

The Nantonian.

The
Nantonian.

December, 1941.

The Nantonian.

Nantwich and Acton Grammar
School Magazine

Editorial Committee.

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The Nantonian

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Editorial.

We offer our congratulations to Mulliner J. and Willington K. on their winning the prizes offered for the best articles published in the last two issues of the Magazines—the former for his contribution Evening (June, 1941), the latter for his lines on The Scarecrow (December, 1940). Though the standard of articles naturally varies from issue to issue, there is usually a satisfactory response to the demands of the literary Editors; and one has only to read Mr. Hughes's eulogistic letter at the end of this Magazine to realise what pleasure one can gibe by a worthy effort—especially to those who wish to keep in touch with us here. At one time it seemed that this issue would be produced without illustration, which would have been most regrettable in view of the special appeal we made last term. The one piece of work submitted on time came from the Preparatory Department---a very credible effort for so young a pupil. And then at the last minute Miss Hughes miraculously produced some lino-cuts and a "black and white"! Fortunately Mr. Bailey has produced his excellent Photographic Supplement (for which we tender our best thanks), so our anxiety was considerably relieved. Surely the artists among us can resolve that such an emergence never recurs.

School Notes, October, 1941.

The new school-year opened on August 28th, when we started with 417 pupils on the roll, 206 boys and 211 girls.

The School is to be congratulated on the results achieved at the Higher School Certificate and School Certificate Examinations held in July. Four of the five candidates for the full H.S.C. were successful, as were three of the four who took subsidiary subjects. Of the 3 candidates for the S.C. 30 were successful, one of them in the September examination. Congratulations also to our Oldershaw guests, all of whom were successful in the S.C. examination.

Much to our regret Mrs. Harlock left us at the end of the Summer Term. Her place has been taken by Miss J. I. S. Moss, to whom we extend a hearty welcome.

At the beginning of this term news of all three masters who are engaged on military service has recently been received. An extract from

Mr. Hughes's highly interesting letter from the Libyan desert is included in this number.

The best wishes of the School are again extended to Messrs. Hughes, Carey and Lewis, and to all Old Grammarians who are now serving in the forces; and we congratulate those who have recently been awarded promotions and other distinctions. Our warmest congratulations are extended to F. Betts, W. Ellis, and H. C. Morris, whose gallantry and devotion to duty have recently won them the coveted decorations which are fully recorded elsewhere.

We are greatly indebted to members of the staff of Oldershaw Grammar School for the enrichment of our school life in various ways. Mr. Ford's talks on the drama and Mr. Thorp's lecture on his visit to Russia have been most interesting and inspiring, and now Mr. Ford is continuing his good work by putting *Lady Precious Stream* into active rehearsal.

To Mr. Ford's enthusiasm and initiative we also owe the recent visit of The Market Theatre, whose members provided one of the most artistic and delightful entertainments which has been given in our School hall. They played to a full house of pupils in the afternoon and to an equally full house of adults in the evening. Particularly memorable were the on-act plays from Housman and Shaw, the speaking and miming of *The Lady of Shalott* and the excellent fooling of Billy Shine.

This event, which took place on September 11th, was followed on October 2nd by another—equally delighted and quite unique, to wit the first pianoforte recital ever given in the School Hall. This was given by Madame Alma de Seyfried and was devoted to the works of Chopin. It is more fully recorded elsewhere.

As we go to press we have to congratulate ourselves on being privileged to hear another brilliant pianoforte recital, given this time by an Old Grammarian, A. R. Jolly, who was kind enough to come along during a short period of leave from his duties with the Army Pay Corps. He kept us all entranced, during the period after assembly on Friday, October 24th, with a most varied programme, ranging from Bach to Debussy and with some particularly fine interpretations of Chopin, Brahms and Liszt.

We are proud of such an old pupil, and we thank him most heartily and look forward to a similar treat before very long.

We are very grateful to Mr. J. Ramsay Smith for most generously endowing us, for the next five years, with a prize for the pupil who has shown the greatest proficiency in Latin in the course of the year. This is a parting gift on behalf of Peggy Smith.

We are also grateful to Olga Booth for books for the Library and to Freda Elks for specimens for the Museum.

We have to thank an Old Grammarian, Dr. S. Williams, of Glasgow University, and our good friend Mr. J. E. Bowers for the gifts of framed photographs of this district taken by Dr. Williams. They are superb examples of photographic skill. At the request of the donors we have acknowledged their gift by a suitable donation to the British Red Cross Society.

Preparatory Department Notes.

October is here again, and with it once more a request for Magazine notes. The last were written at the end of April.

Early in the Summer Term we helped in the annual effort for the Cottage Hospital, making a collection of eight and a half dozen eggs and 14s. 9d. In money.

During War Weapons Week in May there was considerable enthusiasm, and £39 10s. 6d. Was handed in from the sale of stamps and Certificates.

Later in the month we decided to start a Red Cross Penny-a-Week Fund. The children responded nobly and by the end of the month we had enrolled 65 members. The money has since been handed in to the bank every fourth week, and by the end of the first quarter £3 10s. 5d. Had been collected. We have just enrolled a further 24 members, making the present total 89.

The House Mark Shield for the Summer Term was won by Thrush with 683 points; Hodgkin scored 643 and Wilbraham 617.

Miss Wragg, Warden for Cheshire and N. Wales gave her annual lecture on the work of Dr. Barnardo's Homes in September, and opened the children's boxes. £13 10s. 3d. Was handed in, and twenty-five new members were enrolled, making a total of forty-seven.

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At the end of September we sent a gift of £1 3s. To the Lord Mayor of London's National Air Raid Distress Fund. We have decided to keep a "Thank-Offering" Box in School as the Lord Mayor suggests, and whatever we collect will be remitted quarterly to the Mansion House.

Since the institution of coupons our knitting for the Forces has sadly fallen off, but now that it is possible to procure wool for the purpose without them, we hope soon to have each pupil again attempting something.

We have recently managed to send another parcel to the Air Force.

Several children made excellent collections of wild flowers last term.. The two keenest pupils were Peter Garnett and Graham Yearsley, who managed to press and mount 423 and 163 respectively, the latter being particularly well done. A small prize will be given to each.

Our thanks are due to Mary Brassington, Sheila McClelland and Elizabeth Turner for the presentation of books to the library, to Eileen Jackson for two bulb bowls, to Jane Davenport for an attractive flower jug, and to Alan Young for Margaret Tarrant's picture, "He Prayeth Best Who Loveth Best.

E.M.G.

House Notes.

Captains: Girl—M. Smith; Boy—Craighead J.

Vice-Captain: Girl—F. Jones; Boy—Westwell F.

We were very sorry to lose our late Captains and Ruth Stanley, and we wish them every success in the future. Although we are not yet Champion House, this year we have done much better than in former years, and Rainbird is to be congratulated as Senior Champion. The House was well represented in the School Cricket Team, but we lost to the Wilbrahams in the House events. This year we did not do well in the Music Competition, but we hope to do better next year. The girls were unlucky in both the Gym, and Tennis Competitions.

We welcome all new comers to the House and hope that they and the senior members will support us and will strive hard for the Championship in the coming School year.

M.S.,

J.C.

Captains: Girl—M. Smith; Boy—Bostock H.

Vice-Captains: Girl—R. Parker; Boy—Doody R.

All members of Thrush House are to be congratulated on winning once again the Championship. In the Summer Term we were successful in obtaining the Swimming, Athletic and Tennis Shields. The following are to be congratulated on their outstanding achievements: P. Robinson and M. Storey, Junior Girl Champion and Runner-up respectively; Entwistle—Junior Boy Champion, and Sadler—Runner-up in the Senior Championship. We were sorry to lose our Vice-Captain, B. Ferns, and wish her, together with the others who have left, every success in the future. To all newcomers we extend a hearty welcome, and we should like to urge everybody to make a special effort in the coming year to retain all our coveted trophies.

M.S.,

H.B.

Captains: Girl—J. Adams; Boy—Hope K.

Vice-Captains: Girl—S. Simon; Boy—Cooper E.

During the previous term's House activities we were fairly successful, but we have not yet realised our main ambition of wresting the House Championship from Thrush.

The girls were winners of the Country Dancing Competition, and also gained the Gym Trophy. The House was successful in the Music Competition, although we considered that with a little more effort from the boys our margin of success would have been even greater.

We congratulate Thrush upon their Swimming Sports victory; and we congratulate our own members, Joan Adams and Ethel Adams, who were worthy Senior and Junior Swimming Champions.

Unfortunately we lost the Tennis Shield by a few points, being Runners-up to Thrush.

Cricket was very successful, both House matches being won decisively, but the Junior boys did not follow the good example of their elders.

We were placed third in the Sports Championship; with a more combined effort the standard should not have been so low. Our congratulations are due to Shelagh Simon, who was Girl Athletic Champion.

We welcome all new members to the House and hope that this year may see us House Champions.

J.A.,

K.H.

Tennis Notes.

Of six tennis fixtures arranged for the Summer Term five had to be cancelled and the result of the remaining match against Whitchurch High School was a victory for Whitchurch by 67 games to 32 games.

Members of the team were:

S. Jones,

M. Smith,

B. Ferns,

J. Parr,

J. Rosenthal,

S. Simon.

M. T.

Cricket Notes.

Though there was a dearth of experienced players, the Cricket XI. Put up a very creditable performance this season. Despite adverse conditions, only one match was cancelled and some very interesting fixture were played, including one against our evacuee guests, Oldershaw Grammar School, and one against an Army XI. Bostock and Rainbird gained the best batting and bowling averages respectively.

Results: Played 8, Won 4, Lost 3, Drawn 1.

The following are the details of the matches played:--

Opponents.	Where Played.	Result.
Rolls Royce C.C.	Home	Won.
Oldershaw Grammar School	Home	Won.
Crewe Secondary School	Home	Lost.
Doddington Park	Home	Drawn.
Market Drayton Grammar School	Home	Won.
Sandbach Grammar School	Home	Won.
An Army XI.	Home	Lost.
Crewe Secondary School	Away	Lost.
Old Boys' XI	Home	Cancelled.
Market Drayton Grammar School	Away	Won.

The following have represented the School:--*Rainbird, *Sadler, *Bostock, Hope, Craighead, Doody, Nicholas, Cooper E., CooperA., Wheeler, Price, Williams, Maden, Steele.

*Denotes this season's Colours.

C.H.B.,

H.B.

School Sports, 1941.

This year conditions made it impossible to conduct our Sports as usual. Preliminary heats were extended over a period of a month and many finals were decided before May 28th, when an afternoon was set aside to complete the events. One the whole this year's standards were poor, since the boys did not avail themselves of their opportunities to practise.

The Girls' Championships were in large measure decided on the results of the Gymnastic and Tennis Competitions.

It is gratifying to record that on "Sports Day" we had the assistance of several of the Oldershaw masters in judging. We tender them our best thanks.

Once more we are indebted to Mr. Pelper for his excellent organising of the programme.

Results.

Boys' 100 yards (senior).--1, Cooper; 2, Rudnai; 3, Nicholas. Time. 12 2/5 secs.

Boys' 100 yards (sub-senior).--1, Peters; 2, Riley; 3, Boyer ad Peake (tied). Time. 13 secs.

Boys' 100 yards (junior).--1, Silversides; 2, Hambridge; 3, Lawley.

Boys' 100 yards (sub-junior).--1, Edge; 2, Northmore; 3, Keeley. Time, 15 1/5 secs.

Girls' 100 Yards (senior).--1, M. Booth; 2, S. Simon; 3, B. North. Time, 14 secs.

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Girls' 100 Yards (sub-senior).--1, B. Hinde; 2, T. Done; 3, E. Adams. Time, 13 $\frac{3}{5}$ secs.

Girls' 100 Yards (junior).--1, C. King; 2, M. Preston; 3, G. Haslam. Time, 15 secs.

Girls' 100 Yards (sub junior).--1, P. Robinson; 2, P. Hollinshead; 3, P. Walker. Time, 14 $\frac{3}{5}$ secs.

Boys' 440 Yards (senior).--1, Wilson; 2, Stanton; 3, Cooke. Time, 65 secs.

Boys' Hurdles (sub-senior).--1, Shaw; 2, Riley. Time, 18 $\frac{4}{5}$ secs.

Boys' Hurdles (senior).--1, Shaw; 2, Riley. Time, 18 $\frac{4}{5}$ secs.

Boys' Hurdles Relay.--1, Thrush; 2, Hodgkin. Time, 1 min. 59 $\frac{3}{5}$ secs.

Girls' Senior Relay Race.--1, Wilbraham; 2, Thrush. Time, 1 min. 39 $\frac{2}{5}$ secs.

Girls' Junior Relay Race.--1, Hodgkin; 2, Thrush. Time, 1 min. 39 $\frac{2}{5}$ secs.

Boys' Long Jump (senior).--1, Price; 2, Stanton and Cook (tied). 16ft. 1in. Girls' Multi Relay Race.--1, Wilbraham; 2, Hodgkin.

Boys' Multi Relay Race.--1, Thrush; 2, Hodgkin.

Boys' 220 Yards (junior).--1, Silversides; 2, Lloyd; 3, Lawley. Time, 30 $\frac{2}{5}$ secs.

Boys' 220 Yards (senior).--1, Rudnai; 2, Allwood; 3, Wilson. Time, 28 $\frac{1}{5}$ secs.

Throwing the Ball (Girls).--1, J. Parr; 2, S. Jones; 3, J. Adams.

Boys' Junior Relay Race.--1, Thrush; 2, Hodgkin. Time, 1 min. 35 $\frac{3}{5}$ secs.

Boys' Mile (senior).--1, Rainbird; 2 Cook; 3, Boyer. Time, 5 min. 30 $\frac{3}{5}$ secs.

Boys' 880 Yards (junior).--1, Entwistle; 2, Silversides; 3, Lloyd. Time, 2 mins. 48 $\frac{1}{5}$ secs.

Boys' Long Jump (junior).--1, Heler; 2, Hambridge; 3, Owen. 14ft. 2in.

Boys' High Jump (senior).--1, Doody; 2, Price; 3, Sadler. 4ft. 8in.

Boys' High Jump (junior).--1, Entwistle; 2, McHale; 3, Lloyd. 4ft. 5in.

Tug of-War.--1, Thrush; 2, Hodgkin.

Champion House: Thrush.

Runner-up: Wilbraham.

Individual Champions:--

Senior Boy: Rainbird; Runner-up, Sadler.

Senior Girl: S. Simon; Runner-up, J. Adams.

Junior Boy: Entwistle; Runner-up, Lloyd.

Junior Girl: M. Storey; Runner-up, P. Robinson.

Swimming Sports, 1941.

As usual, this year's Swimming Sports provided one of the most interesting and delightful of our summer activities. The fact that so many records were broken is evidence of the constant practice which our pupils enjoyed, and the number of standards obtained was very satisfactory.

Our best thanks are due to Miss Toale and Mr. Bailey, who organised this season's Sports, and to the officials at the Baths for their customary kindness and courtesy.

Results:--

Girls' Beginners' Race (Width)--1, P. Bailey; 2, P. Whittle; 3, M. Kerr. Time, 19 secs. (record).

Boys' Beginners' Race (Width)--1, Northmore; 2, Heler; 3, Moulton. Time, 15 4/5 secs.

Girls' Beginners' Race (Length)--1, A. Morrison; 2, D. Chalkley; 3, P. Hollinshead. Time, 35 3/5 secs.

Boys' Beginners' Race (Length)--1, Bate; 2, Keeley; 3, Gidman. Time, 33 1/5 secs.

Girls' Senior One Length, Breast Stroke.--1, E. Adams; 2, M. Proston; 3, P. Robinson. Time, 29 2/5 secs.

Boys' Senior One Length, Free Style.--1, Hughes; 2, Cooper; 3, Catley. Time, 19 secs.

Girls' Senior One Length, Back Stroke.--1, J. Rosenthal; 2, S. Simon. 3, L. Jackson. Time, 28 3/5 secs. (record).

Boys' Senior One Length, Breast Stroke.--1, Shaw; 2, Dutton; 3, Jones. Time, 25 4/5 secs.

Girls' Junior One Length, Back Stroke.--1, M. Storey; 2, J. Billington; 3, M. Preston. 31 4/5 secs.

Boys' Junior One Length, Back Stroke.--1, McHale; 2, Anderson; 3, Boyer. Time, 30 3/5 secs.

Girls' Senior One Length, Breast Stroke.--1, J. Adams; 2, L. Jackson; 3, R. Parker. Time, 28 2/5 secs.

Boys' Senior One Length, Back Stroke.--1, Hughes; 2, Westwell; 3, Rudnai. Time, 25 secs. (record).

Girls' Junior Diving.--1, E. Adams; 2, P. Ogden; 3, M. Preston.

Boys' Junior Diving.--1, McHale and Smith (tied); 3, Maden.

Girls' Senior Diving.--1, Hughes; 2, J. Rosenthal; 3, D. Hannon.

Boys' Senior Diving.--1, Hughes; 2, Williams and Catley (tied).

Girls' Junior One Length, Free Style.--1, E. Adams; 2, P. Ogden; 3, M. Storey. Time, 24 1/5 secs.

Boys' Junior One Length, Free Style.--1, McHale; 2, Arnfield; 3, Maden. Time, 23 secs.

Boys' Junior One Length, Breast Stroke.--1, Boyer; 2, Smith; 3, Anderson. Time, 33 3/5 secs.

Girls' Senior One Length, Free Style.--1, J. Adams; 2, J. Rosenthal; 3, M. Haighton. 20 2/5 secs. (record).

Boys' Senior Two Lengths, Free Style.--1, Hughes; 2, Cooper; 3, Westwell; Time, 44 4/5 secs. (record).

Girls' Junior House Relay Race.--1, Wilbraham; 2, Thrush. Time, 52 1/5 secs. (record).

Boys' Junior House Relay Race.--1, Hodgkin; 2, Thrush. Time, 61 4/5 secs.

Girls' Senior House Relay Race.--1, Wilbraham; 2, Thrush. Time, 1 min. 50 secs. (record).

Boys' Senior House Relay Race.--1, Hodgkin; 2, Thrush. Time, 1 min. 36 4/5 secs.

Champion House: Thrush.

Runner-up: Wilbraham.

Individual Champions:--

Senior—Boy: Hughes R.; Runner-up, Cooper A.

Girl: J. Adams; Runner up, J. Rosenthal.

Junior—Boy: McHale H.; Runner-up, Smith and Boyer (tied).

Girl: E. Adams; Runner-up, M. Storey and P. Ogden (tied).

Examination Successes.

The following pupils were successful in the recent Examinations of the Northern Universities Joint Matriculation Board:--

Higher School Certificate.

O. Booth (e), A. Elks, D. Hannn (e, h), R. Stanley (E, h).

Higher School Certificate—Subsidiary Subjects.

Miss J., Wilson J., M. Ellson.

School Certificate.

Form Vua.--Boys—Craighead J., Griffiths G. (e, m), Hope K., Nicholas R. (e, g), Price F., Rudnai A. (e, k), Westwell F. (w), Wheeler E.

Girls—I. Bebb, S. Edwards (e, l, f), B. Ferns (a, l), V. Gaudern, B. Gowdridge (e, g, m,), M. Jones (e), B. Mather, U. McHale (f), M. Nicklin, J. Parr, S. Robinson (e), J. Rosenthal (g), B. Steele, H. Wright.

Form Vub.--Boys—Cooper E. (g), Jackson J., Maden G., Milliner J., Sadler J.

Girls—J. Adams, M. Maybury, B. Upton.

Capital letter denotes Distinction in H.S.C.; small letters denote "Good" in H.S.C., 'A' credits in S.C.

a--Art, e—English language, 1—English Literature, f—French, g—Geography, h—History, k—German, m—Mathematics, s—General Science II., w—Handicraft.

School Societies and Clubs.

The Literary and Debating Society.

As lighting restrictions somewhat limited the activities of the Society during the Spring Term, two meetings were held early in the summer, a time when the Society is usually in abeyance.

The evacuation of Oldershaw Grammar School from Wallasey to Nantwich has brought into our midst Mr. Ford, a producer of exceptional ability, far famed in the dramatic circles of Merseyside, and the Literary Society wasted no time in availing itself of a unique opportunity of learning something of the mysteries of public production. Upon being approached, Mr. Ford readily consented to speak to us, so our first meeting

Took the form of a lecture on "The production of a Play." As Mr. Ford excels as a lecturer, his talk proved so popular that his audience begged for a further instalment, so, for a second time Mr. Ford gave of his time to enthral us by his talk on the drama—The Art of Production, which he illustrated by a fine reading of Synge's "The Shadow of the Glen."

Like Oliver Twist, we dare to ask for "More, please" in the near future.

So far this term, in addition to a short business meeting, two lantern lectures have been held under the auspices of the Society, and to these all members of the upper forms were invited. The first was of special topical interest, since we were given an insight into the cities of Russia and the life of its people by Mr. Thorp, another of our talented visitors from Wallasey, who, some few years ago, travelled some hundreds of miles in that country which at the present moment is the subject of so much of our thought. Mr. Thorp's explanatory comments made the lecture doubly interesting.

From Russia we crossed to the New World, when, the following week, one of our most distinguished Old Boys, Dr. Ellerton, brought us slides which he has made as a permanent record of a long vacation spent in America, chiefly in the Western States, and thanks to his most illustrative remarks, we now feel we know something of yet another region of the world.

We most sincerely thank all those who have given so liberally and willingly of their time for our enlightenment.

The usual meetings of the Society are now about to begin and we shall welcome as new members all those ready to explore 'pastures new' of literature and drama, or to prove their powers of oratory by taking part in a debate!

F.A.G

Music Notes.

The Music Competition. I.

The annual Music Competition was held just before the Whitsuntide holiday. The standard of the music and singing was again very high, and all the Houses pulled together at the last few practices. This was largely due to the keen interest of the House mistresses, who took it upon themselves to see that none of the members from their House was allowed to escape the practices.

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The solo items were also of a very good standard, especially that of Mary Ellson, who gave a beautiful rendering of "Ave Maria." The competition was judged by Miss Knowelden, Mr. Pelper and Mr. Darke, and we thank them for the way in which they performed that very difficult task.

Wilbraham House is to be congratulated on winning once again the competition, and I hope they will continue to be so successful for a long while yet.

The whole afternoon was a very pleasant one, and was enjoyed by all.

M. Preston.

House Music Competition. II.

To Marjorie's account of the competition I should like to add that the work was largely self-trained, and praise must go to the conductors and accompanists for their willing service. There was scope for individual choice this year, each House preparing a song in addition to those set, and sending in a soloist. Apart from one courageous violinist, all solos were vocal.

The final marks were very close, the Wilbraham choir gaining by their size, which gave them a confident tone, and by certain refinements of diction and expression which the other choirs stolidly denied their conductors. This year too the girls did not have the same haunting fear that masculine deficiencies would overthrow all their hopes of success. Anderson, particularly, is to be commended for his quiet rendering of "O for the Wings of a Dove."

Keep it up, boys!

I heartily endorse Marjorie's opinion that it was an enjoyable afternoon, though man a harassed performer would disagree.

By the time of the next competition Houses will have lost several enthusiastic leaders, but we rely on them to find others, so that our music making in 1942 is even better than ever.

M.C.K.

Music Recital, October 2nd.

It is a great thing for a man to derive such inspiration from his native land, and at the same time to possess such musical genius, that he can transform the airs of the people into works of universal appeal, champions of their country of origin. A century ago, when Poland was politically

Unfortunate as she is to-day, Chopin was enriching the world with music which then, as now, brought the cause of Poland before the minds of her many exiles and sympathisers.

This was part of Chopin's greatness, and on October 2nd, Madame de Seyfried visited us as his interpreter. She fired our imagination by displaying a flag which had been carried into battle by her husband's family in Poland. She described the mazurka, and the polonaise as they are really danced, and pointed out the many beauties of the Nocturne, Ballade, Etudes, Preludes and Waltzes which she played for us. We were given an impression of Chopin the patriot, poet, man of moods, now boisterous, now wistful, but above all, the artist, instilling beauty into whatever he wrote.

Madame de Seyfried knew how to hold the attention of her audience, composed of members of the School from the Removes up, and several visitors whom we were glad to welcome. Votes of thanks after the recital expressed our gratitude to Madame de Seyfried, and to Mr. Sims-Hilditch, through whom her visit was arranged. As her services were generously given, a sum of money can be sent to Dr. Barnardo's Homes.

M.C.K.

The caravan.

Very few letters have been received from abroad during recent months and correspondence is practically at a standstill.

E.R.C.J.

Book crafts club.

All activities of the Club were suspended between the Whitsun holiday and the middle of September, but now regularly fortnightly meetings have been resumed and a number of map cases from the Geography Room are being repaired.

E.R.C.J.

Guide notes.

After a Guide Hike to celebrate our last meeting with Mrs. Harlock, who has kept Guides going through difficult times, when the war—and particularly the black-out—have hindered our activities, the Guides have returned in good spirits to continue their Guiding under the efficient leadership

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Of Miss Moss. Although, for the second year in succession, many missed their Summer District Camp, the Guides are keen and attend the Monday evening meetings regularly.

We have been pleased to see two new recruits at our meetings and would of course like to welcome any others who would care to join.

Finally we wish to take this opportunity of thanking Mrs. Harlock for all she has done for us and of welcoming Miss Moss as she comes to take her place.

B.G.

Red Cross Society.

The Junior Branch of the Red Cross Society has benefited this term through the House Fruit Collection. Thrush collected 409 lbs. Of fruit (apples, crabs, blackberries, elderberries and rose hips), Hodgkin collected 327 lbs. And Wilbraham 276 lbs. For each pound of fruit one penny was given to the Red Cross Fund, £43s. 8d. Altogether.

At the end of the last term the entrance fees for the Needlework Competition brought £1 to the fund. In one section of the competition a prize was offered for the garments for children, these garments to be given to the Red Cross Society. This section would have been more popular but for the introduction of clothes rationing. Under the circumstances we had a gratifying number of garments to send to the Women's Voluntary Services depot in Manchester.

M. U.

First Aid Club.

This term the group began some sixteen strong. It is gratifying that we have a nucleus of "old members" who are most useful demonstrators and who can give the novices so much help. This term we hope to complete the ordinary First Aid Syllabus and we always have the promise of visits from Section Leaders of the local branch of the R.C.S.

R.G.

National Savings Group.

During the Summer Term £245 was saved; this total included £141 subscribed during the War Weapons Week. This was a big increase on the previous term. This term the average savings are well over £10 a week, but this amount could be increased if all members contributed regularly.

F.C.P.

Air Training Corps.

The School A.T.C. has been merged into the newly formed Nantwich and District A.T.C., which has a roll of over seventy instructors and Cadets. The School Corps gains by inclusion in the larger body, while the town will have the advantage of using some of the facilities we possess at school. Weekly parades have been commenced and the programme is to be rapidly extended. Our main difficulty at present is with Cadets who learn Morse too slowly or too rapidly, and mathematics will probably produce a similar crop of difficulties. However, difficulties were made to be overcome, so here's success to the Nantwich A.T.C.

C.H.B.

Bird Notes.

The bird notes written last April concluded with a welcome to those early arrivals among summer visitors to our countryside, the Chiffchaff and the Willow Warbler. As if to thank us for our courtesy, these two little birds have done us the honour of paying more than usual attention to the School grounds this summer.

The Chiffchaff is usually to be found only among tallish trees which are clustered together so as to form some kind of copse or wood. Therefore, although the Chiffchaff may be heard at Reaseheath, at the Brine Baths Hotel, or in Dorfold Park, where such copses are to be found, we can scarcely expect to hear, among the comparatively small and scattered trees on our grounds, the easily-recognisable and oft-repeated two notes which form the song of this little bird and from which he gets his name. Accordingly it was with equal surprise and pleasure that I heard these two notes on July 13th this year among the apple trees of our neighbour, Mr. Blud; and with still more pleasure did I hear the song and behold the singer several times during August at various points around the School buildings, where our trees had proved attractive to this little leaf-warbler; but my pleasure was greatest of all when, on August 15th, quite early in the morning, I heard a Chiffchaff singing within the restricted area of my own garden, where he was to be seen flitting among the branches of a yew and a silver birch. On the School grounds I heard his notes as late as September 23rd, and a Chiffchaff is not likely to linger in Cheshire very long after that date, when many of them have already left the country. I have never until this year heard a Chiffchaff singing on the School grounds, and I can only suppose that the trees

About our buildings and on our grounds are now sufficiently well-grown to afford food and shelter for a Chiffchaff when he has completed his parental duties in some neighbouring copse and is free to wander to fresh woods and pastures new.

As for the Willow Warbler, we expect to hear his charming song at various points about the School grounds throughout the spring and early summer, but we have not hitherto expected a pair of these little birds to build a nest on our grounds. Great therefore was my delight when at mid-day on June 12th a deputation of girls arrived at my door to inform me that in running a tennis racquet along the channel at the back of the tennis court (where the wire-netting is set up in front of the hedge) they had disturbed a little bird and had then noticed that the little bird had come from a little nest under the edge of the grass and that there were baby birds in the nest. It was fairly clear from their description that the nest must be a Willow Warbler's nest, and so it proved to be. The nestlings were very young, with just little down on their heads, and were certainly not more than a day or two old. If we could only protect the nest, the young birds were due to fly about June 24th. The nest was in a pretty awkward position, and the girls are to be warmly congratulated on their care and forbearance, which enabled this family of beautiful creatures to be successfully reared and to leave the nest punctually on June 24th. At 12.45 p.m. on that day they were still in the nest, but looking nearly ready for flight, and while we were at dinner they all took their departure, for at 2.0 p.m. the nest was empty and no bird near. It was perhaps disappointing to see nothing of their departure, but a source of great gratification to have enabled them to be hatched and fledged without accident. I came across the family party in the vicinity several times during the next two weeks.

The forbearance which was exercised in letting a pair of Spotted Flycatchers rear a family last year on top of the vent of the fume cupboard on the front wall of the School led this year to an identical experiment which was equally successful; and our reward was to see the family airing itself during the sunny evenings at the end of July on the cross-bar of the rose-arch in front of the School. On those same evenings another family of Flycatchers was similarly occupied on the tennis-nets behind the School.

J.L.

The Stars.

[It is now a year ago since we were privileged to hear the following excellent lecture of M. Sizaire. It was a talk which many of us will always remember and we are glad to be able to make of it a permanent record. We warmly thank Mr. McGraw for his fine illustrations of the text.--Ed.]

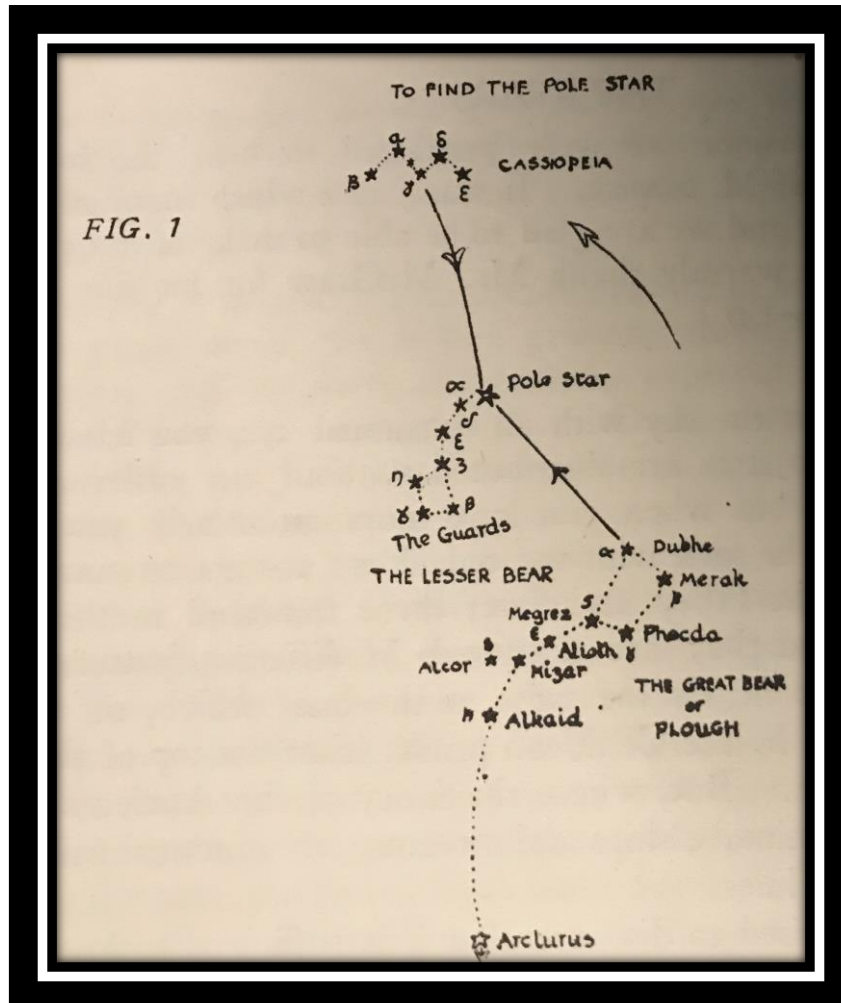
Girls and Boys,

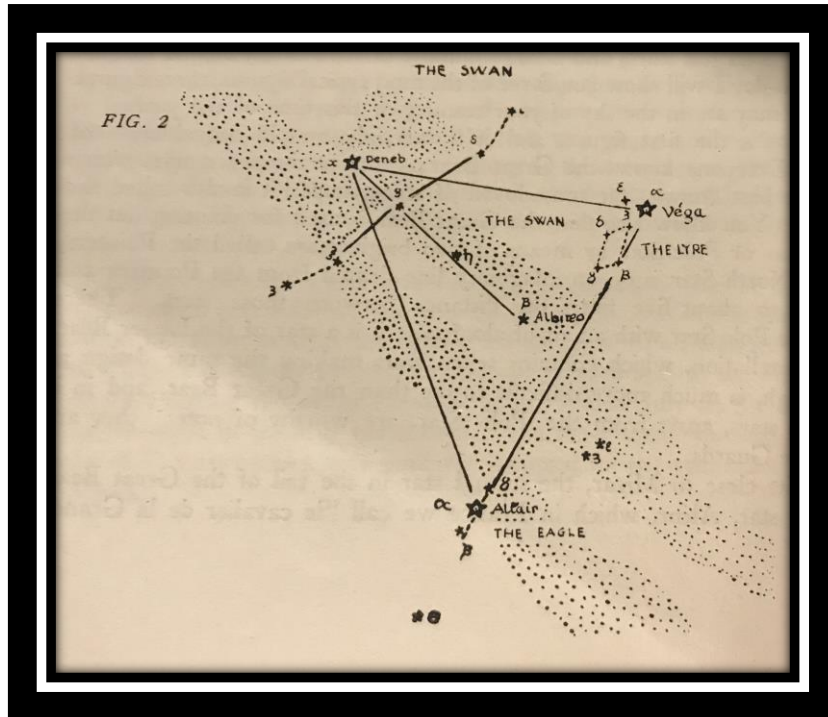
When you look at the sky with an untrained eye, you have at first the impression that the stars are distributed without any order and that they are innumerable; but when you look more attentively you can see that the stars that may be seen with the naked eye are not as numerous as you might have thought (they are about three thousand in the part of the sky we can see) and they are scattered in different patterns called constellations which are nearly the same as the ones which, six thousand years ago,, could be seen by the Chaldean priests from the top of the Hanging Gardens of Babylon. But, where the fancy of the Ancients saw pictures of Gods, heroes, animals, ships and streams, our practical mind draws geometrical figures and lines.

Now we are surprised to discover that it is sufficient to know only a very few figures to be able to find all the stars of the first magnitude (as we call the largest stars) and a large number of stars of the second magnitude. To-day I will show you three of the most typical figures, three figures that you may see in the sky of your country at this time of the year.

Here is the first figure, and it is certainly an old acquaintance of yours. Everyone knows the Great Bear; in it are the seven stars which form the best known, the most loved of star-groups; it is also called the Plough. You know also that the Great Bear is used for pointing out the North Star or Pole Star by means of two bright stars called the Pointers, and the North Star is on an imaginary line drawn from the Pointers and extended to about five times the distance between those stars. There stands the Pole Star with an air of aloofness; it is a star of the Lesser Bear. This constellation, which contains seven stars making the same design as the Plough, is much more difficult to see than the Great Bear, and in it only two stars, apart from the Pole Star, are worthy of note: they are called the Guards.

Quite close to Mizar, the second star in the tail of the Great Bear, is a little star, Alcor, which in France we call "le cavalier de la Grande





Course," "the horseman of the Great Bear," and near a near a star of the Lesser Bear is another little star; and, boys, if your eyes are sharp enough to see these two stars, you will make good sailors. If you continue the curve made by the tail of the Great Bear, you reach Arcturus, a lovely orange star, which gives soft beams of golden light.

There is also another way of finding the Pole Star: it is by Cassiopeia, the typical constellation which looks sometimes like an M, sometimes like a W, according to the hour of the night when you observe it. The second down-stroke of Cassiopeia includes a little star, and if you extend the curve made by these three stars, you arrive at the Pole Star. In England, where the Plough, as well as Cassiopeia, are constellations which never set, this second way to the Pole Star is not very useful, but when sailing in tropical countries it is necessary to know them both, because when one of the constellations is visible the other is set.

That is sufficient for the first figure, but do remember that all the sky movement is made around the Pole Star, from right to left, anticlockwise.

Now, let us consider a second figure, that at this time of the year you can see in the evening in the western part of the sky. Across the Milky Way, in the part where it is divided into two streams, stands the Cross of the Swan, which is very easily recognised: four stars placed vertically, and three stars placed horizontally. The chief star is Deneb, at the head of the Cross. On the right hand, is the Lyre: Vega is its brightest star—a blue one, and near it a group of smaller stars almost in a straight line. On the left hand, Altair, of the Eagle, is in the middle of three stars almost in a straight line. The triangle formed by Deneb, Vega and Altair is a right-angled triangle with the right angle at Vega. Now have a look at the sky one of these days about seven o'clock in the morning, if the sky is not cloudy, and you will see in the south-west a marvellous row of stars that I call in French "le grand defile": that means "the great procession." First come the Pleiades, the seven sad sisters who killed themselves in despair and have now met together in the sky in a beautiful cluster. The brightest of them is Alcyone, who,

The Nantonian.

strange to say, was the darkest when living. They are followed in the row by their half sisters, the Hyades, who make the letter A, and the brightest of whom is the red star Aldebaran.

Next comes Orion, the big Beotian Giant whom Diana considered the most powerful Hunter. His Belt is on the line; it is composed of

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Three little stars, very near each other, exactly of the same magnitude, exactly at the same distance from one another and in a perfectly straight line. In France they are called "les Mages," which means "the three wise men of the East." Four bright stars form around the belt an almost rectangular frame, of which the angles are Betelgeuse, Bellatrix, Rigel and Aljunina. Inside this frame is also the Sword which seems made of three little stars when looked at with the naked eye, but if you look with field-glasses you see that the middle star is not really a star, but a bright luminous mass called a Nebula-- "the great nebula of Orion." and if you are lucky enough to look at it through a telescope, you can see that the nebula has the shape of a horses head., or a knight in a set of chessmen.

This whole constellation is very beautiful, but the best is still to come: to end this great procession, on the line which connects the Pleiades, Aldebaran and the Belt, is also Sirius, the marvellous blue-white star, the brightest one in the sky.⁷

Now Aldebaran, Rigel, Sirius and Betelgeuse make a regular parallelogram. Two of them are red, Betelgeuse and Aldebaran; two are blue, Sirius and Rigel. |To help your memory, you can remember that Aldebaran is at one end of an A, its initial letter (A—Aldebaran) and that Rigel is on the right hand (Rigel—right), and in colour that Rigel is blue, R—B, while Betelgeuse is red, B—R. For Sirius, there is no need to help your memory: it is such a beautiful star that once you have seen it, you will never forget it.

Then, from Sirius and from Betelgeuse, we find Procyon, a fine white star at the vertex of a perfect equilateral triangle that will please your geometry teacher. Besides, you know that in the same constellation the different stars are called by Greek letters, alpha, beta, etc.; so Betelgeuse is alpha of Orion, Siris is alpha of the Great Dog, Procyon is alpha of the Little Dog; so that your Greek teacher will be pleased too, for this triangle of the three alphas. And a third teacher will also be pleased,--your geography teacher, for this triangle is a desert, a celestial Sahara; there are no stars in it.

Not very far from Procyon, almost at the same distance as Betelgeuse, are Castor and Pollux, the Twins, "so famed for love" as Cowley says. They are the two bright stars in the sky which are the nearest ot ech other. A little higher in the sky shines the bright constellation of the Charioteer, tat astronomers call Auriga. In it, Capella--"the little

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Goat"—is a fine golden star, easily recognised, thanks to the neighbourhood of three little stars (the Kids), in the shape of a little isosceles triangle, the vertex of which is very acute.

Now, many people are able to recognise the Twins together, but very few of them can say which is Castor, and which is Pollux. So, remember that Castor is on the side of Capella: C—C; Pollux is on the side of Procyon: P—P Besides, their colours are different: Castor is blue and Pollux is yellow.

All the stars of this figure are certainly the finest collection of stars in the whole sky, and this year, when you look at it, you have also the good luck to see two beautiful planets very near each other, Jupiter and Saturn; while in another part of the sky (in the south-east) in the morning shines a third planet, Venus, the brightest of all.

I have no time to say any more about the stars, but by these figures I intended to show you how, by means of a little memory and a little thought, it is possible to find the chief stars. Rules of this sort are very quickly learnt. I proved this by an experiment last year, when I was on board a battleship. I noticed that the midshipmen who had just passed out from the Naval College could not identify the stars; so, during the long night watches I taught them the rules I have told you. Results came very fast, and after two months the middies were able to find their way in the sky as well as on the sea. I do not know if many of you boys intend to go into the Navy. For you, the study of the sky will be useful; for the others, and for you girls also, it would be at least a pleasant pastime. Stars make shepherds, poets and sailors happy; but they shine for everybody. For everybody they are the thousand eyes of the night.

November 9th, 1940.

Pierre Sizaire.

Per Ardua Ad Astra.

Scene: Any home, about 6 o'clock in the evening.

Father: Done your homework, George?

Mother: Don't worry the poor boy, he's been working hard all day.

Elder Brother: Oh, yeah!

Mother: He didn't eat much tea. I think he's overdoing it.

George: I've got a bit of a headache.

Mother: You can go out and pick me some blackberries and I'll send a note to school in the morning.

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George: I think I'd better do my homework, mother.

Father: Of course he had! What have you got?

George: French.

Father: I can give you a hand with that. Let's see it. (He looks). What's all this?

George: It's phonetics. It's to teach us to pronounce properly.

Father (scornfully): I got on all right in France without all that nonsense.

Elder Brother (looking over George's shoulder): I don't believe it's French at all. It's a code! Our George is a Fifth Columnist! (George punches his nose, and a fight takes place under the table).

Mother: If you don't stop that at once you'll both go to bed.

George: But I've got to do my homework!

Father: Got any maths?

George: Yes, dad. (Showing hi.)

Father: Output of munitions—8,000 shells a minute—50 men—overtime. This is all right. (He rapidly covers a sheet of paper.) Here you are!

George: But that isn't the way we do problems at school, dad.

Father (offended): All right, do it for yourself!

Mother (tactfully): What about going to the pictures to-night, George?

Elder Brother: That'll do his headache good.

Father: Of course he can't go, with all his homework to do.

Elder Brother: It's six o'clock, dad.

Father: So it is. Turn on the wireless, George.

George (doing so): But I've got to do my

The next morning. The class room.

French Mistress: This is very bad work. Did you do it in a quiet room, so that you could concentrate?

George: Yes, miss.

W.T.

Pulex Irritans.

"There he goes, there he goes, there he goes, bang! He's gone." The scene was a dimly lit hall somewhere in Nantwich. (That, of course, is to mislead the enemy.) For the past five minutes dozens of pairs of anxious eyes had swept heavenwards as they watched a tiny speck floating about in the sub-stratosphere. It was Oswald. You may well ask "Who

Is Oswald?" You'd believe it, but our daring aviator, Oswald, was—a flea! Yes, a flea of pedigree red-backed extraction. The eyes that I told you about searched the air diligently, then they began to describe circles and somersaults as they watched him. There was a tinge of anxiety present, which became more apparent as Oswald descended in the dazzling ray of light. Soe of the watchers began to move uneasily in their chairs. One of them, I'm almost certain that it was a spheroid of humanity named Pierre, said gruffly, "Let me get out of this."

Their anxiety grew, as with a click the spot light went off. For a moment there was complete darkness and a voice was heard exclaiming, "He's bit me." A second later we heard the same voice telling a friend what he thought of people who propelled pins into a person's body.

The lights went up and we were entertained by two performers who were supposed to be in an air raid shelter. The act was good, but confusion and uneasiness still reigned at the back of the hall.

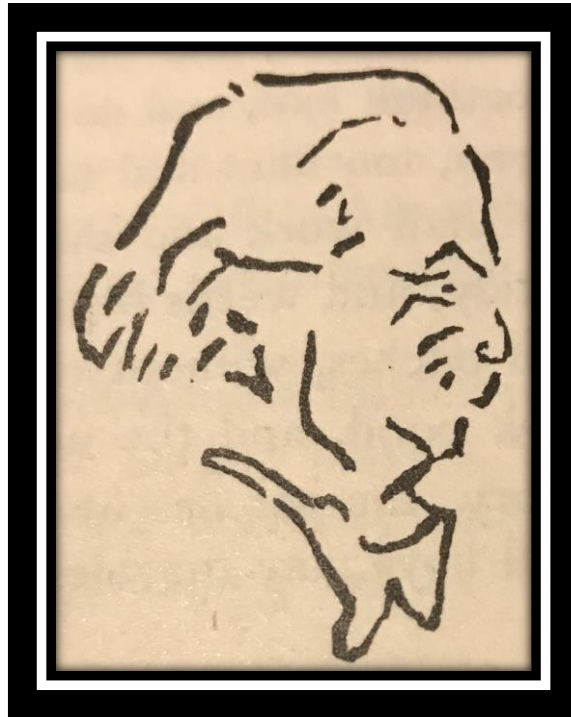
"You've still got 'im," complained the author of our misfortune, a long and lanky man, who had said he would show us a performance unequalled in England. How we longed for some rotten eggs! But eggs are rationed, although I think some of the audience would have willingly sacrificed a month's rations to know that the "high society insect" was safe in a match box.

Eventually our fears were ended, for the lanky man came on and announced "I've got 'im!" Personally I'm not so sure. I've noticed a lot of furtive scratching going on since the Market Theatre came to School.

R. Doody, Form VI.

Some reactions in Form Vua to the recent Innovation of Gardening in Games Periods.

Come hither, lads, and hearken, there's a woeful tale to tell,
Of the afternoon before you, when things aren't looking well.
And the tale shall be told of a garden, a garden of endless work,
And of boys who call that work loathsome, and on games days the same shall they shirk.
Here more than one in a thousand, in the days that are yet to come,



L.G.

J. Mulliner,
Form VI.



G.B.S.

J. Mulliner.

Shall long for a good game of football, and think of the plots as a tomb.
Then a lad shall work and bethink him, and do great deeds with his hand,
And then go home in the even, too faint and too weary to stand.
Lads in that time a-coming shall work and shall have great fear,
Whenever the plots look untidy, and weeds begin to appear.
Nay, what saves the football pitches, without the gardeners' sheds,
And the corners where small boys play marbles, that make such attractive weed-beds;
And the tennis courts' verdant beauty, and the pitches we oft-times mow,
And the many and spacious flower-beds? All this we full well know.
But all this is ours and all boys' nor shall lack a share
Of the toil and loss of football, and the other burdens we bear.

It was a lovely autumn afternoon, the sun shining, the breeze gently blowing, and as I sat there dreaming, the foreign policy of James I., which a very patient member of Staff was trying to instil into my restless mind, wafted, for that afternoon, I am afraid, in at one ear and out at the other—for my mind was elsewhere. I was thinking how utterly delightful it would be playing hockey that afternoon. I longed for the bell to go, and at last it did; but what a disappointment was in store for me that I, together with other members of my House would waste a glorious afternoon gardening,—of course that was not exactly the way she expressed it,—but there it was all the same.

I disconsolately took my place among the gardeners, and was told that I was to weed the tennis court—weeding, one of the things in this world that I loathe and detest.

After weeding for a few minutes, I began to think of what the others would be doing then. They would have begun hockey and the forwards would be rushing down the field, sticks held ready—a voice remarked, “Really, I see no necessity for you to wave the fork about as you are going, you might injure someone!”

So, reluctantly, I returned to my weeding, but after a while, thinking a little exercise could be quite enjoyable, I meandered down to the

rubbish dump with the barrow. As I said before, it was a lovely afternoon, and away from the weeding my spirits rose. Perhaps gardening was not quite so bad after all;--besides boys did it and enjoyed it, and if they did, girls could do so as well. After this inspiring thought, I returned quite happily to the weeding (at intervals)and was quite sorry when told to pack up.

After putting the horticultural implements, i.e., tools away, I encountered one of the would-be hockey players, who, on my questioning her as to which side won, remarked that they had been marking the hockey pitch out all afternoon! So gardening has its compensations, after all.

When, on a non-too-frequent Wednesday afternoon, I hear the fateful words, "Members of Thrush House will garden to-day," my heart sings for joy. Not for me the misery of running up and down a field chasing a little white ball which I never seem to be able to hit. No, mine is the joy of digging up weeds on the Staff tennis court, with leisure in which to ponder the past week's occurrences. Who can stop to wonder if we shall sing a hymn with a descant on Friday, if she is playing hockey, without everyone thinking she is moonstruck, or has been hit on the head with the ball? As I uproot the plantains with my penknife, and listen to the song of the birds, the hum of the aeroplanes passing overhead, I feel that life is, after all, worth living. But horror of horror! What is this? A pale, anaemic, slender, writhing worm is dropped beside my knife. I stay my hand in terror, then flee, twisting my ankle in my frantic efforts to get away from the Thing. Ever since infancy I have not been able to bear the sight of a worm, and when my gardening companions discover my revulsion, I would rather do anything than garden. I attempt to pull myself together by thinking that the least I can do to help win the war is to overcome my loathing of the serpents, but in vain. I am forced to change my occupation to that of emptying the wheelbarrow. In doing this I receive splinters all over my hands, but they are preferable by far to worms.

Just as I am settling down to this new task, the bell goes, and I meet the hockey players.

"Oh, W-----, you ought to have been with us! We've had a gorgeous game!"

But no, I prefer even worms to hockey.



(After H. R. Millar in illustration of Kipling's "Puck of Pook's Hill.")

Sunset.

The golden sun is sinking in the west,
The shadows darken on the earth below,
And weary birds now creep into their nests,
Whilst I, as others, to my bed must go;
But first I needs must gaze with thoughtful eye
Upon the glory of the western sky.

What gorgeous colours intermingle there,
From darkest purple to the palest pink
They seem to be: to what can I compare
The tin clouds which from my view now sink?
No art of poet, sculptor, painter can
Create the beauty God has given to man.

Joyce Stubbs, Form Vu.a.

To Chopin-After listening to a recital of his works.

Thou master mind in music, to these hail!
Why works immortal gave us joy this day.
While fears and doubts our weary hearts assail,
Thy gift of peace is as the flowers in May.

And more so, since thy talents were displayed
To us y one who knows and loves thy work, Poland, be not discouraged, not dismayed,
Though tragedies within thy boundary lurk.

Though thou canst not his magic nocturnes hear
Nor play them; nor appreciate their worth
In words, they echo in thine inward ear,

Transcendent now, Chopin yet walks this earth;
In his great masterpieces still he lives,
Still speaks to thousands; hope and promise gives.

Margaret S. Wych, Form Vu.a.

Archadian Melody.

The beauteous rosebud, poised on slender stem,
Nodded in time to music wild and gay,
The music of wild things and swaying flowers,

The brook whisp'ring a melancholy tune,
The rippling grasses swaying in the breeze,
The hum of drowsy bees o work intent,
The symphony of rustling leaves: all went
To form that sweet Arcadian rhapsody
That filled the air with glorious melody.

Lorna Jackson, Form Vu.a.

Queueing.

Mrs. Brown, at the end of the long queue outside the confectioner's, is at present contemplating the ample back of Mrs. Smith, who is near the open door. Mrs. Brown's thoughts are not very charitable: after all she knows very well that Mrs. Smith has not even washed up the breakfast dishes, that she has left her house in a filthy condition, and all for the sake of a few wretched cakes. In any case a little dieting would do Mrs. Smith no harm. Mrs. Brown spent a few pleasant minutes thinking of the vast amount of material in that hideous coat. Then Mrs. Smith disappeared into the open doorway and Mrs. Brown gave a sniff of contempt.

Her gaze moved further down the queue and she gave a gasp of surprise, for there was Mrs. Jones with yet another new hat. Not that Mrs. Jones was anything to look at. Mrs. Brown had never thought much of Mrs. Jones's appearance. She knew that Mrs. Jones's much-admired blonde hair came out of a little bottle and it gave her a thrill of pleasure to note that the hair was now quite dark at the roots. "Peroxide must be rationed," thought Mrs. Brown gleefully.

Mrs. Brown grew more depressed. She seemed miles from the open door. Then her glance fell on a little figure near the front of the queue. Miss Johnson! Mrs. Brown had one of her bright ideas. She clutched her umbrella tighter and strode bold past the long queue of waiting women. "Good morning, Laura!"

Miss Johnson looked up quickly. "Good morning, Mrs. Brown," she blinked through her spectacles. "Are you in the queue?"

"Heavens, no!"

Mrs. Brown laughed loudly. The women around were eyeing her murderously. "Don't believe in queues, you know. Just passing. Have you heard about Mrs. Knowles's baby?" She lowered her voice. "Awful thing, you know. As I was saying . . ." The queue moved slowly on, carrying her with it, and as she reached the counter she gave

A little squeak of surprise. "Just fancy! Here I am in the shop! Ah well, I might as well have a few cakes now that I'm here, although I never really meant to have any this week. . . . Yes please. . . . No, not that one. . . . the large fruit cake, please. . . . Yes, that's the one. . . ."

Elaine Jolly, Form Vu.a.

Signs of Winter.

When the trees and hedgerows are bare and bleak,
And the limbs in the fields cease their plaintive bleat;
When the summer flowers disappear,
Then we know that winter is near.

When the trees and hedgerows sparkle with frost,
And the fields look empty and lonely and lost;
When snow surrounds us far and near,
Then we know that winter is here.

The warblers and swifts from far countries have flown
And show by their song they are glad to be home;
When the welcome sun breaks forth at last,
Then we know that winter is past.

Mona Willcock, Form Vu.b.

Ode to Autumn.

Oh, Autumn, with your colours gay,
Your variegated coat,
When farmers harvest corn all day,
And o'er its rich store gloat;
When squirrels start to store their nuts,
And leaves begin to fall,
While water gathers in the ruts
Beside the old farm wall.
Chrysanthemums begin to bloom
(The other flowers are dead),
And visions of the winter loom,
Though it is far ahead.
But when at last the trees are bare,
Then autumn is no longer there.

Pat Vickers, Form Vu.b.

“Too many cooks spoils the broth.”

We march down to the kitchen,
A merry little band;
We're all so very willing
To lend a helping hand.
Standing just inside the door,
Garbed in aprons white,
We start to clean to-morrow's 'spuds,'
But nothing will go right;
With tables spread all round about
With knives and forks and spoons,
We try to make them tidy
All humming different tunes;
But what was that? Did someone shout?
Bang! Such a dreadful crash,
I don't know quite what's happened,
But someone yelled out 'Dash'.
Jo turns a bucket upside down
And takes a wooden spoon,
With, "Ready, girls, now off we go,"
She beats time to a tune.
We prance about the kitchen,
Through doors, and out, and round;
But on returning to our posts,
We're very nearly drowned;
Where's June? I thought as much, she's gone,
What! Started back for school?
'Twas she who left the cold tap on,
Just look at that great pool!
Why girls, it's almost 4 o'clock,
I think we'd better pack.
If a helping hand you need again,
Mrs. Gilbey, we'll come back.

Vera Fisher, Form Vu.b.

Accounts.

Mathewss was a queer old stick, and after working with him at Renfrew's for twenty-one years I had managed to discover most of his odd whims and crazes, but the queerest of all, and the one of which everyone knew, was he simply would not take a holiday, or so we all thought, but that's where the story begins.

He had worked at Renfrew's for nearly forty years and after he became head cashier he refused to take his holidays. He was apparently quite happy at his book-keeping, and he had worked out a system of his own which no one else could use.

Two winters ago he became very ill after a dose of 'flu' (he was getting to be quite an old man by this time), but he insisted on coming to work, said we couldn't get on without him, and we couldn't either, for his 'system' tied everybody up. One morning he became so ill that 'the old man' insisted on his going home, and he was too ill to refuse.

He was away for three days, and then we had the auditors in. Everything went along nicely until they had to use Mathew's accounts, and then the trouble started.

In the end we had to spend for Mathews, but when we arrived at his home in the boss's car there was no one in. We had his housekeeper's address and when we arrived there we found that Mathews had left home two days previously.

Old J.B. Neal went crazy with wondering what had happened, but the auditors soon discovered why he had left in such a hurry. His book-keeping was certainly brilliant, and his 'system' had swindled the firm out of £35,000 in the last twenty-one years.

And that's all there is, for he's never been seen again.

E. Stanton, Form Vu.b.

A Sonnet.

I stood upon a lonely heath one night,
The hills were silhouetted in the sky,
No living thing did move, and all was quiet,
Then suddenly the moon rose up on high
In all her glorious majesty, her beams
Chased one another, as in endless race
To reach the hills far distant, and the streams
Became thin silvery threads on earth's dark face.
Then slowly, oh so slowly did she move,
So gently, with such proud yet languid grace
Across the sky, as if she wished to prove
Herself the Queen there, in that lonely place.
I watched her, overawed, until at last
She sank behind the hills and night was past.

Patricia Ogden, Form VI.a.

Dyeing.

Many people are not aware of the beautiful, rich dyes which can be obtained from the common wild flowers and weeds which grow in the fields and hedgerows of the countryside.

Privet leaves, birch leaves, and most yellow flowers will give a yellow dye; berries such as black berries and elderberries, damson fruits, or dandelion roots will give a purplish dye; the bark of birch, the roots of ladies' bedstraw and yellow lichens off rocks produce a red dye, and certain leaves give a green dye. Soot will produce a yellow dye.

But the process of dyeing needs both patience and plenty of room, for first, wool to be dyed needs to be boiled in a solution of water and alum, copperas or bichromate of potash, and then hung up to dry for two or three days. Then it is put in the dye-bath. It is boiled with the leaves, berries, bark or roots for about half an hour to an hour, after which it is thoroughly rinsed to wash out unabsorbed dye. The wool is then hung up to dry, preferably in the fresh air, and if the dyeing has been successful, the colour should be "even," rich and clear.

Perhaps the dyestuffs imported from foreign countries give a more interesting variety of colour. Cochineal prepared from the dried body of an insect gives a purplish red colour; Kutch prepared from the wood of certain acacia trees gives a purplish blue dye.

Up to the present time I have had most success with yellow and brown and purple dyes, for I have not yet obtained good green or blue.

Nancy Lloyd, Form VI.a.

My Budgerigar.

A budgerigar is my bird Joe,
A classy fellow full of show.
His breast is brilliant peacock blue,
His wings and tail of deeper hue.
We took him early from the nest,
For talking this is always best.
I now have had him just a year,
His words are really very clear.
Open wide his cage's door,
He'll fly around you to explore.

The Nantonian.

As the camera sees it.



220 Yards—Junior.



"Under 15's" Cricket Match.



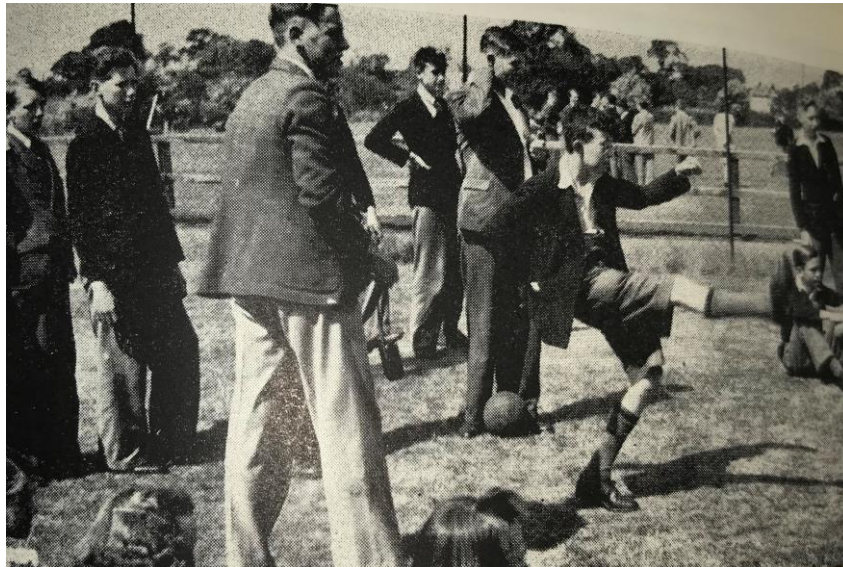
440 Yards—Senior.

Inter-School Sports, 1941: Nantwich compete with Oldershaw.

The Nantonian.



Wilbraham receives the "Final Tip".



Joint Garden Party—Nantwich and Oldershaw.

The Nantonian.



Faint or Feint?

(Photo by T. Green).



"Lady's Precious Steam" in rehearsal.



The Nantonian.

A Peep at School in Vacation, August, 1940.



Natural History Museum.



The New Wing, Christmas, 1940.



Autumn, 1941—Practice for the coming season.



The Women's Land Army!

Photographs by C.H.B.

He hates to go back to his cage,
And gets into a tearing rage.
Then with his beak he shakes his bell,
But what he says we cannot tell.

I. Pidduck, Form VI.b.

Home, Sweet Home.

After riding through a howling wind and pouring rain I eventually arrive home, soaked and bedraggled. As I open the door and walk in, a voice greets me, "Are you wet?" Scorning reply, I stagger upstairs for a change of clothing.

After tea, I attempt to sneak off for a short read in the next room, but my efforts are perceived and instead I go out to chop some wood and bring in the coal for the night. While recovering from this terrific exertion, I am reminded that the black-out needs fixing.

After listening to the news at 6 p.m., I relapse into a state of semiconsciousness, from which I am awakened with the horrible thought that I have some French homework to do. After fruitless efforts at French Translation, I turn on the wireless, but at this moment Mother and Dad enter the room and upon seeing me seated by the fire, they ask the familiar question, "Haven't you any homework to-night?" But at this moment there is a knock at the front door. "go and answer the door, C-----, it will be Mrs. Riley from next door."

The Nantonian.

I escort into the room a Fine Old Lady carrying on high her knitting bag, her rations of tea, butter and milk. Above the clicking of the numerous knitting needles, the conversation goes:--

“Do you know Mrs. Genochi from next door? Well, her neighbour’s sister said that the ‘Jerries’ are deliberately bombing the churches, so that when they invade, they won’t be able to ring the bells.”

“Hush! What’s that? There’s the warning.”

“I thought they’d come to-night because my corn’s aching”

“Ssh, there goes a plane, it’s a ‘Jerry’ all right.”

I am rudely startled from my work by a series of shattering explosions, to be duly informed that the guns are firing.

“Had we better go under the stairs?”

Any doubts we may have had soon vanish with another volley. We

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All make for the door, and we all settle down. “Oh, go and fetch me the cushion, will you?” says a voice in my ear.

We all endeavour to fit ourselves in, with knees under chin, and feet half way up the wall. We suddenly realise that it is cold.

“Get up and fetch the radiator will you, and while you’re upstairs fetch the tray and we’ll play cards.”

The game proceeds for about an hour. But at length I am asked to see the time. I announce that it is half-past nine, which is the signal for a cup of tea. While the operation of boiling the water is carried on, I declare my intention to go outside and set what’s going on. I go outside with a bin lid on my head and return with a vivid eye-witness account of how gun fire has driven me indoors. We cuddle up in the blanket and finally fall into a doze, but I am wakened by talking. “Are you warm?” “Take your foot out of my face.”

For about an hour peace reigns, while I listen at the lovely tunes of the sleepers whose false teeth have been removed. Then, “Go and get another candle, will you?”

But as I rise to obey I feel a sharp pain in the head, as I have forgotten I had lain with my head under the gas meter. But, at last with, several false alarms from Mrs. Riley, the ‘All clear’ does go, and eventually Mrs. Riley goes home.

The Nantonian.

With several punches in the ribs, I am reminded that it is 8 o'clock, and that I will be late for school if I don't hurry.

C. Parker, Form VI.b.

The Return of an Elizabethan Adventurer.

"Land Ho!" the look out cried, "Land Ho!"
And slowly came in view
The cliffs of home, a welcome sight
To those who kept watch night by night
Upon the sea so blue.

The trumpets blared, the drums did roll,
As near to port they drew.
Crowned with the fame of battles won,
Glory of deeds that they had done
Across the sea so blue.

Margaret Storey, Form R.A.

39

Music for the day.

7.30 a.m. Waking up: "I hear you calling me."
7.45 a.m. Breakfast: "I like a nice cup of tea in the morning."
8.30 a.m. Setting off: "Wish me luck as you wave me good-bye."
One the way to School: "Day after day I'm on my way."
8.50 a.m. Chaning shoes: "One, two button my shoe."
9.5 Assembly: "We're all together now."
9.15 a.m. Bell for lessons: "That started it."
9.15 a.m. Latin: "Ora pro nobis."
9.45 a.m./ Chemistry: "What goes up must come down."
10.25 a.m. History: "An eighteenth century drawing room."
11.5 a.m. Break: "Chew, chew, chew your bubble gum."
11.20 a.m. Biology: "Why does my heart go boom>"
Then follows an interview with the Head: "We'll meet again."
12.0. Gym. "Keep fit."
12.40 p.m. Dinner time: "Half a pound of tuppenny rice."
2.15 p.m. French: "Somewhere in France with you."
3.0 p.m. Scripture: "Angels never leave Heaven."
3.45 p.m. Geogrpahy: "The great big world keeps turning."

The Nantonian.

4.15 p.m. Home time: "pack up your troubles."

Catching the bus: "Hold tight."

5.0 p.m. Tea time: "Tea for two."

6.0 p.m. Homework: "You are my heart's delight" ad "Don't tell a soul."

8.0 p.m. Homework over: "it's a hap, hap, happy day."

9.20 p.m. Listening in : "There's Lord Haw Haw trying to win the war."

? Bed time: "Up the wooden stairs to Bedfordshire."

"Good-night children, everywhere."

E. Silversides, Form R.a.

Seasons.

The Spring with its promise,
Of new things so tender,
The season of all,
Which we like to remember.

40

The flowers in the garden,
The sun up above,
The birds in the branches,
These things I love.

The trees lose their glory,
The leaves flutter down,
Covering earth like a carpet
Patterned gold and brown.

Then the snow falling gently,
So soft, and so white,
A message to everyone,
God's world's still all right.

W. Maden, Form R.b.

"Joey" and the pears.

The Nantonian.

Joey was a pet lamb who lived at my uncle's farm. He had been left motherless and was fed from a bottle, so that he became the pet of the family, often enjoying a sleep by the fireside. As he grew older and stronger he became very bold and he decided it was his job on the farm to drive away all strangers. This he did by running and butting at them until they went away.

One day a man and a boy came with hampers to gather the pears from the orchard. All went well and they had just picked two hampers full, when in came Joey. The man was up the tree and the boy was on the ground receiving the pears.

The first thing Joey did was to chase the boy right out of the farmyard. Then he came back and eyed the hampers of pears suspiciously, and seemed to say "You've no right here either." Back he went, lowered his head, and charged at the hamper of pears and over it went. Joey went back to view his handiwork, and evidently decided the hamper was not as he wanted it, so again he charged with all his might until the hamper was really upside down. This he repeated with the other hamper and the man was up the tree looking on helplessly at all his work being ruined.

I am sorry to say that Joey was too attentive to strangers and so he had to be taken to market.

Betty Mills, Form R.b.

41

A Journey to the Sea.

Past the fields and through the woods
We travel fast with glee,
Everyone happy and merry, because
We're going to the sea.

We watch the cows laze in the sun,
Some birds fly to a tree,
But we are talking joyfully,
We're off towards the sea.

We pass the towns, and lots of shops,
At one we stop for tea,
But now we journey on again
Quickly to the sea.

The Nantonian.

At last we've come right to the mouth
Of the famous river Dee,
Yet on and on we travel,
At last we're by the sea!

Marian Cotterill, Form IVa.

Trying Times.

Two and a half hours wearily spent,
With head and shoulders downward bent,
Trying hard to make a rhyme,
And all I did was waste my time.

And so, Mistress, I must protest,
I've tried and tried and done my best,
And you'll agree, I am afraid,
That poets must be born, not made.

Norah Maddock, Form IVa.

I like Oranges.

I have seen them in thousands and thousands being unloaded at the Liverpool Docks in those days of peace. I have seen them piled in huge pyramids, placed in fancy baskets, wrapped in silver paper at Christmas time. Huge ones, medium sized, small and smaller ones, have I regarded almost with indifference.

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The war has taught me that "I like Oranges." When the announcer said over the wireless last week "Oranges for all, this weekend," I sped forth on my bicycle with eagerness and demanded "Oranges for the family, please."

Reaching home, I placed them in a glass dish. "Why! They look nicer than flowers," I thought, "Five golden globules of sunshine. They shall repose there until to-morrow."

But as I looked my spirits failed. I stretched out my hand and took mine.

Phyllis Hope, Form IVa.

The Galleon.

The galleon sails the heavy seas,
Her sails are full of moaning breeze;
Her guns are mounted by her side,
To fight those ships of Spanish pride.

The Nantonian.

Full loudly do her sailors boast,
While sailing round the Spanish coast,
Their guns are booming with a roar,
And soon will end the Spanish war.

And now the galleon sails in peace,
But never does her vigil cease,
She seeks a treasure chest of gold,
For all her sailors strong and bold.

J. Heler, Form IVb.

A Friend.

One day a friend me a dog,
With beautiful brown eyes,
And silky coat of black and white,
A prize you realise.

A member of the sheep dog breed,
Of famed intelligence,
No human e'er performed his work
With greater diligence.

43

He loved to play "Hide and Seek"
And also "Tug of War,"
But woe betide the stranger bold,
Who tried to pass the door.

Barbara Pickersgill, Form IVb.

How King Henry lost his Crown.

King Harry was a British king
Who sat upon his throne,
He held the sceptre and the orb,
And well he ruled his own.

One day when riding in the wood
Which was near London Town,

The Nantonian.

His horse did stumble, and therefore
King Harry lost his crown.

His servants leapt from off their mounts
And searched upon the ground,
But though they searched from morn till night,
His crown was never found.

Joan Payton, Form IVb.

The Market Theatre.

On Thursday last, I and my comrades at school had great pleasure in attending a concert, which was made up of sketches, poems and songs. Besides these, there was a funny act called "Oswald, the Performing Flea."

On came a man with his hand closed, and he said, "In my hand is a creature whose name is Oswald. This creature is not very noticeable, so look very carefully, in case you don't see him," Oswald was supposed to have jumped from one hand to the other and turned a somersault in the middle of his act; the supposed movements were followed up carefully by the actor's eyes in a way that made us all laugh . . . of course there was nothing there at all, it was a make believe. . . .

The item in the concert that I liked best was the scene about Queen Victoria and Prince Albert. In this the actor and actress were very well suited to their parts. Prince Albert was arguing with the Queen and saying he ought to be able to choose his own secretary. The prince

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Stormed off to his own room. He would not open the door to the Queen until she asked in a much milder tone, and said she was his unhappy little wife. . . .

The thing I liked best was "The Lady of Shalott," because the person who was reciting it said it with expression. Two girls, dressed the same, wore long green shawls wrapped round them. The patterns on the shawls were green trees, which reminded you of some scenes which came in parts of the story. The two girls were doing actions as the reciter spoke. I think it was supposed to have been a mirror.

This concert was a great success, and all our thanks go to the performers and Mr. Ford, who arranged for it to take place.

Members of IVb.

The Land Girls.

The land girls in the country now

The Nantonian.

Are looking fit and brown,
Their healthy jobs are suiting them
Far better than the town.

A job of work they're doing well,
They've stood up to the test,
And when each day their task is done
They get a well earned rest.

J. Moulton, Form IVb.

My Coupons.

I've six and sixty coupons,
To last me for this year,
And how I'm going to spin them out,
I've really no idea.

I want a coat, a frock, a scarf,
And shoes and stockings too,
And a woolly jumper,
To last the winter through.

But I must darn, and mend, and stitch
And make my old things do,
And then there'll be some coupons left,
To buy a thing or two.

Julia Gibson, Form IIIa.

45

The Night Watchman.

The watchman sits in his small hut,
Wrapped in a goat so old;
A little fire is burning, but
The night is very cold.

The red lamps burning in the street,
How bright they seem to glow!
There are not many trampling feet,
Ut in the winter snow.

The patient watchman through the night
Alone the lone highway
Will sit, and watch to keep things right,

The Nantonian.

Till once more dawns the day.

Audrey Robinson, Form IIIb.

Flowers.

The primroses yellow,
The violets blue,
All give their beauty
To me and you.

The sweet scented rose,
Is the fairest of all,
Then the white lily,
So slender and small.

They each give out pleasure,
In some sort of way,
As they smile at us all,
Through the live long day.

Marion Day, Form IIIb.

Some first impressions from the Third Form.

At last the exciting day came, and I was eager to be off. At eight o'clock my mother told me it was time to go. So off I went with my heart throbbing like a sledge hammer inside me. When first I arrived at the Grammar School, I was absolutely lost. The school I was at

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Before was very small, and there was no such thing as being lost. To begin with, there are two floors, and you need to know all the rooms on each. But all the same, I like this school much better. . . .

All the first morning I had books given to me, and at "break" I found out that they didn't call "break" "play time," as they did at my old school. We learn Frech in my form. The room is very nice, and has plenty of air coming in. . . .

At school we have lots of fun, especially in games time, as each House in turn does gardening to keep the large grounds fairly tidy. We have only one gardener and soon he will have to join up, as our work helps a little. The gardening the girls do is only light work, such as weeding, the boys do all the heavy work, such as digging. Last week I was employed in removing grass cuttings in a very big barrow, and I really enjoyed that. The mistress in charge of us is called Miss X. She is usually the hardest worker (!)

.

The Nantonian.

The scarcity of labour makes more work for farmers too; the town people do not understand agriculture at all. They just think farming is milking twice daily, and gathering the harvest, but they are mistaken. When I came to this school I found that there was a large number of stamp collectors. I thought it would be a good idea if a Stamp Club was formed.

After an exciting first day, we all went home, quite pleased.

Evening.

A bird flies softly
To his nest;
The sun sinks low
In the golden west.
Night is near,
And all things rest.

Clouds skud quickly
O'er the sky;
An evening star
Shines out on high.
Bats up wooded
Lanes do fly.

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An owl sits on
A tree nearby,
Little birds
All hear his cry.
Night winds through
The fir trees sigh.

Ruth Bailey, Prep. Dept.

The Armada.

With booming of cannon and splintering of wood,

The Nantonian.

The Armada was fighting as well as it could,
Big heavy galleons, with twenty-four guns,
Weighing a hundred or many more tons.
There was cry upon cry, there was moan upon moan,
As man after man disappeared 'neath the foam.
There was cry upon cry, there was shout upon shout,
As burning and beaten the ships turned about.
Battered and broken and beaten outright,
The remnant stole home in a terrible plight.

T. Brown, Prep. Dept.

Christmas.

Christmas is a jolly time,
So full of fun and joy,
And there are heaps of lovely things
For every girl and boy.

And then when you do waken up
You find your stocking full,
And hear the sound of crackers,
Which the merry children pull.

And though we hate the winter long,
And summer may be slow,
The warmer days will come again,
And winter cold will go.

Rosemary Storey, Prep. Dept.

48

Robin.

Little robin sing to me
In the lovely lilac tree,
Go and tell the little thrush
To chirrup in the holly bush.

J. Evans, Prep. Dept.

Duckling.

As I was a walking

The Nantonian.

Upon a summer's day,
I spied a little duckling,
It must have gone astray.

Its quacking was tremendous,
For hours and hours and hours;
I caught it in my basket,
And then I picked some flowers.

Kathleen McClelland, Prep. Dept.

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Christmas Eve.

Christmas Eve all dark and cloudy,
Time to go to bed;
I will hang my little stocking
Just above my head.

P. Brazendale, Prep. Dept.

Awards to Old Boys.

The School felt tremendously proud when news reached us of the following awards which have been made to Old grammarians:--

F. Betts: Distinguished Flying Medal.

W. Ellis: Distinguished Flying Medal.

H. C. Morris: George Medal.

We offer them our heartiest congratulations.

It is gratifying to know that of late a number of Old Boys have gained Commissions. We are always glad to know of the success of Old Grammarians, and to all serving with the Forces (Boys and Girls) we wish the Best of Luck and God Speed.

We have just heard that Mason Melling, who used to live at Audlem and who left us in 1934, is at present seriously ill in the Royal Naval Hospital, Simonstown, South Africa. He volunteered for the Wireless Section of the Royal Navy in 1939, and after serving on a destroyer in the evacuation from Dunkirk he was concerned in several actions at sea, in the course of which he suffered bombing and shipwreck and was wounded. The severity of his more recent experiences has led to his contracting broncho-pneumonia, from which we trust that he will make a speedy and complete recovery.

B.M.,

J.L.

A Letter from Mr. Hughes.

[We are delighted to print extracts from a long letter which Mr. Hughes wrote to the headmaster. Editing has been no easy matter, for it was necessary to cut out details of military activity, with the result that the spontaneity of the letter was lost. But we know how much our readers will appreciate the following passages. May Mr. Hughes's appreciation of our Magazine inspire some for us to greater efforts and may his parting wish be speedily grated.--ED.]

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Dear Mr. Lodge,--Thank you for your letter of the 13th March, which has just arrived; and then to overflow my content, on top of it arrives a copy of the School Magazine! I can't describe the pleasure these two have given me. . . .

Nunc est scribendum—we have just been pulled out and given a few days' rest after six weeks of as strenuous a time as I can remember. To relax utterly is something so unexpected, so strange, that it takes quite a mental shake up to get used to it.

The Nantonian.

It seems strange that I should not have written to you for so long. By now you should have had another letter from me. I am a abd correspondent and certainly the end part of last year I wrote few letters, and even some of those few were probably sunk by enemy action.

But here to make amends—it was good to have your news of yourselves and School, and to know you are all well. What of the December issue of The Nantonian you sent me? I haven't said anything about that and I must. It brought me right back to Vu.a. room! (The one I knew no longer exists, I expect) and the stretches of sand and scrub completely vanished as I turned over the pages, looked at the photographs and examined the poems (very critically!). I'm now anxiously looking forward to the back numbers R.G. promised me, so that I can enjoy Enid Owens' poem and the other two by Mottram and Margaret Wych.

It's good to hear the Literary Society flourishes. My protégé seems a lusty child now fed on such fare as Hamlet. How I envy you all in the fun you must have had doing that. It probably seems a long time ago to you now, but remember I've only just got news of it. I've to hear of greater things still, I expect.

Only when I came to the House notes did I realise how much time has gone since I left. House Captains' names, my goodness, how they have changed. The Removes of my time have grown up and taken charge; good luck to all of them.

I am wondering what prompted the prayer from the Donkey. Well might it be uttered in his land, for Beduin as well as Fellahin and even the Senussi. These last I have seen riding small Arabs, but the donkey is the universal conveyor. With the Beduin and Senussi he is as often as not

Well cared for and 'in good point,' albeit somewhat lousy to the unwary. With the hard working and impoverished fellah he gets as poor a deal as his master. It is nothing to see a small sized hayrick surmounted by a large man, all apparently moving at a distance by invisible means. Closer acquaintance reveals a diminutive, wretched looking donkey. On it may be easily 20 women and odd children, where in England there would be room for four at most. And one sore plagued, shambling donkey pulls the lot. Occasionally the heroic little fellows give in and in the middle fo say Station

The Nantonian.

Square, Cairo, with trams grinding past, and all the din of traffic you may see one dying, but free at last of its load, its harness, the dust and the need to go on jogging for ever.

Well, this must stop or it will never get posted! Once again remember me to all at Nantwich. May I soon be looking you up.

Donald R. Hughes

Valete Et Salvete.

The following pupils have left or joined us since our last publication:

Left:--

Hodgkin House:--

Boys: Allwood I., Goodwin R., Griffiths B., Jackson J., Lloyd G., Maden G., Marlow M., Robinson G., Rainbird G., Wheeler E., Wilson J., Westwell F.

Girls: P. Bricker, K. Bromfield, C. Farmer, M. Gough, M. Haighton, D. Hammon, E. Meadows, S. Robinson, J. Shannon, B. Steele, J. Warner, R. Stanley.

Thrush House:--

Boys: Cook J., Hockenhull B., Lake J., Owen G., Rudnai A., Sadler J., Whittingham R., Willington K.

Girls: S. Edwards, A. Elks, B. Ferns, V. Gaudern, U. McHale, H. Nicholson, B. Riley, j. Rosenthal, M. Rosenthal, P. Smith, H. Wright.

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Wilbraham House:--

Boys: Brindley J., Hope K., Nicholas R., Price F., Smith J., Stanton E., Young T.

Girls: I. Bebb, M. Booth, O. Booth, M. Ellson, B. Mather, M. Maybury, B. North, M. Nicklin, J. Parr, P. Parsonage, M. Proudlove, A. Roberts, S. Scott, B. Upton, A. Wall, M. Watkiss, N. Watkiss, C. Young.

The Nantonian.

New Comers:--

Hodgkin House:--

Boys: Bettley G., Bullock L., Cooper D., Cooper R., Cowap J., Crewe J., Grindrod M., Green G., Hyde K., Jones A., Jones K., Leese J., Loney D., Madden B., Steele A., Walley J., Whittaker R.

Girls: D. Atkinson, M. Bonehill, R. Cummins, H. Edwards, P. Grant, B. Jackson, E. Jenkins, B. Pickergill, A. Robinson, C. Steer.

Thrush House:--

Boys: Aston G., Baker W., Brazendale P., Clark K., Cliffe D., Crosby D., Forster B., Gallimore J., Goodwin G., Hollowood B., Hulme N., Lipscomb ., Payton A., Thompson D., Vernon J.

Girls: M. Bennion, M. Cottrell, S. Edge, V. Gough, B. Greenwood, E. Hadfield, D. Haynes, G. Hockenull, J. Jervis, C. Jones, S. Kelly, R. Lockwood, J. Mottram, B. Payton, M. Shenton.

Wilbraham House:--

Boys: Barber R., Bowen W., Boyer K., Coombes R., Evans P., Gudern J., Latham D., Likeman M., Lindop C., McGraw S., Schofield J., Smith J., Williams P., Woodcock R., Vaughan M.

Girls: J. Bagnall, D. Benoy, P. Dawson, K. Faulkner, P. Hope, M. Lewis, V. Shaw, H. Sheward, F. Simcoe, B. Stafford, J. Todhunter, P. Vickers, M. Wardle, H. Williams.