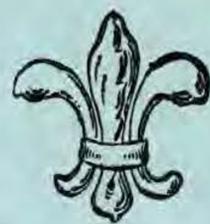
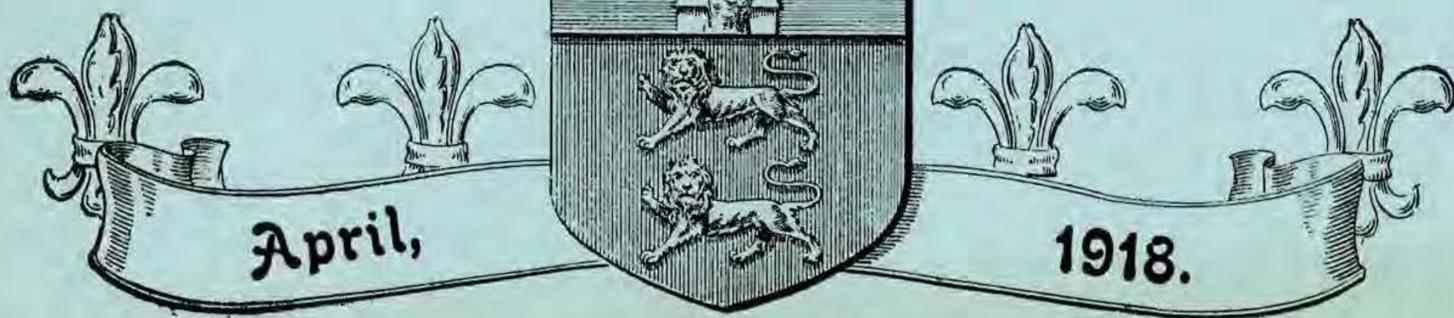
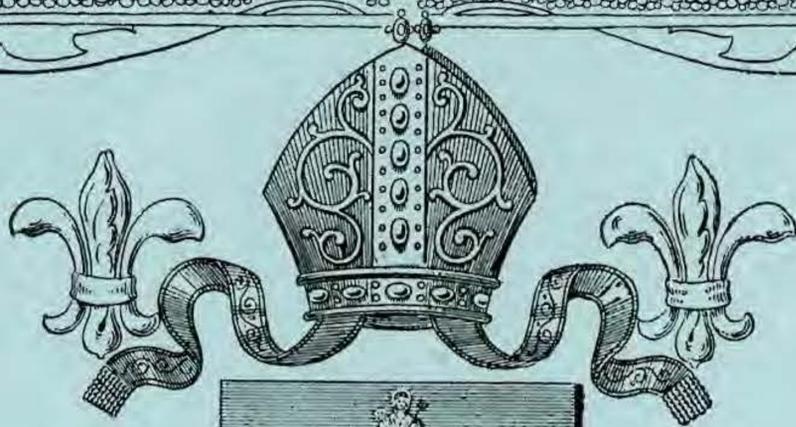
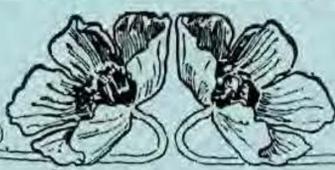


# LINCOLN



## Diocesan Training College

# MAGAZINE



April,

1918.



## Principal's Letter

MY DEAR FRIENDS,

An opportunity occurs for the Colleges to give some assistance in the Flax Harvest this year ; and the Board of Education suggests that the Colleges might invite former students to join the camp with their friends. I shall be pleased therefore, to receive the names of any who would like to join us. I shall be there myself, for part of the time at all events, with a party of students.

I append particulars as far as I am informed of them.

Yours very sincerely,

W. TODHUNTER.

1. Volunteers are asked for *either* six weeks' or three weeks' service, beginning on July 15th. And probably at a later date also.

2. Place of Harvest Camp, the Soke of Peterborough.

3. Conditions of service :—

Campers should be prepared to take with them

(a) Unbleached calico case (6 ft. x 3 ft.) for filling with straw to use as a mattress.

(b) Two rugs (sheets if desired), towels, pillow, tea-cloth, soap, mirror.

(c) Cup and saucer, two plates, knife, fork and two spoons, bottle, or (if possible) thermos.

(d) Mackintosh and sou'wester, strong boots, old gloves (most essential), shady hat or sunbonnet, short old skirt, and puttees, or breeches and overalls or gym costume.

(e) Food card.

Boots, as supplied to the Women's Land Army, can be obtained from the Land Service Corps, price 17/6 a pair. Orders (accompanied by a statement of the size of boots required and a Postal Order) should be sent through the College to the Land Service Corps, who will arrange for the boots to be delivered at the Camp. Workers are recommended to order boots one size larger than their ordinary boots and to wear thick stockings. Those who do not wish to purchase boots are advised to provide themselves with goloshes, which they should procure before starting.

It is hoped that gloves will be provided free, but if not, the Land Service Corps will be able to provide gloves at the wholesale price of 2/6 a pair.

It has been found convenient for workers in the camps to have some distinguishing badge. The armlet of the Land Service Corps is recommended for this purpose. Those who join the Land Service Corps pay an enrolment fee of 1/-, and 6d. extra for the armlet. Those who wish to join the Corps and to have the armlet should state this on the individual forms sent in to the Land Service Corps who will send the armlets to the Colleges.

4. ACCOMMODATION in tents with damp-proof floors and adequate sanitary arrangements.

5. The organisation of the camps and the catering will be under the supervision of qualified women.

6. WAGES. Free board and accommodation (no laundry) and minimum 7/- a week.

7. HOURS OF WORK. These must vary according to the state of the weather, but the average is about 9 hours (including dinner hour) a day. There is no Sunday work.

8. All railway fares will be paid.

9. Hand-luggage only (suit-case or kit-bag) not hold-alls.

Only those who are physically fit should apply.

## College Notes

### Inspectorial Visits

Miss Wark's visit for the examination of Teaching, Reading, Recitation and Needlework, followed very quickly on the beginning of the Lent term, it took place during the second week of the Seniors last school practice, on Wednesday and Thursday, January 23rd and 24th. She was accompanied by Miss Hill and Mr. Haslam.

### Amendment of Certificate List

Hilda Hunt, whose certificate was deferred on account of age, has fulfilled expectations in passing with credit in a number of subjects, Teaching, Physical Training, Music (Advanced), English (Advanced), French, Science. She is now recognised as a certificated Teacher, as is also Ada Pattison.

Constance Marshall passed with credit in Science in addition to the "credits and distinctions" given in the original list.

### Lecture by Rev. Harold Leek

On Friday evening, January 18th, the Rev. Harold Leek gave a lecture on the University's Mission to Central Africa. The wonderfully vivid word-picture presented of the daily life of the zealous and ardent body of missionaries to which he belongs, transported all his listeners to that far-off land and kept them there until the closing words were uttered and they found themselves back again in the College Lecture Hall.

The zeal of the missioners seems to have communicated itself at an early date to the natives and the whole community worked most enthusiastically at the building of their Mission House. The audience were astonished to hear how the women outdid the men in physical feats, the latter carried but one brick at a time up the hill to the chosen site, and progress was consequently slow, but the women who set to work later, carried one brick in each hand, one on their heads, and a child on their backs.

Both men and women are exceedingly curious about the white foreigners and very desirous of imitating their habits and customs, hence the school that has been established proves very attractive. Every effort is made to train and educate them and for this part of the work English teachers (men) are urgently needed, the native instructors are as yet of little use. The teaching of the white man's religion is necessarily a slow process. As soon as possible the newly instructed are allowed to become catechumens and are admitted to the Church; after a probation of two years they are baptized. They are taught in every possible way to value their Church membership and are in much awe of the severe but necessary punishment of six month's exclusion from Church, for grave lapses of conduct and of the still more severe punishment of excommunication.

Glimpses of the domestic experiences of the male household and an actual model of the pleasant bungalow which had been so aptly designed for the needs of the workers in this hot climate, added greatly to the interest of the lecture.

The far reaching possibilities of the civilising and humanising work of the missioners became clearer and clearer as the lecturer proceeded and gave abundant food for thought, but the dominant note that made this a lecture to be long remembered, was an unusual joyousness—joyousness in so vast a work. An infectious and refreshing *joie de vivre* so thrilled and penetrated every utterance that the whole audience felt inspired by it to greater and more strenuous effort in their more limited sphere.

### Half-Term

Although only the very few girls whose homes are near, were allowed to go home last half-term, everybody enjoyed the break immensely. We were free all day Saturday, Sunday, and Monday (November 4th to 6th),

Unfortunately Saturday was not a particularly fine day, so that long walking excursions were inadvisable, though some bold persons ventured as far as a turnip field. In the evening much amusement was caused by the Maids' Charade given in the Drill Hall, after which everybody took part in various competitions.

At breakfast on Monday it was announced that there would be a Fancy Dress Dance in the evening, for which we must spend not more than twopence, though we might borrow whatever long-suffering friends were willing to lend. Then began the usual hunt for almost-forgotten goods, (pieces of material, odd jewellery, etc.) which were "sure to be somewhere." Some of them deigned to come from their secret retreat, and were handed on to those who thought they could make use of them. Eventually everybody was dressed and we repaired to the Drill Hall, anxiously wondering if our numerous pins would stay in place. Many of the dresses showed great ingenuity and artistic talent. It was very difficult to award the prizes, and not until we had paraded the Hall many times was it decided that the Dutch Boy (K. Smith) should have the first and Charlie Chaplin (M. Sykes) the second prize.

The prefects' performance of part of "Nicholas Nickleby" was greatly appreciated. The parts acted showed the "gentleman next door" performing marvellous feats on top of the garden wall, before the admiring gaze of Mrs. Nickleby while Kate attempted to fly away in terror. Next we saw Mrs. Nickleby assuring Nicholas and Kate that the invitation to dinner with the Cheeryble brothers meant more than met the eye. She bitterly complained of the lack of understanding shown by her son and daughter; "You won't believe anything I say, of course. It's much better to wait; a great deal better. All I say is, remember what I say, and when I say I said so, don't say I didn't." For once in her life

Mrs. Nickleby was right, for the next scene showed very important events taking place chez the Cheeryble brothers. Much mysterious behaviour on the part of these two worthy gentlemen was finally rewarded by Nicholas and Madeline Bray. Frank and Kate, and Tim Linkinwater and Miss La Creevy being happily paired off.

Dancing was indulged in vigorously until 10 p.m. when we retired to bed, to dream of the joys of half-term at L.T.C.

IRENE JUBB.

### **Shrove Tuesday, from a Second Year's point of view**

"Shrove Tuesday, if fine, will be a holiday" was the notice which filled us with suppressed excitement for a week. Would it be fine?

Tuesday morning dawned, damp and dull. Still as "Norwood" came across to breakfast, instead of the usual hurried glances from busy girls, we were surprised to see heads and hands thrust through dormitory windows, and from all directions we were assailed by the one question, "Is it fine?" Our most sanguine reply was, "It's not raining." For an hour longer we remained in doubt but after prayers came the definite announcement, followed by loud applause, that we should have the holiday.

Away we trooped to the dining hall where in a few minutes we were busy making sandwiches and packing lunches ready for a day in the country. Having formed our parties we set out and soon we were scattered on all the country roads leading from Lincoln.

Our party had as its object Fiskerton Church. The weather at last really favoured us for the sun pierced its way through the clouds making our journey doubly pleasant, as, in all the freedom of gymnasium costumes, we tramped along to the lilt of lively conversation. Arriving in Fiskerton, we were met by a crowd of merry schoolboys proclaiming to the world around that they too had a holiday. After a surreptitious peep into their light and well ventilated schoolroom, we found a charming old lady, who made us tea and in whose cottage we had lunch.

Thus refreshed, we found our way to the lovely old church, begun in Norman times but bearing the mark of Early English and Tudor workers. We particularly admired the Norman arches and perpendicular windows. In the floor there is a "brass," the effigy of a priest in a beautiful cope. Probably it is a monument to a Rector who died about the year 1490. This "brass" we rubbed and felt quite proud of our impression especially when we heard that a copy of the "brass" had been taken to Harvard University by American students studying "Mediæval History."

We climbed the church tower and from the top got a magnificent view. It delighted us to think that it was the same as that seen by the monk in 1490. Round the church nestled the red roofed cottages of the village; away to the south stretched an

expanse of green low-lying fen land ; to the west we could distinguish the ridge of the Wolds ; and to the north-west we saw our beautiful Cathedral faintly showing through the distant mist.

When we descended the winding steps into the church we were fortunate in finding Mrs. Vines, who gave us many interesting details concerning the building. Then she kindly invited us to the Rectory to show us some of the treasures collected by her sons, who are all famous "Empire Builders." There were two suits of mail and helmets originally worn by Crusaders and brought to England as trophies of the Egyptian war. From Zululand there was a native shield, assegai, and a woman's "ball dress." From South America had come a sword-fish, a puff adder, and a condor (the largest bird that flies) shot by her son in the Andes.

Our hostess also gave us an interesting account of the tour down the Rhine made by Canon Vines and herself in the early days of August, 1914. They found that at that time the Germans were most anxious to please the English. Their narrow escape across the frontier a few hours before war was declared between England and Germany, was only accomplished by means of a Dutch vessel. Mrs. Vines also gave us a vivid description of the perilous crossing of the Atlantic by an American transport. Her son, who was on board had said that for six successive nights, while the vessel was avoiding attack from U boats, everyone had stood ready with cork jackets and the captain had never left the bridge.

Time fled all too quickly, and we found we must start back. At a good speed we crossed the fields to Cherry Willingham, with one hour before tea. Ploughed fields impeded our progress but no one spared effort. The passing of every quarter of an hour, marked by the chime of the Cathedral clock was noted. One rest only did we take when under the lea of a hedge in the misty twilight, we ate oranges and sugar.

In the evening, dancing, which we all enjoyed, made a fitting close to our holiday.

EMILY LEWIS.

### **Shrove Tuesday, 1918, as a First Year Student saw it**

Shrove Tuesday at L.T.C. was a free day, a day to order as we pleased, forgetful of routine ; such days being rare and delightful we at once set about preparations for going out and enjoying it.

I cannot tell you of all the merry parties that were formed. Girls came home that evening from Reepham and Nettleham, Biacebridge, Burton, and all the district round about, tired and muddy, dishevelled and glowing, and happy. You must ask them how they spent the day if you wish to know ; yet I do not think that anyone spent it more happily than we did.

Our little party of four set out without I think exactly knowing where we should find ourselves before the day was out. Behind

us the Cathedral rose grey in the heavy air, for the morning was overcast, nor did the sky wholly clear all day, but remained as if undecided to the end whether to give us fine weather or spoil our day with rain. It was warm for February, and there were the tokens of spring everywhere, in the swelling elm-buds, in the tiny violet buds still green among the leaves, and in the gayer plumage of the birds. We walked along a footpath of red gravel by the side of a good road, and we met the country people coming in to the cattle-sale in their ramshackle roomy traps and floats. Since the poet of our number had brought books we walked to poetry, and very lovely it was.

As the clock pointed to 12 noon, we came to the church. Inside it had the mouldering odour so many country churches have ; yet it was well appointed, and the windows showed figures of saints most realistically portrayed.

Quite near to the church was a fairly large house and here we called to arrange for dinner or tea or whatever our next meal might be. Someone had been busy in the garden, raking over the soil and clearing away the dead stalks of autumn flowers, and the orchard beyond was carpeted with snowdrops and aconites. The woman of the house was big and shrewd, and good-natured, with a black shawl and an independent manner. She was willing to make us tea, but was sorry she could not provide us with things to eat as she used to do for students before the war ; however, she would make us pancakes. Imagine our unexpected good fortune ! To pass the time we walked through the village over the green, and studied rustic window-dressing in the little shops. A shower came on. We went back to the house and were soon busy with tea and pancakes, cooked at the bright range and brought on to the table all hot, with sugar and half an orange to squeeze over them. How our sympathy went out to all the people who had no pancakes that day ! Then when we had eaten our sandwiches we sat down on the rug in front of the fire and read poetry and William Morris' " Romances " until the spirit of them seemed all around us, and we lived in far-off magic days.

But college was far away and the time was going fast. We rose at last, said goodbye to our cheery hostess, and set off along the way we had come. They sell good apples at that village, and as we went along we ate some and shared some with the people we met ; they liked them.

Greyer than ever the Cathedral looked when we saw it again in the late afternoon. Back again to college we came, rather tired, rather silent, rather happy. After a day full of new experiences there are so many things to think about.

MAUD PEARSON.

## My first term at College

To all whom it may concern, and to untrained Certificated teachers in particular. I, a Certificated teacher of 34 years of age, have just completed my first term at a Training College. Three months ago I started on my journey with a mind full of questioning. Should I like College, should I learn much, should I feel out of it among a number of younger students, should I find myself very much behind with my studies, should I have physical strength to stand the life?

Now, as I sit by the home fire and look back on my first term, my questions are all answered. Do I like College? Like is much too mild a word. The days are all too short, the happy hours too fleet. Am I learning much? The amount I am learning is limited only by my capacity to take in. The first item of new knowledge borne in upon me was the overwhelming consciousness of my own ignorance, and the overwhelming extent of the field of knowledge to be reaped. But there was no time to waste in being overwhelmed, so I set to work and as one lecturer after another gave of her store, I felt my whole being reaching out to grasp. The mighty inspiration of English literature, the wonders of the world of nature, the vision of what a knowledge of the laws of hygiene can accomplish in school, the moving power of singing and reading, above all the high ideal of the work of a teacher and her influence for good or evil. These are among the things upon which my mind has dwelt during this first term.

The presence of 120 students of an average age of 19 or 20 was somewhat confusing at first, but the sense of confusion lasted a very short time. Not one minute did I feel out of it on account of my mature years. More true is it to say that I have felt most of the time at the average age of 19 or 20 myself. Of diverse character and temperament our College "crowd" is just one of the best and conspires to make College life the happiest possible.

As far as knowledge is concerned I felt at first very much a dunce. As however it is only required of us that we shall do our best, that at least I can do, and hope it will grow a better best as time goes on.

Many and gloomy were the prophecies that I should not stand College life. Well, during this first term I have missed no lectures, missed no games, missed nothing in fact. The result is, I feel more fit than I have done for several years, have gained six pounds in weight and look (so my friends say) ten years younger.

Underlying all our happy busy life is the tone of high endeavour set by our Principal. Deep in our hearts she inculcates the desire for noble aims and high courage both in personal and professional life. May we never fail.

There are I know, a large number of untrained Certified teachers in this country, who are doing and have done for years, faithful

work as class teachers. To these I would say earnestly, have a year at College if it is at all possible. In the days that are coming, the prospect is brighter for all grades of teachers. With increased pay however, increased qualifications are bound to be required, and untrained teachers may find themselves a little left behind in the advance in Education which is surely coming. The rest from class teaching for one year is a real relaxation, and a teacher who indulges in it will surely go back at the end of her training as a giant refreshed, ready to lift the standard of Education high and ever higher.

To me, at the end of this my first term, College life seems altogether good. We gather knowledge, we gather pleasure, we gather inspiration in this little world of ours. We gather also, such store of enthusiasm that within us stirs the desire to go forward, and

“ With wonderful deathless ditties  
To build up the world’s great cities ;  
And out of a fabulous story  
To fashion an Empire’s glory.”

KATE TAYLOR.

### **Lincoln and the opportunities it offers for study**

Lincoln, an old ecclesiastical and market centre until a few years ago, is now a busy industrial city, with the certainty of rapid growth in the near future ; hence it offers great opportunities for the study of the causes underlying these changes in life and thought. The gorge of the Witham forming a gap in the limestone scarp explains its site. It controls the routes from the Midland plain to the eastern clay vale, and so must always be a suitable centre for all kinds of organisation, commercial, civil, military, educational and ecclesiastical. But in the last fifty years it has developed manufactures of agricultural implements and machinery on a large scale ; industrial workers have congregated here, and now for three years more and more have thronged to supply the demand for labour in the making of aeroplanes and munitions. The opening up of the Doncaster coalfield, the workings for the Jurassic iron ore at Frodingham, Lincoln, and elsewhere on the limestone scarp, the consequent smelting works at Scunthorpe, have helped the rapid increase of foundries in Lincoln.

In the past the thought of the city has been led by the church dignitaries gathered round the Cathedral, its economic life has been dominated by agricultural and commercial interests. In the future, the industrial interest will predominate. A vigorous city life entails the study of these groups with their varying use of the natural advantages of the site.

Physiographically, the district is of much interest. The marl and clay plain, the limestone scarp, and the gap of the Witham account for its outstanding surface features and its extensive views. In the museum can be seen cores of bores which show stratification

for 2,200 feet, while the clay pits and iron workings offer good exposures for study. The neighbourhood is one of the best places to begin the study of river development and river action in the broadest sense, the scarps of the chalk and limestone both show how they have been shaped by rivers. For the more advanced student there are the problems of the former courses of the Trent and its predecessor, the present course of the Witham and the origin of the Gap. The district on which the town depends is varied. Three miles to the east the fens begin, the marl and sandstone plain lies to the west, and at Newton there is a good exposure of the Keuper Marl, forming an escarpment where it is interbanded with gypsum. The soil of the marl and sandstone plain has doubtless been much enriched by the recession of the clay and limestone escarpment. The clay vale to the east has exposures of the successively younger rocks until the chalk is reached. With the varying strata are connected the varying natural vegetation and market crops. Barley and peas are especially associated with the limestone, potatoes and small fruit with the fen district and mixed farming with the plains.

The summit of the hill which overlooks the gap and river from the north side has been used for ages as a safe and desirable home by men of varying races. The power to control the routes converging from either side to the gap has been the persistent inducement to the settlers.

Professor Fleure suggests that as the ridge shows the remains of an ancient trackway probably much older than Ermine Street, we may judge from similar cases that the earthworks in the College grounds on the northern side of the present city show the site of an early settlement. The road ran from north to south and delay was caused by going down into the gap and up again. At such a point a fort was often developed which ultimately became a settlement. This is the probable origin of towns in the gaps of the South Downs and it is highly probable that Lichfield had a similar beginning. Thus the gap was at first a delay in the passage from ridge to ridge and only in later times a point of concentration in the passage from plain to plain. The railway concentration is even more marked than the convergence of the roads. Of the Roman settlement there remain parts of a large colonnade, tessellated pavements, tombstones, altars, milestone and other relics. One Roman gateway, still in use, and traces of other walls make it possible to re-construct the boundary limit both of the early smaller colony and the later larger one which extended to the Stonebow.

We can, in a measure, rebuild the life of the people with their skill in drainage, and in arranging for a good water supply. Their use of the dry ridge for roads, and the gap for connecting by canal the Wash and the Humber by means of the Foss Dyke, which joined the Witham and the Trent, show that the advantages of the site were fully realized.

St. Paulinus brought Christianity to the city, and Bede tells of the building of a stone Church as a result. This was probably on the site of the present St. Paul's, near the Cathedral. Traces of the Church's activities in the Saxon period are also to be found in the pre-Norman Churches in the gorge. Then, as now, the extension of the city seems to have been in the gap rather than on the top of the scarp.

The Danes have left so many traces in names of villages and streets that it is easy to imagine their journey from the Trent through the Foss Dyke to the Witham. Lincoln was one of the five boroughs of the Danelagh, and it appears to have been the capital of the Lindiswaras, the dwellers on the oolitic ridge.

To ensure the subjugation of the Saxons, William I. used the summit of the hill for constructing a strong castle.

The intercourse with the continent immediately before and after the Conquest caused the town to change from its "self-supporting poverty of Saxon times" to that of a rich commercial port exporting wool to Flanders, and those parts of Germany which were growing rich by making armour and iron goods. Remigius, Bishop of Dorchester, dissatisfied that his episcopal seat should be in so insignificant a town as Dorchester while his diocese extended as far as the Humber, was attracted by Lincoln and bought land near the Castle to build there a Church, "strong as the place was strong and fair as the place was fair . . . . . which should be a joy to the servants of God, and as befitted the time, unconquerable by enemies." As to-day the Church has found the need of Bishops in Birmingham and Sheffield and the newer large towns, so then bishops established their seats near woollen ports and marts—the See of Sherbourne was moved to Salisbury, that of Thetford to Norwich. It was the woollen trade that enabled the citizens to build their minster and after its destruction in 1185, to rebuild it under the direction of Bishop Hugh. The mediæval city gloried in the Early English choir and the western towers of their massive cathedral, and left them as a Mecca and a landmark for succeeding generations. Norman dwellings also remain in the oldest street to tell us of their love of good architecture.

In 1121, Henry I. improved the communications by deepening the Foss Dyke to the Trent, and Carr Dyke to Boston, though originally made for drainage, was used for the passing of ships.

The High Bridge built across the Witham in 1160, still unites the north and south districts and still preserves on it old timbered houses.

Records of the trade of the city also show that the citizens grew rich by buying wool from the inhabitants of the Wolds and the oolitic ridge and exporting it to the continent. Lincoln was a port in 1204, fourth in order of importance in England and a staple town from 1291 to 1361, when Boston took its place, both as a port and as a staple town. The Black Death seriously affected the district

but Lincoln was still the 6th largest city in the kingdom in 1377. As early as the 13th century Lincoln was famous for its cloth, "Lincoln green" is familiar from the ballads of Robin Hood.

Proof of the prosperity of the neighbourhood can be found in the addition of the decorated Angel Choir and the Central Tower to the Cathedral, in the endowment of various chantries, in the building of the Vicar's Court and many houses in the Minster Yard. Remains exist also of numerous monastic foundations. A Church of the Grey Friars is now used as the City and County Museum. At the dissolution it was granted to the family of Monson who presented it in 1586 to the Free School. Two schools existed in the City, one the Free Grammar School, supported by the Mayor and Corporation, the other the Choristers' School, maintained by the Dean and Chapter. In 1584 the two were combined.

The 16th Century leaves its record in the Guildhall built over the 15th century gateway now known as the Stonebow. The 15th and 16th centuries saw much destruction of ecclesiastical buildings though the Cathedral largely escaped.

Unlike the development in Norwich, the wool trade in Lincoln did not pass into a flourishing woollen manufacture. Various efforts in the 17th century were made to set the poor to work on spinning and knitting, to compel all citizens to have one suit of apparel and one suit of cloth made in the city, but no plan seemed to lead to the growth of the industry. In the 17th century much of the Fen land to the south-east of the city was drained by the Huguenots under Vermuyden. Through being exiled first to Flanders the Huguenots had gained the necessary knowledge for this special branch of engineering. To some extent the drainage disturbed the trade of the city as profit had been made from the selling of the wild game and fruit taken from the fen wastes.

The silting up of the Witham and the growth of weeds in the Foss Dyke seriously interfered with the communication by water and seems to have helped in the gradual decline of the city. At one time, nearly every building not in the High Street was described as in ruins. In 1741, the Foss Dyke was much improved and better trade followed, but the 18th century was not one of progress. Civic and religious life alike were at a low ebb. At the end of the century, Methodism caused a great religious revival in the city. Its followers began by holding almost secret meetings. They were persecuted and despised, but they continued their appeal to those whom the Church had neglected. Their power to influence the civic and religious life of the district rapidly increased, and has never waned.

The 19th century saw the final disappearance of the cloth and silk weaving but also the increase in flour milling and cake making. The corn market increased in importance.

Between 1830 and 1850 were established works for making agricultural machinery, and Lincoln increased in population from 7,197 in 1801 to 57,285 in 1911. This development was made possible

because the railway connected the town with the coalfields in the west and with the smelting works to the north. The older water routes by the Foss Dyke to the Trent, and by the canalised Witham to Boston still exist but no longer bring fuel. They are too shallow for modern needs but still carry corn and cattle fodder from Hull.

The strategic geography is interesting Lincoln being comparable as regards position with Sedan and Verdun, Chalons-sur-Marne and Troyes, as each control a route in the gap of an oolite ridge. Nancy has surpassed Lincoln in its rapid development of iron works but is like Lincoln, Norwich and York in that it has absorbed the newer industrial town without losing the predominating character of the older city. Of English cities, Guildford most nearly resembles Lincoln in lying in a gorge between two agricultural regions. Norwich is the city that shows a similar development in trade and industry. The woollen trade was alike in each city in the later mediæval period but whilst Norwich became a flourishing woollen manufacturing town, Lincoln had only a struggling industry. Both were market towns and both developed foundries for the manufacture of agricultural machinery suited to the neighbourhood. Lincoln surpasses Norwich in this iron industry both as regards the agricultural machines and the motor tractors which developed from them. Lincoln was accustomed to consider difficulties of marshy ground, hence here are manufactured the caterpillar wheels and the tanks. As the result of climate and soil, Norwich has a mustard factory, Lincoln correspondingly has a pea-sorting factory which employs much labour.

For the sake of the still existing work of its past citizens, the Roman, Saxon, Norman and above all the beauty of the Gothic work of the Cathedral,—for the sake of its continuous development from the mediæval ecclesiastical and market city to a large modern industrial town, Lincoln will repay study, and it may be used to interpret the history of other towns whose records are not so readily appreciated. The city fathers have acknowledged the advantage of the study of the city for its citizens. They have placed for their use in the Library a collection of books for which there is a catalogue that is the recognised bibliography of the subject. In one of the most interesting buildings they have placed an excellently arranged Museum for use in studying local Natural History and also for exhibiting objects of historical interest. They are also collecting prints and pictures of old and modern Lincoln.

L. M. HARDY.

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## Girl Guides

From various parts of the country come rumours of old students acting as Captains, Lieutenants, or in some other official capacity for newly-formed companies of girl guides. A batch of enquiries and petitions for details of these activities brought the following interesting accounts of the initiation of the work in different towns by Isabel Kay, Alison Penzer, Barbara Picton, Louie Poole, and Amy Rankine, as well as a report of the progress of the Company with which we made acquaintance in 1916, the 1st Royton Company under Edith Mellor. The enthusiasm of the workers is perhaps even more apparent in the letters than in the little articles, as the following extracts will show.

"You cannot imagine how pleased I was to feel that others might wish to know of this splendid movement. I am only too delighted to do anything that may entice a few more recruits. When more than half one's spare time is simply crowded to overflowing with the thoughts, interests and arrangements of Girl Guides it is difficult to know not what to write about, but what *not* to write about."

"It is the very finest movement ever started for girls. The work is so grand that I tremble to think that I am not doing justice to it."

### *43rd Manchester Company of Guides*

This large sisterhood of 64,000 daughters of the Empire is vindicating in this day of trial the worth of its ideals and the policy of its organisation. Originated in times of peace, it aims at educating each of its members to "Be prepared" for any emergency. The good work being done by Girl Guides to-day, in every branch of service—on the land, in the factory, in hospital and not least in the home—is itself a testimony to the value of the movement.

The supreme aim of the movement is character training. "The solid meaning of life" says Professor James, "is always the same eternal thing,—the marriage, namely, of some unhabitual ideal, however special, with some fidelity, courage and endurance; with some man's or woman's pains." Ideals and service. These two words tersely indicate the path which a would-be perfect character must tread. An ideal there must be to give light and inspiration, to shed its radiance on the necessarily somewhat monotonous duties of everyday life by which alone a character is built up.

So in the Girl Guide movement, an attempt is made to catch the girlhood of the nation in its "red hot" stage, and by a carefully organized system to direct its aspirations to ideals of service to God and man.

The working unit is the Company. This is directed by a Captain and her Lieutenants. The company is divided into Patrols of from six to eight girls who are led by their Patrol Leader assisted

by her "Second." As much responsibility as possible is given to the Patrol Leader who must prove herself worthy and capable of helping her patrol. This encourages the freer and more valuable development of individual character and also gives interest by stimulating a healthy spirit of rivalry between the Patrols.

The Guides are divided into three grades :—

1. Brownies, under 11 years
2. Guides, 11 to 16 years
3. Senior Guides, over 16 years

Each guide is trained with the same purpose, but on relatively higher standards according to age and need.

The highest honour a Guide can receive is that of "Silver Fish," symbolising her fitness to face the "up stream" tide of life with courage and cheerfulness.

One of the great joys of Guide life is camping. This need not necessarily be done under canvas. In our own company, camp has offered splendid opportunities of increased fellowship. Guides and Guiders come closer together. Weaknesses are discovered, strong points stand out. The "esprit de corps" grows marvellously, and a better understanding and friendliness is engendered throughout the company.

Experience has shown that underneath all these activities must be a firm foundation. Each guide must have a living religion. Each company must have a living fellowship in religion. This should be the mainspring of the company's life, inspiring, guiding, controlling all their activities of mind and body.

One might rightly ask why we call ourselves "Guides." In the hill country on the north-west frontier of India is a famous corps of soldiers who are prepared at all times to turn out and repel attacks by hostile tribes. Sometimes on foot, sometimes on horseback, often facing great hardship and danger, at peril of their lives, these brave men hold themselves ready for sacrifice at the call of duty and for the safety of their country. The same is true of the Guides in the mountainous countries of Europe. Their sterling worth of character is displayed in their great skill in tackling obstacles and in helping others over difficult places. To a Girl Guide, too, life offers many difficulties, dangers, and apparent impossibilities, but it is the object of her training to enable her to face these bravely and to lend a hand to her fellow-strivers on life's highway.

"Give us the young! Give us the young! Do what you will with the world, only give us the young! It is the dreams that we teach them; it is the Utopias which we conceive for them; it is the thoughts which we think for them, which will rebuild the world. Give us the young before the evil has held them and we will create a new Heaven and a new Earth."

A. RANKINE,  
Lieutenant 43rd Manchester Company.

*Our Girl Guides (Saffron Walden, Essex)*

We hear a murmur, "Saturday to-morrow!" "Rather a trite remark," someone will say. Yes, but not if the force and feeling behind are realised, or the merry sparkle of anticipation is observed in the happy speaker's eyes.

In common with the majority of our sister guides throughout the country, Saturday is our "day out." "What glorious afternoons we have had." Picture our happy throng of forty girls in neat navy dresses and hats, grouping together in a disused field, where a kindly wall, in the feebleness of old age, has scattered its bricks in all directions to provide us with suitable fireplaces. Notice the straw and stubble obligingly left by good-natured farmers, with which we can kindle our fires. What ingenuity we have to display in catching the fitful gusts of wind in the right direction, and what agility we require to escape the clouds of smoke that will envelope and choke us, no matter where we stand.

Or again, imagine us in our favourite wood, which lies in a hollow. See the sun glinting through the beech trees on to the leaf-strewn ground lighting up in its path, a wary stalker lying half-hidden behind a tree, or crouching down in the grass. At one side is a convenient slope to a dried-up river bed, whilst bushes and hedges on either side provide us with ideal hiding places for most of our games in stalking and tracking.

Come to the open field and enjoy with us a Pole Ball Match or any other of the hundred and one delightful games we love to play. Only trained Guides can realise the joys of secret messages, and roadsigns, but all seem to fall victims to the fascination of signalling, and this we make use of on all our outings.

Our "work" evening is Wednesday. The Brownies, or "under elevens" have their meeting from 5 p.m. to 6 p.m. and the Guides from 6 p.m. to 7-30 p.m. These meetings have been held in the Training College through the kindness of Miss Dunlop, the Principal. So far we have been occupied with all that is necessary for the qualification of a Tenderfoot as a 2nd Class Guide and has included knot-tying, bandaging, bed-making, nature study, physical exercises, and signalling. This necessarily is only a brief survey of the main features of our work and play, all of which need careful planning.

Our Company was formed about nine months ago and we were fortunate in having Miss Baden-Powell herself at our introductory meeting. Our working arrangements are as follows:—

We have four patrols of eight Girl Guides and two Brownie Sixes. Besides these, we have the help of eight College Students, who act as our Patrol Leaders and Helpers, one outside Helper and one unsurpassable Lieutenant. All Helpers, Leaders and Officers assemble at the Court of Honour every Tuesday evening, when they report progress made during the past week and arrange work and play for the coming week.

Besides our company of Girl Guides, there is now a senior Guide Company in the town for elder girls, and also a Cadet Corps for the training of officers, which was instituted within the College. To this latter we officers also belong, much benefit being derived from many working together with the same aims in view.

A cadet corps cannot be registered before an inspection has taken place, and once again we were fortunate in having Miss Baden Powell as our Inspector. Since then, the girl guide movement here has developed and strengthened from day to day.

Our guides are enthusiastic, our lieutenant and helpers splendid, our parents and friends sympathetic, and the surrounding country ideal. What more could Girl Guides want?

ALISON PENZER,

*Captain 1st Saffron Walden Company.*

### **Gleanings from Old Students Work**

*(Continued)*

Two special papers that reached me before the last magazine was published were unfortunately too late for printing. One is on "Peat Stacking," by Gladys and Margaret Bentley, and the other on the "Experiences of a Country Post-woman," by Isabel Canham. Both are eloquent of war conditions—as indeed are all the gleanings—and both reveal possibilities of the utilisation of women's activities that were undreamt of a few years ago.

Ethel Drury reports a very unfavourable season for the herb-gathering. We hope abundant sunshine in 1918 will bring as rich a harvest as that gathered in 1916.

"The other day I was looking through the Magazine, when I suddenly remembered that I had not written to you again about the herb-gathering. I am sorry that I have very little to relate, as I had wet weather the whole of the fortnight that I spent in the district.

With great energy and enthusiasm I cycled fifty miles to my destination and was rewarded by torrential downpours day after day. Between the showers there were a few fine intervals with brilliant sunshine, but the herbs are useless if gathered when damp, as they ferment or mildew. It was all very disappointing, but on the most hopeless days I passed a few enjoyable hours picking over sphagnum moss. Boy Scouts had been to the moors for this moss and we sorted it out. I was told that the best pieces are sent chiefly to the Salonika Hospitals and are used as a substitute for cotton wool. I was very pleased to be able to do this but it has not the charm of herb-gathering."

ETHEL DRURY (1905).

Lincoln City has furnished much employment for voluntary workers and Kathleen Crawshaw has sent interesting details of the form that this work has taken during the last two years.

" Really, what Clarice and I were doing in the winter (1916-17), could hardly be called War Work, I think, but rather a continuation of the Registration Work done by voluntary workers before. The day before the Christmas holidays a request came through the Education Committee from the army authorities asking for teachers to help with checking, indexing, etc., and I believe there were sixteen or twenty of us, in addition to a permanent staff of lady clerks. Where do you think we were working? It was in the old, historic Lincoln Castle. The grounds were dreams of beauty when on frosty mornings the sun shone on snow-outlined walls and trees. The why's and wherefore's of our work were not explained to us, "ours not to reason why, ours but to do," but we strongly suspected that it was preparation for the army's substitution scheme which is now in progress. We found it extremely pleasant work and not nearly so tiring as teaching, in fact, we kept on for some evenings even after school started".

Writing again towards the close of last year, she says:—

" I must plead War Work as my reason for not replying more promptly to your letter about the Magazine, for Clarice and I have spent three hours each evening during the past week, "on sugar" as we usually put it, at the Local Food Office. It is clerical work we do, calculating the allotments per month for each retailer from his wholesale dealers, and making out his necessary application forms, with copies to keep in the office. Several times since I wrote to you in the summer, our services have been sought when stress of work under the sugar scheme made extra help required. In October we had almost a month of evenings, when we made out sugar-cards for householders, and I remember one whole Saturday morning that I spent in delivering Sugar Certificates to shopkeepers, by hand; these certificates were made of pre-wartime parchment, and really looked too nice to be folded up and entrusted to the post, and now they are being prominently displayed in the grocers' shops, very often in frames.

It is very interesting work but not nearly so thrilling as some of the accounts in the magazine. I think Marjorie Lomax is splendid; it must be simply fine to be giving such wonderful pleasure to such crowds of men. Well done, Marjorie!"

KATHLEEN CRAWSHAW (1911).

Not only Kathleen but all Marjorie's fellow students of 1911, will be pleased to get further news of the Concert Party on the West Front.

" Since I last wrote we have had many novel experiences. Shortly after I wrote to you we went to a strange little French village to give a concert to about a hundred soldiers. It proved to be the strangest concert we have given. The 'Hall' was the Market

Place shut in with tarpaulins, the stage was erected on trestles, and the footlights were carriage lamps. A number of French people were present in addition to the men.

Of course our days do not all pass by as very smoothly, breakdowns are by no means uncommon. About two months ago, we had a new driver sent out, who turned out to be most incompetent. We were going to a restcamp twelve miles away, to give a concert at six o'clock. She arrived half an hour late, so we told her to drive quickly and we might still manage to get there in time. Half way, there was a puncture, so out we all had to get and a stepney wheel was affixed. This took her an abnormally long time. Some of us walked on, for it was cold; we had trudged over a mile along a very lonely road before we were overtaken. A couple of miles further on, there was another stoppage. We were already three-quarters of an hour late, and Mr. Lancaster was fuming. After a time an empty ambulance came along and we all got into it, and finally arrived at the camp an hour late. We were to have given our concert in the Cinema but the pictures had been started, so we went into the Expeditionary Force Canteen, and found it packed. The men yelled when we appeared, for while we were getting ready, Mr. Lancaster had told them our troubles. They had come in from the front line that morning, and excitement about the concert was at fever-heat. I never heard such yells.

We have also had plenty of experience of the famous French mud. The car once got stuck and had to be prized out with crow-bars. Another night we had two concerts about six or eight miles away. It was a terrible night, the wind was very strong and the rain fell in torrents. When we arrived at the first camp, utter desolation greeted us; everywhere soft, thick mud and pouring rain. We got to the hut on duck-boards and gave our performance. Tea followed and then we set off to the other concert. I was ploughing along delighted to feel myself shod in goloshes when suddenly some-one flashed a light on my feet and discovered that one of my evening shoes was minus its protecting 'golosh'. It was discovered in the thick mud a few yards back. We managed to arrive safely at the next place and then I had to spend some time in making myself presentable.

For the last few week ends we have been to Amiens to give concerts. This is a lovely town, and the cathedral is wonderful. We usually have a very busy time when there. Last week, for some reason or other, the Adjutant General stopped all permits for English ladies. After a great deal of trouble he has given permits for the concert party to go for two days a week. We used to be able to go out to schools of instruction outside, but that is now stopped. The last week-end we were there we gave three concerts in the Y.M.C.A. hut at the station.

A few weeks ago our party were invited to dine with the garrison officers. While we were there we had the rare experience of hearing the regimental moving orders given. The Staff Colonel, all red tabs, and red bands, gave the Adjutant a very official looking envelope. Utter silence reigned, and the air was charged with electricity. "Gentlemen, we leave on Wednesday," came in sonorous tones from the Adjutant. General commotion!! No more conversation after the explosion of that bomb.

Last Tuesday, I went out with another party, because their contralto was ill, and we drove along the most wonderful roads I have ever seen. The roads were full of big holes, and the car banged and jolted horribly, but we quite forgot that, when we looked at the wonderful colourings of the trees and undergrowth. Such yellows and browns I have never seen. We went about twenty miles away to where the Royal Horse Guards were camping for a week or two. After that we went six miles further to another camp of the same regiment. This time it was 'The Blues,' and we had another delightful concert. At the close of it the Colonel led the usual three cheers, which nearly brought down the place, and then they all sang for "They are jolly good fellows," and cheered again. This was the first concert any of them had heard given by ladies for two years and a half. Our concerts always seem too trifling to call forth such gratitude from men who have done so much."

MARJORIE LOMAX (1911).

Dorothy Clubb (1912), has become one of the Railway Station Workers and Beatrice Goodin of the same year is a V.A.D.

Dorothy writes:—

"I am very busy now during my spare time doing war work. I go to the Soldiers' and Sailors' Free Buffet at Liverpool Street Station, on Saturday Mornings from 8-30 to 1-30, and on Sunday evenings from 5 to 10-30. There is plenty to do, but it is very interesting work. The men are cheerful, but some of them look fearfully fagged."

Beatrice gives a few particulars of her "busy times."

"As you know I have been a V.A.D. since the beginning of the war, but I cannot do as much nursing as I should like. I am on duty during the week ends, do as much as I can in the holidays, and one evening a week I arrange a 'sing-song' for the men. The Theological College is our Military Hospital, and we have in it forty beds. The grounds are beautiful, and the large dining hall has been turned into a Day Room for the men. We also have the use of the lovely little College Chapel, and I am responsible for keeping it tidy; when I am dusting on Saturday afternoons I often think of my old duties as Chapel Warden at L.T.C.—'duties' which were to me a labour of love. I was so pleased when the Matron asked me to look after the College Chapel.

Ada Hallam (1914), tells me that she spent her summer holiday in a V.A.D. hospital and judging by her letter found the change of occupation a real relaxation.

"I can honestly say that I have never enjoyed a holiday more though it was hard work. I did everything from scrubbing floors to night duty. It was a delightful little hospital and though I was only there a month I managed to gain a good deal of medical and surgical experience which is a great help to me in my private study.

The men were simply splendid. As soon as they were out of bed they were helping us with all manner of work. I may go back any week-end if wanted for night duty."

Many other little items of news of war work reach us from time to time, showing how varied are the activities of old students.

Alice Spencer (1883), is the Secretary for the Pitsmoor Soldiers' Comfort Fund, established for the help of the wounded men in Firs Hill Military Hospital, Sheffield; Rose Wade (1904), is one of the many School Secretaries of another branch of work, War Savings; Florence Neaverson (1909) belongs to the large company of canteen helpers, and her fellow student, Mrs. Wilson (Florence Watson), has resumed school work at the urgent request of her Committee; Mrs. Shelton Dobson (Kate Marriott 1911), is not only a War Savings Secretary, but devotes time to the sewing of 'highly complicated badges' at the meetings of the Barnsley Ladies' War League; Elsie Stevenson (1910), spends her week ends nursing at one of the military hospitals in Oldham, her sister May is preparing for ambulance work but must pass several examinations before she is allowed to undertake nursing; Katherine Beard (1915), has been busy collecting money for a large Patriotic Fair.

Gladys Lennon one of the Correspondents for 1914, is not exactly engaged in war work, but her school duties are of so unusual a type that they may well be added to this little summary of special activities. In the letter accompanying some of her subscriptions, she writes:—

"All the children we teach are in bed except one or two convalescents who will be going home shortly. The school is officially a Sanatorium with resident nurses and sisters, and a doctor in attendance. Our hours are from 9-30 a.m. to 12. and 2 p.m. to 4 p.m., and we are under the Sheffield Education Committee so far as the teaching is concerned. In the Hospital there are altogether six wards, but as one ward contains babies, we only teach five. Each ward contains twenty children and though we call them 'The Big Boys' Ward,' 'The Big Girls' Ward,' 'The Little Girls' Ward,' etc., they are by no means so distinctive as their name implies. For instance, in the Big Girls' Ward there are girls of thirteen and fourteen who can read and do arithmetic fairly well, but there are also children of eight or nine who have only been to school for a

few months and who are just learning to read and write, hence the teaching is necessarily all individual work and it is very difficult to adapt such subjects as History and Geography to the children's capacities ; this is only one of the difficulties, and the least of them.

We are out of doors all the day under verandahs and unless it is blowing the rain right on to the beds, we stay there all through the winter. To-day the children have been so cold they could hardly hold their books and pencils. They are wrapped up in blankets with hot water bottles. We do a great deal of handwork, of course, and you would be amazed at the beautiful things those children make, lying flat on their backs. Rafia baskets with designs in different colours, dainty needlework done by the girls, and not only by them, for my little boys are doing needlework now too. Our speciality in the hospital is toys. Punch and Judy shows, elephants, cats, rabbits, parrots, woollen and rafia rattles are all made by the children. Their arms ache very often, but they lay down their work, have a little rest and gossip and then are up again once more. We often sit out on the grass in the sun in summer time, and the children have all their wounds exposed. The children are all tubercular and all curable. The only treatment they have is fresh air and good food in proper quantities and cleanliness. The children come in pitiful sights with white faces and thin limbs, and are as quiet as mice for the first few days. After about a month they have rosy cheeks and look as bonny in the face as one could wish. It is only when they are stripped that one realises they are not as other children.

During the winter they have "Sun Treatment" indoors. The first time I heard one of the boys ask another if he was going to have "Sun Treatment" I laughed, and thought he was joking, for there was not a vestige of sun to be seen. However, I soon found out what he meant, for half the children were carried off and I did not see them again until a few minutes before twelve. They have to take off their bandages and are away for about half an hour. When they come back the bandages have to be fixed up again so that it is almost impossible to take any collective oral lesson.

It is wonderful how the children develop in spite of all difficulties. The hospital has only been open a little over a year, but about three-quarters of those who were in when it was opened have gone home cured."

The very latest development of war work is naturally connected with the vital question of the moment—the food supply. All the elementary schools of towns like Doncaster and our own, Lincoln, have been closed for a week or for one or more days and the whole body of teachers has been utilised at different centres, filling in Food Cards. Ethel Drury thinks everybody was tired out at the end of the Doncaster week but adds that all agreed that it had been a most interesting experience.

EDITOR.

## Peat Stacking.

An ounce of experience is worth a hundredweight of imagination—a truth we proved during our fortnight at the Women's Camp, Bettisfield, Salop, the first of its kind in England.

It was a furiously hot day when we arrived at the camp and took up our abode in Tent F.2. We were fortunate in never having a fourth occupant for there is little room to spare when four people and their luggage get into an ordinary sized tent. It was short work to get unpacked, dispose of our wardrobe, either on to nails driven into the centre pole, or into the kitbag, and prepare our bed—a glorified bolster case stuffed with straw, otherwise a palliasse which rested on a ground sheet and was covered with two blankets. One had to calculate to a nicety just how much straw to put in, for a little too much meant rolling off. That kitbag was in one continuous state of upheaval, for one could always rely on having to turn out the whole of its contents to find any required article which was sure to have wormed itself to the bottom. Pillows consisted of any available article of clothing rolled up with a night-dress case for a pillow slip. The first night, or rather early morning, suffering from lack of experience as well as from draughts, we awoke shivering, and had to rob the pillow to supply extra warmth on the top, but we soon learnt the art of rolling ourselves in, and when once we had made our own particular impression on the straw, it was almost as comfortable as a feather bed.

Dinner was the only corporate meal, and was prepared by cooks, orderlies and corporals detailed for that duty. If the potatoes happened to slip out of the dixie on to the ground as they were being strained, we had to shut our eyes and forget the dirt hastily removed by the culprits. We escaped this duty and also that of rising at 5.30 a.m. to light fires, an unenviable task after a wet night. Experience taught us that it was worth while rising a little earlier to secure a place at the cookhouse fires before the rush about 7.15. One pan served for all purposes; the tea was made first and took its chance of keeping warm while the rest of the breakfast was being prepared. As we were in a state of perpetual hunger, meals were always welcome.

The routine of most working days was the same, except for the time we spent inside listening to the steady patter of rain on the canvas. The hours were usually 9—1 and 4.30—9 or 9.30 including the walk through the fields to the scene of action. The work grew on us when once we had grown accustomed to back-ache. It consisted of windrowing, *i.e.* arranging the newly-cut peat in rows for the wind to dry it, stacking the dry peat or transferring it to wagons, wheelbarrows, or laboriously in our arms, to a large shed ready for preparation prior to its distribution to the camps

as horse bedding. Evening work was more strenuous, consisting of windrowing on a distant section of the Moss, terribly overgrown in the three years it has been standing idle—sometimes it meant unearthing young shrubs to get at the blocks of peat. We unearthed other things as well, beautiful specimens of caterpillars, lizards, and ants in hundreds. How those ants did bite, and how we danced and scratched—there were several bandaged faces in camp next day.

It is impossible to mention in anything like detail the many interests of camp life, for they would almost fill a book: the snails, ants, and beetles, whose visits to our tent were regarded with friendliness when the first thrill down the spine had been conquered; the appearance of camp when candles were lit in the tents and the shapes and sights thrown up in silhouette on the canvas while preparations for the night were being made: the entertainment afforded by the "Swearing" Major, or the bombastic Bombardier, and by the men themselves, as the daily riding practice went on.

Then there were the difficulties of bathing; given only a tent and a bath with a brick as an improvised plug—the water so laboriously carried from the boilers would get under the brick and disappear with amazing rapidity. It was a neck-to-neck race and we only just won.

The surrounding country was both beautiful and interesting, and we made good use of our Sundays, our only free day, taking cycling or walking picnics. We shall never forget the open-air service in the Artillery camp in Bettisfield Park, the hollow backed by thick woods, the slopes lined with soldiers in their several companies, officers in front, the table in the centre covered with the Union Jack, and beside it a man of strong, forceful character. We felt, and afterwards knew, that that Chaplain was of some use to those men, and his words that day inspired men and visitors alike. Neither shall we ever forget how that body of men came to rigid attention with one single resounding click at the opening bars of the National Anthem: nor the way in which they marched past the flag and the O.C. and gave the salute—and over the hill while service was on men were signalling for all they were worth trying to pass an examination. One day is as good as another in camp.

It was a free from convention, open-air existence, fresh and vivid with the personalities of one hundred and twenty girls, most of them still students at University or College, and each interesting in her own special way; the communal life was just beginning to take its grip again when it was time for us to go back to the narrowness of life within walls, and our going was tinged with regret.

M. & G. BENTLEY.

## Experiences of a Country Postwoman

During the holidays, for a fortnight, I had a new occupation in the shape of post-work. The post girl who usually delivers the letters in this district was going for her holiday, and so I agreed, light-heartedly, to do her work for that time. For two or three mornings, therefore, I accompanied her on her rounds in order to be initiated into the mysteries of the craft, and then, on the Monday morning, armed with a G.P.O. letter bag and a certain number of stamps for sale, I set off for the post-office, feeling, for the time being, quite an important Government official.

The task seemed somewhat more complicated than I expected. The address "Branston" usually suffices in the eyes of innocent correspondents addressing letters to the inhabitants of this village, regardless of the fact that there are four or five separate and distinct sets of Smiths, Browns, and Robinsons, and when a letter happened to be delivered to the wrong family they would say cheerfully, "Oh! that will belong to the other Smiths," leaving the bewildered post woman to ask, which of the other Smiths? In time, however, these difficulties lessened.

I delivered letters in Branston Fen about four miles from the village, calling at various farm houses on Branston Moor on the way. The special peculiarity of the people living on the Moor is that they keep dogs, big dogs which bark and look very ferocious, but which are usually chained up, much to the relief of the few people who visit these isolated spots. In the Fen, which one reaches after crossing the delph, the people, for no apparent reason live two or three fields from the main road, a very narrow one between two dykes. In the first field they keep horses, in the next cattle, and in the third ducks and geese, but the main feature of all is the mud. Fen mud is of a particularly sticky variety and of course is black, and the post girl often has to negotiate this quagmire in order to deliver nothing more important than a circular, advertising in big letters somebody's cattle cake.

On the whole, the experience was interesting, in spite of difficulties and the fact that some Fen people seemed to hold me responsible if they did not receive letters which they expected, but the most exciting time was when it rained and I wore the official regulation mackintosh. This garment was stiff and stuck out several inches all round me. It had a cape which flapped in the wind and the whole effect was most imposing to my mind. A slight difficulty was that animals and poultry rather objected to it, and dogs barked rather more loudly, cattle stared more interestedly, and geese hissed more menacingly than usual. However I felt properly official, and in that black mackintosh and with the post bag slung over my shoulder I was ready for anything.

ISABEL CANHAM.

### **City Presentation to Mr. Edward Dunkerton**

The many "years" of old Students who have such happy memories of Mr. Dunkerton's inspiring singing lessons during the long past of his service at the College, were greatly delighted to have the opportunity of contributing to the City Presentation made on the occasion of his golden wedding. They will be keenly interested in the account of the little ceremony that took place in the Chapter House on Saturday, March 16th, reprinted here from the *Lincolnshire Echo* by the kind permission of the Editor. Needless to say, it would have added much to their pleasure if they could all have joined the subscribers who were able to be present at the Cathedral.

#### *Interesting ceremony in the Chapter House*

The Chapter House of Lincoln Cathedral never held a happier audience than the one which assembled there this afternoon on the occasion of a presentation to Mr. Edward Dunkerton, one of Lincoln's most highly-respected citizens. The gifts were the expressions of gratitude of more than 500 subscribers towards Mr. Dunkerton for his long and faithful service as a chorister at Lincoln Cathedral, for the ever ready help he has given as a vocalist to so many charitable causes, and of goodwill towards the recipient and Mrs. Dunkerton on the occasion of their golden wedding celebrated a few months ago. The gifts to Mr. Dunkerton took the form of an illuminated address, together with a wallet containing a cheque for £325, and there was in addition a handsome silver salver offered as a joint present to Mr. and Mrs. Dunkerton. The address, was beautifully illuminated with three exterior views of the Cathedral, a specially effective one of the three towers surmounting the whole, and introducing wedding bells and the wedding dates in the border ornamentation.

Lieut-Col. Chas. Brook, R.A.M.C., T. (as the Chairman of the Committee), presided over the ceremony, and was supported on his right and left by the Hon. Treasurer (Mr. J. Harris) and the Hon. Secretary (Mr. W. Cottam), and the Lieut-Col. gave a very interesting sketch of Mr. Dunkerton's vocal work during a period of half a century, in Lincoln and elsewhere.

The Dean, in handing the gifts to Mr. Dunkerton, said they had valued him as teacher, as singer, and as a man. Though this was not an official Chapter presentation, they were personally associated with it, and only too glad to be so. It was not merely Mr. Dunkerton's voice in the choir that helped them as fellow worshippers, but it was the reverential attitude of the singer that did even more to help them. It was because he had been so reverent a worshipper and singer and so reverent a Sacrist—he was expressing the view of all worshippers there present—that he had been a real help to them. The Dean then formally presented the address, the wallet, and the salver to the recipient. On the salver was the inscription:—  
"Presented to Mr. and Mrs. Edward Dunkerton, on the occasion of their golden wedding (24th December, 1917), by a large number of friends."

Mr. Dunkerton, who was very warmly received, in acknowledging the gifts, said :—I wish I could find words, suitable words, in which to thank you for being present here to-day, and for giving me these substantial tokens of your regard. We have many anxieties just now. There is the war, and those peculiar domestic difficulties with which we are all familiar, but you have found time to notice what to me and mine is an interesting family event, and to call to mind my long and happy connection with the Cathedral and city of Lincoln. I began duty in the Cathedral forty-five years ago, on Advent Sunday, and the services (always a delight) I can truly say, are more to me now than ever before. My relations with the Dean and Chapter have always been of the happiest kind, and also with my immediate musical chief, Dr. Bennett. If I have enjoyed my work at the Cathedral, my connection with the city has been no less pleasant. Lincoln to me was never cold. The City Fathers to me were fathers indeed in those early days. I met with encouragement and sympathy from all quarters. I soon found myself with an extensive concert connection that brought me much profit and still more valuable experience. I hope I am not saying, "Good-bye." Retirement has no attractions for me, but the time has come when one looks backward instead of forward. Many old friends have passed on, but your kind act to-day is proof that what has gone before has not been forgotten. I am glad you think I have been helpful. I wished to be that, and your kindly recognition, so unexpected and indeed overwhelming, has given me the greatest happiness. My poor words are not the measure of my thought, and I can only again thank you most heartily, and assure you it will never be forgotten. I hope I may be spared to end my days under the shadow of this beautiful Minster, where I have spent so many happy years, and where I have so many kind friends.

## 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 and herself of any changes of address.

M. TURNER

### National Union of Teachers

Our circle of readers will doubtless already know that one distinguished old student, Miss E. R. Conway, who was elected Vice President of the N.U.T. for 1917, has this year become its President,

neither will it be news to them that the University of Liverpool has conferred on her the honorary degree of M.A., but they will be very pleased to take this opportunity of joining with us in expressing heartiest congratulations on the double honour and in wishing her every success in the discharge of her onerous and responsible duties. We have read with great interest her delightful Presidential address at the recent Conference at Cambridge.

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The Students of 1895-7 and of 1903-5 respectively, will be pleased to hear of the success of Laura Wilkinson and Ethel Drury in the L.L.A. examination. The former obtained Honours in History and took pass papers in English, Geography, Physiology, French and Comparative Religion, the latter won Honours in History and Education, and a pass in English Language and Literature, Political Economy and Geology. Our congratulations to both as well as to Hilda Clifton and Dorothy Kemp, to the former on passing the Higher Froebel, and to the latter on successfully coaching her fellow-student of 1910-12.

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

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

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We hope to be able to continue publishing two magazines per year, but the shortage of paper and increased cost of production will make it necessary to considerably diminish the size of our next issues.

### Association Correspondents

<i>College Years.</i>	<i>Name of Correspondent.</i>	<i>Address.</i>
1864-1896	Miss Turner	.. Training College, 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
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

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- \*1905 Miss Jessie Stringer .. 22 Albert Crescent, Lincoln  
 1906 Miss Bessie Corfield .. Penanwell, St. Just-in-Penarth  
 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 .. .. 21 Brandring Place, S.,  
 (Lottie Reddish) Newcastle-on-Tyne  
 1910 Miss Gertrude Hipwell 8 Watkin Terrace, Northampton  
 1910 Mrs Templer .. .. 19 Albert Crescent, Lincoln  
 (M. Redfern)  
 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  
 1913 Miss Dora Hartley .. 18 Newport Terrace, Lincoln  
 1914 Miss Ada Hallam .. Greenholme School House,  
 Tebay, Westmoreland  
 1914 Miss Gladys Lennon .. Glen 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  
 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 Isabel Kay, Waterloo Commercial Higher School, Oldham.  
 Assistant.  
 Miss Lilian Westland, Sandown Girls' School, Isle-of-Wight.  
 Head.  
 Miss Laura Hooper, County Supply Mistress for Somerset.  
 Miss Jennie Arscott, Exton Council School, Budgelair,  
 Dulverton, Somerset.  
 Miss Dora Hartley, Christ's Hospital Terrace School, Lincoln.  
 Assistant.  
 Miss Mary Cook (1905 7), Oakham Church Infants,. Head.

## Births

On April 17th, 1917, at Cottesloe Beach, West Australia, to Mr. and Mrs. C. Anderson, (Lucy Parry, 1909), a daughter, Margaret Lucy.

On May 24th, 1917, to Mr. and Mrs. Watson (Annie Porter, 1900-2) a daughter.

On June 7th, 1917, at 19 Kearsley Road, Sheffield, to Harold T. and Edith M. Eggleston (Edith Mobley, 1907-09), a son, Ralph Mobley.

## Marriages

NUNN—EVANS. On January 26th, 1918, at St. Margaret's Church, Plumstead Common, by the Rev. Basil Hughes, Frederick Leslie Nunn (C.Q.M.S., The Queen's R.W.S.), to Ada Catherine Evans, (1906-8).

2a St. John's Road, Plumstead Common, S.E. 18.

MOORE—BROCKBANK. On February 15th, 1917, at the Wesleyan Chapel, Eccles, Manchester, by the Rev. F. M. Parkinson, Sergeant Vernon Moore, 6th Manchesters, to Maud, daughter of Mr and Mrs. W. J. Brockbank. (1911-13).

CLEMENT—ETTE. On May 26th, 1917, at Rushden, Alfred F. Clement, only son of Mr. and Mrs. H. Clement, of Leith, to Margaret Ette, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. Ette, of Rushden. (1910-12).

WILLIAMS—BOWN. On June 9th, 1917, at St. James, Hope, Pendleton, by the Rev. N. E. Alderson, M.A., Percival Williams, 2nd Lieutenant Machine Gun Corps, younger son of the late Herbert and Mrs. Williams of Hull, to Dorothy Warbrick, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bown, of 4 Osborne Road, Pendleton. (1910-12).

MOUNTFORD—HOLLOM. On August 4th, 1917, at Holy Trinity Church, Blackheath, Lieutenant E. J. W. Mountford, to Elsie Agnes Hollom, (1905-7).

53, Elliscombe Road, Charlton, S.E.

MONTFORT—VEZEY. On August 4th, 1917, at All Saints' Church, East Finchley, by the Rev. J. H. Greaves, Armand Alfred Montfort to Louie Vezey (1904-6).

55 Grasmere Road, Muswell Hill.

TAYLOR—SAMPSON. On October 3rd, 1917, at St. Mary's Church, Bolsterstone, by the Rev. F. M. Brookes, Vicar, assisted by the Rev. C. C. Thornton, M.A., Vicar of St. Oswald's, Sheffield, John Tyson Taylor, only son of J. T. Taylor and the late Mrs. Taylor of Wilmslow, Cheshire, to Blanche, only daughter of the late George Sampson, C.C. and Mrs. Sampson, of Ingfield House, Deepcar, (1909-11).

**NEWPORT—LITTLEFAIR.** On October 15th, 1917, at Montgomery Church, Rev. Harold Newport, Army Chaplain in France, to Gladys Littlefair.

**UNWIN—CHAPPLE.** On December 26th, 1917, by the Rev. A. O. Hayes, M.A., at St. John's Church, New Clee, Private Joseph Unwin, only son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Unwin, of Higher Openshaw, Manchester, to Kate M. N. Chapple, (1899-1901).  
52 Harrington Street, New Cleethorpes, Grimsby.

**CALDER—ARMSTRONG.** On January 2nd, 1918, at the Parish Church, Kendal, by the Rev. E. H. Cock, George Simon Calder, (C.Q.M.S. 1/5th West Yorkshire Regiment, B.E.F.), to Isabel Armstrong, Rose Lea, Kendal, (1912-14).

**BAYES—PERKINS.** On March 21st, 1918, at All Soul's Church, Peterborough, by the Rev. Canon Dudley Cary-Elwes, assisted by Father C. L. Duchemin, Corporal W. N. Bayes, R.G.A., youngest son of late Captain Bayes, of Whitehaven, to Alice Maud Perkins, daughter of Mr. E. Perkins, of Levenshulme, Manchester. (1898-1900).

**COOMBE—CUTTS.** On March 26th, 1918, at Scunthorpe P.M. Centenary Church, by Rev. N. M. Cuthbert, Paul, second son of Mr. and Mrs. Coombe, Bishop's Teignton, South Devon, to Chrystabel, eldest daughter of Mr. J. G. Cutts, J.P., and Mrs. Cutts, Scunthorpe. (1910-12).

**LLOYD-EVANS—HESLOP.** On March 30th, 1918, at St. Mary's Church, Doncaster, by the Rev. E. P. Cork, John Albert Lloyd-Evans to Ethel Winifred Heslop (1903-5).

Allendale, Wentworth Road, Doncaster.

## Deaths

On March 31st, 1917, Alice Gregory (1869-71), died suddenly at Old Shoreham. She had retired from teaching some six months previously.

On December 19th, 1917, Alice Dawson (1909-11), passed away after a day's sudden illness, at Sheffield. "She was seized with faintness when out on a shopping expedition after leaving afternoon school, and died the following afternoon. . . . ."

It was a great shock to all for though she had been acting as a V.A.D. in a hospital for a year she had been in the school for a long time previous to this nursing experience and we were delighted to welcome her back only three months ago."

On December 26th, 1917, Mrs. Blackhurst (Frances Seed), (1887-9), passed away at her home, Roecroft Farm, Ulnes Walton, Leyland, Preston.

Barbara Cooper (1914-15) passed away very peacefully at Kibworth, near Leicester, on Saturday morning, April 6th, 1918. Ill-health cut short her very promising student career in 1915, and College friends will be grieved to hear how greatly she suffered from that time forward to the end.

## Balance Sheet of Lincoln Training College Association Benevolent Fund

For the year ending December, 1917.

	£	s.	d.
592 Subscriptions of 1/- allocated from Association Subscriptions of 2/6 .. ..	29	12	0
Balance for 1916 .. .. .	44	17	7
Balance for 1917 .. ..	£74	9	7

M. TURNER, *Treasurer*

Audited and found correct, W. TODHUNTER.

## College Association Balance Sheet for the year ending December, 1917

### RECEIPTS

	£	s.	d.
600 Subscriptions of 2s. 6d. .. ..	75	0	0
One Special Donation to Benevolent Fund	0	1	0
Sale of Magazines to Non-Association Subscribers .. .. .	9	11	9
Donation to Magazine Fund by Committee	2	2	0
Balance from 1916 .. .. .	8	17	7½
Bank Interest .. .. .	0	3	11
	£95	16	3½

### EXPENDITURE

	£	s.	d.
Printing of April and October Magazines, including envelopes and postage ..	55	5	7
Donation to L.T.C. Association Benevolent Fund .. .. .	29	12	0
Donation to Church Teachers' Benevolent Fund .. .. .	0	9	0
Correspondents' Expenses .. .. .	3	13	1
Stationery .. .. .	0	19	1½
Postage .. .. .	1	16	4½
Case for Magazines .. .. .	0	4	6
3 Receipt Books for Correspondents ..	0	12	6
Balance in hand .. .. .	3	4	1½
	£95	16	3½

Audited and found correct on  
comparison with vouchers,

£95 16 3½

M. TURNER, *Hon. Sec. and Treasurer*

W. TODHUNTER

