

Walthamstow High School Magazine.

November 21st, 1921.

DEAR SCHOOL,

The Sub-Editor wrote to Miss Hewett and asked for her customary foreword for the Magazine, and such was the potency of the request that an interesting article arrived instead of the few lines demanded. The Sub-Editor, our hard-to-satisfy Sub-Editor, then gazed at me with stern eye and said, "*You must write the foreword!*" I yielded, not through cowardice, but because I really welcomed the opportunity of publicly expressing my thanks to the Staff and the Girls (Present and Past) who by the loyal and understanding help they have given, have made my task this term such a pleasant and an easy one. When I was told early in the year that I should have to adopt so large a family for a time, I quaked, but thanks to the fact that everyone has done "the little bit over" that counts for so much, the memory of the Autumn Term, 1921, will always be a very happy one.

By the time this Magazine is in print, we hope to have Miss Hewett with us again, and a right royal welcome we will give her. We are having the School parties and the Prize-giving in January, as we felt we could not enjoy these functions without our Head Mistress.

All good wishes for a merry Christmas and a happy New Year, from

Yours affectionately,
M. B. GOLDWIN.

To the School.
FROM BOTH SUB-EDITORS.

WE embark upon our second year of joint effort and we hope you enjoy reading IRIS as much as we enjoy summoning her from the vast depths of your mind and spirit. Contributions have been good in quality but should be written on one side of the paper only in ink. News of "Old Girls" should be sent to Violet Adams, at St. Osyth's, Eglinton Road, Chingford, or to Bessie Howlett, 47, Prospect Hill.

An article by Helen Mercer is held over for lack of space. The same happy (imagine the joys of too

much material!) sorrow prevents the publication of interesting and well-written work by G. Cordell, Madge Hunt, Muriel Hunt, M. Sheppard, L. Brooks, D. Carroll. Form VA. achieved the highest standard in quality and quantity of work sent in.

We had hoped to have illustrations this time, a magnificent photograph of the School building taken by a parent on Sports Day, a snapshot of a Fungus Foray party and a reproduction of the School thirty years ago. (O! the fashions!) Unfortunately considerations of space and finance intervened. We promise you some pictures for next time.

Old Girls' Editorial.

IRIS comes at the time of Christmas numbers, bringing good wishes enough to members of School, past and present, from School past and present, to make this a "special double number." Fortunately they do not increase her materially and add to the expenses of her raiment. There are also Christmas welcomes to Miss Hewett, who comes home just before School scatters for the holidays, and to other far-farers returning, such as Katie Barton (nee Howlett), who is bringing a School granddaughter from Japan.

We think that one way IRIS might help to make good her claim to be a general messenger of School and the ever-growing School outside the building would be to publish a list of the names and addresses of all members of the O.G.A. This would fill nearly all the space we have in one volume so we have decided to publish the list in sections, taking the names alphabetically. We proudly assume that all our readers keep their copies of IRIS and we think that two or three numbers will give a fairly complete list for reference. This can be supplemented yearly by the addition of the comparatively small number of new members as they change from "present" to "past."

If some magic on the pages would give us pictures of the events recorded the gayness of the illustrations would accord well with the season of the magazine's appearance. There has been a perfect rush of High School weddings, including that of Kathie Reeve, for so long the indefatigable secretary of the O.G.A.

Then, besides the School plays, with their fairies and angels and amiable lions, there has been a

performance in which old and present girls joined forces to present scenes from "By Order of the Company." They were dramatised, with permission of the authoress, by Constance Gibson, who played a charming Jocelyn to the imperturbable Ralph Percy of Winifred Gowan, a familiar member of many a School cast. The producer was Dorothy Shadwell, at whose classes many of us have sought to prove ourselves dramatic stars, in hours off from homework, since all our evenings are innocent of it.

Another kind of success we are pleased to chronicle is that of Doris Hitchman and Kathleen Hilken in the Intermediate Arts Examination last June at Bedford College, London. Hettie Hilton obtained her Inter-Arts in December last.

The O.G.A. had a very enjoyable Social on November 18th. There will be a dance, too, this Term, on December 2nd, in which we join the Old Monovians. Next term there is to be a Whist Drive. Look to your trumps and skill and come in your thousands. Send in your articles in thousands too.

School Chronicle.

We School Echoes have had a merry term's delight, not without some tincture of letters nor yet without some aroma of a wider world. We first thrilled gently to the sound of Miss Goldwin's voice reading us a letter from Miss Hewett on the very first day term. This woke us from our summer dreams with its vigour and its mention of such names as Vulcan and Niagara and its rousing good wishes for the term.

Later, we congratulated loudly the thirty-five girls who have secured Senior Cambridge Certificates, and N. Blofield, H. Fennell, E. Foster, K. Goodwin, G. Lucas, and V. Miller, who have acquired London Matriculation Certificates. E. Smith passed Intermediate B.Sc. and G. Williams Inter. B.A. We congratulated both girls.

G. Williams has been awarded a County Major Scholarship of £80 for three years tenable at Westfield College. Which college will you choose when you get the chance? We Echoes have never been to College.

One day there was a solemn investiture of Prefects. The badges of office are to be worn this year by : Madge Miles (Head Girl), N. Blofield, L. Coy, M. Fulford, M. Harcourt, E. Moss, L. Rabson (VI.), P. Attenborough, Muriel Hunt (V A.), P.

Gandell, K. Hare (VB.), M. Lampen, H. Parsons (U. IVA.), M. Butcher, L. White (U. IVB.), E. Hatch, E. Woolford (L. IVA.), D. Coppard, M. Fisher (L. IVB.), M. Shipway, E. Longman (U. IIIA.), A. Lucas, M. Nicholas (U. IIIB.), B. Hunt, H. Wey (L. IIIA.), D. Ling, N. Dolan (L. IIIB.), V. Stevens, D. Booth (II.).

We quivered with excitement during the rehearsal of the school plays, and reverberated with joy to the tune of the hammering that set the stage uplifted high. Then at the two dress rehearsals and on the three nights.

At half-term Miss Hewett sent the School her love and good wishes and one moral and much amusing news of American schoolgirls and their ways. Who remembers the moral?

For many days we were puzzled by sounds of voices directing people to be voiceless. (No: Miss Goldwin did not suggest that to the lively Four Hundred, though we have heard mention of *noise*.) At the Gay Games Party on the 28th November this mystery was solved, for the honoured guests, the First and Second Net-ball teams and Form VI., laughed loud and long and we, the Echoes, caught their madcap fervour and heard their lively comments on something they called "The Staff Cinema."

Once on a day we heard a poet, one de la Mare, say words in praise of the Hall to Miss Goldwin. He seemed, for a stranger, remarkably well up in history, for he knew all about the Old Building. Three modern W.H.-Stowians had escorted him from the Station.

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If we Echoes didn't get really violent exercise sometimes we should die of cold. Then "heigh" for the vigours of rejoicing and "ho" for the sorrows of scolds. Now the question is-will the fabric of the Hall stand the thanks the Four Hundred will render Miss Goldwin for all her wise ruling this term and

will it survive the cheers we shall give Miss Hewett as a welcome home?

Impressions from America.

AMERICA is a country of superlatives. When one is trying to describe the vast expanse of prairie and wheat district, the variety and brilliance of the autumn tints in the woods, or the noise and rush of a great city, ordinary adjectives are quite useless: one finds oneself using the ubiquitous American adjective "wonderful," in spite of one's resolution, to find a more descriptive word.

In every city or district one visits there is one thing at least which exceeds in some way (frequently in size or cost) all other things of the same kind in the whole world: the guides say this and the guide-books corroborate. For instance, one city has more miles of Boulevard and Park drives than any other city in the world; another city possesses "the only building planned and constructed by women"; and another "one of the longest, widest and finest streets in the world": yet another boasts a monument which "is supposed to be the most wonderful piece of masonry in the world" (the Great Pyramid taking second place, perhaps). The list might be extended indefinitely from guide-books, but I will refrain and add two wonderful records personally endured—one is dirtier after twenty-four hours in a train going across the States than at any other time in one's life, and Chicago is certainly the noisiest city one could ever visit, with its overhead and surface street cars, its ear-piercing police-whistles regulating traffic (which the English visitor at first mistakes for a summons to assistance in a life and death struggle), the hooting of a thousand automobiles and the raucous yells of the newspaper boys. In Chicago life certainly shrieks.

Indeed, life and vitality (not always quite so unpleasantly manifested) are splendidly characteristic of America, for she is a young country and has consequently many of youth's best qualities. She has energy and vigour, a determination to set the world right, together with a firm conviction that there is a panacea, and a generous disposition for enthusiastic admiration, even for hero-worship. Her frankness in expressing this admiration and everything else is very different

from the Old World's more critical attitude to people and their performances.

Education is of vital importance to America, Everyone is realising it. The papers daily contain articles on the necessity for more High School places: the schools themselves are full to overflowing, and still there is more demand. We share that problem in England. The other problem, that of welding together the mixed nationalities in the great cities, is felt only in a small degree with us. I have been in one school in America where there were thirty-one nationalities, several children entering without knowledge of one single English word.

Building, as in England, is very difficult. To provide more school places, in some towns the double session is used: in others, they have a system called the Work-Study-Play plan, an arrangement by which every class-room, the auditorium (assembly hall) and the playground are all in use the whole time—thus, a school which has school places for six hundred pupils has over a thousand in attendance. This means that no one has a definite place in school or class-room. Here is an uncomfortable example of Individualism yielding to Communism.

The arrangement of the curriculum is different from the English plan. Each State makes its own regulations and there are consequently minor differences. The High School age is fourteen to eighteen years, though there are some Junior High Schools beginning two years earlier; the schools are free; a pupil may enter and leave at any time (in some States not before sixteen); there are no maintenance grants. But the fundamental difference is that *no* pupil "carries" more than four major subjects at once. For instance, a First Year's Course may be:

English (compulsory during every year), Algebra, French, Domestic Science, and a Second Year's Course:

English, Geometry, French, Shorthand.

There are many other varieties of combination. Every pupil has a choice of subjects on entry, but certain subjects are compulsory, and if a pupil is entering college, her course is naturally determined by college requirements.

Entrance to the High Schools is by recommendation from approved Grade Schools, and every pupil who has completed the English

Grade may enter, without examination, irrespective of age. College requirements vary with the University, and as a rule stiffen very considerably the farther one travels East. It will be seen that it is possible for a girl to go through a High School without touching some subjects which we consider essential to a liberal education (History, for example). In one school, a first-year girl was taking English and Science, Woodwork and Mathematics. There are daily lessons in each subject of the pupil's course. In most schools, gymnastics and music are compulsory. Arithmetic and Geography are not taken in the High Schools. Entrance to universities is often by recommendation from accredited High Schools, especially in the best. In the East, entrance is more difficult and the standard higher.

The High Schools of large cities are huge, magnificently equipped buildings with two thousand to four thousand pupils. They are efficient machines, but there is no personal touch or social life as we understand it. There are school dances and dramatic performances, but meetings take place outside the school, often under the auspices of the Y.W.C.A. The standard of work is not as high as it is in England, though in many schools there is a more business-like atmosphere and an obvious determination to work hard and to get the most out of lessons.

Writing for a school magazine, I feel some specimens of American slang will be expected, but I have not many to offer-*to hike*, meaning to take a good walk, and *a bunch*, meaning several people together, were new words to me. *That beats the band* is self-explanatory. *I'll tell the world* is a term of vigorous agreement or approbation. Girls particularly are "crazy" about people or "candy" and are "tickled to death" when they are very much pleased or when they have a "dandy time."

To describe my journey in detail would take too long. I have travelled from the Atlantic to the Pacific Coast and back again. Starting from Halifax, we went to Toronto for the World Conference, which lasted a week. Next we visited Niagara and then we went across the Great Lakes to Winnipeg, where a pleasant stay of ten days with an "Old Girl" and her Canadian family made me feel very much at home, and gave opportunity of hearing the opinions of girls who had spent all their lives on a farm, and seeing how they differed from English girls. After that came an interesting and novel

experience-a week on the Prairie. There I met a lady who had just gone out to Canada to teach and who knew my name from hearing *you* talk about me in the train as she journeyed daily from Chingford to Hackney.

My next experience was the stern grandeur of the magnificent scenery of the Rocky Mountains. We travelled down to Vancouver. Vancouver and Victoria are charming towns, more English in appearance and character than anything I have seen since I left home. Now, at Seattle, I exchanged the Union Jack for the Stars and Stripes and turned my face to the East, travelling by way of Portland, Salt Lake City and Denver to Chicago, where I stayed for ten days, visiting Madison (Wisconsin) and Gary. Next I went on to Dayton (Ohio) and Pittsburgh, thence to Washington, where I spent a delightful week, seeing the beautiful public buildings, enjoying the gorgeous autumn tints in the parks, visiting a huge school and listening to members of the Senate and the House of Representatives carrying on the government of the United States. Now I am in Philadelphia, and in another week I shall be in New York, which with Boston will be the end of my wanderings on this side of the Atlantic.

I expect to be home almost as soon as this article is in print, and then if you have any desire to hear more, your curiosity can be gratified more easily than by the painful process of writing.

America is, as I said, a country of superlatives: I add one more Americans are superlatively kind to a stranger, even kinder than one would have expected. The knowledge that one is English only adds to their readiness to help one and make things easy. I am hoping that several from my host of kind friends in America will be able to visit us in Walthamstow. We would like to give them an English welcome.

B. HEWETT.

Who Remembers -

The dress parade when a Sixth Form who had laboriously achieved casement cloth dresses in needlework lessons wore them for judgment in Miss Hewett's room?

The day's exchange of class effected without detection by two twins more alike than most?

Tadpole water in a member of Staff's tea?
The whitening pail?
The very first cinema play in school-a French
charade in conversation lesson?
Some folk do.

Who Knows -

The origin of function?
The connection between the word "harassed"
and "Poet's License"? (See IRIS.)
Who said the School Plays were in aid of the
School *Cart*?
Whom Arabella, as prefect, is trying to save
from "the primrose way to the everlasting
bonfire"?
How to avoid the "slippery slope"?
Which Junior Form, famed for decorum,
defined a prefect as "one who looks after the
vices of the Form"?
Whence proceeds the soft effulgent radiance of
an angel?
The meaning of concentration?
What Mr. de la Mare said about cinemas?
Which pages of this IRIS have strayed from
last July's issue?

Limehouse in November.

THE long, narrow road stretched unendingly into the darkness; lurid yellow lamps cast pools of light on to the gleaming pavement; children, shivering but resigned, played with marbles and five stones on the door-stops. Small girls, scarcely ten years old themselves, hushed wailing babies to sleep with all the tenderness and efficiency of a grown woman, long practised in the art, their pinched faces expressing patient resignation as they watched the others at play.

Farther on the lamps grew dimmer, the children more quiet, and presently only a blurred, slinking form, hugging the walls, crept up or down the street. Wisps of mist from the river clung to the houses like thin ghosts seeking warmth and longing for the comfort they had left on earth. An old hag, surely never a woman, with yellow claw-like hands clutching her black shawl about her head, stood on the steps of a seaman's lodging house where cracked and broken windows, patched with paper and stuffed with rags, gave promise of scanty

comfort within.

Sirens hooted eerily from the river; an electron down at the water's side pulsed with the steadiness of a mighty heart; the clock of Limehouse Church struck ten. I turned, and it was then that I saw surely the most beautiful thing in all that squalid place: it was a Japanese baby, in her father's arms, wrapped in a fleecy white shawl. Her black hair, cut with a fringe and square across the ears, surrounded a face of unusual beauty in so young a child; her great brown eyes looked with confidence upon a bleak world that had surely done but little to inspire it, while she smiled on me and the world generally with great contentment.

Cheered, I walked on, glad that someone was happy in that region of blackness and grime.

LILY A. TREWEEK.

The Memoirs of a Spider. (Continued.)

WHAT'S that-time for some more of the unpublished history of W.H.S.? Well, well, I never thought that I should see the day when it would still be here and the Most-Important-Lady-who-has-a-hall-to-herself would be away. How I miss her. She used to make me laugh. But there was a time, will you believe it, when she didn't seem to see a joke. It was in my young days. An enterprising Form in the old school evolved a plan for enlivening a dull French Grammar lesson with the explosion of a non-existent squib. They all made paper clappers which they snapped in succession from various parts of the room. The mistress jumped, but didn't think the experiment funny, and sent them to The Lady, who hadn't a hall to herself then, but a little room packed full of awe. They tried to explain the joke. It sounded feeble. The Lady seemed willing to look for any hidden fun and ordered them to come to the next lesson for which she took them, ready to perform. Accordingly they went armed with clappers and slunk into obscure silence behind the Form above them. The clappers were unobtrusively silent, but at an enthralling point in her lesson the Most Important One broke off, and suggested that that might be a good moment for the joke. The only laughter that followed the sickening claps was one girl's nervous giggle. The Lady turned a questioning glance in the direction from which the sound came, with "Oh, is it *really* funny? Let us have it again."

There followed a positively last performance.

They were a cheerful Form though one Inspector may have misjudged them. You see he asked them for their favourite line in Gray's Elegy. Only one girl could remember one line. She naturally didn't want him to know that her acquaintance was unique, so she gave him concentrated enthusiasm with the immortal words "The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

That was when the miserable jest of the squib was ancient history and these people had become Captain and Vice-Captain and dignitaries in office. I'd known that Captain since she was a little girl in the First Form. I remember her well. She had red hair and a wide smile. One day a gentleman in a gown came into the room. I think his name was Mr. Manning. There was impressive silence broken at length by the gentlemen asking, "What is doctrine?" A little boy in the front hopefully suggested that it had something to do with old paper, but the little red-haired girl, who was a doctor's daughter, knew better than that. She waved her hand with excitement and cried triumphantly, "Something to do with medicine."

Genius shows its flashes among boys too. Once one was asked for a noun to place before the words "goes round." "House goes round" was the prompt reply. "Oh, no-a house stands still. A wheel goes round" protested his would-be instructress. With the pitying patience of rectitude he explained, "World goes round and house with it."

Children do question the wisdom and skill of the most revered. A little girl complaining because she was not to be in the party marshalled by her particular friend in the Sixth Form Empire Day-receiving the explanation "It couldn't be helped. You see we drew for you" responded "Oh, I see. I suppose they didn't know it was meant for me!"

"The Sleepless Prince."

THIS little play, written by Enid Foster, was performed extremely well by the Saturday night cast. The scenery and "properties," especially the painted decorations and the fairy throne, were very effective, while the dresses were charming. Generally speaking the actors were thoroughly in harmony with their parts, and special praise is due to the Voice (P.

Kibert) which was clear and expressive. The Fairy King (D. Stoffer) upheld his position with right royal dignity, and his Queen (M. Fisher) and the Princess (E. Minton) were charming though not always audible. The Sleepless Prince (L. Rann) acquitted himself well in a somewhat difficult part and fully deserved his Princess. His rascally servant, the Green Dwarf (M. Mosby), tended to drawl his words and overdo his actions, but he was very clear. The Mortal Child (V. Sizer) acted well, but with rather too much gesticulation. Father Nod (M. Selway), though not always audible, evidently "felt" his part, while Lady Sleep (K. Burnell) was both clear and impressive. The fairies were uniformly good if a little stiff in their acting, and the whole play went with a swing which delighted both audience and actors.

IDA BARRALET, *Form VI.*

"The Hour-glass."

No two plays could be less alike than "The Rose and the Ring" and "The Hour-glass": they were excellent foils to each other though the latter was very difficult. However, all acted well and what was lacking in technique was supplied by feeling. I. Barralet in the part of the Wise Man acted extremely well, so well that her girlish voice and appearance did not detract from the effect of the play. E. Foster's conception of the character of Teigue the Fool was idealistic, detached and with a serene aloofness. Rose Harris as the Angel acted a difficult part with restraint and yet with feeling and had such a grip upon the audience that they had no inclination to be amused at her obvious illumination.

Marjorie Jones in the part of Bridget the practical was a good contrast to the more serious characters. Of the children, one was far too self-possessed and the other a trifle frightened. The Pupils lacked energy and enthusiasm. They were over-conscious that they were acting.

The atmosphere of the whole play on Saturday was so good that the audience did not break the tension of the tragedy by laughing at Bridget or the Fool.

Lucy COY, *Form VI.*

"The Rose and the Ring."

THE Saturday night's performance of that most amusing burlesque, "The Rose and the Ring," was a source of enjoyment both to actors and audience. The humours of the piece were well brought out by the former, who evidently felt keenly the sublimely ridiculous nature of their parts.

The scenes were rather too numerous and too short and gave a slightly breathless air to the play. King Padella did not make enough of his one brief appearance before the footlights. The least pleasing scene was the one in the "snow" where the Fairy Blackstick disclosed Betsinda's royal identity, after she had revealed herself to Giglio. But if slightly dull, this scene is necessary to the plot, and the fault is the dramatist's, though there might have been a little more movement in the enacting of it. A direct contrast was the lively scene by candlelight. Whether it was the mystery of the shadows or the presence of the warming-pan that inspired the actors then, certain it was that the scene was admirably done, and all the characters appeared in it at their best, brightest and funniest, especially Prince Giglio. Gertie Rayment as Prince Bulbo, and May Eveling as Countess Gruffanuff were notable for some very good by-play which contributed largely to the life of the play. They were thoroughly "inside" their parts all the time. Betsinda's slight air of conscious virtue-like Queen Elizabeth-suited her part, while Angelica's numerous affectations were well maintained.

Half the secret of the success of the play lay in the excellent acting of the minor characters, who all made the very best of their parts, especially the Archbishop. Even as the document was certainly a document, so was that particular Archbishop certainly an Archbishop.

Another good point was the effectiveness of the exits. Not once was there any of the confused bustling off the stage that so often characterises schoolgirl performances. Each actress, in her exits, displayed to the very best advantage the character she was acting and did not fall into the error of imagining her part ended with her words. The sight of gallant Captain Hedzoff bringing up the rear in his large boots, was very impressive in a military fashion and very funny.

There is one more character, or rather characters, who must not be left unnoticed. That is the Tumult. It certainly was a Tumult, though it was

not always in time, and consisted of voices *too* familiar to give the exactly thrilling effect required.

E. FOSTER, *Form VI.*

Number 6, Thackeray Street.

IT is a long time since Thackeray walked down this street, and, attractive as it may have been in those days, I feel it lacked the charm of a quaint little studio, where such delightful handicraft as jewellery of exquisite old world design, pewter work and leather articles of every colour and description are now made and sold by our late Art Mistress, Miss Anne Birch, whose work has been so much admired in all our School exhibitions.

On passing down Thackeray Street you are at once attracted by the gay little window, with its display of many artistically blended colours, and you are invariably tempted to explore the interior, where the attraction is even greater, particularly if you are able to see Miss Birch at her work.

A little persuasion on the part of the explorer usually results in an offer to test her skill at producing a silver bead by the aid of a blow-pipe, and later, sometimes, a visit to the inner sanctuary, i.e., the studio on the lower floor. The attractions of the lower floor studio I think I will leave you to find out for yourselves. I must say it always reminds me of Peter Pan's underground home.

This little art shop was started merely as an experiment, but after two years it has become an accepted fact, so that we cannot now imagine Kensington without "No.6."

D. SQUIRE.

THE sun set half an hour ago.
There lingers in the west
Clouds tinted with the after-glow,
In gold and purple dressed.

The moon was rising *o'er* the hills,
It lit a village small;
It lit the little rippling brook
And tiny waterfall.

The starry sky, the tree below,
The moon with silver beams,
All mingle in one lovely scene,
Enticing happy dreams.

JANET TURNER, *Lower IIIa*.

The Journey.

WHAT's this clamour, why this bustle,
What treat has the day in store?
What's this happy expectation,
Pushing, shouting, hustling, for?
Then there comes a joyful answer,
This is what the voices saith:
"To the 'Old Vic.' we are going
To see Shakespeare's play 'Macbeth.'"

"Walk in two's; keep close together,
Mind the roads, and do not shout! "
Says a harassed anxious mistress,
Then a rush! At last, they're out!
Tho' the weather's dark and dreary
Nothing can their spirits quell.
"There's the station! Why the train's in!
That's the wrong one. What a sell! "
Here it is! Ah, now they're seated;
A piercing shriek, at last they're off.
Someone here is eating coughdrops,
For she has a dreadful cough.
"Now I've been and lost a sixpence,"
Says a girl in dire dismay.
"There! that's just because I found one
In a carriage yesterday."
"Here we are; now pray be careful,"
Says the mistress in alarm.
"Keep your queue, girls, walk behind me,
Oh! I'm sure you'll come to harm."
"Escalators are just lovely,"
Shouts a girl in merry glee.
"Why! I've lost one half my ticket,
What'll happen? Oh dear me! "
"Now, we've nearly reached the bottom,
Mind, girls, step off left foot first.
There, you've fallen! I just thought so!
Would this business we'd rehearsed! "
Then a tube ride-here's the open,
Ah! they've reached the "Vic." at last.

* * *

Settled down, saw the play,
Felt inspired, hence this lay.

LILY RANN, *Form Lower IVa*.

Tempers, Temperaments and Temperatures.

THE weather exercises a powerful influence on the spirits of most of most of us impressionable mortals. I think most of us resemble the eccentric Mr. Jarndyce in this respect. A bright day elevates the spirits, whilst a dull day has a depressing effect. How energetic we feel on a clear, bright, frosty morning!

"It is a nipping and an eager air," and gives one zest for work and play. The events of the day sometimes seem tintured by the prevailing sunshine or shadow.

After laboriously working out an algebra problem in four different methods, each time arriving at the conclusion that $8 + 3 = 3 + 8$, one invariably finds that the sky seems dull (like unto the brain), the temperature is extremely high (like unto the fevered brow), and things generally "seem weary, stale, flat and unprofitable."

Never has thermometer recorded a more extraordinary phenomenon than quite recently. It happened thus: For many days the weather had been hot and sultry. At 11 a.m. the thermometer read 90°F. At 11.1 a.m. the mercury had almost disappeared. Greatly concerned we inquired the reason. The stars had not left their courses and the sun and moon had not the faintest idea of any impending eclipse. At 11.5 a.m. we learned the cause. It seems that at 11.0 a.m., a ball had struck the learned head of "a member of the staff." The mercury ran down as far as it could as these words were wafted on the frozen atmosphere, "This ball will be confiscated for one week."

Thus doth Olympus smile or frown upon our words and actions.

Mountains, it is said, *do* affect climatic conditions.

LOUIE BUTLER, *Form Va*.

The Sixth-Form's Painting.

With Apologies to Longfellow.

GIVE me of your paint, O Art Room!
Of your yellow paint, O Art Room!
Lying in the coloured boxes,

Neat and tidy in the cupboard!
 I a light new scene will paint me,
 Paint a dainty room for acting,
 That shall float upon the platform
 Like a room in Middle Ages,
 Like a Medieval Schoolroom!

"Lay aside your work, a Sixth Form!
 Lay aside your French and Latin,
 For the plays will soon be coming,
 And the scenery is wanted,
 And you need not do your homework!
 "Thus aloud cried the Performers
 On the solitary platform,
 In the busy noisy School Hall,
 When the girls were drilling gaily,
 In the spacious Hall were drilling,
 And the Form from sleep awaking,
 Started up and cried, "We'll help you,
 Actors, the great Sixth will help you!"
 And the Art Room with its paint-pots
 Murmured in the cold of morning,
 Crying with a shout of gladness,
 "Take my paint, O great performers!"
 With their hands the room they raided
 Just beside the greatest store-room,
 Just from out its stores they took it,
 Till the paint came show'ring downwards,
 Down the room from top to bottom,
 Sheer they stole the paint right from it,
 With a large paint-brush they used it
 Took it from the room unshattered.

From the room they took the paint-pots,
 And the shining paints together,
 Stained all hanging clothes with brown paint,
 With all the colours from the boxes;
 Into the scenery they wrought them –
 On the right a stained-glass window,
 On the left a palace door-way,
 Round the sides a darkened wainscot.

Thus the scenery was painted
 On the platform in the School Hall:
 All the School's fine zest was in it,
 All its keenness and its gladness,
 All the goodness of the Sixth-Form;
 All the hard work of the members,
 All their bold determination;
 And it floated on the platform
 Like a Room in Middle Ages,
 Like a Medieval Schoolroom.

ROSE HARRIS, Form VI.

Games Notices.

THE School Sports were held on July 2nd, 1921. The Upper School Cup was won by Form VA. The picture presented by Mr. Higham was won by VI. and VB. The Middle School Cup, given by the Old Girls, was won by L. IV A. The Lower School Cup was won by L. IIIA.

Last season the School entered the Tennis Association. The team beat Ilford by six points, but were defeated, after a difficult match, by Bishop's Stortford.

The School Tennis Tournament was won by VA.

The Swimming Sports were postponed until this term. Form VA. was the victor. Representatives from Peckham High School competed with corresponding girls from Walthamstow. In Diving Peckham won, while Walthamstow led in Style Swimming and the Team Race.

Netball has been resumed with vigour; seven matches have already been played.

1st Team	Brondesbury	31-11	
	Walthamstow		
1st Team	West Ham High School	17-	
10	Walthamstow		
1st Team	Leytonstone	18-26	
	Leytonstone		
2nd Team	Brondesbury	17-7	
	Walthamstow		
2nd Team	West Ham High School	17-9	
	Walthamstow		
2nd Team	Leytonstone	12-23	
	Leytonstone		
Junior	Leytonstone	15-18	
	Leytonstone		

The Team is now the proud possessor of seven blazers which were bought with the money raised by "The Magic Kiss."

MARY FULFORD.

Romance.

IT was one of those cloudless midsummer days, when the sky is burning with an intense and liquid blue that dazzles the eyes. Have you never sat out of doors on such a day and read a book telling of sunlight and blue skies till, with the dazzling light around you and the glamour of sunshine and

blueness that the book has cast over you, you feel a part with oblivion? You do not matter: all that exists is sunshine, blue skies and blue waters.

It was on such a day as this that Margaret and Geoffrey and I sprawled in various positions of inelegant ease on a shadeless lawn.

Geoffrey was reading, so was I, and Margaret, who is somewhat of a dreamer, was watching the bees about a clump of wallflowers beside her, and her eyes were full of pictures. Geoffrey sat up suddenly and tumbled his book on to the grass. Geoffrey is sixteen, and, like most schoolboys, he finds all the romance he needs in collections and wireless installations.

"Silly rot!" said he wrathfully. "And old Bennett said it was one of the finest stories in existence."

"Might I enquire," said I, "what it is about?"

"Some chap named Jaufre Rudel (what a name!), an old troubadour guy, you know, fell in love with some old princess he had never seen, and went voyaging to find her. I expect he'll end up by expiring in her arms. The story says, 'And on the voyage a grievous illness fell upon him.' I know the sort-sentimental ass! Shan't read any more."

"His name is simply an eleventh century Provençal form of your own," I told him. "What was the name of the princess?"

"She was called Melisande," said Margaret, who still stared fixedly at the wallflowers.

I jumped. To my knowledge Margaret has never encountered the legend of Jaufre Rudel and the Lady of Tripoli. How on earth-where? But as I cogitated thus I realised Margaret was talking in a quiet little voice: "-and Jaufre Rudel was Prince of Blaye and a noble lord. And stories came to him of the many virtues and great beauty of Melisande, Princess of Tripoli, an eastern town far from Blaye. And straightway he loved this Melisande because of the tales he heard and because of her name, which he said was soft and murmuring like bees. So he took the cross, and, voyaging to the east, he hoped to find her, and made many songs about her. But on the voyage he fell ill of a fever, so that he feared he would never reach her alive, but at last, after many wanderings, the vessel reached Tripoli, and news was brought to Melisande of Jaufre and his love, and her heart was touched so that she went down to the ship and took him in her arms, and so he died."

Here Margaret paused. Evidently she has come across the story in the course of her French reading,

but here I became conscious that she was continuing. "And the princess was filled with grief so that she became a nun. Now, the nunnery she entered was called San Bernart, and it looked over the sea. Melisande would sit on the white terrace and gaze on the brown sails that passed on their way to Tripoli. And she would make little songs about Jaufre and a white sail, so that the nuns watching from a distance thought she told her beads. And so, after some months, they found her lying dead upon the terrace, and lo! a white sail shone in the distance, and they marvelled, because the ships of those waters have all brown sails."

"See!" said Margaret, breaking off, "the white sail!" and there one sail-shaped white cloud was disappearing over the horizon.

"I think Jaufre came and fetched her in the ship with the white sails, but I have nearly forgotten," and Margaret picked up the book which the now somnolent Geoffrey had cast aside, and with perfect serenity began to read it.

Now, the chronicle stops at the point where Melisande enters the convent, and there is no material extant concerning her end.

"Where did you read of Melisande's death?" I asked.

"Oh, nowhere," she replied; "but I just know it. I can see it all so plainly. I think I must have been there somehow."

I do not know where she read the chronicle, for I know pretty much what she learns at school. I can only imagine she had let her, imagination wander under the spell of the afternoon.

H HILTON

Suppose -?

WE did *all* our lessons in the garden?

Every girl had to teach her worst subjects to someone half-an-hour a day?

Tunics grew with us?

Holes never came (they really go) in stockings?

The tadpoles in the celebrated aquaria became crocodiles?

Nobody ever found her shoes?

Forms I., II., etc., suddenly developed musical voices, soft and low?

Miss Hewett took a tiny" house" in the garden, and gave a feast to all the naughtiest girls?

We all did (and gave) lessons in ballet formation?
We could abolish all our dislikes by Act of
Parliament-detentions and dates and learning by
heart and drudgery?

Francis Bacon, Baron Verulam, had never been
born?

We found a desert island, and spent the summer
holidays on it, the Four Hundred?

The Lecture.

"JEMIMA HICKENBOTHAM! Come here at
once! You are a very naughty little girl. Only little
girls who haven't any brains play with pins when
they ought to be attending to the lesson. You might
have swallowed one and died. Try to think of all the
things which might have happened to you, and the
anxiety you might have caused your parents. Don't
stand there and twiddle your toes; it is very rude.
You must learn to control yourself, Jemima. The
examinations will begin in a fortnight's time, and
you will know nothing. Go back to your seat, and
do not let me see you playing any more."

RITA GOODWIN, *Upper IVa.*

Shadows.

THEY come where sunlight's glancing ray
Peeps through the leafy trees;
They dance through woodland's peaceful way,
And quiver with each breeze.

They come when falls the twilight gloom,
And in the firelight play,
From every corner of the room,
'Where they have hid by day.

But most they're weird in moonlight's sheen,
When trees are gaunt and bare
The ghosts that summer things have been,
When all the world was fair.

AGNES FEUERSTHALER, *Lower Iva*

Science Society.

SINCE the last issue of IRIS we have held
several meetings. On February 4th, E. Smith gave a

paper on "The History of Botany," and on November
4th, Miss Adam gave a paper on "Early Man and his
Story." The primrosing expedition was held as usual
at the end of the Easter Term. Parties of girls have
visited the Natural History Museum at South
Kensington. A small party went for a Fungus Foray
on October 8th, but, as a result of the drought the
finds were not as numerous as usual.

A Gardening Club of about fifty members
has been formed under the supervision of Miss
Dennithorne. Membership is open to all girls who
have done gardening as a school subject within the
last two years.

A Bulb Competition and Show was held
during the Easter Term, when there were some fine
exhibits. The winner of the Form Prize was VA.
(Highly commended, VB. and VI.), while E. Davies
won the prize for the best prize exhibit. P. Carter, M.
Jupp and L. Treweek were highly commended.
Prizes for Holiday Competitions and collections
were awarded to M. Fulford (Fossils), E. Smith
(Paintings and Wild Flowers), M. Chappell (Barks of
Trees) and K. Goodwin (Pressed Flowers).

All Old Girls who used to belong to the
Society will be welcomed as honorary members.

K. M. GOODWIN, Secretary

Literary Society.

DURING the Summer Term the Society held
three meetings. The first took the form of a Magazine
Evening and was rendered more enjoyable by the
addition of tea in the Quadrangle. "A modern Poets"
evening was well attended and the papers and
extracts were much appreciated. On the last day of
term a Dramatic Competition was held, each Form
choosing and acting a Shakespeare scene. Form VI.
came first with scenes from "The Merry Wives of
Windsor" and VA. was a near second. The Judge
commended the efforts of other competitors. Form
U. IV A. chose a very difficult scene from "Hamlet"
and acted well.

In the Holiday Competition (the best fairy play
for children) E. Foster and D. Carrol won the prizes.
There have been two ordinary meetings this term—
one a Barrie evening, and the other a visit to the "Old
Vic" to see "Macbeth"; a "Dark Debate" is
impending.

In addition to the regular meetings, the Society was honoured by a visit from Mr. de la Mare, who read a paper on "Magic in Poetry" and some of his own poems from "Peacock Pie," as well as earlier work.

Everyone went away full of fresh and excited ideas about beauty and poetry behind all things. The Committee was delighted that he was able to stay to tea with them and revelled in the privilege of his acquaintance and the Society placed on record its deep gratitude for his kindness in coming and delivering so inspiring a message.

IDA BARRALET, *Secretary.*

Births.

BELL.-On 28th May, 1921, to Mr. and Mrs. A. Bell (Marjorie Bernard), a son, Hugh Bernard.

CUNNINGHAM.-On 12th August, 1921, to Mr. and Mrs. D. Cunningham (Clare Reeve), a daughter, Ruth Luya.

JONES.-On 15th September, 1921, to Dr. and Mrs. J. Arnold Jones (Jessie Foxon), a son, Richard Arnold.

WHEATLEY.-To Mr. and Mrs. Wheatley (Miss Avery), a daughter, Helen Margaret.

Marriages.

CORA BAYNE to Mr. H. J. CHAPPELL, 7th September, 1921.

ELSIE BOULTER to Mr. GEOFFREY HANDS, 27th September, 1917.

MAY BOULTER to Mr. JOHN V. HANDS, 9th November, 1920.

HILDA C. FARMER to Mr. G. CHARMAN WILLIAMS, 23rd July, 1921.

KATHLEEN F. REEVE to Mr. J. DAY, 21st September, 1921.

Late News.

THE School Parties are to be held on the 18th, 19th, and 20th, January.

The Prize Giving is on the 26th January. Mrs. Lampen will present the prizes to the Lower School in the afternoon: the Bishop of Barking will take the chair. In the evening Miss Clough of Newnham will present the prizes and Mr. Higham will be chairman.

The next dance for the O.G.A. and the Monovians will be in the Church Hall on February 24th.

Leslie Campbell and a talented company including Miss Squire are presenting a play some time in January in aid of the Piano Fund.

Miss Galt is leaving us this term to take up missionary work in a girls' boarding school at Tainan, Formosa. She is going to take a course of special study, including Chinese and Japanese, before she begins her arduous labours. We wish her every happiness and success.

Dorothy Warren has completed her course at Bedford College and has obtained her B.A. Hons. History.

The following girls obtained either honourable mention or a prize at the Walthamstow Eisteddfod: B. Hewlett (Calendar), M. French, B. Matthews, A. Maxwell (Recitation), F. Robertson, B. Withycombe (Cookery), M. Sheppard (Impromptu Questions), P. Hymen (Violin), J. Reading, M. Johnson (Writing).

The Net-ball teams have been keen and successful in scoring good victories against Greycoat, St. Katherine's (Tottenham), Skinners', Chelsea Physical Training College and Brondesbury.

On November 28th members of the Staff Games' Club entertained the Sixth Form and the First Net-ball Team. The hostesses presented a memorable cinema play written and produced by Miss Percy. Miss Newmarch as Pearl, the heroine, rivalled Mary Pickford, while Miss Percy and Mrs. Soden as the doting parents, Miss Squire as Karlo Karlossin and Miss Jacob as the pathetic orphan Oyster, out-pictured the pictures.

The Notice-Board.

MANY miscellaneous causes may account for the peculiar instability of a schoolgirl's moods and fancies. Very often, a broken shoe-lace, a missing cap, or lost shoes afford excuse for an angry mien, but very few of us think of blaming the School notice-board for our unhappiness, or of thanking it for our supreme content of mind.

Directly we enter School, both morning and afternoon, our eyes meet the polychrome mass of papers pinned on to the board, and we gaze with anxious eyes upon the various notices, upon the substances of which, many School functions depend.

At the beginning of term there is a general scramble amongst the inmates of each cloak-room, for each girl to find out the number of her peg; a hopeless task for a late-comer! The only view which she is able to obtain is a crowd of black-bowed heads.

As the term proceeds, dire threats exposed through the medium of the notice-board menace the heads of the unfortunate offenders who have transgressed the rules of their particular society. Very often these notices succeed in subduing the culprits into meek obedience.

Sometimes the girls really detest this necessary School recorder, especially upon such occasions as when a notice upon it proclaims,

"No Garden"-Thursday.

Muttered complaints are heard all over the building, which merge into definite grievances when the reader happens to be a member of the Form who have Thursday for Games' Day.

It is even probable that, at times, the complaints become groans; this development occurs when a list containing the names of those to be medically examined appears on the board. Every girl rushes to learn her fate. She waits in unconcealed impatience until she can see the innocent object upon which the dreadful list is hung. Gasps of relief from the lucky, mingled with heavy sighs from the victims are audible; the latter are heard to declare they have been examined quite five hundred times since they first entered the School.

However, there *are* times when we become affectionately disposed towards our green mentor. Then, a match or a play is promised for the near future. Rejoicing spreads through the School as an unseen spirit and the inmates are good natured to everyone, even to the staff. Everyone sees that notice, although strange to say if it had been an order form for blazers or caps very few of us would even hear of its existence.

Every girl knows when half-term or larger vacations will occur; no prompting is required to learn those certain dates in English history, yet no amount of detention will fix the date of Waterloo into the minds of some. This wonderful teacher is the notice-board. Through him we learn the important events of the future.

One other use has this our noble notice-board. Drawing-pins..... (*Deleted by Censor.*)

G. CORDELL, Form Va.

Names and Addresses of Members of the O.G.A.

Adams, Emma, 240, Boundary Road.
Adams, Violet, St. Osyth's, Eglinton Road, Chingford.
Allbrook, Mrs. A. F. (Annie Howlett), 15, Wallwood Road, Leytonstone.
Allen, Hilda, 106, Upper Walthamstow Road.
Andrews, Elsie, 9, Havant Road.
Applebee, Ethel, 9, Church Hill.
Attenborough, Kathleen, 34, Cedars Avenue.
Attenborough, Winnie, 34, Cedars Avenue.
Atkins, Doris, 32, Rectory Road.
Atkinson, Audrey, 144, Carr Road.
Balfour, Mrs. (Helen Mercer), 7S, Upper Walthamstow Road.
Bayles, Olive, 70, Macdonald Road.
Bean, Marjorie, 5, Victoria Road, Chingford.
Bean, Winifred, 5, Victoria Road, Chingford.
Beck, Mrs. H. J. (Peggy Barton), Greenways, Alderton Hill, Loughton.
Bennett, E., 95, Chingford Road.
Bennett, Gladys, 17, Eastfield Road.
Blaxland, Muriel, 19, Gordon Road, Chingford.
Blaxland, Olive, 19, Gordon Road, Chingford.
Blofield, Mrs. (Daisy Workman), 20, Cedars Avenue.
Booth, Helen, SO, Upper Walthamstow Road.
Booth, Winnie, SO, Upper Walthamstow Road.
Bosworth, Dora, St. Anselm's, Bakewell, Derbyshire.
Brice, Amy, 41, Rectory Road.
Brinkworth, Ruby, 24, Rectory Road.
Bristow, Elsie, 21, Upper Walthamstow Road.
Britton, Florrie, 2, Cazenove Road.
Britton, Nellie, 2, Cazenove Road.
Brown, Alice, 13, Upper Walthamstow Road.
Brown, Irene, 13, Upper Walthamstow Road.
Buchan, Elsa, 14, Woollaston Road, Haringgay.
Butcher, Freda, 1039, Forest Road.
Campbell, Leslie, 35, Essex Road, Ley ton.
Campbell, Meme, Joinville, Second Avenue, Frinton-on-Sea.
Carr, Madge, 37, Granville Road.
Casement, Beatrice, 197, Hale End Road.
Cash, Milly, 55, Longfellow Road.
Chapman, Irene, 60, Hoe Street.
Chappell, Daisy, 7, The Drive.
Chappell, Nellie, 7, The Drive.
Chappell, Dorothy, 37, Prospect Hill.
Chappell, Mrs. J. (Beatie Delforce), 21, Prospect

Hill.
Chappell, Mrs. J. (Cora Bayne), 3S, Douglas Road, Chingford.
Chappell, Violet, Taunton House, First Avenue, Westcliff-on-Sea.
Charles, Doris, 56, The Drive.
Clark, Mrs. A. Howard (Alison Gillard), South View, Crawley Down, Sussex.
Claughton, G., 43, Chelmsford Road.
Clayton, Gladys, 27, Bisterne Avenue.
Cockhill, Dorothy, 34, Brandon Road.
Collins, D, 38, Fairfield Road.
Congdon, Mrs J. (Edith Thornton), 34, Church Hill.
Cookson, Kathleen, 164, Fleeming Road.
Cooper, Mavis, 40, Prentice Road, Hale End.
Crabb, Gladys, Inglenook, Heathcote Grove, Chingford.
Cuthbertson, Christine, 9, The Drive.
Dale, Muriel, 234, High Street.
Dale, Sybil, 234, High Street.
Davis, Florence, 76, Shernhall Street.
Deards, Maggie, 27, Prospect Hill.
Deveson, Dorothy, 96, High Street, Peckham.
Donkin, Winifred, 116, Grove Road.
Dordan- Pyke, Mrs. (Zoe Anning), 23, Cross Street, Finsbury, E.C.
Doubleday, Stella, St. Albans Vicarage, Coopersale, near Epping.
Dunn, Lily, 3, Lancaster Road.
Ellis, Miss, 42, Greenwood Road, Hackney.
Fails, Marjorie, 145, Orford Road.
Farmer, Muriel, 104, Beresford Road.
Farrar, Kathleen, 39, Prospect Hill.
Fitton, Gladys, 98, Albert Road.
Flower, Gwen, Colchester, Grove Hill, Woodford.
Flower, Leila, Colchester, Grove Hill, Woodford.
Ford, Winifred, 9, Kenilworth Avenue.
Fortescue, Mrs. J. (Essie Wildash), 36, The Drive.
Foster, Mrs. (Kitty Phelp), "Home," Vacicluse Road, Vancluse, Sydney, N.S.W.
Foxon, Daisy, Mavis Bank, Forest Drive East, Leytonstone.
Foxon, Emily, Mavis Bank, Forest Drive East, Leytonstone.
Foxon, Minnie, Mavis Bank, Forest Drive East, Leytonstone.
Foxon, Mrs. G., "Tangerby," Portsmouth Road, Surbiton.
Foxon, Mrs. W, 71, Church Hill.
Fuller, Mabel, 68, Beulah Road.

Gardner, Daisy, 78, Erskine Road.
Gaskill, Ethel, "Hargrave," Empress Avenue, Woodford Green.
Gillett, Mabel, 2, Prospect Hill.
Gleave, Enid, 56, Howard Road.
Gleave, Guinivere, 56, Howard Road.
Gleave, Madge, 56, Howard Road.
Goodchild, Dora, 15, Prospect Hill.
Gowen, Winifred, "Lakenham," Endlebury Road, Chingford.
Gower, Mrs. G. (Ethel Barton), 32, Church Hill.
Gravatt, Hilda, 5, The Ridgeway, Chingford.
Greenwood, Dorothy, 53, Rectory Road.
Greenwood, Vera, 53, Rectory Road.
Griggs, Margaret, 101, Belgrave Road, Victoria.
Groves, Doris, 62, Aveling Park Road.
Hall, Ethel, 123, Faubourg St. Honore, Paris.
Hayes, Kathleen, 53, Old Church Road, South Chingford.
Hayward, Ruth, 78, Orford Road.
Henderson, Dorothy, 68, Beech Hall Road, Highams Park.
Henderson, Vera, 68, Beech Hall Road, Highams Park.
Herring, Grace, 129, Orford Road.
Higham, Dora, 111, Church Hill.
Hilken, Kathleen, 18A, Prospect Hill.
Hilton, Hettie, 1051, Forest Road.
Hiner, Alice, 64 Blackhorse Road
Hipkin, Gladys, 10 Rectory Road
Hipkin, Irene, 10 Rectory Road

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