

# "WHITE & BLUE,"

## The Alice Ottley 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.

The Editor will be very glad to give all information possible, to anyone who desires it, on the subject of the National Mission. It may not be generally known that for a subscription of 2/6, the S.P.C.K., Northumberland Avenue, W.C., will send all pamphlets published in connection with the Mission as they are issued.

We are certain that all our readers will have already heard much about this National Call to Repentance and Hope. Our own Bishop has been, from the beginning, one of the leaders of the movement in the direction of such a re-call, and as loyal Churchwomen we must do our utmost to help in any way which may be suggested to us, but especially by seeing to it that our own religion is a real thing—that our faith is a "lively" one, affecting every act and word and thought. We all know the truth of Dr. McNeile's words to the members of the G.D.A. :—"All the Missions in the world will not win the population of

the country for GOD, so long as Christians are not Christian."

And our religion is *not* a real thing if it belongs only to those times when we are in Church, or praying, or reading our Bibles. Until those about us, who are frankly irreligious and worldly, see that our Communion do make us more unselfish, faithful, humble—stricter with ourselves and gentler with others—our religion is only a stumbling-block in the way of our weaker brother, and whatever our outward activities, we are very far indeed from helping to "prepare the way of the Lord and make His paths straight."

It is hoped, by co-operation with the Local Subcommittee of the Women-on-the-Land Committee, to arrange for some of the elder girls to go out fruit-picking, etc., during the Summer holidays. If any Old Girl would be able to superintend such parties, the Editor would be very glad to hear from her.

A Company of Girl Guides has been started among the Day Girls; there has been a flourishing one at New Baskerville for some time, and it is hoped that a third will be started at Springfield next term.

It will be noticed that Miss Moore has sent a most interesting account of the loyal little Bahamas. Quite lately the Editor met by chance a London Head Mistress, who was an old friend of Miss Moore's and who had stayed some weeks with her at Nassau last year. She had found her looking wonderfully well, and apparently enjoying a steady temperature of 95° in the shade.

It is proposed to place in the Hall an Honours Board, giving the names of the School Præfects from the earliest days till the present time.

We are publishing the list in this number of the Magazine, and should be very grateful for the correction of any error which may be noticed by our readers.

### Nassau.

The last time I wrote for "White and Blue" was in the days of peace ; but War has not affected Nassau very much, in appearance at least. Yet the little colony is doing something, and a good large "something," considering its size. It has sent in earlier days of the War £10,000 as a lump sum ; since then, money, garments, etc., for the Red Cross, for which our Governor's wife works indefatigably ; and most important of all—men. Individuals have gone, some straight to England, others to Canada to enlist ; and besides these white men, the Colony has sent two contingents, mostly of coloured men, and is sending a third ; and will keep the total strength up to 200.

These join the West Indian Regiments ; and some, we know, are now in Egypt. It is a far cry from a lonely "out-island" to England and Egypt, but the men come. They felt the winter cold in England very much, and we heard that there was great competition for the post of regimental cook, as promising greater warmth !

The men are much fêted before they leave, and I was able to help at one of the Fêtes given by the Bishop. The men had tea, ice cream, cigarettes, and then amused themselves—the amusement, of course, being dancing. Afterwards they were lined up for the Bishop's good-bye words, and he shook hands with each ; then they left. I remember we noticed the beauty of that evening's sunset.

I saw, too, the setting off from the Island of both contingents. The men were drawn up near a small platform on which were various notables—the Governor, the Bishop, etc. The Governor spoke to the men. The papers were handed over to the men in charge of the contingent during the first stage of its journey ; the flag (for each contingent boasts its own colours) was given up to be placed in the Cathedral ; and then they went on

board the flag-betrimmed schooners, which were close at hand. Even in these days some must start for the War in sailing ships. The Bishop did offer the "Message of Peace," the Mission schooner, to transport the contingent, which provoked the mirth of "Punch," as some of you may have seen, but in the end other schooners were taken : and so they sailed away to bring help from the Bahamas.

You may like some news of S. Hilda's School. At present its numbers are going up, and were over 60 last term. Consequently we try not to tumble over one another or the desks, and so far with success ; the smallest, and there are some very small ones, have escaped being trodden under foot. An original feature of the movement of Forms here is that when they go out into the "yard" for a lesson, they carry their chairs generally on their heads, cleverly holding at the same time their books. I wish I could draw, and then I might execute a Greek frieze of a "Procession of S. Hilda's Maidens bearing Chairs." We have had a drought, so that the dust has been very bad and has rather spoilt the "yard" as a place for the children to play in.

The work as well as the numbers is advancing, and three of the elder girls are to attempt the Senior Oxford in June.

In games, too, the School has taken a great stride forward since I last wrote. It rejoices in a good Games' Mistress, who has to do many other things too. Tennis has been started, and at the end of 1915 the Forms played a tournament, which VI. won. A Shield has been presented, which will be, we hope, a new delight to the Tennis players, and it is to me an additional pleasure that it was carved by an A.O.S. Mistress. Basket Ball, too, was played for the first time last term. This game was begun for the Girl Guides, to which S. Hilda's furnishes a Company ; and though the School was thoroughly beaten by the other two Companies, they played up splendidly



and took their beating as English-descended girls should.

I could add a long list of needs for S. Hilda's and for Education generally in the Bahamas. New buildings for S. Hilda's, and for a Church Secondary School for coloured girls, which is *badly* needed, Teachers for both, School furniture, *good* school books, etc., etc., are all needed, and we must hope that some day they will come.

Now the mail is going, and so must this, with love and all good wishes to A.O.S.

MARGARET A. MOORE.

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### Home-growing of Medicinal Herbs.

In the old days England used to grow most of its own drugs, but of late years the industry has passed largely into the hands of Germany and Austria-Hungary. An Association of women herb-growers has been formed, whose object it is to encourage the growing of medicinal herbs by the women of England. The idea is that there should be "central drug-farms"—where some herbs should be grown in large quantities, and where also arrangements should be made to collect and receive the herbs grown in small private gardens or in plots of large ones.

The School has lately taken up the idea, and Form VIB. has laid out a small plot in the School garden, near the potting-shed.

At present it consists of four beds, containing

1. Digitalis Purpurea (Foxglove), for the leaves.
2. Aconitum Napellus (Monkshood), for the root.
3. Papaver Somni Ferum (Opium Poppy), for the  
"poppy heads."
4. Marrubium Vulgare (Horehcund), leaves and  
stems.

A quantity of Foxglove seed has also been sown in the grass round the edge of the Cricket Field in preparation for next year's crop, and it is proposed to plant the banks along two sides of the Tennis Courts with Meadow Saffron (*Colchicum Autumnale*), but there has been difficulty so far in obtaining the corms.

There are many wild plants, with medicinal qualities, growing in our woods and lanes, such as Dandelion, Foxglove, Figwort, Broom, Male Fern, etc. Girls spending the Summer holidays in the country might do good work in collecting such herbs as these, and sending them to the nearest centre.

Those who require further information should write to the Secretary of the Herb-growing Association, 6th Floor, Queen Anne's Chambers, Westminster.

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### Farm Labourers in War Time.

5.0 a.m. How we loved that alarm clock that woke us out of our well-earned sleep at this early hour! It was not as if we could turn over and go to sleep again—it went off seven times at intervals of about three minutes. With much grumbling we rolled each other out of bed, dressed, and went downstairs. Was our lunch ready? Yes, there it was on the table. It consisted of a tin containing bread and butter, a bag with cheese and hard-boiled eggs, and a milk can containing lemonade. I used to have a Thermos flask, but Boxer (one of the cart horses) obligingly put his big foot on it one day by mistake. At last we got our bicycles out of the bicycle house, mounted them, and sped off in the direction of the farm. Although we were both very sleepy, we could not help admiring the scenery.

After having our breakfast with the farmer, we donned

our aprons and sun bonnets, and taking our pails and stools went to milk. This we liked, although occasionally we found ourselves sitting in the gangway, in a pool of milk. This was a rare occurrence however. Then I went out in the float with the farmer. I drove, and we bumped along over fields, driving the cattle in front of us. I found it rather difficult to keep my balance, to drive the obstreperous pony, and not to bump into the cattle. After we had seen the cattle safely disposed of, we drove some more cattle up to go to market in the neighbouring town, and the farmer asked me if I would mind helping the boy to drive them. Of course, I said I would help, and we proceeded down the main road in the wake of the cattle, much to the astonishment of various respectable people who were going to market in their traps. When the cattle were safely past all turnings, I left the boy and went back to the farm. It was then about 10.0 a.m.

I found that we had to go into one of the fields to scythe thistles. We equipped ourselves with scythes and whetstone, and taking our lunch with us, went to the field.

We had our lunch—bread and cheese—sitting under a tree. It was pouring with rain, and we and the cattle and horses took advantage of the cover. We were wearing sou'westers, mackintoshes, leggings and thick boots, but even then we got wet. The difficulty of scything thistles lies in not injuring the horses and cows, who follow in a solemn procession and eat the cut thistles. Also we sometimes came dangerously near to cutting each other.

By 12 o'clock it had cleared up, and we went up to the farm again. We had our dinner in a hayrick, with a stray fowl or two for company, when the farmer came and told me he wanted me to turn some hay. We took Boxer down with the swathe turner, and he showed me how to do it, then left me to it. All went well for some time, although I am afraid my rows were not very straight. It

was rather nice sitting perched up on the box, and saying "Gee back, lad!" "Boxer!" "Wey!" at intervals. It was a very hot afternoon and Boxer was lazy; suddenly he stood still, I tried my hardest to get him along, but he would not move. Finally, my "master" came to my help, and after that time I was able to make him go quite well.

We cycled home again at about 6.30 p.m., very glad our day's work was over—over except for our shopping and the preparation of our lunch for to-morrow.

Next morning we milked as usual, and then I went with "John"—one of the men, aged seventy—to lead the horse while he pushed the scuffle in between the rows of turnips. As a cart horse's feet are rather big, and the rows are very close together, it is difficult to prevent his putting his foot on a turnip or two, but that must be avoided at all costs. Turning round at the ends of the rows, he sometimes tried to plant his foot on mine; at other times he kicked me. Occasionally he wished to stop and have a rest, and then my arm nearly came out, as, trying to imitate a farm labourer's voice, I shouted "Co' up lad, Gilbert!" and pulled for all I was worth. Then again he would think he would like a run, and then I had to pull him back, and say "Wey, lad—steady, Gilbert."

The men were very much distressed because we refused to wear hats, and once when it was raining, and I had no hat, they consulted together and brought me a sack to put over my head! When the sun had been shining for some time we went into the hayfield, and cocked and pitched the hay. It may look and sound very picturesque and nice, but it really is very hard work. Cocking, pitching, and stacking—we were on till 8.30 at night, and then we had to be back again at 6 next morning.

Such is a War-time farm labourer's life!

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## A Zeppelin Raid.

We had always longed to see a Zeppelin, and when we did it quite came up to our expectations.

Towards the end of last Summer we were in London on a brief visit. We were staying at a hotel, and just came in for one of the West-end raids. We had gone to bed late and were soundly sleeping when the "Zepp" was sighted. The first I heard of it was long and piercing shrieks of a decidedly alarming nature. I woke, and hastily slipping on a dressing-gown, opened the door. The screams redoubled in vigour, and at length resolved themselves into words, "Manager, manager, have you any fire precautions, and *where* are the buckets of sand, oh, *don't* let them come near me, oh! oh!" My sleepy brain could see no cause for terror in buckets of sand, and I was thinking of returning to my slumbers when the door opposite mine opened, and a most fearsome apparition appeared. It was attired in an antedeluvian fur coat over what appeared to be a nightdress, and its face was deadly white with two enormous dark eyes. After a moment of absolute terror I realised that the latter was a respirator. Near the apparition stood the manager, obsequious and soothing. "I assure you, madam," he was murmuring, "there is no danger whatsoever, the hotel is most adequately provided against any such emergency." By this time quite a crowd had formed, and we had most of us realised that Zeppelins were "in the air." This was too good to be missed, and entirely disregarding the manager's entreaties, I and a few others raced downstairs. We must have been a funny sight to a casual observer, had there been one, but luckily most of us were far too excited to notice appearances. The feminine portion of the crowd either had their hair in plaits hanging down their backs, or screwed up in tight little knots, according to the age and disposition of the wearer, and their costumes were distinctly bizarre. The

men were not nearly so thrilled, they mostly looked sleepy and rather cross at being turned out of bed by their excited women-folk.

There was great pandemonium, everyone chattering to no one in particular, the barking of many dogs, and behind everything the steady roar and throb of the monster's engines. Searchlights were flashing everywhere, but as yet no Zeppelin was to be seen, and we were beginning to think lovingly of our beds when a sudden hush fell. Looking up I saw that at which half London was probably gazing; it hung there, seemingly motionless, in the full glare of the many searchlights which, crossing and recrossing over the black vault of the sky, looked like a great golden patchwork. Then the anti-aircraft guns started, and at this moment the manager appeared, imploring us all to come in as it was getting dangerous.

As I reached the door I gave one last look at the thing which I knew I was not likely ever to see again. It was a stirring scene, the airship hanging like a great golden boat in the starry sky, and here and there long red-tongued flames shot up against the dusk—someone's home was burning down.

That last look imprinted the whole scene on my memory, and as I went regretfully in I felt that I should never forget it.

B. B., V.

### To those who are Serbing their Country.

You, who in peril sail upon the deep,  
 Watching and waiting, while day after day  
 Slips by—month after month, two years; alway  
 Your long, grey vessels through the long waves creep,  
 Guarding our coasts! God give you strength to keep

Your watch till Peace return. Then well we'll say  
 Britain rules still the waves ! May she hold sway for ever !

And you, struggling while we sleep,  
 Fight, holding Britain's honour in your hands ;  
 Counting not weariness, nor wounds, nor lives—  
 Fearful of nothing that of life deprives.  
 All heroes, all, who form these gallant bands !  
 Know, that for you, a ceaseless supplication  
 Goes up from England, from the English Nation !

C. R., IVA.

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### The Black and White Houses of Worcestershire.

Worcestershire has many beautiful, romantic-looking black and white houses. First let us take North-east Worcestershire, then South-west. The town of Bromsgrove has several old houses. Of late, when the houses have been repaired, the workmen have found underneath all the plaster work the most beautiful oak beams, black with age. Many of the cottages are black and white, and date from about the sixteenth century. I am afraid the cottages do not look as charming as they should, because they are in a rather dirty part with untidy people living in them. The Old Bank is by far the most beautiful ; this dates from the fourteenth century, and is half-timbered. Once it was the Hop Pole Inn, where all the coaches used to stop when going from London to Worcester. One beautiful black and white house has a mounting block outside, and it is quite easy to imagine a cavalier gentleman coming out of the house, getting on to the block, then mounting his horse and riding away to join King Charles' army.

The little village of Arrow near Alcester is, I think, one of the prettiest villages to be seen. In Summer the

gardens are ablaze with flowers, and roses climb over the houses in amongst the black and white.

In West Worcestershire the village which contains the oldest houses is Ombersley ; it is very pretty, with roses and honeysuckle climbing over the houses. In Spring, the fruit trees in the gardens make a perfect background for the houses.

In the City of Worcester there are several old houses in the back streets. King Charles' house is a small one with dark oak beams. There are several half-timbered houses near the Cornmarket.

M. B., IVA.

### A Dickens' Character.

It is impossible to write about Mr. Micawber without writing about his wife as well, for she is his reflection. When Mr. Micawber rejoices, his wife rejoices with him ; if he is in the depths of despair, his faithful spouse is the picture of woe. No other woman could have followed him through the changes and eccentricities of his feelings as did his wife, for Mr. Micawber was dancing a jig of joy one minute, weeping copiously into his handkerchief the next ; puffed out with pride and fairly beaming on the whole world for a few moments, a human wreck of despair for the next few ; and through all these divers moods Mrs. Micawber did not even follow him, for she was there—waiting for him at every corner, her thin face wreathed in smiles or convulsed in sobs as the occasion necessitated. No matter if her husband were at work and she at home looking after the twins, which by the way she never ceased doing, and as he was wending his homeward way, he felt life's perplexities too hard for him, when he arrived at his house he would find the walls positively damp with the



tears of his wife, who was distressed by the same perplexities.

The Micawber family were hopelessly poor, but this did not hinder them from spending money upon feasts to celebrate occasions of peculiar happiness. Oh no ! nothing of the sort. There were always three ways open by which to get money. Either they would pawn a chair, spoon, or anything available, or they would borrow, allowing 5 per cent. to the lender, which loans they never by any chance paid back ; or else Mr. Micawber would revisit the home of his childhood, youth, and manhood—the debtor's prison.

Mr. Micawber revelled in long flowing speeches, in mysterious words of numerous syllables and in far-fetched well-sounding nonsense, which he generally finished by saying "in short," and explaining briefly the gist of his speech. "Under the impression that your peregrinations in this Metropolis have not as yet been extensive, and that you might have some difficulty in penetrating the arcana of the modern Babylon, in the direction of the City Road, in short"—in a burst of confidence, "that you might lose yourself, I shall be happy to call this evening and instal you in the knowledge of the nearest way," is his greeting to David Copperfield on seeing him first, and poor David nearly faints with awe at standing in the presence of the learned man.

According to Mrs. Micawber, Mr. Micawber's talents are so wonderful, so numerous, so extensive, as not to be appreciated by those of only moderate intellect. She, poor dear, never ponders in her heart the reason of her husband's continual failure, or if she does, she merely pities the men who have failed to understand her husband's greatness and never realizes that perhaps his talents are rather exaggerated. In the end England proves too small a space to allow for the exercising of these powers, and the family emigrates to Australia in the hope that they will there find a wider

scope, and that these talents will, owing to this, prove more effectual, for, so far, they have only succeeded in sending Micawber to prison with the regularity of clock-work.

As it happened the "something" which they were always expecting "turned up" at last, for the Australians were simple people, and entirely taken in by this new specimen of that humourist, Nature; and the Micawbers thrived and flourished in their new-found position.

S. H., V.

### A few Characters from the Slums.

There are certain attributes which are essential to District Visitors, and which are possessed by remarkably few. This is bad enough for the visitors themselves, but much worse for those they visit. A District Visitor must possess a sense of humour, a power of suppressing her sense of smell, great sympathy, and real love of the people.

The chief feature of my own district is squalor. The characteristics of the people are those of most South Staffordshire working people. They are slow, good-humoured, and possessed of a certain rugged gentleness and wonderful fortitude. They seem to have no inborn courtesy, and scarcely ever show their gratitude.

There is every sort and condition of character among those I visit, but one of the most pathetic is James Mayberry. He is slowly dying of cancer, and suffers more physical pain every day than the majority of people do in a year. He lies day by day in the same small evil-smelling attic, alone with his terrible suffering. From his tiny window he sees the same grey roofs, the same smoky chimney-pots, and the same piece of grey or blue sky,

always. He seldom grumbles. At one time he was a handsome man, now his white, transparent face and deep, patient grey eyes have a marvellous spiritual beauty.

A character of quite a different mould is Mrs. Spackman. She is the most amusing woman in the street. I went to see her one day, at the time of an election. I found her in tears. When I enquired the cause of it, I learnt that a certain Mary Jane had died. I asked what relation she was to Mrs. Spackman, "Oh, forty-two cousinth or some'at," she exclaimed. I cheered her up by talking of the election, and she told me how she had collected all the red flannel petticoats in the street to make decorations for an expected "Conservatist" procession. The Liberal member was, for the time being, her deadliest enemy, and she told how she had served him. "Wal, when I sees the bloomin' varmint acoming up the street, I sez to Mrs. Jones, sez I, 'ere take this 'ere hegg and chuck at 'im; after that I gives 'er some bad potatoes, but I keeps out o' the row meself." Mrs Spackman was a Churchwoman, and it would not have done for her to be seen pelting the Liberal candidate with bad eggs and potatoes.

One of the most beautiful characters I know is that of Mr. Mason, or "Ole Mason," as he is generally called. He is a mystic, and might well be a follower of S. Francis of Assisi, or S. John of the Cross. He is small and bent, with long, silken, white hair and beard, and radiant blue eyes. He spends most of his time praying, and gives his Sunday dinner—which is the only good meal he gets in the week—to someone poorer than himself.

One of my greatest friends is a little woman called Mrs. Taphouse. She is a dear, and quite different from the other women. A tiny thing, with a delicate, refined face, she might have come straight out of Reynold's picture "Robinetta." She has beautiful hair which she plaits round her head, a pink and white skin, and eyes half-roguish,

half-mournful. In the early morning I go and help her to tub her children in front of the kitchen fire, while her husband eats his breakfast. It was this same husband, who, when asked whether he had had too much to drink, gave the unexpected answer that he thoughtlessly drunk some water and that it had "fled all over him."

These are only a few of those characters which one meets every day in the slums. They are not very fine for the most part. They are generally simple, and nearly always have some striking good point in spite of the apparent sordidness of their lives, and the hideousness of their surroundings.

AN O. G.

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### Head Girls.

1883-84	}	...	F. Buck.
1884-85			
1885-86	...	G. Guinness.	
1886-87	...	M. Chesshire.	
1887-88	...	S. Sitwell.	
1888-89	...	Ethel Abell.	
1889-90	...	Ethel Abell, M. Bolland.	
1890-91	...	M. Bolland.	
1891-92	...	E. Wigram.	
1892-93	...	R. Webb, B. Mackworth.	
1893-94	...	Mary Bates.	
1894-95	...	E. Steer.	
1895-96	...	E. Steer, Edith Abell.	
1896-97	...	D. Hodge.	
1897-98	...	N. Crowe.	
1898-99	...	D. Shuttleworth.	
1899-1900	...	D. Gregson.	
1900-01	...	G. Barrington-Ward, O. Browne.	
1901-02	...	G. Hough.	
1902-03	...	G. Hough.	
1903-04	...	K. Marsh.	
1904-05	...	K. Harris.	



1905-06	...	G. Hollowell.
1906-07	...	G. Stockman.
1907-08	...	R. Surman.
1908-09	...	F. Abell.
1909-10	...	M. Druitt, J. Webb.
1910-11	...	J. Tree, V. Horne.
1911-12	..	W. Anton.
1912-13	...	M. Ottley.
1913-14	...	J. Harding, Mary Chappel.
1914-15	...	M. Chappel, K. Mussen.
1915-16	...	M. Grisman.

### Speech Day.

Owing to the date of the publication of the Magazine it was only possible in the last number to print the list of prizes and certificates given on Speech Day. It was the first Public Prize-giving since the change in the constitution and name of the School; and it seemed specially appropriate that the occasion should be marked by the presence of the Reverend Dr. R. L. Ottley, Canon of Christ Church, who most kindly came to distribute the prizes. His speech was greatly appreciated, combining, as it did in a delightful manner, high and inspiring thoughts, with at least one very amusing story.

The Council's grant of £15 towards the prizes was divided, according to the childrens' votes, as follows:—

To the British Red Cross,	£4.
To the French Red Cross,	£1.
To the Blue Cross,	£4.
To the Serbian Fund,	£3 5s.
To Lord Roberts' Fund,	£2 15s.

The cost of the shilling books presented as prizes was met by the kind gifts of individual friends of the School.

### Bach Recital.

On December 2nd was given the second Concert that had been arranged in connection with the work of the "Music in War Time" Committee, and was devoted to a Recital of Bach Music. For this we were fortunate in having a visit from such a Bach enthusiast as Miss Mary Paget, who in an informal talk interested us in the personality of one of the greatest men the world has

known; and then by a varied selection from his music, ranging from a "Capriccio on the absence of a beloved brother" (1704), to some of the glorious music of the Christmas Oratorio (1733), showed us how all that he wrote, whether secular or sacred, vocal or instrumental, was a masterpiece from every point of view. In this she was assisted by Miss Agnes Clarke (soprano), Mr. Powell Edwards (baritone), Mrs. Shirley (pianoforte), and M. Matthien Lagrillière (cello).

With such a wealth of good things to be remembered it is not safe to trust ourselves with even a short detailed account, but perhaps mention may be made of the song taken from the MS. music book, compiled by Bach for his wife, Anna Magdalene, an interesting facsimile of the original manuscript being given on our programmes. This song was described by Miss Paget as one of the most beautiful love songs in existence, and she herself sang it to us with such charm and simplicity that it will certainly be remembered as one of the most perfect examples of the great master's work heard during the afternoon.

## The Guild Meeting.

This was the first since Canon Claughton's death, and we sadly missed both him and Mrs. Claughton, who could not be with us.

Mr. Hooper has kindly consented to act as Warden, and gave the Address.

He spoke of Canon Claughton's work for us, both as Warden and as having prepared so many girls for Confirmation.

The following new members were admitted: Mary Chappel and Phyllis Cox.

Miss Beale has not yet received all the subscriptions to Canon Claughton's Memorial that she knows are intended to be sent. The fund will very shortly be closed, so that all contributions should be forwarded to her as quickly as possible.

## The Confirmation.

The Rev. G. F. Hooper prepared our Candidates this year for the Confirmation, which was at the Cathedral on March 21st.

The A.O.S. Candidates were: P. Bartlett, M. Domney, M. Bird, V. Knowles, I. Coomber, A. Hooke, A. Howell, P. Hansen Bay, P. Jones,

P. Wheaton, E. Wheaton, M. Thornton, R. Lowe, K. Lowe, I. Grove, A. Hall, V. Rea.

Bishop Fyson administered the rite.

## The Singing Competition.

In spite of Miss Bowles' absence for the Term, the Forms competed as usual for the Singing Shield. Mr. Chignell kindly arranged the Competition, and on March 29th Mr. Gurney Barnett adjudicated.

The Shield was won by Form V., conducted by S. Hancock, who also won the Conductor's prize. Of the three Junior Forms, IIIB. did best, and their Conductor, Miss Hackney, received special mention.

Mr. Chignell most kindly gave a book prize to each of the Conductors of the Junior Forms.

## The Pageant.

"CHILDREN THROUGH THE CENTURIES."

On December 16th we were glad to take a large share in the production in Worcester of the Pageant arranged by the Church of England Waifs and Strays Society for the benefit of their War Emergency Fund.

The Theatre was most kindly lent by Mr. Carlton for the performance, which proved very successful, bringing in £80 clear for the fund.

The Pageant has been given in so many other parts of England that it hardly needs describing here, but those who have seen it elsewhere will be interested to know that the scenes undertaken by A. O. S. and arranged by Miss Spurling were :

Bethlehem.

St. Nicholas, 1 and 2.

Child Marriages.

An Old English Fair.

Of these, each was excellent in its own way. The Bethlehem tableaux were very reverently and impressively presented, and struck the right note for the opening of a series of pictures, each of which was to teach its own lesson, and the sequence of which had been carefully and thoughtfully planned.

The interesting selection of music was supplied by Mrs. MacRae's Orchestra, and A.O.S. girls sang carols behind the scenes under Miss Bowles' guidance.

In the two St. Nicholas scenes there was much more scope for *acting*, and every advantage was taken of this. The conversion of the host was very well shewn; and the frolics of the small children in the nursery scene were much enjoyed by the audience—and not less by the performers! The dances in these scenes were arranged by Miss Clarke and Miss Webb. The costumes for the Child Marriage, designed by Miss Graham and Miss Harrison, helped to render this a most stately and magnificent scene, and excited great admiration. The grouping of the figures was extremely effective, and the demeanour of the little bride and bridegroom showed a very appropriate mingling of awe at the impressive ceremony, with child-like enjoyment of the less solemn parts of it. The Old English Fair was most popular, being a gay and cheerful scene; the dresses were charming and the action spirited and natural. The most striking feature was a merry Morrice-dance (arranged by Miss Morris); but the antics of a clever performing bear also deserve mention. The bear and his keeper (a very striking figure!) afterwards made a successful tour among the audience, collecting quite a large sum of money.

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## Old Girls.

Irene Cave-Browne-Cave is nursing on the Hospital Ship "Plassy," on which sailors from the Fleet are received. She nursed a number of survivors from the "Natal."

Winifred Ragg is working in Lloyds Bank, Droitwich, and Gladys Beauchamp has a post in Lloyd's Bank, Worcester.

Miss Turner has a post at the Chesterton High School, near Derby.

Lorna Morgan is a probationer at an Eye Hospital in Judd Street, London, W.C.

Grace Chappel is in London studying for Dispensary work.

Molly Otley has gained Honours Class III. in Classical Moderations at Oxford.

Freda Jones completed her Higher Frœbel Certificate in December at the Bedford Kindergarten Training College. She is now Kindergarten Mistress in a school at Frinton-on-Sea.

Marjorie Brierley is now one of the partners in a private school at Hoylake in Cheshire.

Ettie Graves-Morris is Head of a Kindergarten in Scotland.



Marion Moore is near Boulogne. She has been doing house-work in a big hotel which has been lent to the British Red Cross as a hostel for nurses from some of the Military Hospitals, and for the relations of patients who are very ill. She has lately been made "Home Sister."

Margaret Gibbs, Marguerite Rowe and Dorothy Sharpe have private posts.

Mary Hay is still at St. Denys', Warminster, as owing to the War the U.M.C.A. cannot at present arrange for her to go out to Central Africa.

Ophelia Browne has been cooking in a canteen in Rouen, and is now home on leave.

Nina Grisman is an Assistant Mistress at St. Stephen's, Cheltenham.

Lilian Stiles has been awarded by the Royal Humane Society a testimonial for life-saving, she "having on September 8th, 1915, gone to the rescue of H. V. Adamson, who was in imminent danger of drowning in the sea at Aberystwyth, and whose life she courageously saved."

Marjorie Chappel and Phyllis Horton are studying medicine in London, and are living together.

Helena White has left Fort Victoria and is temporarily nursing in the Native Hospital at Gatooma.

Fanny Evans (*née* Brierley) has been managing her husband's estate at Whitbourne since he went to the Front in August, 1915, and, indeed, for some time previously.

Rachel Keir Moilliet (*née* Wigram) has suffered great anxiety about her husband. He was acting as British Chaplain in Serbia, and was taken prisoner by the Austrians in October, 1915, but he was set free, and arrived in England on February 29th.

Florrie Potter is clerk to the International Universities Bureau in Chelsea.

Olwen Lloyd has a Government post as Motor-driver.

Edith Rubery is working at Fargo Military Hospital on Salisbury Plain.

Enid Ondaatje has been busy in Ceylon collecting for an aeroplane; she also got up a successful Concert which produced 1600 rupees for the "War Passage Fund."

Doris Marston is preparing a house on the outskirts of Ludlow as a hospital for 30 wounded soldiers. Until now she has been busy at the Recruiting Office in Ludlow.

Winifred Anton has a temporary post at the Kidderminster High School.

Dorothea Johnson Barker has a post at Mortimer House School, Clifton.

Justina Kent has a private post at Hatfield to which she goes daily from St. Alban's. She devotes much of her spare time to helping in canteens.

Miss Dickinson is living at Camberley and keeping house for her brother.

Sybil Weaver is Lady Almoner at the Waterloo Hospital.

Gwen and Frances Clarke are working in Messrs. Cox's Bank.

Daisy Holland is working at one of the Hospital Supplies Depôts in London.

Marjorie Surman is "house-maiding" at a V.A.D. Hospital.

Violet Surman is helping at the Battenhall Hospital.

Mollie Walker is helping a friend to manage a farm in the absence of its owner.

Margaret Ritter paid us a visit the other day. She was at Droitwich with her mother who had been ill; and this had interrupted the War-work she had been doing.

Rachel Swann is training at the London Hospital.

Janet Swann has been for two years at the College for Lady Gardeners, at Glynde in Sussex. She thoroughly enjoys the life and her work.

Sybil Naylor is living at home whence she cannot be spared. She is representative of the G.D.A. in Kidderminster. We congratulate her on her engagement to Lieutenant Reginald Knight in the Motor Machine Gun Corps.

Mary Williamson is also a home daughter. She is not strong enough to take up nursing or other War-work, but helps her father in his parish work.

Betty Haughton is training as a nurse in the Middlesex Hospital.

Charlotte Tomlinson is needed at home, but she has gained her "First Aid" and "Home Nursing" Certificates.

K. Priest is helping in a V.A.D. Hospital near Birmingham.

Winnie Joseland has been learning typewriting and shorthand in order that she may be ready to help in her father's office if the need should arise.

Margaret Pritchett is living near London, and is training to be a Private Secretary.

Molly Holloway has taken up office work near her home.

Kathleen Archer is living at home and helps in a V.A.D. Hospital at High Wycombe.

Mattie Lyne is studying history at Somerville College, Oxford.

Mary Garman is living at home.

A. Williams and H. Downes are working in their fathers' offices.

The following extract from an Old Girl's letter may inspire others who, desiring to become nurses, are yet too young to begin their training. There could hardly be a better way of using the time which must elapse before they reach the necessary age, than by learning dispensary, especially as it is becoming abundantly clear that there will be more scope and great need in the future for widely educated, highly trained nurses, to whom doctors will be glad to give greater responsibility than in the past. We are glad to know that the intellectual level of women entering the nursing profession has been steadily rising for some time, at any rate in the London hospitals :—

“I thought you would like to know more about my work now that I have had three weeks of it.

We do some practical dispensing every day ; the juniors usually have the first 1½ hours in the Dispensary each morning. Prescriptions (pills, ointments, &c., so far) are put up on the mantelpiece ; we copy them into our note books, and then proceed to make them up—or try to !

We also have practical chemistry once a week, but the chemistry that we have to know is not very advanced, only what it is essential that we should know.

I should think D. W. would find it more interesting and a great advantage to do some chemistry before she begins her practical course in London.

The rest of our time is spent with ‘Materia Medica,’ ‘Pharmacy,’ and ‘Calculation’ classes ; and also we learn to recognise specimens.

Nurse takes us for the ‘Materia Medica.’ We learn about the different plants and animals used, their active principles, and the different pills, ointments, &c., in which they form ingredients.

Learning the different doses is very important. We have little printed ‘dose-books,’ and learn a certain number every day. In the Pharmacy class we learn all the official preparations.

The Calculation class is rather puzzling, and people who are bad at Arithmetic do not find it very easy.

We also have a Prescription Reading class. It does not seem at all necessary to know Latin beforehand, as you soon pick up what is necessary.

There is a great deal to get into one's head and to keep there, and we are told that the only thing to do is to revise the work we do week by week over and over again.”

## SCHOOL CALENDAR.

- Dec. 2—Lecture on Bach's Music by Miss Paget, with illustrations.  
 Dec. 13—Domestic School Sale of Cakes, Plum Puddings, Jam, Chutney, &c.,  
 in aid of the Polish Relief Fund.  
 Miss Harrison's Painting Pupils' Sale of Christmas Cards for the  
 same object.  
 Dec. 16—"Children through the Centuries" Pageant, in aid of the War  
 Emergency Fund of the Church of England Waifs and Strays  
 Society.  
 Dec. 17—Guild Meeting.  
 Dec. 21—Term ended.
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- Jan. 20—School re-opened.  
 Jan. 29—Miss Spurling's Party for Junior Boarders.  
 Mar. 21—The Confirmation.  
 Mar. 29—Singing Competition.  
 April 3—Cathedral Catechizing Examination.  
 April 7—Term ended.
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- May 9—School re-opened.  
 May 24—Empire Day. Miss Cholmondeley spoke to the School about the  
 United Girls' Schools Mission.  
 June 1—Ascension Day. Expedition to Stratford.  
 June 7 & 8—Ablett Drawing Examination.  
 June 12—Half-term Holiday.

## GIRLS WHO HAVE LEFT.

At Christmas: M. Dowdeswell, I. Frost, P. Cox, Mary and Marjorie Cooper, P. Kirk, E. Lawrence, and J. Hallack.

At Easter: M. Chignell, M. Domney, M. Lane, P. Brierley, M. Culley, M. Graham, J. Bayly; also Humphrey Lewis.

## NEW GIRLS.

After Christmas. In January: Phyllis Bartlett (V.), Josephine Cubitt and Marion Baker (IVa.), Evelyn Burston (IVb.), Betty Yates (Rem.), Lily Wyatt (I.), and Peggie Hiles, daughter of Marion Carless, (K.G.)

In May: Kathleen Wilson (Rem.), Winifred Elton, sister of Margaret, (IIIA. English), Dorothy Powell, Evelyn Bradley and Averil Pearson (II.), Betty Holmes, Marjorie Dorrell and Pauline Bottomley, sister of Olga, (I.),



Joan Holmes, Clarice Roberts, sister of Phyllis, Irene Dorrell, and Eileen Ranford (Preparatory).

### MRS. VINCENT.

There may still, perhaps, be some Old Springfield Girls who may not have heard of the death of Mrs. Vincent. Her illness began in September of last year, and the end came just before Christmas.

We who love her can hardly yet realize our loss, partly, I think, because as the years went on, however we may have changed ourselves, she at least was always the same ; so that one came to take her sympathy and herself rather for granted—one felt that they were always there.

And in looking back, and trying to see what it was especially that made her beloved by so many, one is brought to the conclusion that it was exactly that—*she was always the same* ; wherever one met her, whatever she was doing, and whatever other people were doing around her, she was just her own, quiet self, ready to listen, to laugh, and to sympathize. Her interests were always those of other people, and she never seemed to lose her interest in anyone. Right up to the end of her life it was a real delight to her to have a letter from any of her Old Springfield Girls. She never forgot any of them, though she seemed to retain no memory of their tiresomeness. As one thinks of her, various pictures rise before one's mind.

How she always used to stand at the sitting-room window at Springfield to watch us going past on our way to School in the morning, shaking her head over those who habitually dashed past at the last minute.

Among the audience on Speech Days or Drill Parades, how one's eyes sought for her best bonnet, with her dear old face under it ! She always took a quiet pride in the achievements of Springfield on those occasions.

Then I see her at the Fancy Dress Ball at Madresfield—a dear old dame of the 14th Century, thoroughly enjoying it all, and ready with her "Well, my dear," which always made you feel as though she had been waiting for you, and was satisfied you had come. I suppose it was her simple way of taking things as they came, and entering naturally into everything that kept her from ageing.

About my last remembrance of her before her illness was on a hot August day, in a big white apron, making plum jam over her kitchen fire ; although hot and tired, she was full of fun over it all the time. She always loved a joke as a good Christian should.

At her Requiem we sang her favourite hymn : "The God of Love my

Shepherd is," and the last verse of it seemed to give the secret of that unchanging serenity which was her most remarkable characteristic :

"Surely, Thy sweet and wondrous Love  
Shall measure all my days ;  
And as it never shall remove,  
So neither shall my praise.

### DR. W. WALLACE.

On September 10th, 1915, at Budleigh Salterton, the Rev. William Wallace, D.D., D.Litt., Vicar of St. Luke's, Burdett Road, E., died in his 87th year.

Many of our readers may not know that Dr. Wallace wrote the School Latin Hymn and the Epitaph on the old School Bell.

*(Omitted from the last Magazine.)*

### EXAMINATIONS.

Last December, Marguerite Rowe passed the 2nd part of the Higher Froebel Examination.

#### ROYAL DRAWING SOCIETY.

At the Spring Exhibition the following awards were made: *Highly Commended*—K. Mussen (1. Plants. 2. Seascapes. 3. Botany Note-book). C. Robinson (Plants, Brushwork). G. Chappel (Water-colour).

*Commended 1st Class*—E. Cadbury (Sheet of Drawings and Brushwork). M. Lane (Pencil Drawings). P. Mann (Animals). P. Mann (Heads from Life). B. Webb (Plants, Brushwork).

*Commended 2nd Class*—M. Garman (Ducklings from Life). S. Hancock (Plants, Brushwork). G. Rigden (Plants, Brushwork). Joan Watson (Plants, Brushwork). B. Webb (Pencil). Form I., Sheet of Collected Drawings (Plants, Brushwork).

Also seven Third Class and four Fourth Class awards.

#### CATHEDRAL CATECHIZING EXAMINATION.

At the end of the Lent Term the Precentor set a Paper for those who attend Children's Service on Sunday afternoons. Miss Spurling offered two prizes, the Senior prize was gained by Christine Robinson, and the Junior by Mercie Marshjones.

## MISSION WORK.

Accounts—December, 1914, to December, 1915.

The total amount collected by means of the Monthly Mission Money and Missionary Boxes was £10 10s. 8½d. This was spent as follows: £4 for Esther Isa Das, our Delhi scholar; £2 10s. was sent to the General Fund of S.P.G.; nine shillings were given to the Rev. C. E. Tyndale-Biscoe, of Kashmir; six shillings (the contents of the "Dining Room Box") were sent to U.M.C.A. We paid five shillings for the postage of soldiers' parcels to Boulogne.

In Lent, 1916, the sum of £1 17s. 3d. was collected in the Lenten Savings Boxes placed in each Form-room. The money was given as usual to the Waifs and Strays Society.

During Lent a great deal of extra needlework was done. Form VI. made a complete baby's outfit (including a cradle), and babies' bonnets, shoes, &c., were made by girls in other Forms. Some of these were sent to Mr. Stephen Paget's Crèche and School for Mothers at 63, Lancaster Road, North Kensington, and some to our old friend the Rev. R. Wilson, St. Augustine's, Stepney.

During the Summer Term flowers have been sent as usual each week to some poor London or Birmingham parish.

Maggie Clarke, our Caerleon waif, has gone home to her mother, so we shall adopt another little girl of the same age in her place.

## GAMES.

## HOCKEY, 1915-1916.

November 13th—A.O.S. 1st XI. v. S. James,' West Malvern. Played at Malvern, S. James' won 1-0.

November 13th—A.O.S. 2nd XI. v. S. James,' West Malvern. Played at home, S. James' won 3-1.

November 20th—A.O.S. 2nd XI. v. Lawnside, Malvern, 1st XI. Played at home, Lawnside won 8-0.

December 11th—A.O.S. 1st XI. v. Malvern College for Girls. Played at home, A.O.S. won 5-2.

Form V. won the Challenge Shield.

## LACROSSE.

February 12th—A.O.S. XII. v. The Abbey School, Malvern. Played at home, Abbey won 6-10.

April 2nd—A.O.S. XII. v. Cheltenham Ladies' College. Played away, Cheltenham won.

Several Matches were scratched owing to the snow.

The Challenge Cup was won by Form IVA.

#### HOCKEY.

The Hockey Team this year was not very strong because a great number of the best players left at Midsummer.

The individual play was very promising in many cases, but very few had any idea of combination.

Of the more prominent members of the team L. Petrie, the captain, made a reliable back, but sometimes spoilt her play by doing too much, and not working with the other back—V. Conan-Davies. V. Rea, the left-half, showed great improvement, but was inclined to be rough, and S. Hancock was too anxious to do other people's work.

The passing of the forward line was not at all good, but their shooting powers, although rather weak, improved latterly.

Colours were won by: 1st XI.—S. Hancock, P. Denton, G. Phillips, D. Wells. 2nd XI.—I. Coomber, I. Curtler, B. Cave, M. Elton.

#### LACROSSE.

The Lacrosse this year suffered from the bad weather of the Spring Term, as the team seldom played together; nevertheless, the play ought to have been better. Very few players are sure of their catching and throwing, and much practice is needed in these before a good team can be formed; the younger children must remember this, and pay more attention to them.

Only two Matches were played, and both these were losing games; the team must learn not to despair, and to play a losing game as well as a winning one.

(*All* the Games suffer from a lack of determination to conquer well-known weak points by means of steady, monotonous practice. This is true of girls of all ages).—Editor's note.

#### GIFTS.

For the Butler Library—

Ancient Worcester Manuscripts, edited by C. Hamilton Turner.

From Miss Mackworth: A set of Shakspeare, Knight's Illustrated Edition,



8 vols. ; a set of Scott's Novels ; and a large number of other standard works of poetry and prose.

From Miss Laybourne : " Religion and Art," by Alessandre della Seta.

For the Museum—

From Mrs. Sherwill : Butterflies and Birds' Eggs. Two Franked Letters.

From Salonika : The Centre-piece of a Tortoise Shell, shewing the animal's age (12 years) by the rings marking it.

## BIRTHS.

On October 13th, 1915, Mrs. Chandos Burton (Constance Vawdrey), a son (Christopher).

On January 22nd, 1916, Mrs. Bernard Keir-Moilliet (R. Wigram), a daughter (Faith Keir).

On February 8th, Mrs. Frank Pike (Daphne Kenyon Stow) a son (James).

On March 27th, Mrs. C. Shuttleworth-King (Marie Southall), a daughter.

On March 27th, Mrs. Lucas (M. Gabb), a son.

On June 13th, Mrs. Eric Wright (Agatha Ottley), a daughter (Kathleen Margaret).

## MARRIAGES.

On October 30th, at S. John the Divine, Kennington, Arthur Llewellyn Gwillim (2nd Lieutenant 15th Batt. Royal Welsh Fusiliers) to Charlotte Dorothy Harris.

On November 18th, at Holy Trinity, Brompton, Captain Noel Eric Hayward Sim to Eileen Margaret Ellis Goodbody.

On November 23rd, at S. Thomas', Halliwell, Frederick William Uprichard Woods (2nd Lieutenant R.F.A.) to Mary Isabel Elfrida Glen-Bott.

On December 27th, at the Parish Church, Caerleon, Willoughby Davies to Mary Stewart.

On December 29th, at S. Paul's, Hammersmith, John Bernard Barron (Captain 3rd Worcesters) to Elinor Anne Popham Blyth.

On January 5th, at Holy Trinity, Worcester, Harold Edward Bradley to Ailsa Adlington.

On January 12th, at S. Paul's, Worcester, the Reverend Carrington Charke to Eileen Crabtree.

On February 17th, at the Parish Church, Shipston-on-Stour, John Bidwell Laurance (Lieutenant 1/1st Hunts Cyclist Battalion) to Nancy Kathleen Cock.

On February 17th, at the Cathedral, Truro, Desmond Patrick Trench (Lieutenant A.F.F.) to Elfrida Mary Elliott Young.

On March 4th, at S. John's, Paddington, Donald Wilson Ellis (Scots Guards) to Evelyn Marjorie (Molly) Cock.

On March 4th, at S. George's, Worcester, William Alfred Brook Trotter to Margaret Joyce Usher.

On May 13th, at S. John's, Worcester, Robert Francis Seward (4th Batt. O.T.C.) to Lilian Florence Bull.

On May 19th, at S. George's, Worcester, Hugh Snowdon to Dorothy Crabtree.

On Ascension Day (June 1st), at S. Margaret's, Westminster, Captain H. T. Molloy (5th Gurkha Rifles), to Ruby Garnett.

## DEATH.

On December 19th, at Madresfield, Emily Vincent.

