

Headmistress's Foreword.

As you all know, next term will find me not in Walthamstow, but on the other side of the Atlantic, not taking charge of a school, but seeing how other Heads run their schools and how their methods differ from ours.

My summer holidays will be spent in Canada. After the Empire Conference of Teachers in Toronto, I hope to travel westwards and reach the Pacific Coast, spending some time in the Rockies on my way. At the end of September, I shall begin the new term, visiting schools and colleges in the United States, starting from St. Paul and travelling East to New York and sailing from there in December in time to be home for Christmas.

With this in prospect and all that it entails both of personal and of scholastic preparation, my greetings to the new "IRIS" must of necessity be brief, but they are none the less sincere and hearty. It is always difficult to live up to a reputation, once acquired, and the summer "IRIS" will have a hard task to improve on its winter predecessor, but I believe it will at least equal it in vigour and interest.

My thoughts will often be with the School and with you all during my first absence for over thirty years, and, in the midst of unfamiliar faces, I know I shall often have a great desire to look in at School, to be present at an Old Girls' Social and to be among "mine own people."

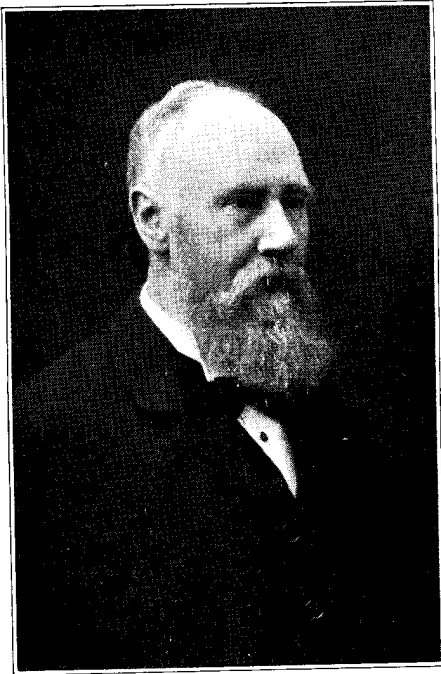
For the School I have no anxieties, for I know I leave it in good hands, and that everyone will do what she can to give Miss Goldwin a thoroughly happy and enjoyable time, and that the girls will "play the game."

I sail in the "Carmania" from Liverpool on July 30th, so this is a message not only of greeting and good wishes, but also of farewell.

BLANCHE
HEWETT.

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To the School.



WE hope that Old Girls and the present School will welcome the second appearance of "IRIS" as that of an old friend. In the days of the first Old Girls' Magazine the patronage of Iris, the "many-coloured messenger of the gods," was invoked for the various, slim coloured magazines which carried the news of School and of each other to the scattered "old girls." We are glad that this new issue will match the old unforgotten ones, and we hope that "IRIS," now in her accustomed robes, will prove even more popular than the changeling of January.

Contributions this time have been excellent, varied and numerous: the selection has been a difficult task. Of the present

Girls, only those in the Middle School have proved unenterprising. U.IV.a secured a record, sending in thirteen contributions, all except one good in quality, though for reasons of space we cannot reproduce the excellences of this work. "Peacy Jane," a short story, deserves special mention. Forms VI. and V.a also acquitted themselves well. U. III.b secured a record of another kind-this Form has the first contributor and a girl who sent in three pieces of good work. Form II. sent in three good stories and one article.

All MSS should be clearly written on one side of the paper only. Old Girls' news should be sent to Violet Adams, St. Osyth's, Eglinton Road, Chingford, E.4.

Old Girls' Editorial.

WE are sure that Old Girls will be glad to see "IRIS" in its familiar form. Many of us first bore home in triumph copies in red, brown or blue, when our interest centred in that small record called "Last Term," which was written by one of "the big girls," and our pride swelled with the fact that "grown-ups" who had been to our School made a book about it. Then the "big girls" we knew joined the grown-ups, and we found their names

in the book. Next we found we were "big girls," knowing School past and present, and "IRIS" was the market place for news. Now we are the scattered outposts of yesterday, and to-day's School is sending us good measure of its news and interest to mix with that of the generations it does not know.

Some of us lately shared in one of the School enterprises, though our part was the passive one of spectators of a play made, and staged, not merely performed, by the School. That was new; but it was all one with the old tradition, entailing, we were sure, all the old fun of rehearsing and all the patient work of people in charge in the background, that alone keeps effervescent fun purposeful, of which Miss Ellis's French plays in the old double room, and the bigger undertakings, which Miss Litchfield produced at St. Saviour's Hall, were the fruits. Perhaps ghost rehearsals of those delightful times were set in motion in the old rooms as well as in remembering minds.

In the early days of "IRIS" careers for girls were still new and strange enough for people to write as advocates of the things they had found which a girl could do: it was usually some form of nursing or teaching-Ruskin's carrying the home into the world. Now it is the things a girl can't do which are unusual. Old Girls are doing all kinds of things from making false teeth to dealing with intricate questions of teachers' pensions; from commercial travelling to farming. We know of a one-time long pig-tailed school captain, who has left off making music for the world in general to go wandering over the world with a husband. She is just homing from Spain. Teaching is perhaps peculiarly a school interest. We are glad to have a staff view of Training Colleges to comment on, and compliment the ex-students in our last number, particularly since it tells us something of Miss Litchfield since she left us.

We are not able to add to, much less to complete, our record of births and marriages in the School family. Please will you turn to our last number, and underline in red ink our appeal for information, and send us any news of School or any School people. At present such communications are almost limited to the information that people are not inspired to write before June. Please do for December.

We have to congratulate our London people, whose successes were known too late for publication in the last Magazine.

Cora Bayne graduated in Arts in October, Leslie Campbell and Jessie Ringer gained the History Diploma of the University of London, so that there were a lucky number of "School" girls at this year's presentation. We hope it is a good omen for their immediate successors.

The last O. G. A. Meeting went with its usual success. There are two more occasions for the gathering of forces this term: a summer gathering for the Annual Business Meeting and out-of-doors social distraction on June 29th, and the School Sports Day on July 2nd.

Next Term O.G.A. Meetings and School will experience a change that it is difficult to imagine. Anything of the High School without Miss Hewett seems unbelievable. There is this certainty about it-that she has all the best wishes of the Old Girls as well as of the present; and that they will be as eager to see her back to their little evening corner in the best School of all.

Who Remembers

1. Rhododendrons round the School lawn?
2. The perilous adventure of Red Indians at the bottom of the garden?
3. The gradually accumulated packages, the careful calculations, the ingenious appeals, the noise as of several earthquakes, and the final transformation of class-rooms and garden, that led to a School bazaar?
4. The breathless ascent up the flight of stairs that climbed from the second music room to the unsolved mystery of the closed door?
5. Miss Hewett's announcement that School had adopted the theory that all children are entirely good and would award them each and all a prize-on one night only?
6. Catching buns from a Sixth Form window?
7. In what battle the vanquished were practically almost entirely annihilated?

Some folk do.

School Chronicle.

THE Echoes of the School Hall were, you remember, elected chroniclers of our news and, indeed, they must be rich with many memories.

Apart from the sounds, grave or gay, of our daily routine, they give back the sorrow of an occasional word of stern reproof or of admonition or ring with the joy of some frolic.

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This year, from February to May, there was a jolly bustling of preparation for the dance-play, "The Magic Kiss." Miss Squire invented the dances, and Miss Percy the "libretto," while Miss Sumison was indefatigable at the piano. The girls are very grateful to them for the inspiring material they provided and for their patience in coaching.

For one day and two nights, half the Hall became a mysterious realm of enchantment, where wicked little dancing gnomes cast an evil spell, and all kinds of good dancing creatures assisted Pierrot to remove the blight of ugliness from his beloved Princess. Her loveliness was only restored after Pierrot had visited Earth Fairies, Star Fairies, and Moon Fairies (even braving the Moon Witch), Black Cats and Babies in quest of a charm-"The Magic Kiss."

The dancing was beautiful and varied, and the whole a charming fantasy. Miss Birch evolved dresses of fairy fabric and the design.

The most solemn occasion since January, apart from two School visits to Church, has been Miss Hewett's advice to the School about the choice of a Head-girl. She reminded the girls how Jethro gave Moses advice in his choice of helpers, bidding him choose "able men, such as fear God, men of truth, hating covetousness," and showed how the phrase in each case is complementary to the virtue – to ability and to truth. Forms VI. down to L. IV.b voted, and Madge Miles was elected

by an overwhelming majority. We feel sure that the power is in good hands.

A very pleasant noise caught the Echoes the other day-of congratulation to Enid Foster and Norah Blofield, on each winning a County Intermediate Scholarship (school fees as well as an allowance of £20 a year for two years).

One day towards the end of last term the Echoes *heard a strange silence'*, and understood the meaning of

"That eclipse of noon when joy was hushed,"
for the sun became obscured and strange warped sunbeams lay athwart the floor of the Hall, quite unlike their usual golden glory. Outside the birds almost ceased to sing as the sun grew dark, but soon, as the shadows lifted and the coldness passed away, the Four Hundred merry voices rang out at their usual pitch.

We cheered vigorously the other day the result of our first tennis match in the Association – a win against Ilford, by 100 points to 94.

The School went to Church as usual on Empire Day, but we had no picnic owing to train difficulties.

We all hope Miss Hewett will have a very happy term in America, and that we shall all manage to be no worse than usual while she is away: we mean to try very hard to be good. We can hardly promise to be "as good as gold," though; the millennium is not yet, and we don't want to grow out of recognition before Miss Hewett's return. The Echoes foretell a mighty "Thank you" to Miss Hewett on the last day of term for some of the good things she has done for us. Like those "Thank you's" to our parents, of which she reminded us the other day, our thanks can never be adequate to her gracious bestowal of all things.

Many loving good wishes will accompany her. Three cheers for Miss Hewett! What cheers we shall make them!

Our Magazine.

WE wish to have a magazine which all our girls can read, The old girls, and the present girls, but who will do the deed? We all will have to work for it, we'll work with pleasure, too, We all must write one little thing; oh, say what I can do! Perhaps I'll write an article on butterflies or moths; Perhaps I'll write a dirge on faithless loves or lost; Perhaps I'll write a story about the long ago; Or shall I quote a recipe on how to make some dough? It's really hard for me to say: I don't know what to do; I think I'll just write these few lines and *leave* the rest to you. Now, if this, my little poem should chance to find a place In a corner of our magazine-'tis scarce to be the case I'm afraid you can but scorn it-and scorn it if you will# But go and write a better one, its humble place to fill.

EILEEN MASON,

Spring.

SPRING has swayed her gentle touch
O'er every flower and tree;
Spring has left a tinted glow
O'er every moor and lea;
Spring has told her chariots
To mantle earth with green;
Spring has made this weary world
The fairest ever seen.
For everyone and everything
Has felt the kiss of Spring.

MARION FISHER, Upper III A

Of Popularity-after Francis Bacon.

THERE be three different kinds of popularity; first, popularity growing out of ability to perform certain tasks and feats in work and games and the like; secondly, that arising from a naturally cheerful, witty and open disposition; thirdly, that arising from unselfishness and readiness to help others.

For the first, popularity which groweth simply out of cleverness is like to be base; therefore beware that you cast not too great a value on this, for popularity often ruineth character, and the popular person will one day have a fall.

For the second, cheerful, honest people are always liked, for they give flavour to the uninteresting, and dissipate melancholy with

their wit.

For the third, unselfish people deserve to be popular, for they remember it hath been said, "Rear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ."

Now, let us speak of the means of procuring popularity. They be three: first, be bold in execution, for a bold man covereth up his faults and shortcomings so that other men perceive them not; secondly, be cheerful, but beware how you speak witty sayings, for it often happeneth that when a man faileth in his premeditated wit the world holdeth him foolish; thirdly, if ye like not helping others, let not your dislike show but use dissimulation; yet beware that ye let not your pretence run too far, lest men scorn you and say you are a hypocrite.

Concerning making friendships with popular people. Take heed that the person is of strong character or he will soon become unpopular (for his power will lead him astray if he is weak); therefore you are like to share his fall; yet build a cautious friendship with him, for men will say, "That man is his (the popular man's) friend, therefore shall he be mine." Yet beware that you force not; friendship too pointedly or men will say, "He is weak in that he clingeth to the popular for his own benefit."

Therefore take heed that ye seek not too much popularity, for as great as is the power so great shall be the fall.

MURIEL HUNT, Form V.a.

In Memoriam.

The School suffered a great loss last term in the death of Miss Robinson, who was associated very vitally with its life for more than thirty years. As Music mistress she was beloved by all her pupils, and indefatigable in their interests, always alert for new ideas and ready to practise them. She was a splendid type of optimism and fortitude.

An Ode to the Front Hall.

IMMORTAL Hall! where silence is the rule,
Majestic entrance to our noble School!
Many new girls have sat on thy green seat;
And many a heart with apprehension beat;
To view thy mighty pillars, and to feel
Thy frigid marble 'neath their trembling feet.

Immortal Hall! how oft thy vaulted roof
Echoes the stern and harrowing reproof
Given to some girl who morally did fall,
And who was sent in shame to the Front Hall!
In fear she came-in tears she did depart,
While thy proud walls rebuked her craven heart.

Immortal Hall! scene both of joy and fear;
Changing with all the changes of the year
When cold without, thy radiator glows,
In summer heat, thy marble cools our toes.
And though we may not talk in thee, nor run;
Thou know'st, oh Hall! what things in thee we've done!

E. FOSTER, Form VI.

The Conquest of Paris.

SINCE the whole magazine could easily be filled with the conquest of Paris by the "Twelve," and only a limited amount of space can be allotted to it, those desiring solid information are advised to invest in a guide-book. There they will doubtless find instructive and interesting accounts of the Pantheon, Notre Dame, the Louvre, Versailles - everything, in fact, that the Twelve managed to crowd into

one small week.

It must be confessed that the arrival of the Twelve was not to be compared with their triumphal exit. No; they were a somewhat subdued party, for everyone was tired - some were longing desperately to satisfy their "inner man," some were still meditating on the fact that the sea had been described as having a "slight swell," which was stating the case rather mildly. Dinner effected a marvellous restoration, and the party that retired to bed, ostensibly to sleep, was somewhat larger than that which first entered the imposing portals of the Chariot d'Or; was, in fact, already the illustrious Twelve-the Douze-ness - who conquered Paris in a week.

Historians may be allowed a digression on home affairs in the middle of the history of a conquest-they have to make an imposing tone somehow-but the present chronicler is deterred from doing likewise simply and solely because the said "home affairs" are not for the public eye. Discretion forbids the publication of certain peculiar events of which the bedrooms were the scene, and of the causes of mysterious noises and ambushes in the corridor at dead of night.

But to the conquest! The Chariot d'Or was vanquished in instalments. First, the concierge succumbed to the power of our charms, then M. de Proprietaire, but the eye of Madame le P. was bent in scorn upon us. There was also a certain Raymond, otherwise Alphonse, of whose conquest-but we are not boastful maidens.

The first successful sign was that of the teashop. As soon as the vanguard appeared in the doorway, M. le Boulanger capitulated, and with beaming smiles, arranged for the accommodation of the army. This fortress was occupied very frequently; so complete had been the surrender that the Twelve would walk to the window and buy for themselves the most gloriously "squishy" cakes the Boulanger baked.

But the weapons wherewith we conquered! On shopping expeditions we made use of a certain engaging innocence, which could change into a stony stare when we thought people were taking advantage of a limited vocabulary. One stony stare was most effective

when the fire was concentrated steadily upon those who demanded "Pour les services" for looking at us! A powerful weapon was our size "Ah, mon Dieu, mais quelle famille; pauvre Madame!" a "vieillard" was heard to exclaim the first night. But the School caps! They reduced the Parisians to a state of helplessness. They would stand in the middle of the Boulevard St. Michel and risk being run over-sometimes amused and some times with rolling eyes, and sometimes with an air of *ne pas tout comprendre*.

There were many more fields to conquer, but we had one other weapon-our "douze"-ness. We were twelve; emphatically we were Douze-except when we were Treize! We only divided forces when the lift was used as a means of transport, and once nearly suffered some casualties when we broke it. But from the time when we first followed our General Maman (Maman Generale) to battle in the Rue du 4 Septembre, to where, after drinking each other's healths in *café au lait* and clinking cups at considerable risk, we departed, having at last vanquished Madame-we conquered!

Voici the history of the Douze-who came, were seen, and conquered.

MADGE MILES, Form VI.

A Traveller's Tale.

(Passed by the Censor.)

SCENE: Paris, near the Pantheon.

M le Président, leaving the Ecole des Droits, to Miss Goldwin:
"Madame, to what religious order do the *jeunes filles* in the green caps belong?"

Miss Goldwin: "Me lord, to none; they are only simple English schoolgirls, wearing their School caps."

M le Président; "Vraiment! How fresh, how vigorous they appear madame! I have often

heard of the grace and vigour of the English girl, but jamais have I dreamed that there

was a *je ne sais quoi de charm aussi*. And they have the complexion so clear, the tints of

the rose. May I speak with them?"

age. Teaching for many generations even such invigorating people as W.H. S. girls may well prove a strain.

Those of you who are just about to enter College or have just left may be interested if I try to compare the Scotch Training College, to which I went on leaving the High School, with the one where I am at present. The Aberdeen Training College is one of the four public Training Colleges in Scotland, each of which is connected with a University. They are all mixed Colleges, for men and women students, co-education being a feature of Scottish education, and they are all non-resident and therein, perhaps, lies their chief weakness. Aberdeen is the centre for the whole of the North of Scotland, and has students from the Hebrides in the West and the Orkneys and Shetlands in the North. We had about 450 students while I was there, and that was quite below the normal number, as nearly all the men were away on service. The majority of them were taking a two-year training course in preparation for the Certificate of the Scottish Education Board; others were taking a four-year degree course, partly at the University and partly at the

Training College; while a small number were post graduate students taking a year's training after their University course. In its general organisation the College is more like our London Day

Miss Goldwin: "Oh, certainly, your grace."-("The President of the French Republic wishes to speak to you. Speak prettily, and accent your accent.")

M le Président: "Allo! What is the name of your School, *mes petites anges?*"

Chorus of Jeunes Filles: "Walthamstow High School, your majesty."

M le Président: "I am enchanted to have met you. You indeed make charming cement for the alliance *entre nos deux pays.*"

Madge: "Three cheers for M le Président. Hip! Hip! "

Les Douze: "Hurrah!"

Madge: "Hip! Hip!"

Les Douze: "Hurrah!"

Madge: "Hip! Hip!"

Les Douze: "Hurrah!"

M le Président: "*Voilà quelquechose pour le service.*"

(Scattering *deux* billets de dix centimes.)

Consternation complète des agents et des assistants. Départ des jeunes filles pour la Boulangerie et Pâtisserie.

LA PETITE TANTE.

A Comparison between an English and a Scotch Training College.

THE Old Girls' Sub-editor has sent me a peremptory demand for news of what I have been doing since I left Walthamstow, and declines to take a refusal on the score that so many Old Girls "of all generations!" knew me. So that I feel the shortcomings in what I may write can well be excused as a merely natural result of extreme old

Training College than any other English College I know. There was one small hostel, but most of the students lived in lodgings in various parts of the city, and it was perhaps partly on this account that there was so little social life. The numerous societies which abound in the average English College, and which in some of them take perhaps a rather more prominent part than the studies, were conspicuously absent: the Debating Society and the Dramatic Society were the only two in existence at that time. If, however, I am giving you the impression that the average student was a "swot," I must at once disabuse your mind. On the contrary, many of the students from small country places looked upon their two years' training as a time when they could see life in a big city; they seemed, therefore, to prefer to take their pleasures outside rather than from the College life. The Scottish student is a very independent person, and the general opinion in Aberdeen seemed to be that our English students were altogether too much "spoon-fed" and looked after. But the independence and freedom was the freedom of isolated individuals rather than the freedom of a co-operating community.

Gipsy Hill Training College provides a great contrast. It is small and very homelike and friendly in atmosphere, and while great stress is laid on freedom, the importance of the community is equally emphasised. We have only sixty students, all of whom are training as teachers of young children, either in Nursery Schools, the Elementary Infant Schools, or for private work.

We have no special building, but have four large houses, one of which is adapted to College purposes, thus reminding one of the "Old School," while the other three are merely hostels. There are eighteen students in my House, and as we are so few in number we get to know each other very well, and the formality which exists in some Colleges between students and staff disappears here. We are essentially a democratic community, all the students taking part in the government of the College, which is carried on by a representative Parliament (named the Witenagemot, but more frequently referred to as the "Wit," since many are rather vague as to the right pronunciation of the full title). This parliament consists of members elected from the four Houses, together with the Principal and staff; and any matters concerning College can be brought up for discussion, from the tidiness of bathrooms or the adequacy of the meals to the helpfulness or otherwise of lectures!

The writers of an article dealing with Training Colleges, in the last number of the magazine, those stalwart upholders of freedom, would approve of this side of our College life very fully, but some of the new students last autumn, who had come from schools where little liberty

was allowed, found it rather bewildering at first, and are asking that next year's new arrivals shall be initiated more slowly - as it took them the whole of their first term to find their feet.

The difficulty was, I think, that when they found they could attend lectures or not as they liked, study when they pleased, go out as they liked, and so on, they came to the conclusion that each was here to do as she pleased without regard to anything else, and it only gradually dawned on them that there can really be very little freedom in an orderly community and that it is the necessities of others rather than any arbitrary force which limit

one's choice. However, to arrive at that conclusion is no doubt worth a term's mental confusion and considerable loss of time, and at a recent College debate on Self-government there were only three students who voted that the College should discontinue the present system of self-government. I may say here that I am often surprised at the very few absences there are from lectures and sometimes wonder whether were I a student here I should not "cut" more often, but I do not make that remark to my students.

I wish I had time to describe to you our College Nursery School, where we have forty small children varying from two to five years of age. We have really exceeded our number, but how can the Superintendent refuse admittance when a mother brings little twins of two years and four months and begs that they may be taken as she

has twins of sixteen months and also a little baby at home!

It is more than disappointing to all of us who are interested in Nursery School work and to the students who are already training for it, that our present Government having come to a tardy recognition of the need of economy should consider education as the first rather than the last place to practise it, and should put back the Nursery School movement indefinitely, as it is doing.

M. LITCHFIELD.

Memoirs of a Spider. (*Continued.*)

VETERAN RETAINER OF W. H.

S.

HEY, what's that, you young spinners? You want to know some more authentic history of the old days of W.H.S.? Well, just look out of the window. Is that the Sixth Form chasing "the flying circle"? Their books look rather left behind. It is. Then we may have time for a short dissertation *outside* the Library. Note-books *open*. One, two, fore leg in the ink. *Dip*. Prepare to scrawl!

Chapter Two. Of course, one's style becomes cramped between those heavy volumes. I must admit that when I've emerged I've found the other occupants of the room nice enough girls-but they're apt to pick one up and put one outside if one's appearance disturbs them. They don't seem to realise even the deference due to me. No, no! They can hardly be expected to guess, for I am a well-preserved veteran. I always say that multifarious interests in young things keep one young. Dear, dear! I remember as if it were yesterday the form that the Most-Important-Lady-who-has-a-hall-and-a-room-of-her-own-called "the typical Form II." and the Osborne election. Perhaps it would take me longer to run up a wall now, but then walls - You want to hear about Form II. I was just coming to that.

It was at the time of the Osborne election, when excitement raged high, The Socialists were voting for the Unionists in order to get the Liberals out. Oh, party politics were more straightforward then. Now we're rapidly going to the webs, What has this to do with Form II.? Oh, you may wonder, but they thought it had much. Their interest in the affairs of state led along a thorny path. Their just ardours called down upon them persecution

from a Preparatory mistress. She said their suffragist propaganda meetings, held in recreation, were "corrupting the morals of Preparatory." They were sure they'd only meant to help Preparatory to understand a righteous cause. When the election drew near they hung their room with flags and posters and twined it into a Johnson's Committee Room, and set to work to convert the School. This purpose probably obscured lessons, and they were told to take down most of the flags. They were somewhat embarrassed by modesty when their Head-mistress asked if they wished to address the whole School-and couldn't choose a speaker. One morning I'd had a beautiful time with some cake crumbs. In those days every satchel carried its complement of lunch as well as books and pens and pencils. How jealously pencils were acquired, and glass pens with bubbles were collected. Let me see, where was I? Oh, on that particular morning when the Most-Important-Lady came to see what Form II. knew about the election. Of course, they felt they knew everything, but she had a way of asking awkward questions. Her first sounded disarmingly simple, since all the fuss was about Parliamentary elections. It was: "Does Parliament sit every day?" Now, that was so simple a matter that they hadn't bothered to find out. From my seat in the desk of one of the extra small-sized members of the Form, I could feel the under currents of enquiry emanating from a defiant politician who had been asked. She tossed her head, looked round, looked withering, looked cool, all to gain time and help. Suddenly I felt a throb of inspiration in my

desk; I felt the movement of a message passed along, and then heard the answer from the child in front, decided and incisive: "No, Miss Hewett." I felt the tide of relief flood full in the room as the Most-Important-Lady smiled. Later an admiring crowd besieged the inspired occupant of my desk with: "How did you know?" and great was its admiration of her social sense when she replied: "I thought they wouldn't sit on Sundays, anyhow."

But in a new place, new manners. This same Form grew up in the new School into democracy. I well remember how on one occasion one of their Upper Prefects came in (Yes, she'd be called Head Girl now, I think, but don't interrupt), and she "lectured" them with vigour. They sat fairly quiet until she was gone. Then they held a solemn assembly and decided to overlook her offence that time and give her another chance because they approved of her general behaviour!

Communications weren't always so lucky as the one about Parliament though. There was once a Fifth Form who had some Scripture homework to learn about that ruler of old called Pharaoh-neco. But they didn't. They expected an oral lesson. Now, in an oral lesson much may be done by looking intelligent and asking questions yourself. But this time paper was brought and the Mistress put her questions on the board. I don't know whose expressions were funniest. One girl made valiant attempts to plagiarise the Book of Chronicles. Since everyone of Biblical times has by now slept with his fathers, she felt safe so far. Then she appealed to a friend who was known to have opened a Bible. Earnest informative mutterings sounded unintelligible. At last a light of understanding broke over her countenance and she wrote triumphantly; "Pharaoh was a negro." Many things of note were said when those papers were returned. I was on the corridor window-sill and I myself heard what was said in the doorway: "Keep these valuable papers. Hand them down to posterity, for in them is information to be found nowhere else in the world."

Strange information is brought to light by examinations. Even these change. I remember in the old days an awe-inspiring gentle man used to set papers and ask questions-now it is someone miles away called "Cambridge." You never see Cambridge walking about, but he used to. In the old School was a front staircase only used by little people on official occasions. But the banisters, I've heard, were made to slide on. Once when the examiner was making a stately descent, guided by the Head Mistress, one small girl began a flying career. A kindly big girl tried to catch her before she reached the dignitaries below. But the slide was so glorious that the small traveller flashed on with "Better be honest" as her apology.

Luckily for her they laughed. Honesty must have been the especial virtue cultivated by her Form, for I remember one diminutive fluffy-haired mortal in it who, when asked on her arrival, "Can you read?" replied "Very nicely, thank you."

Now that wasn't meant to be funny, but here are the tragic stories of two who did mean. I overheard them making plans. They were two who were always good and they were really anxious to know what it felt like to be otherwise, so one wrote a paper of malapropisms and the other elaborated a hygiene answer into a romance of how the blood purges its guilt at the lungs and goes on with a freer conscience. The day came for the papers to return. The Form waited in a breathless hush. The mistress evidently lacked humour, for she said: "Girls, do be careful to know the meaning of the words you use. A. has put some curious things by using words she didn't know. And B., don't use metaphors in a hygiene answer. If it hadn't been you, B., I should have thought you were trying to be funny." The girls seemed to admire the mistress, though they were disappointed of their jokes!

But it is queer how even the most intelligent sometimes misunderstand. I once heard this from a girl surveying two and a half lines of French: "What does trap court mean, please, Miss Y-?" "Xietta, how often have I told you not to call out!" "Fancy it meaning all that!" But here comes someone. Let us take refuge with print.

Ye Sports of Merrie England.

LIST to me, my beloved, and you shall learn how in the dim ages of antiquity did maidens fair besport themselves upon the greensward, vying in tournament for the possession of divers goblets bright wherewith to deck their mantelshelves. A day was appointed for this function, and stalwart knights and ladies fair, from far and near, were bidden to Castle Scientia, lured by its fame.

Then did a certain sinuous supple serpent sprinkle moisture o'er the mead, and then did a fiery dreadful dragon banish him, breathing destruction, emitting hissing steam and pressing exceeding heavy. And behold! the ancient hamlet of Walthamstow verily did take fright, believing that the Castle had taken fire and that those

tender maids would perish; yet lo! their fears were groundless; 'twas but a preparation.

So in the afternoon did the janitor of Castle Scientia fling wide its portals, admitting gallant knights and fair ladies attired in their best, yea, their very best, and their eyes were gladdened by the sight of so many fair maidens clad in modest kirtles girt with girdles green. And then the fray proceeded apace and valiantly did those damsels strive and some did win, and rejoiced, and others did lose as needs must be.

Now, on the battlements of Castle Scientia was served a goodly repast for such of them whose interiors demanded sustenance. But no low scullions or kitchen wenches attended the hungry, nay, but fair maidens whose cheeks outrivalled the strawberries and cream with which they tempted their guests. And tea and cakes and jollity flowed like milk and honey. Then did certain sons of Belial make pigs of themselves, yea, exceeding pigs, and did deceive those innocent maids and did order many cups of tea, even to the number of ten. And by reason of the good things to eat were the battlements much sought after, and lo! there was a queue, yea, an exceeding long queue, and many were they which went away hungry.

Then did a team of seven of the loveliest maidens challenge a team of ancient maidens in single combat, yea, and did beat them, whereat loud was the cheering.

And when the shades of evening did approach, certain mathematicians did calculate and determine which band of maidens was the victor. And throngs of knights and ladies did press into the Castle Hall and did shove slightly, to see the prizes presented by a certain hoary champion. And, behold, the gallant knights and ladies were squashed like unto sardines, yea, exceedingly like unto sardines. Then the victors did approach smiling and flushed with conquest, and lo! ye crowd did shout and did nearly lift ye lid off ye hall. And when all was finished did ye gallant knights and ladies fair wend their way homeward, thinking of the next year, when again those fair maidens should gladden the hearts of men.

Lucy COY, Form VI.

The Old Man Looks Back.

"'TIS a Liddle wild 'un, then?"

"Yes, so wild and so young that I am going to let it go again."

"Ah, I mind me when I were a lad I had nine Liddle rabbits.

'Twas thuswise. My father shot a couple o' big 'uns, and saw where

their burrows were. He came home an' told me, an' off I set to see if there were any families. Under a gert pine tree the burrows were. I cud go to it now, so plain I see it, but 'twill be built on now I doubt; oh aye, for sure will it, for it all did happen nigh on seventy year ago when I were a shaver o' eight or thereabouts. I laid down on my stomach on the pine needles an' put my arm down as far as I cud. There for sure I felt a warm creature, an' in no time I'd pulled out nine liddle chaps-four out o' one hole, and five out o' t'other.

"I'd brought a sack wi' me, an' I carried 'em home in it. We'd a lean-to at the side of our cottage, an' I made a hutch an' kep' 'em in there. I mind so clear that 'twas my delight when my day's work were over-the same day's work that I ha' just done, picking up 'taters-to go into the shed and let the gamesome fellers out. 'Twould be well-nigh dark, but I cud see fine how they scampered about, jumpin' over each other, kickin' up their hind legs wi' the rough fur along 'em, their white tails showin' up more nor the rest o' 'em. One 'ud sit up an' wash hisself, his nose all o' a twitch, just like this liddle 'un's. Fancy, ma'am, over seventy years ago and they still twitches their noses in the same fashion-that's rum.

"My mother 'ud keep passin' an' repassin' the chink o' light in the door as she got my father's supper ready-porridge 'twould be, or soup. When she called I'd put the liddle beggars back in their boxes. It did seem almost as if they liked me, the way they'd cuddle up against my hand.

"Then, one night, when I got home, my mother had sold the lot for ninepence each to the dairyman.

"I dunno how often I turned my pillow that night, so wet I made it wi' cryin'. Hard things I thought o' my mother, I can tell 'ee, ma'am, hard an' cruel. But 'tweren't her that were hard, 'twere life; life on ten shillings a week, ma'am, an' seven children to feed.

"Oh, aye; 'tweren't her, 'twere life, sure 'nuff."

H. E. B.

Home Service.

"You will report to the Unit Administrator, Connaught Club, on April 26th, for registration, inoculation, vaccination, etc.," so the notice ran, and after all these preliminaries had taken place about 80 cadets, bag and baggage, were posted to Bostall Heath for training.

The training, as such, was futile but very wearing. Nobody knew exactly what she might do and, further, the whole staff looked on us very coldly, regarding us much more as an injury than as human beings. However, the training, endless as it seemed, came to an end, and the successful candidates were posted to various camps or hostels.

After a very pleasant three weeks at Folkestone, I was posted back to Bostall Heath, in charge of "pay and mess." As the camp at that time was about 1,000 strong the job was not exactly an easy one, and for the first few weeks at any rate I seemed able, waking and sleeping, to do nothing else. Things were very difficult. Everybody thought that no one else had anything to do, and the women themselves seemed constitutionally incapable of attending a pay parade at the proper time, but fell into the orderly room demanding their money at any time convenient to themselves. Parades of any description were very unpopular, and one forewoman cook was known to have protested that, what with drills, medical inspections, daily bath and pay parades, her cooks were never in the kitchen!

We quickly learned to show surprise at nothing, but my powers were heavily taxed in the influenza days of '18. At least 20 per cent. of the camp at that time were victims, so we suggested to H.Q. that it might not be wise to draft out. H.Q. promptly replied that in the circumstances we might draft out, but we might not take in drafts, and added insult to injury by saying that of course we would not send anyone on draft who was ill!

Friday was always a busy day with me. As orderly officer I was on duty by 6.30, and more often than not it was after midnight before I had finished for the day. One Friday, I had started as usual, visited cookhouses to find why various defaulters had not turned up-and incidentally swallowed a cup of tea in each. The forewomen were very hurt if you refused tea, and I have managed four cups before breakfast! Someone then reported that a watch had been lost, and the whole draft had to be searched before they left the camp. A horrid job.

For some reason the Edinburgh draft travelled by day instead of by night as usual, consequently 11p.m. found me waiting their arrival in the orderly room. Some of us had previously stoked the most promising-looking fire, and arranged a meal of sorts-all cooks being off duty, of course.

It was pouring with rain, and a trying walk up from the station. After almost giving up hope, they arrived and were fed, but before they went to bed the whole lot volunteered to wash up.

All Christmas-time-in fact, from Armistice until the end of the year-we were annoyed by soldiers who got into the camp. One night one of the women woke up to find a black man sitting on her bed! Fortunately, he was eventually caught and punished, but nerves were very shaky, and wandering round the camp in the dark was more exciting than exactly pleasant.

Soon after Christmas, I spent three weeks in sick bay with bronchitis, and heard more about the human inside and the gentle art of being in love than I ever had before or since. The women were awful babies if they were a little ill, and I have had to take a dose of medicine as the quickest way of shaming a patient into taking hers. However much they chattered, I'm bound to say that the person who even breathed above a whisper if I were supposed to be asleep was in very bad odour.

Though I never got overseas, living in a camp in England had its hardships. During my time at Bostall, we coped more or less successfully with the results of air raids, fires (the heath caught fire most Sundays that summer), tempests, rebellions, two epidemics of influenza, and a ten days' quarantine for diphtheria, and in the winter

we had one very cold spell when all the pipes burst and water that was boiling at midnight was frozen solid at seven the next morning. Moreover, bully and biscuits were bully and biscuits wherever they were served out.

In March, 1919, I was transferred to headquarters, and finally attached to the Record Office, where I stayed until I was demobilised. Of course, there were adventures there, but camp life being more unusual, I have chosen to describe that rather than the other. It was altogether an experience I am very glad to have had.

M. GRIGGS.

The History of the Tiddler.*

OF that small member of the funny tribe
To whose dead ashes we our luck ascribe;
Sing, Heav'nly Muse, and soar with flapping wings
Above the narrow bourne of common things.

There is a fair lake overhung with trees,
Wherein a tiddler swam with fishy ease.
When, lo! there came a day of dire event,
A day by the fierce fates and great Jove sent,
That saw this tiddler torn from out his home,

And sheltered 'neath our classroom's lofty dome.
The gods smiled then, and thundered their decree;
So great the day, so fair the fish to see!
Ne'er was a mascot of such peerless worth
Since chaos dark to order bright gave birth.
Soon came the time when on the netball court
Our glorious team with mighty valour fought.
The funny mascot shot with lightning speed
In his blue bowl, and smiled upon the deed.
The happy form with such good luck entranced,
In ecstasy around the tiddler danced.
But who can tell what each fresh day will bring?
Even the nettle green secretes a sting.
He, the small emblem of the happy past,
By the next afternoon was weak'ning fast.
When midnight tolled its summons to the dead,
The tiddler's mighty spirit stirred-and fled!

The angels wept and lordly cod grew sad,
And salmon went in cloth and ashes clad;
Mad grief raged high in ev'ry fish's breast
They curs'd the mighty Sixth Form as a pest!
But greatly as the funny fellows mourned,
Yet were the nymphs with sadder brows adorned:
Those nymphs from whom the tiddler's charming ways
Had called forth naught but undiluted praise,
They, grey with grief, and withered with distress,
In tearful council wondered what was best;
Whether to lay their dead beneath the sod
Or sacrifice him to their netball god.
At last they dried their tears, and with red eyes
Prepared the altar whence should incense rise;
Prepared a bier and laid death's victim pale
In state; and smoothed his lifeless fins and tail.
From heavy eyes the big round tears did fall
To see their mascot pale beneath his pall.
Then, lo! in sad procession moving round
The weeping nymphs their lamentations sound.

*On the occasion of the Form matches of this year the Sixth Form (possessing neither black cats nor puppy dogs) produced a tiddler (i.e., sticklebat) for a mascot. Unfortunately it died before the finals; whereupon they cremated it, and have preserved the ashes.

A Phantasy.

To the god netball sacrifice they bring,
 And in loud voice their tale of sorrow sing.
 Behold, they stop, and round the altar stand,
 Erstwhile the priestess, with a trembling hand,
 Lays sparks beneath the heaped-up funeral-pyre,
 And the high altar is a mass of fire-
 Science had lent magnesium from her store,
 To make the lurid blaze blaze up still more.
 From out the flames up to the smiling skies
 Grey forms of wreathed incense whirl and rise,
 And when the fire had burnt its soul away,
 And the hot altar was grown cold and grey,
 Th' attendant nymphs the sacred ash removed,
 And in an urn enclosed their burnt beloved.

Behold! all clad in tunics neat and green,
 Some of these nymphs upon the court are seen;
 T' outrun the foe, and catch the swift round ball,
 And wrest the trophy bright from each and all,
 These were their aims, and mightily they fought
 With hands and flying feet and earnest thought.
 And while they fought, the tiddler's spirit flew
 Above their heads-and hope within them grew-
 Their sacrifice had pleased the netball god,
 With gracious smiles he waved his potent rod.
 Fierce raged the fight, high shot the much-tossed ball,
 Portions of dress from combatants did fall,
 Half-dead they held the field-and when 'twas done,
 The glorious hour was theirs-the battle won!

Immortal tiddler! Thou small king of fish!
 Who gratified our inmost darling wish,
 Thy sacred ash e'er holds the honoured place
 Among the many mascots of our race.
 Be with us, tiddler, and where'er we fight-
 On field or court-be thou our guiding light,
 Our guardian fish, our mascot and our friend,
 Our joy, our tiddler, till the world doth end.

IT was twilight in the forest; at my feet spread a carpet of soft moss, a little stream trickled gaily along at my side; I sat under one of the many giant oaks. The branches swayed to and fro, sounding like an incessant sighing; except for this, all was silent. I sat there held in the grip of mystery: the forest held me completely in its power-I did not move.

Then the cry of a night bird rudely and strangely broke the mysterious. Suddenly the air became alive with tiny winged figures, some flying, some leaping, some running.

"Zitta is dead. Zitta is dead," buzzed a thousand tiny voices.

"Zitta is dead. Zitta is dead," came a weird echo from the forest.

"Have you killed her? Have you killed her?" shrieked the fairies, closing round a fairy who had the appearance of a prince.

"Zitta's not dead," he replied boldly. "She has gone to get some honey from the bees."

"Then whom did we see, shrouded in white gossamer in her bower?" asked the voices.

"Here is Oberon, with Titania his queen," exclaimed a little flower fairy at my feet.

It was true. Down the stream sailed a fairy boat drawn by white swans. Inside it sat a beautiful little creature with flying hair, a robe of billowy white gossamer and wings of rainbow hue.

At her side sat the fairy king, his green and purple wings flashing brightly.

"Zitta is dead. Zitta is dead," said the tiny voices to Oberon.

"Zitta is not dead," said the prince again. "It was not Zitta that you saw shrouded in white, but Haga, the witch who stole in to kill Zitta, to be avenged on me. Puck guessed her

intentions, went in and killed her and wrapped her in white. The dragonfly, who saw all, told me this. If it had not been for Puck, Zitta would be dead now. " "It is always Zitta and Puck, although Zitta loves Prince Arid," said the voices in chorus. "Who told you that?" laughed Puck, flying up with Zitta. "Who told you that?" came the echo. "Now come to Zitta's and Ariel's wedding revels," said the clear voice of Oberon. The little figures moved on, running, jumping, laughing, carrying Puck, the fairy hero, and Zitta in their midst.

The moon was rising; I looked for Puck, but he and all the other little people had vanished. Then I heard Oberon's voice once again, and he said, "Joy for evermore to Puck." "Joy for evermore to Puck," weirdly came the echo.

GWEN MILES
Form Upper III.B.

A Spring Episode.

THE apple-tree at the bottom of the garden was in full bloom, promising untold wealth of fruit for the summer. Its vivid red and white blossom made a gay pattern against the bright blue of the sky, the little bits of black velvet bark throwing both colours into greater relief.

I lay on the grass underneath, staring up through the network of boughs watching one little brown sparrow telling his love to another. It was not really indelicate of me, for I was very interested and sympathetic, his anxiety was so apparent. The little bright-eyed lover hopped round his lady in a flutter of delight uttering pleading cries which left the object of his affections quite unmoved. Evidently birds, tiny as they are, can be quite as cruel as larger animals. His plight was pitiable; at last in an agony of desperation he hopped right on her back and rubbed his head caressingly against hers. This thoroughly aroused the ire of his beloved, and with an angry ruffling of her plumage, she moved away.

Crestfallen, her swain followed her; again and again she moved, but he was persistent, pouring forth his soul in a flood of imploring cheeps. No heart could have resisted him, certainly not that of the little lady who had only held aloof for the sake of her dignity. She allowed him to approach, a tempting grub in his beak; nearer and nearer until he laid the morsel at her feet. Graciously she accepted it, and, turning to

my book, I left them to their happiness. But presently I saw them flyaway-to choose the site for the nest, I suppose.

The next day on the topmost bough of the self-same apple-tree, I saw them squabbling over a worm! Even of such is life.

LILY TREWEEK,
Form V.A.

Games Notes.

THE Net Ball Association matches were played during February and March of this year; but although the team won their first two matches, they were beaten by Leytonstone after a very close and exciting match.

St. Angela's	...	Home...	8-40	Win	Walthamstow
West Ham	...	Away..	11-15	Win	Walthamstow
Leytonstone	...	Away..	19-1	6	
Win Leytonstone					

Several other matches were played.

Chelsea	...	Away...	20-12	...	Lost
Finchley	...	Away...	11-32	...	Won
Brondesbury		Away...	25-2	I	... Lost
Leytonstone..		Home...	15-	I 3	...Lost
Leytonstone, 2nd Team		Home.	11-1	0	. Lost
West Ham, 2nd Team..		Away...	14-11		. Lost
West Ham, Junior		Away...	3-20.		Won

The Form matches were held during last term. The Lower School Shield was won by LIIIa, the Middle School Cup by LIV.b, and the Upper School Cup by Form VI.

Three East and West matches were held: Lower, Middle, and Upper. The Lower and Middle matches were won by the East, and the Upper School by the West. A very exciting Oxford and Cambridge match was played between the Staff and the First Team. The result was a draw, 20-20. All the matches were watched with the keenest excitement by the whole school..

The Drill Competitions were held last December. The Lower School Shield was won by Form II., Form LIV.b carried off the Middle,' School Shield, and Form VI. the Upper School Trophy.

Tennis has been started on the hard courts this term, and the school is hoping to enter the Tennis Association matches this year.

MARY FULFORD (*Games Captain*).

Women's Printing Society Ltd, Brick Street, Piccadilly, W.1