



Editor :
W. H. DAVIES

*All communications should
be addressed to
The Secondary
School, Eccles.*

ONE PENNY
MONTHLY



— THE —

ECCLES SECONDARY SCHOOL REVIEW.

A JOURNAL DEVOTED TO DOINGS
IN AND OUT OF SCHOOL.



*The proceeds
from the sale
of this Journal
are devoted
to the purchase
of Comforts
for the Lads
at the Front.*



VOL. I—No. 3.

JANUARY, 1917.



MISS EDITH WOOLLACOTT.

Taken at Camp, 1914.

Reproduced by the "Daily Sketch."

DEATH OF MISS EDITH WOOLLACOTT, B.A.

AS ANNOUNCED in our last issue, the death took place on Nov. 29th, after a very short illness, of Miss Edith Woollacott, B.A., the senior mistress of the School. Miss Woollacott, who was 39 years of age, resided with her parents at Eccles Old-road, and was well known in Eccles and Salford both as a teacher and for her voluntary work in religious, social, and charitable organisations. News of her death was received with profound regret by the staff and past and present scholars of the School, the deceased having gained the respect and admiration of all who had been brought into contact with her to a remarkable degree. The daughter of a former Salford teacher, Miss Woollacott was educated at the Salford Girls' Secondary School, where she subsequently became a pupil teacher and afterwards mistress. She took her degree of B.A. at the London University, and in September, 1911, was appointed senior mistress on the opening of the new secondary school at Monton. The deceased was a splendid teacher of English, and many of her former pupils who have taken high honours in that subject acknowledge their indebtedness to her tuition and enthusiasm for English literature. A keen student of Shakespeare, Miss Woollacott organised and carried out many recitals by her scholars.

The funeral took place at Brooklands Cemetery on Saturday, Dec. 2nd, and was preceded by a short service at the church of the Sacred Trinity, Salford. A large congregation of past and present pupils and the staffs of the Salford and Eccles Secondary Schools attended, and the Eccles Education Committee were represented by the Mayor (Councillor F. W. Ogden), Councillor Dempsey, and the Education Secretary (Mr. S. H. Neave). Many beautiful floral tributes were placed on the coffin, including wreaths from present and past scholars.

A correspondent writing to "The Eccles Journal" says:—"It seems almost unnecessary in an Eccles paper to try to express in words (which must always be inadequate) what the loss of Miss Woollacott means. For there is no one with whom she came into even the slightest contact who did not regard her with esteem, and it was those who knew her best who valued her most. For eighteen years she has worked earnestly and tirelessly as a teacher. Her first sphere of influence was the Salford Secondary School, where she instructed and inspired many who are themselves now teaching, and during the last five years she has been loved and esteemed as the senior mistress at the Eccles Secondary School. She possessed in a wonderful degree the gift of infusing into her pupils enthusiasm for the subjects she taught, and, what is of far greater moment, by her life and her example she filled them with a desire and a determination to live uprightly and do justly. Her exceptional intellectual powers were exercised not alone in the interests of her profession, but also wherever they could be helpful or give pleasure. The lectures she prepared and gave so readily will be long remembered by all who were privileged to hear them. Numerous as were already her duties and interests, when a new need arose at the outbreak of the war, with characteristic unselfishness she fitted herself to be of further use to humanity by qualifying as a Red Cross nurse. For many week-ends she has sacrificed well-deserved rest in order to tend the sick and wounded in the Fairhope Military Hospital. In all these spheres of her interest and activity her loss is deeply mourned, but though she is no longer seen in our midst, her influence still lives, and the memory of her life remains an example and an inspiration to all."

AN APPRECIATION.

Coming to Eccles as Senior Mistress when School was first opened in 1911, Miss Woollacott had become, in the minds of all who knew her in her work there, so much a part of the School and all its activities, that it is difficult still for us to realise that we shall see her there no more.

That she was educated at the Salford Secondary School, took a London degree (entering Whitelands College as Gillott Scholar, and gaining, while here, the Ruskin Prize), and went back to her old school to teach until she came to Eccles, seem unimportant details in comparison with what she was.

Possessed of untiring energy, she yet carried about with her an atmosphere of peace. Though she was quiet and reserved, her goodness and strength were instinctively realised by all with whom she came into contact.

She had a deep love of Nature, and an active desire to help others to share in her enjoyment of that as of other beautiful things. She did, indeed, find much of her happiness in making others happy.

Her exceptional intellectual power was ever at the service of her fellows, and many will long remember the delightful lectures on literary subjects which she so willingly gave.

It was characteristic of her unselfish devotion that, when the curse of war came to devastate Europe, she qualified (obtaining 100 per cent. of the marks in the examination) as a Red Cross nurse, and spent many of her week-ends caring for the wounded in the Fairhope Military Hospital.

Everyone who knew her even slightly mourns her loss, but, apart from her home, School is perhaps the place where she will be most constantly missed.

As a teacher, she possessed not only a great power of imparting knowledge, but also the more precious gift of inspiring in those whom she taught a love and admiration which showed themselves in a willing co-operation with her in the striving after goodness and truth.

Though her visible presence is taken from us, her work is not ended. The seeds which she planted will grow and mature, and we can all, as the Rector at the funeral service bade us, be thankful for her life, love her memory, and try humbly to follow her example.—H. H. B.

A LETTER FROM THE REV. A. E. CORNIBEER.

Thinking many of Miss Woollacott's friends who were unable to attend the funeral service at Sacred Trinity, Salford, would like to read the remarks made by the Rev. A. E. Cornibeer, we wrote asking for permission to publish same, and received the following letter —

SACRED TRINITY RECTORY,
27, BLACKFRIARS ROAD,
SALFORD, MANCHESTER,
DECEMBER 19TH, 1916.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—

I would gladly send you the notes of the address I gave at Miss Woollacott's funeral, but alas! I have none. I simply spoke a few simple words without notes, and I cannot now recall the actual words.

What I tried to say was that Miss Woollacott was a real and sincere disciple of the Lord Jesus Christ, in whom she placed all her hope and trust. She was one who always strove to do her duty, and I urged all who knew her to "love her memory" and "imitate her devotion."

I also spoke of the way she again and again knelt before the altar of Sacred Trinity to receive the "Bread of Life," and I told of her willingness to submit to the Will of God whatever that Will might be, and that when I saw her the night before her operation she told me her last conscious thought would be "Into Thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit."

I am very sorry to be unable to send you the actual words spoken, but perhaps this letter may be of use to you, and if you think fit, print it in the "School Review." Sacred Trinity was Miss Woollacott's spiritual home for many years, and I mourn her loss as much as any of her friends can do. We must all not only "love her memory," but also strive to "imitate her devotion."

Yours very truly,

A. E. CORNIBER,

Rector of Sacred Trinity, Salford.

To the Editor, "Eccles Secondary School Review."

OUR LATE SENIOR MISTRESS.

We've lost a friend, a friend so dear,
We did not know her worth when here;
But now she's gone beyond recall
We find we miss her most of all.

She was just the same at work or play,
And kept on smiling all the day;
Though trials oft she had to bear,
To comfort others was her care.

Her place is vacant in the School,
And now we think how kind her rule:
To staff and pupils always kind,
All pleasant memories left behind.

She reaped the reward of a blameless life,
And parted forever from storm and strife,
Now looks from above on us here at our task—
To follow her steps is all that we ask.

—ALICE SMITH (age 13).

OUR COMPETITION.

The two prize-winners for last month were:—

ROBERT SLOAN, Snowdon Road, Eccles.

NORMAN GEE, Parrin Lane, Winton.

to whom book prizes have been awarded.

In our next issue we shall publish a photo of Sergt. P. F. Boardman.

OUR SERIAL STORY.

POTHOOKS IN THE SNOW.

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS.

CHAPTER I. (CONTINUED).—WHAT GUY SAYS.

HOW MUCH MORE we might have learned concerning, to me, a most interesting class of people, I cannot say, as the door is swung back, and a deep voice exclaims—"Ha! Chambers, how are you? Somers, how do you do?"

"Look here Devereux here have we been waiting half an hour in this wretched old den, which you, with a stretch of the imagination which is beyond me, call hall, this highly gifted sentinel of yours resolutely refusing us admittance" says Jack.

"Ha! ha! ha! he could not have known you represent the 'Morning Growler' or the portal doors would have been flung wide open for your triumphal entry" says Devereux, leading the way to a small room, which is the manager's sanctum.

"And so you are wild at old Pothooks barring you out of the enchanted castle are you—so are a good many my boy. He's invaluable; wouldn't look at a bribe, much less take one. When I first came here the wings used to be so crowded with people who had no business there that we had to say 'By your leave' as the railway officials do on a crowded platform; so I gave orders that no one was to be admitted behind without an order, and the man must have an extraordinary share of ready wit who gets over our hallkeeper."

Whilst Jack and the manager are talking over the business he had gone about, I, belonging to that class of people who in the old days bothered the circumlocution office by 'wanting to know,' am turning over in my mind why that old man is called 'Pothooks.' As soon as they have finished I venture to put the question.

"Hush! don't let him hear you, he's waiting outside to lock up. I'll tell you when we get out. He's quite a character, and a splendid old fellow; it would be worth your while to interview him I assure you" says Devereux, leading the way to the outer door.

Snow has been falling heavily and lies on the ground a thick white, soft carpet. The old man locks the door of the stage entrance, and bidding us good-night, begins to stump away towards home.

Devereux points at him as he stumps away in advance of us, saying, "Now don't you see why we call him 'Pothooks'?"

I should never have thought of it, but it is there as plain as possible. On the pure white snow on which the gentle moonbeams fall tenderly, there is a long distinct line of pothooks, just as we used to make them in the copy books of childish days. Planting his one foot firmly on the ground, he drops his wooden leg into the snow, then, describing half a circle, drags it forward, which leaves the sign of a pothook wherever he steps.

"Very good," say I.

"Capital," says Jack.

"Isn't it? Barnby, our comedian, gave him the name last winter, one night when the snow lay thick upon the ground as it does to-night. I say, what a subject for a Christmas story, 'Pothooks in the Snow'; it's worth thinking of."

Jack laughs and goes plodding on in the snow, doubtless thinking more of his newspaper than poor old Pothooks. Jack never could think of more than

one thing at once. I mentally make a note of it, being fairly interested in and determined to know more of our communicative friend.

"You wouldn't think that that old fellow comes of well-to-do people, and that, but for a piece of boyish folly, he might have been enjoying at this moment a snug little home and income in the country, where he and his daughter might have domesticated midst congenial scenery and a purer atmosphere for the rest of their lives," says Devereux.

"I can believe it," says I.

"Ha, you seem to have taken an interest in him. I can assure you he is a most worthy old fellow, and deserving of any little kindness anyone might do him. I knew him in better days, and regret the poorness of his present position, which I obtained him for the sake of old times. No one connected with our house knows his history but myself—he comes and goes, no one but myself knows whence or whither."

"You said he had a daughter?"

"Yes, as beautiful a girl as any I ever knew, and as good as beautiful. He keeps her almost under lock and key for fear of contamination. She has no idea of his being connected with us; she thinks he is in some large wholesale house where they keep late hours. It is his constant fear lest she should learn where he is engaged, and lest any of our fellows should follow him home and discover the treasure he guards so religiously. Poor old Berhard."

"Berhard—is that his name?" say I, deeply interested.

"Ay, Reginald Berhard—there's a name for a man who acts as hall porter for eighteen shillings a week. What a world it is—why, a name like that is fit for a baronet or a lord-lieutenant."

"And this property that he ought to have inherited?" I inquire.

"That I cannot say anything about, beyond this—that he has frequently alluded to it, and that he sometimes sighs when he thinks of the old-fashioned garden which surrounds the house or cottage where he was born, and of the rambles his child might have had amongst the ferns and mosses and blue-eyed forget-me-nots in the woods adjacent."

"You do not know whether it was legally left away from him, or he was wronged out of, I suppose?"

"Well, I rather fancy there was something not very straightforward about it—but what I cannot say. If Berhard thought you were really anxious to do him a turn, and had no mere idle curiosity to satisfy in breaking in upon his privacy, I daresay he would gladly give you any information you might require.

"Here's a chance for a briefless barrister, Guy—go in and win, my boy, and do a kindness to a poor old man, and lay the foundation for a name at the same time," says Jack.

He is chaffing, of course, but I really am thinking very seriously about doing what in fun he suggests.

"I should be very glad to be of service to him; at any rate, I should not mind investigating his affairs on the easy terms of thank you for your trouble, if he will lay them before me," say I, with the air of a man of law, which I am afraid ill becomes my years and knowledge.

"Well spoken, Somers; I'll have a chat with Berhard on the subject, and see if I cannot arrange a meeting—at his house or rooms, I don't know which, never having been there."

"Very well, then, I shall hear from you shortly."

"Certainly; as you have taken an interest in the old man, and are disposed to help him if you can, I will do what I can to smooth the way. Here's the club, are you coming in?"

"No thanks, not to-night. I have some work on hand I must get out."

"What, on Christmas Eve?"

"Aye, on Christmas Eve, so good-night."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A LETTER FROM THE FRONT.

DECEMBER 12TH, 1916.

DEAR DAVIES,—

MANY thanks for your parcel, which came as a most pleasant surprise. It was excellently made up, so that it suffered nothing in the post, and both its contents and form suggest that you have become adept at this most generous service to men out here. I am indeed very grateful to you for your gift, and should be glad if you would convey my thanks to all who by assisting in the success of your interesting journalistic adventure have some share in sending here these pleasing parcels.

I am sure that the School is unique in having such an enterprise devoted to such an object, and I am sorry to note from the last copy you have sent that there is some danger of its being discontinued. It is my sincere wish that this misfortune may be averted, as I greatly enjoy the magazine myself, as affording a firm link with so many the remembrance of whom I prize so highly, and perhaps more than ever at this time. It is good to see amid so much that is changed that something so really good as the School persists with little apparent alteration, and every number of your magazine I receive is still one further proof of this. Even there, however, as your announcement of the loss of Miss Woollacott reminds me, there is a change which all of us must deplore, and I trust that at least during the duration of the war your magazine will have no other such calamity to report.

To-day it is snowing heavily, and though it is warmer than it has been it is terrible under foot. Winter has evidently set in, and severely, though it has now been wet and often bitterly cold for some weeks. I fear it is the latter which is largely responsible for my not writing more frequently of late.

I should very much like to give you some idea of what things are like out here, especially as I know it is your wish, but the very necessary severity of censorship restrictions would make this so utterly inadequate that I will refrain, hoping that before many months are added to the six that I have spent here I may have the welcome opportunity of seeing you all, and relating what I should like to tell you in a letter.

I often wonder what you are doing, and I imagine that in these December days, unless things have greatly changed, you will be busy with term examinations, and looking forward to end of term and the vacation. It was, I remember, a hard time for all, but it had always the halo of Christmas about it, and was not unpleasant. As yet there are no signs of this here, and I have no idea whether Christmas Day will differ from any other. One thing I know is that the chief pleasure of past years, the opportunity of meeting old friends will be impossible, but it is a great pleasure that your parcel and letter, which have reached me in such good time, are evidence that I am included in your thoughts at this season. You have, both yourself, your brother, and all at School, my heartiest wishes for what I trust will be as near an old-time Xmas and New Year as the times will permit.

Yours sincerely,

F. SARGEANT.

P.S.—Please find enclosed P.O.'s, which will help to defray postage, etc., on any magazines you may send me, or, if the magazine is discontinued, which I hope may not be found necessary, they may assist to send a parcel to some other friend or acquaintance of the School out here. May I mention that I shall always be pleased to hear from you whenever your duties as Editor of the "Review" permit, or from anyone at School.

PERILS OF THE DEEP.

It was a typical November morning at the great Naval port of X—
 Fog hung thick on the scarcely rippled water of the harbour. The warning
 notes of ships' sirens mingled with the unceasing hammering of workmen
 engaged on the various ships under repair.

It was on this particular morning that the steam pinnace of H.M.S.
 "—————" pushed off from the jetty with a load of "liberty men." The
 bowman on the lookout vainly peered ahead as the boat crept along at "half-
 speed." At short intervals the coxswain gave a hoot of warning on his siren,
 but this was only one amongst hosts of other sirens, and might as well have
 been silent. Suddenly a large object loomed up in the thickness, and every
 man held his breath as it bore down on the pinnace. The coxswain's sharp
 order to the engine room, "Stern together," was of no avail, and the bows of
 one of His Majesty's torpedo boat destroyers crashed into the pinnace amid-
 ships, and well nigh cut her in two. Immediately chaos reigned supreme.
 Non-swimmers struggled about in the water, and those who retained their
 presence of mind attempted to divest themselves of their heavier clothing.
 The intense cold soon began to have its effect on the men in the water. For
 myself, I was on the point of exhaustion, and had practically resigned myself
 to a watery grave. Hopes rose mountains high, however, as I espied a piece
 of wreckage, which, in making a frantic attempt to grasp, woke me up with a
 start to find myself clinging with a tenacious grip to a pillow, and gasping for
 breath through a piece of duster, which some tired messmate had perforce to
 use as a gag to ensure the complete cessation of all cries for help.

Resolved, after a few moments' pondering in my hammock, that heavy
 suppers are best left alone.—H. I.

A HERO'S DEATH.

By A. JACKSON (aged 12 years).

JOHN CORNWELL was a British boy,
 Who feared no German foe;
 A lad of Nelson's type was he,
 Whose bravery we all know.
 When shells were falling round him,
 Undismayed he stayed on deck—
 His mates were killed or wounded,
 And he a shattered wreck.
 Although so badly wounded,
 An example he did show
 To all the men around him
 Who were fighting Britain's foe.
 When the battle ceased its raging
 The ships to harbour went;
 The hero's life was ebbing fast,
 His career was almost spent.
 The coveted V.C. decoration
 Was conferred upon the lad,
 And Britain mourned a warrior
 Whose death had made her sad.