

Sutton

High School

Magazine.

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# Sutton High School Magazine.

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## EDITORIAL.

**T**HIS term we have little to record with regard to School functions or pleasures, since, owing to the war, it has been thought right that these should be either wholly given up or conducted on a modified scale. The Prize-giving this term took place unofficially in the School Hall on the last Monday of term. One single Dorcas Meeting was held, but the girls did not meet for tea, since it was their wish that the money usually spent in that way should go to swell our War Funds. The Hockey Cup Matches will not take place next term.

\* \* \* \*

The School, however, has not been idle. Working parties have been held daily, and every one has learnt to knit. Quantities of knitted articles have been sent to the Forces—naval and military—and all this has been almost entirely paid for out of the weekly savings of each form. In an article on a later page will be found a statement of our expenses and our donations to Relief Funds. Thanks to last term's Bazaar, we had a substantial balance at the Bank.

\* \* \* \*

Many of our Old Girls have been actively engaged in nursing or other work in connection with distress caused by the war. We publish some articles from a few of those thus employed, and shall be glad if others will send us some account of what they are doing. We shall be pleased to receive either (a) a brief notice for insertion in the Old Girls' page; or (b) a short article for publication.

\* \* \* \*

Nor can we leave the subject without a word of comment on the Patriotic Concerts which have taken place during the term. They have roused great enthusiasm in Sutton, and given great pleasure. The thanks of the community are due to Miss Kimpton for her untiring and unselfish labour, which may to some extent be repaid by the appreciation shown by the crowded audiences, and the satisfactory sums which have been collected and forwarded to different Relief Funds. But we feel proud to think that the organisation of these Concerts has been entirely in the hands of the Old Girls' Association. The Secretary (Violet Henry) has worked untiringly, and has been loyally supported by the Committee and the Association. A great number of Old Girls have come forward to offer their services in one way or another, and their co-operation has helped to lessen both the work and the expense involved in so vast an undertaking.

\* \* \* \*

Subscriptions for 1915 (1/7½, post free) are now due. It is requested that they may be sent as soon as possible to Miss Callender, at the High School.

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## Weather Observations.

Rain fell in October on twelve days; total, 1.39 inches, or 1.42 inches below the average. Rain fell in November on sixteen days; total, 3.07 inches, or .8 inch above the average. Rain fell on 39 out of 85 days during the term; total, 8.42 inches. The highest rainfall taken on one day being 1.47 inches on December 9th. Highest temperature, 61° F on October 2nd. Lowest temperature, 30° F on November 18th. Mean temperature, October 50.18° F; November 45.15° F. The wind was westerly on 35 days out of 57.

M. GASHION, R. MARSDEN, M. DIXON, Lower I.

## Dorcas Meeting.

A combined Upper School and Lower School Dorcas Meeting was held this term on Dec. 16th. Miss Bell read us delightful stories from Princess Mary's Gift book. Before dancing we sang, "O God, our help in ages past," as the news had just reached us of the disaster on the east coast, at Scarborough, Whitby, and Hartlepool.

We danced from 6.30 to 8, the Lower School leaving at 7.30 p.m. The following Old Girls were present:

M. Black, D. Black, K. Woodroffe, G. Westhorp, K. Butt, E. Hogan, M. Hogan, I. Rose, A. Cox, S. Arnold, Mrs. Hunt (M. Penn).

## The Prize-Giving.

The Prize-Giving was held on the last Monday of term, December 21st, in the School Hall. After the singing of the Belgian, Russian, and French National Anthems, and the Carol, "It was the Winter Wild," Miss Bell read her report of the year's work, and presented the prizes. After this, "Men of Harlech," "Hearts of Oak," and "Rule Britannia," were sung, followed by "God Save the King."

Mrs. Price then proposed a vote of thanks to Miss Bell.

### PRIZES.

<p>Lower I. Form, N. Taylor Arithmetic, C. Sharp</p> <p>II. Form, C. Aoklam French, M. Redfern</p> <p>Remove. Form, R. Marsden Mathematics, M. Gashion Languages, D. Willmore</p> <p>Lower V. Form, B. Black English, H. Schäfer Languages, B. Black Science, D. Ovenden</p>	<p>Upper I. Form, M. Hensley Arithmetic, M. Barber</p> <p>III. Form, E. Lovell Science, M. Dixon English, E. Lovell</p> <p>IV. Form, E. Hotchkin Languages, N. Fawcett Mathematics, E. Hotchkin</p> <p>V. Form, M. Wilkinson English, H. McMorran Mathematics, G. Carlton French, I. Percy-Smith</p> <p>VI. English, E. Hearnden and R. Langton Cole Languages, E. Hearnden Mathematics, M. Hogan</p> <p>Upper School Scripture (Mrs. Gray), K. Feltham Lower " (Hon. Mrs. Colborne), I. Webb Neatness (Mrs. Henry), M. Price</p> <p>Lower School Botany (Mr. Jones), G. Willmore Dairs' Memorial Prize, E. Hearnden</p>
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#### *Royal Life Saving Society.*

Eva Smith	Medallion	M. Glover	Elementary Certificate
Mona Price	"	M. Gashion	"
E. M. Black	Elementary Certificate	D. Cameron	"
E. Roden	"	M. Wade	Certificate
M. Roberts	"	E. Smith	"
A. Morris	"	E. Hotchkin	"
R. Marsden	"	S. Arnold	"
W. Jones	"	E. Rimmington	"
M. Dixon	"	M. Saunders	"

#### *German Language Association.*

Senior Division—K. Feltham, E. Hearnden (Class I.).  
Higher Grade—D. Champness

#### *Drawing Certificates.*

J. Horn (Stage IV. Senior, Proficiency Certificate).  
E. Smith, B. La Fargue

#### *Council's Certificates.*

R. Langton Cole, D. Champness, E. Hearnden

#### *Joint Board Letter.*

R. L. Cole

#### *Joint Board Higher Certificate.*

D. Champness, E. Hearnden

#### *London Matriculation.*

G. Westhorp, M. Hogan, K. Parker

#### *Home Nursing.*

J. Read, B. Taylor, E. Crump

## Games.

At a General Games Club Meeting, held on Friday, September 25th, the following officers were elected:

Captain of Games (Hockey) Club	...	M. Price
Vice-Captain of Games Club	...	M. Taylor
Hon. Secretary of Games Club	...	H. McMorran
Hon. Treasurer of Games Club	...	E. Hearnden
Sub-Secretaries of Games Club	...	H. Cope and M. Taylor
Captain of Netball Club	...	M. Price

At a Games Meeting, held on Tuesday, November 10th, the Form Ties were drawn with the following result :

VI.	}	VI.	}	VI.
IV.				
V., Lower V., Remove—Bye				

Form VI. v. Form IV. Result, Form VI. won, 6—0.

The first round for the Form Hockey Cup was played on Monday, December 14th, between Forms VI. and IV. The Sixth won the toss and chose to play down-hill first. The match was not very close. M. Saunders, the IV. Form goal keeper, played excellently, and H. Cope, the VI. Form centre forward, played with dash and spirit. The VI. Form won, 6-0. H. Cope shot four goals, and R. Langton Cole two goals.

Form VI. v. V., Lower V., Remove. Result, Form VI. won, 2—1.

The Final Form Hockey Match between Forms VI. and V., L.V., R. was played on Tuesday, December 23rd. It was a very good and even game. The VI. Form played up well all through. The V., L.V. and R. forwards muddled too much, otherwise they might have scored more goals. The match ended in a win for the VI. Form by two goals to one. H. Cope shot two goals for the VI., and M. Taylor one for the V., L.V. and R.

#### GAMES CLUB ACCOUNTS (Autumn Term, 1914).

CR.	£	s.	d.	DR.	£	s.	d.
By Balance ...	9	14	5½	To Ground ...	33	15	7
Subscriptions ...	6	8	0	Hospitality ...	12	7	½
Grant from Council ...	15	0	0	Postage ...	6	4	½
Rent for Field ...	10	0	0	Sundries ...	1	5	4½
Rent for Grazing ...	2	0	0				
Girdles, etc. ...	18	0	0				
				Balance ...	8	0	6
	<u>£44</u>	<u>0</u>	<u>5½</u>		<u>35</u>	<u>19</u>	<u>11½</u>
					<u>£44</u>	<u>0</u>	<u>5½</u>

#### NETBALL (Senior).

Sutton v. Streatham Hill, on October 9th, at Streatham. Won, 22—20.

The first match played this term was a friendly one against Streatham Hill. It was a very even game, although at half-time Streatham was leading, 14 goals to 11. The chief defect of the Sutton team was the slowness of the passing in the middle of the field. Our defence played particularly well, and E. Smith gained her first mention. M. Taylor made a good centre, but E. Hotchkin had not learnt the best way of making herself useful.

Sutton v. Kensington. 1st round for the Cup. October 24th, at Sutton. Won, 34—6.

After the first five minutes there was little doubt as to the result. Kensington, however, played a good game in the centre of the field, and Sutton showed up rather badly, the passing being still very slow. Our defence, however, was very good, as was our shooting; E. Rimmington helping most effectively to add to our score of goals.

Sutton v. Streatham Hill. Semi-Final for the Cup. November 10th, at Sutton. Won, 18—12.

A good match and most exciting to watch. As usual, the play in the centre of the field was very good, as was our defence, but we ought to have scored more goals. The Streatham Hill defence was excellent, and neither our shooter nor attack managed to get clear of them, as they should have done had they dodged properly. M. Taylor and E. Smith gained their second mention; E. Rimmington and E. Hotchkin their first mention.

Sutton v. St. Paul's, at St. Paul's, on December 5th. Lost, 24—7.

A good game in spite of the tremendous difference in goals. Sutton's play in the centre of the field was good, but the shooting was not up to the usual standard. Our defence played well, but was no match for the excellent dodging practised by our opponents.

Sutton v. Clapham. Final for the Cup. December 9th, at Wimbledon. Lost, 25—18.

Sutton began badly and had four goals against them before they started to score. A great deal of valuable time was wasted in the first half by too much unnecessary passing between the centre and centre attack, instead of into the goal circle. The defence also made the mistake of trying short passes which their opponents nearly always intercepted, and of not throwing the ball clear of the circle and well down the field. At half-time Sutton was five goals behind, the score being 13—8. In the second half the play was very much better, and at first it seemed as if Sutton were going to pull

up, for they began by reducing the number of goals against them to two; but Clapham also began to score, and the game ended with seven goals against us. M. Taylor and E. Smith gained their third mention and shield.

#### THE NETBALL TEAM.

\* Those with stars have gained their shields.

- \*M. PRICE (Captain) has taken J. Read's place as goal-keeper, and makes a good, strong defence.
- \*E. SMITH is new to the team and has proved herself a good defence.
- \*M. SAUNDERS deserves her reputation of "nearly always being where she is wanted." She combines well with the other centres and does a great amount of work.
- \*M. TAYLOR plays a good, steady game. She is very quick on the ball, and scores a great deal by jumping for it.
- E. HOTCHKIN has improved very much since she was put in the team, but she must play a quicker game and use more discretion when passing into the circle.
- E. RIMMINGTON has also improved since she was put into the team. She dodges well and is quick to get the ball, but her shooting needs more practice.
- \*U. SMITH's shooting is excellent, but she could score many more goals if only she would dodge and get clear of her opponent.

#### NETBALL FIXTURE LIST (Autumn Term, 1914).

<i>Date</i>	<i>Against</i>	<i>Played at</i>	<i>Result</i>
October 9th ...	Streatham Hill Seniors ...	Streatham Hill ...	Won, 22—20
October 9th ...	Streatham Hill Juniors ..	Streatham Hill ...	Lost, 5—19
October 23rd ...	Notting Hill Juniors ...	Sutton ...	Won, 11—9
October 24th ...	Kensington Seniors (cup match)...	Sutton ...	Won, 34—6
November 6th ...	South Hampstead Juniors (cup match)	South Hampstead	Won, 13—12
November 10th...	Streatham Hill Seniors (cup match)	Sutton ...	Won, 18—12
November 13th...	Clapham Juniors (semi-final cup match)	Clapham ...	Lost,
December 4th ...	Clapham Seniors (final cup match)	Wimbledon ...	Lost, 18—25
December 5th ...	S. Paul's Seniors, Hammersmith	Hammersmith ...	Lost, 24—7

#### FIXTURE LIST—HOCKEY.

<i>Date</i>	<i>Against</i>	<i>Played at</i>	<i>Result</i>
November 9th ...	Sutton Ladies ...	Banstead ...	Lost, 3—0
November 13th ...	Clapham ...	Clapham ...	Won, 6—0
November 20th ...	Wimbledon ...	Wimbledon ...	Lost, 4—3
December 11th ...	Sydenham ...	Forest Hill ...	Scratched

Sutton v. Sutton Ladies. Monday, November 9th, at Banstead. Result, Sutton Ladies won, 3—0.

The match was well fought by both teams, but Sutton Ladies were quicker on the ball and combined better. However, our XI. had two new members and two substitutes. M. Taylor has changed her place to centre forward, and played well in that position. M. Saunders has found a place in the team, in her first year at hockey, and is a promising goal-keeper. M. Price played an exceedingly good game.

Sutton v. Clapham. Friday, November 13th, at Clapham. Result, Sutton won, 6—0.

There was no doubt as to the result of this match from the beginning. Clapham right half and right wing were their strongest players, but on the whole they seemed to be unable to get the ball past M. Price, and, on the few occasions when it did reach the goal circle, M. Saunders made good use of her feet. In the forward line, U. Smith and M. Taylor did some very neat passing.

Sutton v. Wimbledon. Friday, November 20th, at Wimbledon. Result, Wimbledon won, 4—3

This was a very fast and interesting match, and both sides played an exceedingly good game. Our forwards, despite some quick runs and neat passing, were unable to score until half-time, when the goals stood at 2-0 to Wimbledon. U. Smith then, however, took the ball up the field and scored three goals in quick succession—all good, clean shots. Wimbledon again scored twice, and at time the goals were 4-3. M. Price did some excellent work, and the opposing forwards found it almost impossible to get the ball past her. P. Foucard marked her forwards well, and won her first mention

#### News of the Term.

The Holiday Book Prize for "Kenilworth" has been won, this term, by Form VI.

The Council's Scholarship has been won by Esmé Hearnden, and the Junior Scholarship by Evelyn Hotchkin.

The Duirs' Memorial Prize for French has been awarded to Esmé Hearnden.

The Neatness Prize, presented by Mrs. Henry, has been awarded to Mona Price.

At the Trust's Drawing Exhibition, in October, the following gained Certificates :

J. Horn	...	Stage IV. Senior, Proficiency Certificate
E. Smith	...	"
B. La Fargue	...	"

Mr. Jones has offered a prize for Geography, to be competed for by girls in Forms V. and L.V.

During the term the sum of £13 6s. has been collected by the forms in their collecting boxes. This sum has gone towards buying wool and materials for the Working Parties, and has also supplied 10s. a month towards the support of the Belgians at Manor Park House.

It was decided that the collection in these boxes in the last week of term should be sent to the Fund for the Belgian Victims in Belgium. This collection amounted to £4 18s. 9d.

In recognition of our membership, as a School, of the Patriotic Union, we have been presented with a card on which is a delightful portrait of Princess Mary. The card has been framed and hung in the passage, opposite the VI. Form room.

Owing to the war, the Games Club Association has decided that there shall be no play for the Hockey Cup next term.

It is sad to relate, that the Net-ball Cup no longer fills the place in which it has now been for two years, as we lost it in the Final Match against Clapham by 18 goals to 25.

We have all been extremely anxious about Mademoiselle Berst, who was in Strasbourg at the outbreak of war ; but we are much relieved to hear that she has now safely reached Paris, and will be with us again next term. Her place has been filled by Mademoiselle Osmond Barnard.

Mr. Warburton has been unable to fill his post, at School, this term, owing to illness ; but we hope to see him with us again next term. His place has been filled by Miss Aldridge.

The Gymnastic Badges were awarded as follows :

Lower School—Kindergarten, B. Collins
Division I., C. Osborne
Division II. is not up to the standard
Upper School—Division I., M. Glover
Division II., M. Cook
Advanced, M. Wilkinson

This term a parcel of bandages and toys has been sent out, as usual, to the hospital in Sierra Leone. Margaret MacGregor has offered the Lower School Scripture Prize for this year.

## The Patriotic Union.

On the first day of school, September 23rd, each form elected two members to serve on a General War Committee. That Committee met on the afternoon of the same day, and included :

The Staff ;    The Upper VI. Form ;    N. Grinley & W. Knight from Form V. ;  
 N. Fawcett & M. Taylor from Form L.V. ;    M. Saunders & U. Smith from Form IV. ;  
 E. Lovell & M. Roden from Form Remove.

It was unanimously decided that we should join the Patriotic Union, which has been formed among the Secondary and Private Schools ; and afterwards it was agreed to send—out of the Charities Fund—

£5 to the Prince of Wales' Fund ;    £5 to the Red Cross Fund ;  
 £5 to the Belgian Fund.

Later in the term £5 was also sent to Princess Mary's Christmas Present Fund.

A Finance Committee was then formed, the following being elected : Miss Callender, M. Price, and E. Hearnden. Later, R. Langton Cole was co-opted on this Committee.

A General Purposes Committee was also formed, the members being : Miss Leonard and Miss Tayton (who are our Secretaries for the Patriotic Union), Miss Callender, Miss Virgo, Miss Gurley, Mrs. Puckle, M. Absale, K. Feltham, and N. Fawcett.

It was decided that we should have working-parties every afternoon. These have been a great success. Work has also been done, during the mornings, by the Lower School. They have been able to knit during certain lessons ; and the Upper I. have also hemmed some towels, which have been





The first batch of wounded men came straight from the front, but lately they have been sent from Boulogne Base Hospital. Before the last men arrived, we had twenty-four hours' notice that a convoy would cross from Boulogne to Southampton, and that 97 would be sent to Ampton Hall. Later in the day, a wire came to say the ship would not reach Southampton till 7 o'clock that evening, followed by another to say the hospital train would not get to our station till after mid-night. It was 1.30 on a beautiful, still night, with the moon almost at the full, showing up the smooth lawns and stately trees, with the beautiful house ready warmed and lighted, and the staff waiting in the hall, when the motor ambulances began to arrive; and by 2.30 all the patients were comfortably in bed. It was 5 o'clock when the staff were free to take a rest. The spirit of the men is wonderful, there is no complaining; they are sure we are getting on and going to beat the Germans soon. We have had an intimation that our President, Queen Alexandra, will give a present of cigarettes to every patient at Ampton Hall on Christmas Day, and that if Queen Alexandra is at Sandringham she will motor to one or two Red Cross Hospitals in the afternoon of Christmas Day, and Ampton Hall will probably be one, when she will herself give her present to each wounded man.

DOROTHY S. DEAN.

## Work with the Interpreting Department of the Women's Emergency Corps.

The Women's Emergency Corps was started a short while after the outbreak of war, in order, as its name implies, to be ready for any emergency. There were any number of departments. Most people have heard of the toymaking rooms, but the Interpreting Department is not so well known, and yet it did, and is still doing, a very great deal of useful work. I joined the Corps in September, and at first went persistently every day to the office to run quite unimportant messages from department to department. In fact, the very dubious lady who examined me as to my age and accomplishments, practically told me that this was all I would be given to do. However, I soon discovered that when one was found to be really ready to help, more interesting work came one's way; but that the head of the department, who had received plenty of offers of help, did not wish to send out completely inexperienced and untried people on quite important work.

But there was plenty of work to be done, for just at that time there were thousands of Belgians arriving daily; some had money, others nothing at all; scarcely any could speak English, many of them not even French. There was absolutely no organisation to cope with such enormous numbers. The War Refugees' Committee was—like the Emergency Corps—in the process of formation, and so far the Government had offered no help. It is small wonder that any number of blunders were committed, for it is always difficult to organise a society of voluntary workers, and those who seemed most capable would lose their heads in the tumult and worry at the railway station, and either deposit a Belgian millionaire—if such exists now—at a home for the destitute, or else a family with scarcely any means at a first-class hotel. Gradually, however, the organisations settled down, and when the Government undertook to provide for the destitute, pressure was greatly relieved.

The Emergency Corps did most valuable work amongst those refugees who arrived with a little money and absolutely no knowledge of London or of English. Every day a list of hotels and prices was prepared—the hotel proprietors were always extremely kind in offering special prices—and so soon as news was received at headquarters that a train was expected, a number of workers, one of them in charge and in possession of the hotel list, would be sent to the station. Often, of course, the trains were deplorably late in arriving, and one spent hours on the station; hours which were never really dull, as one's services were constantly needed to interpret for people who had come to find lost property, wait for relatives, and enquire about trains. The porters were always extremely grateful for help; they would come in great distress, saying, "I say, Miss, yer do speak the Belgian language, don't yer? 'Ère's my mate can't make these 'ere understand." The most trying part of all the hours of waiting on the stations was, perhaps, the number of questions put by inquisitive bystanders. One began to recognise and note with caution the interested glance at one's badge, which invariably preceded: "And what exactly is the Women's Emergency Corps? You must do a great deal of interesting work." One would always recollect at these moments that one had urgent business in some other part of the station.

When the trains came in, one was immediately surrounded by a crowd, all wanting help and asking questions at once, and it was a lengthy business sorting them out and depositing them according to the state of their finances. When the Government undertook the care of the destitute, special ships were chartered to bring over the refugees and land them at Tilbury, and the Local Government Board would telephone up to the W.E.C. to send down half-a-dozen interpreters to help in getting the people from the boat to the train. I went one night to Tilbury, but I did not go often, as Flemish interpreters were the most needed there, though I found I was able to carry on a conversation quite well, being helped by a knowledge of the loathed tongue of German—for Flemish, like

Dutch, is half-way between German and English. It was a very strange experience that evening at Tilbury. I think I chiefly remember the large meal we had on arrival, for I had been working all day and snatching meals at the stations when I could. The boat was, of course, very late in, and when she arrived there was the medical examination before the refugees came ashore in the tenders and came in a long procession to the train. It was very pathetic to see them, bent and worn old peasant women, who had hoped to end their days in peace by their children's fireside; weary mothers with enormous families of strapping children with big blue eyes and wild wisps of yellow hair. The children were always cheerful, but it was sad to see the mothers responding with faint little smiles to the cheers of the crowd which always assembled to greet them. Some kind-hearted people even brought clothes to the station, and were quite hurt when they were told that clothes could really not be distributed just then. The Boy Scouts were much in evidence, carrying babies and bundles, bringing glasses of milk and cups of bovril. We had to be very careful not to separate the families; each family, however large, insisting upon crowding into one compartment. There was one family, consisting of an old grandfather, grandmother, the mother, and fourteen bonnie children, all of whom, together with large bundles of bedding tied up in check tablecloths, packed into one compartment!

The special train was sent right through to the Alexandra Palace, where another band of helpers was waiting to receive the refugees. I was also at the Palace one night when thousands arrived. We were kept very busy waiting upon them; the poor things were generally terribly hungry, some in a state of exhaustion, having had nothing to eat for many days. After the meal was over, a clergyman, who spoke French and Flemish, stood up on a chair and addressed the assembled multitude, telling them they might be sure they were in safe hands, that there were no Germans here, and that presently they could go to English homes which were waiting to receive them, whereat they all rose and cheered. Somehow, I found myself thinking of the feeding of the five thousand, and I thought too that here the miracle of sympathy had produced an inexhaustible supply of loaves and fishes. From the Alexandra Palace that night I motored back to Victoria, and remained there until nearly mid-night, helping with another train-load which had just arrived. Indeed, one never knew when one would get to bed—during the siege of Antwerp, refugees arrived at two and three in the morning—nor where one might be sent next. I always carried a Sutton time table and a map of London, and got quite used to getting about quickly by the Underground and just catching a train at Victoria. Some days I would be kept in the office composing French letters, interviewing would-be interpreters when the second in command was out for lunch, writing names and addresses in the ledgers, answering enquiries by anxious relatives over the telephone, or telephoning hotels to ask how many rooms they had in readiness. Once when I arrived in the morning, a little French dressmaker, from Antwerp, was given into my charge. She had arrived at Tilbury with the Belgians, and one of the workers had taken her home for the night. She had very little money, her luggage was lost, and she wanted to get through to Nice where her parents lived. I was instructed to make all arrangements. First of all we went to the French Consulate to get passports put in order, then to the Société de Bienfaisance to ask if they could arrange her passage home. It was a pleasure to see the little lady's face brighten when she heard that, so soon as she knew when she wished to leave, all arrangements would be made. After a hasty lunch, we went in search of the refractory luggage. At Liverpool Street we had news that it was at Tilbury, and had it sent up. Meanwhile, I took my little French friend to see Hyde Park—that, and nothing else, would she see! Returning to Liverpool Street, we identified the wayward trunk, took it to Charing Cross, returned to our courtly friend of the Société de Bienfaisance, procured the precious ticket for the next day, and then, it being too late to go back to the Office and report, I took Mademoiselle home for the night, put her to bed early as we had to catch an early train the next day, and finally saw her into the train at Charing Cross at 8.30 a.m., after which I reported at headquarters, and found that the chief was quite anxious as to what had become of us both.

It often seemed to me that I accomplished very little in a day of constant activity, and yet when I thought that there were many other "Interprètes" running all over London on the same kind of errand, I felt that we were all together doing a great deal of good work. I spent one delightful hour-and-a-half chasing five small Belgian children all over Charing Cross station; their mother being too worn-out to look after them. One of the War Refugees' Committee had handed them over to me with a scrap of paper which the mother had given him, and on which was an address at Surbiton. I wired to the address to say that the family had arrived, and, when the reply came, took them over to Waterloo and saw them into the train; the children yelling with delight throughout the taxi-ride, and flourishing bananas which someone had given them, and dancing all round me, shouting in Flemish, whilst I vainly tried to buy their tickets and find out from an amused porter which was the right platform. I heard afterwards—I received a charming letter from the sister, a Belgian cook, who had been at Surbiton several years—that the family arrived safely and in the best of spirits. We always made a point of giving the Emergency Corps' address, not so much because we hoped for letters of thanks—though these were always welcome—as because, if the refugees should need further

help, they could write to us. Besides this, we took care that the refugees were registered at Aldwych, in case any friends should enquire for them.

There are many more tales about individual cases amongst the refugees that I could tell you, but I expect the readers of S.H.S. Magazine will be growing weary. Once I took twenty people on the Underground Railway to their hotel, and it was the funniest sight to see them all with their baggage and babies (there were always plenty of babies, which the police inspectors delighted to carry for us), all going down the moving staircase at Liverpool Street, and I felt very conspicuous when the police had to hold up the traffic at the crossings, whilst I helped my rather stout, nervous and tearful Belgian ladies across the road! Once, too, when I was left late in charge of the office, and everyone was at the station, one of the workers brought in a family of English children to wait till their mother came on with the luggage. They came from Berlin, where their father was a prisoner of war; so of course they had practically no money, and someone was arranging for them for that night, and in the morning they were going to friends. I played Mothers and Fathers with the children for over an hour, and whilst their mother, who presently arrived, sat and read an English paper with the— for her—new and startling news that Germany was not having things all her own way.

I think I must not leave out my visit to the Mayor of Westminster. It was the Mayor who was arranging for the English refugees, and who had asked the W.E.C. to help, and thus it was that I was sent down to the City Hall to find out from the Mayor's secretary when the next contingent would arrive. At the City Hall, however, I was told that the Mayor himself would like to see the representative of the Women's Emergency Corps, and so the representative, being one of the least important of the W.E.C. messengers, formally received a courtly speech of thanks from the Mayor for our "invaluable assistance and exceedingly competent organisation." I trust I conducted myself with dignity befitting so great an occasion. I know that the story was frequently told against me, and caused intense amusement in the interpreting department. Besides station work, the interpreting department was busy arranging classes to teach soldiers French and German, and had brought out a booklet called "First Aid to Soldiers in Foreign Languages," and the soldiers apparently took great delight in learning to say "Avez-vous ou des Allemands?" and such useful phrases! Then there were, and are still, large stores of clothing sorted and distributed; and just now a Christmas party for Belgian children is being arranged. In fact, since the Corps was first started, it must have cheered and helped a vast number of stranded people, seen countless lonely Belgian and French girls safely to their destination, found and forwarded any amount of lost luggage. The department is now occupied in helping the Local Government Board in bringing refugees over from Holland, since there are far too many there for Holland to care for.

I was exceedingly sorry when, the vacation over, I had to leave the work. For all the fatigue and late nights were as nothing when one saw the refugees' faces grow a trifle less anxious, and even cheerful, as they said, "You are very good in England. We did not know what would happen when we arrived. Sans vous, Mademoiselle——!" To which, of course, one replied proudly, pointing to the badge on one's arm, "Plutôt sans the Women's Emergency Corps——"

DORA BLACK.

## The Library.

We have been most lucky in having many books presented, this term, to the Library, and we feel very grateful to the donors.

B. LA FARGUE presented—  
The Triple Crown, Schuster

K. HALL presented—  
Some Old English Abbeys, Lang  
John Halifax, Gentleman, Mrs. Craik  
No Relations, Hector Malot  
Tom Brown's School Days, Thomas Hughes  
What Katy did at School, Susan Coolidge  
Miss Bobbie, Ethel Turner

H. McMORRAN presented—  
Notre Dame, Victor Hugo  
The Maid of Sker, Blackmore  
The Slave of the Lamp, Seton Merriman

H. McMORRAN presented—  
The Riverman, Stewart Edward White  
The Children of the New Forest, Capt. Marryat  
The Story of Helen, M. F. Hutchinson  
In the Golden Days, Edna Lyall  
Won by Waiting, Edna Lyall  
Diana Barrington, B. M. Croker  
My Lady Frivol, Rosa Carey  
Under the Greenwood Tree, Thomas Hardy  
Ecton Manor, Archibald Marshall  
The Pilgrim Fathers, Rosalind Lee  
Marie Claire, Marguerite Andoux  
Sarah Crewe, Mrs. F. H. Burnett  
Editha's Burglar, Mrs. F. H. Burnett  
Heroes of Eastern Romance, A. J. Church  
Daughters of the Dominion, Bessie Marchant

## Sonnets.

## ON THE REFUGEES.

Over the fields they come, a weary crowd,  
 Leaving behind them all they hold most dear.  
 Once they were happy people, knew not fear—  
 Now see them trudge along, hunted and bowed.  
 To their calm village came a horde, avowed  
 To burn it. In the distance they can hear  
 The firing. Far before them lights appear,  
 At sight of which the women sob aloud  
 With joy, for there lies safety. Onward still  
 They press, with yet indomitable will,  
 Seawards. With the first rosy flush of dawn  
 They reach the harbour. Weary, faint and worn,  
 They leave behind them their war-ravaged land,  
 And welcome find from England's loving hand.

ESMÉ HEARNDEN.

## ON ENGLAND AND WAR.

The hideous phantom, warfare, bloody red,  
 Pursued its course through ages still untaught;  
 Our history shows the misery it wrought  
 When "might is right" was all to which it led.  
 Yet still old England strove and fought and bled,  
 And at great cost dear Liberty she bought.  
 Against Dishonour, Tyranny, she fought,  
 And still warred on, though mourning for her dead.  
 The ages prospered, spite of all their woe;  
 Our statesmen urged the needlessness of war;  
 But once again there rose a ruthless foe,  
 And Britain quickly arms herself once more,  
 Forth as protector of the weak to go,  
 And strike a blow for freedom as of yore.

HELEN McMORRAN.

## BELGIUM.

"No little nation has a right to live,"  
 Thought Gen'ral von Bernhardi, "Belgium small  
 Will open her gates unto us, when we call,  
 She will ask nothing that we cannot give,

But only that she shall not meet her death  
 When we annihilate the 'Erbfeind,' France."  
 The armies came, with nothing left to chance,  
 The whole campaign arranged, when lo! a breath

Of rumour came, "Liège defies us now!"  
 Well done, Liège! the German force was stay'd.  
 Well done! the thankless game was nobly played.  
 And hadst thou, Belgium, chosen to allow

This great barbarian to pass through thee,  
 Then all thy towns and villages might stand  
 Fair as they stood last summer in the land,  
 When no one dreamed of misery to be;

But Belgium! with thy reckless bravery,  
 Well hast thou aided three great countries wide,  
 And England, France, and Russia by thy side  
 Will fight until thy land again is free:

Until the fierce invader low is laid,  
 And can no more arise to burn or slay;  
 Then for this game that thou for us didst play,  
 O Belgium! may thy laurels never fade!

BRENHILDA SCHAFER.

## TO BELGIUM.

O Belgium! Country brave and true,  
 To thee our praises now are given,  
 To thee be honour given.  
 For, by thy sons in hard-fought fight,  
 An enemy of twice thy might  
 All backward has been driven.

They, who a few short months ago,  
 Their flocks did tend, their seeds did sow,  
 And nought of war did see,  
 Now fight; and will go fighting on,  
 Until the victory is won  
 O'er German tyranny.

"To my brave army passage give,  
 If you do this, you peaceful live,"  
 The wily Kaiser said.

"If you refuse, 'twill be your fate  
 To see your land lie desolate,  
 Your wives and children dead.

But, Belgium brave her flag unfurled,  
 On Germany, defiance hurled  
 And armed her sons for fight.  
 She dared resist the cruel Huns,  
 Feared not their threats nor murderous guns,  
 But fought for truth and right.

And though the Kaiser's ruffian horde  
 Have put her land to fire and sword,  
 Her flag still proudly blows.  
 And soon, with ranks all rent and riven,  
 Out from her country will be driven  
 Her cruel German foes.

O flag! of red and black and gold,  
 We all this solemn vow uphold,  
 We will forsake thee never:  
 But we will help thee in the fight  
 Till foes of Liberty and Right  
 Are trampled down for ever.

DOROTHY OVENDEN.

## Victoria League.

Only 133 papers and 15 magazines have been sent away this term. If it had not been for one girl, who has brought papers regularly, during some weeks we should not have been able to send any away to our colonies. We no longer send to Mr. Laton Frewen, as his camp in Vancouver was broken up when war broke out, and he and many of his men at once enlisted and came to England in the first Canadian contingent. We now send papers, etc., to the Rev. C. Sparrow, Bangor, Sask; and to Mrs. Ernest Brooks, Lloydminster, Sask. When possible we also send magazines to the Sydney High School. Mr. Hallam produced a delightfully clear little tract, entitled: "The War, and how it came about," which we were able to purchase for the small sum of one halfpenny.

### Reims.

Everyone must now be familiar with the pictures of Reims Cathedral, with its shattered windows and broken turrets; and everyone must picture the old town in ruins, with deserted streets and shell-blackened walls.

This desolate picture is in great contrast to the memory that I shall always keep of the delightful time I spent with Monsieur le Professeur Barbelenet and his family, in the summer of 1910. Reims will always appear to me as I saw it then, a quaint old town with cobbled stones and odd houses jutting out unevenly along the roads, with the townsfolk quietly carrying on their work under the shadow of the magnificent Cathedral. I learned to know the Cathedral well, as I saw it under many aspects—when it was almost empty, and the evening shadows were filling the nave with mysterious forms; and again in dazzling sunshine, when it was crowded on a fête day, and the cardinal and priests in their costly vestments made a brilliant picture against the dark background of the old oak stalls. One day which stands out clearly in my memory, was the day we went up the towers and wandered along the dark passages under the vaulting of the roof.

It was a clear, calm day, so we decided that it was a good opportunity to go up the Cathedral towers to see the view from the roof. It was very hot, and Termaine, Alice, and Annette refused to stir out of the garden, so Monsieur Jacques and I started out along the narrow, old-world street paved with cobble stones. We came to the end of the street, and turned into the Cathedral square. The west end of the Cathedral faced us: a magnificent front, with its sculptured towers standing out against the dark blue sky. We paused to admire this wonderful view of one of the most beautiful cathedrals in the world. In the centre of the square was a bronze statue of Jeanne d'Arc, representing her just as she rode out of the west door after the Coronation of Charles VII. It was a most spirited representation of the inspired peasant girl of Dom Remy, and it was placed there after her canonisation. We stopped again before the Cathedral to admire the intricate carving; all round the Cathedral there were rows of little statues of saints and groups of carving, and here and there grotesque faces leered from behind the pillars. All the carving was kept in perfect preservation.

At last we entered through the small, carved door into the immense nave, which by this time I knew well. We went up the nave to see the afternoon light coming through the beautiful Rose window. The whole Cathedral seemed bathed in a soft pink light of varying shades, as the light through the large Rose window was almost a salmon pink, while the light through the smaller window beneath was a soft rose pink; both shades blended in the sunlight and cast soft shadows on the white pillars. On one of the carved angels under the Rose window one could still see fragments of gold and red paint; and one felt glad that the paint had worn away and left the angels white or pale pink where the sun fell on them. We climbed up the narrow, spiral staircase in the tower until we found a thick oak door, which we opened and went through. It led to a narrow ledge beneath the great Rose window. We went along it until we could look up the vast nave and could see the pale pink alabaster statue of Jeanne d'Arc in the chancel. We were just admiring the light falling on the old oak, when a fierce, raucous voice shouted at us that it was absolutely forbidden to go along there. We were duly apologetic, and only glad that he had not seen us earlier, as we had had a splendid view of the Cathedral. Our fierce friend, who turned out to be one of the vergers, then took us round the towers and showed us the enormous bells. We went along immense oak rafters, through low doorways and along dusty passages, till at last we came out on the roof beside one of the tall towers. There was a wide view all round, as it is very flat country, hardly a hill or mound to be seen. We looked down on the Archbishop's palace on one side and on the barracks on the other.

When we had found our way down again, we saw that a service was beginning. The cardinal and his procession entered, with a little boy carrying his scarlet hat on a cushion. As he passed us he held up his hand to bless us, and his magnificent ring shone on his finger. One could not help wondering if it were the same ring that the jackdaw, in the fable, had stolen. The long procession of clergy and choir wound their way through the people to the chancel, and the service began.

We came away feeling that the lives of many had been most nobly spent in giving such a wonderful example of love and patience in erecting such a beautiful monument, which we then thought would last for ever.

EDITH M. DEAN.

We reprint the following from *The Times Literary Supplement* of October 22nd :

### The Illusions of War.

It seemed easy not to hate the Germans when the war began, but it is less easy now that we have borne the strain of war for two months and a half. Not only their deeds but their words also seem outrageous to us. They threaten and boast and tell themselves lies about us, and gloat over the thought of how they would serve England if it were in their power as Belgium is. They remind us of a man who has long nursed a secret hatred, and at last pours it all out in an ugly glut of anger. They have made a formula about us, as they make one for everything, and it is so far from the truth that it seems to us mere naughty perversity, childish except for its pedantry and for the misused force that it tries to justify. We know that we are not what the Germans think us, whatever our sins may be. We know that England is not an abstraction, cold and greedy and treacherous, but a country of people whose virtues we love and whose vices we extenuate because they are our own. But Germany—she seems to us now to speak with one voice as if she were an abstraction, and that voice says always the same venomous things against the abstract England of her evil dream.

But she is not an abstraction, any more than England is. She too is a country of men and women who love their own virtues and extenuate their own faults; and they also hear of the evil things which England says of them, and think that England is pouring out a hatred long nursed and attempting a destruction long planned. What an ugly word Germany sounds to us now; yet to them it is a music that sets them marching, and they will suffer and die for it, as we for England. That at least we have in common, as a proof that we are not beasts, but men: the readiness to sacrifice our bodies at the call of our souls; and mere hatred or the greed of conquest would never spur either Germans or Englishmen to make that sacrifice. Every man has dignity who is ready to die for a cause, whether it be good or bad, for men will not die for causes that do not seem right to them; and the Germans, we know, are ready to die in herds and droves, as we put it, for Germany. In that cause they have a humility and obedience which seems to us less than human. They are content to be called fodder for cannon, to be led, or driven, by officers whose pride is as great as their own humility; and yet each German to himself remains a single human being, with his individual hopes and fears, with a wife and children praying for him at home, with an immortal soul that imposes this hard discipline upon his flesh.

So there is a struggle of flesh against flesh and of all material things against each other; but what is the nature of the effort of souls behind all these? One would think, to read the newspapers, that souls too were trying to tear and destroy each other with their weapons of thought and speech; that they had abandoned themselves to war as utterly as if they were bodies and had lost all that freedom of peace without which the soul is only the slave of the flesh. That slavery is undergone, and welcomed, by a man in a transport of rage. Anger, as Bacon said, is a sensual passion, and in it the spirit lusts, as if it were the flesh, for an evil spiritual triumph, in which, even if it is won, there is no spiritual satisfaction. For souls cannot win victories over each other, either of lust or of hatred, as if they were bodies, and any conflict between them is an illusion imposed by some bodily desire. This illusion may be so strong that the combatants lose their humanity for each other. Indeed, we only hate completely those who seem to us no longer men, but examples and incarnations of that which we hate. And so it is now with us when we think of the Germans in terms of Germany, and with them when they think of us in terms of England; and war imposes this illusion upon the combatants, just because all the men of one country are ready to sacrifice themselves for her against another. They, in their self-sacrifice, are more aware than ever of their own souls; but against them seem to be ranged only bodies, all at the command of a malign abstraction and all uniform in their obedience to it. And so there seems to us to be nothing human or spiritual in the German invective against us. It is not Germans who speak, but Germany; and in what they say is expressed everything that we hate in Germany, as if it were not words with thought in them that they uttered, but merely bullets cast in a mould and fired at the minds of their enemy.

And that is what these hostile utterances are on both sides. There is no thought in them, but only the sensual passion of hatred disguising itself as thought, and the more absurd because of its disguise. Monkeys chatter in a rage; but men try to remember their human reason and pretend to argue, and affect moral indignation or wit or a lofty carelessness; and all the while they are more ridiculous with their repeated catchwords and phrases than if they were content to chatter like monkeys: ridiculous to a god without pity, but how pitiable to a man who knows that in all men there is a spirit desiring always the freedom of peace. In their rage and hatred he sees the slavery of that spirit even when it persuades itself that it delights in war, even when it seems to itself godlike in its resistance to all the inhuman hosts of evil.

These hosts are not inhuman, whatever evil design has ranged them against us, but men like ourselves to whom we also seem inhuman hosts; and if some voice from heaven could suddenly speak

the truth to us, the weapons would drop from our hands and we should laugh in each other's faces until we wept to think of all the dead that could not share the truth with us, and the wounded who could not be cured by it, and the widows and orphans to whom it could not give back their husbands and fathers. For the truth, the ultimate truth, behind all arguments and national conflicts and all the pride of victory and the shame of defeat, is that we are men in whom the spirit is stronger than the flesh, in whom the spirit desires love more than the flesh desires hatred. We have a strange way of showing that now; but, whatever our own delusions, each nation knows that it is fighting the delusions of the other; and against them it is necessary for us to fight as if against the hallucinated fury of a madman. Yet the fighting is best done as good soldiers do it who know that their enemies are men, not devils, and who fear them the less because they do not hate.

A little time ago a French paper praised us for our quiet English pride, as being different from the nervous and bloated pride of the Germans. Well, it may be better-mannered, because we are more used to power than they are; but we shall do well not to be proud of the quality of our pride, and not to rely on it to keep us calm and steadfast and humane. There are times when pride must be appealed to before it will master the lower passions, but humility is always on its guard against them. Pride makes comparisons with other men or other nations—we will not behave as they do because we are Englishmen—but humility compares us with what we should like to be; it never flatters us to make us good. If now we are to set a standard of behaviour before ourselves, let us imagine the historian of distant and happier future looking back upon us with full knowledge and judging our conduct and our temper in this time. We should wish him to say of us that we waged war not only resolutely and successfully, but with a spirit new to the world; and that, because of that spirit, there came a new kindness and wisdom after the world-wide calamity. Of that judgment our remote descendants might well be proud, but we can deserve it not by pride but only by humility. In every age, if men are to advance, there is a harder task set to their spirits: but if they are filled with pride in their own past they do not see the hard task that is set to them; and they perform it only if there is a possibility in themselves that makes them humble. The whole world, and we with it, is falling very far short of that possibility now; and a god without pity, again, might smile at the prayers of each conflicting nation for its own victory, and at the assurance of each, amid the general ruin, that it was fighting for the future of mankind. But if we all could pray to God that He would have mercy upon our foolish little planet, there would be some chance of an answer to the prayer, and that we should have mercy upon each other. The way to wisdom and peace is not through contempt of others' follies, but through a knowledge of our own. If we make a romantic legend of the war, seeing in it a conflict of forces and tendencies, of good and evil abstractions, we shall find a heroic excuse for our basest passions and thoughts. War is made, not by tendencies and forces, but by men who, if they knew what was in each other's hearts, would never make it, and who, if they could feel the sorrows they cause to each other, would ask each other's forgiveness. That is true of the Germans, whatever their infatuation, as it is true of us; and it is this ultimate truth which, if we would not suffer spiritually more than we suffer materially, we must be careful never to forget.

### Sixth Form Careers.

- KATHLEEN PARKER.—Entered School, Autumn, 1906, in Form II.; Left, July, 1914. Drawing Certificates, Divisions I., II., III., IV. London Matriculation, September, 1914.
- CHRISTINE BROWN.—Entered School, Autumn, 1901, in Kindergarten; Left, July, 1914. Nature Study Prize, L.I. Drawing Certificates, Honours Division I.; Pass Divisions II. and III. Council Certificate, 1912.
- MURIEL ADAMS.—Entered School, June, 1907, in Form II.; Left, December, 1914. Drawing Certificates, Honours in Divisions I., II., III., and IV.
- MURIEL WILKINSON.—Entered School, September, 1909, in Form III.; Left, December, 1914. Gymnastic Medal, Upper School, Division II., Spring Term, 1914; Advanced Division, Autumn Term, 1914. Form Prize, V.
- MARION OVENDEN.—Entered School, January, 1912, in Form IV.; Left, December, 1914.

### The Old Girls' Association.

The Association as a rule has a General Meeting every term, but the Committee decided that a social gathering would be out of place in these difficult times, and that, this term, the best thing would be to help to get money for the relief of distress caused by the war. So it was proposed, that the Association should organise for Miss Kimpton a series of concerts, which she had suggested giving during the winter months in place of the Chamber Music Subscription Concerts of former years. Miss Kimpton would thus be relieved by us of all responsibility, apart from the music.

Three Patriotic Concerts have been held at the Public Hall, on Thursdays: Oct. 29th, Nov. 26th, and Dec. 10th; and on each occasion, so attractive was the programme, the Hall was filled to the



doors and many had to be turned away. Admission was free to all, but seats could be reserved for 2/6 and 1/-, by tickets obtained beforehand. At each concert a collection was made, and from the Balance Sheet given below the amount of receipts and expenses can be seen. Over £58 has already been sent away to Relief Funds.

In response to the letter sent round by the Secretary, at the beginning of the term, to every member of the O.G.A. a great many offers of help were made, and all were accepted.

Apart from the Orchestra, about fifty Old Girls have helped in the work of organising. A large number helped by typing (or writing) and addressing the letter sent out in Miss Kimpton's name to all former concert subscribers, and to all possible future ones. Roughly, 800 letters were personally addressed and distributed.

Other members were so good as to make, or buy, sweets and chocolates for sale at the concerts, these helped our receipts tremendously. Others acted as stewards, programme sellers, and sweet sellers. We must not omit those who were kind enough to send subscriptions for the programmes, donations for the Artists' Fund, and flags for the decorations.

A great many more, of whom we have no record, we feel sure have been making the concerts known very widely. We have to thank Form VI. for so kindly helping to sell sweets and programmes at two out of the three concerts.

During the Spring Term three more Patriotic Concerts will be held on Thursdays: Jan. 21st, Feb. 25th, and March 18th. If those who would like to help will send their names to the Hon. Sec. as soon as possible, their services will be most welcome.

PATRIOTIC CONCERTS (October, November, December, 1914) BALANCE SHEET.

RECEIPTS.		£	s.	d.	EXPENDITURE.		£	s.	d.	
October 29th—					To Lord Lieutenant's Fund	..	..	18	13	8
By Collection, Sale of Tickets, Sweets,					Local Belgian Relief Fund	..	..	20	0	0
and Programmes	.. ..	25	17	0	" Daily Telegraph " Fund	..	..	20	0	0
November 26th—					Artists' Fees	..	..	12	7	0
By Collection	.. ..	19	8	6	Hire of Public Hall	..	..	8	5	0
By Tickets, Sweets, and Programmes		19	13	0	Mr. Dewey, for Pianoforte, etc.	..	..	2	8	0
December 10th—					Messrs. Pile, for Printing, Stationery,			6	13	10
By Collection	.. ..	18	15	3	Advertising, etc.	..	..	1	2	6
By Tickets, Sweets, and Programmes		12	15	9	Messrs. Hogg, for Decorations	..	..	15	0	
					Removing Stage Curtains	..	..	6	0	
					Extra Platform	..	..	7	6	
					Electric Light	..	..	1	8	6
					Tips	..	..	5	0	
					Policeman on Special Duty	..	..	8	2	
					Hire of Drum and Stands	..	..	7	2 $\frac{1}{2}$	
					Tea and Biscuits	..	..	7	4	
					Stamps	..	..	4	5	
					Sundries	..	..	2	10	4 $\frac{1}{2}$
					Balance	..	..			
		<u>£96 9 6</u>					<u>£96 9 6</u>			

Old Girls' News.

BIRTH.—To Mr. & Mrs. P. Shelley (Dora Appleton), a son—John Percy.

MARRIAGES.

- On Oct. 10th, at Holy Trinity Church, Wallington (by special licence, owing to the war), by Rev. Arthur Hamp, assisted by Rev. E. R. Day, Mr. G. W. Arkcoll to Edith Campbell-Bayard.  
 On Nov. 11th, at Christ Church, Sutton, by Rev. Courtenay Gale, Mr. S. A. Oakshett to Blanche Cole.  
 On Dec. 2nd, at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, Mr. George Bell to Elsie C. Ashmore.  
 On Dec. 3rd, at Wimbledon (by special licence), Mr. L. A. Carr to Winifred Henman.

Kathleen Parker is studying at the National Froebel Union College in London.

Dorothy Woodroffe has gained her B.A., London, and is teaching at The New Beacon, Sevenoaks.

Vera Nation has gained her B.Sc. with 3rd Class Honours.

Dorothy S. Dean is Commandant of the Clare Voluntary Aid Detachment, and is also County Divisional Hon. Secretary for the Red Cross Society and Assistant Hon. Secretary at the Suffolk Red Cross Hospital at Ampton Hall.

Dorothy Langton Cole is Assistant Languages Mistress at the Blackburn High School.

Dorothy Fletcher is a Red Cross Nurse in a Private Hospital for the wounded.

Ethel Winter is studying Massage at the National Hospital, London.

Norah Pryce is a Nurse at a Children's Hospital at Gateshead. (In continuation of her Norland Institute Training).

Miriam Homersham is teaching at "Beaufront," Camberley.