

Walthamstow High School Magazine

Walthamstow High School Old Girls' Association.

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MAY we draw the attention of all members of the Walthamstow High School Old Girls' Association to the fact that Subscriptions are due in January to Miss Winifred Wise, 11, Orford Road.

Also we wish to remind our readers of the Old Girls' Basket Ball Team which has been started on Tuesdays at four the fee is only Sixpence, and it is a wonderful rejuvenator. Familiar figures of Mrs. Just-so or Miss Prim may be met toiling up or strolling down Church Hill about four in the afternoon, but on the field of action what a change takes place. Surely it is a laughing romping group of school girls, with short Girls, ruddy faces, and wind-caressed hair, it must be for a whim that some of them have their tresses confined by combs and pins-if only for a short time. But who cares when once the ball has started on its flight if curls rebel or buttons and books strike at added labour, it is glorious sport and exercise, come and try it for yourselves.

O.G. A. General Meeting.

AT the end of chill October,
One wet evening in October,
Came a flock of maidens fearless
To the house of happy mem'ries.
Came they to those halls of learning
Those old girls, that they might hold there
What they call the "General Meeting"
Of the Club of which they're members.

Though the rain pours down in torrents,
And the gutters run with water,
Yet they came, full many of them
To the house of happy memories
To the ancient halls of learning.
Ye whose hearts are fresh and simple
Ye who know the old High School girl
And her powers of conversation
Picture to yourselves the hubbub,
Just imagine how they chattered!
In they come, and greet each other,
And Miss Hewett shows to each one
Drawings planned to fill a window
Which, in memory of old times
In a building new and glorious
Shall keep live the old traditions
Of the glories of the former.
Further, says Miss Hewett to them
"Choose ye which ye think the better.
But for me" (so says Miss Hewett)
"This one, A, methinks far finer
'Tis by Florrie Gower suggested
Scramble they mid books and papers
For their hats and boots and jackets,
And in twos and threes they pass out
Out into the muddy pathway
Of Church Hill, so well beloved.
And they say, in accents hearty,
Say they all, in manner various.
Say, as if they really meant it
"What a very jolly evening
Evening full of fun and pleasure
We have spent this night together
At the house of happy memories,
At the ancient halls of learning."
And the other to me seemeth
Savours somewhat of a tea-shop,
Fitteth not so well our building
Which shall be a hall of learning.
"Then all say, with voice decisive
"We too, find that one far better
We with thee agree, Miss Hewett,
And we that design do favour."
Then with music, songs, and acting,
Songs, charades and elocution
(All well interspersed with talking)
Pleasant time and merry spend they
And too soon the hours fly onward,
And 'tis time to hie them homeward
From the house of happy memories
And the ancient halls of learning.

Our Class Room.

ONE glance round shows us it was never built for a class-room. The now dingy, but once gilded, cornices still remain above the three windows to tell their story, and the small-paned windows with their quaint shutters and venetian blinds have seen better days. They seem indifferent when handled by school girls, and shed draughts in all directions.

From the ceiling the ornamented centre-piece looks dejectedly down upon rows of desks which, adorned with the signatures of their former possessors, are one of the school-like features in the room.

A newly constructed stove has pushed the marble mantelpiece into the back-ground, but it is still honoured by the flower vases and the Form's Net-Ball Shield although occasionally imposed upon by exercise books.

Close by the push, bell still lives but never again to hasten and worry "Mary Jane."

We pass over the black-board, and teacher's desk which domineer the whole room, and glance at the pictures.

Charles I. smiles dreamily down from near the door, and to the left of the piano Napoleon still leads his shattered army from Moscow, while over the mantelpiece a genial-faced old gentleman exchanges glances with his now mirthful associates.

The oak door itself as we draw its large handle towards us swings heavily and we feel that it was never built to close in young people for five hours a day.

Exams. and Pancakes.

ELSA started up in bed and listened . . . It was the Dragon again! She could hear his heavy breathing somewhere round by the fire-place. . . "You beast" said Elsa desperately. "Can't you even let me sleep in peace?"

The Dragon emitted a little blue flame and eyed her sulkily. She could see him quite plainly now. He had not been able to get all of himself into the room, and so most of his magnificent tail was hanging out of the window.

"You don't know your Tudor period," he remarked disagreeably.

"I *do*," retuned Elsa excitedly,-" I've been learning the Tudor period all the evening."

The Dragon spoke spitefully. "Date of the death of Sir Thomas Moore?" he demanded.

"Fifteen thirty," Elsa almost shouted, "No.... that was Wolsey, I mean fifteen thirty-three."

"Elsa!"---a sleepy voice came from the pillow. "What on earth are you doing? Why don't you go to sleep instead of shouting dates and waking everybody up?"

Elsa rubbed her eyes. The Dragon was gone! "I s'pose I've been dreaming about that old exam. again," she muttered; and added miserably as she fell back on her pillow-"I don't believe I know the Tudors after all. I shall have to look them up again to-morrow. Bother!"

Violet was already asleep again and made no comment.

It was Elsa's first Dragon and she took him terribly seriously. She thought of him all day and dreamed of him all night. He ate most of her dinner, drank all her tea, and his name was "Junior Cambridge."

Elsa had decided that if she failed to kill that Dragon she would be a disgrace to the family, but oh! she was desperately afraid..... Those Tudors!

"It's no use me having any supper," said Elsa firmly, "I've got some proofs to learn and I haven't time."

She was seated in a corner of the fender surrounded by school-books, and immersed in geometry. She muttered dreadfully to herself, her fingers over her ears. The above announcement was really aimed at the Dragon, half in defiance, half in propitiation.

"I'm going to make some pancakes," said Mother mildly.

"Pancakes!" Elsa halted. "Well *I'm* not going to have any anyway."

"Elsa, dear," Mother remonstrated,-"I don't think it's good for you to work on without a break as you do."

"I shan't kill him-I mean I shan't pass if I don't," Elsa answered.

"We could ask you questions at supper," suggested Violet.

"I *don't* think," said Elsa. She spoke with remarkable vigour." I tried that last week but never again! I asked Father to question me on Samuel. So he asked me how many miles Jerusalem was from the equator Of course I had no more idea than a cow, - I didn't know they had an equator in Samuel's time. So Father said I must look it up as I was very likely to have that question in the exam."

Mother laughed in spite of herself-it was like Father. "I looked it up"-Elsa went on fiercely-"and it took me the whole evening and I was longing to get to Twelfth Night. And then *then* I found he knew the answer the whole time.

And fancy such a question in a Scripture exam. Is it likely!"

"Well, never mind, dear," said Mother. "He shall not ask you such questions again. It will do you good to have a little supper to-night."

"I haven't time," said Elsa shortly, and buried herself again.

Mother sighed as she left the room. "I shall be thankful when Elsa's examination is over," she said.

Elsa began muttering- again. Presently she raised her head and sniffed. Pancakes! After all but there was the Dragon to be considered.

The gong sounded. Violet rose with alacrity. Happy Violet! Her Dragon was, at least two years off. She was actually reading *A Tale of Two Cities*. She sniffed occasionally and furtively wiped her eyes. She was enjoying herself immensely. Elsie was alone. The Dragon emerged from under the table snorting.

"You don't know the Scrophularineac order," he said with conviction . . . Violet," said Mother, "I've left my handkerchief in the other room. Run and fetch it for me, dear."

Elsa was muttering earnestly when Violet entered. She looked up and frowned at the interruption.

"Jolly nice pancakes," Violet remarked.

"Don't be a sneak!" Elsa snapped.

"Well, why don't you have some?"

"I haven't time."

"It wouldn't take a minute," said Violet. "Where on earth is Mother's handkerchief I can't see it. I believe she's got it after all."

She turned at the door. "I should come and have one while it's hot if I were you, Elsa. There's some cocoa too."

"No," said the Dragon-"You don't know..... but his voice sounded weak for some reason, and those pancakes did smell good.

Elsa rose wearily. "It word take a minute," she said resignedly, and the Dragon disappeared with his tail between his legs. Even his tail seemed to have shrunk for the moment.

They were spiffing pancakes!

The day fixed for the opening of the combat arrived a dismal, muggy December day. Elsa had spent an uncomfortable night owing to the fact that the Dragon had been prancing round her bed all night. "*Hooray!* Hooray! The exam's to-morrow" and you don't know a thing. Yoop! Yoo-oop! You don't know a *thing!*"

Elsa tried to sleep. She dreamed it was the arithmetic examination and it was terribly late

and somehow she couldn't get dressed quickly. Something seemed to be stopping her. She arrived at last But only five minutes before the end. She awoke in a cold perspiration.

Mother kissed her when she left the house, "Don't worry, dear," she whispered, "You've done your best whatever happens. You can't do more,"

She stood at the gate and waved until Elsa had turned the corner. Dear Mother!

"You don't know a thing," said the Dragon feebly.

"No, but I've done my best," retorted Elsa firmly.

He gasped but pulled himself together,-"There was the pancake," he accused.

It was Elsa's turn to gasp. "I don't think it will make the least difference," she said at length. "I couldn't have learnt much in that time."

"You might have learnt just the thing that would have prevented you failing."

"I don't think I shall fail," said Elsa.

The week passed quickly,-that was one blessing! "How do you think you have done altogether, darling?" asked Mother.

"I don't *think* I've failed," said Elsa, carefully. I knew most of the things but they didn't give you much time. It was a good thing they didn't give us Scrophularineae. I think I've just scraped through. I don't suppose I've done much more.

The Dragon gave a despairing squeak. He had shrunk to the size of a lizard.

Elsa almost laughed at him.

The girls were all a tip-toe with excitement. The results had actually come. Were they good or bad? It was important because good results generally entailed a holiday.

Miss Laurence entered with the magic papers in her hand. She was trying to be calm and detached, but a broad smile escaped and ran over his face. The girls clapped tremendously.

"Mother!" Elsa raced up the stairs panting, she had run all the way to from school. "Mother, where are you? Mother! I've passed first class honours, the best in all the school. . . Isn't it ripping! I never expected as good as that, did you, Mother?" I think you deserved it if any girl did," said Mother, and kissed her.

.... "There!" said Elsa to the Dragon, but he didn't answer. He merely gave one melancholy gulp and expired.

.. Let's have pancakes for supper to-night,

Mother," said Elsa.

MARY REEVE.

A Day at Lourdes.

WHILST staying last September with some friends at Bagnère de Bigorre in the Pyrenees it was decided to spend a day at Lourdes. For months past we had read notices of the various pilgrimages on church doors, and priests all over the country were arranging for any of their parishioners who wished to join these pilgrimages. We therefore hired a motor and drove, as the road from Bigorre to Lourdes is most beautiful, following a range of mountains of emerald greenness.

From the distance Lourdes appears a pretty little village in a green valley, with an old grey monastery on the other side of the river. On arriving we went to the side entrance to the churches and grotto. There are three churches built one above the other, and all over the famous 'Spring' of water where the sick are bathed. The middle one appeared to be a small copy or attempt at a copy of St. Mark's at Venice; there are beautiful mosaics but the decoration is not yet finished. Mass was being sung so we were not able to see as much of it as we should have liked. By going from here down a long flight of broad stone steps we found ourselves in an enormous crowd of people. For an hour we neither moved nor spoke so impressive was the sight before us. There must have been many thousands of people in that great crowd, and every single individual was praying aloud. They were standing round the entrance to the 'Piscine' or 'Baths.' In front of the Piscine there is a small enclosure, and into this the sick people were being carried on a kind of small bed or stretcher, or wheeled in on chairs to await their turn to be bathed.

A number of young Frenchmen of the best families give their services every year to the poor and sick at Lourdes, they wear straps round their shoulders and banging loops through which the ends of the stretchers are placed. We watched the poor creatures, some looking as if they would never survive the heat and strain of the day, being deposited on the ground and prayed over by the priests. There were three or four priests inside the enclosure praying and chanting, and the crowd without seemed to keep up one continual wail of 'Marie, priez pour nous,' and at times they knelt and kissed the ground. It was most interesting to watch the doors of the Piscine as each invalid was carried out, but of course they had not changed in the slightest degree unless it was to look more exhausted than ever. I am told that miracles really

do happen, and it does seem that if faith can work miracles there should be many at Lourdes. On moving a little further on beyond the Piscine another smaller crowd was found collected in front of the grotto, which is an opening in a rock containing an altar, in another opening above a figure of the Virgin, and above this suspended on the rock dozens of pairs of crutches left there by those who have been cured. To the right of the altar was a pulpit where a priest was beating time while the crowd sang, afterwards he preached, and those of the poor creatures who were not utterly exhausted were carried in and deposited on the ground in front of the preacher.

Throughout the middle of the day the sick were taken back to the hospital for a rest before the grand evening procession, and after they had all been removed we were allowed to see the Piscine. It consisted of three brick baths built in the floor with just sufficient space round each bath to allow the nurses to stand; the water trickles in through a pipe at the head of the bath.

We were horrified at the small quantity of water used, considering the many and varied diseases of the persons who are bathed, yet I was told on good authority that no patient had ever been known to contract any other complaint there. We next visited the crypt and the top church, where a sermon was being preached in Flemish to the Belgian pilgrimage. The church was hung with banners and ornaments, gold hearts and imitation limbs were suspended all over the walls, and on every stone there is the word 'Thanksgiving' with initials underneath in gold letters.

The main street of the town is very narrow with many shops full of souvenirs. In the afternoon the street and trams were crowded as a large pilgrimage from Brittany had just arrived.

The women were all wearing their pretty snow-white coifs and each one seemed to have a different shape.

Later on we returned to the grotto and found the morning's crowd collected, but greatly enlarged, formed into a great circle in front of the churches. The sick people had all been carried in and placed on the ground and the nurses were busy giving their water to drink, for the heat and dust were almost unbearable.

Suddenly everybody sank down upon their knees, and on turning round I saw a long procession advancing from the direction of the grotto consisting of all the able-bodied members of the Flemish pilgrimage with many priests robed and chanting, all were carrying lighted candles. This procession passed slowly down a long avenue, back on the other side, then up right through the middle of the

crowd up to the church doors where it stopped, and I believe a short service of thanksgiving was held, but was too far off to hear anything.

About six o'clock the sick were removed to the hospitals, the crowd slowly dispersed, and I began to search for my friends, all of whom I found with small cans of water which they had taken from the 'spring.' It is said that the water remains fresh however long it is kept and is intensely cold.

We had a delightful drive back, it was such a relief to breathe clean air again after the stifling and unhealthy atmosphere of the crowd. This sight is one of the most impressive and pathetic I have ever seen, it seems so hard to think that all those poor suffering creatures who had taken a long and painful journey full of hope, must in nearly every case return home bitterly disappointed.

M. D.

Our Weddings.

AT St. Mary's, Walthamstow: Peggie Barton to Mr. H. J. Beck, Eva Senner to Mr. W. E. Crewes, Ada Nicholls to Mr. R. Kirkby, Maude Delforce to Mr. G. Nicholls, Alice Wise to the Rev. E. Ogden, Alice Salway to Mr. Kenneth Self.

At St. Peter's-in-the-Forest: Gladys Carte to Mr. E. Beachcroft, Violet Whittingham to the Rev. J. Thomas.

At St. Helen's, Bishopsgate: Winifred Andrews to Mr. Albert Lawson.

At Holy Trinity, Anerly: Constance Davis to Mr. Gustavus Paddon.

Miss Kühn, now Mrs. Smith, sends many thanks to the girls who presented their good wishes to her, in the concrete form of a cake-basket, on the occasion of their marriage.

You may perhaps remember if the fairies have given you a good memory for facts, that there were no marriages recorded in our last number. This time we have so many that if descriptions were attempted it would fill most of our valuable space. And is it necessary, for nearly all of us have read accounts in the paper, witnessed the ceremonies, or been privileged guests at these delightful functions.

Still we feel that some recognition is due to one of the most if not the most important steps in the lives of our school-fellows, and as an old countryman quaintly remarked "no matter how many times you marry it's never like the first."

So come forth ye brides of 1912, with your retinue of maids and pages in which past High School girls figure largely as well as the school's grandchildren, Geoffrey Fortescue, Geoffrey Gower, and Ivor King. What visions of creamy silks and satins interspersed with the rainbow hues of bridesmaids' gowns. Stately brides, demure brides, thoughtful brides, sweet brides, radiant brides, jolly brides, rise before us-friends can catalogue at their own discretion.

Who can blame them for wanting to look their best on this day of days, carefully ticked off on the calendar, or protest that there is too much deliberation over their adornment, that they go to church with heads filled with ribbons and laces. Guests are certainly not ones to sit in judgment, for as much trouble is taken over their appearances as any bride could possibly take. And does not our own poet-whichever he is, tell us "self-love is not so vile a sin as self-neglecting."

What a halo the bridal wreath casts, even brothers behave with veneration and keep a discreet distance from trailing draperies. Maybe in a few weeks' time you will hear that *poor* Jessie has such trouble with servants; *unfortunate* Kate has her husband down with measles; Cissie is leading a *wretched* life between leaking roof and black-beetles; but now you are "fortunate," "lucky," the cause of pealing bells, dashing carriages, lines of wide-eyed children with attendants, thronged churches, marquees, and fantastic repasts.

The speech of one bride lingers in my memory yet. Gazing at the display of silver-and how wonderful it seems that we have been able to exist without spoons and forks for every kind of dish-at the china, lace, etc., covering tables, chairs, and sideboard, exclaimed "these are the best presents I have ever seen because they are all mine!" Happy bride! She possessed the greatest gift of all for "*content* is our best having."

This reminds me of a plant I was once shown reared in the kitchen window by a freshly-wed couple-I think it was a geranium-and as the young wife stroked its leaf and discoursed on its bud a beautiful plant rose before her that she would not have exchanged for the most precious orchid exhibited by a high salaried gardener. Of course a time might come when she would prefer the actual orchid-with its attendant luxuries-but the breaking of rose-coloured spectacles is too pathetic a subject to discuss in these pages.

Who can positively say which was the nicest wedding? Someone remarked-rather diplomatically-"I think each one is the prettiest I have seen," and really love-light that has illuminated all these festivals is so dazzling that it

is difficult to discuss merits of ninon and chiffon; shades of rose, mauve and blue; or the hang of certain folds. All the brides it was my pleasure to see or inquire about seemed thoroughly happy, and went away brave with smiles instead of in the old fashion all limp and wispy; which if an affectionate tribute towards the old home was a poor compliment to the bridegroom.

How everything falls flat with the bang of the carriage door. Parents vanish mysteriously for a few moments; waiters gaze on decorations and tables with a dismantling eye; guests disperse after chatter-as light and frothy as the delicacies surrounding them-to entertainments if they are fortunate, or to spend a colourless evening at home.

And the bridal couple floating away on rosy clouds to Swiss or English lakes, or a transformed seaside resort, behold vistas of delightful days opening before them; while mothers and sisters gather the home together again and perform those manifold duties necessary for the return of the young matrons.

Cambridge Local Successes.

SENIOR CAMBRIDGE.

ENID WISE. 1st Class Honours (Religious Knowledge, English Language and Literature, History and Geography, Mathematics (distinction), Applied Mathematics, Latin and Greek.)

Ena Allen, Gladys Claughton, Elsie Melliush, Clare Reeve.

JUNIOR CAMBRIDGE.

Winnie McLellan, 2nd Class Honours (Religious Knowledge, English Language and Literature, History and Geography, Mathematics, French, Botany, Physical Geography, Drawing).

Muriel Dale, Gwen Philpott, Grace Thompson.

Births.

LUCAS. - To Mr. and Mrs. Frank Lucas (Carrie Whittingham), at Johannesburg, a daughter.

WILLMOTT.--To Mr. and Mrs. E. Willmott (May Long), a daughter.

GILLETT. To Mr. and Mrs. Harry Gillett (Ada Gower), a daughter Marjorie Delia.

HOPPER. - To Mr. and Mrs. Percy Hopper (Gertie Andrews), at Longworth, Saskatchewan, a daughter-Josephine Evelyn.

A Visit to Germany.

THIS year I had the pleasure of spending five months in Germany. I stayed with a Pastor and his family in one of the quaintest villages I ever saw in my life. The village was a large one, with many streets, of which the chief wound in and out from the station right through the village as far as the parsonage, which was at the end of it. This street was paved with large cobble stones, which were very difficult to walk upon, and in the middle flowed a stream, up and down which walked numberless geese. The houses in this street had no gardens in front, but simply came sheer down on the path in a very irregular line.

I was very much struck by the German peasants, especially the women. They are a strong, healthy, clean, industrious class. They nearly all possess fields outside the village upon which the women work, and every inch of this land is utilised and made to produce the utmost it can. Besides this they keep geese, whose feathers they sell, a great number of hens, and generally pigs. These pigs are fattened up during the summer then killed at the beginning of the winter and made into various kinds of sausages, which are then hung from the ceiling in a room at the top of the house, and which last them the whole winter. So that although the peasants do not have much actual money they always seem to have plenty of good, nourishing food.

Whenever the village people have any festivity in their house, such as a christening, a wedding, or a confirmation, the Pastor and his family are always invited. By no means all of them accept but a selection usually goes, and while I was there I went too. Very soon after I arrived at Werdorf the annual Confirmation took place. At a certain age every child is prepared for confirmation and is confirmed just before Easter. This is the occasion of great festivities, and the father and mother of every candidate invite all their friends, and hundreds of cakes are baked at the village oven, which is used by all the peasants on great occasions. As about thirty children were confirmed we had a great many invitations, of which we accepted two, one for the afternoon and one for the evening. I was always surprised at the way the Pastor's children used to be treated by the villagers. They were always treated with most friendly politeness, but with no more deference than the other guests, and although they were all grown up, they were always called by their Christian names. The most trying part about these Confirmations was, in my opinion, that every family who had had a fete sent up large slabs of cake to the parsonage.

These cakes when stacked up together filled two large tin baths! The nice new breakfast rolls then ceased, and day after day, for breakfast and "coffee" we toiled through that mountain of rapidly staling cake until all was finished.

The peasants are very fond of dancing, and dance extremely well. Dances are frequently held in the village in a large room that has been built on to the village inn. While I was there we used to make up little parties and go to these dances. All round the room were little tables at which the people sat and drank beer, they never ate anything. At the end of each dance your partner always took you back to your table, so you were always with your own party in the intervals. A very good village band played and an M.C. stood in the middle of the room and directed affairs. When the music started we took our partners and formed up in a queue along the walls. There were generally too many couples for us all to dance all at once, so the M.C. separated about a third of the dancers and started them dancing and they continued until he clapped his hands, then a third more began, and so on.

I had a great deal more dancing at the Fests in summer time. A Fest is something between a garden party and a circus. A large space of ground is railed off and inside are numberless tables to sit at and drink beer, merry-go-rounds, etc. There is also a very good band, and boards are laid down all round the bandstand for the dancers. Everyone seems to go to these Fests, and the country ones are great fun. We used to make up parties and go to them and dance sometimes until two in the morning.

Enormous quantities of beer are drunk in Germany by the young men. Of course the beer there is of a much lighter variety than our own, but even then a great deal too much is consumed. It is not only the University students who drink so much, but even the boys at the Gymnase, which is an intermediate school, between the ordinary High School and the University. These boys think it a fine and manly thing to drink, in fact only muffs do not drink, at any rate in the part of Germany I stayed in. In the Gymnase at Wetzlar, which was the nearest town to our village, the boys have a society that exists for the purpose of teaching them to drink. This society is supposed to be forbidden by the masters, but as a matter of fact very little effort is made to suppress it, and it holds meetings with unflinching regularity every other Saturday, in the different villages around Wetzlar. This society is divided into two, the elder boys who have been there for over a year are called the Burschen and are usually about 18 years old, while the younger boys who have just entered are called the Fuchse, and are about 16. One

Bursche has the special duty of seeing after the Fuchse while another is the head of the whole society and commands both the Bursche and the Fuchse. This society sits round a table with the Head Bursche at the top, and they drink and sing Student songs the whole evening. The Head Bursche's word is absolute law, and whenever he commands the boy's to drink they are obliged to obey. He may, for instance, order them to drink four glasses of beer straight off, then four glasses of beer are placed in a row before each boy. When the order comes to drink the first glass, they all rise and all together, in perfect order, and with military precision they drink the first, then the second, and so on. If a boy dares to disobey the Head Bursche, he is punished by being made to drink five, ten, fifteen or even sometimes twenty glasses of beer straight off, leaving just a minute or two, I forget how many, after each five glasses. The Fuchse do not drink quite as much as the Burschen because they are not so accustomed to drink. They drink however until they fall beneath the table, and they are then pulled out and laid on forms. It can easily be imagined that a great quantity is drunk at these times. On one occasion the Society met, and for some reason or other, only eight were present, and between them they drank two barrels! Of course they were nearly all ill the next day. It is strange that they can see nothing wrong in this state of things. "No," said one of these boys to me, "beer is the milk of the Germans and it is by beer that we are what we are." It is simply hopeless trying to argue on this point and I soon gave it up and accepted things as they were.

It is quite true that this beer drinking does not seem to be so deteriorating as one would expect. The boys seem strong and healthy, and beer seems to leave no craving at all, they seldom drink except with their comrades. I noticed boys who drank enormous quantities at the meetings of their Society refuse day after day beer at the dinner table. When I enquired the reason why, they replied that they were obliged to drink such a quantity at the meetings that if they drank between as well they couldn't do it. This sounds as if they did not enjoy the meetings, but they did, and would talk of their prowess for days after. Similar societies exist among the University students, and they are governed just in the same way. When the students leave their University they seem to give up drinking, at any rate to excess, and settle down as model husbands and fathers. It is indeed quite rare to find a middle aged man who drinks, but practically every young man does. One result of this drinking is the duelling which is carried on to such an extent in the German Universities. I have no time to go into this question in this article; but I must say that in some university

towns, for instance Geissea, it is most unusual to meet a student who has not scars across his face which are the result of some duel.

In conclusion I must say that all my preconceived notions of Germans, gathered no doubt from books and newspapers, were almost entirely wrong. I am quite sure that any bad feeling that is between the two nations exists simply because they do not know each other sufficiently. There are Peace Societies working both in England and in Germany, which endeavour to clear away misunderstandings, and to do this they afford facilities for German students to come to England and enjoy English hospitality, and for young Englishmen to go to Germany to stay with the Germans, for they feel certain that it only needs real knowledge of each other to convert covert enemies into sincere and faithful friends.

KATHLEEN REEVE

Women's Printing Society, Ltd., Brick Street,
Piccadilly.