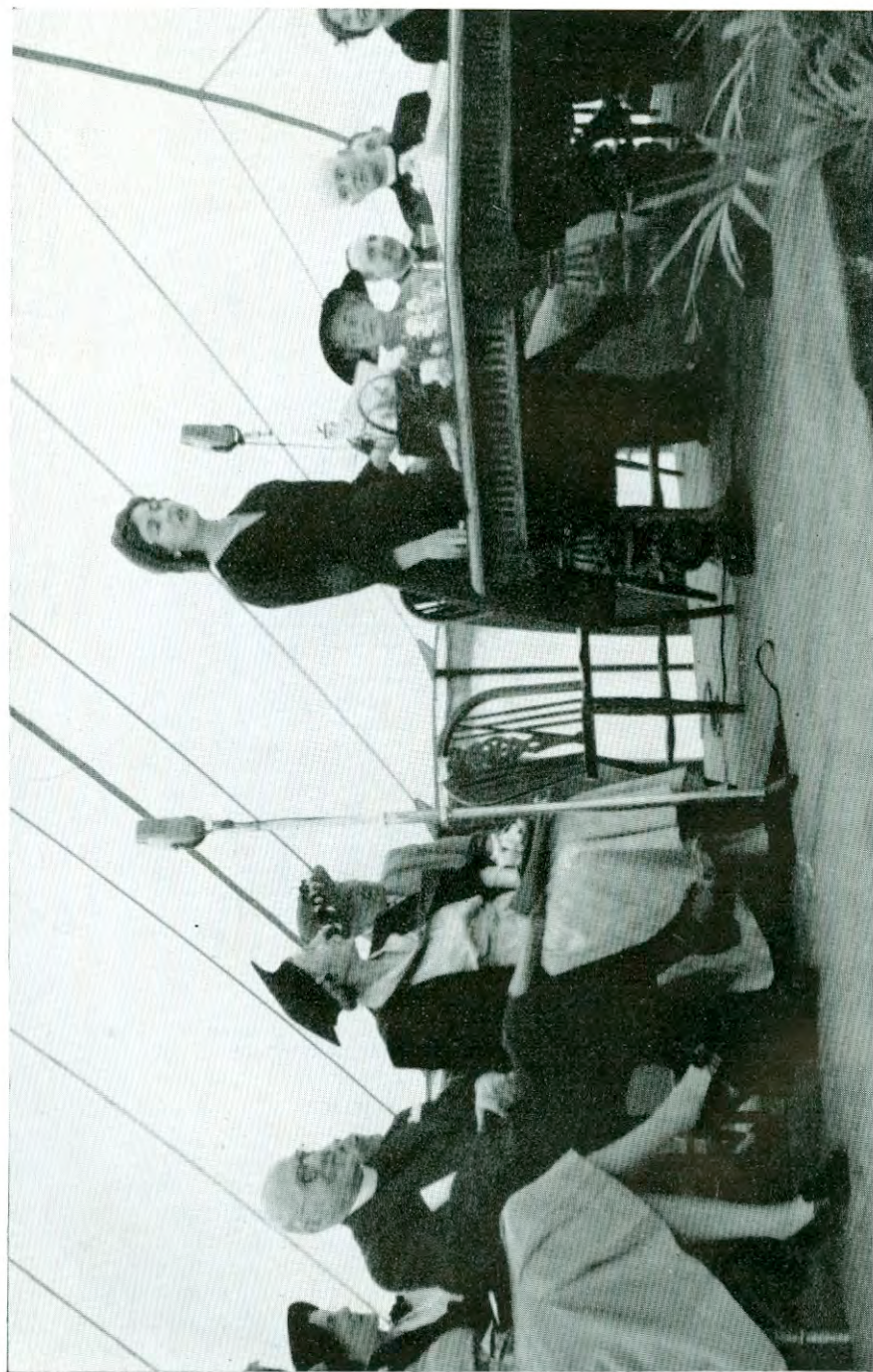
OLD GIRLS' CHRONICLE

Secretary's Notes

FIRST and foremost, a word of thanks must go to all the Sub-secretaries for their wonderful efforts to extract news from their members. I am sure that a record number of members have contributed to the Old Girls' news this year.

Unfortunately, as a result of sending out the notices for the new address book, it seems that we have lost touch with some members. If anyone knows of their whereabouts would she let me know so that I may contact them again. Larema Ayrst (*née* Fisher), Frances Ogle, Grace Harris, Sheila Kendal and Joy Maw cannot be traced.

It is hoped that the new address book will be in circulation in the near future, and so no list of 'change of address' has been put in this Magazine.



THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE ADDRESSING THE SCHOOL

If any Old Girl has a change of address at any time, would she let either Mary Goodman or me know, so that records may be kept up-to-date? Several Magazines went astray last year and they were not forwarded by the Post Office; if the original Magazine sent out is lost there are no spare ones to send on later.

A reunion was arranged in Manchester for the 7th May this year, but although over 100 notices were sent out to people living in the Manchester, Liverpool and Chester areas, only about twenty replies were received and of these only six were to accept the invitation. As the response was so poor the organisers felt that it was not worth holding the reunion and the meeting was cancelled. I am afraid this means that no one will be anxious to try to organise another one on similar lines and yet a plea for a Manchester reunion is constantly arising. It was thought it would be a good idea for people in certain areas who felt that it was too far to go to the Annual Reunion in London, but it appears that members are not really so keen when it comes to the point. What is the demand for branch reunions? I should be glad to have any views on the subject.

We were sorry to hear of the illness of the Bishop of Bath and Wells, Dr. H. W. Bradfield, and we hope that he will soon be about again.

We should like to extend our sympathy to Nell Johnson (*née* Hunt), whose husband, Canon Johnson, passed away at the end of last year; also to Mary James (*née* Jenkin-Williams), whose husband John died suddenly last June. Mary has a small boy just over a year old and is now living with her parents in Prestatyn.

47 Mayfield Road,
Moseley, Birmingham 13.
May, 1955.

ROSEMARY TAYLOR,
Hon. Secretary, S.E.O.G.G.

In Memoriam

WINIFRED LUCY WATKINS

Winnie Knight was at St. Elphin's for about ten years so there must be many Old Girls who will grieve to hear of her untimely death on 25th June, 1954.

She must have been one of the most 'all-round' girls the school has ever known. From the age of fifteen she did lessons with the Upper VIth, though she was too young to join them in taking the old Cambridge Higher Certificate. She played centre forward in the school hockey XI, and was a member of all the other games teams. She was a leading light of the Dramatic Society, and she won the silver vase for contributions to this magazine with what seemed, to her contemporaries, to be unreasonable regularity.

She was very small and this earned her the nick-name of 'Point', for a point has a position but no magnitude, and made her the butt of endless jokes, such as that she had herself given in, in her own exercise book.

It was always a disappointment when she did not follow her sister Olive to Cambridge, but she had a number of interesting secretarial jobs both before and after her marriage and at her death held a responsible post at the B.B.C.

She left two adored and adoring daughters both happily grown-up,

though her friends could never really believe that Point was a grandmother, and indeed her youthful looks belied it.

May she rest in peace.—G.

NEWS OF OLD GIRLS

Staff

Miss Flood writes: "I am, I hope, now having a permanent home with someone to look after me, as I am getting older, though I am still able to do a certain amount of work for the Church, e.g. Mothers' Union Talks, the care of the Church Library, and to enjoy my friends. All this keeps me quite busily occupied. I am to live with someone who was formerly in service with a good family, retired on coming in for a little money, bought herself a flat, and wanted a lady to take care of! I think she will look after me very kindly and that I shall have a quiet and comfortable home after my various wanderings."

Miss Johnson, Headmistress of the High School, Sunderland, has recently been made a J.P. in Sunderland.

Miss Evans writes: "In 1952, I was invited to stay on one of the remote islands of Fiji. I went in February via Australia, flying from Sydney to Fiji and finishing my last 400 miles in a wee steamer to Rotuma my destination. Officially, during the six months I was there, there was *one* delivery of the letters and newspapers! But actually there were four other ships which brought us some mail. The island was thick bush except for a rough road round the coast, so there, at intervals, were the houses. I came home via Canada."

Nellie Robbs (*née* Moore) lives at Caversham. As she is 90 next birthday she must be about the oldest Old Girl.

May Richardson is still teaching in a Co-Educational Grammar School in London. She is Senior Mistress and has been at the School for the last twenty-five years.

Kathleen Rowntree has moved to another house, "Combe Cottage", Wendover, Bucks. She does a little teaching to keep her hand in!

Dorothy Cheeseman (*née* Howe) regrets that she couldn't get up to the Reunion in London, but transport from the Isle of Wight is difficult.

Carrie Wintringham runs the house for her mother and father. The latter is 89, and still very active. (Many of us who remember him as the vicar of Darley Dale are pleased to hear news of him).

Barbara Champion gave up the headship of Ashby-de-la-Zouch Girls' Grammar School in 1951, owing to ill-health. Later she took a temporary headship and since 1954 has been Classical Mistress at Mills Girls' Grammar School, Framlingham.

Adelaide Milligan has been appointed as one of the official Speakers for the Mothers' Union in York Diocese, primarily for the Cleveland Archdeaconry. She is an associate member of the Redcar branch of the Mothers' Union.

Hilda Knowles (*née* Matthias) writes that her eldest son has become Docteur (lettres) with 1st class honours at the Sorbonne, where he was awarded two literary prizes for a thesis on Michelet.

Lena Nichol is teaching at St. Michael's Lodge, Stoke Daverel, Plymouth.

Marjorie Nicol is Senior Mistress at Tavistock Grammar School. They have just moved into a new bungalow which was built to their own design. The new address is 3 Oak Tree Lane, Whitchurch Road, Tavistock.

Joyce Thompstone (*née* Knowlson), has a son at Repton.

Mary Johnson has a busy life as Headmistress of the Dorchester County High School.

Kathleen Bardsley was awarded the O.B.E. in last year's Birthday Honours. **Dorothea Flinn** (*née* Robbs) is Senior Mistress at Cheadle Hulme High School. She has a son in Brazil and a daughter who has one more year at school.

Edith Chandler is Nursing Sister at Queen Alexandra's Court, Wimbledon, where she is the only nurse for 79 flats for Officers' widows and daughters in the services (S.S.A.F.A.). Her daughter, Hilary is training as a nurse at the London Hospital.

Margaret Glen Bott is the only Woman Member on the University Council of Nottingham. She has been a Magistrate and a member of the City Council for many years.

Muriel Wells is busy writing Law articles.

Dorothy Reynolds (*née* Srawley) has a second grand-daughter out in East Africa where her daughter is living.

Bertha Lund is a very practical member of the Women's Institute near Prestatyn. She demonstrates and teaches several branches of handicrafts, including wadding quilting and chair caning. She does all her own work in the house and garden, including all the digging. She was seventy this April.

Ursula Lee (*née* Crawshaw) writes that her eldest daughter is enjoying her work in Addis Ababa where she has been for a year. Her second daughter hopes to enter Southampton University in the Autumn.

Olive Douglas is still teaching at Frenchwood County Primary School in Preston. She is also Sunday School Superintendent at St. Cuthbert's Infant S.S., and is a District Commissioner in the Girl Guides.

Ethel Douglas is a Domestic Science Teacher in Preston, Secretary of a G.F.S. Branch and Superintendent of the Junior Sunday School.

Nell Johnson (*née* Hunt) lost her husband at the end of last year. The funeral service was conducted by the Bishop of Edinburgh and all brother Canons, Deans and the Provost were present.

Elaine Woodhouse is living in the Lake District, and looking after her father, and during last winter, two aunts also.

Richmal Lamburn was a guest of honour at Foyle's lunch at the Dorchester, on November 24th last year.

Joan Duke (*née* Toogood) is at St. George-in-the-East Hospital, London, where her husband is Medical Superintendent. Her daughter, **Shirley**, also an Old Girl, is second-year medical student at the Middlesex Hospital, London.

Constance Butler (*née* Eling) is convalescing after a mild attack of rheumatic fever.

Phyllis Srawley (*née* Foster) writes that her daughter Rosemary is now 21, and just completed a Domestic Science Course at College. She is now taking up Hotel management. Her son Michael nearly 18, expects to do his National Service training shortly.

May Mayhew-Jones is Editor of the Journal of the Textile Institute, and one of the Editors of the Annual *Review of Textile Progress*. She finds it interesting work, and finds that her "school-marm" training a help when it comes to bullying delinquent authors!

Eileen Appleby is working in the local Conservative Office for the period of the Election, and life is very hectic.

Ella Baines (*née* Thorpe) is now a Company Director and has been made President of the Lewes Club of the National Federation of Business and Professional Women.

Doris Kaye is still running her Pre-Prep School for boys and the School is growing fast.

Dora Glennie is just going to a new job as housekeeper in one of the student hostels of Goldsmith's College, University of London.

Hazel Summer (*née* Fletcher) says that her son Donald, won his Orpington By-Election last January for the Conservatives and her daughter has been a County Councillor for many years in Stirlingshire.

Betty Abdy (*née* Birkett) is now living in Hampshire as her husband has retired after 20 years in the Royal Navy, and is now farming. She is enjoying her return to country life after many years abroad, and her small niece Angela, whose parents are in Uganda, has been left in her care.

Sybil Osmond (*née* Wells) has two sons aged 11 and 5. She is still working part-time for the International Federation of Agricultural Producers and has recently attended conferences at the Hague and in Paris. She is going to another one in Rome in September.

Dorothy Taylor (*née* Pinchin) ended her full-time teaching career, as Headmistress of Tiverton Girls' Grammar School in May 1947. In September, 1947 she married the Rev. E. Taylor, Vicar of St. George's, Darlaston, Staffs., and now has two children. For two years she did part-time teaching at Queen Mary's High School, Walsall.

Joan Lloyd is still Matron of the Blundellsands Convalescent Home for children and enjoys it very much.

Lucy Birch-Jones is teaching Scripture at King Edward's High School, Birmingham, and would be glad to contact any other Old Girls in the Birmingham area.

Dorothy Mulliner continues to be busy with Red Cross work, and has passed the examinations for First Aid, Home Nursing, Infant and Child Welfare and Resuscitation. She is a member of her Church choir.

Joyce Renwick has been appointed Headmistress of Kidderminster Girls' High School as from next September.

Noel Carr is a doctor at Mudeford near Christchurch, Hants. She sends news of her sister **Mary**, who is married and has two girls and a baby boy. Mary finds time to do a good deal of publishers' reading and has published some short stories of her own.

Mary Garrett (*née* Roseveare) is back in Nigeria where her husband is the Medical Superintendent of the Oji River Leper Settlement. After two years in this country, Mary has gone back for a year, leaving the children in England. She is helping a great deal with the work of the settlement and in District clinics, by personal contacts with the people. She also enjoys opportunities for physiotherapy and her own home activities.

Ruth Roseveare is home on leave from St. Stephen's Hospital, Delhi. She finds life very busy and tremendously interesting in India, when Indian and European Differences are no longer stressed and there is a growing mutual trust and equality, especially at the hospital. She is at present in London, doing a post-graduate course in Obstetrics and Gynaecology in preparation for her return to Delhi in October.

Catherine Fiennes-Clinton (*née* Thomason) writes from Canada of the local excitement last year when a 15 year old girl swam across Lake Ontario. It had never been done before.

Margaret Griffiths (*née* Ashton) is Captain of Cheshire golf this year and goes with the team to Alnmouth from 4th-10th May. She is still playing for the Veterans, which, she says, is much less strenuous golf!

Mary Illsley is progressing with her Physiotherapy course, and takes her finals in November, after which she hopes to work either at Burton or Derby.

Anne Palm (*née* Evans) is back in this country for a few months, and is showing her husband over England on his first visit here.

Marjorie Gardener (*née* Longden) is getting more involved in village-life and is on various committees including the local W.I.

Bunty Wincer (*née* Ray) has her hands full with her two children aged 4½ and 3. Sally started school in January and since then both children have been in and out of bed with one ailment or another.

Luana Wells is progressing well in the horticultural world. She also teaches Botany and Horticulture to the students of the London School of Floristry. She has had news of Vivienne (Hewitt that was) who is in Adelaide with her husband and works in the Royal Adelaide Hospital.

Meryl Turner (*née* Chambers) is in Nairobi with her husband and three children.

Stephanie Jones is now Lady Cook at the G.F.S. Hostel in Westminster.

Rachel E. Johnston is working in the Matron's Office at St. Thomas's Hospital, London.

Margaret Nash is on furlough at present from the Hospital at Vellore, South India, and hopes to come to England after visiting relatives in Australia and New Zealand.

Joyce Dawson (*née* Cartmell) is living in Co. Fermanagh, N. Ireland. She can hardly believe she has a daughter old enough to wear a gym. tunic!

- Jill Keeling** (*née* Shaw) and her husband and small son live in Ashover where they have built an educational zoo. It was opened on April 3rd, 1955, and over 3,000 people visited it at Easter. It is open every weekend and Bank Holiday in the summer, and booked parties are conducted during the week. There are about 200 animals in the Zoo.
- Joan Trapnell** (*née* Martin) leads a very busy domesticated life, with periodic excursions on to the tennis and badminton courts and the hockey field. Janine, now 4½, goes to school.
- Margaret Broun** (*née* Wontner-Smith) and her family are now living at Chippenham, where her husband is Director of Music at the Grammar School.
- Pat Mayne** is still working with a firm in London, where she is Personal Secretary to the Managing Director. She went to Sweden and Denmark last year for the firm, as she deals with some of the publicity and selling.
- Francine Barrett** (*née* Collins) is at present living in Ruislip, but she and her husband are shortly going to Baghdad, where he is going to teach dentistry to the Arabs!
- Heather Woodcock** has been an Air Stewardess with B.O.A.C. for the last five years, and much enjoys the very full and varied life. She met **Josephine Sedgewick** in Sydney recently. Josephine is Assistant Purser with Orient Line shipping company.
- Dorothy Laybourn** (*née* Wallace) was married in 1954. **Pauline Tilsley** (*née* Jackson) and **Margaret Joslin** (*née* Russon) were at the wedding.
- June Hannant** (*née* Burr) has a third daughter. Her eldest daughter is being despatched to school in September! June's sister, **Rachel**, is going to be married in July.
- Barbara Clegg** is doing temporary nursing, looking after new-born babies. She sometimes sees **Mollie McCombie** who is nursing at King's Mill Hospital.
- Fay Smith** (*née* Trickett) and her family have moved to Leicester, and would be pleased to see any St. Elphinite at any time. She sends news of **Margaret Bacon** who now has a second son.
- Anne Rust** is sailing out to Mandalay in September to join two other nurses in a missionary hospital for women and children.
- Alyson Bradfield** is back in Wells putting the Palace in order after all the restoration work.
- Elizabeth Styles** (*née* Hewitt) sends news of her sister **Jane**, who is now married and working in Cirencester until her husband returns from the Canal Zone. Elizabeth saw **Avice Barrow** last summer. She is still working on the same farm and is engaged to a farmer. She also sends news of **Rosemary Newell** who is engaged to **Elizabeth Evans'** (*née* Jackson) brother, Crawford.
- Linette Rice** sends news of a change of job. She moves in May to Harlow, Essex, to be Personnel Manager in the Standard Telephone and Cable works there. Last year she was bridesmaid at **Mary Davidson's** wedding, which was quite the event of the year for many Old Girls! **Mary** was married last August and had a bevy of Old Girls to swell the congregation, including **Joan McIntyre** (*née* Domville) and her husband, **Betty Wareham** (*née* Carson) and her husband, **Anne Carson**, **Edwina Davy**, and **Mrs. Rhys-Jones** (Miss Hindle) and her husband.
- Betty Wareham** (*née* Carson) is at present living in Germany where her husband has an Army post.
- Betty Martin** is teaching at a new Primary School in Barnstaple. In September she goes to a new Infants' School in Bideford as Headmistress. Meanwhile she is very busy doing all the planning for it while still teaching.
- Erica Abbott** (*née* Hancock) was married last year and has now 'joined the mop and broom brigade'! She has now stopped teaching and is expecting a baby in June.
- Betty Laurent** (*née* Vernon) has two sons who keep her very busy. Her husband manages the Ship and Castle Hotel at St. Mawes, Cornwall.
- Gwen Owen** is sorry that she cannot go into 'the engaged, married or died' columns to create interest! She is doing some broadcasting and repertory work. She finds radio work great fun.

Elizabeth Rumboll (née Swain) is now the proud mother of a nine-month old daughter, Julia Jane.

Margaret Wallis has been in Sweden for 18 months and is now engaged to a Swede. If they can get a flat they hope to get married in July, and live in or near Stockholm. She is living with a Swedish family to learn the language and national cookery, and can now cook with a cookery book in one hand and the dictionary in the other!

Jane Hargreaves (née Cox) took her finals at the Medical School at Manchester University last summer. She is living at home looking after her two-year old son.

Mollie McCombie is a part-time theatre nurse at King's Mill Hospital, near Mansfield.

Marjorie Onslow (née Domville) is living in Hampshire where her husband is a schoolmaster at a Boys' Prep. School.

Jean Ottershaw (née Watson) is due home this summer from Nigeria, for six months' leave. She has a baby daughter now seven months old.

Beryl Wainwright (née Pates) finds that family life and its demands keep her extremely busy. She now has two children.

Audrey Lavender is still on the staff at St. Elphin's.

June Brierley is working at the Phosphor-Bronze Restaurant in Birmingham and is managing to cope with an acute staff shortage.

Joan Gregory is working with the British Rayon Research Association in Manchester.

Stella Holland is thoroughly enjoying teaching in Derby.

Pat Philcox (née James) is living in Germany until September, when her husband completes his National Service.

Jennifer Pooler recently had a trip in the Himalayas and then sailed on to Australia where she is staying until the Olympic Games in 1956.

Catherine Soutter is working hard for her M.B. finals which she takes in September.

Joan Waddington is a Junior Ward Sister at Christie Hospital, Manchester.

Peggy Whitfield is teaching in Gloucester and hopes to go camping with the children this summer.

Shirley Lewis is secretary to the editor of *Yachting Monthly* and has a chance to do some book reviewing.

Elaine Brown (née Owen) has a lovely, modern flat near St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, where her husband is a curate. She finds housekeeping quite a change from Botany!

Ann Bosson passed finals last year and is now S.R.N. She hopes to take an industrial Nursing Post in London in September.

Joan Manicom (née Swindell) and her husband are working in the Belgian Congo, in Kimpese, at the Ecole Pasteur et Instituteurs. Joan is teaching Art in three schools there and will attempt to teach some English to the Theological students. They will be home for six months' leave in three years.

Shirley Bolton hopes to complete her training at Crewe College in June and will begin teaching in Lancashire.

Lynn Clark is private secretary to a firm of builders and contractors.

Ruth Doxey obtained her B.Mus. degree at Nottingham University in June 1954, and is now working at the Headquarters of the Nottinghamshire County Library.

Biddy Gordon is an Associate of the Drama Board, and takes her L.R.A.M. in Speech and Drama soon. She has been teaching these subjects to Bradford Youth Clubs and Evening Institutes and at Bingley Training College.

Mary Tudor-Jones has a flat in London, where she is Assistant Manageress for Cadbury's.

Ruth Tudor-Jones is home-service advisor for the N.W. Gas Board in Macclesfield, and also does cookery demonstrations.

Rachel Kingdon is teaching the Kindergarten at Dore and Totley H.S.

Jillian Lloyd-Turner is studying for her M.P.S. at Wolverhampton.

Ann Lyon is now a Registered Sick Children's Nurse, and hopes to take a midwifery course in October.

Mary Swift has just become a pre-student nurse at the Royal Liverpool Children's Hospital.

Ann James (*née* Wilson) left England at the end of January and is now living in Southern Rhodesia.

Maria Lawton has spent three years in France, where she took a bi-lingual secretarial training, and has been in Buenos Aires for two years and spent most of the time nursing. She returns to England in July to study drama in London.

Betty Lavender has a flat in Liverpool, where she is studying architecture.

Valerie Purdy qualified as M.C.S.P. in January, and is working at the Eastern General Hospital, Edinburgh.

Ruth Adams is working on her father's farm.

Pat Blake is at Durham University taking finals for her B.A. in June.

Chris Baker is a shorthand typist for Nottinghamshire County Council in the Public Health Department.

Margaret Cardno is taking a graduate course in music and is studying piano, harp and singing at Manchester Northern School of Music.

Jill Cartwright begins teaching in September at Hawnes School, Haynes Park, Middlesex.

Jo. Cartwright is studying piano and clarinet at home.

Greta Carson is nursing at Derby City Hospital.

Ann Carlisle has finished her first year at St. Thomas's Hospital.

Ann Daws took her 2nd M.B. in March at St. Mary's Hospital, London.

Murial Duckworth is teaching in Nottingham.

Ann Foster is specialising in oil painting. She takes her degree next year at Reading, and is then sailing for Australia.

Ann Hebditch is a secretary at the National Coal Board in Doncaster.

Jean King is taking a secretarial refresher course and hopes to get a job combining both Domestic Science and secretarial training.

Shirley Lees is working in Williams Deacons Bank.

Rosemary Sephton is working on her father's farm.

Pauline Schonhut is assistant secretary at Westonbent School.

Ruth Shepherd is a typist in a clinic in Chesterfield.

Dian Westbrook is teaching in Alfreton Junior School. She is getting married in August and will then live in Southsea or district.

Angela Willatt is in her second year in Totley Hall College of Housecraft, Sheffield.

Elizabeth Beeley is assistant matron-cum-cook at a school in Bushey.

Eileen Eckersall is in her first year of the Social Administration Course at Manchester University. She is the Manchester representative on the Northern England Council and Northern Executive of the S.C.M.

Marylyn Lloyd is entering Norwich Training College in September.

BIRTHS

On February 11th, 1951, to Dorothy Taylor (*née* Pinchin), a daughter—Dorothy Ann.

On November 28th, 1952, to Dorothy Taylor (*née* Pinchin), a second daughter—Pauline Francis.

On April 2nd, 1954, to Cynthia Brown (*née* Lucas), a son—Simon Lucas.

On April 21st, 1954, to Margaret Broun (*née* Wontner-Smith), a son—Richard Charles Thewes, brother for Sheila and Barbara.

On May 16th, 1954, to Margaret Joslin (*née* Russon), a son—Hugh James Andrew.

On July 2nd, 1954, to June Hannant (*née* Burr), a third daughter—Sara Margaret.

On July 4th, 1954, to Elizabeth Wilson (*née* Ellis), a son—Richard Anthony John.

On July 19th, 1954, to Elizabeth Rumboll (*née* Swain), a daughter—Julia Jane.

On August 10th, 1954, to Kathlyn (*née* Rees), and Robert Peate, a daughter—Susan, sister for Hugh and Norman.

On August 16th, 1954, to Betty Laurent (*née* Vernon), a second son—Michael.

On August 21st, 1954, to Jean (*née* Rowe), and Dr. Michael Johnson, a son—Stephen, a brother for Mark and Clare.

On October 6th, 1954, to Jean Otterenshaw (*née* Watson), in Nigeria, a daughter—Caroline Ann.

In October, 1954, to Jean Purcell (*née* Hadfield), a son.

On January 26th, 1955, to Beryl Wainwright (*née* Pates), a daughter—Sally Ann.
 On March 1st, 1955, to Betty Edwin (*née* Patrick), a son—Krishna.
 On April 4th, 1955, to Pamela Spouge (*née* Lawrence), a son.
 On April 27th, 1955, to Betty Wareham (*née* Carson), a son—Nigel Howard Anthony, at the British Military Hospital, Berlin.

ENGAGEMENTS

Between MARGARET LOVATT and ALBERT FAHMY-SAKLA of Cairo.
 Between ROSEMARY NEWELL and CRAWFORD JACKSON.
 Between VALERIE PURDY and GWILYM HOWELLS.
 Between RUTH TUDOR-JONES and R. GORDON HUMPHREYS.
 Between BETTY TURNER and DEREK W. HOOD.
 Between MARGARET WALLIS and BO MALMSTROM of Sweden.

MARRIAGES

✓ ABBOTT—HANCOCK. On April 21st, 1954, at Loughborough Parish Church
 Erica H. T. Hancock to Michael Philip Abbott.
 ✓ AITCHISON—DAVIDSON. On August 4th, 1954, at Lytham Parish Church,
 Mary Davidson to William A. Aitchison.
 ✓ BROWN—OWEN. On October 23rd, 1954, at St. Paul's Knightsbridge, Elaine
 P. Owen to the Rev. Michael Brown.
 ✓ BURGESS—WESTBROOK. On August 5th, 1955, Diana Westbrook to William
 Burgess.
 ✓ GLYN-EVANS—DONALD. On September 3rd, 1954, at St. Paul's, Knights-
 bridge, Patricia Donald to Timothy Glyn-Evans.
 ✓ HENSON—SCHANSCHIEFF. On May 17th, 1955, in Northampton, C. Jill
 Schanschieff to Felton James Henson.
 ✓ JAMES—WILSON. On February 5th, 1955, in Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia,
 Ann Wilson to Richard James.
 ✓ LAYBOURNE—WALLACE. On July 31st, 1954, at St. John's Church, Ranmoor,
 Sheffield, Dorothy Wallace to Kenneth Laybourne.
 ✓ MANICOM—SWINDLE. On September 11th, 1954, Joan Swindle to the Rev.
 Peter J. Manicom, B.A.
 ✓ ONSLOW—DOMVILLE. On August 11th, 1954, Marjorie Domville to Ian D.
 Onslow.
 ✓ PHILCOX—JAMES. On December 29th, 1954, Patricia James to Cedric R.
 Philcox.

DEATHS

THOMAS, Eileen, in December, 1953.
 WATKINS, Winifred Lucy (*née* Knight), on June 25th, 1954.

MEMBERSHIP CHANGES DURING THE YEAR 1954/1955

New Members			Resigned		
		Group			Group
✓ Wendy Berwick	..	30	✓ Mary Baxter (<i>née</i> Hoyland)	..	24
✓ Alison Bainbridge	..	30	Barbara Brooke Taylor (<i>née</i>		
✓ Mary Finch	..	—	Barrow)	..	16
✓ Pat Hodgson	..	30	✓ Jennifer Chorlton	..	24
✓ Hilary Schonhut	..	30	✓ Barbara Dyson	..	9
✓ Judy Shipman	..	30	✓ Margaret Edwards	..	27
✓ Mary Swift	..	30	✓ Pamela Gamble	..	24
✓ Susan Williams	..	30	✓ Rachel Grimes	..	28
			✓ Joan King (<i>née</i> Kaye)	..	8
			✓ Josephine Richards	..	25
			✓ Janet Rowarth	..	28

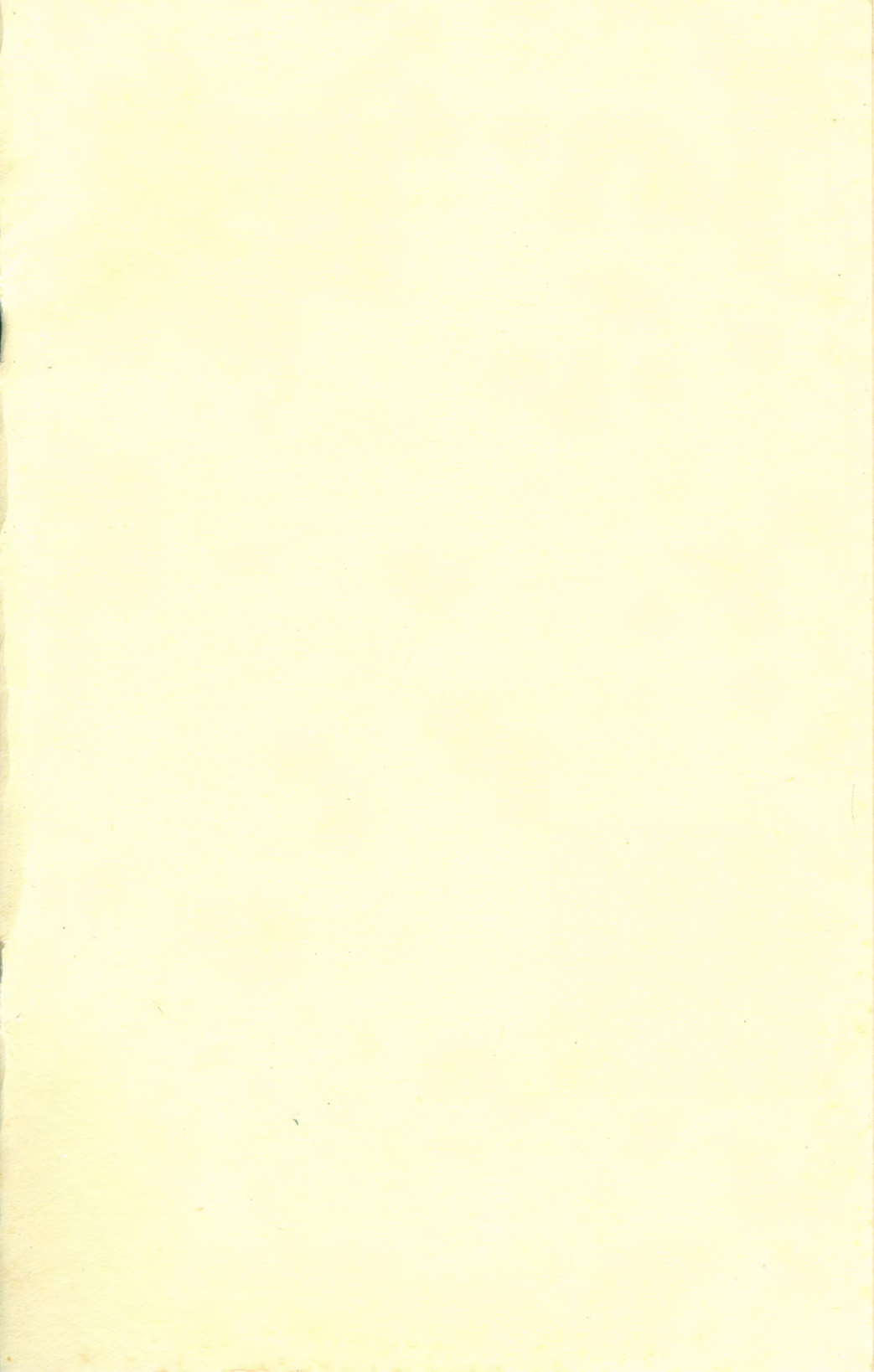
It is regretted that the following Old Girls have had to be crossed off the membership as they have not paid their subscription for two years:—

			<i>Group</i>				<i>Group</i>
✓ Ruth Berry	..	..	26	✓ Mary Hopkins-Jones	..	..	26
✓ Flora Bisset Smith	..	..	19	✓ Ruth Parsons	..	..	26
✓ Susan Baybrooke	..	..	27	✓ Barbara Thomason (<i>née</i> Bankes)	..	..	15
✓ Shirley Cowing	..	..	26	✓ Elizabeth Todd	..	..	27
✓ Pam Davies	..	..	26	✓ Gabrielle Tuke	..	..	26
✓ Pat Hayward	..	..	26				

Reminder for Sub-Secretaries

Please will you note the above changes and so keep the list of your Groups up to date.

Expenses for postage, etc. may be claimed from the Treasurer—
Mary Goodman, 52 Salisbury Road, Moseley, Birmingham, 13.



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