

College Copy

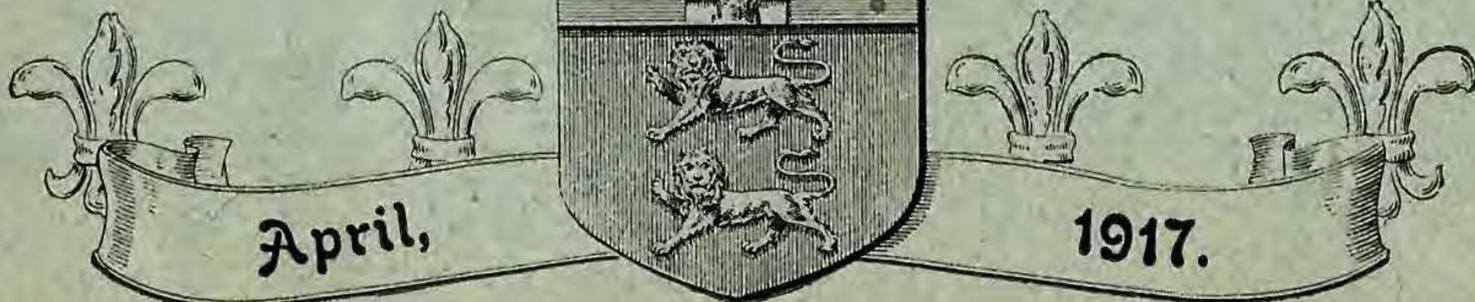
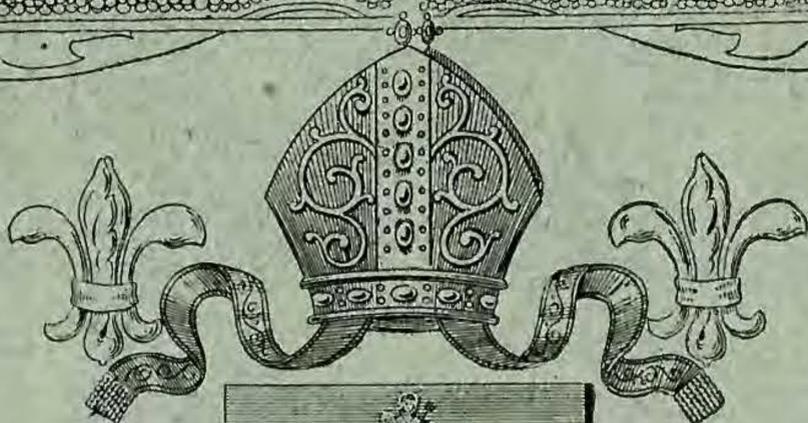
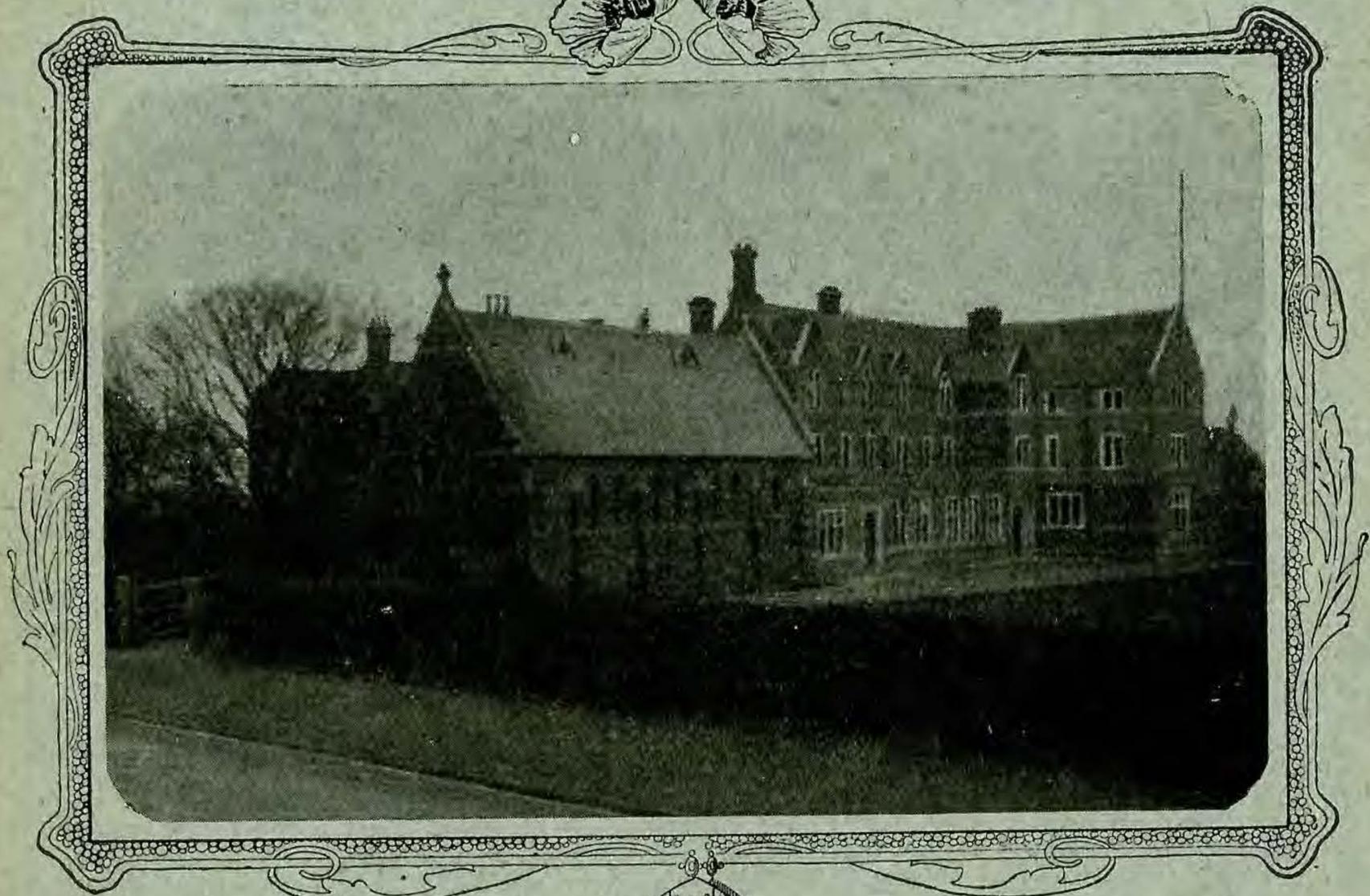
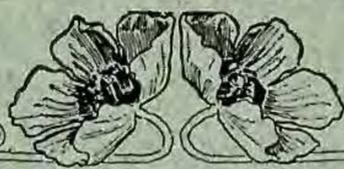


LINCOLN



Diocesan Training College

MAGAZINE



April,

1917.

Principal's Letter

MY DEAR FRIENDS,

Though in many ways these are terrible days in which to live, yet they are, especially for those of you who are at the Spring of life full of hope. "All things are being shaken"—and in many directions the bases of authority and custom seem to be crumbling: but the next generation may see them re-built on firmer foundations.

I have read the records of former students war-work, as reported in these pages, with much interest. For the modern girl life literally bristles with opportunities. Half a century ago a woman's life was hedged in by danger signals, and sign-posts. To-day the world is open to her: surely the very liberty she now enjoys involves her in a new responsibility, the duty of looking to the stars for guidance across the open country.

The next fifty years—the period of which we hope so much—will be, I believe, one of ever growing influence for women. We can, as teachers, help to fulfil Milton's ideal for the Commonwealth, so that England becomes "a vast city, a city of refuge, the mansion-house of liberty, filled with wise and faithful labourers, a knowing people."

It is obviously impossible to have a re-union this year. We shall hope to meet again when we get restored to us the blessings of peace, and in the meantime we do not, I know, lose our sense of community of interest and fellowship in "one heart and mind."

Yours sincerely,

W. TODHUNTER.

Principal's Notes

We offer hearty congratulations to Miss E. R. Conway (a student of Lincoln), who has been elected to the Vice-Presidency of the N.U.T. She is the second woman to hold this important office.

Congratulations are also due to Miss Butterworth, B.A., a former member of our staff, who has been chosen by the Gilchrist trustees for the Gilchrist travelling Studentship in Geography. For patriotic reasons Miss Butterworth will defer the undertaking of the work involved ahead till after the war.

* *

L. Sugdon, a present student, won the £10 prize offered by the S.P.C.K. for merit in the Archbishop's examination: six other entrants won £1 prizes.

* *

Thanks for letters from E. Clarkson, A. Thomas, H. Reynolds, E. Pottage, D. Schofield and many others already answered.

* *

The Principal would be glad to hear from the following if this meets their eye:—Miss K. Allen, G. Atherton, Bridget Cooper, J. Pinches.

* *

Thanks for gifts to College:—

Screen from Coningsby Sibthorp, Esq., 3 books by Dr. A. McNeile, from the Rev. the Chaplain.

* *

Purificators worked by the following First Year students:—E. Ibbotson, A. Smith, F. Smith, K. B. Smith, H. Higham, L. Sugdon.

* *

The Principal wishes to add still other congratulations on a very recent appointment. Miss Edith Mellor, a student of 1914, has just been made head of the St. Anne's Infant School, Longsight, Royton.

Our readers will remember her enthusiastic work with the Girl Guides of the 1st Royton, or St. Anne's Company, and will be fully prepared to hear that her keen interest in children is helping to discharge her new responsibilities with similar success.

* *

Miss Sarah Peck has charge of the Ferry Drayton School now, and sends an interesting account of her School's May Day Festival.

Discipline

(Notes of an address by the Venerable the Archdeacon of Lincoln, given in the College Chapel on the second Sunday in Lent).

“It is written” iv MATT. 4.

These words occur in our Lord's answer to the tempter, and are used three times over. “It is written” i.e. written in that Old Testament which we are sometimes now inclined to overlook. From the Old Testament it was that He here drew laws of conduct which forbade Him to give way to the tempter. He shewed Himself to be under restraint, for these temptations were *real*—He needed bread, but He was not to follow His own inclinations to satisfy that need.

Our Lord made no trouble about obeying the law “I come to do Thy will: yea, I will do it with my whole heart.”

Obedience was indeed the rule of His life, from His Circumcision onwards. He shews us that the true life is the life of obedience and discipline. We know from school experience that without discipline children (and grown-up people too) get no chance of progress in knowledge. Further, a lack of discipline means a failure to produce right character.

But the power of exercising discipline is seen to be a gift, though something can be learned as to acquiring it. My own experience has shewn me that while too rigid a discipline brings rebellion against all discipline, weak discipline brings no order. But the good discipline which combines firmness with kindness both makes children happy and also simultaneously trains them. Many of you who will have to exercise discipline will be thankful if you have the gift of control. How may it be gained?

Only by self-discipline. “Thou that teachest another teachest not thou thyself?” You see from our Lord's life that the true life cannot be lived without obedience. Are you each thinking of your life as having to be lived under law? Lent is a time when we may well examine ourselves to see if we have the sense of law in our lives. And where is the law?

For us as for Him “It is written.” We find in the gospel principles of conduct rather than particulars. It must always be remembered that the Bible is a book written for sensible people. We find in it the principles of the obedient life set out most plainly in the life of our Lord.

Then again, the Church demands of us a certain obedience. She has prescribed for us the manner of our devotions, the observance of the Christian year, feasts and fasts, and she informs us when and how we may approach the Sacraments. The Church takes general principles and puts them before us, as in the title-page of the prayer book we read of the administration of the Sacraments, and other rites and ceremonies of the Church according to the use of the Church of England.”

Then thirdly, conscience speaks of obedience to law. As the instrument of the Spirit of God it shews us what He wants of us as individuals. St. Paul speaks of conscience as "accusing" or "excusing" us. Conscience is the regulative authority. Men sometimes make rules which are too hard for us. God our Father lays down principles in love. Conscience sometimes rightly excuses us for breaking a rule if by keeping the rule we should fail to observe the principles. Conscience must however be kept informed. Distrust conscience if it never opposes our own inclinations: for God will ask hard things from us. It was so that the law spoke to our Lord.

We all need to learn obedience; we, too, are to learn obedience "as under the law." We must obey for duty and also from love so that we may truly say "Thy law is within my heart: yea, I delight to do Thy will, O God."

College Notes

Inspectorial Visits

The week beginning March 12th, was to have brought us a visit from His Majesty's Inspector, Miss Wark, but on the evening of that day it was announced that the visit was cancelled owing to press of work, and that the College marking of Teaching and Reading would be accepted by the Board.

The Drill Inspectress, Miss Koetter, visited the College on Tuesday, March 20th.

Prizes for College Gardens

The prizes given last year by Miss Counsell for the best kept gardens went to the following students:—

Second Year. Bertha Radford.

First Year. Margaret Astbury, Hilda Schofield, Florence Butler.

Lecture by Mr. Athelstan Riley

On Thursday, November 3rd, 1916, we had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Athelstan Riley lecture on "Hymn Tunes and Sequences." Mr. Riley is an authority on this subject and his description of church music in the past and his account of the growth of the modern hymn tune were both pleasurable and instructive. His choice of illustrative material was particularly happy, and the choir—consisting of the Senior Students with the addition of some of the Cathedral Clergy and Choristers—sang the beautiful old plainsong melodies, and the equally beautiful but more modern hymn tunes he had selected with marked appreciation.

Through the kindness of the Principal the audience was increased by many of the neighbouring clergy and others interested in music, who were thus given an opportunity of becoming better acquainted with the resources at our disposal in the "English Hymnal," from which the illustrations were taken.

First Year's Saturday Evenings

The Saturday evenings in Lent were given up by the First Years to little social gatherings at which knitting for the soldiers was *de rigueur*.

Lady Day

On March 25th, Lady Day, the altar flowers, thanks to Miss Martin's most tasteful arrangement, were exceptionally beautiful, and we were especially proud of the frontal in use on that occasion for which the College has long been indebted to Miss E. Nelson.

After the evening service, Miss Bibby gave us a great musical treat in the form of an organ recital. The happily chosen programme included such a range of fine compositions that it could not fail to give pleasure to all.

Address by Master of Balliol

A much-advertised address to be given by the Master of Balliol on "Education after the War" drew a large gathering to the Corn Exchange on the evening of Thursday, March 1st. A certain number of Students were able to avail themselves of the opportunity of being present and of hearing the views of this well-known educational reformer from his own lips. He proved the patchwork character of our present educational system, and our waste of human material, and pointed out the necessity of securing a universal conviction of the need of thorough reform, and the "duty of providing an intelligent body of citizens, without which, we could not run our Empire or our own nation in future."

A second lecture on other aspects of the same subject was given on Friday afternoon in the Chapter House of the Cathedral and was attended by the whole of the First Year. Second Years were unable to go owing to School practice. A. B.

Girls' Friendly Society

On February 15th, Miss Hatton, Diocesan Secretary of the Girls' Friendly Society in the Diocese of Manchester, gave a most inspiring address on the work and meaning of the G.F.S. Brushing aside the too common idea of the society as merely a means of providing pleasant social evenings and holiday homes, she claimed it as one of the agencies which try to provide that "moral equivalent of war" which, in the opinion of William James, is the great need of modern society. She declared that the G.F.S. was a great fighting society, in arms against all forms of evil and impurity, and reminded us that it is an avowedly Christian society, the special calls to friendliness and purity which it makes to its members being included in the great call to a religious life.

Miss Hatton spoke with great earnestness of the influence which teachers especially might exercise through the Girls' Friendly Society.

The address was greatly enjoyed, if one can judge from the applause which followed it. M. D.

Principal's Lecture on London Schools

On February 3rd, instead of having our usual singing lesson, we were taken by the Principal on a rapid tour of inspection of some of the Primary Schools of London. It was very unfortunate that rough weather made it impossible for many Lincoln teachers to accept the Principal's invitation to accompany us, for it was indeed a privilege to see so many and varied schools in the company of one who has a first-hand knowledge of London schools.

We peeped into many types of schools. We saw girls in their neat white aprons being initiated into the mysteries of cookery and laundry; and we were specially pleased with a little cottage in which girls had the full responsibility of housekeepers. The furnishings and pictures showed taste in their selection and arrangement, and the house would have done credit even to an older and more experienced housekeeper. We stayed for a few minutes in a large carpentry centre where the boys were handling the carpenter's tools with the ease and ability, if not of first-rate workmen, at least of enthusiastic, capable scholars. Other boys were spending a happy half-hour in gymnastics and a class of very young children gave a pleasing exhibition of scarf drill.

In one school a Medical Inspection was being held and we were glad to see that a few mothers were sufficiently interested to attend the inspection of their children.

In another school we were allowed to have just one peep into the bathroom where some little boys were enjoying what was (for a few of them at least) rather a novel experience.

One incident which was specially interesting was that of a number of children playing in the welcome shade of a chestnut tree in a garden at a Holiday School. Other children, learning sewing and various forms of handwork, were seated informally round their teacher and chatting with her in true holiday fashion. The smiling faces of the children showed how very much this part of the teacher's work was appreciated.

One of the largest schools we visited was a Jews' School and there we saw hundreds of scholars assembled in the hall with their teachers to spend a social evening. We learnt something of the way in which Jewish ceremonies are performed in the homes of these children; and we felt very sorry indeed for the Jewish Student who could not open a letter containing the report of an examination because it arrived on the Sabbath!

Our heartiest thanks are due to the Principal for this very pleasant and instructive journey which was over all too soon.

EDITH WOOD.

Principal's Lecture on Italian Art

During the Saturday evenings of Lent the Principal gave some Lantern lectures on certain phases of Italian Art.

The first lecture dealt with the "primitive" school of painters.

Reference was made to the rudimentary elements of Christian art as found in the catacombs: it is a remarkable fact that the figure of Our Lord was portrayed as that of a shepherd-boy, piping to the lambs of His flock. The symbolic nature of these early pictures accounts for the readiness with which later artists expressed themselves through recognised Christian symbols—a ship stood for the Church, a fish was the symbol of a Christian, (either in allusion to the waters of Baptism, or in reference to the net of the Gospel parable), the vine, the lamp, the palm of victory were commonly used. Bellini's "Peter Martyr" and "S. Dominic" illustrated this. Margaritone's Madonna (National Gallery) was shown to emphasize the rigidity of the Byzantine work. There could be little hope of progress for real art when work was done under the fettering conditions sketched in the following extract from the Byzantine guide:—

"It is not the invention of the painter that creates the picture, but an inviolable law, the tradition of the whole Catholic church. It is not the painter but the holy fathers who have to invent and dictate. To them manifestly belongs the composition—to the painter only the execution." Then follow amusing directions as to technical points. Headings found in the same book:—

"How to represent the death of a hypocrite,"

(a demon must be shewn burying a trident in his heart).

"How to represent the hand in blessing."

and a whole chapter for the guidance of the artist on "the character of the physiognomy of the Mother of God."

Escape from this rigidity came with the development of the honour paid to the Madonna. Theologically, since the early heresies doubted rather the Manhood than the Godhead of our Lord, the picturing of the Mother and Child emphasised the truth of the complete union of human and divine nature.

Socially, the church, understanding the wide appeal of the idea of Motherhood, used that idea as an instrument to civilize the undisciplined and combative warriors who sought her fold. To Mary chivalry owed its inspiration and development. Giotto deals tenderly with the beautiful legends of the early life of our Lady in such pictures as the "Return of Joachim to the sheepfolds," "the Meeting at the golden gate," "the Presentation of Mary to the high priest."

A different conception of the same subject was seen in a comparison of the Annunciation as painted by Botticelli, Andrea del Sarto, and Fra Lippo Lippi respectively. Other interesting slides shewn were Fra Bartolomeo's "Pieta," and Orgagna's "Coronation." The epoch of primitive charm was best represented by the work of Giotto. The precision of his workmanship is well illustrated by the story of the absolutely perfect circle, which he inscribed with one sweep of his arm, in the presence of the ambassador

from the Pope who sought some proof of his skill. His work is realistic, simple, and guiltless of a knowledge of the principles of anatomy. There is nothing very modern in the text-books which he may have studied. "I will now acquaint you with the proportions of a man," says one; I omit those of a woman, for there is not one of them perfectly proportioned."

The lecture closed with the slides "Gethsemane," "the Kiss of Judas," "Christ before Caiaphas," and "Christ enthroned," all shewing the intense and ardent spirituality of Fra Angelico, perhaps the greatest of the early artists.

"Nature in Italian Art" was the special subject of the second lecture. Five stages could be distinguished. In the first stage the "primitives" like Giotto, merely suggest nature only. As in the drawings of a child, neat hillocks stand for mountains, the sun is a gilt with golden rays, a curly line is for clouds or waves, balls for foliage.

But the thirteenth century saw a wakening love of nature—Dante, Petrarch, and the Francis legends shew this. Francis' "Song of the Creatures" is full of it, for instance:—

" Praised be the Lord my God!
 Praised by His creatures all:
 By Messer Sun, my brother above all,
 Who by his rays lights us and lights the day,
 Radiant is he with his great glory stored;
 Thy glory, Lord, confessing.
 By Sister Moon and Stars my Lord is praised,
 Where clear and fair they in the heaven are raised;
 By Brother Wind, my Lord, Thy praise is said;
 By Air and Clouds and the blue sky o'erhead,
 By which Thy creatures all are kept and fed;
 By one more humble, precious, useful, chaste,
 By Sister Water, O my Lord, Thou art praised,
 And praised is my Lord;
 By Brother Fire—he who lights up the night—
 Jocund, robust is he, and strong and bright.
 Praised art Thou, my Lord, by Mother Earth,
 Thou who sustainest her and governest;
 And to her flowers, fruit, herbs
 Dost colour give and birth."

During this stage of development, Italian painters began to take delight in studying the details of flower and plant life.

In Cima's beautiful S. Jerome, for example, no attempt is made to put the picture into its real setting of an Eastern desert, but there is faithful portrayal of the rocks, oaks, falcon, as Cima saw them at his door. Magnificent nature effects are seen in Pissano's "Legend of S. Eustache," the same painter's "Death of

Peter Martyr," while in Bellini's "Agony in the Garden," Mantegna's "S. George," and Lorenzo di Credi's "Adoration," we see great progress in the power of painting natural scenery.

Two influences gave a further impulse to this progress—patronage, and the classical revival. Patronage seems at times too exact in its specifications. Thus Isabel d'Este gave orders to Perugino for what she called a "poetic invention," as follows:—

"The olive tree sacred to Pallas will arise out of the ground at her side—then her favourite myrtle tree will flower near by, and a landscape should be introduced with a river and the sea in the distance; Fauns, satyrs and loves will be seen flying through the air, some swimming on the waves, or borne on the wings of white swans." Renaissance influences were exemplified in the "Nativity" and "Birth of Venus," and "Spring" of Botticelli, in Ercole di Roberti's "Fisherman and the ring," and in the "Procris and Pan" of Piero di Cosimo—that eccentric genius who subsisted, it is said, solely on boiled eggs which he had brought in a basket fifty at a time. Leonardo da Vinci's love of nature is shewn in the pen and pencil studies to be found in his note-books, dealing with a variety of subjects—the curve of a breaking wave, a cloud-mass at sunset, and detailed studies of lilies, roses and pomegranates. In order to study animal life he turned his studio into a kind of museum for newts, hedgehogs, glow-worms, bats, locusts. A great artistic development is seen when painters like Coreggio began to substitute "landscape with figures" for "figures with a landscape background" e.g., in the "Martyrdom of S. Placida," Raphael, when he began to use fresco as a medium got stronger nature effects, as in "the Vision of a knight," the Madonna del Cardinello." The most mature school of artists, represented by Titian and Tintoretto pressed nature into the service of the emotional atmosphere of the picture. This is seen in Titian's "Christ appearing to Mary Magdalene," and in Tintoretto's "Calvary," "Miracle of the loaves," "S. George and the dragon," and others.

Ruskin writes of the celebrated "Calvary":—

"He has represented it with all the life-like realism of an historic scene: Roman centurions and soldiers, Pharisees and scribes, and secret disciples of the Christ are all faithfully portrayed. But he adds a weird touch which is all of his own—he has filled the picture with an unearthly light, emanating from the Cross, and the intensity of this light throws into ominous gloom the roofs and towers of the guilty city which has delivered to death the Son of God. And beneath the cross he has introduced an ass munching a fragment of withered palm: so strange a detail, it seems almost irrelevant, yet the imagination is directed by it to the triumphant entry into Jerusalem only a few days ago.

The series closed with a lecture in which we saw typical examples of the work of some of the greatest Italian artists of all schools. Especially beautiful were the "Pieta" and the

"Madonna" of M. Angelo, the "vision of S. Bernard" by Fra Lippo Lippi, and the "Monks receiving Christ as a pilgrim" by Fra Angelico. It was interesting, too, to see Catena's "S. Jerome in his study" after having seen Cima's "S. Jerome" in the first lecture.

K. I. HIND.

Autumn Half Term

The half-term! what happy memories that word brings to our minds. Through the kindness of the Principal we ex-students of 1916, were invited to spend our first half-term holiday at college.

Quite a number of us arrived very early in the morning, and after unpacking began to find our way to old haunts wondering which of our friends had arrived. As we wandered along the well-known dormitories we were hailed with the greeting, "Hallo" how are you? So glad you've come, have you seen so-and-so? she's been here two hours already." Greetings seemed to pour out breathlessly as we saw our friends again for the first time after our parting. The old corridors echoed with the sounds of merry laughter and everything seemed "just like old times."

Our good "daughters" had been very busy getting everything ready for us, and on Saturday evening gave us a delightful dramatic entertainment. Some of the scenes were selected from "Twelfth Night," the most amusing being the garden scene in which Malvolio picked up the letter which he supposed had come from Olivia. The dignified bearing of Malvolio together with the taunting conduct of Sir Toby Belch and Sir Andrew Aquecheek were thoroughly amusing. All who took part in the performance had done their utmost to make the play a success, and our appreciation was shewn by hearty applause. After dancing we retired for the night in a very happy frame of mind.

Sunday brought rest as well as the pleasure of being together once again in the College Chapel.

On Monday morning we were awakened with the clanging of the bell and amid the loud babel of voices we heard the remark, "There is to be a fancy dress dance this evening, you really must 'dress up'". A fancy dress dance! that sounded exciting. After breakfast we ran to and fro to see what we could lend and what we could borrow. Many of us carried off our old red blankets which were always friends in need, and began to wonder which way we could drape them in order to become an Indian Squaw or something closely akin. In remote corners various people were seen adapting garments, others stitching paper flowers on their dresses, or trying on various articles of clothing.

At last, the momentous hour arrived, and we all trooped across to the Drill Hall where we awaited the arrival of our friends. The unknown characters encountered many pairs of inquisitive eyes as they entered the hall and were greeted with the cry, "Whoever

are you?" The patriotic spirit shewed itself in the character of the Red Cross Nurse, the Sailor-boy, and the poor wounded Soldier who was obliged to go very slowly in the grand procession. With the singing of "Auld Lang Syne" a most delightful evening came to an end, and we all went to bed that night thoroughly exhausted with excitement.

With the dawn of Tuesday the happy week-end was drawing to a close for all except those who were fortunate enough to have a few days longer.

Our heartiest thanks were due to the Principal who so kindly invited us to spend such a happy time and gave us all such a cordial welcome. Special thanks were also due to Miss Martin, Miss Dobson, Miss Witchell and the second years, who had worked incessantly to give us an enjoyable week-end.

DOROTHY M. CLAYTON.

"Persephone"

For several weeks during our second term surprising transformations took place after dinner, on dormitories. Instead of meeting the usual regulation gym dress patrolling stolidly or racing madly, as the case might be, one encountered Grecian maidens attempting to coax their flowing draperies into graceful folds, nymphs, singing gay little snatches of song, and shades anxiously cultivating a ghostly glide or unearthly wail. Obviously preparations for a play were in progress. As Shrove Tuesday drew nearer rehearsals came fast and furious, while the Common Room was besieged by people either distractedly attempting to bring a whirl of art muslin into something like order, or making a frantic effort to create sandals which would be wearable. The handwork room suddenly blossomed forth into beauty, lilies, violets, daffodils, iris, cherry blossom and poppies sprang into being under the dexterous fingers of first years. Everybody, with or without a part, "turned to" and did something, and the enthusiasm was general.

At last the expected moment arrived and everyone trooped to the Drill Hall in more or less excitement. We, who had no part, gazed with pride on our handiwork, silently congratulating ourselves on the creditable display to which we had contributed, and the display was indeed creditable. In spite of war dyes and inability to secure the required shades, colours were harmoniously blended—not an easy task when so many characters were involved.

We were surprised in the first act by a very realistic storm. We listened in awe to the rumbling of thunder, the pelting of rain and the wailing of the wind, while a few exceedingly hot and flustered first years struggled manfully behind the scenes with trays and beans, and combs.

Demeter (Grace Stirland) played her part with the dignity befitting the Earth Goddess, claiming our attention in equal degree as she mourned the loss of her daughter in tragic utterance:

“ Shall I not see thee more, save an thou com’st
A shadowy fleeting vision of the night,”

or as she fiercely denounced the “ redeless and uncounselled race of men ” for their ingratitude, cursing their fields with barrenness.

The part of Hades, God of the underworld, was admirably portrayed by Amy Rankine, the new rôle suiting our chapel warden surprisingly well.

The Sun God (Winnie Walker) whose aid Demeter invoked was a brilliant figure seeming almost to radiate light, while Persephone herself (Marjorie Thomas) was the personification of Spring, particularly charming us in her dance among the nymphs, a graceful expression of Springtime gladness. The part of Iambe, the awkward maidservant, whose artless answers provoke the sad Demeter to laughter, was ingeniously presented by Elsie Chamberlin.

The most striking scene of all, striking because of its unusual weirdness, was one depicting the realms of Hades. We were whisked suddenly from an atmosphere of daylight and mortals into the ghostly regions of Erebus. In a mournful gloom peopled by eerie shapes, gliding noiselessly to and fro, we saw Persephone enthroned, a strangely contrasting figure of life in a world of the dead. Before her stood the sinister figure of Hades attempting to charm away the tears of his disconsolate bride by his offerings of costly gifts. He summoned the waiting shades to her service and the unearthly wailing which their shadowy forms sent up on her rejection of them, made us thrill with creepiness. The whole atmosphere tingled with eeriness, forming sharp contrast to the brilliant tableau of the next and final scene. Here the careful arrangement of the many characters in their very differently coloured dresses was a work of art. A little apart stood the stately Demeter with her daughter, while the flowers with their garlands were grouped in the foreground. The nymphs and peasants thronged behind. Metaneira (C. Marshall) and King Keleos (M. Astbury) stood among their gaily clad daughters (I. Roberts, E. Dutton, G. Bingham, and M. King), a dignified little group, while Hades in his sombre black dominated the background attended by his grey clad subjects. Above all shone the radiant figure of the Sun God.

The final scene was the last necessary touch to a play which was characterized throughout by its refinement of tone and artistic blending of colour, and pleasing variety of dance and song.

When the curtain fell players and audience alike glowed with general satisfaction, for “ Persephone ” had been a sort of universal play, and the Dramatic Society, thanks to its President, Miss Turner, had kept up its usual reputation and once more risen to the heights.

The performance owed no small measure of its success to the singing and dancing for which Miss Bibby and Miss Row so kindly made themselves responsible.

DORIS BROOM.

Games

For five or six weeks of the Spring Term the ground was thickly covered with snow so that Hockey and Net-Ball were out of the question. The seven-a-side hockey tournament, started the previous term, had to be left unfinished and the few possible days after the Senior's School Practice were given up to the House Matches.

Wickham and Sheds (captain, F. H. W. Hunt), won the hockey shield for the first time since the two houses have been combined.

In 1911 it was won for the first time by Wickham (captain, T. McCormack), and by Sheds in 1913, (captain, E. Lockwood). Other years it has been won five times by King, and five times by Nelson.

The Net-Ball Shield was won this year by King (captain, E. Dack), in the two other years by Nelson, 1916, and King, 1915.

CAPTAINS :—

Hockey 1st XI—P. M. Oldham	Net-Ball junior—E. Dack
Hockey junior—E. Spencer	Badminton—E. Carter
Net-Ball 1st Team—S. Arnold	Cricket—R. French
Tennis—D. Dobson	

HOCKEY MATCHES (winner placed first).

College 1st XI. v High School 1st XI..	4	..	3
Seniors v Old Girls	4	..	2
Wickham v Nelson	3	..	1
Wickham v King	2	..	1
Junior B v Junior A	2	..	1

FIRST ELEVEN :—

E. Spencer—left wing	R. French—centre half
H. Higham—left inner	D. Dobson—right half
A. Sheffield—centre	C. Marshall—left half
S. Padley—right inner	P. Oldham (captain), right half
S. Arnold—right wing	H. Schofield—goal
H. Hunt—left half	E. B. R.

NET-BALL

We have not played Net-ball quite so often this season as we did last. The weather proved most unkind. However we had several exciting practices and were pleased to see that many Juniors turned out, and even a few more Seniors—filled with a desire to partake in what they had observed to be a delightful and thrilling game—appeared on the scene of action.

King won the Shield.

The results were :—

King v Nelson	21	..	4
Wickham v Nelson	13	..	7
King v Wickham	11	..	9

JUNIOR MATCH.

Art Room v First Year South	8	..	4
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Ethel Dack has been elected First Year Captain.

S. ARNOLD, (captain).

Old Students' Pages

National Union of Teachers—Congratulations to Miss Conway

All Old Lincoln Students, and very especially those who can claim Miss Essie Conway as of "their year," will be very pleased and proud to hear that she has been elected Vice-President of the National Union of Teachers, and they will be glad to join with the Editor in offering hearty congratulations and warm wishes for a successful Vice-Presidency. That a "Lincolnian" should be the second woman to fill so important and responsible an office is an honour indeed.

A Day Nursery

"Take this child and nurse it for me" is a command more imperative to-day than at any previous time in England's history. Earnest women anxious to help in the great national emergency have turned their attention to needs which peace had barely acknowledged. Those quick to blame parents for seeming neglect are gradually realising that mothercraft is less instinctive than was supposed, and that child nurture as Margaret McMillan teaches "is not an art, it is a group of arts." The working woman is at once housemaid, cook, laundress, sempstress, nurse, companion, playmate, often valet as well; she must lay out "his money" skilfully, and work apparent miracles on often very inadequate supplies; ill or well, the demand for the mother's services is unceasing. To-day England is asking if too much has not been demanded of the mother whose means will permit no assistance within her home.

War is a stern teacher and will not be gainsaid. Those who wrought almost vainly in peaceful years for child welfare are finding help now that industrialism demands women's aid in winning the war. To assist mothers and mothers-to-be, every area should possess a chain of helpful institutions. Schools for mothers where women may gain pre-natal advice; maternity homes that birth may be under decent conditions; infant welfare centres where baby ailments may be quickly discerned and remedied; day nurseries for the rearing of babies in healthful surroundings; night nurseries where babies may be cared for when mothers are ill; Nursery Schools such as the Workers' Educational Association is now demanding and akin to the wonderful "Child's Paradise," war has shown Paris how to evolve; open-air schools and camp schools where slum children may breathe the pure air of Heaven. These are essentials that should be *compulsory* upon Health and Education Authorities. Hitherto England has almost entirely depended upon voluntaryism for the welfare of children below the age of five, and has pretended to believe that the most fragile women

on the slenderest of means, should be equal to every demand domesticity and maternity may make upon her. Slow to be convinced England is now awaking to wonder not that the women did so little, but that they *accomplished so much*; not that so many mothers and babies died under the conditions surrounding them, but that so many *survived*. For centuries England ignored the importance of infantile mortality and even now gives too little attention to preventive schemes. The number of deaths from consumption produced more remedial measures than the greater number of preventible infantile deaths. That nine English soldiers were killed in battle for every hour in 1916, attracted more attention than the deaths (mostly preventible) of *twelve* English babies during every hour of that year. Hearts rightly go out in sympathy to those bereaved by the war, hands in aid of those whom war has "broken," but equally practical sympathy should be available for mothers whose children must be nursed, and for infants whose ailments are possible of remedy and removal in babyhood. There can be no work more useful to the nation than the proper care and nurture of children. Because schemes for promoting child welfare should lead on naturally to education, teachers are peculiarly well-fitted to serve on Committees of management, and they may usefully employ themselves in stirring to action municipal and other authorities who construe "may" into "will not," and who leave all or nearly all effort to check infantile mortality to the zeal of voluntary workers and the generosity of private benevolence.

A medical expert from the Board of Education visited the schoolmistress chairwoman of a "Children's Care Committee" to enquire into the condition of children whose mothers had entered munition factories, and was told that a Day Nursery was badly needed as infants were "put out" to nurse under undesirable conditions. Investigation at the Employment Exchange confirmed this opinion. On the following day a small committee began operations, and aided by the Mayoress, issued an appeal for financial help. Securing suitable premises was a great problem in a terribly congested city. A philanthropist came to the rescue, purchased a substantial house "with vacant possession on completion of sale" and let it on very favourable terms. It is a good, "family" residence with many large rooms, and three entrances, with big well-walled-in garden, trees and spacious lawns, with ample domestic offices and outbuildings, near several munition factories and contiguous to slum areas where babies' funerals have been common. Necessary alterations and adaptations were made, and when the difficulty of securing a capable matron was surmounted, the nursery opened its doors. Failure had been prophesied, and many prophets had sought to promote failure, because they would not understand the needs of the nation, and would not realise the awful limitations of many so-called homes. Before the first month had elapsed "we must make enlargements" was heard at committee meetings,

for the nursery was full and had overflowed into a large tent! Forty little mites well cared for, played or slept on those wide lawns, and physical improvement needed no microscope to detect it. Visitors from far and near came to criticize and if they did not "remain to pray" they went away to praise. The "Times" quoted this nursery as "the finest in the country," and a great social authority, told its Chairwoman "it is an example to all England." One sad side there was, and with the newly-admitted children a cause for sorrow remains. Nearly every baby had some physical defect or ailment, few were *really* clean, all had very bad habits. The skill of a visiting medical practitioner, the daily examination and care by a highly qualified nurse, immediate application of remedial measures, the morning bath, regular meals of suitable food, rest and play (in open air till extremely cold weather,) proper discipline and training in good habits worked desirable improvement that appealed quickly to parents. Every child is bathed daily, clothed in clean garments belonging to the nursery, has three meals, *must* rest (and generally sleeps) for at least two hours at mid-day, and is suitably occupied in healthy games when age permits. Children of all ages under five are admitted. Tiny babies soon thrive and learn to coo from their cots; "walking" children rolled in blankets *learn to rest* upon stretcher beds in the open. The need for extension became irresistible. The Ministry of Munitions promised a large grant in aid, and manufacturers gave further donations. The vinery despoiled of vines has been enlarged and converted into a fine room for "cot" babies; a fourteen-foot wide verandah, glass-roofed, heated, with draught-screens and boarded floor, has been erected around the south and west sides of the house and opens on to the lawns, affording ample space for sleep and play on rainy days; an additional downstairs bathroom with small porcelain baths has been arranged for baby girls; small sanitary fixtures adopted; an isolation hut, a fumigation chamber, a mother's waiting room near the one-time garage now filled with prams, additional laundry and drying rooms have been provided; emergency fire extinguishers and the telephone are installed; and the Committee hope to see another Day Nursery promoted in some other area of the city. A large upstairs room is converted into a night nursery for the use of babies whose mothers are in hospital or elsewhere (one is in gaol for neglect of a terrible kind).

Besides subscriptions from manufacturers who employ mothers and from enthusiasts anxious to check infantile mortality, there are two sources of income—parental contributions and a grant of sevenpence per child per day from the Ministry of Munitions. Schemes of this kind *are not cheap*, but the outlay in infancy will cause less expenditure for medical treatment and other "corrective" measures later, and the discipline of the nursery is a great boon to the teacher when the child reaches school age. Furnishing was

a great anxiety, for miniature chairs and tables are not stocked in quantities, and "war-time prices" with war-time restrictions of production caused large expenditure of money and thought. The essentials beyond all others in importance are an enthusiastic *secretary* who will not be discouraged, who can and will zealously devote herself daily to meeting every emergency, and who will work whole-heartedly with the matron; and a matron possessing high qualifications and practical experience, quick powers of discernment, capability to manage children, nursing and domestic staff, willingness to subordinate her opinions to those of the visiting doctor, tact to assure mothers, and wisdom to give needed reproof to some mothers—all this in a time when such women are called for elsewhere. Still, perseverance and time brought the right woman. Of comparatively few women can it be truly said:— "You are a sculptor. When in your frail arms God put a tiny form of earthly clay, you wrought with patient love a splendid man, who should not fear to face his God some day." And the *right* matron with means at hand, without the limitations of a tired woman's meagre home, will do more for the physical and more for the moral good of children than to many mothers has been possible.

SELINA DIX

*Chairman Coventry Children's Care Committee
and Coventry Day Nursery.*

Gleanings of Old Students' War Work

In these strenuous war-days, numbers of old Lincoln Students, like so many other people, are giving up all the time they can spare to various forms of war work, some, indeed, have resigned their posts in the educational world and are devoting themselves exclusively to one or other of its many branches. The husbands of a large proportion of the married ones are either in training or already at one or other of the battle fronts, and of the sons of a goodly number of the more remote ancestors of the present students come similar records.

No matter how widely separated, fellow students never fail to take a friendly interest in the activities of their old colleagues, hence the Editor makes no apology for printing these gleanings of their experiences. She owes most of them to the correspondents each of whom kindly circularised her flock on the subject.

By the time the October number is in preparation, others will, it is hoped, have sent in contributions, not of a few lines only, but of complete articles. For the moment, special requests for papers to busy full-time workers would be selfish and unreasonable, but that very "busyness" will make the hoped-for accounts intensely interesting.

One of these full-time workers, Miss Vaughan, seems absolutely ubiquitous. Since the last allusion was made to her nursing in the Magazine when she was in the Royal Herbert Hospital, Woolwich,

she has been out to Lesbos, on a Hospital Ship, has done service in King George's Hospital, London, in the 3rd Southern Military Hospital at Oxford, and is now off to the front in France.

Another, Alice Payne, writes very happily to her correspondent and says she would be pleased to write an account of her experience, if she had time. She has only about two hours off during a day which lasts from early morning until 8 p.m.

Fortunately for our readers as well as for ourselves, two special papers have been secured for this number, one of which gives an insight into an original and invaluable effort on behalf of the children, and the other gives an account of nursing at the great Netley Hospital.

Further prefatory remarks are unnecessary for the workers will speak most eloquently for themselves.

"I am sorry to have been so long in answering your letter but I have been in isolation for a time. While nursing at a Red Cross V.A.D. Hospital, I came in contact with a case which afterwards proved to be spotted fever, and somehow or other I became a germ carrier so had to be isolated. However, I am all right now, and out of quarantine. I enjoy my work at the Hospital so much. Of course I am only able to help during week-ends, evenings, and holidays, but having belonged to the detachment over five years, I was ready to help when war broke out."

MARY FISH (1893),
Newark.

"I am very interested in the after care of the wounded and in the steps being taken towards teaching special cases to earn a living. Every week I go to St. Dunstan's where the *blinded* soldiers are being trained. An assistant master from St-Peter-at-Gowt's, Lincoln, has just passed the examination qualifying him as a teacher of the blind, and now the Board of Education has consented to his entering a Training College for two years. He lost both eyes at Ypres in December, 1915, and so has done well to pass so quickly. I have interested London masters in his case and they have been most useful to him, and have worried the Board to see to his case. Now an official has been ordered to attend to all cases of wounded teachers so I hope that something definite will result."

"The blind master from Lincoln has been admitted to Battersea Training College."

Extracts from letters from
ALICE GREENING (1895),
President of Willesden Head Teachers' Association.

I have been trying to find time to write a short account of my two and a half years' war work (dating from October, 1914), to add to the collection you are making for the College Magazine, but I fear I shall not get it done for the April number. We are so busy at

the Hospital now, having recently added 12 more beds and there is a possibility of an addition of another twenty, in the Annexe in the garden, to be erected by the War Office, so that I do not see any prospect of getting much spare time at present.

I have been transferred from the nursing to the cooking staff for the present. The post is no sinecure for there are forty-five patients to cook for. The men are very good in fetching and carrying, preparing vegetables, etc., and I have a junior to assist. The work is very tiring, especially as I have my own housekeeping responsibilities as well, but the men's appreciation of well-cooked food is quite sufficient reward for the trouble spent on it.

This hospital is known as the Gardenhurst Military Hospital (Bexley, Kent), and is attached to the Royal Herbert Military Hospital, Woolwich. It accommodates 45 patients. Its staff is composed entirely of V.A.D. Nurses with the exception of a trained nurse as Lady Superintendent. All the work, cooking included, with the exception of lighting two fires in the morning, and the very rough cleaning, is done by the V.A.D. workers. Some of these are Board School Teachers who take evening duty from 6 p.m. to 10 p.m. after a day's work in a London Board School.

The Hospital has been commended for its efficiency, and, of course, we are all very proud of it."

ELEANOR GOUGH (ELEANOR WALPOLE, 1898),
Bexley, Kent.

"I am now on War Work at the Midland Hut, Y.M.C.A., Nottingham. It is the usual canteen work, serving men, making sandwiches, washing up, etc.

The Hut was opened the first week of November, 1916, and I commenced the first day, and for three months did ten hours per week, but now that it is in working order I do seven hours."

ALICE LANGFORD, 1901,
Nottingham.

"My special bit of war work has been to invest in a knitting machine. The profit I make in stockings or socks apart from soldiers' socks, I am giving to the Red Cross.

Every Sunday I help in the Dining Hall of the War Hospital. After assisting with the breakfast, we wash up, lay the tables for dinner, and again wash up after the meal. Between 500 and 600 wounded are accommodated.

With evening school as well as day, I have not much time to spare for other forms of war work."

EMMA BREWIN, 1902,
Weymouth House School, Bath.

"From August, 1914, to September, 1916, I was a member of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Families' Association for the Newcastle-under-Lyme Division. From January, 1916, to the present time

I have been Secretary to this Association, working three nights each week and writing on an average, thirty letters weekly. In August, 1916, I was chosen by the Staffordshire County Council to represent the women of Newcastle-under-Lyme, on the Naval and War Pensions Committee on which I still serve. This committee deals with all soldiers discharged or otherwise and their families, and with supplementary pensions, casualties, etc. I am also an active member of the School War Savings Association."

ETHEL WILLDIG, 1902,
Newcastle, Staffordshire.

A large proportion of the students of 1903, are busily helping in relief work, Red Cross nursing, knitting and sewing for soldiers and refugees, collecting for various war charities, but much of the work, they think, is too tame and monotonous to be interesting enough for the Magazine.

To Mabel Hamm of 1904, an apology is due for the delay in printing the notes on her nursing experience, which were sent before the issue of the last Magazine. They were held over so that they might be embodied in the fuller collection.

She writes from Cork as follows: "Though my nursing experience is devoid of thrilling incidents it is not without interest, and I find pleasure in it no matter whether I am in hospital or out on a case. Hospital life is very fascinating and reminds me of "Child Study" days at College. The children are especially interesting and I am afraid we spoil all the dear little babies who come to us, so much so that they show a decided inclination to stay with the nurse instead of going to their parents, much to the latter's indignation.

We get some miserable little objects in at times, but a good bath and a nice white nightgown work such a transformation that the parents do not recognise them. One mother tried to convince me that the child I showed her as her own was not hers at all, a few days in hospital had worked such wonders. Another day a little boy feigned sickness when his parents came to fetch him, but immediately they were gone he was dancing round his cot singing patriotic songs.

We had a very interesting case in last year. A young Lancashire girl and her husband started for America but when the ship was about 100 miles west of Queenstown, the girl became very ill, so ill that the captain put back to Queenstown and from there she was brought first to a private home in Cork and then to our hospital. She recovered after going through a very serious illness, and they started again for America, this time on the "Hesperian," which was unfortunately torpedoed off Queenstown. The girl and her husband, however, were among the saved, and were plucky enough

to make a third attempt to reach America, which they did in safety and in the best of health.

I was down in Queenstown for six months in 1915. It was awfully sad to see the victims of the "Lusitania" and of the other ships being brought in, but everything was done that possibly could be done to relieve their sufferings and discomforts. The work of the V.A.D's was admirable.

This year (1916), I am in the country, within a short distance of the world-famed Blarney Castle, of which we get a splendid view from Ardcaein. Ardcaein itself is, as its name implies, built on a beautiful height, and the grounds gradually slope down until they are lost in a veritable fairy woodland, close by the Hydropathic establishment of St. Anne's Hill, the only one of its kind I believe in Ireland. A great number of soldiers have been most beneficially treated there, and I have seen more than one remarkable recovery.

I have the privilege of counting the founder of this Hydro among the patients I have nursed. This is but one of his many good works. He showed a keen interest in the development of agriculture in the South of Ireland, and the prosperous state of the country for miles around testifies to the good work he has done. He originated the idea of running a light railway to Blarney thus opening up the country. Then he engineered the water supply to St. Anne's, and by extensive draining converted bog land into a most fertile soil, the crops grown on it this year excelling all others in the neighbourhood. The photographs of this harvest were the last I took with him as my patient, for he passed away the next day after a few hours' illness. Just below Ardcaein is the model village of Tower, the land being given by this same benefactor on condition that the labourers' cottages were built according to his plans. The village comprises about twenty-four four-roomed cottages, each possessing an acre of land, the sum total of rent being 1s. 2d. per week. These dwellings make a startling contrast to the old cottages, a great number of which are still in existence. They house families of nine and ten, occasionally fourteen together with pigs and chickens in two rooms.

I shall have quite an interesting collection of photographs showing the old conditions and the new, when I have time to print them, and I must send you one or two when I get them done."

MABEL HAMM (1904),
St. Anne's Hill,
Cork.

An interesting communication from Ethel Drury (1905), gives a description of a unique phase of war work to which she devoted a part of her summer holidays in 1916. Previous to that, Ambulance Classes, help in a V.A.D. hospital and Cookery lectures absorbed all her spare time. She says :—

" Last summer holidays I went to stay in North Yorkshire with some relatives who are very keen on making excursions into the country. Every excursion has a definite aim according to the season, and very delightful they always are. In the pre-war days my friends were enthusiastic collectors of wild flowers which were exhibited at the local gala. When I arrived last summer I found that their latest enthusiasm was herb gathering for the wholesale chemists.

It is common knowledge that many of our drugs are obtained from plants which grow in the Balkans. Owing to the war this supply has been greatly curtailed and so many people up and down the country are gathering herbs to make up for the deficit.

During my stay in North Yorks., we specialized in meadow crane's bill and agrimony. We simply gathered stones of the former, and could manage to carry 12 lbs. quite comfortably on each cycle, 10 lbs. on the carrier and 2 lbs. on the handle bars.

In passing I may say that our searches led us into all sorts of delightful by-lanes which had never interested us before. Now they are looked on with a speculative eye, and bicycles are hastily thrown down as soon as a patch of the special herb is sighted.

For those who love grubbing it is delightful. Old clothes, strong shoes, and indifference to bites and scratches are all that is needed for it is fairly rough work. Those who have not as yet tried this kind of work but who wish to do so during the coming summer should write to some firm of wholesale chemists and ask for a list of the herbs they require. The list I saw last year included a few instructions. For example, in some cases only two leaves of a plant are required, in others stems only, in others, the whole plant and so on. Another item of interest is that one gets paid for the herbs gathered at the rate of so much per pound or so much per stone according to the herbs. It is necessary before sending them away, to "trim" them, pack them, weigh them, and pay the carriage. If two or three band together and work industriously quite a nice sum can be realised by the end of the season. The money we received went towards Christmas parcels for soldiers, but as there are so many funds requiring assistance no one will need any suggestions.

My friends are anxiously waiting for the herb season to come round again, and by way of keeping in practice spend a definite amount of time each week in packing our splagnum moss. I may add that I too am looking forward to the summer holidays when I hope to spend long and busy days in the "Limberlost." Before that time comes however, I hope to scout round this district in my spare time.

People were very interested in us last summer and our heavily laden cycles roused a great deal of curiosity; one boy was very concerned and asked me in broad Yorkshire if I knew I had a lot of dead flowers on the back of my bike."

ETHEL DRURY (1905), Doncaster.

Another student of the same year, Lilian Gibbs, has been working as a V.A.D. in London for the past twenty-two months. At first she worked on Saturday mornings in a Military Convalescent Hospital, where her duties consisted chiefly of preparation of meals and of housework, with occasional nursing. The last three months she has been in the wards of Charing Cross Hospital on Monday evenings, not with soldiers, but in an ordinary civilian ward for men. The work here is actual nursing with the staff nurses.

She obtained the St. John Ambulance Association Medallion last year.

From still another 1905 student, Louie White, comes the following:—

“I have been doing canteen work since the beginning of the war, but our business has increased so much that it became too heavy to undertake more than once a week from 3-30 p.m. to 10 p.m. It is a canteen run by one of the churches here and the men tell us it is the best in the town. “It is like going home” they say. I think the truth of the matter, is they have “teapot” tea, not the decoction made in urns. The men behave splendidly. They eat, play games, listen to concerts—when they must, though they prefer not to be entertained I think—and on Sundays sing hymns to the strains of the theatre band. And they love to confide.

I think our most interesting customer was an Armenian who had managed to leave Armenia just before our break with Turkey. He was an incarnation of patriotism, his mind was full of his duty towards his country and his church. His open enthusiasm was a great contrast to the attitude of our own men who no doubt had exactly the same feelings, but were horribly afraid that anyone should suspect it. I have a noble war scar on my first finger due to cutting up endless loaves of new bread with a blunt knife.”

LOUIE WHITE (1905),
Canterbury.

The correspondents of 1907, report much useful but “unheroic” war work which the workers think too unimportant for a place in the Magazine. However, Mrs. Goulding (Alice Smith) is, according to one of her fellow students, engaged in “war work proper,” and she has herself kindly given us a short paper on her work.

“A year ago I was asked by the chief Aeronautical Engineer of a government controlled establishment to undertake the duties of Welfare Superintendent of Female Labour in their new Aircraft Factory. After a fortnight’s training I took charge of about 150 girls engaged on metal work as fitters, machine hands, sheet metal workers, tinniers, welders, enamellers, and store keepers. Later, another branch of work, the covering and doping of planes, was added and our numbers are now well over 300.

The metal workers wear khaki caps and overalls supplied by the firm, and the two fire-women and myself have long putty-coloured coats with scarlet armlet.

The sewers and dopers make the fabric covers for the planes, then "dope" them to render them taut and weather-proof. These girls are specially examined every nine or ten days.

I have nothing to do with the actual work but am responsible to the head of the firm and the Home Office Inspectors for the health, comfort and general well-being of the girls. I find that each Inspector has his or her own particular fad and it is well to be prepared. A trained nurse attends to minor injuries and illnesses of both men and girls in a rest room adjoining my office. The canteen is run by the Y.M.C.A. and over 1,400 meals are served each day.

The factory is some little distance out of the city and a large number of the staff and workers are grateful for the comfort and good service of this well-appointed set of messrooms.

We have a Magazine published each month."

ALICE GOULDING (*née* Smith, 1907).

Norwich.

1908 is by no means backward in its contribution of war workers. Two of the "Londoners" of the year are taking the place of men teachers. Mary Cox is teaching science in a Central School and is also taking a science course with an engineering class at an evening Institute. Ada Evans is working as a writer at Woolwich Arsenal each evening, Saturday mornings, and on Sundays.

Clara Poole, May Samuels and Edith Whitehead are all engaged in secretarial work for the War Savings Association. May is also Secretary for the Belgian Refugees at Sutton Bridge, collecting money subscriptions weekly, paying to the different families their weekly allowance, auditing accounts, etc. Much aid in clerical work has been given by Ettie Powell at Lincoln—first at the Assembly Rooms for Registration and later as temporary clerk for the Military Authorities at the Castle—and also by Mrs. Stammers (Kate Searby), in London. The latter has been employed by a firm of accountants in the winding up of the offices of a big government contractor. She worked at the Cannon Street Hotel and her hours were from 10 a.m. to 5-15 p.m. Clara's energies are also directed to the superintendence of the making up of sandbags, of which her school is producing 250 a month. Ettie has added out-door work to her experiences, having done a week's farming during the summer holidays. It took the form of hoeing potatoes and singling turnips, between the hours of 8 a.m. and 5 p.m.

Jean Stewart, Nora Seward, Kessie Sanders, and Hilda Willett all swell the ranks of the Red Cross nurses during the holidays and week-ends. Nora's holiday hospital is at Huntingdon, and Kessie's is the Royal Infirmary, Derby.

The organ of the church of St. John the Divine, Gainsborough, occupies all Gertrude Spencer's spare time, daily practices being necessary to keep the music up to the standard hitherto maintained by the absent male organist. Flag days for a whole district, Marlpool and Langley, school collections of eggs, etc. for wounded, likewise evening school work for three nights a week have been organised by Winnie Westland. The packing of parcels for soldiers and the management of much school knitting for the Navy League fill Jessie Pritchett's spare time.

Alice Payne is another of the whole time war workers and her experience ranges from that of a cook in a Munition Hostel at Erith, to that of housekeeper for ladies engaged in Y.M.C.A. work at Grantham, thence to that of cook in the Military Hospital at Belton Park Camp.

1910 is providing still more Red Cross nurses. Emma Richardson is giving her spare time to the V.A.D. Hospital at Spalding, and there are rumours of similar work by May Robson, but as yet no exact information. Almost all the girls help in the War Savings schemes in their various schools.

Mrs. Ibbotson (Evelyn Merchant) much regrets that she is not still nursing. She seems to have been brought closely in touch with things martial even before the war, for as she explains, "all my family are soldiers," but her nursing experiences at Netley will be most satisfactorily gathered from her own account which is appended to these notes. After her return home, and her marriage, she helped her father who was County Secretary for Red Cross work. When later he rejoined the army as a captain and was sent to Salonika, Evelyn, being ineligible for a much hoped for appointment in France, returned to her old profession and is now, like many other married students, acting as temporary head of her husband's school. "Still, if the war keeps on, I can feel the call in my heart, and I shall nurse again," is the concluding paragraph of one of her letters.

Among the full time V.A.D.'s, in the Military Hospital at Birmingham is Alice Dawson, of 1911. A married student of the same year, Mrs. Tomkinson, better known as Constance Brayford, has resumed teaching with the object of releasing a master called up for service.

Far away in the County of Durham are two more enthusiastic V.A.D. nurses, Mabel Atkinson, and Ethel Bennet, of 1912. Down south, Margery Carless is contributing a heavy share of clerical work in the Bank of England where each day's work, including Saturdays and Sundays, lasts from 9 a.m. to 8-30 p.m., abnormally long hours. It is to be hoped the strain will not prove too much for her.

The War Loan Association occupies various students of this year as of all the years in their respective schools, among them are

Hilda Clifton, Iris Banks, Dorothy Kemp. Violet Laman is taking the responsibilities of head of her school during the absence of its master.

Perusal of these few "Gleanings" will, it is hoped, not only revive old memories and intimacies, but will also serve to show how exceedingly useful are the varied patriotic activities of the *women* trained within the walls of our much-loved College.

Our student readers have already been reminded that contributions of complete papers for our next Magazine would be very welcome, it is hardly necessary to add that even a brief record, if they have not time for more, will evoke a very keen interest among old friends.

EDITOR

An Account of my War Work

As soon as the war began and my brother went to France from Ireland without coming home, I felt I had a personal grievance against the German nation which had to be worked off.

When the two local Red Cross Hospitals were filled to overflowing in October, 1914, with wounded Belgians, a deeper feeling of enmity possessed me. I felt I must do something. Taking cigarettes, making bandages, helping to trace wives and children of the patients seemed such little things. I attended the Red Cross Courses, passed both examinations and became a Red Cross Nurse. I worked at Holden House Hospital, Boston, chiefly on Saturdays and Sundays. The patients were all Belgians at first. In January, 1915, a Belgian refugee, Delphine Wyckomans, from Malines, stayed with me, and she used to go with me to Hospital.

In March, 1915, our V.A.D. was mobilised. I had a Brassard (No. 320) and a Certificate of Identity for a Civilian wearing the Red Cross Brassard, given me. The certificate contained my name, age, status, and description, and was signed by the County Director.

I began to feel I wanted to work entirely as a nurse, to live at a Hospital and devote my whole energies to "doing my bit." I gave my name to both the Military and Red Cross Headquarters and shortly afterwards received orders to report at Birmingham Military Hospital. At the same time I received a list of the uniform and requirements I should need. I was reminded of my preparations for college. I had all my clothes to mark and uniform to make (and among other things I was told I should need good strong boots and a mackintosh). While I was busy doing all this I received a wire from Netley asking when I could report there. As I knew Netley, and as that hospital was under the Red Cross Society, and as I was interested in the Red Cross Society, I preferred Netley to Birmingham. When my pile of dresses and aprons, caps and sleeves was complete, and after I had given my shoulder numerals (Lincoln 4) an exceptionally good shine, I set forth on May 14th, for my new life.

I arrived at Netley at seven in the evening in the pouring rain. The hospital stands on a slight hill behind the Military Hospital and is composed of huts and tents. It is always in the state of being enlarged or improved. There were surgical huts, medical huts, an electrical treatment hut, X-ray hut, operating theatre hut, and, of course, recreation and dining huts, officers and nurses' quarters.

I was taken to the Matron's hut first. She asked me my previous experience (which now seemed so insignificant) and told me my work would be in Hut 27a. This was one of the six huts in the Irish Hospital which was built, equipped, and presented by Viscount Iveagh to the British Red Cross Society. Almost every hut had a name, several being named after the Counties which supported them, Lincolnshire being one. Each hut held 20 beds, and No. 27a was one set apart for medical cases. All the patients had been sent from India, some suffering from malaria. The actual nursing was not hard, only temperatures to take and medicines to give, an occasional back or chest to rub, but the ward work—the scrubbing, dusting, continual tidying!! lockers would move out of their places, corners of beds would somehow come undone, ashtrays would be upset, and of course the gramophone records were always in an untidy pile.

After working a month in 27a, I was transferred to the Lincolnshire Hut. This was surgical and the patients were chiefly Colonials, Canadians, New Zealanders, and Australians.

Sports day took place while I was in this hut. All kinds of sports were held in a large field behind the Camp. Even bed-ridden patients were thought of. Those who could be carried out were, but there were some, chiefly hip cases and special splint cases which could not be moved. These had their sport in the wards. An orderly went round with 12 cans and a soup plate and the patients threw the cans into the plate. A patient in the Lincolnshire hut won the prize.

The Emperor of Japan was crowned during my six months at Netley. I forget which month it was, but all our Japanese Red Cross nurses and doctors, and interpreter, had a holiday. They held a service in the dining hut and afterwards saluted their own flag, which was hoisted near ours. Every patient received a present of a packet of cigarettes and a small Japanese silk flag. In the evening the Japanese nurses had a tea in our Recreation Hut. They had Christmas crackers among other things, and after tea we English sisters and nurses were entertained by them. They sang Japanese songs, danced their dances and one or two put on their national dress. It was all very interesting and enjoyable.

After my work in the Lincolnshire hut I was moved to the Surgical Enteric Hut. This was in the isolation corner of the camp, and this work was the hardest I had to do, and it *was* hard, but I loved it more than the ordinary surgical work. Every patient

was wounded as well as suffering from typhus, typhoid, septicemia or diphtheria, and almost every one had a separate diet. The nursing staff included one English sister, 2 Japanese sisters, myself and two orderlies in the ward. I worked in this hut until I left on November 13th. I left full of determination to "carry on" in France, but last June I had my great disappointment. I was ineligible for foreign service because my husband was in the army. (Is anyone's husband not in the army these days?)

Although some of the scenes at Netley were painful and sad, there were many happy times. Queen Alexandra came to inspect the Hospital. She spoke with many of the patients and shook hands with them and the nurses. We had many open air concerts when artistes from London brought their companies down to amuse the patients. There were motor yacht trips to Cowes (very few though). Our Commandant lent his tennis courts to the nurses, but everyone's mind and energies seemed centred on one thing—nursing. We had lectures on the most interesting cases.

Our dining hut was sometimes rather noisier than etiquette permitted, and the one word from the Matron which reduced us all to silence for one second must have been identical with that Miss Elwell used on similar occasions.

As I said, my great disappointment was my ineligibility for France, but even now, tucked away in the most remote village in England, there is war work to be done, and I enjoy farming after school hours almost as much as I delighted in nursing.

EVELYN A. IBBOTSON
(E. A. MERCHANT, 08-10).

War Teaching

"War work for women," the papers display,
"War work, and more work to do every day,
No solitary work is there under the sun
That cannot by women in war time be done."

And what am I doing to help on the War?
Why, just teaching exactly the same as before,
There's no glory in teaching in war time for me,
For teaching's not war work, you surely can see.

Just look at that girl who works in a Bank,
She could not do more if she managed a Tank
For her work is man's work. While as for me
I'm merely insisting that three ones are three.

And then there's that girl who is nurse in a ward,
Why, her life with glorious deeds must be stored;
Her work is true war work, yet here am I still,
Describing the exploits of Jack and of Jill.

Yet again, there are girls who are happy as larks,
 Doing their bit as War Office clerks;
 Filling great ledgers, while I feebly declaim
 That Red Riding Hood's mother is not known by name.

And many a line might be filled in this way,
 To show how the women are working to-day;
 But the point of all this that is troubling me
 Is that my work's not helping the war, don't you see?

And yet, what is it the philosophers say—
 "The men of the future are children to-day!"
 Are children—my children—why then it is plain
 That it's England's great future I'm trying to train.

Well then, teaching is war work, or better, it seems,
 For it works for the days that are yet hid in dreams;
 So although they've no uniform, teachers may say,
 "We're working for England, and England's great day."
D.L.K.

Child Gardens

As the care of the very young children is at the present moment attracting much-needed attention in England, the following translation of an article on the subject which appeared recently in a French Magazine, may prove of interest to our readers.

"I have had so many kind and helpful letters of encouragement that to-day I am going to take up again that thought that haunts me and interests you also:—Education! We will chat together about our children, their health, their minds, their work. It is an inexhaustible subject, and one that has never been more important than at the present time.

I have already told you of my delight at seeing the "Child Gardens" spreading almost everywhere. Our girls' schools have adopted them, and to-day they fully merit their country's approval. First, the name is attractive, and it is true, for the child opens out like a flower in an enchanted garden. He enjoys himself, and that is the only intelligent way of learning. He plays in the sunshine with companions of his own age, and that forms character. His little fingers and his mind are set to work on new things that interest him, and that interest teaches him life. He has no book; his eyes are fixed on nature alone. He grasps something of the rhythm and harmony of the universe. He is happy, and because he recognizes the joy of activity, he possesses, for all time, the secret of work. The other day I asked a little girl who was just about as tall as a jack-boot and who was going to the Jules Ferry high school, her bag under her arm, and a grave look on her face. "What do you do at school?" her dimpled face lit up, "I play!" she said, in the emphatic

tones of a young person who knows well that no better use could be made of her time.

She played, or at least she thought she played. The truth is that without knowing it she was learning a thousand important things. But that is just the beauty of the "Child Gardens," that there, study is presented in such a guise that it becomes the sweetest form of amusement. The great formula of work, the only kind one in my opinion, is put into practice:—that is—to love one's duty and to seek one's pleasure in it.

It is idleness that makes children unbearable. Inactivity has an enervating influence on them. A hundred ridiculous ideas come into their heads. They torment their nurse or their mother. They become wayward. They are excited to laughter or tears without rhyme or reason. Health, the very source of their well-being, begins to suffer and already they are attacked by the malady of the day, nerves.

Thrusting work on children according to the old hack methods, while they are still too young, is no better than idleness. I would even say it is worse. It destroys the personality of the child, it destroys his instincts, it brings his intelligence, or at least, his originality, down to the common level, already it makes this tiny creature, as yet utterly immature, a mere machine, it arrests the flow of his delicious "Why's" on his lips, it checks in his brain the freedom of thought that is essential for forming judgment.

We do not want our dear babies to be either unoccupied or thrown too soon on books. Here comes in this charming experiment of the Children's Gardens. The little pupils are terribly busy there!! Only think of it! There is a bed where they can grow vegetables and a grove where they can cultivate roses, and then quite a menagerie is confided to their care: Janot the rabbit who must have grass to eat, and the gentle turtle dove, cooing so tenderly, whose cage must be cleaned, and then the fowl, who says cluck! cluck! in its little hen house, and inside the house, in the open space where they play, is their doll's house! They must make the bed and wash the great porcelain lady who can open her eyes, and dress her carefully, and darn her little torn dresses, and wash her clothes, and iron them. I assure you ladies, there is not a minute to spare.

And that is not everything, when the weather prevents any going outside, the children devote themselves to works of art—they embroider, they weave baskets, they make cages and boxes, they draw and paint—and from nature, if you please! Someone goes to the garden in search of a carrot, and brings back a tulip, and they set to work. Often the carrot resembles a ship beaten by the wind, and the tulip a newspaper stall, but all the same we do not expect masterpieces from beginners!

And still that is not everything! Down there in the corner stands a piano, and some one plays it for the singing. Mademoiselle strikes the chords! what shall we sing? One of those lovely songs by the man who perhaps more than anyone else has felt childhood most deeply, and who has written for children works which I dare call nothing less than pure master-pieces. Those songs of Dalcroze, written so that they can be danced to, marched to, played to, present under their light aspect perfect lessons in rhythm, in lively drill, and childish grace. They are at the same time gay scenes and lessons of things, and their music has the spirit and simplicity of our old French songs.

And I leave it to a professor of psychology to think of the open field where all these intellects, as yet only in bud, blossom out, where those young wills are developed, where the cunning of those supple, pliant fingers is awakened, and where is given to those little ones, the feeling of responsibility. For one day—Oh! what a great mission of trust!—one is given the care of the dove, another that of the doll, whilst this one must keep the house in order, and that one must fasten her friends' pinafores, and then at last, Oh, supreme recompense! the management of the household is entrusted to the wisest, one who must know how to tell the time, how to supervise the little ones, how to reckon, how to count, and how to play her part as mistress of the house.

And there you have the real way of instruction suited to the age of the child and instruction in the one way that will bring out the child's capabilities. That is the kind of instruction that must be spread abroad, and in it lies also an opening for young girls who have the will and the desire to do something useful. Moreover, the greatest praise that can be given it is that set forth ingenuously by that little four-year-old girl who said, "I go to school to play," when she was really setting off for work.

Child Gardens. What are they? Are they not a kind of Plato's garden, brought down to the level of the tiny tots where the truth is taught to them as He taught it to His disciples on the banks of the Cephise, amid the scents of the turpentine trees, to the song of the grasshopper? All the primary education of the child should be thus penetrated with sunshine and life, in an atmosphere of freedom, where the soul opens out freely, where the will submitted to intelligent activity becomes conscious of its own existence, where according to his own little methods, the child may already feel the joy of working, a clear perception of his duties, a desire to fulfil his obligations.

Unfortunately, as soon as he leaves the Child Gardens, an institution after all recent and still insufficiently expanded, there is imprisonment for him—imprisonment of the mind and of the body, with an exclusive diet of books. The rigidity of the syllabus enforces this, and cramming becomes the order of the day. We will talk about that another time."

Translated by HILDA HUNT.

Egypt

On the evening of Wednesday, March 21st, the recently-formed Current Events Society held one of their fortnightly meetings and in the course of a survey of the different battle fronts, turned their attention to the condition of affairs in Egypt. The following paper on the subject was read by one of the members—LYDIA THOMPSON.

“Owing to British influence in Egypt and our garrisons at Cairo, Alexandria, and Khartum, the people remained loyal to us against all German and Turkish conspiracies. In December, 1914, the Khedive threw in his lot with the Turks and ceased to rule; so with the assent of France, Egypt was formally proclaimed a British Protectorate, thus we became wholly responsible for the defence of Egypt.

The first object of the Turks would naturally be the Suez Canal. The advantages to be gained were these—if the East bank could be held then shipping would be stopped and Britain cut off from one of her most vital trade routes—if the canal could be crossed in sufficient force then there was a chance of the Egyptian rising for which both Germany and Turkey waited. The difficulties are as obvious as the advantages; to reach the canal from Syria, an almost waterless desert 120 to 115 miles wide had to be crossed. There are three routes across here.

1. From El Arish to El Kantara, 25 miles South of Port Said. It is 120 miles long and connects a few muddy wells.

2. From Akaba to the canal just North of Suez. It was the old Pilgrims' road from Egypt to Mecca, is about 150 miles long and ill supplied with water.

3. From El Arish joining this Southern route. In February, 1915, a force of 12,000 Turks advanced by the Central Route and attacked the canal at Ismaila and Toussum. They had brought a number of boats with them but when they wished to launch them their men crowded on the shore with a high steep bank behind them so that our troops simply shot them down in hundreds. Next day we crossed the canal and the Turks fled back to Beersheba. Owing to the lack of water we did not pursue them and large numbers of them must have died from thirst.

Meissner Pasha, a German engineer, was working hard at Beersheba collecting water in reservoirs. Our Commander saw that nothing important could be done till winter so he allowed him and 2,000 Germans to continue work rather than discourage them and cause them to go either to the Dardanelles or Mesopotamia.

Indians who had come from Flanders and were expert in trench work erected defences East of the Suez Canal. Roads and Railways were constructed by Egyptian labourers but with very great difficulty, due to sand dunes and sand storms.

When winter came the Pasha needed 25,000 more German troops to attack us, but owing to the Russian advance on Erzerum, to our standing army at Salonika, and to Townshend's advance up

the Tigris, no troops were free for him and no advance could be made. Our troops were contented, but the Australians who had come from Gallipoli for a rest, said they had earned the privilege of going into the thick of the fighting with the British and Canadians, and did not want to waste time in apparently small skirmishes.

In February, 1916, the works of the Pasha and his men were so far advanced that they were worth destroying, so an air attack was made and the reservoir of Hassana Well was destroyed. At Jifjaffa, an Austrian made 3 borings, but the R.F.C. detected him. The Australians marched 160 miles in 3 days, surrounded Jifjaffa and killed or captured every Turk and Arab there. At the same time a small body of Yeomanry took the Katia basis, 48 miles North of this. The Turks attacked on Easter Sunday, odds were against us, we were almost surrounded by 2,000 picked Turks from Gallipoli with 1,000 Germans mounted on camels and well provided with guns. Our troops made a fighting retreat on foot: luckily the Warwickshire Yeomanry and Gloucester Hussars joined and drove back the Turks. The Australians rode after them on camels, and aeroplanes pursued, both bombing and firing on fugitives. These attacks appear small but their results were large, for by diminishing the water supply they weakened the Turks, and compelled them to keep back from the canal.

Egypt was then threatened in another direction by the Senussi, a tribal sect composed of Arabs who practise the strictest form of Mohamedanism. The Germans formed bases for submarines along the coast and the people were impressed by all kinds of tales of the Kaiser. In August, 1915, we captured a vessel flying a Greek flag, carrying Turkish officers, £4,000 in German gold, and among other gifts, a casket containing a letter from the Kaiser.

“Praise to the most High God! Emperor William, heir of Charlemagne, Envoy of Allah and Protector of Islam to the illustrious chief of the Senussi.

We pray Allah to lead our armies to victory. Our will is that thy valorous warriors shall expel all infidels from the lands that belong to the true believers and to their commander. To this end we send thee arms, money and experienced leaders in war. Our common foes shall fly before thee. So be it! William.”

This was a most extraordinary letter from an Emperor ruling over Christians to a Mahomedan chief wishing him to exterminate the Christians of Egypt, Tripoli, Tunis, Algeria and Morocco. We therefore constructed a good motor road from Alexandria to Sollum, and kept 2 small patrol boats in Sollun Gulf. In November, 1915, one of our armed merchant men, “the Tara” was torpedoed, the crew was landed and marched 180 miles into the Libyan Desert, and compelled to work like slaves on starving rations. The same submarine damaged the 2 patrol boats and German troops, guns and ammunition were landed.

General Maxwell decided to test the Senussi to see which side they intended to help. He withdrew our troops from Sollum to Matruh for strength—the country round Matruh is valuable in its production of barley and if the Senussi intended to attack us they would first try to get possession of the barley fields. They collected an army and on Christmas day, 1915, we fought an old-fashioned battle, our khaki blended with the sand whilst the white robes of the enemy made clear targets. The victory was easy but important, as it determined further operations. Reinforcements arrived for us from German S.W. Africa, who were experienced in desert fighting, and with their help we drove the Senussi 80 miles from Matruh.

In February, 1916, our troops marched forward intending to retake Sollum. To do this, mountain passes had to be occupied which meant a race across a rough stony plain under a burning sun. The passes were gained in March, but the wells at the top of the passes which the General had intended to use had been pumped dry so the men and horses had to be sent along the coast while he and the camel corps moved along the top of the Taefints with only 8 pints of water each.

The Senussi evacuated Sollum and the Duke of Westminster was ordered to pursue them. He went with 9 armoured cars, 1 open car and 32 men. He overtook the army at Asisa Wells, and his 32 fought 6,000 Senussi, Turks and Germans. The 10 cars formed a line then 8 dashed forward and fired. The enemy's camels had been laden with petrol and bombs, guns were fired at them blowing them all sky high. For fear of shortage of petrol and water 7 cars retired to Sollum—during the whole event only one officer was slightly wounded.

On the way back a letter was picked up near Bir Woer written by the captain of the ship "Tara" complaining that the men were starving at Bir Hakim. One of the Senussi prisoners offered to guide the cars to the place. They went to Assisa and then on 120 miles beyond till they drew near a range of hills on which they saw men. Their condition was dreadful, they had lived on snails and roots for a long time but now had grown too weak to seek even these. After eating about 3 days' rations, thus getting severe attacks of indigestion, they all returned to Sollum by car.

Whilst this had been happening the Sultan of Darfur had openly taken sides with the Turks. His territory is a high plateau broken by dry river courses and by mountains from 6,000 to 7,000 feet high, so is naturally strong. An Egyptian force was sent to Nahud 300 miles S.W. of Khartum and moved on to Abiat. The force was strengthened in May and we made a fighting march to El Fasher, the capital of Darfur, whilst the Sultan and part of his army fled westward having fared worse than the Senussi in their attack.

Now to return to the fighting proper. General Sir Archibald Murray had taken over the command. He believed that the true defence of Egypt should be undertaken not at the Suez Canal but on the Southern frontier of Palestine. With this in view, a railway was constructed and water pipes laid along the ancient route between Egypt and the Holy Land. This took months of skilful organisation backed up by great energy. Track-laying has progressed at an average rate of one kilometre a day. An enormous amount of navvying has had to be done and throughout the time of construction the line has carried rations not only for the gangs making it, but for the troops protecting them from attack. Men, guns, ammunition, stores of all kinds, rations for troops and animals—everything for an army in a country which does not yield an ounce of food, fodder, or water has had to be carried by rail or road. No praise is too high for the work which the army has done there. The roads made have repaid the immense amount of time and labour devoted to them. For the most part they are metalled, with a light limestone, obtained locally, which wears fairly well if it is constantly watered: at almost all hours of the day motor lorries carry big tanks of salt water used to preserve the surface of these roads.

Egypt is indebted to the army for many things; one of the most important is a trunk road between Ismalia and Port Said which makes it possible to motor from Port Said to Cairo. In addition to these metalled roads there is an extensive system of light roads, made by placing on the sand 5 widths of rabbit netting which affords as good a marching surface for infantry as the others.

As the winter season drew near a mounted force went to Moghara on the Central Route and obtained very valuable information as to the enemy and nature of the country. In December, 1916, several successful raids were carried out in El Arish region, and an important railway bridge over a deep ravine to Beersheba was seriously damaged. Our troops pushed forward and occupied El Arish. It is a typical Oriental town of mud brick dwellings. It had often been bombarded but is practically undamaged showing that our navy spares civilians. It was an admirable base for raids on the rear of the Turks.

Later a rapid night march was made to Rafa the frontier town near the coast. These swift events had a great moral effect on the Turks. Rafa is 26 miles from Beersheba, the main Turkish base for operations against Egypt. The strategical value of this base is in the fact that it is flanked on both sides by the sea, supplies can therefore be easily obtained by sea, and in Syria (thanks to the French) there is a good system of railways.

The menace to Egypt is now over and probably Murray will take the offensive and press on to Beersheba which is 400 miles from Aleppo the junction of the Syrian and Bagdad railway."

Association Correspondents

<i>College 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 ..	South Norris, East Preston, Worthing
{ 1906	Miss Edith Jordan ..	17 Alcester Road, Mosely, B'ham
{ 1907	Miss Annie Royce ..	c/o Mrs. Marsden, Colt Lane, Birdwell, Nr. Barnsley
{ *1907	Miss Edith Hurry ..	75 Bailgate, Lincoln
{ 1908	Mrs. J. L. Stubbs ..	108 Station Road, Swinton, Manchester [Bristol
{ 1908	Miss Winifred Marden ..	33 Elliston Road, Redland
{ 1909	Miss Margaret Heath ..	9 Hewson Road, West Parade, Lincoln
{ 1909	Mrs. Ffoulkes ..	4 Grosvenor Road, Jesmond, Newcastle-on-Tyne
{ 1910	Miss Gertrude Hipwell ..	8 Watkin Terrace, Northampton
{ 1910	Mrs. Templer ..	19 Albert Crescent, Lincoln
{ 1911	Miss Ella Pigott ..	"Cymba," Burton Rd., 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

*Please note change of address.

{	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, Nr. Manchester
{	1916	Miss Harriett Allman	..	Beeford, Nr. Driffield, E. Yorks.

Appointments

Miss Mildred Gosling, Selby Abbey Junior School. Head.

Miss Mary Caine, Neepsend Junior and Infants, Sheffield.
Head.

Miss Annie Royce, Leigh C. E. Girls' School, near Manchester.
Head.

Miss Alison Penzer, Saffron Walden C. E. Girls' School.
Head.

Births

On October 5th, 1916, to Gunner J. Schofield and Mrs. James Schofield (*née* Margaret Wood, 1901-3), a son, James Rowland.

On October 30th, 1916, at Kingsclere, Mandeville Road, Aylesbury, to Ernest and Beatrice Neaverson (*née* Bainbridge, Lincoln, 1907-9), a son, Richard.

On December 5th, 1916, at Copston Magna, Hinckley, to Percy and Louisa H. Goodwin (*née* Shirley, 1903-5), a daughter, Joan.

Marriages

TERRY—DREWRY. On April 22nd, 1916, at All Saints' Church, Grimsby, by the Rev. W. E. Bott and the Rev. T. S. Harvey, Private Frederick G. Terry, R.O.Y.L.I., to Gladys Drewry (1910-12).
57 Patrick Street, Grimsby.

TAYLOR—SPENCER. On April 24th, 1916, at Dobroyd Castle, Ernest Taylor to Annie Spencer (1904-6).
Dobroyd Castle, Todmorden.

TOMKINSON—BRAYFORD. On October 21st, 1916, at Bloxwich, by the Rev. F. H. Brown (Chesterfield), and the Rev. W. C. Ball, Sydney John Tomkinson, to Constance Rachel Brayford (1909-11).
Arwyl, Cobden Street, Wollaston, Stourbridge.

GANT—LYON. On December 9th, 1916, at the Congregational Church, Dovercourt, Harold Gant to Ella Lyon (1911-13).
Green House Farm, Dovercourt.

BARRON—McCORMACK. On February 14th, 1917, at the Parish Church, Lancaster, by the Rev. R. L. Hussey, Charles Edwin Barron, to Teresa McCormack (1911-13).
5 Lily Grove, Scotforth, Lancaster.

BROCKLESBY—TAYLOR. On January 15th, 1917, at All Saints' Parish Church, Poplar, London, by the Rev. O. S. Laurie, Rector, David Brocklesby to Emily Taylor (1906-8).
217 East India Dock Road, Poplar, London, E.

MATHEWS—TOMLINSON. On July 29th, 1916, at Iffley Church, Hubert F. Mathews to Edith M. Tomlinson (1903-5).

Deaths

Annie Fleming (*née* Holden), wife of Arthur Holden, died early in the new year at West Runton, near Cromer (Lincoln 1866-7).

Elizabeth Brummitt, passed away peacefully at her home in Spalding, December 29th, 1916 (Lincoln 1871-2).

Balance Sheet of Lincoln Training College Association Benevolent Fund

For the year ending December, 1916.

RECEIPTS		£	s.	d.	EXPENDITURE		£	s.	d.
554 Subscriptions of 1s. allocated from Association Subscriptions of 2s. 6d.	27	14	0	Donation to an Old Student	5	0	0
One Special Subscription	..	0	1	0	Balance in hand	44	17	7
Balance from 1915	..	22	0	0					
Bank Interest	0	2	7					
		£49 17 7					£49 17 7		

M. TURNER, *Treasurer.*

Audited and found correct,

W. TODHUNTER.

April 22nd, 1917.

College Association Balance Sheet

For the year ending December, 1916.

RECEIPTS		£	s.	d.	EXPENDITURE		£	s.	d.
565 Subscriptions of 2s. 6d.		70	12	6	Printing of April and October Magazines, including photographs, envelopes and postage	48	11	2	
One Special Donation to Benevolent Fund		0	1	0	Donation to L.T.C. Association Benevolent Fund	27	15	0	
Sale of Magazines to Non-Association Sub- scribers		8	15	6	Donation to Church Teachers' Benevolent Fund (11 subscriptions)	0	11	0	
Donation to Magazine Fund by Committee		2	2	0	Correspondents' Expenses	2	19	7	
Balance from 1915		9	11	0½	Stationery	0	14	3	
Bank Interest for 1916		0	9	3	Postage	1	19	3	
Post Office Savings Bank Interest for short period		0	1	0	Account Book	0	1	8	
					Cheque Book	0	1	0	
					Flowers for Sick Student	0	1	9	
					Balance in hand	8	17	7½	
		£91	12	3½		£91	12	3½	

Audited and found correct on comparison with vouchers,

M. TURNER,
Hon. Sec. and Treasurer.

W. TODHUNTER,
April 25th, 1917.

