

White and Blue.

Alice Offley School,
Worcester,



No. 77.

November, 1915.

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Editor - - MISS SPURLING.
Sub-Editor - - MISS MACKWORTH.

All contributions to the Magazine should either be sent to one of the above, or posted in the " White and Blue " box in the vestibule.

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"WHITE & BLUE,"

The Alice Ottley School Magazine.

No. 77.

NOVEMBER.

1915.

** * 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.

The School has suffered a great loss by the death of Canon Claughton, for many years our true friend ; but even in the midst of our sorrow we must rejoice for him, that the valiantly-borne suffering is past. Several of the present girls, who had been prepared by him for Confirmation, attended the beautiful Service in the Cathedral, and we are glad to know that our presence was of some little help to Mrs. Claughton in her great sorrow.

A cross of Madonna lilies and blue salvia, tied with the School colours, was sent from the Guild and the Confirmed Girls of the School. As the Service went on we must all have realised, what indeed was the case, that by Mrs. Claughton's wish it was arranged just as Canon Claughton himself arranged the Service for that radiant Autumn afternoon, St. Matthew's Day, 1912.

The new Prayer Books came into use on All Souls' Day. Everyone agrees that they are beautiful little books.

We are most grateful to Miss James for meeting the rather unexpectedly large bill for them. Part of the money has been provided out of the profits on the "Memoir," and we hope the rest will come in shortly from the same source.

It has been thought wise to observe Speech Day this year, but naturally with less than the usual rejoicings. The Prizes will each cost one shilling, and the balance of the money provided (about £15, it is hoped) will go to the Red Cross Funds—British, French and Serbian.

We have felt for some time that the Present Girls would profit by taking a larger share in the production of the Magazine; a Committee has, therefore, been formed, consisting partly of representatives from each of the middle and upper School forms. The members are exhorted to encourage their constituencies to provide material, fact or fiction, prose or verse, for the Magazine, as well as to help us to collect news of those elusive people, Old Girls, who credit us with supernatural powers in this respect apparently, in that they seldom or never send us news of themselves or their friends, yet complain bitterly of the absence of such news. We hope that those who are dissatisfied with the Magazine as it has been, will give the result of the experiment a fair trial before condemning it.

Canon Claughton.

Others have written and will write of Canon Claughton's life and of his public work; but our thoughts turn naturally to the less known, but to us no less valuable work that he did for our School, both as Warden of the Guild and in preparing candidates for Confirmation.

Many generations of girls passed through his hands, and have hallowed memories of the quiet, reverent, deeply-

impressive instruction given at his own house, and of the, perhaps, still more impressive separate interview with each a few days before the Confirmation.

No one can estimate the value of such work ; but it has borne fruit in many a life.

And the Guild Meetings—can we ever forget the grave yet affectionate appeal which, year by year, recalled us to the “straight road,” lest we should have strayed from it, and which ever anew set before us the high ideals of the Christian life, of frequent devout Communion, of self-discipline, and self-devotion ?

Certain aspects of his teaching dwell especially in one’s mind. No Guild member will need to be reminded how, at each and every Meeting at which he gave the Address, he strove to kindle in us afresh an earnest, faithful, humble devotion to the Blessed Sacrament ; and probably none who heard them will forget a certain course of Lenten Addresses at St. Andrew’s, at each of which Canon Claughton dwelt on the imagery of the Cross : the divinely-aided will striving upwards through all that “crosses” it. And then, as ever, the mystical devotional language passed to the practical, and we were urged “at least to make an effort” to enter a Church each Friday, and there to make an act of thanksgiving for “the redemption of the World by our Lord Jesus Christ.”

The following appreciation has been sent by an Old Girl, a Guild Member of many years standing :—

“We should all acknowledge how very helpful Canon Claughton’s Addresses have always been, and perhaps one of the reasons for this was that he really loved the Guild Meetings.

His Addresses were full of spiritual insight and of practical teaching. If the Guild Meeting fell within the Octave of a Festival or Saints’ Day he loved to use the

special thoughts connected with the day in speaking to us.

Then we must remember at what a cost all his help was given, for he was seldom out of pain during the last years, and such pain as few realised, for it was borne with real heroism.

He had in a marked degree the saving grace of humour.

One of his favourite pastimes, even to the last, was watching good cricket, and we all know how great was his love of music.

In the highest and best sense of the words he was a Christian gentleman, a true Priest, and a humble servant of the King of Kings."

Pro Patria Mori.

All Souls' Day, 1915.

Young, and bright, and gallant, forth they went to war ;
So young they seemed : the glowing star
Of youth's high hope shone in their eyes

As they went out to die.

So young they seemed ! Ah, mothers, still your cry ;
Their young lives ripen now in Paradise.

And then, the manhood of the nation, fearless, eager, strong,
Whose resting-place is now the heroic dead among !

And shall the aching heart of sister or of wife

Bear alone the burden of the day ?

Ah no, their love still guides you on the perilous way ;
You shall not cross alone the track of life.

And can you doubt, oh mothers,

And can you doubt, oh wives,

The glorious fruition

Of these heroic lives ?

For in the midst of anguish comes this comfort to our ken

Not only have we to our country given
 The lives that for us made drear earth a heaven ;
 But this, oh hungering hearts :
 The blood of heroes is a sacrifice
 Given of our best, and pleasing in His eyes
 Who made the greatest sacrifice for men.

VIB.

Economy in War Time.

(Taken from the diary of a fly).

5.30 a.m. Woke up feeling rather seedy. The sun was shining brightly. I really do think, after all this talk of economy, that he might try to economise his light, and not light up at such an unearthly hour, waking up respectable people who are tired out with their efforts of the previous day. Tried to sleep again, and felt for my blue spectacles with which to shade my eyes, but remembered that I had given them to a poor refugee fly from Belgium. Dozed.

7.0 a.m. Got up. Found the people with whom I am staying sewing shirts. Tickled them, but they were so intent on thinking of new plans for economising, that they never even noticed me. Felt squashed.

8.0 a.m. Went to breakfast with them. Imagine my horror at finding none of my usual food on the table. No sugar ! not even on their porridge ! What *is* the world coming to ? Listened to their conversation. Heard that the price of coal is enormous, and " Maudie dear, don't you *think* we ought to do without fires this winter ? " I shrieked " No," in " dear Maudie's " ear, but she took no notice of me and only brushed me away. I was so indignant that I flew straight out of the window, never even stopping to hear whether they were going to have

fires or not. It was the second time people had ignored me that morning.

9.0 a.m. Met one of my friends. I noticed something queer about him, and then I saw his hair was almost white. Asked him what had happened. He told me that he had had a terrible night. The man who was sleeping in his room was economising in blankets, and evidently he had felt very cold in the night, for he woke up my friend with his grunts and groans, and then had decided to take a brisk walk round the room to get warm. My friend had a very near escape from being trodden on, but he managed to creep away, and then he heard a most terrific crash and was almost drowned in a flood of water. After having swum about for about half an hour, he managed to land on a bit of broken china, which afterwards turned out to be the broken water jug. But even after this he could not get to sleep, for the man would do nothing but murmur :—" War ! Economy ! Rubbish !! Hum, Huh. Have done with it !" and a few other remarks, short, and to the point.

11.30 a.m. I was nearly shedding tears at my friend's sad story, but I remembered in time that my suit had to do for next year, as I could not afford a new one, and if any tears had got on to it, it would have shrunk, so I refrained from weeping this time.

12.0—1.0 p.m. Searched for my dinner in the dust-bins. Really I *do* think people carry economy a bit too far. There wasn't the tiniest bit of food in the bins off which a self-respecting fly could have a meal. In the end I had to resort to a restaurant, a thing I very seldom do ; it is too dangerous. Everyone seems up in arms against us poor flies.

1.30 p.m. Had a very disturbed meal.

2.0—4.0 p.m. Had a rest on an old man's bald head, again rather disturbed, except when the man fell asleep.

4.30—5.0 p.m. Had tea off a sugar bun, which I found lying on the platform of a station. While I was eating many people passed by, and I heard nearly everyone murmur, "What a waste! In war time, too," but much to my relief no one picked it up. I don't know why they didn't, because it seemed quite a good bun. But after tea, I, at any rate, had the satisfaction of feeling that I had not wasted anything.

6.0 p.m. Went back home and found everyone going to bed, so that they needn't light the gas. More economy! I could not stay up by myself so I went to bed, too!

S. H. FORM V.

The Men of England!

Can ye resist your country's call?
 Can ye resist your king and all?
 Your brethren fought and died for *you*—
 Will ye not do *your* duty, too?

When ye read of inhuman crimes,
 Does it not stir your hearts and minds?
 Do you not feel that *you* must fight
 And strive to win with all your might?

England *expects* her men to go
 And *honourably* fight against the foe.
 Yet if these men do not obey,
 Then will "conscription" come one day.

Young men let not your cowardice show,
 A remedy for this is "GO."
 Proud will ye be in years to come,
 To know you have *your* duty done.

M. C. IVA.

Anna.

When I read accounts of German atrocities and "frightfulness" my mind at once leaps back to that gentlest of Huns—Anna. She was a Prussian, and hailed from Berlin, but, strange paradox, she loved us one and all.

When she arrived at our flat in Switzerland she could not speak a word of French or English, and our knowledge of the German tongue was distinctly elementary. We could assert with no small fluency that there were six chairs, a table, and a blackboard in the schoolroom ; but it was not a very brilliant style of conversation, and did not help us in our endeavour to converse with Anna. However, we found her wonderfully quick at understanding our jargon of French and English, with an occasional word or two of German thrown in. She soon picked up the French appellation "Mademoiselle," but she invariably rendered it as "Matmoigelle." If she did not approve of something we were doing she would come to us wagging a large, red finger, and, shaking her head, would say reproachfully "Na, Matmoigelle, na, Ich bitte sie !" This generally made us laugh, and she would retire contentedly thinking she had been very witty.

At one time we were composing an elaborate play which required at least six characters. As there were only three of us we were obliged to alter our faces as much as possible, and each take two parts. Anna entered in the middle of a rehearsal : she was stricken with horror. Fixing her eyes on us she cried in a terrified voice "Matmoigelles ! Matmoigelle ! sind sie krank ?" And it took a long time to make her realise that the "Matmoigelles" were not in the throes of some weird disease, but were merely amusing themselves !

Anna was very patriotic, and we used to have long arguments on the relative greatness of our kings. I

asserted that our king was "Sehr schon," my one complimentary adjective ; nor did I hesitate to add that the Kaiser was "Ein Schwein," which was my one abusive epithet. She, however, remained quite calm, only repeating firmly that he was "Schöner als" King George, for he was so big, etc. I insisted that our king was more loved ; and the argument would be dropped, only to be renewed an evening or two later.

She was wonderful at finding lost things, once she understood what they were. One morning I mislaid my coat, and called Anna.

"Anna," I said distinctly, "Wo ist mein coat ?"

Anna shook her head uncomprehendingly.

"My coat ; ma jaquette ; mein 'Gechinkheit !"

(This last is a word coined by the family, parodying the German compound noun, which was greatly appreciated by Anna.)

No glimmer of intelligence in Anna's eyes.

I thought a minute, then said firmly, touching my blouse : "Nicht diese."

"Nein ?" said Anna politely.

"Nein," I assented.

Another moment of silence, then desperately :

"Anna, Ich will go out, aber nicht in my blouse."

I marched to the front door : joy of joys, Anna at last understood ! She beamed, and returned in a few moments with the lost coat.

It was rather pathetic that she never would stay out on her evenings, but invariably returned about half an hour later, smiling apologetically. Her excuse was that "Madame might have needed her."

At last the sad day arrived when we were to leave Vevey and proceed to Berne. We were to stay a fortnight there and then resume our way to the coast. The parting with Anna was tragic ; she burst into tears, seized

us by the hand, and implored us to take her to England. [It was then the middle of July.] We showed her that it was impossible, as we intended to pay visits for several months on our arrival. We promised, however, that when we were settled in a home of our own, we would send for her. This promise cheered her somewhat, and she said she would spend the time till that happy day in learning English.

We had been at Berne three days when a visitor was announced ; it was Anna ! She told us that she had felt she must come and see us once more, before we left Switzerland, as she was so miserable without us. She only stayed half an hour as it was a very long journey back to her home. We were very much touched by this new proof of devotion, and renewed our promise to send for her in September. Alas ! "The best-laid plans of mice and men gang aft agley," and by the time that the month came round we were at war with Anna's compatriots. Doubtless she has now been taught to hate England and the English, and we wonder if her erstwhile affection for our family has changed into a bitter hatred.

J. L. B., VIA.

The Treasure.

The Merediths lived in a very old house. One day Harry and Elizabeth were in their playroom, which was on the ground floor, when Elizabeth said : "Harry, let us put our money together and buy a birthday present for mother." "All right," answered Harry, "how much have we got ?" "I'll fetch our money boxes," said Elizabeth, "and then we'll see." She tipped the money out of her box into her hand, but she dropped a half-sovereign, which rolled across the floor and dropped through a crack. Elizabeth burst into tears, "Oh Harry, my half-sovereign

that I had for my birthday, oh! what shall I do?" she cried. Harry was very sorry and tried to console his sister; then he said, "Elizabeth, I'll get it for you. Do you remember father told us last year that two of the boards in this floor are loose, so that a man could get down into an open space under the floor? I suppose we oughtn't to go without asking father or mother, but they're both away and we can't wait to get permission. Go and put on a dirty dress, and we'll get the rugs up and try to find the loose boards." They hunted for a long time, and Elizabeth was beginning to be afraid they would never find them, when Harry shouted, "Elizabeth, come and see, I believe this is it," and he showed her two boards which were screwed down. He ran for the screwdriver, and in a moment he had lifted the boards and laid them aside. Elizabeth fetched a candle, and Harry let himself gently down, and then helped his sister. They found themselves in a dark place the size of the playroom, and about four feet high. Harry dropped on his hands and knees and hunted for the coin, but he could not find it. Suddenly he felt something sticking up about an inch above the level of the floor. He felt all round it, and found it was large and oblong. He wondered what it was, but he did not say anything to Elizabeth about it. The next day he went down alone with a spade, and dug steadily. He found it very hard work, for, although he was big and strong for his age, he was only twelve. He went down every day for a week, and at last he had made a clear space all round the object, which he saw was a box. He tried to get it out, but although he tugged with all his might it would not come. He determined to leave it till his father came home.

Two days later Mr. Meredith came home, and Harry told him what he had discovered. His father went with him and when he found how heavy the box was, he sent for two men with ropes, and at last they hauled it up into

the playroom. Harry's father forced the lid off and found that the box was full of gold.

C. W., IVB.

From England to the Trenches.

When we post our letters to the soldiers in France, they have to go through London to be sorted into the different Battalions. They are then sent to a port and taken over to France in a Packet Boat. When they arrive at the Base, they are transferred to the various supply trains, and are taken in these trains to rail-head. When they arrive at the rail-head they are taken by the motor lorries which form the Divisional train to the Divisional "Dumps." At the "Dumps" they are collected by the Battalion Transport, and taken with the rations to the Battalion Quartermaster's stores ; here they are sorted into the different companies by the Sergeant-drummer, who acts as Battalion Postman. Then they are taken with the rations to the head of the communication trenches by the Battalion Transport. Here they are collected by the ration parties and carried to the fire trenches, generally arriving there about midnight. They are then sorted under the Company Sergeant-major into the four platoons. They are collected by the platoon ration parties in the morning and given out to the soldiers with their rations. The whole journey taking about four days.

I. S., REMOVE.

November 6th, 1915.

Attend all ye who list to hear
Our noble Worcester lays ;

I tell of those thrice famous deeds
 We wrought in recent days,
 When 'gainst that team invincible,
 We strove with might and main ;
 Whipped laggard muscles into play
 Immortal fame to gain.
 The field of battle witnessed
 A young, bold, vigorous crew,
 Who, mad with lust for slaughter,
 Rushed on the aged few.
 The few stood calm and silent
 And looked upon their foes,
 While a great shout of triumph
 From the pavilion rose.
 But our captain's brow was sad,
 And our captain's speech was low,
 And darkly looked she on the team,
 And darkly on the foe—
 "Their centre's close upon us,
 Unerring is her aim,
 And if she once doth shoot a goal
 What hope to save the game."
 Their forwards rushed forth swiftly,
 Attacked our halting backs
 Mid sounds of mighty tumult,
 Noise of resounding whacks.
 Up started every hairpin,
 Out leapt each hidden curl,
 As up and down the muddied sward
 The struggling squadrons whirl.
 Our forwards pressed on manfully
 Against that vast array,
 And so the conflict ended
 Two goals to six that day.
 And then, with shouts and laughter,
 The foes, now reconciled,

With tea and games and dancing
 The fleeting hours beguiled.
 One mistress, three hours later,
 Could tell another tale
 Of figures limp and prostrate,
 Of faces wan and pale.
 She fed us with her coffee
 And chocolate biscuits sweet,
 Till to our rooms at bed-time
 We dragged our tottering feet.
 But now all aches enshrouded
 In memory's pleasant haze,
 We offer to the victors
 The tribute of our praise.

QUORUM PARS PARVA FUI.

Old Girls who are doing Special Work on account of the War.

Irene Cave-Browne-Cave left Haslar in March, and was for some time on H.M. Yacht "The Queen Alexandra," which was used as a Naval Hospital Ship to carry about 30 patients. They went backwards and forwards between Dover and France, and were in Dunkerque on one of the many occasions on which it was shelled. Irene is now on the Hospital Ship "Plassy."

Florence Abell is in charge of a Military Hospital in Hampshire.

Helena White is nursing in S. Rhodesia and is at present at Fort Victoria, which was the first township in Rhodesia, though progress has been so slow that the railway has only recently reached it. Helena is very anxious to know

if there are any other A.O.S. girls in S. Africa besides herself and Alice Christian.

Janet Harding has just lately been hoeing mangel-wurzel fields at a high rate of speed. Last winter she was Secretary to the Caerleon Belgian Relief Committee. She is now qualifying herself to replace her father's clerk.

Mabel Heywood is a private nurse.

Isobel Pope is at Netley.

Hilda Pearson is nursing somewhere in France.

Connie Strange is at No. 10 Stationary Hospital at St. Omer. She is a Sister now, and is in charge of a large ward of surgical cases. She came home for ten days in July, looking very well. As usual (says Ethel) she is begging: this time for socks and shirts.

Alice Christian has begun her training at the Hospital, Salisbury, Rhodesia.

Margaret Wilson, Ruth Thorn, Eleanor Brock, Gladys Downs, Dorothy Bradley, are all being trained as nurses.

Dorothy Marston was working for some time in a Military Hospital which was opened at Shrewsbury. Four V.A.D. Nurses were sent from Ludlow to run the Hospital, and Dorothy was responsible for housekeeping, accounts, and all clerical work; acting as "Quartermaster-steward."

Laura Abell, Winifred Anton, Hilda Hatton, Nora Brierley, Dora Carew, Ruby Garnett, Gwen Mann, Grace Darling, are all doing Red Cross nursing.

Dorothy Fox is Assistant Secretary at St. Thomas' Hospital.

Madeline Moilliet is acting as Cook in the Red Cross Hospital at Malvern.

Donna Sievers and Clare Downs are making munitions

at Messrs. Heenan & Froude's, Worcester.

Annie Campbell is working in the Women's Department at the Worcester Labour Exchange.

Marjorie Leech is working for the Soldiers' and Sailors' Families' Association in Rochdale. She has given up all idea of going to the University until the War is over.

Susie Claughton is a Special Censor at the G.P.O.

Madge Ellis, Mabel Constance, Dorothy Beauchamp, Katie Pearson, Gertrude Bomford, Barbara Millington, are all working as clerks in Banks.

Kathleen Marsh is teaching in the Grammar School, Melton Mowbray, in the place of a Master who has gone to the front.

Gladys Bourne (*née* Strange) is busy with canteen work at Sandwich, and has started a ladies' Rifle Club.

Evelyn Cartridge is doing a chauffeur's work.

Ophelia Browne is working at a canteen at South Farnborough.

School News.

The Summer Term ended on July 27th.

The following girls left: Kathleen Mussen, whom we are delighted to welcome back as Miss Spurling's Secretary; Doris Creese, who has gone to Bedford College; Gladys Edgington and Madge Halliday have begun their training at Whitelands; Kathleen Scales is at the Gloucester School of Cookery; Grace Chappel is helping her aunt at the Tenbury Cottage Hospital; Mary Garman; Mollie Holloway; Marjorie England; Marjorie Wheeler; Cecily Hallack; Denise de Ridder; Nancy Skyrme; Phyllis Skyrme; Winnie Hight.

THE GUILD MEETING.

On July 9th, the Guild Service was held in S. Oswald's Chapel, and the following Members were admitted: G. Chappel, K. Scales, G. Mann, K. Mussen, M. Halliday.

The Address was given by the Rev. G. F. Hooper, as Canon Claughton was unavoidably detained in London.

After tea, the business meeting was held in the Large Hall. The Treasurer's account shewed a balance of £5 4s. 6d. This was disposed of as follows: £2 to the Jerusalem and the East Mission; £1 to The Rev. Richard Wilson (S. Augustine's, Stepney); £2 to the Lord Roberts' Memorial Fund for aiding disabled soldiers and sailors.

THE GARDENS.

On July 21st, Mr. Hooper added to his many kindnesses to us by coming to present the Garden Shield. This was won by IVA., while the Remove had the Motto.

THE PUPILS' CONCERT.

On July 16th, the parents and friends of the girls were again invited to come and hear the music pupils of the School play. The Concert showed a marked improvement, and the programme was delightfully varied.

THE STAFF.

Miss Turner and Miss Symonds have, to our great regret, left the Staff; the former was needed at home, and the latter has begun her training at University College Hospital. Their places have been taken by Miss Morris and Miss Chambers.

AUTUMN TERM.

School re-opened on September 23rd. The following new children entered: IVA.—Ruth Lowe; Remove—Mona Lawson; IIIA. Latin—Phyllis Davies; IIIA. English—Hope Murphy, May Revill, Winifred Buckney; IIIB.—Joan FitzClarence, Winifred Higginson, Marjorie Tompkins (sister of Phyllis), Rachel King; II.—Mary Willis, Faith Powell, Mary Tibbetts, Enid Barnett; I.—Lilian Robinson, Betty Griffiths, Mary Watson (sister of Catherine, etc.), Eileen Legge, Olga Bottomley; K.G. and Preparatory—Maysie Knight, Diana Lee, Kate Coomber (sister of Isabel), Muriel Skyrme, Ted Wainwright. And at half term: Kathleen Wright and Rosemary Chignell.

The new VI. are: M. Grisman (Head of the School), L. Petrie (Head of Springfield), K. Allen, G. Blakeway, R. Weston, V. Browne, J. Bayly (taking the Domestic Course). VIB.—M. Elton (Præfect), S. Ondaatje (Head of

Baskerville), A. Leech, P. Denton, S. Garman, P. Tompkins, D. Wells, M. Webb, P. Cox, J. Grove, D. Wigram, G. Phillips, C. Acklom (taking the Domestic Course).

CONCERT.

We owe Mr. Chignell a debt of gratitude for the trouble which he gave to arranging a most delightful Concert, and for adding to the interest and enjoyment of it by an explanation of the music beforehand.

The Artistes, Miss Grainger Kerr (mezzo soprano), Miss Anna Godfrey (violin), Mr. Herbert Dawson (pianoforte), and Mr. Dawson Frere (Baritone), are at present working under the Music-in-War-Time Committee, which provides Concerts for Hospitals, Camps, Y.M.C.A. Huts, etc. ; and at the same time provides funds for the support of musicians by means of such Concerts as that which we enjoyed in our Hall on October 14th.

The system seems to work well, and has relieved many sad cases of distress among musicians whose contracts were wholly or in part cancelled at the outbreak of War. The Committee deals only with men who are ineligible for serving with H.M. Forces. We hope to have a second Concert on December 2nd.

CERTIFICATES AND PRIZES, 1915.

COUNCIL'S SCHOLARSHIPS.

G. Blakeway (2nd year).

J. Grove (1st year).

VICTORIA SCHOLARSHIP.

P. Hansen Bay.

ALICE OTTLEY SCHOLARSHIP.

B. Pollard.

LONDON MATRICULATION.

M. Grisman.

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE JOINT BOARD.

Higher Certificates.

K. Allen,	passed in 4 subjects (distinction in Scripture).
G. Blakeway,	„ 4 „ (distinction in French).
V. Browne,	„ 4 „
M. Garman,	„ 4 „ (distinction in Scripture).
L. Petrie,	„ 4 „ (distinction in Scripture).
R. Weston,	„ 4 „ (distinction in Scripture).

Letters.

G. Edgington, passed in 2 subjects (distinction in French).
(adding French and History to full Certificate gained last year).

G. Chappel, passed in 2 subjects (distinction in Botany).

Lower Certificates.

M. Elton,	1st class in 1 subject, 2nd class in 5.
J. Grove,	1st „ 4 subjects, 2nd „ 4.
H. Harding,	1st „ 3 „ 2nd „ 4.
A. Leech,	1st „ 2 „ 2nd „ 4.
G. Phillips,	1st „ 1 subject, 2nd „ 5.
D. Wigram,	1st „ 2 subjects, 2nd „ 4.
K. Scales,	1st „ 3 „ 2nd „ 4.
P. Tompkins,	1st „ 2 „ 2nd „ 3.
M. Webb,	1st „ 4 „ 2nd „ 3.

Letters.

C. Acklom,	2nd class in 3.
P. Denton,	1st class in 3 subjects, 2nd „ 3.
G. Duckworth,	1st „ 2nd „ 2.
P. Edwards,	1st „ 1 subject, 2nd „ 1.
S. Garman,	1st „ 1 „ 2nd „ 3.
S. Ondaatje,	1st „ 3 subjects, 2nd „ 1.
D. Wells,	2nd „ 4.

OXFORD SENIOR LOCAL EXAMINATION.

M. Halliday (3rd Class Honours).

CAMBRIDGE TEACHERS' CERTIFICATE.

M. Lyne, in the 2nd Division.

J. Tree, „ 3rd „

M. Glover, „ 3rd „

GERMAN LANGUAGES ASSOCIATION.

Senior. First Class Certificates—P. Denton (with prize).

M. Garman.

Second Class „ D. Creese.

S. Garman.

K. Scales.

Junior. Pass Certificate

S. Hancock.

MUSIC.

R.A.M. and R.C.M. Associated Board Schools Examination.

<i>Higher Division.</i>	Organ—M. Halliday.
	Violin—C. Stranack.
<i>Lower</i> ,,	Piano—A. Howell (with distinction).
	P. Hildebrand.
	M. Bird.
	Organ—V. Browne.
	Violoncello—S. Hancock.
<i>Elementary.</i>	Piano—P. Godfrey.
<i>Primary.</i>	Piano—M. Pratt.
	V. Beach.
	A. Beaven.
	V. Ridlington.
	Violin—B. Martin.

DRAWING.

Royal Drawing Society's Silver Star.

K. Mussen.

Full Honours Certificates.

P. Mann.

V. Rea.

Also 50 Honour and 49 Pass Certificates.

NEEDLEWORK PRIZES.

<i>Section VI.</i>	White Work—M. England,	1st Prize.
	M. Lane,	1st ,,
	Flannel Work—P. Brierley,	1st ,,
<i>Section V.</i>	White Work—I. Simes,	1st ,,
	M. Buck,	3rd ,,
	Flannel Work—O. Spicer,	1st ,,
	M. Taylor,	1st ,,
	L. Haines,	1st ,,
<i>Section IV.</i>	White Work—J. Watson,	1st ,,
	E. Lawrence,	2nd ,,
	I. Besley,	3rd ,,
	Flannel Work—M. Cooper,	1st ,,
	M. Marshjones,	2nd ,,
	D. Sievers	2nd ,,

Section III. White Work—W. Highet, 1st Prize.

E. Bradley, 2nd „

N. Andrews, 3rd „

Also 40 First Class Certificates.

SPECIAL PRIZES.

Divinity.

CANON CHAPPEL'S PRIZE—*Form VI.*—K. Allen.

M. Garman.

L. Petrie.

R. Weston.

„ *V.*—D. Wigram.

„ *IVa.*—M. Thornton.

„ *IVb.*—I. Coomber.

„ *IIIa.*—G. Palmer.

History.

MISS HAMILTON'S PRIZE—*Form V.*—P. Denton.

Botany.

MISS LAYBOURNE'S PRIZE—*Form VI.*—G. Chappel.

FRENCH.

MDLLE. DE SABATIER—G. Edgington.

G. Blakeway.

M. BARRÈRE. *Lauréats*—W. Joseland.

Certificate—C. Stranack.

Degré Supérieur—M. Grisman.

Narration—M. Grisman.

Degré Intermédiaire—G. Blakeway.

Degré Élémentaire—B. Bayly.

Degré Primaire—C. Watson.

Certificate—K. Allen.

PERCENTAGE PRIZES.

(Obtained by gaining 80 per cent. on Term Marks, and
75 per cent. on Examinations.)

Form V.—G. Phillips (Mathematics).

„ *IVa.*—P. Mann (English).

„ *IIIa.*—A. Hooke (Languages).

S. Smith (Languages).

Form IIIb.—E. Whitehead (Languages).

B. Gillespy (Languages).

„ *II.*—G. Dingle (Arithmetic).

K. Bramley (Arithmetic).

„ *I.*—M. Pratt (English, French, Arithmetic).

N. Castley (English, French).

V. Ridlington (French).

HISTORY ILLUSTRATION BOOKS.

E. Wheaton.

P. Hansen Bay.

WAR ESSAYS.

Form VIa.—M. Grisman.

„ *VIb.*—V. Browne.

„ *V.*—P. Denton.

„ *IVa.*—S. Hancock.

„ *IVb.*—C. Mackenzie.

Denise de Ridder.

Remove—A. Howell.

Form IIIa.—M. Cooper.

P. Hansen Bay.

„ *IIIb.*—F. Hesketh-Williams.

M. Marshjones.

EXCELLENTS.

G. Evans (4).

HOLIDAY TASKS.

French Reading. *Form V.*—P. Denton.

English Reading. „ *VI.*—M. Grisman.

„ *V.*—D. Wigram.

„ *IVb.*—V. Knowles.

„ *IIIb.*—F. Hesketh-Williams.

M. Shaw.

Art. „ *VI.*—K. Mussen.

„ *IVa.*—B. Webb.

V. Rea.

„ *IVb.*—C. Robinson.

„ *IIIa.*—P. Hansen Bay.

	<i>Form IIIb.</i> —E. Cadbury.
	„ <i>II.</i> —I. Curtler.
	„ <i>I.</i> —V. Elton.
Nature Study.	„ <i>IVa.</i> —P. Edwards.
	G. Duckworth.
	S. Hancock.
	„ <i>IVb.</i> —I. Grove.
	I. Coomber.
	„ <i>IIIa.</i> —O. Spicer.
	„ <i>IIIb.</i> —M. Grove.
	S. Cavenagh.
	B. Gillespy.
	„ <i>II.</i> —E. Watson.
	„ <i>I.</i> —G. Evans.
	A. Beaven.
	N. Pollard.
	P. Whitaker.

GAMES.

END OF SUMMER TERM, 1915.

TENNIS.

July 9th—A.O.S. (Present Girls) *v.* A.O.S. (Old Girls). The Old Girls (who were represented by F. Abell, D. Gardner, J. Tree, B. Tree, D. Chappel, M. Surman) won by one game.

FORM MATCHES.

In the Final Match for the Challenge Cup Form VI. beat Form V.

AUTUMN TERM.

HOCKEY.

L. Petrie is Captain of the Hockey Club, but the Members of the XI. have not yet been chosen.

November 6th—A.O.S. *v.* Mistresses. The Girls won 6 goals to 2.

LACROSSE.

C. Acklom has been elected Captain of the Lacrosse Club.

MISSION WORK.

Our scholar, Amy Dujal, has left S. Mary's School, Delhi, and is now "compounder," *i.e.*, dispenser, in a hospital in Delhi.

Esther Isa Das, aged 10 years, is our new scholar. Her father is dead, and her mother works at S. Mary's Home, Delhi, her grandfather being "bearer" to one of the Missionaries.

On November 9th the Reverend C. E. Tyndale Biscoe from Kashmir gave us a vividly interesting account of his work. He told us of his difficulties in dealing with boys who belong to a people which unashamedly owns to cowardice. But he has so trained his boys that they will now stand up for the weak and oppressed—both human beings and animals—and are leaders in every kind of social and sanitary reform.

The Mission Accounts for 1915 will be given in the next Magazine. All Missionary boxes should be brought in on S. Andrew's Day, and the names of those who want to take in Missionary magazines next year should be given in to Miss Belcher. The "Mission Field" (1s. per annum) is suitable for elder girls; "The King's Messengers" and "African Tidings" (each 6d. for the year) for the younger ones.

OLD GIRLS.

Mary Chappel has gone to S. Hugh's College, Oxford, where she is reading English.

Mattie Lyne is at Somerville.

Vivienne Horne is being prepared for the Teaching Diploma at S. Mary's College, Paddington.

Doris Creese is at Bedford College, London.

Marion Jones has gone to the Bedford Physical Training College.

Madge Halliday and Gladys Edgington are at Whitelands College.

Myfanwy Campbell is teaching at the new Council School in Stanley Road, Worcester. She passed the Board of Education Final Examination at Whitelands College with distinction in Advanced Art. She also won prizes for Divinity, Nature Study, and an Essay on the teaching of Scripture.

Kathleen Scales has gone to the School of Domestic Science at Gloucester.

Gladys Joseland has gained the Board of Education Final Examination Certificate, with "a Pass with Credit" in Advanced English, Hygiene, and Physical Training. She is now teaching in the Worcester British Girls' School.

Janet Tree has a post as History Mistress at Corran School, Watford.

Kitty Neligan (*nee* Spencer) has gone to Persia with her husband who is the doctor to the British Embassy in Teh'ran: we are glad to hear of her safe arrival.

Lucy Fildes is Lecturer in Psychology at the University of S. Andrew's.

Lettice Jenkins and a friend have a market garden near St. Columb, Cornwall, after having been trained at Swanley.

Helen Coombs is doing horticultural work at Codsall.

Kathleen Scales has begun her training at the Gloucester Domestic School.

Muriel Glover is teaching in a Boys' Preparatory School at Malvern.

Isabel Mogridge, Muriel Smith, Justina Kent, May, Dorothy and Peggie Smith all have private posts.

Marjorie Brierley is teaching at a Private School at Hoylake, Cheshire.

Zoe Brierley has been for the last year staying with a cousin in India.

Audrey Smith and Cicely Pearson are both doing poultry farming.

Ruth Lawson, "Sister Penelope" of the Community of S. Mary the Virgin at Wantage, is working in one of the Community's Houses of Mercy at Boston, Lincolnshire. Phyllis Mogridge is keeping house for her eldest brother who has a curacy at Northampton.

May, Lucille and Evelyn King are with their mother at Montreux. They had a difficult time in Germany when the War broke out, and were not able to get away till the Spring. They are now making Switzerland their headquarters, as one of the brothers is interned in Germany, and the other is fighting in France.

Ethel Strange has had to give up nearly all her V.A.D. work, finding it too much for her when combined with her teaching.

Two Old Boys wish to have their doings recorded: Lyne Combe is an officer in one of the Canadian Contingents.

Jamie Graves is a 2nd Lieutenant in the 6th Worcesters.

BIRTHS.

On September 3rd, at Malta, Mrs. Rowe (Rita Mason), a son (Harold Antony).

On September 23rd, Mrs. Ernest Bird, a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

On July 7th, at S. Matthias' Church, Malvern Link, Charles Alan Holliday to Alice Ethel Caldwell.

On July 8th, at the Priory Church, Great Malvern, Charles Guise to Ethel Barbara Woods.

On July 8th, at S. Peter's Church, Lee, S.E., Eric Wright to Agatha Mary Ottley.

On August 12th, at S. Andrew's Church, Droitwich, Henry William Apperley to Frances Mary Newman.

On August 18th, at Westcliff-on-Sea, Leonard Padfield to Isabel Mann.

On August 18th, at Clifford Church, Herefordshire, Dr. A. R. Neligan to K. M. (Kitty) Leigh Spencer.

On August 28th, at S. Martin's Church, London Road, Worcester, the Reverend Herbert Baxter to Frances Muriel Baird.

In August, at the Cathedral, Gibraltar, Harold Patteson to Dorothy Helen Stephenson-Peach.

On September 4th, at Holy Trinity Church, Worcester, Francis Arthur Douglas Richmond to Ana Duncan Day.

On September 6th, at S. George's Church, Worcester, Wallace Noble Ashworth to Nora Annie Lunn.

On September 16th, at S. Bartholomew's Church, Areley Kings, Worcester-shire, the Rev. Henry Charles Robins, Chaplain at Khartoum, to Dorothy Lloyd.

On November 5th, at Claines Church, Harold Cook to Eva Kibblewhite.

On November 9th, at the Guards' Chapel, Wellington Barracks, Captain Charles Britten, Grenadier Guards, to Dorothy Allsopp.

DEATH.

On October 13th, at the College, Worcester, the Rev. Thomas Leigh Claughton, Canon of Worcester Cathedral, aged 67.

GIFTS.

A Blue Hassock for the Prayer Desk, from Kathleen Mussen.

Three "Crosses" for the Lacrosse Club, from Miss Turner.

A School Notice Board for the Vestibule, from Miss Belcher.

A large number of Books for the Butler Library, from Miss Bowles and Miss Graham.

The
Memorial to Canon Claughton.

A WINDOW is to be inserted in the Cloisters (clear glass below, with coloured lights above), next to Canon Claughton's grave. It is to be the first of a series. No doubt many Old Girls will be glad to contribute towards it.

All subscriptions may be sent to

MISS BLANCHE BEALE,
The Alice Ottley School,
Worcester.

It is particularly hoped that no one will be asked to contribute more than a small amount.

PLEASE TELL OTHERS.