

## **Walthamstow High School Magazine**

Committee: Miss Goldwin, M E Griggs, K Reeve, M Bernard, W Allen

### **Walthamstow High School Old Girls' Association.**

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THE School has experienced a great sorrow in the death of Miss Blood, teacher of Form I., who had been connected with the Walthamstow High School for eight years.

After a few days' illness, an illness that seemed hopeless almost from the beginning, she passed away on the evening of Wednesday, October 13<sup>th</sup>. Wreaths were sent by the teachers and pupils of the School, who also attended the funeral service held at Church Hill Wesleyan Church. Everything was done that could show affection and esteem, and in our own sorrow at her loss we feel the deepest sympathy for the bereaved family.

The whist party arranged for November 26<sup>th</sup> will be postponed till after Christmas.

### **Walthamstow High School Old Girls' Association, 1909.**

THE winter programme opened on Monday, October 11<sup>th</sup>, when a paper was read by Miss Ellis on Jane Austen and her work. The paper proved a delightful one, and afterwards selections from the different novels were read. There was a good attendance, in spite of the bad weather, and a very pleasant evening was spent.

On December 6<sup>th</sup>, five minute papers on "Heroines in Fiction" will be read.

After Christmas there will be a discussion on Sir Oliver Lodge's *Man and the Universe*.

The Club is in possession of a copy and it is hoped that all members will avail themselves of the opportunity of reading it. Any member wishing to borrow it can do so by applying to M. E. Griggs.

### **Our Summer Term.**

THE outstanding event of the Summer Term was our Empire Day Celebration. This was conducted in the usual way by a short entertainment in the morning, and a ramble through the forest in the afternoon. Ninety-eight girls walked to Loughton through Boadicea's Camp, and the outing, always popular, was thoroughly enjoyed by everyone despite the responsibility of such a large assembly, which necessitated frequent desperate countings, but happily no one was even temporarily lost. One cannot help wondering what Boadicea would think if she were present on these occasions. Assuredly the owners of the most dilapidated hats would do well to flee from that dread lady!

On July loth we held our Annual Bazaar, which realised over £40. The stalls looked very well, and as both weather and attendance were good, everything contributed to the general success.

The Cambridge literary work this term includes "Twelfth Night," and the Second Book of the "Faerie Queen." The Sixth Form are reading some Chaucer and the comparison of this and the Spenser forms all interesting study. The examination results were very successful. Nesta Newmarch matriculated in June and Winifred Allen in September.

The Cambridge results are as follows:

*Senior:* Elsie Simpson (3rd Class Honours).

*Pass:* Bonna Manley, Cathie Steer, Dorothea Gillings, Helen Mercer (*distinction in English*).

There were no Junior entries.

The Sixth Form this term is exceptionally large, consisting of twelve girls, two of whom, Nesta Newmarch and Elsie Simpson, are studying for Intermediate Arts. Florence Wakefield left last term to go to Avery Hill Elementary Training College, and Winifred Allen has entered Whitelands and both are studying to be teachers. They are the first girls from the School to enter either College and our best wishes go with them for their success. May they leave "trailing clouds of glory." Dorothea Gillings and Cathie Steer are

now teaching at Cowslip Road, Woodford, and find their work extremely interesting. They come twice a week, however, for Literature, History, French and Needlework.

There have been several changes in the staff. After Miss Ellis left, Miss Graham was appointed as her successor. She only remained one term and Miss Maclean, M.A. (Aberdeen), is now filling the post.

Middle. Gremaud comes every Tuesday afternoon "to talk to us," as she says, and we find this lesson very interesting. Miss Birch now teaches the Upper School drawing on Mondays, Tuesdays, and Wednesday afternoons. The Abblett drawing examination results were very good. A great many girls passed in divisions three and four, whilst Nesta Newmarch, Marjorie Wise and Enid Wise secured the certificate for division five. Miss Ellis gave a most beautiful picture to the School when she left. It is entitled "A Noble Lady of Venice." The colouring is remarkably beautiful and the picture is much admired.

We have now the Sports and Prize-giving to look forward to, and if they are as enjoyable as all that have gone before them we shall have spent a very happy school year.

H.M.

### **Report of the School Bazaar.**

THE date of the Annual School Bazaar was at last fixed for Saturday, July 10th. During the days previous to the sale the sky was heavy with clouds, and the ground was soaked by the incessant rain. Preparations were made to have the Bazaar indoors, and everyone resolved to make the best of unpleasant circumstances. Nevertheless the day dawned bright and fair, and the sun shone brilliantly.

The Bazaar was made known to outsiders by a beautifully drawn poster, executed by Miss Birch, and nailed up above the school gate. The many stalls were also recognised by posters, painted by the school girls.

Although all the stalls were inside the school, the refreshments and the band were able to be enjoyed in the garden.

First and foremost among the different stalls come those taken charge of by the old girls, namely, the Refreshment Stall, held by the Misses Foxon, Allen, Ella Lewis, and others, and the Needlework

Stall, held by Kate Day, who was helped by some of the older girls of the school. The VI. Form had charge of the cakes and the sweets.

The II. Form, assisted by Miss Smyth, had a Doll Stall, which included an exhibition of dolls representative of the fashions of the sixteenth century, a High School girl, and of different nationalities – all dressed by Form II.

Violet and Winnie Clarke, Winnie Robbins and Elsie How had the Flower and Fruit Stall.

The Grocery Stall was held by Enid Wise, Judy Manley, and Violet Adams.

Lilian Brinkworth and Ethel Hyde had the Fancy Stall, which, although small, was prettily and tastefully decorated.

A new and popular stall was the Sixpenny, managed by Connie Gibson and Muriel Dale.

The Fish Pond was held by Ivy Horton, Beatrice Briggs, and Linda Smith, and the Dip by Norah Steele and Clare and Louise Reeve.

The Ice Cream Stall, which was in great requisition, was held by Dorothea Gillings, Cathie Steer, Winnie Hitchman, and Elsie Simpson.

As the date of the Bazaar was uncertain no one was asked to perform the opening ceremony, but at 3 o'clock speeches were made by Miss Hewett, Dr. Wise, Mr. Houghton and Mr. Attwell, and the large number of people assembled at the school were just as well pleased.

In the evening an impromptu concert, by the past and present girls of the school, assisted by their brothers, made an entertaining close to a successful sale and a pleasant day, although it need hardly be said that the school band of the previous bazaar was sorely missed.

The total amount realised was about £43, which amply provided for the school cot in Walthamstow Hospital for one year, and also, after all expenses had been paid, £12 extra was able to be sent to the Hospital.

### **Recent Successes.**

Nellie Chappell, appointed Senior Mathematical Mistress at St. Leonards School, St. Andrews, N.B.  
Ruth Cunningham, Art Class Teacher's Certificate, South Kensington.

Charlotte Cunningham, Bronze Medal for Modelling (national competition).

Florence Gower, Book Prize for decorated hand mirror (national competition).

Ella Lewis, Royal Academy of Music, Pianoforte,

Certificate of Merit.

Beatrice Whittingham, Royal Academy of Music  
Annual Examination: Violin, Silver Medal;  
Pianoforte, Bronze Medal; Harmony, Bronze  
Medal.

Alice Wise, Piano, Advanced Associated Board,  
R.A.M., R.C.M.

Cora Wildash passed Final Medical and Surgical  
Examination and is appointed Sister of the men's  
surgical ward at Addenbrook's Hospital,  
Cambridge.

## Social Events.

## MARRIAGES.

Florrie Clarke to Sydney H. Gillard.

Dorothy Gould to Steve Tayler.

Poppy Scott to Robert Stuart.

Gertrude Wildash to Humphrey Carte.

## BIRTHS.

To Mr. and Mrs. Langley King (nee Violet Francis)  
a son Ivor Hubert.

To Mr. and Mrs Arthur Workman (nee Nelly  
Fraser) a son -John Fraser.

To Mr. and Mrs Arthur Tucker (nee Beattie  
Long), a daughter-Beatrice May.

To Mr. and Mrs. Harry Gillett (nee Ada Gower),  
a son Kenneth Henry.

## A Retrospect.

IT is now just twenty years ago that a  
circular was issued stating that a School for Girls  
was to be opened in Walthamstow in the follow-  
ing January, and inviting applications for the  
post of Headmistress.

Walthamstow was described in this circular as a  
pleasant suburb on the borders of Epping Forest,  
with a population of about forty thousand, which  
number was likely rapidly to increase. This  
prophecy has been strikingly fulfilled, for the  
population has nearly trebled, and in every way  
the place to-day has a very different appearance  
from its aspect then. Hoe Street was almost a  
country road, with a few houses on each side,  
and with meadows, in which were cattle and  
sheep and hawthorn bushes, within a gunshot of  
the station. Opposite the present School House

was Rectory Manor, and the outlook from the  
school windows could hardly have been prettier  
or more suggestive of a quiet country town.

Some few weeks after the date for sending in  
applications for the post in the new School, six of  
the applicants received notices asking them to  
attend a meeting of the Governing Body to be  
interviewed. On receipt of this interesting and  
exciting communication, which made more  
possible what had before seemed a very remote  
contingency, a matter of very great importance  
had to be decided. What kind of *bonnet* would be  
suitable for such a momentous occasion? For no  
Governing Body at that time would have given a  
second thought to anyone who had so little regard  
for *les convenances* as to appear in a *hat*; and  
accordingly all the six, when they met for the  
interview one evening in November in one of the  
classrooms of Trinity School, were seen to be of  
one mind in this matter.

Earlier in the same evening there were three  
occupants of a railway carriage coming from  
London to Hoe Street, and this conversation was  
begun:

"You are earlier than usual this evening, Mr. C."

"Yes, we are choosing a Headmistress for our  
new School."

Here the subject was abruptly changed, to the  
annoyance of the third occupant, who perhaps  
betrayed too obvious an interest, though: she  
endeavoured to appear absorbed in her book.

The interview was an alarming ordeal for the  
interviewed, and now one can see it may have  
been also for the interviewers, for it must have  
been a difficult task to think of suitable questions  
to put to six candidates concerning whom full  
information had already been supplied, and each  
of whom would certainly tell all the others the  
questions she had been supplied. These questions  
were some of them very startling and some even  
amusing; thinking over them after the lapse of  
twenty years the comic side is most apparent, but  
then it was a very different matter to be suddenly  
asked: "Will you give us your views on  
education?" The only way to deal with that was to  
gasp and make a plunge; it was not an easy matter  
to make a beginning, but having got a very little  
way into the subject it was much more difficult to  
finish, knowing that to give a satisfactory answer  
was quite impossible. The consolation, on  
thinking it over afterwards and regretting one's  
stupidity, was that probably few had really

listened to the answer, for admiration of the brain that had framed such a comprehensive question must have been the universal sentiment.

Terrible as the first interview was, the second was almost worse; for to be called in and told seriously and solemnly that: "The Governing Body have appointed you to be Headmistress of their new School" left the Headmistress-elect almost speechless, for under such circumstances there is nothing to be said but commonplaces; these were said, and the other candidates quickly departed, while the one who had been chosen was made personally acquainted with her interviewers, who suddenly became quite human and not at all alarming when they were not under ordinary conditions, in the rooms of the Headmaster of the Manor Grammar School, who broke, or rather thawed, the ice quickly and successfully.

Two busy months followed. Many letters were received and had to be answered, and several weekend visits were paid to Walthamstow, many plans had to be made, much advice asked, and much unasked advice received from Schoolgirls who were most anxious to give their opinions as to how a School should be conducted that was run on "really sensible lines." There were requests to write to everybody and tell them whether girls in Walthamstow were as nice as in Surbiton, but - "They cannot be, and you can never like them as much as you like us, can you?"

The inaugural meeting was held one evening in January, 1890, in Trinity School room, the temporary home of the new School, and it was another terrifying experience. For someone who had never before spoken in public to have to face and address a large audience and again to expound her "Views on Education," was a prospect that meant many hours of consideration and much anxiety, for this time people were listening, and listening critically, before deciding whether the speaker was to have to the great privilege of training their daughters in the way they should go. After the speech the generally unpleasant experience of hearing oneself talked about would have seemed quite agreeable, if one could have listened calmly to what was being said, and ceased wondering whether one had said just what one wanted to say or the exact opposite.

After this the actual opening of School on Monday morning seemed a simple and easy matter, for girls were not nearly so formidable as a

public meeting, and when one was used to a large School the thirty we expected seemed quite a small number, but forty-nine came, most of them accompanied by parents, and there were only two of us--the Headmistress and Miss Billings--to cope with the situation. No doubt all of those girls remember that day in much greater detail than we can, for to see parents, write receipts for fees, and deal with the girls, whose ages varied from 7 to 16, and whose attainments and even names we were totally ignorant of, provided sufficient occupation for mind and body. At last the parents all departed, and the girls were all supplied with examination papers, suited-more or less-to their varying capacities, but before there could be any thought of an oral examination it was obviously necessary to take steps to procure another assistant mistress, and accordingly Miss Strudwick was sent for and asked to be in readiness to begin work the next morning. Then things began to seem more possible, and the girls gradually became separate individuals and possessed names and personalities.

*(To be concluded.)*

## **Impressions of Paris.**

IT was arranged that I should spend some two months in Paris this summer with a French family, who, I may mention, cannot speak a word of English. Various French grammars were put into my travelling trunk, which, however, I found so dry and uninteresting that I gave them up, after wading through two or three pages, and thought I would rather trust to luck to get along than spend time on French verbs, which ought to have been learnt at the Walthamstow High School. Oh! How I wished sometimes I had been industrious in the French class there!

On entering Dieppe harbour a large wooden crucifix (I should estimate about 60ft. high), standing on a wooden jetty, at once attracted my attention. Underneath this stood a small Madonna, and one could not help realising that one was approaching a Roman Catholic country. There are only a few of these statues left in Paris, but in the country towns they are still quite common. When I reached home I inquired of my brother what he thought of this crucifix; he told me that all he had noticed at Dieppe was a large yellow placard stating in black letters the

inestimable value of "Continental Tyres." Was it bad weather that caused him to overlook so prominent a landmark?

I was extremely glad to arrive in Paris. At first there were so many strange sights to look at that I did not know which to give my attention to first, -the splendid buildings, monuments, statuary, and the wide boulevards, down which walk the smartly dressed, and mostly painted women; (the shock-haired artists, dressed in black suits, slouch hats, and long flowing ties, which flop about in the wind; the slovenly-looking soldiers whom you see idling about the city; and the workmen toiling on the roads in their blue trousers, different coloured sashes and hats, which make them an ornament to the landscape instead of those who, in this land of fogs and wet weather, are an eyesore.

Although my attention was at first kept busy with these, I could not help missing the sight of the "burly bobbies"; for the gendarmes are much smaller than the English policemen, and it is very amusing to watch them control the traffic. When the vehicles have to be stopped a gendarme springs forth into the middle of the road and waves a small white baton about in the air with great vehemence. Then ensues a boisterous argument, in which the French cabby could easily compete with the English as regards a good vocabulary. After much shouting and swearing the gendarme sheaths his baton, jumps aside, and the traffic passes on.

Nearly all the Parisians live in flats, which are mostly above the shops. Practically all the flats of Paris are built of white sandstone, and have French windows with shutters which open on the outside of the buildings. The one in which I lived was no exception to these; and as I was on the fifth floor it meant 105 stairs to ascend each time I entered. Always on the ground floor - at the back of the shop - is a concierge (housekeeper), whose duty it is to notice everyone who enters or leaves the building, receive all the letters, and clean the stairs (I didn't envy them this job). At 10p.m. the street door is closed, and anyone entering after this time rings the bell and the concierge opens the door from his or her apartments, and as you pass you call out your name.

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It is Sunday, and we take a walk to Notre

Dame. We leave the Rue des Beaux Arts and come into the Quai Voltaire, which runs along the Seine, and is very similar to the Thames Embankment, except that on top of the river wall are small second-hand book-stalls and curio shops, which seem to do a thriving trade. It is a beautiful morning, with a blue sky reflected in the water, which in the day time is kept perpetually in motion by the wash of the numerous river steamers. Now we are nearing Notre Dame, and our attention is at once attracted by the large open space stretching in front of the massive doors, over which towers the gloomy yet superb and rare architecture; and from whose walls grotesque gargoyles push forth their grinning faces over the busy streets below. We go inside and find ourselves in a dim and sombre light, relieved by the sparkle of many candles in several places, and by the sun's rays streaming through the beautiful stained rose windows, which makes us feel its strange religious atmosphere. We are at Grand Mass, at which the large organ in the back of the church plays and is answered by a smaller one in front. People continually enter and leave while the service is going on, and tourists walk about and examine the building quite regardless of the ceremony. The magnificent church impressed me more than any other building in Paris.

On Sunday afternoon Paris reminded me of an English Bank Holiday. It is the only half holiday in the whole week, as Saturday is a full working day, and Sunday morning is set aside for religious devotions. On this account nearly everybody makes the most of their short leisure time; trams, motor buses, steamers and trains are all over-crowded; the streets are gay with holiday-makers; all the restaurants, theatres and places of amusement are in full swing. Great numbers flock to the beautiful Bois de Boulogne just outside the grim fortifications of the city, to St. Cloud, and to the magnificent Palais de Versailles.

The Louvre! the Louvre!! the Louvre!!!  
What a magnificent collection of pictures, marred only by the poor representation of the English School! Out of all the wonderful and vast works there-only one Turner. The best way to make you realise how I revelled in the Galleries is to tell you that, if I ever went there by myself, I invariably arrived back late for meals; and if anyone accompanied me, I am

sure, by the time they came out, I must have been wished at the bottom of the Seine.

Monday has arrived, and I cannot do better than take you with me to the shops. Then you go into a large drapers in England a shop walker scrapes before you and says, "That can we do for you to-day, Madam?" and you tell him, "Hats," perhaps; he immediately shouts, "Hats forward," and you are (figuratively speaking) thrown like a ball to the next shopman, who will pass you along to another, and so on, all of whom call out, "Hats forward"; and at last you arrive at the Hat Department. But in Paris things are differently managed. You enter the shop and no notice is taken of you until you yourself ask for what you want; consequently, you feel much more at your ease. When, however, it comes to paying, you generally prefer to be at home. Some articles, such as peaches, wine, tobacco and grapes, can be bought cheaper than here, but, speaking generally, £1 spent in London shops would eke out a good deal further than if spent in Paris. My impression is that the foreigner does not pay the import duty in France. I noticed boots in a shop window the price of which worked out in English money to about £6 a pair; tea is 6s. per lb.; matches made by the State are 10 centimes a box, and as these are of so very inferior a quality Swedish matches are imported for those who prefer them and they also are sold at 10 centimes each box-the cost in London being twelve boxes for 1 ½ d., or about 15 centimes.

I think it probable that the Scotchman, who was asked in a railway carriage for a match, and then said, on seeing that the borrower had lost his tobacco also, "Ah weel ! if ye hav' no tobacco, I'll hae my match agin," must have been travelling in France.

Of course it is impossible to give an accurate description of the French nation, judging them by the few with which I came in contact. Those with whom I had anything to do were exceedingly kind, very excitable, hard working, thrifty, and patriotic. Their excessive patriotism is brought home to a visitor very forcibly by merely noticing the monuments, and erections of different descriptions in commemoration of victories, especially those gained by Napoleon. This patriotism stands in the way of their forgiving the Germans for annexing Alsace and Lorraine. They detest the

very name of "Germans," and the Parisians are constantly reminded of the war of 1870 every time they pass the "Arc de Triomphe," erected in celebration of Napoleon's victories; when the Germans entered Paris the whole army marched underneath this enormous arch, and, much to the Frenchmen's disgust, took down the marvellous piece of sculpture from off the top, and carried it in triumph to Berlin, where it was placed defiantly facing towards Paris.

Who, then, can be surprised at the French abhorring the Germans? R.C.

### **The F.E.I.**

Anyone who happens to be walking in the neighbourhood of West Kensington will see a red brick building which, although thrown into the background by the magnificent block of buildings which form St. Paul's School, yet has a peculiar interest for all who have visited it. It is the Froebel Educational Institute, the Training College for Kindergarten teachers, with a pratising school attached. All those who have been there and taken the training will own that the two and a half years spent there were some of the happiest of their lives.

The girls who take up the profession of a Kindergartener are mostly animated by a love of children and a wish to teach, but there are some we have met them-who go because they think it is the easiest thing to do, and because they think they can get through all the work without effort. These soon find their mistake. The casual visitor to the college often receives the impression that the students have a very easy time. She perhaps comes one afternoon and has to wait in the library. Here she sees some girls in comfortable chairs reading books. Through the glass top of the door she sees other girls passing and chattering, some perhaps carrying baskets in process of making, looking like inebriated hay stacks. Through the window she sees other girls talking in the winter garden. She is escorted round the building by a student, and sees more girls, some perhaps painting, some modelling in clay, some playing games, and all apparently enjoying themselves. She thinks to herself, as she takes her way homeward, that her daughter will not be overworked. When she begins to study the prospectus, however, she finds that play is not the only occupation of the student. There she

finds Child Nature, Psychology, History of Education, Organisation, Froebel's Principles, Physiology, Hygiene, History and Literature, and all the pleasant pastimes she had witnessed classed together as one subject, Gifts and Occupations.

The new student at first finds the life very hard, and the work difficult, but she soon gets into the swing of things and there is always a kind friend who will help the beginners. We well remember a group of young students who were absolutely at sea about the Physiology, and had no ideas about the writing of a paper on the subject of "The Liver," and the kindness of a busy "Fourth Term Higher" who gave up an hour every Monday morning to help them.

Lectures occupy two or three mornings a week and every after noon. The other mornings are given up to watching in the Kindergarten, or teaching at Challoner Street, or some outside school, or preparing work, writing papers or reading in the library.

College life is very varied and there are opportunities for every girl's talent to be developed. There is a music committee which gives concerts at intervals during the term. Many are the trios for organ, piano and violin that have been rendered in the big hall, the piano solos, good, bad and indifferent, the songs, the recitations. At one concert there was a whistling trio which brought the house down. At another, the butt of the college attempted to play a study of Liszt and not having troubled to practise played about one note out of ten right, while the audience rocked with laughter and the performer, in high good humour, pounded the piano to the bitter end.

There is also a Literary and Dramatic Committee which organises theatricals and debates; tennis, sports, and a Natural History Club, which meets every fortnight, and at which papers are read. It was when the members were clearing the museum for one of the meetings that a sad accident happened. Two girls were carrying a large aquarium full of tadpoles downstairs, when in the hall they slipped, the glass smashed, and water and tadpoles disappeared through the iron grating under which are the hot-water pipes to the hall beneath, where the remains were picked up by the despairing owners.

The Kindergarten student has an individuality of her own; she is as a rule unmistakable. Sometimes she becomes so enthusiastic that she is

ridiculous, and it is related of one that in her endeavour to study Child Nature and gather statistics, she determined to find out to which colour babies were first attracted, and therefore she travelled everywhere armed with the six coloured balls of the first Gift, and dangled them before every luckless child whom she met. Another was so bewildered and worried by the thought of her Nature Study Exam. that she was heard to mutter to her room mate who was late to bed, "Violet, have you seen my cotyledon? "

Examinations have many strange effects on the college. At dinner one night, Alison M . . . came down holding one hand tightly clasped over something of which she retained firm hold during the whole course of the meal. When asked what priceless relic she thus treasured she said in tones most funereal, "It's one of my cardboard models and it will *not* stick."

In conclusion one brief word about three people: Miss Lawrence, the college "head"; Miss Yelland, the "school head"; and Miss Kerr.

The student will-even if she fail in her examinations-not have wasted her time if she has learned to know these three.

My advice to all girls who want a profession is, "Go and see;" if you go to see, you will go to stay.

A. W.

## **The Ascent and Descent of Snowdon.**

MOST people who spend a holiday in North Wales pay a visit to Snowdon, either as a pedestrian or a passenger in the mountain tram, which runs from base to summit. My sister and I felt we could not return home to face the inevitable "Oh, you should have gone there," so we resolved to do our duty, conscientiously, and walk both ways.

We packed a bag with provisions, having heard that prices charged for refreshments were fabulous, and started off early in the morning by an excursion train to Llanberis, where we decided to make our ascent.

The train was very full, as the day was a fine one, and we had to scramble in anywhere. I was offered the seventh part of a seat, and as we passed Carnarvon Castle and other places of interest, I was considerably battered by the passengers all wanting to look out of the window at the same time, The journey lasted over half an hour, and it was with a

thankful though somewhat cramped feeling that I joined my sister at Llanberis Station. She had been greatly surprised to hear two young men in her carriage, looking perfectly strong and healthy, discussing the easiest way to reach Snowdon, and finally they had decided to *ride both ways*.

The road from the station led through a small pine wood, and on emerging the hills and mountains rose to view. A small peak appeared in a gap of the hills and we heard it was the goal we were striving to reach.

Games Committee which arranges hockey,

We started off in our particular parties from the station, but before we had gone far on our way we seemed to get curiously mixed. My sister was leading, with six men a few yards at the back of her; and I found myself in company with a lady whose husband had gone on in front "to encourage her," she said, and a young man wearing a beautiful new pair of tan boots, which absorbed all his attention, for the path we had to follow proved to be a stream, owing to the heavy rainfalls.

The day was clear at first, and the view seemed limitless, but before long a mist appeared to rise and turned the distant hills into ghostly peaks; the lakes still glittering in the sunlight among them. The way became steeper, and the stretches of grass and heather ceased before we had reached half-way. The husband, evidently feeling his wife was sufficiently encouraged, waited for her, and I continued my journey alone, leaving the young man with the new boots in the middle of a stream, standing on two stones trying to find a third one to help him out.

When I imagined my destination was nearly reached I came across a cottage which bore the legend "Halfway House"; ascent became more difficult, needing close attention, and it was not until the path passed under the tram road that I paused, as most people do, to gaze at what proves to be the best bit of scenery on the way up. The height here is about 2,750 feet, and looks down over the Llanberis Pass and a small village, which lie immediately below. How long I should have remained here is uncertain if I had not been roused by a little stout man, who inquired sympathetically if I was "feeling puffed." After this respite the steepest climb remained and then the summit, surmounted with its wooden hut, glorified by the name of hotel, came in sight. My

sister greeted me with a proud smile, announcing she was the first one up from our way.

The slope in front of the hotel was covered with lunching parties, so we produced our bag and proceeded to join them. To our dismay we had packed a bottle of milk but no cup; happily Mrs. Gamp's method was recalled and we decided to put our lips to it when we "felt so disposed." The air was cold and the mists seemed to be stealing more and more of the view, so we started on our homeward journey. This time we followed the route to Snowdon Station over a part of the mountain called "The Saddle," quite the most dangerous part we had encountered. Our fears were not lessened by hearing a man cheering a companion on with an account of someone who had slipped and fallen there. This side of Snowdon was much more rugged and picturesque, consequently the paths were steeper and one felt inclined to throw dignity to the winds and toboggan down the slopes. The ground soon became somewhat marshy, and the latter part of the way was spent in picking out shallow places, but before the "Quarter-way House" appeared the road was firm again.

The scenery on the primitive little line that runs from Snowdon Station to Dinas Junction is delightful, passing lakes, heather-clad hills, streams and bridges on its way, and makes a fitting ending for a memorable excursion.

G. F.

*Contributions to the Spring Number of the Magazine must be sent to F. Gower.*

*Will contributors please remember to write ON ONE side of the paper only.*

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