

THE PEVERIL

THE MAGAZINE OF
THE COUNTY HIGH
SCHOOL, EASTLEIGH



DIEU DEFEND LE DROIT

VOL. 11 MARCH, 1942. No. 13

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EDITORIAL.

It has recently become the fashion to begin editorials by deprecating what follows and gloomily complaining that nobody ever reads editorials. Pessimism (we give this gratuitous advice to those who read this earnestly) is a fault to be avoided. So we will begin by saying, with an ambiguity worthy of the best examples of journalese, that we are sure that everyone will read this with as much interest as the other articles in the magazine.

But, unfortunately, this editorial must contain the usual sad refrain about the quantity of the articles sent in. We will avoid saying that the Muse of Poetry has not hovered over the school lately and instead, with a clearness quite unworthy of journalism, we will say that too little verse has been received and too few articles altogether. We expect, even if we do not want, to read through an enormous pile of witty, learned, meditative and philosophical articles. For this edition, we had a very small pile. We beg and beseech you, in the manner of the Latin sentences, to send in more articles for the next edition of *The Peveril*. Do not be deterred by the fact that you cannot spell or that your writing is illegible. A committee of experts will correct the spelling and decipher the handwriting.

We hope that the new article of notes giving news about old Students will be welcome, especially to other old students. Matches have, of course, been restricted but those which were played have been enjoyed always and won often. The last two terms have been fairly uneventful except for the drives for savings and salvage. It was pitiful but heartening to see the lower school sacrificing its copies of *The Wizard* and *The Girls' Own*.

We end by thanking those who have "roused up their youthful blood" enough to send in the articles, which, it is only just to say, were good in quality though few in quantity; and by wishing all (our forgiving spirit includes even those who did not contribute) a very happy school year.

B. J. C.

PATRICIA M. BALL.

Born October 28th, 1927. Died October 21st, 1941.

The whole school learnt with great grief of the death of Pat Ball last October. She came to us from Middlesex early in the year and settled down at once. She was so winsome and happy that everybody loved her. We would like to extend our deepest sympathy to her parents in their sorrow.

I. H. T.

HOCKEY.

The hockey 1st XI enjoyed a successful term from September to December, 1941. With the exception of the match, School v. Staff, the school team was unbeaten, although everyone, including the spectators, thoroughly enjoyed this match. A definite improvement has been observed in the playing since last season owing to more frequent practices.

A 2nd XI was formed during the term and played only one match, against Brockenhurst 2nd XI, the result of which was, School 4, Brockenhurst 1.

The team was sorry to lose Audrey Tillin and Joyce Heath, two reliable and useful players.

It is hoped that this term will prove as successful for both teams as the previous one.

The thanks of the 1st and 2nd teams are due to Mr. Parkes for giving up his spare time to help to coach them.

RESULTS OF MATCHES.

<i>Opponent.</i>	<i>Or.</i>	<i>Result.</i>	<i>For.</i>	<i>Ag't.</i>
1st XI.				
Brockenhurst	••	Away	Drew	3 3
Portsmouth	••	Away	Won	6 1
Staff	••	Home	Lost	1 11
Winchester ..	••	Home	Won	5 4
Brockenhurst	••	Home	Won	5 0
Gosport ..	••	Home	Won	3 0
Winchester ..	••	Away	Lost	3 6
Portsmouth ..	••	Away	Won	2 1
2ND XI.				
Brockenhurst		Away	Won	4 1
Brockenhurst			Won	3 0
Portsmouth ..			Draw	2 2

FOOTBALL.

Travelling difficulties have again reduced our football fixtures but games have been played against Gosport C.S. and University College 2nd XI. The first, which was won 9-4, was remarkable for a surprising recovery, for the School was losing 3-0 after less than 15 minutes' play. Goals were scored by E. Page (4), Martin (2), Vilela (2), and Weeks. The second game, against a stronger and more experienced team, was a fine struggle, and the School did well to lose by only 3-0. In another game against the same team the School lost 3-1.

Interest has been maintained by leagues during games periods and keenness has been shown, particularly in the Lower School.

HOUSE MATCH RESULTS.

Barton 2	Peak 1	Peak 2	Peel 0
Barton 5	Peel 0	Barton 3	Peak 0
Peel 2	Peak 1	Barton 4	Peel 3

NETBALL.

On the whole the first Netball team has had an unsuccessful season so far. Four matches have been played, against Winchester, Gosport, Portsmouth and Brockenhurst County Schools. The team made a good start by winning the game against Winchester, but lost all the other matches by narrow margins.

It has been decided to have a Junior VII instead of a second team, owing to the lack of good Netball players in the senior school. This team has already played one match against Portsmouth second team. The juniors played extremely well, but were beaten, possibly by the superior height of their opponents.

In spite of last term's results, we hope to retrieve our losses in the return matches to be played this term.

<i>Results.</i>		O. K. M.;	J. E. K.
		<i>For.</i>	<i>Ag't.</i>
Winchester C.S. ..		15	12
Gosport C.S. ..		13	15
Portsmouth N.S.S. ..		19	22
Brockenhurst C.S. ..		12	14
Brockenhurst		23	13
Portsmouth ..		-3	19
Winchester ..		5	23

OLD BARTONIANS' ASSOCIATION.

11, Chestnut Avenue,
Eastleigh,

1st February, 1942.

Dear Old Bartonians,

I should like to commence these brief recordings of the activities of the Society by wishing a happy and successful year to all, and expressing the hope that before many months all those who are now serving in H.M. Forces, many of them across the seas, may be re-united with their families and friends and able to swell the numbers at our Re-unions where lately we have looked in vain for many familiar faces.

Since the June issue of *The Peveril* we have held an American Tennis Tournament, a Ladies Tennis Match against the School, and an Xmas Re-union Dance. In addition the Football Section has struggled gallantly through another season thanks to the activities of Mr. R. Cannon. Several Committee meetings have been held and these have been fairly well attended, though long hours of work and such war-time duties as fire-watching, have prevented some members from being present.

In July a Ladies Tennis Match—Old Bartonians versus The School, was held on the courts of the Southern Railway Institute, and this resulted in a victory for the Old Bartonians though the games were not by any means as uneven as the score suggested.

It is hoped that more of these matches may be held in the coming season.

On Saturday, July 26th, an American Tennis Tournament and Tea were held at the Southern Railway Institute Tennis Courts and Pavilion, by kind permission of the Bowling and Tennis Club Committee. The very wet morning and afternoon prevented several entrants from attending but after tea which was prepared and served by the ladies of the Committee, the rain ceased, and the Tournament was played off.

The successful competitors were Mrs. W. Waller and Mr. R. Reeves, and the runners-up were Miss E. Fellows and Mrs. M. Neale.

Miss Joyce Newton very ably ran a draw for cigarettes which were won by Mr. J. Smith, and Mr. Cannon was responsible for a darts competition won by Miss J. Neale.

Mr. Goodfellow kindly presented the prizes.

On Tuesday, December 30th, a Re-union Dance was held in the Eastleigh Town Hall, at which a number of Old Bartonians and their friends danced to the strains of the Bushfield Rhythm Boys Band. The attendance was not as large as we had hoped, but this was no doubt due to the absence of so many members in the Forces, and probably lack of petrol for transport in many cases.

Mr. W. Waller was M.C., and the members of Committee were responsible for the preparation and serving of refreshments. Miss J. Newton was in charge of a draw for cigarettes and chocolates.

It is hoped that a large number of Old Bartonians will be present at the March Re-union and that any who have suggestions to make for further activities of the Society will attend the General Meeting.

Offers of assistance at any functions or to carry out suggestions will be very welcome. It is hoped that a Re-union Dance will be held in connection with Old Students' Day, so please make an effort to attend, and bring as many friends as possible.

Like the scorpion whose "sting is in the tail," I conclude by reminding you that the new year for the Association begins in March, so *don't forget your subscriptions.*

Yours sincerely, MAY NEALE (*Hon. Sec.*).

NOTES BY THE WAY

At least two Old Boys have won distinction in this war, and we offer them our congratulations. P.S. S. Dunn, of the Southampton Police Force, received the British Empire Medal for his heroism in Southampton air-raids. and Sgt.-Gunner George Targett has been awarded the D.F.M.

To the following we offer congratulations on recent marriages :—Mabel Scott, Frank Smith, Patricia Chaplin, Mabel Tilbury, Joan Came, Cynthia Pitt to H. Collins, and Enid Macdowell to Mr. Percival.

Also to G. Croasdell (now in Malta) on his engagement to Betty Noyce.

Also to D. Watson on his promotion to Captain. He and his sister, Jessica (now in the W.A.A.F.) met in Northern Ireland.

G. Bailey is now commissioned, and Sgt.-Pilot H. Reed appears to be making a good recovery from severe wounds received on a bombing raid over Germany.

Phyllis Munnings and Kathleen Stone are in the W.A.A.F.

Recent visitors to School have included " Pimple " Smith, R. Smith, G. Brown and R. Sandalls. The last-named has been in H.M.S. *Nelson* for some time.

Elizabeth Carter and Lina Jewell are in the A.T.S

Here are a few items about some older Old Bartonians which will, we trust, prove of interest.

William Travis is now serving at Gibraltar with the rank of Major.

Max Oxford is now a Squadron-Leader. As was reported in the national Press, he escaped from Hong Kong when it was invaded by the Japs.

Dennis Goddard is in the Air Force.

Alfred Mundy is a C.P.O. in H.M.S. *Renown*.

Norah Roud has joined the W.A.A.F.

Frank Brown is now in the office of a Staff G.H.Q. in the Middle East.

Have you any information about Old Bartonians? Send it along.

Do you want the address of any Old Bartonian ? We'll do our best to find it for you !

Now we have a request to make. The School is very anxious to keep an up-to-date record of all Old Bartonians, both boys and girls, who are in the Services. Please send full particulars to the Editor. They will be very welcome indeed..

MISCELLANEOUS NOTES.

The now almost forgotten tennis match of last July, between the Staff and the School, resulted in an overwhelming victory for the Staff. The score was Staff, 102 games ; School, 42 games.

The cricket match between Staff and School was also won by the Staff. The score was Staff, 118 ; School, 68. This score is rather misleading as four of the masters retired.

Owing to the difficulty of obtaining felt hats, the girls now wear berets. We view with interest the resulting new fashions in head-wear.

A Red Cross Unit is to be formed among the Senior girls of the School. They will take the usual Red Cross course and will be taught home nursing, first-aid, and hygiene.

A Cadet Corps has also been formed for the boys of this school and of Gosport County School. Mr. Cockrill is acting as Commanding Officer and Mr. Judson and Mr. Anderson are assisting.

A WINTER'S DAY.

The air is still, the sky is grey,
It is a gloomy winter's day.

The snow is cold upon the ground,
With snowy caps the trees are crowned.

The robin bold, with breast so red,
Comes to the doors for crusts of bread.

The boys are sliding on the pond,
Of throwing snowballs they are fond.

In the field a snowman stands,
Looking on the farmer's lands.

Round him children dance and sing,
Of their revels he is king.

The sheep are safe within the fold,
They have no need to fear the cold.

Lights in windows brightly glow,
Homeward weary peasants go.

Darkness falls o'er all the lands,
Alone the patient snowman stands.

V. M. HOLLOWAY (*Form 2A*).

SALVAGE.

Searches houses, searches barns,
All the stores, and shops, and farms.
Looks in all the nooks and crannies,
Visits Uncles, Aunts, and Grannies.
Asks his best friends and the others,
Girls and Boys and Dads and Mothers.
England wants the iron and bones,
Rags and paper waste for Guns.

JOHN WEST (*Form 2A*).

THE PERVERSE PEKINESE.

(*With apologies to Pekinese owners*).

The only other occupant of the railway compartment was an elderly matron accompanied by one of those beasts which fashion describes as Pekinese. Previously, I had not observed one of these quadrupeds (which history asserts were the royal pets of the Manchu emperors) with any weighty attention, but now I had good reason to do so for the pernicious creature persisted in growling and snap-

ping in order to capture my attention ; so much so, indeed, that I developed some considerable fears for the safety of my nether garments. I turned my head therefore, and regarded my persecutor closely.

It was a small, obese dog entirely covered with long, brown, fluffy hair which trailed the ground. For one fleeting moment I thought that it might prove useful as one of those woolly representations of animals with which children delight in playing, but my reflections in this direction were immediately and rudely dispelled by the animal recommencing another tirade of high-pitched barking.

Now that I had arrived at the conclusion that it could not have been designed as a toy, it struck me that it was an extremely unpractical dog. I thought that its feet must inevitably become entangled with its long, lank hair, resulting in a rapid and unpleasant motion towards the ground. I quickly realised, however, that its squat nose was used as a buffer in this calamity. This hair also caused another difficulty, for it covered the Pekinese's owl-like eyes which, therefore, seemed to me to be useless. However, my fears on this point were soon dissipated when its mistress took a lump of sugar from her pocket. The beast, turning like a flash, seized the proffered tit-bit and devoured it with an unpleasant crunching noise.

" There's a poor, good little doggie then ! " said its mistress triumphantly.

This assertion struck me as being decidedly untrue, but I refrained from argument as the owner of the dog probably knew more on these subjects than I. The Peke was certainly very little. Perhaps it was poor—one never knows about this sort of thing—although it did not look it, being definitely opulent in appearance ; but, try as I might, I could not bring myself to believe that it could possibly be good. It was exactly the opposite. I watched anxiously for a long period, trying to discover some sign of virtue, but the dog persisted in continual snarling and discordant barking. Its owner, observing my worried gaze, broke in upon my concentration with :

" Isn't he lovely ? "

This statement struck me as being even more of a fabrication than the first. His coat certainly was rather lovely, if one liked that sort of thing, but his face, already very ugly, was made still more so by the expression of disobedience and annoyance written thereon.

At this moment, the dog, slipping from its mistress's knee, recommenced its alarming and unwelcome attentions upon my trousers. After a rapid, but dignified, retreat from its attacks, I turned my attention upon the deliverer of these seemingly blatant falsehoods, and examined her. She was a large, elderly woman wearing rather gaudy, but obviously expensive, clothes. She had a big, square face with a harsh expression on it. She spoke in a strident

voice, except when addressing her Pekinese, which seemed to be her only object of affection. In fact, her dog seemed to constitute her existence, for she was, continually cuddling and talking to it, while it, in turn, replied with a continual snarl.

The train gave a loud whistle and drew in at a station. The lady rose and, carrying the still snarling beast, opened the door and left the train. The objects of my meditation were gone.

K. C. SMITH (*Form VI*).

ASSEMBLY.

Outsiders, passing school at approximately nine o'clock in the morning, may hear strange sounds issuing from the interior, and may recognise a hymn tune. It is highly improbable, however, that they guess the deluge of different sounds which help to swell the song.

We have, first of all, the staff, led by a duet between soprano and alto, both having experimental ideas on descants they harmonise delightfully. The rest, either follow like sheep, mumble disconsolately into their hymn books or display great interest in their pedal regions.

Before them stand the second formers in orderly rows according to the wishes of their overlookers. For the first two terms at least, scarcely any of them have hymn books, and they persist in singing the wrong words to the wrong tune. No wonder that the poor pianist seated in their midst constantly produces discords.

The middle school, ranged behind them are slightly better, since, having been at school for a few years, they either have hymn books or know the words. Even the most unmusical lot would realise, however, that their knowledge of melodies is very scant. For, in addition to the disadvantage of many of the boys having cracked voices, they sing loudly and unmelodiously.

At the back of the hall stand the Fifth Forms. Most of the girls have maturing soprano voices, and support their leader on the dais. A few, however, sing in a high falsetto thereby drowning the humble efforts of the rest. The boys seem to imagine that they are capable of producing more interesting hymns than Wesley and his confederates and sadly lack tact in choosing a time to execute their parodies.

A very important section of the school is still to be recalled—the prefects. Those individuals who are steadfast arms of the law when clearing the form-rooms at break, become intensely self-conscious when they suspect that the criticising eyes of the rest of the school are upon them during assembly.

How surprising it is to find, in the morning hymn towards which many people are apathetic, this melee of voices which fit together like pieces in a jig-saw puzzle to make a united tune.

SYLVIA HOCKEY (*U.V.L.*).

BUNS.

This is the thought in every mind when the sound of the bell after the third lesson is heard. No more attention is paid to the unfortunate master or mistress ; who perhaps through jealousy reprimands the malefactors. At last the word is given and the whole class stampedes to the upper dining hall. If the headmaster is encountered *en route* the wild surge melts into a suppressed and eager movement. At last ! There are the buns, all sticky and shiny, laid out in military rows waiting to be eaten. The staff and sixth formers enter the tuck-shop by the back entrance leaving the unfortunate remainder of the pupils to be bullied into a straight line and to be parcelled into orderly groups.

Let us watch one small second former. He edges forward in the queue with his eyes fixed intently on his lunch. He thinks he is only trying to get the person in front of him to move faster and would instantly deny that he is pushing. Finally he reaches his goal and rushes to his favourite server. " Four buns and a cake " he shouts, omitting to say " Please." Then he is bumped and hustled out of the way of some impatient buyer and so makes his way to the exit clasping his lunch tightly in his hand.

Just as he is sinking his teeth into the delicious concoction he is ordered by an irate prefect to " Buzz off downstairs." So he retires downstairs and getting at the bottom, shies half of a bun at a passing tormentor and then stops at a safe distance eating and wondering who shall be his next target.

C. WREN (*Form 6*).

SLEEP.

Although the majority of us spend one-third of our lives asleep very little is known about the subject at present. It comes to us naturally and regularly, all unbidden and often against our will. It seems to cast a spell on us, and draw us away from all that interests us, however hard we may fight against it. Our will-power, at the magic touch of sleep, is weakened, our thoughts wander, our eyelids become heavy, our heads begin to nod, our limbs gradually lifeless, and, inch by inch, as it were, we are beckoned away from the real and living world, into a quiet land of stillness and repose.

Here the great god, Sleep, seems to bind us and hold us in his chains. We may partially arouse and try to escape to the conscious world, but, though we may open our eyes, turn over and try to rise, Sleep grasps us in his greedy hand.

Much has been written of sleep by many scientists and poets. Its beneficent effects, however, are obvious, even to the most simple of us. Sleep rests and restores every organ and muscle of the human body, and refreshens us in mind and spirit. It is, indeed, as Shakespeare says in *Macbeth* :—

Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care ;
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast. . . . "

Some instinct in us tells us when we have had enough sleep; and bids " nature's second course " be gone. We may try to charm it to stay by lying with our eyes closed and our bodies relaxed, but once sleep has left us it seldom returns until we have made good use of the energy and strength with which we were endowed by it. It seems as if it waves a magic wand, opens our eyes, releases our limbs from its grasp, and bids us rise and enjoy the new lease of life he has given us. Our minds and bodies come back to the noisy, wide-awake world. We are refreshed, full of vigour and ardent vitality and we plan for our waking hours ; but when these are over we are again visited by the majestic god. Night by night he comes, never failing ; sometimes he brings with him good dreams, sometimes bad ones and sometimes none at all. Whether welcomed or not, he visits us, bringing in his train healing, restfulness and sweet repose. If we learn to greet sleep at the same time each night, we shall look forward to his visit and benefit from it, but if we delay it, we shall find, in the morning, that sleep is loath to depart from us.

" Oh, sleep it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole. . . . "

So wrote Coleridge in " The Ancient Mariner." What could be more gentle, more natural than sleep ? Sleep ! The very word is soft and suggestive of its meaning. Sleep, the most necessary action of our human lives.

JESSIE LEIGH (*L. V.L.*).

Aged 14 years.

THE SEA.

Is anyone proof against the attraction of the sea ? Surely no one who has ever seen it. Whether we have seen the placid sea at an English holiday resort, or the deep calm blue of the Mediterranean, or the open sea, lashed into fury by the wind and beating like a mad thing against the rocks, it is enough to wake in the heart the longing for adventure. Even those who, incredible as it may seem to us, have never seen more water than a pond in the park, are often awakened by the stirring tales of a weather-beaten fisherman or a bronzed sailor to foreign oceans, to love of Her Majesty the sea, who reigns over the bodies of all those who have cast their life fearlessly into her hands ; and, who knows ? perhaps the souls of all those who, betrayed by her fickle temper, now rest in peace in her unfathomable depths.

Her beauty alone, however, is enough to subdue even the most stubborn of landsmen. Sweet are the cool, green ripples by a pebbly shore ; enchanting must be the deep, mysterious blue bordering the golden sand ; but who would praise these when he has

seen the sea in her anger ? Who would waste time on these idle toys when he had seen the great greyish-green waves, with crests of pure white foam frothing and bubbling to crown them, crashing like thunder on the rocks ? Mighty is the sea in her rage, and hard is the heart which can resist her call.

Our relations with the sea must vary with our type. Some of us regard her as just a place in which to swim and dive—a pleasant asset to our annual holiday. The hard-headed business men among us must regard it as a great factory, from which we may obtain so many tons of fish a year at so much profit per pound. Others, " Those that go down to the sea in ships," and nearly all who do not suppress the romantic nature innate in all of us, hold it as a great lover holds his lady, with adoration and awe at the loveliness and grandeur of the sea.

MARJORIE KING (L. V. L.)

DIXON'S RETURN."

. The school presented " Dixon's Return," a one-act comedy by W. W. Jacobs, as their contribution towards the Schools Entertainments on December 9th during Warships Week.

The play, which might have the appropriate alternative title of " The Worm that Turned," relates the story of how George Dixon goes to sea to escape the tyrannical nagging of a virago of a wife, and her uncle and cousins, and how he returns and takes his rightful place as landlord of the " Blue Lion."

For most of the play there is little action and interest had to be sustained by good characterisation and in this Olive Mann as Mrs. Dixon and R. Weeks as Josiah Burge, her uncle, in the make-up of a bibulous old loafer who loves comfort above everything, were very successful. These two never dropped their characters—a mistake which can so easily result in a more than mediocre performance. Philip Clark as Dixon was more at home in the part where Dixon returns from sea and floors Charles Burge, one of his cousins, after a glorious stand-to fight, a noisy and thrilling episode. D. Page and G. Woodford, in the parts of Charles and Bob Burge respectively, took what opportunities the part provided.

The play was produced by Mr. Slade with his usual efficiency and enthusiasm.

MR. SLADE.

We were indeed sorry that Mr. Slade had to leave us in order to join the Royal Armoured Corps. Our recent successful dramatic productions owed much to him, and he was throwing himself with enthusiasm into the task of commanding the newly-formed Cadet Corps.

His cheery personality will be missed in the staff-room and class-room, and on the field. We wish him the best of luck and a safe and speedy return.

DARKEST AFRICA."

On Wednesday, February 25th, Commander Swanson came to the school to give a lecture on "Darkest Africa." He told the story of his journey to North Rhodesia in 1902 and his life there. He described his journey to Victoria Falls in bullock carts, which averaged about six miles a day, and the adventures he had on the way. He told many exciting and amusing anecdotes of his encounters with lions, buffaloes, and other wild game. He gave some interesting information about the tribes who inhabited this country, which was as big as Germany, and the native kings who ruled over it.

The audience was given an opportunity to ask questions at the end of the lecture. Many questions were asked and answered very completely by Commander Swanson. The lecture was thoroughly enjoyed by everyone and the whole school joined in thanking the Commander for his interesting, amusing and inspiring talk on pioneer life in Africa.

MY ORDEAL.

One bitter cold morn in December,
I was plunged in deep despair,
For a terrible task lay before me,
An ordeal beyond compare.

How could I face this horror ?
Why should it happen to me ?
Each moment the-end drew nearer,
So *what* must my action be ?

A stealthy tread on the stairway,
Told of approaching doom,
Then out of the eerie silence,
Someone crept in the room.

A hand was laid on my shoulder,
Then a voice in accents clear
Roused me to instant action with,
" Time to get up, my dear ! ! ! ! "

MARION BECK (*Form 3A*).

EXAMINATION RESULTS.

LONDON HIGHER SCHOOL CERTIFICATE.—June, 1941.

The following were successful in passing the examination :-

H. Currell, passed in Latin, History and Geography and in English at subsidiary standard.

C. Taylor, passed in Pure and Applied Mathematics and in Geography and Physics at subsidiary standard.

N. Newton, passed in Pure Mathematics, Applied Mathematics, Physics and Geography (with Distinction).

A. Vilela, passed in Economics, French and Spanish (with Distinction).

N. Newton secured exemption from London Inter. B.Sc., and was awarded a State Bursary in Science.

LONDON GENERAL SCHOOL CERTIFICATE.—June, 1941.

G	Carpenter, Joyce	(en gy)
G	Collings, Josephine	(en h gy 1)
G	Dawson, Gladys	(en 1 f)
G	England, Iris	(el h gy in)
MG	Gray, Kenneth	(en gy 1 f m p)
MG	Heath, Joyce	(en gy 1 f m bi a)
MG	Loveridge, Nancy	(en 1 f m [a])
G	Middlevick, Doris	(el 1 f m a)
G	Monk, Winifred	(en el f)
G	Munday, Audrey	(f m a)
G	Norman, Muriel	(m bi a)
G	Remnant, Patricia	(en m)
G	Stringer, Betty	(en gy f)
MG	Tillin, Audrey	(en [gy] f m a)
MG	Woodford, Geoffrey	(en el h gy [f] m bi a)
G	Bicknell, Trixie	(en el gy a ds)
G	Cain, Patricia	(en el gy f a)
G	Chilton, Barbara	(en gy bi ds)
MG	Dalton, David	([en] gy f m me p a)
G	Dalton, Samuel	(en m a)
G	Darke, Ronald	(el gy m me p a)
G	Fray, Stanley	(gy m p a he)
G	Greenway, Rex	(el a)
G	Greenwood, Margaret	(f a)
G	Hares, John	(en m me p bi)
G	Jones, Irene	(m)
G	Kerridge, Joyce	(en gy a)
G	Lee, Wilfred	(a)
G	Luke, Audrey	(m)
G	Mears, Hazel	(en gy f ds)
G	Mills, Norma	(en gy f)
G	Page, Douglas	(p he)
G	Page, Eric	(m p)
G	Paice, Raymond	(m me p a)
G	Phillips, Patricia	(en f m a)
G	Plummer, Frederick	(gy p a)
G	Thompson, John	(el gy f m c a)
G	Wilton, Eileen	(gy)
G	Wren, Christopher	(m)

December, 1941.

G	Lee, Wilfred	(en gy bi a)
G	Lucas, Donovan	(en m)
G	Page, Eric	(el h m)
G	Shipp, Joyce	(en f)
*	Middlewick, Doris	(en)
*	Thompson, John	(en)

*These candidates, having previously passed the examination, now completed the requirements for Matriculation.

Notes.

M Exemption from Matriculation.

G General School Certificate.

The subjects in which credits were obtained are shown in brackets after the candidate's name.

Key.

en	English.	p	Physics.
el	English Literature.	me	Mechanics.
h	History.	bi	Biology.
gy	Geography.	a	Art.
l	Latin.	c	Chemistry.
f	French.	ds	Domestic Science.
m	Elementary Mathematics.	he	Woodwork.

Subjects enclosed in square brackets are those in which a candidate passed for the purpose of Matriculation, though failing to obtain the " credit " mark.

THEY WENT TO SCHOOL, TOO.

" There may be profits in these arts, but still
Learning is labour, call it what you will."

Crabbe.

GEOGRAPHY.

" What's the good of Mercator's North Poles and Equators,
Tropics, Zones and Meridian Lines ? "

Lewis Carroll.

PHYSICS.

" Throw Physics to the dogs,
I'll none of it."

W. Shakespeare (slightly adapted).

MATHEMATICS.

" Back to his book then, deeper drooped his head,
Calculus racked him."

R. Browning.

HISTORY.

" My mind lets go a thousand things
Like dates of wars and deaths of kings."

Thomas Aldrich.

MUSIC.

" For ears to hear the heavenly harmony,
We thank Thee Lord ! "

John Oxenham.

BIOLOGY.

" We will now discuss in a little more
detail the Struggle for Existence."

Charles Darwin.

LATIN.

. . . Latin was no more difficile
Than to a blackbird 'tis to whistle."

Samuel Butler.

ENGLISH.

" And there no harvest grows
Save juiceless weeds of grammar."

George Whicher.

NEEDLEWORK.

" The air was littered an hour or so
With bits of gingham and calico."

Eugene Fields.

COOKERY.

" We may live without friends, we may live without books,
But a civilised man cannot live without cooks."

Lord Lytton.

WOODWORK.

" Mechanic slaves with greasy aprons,
Rules and hammers."

W. Shakespeare.

GYM :

" Sure never yet was Antelope
Could skip so lightly by."

Lord Tennyson.

FRENCH.

" But, for my own part, it was Greek to me."

W. Shakespeare.

SCRIPTURE.

" Who taught you tender Bible Tales
Of honey-lands, of milk and wine ? "

Joaquin Miller.

ART.

True artists are a rare, rare breed."

Edmund Cooke.

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