

“WHITE & BLUE,”  
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*\*\* We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of contributors, but reserve a right of veto, should we ever think it necessary to exercise it.*

EDITORIAL.

It has been suggested that as this number follows so quickly on last term's, it might perhaps be better to issue only two Magazines in the year, one in the Autumn, the other in the Summer term. The subscription would then be 1/- a year. Certainly there appears to be a dearth of material for the Spring number, but the Editor would be glad to receive expressions of opinion on the subject before making any change.

Our readers will be glad to know that the numbers in the School are higher than they have been for nearly three years, and with the prospect before us of a large entry for next term, we may expect this increase to be maintained.

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Spain—An Impression.

(Continued).

All Moorish buildings are not as the Alhambra. The Alcazar, or Palace, at Seville is the home of the King and

Queen, "los reynos" as they are collectively termed, whenever they come now to the capital of Andalusia. In the beautiful gardens, laid out by the Moors and Pedro the Cruel, Queen Ena is trying to make an "English garden"; and there was the only bit of turf that gladdened our eyes during our whole time in Spain. The Alcazar is older than the Alhambra, equally rich, but of bolder, stronger, and less delicate design. It has been a Christian palace for 500 years, and though the Christians by no means always compared favourably with the Moslems, the atmosphere of the place is not so alien to northerners. Heraldic tiles and Christian devices make minute examination of the decorations more interesting than the Arabic characters which form maze-like patterns over the Alhambra, while the views across patios and rooms are very nearly as beautiful.

The third great Moorish building is the Mosque at Córdoba, once the Mecca of the West, and now a Christian Cathedral. It was taken from the Moors in the 15th century, and a Gothic-Renaissance Choir was intruded into the heart of it. It is not a bad choir, considered on its own merits, but it has ruined a unique building, and is vilified accordingly. On the other hand, thanks to its presence, the Mosque is still a living building, still dedicated to the worship of God—not a mere historical monument! It is hard to believe that it is the largest religious building in the world, but when it is seen that the Choir in the middle, which is about as large as the nave of Worcester Cathedral, is after all a mere incident in the whole, it is possible to realize the size a little more. It is a strange place, said to be full of the joy of life, but our first impression was on a dull, wet day, and we were not long enough in the City to get the full spirit. Imagine it something like our own crypt, but, of course, far more extensive. The pillars—marble monoliths—are polished to half their height by the shoulders of the

faithful who have crept round them, and are mauve, red, green, blue; the arches are composed of red and white stones, and are in two tiers, one arch over the other, a curious device to gain height. Light enters scantily from invisible windows. The whole appears to be a vast stone forest, with the end of each avenue lost in obscurity, unless the eye is brought up abruptly by the incongruous 16th century screens of the Choir.

Córdoba itself is a picturesque city, with a maze of narrow streets, and some fine churches and many very pretty patios. But this old capital of the Moors is dead to-day, and not wholesome in death. It was the one place in Spain where crippled beggars and children were really unpleasant, the one place where we should have been glad of male escort. But a Lenten Mission was going on, so it is to be hoped that there are spiritual forces at work for good there, and perchance a visit in the sunshine would bring out its fairer side.

But it must not be thought that the only beauties of Spain are the relics of that strangely brilliant dominion of the Moors—strangely brilliant in that in no other country has Mohammedanism ever borne fruit in art or learning on civilization. Christian architecture need fear no comparison with Moorish, though their spirit is so different. The Moor teaches in his buildings of the joy of this earthly life, of the richness and variety of its pleasures; the Christian points to the heavenly country to be reached through an earthly life of suffering. Therefore the great Christian buildings are the dark churches and cathedrals on which Spain has always lavished all her wealth. They are the homes of the people—would that we could say the same of our English Cathedrals! Built, like Westminster Abbey, with the Choir entirely below the crossing and in the Nave, there is a large space for the congregation to stand and worship between the eastern

grille of the choir and the Sanctuary. The cathedrals were never monastic churches, hence the ready access for the people, of which they avail themselves all day long. The Church in Spain is said to be in evil plight, as far as the Clergy are concerned; certainly a thin priest never crossed our path, and many looked coarse and self-indulgent to a degree. But the people are clearly as deeply religious as ever, and what to us is shocking irreverence, is to them but the outcome of their perfect ease and confidence in the House of God. The little acolytes were, of course, always horrid, the priests seemed sometimes to say their mass by rote, but, as a whole, High mass and Low mass were both of them worshipful and homely. The animals, too, were not left out. Many a time did we see a dog drop in with master or mistress, and wait decorously until he deemed it time to be moving on!

This placing of the choir in the western limb has at times the effect of blocking up the nave and spoiling the general view, particularly if the screens be of heavy Renaissance work. But in a great church the effect is very fine, and, after all, they were not built to give good views to tourists! The exterior of the choir is always of stone, and, within, the stalls in three tiers, are generally of magnificently carved walnut, for there seems to be no carving in the world to equal the Spanish, either in wood or stone. In the middle stand great revolving lecterns, wherein are the service books, often very valuable and beautiful, and sometimes in most distressing condition. Two immense grilles face each other at the eastern end of the choir and the western end of the Sanctuary; they are iron gilt or silvered, and are very fine. But the great glory of the Spanish cathedral is the *retablo*, the reredos stretching from the altar to the point of the main arcade, where a Rood surmounts the many tiers and panels of life-sized and realistic carvings of scenes in the life of our

Lord or the Saints. They could be studied for ever; the only obstacle being the semi-darkness of most Spanish churches. The *retablo* at Toledo is specially beautiful; each tier is larger than the one below, so as to be equally well seen from the floor, the perspective is very remarkable, and the whole most delicately tinted. But the glories of Toledo are inexhaustible. The choir stalls are enriched with scenes from the re-conquest of Granada, devoid of any mediæval grotesqueness. The glass is like jewels, the treasury "rich beyond the dreams of avarice," the whole building perfect in every point, one of the very greatest achievements of Gothic art. Only in pictures does it fail, and these are to be found at Seville, the largest Gothic church in the world, majestic as Toledo is beautiful, spacious as Toledo is rich, perfect in proportion as Toledo is perfect in detail. Unfortunately, the best pictures are all in such dark chapels that it is almost impossible to see them, but there is in the town a very good gallery, where Murillo and Zurbarran can be studied to better effect. The lover of pictures will have, indeed, as happy a time in Spain as in Italy, though the Spanish painters are not held altogether as rivals to the Italians. But the student of every art has as rich a field to browse in—carving, embroidery, iron work, metal work, all are found in equal profusion in every cathedral, and to attempt a description even of the little that we saw would crowd up "White and Blue" for years. It were vain to describe even each city and cathedral that we visited; yet each had its special beauty. There was Burgos, the one place where a Spanish cathedral soars above the town (as a rule they are so much built upon that they have no exterior save the porches), and a place of interest to us as the scene of the marriage of Edward I. to Eleanor of Castille in the ruined Castello chapel; Avila, a perfect walled city, high in the mountains, the home of Saint Teresa, cold and windswept, the apse of the wonderful cathedral itself a fortification, one of the

bastions of the walls ; Segovia, where nothing seems able to stand up save the great Roman aqueduct, spanning the valley in three tiers of arches, and a cathedral stripped of its soul ; the Escorial, a palace tomb hewn out of the mountains, dreary and desolate ; Madrid, dusty, dull, and unfinished, but boasting one of the best galleries in Europe and the best Armoury ; Zaragoza, with two cathedrals, but the finest thing in the place the mediæval bridge which spans the Ebro ; Barcelona, modern and revolutionary, with a cathedral, small and very dark, but breathing the very spirit of devotion like Westminster Abbey, of all churches the nearest akin to us ; Taragona—Phœnician, Roman, Gothic, Moorish, Spanish in turn—now a small shrunken seaport, with its great Romanesque church topping a steep hill ; and in each town the same narrow, winding streets, the same glimpses of patios behind the grilled doors, bright with fountains and orange trees, the same traces of Moorish grandeur and grace, of Christian fervour and, too often, of Christian vandalism and bigotry. And there is Toledo.

But Toledo cannot be dismissed in two lines with the others. Toledo, the ancient capital of Castille, so old that its foundation is ascribed to Tubal, grandson of Noah, and to Hercules. It was a city of which we had heard much evil, that it was unmannerly, dead, gloomy, unfit for Englishwomen. It was the city where we met with the greatest courtesy, where men were too busy to stop and stare at us, where the sun shone brilliantly all the time, where, of all places in Spain, we left our hearts. Those of us who fed our youth on historical romance know all about the good Toledo blade which never failed our hero. It was thrilling to see the Toledo blades tempered under our very eyes in the pleasant, airy, happy-looking factory outside the walls, whence Spain still draws its small arms. Within the city she makes her soldiers, for the old Alcazar is the college for healthy-looking Infantry Cadets. So the

old trades ply yet, and half Toledo lives vigorously by them, while the other half prays and dreams in churches and enclosed convents. The city is built on a steep hill all but encircled by the Tagus, which has cut a deep chasm around it, and is spanned by two bridges of Roman foundations. Visigothic and Moorish walls, pierced but by three gates, defend the less precipitous sides. The place is yellow, sunburnt, tree-less, like the soil from which it springs; walls, towers, palace, convents, churches, the cathedral, are all heaped one upon one until the whole is crowned by the Alcazar. Jewish synagogues, Arab mosques are there, perfect, save for their emptiness; the pictures of half-mad El Greco are in every church. Amid the maze of narrow streets is the Zocodover, the one open space, once the scene of bull fights and auto-da-fés. The Cathedral is the most beautiful, the richest, the least spoilt of all in Spain. In Toledo the spirit of old Spain is yet strong. On our last evening we went out for a walk about sunset. We looked into the courtyard of the inn where Cervantes stayed, and where his admirers may yet stay if their devotion is stronger than their sense of smell! Then we penetrated within the church of an enclosed convent; somewhere above our heads, behind a screen, we heard the shrill voices of the nuns saying their office.

A wander through the riverside portion of Toledo—the lowest in every sense—brought us out in a quarter of great houses, with small, heavy doors, marked with a cross, great blank walls, and high up one or two barred windows. Three of us could scarce walk abreast in the streets, and on either hand were these enclosed convents, whose inmates could not even look out upon the world. The fading light made all more weird, the streets narrower, the buildings more beautiful and menacing and unyielding. Who knew but that inquisitors were lurking for us in the dark alleys, ready to hale us for ever within those walls? How could anyone

escape down those bewildering streets, half of which were cul-de-sacs, and all of them death-traps to those who had offended the Holy Office? In that evening hour was felt all that had been the old strength and glory and cruelty of Toledo and of Spain, and all that had led to her undoing.

E. O. BROWNE.

### Orpheus' Second Search for Eurydice.

Georgic iv. 517.

Alone in ice-bound fields, in Northern shores,  
 O'er snowy Tanais, and Rhiphaean plain,  
 Which yieldeth nought but never ending frost,  
 He wander'd ever, seeking for his bride,  
 His lost Eurydice, once giv'n in vain.  
 Such love the Thracian matrons in their hearts  
 Did deem an outrage to themselves, and there,  
 'Midst sacred rites divine, and revellings  
 Held in the night for Bacchus, god of wine,  
 They tore the youth asunder limb from limb,  
 And strew'd those mangled limbs across the plain.  
 E'en then, as Hebrus in its rolling flood  
 Bore on the head, rent from th' snow-white neck,  
 His voice, his tongue, in chilling death cried out  
 "Eurydice, Ah hapless one, my bride!"  
 His spirit died away. Along the stream  
 The banks in answer cried "Eurydice."

M. K. O.

### Important.

I know that this School is intended chiefly for human creatures in pretty blue pinafores, but I do think some



mention should be made of people who play so important a part in its life as Mr. Budget and myself. Mr. Budget has been here a long while (in fact he often talks in a very irritating way as if the whole place belonged to him), so I will speak of him first. His work is to see that the Mistresses get to School in time, and don't stay too late ; and to make them take exercise. He tells me he generally has to make quite a commotion before he can get his Missis off in the morning. She will waste time in tying black things on to her feet and putting another thing on her head ; and even when she has started, she often goes back again to fetch a long hard thing which she carries in her hand to make a roof if it rains. He likes it best when it is a roof, for *sometimes*, when it is in the long shape and she gets cross about anything, she hits him with it ! Well, when she does at last set off, he has to clear the way for her by barking, so that everyone may know that she is coming ; and having seen her safely to school, he goes back and fetches the others, who are generally rather later.

When School is over, he sees to it that *someone* goes for a walk, and if possible, he takes several, one after the other.

If they dawdle after school in the afternoon, he does his best to hurry them home, but he says they are very tiresome and dilatory.

Another task he has set himself is to prevent them from wasting time. There is a big chair in the Mistresses' room, and would you believe it ? He often has to spend the whole morning in it himself so that no one may idle there.

Now for my own share in the work. I am so busy that I cannot think how they managed before I came.

My first duty is to guard the house ; this I do by barking at everyone who comes to the back door, unless they bring things that smell good, (Of course the Domestic Science

girls are allowed in without any demur on my part—their things smell *lovely*).

Then I am determined that the poor little hardworked children shall have something to cheer their toilsome days ; so I do my best to amuse them. The other morning I found a long piece of green braid that harmonised delightfully with my tawny coat, and I ran up and down the cloakroom toying with it gracefully. I think they all admired me, and some of them even smiled a little !

After dinner, when they go out into the garden, I play with them ; and my kind unselfish efforts to please them soon cheer them up and encourage them to play, too, poor little dears.

Beside this there are the cats to keep in order. This is the hardest part of my work, and to tell the truth, I have not been very successful so far. *You see, they scratch.* But no doubt my good influence and noble example will soon tell on them as it has on the children. But my real mission in life is to be *ornamental*. You have no doubt observed how exquisitely the colour of my eyes tones with my beautiful coat. I often wonder why Miss Harrison, who sets girls to paint rabbits and teddy bears and soldiers and things, does not choose *me* for a model. Her green overall would make a charming background for me if she would pose behind me. Sometimes I lie for hours together on a cocoanut mat to provide a feast for the artistic eye—a veritable symphony in golden-brown ; but so far she has seemed to consider me a theme too high for her pupils.

Well, I think I have given you some slight idea of the importance of our work and it only remains for me to subscribe myself

Yours very truly,

JOHN T. TERRIER.

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## A Visit to Stratford-on-Avon

I have been twice to Stratford-on-Avon. The first thing we went to see was the Birthplace. We were shown four rooms, two downstairs and two upstairs. One of the rooms downstairs is used as a museum ; it has the desk which William Shakespeare is said to have sat in at school. The other room was the kitchen, it has a very wide chimney, and when we looked up it we could see the sky. One of the rooms upstairs is a library, and there are many old books. Then we saw the room where Shakespeare was born. Many famous people have written their names on the walls, and Sir Walter Scott's name is scratched with a diamond on the window. There is a garden behind the house, and in it are planted all the herbs and flowers mentioned in Shakespeare's plays.

After we had seen the house we went to Holy Trinity Church, where Shakespeare and his daughter are buried. In the parish register the dates of the baptism and burial of Shakespeare are entered.

We went to see the Grammar School, founded in the time of Edward VI., where Shakespeare went to school. Then we went to Anne Hathaway's cottage at Shottery. It is furnished very much the same as it was in Shakespeare's time, and we sat on the old oak settle where Shakespeare is supposed to have sat when he courted Anne Hathaway. It is very uncomfortable, as it has a narrow seat and a very upright back. There are some old pewter plates and also a rushlight. This was bent in two and held in a stand, so that both ends could be lighted at once. It is the origin of the saying "burning a candle at both ends." In the kitchen beside the fire there is a hole in the wall, which was used to keep the firewood dry. Upstairs there are two old, carved beds, both of which have rush mattresses, and one of the mattresses is the best specimen in England. If on

an old tomb of a knight you see a carving of a rush mattress, it means that the man died in his bed and not on the battlefield. There are some beautiful linen sheets, with a great deal of drawn-thread work, made by Anne Hathaway and her sister.

C. W., IVB.

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## School News.

### END OF AUTUMN TERM.

Our "breaking-up" was of a somewhat unusual character. As was reported in the last Magazine, "Speech Day" had been given up, but on the last morning of Term, Canon Southwell came to take School Prayers, after which he gave an inspiring Address, and then kindly distributed the Certificates and Prizes, the list of which has already been given.

We sang "In Medio Bello," and finally the Marseillaise and "God save the King."

Ten girls left, among whom were Enid Ondaatje, who has returned with her parents to Ceylon; and Annie Campbell, who is hoping to qualify for Secondary Teaching. Most of the others were Domestic Science Students who are now, we hope, putting into daily practice the lessons they learnt last term.

### SPRING TERM.

School re-opened on January 19th, and again we set ourselves to do quietly but strenuously the work which is set before us, as *our* part in this great struggle.

Nineteen children entered, including a Belgian girl, who has quickly adapted herself to her new surroundings.

The zealous knitting still continues, and we have sent a large number of articles to hospitals or individuals with whom we are, in one way or another, connected, especially to No. 13 General Hospital, Boulogne.

On Ash Wednesday the usual Service was held in the Large Hall, the Address being given, this year, by the Rev. G. F. Hooper.

Mr. Menneer's Lectures on Ruskin have been of great interest, and we only wish that more Worcester residents had had the pleasure of hearing them. Our own VI., V., and Students must, we think, have profitted greatly; and a notable improvement in style is looked for as a result, as well as evidence of a wider interest than before in social conditions in England and elsewhere.

On February 26th, Mr. Barnett very kindly came, as last year, to judge the Singing Competition. The Shield was won by Form VI. (A and B), and the Picture by Form III B. All the work reached a far higher standard than last year.

The Confirmation is to be held on March 23rd, in the Cathedral, when seventeen girls hope to be presented. Bishop Mylne will confirm.

An interesting development in the Studio is the formation of a Sketch Club, "Blue and White," to include old girls as well as present. Possibly some living in Worcester, who have not yet heard of its existence, would like to join. If so, let them apply to Miss Harrison at once.

As September 18th will so often fall in the holidays, and March 23rd is never likely to do so, it has been thought well to choose the latter date as that on which we shall offer our special thanksgivings for the life and work of the School's Foundress. This year, by a happy chance, the Confirmation falls on that day.

### MISSIONARY WORK.

The total amount for the year (December 1913, to December 1914), realised by Monthly Collections and by Missionary Boxes, was £11 17s. od. Of this we paid £3 10s. for Work Party materials, £4 for our Delhi Scholar, Amy Dujal, and £3 15s. was sent to the General Fund of S.P.G. The sum of 11s. (the contents of the Dining Room box) was sent to U.M.C.A.

Parcels of garments made at Work Party and in the Needlework Classes were sent to our old friend Mr. Richard Wilson, of S. Augustine's, Stepney; to S. Cadoc's Home, Caerleon (for Maggie Clarke); to the Worcester Infirmary; and to various other Charities.

### EXAMINATIONS.

Florence Pitcher gained First Class Honours in Division III. of the Illustrating Examination of the Royal Drawing Society.

## GAMES.

## END OF CHRISTMAS TERM.

## HOCKEY.

November 28th—2nd XI. *v.* Lawnside, Malvern. Played at home. Draw, 3—3.

December 12th—1st XI. *v.* Church College, Edgbaston. Played at home. A.O.S. won, 16—0.

December 17th—1st XI. *v.* Old Girls. Played at Home. Present Girls won, 6—2.

*Final Form Match.*

The VIth, who defeated IVA. (7—1), hold the Shield.

## SPRING TERM, 1915.

## HOCKEY.

February 6th—2nd XI. *v.* Lawnside, Malvern. Played at Malvern. Draw, 3—3.

February 20th—1st XI. *v.* East Gos. Ladies' Club. Played at Cheltenham. Lost, 1—6.

*The 1st XI.*

M. Lyne (Captain), Mary Chappel (Vice-Captain), G. Chappel, M. Jones, S. Hancock, M. Hackney, H. Coombs, H. Curtler, V. Davies, K. Scales, L. Petrie.

## LACROSSE.

February 27th—1st XII. *v.* S. James', West Malvern. Played at West Malvern. A.O.S. won, 15—2.

March 13th—1st XII. *v.* The Abbey, Malvern Wells. Played away. Lost, 3—6.

## OLD GIRLS AND MISTRESSES.

Kathleen Worster has been appointed Visitor of Sunday Schools in the Diocese of Worcester.

Marjorie Leech has passed the London Matriculation and is now working for her Science degree.

Nora Adlington has begun her training as a Nurse at the Worcester Infirmary; she hopes eventually to go to a London Hospital.

We have welcomed with much pleasure at School this term Leila Kenyon-Stowe, Daphne Pike (*née* Kenyon-Stowe), Mary Williamson, and Sybil Naylor. Nora Brierley, Hilda Hatton, and other O'd Girls, are Red Cross Nurses.

Mary Williamson helped for some weeks at the Wantage Red Cross Hospital.

Enid Ondaatje returned with her parents to Ceylon in January.

Zoe Brierley is spending a year in India.

Dorothy Chappel is helping to superintend a "Work-room" which has been opened in Worcester to provide employment for women and girls who are out of work. They are taught needlework and knitting.

Miss Davies is, we are very glad to hear, recovering from her serious illness. Her beautifully-printed labels on doors, cupboards, &c., still remind us of her and of all she did for the School.

### BIRTH.

On February 4th, Mrs. Rosher (Madeline Cayley), a son.

### MARRIAGES.

On January 10th, at S. Helen's Church, Worcester, James Wrigley Evatt (Lieutenant Lancashire Fusiliers) to Helen Alice Chaytor.

On January 23rd, at S. Stephen's Church, Worcester, Horace Jackson Gate, R.F.A., to Dorothy Janet Hanson.

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