

“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.

We are fortunate in being able to include in this number several interesting contributions from Old Girls. There has also been a good supply of material from present girls, not all of it of sufficiently high quality to warrant inclusion. We welcome such efforts, however, and hope for more.

We should like to draw special attention to the paragraph relating to the Bursary Fund, this will be inserted in every Magazine in future. Many girls, when they join the Guild, are not in a position to subscribe from their own private purse, but a few years later could do so. The merits of the Fund are sufficiently obvious, and it may be noticed that so small a subscription as 3/- a year is all that is asked, though more is, of course, most welcome.

Canon Claughton Memorial Fund.

At the end of last term Miss Blanche Beale was able to hand over the sum of £4 to the Treasurer of the Fund, the Precentor.

The Star and Garter Home.

As a result of a collection in each Form last term the sum of £6 was raised and forwarded to the Treasurer of the Girls' Patriotic Union Star and Garter Fund—the object of which is to fit up one of the rooms in the new Home for disabled soldiers.

The girls who earned money by hop-picking during the holidays have contributed nearly another sovereign to this Fund, and we hope to earn some more for it by a Sale of Christmas Cards and Christmas Puddings, etc., towards the end of the term.

The Girl Guides.

On November 7th an interesting Meeting was held in the Hall. At 11.30 Lady Baden-Powell addressed the School for about twenty minutes on the aims and ideals of a Girl Guide, both in the present and for the future. As a means of social service the organization offers great possibilities. The different patrols formed a Guard of Honour, and the Baskerville Company was highly complimented upon its badges.

After dismissing the girls, Lady Baden-Powell spoke to the parents and other ladies interested in the movement, on its value for girls of all classes. A useful discussion followed, and it is hoped that the matter will be warmly taken up in Worcester.

Our own Guides should realise that they are fitting themselves to be Captains and Lieutenants of patrols among their less fortunate sisters in this City and elsewhere, when the time comes for them to leave School and begin to be of use in the world.

The Bursary Fund.

This Fund is supported by subscriptions from Old Girls and Friends of the School, together with the greater part of the rent of Springfield (which is School property). This large contribution, however, is bound to provide first for the Alan Smythies' Mission Bursary, and then for the Butler Bursary.

The Fund has done and is doing excellent work, and we would ask the most generous support possible in these difficult times. It is generally allocated in comparatively small sums, bursaries of three or four guineas a term. It is controlled by a small Committee, of which the Head Mistress is *ex-officio* Chairman, and Miss Mary Bates is Secretary-Treasurer. The accounts are audited annually.

The School Prayer Room.

Old Girls will be interested to hear that the "Blue Room" has been converted into a simple but beautiful little Prayer Room. It is used for Afternoon Prayers, as it holds about 40 girls, also for the Sunday Afternoon Classes, and (next term) for Confirmation Classes. All who use it realise that it is exactly what we have all felt was needed in the School. The Crucifix on the little table was brought from Ober Ammergau in 1910, by Miss Ottley herself, who had long hoped to put the "Blue Room" to its present use.

Bethlehem.

Hay, offer spices to your King,
Kine, incense of your lowly breath ;
Ye birds, with sweetest anthems sing
Him, Who Creation ransometh.

Earth, pour your fragrance at His Feet,
The Virgin-Born, the only Sweet.

O blessed Manger, blessed Cave,
That held the Day-spring from on High ;
And blest the trees that shadow gave
To that most tender Infancy—
Ye beasts and birds be doubly blest,
Whom Jesus' softling Hands caressed.

Sing, sing O Earth ; and flowerets gay,
Your fairest hues before Him spread ;
This is our Saviour's Natal Day,
Who takes the Form He fashioned.
Redeemed Earth, rejoice and sing
Your sweetest songs to Christ the King.

AN OLD GIRL.

The Coffee Shop.

Canteen work is certainly one of the most interesting forms of work open to a woman at present, and I was fortunate in getting taken on at one of the best run of our institutions in France—the Station Coffee Shop, at a large base, where, at the close of 1914, a goods shed was handed over for the purpose to the lady still responsible for its management. It is in no way connected with the Y.M.C.A., which did not get its footing in France so soon, and it has always been run as a self-supporting concern, as all canteens should be. It is, of course, under military supervision, and every worker, before she leaves England, must have not only her passport, but also the military permit, which alone ensures her entry to the zone of the Armies in which the base is situated. Regulations as to occupation, length of stay, etc., are very strict, and we are all semi-military, being taken into hospital if we are ill, and buried under the Union Jack if we die !

Work cannot be said to *begin* at any hour in the Coffee Shop, for since it was opened in its present state on Christmas Eve, 1914, it has only been closed once, when at 10 p.m. one night everything in the place had been eaten, and even then it was open again with fresh provisions at six in the morning. The giants who have survived to tell of those days think "small beer" of the well-ordered but still strenuous times in which the lot of the present staff is cast.

The Reinforcement train crawls into the station bearing anything between 200 and 1500 officers and men (the numbers being always sent over from the Railway Transport Office the previous evening), and soon men are standing five deep before the long marble-topped counter, on which stand three large urns of tea, coffee, and cocoa, boxes of bread and butter, trays of cake, and hard boiled eggs. If it is seven o'clock the morning staff are at their posts, and the night staff of two, who have been there since 9 p.m. cleaning and scrubbing, and cutting bread and butter, and serving a constant dribble of men, may hope to get away to bed.

The full day staff consists of a shift of seven, and there are also a sergeant and six orderlies to do the heavy work and make the drinks. On a really busy morning, when the men are very hungry, a fourth urn is often brought up, and the crowd never slackens from the moment the men get in until ten, when the bar is closed and everyone turned out that the shed may have a most necessary clean up, and stores may be replenished. This is no time of rest for the staff, who indeed never sit down during the whole shift, except for meals, that is to say, a second *petit déjeuner* between 9 and 10 a.m. (the first having been eaten shortly after 6 o'clock), and dinner between 12 and 1.

Each member of the shift has a definite duty, which changes each day by rotation. One has charge of the parlour, where the officers and the staff have their meals ;

another cuts bread and butter without ceasing, with occasional help from officers temporarily pressed into the service ; another washes up the bowls in which the men's drinks are served ; another has charge of the counter, another of the men's tables, and, if the staff is full, there is an "odd-man" as well, but on busy days all duties save "Bread and Butter" and "Parlour" are merged into the necessity of serving at the counter. One is also "Officer" for the week, and directs the work of the staff and the orderlies, and is responsible for anything that goes wrong ; and there is also a cook for the week, but this duty is only forced on people who are rash enough to admit that once they had cooking lessons !

By the time the interval is over, generally a crowd of hungry men is pressing round the door, and when the shed is declared open, there is often a rush to the counter, and the urn business is in full swing again. This may go on all day long, but a busy day is really much less tiring than a slack one, as then the urns are all keeping hot on the gas rings at the back, and there is continual walking up and down the hard concrete floor. Often there is quite a lull from 11 o'clock to 2, when troops from camp come down to entrain. The afternoon shift comes on at two, but often some of the morning staff stay on to help through the next hour or so, as there must be no delay in serving when the men are going off by train. Sometimes three trains go between 2 and 9, sometimes only one, and trains from the West or South occasionally creep in at unexpected moments, so that on the slackest day one can never be safe in giving everyone a holiday. Holidays, however, do come, about once in three weeks, and as we work on Sundays just as on weekdays, these are very welcome, either to rest all day or to explore the city with its endless number of beautiful churches and old streets, or to get fresh air in the wooded, hilly country outside.

Of course, men from every part of the Empire go

through the Coffee Shop—Indians (who produce beautiful metal vessels for their tea and milk), Canadians (who are the hungriest men in the world), South Africans, Anzacs, as well as men from all over the British Isles. Several times I was recognised and greeted by men from Worcester, who were longing to speak to someone from home. There is not, of course, the opportunity for making friends that there are in the recreation huts, but occasionally it is possible to have a talk. Most days one of the chaplains comes down to the station, and there would be a few prayers and hymns, and a longer service on Sunday. For a good part of the spring this duty fell to Mr. Studdert-Kennedy, of St. Paul's, who did splendid work during those hours.

French regulations strictly forbid our serving any but British soldiers, except for the sentries on duty in the station, or occasional Belgians who have not time to go elsewhere. Three Belgian officers once breakfasted in the parlour, and the "parlourmaid," to her amusement, found three pennies left on the table afterwards! Even the English officers are at times perplexed as to tipping, and there is an Officers' Families' box handy to save us all from embarrassment.

It is a very great privilege to be working at this particular coffee shop, far-famed for its good management, and to be living in one of the most interesting of cities. Physical strength is the most necessary possession for the enjoyment of work there, for if the seven hours shift is utterly exhausting, there is no energy left for profiting by the beauties of the place, and the mind becomes enervated. There must also, of course, be the means to allow of living fairly comfortably, and that which we all have—love and honour for the men in khaki who daily come before us to be sped "up the line."

E. O. BROWNE.

O.A.U. Motor Ambulance Unit.

No. 1 General Hospital,
B.E.F.

"The awful suffering I have seen during the last fortnight has made the War seem very close indeed. We were working at such pressure, practically day and night in shifts of eight hours on and four hours off; so you can imagine the strain of it all. We have now got all but the very unmoveable cases away to England, so the work has slackened the last few days, but we still have plenty to do on the cars, and are holding ourselves ready for another push at any moment. One thing which always stirs my feelings is to arrive at the quay at Havre at about 6 a.m., and unload our battered and wrecked humanity on to the hospital ship, and then to see alongside a troop ship of bright and happy faces—just coming in from England.

We have not been able to have services at our Military Church the last two Sundays because of the pressure of work, but before then I was playing the harmonium there for the Morning and Evening Services. We have our early Celebrations in a small converted Chapel attached to the Hospital, but the Church is an old French Protestant Church which has been handed over to us . . ."

EVELYN CARTRIDGE.

A Letter from Mary Hay.

"We were in a very nice hotel at Chinde, which is a deadly place—all sand—but there were several of the Likoma boys there, working in the printing works, and we had hardly been in the hotel 20 minutes before they came up to see us. There is no priest anywhere near Chinde, and so these native Christians have built themselves a little Church—just poles and reeds and a thatched roof—

and one of them takes Evensong every Sunday and marks a register of those present and absent. They are such nice men, and it was a pleasure to see them, though I could not talk to them. I can understand sometimes when they speak, but they jabber so fast it quite takes my breath away !

Now we are on the Zambesi. I wish I could take all the girls, especially those who are keen on Natural Science—it is most beautiful. The boat we are on has a barge tied to each side of her, inside which are our boxes, and on top of which are piles of dry logs for the engines. The river is dreadfully low and this morning we were stuck on a sandbank for seven hours. Four other boats were in the same plight, which makes it very hard work for the natives. First of all a dozen are sent into the water to test the depth and find which is the best way to go. Then they have to carry a huge anchor and fix it into the bed of the river, one remaining to keep it firm. The wire is then tightened, and gradually the boat is screwed up to the anchor, and then the whole performance is repeated until the boat is free. We had to unfasten one of our barges, and then that had to be fetched along—it was a business. We tie up at night, and then the fun begins with the insects. The door of the saloon was left open for a minute or two last night before dinner and the lights were on, with the result that everything was covered with flies. Mosquitos are a nuisance, and they love my ankles so much that I was driven, in self-defence, to wearing my mosquito boots last night. The natives sleep along the deck just outside my door—they are such a glorious brown, just like chocolate.

There are plenty of interesting things to see up the river. The banks are very flat and nothing much is growing except patches of bamboo and grass, with occasionally a shrub or tree. We have passed about four sugar factories. Every now and then we see natives in

their "dug-outs"—sort of long canoes made out of a single trunk of a tree—and here and there along the banks we see native huts. The river birds are lovely. I have seen kites, herons, storks, wild duck, martins, wag-tails, but the most lovely sight is a flock of flamingoes in flight, their rose-coloured wings against their white bodies are a sight.

The day before yesterday we had great excitement, as six hippopotami appeared, at which the Captain had a shot, and we saw lots of crocodiles. The Captain shot one almost dead, and the natives dashed out and brought it in. They are horrid things, and the Captain once saw one pick a boy out of a boat and they were helpless to do anything.

The sunset colouring is most beautiful—the shades of rose, blue, violet, grey, and gold are so very soft, while sometimes the sun sinks like a great red ball. We have four more days of this, then a whole day in the train, then three days in rickshaws, and two or three in the steamer up the lake, and hope to arrive at Likoma about September 5th. . . ."

Form Contributions.

HOP-PICKING.

It was 5 o'clock and time to be up and doing if any work was to be done that day. Oh, the reluctance with which one gets out of a nice, warm bed at that hour, when everything is shrouded in darkness. By 6.30 I had to be down by the river if I wanted to catch the steamer. After having completed my toilet and disposed of an ample breakfast, I set forth, basket in hand, for the river. I did not, like some people, have to get my own breakfast, for on arriving downstairs there was the gas fire burning, breakfast ready (including hot toast), and mother busily engaged in packing my luncheon basket.

After traversing various back streets, I found myself down by the river side, trying vainly to discover which was the hop-pickers' boat, amongst the many black-looking objects which loomed through the half light. Once settled in the steamer, there was time to look about, and examine our surroundings. The boat and its occupants were an entertainment in themselves. Some of the people had their breakfast on the boat, during which they told each other all the worst stories that they could think of. There was a certain character called the "tea-boy," whose duty it was to fill the jugs from an urn of boiling tea. This youth was not blest with a particularly amiable temper, and woe betide the hapless individual who went so far as seriously to upset his equilibrium. About 7.40 we arrived at Holt, where we disembarked from the steamer, and walked up some little way to the scene of our labours. By this time we were feeling rather hungry, so sitting down on the ground by our crib we had our second breakfast. The next thing to be done was to move our "crib" to another "house" of hops. By the time we seriously started picking it was somewhere about 8.15; we picked steadily on, regaling ourselves with jokes, funny stories, riddles, or games till about 11 o'clock, when the busheller came round to see how much we had picked, and put the hops into the sacks. Then we set ourselves to picking again till 1, at which time we knocked off for half-an-hour and had lunch. At 1.30, sometimes wishing, I must confess, for a little longer in which to rest our weary bones, we continued our picking till about 4.15, when the busheller came round again for the last time. This time we waited with undisguised impatience to know how much we had picked. Our average was about 17—20 bushels a day.

After being bushelled we collected our goods and went off to the canteen for some water to wash with, and an apology for tea, which we drank on logs outside, and ate

our provisions. After having fully satisfied our hunger, we gathered ourselves together and wended our way down to the boat. This time, however, it was a pleasure boat, because we were very kindly allowed to go back on an ordinary steamer, instead of enjoying the hop-pickers' boat for a second time. We arrived home at about 6.30, and I am sure we were all very glad to change and rest, after a very enjoyable but somewhat tiring day.

M.E., VIA.

WHAT THE MOON SAW IN PEACE AND WAR.

A moon came forth from an amber cloud,
And beheld a silvery sea,
The ripples were white
With the pale moon light,
And the moon was glad of the sea.

The moon came out of the amber cloud,
And gazed on the wonderful land,
The fields were bright,
With the daisies white,
And the moon was glad of the land.

The moon came forth from an amber cloud,
And looked at a cottage home,
At a mother and son,
When the day was done,
And the moon was glad of that home.

The moon was joyous and bright that night,
As she trod her starry floor,
With a light heart and gay
As birds in May
She went to her amber door.

A pale moon shone from out the clouds
 And beheld a Summer sea,
 With blood red foam,
 And many a groan,
 And the moon was sad for the sea.

The pale moon came from out the clouds
 And gazed on a ruined land,
 Where heroes were lying,
 Bleeding and dying,
 And the moon was sad for the land.

The pale moon came from out the clouds
 And looked at a cottage home,
 Where hope had fled,
 And joy was dead,
 And the moon was sad for that home.

The pale moon wept, and the tears rolled down
 As a Summer shower of rain,
 Then her head she bowed
 In a misty cloud,
 To hide from the world her pain.

S.O., VIA.

ST. MARTIN'S FAIR.

The Swiss have a great love of functions, and perhaps the most important of the year is the "Faire de Saint Martin."

At a very early hour of the morning one is awakened by sounds of revelry, shrill greetings, the hammering up of trestles, the heavy lumbering of oxen carts, and a thousand other disturbing noises. On going out one finds that booths and stalls have sprung up like mushrooms in the night, to say nothing of hurdy-gurdies and sideshows, while the market-place is already thronged with careful

housewives rummaging among the stalls, turning over all wares and examining them critically.

One corner of the "place" is taken up with horses and oxen standing near their carts and patiently nibbling their day's ration, and near these are pens of cattle or goats inviting inspection.

Down the middle are two long rows of stalls mostly selling fruit and vegetables, behind them are the meat and fish stalls, and the rest of the market-place is filled with booths of heterogeneous goods. One can buy almost anything at St. Martin's Fair from a bullock to a boot button.

The picture stall is always amusing—hung with really atrocious oleographs, I think the worst of which was entitled "A English Hunt," and represented various whiskered gentlemen attired in jockey's clothes hotly pursuing a rather mangy-looking little fox.

Then there are many sweet stalls, surrounded by excited little "gamins" spending their few sous on heaps of a sticky and highly-coloured substance, which is chipped off a large block. Large gingerbread men and women with white sugar features and gaudy feathers on their heads are a great attraction, and these seem always to be considered the correct things to buy for the younger generation, it being quite a common thing to see babies a few weeks old contentedly sucking these befeathered objects.

The bird stall is always hemmed in by crowds of children watching the lucky buyers with envious eyes. Wonderful little birds they sell here, I remember one particularly pretty cageful of tiny yellow birds of all shades, ranging from palest lemon to a brilliant orange. Down the lake end of the Place du Marché are huge hurdy-gurdies, some with horses, some with airships hung from the top of the thing, which swing out over the lake in a most alarming fashion when the engine gets up speed. Here, too, are several shooting galleries where the youth of Switzerland

loves to try its skill; exhibitions of waxworks, thought-reading, hypnotism, and fortune-telling.

Right up at the other end stands the Grenette, a picturesque building raised on massive pillars, beneath which an auction sale is going on. Everything is sold here that anyone could possibly want, and a lot that they could not. Bead funeral wreaths, old hats, all sorts of articles of furniture, crockery, piles of music, and a thousand other things are all offered for sale, and usually knocked down at an absurdly low price.

Seen from above, the fair makes a brilliant scene. The dazzling whiteness of the market-place, the red and white striped awnings, the great piles of brightly coloured fruit and flowers, the vivid blue of lake and sky, the hazy mountains, all go to make up a gorgeous effect of colour.

Softly-cooing pigeons fly in and out of the Grenette or strut up and down in front of it, their feathers gleaming iridescent in the sun.

This fair is held in the early Autumn, and there is already a decided nip in the air, telling of coming snow, and in spite of the present brilliance of the sun one is glad to see that the marketwomen have little foot-warmers filled with live coals.

B.B., V.

ODE TO EURHYTHMICS.

O, you who copy ancient Grecians
 (Try to copy ancient Grecians).
 Who with dresses rather shorter,
 Rather shorter than a gym. dress
 Caper round the Big Hall shivering.
 I delight to see you beating,
 Beating time in graceful fashion
 To the rhythm of the music,

Gentle rhythm of the music.
 I delight to see you hopping,
 Skipping, jumping, bounding, running,
 Till at last you stop exhausted.
 Then you run up to the blackboard
 And upon it start to scribble.
 Write mysterious hieroglyphics
 While the others look in wonder
 And applaud you when its finished,
 (I am taking that for granted,
 It may happen or—it may not).
 Then you start anew to gambol,
 Till at last at just four-thirty
 You depart, and I do ditto.

B.P., IVA.

A CLIMB UP CADER-IDRIS.

We spent part of our summer holidays by the sea, at a little place in Wales, called Towyn.

It is quite near to Cader-Idris, which is the second highest mountain in Wales.

One day my father and I thought we would climb up Cader-Idris.

We had to go the first part of the way in a funny little toy railway, which sometimes started too early, and when people missed it they had to run along the line to catch it at the next station.

When we came to the end of the railway, we had to drive about four miles in an open trap, which took us as far as Tal-y-llyn Lake.

This lake was beautifully peaceful, and almost entirely shut in by mountains.

We had to go to the furthest end of the lake, and then we climbed up a very rough path. It was lovely : on both

sides there was tall bracken with a few trees in amongst it. On our right, a few yards away from the track, was a lovely stream, which came swishing, splashing, and tumbling down the rocks to deep, dark pools below ; then, eddying round and round, fell over more rocks.

We kept fairly near to this stream all the way, and in the end found that it came out of a deep, dark lake, which was the water of Cader-Idris.

When we reached the lake, which was called Llyn-Cau, we had some lunch.

It was beautifully quiet and still, there was no sound but an occasional distant bark of a dog and the bleat of the sheep.

This lake was entirely shut in by mountains, except for the valley down which the stream ran. On our left was a range of mountains which stretched right round to Cader-Idris on our right.

Then we climbed up on to the range on our left, as all the other mountains round were too steep to climb. We went right round the range and up Cader-Idris.

An old man and woman live at the top in a little hut with very thick walls. Their food is brought up by a boy and pony. Here we had tea. After looking round a little, we had to come down.

We came down a different way—along another range and then down and through a farm to Tal-y-llyn lake.

After having some tea we went home.

E.C., IVB.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF —.

I have been asked to tell the story of my life. My first recollections are of a wild, breezy mountain side in Wales, where I had beautiful gallops over the hills, and nice fresh grass to eat. My mother was very beautiful. She was

black, with a long black tail and mane. How I loved those gallops with her up and down the breezy hills, with the wind whistling in our ears because of the rate at which we were going. Sometimes we jumped over small rocks. My friends told me that I could jump well, for I could beat everyone at this except my mother.

It was when I was about six months old that my mother was taken from me. I shall never forget how lonely I was, how I wandered up and down the hills refusing to play with any of my friends. They said they did not miss her, because I was so much like her, but I wouldn't be so conceited as to think so. After a few days I began to trot about again.

How I loved to run over the bright fresh grass with the wind whistling in my ears and mane. I loved also to run in and out of the rocks, or to splash through a clear little stream, that ran swiftly down the mountain side, catching the sunbeams and reflecting them back doubly bright.

I had lived thus for about two years, when a lot of men came and drove us into an enclosure, where we were very crowded. Soon we were put into trucks, which were fastened on to a great puffing animal that men call an engine. Suddenly the earth began to move away, and I became giddy. When the earth stopped moving, we were all hustled out to a place where there were other friends of mine that had been sent before me. There were also sheep and cattle, and a lot of men making a hideous noise. Then a man came and saw me, and gave another man who was with me a lot of tinkling hard stuff, and led me away. I am now put into a stuffy little place called a stable, with a piece of leather fastening me to a hook.

I do hope my master will let me out soon, for it is dreadfully stuffy in here, and I long for my wild mountain home.

LIFE IN THE ARMY VETERINARY CORPS.

The Veterinary Corps is a branch of the Army which looks after the wounded and sick horses. They are a non-fighting unit.

At the depôts in England, in summer they sleep in tents and have their meals in huts, but in winter some of them sleep in huts and some in billets. They have to be on parade at 6 a.m. First, they have to feed, water, and groom the horses, then at 7 o'clock till 8 they have breakfast, and after breakfast they have to do dressings, and sometimes do operations on the horses, and take the horses that are well enough for exercise, and clean the stables and camping ground; when they bring the horses in from exercise they groom, feed and water the horses again. Then they have dinner at 1 p.m. till 2. In the afternoon they do almost the same sort of work as in the morning—they feed, water, and bed the horses again at 4 p.m.

They have tea at 5 p.m., and they have the rest of the evening off till 10.30, or they can get extension till any time up to 12.

The men have to take it in turns to go on night guard. Then they have two hours up and four hours off, and every half-hour the men in each stable shout to each other "All's well"; this is in case a man has been kicked by a horse, and if one man does not call, the other men go to see what is the matter.

They also have to take day and night police duty, they have to stand at the gate and inspect all traffic in and out of the camp ground.

There are special sections of the A.V.C., such as shoeing smiths, saddlers, etc.

The training of this unit takes about a year.

J.B., IIIA. (ENGLISH).

A ZEPPELIN RAID.

It was on the night of the 6th August, about 12 o'clock, when I was woken up by the noise of the guns. I could not think what it was because they were machine guns, and I had never heard them before. I got up, and as it was quite dark felt about for some clothes. Then I went into my auntie's room, and then went and looked out. We saw the Zeppelin, quite small, with a lot of different coloured lights round it. These we found out afterward; were aeroplanes. The searchlights had got it, but the guns could not hit it. We could hear the shells making a horrible noise all round us. After about two minutes the Zeppelin seemed to get bigger and bigger, till at last something which was a bomb hit it. Then it burst into flames and lit up the whole sky. All the people round began cheering. We thought it came down very slowly, but really it only took one minute. It looked very much like a string of sausages until it disappeared. We did not go back to bed because they were expecting another raid, but as they did not come I went back to bed and soon fell asleep.

M.M., IIIA. (LATIN).

THE HISTORY OF A RABBIT FAMILY.

My home was a hole in a large wood; and the first thing I can clearly remember was playing on a hill with my seven brothers and sisters. This continued for some time, but one day our mother told us we were getting big and must find our own food and take care of ourselves. But before we departed, she gave us a last piece of advice—"Don't have anything to do with foxes, dogs, or men, because they will kill you." We all promised to obey her, and we set off in search of new homes, deciding to meet again in

the evening. All went well till we suddenly discovered that my eldest brother was missing. Next day we set out to look for him, and found him hanging up in a shop! We were terrified at this, and found homes, and never went out far from home again.

G.E., IIIB.

THE BELLS.

The bells for service have begun,
 Ding a dong, ding a dong.
 Into church the people run,
 Ding a dong, ding a dong.
 But the bells still go on,
 Ding a dong, ding a dong,
 Till the priest has begun,
 Ding a dong, ding a dong.
 The bells are ringing again to-day,
 Ding dong, ding dong.
 It is not anything so gay,
 Ding dong, ding dong—
 It is a funeral, quiet and sad,
 Ding dong, ding dong,
 It does not make the people glad,
 Ding dong, ding dong.

M.W., II.

School News.

CERTIFICATES AND PRIZES, 1915-1916.

COUNCIL'S SCHOLARSHIPS.

Jessica Grove (2nd year).

Stella Hancock (1st year).

VICTORIA SCHOLARSHIP.

Phyllis Hansen Bay.

ALICE OTTLEY SCHOLARSHIP.

B. Pollard.

CAMBRIDGE HIGHER LOCAL EXAMINATION.

- L. Petrie, Honours Class I. in Group A (English Language and Literature),
 Pass in Group C (Mathematics).
 R. Weston, Honours Class I. in Group A.
 V. Browne, Honours Class II. in Group A. Pass in Group C.

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE JOINT BOARD.

Higher Certificates.

- P. Denton, Distinction in Scripture, English and French.
 D. Wigram, „ English and French.
 J. Grove.
 M. Webb.

Letters.

- A. Leech, Distinction in French.
 S. Ondaatje, „ English.
 M. Elton.
 S. Garman.
 P. Tompkins.

Lower Certificates.

| | | | | | |
|------------------|---------------------------------------|---|---|---|----|
| B. Cave, | Passed in 6 subjects, 1st class in 3. | | | | |
| V. Conan Davies, | „ | 5 | „ | „ | 1. |
| M. Edwards, | „ | 6 | „ | „ | 4. |
| S. Hancock, | „ | 7 | „ | „ | 5. |
| S. Ondaatje, | „ | 6 | „ | „ | 3. |
| C. Stranack, | „ | 6 | „ | „ | 2. |
| M. Thornton, | „ | 6 | „ | „ | 2. |

Letters.

- S. Lewis.
 P. Mann (2 1st classes).
 B. Webb (2 „).

MUSIC.

Associated Board of the R.A.M. and R.C.M. Centre
Examination.

Intermediate Grade. Piano—S. Lewis.

Schools Examination.

Higher Division. Piano—A. Howell.

M. Bird.

Organ—V. Browne.

Lower „ Piano—E. Wheaton.

B. Gillespy.

M. Hulse.

Organ—L. Petrie.

Elementary „ Piano—W. Hildebrand.

M. Marshjones

Primary „ Piano—K. Davies.

F. Powell.

G. Evans.

E. Wheaton.

DRAWING.

Full Honours Certificates.

B. Webb.

C. Robinson.

Also 51 Honour and 19 Pass Certificates.

PLAIN NEELEWORK ASSOCIATION PRIZES.

White Work—T. Bennett.

E. Wesson.

L. Sievers.

W. Higginson.

E. Cadbury.

P. Roberts.

M. Willis.

E. Barnett.

E. Watson.

M. Til betts.

B. Griffiths.

Flannel Work—M. Bird.

M. Whiting.

R. Lowe.
 K. Chell.
 W. Hildebrand.
 G. Constance.
 M. Edmonds.
 D. Knott.
 G. Evans.
 E. Bradley.

Also 24 First Class Certificates.

SPECIAL PRIZES.

Divinity.

CANON CHAPPEL'S PRIZES—*Form VI.*—P. Denton.
 S. Ondaatje.

THE BISHOP'S PRIZES—*Form V.*—S. Hancock.

„ *IVa.*—I. Coomber.

„ *IVb.*—C. Watson.

Remove—K. Wilson.

Form IIIa.—J. Watson.

English.

Form VI.—P. Denton.

D. Wigram.

French.

MELLE. DE SABATIER-PLANTIER'S PRIZES—*Form VI.*—P. Denton.

D. Wigram.

A. Leech.

Société Nationale des Professeurs de Français en Angleterre.

Concours des Lauréats.

Prix—B. Bayly.

Certificats—C. Watson.

M. Grisman.

Concours Mensuels.

Prix—M. Grisman.

D. Wigram.

B. Bayly.

C. Watson.

B. Pollard.

S. Smith.

Certificats—J. Bayly.
 M. Elton.
 B. Cave.
 A. Leech.
 M. Webb.
 C. Watson.
 V. Rea.

Also three Mentions.

Essays on the Progress of the War during August and September.

Form VIa.—S. Ondaatje and P. Denton.
 „ *VIb.*—C. Stranack.
 „ *V.*—V. Knowles.

ARITHMETIC.

Form IVa.—D. Smith.

CATHEDRAL CATECHIZING EXAMINATION PRIZES.

MISS SPURLING'S PRIZES—*Seniors*—C. Robinson.
Juniors—M. Marshjones.

PERCENTAGE PRIZES.

(80 per cent. Term Marks, 75 per cent. Examination.)

Form V.—S. Hancock (Mathematics and English).
 P. Edwards (Mathematics).
 „ *IVb.*—C. Watson (English).
 „ *IIIa.* (Latin)—U. Brierley (Languages).
 (Eng.)—M. Revill (English and Mathematics).
 J. Watson (English).
 „ *IIIb.*—V. Elton (French).
 „ *II.*—G. Evans (English, French, Arithmetic).
 S. Elton (English, French).
 M. Willis (English, French, Arithmetic).
 M. Pratt (English).
 E. Coombs (French).
 „ *I.*—M. Watson (English, French, Arithmetic).
 E. Bradley (French, Arithmetic).
 E. Wheaton (French).

HISTORY ILLUSTRATION BOOKS.

MISS BELCHER'S PRIZES. *Form IIIa.*—1st Prize, M. Shaw.
2nd „ M. MacRae.

HOLIDAY TASKS.

English. B. Yates.
P. Davies.
J. Webster.
M. Marshjones.
D. Powell.
P. Whitaker.
M. Pratt.
French. P. Denton.

Geography. Maps.

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| <i>Form IVb.</i> | C. Watson, | 1st Prize. |
| | B. Pollard, | 1st „ |
| | E. Taylor, | 1st „ |
| <i>Remove</i> | D. Lucas, | 1st „ |
| | A. Andrews, | 2nd „ |
| <i>Form IIIa.</i> | Latin—S. Cavanagh, | 1st „ |
| „ <i>IIIa.</i> | Eng.—J. Watson, | 1st „ |
| | G. Mason, | 2nd „ |
| „ <i>IIIb.</i> | E. Watson, | 1st „ |
| | G. Richardson, | 1st „ |
| | N. Curtler, | 1st „ |
| | M. Knight, | 2nd „ |
| | R. King, | 2nd „ |
| | G. Dingle, | 2nd „ |
| | V. Elton, | 1st „ |
| | Essay—N. Castley, | 1st „ |
| „ <i>II.</i> | V. Dingle, | 2nd „ |
| „ <i>I.</i> | N. Pollard, | 1st „ |

Science.

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|-----------------|-------------|------------|
| <i>Form VI.</i> | J. Grove, | 1st Prize. |
| | M. Elton, | 2nd „ |
| „ <i>V.</i> | P. Edwards, | 1st „ |
| „ <i>IVa.</i> | M. Hemus, | 1st „ |
| | D. Smith, | 1st „ |
| | I. Grove, | 2nd „ |

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| <i>Form IVb.</i> | —S. Smith, | 1st | „ |
| | D. Earle, | 2nd | „ |
| | O. Spicer, | 2nd | „ |
| „ | <i>IIIa.</i> —M. Grove, | 1st | „ |
| „ | <i>IIIb.</i> —M. Downes, | 2nd | „ |
| „ | <i>II.</i> —E. Barnett, | 1st | „ |
| „ | <i>I.</i> —M. Watson, | 1st | „ |

Art.

| | | |
|-------------------|-------------------|------------|
| <i>Form V.</i> | B. Webb, | 1st Prize. |
| | S. Lewis, | 1st „ |
| | P. Mann, | 1st „ |
| | C. Stranack, | 2nd „ |
| „ <i>IVa.</i> | C. Robinson, | 1st „ |
| „ <i>IVb.</i> | M. Taylor, | 1st „ |
| <i>Remove</i> | A. Andrews, | 2nd „ |
| | P. Wheaton, | 2nd „ |
| <i>Form IIIa.</i> | Latin—E. Cadbury, | 1st „ |
| „ <i>IIIa.</i> | Eng.—W. Elton, | 2nd „ |
| | I. Curtler, | 2nd „ |
| „ <i>IIIb.</i> | V. Elton, | 1st „ |
| „ <i>II.</i> | M. Willis, | 1st „ |
| | S. Elton, | 1st „ |
| | P. Blackall, | 2nd „ |
| „ <i>I.</i> | E. Wheaton, | 1st „ |

Needlework.

N. Brierley } Darning.
L. Sievers }

M. Bird.

M. Edmonds.

K. Chell.

G. Pitcher.

N. Coombs.

J. Hooke.

B. Martin.

G. Constance.

K. Whiteman.

OLD GIRLS AND MISTRESSES.

Miss Bertha Woodhouse writes from Chaderghat, Hyderabad, Deccan :—
‘I like my new school and work immensely. I think that the standard of

work is wonderfully good considering the great difficulties with which we have to contend. In the first place, the children are learning all their lessons through a foreign language. Then they are constantly absent for all sorts of reasons; it is quite a rare thing to get a whole Form together. Another thing is that many parents will insist on getting native teachers to give their children lessons at home, and, as you may imagine, their methods and ours are rather different. In spite of all this, they *do* get on; in December, one girl is taking Cambridge Higher Local, about three Cambridge Senior, and a few are going in for Junior and Preliminary, these papers will be just the same as those set in England. The parents are very keen about examinations. About a week ago we all had to be inoculated for plague, as there have been a few cases in the neighbourhood every day for the last six weeks. . . .

Each family of children brings about three servants –an ayah, to get ready their mid-day meal and clear it away, a coachman to drive them, and a footman. We are having three days holiday this week on account of the Mohammedan Festival of Bakri-id.”

Miss Moore is in England on furlough until January. She spent a week at Lis Esgol in October. She seemed very well, and told us many interesting things about her work in Nassau. During her stay in Worcester we also had a visit from Miss Woodall, whose school (Milton Mount College, Gravesend), owing to the danger from air raids, has been moved to the Agricultural College, Cirencester.

Phyllis Horton has passed the First Medical Examination.

Vivienne Horne has gained her Teaching Diploma, and is now teaching Geography at Burton High School.

Lilian Spencer is teaching French at the Godolphin School, Salisbury. Owing to illness she was given “Ægrotat” Honours on four papers in the Oxford Final Honours School in English Literature. After Christmas she goes to the post of English Mistress at Richmond County School.

Molly Ottley is studying for her Teaching Diploma at St. Mary’s College, Lancaster Gate.

Nina Smith has gained her B.A. degree at Birmingham University. She is now working for her M.A. in French.

Marie Dowdeswell is being trained in Secretarial work at Mrs. Hoster’s office in London.

May King has come to England to do Red Cross work. Lucille and Eveleen are still with their mother in Switzerland.

Annie Campbell is teaching temporarily at the King’s School, Worcester.

Cecily Hallack is helping to train Junior Boy Scouts near London.

Mattie Lyne is Captain of the Somerville Hockey XI.

Violet Rea is in the Cheltenham Ladies’ College 2nd XI.

Marjorie Leech is at University College, Reading, studying for the B.Sc. degree in Agriculture.

Florrie Potter is Clerk to the Universities' Bureau of the British Empire at the Imperial Institute, S.W. (We greatly regret that this was incorrectly described in our last number.)

Mary Hay sailed for Central Africa in June. We print an interesting letter from her elsewhere.

Elsie Brewer has gained the Silver Medal for Organ playing at the Royal College of Music.

Marjorie Grisman is working temporarily in the Army Pay Office at Norton Barracks.

Kathleen Allen has gone to Birmingham University.

Grace Blakeway is working in the same Bank at Droitwich as Winifred Ragg.

Vera Browne has gone to St. Hilda's, Cheltenham.

Ciceley Acklom has gone home to New York.

Joan Bayly is helping in the kitchen at the Red Cross Hospital at Battenhall.

Beryl Weston is in an Insurance Office in Birmingham.

Muriel Harper is a Clerk at the Guildhall, Worcester.

Winnie Joseland is in the Office of the Surveyor of Taxes at Kidderminster.

Hester Severne is nursing in a V.A.D. Hospital in Bakewell.

Kathleen Marsh is on the Staff of the Melton Mowbray Grammar School for Boys.

Vera Bond (née Adlard) is living with an aunt in Devonshire. Her husband is an Army Chaplain in Egypt.

Marjorie Brierley has gone to a new post this term at Southsea. She is an Assistant Mistress in a large Boys' School, where she teaches Music, French, and History.

Irene Cave-Browne-Cave left the Hospital ship "Plassy" at the beginning of August. After working for a short time at the Royal Naval Hospital at Chatham, she has now been sent to the Naval Hospital at Leith, near Edinburgh.

Stephanie Bevan has had a bad break-down in health, and has gone to Egypt for the winter.

Muriel Smith spent part of her summer holidays nursing at the Florence Nightingale Hospital in London.

Vera Lewis was in School during the last week in October. She is nursing at one of the large Military Hospitals in Birmingham.

CALENDAR.

- June 29—Drill Competition.
 July 3—Gymnastic Display (Afternoon Classes).
 July 8—Music Examinations.
 July 13—Pupils' Concert.
 July 14—Garden Shield awarded.
 July 22—Kindergarten Party.
 July 26—Guild Meeting.
 French Plays.
 July 28—Term ended.
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- Sept. 26—School re-opened.
 Oct. 19—Instrumental Concert.
 Oct. 23—The Bishop's Messenger read Prayers and addressed the School.
 Nov. 6—Half-term Holiday.
 Nov. 7—Lady Baden-Powell inspected the Girl Guides and addressed the School.

GARDEN SHIELD.

On July 14th the Rev. G. F. Hooper kindly presented the Shield, which was won by Form IVA; Form V. received the Motto.

The marks awarded were as follows:—Maximum 45. IVA. 44, V. 40, II. 39, VIA. 35, IIIA. (Latin) 33, IIIB. 33, IVB. 31, VIB. 30, IIIA. (English) 29, Remove 27, I. 26.

Miss Graham gave books on gardening to Peggy Hildebrand (Head Gardener of IVA.) and Phyllis Mann (Head Gardener of V.).

PIÈCES FRANÇAISES.

Le 27 Juillet les classes orales françaises ont donné une petite représentation.

On a beaucoup joui des jolis chants et jeux donnés par les petites élèves qui ont très bien chanté. "La Petite Abeille" était très jolie comme chant et costumes. La VIEA. a donné une pièce très supérieure fort bien jouée. Ruby Weston, en caractère d'artiste et de folle a joué parfaitement un rôle difficile et nous a fait rire aux éclats. Joan Bayly a bien joué le génie exaspéré, cherchant en vain la paix et la solitude pour composer son épopée, et dans la petite fille qui pleurniche on pouvait à peine reconnaître Vera Browne une VIEA. La pièce "Un quartier tranquille" était tout à fait amusante et fort bien jouée.

Une élève de VIB.

THE PLAIN NEEDLEWORK ASSOCIATION.

The Founder and President of this Association, Lady Alwyne Compton, has, to our great regret, been obliged to give up her work for it, owing to her advanced age and increasing blindness. The Secretary, Miss Hands, also wished to resign, and the Association seemed likely to dissolve altogether, but Miss Spurling asked Miss Laybourne if she would carry on Miss Hands' work; and Lady Cobham has most kindly consented to become President. Miss Laybourne has taken a great deal of trouble in re-organizing the work and revising the syllabus, and it is hoped that many A.O.S. girls will send in work, and also that many other Schools will join the Association. We shall not be able to offer quite so many prizes as heretofore, but the certificates are almost more valuable as being a *lasting* record of the good work done.

CONCERT.

On Thursday, October 19th, a Chamber Music Concert took place in connection with the Professional Classes War Relief Fund, when we were most fortunate in securing the services of an excellent Trio in Miss Constance Izard (Violin), Miss Maud Arnold ('Cello) and Mr. Lloyd Powell (Pianoforte). Their performances of the concerted music and individual solos were distinguished by real beauty of tone, perfection and ease in technique. The delicacy and playfulness in the Golden Sonata, the breadth of tone and phrasing in the Fantasia, and the spirited humour shown in "Handel in the Strand," placed their performance of ensemble music on the highest plane, and aroused great enthusiasm in a delighted audience. A brilliant programme of unusual interest, in which each performer gave an additional solo as an encore, was concluded by a generous repetition of the last Trio, and the hope was expressed that we may be able to secure the services of such genuine music-makers for another Concert in the next term. The following was the programme:—

- Trio—"Golden Sonata" (Purcell)
 Violoncello Solo—(a) "Cantabile" (César Cui)
 (b) "Allegro Appassionato" (C. Saint-Saens)
 (Encore—"Melodie—Elegie" (Massenet))
 Trio—"Fantasia" (Frank Bridge)
 Violin Solos—(a) Andante from "Symphonie Espagnole" (G. Lalo)
 (b) "Allegro" (J. H. Fiocco)
 (Encore—"Nocturne in Eb" (Chopin))
 Pianoforte Solo—(a) "Jeux d'eau" (Ravel)
 (b) "Humoreske" (Rachmaninov)
 (Encore—Study, Op. 25, No. 3 (Chopin).
 Trio—"Handel in the Strand" (Percy Grainger)

MISTRESSES.

Miss Graham, Miss Laybourne, Miss Woodhouse, and Miss Morris have, to our great regret, left the Staff, Miss Graham after 20 years as Head of the Preparatory Department.

Miss Rogers has returned as Mathematical Mistress, Miss Jowett has joined the Staff as Head of the Preparatory Department, and Miss Twining is the new Drill Mistress.

GIRLS WHO HAVE LEFT.

Summer Term, 1916: Marjorie Grisman (Head Prefect), Vera Browne, Kathleen Allen, Grace Blakeway, Cicely Acklom, Valmai Conan-Davies, Violet Rea, Edith Wesson, Ruth Lowe, Daphne Rigden, Gwen Rigden, Mary Buck, Alison Leech, Eileen Whitehead, Muriel Whiting, Muriel and Betty Skyrme, Theresa Bennett, Allan Jones, Vernon Laurie.

Student, Greta Hackney.

NEW GIRLS.

VIB., Amina Gardner. V., Monica Frost, Margery Jones. IVB., Mary Highfield, Jean Littlebury, Ruth Longland. Remove, Rhoda Snow, Doris Darlington, Mauritian Oliver. IIIA. (English), Madge Hemus. IIIB. Marjorie Tilt. II., Mary Gascoigne, Beth Cadbury, Lilian Hubble, Kitty Littlebury, Margaret Taylor, Violet Buckney, Betty Smith, Meriel Longland. I., Peggy Webb, Joyce Dorrell, Thelma Townsend, Betty Philpott, Rosalind Evans. Preparatory, Freda Connop-Jones, Isabel Gillespy, Cynthia Carlton, Joyce Darch, Peggy Freeman, Nancy Leigh, Elizabeth Corfield, Rachael Holmes, John Beavan, Mary Vaughan-Pryce, Muriel Coward.

VITH FORMS, SEPTEMBER, 1916.

VIA.—Peggy Denton (Head Prefect), Sylvia Garman (Head of Springfield), Stephanie Ondaatje (Head of Baskerville), Margaret Elton, Jessica Grove, Marjorie Webb, Dorothy Wells, Daphne Wigram.

VIB.—Stella Hancock (Prefect), Betty Cave, Peggie Edwards, Amina Gardner, Sylvia Lewis, Phyllis Mann, Gwen Phillips, Cicely Stranack, Betty Webb.

PRÆFECTS, 1916-1917.

| | |
|-----------------|--------------------|
| Head Prefect | Peggy Denton. |
| VIB. | Stella Hancock. |
| V. | Barbara Bayly. |
| IVA. | Betty Pollard. |
| IVB. | Betty Gillespy. |
| Remove | Isabel Curtler. |
| IIIA. (Latin) | Mercie Marshjones. |
| IIIA. (English) | Violet Elton. |

MISSION WORK.

We have received a good report of Esther Isa Das, our scholar at the Victoria School, Delhi. The Head Mistress says :—" Esther is now reading in the fourth class, as she did not do well enough last year to earn her promotion. This year she is working very much better, and has much improved altogether. Like most Indian children Esther is not very truthful, but she is improving in this respect." Esther also wrote a letter herself to us. Peggy Denton has answered this. We intend to send her some handkerchiefs for a Christmas present.

Maggie Clarke, the child in St. Cadoc's Home, Caerleon, whom we provided with clothes, has gone back to her mother. In her place we have undertaken the clothing of Lilian Shepherd, a little girl of eleven.

At the time of writing, the Mission Accounts for the year have not been made up, but we hope to be able to send our usual contribution to S.P.G. in December. It is encouraging to find that, in spite of the War, contributions to the monthly "Mission Money" have been well maintained.

M.E.B.

THE ALAN SMYTHIES BURSARY.

The present holder of the Missionary Bursary is Elsie Davies. She is now preparing for the Birmingham Matriculation next June ; then, after six months' or a year's training in Missionary Work, she hopes to go to Birmingham University and work for her Medical Degree.

The late holder, Margaret Hackney, has completed Part I. of the Higher Examination for the N.F.U. Certificate, and as she is still too young to go abroad to work, she is teaching at the Preparatory Department of the Boys' Grammar School at Enfield.

Mary Hay is now working in the Likoma Diocese : we print a letter from her elsewhere.

Dorothy Case is at work in Japan, she has recently met Dorothy Gregson who is also teaching there.

GAMES.

SUMMER TERM, 1916.

CRICKET.

1st XI.—D. Lucas (Captain), I. Curtler, M. Grove, D. Earle, N. Curtler, M. Taylor, R. Chignell, G. Dingle, B. Gillespy, B. Pollard.

The Form Challenge Shield was won by IIIB.

MATCHES.

June 17th—A.O.S. 1st XI. *v.* S. James,' West Malvern. Played at Malvern, S. James' won 45 runs to 26.

June 24th—A.O.S. *v.* Choir School. Played at home, Choir School won 30 runs to 21.

TENNIS.

Champions—S. Hancock, L. Petrie, V. Conan-Davies, P. Denton, C. Acklom, V. Rea. C. Stranack would have been one of the Champions, but she was unable to play as she was in quarantine for some weeks.

MATCHES.

May 17th—A.O.S. *v.* Lawnside, Malvern. Lawnside won 74 games to 39.

June 24th—A.O.S. *v.* Monmouth High School. Played at Hereford, Monmouth won 3 matches to 1.

July 8th—A.O.S. *v.* Oxford High School. Played at home, Oxford won by 4 games, and therefore holds the Shield.

July 17th—Mistresses *v.* Girls. Mistresses won by one match.

The Midland Schools Tournament at Birmingham was abandoned owing to the rain.

The Tennis Challenge Cup was won by Form V.

AUTUMN TERM, 1916.

HOCKEY.

October 21st—A.O.S. 1st XI. *v.* Abbey School, Malvern Wells. Played at Malvern. The result was a draw, 3—3.

October 28th—A.O.S. 2nd XI. *v.* S. James,' West Malvern. Played at home, S. James' won 2—1.

November 11th—A.O.S. 1st XI. *v.* Lawnside, Malvern. Played away, Lawnside won 2—1.

BIRTHS.

July 15th, Mrs. Hunt (Helen Dunbar), a son.

July 17th, Mrs. Evatt (Helen Chaytor), a daughter (Helen Margaret Tyrell).

November Mrs. Buckmaster (Freda Thorn), a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

On June 3rd, at S. Michael's, Coventry, Dugdale Lister to Marguerite Maycock.

On June 11th, at S. Stephen's, Worcester, George Lawson Crowe (Lieutenant, Adjutant, 6th Batt. Worcester Regiment) to Muriel Maud Caldicott.

On June 14th, at S. Nicholas, Vancouver Heights, Henry Grindon to Anne Frances Essex.

On August 3rd, at the Church of S. Bartholmew the Great, Smithfield, the Rev. Basil Bond, C.F., to Florence Vera Adlard.

On August 26th, at Holy Trinity, Brompton, Captain Edwin Alexander Sandilands (Royal Scots Fusiliers) to Gwendoline Isobel Clarke.

On September 9th, at Simla, India, Major C. Brierley, I.M.S., to Zoë Brierley.

DEATH.

On September 26th, accidentally drowned at Abersock, N. Wales, Magdalene Nation, aged 33.

GIFTS.

A Cricket Challenge Shield from Miss Little.

Two Medici Prints in dark frames—"Queen Elizabeth" and "Sir Walter Raleigh," from Miss Graham and Miss Laybourne.

Curiosities from Nassau, from Miss Moore.

A "Crucifixion" Fish, from Mrs. Garnett.

For the Butler Library—

"The Oxford Book of English Verse," from the leaving Upper Sixth (M. Grisman, Head Præfect).

The following books have also been added to the Library :—

Sadoletto on Education, by Campagnac Forbes.

Runic and Heroic Myths, by Dickens.

The Art of Writing, by Quiller-Couch.