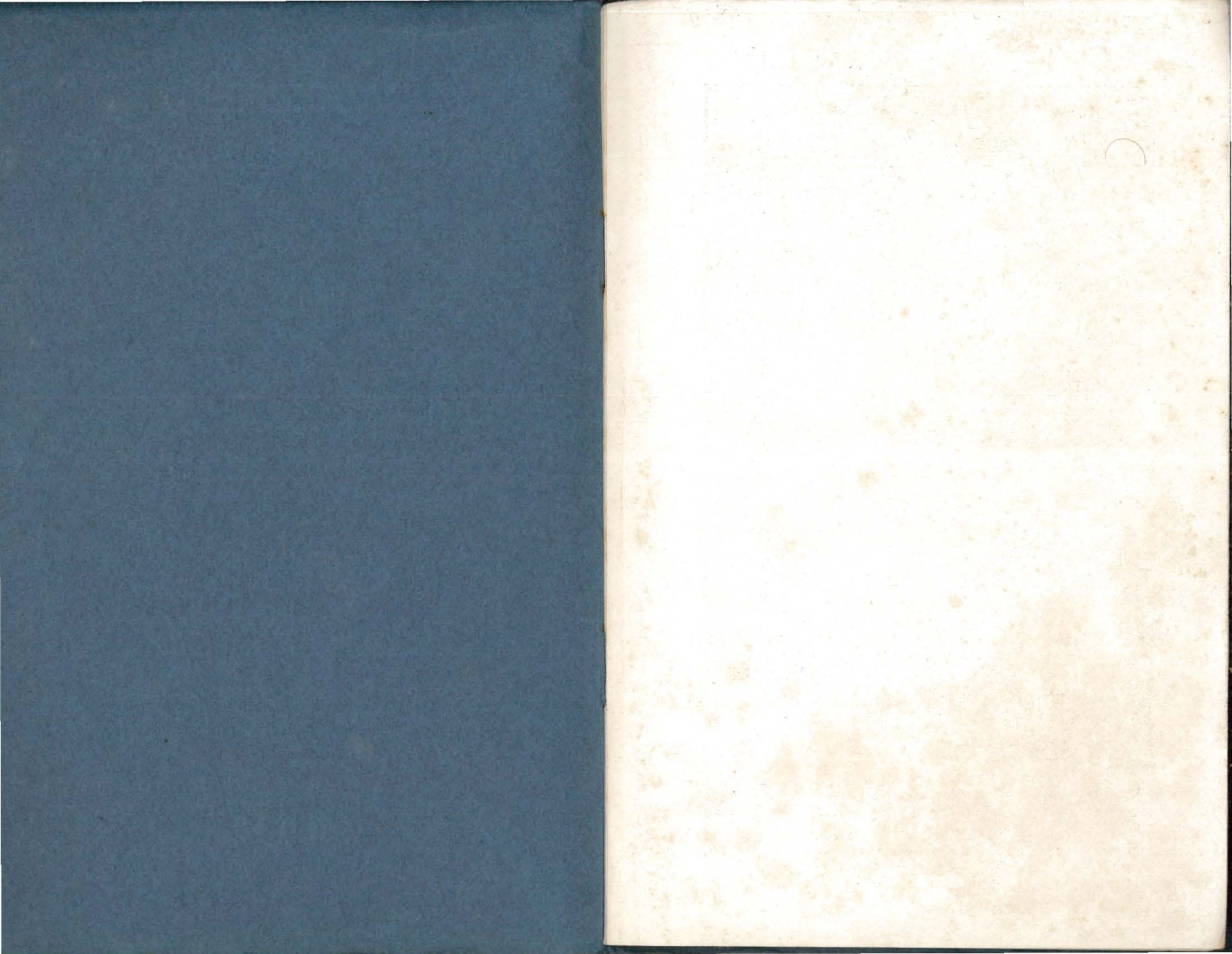


WAKEFIELD
HIGH SCHOOL MAGAZINE



1932



Wakefield High School Magazine.

1932.

Editor : Miss D. Brown.

Sub-Editor : Eileen Milner.

Old Girls' Editor : E. Waters.

Treasurer : Miss Baker.

Committee :

VI Upper.—Margery Shaw.

VI Lower.—Elsie Blackburn.

V Upper.—Sybil Clarke.

V Lower.—Joan Smith.

IV Upper.—Mary Chapman.

IV Middle.—Maisie Blyth.

IV Lower.—Jean Haslegrave.

Junior School.—Joan Lancaster.

INTRODUCTORY NOTES.

We have heard from many Old Girls that the experiment of sending out the Magazine to all members of the Association has been appreciated, and we hope to be able to continue to do so. Any suggestions for making the magazine still more interesting to past members of the School would be warmly welcomed by the Committee, as would also criticisms of any kind from our readers. This number will appear before Speech Day this year, and therefore will not contain a report of the year's work in the School. We hope to have the Prizes distributed on 15th December by the Marquis of Londonderry, Minister for Air. The last week of the term will be very fully occupied, as the School play "The Knight of the Burning Pestle" will be performed on 16th and 17th December. The numbers in the School last session were the highest on record except for one half term about ten years ago, the average



- (1) On the way to Watendlath Bog.
- (2) The aftermath of a meal at camp.
- (3) The Rangers at Waddow.
- (4) On the top of Helvellyn!

number in the School was just over 600. Every corner of the building seemed to be occupied, the Sixth Form as usual having to take refuge in the Entrance Hall and on the cushions. However, during the summer holidays a long delayed and much needed alteration in the building took place. The "basins" have retreated behind the glass doors and are no longer visible to all passing by, and the steps leading to the cloakroom have been covered over with the result that there is now a fairly spacious ante-room called by the Sixth, the Coaching Room, which houses many divisions, and there is now a wide and stately approach to the Jubilee Hall. The other addition to the School premises referred to last year—the new Domestic Science Room is in full working order, and is a real delight and source of pride to us all. It is fitted up with all the latest requirements for cookery, laundry and housewifery and every girl who passes through the School will take a course in each of these subjects. An old Girls' Class for High Class Cookery has also been formed. The room itself has been visited already by several education authorities, and is considered one of the best of its kind.

Another very welcome addition to the School was made by the Governors in the Spring, when two new hard "En Tout Cas" Tennis Courts were laid down in the place of the old asphalt courts. They are of the very latest design, and proved of the greatest help in the Summer Term for those practising for the League Tennis matches. The work of the School proceeded in the normal way—the numbers at the top of the School were again very large, and the Third Year Sixth again had to be housed in the Library. At the beginning of the School year we have returned to two Sixths and the Library in consequence is more accessible. We were very fortunate in not losing many of the Staff during last session. Miss Gibby left in the Autumn to be married, and Miss A. K. Brown in the Summer to go to a School in London.

An especially large number of the Sixth who left in July have gone on to enter University life, the greater part to London. The results of the Old Girls' Examination were also noteworthy, as they included two First Classes, Annie Booker 1st in Mathematics at Holloway College, and Lois Latham 1st in Geography Honours at Sheffield.

Our congratulations are also due to Margaret Millar who obtained her double "Blue" at Cambridge for Tennis and Hockey.

To all Old Girls, as to all readers of the Magazine, we send out heartiest good wishes.

M. E. M.

SCHOOL CALENDAR, 1931-32.

Autumn Term.

Sept. 17	Term began.
" 25	Junior School Party.
" 28,29	Various Forms taken to see the Palestine Film.
" 30	School Orchestral Concert.
Oct. 2	Marjorie Watmough's Concert in the School Hall.
" 9	Senior School Dance.
" 10	1st XI v. Bradford 1st XI, Away. 2nd XI v. Bradford 2nd, Home.
" 14	Speech Day.
" 17	1st XI v. Ackworth 1st XI, Away.
" 24	1st XI v. Roundhay 1st XI, Home. 2nd XI v. Roundhay 2nd XI, Home.
Nov. 1	Half Term.
" 6	Y.H.L. Fancy Dress Dance for the Juniors.
" 7	1st XI v. Leeds University, Away. 2nd XI v. Leeds High School, Home.
" 10	Y.H.L. Lecture.
" 13	B.M.S. Concert.
" 14	1st Round of League 1st XI v. Leeds 1st XI, Home.
" 17	Lantern Lecture on Bolivia by Mr. Bee Mason.
" 21	2nd XI v. Ackworth 2nd XI, Away.
" 27	B.M.S. Song-Lecture Recital.
" 28	1st XI v. Mount School 1st XI, Away.
Dec. 3	Guide Enrolment by Miss Pickering.
" 5	2nd Round of League 1st XI v. Bingley 1st XI.
" 9	Miss Purdon's Junior Concert.
" 12	Ranger's Party.
" 15,16	School Play "A Kiss for Cinderella."
" 17	Carol Concert.
" 18	End of Autumn Term.

Spring Term.

Jan. 13	Term began.
" 22	Y.H.L. Fancy Dress Dance for the Seniors.
" 23	1st XI v. Mount School, Away.
" 29	1st XI v. Yorkshire Wanderers, Home.
" 30	Under 16 XI v. Leeds under 16 XI, Home.
" 29,30	Staff Plays.

Feb.	6	Semi-Final of League 1st XI v. Dewsbury 1st XI, Home.
"	9	Guide Entertainment.
"	13	1st XI v. Ackworth 1st XI, Home. 2nd XI v. Ackworth 2nd XI, Home.
"	27	1st XI v. Roundhay 1st XI, Away. 2nd XI v. Roundhay 2nd XI, Away.
Mar.	5	League Final 1st XI v. Bradford, Away.
"	12	2nd XI v. Leeds 2nd XI, Home.
"	16	Pontefract Musical Competition.
"	18	1st XI v. Leeds 1st XI, Away.
"	19	"Girls leaving" XI v. "Girls staying" XI.
"	23	Team Party.
"	27	End of Term.

Summer Term.

Apr.	27	Term began.
"	29	Singing Competition at York.
May	5, 6	Egg Collection for Clayton Hospital.
"	11	Visit of Arts League of Service.
"	20	Tennis Tea.
"	27	1st VI v. Bradford 1st VI, Away.
"	28	1st VI v. York 1st VI, Away.
"	29	Guide Service at the Cathedral.
June	3	Tennis Tea.
"	4	Guide Rally and Sports.
"	10	1st VI v. Leeds 1st VI, Home.
"	11	1st VI v. Ackworth 1st VI, Home.
"	13	1st VI v. Roundhay 1st VI, Away.
"	15	Dance Recital by Leslie Burrows.
"	18, 20	Half Term.
"	24, 25	Art Exhibition.
"	25	Tennis League at Sheffield.
July	2	1st VI v. Leeds 1st VI, Away; Junior Form Matches.
"	16	{ 1st VI v. Queen Margaret's Scarborough. Red Cross Fête.
"	18	Senior Form Matches.
"	21	Lecture on "Careers" by Miss Dagleish.
"	22	Gym Competition.
"	23	Sports Day.
"	25	Dramatic Competition; Sixth Form Party.
"	27	End of Summer Term.

Nora Land, VI Upper.

GIFTS TO CHARITIES.

Bentley Colliery Disaster Fund	£5	7	6
Clayton Hospital	1	1	0
St. John's Home	1	10	0
St. John's Home Holiday Fund	2	2	0
Bede Home	2	2	0
White Rose Hospital	1	1	0
Miss Leatham (Home for Destitute Children, Pontefract)	2	2	0
National Library for the Blind	2	10	0
Save the Children Fund	2	10	0
Netball Set for St. John's Home	3	6	0
Picture for Nursery School		15	6
Deaf and Dumb Society		10	0
Children's Home Holiday Fund	2	2	0
Wentbridge Children's Convalescent Home	4	4	0
				£31	3	0

GIFTS TO THE SCHOOL.

We are most grateful for the following gifts to the School this year:—Handbook for Geography Teachers from Miss D. M. Forsaith; Several volumes for the French Library from Rev. E. Bishop; Shaw's Plays Pleasant from Joan Froggett; Buchan's—Mr. Standfast, Thirty-nine Steps, from Margaret Gill; £1 for a new piece of games equipment from Edith Goodall; A complete set of Scott's novels from Olga Johnson-Laird; Trevelyan's History of England from Louie Saville; Rembrandt's The Golden Helmet from Annette Scott.

MUSIC NOTES.

The Concert Season began with a historical piano recital illustrated with lantern slides of the periods in which the composers lived, by Miss Marion Snowden. She wore a dress of the Tudor period which added to the effect of the old-world music. The Hall was packed as a great number of the Grammar School boys came. Miss Snowden played pieces for the Virginals and other old harpsichord and spinet music which were very charming.

The High School supported the first series of Children's Concerts given in the Unity Hall; over one hundred girls going and enjoying them thoroughly, especially the concert with oboe and flute solos.

The choir did not carry off any honours this year in the competitions. They went further afield, to York and Ilkley as well as Pontefract, which is a step in the right direction.

M. Blyth won second prize in the Junior Violin Class ; M. Dixon won third prize in the Junior Violin Class ; and the piano classes were well represented.

The School Concerts had several innovations in the way of clarinet, flute and bassoon solos.

We have this year added a cornet soloist to the orchestra which only needs some drums and a few more brass instruments to turn into a full symphony orchestra.

I. P.

CHOIR NOTES.

Under the able leadership of Miss Everden, the choir again competed for the Pontefract Banner. Four songs were given for preparation, "A shepherd kept sheep," music by Thiman ; Aulford's "Lullabye of an Infant Chief" ; Dyson's "To the Thames" ; and Boyce's "Ursula dancing." The latter two were chosen by the adjudicator, Mr. Edgar Bainton, for the test pieces. The choir came third, Hemsworth taking the first place. Mr. Bainton was pleased with the diction of the first piece, and of the second he said "A very delightful performance with sparkle and gaiety." Two hundred and twelve, out of a possible two hundred and fifty marks, were gained. In the sight-reading test, the choir gained the highest marks.

We did not compete at the Ilkley Festival, this year, but went to York instead. This meant a very enjoyable afternoon in the old town. Dr. J. F. Staton was the adjudicator, and the test pieces, Arne's "Beside a lake of lillies," and "O swallow, swallow," with the music by Holst, were both unaccompanied.

During the year a Middle School Choir has been started, and a Carol Concert was given last December in which Senior, Middle and Junior Choirs took part. In addition the Choirs have helped to provide items for several school concerts, and individual members prepared a programme of "Action" Songs for the Red Cross Fête.

We are very grateful to Miss Dawe, who has again acted as accompanist, and put in so much work for us ; thanks are also due to the members of the Choirs who have given up so much of their spare time to attend practices.

Sybil Clarke.

THE SECOND DRAMATIC CONTEST.

The Dramatic Contest was held again this year but not until the close of the Summer Term. The plays chosen were all modern and therefore gave greater scope for originality in the production than did the Shakespeare scenes acted last year. They were

John Drinkwater's "X - O" for VI Upper and VI Lower.
Clifford Bax's "The Poetasters of Ispahan," for the V Uppers and V Lower.

Sir James Barrie's "Quality Street," for the IV Uppers and IV Middles.

Sir James Barrie's "Peter Pan," for the IV Lower and Form III.

The scene for each play was arranged by all the forms acting it but everything else was strictly the production of the single form, helped by its prefect. The criticism therefore concerned the interpretation of scene and character, the grouping and movement, the speech and the dress.

Mr. Spilsbury very kindly gave this criticism for the two senior, and Miss M. Moore for the two junior divisions, and we are most grateful for their interested hearing of the scenes and for their detailed and very helpful comments on each one.

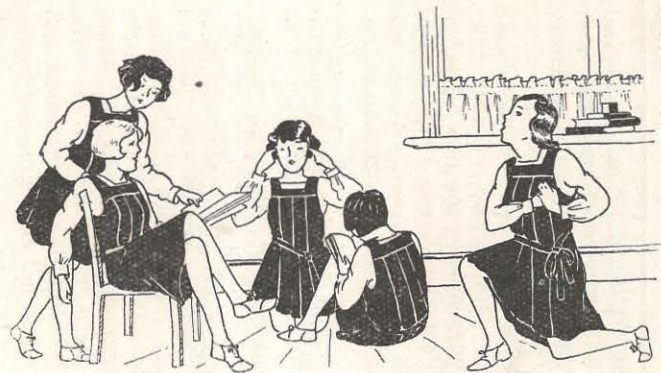
The dress was well managed throughout but particularly so in some productions of "The Poetasters of Ispahan" where colours and material were in keeping with the characters and the entire colour scheme very pleasing to the eye.

The speech showed a marked improvement on last year's. It was on the whole clear and vigorous and revealed understanding of the characters impersonated : the now humorous now poetic verse of "The Poetasters" was rendered with discernment ; the whimsicality of Peter and Wendy was delightfully expressed in the voice ; and the 'high seriousness' of the lines in "X - O" gave rise to some beautiful speaking.

There was less crowding in the grouping and more grace and character in the movement this year but this part of the production needs much more careful rehearsing.

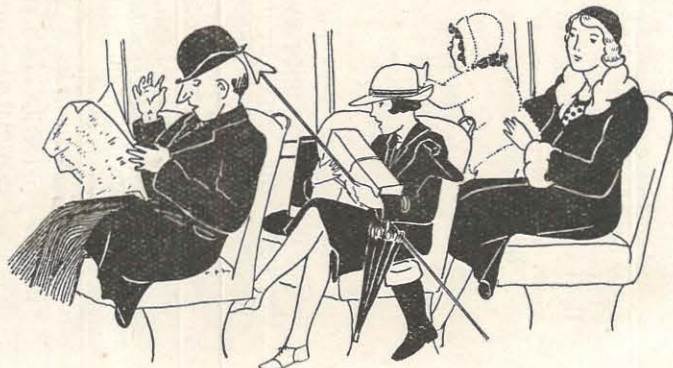
The parts were well chosen on the whole and the interpretation of scene and character was good. A few actors failed to represent a character altogether truly, because they had not read the whole play, or had not read it with understanding. The keynote of the scene was clearly sounded in nearly all the productions. The mingled humour and sadness of "Peter Pan" and "Quality Street," the fantastic humour of "The Poetasters of Ispahan" and the tragic beauty of speech and thought in "X = O" were certainly felt and expressed by the actors.

THE DRAMATIC COMPETITION.



FROM THE WORRIES OF HAIR-RAISING REHEARSAL

TRANSPORT TROUBLES



. AND THE DIFFICULTIES OF FINDING A SUITABLE SPOT FOR DRESS REHEARSALS

. THERE COMES THE FINISHED PRODUCTION



In Group I, VI Lower was placed first and awarded a very beautiful picture, "The Golden Helmet" by Rembrandt, presented by Annette Scott on leaving. V Lower A came first in Group II; IV Upper A in Group III and IV Lower A in Group IV. These were all awarded vases for their form-rooms.

The time for rehearsal this year coincided with school examinations and anxious preparations for the Sixth Form Party so that the improvement on last year's effort is all the more commendable. Next year we hope the competitors will have a chance of more concentrated rehearsing and so give some really finished productions. That would be a great achievement.

H. M.

THE GUIDES AND RANGERS.

The Companies are still flourishing. The Guides have a long waiting list, and the Rangers have now added a fourth Patrol, the Skylarks, to themselves. At the end of the Summer Term, Miss M. Hall left the Guides to be Miss A. K. Brown's successor as Brown Owl.

The companies have had an eventful year. In the Christmas Term the Rangers gave their annual party to fifty children from Wakefield's poorer districts. The Guides entertained S. John's Home in the Summer Term, instead of having the usual Christmas Party. There was the Guide Show (produced in an incredibly short time) in the Easter Term, by which we made £4 10s. In the Summer Term, the Division Birthday Celebrations were held on our field. The different parts of Guide work were demonstrated by companies in the Division. Our Guide Company was asked to show all tenderfoot work. The Rangers had a stall exhibiting their craft-work to illustrate Toymaker's Badge; and many of them spent a blissful day crying in the smoke of camp fires, on which they did various kinds of outdoor cookery. A Dolls' House, which the Rangers made of four tomato boxes and three-ply wood, and which was decorated, furnished and inhabited, was afterwards given to the Infant Department of the Belle Isle Nursery School.

In spite of outside interests, time has been found for badge work, and about eighty badges have been gained during the year. Three of the Rangers are doing star work, and one has nearly finished.

Our activities reached a climax in our camps, run separately for the first time. Full accounts of these appear elsewhere.

M. M.

M. D.

THE GUIDE CAMP AT SANDBECK PARK.

Last year the Guides camped at Sandbeck Park near Rotherham from 27th July to 8th August. The advance party set out immediately after Miss Martin's speech on the last day of term. We arrived about 1 o'clock, but the tents did not arrive; nor did the cooking utensils and other camp requisites from school, and we had visions of the open field for a bed! In due course, however, things began to arrive, and by nightfall tents had begun to spring up, and make the field look something of a camp. The rest of the Guides arrived the following morning, and camp began in real earnest. The weather was fairly fine for once, and we had but few of those drizzling mornings when the whole camp huddles round the cook fire in mackintoshes and sou-westers until the poor cooks get frantic. By Sunday all was straight, and the usual patrol duties were carried on. In the evenings we had camp-fire in the woods, and some of the 'stunts' which were produced were very good indeed.

Every camp has its thrills, and this year the cows and pigs added to the fun. When Q.M. was not at hand, a cow always seemed to be browsing perilously near the store-tent, and we lost many tea-towels owing to the hunger of the pigs! The latter even went into the wash-houses and ate soap, when nothing more palatable was at hand!

Visitors' day was held on Monday, 1st August, and we had an enjoyable time showing our parents and friends round the camp, of which we were very proud. A "movie" film was taken, which we saw at a Guide parade this term.

The time seemed to go very quickly, however, as it always does at camp, and each day was used to the full. Games and walks in the park occupied our spare time, and on Sunday afternoon we were allowed to see Lord Scarborough's private gardens, which we all enjoyed. In spite of all our wishes, the fatal Wednesday would come, and we struck camp sadly, and returned home, with ambitions for next year.

Nancy Bywaters.

THE RANGER CAMP AT WADDOW HALL.

On Thursday morning we left Wakefield for a week in camp. We travelled to Waddow Hall to the music of a rattling boiler, inefficiently packed, mingled with that of a gramophone whose sound-box swung perilously. Through Waddow Hall gates we passed, and up a wet, slippery, grassy hill. At the top was our temporary site. There was another camp to our

left, and forward on the right yet another. We set to work, and by nightfall our camp was almost complete.

Deceived by the fine windy weather we scorned the tents, and slept outside. But rain in the early hours drove us in. All the next day it rained, and those who went to look for the farmhouse that morning were soaked through before they returned. We went that evening, with the other campers, to a camp-fire at Waddow Hall. Because of the rain we held the Camp-fire in a long shelter, obviously belonging to Guides. The walls were decorated with pictures of birds and flowers, and with notices very well arranged. We sang and listened to 'yarns,' and returned to camp after a most enjoyable evening.

Contrary to original arrangements we did not change our site on Saturday. We loved the views which we could see all around us, from our vantage point at the top of a hill, and our ground was dry and free from the mud which so disfigured the other site.

Princess Mary came to Waddow Hall for lunch on Wednesday. All the camps formed her guard of honour, but we only caught a glimpse of her as she passed in her car.

We had one more Camp-fire at the Hall, and on the last morning we saw the whole of the building. Each room has been bought and furnished by a city or a county, and over each room is the coat of arms of the place to which the room belongs. Each room seems more charming than the last. It is an ideal Hall for the training of guides. The grounds, too, are lovely, and a river runs through them, quite close to the Hall. Those who bathed on the last evening will remember it for a long time.

Cricket, practical jokes and songs filled our days, and we are all hoping for as happy a camp next year.

E. M. H.

BROWNIES.

The Pack has grown very big this year. In fact we were glad that there were so many fine Mondays during the Summer Term as there was hardly room for us in the Prep. School Hall.

One of the most exciting things that happened to us was the finding of a beautiful new totem in the garden. It looked like a real over-grown toad-stool!

We had a very happy day at Bolton Abbey on 2nd June, but it had one bad disadvantage—we all found the time went far too quickly!

At the last Pack-meeting of the year Miss Martin came to enrol four new Brownies and also present First Class Badges

to Joan Hinchcliff and Jean Killingbeck. Margaret Forster and Margaret Sutcliffe each gained both the First Aider's and House Orderly Proficiency Badges. A good number of second-class badges were gained during the year. We were fortunate in being able to have the enrolment in the garden and were glad to welcome Miss Morrell and Miss Price to our Pack meeting.

We are pleased that Miss M. Hall is going to be our Brown Owl and hope she will be very happy with us.

A. K. B.

YOUNG HELPERS' LEAGUE.

The School branch of the Young Helpers' League sent its annual contribution of £25 towards the upkeep of a cot in the Barnardo Home at Harrogate. The box collection was particularly good; £13 was collected. There were over 80 members, but we still need new ones.

We owe a debt of gratitude to all who have so generously helped us, especially to the long suffering Mothers, who sent us delectable cakes for our dances and helped to dress their children in fantastic attire.

We should specially like to thank Brenda Brown and her company for a delightful performance of "Cinderella" and Grace Wood, who manufactured and sold toy chairs, and so added a nice little sum to our funds.

We hope that "res angusta domi" will not prevent us from raising our accustomed contribution for the coming year.

L. M. B.

GAMES NOTES.

Winter Games.

We had to build a young and inexperienced team round the only three people remaining from last year. The team started very erratically, but began to settle down well by the end of the Christmas Term. We had two close and exciting matches with the Mount; and drew with Ackworth in the Easter Term after getting a bad beating in October. In League matches we beat Leeds 6—0; Dewsbury 8—1, and Bingley 13—0. We played Bradford in the Final, and drew with them, 1 all. Only four members of the Team left at the end of the year, so we hope for a good team this year.

SUMMARY OF MATCHES.

	Played.	Won.	Lost.	Drew.	Goals.	
					For	Against
1st XI ...	13	5	6	2	57	35
2nd XI ...	7	3	2	2	24	15
Under 16 ...	1	1	0	0	8	0

E. Goodall.

Summer Games.

Unfortunately at the beginning of term the weather was rather unsettled and consequently we had to cancel our first match and tennis tea, but as the term went on the weather improved and tennis became very popular in the Senior and Junior School.

The Governors very kindly presented two hard courts (Griselda *en tout cas*) which are a very great asset to the School.

We were able to fulfil most of our fixtures but the results were rather disappointing owing to several alterations in the team which meant that the couples did not combine well at first.

The W.R.G.A. Tennis Tournament was held at the Hallamshire Club Courts, Sheffield, this year. We were very fortunate in having a fine day. The staff couple, Miss Briselden and Miss M. Hall, won the staff cup beating Dewsbury in the Final. The Senior couple, Joan Froggett and Helen Child, were beaten in the semi-final by Leeds who afterwards secured the Shield. The Junior couple, Jean Wheatley and Margot Radcliffe (after playing three sets) were beaten in the semi-final by Huddersfield.

We also had an under-sixteen match against Roundhay which was a very successful one.

The form matches were very keenly contested. The Senior Shield was won by V Upper A who beat VI 2nd year in the Final. V Lower A won the Middle School Tournament beating V Lower B in the Final.

The Junior Cup was won by IV Middle A who succeeded in beating IV Lower A in the Final.

Tennis colours were awarded to J. Frogget and J. Wheatley
J. F.

SPORTS, 1932.

Sports were again held on a Saturday; and, helped by lovely weather and an excellent attendance of spectators, we had a very successful day. Miss Lorna Leatham kindly came to give away our prizes, and she talked to us in a very inspiring way.

This year an especial feature was made of the Form Competition. Anyone who was placed at all in a race won points for her form and was given a coloured card. Miss Carr presided over the intricacies of the scoring table; and, as these cards were feverishly thrust on her, moved the Form arrow up with strict accuracy and justice. The Third Form carried off the Trophy by quite a big margin—perhaps partly because everyone in the Form went in for everything!

The Staff again helped us in our organisation in a most noble way. With such a keen band of 'stewards,' the task of running Sports becomes a real pleasure as the afternoon passes smoothly on.
M. D.

TEAM CRITICISMS, 1931-32.

We had to make an entirely new team this year, as even the two members left to us from last year were not playing in the same places. The team settled in well, and we had a very enjoyable season, with some good hard matches. The League Final was disappointing because the play was so unskilful; both sides played a hard hitting game but showed little originality or real cleverness. Seven of the team stay on for next season and should make the framework of a good side.

Goalkeeper.—E. Goodall.—Improved very much during the season, and played brilliantly in the later matches. Won her colours.

Right Back.—B. Bell.—Played with her head and is surer now, but is still slow.

Left Back.—M. Fearnside.—Very erratic. Is fast and strong and should be good, but sometimes is shockingly rash and uncertain.

Right Half.—H. Child.—Played well and won her colours.

Centre Half.—M. Turner.—A sound player, but in this position should be more mobile and much quicker.

Left Half.—J. Wheatley.—Improved steadily in quickness and decision during the season. Stickwork needs care.

Right Wing.—M. Steeples.—Developed well, and has become a great asset to the forward line.

Right Inner.—S. Smith.—Played well. Was especially strong in the circle.

Centre Forward.—J. Cockburn.—Soon settled into her new position and won her colours.

Left Inner.—M. Williamson.—Has developed into a skilful player.

Left Wing.—Joyce Hartley.—Has good ideas but does not use her pace enough. Stickwork needs care.

Summer Term.

The Tennis VI had a very disappointing season and lost all their matches.

1st Couple.—J. Froggett, H. Child.—Both need much more fire, precision and force. They did not tackle difficulties with enough spirit.

2nd Couple.—M. Radcliffe, J. Wheatley.—Individually, they have good strokes. Playing together, their court-craft and combination is weak.

3rd Couple.—M. Turner, J. Cockburn.—Had possibilities, but were much too erratic and lacked assurance. J. Froggett and Jean Wheatley were given colours.

Swimming.

Bronze Medallions were gained by M. Addy, M. Duffin, B. Holliday, G. Firth, M. Firth.

Proficiency Certificates gained by A. Hobson, E. Hobson, W. Horsfield, G. Noble, N. Osborne. K. Brook won the Swimming Cup.

M. Dakin.

TRAVEL LECTURE.

On Tuesday, 17th November, Mr. Bee-Mason came to lecture to us on his tour "Through Green Hell to Bolivia."

First he described his departure from England, for South America. He was accompanied by several friends, who like himself, had all explored distant parts of the world.

They landed at Buenos Aires, and then began their voyage up the Plate River to Gaiba. The lecture was illustrated by lantern slides, by means of which Mr. Bee-Mason contrived to give us a vivid impression of the country along the banks of the river and of the animals and birds living near the river.

From Gaiba they set out on their long, laborious journey through practically unexplored forests.

They cut their way through the undergrowth, camped in clearings, and were accompanied, all the way, by companions—hardly genial—the mosquitoes and other stinging insects which infested the forest and generally became nuisances at the most inopportune moments.

While they were crossing the forest, they passed through two Indian villages—San Corazan and San José; and Mr. Bee-Mason described the beauty of the two Jesuit churches—the heart of these two villages, round which centred the life of the inhabitants.

Then Mr. Bee-Mason described their journey southward through the Andes, showing how they crossed the rivers and successfully coped with the difficulties which arose, when, at the most crucial moments, their long-suffering and antique car refused to budge an inch.

Some wonderful views of the scenery in the Andes were shown, and we were allowed to peep into the house of one of the richer inhabitants, and see and wonder at the marvellous Parisian tapestry and the carved furniture.

Mr. Bee-Mason's lecture was most entertaining and the breathless "Ohs!" at sight of the magnificent scenery, showed how much the audience enjoyed and appreciated the lecture.

Elsie Blackburn, VI Lower.

THE ART EXHIBITION.

An exhibition of the year's art and craft work was held towards the end of the Summer Term.

One was struck by the brightness and gaiety of the modern colourings. At one end of the Art Room was the work of the Lower School; there were pastel drawings of rows of tin soldiers in their colourful red uniform, and lovely bright blue Michaelmas Daisy flowers.

In contrast, on the other side of this stand were the life drawing and fine illustration work of the Sixth Forms, and the portfolios of the two girls who won scholarships to Leeds and London. However, the memory of the bright soldiers still remained.

Down the sides of the room were various kinds of decorative stitchery, appliqué, weaving, etc. done by the Middle Forms; and at one end was a large piece of woodland scenery, painted for the school play, by Forms Five Lower.

Some cretonne designs and delicate drawing done by the Kindergarten Student Teachers were on view—as well as extremely simple but effective poster-work by them.

Some of the most successful work was in a new craft—printed fabric. The Sixth Form had printed some very attractive curtains. The Sixth set us a standard in other crafts too—their lino-cuts, fretwork toys, and embroidery were lovely.

We are grateful to the Lower Fives for a whole new set of Art Room curtains—seven pairs for our seven large windows. They stencilled broad border patterns on them in orange and brown to match the Art Room colouring.

Sybil Clarke.

MISS JEAN STIRLING MACKINLAY'S SONG RECITAL.

Early this year Miss Jean Stirling Mackinlay gave a song recital to a large audience from different schools. Most of us had heard of her, but few had ever seen her before. We were therefore pleasantly expectant and also prepared to be rather critical. But at the end, the only fault we found, was in the shortness of the recital.

Miss Mackinlay began with a group of Scottish songs, with simple actions to allow us to grow used to her voice and manner, and continued with American, French and English folk songs. Each group was sung in a different costume and each dress was lovelier than the one before. We were dazzled by red brocade, gold brocade and black velvet embroidered with bright wool. But they were by no means the essential part of her success. It may have been the indefinable quality of her voice, which though not very strong was beautifully soft and clear, which we found most enjoyable, or perhaps the charm of her presence. It is difficult to say. But in any case the end seemed to come only a few minutes after the beginning.

Annette K. Scott.

DANCE RECITAL OF MISS LESLIE BURROWS.

Miss Leslie Burrows, who is the first British girl to have taken the full course of training with Fraulein Mary Wigman in Dresden, brought to most of us our first experience of this new, and expressive type of dancing. As yet the name Wigman is little known in England, but for some years in Germany, and latterly in the United States, her name and work have come very much to the fore. Miss Burrows has now given various recitals in England, and was chosen to teach the Wigman Method at the first International School of Dance at Buxton this summer, so that the work will now become more generally known, and appreciated.

Fundamentally this work is entirely different from that of the old ballet schools. Whereas in the classical ballet, the first essential is long hours of stereotyped technical practice, allowing little or no individual scope, in this newer, freer work the first essential is an expression primarily from the spirit of the individual dancer herself. This also was the underlying idea of the work introduced years previously by Isadora Duncan, but she attempted to get so far from the technical background, that after her own brilliant career, her work had

no solid foundation on which to continue. It was not until recently, under the inspiration of Fraulein Wigman that the work has again attracted attention.

There must be some technique behind it. The elevation in some of Miss Burrows movements in "A Messenger of Light" to the Polonaise of Hans Hastings, the quick intricate steps and perfect balance in "Modina from Spanish Dances," could never be executed with such ease and perfection by one who had not spent many hours at some type of technical practice. This technique most certainly is less stilted, less exacting, than the ballet technique, allowing more individual scope, yet giving the body and the limbs the strength and control needed.

Wigman believes in dispensing with the orchestra. Where, in the ballet, the dance is an interpretation of the music, in this work the dance is the important part, and the music merely an accompaniment. The dancer feels her mood, expresses it, and her pianist must be ready to accompany her. In many of these accompaniments percussion instruments alone are used. This freedom of thought, and expression of the dancer's mood, rather than the interpretation of the musician's thoughts was seen in "Prelude" to the accompaniment of Anatole Alexandrow's music, the Moonlight Pastorale, and the Madonna. These dances were not a succession of steps, but an expression of emotions, seen in the face, the hands, the fingers and the whole body of the dancer.

The result of this work is seen clearly in the influence it has had on the classical ballet. The choreographers of to-day are producing work which is very different from the traditional ballet. Subconsciously they have been influenced by this forceful work, and its influence is seen in almost all the new ballets.

Not only did Miss Burrows' personality and charm give to her work the necessary emotional force, her movements were always perfect, and her dress was always in harmony with her mood. The red robe she wore in the "Madonna" made a perfect background for her supple, strong movements. The colour gave the feeling behind them. In contrast was the joyful garment, with its swaying skirt, worn in "A Messenger of Light."

With so great an artist as Miss Burrows to introduce this work, it must surely gain a secure foothold, even in this country where we are years behind in the world of dancing, and only just building up our own British Ballet.

D. M. Splatt.

SCHOOL PLAY.

A KISS FOR CINDERELLA.

At the end of last Christmas term the School gave one of the best plays that it has ever produced. It was with some considerable apprehension that I heard that this play had been chosen, for memories of Du Maurier and Hilda Trevelyan and a war-time London were aroused and one feared the worst. But after a very few moments our fears were allayed and we soon discovered that the actors had caught the spirit and were living in the fairy tale far more than grown-ups are generally able to do.

The Policeman won all hearts, especially his moustache and the life-like gestures of the Force. Cinderella was delightful and her art reached its highest in the last scene when she agreed "to marry the man of her choice." The Babies thoroughly enjoyed the performance and we were almost alarmed for their safety especially in the Ballroom Scene. Mr. Bodie had a very difficult part to play and played it well; we liked the way he managed his cigarette.

It seems invidious to mention individuals in the Ballroom Scene. The King and Queen "strap-hung" to the manner born, and Lord Times wore his silk hat with elegance.

Act III gave us Dr. Bodie and Danny. Dr. Bodie must be congratulated upon the restraint with which she played, and Danny, cigarette behind his ear, full of mischief was kept well in his place by the kindly V.A.D. All concerned in the production deserve hearty congratulations, the dresses, the scenery were splendid, above all in the Ball scene when the costumes of the King and Queen must be singled out for special praise.

The standard reached throughout was so extraordinarily good that we look forward with keen anticipation to the play next Christmas.

THE STAFF PLAYS, 1932.

After a year marked by the absence of a staff entertainment, we greatly appreciated its reappearance in 1932—this time in the form of four short plays:—

"The Invisible Duke," by Sladen Smith;
"Riders to the Sea," by J. M. Synge; and
Two "Plays of St. Francis,"—"Blind Eyes," and
"Sister Clare," by Laurence Housman.

These plays are so different in idea that it is impossible to compare them, but one thing was common to all the performances: the excellence of the stage setting. The Astrologer's laboratory with its cauldron and magic books in the first play, the Irish cottage kitchen complete with fishing tackle, spinning wheel and rough furniture in the second, created at once the right atmosphere, while in "Blind Eyes" the Square in front of the Church, the group of beggars on the Church steps and on the other side the roystering nobles, might have stepped from some mediaeval picture. In "Sister Clare," the hall of the monastery with its loft and high-backed settle glowing in the light of the dying fire was just the right setting for this peaceful scene in the life of St. Francis.

"The Invisible Duke."

A farce is undoubtedly the most difficult form of drama to "get across," and great praise is due to the actresses who succeeded in doing this with this very difficult play. Miss Partridge as the Astrologer devoted to "Holy science" gave an excellent interpretation of a mediaeval "quack" magician whose deceptions are about to be found out, and the by-play of Miss Dakin and Miss Splatt as his assistants, Nekko and Dekko, was delightfully foolish. Nekko, the despised satellite, comes into his own when he throws any and all the magic ingredients into the cauldron, and the resulting concoction does make the Duke invisible—we saw his hand vanish! Miss Ware made a really convincing Duke, threatening all sorts of dire punishments if he were not made invisible. Miss Windsor, was the sprightly Emilia who wished her black hair to be made red to match the abundant red locks of her lover, Francesco, played by Miss Gillies. All acted their parts with just sufficient burlesque, never overdoing the farce and maintaining the interest to the end where everyone dances round the cauldron with a spoon and a crown, proclaiming that they are the rulers of the earth, because they can make people invisible.

"Riders to the Sea."

This tragedy provided a great contrast to the first play. Miss Moore as the bereaved mother sustained a difficult part throughout: one was conscious of the hopeless struggle against the merciless sea which was the undercurrent to the lives of these fisher-folk. Miss Ellis and Miss Davies as Cathleen and Nora, the daughters, each in her own way wishing to guard the mother from the tragedy which has overtaken the family, were very convincing, while Miss Bosward in the character of the son, the last of six to be taken by the sea, overcame the many

difficulties of playing a man's part in a very efficient manner. The final note of tragedy was struck by the women whose keening made a most melancholy ending.

“ Little Plays of St. Francis.”

These were excellently produced and acted. Miss Briselden played the part of St. Francis in both, and in voice and manner gave a very satisfying presentation of the Saint at the time of his conversion and later in his monastery. The first play is a masterly study of contrasts. Miss Hall, Miss Beale and Miss Ross as the beggars on the Church steps were quite unrecognisable and should be congratulated on their disguise, while on the other side of the stage Miss Tanner, Miss Christie, Miss Price and Miss Bosward presented a gay picture of the gallants, Francesco's companions of that time, drinking wine outside the inn.

In “ Sister Clare,” Miss Frampton's convincing acting of the part of Brother Juniper is not easily forgotten, and one carried away a pleasantly quiet picture of St. Francis and his disciples (Miss Dawe, Miss Baker, Miss Dakin and Miss Splatt) in their retreat. The arrival of Sister Clare, played by Miss D. Brown, although at first alarming to the brethren who had hitherto looked on women as the incarnation of evil, was shown by the Saint to be an act of God, and we leave the little community in prayer.

E. Waters.

THE TEAM PARTY.

The team party was again held at the end of the Spring Term, and again provided a very memorable and jolly evening. Despite our great enjoyment these parties seem perpetually to remind us of our short-comings. For who would confess to being unable to recognise the photographs of an inkpot—a tooth brush—a golf ball (surely nothing simpler)? Yet again and again we found ourselves completely puzzled when confronted with such photographs, and still further, hard to convince when the truth was divulged.

The usual obstacle race proved as thrilling as ever, with the (alas!) usual result; the superiority of the girls over the Staff in the matter of skipping backwards, sliding along table-tops and trapping buttons with the teeth from saucers full of flour. (Do we always secretly hope that the lot will not fall on us to uphold the honour of either side in this contest?)

The wider interests of the Boat Race were not forgotten for we had our mock race wherein we found the lack of any other propelling force save our own limbs rather a draw-back to speed.

But the chief event of the evening was the Pantomime “ Sleeping Beauty ”—a clever, well thought-out pleasantly reminiscent and delightfully acted performance. We even feel that the careers of some of the actors might have been diverted had Mr. Cochran been present! We were regaled with a delicious supper, after which we sang a revised selection of our community songs and then danced energetically to the end of an extremely enjoyable evening.

A. G. B.

THE VITH FORM PARTY—A PROTEST. !!!

To write an account of a party at which the principal item of the evening's entertainment was the performance of Dumb Charades, is a difficult, indeed, almost impossible task.

What can be *said* of them—or for them? All began happily with songs and dances; pedlars, coy maidens, kings and queens enlivened us. But a contrast was in store, for, with the commencement of the Dumb Charades we found ourselves faced with the most, lamentable, tragic, and moving of scenes. The most sensitive spirits among the audience were sent shuddering to their suppers where the soothing familiarity of sandwiches and lemonade did something to dispel their gloom!

What a programme!

Visions of a dead man's face lighted by the gleam of a flickering candle, of the seven wives of Henry VIII all cut down in the full flower of their beauty, of a delightful little company of clean white oysters consumed by those heartless wretches, the walrus and the Carpenter, of Red Riding Hood, an innocent young girl, visibly assimilated, into the body of a grizzly wolf—all this in solemn silence.

Avaunt! thou child of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born.

“ But come, thou goddess fair and free
In heaven yclep'd Euphrosyne,
And by men, heart-easing Mirth.”

G. B.

TREASURE ISLAND.

Hurrah! Hurrah! It was 12.45 p.m.; we IV Lower “ Pirates ” met in the Fives-court at School and set forth to board our good ship ‘ Hispaniola ’ (really the 1.7 train at Westgate!). We were transported to Leeds, and piloted through the busy streets to the Grand Theatre by Miss Hall and Miss Brown.

There was great excitement as we took our seats in the Circle and heard the orchestra strike up the well-known chorus “ Fifteen men on the dead man's chest.” Then up went

the curtain and there was Billy Bones lying drunk in an arm-chair in the semi-darkened room and he managed to keep in this state of intoxication until his death. Presently in came the hero, young Jim Hawkins—bringing yet more rum for the Captain!

Next came a terrifying sight in the shape of the Blind Man, who frightened even Billy Bones, especially when he gave him the Black Spot. At this the Captain fell to the floor and in walked Dr. Livesey in his silver-buckled shoes and white jabot, presenting a fine aristocratic figure, but we did not like his method of curing Billy Bones, although it was very realistic!

It was thrilling when the pirates found the secret cupboard where Jim and Mrs. Hawkins were hiding; then to everyone's relief a shot was heard and the pirates vanished—leaving blind old Pew to be shot.

After much applause at the end of this Act, selections from "The Pirates of Penzance" were played.

Now the IV Lower Pirates were on board the real Hispaniola, meeting Captain Smollet, Mr. Arrow Long John Silver (his parrot, Captain Flint must not be forgotten) and all the various sailors. How exciting it was when Jim Hawkins, who was hiding in the apple-barrel, was likely to be discovered any moment by Long John Silver and his mate to whom he was talking!

Then again came a thrill when Jim was being chased round and round the deck by a pirate armed with a long dagger (or as someone said "playing Tigs on Deck"); the way Jim sprang up the rope ladder to swing clear would have been highly commended by our gym-mistresses.

In Act III, Scene I, called "Part of the Island," we were shown that character we were all longing to see, Ben Gunn! His old garments of sack-cloth, fastened with buttons and bits of sticks, his tousled hair and his hairy brown arms and legs gave him the exact appearance of one who had been marooned three years.

It was great fun (at least we thought so—judging by our merry laughter) when Ben Gunn killed a mutineer and wanted everyone to notice the fact; he would not be satisfied until Jim "patted him on the back."

The final scene in the forest, with the singing of the haunting chorus for the last time, brought a very exciting and enjoyable afternoon to an end—and we IV Lower Pirates, with visions of days long ago when bold ships rode the ocean and 'real' Pirates revelled in doubloons and moidores, once more sought our imaginary ship and set sail for Wakefield.

Chloe Johnson } IV Lower a
Pat Wilson }

THE YOUNG HELPER'S LEAGUE DANCE (Junior).

By CHRISTOPHER ROBIN AND POOH

The Headgirl asked the Prefect,
And the Prefect asked the Junior
"Could you have a dance for the Young Helper's League?"
The Prefect asked the Junior,
The Junior said "Certainly,
I'll go and ask the others now
Before they go to bed."

They're holding a party at Jubilee Palace—
Christopher Robin went down with Alice.
Alice would like to go in if she could,
"A school girl's life is terribly good," says Alice.

We went into a house, and it wasn't a house,
It had big steps and a great big hall;
But it really was a school, a school, a school,
It wasn't like a house at all.

At the corner of the Hall the piano was playing,
Someone was playing it, but I don't know who—
I think it was Nora but I'm not quite certain,
(Pooh isn't certain too).

Joan, Joan, Marjorie, Mary, Winifred, Pooh and me,
Danced round and round the Hall
As soon as we'd finished our tea,
Joan, Joan said to her Mother,
"Mother," she said, said she;
"I'd like to stay to the very end
So please don't wait for me."

Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Sailor,
They all were there at the Ball,
The Tinker had his pots and pans
And Ladies all with wigs and fans,
But my friend Pooh looked rather funny
'Cause all he had was a pot of *hunny*.

One wore her yellow sunbonnet, one wore her greenest
gown;
One had her hair all powdered, and curtsied up and down.
They walked up to the Judges
And turned around and round,
The Judges watched the Tinker pass,
For him the best they found.

Also at the ball there were three little girls
Who wore white frocks and had gold curls.
They went up to supper and had buns and pieses,
And afterwards played and got nice prizes.

I had nuffin'
No, I hadn't got nuffin'
So we didn't go up for buns any more,
But we danced round the Big Hall,
Yes we danced round the Big Hall,
And we all had a marvellous time at the Ball.
Merle Greaves, Form III.

Y. H. L. DANCE, 1931 (Senior).

'Whoa mare!'
"Gee u-up!"
Cloppety! cloppety! clop!

Already in the Hall were many representatives of songs, operas and pithy sayings, when strange sounds were heard in the corridor. What strange beast was coming? There was an expectant hush as the head of a mournful grey mare appeared in the doorway, followed by the rest of its long body bearing the cheerful persons of Old Uncle Tom Cobleigh and All, chewing straws and singing at the same time, their feet well protected from the damages usually inflicted upon them at school dances.

We had already been greatly entertained by an amusing procession of a stately hooded crow, a chirpy little sparrow, and a bull whose hoofs we seemed to have seen on the hockey field, and whose tail caused him trouble later, all following a poor little dead Robin who entered in funeral state in a wheelbarrow. We were glad to find that Cock Robin's wounds were not mortal after all, for the warmth of the Hall evidently revived him and he hopped about merrily afterwards.

Some of the Junior members were slightly alarmed at the sight of several weird objects with long black arms, humped backs, and masked faces, who moved about most creepily, illustrating the old Cornish saying:

"From ghoulies and ghosties and long leggity beasties
And things that go bump in the dark
Good Lord deliver us!"

We were relieved when they appeared in ordinary dresses afterwards, and we were assured that they were really human beings and not ghosts of past examinations.

A mysterious note was introduced by a strange figure in black whose brown eyes alone were visible, and who refused to speak, but merely bore a card announcing that she was "IT." Many said that she was Mademoiselle, but later Mademoiselle appeared at the same time as "IT," whose eyes, we noticed, had changed colour. Various staff upon being questioned professed complete ignorance, and the mysterious person preserved her incognito until long after the dance.

We all wish to thank Miss Partridge and Miss Beale and the rest of the Y.H.L. for a most enjoyable dance, and we are eagerly looking forward to next year's entertainment.

Jean Armitage, VI Upper.

THE GUIDE ENTERTAINMENT.

Early in the Spring term our versatile guides once again entertained us with a most original performance—a shadow play, bearing the title "Two Arabian Nightmares."

A comb orchestra in sumptuous eastern attire heralded the coming of the Sultan and his newly-wedded bride. The greedy ruler apparently delighted in a succession of spouses, and owing to this whim of his, we expected the orchestra's rendering of the wedding and funeral marches to be quite perfect at the close of the performance owing to much experience. But no—his third wife was a skilful story teller, and she lulled her husband into a sleep, which unfortunately for him developed into a nightmare, in which Sinbad, Aladdin, Ali Baba and his Camel joined forces and performed hair-raising escapades. Sinbad killed a lion and procured magic water from a well—Ali Baba caught a fairy man, and Aladdin bought a flying tent, though not before they had killed a terrible one-eyed giant, and had had numerous consultations with Aladdin's Geni.

I wonder who masqueraded as the Elephant? He had such a pathetic look when abandoned by his master Ali Baba—a look so touching that it impressed the audience even through a sheet!

What a pity the Sultan, his daughter, and her lover were finally boiled in oil!

Ah well! It was only a nightmare.

Eileen Milner, VI Upper.

Here beginneth

THE BOOK OF THE TALES OF GRASMERE.

PROLOGUE.

(with apologies to Geoffrey Chaucer)

Ten scholars went to Leeds to catch a train
To take a holiday and rest each weary brain,
We were to Grasmere bound—a motley crew
All clad in reds and greens and brightest blue
At first we were full shy, then everyone
Did warm her heart, and laugh in great good fun.
At Hellifield when that the train drew up
Our bread we gan to eat, our drinks to sup
But from the train we tumbled were each one
With hat in hand and baggages and bun.
Round went the hat and in it we did slip
A penny each—it was the porter's tip.
At Windermere all jumped into a bus
“We're nearly there at last,” said all of us.
And on our way two trampies we did see
Who joined the bus 'mid shouts of frantic glee
Full wild and woolly they; sure we did laugh
When suddenly we grasped they were our staff.
At Laurel Villa then did we arrive
And all assembled for to dine at five,
The host she'd truly made a goodly meal
And quick it went, for hungry we did feel.

Among our joyous tribe there were two staff,
To look at them one could not help but laugh
A maid there was there who the whole day long
Upon her brain had got a dreadful song.
One line she sang, the only one she knew
And as the days passed, worse and worse it grew.
Two little ones there were, the one so small
That soon “Wee Dew Drop” she was called by all
A sickly maid there was in dreadful plight
With blisters suffered she from shoes too tight.
She thought she knew how best to right this wrong
And so she rubbed on soap the whole day long.
And one there was with pigtails flying free
The loss of ribbons brought her misery;
And worse, when tramping o'er the boggy plain
Both heels went in and ne'er came out again.
Two more there were, the one of books bought piles,

The other lost a scarf and moaned for miles.
Another one there was who thought it meet
To wear at least six coats whate'er the heat.
A little one there was who marched along
Just like a soldier, she could do no wrong.
Full neat was she and always in her hand
Her stick she bore and used it like a wand.
But last of all this merry companye
Came one quite fit to enter comedye.
She scarcely ever smiled yet all the while
She cracked dry jokes in most amazing style,
She'd make us roar and then quite calm she'd say,
“I see no joke, why laugh you in this way?”

Each day we did set forth to take our road
And ‘macs.’ we wore of every hue and mode.
With ashen sticks and brimming haversacks
Prepared were we to follow mountain tracks.
To walk to Keswick once did we essay
I swear it was a truly boggy way,
With mud our legges soon were black as soot,
And yet our guide cared not for this a hoot
And led us to a cafe neat and trim
Where we with humblest grace did enter in
All conscious of the squelching of our feet.
One morning fine which seemed to promise heat,
A steepy hill did we too fast descend,
Alack for one it had a mournful end,
A sprained ankle was the sad mishap.
A heartless one, she thought she'd like a “snap”
And left the rest to do whate'er they could;
The rain then fell, and called for cape and hood
But at Blea tarn the sun came our and shone
And we stood still and dried all we had on,
And ate right joyfully our goodly fare.
Each day through many miles we walked I'll swear
We were as merry as the month of May.
And wondrous scen'ry saw we all the way
Of woods and mountains and of streams and ghylls.
For Wordsworth's favourite haunts we searched the hills
We saw his cottage and his tiny school,
And where he lived beneath Dame Tyson's rule.

Anon at even all our companye
Great cheer we made in our good hostelrye
And then each wrote and then began to read
Of bookes wise, but could not take much heed;

Keep silence long, we maidens never could
For little tale's tell and laugh we would :
Our eyes were twinkling and with fire-red face
With japes and merry song rang loud the place,
With much sloth to rest we went anon
With full glad heart, but aching feet each one.
But then each in a friend's room would creep,
And saw the moon which through the clouds did peep :
Then also we on pilgrimage did go
In other's rooms to view the mountain snow,
But most would tell tales of the day,
And each one chirping loud just like a jay.
But when at last the candle we did light,
The wind blew out the flame, with all his might,
And everyone went groaning in her sleep,
When that she thought of roads so hard and steep.

And now I pray you of your curtesye,
To hear the last of this gay companye,
When that the April sun was shining fair,
To mount Helvellyn did we all repair :
Much food we took with us for picnic gay,
For purchase we could nought upon the way,
With heavy bundles strapped across our backs
We made our way complete with haversacks :
But first a sad farewell to one—(Oh shame,
She could not mount—sprained ankle made her lame),
Then eagerly we all began to climb,
With busy tongues, we chattered all the time :
Full merry countenance, and stout of heart
For this was how we made a joyful start.
The climb was steep, and weary was the way
We laboured long to keep our faces gay.
Soon merry voices died away and then
The muttered grumblings rose from all the ten,
We struggled on in heat of midday sun,
In truth we were all weary every one :
Then down we sat us, all in saddest plight
The mountain top was nowhere then in sight.
With little rest, we ate our meal in haste,
The sandwiches, I trow were good to taste.
Away we went and steadily progressed,
We gained the top, and took our well-earned rest.
And in abundance there we found the snow,
The earth was full three thousand feet below.
Contented were we all with wondrous sights
Which could be seen from these tremendous heights :

But some too near the edge were fain to go,
The others spent their time in eating snow.
With aching limbs and feet, and throats full sore,
And blisters soft and swollen by the score,
With wind-swept faces, and entangled hair,
Our way we wended home, without a care.
The tales must now be told, I'll say "Farewell,"
Though other ways we tramped besides Helvell'.
But 'ere I go I'd like to mention here,
Our gratitude to those who took us there :
With one accord we all together say :
"Both long and short, Sure ! splendid fellows they."

Here endeth the prologue of this book.

Form VI.

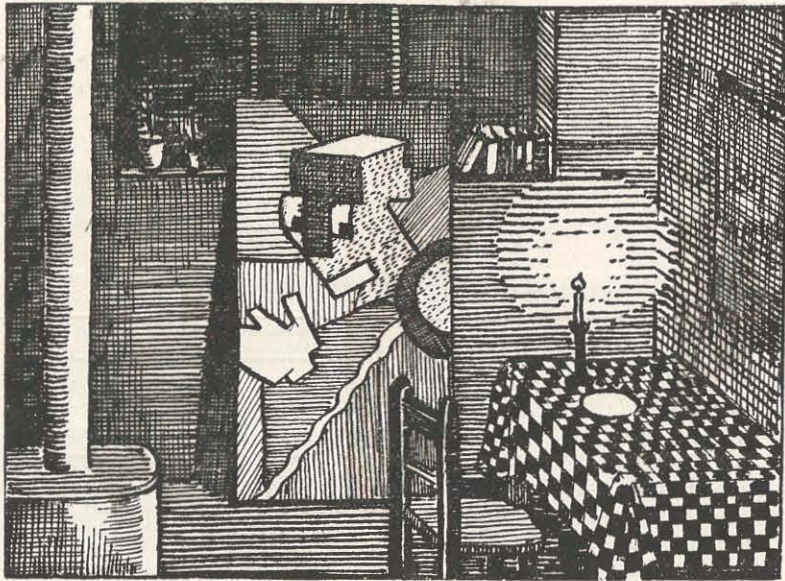
A STUDIO IN CHELSEA.

If you board an 11-E bus from Piccadilly Circus it will take you sailing majestically down Piccadilly, past Hyde Park Corner, through Knightsbridge, and eventually into Chelsea and the Kings Road. Here you will jump off (at a certain place to be kept secret), and after walking a little way, passing a real coffee stall (if it is night), you will come to some hoardings, pasted all over with advertisements. Choosing one expressing the need for Lux, you may be surprised to find a small wooden door in the lower left-hand corner. If you belong to that weird and wonderful sect of people who wield the brush, and wear their hair long from choice, you may enter this abode of Bohemia. Passing down a dim stone passage you enter what is generally known as a studio. This is the accepted term for a room where one can cook, eat, sleep, wash out one's stockings, paint (now and again), and generally live.

The studio which A.K.S. and I rented for a fortnight of the Summer holidays boasted a double divan, a baby grand, an easel, and a mandolin, as well as one knife, one spoon, three plates, and a mug—so we really could not grumble. The walls were covered with interesting modern paintings in the cubist manner—at least we thought they must be interesting to anyone who knew what they meant. At night, by candle-light, they became almost too interesting, for then the meaningless shapes changed into things—blackmen, and mangles, and hands.

But in the day time we were seldom at home, for then we roamed the museums, art galleries, and churches, until either

hunger or fatigue, or both, overcame us, in which case we made for the nearest bench or open space, and had a picnic there and then, whether it was Leicester Square Gardens or the Embankment. On these occasions we felt very glad we were unknown in a vast city.



...blackmen, and mangles, and hands. H. Bell.

One afternoon we spent exploring the hidden charms of the four Inns, those citadels of the Law, where as a child Lamb walked in awe of the old Benchers of the Middle Temple, and from the solitude of the gardens, and the antiquity of the Courts we walked out into the noise and bustle of twentieth century Fleet Street, where the shining black modernism of the new "Express" offices claimed our admiration.

Another day we sailed up the Thames from Westminster Bridge to Kew, where we wandered through the tropical fern houses, and were amazed to see melons growing up a stick. Creeping down the river again at dusk we reached Westminster in time to see Big Ben light up, and were duly impressed by the magnificence of the Houses of Parliament with the famous terrace overlooking the river.

But the evenings were perhaps the most exciting part of the day, for then, sitting on queue stools we could watch the passers by, always a source of intense interest. And eventually, when the theatre doors opened we would make a dive for the box office and sit in growing impatience until the curtain rose. At the end of the play came a new delight, for there was still the adventure of the Underground and the escalators before we eventually arrived home at our studio in Chelsea.

H. E. B.

AUGUST, 1932.

A dismal foggy morning, somewhere about 5 o'clock, rows of vague, glimmering lights, sailors in queer capes with pom-poms, performing weird antics, which we had not had time to notice in the rush and hurry of the night before, a few other people, who had dared to go up on deck at that early hour of the morning, all shivering, viewing the lights of Dunkerque, and commenting on the scene, in French or German, anything but English, and always those patches of light and those dark shapes which loomed ahead as we drew nearer the harbour—such were our first impressions of France.

Then came the arrival at the "Gare Maritime," the hasty scanning of passports by important-looking officials in splendid uniform, the Customs and finally, the boarding of one of the strangest trains we had ever seen. We ascended three well-polished iron steps which seemed to be leading to the engine but in reality admitted us into a narrow winding corridor. From there we were ushered by an extremely polite porter into a most remarkable compartment with cushioned seats and lace antimacassars! We seemed to be the sole occupants of the train, which finally started off, at a very easy going pace, and pursued a somewhat nonchalant course, while we leaned back, in lace be-curtained state, and tried to gain some more impressions of France.

Eventually we arrived in Cambrai after more encounters with polite porters, an elderly lady who smiled brightly at us, and entered into what might have been an illuminating conversation, had we only understood what she was talking about, and men who favoured a very feminine headgear—berets.

At Cambrai we separated after meeting our respective French families, and set off on a tour of the town, which to me seemed to be crowded with little cafes—all with pots of geraniums in the windows—where one drank the vilest variety of "biere," and milkless coffee, and consumed a strange

concoction which seemed like a lump of dough, with chocolate, in an uncooked state, in the middle.

Cambrai, however, was not the end of our wanderings. There we caught a sort of 'bus, which I later discovered only runs to the town twice a week, and in an atmosphere thick with tobacco smoke, we travelled home, packed like sardines, among "patois"-muttering villagers with unkempt beards, and big baskets of shopping.

I had always thought that the French were a very gay race, but I was shortly disillusioned. The first thing one sees on entering the village is the cemetery, and round it all the life of the village centres.

A stroll to the cemetery in the cool of the evening, after supper, and a mournful contemplation of the tombstones, was a necessary part of our life.

Every day, we wended our way to the cemetery, an added excitement on the way, being afforded by an occasional horse, or an irate bull.

Such little happenings were our sole interests. Visits of relations, a wedding, a thunderstorm, were great events to us. One of the most outstanding was our little excursion—to the cemetery of course—in Madame Gaillard's carriage. Although very primitive and uncivilised in many respects, our village, unlike some others, had at least put aside these ancient vehicles, and that of Madame Gaillard was the last of an almost extinct species. Hence, a ride in it, was an almost unheard-of privilege. It consisted of two enormous wheels, a not very substantial seat, which tried its best to support Madame Gaillard and us, and a sort of tarpaulin cover, which swayed gently in the breeze, and, most important of all, a very leisurely horse. It trudged along, at an unvarying pace, occasionally resting by the wayside, to partake of a little nourishment, though already fat and well-fed, always steering clear of other traffic, and at last depositing us, on our doorstep, ten minutes later than if we had walked.

Apart from such slight diversions, and occasional visits to important monuments and interesting sights, we passed a fairly uneventful month, always taking the same walks by the canal, always eating the same boiled beef and drinking the same coffee, paying the same calls, where the very hospitable lady of the house invariably revived us with "biere" of wine, or lemonade, or coffee, sometimes all of them—for how to quench an unquenchable thirst seems to be one of the problems the French race has to cope with—and always coming to the same conclusion that England was the most civilised country and the English the most sensible race that ever there was.

Elsie Blackburn, VI Lower.

YOUTH HOSTELS.

It was through a friend up at Oxford that I first became interested in the Youth Hostel Association. She came to me one day in her Schools term and asked me if I would take her place on the University Committee, and there I found myself installed, more by accident than by any peculiar interest in the Y.H.A. I had never seen a Youth Hostel, much less stayed at one, at that time. Feeling that unless I acquired some personal knowledge, I should be little better than a walking handbook, I decided to cycle to Stratford-on-Avon at the end of term, and stay at the hostel there. So I went with a friend, and we had a most enjoyable time. We met at this hostel (which is next door to Ann Hathaway's cottage) an entertaining and diverse set of people—a Canadian who was having a six-months' tour of England, two business girls from London, and some students of Birmingham University. This cosmopolitanism I have since found, is a notable feature of all Youth Hostels. The movement is not an association of cheap lodging-keepers. It provides good cheap beds and meals as a means, not as an end. It aims at bringing together young people of all classes, opinions and nationalities, who have a common love of tramping or cycling with a rucksack. It provides chains of hostels, from ten to twenty miles apart, in the most beautiful parts of England—the Pilgrim Way, Derbyshire, the Lake District, North Wales, the Wye Valley, etc. In Yorkshire there are two main groups—the hostels along the coast, and those in the dales, neither group being fully developed yet. In the West Riding we have the Dacre hostel near Pateley Bridge, another about ten miles away at Kirkby Malzeard, Stone Gappe near Skipton, High Greenwood near Hebden Bridge and the newly opened Marsden hostel away on the moors. Of the five I have only visited Stone Gappe which I can confidently recommend. The house is that in which Charlotte Bronte was at one time a governess (it figures in Jane Eyre); from the terrace is a wonderful view of wide-spreading Lothersdale.

Hostels differ, of course, very much in size and equipment, though they are all clean and comfortable. Some are mere adjuncts to farms or country inns—rooms or barns not used by the owner. Some are temporary and ugly erections. But the Association is gradually acquiring more and more model hostels, such as those at Grasmere and Patterdale. Here a house is acquired, furnished and decorated, and a warden installed whose whole duty is to superintend the hostel. In such hostels one can get good breakfasts and suppers for a shilling, and hot baths at a moderate price. The Grasmere

hostel is a long, low house under the lee of Helm Crag, a charming place with a garden full of lavender and pink phlox. The Patterdale hostel is just beyond the village, on the Kirkstone Pass road. There is good bathing in the Goldrill (a feature of many hostels). Here, round a log-fire (the result of a quarter of an hour's axe-work on the part of the men) we made the rafter's ring one night. There was a jolly German couple here, the boy unable to speak a word of English.

Reciprocity with most foreign Youth Hostel Associations has now been arranged. A member of the English Y.H.A. is now able to use the Scottish, Irish, Norwegian, Danish, Dutch and French hostels, and I think, the Austrain and Swiss hostels if under twenty-five. Of the overseas hostels I can only speak by hearsay; members of the Grammar School, who used the German hostels on their recent tour, speak appreciatively of them.

Now to come to the most important part of my article: Handbooks giving a complete list of hostels, particulars of how to join the Y.H.A., and much more general information, can be obtained (price 7d., post free) from the West Riding Secretary, Mr. J. W. Hesselgreaves, 12 Chandos Avenue, Lidgett Lane, Leeds.

Dorothy Stead.

SCHOOL LIFE IN SWEDEN.

To my comrades, at Wakefield Girls' High School:

Now when the work in school has begun again, I often think of the lovely time I spent at your school last summer. I found it very interesting to see the life at an English school, and perhaps you would like to hear about a Swedish school, so I will try to tell you a little.

Here in Sweden, boarding-schools are not so general as in England. There are really a few, but they are situated in the country so I have never gone to any. In Stockholm there are a great many schools of various kinds. Some are just boys' schools, some girls' schools but there are a great number of mixed schools, too. Now I have started in a new school which is called a girls' Gymnasium. People go to that school either three or four years.

When you start in a Gymnasium you have to decide if you want to go on the modern or on the classical side. On the former, mathematics, chemistry and physics are most learnt, while on the latter Latin is the chief subject. I have chosen the modern side, so I do not take Latin at all. Others start learning it, at about my age, never as early as in England.

But of course, the instruction in German, English and French is begun long before. The German and English languages are most learnt, French is not so usual. On both sides one learns history, geography, science, etc.

At a quarter to eight in the morning, there is Prayers, but I needn't go to that because I live so far from the school and have to go a long way by tram. The first lesson starts at eight and goes on till a quarter to nine. After each lesson there is an interval of ten minutes when we go out to take fresh air and have a little rest. I believe we would find it much too tiring to have lesson after lesson, without any intervals. After three lessons at half past ten it is breakfast-time. If I hurry very much I can get time to go all the way home.

At twelve we are back again and then we have four lessons till half past three. We have dinner at about five. But the work is not finished then. I have preparation for about four or five subjects every afternoon. Sometimes I must write an essay at home or prepare a lecture, which I then give during a Swedish lesson. All the form criticise and it is very exciting.

Still worse are the many written examinations at school in different subjects during the term. After three years I shall—at least I hope so—take an important examination, called "studentexamen." After passing that exam., you can study at the University.

I do not think we have to keep so many ordinances and rules in a Swedish school as in an English. But there are some other customs here. We always stand up when the teacher enters at the beginning of a lesson and remain standing till we are told to sit down. In the lower forms they always stand up when answering a question too. Though we are only girls in our school, we have masters as well as mistresses. We have not a head-mistress but a head-master. He takes us for French and we like him very much.

In the school there is a library, from which we can borrow books, useful books as well as amusing ones. There are some clubs in school, which are very nice. At the meetings we give plays, declaim, etc. We have four lessons in gymnastic every week. Then we are dressed in certain gym-uniforms, that is, a pair of wide knickers, a blouse without sleeves, tennis-socks and gym shoes. It is such a comfortable dress for gym. Otherwise we do not wear certain school uniforms; we wear our usual clothes at school as well as at home. However, in some boys' schools the boys are obliged to wear school caps.

Tennis is not a general play here at school, because we have not got any courts indoors, and the Swedish schools do not go on in summer. The summer holidays start about 1st June and finish about 1st September.

In winter when there is snow and ice we often ski and skate instead of the gymnastics. Some schools have races in different sports; I have just been to a swimming race, but it is not finished yet.

I should have sent this account before, but you know the Prince of Wales and Prince George have been in Stockholm and I, as well as all others, spent my free time with trying to see them.

Yours affectionately,
Britta Engvall.

Appelviken, 18th October, 1932.

THE YO-YO COMPETITION.

A good response was made to this competition, many of the entries being amusing and original.

It has been decided to award the first prize to Margaret Manderson, Form V, Lower b, and the second prize to Hilary Radcliffe, Form IV Middle a.



Careers for Girls.

HELPING THE SICK BACK TO HEALTH.

MASSAGE, MEDICAL GYMNASTICS, RADIO AND ELECTRO-THERAPY.

[For the information contained in the following article we are indebted to Sister H. S. Angove, Sister-in-Charge of the Massage Department, Guy's Hospital.]

IN the present movement of Preventative Medicine, much is being done to improve the health of the nation and increase the length of life of the world's population, thus raising the commercial value of its people. Massage, Gymnastics and Radio-therapy have their place in this scheme. These, as preventative and curative agents, are invaluable for finally restoring to normal all types of deformity, disease and sub-normal conditions of the human body. As a career for girls, second to that of nursing, or as an addition to nursing, this proposition is of the greatest importance, improving both the Physical and Mental condition of all whom they are called upon to treat.

The Work of the Masseuse.

In every class of life there are many people who have neither the physique nor the will power necessary to regain normal function. The Medical Man and the Nurse tend the sick person; but the work of finally getting the patient back to normal life is frequently left to the Masseuse.

Encouragement to take up the strain, stress or enjoyment of life is just as important as guiding the patient through days of illness. On the part of the patient, lying in bed, having everything done, with no cares, is often the easiest side of the illness; but when the day comes for the doctor to say "you are fit to begin taking on," the difficulties begin.

It is here a Masseuse's help can be invaluable both as a trainer of function and an encouraging agent to help the convalescent over many difficult stiles. In our large After-

Care Centres, dotted all over the British Isles, much is being done to prevent and cure deformity during the education of what should have been perfectly normal children.

This care is enabling many of them to become good world workers, thus helping thousands who might have been left for support to the care of the State or to some hard-working member of their family. In hospitals, large departments are devoted to this branch of work and the care of patients—and very happy, busy places they prove, as they are the final stepping-stone to complete restoration of function. In our schools the weakly child is treated, and many years of invalidism prevented by careful medical gymnastics and electro-therapy.

The Chartered Society of Massage and Medical Gymnastics.

This Society was founded in 1894 as the Incorporated Society and granted a Royal Charter in 1920. It is the Examining Body. The Council, which is the Governing Body of the Chartered Society, consists of:—

- (a) Honorary Members.
- (b) Elected Members.
- (c) Co-opted Members.
- (d) One Member of each Local Board.

The Principles of the Society.

To improve the training, education and status of persons engaged in the practice of Massage, Medical Gymnastics, Electro-therapeutics, and kindred methods of treatment.

To promote a uniform curriculum and standard of qualification.

To institute and conduct Examinations and to grant Diplomas.

To make and maintain a Register.

To protect its members, to promote Conferences and Lectures, and to study the interests and advancement of its members.

The offices are housed in Tavistock House (North), an extension of the British Medical Association House, Tavistock Square, London, W.C.

Training.

Under the regulations of the Chartered Society the following Examinations qualify the student in proficiency:—

Conjoint Examination.

The training for this extends over a period of twelve to eighteen months, and must be taken at a recognized school and under an accepted teacher of Medical Gymnastics.

Scope of Training.

This must cover Anatomy and Physiology; the Theory and Practice of Massage and Medical Gymnastics (including Elementary Medicine and Surgery); and Clinical experience at a Hospital or Clinic.

The Selection of Students.

Candidates must produce a certificate of physical fitness, signed by a doctor, stating that they are suitable for the training before beginning the course. They may enter the training schools at 18½ years of age. It is obvious that this is not all that is necessary. A high standard of education is required, together with proof that the candidate has passed such tests as Matriculation or Senior Oxford or Cambridge. Still more important is the personality as shown by the work required. A strong, healthy outlook on life, kindly nature, strong, commanding personality, a supple body, and hands which have the power completely to relax are required. Weight and height is also an advantage. Preference is given to girls good at games and educational gymnastics. Further, a well-set-up body, together with a tidy appearance, is desirable.

Entrance to the Training Schools.

Approximately March and August for Examinations held in March, June and November.

The Cost of Training.

The cost of training, including fees, should not exceed £55.

ELECTRO-THERAPY AND ULTRO-VIOLET LIGHT.

On completion of the course for Massage and Medical Gymnastics, students are required to take a further six months' training in Medical Electricity, High-frequency Treatment, Diathermy and Light Therapy. The beginning of the course is generally arranged to coincide with the finals of the conjoint, and may be taken in the same training school. This is a very important branch of the work, and no student should consider herself thoroughly equipped until she has trained, and gained the certificate.

Range of the Course.

Lectures on the Constant Current, the Faradic Current, combined Faradic and Galvanic Currents, Sinusoidal Currents, and currents from the main.

Electrical Reaction and Radiant Heat, High Frequency Treatments, Medical Diathermy, and Light Therapy.

A large general hospital, with its medical, surgical, and orthopaedic departments, presents an extensive field from which to choose cases likely to derive benefit from the application of electricity, and from the connection of the hospital with the medical school. Students enjoy the further advantage of instruction in theoretical work from teachers of wide experience and established reputation.

Cost of Training.

The approximate cost of training, including examination fees, should not exceed £20.

RADIOGRAPHY.

An alternative training has been arranged whereby experience in *x*-ray can be obtained.

This course qualifies women to work in the *x*-ray department of hospitals, or to assist the medical man in his private practice.

This work is being extensively used all over the world, and there is a growing demand for workers.

The Course of Training extends over a period of 12 months, and includes all the subjects taken in the previous course; in addition, instruction is given in radiography and photography. In radiography the syllabus includes lectures and practical work on the construction and care of *x*-ray

apparatus; method of taking radiograms; the care of patients; the development of negatives; and the clerical work consisting of the writing of reports of patients, recording peculiarities of all cases radiographed, and the labelling of *x*-ray films.

Photography.

Instruction is given in—

- Photography of Clinical Cases.
- Developing.
- Printing.
- Reducing.
- Intensifying.
- Enlarging.
- Lantern-slide Making.
- Copying.

After completing the course, students are eligible to enter for the examination of the Society of Radiographers.

The Society of Radiographers was formed in 1920 to promote the science and regulate the practice of Radiography and to consider and discuss all subjects affecting it.

It is affiliated to the British Institute of Radiology.

The term Radiographer is applied to the trained non-medical assistants, and the examination is of a definitely high standard.

Selection of Students.

A good standard of education, with some knowledge of elementary Physics and Chemistry, is essential. A medical certificate of perfect health is of paramount importance.

Candidates must bring proof of age of not less than eighteen years, and are required to be twenty-one years of age before taking the final examination.

Fee for the Course.

The approximate cost of training, including entrance fees, should not exceed £30.

Hospitals where the Training may be taken.

- Guy's Hospital, S.E. 1.
- King's College Hospital, S.E. 5.
- Royal Northern Hospital, N. 7.
- St. John's and Elizabeth's Hospital, N.W. 8.

There are smaller hospitals in which the practical work may be obtained.

N.B.—It is not necessary to have the Massage and Gymnastic Certificate to take up the training for Radiography.

It must be borne in mind in estimating the total cost that at least £2 10s. a week must be allowed for maintenance, as very few training schools take resident students.

Teachers' Diplomas.

After a further training in the first two courses, and on the successful completion of the examination, a diploma for teaching is granted by the Chartered Society of Massage and Medical Gymnastics.

This course may often be taken out in a training school, the student receiving a small salary during the period of assistantship, thus doing away with the expense of further fees.

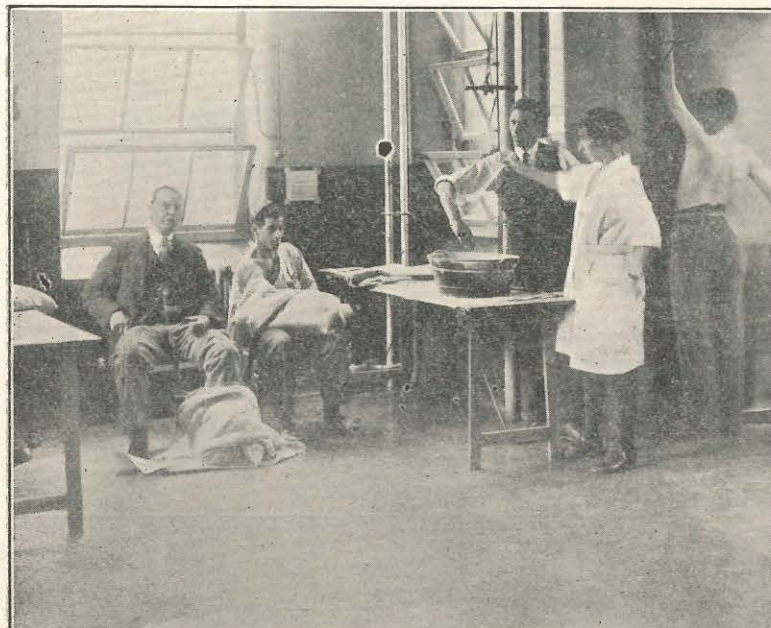
Present State of the Profession.

Although one hears of the profession being overcrowded, it is surprising how difficult it is to fill the many vacancies which fall due. In every town of the British Isles hospitals and clinics employ workers to cope with the rapidly growing demand for all three treatments.

Centres for after-care and clinics to treat poor patients are numerous.

Private work demands a large number of suitable workers. The opening of clinics to deal with the ever-increasing wastage due to rheumatism will require staffing. More and more the medical man finds it necessary to employ assistants to help him in his work in private practice. Even in the Dominions there is still scope for the fully-trained woman.

Salaries vary with the type of work the masseuse undertakes, but in all branches it is possible to earn a living wage and some lucky ones make up to one or two thousand a year. It must be clear to all that in every state of life there are failures, but these must not deter the girl of "high physique," "good education," "willing to help the less fortunate members of the population back to health" from taking up a branch of medical work for which she is truly suitable.



The top photograph shows patients being treated by paraffin wax. That below shows patients being given medical gymnastics.

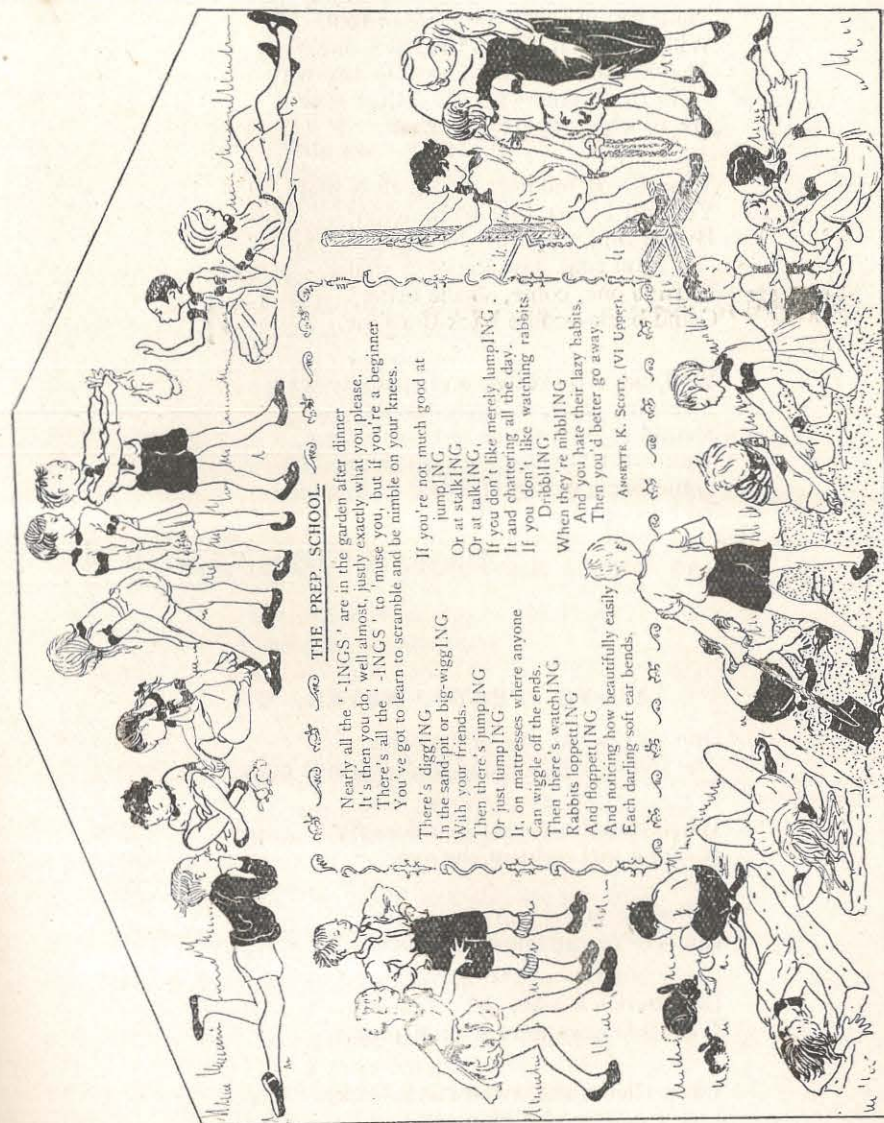
Recognized Schools.

The following is a list of Schools recognized by the Chartered Society for the purposes of training in subjects for which the Society holds examinations and grants certificates. At all the undermentioned Schools students in training gain their clinical experience by work in Hospital Departments under supervision.

Examinations are held in the following subjects :—

- Massage and Medical Gymnastics Conjointly (M. & M.G.).
- Medical Electricity (M.E.).
- Light and Electro-Therapy (L.E.T.).
- Teachers of (a) Massage and Medical Gymnastics;
- (b) Medical Electricity.

Ancoats Hospital, Manchester.
 Cardiff Royal Infirmary, Cardiff.
 Chelsea College of Physical Education (3 years), Manresa Road, S.W.3.
 Denmark Hill P.T. College (3 years), 41 Alleyn Park, S.E.21.
 Misses Field and Morris, 2 Albany Terrace, N.W.1.
 General Hospital, Birmingham.
 General Hospital, Bristol.
 Guy's Hospital, S.E.1.
 King's College Hospital, Denmark Hill, S.E.5.
 Liverpool P. T. College (3 years), Bedford Street, Liverpool.
 Middlesex Hospital, W.1.
 National Hospital and University College Hospital, Queen Square, W.C.1.
 Queen's Hospital, Birmingham.
 Royal Cripples Hospital, Birmingham.
 Royal Infirmary, Bristol.
 Royal Infirmary, Manchester.
 Royal Southern Hospital, Liverpool.
 Royal Victoria Infirmary, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
 St. Bartholomew's Hospital, Rochester.
 St. Thomas's Hospital, S.E.1.
 Swedish Institute, 108 Cromwell Road, S.W.7.
 Western Infirmary, Glasgow.
 Westminster Hospital, 12 Caxton Street, S.W.1.
 Withington Hospital, West Didsbury, Manchester.
 St. Mary, Islington, Infirmary, Highgate Hill, N.19.
 London Light Clinic, Humanity House, Ranelagh Road, S.W.



TO THE YO-YO.

Thou whirring wheel, thou spinning spool,
Thou toy of sage, thou joy of fool,
What is't that draws thee near me?
At one short throw thou went thy way,
I bid thee come—yet thou dost stay
We're whirled apart I fear me.

Thou lov'st me not—so much is plain,
Yet will I coax thee back again,
By art and wile will woo thee.
'Tis thou that hast me on a string
Elusive one, come, solace bring,
Come back—come back unto me.

Well, have thy fling, and spin thy way,
I yet, my dear, will win the day
Should'st thou prove not too willing,
Thou wert but sixpence, little one—
Come back, or straightway I am gone
To buy one for a shilling.

Margaret Manderson, V Lower B.

YO-YO—PESTS ? NEVER.

One half is red, the other black
The string winds round and unwinds back.

When round a corner one does fly,
It hits a girl right in the eye.

A Prefect grabs and confiscates
Our Yo-Yos at appalling rates.

(But here's a joke, the other day
The mistresses were seen at play.)

Twist them over, twist them back,
I once *had* one! Yes, alack!

Hilary Radcliffe, IV Middle A.

A BEE'S SONG.

Brightly the sun shines,
Flowers open wide,
Honey and nectar wines
Inside them hide.
Work for the joy of it
All the day long,
Into each flower pit
Singing my song.
Lilac and buttercup
Yield up their store,
Down in each bloom I sup
Gathering more.
Pollen and honey
I take to the hive,
Isn't it funny?
I'm glad I'm alive,
Buzz, Buzz, Buzz.

Joy Lee, Form III.

URASHIMA—A JAPANESE FAIRY TALE.

On the sun lit shores of old Japan,
Urashima, a fisherman
The day spent with his family,
The night spent fishing on the sea.

One night the moon was shining high,
The wind blew softly, like a sigh,
The rippling wavelets caught the beams
Of moonshine, making silver seams.

Into the bright and shining stream
He dropped his hands as in a dream,
And as he bent his yellow head
His black hair on the water spread.

The Princess of the Sea was near:
Then Urashima shook with fear,
As, twisted in her long, white arms,
She cast upon him fairy charms.

Joy Lee, Form III.

EXAMINATIONS.

Exams. are looming near,
And French is what I fear,
With complicated noun
And verbs I can't write down.
I muddle History's Kings
And dates and other things.
Does Africa stretch west
Of Camelot? The test
Of plus and take away
Leaves b or c'a?
"Mus. App." with "Ta-te-ti"
Bewildered will leave me.
When Wednesday appears
We'll greet it with loud cheers.

Jean Haslegrave, IV Lower A.

Another effort.

When examinations come,
Lot of work at home is done
With great might
Late at night.

(This took me 20 mins., as I am not good at making poetry at all.)

A SURPRISE.

As I lay still upon the ground,
So flat and cracked and hard and bare,
There came to me a tiny sound,
That broke the silence of the air.

And looking up surprised, I saw
Amidst the branches of an oak,
A tiny squirrel's foremost paw,
That 'mongst the leaves did poke.

And knowing I was not alone,
I smiled a tiny wistful smile,
And rose and took the road to home,
And climbed the old and well-worn stile.

Marion Lindley, IV Middle C.

THE ADVENTURES OF AN OLD BALLOON WOMAN.

One very windy spring morning an extraordinary thing happened to old Mrs. Chummy, the balloon seller.

She was sitting at the corner of the street when suddenly a gust of wind took her right off her feet and blew her away into the sky clinging on to her balloons.

Away she blew over land and sea! All of a sudden there was a loud bang! and slowly she sank to the earth, finding that her balloons had all burst. Luckily she fell on the grass, so she slowly picked herself up and looked around her.

She was in a garden, but it was a very pretty one, with little rose trees and flowers, and tree blossoms, white and pink, with crimson sprinkled among the pink. But to her astonishment she heard the lapping of water near by, so she went to the hedge that ran all the way round the garden, and found that she was on an island surrounded by sea.

As night came on she lay down on the grass with the moon shining down upon her. But she knew no more.

When she woke up she saw standing around her little fairies and elves, the fairest clad in gossamer, and the elves in little red leaves, and belts of leather round their waists.

Old Mrs. Chummy was very astonished at this sight, so she gently sat up. At that moment a shower of questions were hurled at her. "Where have you come from?" "How did you get here?" and so on until poor Mrs. Chummy was quite breathless. After a few minutes she told them how she had come, and they were very sorry for her, until one of the fairies thought of a plan to help her.

Mrs. Chummy had to take off her black apron and with the spare needle and thread which she always kept with her, she was told to sew it into a thing like a balloon. This done, she tied a bit of lace out of her skirt to it. Then all the fairies and elves blew, and so did Mrs. Chummy, until the balloon was full of air. Then Mrs. Chummy sewed the little hole up. After that she thanked the fairies for their kindness, then floated away into the sky.

Next day Mrs. Chummy was sitting at her old corner selling balloons as usual. But she did not say even one word about her experience on the previous day.

Olga Taylor, Form III.

DOGS I KNOW.

I know an Airedale
Who lives across the way.
I know a Sealyham
Always at play.

I know a golden Chow
Who loves to have a fight.
I know a watchdog—
He guards the house at night.
But of all the dogs I ever knew
I love my Scottie best
Because he's so affectionate,
And never fights the rest.

Joan Lancaster, Form III.

THE WEDDING OF SAMUEL JOHNSON AND ELIZABETH PORTER.

"I know not for what reason the marriage ceremony was not performed at Birmingham, but a resolution was taken that it should be at Derby, for which place the bride and bridegroom set out on horseback"—(Boswell, "Life of Johnson.")

One fine bright morning in July there came
To Derby town, a man on horse whose name
Was Mr. Johnson and beside him rode
A lady, who was dressed in latest mode ;
Her large round face was painted thick with red,
Her figure worse than his who rode ahead.
This man and woman quarrelled on the way,
Unlucky pair ! for 'twas their wedding day.
Elizabeth had read in some old log
That one should treat one's lover "like a dog,"
And so she told him that he rode too fast,
So when he rode more slowly, then she passed ;
And thus she left poor Samuel far behind.
At this the gentleman made up his mind,
Determined not to be her slave of whim ;
And so that she could not complain of him,
He rode ahead, and round the corner turned
To try and show her lessons must be learned.
He rode on briskly, turned the corner then
(Yet soft as even is the heart of men)
He slackened pace ! his wife rode up in tears,
And when he had dispelled her childish fears,
They rode abreast until they reached the Church,
And there they found they had no need to search
Because the parson was already there.
Soon "Tetsy" once again was on her mare,
Now she and Sam began another life
For in that Church she had been made his wife.

Joyce Finch, V Upper A.

THE DESERTED MANOR.

The tall trees cast a gloom around
The manor, long forlorn ;
The weeping willows droop and fade,
As if some friend they mourn.

No longer bloom the roses fair
In gardens and gay bowers,
But weeds are growing everywhere
Instead of lovely flowers.

The mullioned windows look about,
With dark unseeing eyes,
The ivy still climbs up the walls,
And the wind around them sighs.

The corridors are dark and dim,
And echo every sound
Of mice behind the wainscoting,
And bats which fly around.

But long ago in these great halls
Gay cavaliers were seen,
Who raised their voice in merry jest
And drank unto their queen.

And ladies in rich velvet gowns,
Displayed their jewels rare,
But now all this has passed away—
Only their ghosts are there.

Ethelwyn Baldwin, V Lower A.

THE DOG.

By a cool shady stream running through a pleasant green meadow stands an old miserable dog. The daisies around him are sprinkled with the blood of this once handsome creature, now waiting drowsily for the time when he shall breathe his last breath. By no evil misdoing of his own has he suffered, another who got off free caused his downfall.

With his tongue out and his sorrowful face hung low, he stands on the daisy-strewn bank of the stream dreaming of the

happy days he had spent on a farm with his old loving mother. He dreams of the day when he said goodbye to his mother, and when he was placed in a basket where he fell asleep, waking to find his merry-looking future mistress praising his perfect form. How glad he had been when allowed to accompany his mistress on a picnic where he had spilt the tea over her clean white frock! Even after being scolded and locked in a dark empty cellar he had gone on loving the sweet innocent girl, who laughed at his tricks and cried when he had tumbled down the steps, but seeing him safe had laughed again.

He also dreams of the cat from whose ear he had bitten a piece of flesh, and of the bird he had killed and taken to his mistress, who rewarded him by crying and burying his prize in a corner of the garden, where she went every morning after feeding the dog. Clearly he remembers the day when he had seen the huge, ugly fugitive steal into the garden and he had felt his hard iron grip round his body. He had been bundled into a sack and when the man had arrived at an old hut on a common he had been placed with two more dogs in a kennel.

The companion dogs had told him how each day they were taken out, and when their master saw an enemy they were commanded to attack the enemy's legs. If they did not obey they were beaten with a leather belt. They told him of two dogs who would not obey and who had been left to die on the roadside.

He also dreams of a day only a week ago, when he had been out with the fugitive and been commanded to bite a policeman. He had stood sullenly still, had been given a second chance, then kicked all the way to the common. On reaching the hut he had been thrashed with the strap and had dropped upon the dead heather. The man thinking him dead had left him, but the following morning he had dragged himself to the cool meadow not far from the common. There he stands, head bent low, tongue hanging out, waiting for his life to end, while the grass becomes red with his blood, and the end of the day as well as the end of his life draws near.

Helen Seiles, IV Middle C.

THE WIND.

Oh! the wind it makes a loud whoopee
And blows the leaves off the old oak tree
And you know when the wind is near
Because I'm sure that you can hear—
Whooo-pee!

Ruth East, age 7, Prep. School.

MY GUINEA-PIG.

I have a little guinea pig,
I always call him Spadey;
I keep him in the vinery
In a corner nice and shady.

I bought him in the market
Quite early in the Spring;
I brought him in a carrier
He was so small a thing.

The night before I got him,
I made a little hutch,
Although it is a small one
He is not crowded much.

Before I start away for school
I gather him his dinner;
I like to keep it nice and cool
And he's not getting thinner.

I sometimes try to pick him up
And swing him by his tail,
It's just about as hard to cut
The legs from off a snail!

I don't know what I'm going to get
For all my careful work,
He'll be no good for bacon
And ten times worse for pork.

But still I love my Spadey,
He's such a happy pig,
I would not like to change him
For one ten times as big.

Joy Ramsden, Form III.

MY GARDEN.

I have a little garden, not quite all to myself,
For in the tulip bed there lives a tiny little elf.
He helps me with my garden, and tells my plants to grow
He waters my geraniums, and also what I sow.

He tells the sparrow what to eat, and what they're not to
touch,
And if they don't remember this, he shuts them in a hutch.
The tulips are his bed at night, so handsome, tall and strong,
And there the robin always sings his little goodnight song.

Merle Greaves, Form III.

TO MY CUDDLY TEDDY BEAR.

O Teddy dear, how I should like to be a bear like you,
And never have to go to bed 'till twelve or half past two.
I was sorry when we made that ugly mark upon your back
But then we were but tiny and our common sense did lack.
You know just why we did it, 'twas to curl your golden hair,
I am sorry we were cruel, O! my cuddly Teddy Bear.

Hilary Radcliffe, IV Lower A.

SLEEPY HEAD.

“Wake up! wake up, you sleepy head
For it is well-nigh day;
“Wake up! Wake up!” the mother said
“The dawn is high and gray.”

“Wake up! Wake up!” she cried again,
“I am off for your breakfast now,”
But although she tried with her might and main
The little bird slept on the bough.

Audrey Kitson, Form III.

OLD GIRLS' ASSOCIATION.

ANNUAL MEETING, 1931.

The fortieth annual meeting was held at the High School on Saturday, 12th December. Supper was served to about 75 members in the Jubilee Hall, and we were very pleased to have Miss M. Thompson and Miss B. Fennell, two of our oldest Old Girls with us. At the business meeting which followed, Edith Waters was elected Vice-President for a second year, and L. Baynes, Treasurer.

After the meeting we were entertained by the amusing play, “Ici on parle Français,” which Phyllis Stonehouse and her friends were so good as to produce for us. This was voted to have been one of the most enjoyable meetings the Society has held.

The Summer Meeting was held at the School Sports on Saturday, 22nd July. This also was very successful, about 50 members being present at tea. The Old Girls' Race was greatly enjoyed by the spectators, and, we hope, by the competitors.

O. G. A HOCKEY REPORT, Season 1932-32.

Twenty-three matches have been arranged during the season: Won, 7, Lost 11, Cancelled, 5. Goals scored:—For, 54; Against, 60.

During the Season V. Wheatley played three times in the County 2nd. XI. We sent 12 players to the County Rally in York on 26th March, and played six matches, of which we won 4, lost 1, drew 1.

NEWS OF OLD GIRLS.

Kathleen Stephens (Bolland) writes from Mara, British Columbia:—“I was *very* pleased to have the W.G.H.S. Magazine, and was especially interested in the O.G.A. news—many of whom I was at School with . . . I shall look forward to it next year. I came out to Canada in November 1926, intending to stop about six months, but I got married in April 1927, and now have three children. I am now living on a ranch in the Okanagan Valley, and lead a very busy life.”

Old Girls who have teaching posts are:—
Dorothy Benn, Gym. Mistress at a Private School at Hayward's Heath.

Monica Carter, Harrow County School.
Margery Hall, Gloucester High School.
Eleanor Oxley, Doncaster High School.
Frances Perkins, Barnsley High School

Medicine and Nursing:—
Marjorie Bolton, who is studying Medicine at London University has this year taken her L.R.C.P., M.R.C.S.
Kate Gloyne is in charge of the Radium Department at the Royal Staffordshire Infirmary.
Dorothy Seed is training for nursing at Leeds Infirmary.
Joan Cockburn is training for nursing at Guy's Hospital, London.

Music and Art:
Helen Cockburn has come home from Brussels and is studying at Leeds.

Audrey Barker is training for art, and Annette Scott is at the Slade School of Art.

Among those who have this year gone to a University are
Nora Land, Bedford College, London.
Margaret Mullins, Bedford College, London.
Stella Smith, King's College, London.
Marjorie Williamson, Royal Holloway College, London.
Mildred Lockwood, Leeds.
Margaret Staniforth, Leeds.

Clarice Ward, Birmingham.

Froebel Training :—

Dorothy Dearden, Froebel Institute in London.

Mary Rowley, Froebel Institute in London.

Helen Child, Bedford.

Elsie Greenwood, Bedford.

Eileen Milner, W.G..H.S.

Mabel Hall, W.G.H.S.

Ethel Bagnall and Connie Grimshaw are doing Nursery School work.

Joan Froggett Domestic Science at Battersea Polytechnic.

Joyce Poulston Domestic Science at Yorkshire College of Housecraft.

Edith Goodall, Anstey P.T.C.

Kathleen Moore, Civil Service.

Vera Lewis, Secretary, Leeds Branch of Scottish Widows' Fund.

Stella Burgess, Secretarial Training, Leeds.

Dorothy Dickinson has left Hull Training College, and has begun a training for teaching of Deaf and Dumb, at Manchester University.

Estelle Wells has been working in a Convent.

Many girls have gone this year to Training Colleges at Bingley, Leeds, Lincoln, Hull and Bishops Stortford.

BIRTHS.

STEPHENS.—To Mr. and Mrs. Vyvyan Stephens (Kathleen Bolland, on 13th June, 1931, a daughter

CARPENTER.—To Mr. and Mrs. G. Carpenter (Kathleen Kilner), on 8th July, 1932, a son.

EARNSHAW.—To Mr. and Mrs. Earnshaw (Gladys Wormsley), on 13th September, 1932, a son, John Womersley.

HEWLETT.—To Mr. and Mrs. Hewlett (Edna Way), 17th September, 1932, a son, Paul.

WEBSTER.—To Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Webster (Marjorie Pickles), on 5th November, 1932, a son.

MARRIAGES.

KINGSWELL—WILLIAMSON.—On 2nd June, 1932, Joan Kingswell to Mr. W. Williamson.

HUDSON—HAIGH.—On 31st August, 1932, Vera Hudson to Mr. D. Haigh.

BELLAMY—DOBSON.—On 10th September, 1932, Essie Bellamy to Mr. S. Dobson.

PITT—GARLICK.—On 10th September, 1932, Gladys Pitt to Mr. W. Garlick.

SPILSBURY—WOLFENDEN.—On 10th September, 1932, Eileen Le M. Spilsbury to Mr. J. F. Wolfenden.

WILSON—PODD.—On 11th August, 1932, Mollie Wilson, to Mr. P. L. Podd.

MASSIE—MACKAY.—On 7th November, 1932, Mollie Massie to Mr. W. Mackay.

CANON WELCH.

An Old Girl writes :—

It was with a sense of real personal loss that many Old Girls would hear of the passing of our old Vicar, Canon Welch. He will always live in the annals of Wakefield Girls' High School as the writer of our beautiful School Hymn. But to hundreds of old girls he was a real friend, and whilst he was in Wakefield he was always keenly interested in the School and its manifold activities.

Both Canon and Mrs. Welch were enthusiasts in the missionary cause, and in their time a Missionary Guild was formed, which was mainly composed of old High School girls. Their home life was an inspiration to many, and the sympathy of all who knew them is with Mrs. Welch and her daughter (herself an Old Girl) in their loss.

EXAMINATION RESULTS OF FORMER PUPILS.

Oxford :—

Marjorie Mason—B.A. Hons. Oxon. Class II.

London :—

Annie Booker—B.Sc.Hons.(Maths.), Class I.

Hilda Burton—B.A.Hons.(History), Class II.

Ruth Dixon—A.R.C.M., Pianoforte.

Gwyneth Farmer—Higher Certificate, National Froebel Union.

Leeds :—

Doris Aveyard—B.Sc.Hons.(Maths.), Class II.

Nora Brewin—B.Sc.Hons.(Maths.), Class III.

Marjorie Oxley—B.Sc.

Marjorie Woolford—B.A.Hons.(Geography), Class II.

Eleanor Oxley—Diploma of Education.

Sheffield :—

Lois Latham—B.A.Hons.(Geog.), Class I.

Brussels :—

Helen Cockburn—Premiere accessit, Brussels Conservatoire.

STAFF NEWS.

Miss A. K. Brown has a post at the James Alleyn School for Girls, Dulwich.

Miss Lauriston is Senior Mathematics Mistress at Westonbirt School.

Mrs. Quin's little daughter, Daphne, has come to the Preparatory School this term.

Birth.—To the Rev. and Mrs. Jones (Miss Gibby), on 5th October, 1932, a son, Peter.

KYEWORTH.—To Mr. and Mrs. Kyeworth (Miss Smith), on 21st November, a daughter.

NEW MEMBERS.

IRENE JOHNSON, Grange View, Walton, Wakefield.
STELLA SMITH, The Rectory, Barton-le-Street, Nr. Malton.
HILDA LOCKWOOD, Studleigh, Horbury Road, Wakefield.
MILDRED LOCKWOOD, Studleigh, Horbury Road, Wakefield.
DORA CUMMINS, 159 Thornes Road, Wakefield.
MOLLY HARTLEY, Castle Hill, Horbury.
EVELYN ISAM, Le Mount, Stanley.
CLARICE WARD, 13 Bath Street, Batley.
STELLA BURGESS, 25 Berners Street, Wakefield.
AGNES HINCHLIFFE, The Grove, Skelmanthorpe.
EDITH GOODALL, 5 Pinderfields Road, Wakefield.
MARGARET STANFORTH, Garden Terrace, Durkar, Nr. Wakefield.
MARJORIE WILLIAMSON, 25 Bromley Mount, Wakefield.
Nora Land, 50 Northgate, Wakefield.
MURIEL GILL, 22 Horne Street, Wakefield.
ANNETTE SCOTT, Governor's House, H.M. Prison, Durham.
JOAN FROGETT, Carr Lane, Sandal, Wakefield.
LOUIE SAVILLE, Lofthouse Hall, Wakefield.
KATHLEEN MOORE, County Hall House, Wakefield.
MARY SWAINE, Robin Hood House, Wrenthorpe, Wakefield.
VERA LEWIS, 103 Agbrigg Road, Wakefield.
MARGARET I. WILLIAMSON, Milnes Arms Hotel, Fryston, Castleford.

The Editors wish to make this list as complete and correct as possible, and would be very glad if members would notify them of changes of address and marriages.

L. GLOVER,
E. H. WATERS, High School.

"L" before the name denotes Life Member.

Akhurst, Evelyn Gladys, Dorchester School, Parkstone, Dorset.
LAllinson, Gertrude, Hadlea, North Park Grove, Roundhay, Leeds.
LAnderson, Olive (England), Inglehurst, Linden Terrace, Pontefract.
Appleyard, Esme (Thorpe), Sunnyside, Lofthouse Gate, Wakefield.
Appleyard, Julia, Co-operative House, Craggkettle.
LAppleyard, Margaret (Wright), Good Hope, Groot Drakenstein, Cape Province, South Africa.
LArmitage, Dorothy (Cooke, Overdale, Belgrave Mount, Wakefield.
Armitage, Monica (Fennell), The Red House, Baslow, Derbyshire.
Armstrong, Kathleen, The Towers, 24 Bond Street, Wakefield.
LArnold, Lily (Morley), St. Aidan's Vicarage, Cleethorpes, Lincs.
LAtkinson, Ada, 40 Plumpton Road, Wakefield.
LAtkinson, Erena, West St. Mary, Spalding.
Aveyard, Doris, 12 Dearne Street, Darton, Nr. Barnsley.
Aveyard, Edith, 12 Dearne Street, Darton, Nr. Barnsley.
LBain, Lillian (Briggs), Tannery End, Henfield, Sussex.
Baines, Enid, Smeeth House, Horbury.
LBalden, Mary (La Touche), Bywell, Dewsbury.
Balme, Marian, Manygates Park, Wakefield.
Barham, Gwen, 20 Silcoates Street, Wakefield.
Barmby, Mabel Katherine, Mount Pleasant, Sidmouth.
LBarker, Mary, The Vicarage, Dodworth, Barnsley.
LBarnes, Janet (Phillips), Bitterne, Spath Road, Didsbury, Manchester.
Batty, Nora, 30 Arundel Street, Wakefield.
Barron, Barbara, Acacia Villa, Morley.
LBates, Marjory (Swire), Lal Koti, Rancegunge, Bengal, India.
LBates, Daisy H., 22 Cartwright Gardens, London, W.C.1.
Baynes, Lily A. (Kingswell), Green House, Wakefield.
LBaynes, Winifred, Roseneath, Richmond Road, Wakefield.
Beatson, Margaret, Sun Inn, Flockton.
LBeaumont, Margaret I., The Laurels, Flanshaw, Wakefield.
Beetham, Gwen, 57 Halifax Road, Brighouse.
LBell, Phyllis (Holdsworth), Chevet Lane, Sandal, Wakefield.
Bellamy, Essie, Laurence House, Nr. Woodlesford, Leeds.
Benn, Dorothy M., Glenburnie, Parish Ghyll Road, Ilkley.
Bennett, Ivy (née Kingswell), Bishop's Tachbrook Vicarage, Nr. Leamington Spa.
Best, Annie (Holliday), 21 Whitehall Gardens, Chiswick, London, W.
Bird, Marian, Aysgarth, Bradford Road, Wakefield.
Blackburn, Marjorie Calvert, 3 Cyprus Street, Bradford Road, Wakefield.
Blacker, Dorothy, Castle View, Horbury Road, Wakefield.
Blacker, Maisie, Castle View, Horbury Road, Wakefield.
LBlakey, Mabel (Taylor), Iveridge, Oulton, Nr. Leeds.
LBlomfield, Bessie (Brearley), Woodland House, Pontefract.
Stephens, Kathleen A. (Bolland), Devon Ranch, Mara, British Columbia.
Booker, Annie, Holmlea, Dewsbury Road, Wakefield.
LBooth, Kate, Stoneleigh Terrace, Agbrigg, Wakefield.
Boyd, Ruth Greta, Schloss Raitz, Cei Brunn Czecho-Slovakia.
LBreckon, Margaret (Stonehouse), St. Michael's Mount, Ruswarp, Whitby.
LBrewin, Annie, 4 The Mount, Walton, Wakefield.
Brewin, Nora, The Mount, Walton, Wakefield.
LBriggs, Barbara, Walton, Wakefield.
LBriggs, Marjorie, Sandal Cliff, Wakefield.
Broadhead, Kathleen, 94 West End Villas, Quarry Hill, Horbury.

Broadhead, Doreen, 94 West End Villas, Quarry Hill, Horbury.
 LBrock, Stella, 19 Lawn Road, Doncaster.
 LBrook, May, Ivy Bank, Ossett.
 Brown, Edith, 18 Wauchope Street, Denby Dale Road, Wakefield.
 Brown, F. M., 9 Linden Grove, Taunton, Somerset.
 LBurbury, Gillian, Linley House, Brierley, Nr. Barnsley.
 LBurbury, Molly, Linley House, Brierley, Nr. Barnsley.
 LBurdett, Frances, 24 Valley View Grove, Undercliffe, Bradford.
 LBurge, Constance M. (Clarke), Rogerthorpe, Pembroke Road, Moor Park, Herts.
 LBurke, Constance L., 48 Lawefield Lane, Wakefield.
 Burton, Hilda, Grove Road, Wakefield.
 LButterfield, Eva M., Warren Vale, Outwood, Wakefield.
 LByford, Janet (Cameron), Belmont Crescent, Outwood, Wakefield.
 LBall, Doreen (Oldfield), Northgate, Tickhill, Nr. Rotherham.
 Black, Muriel (Pickard), Woodfield, Walton, Wakefield.
 LCaines, Dorothy, Bronwen, Barnsley Road, Wakefield.
 L Cameron, Edith, 186 Alverthorpe Road, Wakefield.
 LCapstick, Nanette, Birkkrigg, Westfield Park, Wakefield.
 LCarpenter, Kathleen (née Kilner), Denholme, Barnsley Road, Milnthorpe, Wakefield.
 Carr, Alice May (née I'Anson), Stone House, Steyning, Sussex.
 LCarr, Edna, 8 Westfield Grove, Wakefield.
 LCarr, Margaret, Brentwood School, Southport.
 Carr, Mary, 8 Westfield Grove, Wakefield.
 Carrington, Gwen, Garfield, Newton Hill, Wakefield.
 LCarter, Monica Cicely, 24 Altar Drive, Heaton, Bradford.
 Cassidy, Connie, 10, Harrap Street, Flanshaw Lane, Wakefield.
 Chadwick, Louisa, 30 Regent Street, Belle Vue, Wakefield.
 Chadwick, Nora (née Rowand), Hesslewood, Sandal, Wakefield.
 Chapman, Mary, Parkside Farm, Stanley, Wakefield.
 Charles, Edna, Glenelg, Horbury Road, Wakefield.
 LClark, Miss, 39 Lawn Crescent, Kew Gardens, Surrey.
 Clarke, Mary, 6 Norwood Terrace, Headingley, Leeds.
 Cockburn, Helen, Bank House, Featherstone.
 L Cocker, Muriel (née Peet), Ravenhead, Sandal, Wakefield.
 LCohen, Mary (née Knowles), Shirley, Forest View, Chingford, E.4.
 LColbeck, Gladys M. (Mitchell), 67 Sutherland Avenue, Roundhay, Leeds.
 LCooling, L., 6 Cliffe Hill, Wakefield.
 Copley, Agnes, Havercroft Green, Ryhill, Wakefield.
 L Coward, Susie (Wright), The Glebe House, Mere, Wilts.
 LCrabtree, Audrey, Monkholme, Threshfield, Skipton.
 LCraven, Muriel Dorothy, Ashleigh, Balne Lane, Wakefield.
 LCrompton, Leila, Nidd Moor Farm, Ripley, Nr. Harrogate.
 LCrompton, Ruth, Nidd Moor Farm, Ripley, Nr. Harrogate.
 LCrossland, Gertrude, Allerford, 36 Hill Road, Weston-super-Mare.
 LCrouch, Mabel (Hargreaves), Beechfield, Ampton Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham.
 LCurtis, Dorothy M., 11 Outwood Park, Wakefield.
 LDarling, Marjorie, Beechcroft, Balne Lane, Wakefield.
 Davey, Mollie (née Harrap), Ellerslie, Castle Road, Sandal, Wakefield.
 LDenham, Irene (née), 25 Wennington Road, Southport.
 LDenison, Marjorie (née Turner), Tudor Villa, Highfield Drive, Heaton, Bradford.
 LDenton, Edna, 63 Denby Dale Road, Wakefield.
 LDickinson, Dorothy, Elmleigh, Park Street, Morley.
 Dickenson, Mary, Ingleby, Bradford Road, Wakefield.
 Downes, Mary (née Miles), Holy Trinity Vicarage, Knaresborough.

LDutton, Ruth, The Mount, Chaplethorpe, Wakefield.
 LEarnshaw, Gladys (née Womersley), Wayside, Sandal, Wakefield.
 LEarnshaw, Marion, Thrush Nest, Midgley, Wakefield.
 Eastwood, Kathleen Mary, Fern Cliffe, St. John's, Wakefield.
 Elliott, Joyce, 1 Batley Road, Wakefield.
 LElliott, Norah, Welbeck Farm, Nr. Wakefield.
 LEllis, Ada, 21 Savile Street, Wakefield.
 LEllis, Marjorie, Stoneville, Wentworth Terrace, Wakefield.
 England, Marjorie Briggs (Seed), Belle Isle, Wakefield.
 LEmery, Mary (née Archer), 300 Great Horton Road, Bradford.
 Fennell, Bertha, 21 St. John's Square, Wakefield.
 Fennell, Mary, Cliffe Hill House, Wakefield.
 Finch, Hilda, Iveridge Hall, Oulton, Nr. Leeds.
 LFirth, Maggie, Bellefield, Sandal, Wakefield.
 Fletcher, Mary, Erica, First Avenue, Newton Hill, Wakefield.
 LFloyd, Edith (née Willott), Tyabb, via Melbourne, Victoria, Australia.
 LFox, Marjorie, H., 75 Trinity Road, Bridlington.
 LFozzard, Hilda, 78 St. Saviour's Road, Jersey, C.I.
 Franklin, Olive (née Rowand), Laurel Bank, Sandal, Wakefield.
 Galletly, Margaret, Greenside, Walton, Wakefield.
 LGarbutt, Florence A. (née Cooper), 66 Wakefield Road, Pontefract.
 LGarry, Norah, Alcuin Hall, Training College, Bingley.
 Gascoigne, Bessie, Calder Grove, Wakefield.
 Gibson, Barbara, The Towers, Wakefield.
 LGill, Violet E., 6 St. John's North, Wakefield.
 LGlover, Hylda (née Malham), Colwyn, Hirst Road, Dewsbury Road, Wakefield.
 LGlover, Laura (née Coppock), Clontarf, Alverthorpe, Wakefield.
 Glover, Mary, Elderslie, Alverthorpe, Wakefield.
 Gloyne, Kate, 40 Southgate, Wakefield.
 LGoodall, Annice Margaret, Panel House, Northgate, Wakefield.
 LGoodison, Mabel V., Elder Bank, Hawthorne Terrace, Alverthorpe, Wakefield.
 LGoodison, Millicent M., Elder Bank, Hawthorne Terrace, Alverthorpe, Wakefield.
 LGoodwin, Eva, 4 Ash View, Newton Hill, Wakefield.
 LGraham, Dorothy (née Slack), Albert House, Rashcliffe, Huddersfield.
 LGraham, Edna Mary (née Dawson), c/o. Nunroyd, Pindersfields, Wakefield.
 Green, Beatrice (née Taylor), The Cottage, Milnthorpe, Wakefield.
 LGreen, Evelyn M., 8 Lynbridge Gardens, Palmers Green, London, N.13.
 LGuest, Constance F., Moor Top, Ackworth, Pontefract.
 Graham (Townend), Denmark Terrace, Midhurst, Taranaki, N.Z.
 Abel, Nora (née Hadwin), c/o. Beetham Cottage, Milnthorpe, Wakefield.
 Haigh, Margaret, Youngswoods, Alverthorpe, Wakefield.
 LHaley, Mary R., Grove House, Walton, Wakefield.
 LHaley, Muriel, The Cottage, Harpenden, Herts.
 LHall, Amy Louise, Bloomfield House, Darton, Nr. Barnsley.
 LHall, Annie M., High Street, Crigglestone.
 Hall, Margaret, Newlands, Pontefract Road, Castleford.
 Hallam, Bessie, Southmede, Oulton, Nr. Leeds.
 LHallam, Theodora (née Walker), 15 Grange Court, Headingley, Leeds.
 LHampshire, Louie (née Kaye), Ivy Dene, Northgate, Wakefield.
 LHandley, Marjorie, Claremont, Savile Town, Dewsbury.
 LHanley, Agnes B., Langton Lodge, Scotton, Knaresborough.
 LHarral, Ida, Fairholme, Barnsley.
 Harrison, Lilian, 4 St. John's Avenue, Wakefield.
 Hartley, Alice Maud, 10 Zetland Street, Wakefield.

l.Hartley, Janet M. (née Loudont), St. Fillans, Richmond Road, Wakefield.
 Haslam, Lucy (née Woodcock), 51 Hilton Road, Potternewton, Leeds.
 l.Haslegrave, Kathleen (née Kingswell), Painthorp House, Craggkettle, Wakefield.
 l.Haslegrave, Marjorie, Painthorp House, Craggkettle, Wakefield.
 l.Hazeldon, Edna (née Garry), 5 Church Road, Highgate, N.6.
 Heady, Gwyneth, The Wesleyan Mission, Tei-an, Hu-peh, China.
 Heady, Louise (née Wilson), 29 Westfield Grove, Wakefield.
 l.Heap, Marjorie, c/o. Inglewood, Sandal, Wakefield.
 Hemingway, Maisie, Norcutt House, 35 Dorset Square, London, N.W.1.
 Henderson, Miss N., Chapel Allerton High School, Leeds.
 l.Heptonstall, Margaret, 5 Bank Street, Wakefield.
 l.Hepworth, Vivienne, Dimple Wells, Ossett.
 Hewlett, Doris, Lyndey, Burniston Road, Scarborough.
 l.Hewlett, Edna L. (née Way), 28 High Park Crescent, Haworth Road, Bradford.
 l.Hill, Edna, Belmont, Peterson Road, Wakefield.
 l.Hill, Margaret (née Smith), Longcroft, Carr Lane, Sandal, Wakefield.
 Hirst, Dorothy (née Moorhouse), Huby, Eden Avenue, Dewsbury Road, Wakefield.
 l.Hirst, Evelyn M. (née White), Acacia House, Westfield, Wakefield.
 Hodgson, Vera, 28 Welbeck Street, Sandal, Wakefield.
 l.Hoisie, Mignonette, Flat G, 34 Clarendon Street, Leeds.
 l.Holliday, Marjorie, 15 Eversley Place, West End, Halifax.
 l.Holt, Mabel N., 103 Wood Lane, Brumby, Scunthorpe, Lincs.
 l.Hopkinson, Eunice, Low Hall, Hemsworth.
 Hosking, Gwyneth, Haddon Leys, Manygates Park, Wakefield.
 l.Howarth, Margaret A. (née Archer), The Quinta, Lincoln Street, Wakefield.
 l.Howlett, Muriel W. (née Dewse), Denewood, 8 Clifford Street, Hornsea, E. Yorks.
 Howling, Florence I. (née Firth), Wentworth Street, Wakefield.
 l.Hoyland, Olive, 11 Waterton Road, Snapethorpe, Wakefield.
 l.Humphrey, Lillie, The Poplars, Lake Lock, Nr. Wakefield.
 l.Hurd, Stella (née Blackburn), 6 Green Lane, Harrogate.
 l.Hutt, Emily Maud (née Roberts), Redroofs, Hartley Park Avenue, Pontefract.
 Haigh, Vera (née Hudson), 22 St. John's Square, Wakefield.
 l.Ingham, Ella, Park Royd, North Park Street, Dewsbury.
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