

## **Walthamstow High School Magazine**

*Committee:* Miss Litchfield, M.E. Griggs, K Reeve, E Allen, M Dale, K Whitfield

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

*President:* Miss Hewett      *Vice Presidents;*  
Miss Goldwin & Miss Richardson

*Treasurer:* Mrs F Maud, East Lodge, Forest Rise.

*Secretary:* Miss K Reeve, "Fernside", 17, Prospect Hill

*Assistant Secretary:* Kay Day, Thorpe Coombe, Forest Road

*Editor of Magazine:* Florrie Gower

*Committee:*

Miss Z Anning, Miss K Griggs, Miss M Senner, Miss D Chappell, Miss M Whitfield, Miss R White, Miss V Chappell, Miss K Reeve, Miss D Clay, Mrs G Gower, Miss W Robbins

NOTE- The present number of the Magazine has been brought out by the School, under the sub-editorship of Grace Jennings.

### **Meetings**

A MEETING of the O.G.A. was held at Walthamstow High School on Thursday, February 18<sup>th</sup>, 1915. Miss K Day was in the chair. Extracts were read from novels contrasting the, "Men of the Eighteenth Century and Victorian era," with "Men of To-day."

Among the varied and very amusing contrasts were: clergymen, fathers, lovers, men-servants, and men in their attitude towards babies.

The readings were given by the following Old Girls: Violet Chappell, Margaret Deards, Kate Day, Florrie Gower, Ruth Haywood, Elsie How, and Kathleen Reeve.

The Annual Social and Business Meeting of the Walthamstow High School Old Girls' Association was held at the Walthamstow High School on Thursday, March 11th, 1915.

The business was transacted first. The Treasurer read a report which showed a balance in hand of £6 *Os. 4d.* The new members were then elected for the Committee. The retiring members were Mrs. G. Foxon, Misses E. Allen,

M. Whitfield and E. Hyde, and those elected to fill these vacancies were Misses Z. Anning, V. Chappell, M. Senner, and R. White.

The Committee had arranged a number of Progressive Games as the entertainment of the evening, and these proved very successful and very amusing and were continued with much mirth until the end of the evening with the exception of a short interval for the refreshments which were served in the Science room.

The prizes were won by Misses Ruth White, Hilda Griggs, Winifred Robbins, Linda Smith, and Bessie Jones.

The Meeting closed with the singing of Auld Lang Syne.

### **Marriage.**

HOW - SCOTT. Elsie How was married to Mr. Arthur Scott on June 16th at St. Peter's-on-the-Forest.

The Rev. T. J. Parks officiated. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a gown of ivory satin charmeuse and carried a sheaf of lilies. The four bridesmaids were dressed in flowered voile, with Leghorn hats, and carried blue delphiniums. A reception was held at 4, Avon Road, where many beautiful presents were on view. Later, Mr. and Mrs. Scott left to spend their honeymoon at Swanage.

### **Birth.**

WILDASH.- To Mr and Mrs George Wildash (Annie Kelsey) on January 1st, 1915-a daughter, Annie Yvonne.

Congratulations to Charlotte Cunningham on becoming an Associate of the Royal College of Music.

We hear that Miss Kingsford has given up her work in England and is shortly going to the front to help in one of the Base Hospitals.

Jessie Foxon is now nursing in a Military Hospital at Rouen.

Mrs. Ogden will be glad to receive offers of help in St Andrew's Kindergarten Sunday School from some of the Old Girls. Donations in money, small chairs and large sand-trays will also be gratefully acknowledged.

This year the annual Conference of the Headmistresses' Association was held at the High School, on June 11th and 12th. Nearly 250 Headmistresses were present.

We are proud of the honour done to our School and glad that so many visitors have had the opportunity of seeing our beautiful building which roused the admiration of all present.

### **School Sports-day-June, 1915**

AFTER mid-day there was no longer any mistake about the weather. We were going to have it fine for the Sports. At three o'clock the visitors were beginning to fill the field, and by the time the first contest -the long jump-was ready to begin, a good number had collected.

The long jump was especially interesting this year, and at one time the three foremost were almost in a line with each other. The Lower Fifth was the successful form.

The high jump, later on, although several competitors dropped out before 3ft. 8in., was still more exciting, and when VA. was left the winner at 4ft. 6in. there were still two girls not out. The flat races of the Preparatory and First Form followed the long jump; there are some capital little runners there both among the boys and girls, and they were all well together at the finish.

The most exciting of all the contests was the senior tug-of-war between the Upper Fifth and Fourth; they were very evenly matched, and the rope swung first one way and then the other, while the supporters of each side shouted and cheered lustily. Finally VA. was the victor, although only after a hard struggle.

The flower-pot race was also capital although the competitors were not nearly so evenly matched, and IVB's small champion came in well ahead of everyone else.

Shouts of laughter greeted the shoeless runners hunting for their shoes in the boot race, but the funniest of all was the dressing race; the gloves seemed to be the greatest difficulty, though surely not for want of practice in putting them on !

The team race of the Senior, and the tunnel race of the Junior school created a good deal of interest, since so many forms were competing together. In the former VA. was the winner, and in the latter IIIB.

In the slow bicycle races many of the riders fell off before they were halfway down the course; the other bicycle races were much more interesting,

especially the one riding between dumb-bells.

At a distance the three-legged races looked like ordinary flat races, so fast did the runners go; there was a rush and a confused mingling of legs and flying tunics and the race was over amid much shouting and clapping.

Lastly there was an old girls' race called "catching a train" in which Elsie Lane and Winnie Rainer were the successful competitors and as soon as it was over there was a rush from the field to the net-ball court to see the final match of the season between VA. and the Sixth, to the winners of which Miss Hewett was going to present a trophy cup. The excitement was intense, for it soon became evident that both sides were playing a capital game. At half time the score was 3-2 with VA. leading, but during the second half it seemed as if the chances were all for VA. Soon that team was leading 7 -3, and by this time the heat of the day was beginning to tell on the players. Then the Sixth began to settle to work, and before long their score crept up slowly till the game stood 7 all. Only a few minutes remained, when the Sixth shot one more goal, and before either side had scored again the whistle was blown. The Sixth had won!

It now only remained for the prizes to be presented to the various forms, and the Cup to the Sixth. Miss Hewett stood on the step of the left hand entrance to the Hall, while the visitors and school-girls gathered round under the covered play-ground. There, amidst much clapping and cheering, VA. was announced to be first and VB. second in the Sports, and the picture and vase were awarded to their respective forms. The Upper Fifth was also presented with a vase, being the second form for net-ball in the School. In the Junior division IIIA. won the picture and IIIB. with one point less had the vase, while individual prizes were given to the Preparatory and Form 1., and the old girls.

Then some three hundred happy, tired and somewhat breathless school girls cheered the Sixth and VA. for their splendid game, then more cheers for Miss Hewett and Miss Damon, and last of all and still more enthusiastically for-the School!

The Sketch Club.

There are about forty girls in the Senior and Junior divisions of the Sketch Club. We go out sketching on Saturday mornings, and once a month the sketches we have made during that period are exhibited, and a prize awarded for the best in each

division.

On May 29th Miss Birch took both divisions out for the whole day. There were thirty-nine of us. We met at George Lane Station, and walked along lanes and fields till we reached Barkingside. When we came to a pretty part some of us stopped, but the energetic ones went further on, and found a farmhouse.

The only disadvantage to the neighbourhood was a number of small black pigs who took an active interest in the sketches-rather too active in the case of two girls, who had climbed a tree to get a better view, and who were unable, even by the sacrifice of their last pencil, to drive the pigs away, and so had to stay in the tree till a courageous comrade came to the rescue. We ate our dinner in a field and then wandered on till we found an empty farm-house, the only inhabitants of which were a half-starved cat and a dog, whom we fed on the remains of ham sandwiches.

At the end of the afternoon we packed up and walked back to Barkingside, where we had tea. As we were hungry we did not object to the tea and bread and butter, but when we came to the cake (age unknown) we shut our eyes and ate it quickly. As far as we could make out its chief ingredients were soap and beetles' legs. We bought acid drops to take away the taste.

We arrived home dirty and tired but very happy.

## NANCY QUAYLE Form IIIB

### A Poem from Canada

MEN said the days of chivalry were past,  
And o'er the earth self-interest held sway;  
They feared that none would toil but for his price,  
And scoffed to think that men should risk their lives  
Or sufferings bear, for empty Honour's sake.  
Their oft-insistence made us lose our faith  
In human greatness; and although we spoke  
Of Scott and gallant Oates, full well we knew  
And all ashamed we owned, the taunt was cast  
Into our teeth with justice. Men might rise  
Above their fellows, but the nations lay  
Within the grip of things material.

As in our long-delayed spring the trees  
Stand gaunt and black, and seeming dry and dead,  
Yet bear (for seeing eyes) the buds full ripe

For bursting, at their season, into leaf  
So with dimmed sight and dull and blunted minds  
We gazed upon the old decaying trunks  
Of nations, and despairing, failed to see  
Half-hidden buds, the promise of new life.

In one, we saw a race whose sires of old  
To Europe's domination had aspired  
Contented Fashion's sovereignty to claim.  
Scarce turned our thoughts towards the nearer East,  
Where long oppressed and ignorant and dumb  
A mighty people strove towards the truth.  
Nor as we travelled through the fertile land,  
Once scene of Europe's battles, and beheld  
Her cities gray, her churches old and fair,  
Perceived we aught but glory of the past,  
And thrifty people, clean and prosperous,  
Intent upon their present gain and loss.  
So had our inward eye nigh sightless grown,  
Our spirit hopeless, dead and dull our soul.  
Yet ere the darkness closed around us, God  
Still patient, loving, pitiful, outstretched  
His mighty hand to save, albeit by fire.

In Europe's midst a newer nation rose,  
Blinder than we, obsessed by lust of power;  
And in their headlong haste to gain their end,  
Rejecting honour, mercy, self-control,  
As checks unworthy of an iron rule.  
To France the challenge came: unflinchingly  
Her sons received it, and without complaint  
Women, with smiling courage, sent their men  
To certain death. Forgetful of past wrongs,

Nought heeding save the "little father's" call,  
The Slavic people took the sword to save  
Their lesser brethren from a tyrant's yoke.  
Half wakened, half bewildered, still we watched:  
Then saw-the tranquil, ripening, Belgian fields  
Trampled by Uhlans-her heroic band  
Awaiting, like the stripling lad of old,  
The onslaught of the boastful Philistine.  
The scales fell from our eyes. We saw the truth  
Through battle-smoke, and 'mid the din of strife  
Heard God.

In every human soul yet lives  
The will to struggle-nay, to die-for right,  
For justice and for freedom; sacrifice,  
Endurance, courage dwell in every heart  
And self is lost before a nation's need.

The earth brings forth her heroes as of old:  
 The men who fought at Marathon and won  
 Shall greet as brothers men who charged at Ypres;  
 Drake's spirit lives again among the men  
 Who submarine the foe in his own port.  
 Yet must it ever be that war alone  
 Shall train these virtues? Shall they never go  
 Unless in company with pain and death?  
 And shall our native land, *our* earthly king  
 Win greater love and loyalty than God?  
 Shall we still lavish on a human foe  
 A deeper hatred than we give to sin?

**H. B. HARDING. (CANADA, Spring, 1915.)**

### **Douleurs de l'exil.**

NOUS sommes en exil, admirablement traités pas les Anglais, jouissant de toutes leurs gentilleses et leurs douceurs. Et pourtant nous souffrons. Pourquoi souffrons-nous? C'est bien simple. Nous ne sommes pas chez nous, dans notre maison, de tous nos chers souvenirs. Nos meubles dont nous avons pris tant de soin, nous avons dû les laisser, et qui sait quand nous les reverrons? Quand nous serons retournés peut-être que nous ne reconnaitrons même plus les choses qu'on aimait tant, tellement elles auront changé d'aspect.

Nos voisins et nos amis, ou sont-ils? Tous nous avons dû nous séparer: les uns se sont enfins, d'autres sont restés.

Oh! comme les villes doivent être tristes maintenant-ces villes autrefois pleines d'animation et de mouvement, ces beaux monuments artistiques don't plusieurs sont renversés. Tout enfin montrait la joie. Au jour de fête nationale l'on voyait plotter à toutes les fenêtres le drapeau au trois couleurs. Tout le monde était joyeux. Le Roi en ces jours de fête venait quelquefois visiter la ville at alors c'était des cris de "Vive le Roi, vive la Patrie." Tous ces temps passés nous reviennent maintenant à l'esprit et nous en souffrons d'autant plus.

Tout cela mort pour nous; nous sommes comme des plantes déracinées, des émigrants sans occupations, sans nouveJles de nos amis, des membres de la famille à l'armée, qui souffrent et que nous ne pomons aller aider.

Oh! que l'exil est dur surtout pendant la querre, et que l'on aspire a retourner dans son pays.

**LOUISA GIESEN (FORM IVA).**

### **The Young Cavalier.**

THE sun was sinking over the western horizon, bathing the hilltops with a golden sunset and colouring the sky with its crimson radiance.

The news of the Battle of Worcester and the defeat of the king was filling the air. The babble of voices was loud; villagers stood at cottage doors and repeated the story over and over again. Amidst the general confusion parties of Parliamentary soldiers rode up and down, scouring the country in search of fugitives.

As the sun took one last peep over the horizon before sinking to rest, he saw a man dressed in the garb of a Cavalier creep out of a wood. He was travel-stained and covered with dust. He looked hastily round him and, seeing an apparently deserted farmstead, he slipped into a barn. The sun was not the only one to see him-a pair of bright blue eyes had watched from the top of a haystack where their owner, a curly-haired lad of about twelve, had climbed half-an-hour before to think about his father-how he had gone to join the king in his first hour of need, when he himself was quite a baby and how he, Douglas Montague, and his mother, had left Upton Hill of which his father Sir Montague was owner to come and live at Joyce Farm so far away.

As he turned restlessly over in the hay, he saw the figure of a man cross the open space and go into the barn. He sat up, who was this man? He was surely one of King Charles' soldiers and must be warned of his danger.

He climbed down and ran across to the barn and up the rickety ladder leading to the loft. There on some hay lay the exhausted soldier. Douglas ran to him: "I say, sir," he cried, "you must leave here at once, the village is being searched and you will be found." He stopped and stared at the man, who was gazing at him intently, then all at once, he recognised him. This man was exactly like the picture of Sir Montague in his mother's room. His mind was made up in an instant - he must not tell his father who he was, for his mother's sake.

Suddenly, there was a noise below, Douglas ran to the window. Half a dozen Puritans were searching the barns. The boy's face was white as he turned away, "you must escape," he said calmly, "I will help you."

"It is too late, my lad," said the man just as calmly, "but I would you were not found here."

There was a crash below, the old ladder had given way beneath the weight of the men. Just at

the moment, Douglas remembered an old trap-door, and he had it opened in a minute. "Quick!" they dropped through into the stables, they heard the men ascending a new ladder. All the horses but one were in the fields; the soldier stopped one moment to shake hands with Douglas. "God bless you, my lad," he cried. Then, mounting the horse, he rode away for dear life. His son ran to where the Puritans' horses stood and drove them into the wood. Then he went into the house.

It was a week later when the Puritans again visited the farm. Douglas was reading alone in the room set apart for his mother and himself when they entered. "This is the fellow who thought he could fluke us," cried one seizing him roughly.

"Look here boy," said another, "Who's the man you helped away?"

Douglas started, "What do you mean?" he said.

"No fooling, mind," cried the first man, drawing out a pistol and holding it to the boy's head. "I give you one minute, where is he? Answer or die."

The brave little lad stood up defiantly. "I refuse," he cried.

The minute seemed to drag-then-the crack of the pistol sounded and the boy fell back. Douglas had only fallen from the strain of excitement. The bullet had not touched him, for, at the fatal moment, five men rushed in, headed by an officer in the King's uniform, whom Douglas recognised as his father. It was he who dashed the pistol from the man's hand, while his friends disposed of the rest. Just then, Lady Montague entered, she glanced once at the stranger then, with a joyful cry, she threw herself into his arms.

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Some years after, King Charles entered London as Charles II. One of the foremost of his train was Sir Montague and beside him rode Douglas. He felt so proud, for had he not been presented to the King, who had patted his shoulder, and said "Well done!"

**VERA GREENWOOD (Form IVb).**

### **The Evening Hour.**

THE sun's declining rays descended in the west,  
Tinging the mountains with their rosy hue:

A beauteous scene I had in view,  
As in my utter weariness,  
I lay me down to think and rest  
Beneath the pines that clothe the hill-side's  
nakedness  
White, fleecy clouds skim o'er me as I lie  
Amid th' unfathomable azure of that summer sky;  
Cool zephyrs bear the laughter of a babbling rill.  
As in cascades it hurries clown the hill:  
Down in the valley lies the placid lake,  
And now beside tis cool and shady brink,  
The thirsty cattle of its clear fresh water drink:  
Anon the cricket chirps from out the brake,  
Bird's twitter in their leafy bowers;

The air is heavy with the scent of flowers,  
Of heather on the purple mountains side.  
And in a gabled cottage by the stream,  
Two aged dames, who sit and sew their seam  
By the sun's red glorious light, abide.  
Sighing, I rise from off my craggy bed,  
And musing, homeward turn;  
And as I walk, my thoughts are led  
To all that we from Nature learn.  
Now Night draws close her filmy veil  
Around the earth; and I to rest repair;  
And yet I know my thoughts will sail,  
E'en in my slumbers, to that region fair.

**LILY DUNN (Form Va).**

### **Life in Manilla.**

FIVE years before I came to live in Chingford, I went out to Manilla in the Philippine Islands which are South East of China, in the Pacific Ocean.

Manilla is on the Island of Luzon. It is not a very big place, but it is the capital of the Philippine Islands. All the natives are very dark brown, almost black, and they are very small people. There are forty two provinces in the islands, and every province has a different dialect, so it is like forty-two different languages and none of them can understand another. It would be rather difficult to learn so many, so most of the people learn Spanish, and white people learn it too.

The islands used to belong to Spain and there are a lot of Spanish people out there. They belong to America now and there are also quite a lot of Americans out there.

The natives live in houses built of nipa and

bamboo; they are built on bamboo poles about four feet off the ground, and from a distance they look like animals with long legs. They are very small indeed, some of them only have one room. If the natives want to move, they just pick up the house and carry it wherever they want to go.

The natives chew beetle nut which is a hard nut about as big as an acorn. It is red inside and makes their teeth red.

After we had been in Manilla for some time, we went to Cebu (sometimes spelt Zebu) which is an island North of Tuzon. It is quite small and there was really only one long road, running from one end to the other, and a few rough roads made by the natives. I was the only white child out there at first. While we were there we had a typhoon. The electric wires and poles were torn down by the wind, and native houses were carried away, I was staying with some friends at the time, and the roof at the back part of the house was torn clean off. We stood and watched the bamboo trees falling.

We stayed at Cebu for eighteen months, and then we came back to Manilla again. Afterwards, we went to Caloocan which is six miles out of Manilla. There are only a few white people there, and they were all employed by the railway. The houses were built in a compound with barbed wire round. Our house was built about eight feet off the ground on what was called orgries, that is, thick posts. A flight of steps led out to the front veranda. A door on the right hand opened into a long room which was both dining-room and drawing-room. There was only a screen between, as that was cooler than a wall. All along the side of the room were shutters so that nearly the whole side of the house could be opened. The bedrooms opened out on another veranda at the side. The walls of the house were swallie which is the outside of the bamboo taken off and sort of plaited-daylight can be seen through it. We often used to sit under the house as it was nice and cool there.

When we were in Cebu, a captain of one of the ships gave us a bear. It was about as big as a collie dog. It was a Honey bear and was very fond of milk. We used to have our milk in tins, and we used to make two little holes in the tin to pour the milk out by. Sometimes, we would give him one of these tins with some milk in, and he would lie on his back and take the tin in his front paws and pour the milk down his throat. We used to keep him on a long chain under the house, and sometimes we took him for walks. The natives were afraid of him

and would run away when they saw him. They would not come in the garden if they saw him near the gate. I don't suppose he would have hurt them at all really.

One night when Daddy went down to see him, we thought he had sprung' at Daddy's legs but really he had come to meet him and had fainted against him. He was ill all next day and the next evening. He did not want us to leave him so we brought him up into the house. When we came to see him we found him dead. We think the natives poisoned him and we were very sorry about it as we had become very fond of him.

Manilla is noted for its sunsets. It is supposed to have the most beautiful sunsets in the world. The colour goes all over the sky. It is not like England where the colour is only in the west. There are such lovely shades of pinks and blues, mauves and every other colour.

We have earthquakes out there. They are not generally very bad and do not knock down houses, but just knock down a few ornaments and pictures. It is rather a nasty feeling though. If you are sitting in a chair, it feels as though someone has taken hold of the chair and shaken it.

We also had swarms of locusts. They were so thick that if you were out, you could not see anything a yard in front of you. They eat everything. The people who had rice fields went out and made all sorts of noises to frighten them away. The natives eat locusts. They smell very nice when they are being fried.

### **MOLLY FRADGLEY (Form 11.).**

#### **At the Lord Mayor's Show.**

*(The entrance of a railway station, in the city, an hour or so before the procession is timed to arrive. Two young ladies emerge from the doorway and are joined by a young man, who evidently expects them. The youngest young lady greets him in surprised tones.)*

On, there you are, Mr. Sampson! It is awfully nice of you to come. I know we are rather late, but we scarcely thought you would be early business men have so many calls on their time, one never expects them to be punctual. Let me introduce you to my friend Edith-Miss Mumm -it is really on her account that I asked you to bring us to-day. She is going in for first-

aid -and all that--so she can help with the wounded; and as she has worked frightfully hard, and the exam is on to-night, I have brought her along for a little relaxation. Besides one feels then is something historical in the Show this year, everyone ought to encourage the brave Colonial1s and Territorials who are taking part in it by cheering and you know we may never see another one.

I have found Edith rather a dull companion, her head is so full of splints and bandages she is afraid to talk for fear of letting them out. The only time she roused herself was in the train, when a man said it was sure to be terribly crowded this year-and I'm so glad, for I've never been in a real crowd before-and there were certain to be a lot of dreadful accidents, ribs smashed, arms broken, and clothes knocked about, and a woman in the corner said a relation of hers had her boots and earrings torn off at King Edward's wedding. Then Edith began to worry, because she had forgotten the remedy for hat-pin pricks and wasp stings. Such nonsense learning about wasp-stings, it is far more useful to know about diseases like gout, and rheumatism, and indigestion; and if she gets to the front it will be much too cold for wasps.

This first-aid business is frightfully over-rated. I wouldn't be a red cross nurse if you paid me for it. I had a friend who went through it, and when she did her three months of hospital training the nurses were horrid to her. She finished her education at Tree's Academy, and walks in the Deisarte style, and she found the hospital floors simply awfully trying. One day she was hurrying along with a huge sloppy rice-pudding when her foot skidded, the dish flew out of her hands, and she slipped and fell into it and slid halfway down the ward. Do you think they showed her any sympathy? No indeed! The head nurse came and pulled her out-quite roughly-and said she had done it on *purpose*.

As if a girl would, with a handsome doctor and several students looking on. Another time she had to take a lot of dinners round in a few moments, and she didn't notice that one man had turned over. You see he had a beard and moustache, and bushy eye-brows, and she put the plate down on the bed and went off, without realising. A nurse happened to come along about ten minutes afterwards and found the man using dreadful language, with his face, in the pillow and a plate of stew and potatoes on his shoulders. She scolded her before everyone, when of course it was the man's fault for changing himself at dinner-time –

he must have done it just to annoy her. Look! here comes a policeman, I think our city men are the finest creatures I ever saw. I hate little men! Now, Mr Sampson, I meant nothing of the kind, I really meant *really* little men- you are nearly as tall as I am. What did he say to you?..... I shall certainly not move from here; let the other people go if they are foolish enough to, I and the lamp-post will remain. Oh! let us hurry away, they are backing horses into the people who won't move. It is shameful! I can't imagine what the Belgians will think of the way they are treated here, for I daresay there are many of them about.

Stop! stop! It is no use going up those roads, they are full up already. Does the procession only come down crowded places? Well then, I suppose we had better stand in front, we are all undersized so no one will mind..... I can't think why you look so offended, Mr. Sampson, and if these people are going to behave like this we had certainly better move. When I look round and see the awful creatures about me and think of the lovely photographs of the killed and wounded it makes me feel that the rest of us are not worth fighting for.

Nearly time? . . . But it can't possibly be; the streets are still full of people, they can't get away in a moment..... You don't mean to tell me they expect to get *in front*? Listen, there's music! Are they coming now, Mr. Sampson? Why do they play that common music on such fine brass instruments? It makes me feel the same as if I heard Caruso sing "I love little pussy." I can't see anything, not even when I jump..... I'm sorry Mr. Sampson, I didn't know your foot was so near..... It is good of you to offer to lift me up, but I'll keep it till something really exciting happens. I can see tops of bayonets going by-what a quantity there are-I didn't know marines ever used them. And these ones, are they marines too? The Honourable Artillery-they look much the same as the others from here. What is all that cheering about? The London Scottish! Oh, please lift me up, I know a young fellow who has just joined. A little higher please-yes, that will do nicely. I am sure I saw him, thank you so much; he is prematurely bald and has big feet. I recognised him at once.

Here come the mounted troops, now we can see something, isn't it interesting. I've cheered myself hoarse. I wouldn't be a bored spectator at a window for anything; one is so much more in touch with things in a crowd. Now come the carriages, lift me up again, please.....Perhaps the people behind do object, but it's positively for the last time. Oh, dear, I

wish you hadn't popped me up so quickly! I could see the men in that carriage every day of my life by looking out of the window, they live quite near to us. I do think that Lord Kitchener or Mr Asquith might have come along to liven things up a bit. What is this cheering for? The Lord Mayor. Well we can only see his coachman, but I dare say he is a much more imposing sight..... So that's the end, well I'm glad it is all over, and I'm sure Edith is longing to go..... Good-bye, Mr. Sampson, we shall meet again next year. .... But you said you had no engagement when I mentioned it before, couldn't you possibly-oh there, we are off. Edith, is that you? I can't quite see because my costume is all anyhow and my hat is over my face. I'm tired, I'm hungry, and aching, and if ever I go in a crowd again I refuse to take a man with me. But I'm filled with satisfaction, for when I am a hundred years old I can talk about the Lord Mayor's Show in 1914.

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