

# "WHITE & BLUE,"

## The Worcester High School Magazine.

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*\* \* We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of contributors, but reserve a right of veto, should we ever think it necessary to exercise it.*

### EDITORIAL.

It is satisfactory to have a Magazine that emanates largely from the School of to-day, though helped by those belonging to bygone years, which are gilded with the glow that loving memory paints the long-past withal.

Of course, the "Holiday Tasks" we insert are of last summer only, and they do credit to the writers, in spite of slight improbabilities in the story, and a curious medley of mythologies in the poetry! We hope to have more, perhaps, next term, and, besides, memories of special points which were illustrated in the Malvern Missionary Exhibition described by different writers.

Ophelia Brown, whose most interesting reminiscences of her foreign tour are inserted, has also an article on "The Boys of Shakespeare," in the October number of "The Treasury," which we heartily recommend Shakespeare students to read.

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## Our School.

It is always an honour to write something for the School Magazine, and this year is an especial year, for June saw the 28th Anniversary of the School,—better still, the 28th year spent under the rule of our Head, Miss Ottley.

The birthdays of the School must always be red-letter days to every "Worcester girl," past and present, who is worthy of the name; and the thoughts of all, far and near, meet and gather round our Head, to whom we owe the happy years of our school life, in the best School in the world.

Perhaps, as one who is generally an absentee, and a "very old girl," I may be allowed to speak a little, in all reverence, of our Head and our Mistresses; and to go back to that far-away period of the school life to which I belong. I am proud to say that I knew almost every one of those "First Eleven" girls, whose devotion and loyalty inspired and influenced all the generations of the School which came in contact with them.

The name of Abell is to this day a tradition in the School, and Miss Beale, now a Mistress, was then the kindest of Form Præfects. There must be many who hold her in grateful remembrance, and rejoice when they for a short time re-visit the School to see her and Miss Davies, who followed very closely after her, carrying on the old and unbroken record.

It is no small thing to have known such a body of girls as those first ones were, and they have handed down to the rapidly succeeding generations of school life, their own gift of deep and steadfast loyalty to the Head and the School. May we who have come after them, never forget the debt we owe them, for the torches they lit are burning still.

It seems almost a presumption to speak of the Mistresses; but each generation of girls feels the same debt of gratitude to them, and the chance of expressing the feeling cannot be lost! There is no past to that feeling: it is present and continuous; and the words of one may carry the thought of all,—for is there one of us, no matter to which school generation she belongs, who does not owe more than can ever be expressed to the Mistresses? The very word brings recollections of unvarying kindness, sympathy, understanding and help,—recollections that never become dim, for each year that passes deepens and brightens those lines of memory.

There is one thing above others which girls have it in their power to give their teachers, and that is loyalty. Looking back to the old days of school, I realize that all of us, as we came, seemed to fall naturally into a way of life, handed on to us by those who came before, and given to them straight from the Head. It involved reverence for the Mistresses as Mistresses, whether they were Students or Seniors, and instant, unquestioning acceptance of their wishes, quite apart from any personal feelings towards them. This tradition meant respect and silence to begin with. Friends spoke as they pleased, of course, to one another, but I never remember hearing a Mistress discussed, criticized, or questioned in any way in School. Those whom we revere we speak little of, and although the fulness of the heart overflows sometimes, it does not dribble. Constant discussion and praise of our superiors degenerates into sentimentality, and the hearing of some of the things told by girls from other Schools, makes one the prouder of the reticent spirit of our own School. No girl need ever be afraid of hero worship, and no affection, however great, could be enough to give our Head and our Mistresses; but hero worship does not chatter of personalities, and the stronger the affection, the deeper its

reserves. And reverence is the least we can offer to those who pour out their increasing goodness on us, and give their time, their thought and their leisure, without stint. I cannot help using the present tense, for I do not suppose that any "old girl" can come back to the much-loved School, and inhabit the old girls' room, without feeling herself part of the School life just as before; and the weight of years drops away when she goes into prayers, and hears the Head say, "Good morning, my children." There is nothing more splendid than belonging to such a school life, and no pride greater than to be one of Miss Ottley's "children." No matter where we go, or what we do, or what we have to bear after we leave School, that tie remains with us, and grows stronger as, each year, we learn more of the debt we owe that can never be paid, do what we may.

There were some things in which the girls of my time were more fortunate than the present ones,—they had more lessons from Miss Ottley herself, and no one knows what that means unless she has had them. On the other hand, the present girls have the advantage of being at the School now—a great thing!

But all of us, past and present, near and far, have the same great privilege of belonging to the School, and to the Head, who made it for us, and made and makes our happiness there. We can offer her nothing but what she has given us, and feelings cannot be put into words, but we know that she takes the least thing and makes it great for us, and that we can leave it to her to understand what we mean.

N. B.

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## A Tourist in Russia.

The first requisite for travelling in Russia is inexhaustible patience, the second, some command of Russian, and the third, a passport; patience, because punctuality is unknown, through coaches are put on to the slow trains, and no official seems to know his business; Russian, because few natives speak any tongue but their own, so that German or French is useless for travelling; and a passport, because it provides a harmless source of revenue by taxing foreigners and travellers, for the passport is supposed to be "viséed" at every stopping place. But it is not an hourly need like patience and Russian, and so far as we knew, ours never stood between us and Siberia. Indeed, the novelist's Russia was sadly absent. Domiciliary visits, only averted by passing a diamond necklace into the hand of a savage and suspicious official; the polyglot man; the beautiful women; the down-trodden peasantry; the poverty-struck country; the conspirators skulking round a corner;—they may be there, but the tourist sees them not. Instead, he finds a land of boundless hospitality, of delightful casualness, and much personal freedom; a land of worn, plain women, and men too lazy to develop the resources of their rich soil; a land of excellent cookery and hot, golden tea, with lemon at every corner. What more can a tourist want?

Well, perhaps there are a few things. He must go without hot water, as a rule, and be content to wash always in a fixed basin without a stopper, catching the water only as it runs from the tap; and he has to sleep, with never a top sheet, under a blanket that can't be "tucked in"! Thus both sleeping and washing are arts to be acquired.

So is the Russian appetite, with which the best English one cannot compete. A real Russian family dinner will

live in my mind for evermore. We began at 1.30 with "appetizers,"—a huge slice of ham, followed by sardines, anchovies, tinned tomatoes, radishes and horseradish, excellent smoked fish and raw fish, all runmaged for with our own private forks, and assisted by great slices of black bread, steaming hot from the oven, and butter. Then, after a pause, dinner began. First came fish, with the alternative of the meat which had been simmering in the soup; then the great Russian soup, "Borsh," full of vegetables of all kinds, and served with hot, fried patties. There were long intervals between the courses, filled up with bread and butter and radishes, and all the while we were plied with rich, rare wines, which had all to be tasted, and we pledged each other and the "entente" between England and Russia. Mercifully we were spared the joint, and large ices next appeared, then coffee and cakes. By four o'clock the meal was over, and we doubted if we should ever need another.

To drink to the "entente" was no mere passing courtesy, for we had another instance of the kindly feeling which the Russians have for us. We had set forth on a fifteen hours' railway journey across the Steppes of Southern Russia (these, by the way, belie their name; they are real, flat desert), in the usual type of coach, consisting of semi-compartments seating four passengers, and opening into each other, without doors, at the end. We had not been able to get tickets for the closed compartments, wherein there is absolute privacy, so we settled down alone in an open one and lowered our window. It was promptly pulled up by the carman, on the plea of a delicate man next door. With audible groans we acquiesced, not blessing the delicate man or his companion, a short fat creature with bare feet, and without collar or tie—all removed for the sake of coolness! But shortly, the

delicate man came to tell us that he was going to ask the conductor to give us a coupé. When that white-garbed official appeared, with his two white-garbed satellites—for it takes three people to collect tickets in Russia—there was much talking. Our friends pointed out that “here was an Englishman (and were they not now good friends with “England?”), travelling with his wife.” (An inaccuracy, but *qu’importe?*) “He needed an open window, he needed “privacy. The least the conductor could do was to give “him a coupé. International courtesy required no less.” Thus it befel that, without any bribery on our part, we journeyed over the Steppes in privacy, that was not invaded till the middle of the night. We looked out upon a dull green plain, that merged into such blue in the distance that we mistook it for sea, and the windmills thereon for ships, and we saw herds of sheep, cattle, horses, and camels, and mud huts and wooden villages, all upon an illimitable plain that knew neither rise nor fall in all its extent.

The end of our journey found us at the foot of the Caucasus, among a race of men that wore long, coloured, full-skirted coats, and great sheepskin caps of every hue, a row of cartridges on the breast, a rifle slung over the shoulder, and, in the silver-mounted belt a knife two feet long, and a revolver as well. They are tall and handsome, and the dandies wear coloured shirts, and dye their caps to match their beards. If it is wet, they wrap up their heads in white flannel cowls, with ends flapping below the waist, and then they look villains, indeed! It adds decidedly to the zest of life to be jostled in the street by men “armed to the teeth,” even if the most ferocious carry a rose or piece of syringa, and sniff it sentimentally, since in Georgia, few people go about without a flower in the hand. When long lists of murders and robberies were given,

occurring mainly along the road we proposed to drive over, life became more thrilling still.

A military road runs over the Caucasus from Vladihavkas to Tiflis, and in St. Petersburg it is held to be dangerous ; at Vladihavkas itself, danger was scouted : "In St. Petersburg they think us all savages down here." In a rough sort of victoria, with a change of drivers and four horses every ten miles, and two nights on the road, we accomplished this much-maligned journey over a pass which rises to seven thousand feet, while the great mountains, with their everlasting snows, towered above and around us, gleaming in the sunlight. It is assuredly one of the finest passes in Europe.

It was when we were south of the Caucasus that we found a Church other than the orthodox Russian in existence. All Russian Churches are exactly alike, with the great ikon screen completely shutting off the high altar—usually the only altar in the Church—save when the royal gates are opened at certain times appointed in the stately ritual. But here we found as many Eastern Churches with the altar raised on a high platform, in full view of the whole church. They belonged, undoubtedly, to the orthodox Church, but were Greek, and not Russian ; unfortunately, we were able to attend no services therein, and so do not know how the ritual differed ; but differ it must, as more than half the Russian office is performed in secret by the priest and his assistants within the sanctuary, while a deacon, always a man with a magnificent voice, leads Litanies without. An orthodox service is most impressive, whether it take place amid the blaze of lights and jewelled ikons in the great Cathedrals, or before some humbler shrine in a railway waiting room ; everywhere there is the same crowd of rough men rapt in devotion, the same glorious roll of male voices, the tapers and the



incense, the long-haired priests in their beautiful vestments. It is very much the Church of the poor, yet the wealthy lavish their gifts upon adorning the House of God, and tawdriness and dirt are rarely seen within Church walls. There are no seats, and a Sunday Eucharist lasts two hours, and longer if a bishop is taking it. The congregation take part mainly by prostrating and crossing themselves, but sometimes they all join together to sing the Creed or chant a Litany, in their strange, appealing sort of plain song, with its haunting air and rhythm.

A Russian, when he travels, takes his kettle and picnics. A railway ticket is very cheap, but it takes a long time to get from one place to another, and the excellent refreshment rooms are dear, and the Russian is in some ways economical. At one station we waited on the platform beside a family consisting of papa and mamma, three little girls each holding a large teddy bear, except the youngest, who had a much-bored tabby cat buttoned inside her coat, and a big and amiable dog, who was very busy with luggage and tickets. We supposed that the family had come to see papa off, but when the Moscow train drew up, to take up for its fifty hours' run, they all got in, and not once did any of them get out anywhere, save paterfamilias to fill the kettle, during the whole two days. The dog, a person of beautiful manners, came to call on us, but, on the whole, we were glad that though we were in the same coach, we were not in the same class.

Five thousand miles of travelling, by boat, by rail, and by posting; ice-bound ships in the Gulf of Finland, and the unspeakable Turk smoking a hookah in the bazar at Batoum; the glorious "white nights" of the north, and Tiflis a-twinkling with a thousand lights in the velvet dark of a southern sky; the majestic Volga, the dreary desert, the great hills, and porpoises playing round our ship in the

Black Sea ; the luxury of a modern hotel in the capital of a great empire, and a rough, dimly-lit inn, high up in the Caucasus ; all this and more, in less than five weeks. What European country save Russia could provide such variety of contrast ?

E. O. BROWNE.

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### In Memoriam : The Trumpeter.

I wrote a poem, years ago,  
 Ah ! years ago,  
 To him who wandered to and fro  
 Outside the School, and trumpet played,  
 When I was but a little maid,  
 Ah ! years ago.

And when the tide of time had cast  
 Me forth upon the world at last,  
 Still to the mem'ry clinging fast,  
 Of years ago,  
 Another generation's ear  
 Turned from its lessons, him to hear.

How does a Mother call her Child,  
 That feared alone to face the wild,  
 Long years ago ?  
 Just so the old School called to me,  
 To come again, her face to see,  
 Who disciplined and moulded me,  
 Long years ago.

And so I came—but lo ! a gloom,  
 The empty silence of the tomb,  
 Sealed years ago,

Strangled my soul with voiceless pain,  
Where was the sweet melodious strain  
Of years ago?

Ah me! the Trumpeter is dead,  
Who 'neath the chestnut used to tread,  
Long years ago.  
Pray for his spirit, then, all we  
Whose weekly jest and joy was he,  
Long years ago.

May light and peace enguard the soul  
Whose wont was ever to console,  
—Long years ago,  
Small folk, slow-brained, with restless feet,—  
By trumpet music in the street,  
Long years ago.

P.

### Holiday Task Competitions.

#### (a) HISTORICAL STORY.

##### "The King's Guide."

The dawn was just breaking over the Malvern Hills one morning in September, 1651, when a youth, with fair, curling lovelocks, and gaily-trimmed clothes, entered the wood, and walked towards an old oak tree. He was accompanied by a girl dressed in coarse, peasant's clothes, carrying a milking pail and stool.

At the foot of the tree lay a young man with a dark, swarthy face, hair which had been but lately cropped, and dressed in woodcutter's clothes. His arms were as white as those of a lady, though his hands were stained dark-brown.

"Sire," said the newcomer, seizing the sleeper's hand, "I trow thou must be gone, if thou dost not wish to have these Roundhead dogs about thee."

At these words, Charles Stuart, for indeed it was he, awoke, and jumping up quickly, said, "True! Will. I would go to Colonel Lane at Madresfield, but I know not the way across these hills."

"Here is a guide for you," said Major Careless, leading forward the girl.

"Who is this," asked Charles.

"Betsey Langton, so please your Majesty," she answered, blushing, "a milkmaid at Everill Farm."

"Well, Betsy," said Charles, giving her his hand to kiss, "can'st show me the way to Madresfield?"

"I know it well, Sir," she answered, "for oft I go to supply them with milk and butter; our farm is but a mile away."

"But, my liege, can'st climb the hills?"

"I will try," answered Charles, "for indeed—"

"Haste, your Majesty, haste," broke in Careless, "for truly these Roundhead dogs are scouring the hills. I will try and join you anon."

"Farewell, Will," said Charles.

"Your Majesty," said Betsey, "if I might make so bold as to mention it, your present disguise is well known to the rebels."

"True," said Charles, "that had escaped me, but I have no other."

"Sire," said Betsey, "I have here my father Jem the Shepherd's clothes. This smock will go over your majesty's suit, you must change your cap for this old hat, and I have here a crook."

"Very well," said Charles, "I will change it."



He speedily put the smock over his woodcutter's clothes, and put on the old hat.

"Now, Betsey, we must be going," he said.

"I am ready, Sire," was the answer, "but deign to remember that you are Jem the Shepherd, and I am your daughter; and I think you had best be dumb."

"Certainly, Betsey, I will be dumb as is that stone I see yonder; I trow well who I am. But who is this man who comes?"

"I know not," answered Betsey, "I think it is a stray rebel soldier. Remember who you are."

"I will remember. Here he comes."

The soldier came up to them, and glanced suspiciously at the King and Betsey.

"Halt!" he cried. "Tell me your names and your business."

"I am but escorting my dumb old father Jem over the hills to our farm," said Betsey.

"And why goes he there?" questioned the rebel, "if he is so old and infirm he should stay at home by the fireside."

"What business is that of yours?" exclaimed Charles hotly, forgetting the part he had to play.

The soldier turned round with an oath.

"Quick, Sire, fly," cried Betsey, turning down a sidewalk.

The rebel stood staring stupidly at them, then, realizing that the supposed shepherd must be a fugitive cavalier, fired two shots at them, and set off in hasty pursuit.

Charles and Betsey ran for some time, then they hid in a bush, and watched the soldier search around.

At last he gave up the chase, and, swearing that he would have them hanged yet, hurried off to get other help.

"Come, your Majesty," said Betsy, "I have a plan in my head by which we shall escape these rebels."

They hurried on to the farm which was close by.

"You must be Colin, my cousin, to whom I am betrothed," said Betsey, "and I will manage to make the troopers believe my mother to be your Majesty. If they do carry her off, no harm can come to her."

They entered the house, and Betsey explained the situation to her wondering parents.

The farmer and one of the labourers soon helped the King to change into an old suit of Colin's, and the real Colin was sent speeding away to Madresfield, to Colonel Lane.

Meanwhile, Betsey dressed her mother in an old suit of men's clothes, and put a large nightdress over them. With the aid of a false beard and a little powdering, her face was made to look like that of King Charles disguised.

The difficulty lay in her hair, but her mother confessed that she wore a wig, so an exchange was made for a black wig, similar to the hair of the King.

Betsey then tied a large nightcap over her mother's head, and assisted the excited dame into bed.

At that moment a loud knocking was heard on the door, and a party of troopers strode in.

"I have a warrant to search your house," said their leader.

"What," cried the farmer, "surely you do not think I would conceal any Malignants."

"Your reputation is doubtful, James Langton. However, we shall see. To your work, men."

The soldiers began to search the house, but when they reached the room where Dame Langton was, Betsey held the door.

"Is it necessary for you to search the room where my poor mother lies ill?" she asked.

"Yes, we must come in," was the answer.

Betsey opened the door, and the leader ran to the bed, took one look at the old woman, and shouted, "You may stop your work, my men, for this is none other than Charles Stuart. Though he escaped us at Worcester, he will soon follow the way of his father, I trust."

He dragged the poor old woman out of bed, down the stairs, flung her on his horse, and jumped up beside her. His men followed him, and they galloped away.

As soon as they were out of sight, a horse was brought, which Charles mounted. As he rode off, he waved his hat to Betsy, exclaiming, "Farewell, Betsey, if ever it is in my power to repay you, I shall not forget what you have done for me."

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In the summer of 1661, a quiet wedding took place in a little country Church in Worcestershire. As the bride and bridegroom passed into the Church, a messenger rode up. He handed a casket to the bride. On it was engraved, "To my dear friends, Colin and Betsey, in remembrance of their faithful services to me in my time of greatest danger."

"Who is this from?" asked Betsey.

"From His Majesty Charles II.," was the answer.

The casket was found to contain the sum of no less than one hundred guineas.

D. CREESE, IVB.

(b) POEMS.

"Cloudland—A Fragment."

Have thine eyes strayed  
 Along the azure meadows of the skies,  
 Where (children tell thee) angels make the hay  
 For heaven's steeds—the storms? Or hast thou seen

In some pure cloud, slow swept across the blue,  
 St. Catherine's body, borne by angel wings,  
 Her tresses wafted by the whisp'ring wind ?  
 Behold the blood-red flames, and golden sparks,  
 That in the west from Phœbus' chariot rise.  
 And see at night, the veil of silver grey,  
 That hides the smiling faces of the stars,  
 With yon white misty aureole, that crowns  
 The saint-like brow of the pale rising moon.  
 At morn, Aurora, blushing, amber-robed,  
 And purple-mantled wakes the sleeping earth  
 With dewy kisses, while it hails on high  
 Osiris ris'n. Look where the mystic bridge,  
 Of colours sev'n, hangs high above the earth.  
 There springs the golden fountain of the Norns,  
 Who spin th' uneven thread of mortal's life,  
 Which, rising, 'scapes to float on Heaven's breast.

K. WHITEHEAD, VIB.

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At Caerleon, good King Arthur  
 Oft has feasted, oft has tilted  
 With his knights of the Round Table ;  
 And some dreamers, Arthur's lovers,  
 Fancy that they see his spirit.  
 Sometimes they hear fairy voices,  
 And the splash of oars in water,  
 See a ghost-barge, gliding, floating,  
 Up the rippling, moonlit river :  
 And within is Arthur's spirit,  
 With Queen Guinevere beside him.  
 But the vision now has vanish'd,  
 In the river-mist has melted.  
 They see nought except the great moon



Flooding all the world with silver ;  
 Hear nought but the fairy voices,  
 Like a faint, elusive echo,  
 Calling them beyond the white mists ;  
 And the low voice of the night wind  
 Sobbing, sighing, 'mongst the pine-trees.

J. HARDING, V.

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In this strange century, when luxuries  
 Have merged and passed into necessities,  
 How little do we think of whence they come—  
 The great results of man's inventive skill ;—  
 What care we for the lives, the human wrecks,  
 Dashed by the waves of progress on the rocks,  
 The deadly rocks of callous selfishness ?  
 We take our comforts, the good things of life  
 Are ours, provided by the patient toil  
 Of men whose joys are few, whose scanty pay  
 Is scarce sufficient to supply their needs.  
 Can we not think of those, who are in truth  
 The firm foundation of our Empire, famed  
 Throughout the world for honour and great deeds,  
 Give them the fulness of our sympathy,  
 Maintain their rights, and understand their needs ?  
 Can we? Nay! can is not enough,—we must—  
 If we would wish our country to retain  
 Her place among the empires of the world,  
 And the blest favour of the Lord our God.

P. HORTON, V.

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"Nevin."

A little bay, a strip of yellow sand,  
O'er which the sea in tiny ripples plays ;  
The whole hedged in with lofty, frowning cliffs,  
And, higher yet, the Rivals, old and grim,  
Keep their long watch o'er land and sea alike.  
The sky o'erhead glows a deep vivid blue,  
Its great arch curved to meet the shimmering sea,  
A still, calm stretch, save where about the rocks  
The murmuring wavelets gently swirl at will.  
Above, the seagulls flash against the sky,  
Now wheeling dark against the sun, then down,  
To float like snowflakes white upon the sea.  
Below, the children playing on the beach  
Are glad and happy, yet they know not why,  
Their merry laughter echoes to the skies.  
And God on high, Who hath created all—  
The sun, the hills, and everlasting sea,  
The seagull and the child,—looks down to earth,  
And finding all things pure in this glad spot,  
For just one golden hour is satisfied.

B. WESTON, IVa.

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## School News.

### END OF SUMMER TERM.

#### SPORTS.

In the afternoon of July 8th, Form VI. entertained at the School all those Forms which had not been invited to the Mistresses' dance the previous term. These included IIIA., the two IIIBs., II. and I. Sports were the programme for the afternoon, and the competitors, numbering about 90, were divided into three divisions, according to their ages.

The races were many and varied, and all were entered into with equal zest.

The "high jump" was keenly contested, and the "drawing race" produced some wonderful pictures of crocodiles, walruses, and other such animals. Many found it well-nigh impossible to walk any distance on flower-pots without tumbling off, while, in the "obstacle race," it needed much struggling to force a passage, first under a desk, then under a bench, and lastly under a sheet, secured at the corners. The blind "horses" in the "driving race" manifested a great desire to kick over all the flower-pots which marked their route, but great skill was shewn by the drivers in controlling their frisky steeds.

About 3 o'clock there was a diversion from the Sports. IIIA, under Miss Mackworth's supervision, had prepared a small historical play, dealing with an episode in the life of Mary Queen of Scots. The piece itself was written by the præfect, to whom we offer very hearty congratulations. All the actresses did their parts well, and the dresses were exceedingly pretty.

One competition called forth great excitement from the onlookers. It was for the mistresses only, and they had each to illustrate a nursery rhyme, the names of which were given them. Miss Ottley judged the pictures, all of which told their tales clearly. The prizes were awarded to Miss Laybourne and Miss Rogers.

Miss Belcher also very kindly gave three prizes, for which the VIth alone competed in a race, the chief feature of which was cherry-bobbing.

At the end of the afternoon, Miss Ottley distributed the prizes, and the guests departed after giving her "three cheers" with right good will.

M. O., VI.

## MARK READING

was on July 28th. The following girls left :—N. Brierley, D. Bullock, D. Chappel, G. Clarke, D. Coombs, G. Corder, C. Fry, D. Hancock, V. Horne (Præfect of the School), M. Jones, J. King, D. Nicholls, M. Richardson, P. Villar.

M. Bradford and K. White, who had been students in the Kindergarten for the last year, also left ; the latter to take up private teaching, and the former to go out as a Missionary to Bombay, where she is teaching in the Bombay Educational Society Girls' School, Bayculla.

Much to our regret, we had to say good-bye to two Mistresses—Miss Burton, who had been on the Staff since September, 1905 ; and Miss Alice Hatton, who came last year.

Miss Burton has gone to be trained in the Deaconesses' Training Home, Newcastle, where she does not find her violin lies unused, for she has already

been able to give great pleasure by playing it at parish "socials," to those who otherwise could never hear any good music; and we feel sure that the ready sympathy, which made her so beloved here, will win her many friends in the North.

Miss Hatton has gone to live at home.

### AUTUMN TERM.

School re-opened with 19 new children, and two more came at half-term. M. Stewart has come as a student; she is living at Springfield, and studying music; and D. Sharpe and N. Grisman are now students in the Kindergarten.

G. Clarke, E. Selby, and D. Hancock have also returned as occasional students.

Miss Hirschfeld has come to take Miss Burton's place as Violin Mistress, and is already inspiring much enthusiasm, and attracting many to join the orchestra and to wish to take part in the delightful ensemble playing she has started.

Miss Turner, who was trained at Bedford Physical Training College, has come as Drill and Games Mistress.

Winifred Anton is Præfect of the School, as Head of VIA., and the standard of work in this Form is that of the Cambridge Higher Local Examinations; *i.e.*, a sub-University type; while VIB. is working for the Higher, and V. for the Lower Joint Board Examinations.

Old Springfield girls will be interested to know that *that* house, endeared to us by many very early School memories, is now permanently connected with the School, as the property in which the capital of the Bursary Funds is largely invested.

On October 13th, several of Form V. went with Miss Woodhouse and Miss Laybourne to see the "Midsummer Night's Dream," performed by Mr. F. R. Benson's Northern Company.

Speech Day is fixed for December 4th. Mrs. Temple, the widow of the late Archbishop of Canterbury, is coming to distribute the prizes.

### EXAMINATIONS.

The results of Examination are very satisfactory; in that of the Higher Joint Board there were six Full Certificates with seven Distinctions; and in the Lower, we have 25 First and 57 Second Classes.



## Oxford and Cambridge Joint Board Higher Certificates.—

*Full Certificates.*

D. Coombs,	passed in 4 subjects (distinguished in German).
D. Hancock,	„ 4 „
S. Naylor,	„ 4 „ ( „ „ French and English).
L. Spencer,	„ 4 „ ( „ „ Scripture and English).
K. Whitehead,	„ 4 „ ( „ „ Scripture).

*Addition to Full Certificates.*

N. Grisman, passed in 2 subjects.

G. Clarke, „ 1 „

I. Mann, „ 1 „

*Letters.*

W. Anton, B. Appleton, M. Brierley, M. Ottley each passed in 3 subjects.

M. Ottley was distinguished in Scripture.

## Lower Certificates.—

D. Beauchamp, passed in 7 subjects, 1st Class in 4.

D. Bullock, „ 5 „ „ 1.

M. Campbell, „ 7 „ „ 2.

C. Fry, „ 8 „ „ 1.

M. Glover, „ 6 „ „ 2.

F. Jones, „ 8 „ „ 3.

G. Joseland, „ 7 „ „ 4.

M. Rowe, „ 8 „ „ 3.

M. Smith, „ 6 „ „ 2.

N. Smith, „ 5 „ „ 2.

K. Worster, „ 6 „ „

*Completing Certificate.*

G. Sharpe, passed in 3 subjects.

*Letter.*

D. Sharpe passed in 6 subjects, 1st Class in 1.

On the results of this Examination, Winifred Jones is recommended for the Council's Scholarship.

The Victoria Scholarship was won by Dorothy Ninis.

Training Department—Cambridge Teacher's Diploma.—Muriel Day passed First Class.

National Froebel Union.—E. Crisp gained the Higher Certificate Part II. with distinction in History of Education; M. Bradford gained the Elementary Certificate.

Cambridge Higher Local Examination.—N. Brierley passed in Group B (Second Class), and Group C (Third Class); N. Grisman passed in Group B (Third Class), and Group C (Third Class); M. Moncur passed in Group G (Third Class).

Responsions.—D. Chappel and V. Horne passed.

Oxford Senior Local.—N. Teague passed.

Societe Nationale des Professeurs de Français.—13 Prizes, 7 Certificates and 13 Mentions.

Associated Board of the Royal Academy and Royal College of Music.—

*Centre Examination.*

*Intermediate Grade :*      Piano—M. Brierley.  
    Violin—M. Chappel.  
    Singing—M. Noyle.

*Schools Examination.*

*Higher Division :*      Piano—M. Wilson (distinction).  
    E. Brewer (distinction).  
*Lower Division :*      Organ—W. Anton, I. Mann.  
    Piano—P. Ottley, B. James.  
    Singing—J. Vawdrey.  
*Elementary Division :*      Piano—S. Lewis, K. Scales, J. Swann.  
    Violin—K. Scales.  
*Primary Division :*      Piano—P. Brierley, M. Jones.

Theory of Music—E. Robinson.

The Royal Drawing Society.—41 Honours and 36 Pass Certificates were gained.

Association of Plain Needlework.—Seven First Prizes were won; seven Second, and two Third; besides 53 First Class Certificates.

## MISSION GUILD.

At the time of going to press, the accounts have not been made up; but the Balance Sheet shall be given in the Spring Magazine.

At Work-party, amongst other things, several garments have been made for Maggie Clarke, the child in the Waif and Stray Home at Caerleon, whom we clothe; and we had, this term, the pleasure of a visit from Beryl Mackworth herself, the Head of the Home, who came to Work-party, and told us something more about her children. Many girls are shewing their real interest in Foreign Missions by again taking "The Mission Field," and "The

King's Messengers' Magazine," and Miss Belcher, at half-term, took a party of them to the extremely interesting Missionary Exhibition which was held in Malvern from November 1st to 7th.

#### REVISIT OF LAST YEAR'S MISSIONER.

The Reverend A. Baring Gould returned to S. George's for two days, November 19th and 20th, and held Children's Services in the afternoons of both days. He also came to the School on Tuesday morning, and read prayers, and spoke to us afterwards.

#### BURSARY COMMITTEE.

##### STATEMENT OF ACCOUNTS FOR YEAR 1910-1911.

<i>Expenditure.</i>			<i>Receipts.</i>		
	£	s. d.		£	s. d.
Payment of Bursaries for			Balance brought forward		
four girls.....	47	11 0	from last year .....	41	10 4
Postage and Cash in			Donations and Subscrip-		
Treasurer's hands .....	0	2 6	tions .....	21	5 8
Balance .....	17	9 7	Half-year's Interest on		
			Stock .....	2	7 1
	<u>£65</u>	<u>3 1</u>		<u>£65</u>	<u>3 1</u>

During the past year four Bursars have been helped by the Fund, besides those supported by the "Alan Smythies" and "William Butler" Bursaries.

#### THE GARDENS.

On July 5th, Mrs. Moore Ede very kindly came to the School; and, in lunch time, gave the Shield to Form VI., and the Motto to Form IIIA., whose gardens had been the best during the year. She added a few words about the forethought, which is important for the would-be gardener.

#### GAMES.

##### TENNIS.

##### SCHOOL MATCHES.

On July 1st.—Match *v.* Old Girls. Won by the Old Girls, who were represented by Margaret Graves, Ethel Maylett, Dorothy Gardner, Una Day, Janet Tree, and Frances Abell. The games were 98—73.

On July 20th.—Match *v.* The Staff. Won by the Girls 59 games to 40.

The Staff were represented by Miss Hatton, Miss Moore, Miss Woodhouse, Miss Sparrow, Miss Lindley, and Miss Symonds.

The Champions for the year have been (in this order):—I. Mann, I. Mogridge, V. Horne, C. Fry, L. Spencer, and also D. Chappel, who is not placed, as, owing to absence, she was not able to play the ties.

#### FORM MATCHES.

On July 17th.—VIB. *v.* V. Won by VIB., 6—4, 6—3.

On July 20th.—VIA. *v.* IVB. Won by VIA., 6—2, 6—3.

On July 24th.—VIA. *v.* VIB. Won by VIB., 4—6, 6—2, 6—3.

VIB. therefore hold the Cup for the year.

#### HOCKEY.

##### SCHOOL MATCHES.

On October 14th.—2nd XI. *v.* S. James' 2nd XI. ; played at home. Won by Worcester, 7 goals to 2.

On October 28th.—1st XI. *v.* S. James' 1st XI. ; played away. Won by S. James', 2 goals to 1.

On November 18th.—1st XI. *v.* Edgbaston High School ; played at home. Won by Worcester, 6 goals to 3.

##### FORM MATCHES.

On November 2nd.—IIIA. and B. *v.* IVB. and C. Won by IVB. and C., 10—0.

On November 9th.—V. *v.* IVA. Won by V., 8—0.

On November 10th.—VI. *v.* IVB. and C. Won by VI., 5—0.

#### HOUSE MATCH.

On November 11th—Vigornia *v.* Boarders. Won by Vigornia, 4 goals to 1.

### OLD GIRLS AND MISTRESSES.

#### LETTER FROM MURIEL BOLLAND.

Denton Rectory,  
Harleston,  
Norfolk,  
October 29th, 1911.

My dear Miss Otley,

I have been meaning to write to you for a very long time, because we are sure you will like to hear something that Meta wrote to us after the visit of



the new Inspector to their school. She writes: "One thing pleased me very much, and I must tell you about it, as, though it is something for me, it is more for the High School and Miss Ottley. On Friday, Miss Langdon came in, and asked if I were a public school girl. She said that Mr. Mackintosh had asked and she couldn't tell him, and he said he thought I must be because of my Class. Well, of course, I was proud to say I was a Worcester girl, and, as it happened, I was wearing my school brooch, so I took it off and shewed it to her. She admired it, and told the children that they must learn to be as proud of their School as I was of mine, and that I cared so much that I was proud to wear the badge. Then she looked at the motto, and said she was trying to find one for us, and she thought nothing could be better than ours, only it must be in English; and she wondered if Miss Ottley would mind. I said I was sure she would not, so she said she thought the arum lily (we must have a South African flower), and 'upright and true' would be capital."

Now, this month, I hear they have given up the idea of the lily, and, in the centre, have a spray of "pepper berries," which are just the colour of the ribbon. . . .

Miss Bagnall, who went back to New Zealand for a year, to take part of Miss Pulling's work at the Auckland Diocesan School, is leaving again in January, and hopes to return *via* Jerusalem.

Miss O'Maley has been appointed to a post at Howell's School, Denbigh.

Madge March has won great distinction. The Manchester University has conferred upon her the degree of M.Sc.; and has also given her the "Mark Strong" Scholarship for a second year, an honour never before granted to anyone. She has won especial credit for her discoveries about fresh-water mussels.

In the Higher Local Examination, Mabel Glover has taken a 1st Class, in Group R, with distinction; and was the only candidate so distinguished. Kathleen Harris has also taken a 1st Class in the same Group.

Three Old Girls have gone up to Oxford this term:—Janet Tree to Somerville College, and Dorothy Chappel and Vivienne Horne to S. Hugh's College. Janet and Dorothy are to read History, and Vivienne, Science. We wish them all a happy and distinguished College career.

Hilda Voy, who began a School at Herne Bay in 1907, has found it necessary to enlarge her accommodation; and on July 20th, the foundation stone of the new buildings was laid by Mrs. Walsh, the wife of the Bishop of Dover. The School is called S. Hilda's School.

Dorothy Rhodes is living with an English lady in Brünm, Austria, and helping to look after her little girl.

Connie Fry has gone to Miss Easton's School in Paris.

Gladys Hollowell is training at Cherwell Hall, Oxford.

Dorothea Coombs has a post in a Private School at Bruton, Somerset.

Helena White has passed the necessary examinations, and been entered on the Midwives' Roll.

Grace Wheeler is now the Sister of the Children's Ward in the Infirmary at Salisbury.

Zoe Brierley is a Student Mistress in a Private School at Malvern.

Daphne Kenyon-Stow is going, in January, to a Private School in Eastbourne to teach English and History.

Edith Johnson has a post as Assistant Teacher in a Church Elementary School in Birmingham. The children in it are drawn from one of the worst quarters of the City; and she speaks sadly of their condition, and truly says how urgent is the need of more workers in the courts of our cities, if the children and their parents are to be helped to lead Christian lives.

Laura Stocks, who had a delightful time in the Holy Land last Spring, has been lecturing upon her experiences there in various places, and giving the proceeds to Bishop Blyth's Mission in Jerusalem and the East; these have already amounted to £3, and more is coming from other parishes.

Mademoiselle Prunier de St. Andre is teaching in the Rochester Grammar School for Girls, which she likes very much.

Constance Pepys is a Sister in the English Benedictine Community at S. Bride's Abbey.

## BIRTHS.

July —, Mrs. Mackay (Rachel Barker), a son.

October 16th, Mrs. B. R. K. Moilliet (Rachel Wigram), a daughter.

October 26th, Mrs. Bowman (Rosie Abell), a daughter (Rosalie Joan).

November 9th, Mrs. Charles Dyson (Gwendoline Barrington-Ward), a son.

## MARRIAGES.

July 11th, at All Saints' Parish Church, Marlow, Arthur Sherman Everett to Mabel Edith Fearon.

July 26th, at the Parish Church, Wem, Philip Henry Browne to Margaret Joan Springett Sanders.

September 6th, in the Congregational Chapel, Angel Street, Worcester, John Duffin Harrison to Florence K. Wall.

September 20th, at S. Helen's, Worcester, Hubert M. Griffiths to Eveline May Williams.

October 12th, at The Abbey, Pershore, Thomas Horatio Westmacott to Mary Caroline Lawson.

October 17th, at S. Peter and S. Paul, Olney, Thomas Wyatt to Dora Cowtan Hatton.

### GIFTS.

*For the Butler Library.*—"The Temple," by Dr. Edersheim, from Miss Bowles.

"Sintram and his Companions," by De la Motte Fouqué, from Members of Form VI., 1910-1911.

"Oxford Lectures," by A. C. Bradley, from Muriel Day.

*For the Children's Library.*—"Two Tramps," by A. le Fèvre.

"Little Women," by L. M. Alcott.

"52 Stories," by A. H. Miles.

"The Burges Letters," by Edna Lyall.

"P's and Q's," by C. M. Yonge.

"Through the Looking Glass," by Lewis Carroll.

"The Little Savage," by Marryatt.

"Sunday,"

"Art Pictures from the Old Testament,"

From Muriel and Audrey Smith.

