

## “IRIS”

### Walthamstow High School Magazine

New Series Vol.I No.I Autumn Term, 1920

#### Head Mistress's Foreword.

Since the Magazine last appeared so many things have happened that it is impossible even to chronicle all that concerns the School which is full to overflowing and now numbers four hundred and sixteen with a long waiting list. The great increase in numbers (rivalling the increase in the cost of living) means a corresponding increase in work and responsibility, and this prevents me from writing a longer greeting. To all who read these words I wish a Happy New Year, full of work and interest and to the Magazine-the joint production of Past and Present girls, and so typical of the ties of friendship which bind us all together-I wish Many Happy Returns of the Day.

**BLANCHE HEWETT.**

#### Recent Happenings.

We are sorry that our first number of the new series is unavoidably belated. The Editorial Committee worked strenuously, but in vain, for publication on December 20th. So rapid is the course of school life that much of last term's news is already out of date, and, since press day, almost enough has happened to send another "Iris" speeding on her way.

Of these happenings, reference must be made to the Prize Giving, 'the best that ever was.' (Such is the property of every happy school function). We enjoyed every syllable of the evening, from the opening chorus to the last words of the school song, but most we enjoyed those of Dr. Barber. We are proud to claim him as "our pedagogic ancestor" and regard Miss Hewett as very fortunate in having been taught by him. His speech remains for our inspiration as fresh as it was for our delight.

We are always glad to see and hear members of the Higher Education Sub-Committee and always feel very comfortably "at home" when Mr. Higham is in the Chair.

It was a very great pleasure to realise from Miss Hewett's speech that we all help her, and to feel the glory of our union-the Headmistress, the Committee, the Parents, the Staff - the Old Girls and

the Four Hundred and the distinguished stranger who linked us with the world.

We must all express admiration for the almost uncanny mathematical skill exercised by Miss Goldwin in packing-very neatly-eight hundred people into the space usually occupied by four hundred.

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This term we welcome Miss Percy as one of us, and hope that Miss Bowden who has come for this term will carry back to Australia a favourable impression of English schools.

The Christmas collections amounted to £10, to which was added £7 14s. od. obtained by the Sixth by singing carols. Contributions were sent, as usual, to the Westminster Fund for the Aged Poor, to Dr. Barnardo's and, this year, to the Walthamstow Unemployed and the Austrian children.

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The Sixth provided a surprise entertainment at the end of term, a serious play, "The Maker of Dreams," and a most amusing comedy, "Five Birds in a Cage." Both were well acted, especially the latter.

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We are, at present, in the throes of preparation for School parties which promise infinite variety of entertainment, judging from the glimpses one gets of girls rehearsing charades and shadow-plays. And the rumours one hears of "Clumps" and "Bumps" and "Winks" - and edibles.

*To the School, 18<sup>th</sup> January, 1921*

#### PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE.

This is a great experiment. We hope that you will wish it continued: it is the joint product of the Old Girls and girls at present in in the School, represented by a Sixth Form Committee. Much ground had to be covered, as the news extends over a period of five years, since the career of "Iris" was interrupted by the War. For this reason, we hope our readers will pardon omissions and contractions.

If there is anything lacking, we hope you will send

it ready for next time. Original contributions, as well as news, will be welcomed.

### Old Girls' Editorial Notes.

We do hope that you will all consider this so much your Magazine that you will bombard us with articles and information for the next number. We know that there are volumes of O.G.A. News alone, unrecorded. We even know of such important things as babies, who don't appear because their names or their birthdays aren't at the tip of the official pen, and time presses.

The Editor paused, dipped pen in the ink, and contemplated the slips of assorted news before her. She looked up them, and down, and at the blank spaces on the table. A blot fell on the clean space just where paragraph two should have begun. She stared at it in annoyance. To her surprise it rose up before her like a big window at the end of a little cinder path. In a minute she had jumped through. On her left, large-sized pigeon holes filled with dusty shoes, stretched to the ceiling-round the other walls and on rows of pegs down the middle of the room hung hats-of all sizes and in all stages of dilapidation but still all sailor hats. "Of course," she said, "They're all in, I'm late. I'll wait till the bell goes and get in before the next lesson." She began to look at the hats and to speculate upon the present occupation of their several owners "French, or Arithmetic or-."

As she looked at the farthest wall all the hats began to run away ever so far. They were, somehow, on people and these kept changing places. What made it more confusing was that the other walls of the room kept changing; sometimes they were hidden by pigeon holes and pegs, sometimes they were made of wire netting-and still the hats kept running to and fro-on people of course.

"If only, I knew which was then and what was who," said the Editor, "It is really most provoking when people can't tell now from then," said a distant voice. The Editor fixed her eyes on the nearest hat; it faded. No, she didn't find herself, as according to precedent she should have done-on a river. She saw Lou Reeve, quite grown up and teaching a class of babies. Just as she was about to remark on her quick journey to Tunbridge Wells she found she was facing Kathie Reeve, who held a secretarial pen in place of scholastic chalk. "Now I

must ask *intelligent* questions about Paris and the American Government," thought the somewhat breathless Editor-but she found herself in a laboratory in Southend where Kathleen Attenborough was explaining an experiment, but the words sounded Shakesperian - It was Winnie Gowen learning determinedly on her way to the Academy.

That is how it went on. By the time she had a notion of one situation she found herself in another, but always with a girl from W.H.S. She did not have time to say a word to anyone. But her lightening tour was extensive. She took hurried notes on her handkerchief - you remember she was holding her pen. "Commerce, Science and Art!" she murmured, feeling that it sounded grand anyhow, as a reference to her divers visits. There was Paddy Downing in the Bank of England, Dorothy Clay at Barclays, Stella Doubleday at the London City and Midland, and numbers of people in offices-that was school and commerce. Surely teaching was connected with science, to say nothing of students, especially the medical Moyydd Jones. There are sixteen teachers 'out' this year alone, working in various types of schools.

And then for "Art" there are Dora Cross, who is teaching dancing in the Channel Islands, and Mary Reeve who is at the Langham Studio, and Dorothy Chappell and Kathleen Farrar who are with Miss Birch. Perhaps it is because there are two Old Girls there, and Miss Birch is from School. Anyhow, the lucky Editor stayed long enough in the charming craft-jewellery little shop in Kensington to have made quite a lengthy remark. But she saw so many beautiful things that she looked instead of speaking.

If there had been more time she might have cajoled Kathleen Hayes into making exciting revelations. The Editor has none to make from her fraction-of-a-second long visit to Kathleen in Geneva, where she is doing secretarial work connected with the League of Nations.

Lastly, all the mothers were seen. They were so eager to tell the charms of their babies that they all stayed on into the next picture and all talked at once. "But I've used all my handky and written all round the hems" sobbed the Editor in despair.

"Oh," said all the hats which suddenly swarmed up again from every side. "You must put in all the news about our friends." Write on your hands-"Off with her pen." The shouts grew deafening. She felt frightened as well as apologetic. "It wouldn't all go in one magazine if I could-"

All the hats rushed at her. "Who cares for you?" said the Editor remembering that the Printer's bill is final "You're only a row of hats!"

At this the whole crowd rose into the air, and came flying down like a black cloud—a blot on the paper where paragraph two should begin. And that was the end of the Editorial.

[We must add however, the following list of Old Girls' successes:-

K, ATTENBOROUGH (Newnham College),

Natural Science Trysos. Class II.

W, ATTENBOROUGH (East London College).

Intermediate Arts.

ALICE COOTE (Newnham College). Mathematical Tripos, Part I.

Class 11.

We hope to say something of what Miss Oxley and Miss Litchfield are doing, for where ever they go we feel once our Staff, always one of us.

### School Chronicle.

Who shall write our School Chronicle? We haven't a mouse in our hallowed house: the little bird who usually tells has never found a nest here. The School clock is of doubtful ancestry and scarcely an old inhabitant as yet. Shall the echoes of the School Hall tell all things that have echoed loudly?

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We all congratulated the following girls on good work and rewards gained in open competition : Hettie Hilton, who won a County Major Scholarship for English and French of £80 a year, tenable for three years at any University. Hettie was first in the County.

Mary Jupp, Madge Miles, Lucy Robson and Gwen Williams, who have won County Intermediate Scholarships. These Scholarships cover the cost of School fees for two years, in addition to an annual maintenance grant of £20.

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We are still very proud of our Drill Displays held in the Spring Term of three successive years, 1917, 1918, 1919. The Four Hundred feel them to be an integral part of School life, as all share in the work as well as in the pleasure connected with their preparation. Modesty would forbid mention of their great success, if we were not certain that the glory belongs almost entirely to Miss Squire for her inspiration in planning the Displays and her patience

in drilling the Four Hundred.

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Before we tell more tales of our girls' prowess it is meet to record that we *once* heard Miss Hewett scold them. They smiled far too broadly and too audibly one day when the Four Hundred were photographed. They are dreadfully sorry about the second adverb (modifying the main verb in the preceding sentence) and they hope Miss Hewett has forgiven them. In length, it is said, the photograph rivals the frieze of the Parthenon.

\* \* \*

The Hall possessed *The Shield* for the year beginning March, 1919. This is the Shield given by the Ling Net-ball Association and offered for competition among all the schools in the Net-ball Association. After a year's hard training we captured it. The last struggle was Homeric, our girls playing against Skinner's at the James Allen School, Dulwich, and resulted in 13 goals for Walthamstow and 9 goals for Skinner's.

We, the Echoes, knew this well: we heard it clearly announced and or a year we rang with pride as the metallic echo of the bronze trophy added its illustrious voice to ours. We hope- But to Echoes the voice of prophecy is denied.

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The Hall resounds still with the echoes of thanks to Mr Higham for the Silver Sport's Cup to be given to the victorious Senior Netball team presented in July, 1920. The Sixth Form are the first proud winners.

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In the Spring Term, 1920, we heard the echo of strange voices of romantic young men and maidens, of irate aged parents, of pert servants, of faery, and of royalty. These were from the girls who were acting three short plays:-"The Fantasticks," (translated from Rostand's "Les Romantiques.") "The Playgoers," an amusing farce by Pinero, and a play for children "The Magic Whistle."

\* \* \*

We, the Echoes, count ourselves rather as cheerful sub-lunary cherubs, so that it grieves us much to record "Good-byes." We have alas, heard many, and each time the Four Hundred sorrowed. In July, 1919, Miss Birch left us to begin her new

enterprise at Kensington: at the same Miss Mills said "good-bye." In the Autumn Term of the same year, we were sorry to lose Miss Elliott-Smith, Miss Patterson, and Miss Avery. The girls have enjoyed giving two wedding presents, one to Miss Avery last Christmas and one this term to Miss Wenden, who is already on her way to Australia.

### **Current Events.**

We apologise for the amount of news which must be recorded in this issue, the joint production of the Old Girls and the School of the present. Something must be said of our Autumn Term events and interests.

Our chief pre-occupation is, of course, work, and everyone is trying very hard indeed to achieve a fortnightly form average of 70%. This high standard must be attained by all who wish to enjoy a "half-hour."

Details of our play are recorded elsewhere. The Sixth Form has been privileged this term in being allowed to pay several visits to Town. Once they went to buy Miss Wenden's wedding present, once to see "Macbeth," and they are going soon to see French Plays.

We have already said good-bye to Miss Wenden, and wish her a very happy voyage to Australia and every happiness in her future life. Miss Curtis has taken her place for this term. Miss England is leaving us at Christmas to take up new work at Purley.

Events connected with the School, though not actually School affairs, have claimed much interest this term. The Dancing Recital given by Miss Squire and Miss Winch, assisted by pupils, was most successful both in our own School Hall and in the Hall of Brondesbury High School. We also had a fairly active interest in the Walthamstow Eisteddfod, and in the plays given by Miss Shadwell's pupils.

We are looking forward with delight to the School parties to be given early next term. There are to be three, one each to the Junior, Middle and Senior School, respectively.

### **Old Girls' Netball Club.**

At present we are not overflowing with members, but those who have joined are keen. We make a special appeal to all Old Girls who are keen on netball to support this new venture. We have all felt

the need of an Old Girls' Netball Club, and now that it is started we must not let it fall through. Any would-be members who are held back by the subscription will be relieved to hear that it has now been reduced from 5/- to 2/6. If only a sufficient number join we feel that 2/6, will cover all expenses.

The Club meets, at the Walthamstow High School every Saturday afternoon at 2.30. Those who are not yet sure about joining, roll up to a practice one Saturday. That will decide you. Once you have realised the joy of playing netball on Saturday afternoons, you will not be able to rest until you have joined. We do not expect every member to turn up every Saturday afternoon. It does not mean that all your Saturdays have to be given up.

By the time this Magazine is published the first Old Girls' match will have been played against West Ham Old Girls. Next term we want to have many more fixtures.

Roll up, Old Girls! You will work twice as well through the week after a jolly game of netball on Saturday afternoon. All subscriptions must be paid to-the Secretary, Irene Hitchman, Prospect Hill.

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

The Autumn Social Meetings of the O.G.A. have been held at the High School, one on Wednesday, October 20th, and the second on Friday, November 26th.

At the October Social over one hundred were there, including the Present Girls, who entertained us with most graceful dancing. The programme concluded with an item by Miss Squire, which was much appreciated. Minnie Foxon sang, and Leslie Campbell recited in between the dances; while we all joined in a game of writing down certain names of persons, places, and things beginning with A.

After refreshments, towards which everyone contributed 3d., Miss Hewett announced the date of the next Social, and that of the Prize Giving. More entries for the School Song Competition were requested, while all should remember that the O.G. subscription is raised to 3/-.

Later, a few of our Old Girls gave a most amusing dumb show, and "Auld Lang Syne" concluded a very jolly evening.

The November Social was attended by about eighty members. We began with a game in which we

had to solve the jumbled names of English Country Seats. The prevailing silence told of the mental effort put forth.

Eight girls were next chosen to act the first of the six titles of Shakespeare's plays. In the intervals allowed for arranging and dressing up, Bessie Howlett sang, Doris Atkins whistled, and all who wished danced. The Sixth Form contributed a short sketch, which we all enjoyed.

The impromptu acting was so much appreciated that when, after refreshments, we discovered the lateness of the hour, it was decided to omit the Impromptu Speeches rather than miss the sixth title. Nor were we disappointed, as, in a ball plunged into darkness, we were given a realistic representation of "The Tempest." However, the majority decided that "The Taming of the Shrew" was the best, so those eight girls were given a small prize. "All's well that ends well" was the next favourite.

A set of Lancers followed by "Auld Lang Syne" brought our Social to a close.

### **R.A.H.**

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The death of Miss Richardson was an irreparable loss—she represented so much of the School to so many who had known her in her long years here. For these she was always the readiest helper, and is one of their sweetest and saddest memories. The most fitting tribute to her is the tablet, designed by Miss Birch, herself for long so much a part of School. It is in the hall, the centre of school life, and runs:

**1896 TO 1917**

**MARGARET RICHARDSON.**

Whose memory remains to enrich and inspire the School which for twenty-one years she served with love and devotion.

### **School Song.**

What gives us the friendships so dear to us?  
Of what is the honour so near to us?  
What makes us so happy and gay now  
In our homes, and our work, and our play now?  
Our School; then let's all give a cheer now!  
Our School! Our School, and who's ready to work  
for her? Our School, and let nobody shirk in her!

Give a cheer for our School and her story,  
May she ever be gaining fresh glory.  
Our School, and let's all give a cheer now!  
OUR SCHOOL.

Past, Present, we'll all now be true to her,  
Rememb'ring through life what is due to her.  
For our School is the one link that binds us.  
Though...we're scattered, wherever chance finds us.  
Our School; then let's all give a cheer now!  
Our School!

### **DORIS HITCHMAN (1910-1920).**

[Mr. Frank Griggs, an Old Boy of the Monoux School and brother of four of our own Old Girls, is very kindly writing some music for our School Song.]

### **Sports Notes.**

Netball forms the chief topic of these notes, as it plays so large a part in the life of the School. We are delighted to be able to record the existence of our asphalt courts, which were completed in the Summer Holidays.

In July we parted reluctantly with five quick, keen players who had helped to win the Shield for us in 1919.

The team began this term by being very weak and slow, but the girls have been sporting and energetic, so that, by regular attendance at practices, their play has improved considerably.

The following are the results; of matches played this term:

#### **FIRST TEAM.**

v. West Ham High	Away. Loss 14-15.
v. Brondesbury	Away. Draw 11-11.
v. Greycoat	Away. Win 18-15.
v. Woodford	Away. Win 27-3.

#### **SECOND TEAM.**

v. West Ham High	Away. Win. 14-11.
v. Greycoat	Away. Win. 21-15.

#### **JUNIOR TEAM.**

v. West Ham High	Away. Loss. 3-4.
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No School Sports had been held since 1916, so Old Girls, Parents and Friends flocked to see those which we had this year. The trophies were won by Form VI., L.IVA, and L.IIIA, in the Upper, Middle and Lower School respectively. The Staff entered for a running race, and for a team race against the Old

Girls-who were victorious. When the races were over the First Team played a Netball match against the Old Girls, which the Present Girls won.

The Final Tennis Tournament was played between V.A and U .IIIB. V.A won the trophy, but U.III.B put up a very good fight.

The following are the Sports Trophies won by the Middle and Lower School;

*Middle School Winners*    *Lower School Winners*

Netball	UIIB	LIIIA
Tennis	UIIB	
Swimming	UIIA	LIIIA
Drill	LIVA	II

Form V.A won the Senior Swimming Trophy.

**WINNIE GRAVATT**, Games Captain.

### **The Science Society.**

The Science Society was the first Society to be formed in the School. It originated in 1916 at the request of several girls in L.IV.A. Miss Hewett is President, and a Committee is formed which consists of several mistresses and one member from each form from L.IV.B to VI. During the present year the Sixth Form has two committee members as well as two secretaries.

The aim of the Society is to make each member do something practical and original. A competition is held annually to encourage enterprise. The competitors are given a choice of subjects, such as collections of flowers, leaves or insects; daily observations on weather; collections of fungi; or comments upon the lives of eminent scientists.

This year we have had some very original collections of fossils, barks of different trees, and shells. Prizes are given for the best collections.

Every term we try to have at least four meetings, two of which are in the form of expeditions, and two in the form of papers by the girls. At least one meeting deals with the life and work of some eminent scientist. Every spring we have a primrosing expedition to Epping to which we invite the rest of the Upper School. During the summer a party goes to Kew, and later in the year we have a Fungus Foray. During the winter the expeditions are to Museums or some kind of works. Parties at different times have visited the Gas Works in Lea Bridge Road, the Electrical Works in Sylvan Road, the Duroglass Works in Forest Road, the Royal

Mint, and various museums.

We have now about ninety members, most of whom are really keen on this part of our work, So far we have not asked for any subscriptions, but it has been suggested that a small sum should be charged to cover the expenses of the prizes. The Society would welcome Old Girls to the expeditions as honorary members.

**MARY JUPP & EMILY SMITH – Secretaries**

### **The Literary Society.**

This Society was started in July, 1917, with the object of encouraging literary effort in the School. Miss Hewett was elected president, and a Committee was chosen consisting of seven members-one from each form from L.IV.b to VI. From this Committee a Secretary was chosen. The Society is still flourishing, and is run on the lines indicated.

The Committee aims at arranging three meetings for each term, and these meetings take various forms. During the Winter term the Society visits the Royal Victoria Hall, Waterloo Road, when possible, Debates, and papers on topics of general interest abo form part of the programme. Dramatic performances by members are very popular, and competitions among forms have revealed unsuspected talent.

**IDA BARRALET, Secretary.**

### **Who Remembers?**

1. The Finals in the snow?
2. Polishing the floor for Christmas Parties with candle grease.
3. Tug-of-War on Sports' Day.
4. Battles royal around the red standard-the bicycle shed camp against that at the garden's end.
5. The window way in?
6. Prize giving rehearsals, songs, bows and smiles included?
7. Which girls have backbones like jelly fish?
8. Miss Richardson finding a Sixth Form doing handstand round the room and commenting on the literal way they browsed in the library?
9. Penelope Ann - a cat adopted by an enterprising form?

Some folk do.

## Suppose-?

Form LIIIA'S caterpillars escaped?  
We won the Netball Shield?  
Form VI had desks?  
Every Form in one fortnight had 100 per cent, no more, as an average? Nobody ever lost her shoes?  
We all followed the leading chorister (Form I) at Prayers?

## Spenserian Imitation.

When Phoebus' fiery chariot wheele had dipped  
Into calme Ocean's coolinge waters wyde,  
And bright-eyed day 'neathe night's black cloke  
had slipped,  
And Luna slowly mounteth in payle pride;  
It chaunced a mayden home from school did ryde,  
In sullen sylense from detentionne dreare,  
Swingynge a bookish burdenne by her side.

To her dull brayne it seemed not quite cleare,  
Why she should thus be put through Senyor  
Caymbridge yeare.

Then Pleasure, an in tinselle giltey clad,  
Came dauncing bye, shoutynge a merrie songe,  
"Fie! Mayden deare, why arte so solemne sad?"  
Quoth he, "Come, join my care-free thronge  
Of followers faithfulle that ne wot not wronge."  
Straight-waye the maddened mayden downwarde  
threw  
Her bookes. and cryed "I come! O! let's alonge  
Farewelle Pythag'ras, Hamlette, Walpole, Caesarre  
stronge!"

The wanton wench entered a *Cinema*.

## ENID FOSTER (Form VI).

### Life in a Country Town.

I have lived in a suburb, and I have lived in a country town and although I know all of you have done or are doing the former, perhaps the majority of you have no idea what it is to do the latter.

I have been here over four years, but never in my life in Walthamstow was I more entertained and never more riled.

The town is small, six thousand I believe, and on a hill on the top of which is an old Norman castle. The houses look as if they had had a fight as to which should be top dog as they are all huddled up round the castle wall and seem to be clinging with difficulty to the side of the hill. The men of old, in order to protect the town, built a wall round it, many parts of which still remain including a beautiful old gateway. From the top of the castle one has a wonderful view of undulating country, a blue range of hills on the east and another on the south-west. I should not say so much about the scenery. I suppose, but it does play a big part in the life here, it is so very beautiful, and to a certain extent I think should have an influence on the people. It has on me, and I know I should not relish smoky chimneys after these views.

To return to the town. We are a very old borough, the fourth oldest in the kingdom, we have a mayor and corporation, and a surprising interest in municipal affairs, we wax eloquent over them in fact. Last Sunday, the new Mayor, dressed up in his cocked hat, fur-trimmed gown and gold chain, preceded by two more mace bearers and the royal standard bearer, a band, fire brigade, comrades of the War, girl guides, and followed by the gentlemen of the Council, walked through the town to the Congregational Chapel and there listened to a sermon given by a young and severe minister who was not afraid to strike out boldly. This is one of the old customs, many of which I am sorry to say are fast being dropped. The choosing of the new Mayor is quite a grand ceremony, I can assure you. The custom of "beating the bounds" was to have been revived last September but the weather prevented. However, some of the food that was to have been eaten by the beaters found itself my way and was eaten in the middle of the morning with great gusto. This is a very healthy place.

We are a very proud little town; sometimes I think the sound of our trumpets, blown with such vigour, will be heard over the length and breadth of England. If they are not, it is not for want of trying. However, no one does hear us. Why should they? We are only one mile from the county border, but that county does not worry about us, for we are the wrong side of the river. Our own county does not worry about us as we are away in a little corner and are of no account. No, we live in our own world smugly satisfied. We are contented pigs not discontented philosophers. We disregard laws, we live unto ourselves. This is our spirit. When Summer

time was introduced, one little servant said, "Me and mother has talked it over and we han't goin' to alter our clock, and with regard to rations, me and mother have always had a pound of butter a week, and we be going to have it now. And have it they did. We live in a land of milk and honey," and war rations passed us by leaving us placidly smiling in our small corner.

As to the people themselves-they respond in most cases to a friendly spirit, especially the country folk, who talk away whether you are a stranger or no. They are hospitable although not always charitable, but I think perhaps some are cursed with a sprinkling of education. They are certainly for the most part snobs, and they also spoil themselves by trying to ape the city. For instance, there are constantly subscription dances in the Town Hall, the shops close at six so that all could be there by seven-thirty, but because in London, as they think, a dance would not begin till ten it must not here, and consequently they are still dancing in the early morning when they might have been comfortably in bed by twelve. They do not live simply and naturally and often make quite a business of enjoying themselves.

Then too, there is that awful fiend of jealousy, jealousy of Church against Chapel, of class against class, and family against family. In a big town he is probably crushed by the general rush of business and pleasure, but in a small town he thrives well, and he is a real and terrible devil to conquer. I have never really seen his horns until I came here but he does not take many pains to hide them.

Then again there is the fiend of gossip. You have all read tales of the village gossip whose christian name is often Curiosity, perhaps you have read them sceptically. I tell you they are true, absolutely true, they are underdone rather than overdone. I do not think for a second that Walthamstow has no gossip, but you have not the time to listen. We wallow in it up to the neck and enjoy the dirtiness of the mud we slop on others not seeing the filth we are collecting on ourselves. Of course we have other interests-a Choral Society, a Dramatic Society, a Women's Institute, Tennis Club, Badminton Club, Bridge Club, Lectures on Economics, Dancing Classes, Folk Dancing, Extensive Lectures, etc., but nevertheless our neighbours or relations are always the most attractive. Most people are related to each other in this old-fashioned town and their ancestors have lived here for all time, they abuse each other, slander each other, curse each other, but woe to the stranger who follows suit, pity him. "Who is he that

he should want to interfere, how long has he been here, we should like to know? We did very well before he came and we do not wish any alteration, we are quite happy as we are." How many times have I heard it said, "Why is - putting up for the Council, or why was - asked to do this, he's only been here about ten or twelve years, a new comer!"

You will see we are in our small corner tight and satisfied, although there is one who remembers that old friends are the best friends, and that they live in a suburb and not a country town.

**ANON.**

**A Fairy went a-Marketing.**

*(Additional Verses)*

A Fairy went a-marketing,  
She bought a piece of cloth,  
But when she came to open it  
'Twas bitten by a moth.  
She sat and darned it all the day  
With cotton fine and thin,  
Then gave it to a mother mouse  
To wrap her babies in.

A Fairy went a-marketing  
She bought a joint of beef;  
She dropped a tear, she heaved a sigh,  
"How great must be his grief!"  
She sat and looked at it all day  
And made a silent vow,  
And then she gently picked it up  
And stuck it to a cow!

**W. A. NATTRISS, Lower IIIA.**

**Parody on "Children"**

*(H. W. Longfellow)*

Go away from me ye children,  
For I hear you at your play,  
And your questions irritate me!  
Do please go right away.

You stand right in the window  
And hide the light and sun  
Why must you stamp and bellow?  
Go out and take a run!

What the cramp is to the aged  
When they get it in their bones,  
When they shrivel up and shiver,  
And speak in wretched tones,



That to the world are children  
Through them it feels the weight  
Of sorrow and misfortune,  
And the cruel hand of fate.

For what's the use of a nursery  
That's full of books and toys;  
If you will come into the drawing-room  
To shout and make a noise?

Ye are worse than all the children  
That ever were known before.  
So please go-play more quietly  
And let us hear no more.

**Evelyn Clay, VA**

### **Adam-A Memory.**

To-night I met another Old Girl, and she said, "Hullo, do you remember Adam?" and suddenly all the details of his tragic career came back to me. Adam was no ordinary dumpling. He was not, for instance, encased in that greyish, steamy substance so common to his tribe. Adam was made of pastry; he was large, and round, and dimpled and faintly tanned on top, and of course there was an apple about him somewhere; his name just came to him naturally, as names will. Adam first came to us on a Monday. He sat a little apart on the dish, as one who muses on his greatness. He was extraordinarily great, in fact, had it not been for a certain dignity about him one would have said he bulged.

No one felt they could eat him, and he re-appeared on Tuesday.

On Wednesday he was surrounded by a fresh tribe, but we picked him out at once. This is of course purely figurative, and as a matter of fact he was again left on the dish.

We began to grow anxious. We pondered on the fate of unclaimed dumplings, and were filled with dread. We could not bear to think of him "done up" in any form, we felt he must be Adam to the end. So we bought him. This was no light task. It takes courage, after one has already had one dumpling, to point to the largest on the dish and say "I must have that." One is so likely to be misunderstood in a hard world, but for Adam we did it. Then we took a knife and cut him up, because my pocket had not been designed for his resting place.

I see now that what happened was best. Perhaps in time I should have forgotten him and left him, lonely

in his old age, to fall a prey to mice. As it was, his end came swiftly while he was still in the pride of his comparative youth.

It happened this way-on my way home I called at the station-master's office for a book I had left in the train, and forgetting Adam, pulled my purse from my pocket. A shower of pastry fell to the floor, and for a moment I felt as surprised as the station master seemed to be. That hesitation was fatal. A clerk came into the office and there was a scrunching, crackling sound. (Adam was three days old.)

With crumbs in my pocket and sorrow in my heart I went out into the night.

### **Poem by Old Girl.**

He slipped through the dewed grass, an elf eager-eyed,  
His finger tips touching with trembling pride  
A song, his own heart, which was slung at his side  
In a jasmine horn.  
On wings faintly blue he shot up through the air  
To a wide open casement and spilt his song there.  
Elfland mourned, but the earth found a treasure  
most rare;  
For a poet was born.

### **How not to Enjoy Oneself.**

Begin by getting out of bed the wrong side, step on cold oilcloth instead of soft carpet, and the trick is done. Pull up the blind and find a thick smoky fog, bare dripping trees, and a layer at London mud-better known as slush-an inch thick covering pavements and roads.

Then, go downstairs expecting a cheerful fire and find Mary Anne has overslept herself and a dirty cheerless hearth is all that meets one's none-too-pleasant glances. Poor Mary Anne!

Half-an-hour later the postman arrives with two letters. Here at last perhaps is something pleasant. A way false hope! The rates and a note from Aunt Paulina saying she will be at Paddington at 3-40p.m. Her annual visit and unexpected, too. For the next hour or two home is no place for a man; blankets being aired, rooms scrubbed and a general confusion everywhere.

At length one decides business is the best place, and hurries off into the grime and soot outside, and arrives at the station panting, two seconds after the 10.30 a.m. train has gone out.

Business at last is reached, when to one's horror, a brief note states that one's right-hand clerk has influenza and is quite unable to work for some time. Day of days! With the electric light feebly piercing the smoky gloom, one works for dear life, to the monotonous sound of the office boy's chant-"Where do flies go in the winter-time?"

One o'clock arrives, and muffled up to the ears, one proceeds to a favourite restaurant, but the greens are gritty and the meat tough.

Hurry back to the office and work furiously till three o'clock, then rush out and hail a taxi. At three fifteen the taxi decides to come, but in the fog takes three-quarters of an hour to do a usual ten minute run, and where all that time is Aunt Paulina?

Fortunately her train was late and she had only waited seven minutes, five and a half seconds, but that is enough to arouse Aunt Paulina's ire!

At length one arrives home, and there at last is comfort, but now from the bathroom comes a gurgling sound, and along the landing and down the stairs trickles a gentle stream of water. A burst pipe! In an hour it is patched up, and the mess cleared away, but not before Aunt Paulina declares it the worst regulated household she has ever been in, and stalks off to bed in a violent rage.

Finding oneself unequal to any more strenuous exertions one follows her example and plunges boldly into bed. But what is this this! An excruciating pain shoots through one's body; an unexpected hot water-bottle on very tender feet!

**M SHEPPARD, VA**

### **The Training College.**

It is too usual for girls when they leave their training colleges to let their minds dwell upon the really jolly times they have had, and to forget the many burdens under which they suffered whilst they were there. On the surface this may seem very laudable. As a matter of fact it is a great mistake. Where there is no criticism, there will be no improvement; and if any institution in this country is crying for improvement it is the training college.

The avowed ideal of present day education is to give free play to the child's individuality, and allow it to develop along its own lines. The teacher's work is to guide this natural development, and training colleges profess to fit the teacher for this task. It is farcical to suppose that the majority of

training colleges do this. In nine cases out ten the student who is to become the future teacher is treated as a child in a boarding school.

Changes such as are needed in our training colleges can only be brought about by the students themselves. It is in the youth of the country that idealism is to be found, Educational legislators in parliament, members of education committees, and even training college lecturers, are not, on the whole, young. Their fear of being considered old and out of date often causes them to advocate a freedom in education which they, the victims of the old system, are unable honestly to consider practical.

Let us emphasise then, that it is through the enthusiasm and idealism of youth that not only the training colleges, but the whole world will be regenerated. But are the young people of to-day capable of fulfilling this high destiny? This depends largely upon the training they have received at school during their most impressionable years. Too frequently in our schools the child does not learn to govern itself. It is authority from above which regulates its conduct, even in the most trivial matters.

Assuming that girls have learned to discipline themselves at school and not merely submitted to discipline from above, there is no reason why, when these girls pass on to the training college, they should not there be allowed the fullest freedom.

At present such a happy state of affairs is only to be found in universities. It is the business of everybody especially the students to extend the university system to the training college. There is no denying that elementary school teachers are a despised class. There may have been grounds for this attitude in the past, but those unhappy outcasts have been victim of a system to which no one would have dreamed of subjecting the university student. It is only when university conditions prevail in the training colleges that the status of the elementary school teacher will improve.

Happily we are in a position to state that there is a movement in this direction. A successful attempt is being made at Furzedown College to university lines, and although the ideal is not yet reached, Furzedown is distinctly in advance of the average training college.

Future students! Go to college prepared to attack and to destroy the existing system. But do not go bent only upon destruction. It is upon the ruins of

the old that the new must be built.

The task before you is no easy one, and its success or failure depends solely upon your own ideals and the enthusiasm with which you uphold them.

The elderly and middle aged may shake their heads and smile indulgently at our enthusiasms. They cannot daunt us. Their day is past; they have done their best. Where they have failed we shall *succeed*.

## LESLIE CAMPBELL JESSIE RINGER

### An Address to the School Bell

We have heard thee oh Bell! in the mornings when we were panting for breath in the cloakrooms, and when our unmarked footwear was lost behind the dusty boot-lockers. Twice hast thou called in a harsh voice, "Hurry, thou daughters of laziness, 'tis time for work!" Then have we hated thee, and have muttered things about thee.

When our brains were hard pressed, and we sighed for thee, then didst thou keep unwanted silence. It seemed the minutes were tied down with leaden strings and thou rangst not. How wearily we waited, and how great was our agony until thou hast cleft the silence with thy welcome voice, oh, longed-for Bell!

We have heard thee when the sun shone brightly, and when the bell was our companion. Ah! how grating was thy call,—"Come in at once, ye maidens, cease your play." A subdued triumph lurked in thy unwelcome note, oh hated Bell!

Oh! thou herald of all school functions! how mingled are our feelings toward thee! "Sometimes we would gild thee in honour, to show our love for thee, oft we would fain smash thy works - yet more in sorrow than in anger, for thou art one of the things that must be, and that ever shall be! oh Bell!

## E. FOSTER, Form VI.

### The Child of Autumn.

As I was wandering in a wood  
I saw a little maid,  
Her hair was crowned with berries red,

In brown she was arrayed.  
I stepped as softly as I could  
Until I reached the glade  
Where she, 'mid leaves all dull and dead,  
In elfish dancing swayed.

And as she danced she sang this lay,  
At first with joyful face,  
"Oh, I'm the Child of Autumn rich,  
Before her fast I chase.  
She tries to catch me every day-  
I always win the race  
For I can pass through wood and ditch,  
She loves not speed, but grace.  
She brings the mist and rain and frost,  
I bring the sunshine bright,  
I ripen fruit upon the trees  
She plucks it in the night-"  
But singing thus, her power she lost  
She seemed to have no might.  
A figure grey came with the breeze  
And took her from my sight.

## G Williams Form VI

### Recollections of a Spider.

*(The Veteran Retainer of W.H.S.)*

"Education my son, hygiene and such things,-makes present life precarious. Now I've spent all my life contemplating the higher education of women, and so I can escape its consequences. I was born behind the ivy that framed a Sixth Form window; but my family soon changed its dwelling for a cosier one behind a bamboo bookcase, and then many were the discussions, scholastic and otherwise that we heard.

Complicated are the politics of Sixth Forms but their dignity is simple and supreme. Even now I tremble at the whisper of 'Sixth.' Sometimes we heard that a Third-former had had the temerity to accost one of these dignitaries. How I trembled, and tremble now for one judged guilty of "cheek." Not that they didn't appreciate jokes which shewed an appreciation of their glory, there was a grand correspondence about carpet mending once. Even Staff went warily where Sixth Form trod. I well remember the clarion tones that shook our dwelling with "Girls, what DO you think! Miss L-tchf-d, Miss L-tcht-d a new mistress has had the cheek to send for me, a Sixth former. "What is the Staff coming to?" All my son, young glory fades. That

scion of an ancient form did not foresee to what it would come, it bound the strong with rules and in other scenes the Sixth became a class. But these abstract philosophical recollections do not appeal to you young spinners as yarns of a more hilarious if less lofty strain. I in my youth could seek relaxation by crawling into the dusty corners in lower rooms.

I didn't always understand the words in which knowledge was imparted even there, though of course I do know more French and Latin than most spiders, having been nourished on their syntax and lulled with their declensions. Once I remember being puzzled-I still am - by an accusation levelled at a shame-faced class, by an irate and formidable authority, it was that they had a hague and vazy notion of the prophet 'aggiai " "Go on, Ezra" continued the exasperated lady to a child I had always thought of as Erica. Perhaps those words nancient and nopening are echoes of this strange tongue - What was it that you were asking me about-the rest sounds English. A helmet is a nancient piece of armour with a nopening down the middle did you say? However, to my story and the migration to these lofty but too clean halls.

Every year when the mulberries dropped squish on the clay, there were a few who hadn't come back to find them and several new girls who had to be taught how the lusciousness of one grain of School mulberry mixed with twenty grains of "school lawn " excelled all possible nectar of the gods. There were more and more of these new ones and at last there came a rumour of a new school, then the rumour became a topic of conversation, and then it became a fact and at last one Sixth Form-a fine set of girls who had a carpet-actually wrote a composition upon a visit to the beginning of the new building. Then it became a "local habitation and a name." If the school moved, I must move too. A spider of my attainments could hardly hope for congenial conversation in a building no longer dedicated to learning. But I wept bitterly for my dark and loved corners in cellars and atop of boot lockers and behind the book shelves. I wondered by what marble staircase would stand the two-who-saw-to-things-in-the-hall, and whether the Sixth Form would have armchairs and a gate legged table. There were moving and heart-rending ceremonies which made the walls of the old house ache-a mighty concourse of all the children of the school in every generation in garb of antiquated fashion or the newest thing in baby clothes-but all as noisy as ever. There was a concert given by leavers, where the

fattest danced and the Twins sang "Clementine" and "John Peel" at the same time-and then there was the last breaking up. I stayed till the last tear but ten was shed. Then I crept into an old satchel and went away for the holidays. I came back with the books. But alas, the horrible new school was clean. No dusty corners for the loyal follower of the School. I often mourn for the cosy darkness of other days and "weep the more because I weep in vain." At first I feared for my very life, but I soon found that this terrible cleanliness concentrated on the floor and desks. There were inspected scouring's of these. Ah, what artistic treasures were the old desks, especially the brown ones, toned and inked to a mellow patched effect and carved all over with intricate devices. But you don't see such thorough mutilation in these days: ART is decaying. But as I was saying-they kept the rooms spotless, but in a few months I could live and spin on the windows in safety. Then the Sixth complained-yes. Of course it was too good to last. Windows were cleaned. But not till I had found a dusty cupboard. The cleaning mania caused me to lead a nomadic existence. But, I think, children the frequent change of scene and range of experience has broadened your outlook and improved your education. You want to know what else was different?

Well, dinner was a thing that interested me. There used to be in the old Sixth Form room of my childish memories, when I was very, very, young, a kind of picnic on plates obtained from a mysterious; being in the lower regions called Finney. There were crumbs for us. Dinner at School became a more formal affair by the time I was in my prime. In this building it was quite an orderly and recognisable meal, and crumbs for spiders did not remain. But noise did. Once I heard an imposing lady stop it by shouting over the tumult, "Will all those who have not yet finished, stop eating till they have." They were very disobedient. They went on eating so fast that they didn't even speak; perhaps that was, because they had laughed for a long, while.

The human child is very funny-not much like a spider, except that it likes to crawl everywhere. Why, I once saw a foot thrust through a store room ceiling. It let in a nasty draught. I suppose the silly creature didn't know how to spin a covering. Education isn't perfect yet.

And very topsy-turvy it is, too. They let girls dance in lesson time. Once I saw a small boy scowling at the Most Important Lady who lives in a

special room, and has a door of her own and a hall of her own too. "Undo," he ordered, "my beastly boot."

Yet in the end they have resource. Why, in the old days some girls were asked to write a French essay without a proverb. Of course there isn't anything to say about a proverb. It is complete-the crystallised experience-don't interrupt-hey what's that? What did she do? I was coming to that-She wrote the proverb in English, in French, in German, and in Latin, (she had helpful friends), and then remarked that the existence of these versions showed it to be a universal proverb.

But hush, here comes a class. Take your foot out of the ink wipe it on the blotting paper. We'll begin Chapter II of my memories another time when there aren't any humans to see. Those were days! You mustn't think that such things are ever done now. The people who did them are now grown up and gone away and perfect models of propriety-now scuttle!

### **Fantasy.**

A frothy sea of bracken, its young cream and bronze tipped fronds like the foam on the brilliant Aco river just below its tiny fall, stretched to where four giant oaks, covered with delicate spring-foliage, stood out in strong relief against a sky dully blue. To the left a clump of Rhododendrons lifted massive heads of blossom, crimson, cream tinted, rose and dead white, to the trees above, as if asking if anything could be more beautiful; their dark, sombre leaves only deepening the colour around. To the right little undulating hills swept away to the horizon covered with young bracken and topped with dark trees.

The air was still hot, the faintest breeze stirred, not a bird called or an insect hummed. The earth seemed waiting,-waiting. Suddenly, my foot trod upon a twig and snapped it. The sound was like a pistol shot, sharp and clear in the still air. Straight as an arrow from Diana's bow a fawn sprang from the bracken where it had been lying, a thing of sheer beauty in its tawny coat. Straight, supple and slender, vitally alive, and quivering with fear, it stood staring at me bright questioning eyes for a second that seemed ages long. Then with a bound it turned and flashed away through the bracken stretching soft arms to feet that scarcely touched it, and was gone.

A soft wind sprang up and just stirred the leaves,

quietly bidding them "good-night." The flowers sighed and drooped their heads to sleep. A star came out to watch over them, dusk drew her veil over the land, and all things slept.

### **LILY TREWEEK, VA**

#### **An Incident in Toffee.**

The only object which I have in writing this is to warn the innocent never to attempt to make treacle toffee. I did once and the consequences were ghastly. It was upon a Sunday afternoon that the dreadful experiment was made. We craved for toffee but outside the wind howled and shrieked-we therefore decided to make wherewith to satisfy ourselves. It has been said that lazy people always take- the most pains. Well, we did.

The cookery book was profuse with instructions. At this point I interrupt myself to impart another piece of advice-put not your trust in Cookery Books. They are frauds. They tell you glibly that if you put sugar, treacle, butter and water into the saucepan and heat them, the result will be toffee. Do not be misled-it won't. The result be calamity.

To begin with when you heat ingredients which melt, the mixture thus produced does not in the least resemble toffee. Then the Cookery book, which as I remarked before is utterly untrustworthy, stoutly affirms that the toffee will be ready in ten minutes. Well, we boiled ours for nearly an hour, and at the end of that time I will admit that the alleged toffee was a shade thicker than coffee. However, we resolved we would give it another five minutes. We did. Then we approached the saucepan to turn the toffee out, and were utterly astounded. The decoction had thickened and could hardly be stirred, and when it was poured into a tin we found that the spoon would not budge. It was glued to the bottom of the saucepan. I need hardly add that the toffee, having thickened so far, refused to do anything more and thus it remained. We ate it with teaspoons eventually (by that I do not mean that we consumed the teaspoons.)

### **LUCY COY Form VI**

#### **Births.**

BARTON. On 12th April, 1920, to Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Barton (Katie Howlett) a daughter, Denise.

Farrar (Kathleen Griggs), Judy Manley, Christine Pritchard and Mary Deveson.

CROSS. On June 27<sup>th</sup>, 1919, to Mr. and Mrs. C. Cross (Dora Shurmur) Raymond Harold Cleave.  
CUNNINGHAM. On 3rd May, 1920, to Mr. and Mrs, D. Cunningham (Clare Reeve) a daughter, Alice Louise.  
FARRAR. On 15th Nov, 1918, to Mr. and Mrs. D. Farrar (Kathleen Griggs) a son, Donald Michael.  
FOXON. On 7th April, 1919, to Mr. and Mrs. W. Foxon (Kathleen Perry) Harold Peter.  
GIE. On 15th Nov., 1919, to Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Gie (Girlie Foxon) John George.  
JONES. On 15th Nov. 1919, to Mr. and Mrs J. Arnold-Jones (Jessie Foxon) a daughter Catherine).  
FOSTER. April, 1919, to Mr. and Mrs. Foster (Kitty Phelp) a son, Richard.  
BEECH. Oct, 1919, to Mr. and Mrs. Beech. (Lily Brinkworth) a daughter.  
MRS. COLEMAN (Miss G. Damon) has two daughters.  
MRS. KEMSHEAD (Miss Maclean) has a daughter and a son.

### **Marriages.**

EDITH ALLEN to Rev. W. Simpson, 23rd July, 1920.  
MAGGIE CUTHBERTSON to Mr. George W. Prebble, 17th June, 1920.  
JESSIE EDITH FOXON to Mr. John Arnold Jones, O.B.E., M.B., CH.B., F.R.C.S., Edin., 9th Sept., 1917.  
ETHEL ST. CLAIR (Girlie) Foxon to Mr. Johann Conrade Gie, B.B., B.S., London, M.R,C.S., L.R.C.P., 2nd November, 1918.  
MARJORIE BERNARD to Mr. Alfred Dell, 13th July, 1920.  
KATIE MARION HOWLETT to Mr. Cecil John Barton, 2nd May, 1918.  
KATHLEEN DUNFORD to Mr. R. Rayner, 16th Nov., 1920.

#### ***Another Marriage***

MISS AVERY, B.SC. to Mr. Wheatley, M.A., January, 1920.

We know that these lists are not complete, and we hope that Old Girls will send complete information for the next magazine to Violet Adams, "St. Osythe", Eglinton Road, Chingford.

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We are sorry to record the deaths of Mrs. Donald