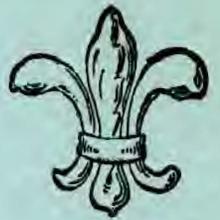
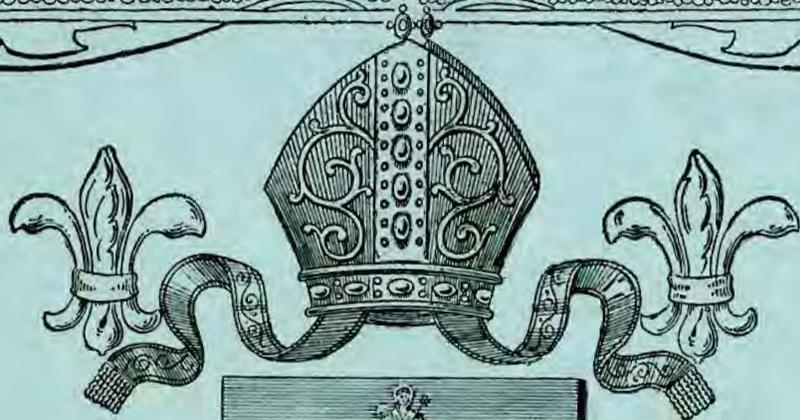
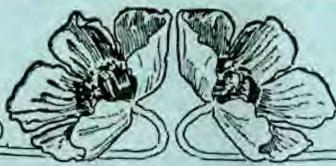


# LINCOLN



## Diocesan Training College

# MAGAZINE



October,

1917.





## Principal's Letter

My dear friends,

I am glad to hear from many old Lincolnians that they carry on courageously in spite of the growing sorrows and burdens of the war. Present-day College too, will not I believe, be found wanting in patience and faith. We feel compassed about by the invisible armies of those who have sacrificed all :—

“ We, all unknowing, wage  
Our endless fight  
By ghostly banners led,  
By arms invisible helped in the strife.  
They see  
The steadfast purpose of eternity.  
Their care is all for us ; they whisper low  
Of the great heritage  
To which we go.  
As one may tell a child of tender age  
Of manhood and its joys,  
They from our toys  
Call us to contemplation of the light.”

We, as teachers, cannot be deaf to their message ; we may do our part to win some small advance for the army of light and truth into the realms of ignorance.

Very truly yours,

W. TODHUNTER.

## Principal's Notes

### Changes in Staff

Many old Lincolnians and especially those who lived under her care at Norwood, will be sorry to hear that Miss Martin is shortly giving up her work at College.

All who know Miss Martin remember how heartily and unselfishly she has always thrown herself into College activities. Many generations may look back to her help in Method work. We shall miss the beautiful decorations for the altar which she has made her special charge. Norwood will certainly miss her very much. We hope that she will often return in happier times.

\* \*

Miss Hague, B.Sc. has joined our staff as Mathematics lecturer, after many years work at the Huddersfield High School.

\* \*

Miss Hind, the Principal's secretary, left on her appointment to secretarial work at S. Hugh's, Oxford. We shall miss Miss Hind's energetic and efficient help, and her devoted work.

We welcome Miss Burrell as Principal's secretary (pro tem).

\* \*

All will be sorry to hear of Miss Bibby's serious operation during the summer vacation. She has not yet been able to resume work.

\* \* \*

HEARTY CONGRATULATIONS for the following successes:—

In Certificate Examination 1917.

Miss E. Wood (Senior Prefect for her year) Distinction in Advanced Botany, Advanced Mathematics, French.

"Credit" in Advanced Teaching, Physical Training, Music, English.

Miss B. Henderson.—"Credit" in Advanced Teaching, Physical Training, Hygiene, Music, English, History, Science. Also success in the Higher Froebel (Pt. 1) with First Classes in History, Mathematics, Literature.

Miss C. Marshall.—Distinction in Hygiene, Physical Training, and "Credit" in Advanced Teaching, English, and in Music and Mathematics.

Miss A. Rankine.—Distinction in Hygiene and Physical Training. "Credit" in Advanced Teaching, English, Music, Science. Also success in the Higher Froebel (Pt. 1) with First Class in History.

Miss N. Appleton.—"Credit" in Teaching, Physical Training, Hygiene, Music, Science.

Miss S. Arnold.—"Credit" in Advanced Teaching, Physical Training, Hygiene, English, Science.

Miss C. Bingham.—Distinction in Advanced Music, "Credit" in Physical Training and in English.

Miss E. Harrison.—“Credit” in Advanced Botany, Physical Training, Hygiene, Music.

Miss E. Hart.—“Credit” in Advanced English, and in Teaching, Physical Training, Hygiene.

Miss A. Hodson.—“Credit” in Advanced Drawing and Advanced Teaching, and in Physical Training.

Miss I. Roberts.—“Credit” in Physical Training, Music, English, History.

Miss H. Schofield.—“Credit” in English, Teaching, Hygiene, Science.

Miss M. Stevenson.—“Credit” in French and in Physical Training, Hygiene, Music, English.

Miss D. Taylor.—Distinction in Advanced Botany, “Credit” in Advanced Teaching, English, Physical Training.

Miss W. Walker.—“Credit” in Advanced Drawing, Physical Training, Hygiene, Science.

To Miss K. Huggins (1914-1916), who has just completed her Higher Froebel, with First Class in Geography.

To the Chapel Wardens for 1916-1917 (Miss A. Rankine, and Miss E. Cunningham) who headed the list in the First Class for the Archbishop's Examination 1917.

\* \* \*

The Principal regrets that she has got behind in answering old girls' letters and hopes to answer them all in time.

The following extracts will be of interest to those who know the writers:—

From P. Oldham, who has been in various schools under the London County Council and is at present in an Industrial School for boys:—“ . . . There are about 100 boys aged from fifteen years upwards and they are divided into two sections, juniors and seniors. Every alternate week the juniors have ordinary lessons in the mornings and the seniors in the afternoons. Thus I do not get the same boys all day long. The first morning I arrived the Head Teacher took me into the class-room and said, ‘These are the juniors.’ I gasped and wondered to myself what the seniors were like. Nearly all of them are bigger than I am, so there's little wonder I was so surprised. While one section is in school the other does boot repairing and tailoring. Every minute of the day these boys have to be watched carefully in case they attempt to run away.”

From Miss S. Hunt, The Red House, Marston Moor:—“ . . . . the boys are very jolly. I seem to be importing novelties—the great advantage of my having been trained. There was great excitement at the idea of a French vocabulary lesson outside . . . . The chapel is very beautiful and about half the size of our own.”

Miss Elsie Street, . . . “My brother has just been awarded a bar to the Military Cross for conspicuous bravery in the June push; he is now a captain.”

Miss G. Atherton (left 1913), writes of her experiences in a London school:—"I could not help admiring some of the boys when we had an air raid during school hours. The majority of them went on writing compositions for 25 minutes although they were shaking from head to foot. Their writing was very good until the bombs began to fall . . . . . Many of my children have left London this week for the country, and I do not wonder, for shrapnel was falling all round us, some fell on our roof and brought some plaster down. After midnight people were out digging it up out of the road still quite hot. Some of the children go to sleep on desks after having been up all night."

Miss Jessie Pinches (left 1913), gives a most interesting account of the methods by which the children in her school at Birmingham, have collected for improved buildings for the school. "Each class in each department has its own pet scheme. One class has a sale of penny articles made by the children themselves. Another class gives a concert with a penny admission. The top class have begged a library of 1/- books which they loan out at a penny a week. All this is managed by the children themselves."

Miss E. Sugdon writes of St. Nicholas Council School at Beverley:—"We have a splendid play room containing a big toy cupboard and swings for the babies, and the promise of a rocking horse when the war is over."

Miss E. Speakman is now recovered from the operation she has had, and writes:—"All the doctors, nurses and inmates of the hospital are familiar with L.T.C. now as they all have a peep into my album which I keep near my bed, so that I can look at it from time to time."

\* \*

Many thanks in the name of the College to the Year 1914-1916 for the gift of £5 to the Chapel Fund to be used for altar furniture. The sum was collected by Miss Maud Chapman and Miss Fanny Tooley, Chapel Wardens for the Year.

The Principal has heard from nearly all students of last year of their new work, there are still a few of whom she would be interested to hear.

\* \*

The Principal, Staff, and Students are always pleased to see former students and other friends for dancing and other social events on Saturdays.

The Principal finds it necessary, however, to remind certain former students that for hygienic and other obvious reasons the following do not form a suitable dancing costume:—felt hats, thick coats, heavy boots and mackintoshes. Prefects make it their special charge to act as hostesses and show the way to the cloakroom.

## Chaplain's Notes

The notes of a new Chaplain must necessarily be sparse. Suffice it to say that the new Chaplain has found his new work a real refreshment. This is simply owing to the preventing and co-operating kindness he unfailingly finds on every hand.

The great care bestowed on the preparation for the Offices of our beautiful Chapel assures a beautiful rendering of them, and it is not only a profit but also a privilege and pleasure to be associated in them. True, we are momentarily at a disadvantage through the unfortunate illness of our organist and the loss of our late secretary, but we have learned to get on without luxuries in war-time, and our worship is still in the beauty of holiness. We pray for our Organist's full and speedy recovery, and trust she will soon be with us again.

Last term we had as special Preachers at Evensong, the Lord Bishop, the Archdeacon of Lincoln, the Archdeacon of Stow, the Chancellor, and the Sub-Dean. This term our Harvest Thanksgiving was solemnized on Sunday, October 14th. The Chapel was in beautiful array for the Celebration at 8 a.m. and Evensong at 8-15 p.m. The Archdeacon of Lincoln was our Preacher at Evensong. The Bishop hopes to come to us on the Second Sunday in Advent, the Chancellor on the First, and the Sub-Dean on the Third, which is the last Sunday of term.

Just one note of criticism. Perhaps the numbers of Communicants, more especially on the Saints and Holy Days, ought to be a little larger. At this time when we have so much to be thankful for, and so much to pray for, it only requires a little quiet personal thought to remedy this. We will all do our best. We cannot do more; we must not do less. "O send out Thy light and Thy truth, that they may lead me; and bring me unto Thy holy hill, or to Thy dwelling; and that I may go unto the Altar of God, even unto the God of my joy and gladness."

## Editorial Notice

The Editor begs to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of Magazines from the following Colleges and Schools:—

Bristol (Fishponds), Cheltenham, Chichester (Bishop Otter's) Derby, Edgehill, Grahamstown, Homerton, Lincoln High School, Norwich, Ripon, Saffron Walden, Sheffield (The Crescent and the Holly Leaf), Warrington.

## College Notes

### Inspectorial Visits

On Empire Day, May 24th, His Majesty's Inspector, Mr Geoffrey Shaw paid his annual visit for the examination in singing. He not only gave an inspiring address as in previous years, but he rejoiced his student audience by singing for and with them songs which had already given great delight to the men at the front.

About a fortnight later, on June 13th, came the last of the inspectorial visits, that of Mr Hefford, His Majesty's Inspector of Science.

### N.U.T. Address

On Friday, May 11th, Miss Conway, the Vice-President of the National Union of Teachers and an old Lincoln student, gave one of her usual addresses on the ever-green subject of the activities of the Union. It goes without saying that her graphic presentation of the work of the Society awoke a keen interest in her audience and added a large number of students to the list of members.

### Prizes for College Gardens

Miss Counsell gave prizes to the following students for well kept gardens.

Second Year. 1st F. Butler

2nd L. Robinson and M. Martin

First Year. E. Stuart and I. Nicholson.

### Lecture by Dr. Jane Walker

On the evening of Friday, June 29th, the Staff, students and a small number of visitors had the opportunity of listening to a most enlightening lecture on personal hygiene by Dr. Jane Walker. The appreciation of the audience showed itself not only at the lecture, but afterwards, for a considerable number took advantage of the lecturer's very kind offer to answer any question and to discuss any difficult points privately.

### Open Day.

On the morning of Saturday, July 18th, everyone in College was busily engaged in preparing for the coming of visitors. Streams of students, laden with chairs for the garden, or flowers for the class rooms, were hurrying about in order to make everything ready for the entertainment of all who were interested in College.

The proceedings began at three o'clock in the Principal's garden, when a specially selected class of Second Years, all very smart in gymnastic costume with the whitest of white shoes and white blouses, drilled vigorously, in spite of the heat. The marching in ranks, which was especially well done, evoked much comment from the spectators, and the smartness and precision with which move-

ments were performed must have delighted all teachers present. When at last the class lay down at full length on the grass in the shade of the trees one could not help thinking they had well earned a rest after their exertions in such an atmosphere.

The National Dances of the Allies followed and were keenly enjoyed. We were shewn, first of all, Britannia seated on her throne, draped with the folds of the Union Jack and holding her trident. Eight "British Tars" marched forward to the appropriate strains of "Hearts of Oak," danced a Sailor's Hornpipe with much energy and sat down at the feet of Britannia as Scotch lads and lassies in tartans and kilts followed with a Scotch reel. Next came a number of Irish colleens who cleverly performed an Irish jig with an intricate heel and toe step, and, what struck us still more, a wild little shriek and much waving of the arms. Welsh maidens in tall hats, with white frills and long flowing hair came forward to dance a slow and stately measure and were followed by little French girls in short dresses and big bows who tripped gaily forward while the rest of us proudly sang "Sur le pont d'Avignon." Russian girls and boys with much determination and emphasis gave us a specimen of Russian dancing, while Belgium was represented by peasant women, gay with orange and red scarves. Finally to the strange tune of the Japanese National Anthem, three little Japanese maidens, two of them at least looking very demure, came forward with tiny, jerky steps, twirling their parasols, the quaint little dance which they performed gaining much applause. The final tableau, consisting of all the performers in their charming costumes and gay colours with Britannia still seated in state above the throne, was most picturesque.

At this point in the proceedings the Archdeacon presented Edith Wood, the Head Student, with the customary badge in token of her work and devotion to the good of the College during the past year.

The members of the Dramatic Society then proceeded to delight us with a performance of the final scene of Persephone. The beautiful colours of the dresses and the appropriate setting in the shade of the trees on the lawn as well as the ability of the actors all combined to produce a charming effect.

These entertainments being concluded the rest of the afternoon was spent by the visitors in the Drill Hall, Lecture Hall, and Science Room, where various exhibitions had been arranged for their inspection.

The Drill Hall was devoted to the exhibition of Geographical pictures, diagrams and charts relating to Lincoln and the district, collected and arranged by First Year Students, under the direction of Miss Hardy. A considerable number of the charts and diagrams were such as children could make themselves. They embodied information which could be obtained by observation out of school, and in this way made available for future reference. Pictures of objects of local interest from an historical as well as a geographical

point of view were shewn, notably the drawing of the old house at the top of the Steep Hill. Realistic drawings of a Lincolnshire "Short Horn" bull and a "Long Wool" sheep also attracted considerable attention. The entire collection was of a kind most valuable for the teaching of local geography.

In the Lecture Hall was displayed a collection of handwork and needlework to which almost every student in College had contributed. A very varied assortment of garments adapted from all kinds of articles was shown on one of the tables, while another was taken up by the plain inexpensive garments, made generally of unbleached calico and cheap coloured cotton material. Some other garments of a more elaborate type showed fine work of a dainty and finished character. The results of many strenuous half hours in the Handwork Room after supper with "sticky stuff," cardboard and paper was shown in some really good examples of cardboard work at the end of the room. Some people, at any rate, had been able to persuade the "sticky stuff" to stick in the places where it was required. The ingenuity of some lucky people blessed with originality was shown in the collection of toys made from all kinds of materials which it would never have occurred to some of us to utilise. Raffia work, scrap books, nature calendars and School Practice illustrations also found a place in the exhibition.

The collection of plants, insects, and organisms shown in the Science Room was most interesting. The plants were grouped according to their habitat and each specimen was distinctly labelled. Thus one could see types of meadow vegetation, moorland vegetation, or hedgerow vegetation, with the various characteristics common to each particular class. Familiar plants whose names we had never been able to discover we found each with its name given for our edification. Water boatmen, coloured but cruel looking water spiders, and various insects which some of us had read of but never seen, were ranged in the glass bowls near the windows. The whole exhibition was fascinating for those who were interested in Nature Study.

Throughout the afternoon the weather was ideal and everyone appeared to enjoy their visit. We owe special thanks to Miss Turner, Miss Bibby, and Miss Row for their help with the acting, music and dancing, and also to Miss Hardy, Miss Martin, and Miss Counsell for their arrangements of the various exhibitions.

ISABEL CANHAM.

### **First Year Concert**

On May 31st, we made our way to the Drill Hall in a state of great expectation, for was it not that great annual event, the First Year Concert. At last the curtain was drawn, disclosing the whole First Year, uniformly attired in true College fashion—drill costumes—for the singing of the First Year Song, an original composition which won great favour owing to its topical allusions.

This was followed by a scene from *Vanity Fair* in which D. Spinks and I. Jubb, faithfully portrayed old-time Schoolmistresses. H. Higham gave a vigorous representation of the passionate Rebecca Sharpe, whilst M. Gregory stood out in vivid contrast as the docile Amelia Sedley. After a trio tastefully rendered by P. Farrar, M. Burton, and E. Dack, we found ourselves in the company of Prospero (D. Broom), Ferdinand (D. Spinks), and Miranda (M. Guest), in a scene from *The Tempest*.

Prospero, having given his consent to the betrothal of Ferdinand and Miranda, interested them by a display of his magic power in calling upon the spirits under his control to perform a "masque." Ceres (M. Buttery), and Juno (E. Fawlkes), with her messenger Iris (L. Sugdon), graced the occasion with their presence and called upon the nymphs and the Reapers to "celebrate a contract of true love," by a graceful dance. The part of the mischievous sprite, Ariel, was successfully undertaken by D. Appleton; and all the players are to be congratulated on their dainty and graceful representation of the scene.

Excellent dancing was shown in the next item, in which several girls dressed to represent leaves, executed a beautiful dance featuring Spring, Summer, and Autumn in the life of the leaves. A pianoforte duet was ably performed by M. Thomas and L. Sugdon, and we were glad to have another duet by them in the second part of the programme.

An amusing diversion was caused by a scene from "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch." The genial temperament of Mrs. Wiggs, cheerful in spite of all her troubles, was well expressed by E. Lewis, whilst E. Stuart played the part of Billy with every success. K. Wood, P. Farrar, and M. Burton, entered with zeal into the parts of the excited children, Australia, Asia, and Europa; whilst D. Walker as Miss Lucy, and W. Collin and L. Thompson as the Boys, were equally successful.

After an amusing sketch, entitled "Apartments to Let," in which the craft and cunning of a landlady were ruthlessly laid bare, and the intellectual aspirations of two young ladies were overcome by financial considerations, we found ourselves listening to a troupe of Sailor Boys—and girls—in the "Bells of St. Malo." Dancing was a great feature of the whole concert; and the Sailors' Hornpipe, as well as the National Dances in costume (Scotch, Irish and Welsh) did the First Year great credit. A motley crowd, the Emergency Band, conducted by B. Harrison, achieved their aim of making a cheerful noise at any cost.

At the conclusion of the concert, the Principal warmly thanked the First Years for the very pleasant evening they had given us, and the audience showed their appreciation by loud applause.

Afterwards the Second Years were conducted to the Dining Hall, which was gaily decorated with flowers, and other good things. A dance in the Lecture Hall proved a very appropriate ending to this festive evening.

EDITH WOOD.

## Musical Evening

It was with great pleasure that we gathered together in the Drill Hall on June 12th, to be entertained by Miss Bibby and the Advanced Music students, for we knew that a very delightful evening was before us. For one hour the spirit of music pervaded the Drill Hall and we dwelt in a veritable land of song. Sometimes it was one voice that charmed us, and at other times all voices joined harmoniously to carry our thoughts to far off things and fill us with feelings only half felt before. Something of the sadness of the death of a hero was depicted in the song from Ossian's "Fingal," by Brahms, whilst the "Barcarolle" by the same composer reminded us of a lighter side of life. Among other items was a Canon by Martini, beginning, "O Springtime, I greet thee," which recalled the delights of that season which is always associated with song—the song of birds. Joyous and happy feelings also stirred within us during the singing of Rubinstein's "Maidens Fair." The introduction of the famous old round, "Would you know my Celia's charms," caused much laughter and greatly added to the enjoyment of the evening. Among the solos sung were:—

Solveig's Song	..	Miss Bibby	..	<i>Grieg</i>
May Dew	..	G. Bingham	..	<i>Sterndale Bennett</i>
The Two Grenadiers	..	E. Dutton	..	<i>Schumann</i>
Don Juan Serenade	..	H. Hunt	..	<i>Tschaikowsky</i>

All the items were well received and many encores were demanded. Each fresh item only made the audience long for more, but all too soon the evening came to a close, and Miss Bibby, by special request, sang a Slumber Song. L. SUGDON.

## The Autumn Half-Term, 1916

*(Too late for the April issue)*

October 27th, 1916—31st ! half-term ! a great time always, and infinitely greater this year because of the visit of the present mothers' mothers to L.T.C.

About fifty students who live comparatively near Lincoln went home for the holiday ; the rest of us stayed in college with the Principal, Miss Martin, Miss Dobson, Miss Hind and the Matron. We must acknowledge rather severe spasms of home-sickness when we saw smiling faces and week-end cases leaving college, but very soon we were too busy preparing for the events of the week-end to consider our first disappointment.

About thirty of our Second Years had accepted the Principal's invitation to spend the half-term in college. The Senior Student found some difficulty in satisfying all the "daughters" who wished to book their "mothers'" rooms on the same dormitories as their own, but finally arrangements were made to the satisfaction of all.

On Saturday morning the "mothers" arrived. Dinner with them seemed quite a natural event, in fact it was hard to believe

they had ever left us. After dinner, there was great excitement during the Hockey Match between "mothers" and "daughters." Several of the "mothers'" team were those of last year's First XI and their Captain (Phil Lever) played left-wing; our Captain (Phil Oldham) played right back. Annie Sheffield shot the first goal for us, and following this, Dorothy Nixon scored for our "mothers." The "daughters" scored again and then the "mothers," bringing the half-time score to two all. In the second half, Annie Sheffield secured some fine runs up the field and shot two more goals, and the "mothers" were pressing all the time. The game finished with a victory for us, 4-2. Players and onlookers all enjoyed what was certainly a splendid game.

In the evening we were entertained in the Drill Hall with several of the comic scenes from "Twelfth Night." Elsie Chamberlin, played the part of the boisterous Sir Toby, and May Stevenson that of his dupe, Sir Andrew. Both acted with absolute naturalness, although to say this of May Stevenson seems a rather doubtful compliment, but "it takes a wise man to play the fool." Grace Stirland appeared as Malvolio, and did full justice to a difficult part. Jennie Stevenson made an ideal Maria, and Hilda Hunt, as the clown, charmed us by her rendering of the two songs "O Mistress Mine" and "When I was but a tiny little boy." The acting was all too short for the delighted audience, but the guests gasped when they knew that the production of the whole had been completed in three days. We thanked the Principal, Miss Dobson, Miss Martin and the actors for the part they had played in giving us such a splendid time. Supper followed and the rest of the evening was spent in dancing.

Sunday passed very happily. Our "mothers" were really with us in college again, and we all enjoyed a restful day. We heard all that had happened with them since last July, and they heard our views on college life as Second Years. At 7 p.m. we attended Evensong in the College Chapel, and after supper we spent another happy hour there, singing our favourite hymns.

Monday morning dawned, but such a dull rainy dawn. The dulness of the weather would not have affected our high spirits but for the fact that a Blackberrying Ramble had been planned and we still had happy memories of October 2nd, 1915. Later on, though the weather did not improve, our spirits did, all of us found much to do, especially as the Principal suggested a fancy-dress party for the evening, for which we must appear in costumes available or adapted. When the time came, the Drill Hall was alive with many and varied characters. The Principal received us as herself. Miss Martin appeared as an old lady of the Cranford type, and Miss Dobson as a French Lady of the eighteenth century. A robust farmer's boy attired in spotless smock proved to be Miss Hind, the Matron and the Senior Student had exchanged rôles for the evening. Then there were Chinese, Japanese, Indians, Hindus,

Piccaninnies, fairies and pierrots, and in order to bring luck to all, Jennie Stevenson again appeared as the proverbial black cat. Two weird figures attired in pyjamas and ancient straw hats and be-decked with drooping flowers, with faces hidden under ludicrous "doggie" masks and toes ever pointing inwards were conspicuous from the beginning. This pair rejoiced in the delightfully vague name of the "Byng Boys." They produced roars of laughter, and concealed their identity from the most curious for a very long time. After the Principal and the Staff had picked the most effective characters from the many, the Byng Boys were finally chosen as the winners of the First Prize. The masks were removed and revealed Meg Astbury and Doris Moody, to the surprise of many and to the satisfaction of those who had guessed right. Amy Rankine, as an Eastern man, won the second Prize, and Mary Walker as a wounded soldier, the Third.

We danced, and danced, and ended the evening by singing Auld Lang Syne together. We all cheered for Miss Todhunter and then for the Staff. Our "mothers" gave a special cheer for the Principal to shew their keen appreciation of her great kindness in giving them such a glorious holiday. They cheered for us—we cheered for them, and lastly we cheered for our own "daughters" who had done so much, preparing for and helping to carry out our plans. We all went to bed so thoroughly tired and contented that we did not realise that our "mothers" were leaving next day. Tuesday arrived and their departure became a reality. However, the blank they made was rapidly filled by the return of the travellers and soon we were fully occupied in exchanging accounts of what had happened inside and outside college.

The Prefects helped Miss Todhunter to entertain the maids to tea and games on Tuesday afternoon; later, impromptu dancing brought the holiday to a close.

Bed at the normal time made the first step towards settling down for the second half of the term. If "a change is as good as a rest" we were fully rested, and so ready for the seven weeks to follow.

D. TAYLOR.

## Reports of Recreative Societies

*The following reports have been received from the different Secretaries:—*

### **The Debating Society**

Only two meetings of the Society were held during the session 1916-17, at both of which there was a large attendance.

The first debate was held on Wednesday, December 6th, the subject under discussion being "That genius is no excuse for eccentricity," proposed by I. Canham, and opposed by E. Hart. The motion was carried by 16 votes.

The second debate was held on Wednesday, January 31st, the subject moved, being "That the practical man is of more use to society than the idealist," proposed by E. Stuart, and opposed by E. Ibbotson. Some misunderstandings arose in the discussion from the confusion of the "idealist" and the "ideal man." The motion was lost by 19 votes, a large number preferring to remain neutral over such an elusive comparison.

The debates would probably have been more fruitful had there been a more widespread discussion and less—handwork! As it was, however, those who did take part in the discussions were enthusiastic in advocating their points and provided much to be thought over and talked about after the meetings had been broken up. Every good wish for the Society next session!

A. RANKINE, *Secretary*.

### **Reading Society**

Six meetings of the Society were held during the session 1916-17 and, as usual, they were well attended. The readers were H. Hunt, E. Chamberlin, D. Broom, Miss Dobson, Miss Counsell, and the Chaplain, and the subjects they chose were interesting and instructive besides being greatly appreciated by the audiences. Miss Counsell's selections from the "Nonsense Novels" created roars of laughter; Hilda Hunt and Doris Broom, who read papers on Newbolt and Browning, not only showed their own keen appreciation of these poets, but also aroused a desire to "hear more" in the minds of the listeners. "Marjorie Fleming's Charm" and "Some Letters and Letter Writers" were the subjects of the two following papers, and the Chaplain ended the session by giving an interesting sketch of Tennyson's life with a recital of some of his best known poems. The great success of the Society is due to the organisation and influence of the President, Miss Dobson, and also to the interest taken in the papers by the 1916-17 students.

May the Society flourish and the new Secretary have the best of luck!

ELSIE H. CHAMBERLIN, *Secretary*.

### **The Musical Society**

This year, we were very late in starting our programme, for our first meeting was not held until November 30th. An appeal for members met with a keen response from both years, and resulted in the enrolment of ninety-five names.

We had very little time left before Christmas, but we worked hard each Thursday evening, practising carols. No doubt the quaint words and music of these old carols encouraged our efforts, but, be that as it may, those same efforts were quite successful, and a very enjoyable Carol Service was held in the College Chapel on Sunday evening, December 17th, the last Sunday of the term.

The following term we had no separate plan of our own. Instead, we joined forces with the Dramatic Society to learn the dainty music in "Persephone."

We had no formal meetings in the Summer term, but on our Open Day, June 16th, the Society contributed its share of the music in the performance of the last scene from "Persephone."

The heartiest thanks of the secretary and all members are due to the president, Miss Bibby, to whose untiring energy the Society owes yet another successful season.

GLADYS BINGHAM, *Secretary.*

### **The Dramatic Society, 1916-17**

The number of members in the above Society for the College Year 1916-17, was 84. A Greek play "Persephone," was performed on three occasions: Shrove Tuesday, February 20th; "Open Day," June 16th; and the evening of June 20th. On "Open Day" The Return of Persephone only was given, and on the following Wednesday the whole play was performed. A charge of 6d. admission was made on this occasion and the proceeds given to the Kirkstead Church Restoration Funds. On the two last mentioned dates the performances took place on the Principal's lawn, to the great enjoyment of the spectators.

Some fifty members took part and the difficult work of stage management could not have been put into better hands than those of F. E. Butler, E. Lewis and L. Sugdon—they were equal to all emergencies.

The help so kindly given by Miss Bibby, Miss Martin and Miss Row, added greatly to the success of the performances, and the mainspring of the Society's enthusiasm was to be found in the untiring zeal of its President, Miss Turner.

Long live the I.T.C. Dramatic Society.

GRACE STIRLAND, *Secretary.*

### **Current Events Society**

The Current Events Society was formed during the year 1916-17, and proved to be a very popular addition to the Recreative Societies.

The meetings were well attended, as many as 62 members being present on one occasion.

One of the most enjoyable evenings was spent in discussing "Women's Work during the War;" the President, Miss Hardy, brought before us some of England's after-war problems, and the steps that may be taken to solve them. Other specially attractive subjects were "Transport and the new submarine warfare," "America's position in the war," and "Is the end of the war in sight?" We must reluctantly admit that the President was right in saying that the end could not be fixed!

At several of the meetings, events on the various battle-fronts were outlined by some of the active members of the Society. Of these, Lydia Thompson's vivid descriptions of affairs in Egypt and Mesopotamia were greatly appreciated.

Our thanks are especially due to Miss Hardy who, as President, has done so much to make the Society a success. We earnestly hope that during the present year, the Current Events Society will be even more successful.

NELLIE APPLETON, *Secretary.*

## A Day's "Blackberrying"

On Friday morning, 5th October, we went down to breakfast and thought with an inward sigh of a long country walk in the cool morning air. To our surprise and delight, before the meal was over, we were told that a blackberrying expedition was to take place. At 10-30, the Dining Hall presented a busy scene. Seniors were busily employed packing up lunch for themselves and their juniors in preparation for a day's 'blackberrying' in the country. By 11-15, different parties of students could be seen along the country roads leading to Skellingthorpe, Doddington, and other small outlying villages.

The party of which I formed one set out for the Newball Woods at Langworth. The day was cool and fresh—an ideal one for a long country walk—and soon we were far out along the Wragby Road leading to Langworth. Autumn's touch had tinged the trees and wayside hedges with red and gold, while underneath the trees the rustling leaves formed an autumn carpet. Behind us the Cathedral rose dimly outlined in the morning mist and before long we had left it far behind.

We had lunch in a sunny wayside meadow, and then resumed our journey passing other parties of students on the way. It was not long now before we came to the quaint little village of Langworth, and when we had passed through the village a bend in the road revealed to us the woods. We walked for another mile and at last entered the woods where we began to "blackberry" in earnest. Occasionally in some clearing of the wood we were struggling waist deep in the grass. Then a fallen trunk or a withered branch would prove itself unfriendly to our efforts, while an unforeseen ditch would cause some unfortunate person to stumble full length upon the ground.

The blackberries hung in tempting clusters but were not always as easy to gather as they appeared to be. Freed from the clinging arms of one blackberry bush the despoiler found herself caught tightly by the arms of another, and amid much laughter with difficulty managed to extricate herself. At last, with great regret, we turned to go. We took the train from Langworth to Lincoln and soon arrived at college.

After tea all the students went to the Library to see the blackberries weighed and to help to peel and cut up apples for jam, and were all pleased to hear that 134 lbs. of blackberries had been gathered. The following day we were told that our blackberries, through the skilful organization of the matron, had made 206 lbs. of jam. With Wordsworth we must all say of our day's blackberrying:—

"It seems a day

(I speak of one from many singled out)

One of those heavenly days that cannot die,"

for truly it is one of those days which we shall remember as long as we remember our college days.

DORIS APPLETON.

## The New Russia

On Monday, October 2nd, many of us had the privilege of hearing a very fine lecture on Russia, by Sir John Foster Fraser. Though a good number of us felt before we went, that a shilling was a considerable amount to spend all at once in these days, I think we were all agreed after the lecture, that it was a shilling well spent, especially as the proceeds were to go towards sending food to Lincoln prisoners of war.

Most of us had, I think, previous to October 2nd, a more or less muddled idea of the great events which were taking place in Russia, for we followed them with difficulty and surprise, not knowing the past history and character of the Russian people, which Sir John showed us with such power as to bring us to a far clearer and more sympathetic understanding of the mighty upheaval now in progress there.

For over two hours we listened with keen interest, and throughout that time a panorama of lantern slides illustrated each point as it was presented, and so the veil was lifted and Russia herself stood clearly before us.

180 million people were concerned in this wonderful revolution, for such is the extraordinary number of Russia's subjects. The revolution was not a craze, Sir John said, it followed on a time of intellectual oppression under the Slav tyranny. The Russians now desired complete freedom. They were beginning to realise what they had lost in the years of oppression, and in their ignorance, and eagerness to act, they believed that if only they could turn out the present government all would be well. They turned it out, and still continue to turn it out as fast as they make it, in a vain attempt to find the right men to steer them to national freedom.

They hailed the beginning of the revolution with triumphant songs, and rejoiced at the burial of those who fell in the street riots, hailing them as martyrs and heroes in the great cause. May they not end in tears! So intoxicated were they with idea of liberty, that prisoners of all kinds, not excluding criminals, have been set free.

The Jews, who for centuries have been allowed to live only in certain towns, and in certain quarters of those towns, restricted in their trade because the Russians feared their astute brains and great commercial powers, have now also been released from their bonds, and become free agents. Sir John spoke gravely of this newly acquired freedom, for he feared lest the Jews should take their opportunity to revenge themselves for past oppression. The desire for revenge he said, was only natural, and there was no telling how disastrous such a revenge might prove to Russia, but it on the other hand, the Jews would regard themselves as Russians, and give their brains to the improvement of the land they lived in, much benefit to Russia might ensue.

The greatest men of the moment were also brought before us, Kerensky, the politician, and Korniloff, the general, both great minds, seeking only the good of their country, but differing in their ways of forwarding it, and Sir John expressed it as his fervent wish that they would succeed in settling their differences and work in co-operation for the land they loved so well.

Speaking of the royal family, Sir John mentioned the simplicity of their tastes, the good work done by the Tsarina and her daughters in Red Cross nursing, and the work of the Tsar in the Hague Conference, and seemed to think that as such were the works of the Russian royal family, they could not be so black as they are painted.

The Russians were revealed to us in a kindly sympathetic way as a simple, great-hearted, courteous, hospitable, and deeply religious people. This last is a wonderfully strong trait in the Russian character and one which cannot fail to call forth our admiration and respect. With the Russian, religion is the guiding influence of his life, is part of himself. Even near railway stations there are shrines where he may ask a blessing on his journey or give thanks for his safe return. Sir John gave us a touching picture of the poor war-broken warrior, hobbling up to the church and reverently kissing the sacred pictures and images in true and humble devotion, and another and equally touching picture of a soldier just setting out for the front and buying, as they all invariably do, a sacred relic to take with him into battle. Another beautiful feature of the Russian religion is the way in which, through it, the whole nation is knit together so that the richest lady in her furs worships at the same shrine as the poorest peasant.

The Russian is a man of melancholy temperament, and Russian music is of a correspondingly mournful yet appealing character. The Volga boat song was presented to us on the phonograph during a silence of keen appreciation. The weirdly beautiful music floated towards us from over the water—shown on the screen, as it swept round a wall of rock—and slowly, gradually died away, far, far, down the mighty river.

Sir John mentioned the enormous food supply which Russia provides. One fifth of the food consumed in the world comes from Russia, and yet the Russians are the worst agriculturists in the world. They are so easy going, so given to thinking and dreaming instead of doing, but they are nevertheless eager to learn.

The Battalion of Death composed of women, tells its own tale of Russian courage. These women go forth to battle, to win or to die. Each woman carries with her a small phial of poison, and rather than fall into the hands of the enemy, she casts herself on the mercy of God.

Sir John concluded a fascinating and appealing lecture by expressing his firm belief and hope, that in the long winter months, Russia would gradually right herself and emerge from her trials with the freedom and strength for which she has worked and suffered.

E. IBBOTSON.

## A Lecture on "The Romance of Ancient Egypt"

On October 3rd, we had an opportunity of hearing a lecture on "The Romance of Ancient Egypt," by Mr. Aylward Blackman, in the Chapter House of the Cathedral. The lecturer began by announcing that as he could not hope in an hour's lecture to cover even in bare outline, the whole of the subject, he proposed to limit himself to one very interesting aspect of it—the literature of Ancient Egypt; and most fascinating this proved to be.

Mr. Blackman dealt with the subject under three periods, those of the Old Kingdom (c.-2900 B.C.-2,000 B.C.), the Middle Kingdom (2,000 B.C.-c.1,500 B.C.), and the New Kingdom (after 1,500 B.C.), and one carried away the impression that the time of the Middle Kingdom was the golden age of Egyptian literature, though this may have been due to the fact that the lecturer found that he had very little time for his account of the latest period. He made it clear, however, that under the Old Kingdom the Egyptians were at the height of their material greatness, and were devoting their energies mainly to practical achievement, to war and conquest and the building of those great monuments of architecture which, to this day, are better known to fame than is the literature of the race. Such literature as there was at this time was also of a somewhat materialistic kind—a book of proverbs or maxims enshrining wisdom of the "Honesty is the best policy" type, and records of the lives and deeds of warriors and statesmen, inscribed on their tombs, which constitute the beginnings of narrative prose. These latter, indeed, show a development from the bare statement of offices held, to the more rhetorical account of his achievements put into the mouth of a dead general, the literary character of which is marked by the refrain or chant with which each new feat of his army is heralded—"This army returned in safety."

It is in the Middle period, however, when the nation has known adversity, has seen her cities overthrown and her glorious palaces and temples destroyed and desecrated by foreign conquerors, that her literature becomes self-conscious, and learns to express all the varied moods and aspirations of humanity. Many of the poems of this time are mournful, they speak of the futility of human life and effort, and some look to death as the only refuge from the ills of life; others look back wistfully to a long-past Golden Age, when Ra, the sun-god ruled on earth and all was well, and some, in a prophetic strain, look forward to the time when he shall return again and establish his kingdom of justice, prosperity and peace. But there are naturally also writers of another type, who bid their hearers, since life is uncertain and the future dark, "seize to-day," and set before them the delights of love and wine; and then as now, apparently men were wont to forget their troubles and beguile the time by listening to "pleasant tales," and so we find that even in

Ancient Egypt historical romance and fantastic fairy tale flourished. We were reminded that the "Arabian Nights" were Egyptian in origin, and the lecturer read us a most delightful story, a prototype of "Sinbad the Sailor," which contained a charming description of an enchanted island upon which a shipwrecked mariner is cast up, and of the lord of the island, a beneficent serpent with scales of gold, a great beard, and flashing blue eyes of lapis lazuli.

Of the literature of the New Kingdom the lecturer had time to give us only a brief account. He spoke of charming love songs and stirring martial poetry and read some interesting extracts from a traveller's tale of his adventures in the course of an exciting journey into Palestine (?) and back. This writer describes with evident pleasure the splendid home of a merchant whom he visited, with the wash of the sea waves ever sounding beneath its windows, and tells how he fell into the hands of wild Bedouins in the desert but was treated by them with rough hospitality—after which he was very glad to return to civilisation, clean clothes, and a bed with linen sheets.

When the Chancellor, in thanking the lecturer for his paper, said that what had struck him most was the modernness of Ancient Egyptian literature, I think the audience must have felt that he expressed their own feeling. Almost all the kinds of literature with which we are familiar seemed to be represented—epic and battle-song, light-hearted lyric, love-song and lament, historical romance, romance of travel and romance of faerie,—all found a place, for all appeal to some mood or need of that human nature which seems to be fundamentally the same now as it was four thousand years ago.

M. DOBSON.

### Certificate List, 1917

Name	Subject passed with Distinction	Subject passed with Credit Advanced Course	Subject passed with Credit Ordinary Course
Appleton, N.	.. ..	..	.. T. PT. Hy. M. S.
Arnold, S.	.. ..	.. T.	.. PT. Hy. E. S.
Astbury, M.	.. ..	..	.. PT. Hy.
Bingham, G.	.. .. M.	..	.. PT. E.
Binner, A. I.	.. ..	..	.. Hy.
Blakeley, E.	.. ..	..	..
Butler, F. E.	.. ..	..	.. S.
Campion, F. M.	.. ..	..	..
Canham, A. I.	.. ..	.. E.	.. Hy. S.
Carter, E. M.	.. ..	..	.. Hy.
Chamberlin, E.	.. ..	.. E.	.. T. Hy.
Clark, G. M.	.. ..	..	..
Cobb, A. L.	.. ..	.. D.	.. Hy.
Corden, E.	.. ..	..	.. E.
Cunnington, E.	.. ..	..	.. M.
Cutting, E.	.. ..	..	.. Hy. M.
Davison, E.	.. ..	..	.. E.

Name	Subject passed with Distinction	Subject passed with Credit Advanced Course	Subject passed with Credit Ordinary Course
Dobson, D. N. .. ..	..	..	..
Dodds, J. .. ..	..	..	.. M.
Dutton, E. .. ..	..	.. M.	..
Ellis, S. B. .. ..	..	..	.. M. E. S
French, A. R. .. ..	..	..	..
Geary, E. .. ..	..	..	..
Harris, C. E. .. ..	..	..	.. Hy. S.
Harrison, E M. .. ..	..	.. B.	.. PT. Hy. M.
Hart, F. E. .. ..	..	.. E.	.. T. PT. Hy.
Henderson, B. A. .. ..	..	.. T.	.. PT. Hy. M. E. H. S.
Hobson, E. M. .. ..	..	..	.. G.
Hodson, A. M. .. ..	..	.. T. D.	.. PT.
Kilner, F. M. .. ..	..	..	.. S.
Marshall, D. .. ..	..	..	.. PT. M.
Martin, M. R. .. ..	..	..	.. Hy.
Moody, D. C. .. ..	..	..	..
Myatt, M. G. .. ..	..	..	..
Oldham, P. M. .. ..	..	..	..
Padley, S. E. .. ..	..	..	.. M.
Pearson, A. M. .. ..	..	..	..
Roberts, I. L. .. ..	..	..	.. PT. M. E. H.
Robinson, E. M. .. ..	..	..	.. Hy. M.
Schofield, H. M. .. ..	..	..	.. T. Hy. E. S.
Sheffield, A. .. ..	..	..	..
Simister, B. A. .. ..	..	..	..
Sinclair, J. .. ..	..	..	..
Stevenson, A. M. .. ..	..	.. F.	.. PT. Hy. M. E.
Stevenson, J. .. ..	..	..	.. T. S.
Stirland, G. .. ..	..	..	.. PT. Hy.
Sugdon, E. M. .. ..	..	..	..
Taylor, D. .. ..	.. B.	.. T. E.	.. PT.
Walker, W. .. ..	..	.. D.	.. PT. Hy. S
Waring, M. .. ..	..	..	..
Watson, W. .. ..	..	..	.. PT. B.
Whittaker, M. .. ..	..	.. B.	.. E.
Wood, E. .. ..	.. F. B. Ma.	.. T.	.. PT. M. E.

#### TWO YEAR (CERTIFICATED) STUDENTS.

Marshall, C. E. ... ..	..	.. Hy. PT.	.. T. E.	.. M. Ma.
Rankin, A. .. ..	..	.. Hy. PT.	.. T. E.	.. M. S.

#### ONE YEAR STUDENT.

Storer, H. M. .. ..	..	..	.. E.	..
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#### Index to Letters.

B—Botany	F—French	Hy—Hygiene	PT—Physical Tr.
D—Drawing	G—Geography	M—Music	S—Science
E—English	H—History	Ma—Mathematics	T—Teaching

Pattison, Ada  
Pearson, Kathleen  
Robinson, Elizabeth } Names reserved for further consideration.

Hunt, F. Hilda W. Certificate deferred for one year on account of age.

Results of her examination are to be sent shortly ; we all feel confident they will carry on the tradition of the family.

## Officers for the Year

SENIOR PREFECT—Edith Wood.

### PREFECTS—

Nellie Appleton	Ethel Hart	Elizabeth Robinson
Florence Butler	Constance Marshall	Grace Stirland
Mabel Campion	Ada Pattison	Dorothy Taylor
Elsie Corden	Amy Rankine	Winifred Walker
Edith Cunnington	Ivy Roberts	Mary Whittaker

CHAPEL WARDENS—Second Year :—

Edith Cunnington    Amy Rankine

## Students Admitted September, 1917

NAME	SCHOOL IN WHICH A STUDENT, PUPIL, OR ASSISTANT TEACHER	QUALIFICATION
Arundell, Florence M.	Park Road Council Senior, Boston	Prelim. Cert. 1917
Balls, A. Edna	.. East Barkwith C. of E. Senior ..	Prelim. Cert. 1917
Beechey, Phyllis M.	All Saints C. of E. Senior .. ..	Camb. Senior 1916
Clapham, Winifred A.	Granby Girls' Senior .. ..	Oxford Senior 1916
Cooling, Florence M.	Rosemary Lane, Lincoln .. ..	Oxford Senior 1915, 3rd Honours
Cunnington, Bessie M.	Stoke Ferry, C. of E., Norfolk, Thet- ford Co., Hakenham Co., and Worksop Co. .. ..	Prelim. Cert. 1908
Davison, Jessica M.	St. Andrew's C. of E., Lincoln ..	Oxford Senior 1915-16, 3rd Honours
Derbyshire, Eva	.. Railway St., C. of E., Hadfield ..	Prelim. Cert. 1916
Downs, Agnes M.	.. Balby Central Girls' .. ..	Prelim. Cert. 1915
Dunn, Isabella	.. Gosforth Central Co., and C. of E. Coxledge Council and Westslade Hazelrigg Council .. ..	Prelim. Cert. 1912, and Oxford Senior 1912, 3rd Honours
English, Daisy M.	.. Spalding C. of E. .. ..	Prelim. Cert. 1916
Fisher, E. Marjorie	St. Jude's C. of E. Senior, Sheffield	Prelim. Cert. 1917
Gilleard, Marjorie	.. Crake C. of E., Easingwold, Yorks.	Prelim. Cert. 1917
Golling, Ruth E.	.. Melton Mowbray Council .. ..	Oxford Senior 1916
Harrison, Edith V.	St. James', Doncaster .. ..	Prelim. Cert. 1915
Hassall, Annie	.. Werneth Council School, Oldham ..	Oxford Senior 1915
Herring, Ruby	.. Tottington Council Mixed, and St. Martin's Girls', Lincoln .. ..	Camb. Senior 1916
Hill, Margaret	.. Barton C. of E. .. ..	King's Scholarship 1904
Horsfall, Ethel V.	.. St. Saviour C. of E. Dewsbury ..	Oxford Senior 1916
Howe, Doris A.	.. Short Heath Council, Wallsall ..	Oxford Senior 1915
Hursthouse, Evelyn	Hursthewark C. of E. Easingwold, Yorks. .. ..	Camb. Senior 1916
Humphreys, Cecile	Melton Mowbray Council, Infants ..	Oxford Senior 1916
Ingamells, Virna A.	Holme Hill, Grimsby .. ..	Oxford Senior 1916
Jarvis, Edith V.	.. Falsgrave Council and Scalby C. of E.	Prelim. Cert. 1916
Knott, B. Audrey	.. St. Thomas Mixed, Scarborough ..	Prelim. Cert. 1916
Leslie, M. Ethel	.. Walker Gate Council, Newcastle ..	Oxford Senior 1916
Lovitt, Grace	.. Barton-on-Humber C. of E. Girls' ..	Prelim. Cert. 1917

NAME	SCHOOL IN WHICH A STUDENT, PUPIL, OR ASSISTANT TEACHER	QUALIFICATION
Lunn, Muriel M.	East Retford C. of E. Girls'	Camb. Senior 1917
Marshland, Frances E.	Upton and Kexby Senior, Gainsboro'	Prelim. Cert. 1917
Millard, C. Doris	Chesterfield Old Road Council	Oxford Senior 1916
Miller, Florence M.		Camb. Senior 1916
Mills, Alexandra I.	St. Bartholomew's C. of E. Girls' Salford	Prelim. Cert. 1917
Morley, E. Marion	Central Council, Scarborough	Prelim. Cert. 1916
Morley, Margaret M.	Central Council and St. Peter's Provident, Scarborough	Prelim. Cert. 1916
Norton, Annie I.	Louth C. of E. Girls'	Prelim. Cert. 1917
Palmer, Marjorie	Huthwaite Council	Prelim. Cert. 1917
Patching, Agnes	Arnold, Sherwood Lodge C. of E., Notts.	Prelim. Cert. 1917
Pearson, E. Maud	Balsall St. Council, Coventry and Wellesbourne C. of E.	Camb. Senior 1917
Petford, E. Mildred	Upper Lloyd St., Manchester	Prelim. Cert. 1916
Pickering, Elizabeth E.	Thorpe C. of E., Robin Hood's Bay Wesleyan and Gt. Smeaton Council	Prelim. Cert. 1916
Pikett, E. Louise	Eastgate Girls', Lincoln	Prelim. Cert. 1911
Pratt, Dorothy J. C.	Tower Rd. C. of E. Skirbeck, Boston	Prelim. Cert. 1917
Reed, Dora F.	Whaplode C. of E.	Prelim. Cert. 1916
Robinson, Mabel G.	Huttoft C. of E.	Prelim. Cert. 1917
Semper, Edith	Louth Holy Trinity	Prelim. Cert. 1917
Sibbit, J. Louise	North View School, Newcastle	Oxford Senior 1916
Sutton, Clara	Central Council, Scarborough, and Gladstone Road	Prelim. Cert. 1916
Sykes, Mildred H.	Billingborough Council	Prelim. Cert. 1916, Distinction in Maths.
Todd, Olive A.	Balby Central Boys'	Prelim. Cert. 1916
Train, Ethel M.	Dunston C. of E., Lincoln	Prelim. Cert. 1916
Walters, Effie	Sincil Bank Council, Lincoln	Oxford Senior 1916, Higher Certificate 1916, Royal Drawing Cert. 1915
Wallace, Doris G.	Barnby Road, Newark	Oxford Senior, 3rd Honours 1916
Watson, Florence	Whildrake C. of E., Driffield Council, Penketh Co., Supply for Lindsey	King's Scholarship 1905
Westwood, Edna	East Ardeley Council	Prelim. Cert. 1917
Whitworth, Irene	Cleethorpes, Barcroft St. Council	Prelim. Cert. 1917
Wilburn, Flora M.	Westgate Council, Rotherham	Oxford Senior 1916
Wilkinson, Rose E.	Ludboro' C. of E. and Caistor Wes- leyan	
Wolstencroft, Annie	Wellington Street Council Infants, Pendleton, Manchester	Prelim. Cert. 1917
Wright, Winifred E.	Gt. Poulton C. of E., Grantham	Prelim. Cert. 1916

**ONE YEAR STUDENTS.**

Barker, Sarah M.	Hawkeshead, Ambleside, Infants, Ulverston C. of E., Bridgemere, Nantwich C. of E. Infants, and St. George's C. of E., Shaw	Prelim. Cert. 1909
Taylor, Kate	Christ Church, Victoria Street, In- fants, Christ Church, Portland Street, Infants, Newark	Cert. 1905, Elementary N.F.U.

50 Taylor, Kate

### Appointments of Students who left July, 1917

- Appleton, Nellie—Courtney St. Girls, Hull.  
 Arnold, Susannah—Central Infants, Normanton.  
 Astbury, Margaret B.—Central Council, Polesworth, Tamworth.  
 Bingham, Gladys—St. Matthias, Boys, Sheffield.  
 Binner, Alice Irene—Cayley St. Infants, Poplar, London.  
 Blakeley, Evelyn—New Moston Mixed Municipal.  
 Butler, Florence E.—St. Swithin's Boys.  
 Champion, Mabel—St. Martin's, Broadleigh, Bilston.  
 Canham, A. Isabella—St. Andrew's Senior, Lincoln.  
 Carter, Eva M.—Galley's Field (Girls), Hartlepool, Durham.  
 Chamberlin, Elsie N.—Nansen St. Infants, Openshaw, Manchester.  
 Clark, Gwendoline M.—Cockton Hill School, Bishop Auckland,  
 Durham.  
 Cobb, A. Laurie—St. Martin's, Broadleigh, Bilston.  
 Corden, Elsie—Treddennyke, Worcester.  
 Cunnington, Edith—Eccleshill Church School, Bradford.  
 Culting, Edith—St. Paul's Schools (Mixed), Grimsby.  
 Davison, Eva F.—St. Nicholas, Lincoln.  
 Dobson, Doris M.—Broughton, Near Brigg.  
 Dodds, Janet—Clayfield Road Council, Scunthorpe.  
 Dulton, Edith—Council School, Glossop.  
 Ellis, S. Bertha—Birmingham.  
 French, A. Rita—Stockingford Council, Nuneaton.  
 Geary, Elsie—Higginshaw Council Junior, Oldham.  
 Harris, Charlotte, E.—St. Paul and St. Swithin's, Lincoln.  
 Harrison, Edith M.—Sincil Bank Council Infants, Lincoln.  
 Hart, F. Ethel—St. Faith's, Lincoln.  
 Henderson, Beryl A.—Rosemary Lane Infants, Lincoln.  
 Hobson, E. Monica—Neepsend C. of E. Junior and Infants, Sheffield.  
 Hodson, Alce M.—Practising Infants, Lincoln. (Temporary).  
 Hunt, F. Hilda W.—Clive House, Prestatyn, North Wales.  
 Kilner, F. May—Werneth Council, Oldham.  
 Marshall, Constance E.—(Supply), Birmingham Education Com-  
 mittee.  
 Marshall, Dorothy—Lancasterian Council Girls, Sheffield.  
 Martin, Madeline R.—West Stanley Senior, Co. Durham.  
 Moody, Doris C.—Rugby.  
 Myatt, Muriel G. E.—Queen's Street Council, Farnworth, Bolton.  
 Oldham, Phyllis M.—(Supply), London County Council.  
 Padley, Sarah E.—Carlisle Street, Sheffield.  
 Pattison, Ada—Carville Junior, Wallsend-on-Tyne.  
 Pearson, Agnes M. E.—Shapcote Lane Council, Sheffield.  
 Pearson, Kathleen F.—Holy Trinity, Rusholme, Manchester.  
 Rankine, Amy—Prestwich Boys, Manchester.  
 Roberts, Ivy—St. Andrew's Senior, Lincoln.  
 Robinson, Elizabeth—Maidenwell, Near Louth (Supply).

- Robinson, Ethel M.—Bursar Street Boys, Cleethorpes.  
 Schofield, Hilda M.—St. Luke's C. of E., Miles Platting, Manchester  
 Sheffield, Annie—Blackburn.  
 Simister, Bertha A.—Wesley Street Mixed, Levenshulme, Manch'r.  
 Sinclair, Jessie—Park Council, Sheffield.  
 Stevenson, A. May—Northmoor Council, Oldham.  
 Stevenson, Jennie.—West Liverpool Street Council Infants, Salford.  
 Stirland, Grace—London Street Council Girls, Salford.  
 Sugdon, Edith M.—St. Nicholas Council, Beverley.  
 Taylor, Dorothy.—St. Luke's Weaste, Salford.  
 Walker, Winifred—St. Ambrose Infants, Seedley, Manchester  
 Waring, Muriel C.—Yaxley, Peterboro'.  
 Watson, Winifred—St. Botolph's Infants, Lincoln.  
 Whittaker, May—Halton Bank Council Boys, Salford.  
 Wood, Edith—Sr. Hilda's, Liberton, Midlothian.  
 One Year Student :—  
 Storer, Hilda M.—St. Nicholas Girls, Lincoln.

## Games

### BADMINTON

Winner of Shield	—	Nelson House
Score	Nelson	19 matches
	Wickham	16 „
	King	1 „

### TENNIS

Winner of Shield	—	Nelson House
Score :	Nelson	31 matches
	Wickham	29 „
	King	21 „

### NET BALL

Winner of Shield	—	King House
Score (Winner placed first).		
King v Nelson	23	5
Wickham v Nelson	17	12
King v Wickham	13	11

### CRICKET

Winner of Shield	—	Wickham House
Score (Winner placed first)		
King v Nelson	80	77
Wickham v Nelson	84	77
Wickham v King, King scratched	33	

**Indoor Games—K. Clark**

Badminton	..	..	E. Ibbotson
Rounders	..	..	B. Kenyon
Tennis	..	..	D. Spinks
Net Ball	..	..	E. Dack
Hockey	..	..	E. Spencer
Cricket	..	..	A. Smith

E. B. R.

**Saint Augustine***Bishop of Hippo on Instructing the Unlearned.*

The life story of the great Bishop of Hippo is well known to all through his *Confessions*, but his little book *De Catechizandis Rudibus*, written c 410 A.D., is naturally not so well known. It cannot fail however to be of special interest and help to those who are engaged in, or preparing for, the work of instructing the unlearned, and so I will endeavour to give some idea of it, hoping that this little taste will lead many to make a meal.

The summary of the work runs thus:—"Augustine, having been requested by a Deacon of Carthage, undertakes to teach the art of catechizing; and first delivers precepts for the accomplishing of that duty, not only by a certain method and suitable course, but also without irksomness, and brightly. After this, putting his precepts into practice, he himself sets forth as a pattern two addresses for comparison, one longer and one very brief, for the instruction of him who wishes to be a Christian." I am sure we are all keen for more when we read the words *without irksomness, and brightly*.

I will now take St. Augustine's own words. He shews in his opening the occasion and purpose of the Instruction. "You have asked me, brother Deogratias, to write you something about instructing the unlearned which might be of use to you. For you said that often at Carthage, where you are a Deacon, persons are brought to you who are to be taught the rudiments of the Christian Faith, because you are supposed to have a copious power of teaching, owing both to your knowledge of the Faith and to the sweetness of your language. But you said that you always feel in a strait how you ought suitably to make known that exact doctrine, the belief of which makes us Christians—at what point your statement should begin, to what point it should be carried on and whether any exhortation should be used. . . . Further, you confessed that you often grew profitless and tedious, and that you were driven by this necessity to constrain me not to find it too troublesome to write something to you about this matter."

Thus for the Deacon's need; now the Bishop's readiness to supply that need.

“ I feel myself constrained, not only by the love and service which I owe to you because of our friendship, but also by that which I owe generally to the Church our Mother, by no means to refuse, but rather to undertake the task with a ready and devoted will. For the more widely I wish the Lord’s treasure to be distributed, so much the more is it my duty, if I perceive that the stewards, my fellow-servants, feel any difficulty in distributing it, to do all in my power that they may be able to perform easily and readily what they diligently and zealously desire.”

Deogratias is discouraged because of his difficulty in getting out what he wishes to say. On this point we all have that fellow-feeling which makes us wondrous kind and eager for St. Augustine’s encouragement. It is as follows: “ I would not have you to be moved because your language has often appeared to you poor and wearisome. For it may be that it did not seem so to him whom you were instructing; but because you were wishing that something better should be listened to, what you were saying appeared unworthy of the ears of others. My own discourse is almost always unsatisfactory to myself. For I am desirous of something better, which I often enjoy in my mind before I begin to express it in words. And when I have not been able to express it as well as it is known to me, I am grieved that my tongue has failed in adequately expressing my feelings. For I wish him who hears me to understand all that I understand; and I feel that I do not speak so as to effect this, chiefly because inward perception, as by a rapid flash, spreads over the mind, but speech, on the other hand, is slow and continuous and far different; and whilst it is being uttered, the thought has already hidden itself in its secret recesses. . . . . But often the eagerness of those who desire to hear me shews that my utterance is not so frigid as it appears to me, and I perceive by their pleasure that they derive some benefit from it; and I take great pains with myself not to be wanting in offering this service in which I see they take kindly what is offered. And so you, from the very fact that they who are to be instructed in the faith are so frequently brought to you, ought to understand that your discourse does not so displease others as it displeases yourself: nor ought you to think yourself unfruitful because you cannot explain as you desire those things which you discern, when perchance you may not be able to discern things as you desire. . . . . There is no reason why our discourse should seem to grow worthless to us, except that we like to discern in an extraordinary way, but grow weary of speaking in an ordinary way. And in very deed we are listened to with much greater pleasure when we ourselves too delight at the same time in our task; for the thread of our discourse is affected by the very pleasure which we feel, and runs out more easily and acceptably. . . . . In all things not only ought we to look to the end of the commandment, which is *love out of a pure heart and a good conscience of faith unfeigned*, to which to refer the whole of

what we say, but also the gaze of him whom we are instructing by our words must be moved towards it and guided in the same direction. . . . With this love therefore as the end set before you to which to refer everything which you say, whatever you narrate, narrate it so that he to whom you speak may by hearing believe, by believing hope, and by hoping love."

Thus far, we have dwelt chiefly on the subjective side of teaching. As to the objective side or content of the Faith, St. Augustine specially deprecates accentuating detail at the expense of principle. Take the following :—" The Instruction should commence from this point, that God made all things very good, and should be continued down to the present times of the Church, in such manner as to give for those several things and deeds which we relate causes and reasons by which we may refer them to that end of love from which the eye neither of him that sayeth nor of him that doeth anything is to be turned away. For if, in respect of the fictitious fables of the Poets, and such as are devised for the pleasure of minds whose food is trifles of this sort, they who are esteemed and called grammarians endeavour to refer them to some use of the gross food of this world, how much more careful ought we to be lest those truths which we relate, uttered in order without any setting forth of their causes, be believed either with a gratification void of fruit, or even with harmful eagerness. But let us not so append their causes as, leaving the course of the narrative, to let our heart or tongue digress into knotty points of more difficult discussion, but that the very truth of the reason which we employ may be as it were the gold binding together a row of gems, but not by any excess disturbing the symmetry of the ornament."

Again : " Your hearers ought to wish rather to hear discourses which are true than such as are elegant, in the same way as they ought to wish rather to have friends excelling in wisdom than in beauty. Let them also understand that no voice reaches the ears of God except the affection of the soul, for so they will not mock if perchance they shall notice any ministers of God either calling upon God in barbarous or ungrammatical language, or failing to understand the very words they are uttering, and making pauses confusedly. Not that these things are not to be corrected, but at the same time they are to be endured by those who have learned that the essence of speaking well consists, as in the Forum in the sound, so in the Church in the desire of the heart. And so the speech of the Forum may sometimes be called *good speaking* but never *holy speaking*. But concerning the Sacrament which they are about to receive, it is sufficient for the more intelligent to hear what that thing signifies ; with the duller one must deal more in detail, and employ similitudes, that they may not despise what they see."

Coming again to the subjective side of teaching, St. Augustine is very helpful in his advice to teachers who are tired or irritated or

perhaps nauseated with the trivial round and constant repetition of their common task. How is it possible to keep going on "without irksomness, and brightly." This is the answer:—

"I have not heard, Deogratias, that you complain very much of anything except that your discourse seemed to yourself poor and worthless, when you were instructing anyone in the Christian name. Now this I know to be caused not so much by want of matter to speak about, in which I am sure that you are sufficiently prepared and furnished, nor by poverty of speech, but by weariness of mind. This arises either from that cause which I mentioned, viz.: that what we perceive mentally and in silence pleases and fixes our attention more, and we are unwilling to be called away from it to a noise of words far from adequate to it; or because, even when discourse is pleasant, we prefer to hear or read things which have been better expressed, and which are set forth without any care or anxiety on our part, rather than to adapt on the sudden words to the understanding of another, the issue being uncertain whether on the one hand words occur to us adequate to the sense, or on the other whether they will be beneficially received. Or again it may arise from the fact that because those things which are communicated to the unlearned are very well known to us and are no longer necessary for our own advancement, it is irksome to be very often recurring to them; and our mind, now of somewhat more advanced growth, passes without pleasure through those things so familiar and, as it were, childish. A hearer who remains unmoved causes weariness to the speaker, not because it is fitting that we be greedy of human praise, but because the things we minister are of God, and the more we love those to whom we minister, so much the more do we desire that what is set forth for their salvation should be pleasing to them. And if this does not succeed we are saddened and weakened, and disheartened in the midst of our course as though we were labouring in vain. . . . Sometimes too, after being called off or interrupted, we approach our work, for which great calmness is needed, with minds disturbed, and so the discourse proceeding from our own troubled feeling is less attractive, because from the arid soil of dejection it flows forth less readily. . . . For all these causes then, whichever of them it may be which clouds the serene calm of the heart, remedies must be sought in accordance with God's will, that through the use of these the contracted heart may again expand and we may exult in fervour of spirit, and rejoice in the calm consciousness of a good work, *for God loveth a cheerful giver.*"

But here I must stop, or this paper will not be read "without irksomness, and brightly."

T. H. CHATTERTON,

*Chaplain.*

### Lecture by Professor Campagnac

On Friday, June 22nd, Professor Campagnac of the University of Liverpool, came to lecture to the College on "Ideals in Education." The Lord Bishop of the diocese was present, and several members of the Governing Body.

The following may give those who were not there some small idea of the real wisdom that was poured forth upon us on that evening.

Imagine for a moment that you were asked in an examination to write an essay on the spiritual ideals of your country; you would say that your knowledge of so vast a subject was so slight and so limited that you could not possibly do it: And though no one will have the audacity to ask you to write a brief essay on that subject, yet you *are* asked to propound that subject as the profession of your life.

The teacher is discovering, fostering and heightening the spiritual life of the people in many ways, not the least of which is the interpretation to his generation of whatever is best and noblest in the life of the past, that children may grow to love what is good in the past, thereby inheriting it.

When you set about the practical fulfilment of this, you will find yourself very seldom talking about the soul of your country or ideas of a similar nature, which may often seem very remote, and what will perplex you about even the more ordinary things is that when you come to teach them, you will find that even about them you know very little. It is quite possible that in some subjects you may not even have been able to achieve an interest, and yet you must teach them. I want to offer you advice: I wonder if you will think that too blunt a way of putting it.

Let us be honest with ourselves, and not pretend to know what we do not know; the subjects in your syllabus are too numerous for you to know much about them. When you teach, do not teach as a professional expert the things you do not know, but as an ordinary human being, who, as he lives has to speak, has to write, has to read, etc. We are apt to be too professional; most of us have to teach by just going on with our ordinary occupation. Has it ever occurred to you that it would be very good for your class once a week to hear you read aloud something because you like them and because you like it?

I have been much impressed lately by the illegibility and ugliness of the writing amongst teachers. Suppose you wrote because you enjoyed and appreciated the beauty of the writing; I believe that your pupils watching you sometimes studiously and devotedly writing something, would admire and learn.

But that informal way of treating your subject is not enough; you must have a professional and scholastic knowledge of some subject. Decide what it is to be, and pursue it. You will not

have much leisure, but you may make some time, and you should keep it for study, and for the systematic study of the subject you choose. Some one has said that we should daily read a few lines of poetry : Do not have only short passages in your mind, but get a steady grip of a big book, pursue it on and on, making it your companion for a long time. We want a solid piece of work ; and we shall get more good from the deliberate determination to master a subject, than from giving inadequate study to a great master on a notable theme.

You are all at the beginning of your career as teachers. You are young, but believe me, there are quite a large number of teachers in the world who are not young, and what surprises me is that though they have been in the society of children, occupied with great minds, engaged with art and science, yet on their faces you will find furrows of care and anxiety and depression in manner. They do not all of them look happy people. If their work is what I have tried to describe, if they had worked with a cheerful spirit, they ought to be more happy than you are now, and if more happy, then more happy to look at.

It is not your business to look with a critical eye on people of that age but you would do well to turn the suggestion to yourselves. If at forty-five you determine you will look happy, you must not only look happy, but be so. There is nothing more disquieting than the spectacle of a fixed smile on the face of a man who is determined to be benevolent. To be agreeable is often very laborious to oneself. It takes life-long practice to smile with a smile that represents the disciplined kindness of a really good heart. Think of it for the sake of the children. Your contemporaries can turn from you to others if they do not like you, but your pupils cannot get away from you. They have to look at your face for four or five hours a day.

I hope your Bishop will not think it wrong for me, being a mere layman, to go on. What troubles me is this ; that more and more the bonds, the happy bonds that held us and controlled us when we were younger, are giving way. We are less strict in manner and speech than when I was a boy ; your generation is held and increasingly so, with a lighter rein than my generation. The process is going on, and it is going on in our own minds.

Cast your mind back, and you will see that at that earlier stage you were held and controlled by a number of rules and conventions that you have been able to slip off ; you are now freer, or apparently so, for freedom seems to increase with the casting off of bonds. I am not arguing against such a process, but I am suggesting a caution. We may arrive at a certain stage when we distrust *any* bond. There are people who advise entire freedom from control ; and in these days, what will keep us from flying to bits, and what will give us cohesion is religion, not a tiresome and galling bond, but a bond accepted gladly, and accepted for life. It is not easy

for me to say more about this subject, for I know very little more, and even what one does know, one does not say, on this subject. One cannot say quite all one has in one's mind, but I venture to add that just as certainly as it is necessary for you if you are to be good teachers, to pursue some serious and life-long study, and to cultivate the habit of being agreeable, happy and gay, so I am quite sure that it is necessary for all to believe in the things that are eternal.

There should be daily prayer, and continual prayer. The difference is quite certain and quite measurable when teachers have constant reference to a standard, have accepted a bond willingly, suffering it to control and even to check the pace of life.

We must go slowly and reverently, and as bondservants of God.

KATHLEEN I. HIND.

### **Gleanings of Old Student's War Work**

*(Continued)*

The appeal for further contributions from former students on this deeply interesting subject has brought from busy workers new gleanings which will, I know, be read with avidity by the old friends of the writers, but I will venture to confess that I am rather disappointed with the amount. I should like more and yet more, and on behalf of all student readers, I take the liberty of repeating my former reminder that contributions of any length would be very welcome, and, judging by the reception of the articles in the April number, would certainly be read with much zeal.

The special paper on "Our War-time Investment" which was unavoidably held over from the last number appears at the end of these shorter gleanings. It describes a unique and remunerative method of intensive culture—culture of the chick for the purpose of adding to the Country's supply of eggs. So patriotic an enterprise could not fail to win the appreciation of the nation's food controller.

By a curious coincidence the first of the gleanings is again from a student of 1893.

"When I am in London I take a whole night shift in an Explosive Factory at Hurlingham, and from 10 p.m. to 6 a.m. I am hard at work preparing breakfasts, dinners, teas, washing-up, etc. The sweeping is the worst thing because the powder seems to rise with the dust and gets into one's mouth and nose, still the bit we do is nothing compared with what the workers are doing. Zeppelin nights are not very nice because everyone is shut in the Canteen with no lights. We have been very free from raids lately however."  
(May, 1917.)

ELIZABETH A. ROBINSON (1893)

From a student in far off Canada comes this brief account of work done for the relief of Belgian and other sufferers, and also in aid of Canadian soldiers :—

“ On Friday in Easter week we gave a play entitled “ Miss Mary Smith,” which all voted as being very good, but there was not enough of it. We are sending to the Red Cross and Belgian Relief Funds. We ‘ get up ’ plays or other entertainments at intervals and devote all that we make to patriotic causes.

KITTY CLEWS (1906, *née* OLDFIELD),  
Pangman, Saskatchewan.

From Birmingham come details of work at a Railway Rest Station :—

“ For the last twelve months I have been working as a member of a V.A.D. Nursing Division at Snow Hill Rest Station, Birmingham, where the wounded men on Ambulance trains passing through, on their way to the north, are provided with refreshment.

In what was in pre-war times a first class waiting room, thousands of sandwiches and gallons of tea are prepared—in addition to the various milk foods required by special cases. The members work “ in shifts,” so that a certain number are always ready to go on duty two hours before a train is expected. The food is served in the various wards with great rapidity—fruit, cigarettes, and postcards being given to the men, who greatly appreciate them.

Sometimes there have been as many as seven trains in one day ; occasionally they arrive very early in the morning or very late at night, but we are always ready and thankful to have this opportunity of “ doing our bit.”

Since the outbreak of the War, over 138,000 men have received help and refreshment, and to Head Quarters have come many letters conveying the grateful thanks of the recipients.

I have also been so fortunate as to be one of the favoured few who have been allowed to help in the Homœopathic Hospital in Easy Row—recently commandeered for military purposes.”

METTA A. JABET (1907).

Two of the 1909 students are assisting with local Red Cross work, the one, Florence Dickens (Mrs. Foster) with sewing, and the other, Ruth Flowers, with nursing. Two others have undertaken unique responsibilities. Laura Clifton is visiting cottages in connection with the Kesteven Agricultural War Committee, finding out about fowls, pigs, etc., whether seed potatoes are wanted, and whether any land workers are available. Eva Hudson has been giving lip-reading lessons to a deaf soldier in King George Hospital at Waterloo.

From one of the correspondents of 1910, comes news of Mabel Auber and Frances McCormack. Mabel writes of much war activity in her school including the collection of garden produce for

the local Red Cross Hospital, the making of fodder and sand bags, the knitting of socks, and the holding of a Bazaar in aid of Y.M.C.A. and Church Army Huts. Frances has given up teaching and is helping in the management of the family business in order that their men may join the forces.

Helen Carless (1911) tells me that her War Work has taken the form of gardening. She says, "My chum and myself have successfully turned a large piece of very rough waste land into a splendid "cabbage patch," in which everything we planted has come up and is doing very well. How proud we shall be when we gather our very own peas and beans and dig up our own potatoes, which are sure to be good as the seed came from Lincolnshire. I have not taken up any other so-called war work as yet, though you will admit I am doing my share when I tell you that we are seriously understaffed at school, and that from Easter to Whitsuntide, during the illness of my head mistress, I took charge of the school, as well as having two classes on my hands all the time."

HELEN CARLESS (1911),

Acton, London, W.

Vera Banks, of the same year, was a visitor for the Soldiers' and Sailors' Family Association from September, 1914, to March, 1916. After that she was for six months in the Sandwell Ward Sub-Committee of the Statutory Committee at West Bromwich, and later still filled a war vacancy in a Boys' School for a short time.

Another student of the same year, Edith Archer, has done much canvassing, partly for National Registration, and partly for the War Savings Association, and has served also on the Committee of this Association. Secretarial work, packing Christmas parcels for soldiers, making sandbags, socks and slippers, organizing a collection in aid of the National Egg Collection for the wounded, make up a very full list of her other activities.

A letter from the front, addressed in an unfamiliar handwriting and inscribed "On Active Service" reached me early in September. The heading, Lena Ashwell's Concert Party, c/o Y.M.C.A., 14 Quai du Pont Neuf, A.P.O., St. B.E.F., France, surprised me even more than the envelope, and before beginning to read the communication I involuntarily searched for the signature and found: Marjorie Lomax—another of the students of 1911. I think I cannot do better than reproduce her letter:—

"No doubt you will be very surprised to hear I am in France. I sang for Miss Ashwell a month or two ago and she has chosen me to entertain the troops out here for four months. I landed here last Thursday (August 23rd), and so do not expect I shall get home for Christmas. Our party consists of a Welsh soprano, a violinist from Harrogate, an accompanist who also entertains at the piano,

from Leeds, and myself. We are a jolly set and get on splendidly together. We are living in an old French house on the banks of the river. It has been a glorious old place in its time.

We give two concerts most days, and others only one. We make our base here and motor out to surrounding camps and hospitals. On Tuesday we drove about thirty miles to a huge aerodrome. We then gave a concert in a 'Hangar' and had a lovely time. We were the first ladies to give a concert there, and some hundreds of men were present, many of whom had not spoken to an English girl for six months. At each concert we perform twice, and at that one I had to sing eight songs. The place was packed, men hanging from the beams, and clinging to the supports in order to hear us. An officer afterwards told me about 1,500 men were present. I have heard some fine ringing cheers in England, but never have I heard any like those we get here. Many times I leave the platform with my eyes full of tears, for it is such a small thing to sing for the brave lads who have spent months in the trenches.

One of yesterday's concerts touched me greatly. We sang at a hut on the railway, where men changing from one train to another are able to snatch a little rest and food. Many of these men were going back to the line, some just changing camps, but unfortunately none coming back to "Blighty." How those tired boys enjoyed themselves and came crowding round us "for a word from an English girl!" One man said "Will you shake hands Miss? I feel I want to touch you, for its like Heaven to see a bit of "Blighty." I am very much afraid that it was a great struggle to control my feelings, and yet *they* all put their own troubles in the background, and sang and cheered, and made the most of their short spell of enjoyment.

This base is the farthest up the line. Sometimes we can hear the guns plainly. More camps are being formed so I suppose that will mean more huts for us to sing in. There are several rest camps about, where men come for a week or ten days' rest and then return to the line. It is hard work to give two concerts a day, but we do not mind if it pleases and cheers the "boys," and so far every concert has been full of life and enjoyment. Sometimes when Sheffield is mentioned together with my name a yell goes up, and cries of, 'Good old Yorkshire,' 'Bravo Sheffield' resound, then any men from Sheffield come crowding round to ask questions about their homes.

I am afraid I must not describe the town to you for everything is so minutely censored, but I hope what I have said to you may be left in."

MARJORIE LOMAX (1911)

I am in doubt as to whether I ought to print the following extract from a letter from Mary Grimshaw (1914), for in a post-script at the end of the self-same letter comes the injunction, "Don't send anything about me to the Magazine, please!" but I feel I cannot resist sharing the information with all who knew the writer :

" Yes, I am still a member of the V.A.D. and am helping at our local Hospital. I have been at the work now for over two years and my one regret is that it is not my profession instead of my present one. I go to the hospital every Thursday morning from 6 to 8 a.m., then again Friday evening and Saturday morning. In addition to that I go to Froebel classes in preparation for the elementary examination this year. The classes are quite a reunion of L.T.C. students, for I meet there Winnie Sullivan, Florence Clayton and Alice Storey, so the old College is well represented."

Chickens and eggs have evidently not engrossed the whole of Edith Pratt's spare time and attention for I hear that she has been doing war-work in a solicitor's office during a recent holiday. She says :—" Fortunately I can use a type-writer, so I type out all the letters, drafts, etc. I have also engrossed several deeds. I like the work very much and it is very interesting. Next week we go back again to school, however I shall devote my Saturday mornings and some evenings to the work as my father is so fearfully understaffed owing to the war."

One of the Correspondents of the same year, Katherine Beard, has been giving assistance at the Y.M.C.A. in Mansfield. In a letter received only a few days ago she writes : My head-mistress and two of our staff go every Friday evening to help at the Y.M.C.A. in the town. Our chief duty is to wait on the soldiers and it is extremely interesting work. I am sure Friday evenings are more beneficial than twelve hours mental arithmetic, for we get quite expert in counting our trays.

Work at a Recruiting Office, even though it be only Registration, sounds peculiarly warlike and makes a fitting close to our war records for this October number. It also brings us up to date in other ways for the energetic student who has been thus engaged is Edith Wood (1917), who has barely earned the title of old student for she only left us in July. EDITOR.

### **Our War-Time Investment**

I can scarcely tell what really started the idea. Certainly everyone was talking about economy and the terrible price of everything, and of using up all one's spare land, etc. My sister and I had a great desire to add to our income and various ways were suggested to us, but somehow we ourselves developed what we considered a very fine idea. We would keep chickens and reap a fortune by selling eggs to our friends. I can almost see my country readers smiling for I know the cry is that chickens do not pay for keeping. People would discourage us by telling us so, but our minds were made up. A chicken house we would have at all costs. Now having fully decided upon our plans we talked to everyone we

knew who possessed a few chickens either in their back yard or farm-yard. Fortunately we possess a good garden and were given a site upon which we could develop our enterprise at our leisure.

We consulted various books and found that a house built on the intensive principle was the best, because then the fowls could stay indoors in damp or cold weather and still have plenty of exercise and thus give us a supply of eggs summer and winter. Readers will doubtless know upon what principle this style of house is built; one part of it is a "scratching" shed, the floor being covered three or four inches deep with straw or similar loose material in which the food is buried, the fowls having thus to work for their living which is quite as good for them as for us. I hope you agree.

Within about fourteen days the house was ready. It had a small grass run leading from it for use as a promenade in fine weather. You can tell how charmed we were with it when we suggested giving it a house warming by having tea in it. This however did not come off but the house did look inviting. It had glass shutters to keep the wind from the open side and was fitted up with a sleeping apartment, "bathroom," dining and drawing rooms. I am putting this in plain English because I am not acquainted with chicken language.

The following morning we were to fetch five of the hens from a friend who had five White Leghorn Pullets for sale, with which we decided to commence, but we had to fetch them ourselves as she had no one to send and the time appointed was seven in the morning. Five of us went to carry the five hens, none had carried a hen before so we were all dreadfully afraid the poor creatures might escape. Fortunately it was only a country road along which we had to pass but if anyone could have seen us I am sure they would have wanted a snapshot. I laughed so much that the tears absolutely rolled down my cheeks, and the worst of it was, with both hands engaged in holding the chicken, I could not brush the tears away. I don't wonder people gazed and gazed, but we got them home without accident, and those beautiful five birds laid us four eggs that day. "Eureka!" we cried, "our fortunes are made." I don't think we could have made more fuss had they been golden eggs. I forget how many times we fed them that day but they lived like Queens, and their every movement was admired by their joyful keepers who spent nearly all day peeping through the wire front. Since then we have made up our stock to a dozen. We are really doing remarkably well for in less than two months we have had 270 eggs.

But I have something far more interesting to tell. A few days ago we visited a friend who was hatching eggs by means of an incubator; so we bought eight "one day old" chicks from her. The sweetest little balls of black and white fluff I have ever seen. We are mothering them ourselves. Again the wise world says "You will never rear them," but we fed them from a silver spoon, wrapped them in a woollen shawl and kept them lovely and warm

by the fire. To-day they are thirteen days' old and the healthiest and liveliest little chicks ever seen. They live together in an orange box out in the sunny garden. At night we wrap them up in the shawl and bring the box into the house. They cuddle together under that old wrap for it has been a mother to them. In due course we hope to have eight healthy young pullets (Plymouth Rocks) to sell to our friends. We are wondering whether we should try to rear more but perhaps we had better wait until another year as a wise Food Controller may not allow us to give them grain to eat, and we cannot feed them entirely on house scraps.

Yes! we have made money already. I don't mean to say that we have anything like covered the expenses of our house, etc., for that is "capital investment." We have, however, several shillings in hand when all the foodstuffs etc. have been paid for. The work is interesting and when we meet people with whom it is difficult to converse and have told them what they already know about the weather, we can turn the conversation and ask if they are interested in the keeping of chickens.

E. M. PRATT.

#### POSTSCRIPT

I am writing a few further details of the results of our experiment. At the end of September, after six months' experience with our small poultry farm, our fowls have laid 1,118 eggs, and our receipts from the sale of them have been £9 9s. 9d., out of this of course we have had to pay for the feeding which has cost us £4 12s. 7d., independently of house scraps and waste garden produce, but our stock has been increased by 14 birds, which is of course small for a start, though with the experience gained we hope to rear many more chickens next season at a much less average cost per bird. The difficulty of obtaining corn and the high price of it are naturally against us, but our experience is such that the hobby is both a pleasant and a profitable one provided that strict attention is paid to the requirements of our feathered family. Of course during the ensuing winter months the profit is expected to be much smaller, but this again depends upon the use made of the experience gained during the summer season.

E. M. P.

## Life in the Country

Many people—so very many—are fully convinced that life in the country is a thing to be avoided, a thing of utter boredom and dulness. I thought so at one time, and remember perfectly well standing in the old "Art Room" listening to an enthusiastic member of the College Staff giving to us glowing descriptions of the life before us when we should really have begun our work in schools, some in town and some in country. "The town for me" I thought, "I have no wish to vegetate in any country place," and off I went to the glory and joy of town life, to a train that went always at 7.55, past smoke and grime unspeakable, through streets that were best ignored, to a huge school where teaching was done, much as in another sphere of life they do washing; we took it in and our main object was to get it done. Then an unexpected strain in me took me to a country school and a country life, to a place where 7.55 was an unknown quantity, because after about half-past seven we did not have anything till about 8 o'clock; where the clock might quite easily be half an hour fast without any special inconvenience and the only thing to keep any time by was the passing of the postman who rode down every evening at about a quarter past five. It was simple enough, we put in the legal period of time in school according to the clock when it was going, and by my watch for second best, by the monitress' step-mother's watch for third best, and when all these failed, as they sometimes did, by my conscience working in the Managers' interests, and a wary eye on the sun for my own. Beyond the school time, time was neither here nor there. To go to church you kept an eye for the Rector striding down the road. He disliked laggards and began the service as soon as he reached the church, preferably 5 minutes before the proper time according to his timepiece which rarely coincided with ours. Church and school were the only possible engagements. For the rest it was all just as it came—such odds and ends as "nice drop o' rine Miss!" or "Have ee eared Miss how be Mrs. Gregg's pig to-day?" It was made up of drops of rain, and pigs, potatoes, and damsons for the cottagers—and all were either cottagers or farmers, or masters and men.

The place stood high on a tableland. It was glorious for we could see the country for many miles around us. It dropped steeply on three sides to the low land beneath. To the west, on the far side of the valley, the land rose again in hills above hills lifting to the borders of Wales. The old Clee Hill stood away to the north while the Teme valley lay down at our feet. Often as I swished down the two miles of steep hill to school with all this glory of wonderful country spread out before me I thought with a great rush of thankfulness for myself and pity for those still in it of all the grubbery of Elephant Lane into which my

7.55 had plunged me on so many mornings in the days when all the joys of town life were mine.

After a time we made the acquaintance of the Top farm and its occupants and found that they greatly increased our pleasure in life though not always in the way they were supposed to. The first time, we went to the farm in state and of course set out to walk there. As it was muddy my sister decided—careful soul—to carry a clean pair of shoes and change at a cottage on the way-side. Suddenly on the road appeared a trap sent to fetch us. My eldest sister sat in front, and we two behind had a most exciting time, I had to hang on to my sister all the time while she made convulsive efforts to change her shoes. The horse trotted at a fearful rate. From the front seat came polite, sedate conversation, from the back muffled sounds that were rather more than muffled when, in an inspired moment, I drew a highly coloured picture of our arrival, with two of us in quite decent footgear and the third in one respectable shoe, and one great, hefty ploughboy boot thick with mud. We just managed to make the boots into a queer looking parcel as we drew up at the frontdoor and were met by a gentle, dignified old lady, not at all the conventional type of farmer's wife. Often after that we went there. It was a delightful rambling old house, very quaint inside and very pretty outside, creeper-covered and at the front looking out to an old fashioned garden, and beyond the hedge to a very trim kitchen garden and great orchards. The lawn was laid out for croquet, and when the day's work was done they played croquet like they had lived all day. Once I said to one of them "Have you finished now?" "Finished! dearÿ me no! We've got three or four games of croquet to get in yet!"—and they got them in.

Sometimes of course we had visitors to tea and generally managed to do something unusual. Our teas seldom went quite smoothly. We had one little maid, aged 14. She was deeply interested in the family proceedings and very anxious to be as good as her mother and to qualify for a "big" place. We were a "little" place. Mother had been in big places and instructed her daughter carefully in the way she should go. But sometimes mother's careful instructions failed. Our teas were amongst these occasions. Tea, be it understood, is not a thing of thin bread and butter and flimsy cakes and conversation. It is a thing of meat and soda cake, bloater paste, brown and white bread, and business generally. For ourselves, meat did not usually worry us at tea-time, and fortunately so, for we lived six miles from all shops. Once the Top farm people came to tea. We determined to distinguish ourselves and got a decent tea of correct dimensions, but it rained, and the visitors did not come, so we put the decent tea away till to-morrow. To-morrow it rained, so we put it away again. The next day it rained. By this time the decent tea was getting on our nerves, so as fresh supplies were due from town

the next day, we ate it. Then it cleared a little and like a giant refreshed I went out to hoe up the beans. I had just, with one mighty stroke, hoed one bean to the land of no return when a familiar toot sounded on the road. Even then I did not realise the awfulness of the catastrophe, but just idly wondered whose horse it was as I seemed to know the trot. Then a mighty voice "Good afternoon! It seemed to be clearing so we came—a bit late, but none the worse for that!" Oh no! not at all, only we had just eaten all the tea there ever could be in that house till the grocer's cart came again, and moreover we hated the thought of food ourselves and yet food from somewhere had to be forthcoming.

We had many picnics and many adventures in the course of them. The water was the great trouble. Tea there must be, and plenty of it, or life was not worth living. We carried it in the kettle. There was no need to do up tidy parcels, we just went as we were, usually without hats. The fire we made of twigs gathered on the spot. Once we put a cork into the kettle spout so that I could fling along anyhow on the way. We forgot the cork till the kettle was almost boiling, then there was a fearful commotion and much agitation till we poked it out with the back door key. Later, at the back door, we remembered that key again with longing. It had remained on the spot where the fire had been. Another time we had to cross a brook swollen to a miniature torrent. The Aunt and Pomeranian slipped when half-way over, and dropped the packet of tea. With one yell of alarm the rest of us rushed to the rescue—not of the Aunt, but of the tea! But those picnics were delightful. The country was so pretty, there were so many pleasant spots. One was in a small pine wood bordering a lake. On the hot summer days it seemed almost too perfect to lie under the trees and watch the water or just fling sticks for the dogs to swim for. A very favourite place was in a cleft between two hills where there was a spring running near a cave, where in days of old a hermit had lived. The sloping hill side in spring was covered with a carpet of primroses, violets and wood anemones, a sheer delight to look upon. The hermit must have given up much if he gave up more than he gained there of the glory and beauty of the world as God has made it. So it seemed in spring and summer, and even in autumn, when the tints of the turning leaves were marvellously beautiful; but there were winter nights when the snow was deep, the frost keen, and when the wind howled with a fury that made it pleasant to have a plentiful supply of logs to throw on the fire, then the hermit's cleft in the rock seemed not so desirable.

The people were much as they must have been generations ago, very primitive, simple and generous, yet shrewd and wise, and intelligent on their own ground. There was something very pleasant in the certain greeting from every passer by—"Good morning, Miss," till about half past ten in the morning—then "Good evening" for the rest of the day. Our letters were at first delivered by an

old post dame who dropped an old-fashioned curtsey as she handed them in at the door. She found life suddenly very perplexing when it dawned upon her that the new curate and the new teacher each had a name beginning with a big C; and in the new-fangled styles of hand-writing that appeared on their envelopes the big C was as much as she was quite sure of. This was a grave problem and worried her much, until the new teacher with characteristic braininess pointed out that a big R was a fairly safe guide to the Reverend gentleman's share of the big C's.

We had a large garden. Usually we had a man to work it for us but occasionally were seized with a spasm of enthusiasm and gardened ourselves. A footpath ran past the garden and anybody passing naturally took, and showed, a keen interest in our proceedings. One man particularly felt our mistakes keenly, and they were not few. We called him the tinker, chiefly because he looked like a tinker out of a book. He would arrive and watch patiently for about two minutes, then "If you would excuse me making a remark Miss!" "Yes, Mr. Wright?" Then would come some weighty piece of advice. But beyond advice I got many items of greater interest. "Wonnerful thing be the open air, Miss! Now my missus has a brother, he's a fine upstanding chap now but once he were a poor thing, went weeding away to nothing till he took to a different way o' work. Now he's working at a wonnerful healthy job!" "Yes? What does he do now?" "He drives one o' they black waggins wi' tossles on on the top." It took me all down a row of cabbages to guess that a black waggin wi' tossles on was an old time hearse.

January, February, and family were nothing accounted of for purposes of reckoning time. "I'll be starting my little Susie to school twelve months come Cuckoo time" was one statement made to me. There was hop-tying, hay-making, harvesting, hop-picking, damson-picking, pig-killing, swede-pulling, all much more useful for counting time by than any name of a month. A mild question as to whether I had paid a coal bill was once quite settled by the blacksmith who hauled the coal, by "Ah yes, now I do remember, he be paid, paid him you did the day the little pig were killed." One great and important person was the Carrier. To get to the town one went on the Carrier's cart, or else cycled or walked. By the Carrier the charge was 6d. for the 6 miles, and all the entertainment you got by the way. The Carrier was a queer old man, exceptionally tall, and independent to a degree. A journey on that cart was an experience. Usually I sat on the left splash board over the wheel, the old man sat on the right splash board, and on the two seats sat an odd collection of country dames, young and old, and conversation flourished. "Cold place, this," I remarked one late spring day, "and a backward place." I had the growing things in mind but from the other splash board came back quickly, "Baint been here long enough yet to know, Missy, you

should see some of our young leddies." From the back seat presently, "What do 'ee think of Mrs. Lea's noo 'oble, Mrs. Pound?" Mrs. Lea was the rector's wife, and of course her business small or great, even to a new hobble skirt was of intense interest to the parish. It was'nt much of a "hobble" really, but it lacked the ample proportions of their style of garment. "It baint much of a garment to wear if she be likely to cross a piece with a bull in it," said I, from the front seat. Then from the splash board over his shoulder from old Preece, "How do she get over stiles, Mrs. Pound, do 'ee know that?" The Carrier's cart was pleasant enough as a means of progression so long as the whole afternoon could be comfortably given up to it, but hurrying was not included in its list of attractions. The old man was fond of his horse, and he saw to it that if the load were heavy the pace was easy. I had come in from a long journey once, and waited an hour for the cart to start. Presently, at the top of the first hill, the old man said, "'Ee be looking tired Miss, been travelling all day?" "Yes, Preece." "Glad to get home 'ee'll be." "Yes, very." "I dessay, I dessay, but us baint agoing to hurry all the same," and hurry we assuredly did not.

It was all a strange out of the world life, so far from the big towns and the life of towns. Looking back to it now it seems like three years of holiday rather than of everyday life, though in the living of those years there were days when the craving was strong for a street, a big church brightly lighted and full of people, shops, a theatre, anything, anywhere where there was a rush of life, where pigs and damsons did not reckon on almost the same level as human beings. At first, in a town, things seemed unnatural, the noise was so great, the people were more interesting to look at, fashions had moved on. We felt as though we had really come out of some Ark, for our nearest real town was 16 miles away, the six mile one was only a larger kind of village. But there was very true pleasure in going back; there was the feeling of going home that has never been so strong for me anywhere. Even though in the end the desire for more people, more movement was strong enough to bring us away to a larger, more sophisticated country place, yet I believe that one day we may again seek a home in some such primitive village as the one we then left. But to live in the town again I hope I shall never go.

BESSIE CORFIELD.

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## Association Notes

### Editorial Notice

Association and Magazine Subscriptions for the current year are due in **January**.

The Association Subscription of 2/6 includes that for the Magazine.

The Annual Subscription to the Magazine for Non-Association Members is 1/-.

Magazines cannot be sent to subscribers whose subscription is more than **two years in arrear**.

The Editor would be grateful if the Members would at once notify the Correspondent of any changes of address.

M. TURNER

### Sound

A pair of gold-rimmed spectacles were found in the Dining Hall in July, after the retreat. The Principal would be glad if the owner would apply for them.

### Association Correspondents

#### College

<i>Years.</i>	<i>Name of Correspondent.</i>	<i>Address.</i>
1864-1896	Miss Turner ..	Training College, Lincoln.
1897	Miss E. Ayres ..	17 Milman Road, Lincoln
1898	Mrs. Gibson (W. Brown)	243 Monks Road, Lincoln.
1899	Miss Ada Brown ..	38 Thorpe Road, Melton Mowbray
1900	Miss Alice Mackintosh	30 Union Road, Lincoln.
1901	Miss Jessie Drake ..	c/o Miss Cotton, 76 Curzon Street, Long Eaton, Nr. Nottingham
1902	Mrs. Pearce (E. Barker)	Wayside, Swallowbeck, Lincoln
1903	Miss Ada Doodson ..	35 Acresfield Road, Pendleton, Manchester
{ 1904	Miss Mary Hoole ..	Cymba, Burton Road, Lincoln
{ 1904	Miss Rose Wade ..	48 Monks Road, Lincoln
{ 1905	Miss Ida Gibbon ..	Oak Dene, Bolton Road, Irlam o' th' Heights, Manchester
{ 1905	Miss Jessie Stringer ..	24 North Parade, Lincoln
{ 1906	Miss Bessie Corfield ..	<del>Penarwell, St. Just-in-Penarth,</del> <i>Porth Nanven</i> Cornwall <i>St. Just. S.O.</i>
{ 1906	Miss Edith Jordan ..	17 Alcester Road, Mosely, B'ham
{ *1907	Miss Annie Royce ..	The Hollies, Purston, Pontefract
{ *1907	Miss Edith Hurry ..	The London Orphan School, Watford, Essex
{ 1908	Mrs. J. L. Stubbs ..	108 Station Road, Swinton, (Annie Bailey) .. Manchester [Bristol
{ 1908	Miss Winifred Marden	33 Elliston Road, Redland

{	1909	Miss Margaret Heath..	9	Hewson Road, West Parade, Lincoln
{	*1909	Mrs. Ffoulkes .. (Lottie Reddish)	.. 21	Brandring Place, S., Newcastle-on-Tyne
{	1910	Miss Gertrude Hipwell	8	Watkin Terrace, Northampton
{	1910	Mrs Templer .. (M. Redfern)	.. 19	Albert Crescent, Lincoln
{	1911	Miss Ella Pigott ..	..	"Cymba," Burton Road, Lincoln
{	1911	Miss Mabel Jabet ..	..	" " " "
{	1912	Miss Dorothy Clubb ..	53	Norcott Road, Stoke Newington, London, N.
{	1912	Miss Dorothy Kemp ..	10	Church Lane, Lincoln
{	1913	Miss Marion Cockshaw		Lindum ; Gilda Crescent, Eccles, Manchester
{	1913	Miss Dora Hartley ..	18	Newport Terrace, Lincoln
{	1914	Miss Ada Hallam ..	..	Greenholme School House, Tebay, Westmoreland
	1914	Miss Gladys Lennon ..	..	Glea House, Rivelin, Sheffield
	1915	Miss Katherine Beard	72	Argyle Street, Mansfield
	1915	Miss Emily Roberts ..	7	Foster Street, Lincoln
	1916	Miss Doris Cockshaw ..	..	Lindum, Gilda Crescent, Eccles, Manchester
	1916	Miss Harriet Allman ..	..	Beeford, Nr. Driffield, E. Yorks.
	1917	Miss Edith Wood ..	..	St. Hilda's, Liberton, Mid- lothian
	1917	Miss Ivy Roberts ..	7	Foster Street, Lincoln

\* Please note change of address

### Re-Appointments

Miss Jennie Miller, Worsborough Dale Council Infants',  
Barnsley. Head.

Miss Annie Royce, Featherstone Girls' Council, nr. Pontefract. Head. She writes:—

"I am not in Lancashire as I expected to be when I wrote last. The West Riding Committee unanimously invited me to stay with them and take charge of a large school near Pontefract. They asked the other authority to release me from my engagement so I came without going to Lancashire at all."

Miss Metta A. Jabet, St. Asaph's C. of E. School, Mixed, Bow Street, Birmingham. Head Assistant.

Miss Edith Aliband, Infants' School, Cleckheaton, Yorkshire. Head

Miss Edith Hurry, The London Orphan School, Watford, Essex. Resident Assistant.

Miss Amelia Gillatt, The London Orphan School, Watford, Essex. Resident Assistant.

- Miss Stephanie Hunt, The Red House, Marston Moor  
 Miss Mabel Atkinson, Sincil Bank Senior, Lincoln. Assistant  
 Miss Ethel Bennett, Monks Road Senior, Lincoln. Assistant.  
 Miss Gertrude Border, Assistant Secretary Lincoln Education  
 Authority  
 Miss Edith Aliband, Infants' School, Moor End, Cleckheaton,  
 Yorks. Head.  
 Miss Nora Jabet, State Senior Intermediate School, Girls,  
 Guernsey. Assistant. Specialises in History, English,  
 Botany.

### Births

On January 23rd, 1917, at Riseholme, Woodwarde Road, East Dulwich, to Frank and Gladys K. Butler (*née* Blake, Lincoln, 1907-9), a son, Cedric Field.

On June 21st, 1917, at 19 Albert Crescent, Lincoln, May Templer (*née* Redfern, Lincoln, 1908-10), a daughter, Joan.

On June 26th, 1917, at Greta Bank, Ramsey Road, Blackburn, to R. H. and Bertha Entwistle (*née* Robertson, Lincoln, 1890-91), a son, Kenneth.

### Marriages

CROSSLEY—SANDIFORD. On January 1st, 1917, at the Ascension Church, Broughton, by the Rev. M. Davies, B.D., rector, assisted by the Rev. B. Willett, Staff-Sergeant G. B. Crossley, A.O.C., B.E.F., only son of Mr. and Mrs. E. Crossley, of Norwich, to Constance E., second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. Sandiford, Prestwich Park, Manchester. (Lincoln, 1908-10).

PILLING—WAND. On Thursday, April 12th, 1917, at St. Swithin's Church, Lincoln, by the Rev. Canon Hancock, Vicar, assisted by the Rev. Canon Wanstall, Vicar of All Saints, and the Rev. E. A. Barrett, James Arthur Pilling, B.A., only son of Arthur Pilling, Leeds, Senior Curate of St. Swithin's Church, to Edith Wand, youngest daughter of John Wand, of Lincoln. (Lincoln, 1905-7). 16 Claremont Street, Lincoln.

WILSON—TRAVIS. On June 5th, 1917, at St. Andrew's Church, Sharrow, Sheffield, by the Rev. Canon Houghton, M.A., Wilfred C. Wilson, of Grange Crescent Road, Sharrow, to Constance Mary, only daughter of Mr and Mrs. F. W. Travis. (Lincoln, 1911-13). 11 Edgehill Road, Nether Edge, Sheffield.

LINDLEY—HEWSON. On June 18th, 1917, at Christ Church, Attercliffe, Sheffield, by the Rev. A. Robinson, Arthur Lindley, Second Lieutenant R.F.C., to Winifred A. Hewson. (Lincoln, 1911-13). 460 Stamford Road, Sheffield.

HAMERTON—ALDERSON. On August 11th, 1917, at St. Paul's Church, Northampton, Sergeant E. L. Hamerton to Evelyn Alderson. (Lincoln, 1913-15).

BROWN—LOUGHTON. On October 27th, 1917, Percy Brown to Clarice Loughton (1914-16). 22 Park Road, Wandsworth, S.W.18.

## Deaths

Clara Brummitt passed peacefully away on Friday, September 14th, 1917, at the residence of her brother at 59 Marlborough Road, Tul Brook, Liverpool.

She had retired from active work about four years ago on account of deafness. For 38 years she had been Head Mistress of St. John the Baptist School, Spalding, having taken charge of the school when it was first opened.

A memorial service was held in the Church on the following Tuesday evening, and her friends decided to place there some token of her. She was buried in Anfield Cemetery on September 17th. (Lincoln, 1872-74).

Her elder sister Elizabeth Brummitt (Lincoln, 1870-72), died only nine months previously at the close of the year 1916.

The fellow students of Ida Hartley (1905), will be as deeply grieved as we are to hear of her death. She passed away at her home in Colne, on July 21st, after only a week's illness. An attack of pneumonia was the immediate cause of death.

"It came as a great shock to everybody connected with the National School to hear of the death, on July 21st, after a short illness, of Miss Ida Hartley, the Head Mistress of the Infant Department. She had held this post for some twelve years, having been appointed as soon as she had completed her training at the Lincoln College, and had greatly endeared herself to successive generations of children and parents. The loss to the school is very great; for she took a great interest in the children outside school hours, and many of them owe very much to her ever ready sympathy and help. The funeral took place at Colne Cemetery, on July 25th. The Rector and the Rev. J. H. Hopkinson, Vicar of Holy Trinity, where Miss Hartley was superintendent of the Infant Sunday School, officiated." (*Extract from the Colne Parish Church Magazine*).

"She was, for all her gentleness, ready to challenge the world. It was in that spirit that all which made for brotherhood appealed specially to her—the Holiday Fellowship, the Girls' Guild, the Workers' Educational Association, the Swanwick gatherings. She was, too, ever eager for beauty, though, with a strain of ascetism in her nature, it was moral beauty more than physical that satisfied her.

But it was in her care for the children that her nature was more clearly revealed and that her life's work lay. She had a wonderful innate gift for getting into touch with the thoughts of young children. We call it a genius for teaching, and so it was but like all genius it was based on quite simple qualities, sympathy and clear thinking and honesty of purpose. It was not that her lessons were childish and easy—she often taught difficult truths to her infants—but they were simple and found an inlet through love into the child's mind. Her lessons, too, were made delightful by vivid imagination, a true story-teller's fascination. She was wonderfully honest with herself. If she found that a subject she had taken for a lesson did not "go," could not be made to touch the children, she set it aside even if it made a gap in her scheme of teaching. Her sympathy went beyond the limits of her classroom—not even to her own family would she admit how much of her salary, needed though it was for books and holidays, went in the purchase of clogs for ill-shod feet, and how much of her time went in the patching up of garments for little bodies.

Of the loss to the Holy Trinity Sunday School it is hard to speak as yet without seeming to speak in despondency and lack of confidence for the future. It is not only the loss of a splendid teacher and trainer of teachers, but it is the loss of one who in single-hearted devotion to her Master and Saviour sought to bring little children to Jesus."

*(Extract from the Holy Trinity Parish Magazine, Colne).*

## Association Members

### College Year

Before 1897—Elizabeth Lowndes (Mrs. Edwards), Margaret Blair (Mrs. Collitt), Sarah Ann Wright (Mrs. Dawber), Rebecca Haynes (Mrs. Hemsley), Annie Elizabeth Whitworth (Mrs. Hutchinson), Sarah Pearson, Sarah Elizabeth Sutcliffe (Mrs. Watson), Sarah Thorpe (Mrs. Shelton), Margaret Elwell, Fanny Utting (Mrs. Norman), Annie Georgina Selvage, Martha Ann Greaves, Helen Crowther (Mrs. Ralphs), Selina Goodwin, Sarah Marjason (Mrs. Gilliatt), Elsie Robb (Mrs. A. Logsdail), Hannah Bell, Flora Ford, Lucy Humphreys (Mrs. Moore), Selina Dix, Maud Bourne, Jane Platt (Mrs. Dean) (A.T.S.), Ann Hague (Mrs. Holden), Mary Turner, Jessie Bourne, Amy Beddoe, Susannah Brown, Eliza Crossland (Mrs. Barratt), Essie Ruth Conway, Eunice B. Turner, Ada Ward (Mrs. Colley), Rose Dyson, Annie Glover, Ada Mary Whitehead (Mrs. W. G. Wright), Caroline Smith (Mrs. Richardson), Frances Annie Elwell, Mary Clayton (Mrs. Marriott), Jane Martin, Frances Wells, Rosa Preston, Emma Johnson (Mrs. Bradley), Emma Wilkinson, Jessie Hutchinson (Mrs. T. Layne), Florence Aughtie (Mrs. Summerton), Mary Heape, Ada Pepperdine, Laura A. A. Wilkinson, Emily Whetton, Mary Gossling (Mrs. Wolstenholme), Albina Elston, Edith Dawes, Lucy Gill (Mrs. Tomlinson), Gertrude Radford, May Kent (Mrs. Hadfield), Elizabeth Robinson, Ruth Wooddin (Mrs. Eayrs), Mary Wileman, Annie Meadows, Annie Harvey, Ethelen King.

- 1897 Edith Hales (Mrs. Gossop), Annie Taylor (Mrs. Woods)
- 1898 Marianne Thompson (Mrs. Hopf), Minnie Sells, Harriet M. Coales, Jane Eggleston, Ada Rimmington, Winifred Brown (Mrs. Gibson), Emily Ayres, Eleanor Walpole (Mrs. Gough).
- 1899 Ada Brown, Annie Amelia Harrison, Margaret A. Glenn, Lily A. Mottram (Mrs. B. Clark), Mildred Vaughan, Alice Child, Edith Mary Hibbitt, Grace Harlock.
- 1900 Alice Mackintosh, Alice Perkins, Georgina Walker, Daisy Jenner, Annie Bird (Mrs. Frank Derry).
- 1901 Annie Bugg, Ethel Bimrose, Cerise Cameron, Margaret Cooper, Kate Chapple, Jessie Drake, Florence Harrand (Mrs. Southwick), Clarice Hughes, Alice Langford, Elsie Piper (Mrs. Vaughan), Elizabeth Pendlebury.
- 1902 Katherine Antcliffe, Mary E. Arscott (Mrs. Tilbrook), Edith Barker (Mrs. Pearce), Mary Brewer (Mrs. Glossop), Emma Brewin, Phœbe Bury, Minnie Fèvre (Sister Minnie Theresa), Maud Johnson, Gertrude Judd (Mrs. Burnicle), Marjorie Mullins (Mrs. Longden), Helen Pearce, Annie Porter (Mrs. H. J. Watson), Sarah Shepherd (Mrs. A. W. Woods), Isabella Shiach, Ethel Willdig.
- 1903 Ada Ashton, Emily Barker, Edith Berry, Edith Burley, Lilian Corbett, Mary Croasdale, Ada Docdson, Amelia Gascoigne, (Mrs. Berry), Rosa Gouldthorpe, Jenny Hendry (Mrs. Hornsby), Amy Holroyd, Gertrude Holroyd, Ada Johnson (Mrs. Braithwaite), Gertrude Pearson, Agnes Marriott, Jane Pollard, Gertrude Salt (Mrs. Bennion), Celia Smith (Mrs. Ringham), Florence Stephenson, Elinor Stewart (Mrs. Broome), Margaret Toulmin, Frances Wilkinson (Mrs. Henry Strong), Florence Williams.
- 1904 Mary Antcliffe, Margaret Arscott (Mrs. Loach), Bertha Bannister, Emily Mary Brown, Violet Brown, Gwendoline Clapp, Maud Collitt, Alethea Durant, Mabel Fountain, Ethel Gibbs, Mabel Hamm, Mary Hoole, Sarah Kenworthy (Mrs. Kirk), Ethel Maguire, Hilda Oliver, (Mrs. Arthur Smith), Janet Pressick, Rachel Rawnsley (Mrs. Bottomley), Kate Richardson, Edith Sheckell (Mrs. W. F. Firth), Gertrude Smith, Rose Wade, Eva Waller, Ethel Ward, Maud Weaver, Elsie Wilkinson, Emily Wood.
- 1905 Elizabeth Bailey, Helena Bott, Elizabeth Burge (Mrs. Lewis), Ada Clarke, Florence Dawe, Ethel Drury, Ethel Fox (Mrs. C. Lord), Ida Gibbon, Lilian Gibbs, Lily Gouldthorpe, Margaret Harvey, Ethel Heslop, Jessie Jones, Beatrice Mortlock, Madeline Reader (Mrs. Naylor), Isabel Rigby, Louise Shirley (Mrs. P. W. Goodwin), Maud Stimson (Mrs. J. V. Howard), Jessie Stringer, Erica Stuart, Edith Tomlinson (Mrs. Mathews), Louisa White.
- 1906 Jessie Birchenough (Mrs. Plowright), Gertrude Border, Alice Bristow, ~~Minnie Callender~~, Bessie Corfield, May Fenton, Gertrude Hipwell, Olive Jackson, Lilian Jones, Edith Jordan, Maud Jubb, Gertrude Leeming, Violet Lynn, Irene Marsden, Kerr Maxwell, Viola Moore (Mrs. Allsop), Beatrice Newbold, Kate Oldfield (Mrs. Clew), Ellen Perks (Mrs. Cole), Mary Pinck (Mrs. Phillips), Ethel Podmore, Elsie Preston, Violet Searby, Annie Spencer (Mrs. Taylor), Caroline Spencer, Edith Sutton (Mrs. Lockyer), Jessie Thomson, Gladys Thornton (Mrs. Donbtfire), Louie Vezey, Ruth Wilkinson (Mrs. Clear), Amy Wyatt.

- 1907 Margaret Antcliffe, Katherine Bice (Mrs. W. E. Newell), Mary Caine, Muriel Carr, Mary Cook, Maud Cotton, Florence Dixon, Elizabeth Doodson, Mildred Ellisson (Mrs. Whiting), Agnes Garratt, Marion Golby (Mrs. Tite), Mildred Gosling, Bessie Hague (Mrs. Cox), Ada Hinton, Elsie Hollom, May Hopper, Edith Hurry, Metta Jabet, Mary Jackson, Nora Kimbell (Mrs. Lampitt), Florence Milner (Mrs. McClelland), Marie Moore, Wilhelmina Nunn, Louisa Peart, Maud Pell, Marion Percy (Mrs. E. L. Driver), Magdalen Ross (Mrs. Shewring), Annie Royce, Alice Smith (Mrs. Thomas Goulding), Florence Tue (Mrs. Baron), Edith Wand (Mrs. Pilling), Lilian Westland, Daisy Wyatt, Alice Yeomans.
- 1908 Edith Aliband, Annie Bailey (Mrs. J. Lees-Stubbs), Emily Bielby, Hannah Burton, Lilian Clifton (Mrs. Walter Watson), Mary Cox, Vera Cross (Mrs. Cook), Ada Evens, Edith Farmer, Dorothy Feild (Mrs. English), Nancy Flowers, Amelia Gillatt, Katie Hebblewhite, Annie Hutchinson, Maude Jackson, Katherine Johnson, Jennie Kitchen, Lena Little, Jessie Maguire, Winifred Marden, Phyllis Paget, Alice Payne, Clara Poole, Etta Powell, Jessie Pritchett, Gertrude Rowe, May Samuels, Kessie Sanders, Katie Searby (Mrs. A. Stammers), Nora Steward, Elsie Shoubridge, Gertrude Spencer, Jean Stewart, Ethel Stokes (Mrs. Wardle), Emily Taylor (Mrs. Brocklesby), Edith Thompson, Winifred Westland, Edith Whitehead.
- 1909 Mary E. Atkin, Beatrice Bambridge (Mrs. Neaverson), Ethel Bellamy (Mrs. Gromke), Gladys Blake (Mrs. Butler), Maud Broome, Mary Clarke (Mrs. Field), Laura Clifton, Eveline Codd, Florence Dickens (Mrs. Foster), Ivy Ellis (Mrs. Sutherland), Ruth Flowers, Lilian Fountain (Mrs. Robinson), Edith French (Mrs. Betts), Helen Grosvenor (Mrs. Barron), Margaret Heath, Eva Hudson, Rosa Jackson, Clara Jordan (Mrs. Fisher), Ettie Kirby, Ivy Kirk, Edith Mobley (Mrs. H. T. Eggleston), Grace Neale, Florence Neaverson, Maria Ogden (Mrs. Smithers), Margaret Parks (Mrs. Archer), Lucy Parry (Mrs. Anderson), Lottie Reddish (Mrs. Foulkes), Winifred Searby (Mrs. Binsted), Amy Stimson, Annie Village, Ellen Wales, Alice Walkden, Florence Watson (Mrs. Wilson), Mary Wilkinson, Jessie Wright.
- 1910 Lucy Anderson, Mabel Auber, Nellie Baker, Daisy Banks (Mrs. Mesney), Florence Bannister, Winifred Barton, Beatrice Burrell, Marie Butt, Daisy Butterworth, Mary Byron-Scott, Helen Cary, Lily Cleve, Elsie Coppen, Jennie Donson, Minnie Drew, Gladys Fell, Molly Field (Mrs. Fryer), Annie Fort, Florence Hague, Elsie Hall, Maud Hartshorne, Annie Herrick, Gertrude Hipwell, Edith Howarth, Lily Isaac, Lilian Knight (Mrs. Ayres), Clara Lacey, Frances McCormack, Evelyn Merchant (Mrs. Ibbotson), Jennie Miller, Margaret Moulds (Mrs. Holder), Eveline Nicholson, Emily Parratt, Amy Peake (Mrs. Newbury), Winifred Penzer, Lilian Preston, May Redfern (Mrs. Templer), Emma Richardson, May Robson, Olive Scott, Olive Smalley, Elsie Stevenson, Clarissa Stokes, Helen Streader, Annie Sutcliffe, Maud Till (Mrs. Dickenson), Dorothy Ward, Hettie Warren (Mrs. Hill), Annie Watts.
- 1911 Elsie Adderley, Edith Archer, Alice Atkin, Vera Banks, Edith Barwell, Edna Binns, Constance Brayford (Mrs. Tomkinson), Helen Carless, Kathleen Crawshaw, Alice Dawson, Sarah Dickinson, Annie Gouge, Hebe Gray, Bessie Guy, Mary Hardwick, Edith Hardwick, Louisa Hardy, Annie Hicks (Mrs. Glover), Mabel Jabet, Gertrude

1911 (*continued*)

Jeans, Margery Kirk (Mrs Worland), Majorie Lomax, Annie Lovell, Kate Marriott (Mrs. Shelton-Dobson), Teresa McCormack (Mrs. Barrow), Muriel Mills (Mrs. Huxley), Amy Moore, Elizabeth Oulton, Annie Palin, Ella Pigott, Jean Polwarth, Bessie Rowson, Blanche Sampson, Greta Taylor, Gertrude Walker, Alice Walton, Brenda Willett, Edith Wood.

1912 Cecilia Antcliffe, Clarice Armitage, Mabel Atkinson, Iris Banks, Ethel Bennett, Dorothy Binner (Mrs. Thornton), Maud Border, Dorothy Bown, Annie Bowskill, Eleanor Brown, Winifred Brown, Doris Buck (Mrs. Wood), Mary Button, Margery Carless, Gladys Castle, Edith Chambers, Hilda Clifton, Dorothy Clubb, Bessie Craven, Christabel Cutts, Edith Dobson, Gladys Drewry (Mrs. Terry), Margaret Ette (Mrs. Clement), Mabel Evans, Marjorie Gilliat, Beatrice Goodin, Laura Hooper, Jessie Hudson (Mrs. Crosby), Dorothy Kemp, Violet Laman, Rose Laycock, Elsie Lawson, Alice Lowther, Mabel Martin, Nellie Moreton, Lily Moss, Edith Musson, Beatrice Pack, Jessie Parry, Elsie Periam, Maggie Podmore, Elsie Power, Janet Reade, Ethel Robson, Ethel Sergeant, Emily Shoemith, Emily Shrewsbury, Gladys Smethurst, Dora Staples, Janet Tate, Phyllis Taylor, Lydia Village, Phyllis Warner, Mabel Wheldon, Effie Wilcock, Mary Williamson, Edith Wright, May Yeomans (Mrs. Hobson).

1913 Kathleen Allen, Gwendoline Atherton, Elizabeth Bartram, Constance Bingham, Dorothy Blamey, Dorothy Bradley, Helen Brewster, Maud Brockbank, Eva Buswell, Florence Carter, Freda Chisholm, Marion Cockshaw, Mary Cooling, May Fish, Kate Franks, Nelly Gambles, Elsie Garlick, Dora Hartley, Doris Hayes, Gladys Henry, Winifred Hewson (Mrs. Lindley), Florence Kesteven, Mary Lake, Edith Lockwood, Ella Lyon (Mrs. Gant), Ethel Martin, Alison Penzer, Shirley Piggott, Amy Pigott, Jessie Pinches, Ethel Pottage, Ethel Rodgers, Emma Searby, Madeline Shires, Beatrice Smith, Sissie Smith (Mr. Buxton), Jennie Stafford, Gladys Stocks, May Thompson, Hilda Tooley, Constance Travis (Mrs. W. C. Wilson), May Unwin, Annie Weeden, Joyce White, Mary Wragg, Mildred Yates.

1914 Charlotte Brown, Elsie Butcher, Edith Crosby, Norah Jabet, Martha Lewis.

Marian Armitage, Isabel Armstrong, Clara Bagot, Elsie Baguley, Blanche Bannister, Elizabeth Binns, Florry Burrige, Grace Burt, Dora Carrington, Edna Clarkson, Mabel Coltman, Ada Coop, Clarice Crawshaw, Ethel Darnell, Muriel Entwisle, Florence Farmer, Margaret Giles, Mary Grimshaw, Eva Hakes, Ada Hallam, Mabel Higgs, Mabel Howe, Isabel Humphries, Dorothy Johnson, Winifred Larder, Annie Laughton, Gladys Lennon, Mabel Lynch, Hilda Marsh, Edith Mellor, Fannie Metcalf, Alice Moxon, Gladys Needham, Dorothy Nichols, Mabel Ogle, Alfreda Ollerhead, Bertha Pearce, Ethel Pexton, Maud Pitcher, Louie Poole, Florence Rampton, Dorothy Sammons, Doris Shipman, Carletta Shrewsbury, Lilian Staveley, Elsie Street, Winifred Sullivan, Annie Thomas, Mabel Topham, Nora White, Lizzie Wightman, Jessie Wilson, Ada Woolcock.

1915 Constance Barr, Katherine Beard, Mary Brooks, Bessie Burton, Florence Clayton, Cora Coates, Lydia Collier, Dorothy Dickenson, Marjorie Field, Elsie Gill, Olive Goy, Olive Hutchinson, Isabel

## 1915 (continued)

Kay, Mabel Lawrence, Annie Lidster, Mary Lowson, Alice Magnall, Frances Millhouse, May Mitchell, Ellen Newbound, Dorothy Pepper, Florence Peters, Edith Pratt, Rebecca Rees, Henrietta Reynolds, Emily Roberts, Gladys Seymour, Edith Stevens, Alice Storey, Edith Surfleet, Edith Sullivan, Nellie Tate, Dorothy Taylor Ellen Vincent, Eva Walsh, Lilian Watt, Edith Wilcox, Nora Williams, Agnes Wood.

1916 Violet Adcock, Eleanor Alcock, Harriett Allman, Ethel Bainbridge, Alice Barker, Nellie Barrett, Margaret Butler, Maud Chapman, Dorothy Clayton, Doris Cockshaw, Barbara Cooper, Elsie Dale, Margaret Dixon, May Edmundson, May England, Noeline Evans, May Fairhurst, Clarissa Forman, Muriel Forster, Bertha Foster, Maud Foster, Lilian Garner, Amy Geary, Evelyn Green, Annie Hale, Kate Huggins, Stephanie Hunt, Maggie Hunter, Alice Jackson, Annie Jackson, Edith Jamieson, Francis Knights, Phyllis Lever, Olive Lidington, Clarice Loughton, Beatrice Lowery, Nellie Masters, Annie Nicholson, Dorothy Nixon, Lilian Parkinson, Sarah Peck, Barbara Picton, Bertha Radford, Elsie Ramsden, Dora Reade, Bertha Richards, Doris Schofield, Marjorie Shires, Ethel Smith, Edith Speakman, Dorothy Storey, Fanny Tooley, Doris Tweed, Miriam Urry, May Walker, Vera Willett.

1917 Nellie Appleton, Susie Arnold, Margaret Astbury, Gladys Bingham, Alice Binner, Evelyn Blakely, Florence Butler, Mabel Champion, Isabel Canham, Eva Carter, Elsie Chamberlin, Gwendolin Clark, Laurie Cobb, Elsie Corden, Edith Cunnington, Edith Cutting, Eva Davison, Doris Dobson, Janet Dodds, Edith Dutton, Bertha Ellis, Rita French, Elsie Geary, Lottie Harris, Ethel Hart, Edith Harrison, Beryl Henderson, Monica Hobson, Alice Hodson, Hilda Hunt, May Kilner, Constance Marshall, Dorothy Marshall, Madeline Martin, Doris C. Moody, Minnie Wyatt, Phyllis Oldham, Sarah Padley, Ada Pattison, Agnes Pearson, Kathleen Pearson, Amy Rankine, Ivy Roberts, Lysbeth Robinson, Ethel Robinson, Hilda Schofield, Annie Sheffield, Bertha Simister, Jessie Sinclair, May Stevenson, Jennié Stevenson, Grace Stirland, Hilda Storer, Edith Sugdon, Dorothy Taylor, Winnie Walker, Muriel Waring, Winnie Watson, Mary Whittaker, Edith Wood.

The above list is only printed annually, in the October number.

# Chapel Offertory Balance Sheet

JUNE, 1916, TO JUNE, 1917

RECEIPTS	£	s.	d.
Offertories for the year .. ..	21	7	5

EXPENDITURE	£	s.	d.
Flowers for the Altar .. ..	2	2	0
Candles .. ..	0	6	2
Sacramental Wine .. ..	1	4	9
Wafers .. ..	0	11	4
Hymn Board 19/6, Carriage 1/6 .. ..	1	1	0
New Testament .. ..	0	5	6
Quarterly Intercession Papers .. ..	0	15	0
Compline Cards .. ..	0	10	6
Cheque Books .. ..	0	2	0
Postage .. ..	0	2	3
Special offertory for Restoration of Kirkstead Church .. ..	0	14	8
Special offertory for County Hospital .. ..	1	0	0
Donation to Universities Mission, Central Africa .. ..	1	1	0
"    S.P.G. .. ..	1	1	0
"    Chota Nagpore Mission, S.P.G. .. ..	1	1	0
"    S.P.G. (Women's Work) .. ..	0	10	6
"    Church Missionary Society .. ..	1	1	0
"    National Society .. ..	1	1	0
"    Sheffield Orphanage N.U.T. .. ..	1	1	0
"    Waifs and Strays .. ..	0	10	6
"    Clergy Orphans' Corporation .. ..	0	5	0
"    Jerusalem and the East Mission Fund .. ..	0	10	0
"    Lincoln Crèche .. ..	0	10	0
"    Sick and Poor Fund for St. Nicholas Parish .. ..	1	0	0
"    New Hospital for Women .. ..	1	10	0
"    Y.M.C.A. Huts .. ..	0	12	0
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	20	9	2
Balance for Chapel Improvement Fund .. ..	0	18	3
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	£21	7	5

£21 7 5

M. TURNER, *Treasurer*

Examined with vouchers and found correct,  
W. TODHUNTER, *Principal.*

