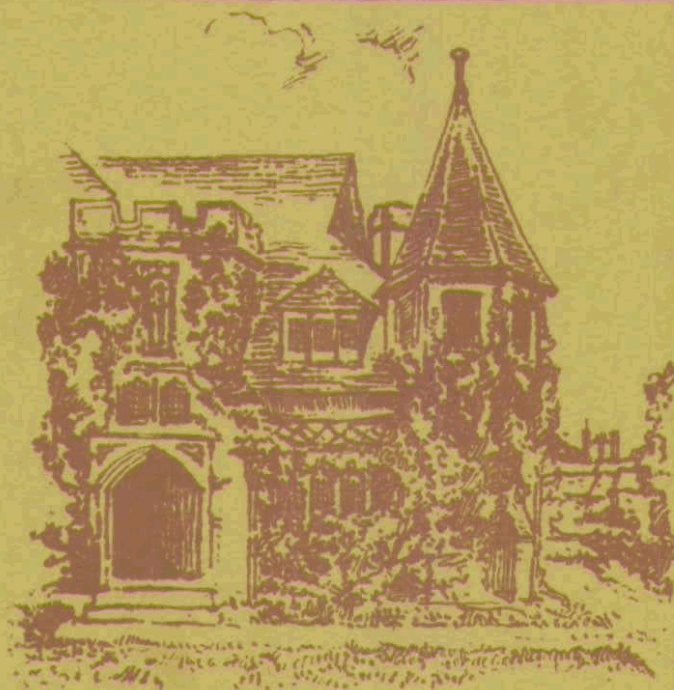


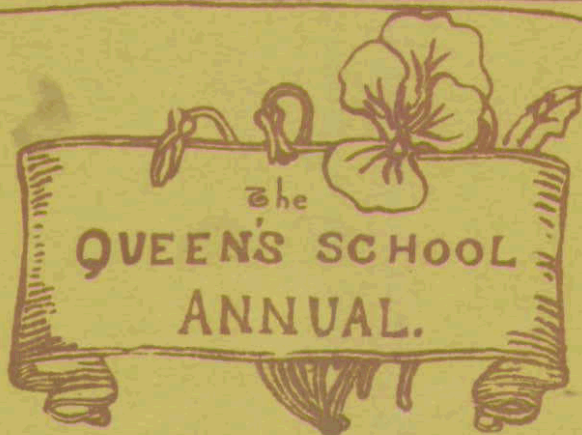


July

1915



The Queen's School  
Chester.





“Have Mynde.”

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The Queen's School  
Annual,

EDITED BY

MISS CLAY.

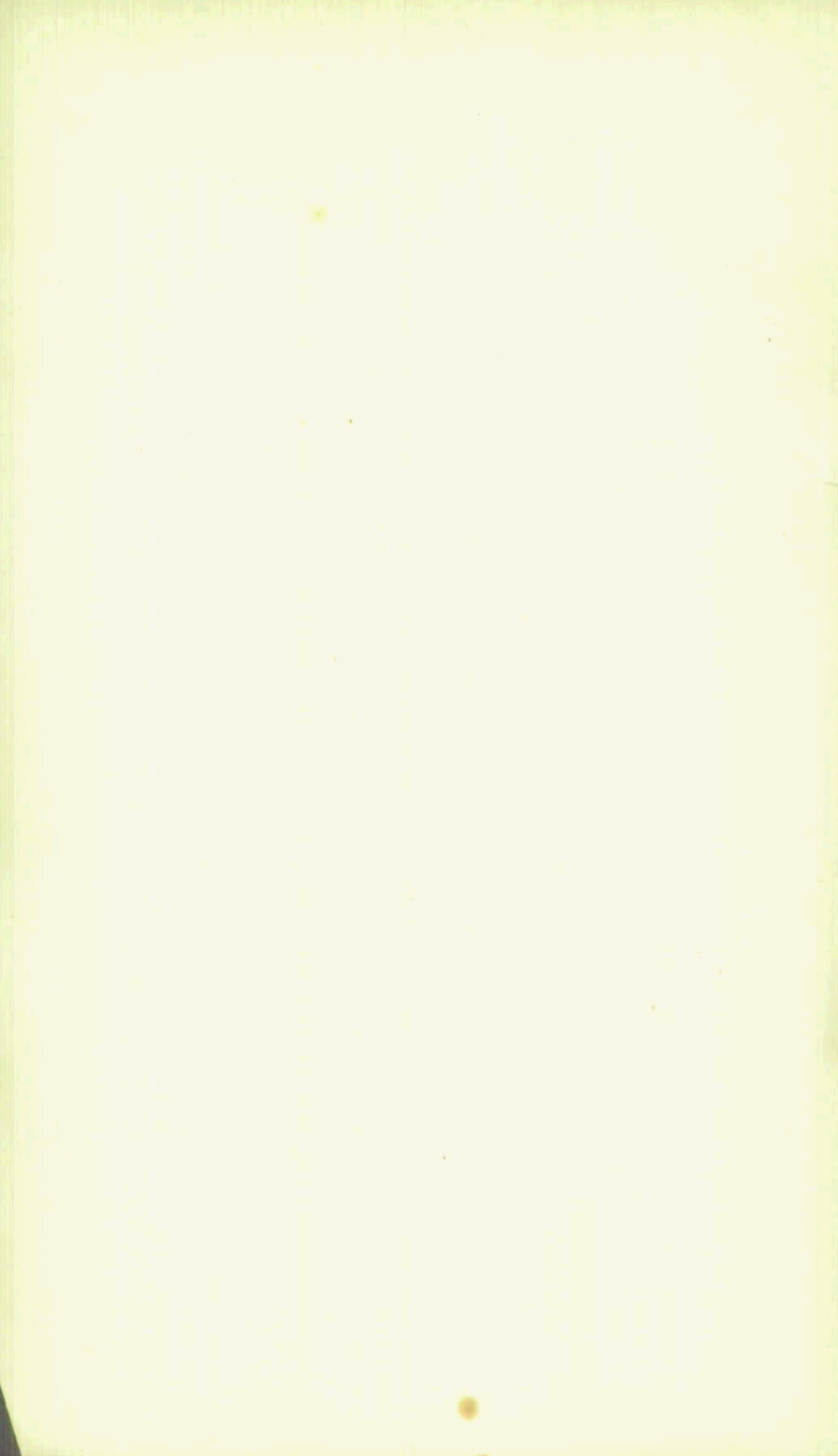
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July, 1915.

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ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.

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## The Chronicle.

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In this year 1915, for everyone there is one dominant and pervasive thought—the War. Not even the youngest can escape it wholly; it is there at the back of every mind, there as a determinant in every course of action. The Girls of the Queen's School have felt that they, too, must contribute their effort to the great movement going on around them, and the result has been a year shorn of some of its diversions, it is true, but a year of many-sided activities. Prize Day was the first of our important recurring celebrations in some measure to change its form; probably in years to come, the holders of the certificates which took the place of prizes will reckon them among their most valued possessions. Of the donations to the prize fund thus set free, some part was kindly accepted for her relief fund by the Mayoress, Mrs. John Frost, who presented the Certificates on the occasion; another part was kept in reserve to finance the war work undertaken by the School, of which an account will be found elsewhere in the magazine.

On December 3rd and 4th, the theatrical entertainment, "Alice in Wonderland," was given. It was felt that the aim of the entertainment might be, in the first place, to give amusement to some who in the distress of war time, might find their usual Christmas pleasures curtailed, and it was therefore a pleasure to welcome among the audience a number of the young people of the town. There was also the pride of reckoning among the spectators some of the invalided soldiers from the Infirmary and the Nursing Homes of the City. The School was indebted to many friends who gave generously of their time and efforts to make the entertainment a success; among others, to Mr. Randle Ayrton, who staged the play and gave much appreciated assistance in the coaching of the actors; to Mrs. Randle Ayrton for much sewing; to Mrs. Alfred Ayrton, Mrs. Welsby and Miss Travers, who, with a band of vigorous assistants, provided much-appreciated tea and refreshments; to Mr. Ayrton, who seconded wherever extra help was needed; and to Mr. Quinn, who kindly gave buns for the juveniles among the audience; to Miss Desgratoulet, who acted as stage manager; to Miss Spurling, who, in the absence of the Head Mistress, made herself responsible for the general organisation.

During the Spring Term, there was an Open Day, when all interested in the School were cordially invited to visit it and see the knitted and other articles produced by the girls in the

Christmas holiday. The School, together with the Boarding House, was thrown open to the visitors, who made personally-conducted tours through the extensive buildings.

"Empire Day" this year was celebrated on June 4th by Sports in the Garden. The presence of parents and friends of the girls added to the enjoyment on the part of the School. Heretofore, it was feared that the somewhat unathletic though much-enjoyed entertainment which goes by the name of Sports might be too informal to provide amusement for others than ourselves, but after the genial reception accorded on this occasion, we shall hope in the future again to welcome our appreciative visitors.

For the fourth year in succession, the School has gained a prize in the Exhibition of Drawings held by the Royal Drawing Society, a Bronze Star having been awarded to Margaret Welsby for her drawings of figures at work in the gymnasium—an ambitious subject. The same pupil is to be congratulated on being one of three reported as of University Scholarship standard in History by the Examiners at Cambridge. Her career at Girton College will be watched by us all with sympathy and interest.

The Queen's School again this year holds the Challenge Shield of the Cheshire Hockey League. It is only to be regretted that the difficulty of travel between the various Cheshire High Schools has led to withdrawal on the part of some.

It is a pleasure to have had news of Miss Pryce Browne and to know that it was possible before we began on War Work, to dress and send her the dolls annually provided by the Queen's School as prizes for the girls of her Mission School at Tananarive. She writes: "Your beautiful boxes of dolls have just arrived. How exquisitely dressed the dolls are! Alas! Some of them quite lost their heads on the voyage, and the Red Cross Nurse was damaged, but I mended her up again. The fashions of the dresses quite give one ideas out here! The little comb in a case was a great find! And the balls and the cards were just lovely. The latter came in most beautifully for the Sunday School Prizes. Will you please thank the girls very much."

Miss Day has been absent on a year's leave and we shall warmly welcome her on her return. We cannot but regret the departure of Miss Wright, who, in her year's work among us, has completely identified herself with the life and interests of the School. She has our heartiest good wishes for her happiness in whatsoever work she decides to take up.

- The following gifts to the School are gratefully acknowledged :—

Silver Shield (recording Hockey Success, 1915)	...	...	Mrs. Dutton.
Aquarium Bowl	...	...	Miss Musgrave.
Collection of Butterflies and Moths			Margaret Welsby.

In Memoriam.

EDWARD BARBER.

The Queen's School shared the sorrow felt by the whole City of Chester in the death of the Venerable Edward Barber, Archdeacon of Chester. The Archdeacon, who had at one time been an Assistant Master at St. Peter's College, Radley, and subsequently Diocesan Inspector for Oxford, always displayed an active and sympathetic interest in educational questions, and for many years represented the Dean and Chapter on the Governing Body of the Queen's School. Even after his official connection with the School had ceased, he continued to show his interest in many ways. Every year, his name appeared in the list of donors of prizes; he was a frequent visitor and speaker on Prize Days; and the Queen's School girls are indebted to him for many interesting visits to the Cathedral, when he acted as guide and historian. He will be much missed.

ADELAIDE BIRLEY.

It is with sorrow that we record the death of Miss Adelaide Birley, who passed away on May 28th. Her loss will be felt and mourned by many, particularly, perhaps, by the young people of the city, for girlhood always made a special



appeal to her. The Queen's School had its own place in her interests and affections, for she was one of the original band of founders. For many years, she was a member of the Governing Body, and after she felt it necessary to retire, she continued to take an active interest in its well-being; every term, she liked to hear something of its activities, and always generously aided in any cause it had at heart. In her, an old and valued friend has been lost.

## Prizes.

<i>Queen's Scholar</i> ... ..	Margaret Welsby.
<i>Hastings' Scholar</i> ... ..	Joyce Ayrton.

### FORM VI.

### DONOR.

<i>English</i> ... ..	Margaret Welsby	... William Davies Memorial.
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### FORM V.—UPPER.

<i>Mathematics</i> ... ..	Winifrede Watson	... John Thompson Memorial.
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### FORM V.—LOWER.

<i>Form Prize</i> ... ..	Joyce Ayrton	... ..	Sir Horatio Lloyd.
<i>Mathematics and</i>			
<i>Science</i> ... ..	Joyce Ayrton	... ..	Mr. H. F. Brown.
<i>English and History</i>	Marjorie Sudds	... ..	Old Girls' Association.
<i>Mathematics</i> ... ..	Margaret Gray	... ..	John Thompson Memorial.
<i>Distinctions in</i> ...	Phyllis Beavis	... ..	Mrs. Pitcairn Campbell.
<i>Examinations</i> ...	Ruth Dutton	... ..	Sandford Memorial.
	Constance Miln	... ..	Mr. W. H. Denson.

### FORM V.—UPPER.

<i>Form Prize</i> ... ..	Irene Naylor	... ..	Mrs. Alfred Ayrton.
<i>Mathematics</i> ... ..	Molly Briant	... ..	Mr. W. Welsby.
	Phyllis Nixon	... ..	Mr. W. Welsby.
	Gertrude Davies...	... ..	Mrs. H. T. Brown.
<i>Scripture</i> ... ..	Doris Onions	... ..	Miss Howson.

### FORM IV.—LOWER.

<i>Form Prize</i> ... ..	Margery Trayes	... ..	...
<i>Arithmetic</i> ... ..	Rachel Bloom	... ..	...

### FORM III.—UPPER.

<i>Form Prize</i> ... ..	Joan Woods	... ..	The Head Mistress.
<i>Arithmetic</i> ... ..	Diana Beck	... ..	Mrs. Robert Roberts.
<i>Distinctions in</i> ...	Doris Edwards	... ..	Miss Elliott.
<i>Examinations</i>			

### FORM III.—LOWER.

<i>Form Prize</i> ... ..	Elsie Phillips	... ..	Mrs. Gooddie Holmes.
<i>Distinctions in</i> ...	Clara Berney	... ..	Sandford Memorial.
<i>Examinations</i> ...	Cora Healey	... ..	Sandford Memorial.

### FORM II.

<i>Form Prize</i> ... ..	Sylvia Brown	... ..	Miss Birley.
<i>Distinctions in</i> ...	Cicely Holmes	... ..	Miss Elliott.
<i>Examinations</i>			

### FORM I.

<i>Form Prize</i> ... ..	Kathleen Parker...	... ..	Mrs. Pitcairn Campbell.
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<i>Excellence Book</i>	... Joyce Ayrton	... ..	Mr. Gardner.
<i>Drawing</i>	... Margaret Welsby	... ..	Mrs. Stolterfoth.
<i>Music</i>	... Denise Hills	... ..	Mrs. James Frost.
<i>Sewing</i>	... Helen Walley	... ..	Mrs. Robert Roberts.
	... Joan Woods	... ..	Mrs. Stolterfoth.
<i>Drill</i>	... Winifrede Watson	... ..	Mr. Welsby.
<i>Games, General Excellence</i>	... Margaret Welsby	... ..	Mr. Gardner.

## SUCCESES DURING THE SCHOOL YEAR, 1913-14.

### OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE JOINT BOARD.

<i>Higher Certificate</i>	Marjorie Hewitt	... English, Physical Geography and Geology, Botany, Drawing.
	Denise Hills	... English, Physical Geography and Geology, Mathematics, Drawing.
	Esmé Moore	... English, French, Mathematics, Botany.
	Margaret Welsby	... Botany (distinction), Drawing (distinction), English, French, Mathematics, Physical Geography and Geology.
<i>Lower Certificate</i>	Joyce Ayrton	... Class I. Arithmetic, Mathematics, History, Geography, Botany.
	Phyllis Beavis	... Class II. French. Class I. Arithmetic, Geography. Class II. French, History, Mathematics, Botany.
	Ruth Dutton	... Class I. Arithmetic, History, Geography.
	Margaret Gray	... Class II. French, Botany. Class I. Arithmetic, Mathematics. Class II. French, History.
	Betty Imison	... Class I. Arithmetic. Class II. French, Mathematics, History, Geography.
	Kathleen Lovell	... Class II. French, History.
	Constance Miln	... Class I. Arithmetic, Mathematics, Geography.
		Class II. French, History, Botany.

### ASSOCIATED BOARDS OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC AND THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

#### SCHOOLS EXAMINATION.

<i>PIANO. Higher Division.</i>	D. Adams, M. Guest, I. Naylor, S. Mason.
<i>Lower Division.</i>	J. Rennet.
<i>Elementary Division.</i>	P. Mowle.
<i>Primary Division.</i>	K. Parker.

#### LOCAL CENTRE EXAMINATION.

<i>Intermediate Grade.</i>	K. Lovell.
<i>Rudiments of Music.</i>	D. Hills.

THE ROYAL DRAWING SOCIETY OF GREAT BRITAIN  
AND IRELAND.

<i>Preparatory Division.</i>		Honours.	H. Humphreys, M. Elliott, C. Berney, M. Eason, K. Parker, M. Fox.
		Passed.	M. Quinn, P. Mills, C. Roberts, K. Shepherd, M. Watkins, W. Roberts.
<i>Division I.</i>	Honours.	J. Ayrton, C. Holmes, B. Henderson, M. Guest, K. Schröder, Z. Pritchard, C. Miln, E. Gornall, W. Bebbington, I. Naylor, E. Mills, M. Dodd, D. Hincks, E. Turner.	
	Passed.	S. Brown, D. Smith, A. Bailey, G. Davies, E. Dutton, D. Richardson, V. Hickey, G. Ash- worth, C. Gornall, G. Phillips, K. Parker, M. Jackson, D. Beck, P. Gray, D. Onions.	
<i>Division II.</i>	Honours.	M. Elliott, K. Lovell, A. Jones, B. Elliott, R. Walley, S. Mason, D. Britton, M. Roberts, D. Adams, M. Wood, A. Dodd, C. Smith, M. Traves, K. Catherall, E. Lees.	
	Passed.	D. Edwards, J. Turner, I. Williams, K. Loud, E. Miln, P. Mowle, C. Healey, G. Williams, D. Freeman, P. Ford, M. Lloyd, N. Roberts, C. Frith, G. Howitt, R. Bloom, H. Denny.	
<i>Division III.</i>	Honours.	H. Maddocks, N. Martin, I. Meredith, M. Jackson.	
	Passed.	G. Williamson, D. Beck, C. Belton, D. Smith, J. Woods, D. Adams, H. Griffith, H. Jones, B. Henderson, M. Carter, M. Barker-Jones, A. Bromley.	
<i>Division IV.</i>	Honours.	E. Turner, M. Traves, K. Lovell.	
	Passed.	H. Walley, M. Briant, S. Mason, K. Schröder, I. Naylor, G. Davies.	
<i>Division V.</i>	Honours.	W. Watson, P. Nixon.	
	Passed.	J. Ayrton, Z. Pritchard, P. Beavis, M. Dodd, P. Dodd, C. Miln, B. Imison.	

At the ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS, etc., held by the  
above Society, the following awards were obtained :—

Silver Star (R.D.S.)	... Margaret Welsby for Football Scenes, S.S.A.
Highly Commended	... Margaret Welsby for Street Scene, S.S.A.
Commended	... Class I. Diana Beck for Objects.
	Class II. Sylvia Brown for Objects. Phyllis Nixon for Objects and Design.

LONDON INSTITUTE FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF PLAIN  
NEEDLEWORK.

The following have obtained Certificates :—

<i>Grade I.</i>	K. Shepherd, W. Roberts, G. Ashworth, K. Parker, V. Hickey, D. Fearnall, D. Hincks, J. Turner.
<i>Grade II.</i>	C. Roberts, M. Eason, C. Smith, D. Richardson, B. Elliott, C. Berney, D. Britton, M. Quinn, M. Watkins, E. Phillips, S. Brown, K. Parker.
<i>Grade III.</i>	D. Edwards, M. Carter, I. Williams, P. Ford, G. Williamson, N. Roberts, H. Maddocks, B. Henderson, M. Elliott, D. Britton, M. Roberts, C. Healey, H. Jones.
<i>Grade IV.</i>	D. Onions, K. Schröder, H. Jones, C. Catherall, D. Smith, J. Woods, D. Beck, M. Jackson, K. Loud, R. Bloom, E. Turner, A. Jones.
<i>Grade V.</i>	P. Nixon, H. Walley, S. Mason, D. Adams, G. Davies.

## War Work.

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All members of the Queen's School, whether past or present, will feel sure that the School would wish to take its share in the many activities called forth by the war, and may be interested in reading a summary of what that share has, so far, been.

At the beginning of the Autumn Term, 1914, a Meeting was held at which delegates from each Form were present and suggestions were made as to the work which the girls could undertake.

The most evident and immediate need was for money to buy materials, and this was provided in various ways. The girls asked to be allowed to give to the War Funds the money which would, under ordinary circumstances, be spent on prizes, and, as the donors of the prizes willingly agreed, we were able, on Prize Day, to give to the Mayoress a cheque for £12, and to devote a considerable sum to the purchase of materials. The cheque went to provide scarves, gloves, socks, soups and peppermints for the Cheshires and sea-boot stockings for the men of H.M.S. Maidstone.

The materials were made up into outfits by the sewing classes, and these together with a large amount of clothing brought week by week and carefully mended by various girls, were sent to the Belgian Refugees at Nantwich, or to the War Victims' Relief Committee, for distribution among refugees in Holland.

In response to an appeal from Mr. Penoyre, a number of golf jerseys were collected to be dyed and used as warm under-clothing by the soldiers in the trenches.

The Kindergarten gave up their usual Christmas treat and collected toys and sweets, which were sent in a Christmas hamper to the Belgian children at Nantwich. They also turned their attention to knitting swabs and bedsocks, and have made it possible for the Queen's School to say that there is no girl or boy attending it who cannot and does not knit.

At the end of the term a very successful Entertainment of Scenes from Alice in Wonderland brought in a profit of £24 17s. 5d., of which £10 went to the Cot Fund, while the rest provided materials for holiday work. Each Form undertook to make certain garments and at the beginning of the Spring Term

the parents were invited to see the results. Mittens, mufflers, socks, helmets and body belts were produced in great variety, the sleeveless jerseys made by Form IV. Upper being much admired. These garments, 156 in all, were divided between the Cheshire Regiment, the Mine-sweepers, and the Denbighshire Yeomanry, for whom a special appeal was being made at the moment.

During the Spring Term we decided to have fortnightly collections of various necessities. By the first we sent 169 pairs of stockings to Sir George Pragnell, who was appealing for stockings to be made into mittens by unemployed typists. A fortnight later, we were able to distribute 75 lbs. of sugar between the three local hospitals for the wounded. Then came an emergency call for woollies for the 3rd Cheshires, and at four days' notice we were able to send 23 pairs of mittens and some socks. A collection, which proved exceedingly popular, was next made of gingernuts. The Kindergarten provided an enormous tin and about 70 lbs. were sent out to the Cheshires and received with much gratitude. Nine dozen tablets of soap of every description followed, and later, 25 lbs. of sweets, mainly peppermints and toffee. A special contribution was made of socks, swabs, bedsocks and mittens to the No. XI. British Ambulance Train in France; eight screens were made in the School and presented to the Red Cross Hospital at Hoole Bank, and various Forms made individual collections, Forms III. Upper and IV. Lower, sending theirs to the Blue Cross Fund, and V. Lower, to the Fund for the French Wounded.

During the Easter Holidays, the girls made either swabs or dish-cloths, and 160 of the former and 63 of the latter were distributed among the Local Hospitals. Forms VI. and V. Upper also formed a Committee to respond to an appeal in the 'Times' for sandbags. They provided materials and directions for all who would undertake to make the bags, and at the moment of writing three hundred are waiting to be sent off, and the fourth hundred is nearing completion.

Two fortnightly collections, of groceries and of notepaper and pencils, have been made during the Summer Term and cakes, soap and ointments, jam, soups and books are to follow. In response to an appeal from the Y.M.C.A. for a penny collection for their Hut Fund, 13/1 was sent in.

Some of the girls bring eggs once a week and about three dozen are forwarded regularly to the Dépôt of the National Egg Collection for the Wounded.

The Queen's School has joined the Girls' Patriotic Union of Secondary Schools, which is under the patronage of Princess Mary and includes 325 schools.



Such a statement as the foregoing is of necessity bald and incomplete. Of the feelings which underlie the work, and of the gratitude which it has called forth, far in excess of its deserts, it is not for us to write: we can only summarise what has been done. And the summary must be incomplete: it is 'to be continued in our next' until the return of peace allows us to write 'Finis.'

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## To a Sandbag.

*(With profound apologies to Keats' Nighingale).*

---

My arm aches, and a drowsy odour pains  
 My sense of smell, as tho' I had inhaled  
 Too deep some dull perversion of the drains  
 One minute past, or Liffey-wards had sailed.  
 Yet not with envy of the lot of those  
 Who bring forth socks, knit on a giant scale,  
 And click their needles with accustomed ease,  
     The poet sits and sews  
 A moulting sack, whose smell is somewhat stale,  
 But sings its praises with full-throated sneeze.

But fade away, my sack, that I forget  
 This towy throng of pre-historic folk,  
 The bitty-ness, the odour, and the fret,  
 Here, where girls sit and hear each other choke,  
 Shaking away the many towy hairs  
 That cling upon the clothes from head to feet,  
 Whereon to look is to be full of sorrow  
     And tidy-eyed despairs.  
 For here no care can keep a body neat:  
 Oh, what a job my skirt will be to-morrow!

I cannot tell what flowers grow all around,  
 Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs;  
 For pieces ankle-deep conceal the ground,  
 And my malodorous Hessian endows  
 The elements above with scented breath,  
 While hawthorn and the pastoral eglantine  
 Sweet violets and the gardening catalogue  
     That poets do to death  
 Aren't in it with this fragrant sack of mine,  
 Whose atmosphere is thick as London fog.

Thou wast not made for fun, immortal sack !  
 No energetic schoolgirls tread thee down  
 In sack-races, and line the dusty track,  
 With shouts and cheers. Thou seekest more renown.  
 Thy trumpet is the sneeze that finds a way  
 Through the long-suffering noses of the bold,  
 Who stand with shears around the alien jute  
     And cut out bags all day :  
 The sneeze of those who sew them—as they're told :  
 The Trumpet-sneeze of agony acute.

Trumpet ! The very word rings like a bell  
 To such as we, whose place is at the back.  
 What are the clinging bits, the chronic smell,  
 That seem to be essential to a sack ?  
 If Tommy Atkins tucks you 'neath his arm,  
 And fills your empty carcase up with sand  
 And lies behind you till he's off again  
     To keep him safe from harm,  
 Why, then, my sack, you're worthy of your land,  
 Your edges were not backstitched quite in vain.

M. H. WELSBY.

## Alice In Wonderland.

Towards the close of the Autumn Term, an Entertainment in aid of the 'ot Fund and "For general school purposes" was given at the Freemasons' Hall, Hunter Street.

The play was a dramatised version of "Alice in Wonderland;" the performers were drawn almost exclusively from the Lower and Middle Schools, their efforts being seconded by certain members of Forms V. Up. and VI. and by one gentleman from the Kindergarten.

The scenes presented were "Pig and Pepper," "Tweedledum and Tweedledee," "The Mock Turtle and Gryphon," "Humpty Dumpty," "The Mad Tea Party," and "The Three Queens." The part of Alice, being the most arduous, was played by no less than four performers: all were delightful and wonderfully convincing, with their smooth hair, quaint, short-sleeved dresses, neat aprons and white socks. In fact, the costumes throughout were charming, from the imposing creation of the Duchess to the fascinatingly repulsive garb of the Gryphon.

Tweedledum and Tweedledee, if not exactly intrepid warriors, were a most picturesque couple, and their excellent



by-play evoked much applause. The sorrows of the Mock Turtle were very affecting; even after the curtain fell, and the scenery was being changed, he could still be heard lamenting his "beautiful, beautiful soup." Humpty-Dumpty's abruptness grew with each performance, and his boundless energy surely gave him some excuse for his intense self-satisfaction. The Mad Hatter's Tea Party was, perhaps, one of the chief favourites, its success being due, in part, to the very large voice and very small size of the Dormouse, and to the badness of his table manners. In the last scene, poor Alice was quite crushed by the scathing remarks of the Red and White Queens; and though the latter gave some signs of relenting, the Red Queen maintained her austerity until she fell asleep. Throughout all the scenes, clear enunciation, spirited acting and clever by-play were a continual source of delight.

In all, three performances were given—two to large and appreciative audiences of parents and friends, and the third and last to children resident in the town. On each occasion, members of Miss Giles' Singing Class rendered the National Anthems of the Allies, the Russian in English and the Belgian and French in French, to the accompaniment of the Chester Ladies' Orchestra, who also very kindly provided music during the intervals. A further reminder of the War was the presence at the first two performances of a number of wounded soldiers from the Infirmary and from St. John Ambulance Hospital.

On the last evening, the visitors, to judge from their enthusiastic applause, enjoyed themselves thoroughly. During the long interval, each child was presented with a bag of sweets, provided by the Queen's School girls; and at the close, there was a distribution of oranges and, thanks to the generosity of a parent, of the very largest and most succulent of buns.

Thanks are due to many for their kind help in making the entertainment a success: first and foremost to Miss Desgratoulet and Mr. Randle Ayrton, under whose direction the play was produced; to Mrs. Randle Ayrton, for her skilful sewing; to Mr. Alfred Ayrton, who was invaluable in producing stage properties; to Mrs. Alfred Ayrton, Mrs. Welsby, Miss Travers and their helpers, for their indefatigability in producing the tea, coffee, sweets and soup, the sale of which did so much to swell the funds; and lastly, to the many who spent ungrudgingly their time and trouble in contributing to the general good.

It is satisfactory to be able to record that, after the amount needed by the Cot Fund had been paid, a goodly sum remained over, to be expended in the purchase of materials which have been made up into articles needed by our soldiers both at the front and at home.

L. J

## With Hammer and Haversack.

---

It would appear that there are many Philistines upon this earth to whom "fossils" are synonymous with "fustiness." No one, however, could fail to become an ardent devotee of Geology if he had visited Church Stretton, as did six fortunate members of Form V., Upper, under the leadership of Miss Maris, last Easter Holidays.

Whether or not it was prophetic instinct on the part of the fossils, it is a fact that these little animals obligingly died amongst what was to become some of the loveliest scenery in the British Isles, and we decided unanimously that there could be few spots more suitable for a geological expedition than Church Stretton and its neighbourhood.

Accordingly, on Tuesday, the 20th May, the rank and file of the party, bubbling over with enthusiasm and ignorance, arrived at Church Stretton, and were guided by Miss Maris to their headquarters, of which she had taken possession in advance. As no exploration of the place, new to us all, was possible that night, we set out the more eagerly early next morning, armed with hammers and sandwiches of the sturdiest description. Our nine mile tramp took us up the famous Carding Mill and Light-spout Valleys, chipping rocks as we went; over the Moors of the Longmynd Mountains, and home through Ashe's Hollow and Little Stretton, a truly delightful beginning to our holiday, our only regret being that we had not earned immortal fame by finding a fossil in the Pre-Cambrian rocks!

Thursday found us on the Eastern side of the Stretton Fault, where we experienced for the first time the joys of discovering fossils intentionally instead of by accident, until a steady down-pour of rain drove us home by way of Watling Street.

A beautiful sunny day was spent near Craven Arms, beside the Onny River: a paradise of fossils rendered ever memorable, at least to one member of the party, by her discovery of an almost perfect head-shield of *trinucleus concentricus*.

The climb to the top of Caer Caradoc lost part of its charm from the fact that rain and mist blotted out the view and sent us back loaded with fragments of volcanic rocks earlier than we wished. No geological feats were attempted on Sunday, but the expedition had a fitting termination in the

blissful day spent near Much Wenlock, in quarries teeming with corals. A halt was called when we passed through the picturesque old town and, in spite of the mistrust which our hammers must have occasioned, we inspected the beautiful abbey and the gardens with their splendid yew hedges clipped into all sorts of quaint shapes.

When the end of the holidays came, our regret that we had to leave Church Stretton was no less sincere than our gratitude to Miss Maris for enabling us to spend such a happy and useful time there; indeed, during the last day or two of our visit, one of the chief subjects of conversation was: "How soon can another similar trip be arranged?"—an indication of our whole hearted enjoyment of this, the first prolonged Queen's School Geological Expedition.

R. M. D.

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## Frightfulness.

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Dear Henry,

Just back from the front, the very stalls, I can tell you, this time. The most extraordinary experience! Beats all your little tales of chit-chat among your platoon to nothing. Let me begin. Early on the morning of — of —, I was detailed with three of — Company of the —shire Regiment for special reconnoitring up the —. Well, as you know, it's a waste of ink and the Censor's blue pencil to say where, but I can tell you this; it begins with D—. I need not say every precaution had been taken to ensure secrecy; to such a degree, indeed, that we ourselves were, even up to the last, not quite sure of our departure. Our start, none the less, was fair, our vessel, the —, one of the latest additions to the flotilla. Of course, everything depended on the skipper. We were of too slight build to mount guns—indeed our main object was to elude the observation of a vigilant enemy, and all depended on our zig-zagging to our objective. We did it too, more sometimes than we intended. It's only a fool who makes light of these Ottomanlis. They're splendid fellows, keen as mustard. No scruples, of course. No regard for the right of way up the Str—, there! Nearly had the Censor on me that time. To resume: an enemy boat was evidently patrolling and did its best—not a bad best either—to cut off our advance. It was exhausting work, but tactics learnt at Northward Ho! stood us in good stead. I always said the Head was right, making us sail boats—the most advanced thinkers are treated as fools in their own time. Presently, the look-out passed word for all to stand by: our landing-place was in sight. In sight, yes, but we were not to land too easily. Again and again we brought



her to, and again and again a squall drove her out to —, well, not land, I can tell you. Some of us were soaked to the skin and all exhausted before we scrambled ashore. Mercifully, none of the enemy was in sight and we flung ourselves down to rest, thankful for a brief respite and, for the moment, too exhausted to prepare a much-needed meal. Still, that sort of thing could not go on, and we roused ourselves. There's no question but what they do us well out here: our rations were priceless; bully beef with vegetables, and bread which you can recognise as such. The kettles were got boiling—blessings on the readers of the "Daily Squall" who sent us out a supply of tinder-boxes last week! We had been short a while ago. We'd just settled down to business. Indeed, I'd already burnt my lips with my cup—pity nobody invents non-conducting mugs something like Queen Anne tea-pots—when an aged civilian, feminine as we thought, of harmless but unattractive appearance, meandered up, unmistakably intimating a craving for food. Of course we could not understand a word of her language, though our Adjutant, who fancies himself as a linguist, did let loose something that he calls Esperanto on her. For the first time, the aged one manifested some signs of fear; so we tossed her a tin of bully beef which she fielded up Al and vamoosed, as "Princess Pat's" would say. You take my word for it though, charity don't pay—at least not with the wily Oriental. We had finished our meal and were just about to light up—again thanks to the "Daily Squall"—when there came upon us all—I've talked it over with the others since—an uneasy feeling that we *were not alone*. I noticed Dick—you remember Dick, chap with eyes in the back of his head—growing restless. I looked up and thought I saw a glint through the trees. Certainly something was moving! But what? Its outline changed every moment. It seemed to approach rapidly with a curious double movement—triple I might say, for I could distinctly discern a bilateral wafting—no other word expresses it—accompanied by a sinuous and projective motion suggestive of a horrible and nameless power of prehensibility, which added indescribably to the terror of this absolutely novel "Frightfulness." Presently the air was rent by a strident sibilance growing momentarily in intensity. I don't mind saying that my skin goose-fleshed, and glancing round, I saw our Adjutant—one of the best, too!—his cap stood a good inch clear of his head. I've heard men speak of hair standing on end. I saw it then. It was only a moment, the next he had us drawn up, retreating in good order to the beach. It was a masterly movement, to which we owe our lives. You must not think that because we did not mount "seventy-fives" we were wholly unarmed. In less than four minutes, we were returning to the attack, armed to the teeth with hand grenades and battering-rams—a defensive arm revived from ancient times and patented by our Adjutant. We took open order and in that

formation gained possession of a strategic eminence over-looking the scene of our bivouac, now in the process of wanton demolition by this new instrument of Frightfulness. In the haste of our retreat, Tom had lost a hand—don't ask me how—but the loss was as nothing compared with the distress occasioned by dropping his half-smoked cigarette. We let fly at our nameless foe, wondering what form its counter attack would take. Suddenly, in the rear, I saw a stealthy movement. Treachery, I thought. How these Huns have corrupted even the simple nature of the Oriental! Alas for the waste of our good bully-beef! It was our famishing, blameless old lady. Evidently she had ascertained our position and after simulating fear and grateful relief, had retired to let loose this new Frightfulness upon us. Fury gave us new heart. With a yell, our Adjutant charged upon them with his battering-ram and, you may take it, the rest of us were not far behind. They drew off with hissings and snortings indescribable. At the time, we took it that these dimly seen forms were some new, smaller adaptation of Zeppelins, able at will to fly or progress along the face of the earth and—and this was the horror—self-directing, self-propulsive, and self-explosive. The reality, I have since learnt, is far worse. With their cultured disregard for natural beauty, our unspeakable enemy has trained the loveliest of the ornithological denizens of these waters to perpetrate nameless outrages on any who, like ourselves, stray into these parts. It is even whispered that these Bosch-perverted swans—among the most beautiful of nature's handiwork—have been specially trained by the omnipresent and notorious Marshall von H——, under whose personal supervision they now operate against the British and their Allies.

Yours ever,  
CHARLES.

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## To Petrograd In War Time.

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To the passengers of the "Kovno," who left England on Tuesday, July 28th, and expected that the limit of the unusual would be reached in their holiday if they were fortunate enough to see a total eclipse of the sun, the news of the outbreak of war came with a shock of inexpressible amazement. All through what we afterwards learnt had been a week of unparalleled excitement, the ship went placidly on its way, and it was not until Saturday, when we were nearing the Gulf of Finland, that the captain began to show signs of uneasiness. He explained this by saying that not a single outward-bound vessel had been spoken since two o'clock that morning, though

at that time of the year, we ought to be meeting hundreds. Hardly had we begun to discuss what this might portend when we saw bearing down upon us a warship flying the Russian flag, and signalling excitedly. Of course, we could not understand its message, but the captain afterwards told us that it ran:—"Do not go on. Beware of torpedoes. Channel is mined." For the moment we were far more interested in the ship itself than in its signal, for, after circling right round us, the vessel drew alongside, to enable an officer to shout through a megaphone something in English which we could all grasp:—"Do not run on. Germany has started." By this time, four more Russian warships had appeared, and were closing in on us. In obedience to instructions, we at once changed our course, and were convoyed to Port Baltic, a small town with a large harbour, at the entrance to the Gulf. Here we spent the week-end in a state of unappeasable longing for an English newspaper.

We were not alone in our captivity, for the nine boats which greeted us on the night of our arrival had increased by Monday morning to twenty-three, of all nationalities. Sunday brought us many excitements. We began the day by watching the seizure of a German merchantman. A Russian warship came into the harbour, trained her guns on the enemy, and then sent on board a file of marines. We were unable to see what happened next, but the Russian flag was run up amid loud cheers, and the vessel then steamed slowly off in the wake of her captor.

We were not allowed to land, but as, with the aid of strong glasses, we were able to see the village of Port Baltic quite clearly, we spent much time in watching the natives feeding cattle, going to church, or crowding down on the shore to look at more vessels than had probably ever before been anchored at one time in their harbour. Some idea of the status of Port Baltic may be gained from the fact that it is the terminus of a single line of railway, and that, in peaceful, prosperous, busy times, it has one train a day, which arrives in the evening and goes back the next morning.

On Sunday afternoon we had a practical illustration that war was an accomplished fact, for we saw the smoke of the first engagement between the German and Russian fleets and heard the sound of distant firing. That same afternoon, too, we received orders to burn no lights on board. In fact, for a week we were allowed no lights at all, not even behind closely-drawn curtains; and as the captain was told that patrol boats were everywhere, with orders to fire through any port hole where a light could be seen, we did not wonder that, as a



precaution, he had the dynamo turned off. With practice, we soon grew quite expert at going to bed in the dark.

It was not until Monday afternoon, after many visits from many uniformed officials, and numerous examinations of papers and passports, that we received permission to proceed under convoy to Reval, the great Russian naval base. Before starting, the captain of the convoy came alongside and shouted in English—a language which all officials seemed able to speak—"Follow me exactly. When I swerve a yard, you swerve a yard, or you will not arrive." Apparently his warning was more than necessary, for, so winding and intricate was our course, that it took us over six and a half hours to make the journey of twenty-two miles. We anchored at dusk in the outer harbour, which was crowded with warships of every type; a guard came on board, and, after strict warnings to show no lights, we were left with the assurance:—"We expect the Germans here very soon. Perhaps they will bombard us to-night; perhaps to-morrow; but perhaps you will escape."

It was during our visit to Reval that we first realized that by far our most important passengers were some valuable pedigree cattle, intended, so it was whispered, for the private farms of the Highest in the land; and that their fate was of far more consequence than that of the mere humans on board. So much indeed was this the case, that we owe it to them that we were at length taken into Reval's inner harbour, where we were able to see most of the Baltic Fleet gathered ready for action, and to count the number of German boats which had already been interned. No attempt was made to send us below, or to prevent our gazing round at will, though by this time soldiers with fixed bayonets were stationed in every corner of the ship. Once we were alongside the quay, the usual officials came on board, and were so delighted at our being English that they even allowed us to land, and take a walk in the outskirts of the town while our passports were being examined. Then the problem of the cattle became acute. What was to be done with them? Who should dare decide? Each official as he arrived went to look at them, marvelled, shrunk from responsibility, and sent post-haste for a superior; and it was not until twenty-six of Reval's most prominent inhabitants had foregathered on our deck, and the quayside was blocked with their carriages, that a definite order was given. Then, while the captain broke it to us that we might have to disembark at once, with little or no luggage, and make our way as best we could to Petrograd, two hundred miles distant, a gangway was put up and there was unloaded one large pig. But apparently no one had thought of the pig's final destination; excited argument broke out afresh among the twenty-

six, and finally, after a brief ten minutes' sojourn on land, the pig was put back on board. His replacement was our salvation; for whereas other vessels were left where they happened to find themselves on the outbreak of war, we were forthwith despatched under special convoy to Kronstadt—the envy of all the vessels in port. Just before we set out, we heard that England had declared war, and from that time onward, every ship that we met, as soon as it caught sight of the Union Jack, greeted us with rousing cheers, to which our crew was not slow to reply.

In an atmosphere of so much friendliness, we now thought that our troubles were over, at least for the time being; but late that night, after our escort had left us with assurances that we were quite safe, we suddenly saw the dim outlines of a cruiser bearing down upon us in the darkness, and heard shouts of "Stop, stop." As it is not possible to stop instantly a ship going at full speed, our captain was unable to obey at once. He did his best, but even as he gave the order to slacken speed, there was a flash, a deafening explosion, and a shot whistled across our bows. It was a tense moment while we waited for developments. Fortunately none followed, for already men were rushing to let down the anchor, and the cruiser, after playing searchlights all over us, gradually drew off.

Morning showed that we were anchored about twenty miles from Kronstadt. While we were awaiting a fresh escort, we were able to watch a portion of the Russian Fleet practising firing at a moving target—a not altogether agreeable experience as some of the shots fell unpleasantly near, while others seemed to go right over our heads. At length we were allowed to proceed, passing on our way numbers of minelayers, all busily at work. At Kronstadt, we were again delayed some hours outside the forts, while two of our crew, Germans, were arrested and carried off. After this came the final excitement of the voyage: we had entered the Neva, when we saw coming towards us two beautiful steam yachts. In the first was someone whom we took to be an officer, seated alone on deck, and as our crew burst out into its usual cheering, he rose and stood at the salute. Not until he had gone by did our captain point out that the yacht was flying the Royal Standard and that the supposed officer was none other than the Tsar Nicholas himself, on his way to review the Fleet.

Two hours later, we were in Petrograd, where we did actually see the eclipse of the sun on the day before we left for our return journey.

L. J.

## War Fare.

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Time was when peace and plenty  
 Walked with us hand in hand,  
 When products of all nations  
 Flowed in from sea or land ;  
 When nothing was denied us  
 Of every whim and wish,  
 When our dogs ate halves of sausage  
 And our cats our tails of fish.

Now "Tout cela est changé,"  
 That's the formula we use  
 To explain our last year's clothing  
 And the patches on our shoes.  
 The old feeling of repletion  
 Can no longer spoil each dish  
 For I just take half a sausage  
 And my wife a tail of fish.

When the world walked not in khaki,  
 When grass grew on the green,  
 When our gardens weren't all cabbage  
 Nor our butter, margarine,  
 Then no delicate aroma  
 Stole our nostrils to assail  
 We'd ne'er dined on half a sausage  
 Nor a fish's tiny tail.

We thought we lived in clover  
 When we made our tables smart,  
 And brave roast beef was followed  
 By comely apple tart ;  
 For we did not know how subtle  
 Is the flavour of a dish  
 That's made with half a sausage  
 Or a tiny tail of fish.

There's something almost blatant,  
 Or so it strikes me now,  
 About an ovine shoulder  
 Or a portion of a cow !  
 Who wants to carve an object  
 Exposed upon a dish ?  
 Better far rissoles of sausage  
 Or a scalloped tail of fish !

But I feel quite sure of one thing  
Which is, when war is o'er  
And a bulging horn of plenty  
Pokes in at the open door,  
When the festal board is groaning  
As loud as heart can wish,  
I shall sigh for my savoury sausage  
And my tasty tail of fish.

E. G. W.

## Why the Poplar Grew so Tall.

Once upon a time, there lived a young poplar tree. She was quite a well-behaved young lady in most things, but she had one terrible fault—she was very inquisitive.

She always took more interest in other people's business than her own, and, whenever she could, she peeped over the shoulders of other trees to see what they were doing. Some of them, however, were so tall that she could not reach up to them, and this vexed her very much.

"Oh, how I wish I could grow taller so that I could see why Mrs. Chestnut puts that sticky stuff on her buds!" she would sigh day after day. In vain Mrs. Poplar scolded her inquisitive daughter and warned her that, if she would not give up this bad habit, some fearful punishment would come to her; and so it did. Listen, and you will hear what happened to the inquisitive poplar. I expect you know that, every Midsummer's Day, the Spirit of the Trees pays a visit to all the trees to mark them for their conduct during the year. Well, when he came to the Poplar, who hung her head in shame, he said sternly: "You are the worst of all my bad trees, for you are inquisitive. I am going to punish you by granting your wish, which, I foresee, you will some day bitterly regret. From henceforth you and your children and grandchildren and all the poplars that shall ever grow, shall be taller than the housetops, so that you will always be able to know what your neighbours are about."

As he spoke, the poor poplar found that she was much taller than all the other trees, and all that night she grew and grew, until her head was far, far above the housetops.

She was now very miserable and lonely, for although she was quite able to watch her neighbours, she was far too ashamed to do so, and although her mother, wishing to comfort her, had



tried to talk to her, her voice could not be heard by any one so far off. All through the following Winter the poor poplar was terribly unhappy, for the rude North Wind knocked her about frightfully in his rough play, and as she had always been very slight and willowy, she swayed about until her bones ached. It was so cold, too, that, as the time went on she grew very rheumatic and morose, and to the end of her life, she bitterly regretted the fault which had brought such a sad punishment.

So now, whenever you see a tall poplar tree waving about in the wind, I hope you will remember this sad story and feel sorry for the poor trees who are still bearing the punishment of that unhappy poplar who died so long ago.

M. W

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## News from Canada.

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My dear Miss Clay, and Past and Present Pupils of the  
Queen's School,

As most of you know, I have been taking a long holiday, and have spent six months of it in Canada. It had always been one of my dreams to go out West, and the reality more than fulfilled my expectations. I spent three months on the prairie of Saskatchewan and three in British Columbia. The latter colony is very civilized and English. I had my most novel and amusing experiences on the prairie, generally in connection with animals—tame animals, I mean. I was never lucky enough to see a coyote (the only beast of prey on the prairie), though the farm-boy often came running into the house to say that there was a coyote "just behind that bush." Of course it wasn't there by the time I arrived on the scene. Once, from the train, I saw a gopher (isn't that a nice name?) combing its hair, and I often helped to eat rabbits and jack-rabbits. The latter are like our hares, and they turn quite white in winter. But my life on the prairie was very mixed up with cattle and horses and pigs. I liked some of them very much, but found some very annoying, especially the pigs. There were half-a-dozen great hogs, and their leader was Lizzie, a most self-willed old lady, as you will see. My first acquaintance with Lizzie and Co. was made in the vegetable garden, or rather, in what they had left of it. We might be having breakfast, or making beds, or bathing the baby, when, "There are the hogs in the garden," someone would cry, and out I flew, brandishing a stick, to drive Lizzie back to her domain—until the next time! As the winter came on, the hogs had to be penned up in a barn. But they strongly objected to this curtailment of their liberty, and

showed a very greyhound-like agility in leaping over the barriers improvised for their safe-keeping. I remember one particular November day when there was none but us women on the farm. There had been deep snow, but the sun was shining and thawing it fast, and the ground was in that unpleasant, slushy state which makes one prefer to take exercise indoors. This, however, was the day Lizzie chose to take exercise abroad. About the middle of the morning, she burst out of her pen and invaded the stable with her followers. I chased them out, and somehow got them all back again into the barn, and piled up hurdles and tree trunks, and a stone-boat against the door. But Lizzie thought nothing of such trifling obstacles. In about five minutes, she was out again! Once more, with difficulty and some oats, I beguiled her back again, and put all I had of strength and wits into the barricade. It held until the middle of lunch. Then, glancing through the windows, our dismayed eyes beheld Lizzie at the head of her suite, cantering in the direction of a very forbidden straw-pile. I also cantered forth in the moist, unpleasant snow, and succeeded in heading them back again. This time, in a frenzy of despair, I took wire netting and nails and hammered over the doorway a barrier that actually held until the next day.

Alice, the black cow, was rather annoying too, though I had a fondness for her with all her failings. She had an incurable "wanderlust," and even though she was hobbled, it was always a toss-up whether the babies would have any fresh milk for supper. One night, it was getting dusk and no Alice had appeared. The farm man went one way and I went another, and to my great pride, it was I who, led by the tinkle of her chain hobble, discovered Alice. But alas! She was on the other side of a barbed-wire fence; I had to call for help, and the fence had to be pulled up (not a very difficult matter) before Alice could be driven to the barn. One night, she was led astray by a herd of young cattle, and the united body of farm-hands could not find her, so there was no fresh milk for the babies! She turned up in the morning, in no way ashamed of her adventure.

I could tell you many tales, grave and gay, of the horses, seeing that there were six of them, but haven't space to tell about any but Jane. Poor Jane! Nature had not dealt kindly with her. She was ugly in person and "difficult" in temper, and could make life a burden for people with whom she got "across." She never could get on with Mr. Simpson, the hired man. The reason why was a dark secret between the two of them, but she gave Mr. Simpson many a bad quarter of an hour. One Sunday, he and a friend drove (*i.e.* the friend drove) Jane in the buggy to a farm about 5 miles away. Mr. Simpson had to drive back alone in time for lunch and church. He was



rather an important person on two Sundays out of three. He was a lay-reader and took the service, so it behoved him to be at the church in time. But Jane had different views on that subject. She came along, on the return journey, more or less unwillingly, until within a mile of home. Then she stopped short. She did not intend to convey Mr. Simpson one step further. Persuasion of every kind was of no avail. Lunch time came and passed, Jane was inflexible. It was time to start for church; Mr. Simpson was nearly weeping with impotent rage, Jane was not melted. I am afraid she was rather enjoying her position as mistress of the situation, especially when, in the end, she found herself unhitched, and had the unholy joy of seeing her enemy drag the buggy home himself. The church service began an hour late that Sunday. Jane strolled home in time for supper.

Talking of horses, there are now many Canadian horses in England. We have thirty-six as our near neighbours. They are "convalescing" after their long journey, and being trained for their work at the front. I often wish they could speak and tell me whether they come from Saskatchewan and whether they have ever met my old friends "Dok" and "Maud"—two others of the six. Canadian horses for the front lead me on to tell you a little about the Canadians themselves, and their attitude to the war. It has been said that most of those men who enlisted were not real Canadians, that they were English, glad of the opportunity of returning home with credit, and this may be true of a good many in the 1st Contingent. But I can only give you the result of my own experience and observation, which was in no way exceptional.

On the prairie, we had real Canadian neighbours, and out of their three sons one had enlisted and was training with the 2nd Contingent at Winnipeg. In British Columbia, I came into very close contact with a family which had sent three of its sons, all Canadian born, to the front. On the way home, we took on board the "Hesperian," at Halifax, a reinforcement of 100 men for the Canadian Army Medical Corps. Of these, one, a young doctor from Toronto, had never been outside Canada in his life, and probably there were many others like him. It was very cheering to see the spirit in which these young colonials offered themselves to the Mother-country. They look upon our cause as theirs. They realize that the freedom which they cherish, and find such an attraction in the life in the West, is bound up with that of the old country, and therefore they are ready to make ungrudgingly any sacrifice to preserve the British Empire and Liberty.

Your affectionate friend,

KATHARINE DAY.

## A Night Alarm.

*Air Raid on E—ast C—oast ! Air Raid on E—ast C—oast !!*

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I woke up with a start to find that it was 7 a.m. and newsboys were shouting sensational information in the street below. My first feeling was one of surprise that this was the first I had heard of an air raid ; but on becoming more fully awake, I reflected that the East Coast of England was fairly extensive, and that it was within the bounds of possibility that bombs might have been dropped on some part of it without being heard at Lowestoft. This was Thursday, April 15th, and an air raid had taken place the previous night in Northumberland.

We had been staying at Lowestoft for more than a fortnight, and although we constantly referred to the possibility of an air raid, the whole idea was treated as a joke and not seriously entertained for a moment. A favourite occupation was to go for a walk on a dark night and try to conjure up "thrills" and "creeps" by suddenly seeing shadowy, sausage-shaped forms approaching from over the sea. But in spite of everything, we felt perfectly safe. We even grew a little impatient with the policeman who frequently paid us an evening call saying that a streak of light was escaping through the blinds of one of our windows. It seemed so unnecessarily fussy. It was quite an adventure to post a letter late at night, and we soon learnt by bitter experience that it was an unforgivable sin to attempt to feel our way with an electric flash lamp.

But it really happened after all. On Thursday, April 15th, I went to bed fairly early and had been asleep some time when I was awakened by an insistent blare which I at first took to be a very impatient steamer waiting to go out of the harbour. But the noise went on and on in louder and longer blares ; then the meaning of it suddenly dawned upon me. I woke my sister and said : "You know what that means ?"

She replied : "Yes, there's a Zeppelin somewhere about ;" and then added : "It can't be very late, as the trams are still running"

But the "tram" came nearer and nearer and made a most untramlike noise. We had just realized that it was caused by the engines and propellers of an airship, and were looking for it out of the window, when the first bomb was dropped. The noise and concussion caused by it is indescribable. The whole house seemed to leap about a foot into the air. Almost simultaneously,

we distinctly heard the noise of falling glass and masonry. I am said to have remarked that it was a long way off, but really I felt that it had fallen next door! This was followed within half-a-minute by a second and then a third. Each seemed nearer than the last, and I began to think that it was going on for ever. I distinctly saw one of them fall: it descended in a streak of bluish flame. The Zeppelin itself was no more than a blurred outline.

By this time, father came and asked us if we were ready to go down to the basement. This struck us as quite a new idea, but I dimly remembered having heard that it was the proper thing to do under the circumstances. So we hastily flung on a few garments, and in this we were aided by a lurid glare which momentarily increased in intensity. Huge flames and columns of smoke were ascending from something less than a quarter of a mile away. Subsequently we discovered that they came from a timber yard that had been fired by an incendiary bomb. As we were going downstairs, I heard another explosion further away.

The basement episode was the most trying part of the whole performance. We had no idea what was going on, or how much damage had been done. Also the basement was unexplored land, and we were in pitch darkness with a lamenting landlady and her servant. They behaved very well though, and apparently found comfort in our presence. After about a quarter of an hour, we went upstairs; dressed in a more finished manner; made tea; and went out to view the damage. By this time, it was about 2 a.m.

The streets were full of men and women of all ages. Their attitude appeared to be one of curiosity and interest. Nowhere did I see the slightest sign of panic, or even great excitement. In the damaged areas, the inhabitants were already busily engaged in sawing up planks to cover the gaping caverns that had once been windows.

Of course, it was too dark to see much except in the neighbourhood of the fire, but we walked through acres of glass which was being swept into the gutters like snow; and we discovered that three of the bombs had dropped within four minutes' walk of us. Apparently they were aimed at the railway station; the only place showing any light. One missed the permanent way by only a few yards, and killed three horses belonging to the Great Eastern Railway. Another fell in the back yard of a house, tore a huge hole in the ground, and broke nearly every window in several streets to atoms. As far as I know, only six bombs were dropped, some contained shrapnel, one was incendiary and one failed to do any damage.



The first thing that people always ask me is: "Did you *see* anything of the air raid?" and my answer is: "I *heard* it." An air raid is not spectacular. The after effects may be, but at the time the sense of sight has very little opportunity of being put into use. The authorities say that all lights are to be immediately extinguished. One respected citizen, otherwise quite unmoved, obeyed the letter of this by extinguishing a night-light at the first alarm! Probably Zeppelins go for night-lights as moths to a candle! The result of these precautions is that it is impossible to see anything; the stairs, doors, clothes and even chairs are quite invisible. I had to sit on the floor in the basement. But the whole thing was something absolutely new in noises. First came the shriek of the siren, followed immediately by the whirr and buzz of the airship's engines, and last of all the stupendous crash and reverberation caused by the exploding bombs. But this was not all: there was a continuous accompaniment of howling dogs, rifle reports and falling glass and bricks.

Later came more normal and welcome sounds. Soldiers marched past whistling "Tipperary," and motor cars and bicycles sped by bearing the news to other places.

K. E. M.

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## The Fourth of June.

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Empire Day, being inconsiderate enough to occur on Whit Monday, was celebrated this year at a later date than usual. The celebrations, however, which took the shape of Sports, lost none of their charm on that account, and could not possibly have gone off better, where all did their utmost to make the day the success it certainly was. Even the weather, after displaying erratic tendencies for several days beforehand and causing uneasiness in the minds of all who had the success of the Sports at heart, as if to make amends for its inconsiderate behaviour, gathered its forces and presented us with an afternoon of tropical intensity.

For many days, preparations had been on foot. Lists were made, remade and made yet again by the indefatigable Miss Smart and Miss Wright, who worked nobly in the arrangements and re-arrangements necessitated by the vagaries of the weather. Committee Meetings were held and grave consultations took place; at last, by Friday afternoon at 2-45, all was ready.



At first in twos and threes and then in numbers, parents and friends arrived and were shown with due solemnity to their seats. Then the lawn was cleared, the whistle blown and the first race began.

The races were numerous and varied, some really amusing, at least for the onlookers, some watched with bated breath, others quite picturesque. All forms, from the Kindergarten upwards, took part.

Perhaps the event in which most interest was aroused was the Visitors' Race; competitors made noble efforts to thread needles, to balance books on their heads, to pick up peas with hat pins and to carry potatoes on tea spoons, and up to that point they managed quite admirably. One test remained—they had to work a sum. It certainly *is* muddling to multiply by thirteen, if one has never learnt the table; but the result of the effort seemed fully to justify the dictum of the two queens in 'Alice through the Looking Glass': "They can't do sums a *bit*."

Perhaps it is a little partial to say the Visitors' Race was the most amusing, for our own 'Obstacle' was not lacking in its humorous points. Out of a pile of shoes, a pair of which had to be donned by each competitor, some could find none large enough, while others presented a seven-league-boot effect, when footing it out in shoes several sizes too large for them.

It was with relief and pleasure that, in the middle of the afternoon, we wended our way to the cloisters, where a dainty tea was partaken of and much appreciated. Those entering for the Wheelbarrow Race, an event which had not yet taken place, must really be commended for their moderation and discretion!

After tea, the races were renewed with energy and at about 6-30 all were run.

Mrs. Welsby very kindly gave away the prizes to the successful competitors, and received hearty cheers from us all, which were followed by cheers for Miss Clay and the Mistresses who had been so successful in piloting us through the day; then with 'God save the King,' the happy afternoon was brought to a close, and gloriously tired, but supremely satisfied, we left the scene of our activities for the quiet region of home.

The following is the list of prize winners:—

Skipping	...	...	J. Dreschfield.
High Jumping	...	...	D. Hills.
Circular Jumping	...	...	Connie Roberts.

Long Jumping ...	...	M. Guest.
Three-legged Race ...	...	C. Roberts and G. Ashworth.
(under 14 years)		
Three-legged Race ...	...	M. Welsby, J. Ayrton.
(over 14 years)		
Flat Race ...	...	(1) J. Macdonald.
(under 10 years)		(2) Hugh Denson.
Flat Race (under 13 yrs)...		E. Miln.
Flower Pot Race ...	...	(1) M. Welsby
		(2) M. Jackson
Relay Race— ...	...	V. Upper.
Forms VI.—IV. Lr.		
Relay Race— ...	...	III. Upper.
Forms III. Up.—K.G.		
Throwing Cricket Ball ...	...	M. Guest.
Wheelbarrow Race ...	...	C. Miln—H. Maddocks.
Driving Horses ...	...	W. Watson { Joan Lowe
		{ M. Macdonald
Skacycle Race ...	...	H. Denson.
Sack Race — ...	...	(1) B. Briant.
Forms VI.—IV. Lr.		(2) C. Frith.
Sack Race— ...	...	K. Boden.
Forms III. Up.—II.		R. Linaker.
Potato & Knitting Needles		(1) W. Watson.
		(2) R. Dutton.
Obstacle—Kindergarten ..		B. Dreschfield.
Obstacle—(under 14 yrs.)		C. Holmes.
		P. Mowle.
Obstacle—(over 14 yrs.)...		{ B. Henderson.
		{ N. Martin.
		{ R. Dutton.
Visitors' Race ...	...	Mr. Henderson.
		J. Elliott.

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## The Choirs and the Orchestra.

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Last year, there were two new and exciting developments in the musical department of the School. In the Summer Term, Miss Giles announced that there would be a yearly singing competition amongst the forms of the senior singing class, and that she herself would present a picture as a trophy for competition.

There were few conditions. Each form chose a representative from among its own number as conductor, and any one in the school as pianist.

For several weeks, in odd moments, the girls of the various classes might be heard singing over and over again two songs: "It was a lover and his lass," a lively old English song; and a sad strain called "All through the night."

Then, one day, in the Singing Class, each form sang in turn while Miss Giles and Miss Desgratoulet sat in judgment. Miss Giles read the marks amidst a dead silence. By a very small majority, the trophy was awarded to the Upper Third, their victory being gained by their good rendering of the spirit of their themes.

In the Autumn Term, one evening in every week, strange noises came from the Hall. Soon, however, the noises became less strange, for Miss Giles' School Orchestra had begun to *play*.

The Orchestra consists of Miss Giles, who conducts and herself plays the viola; a varying number of violinists; a 'cellist, and a pianist.

After three terms of regular practice, the Orchestra is quite accomplished. It thinks, before long, of astounding the School with some really brilliant music.

For those who have not realised this excellent addition to the school societies, there is a message.

The Orchestra is small. Anyone who is willing to learn a musical instrument, other than the piano, will be hailed as a member, with a chorus of joyful sounds proceeding from instruments already enlisted.

D. M. H.

## The Fathers' and Governors' Match.

The brains of the Queen's School Cricket Club were somewhat taxed this season by an imposing document from the Fathers and Governors. After deciphering the early English thereof, they found that their betters proposed to meet them 'in ye greene fields of Boughton' and teach them how the game of cricket *should* be played (Loud cheers) The Club replied in kind and in Latin (this not unaided), with hopes that the 'patres and maecenates' had not forgotten their classics.

All being well with the Fathers' Latin and the weather. on the afternoon of Wednesday, 16th June, the two teams met at Boughton Hall Cricket Ground, and the Queen's School won

the toss and went in. The first pair of batsmen, C. Miln and W. Watson, opened the innings with some steady batting; and the Fathers, who began heroically by bowling left handed, came to the conclusion that it was not to be done, and resorted to right-handed underarm bowling. C. Miln, who played a good careful game, was bowled when she had made twelve, and several more wickets fell with undue rapidity, though W. Watson continued to score steadily, her innings of twenty-one being decidedly the best for the girls. A. Tombs and D. Hills made a short stand before the last wicket fell, when the score had reached 68: by this time, the girls felt great admiration for the versatility of their opponents' bowling.

An interval for tea followed, the Queen's School XI. and the Mistresses being the guests of the Fathers; and under the cheering influence of such a banquet, people who had made 'blob'—like me—decided that life was quite worth living after all.

When the ubiquitous camera had done its work, the Queen's School eleven took the field; and Mr. Gardner and Dr. Elliot got to work, batting left-handed. M. Guest and O. Phillips bowled well, and four wickets fell before the score had reached double figures: but Mr. Gardner and Sec. Lieut. Welsby (not a father, but a substitute) made a big stand, Sec. Lieut. Welsby scoring 38, including three boundaries. Mr. Henderson, coming in sixth wicket down, got comfortably settled; and he and Mr. Welsby made a long stand before Mr. Welsby was bowled for 14, while Mr. Henderson was not out 24.

As may be gathered from these individual scores, the Fathers defeated the Girls by a comfortable 32, thus fulfilling their promise to teach us how to play. We thoroughly enjoyed the demonstration.

### SCORES.

#### QUEEN'S SCHOOL XI.

C. Miln bowled S. Welsby	...	...	...	12
W. Watson bowled S. Welsby	...	...	...	21
M. Guest caught and bowled S. Welsby	...	...	...	2
M. Welsby caught Gardner bowled Shephard	...	...	...	0
R. Dutton bowled S. Welsby	...	...	...	2
O. Phillips bowled Shephard	...	...	...	1
H. Maddocks caught Welsby bowled Shephard	...	...	...	0
H. Walley bowled Shephard	...	...	...	0
A. Tombs bowled Shephard	...	...	...	5
M. Sudds caught S. Welsby bowled Shephard	...	...	...	4
D. Hills not out	...	...	...	5
Extras	...	...	...	16
Total	...	...	...	68



## FATHERS' AND GOVERNORS' XI.

Mr. Gardner bowled Phillips	...	...	...	12
Dr. Elliot bowled Guest	...	...	...	0
Major Bromley bowled Guest	...	...	...	1
Mr. Macdonald caught Guest bowled Phillips	...	...	...	0
Rev. J. V. Hickey caught Sudds bowled Guest	...	...	...	0
Sec. Lieut. Welsby bowled Guest	...	...	...	38
Dr. Howitt bowled Phillips	...	...	...	1
Mr. Henderson not out	...	...	...	24
Mr. Ayrton bowled Guest	...	...	...	3
Mr. Shepherd bowled Phillips	...	...	...	0
Mr. Welaby bowled Phillips	...	...	...	14
Extras	...	...	...	7
Total	...	...	...	100

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## "Le Cricquette."

(How he will be played—shortly.)

OFFICES OF THE ATHLETIC CONGRESS—.

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MONSIEUR,

I am overwhelmed with gratitude to you and to the generous dignitaries, the Chancellors of your Universities, the Heads of your great Public Seminaries, for the information they have given me concerning "Le Cricquette," your unique National game, and I thank you in the name of my Committee for your present of implements—les wicketts, le boule de canon, les gros bois (the batsman's weapons), le cuirasse pour les jambes de longstoppe and other necessities for the dangers of the contest. But most of all we are indebted to you for sending a 'ome team of your brave professionals.

A match has taken place.

It was not without its fruits. It disclosed to us, as you will remark by referring to "Le Score," very practically the dangerous and, I must add, murderous capabilities that Le Cricquette possesses. Our Revising Committee has the matter in hand.

A brief perusal of "Le Score" will show you the excellent grounds the Committee have for humanising "Le Cricquette."

### ALL FRANCE v. AN ENGLISH 'OME TEAM

#### ALL FRANCE.

*M. D. Boissy* (struck with murderous force on the front of his forehead, and obliged to retire), b. Jones-Johnson—0.

*M. Naudin* (hit on his fingers which are pinched blue with the boule de canon and incapacitated), b. Jones-Johnson—0.

*Le Marquis de Carousel* (receives a blow on the front bone of his leg, and is compelled to relinquish the contest), b. Jones-Johnson—0.

*M. Busson* (receives a severe contusion on the cheek bone from the boule de canon), b. Jones-Johnson—0.

*Le Général Grex* (hits his three wickettes into the air, in a daring attempt to stop the boule de canon with his batsman's club), b. Jones-Johnson—0.

*Le Duc de Septfaces* (has his pince-nez shattered to atoms by the boule de canon), b. Jones-Johnson—0.

*M. Carillon, M. le docteur Giroplé, le Professeur d'Equitation* (all three being given in turn "out, legs in front of the wickette," leave the ground to arrange a duel with the Umpire), b. Jones-Johnson—0.

*M. de Montmorency* (on reaching the wickette, and seeing the terrible approach of the boule de canon, has a shivering fit which obliges him to sit down), b. Jones-Johnson—0.

*M. Jolibors*, coming in last, triumphantly avoids the "overre," and is, in consequence, NOT OUT.—0.

You will understand from the perusal of the above, the direction in which my Committee will be likely to modify the rules of the game, and simplify the apparatus for playing it, so as to give your Cricquette a chance of finding itself permanently acclimatised in this country.

Accept, Monsieur, the assurance of my most distinguished consideration.

The Secretary of the—Athletic Congress.

J. M. HEWITT.

## The Queen's School Association of Past and Present Pupils.

The Annual General Meeting of 1914, was held on Friday 3rd July, at the Queen's School. Miss Clay took the chair at 3-10 p.m. Twenty-four members were present. Before beginning the business of the meeting, Miss Clay spoke of the loss which the School had sustained in the death of Canon Spurling, who, as governor of the School, had brought to bear on its affairs the specialized knowledge of which he was possessed. Mrs. H. Brown seconded and the meeting unanimously passed the motion that an expression of sympathy should be sent by the Secretary to the late Canon Spurling's family.

Letters of regret for absence, were read from 26 members. The names of 10 new members, who have joined within the last year, were read out.

The minutes of the last meeting were read and confirmed.

The election of Mrs. A. Ayrton as Secretary, and of Hester Atcherley as Assistant Secretary, was proposed by K. Day, seconded by M. Coleridge, and carried unanimously.

The Treasurer's report, shewing a satisfactory balance, was read, and its adoption proposed by K. Day, seconded by M. Coleridge, and carried unanimously. Arising out of the report was the question of whether the prize of £1 1s. given by the Old Girls' Association could be continued. It was shewn that the finances were sufficiently satisfactory to justify the expenditure, for, at any rate, another year. Mrs. Ayrton proposed, and R. Welsby seconded the motion, that the prize be continued, and it was carried unanimously.

The re-election of the Hon. Treasurer (M. Cooper Scott) was proposed from the chair, seconded by G. Humfrey, and carried unanimously.

The Cot Treasurer's report, printed in the magazine, was taken as read.

The re-election of the Cot Secretary and Treasurer (G. Humfrey and M. Dickson) was proposed from the chair, seconded by K. Day, and carried unanimously.

Five Committee members were nominated and elected.

The election, as Hon. Members, of Miss de Fenzi, Miss Pollard, and Miss Filmer, was proposed from the chair and carried unanimously.

Under the head of "other business" it was suggested and approved that the School Flag be always flown for the Old Girls' Meeting.

A hearty vote of thanks to Miss Clay for presiding and editing "Have Mynde" was proposed by N. Day, seconded by M. Coleridge, and carried unanimously.

In her reply, Miss Clay gave some account of the financial position of the School, which is now satisfactory. She also spoke of the disposition of the proceeds of the Bazaar held in February. The £570 were invested as the nucleus of an endowment fund, and the annual interest thus produced was a welcome addition to the income of the School.

Officials for 1914-1915: Treasurer—M. Cooper Scott. Secretaries—Mrs. A. Ayrton, Hester Atcherley. Cot Treasurer—M. Dickson. Cot Secretary—G. Humfrey. Committee—Mrs. H. Brown, G. Brotherton, N. Day, Miss H. Giles, R. Welsby, M. Welsby (representing Form VI.)

During the voting for the Committee, D. Hills kindly gave some pianoforte selections, which were much appreciated.

As the morning had been wet, tea was served in the dining room, and the projected Cricket Match, Old v. Present Girls, was abandoned. After tea, the company took part in a plasticine modelling competition. M. Welsby won the prize for guessing the greatest number, Miss H. Giles for the most artistic production—a pig.

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## Association Notes.

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The following news has been received:—

Dorothy Stewart, after holding a post as Assistant Mistress in King Edward's High School, Birmingham, is joining the Staff of the Ladies' College, Cheltenham.

Beatrice Tait obtained her B.A., Liverpool, June, 1914, and is now a member of the Staff at Durham High School.

Gladys Lanceley has passed the Examination of the Pharmaceutical Society, held in London. Out of 196 candidates only 83 were successful—81 men and 2 women. In a letter telling of her success she says: "I am trying to express my best thanks to all Mistresses of the Queen's School, for the valued instruction and advice which was given to me, and to tell you that I have now qualified in London as a Pharmacist. I have found my work delightful." She ends her letter with good wishes for the success of the School.

Catherine Ayrton and Barbara Stewart, who are at the Royal College of Music, London, last April passed the Examination for Teachers' Diploma (A.R.C.M.)

Other Old Girls are engaged upon important work—

Rosa Day, Military Hospital, Fazakerley.

Audrey Welsby, at the War Office.

H. Drinkwater, at the Censor's Office.

M. Imison, at the Aircraft Factory, Farnborough.



Jessie Brown and Theo. Caldwell, at Lloyd's Bank,  
Chester,

Doris and Lorna Bromley, at Parr's Bank.

M. Brown and P. Turner, at the Town Hall, Chester,  
on work connected with the Council of Social  
Welfare and War Relief.

Ruth Welsby, as one of the Secretaries at the  
Mayoress's Bureau.

Those working in the Red Cross Hospitals in Chester are—C. Nevitt Bennett, E. Hewitt, D. Eason, Edna Williams, M. Dickson, N. Storrar, K. Hornby, O. Burges, Hope and Hester Atcherley, D. Evans, N. Wood, Q. Horton, K. Day. In Hartford, G. Humphrey; in Helsby, M. and E. Brotherton; in the St. John's Ambulance Hospital, E. and P. Cathcart Smith, Isabel Beswick, Annie Jones.

Dorothy Walthall, with a friend, is organizing the "Women's Auxiliary Force" in Walthamstow and Southend. The following extract from her letter explains the work:—  
"The W.A.F. is rather like grown-up Girl Guides, but has two kinds of members—'Military' and 'Civilian.' Its main object is to train girls and women to be good citizens, and to band them together to help their country, and to form a Women's Club on outdoor lines. It is quite democratic, and is to be managed territorially. As regards the work done, we try for recognition and pay, except where work is rightly voluntary, *e.g.*, visiting hospitals or knitting socks. 'Military' members pass the doctor, drill, march, wear a neat uniform of navy blue with fawn facings, puttees, and a Scotch cap, and are given instruction in such subjects as signalling, scouting, message-carrying on bicycles, map-drawing, where possible shooting, cooking, First Aid. They are grouped in companies and battalions with Army ranks. 'Civilians' omit all the military detail, though eligible for instruction. They help with clerical work and the many schemes we have in hand to assist War Charities. All the members are very good about collecting comforts, sewing and mending, and all the usually feminine arts. Members need not give any time except evenings and occasional Saturdays or Sundays. Most of our 'Military' girls are working girls, and the classes mix together very amicably. Officers have to have a little more time and money. Our Force is non-political, and all members are bound never to break the law for any reason!"

# THE QUEEN'S SCHOOL COT FUND ACCOUNT.

## STATEMENT OF RECEIPTS AND PAYMENTS FOR THE YEAR 1914.

RECEIPTS.	£ s. d.		PAYMENTS.		£ s. d.
To Balance in hand from 1913	...	12 9 7	Chester Royal Infirmary	...	25 0 0
Subscriptions and Donations	...	18 1 6	Printing and Postages	...	0 8 8
Bank Interest	...	0 6 6	Cash in Bank	...	5 8 11
		<u>£30 17 7</u>			<u>£30 17 7</u>

JUNE 21ST, 1915.

# THE QUEEN'S SCHOOL OLD GIRLS' ASSOCIATION.

## BALANCE SHEET, 1914-15.

RECEIPTS.		PAYMENTS.	
	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Balance in hand, as stated in last accounts, July, 1914 ... ..	9 1 0	Postages and Stationery ...	... 1 3 2
Unaccounted for by late Treasurer, probably accumulation of Interest ...	3 2 7	General Meeting Expenses ...	... 1 3 6
Subscriptions ... ..	11 3 0	Magazines ...	... 4 10 0
Sale of Magazines ... ..	0 8 0	Queen's School Prize ...	... 1 1 0
Bank Interest, November, 1914	0 2 10	Balance in Bank ...	... 15 13 11
Do. May, 1915 ... ..	0 3 8	Cash in hand ...	... 0 9 6
	£24 1 1		£24 1 1

## Chester Society of Science, Literature and Art Awards.

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Class 2—For the best set of drawings illustrating :—

- (1) Three flowers visited by Bees.
- (2) Two flowers visited by Flies or Beetles.

2nd Prize and Certificate—Winifrede Watson.

Class 3—For the best illustrated description of the conditions necessary for normal growth in a plant :—

1st Prize and Certificate—Joyce Ayrton.

Class 7—For the best illustrated account of the following birds :—

- (1) A Wader.      (2) A Swimmer.

2nd Prize and Certificate—Ella Dutton.

Class 9—For the best illustrated description of :—

- (1) A Rock that is very good for building purposes.
- (2) A Rock that is used for building purposes, but which is not very suitable.

1st Prize and Certificate—Constance Miln.

Class 10—For the best account of the formation of Estuaries, including the reasons why they so frequently become silted up, and therefore useless for navigation :—

1st Prize and Certificate—Phyllis Nixon.

Class 12—For the best Essay on Thackeray's "Esmond" :—

1st Prize and Certificate—Kathleen Lovell.

Certificate—Ruth Dutton.

## Games.

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### TENNIS CLUB.

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SEASON 1914.

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A match against Howell's School, Denbigh, was played at the Queen's School, on Saturday, June 20th, at 3-45 p.m. Four players took part. The visitors insisted on playing two doubles.

1st Double { M. Welsby.

{ B. Imison. Won by Howell's School, 2-6, 6-1, 7-5.

2nd Double { E. Moore.

{ M. Guest. Won by Howell's School, 6-2, 6-3.

The Queen's School v. Penrhôs College, Colwyn Bay.

A match was played on Saturday, June 27th, at Colwyn Bay. It consisted of two doubles.

1st Double { M. Welsby.

{ B. Imison. Won by the Queen's School, 6-3, 1-3, 6-4.

2nd Double { R. Dutton.

{ M. Guest. Won by Penrhôs, 6-3, 6-3.

Final—

Queen's School I. v. Penrhôs II. Won by Penrhôs, 6-3, 7-5.



The Annual Tournament of the Cheshire High Schools Lawn Tennis League took place on Saturday, July 4th, on the Liverpool Road Tennis Club ground, by kind permission of the Committee (Secretary: H. P. Fennell, Esq., 18, Chichester Street). It was a fine day, the hot sunshine being tempered by a breeze.

First Round—

- { Stockport High School.
- { Northwich High School. Won by Stockport, 6—3, 6—3.
- { Sale High School.
- { The Queen's School. Won by the Queen's School, 6—1, 6—1.

Second Round—

- { Stockport High School.
- { Altrincham High School. Won by Stockport, 6—4, 6—1.
- { The Queen's School.
- { Wallasey High School. Won by the Queen's School, 6—3, 6—1.

Final—

- { Stockport High School.
- { The Queen's School. Won by Stockport, 6—3, 9—7.

The Queen's School representatives, Margaret Welsby and Betty Imison, played an excellent game; Margaret's services and Betty's placing being specially worthy of praise. Their opponents in the final won by consistent good play and better volleying. With a little more steadiness (and a new racquet!) Margaret and Betty ought to be a difficult couple to beat next year.

Lunch at the usual School rate was kindly provided by Miss Travers at the Queen's School. The first two rounds were played off before lunch at 1 p.m.

### INTER-FORM TOURNAMENT.

The first and second rounds were played off on Thursday, July 16th. The most noticeable feature of the matches was the good fight made by the representatives of Form III. Up. The games between them and Form IV. Lr. were closely contested and provided some excellent rallies. In Form IV. Up., May Guest was unfortunately absent; Molly Briant acted as a very creditable substitute.

First Round—(best out of 15 games)—

- { III. Up. { B. Henderson.
- { H. Maddocks.
- { IV. Lr. { E. Turner.
- { (owe 15) { H. Walley. Won by IV. Lr., 8—7.
- { IV. Up. { M. Briant.
- { I. Naylor.
- { V. { B. Imison.
- { (owe 15) { K. Lovell. Won by V., 8—3.

Second Round—(best out of 15 games)—

- { IV. Lr.
- { V. Won by IV. Lr., 8—5.
- { (owe 15)

Final—(best out of 3 sets)—

- { IV. Lr. {
- { VI. { M. Welsby.
- { E. Moore. Won by VI., 6—1, 6—2
- (Both scratch)

# HOCKEY.

SEASON 1914-1915.

OFFICERS: *Captain* ... .. M. Welsby.  
*Secretary and Vice-Captain*... R. Dutton.  
*Treasurer* ... .. W. Watson.

## MATCHES.

November 14th ... 1st XI. v. PENRHOS COLLEGE (at Chester).  
 Score 1-10  
 November 20th ... DAY GIRLS v. BOARDERS.  
 Score 6-2.  
 November 21st ... "A" XI. v. MISS BAKER'S GYMNASIUM.  
 Score 1-8.  
 November 24th ... 1st XI. v. MISTRESSES.  
 Score 14-0.  
 November 28th ... 1st XI. v. HOWELL'S SCHOOL, DENBIGH  
 Scratched by Denbigh owing to illness. (at Chester).  
 December 11th ... 1st XI. v. OLD GIRLS.  
 Score 6-3.  
 December 12th ... 1st XI. v. HOWELL'S SCHOOL, DENBIGH  
 Scratched owing to bad weather. (at Chester).  
 February 16th ... 1st XI. v. MISTRESSES.  
 Score 9-1.  
 March 12th ... OXFORD v. CAMBRIDGE.  
 Score 10-1.  
 March 16th ... 2nd XI. v. 3rd XI.  
 Score 2-0.  
 March 19th ... 3rd XI. v. 1st XI. (Junior).  
 Score 8-0.  
 March 23rd ... "A" XI. v. MISS BAKER'S GYMNASIUM.  
 Score 5-0.  
 March 26th ... 1st XI. v. OLD GIRLS.  
 Score 7-1.

## FORM MATCHES.

VI. & V. Up.	}	}	}	}	}
V. Lr.					
IV. Up.					
IV. Lr.	}	}	}	}	}
III. Up.					
III. Lr.	}	}	}	}	}
II.					

1. Draw  
 2. III. Up. 1 all  
 2-0  
 II.  
 3-2  
 VI. & V. Up.  
 6-2

## LEAGUE MATCHES.

March 27th—QUEEN'S SCHOOL v. NORTHWICH HIGH SCHOOL (Final).

Score 4—1.

This match was played at Crewe. In the forward line of the Queen's School XI., the wings passed well, and the centre and inners shot cleanly. The halves worked persistently, but could not always recover themselves quickly enough to be effective. The centre forward particularly distinguished herself and also the left back. The Northwich forwards were good, but they failed in shooting. The left back hit hard and neatly, clearing well many times.

## QUEEN'S SCHOOL ELEVEN.

M. Sudds, W. Bebbington, M. Guest, D. Hills, R. Dutton, W. Watson (substitute), C. Miln, B. Imison (1), M. Welsby (2), H. Maddocks (1), A. Tombs.

## RESULT OF LEAGUE MATCHES.

Northwich	}	Northwich	}	Chester
Macclesfield		3—0		
Chester				
				4—1

## THE QUEEN'S SCHOOL XI.

Last season we had to miss many practices on account of the weather, for the exceptionally heavy rain unfortunately flooded our hockey field. After hiring the ground at Hoole, we had some good games.

The 1st XI. gained the Challenge Shield of the Cheshire Hockey League, but there were only three schools to compete, as Sale and Altrincham withdrew.

The 2nd XI. did not have any outside matches. It contains several good players, especially the goal, from whom we expect great things.

The Junior Hockey was almost entirely abandoned after Christmas. Net Ball was played instead, as the distance to the Hoole ground was too great for the younger girls. They did not, however, lose their enthusiasm, and when a match was arranged for them, they played with zeal.

Goal—	M. Sudds.	Very good, but sometimes leaves the goal too unguarded.
Backs—	W. Bebbington.	Must endeavour to pass to the wing and hit more cleanly.
	M. Guest.	A most reliable back.
Half-backs—	D. Hills.	Has not improved as much as she promised last season, but unavoidably missed many practices.
	R. Dutton.	Good on the whole.
	A. Tombs.	Is most reliable and should make a splendid half with practice, but must conquer the habit of turning on the ball.
Forwards—	C. Miln.	A quick forward and a clean shooter.
	B. Imison.	Has improved in shooting but passes back too much.
	M. Welsby.	Excellent.
	H. Maddocks.	Has greatly improved, and promises well for next season.
	J. Ayrtcn.	Good generally, but should not leave so much to her half.

## CRICKET SEASON, 1914.

OFFICERS : *Captain and Secretary* ... M. Welsby.  
*Treasurer* ... .. M. Sudds.

## MATCHES.

June 6th—QUEEN'S SCHOOL 1st XI. v. HOWELL'S SCHOOL,  
 DENBIGH (at Denbigh).

The result was a win for Howell's School by 11 runs.

Howell's School	...	...	38 runs.
The Queen's School	...	...	27 „

June 19th—FORMS V. UP. & LR. v. FORMS IV. UP. & LR.

The result was a win for Forms IV. Up. and Lr. by 5 runs.

Forms IV. Up. & Lr.	...	...	80 runs.
Forms V. Up. & Lr.	...	...	75 runs (9 wickets).

July 3rd—QUEEN'S SCHOOL 1st XI. v. OLD GIRLS.

Scratched owing to weather.

July 7th—1st XI. v. 2nd XI.

The result was a draw, as the match had to be stopped on account  
 rain.

1st XI.	...	...	63 runs.
2nd XI.	...	...	18 „ (8 wickets).

July 10th—DAY GIRLS v. BOARDERS.

The result was a win for the Day Girls by 15 runs.

Day Girls	...	...	39 runs.
Boarders	...	...	24 „

July 14th—FORM III. UP. v. FORM III. LR.

The result was a win for Form III. Up. by 15 runs.

Form III. Up.	...	...	41 runs.
Form III. Lr.	...	...	26 „





## BIRTHS.

- BROWN—On 20th April, 1915, at Curzon Park, Chester, to Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Brown (L. P. Humfrey), a daughter, Helen Travis.
- JONES—On the 20th June, at the Egerton Nursing Home, Chester, the wife (Enid Boscawen) of Captain Clement Wakefield Jones (4th Royal Welch Fusiliers), Staff, Mediterranean Expeditionary Force, of a son.
- PARISH—On 4th October, 1914, at 2, The Boltons, S.W., the wife of Capt. Francis Parish, 60th Rifles (Dorothy Drew), of a son.
- STEPHENS—On 8th August, 1914, at Devonport, to Dr. and Mrs. Horace Stephens (Frances Butt), a son, Patrick.

## MARRIAGES.

- BESWICK—WALMESLEY WHITE. On 6th August, 1914, at S. John the Baptist's, Chester, by Rev. Canon Scott, Vicar of the Parish, Walter, son of the late Rev. W. Walmsley White, and of Mrs. Worthington, of Hertford, to Jessie, daughter of Harry Beswick, Queen's Park, Chester.
- DAY—HUGGILL. On 19th January, 1915, at S. Oswald's, Chester, by Rev. H. E. Burder, Henry Percy Huggill, 28th London (Artists' Rifles), eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Huggill, Clapham, London, to Gladys Mary Wynne, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Day, Bryntirion, Chester.
- HEYWOOD—PECK. On 20th August, 1914, at Kingsley Parish Church, Doris, 3rd daughter of the late Mrs. Heywood, of Frodsham, to Major W. J. Peck (retired) Indian Medical Service.
- LORIMER—WATT. On 26th January, 1915, at the Grand Hotel, Larnaca, Cyprus, by Rev. W. McCarroll, Reformed Presbyterian Mission, assisted by Rev. James Martin, D.D., M.D., of Antioch, Syria, Alexander Bruce Watt, son of John Watt, Esq., J.P., Lumbs, Lonnay, Aberdeenshire, to Elizabeth Ann, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. David Lorimer, Alexandretta, Syria.
- OKELL—RAYNER. On 11th August, 1914, at S. Bartholomew's the Great, London, by Rev. John Peck, M.A. (uncle of bridegroom) assisted by Rev. Canon W. W. Fowler, D.Sc., John Peacock Rayner, of Lincoln, to Mabel Florence Elizabeth Okell, of Littleton, Chester.
- WALMSLEY—BALLANCE. On 29th Sept., 1914, at All Saints', Hoole, by Rev. A. H. Waller, M.A., Vicar of Alsager, Lilian, younger daughter of the late T. H. Walmsley and Mrs. Walmsley, Halkyn Road, Chester, to Rev. Viner G. Ballance, B.A., 4th son of Mr. and Mrs. W. Ballance, Hoole.

## DEATHS.

- BARBER.—On July 23rd, 1914, at S. Bridget's Rectory, the Venerable Edward Barber, M.A., Archdeacon of Chester.
- BIRLEY.—On 28th May, 1915, at 1, Stanley Place, Chester, Adelaide Birley, youngest daughter of the late Joseph Birley, of Ford Bank, Manchester, aged 84 years.
- PRYCE-BROWNE.—Killed in action on the 6th October, 1914, at Antwerp, William Herbert Francis Pryce-Browne, Major, Royal Marines, only son of the late Capt. Pryce-Browne, 17th Royal Fusiliers, late of Mellington Hall, Montgomeryshire.

# Queen's School Roll of Honour.

## FATHERS AND BROTHERS.

### STAFF—

J. C. Baker	... B.S.A. Mounted Police
A. A. Maris	.. 5th Batt. Suffolk Regt.
F. E. Spurling	... Cradock Commando, S. Africa
G. Stewart	... Seaforth Highlanders
W. Stewart	... " "
F. A. Wright	... Sherwood Foresters

### FORM VI.—

M. A. Hills	... 28th London Regt.
P. C. Hills	... Artists' Rifle Corps
S. W. H. Welsby	... 14th Cheshires
T. H. Welsby	... H.M.S. "Inflexible"

### FORM VII.—

J. A V. Bebbington	... 3rd Cheshires
Major E. Gray	... R.A.M.C. Cheshire Yeomanry
G. H. Imison	... 1st City Batt. King's Liverpool Regt.
C. K. Imison	... " "
G. G. Miln	... 8th Batt. Cheshire Regt.
J. D. Miln	... Royal Fusiliers
W. W. Miln	... " "
Major Sudds	... Army Ordnance Office
J. N. Watson	... 6th King's Liverpool Rifles
J. W. Watson	... Royal Fusiliers

### FORM V. Lower—

L. J. Davies	... Cheshire Volunteer Regt.
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### FORM IV. Upper—

F. Briant	... 3rd King's Liverpool City Batt.
R. J. Jackson	... Cheshire Volunteer Regt.
J. Loud	... Cheshire Volunteer Regt.
H. B. Mason	... Cheshire Brigade, R.F.A.
D. Tombs	... Royal Field Artillery
J. S. M. Tombs	... 7th Border Regt.

### FORM IV. Lower—

Major Bromley	... 5th Batt. Cheshire Regt.
F. Ford	... R.M. Artillery

## FORM III. Upper—

W. C. Dreschfield	... 9th Border Regt.
J. Dodd	... King's Liverpool Regt.
H. D. Dodd	... R.F.A. Welsh Division
F. Watkins	... R.A.M.C.
P. Walley	... Royal Garrison Artillery
H. Walley	...       "       "

## FORM III. Lower—

G. M. V. Hickey	... Cheshire Volunteers
C. E. Linaker	...       "       "
J. P. Parker	...       "       "
G. Shepherd	... Public School Batt., Middlesex

## FORM II.—

H. B. Eason	... 5th Cheshire Regt.
R. Farmer	... Cheshire Volunteers
C. Hobday	... 29th Light Horse

## PREPARATORY—

W. F. Smith	... Cheshire Yeomanry
G. F. Barlow	...



## The Governing Body and Staff of the Queen's School, Chester, 1915.

### Patroness :

HER MAJESTY QUEEN ALEXANDRA.

### Governors :

*Chairman :* E. GARDNER, ESQ.

*Deputy-Chairman :* W. H. DENSON, ESQ., J.P.

*Ex-Officio :*

THE RIGHT REVEREND THE LORD BISHOP OF CHESTER.

### Representative :

REV. CANON BINNEY.

COL. EVANS LLOYD, J.P.

T. HODGETTS GORDON, Esq.,  
J.P.

D. L. HEWITT, Esq., J.P.

JOHN OWENS, Esq., J.P.

T. S. PARRY, Esq., M.B.

R. T. RICHARDSON, Esq., J.P.

Mrs. ROBERT ROBERTS.

F. SKIPWITH, Esq., J.P.

E. M. SNEYD-KYNNERSLEY,  
Esq., J.P.

R. P. WALLEY, Esq., J.P.

W. WELSBY, Esq.

### Co-Optative :

MRS. PITCAIRN CAMPBELL. | THE COUNTESS GROSVENOR.

### Clerk to the Governors :

J. THORNELY, Chartered Accountant, 16, Corn Exchange Chambers,  
Chester.

### Head Mistress :

MISS BEATRICE CLAY, B.A., LONDON,  
*Associate and late Reid Scholar of Bedford College, London.*

### Staff :

MISS BAKER, B.A. (Lond.), Class : Hons.

MISS DAY, B.A., Lond., Univ. Coll. of North Wales ; Univ. Coll., London ;  
Ecole Normale d'Institutrices, Amiens.

MISS MARIS, Newnham Coll. ; Natural Sciences Tripos.

MISS SPURLING, Oxon. ; History Hons.

MISS STEWART, B.A., London ; Bedford College.

MISS DESGRATOULET.

MISS JAMESON.

MISS SMART, Kindergarten.

### Visiting Teachers :

*Physical Culture*—MISS R. BAKER.

*Pianoforte*—MISS E. GILES, A.R.C.M. MISS MACDONALD, A.R.C.M.

*Dancing*—MRS. BROOM.

*Class Singing*—MISS E. GILES, A.R.C.M.

*Painting*—MRS. HUGGILL.

*House Mistress*—MISS TRAVERS.



# LIST OF MEMBERS OF THE QUEEN'S SCHOOL ASSOCIATION OF PAST AND PRESENT PUPILS.

---

- Anderson, W. F., Girls' Collegiate School, Port Elizabeth, S. Africa (Honorary).
- Ashington, L. Y., 34, St. Martin's Fields, Chester (Honorary).
- Atcherley, Hope and Hester, 44, Hough Green, Chester.
- Ayrton, Mrs. A. (Winifred Brown), Ashfield, Wrexham Road, Chester.
- Ayrton, C., Ashfield, Wrexham Road, Chester.
- Bailey, Ada, 21, Shavington Avenue, Hoole.
- Bates, D., Post Office, Leopoldville, Alberta, Canada.
- Beavis, Phyllis, The Craig, Monkham's Drive, Woodford Green, Essex.
- Bell, Mrs. C. (G. Thompson), Jacobs Sedlescombe, Sussex.
- Birch, Miss A., 105, Down's Road, Clapton, London, N.E. (Home). The High School, Glasgow (Term) (Honorary).
- Broadbent, M., The Hollies, Latchford, Cheshire.
- \*Bromley, D. and L., 4, Exton Park, Chester.
- Brotherton, E., Helsby, via Warrington.
- †Brown, Mrs. H. F. (L. P. Humfrey), 18, Curzon Park, Chester.
- Brown, Jessie and Marjorie, Thorndene, Cambrian View, Chester.
- Burges, O., Whitford, Hoole, Chester.
- †Coleridge, Mrs. (M. Westmacott), Arle House, Meon Stoke, Bishop's Waltham, Hants.
- Cooper, Mrs., The Grange, Sandown, Isle of Wight (Honorary).
- Cooper, J., The Hollies, Sandbach, Cheshire.
- Crooke, Dorothy, Prior's Lee House, near Shifnal, Shropshire.
- Curlett, K. and P., Eastleigh House, Little Eastleigh, near Winchester.
- Davies, Miss C., Intermediate School for Girls, Llanelly (Honorary).
- Davies, Miss M., 507, Guy Street, Montreal.
- Davison, Phyllis, Moulton College, Toronto.
- Day, K., N. and R., Rowton, Chester.
- de Fenzi, Miss C. Douglas, 66, Audley Road, Hendon, London, N.W. (Honorary).
- †Dibben, M., Caldecote Rectory, Nuneaton.
- Dickson, M., Mayfield, Hoole, Chester.
- Drinkwater, H., 45, Jenner House, Hunter Street, London, W.
- Evans, M., Norton Hall, Runcorn.
- Evans, Ruth, S. Peter's Vicarage, Rock Ferry, Cheshire.
- Filmer, Miss A., 128, Portswood Road, Southampton (Honorary).
- Gallaher, Miss K., Feniscowles, Abbot's Langley, Herts. (Honorary).
- Gardner, E., Fairview, Tattenhall, Chester.

- †Gibbs, Mrs. (R. Arnold), 31, Park Place, Cardiff.  
 Giles, Miss H., 47, Nicholas Street, Chester (Honorary).  
 Glascodine, Miss L., Glanmôr, Langland Bay, The Mumbles,  
 S. Wales (Honorary).  
 Gossage, F., Dorincourt, Upton Heath, Chester.  
 Gray, Lesley, Homecroft, Crewe.  
 Harold, E., 4, Grove Road, Wrexham.  
 Hartley, Mrs. (A. Caldecutt), The Sycamores, Legh Road,  
 Knutsford.  
 Hewitt, E., Roseacre, Hough Green, Chester.  
 Holmes, Elfrida, 47, Hough Green, Chester.  
 Holmes, M., 35, Cambrian View, Chester.  
 \*Hornby, S., 8, Victoria Pathway, Queen's Park, Chester.  
 Horton, Q., Holly Bank, Ashton Hayes, Chester.  
 Huggill, Mrs. H. P. (G. Day), Bryntirion, Chichester Street,  
 Chester.  
 Hughes, K., Allington, Bryn-y-Groes, Gresford, N. Wales.  
 Humfrey, G., Homewood, Hartford, Cheshire.  
 Imison, M., Heatherlea, Runcorn, Cheshire, and Girton College,  
 Cambridge.  
 Jones, A., 4, Church Street, Northgate, Chester.  
 Jones, Mrs. Clement (E. Boscawen), Friends' Hall, Ness,  
 Cheshire.  
 Jones, Dora, 63, Lightfoot Street, Hoole, Chester.  
 \*Jones, Dora and Olive, 15, Chichester Street, Chester.  
 Jones, H., Cefnydd, Ruabon.  
 Jones, Mrs. Hugh (E. Stuart Douglas), Pwll Glas House, Mold.  
 Krauss, Mrs. (A. Brown), and Phyllis, 7, Leinster Square,  
 London.  
 Lanceley, G., The Cross, Malpas, Cheshire.  
 Laybourne, F., 1, Hunter Street, Chester.  
 Lees, E., Bars House, Chester.  
 Lewis, N., Ty Maen, Oswestry, Salop.  
 Lovell, K., Albury, Lache Lane, Chester.  
 Mackenzie, Miss, 50, Hobart Terrace, Adswold Lane, Stockport  
 (Honorary).  
 †Meade, E. de C., 5, Didsbury Park, Didsbury, Manchester and  
 The Training College, Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, Canada.  
 Middleton, B., The Newlands, Adlington, near Chorley, Lancs.  
 Moore, E., 60, Liverpool Road, Chester.  
 \*Onions, M., Queen Alexandra's Hospital for Children, Hackney  
 Road, Bethnal Green, London, N.E.  
 Owen, P. M., Rother View, Sandhurst, Kent.  
 Pollard, Miss F., Girls' Collegiate School, Pietermaritzburg, S.  
 Africa (Honorary).  
 Powell, Miss, at S. Mark's House, Woodhouse Lane, Leeds  
 (Honorary).  
 Pritchard, Z., Tregothnan, Glan Aber Park, Chester.  
 Pryce-Brown, Miss, Mission Anglicane, Autananarive, Madagas-  
 car (Honorary).

- Riley, Miss, 31, Shepherd Street, Stoke-on-Trent (Honorary).  
 †Roberts, Mrs. (G. Cawley), Eversley, Box 192, Bulawayo, Rhodesia; S. Africa.  
 Rossiter, Miss, The High School, Beverley, Yorks. (Honorary).  
 Rutherford, Miss, 26, Belmont Street, Glasgow (Honorary).  
 Sandford, E., 5, Hartley Road, Exmouth, Devon.  
 Scott, M. Cooper, Ferriby Road, Hessle, E. Yorkshire.  
 Sheringham, O. & H., Flaxmoor, Caston, Attleborough, Norfolk.  
 †Smith, Mrs. (G. Thornely), Blacon Point, Chester.  
 \*Smith, Mona, 9, Whitefriars, Chester.  
 \*Spencer, R., 19, West Lorne Street, Chester.  
 †Stewart, D. M., 22, Carlyle Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham.  
 Stokes, Miss, Beaumont, Cranbrook, Kent (Honorary).  
 Sturt, Mrs. (Hilda Spencer), 30, Whitefield Road, Ashton-on-Mersey.  
 Tait, B., High School, Durham.  
 Tait, M. S., c/o Mrs. Frank Forder, Godalming.  
 †Thornely, M., Rake House, Helsby, Warrington.  
 Thornton-Jones, S., Chauntry House, Beaumaris, N. Wales.  
 Turner, Phyllis, Stone House, Cheyney Road, Chester.  
 Walker, Agnes, Chorlton Hall, Mollington, Chester.  
 Walthall, D., The Cottage, S. Asaph, N. Wales.  
 \*\*Watson, C., Shavington Avenue, Hoole, Chester.  
 †Watt, Mrs. (B. Lorimer), Grand Hotel, Larua, Cyprus.  
 Welsby, R. and A., Chichester House, Chester.  
 †White, Ruby Hall, The Chalet, Philipsburg, Centre County, Pennsylvania, U.S.A.  
 White, Mrs. Walmsley (J. Beswick), Ellergarth, Gt. Budleigh, S. Devon.  
 Williams, L., 66, Watergate Street, Chester.  
 †Williams, M. Humphrey, St. Mary's Mount, Flint, N. Wales.  
 \*\*Wise, Mrs. (D. L. Owen), Nelson House, Coldharbour, Poplar, London, E.  
 Woods, Mrs. (Miss Skeat), 39, Barton Road, Cambridge (Honorary).

One asterisk (\*) denotes that the Subscription for 1914-15 has not been paid.

Two asterisks denote that the Subscription has not been paid for two or more years.

† Denotes a life member.

The attention of Members is drawn to the Life Membership obtainable on payment of one guinea. It is thought that this arrangement may benefit especially Members resident abroad.

In accordance with a resolution passed at the General Meeting of 1909, the names of those who have not paid their subscription for the last two years, will, subsequently, be omitted from the list of Members.

## Notices.

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The Editor of "Have Mynde" would be glad to receive at any time contributions to the Magazine. The following rules should be observed :—

1. Articles should be written on one side of the paper only.
  2. There should be a margin on the left hand side of the paper.
  3. The writing should be easily legible.
  4. The M.S. should be folded as little as possible.
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Members of the Association could do good work by urging old Queen's School Girls who have allowed their membership to lapse, to join again. Inability to attend meetings is often the reason given for dropping out; but it may be urged that for those whose presence at meetings is necessarily infrequent, the Magazine is a means of keeping in touch with their old school. The Secretary would heartily welcome any items of information concerning the doings of former pupils; it is only a matter of regret that more is not sent for insertion in the Association Notes. Such communications can be sent at any time during the school year and, to be available for publication, should be sent in not later than May 31st.

It is particularly requested that changes of address may be notified.

All communications should be addressed to the Secretary, the Queen's School, Chester.

Magazines have been exchanged during the year with the King's School, Chester; The Collegiate School, Port Elizabeth, S. Africa; The High School, Bloemfontein.



