

Walthamstow High School Magazine

Editor C. R. WHITTINGHAM. *Sub-Editors:* Miss GOLDWIN and Miss GOWER.

Walthamstow High School Old Girls' Association.

President: MISS HEWETT. Vice-Presidents: MISS GOLDWIN AND MISS RICHARDSON.
Treasurer: MRS. F. MAUD.
Secretary: Miss MABEL GILLETT.
Assistant Secretaries: MISS BLOOD AND MRS. GEORGE FOXON.
Committee:
MISS E. FOXON.
B. GILLARD.
H. GRIGGS.
I. HODSON.
MISS E. ALLEN.
MISS M. BERNARD.
MRS. W. CALVER.
MISS W. DONKIN.
MISS K. REEVE.
C. WHITTINGHAM.
G. WILDASH.
A. WISE.

At a Committee Meeting held on October 7th, MAGGIE GRIGGS was elected Secretary of the Literary Section and the following programme was arranged for the winter:-
Tuesday, October 29th.-Short papers by several Members on "Occupations for Women."
Tuesday, November 26th.-Debate; subject suggested, "The Simple Life."
Monday, January 27th.-Reading of "The Rivals."
Tuesday, February 25th.-Discussion of "The Marriage of William Ashe."
Monday, March 23rd.-General Meeting.

All Members should make a point of reading the book, "The Marriage of William Ashe." It is published in Nelson's Library at 7 d. "The Rivals" is published in a cheap series at 1d., also in cloth covers in Cassell's National Library at 6d. These can be obtained at Miss Barber's.

With regard to the General Meeting, the Committee have agreed to bring forward a motion, on that occasion, to reduce the Magazine to one copy (of increased size) per annum, hoping in this way to reduce the expenses of the Association, as, owing to the comparatively small membership, the funds are not in a very flourishing condition.

MABEL H. GILLETT, *Hon. Sec.*

On October 29th the following papers were read on "Occupations for Women";-

Kindergarten Teaching. A. Wise.
Secondary Teaching. E. Foxon.
Nursing, C. Donkin.
Gardening, B. Gillard.
Domestic Service. Mrs. Maud.
Cooking, H. Griggs.
House Decorating, W. Donkin.
Art, M. Reeve,
Needlework, B. Lewis.
Physical Training, E. Turner.
Journalism, K. Reeve.
Dressmaking, M. Gillett.

Eisteddfod.

The following High School Girls gained prizes or commendation at the Eisteddfod held on October 5th in aid of Dr. Barnardo's Homes:-

Cookery
Small Cakes.- Commended, Clare Gillard.
Jam Sandwich.-Commended, Clare Gillard and Florence Clarke.
Cake,-Commended, Margie Whittingham.
Loaf of Bread.-Second Prize, Beatrice Whittingham.
Meat Pie.-Commended, Bertha Lewis.
Cold Supper Dish.-Second Prize, Margie Whittingham.
Sweets.- First Prize, Dora Shurmur.
Design for Postcard Commended, Winnie Donkin.
Group of Still Life
First Prize, Florence Gower. Second Prize, Bertha Lewis.
Commended, Mabel Gillett and Winifred Wildash.
Landscape Painting - First Prize, Bertha Lewis.
Commended, Winnie Donkin.
Picture, representing "Solitude"-
First Prize, Florence Gower. Second Prize, Mrs. Percy Donkin. *Wood Carving* - Commended, Gertrude Wildash.
Chip Carving - Commended, Mrs. W. E. Calver and Mrs. Frank Maud.
Table Decoration - First Prize, Margie Whittingham. Second Prize, Dorothy Wildash
Commended, Mrs. Frank Maud.
Needlework (under 10 years) - Special Prize, Trissie Gower
Dressed Doll - Second Prize, Enid Gower
Embroidered Tray Cloth - First Prize, Madame de Sayher.
Drawn Thread Cloth - First Prize, Dorothea Gould. Commended, Daisy Chappell.

Cushion Cover First Prize, Bertha Lewis. Second Prize, Miss Hewett, Commended, Mildred Sinden.
Child's Pinafore First Prize, Daisy Chappell.
 Second Prize, Mrs. John Ogilvie.
Flannel Petticoat Second Prize, Mrs. Frank Maud.
 Commended, Mrs. John Ogilvie.
Blouse First Prize, Mabel Gillett.
Limericks Second Prize, Connie Donkin.
Poems Second Prize, Dora Goodchild.
Recitation, "Fizziwig's Ball" First Prize, Florence Gower.
Pianoforte (under 12years)- First Prize, Cissie Gammon. Second Prize, Winnie Bean.
Duet- First Prize, Alice Wise and Ella Lewis.
Reading at Sight- Second Prize, Alice Wise.
Violin - First Prize, Beatrice Whittingham.
Design for Cushion Cover- First Prize, Florence Gower. Second Prize, Bertha Lewis

Prize Limericks at Eisteddfod.

There once was a fine tabby cat,
 Who grew most uncomfortably fat;
 He lost sight of his claws
 At the end of his paws,
 So he laid down and died on the mat.

There once was a giddy young calf,
 Who simply did nothing but laugh;
 When asked if he cried
 If a butcher he spied,
 He gaily did answer "not 'alf."

Some cannibals once caught a leopard,
 Who had eaten, alive, poor Miss Sheopard;
 The brute they did roast,
 With the body on toast,
 And the pair of them salted and peopard.

There once was a dashing young gnu,
 Who set out his true love to woo;
 But when he got near
 She cried, "No, my dear,
 I could get someone better than you!"

There once was a handsome old lion,
 Who attempted to climb up Mount Sion ;
 But halfway up the hill
 He got horribly ill,
 So found a green spot to die on.

A rabbit once jumped in the water,
 To escape from a sportsman who sought her;
 But a man fishing nigh,
 Did heave a big sigh,
 For he thought he'd a trout when he caught her.

CONNIE DONKIN.

"England's Glory and Her Shame."

By "ADORA," Prize Poem at the Eisteddfod.

Broader street and statlier building,
 Noble monument upreared;
 Skilful workmen carving and regilding;
 Force our slave, that once we feared:
 Daily grow's our England's fame,
 To her glory or her shame?
 Squalid court and beastliest dwelling;
 Life a reeking, brawling hour;
 Child-frames-pure with love and life up-welling
 Starved, deformed by evil power:
 Hear them claim our England's name,
 To her glory or her shame?
 Higher ideals creeds enlightening;
 Science gaining like a tide;
 Young lands ripening, new stars brightening;
 "God, our Father!" prayed on every side:
 Still our halt and poor and lame
 Hide our glory in a shame.

Raze the dirty hovel-houses,
 Sweep the filth and mire away;
 Find the children - pearls swine-trodden-
 Cleanse and cherish, day by day.
 These the pillars of our state-
 These the splendour of our fame;
 England! hold them in thy hand,
 For the glory of thy name.

East End Notes by F. FOXON

Teaching in an East End Secondary School which contains a large proportion of Jewesses, is in some respects more interesting than the work in an ordinary High School. Some of the children are of Russian, Polish or German extraction, and speak these languages or Yiddish at home, English at school, and Hebrew at the evening classes they attend for the study of that language. Small wonder that English composition is a weak point with many of these Jewesses! Many of them have relatives abroad, so that they make such lessons as Geography quite lively with scraps of information about foreign countries. They do not suffer from nervousness or shyness, and are only too ready to impart their knowledge. There is no marked difference in intellect between the Christians and Jewesses; but the latter have decidedly the advantage in dramatic power, coming out head of the lists in almost every class in Recitation. Of course, there are disadvantages in teaching in a mixed school of this kind, for instance, the Scripture classes have to be differently divided

and fresh arrangements made every time there is a Jewish holiday, when only about two-thirds of the school are present. Then there is naturally a little grumbling on the part of the Christians, as the Jewesses get more holidays.

At such times the East End is an interesting sight. The day before a feast, women are seen in all directions carrying live fowls under their arms to the priests, who have to pronounce a blessing over the birds before they are killed. This is done in a particular way, or they will not be touched by a Jew, but got rid of to a Christian. The streets are crowded, when the feast-day arrives, with smartly dressed women and children and men in top hats and frock coats. Early in the morning they troop to the synagogues with brightly coloured "praying shawls" in little bags. On these occasions the girls are conspicuous by their absence. The parents generally only take the boys with them. This points to a significant fact: we are told, by one who knows the East End well, that the Jews are not at all certain whether their women have souls or not! One of our own pupils said the other day that her brother had to go to synagogue every day before breakfast, but she did not, as it does not matter about the girls. For a day or two before the Feast of Tabernacles the air is filled with the sound of hammering in all the back yards. Soon a little greenhouse appears at the bottom of the yard, which the family use as a tabernacle, spending most of their spare time in it, drinking coffee and saying prayers aloud in the evenings.

At the Feast of the Passover the well-known unleavened Oat cakes appear in all the bakers' windows. At this time their great "spring cleaning" takes place in order to purify everything in the house; every scrap of leaven must also be got rid of in the shape of ordinary bread. A characteristic sight is a woman trudging along with a basket full of rings of bread tied up in bunches with string; she cries these for sale in Yiddish.

Another striking feature is the number of women who wear wigs parted down the middle and severely brushed down on each side. We are told that these are Polish Jewesses, who have to shave when they get married!

Many curious customs are related to us by the: Christian children in Scripture lessons. They say that Jews always wash their hands on returning from a funeral, thus keeping the ceremonial laws of the Old Testament. Strict Jews do no work at all on the Sabbath, even hiring Christians to poke their fires for them. When a baby-boy is born, his mother always

hopes it may be the Messiah, and the father goes out and gives money, (generally a half-sovereign) to the first beggar he sees. A cup of water and some bread are placed on the window ledge, but precisely what this means I cannot say.

It is a well-known fact that Whitechapel has the lowest rate of infant mortality for all East London. This is owing to the Jewish women being better mothers, in every sense, than their Christian neighbours. They do not drink, and are much wiser in the feeding of the children. They also appear to be more affectionate mothers, judging by what one sees in passing their houses every day. Little toddlers are often conducted to school along the busy Commercial Road by their grandfathers or grandmothers, the boys looking very queer in their corduroy suits and the girls with their hair either in pigtails or curls. Jewish girls in their 'teens are far more attractive than the boys with their fine figures and lovely heads of hair; the boys are always so small and pasty looking. The contrast between the stylish mode of hair-dressing adopted by young Jewesses and the fearful "knob and fringe" of the typical Cockney is very striking.

It is hardly necessary to mention the best-known street scene of all – the dancing to the piano-organs. I have seen a mite of about four years, clad only as far as its petticoats, gaily kicking its legs up and down in the middle of the road. What was my astonishment one evening on going down Cable Street, to see one of our fifth form girls, with her long dark plait undone, dancing with a party of other girls, while men and women lolled against posts watching. To return to school matters—one is rather alarmed at first by the formidable names of children: Deichovsky, Margulinski, Radtke, Stepniski, Koski, Kaplinski, Greenbaum, Epstein, Weinstein, Flöm, Bogood, Steinberg, Bluston, etc., being some of our choicest surnames; Zetta, Rachel, Rebecca, Leah, Hyer, Esther, Minna, Deborah, being popular as Christian names.

To wind up this somewhat "scrappy" account, I present a question put by an enquiring mind of ten years. On being told that horses were not used in Japan, this small maid (Johanna) asked, "Whatever do they do for cat's-meat?"

F. FOXON.

The Summer and Christmas Terms, 1907.

The last two terms of this year have proved to

be very pleasant ones. The Cambridge work extends over interesting periods in History and Scripture, the latter beginning with the story of Abraham and reaching to the twentieth chapter of Exodus. The Literature comprises two of Shakespeare's plays, namely, "As You Like It" for detailed study, and "King Lear" for the extra literary subject for senior candidates. The contrast afforded by this choice is not its least pleasing feature. Scott's "Talisman" is also included in the syllabus.

On Empire Day we held our usual celebrations, and the recitations were much enjoyed by all present. Mrs. Reeve gave a delightful and instructive address on a British girl's duty to her country. Two compositions on England, written by Irene Williams and Elsie Hill, were read by Miss Hewett, who, very much to the surprise of the writers, presented each of them with a book to show her appreciation of their excellence; after this our enjoyable entertainment was brought to a close by a few interesting and concluding remarks by Miss Hewett.

On July 5th, the Third Annual Sports took place. The day was all that could be desired until the races were nearly over, when a sharp shower resulted in a general rush for shelter. Among the girls who entered for the races, Elsie Cotching and Ethel Dann specially distinguished themselves.

Elsie Cotching's high jump being highly commendable. The prizes were well chosen, and thanks are due in this connection to Miss Damon and those girls who so kindly volunteered to select them. The Basket Ball matches this year have been very exciting. We played Coborn Road and Chelsea Training College, both of which matches we lost. The School, however, has need to be proud of its team for the splendid way it played against Chelsea. At half time, the High School was one goal ahead, which, owing to the fact that the Chelsea team is composed of girls, most of whom are over twenty, was very good indeed. We lost a match against Skinner's High School, but the great event of the year for us, in the connection of Basket Ball, was our glorious victory over St. Bride's, whom we beat seven to one.

On September 25th, the whole School with the exception of Forms 1. and Preparatory, went on an expedition to the Forest. We rode, in brakes, from Chingford Station to a very pretty part of the Forest, from which spot we walked to Loughton, where a plenteous, and much longed-for, tea awaited us. The Forest was lovely in its autumn colouring, and the thick carpet of leaves made walking delightfully easy. We arrived at Chingford Station by brakes, at about half-past six, all very tired but very happy, having enjoyed our trip all the more owing to the

fact that it had twice been postponed on account of the unfavourable weather.

Very few girls left last term and a considerable number of new girls have been added to our school roll. There are five Senior Cambridge Candidates and quite a number entering for the Junior Examination. We were all delighted to hear that Irene Williams passed the Senior Cambridge in July.

HELEN E. MERCER.

Holidays Spent in France.

The chief difficulty one meets in writing a short article on France is that of choosing. First, there rise visions of the far-famed Latin Quarter of Paris - scene of so much true, as well as false, romance. Here, students of all nations gather, and, looking down the long dining table, you may see Swedish, Germans, Dutchmen, Russians, and Chinese, in animated talk, which often turns upon the customs of their various fatherlands. A stay in the Quarter is a good cure for insular prejudice. You cannot quite shut out of your heart any set of "foreigners" who sympathise when a letter is delayed on its journey from England, congratulate you when it rests at last beside your plate, and betray no little anxiety lest, in your ignorance, you should wander alone into a café or do something not quite "convenient." If they sometimes speculate upon the contents of your parcels and announce a firm conviction that the latter contain "plum pudding," to be secretly devoured in your own room, or mischievously question you on your latest lecture in the hope that you have not understood it these are not very serious offences. A stay in the Quarter, or indeed, anywhere abroad, encourages good habits. In England, you might come down a little late to breakfast and exchange with those around you the "straight-flung words and few" in which the English delight, but in France, feeling yourself the humble representative of a mighty nation, you rise with the lark and try to school your manners to the graceful courtesy which pleases the French. Less stirring than the Quarter is the quiet suburb of Asnières. Yet there is a charm in its lightly-built villas which give one a curious impression that they were not meant for ordinary everyday habitation, and in the large gardens which are so rare in Paris itself. One can boat upon the Seine here and watch the frogs leaping among the water lilies. Coyeux, with its magnificent stretch of sea and sky, its cheerful crash of shingle beneath one's feet, and its comely weather-beaten fishwives. Tours, with its rings of castles famed in history-these complete the tale of my wanderings.

Many, I think, would prefer a holiday in such surroundings to one in an ordinary seaside resort, but they are deterred by the fancied expense and trouble. The fare is, of course, rather heavy—a return ticket to Paris costing about £2 7s. If, however, one settles down for a few weeks in one spot, the expense of living is not great. I have enjoyed every comfort for twenty-five or thirty shillings a week. Trouble is lifted from one's shoulder by the kindly and misjudged firm of Thomas Cook & Son. The inexperienced travellers whom they take abroad in flocks, frequently raise a smile, but many who are not experienced think it well worthwhile to buy their ticket from a firm that will change their money, trace out the easiest route to any obscure town, and look up the exact time of suitable trains. The experience of myself and several friends has led me to regard that firm as "a boon and a blessing to men."

"The Lady with the Lamp."

"Lives of great men all remind us
We may make our lives sublime,"

Wrote Longfellow in his "Psalm of Life," but he does not confine this power to the lives of men. Indeed one of his most beautiful little poems was inspired, as he shows in its verses, by the life of the "Lady of the Lamp"—Florence Nightingale, and truly her life of quiet devotion and untiring energy is worthy of a place beside those of the "Men of Action" of the last century. We have only time for a brief glance at her life, with its many beauties, but that glance should be an interesting one.

Florence Nightingale was named after the city of Florence, where she where she was born in 1820, but her childhood was spent in England, chiefly in the beautiful county of Derbyshire. Even in her childhood she showed signs of talents, for her favourite games were nursing her dolls, who could of course be conveniently sick at any time, and bandaging their broken limbs which probably required little preparation for the game if Florence was an ordinary destructive little girl! As she grew older she longed for real live things to look after, and the story of her first real patient is interesting, in spite of our familiarity with it. We all probably remember how on calling in at a shepherd's cottage in one of the dales one day she found a sad scene. The shepherd, almost weeping, was tying stones to the neck of his old sheep-dog, who, with a badly broken leg, lay waiting for the death which his old master meant in mercy to give him. Florence insisted on trying to cure the poor dog, and after a long course of treatment he was once more able to roam round with his master and keep

the wandering sheep in order for him. From this first experience Florence passed on to nursing all the cases of suffering in the district, and the more she saw of sorrow the greater grew her desire to use her gift for the good of men. Even her first season in London, after her presentation at Court, was spent in examining the working of London hospitals. Soon afterwards, having made a tour of foreign hospitals, she found that England was far behindhand in matters of nursing, so she went through a course of training in Germany and in Paris.

On her return to England she used much of her money and her time in reorganising a hospital for gentlewomen in Harley Street. Then came a time of disturbance and general disquiet. The Crimean War broke out in Europe, and all England was stirred to its depths by accounts of the horrible sufferings of the sick and wounded. When the time of trouble came it was found that there was absolutely no preparation in the hospitals for the simplest demands, and that there was an utter absence of the commonest necessities in nursing.

The barrack hospital at Scutari was in a terrible condition, and the sick and wounded died in large numbers, everyone knowing that they might have been saved if only proper arrangements had been made for their care. Although it was late in the day to begin making an effort to improve the state of the medical department in the Crimea, a movement in this direction took place through all England. A Patriotic Fund for the relief of the wounded was opened, and money flowed in. This wave of sympathy produced greater effect even than the supply of money, for at this crisis Florence Nightingale decided to go out to the Crimea herself to nurse the wounded and superintend the hospitals. Her letter, offering her services for this purpose, was crossed by one from the Secretary of War, Sydney Herbert, asking her to undertake the very work which she had decided, on his approval, to do. No time was lost. Exactly a week from the date of the offer, she left for the seat of war, accompanied by a staff of 37 nurses, some of whom were trained professionals, while others were volunteers. She arrived at Constantinople at the beginning of November, and reached Scutari just in time to receive the wounded from Balaclava. This was the beginning of the terrible winter campaign, and the mortality among the sick was terrible.

Miss Nightingale gave herself body and soul to the work. No trouble was too great for her. She would stand for twenty hours at a stretch directing the placing of the wounded as they were carried into the wards and seeing them provided

with all the requisites of their condition. She regularly took her place in the operating room to hearten the sufferers by her presence, and at night would make her solitary round of the wards, lamp in hand, stopping here and there to speak a kind word to some sufferer. Her days were full of the hardest toil. After each battle hundreds of men were taken to the hospitals, which were already almost full, and in a short time Miss Nightingale had 10,000 men under her care, as well as the superintendence of all the hospitals on the Bosphorus. She saw clearly that the frightful mortality was largely due to bad sanitary arrangements, and her incessant labour was devoted to the removal of these causes, as well as to alleviation of their results. Gradually her measures took effect, and in the course of a few months the death-rate sank from 42 per cent to 2 per cent. The strain of constant toil and anxiety, and the circumstances under which she had to work, naturally told on Miss Nightingale's own health, and she had a long attack of fever, but she refused to leave her post, and stayed at Scutari till the English army left Turkey in 1856.

In London preparations were made to give her a triumphant reception, for all the people were thrilled by the knowledge of her heroism; and the reverence and the admiration felt for her by the men whose lives she had saved had spread through all the homes in England to which she had been a life-giver. Miss Nightingale, however, determined to avoid a public welcome, returned home in a French ship and escaped to her country home before the news of her return had leaked out.

Her health was permanently injured by the hardships which she had endured, but although her after-life was quiet, it was full of usefulness. With the £50,000 raised in recognition of her services, she founded the Nightingale Home for training nurses at St. Thomas's and King's College Hospitals. A great deal of her time was occupied in writing reports for the Government on the question of army sanitary reform, the Crimean War acting as her great illustration. She also published her "Notes on Nursing," which had a great effect on the management of army hospitals. According to Miss Nightingale, nursing ought to signify the "proper use of fresh air, light, warmth, cleanliness, quiet, and proper diet, all at the least expense of vital force to the patient."

In 1892, she organised a crusade to teach cottagers the simple laws of health, and her influence in these and many other ways was very great. Her whole idea of life was to devote her strength to others, and in her life and work we see, united in the service of humanity, the devotedness which animated the saints of the olden times, and

the science which enlightens the clever men of the present day.

Florence Nightingale has held, for many years, a high place in the regard of her fellow countrymen and women, and the story of her noble self-sacrifice went far afield, rousing enthusiasm in the hearts of men of many nations when they heard of her heroism and influence. Many tributes have been paid to her, one taking the form of a delightfully appropriate anagram on her name, the letters being transposed to make the phrase, "Flit on, Cheering Angel." Longfellow's poem, called "Santa Filomêna," is well known to all of us, and will long remain as a fitting tribute to a noble woman.

Births.

Tuesday, 22nd October, to Mr and Mrs Stanley Rainer (*née*, Ethel Griggs) a daughter.

Marriages.

August 15th, at St. Mary's Parish Church, Walthamstow, by the Rev. W. Manning, assisted by the Rev. E. Ogden, Edith Lewis, daughter of Mr. W. Lewis, of the Drive, Walthamstow, to George Foxon, also of Walthamstow.

June 13th, at St. Mary's, Walthamstow, Beatrice Alice Long, third daughter of Mr. G. M. Long, of Prospect Hill, Walthamstow, to Arthur Edward Tucker, of Clapton.

August 1st, at St. Mary's, Walthamstow, Dora Longmore, daughter of Mr. W. A. Longmore, of Walthamstow, to Rodney Lionel Tracey, of Manchester.

June 5th, at St. John's Church, Moordown, Bournemouth, by the Rev. S. C. Calver, brother of the bride, assisted by the Rev. J. Henry, Winifred Alice (Freda) Calver to Jack Houghton, second son of Mr. W. Houghton, of Woodford.

August 29th, at the Congregational Church, Teignmouth, by the Rev. Stanley B. James, Helen (Nellie) Fraser, second daughter of Mr. Matthew Fraser, of Brimley, Teignmouth, to William Arthur Workman, of Buckhurst Hill, Essex.

J.C. Phelp & Son, Printers, Beulah Road, Walthamstow