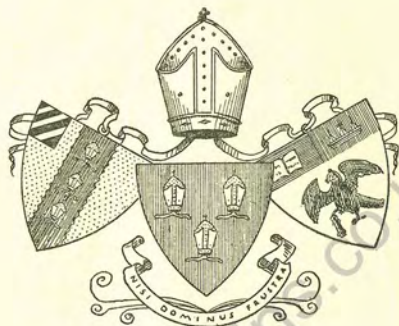


ST. ELPHIN'S MAGAZINE



ST. ELPHIN'S SCHOOL
DARLEY DALE
MATLOCK

No. 74

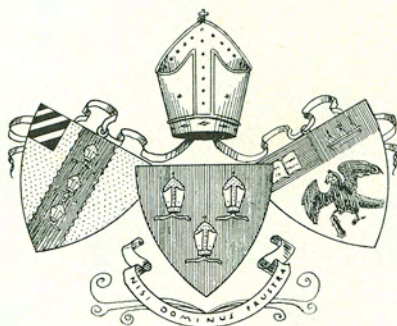
JULY, 1956

ST. ELPHIN'S MAGAZINE

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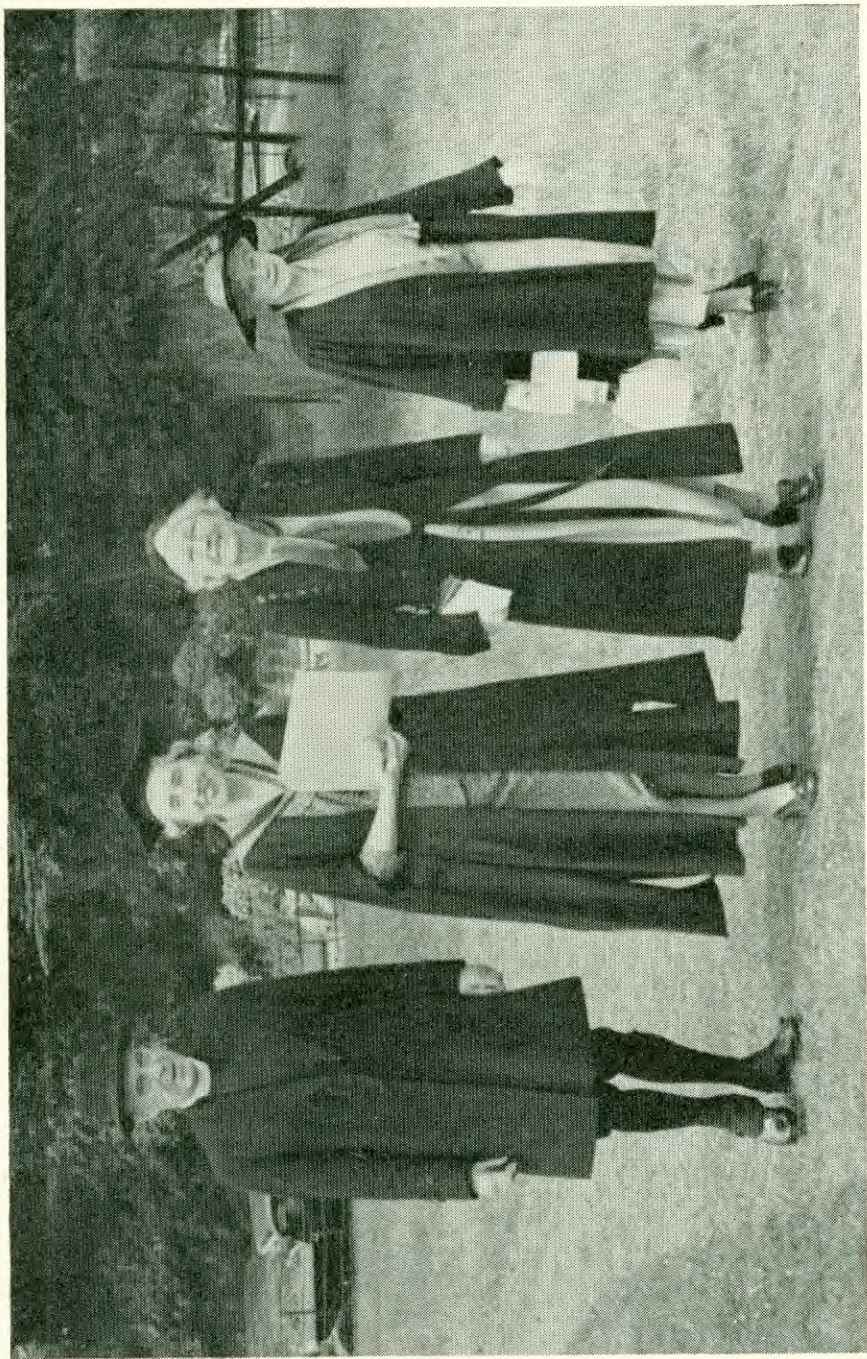
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MISS HELEN DARBISHIRE WITH MISS STOPFORD AND ARCHDEACON AND MRS. BEAN,
SPEECH DAY 1955

SCHOOL OFFICE HOLDERS

Head Girl—SANDRA THORNTON

Deputy—PAMELA JEFFERIES

Prefects—Cynthia Clamp, Jean Donaldson, Pamela Jefferies, Marie Pepper, Gillian Shorland-Ball, Catherine Smart, Janet Grimes.

Sub-Prefects—Susanne Blackwall, Elizabeth Bourne, Aileen Burn, Ann Lomas, Susan Pimlott, Angela Rickards, Suzanne Silk, Barbara Cooper, Heather Hadfield, Diane Parker.

SCHOOL NOTES, 1955-56

THROUGHOUT a perfect May, we have seen the trees in the school grounds and in the Dale beyond, quicken into Spring while the sun has shone on our Summer Term activities—School Confirmation by Bishop Rawlinson, Ascension Day and Whit Monday excursions and picnics; so that, although half-term was ushered in with darkened skies and a steady drip we can sagely remember the country's pressing need for rain and hope that it will be satisfied before July 14th sees us assembled once more in the marquee.

Last year's Speech Day brought us as guest of honour Miss Helen Darbishire, formerly Principal of Somerville College, Oxford, whose wise and stirring address left us with the reflection that "we live by a fire within us". We should have valued the opportunity to hear this authority on Wordsworth speak on her own subject, but the afternoon called us to other activities in the Sports field, in which the participation of parents was much appreciated by the School. We are gratified to learn that in the Derbyshire Women's County Cricket Team, Sheila Blyde was this year elected Captain for the second year in succession and Jill Cartwright Vice-Captain.

The customary series of lectures and films in the Common Room during the Christmas and Easter Terms has been enjoyed by the School, as well as visits to the film version of Richard III in Matlock and to 'Julius Caesar' at the Library Theatre, Manchester by Upper V. Benjamin Britten's 'Let's Make an Opera' was presented to the school at the end of the Easter Term, a very creditable achievement by members of the choir; and this was followed by a feast of Drama for this year's House Competition, in which Kennedy was judged the winner with their production of Sophocles' 'Electra', an exacting choice which won the praise of Miss Crofts, the adjudicator, for its verse speaking, choral work and décor.

New members of Staff are now happily settled in and we have had visits from Miss Reekie from her Art College in Leek and from Miss Logan who spent her half-term with us, renewing her delight in the familiar walks in Derbyshire. We hear too, that Mrs. Dixon (Miss Neill), Mrs. Exley (Miss Pratt) and Miss Sifleet are expected soon. It is always a pleasure to see Old Girls and former colleagues again; and the whole school welcomed Miss Bean and Meg with happy hearts. We wish her all happiness and success in her new life.

LETTER OF THE HEADMISTRESS

18th June, 1956.

My dear Old Girls,

It does not seem very long ago since we had our Week End here. It was a great pleasure to welcome you. We were sorry not to see more from the younger generations of Old Girls, but so many of them are training or in jobs which make it difficult for them to get away at the end of April. At any rate all generations were nobly represented at the Dinner in London on May 4th. This was a most successful enterprise, and one which we hope will become established as an annual event. Of course, we had a real occasion to celebrate this year—Miss Flood's diamond jubilee—and it was delightful to have her as our Guest of Honour, looking so well and so obviously enjoying it all to the full. We hope she will continue to attend the Dinner for many years to come. We all feel deeply indebted to Ella Baines, who first originated the idea of the Dinner and then worked with untiring energy to make sure that as many people as possible were notified, finally organising it all so beautifully at her Club, the English-Speaking Union. It was a splendid contribution to the tradition of the School, and we thank her most warmly.

Speech Day this year is on July 14th, with the Prize Giving at 11.30 a.m. followed by Sports in the afternoon. Our Guest of Honour will be Miss Murray, Tutor of New Hall, Cambridge, where Angela Holder is now in her second year. I hope as many Old Girls as possible will come. Don't forget the Garden Fête on September 29th, the last Saturday in September, and do send us parcels to be sold unopened for 1/- each at the Parcel Stall.

I had a very happy half-term holiday in Oxford last February, seeing Jill Goodwin and Rosemary Sands, who are both at St. Hugh's, and Virginia Storrs-Fox, who was then working in Oxford.

We have had senior boys from both Denstone and Abbotsholme Schools over for dances during the year, and our seniors go to dance at these two schools this term—a welcome diversion from G.C.E.

The subject for the Sixth Form Conference this year was "Christianity or the Eastern Religions?" Our speakers were the Rev. Cyril Davey, who had been a missionary in India, and Dr. Violet Paranjoti, who gave a most moving talk from the point of view of an Indian Christian. Our Chaplain, the Rev. T. P. Symonds, was in the Chair. We welcomed in the audience boys and girls from the Lady Manners and Ernest Bailey schools and had a most lively discussion. We ended as usual with a service in the Chapel.

Rosemary Sands upheld the record of the last two years by gaining a State Scholarship last Summer and a County Major Scholarship, which she is holding at St. Hugh's College, Oxford, where she is reading History. Marie Dawson, with a Leicestershire County Scholarship, is reading Science at Durham University. In the same College Hall are Madeleine Hogg, reading English, and Thea Bean, who holds a West Riding County Music Scholarship. We congratulate Gill Shorland-Ball who in a 'trial trip' for the University has been placed on the waiting list at Newnham.

I am very glad so many Old Girls come to the School for week-ends, and hope to meet a great many of you at the London General Meeting on October 13th.

With love and best wishes to you all,

Yours affectionately,

E. E. STOPFORD.

LETTERS FROM THE UNIVERSITIES

From **Madeleine Hogg** (*Reading English in Durham*).

... I am thoroughly enjoying University. Last term was a whirlwind of new faces, a new routine, and new ideas. Life is a good deal more sober now. I have taken up rowing and last term stroked an Aidan's novice crew. We won the novices' races, so are sporting little wooden miniature blades now as trophies! Our crew has broken up and I and a particular friend of mine are now rowing 2 and bow in one of two boats from whose occupants is to be chosen the crew to represent Durham College at a regatta in the summer! We are quite pleased about that, but rowing is a mixed blessing: we go out whatever the weather—snow, sleet, or hail. I shall emerge either as an Amazon or a victim of galloping consumption!

I am one of the chorus of 'love-sick maidens' in a production of 'Patience', to be performed next week by the Durham Colleges, Light Opera Group. I thoroughly enjoy that. Eventually, though, I should like to transfer to the Dramatic Society.

The first year Honours English have (at least, a few of us have) formed a type of small club for reading modern poetry, which, for self-evident reasons, is called the Tuesday Club! The two founders, Michael Routh and Raymond Salmon, are from St. John's (Theological, College. They were discussing the programme for next week, decided on one of T. S. Eliot's plays, and then suddenly, in the space of about ten minutes, decided to produce the 'Confidential Clerk' and had it cast in no time. They have so far delegated the role of Mrs. Guzzard to me! I am quite keen on the idea of performing it, but a little apprehensive—the Tuesday Club is small and I am not sure that it possesses the acting talent to sustain parts like Lucasta or Colby Simpkins. However, it all seems arranged, so 'in for a penny, in for a pound'.

The standard of debating is, I think, disappointingly poor—most speeches tend to be irrelevant and slightly vulgar. However there's an interesting cross-section of humanity here.

I hope to come back to school sometime soon and see you all. Meanwhile I send my love and best wishes.

MADELEINE.

From **Rosemary Sands** (*Reading History at St. Hugh's College, Oxford*).

This is the first time I've ever written a letter in a punt—we really are on the Cherwell. My parents are up for the week-end, and as it is a glorious May evening we have taken supper on the river. It's very

quiet except for the birds and the rising fish—just as I wrote that, some children yelled loud and long! My father, I am glad to say, is still an expert punter so I am not risking the lives of my near and dear as I thought I might be doing. We've just begun to move again, so anything may happen to my writing.

It is going to be difficult to describe the glories of Oxford. I thought when I came up in October that nothing could be lovelier than the line of turning trees down St. Giles and those in Christ Church Meadow by the Isis, with Christ Church and Merton and Magdalen towers rising above the trees. I remember going there my first term and talking to an old man who came there every afternoon to the same bench. As he was talking, a small grey shape slipped out of the grass and onto his hand—the first grey squirrel I'd ever seen. One after another, five or six appeared and filled their cheeks with nuts before disappearing again.

We all made the usual mistake of trying to join too many clubs, and I haven't yet cured myself of doing too many things. I find that, of work, which is unavoidable in women's colleges; entertainment, which is irresistible; and sleep, which is advisable; it is possible to do two out of the three, and after all, one can always sleep in the vac!

(A water vole has just steamed across our bows and there is a swan nesting on one bank. Father still doing fine!)

I seem to spend a great deal of my spare time at the theatre. Most of the plays are post or pre-London productions, and now everyone is queueing for the D'Oyley Carte Opera which is apparently an integral part of the Summer term here.

Oxford changes character with the weather a great deal. I remember walking up the High in the evening the first time it snowed, and seeing the spires and college roofs outlined against an amazingly blue sky. The same place on May morning was totally different. We had all been told so much about it that we almost expected to be disappointed, but it was a clear day and at 4.15 a.m. St. Hugh's and all the other colleges resounded with alarm bells and bumps as we ran into each other in the dark. St. Hugh's is the furthest away from Magdalen Bridge of course! We arrived safely, and I was lucky enough to be in a punt just under the bridge. At 6.0 a.m. all the traffic stopped, although the birds certainly didn't, and the singing on the top of Magdalen tower was as clear as could be. Then the spell was broken and people began to fall into the river again and to start cooking sausages in the punts!

It seems a shame to have to do any work this term, and thank goodness that Schools is two years hence. Even so, it is pleasant to take one's books into the college garden—without prejudice, one of the loveliest in Oxford, although I don't think we ever do a great deal of work. Another way of persuading oneself that one is combining work and pleasure is to anchor a punt half-way up the river. Five of us decided that we ought to go out quietly by ourselves until we had learnt to punt, having been told dire stories about women drivers on the river! Unfortunately that afternoon, the sun and the experienced punters came out too. We were the butt of everyone's wit as we shot from bank to bank and hawthorn bush to hawthorn bush, but our

moment of triumph came when a punt containing our most insulting observers parted from its pole and we sailed up, pulled the pole out and handed it back.

I seem to have said very little about Oxford as a seat of learning, but I don't expect anyone will be very interested in that! Father thinks it's time his daughter made a fool of herself with the punt pole.

(*Later*) the river really was lovely as we were coming back to-night—the sun setting behind the trees as we looked back one way, and before we arrived back the moon was shining on the water. I wish you could have been there. It is wonderful to think that I really shall be here for the next two years, now, provided I behave myself, of course! I wouldn't change this for anything else at all.

I hope you can extract something suitable from my outpourings.
With love from

ROSEMARY.

IMPRESSIONS OF BEDFORD COLLEGE OF PHYSICAL TRAINING

From **Sallie Hitchin**

The impression of the first few days at college which remains most strongly is one of 'organised chaos'. 'Organised' because it really was a highly organised procedure, but 'chaos' because we seemed to be eternally rushing round knowing what we were meant to be doing but not always where we were meant to be doing it! There were forms to fill in with regard to examinations passed; there was an inspection of games kit, games trials and measurements to be taken for shorts and dance dresses—the latter a somewhat tedious business! Lecture rooms, games fields, all seemed placed so as to make themselves most awkward to find. However, the second and third years were most helpful and we soon found our whereabouts.

The first weekend was made most pleasant for us first years. On the Saturday the second years invited us to tea and then took us to the pictures and on the Sunday, we were entertained to tea by the third years.

Though I knew beforehand that the course included a considerable amount of theoretical and academic work, I was surprised to find quite how much. I should like to dispel once and for all the popular theory that the life of a P.E. student is a pleasant round of gymnastics, dancing and playing games! It is absolutely untrue.

The highlight and perhaps the most enjoyable time of the first year was the last week of the summer term which was spent camping in the fen country near Ely. The main object of the week was to learn about camp planning and organisation but we also had a wonderful canoeing course. We had six double canoes and were very fortunate to have instruction from an expert canoeist. There were several minor mishaps when people ended up in the river with the canoe upside down, but by the end of the week everyone was quite proficient. It was a week of glorious sunshine and we were all very brown and healthy-looking, though somewhat dirty, when we returned to an unhealthy-looking civilisation!

A great event mid-way through this year was the completion of our new building, comprising a gymnasium, art room and laboratory—all modern and beautifully equipped. The gymnasium is to be officially opened at the end of this month and we are at present kept extremely busy practising for the first demonstration to be held in the new building. In the midst of these practices we second years sit with books strewn all around us frantically revising for Final Examinations in Biology and English. These are held in the middle of June and when it gets really near the time we're hoping that it won't be a case of needing black coffee, wet towels and special drugs!

Throughout our time here we have plenty of teaching practice and games coaching. This is usually very enjoyable and it is, of course, one of the most important parts of the course.

Despite the fact that we are kept well occupied we run several societies and clubs. There is a choir and an orchestra, a fencing club, dramatic and debating societies, the Reel and Strathspey Club, the Christian Union and the newly formed Canoeing Club. There isn't time to belong to many of them but membership seems to be fairly even in all the clubs.

The two years have passed by very quickly and I expect we shall have finished college and be teaching before we know where we are.

SALLIE HITCHIN.

SUCCESSSES IN PUBLIC EXAMINATIONS

1955

- | | | |
|----------------|----|---|
| Rosemary Sands | .. | State Scholarship and Derbyshire County Major Scholarship. Entrance to St. Hugh's College, Oxford. HISTORY. |
| Marie Dawson | .. | Leicestershire County Scholarship. Entrance to Durham University. SCIENCE. |
| Dorothea Bean | .. | West Riding County Music Scholarship. Entrance to Durham University. MUSIC. |
| Madeleine Hogg | .. | Entrance to Durham University. ENGLISH. |

1956

- | | | |
|----------------|----|--|
| Jean Donaldson | .. | Entrance to Bristol University. SCIENCE. |
|----------------|----|--|

Colleges

- | | | |
|-----------------|----|--|
| Cynthia Clamp | .. | Leicester College of Domestic Science. |
| Sandra Thornton | .. | Homerton Training College, Cambridge. |
| Barbara Cooper | .. | Lincoln Training College. |
| Susan Pimlott | .. | Manchester Regional College of Art. |

Northern Universities Joint Matriculation Board.

General Certificate of Education, 1955

Passes at Advanced Level

- | | | |
|-----------------|----|---|
| Dorothea Bean | .. | Music. |
| Marie Dawson | .. | Botany and Zoology. |
| Madeleine Hogg | .. | English (Distinction); History (1954); Latin. |
| Rosemary Sands | .. | English (Distinction, 1954); History (Distinction); French. |
| Sandra Thornton | .. | Geography; English Language (Ordinary Level). |

Ordinary Level

The following passed in four or more subjects:

FORM VI

Susan Marcon, 1954. (*Omitted from last issue. With apologies.—Ed.*)
Gillian Mosely.

FORM UPPER V

Carol Atkinson.	Frances Jackson.
Deirdre Battersby.	Margaret James.
Susanne Blackwall.	Ann Jeffries.
Sylvia Boothby.	Ann Lomas.
Elizabeth Bourne.	Jill Nicklin.
Aileen Burn.	Diane Parker.
Barbara Cooper.	Susan Pimlott.
Mary Davies.	Angela Rickards.
Alison Hall.	Suzanne Silk.

Associated Board of the Royal Schools of Music

Piano

Grade I. Heather Bond, with Merit; Allison Bond, Susan Granger, Judith Howe, Hilary Lunn, Janet Heath, Margaret Flitcroft, Phyllis Adams, Celia Jephson.

Grade II. Jane Moncur, with Merit; Jennifer Heath, with Merit; Pamela Morley, Karen Marker, Judith Chatterton, Philippa Watson, Jane Caudwell, Margaret Flitcroft, Susan Granger, Joy Mattison.

Grade III. Judith Emm, with Merit; Rosemary Thornton, with Merit; Ruth Wiffen, Mary Wilde, Elizabeth Wass, Audrey Buxton, Oenone Dunkley, Rosemary Green, Clare Henderson, Lesley Kemp.

Grade IV. Helen Wright, Marguerita Knowles.

Grade V. Judith Tuckwell, Dorothy Owen.

Grade VI. Margaret Ellison, Jane Atkinson.

Grade VII. Dorothea Bean, with Merit.

Passes in Theory of Music

Grade V. Cecilia Lunn.

The Guildhall School of Music and Drama

Elocution

Grade V. Anna Wortley.

Grade IVA. Mary James, Ann Lomas.

Grade IV. Judith Chatterton, Margaret Smart.

HEAD GIRL'S REPORT

WE began the Autumn term full of enthusiasm, tempered by some trepidation. We strove for perfection but, alas, we appear to have achieved very little.

We felt that the House system was becoming rather meaningless as most activities are done in Forms not in Houses. In order to try to remedy this it was decided that evening preparation should be done in Houses instead of as previously in Forms.

Several years ago it was decided that the silence rule in all corridors should be abolished; however it was found that the noise in long corridor disturbed the office and the music staff. Therefore the silence rule was brought back into force at the end of the Autumn term, with the penalty of a Report for breaking it.

We felt that the House order system was having little effect, and therefore the new system of detentions was begun in the Spring term. As far as we can judge in such a short time this has been fairly successful.

During Lent we collected, as usual, for charity, but the result was very disappointing. Selwyn House, however, raised over nine pounds, owing to the fact that they exploited school's pre-occupation with food! We were very sorry to have to say good-bye to Miss Bean and Meg at the end of the Spring term; we miss them both very much. The school subscribed to buy her a wallet which she has since had engraved with her initials and the words, 'With love from St. Elphin's'.

The Summer term opened amid the groans of those who had taken little exercise during the holidays, and were now rushed into preparation for the gym. competition.

Prefects' meetings with Miss Stopford have been held continuously throughout the year, and I feel that they have been very successful.

Finally I should like to thank all VIA for their unfailing help throughout the year.

I leave after many happy years here, and wish the next head girl and prefects the very best of luck, and hope they will achieve all we strove to do.

SANDRA THORNTON.

THE SCHOOL CHAPEL, 1955-56

THE Chapel is the pivot of school life, and much of its value lies, not in any special event, but in the contribution it makes to the ordinary routine of school. It is with special gratitude that we remember the loving care and interest given to the Chapel for so many years by Miss Bean, and her faithful supervision of its Library. For the smooth running we are, as always, indebted to the Staff Sacristans: Miss Jasper, Miss Lamb, and Miss L. Thompson and to the School Sacristans and Servers.

We are especially grateful to the Rev. T. P. Symonds, our chaplain, for the generous contribution he gives to the life of the School.

But there have been special occasions, too. The Christmas term ended as usual with the Service of the Nine Lessons, followed by Carols and Candle-lighting which remains one of our most delightful traditions.

The Lent services this year were conducted by the Rev. R. T. Stamford, and were much appreciated by the School.

The Confirmation took place on Wednesday May 23rd when thirty-two girls were confirmed by the Bishop of Derby.

The following week-end brought Quiet Day when the services were taken by the Chaplain; this provides an opportunity for thought and prayer which is greatly valued by many of the girls.

We should like, too, to offer our thanks to the Priests, who have come to take Sunday Duty from the Community of the Resurrection, Mirfield, and to Father Ball, of the Society of the Sacred Mission, Kelham, who is now an old friend of the school.

GILL SHORLAND-BALL, *Vla.*

Sacristans—S. Thornton, P. Jefferies, J. Donaldson, C. Smart, G. Shorland-Ball, M. Pepper, C. Clamp, J. Grimes, S. Silk, E. Bourne.

Servers—S. Thornton, P. Jefferies, G. Shorland-Ball, S. Silk, E. Bourne, A. Rickards, H. Randle, J. Coulter, C. Line, M. Reeman, C. Hudson, M. Keal, E. Busby, J. Randle.

THE CHAPEL CHOIR

LAST June the choir went to Morley, near Derby, to sing the Eucharist for a summer meeting of the Additional Curates Society. Unfortunately not all the members of the choir could attend this service as it was during examination time. Another visit to Morley is being held this term.

In October we went to Derby Cathedral to the Festival of Choirs which are affiliated to the Royal School of Church Music in this district. The music was conducted by George Guest, organist of St. John's College, Cambridge. We sang the Magnificat and the Nunc Dimittis to settings in C minor by Charles Wood. The first anthem was 'O Holy Spirit, Lord of Grace', a Motet for four voices by Christopher Tye, sung unaccompanied. The second was 'All for the Sun's Uprise' in four parts by Philip Tomblings. We all enjoyed this festival and are looking forward to one at the end of June, in Chesterfield, which we are re-visiting after three years.

We were pleased to be able to sing evensong a short time ago in our own Chapel for the Derby Diocesan Band of Women's Work.

CYNTHIA CLAMP, *Head Choir Girl.*

THE LIBRARIES

WE thank the donors of very welcome gifts to the Kennedy and the Fiction Libraries; like all new additions these were immediately in demand.

The Committee of the Kennedy Library has maintained a high standard both in discipline and in care of books and, it is hoped, will see the year through without further loss. The members have finished the card index for checking and this awaits the arrival of the new cabinet which is ordered. Repairs have been kept up to date in each section.

Unfortunately, both the Senior and the Junior Fiction have losses to record and again we must appeal to the conscience of borrowers, to return books promptly and not to leave them lying about in school. We are buying a new section for the Common Room book-cases for Senior Fiction and hope that this will prevent the unnecessary deterioration which is the result of our overcrowding.

The following books have been purchased for the Kennedy Library this term.

We are grateful to all members of Library Committees whose work throughout the year makes possible the running of the three libraries.

An Illustrated History of Science by F. Sherwood Taylor.

An Introduction to the Mathematics of Physics by Nelkon.

Modern Electricity by Nelkon.

An Introduction to the Electronic Theory of Valency by Speakman.

Ions, Electrons and Ionising Radiations by Crowther.

Mass Spectra and Isotopes by Aston.

Essentials of Modern Cookery by D. Seton.

The Way to Cook by Philip Harben.

Learning to Cook ("Good Housekeeping").

Kennedy Library Committee: Gill Shorland-Ball *VIa*, Head Librarian; Jean Donaldson, Pamela Jefferies, Ann Lomas, Suzanne Silk, Catherine Smart, Sandra Thornton.

Senior Fiction: Angela Rickards, *VIb*, Leslie Kemp, *MVa*.

Junior Fiction : Elizabeth Bourne, *VIb*, Anthea Johnson, *MVa* Gill Dixon, Christine Britton *IV*.

Supervisory Duties: Jean Donaldson. *VIa*.

MUSIC, 1955-56

THERE have not been as many musical items in this year's programme of concerts as usual, but those we have had, have been thoroughly enjoyed.

At the end of the Summer Term there was the inevitable excitement over the Matlock Bath and District Music Festival. There were not as many entrants as usual, but the standard was considerably higher. The School proudly congratulated Thea Bean on winning the Dean Turton Challenge Cup with her pianoforte solo in the "Under 21" class, and also Mary Rose Sockett and Jane Atkinson on gaining a Second Prize for their pianoforte duet. Three choirs were entered, and although none returned to school triumphant, they did not consider their work to have been in vain.

At the beginning of the Autumn term, the Annual Fête was held, and two concerts were given by the School to the parents. The items included were a selection of pianoforte solos, the pianoforte duet which gained the Second Prize in the Music Festival the previous term, some recorder music, and songs sung by the three Festival choirs. Of these, the 'Under 12s' sang 'Thistle Tassle', by Frederick Keel, a song entirely in keeping with younger voices, and the 'Under 16's' sang 'Come, Sweet Delight' by Markham Lee, arranged in two

parts for female voices. The 'Under 19's' sang a loud, rollicking song, 'Follow Me Down to Carlow', ending off the concert on a cheerful note.

Also included in each programme was some elocution and songs sung by members of Selwyn House, who gained the highest mark for their Surprise Item in the Inter-House Music Competition, the previous Spring term. Thea Bean returned to school to honour the occasion with an excellent pianoforte solo.

Half-way through the Christmas term, the School was glad to welcome again Mrs. Marianne Urslap-Kapper, who sang songs from many different communities, including our own 'Greensleeves' and a well-known Negro Spiritual. She ended her performance with a delightful Yiddish song, which was enthusiastically encored.

We were also visited that term by some people hitherto unknown to the School—the Musick Makers. James Maddocks presented and played four different stringed instruments, and June Mills introduced the Oboe, Oboe d'Amore and Cor Anglais. Both these gifted artists could play the pianoforte and harpsichord, and thus presented a series of fascinating combinations to the School. At the end of their performance, the School was permitted to inspect their instruments, and many people's knowledge of musical instruments was considerably widened.

Throughout the year, as usual, pianoforte pupils have been offered for examination to the Royal Associated Board of Music. In the Summer term, all the Grades were represented, and the School was again proud to acknowledge Thea Bean as a pupil, when she passed Grade VIII (Final) with Merit. In the Christmas and Easter terms, however, only the lower grades were represented.

The last musical item was the performance to the School of Benjamin Britten's 'Let's Make an Opera', by members of the choir at the end of Spring term.

CHARACTERS:

The Play, Act I.

Gladys Parworthy
Norman Chaffinch

Pamela Wilton
Anne Dougall

The Opera, Act II.

Miss Baggot, the housekeeper	F. Jackson
Black Bob, the sweepmaster	M. Ellison
Clem, Black Bob's assistant	A. Johnson
Rowan, the nurserymaid	C. Hudson
Juliet Brook	N. R. Sockett
Tom, the coachman	N. Pepper
Alfred, the gardener	P. Smith

Children:

Bruce	Gay, aged 16	J. Tuckwell
Monica	Sophie, aged 14	A. Wilson
Peter	John, aged 15	J. Grimes
Mavis	Tina } aged 10	R. Young
Ruth	Ruth }	R. Wiffen
John	Sam, aged 8	C. Britten

PERCUSSION: E. Bourne, C. Line, A. Watts.

'Let's Make an Opera' was suggested as a school play, after the successful performance by members of the upper school and choir, of Gilbert and Sullivan's 'Trial By Jury' in the Summer of 1955. Two separate casts were chosen, and rehearsed throughout the Christmas term, but at the beginning of the Spring term, the best

performers from each cast were taken to form the final cast. They were then rehearsed both separately and collectively throughout the term, and the standard was brought considerably higher.

After many groans, and much hard work on the part of the staff involved in the play, the date of the performance to the school was fixed. The dress rehearsal went off smoothly, various improvements were made and the night of the performance was approached in happy anticipation by the school.

Throughout the previous terms, as the school had been taught and rehearsed in the four audience songs, little rehearsal was necessary before the opera began.

The performance went off creditably, with the audience and percussion backing up the cast well. The scenery and costume had been carefully thought out, so that the right atmosphere prevailed.

Afterwards, the performers offered their appreciation and gratitude to the members of staff concerned with the production, for all the work they had done to ensure a very creditable performance.

ANNA WATTS, *Upper Va.*

LECTURES AND FILMS

DURING the last year we have had many talks and films encompassing a wide variety of subjects. Music has not been neglected and the three recitals given were thoroughly appreciated.

Miss Nash of the S.P.G., and Miss Willis gave most interesting talks on Missionary work in South Africa; Mr. Pratt Anderson talked to the Lower Fifth downwards about the work of the Sailors' Children's Society; Mrs. Rawlinson came to speak about 'Interesting People I have known' and was given an enthusiastic welcome. Her talks are always well received and we hope she will visit us again in the near future.

In the first week of the Spring term, Dr. Matthews gave a series of lectures which were attended by girls from the Middle Fifth upwards. The titles of these talks were 'Growing up', 'The Sex Instinct' and 'Conscience and Responsibility'. We found the talks extremely interesting and informative and are looking forward to Dr. Matthews' return in June when he is to speak to those girls who are leaving.

Mr. Kearton and Mr. Cordes showed some very interesting lantern slides and Mr. and Mrs. Mills gave a most interesting afternoon by talking about, and playing on their collection of unusual musical instruments.

We have been extremely fortunate in the number of films shown this year. During the Spring term four were shown. These were 'Something Money can't Buy', 'Where no Vultures Fly', 'The Wooden Horse' and 'Cry the Beloved Country'. It was coincidence that Anthony Steele should star in three of these, but nevertheless, very gratifying to many. In the Autumn term a party of the Sixth and Upper Fifth saw 'The Dam Busters' at Matlock Cinema and in the

Summer term, the entire Senior school attended a special schools showing of Richard III. This was enjoyed by all and we should like to thank those who made the transport arrangements for such large numbers. We hope that next year arrangements will be made for similar types of entertainment which are so valuable a part of the education and leisure of the School.

JEAN DONALDSON, *Vla.*

BROWNIES, 1956

IN January there were twenty-four Brownies in the Pack with Janet Heath as a helper. The Sixers were M. Flitcroft, L. Harman, D. Llewellyn and S. Granger, who left at the end of the term and was replaced by M. Toach. P. Whittington and N. Cowman were welcomed to the Pack in April.

During the Spring term the Brownies worked hard at Test Work and nine were enrolled and have passed the Golden Bar (Second Class) Test. They are: V. Wenter, C. Hare, R. Seville, I. Earle, D. Llewellyn, A. Niblock, M. Toach, P. Rogers, A. Bond, H. Bond, G. Webster, R. March-Penney.

L. Harman and M. Flitcroft are to be congratulated on passing the Golden Hand (First Class) Test. They have also won the Knitter's Badge. We are hoping that several more Brownies will achieve First Class before the end of July and that a variety of Proficiency Badges will have been won.

The District Commissioner, Mrs. Baker, has twice visited the Pack. Once to examine and again to present Brown Owl's Warrant. She joined in the whole meeting and taught us a Dutch Song and a new singing game from Germany.

On 'Thinking Day', February 22nd, the Pack celebrated its own and the Chief's Birthdays with a special Ceremony. Miss Stopford, Miss Lavender, Mrs. Paterson and Miss Hurst were our guests. The evening began with an enrolment which was followed by the Thinking Day Ceremony. Every Brownie, each representing a different country, brought a lighted candle, with greetings from her country, and placed them in a Trefoil pattern round the Toadstool, as a symbol of the universal friendship in the Sisterhood of Guiding. Then the Birthday cakes, decorated with the yellow World Badge on a brown background soon disappeared and the visitors were saluted with a Grand Howl.

During the Summer, the Pack took advantage of the fine weather to practise tracking and fire-lighting out-of-doors. Several sing-songs were held round camp-fires on the 'Hump' and a day's 'camp' with Brownie Cooks is planned.

Most of the older Brownies will be leaving the Pack in July and some will be Flying-Up to Guides. We thank them for what they have done for the Pack and wish them all 'Good Guiding' in their new venture.

L.A.H.

K.A.H.

Brown Owl.

THE LITERARY AND DRAMATIC SOCIETY

THE 'Lit and Dram' has continued to flourish this year although we felt the loss of many of our most stalwart members at the end of the summer.

This term we have done Anouilh's 'Antigone' (in translation!) with considerable success, and are now embarking on 'Venus Observed'.

In the Autumn term we read 'Under Milk Wood' with great verve. We also did 'Julius Caesar', for the benefit of the G.C.E. people, as well as for our amusement; the crowd scenes were particularly lively! Other events of the year have been 'The Bird in the Hand' in which we indulged in much pillow-fighting; and 'The Admirable Crichton'.

We feel that the 'Lit and Dram' has certainly given a great deal of pleasure to its members and allowed us to gain a closer knowledge of plays which we might otherwise have neglected.

GILL SHORLAND-BALL,	} <i>President.</i>
FRANCES JACKSON	
ANN LOMAS	
HILARY RANDLE	
JOY SHORLAND-BALL	

} *Committee.*

THE HOUSE DRAMA COMPETITION

THE revival of this most popular of our Inter-House Competitions was greeted with enthusiasm. Even those who failed to secure the Cup will agree that the Competition brought them great enjoyment and valuable experience for next year.

Each House was required to produce an entertainment lasting fifty minutes; the play or plays were left to the choice of the individual producers. It proved impossible for the School to see more than the finals which were judged by Miss Crofts.

Three plays were selected for the finals by a panel of judges consisting of Miss Stopford, Miss Smith and Miss Slater; these were Wilson's Play—scenes from 'A Midsummer Night's Dream'; Kennedy's—'Electra' and Fletcher's—'Jane Eyre'.

All these plays were of a commendably high standard and showed the hard work and enthusiasm of producers and actors alike.

'Jane Eyre' achieved the eerie atmosphere of Thornfield with marked success; Anne Howard gave an excellent performance as Jane herself, and the mad Mrs. Rochester's hideous laughter was most realistic.

'A Midsummer Night's Dream' produced its usual delight; Pyramus and Thisbe died charmingly. Theseus, the stalwart producer, was fortunate in her props, as Miss Bean kindly lent Meg to the man in the moon!

'Electra' is both a more difficult and a more rewarding play than either of the others, and Kennedy gave an outstanding performance. No one person stood out; the play was excellently balanced and unified. Frances Jackson is to be heartily congratulated on her achievement.

No one was surprised that the Cup was finally awarded to Kennedy, though Fletcher and Wilson were not far behind. The Drama is a valuable competition because it requires not only individual talent but co-operation and united effort.

GILL SHORLAND-BALL, *Vla.*

THE GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY

THIS year, with the help of Miss Winder, a Geographical Society for the Senior School has been formed. We held our first meeting in the Spring Term, and at this, a committee upon which each form is represented was elected and a film, 'Venezuela looks ahead' was shown by Miss Winder. During the Summer term, we had another film, 'The Back of Beyond', which is about Australia, and this was much appreciated by all the members. Also at this meeting, it was decided that all members should pay 8d. each term, to cover costs, and to raise funds for Society expeditions.

The Committee elected was: *President*, Sandra Thornton; *Treasurer and Secretary*, Pamela Jefferies; Cynthia Clamp, Jane Atkinson, Jillian Ratcliffe.



CUP WINNERS, 1954-55

HOUSE REPORTS

FLETCHER HOUSE

WE were sorry to say good-bye to Rosemary Sands at the end of the Summer term and thank her for her valuable contributions to the House.

This year, the standard of work has been good. We won the Work Shield in the Spring term but were beaten into second place in the Autumn by Kennedy.

Fletcher has also maintained a good standard in games and we share the Hockey Cup with Powys. We won the Junior Netball Cup in the Spring term; the Senior Netball team, however, were unfortunate in losing to Wilson 11—10 and Gresford 5—4.

The Dramatic Competition was revived in the Spring term after a lapse of several years and we should like to thank Gillian Street for her hard work and efficiency as captain, which resulted in our gaining second place. We also congratulate Ann Howard on her portrayal of Jane Eyre and Rosemary Thornton whose French accent was quite equal to the demands of the charming Adèle.

I hope Fletcher will continue to be as successful as she has been recently and I wish her the very best of luck in the future.

<i>House Captain</i>	..	MARIE PEPPER
<i>Vice-Captain</i>	..	SUSANNE BLACKWALL
<i>Committee</i>	..	CHRISTINE JOHNSON
		SUSAN PEPPER
		GILLIAN STREET

GRESFORD HOUSE

WE were very sorry to say good-bye to Caroline Symmers at the end of the Summer term. I'm sure the House wishes to join with me in thanking her for all she did while she was House Captain.

The order in the Autumn term was unfortunately not of a very high standard. The work, however, has improved during the year, and we should like to thank Jacqueline Watson for her reliable standard.

This year the House Drama Competition was held in the Spring term. We did only one play which was 'Saint Joan' and we should like to thank Ann Lomas for all the work which she put into the production.

I should like to thank the Committee and the House for their helpfulness in all House activities and I wish them the very best of luck for the future.

<i>Captain</i>	..	PAMELA JEFFERIES
<i>Vice-Captain</i>	..	ANN LOMAS
<i>Appointed Members</i>	..	MARY REEMAN
		CHRISTINE LINE

KENNEDY HOUSE

WE said good-bye to Marie Dawson with regret at the end of the Summer term and wish her every success in the future.

Since we won the Work Shield in the Autumn, our work has degenerated rapidly. We have, however, distinguished ourselves in other fields.

At the end of the Summer term we won the Cricket Cup for the second year running, the Tennis Cup, and were second in the Sports.

In the Spring we won the Senior Netball, thanks to the admirable coaching of M. James, and also the Drama Cup, under the captaincy of F. Jackson.

Keep this up Kennedy, but try to improve your work.

Best wishes for the future.

<i>Captain</i>	..	JANET GRIMES
<i>Vice-Captain</i>	..	NORMA GOODWIN
<i>Committee</i>	..	MARGHARITA JAMES
		ANNA WATTS
		FRANCES JACKSON

POWYS HOUSE

POWYS has had a varied year. During the Autumn term the Order was not good, largely owing to individual members of the House, especially in UIV. The Order Shield was, however, abolished at the beginning of the Spring term.

The Hockey was captained by S. Pimlott and we reached the finals but since owing to the weather the match could not be played, we shared the Cup with Fletcher. The most sharply contested game during the Cup matches was that against Wilson; yet, in spite of the tension it was enjoyed by all; it ended in a draw.

During the Spring term the Netball and Badminton matches were held and after a hard struggle we won the Badminton Cup. S. Pimlott, who captained the Badminton, has been helpful and enthusiastic in all House Games since LIV but especially during the last two years when she has been captain of the Hockey, Badminton, Sports, Tennis and Cricket. We feel sure that she will be greatly missed next year. The Drama Competition was revived and the seniors acted C. B. Clegg's 'Apple Tree' and the juniors acted the farce 'What a Collection!' M. Smart and Judy Tuckwell put in a great deal of work and the Competition was enjoyed by all. We should like to congratulate Kennedy on the very fine performance which won them the Cup.

Throughout the year the work has been pulled down by a large number of unnecessary N.G.I.s and Returns and consequently we have not done as well as we might have if everyone, and not just a few, had pulled their weight.

We have had several entertainments during the last two terms—gramophone records and quizzes holding pride of place but a great deal remains to be done in this field next year.

<i>Captain</i>	..	CATHERINE SMART
<i>Vice-Captain</i>	..	HEATHER HADFIELD
<i>Appointed Members</i>		AILEEN BURN
<i>Elected Members</i>	..	ELIZABETH BOURNE
		SUSAN PIMLOTT
		JUDITH TUCKWELL

SELWYN HOUSE

WE were sorry to say good-bye to Janet Adey, Jane Heelis, Susan Marcon and Ann Jeffries at the end of the summer and thank them for their contribution to the House.

This year I think we have good cause to be pleased with the closer unity and general improvement that the House has shown. We won both the Order Shields at the end of the autumn and the Work Shield for the first half. We also won the Gymnastics Cup, and this was due, not only to the energy and efficiency of Judith Coulter, but also to the hard work of the House. In other games we have not done so well, though we came third in the Tennis Competition.

We also excelled ourselves with the Lent Fund, raising £9 by our 'Cafe Continental'.

In work we can always rely on the high standards of Jill Randle and Mary Wilde; and Margaret Hodson and Susan Talent can be depended on in any House activity. There is plenty of ability in the House and now we are at last beginning to see some worthy results. Wishing you every success in the future.

<i>Captain</i>		GILL SHORLAND-BALL
<i>Vice-Captain</i>		ANGELA RICKARDS
<i>Committee</i>		HILARY RANDLE
		JOY SHORLAND-BALL
		JUDITH COULTER

WILSON HOUSE

WE were very sorry to have to say good-bye to Dorothea Bean, Molly Barsby, Jennifer Dearnaley at the end of the Summer term; and Sandra Metcalfe at the end of the Autumn term.

Throughout the year we have maintained a good work result and would like to congratulate J. Ratcliffe, E. Ward and J. Howe on their excellent standard.

Unfortunately we have not won any Cups this year but have been close runners-up several times. In Netball, Kennedy beat us by eleven goals to ten; in Badminton there were only a few points between Powys, the winners and us; and in gym. we were again second. Although we did not manage to get to the finals of the Hockey we had the best game of all the matches, against Powys.

At the end of the Spring term we had the Inter-House Drama Competition. Our play, two scenes from 'A Midsummer Night's Dream', was produced by Jean Donaldson, and it is to her that we owe our thanks for getting us into the finals.

This year, in aid of the Lent Fund, Wilson had a Netball match against the Staff, which, much to the delight of the School, the Staff won. With this and individual efforts we managed to make several pounds.

The House Party at Christmas was, as usual a great success, and so was the House evening of the same term, at which the Committee performed a very much appreciated charade. We are hoping to have another such evening in the near future and that it will be just as successful.

Finally, I should like to thank Cynthia Clamp, the Committee, Sports Captains and Coaches for the backing they have given me and all they have done for the House. I have very much enjoyed my year as House Captain and leave you with my very best wishes for the future.

<i>Captain</i>		SANDRA THORNTON
<i>Vice-Captain</i>		CYNTHIA CLAMP
<i>Honorary Members</i>		JEAN DONALDSON
		SUZANNE SILK
<i>Appointed Members</i>		SUSAN HEYES
		MARY KEAL

GAMES REPORTS

ANNUAL SPORTS

CUP WINNERS

SENIOR VICTRIX LUDORUM: Susan Pimlott, *VIb*.

MIDDLE SCHOOL VICTRIX LUDORUM: Diana Hughes, *MVa*.

JUNIOR SCHOOL VICTRIX LUDORUM: Anne Hodson, *LVa*.

THE GYM. COMPETITION

IT was hoped that this year the Gym. Competition could be held in the Spring term, but owing to the revival of the Drama Competition and practices for the 'Little Sweep' this proved impossible. Therefore, it was held, as usual, in the first half of the Summer term.

We were very grateful to Mrs. Westbrook, lecturer in Physical Education of the Matlock Training College, for coming to judge the Competition. After the Houses had competed, each performing the same exercises apart from the introductory movement, we assembled in the gym. for the results and criticism. Mrs. Westbrook, who is now an old friend of the School, having judged several of our gym. competitions, said that we did not seem to be using our feet and legs to their full capacity in order to obtain the maximum amount of spring. She did, however, think the general standard had greatly improved. This I think is due to the fact that this year we started practising very much earlier, and that there was really concentrated effort in all practices. As always Miss Thompson gave her unfailing help and encouragement to all competitors.

Although the exercises are essentially the same, it would be better if the gym. captains took the few opportunities for originality; as, for example, in the running in and out, introductory movement and the placing of apparatus. This would not only give the judge more scope for praise and criticism, and therefore a more interesting job, but for the Houses too, a chance to show their individual ability.

However the final performance of every House was very pleasing and especially for Judith Coulter, the Captain of Selwyn, the winning House; Powys and Wilson tied for a very close second place.

SANDRA THORNTON.

HOCKEY

THE standard of play at the beginning of the season was rather low, but the few promising players helped to improve the standard by the end of the season.

The forward line needed to be more forceful. They lacked power and accuracy to shoot the necessary goals. They were held together by S. Pimlott who was chosen as Centre Forward for the Junior Derbyshire 1st XI at the County Trials.

The defence worked hard and were encouraged by the steady and attacking play of J. Grimes. It is hoped that all the defence players will show this attacking spirit next season remembering that the best means of defence is attack.

C. Ratcliffe gained a high standard of goal-keeping and was strongly challenged by H. Wright who holds the position of goal-keeper in the 2nd XI.

C. Line played well as Right Back, and with more experience should gain greater speed and accuracy.

We hope next year the remaining members of the team will help the newcomers by giving them confidence and not forgetting to fight back themselves.

Captain J. GRIMES
Vice-Captain .. S. PIMLOTT

<i>Goalkeeper</i>	.. C. RATCLIFFE	<i>Right Wing</i>	.. F. FLINT
<i>Right Back</i>	.. C. LINE	<i>Right Inner</i>	.. S. THORNTON
<i>Left Back</i>	.. J. GRIMES	<i>Centre Forward</i>	.. S. PIMLOTT
<i>Right Half</i>	.. D. HUGHES	<i>Left Inner</i>	.. J. TUCKWELL
	<i>Captain</i>		<i>Vice-Captain</i>
<i>Centre Half</i>	.. J. ATKINSON	<i>Left Wing</i>	.. C. HUDSON
<i>Left Half</i>	.. M. R. SOCKETT	<i>Reserves</i>	.. S. PEPPER
			A. WATTS

NETBALL, 1955-56

THIS year we have had a good season and have now achieved a high standard. The 1st VII had only two matches, the first against the Convent which we lost 12—13, and the second against Ockbrook, which we also lost. Although we were unsuccessful in both matches the standard of play was very high. We played well as a team, and our passing was accurate; our defeat was due to good interception. Susan Pepper was a reliable shooter, and Karina Williams was an excellent centre court player.

Unfortunately the match against the old girls had to be cancelled owing to bad weather; instead we played a Badminton match which we won.

The 'under-fourteen' school team had a match against Ernest Bailey's which they won 8—1. We congratulate Ann Hodson on her good captaincy and Betty Tomlinson on her good interception. This match gave us high hopes for future teams.

Members of the first team—G.K. S. Thornton, *Captain*; D. C. Clamp, *Vice-Captain*; D.C. J. Grimes; C. S. Pimlott; A.C. K. Williams; A. S. Pepper; S. E. Morley.

CRICKET

THE standard so far has been rather low, but there are a few promising players and we hope by the end of the season that the standard will have improved. On May 12th, Cynthia Clamp and Janet Grimes were chosen to enter for the Derbyshire Ladies' County Cricket Trials held in Chatsworth Park. Unfortunately neither were successful in achieving a place in the team, but gained experience.

We have played only two matches this season; the first against Abbot's Bromley and the second against Derby Ladies' Cricket Club, both of which we lost.

This year we have had a number of new players who were young and inexperienced, thus the team was not as strong as we hoped it would be, but they are quickly becoming more confident.

The batting was not of a high standard but Mary Reeman and Susan Pepper show promise.

Janet Grimes and Susan Pimlott both maintained a high standard of bowling.

Although Jacqueline Watson did not obtain a place in the first eleven she shows promise for the next season.

We hope the remaining members of the team will persevere and help the newcomers.

Captain CYNTHIA CLAMP
Vice-Captain .. JANET GRIMES

Team:

<i>Third man</i>	..	A. BURN	<i>Point</i>	..	M. REEMAN
<i>Longleg</i>	..	J. COULTER	<i>Mid-off</i>	..	C. HUDSON
<i>Slip</i>	..	S. PEPPER	<i>Mid-on</i>	..	S. THORNTON
<i>Square leg</i>	..	P. JEFFERIES	<i>1st Bowler</i>	..	J. GRIMES
<i>Wicket-keeper</i>	..	A. WATTS	<i>Deep</i>	..	S. PIMLOTT
<i>Cover point</i>	..	C. CLAMP			

TENNIS, 1955-56

WE are pleased to say that the standard of play is continually improving, and with more practice all the couples should gain more confidence. As yet we have only played three matches, but have three more in the second half of this term, from which we hope to gain more experience. In the first half of this term we played St. Mary's and St. Anne, Abbots Bromley, Ockbrook and Wirksworth; the first two we lost but won the third. The standard of play in these matches was not as steady as in team practices, showing our lack of confidence. We would like to commend Marie and Susan Pepper for their reliable standard of play. Sandra Thornton and Susan Pimlott set a good example to the School by their stroke production and concentration on the court.

Captain, S. Thornton, *Vice-Captain*, S. Pimlott, 1st Couple; M. Pepper, S. Pepper, 2nd Couple; H. Randle, C. Clamp, 3rd Couple.

ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS

INSPIRATION

The liquid silence of the mists was
 With you; [there
 You walked on air
 Over the darkness of despair,
 Alone for me.

And in the silence was a sound
 Intangible,
 That warlike broke above us
 Like wings that had passed by us
 And gone
 Into the Memory.

FRANCES JACKSON, *Vib.*

ANTICIPATION

With cautious, fearful joy, we let ourselves
Build up our castles, not upon the air
 But on the Future—
Futile and fruitless, because we soon become—
In modern idiom—unable to meet
 The cost of upkeep.
Then cold, damp, clinging fear envelops us
And here and there cracks in the wall appear,
 And darkened cobwebs
Warn us of the inevitable fall
Into the chasms we create
 Involuntarily.
And after the fall
Mists cling round the ruins
Like fingers that crawl—
Long, living shivers
Of coldness, depressing,
Coldly caressing:
And darkness is all.

FRANCES JACKSON, *Vib.*

FOUNTAINS ABBEY

SOME events have an effect out of all proportion to their apparent importance; though at the time, it is impossible to recognise which shape our lives and alter the formation of our ideas, afterwards one can see that from so small an act, an entirely new phase springs into existence. Had Milton not been asked to commemorate the death of Edward King, 'Lycidas' would have remained unwritten.

I shall never forget the first time I went to Fountains Abbey. It was early in the morning, but already the sun roared down and the bees stumbled drowsily among the long grasses as I walked through the park and past the quiet lake where a white Apollo, laurel-crowned, smiled at his image in the still water. Beside the path, bluebells washed over the bank and broke on the crumbling boundary wall itself. From the top of the hill I could see Fountains, almost as the monks left it at the Dissolution; the great tower still thrusts up to heaven though the Virgin has tumbled from her niche, and the bell no longer sounds over the countryside.

As I draw nearer, within the bounds of the abbey, its ancient peace lapped about me, a legacy left, surely, by generations of peaceful monks. I sat on the green turf amid the silence and wondered at the labour and skill which had converted into this beauty, a wilderness of rocks and fierce beasts which the Cistercian monks from France found when they arrived. What a memorial to leave behind! And what can our generation offer to compare with this?

No one can deny that Fountains was built for a purpose; it is strictly functional, but it remains beautiful, satisfying both sides of man's nature. Is it true then that we have degenerated and become 'urban, squat and packed with guile'? For it is no excuse to say that these were among the noblest works of an age and were built by the

greatest men: they were ordinary masons whose marks one finds everywhere on the walls and pillars of Fountains. The same men who built Jervaulx and Lincoln and York and countless unimportant places in between.

But the spirit today is weak. The modern attitude is not 'to sweep a room as for Thy law, makes it and the action fine', but 'I can't be bothered' or 'I couldn't care less'. Let us at least resolve to follow Chesterton 'If a thing's worth doing, it's worth doing badly' and aim a little higher. Failure is not important; indifference carries in it the seeds of its own destruction.

If our culture, our world is worth saving if we have any right to try to prevent total annihilation and to seek for peace and mutual understanding, we must see that we are making some attempt to progress, not stagnating in the backwater of our ancestors' achievements. We must make it possible for man to fulfil both sides of his nature. Use and beauty united form perfection; either alone remains crippled.

Fountains was built to the glory of God and it remains to the glory of an age which despite its terrible cruelty and intolerance, was at least both energetic and enthusiastic. Fountains satisfies the spirit because it satisfied the men who built it and who lived there, inbuing it with something of their own faith and assurance.

As I looked from the warming-house I saw a great carp leap at an impetuous fly; I could only hope that we might create something which would satisfy heart and mind as Fountains does. In the coffin of one of the abbots, nothing now remains but 'feathers and dust, today and yesterday', but his memorial is the abbey he helped to create; may ours be a world in which our children may dare to be enthusiasts.

GILLIAN SHORLAND-BALL, *Vla.*

FELLOW TRAVELLERS

THE railway compartment was cold, dirty and depressing on that wet February morning. The occupants of the carriage look, on first sight, as if they might equal, if not surpass, the morning in the ordinary dullness of their appearance.

With her back to the engine sat a young woman dressed in a brown tweed suit flecked with green and a coat of the same material. She was hatless and the fair hair waved back from her rather pale face was a little wind-blown. The small girl by her side, busily drawing lines on the misted panes was as dark as her mother was fair. Her short straight hair, parted at the side, was caught up by a scarlet ribbon the bow of which had come untied. The child wore a blue coat beneath which the hem of a bright tartan dress showed slightly. Her short chubby legs disappeared into short grey socks and small but serviceable brown shoes.

Opposite this pair sat two men, one broad and powerful, dressed all in black; the second, as tall as his companion but of lighter build wearing a grey suit and fawn mackintosh. Neither appeared of

particular interest. They sat side by side, he of the powerful appearance nearest the window. They looked neither to right nor left but stared at the dreary pictures on the wall opposite to them.

The young woman opened the basket which lay on the seat by her side and took out a flask of milk and a packet of sandwiches. She gave the child some food which she accepted but could not persuade her so much as to glance at the milk. Their meal occupied some time and all the while the two men sat staring at the wall.

The child began to grow restless after she had breakfasted. She had scribbled all over the steamy window and looked for some other occupation. The other occupant of the carriage caught her attention and after staring shyly for a moment she said, "Will you play with me?" Her mother blushed, her tired face lighting up for a moment, "Please don't allow her to bother you," she said.

The man in black turned to his companion. "Well," he said in a rather surly tone, "Shall I play with this young lady?" "Very well," said the other, "if you wish". The first man felt in his overcoat pocket for a paper. "Have you a pair of scissors?" he asked the woman. She replied in the affirmative and gave them to him. His companion reached out to take them from him. "I won't do any harm, I promise, I wouldn't frighten the child," he said. "All right," said the other in a warning tone, "but remember that I am watching you."

The woman looked from one to the other as if seeking an explanation for this strange conversation. When it did not materialize she turned to look out of the window with a sigh and a slight shrug of her slim shoulders. The child went and sat between the two men fascinated by the deftness of the big man's hands as they snipped at the paper. As he worked, the look of strain left his face and was replaced by a kindly, rather weary expression.

At last, the task was accomplished and the string of paper dolls presented to the child whose whole face, so serious at first, lit up with joy at the wonder which had been revealed. Her playmate's eyes sparkled with the joy of giving pleasure and even his solemn companion in grey joined in the general happiness by allowing a rather wintry smile to part his thin anxious lips. He sat tense and watchful, smiling slightly and occasionally speaking to the child. His whole bearing was that of a cat watching a mouse which it has just freed for a moment before catching it again.

At last the train reached its destination and the woman and child alighted, the child inclined to tearfulness at leaving her new friend. She lingered a little behind her mother, waving farewell and as she turned away there was a flash of steel as the man in grey handcuffed her friend preparatory to marching him from the station. The prisoner's face again wore a hunted look and his captor's once more was blank and expressionless as the two passed down the platform to become a memory in the mind of a child.

JEAN DONALDSON, *Vib.*

GLIMPSES OF OXFORD

OXFORD was once called the 'City of Spires' and after staying there last holidays, I think this is a very fitting description.

As our first day was a Sunday, after going to church and seeing the Martyrs' Memorial on the way, we went out into the beautiful countryside around Oxford, which can be reached in five minutes from the centre of the city. That morning it looked particularly lovely in the sunshine, and looking back, we could see all the spires and towers of Oxford gleaming against a slightly clouded blue sky. We followed the Thames with its slow moving waters and graceful willows as far as Godstowe where we stopped to see the old 'Trout Inn', right on the banks of the river. We sat on a wall watching people punting up and down and leisurely swans stretching graceful necks for the tit-bits given to them by visitors. That afternoon, we went over to Thame, taking a roundabout route and stopping at Brill, one of the highest points in Oxfordshire, to look at the scenery and far away Oxford.

Next morning, we went into Oxford, intending to see Magdalen College, Christ Church College, and the Botanical Gardens. We went to Magdalen first and found, to our disappointment, that the College gardens are open only from 2—5 p.m.; however, a very kind gate-keeper let us in and we were the only people in those lovely grounds. Daddy, who has stayed in Oxford many times, took us along Addison's Walk by the River Cherwell and, to our delight, the deer in the park nearby were all very close and very obliging about having their photographs taken. Along the walk, the daffodils and grape-hyacinths were out and the sun shone down through beech trees which were just coming into leaf. We went round the buildings and the lovely cloisters and chapel. Most of the colleges are built of grey stone and all magnificent in architecture. Leaving Magdalen, we went across to the Botanical Gardens on the banks of the Cherwell. As well as many varieties of outdoor plants, there were enormous greenhouses full of exotic flowers and plants. We walked round the gardens and my sister, Rosemary, was particularly interested in what looked like fish ponds, but proved actually to contain fresh water plants. We then visited Christ Church College which has a magnificent chapel which is also called the Cathedral. Outside the Cathedral is a quadrangle known as 'Tom Quad' because the dominant feature is the very old 'Tom Tower'. Nowadays visitors are not allowed up there, but an age old custom still remains. On May morning, the best choristers from all the Colleges gather on top of 'Tom Tower' and sing May Day Carols at dawn while all the bells peal out.

In the afternoon we went out to Woodstock to see Blenheim Palace built by Queen Anne for the Duke of Marlborough after his famous victory. It is a very imposing building of red brick which is also the home of the Spencer-Churchills and Sir Winston Churchill's birth-place. It was in the grounds of Blenheim that Sir Winston proposed to Lady Churchill. The house is very beautiful inside and the extensive grounds very well laid out. We had tea in the water garden and bought daffodils freshly cut from the grounds.

The next day, Tuesday, we went down to Oxford and saw St. Mary's on 'the High' and New College. The streets in Oxford are never known as the High Street and Broad Street but always as 'the High' and 'the Broad'. We then had early lunch before driving out to Whiteleaf Cross, one of the highest points in Oxfordshire from where, on clear days, it is possible to see more than twenty miles. It was a fine day but very windy and after a steep climb up the wooded slopes, we arrived on the Cross. This is a cross cut in the hillside and as the ground is chalky the white cross can be seen for miles. As we stood on the top looking down and out across miles of Oxfordshire, I felt gloriously free with the wind rushing through my hair and beating us backwards.

On Wednesday, we again went into Oxford to see the Sheldonian, among the earliest architecture of Sir Christopher Wren, where the Encaenia or annual commemoration of founders is held, and honorary degrees conferred on famous men. The ceiling is very interesting as it was the first of its kind to be built. It has murals but it is unsupported except for the walls and was constructed in sections which were lowered into place. Across the quadrangle from the Sheldonian are the Divinity Schools, one of the most beautiful examples of perpendicular architecture in existence. Adjoining, is the Convocation House where students used to be tried by the court of the colleges for any crime such as getting into debt. In Keble College Chapel, we saw Holman Hunt's famous picture 'The Light of the World'; and in the same day we saw Exeter College, New College, Brasenose and the beautiful Reredos in All Souls' College Chapel.

Unfortunately, we had to leave Oxford on Thursday, quitting with reluctance, this beautiful city.

ANTHEA JOHNSON, *MVa.*

WANDERING

Up the hill and down the dale,
Through the rushing stream;
Across the fields of furrowed soil,
Where the farmer works his team.

On, up to the rugged crag,
Where the jackdaw has his say;
Past the houses, clear and white,
I travel on my way.

Now I near the moorland rough
With ponies wild and free;
In the brown heath, beneath the
My moorland bed I see. (stars,
HILARY TOY, *Lower Va.*

REMINISCENCES OF SOUTH AFRICA

ON and on the train travelled through the Great Karroo from De Aar to Capetown. It was a very long and tedious journey especially in the hot South African sun.

At last it reached its destination and we alighted from the carriage to catch our first glimpse of Table Mountain. At the station we were met by the Rector of Capetown and taken by car to the Rectory, a lovely house with a beautiful garden, which was to be our home for the next few weeks.

Immediately after our arrival we did some shopping and sight-seeing. It was a change to purchase goods in shops instead of in native bazaars, but we could not do much as my sister had to be pushed around in a pram and this could become very strenuous in a temperature of between 98—100 degrees.

One of the first things my brother and I noticed was the difference in colour of the non-Europeans in South Africa compared with those in Tanganyika. We thought that they were white people who had never washed; in fact Gordon, my brother, asked our first servant if his mother was as dirty as he was.

Soon Daddy was given a parish in a suburb called Deep River and it was here that we first came right up against the colour bar. The parish consisted of half Europeans and half non-Europeans. The Europeans would not take Communion unless they went up to receive it first; also if the non-Europeans sat in the same pew as the white people the white people would walk out of Church or to another pew. We had seen and noticed signs of the colour bar when we first came, but we did not think it could be as bad as this.

As I was nearly seven and Gordon a year older, Daddy enquired about a school for us. The education system in South Africa is rather simpler than the one in England. Most European children go to a High School and stay in a class until they can pass the examinations. They then go into the next class where they follow the same procedure.

As soon as we began school, we started to learn Afrikaans. In Tanganyika we had learnt the language of the natives but it had come quite naturally to us as Mummy and Daddy spoke it and so of course, did our servants; but in South Africa, as we did not mix with the Afrikaans people we found it very difficult to learn.

After about eight months in Deep River, we moved to Wynburg which was a much easier parish as it was all non-Europeans. The parishioners were very willing to come to church and also very willing to be friendly with Europeans.

Next we moved to Paarl which has some very beautiful surroundings. It lies in a valley between the Drakenstein and Paarl Mountain, which was so called because of the rock which has water running down and this makes it gleam like a pearl in the sunshine.

In Paarl I went to a school called La Rochelle Girls' High School. In some of the lessons we were taught in English but most of them were taught in Afrikaans and as we could not understand it we did not do very well in the term exams. One of the classes I was in was taught by an Afrikaans teacher and in one English language lesson, she asked us what a word was in English so that she could teach us about it.

We were not taught English History but South African History and sometimes it was very hard to sit and hear nasty things being said about England.

In Paarl there was a lovely big open air swimming-bath and as La Rochelle was in the same road as the bath, we used to go down quite a few times a week from school and almost every day after school.

Paarl Mountain was a very suitable mountain for climbing and, if one was prepared for some very strenuous efforts, Paarl rock could be reached. In 1947 when the Queen visited South Africa she drove half way up Paarl Mountain by car.

The wild flowers were really lovely, especially the Protea which is South Africa's National Flower. Paarl is famous for its grapes and one year while we were there they had a vintage festival when each large farm made a float decorated to illustrate the beginning of vine-growing in South Africa. There was also a large scent factory and we could buy scent quite cheaply. Grapes were very cheap indeed; we could get them for fourpence and sixpence per pound. In our own garden we had one tree each of oranges, apples, pears, lemons, and also four plum trees, two peach trees and a grape vine.

The colour problem was worse in Paarl than in Capetown and as we spoke to the non-Europeans in our parish, we were not very popular at school.

One day when we came in for lunch Daddy told us that we were coming home to England. My sister and I had never been there before; Gordon had, but could not remember anything of it, so that we were all very excited. In a few months we were all aboard the *Dunottar Castle* sailing for England. We had a lovely time on the ship but were very pleased to get out of the Bay of Biscay. Although we found it very much colder in England we soon became used to it and felt that England was 'home'.

JEAN GEIKIE, *Lower V.*

TREAK CLIFF CAVERNS

PAST Bakewell and Chatsworth, through Edensor and Baslow to the Lady Bower Reservoir we sped through dales with majestic hills rising on either side, into the beautiful Peak District, through Hope Village to Castleton where we stopped at Treak Cliff Cavern. Before going down the famous Blue John Mine, we bought samples of Blue John Stone at a little shop near the entrance where there were bowls and jugs, ashtrays and other souvenirs made out of Blue John. We noticed particularly the Blue John crosses and admired a beautiful 17th century vase in the window. After buying our souvenirs we assembled at the entrance to the mine, ready for the descent.

The mine was floodlit throughout, but in spite of lighting it seemed eerie, and some of us shuddered as we looked at the mine roof, from which drops of water kept falling.

The first cavern was called the Witches Cave where we saw seams of Blue John in the rocks. The Guide explained to us that Blue John contained petrol and if a piece were put into the fire it would turn white. The actual Blue John is mauve and blue in colour and looks magnificent when held in front of an electric light bulb.

It was very interesting to hear that in the 17th century, miners had lowered themselves into the caverns to get the Blue John stone. It hardly seemed possible as we looked at the high roof of the cavern and then at the ground that they had lowered themselves on a rope, with only a candle to give them light, down into the inky blackness, to get the Blue John which was valued so highly. In one of the caverns, there was a piece of rock in the shape of a hand, and the Guide suggested that one of the miners had had a hand chopped off while down the mine! We saw fossils too, on one of the cavern roofs, which seemed to be of sea-plants, proving that England was at one time under the sea.

In Aladdin's cave, we saw stalagmites and stalactites, which are formed by drops of lime falling from the roof. They were like huge icicles hanging from the cavern roof while the stalagmites rose like spikes from the ground. They were so fascinating that we seemed to be in a fairy-tale world as we looked at the strange shapes formed by some of them. As stalagmites and stalactites grow only one-sixteenth of an inch every hundred years, some of us calculated how long the largest stalagmites and stalactites would take to join, while the remainder of the party imagined them to be stags and other animals, so vivid can one's imagination be while looking at such wonders.

Next, we passed into a fairy-tale grotto and, in the rocks, we saw smaller grottos of stalactites with the light bulbs behind them. They looked so delightful and real that one could well imagine them to be the homes of Puck, Titania, and Oberon with their fairy retinue.

So, after walking along a passage cut out of the rock we came into the open air again, and when we reached the bottom of the hill, it seemed strange to think that we had been deep into the hillside and of all the wonders of Nature we had seen.

After leaving Treak Cliff and passing the grim-looking fortress of Peveril Castle, we carried on along the road to a convenient place for our picnic; then, through arches of trees, along country lanes, over bridges, past meadows where sheep and lambs lay under hedgerows and the fading sun threw rays of warm light on them all, we sped till we saw the familiar landmarks of the road to school in a countryside bathed in golden sunlight.

JOAN TOMLINSON, *LV*.

PADDY

PADDY was a giant. The fact was incontestable, and after his mother had recovered from the initial shock she was inclined to boast about him. This was considered in bad taste. "For," said her neighbours, "you would think from the way she talks that she intended him to be a giant."

The chief difficulty in rearing a giant, which Paddy's parents soon discovered, is feeding him. In extreme youth, a giant will fit into the house though this may cramp the rest of the family, but however young, he always requires food, and more food, and food again. Thus it was that Paddy never got enough to eat until his tenth birthday.

Paddy's mother had great aspirations for her son and as soon as it became evident that he was of extraordinary size, she had him apprenticed to the great Finn. So, on his tenth birthday, he was given the best meal of his young life and packed off with his belongings tied up in a red-spotted table-cloth. It must be said that Paddy's mother's motives were mixed and it was with some relief that she saw him disappear. Finn was now responsible for the provision of sustenance for her enormous son.

Paddy was not only a giant but a failure. At first this went unnoticed but when on reaching his teens, he was required to join with the rest of the band in their battles and in their games, he proved useless. In battle a great sorrow for the enemy assailed him and eventually he was ordered to the kitchen to prevent his hiding or otherwise helping those he was supposed to kill. In sport he was no better, throwing stones into the sea purely for exercise did not appeal to him at all and more and more he retired kitchenwards.

This state of affairs continued for some years before Finn hit upon a possible solution. Paddy was banned from the kitchen and his rations halved. This served only to make him sit on top of a mountain and grumble loudly, to the great inconvenience of the local inhabitants. The less food he received the louder he grumbled, but he was too kind-hearted to steal and he refused to fight or to play games. At last Finn, who was afraid of having a very large corpse on his hands and also afraid of Paddy's losing his reason—he was by now at least three times as tall as any other member of the band and capable of causing considerable damage if provoked—banished him from Ireland.

Fortunately, Paddy was a philosophical fellow and said to himself, "Sure an' it's meself that's the unfortunate fellow, but there's many a one worse off. The only thing left fer me is to go to me Uncle Francie in Amerikie," and off he went with his luggage in a now rather tattered red-spotted table-cloth.

Geography was not taught in Finn's camp and consequently Paddy's knowledge of the subject was sketchy. He did know that the best route to America was two steps due North from Malin Head, a sharp turn left and straight on keeping North Donegal just in sight. Had he kept to this route all might yet have gone as planned; but, before heading out to sea our hero bethought himself of his now aging mother and being a kind-hearted giant, decided to take the couple of strides due South down to Loughros Point to bid her farewell.

This filial duty accomplished Paddy set out once more in the late afternoon across Donegal Bay. A mist blew in from over the Atlantic and the giant's sense of direction, poor at the best of times, failed him totally. On and on he strode, at each step throwing up thousands of tons of water and millions of terrified fish. The evening became night and still he walked on. Towards midnight the heat became oppressive; he had, as it turned out, crossed the equator. The giant became a little uneasy, for by his calculations, he should now have been approaching New York. At last he realized that he had taken a wrong turning and decided to go back to Ireland. He turned left again and continued his journey and in the early morning sighted land.

It was a very wet and hungry giant who arrived in Australia that fine summer's morning. So hungry that without more ado he broke a large tract of country off the continent and devoured it rapidly. Paddy's digestive system was not accustomed to strange food or indeed any food at all and the large meal of which he had partaken made him intolerably sleepy. Spying a pleasant strip of flat country he lay down with his bundle at his feet and fell fast asleep.

Paddy was never heard of again. He slept for so long that wind, sand and rain working in harmony covered his huge body completely. He now, with his luggage, forms the eastern highlands of the country, and the gap left by his breakfast has come to be called, mistakenly—the Great Australian Bight. One day when that rather indigestible piece of Australia has been digested Paddy will doubtless wake up, stretch, shake off his blanket of earth and return, as all Irishmen in exile long to do, to his native land.

JEAN DONALDSON, *VIa*.

AN IRISH WOOD IN SPRING

EVERY year we go to Lismore for the Easter holidays. It is a small market town, situated on the lovely River Blackwater, a few miles to the south of the Knockmealdown Mountains. The mountains are covered with heather and patches of poor grass, which from a distance looks like moth-eaten and stained brown velvet.

The lower slopes of the mountains are clothed with the most beautiful woods imaginable. The climate is so mild and humid that every branch is covered with thick green moss, out of which grows a fringe of ferns. The smaller twigs are covered with grey and yellow lichen, and in early spring, when the trees are leafless, the general effect is more like a forest of coral than a wood.

Beneath the trees is a carpet of brilliant green bluebell leaves, among which are scattered clumps of creamy yellow primroses and sweet-smelling violets.

A week or two later, the woods look entirely different. The larches begin to burgeon, and a misty green veil is thrown over the woods. Soon afterwards come the beeches, yellow-green by comparison with the Douglas firs and other conifers. The beeches are quickly followed by the horse chestnuts, much more solid-looking than the other trees. The last trees to burgeon are the oaks, golden-brown at first, brownish-green later.

From a distance, the woods look indescribably lovely, especially, I think, in the evening. Somehow the Irish evening sunshine illumines them more softly and gently than the harsher mid-day sun.

EMMA CAVENDISH, *LVa*.

MY GARDEN

MY garden is on a flat piece of ground, and luckily, it faces the south. On the north side, two hedges and a fence shield it from the bitterly cold north wind. The garden extends from the front of my house, along one side, right to the back.

When we enter by the front gate, we see a rather small patch, in the shape of a triangle. Here grow various plants, all flowering at different times of the year, ranging from snowdrops to Michaelmas daisies. Behind them is a wall on which climbs a Winter Jasmine, and if we walk farther we see a Summer Jasmine. On one side of the house is a wide strip of garden where irises grow and farther up, lots of prim-roses, while behind these are some trees—mock orange, two lilacs, a red hawthorn, a guelder rose and a mountain ash.

Walking a few steps more, we come to the back of the house, where there is a lawn, surrounded on two sides by a herbaceous border, while on the third is a rock garden. On the fourth there grows a rose garden, and behind this some rose arches. Beyond this, sweet peas grow in a profusion of colours. We then see the vegetable garden, and behind this a small orchard. Growing here are four apple trees—a Keswick, a Blenheim Orange, a Siberian Crab Apple and a Russet apple tree. Also we have a Morello Cherry Tree, whose bright red fruit attracts many birds so that Mummy seldom has enough left for jam making.

Like the poet T. E. Brown, I think my garden 'a lovesome thing' and I should miss it very much if I had to leave it.

JOSEPHINE HOLMES, *LIV*.

MY GARDEN

My garden's such a lovely place
With flowers all around;
The Sunflower with its little face
And birds upon the ground.
I have a pond with a little duck
And a hen that goes, Cluck! Cluck!
Cluck! Cluck!

BARBARA RILEY, *Form II*.

SOME 'SPRING' VERSE

by Lower IV

SPRINGTIME

Soon swelling buds are dressed in softest green,
And catkins sway from slender hazel trees,
Shy violets on mossy banks are seen,
The perfume of the primrose scents the breeze.

The swallows skim above the water cool,
And cuckoo's call is heard across the lea.
The quacking ducks are feeding in the pool;
The woodpecker taps loudly on the tree.

Where bluebell carpet spreads, beneath the boughs,
The baby rabbits swiftly scamper by,
And in the field the busy farmer ploughs
While larks' sweet song he hears, high in the sky.

Beneath the sun the children dance and play,
Their voices on the green are echoing;
For Spring has come, and gone is Winter grey,
And joy returns to every living thing.

J. HOLMES, *Lower IV*.

JOYS OF SPRING

Snowdrops standing daintily,
Catkins swaying in the breeze;
Listening to the water, faintly
Trees rustling their new leaves.

Birds are twittering sweetly,
Hares are leaping lightly,
Lambs are standing weakly
Now the sun shines brightly.
JENNIFER LLOYD, *Lower IV*.

SPRINGTIME

Of all the seasons Springtime is the best;
On Cromford Hill the cowslips come again.
The naughty cuckoo finds another's nest,
And sings his song in April showers of rain.

Winter is gone and the cowslips and violets are out,
As the blackbird begins to sing, pale harebells appear.
Bluebells in woods I often find scattered about,
The daffodil comes; his colours are bright and clear.

The soft, white snow no longer falls from the sky,
The sweet little dormouse awakes from his Winter sleep.
The farmer plants his corn, and barley and rye,
The shepherd to high Summer pastures leads his sheep.

ELIZABETH LINNELL, *Lower IV*

SPRINGTIME

The flowers are waking,
As the birds are making
Their nests all cosy and warm.
Gone is winter forlorn,
Soon the leaves will be green.
A wonderful scene!

The cuckoo is calling
As twilight is falling;
The owl is hooting,
I saw a star shooting.
The nightingale sings,
The dark wood rings.

The swallows are winging
While larks are singing;
The flowers are peeping
As rabbits are leaping.
I hear sheep-bells ring
To tell of the Spring.

ANNETTE HALL, *LIV*.

SUMMER PRELUDE

The snowdrops and the crocus are all white,
And violets under hedge and dyke are blue.
The primroses are always gay and bright
Each tiny petal holds a drop of dew.

The frisking lambs like balls of soft, white wool
Are skipping through the sunny meadows gay,
The sunshine gleams on every wayside pool
For now the Spring, at last, has come our way.

PHYLLIS ADAMS, *LIV*.

BEAU BRUMMEL

MY first meeting with Beau Brummel, who is a Siamese cat, was on Boxing Day, 1956. His first greeting was a squawk, which is a familiar sound with Siamese cats and kittens.

He was brought into the sitting-room. When the lid of his basket was opened, out crawled a skinny little Siamese kitten with a pedigree as big as himself, which had accompanied him on the journey, with a tail also as long as his body; he had the most beautiful blue eyes and whiskers curved round in front of his nose like a walrus'. He immediately took it upon himself to smell everything and sharpen his claws on the furniture, then settled down on my knee and went to sleep.

The next entry was half an hour later, when my other cat, Hodge, walked in. He is a lovely cat, black all over, with a fine, sleek shining coat. He saw the newcomer, arched his back, put his ears back and spat—then walked out. Jealousy!!

Many were the arguments, about what the little cat's name should be: Kinmont Willie, Willie, Kin, Beau Brummel and many others. In the end, it was decided that his registered name should be Kinmont Willie, and his everyday name, Beau Brummel—Beau for short.

A great fuss was made over his welfare, for he had to be kept very warm and not left alone with Hodge in case he attacked him.

It is very difficult to rear Siamese kittens as they have only been in England for seventy years and their pelt has not yet grown thick.

Hodge was never forgotten, and he was sent every night to sleep under a bed in case he attacked Beau if they slept together. After a supper of warm farex, Beau was put to bed at night with a hot water bottle and rugs, in case he caught cold.

After I returned to school, Mummy wrote and told me of his progress.

At half-term when I walked into the sitting-room, Hodge was very vigorously washing Beau; then Beau cuddled up to Hodge and they both went to sleep. They slept together at night which was a good thing, for the weather was very cold; they washed each other, stole each other's food—thinking they were getting twice as much, and played together in the garden on warmer days.

They were the best of friends, inseparable!—especially in a friendly wrestle.

At the end of term, the brave little cat met me at the station with Mummy and Daddy. What a surprise!

In this holiday his shopping expeditions began. He was taken round to the shops and everybody exclaimed, "Oh! what lovely blue eyes he has!" Then he walked along the wall, tail in the air, stopping every time anyone walked by on the pavement, and miaowing like the ba-aa of a new born lamb; the sight of the birds and their singing made his voice quaver with anger.

The most annoying thing people say is: "What lovely blue eyes! Is he a cat or a dog?"

One day he was taken in the 'Tube', and his eyes nearly went pop at the sight of the Tube doors opening and shutting by themselves.

He is extremely good and brave on these expeditions, but I think, secretly he enjoys the admiration and affection he gets.

The trip he enjoys most is to the fishmonger's where we buy his liver. Farex in his opinion is 'baby's stuff'. At any rustling of paper Beau rushes up, in case he misses anything.

When his meal is given to him, he can't get it down quickly enough and growls if anyone comes near. When drinking, anyone standing by has a bath. One Monday evening he was chewing a bone and we heard a big crack and the poor little cat cowered under a chair; he had lost his first tooth.

It seems from this account of Beau, that Hodge is completely ignored but this isn't at all so; he always gets his share of affection.

CHRISTINE TATLOCK, *LV*.

MY ALLIGATOR

UNTIL last November, I, like most people, had never heard of an alligator being kept as a pet. I was, therefore, very surprised to receive a letter from my Aunt, in which she said that she had seen some very sweet baby alligators at Harrods, and she asked if I would like one for Christmas.

That evening I wrote to my Aunt and said that although I should have loved one, I thought that perhaps I had better not, because I did not know who could look after him when we were away. Also, I said, the fact that he would grow to the alarming size of fourteen feet in length would make it impossible for me to keep him for more than a few years.

I woke up in the night with the feeling that I should not have refused the offer of such an unusual pet, and so, in the morning, I wrote another letter saying that I would love to have him.

The next weekend he arrived. He was striped yellow and black in colour, and he had rather large pale green eyes which he blinked at us sadly. We put him in a large glass bowl, the most suitable receptacle we could find; into which we also put a packet of small, gravelly stones which my Aunt had brought, and some tepid water.

Ally (for everyone assumed that that was his name) lay, although we watched him closely, we saw no movement, apart from an occasional solemn blink. He just lay. We tried to tempt him with delicious-looking pieces of raw meat, but either they were not delicious enough, or else he deliberately ignored them.

About a fortnight later we found a large glass tank. This we half filled with tepid water, and at one end we piled several large stones.

Ally seemed to like his new environment, for the next day we saw him swimming about in the deep water. We watched him eagerly, and to our surprise and delight, we saw him take a piece of meat in his jaws. He swam to the surface, put his head out of the water, and, with a great effort swallowed the meat.

From that day until the beginning of the Easter holidays, Ally ate regularly at about six o'clock in the evening. Then we went away for the holidays and Ally was 'boarded out' with a friend of mine. As soon as he arrived at her house, he went on 'hunger strike' again.

At the beginning of this term, we brought Ally home. However, so far he has not shown any appreciation of this, for he still refuses to eat, even if I put a piece of meat actually in his mouth!

Recently we put him on the lawn when it was very hot. He seemed to like this, for he scampered around quite energetically, so I am thinking of keeping him out of doors on the warmer days this summer.

After that his future is undecided. I shall keep him as long as I can, but I suppose that he will end his days in a Zoo which has the facilities for keeping alligators.

EMMA CAVENDISH, *Lower V.*

HOUSEWIFE'S JOY

ALTHOUGH some perplexities of the housewife have been solved by various modern gadgets, she has not yet had the attention due to her from present-day science. There is the washer, there is the fridge, there is the new electric oven, but somehow she is not yet satisfied. Why should she be? The gadgets which are so easily produced for the business man's modern car, which almost shoot him out onto the pavement, if required, and when required, are all too many. Yet the complaints of the weary housewife have not, as yet, been appeased, as well they might.

But she has not been forgotten; someone has remembered her. Who?—"Brindle's Household Gadgets" have appeared on the market.

Many people find a cup of tea *the* essential item with which to start the day, but the "early morning cup of tea" is rather spoilt by the trudge downstairs in dressing gown and slippers, which do their best to trip one up, to put the kettle on, and prepare the cups and saucers, with all the other accessories, the making of the tea, and the climb upstairs again, all seem to take that "something" out of the tea, when one has leisure to drink it.

I therefore propose a small switch, situated just above one's head, which is switched on at waking, and connects to the 'Brindle early-morning-tea-in-bed' gadget, and which in five minutes, after one has had sufficient time to wake up (another essential with which the 'Brindle' management sympathises) has prepared the tea. If one is willing to spend 'those few extra pence', it is possible to purchase a 'Brindle-super-early-morning-tea-in-bed-gadget' which also shoots out a tray, which stretches across the bed, bearing the tea on it. (The only danger is that if one has happened to fall into a restful slumber again in the wrong position one may awake to discover the tray pressing against the head, in a faithful effort to move across the bed, and the tea running down one's neck). Such occurrences however, are very unlikely, if the purchaser takes due care.

The next object is, of course, one's bath, but if button number two is pressed, the tea having been successfully negotiated, one can, in five minutes, leap out of bed with the vigour produced by Horlick's, drunk the night before, in co-ordination with the 'Brindle Night-Cap gadget'; one can walk to the bathroom, and find one's bath awaiting.

By the towel rail is another convenient button, which one uses before drying. This shoots the bacon from the larder along a shaft to the electric grill, which is simultaneously turned on, and which propels the bacon along another shaft, when thoroughly cooked, so

that it appears on the table, if one takes the trouble to press button number four, which is situated by the bathroom door, as one leaves.

Washing up, is always, of course, one of the housewife's greatest torments, but if the purchaser takes due care, this no longer need be so; 'Brindle' solves your problem.

All one has to do is to place the china and cutlery on a tray structure, which stands at the side of the table. In a moment, they are whisked down a shaft, out of which they appear in the kitchen, dry and clean. How they are preserved from breaking, are washed and dried, yes even with the 'Daz' sparkle, inside this marvellous mechanism, is a secret only known to the manufacturers (and one which, I regret to say, cannot be dealt with now).

Lunch is your next problem, but if you care to pay a visit to one of the 'Brindle-super-Managements' all is here solved.

The joint reaches the oven in the same way as the bacon reached the grill, and the vegetables are the next item.

Instead of the endless potato peeling, here 'Brindles' supply a gadget into which one slips the potato; it has the power of expansion or contraction, depending on the size of the potato. A pan is fixed below, into which the potatoes drop, and at a touch of another button, bears the potatoes to the gas ring along yet another shaft.

Various other types of gadgets can be purchased for the varying types of green vegetables, all of equally intricate and faultless design.

Brindle's, as you see, possess the housewife's dream, and enable her to be termed the joyous housewife, instead of the tired housewife, for under our guidance she is able to spend *all* her time talking to her neighbour over the garden fence, instead of only the greater part.

MARY ROSE SOCKETT, *UV*.

A PLEA FOR ECCENTRICITY

BY the rapidly increasing uniformity, the modern world is seriously imperilling the remaining shreds of originality. Standardised education is partly responsible for this, as it represses in the younger generation signs of anything approaching individuality. Also the more popular influence of radio, television and cinema, which inspires imitation, eventually resulting in mass-produced clothes, hair styles and mannerisms. Universal stores have done much to encourage this uniformity in dress, for these, and other chain stores, have mass-produced everything from cheap tin trays to overcoats. Eccentricity, then, must be encouraged before it becomes extinct.

First, eccentricity could be encouraged in dress. There is no reason why everyone should dress according to convention; if they did, the population would consist of identically dressed men in neat suits, women of all shapes and sizes in similarly-styled dresses, and babies whose own parents could not tell one from another. The whole world might just as well wear boiler-suits, for all the interest such uniformity would inspire. What pleasure it gives to see a person dressed in a somewhat bizarre costume. Then we can criticise its merits and defects, laugh at it, and point it out to our friends. Thus the eccentric can provide mirth and excite interest merely by his individuality in dress.

The eccentric cares nothing for the reactions of other people, but possibly derives amusement from the effect he has on them. The eccentric in dress can develop in one of two ways: either he can wear his oldest clothes and refuse to shave, or he can go to the other extreme and become the modern Teddy Boy.

Eccentricity can be encouraged, too, in diet, as it is possible that the eccentric's choice of food is better for his health than that of the conventional man. Whereas the latter would invariably have fried egg and bacon for breakfast, the eccentric may thrive on either raw potatoes and orange juice, or six raw eggs whipped in brandy. For lunch the eccentric might choose nut and grass sandwiches or jugged hare with orange juice. Such delicacies as those concocted by the eccentric are both unexpected and unpalatable to the conventional world.

The eccentric has the pleasure of visiting dirty little Continental restaurants in Soho, where he can eat delicacies such as Grosvenor House has never heard of, in an atmosphere of informal relaxation spiced with garlic and onion-laden air.

Eccentricity should be encouraged in houses; these could be round, with glass walls and blue ceilings, or built in trees, with cages of exotic birds instead of pictures. There is a limitless supply of eccentric ideas for interior decoration which are each more original than the last. Already, for instance, walls are decorated all in different colours or merely covered with rush matting, whilst floors could be composed of large paintings. Whatever his choice, the eccentric, doubtless, enjoys an original setting, reflecting his own personality.

Eccentricity is not merely a form of snobbery or obstinacy; it is the attempt of a human being who longs to achieve personality, to escape from convention. He knows what he wants and is not always considering what effect he will have on others. He possesses the asset of originality; the charm of the unusual, and the virtue of honesty. He does not pretend to like the things he should, and openly dislikes the things he should not. Because of his desire to enjoy life his own way, his existence is far more interesting, although he may be despised and criticised because of his difference from everyone else. To prevent the world from becoming completely uniform, eccentricity *must* be encouraged. I, for one, no longer wish to conform to the standards of the 'common herd', and I hope some day to belong to the courageous little band of 'individualists', alias—eccentrics.

MARGHARITA JAMES, *UV*.

BORES

THE Society of Bores is now virtually a closed shop; but this was not always so. At one time anyone with intelligence was able, by the exercise of a little ingenuity, to qualify for entry to their privileged sect. Now, however, the path of the would-be bore is considerably steeper and competition has grown much fiercer.

However, in case you fail to see the advantages the Society possesses, allow me to point out a few of them. Who but the triumphant and self-advertised bore, armed with the latest book, primed with the

freshes news of the test match, and bursting to deliver his information, is sure of solitude and the most comfortable chair? Even the oldest inhabitant will totter from the chimney corner rather than face the barrage before which even his deafness must collapse.

Who but the bore need never fear boredom? He can talk of himself, always an absorbing subject, and no interruption need deflect him. He need never listen to any conversation, indeed he will never be given the opportunity; at the first pause his mute will leave.

The bore is ensured a good place in any crowd; he lines the processional route on any great occasion. Have you never wondered why so many people faint on such joyful days? They are his victims. It is then their only way of escape. And his triumphal progress to the point is over their bodies.

The bore is freed from the tyranny of sport: he never has time to hit the ball between sentences. He is likewise released from evenings of Bridge or Canasta: his monologue absorbs him.

Now you have realized some of the privileges of the powerful bore, it is time we studied the apparently insuperable problem of becoming one of the happy few.

First it is essential not to be satisfied by achieving the mere appearance of a bore; nothing but the supreme glory must be our aim. That is to say, it is not sufficient simply to talk, you must choose some particular field and annexe it. For instance 'my son' is a particularly rewarding term, though some may prefer 'my operations' or even 'the fish/stag/otter/butterfly/moth/caterpillar/nearly caught'. Having chosen your branch of boredom you must apply yourself to becoming truly proficient in it: you cannot consider yourself nearly qualified until you have emptied a bus shelter on a wet day.

I forgot to mention that deep breathing exercises are essential. Nothing else is so calculated to develop the particular raucous and carrying tone demanded by your profession.

Thirdly a spirit of self-sacrifice is vital during the first stages, though it will not be required later. However hoarse you may be, you must talk; however stiff do not give up the comfortable chair; however much you hate smoking in a non-smoker, do not shirk your obligations. Devotion to duty characterizes the good bore.

Finally, never allow yourself to be deflected from your own ends. This is the mark of a successful bore. But if you pursue your calling with true devotion success will very swiftly crown your efforts. Once you are established and well-known, you need have little trouble in obtaining your rights; in fact solitude and comfort will be thrust upon you.

This is the only really safe and guaranteed method of obtaining comfort and freedom from the importunities of one's fellow men. After a short preliminary struggle you will have gained your reputation and be left to sit like a solitary slug in solemn retirement. Only the annual dinner of Bores need call you forth, and that takes place in companionable silence.

GILL SHORLAND-BALL, *VIa*.

ST. ELPHIN'S OLD GIRLS' CHRONICLE

9 Grange Terrace,
Exmouth,
S. Devon.
May 12th, 1956.

My dear Members of the St. Elphin's O.G.G.,

I am writing to thank you most warmly for the generous gifts to me of a cheque for £85 at the London Reunion on May 4th, and a further cheque for £10 from the South West Branch of the O.G.G. at the Luncheon party on May 12th in Exeter. I am completely overwhelmed and feel utterly unworthy of these tributes, but I gladly accept them with very real gratitude.

I propose, as suggested by the donors, that this sum should be spent partly on a definite present, and I intend therefore to buy a good Radio Set to replace a small portable set which is rather on its last legs! The remainder I should be very glad indeed to spend on household needs in my own little home, and on extra comforts and pleasures, which as one advances in years one is glad to have, but would hesitate to treat oneself to out of ordinary income in these difficult days.

I am writing with the memory of these happy occasions present in my mind. There was a small but very friendly and informal Reunion at Darley Dale on April 21st. This was possible for me through Alix Berwick who drove me in her car from Exmouth to Darley Dale. We both owe our thanks to Miss Thouless who found us suitable accommodation for a night en route and who guided us throughout. Miss Stopford, as is her custom, made us very welcome, and I would like to say here how very fortunate we are in having her guidance in the present School, faced as it is with so many serious problems. It is good to know that the standards of the School in its spiritual life and in its continuous progress in the winning of Open Scholarships are upheld.

We rejoiced to have former members of the staff with us, Miss Gregson, Miss Thouless, Miss Duff and Mrs. Heelis (Miss Pierce-Hughes).

The London Reunion Dinner was a marvellous success thanks to the competent organization of Ella Baines (*née* Thorpe). It was held through her good offices at the English Speaking Union, and everything was extremely well arranged. We sat down to dinner, a party of 66. Dr. Perkins, as an old friend of the School and a personal friend of my own for the past 40 years, had been invited to be Chaplain on this occasion, and Old Girls who remembered his visits to Darley Dale felt that this gave a very familiar St. Elphin's 'flavour' to the occasion. It was a great pleasure to meet so many Old Girls representing so many different generations. In some cases they brought their husbands and in others their daughters.

I have also to thank Ella and her husband for their most kind hospitality in their own home and in arranging for my transport, and in fact looking after me with every care. We all appreciated having Miss Stopford with us at what must be a very busy moment at the beginning of a very busy term. Through her we received a greeting

from the Archdeacon of Manchester, Chairman of the Council. Everyone present hoped that the Reunion Dinner was only the first of many, partly because of the very great pleasure of it, and partly to keep ourselves in line with other Public Schools.

The third Reunion was that of the South Western Branch at Exeter, where one of the members thereof, who wishes to be anonymous, entertained us at a Luncheon party in the Great Western Hotel. We fared sumptuously as in London! I do thank this member in my own name and on behalf of the South Western Branch of the O.G.G. for her generous hospitality. We numbered 20, and again we rejoiced to have with us former members of the staff: Miss Burchnall, Miss Thouless, Miss Sweeting, Miss Freeman and Miss Just. I was presented with a beautiful bouquet of roses—which reminded me of Speech Days! and later with a cheque for £10. It simply took my breath away to receive yet another such token of affection after the one I received in London. It is difficult to put all I feel about the gifts into words. The South West Branch, which now numbers over 30 members and is very much 'alive', owes much to Letty Morris (*née* Farmer) who helped me to start it, and who I realize entered the School as a pupil in the same year as I entered it as a student in 1896, and to Dorothy Fitch (*née* Shaw) who is unfailingly at hand to help to carry it on.

Once again let me thank you with all my heart for your wonderful recognition of my connections with St. Elphin's 'man and boy' for 60 happy years. Happy indeed they were, in spite of the difficulties which inevitably must arise at times in such a career. I rejoice that I am still a proud member of the Fellowship of 'Old Girls', and I hope that I shall still have opportunities for seeing many of you again. If any of you are anywhere in the neighbourhood of Exmouth, you will always find a welcome at my house.

Yours affectionately,

MARGARET L. FLOOD.

OLD GIRLS' REUNION DINNER

THE First Old Girls' reunion dinner was held on May 4th, at the club of the English-Speaking Union, Dartmouth House, London, W.1.

The object of this dinner, long overdue, was to bring St. Elphin's into line with the custom of other public schools, and it is hoped that though it has taken us 112 years to inaugurate this event it will now become a permanent and unbroken bond between the old and new order of life and that every year, though it would be hard to visualise a happier event, it may become a better attended one.

This first dinner had a very special significance in that Miss Flood, who was the guest of honour, had reached the 60th year of her connection with the School and the Old Girls were very happy to be able to present her with a cheque for £85, being (in these days of financial difficulty for many) a small token of the affection and gratitude felt by all those old girls who have lived to realize what a great influence her years of service to St. Elphin's have meant to them.

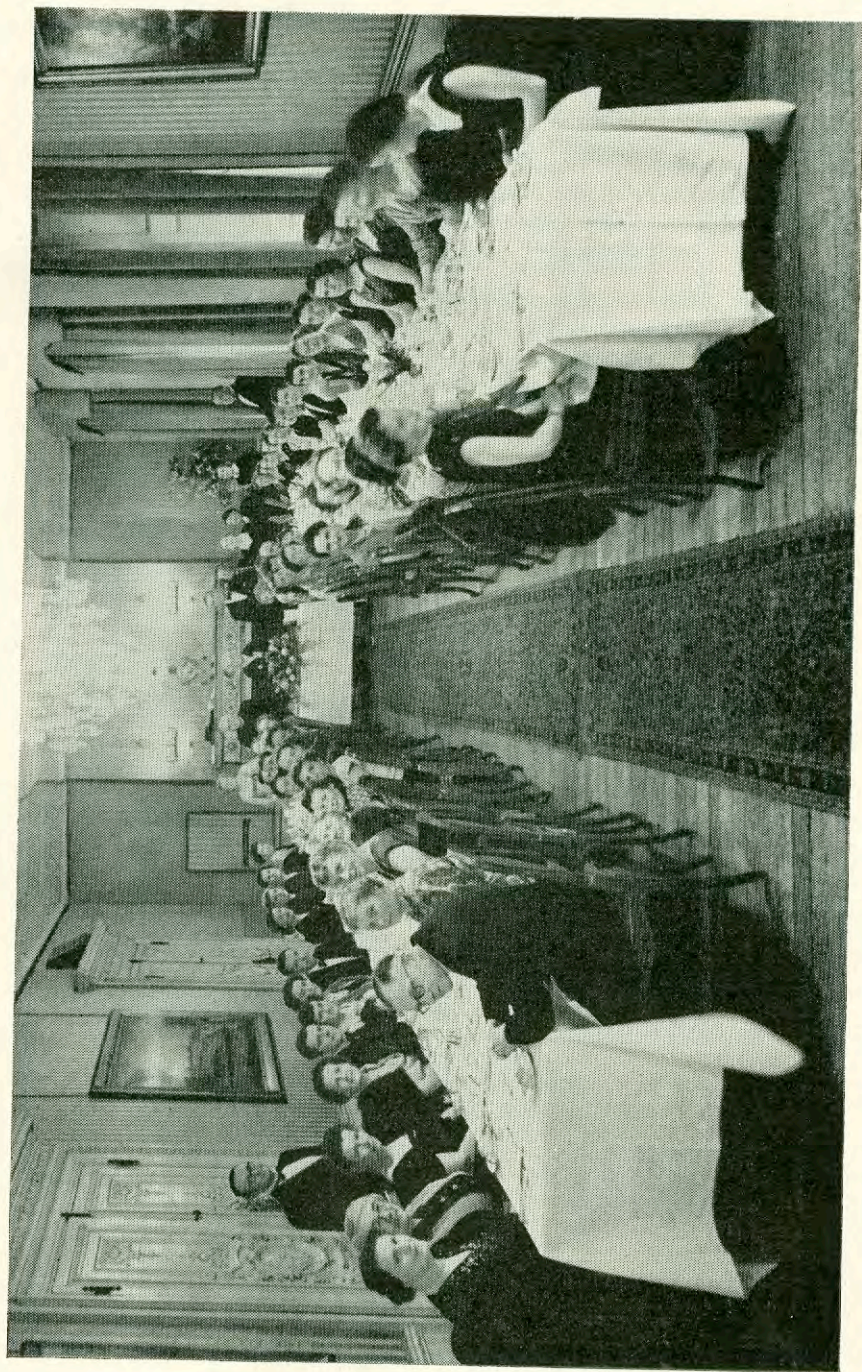
Dr. Perkins, whose connection with St. Elphin's needs no explanation, kindly accepted our invitation to act as Chaplain for the evening and as well as bringing to our minds once again the old familiar Latin grace so much a part of our lives at the School, he paid a high and well deserved tribute to Miss Flood on our behalf to which she very graciously replied.

Some husbands bravely accepted the invitation, and one of them, Hughenden Baines, proposed the health of Miss Stopford and said how lucky St. Elphin's is to have such a splendid successor to Miss Flood. Those Old Girls who had not previously met Miss Stopford came away with a feeling of joy and relief that the old school is in such safe hands and look forward to seeing much more of her in the future and doing all they can to help her in any project that may be launched for the benefit of the School.

There were 66 at the dinner and it was agreed that those who did turn up were very worthy additions to the beautiful room in which it was held and that both Head Mistresses could be justly proud of their joint family!

E.G.B.





SECRETARY'S NOTES

ON behalf of all the Old Girls, I should like to offer our sincere congratulations to Miss Flood on the occasion of the Diamond Jubilee of her connections with St. Elphin's. We were delighted to welcome her both to the weekend Reunion at St. Elphin's and to the Reunion Dinner in London on 4th May. An account of the dinner appears elsewhere in the Magazine. I should like to voice our very grateful thanks to Mrs. Baines for all the trouble and care she took over the organisation of the dinner, which was so much appreciated by those able to be present.

About 25 Old Girls were able to come to the weekend Reunion at School in April, and all enjoyed a most informal and happy two days, for which we were blessed with beautiful weather. We are most grateful to Miss Stopford for her kindness in arranging the weekend, and for the bountiful hospitality and welcome we always receive there. Our thanks go, too, to Miss Jasper, Miss Bean and Miss Gregson who so kindly helped to make us all feel at home.

Very many Old Girls will be sorry to hear that Miss Bean, School Secretary for 14 years, left at the end of the Spring term. I know she will be greatly missed, and we do thank her very much for all she has done for Old Girls, in so many ways, since she has been there. We are glad to welcome her as a member of the Guild and feel that she is still one of us.

Joyce Renwick and Susan Hetherington have both resigned as Sub-secretaries of Groups 13 and 25 respectively, and Jill Cartwright as Games Secretary and Sub-secretary of Group 28. Jill is going to teach in Australia for two years and we wish her good luck and a happy stay 'down-under' in Geelong.

Mrs. Ethne Boswell (*née* O'Ferrall) has very kindly consented to take over Group 13. Group 25 is now in the capable hands of Peggy Whitfield, and Group 29, hitherto without a Sub-secretary, is in the care of Norah Riley. Would members of these Groups please note the changes. Mrs. Boswell's address, and that of Norah Riley, will be found at the back of the magazine.

It is hoped that, by the time the Magazine reaches you, you will have received the new address-book. May I ask you to help keep the lists up-to-date, by letting me know of any changes of address. For the benefit of others, these changes will be put in the Magazine each year.

We have been pleased to note that we have gained several new members to the Guild this year. If you know of anyone who is not a member, do try to persuade her to join and we will endeavour to place her in a Group with her contemporaries.

47 Mayfield Road,
Moseley, Birmingham 13.
May, 1956.

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

A Date to Remember

The Annual Meeting and Reunion will take place in London on Saturday, October 13th at 2.30 p.m. at the Y.W.C.A. Central Club, Great Russell Street. Do come if you possibly can and help to make it a successful gathering.

Errata in 1955 Magazine

I apologise for an error in the last Magazine. It should have been Cecily Whittington's father who was Vicar of Darley Dale many years ago, and not Carrie Wintringham's father.

My apologies to all whom it may concern.—R.E.T.

EXTRACTS FROM A LETTER FROM THE BELGIAN CONGO

WE have now been in Congo just over a year and a half. The first six months we were at an ordinary mission station, my husband taking charge of the mission primary school and several dozen village schools. My task was mainly among the women but I also taught sewing to the senior girls in the school. This was no easy task as I had only a few sentences in Kikongo, the native language, and they knew very little French.

. . . For the last year we have been at what is probably the most advanced training Institute in Congo. It is run by three Protestant missions, one American, one Swedish and our own British mission. I teach art in the two teacher training schools and English in the Theological School. We teach English to the theological students to help them to read English theological books; there are very few suitable books in French and practically none at all in the native language.

E.P.I. (Ecole de Pasteurs et d' Instituteurs) is a most pleasant station situated at the foot of the Bangu Hills which are the start of the Crystal Mountains. The school has been going for about 49 years now, but continues to grow rapidly as the demand for education increases.

. . . Life out here is not easy and the work is exhausting, particularly as it involves the use of French or Kikongo all the time, but in spite of this we enjoy it and feel it to be very worth while. We only wish there were more people to help as so much work has to be neglected through lack of staff everywhere.

JOAN MANICOM (*née* SWINDLE).

In Memoriam

ANGELA M. DAFF, S.R.N.

St. Elphin's 1942—1945

Many Old Girls will be sorry to hear of the death of Angela M. Daff, on May 20th, 1956. Angela left St. Elphin's in 1945 and entered Manchester Royal Infirmary as a student nurse and was there four years. Ill-health prevented her doing any further service at Manchester, but she was employed at Retford and District Hospital, and the Royal Cornwall Hospital, Truro, before she took an appointment as Sister-in-Charge of the Hospital at Welbeck College, an appointment she had held since the College came into being three years ago.

The following tribute appears in this month's Welbeck College Magazine:

"It was with great regret that we said goodbye to Sister A. M. Daff, who has had to leave us for reasons of ill-health. She fought against illness during last Autumn term, and no doubt the delay in accepting treatment has aggravated her complaint. She was one of the first staff to join, and for a year had no assistant. The College was then finding its feet and the sick organisation presented many difficult problems arising from the lay-out of the buildings. Apart from day to day duties (and vigour rather than skill in Rugger caused many casualties) Sister Daff faced this task of organisation, and that of advising on the adequate outfit for the hospital."—R.I.P.

NEWS OF OLD GIRLS

Bertha Hedley has recently returned to England from Palma de Mallorca. She expects to stay in England until September or later, and until then, her address will be at 2 Ashford Road, Cheltenham.

Winifred Thompson and **Margaret Glen-Bott** went to the reunion at Darley Dale. Winifred no longer has a niece at School.

Margaret Glen Bott was unanimously elected to fill the Aldermanic vacancy of the Nottingham City Council in June. She was elected to the City Council in 1939, and is the second woman to become an Alderman. She is a Conservative member for Mapperley Ward. Margaret is a member of the Art Galleries and Museums, Education, Health, Housing and Public Libraries Committees; she is Hon. Surgeon to the Nottingham Women's Hospital and Nottingham Children's Hospital.

Kathleen Price (*née* Robinson) is living in Thurlstone, an unspoilt beauty spot in Devon, where her husband is rector.

Kathleen Rowntree leads a very busy life and does occasional coaching.

Mollie Walker has changed her address and is now living at 14 Lawn's Avenue, Eastbourne, Sussex.

Muriel Curtis (*née* Lester) has a daughter who has nearly finished her course at the Middlesex hospital. Her son gained a Major Scholarship recently and is reading Classics at Cambridge.

Dorothy Cheeseman (*née* Howe) now has a grand-daughter as well as a grandson.

Barbara Champion has been obliged to give up her part-time teaching owing to illness.

Mary Johnson is well and has been to the S.W. Reunion at Exeter.

Nellie Robbs (*née* Moore) still lives at Caversham. At 91, she keeps very fit apart from rheumatism.

Dorothea Flinn (*née* Robbs) recently spent a weekend with **Margaret Griffiths** (*née* Ashton). Dorothea is still teaching. She has a son who is an engineer in Brazil, and a daughter Isobel who finishes school this year, and who is going on to the Royal School of Music.

Dorothea Trott writes from Japan of the visit of Billy Graham to that country. She was especially interested to read the account in the last Magazine of his visit to Kelton Hall.

Ursula Lee (*née* Crawshaw) expects her daughter Lorna home next Spring from the Princess Tsahai Memorial Hospital, Addis Ababa, after three years there. Her second daughter Margaret is at Southampton University taking a General Arts Course.

Mollie Rowntree retired from teaching last July and now lives with a friend at Little Glebe, Chipping Norton, Oxon. She is busy planning and remaking a rather derelict garden and thoroughly enjoying it.

Agnes Harland (*née* Winckley) is shortly moving to Durham, where her husband Maurice (brother of **Helen Harland**), formerly Bishop of Lincoln, has now been appointed Bishop of Durham.

Muriel Touche (*née* Winckley) is very busy with the usual round of village committees—the Conservatives, Women's Institute and Red Cross.

Joy Melly (*née* Steele) lives at Amberley, Nr. Stroud in Gloucestershire. She enjoys being 'retired' but is working harder than ever before, participating in many village activities and working for the local blind.

Margaret Williams (*née* Pollock-Hill) now lives in a little mews cottage at 18 Groom Place, S.W.1. Her eldest son Ivor, who is a doctor, has emigrated to British Columbia with his wife and family. Her other son Michael is in the regular army.

Lucy Crass still works for Church Funds and Foreign Missions and until recently was leaflet editor for the Manchester Diocesan G.F.S. leaflet. She is 87 and very crippled with arthritis so cannot do anything very active now. She remembers being at St. Elphin's with **Nellie Robbs** (*née* Moore).

Dorothy Patterson (*née* Colver) has a daughter Ruth, who left school in 1954. Ruth is now nursing at the Queen Elizabeth Hospital, Birmingham.

Elaine Woodhouse is looking after her father who is 90. They live in a delightful part of the Lake District. She was visited recently by **Winifred Sweeting's** son who was in the district.

Winifred Sweeting (*née* Bagshaw) is a member of the North Riding County Council's Children's Committee and finds the work very interesting.

Joyce Saunders (*née* Smith) is always busy with the W.I., N.S.P.C.C. and Lifeboats. Her elder boy is doing his National Service in the R.A.F. until September. In October he goes to Queens College, Oxford, on a State Scholarship, to study Chemical engineering. Her younger son is still at school at St. Bees, Cumberland.

Sadie Broadbent is teaching at Brentwood School, Southport.

Irene Bullock is teaching at St. Mary's School, Gerrard's Cross.

Mary Nash has now returned to Vellore Hospital, S. India.

Doris Kaye writes that her school still flourishes and that she has at last been able to buy the premises, and so is able to make a lot of improvements.

Constance Butler (*née* Eling) has three children at school. Her youngest boy started in April.

Mary Gamble writes with news of Christ's Hospital School, where she is Secretary.

Joan Lloyd is now Matron of the Sutcliffe Rhodes Convalescent Home, Birkdale.

Phyllis Molyneux and **Audrey Glover** (*née* Bell) were able to come to the reunion at St. Elphin's.

Catherine Fienes-Clinton (*née* Thomason) writes with news of Canada. Preparations for the St. Lawrence seaway are going ahead and it will mean that ocean-going boats will be able to go right up to Toronto.

Mary Illsley passed her Physiotherapy finals with credit, and has a post at Burton-on-Trent General Hospital. She is having **Norah Huck** to stay in June. Norah is working in Lewes Hospital.

Dorothy Tredwell (*née* Kiddell) was able to leave her two children with her husband, and come to the reunion at St. Elphin's. She rather regretted that she was the only one of her form there. Her sister **Joan Kiddell** was able to come, too.

Marjorie Gardener (*née* Longden) has just had a third son, Jeremy, born in April.

Jane Chadbund (*née* Wells) and **Luana Wells** live quite near Wisley Gardens (see Address Book) and will be very pleased to welcome any gardening enthusiasts among Old Girls who visit Wisley. Jane has met **Robin White** (*née* Fitch) and **Jean Pearson** recently.

Esther Jackson has resigned from the Overseas Civil Service and is at present living at home at Mappowder, Sturminster Newton.

Joan Kiddell has been appointed to the Staff of Bolton School next September, to teach Chemistry and Mathematics.

Kathleen Wilson has heard from **Joan Brix** who was married in Canada in the Spring of last year.

Mary Scudamore (*née* Jones) writes that her son John has just completed his first year away at school and enjoyed it. Her daughter Ruth is very keen on tap and ballet dancing.

Mary says she has started playing tennis again after a retirement of thirteen years.

Frances Trower-Foyan (*née* Adams) always leads a very busy life with the running of Westcroft Guest House. Her son Michael has just started school this term and has settled down very nicely. **Helen Sargeant's** parents recently called to see Frances and gave news of Helen's wedding. Helen has a six-month old daughter Christine.

Phoebe Milton (*née* Melville-White) and her family are now living in Reading where her husband Peter has had the job of opening up an Income Tax Department for Lloyd's Bank.

Mary Astin is now assistant to a Dr. Davidson in Brixton, London.

Ailsa Stevenson (*née* Moore) left Manchester University Student Health Service in June 1955, to start a new health service for the employees of the A.A., and now lives at Wimbledon. She was married in March this year.

Sheila Foxon (*née* Davidson) now lives in Hatfield, Herts. She was married in February 1955 at Whitchurch, Canonichorum, Dorset, where her parents, now retired, live. Her wedding was on the same day as **Olga Mort's**.

Olga Putnam (*née* Mort) has a son Nicholas born in January.

Joyce Wright (*née* Sargeant) also has a son Nicholas born in January.

Joyce Dawson (*née* Cartmell) writes from Enniskillen, N. Ireland, where she lives with her husband and daughter Gillian now aged 7. She is expecting an addition to the family on her birthday in July.

Margaret Lewis (*née* Harris) has a small daughter Jean, who keeps her busy.

Diana Rapson is still working for the World Health Organisation in Geneva. She travels about Europe quite a lot and had just been to Vienna and Salzburg, and was going to Budapest soon after she wrote.

Joan Trapnell (*née* Martin) has started a Folk Dance Group. She still journeys hopefully to the hockey field and plays tennis and badminton.

Biddy Quinlan (*née* Yates) has moved to Scotland, where her husband is Consultant Orthopaedic Surgeon, at the Royal Infirmary, Glasgow.

Joan Newcombe (*née* Brittain) was Godmother to **Muriel Hinde's** (*née* Jones) baby son, David, born last year.

Jean McGregor (*née* Beauchamp) was able to go to the reunion dinner in May with **Edwina Davy** and **Jill Reid** (*née* Chorlton). Her daughter Karen is 2½ and very active.

Linette Rice is enjoying her work as Women's Personnel Officer for Standard Telephones at Harlow, and is appreciating having her own flat, after years in digs.

Barbara Clegg sailed on December 30th, 1955, for Denver, Colorado to take up a post there and is reported to be having a wonderful time.

Anne Rust has now settled into her work at Queen Alexandra Hospital, Mandalay. She is a nursery sister missionary, working under the S.P.G. She would be very pleased to hear from any Old Girls at any time.

Con Whitton (*née* Rust) is still living near Grantham.

Fay Smith (*née* Trickett) is expecting an addition to the family in September. She sends news of **Freda Plant's** engagement.

Mary Hibbins is still officially working for the Devon Children's Department, although she manages some astonishing 'children's visits' to foreign parts and generally manages to include a visit to a St. Elphinite en route!

Alyson Bradfield is taking a secretarial course in London. Her address there is 37 Beaufort Gardens, S.W.3.

Jean Hutchinson is reported to be married. If anyone has any news of her—her name and present address—**Betty Martin** would be very grateful for particulars.

Betty Martin has a very full-time job as a Headmistress, but finds it very interesting and entertaining. She manages to review articles for *The Times* occasionally.

Rosemary Taylor spent Whitsun half-term with **Mary Aitchison** (*née* Davidson) and a previous weekend with **Jill Reid** (*née* Chorlton). She still plays hockey and cricket in the respective seasons, and runs school cricket coaching during the summer. She met **Miss Hurst** recently at a Science Mistresses' Summer Meeting in Liverpool.

Elizabeth Wareham (*née* Carson) is at present living with her parents-in-law in Middlesbrough as her husband is abroad.

Jill Reid (*née* Chorlton) has a job with an Insurance firm in Surrey and enjoys the work amidst very pleasant surroundings.

- Jennifer Chorlton** is working as secretary to a solicitor in London, and thoroughly enjoying life.
- Erica Abbott** (*née* Hancock) has a son just a year old. She says life has been rather chaotic recently with baby teething, her brother home from Australia for five weeks, and moving house this month.
- Elizabeth Rumboll** (*née* Swain) has been in hospital for a gall-bladder operation.
- Gwen Owen** has done more Radio work. She has enjoyed playing a comic character, Megan, in "Mrs. Dale's Diary". Gwen has great sympathy for Megan as she once learnt shorthand and typing and hated every minute of it!
- Betty Youngs** became engaged in March and is getting married in October, when she is going to live on a farm in Sussex. She sends news of **Rachel Burr** who was married last year, and is living at Ranskill, Near Retford.
- Kathleen Harrington** (*née* Armstrong) was married on April 11th and is living at Newstead Abbey Park, Notts.
- Sheila Jepson** (*née* Handley) spent a year at a secretarial college after finishing at Domestic Science College, and afterwards travelled extensively on the Continent. She was married in 1953, and finds that her Domestic Science training stands her in good stead. She sends news of **Pat Skinner** (*née* Towers) who has two children.
- Margaret Malmstrom** (*née* Wallis) lives in Stockholm. She finds that her chief difficulty there is one of language which is very hard for English people to learn. However, she manages to get by with 'pidgin-Swedish'! She and her husband are hoping to come home for a holiday this summer. Her sister **Jean's** little daughter, Susan, was a bridesmaid at her wedding.
- Mary Aitchison** (*née* Davidson) leads a busy life at her home in St. Annes. In between domestic chores, she is getting quite enthusiastic in the garden, raising lettuce and gladioli. She is endeavouring to learn the intricacies of chip shots to extricate golf balls from bunkers.
- Mary Bevington** is living at home and working at the Leicester City Welfare Department. She has recently been made Hon. Secretary of the North Midlands Centre of the Institute of Social Welfare.
- Rosemary Smith** is secretary to the West Derbyshire Young Conservatives and is also on the East Midlands Y.C. Executive Committee. She has a part-time job helping **Margaret Wood** to run her two baby clothes and wool shops.
- June Hincks** (*née* Brooker) has moved to Wells, Somerset. She has a fifteen-month old son Jonathan.
- Margaret Bowers** has been Staff Midwife at the Colchester Maternity Hospital since December 1954. She is leaving her job in May and is being married on June 2nd, after which her address will be 1 Weston Road, Colchester, Essex.
- Rosemary Hadfield** is teaching French and a little German at Christ's Hospital Girl's High School, Lincoln.
- Chris Gordon** is working in a team of occupational therapists covering Derbyshire's home-bound, handicapped people. Her area includes Matlock, and Darley Dale.
- Biddy Gordon** has just finished six months with a Rep. Company touring Ireland and this country.
- Barbara Ward** is Senior Night Sister on the Private Patient's wing of University College Hospital, London.
- Wendy Lambert** (*née* Bainbridge) is living in Chelmsford, Essex. Her husband is senior lecturer in horticulture at the Essex Institute of Agriculture. Wendy now has a third daughter, Penelope Ruth, born in March.
- Susan Hare** is an assistant librarian in the library of Lambeth Palace, and has a beautiful flat in Town.
- Helena Turnbull** (*née* Lund) was married in September 1954 to a doctor. They have a daughter Katherine Margaret born last August.
- Jennie Robinson** (*née* Buxton) was married this April and now lives at "Whattonvale", Westdale Lane, Carlton, Notts.
- Audrey Cunningham** (*née* Gardner) has a second daughter, Elspeth Anne, just six months old.

Catherine Soutter has qualified as a doctor and has a post at the Royal Free Hospital.

Elaine Brown (*née* Owen), her husband and small son Julian, have moved from London to a small village on the Essex/Suffolk border, where her husband is vicar. They have a large and old vicarage, which keeps her very busy.

Cicely Armstrong is engaged and is to live at Thickhill, near Doncaster, when she is married.

June Brierley is still in Birmingham organising the catering at the Phosphor-Bronze Restaurant.

Stella Holland is to be married on July 28th and will then live at High Lane, Disley, in a lovely new house. She is going to continue teaching at Stockport.

Shirley Mackenzie (*née* Lewis) was married last October and now lives in a tiny bungalow by the river at Thames Ditton. She says she thoroughly enjoys housekeeping!

Jennifer Pooler has been in Australia for the past year. She spent several months on a sheep-station in Queensland, which she preferred to life in Sydney, where she now has a secretarial post. She spent Christmas in Brisbane and is going to Melbourne for the Olympic Games, so we hope to hear more of her visits.

Peggy Whitfield is teaching small children at a Primary School in Gloucester.

Susan Hetherington qualified last year and is now a House Surgeon at Withington Hospital, Manchester.

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

Paula Thomas is in her fifth year at Manchester studying medicine.

Judy Coop is still at Ancoats doing Physiotherapy. She hopes to stay on the staff there until she goes to the Middlesex hospital to study hydrotherapy for six months. She hopes to find a flat in London.

Valerie Howells (*née* Purdy) was married on August 8th last year. She is working as a Physiotherapist in Edinburgh until her husband can find a Veterinary Science practice. Her address is 15a Regent Terrace, Edinburgh, 7.

Shirley Thornton is in her final year at Kings, taking B.Sc. Special Botany, and looks forward to finding a suitable teaching post near home. She occasionally sees **Erica Singleton** who is also at King's.

Joyce Scott is doing midwifery in Cambridge after leaving St. Bartholomew's Hospital.

Anna Bosson was married on June 9th at St. Michael's Church, Macclesfield. The honeymoon was spent at Dinard. She and her husband hope to live in Cowes, on the Isle of Wight.

Betty Hood (*née* Turner) was married in February. She and her husband are living in Burton-on-Trent.

Shirley Bolton is in charge of twenty-five 2-5 year-olds at Hillside Nursery School, Haslingden, and has "digs" at Accrington.

Anne Carson is teaching P.T. at Scarborough Girls' High School.

Mary Hopkins-Jones is nursing at St. Thomas's Hospital, London.

Margaret Cardno finishes her training at the Northern Schools of Music, Manchester, in July, after which she is going to join her parents in New Zealand.

Judith Clarke, who is nursing at the London Hospital takes her State finals in June.

Ruth Doxey is working at the Headquarters of the Nottinghamshire County Library.

Mary Tudor-Jones is working for Cadbury Bros. as Assistant Manageress, at the Chocolate House, Regent Street, London.

Pauline Schonhut is studying Beauty Culture with Charles of the Ritz.

Ruth Humphreys (*née* Tudor-Jones) and her husband, after touring the Continent on their honeymoon, are renting a furnished bungalow in Redbourn, near St. Albans, while having a house built near Whipsnade.

Eleanor Lawson is teaching in a Secondary Modern School in Whittington, near Lichfield, Staffs.

Jillian Lloyd-Turner is working as a Dispenser in a Chemist's until next September, when she goes to Birmingham for her final three years.

Ann Lyon is taking a midwifery course at the Liverpool Maternity Hospital.

Elizabeth Price (*née* Rowe) is teaching at Oakenrod Junior School for the time being. She and her husband are living at her mother's home.

Rosemary Stanford is back at St. Elphin's as Assistant Junior Matron.

Ann Watson is to be married in July and will then live in Fleet, Hampshire.

Anne James (*née* Wilson) is thoroughly enjoying life in Southern Rhodesia. She lives right out in the wilds near an asbestos mine.

Maria Lawson, who began her training at R.A.D.A. in January is much enjoying a very full life. She shares a flat in Hampstead with two friends.

Betty Lavender went to **Margaret Notley's** wedding last September. Margaret and her husband have a flat in Brighton.

Ruth Murray (*née* Murray) has been married for about eighteen months, and is living in Old Welwyn, Hertfordshire.

Jean Otterenshaw (*née* Watson) is still living in Nigeria. She finds her Red Cross work and looking after her small daughter Caroline, keep her busy. She is due home on leave in March 1957.

Pat Blake passed her B.A. General at Durham last summer, and then took a six months secretarial course in Sheffield. She is now a secretary to the Admiralty in Nottingham.

Tania Butler is a social case worker in London. Her working address is 14 Bolton Gardens, London, S.W.5.

Christine Baker is Secretary to a senior officer at Sheffield Regional Hospital Board.

Sheila Blyde is market gardening. She has been playing cricket for Derbyshire for four years, and for the Midlands for three years.

Jill Cartwright passed her finals last summer and is now teaching P.E. at Hawnes School, Haynes Park, Bedford. She is going out to Australia, in August for two years as teacher of P.E. in the Church of England Girls' Grammar School, The Hermitage, Geelong, Victoria.

Jo Cartwright takes her L.R.A.M. in September. She recently took the entrance examination to the Royal Academy of Music, and takes the College of Music (London) examination in September.

Greta Carson takes her finals at Derby City Hospital in October.

Marjorie Carson has just passed her Preliminary examination.

Ann Daws is now doing a clinical course at St. Mary's Hospital Medical School, Paddington.

Ann Hebditch was secretary to Malayan delegates in London recently. She is now a fashion model in London; her address there is 14 Barkeston Gardens, London, S.W.5.

Jean King is Assistant Domestic Bursar at Bedford C. of P.E.

Shirley Lees is working in a branch of Williams Deacon's Bank.

Ruth Shepherd is secretary to an Almoner at the Children's Hospital, Sheffield.

Angela Willatt is Senior Student for her last year at College. She finishes this July.

Wendy Berwick takes her G.C.E. at Ordinary Level this summer.

Mary Swift has passed her exams., which end her Training at the United Liverpool Hospitals Training School, and has started nursing at the Royal Liverpool Children's Hospital.

Susan Williams has obtained a Domestic Science Diploma at the Eastbourne School of Domestic Economy. She is at present a student nurse at Edinburgh Royal Infirmary. She was presented at Court in March and was, as she puts it "a not at all reluctant debutante!"

Alison Bainbridge and **Judy Shipman** are both in London. Judy is doing secretarial work, and Alison is continuing her chiropody training.

Jennifer Booth has started her Physiotherapy Training at Manchester Royal Infirmary. She recently saw **Hazel Bennett** who is at present in Paris.

Pat Hodgson is working in a branch library near Preston. Last year she attended a Royal Garden Party at Buckingham Palace, where her father represented the Leyland Deanery of Blackburn.

Sallie Hitchen is in her second year at Bedford C.P.E., where she takes Part I of her finals this summer.

ENGAGEMENTS

CICELY ARMSTRONG to HUMPHREY DOOK.
STELLA HOLLAND to JOHN HANCOCK.
BETTY YOUNGS to EDMUND ROSS.
RUTH DOXEY to ALAN M. BURGESS.
ANN WATSON to DENNIS MOUNSTEPHEN.
MARY TUDOR-JONES to BRIAN ROBERT JENKINS.

BIRTHS

On May 21st, 1953, to Rosamund Steele (*née* Sapwell), a son—John Anthony Cecil.
On May 21st, 1955, to Erica Abbott (*née* Hancock), a son—Peter Colin.
On July 2nd, 1955, to Muriel Hinde (*née* Jones), a son—David Robert William.
On August 25th, 1955, to Rosamund Steele (*née* Sapwell), a daughter—Sarah Rosamund.
In September, 1955, to Elaine Brown (*née* Owen), a son—Jeremy.
On November 1st, 1955, to Anne James (*née* Wilson), a son—John Peter Richard.
On December 1st, 1955, to Helen Hall (*née* Sargeant), a daughter—Christine.
On January 2nd, 1956, to Olga Putnam (*née* Mort), a son—Nicholas Richard Mulhall.
On January 29th, 1956, to Joyce Wright (*née* Sargent), a son—Nicholas.
On April 21st, 1956, to Elizabeth Wilson (*née* Ellis), a daughter—Ruth Mary, a sister for Richard.
On April 15th, 1956, to Marjorie Gardener (*née* Longden), a third son—Jeremy.
On May 30th, 1956, to Betty Wareham (*née* Carson), a daughter—Caroline Mary Alyson.
On June 9th, 1956, to Francine Barratt (*née* Collins) and Sidney, a son—Nicholas Vincent John.

MARRIAGES

FOXON—DAVIDSON. On February 19th, 1955, at Whitchurch Canoniconum, Dorset, Sheila Davidson to Jim Foxon.
HARRINGTON—ARMSTRONG. On April 11th, 1956, Kathleen Armstrong to —, Harrington.
HOOD—TURNER. On February 13th, 1955, Betty Turner to Derek Hood.
HOWELLS—PURDY. On August 8th, 1955, at Addison Street Congregational Church, Nottingham, Valerie Purdy to Gwilym J. Howells.
HUMPHREYS—TUDOR-JONES. On September 24th, 1955, at St. Winifred's Church, Bickley, Cheshire, Ruth Tudor-Jones to Robert Gordon Humphreys.
JEPSON—HANDLEY. On August 26th, 1953, Sheila P. Handley to Kenneth G. Jepson.
MALMSTROM—WALLIS. On July 27th, 1955, at St. Leonard's Church, Woore, Cheshire, Margaret Wallis to Bo Malmstrom.
MORTON—BOSSON. On June 9th, at St. Michael's Parish Church, Macclesfield, Ann Bosson to Robert Denys Morton.
PRICE—ROWE. On April 3rd, 1956, Elizabeth M. Rowe to Arthur Price.
PUTNAM—MORT. On February 19th, 1955, at Holy Trinity Church, Prestolee, Olga M. Mort to Dudley Ivor Mulhall Putnam.
STEVENSON—MOORE. On March 16th, 1956, at St. Columba's Church of Scotland, Pont Street, London, by the Rev. R. F. V. Scott, D.D., Ailsa M. S. Moore to David J. A. Stevenson.

DEATHS

GARNETT, Winifred (*née* Harry) in December, 1955.
LEWIS, Margaret C., in February, 1956.
DAFF, Angela M., S.R.N., in May, 1956.

MEMBERSHIP CHANGES DURING THE YEAR 1955/1956

New Members	Group	New Members	Group
Jennifer Booth	31	Angela Daff	22
Mollie Barsby	31	Jane Heelis	31
Jennifer Chorlton (re-joined)	21	Mary James	31
Rita Cooke	31	Ann Jeffries	31
Barbara Cooper	31	Susan Marcon	31
Joan Colver	10	Hilary Radcliffe	31
Marie Dawson	31	Annabel Rees	31
Margaret Elliott (<i>née</i> Moor)	11	Pauline Thompson	31
Esther Greenslade (<i>née</i> Mason-Pooley)	9	Miss Bean	Staff
May Gould (<i>née</i> Slack)	10	Miss Duff	Staff
Alison Hall	31	Mrs. Heelis (<i>née</i> Pierce-Hughes)	Staff

We record with regret the following deaths:

	Group	Resigned	Group
Winifred Garnett (<i>née</i> Harry)	2	Tania Butler	28
Margaret Lewis	2	Joyce Scott	26

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

Sheila Davidson	17	Jean Hutchinson	21
Pamela Ellis	25	Diana Wells	27
Patience Howson	27		

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.

Please note the following alterations to the Address Book:

Francine Barratt (*née* Collins), c/o Mr. Collins, Beaconsfield, Stratton, Nr. Bude, Cornwall. (Temporary address.)

Ethne Boswell (*née* O'Ferrall), Drigg Hall, Holmrook, Cumberland.

Sub-sec. Group 13.

Marjorie Chettle (*née* Whiteside), Cold Arbor Farm, Bollington, Macclesfield.

Muriel Clayton, 16, East Lea Road, Bath.*

Sub-sec. Group 2.

Mary Cliffe, Elmthorp, 7 East Avenue, Leicester.

Marjorie Elliott (*née* Moor), St. Luke's Vicarage, Heywood, Lancs.

Marjorie Gardener (*née* Longdon), St. Anne's Cottage, West Coker, Yeovil, Somerset.*

Sub-sec. Group 14.

Margaret Glen Bott, 2 Newcastle Circus, The Park, Nottingham.*

Isabel Garnett, The Rev. Sister Isabel Mary, O.S.A., Upi, Kotobato, Philippines.

Grace Hodges, 50 Hartington Street, Derby.

Margaret Laithwaite (*née* Owen), 13 Upper Dicconson Street, Wigan.

Miss M. Oppenheimer, 30b Nightingale Road, Southsea, Hants.

Edith Walker, 14 Lawns Avenue, Eastbourne.

Eileen Smart (*née* Whitaker), The Vicarage, Sowerby Bridge, Yorkshire.

Norah Riley, Nurses' Home, Dryburn Hospital, Durham.

Sub-sec. Group 29

Margaret Williams (*née* Pollock-Hill), 18 Groom Place, London, S.W.1.

Mary James (*née* Williams), "White Gate," Meliden, Prestatyn, North Wales.*

*Regretfully omitted from the Address Book.

Correspondence has been returned from the addresses below. Can any member help with more recent addresses?

Beryl Layton (*née* Drew), formerly of Pennywell, St. Hilary's Drive, Deganwy, North Wales.

Dorothy Hornblower (*née* Buckley), formerly of Gurnett House, Sutton, Nr. Macclesfield.

Barbara James (Group 10), formerly of 1 Courtlands, Fulford Road, Scarborough, Yorks.

STATEMENT OF ACCOUNTS YEAR ENDING 31st DECEMBER, 1955

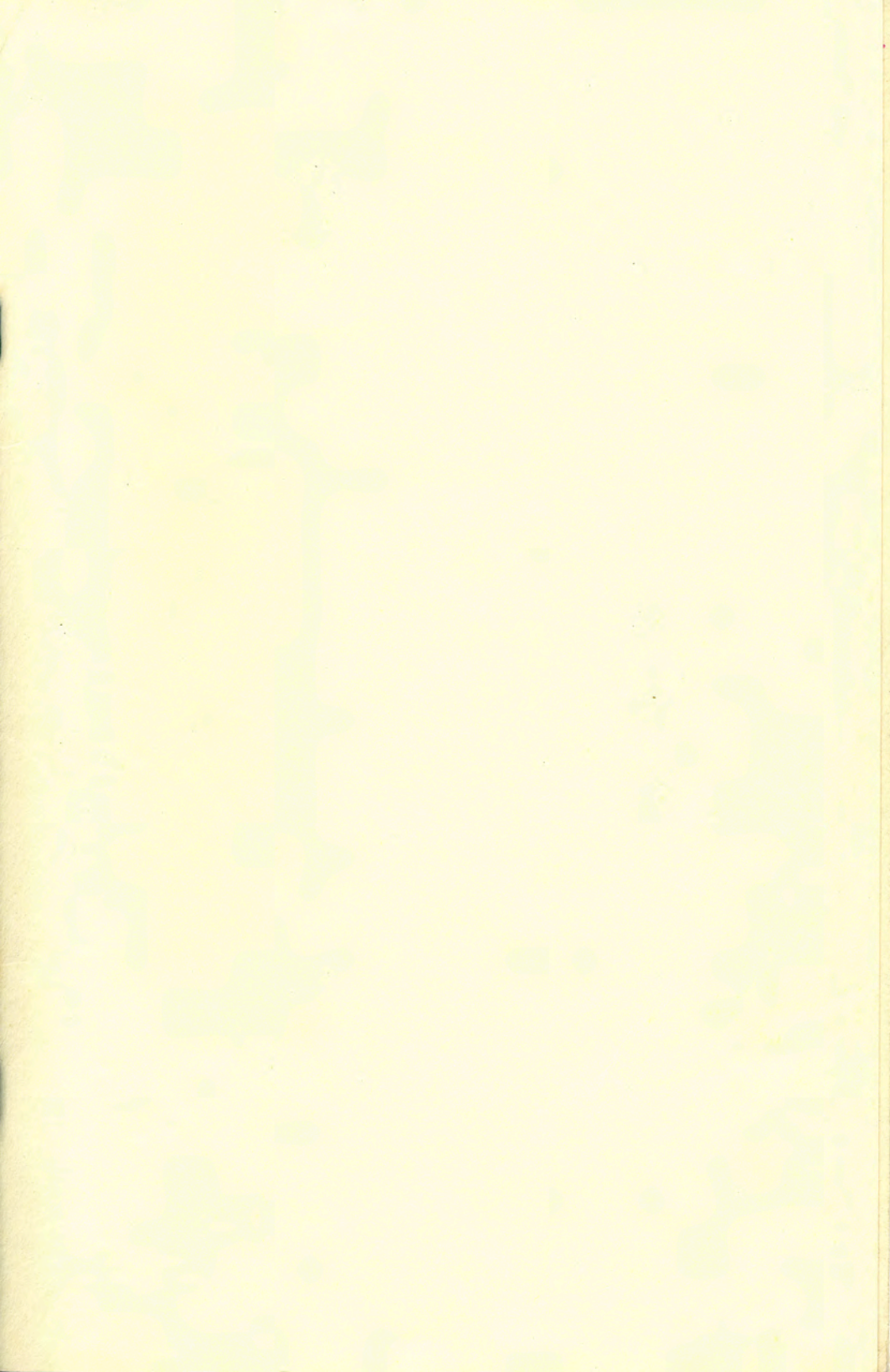
CURRENT ACCOUNT

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
To Balance brought forward (1/1/55) ..	..	1	18	6	..	..	..
" Annual Subscriptions ..	..	..	24	15	0	..	..
" Transferred from Life Subscription Account (305 Life members at 1/3) ..	..	..	19	1	3	..	..
" Interest on Life Subscriptions Account 1954—	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Transferred from Life Subscriptions Account	..	..	12	5	7	..	..
Annual donation to "Friends of St. Elphin's" Fund (Years 1952—1954 inclusive) ..	..	..	15	0	0	..	..
" Donation ..	..	..	7	0	0	..	..
" Interest 1955 ..	..	..	11	1	..	..	..
	£80	11	5				
By Reunion expenses.—London ..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
" School Magazines—(430 at 2/-) ..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
" Miss Kennedy's Grave Fund ..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
" Duplicating notices, etc. ..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
" Secretary's Expenses ..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
" Treasurer's expenses ..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
" Sub-secretaries' expenses ..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
" Games Secretary's expenses ..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
" Balance in Post Office Savings Bank (31/12/55) ..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
	£	1	17	6	..	..	..
	43	0	0	..	..	..	..
	10	0	..	..	..	..	..
	1	16	3	..	..	..	..
	12	10	8	..	..	..	..
	3	15	11	..	..	..	..
	2	1	10	..	..	..	..
	14	9	6	..	..	..	..

£80 11 5

LIFE SUBSCRIPTIONS ACCOUNT

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
To Balance brought forward (1/1/55) ..	..	502	14	9	..	12	5
" Subscriptions (17 at £3/3/0) ..	..	..	53	11	0	..	7
" Sale of Metal Badges ..	..	..	..	17	6	..	1
" Interest, 1955 ..	..	..	12	10	11	..	3
By Transferred to Current Account:—	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Interest, 1954 ..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
305 Life Members at 1/3 ..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Donation to "Friends of St. Elphin's" Fund (1952—1954 inclusive) ..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
(Previously paid by Current Account)	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Donation to "Friends of St. Elphin's" Fund, 1955 ..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Balance in Post Office Savings Bank (31/12/55) ..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
	£569	14	2		..	..	..
	518	7	4		..	..	..
	5	0	0		..	..	..
	5	0	0		..	..	..
	518	7	4		..	..	..
	£569	14	2		..	..	..



PRINTED BY
LIVERPOOL LETTERPRESS LIMITED
SEEL STREET, LIVERPOOL