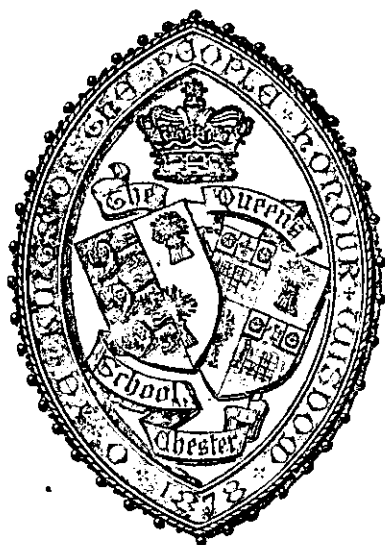


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1/6

**JUNE,
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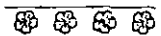
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The Queen's School
Annual.

JUNE. 1926.

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The Chronicle.

The School Year began with an unusual feeling of strangeness. It was so hard for us to realize that Miss Clay had actually left, and we found ourselves expecting her to arrive at any moment. We had, at least, the pleasure of looking forward to a visit from her in the near future. We also missed Miss Hoadley, to whom we had said farewell at the end of the Summer Term, and we were glad to give a ready and sincere welcome to Miss Wilkinson, who took her place, and also to Miss Hodgson.

The Autumn Term was, as usual, a busy one. The first outstanding event was a visit from Miss Bois, on October 29th. She told us of her work in China, and of the little mission School that she is managing with the help of Chinese teachers. She showed us an elaborately embroidered silk shoe, so small that it could hardly be coaxed on to the foot of any English baby, and yet is typical of the foot-wear of many Chinese women, even up to the present day. In a short time, and with few words, Miss Bois succeeded in rousing our interest and in painting a vivid picture of modern Chinese girls, and of her own work amongst them.

On October 31st Miss Day took a party of Sixth Form girls to Manchester, to see, and more particularly to hear, Victor Hugo's play "Hernani" produced in French.

The School was grateful to the Dean for again arranging a special service in the Cathedral on the morning of Prize Day, November 3rd. He himself preached from the text, "We also are living stones being built up into an holy temple," and he made us feel that the Cathedral was ready to talk to us, not only on that particular day, but at all times. The prizes were distributed in the afternoon by Mrs. Burstall, well-known for many years as the Head Mistress of Manchester High School, and as one of the pioneers of better education for girls. After she had given away the prizes she spoke of the great need for industry and thrift in these troubled years since the war, and the necessity for each one of us to have some definite purpose in our lives.

During the week beginning Monday, November 16th, Bernard Shaw's play, "Saint Joan," was produced at the Theatre Royal, Chester. An Old Queen's School Girl having formed a connecting link between ourselves and Miss Holmes-Gore, she very kindly came and gave us some of her impressions of the play. Her enthusiasm was infectious, and she told us how proud she was of playing the part of Saint Joan. She spoke chiefly of the epilogue, as she knew from experience that many people objected to it. She herself felt strongly that the

play would be spoilt without it, and that in spite of its obvious blemishes it does emphasize the fact that Joan's influence persisted long after her death; and that, in fact, her spirit still lives.

On December 1st a debate was held, the motion being: "That the dole ought to be abolished."

During the entire term members of the School had been busy preparing for the Sale of Work which was held on December 5th. It was necessary to raise money for the various Charities which now expect an annual subscription from us, and also it was desirable that we should raise money with which to buy a motor mower for our playing field. We were very grateful to Miss Allington Hughes for opening the Sale, and then spending a busy afternoon with us. We were also glad to welcome Sir Charles and Lady Cayzer, who found time, out of a busy week-end, to visit the Queen's School, and who allowed themselves to be victimized by energetic stall holders and enthusiastic managers of competitions.

Miss Clay paid her first return visit to the School on Monday, December 14th, and on the afternoon of the following Thursday the whole School assembled to give her a more complete welcome. The three short plays which had formed a side-show at the Bazaar were repeated, and afterwards Miss Clay told us something of her doings since the end of the Summer Term, of her new surroundings and of her many new interests. The idea of the unmanageable puppy caused much amusement, and he is by no means forgotten. The afternoon ended with carols, in which we all joined.

The Spring Term was short, and therefore of necessity somewhat uneventful.

Musical Appreciations took place on February 1st and 17th, and on March 8th.

Wednesday, February 10th, and Friday, February 12th, were Open Days for the parents of girls in the Junior and Senior School respectively. Between 2-30 and 3 o'clock the form rooms became "Rooms that like to be visited," like Mary Rose's Island. The programme of events between 3 and 4 o'clock included some Recitations, Music, Eurhythmics, (unfortunately curtailed at the last moment owing to Miss Whittam's illness), and Drill.

Towards the end of February a letter was received from the Queen's Private Secretary stating that Queen Mary had graciously consented to become Patroness of the School in the place of Her late Majesty Queen Alexandra.

On March 5th Lieut.-Commander Cummins gave us an exciting description of a trip up the Amazon, and down the coast of South America. He told us stories of adventures that were as varied as they were numerous and surprising.

A week later, Mr. Joseph Clark gave us a thoroughly enjoyable Lecture Recital on Barrie's play, "Mary Rose." His representations of the different characters were extraordinarily clever, and we hope that he will visit us again in the future.

On Monday, March 15th, a meeting of four hundred boys and girls from the five Chester Secondary Schools was held in the Refectory. The Lord Bishop spoke of the great importance of the work of the League of Nations, and explained how it is possible for each one of us to do a little to help that work by joining the Union. A very hearty vote of thanks to the Bishop was proposed by K. Ellis, the Head Boy of the King's School, and seconded by D. Beck, the Head Girl of the Queen's School. Mr. Wilkins thanked Mrs. H. F. Brown on behalf of all the Schools for having arranged the meeting. It is pleasant to be able to record the fact that the Queen's School as a whole is now a member of the League of Nations Union, and that sixty girls have also joined as individual members.

The last event of the Spring Term was the arrival of the new motor mower for the playing field.

It was fortunate that the Summer Term began early, and that we were therefore all safely back at School before the general strike made it difficult, or even impossible, to travel. As it was, we were able to carry on work as usual through that difficult time, though there were a few train girls who were unable to get to School for some days. On the whole girls from outlying districts are to be congratulated for their regular attendance, in spite of difficulties.

The Boarders once again had the pleasure of accepting Mrs. H. F. Brown's kind invitation to tea on Tuesday, May 4th, and they were able to enjoy the Races from her garden.

On May 12th Miss Gee and a small party of girls went for a Botany walk in Eaton Park and Radley Woods.

Empire Day this year fell on Whit Monday. It did not pass altogether unnoticed as the following day, Tuesday, Miss Nedham spoke about India, as one part of the Empire, and of her own experiences out there.

On June 8th Mr. Simpson very kindly took a party of girls and some mistresses round the recently restored and re-opened Church in the Caesar Tower of the Castle. He afterwards took them on to the ramparts, and to other parts of the Castle.

We were very glad to welcome the Lord Bishop to the Queen's School on Thursday, June 10th, and to have the pleasure of hearing of his recent visit to Rome. We shall doubtless all be ready to take his advice and travel whenever the opportunity comes our way.

The Chronicle must end on a sad note. The death of Mr. Sprang was so sudden that we still only realize it with difficulty, and we cannot yet measure our loss.

Gifts.

The following Gifts to the School are gratefully acknowledged:—

Carved Chair for the platform in the Great Hall—Miss Clay.
 Picture—Miss Clay.
 Book-shelf for Staff Room—Miss Clay.
 Guide Books—The Great Western Railway Company.
 A Picture for the Kindergarten—Mrs. Pinfold.

Books.

Personal Library of Books—Miss Clay.
 Thirty Books, including standard works and books on art, gardening, fiction, etc.—Mrs. Blagden.

Gifts to the Fiction Library.

Scott's Works in 46 volumes—Mrs. Wilson (Joyce Ayrton).
 Jeremy (Walpole)—Ruth Paton.
 David Blaize and the Blue Door (E. F. Benson)—Helen Pollard.
 Jeremy and Hamlet (Walpole)—Helen Pollard.
 Little Women (Alcott)—Helen Pollard.
 John Verney (Vachell)—Miss Hoadley.
 Wee MacGregor (Bell)—Miss Hoadley.
 Muckleberry Finn (Mark Twain)—Miss Hoadley.
 A Gentleman of France (Stanley Weyman)—Miss Hoadley.
 The Good Comrade (Una Silberrard)—Miss Hoadley.

Gifts to the Reference Library.

Chester (Illustrated)—Miss Hoadley.
 Chester Cathedral (The Dean)—Miss Hoadley.
 Dictionary of Classical Quotations—Barbara Crosland.
 Natural History for Boys (Wood)—Irene Pinfold.

Prizes.

<i>Queen's Scholar</i>	Dorothy Beck.
<i>Hastings' Scholars (Internal)</i>	Queenie Millichamp. Sybil Trubshaw.

FORM VI.—

<i>Languages</i> ...	Winifred Lee	...	Mrs. Coplestone.
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DONOR.

FORM V.—UPPER.

<i>Form Prize</i> ...	Dorothy Beck	...	Mr. E. Gardner.
<i>History</i> ...	Sybil Trubshaw	...	Mrs. Paton.
<i>Mathematics</i> ...	Dorothy Beck	...	Sandford Memorial.
<i>Credits in Examinations</i> ...	Queenie Millichamp	...	Mr. H. F. Brown.
	Dorothy Errington	...	The Mayoress.

FORM V.—LOWER.

<i>Form Prize</i> ...	Barbara Bidwell	...	Miss Clay.
<i>Mathematics</i> ...	Margaret Rowson	...	John Thompson Memorial.
<i>French</i> ...	Norma Baker	...	Mrs. H. T. Brown.

FORM IV.

<i>Form Prizes</i> ...	Ella Grundy	...	Mrs. Alfred Ayrton.
	Elizabeth Murdoch	...	Mrs. Alfred Ayrton.
	Dorothy Waghorne	...	The Mayoress.
<i>English and History</i> ...	Jean Paton	...	Sandford Memorial.
<i>Languages</i> ...	Ella Grundy	...	Mrs. J. Beck.
	Annie Hodgson	...	Mrs. J. Beck.

FORM IV.—LOWER A.

<i>Form Prizes</i> ...	Rosamond Clark	...	Mrs. Stolterfoth.
	Phyllis Woodward	...	Mrs. Stolterfoth.
<i>English</i> ...	Joan Wallis	...	Sandford Memorial.
<i>Geography</i> ...	Rosamond Clark	...	Mrs. Blagden.
	Eileen Collinge	...	Mrs. Blagden.

FORM IV.—LOWER B.

<i>Form Prize</i> ...	Rachel Heal	...	Miss Clay.
<i>Languages</i> ...	Myfanwy Ashforth	...	Mr. W. H. Denson.

FORM REMOVE.

<i>Form Prize</i> ...	Molly Young	...	Mr. & Mrs. Noel Humphreys.
<i>Languages</i> ...	Molly Young	...	Mr. & Mrs. Noel Humphreys.
<i>Progress in Languages</i> ...	Nancy Pollard	...	Anonymous.

FORM III.

<i>Form Prizes</i> ...	Muriel Denson	...	Anonymous.
	Joan Mason	...	Old Girls' Association.
	Mary Stone.	...	Old Girls' Association.
<i>French</i> ...	Muriel Denson.	...	

FORM II.

<i>Form Prizes</i> ...	Joan Hughes	...	The Head Mistress
	Marjorie Godson.	...	Miss M. Boddington.

FORM I.

<i>Form Prizes</i> ...	Joyce Lowe	...	The Head Mistress.
	Felicité Potter.	...	

KINDERGARTEN.

<i>Form Prize</i> ...	Rosemary Spencer	...	Mrs. Christopherson.
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<i>Scripture</i> ...	Joan Potter	Miss Howson.
<i>Drawing</i> ...	Ena Barnes Ruth Paton.	William Davies Memorial.
<i>Music (Senior)</i> ...	Dorothy Cattrell... Dorothy Dermody	Miss E. Giles. Miss E. Giles.
„ (Junior) ...	Joan Marston	Miss Elliott.
<i>Sewing and Handwork</i> ...	Ella Grundy Marjorie Cattrell... Eleanor Davies-Jones	Dorothy Travers Memorial. Dorothy Travers Memorial.
<i>Gymnastics (Senior)</i> ...	Dorothy Dermody	Mr. E. Gardner.
„ (Junior) ...	Peggy Marston	Miss Keith Douglas.
<i>Gymnastics Challenge Cup</i>	Form V.—Lower...	Miss Elfreda Stubbs.
<i>Games (Senior)</i> ..	Dorothy Anderson	Walter Welsby Memorial.
„ (Middle School) ...	Molly Young	
„ (Junior)...	Ethel Godwin	

SUCSESSES DURING THE SCHOOL YEAR, 1925—26.

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	English, History, Latin, French, Mathematics, Botany...	Queenie Millichamp*
	English, History, French, Drawing	Ruth Paton.
	English, History, Mathematics	Nellie Shaw.
	English, History, Mathematics	Frances Taylor.
	English, History, Latin, French, Mathematics	Sybil Trubshaw.*

*Exempted from Matriculation.

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Matriculation	...	Joan Chaplain.

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	Pass.	D. Rutter, A. Waters.
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	Pass.	F. Baker, Margaret Davies, K. Denson, N. Johnstone, Mary Jones, P. Lindop, Elizabeth Maddock, J. Marston, E. Morton, D. Newns, C. Roderick, M. Swift, D. Wallis, M. Wild.
DIVISION III.	Honours.	M. Ashforth, H. Caunce, E. Clemence, D. Dobson, N. Edge, E. Edwards, G. Giles, K. Hare, A. Hodgson, M. Kelly, Elsie Maddock, D. Mitchell, V. Neville, D. Newns, N. Parker, M. Payne, J. Pepper, G. Quinn, R. Spencer, B. Strong.
	Pass.	O. Chapman, E. Collinge, S. Crawford, Margaret Davies, K. Duck, B. Dutton, M. Evans, M. Heal, E. Jones, Marguerite Jones, I. Pinfold, M. Trubshaw, Denise Williams.
DIVISION IV.	Honours.	K. Bancroft, V. Bollans, M. Browne, H. Caunce, R. Clark, J. Clark, E. Clemence, E. Edwards, J. Goble, E. Grundy, R. Heal, A. Hodgson, N. Jones, H. Jones, D. Mitchell, V. Neville, M. Rowson, B. Shaw, D. Wagborne, J. Wallis.
	Pass.	D. Anderson, B. Bidwell, M. Payne, B. Rogers.
DIVISION V.	Honours.	D. Dermody, J. Strettell.
	Pass.	J. Paton, M. Rowson.

DIVISION VI.	Honours.	E. Barnes.
	Pass.	B. Cowan, K. Dodd.
FULL CERTIFICATE.		E. Barnes.

AT THE ANNUAL EXHIBITION, the following were awarded First Classes:—

<i>Plants (Brush Work)</i>	R. Clark.
<i>Decorative Composition</i>	R. Paton.
<i>Plants Botanical (4 sheets)</i>	R. Paton.

January, 1926.

London Multiculation ... Ruth Paton.

In Memoriam.

SYDNEY FRANK SPRANG.

Mr. Sprang's death on June 9th, after a brief and sudden illness, is a very grievous loss to the Queen's School and to the City.

It is difficult to realize that only two years have elapsed since he was appointed Clerk to the Governors, so closely had he from the first identified himself with the interests of the School. He spared himself no effort in its service, and was helpful and courteous in all relations.

Three years of work on the City Council had already proved him a man of high capability and great promise in public life, whose place will be hard indeed to fill.

L.P.B.

The Sale of Work.

Parents and friends of the Queen's School came in large numbers to the Sale of Work held on December 5th for the purpose of raising funds which are mainly devoted to Charities. This year it was opened by Miss Allington Hughes. At the end of her most appropriate speech, the company was pleasantly surprised to see Sir Charles and Lady Cayzer ascend the platform from which Lady Cayzer subsequently spoke.

The loaded stalls appeared so tempting that each one was instantly besieged by customers eager to buy the various articles displayed. The provision stall was soon relieved of the abundance of good things with which it had been laden.

and the delicious home-made jam and preserves found ready buyers. The flower and fruit stall, which had a class-room to itself, was a picture, and the home-made candies and cakes of the confectionery stall quickly disappeared. The handwork stall was particularly inviting, and attractive calendars, writing-pads, bags and carefully-tended bulbs planted in hand-painted pots were among the delightful exhibits. The plain and fancy needlework stalls found plenty of customers eager to buy the useful and novel articles displayed. The handkerchief stall was completely stripped, and the white elephants, poor things, found plenty of purchasers.

In the Lower V. form-room competitions were going forward busily and many fortunate winners were exulting over prizes. Guesses were made about the names of dolls, and the weights of cakes. The Entertainment was very popular. Three short scenes were acted: "Mrs. Green's Photograph," a humorous study; "The King's Breakfast," A. A. Milne's amusing poem; and a Falstaff scene from "Henry IV."

Three class-rooms in the Hastings Wing presented the unusual but charming appearance of tea-rooms where visitors were attended by deft waitresses.

The results of this enjoyable and successful afternoon were materially gratifying, since the satisfactory sum of £150 was realised.

JOAN WALLIS (FORM V. LOWER).

Open Day.

Two Open Days were held during the Spring Term. On the afternoon of Wednesday, 10th February, the parents of girls from Form I. to Form IV. Lower, and on Friday afternoon of the same week, parents of girls from Form IV. Lower to Form VI. were invited to visit the School.

At 3 o'clock everyone assembled in the Hall. A display of Eurhythmics was to have opened the programme, but owing to the illness of Miss Whittam, this had to be curtailed. Under Miss Ayrton's direction, however, the Junior Class illustrated the technical side by stepping to the tune of "Good King Wenceslas." The more advanced class gave an example of Free Movement in a Beethoven Rondo. Two couples, M. Milligan and J. Pepper, R. Clark and M. Kelly interpreted the Two-Part Invention by Bach, and all united in the three-part round "Frère Jacques."

The Lower Fourth Singing Class sang merrily, members of Forms I. and II. recited, and G. Giles (IV. Upper A.) gave one of La Fontaine's fables, "Le Loup et l'Agneau." There

was some Folk-Dancing by members of Form IV. Lower, "Huntsden House" and "Mage on a Cree." The Second Form drilled, and the programme closed with a display of vaulting. This proved to be the most thrilling part of the whole, and elicited great applause from the audience, although at least one mother declared that she was "thankful to be no longer a girl."

All the class-rooms were open for inspection, and in each were representative examples of the Form's work, including needlework and drawings. In the Chemistry room apparatus was set up, and in the Geography room there were various models.

The interest shown by the many visitors proved that the Open Days had been successful in their object of making even stronger the links which bind home and school.

QUEENIE MILLICHAFF (FORM VI).

The Bishop's Address.

In the spring term, about ninety of us went to the Refectory, where the Lord Bishop of Chester, addressed the five secondary schools of the city on the League of Nations.

His address was most instructive, and I am sure that we all benefited by it.

He told us, that ever since the Great War, a certain body of people were striving to get a league, to which all disagreements between the countries could be taken. In 1918 a league called "The League of Nations" was formed. To this league all disputes can be taken, and the League of Nations tries to prevent any wars between the Nations. If there were to be another war, the result would be disastrous, not only for soldiers and sailors, but for the ordinary people and towns. One reason is that scientists have discovered more dangerous gases, and another is the fatal submarines and zeppelins.

All the great Nations are in the League, except America, Germany and Russia, and it is hoped that they soon will join. The League of Nations has already prevented seven wars and settled seventeen disputes. Austria was on her last legs, but the League appealed to the Nations, who gave her money, and had they been separate they might not have done this.

There is a branch of the League, called the League of Nations Union, to which schools can belong. The Union is kept in touch with the work of the League, by a monthly paper called "Headway." It is essential that everyone should join the Union, as the more supporters it has, the more power the League will have.

E. DAVIES-JONES (FORM REMOVE).

The League of Nations Union.

After the very interesting address on the League of Nations by the Bishop, the School decided to join the Union as a Corporate Body. In return for a subscription of £1 we receive all the Union publications. Some of the Upper and Middle School Forms have decided to keep diaries of League activities so that they can disabuse people who say that the League does no good. Sixty girls in the school have joined the Union as separate members, and we hope that that number will be doubled by the end of the year.

G. M.

Geneva.

The ideal way to visit Geneva would be as a correspondent of the Press. If 'Have Mynde' should ever decide to send a representative, I am prepared to offer my valuable services free of charge; for I should be rewarded with many privileges not enjoyed by the general public. A seat would be kept for me in the gallery of the Assembly Hall; great care would be taken to instruct me in all the questions under discussion; I should be given private interviews with exalted personages, and a free trip in a steamer on the Lake, including lunch. If 'Have Mynde' should feel that it needed more than one correspondent to represent it adequately, I strongly recommend as many of its readers as possible to apply for the post. I think however that the rejected candidates would still find it worth their while to visit Geneva in a private capacity, especially if they are University students, when they will find a society called the International Federation of University League of Nations Unions ready to offer them its protection and special reduced railway fares.

In September, when the Annual Assembly of the League is being held, Geneva is a cosmopolitan city, thronged with delegates, officials and visitors of every race and type, who come there with the purpose either of working the League or of watching it work. A pleasing prospect of blue lake, blue sky and blue mountains, varied by dazzling white buildings and glimpses of snow on the distant Alps, forms the scene of their labours. As I said before, I think the Press has the easiest time. Delegates must move in an atmosphere of care and responsibility, and to be a visitor successfully requires three great qualities—Faith, Patience and Intelligence. The faith is chiefly exercised while waiting in queues, to uphold you in the belief that, in spite of official warnings, there is room and you *will* ultimately be admitted—a belief quite often

justified. The patience is needed both then and after admission; no one can ever predict exactly when things will happen in the Assembly, and you may listen hopefully to three or four lengthy speeches (each followed by a translation), and then find that the important question has been postponed to the next meeting. On the other hand, you may go expecting nothing and hear one of the momentous speeches of the session, and patience will then feel rewarded. Intelligence has heavy demands made upon it. For the mere spectator, it is not always easy to disentangle the true significance of the discussions from the wordy and sometimes inaudible proceedings. But fortunately some assistance is provided. There are courses of lectures given by those who really understand the mysteries of international politics, which are full of enlightenment for those who do not. You are often surprised to learn, at one of these lectures, how many exciting things happened at the Assembly to which you listened in person the day before.

In spite of the obstacles mentioned, if you do not expect too much dramatic incident, there is no cause to regret the time spent in hanging round the various departments of the League. You see constructive work being done which is not much displayed in the newspapers. You begin to realise some of the technical difficulties involved in an international organisation—such as the language problem, and the enormous amount of routine work which has to be done by the staffs of the League Secretariat and the International Labour Office. And you probably picture the League afterwards as neither a machine nor an obstruction, but a society which, while it has its humorous side and its imperfections, is at any rate not open to the charge of being lifeless.

S. N. B.

The Report of the Debating Society.

In the Autumn Term a debate was held to discuss the resolution that "The Dole should be abolished." Miss Mountford was in the Chair.

Norma Baker proposed the resolution, blaming "the dole" for the present unemployment problem. She asserted that a fixed unearned income, even if small, made men lazy. It hindered emigration, for what man would leave his home and his twenty odd shillings a week to seek a foreign land and possibly a struggle for any income? There were already many admirable institutions to provide support for the out-of-work man and his dependants.

Barbara Bidwell opposed the motion in a sound and well-expressed speech. She argued that the chief reason for not abolishing "the dole" was the fact that it was only an exten-

sion of payments drawn from contributions of the men themselves and their more fortunate "in-work" brothers. It was incredible that any community should let men starve. If they should become dependant upon some institution, expense would be incurred, families would be broken up, and the taint of the workhouse be theirs for ever. Were not the wealthy, with unearned increment, not of twenty shillings but of twenty pounds, not in a similar position as drags on society? When these men were fighting, they were heroes, now, handicapped by four years' absence they were told to hurry and find work, or at least to have the decency to emigrate.

There was a spirited, though hardly a widespread discussion on the motion. Feeling ran so high that two of the members had to be sternly rebuked for not addressing the chair. The following members spoke:—Miss Day, Miss Jameson, Miss Morris, Miss Wilkinson and Miss Hodgson. Sybil Trubshaw, Dorothy Beck, Frances Taylor, Dorothy Anderson. There was unfortunately considerable reticence on the part of most of those present.

The motion was carried by 16 votes to 11.

Dolls for the Madagascar Mission.

In response to the appeal for dolls, twenty fair ladies were produced. Some were the result of individual effort, some were jointly contributed by several members of a form—quite a good plan when some of us are not very nimble with our fingers!

Dolls were contributed by:—

Alison MacInnes (Form I.)	Denise Williams (IV Lower)
Alison Waters (Form II.)	Mary Davies
Moirra Campbell (Form III.)	Nannie Johnstone
Margaret Campbell (Form III.)	Sheila Ferguson
Joan Hughes	Katherine Pollard
Marjorie Godson	Pamela Draper (IV. Upper B)
Ethel Godwin	Joan Farquhar
Joan Christie	Mary Davies
Molly Austin	Pamela Draper
Remove United	Phyllis and Gwen Woodward
Elsa Morton (Remove)	(IV Upper B and V. Lower)
Joyce Woodford (Remove)	Brenda Strong.
Kathleen Fairclough (Remove)	Annie Hodgson
Sabina Behbington (Remove)	Joyce Goble
Phyllis Parry (Remove)	Dorothy Dermody
Peggy Gowings (IV. Lower)	Norma Baker
Mildred Marston (IV. Lower)	

These dolls are sent to Madagascar where they give great pleasure to the children of the native school of the "Mission Anglicane." The Headmistress, Miss Pryce Browne, was once on the staff of the Queen's School. She is now on furlough

in England, and hopes, before returning to Madagascar, to be able to come and tell the Queen's School girls something about the children for whom they do this little piece of work.

K. D.

Exploring the Amazon.

Commander Cummins visited the School in the Spring Term to give us a lecture on South America, and particularly the River Amazon. He is an Englishman, but he has spent his life travelling all over the world, and speaks with a slight American accent.

When he reached America his route lay along the Amazon, down the West coast, round the treacherous Cape Horn and up the East coast back to Para. The town of Para at the estuary of the Amazon looks very beautiful with its white houses glistening in the sun. From there the party passed through thick tropical vegetation, through which all sorts of strange animals came down to the river to drink. Once they suddenly came across a party of native girls bathing in charge of an old woman. The girls, seeing that they would be carried off their feet by the wash of the steamer, hastily scrambled to the bank, but the old woman, not seeing her danger, was lifted high, but hardly dry, on the shore by the waves.

We were told the best way of escaping from crocodiles of which there were plenty in the river. When there is no other way of escape, it is best to run as fast as you can, and then, when you feel his breath on your legs, suddenly step aside. A crocodile takes a very long time to turn, and when he has turned he will rush at you again. Repeat the performance until you reach a place of safety!

Further on down the river they changed into a smaller boat, and near the source they crossed the Andes in an aeroplane to reach the coast. He will never forget the snow-capped peaks, stretching as far as the eye could reach, and shining in the sunlight. When they started sailing down the West coast, they saw a wonderful sight—flying-fish. At this point he told us the story of a man who had been on many voyages and who, when he came home, told his old mother stories of his adventures, some of which had to be taken "with a grain of salt." He said that he had been to one place where there were rivers of rum, to another where there were mountains of sugar on the shore, and to another where he saw flying-fish. His mother shook her head and said regretfully, "No, no John! Rivers of rum and mounds of sugar—yes! But flying-fish! No, No! not flying-fish my boy."

After telling us heaps of interesting adventures, the lecturer said in conclusion that he hoped that he had not bored us. The enthusiastic applause which answered him was quite reassuring on that point.

PEGGY GOWINGS (FORM IV. LOWER)

A "Mary-Rose" Recital.

Towards the end of the Spring Term, Mr. Clark, a dramatic lecturer, gave us a rendering of Barrie's "Mary-Rose."

Before telling us about the play itself, Mr. Clark read us several extracts from "Margaret Ogilvy" because that book shows Barrie's great love for his mother, and, as he explained, the idea behind "Mary-Rose" is the love of a mother for her child.

The lecturer rendered the different voices so successfully that it was difficult to believe that only one person was speaking. In the second scene when Simon is pleading his cause with Mary Rose's parents, Mr. Clark was especially successful. He vividly presented the bashful and jolly sailor-lover, the sweet-voiced girl, the gentle old lady and the perturbed father. In the scene on the Island, the presentation was most realistic. We seemed with our own eyes to behold Mary Rose and Simon finishing their picnic in the gloaming, when all was still. We could hear the first sweet call, coming as it were from the leaves and flowers and growing things, see her face light up as if with the revival of a lost memory, and watch her walk forward with outstretched arms, and in all her pathetic beauty, disappear into nothingness.

His hearers felt themselves carried away into the realms of Barrie's weird fancies until the lecturer bade us farewell and we found ourselves once more on the prosaic floor of the Queen's School.

MONA KELLY (FORM IV. UPPER A).

A Visit to the Castle.

I suppose everyone who lives in Chester walks "round the Walls" sometime during his or her life-time. I am sure that many Chester folk do not often encircle their city, but some of us have done so frequently, during the last eighteen months, and have gazed with wonder and admiration at the fortified

Castle, from the north, south, east and west. Perhaps we have seen a squad of soldiers being drilled energetically in the bailey; may be we have watched the judges arrive for the opening of assize. The Castle is a collection of buildings which is reminiscent of Christopher Robin, and of Buckingham Palace, for there is always something to do with soldiers happening just within the rails to excite the curiosity of the passer-by, and to tempt him from his business, for a space.

On Thursday, June 8th, a party of some thirty-five girls and mistresses were lucky enough to be shown over some parts of the building. The chief objective was the tiny Church. This is a room on the first storey of Caesar's Tower. Mr. Simpson, our most interesting and indefatigable guide, told us that this name was of no significance, and so, at the outset, shattered our hopes of a romantic history.

The base of the tower consists of a vaulted room—about the height of a usual dining-room. The walls are white-washed inside—for no apparent reason—but this light interior serves to throw up the very lovely arch of the exterior. The whole of this tower, including the Church, was used as a storehouse, for hundreds of years, and before the recent re-opening could be attempted, a large shed had to be taken down, in order to expose the frontage of this structure.

On the right, a small door in the wall led to a circular staircase of stone. After winding round for some little time, a copper-covered door was reached. This gave entrance to the Church. Here we found seating accommodation for about thirty-five people. Our party quite filled it! Mr. Simpson gave a most interesting resumé of the history of the building and the part it has played in the story of the development of the castle, of the town, and of the country side, through the ages. He pointed out the masons' marks; the ceiling—again vaulted; the frescoed walls on which the colours appear only in very damp weather; the lighting arrangements, hanging lamps restored as nearly as possible to the pattern of the old idea; the various recesses in the walls; and the walls themselves, not feet, but yards in thickness.

Then we climbed higher to a room which is to be the future Museum of the Castle. Still higher is the roof of the tower. This has been made perfectly safe, and we were able to walk round the four sides, and had extensive views; an excellent panorama of country.

Leaving the tower, we climbed on to the ramparts, wide enough, in places, to allow a horse and cart to be driven along. These again furnished excellent proof of the solidity of old-time building.

Last of all, some of the modern dwellings were seen; the sites of wells deeper than the bed of the river were located, and four-thirty came all too soon for the enthusiastic visitors.

Our thanks are due to Mrs. Jolliffe, who not only arranged this visit, as a result of her interest in last year's Regional Observation Club, but was kind enough to come with us to the Castle, and so added to our enjoyment. To Mr. Simpson we are also very grateful. It is impossible to describe the interest his personal enthusiasm for, and wonderful knowledge of the buildings, gave to our visit, and we feel it is a privilege to have been on this excursion under his leadership.

M. M.

"Growing Up."

A Novel by M. H. Welsby.

The Queen's School is always interested in the activities of its "Old Girls," and that one has recently written a novel and had it published by a firm of high standing produces a thrill, for a book is a creation and, as such, appeals in a special degree to the imagination. All congratulations, then, to Margaret Welsby on her first novel, "Growing Up." It is, as might be expected of her, "fresh and unconventional." It is the story of a young English girl, recently "come down" from the University; a little inclined to believe that things academic are overrated and unreal; desperately in earnest and quite convinced that she has probed to the bottom of religion and philosophy and found them wanting. Work in Paris on the many Committees called into existence after the Peace and for the reconstruction of Europe seems to promise the actuality, the scope for the realisation of ideals for which she craves. In effect, she finds that patriotism is too often only the cloak for racial selfishness seeking its own gains, no matter what the cost to other Nations, and that Committees are productive chiefly of minute books and files. Then comes the most adventurous of all adventures—marriage, and of that, too, Gerry has to revise her expectations. Her creator makes Gerry's husband speak of her as "growing-up." Some might be tempted to say that she floated with the current, happily for her, into pleasant waters.

Gerry is young—very young, and delightfully blind to the fact that her experience is not unique, not even unusual. Clever young people by the hundred and of different periods have all been sublimely satisfied that what they cannot discover with their own little sixpenny mental lens does not exist. As was said of an eminent Oxford Scholar may be said of them with a difference: "What they know not is not knowledge."

Presently, too, Gerry may find that the language that sufficed for Charlotte Brontë, G. K. Chesterton, Stevenson—to take a few names at random—will bear the strain of expressing

her emotions and that the language of the back streets is as boring as it is unpleasant.

No criticism of the book could approximate to completeness—the present is written by command and at short notice—which did not stress the wonderful descriptive powers of the writer. Whether she is conveying the condition of “jaded nerves and weariness resultant from the enforced companionship of a small circle of fellow-workers, or the Parisian housewives driving shrewd bargains in the market, or the barges on the Canals, or a row of poplars, the picture is before the reader in a sentence or a phrase. “Growing Up” is a striking book; it will make the reader expect much of a second novel presently to appear.

B. E. C.

Acceptable Gifts.

The following gifts would be gratefully received by the Queen's School:—

- A patent finger-print remover for certain well-thumbed corners in the corridors.
 - A prefect guaranteed to fill junior ink-pots without making fancy patterns on the stairs.
 - A small boy tennis-spectator who is of the opinion that *we can* play.
 - A heavy chain and padlock to keep the form pencil on the Mistress' desk.
 - A Ready-Reckoner to help with the handicap scores.
 - A drying-ground to spare us too intimate an acquaintance with the boarders' wardrobes.
 - A daisy-spud and a steam-roller for obvious purposes.
-

A Fairy in Form II.

I am a fairy. I live in Squirrel Dell with my mother, Lady Butterfly and my brother Oakleaf. My name is Flit-About and I know every squirrel that lives along Squirrel Lane or in Clover Park. To-day I got up very early, put on my gossamer gown, my blue-bell hat and my spider-web cloak, and after I had enjoyed my breakfast of honey and buttercup ices I went with Tom Mouse to visit Form II. class-room at the Queen's School.

When we arrived there by way of Mousie Passage, I arrived at a desk belonging to a giant named Felicité. I there found a flying-machine and went whizzing through the air

until a big hand shot out and grabbed my rubber aeroplane. The next giant I saw was very interesting. After I had played about on her hair, I peeped at the books on her desk and read to my heart's content. Then I tripped over Ruler Bridge across the Ink River.

After that I threw off my invisible cloak and peeped shyly at the giant. "Oh! what a lovely butterfly!" she cried stretching out her arms towards me. I flew trembling out of the window into the cool breeze. Seeing that it was four o'clock by my dandelion clock, I flew home to Tree-Trunk House and cuddled myself off to sleep in my walnut shell bed.

NANCY HORLOCK (FORM II).

A 'Late Spring Afternoon.

It was Spring in the woods, and lying on a fragrant couch of green studded with primroses, he let the sweetness of the afternoon sink into his heart. On a neighbouring tree a blackbird piped its Spring song, its golden voice pouring out a flood of pent-up happiness. In the silence which followed, a light breeze shook the rushes by the pool so that they rustled gently as they swayed to and fro, stirring the surface of the water. Then came the cow-herd's long-drawn cry, mellowed by the distance as it was carried over the budding trees by the light wind. It faded into a silence born of the sky and the brown earth, as the breeze died away.

JOAN WALLIS (FORM V. LOWER).

Day and Night.

(After "Youth and Age," by Shakespeare).

Day is full of brilliance
 Night is full of gloom,
 Day like golden rod
 Night like purple heather,
 Day like crimson robe
 Night like ebony plume.
 Day is full of life
 Night is full of strife;
 Day is pleasant, Night is bare
 Day is warm and light
 Night is cold and bright.
 Day is joy and Night is care.

FLORENCE BAKER (IV. UPPER A).

To all whom it may concern.

I'm a tongue. Have you ever thought what a tiring life a tongue can have at the Queen's School? My wagging apparatus is wearing out, although it is only about fourteen years old and was guaranteed for seventy. I may seem to be tied up tight in class, inside a mousey little creature, but my word! outside lessons, when there are no awkward questions to answer, I make up for lost time.

I wag in the cloakroom before school: "I've only one shoe!" . . . "Get off my hat—look at the poor squashed thing!" . . . "I've looked simply everywhere . . ."

I chatter to neighbouring tongues before prayers: "What answer did you . . .?" . . . "I got two and a sixth men, worse luck, sure to be something wrong with it." . . . "Have I got time to do that History before the bell goes?" . . . "You've bagged my special nib, I hope it'll be jolly cross about it." . . . "Chump!"

I join in the general hubbub at Recreation. I leap into action again at one-o'clock. "What . . .?" "Why . . .?" "Who . . .?" "Where . . .?" "Mary!" "Ethel!!" "Joan!!!"

All this I can stand fairly well, but . . . sometimes I blush even redder than my usual complexion for I have been known alas! to slip in a word after the bell, or even (I despair of your believing me) in a lesson. You don't know what this backsliding makes me suffer. I send frantic messages to my owner, I implore those guardian teeth to let down the portcullis, even if I get nipped in the process, and finally I stutter and gibber with shame and rage on having to confess to that odious Order Mark.

I hereby invite all sister-tongues to unite with me in demanding shorter hours.

M. P. H.

Sunset.

The clouds are tinted pink and gold.

And all is beauty in the ray
That lights the sky across the wold;

'Tis then the elves begin to play.

The sky remains a glowing pink.

And dusk falls o'er the happy vale.

As slow the fiery ball doth sink.

Until dark night shades all the dale.

PHYLLIS WOODWARD (FORM V. LOWER).

A Visit to the Thermal Regions of New Zealand.

We left Napier in a small charabanc in the early hours of the morning. The only other passengers were three Maories, but the car was filled to capacity with mail bags, provisions, etc., which were even piled up on the foot-boards. It was a most thrilling drive, right over the mountains. The roads were dreadful and abounded in hairpin bends, around which we skidded on two wheels. We arrived at our destination, Wairakei, in the evening, and after dinner, went to see the "Devil's Blow Hole." It was pitch dark and we were given torches to carry. We scrambled down a very steep, narrow path and soon heard a terrific roaring and found ourselves enveloped in clouds of steam. Funnily enough, it was quite dry, but very hot. The hole from which the steam issues, is only four feet square, but the volume of steam is enormous, and on a clear day can be seen forty miles away. In the old days, the Maories used it as a land mark for their canoes at sea. It is the safety valve of the island and scientists say that if it stopped, the whole place would blow up.

The next day, we visited the Geyser valley, with a Maori guide. We were told that on no account must we leave the path, as the earth's crust is so thin, that in many parts it would not support our weight. We saw first, the great Wairakei Geyser, which plays for two minutes in every ten. The water is just on boiling point, and shoots up to a height of 25 feet. At one time, it used to be very much higher. Next we saw a pool of boiling white mud—"Fuller's Earth," when cold—and then had to cross "Hell's Gate," which is a small wooden bridge across a boiling geyser, which acts every thirty seconds. We waited in turn till the guide said "Go" and then ran for our lives, as there was only just time to get across. We saw various boiling pools and geysers, and then came to three deep holes, side by side. One contained sulphur, the next soda water and the third lime. We then came to a wonderful sight, the "Pink Terrace" Waterfall, which acts every hour. It was dry when we arrived—the most beautiful coral-pink rock terrace on the side of the hill. Then the geyser at the top spurted forth, and the boiling water came tumbling down the terrace, all sparkling in the sun like myriads of diamonds. It was a marvellous sight. The whole valley is a mass of steam, boiling water and boiling mud. If you poke a stick into the ground steam issues forth immediately.

Later on we saw the most wonderful coloured lakes—all boiling. One was bright jade green, another brilliant blue, and one, called the "Claret Cup," was a beautiful fuchsia

colour. They are all surrounded by most brilliant green mosses and the effect is almost indescribable.

We also had a day's trip to another valley, the whole of which erupted about thirty years ago. The entire space is covered with a deposit of lava, and in places, you can see the remains of houses, which were buried and in which many people lost their lives. The scenery and colouring were simply marvellous in spite of the uncanniness, and the experience was one I shall never forget.

DORIS (ADAMS) WOOD.

The Fairy Wood.

In a little wood I know,
Where the toad-stools grow,
When the moon is shining bright,
Dainty fairies go.
You should see them dancing there,
Glow-worms in their hair;
Fine-spun cobwebs and the flowers
Are dresses that they wear.

JOAN SPRANG (FORM III).

Recreation.

The quiet of the cloisters and playground is undisturbed, and not a soul is to be seen. Suddenly girls chase down the stairs and make for the lunch room. The whole building re-echoes with the sound of scampering feet. Hundreds of voices are raised, no time is lost, for the continual chatter, chatter continues until the bell rings, and often after that. The small ones play games and endanger their lives by careering wildly about, colliding with the sedate middle-school girls who are just beginning to feel dignified. The tennis enthusiasts run round borrowing pencils, the seniors lean against the walls in their majesty, looking with bored amusement upon the frolics of the youngsters.

Finally, when the bell rings, conversation is at high pressure, as important news is generally remembered at the last moment. The little ones run and the seniors stroll into line, the voice of authority is heard imposing silence, tramping feet and closing doors announce that the lines are reaching form-rooms. The final foot-steps become fainter, and now that the babel is over, the dazed listener wonders if her ears will ever be the same again.

BRENDA STRONG (FORM V. LOWER).



The usual oblong piece of ground,
 With fine net wire stretched all around.
 Is portioned out in equal parts
 To satisfy all maiden hearts.
 The soil is dug and seeds are sown,
 Result—part of the Great Unknown.
 The Summer comes, *some* flowers appear,
 The whole a pleasure to be near.
 But what this plot's supposed to be
 May with some cause now puzzle thee.
 Just visit it when time to spare,
 You'll find two sorts of be(a)rders there.

M. D.

The Holy Well.

On a wooded slope, low down on the valley side it lies, just off the road which leads on to the sea. The brown river winds close below to pass beneath the old stone bridge. So close and yet, through its wooded shelter, so far removed from the traffic of the country road, is kept this little haven of peace. For those who in passing spare time for a prayer, or the devout who come to meditate, there is equal peace. Before the well with its arch of stone, clustered with images and gifts, a wooden plank is placed for those who pray to kneel upon; while below, by the river side, is a wooden seat for those who rest or meditate.

No stately legend graces its history, but long ago, it is said, Saint Joseph appeared to one who prayed there, and ever since the well has maintained its sanctity. Scoffers there have been; the tale is told of two ladies who laughed at the legend and one threw her dog into the well. That night whilst sitting on the Black Rock which stretches out from the shore, they were cut off by the tide and the one to whom the dog belonged was drowned.

Below the well the path runs, then round above it and down again, all within the shelter of the wood. Round the path the devout walk or even go on their knees praying as they circle the well. On the wildest of days of high wind nothing more than a rustle of leaves disturbs those who pause here. Of its efficacy I know not, but here, with the gentle rippling of the river below and the distant sound of the waves in soothing concord, one may find peace of mind for a space and rest awhile from the current of life.

DOROTHY DERMODY (V. UPPER).

A Riddle-me-ree.

My first is in carrots and also in peas;
 My second in earth but not in seas;
 My third is in shoe and also in boot;
 My fourth is in branch but not in root;
 My fifth is in drake and also in duck;
 My sixth is in winner but not in luck;
 My seventh in uncle and also in aunt;
 My eighth is in cabbage but not in plant.
 Now puzzle away at my riddle-me-ree,
 And a useful article you will see.

JOYCE WOODFORD (FORM REMOVE).

For answer see page 30.

Who Took the Ball?

A Potted Detective Story.

CHAPTER I.

"That settles everything," said the Hockey Captain lingering in the Great Hall for last words with the Treasurer. "There's a decent chance for a win; I think. I'll meet the Gamestook team at the station. And look here, Dorothy, Betty Bell has promised to paint the ball—it's easy for her as she's a boarder. But you never know what she'll do next: so just see that it's all right on the day." The two magnates departed.

A small girl waiting in the dinner queue sniffed audibly. "Stuck-up pigs," she muttered. "Who are?" inquired a searcher after literal truth. "All of you," fired up the heated user of impolite language; "You all take it for granted that you can beat Gamestook." "No we don't, but of course we can," retorted a First Form child, much confused between the demands of courtesy and patriotism. "You can't, you can't!" proclaimed the revolutionary.

"Don't make such a noise," intervened the Prefect on duty. "What's the matter, Nancy?" she demanded of the red-faced one. "Nothing," mumbled Nancy, who, when grown-up, will probably expound on the staircase the wisdom withheld by her from the Committees on which she serves.

"She said we couldn't beat Gamestook. I think she ought to stand up for the Queen's School now that she has been here a whole term," said Form I. righteously.

"Well, shut up, both of you," advised the Prefect impartially. "You kids talk too much."

CHAPTER II.

Betty Bell, boarder and painter-in-chief to the team, was exercising her splashing art in the cloister that Friday afternoon. Looking on and supplying conversation and moral support was Bena Buttons. Betty was whitewash to the wrist, but had contrived that an appreciable though insufficient amount should adhere to the ball. To her came a maid. "Your Ma's in the drawing-room, Miss." "Mother? Hurrah! Tea at Bolland's. Look here, Bena, be a saint and finish this." "But what am I to do with it?" mourned one whose sympathies, often vocal, were seldom active. "Finish painting it, of course, and stick it somewhere to dry. Be quick! I must go and wash."

Bena was still regarding with distaste the ball unceremoniously thrust upon her when the maid passed. Hers would be the task next day of cleaning the cloisters and she regarded the fall of whitewash with disgust. "You are droppin' a lot on the floor, Miss." "Well, you're wrong, for I haven't begun yet," snapped Bena, and the maid, with a snort, went on her way. Bena slapped on whitewash till the ball dripped; then, with a final vindictive stir, upset the pot. With unutterable disgust, but a profound sense of virtue, she swabbed up a negligible amount of the whitewash with her handkerchief and wandered up the garden, delicately balancing the ball between finger and thumb, intent on finding a resting-place for it.

When, next day, maid and bucket arrived on the scene, the maid spake with her tongue. The gardener paused in his work to console. "Some mess; that," he remarked in tones of mingled admiration for the thoroughness of the mess and of sympathy with his colleague. "You're right there, I'd like to give them a piece of my mind!" "Oh! well," moralised man, not being the sufferer. "I reckon they're just young things." "Oh! you do, do you?" retorted the sufferer tartly. "How would you like it if it were them seats you've just been painting?" The gardener withdrew seatward in a contemplative mood. "Young things, indeed! For two pins, I'd learn them to be more careful," muttered the aggrieved maid.

CHAPTER III.

The Games Treasurer and the Secretary met on the School steps. Said the former, whose brow already bore incipient furrows from the effort to balance accounts. "Come on and get the ball. Betty Bell's gone home for the week-end and you can't be sure where she'd put it."

It was not forthcoming in any accredited spot, but Bena Buttons, strolling into the gardens to take the air, encountered the two flushed officials. "Why don't you use your eyes?"

she inquired with lofty scorn, when they surged upon her. "I finished it for Betty and put it on the seat to dry." To the seat they went forthwith. There, a patch of whitewash on the new green paint bore witness to Bena's mistaken measures for ball-drying. But the ball was not.

"We must dash out and get another," urged the Secretary.

"But the funds," wailed the Treasurer.

"Can't be helped. Come on," shouted the Secretary. The Treasurer came.

When the two arrived breathless bearing a pallid ball, the Captain spoke bitterly. "That idiot has hung the ball on the shed to dry, nice mark it's made and the ball's all patchy. And it's the old practice ball instead of the new one. And why are you late? Didn't I tell you"—this accusingly to the Treasurer, "to make sure about the ball?"

CHAPTER IV.

"Perfectly ghastly!"

"Absolutely rotten!"

So the Prefects in conclave assembled.

"It's no good raving," observed the Head Girl, conscious that, in every sense, she must keep *her* head. "We've got to find out. It *may* have been a trick. It may have been just that idiot's carelessness in leaving the ball about."

"Who'd have taken it?" demanded a Prefect.

"We-ell," began another.

"Get on," she was adjured. "Well, Miss Nedham does not like things left about."

"And would hide it somewhere just to make the School look like fools!" interjected the Head Girl furiously. "While you're about it, why not suggest Miss Clay? She has been about the School lately. She's the sort to put a whitewashy ball in her pocket."

Roars of joyous laughter broke the gloom, renewed when someone suggested deprecatingly that Miss Clay used everlastingly to clear up strays.

"Oh! drop it" said the Head Girl, "and think!"

At this moment, the door opened to admit a Prefect, her face expressive of mystery and knowledge withheld with pain.

"Out with it!" she was advised.

"It's that Gamestook child. What's her name? Yes. Nancy None. She's always cracking up her precious Games-took and I heard her on Friday scrapping with another kid, all about her beloved School and the match."

"Do you think she pinched the ball?" demanded the Head.

"Shouldn't be surprised," opined the new comer.

"Have her up," directed the Head. And shortly the suspect, defiant and tearful, was ushered into a Court of faces stiff with decorous gravity.

"Look here, Nancy, do you know anything about the ball?"

"What ball?"

"Don't be silly," said Supreme Justice sternly. "You know what I mean." Silence and contortions on the part of Nancy. "Did you take it?"

"Yes, I did," blurted out the criminal. "I did take it and I meant to keep it, and then when I'd got it, I thought you could jolly well have your silly old ball."

"What did you do with it?"

"Left it in the garden. Some one came along when I was going to put it back."

The Head Girl looked round at her assessors and failing to find inspiration, said: "You can go. We'll talk to you again presently." The delinquent found herself outside the door; having grimaced at it she felt better.

A tap at the door. Opened, it revealed a First Form child, the embodiment of importance. "Here's the ball," she stated with admirable brevity, and handed over a string bag. In it reposed a whitened ball with a checkered pattern resultant from the impact of the bag's mesh.

"Where on earth did you find it?" chorussed the Prefects.

"Hanging up in the tree in the garden," replied the babe smiling seraphically.

"How on earth did it get there?"

"I don't know. I saw Elsie Nowit on Friday carrying a ball in a string bag to the little house on the Playing Field."

"But that's the opposite direction to the lime trees in the garden. Where were you, when you saw Elsie?"

"Looking over the wall into the Playing Field."

"Which you oughtn't to have been doing. Never mind," hastily added the Head Girl alarmed at the lengthening face of innocence and fearful of tears. "You were quite right to come to us. Oh! take her away, somebody;" for the infant, like some more venerable folk, did not recognise a time to leave.

CHAPTER V.

"And what now?" demanded a Prefect with affectionate thoughts of tea.

"Hunt up Elsie Nowit and bring her along," decreed the Head wearily.

Elsie was produced. She glowed with conscious virtue of the good-act-a-day kind. She was quite willing to orate. "Yes, I found the ball. It was late on Friday. I'd told Nancy it was mean to take it. And I found it in the garden." The judicial headache resultant from listening to tangential witnesses had come upon Supreme Justice and she made no attempt to stem the torrent. "So I thought if you'd missed it, you'd be glad to find it painted and"—with importance—"I painted it and hung it up on the handle of the door of the pavilion. I am sorry it made a mark." Elsie paused. expectant of acclamation due.

"But that's the old practice ball," exclaimed the exasperated Head; "and the one from the tree is the new ball. We're no nearer the explanation."

"No, we aren't; and I'm going home," said the tea-lover briskly.

"Let's all go. We may have an idea to-morrow. Meanwhile——"

* * * *

Meanwhile, a prize of 6d. is offered for the correct solution of the mystery first opened by Miss Clay after the arrival of the morning post on June 31st. The competition is free to candidates between the ages of seven and seventy.

A DEMORALISED READER OF DETECTIVE STORIES.

A Summer Evening.

The golden sun sinks low behind the hill
 His burning rays of noonday now are past
 The mellow light of evening glow is cast
 And all the world lies peaceful, calm and still,
 Save for the distant murmuring of the sea,
 The whistling shepherd gathering in his flocks,
 The screeching of the sea-gulls on the rocks
 The lowing of the herd upon the lea.
 The sun has sunk beyond yon purple wolds,
 A crimson glow lights up the western sky
 And bands of cawing rooks now homeward fly.
 For darkness slowly all the earth enfolds
 And sky and sea and mountain fade from sight.
 The world is hidden in the veil of night.

WINIFRED BEAR (FORM V. LOWER).

"Answer to Riddle-me-ree=Stocking."

QUEEN'S SCHOOL FUND. Statement of Accounts, May, 1925—May, 1926.

RECEIPTS.				PAYMENTS.			
		£	s. d.		£	s. d.	
From Bazaar—Taken	...	158	6 0	To Society for Ladies in reduced circumstances	3	0 0	
Less Expenses	...	7	11 3	„ Cathedral Restoration Fund	5	0 0	
				„ Chester Council of Social Welfare	2	0 0	
„ Sale of Post cards	...		150 14 9	„ St. Andrew's Homes, Kalimpong	1	0 0	
„ Bank Interest	...		0 6 0	„ Police Court Mission	2	0 0	
Balance from last year	...		23 4 6	„ House of Mercy	5	0 0	
				„ School in China (Miss Bois')	1	0 0	
				„ National Memorial Fund, Queen Alexandra	5	0 0	
				„ Cot Fund (per Miss Dickson)	15	0 0	
				„ League of Nations Union	1	0 0	
				Total Donations to Charities, etc.			40 0 0
				„ Lt. Cummin's Lecture			2 2 0
				„ "Mary-Rose" Lecture	5	5 0	
				Less Tickets	3	15 0	
							1 10 0
				„ Moving of Piano			0 15 0
				„ House Badges and School Brooches			3 15 2
				„ Motor Mower	71	16 6	
				Less Donation from Junior School			
				Games Fund	16	0 0	
							55 16 6
				„ Total Disbursements			103 18 8
				„ Balance in hand			71 16 7
							£175 15 3
			£175 15 3				

Audited and found correct, ALFRED AYRTON, LLOYDS BANK LTD., CHESTER, 21st May, 1925.

STATEMENT OF ACCOUNTS FOR THE YEAR ENDING DECEMBER 31st, 1925.

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Hon. Auditor,

THE QUEEN'S SCHOOL OLD GIRLS' ASSOCIATION.

Dr. STATEMENT OF ACCOUNTS FOR THE YEAR ENDING 31st MAY, 1926. Cr.

RECEIPTS.				PAYMENTS.			
		£ s. d.	£ s. d.			£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Subscriptions—Life	...	17 10 0		Printing and Stationery	...		0 8 3
Yearly	...	5 11 6		Postages	...		1 5 2
			23 1 6	Prizes for Competitions	...		0 10 0
Dividends— 5% War Loan	...	1 0 0		Tea at Annual Meeting	...		2 8 0
5% War Bond	...	1 10 0		Receipt Books and Envelopes	...		0 1 6
Funding Loan	...	0 8 0		Annual Prize	...		1 1 0
			2 18 0	Magazines	...	12 18 0	
Bank Interest	...		0 12 2	Less received	...	0 13 6	
			<u>£26 11 8</u>				12 4 6
				Unexpended Balance	...		8 13 3
							<u>£26 11 8</u>
Balance brought down	...		8 13 3				
Balance from previous year	...		22 5 9	Balance on 31st May, 1926	...		30 19 0
			<u>£30 19 0</u>				<u>£30 19 0</u>
Value of Capital—			£ s. d.				
£50—5% War Stock	...		50 0 0				
£10—4% Funding Loan	...		8 15 6				
Cash in Bank	...		30 19 0				
			<u>£89 14 6</u>				

Examined and found correct,

TOM C. COOPER.

27th May, 1926.

Association Notes.

Several "old girls" have distinguished themselves and done honour to their old school this year. Needless to say the old school is proud of them!

Diana Beck has passed her Final M.B.B.S. (Lond.) examination and has been awarded the Julia Cock travelling scholarship offered to post-graduate students at the Royal School of Medicine for Women.

Marjorie Suds has passed Part II. of the 2nd M.B.B.S. (Lond.) examination, received a Certificate in Histology, and shared the senior Physiology Prize awarded at the Royal School of Medicine for Women.

In June, 1925, Edith Wilkins took Part I. of the Mathematical Tripos and was placed in Class II.

In July, 1925, Mabel Davies passed the B.A. examination of the University of London, taking Classical Honours, Class II.

In July, 1925, Dora Payne and Judith Welsby passed the 1st examination of the National Froebel Union, the latter obtaining a 1st Class in Handwork and Chemistry.

Elsie Phillips, who was appointed lecturer on Botany at the Durham University in June, 1925, recently took the degree of Ph.D. of the Liverpool University. The thesis which gained her the doctorate was on a botanical subject.

Congratulations are offered to Margaret Welsby Browne on the success of her first novel "Growing-up." It is published by Methuen & Co., and has been very well reviewed in "Truth," "Country Life," "The Queen," &c. A review by one who had a hand in the author's literary education will be found on another page of "Have Mynde."

Cicely Smith has the honour of being the first Chester lady solicitor. She had been articled to her uncle, Mr. C. P. Smith (of the firm Messrs. Walker, Smith & Way), for five years, and passed her final examination in November 1925. She began her education at the Queen's School; and passed on to Calder School, Seascale, where she matriculated.

The Queen's School Association of Past and Present Pupils.

The Annual General Meeting of 1925 took place at the Queen's School on Saturday, 27th June.

Miss Clay took the chair at 3 o'clock.

Forty-four members were present, and letters of regret for absence had been received from thirty-seven members.

The list of new members was read:—Honorary, one—Miss Jowers. Life, six—Doris French, Margery Milligan, Mrs. Shephard (M. Finchett), Dora Ward, Phyllis Waymouth, Nancy Williams. Ordinary, thirteen—M. Boddy, E. Blake, M. Crawford, K. Day, E. Dutton, E. Miller, D. Payne, J. Taylor, J. Trubshaw, J. Wild, Mrs. Wood (E. Wells), B. Crosland. Their admission to the Association was proposed by D. Edwards, seconded by D. Britton, and carried unanimously.

One resignation, that of Doris Hincks, was reported. The membership of M. Hill had lapsed.

The Minutes of the last Meeting were read and confirmed.

The re-election of the existing Officers was proposed by D. Beck, seconded by D. Payne, and carried unanimously.

The five existing Committee members were nominated for re-election, together with Margery Milligan and Elsie Walton. The election of a VI Form member had to be deferred owing to uncertainty as to the composition of the next year's Form VI.

While the voting was going on, the Hon. Treasurer's Report was read by C. Ayrton in place of Mrs. Ayrton, who, unfortunately, was prevented by illness from coming. The adoption of the Report (published in the Magazine) was proposed by C. Ayrton, seconded by N. Day, and carried unanimously.

The Cot Treasurer's Report was read by D. Edwards, together with a letter of thanks from the Secretary of the Royal Infirmary. The adoption of the Report was proposed by D. Edwards, seconded by H. Walley, and carried unanimously.

A vote of thanks to Miss Morris and Audrey Welsby for editing "Have Mynde" (Miss Clay having been prevented by illness from undertaking the task) was proposed by Miss Clay, seconded by G. Gerhard, and carried unanimously.

Miss Clay drew attention to the gift of a new Honours Board for successes in Universities other than Oxford, Cambridge and London, and asked members of those Universities to communicate particulars of their Degrees (class, year). She offered congratulations to Edith Wilkins on having passed Part I. of the Mathematical Tripos.

A hearty vote of thanks to Miss Clay for presiding was proposed by Diana Beck. K. Allington Hughes, in seconding the vote, spoke of the loss sustained, not only by the Queen's School, but by all Chester, in the retirement of Miss Clay. The motion was carried by acclamation.

Miss Clay, in her thanks, asked the Old Girls to continue in undivided loyalty, not to particular persons only, but to the School.

After the meeting tea was served in the Cloisters. The day was fine, though cool, and members played tennis or took part in guessing Competitions.

OFFICERS FOR 1925—26.

Hon. Secretaries: K. Day, D. Britton.

Hon. Treasurer: Mrs. Ayrton.

Cot Treasurer (Hon.): M. Dickson.

Cot Secretary (Hon.): D. Edwards.

Committee Members: Mrs. H. F. Brown, Miss H. Giles, M. Milligan, E. Petters Hughes, G. Phillips, D. Beck (Form VI.)

BIRTH.

WILLIAMS—On 15th September, 1925, at Midland Bank House, Shaftesbury, Dorset, to Kathleen May (Lovell), wife of Herbert Williams, a son, Edward Lovell.

MARRIAGES.

BRIANT—WEIGHTS—On June 3rd, 1925, at Helsby Parish Church, by the Rev. F. L. Edmunds, Vicar, Dr. Betty Briant, youngest daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Briant, of Fern Villa, Helsby, to Mr. John Stewart Weights, son of Mr. John Weights, formerly Headmaster of the S. Paul's Boys' School, Boughton, Chester, and of the late Mrs. Weights.

HENDERSON—COOPER—On March 9th, 1926, at S. Mary's Without-the-Walls, by the Rev. A. W. Sarson, M.A., Beryl, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Henderson, 70, Hough Green, to Leslie Gordon Cooper (Capt Indian Army, retired), younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Cooper, Hoole Road, Chester.

NAYLOR—WOOLLEY—On September 19th, 1925, at Bunbury Church, Edith Guerden Naylor, second daughter of the late John Naylor, of Beeston, to George Walton Woolley, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Woolley, of Bank House, Bunbury.

DEATHS.

BROOM—On 13th March, 1926, at Riversdale, Dee Hills Park, Chester, Amy Beatrice (Webster), wife of Mr. C. W. Broom, in her 68th year.

SPRANG—On 9th June, 1926, at 3, Dee Fords Avenue, Chester, after a very brief illness, Sydney Frank Sprang, aged 44 years.

Games, 1925-1926.

TENNIS, 1925.

TEAM—1st Couple	{ M. Miln (Captain).
	{ D. Anderson.
2nd Couple	{ N. Brooking.
	{ J. Strettell.
3rd Couple	{ M. Evans.
	{ F. Taylor.

MATCHES—

Queen's School v. Tranmere H.S.	...	Won.
" v. Staff	...	Won.
" v. Northwich G.S.	...	Won.
Day Girls v. Boarders	...	Boarders won.

CRICKET, 1925.

TEAM—

S. Trubshaw.	J. Pepper.
M. Miln.	D. Dermody.
M. Trubshaw.	D. Anderson.
M. Evans.	M. Payne.
E. Murdoch.	M. Young.
S. Crawford.	

HOCKEY, 1925-1926.

TEAM, 1925—

D. Beck.	J. Pepper.
D. Dermody.	M. Payne.
M. Trubshaw.	S. Trubshaw.
E. Murdoch.	N. Brooking.
D. Anderson (Captain).	S. Crawford.
M. Evans.	

MATCHES—

Queen's School v. Northwich G.S.	...	Lost 4-1.
" v. Walmoor College	...	Won 6-0.
" v. H. Tranmere H.S.	...	Scratched.

TEAM, 1926.

F. Taylor.	J. Pepper.
D. Dermody.	M. Payne.
M. Evans.	S. Trubshaw (Captain).
E. Murdoch.	J. Crawford.
M. Trubshaw.	R. Lloyd-Jones.
D. Beck.	

MATCHES—

Queen's School v. H. Tranmere H.S.	...	Won 4-2
" v. Howell's School	...	Scratched.
" v. Northwich G.S.	...	Scratched.
" v. Howell's School	...	Scratched.
" v. Walmoor College	...	Lost 2-0.

LACROSSE.

TEAM—

M. Evans.	J. Woodford.
B. Poole.	M. Kelly.
D. Errington.	J. Pepper.
D. Beck.	S. Trubshaw.
D. Dermody (Captain)	S. Crawford.
M. Payne.	M. Trubshaw.

MATCHES—

Queen's School v. Mersey Ladies' L.C.	Lost 9-3.
" v. Howell's School ...	Lost 10-0.
" v. Moreton Hall ...	Lost 13-3.
" v. Calder H.S. ...	Lost 4-1.



The Governing Body and Staff of the Queen's School, 1925.

Patroness:

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

Governors:

Chairman—E. GARDNER, Esq.

Deputy-Chairman—W. H. DENSON, Esq., J.P.

Ex-Officio—

THE RIGHT REVEREND THE LORD BISHOP OF CHESTER.

Representative:

A. AYRTON, Esq.
G. BARLOW, Esq.
F. BROCKLEHURST, Esq.
MRS. H. F. BROWN, M.A., J.P.
THE VERY REV. THE DEAN
OF CHESTER.
C. P. COCKRILL, Esq., J.P.
MRS. ELLIOTT.
THE REV. DR. GRIFFIN.
E. PETER JONES, Esq., J.P.

W. JONES, Esq., J.P.
PROFESSOR NEWSTEAD, M.Sc.,
F.R.S., J.P.
T. S. PARRY, Esq., M.B.
MRS. POTTER.
R. T. RICHARDSON, Esq., J.P.
E. M. SNEYD KYNNESELEY,
Esq., M.A., J.P.
MRS. WELSBY.

Co-Optative:

MRS. RALEIGH.
MRS. HEWITT.

THE COUNTESS GROSVENOR
(Hon.)

Head Mistress:

MISS M. T. NEDHAM, B.Sc. Lond., Royal Holloway College.

Staff:

MISS DAY, B.A., French Hons., Lond.; Univ. Coll.
MISS GEE, B.Sc., Nat. Sci., Hons., Wales; Univ. Coll.
MISS HODGSON, B.A. English Hons., Lond.; Royal Holloway Coll.
MISS MACDONALD, M.A., Edinburgh.
MISS MOUNTFORD, M.A., Hist. Hons., Oxon., Lady Margaret Hall.
MISS WILKINSON, M.A., Class. Hons.; Oxon., Somerville Coll.
MISS BUCKLE (German).
MISS DESGRATOULET, Nat. Fræbel Union.
MISS JAMESON, Maria Gray Training Coll.
MISS MORRIS, Manchester Univ. Teachers' Cert.
MISS WAKEFIELD, Nat. Fræbel Union; Kindergarten.

Visiting Teachers:

Piano-forte—MISS ARROWSMITH, A.R.C.M., MISS AYRTON, A.R.C.M.,
MISS WHITTAM, A.R.M.C.M., L.R.A.M.

Violin—MISS McCULLAGH.

Class Singing—MISS AYRTON, A.R.C.M.

Eurythmics—MISS AYRTON, A.R.C.M.,
MISS WHITTAM, A.R.M.C.M., L.R.A.M.

Drawing and Painting—MISS DOGGETT.

Physical Culture—MISS BLYTH, Osterberg Phys. Tr. Coll.

Dancing—MISS HAMMOND.

House Mistress—MISS SEYMOUR-URE.

Assistant House Mistress and Secretary to the Head Mistress—
MISS DUCKWORTH.

List of Members of the Queen's School Association of Past and Present Pupils.

- †Abel, Winifred, Howey Croft, Frodsham, via Warrington.
- Adams, T. and M., Kingswood, Frodsham, via Warrington.
- †Allan, M., Linden Lodge, Runcorn, Cheshire.
- ✓Anderson, Mrs. (M. Dibben), Empangeni, Zululand, S. Africa.
- ✓Anderson, W. F., Girls' Collegiate School, Port Elizabeth, S. Africa. (Honorary).
- Anderson, D., The Pines, Berwick Road, Little Sutton, Birkenhead.
- †Atcherley, Hope, 44, Hough Green, Chester.
- Ayrton, Mrs. A. (Winifred Brown), Ashfield, Wrexham Road, Chester.
- Ayrton, C., Ashfield, Wrexham Road, Chester, and the Queen's School, Chester.
- ✓†Bailey, Miss, S. Elphin's School, Darley Dale, Derbyshire (Honorary).
- Bailey, Mrs. (F. Davies), Church Street, Frodsham, Cheshire.
- ✓Baker, Miss K., Roodean School, Johannesburg, S. Africa (Honorary).
- †Barlow, Mrs. (Margaret Brown), 26, Huntingdon Road, Cambridge.
- †Barlow, Phyllis, 4, Cliveden Road, Hough Green, Chester.
- Barnes, E., 25, Hawarden Way, Manecot Royal, Queensferry.
- Bauman, C., The Grammar School, Colleshill, near Birmingham.
- Bate, Mrs. (R. Walley), Hargrave Hall, Hargrave, Chester.
- †Beck, Diana, Thornhill, Hoole Road, Chester, and the London School of Medicine.
- †Bell, Mrs. G. (G. Thompson), Jacob's, Sedlescombe, Sussex.
- †Berney, C., 76, Gladstone Avenue, Chester.
- ✓Birch, Miss, 10, Craven Walk, London, N. 16, and the High School, Glasgow (Honorary).
- †Boddington, M., Glenton House, Neston, Cheshire.
- Blake, E., Cestria, Poplar Road, Merton Park, Wimbledon, S.W.19.
- Boddy, M., Lyndhurst, Broughton, Chester.
- *Brandreth, E., South Bank, Helsby, via Warrington.
- *Briant, M., Helsby, via Warrington.
- †Britton, D., 6, Glan Aber Park, Chester.
- †Brooking, Mrs. (F. White), The Milestone, Bath Road, Slough, Bucks.
- †Brown, Mrs. H. F. (L. P. Humfrey), J.P., 18, Curzon Park, Chester.
- †Brown, S. N., 18, Curzon Park, Chester, and Lady Margaret College, Oxford.
- †Brown, J., Thorndene, Cambrian View, Chester.
- †Brown, I., 43, Tarvin Road, Chester.
- ✓†Browne, Mrs. Meyrick (M. Welsby), 11, Avenue Sainte-Foy, Neuilly-sur-Seine, Paris.
- Campbell, Mrs. (P. Vernon), 28, Inverness Terrace, London, W.2.
- Carter, K., The Poplars, Chapel Lane, Frodsham.
- †Cattrell, D., 46, Amphill Road, Fulwood Park, Liverpool.
- Chaplin, J., 84, Bedford Street, Liverpool.
- †Chrimies, D., Carthageana, Gresford, N. Wales.
- ✓Clay, Miss, The Court Farm, Meldreth, near Royston, Herts. (Honorary).
- †Clegg, Mrs. (G. Lanceley), Meadow Bank, Willaston, Birkenhead.
- ✓Coate, Miss, The High School, Truro (Honorary).
- ✓Cooper, Mrs., Kinross, Sandown, Isle of Wight (Honorary).
- †Corbett, M., Earl's Ditton, Cleobury Mortimer, Kidderminster, and Shropshire Orthopaedic Hospital, Gobowen, Oswestry.
- Cowan, M., 3, Hoole Park, Chester.
- ✓†Cowley, Mrs. F. F. (R. Hale White), Park Avenue, State College, Pennsylvania, U.S.A.
- ✓Cranko, Mrs. (Miss Stewart), (Honorary).
- Crawford, M., The Firs, Hough Green, Chester.
- Crooke, D., St. George's, near Wellington, Salop.
- †Crosland, B., Nunn Lfar, Glynceiriog, Wrexham.

- Davies, Miss C., Intermediate School for Girls, Llanelly (Honorary).
 +Davies, Miss M., 507, Guy Street, Montreal (Honorary).
 Davies, Kathleen, West Bank, Main Street, Frodsham.
 Davies, Mabel, 10, Abbot's Nook, Liverpool Road, Chester.
 Davies, A., The Cottage, Station Road, Little Sutton, Birkenhead.
 +Davison, Phyllis, Heath Cottage, Hayes, Kent, and The County School for Girls, Bromley, Kent.
 Day, K., Rowton, Chester, and the Queen's School, Chester.
 Day, N. and R., Rowton, Chester.
 de Fenzi, Miss C. D., 66, Audley Road, Hendon, London, N.W. (Hon.).
 +Denny, H. Bibby, Eldon Villa, Flint, North Wales.
 +Denny, E. Bibby, Eldon Villa, Flint, North Wales.
 Denson, Mrs. (K. Shepherd), Casita, Mickle Trafford, Chester.
 +Dent, Gwendolen, Curzon House, Chester.
 Dickinson, Mrs. (Miss Petty), 4, Torquay Flats, Darlington Point Road, Sydney, New South Wales (Honorary).
 +Dickson, M., Mayfield, Hoole, Chester.
 +Dodd, M., 13, Lumley Road, Chester.
 Dodd, P., 13, Lumley Road, Chester, and Holbein Studios, 52, Redcliffe Road, London, S.W.10.
 Dobson, Dorothy, Melville, Hoole Road, Chester.
 Drigin, Mrs. Serge (Miss R. Baker), 2, Avenue House, Walton Street, Chelsea (Honorary).
 +Dunlop, Mrs. J. K. (A. Walker), Ridge Lea, Solefields, Sevenoaks, Kent.
 Dutton, R., Alvanley Vicarage, Warrington.
 Dutton, E., Alvanley Vicarage, Warrington, and Girton College, Cambridge.
 Dutton, E., 1, School Street, Hoole, Chester.
 *Eason, N., 21, Cambrian View, Chester.
 +Edwards, D., Kaleyards House, Chester.
 *Elliott, M. and B., 24, Nicholas Street, Chester.
 +Ellis, Mrs. (L. Laird), Tramway House, City Road, Chester.
 +Elwell, M., Capenhurst Rectory, Birkenhead.
 Evans, Mrs. (Miss Mackenzie), 5, Austin Friars, Granville Road, Scarborough (Honorary).
 +Evans, M., Norton Hall, Runcorn.
 +Frith, M., Moorlands, Runcorn.
 Filmer, Miss A., 8, Portwood Park, Southampton (Honorary).
 *Freeman, D., 17, Brook Lane, Chester, and County School, Abertillery, Mon.
 +French, D., 12, Walpole Street, Chester, and Homerton Training College, Cambridge.
 Gallaher, Miss K., Lavender Cottage, Alton, Hants.
 Gerhard, G., Stamford Lodge, near Chester.
 +Gibbs, Mrs. (R. Arnold), Petra, Weston-Super-Mare.
 Giles, Misses H. and E., 8, Abbey Square, Chester (Honorary).
 Glascodine, Miss L., Glanmôr, Langland Bay, Mumbles, S. Wales (Honorary).
 Glyn Davies, Miss, County School, Abergele (Honorary).
 +Gray, Peggy, Homecroft, Crewe.
 +Greening, Mrs. (E. Brotherton), Beechfield, Helsby, via Warrington.
 +Griffith, Hera, 7, Upper Northgate Street, Chester.
 *Guest, May, Ashfield, Helsby, via Warrington.
 Harry, M., Ferney, Queen's Park, Chester.
 +Hartley, Mrs. (A. Caldecutt), The Sycamores, Leigh Road, Knutsford.
 Haworth, M., Beaconhurst, Weston Road, Runcorn.
 +Healey, Mrs. (M. Hewitt), Egerton, Heywood, Lancs.
 +Hewitt, Eva, Roseacre, Hough Green, Chester.
 Headley, Miss, 6, Heathfield Road, Crovdon.
 +Hollamby, Mrs. (J. Cooper), c/o C. Cooper, Esq., Balgownie, Hoole Road, Chester.
 +Holmes, E., 47, Hough Green, Chester.
 Huggill, Mrs. (G. Day), Green Gates, Cwm Road, Dyserth, N. Wales.

- +Hughes, K. Allington, J.P., Bryn-y-Groes, Gresford, N. Wales.
 †Humphreys, Honour Noël, Y Fron, Gogarth, Llanudno, and S. Hugh's College, Oxford.
- +Imison, E., 1, S. Paul's Road, Coventry.
 *Inwood, Mrs. P. W. (R. Welsby), c/o Mrs. Welsby, Field Way, Curzon Park, Chester.
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