THE OLD SCHOOL
(FOUNDED IN 1873)
THE MAGAZINE COMMITTEE

President: Miss Merrifield.
O.G.A. Representative: Miss Chick.
Treasurer: Miss Bilbie.
Editor: Miss Joad.
Staff Representatives: Miss Bradford, Miss Capron and Miss Crane.
Secretary: Diana Slee.
Sub-Editors: Diane Camrass and Janet White.
Form Representatives: From each Form from the Vth Form to III Upper.

Address to which communications should be sent:
NOTTING HILL AND EALING HIGH SCHOOL,
2 CLEVELAND ROAD,
EALING, W. 13.

PREFECTS

SPRING TERM, 1952:

Shirley Williams, Head Girl.
Pamela Hearn, Deputy Head Girl.


VI Lower: Gillian Bailey, Kyra Lock, Janet Robertson.
FRIENDS OF THE TRUST

There will be a General Meeting of the Friends of the Trust at 3 o'clock on Saturday, May 24th, at Putney High School, 35 Putney Hill, S.W.15. A Business Meeting will be followed by tea.

The association of "The Friends" has been formed to create a strong and widely spread fellowship to embrace all those who have come to value the things for which the Trust stands.

Membership of "The Friends" is not restricted to Old Girls of the Trust. Anyone who is interested is most welcome to become a member on payment of the annual subscription of 10s. 6d. Young students under twenty-one years of age may become Associate Members (provided that they are members of their Old Girls' Association) on payment of a 5s. annual subscription, but they will not be entitled to a vote.

The aims of "The Friends" are very simple. The first and more important is to form a strong body of public opinion in favour of the Trust type of liberal education. To be effective, this public opinion must be consolidated into an association able to express itself in the Press and at meetings, thus having an influence on the country's education.

The second aim is financial. Money is needed to provide extra amenities for Trust schools which cannot be paid for out of Trust funds.

Copies of the News Letter, price 1s., can be obtained by non-members from school.

REVIEW OF SCHOOL YEAR

(Abstract of Miss Merrifield's Report, Senior Prizegiving, 1951.)

Miss Merrifield welcomed to the Prizegiving the guest of honour, Sir Harry Lindsay, the Chairman, Mr. Stead, who was Vice-Chairman of the Trust, and whose vast experience, wisdom—and his time—were always most generously put at the disposal of the Trust's Schools, the Mayor of Ealing, Mrs. Stowell, and her Mayoress. It was most encouraging for girls that in the year of the Jubilee of the Borough the Mayor should be a woman. Then there was a guest whose coming had been a source of delight and excitement to all those who had been her pupils: Miss McCaig, who, it was hoped, would make the Prizegiving once again one of her annual events.

Last January, by the death of Colonel Kimmitt, the School had lost a friend who for nearly twenty years, as representative of Middlesex on the Education Committee of the Trust, had done everything in his power to cherish the interests of the School, and he was held in affectionate remembrance.

In July Miss Chamberlain had died after nine months of illness. During the few weeks she had taught in the School she had won much liking and respect. The School sympathised with her parents and sister in their grief.

Three distinguished Old Girls had died during the year: Mrs. Esdaile (Kathleen McDowell), Mrs. Ayrton Gould (Barbara Ayrton) and Dr. Caroline Skeel. The School thought with pride of the inspiring example they had set. (Their obituary notices, and that of Colonel Kimmitt, appeared in the Magazine last year; it went to press just late enough to include them).

There were now 617 girls in the School, of whom 67 were in the Sixth Form. In addition to the Honours List (which appears on a later page), Leela Senan had gained entrance to the University, though a change in her plans had prevented her from taking it up, and Anne Holloway had been offered a place at Somerville College as well as her place at Girton College. This was the first year of the General
Certificate of Education and the work done in the V Upper and in the Sixth Forms is becoming more interlocked than before: the value of at least one year in the Sixth cannot be stressed too strongly. To take advantage of the new certificate arrangements, it was now possible for some girls to add in V Lower German, Greek or Latin as a third language.

Of those who left School last year, who were not going on to take degrees, some were training for teaching at a two-year training college or at a Froebel institution; others were training in physiotherapy, pharmacy, nursing, domestic science, theatrical make-up, and secretarial work.

The business of education had been approached from many angles. All the nine-year-olds had spent a week at Netley House, Gomshall, where they had gained immensely from living together, and from the opportunities for observing on the spot Geography or nature, farming and History. Ruislip Common, woods and reservoir were used by girls of all ages for Biology. During the last spring holidays members of VI Upper did a week's Geography field-work at Haslemere, and VI Lower in June had a long geographical week-end in North Wales. In addition there had been many expeditions in London itself; to the Docks, the Old Bailey and various factories, museums, exhibitions and theatres. During the last spring holidays members of VI Upper did a week's Geography field-work at Haslemere, and VI Lower in June had a long geographical week-end in North Wales. In addition there had been many expeditions in London itself; to the Docks, the Old Bailey and various factories, museums, exhibitions and theatres. A party from the School sang in the audience of Let's Make an Opera. In the School there had been lectures and concerts. The School itself had sung parts of Messiah and the Christmas Oratorio. There had been performances of Purcell's Dido and Aeneas by members of V Lower and of Quality Street by members of VI Lower. The usual three competitions had taken place: the Verse-speaking, judged by Mr. Compton, the Shakespeare-Acting, judged by Mr. Wyndham Goldie, and the Gymnastic.

Parties had been given by the IV Lower Forms to motherless children and by the V Lowers to men and women from the Eventide Homes. The School had had the pleasure of visits from last year's Mayor and Mayoress and from Councillor Allenby (the Middlesex County Council's representative on the Education Committee of the Trust). Cyclists had had themselves and their machines tested for road-worthiness by the Road Safety Authorities. On the day of the General Election there had been a Mock Election in the School.

Thanks to parents it had been possible to entertain two German girls for a term. Two Notting Hill girls spent part of their holidays in German families and three in French families; five went to Paris for a course on French culture. It was most earnestly recommended that all girls who were taking Modern Languages at Advanced Level should make a determined effort to get abroad into a family for as long a period as possible.

Miss Irons had retired after a quarter of a century of most devoted work as Classics mistress, Second mistress, Captain of Guides, and as liaison officer between the School and the U.G.S. She took with her the School's heartfelt gratitude and affectionate good wishes for great happiness in her retirement.

During the year Miss Forde and Miss Maclean left to be married. The School had also had to say good-bye to Miss Baggally, who had done so much for the physical work and who had left to take up a Lectureship at the I. Marsh Physical Training College, and to Miss Davies, who, after nine years of vigorous teaching and discussion here, had been appointed Headmistress of the Abergavenny Girls' High School. To these and to the many people who had come to help in emergencies due to illness, the School gave sincere thanks and best wishes for their future happiness and success; and it welcomed most warmly those who had come as their successors.

It was hoped that every girl on leaving school would not only join the Old Girls' Association, but would also join the Friends of the Trust. This organization had been founded to link together all those Old Girls, parents, former Staff, who admire the Girls' Public Day School Trust and the vital part it plays in girls' education. The Society looked not only for subscriptions but for the support of continuing and active interest in the doings and welfare of the Trust.

In conclusion Miss Merrifield thanked the many people who had made gifts; she said how grateful the school was when girls, on leaving, or at other times, gave books to the libraries or special pieces of equipment to the science department. She thanked the Council for their unfailing interest and support, the Directors of Educa-
tion for their sympathy and interest in matters of local administration; Old Girls, parents and friends who had given help in various ways, the mistresses and all those who had been responsible for the happiness and success of the School.

RETIREMENT OF MISS IRONS

Miss Irons retired in July, 1951, after twenty-five years of unflagging devotion and most valuable service to the School. She touched and strengthened its life on every side, as Classics mistress, Second mistress and Form mistress: there was, in fact, no post of responsibility in the School which she had not held.

While her work as Classics mistress and Form mistress of Upper Fifth and Sixth forms was chiefly among the senior girls, she had a real understanding of younger girls which made her a much-loved Captain of the School Guide Company.

From 1945 onwards, Miss Irons added to her already busy life the work of Careers mistress: she collected and filed a vast amount of first-hand information about work for girls and spent much time advising individual girls about suitable careers.

The departure of Miss Irons leaves a gap in the school that will be very difficult to fill, and for many generations of Notting Hill girls it will be an inducement to come back to Old Girls' meetings that they may see Miss Irons again.

CALENDAR FOR SUMMER AND AUTUMN TERMS, 1951

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Event</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>April 9-17</td>
<td>VI Upper geographical expedition to Haslemere.</td>
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<tr>
<td>April 19</td>
<td>Summer term begins.</td>
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<td>May 4</td>
<td>Coffee party for parents of Redlands pupils.</td>
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<td>May 9</td>
<td>U.G.S. Service at Southwark Cathedral and visit to Settlement.</td>
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<td>May 11</td>
<td>Preparatory pond dipping expedition to Ruislip Common.</td>
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<td>May 14</td>
<td>Whitsun holiday.</td>
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<td>May 16</td>
<td>Coffee party for parents of IV Lower.</td>
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<td>May 18</td>
<td>Concert by Mr. and Mrs. David Davies for Redlands.</td>
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<tr>
<td>May 19-26</td>
<td>II Upper visit to Netley House, Gomshall.</td>
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<tr>
<td>May 23</td>
<td>VI Form visit to Festival Science Expedition.</td>
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<tr>
<td>May 25</td>
<td>V Lower party to members of the Eventide Homes.</td>
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<tr>
<td>May 31</td>
<td>Coffee party for parents of IV Upper.</td>
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<td>June 1 &amp; 2</td>
<td>VI Lower play: Quality Street by Barrie.</td>
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<td>June 6</td>
<td>V Lower visit by river to the London Docks.</td>
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<td>June 8</td>
<td>Recital to the Senior School by Albert and Leslie Chasey.</td>
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<td>June 11</td>
<td>Half term holiday.</td>
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<tr>
<td>June 15</td>
<td>VI Upper visit to Hamlet at the New Theatre.</td>
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<tr>
<td>June 16</td>
<td>Party for the Camberwell Guides.</td>
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<td>June 18</td>
<td>II Upper visit to Hampton Court.</td>
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<td>June 22</td>
<td>Elocution Competition, judged by Mr. Compton, C.B.E.</td>
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<td>June 28</td>
<td>III Lower visit to Ruislip Woods and Common.</td>
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<td>July 3 &amp; 5</td>
<td>III Upper visits to the British Museum.</td>
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<td>July 6</td>
<td>O.G.A. Meeting.</td>
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<td>July 10</td>
<td>III Lower party at the field.</td>
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<tr>
<td>July 11</td>
<td>VI Lower visit to Winter's Tale at the Phoenix Theatre.</td>
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<tr>
<td>July 13 &amp; 14</td>
<td>V Lower Opera: Dido and Aeneas by Purcell.</td>
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<tr>
<td>July 18</td>
<td>Summer Term ends.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sept. 13</td>
<td>Autumn Term begins.</td>
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<td>Sept. 26</td>
<td>Harvest Festival.</td>
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<td>Sept. 29</td>
<td>Visit to Festival Book Exhibition.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Oct. 8</td>
<td>Safety First Film and tests for road worthiness.</td>
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</tbody>
</table>
Oct. 18 Coffee party for parents, Skipton House.
Oct. 22 Mock Election.
Oct. 26 Middle School Prize Giving.
Oct. 27 Senior School Prize Giving.
Nov. 5 & 6 Half term holiday.
Nov. 13 Coffee party for parents of V Upper.
Nov. 16 G.P.D.S.T. Senior Netball Rally.
Nov. 21 VI Lower visit to *Hamlet* at Ealing Boys’ Grammar School.
Nov. 22 Miss Stack’s recital to Middle School.
November 5 & 6 Half term holiday.
Nov. 23 Lecture on Guide Dogs for the Blind.
Nov. 30
Dec. 5 IV Lower visit to the Imperial Institute.
Dec. 6 VI Form visit to *Othello* at the Old Vic.
Dec. 8 O.G.A. Meeting.
Dec. 12 IV Lower party to members of the Homes for Motherless Children.
Dec. 13 School performance of the Christmas music of *Messiah*.
Dec. 15 VI Form Dance.
Dec. 18 Autumn Term ends.

**HONOURS LIST, 1950-1951**

Head Girl: Jane Sayers
Deputy Head Girl: Moyra Selby

**UNIVERSITY ENTRANCE**

Rosemary Bushill: University College of the South West of England
Mary Dyke: University College of the South West of England
Sylvia Craven: University of London—Bedford College
Mary Hayns: University of London—Bedford College
Janet Glanville: University of London—King’s College of Household and Social Science.
Angela Jones: University of London—King’s College
Anne Holloway: University of Cambridge—Girton College
Beryl Jones: University of Cambridge—Newnham College
Madeleine Mayne: University of London—University College
Anna Pridal: University of London—London School of Medicine

**STATE SCHOLARSHIPS**

Susan Ault
Reserve: Hilda Sullivan
Morant Jones Scholarship
Mary Hayns

**GENERAL CERTIFICATE OF EDUCATION**

**OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE JOINT BOARD**

**ADVANCED LEVEL AND SCHOLARSHIP LEVEL**

Susan Ault History, Latin, Geography, General Paper
Sylvia Craven English
Catherine Dyson Latin, French, English
Nancy Galpin English, Geography
Mary Hayns Latin, French, English
Sheila Lake English, Geography
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Marjorie Perry French, English
Jane Sayers Latin, French, History, Art
Moyra Selby Latin, French, English
Hilda Sullivan Latin, French, English, History

ALTERNATIVE ORDINARY AND ORDINARY LEVEL

Susan Ault French. Sheila Lake History
Sylvia Craven German, French Marjorie Perry Geography
Nancy Galpin German, French Moyra Selby History
Mary Hayns History Betsey Brown Scripture

GENERAL CERTIFICATE OF EDUCATION—LONDON

ADVANCED AND SCHOLARSHIP LEVEL

Mary Chadwin Pure Mathematics
Alma Ellis Physics, Chemistry
Madeleine Mayne Pure and Applied Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry
Mary Platt Pure and Applied Mathematics
Marlion Poulter Physics
Anna Pridal Physics, Chemistry

ORDINARY LEVEL

Alma Ellis Biology Marlion Poulter Chemistry
Mary Platt Physics Anna Pridal Biology

FIRST MEDICAL EXAMINATION

Anna Pridal Biology, Chemistry, Physics
Alma Ellis Completion of exemption

TRUST SCHOLARSHIPS, 1951–1953

1st Scholarship: Gillian Lamont
2nd Scholarship: Gillian Richards
Berryman Scholarship: Carol Saunders

OXFORD LOCAL EXAMINATIONS

GENERAL CERTIFICATE OF EDUCATION—ORDINARY LEVEL

Subjects passed at Ordinary Level:—

9—G. Lamont.
4—H. Bain, M. Davidson.
3—P. Abbott, E. Averre, J. Cameron, B. Richards, G. Standring, J. Williams.
2—S. Perry, J. Tite, I. Dunford, J. McMorris.
1—A. Brixey, G. Cumber, C. Dight, L. Salemmi, A. Voss.

HEAD GIRL’S PRIZE

(Presented by Miss McCraig)

Jane Sayers

IRENE GRAHAM PRIZE FOR ENGLISH

Mary Hayns
WINIFRED MARY SEVILLE PRIZES

Mathematics and Science:
Madeleine Mayne

Mathematics:
Mary Platt

Science:
Anna Pridal

NANCY PELHAM BROWNE PRIZE FOR HISTORY
Beryl Jones

MARY GRIFFIN PRIZE FOR GEOGRAPHY
Marjorie Perry

MERCHANT PRIZES
(Presented by Alderman and Mrs. H. A. Merchant)

Classics:
Betsey Brown

English:
Carol Dight
Leela Senan

Dressmaking:
Evelyn Dixon
Rhoda Robbins

CECILY MEYER PRIZES

French:
VI: Jennifer Anderson
V: Toni Lloyd
Gillian Lamont
Gillian Richards
Evelyn Symon

History:
VI: Susan Ault
Hilda Sullivan
Jane Sayers
V: Gillian Richards

DOROTHY CHICK AND FRANCES WOOD ESSAY PRIZES

Section I:
Daphne Cannell

Section II:
Ann Crossley

OLD GIRLS' ASSOCIATION PRIZES

Senior:
Tamara Tietz

Middle:
Ann Crossley

Junior:
Mary Height

ELOCUTION PRIZES
(Presented by Miss Chick)

Senior:
Diane Camrass

Intermediate:
Toni Bunch

Junior:
Janice Steed
Valerie Tristram

MUSIC PRIZES

Mark Hambourg Prize for Music:
Jane Harwood

Mr. Kennedy Scott's Prize for Music:

Senior:
Joyce Bailey

Junior:
Marjorie Watson
Prize presented by Mrs. Marriott:
Jane Baggott
Mary Littler
Beryl Slatter

Prize presented by Mrs. Whorwell (Tatiana Polunin):
Mary Littler

VI Upper:
Susan Ault
Catherine Dyson
Alma Ellis
Nancy Galpin
Mary Hayns

VI Lower:
Ann Darwent
Jacqueline Laugier

V Upper:
Jane Arnold
Gillian Bailey
Patricia Baxendale
Ann Clarke
Janet Holloway

V Lower:
Thelma Darwent
Judith Houghton

IV Upper:
Evelyn Dixon
Marion Marsh

Good Work:

IV Lower:
Susan Cohen
Frances Gibbs

III Upper:
Marian Crowe
Valerie Fletcher

III Lower:
Isabel Ewing
Janet Giles

II Upper:
Catherine Coghill

Good Work:

II Lower:
Elizabeth Weech

I:
Angela Stone

FORM PRIZES:
Sheila Lake
Madeleine Mayne
Marjorie Perry
Mary Platt
Anna Pridal

Jane Sayers
Moyra Selby
Hilda Sullivan

Audrey Somper
Gillian Standring

Anne Voss

Shakespeare Acting Competition Trophy
Presented by Agnes Abney (Mrs. Hill)
Senior: VI Lower
Junior: IV Upper A

Trophy for Best Individual Performance
(Presented by Margaret Hamilton)
With special prizes presented by Mrs. Hill
Senior: Josephine Keen
Junior: Susan Cohen
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CHALLENGE CUPS

Form Hockey Cup: VI Lower
Senior Form Netball Cup: VI Lower
Junior Netball Cup: IV Upper A
Senior Gymnastic Cup: V Lower B
Junior Gymnastic Cup: IV Upper B
Form Tennis Cup: VI Lower
Tennis Singles Championship: Christine Forster—Senior
Jean Bailey—Junior
Junior Form Tennis Cup: IV Upper B
Form Rounders Cup: IV Lower B
Skipton House Rounders Cup: III Lower A

THE ASSOCIATED BOARD OF THE ROYAL SCHOOLS OF MUSIC
LONDON
(The Royal Academy of Music and the Royal College of Music)

Grade V: Mary Johnson
Grade III: Marion Dibb
Grade I: Brenda Barnett*
Kathleen Haigh
Ann Simon*

Grade IV: Sally Barlow
Beryl Slatter
Grade II: Janet Curtis
Elizabeth Edmund-Davies
Felicity Malpas

* Credit

GIFTS TO THE SCHOOL

The School has received from one of its Old Girls, Mrs. Buckler (Georgina Walrond), a magnificent gift. She has given £200 to the Friends of the Trust, £150 of which she has assigned to us and £50 to the general fund. We are highly delighted with our present and deeply grateful to Mrs. Buckler for this generous addition to the very many things she has already given us. The money is to be spent on some improvement for the school and plans are now under consideration by the Council.

We give our warmest thanks to the following donors: Miss Allwright for a Music Prize for Sight Reading, Miss Baggally for two cups, one for Skipton gymnastics and one for Junior Rounders, Miss Irons for a subscription to "Greece and Rome," Mrs. Hill for the chair in the entrance hall and two prizes for the best individual Shakespeare Acting performances, Mr. and Mrs. Harper for gramophone records, A. Heath for a rabbit, J. Ash, C. Coghill, C. Garland, L. Hems, R. Riley M. Wharton and others for plants for the gardens, Miss Drury for vases and books, Dr. and Mrs. Scoones for a vase, Mrs. Buckler, Mrs. Woodcock, Violet Whish, Fraulein Wolff, Mile. Bouché, Miss Rahman, J. Gubbins, K. Lock, Form III Upper B and The Guide Dogs for the Blind Association for books, and to C. Chilvers, C. Coghill, P. Cruickshank, S. Edmund-Davies, V. Holmes, D. James, M. Kemp, S. Kendall, A. Kenwright, G. Knights, P. Nickels, J. Radford, S. Scruby, A. Tack, J. White and D. Wood for books from their own shelves.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION

The physical work of the School has carried on as usual during this year. Visits have been made, to Queen's Club and Wimbledon for some first-class tennis, to Wembley for the International Hockey Match, to the Albert Hall for the International Folk Dance Festival and to Stamford Hill for the Amateur Gymnastic Association competitions.
TENNIS

The general standard of play throughout the School showed a good improvement during the summer. Both tennis teams had a successful season.

FIXTURES

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Opponent</th>
<th>1st VI</th>
<th>2nd VI</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>May 25</td>
<td>North London Collegiate</td>
<td>Won</td>
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<tr>
<td>June 1</td>
<td>Putney High School</td>
<td>Lost</td>
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<td>June 2</td>
<td>Aberdare Cup</td>
<td>Won</td>
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<tr>
<td>June 16</td>
<td>Ealing County School</td>
<td>&quot;A&quot; VI Won</td>
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<tr>
<td>June 23</td>
<td>Aberdare Cup, 2nd Round</td>
<td>1st VI 2nd in Section</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>July 6</td>
<td>Old Girls</td>
<td>Won</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>July 7</td>
<td>Haberdasher Aske's</td>
<td>Won</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>July 13</td>
<td>Trust Rally</td>
<td>1st VI 3rd</td>
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The Senior Form Tennis Cup was won by 6 L, who beat 6 U in the final. 4 U B beat 4 U A in the Junior Tennis final.

The Senior Individual Tennis championship was again won, for the second year, by Christine Forster and the Junior championship was won by Jean Bailey.

TEAMS

1st VI
C. Forster and P. Haigh
B. Brown (capt.) and V. Long
S. Burwood and J. Cameron

2nd VI
G. Bailey and B. Richards
J. Glanville and Z. Fletcher
N. Galpin and J. Bailey

NETBALL

The great event this year was the winning of the Senior Trust Netball Rally Trophy for the first time since 1904. We hope that future teams will also do as well.

The 1st VII have worked well together and begun to approach their matches with more confidence.

The 2nd VII must try to use their good ability to greater advantage and show more initiative.

The Under 15 VII with more speed and greater ball control should do well in the future.

The Under 14 VII have worked well but need more practice in ball control and accuracy of passing.

The Under 13 VII are an enthusiastic team. With continued hard work they should do well.

FIXTURES

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<tr>
<td>Sept. 29</td>
<td>Walpole Grammar...</td>
<td>Won</td>
<td>Lost</td>
<td>Lost</td>
<td>Won</td>
<td>Won</td>
<td>Lost</td>
<td>Won</td>
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<td>&quot; &quot; &quot; &quot;</td>
<td></td>
<td>15–16</td>
<td>19–24</td>
<td>9–8</td>
<td>17–14</td>
<td>11–16</td>
<td>9–7</td>
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<tr>
<td>Oct. 17</td>
<td>Haberdashers' Aske's</td>
<td>U.15</td>
<td>U.14</td>
<td>U.13</td>
<td>Won</td>
<td>Won</td>
<td>Won</td>
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Oct. 27 North London Collegiate ... ... 1st VII 20–16
2nd VII Lost 9–15
Nov. 9 Putney H.S. ... ... 1st VI 8–17
2nd VII Lost 5–18
U.15 Lost 5–25
U.14 Lost 11–12
U.13 Lost 7–11
Nov. 14 Haberdashers' Aske's ... ... 1st VII 18–17
2nd VII Won 21–16
Nov. 16 Senior Trust Rally ... ... 1st VII Won 21–13
2nd VII Won 12–6
U.15 Lost 12–17
U.14 Lost 11–13
U.13 Lost 7–12
Nov. 24 Gumley House ... ... 1st VII 18–8
2nd VII Scratched
U.15 U.14 Won 19–7
Drew 13–13
Dec. 1 Drayton Manor ... ... 1st VII 18–8
2nd VII Scratched
U.15 U.14 Won 19–7
Dec. 7 Burlington ... ... 1st VII Scratched
2nd VII U.15, U.14 Scratched

TEAMS

1ST VII
G.K. ... G. Bailey
D. ... G. Lamont
C.D. ... B. Houghton
C. ... I. Adamson (capt.)
C.A. ... R. See
A. ... P. Haigh
G.S. ... D. Slee
U.15
G.K. ... J. Harwood (capt.)
D. ... J. Dicker
C.D. ... R. Death
C. ... R. Robbins
C.A. ... S. Bray
A. ... D. Glanville
G.S. ... J. Lowes

2ND VII
Z. Fletcher
J. Platt
D. Cannell
J. Cameron (capt.)
D. Bailey
E. Douch
J. Madeley
M. Wintle
D. Fletcher
N. Pencavel
A. Horder
J. Orchard
A. Lynham
Z. Howard (capt.)
C. Grainger
C. Craske
J. Burley
M. Leyland
A. Oatway (capt.)
J. Stead
C. Kemp

HOCKEY

The general standard of play throughout the School has begun to show a definite improvement, but the English rain has hindered the progress of the School teams.

The 1st XI at first lacked confidence in themselves, which prevented the team from having the necessary speed and attack.

The 2nd XI was a very energetic forward line, but the lack of good stickwork prevented goals being scored.

FIXTURES

Nov. 10 St. Augustine's ... ... 1st XI 1–0
2nd XI Lost 1–3
Nov. 17 Southall ... ... 1st & 2nd XI Scratched
Nov. 30 North London Collegiate ... ... 1st XI 2–6
2nd XI Lost 1–6
Dec. 7 South Hampstead ... ... 1st XI Scratched
Dec. 7 Burlington ... ... 2nd XI Drew 1–1
THE SCHOOL MAGAZINE

1ST XI
S. Williams  G.
J. Sayers  R.B.
S. Burwood (capt.)  L.B.
Z. Fletcher  R.H.
G. Bailey  C.H.
P. Hearn  L.H.
R. See  R.W.
J. Cameron  R.I.
I. Adamson  C.F.
Y. Evans  L.I.
D. Bailey  L.W.

2ND XI
J. Crumley
P. Baxendale
G. Fisher
J. Thake
J. Gooch
P. Haigh (capt.)
M. Warne
B. Houghton
D. Cannell
A. Hacking
J. Daulby

THE CHARITY SOCIETY

President: Miss Merrifield.
Hon. Sec. and Treas.: Miss M. L. Allwright.
School Representatives: Miss Ralph, Miss Irons, Miss Keens,
Member of Staff from Skipton House,
and one girl from each Form.

Box Collections in the first two terms of 1951 were rather disappointing, but in
the Autumn the sum amounted to £27, a splendid total for one term.

In March, Miss Chick appealed for warm clothing for an Open Air School in
Sevenoaks of which she is a Governor: the response was very good and the gifts
gratefully acknowledged by the Head Mistress.

Some members of Staff and girls attended the Annual U.G.S. Service at South-
wark Cathedral and the School's collection of £6 2s. 0d. was presented by Diana Slee.

We were very sorry to say good-bye to Miss Irons in July and shall miss her on
the Committee. She always took such an interest in the Society and specially in all
the work connected with the U.G.S., and we thank her most warmly for all her help,
and congratulate her on being appointed a member of the U.G.S. Executive Council.

The Harvest Festival gifts were very numerous and varied and greatly appre-
ciated by the men at St. David's Home and The Homes for Motherless Children.
We should like to thank all the members of Staff and girls who decorated the Plat-
form and who sorted and conveyed the gifts to the Homes.

The sum of £7 9s. 6d. was collected in response to an appeal to replace books
in the Woolmer Girls’ School at Kingston, Jamaica, the Library of which was totally
wrecked by the hurricane disaster.

At the end of the term, the little girls in the Preparatory School brought a large
number of lovely toys which were sent as a Christmas gift to the children in the
U.G.S. Nursery School.

Two Flag Days—Rose Day and Poppy Day, realized £2 9s. 0d. and £5 8s. 10d.
respectively.

M.L.A.
## STATEMENT OF ACCOUNTS FOR 1951

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2/2/1951.

M. L. ALLWRIGHT,  
Hon. Sec.

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### A PARTY FOR MOTHERLESS CHILDREN

On Wednesday, December 12th our form held a party for motherless children. They arrived about quarter to five, a little later than we expected, and we were very sorry to hear, however, that four of the children were ill and so unable to come. After the introductions had been made we took the children to the cloakroom.

Then came tea. It was laid in the dining hall, and the tables were looking grand, amply laden with the usual party fare, so without further delay we and our guests sat down and thoroughly enjoyed our tea.

We then went into the hall, which we had previously decorated. "Port and Starboard" was the first game which started the party off very well indeed. A little later we were very pleased to have Miss Merrifield join us, although she was too busy to be present for tea.

When the end of the party drew near we all sang carols. On the platform stood a beautiful Christmas tree at the bottom of which were many bags of sweets and a pretty doll for the Home from which the children came. Then who should come in but Father Christmas to distribute the bags of sweets to our guests, and the doll to the matron of the home. Now, alas, it was time for our guests to leave, so we saw them to the bus stop and then waved until the bus was out of sight.

**JANET ANDREWS (Form IV Lower B)**
THE O.G.S.M. SERVICE IN SOUTHWARK CATHEDRAL

"Let nothing be done through strife or vainglory: but in lowliness of mind let each esteem other better than themselves. Look not everyman on his own things but everyman also on the things of others. Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus."

This passage from Philippians was the Lesson of the O.G.S.M. Annual Service in Southwark Cathedral which this year was held on May 9th. As is customary the School sent representatives.

After lunch on Wednesday the Form Charity Representatives and other form members accompanied by Miss Irons, Miss Ralph, Miss Woolnough and Miss Viveash left by coach for the cathedral. The journey was interesting in spite of the dreary weather, as Miss Irons gave us an engaging commentary on the parts of London we passed through. We noticed in particular the considerable development of the Festival Site which we had seen in embrionic beginnings only, the previous year.

Our coaches were parked with the many others from girls' schools throughout the country. We had arrived in good time for the service, which began at 3 p.m. During the singing of the last hymn, "O Jesus I have promised to serve Thee to the end," I presented the School's contribution.

After the service we drove to Peckham and were entertained at the Settlement. We had an excellent tea and were then shewn around the building to learn more of the work of the Settlement. Some were fortunate enough to see the children's nurseries which grow more fascinating yearly. Finally we congregated in the adjoining church and with members of other schools sang hymns around a piano until it was time to leave.

We had a happy afternoon and would like to thank Miss Irons and the Staff who arranged and accompanied our visit.

CHARITY REPRESENTATIVE, VI Lower.

8TH EALING GUIDES

SUMMER TERM

Our Camberwell party was held on June 16th and was again very well attended by the Guides and Brownies of the Camberwell Company. Miss Irons was also present, with Jim, her dog; and judging by the happy faces of the guests it was agreed that all enjoyed themselves very much.

AUTUMN TERM

In the Autumn Term 15 girls from III Upper Forms joined the company. These recruits were enrolled in November. On December 10th a sale of work was held at which the company raised £5 9s.

SPRING TERM

21 years ago the 8th Ealing Guide Company was formed by Miss Irons, and to mark the occasion we gave a party to which Miss Irons, Miss Wilson, Miss Windsor, Miss Kilbey—Guide Commissioners, Mistresses associated with the company and old Guides still in the School were invited. Miss Irons cut the cake and Miss Windsor presented Maureen Draper with her 1st Class Badge. Everyone enjoyed themselves very much.

GERALDINE GAYLARD,
WENDY WHITE,
IV Upper A.

EXPEDITIONS

PARIS CULTURAL HOLIDAY, 1951

At 5 a.m. on the last day of the Spring Term, 1951, when other members of the School were dreaming about their approaching Easter holidays, five VI Uppers set out for Paris on a holiday of ten days planned by Miss Williams of Huntingdon Grammar School for five hundred studying French in the Sixth Form. From lectures
on French literature, from a *Cours Pratique* on the French language and from organised tours in Paris, we were to study French culture. The French transport strike almost prevented this ambitious expedition. However, in spite of waiting an hour in the harbour of Dieppe for a train to appear, then a further two hours for an engine to be added, in spite of interrupting a passionate strike meeting as the train wandered through the streets of Dieppe, in spite of being conveyed by lorry to our temporary home, the *Lycée St. Louis*, so that we first glimpsed at Paris through the chinks of the canvas, we arrived safely.

The mornings were occupied by studies. We attended lectures on French literature given by French professors at the Sorbonne. We were pleasantly surprised to discover how easily we understood them; indeed, we even progressed to taking notes in French. These lectures clarified our ideas about the books that we had already studied, and introduced us to other authors. The *cours pratique* consisted of valuable exercises in translation, reading and conversation. The organised tours included a visit to the theatre; our party saw *Carmen* at the Opéra Comique. We also visited Versailles, where we were greatly impressed by its ornate splendour and dignified stateliness. Because of the transport strike, we were grateful for a motor-coach tour of Paris, which enabled us to see the Sacré Coeur and other famous buildings situated beyond our limited walking range. The inconvenience caused by the strike, however, was partly allayed by the absence of ticket collectors so that when the infrequent trains did arrive we travelled free. As many afternoons and all the evenings were free, we often went shopping, or visited the cinemas or merely sat in the cafés on the animated Boul’ Mich'.

Besides the usual beauties which Paris has to offer we enjoyed further privileges. It was Easter, so that we were able to see Notre Dame in its full glory at High Mass on Easter Sunday. The sun streamed through the rainbow rose windows on to the lofty pillars towering over the densely packed people. The cathedral, far from being a forlorn monument of a bygone age, recaptured for those two hours the medieval religious spirit.

Moreover, the City of Paris received us, as members of the cultural holiday expedition, in the huge, mirrored banqueting hall of the Hôtel de Ville, where we were welcomed by a band of singers in French national costume. A dance was held for us in the Cité Universitaire, where we were astonished by the variety of the students' nationalities at the Sorbonne. The larger school parties were allowed to send a representative to visit the British Embassy near the Champs Elysées. It was originally the home of Napoleon's sister Pauline, who remained there until the house was sold at the downfall of her brother, to the British Ambassador. Pauline's bedroom contains her original furniture. Not only did we attend lectures at the Sorbonne but competitions for oral-reading and essays were also arranged, which culminated in a prizegiving there.

After our ten days in Paris, we returned home safely in spite of a very rough crossing. We felt that we had enjoyed the perfect holiday before sitting for our examinations in June: we had both learnt much and, if a change is as good as a rest, we had enjoyed a rest.

HILDA SULLIVAN, VI Upper.

VI LOWER'S EXPEDITION TO NORTH WALES

On a Friday in June, last summer, by way of celebrating the half-term week-end, Miss Wilson and Miss Keens set out with a party of VI Lowers, in holiday mood, to study Geology in North Wales. This party consisted mainly of people taking Geography, but also of some hangers-on with other interests in mind.

The journey, although long, was made more pleasant by the interest taken in us by the stationmasters at three different stops. The one at Llandudno, where we had an hour's wait between trains, very kindly directed us to Conway Castle, which most of us visited. Here we spent the hour happily exploring the ruins with jackdaws for company.

A little local train then took us to Pont-y-Pant, through lovely mountain scenery, where bluebells were still in bloom. The hostel, Lledr House, where we spent two nights, was entirely to our satisfaction. In fact the hearts of even the greediest of us quailed at the large quantity of food offered at every meal.
The next day, Saturday, dawned bright and clear (but this proved only a de-
ceptive beginning to a very wet day). Miss Wilson had already told us what
geological factors were to be noticed, and as we climbed steadily upwards, the botanists
among us searched for and found many new flowers. The rain began during lunch and
never stopped until late afternoon. To make matters worse we lost our way, and
walked rather further than we had intended, but everyone, cheerful and damp,
variably enjoyed herself.

On Sunday we packed our rucksacks and trudged through blazing sunshine to
the second hostel, Plas Curig at Capel Curig, which was less satisfactory than the
first one. The food was just as good, but we had to do more housework. It was on
this day we discovered our best view, a glorious panorama of the Carneds, with Snowdon in the background. On these high peaks we were amazed to see the
phenomenon (to our lowland eyes) of snow in June.

On Monday we said goodbye to Miss Keens and three others of the party, who
had to return to London to resume school work. But the rest of us, determined to
make the best of our last day, trudged up the valley past Tryfan (we were sure
we could see a man climbing up it, until we realised it was only a rock), and so up
to the Devil's Kitchen, whose black rocks did not fail to fill us with foreboding.

Tuesday was taken up with the journey home. We regretfully caught a bus into
Betwys-y-Coed, where charabancs and souvenir shops reminded us that we were
returning to civilisation. From there we went by train to Llandudno, where we
again had to change.

As we raced along the edge of the golden sands of the Dee Estuary, we realised
that we were back in England. Wales was only a happy memory, but one which
included much valuable knowledge about such interesting things as cwms and
 glaciated valleys, not to mention the ups and downs of life in youth hostels.

Our grateful thanks are due to Miss Wilson and Miss Keens for superintending
and guiding us through such an interesting and enjoyable “long week-end.”

JENNIFER ANDERSON, VI Upper.

A RIVER VISIT TO THE DOCKS

We came out of Tower Bridge station at about 1-45 p.m. and made our way down
towards the pier. When we got there we found we were practically the last school
to arrive, but we soon got on board and managed to get good places on the rail at
the back of the boat. There were about eight of us together, and as we were on the
sun deck and it was a lovely day, we were sure we would enjoy ourselves, as indeed
we did.

At last the twin propellors started up and we began to move towards the Tower
Bridge, which opened up for us. Then the Captain spoke to us from the bridge
and told us that a literary gentleman, who had written many books about the sea
and river, would give us a running commentary on the trip. He first told us some-
thing about the history of the river, then as we passed on down the river he told us
about the banks which seemed covered with an endless line of warehouses, which
looked very much the same. Moored by them were many ships and barges. We
noticed that some ships were moored together; this, we were told afterwards,
was a ship tier. Many ships, which came from different countries, were very large
and we wondered how they came up the river without their heavy wash causing
damage to smaller craft. But we soon saw a ship tier of small tugs with yellow
funnels, all called Sun followed by a number. These tugs bring the ships up to the
docks from a certain point near the mouth of the river and take them to their
moorings. We also saw many barges which had a line of colour running round their
edge. This line indicated the cargo the barge was carrying; for instance, a petrol
barge has a red line. We also saw two police boats and lots of river buses, some of
which were taking people to the Festival.

From the warehouses, at intervals, wharfs lay out into the river; one of these
was called Cherry Garden Wharf, and the commentator told us that behind this
wharf there had once been Cherry Gardens. We passed a power station, the Royal
Naval College, a beautiful and very imposing building, and of course entrances to
the different docks.
The first was the St. Katherine dock, which is quite small; then we passed the London docks, a larger group. Other docks we passed were the Surrey Commercial docks, the Chadwell basin dock, the East and West India docks and the Millwall docks, which deal with a large variety of goods.

At last we turned to enter the King George V dock, and as we turned, the wind—which had been blowing on the front of the boat—hit us, and we rushed for our coats. It took us sixteen minutes to get through the first lock, and then we went along a short entrance run before going through a smaller lock and into the dock. The size of the ships quite shocked us; they seemed enormous and some of the fairly new ones looked lovely. There were many sailors on board and a lot of the ones doing the hard work were coloured. They all seemed very happy and waved vigorously as we passed, especially one African, who seemed to be doing a war dance with a tea towel just for our benefit. As we went slowly around, the commentator told us the cargoes of the different ships and their tonnage, which means not weight in tons, but the capacity of cargo they can carry. We noticed that the dock was not very busy, but this was because there was a strike in progress. After what seemed a remarkably short tour of the dock, we left it and started our return journey. As we neared Tower Bridge once more, a black disc was hoisted in the rigging to tell the people who worked the bridge that we wanted to enter.

We left the boat in the evening sunlight feeling we would not forget our trip around the docks for a long, long time.

ANNE VAUDREY, V Lower A.

DIARY FOR THE WEEK AT NETLEY HOUSE, GOMSHALL

Saturday, May 19th, 1951.—Left School in coach at 1-45 p.m. Arrived at Netley House at 3-0 p.m. Unpacked. Tea at 4-30 p.m. Explored grounds and wood behind house. Bathed or washed between 6-30 and 7-30. Dinner 7-30. Story. Bed.

Sunday, May 20th.—7-45 a.m., got up and went into garden. 9-0 a.m., breakfast made beds, tidied room, cleaned shoes. 10-40 a.m., went to Matins at Shere Church. Miss Merrifield to lunch at 1-0 p.m. After lunch rest. Form Captains showed Miss Merrifield house and grounds. Walk by Tillingbourne downstream.

Monday, May 21st.—A.M., walked up hill through woods, along top of Netley Heath eastwards and down past men felling and carting timber. P.M., Mr. Dallyn's farm. Picnic tea.

Tuesday, May 22nd.—A.M., Guildford, to see museum and castle. Picnic lunch.


Thursday, May 24th.—A.M., Thunderstorm, over by 9 a.m. Coach to Abinger Bottom. Followed the stream up to its source, and then down past Friday Street pond to the Tillingbourne. Paddled. Picnic lunch.


Saturday, May 26th.—Packed up and went home.

A VISIT TO THE TANNERY IN GOMSHALL

We went into the shed where the raw pelts were being kept with salt on them. There was a very unpleasant smell.

Then we went to the shed where the skins were put in the lime pits. These pits were seven feet deep. Men were poking the skins out with a long pole on to the floor and another worker grabbed them and tossed them in the drums.

We saw men splitting the pelt and stretching the dyed skins. We went to the shed where the pelts were being de-limed in troughs of water, churned round with paddles. The pickled pelts were in piles.

We stood in one of the drying ovens and felt the gust of air from the fans. A radiator is in front of the fan to warm the air. Some skins are hung on hooks and some are strained to dry by being clipped with toggles on frames.
THE FRIDAY STREET STREAM

The source of the stream was near Abinger Bottom. It does not rise at the top of the hill but lower down, between 600 and 700 feet. The water wells up gradually into a small pool and then slowly trickles down hill.

We measured the width and the depth of the stream in different places. It was nine inches wide and 3½, 6 and 10 inches deep. The lake was 3 ft. 9½ inches deep at the lower end.

The stream flowed into the lake at the South. The current was strong by the little bridge behind the hotel.

The mill pond was very calm. It was bricked up at the North End.

The water dropped down under the road in a waterfall. The stream crossed the path under a tiny bridge where the current was very strong (depth 3½ inches, width 5 feet). There were stones and boulders in the stream.

The river went across meadows and we saw the fish ponds with weirs. The stream joined the Tillingbourne in the grounds of Wotton House. We paddled in the river.

EDMOND’S FARM

We arrived at 2-30 p.m. and played with a kitten until Colonel Hoseason came.

We went to the yard where the Jersey bull was being kept. We stood quietly while the cows were brought in. They are left for about twenty minutes so that they will be hungry for the food in the troughs. They will put their heads through the bars to eat and then the bars can be locked to keep them still for grooming.

We went into the milking parlour where the cows come in four at a time to be milked. A chain is put across and the milker puts the concentrates in the trough.

He washes the cow’s udder and attaches the teat cups. Some of us felt the suction when the machine is turned on.

The milk is weighed and tipped in to a hopper leading into the cooler. It goes from the cooler into the churn.

We smelt chorine which is used to clean the milking utensils.

We saw the heifers and then we split into three groups. We saw the chickens, some of which were very young and had no combs. They were kept in folds so that they can be moved easily.

MUSIC AND DRAMA

CHRISTMAS MUSIC FROM HANDEL’S “MESSIAH”

The School once again gave a performance of Handel’s “Messiah.” This year we had a record number of performers, including many welcome old girls. We were able to invite the parents to the School to hear it. Unfortunately that night, it was very foggy and I did not get to school till half-way through. It is the first time that I have been able to sit in the audience and enjoy listening to the “Messiah” instead of taking part in it. It really does sound quite different. We are all very grateful to Miss Towns for training the choir and would like to thank her for her hard work. We would also like to thank the orchestra.

In spite of the fog the choir sang extremely well, and I am sure they enjoyed singing the “Messiah” as much as the audience enjoyed listening to it.

J. DAULBY, V U.B.

THE RECITAL

The recital, given on June 8th by Mr. Albert and Mr. Leslie Chasey, provided the School with an extremely pleasant half-term Friday afternoon. The first item was a Sonata for violin and piano by Grieg. It had three movements (as in usual sonata form) and the School recognised the end of them quite correctly, not clapping until the end of all three. The two instruments combined well in the hall, and both the players were excellent. Then we were given three short pieces for solo piano, an arabesque by Debussy and a berceuse by Chopin and then the Gollywog’s
Cakewalk by Debussy. The first two were very light and of course everyone knows and loves the Cakewalk. The last item was a piece by Joseph Sůk for violin and piano. This was lively and gay and an excellent ending to the programme.

I know the School enjoyed themselves to the full, and I would like to thank Mr. Albert and Mr. Leslie Chasey for giving us such a very enjoyable afternoon.

JANE HARWOOD, IV Upper B.

PIPES

We had great fun in making our pipes in II Upper with Miss Towns and Miss Daniel. After we had all been given a piece of bamboo about a foot long, we cut the mouthpiece and a square hole called the window. Then we cut the holes which make the notes of the scale, not forgetting the back one.

Then the excitement begins! Miss Towns tuned them in our music lesson and gave us tunes to practise. This we all enjoy. Now as III Lower we have our own pipe orchestra and are experienced enough to play for prayers in Skipton House.

III LOWER A.

"DIDO AND AENEAS"

In producing an opera, actors and musicians combine to create something that has no existence beyond the time of playing, but is larger than the sum of all those who take part. The individual must be merged in something which is communal and by common consent, more than worth the surrender. Viewed thus, permission to take part is seen to be a privilege, and the possession of any power or talent which may contribute to the whole is also a privilege.

It was evident that all this was strongly felt by this year’s players. Much unobtrusive rehearsal was done by themselves, in particular by Joyce Bailey, who trained and practised many of the rest. Devoted work, too, was done in preparing the understudy for the First Witch in the course of which those concerned repaired to the little music-room and there laboured indefatigably.

There were but few rehearsals of the whole cast simultaneously, a state of things which is usually unavoidable in a school. But invariably at any moment of consequent uncertainty the actors appealed to the essence and spirit of the play, which was therefore preserved and revered to an extent not always apparent in a slick performance. It was infinitely to be valued, though there was an embarrassing stage wait at one point. But one felt that the players were steeped in the feeling and knowledge of the opera, and this more than compensated for any technical faults.

There was an interesting difference in the two conceptions of Dido. That of Elizabeth Pullen was statuesque, and she gave us a generalised personality in whom the eternal quality of the plight was apparent. Joyce Bailey used more variety of facial expression and made Dido an individual, a treatment which gave a result of great charm, romantic rather than classical. This comparison raises the question whether the effect of music in making the whole emotional situation vast, is not perhaps to erase individual vivacity and variety of expression.

The part of Aeneas (Ruth Pocock and Marion Morley) was a little tentative, and excusably so, since it was one of considerable difficulty—and should convey a strong masculine emphasis. One point of detail was that, in view of the flashing helmet, Aeneas had to be careful not to sway. Both these actresses were fairly successful. They tried in a praiseworthy manner but were hardly inspired, and were clearly nervous.

Audrey Hacking, possessed of a lovely voice, gave a very sympathetic interpretation of the part of Belinda, young and simple. She was more moving than Josephine Keen, whose voice however was much stronger. Josephine's performance was competent and more sophisticated than the rest; she had an excellent dramatic sense, and her acting in the last scene was most sensitive.

Valerie Chadwin gave a musical performance of the First Woman's song and Brenda Roberts sang the same part in a voice which was small but of pleasing quality.
As the Sorceress, Pat Hocking sang with great gusto and to good effect, while Diana Bailey was graceful and lively, with good attack, and made the most of her singing voice.

The Witches contributed good singing and movement, the Sailors' hornpipe was competent and full of enjoyment, and the Cupids did their part carefully and well. The Ladies and Gentlemen were good in their movement and grouping, especially at the spring in the grove, and in the final scene they were able to stand still with good effect.

The final scene was extremely moving at both performances. The whole Opera goes to show how simple and permanent the great things of life are, when a parting and death can move us after more than thirty centuries, and be enacted by people who have been only fifteen years in the world.

R.M.S.

"QUALITY STREET"

Sir James Barrie has been rather unfortunate in that two major wars have occurred since the era in which he wrote, and that his work is just old enough to come into Histories of Literature.

It is not expected of these compilations to be judiciously critical, as they have other work to do; nevertheless they seldom deny themselves the pleasure of summing-up the work of the writers with which they deal. As modern critics appear to find it difficult to believe in Barrie as a whole—I was going to say in his "message," but they say he has none—they analyse him—no, take him to pieces, with the disconcerting result that, if you want to act a Barrie play, you find that they have to be prepared to be sentimental, ruthless, charming, quaint, tender, whimsical, gallant, saccharine, mawkish, puckish and "pawky," all in one performance. And after that, the critics say that Barrie "gets you nowhere," a disappointing cork for so much volatility to dislodge.

Barrie is essentially a writer with whom you do "get nowhere" unless you are prepared to give and take a little intimacy. He is not the only writer of this type; one instantly remembers Lewis Carroll, E. V. Lucas and, best of all, Charles Lamb. These people are engaging. "Will you walk with me?" they say. "Please take my hand." Unless you do this, you will certainly not understand what they have to say.

Barrie's characteristic attitude is one of faith—"the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." It is not exactly faith in human nature, for the Barrie characters are essentially fallible; no, it is rather a faith in what we all—men, women and children—want. It is as if he said, "If you want a thing you must believe in it or you will lose it."

"If I do believe in it, shall I get it?" I ask. "What you will get if you believe in what you want will be 'even a little sweeter than you had thought'" is Barrie's answer.

There is a curious logic in this, the Barrie cachet, and it amounts to a sort of philosophy of living, for the most perturbing of Barrie's plays are included in the same circle that embraces Peter Pan. It is neither wishful thinking nor Utopian dreaming, for the onus of making Barrie's view of life true rests entirely with oneself. This must be obscurely recognised even by the most jaundiced critics, for no one has ever suggested that Barrie's work is ineffectual.

Quality Street contains what I have called the Barrie cachet, but it is masked under a rather obvious kind of sentimental comedy, all the more apt to be misunderstood in these disillusioned days by its obvious resemblance to Crauford. People get bored with seeing it continually acted by girls' schools and colleges. I was not very pleased myself when I knew that VI Lower were going to act it, but I was completely won over by their performance, which, I think, touched quite simply and naturally on almost every bit of meaning which the play contains, and certainly brought out its chief meaning. This I take to be that the only real happenings are those which one allows to happen in one's own corner of life—the "Quality Street" in which one lives. If tribulation enters the street, it will be into that street also that solace and hope will come with the twittering of birds some early morning.
We cannot prevent the tribulation, in fact, like Captain Valentine Brown, we often cause it by being a little too dashing and having our fingers in every pie but the right one. But we shall not refuse, as Phoebe Throssel and Valentine Brown did not refuse, the solace, "even a little sweeter than I had thought."

Miss Crane, the producer, treated the play with ‘beautiful simplicity, and the casting was quite admirable throughout. The performance, to my own mind, was that of Sheila Burwood as Captain Valentine Brown—by the way, what a genius in the name, combining both sides of that lovable but not very perceptive gentleman! Sheila had understood how Captain Valentine was "always so dashing": but (what was much cleverer of her) she was able to bring out all the ordinary masculine niceness, the kindness and the good-natured "laissez-faire" in that undistinguished hero, Mr. Brown. By the second night, when she had gained confidence, Sheila was at every moment convincing, and at no moment did one remember that she was a girl. An excellent performance.

Jenifer Foster and Audrey Somper, as the Misses Susan and Phoebe Throssel, were remarkably well contrasted in their Throssel-ness. Delightfully iridescent, they exhibited in turn each her own kind of bravado and défaillance, but the family likeness was striking. A visitor remarked that he could not understand Susan's having remained an old maid, and this seems to express the general reaction to Jenifer Foster's sweet and subtle presentation of the part, which must have been very near to what Barrie would have wished. And then Phoebe—think again of Barrie's magic with names, for though we are familiar with the humble, sweet-voiced Throssel, what about Phoebe—Diana—the Virgin, certainly, but also the Huntress?—"Alas! I fear it was most indelicate"—Audrey Somper understood the part thoroughly and enjoyed every bit of it. Her performance was mature and had great charm.

Nearly all the other characters were very good, and there were no real weaknesses. Pamela Hearn, as a strapping Patty, threw down common-sense periodically with a bang; Shirley Williams, very much in character as the recruiting-sergeant, took us into her confidence over sly little appreciations of ladies' weaknesses. Ensign Blades and Ensign Spicer were well done by Isobel Adamson and Sally Jones; and the Misses Willoughby and Miss Henrietta upheld the "quality" with great good-breeding, no exaggeration and no malice to stir the sun and shadow of the pool too violently. A good small performance was that of Margaret Wood as Charlotte Parratt.

I heard a visitor say that he had the complete illusion of being in the theatre and quite forgot that he was watching girls acting. Another visitor said what we, who know Miss Crane and her helpers and the cast all know to be true, "What excellent teamwork!" As a slightly negative feature of the teamwork we might perhaps notice a certain monotony in the voices of the cast, and the lack of highlights occasionally in the acting, especially in the tenderer passage; but restraint was in far better taste than over-emphasis would have been.

One should mention the children in Miss Phoebe's school. They were charming. Nancy Toulson as Arthur Wellesley Thomson, and Isobel Ewing as Isabella played their part with poise and understanding. The delightful little butterflies who flittered across the stage twice were far to ephemeral and were seen only in profile, but they told us as much as any of the actors about "Miss Phoebe's pretty soul, which is her garden."

M.A.B.

THE SHAKESPEARE ACTING COMPETITION, 1951

This year we were so fortunate to have as Adjudicator Mr. H. Wyndham Goldie, whose work on the stage and whose television programme experience are well known. It was the first time that we have been honoured by the criticism of the professional male, and this was an enlarging of our dramatic experience. Mr. Wyndham Goldie is not the sort of man to wax lyrical about the "freshness" of young girls in their acting, a quality which young girls must demonstrate, whether they want to or not. We seldom have a really mixed audience at school dramatic performances, for the men who attend them are naturally partial and
biased. Women judges understand the difficulty which girls have in “putting over” plays written, of course, for mixed audiences, and nearly always lay stress on the quality of “freshness” when adjudicating. It is interesting to see that men are not so interested in that particular thing. The atmosphere maintained by Mr. Wyndham Goldie was quietly critical, dispassionate and kind. When he praised, it was praise worth having.

Both Senior and Junior forms competed this year, which meant that Mr. Wyndham Goldie gave us a whole day from his busy professional life. For this we felt the gratitude which Mary Chadwin expressed in her little speech of thanks to him.

The plays set for the Senior Section were *Othello* and *The Winter's Tale*, and, for the Juniors, *Macbeth* and *The Taming of the Shrew*. In each section the plays were new to the players, and new techniques had to be used, which were interesting to watch. For the first time the Juniors came into contact with high tragedy and the Seniors with the *crime passionel*. Both groups acquitted themselves creditably.

Mr. Wyndham Goldie’s notes on the performances, which he kindly left for me, are of an exquisite neatness and precision, going straight to all the important points but with an astonishing eye for detail. It happened that the two Awards for the best individual performance in each section went to girls who were not in either of the winning productions. I was much impressed with the deft singling-out of these girls while their scene was being most impartially scrutinised. The Cup for the best individual performance in the Senior Section went to Josephine Keen as Brabantio — “a remarkable performance”; the Prize for the best individual performance in the Junior Section was won by Susan Cohen as Lucentio— “a performance of great feeling and dignity.” In VI Lower’s winning production of the handkerchief scene in *Othello*, the performance of Diane Camrass as Othello was praised as outstanding; but the Cup was awarded to Josephine Keen rather than to Diane as Mr. Wyndham Goldie thought that good schoolgirl acting should in this case take precedence over a performance which gave evidence of a good deal of training.

Mr. Wyndham Goldie’s criticisms were just to every form, and some forms got high praise. Many adjudicators are very willing to confess to a natural bewilderment over details while being quite sure of what they are on the look-out for in the main: but Mr. Wyndham Goldie’s adjudication saw everything and missed nothing.

The Senior Trophy was awarded to Form VI Lower (producer Pamela Hearn) for its performance of the handkerchief scene in *Othello*. Form IV Upper A (producers Evelyn Dixon and Anne Parry) won the Junior Trophy for its performance of the Banquet Scene in *Macbeth*. Macbeth (Pat Hobdell) and Lady Macbeth (Virginia Thorp) received special commendation.

We have to thank Mrs. Hill (Agnes Abney) for again awarding a special prize, the prize won by Susan Cohen.

M.A.B.

**DOROTHY CHICK AND FRANCES WOOD MEMORIAL ESSAY, 1951**

*In what Qualities do you consider Beauty in a woman to consist?*

When I think of Beauty in a woman, the picture that comes immediately to my mind is not that of a glamorous model advertising the latest cosmetic, which is “guaranteed,” with regular use, to produce a lovelier face; for I do not believe that beauty can be attained by daubing one's face with cream every night, however expensive!

No, the picture my mind conjures up is that of a woman I once knew—an old woman, with the usual grey hair, and wrinkled skin, but also a radiance, a kind of glow, about her, which transformed her face from something old and worn to a type of beauty I have never yet seen rivalled by woman, young or old.

A person, in my opinion, can have perfect facial construction and still not be beautiful, because I think that beauty comes from within, and is in fact a reflection on the face of a person's character. Sometimes this can be seen in the eyes, the mouth, or just in the general expression of the face, which is itself a window through which can be seen our innermost thoughts.
A beautiful woman can be any age, beautiful with the innocence of youth, motherhood, or most obvious to me, complete happiness, so often to be seen on the faces of old people who consider their work on earth almost finished, and feel ready to leave us, with the satisfaction, but not smugness, of work well done.

Beauty is one of the most elusive things in the world; no amount of money can acquire it, and it is more likely to be found in London's dark and narrow streets than in her fabulous beauty parlours. Some women spend their lives trying to obtain it, without realising that the more they strive in vain, the more they become less likely ever to be beautiful; for soon evidence of their frustration can be seen on their faces; their lips become thin, with ugly lines around them, their foreheads wrinkle in a perpetual frown, which no amount of cosmetics will banish.

How different the woman, who merely tries to live a good life! In time, evidence of her struggle will become apparent, but instead of hard ugly lines on her face, there will be laughter lines, and happiness, which will give her face a certain type of beauty, not depending on physical attributes, an expression to be seen and recognized by all.

Thus Beauty in a woman, in my opinion, depends not on the facial structure, but on what is reflected there—our hopes and aims, successes, and failures, these are not important: it is our reaction to these things that matter, and that is what will determine whether a woman is beautiful or not; for these reactions, whether resignation or frustration, will make themselves known to the world on our faces, therefore disproving the theory that "Beauty is only skin deep."

DAPHNE CANNELL, V Lower A.

TRANSLATION

Es lebte einmal ein großer König in einem fernen Land, der war nicht nur mächtig und reich, sondern er besass auch von einem großen Zauberer, den er gefangen hielt, soviel geheimnisvolle Kraft, dass niemand auf Erden ihm widerstehen konnte. Er hatte ein Schwert, das schlug in einer Schlacht allein tausend Männer, ohne dass er die Hand zu rühren brauchte. Und er hatte einen Ring, der verwandelte Wasser in Wein und Erde in Brot, sodass niemand in seinen Reichen zu hungern brauchte, wenn er den Ring nur an seinem Finger drehte. Und er hatte einen Stab, der überall auf die Erde klopfte, wo Gold und Schätze verborgen lagen, so dass er die Armut nicht kannte und sich gönnen konnte, was sein Herz nur begeherte.

Aber all dies machte ihn nicht demütig und dankbar, sondern er war stolz und harten Herzens, da er sich für allmächtig hielt, und seine Untertanen waren ihm nur Staub, den er fortblies, wenn es ihm gefiel.

ERNST WIECHERT, Märchen.

Once upon a time there lived a great king in a distant land, who was not only great and rich, but possessed also from a magician he held prisoner so much secret craft that no one on earth could withstand him. He had a sword which killed in one blow alone a thousand men, without the hand having to move. And he had a ring which transformed water into wine, and earth into bread, so that no one in his kingdom need go hungry, if only he turned the ring on his finger. And he had a rod which tapped all over the earth, where gold and treasures lay hidden, so that he never knew poverty, and he could have whatever his heart wished for.

But all this did not make him modest and thankful, but he was proud with a hard heart, for he held himself as almighty and his subjects were as dust to him, which he blew away, when he liked.

HELEN BOSTER, IV Lower B.
Tropical fishes are the most interesting pets one can have. Dogs have to be taken for walks, fishes don’t. Cats need fish and milk, and are consequently expensive to keep. A one and three-penny jar of fish food lasts for at least three months, and fishes need not be fed every day. In fact it is good for them to miss their food once in a while, as fishes, more than any other pets, should not be over-fed. Dogs and cats do not exactly help to keep the house tidy, but fishes, on the other hand, stay in the same place, and so cannot ruck-up the carpets, cover one’s clothes with hairs, or take for themselves the best arm-chair. Fishes are, in fact, the ideal pets.

I have often heard people say that they cannot imagine how anyone could possibly become fond of such a cold-blooded and unsympathetic creature as a fish. Their argument being that one cannot stroke, pet, or fondle a fish, and neither can one get to know a fish personally. I wish here and now to contradict that statement. It is quite easy to be fond of one’s fishes, and to know them personally. Every one of our fishes has a Christian name—their surname is, of course, Olivier—and we know their likes and dislikes; for fishes, just as human beings, are individuals. Sebastian is a Gourami. He is stately and very handsome, and lords it over the small kingdom in which he lives in a very kingly manner. In spite of these excellent virtues, however, Sebastian keeps his wife, Sybil, in very good order. He will stand no nonsense from her, and is, I am afraid, at times something of a bully. Another admirable couple were Winston and Winifred, who are both now, alas, deceased. Winston was shy and retiring and was consequently hen-pecked by Winifred, who was rather a cad, and had a taste for baby-fishes, but proved to be a doting mother to Gwen, the only one of her babies who was not eaten at an early age.

With all their attractions, it is not surprising that the upkeep of aquariums is fast becoming the fashion in hobbies. The King himself was a keen aquarist, and while he was ill, his aquarium was moved into the room in which he lay. From this one may draw the conclusion that horse-racing is not the only sport of kings.

MARY OLIVIER, V Lower A.

DIANA AND THE BLUE TITS

It was Diana’s birthday and she was very excited because her Mummy and Daddy had given her a lovely bicycle.

Now Diana was very fond of animals and she had a beautifully made bird box.

"Oh, it is lovely, I shall go into the garden this minute and put it up in the tree."

So off she went and soon it was up in the tree.

Diana had a lovely birthday and Daddy took her out on her new bicycle and of course she had lots of other presents.

A few weeks later Diana went into the garden to have a look in the bird box and to her greatest surprise she found a Blue tit family with five baby birds. Diana was very excited. A few days later when the baby birds came out of the box for the first time and flew round the garden. When Auntie came and brought her another box a Blackbird built its nest in it. Now Diana’s garden is shared by all the birds and it is lovely to hear them in the early morning. Diana never gets tired of listening.

SHEILA BAKER, II Lower B, age 8½.

THE HUNTING CHEETAHS

They strain at their leash; the buck is in sight.
They are released; they are free, fleet-footed and light.
The buck is away bounding under the sky,
But now in his heart he knows he must die.
His feet feel heavy; his breath comes in gasps.
His black coat is gleaming with sweat.
He stumbles, recovers and on again lopes.
His head is thrown back; his eyes rolling white.
The cheetahs are coming for the end of the fight.

The cheetahs bound forward; the buck crashes down.
A scream rends the air, and then not a sound.
The men run forward as they hear the buck's cries,
And the two spotted cheetahs crouch over their prize.

LINDEN PLATTS, III LOWER B.

FIRST CHAPTER OF A NOVEL

Elizabeth was sitting on the floor in the lounge, reading, when her mother came in. Clair Hampton was aged about 42, with blonde hair, quickly turning grey, and at that moment she was looking very tired and pale.

She walked over to an arm-chair and sat down. "Elizabeth," she said slowly, "you're fifteen now, old enough to be sensible about . . . about this."

Elizabeth had put down her book and was gazing out of the window; she turned and looked at her mother as she continued, "Now your father's in hospital I'm afraid you won't be allowed to see him, as children cannot visit patients. And . . . and I want you to realize . . . that . . . that he may never recover!"

Elizabeth's heart seemed to stop beating and her throat felt sore. Before she realized it, she was crying—not aloud, but deep down inside her, where it hurt. Through her tears she saw her mother lean forward, and heard her say, "I'm afraid it won't make Daddy any better if you cry, darling. I'm not saying that he will die, but I want you to know that . . . that he might. Now, don't cry any more, because—well—it never does any good."

With that, she rose, kissed Elizabeth and left the room.

Elizabeth slowly stood up and went to her bedroom, still crying silently. She lay on her bed and sobbed for a long time with her face buried in the pillow. At length, when she could cry no more, she sat up and blew her nose. Her eyes felt sore and her head ached, so she went into the bathroom to wash her face. The cold water made her feel better: she looked at herself in the mirror, and smoothed back her untidy hair. Although not a pretty girl, she had lovely hazel eyes and a heart-shaped face. At that moment, however, her eyes were red from crying and she looked far from lovely.

As she came out of the bathroom her mother opened the kitchen door and called her. Elizabeth ran downstairs, trying to look more cheerful and asked what her mother wanted. Clair looked at her and then said, "I think it would do you good to have a change, my dear. I'm going to phone Jean and see if you can stay with her for a few days."

"Oh! I'd like to go to Jean for a while. She's good fun," replied Elizabeth, following her mother into the lounge.

Jean was Clair's cousin and Elizabeth was sure of having a good time whilst staying with her.

As she came out of the kitchen her mother opened the kitchen door and called her. Elizabeth ran downstairs, trying to look more cheerful and asked what her mother wanted. Clair looked at her and then said, "I think it would do you good to have a change, my dear. I'm going to phone Jean and see if you can stay with her for a few days."

"Oh! I'd like to go to Jean for a while. She's good fun," replied Elizabeth, following her mother into the lounge.

Clair picked up the receiver of the phone and dialed a number. Whilst she was talking, Elizabeth sat on the settee and listened.

Jean was Clair's cousin and Elizabeth was sure of having a good time whilst staying with her.

Clair put down the receiver, and said as she got up, "Right! that's settled. She's coming to collect you in her car to-morrow afternoon."

The following morning Elizabeth had packed, and was ready for her visit. When she had been driven off in Jean's car in the afternoon, Clair settled down to her work once more. There were no holidays for her in those days.

At Jean's house Elizabeth had a delightful time. Jean was well off, and lived in a comfortable house, with an Austrian maid to wait on her and her husband, Dick. Clair phoned every day to see how Elizabeth was, and to tell her how her father was getting on.
Jean was determined to make Elizabeth forget her father's illness for a while, and they went out a lot together, to the pictures or the theatre, or to see her son and his wife at their flat nearby.

One morning, after breakfast, Elizabeth was sitting in the lounge, reading, when the phone rang. She heard Jean answer it in her own room, and looking at her watch, saw it was the time that her mother usually rang. Putting down her book, she waited for Jean to call her. However, she heard nothing, and so she settled down to her book again. A few moments later she heard the receiver being replaced, and Jean called her.

Elizabeth went into the bedroom and stopped as soon as she saw Jean's face. She heard her say, "My dear, I'm afraid Daddy won't come out of hospital now!"

THE WITCH

At 8 o'clock up in the air,
I saw a witch fly from her lair.
On she goes to Bombacathay,
Which is over the hills and far away.

In her black coat and pointed hat,
On her big broomstick sits a black cat.
Now I can't see her; she's gone past the moon.
I do hope she won't come back too soon.

But I liked the look of the pointed hat
As she flew along with her big black cat,
I would like to see the witch's face,
And her voice must be deep and gruff like a bass.

Now she is coming back again.
It must be horrid in pouring rain.
I heard her mutter, "I must be wrong."
She is flying past us now, she is gone.

WHALE AHOY!

Last summer when I was spending my summer holidays in Cornwall, there was great excitement in the hotel where we were staying. The news was going round that a whale had been washed up at Gorran Haven, a little bay about seven miles from where we were staying. So we set off to see it.

When we arrived at Gorran Haven we made our way to the beach. The tide was rather high, and the whale was out on the rocks. An old fisherman with only one eye offered to row us out to the whale.

Mummy looked at the one-eyed fisherman and his leaky boat, and did not like the idea of a trip in his boat. However after a nerve-racking jump into the boat, we set off. When we had rowed as near as we could, the fisherman stopped rowing and we stood up to have a look. I managed to take a photograph of the huge spotted-looking whale.

The whale had no head, which was said to have been chopped off by a liner. It was blackish on top and pink underneath with black spots. It was about thirty feet long. It was being tossed and turned between the rocks.

Despite Mummy's fears the fisherman rowed us safely to the shore, where I turned and waved good-bye to my first whale.

ROSEMARY SCONEs, II Upper A.
SHAKESPEARE AND THE MODERN STAGE

Now that the modern stage has taken advantage of all that modern science and art can offer it in the way of elaborate lighting, cycloramas, revolving sets, floats, grids, and prosceniums (false and proper), we are beginning to hear that the only proper way to produce Shakespeare is on a reproduction of an Elizabethan stage without the use of scenery, lighting and other mechanical aids to the producer. Shakespeare wrote his plays for such a stage and only on such a stage can Shakespeare be satisfactorily be produced. Abolish the proscenium arch! Such a suggestion as the return to the simple Elizabethan stage is disconcerting, but the important question is, is it right and necessary, or even is it possible to take this retrograde step? We have come a long way since Shakespeare's time and the whole atmosphere in the theatre is very changed. The Elizabethan audience, crowding round the stage, even sitting on the stage itself, took a greater part in the performance and was more receptive, more openly expressive of criticism. Thus a greater intimacy existed between Shakespeare's actors and their audience. Nowadays we sit in the theatre, slightly blase and inclined to boredom. There is no give and take: the attitude towards the actor is "Let him make me laugh, let him make me cry if he can!"—a challenge to the actor to strike imaginative sparks from a spectator who has no intention of using his own imagination to aid the actor.

Now this laziness of the audience is certainly partly due to the extensive equipment of the modern stage. What need is there for the spectator and the actor to conjure up between them a glowing picture of dawn at the lines "Night's candles are burnt out and jocund day Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops"—when a gelatine slide (Light rose No. 7), slipped into a floodlight, will do the work for them? The poetry seems superfluous. And why is it that we have placed an orchestra pit between ourselves and the actor, built up a proscenium arch to separate us entirely from him, and lastly hung up a curtain which is drawn at the end of each act to shut us out from his world? Probably these things were first introduced for convenience, but now they are necessary to us. Our minds are so full of everyday matters and we find it so difficult to forget them for a while, that there must be an air of mystery and rituality about the theatre more as there was in ancient Greece, when the tragic actors wore masks and high-soled shoes and were separated from the audience by the chorus. From the very arrangement of its stage, the Shakespearian theatre was singularly free from this ritualistic approach to drama. The play was probably real to the Elizabethan audience as it is not to us. But the modern idea (now superseded by the more modern idea that we should revert to the Shakespearean stage) is that drama, being an art, should not seem too real, and that therefore great intimacy between actor and audience is not desirable.

There is no doubt that there is much to be said for acting Shakespeare under conditions more or less Elizabethan. The abolition of the inconvenient "localized" stage would save the producer from such frantic ingenuity and sacriligeous cutting as he commonly uses nowadays to fit Shakespearean plays on to the modern stage. In the absence of elaborate lighting units and gelatine colour mediums (available in a range of forty-three colours) speeches such as "Tis now the very witching time of night" are not merely decorative poetry, but the way in which Shakespeare allows his actor to play upon the imagination of his audience to make it see darkness where there is none. An advance or rather a backward step, is now being made towards the re-introduction of the apron stage, especially among amateur companies, who are building new theatres for themselves and can therefore design them as they wish. Unfortunately, the modern audience is hardly as adventurous as the modern actor and producer. It has been trained to expect elaborate staging and it views with resentment the proposed return to something apparently inferior, something more primitive. By gradual development of a modern Shakespearean stage, the audience will probably be persuaded to accept its use for Shakespearean productions at any rate. On the whole, Shakespeare has responded well to experiments—filming, open-air production and performance in modern dress—and it is not for us to say that Shakespeare "in natural surroundings" (surely a good experiment to try now that the stage has grown enough unlike the Shakespearean stage for it to be an innovation) will not succeed.

GILLIAN RICHARDS, VI Lower.
THE SEA IN AUTUMN

It was a dull November afternoon. The sky overhead was a dismal grey with ominous black clouds looming on the horizon. A mist hung over the water, and through it could be seen the dim shapes of gulls circling in search of food.

The waves were beating against the sea wall, throwing clouds of spray on to the deserted promenade. Beneath the waves, the pebbles were being ground together by the force of the tide.

The kiosks on the promenade, closed and shuttered, looked cold and uninviting. The seats in the bandstand were stacked in piles and covered by tarpaulins.

At the foot of the cliffs the waves were battering against jagged, ugly-looking rocks, which were jutting out of the water.

MARGARET CLARK, IV Upper B.

A CHRISTMAS DREAM

It was Christmas Eve. Everything was still and quiet as Natalie sat in front of the hearth, gazing into the heart of the roaring fire. The light was not on, indeed it was not needed, for the fire danced from the brass ornaments to the Christmas-tree decorations, lighting them up like stars. Suddenly Natalie got up and crossed the room to the window. Silently she drew apart the velvet curtains and looked out into the night.

It had stopped snowing by now, and everything was covered. The fir trees stood bearing their heavy burden of snow, which made their branches sag. The little thatched summer-house looked even smaller, roofed with it and surrounded by the huge lawn clothed in white. As she watched, Natalie saw a glimmer of light in the summer-house. At first she was frightened. Who was there? At length curiosity overcame her and she stayed to watch. The light was stronger now, and, as she gazed, it moved across the summer-house and stopped half-way up the wall. There it stayed, growing brighter every moment until it shed a soft glow, and Natalie realised it was a lantern. The summer-house was bigger than she had thought, and there was something in it. That something was a pony, a cow and a donkey.

Natalie gasped! "We haven't got a cow or a donkey!" she murmured. "And there is a manger filled with hay, and two people standing there. Why are they wearing those long clothes, and what do they see in that manger?"

As Natalie spoke, one of the people, a woman, looked up. From the side three men entered, carrying crooks, and one held a lamb under his arm. They went to the manger and fell down and held up the little woolly lamb. From the manger a pair of fat little arms appeared, and Natalie could see a tiny baby lying there. It was then that she realised who these people were, the people for whom there had been no room at the inn nearly two thousand years ago. She saw the men rise and put the lamb in the manger with the baby, and then they left. "This can't be true," she thought. "I'll pinch myself and see if I'm awake"—but she was. "They can't be real people," she said aloud, "and they can't be a dream because I am awake—and they certainly aren't people just acting. Then what are they? Oh! I wish I dared go and see!"

Even as she spoke, the lantern started to flicker, and the people and the manger slowly faded, leaving the light to dim by itself. The light went out, and the snow started to fall again, softly and quietly. The last thing Natalie saw as she drew the curtains again was the little summer-house lying snugly in the snow.

JANICE STEED, IV Lower A.

THE VILLAGE

It was peaceful in the village. It was market day, so all its inhabitants had gone to the nearest town to the market there. The village green was deserted, and the old-fashioned stocks cast a long shadow over it. The limestone houses were empty and so was the old stone church with its tall spire rising over them. A lean stray dog walked down the street to drink from the rippling stream. A kingfisher swooped down and picked up a fish from its waters. Then one by one some sheep meandered down the street. Then all was still again.

SALLY SCRUBY, III Lower A.
LOST PROPERTY

A CAUTIONARY TALE

Young Barbara Soole of Notting Hill
Left all her things about, until
Upon her came a dreadful fate
About which I will now relate.
Whether for Maths., for French, or Greek,
Her text books all would Barbara seek;
And by the time she'd found just one,
The lesson was by then begun.
The mistresses at first were kind
About poor Barbara's state of mind;
But in the end gave up the fight
To put the wretched child aright.
It was not only books she lost;
Just before games, away she tossed
Her tunic, blouse, and pair of shoes:
Oh! what a lot of things to lose.
These went to the Lost Prop'ty Box,
Where also lived her pair of socks.
Alas! one day she lost her head,
She left it in the Gym, 'twas said.
The mistresses when told the news
Said, "Put it there among the shoes;
Perhaps one day she'll want it back,
So wrap it up in her old mac.

Moral

The moral of this tale is clear;
Take heed to it, my reader dear:
You must not lose, or even park,
One single thing without a mark.

ANN WEDDELE, V Lower B.

GOING TO THE MARKET.

The sun was rising from beyond the mountains and its first rays shone on the sleepy Polish village in the valley. Did I say "sleepy"? It certainly was not sleepy on that morning. The early mist had not yet lifted and the dew was still on the grass, but the road, winding in between the thatched, white-washed cottages, was already full of carts and people. Horses were being harnessed in almost every yard. Bare-footed children scampared around, getting in everybody's way and shouting with joy. It was the day of the market!

In little Janek's house everything was in chaos. His mother was putting on her Sunday clothes in the front room. She already had on the lovely silk blouse with full sleeves and the brilliantly coloured skirt, which are only worn in the Polish Highlands. Just now she was fastening some glass beads round her neck. She was in a great hurry, because she had to do so much before they could go. The cart was waiting outside and her husband was leading up the sweet little brown heifer which they were going to sell at the market. Janek was playing with some lovely pink pigs, already comfortably seated in the straw. He felt like crying. They were going to sell his little pigs! And soon his mother would call him in to dress in his best clothes and his new shoes, which hurt his feet. He felt unhappy. He was not used to shoes. A cart clattered past. Janek looked up. It was his friend Franek.

"Good-by!" Franek called, "See you at the market!" Janek ran up to the gate and waved. It was such a gay scene. The middle of the sloping road was taken up by the carts, with shouting, laughing people leaning out of them. On the side walked some women, each with a basket and each looking like a lovely colourful flower from the distance.
Janek cheered up. It was going to be such fun at the market! He had been the year before. There would be stalls, full of lovely things to eat. He felt in his pocket for his five “grosze.” There would be lovely wooden toys and little clay money-boxes. There would be wooden spoons and ladles and cups and shelves, all beautifully carved in the Highland way. Perhaps he would see calves and lambs being sold, too, and anyway they would have such fun on the way, singing and racing other carts. Life was worth living on market day!

“Janek! Janek!” called his mother from inside the house. “Come and change quickly, or we’ll be late!”

Janek ran joyfully in.

**THE GREY POEM**

Grey are the hills, grey.
Grey are the Seas, grey.
Grey are the Mountains, grey.
Grey is everything, for the sun never shines at all.
grey, grey, grey.

GILLIAN MATHIESON, II Lower A.

**ENTHUSIASM?**

We hear the bell, the lesson ends,
We pack our books in deepest gloom.
We wend our weary way downstairs
And shiver in the cold cloakroom.

Outside the wind doth moan and blow,
With heavy hearts we soon must go
Out into the cold and snow
To play a game you all must know.

About ten minutes has elapsed,
In vain you have your gym. blouse sought,
You don your scarf and warmest gloves
And wander dolefully to the court.

You hope the balls have all been lost,
Or suddenly ‘twill start to rain,
The school catch fire or blow right up
So you will miss this deadly game.

You read the list and then you find
That you are as a shooter placed.
In vain you try to remonstrate,
But all you do is time to waste.

We soon are told to our dismay
Our pullovers we must remove,
In spite of everything we say,
To this we must perforce obey.

The game drags on for hours it seems,
Colder than icebergs now we feel.
The umpire only stands and beams
While glances at the time we steal.

At last, oh blessed sound! we hear
The longed-for bell peal in our ear.
Waiting no longer back we run,
Glad that this awful game is done.

JACQUELINE MURRAY, V Upper A.
THE FRIENDLY HOUSE

One day, when I first went to school, I was in the middle of a reading lesson, when I happened to look up and thought I saw something winking at me through the window. I looked up again and it was the Friendly House. I named it the Friendly House because it was small and square, covered with ivy, and looked warm and cosy; but most of all because of its glistening winky windows.

One day an elderly lady came to a bedroom window to shake a duster, and she smiled at me and I smiled back, but really I was saying, “Hello,” to my little house. The next year I went up into I. B. I was very pleased, but sorry to leave him. (It was a boy, boys are dark and girls are light).

But, joy! the next year I could see him again when I was moved into II Lower B, and he still winked in the same old way, and I know that he meant, “I am pleased to see you back.”

VIRGILIA THOMAS, II LOWER B.

HOUSEHOLD GODS AND WHITE ELEPHANTS

“Be strong to bear, O heart!
Nothing is vain.”

But the fire that will not light never fails to turn me from a meek, well-meaning mortal into a distraught ogre with hair awry and hands besmeared with coal dust and soot. As I puff and blow on bended knees, an elusive flame darts out between the coals and disappears, never to be seen again.

“My fire is dead: it knew no pain
Yet it is dead and I remain.”

I think with envy of the ancient sons of Romulus, whose fires and hearths were under the watchful eye of Vesta. While she kept her vigil their fires burned bright. Would that my hearth had such a guardian spirit! I lack even Penates to tend my store-cupboard and keep it well-stocked.

But my door is not without its protector. All evil is warded off by the goblin features of the knocker. Its crooked brass grin inspires fear in the breast of every portender of evil, and it has faithfully protected my door since the day I rescued it from a bazaar. Twas a lucky purchase. It has every quality needed for a door-knocker, save that it does not knock, which unfortunate disability it suffered after an accident in its youth.

Indeed, I cannot resist a bazaar nor jumble sale. Those disregarded treasures which fill the stalls hold a fatal fascination for me. Every object pleads to be loved, and I lack the moral courage to deny it affection. A monstrosity of a pewter vase can win me over in no time; and as for china dogs with chipped ears, alas, I am completely in their power. ’Twas only yesterday Sir Charles S—— remarked that as a collector of maimed china animals, I am without rival.

S. WILLIAMS, VI Upper.

WHEN WAR HAS PASSED...

Once, it had been a Korean village, a small, isolated village, its people content with their life of tilling the ground, their only laws the laws of Nature, and their time set by the changing of the seasons. Now—Desolation.

A huge bomb crater had ripped the hard-baked earth of the street, ripped it open and scattered it over the surrounding huts. Huts, did I say? Once perhaps, but not now. The nearest one was a shambles of yellow earth clods, charred beams and crushed furniture. The next reeled drunkenly, its roof gone; its door hanging by one hinge, swinging back and forth, back and forth with every gust of wind; its plaintive creak the only sound to break the stillness. A quietness enveloped the whole village, a cold, hopeless quietness, a quietness as that of the grave. And indeed this place was a grave for many villagers killed when the bomb fell, killed by a stray shell or a flying bullet, soldiers who had fallen in battle, all had found their last resting place here. The fields of rice lay untended, moss grew round the roots of the young plants, and the irrigation channels were stagnant and thick with scum.
The beans had gone to seed, their pods grown heavy with the fruit had split and dropped them on the hard, cracked ground, and now hung brown and wrinkled, grotesquely twisted, rustling and whispering in the breeze. A vine, growing up the wall of a half-ruined dwelling, its roots and tendrils scorched bare of leaves by the fire which had gutted the hut, was festooned untidily across the doorway, its lowest tendrils trailing on the charred earth of the step. Bits of paper, borne on the breeze, were intermingled with scraps of cloth and clumps of dry grass, and all were bowled along the street by the gusts of wind and caught and whirled in little eddies with the choking yellow dust. And borne over the village by the wind came far-off sounds of battle, the dull boom of cannon, the crackle and whine of bullets, the smell of gunpowder and chemicals, of burning and of blood. The yellow dust whirled and eddied, heaping itself on rubble mounds and on a dead baby whose tiny fists were clenched in pain, on a hand sticking up from a pile of debris, pointing . . . pointing to Heaven.

When war has passed . . .

ANN JOHNSTON, Lower B.

JEREMY GEE

This is the tale of Jeremy Gee,
Who went for a visit beside the sea;
And as they stood upon the pier
His mother's heart was filled with fear,
Lest little Jerry, gay and bold,
Would not behave as he was told,
But might wade out beyond her wishes
And so get drowned and join the fishes.

But though she warned the little chap,
And told him to avoid mishap;
That silly child was bad indeed
And to her words did pay no heed,
But wandered quickly down the shore
Until he could escape no more;
Thus he was captured by the tide,
Swept out to sea, and quickly died.

VALERIE LAWRANCE, IV Lower B.
SONG OF THE TIMES

You can't get through this world, my lad, on dreams and empty air,
It's not ideas but common sense, that's what you're wanting there.
Yes, some common sense and a good hard head, just come right down to earth,
Forget your ideals and see how it feels to go in and prove your worth.

We have no time for such as you, the dreamer and the sage,
The lover and the poet all belong to a bygone age.
Don't harbour thought, deny your soul and become one of the crowd
For you're going to find that to have a mind of your own is not allowed.

Then don't you try to fight against such overwhelming odds.
Apart from our great numbers, just think of all our gods.
If our money doesn't crush you, our mockery will, then
Why not lose your breath in a living death, like the rest of us twisted men?

And one last word, it you still must love, don't offer up a heart,
A diamond ring would be found to play a more important part.
Don't tell a girl you can feed on smiles and drink in love, I fear,
that nectar and dew may satisfy you but we drink bottled beer.

JANET WHITE, VI Lower.

OUR NORWEGIAN FRIEND

His name is Rolf. He has fair hair. We tease him about his girl friend. He teases me a lot. The other day he hit me with the umbrella.
Yesterday we took it in turns to read my book. We laugh when he says "ridicuous" instead of ridiculous and "noisy parker" instead of "nosey parker."
He wears funny socks, red and yellow triangle ones and navy blue ones. He has a plain pair of navy blue too, they look much nicer I think.
He is going to Italy at Christmas. I am rather sorry he is going because it is fun with him.
He is a great sportsman. He was going in February for Norway's Olympic-Games but now he has arranged to go to Italy for three weeks and then he is coming back to England and coming back to us. I do not know how long he will be here then.

ANGELA MEREDITH, I B.

JUNGLE LIFE

Deat heat and windless air,
And silence over all,
The mysterious shadows of sun-flecked trees,
The haunt of a bird's shrill call.

While others hovered in distant skies,
A vulture's dusty pinion
Swooped down upon the sandy plain,
The land of his dominion.

Sudden twilight, then the night,
The jungle awakes 'till the morning breaks,
Lions and leopards softly tread,
As monkeys chatter overhead.

A splash, a dash, a roar, a cry,
Some pitiless hunger to satisfy,
The rest of the herd runs off in fright,
Away from the terror of the night,
The hunters go to lair and den,
While the hunted are at peace again.

BY JENNIFER RUSSELL, III Upper A.
Oh golden coated Bindy
With black and beady eye,
Oh my beloved Hampster,
Why did you have to die?

To see you lying stiff and cold,
Soiled with blood your coat of gold,
Dulled your black and beady eye,
Oh hampster, why had you to die?

Empty your cage lies on the floor
And now you've gone for ever more,
Now Bindy, I for you do cry,
Oh hampster why had you to die?

Miss Cecelia Hornby-Spence looked up from the list of articles for the White Elephant stall. The church bazaar was next Saturday and she had by no means finished pricing and checking the things. "Goss china, 'a present from Blackpool,' —er—one shilling I think. Oh, I am tired of doing this. A nice cup of tea is needed, I think."

When the tea was brewed Miss Spence continued her train of thought.
"I'm tired of the White Elephant stall, I'm sick of the Bazaar; in fact I'm tired of the Church."

This last thought so startled Miss Cecelia Spence that she spilt her tea into her saucer. It startled her partly because it was such a drastic statement and partly because she derived great satisfaction from the thought.
"Yes," she said out loud, "I'm sick of the Church. My life there is quite useless and uninteresting. White Elephant stall indeed!"

Miss Spence sat down and thought. Suddenly she had an idea. She remembered a book of magic, black and otherwise, which had belonged to her great-great-great-great grandmother (I think) who, she had heard, practised it. Miss Spence had only half believed this. However, she decided to try and work some Black Magic. Her grandmother (I have left out the "greats") of course had only worked magic of the purest kind. Without any more delay Miss Hornby-Spence ran up to the attic and fetched the book. She dusted it carefully and opened the heavy, leather-bound cover.

"Oh, dear, it is difficult to read," thought Miss Spence, as she turned the parchment pages, yellow with age.

"To turn bad barons to toads, no—how to make a love potion—no, how to grow to the size of a giant—no, how to make gold—uhm—that's interesting—but I must continue—how to call up devils—ah that's it."

I have no doubt you would like to know about Miss Cecelia Hornby-Spence. She was a spinster, aged forty-two years, of the parish of Much Clackworthy, and did valuable work for the Church," as the Vicar so often said. She lived in a small whitewashed cottage by herself.

"Two large snails, deadly nightshade—two seeds, four slugs, ten hairs from a horse's tail and a wasp's sting. Oh dear, however shall I collect all those" murmured Miss Spence with a shudder, arming herself with a bucket and shovel.

She collected the slugs and snails and then she picked the Deadly Nightshade. Fortunately she found a dead wasp and could extract the sting quite easily. Taking the hairs from the horse's tail was the worst part. Old Ned, Farmer Wilke's horse, looked at her with a hurt look in his eyes. "I'm sorry, Ned," she pleaded, "but it just has to be done."

At midnight that night Miss Hornby-Spence took her largest cooking pot and set it on the kitchen range. Moonlight streamed in the window giving the whole proceeding an eerie feeling. Cecelia Spence shivered.
"Oh well, I can't go back now. Put in the slugs, snails and one of the seeds and half a cup of water, boil while stirring briskly."

Miss Spence began to have a peculiar feeling up and down her spine.

"Put in the wasp's sting, horse's hairs—one at a time and the other seed. Heat gently for ten minutes."

Miss Spence's hair stood on end. She spun round and there stood a young man in a drape suit with padded shoulders, a tie with a Hawaiian lady playing a guitar who made Miss Spence blush for her, highly polished shoes, a soft felt hat with a large brim and long, dark, wavy hair.

"Who—who are you? What are you doing here?" gasped Miss Spence.

"You sent for me, didn't cha?" asked the young man pleasantly.

"No, of course not," stammered Miss Spence.

"What's all this, then?" said the young man indicating the pot of mixture which was still on the kitchen range.

"I—you—I mean—you're not the Devil?" said Miss Spence.

"Nah, I'm not the old man. I'm Stan West at your service. One of his—er—agents!"

"But you're not a devil."

"Yers I am. Oh I'm not ver kind wiv 'orns and cloven 'oofs an' all that stuff. They wen aht years ago. We've got rit of the 'orns and such. Though I 'ave got a tail still, but I d'ahn't tell anybody. Na 'yen what can I do for yer?"

"Well," began Cecelia Spence, "I'm sick of myself and my life." She poured out the story of the bazaar. When she mentioned the White Elephant stall the young man's eyes twinkled.

"Flogging a dead 'orse there," he murmured.

"I beg your pardon?"

"Oh—er—nothing. Go on."

When she had finished the young man said, "Well I'll see what I can do. Would j'a like to be an actress, or a film star or an 'ahsewife or wot?"

"I'd like to be younger and beautiful," said Cecelia, "and also I'd like to be an actress."

"Corks, got a job on 'ere," thought Stan.

"Tell yer wot," he said aloud. "Take one of these green tablets and one of these 'ere pink ones before you go ter bed. By the way you won't 'ave many scruples and such when yer wake up. Can't 'ave everything yer know. Oh and 'eres some money. An' one more thing, I'm afraid yer won't go to 'eaven. You've sold yer soul. Ooh, I nearly forgot, this 'ere spell's new an' it 'as to be renewed every six months, I'll be seein' you in six months' time. So long!"

"Cor, I made a good job of that" said Stan admiringly as he studied Miss Cecelia Spence, now a famous and beautiful actress. During the six months that had passed, Cecelia had been an understudy and then had had an offer to take the leading part in a new play about to be produced. She had accepted and become famous immediately. Anybody who had known Cecelia Spence before her transformation would never have believed that it was she now sitting in a luxurious chair with her shapely legs draped over the arm.

"Yes," said Stan, "I wouldn't mind taking you to see Errol Flynn at the pictures."

"Really, my dear Stan," said Cecelia distastefully, "the theatre at least. Have you been to see my play? Oh, but you must. Everybody says I'm wonderful."

"Ah, a lydy after me own 'art" said Stan.

"I'm awfully grateful to you, Stan. Just think what the world would have been missing without me. I'm getting an awfully good opinion of myself, aren't I?" said Miss Spence and laughed.

"S'all right," said Stan, "I've got a wonderful one of myself."

On his next visit Mr. Stanley West found himself more attracted to Miss Cecelia Spence.

"Say' Celia—uhm—I think you're a woman after me own 'art. Wot abaat you and—er—me getting spliced, if yer know wot ah mean?"

"Stan, what a good idea. I'm getting sick of being a famous actress. I went
to a terrible cocktail party at Lady Henderson's last night. Terribly coarse woman! Her father was a greengrocer or something. But don't you think it might be a little difficult. I mean your being down in—er—well you know, and my being in London?"

"You could come and live with me," suggested Stan.

"Right, let's go now," said Cecelia eagerly.

"I'll 'ave to ask the governor and see if you're bad enough," said Stan. "You wait here. I'll be back."

He disappeared, and returned soon after.

"It's O.K. Let's get weaving."

This time they both disappeared. That was the last ever seen of Miss Spence in this world. I see her quite often now though. She has a very happy life down there. She and Stan often come to visit the world. They are invisible of course. One night we were all sitting round the everlasting fire in their house when Celia burst out laughing.

"Stan," she said, "I never finished that list for the White Elephant stall."

Susan Holloway, V Upper B.

THE COLNE

All was silent; not a sound
As the water gently lapped
Against the river bank,
When a clucking moorhen swam
In and out between the reeds.

Flashing into sudden view,
Gleaming red and brilliant blue,
Flew a kingfisher.
In the shallow waters swam
Little fishes seeking food.

All was silent once again,
Sunshine glinting on the stream,
Overhanging trees
Quivered gently in the breeze.
All was silent: not a sound.

G. F. Button, III Upper B.

A DISCUSSION BETWEEN CHAUCER AND SHAKESPEARE

ON THE TOPIC

"To Fit a Wife for her Station, She Must First Have Been an Obedient Daughter"

Chaucer: I have read and enjoyed some of your works, but I cannot understand whether or not you believe that to fit a wife for her station she must first have been an obedient daughter.

Shakespeare: To begin with we had better decide what qualities we consider a good wife should have, and then we can think about how she can be best fitted for her station. For myself I think that a woman should be prepared to devote herself to her husband, as Lady Macbeth did, even if it means that she must sacrifice her own interests.

C.: But that is precisely what Griselda did in the "Clerke's Tale," and, although she may have been a "flower of wifely patience," I did not intend women to follow her example.

As I said at the end of the tale:

"Wives, do not fear your husband, nor hold him in awe, for though he be armed in mail, the arrows of your crabbed eloquence shall pierce his breast and even his helmet."
S.: I agree that a wife should have enough spirit to lead a life of her own. Indeed, Lady Macbeth, in pursuing her husband's interests, was also gratifying her own ambition to reign as queen. But a woman can be too independent. I cannot but sympathise with the four husbands of the Wife of Bath, and compare their position with my own. The greatest happiness I found in Anne was easily surpassed by the satisfaction I had in leaving her nothing but my second-best feather-bed.

C.: But the Wife of Bath was not intended as an example of an ideal wife. It is true she was a woman of spirit, but she used her strength largely to satisfy her own vanity and she took quite a callous view of her husbands four. Now the Prioress—she was a very sweet-natured lady—if she had been in a position to marry, would probably have made an excellent wife.

S.: But she never did marry, so we cannot consider her. However, I think a wife should be loyal to her husband. Jessica, for instance, in the "Merchant of Venice," had enough courage to continue meeting her lover, Lorenzo, against her father's wishes. Cordelia, too, had something of this loyalty towards those she loved, but she also had the courage to defend herself against injustice. In fact her refusal to be forced into publicly acknowledging her love for her father, may have been tactless, but it certainly showed her mettle. This brings us to the question of whether a wife is best trained for wifehood by obedience to her parents.

C.: Surely Cordelia was disobedient.

S.: Yes, but only in this one action. Later she more than expiated her lack of tact by her tender support of Lear through his misfortunes. By this failing Cordelia showed herself human. Griselda was almost too obedient.

C.: I fully realise that, and can only blame Boccaccio, her creator, and the Clerk of Oxford, who told her story as a moral tale, without regard to whether her character could be found in real life or not. The result is, she can only be compared with real women to her own disadvantage. I am inclined to agree with your view that a woman, who is by nature obedient, but who has the strength of character to resist injustice, will ultimately make the best kind of wife. But before we can assume this, we must examine Desdemona's case. She was an obedient daughter until she met Othello. But then she put her duty to her lover before her father's wishes, and defended herself by saying to him:

"I am hitherto your daughter: but here's my husband;
And so much duty as my mother showed
To you, preferring you before her father,
So much I challenge that I may profess
Due to the Moor my Lord."

And yet she was unable to find happiness with Othello. How do you account for this?

S.: Desdemona was the victim of Iago's schemes against her husband. Her feeling for him was one of compassion rather than of love, and these facts together with her inexperience combined to precipitate the event of her death at her husband's hands.

THE CONCLUSIONS OF A BYSTANDER

A good wife should sacrifice her own interests to those of her husband, as Griselda did, and to a certain extent Lady Macbeth also. She should be as loyal to her husband as Jessica was to Lorenzo. But she need not, and indeed she should not, lose her own personality in devoting herself to her husband. She may be better able to serve him by being able to defend herself like Desdemona, than by suffering in silence with the patience of Griselda.

In childhood we are by necessity guided by our parents, but when we grow up they pass from our life. A girl may be able to turn to her husband, but even then she has to rely on herself to a certain extent. Complete submission to others teaches us self-control, but not self-reliance.

JENNIFER ANDERSON, VI Upper.
**CHARIVARI**

*At Christmas:*

"Oh, we can't possibly get all the Staff in one shoebag."

Angels in the same segment.

Coffee trees when uncivilised grow to a height of twenty feet, when civilised they only grow to six.

In the Amazon forests live butterflies, parrots, moths, etc. There are no large animals. They are too dense.

Aquamarine is a ship that goes under the sea.

*(E.J.W., discussing the Savanna lands):* "Yes, but what is it that elephants eat?"

Pupil (with no hesitation): "Buns."
NOTTING HILL AND EALING HIGH SCHOOL
OLD GIRLS' ASSOCIATION

President: Miss Merrifield.
Hon. Sec.: M. Chick, 30 Park Hill, W.5.
Hon. Treas.: M. L. Allwright, School Address.
Ass. Sec.: Sheila Phillips, 6 Kingsdown Court, 10 The Common, W.5.

We have had the usual two meetings of the O.G.A. in the past year: both were very well attended and were greatly enjoyed. It was, as always, a very great pleasure to have Miss McCaig with us. At the Summer Meeting we heard from Miss Yates something about the purposes of the Friends of the Trust. At the Winter Meeting five Old Girls gave a short and most interesting talk on their respective careers: M. Eldridge spoke as a barrister, R. Eldridge as a solicitor, M. Darke as an almoner and B. Lott and M. Hamilton on their stage work.

The Committee is most anxious to raise funds to wipe out our deficit, and for this purpose propose holding a small Sale at the Summer Meeting. We suggest White Elephant, Gift, Produce and "Bring and Buy" stalls. Gifts for any of these will be welcomed and can be sent to the School addressed to Maud Allwright or Margaret Chick. It would be a great help if the prices were marked and this applies to all which is brought on the day of the Summer Meeting. Please help us as much as you can; once the deficit is made up we should be free from anxiety.

MARGARET CHICK, Hon. Sec.

The Treasurer and Committee of the O.G.A. have given much thought to the finances of the Association. Our financial position is not good and to meet our commitments for the past two years we were obliged to call upon our Life Subscription fund, which should be treated as capital and not income. The rise in the cost of printing, paper and postage has more than doubled our expenses: the Magazine, which in 1939 cost 8d. a copy, now costs 1/84, and we are not sure that it will remain at this figure. We have taken expert advice and it seems that we cannot reduce the cost of production to any appreciable extent. The income from a £3 Life Subscription no longer covers even the cost of the Magazine, and we are wondering if some Life Members would make a contribution towards the incurred expenses. It would help if sisters, living in the same house, would share a Magazine. Another way in which Annual Subscribers can help would be to pay their subscriptions promptly. In both years October 1st, 1950 to 1951 and 1951 to 1952 the Treasurer had to send out nearly a hundred reminders of subscriptions overdue. This entails much work for the Treasurer and expense in paper and postage. We shall no longer be able to send the Magazine to any member who has not paid her current subscription by December 31st, as we must know, by that date, how many Magazines to order: otherwise there is waste. The Committee is sorry to have such a poor financial statement to render, but, if we can make up arrears, the new subscriptions of £5 Life and 5/- Annual should keep our budget balanced.
**O E D  G I R L S'  A S S O C I A T I O N**

**S T A T E M E N T  O F  A C C O U N T S,  O C T O B E R  1 S T  1 9 5 0  T O  1 9 5 1**

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**NOTE**

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Life Membership Subscriptions to be invested: £50 19 3
Proceeds of Dance still to be held in reserve: £5 0 0
Printing of Dance Notices to be repaid: £12 6

This leaves an adverse balance of £28 15s. 5d.

Maud L. Allwright,
Hon. Treasurer.

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**LETTER FROM MRS. CAUSTON (MAY STUART)**


Dear Editor,

I want the O.G.A. and others to know that the Withiel Fund is now closed down.

This Fund was started by money given to me by Mrs. Withiel the day before her death, to be used at my discretion to help former members of the Staff or old pupils of the School. This she had done unobtrusively herself for years past. The Fund was increased by a substantial legacy left by Charlotte Smith, and a considerable number of grants were made and one loan, which was repaid.

During the war, calls on the Fund entirely ceased, and I invested the money in Savings Certificates. Recently, after consultation with Miss McCaig, it was decided to sell out the Certificates and give grants to a few people whom we felt Mrs. Withiel would have loved to help. This exhausted the money at my disposal.

Yours sincerely,

MAY CAUSTON.
PRESENTATION TO DR. ROSE GRAHAM

On July 12th, 1950, a gathering assembled in the rooms of the Society of Antiquaries to do honour to its President, Miss Rose Graham, C.B.E., M.A., D.Litt., for her seventy-fifth birthday, occurring the following month. She was presented with a volume of Medieval Studies, compiled and printed for this occasion. The studies were contributed by leading historians, the late Sir Alfred Clapham contributing a Foreword. A. J. Taylor compiled the bibliography of Miss Graham’s published writings and, together with Veronica Ruffer, edited the volume.

The printing of the volume, which was undertaken by the Oxford University Press, was made possible by nearly 400 subscribers in England, France, Holland, Belgium, Sweden, Canada, and the U.S.A. A company of more than 100 of them attended the presentation ceremony, at which Sir Maurice Powicke, lately Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford, presided. In offering the Studies to Miss Graham, Dr. Jacob, the newly appointed Chichele Professor of Modern History and chairman of the Canterbury and York Society, emphasized the great service which Miss Graham had rendered to the study of Church History in England and the kindness with which she had helped younger scholars who were beginning a serious study of Ecclesiastical History. As a scholar, he said, she owed her strength to a remarkable combination of literary and archaeological ability: for many years she had been associated with the British Archaeological Association.

The volume of Studies written by various scholars was now presented to her by the many friends who subscribed to it, in token of their admiration for her work and of the friendship which she had inspired and retained; but “If I was a medieval writer,” added Dr. Jacob, “I should feel that these *flosculi*, these little flowers of historical writing, which we are now giving her are scarcely a sufficient bouquet for our great English Rose.”

NEWS OF OLD GIRLS

MISS MERRIFIELD HOPES THAT ALL OLD GIRLS WILL SEND EITHER TO HER OR TO MISS CHICK UP-TO-DATE NEWS OF THEMSELVES AND THEIR FRIENDS.

AGNES ABNEY (MRS. HILL) has just been invited to join the County Executive Committee of the North Surrey Girl Guides as International Representative for the County.

JILL ANDERSON is doing a concentrated year’s course in fashion sketching, French dressmaking, tailoring and dress design at the Barret Street School of Dress Design. MURIEL ANDERSON (MRS. BARRETT) has returned to England for a year at home after living for fifteen years in Ceylon. She has three children, the eldest aged fourteen and the youngest, six.

JEANNE ASKEW is studying at St. Martin’s School of Art.

HEATHER BAIN is taking a four-year course of Drama at the Guildhall School of Music and Drama. She hopes to obtain the Teachers’ and Performers’ Diploma.

ENID BAKER is taking a secretarial course at Chiswick Polytechnic.

OLIVE BLYTH is acting as Casework Hon. Secretary to the Hampstead Council of Social Service.

BARBARA BUNT (MRS. WROUGHTON) obtained a Diploma in Architecture at University College, London, in July 1951, and was elected an A.R.I.B.A.

Hazel Cartwright is taking a secretarial course at Chiswick Polytechnic.

WENDY BRITTON is a Froebel teacher at the Ibstock Place School.

MARY CHADWIN is in her first year at Homerton College, Cambridge, where she is training for teaching.

SHEILA COLLIS is now a secretary in a firm in Capetown.

SHEILA CONACHER is working in the Children’s Books Dept. at the Oxford University Press.

JOY COOKE is a shorthand-typist at Thos. Cook & Sons, Berkeley Street, W.1.

GENE COOPER is a shorthand-typist at Kaybar Supplies Ltd., Golden Square, W.1.

GILLEAN CUMBER is a shorthand-typist trainee in the firm of D. Napier Ltd.
ELIZABETH DAVIES is studying at University College, Exeter, for a Diploma in Education.

SHEILA DICKSON is in the 3rd year of her nursing training at the Middlesex Hospital and was to take her final State Examination in October, 1951.

RONA DICKSON is in her second year at the Froebel Educational Institute, Roehampton.

MONICA DOUGLAS is doing a course of secretarial training as a preliminary to learning hotel reception work.

SHIRLEY DROSSI is doing a course of secretarial training at the London College of Secretaries.

MARY DRURY has a post at the Threadneedle Street branch of the Midland Bank.

MOLLY DRURY is an assistant purser on one of the Orient Line ships.

PATRICIA FARR has a post as Junior Mistress at the Whitney Institute School, Hamilton, Bermuda.

CHRISTINE FORSTER is taking a course of secretarial training at Mrs. Hoster's.

JENNIFER FORSTER is taking a course of secretarial training at Mrs. Hoster's.

NANCY GALPIN is taking a course of secretarial training at St. James's Secretarial College.

MARGARET GIFFEN obtained the B.Sc. General degree in Pure and Applied Mathematics and Chemistry in June 1951. She is now working for the Post Graduate Certificate in Education at King's College, London.

BARBARA GIFFEN is in her third year at the West London School of Physiotherapy.

MARY GILLESPIE is taking a Froebel course at the Maria Grey Training College.

MARION GOLDING is working as a secretary at the B.B.C. Television studios.

MARY GRIFFIN has obtained the B.A. degree Honours Class II in Geography at Hull University. She is having a fourth year at University College, Hull, and is Senior Vice-President of the Students' Union.

MADELINE HALL has been working at the Princess Louise Hospital for Children. She was to begin work at the West Middlesex Hospital, Isleworth, in December 1951.

BARBARA HAMPTON is working as medical secretary in the Radiotherapy Department of Hammersmith Hospital.

JENNIFER HAPGOOD has a post as bilingual translator secretary to a firm in Park Lane, W.1.

JEAN HARRY has been in Paris since April 1951, and has lately been attending lectures at the Sorbonne.

ROBINA HARRY passed M.B., B.S. at London University in May 1951 and has been appointed House Physician at the Royal Free Hospital, Hampstead.

MARY HAYNS is reading for an Honours Degree in English at Bedford College for Women, London University.

RUBY HETHERINGTON qualified as a Dental Surgeon (L.D.S., R.C.S.) in June 1951. She has been a house surgeon at the Royal Dental Hospital and is about to enter private practice.

JOY HICKS is teaching at St. Swithun's School, Winchester.

SHEILA HILLS is working at the Bank of England, Finsbury Circus.

VALERIE HILLS is working at Lloyds, Underwriters, King William Street, E.C.

PATRICIA HOARE is at Avery Hill Training College, training to become a nursery school teacher.

JANET HOLLOWAY is a scientific assistant at the National Physical Laboratory, Teddington.

PAMELA HOWELL is personal assistant to the assistant secretary of the College of Estate Management, Kensington.

MARY HUMPHREY obtained Class II Honours in the Oxford Final Honours School of Modern History.

MADELINE HUSSAUERS is working for Victor Stiebel at Jacqmar Ltd., Grosvenor Street, W.1.

SHIRLEY KERR left the Triangle Secretarial College in July 1951, and has since been private secretary to the Heads of two departments—Law and the Near and Middle East—at London University.

DAPHNE KNOWLES (MRS. DEUCHAR) is working as a part-time dental nurse.
HELEN LATIMER is a theatre staff nurse at the Kent and Sussex Hospital, Tunbridge Wells.

VIDA LONG is a student at Bedford Physical Training College.

PATRICIA LUCAS is still working as a Public Relations Officer in the United Dairies.

BARBARA LUCAS is working as secretary to a doctor in the laboratory at Guinness Brewery, Park Royal.

ALISON McCALLUM has a post in the Colonial Office.

JEAN MCAVOY made a brief visit last autumn to New York and Washington as a member of the Foreign Secretary's staff when he had talks with Mr. Acheson and M. Schumann.

JEAN MIDDLETON is a secretary at the Headquarters of the Ministry of Supply.

MARIANNE MöLLER is now a staff nursery nurse at an L.C.C. day nursery in Hammer-smith.

ANN MORRISON is personal secretary to the Director of the Imperial Concert Agency.

JEAN MUSKETT is taking a secretarial course at Chiswick Polytechnic.

ROSEMARY NEAL is a secretary in the Information department of Swiss National Tourist Office and Swiss Federal Railways.

JUDITH O’RIORDAN is a Housemistress at Wycombe Abbey School. She is sitting for the Lambeth Diploma in January 1952 and will then also be Scripture mistress.

KATHLEEN PARNELL is doing work on current affairs in France and the Common-wealth in the Press Library at Chatham House.

AVIS PARSONS (MRS. FRENCH) came home from India with her husband three years ago. They are starting a soft-fruit farm on the slopes of a brae overlooking Loch Ness in Drumnadrochit.

MARJORIE PERRY is taking an intensive secretarial course at the City of London College.

SHIRLEY PETRIE is working in a solicitor's office while she is waiting to begin her training as a student nurse at St. Bartholomew's Hospital on September 1st 1952.

ANNA PRIDAL is studying Medicine at the Royal Free Hospital School of Medicine.

ROSALIND RANSOME is secretary to the Banqueting Manager at the Hyde Park Hotel, Knightsbridge, S.W.1.

COLETTE RAULIN is Registrar in Anaesthetics at the Hospital for Sick Children, Great Ormond Street.

EVELYN ROBINSON is at the Mayfair Secretarial College, studying to be a Medical secretary.

ANNE SAVIN obtained the teaching certificate of the Chartered Society of Physiotherapy at King’s College Hospital in December 1950.

JEAN SAXON is still in the Physiotherapy department of the Sutton and Cheam General Hospital.

ANN SCRASE is now teaching at Drayton Junior School, W.13.

MOYRA SELBY has been working at Foyle’s Bookshop before beginning her secretarial training in February 1952 at Mrs. Hoster’s.

IRENE SETON is still working at the Foreign Office.

AUDREY SLATTER is at present at the School of Agriculture, Nottingham University, taking a two-year diploma course in Dairying.

IRENE SPAULL is now secretary to the Maternity department, Middlesex Hospital.

GWENDOLEN TOMSON (MRS. NEAME; known professionally as ASTRA DESMOND) is retiring from the concert platform and intends to devote herself to teaching at the R.A.M. and privately.

MURIEL TOWNE was elected in October 1951 to the Council of the Magistrates' Association (in connection with Licensing of Cinemas, etc.).

JANET E. WATSON is training at the West London School of Physiotherapy.

MOIRA WESTON is studying Floristry at Constance Spry's Flower School, Brompton Road, S.W.1.

MARY WESTMARLAND is training at the Survey Production Centre, R.E., to be a cartographic photographer.

AUDREY WILLOCKS is in her second year at St. Mary’s College, Cheltenham.

JOY WILLIAMS is working in the Post Office Savings Bank at Kew as a clerk on a ledger section. She has passed a R.S.A. examination in Arithmetic.
JETTA WILSON is a student radiographer at St. Bartholomew’s Hospital, London. BARBARA WRIGHT is secretary to the secretary of the De Havilland Aircraft Co. ELIZABETH YARROW is teaching the piano at Sarum Hall School and in Ealing.

FORMER MEMBER OF STAFF
MISS HOLMES (MRS. BIRKETT) was in England for a short time, and visited the school. She was returning to South Africa in October 1951.

LETTERS
FROM COLETTE RAULIN

I am an anaesthetist. This term, to most people, evokes the vision of a white-robed figure wielding a mask, and suffocating a victim into unconsciousness. The "rag-and-bottle" tradition dies hard (even among doctors), though a more modern conception, derived from the post-war experiences of patients, is that of the "gasman" who gives one an injection, then retires from the scene of action to read the paper, while the surgeon fulfils his part of the procedure. Many of us regard the anaesthetic as the most important part of the operation—we are perhaps a little biased, but it is certainly the procedure most dreaded by the patients. I make a practice of seeing all my patients before operation, to find out about their previous experiences of anaesthesia, and tell them what is likely to happen this time—most are resigned to an operation, but confess to a great fear of going to sleep. Some are worried about what they will say when under the anaesthetic (may I reassure you: with modern methods very few guilty secrets are revealed), others have haunting memories of an anaesthetic for extracting teeth or tonsils in childhood—and being brutally stifled under a mask. It is a great relief to them to be told that all that they will feel is a prick—that they will be asleep in a matter of seconds and wake up back in bed—that there will be no mask, and not even a smell of "gas" or ether.

Anaesthesia is now a speciality in its own right—with an appropriate higher examination (the D.A., Diploma of Anaesthesia). The days of the general practitioners or the newly qualified doctors being called upon to give anaesthetics for emergency operations are fast disappearing. The initial training is the same—six years of medical school and hospital—then several six-monthly jobs as house-surgeon or house-physician before specialising. Most hospitals employ resident anaesthetists, who are in charge of all the "doping" and responsible for pre- and post-operative care of the patients. As an anaesthetist one tends to live in hospital until becoming a consultant (32 being the lower age limit). Most of the senior appointments are resident, particularly in any hospital dealing with maternity cases where an anaesthetic may be required at a moment's notice to save the life of mother or child.

We claim anaesthesia as the oldest medical science:—"And the Lord God caused a deep sleep to fall upon Adam, and he slept, and He took one of his ribs and closed up the flesh instead thereof." Historical records give many details of the constant endeavour of mankind to attain relief from operative pain—from the use of hypnosis to the induction of a drunken stupor. Many workers have contributed to the development of anaesthesia in the last 100 years—largely of the Anglo-Saxon race on both sides of the Atlantic. Joseph Priestley first prepared, and Sir Humphrey Davy investigated the properties of nitrous oxide. James Simpson, an Edinburgh physician, first used ether and chloroform to mitigate the discomfort of childbirth just over 100 years ago. Since then advance has been rapid, particularly during the two world wars, and modern anaesthesia has become a scientific instrument to be used only by the expert. Apart from the popularising of intravenous anaesthesia, one of the most important and interesting advances has been the introduction of "curare" as a muscle-relaxing agent. Curare was first described by Sir Walter Raleigh, and has for centuries been used by the S. American Indians as an arrow poison. Now it has been purified, and is one of our most useful drugs. The modern anaesthetist needs to be a physician as well as a technician.
The responsibility of deciding whether a given patient is fit to have an anaesthetic, and the choice of the most suitable methods and agents are his, and he must have the knowledge and ability to make these decisions. Almost any one can give an anaesthetic to a reasonably fit patient, but a sick child or a frail old lady demand all the skill that one has if they are to survive the additional hazard of an operation. The anaesthetist is responsible for the well-being of patients throughout their operation—the surgeon is free to concentrate on the technical problems of his task, without any additional anxiety about the patient's general condition, and afterwards, any resuscitation measures are carried out largely by the anaesthetist.

Anaesthesia is to me the most fascinating of occupations, but it is only one small aspect of medicine—every doctor has his own particular outlook on the profession and delights to expound on it—as you have learnt to your cost.

FROM MARY AND RUTH ELDRIIDGE

Many people imagine a lawyer as an impressive figure in wig and gown who daily in the law courts exposes the untruthful witness and makes justice prevail. The evening newspapers encourage the illusion, but the truth is rather less dramatic. The legal profession is divided into two branches—the senior composed of barristers and the junior composed of solicitors. The former have the exclusive right to appear in the High Court and the distinction of a wig and gown, the daily costume of the legal profession in the eighteenth century which has been preserved by the Bar. These adornments enhance the dignity of the senior branch and lend age to the too youthful looking practitioner (though an experienced eye can always tell the age of a barrister by the colour of his wig. It starts off white and shades away into black as his experience and years increase). But the barrister does not spend his whole life in court, at least as much time is spent in Chambers. The solicitor on the other hand never appears in the High Court; he can appear in the county and magistrates' court (in a gown rather like a Church warden's) but more important is his work in preparing the case which counsel will ultimately present in court. That is if the solicitor is concerned in litigation. Many solicitors, however, never go near the courts if it can be avoided, and do their utmost to dissuade the more aggressive type of client from trying his luck there.

It may be of interest to mention something of the training of a barrister and solicitor before going into further detail about their respective callings. Anyone who wishes to be called to the Bar must become a member of one of the Inns of Court—Middle and Inner Temple, Lincoln's Inn or Gray's Inn. First he must satisfy the Inn that he has a good character and pay his dues, then he is enrolled as a Student. Most people have heard about students "eating their dinners." This is not the jovial affair it once was. In order to "keep his terms" a student must eat at least one dinner a term in hall for twelve terms. It is no more than a reminder of the once gay corporate life of the Inns when they rivalled the older Universities in attracting young men who wanted a polite as well as a scholastic education. The Bar examinations are divided into Parts I and II; there is no specialisation, and barristers generally admit that the examinations are not so searching and exhaustive as the solicitors' Final. The reason for this is fairly simple. After qualifying, a barrister, in order to gain practical experience, pays a fee to be admitted into the Chambers of a busy master. He will choose a set of chambers which specialises in an aspect of the law which attracts him, either common law, divorce, taxation, company law or Chancery. (It is hard to define to a layman what Chancery is, the Chancery lawyer regards himself as the only real lawyer, delving into delightful obscurities, such as the construction of deeds or questions of Succession. In short, Chancery is a lawyer's paradise, but no one else understands what is going on or why.) As a pupil he will "devil" for his master—that is, look up cases, and if the case concerns some subject of a rather technical nature (of which the master previously knew nothing) he will work up the appropriate professional jargon, and so provide the ammunition with which his master will later impress his clients and the court.

After his pupillage is over the young barrister waits hopefully for the day when he will have clients of his own to impress. He will find a place in someone's Chambers and with hard work and average ability he will in time make a fair living, though not
perhaps so fair as the same effort in commerce would produce. He may appear successfully several times in a particular type of case, so that solicitors will remember his name and send him a brief when next they have a case of a similar kind. Of course, it is not the prospect of such an unspectacular career that attracts people to the Bar. It is the hope of appearing in the cases which make headlines and bring both wealth and fame, but those who achieve such heights are few in number. Once a barrister has built up a large practice, he will consider taking "silk"—that means becoming a King's Counsel. A K.C. is entitled to and does charge much higher fees than a "junior," so that he has to be sure that his clients will still think his opinion worth the extra. Judges are generally recruited from among King's Counsel, so that is the way to the Bench. I have made no specific reference to women at the Bar, partly because the progress of a woman at the Bar would be the same, only the effort and struggle would be greater, partly because there are so few women practising at the Bar that they have made no particular impression and marked off no sphere as peculiarly their own. Prejudice, of course, makes the going much harder for them, but it is a very difficult profession for a woman; voice and appearance are important in court, and the conduct expected in court is established by masculine convention and therefore alien to a certain extent to a feminine mind. Still this may not always be so.

It is important to realise that a barrister's clients are solicitors. No lay person instructs a barrister except through a solicitor; the relationship between solicitor and barrister is analogous to that between general practitioner and specialist in the medical profession. Possibly because the solicitor is let loose on the public his training is longer and his syllabus wider than the barrister's. He is articled (as the apprentices were and are in trades) to a solicitor, and works in the office learning everything he can about the running of the office, the principles and practice of the law and how to humour clients. This novitiate lasts five years (or three if he already has a degree). During this time the articled clerk must put in a year at a recognized law school to prepare himself for the Intermediate and Final examination. Once qualified, a solicitor can look to the future with much greater confidence than a barrister, though he may never attain such places of profit or eminence as the latter. He may either go into private practice on his own account if he can afford to buy a partnership, or as a salaried assistant, or he can take one of the many salaried positions in the Civil Service or industry. The private practitioner is the backbone of the profession and it is his work which is of greater interest. Usually a solicitor is drawn either towards litigation (criminal or common law), or the non-litigious conveyancing side (in which I specialise). In litigation the solicitor interviews the client and the witnesses, and decides whether there is any prima facie legal ground for bringing an action and any evidence to support it. If he is satisfied that there is, he will set out the whole case with all the evidence in a case to Counsel, to advise on what chance of success the litigant will have and to settle the writ if he thinks proper. The latter in the quiet of his chambers thinks the matter over, and sends back his advice and settles the form of claim; then the solicitor deals with all the preliminary work in the courts, and calls in Counsel again when the case is ready to come on in open court. But litigation is not synonymous with law, as people some times appear to think. Indeed by consulting a lawyer in good time a lawsuit may often be avoided, and there is a very wide class of matters with which litigation is never contemplated. The most common occurrence with which nearly everyone is sooner or later concerned is buying or selling a house, or the administration of an estate on anyone's death. Then there are also the matters which arise from dealings in property or commercial transactions. There is no limit to the number of problems which may arise, each a little different, for the facts are never quite the same, and all the circumstances must be considered. That is why no lawyer likes to give a hasty opinion, and finds it rather embarrassing when a friend gives a sketchy description of a situation in the course of a social conversation and expects a legal pronouncement on it. Yet by far the greater number of matters a solicitor is consulted about involve no or very little law. People often want the advice of an impartial observer on family matters, there experience of the world and human nature is what one needs, and only time provides that. Experience too teaches a lawyer when and how far to press a legal advantage, for if everyone insisted
on his legal rights it might be as catastrophic for him and for others as a run on
the banks.

Of the two branches of the profession, it is perhaps easier for a woman to establish
herself as a solicitor, though it is often difficult to obtain experience in private prac-
tice, without friends or relatives willing to find an opening in their office. A writer
of advice to those learning the law says that he finds it difficult to discuss women
lawyers without being ungallant, and that therefore he will say no more. The pros-
pects are not quite as bleak as that, the work is always interesting and there are
plenty of posts in the Civil Service or Local Government if private practice offers
insufficient encouragement.

BIRTHS

On January 26th, 1945, to Doris Wilson (Mrs. Bird) a son, Roy, and on August 6th,
1949, a son, Michael.
On June 10th, 1948, to Margaret Nolf (Mrs. Robison) a daughter, Susan Margaret,
and on December 25th, 1950 a daughter, Helen Mary.
On August 20th, 1950, to Kathleen Jones (Mrs. Knapp) a daughter, Rosemary Clare.
On January 1st, 1951, to Deirdre Rider (Mrs. Gasse) a son, Duncan.
On February 12th, 1951, to Anne Fryer (Mrs. Milne), a son, Robert Napier.
On February 19th, 1951, to Brenda Russ (Mrs. Russell) a daughter, Carolyn Susan.
On February 23rd, 1951, to Betty Williams (Mrs. K. Greet) a daughter, Eire Lucille.
On April 1st, 1951, to Gwen Simkins (Mrs. Sinclair) a son, Anthony Peter.
On May 22nd, 1951, to Margaret Broadbent (Mrs. Etheridge) a son, Brian.
On June 14th, 1951, to Pamela Luson (Mrs. Ordish) a son, Christopher John.
On July 9th, 1951, to Joan Farman (Mrs. Case) a son, Nicholas Jocelyn.
On July 17th, 1951, to Margaret Walls (Mrs. Foulds) a daughter, Moira Elizabeth.
On August 9th, 1951, to Mary Drury (Mrs. Caswell) a son, John.
On August 26th, 1951, to Margery Wright (Mrs. Morgan) a daughter.
On August 30th, 1951, to Daphne Bromhead (Mrs. Heaton-Renshaw) a 5th daughter,
Philippa Margaret.
On October 9th, 1951, to Barbara Jones (Mrs. Grice) a son.
On November 1st, 1951, to Christine Stockman (Mrs. Bondi) a son, Jonathan Richard.
On November 7th, 1951, to Eleanor Morrison (Mrs. Brock) a son.
On December 8th, 1951, to Mary Quarry (Mrs. Scott) a son, David Arthur Dehany.
On December 18th, 1951, to Diana Rutland (Mrs. Benn) a son, Christopher Roper.
In 1951, to Cynthia Power (Mrs. Watkins) a daughter.
On January 2nd, 1952, to Marguerite Baerlocher (Mrs. Ilsley) a daughter, Annick
Evelyn.

BY ADOPTION

On April 4th, 1951, to Mr. and Mrs. Alan S. Lowson (née Bryce) a son, Alan Scott,
aged 3 weeks.

MARRIAGES

On July 22nd, 1950, Ann Gems to Captain C. E. Eberhardie.
In September, 1950, Christine Havelock to George H. Mundell.
On March 2nd, 1951, Paula Aperghis to Ray Trevor Jones, B.Sc.
On March 31st, 1951, Monica Carpenter to Donald A. J. Taylor.
On April 14th, 1951, Margaret Wackett to A. Brian Farrar.
On April 15th, 1951, Betty Cook to Norman Burgess.
On June 2nd, 1951, Jean Drury to William Begg.
On June 2nd, 1951, Eirwen Tudor-Edwards to K. E. Fothergill.
On June 6th, 1951, Greta Cirsch to Louis Rubens.
On June 12th, 1951, June Landau to Cyril S. Rose.
On June 23rd, 1951, Barbara Hale to N. W. Beacham.
On July 14th, 1951, Patricia Wright to David Hall.
On July 18th, 1951, Barbara Claridge to John Vivian Clark.
On July 21st, 1951, Pamela Hope to Einar Poole, B.Sc.
On August 11th, 1951, Barbara Bunt to Herbert John Wroughton.
On August 11th, 1951, Kathleen Hall to W. J. G. Everleigh, A.M.I.Mun.E.
On August 18th, 1951, Margaret Ward to Eric Douglas Baldwin
On September 1st, 1951, Hannelene Knock to John Michael Filbey, D.F.A.S.
On September 8th, 1951, Phyllis Elbourn, to Robert Stanley Gregory.
On September 8th, 1951, Hazel Hunter to Lieut. Andrew Malcolm Green.
On September 11th, 1951, Margaret Stewart to Dudley Dennington.
On September 22nd, 1951, Dorothy Ryan to Timothy Patrick Houghton.
On November 3rd, 1951, Josephine Chambers to Eric C. Smith.
On December 1st, 1951, Jeanne Ingerslev to Bjarne Petersen.
On January 26th, 1952, Ella Hotine to George A. Murray.

STAFF
On September 26th, 1951, Adrienne Forde to Dr. Rodney Beresford Dockrell.

DEATHS
In January, 1950, Phyllis Reed (Mrs. Robbins).
In December, 1950, May Reed.
On April 4th, 1951, Violet Napier Bell.
On May 11th, 1951, Nona Byrne (Mrs. Norman Biddell), aged 59.
On May 12th, 1951, Mabel Lewis (Mrs. Mennell).
On June 8th, 1951, Adelaide Litten, for many years Grand Master of The Honorable Fraternity of Antient Masonry.
June, 1951, Miss Chamberlain, member of the Staff of N.H. & E.H.S.
On February 2nd, 1952, Helen Mead (Mrs. Warren), aged 73.

ENGAGEMENTS
Jean Andrews to Hugh Dalton.
Jeanne Askew to Robin MacGregor-Grieve.
Carmel Chillman to Diarmuid Downs.
Helen Comminos to Alexander Chloros.
Linden Ellis to Ronald Blake.
Sylvia Fryer to Grant Fowler Milne.
Robina Harry to the Rev. S. Clive Thexton, M.Th., Tutor at Richmond Theological College, Surrey. Marriage arranged for March 1st.
Myrtle Kay to G. R. C. May.
Eileen McNuff to G. J. Bolt.
Joan Marsh to Edward Faux Best.
Jean Mason to John Frederick Parsons.
Betty Parker to Roy Burnell.
Jean Sherris to Edgar C. Wolf.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS
Aperghis, Paula (Mrs. R. T. Jones) 89 Dove House Lane, Solihull, Warwickshire.
Balkwill, Anne, "Woodlands," Uxbridge Road, Stoke Pogis, Bucks.
Bigham, Elizabeth (Lady Ponsonby), Red House, Monewen, Woodbridge, Suffolk.
Birkbeck, Pauline, 87 Cadbury Road, Sunbury, Middx.
Broadbent, Annette, "Fort Stanley," 37 Park Road, Bexhill-on-Sea, Sussex.
Bunt, Barbara (Mrs. Wroughton), 28 Cumberland Terrace Mews, Regents Park, N.W.1.
Byrne, Jean, "Kismet," River Ash, Shepperton-on-Thames.
Cirsch, Greta (Mrs. Rubens), 91 Corringway, Ealing, W.5.
Cooke, Joyce, 4 Cawdor Crescent, Boston Manor, W.7.
Couch, Jean, West Middlesex Hospital, Isleworth.
Despicht, Nora (Mrs. Warington), 375 Sandycombe Road, Kew Gardens, Surrey.
Drury, Mary (Mrs. Caswell), c/o Department of Agriculture, University College, Ibadan, Nigeria.
Gillespie, Mary, "The Burrs," Church Road, Iver Heath, Bucks.
Golding, Marion, Parkside, 12 Church Road, West Drayton, Middx.
Gorard, Joan (Mrs. Bentley), 9 Dewsbury Avenue, Barbicon, St. Andrews, Kingston, Jamaica.
Hall, Kathleen (Mrs. Everleigh), 3 Berrylands Road, Surbiton, Surrey.
Hallward, Marjorie (Mrs. Buchanan), St. Uny Cottage, 75 Lakes Lane, Beaconsfield, Bucks.
Hatch, A. (Mrs. Sulman), 28 Christchurch Road, Worthing, Sussex.
Havelock, Christine (Mrs. Mundell), 29 Eastgate, Peebles, Scotland.
Henderson, Margaret, 48 Hartswood Road, W.12.
Izzard, Audrey, 18 St. Bernard's Road, Slough, Bucks.
Jordan, Peggy (Mrs. Bracken), Flat 1, Castlecombe, George Hill Road, Kingsgate, Nr. Broadstairs, Kent.
Kingsley, Eleanor (Mrs. René A. Carrié), 400 West 118th Street, New York City, U.S.A.
Landau, June (Mrs. Rose), 4 East Close, Corringway, Ealing, W.5.
Lewington, Wendy, Hillcrest, Franksfield, Peaslake, Surrey.
Lucas, Patricia, Sheridan, Grimms Hill, Great Missenden, Bucks.
Lucas, Barbara, Sheridan, Grimms Hill, Great Missenden, Bucks.
Matthews, Ruth (Mrs. Heppel), British Embassy, Madrid, Spain.
Mitchell, Mary B., 10 Briardale Gardens, Hampstead, N.W.3.
Mulcaster, Mary, 86 St. Stephen's Road, Hounslow, Middx.
Nolf, Margaret (Mrs. Robinson), 80 Portland Road, Blackpool, Lancs.
Parsons, Avis (Mrs. French), Mid-Balchraggan, Drumnadrochit, Inverness-shire.
Rogers, Dorothy, "Woodville," North Hill Park, St. Austell, Cornwall.
Russ, Brenda (Mrs. Russell), Flat 4, Stonecroft, 5 Chartfield Avenue, Putney, S.W.15.
Savio, Anne, St. Benedict's Hospital, Church Lane, Tooting, S.W.17.
Sherriff, Joyce (Mrs. Ashworth), 12 Bath Place, Ilfracombe.
Sherriss, Jean, 18 Churchill Avenue, Kenton, Middx.
Spicer, Grace (The Hon. Mrs. H. Pakington), The Old Rectory, Holt, Nr. Worcester.
Stephen, Dorothea J., Meadway, St. Cross, Winchester.
Stewart, Margaret (Mrs. Dennington), 108 Bryn Road, Swansea, S. Wales.
Sulman, Dorothy (Mrs. Plowman), "Heatherbrae," Storrington, Pulboro', Sussex.
Sulman, Phyllis (Mrs. Cumming), "Oasis," Winkelspruit, S. Coast, Natal, S.A.
Ward, Margaret (Mrs. Baldwin), 58 Thornton Avenue, Turnham Green, W.4.
Wharam, Beatrice, "Rodwell," South Petherton, Somerset.
Wright, Patricia (Mrs. Hall), 52 Stanhope Road, Reading, Berks.

STAFF

Miss Drury, 4 Upper Glenageary Road, Dun Laoghaire, Co. Dublin.
Miss Mowll, 8 Milton Road, Repton, Derby.

ADDRESSES NOW KNOWN

Lewis, Amy (Mrs. Langdon), 12 Albert Place, Kensington, W.8.
Lidgate, Ethel, Vice-Principal, Stover School, Nr. Newton Abbott, Devon.
Spender-Clay, Phyllis (Mrs. Nichols), Lawford Hall, Manningtree, Essex.
Wilson, Doris (Mrs. Bird), 11 Garrick Close, Walton-on-Thames, Surrey.
NEW MEMBERS

Abbott, Pauline, 12 Balfour Road, Hounslow, Middx.
Bain, Heather, 35 Cavendish Avenue, Ealing, W.13.
Baker, Enid, 64 Cranmer Avenue, Ealing, W.13.
Cartwright, Hazel, 30 Greystoke Park Terrace, Ealing, W.5.
Chadwin, Mary, 8 Walmer Gardens, Ealing, W.13.
Cumber, Gillean, 23 Wood Lane, Isleworth, Middx.
Douglas, Monica, 35 Craneswater Park, Norwood Green, Southall, Middx.
Drossi, Shirley, 30 Beaufort Road, Ealing, W.5.
Dyson, Catherine, 79 Cleveland Road, Ealing, W.13.
Ellis, Alma, 71 South Road, Southall, Middx.
Forster, Christine, 18 Carlton Road, Ealing, W.5.
Galpin, Nancy, "Sheepcothaugh," High Street, Cranford.
Glanville, Janet, 3 Hill Road, North Wembley.
Hayns, Mary, 6 Queen Anne's Grove, Ealing, W.5.
Hills, Valerie, 213 Argyle Road, Ealing, W.13.
Hoare, Pat, 15 Church Road, Osterley, Isleworth, Middx.
Holloway, Anne, 27 St. Paul's Close, Hounslow West, Middx.
Holloway, Janet, 27 St. Paul's Close, Hounslow West, Middx.
Horskins, Margaret, 26 Balfour Road, Ealing, W.13.
Jones, Sally, 53 Mount Park Road, Ealing, W.5.
Kelynack, Jean, 99 Cleveland Road, Ealing, W.13.
Lake, Sheila, 25 Thornbury Avenue, Osterley, Middx.
Long, Vida, 77 Boston Manor Road, Brentford.
MacRae, Elizabeth, 8 Loveday Road, Ealing, W.13.
MacRae, Meryl, 8 Loveday Road, Ealing, W.13.
Mason, Pat, 3 Grove Maisnettes, Southall, Middx.
Mayne, Madeleine, 77 Tentelow Lane, Norwood Green, Southall.
Muskett, Jean, 10 Lynton Avenue, Ealing, W.13.
Perry, Marjorie, 43 Waxlow Crescent, Southall, Middx.
Perry, Sylvia, 223 Pitshanger Lane, Ealing, W.5.
Platt, Mary, 232 Bath Road, Hounslow, Middx.
Pridal, Anna, 5 Cannonbury Avenue, Pinner, Middx.
Robinson, Evelyn, 53 Lynwood Road, Ealing, W.5.
Salemmi, Lola, 360 Uxbridge Road, Acton, W.3.
Sayers, Jane (Life), 39 The Park, Ealing, W.5.
Selby, Moyra, 102 Milton Road, Hanwell, W.7.
Spriers, Brenda, 77 Medway Drive, Greenford, Middx.
Tietz, Tamara, 14 North Avenue, Ealing, W.13.
Westmarland, Mary, 110 Meadvale Road, Ealing, W.5.
Williams, Joy, 3 Osterley Park Road, Southall, Middx.
Wood, Margaret, 60 Shakespeare Road, Hanwell, W.7.
Woodman, Maureen, 10 Cranmore Avenue, Osterley, Middx.

STAFF

Miss Baggalay, 6 Orchard Drive, Blackheath, S.E.3.
Miss Davies, 26 Thurlow Hill, West Dulwich, S.E.21.
Miss Irons (Life), "Tall Oak," Church Avenue, Ruislip.

REJOINED

Bryce, Muriel, Grimsbury Bank, Hermitage, Nr. Newbury, Berks.