

Walthamstow High School Magazine

Editor C. R. WHITTINGHAM. Sub-Editors MISS GOLDWIN AND MISS GOWER

Walthamstow High School Old Girls' Association.

The postponed Summer Meeting of the Old Girls' Association was held in the School, on Tuesday, October 9th; with it was combined the first meeting of the Literary Section.

All members of the association were invited, and about 50 availed themselves of the invitation.

A competition of a historical character occupied the first part of the evening; members having been requested to wear badges representing persons well known in history, a prize was offered to the member who guessed correctly the largest number of characters represented. Miss Hewett headed the list, closely followed by Miss Smythe and Kathleen Reeve.

At the close of the competition, Miss Hewett announced the winter programme of the Literary Section, calling special attention to the Concert on Friday, November 9th, the proceeds of which are to be devoted to the Association, which is at present in great need of funds.

Literary Programme.

Dec. 3-Debate: "The Girl of To-day v. The Girl of Yesterday."

Opener, M. Griggs.

Jan. 22-A Shakespearian Reading.

Feb. II-Discussion of "The Ordeal of Richard Feveril."

Opener, Miss Hewett.

Mar. II-Musical Evening under the direction of Miss Robinson.

All the meetings will be held in the School at 7 o'clock p.m. It is suggested that the "Ordeal of Richard Feveril" should be read by all members, and that many should take part in the debate.

Athletic Society

It is to be regretted that the cycle ride arranged to take place on the second Wednesday in September was scratched on account of unfavourable weather.

In the spring we hope this section of the Association may bud forth and shew a healthier growth than has been the case this year. The Association will, by that time, have celebrated its first anniversary, and will be mature enough to aid its

weaker off-shoot.

Old High School Girls are, many of them, keen sportswomen, some may still be devoted to such an "unfashionable" sport as cycling. Gertrude Wildash will be glad to receive the names of girls interested in sport quite early in 1907, so that every arrangement may be made for a good summer programme.

The Secretary's address is-Beaufort Lodge, Prospect Hill, Walthamstow.

An Excursion to Haddon Hall

"Are we all here?" said the Leader, as we flocked out of the train on to the Bakewell Station. "Where's Tompkins? Oh, there you are; you haven't lost your ticket, have you? Oh, you've got it; that's all right; now then, forward!"

We were quite a large party, thirty or forty strong, healthy young people, who were visiting Haddon Hall together. We were all equipped with stout, determined looking, shoes for tramping through the woods, and waterproofs, as the weather had been changeable and inclined to rain all the preceding week. But the latter were hardly necessary, for fortune smiled on us that day; the air was warm but bracing, the sky was just cloudy enough to be interesting and beautiful, and the Derbyshire hills were coloured with all manner of soft tints, blue, pale violet, and a delicate distant green.

The route to Haddon Hall led us through the Bakewell Woods. There was a wide turfy path, along which we tramped with merry laugh and chatter; on one side of us the bank rose high, and on the other it descended. The ground was carpeted with fresh long grass and tall bracken, and out of these the trees grew beautifully high and leafy, casting their shadows, mixed with the sunlight, on our path.

Every now and then, when the trees were thin, we caught a glimpse through them of the blue hills.

Once we stopped and, resting on the green banks, sang songs together, and went on refreshed.

In front, a lady, older than the rest, was holding great discussions and confabulations with the Leader. They started on Education, the Prayer-Book and Nonconformists: they drifted on to Bishops and thence to Pastors in general. They were beginning to get quite hot on this subject, when we plunged through some trees down to Haddon Hall, which rose quite unexpectedly before us.

The word which describes Haddon Hall best is "quaint." It is not a grim ancient fortress, but just a quaint, moss-grown, old-fashioned castle.

It is full of romance, but is not the "clang battle-axe and clash brand" kind, but a dreamy old world-romance. There the spirit of Elaine might

wander, and under the lattice she might have sat with her needlework, her little day dreams, and her sweet maiden fancies.

We stopped for a moment in front of the great entrance and took our first impressions of the Castle. It is built of rough grey stone, with turrets and battlements; the old door is curiously carved, and some way above it are the Vernon arms. Out of a little jutting piece of stone there grew (a little touch of modern nature in the midst of ancient art) a cluster of delicate blue harebells in a little nest of green.

"Has everyone got his or her coupon?" said the Leader, "Tompkins, have you got yours? Where on earth did you put it then? I gave it you this morning. Have you looked in your waistcoat pocket? It really wasn't such an unlikely place to put a coupon."

Only a part of the door was opened, the aperture was very small, but one by one we managed to get our hats through, and found ourselves almost directly in the courtyard.

It was a beautiful old courtyard, paved with moss-grown, irregular flagstones, which had been coloured by time and the weather to a thousand different shades and tints. It was surrounded by uneven grey buildings, with lattices whose diamond-shaped panes scintillated in the sunlight. We soon found that our intrusion had disturbed a most important personage, who had been airing himself in the courtyard. This was a very dishevelled, dissipated looking jackdaw, who looked as old as the Hall itself. Several of the party tried to make friends with it, but it kept just out of reach, eyeing us with offended dignity. We were not allowed to spend much time on it, however, for we were firmly taken into the Chapel by the guide, who now took possession of us.

The latter was a young woman with a strident voice, who had learnt her lesson off by heart and recited it in a disinterested way, without any particular attention to punctuation or expression.

We were shown the Chapel, the kitchen with some very interesting furniture, the hall with the music gallery, the state bedroom where Elizabeth slept, and the actual bed itself, which I should have thought was far too short for her. But the interesting parts were those which were connected with the tale of Dorothy Vernon. We were shown the ballroom where the dance was said to be held on the night of her elopement, and the stairs she went down.

At the end of the ballroom in a case is the death-mask of an old lady, Dorothy Vernon's grand-daughter, an old lady with a fine determined face, and, one would say, an iron will.

"These steps lead to the garden," said the guide, as we came to that part of the building. "They are called 'Dorothy Vernon's steps,' because it was down these steps she was supposed to have come when she eloped with Sir John Manners, according to the tale;

but it has been discovered since that this part of the Castle was built long after Dorothy Vernon was dead."

"Then she can't have gone down the steps," said an open-mouthed youth, struck youth, struck by a brilliant idea.

"She didn't," said the guide with some asperity – for, as Viola would say, that question was out of her part – "that is all a romance, a legend."

The open-mouthed youth, pondered this a moment and then came forward with another bright idea, "But you've just shown us the mask of Dorothy Vernon's grand-daughter."

"Well!"

"Then," bringing out his crushing argument, "it wasn't a legend, or a romance; if that was Dorothy Vernon's grand-daughter, there must have been a Dorothy Vernon."

There was a murmured quotation from one of the party, "Who deniges of it?"

"Of course there was a Dorothy Vernon," said the guide with great sharpness, "but she never eloped."

"Then why did they say she did?" said the youth triumphantly. "Look here, Tompkins," interrupted the Leader, patiently stifling a groan, "don't you see it was for the purposes of the tale?"

"Oh, was that it?" said the youth, and retired to ponder over this last interpretation of the problem.

Before we left the Castle we climbed up into the highest tower of all, and stayed on the battlements for a little while with the fresh breeze blowing on our faces, surveying the surroundings. A stone's throw from the Castle the River Wye wound through the valley, with reeds, rushes, and other water plants growing on its banks. In the distance the hills were growing sharp, against the sky, for the sun had just begun to set.

I wonder if the lord of the manor often used to climb the tower and gaze on the rich, fertile valley over which he ruled; and if he did, what thoughts passed through his mind.

Once more we went on to the dark staircase, and again squeezed through the little opening in the massive doorway.

By this time the sun was setting, the sky was a sea of glory with slanting, rippling clouds across it. As we reached the clear river I took a last look at Haddon Hall before it passed out of sight.

Then for a moment the merry crowd faded away, and only the Castle with its rich surroundings, instinct with romance, stood out against the sky. The present was forgotten, and the light of the sunset on the Castle was a light of the Middle Ages. Where modern men and women might have been seen, knights on chargers and their ladies on palfreys glanced among the trees, and on the highest turret a slight figure appeared-Elaine, with all her bright hair

about her shoulders. She was gazing wistfully on the beautiful valley around her, and into the golden heart of the sunset, whose glow was reflected on her delicate serious face. With longing eye's she was looking for a Lancelot who never comes.

M.S. Reeve

The Legend of the Willow

Beside the magic lake in Fairyland,
There stood a mighty willow, proudly tall;
One day came sweet Titania, rosebud-clad,
The Queen of all.

A down she sailed within her grass-blade skiff,
Towards the glory where the sun-god sets,
Veiled from his curious beams by fragrant coif
Of violets.

The firefly-herald, fastened to the prow
By tendrils of the purple passion-flower,
Oft blew his cowslip-horn, to tell the fays
Their revel hour.

But, as within his shade, the Queen drew near
Steering her dewy barge with regal grace,
The willow stooped, and brushed aside
the veil.
To see her face!

But oh! the look of sorrow from her eyes
Those eyes to which blind Love himself
had fled;
In shame the willow cowered, nor ever
since
Has raised his head.

MARJORIE BERNARD

Westfield College

Westfield College was founded in October, 1882, by Miss Dudin Brown, and it can thus be seen that it is among the younger of the women's colleges.

Westfield is situated in one of the healthiest districts of London, close to Hampstead Heath, on one of the highest points of the London suburbs.

With regard to accommodation, the College, since its last enlargement, can now take over sixty resident students; this seems a small number for the size of the building, but it must be remembered that each student is provided with two good-sized rooms.

The grounds surrounding the College are well kept, and are chiefly noted for a delightful rose garden and four really good tennis courts.

It is difficult to say much about a building which is in all respects essentially modern, and without historical associations; but to an old student every corner of the place is crammed with memories, and though she may not have for it the peculiar reverence that, for example, one feel for the stately halls of Oxford, yet she has a deep love for the College which it is difficult to surpass.

Westfield has had the same Principal, Miss C. L. Maynard, ever since its foundation, and through its Mistress's keen interest in Westfield history new students soon become familiar with it.

The majority of students at Westfield are working for the B.A degree of the London University; many of them go in for honours, and the successes, especially in history and philosophy, have been most marked. There are also students working for the London B.Sc. degree, and a few general students are received by the College on condition that they do not stay more than two years and take as one study either Greek or Latin.

Westfield also receives Divinity students, who go in for the special course of Divinity instituted a few years ago.

In the world of sport, hockey is undoubtedly the great Westfield game, and when last year the London University instituted a "Varsity" Hockey Team, Westfield had the honour of providing it with four members.

One is sometimes questioned as to how one's work at College is fitted in with the delightful social life which one leads there.

The day's programme at Westfield is something like this:-Prayers at 8 o'clock, Breakfast at 8.30, then Lectures from 9 to 1. Lunch at 1, then Hockey or anything one likes. Tea starts at 3.15, and students drop into it at different times, usually starting work somewhere about 4. Dinner at 6.30, and the half-hour after it is spent in dancing, or at various social, debating, and other societies. Then work again, and at 8.30 the really social part of college is in full swing, as it is at that hour that each student is provided with tea in her own room, and parties of various kinds, therefore, take place. This is a rough account or an average college day; but there are no rules as to how a student should spend her time, provided she attends her lectures.

Lack of space forbids one to speak of the garden parties, river parties, open debates and various entertainments which add to the delights of college life, but any old student will testify to the fact that it is a life to which she will always look back with the keenest pleasure. Westfield will always be a word to conjure with: the *Ancillae Domini* is a sacred picture because it is a college picture, the honeysuckle a sacred flower because it is the college flower, and the words of the College motto will always awaken a

thrill; and call up a string of happy memories: ΙΔΟΥ
Η ΔΟΥΛΗ ΚΥΠΙΟΥ."

The Sports.

Our Sports were held on June 20th. The day was beautiful, although perhaps a trifle hot.

The visitors were seated on chairs, round the field, striving to be as much in the shade as possible.

The first item on the programme was the Fancy Skipping. This was very pretty and everyone joined in.

Following this was the Spearing Potato Race, for which were offered a first and a second prize. These were won by Ethel Dann and Girlie Foxon respectively.

The children from Form 1. and Preparatory then had a competition all to themselves, namely, Bouncing the Football. The opposite sides were adorned with green and yellow bows. The yellows, beaded by Violet Norwood, came off victoriously.

The next proceeding was the Egg and Spoon Race, which Olive Cooper won, Dora Cross being second.

The Three-Legged Race then took place. Elsie Cotching and Gertrude Allen came in first, with Beatrice Norwood and Ruth Holdstock second.

The Flat Race for girls over thirteen was won by Elsie Cotching, and Olive Cooper took the second prize.

The Junior and Senior Drill was a very interesting and instructive item.

The Backward Flat Race was won by Ethel Dann, and Elsie Bennett came in second.

The last item was a Tug-of-War between the old and present girls. The latter being victorious.

During all these proceedings, many of the visitors were glad to be supplied with tea, which was served on small tables scattered about the part of the grounds not used for the Sports. The profits from the tea were £1 16s. 3d., which went to the School Games Club.

All then gathered round to see the distribution of the prizes, but owing to some delay they had not arrived. The girls, however, received them at school two or three days afterwards.

Many votes of thanks were given, including one to Mr. Hallows, who, for the second time, had so kindly lent his field.

HELEN MERCER.

Marriages.

June 14th, at the Parish Church, Walthamstow, Essie Wildash to Mr. James Fortescue. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. F. E. Murphy, assisted by the Rev. W. D. Graham.

June 28th, at St. Mary's Parish Church, Walthamstow, Emily Briggs to Mr. Walter William

Ling, son of Mr. Robert Ling, of Southend-on-Sea. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. E. Ogden.

In July, at Marsh Street Congregational Church, Walthamstow, the wedding took place of Nellie Carter, daughter of Mr. A. Carter, of Walthamstow, to Mr. Ernest Grayston, of Walthamstow. The officiating minister was the Rev. Charles Wickham.

September 12th, at St. Mary's Parish Church, Walthamstow, Violet Francis to Mr. Langley King. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. W. Douglass.

Births.

June 17th, to Dr. and Mrs, Kenneth Douglas (*née* Hodson) a son (Colin Kenneth).

June 26th, to Mr. and Mrs Cecil Lewis (*née*, Andrews) a daughter.

October 27th, to Mr. and Mrs, C. E. Hopley (*née* Sinden) a son (Arthur Ernest).

Editorial Notes

1. The Editor must remind members of the O. G. A. that notices are only omitted from the Magazine because they have not been sent in. It is impossible to write for notices of births, marriages, etc
2. Will contributors to the Magazine kindly remember to write on one side of the paper only?

Contributions for the June Magazine must be sent to C. R. Whittingham before May 15th.

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