

"WHITE & BLUE,"

The Alice Ottley School Magazine.

No. 80.

JUNE.

1917.

** * 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 have been reluctantly compelled to increase the price of the Magazine, while trying to economise in the paper used, as it has been run at a considerable loss since the enormous rise in cost of paper.

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.

Miss Spurling's Letter to the Old Girls.

My dear "Old Girls,"

Everyone is exceedingly busy in these strenuous days, and we can only do our utmost to find a convenient day for a Guild Meeting, and hope for the best. It has been suggested to me that after the War it would be a happy thing to have a large re-union of Old Girls, whether members of the Guild or not. If so, perhaps it might be thought well that some Association should be formed as the outcome of the Meeting, to bind together those who do not feel able, for some reason, to undertake to keep the Rule of the Guild. I shall be glad to know your opinion on this subject. The majority would naturally still join the Communicants' Guild, as they do now, but I believe that some think there is room for a different type of Association as well.

We cannot, I feel, tamper with the Guild Rule—with its spirit at any rate, even though from time to time it may need re-stating.

Those who do not already know will be grieved to hear this Miss Nellie Davies is very gravely ill; there is little hope of recovery. She is in a Nursing Home at Hampstead—her sister is staying near her—and she is quite peaceful though very distressingly weak.

May I implore you to send more frequent news of O.G's, and to make a point of coming to see us when you happen to be in Worcester.

Your affectionate friend,

MARGARET C. SPURLING.

A State Restaurant.

If anyone wants real, hard work and at the same time a great deal of amusement, let her try a few weeks as a waitress at a State Restaurant. Several of these are now springing up about London, but the one I am now going to describe, in a huge Northumberland Avenue Hotel, was the first to be established, and is still, perhaps, the best. More than 1200 people, all in Government Offices, have lunch and tea there every day, and there are about 60 unpaid waitresses always at work.

The day begins at 10.30. First, the tables and chairs are dusted, and the silver polished ; water jugs, salt cellars, etc., filled, then everyone lays her own table (each with six places), and secures for herself a tray, bill-book, and "slips," the use of which shall be described later. At 11.15 comes a lecture from the manageress, when special points in the menu are explained, and criticisms given of the previous day's work. Any complaints by customers have to be reported ; sometimes these provide useful hints, but more often they are absurd, and the only answer is, "Oh, tell them to go to the Ritz !" After the lecture the staff consume hurried cups of coffee and buns, and at 12 o'clock the real work begins.

As soon as the doors are opened customers pour in, and the tables fill as if by magic. Each order has to be written on a separate slip of paper and handed in at the serving counter, so that the number of helpings can afterwards be checked. The servers stand behind a long, hot plate, on which the courses are arranged in order—soup, fish, entrées, joints, vegetables, puddings—and an endless procession passes down the passage beside it. Any hurrying, getting out of line, or "cutting in," are strictly forbidden, and if you are unlucky enough to forget a thing till you are beyond the right spot for it, there is nothing to do but to go round—a very long walk—and begin again,

haunted by visions of infuriated waiting customers. Hungry people are apt to be snappy, and they have an extraordinary knack of demanding meat or potatoes, or whatever is not to be had on any particular day, while if a thing is "off" the menu for a few minutes, that thing they must have instantly, quite regardless of the twenty or more other dishes provided. The lower one gets in the office scale the less is the consideration shown, young girl typists being the worst offenders of all. One has to remember that it is probably the first chance they have ever had of being waited on, and they naturally like to make the most of it. Just occasionally one is encouraged by a word of real gratitude, but I think the most spontaneous tribute I had was from a workman who was mending a telephone one day. He began to grumble about high prices and low wages, and I said, "Anyhow you get *something* for your job—I get nothing." He stared a minute and then exclaimed, "Well now, ain't that good of yer!"

To go back to the work, perhaps the greatest difficulty is getting the table properly re-set for each new comer. The room is divided into four sections, all of which have their own depôts, with large supplies of glass and silver. These become exhausted, however, long before the two hours of lunch are over, and wild rushes have to be made upstairs to the place where a separate staff are washing as if their lives depended on it. Sometimes they are quite unable to cope with the demands made on them, and then the only course open to the harassed waitress is actually to *steal spoons* from another more fortunate section. If she is caught there are many whispered recriminations and threats of vengeance, but these are generally forgotten before two o'clock, when the welcome order to "clear away" is given, and one has time to breathe again.

Half-an-hour is allowed for rest and lunch, which

generally consists of the day's least attractive dishes, as there is little left of the popular ones. The remaining time till four o'clock is spent in washing jugs, glasses, and silver, dusting and polishing the floor—it is delightful to see girls, many of whom hardly laced their own boots in pre-war days, wielding a dust-pan and brush like born charwomen.

Tea lasts from four to six, but is not nearly such a rush as lunch. One has time to talk to some of the customers (against rules), and hear a little of the work in Government Offices. It is a mistake to become too deeply engrossed in conversation, however, or one may be confronted later by an empty sugar-basin! Incredible as it seems, some people (mostly women, I regret to say) make a regular habit of bringing paper bags and carrying off any sugar they can lay hands on.

After tea, the day's work is over except for the few who stay to do accounts. Every bill has to be dissected, and the items entered under separate headings—no easy task at times, for among so many amateurs some strange bills are produced. On the whole, however, this, like every other department, runs with wonderful smoothness. The whole is a real triumph of order and organisation.

K. MARSH.

The Lilies of France.

[In the *Daily Telegraph* of May 19th, there was an appeal for funds for the French Society known as L'Œuvre du Lys, which reclaims children from the territory recently occupied by the Germans. Contributions to be sent to the French Wounded Emergency Fund, 44, Lowndes Square, S.W. 1.]

“ . . . et priere d'envoyer la Sainte Jeanne d'Arc à notre aide.” Silence fell, and with a sigh the little girl, scarcely more than a baby, rolled over on to a dirty piece

of sacking in a corner and fell asleep, as children will, even among the thunder of guns and the groaning of men. The moon, shining through the narrow grating at the top of the cellar walls, reflected prisms of coloured light on her tangled hair from a fragment of stained glass, carefully arranged against the wall to catch the first rays of light. This piece of jagged glass had been little Julie's only comfort during the past months. The day after her mother had been killed by a flying splinter, she had wandered sobbing, quite alone and friendless, among the ruins of the village that had once been home to her, and gazed horror-stricken at the remains of the old Church, once the centre of village life, and now nothing but heaps of stone and shattered glass. Only one corner was left standing, and that was the one where Julie used to sit with maman in the old, happy days, that seemed so long ago, and where she used to look up with awe and love to the big coloured window where Sainte Jeanne d'Arc stood leaning upon her sword, the lilies of France gleaming against her armour, the glowing aureole round her head scarcely rivalling the glory in her eyes. And then, standing in the only corner left of those sheltering walls, little Julie had seen with horror, a great jagged hole in the middle of the window, and the only thing that was left of poor Sainte Jeanne was the scabbard of her sword, and her horse's head. Slowly the child was moving away, weighed down by a feeling she was not old enough to understand, when her eye was caught by a familiar glitter of green and gold and glowing purple among the stones at her feet. The shattered petals of the lilies of France were strewn on the ground, and quickly she turned them over, heedless of cut fingers, seeking some bigger fragment among the debris; and presently she found it, for there, with the sun glinting through her halo in the old familiar way, was the beautiful radiant face of the Saint, the rest of the lilies still held against her heart, and one of her hands clasping the hilt

of her sword, remained above the jagged edge where the glass had broken in its fall.

"Mais, c'est merveilleux !" murmured the child, "le bon Dieu me l'a envoyé enfin. Maintenant le grande Sainte, nous protégera, c'est certain." Not until she had left the ruins of the Church behind, and was creeping furtively along the blackened streets, did she notice the red stream of blood trickling from her thin hand. But blood was not a new sight to this baby of six years old, and she only wrapped her hand in her ragged pinafore, and went on. When she reached the cellar where she had lived with maman for what seemed years, she placed the precious fragment on a shelf where it would catch the first rays of light, and every evening in the stuffy cellar the silence was broken by a prayer, "Au bon Dieu," which, no matter what it contained, always ended " . . . et prière d'envoyer la Sainte Jeanne d'Arc à notre aide."

Now one hot night in May, Julie had knelt before her Saint as usual, and lain down on her piece of sacking as she had done for more nights than she knew how to count. But to-night she did not fall asleep, and it was not much to wonder at either, for this little mite of six had suffered such hardships, and seen such sights, as would have unnerved a man five times her age, and such as we in England pray may never come near our little rosy-cheeked babies. Hunger—more, starvation—had wasted the limbs that should have been as soft and as pink as apple-blossom, and her thin body showed pitifully through her ragged frock. The thunder of guns and the shrieks of men had been her lullaby, while English mothers were crooning softly to their sleeping babies; and for nearly three years she had seen the mad carnival of war sweep over the pleasant land of France. She had seen men kill and be killed; she had seen blood and carnage, and the lust of slaughter; she had seen her mother dead before her eyes—and she was six years old.

Well might she cry to the tender heart of La Pucelle, and as she lay in the dark cellar, feverish, on her piece of sacking, the moon rose slowly over the stricken vineyards and the ruined village, shone through the little grating, and made a glory round the green and gold and purple of the maid of France. It seemed to Julie that in that mystic glow a light of life came into the eyes fixed so steadfastly on something the child could never see ; breath came from the parted lips ; the lilies of France gleamed dewy and immortal ; and the hand that grasped the sword hilt strengthened its hold. *Le bon Dieu* had heard her prayer ; *la Sainte Jeanne* was coming ; yes, she could hear her voice, but it was not the sound of the homely dialect that she, and *maman*, and their friends used to talk at evening in the village when their work was done. But Julie was not frightened, for it was a woman's voice with a sob in it, "Oh — baby !" it said. Julie was vaguely puzzled ; she did not understand this. "*Mais, c'est peut-être la langue des anges,*" she murmured sleepily, and fell comfortably asleep at last in the arms that held her very tenderly. It did not occur to her to wonder why the Saint's armour was so soft to lean upon.

A few weeks later you might have seen Julie running about bare-foot in a village far behind the firing lines, where the noise of guns came only faintly, and you had a bed to lie upon instead of sacking in a cellar. You could almost see the roses coming back into her cheeks as she sat eating her bread and milk, and there was an English lady among the French ones who was especially kind if you had had dreams. This lady said to herself one day when Julie had been there several weeks : "There is another lily saved '*pour la belle France.*'"

But you could never have persuaded Julie herself that the strong sword arm of La Pucelle had not borne her to that place of peace.

“Dickybird, Dickybird, fly away home.”

This is a perfectly true story that I heard in the holidays, but which is not, I believe, generally known :—

Small, light balloons, just large enough to carry a cage containing a homing pigeon, and a bomb filled with pamphlets, have been constructed. These balloons are sent up when the wind is setting straight for Germany. The bombs are timed to explode when well behind the German frontier. When they explode, they scatter pamphlets far and wide, and at the same time release the cages, which parachute down to the ground. The pamphlets contain the true War news, and, for example, such things as President Wilson's speeches, with the parts left out by the German newspapers printed in red. Under the pigeon's wing is a quill asking the finder to return the bird. About one in fifty are returned with information so useful that it is well worth the loss of the other forty-nine.

VIA.

Wisdom.

(From the French of Paul Verlaine.)

The sky above the house

Is calm and blue ;

A tree above the house

Is hushed, too.

A bell in the sky we see

Gently rings ;

A bird in the tree we see

Sadly sings.

From the town the sound of life
 Comes up the hill.
 My God, my God, this is life
 Simple and still.

Weeping, what dost thou here,
 O heart at strife ;
 Say, what dost thou make here
 Of youth and life ?

VIA.

The Path of the Soul.

In the heart of the woods the sun shone down on the rugged,
 time-worn trees,
 Scattering golden rays, which danced as the leaves stirred in the
 breeze :
 And the paths were green with the moss of years, and the World
 was fair to see,
 And the wind sighed low, as a Soul passed by, to God and
 Eternity—
 Thro' the rustling leaves, past the golden sun, to God and Eternity.
 A ship lay wrecked in a tossing sea, 'neath the purple dome of
 night,
 And the moon peeped out from a misty cloud, and a myriad stars
 shone bright :
 And they all looked down with pitying eyes, on the wreck in the
 angry sea,
 As the souls of the crew passed through the night to God and
 Eternity—
 As they passed and passed through the shining stars to God and
 Eternity.
 Through a gaping hole in a garret roof, came the glimpse of a
 deep blue sky—
 Of the fleecy clouds--of the flying birds, as they winged their
 way on high :

And a soul cried out, in its earthly pain, to the beauty it could
see,

As it passed through the hole in the garret roof to God and
Eternity—

To dwell with the fairest things of God for all Eternity.

VIB.

Five Years.

1913 O England, England, sleeping soft,
God keep you quiet and fair ;
God fold you in His sheltering wings
And have you in His care.

1914 O England, England, called to arms,
Send out your sons afar !
With smiling lips and breaking heart
You watch them march to war.

1915 O England, England, weeping low
For all your dear, lost sons.
God have them in his keeping,
Those young and gallant ones.

1916 O England, England, racked with pain,
Your spirit stronger grows,
And in your awful hour of stress
Your fighting mettle shows.

1917 O England, England, who can tell
What this new year may bring ?
We pray that o'er our shuddering land
Peace may her mantle fling.

B.B. V.

An Aeroplane Exhibition.

During the holidays I went to an Aeroplane Exhibition held at the Drill Hall, Coventry. One of the airmen showed us round and explained everything.

There was no flying, but there were three aeroplanes. One was a big German Albatross machine, which we have captured and painted our colours so that we can use it ; another was a much smaller German one, painted grey, with large iron crosses on the wings. The third was the machine Lieut. Warneford, V.C., was in when he brought down the Zeppelin. The airmen fixed the six bombs (which each weigh 26lbs.) in, and showed us how they are released, the centre ones first so that the weight will not all be on one side.

There were models, one-tenth the proper size, of airships, different types of aeroplanes, and kite balloons.

There was a red German balloon, which the airman said had been used in Germany at a Training School ; it was sent up with a target underneath for the men to fire at. Somehow it got loose, drifted to England and landed in Wells. It had a notice in German on it, saying that ten shillings reward would be given if it was returned to Germany.

We also saw two British parachutes that the men come down from airships in. They measure sixty-five feet from the top of the umbrella part to the place where the man is strapped on.

There was also an observation car which is let down from a Zeppelin. It became detached and dropped during one of the raids on England.

We also saw all the important remains of all the Zeppelins that have been brought down : water and petrol tanks, pieces of propellers and propeller shafts, provision boxes, engines, compasses, framework, pieces of canvas

covering, radiators, bits of "cat-walk" (a narrow gang-way, eight inches wide, that leads from one gondola to another), gun platforms, one of the machine guns that is carried on top, a man's gas helmet, a board with twenty-four switches on it for releasing bombs, pieces of roof, and a great many other parts.

All round the walls of the hall were photos and paintings taken from aeroplanes, of aeroplanes, of seaplanes, and of balloons. There were also some very funny ones of the first balloons ever invented.

There were three photos of a farm—the first was before bombardment, the second during bombardment, and the third after bombardment. All three photos were taken from an aeroplane directly above. In the first the lines of the buildings and German trenches were quite distinct; the third photo was all bomb craters and looked like a photo of the moon.

J.W., IVB.

At a Remount Depot.

If you are interested in horses and fond of riding you should go to a Remount Depot. During the Easter holidays I went to one.

You start at 7 o'clock in the morning and have breakfast before you go. The first thing you do is to water and feed the horses, then you tidy up the stables. After that you begin grooming; when you have finished that the next thing is to exercise them, each horse for about two hours. You go out riding in a string, each girl riding one and leading another horse.

Often you have to go to the station to fetch new horses; these usually have to either be singed, clipped, or washed.

When the horses are fit and ready for Army use, you have to take them to the station, and send them away either to Salisbury Plain or France.

A.H., REMOVE.

Doing their bit: Life on a Farm.

While we are doing all we can for our soldiers out at the front, we must not forget the important part the women are taking in the War, namely, in working in the men's places. One of the most arduous and difficult forms of work which is carried on by women is probably that of farming. First of all, the women have to undergo a series of training in farms and hostels let specially for the purpose. Here they are carefully instructed in the art of milking, ploughing, sowing, etc. They stay on these farms for about six weeks, when they are thoroughly grounded in the work; then they are sent to different farms all over the country, where they begin work in earnest.

Every woman has to get up at 4.30 a.m., so as to begin work sharp by 5. The first duty is milking. Next comes the feeding of the animals, which is one of the most tiring jobs during the day; large buckets have to be fetched, filled, and carried to each of the respective stables or sheds. From 8 to 9 the girls have breakfast; then into the fields again to plant potatoes or plough until 1 p.m. An hour for lunch, and then work until 4, when the process of milking and feeding the animals begins again. The afternoon's work varies considerably, but in some cases girls, who have been brought up with every luxury, stand for hours at a time in the pouring rain spreading manure.

At 5 o'clock they have finished, and must be very glad

to get back to their little cottages, which are generally shared between two or three of them.

So it is not an exaggeration to say that those women who are cultivating our food, and enabling the men to go and fight for their country, are, in fact, helping to win the War.

“God speed the plough, and the woman who drives it.”

F.H.W., IIIA. ENGLISH.

The Sinking of the “Cabotia.”

Last Summer my uncle was bringing horses, remounts for the Army, from Canada. Near to the end of his second voyage a German submarine came to the top, and hailed the captain as follows :—“What have you got on board ?” “Wood pulp,” answered the captain (which he had as well as horses). “Anything else ?” enquired the German. “Yes, horses.” “Well I’ll give you ten minutes to get off, then I’ll shell the ship.” My uncle had been doctoring horses the best part of the night and had just gone to bed, so of course knew nothing of this till a man came and told him. Then he snatched his trousers and oilskins and got into one of the boats. It was a stormy night, but the boat my uncle was in had got pails of oil from the engine room, and they put the oil on the bows of the boat, and the sea broke gently on the ship. After twenty-four hours in an open boat, a trawler picked them up and landed them in Ireland. He came home from there. Only his boat and another came to shore ; the others were evidently lost.

P.W., IIIA. LATIN.

The Weasel.

I was sitting quietly one day on the Malvern Hills ; there was a path below me, and below the path there was another slope. As I sat there, up from the slope came a weasel, he had seen me no doubt before I saw him, but all the same he came quickly on, for though they are such tiny animals, they are both bold and fearless. On he came, looking at me with two bright, black eyes. His body was long and narrow, and he had a short tail and short legs ; his back was arched up a bit, his fur was brown above but pure white underneath ; it was not long fur, but quite short. Then as he reached me (I have never seen anything so swiftly done) he seemed to vanish in the air, and I could not tell where he went, so swiftly did he dart past me ; one could hardly realise that a creature with such short legs, or indeed even one with long legs, could move so fast : but so it is with all wild animals, especially small ones, for big ones can defend themselves. But what would the small and helpless ones do if they had not their wonderful swiftness ?

M.W., IIIB.

Gloucester Cathedral.

In the holidays we went to Gloucester Cathedral. A guide showed us round. It was very big and very beautiful. We were shown the crypt ; in it were a great many carvings from tombs of people of different reigns. Then we went along the middle aisle, and turned to the right, then into the Lady Chapel. In it were a great many flags, mostly of soldiers ; there was one of Captain Scott's and one of Captain Oates'. The Lady Chapel was right behind the Altar. Then we went to the Altar ; beside it

was a little chapel that had the floor and ceiling painted. We saw the tombs of Arthur of Normandy and Edward VI., which were covered with sandbags to protect them from Zeppelins. Underneath, in the crypt, the floor was supported to keep it from falling through. On the floor were several engraved pictures, one of Adam and Eve, another of Noah and the Ark. On the walls were a great many pictures and tombs; one was the tomb of a doctor and his wife who had seven sons and seven daughters. There was a stone screen, that had the organ on the top, and a beautiful stone font.

M.W., II.

A Cat.

I am a black cat. I live with a family in a farm house. I love to wander about the fields to try and catch birds and little rabbits. The grass is very tall and the rabbits do not see me. Sometimes I try to get little chickens, but they are so well looked after, and when I try to catch them they make such a noise that the farm boy comes and catches me, and I am shut up in a shed. One day I was playing on a road when some rough boys saw me and ran after me. I must have run for a very long way, and I ran up a tree. When the boys had gone away I looked round and I did not know where I was. I climbed down the tree and looked about me. Everything was strange to me, for I had not looked to see where I had gone to. I wandered about, and at night I had not found home, so I lay down under a hedge to sleep. Early in the morning, when it was light, I set off to find home. I met a hedgehog in a wood. I did not know what a hedgehog was. I went up to it and touched it with my paw, but it pricked me. The hedgehog rolled after me and ran and ran,

When I reached home I was very tired, and lay down and slept in front of the fire.

PAULINE BOTTOMLEY, I.

Calendar.

November, 1916—June, 1917.

- Dec. 2—Speech Day.
 16—Dramatic Entertainment for the Star and Garter Home.
 20—Term ended.
- Jan. 18—Easter Term began.
 24—Concert (Professional Classes War Relief Fund).
- Feb. 19—Canon Wilson's Lecture on the Battle of Worcester.
 Afternoon—Guild Meeting (M. Cox admitted).
 20—French Plays.
 21—Ash Wednesday Service, conducted by the Rev. S. Wallis Frost.
 23—Visit of Miss Goffe (S.P.G.)
- Mar. 8—Pupils' Concert.
 23—Singing Competition.
 24—The Confirmation.
 30—Term ended.
- May 3—Summer Term began.
 14 and 15—Missionary Campaign. Special Services for children at S. George's.
 17—Ascension Day.
 24—Empire Day Celebration on Pitchcroft.
- June 6 and 7—Drawing Examination.
 11—Gymnasium Classes' Display.
 18—Half-term Holiday.
 20—Commemoration Day.

School News.

SPEECH DAY.

Speech Day was held on Saturday, December 2nd. Miss Jourdain, from S. Hugh's, the College at which the School's University Leaving Scholarship is held, kindly came to address us and give the prizes. As before, nominal prizes only were given, and the prize money was allotted by the votes of the prize winners as follows :—

1. S. Dunstan's Hostel for Blinded Soldiers—£7 10s. od.
2. Shadwell Hospital for Children—£5 8s. od.
3. Kitchener Memorial Home, Waifs and Strays—£2 2s. od.

In her address Miss Jourdain said that in these days of national anxiety and suffering those engaged in special work of education, whether at the University or in schools, could count themselves fortunate, since those who taught and those who learnt might be able to do something to make the new life of England better and stronger. No girl in School or College would wish to be careless about her little piece of work if she remembered that men and women all over Europe were putting all their strength into whatever they had to do.

Canon Chappel moved a vote of thanks to Miss Jourdain, and the vote was seconded by Canon Bickersteth Ottley.

The school then gave cheers for the speaker, Miss Spurling and the staff.

Before the actual prize giving a short musical programme was given, consisting of Elgar's Part-Song, "A Christmas Greeting"; a Violin Solo, "Hungarian Dance," by C. Stranack; and the "Marseillaise."

FOR THE STAR AND GARTER HOME.

On December 16th an Entertainment was given in aid of the Star and Garter Home at Richmond. At 3 p.m. the VIth Form acted "Bombastes in the Shades," by Lawrence Binyon. This was followed by tea in the Gymnasium, for which Miss Batchellor and the Domestic Science Department were entirely responsible, and by a sale of Christmas Cards. At 4.30 "The Court of the Holy Child," a Christmas Mystery Play, was given.

The proceeds amounted to about £10, which was satisfactory considering the extremely severe weather.

PROFESSIONAL CLASSES WAR RELIEF FUND.

(From *Berrow's Journal*.)

On Tuesday afternoon (January 24th) a Concert was given, at the Alice Ottley School, in aid of the Professional Classes War Relief Fund. It was arranged by Mr. G. Street Chignell, who was able to secure the services of a trio of instrumentalists of exceptional ability—Miss Constance Izard (violin), Miss Maud Arnold (violoncello), and Mr. Lloyd Powell (pianoforte). Each played solos, and they were associated in a couple of trios—Beethoven's "D Major," and John Ireland's "Fantasie Trio, C Minor." Both in the solos and in the trios they all revealed a ripe musicianship. They possess a keen interpretative sense, as well as much executive skill, and their performances were, without exception, a sheer joy to the audience. Miss Izard played finely Bach's "Aera" on the C String, and an exacting piece by Kreisler, "Tambourin Chinois." Miss Arnold played a beautiful Danish Melody, by P. Grainger, and "Tarantella" (D. Poffer). Mr. Powell played, in masterly fashion, Chopin's No. 2, 3 and 11 Studies. Each soloist was encored. Together they gave a very impressive performance of Beethoven's "D Major Trio," the fire and energy of the last movement being very effectively presented.

LES PIÈCES FRANÇAISES.

Le 20 Fevrier on a joue des pièces françaises.

Il y avait trois pièces, "Un Intermède Italien," écrit par P. Denton, "Les Violettes Blanches," par C. Robinson et B. Bayly, et "La Voix Mystique," par C. Mackenzie et E. Taylor.

IVA. dans "La Voix Mystique," a eu une bonne diction, et a joué avec succès.

"Les Violettes Blanches"—jouée par la Vieme était tout a fait charmante. Elle était jolie comme costumes et originale comme idée. La dernière pièce était tout a fait différente des autres pièces. C'était un tableau de la vie véritable. Les trois grands rôles du Bouffon, du Chevalier et de Fioretta sa bien-aimée ont été représentés par P. Denton, D. Wigram et R. Weston, et elles ont surpassé tous leurs efforts précédents.

LA SOCIÉTÉ DES JEUX DRAMATIQUES.

A cause du succès des pièces on a formé une nouvelle Société. Le professeur de français est la Présidente. L'Auteur de la Pièce française de la

VIème est la Directrice, et chaque secrétaire, représentant une classe est élue par vote. Les autres élèves sont les membres.

Le but consiste à parler uniquement français et à écrire une pièce chaque année.

THE SINGING COMPETITION.

The Competition was held on March 23rd.

Form IVA won the Shield, the choir being conducted by E. Burston.

The Picture was won by IIIA (Latin), who were trained by Miss Peggy Ottley.

Mr. Gurney Barnett was again so kind as to come over from Malvern Link to act as judge.

THE PUPILS' CONCERT.

On March 8th the Pupils' Concert was held. The orchestra played the opening piece. S. Hancock played the 'cello, and took part with Miss Hirschfeld and C. Stranack in a string trio. B. Martin and C. Stranack gave violin solos. Miss P. Ottley played an organ solo. Forms IIIA. and B sang folk-songs, Forms VI. and V. part-songs, and J. Bayly a solo. The following girls played the piano :—P. Whitaker, D. Moore, B. Martin, M. Hulse, P. Blackwell, K. Davies, B. Yates, B. Gillespy, M. Bird, M. Elton, I. Perkins, M. Jones, W. Hildebrand, K. Chell, A. Beavan, M. Pratt, K. Wilson, M. Lane, S. Lewis.

ROYAL DRAWING SOCIETY EXHIBITION RESULTS.

P. Mann, 1 Silver Star, 1 Highly Commended, 1 1st Class, 2 3rd Classes. B. Webb, 1 Bronze Star 1st Class, 1 2nd Class, 1 3rd Class. M. Watson, Highly Commended. P. Edwards, 1 1st Class. C. Robinson, 2 1st Classes. E. Cadbury, 2 1st Classes. V. Elton, 2 1st Classes. S. Lewis, 1 1st Class. M. Willis, 1 1st Class.

CONFIRMATION.

A special School Confirmation was held on Saturday, March 24th, in the Cathedral. Bishop Mylne administered the Rite. The following girls were confirmed :—M. Jones, I. Perkins, W. Hildebrand, I. Curtler, N. Curtler, D. Earle, M. Revill, L. Sievers, S. Smith, J. Hook, K. Chell, E. Hoult.

At the Priory Church, Malvern, on March 28th, Christine Robinson ; and at

Malvern Link Church, on May 3rd, E. Taylor and D. Lucas were confirmed by Bishop Mylne. They were, unfortunately, ill at the time of the School Confirmation.

EMPIRE DAY.

On May 24th we joined with the other schools of Worcester in the Empire Day celebrations arranged by the Mayor. About 5000 school children assembled on Pitchcroft, saluted the Union Jack, and sang the National Anthem. This was followed by a short address, given by the Mayor, and the reading of the Royal Proclamation. The schools then sang Kipling's "Children's Hymn," marched back to school, and dispersed.

THE DEBATING SOCIETY.

During the Lent Term the Debating Society was re-inaugurated, membership being open to Forms VIA and B, and the Students. The officers then elected were: President, Miss Tisdall; Vice-President, P. Denton; Secretary, P. Edwards. Miss E. Davies was also elected to the Committee.

The first Meeting was held on March 19th, at 4.15 p.m. As no private business was brought forward, the President called upon Daphne Wigram to move that "In the opinion of this House, Shakespeare's heroines are better drawn than his heroes." The speaker gave a sketch of the character of Shakespeare's heroines, saying that there was a perfect woman in nearly every play. The element of hope was always introduced by the woman, whereas the catastrophe was the fault of the man.

The Vice-President opposed the motion. She considered that the interest in the play centred on the male character, while the woman was introduced to throw light upon it. Shakespeare honoured his heroines, but loved his heroes, whose characters he treated more fully.

Amina Gardner seconded the proposer, and Lois Petrie the opposer. Other speakers were: Miss Baynes, Miss Davies, B. Webb, M. Thornton, and S. Ondaatje. After an interesting debate the House divided, and the motion was lost by 10 votes to 9.

The first Meeting in the Summer Term was held on May 21st, when the Vice-President was in the Chair, in the absence of the President. The Minutes were read and passed without objection. Miss Davies then suggested that subjects for debate should be sent in by members. This was finally agreed upon.

Margaret Thornton then proposed that "In the opinion of the House, War

is not a hindrance to the progress of civilisation." In a long speech, with references to the results of past wars in history, she pointed out that although the immediate results of war may be bad, yet the ultimate results were good.

Stephanie Ondaatje was the opposer. She considered that war meant destruction, waste, and starvation, and that intellectual education and foreign missions were hindered.

S. Hancock and Miss Davies ably supported the proposer and opposer respectively. Miss Baynes, M. Elton, D. Wigram, and C. Stranack also spoke. After the debate the House divided, and the motion was won by 11 votes to 5.

GIRLS LEFT.

Christmas, 1916: Marjorie Webb, Betty Cave, Sylvia Garman, Phyllis Bartlett, Doris Darlington.

Easter, 1917: Monica Hemus, Sylvia Lewis, Isabel Curtler, Nancy Curtler, Mercie Marshjones, K. Wright.

There have been two new Præfects this term: K. Chell in the Remove, and J. Hooke in IIIA. (Latin).

NEW GIRLS.

May, 1917: V., N. Pyne. IVB., A Bird. IIIA (English), S. Haigh. IIIB., M. Lloyd-Jones, E. Phillips. II., E. Howson, M. Darling, D. Lloyd-Jones. I., M. Boyd, M. Steward, M. Haigh, R. Lloyd-Jones. Preparatory and Kindergarten, B. Blyth, M. Moore, N. Kirkham, I. Duncan, R. Bird, V. Clift, B. Tillett, G. Sutor, S. Sutor, David Lloyd-Jones.

GAMES, &C.

The 1st XI. (Hockey): L. Petrie (Captain), S. Hancock, P. Denton, G. Phillips, D. Wells, C. Stranack, D. Wigram, D. Earle, I. Coomber, A. Hooke, B. Cave.

The Lacrosse Team: S. Hancock (Captain), C. Stranack, P. Denton, G. Phillips, I. Coomber, L. Petrie, D. Earle, Enid Wheaton, D. Wigram, I. Curtler, N. Curtler, M. Jones.

The Hockey Shield was won by Form VI., who played in the final match against IIIA. Score, 7 goals to 1.

Owing to the bad weather it was not found possible to play off the ties for the Lacrosse Cup. There were no outside matches during the Spring Term

on account of the increased fares and the difficulty of travelling.

An excellent Drill Display was given on June 11th by the three afternoon classes ; not only was the work of the senior class of a high standard, but that of the other two gave most encouraging promise.

It is interesting to note that in the majority of cases the Girl Guides in the different Worcester parishes are being trained by our own Old Girls. This is as it should be.

MISSION WORK.

ACCOUNTS, DECEMBER, 1915—DECEMBER, 1916.

<i>Received.</i>			<i>Paid.</i>		
	£	s. d.		£	s. d.
Mission Money.....	6	17 6½	Work Party Materials ...	3	6 6½
Boxes	1	12 8½	Esther Isa Das (Fees) ...	4	0 0
			„ „ (Present)	0	2 8½
			S.P.G. General Fund ...	1	0 0
			Balance	0	1 0
	<hr/> £8 10 3 <hr/>			<hr/> £8 10 3 <hr/>	

On February 23rd we had a visit from Miss Goffe (S.P.G. Secretary for Girls' Schools). She spoke to the School, in three divisions, on Mission Work, and she also went to the Boarding Houses. She succeeded in rousing the Missionary zeal of the School, and 48 girls promised to take in the "Church Abroad" every month, in addition to the large number who already read "The Mission Field," "King's Messengers' Magazine," and "African Tidings." During the Rogation Days a Missionary campaign was organised throughout the City ; we took part in it by attending the Children's Service on Monday and Tuesday at S. George's Church. The Services were conducted by the Rev. G. T. Craiger, who is himself a Missionary from Australia.

On Rogation Wednesday Miss Goffe came again and explained to the elder girls the methods of conducting Study Circles. It is hoped that at any rate Boarding Houses will be able to organise their own Circles. The subject to be studied is "India."

Miss Goffe also had for sale many interesting Missionary books for all ages. Some of these may be recommended to Old Girls: "The Claim of Suffering" 2s., "Suffering Relieved" 6d., "Father Pat" 1s., "The Call of

Empire" 2s., "Bishop Patteson" 2s. All these may be obtained from S.P.G. House, 15, Tufton Street, Westminster, S.W.

The Lent savings for Waifs and Strays amounted to £2 12s., whilst the sum of 9s. 3d. was also collected during Lent in the special S.P.G. boxes in the Form-rooms.

OLD GIRLS AND MISTRESSES.

Miss Bagnall is now Second Mistress at the Godolphin School, Salisbury; and Miss Beckingham holds the same position at Queen Margaret's School, Pitlochry.

Miss Lindley is teaching French in a large boys' school in Southampton.

Miss Bertha Woodhouse writes that plague has been so severe in Hyderabad that they could not begin the Spring Term until February 15th, even then many children were kept away. She, herself, has unfortunately had two attacks of fever, but spent most happy Christmas holidays with various brothers and sisters.

Leila Kenyon-Stowe left Truro High School at Christmas. She has now a post in a school of 140 boys—Archbishop Tennen's Grammar School, Leicester Square. She had been staying with Daphne who is living at Hendon with her two little boys, her husband having returned to West Africa.

Isabel Pope and Dora Wood are doing good work as nurses in Egypt.

Janet Harding is Assistant Private Secretary to the Minister of Munitions.

Gretna Hackney has a post in a Boy's Preparatory School at Newton Abbott.

Miss Moore went back to Nassau, Bahamas, in January. She writes that she has joined the V.A.D. there, and is very busy, too, with her school work.

Irene Cave-Browne-Cave was, on March 17th, decorated by the King at Buckingham Palace with the Royal Red Cross (2nd Class), for her services as a Nursing-Sister in the Navy.

Miss Graham is giving lectures to the students at the Edgbaston Church College.

Isabel Garnett has signed on as a Territorial Nurse for the period of the War.

Stella Parker (née Teakle) is House-Mistress at the Edgbaston Church College under Miss Godfrey.

Madeline Keir-Moilliet is the Guide-Mistress of the Baskerville Girl Guides.

Sylvia Garman is acting as Housemaid at the Red Cross Hospital at Tenbury.

Madeline Gill has a post at S. Stephen's High School, Clewer.

May King is nursing at the Military Hospital at Bethnal Green.

Mary Hay has been ill and is obliged to work at M'Ponda's, within reach of a doctor.

Justina Kent has some interesting War work at S. Alban's, where she visits for the Canadian Red Cross at Napsbury, a large hospital two miles out of the town. She has to find out the Canadians and send details of their wounds, etc., to the Canadian Red Cross Headquarters in London, which write to the men's relations and send the men parcels.

Edith Rubery is nursing at the Military Hospital at Warrington.

Olwen Lloyd, who has been driving a motor ambulance in France, was obliged to come home on sick leave, but she is now better.

Miss Alder is a temporary Classical Mistress at the Royal Grammar School, Worcester.

Estelle Blyth has written a delightful little book, "Warrior Saints," and has kindly presented a copy to the Children's Library.

Beryl James has qualified as a Dispenser, and has been accepted by the London Territorial Association for work in a Military Hospital.

Lilian Spencer goes in September to Lincoln High School, where she will be English Specialist.

Madge Spencer goes in September to S. Thomas' Hospital to begin her training.

Nina Grisman goes in September to S. Catharine's, S. Andrews, N.B., where she will have a Lower School Form and will teach Latin and English.

Nina Blythe is Probation Officer in a Children's Court in London.

Dorothea Johnson Barker is now Organist and Choirmistress at S. John's, Leamington.

BIRTHS.

December, 1916, Mrs. Ashe (J. Vawdrey), a daughter.

January 22nd, 1917, Mrs. Charles Britten (D. Allsopp), a son.

- January 31st, Mrs. Hicks (Nellie Kay), a son.
 March, Mrs. Molloy (R. Garnett), a son.
 April 28th, Mrs. Apperley (F. Newman), a son.
 May 4th, Mrs. Evans (F. Brierley), a son (Robin).
 May 12th, Mrs. Carrington Charke (E. Crabtree), a daughter.
 June 7th, Mrs. Trotter (Usher), a son.

MARRIAGES.

November 2nd, 1916, at Gatsoma, South Africa, George Addis to Helena White.

December 2nd, at the Cathedral, Colombo, Ceylon, R. G. Jayetilake to Amy de Saram.

January 1st, 1917, in Worcester Cathedral, the Rev. Edward Heathfield Tupper (Precentor) to Dorothy Frances Haighton Chappel.

January 20th, at S. Thomas', Rhyl, Arthur G. Davis, R.E., to Florence May Worthington.

January 23rd, at Holy Trinity, Worcester, Lieut. R. F. Keen, M.C. (Worcestershire Regiment), to Mary Abell.

April 30th, at S. Martin's Church, Potternewton, Leeds, Captain Charles F. Gordon, R.F.A., to Kathleen Dorothy Hurst.

May 9th, at Claines Church, Jack Hill to Doris Caryl Mann.

June 7th, Captain James Arthur Higgs-Walker (9th Worcesters) to Muriel Jessie Smith.

DEATHS.

On February 23rd, at Christ's Hospital, Horsham, Vernon Laurie, aged 9 years.

On April 6th, killed in Action in France, Captain Charles Dyson (West Yorkshire Regiment), husband of Gwendolen Dyson (née Barrington-Ward).

GIFTS TO THE SCHOOL.

Four Tennis Racquets and Presses from Miss Laybourne.

"The Dictionary of National Biography" (69 vols.) from a friend of the School.

"The Book of Kells," from Miss Graham.

"Warrior Saints," from E. Blythe.

"Short Biographies of the Worthies of Worcestershire," edited by the Rev. J. R. Burton and E. Ophelia Browne, from Ophelia Browne.

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

Early Church Classics · "Shepherd of Hermas," "Liturgy of Apostolic Constitution."

