

THE PEVERIL

THE MAGAZINE OF
THE COUNTY HIGH
SCHOOL, EASTLEIGH



DIEU DEFEND LE DROIT

VOL. 11

JUNE, 1941.

No. 12

ADVENTURE

SPECTACLE

WIT

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EDITORIAL.

Why are editorials written ? *The Peveril*, readers protest, is otherwise an excellent magazine. Why have so many editors the peculiar weakness of including, under the title of " Editorial," a conglomeration of hackneyed remarks on hackneyed topics ?

Few people realise the trials and tribulations an editor undergoes. Contributors have a marked tendency to write on both sides of the paper, often in their worst writing, advertisers, though noble fellows, are inclined to be a little difficult. The editor is, in fact, harassed upon every side ; his face becomes lined and drawn, and his brain filled with rancour. Bitterly he considers how he may obtain satisfaction.

It is for this reason that he pointedly reminds his readers that examinations are not far off, that the football team has had a poor season, that the lower School must concentrate on study, that those leaving will find the world a very miserable place, that—and so on, *ad infinitum*. So may he strike fear into his readers' hearts. His motive for writing an editorial, dear reader, is not your enlightenment, but his revenge.

In truth, it is difficult to account for the presence of editorials in so many school magazines without recourse to some such reasoning. Statements are trite, often false, and even nonsensical. Honesty of thought is lacking. What we expect of an editorial is simply this : that the topics are within the ability and comprehension of the editor, and that they are dealt with honestly.

In conclusion, we hope that our readers will enjoy this issue. Poetry occupies more space than prose, because nearly all contributions were verse. We hope that prose and verse are in more equal proportions in the next issue, and this will depend upon contributors. In accordance with tradition, we close by inserting our initials. This practice is not due to modesty but to discretion. An editor once inserted his name in full in a bad issue ; his readers seized the chance of vengeance. He was never the same again, and ultimately became, poor fellow, a Hollywood scenario writer.

H. C.

We take this opportunity of expressing, on behalf of the School, our sympathy to Harmer for the loss of his father while on active service, and for the loss of his mother, owing to enemy action.

MISCELLANEOUS NEWS.

We welcome Mrs. Fish, who joined the Staff this term, and hope that her stay here will be a long and happy one.

We congratulate the following on their appointments as Prefects : B. Phillips, N. Loveridge, B. Nutchcr, E. Wilton, P. Remnant, I. Fitall, Clark, Miller.

The School National Savings Group is being well supported, and we have now collected £165 from members. New members are still welcomed, but they must be members of the School.

The winning entries in the competition for contributors to this issue are marked with an asterisk.

We thank all who have contributed to the present number, and regret having to hold back some articles owing to considerations of space.

PRIZE-GIVING.

A Prize-giving was held at the School on Wednesday afternoon, April 16th, when the prizes for the School year, 1939-40, were distributed by the Chairman of the Governors, (Councillor A. H. Quilley, J.P., C.C. The Mayor and Mayoress of Eastleigh (Alderman and Mrs. C. A. Soar) were present on the platform, together with Mrs. G. H. Sawyer, Miss K. Brine, J.P., and Mrs. Moore.

The Head Master first gave his report on the year. After thanking Mr. Quilley and the Mayor for coming to the Prize-giving, he mentioned the increased numbers of the School, the new members of the Staff, the formation of an Air Training Corps, a fire-watching squad, and a National Savings Movement, and the successes gained in the examination.

Mr. Quilley said that he was satisfied with the report, and with one item of it in particular. That was the National Savings Movement, he called the attention of the School to the War Weapons Week of Eastleigh, which was to take place at the end of May. He also mentioned, with regret, the death of Mr. Cuthbertson, the Town Clerk, who had taken a great interest in education. He said that he was attempting to raise enough money to inaugurate a scholarship, to be called the Cuthbertson Scholarship, in memory of him. (Councillor Quilley then made some general remarks about education, quoting the sentence, "To doubt is to examine, and to examine is to discover." He said that the Eastleigh High School could hold its own, with any other school in the country, and he saw no reason for parents sending their children to Southampton and Winchester Schools instead of to their own School in Eastleigh. He ended by congratulating the Head Master and the Staff on the successful way in which the School had carried on under difficult conditions.

The Mayor then said a few words, expressing his admiration of the work of the School, and then Mr. Quilley distributed the

prizes. Then the Head Master called on Newton, in the absence of the head boy, to propose a vote of thanks to Councillor Quilley for coming to distribute the prizes. The proposal was seconded by Betty Young, the head girl.

Mr. Quilley then replied that it was a pleasure to come to the School Prize-giving, and that he would be glad to do all in his power to help the School at any time. The Prize-giving then ended with the singing of " God save the King."

—

PRIZE LIST.

FORM PRIZES :

VI. Kathleen Scivier, G. R. Croasdell.

LIB'. K. C. Smith, R. O. Weeks, Elizabeth Carter.

IX. Doris Middlewick, Joyce Carpenter, Joyce Heath,
Audrey Tillen, G. J. Woodford.

IV. N. R. Stephenson, J. Bennett, Margaret ('lark.

III. H. J. Potter, W. Stubbington, Kathleen Clarke, E. C. Britten, F. L. Tuffin.

II. Jennifer Martin, Marjorie King, Marion Sword.

SPECIAL PRIZES :

Latin P. A. R. Bliss.

Mathematics K. C. Smith.

English Barbara Currie.

French Barbara Currie.

History - Olive Meakins.

Geography - N. E. Newton.

Physics N. E. Newton.

Headmaster's Prize for Distinguished Service to the School :-
Olive Meakins.

ON THE CLIFFS.

I sat and watched the angry sea,
Lashed into fury by the cold keen wind.
I saw it swirling there below
As though some peace 'twould seek to find.

But though it circled in and out,
Blindly dashing 'midst the time-worn eaves,
No peace it found, through night or day.
• Oh ! how I pitied those poor reckless waves.

Yet, though this life may many troubles bring
Throughout our weary days, our sin-stained past.
We need not fear, for rest is surely ours.
We find our peace with God at last.

PAMELA PHILLIPS (*L.V.H.*),

Age 13 years 3 months.

AIR RAID SHELTERS.

" Weaving spiders come not here.
Hence, ye long-legged spinners, hence."
Shakespeare.

GYM. LESSONS.

" Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest."
Shelley.

DINNER DUTY.

" If this were only cleared away,'
They said, " it would be grand.'"
Lewis Carroll.

FIVE MINUTES BEFORE BREAK.

" O little hearts, that throb and beat
With such impatient feverish heat."
Longfellow.

APPROACHING EXAMS.

" Oh, why should life all labour be ? "
Tennyson.

BUN QUEUE.

" So he with difficulty and labour hard
Moved on."
Milton.

MR. S-NSB-RY.

" He is a presence to be felt and known."
Shelley.

MR. AL - - N.

" And all should cry, Beware ! Beware !
• His flashing eyes, his floating hair ! "
Coleridge.

CL-RK.

" Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us
To see ourselves as ithers *see* us."
Burns.

L-CAS.

" What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry ?
Blake.

HOCKEY.

A new fixture this year which gave pleasure to players and spectators alike was a hockey match between the Girls' 1st XI and the Staff. This took place at Fleming Park on Saturday, the 15th of February, before quite a large crowd. Unfortunately, the Staff was unable to raise a full side, and the team was completed by two of the girls' reserves, both of whom must be thanked for their help and congratulated on their good play.

Play in the first half was fairly even. The defence of the girls proved adequate, and they often started a vigorous attack, without, however, being able to test Mr. Bodey's powers as a

goalkeeper. It was realised from the beginning that Mr. Parkes, at centre-forward, would be very dangerous and must be closely marked. He was, so much so that he had to leave the field for some time with a nasal injury. He returned to score a goal which, with one from Miss Langford, gave the Staff a lead of 2—0 at half-time.

The second half opened with a brilliant goal from Mr. Parkes. Securing the ball from the bully-off, he dribbled through and scored without another player touching the ball. This goal seemed to shake the morale of the girls, and the Staff maintained to the end their superiority, though a few sallies were made by the girls. As in the first half, these broke down against a strong defence, and, in addition, the forwards fell on several occasions into well-laid off-side traps. However, Mr. Bodey did have the chance of proving his worth on one occasion ! The final score was 9—0 for the Staff.

The outstanding player was Mr. Parkes. whose skilful dribbling and strong shooting were very noteworthy. At right-half Mr. Kinghorn showed unbounded energy and enthusiasm, and, though faced by a clever and speedy player in Joyce Campbell, was more than a match for her and her wing, Joan Smalden. At back, Mr. Anderson was rock-like, and his powerful hitting drove the girls' forwards back many times and assisted the Staff attack. Mr. Judson was full of life on the right wing, and distinguished himself by scoring one goal from a very acute angle.

Most of the girls' best work was in defence, though Nancy Loveridge, at centre-forward, did enough to show that she could be very dangerous if given the opportunity. Barbara Currie had a busy time in goal and worked very hard, as did Betty Young, while Barbara Nutcher, faced with the difficult task of stopping the elusive Mr. Parkes, played throughout with great determination.

Though all have not been named, let it not be assumed that those unnamed are forgotten. All are to be congratulated on this very successful match, which gave pleasure to so many, and must also have been a very beneficial experience for the girls' hockey team.

" SPECTATOR."

MY FAVOURITE OLD WORLD HAUNT.

Hidden away in the heart of Shropshire lies a little town. Needless to say, it is very old-fashioned with its quaint, very narrow, winding streets and Tudor buildings. One is drawn like a pin to a magnet to each small individual shop with its miscellaneous array of weird and enticing goods, and loath to leave.

From this quaint little town one wanders into the surrounding country-side, which is both inviting and charming. Whether in the copse on the top of Salisbury Hill, watching the

barges pass through an aqueduct, on the banks of the canal, or down by the river watching the swans, the same mystic feeling of magnetism prevails.

For children seeking adventure, the private fields with their walnut trees in the nutting season are enticing. Added to the mere sense of breaking bounds, there is the probability of some old tramp chasing them away with a stick. The general population are honest, sociable people, willing to welcome a newcomer into their jolly, friendly circles. This town differs from some in that you do not feel out of things, and each individual is taking a friendly interest in you. You are seldom at a loss for something to do, and, for the young people, there is always a gay round of activities. A splendid swimming pool is only one of the many delights, and a fair amount of snow in winter brings joy to many a boy and girl.

The town of which I speak is a market town, and on Wednesdays the old Butter Cross, with its cobbled court and the square around it, are packed with stalls and individual sellers, each with their small basket of wares. Farmers come from all around for this occasion. Plentiful supplies of strawberries, new laid eggs and livestock, in addition to fresh vegetables and fruit, are some of the many attractions.

Cattle, sold by auction, play one of the chief parts on this day. A spectator could spend many entertaining hours watching the scene composed of excited, babbling farmers, each intent on selling. In addition to human noise, the cattle themselves are extremely amusing. The animals vary from fine bulls, with rings through their noses, to snorting, stubborn pigs coaxed by exasperated farmers to enter vans.

And, oh ! the babble after the sale in the bar of a hotel conveniently near !

ELIZABETH GREEN, *L.V.H.*

Age 14 years 10 months.

*** COMPLAINT.**

Why can't you let us idlers be ?
We do no harm that I can see.
We never interfere with you
Doughty folk of derring-do,
But we give great encouragement.
Rather 'twere you than we that went
In brief barbaric sports attire,
For all spectators to admire.
And just because we're never seen
In graceful posture on the green,
Or bullying defenceless balls,
Or making other needless calls
Upon our store of strength, we find

That we're outsiders, not the kind
 Of person who would understand
 The joys of charging o'er the land,
 The green and lovely country-side,
 In a hot and panting tide
 Of pink, unkempt humanity.
 (Nor yet indulge insanity
 In any other sporting guise.)
 And when you carry off a prize
 Amid loud cheering, you've achieved
 Nothing of note. Now don't be peeved,
 We can appreciate how much
 The honour, glory (and the touch
 Of hero-worship) mean to you.
 We'd not deprive you of your due,
 The admiration of the crowd,
 The acclamation long and loud.
 But we, who never pass the post
 Ahead of the unhappy host,
 Who reel urged onwards from behind
 By a fleet fury, most unkind
 To sluggard spirits, we can say
 That he who idle spends the day
 Can savour all the others lose
 By hastiness. For he can choose ;
 Unhurriedly can pick the best
 Of Life's chance fruits, and while the rest
 Are striving for the spoils, he may
 Himself, unnoticed steal the prey.

JOYCE WHEELER, *L.V.H.*

Age 15 years 5 months.

SONNET.

For years in this dark world of sin and strife
 Men have not lived in peace and joy for long.
 For in his short stay on this earth man's life
 Is being spent in wars and doing wrong.
 They think out plans of gun and plane and tank
 To kill and to destroy their fellow men.
 They never think to give gifts and to thank
 Who gave them power over beast and fen,
 And Who meant them to dwell in peace with all.
 But yet they never see the joys of peace
 Until they are at enmity with all,
 And then it is, men wish that wars would cease.
 So why do men indulge in bloody war,
 And so the beauty of the fair earth mar ?

G. J. WOODFORD (*U.V.L.*),

Age 14 years 1.1 months.

TWOPENN'ORTH OF TRASH.

It is sometimes more amusing to read something which is unintentionally funny than a book which is supposed to be funny. When that is the case, instead of starting W. W. Jacobs or Stephen Leacock, I read any Wild West book, anything by Ethel M. Dell, or some of those, to use the language of the characters in them, "topping" stories which are published in weekly magazines to be read by all true school girls.

These stories are generally about a "gang" of girls, who, by the way, have been in the same form for about twenty years now; and, to judge by the standard of their mental abilities as shown in these stories, quite rightly so. They attend a boarding school, so that they can have midnight feasts, which is by the sea, so that they can be cut off by the tide and rescued. They never do any work in these extraordinary schools for they are much too busy tracking down cocaine smugglers, burglars and defaulting secretaries of the head mistress. I always admire the calm of the head mistresses of these schools. Feuds between jealous girls, theft of the silver sports cups, fires, sit-down strikes, all leave them undisturbed. At the end of the story they are still able to look at the sinners with sad, reproachful eyes.

There are generally two "gangs" of girls in the story, the "sports" who never tell tales or lies, or look down on scholarship girls, and the "sneaks," who, as their name suggests, do tell tales, are accomplished liars, and send threatening anonymous letters to scholarship girls. Several well-known characters appear among the "sports." There is the "madcap," the "duffer," the funny girl, the well-bred young lady who, as we are told time and time again, comes from one of the "stately homes of England," the form captain who is always a "brick," and a talented artist and musician. The sneaks are just sneaks, and as such are unworthy of mention.

One of the features of these stories is a tendency on the part of the "sports" to have midnight feasts (and, of course, the "sneaks" to tell the mistress about them). Why anyone should want to get up in the middle of the night to eat such indigestible things as sardines, cream buns and chocolate biscuits, when they have perfectly good meals during the day, is a mystery. But, then, I suppose this behaviour is only in tune with everything else that they do. It is a curious fact that prefects seem to be either absent in these schools or hopelessly inefficient. The girls climb down ropes from dormitory windows at night, break bounds and go to the cinema (probably to see Robert Taylor) without being found out by the authorities.

The pupils, one can hardly call them scholars, in these schools have what could be defined as "owning-up mania." There is a standard story in which this disease is shown. One honest girl is blamed for some misdeed, such as stealing examination papers from the head mistress' study. Although she knows

the real culprit, she allows herself to be expelled rather than "sneak." The real sinner is struck by remorse as she watches the girl who is shielding her standing on the platform with a "white, aloof face," while the head mistress prepares to strike her name from the register. Bursting into tears, the criminal sobs, "Genevieve is guiltless! I stole the papers!" Then there is an orgy of self-denial, and all the "sneaks" burst into tears and confess that they also stole papers, glued the chair in the study, destroyed their rivals' artistic drawing, and so on, *ad nauseam*.

To read this nonsense is well enough if one does not believe it. But it is only too often both read and believed, and the readers have their heads filled with the snobbish and stupid ideas of the impossible school girls who appear in the books. Much futile rubbish is written and published in weekly magazines, but of all the different kinds of stories in them the school girl stories are the most laughable.

B. J. CURRIE (*V/I*),

Age 15 years 9 months.

SCHOOL.

I like school,
The thud of the cane, the joy of maths,
The rustle of papers on old wooden desks ;
The hubbub of traffic, numbing our brains ;
The scratching of pens, the zooming of planes ;
The changing of lessons, the banging of doors,
The voice of the prefects, the keeping of laws ;
The rattle of keys and the boom of the bell,
The sound of the music, the buns that they sell ;
The peals of loud laughter, the smell of the gas,
An unpleasant report for a very had lass.

JOYCE BOLT,

Age 131/2 years.

THE COUNTRY IN SPRING.

I love to see the country after living in the towns,
To leave the smoky chimneys and to picnic on the downs,
To see the bright spring [l]owers in their gaily coloured gowns ;
It's sunny in the country now.

I like to go a-fishing in a river or a stream,
To see the fish swim swiftly on, just like a silver gleam,
To listen to the little birds through the faint mist of a dream ;
It's sunny in the country now.

JOAN GANNAWAY (*Form 3B*),

Age 12 years.

*** NORTH, SOUTH, EAST AND WEST.**

Cold, relentless winter stills the heaving, rippling bay
And cloaks it in a mask of silvery white ;
No sound is heard, and all is vastness. leprous solitude,
But for a lone gull on his distant flight.
A snow-white bear pads softly from his lair and hurries forth
In the dreary North.

The hot June sun glares pitilessly down upon the earth
From out the cloudless bowl of deepest blue.
The gurgling note of an ice-cold brook, deep in the woods,
O'erhung with scented blooms of every hue,
And soft beds of flowers, 'neath the leafy bowers cool the parched
mouth
In the sunny South.

Dawn has barely broken on the moist and misty rice fields,
And far away sweet chimes the temple bell.
The heavy scent of almond blossom hangs upon the air,
Borne on the breeze from some exotic dell.
High from the hill cascades the tumbling rill known to each beast,
In the mystic East.

Slowly sways the prairie grass before the whispering breeze,
And trembles at the thunder of the herd.
A rocky, snow-clad mountain range shows dimly through the haze,
Haunt of fierce grizzly bear, and sweet-toned bird.
Each deep, grim gorge roars like a devil's forge with awesome zest
In the rugged West.
I). B. LUCAS (*U.V.m.*),
15 years 6 months.

THE CAVE.

Its deep, dark depths Do make me shiver. What lies within ? Some hidden river ?	4 Or is there " baccy " For the clerk, To be transported After dark ?
2 Or are there casks From the days of old, To fill the flasks In exchange for gold ?	5 Or is there lace For my lady's hood, And used to grace Her shawl and snood ?
3 Or is there silk Piled up in bales, Safely sold In secret sales ?	6 I go inside, The cave is long, But alas for my dreams, For all are wrong.

JESSIE LEIGH (*Form 3A*),
Age 13 years 7 months.

NIGHT.

Stars mildly gleaming in a purple space,
Ground mist a-steaming like a fringing lace,
The soft warm flowing of the evening breeze—
It's good to be living on nights like these.

A cold wind screaming its defiant song,
Cold rain a-lashing like a molten thong,
Dark storm clouds scudding at a maddened pace
Like rudderless ships in an endless race—
These are nights of tempest and sheer unrest
When glorious nature is at its best.

Pale moon sailing over a sea of grey
Making the night's gloom as the light of day,
Everything peaceful, the whole world at sleep,
'Tis the kind of beauty that strikes so deep.

A pitch black night, an eerie wind whining,
Threat'ning glimmer of black waters shining,
The screech of the owl uncannily sounding,
The strange night sounds that set the blood pounding—
O ! night with its terrors, calmness and peace
Is wondrous ; the time of the soul's release.

J. PLUMME R (*U. V.m.*),
16 years 7 months.

THE WINNING OF THE RACE.

(*With apologies to Robert Browning.*)

The horses lined up, then the pistol was fired,
And the book-maker's favourite, though weary and tired.
Leapt forward. " Good luck ! " yelled the crowd as he passed.
" I'll be lucky," the jockey thought, " *if* I'm not last."
So he urged on his horse, who caught up with the rest,
And on round the race-track they galloped abreast.

The favourite gained speed, the crowd roared with delight.
Their cries seemed, to the jockey, who clung with his might
To the horse's thick mane, like the waves on the shore.
He had, too, the same feeling he'd had once before,
When he'd crossed o'er the Channel with waves surging high,
As he saw the green turf beneath him flying by.

On they raced, then the winning post came into view.
They still held the lead, and still nearer they drew.
Past the ppst. They had won ! The crowd roused a cheer,
And bore off the jockey to toast him in beer.
But all the horse had, by whom the race had been won,
Was a coloured rosette, and a " Very well run."

DORIS MIDDLEWICK (*U.V.L.*),
Age 14 years 9 months,

THE BALCONY.

During my holiday in London I had upon several occasions taken the opportunity of paying my old friend, Colonel Roberts, a visit. He was a member of the Intelligence Department, and, naturally enough, I had entertained vigorous hopes of unusual adventures while in his company. Such hopes, however, were fading with successive disappointments when I was suddenly confronted with a glimpse of the excitement which the struggle of opposing espionage can produce.

Upon this occasion I had accompanied the Colonel to dinner, and we had driven back through the dark streets to his old hotel in the metropolis. We climbed the creaking stairs to his fourth floor rooms, he unlocked the door, and we entered the first apartment. As I turned to close the door again I heard a movement behind me and a deep voice say,

"So we meet again, Colonel."

I swung round quickly and saw a tall man, his slouch hat pulled well down over his forehead, standing, with automatic pistol in hand, in the doorway which led to an adjoining room.

"Yes, Herr Muller," said my companion calmly. "I have been expecting to see you for some time ; ever since, indeed, I had those documents, for which, I presume, you have come, entrusted to my keeping. I realised, too, that these rooms were easy to enter because of the balcony which extends under this window from the next suite, which has been empty for several months. Nevertheless, I could not bring myself to leave them, and, many times, I have asked the manager for the balcony to be bricked up, but so far nothing has been done about it. I suppose it was by that balcony that you entered ? "

"No," replied the other frowning. "I saw no balcony. Had I done so I would certainly have used a method so much simpler and less expensive than the one of corruption and bribery I have been forced to employ. Your chamber-maid gave me a spare key to your room, and I ventured in that manner. Well, now that I am here, give me the papers."

There was a sharp double knock on the outer door.

"What is that ? " asked the German hurriedly.

"You don't think that, expecting you, I would have failed to make preparations for your arrival. I instructed several of my colleagues, who were waiting below, to follow me upstairs after five minutes. Here they are."

Muller looked quickly round the room. Suddenly a rather sardonic smile spread over his face. He moved rapidly to the window, climbed over the sill, and, as he hung poised, said :

"I suppose I can use the balcony for leaving if not for entering. I shall watch you from it. Send them away again or I shall shoot you both, and trust to fortune for what happens to me."

• I watched his face disappear as he let himself down by his hands outside the room. He let go to drop on to the balcony beneath.

The door opened. A meagre little old waiter entered.

"Your wine, sir," he said, as he placed a tray on the table. He turned, left the room, and closed the door behind him.

Roberts sat down and lit a cigarette.

"It was fortunate I guessed he would come to-day," he said. "I ordered the wine as I came through the bar."

"But he'll be back at one," I cried.

The other smiled wistfully.

"There is no balcony," he replied.

K. C. SMITH (VI.),

Age 16 years 3 months.

SUSPENSE.

He sat, huddled in the chair, before the old oak desk. He heard a voice, as it were from afar, droning on, droning on, and he wondered if it would ever stop. He caught a few disjointed phrases here and there—"Hence $xyz-30^\circ 22''$ "—"and—"AP—cos $A-P$," and so on, but his thoughts were far away. Would they come? If only he knew. Yesterday there had been slight doubts—"APN—SQR"—and to-day he was tortured with countless terrifying thoughts. He brought his mind back to work in an effort to forget these doubts which continually nagged his throbbing brain. "Hence we have that $XPYZ = ABCD$ from the"—. If only he could stifle that voice. His thoughts turned to murder and his eyes shone in anticipation. But, again, once again, his meditations were interrupted. Would they come? Would they be there? The voice droned on,— "Is there any prep. to set for to-night?" A bell rang. He sprang from the room, and, mounting the stairs in twos and threes, he burst into the hall. They *were* there. The buns *had* arrived.

NANCY E. LOVERIDGE (U.V.L.),

Age 16 years 2 months.

OLD BARTONIAN'S ASSOCIATION.

66, Kipling Road,

Eastleigh,

19th May, 1941.

Dear Old Bartonians,

I refrain from addressing you as fellow members, since this title does not apply to all those old students who may scan this report of the Association's activities since the last issue of *The Peveril*. (After that reminder I shall expect to be inundated with subscriptions during the next few days.)

The present year of the Association commenced on Saturday, March 29th, when the annual Old Students' Day was held at the School.

During the afternoon the annual matches of hockey and netball took place between the Old Bartonians and the School teams, with the following results :—Hockey : School, 7 ; O.B.A., 3. Netball—School, 21 ; O.B.A., 14., while the Old Bartonians' football team played Eastleigh **Y.M.I.** in a league match, resulting in a victory for the latter by 2 goals to 1. In spite of the chilly weather, there was a good number of Old Bartonians present as spectators, and after the games these were joined by others for tea in the School. We were glad to have with us Mr. and Mrs. Moore, Miss Talbot, and several other members of the present School staff, and also Mr. J. Peppier, our retiring President.

After tea Miss Talbot and myself were kept busy for some time writing receipts for subscriptions, but we should like to receive still more from those who have omitted to send them up to the present.

At 6 p.m. the Annual General Meeting commenced, and after the minutes of the previous Annual General Meeting and the Secretary and Treasurer's reports had been adopted, the following officers were elected for 1941-42 :—President, Mr. Waller ; Secretary, Miss Betteridge (re-elected) ; Treasurer, Miss Talbot (re-elected) ; Committee, Mrs. Fish, Mrs. Ball (*nee* Miss V. Somers), Miss N. Kenchington, Miss P. Trigg, Miss J. Newton, Mr. R. Cannon, Mr. H. Collins, Mr. L. Newman, and Mr. W. J. Smith (re-elected *en bloc*). New members of Committee—Mrs. Butcher, Mrs. Waller, Mr. Glasspool, Mr. Lawford and Mr. Cummins.

These elections were followed by Mr. Cannon's report on the Football Club, which showed that the absorption into the Forces of many promising players had made the maintenance of the previous season's record an impossibility.

Suggestions for sports during the summer were discussed, and it was decided to hold the following, if these can be arranged : A tennis day in June to be held as last year, of the Southern Railway Institute courts, if these are available ; an O.B.A. Gents' cricket match against the School ; a Ladies' tennis match against the School ; and a Ladies' versus Gents' cricket match.

Any person interested in the above matches please forward information to myself or Miss Talbot, stating the match in which they would like to play, and the days and, if possible, times at which they would be able to play, and further information will be sent to them.

It is hoped to hold an O.B.A. concert in the autumn, and any offers of assistance or items for it will be very welcome.

It was decided to continue the fortnightly Tuesday social evenings which were held last summer, and the first of these was held in the Upper Hall at the School on Tuesday, April 15th, commencing at 6.30 p.m. We should like to see many more Old Bartonians and their friends at these meetings, as competitions, matches, etc., could be held if the numbers were increased.

We did not hold our annual Christmas Re-union Dance owing to black-outs and sirens, etc., as these would probably have prevented the attendance of many of our more distant members, but a very enjoyable dance was held in the Town Hall on Tuesday, March 13th, at which the Bushfield Rhythm Boys' Band was greatly appreciated by about a hundred members and their friends. Prizes for spot dances were presented to the successful couples by Mrs. Waller. Mr. Waller was M.C. We were very pleased to have with us Mr. and Mrs. Moore, Miss Talbot and Mrs. Fish.

I hope to have several other social functions upon which to report for the next issue of *The Peveril*, so please don't forget to make this possible by forwarding offers for the matches, the concert, and last, but not least, your subs.

May I, in closing, say how greatly my husband and I appreciate the surprise we received from the Association. To all those who participated in the same we send many thanks.

Yours sincerely,

MAY NEALE (*Hon. Sec.*).

We offer congratulations to Nancy Kenchington and Marjorie Claysmith on their recent marriages.

We take this opportunity, the first that has presented itself, of expressing the regret felt by ninny on hearing of the death of R. Barfoot through enemy action.

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