

Walthamstow High School Magazine

Head Mistress's Foreword

AT last one of our wishes is gratified. We can now invite our friends to play to us on a piano which does not disgrace our beautiful Hall by its raucous tones, but charms us by its melodious voice. The Bazaar which provided us with this delightful possession and which also gave £100 to the hospital was a huge success—thanks to the united efforts of Staff and girls, Past and Present, and to the parents and friends of the girls who came in hundreds to our help, and without whom our own work would have been fruitless.

This term no fewer than six girls have gone from us to Universities; our largest number in anyone previous year has been three—next year we hope to send on eight. We rejoice in this increasing stream, for it shows that our School is what it should be, a channel leading from the Elementary School to the University, which deepens and broadens as the years go on. We much regret that the opportunities for embarking on this stream are fewer now than they were a year or two ago, instead of increasing as we all hoped they would—though we in Walthamstow are better off than many others, thanks to our local scholarships which we owe to a man who, more than three hundred years ago, was convinced of the value of Education.

We all wish success and happiness in their new life to Madge and Muriel at Newnham, Lucy at Somerville, Kathleen at King's, Ida at Bristol and Gladys at Southampton as well as to all the others who are training for future work, or who have already begun it.

It is the duty of all of us, who have had *any* chance, to be missionaries in the cause of Education; we must show how much it has done for us in making us fair-minded, reasonable women with alert and vigorous minds who are ready to "serve their generation by the Will of God."

BLANCHE HEWETT

To the School.

THE SUB-EDITORS send greetings and hope that you will enjoy the fifth appearance of the renewed IRIS. They hope you appreciate the beauty of her form, due to the splendid attention to every detail of her toilet accorded by The Women's Printing Society. Her spirit is, we hope, equally beautiful, or it will be, as long as she is yours. Violet Adams would be most grateful if Old Girls

would send along Fads, Facts or Fancies to her at 63, Claverton Street, S.W.1. The School Sub-Editor feels that the Middle School might do more. Indeed, this time, Forms U. IV8. and I. are the only Forms who have approached their duty with any vigour. The Old Girls are urged to contribute more freely, as we of the Present feel we cannot accept their Magazine subsidy and continue the magazine in its present form without their hearty co-operation.

Old Girls' Editorial

We hope that this will be not the least welcome of your Christmas letters, bringing good wishes from everyone to everyone else. Please, Old Girls, will you consider it a letter that wants an answer, too, and when your Christmas correspondence and New Year's epistles are despatched just take your pen and some nice clean paper and on some lamplit evening WRITE, before Spring comes to take you out of doors. If you like this, write to add to it. If you think it dull, write to show us what you like; but DO write.

This term has brought us Bazaar, reminiscent of the bazaars in the Old School when we had ices in Form III. and stalls on the 'lawn'—but as much more extensive as the New School is than the old. There was a Staff Play and an "Old" Concert, but School Present will probably have something to say about that. We liked the splendid meals that Old Girls supplied in the Art Room—with Art most practical.

The piano which the Bazaar brought to School was much appreciated at the Old Girls' Social on November 27th. Miss Hewett shewed us some slide-glimpses of her travels, enough to make us very greedy for more, especially as we were told that they weren't the best. We hope with the "more" to see some of Miss Hewett's own photographs.

We end on a note of congratulations for various achievements: for Degree (Winnie Attenborough, B.A. Land., Second Class Honours in French). Dudley Gower (an Old Boy, Preparatory and son of an Old Girl) for articles published in his University Magazine, and to various people on having babies.

School Chronicle

WE Echoes have had a very quiet time this term—at least, that is if you except the Bazaar, and THE PIANO, and a lecture from Captain Cunyningham on "Mesopotamia," and the installation of the magic lantern, and the anticipation of lively delights to come, Drill Competitions and School Parties, as well as the

more sedate pleasures of Prize Giving and a lecture from Mrs. Diana Watts.

A little whisper has seemed to say:

"Work apace, apace, apace; honest labour wears a lovely face,

Then hey nanny nanny! Hey nanny nonny!"

There have certainly been many mark lists, including reference to the *Half-Hours* earned by L. IVA. and three by U. IIIA. We echoes have time in store and would gladly hear of more people working apace to have bestowed upon them more such Half-Hours.

Once, THE PIANO was formally presented by the girls in the School, represented by N. Blofield, to the School, Past, Present and to come, represented by Mr. Higham. The ceremony was attended by Miss Higham, Rev. H.G. and Mrs. Lampen, Mr. Watkins, Mr. Dempsey, Bessie Howlett and Minnie Foxon, representing the Old Girls. Girls sang, several played and melody is ours.

We congratulated Lucy Rabson on winning a County Major Scholarship (£70, for three years) and D. How, M Bubbers, L. Coy, M Fulford and M Sheppard on their London Matriculation Certificates. D How was in the First Division. S Carroll, P Attenborough and G Cordell have secured Matriculation exemption through Cambridge Senior. Very little of the fevered sound of the General Election penetrated indirectly, Directly, however, we were told by Miss Hewett how the Four Hundred, standing as they do for higher education in Walthamstow, might use their influence either as a knell to educational enterprise on the part of the voter, or as a paeon of triumph, impelling all to extend our own glorious heritage to the many. Our watch-word should be Self-control, deeply rooted and bringing forth fruit. "By their fruits ye shall know them."

The Echoes welcome Norah Blofield as head-girl and wish to record the names of the Prefects who are to help this year in maintaining the traditions of the School:

E. Foster, L. Coy, M. Hunt, M. Fulford, P. Attenborough (VI.), B. Speakman, W. Barnes (VA.), L. White, W. Morris (Vb.), E. Woolford, E. Hatch (U. IVA.), M. Rabson, M. Shipway (L. IVA.), P. Cooper, M. Lamb (L.IVb.), V. Bradley, V. Thornton (C. IIIA.), E. Lebon, G. Seaward (U. IIIb.), M. Selway, D. Booth (L. IIIA.), V. Stevens, M Maisey (L. IIIb.), B. Howlett, M. French (11.).

We Echoes lament the fact that Miss Percy has been seriously ill; the Four Hundred have missed her

and wish her a speedy recovery. Miss Perry, too, has been ill this term and we hope she will soon return, re-invigorated, to bless our tottering pencils, our swishing brushes and our hammered pewter.

A Merry Christmas to everyone and a Happy New Year.

LAMENT

INGRATITUDE! of vices 'tis the worst,
Ingratitude 'tis that which tears my heart.
Have I not pined through many ages past
Their instrument of all-harmonious strains?
Have I not suffered 'neath the pangs intense
Of syncopated fox-trots loud, and one-steps
Thrummed on my tender notes with force unkind?
Each morn for many a year, hymns have I yielded
And when small children falsely missed the note
Nobly have I repressed the jar horrific
Which set my teeth on edge.....

[Hiatus in manuscript.]

And now they have forsaken me and given
Their hearts to that abominable thing, which stands
Exulting in his vulgar brightness yonder
Shrieking his newness to all passers by,
Unclothed I stand through winter's bitter cold
But he must have protection for his frame
And so he wears a hoodi-coat of baize
Whence only his thin weakly legs protrude.
Once I was fair as he, tho' baser born:
We cannot all be noble; some there are
Who must submit to roughness; therefore I
Have done my duty in the humbler walk,
Of life; and is not this humility
A Christian virtue? Yet I do hate indeed
The polished thing and every day my notes
Become more worthless, since I will not bow
To those who have forsaken me. I have my pride
And I will.....

Cetera desunt

LUCY COY Form V.I

Memoirs of a Spider (Not continued.)

THE Spider was busy playing with a web. "Eh!" said he. "You want some more Old School history? Well, well! I suppose the story of ancient glories may serve to put some respect for the old days into these topsy-turvy times when women vote and go to Parliament. Do I hear Giggles...? I shall only spin for the pen of an old O.G. who had her hair up and was considered grown up before we moved." He retired to his secret lair, safe from the most thorough cleaners, the followers of Mrs. Finney.

Who will interview him before the summer? He

is an autocrat. The conditions allow of no compromise.

OLDVICTIS

IT is a strange disease, but deadly infectious. It appears at first to be a form of mental derangement amounting almost to lunacy, but upon closer inspections is revealed as a mixture of a great love of Shakespeare and an admiration for good acting. The disease affects young and old alike, only differing in that the old veil their affliction under scathing but just criticism, while the young give undisguised signs of the ailment, in vociferous applause and hysteria of a mild form. I defy anyone to remain in the company of three usually staid persons suffering from the disease for more than half-an-hour without, in turn, catching some of the enthusiasm which is its most apparent form. Accompany these three to the theatre and the most sober person will succumb to the illness willingly, realising that, for once at least, these silly, giggling schoolgirls have a good excuse for giving themselves up, temporarily, to insanity.

One of the trying results of this suffering is that one has to manufacture some excuse for unaffected parents in order to secure the necessary funds to indulge in repeated theatre-going. Even if two visits a year are sanctioned by the School as education, that much-used word will not satisfy more than twice. However convincing one's arguments are, brothers still persist that visits to the "OldVic." are pleasure and not work. They fail to see that, because they do not like seeing Shakespeare, their poor, hard-worked sisters may not like doing so either, but are rather obeying a grave sense of duty in consenting to sit out once a month, three hours of the "Old Vic." They persist in thinking that their sisters would object as much as they do if they had to do duty uncompelled.

Most diseases secure sympathy. Oldvicitis secures ridicule from brothers and annoyance from parents. Tact is an essential in dealing with this ailment. Treat the victims carefully, but above all, let it take its course. It may wear itself out. At the worst, it will sober down to a more serene admiration.

N. BLOFIELD (*Form VI.*).

The Wolf and the Lamb.

"WILL YOU come into my kitchen," said the old wolf to the lamb,

"It is very cosy, and we eat nothing else but ham."

"No, thanks, you cunning old thing, I'd rather stay

outside,
For if once I wasn't looking in your stomach I'd
abide."

E. MINTON (*Upper IIIa*)

A Wolf's Invitation to a Lamb.

"WILL you come into my den, oh?"

Said a wolf unto a lamb,

"'Tis the nicest, cosiest den, oh,

That you have seen, my lamb.

The way into my den, oh,

Is through a deep, dark wood;

I know you'll love my little den,

So come along, be good."

"No thank you," said the little lamb,

"I loathe to cause you pain,

But who goes in your cosy den

Can ne'er come out again."

V. BRADLEY (*Upper IIIa.*).

An Account of the Bazaar.

AFTER much banging and hammering the Bazaar was at last ready and never has our School-hall looked more gay; the stalls, ranged round three sides of it, were glorious to behold, for decked as they were by artistic young enthusiasts and laden with spoils from many a home, their blaze of colour blended so as to please the most critical eye.

The Marquis of Tavistock entered a vastly different front-hall from the one that most of us know at 8.55 on a Monday morning, for it was decorated most picturesquely and hung with futurist advertisements of, things which were to be, while on either side flourished fruit and flowers, cabbages and potatoes in profusion.

As he stepped on to the platform the laughing, chattering crowd of visitors and girls fell silent and only the 'new pupils' in their part of the School, furious at missing this most exciting moment, sent out their complaining's in dismal shrieks and howls, which not even Spratts' – or Miss Hewett-could subdue.

After a short but impressive speech heralded by thirty of our voices-sweet and low this time-the Marquis declared the Bazaar open and the fun began. The buyers as yet had plenty of money; the mistresses and girls were irresistible sellers and the goods began to disappear with quite an alarming speed.

Outside, 'Past and Present' strove valiantly at net-ball for fifteen minutes in order to please the

spectators and to extract their pence from them, while, inside, continuous competitions, witches' caves and excellent teas managed by the Old Girls, prevented the interest of the visitors from waning, and the small boys-usually so much in evidence at Bazaars-were thoroughly and effectively entertained by our somewhat primitive but, nevertheless, entirely successful 'Cokernut Shies.'

During the evening, concerts and plays still prevented our visitors from departing and even when it was time to close many of them appeared loth to go and wandered aimlessly round the School until respectfully asked to take their leave.

So ended the first day and oh! the muddle there was to clear up. But by three o'clock the next day, when once again we were ready to receive visitors, our School was tidy and smiling as though nothing out-of-the-ordinary had occurred at all. Lady Johnson declared the Bazaar open and the same things took place as on the day previous, until the evening, when in breathless excitement everyone waited to hear the result of the competitions and to enter into the fun of the auction sale, kindly carried out by Mr. Thornton, at which most astonishing bargains were struck-or not, as the case may be.

Last, but not least, came the dance; among the debris of the stalls our fed tripped in and out as we jostled each other with our elbows in the terrible crush which took place. Then we sang 'God Save the King,' and the Bazaar ended, but now we have a beautiful 'Baby' to remind us all that our toils were not in vain.

MARGERY SHEPPARD (*Form VI.*)
Form I.'s Muse.

THE SCHOOL BAZAAR.

We had a very fine Bazaar,
And many people came by car,
I looked about me here and there
And saw a very fine affair.

I had a dip
And got a ship

And lots of little boys
Got other little toys.

N. CHAPPELL.

It was opened on Friday by a gentleman rare
And on Saturday by a lady fair.

There were flags and banners all round the hall
And useful presents on every stall.

F. SANDERS.

THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

The Christmas tree with toys was laden
The candles showed the children's joy
Every guest was each a maiden
Though perhaps there was a boy.

G. GORDON

On the top there was a doll
And her name was Pretty Poll
And she looked so charming there
As she sat down in her chair.

M. DANGER.

They all had a toy
Each girl and boy
And goodnight was said
Then all went to bed.

I. WILDMAN

Evening.

IT is evening; the sun has gone to rest in a bed of golden pillows. The stars are just beginning to peep at the dying day and the little clouds of evening are gently taking their places for the coming night. The day's toil is o'er; even the birds seem to know, for they call in their mates and then just cuddle closely in their downy nests and go to that land of dream maidens where Night, dark black Night with her shadowy wings, her brooding gloom and her followers of shadow and mist, has never been known.

There is a rustling of leaves, an imaginary clash of cymbals, and Night in all her glory takes her throne, but now, listen; there is a tinkle of silver bells, a strain of wonderful music and Night's silver opponent appears at the foot of the sky. After her come the moon-nymphs dancing in and out of "Night's black agents," Lady Moon slowly climbs the sky and lo! Night is made beautiful by the tinkle of bells, the strain of silvery laughter and the dancing of the moonbeams.

MARGERY TRANTER (*Upper IVb*)

Forethoughts on the Bazaar.

A GREAT bazaar is helde in Walthamstow,
People to it, yflock from far and near
Through doors and windows they unceasing flow.
A sudden hush, one hears a mightie cheer,
And then the noble Marquis doth appear.
The stalls with costly goods are overlaid,
The ripest fruits and rarest flowres are here,
Right readily the golden coins are payde
For vertuous dames desire to offer all their ayde.

Upon the grassy greens stout knights do aim
Big balls, at high supported cocoa-nuts,
Right well deserved is their glorious fame;
The ball is true, the nut in two it cuts.
All up above a brindled bulldog struts,
He is the victor of a glorious show
Where hyghly brushed dogs in rows of huts
Do stifly stand, if any care to go.
With joie and merriment the sale procedeth so.

Full many wondrous sights are hourly seen;
Fierce games of ball, fantastic goodlie plays
In which bad boys are munched by lions lean,
And naughty little mayde her aunt dismaies;
Great lofty waves about a ship do raise;
Fayre dames and noble knights are lost from sight.
'Tis night, the sale is done, and on a dais
Large pyles of glittering gold do sparkle bright;
Sweet maydes yclad in greene are filled with
delight.

M. FULFORD (*Form VI.*)

Dawn.

THE first bright rays of morning light,
Pierce through the darkness of the night,
And wake the world, as if to say,
"Come, children, wake! 'Tis break of day."
The lark is carolling his song,
Singing as he flies along:
He, like the others, seems to say,
"Come, children, wake! 'Tis break of day."
Darkness has disappeared at last;
The sun has risen, night is past.
All things in Nature seem to say,
"Come, children, wake! 'Tis break of day."

JANET TURNER (*Upper IIIa.*)

If the Cap Fits -

Form VI Sense and Sensibility or Pride and Prejudice
or As You Like It.

Form Va Let us alone: Time driveth onward
fast

. . . . our lips are dumb."

Form VB "'Tis not in mortals to command
success,

But we'll do more, Sempronius, we'll deserve it."

Form U. Iva "And now in gilded trim the painted
vessel goes.

Youth at the Prow, and Pleasure at the Helm.

Form U.IVB "To B. or not to B." (next year).

Form L.IVA "The Fourth Form darling of a pigmy
size."

Form LIVB "We cannot paint what then we were,
. . . . But now. . . ."

Lower School "Everything by starts, and nothing
long."

Who Knows

MISS MAY FULFORD and Miss Ethel Sampson?
How they had but one pair of gloves between them?
Who wrote, "There will never be a League of
Nations till this country has learned the game of put
and take"?

Whether any newspaper forgot *to* mention the
Marquis's powder-puff?

How to pick up a handkerchief, gracefully?

Who said, "The magic lantern sheet is not so taut as
it ought to be"?

How the Old Vic. is going to manage the reference
to the Ghost in

"Hamlet": "He wore his beaver up"?

Suppose -

THE Sixth Form invited the Staff to a dance.

The Monoux Boys invited the Sixth to a debate.

By what process of chemical alchemy does this
become: "The Sixth have invited the Monoux Boys
to a dance"?

We are passing rich on two stale jokes a year.

We congratulate M. Bubbers and D. Bubbers on
winning prizes in the French newspaper
competitions.

We remember that Miss Shadwell's class is giving
"Twelfth Night," in the Memorial Hall, Woodford,
on the 19th January. (M. Sheppard knows all about
it.)

We helped the Child Welfare by going to a grand
operatic production, "Khuzazmah," in February. (N.
Blofield knows all about it.)

A School Poem.

FOUR-SQUARE to all winds that blow,
Set on a hill,
Sing we our battle-song,
Zest for the mill:
For that we would be strong,
Valiant in all,
Joying to chant our call,
In Walthamstow.

Red walls of Georgian mould,
Fairer to us than gold,
(Midas, his store),
Guard ye your treasure well,
Knowledge herein doth dwell,
(Pallas, her lore).

Would she might guide our life,
Here from the hill,
Gentle in all her dooms
Steadfast and still;
Seek we in all our rooms,
Loved for their sun,
Hoping to find her won
Not without strife.

Pavements of granite hewn,
More unto us have shewn
Than Pheidias' pile:
Guard ye your treasure well,
Knowledge hereon doth dwell
Of Marathon mile.

Send forth through all the world,
Those from our hill,
Burnished with gifts winnowed
Here in our mill,
(Gifts not neglected, heaven-bestowed),
Radiant in every deed
Speeding to fill the need
From Walthamstow.

Building not made with hand,
Lo, unto us you stand
Dream-strong for aye:
Guard you your treasure well,
Knowledge herein doth dwell,
Potent to save.

Lights.

IN these short days of little sun we begin to enjoy the magic of earth-born luminaries. It is a magic of little things and a borrowed mystery of

circumstance. Lights declare themselves; they borrow their mystery from investing darkness, from shadows, from transforming mists, from the intricacies of confused and contradicted shadow and lighting when they are neighboured.

Now evening is not a time of clear softening light, but in town, of change and colour at a hundred different points, and of grey twilight deepening suddenly to darkness, in the country. In town, shop-streets are ablaze with light and glass flashes back reflections; coloured advertisements sparkle, trams and buses carry light. From the top of a bus the lamps along a winding road look like some great dragon of light curling- away to his diminutive tail, or the dwarf lamp-post at the end of a straight road shines in fascinating perspective. Through an autumn mist golden globes of light shew sudden pictures, almost Japanese in their interruption, the clear branch of some misty tree, the definite corner of some shadowy building, complete detail of an undistinguished whole. In a country road where lights are infrequent they illuminate more complete pictures framed in the comparative darkness of their failing- rays.

There is often design too in the freaks of light. Look at a wet road and see the rhythm of the twisted reflections across it; suddenly disturbed perhaps by an uncurtained window - that disturbance balanced by the rest of a dark crossing. See how the moving light of a taxicab weaves itself into the pattern, moving the centre as it moves.

More domestic is the magic of lights indoors, enduing rooms with a new atmosphere, new proportions of light and shade and new tones of colour. In this, the low placed light of a lamp or candle is perhaps most bewitching. It does not pour down upon every object in the room and shew it in the outlines of reality, but goes levelly to meet some, emphasising what is near; climbs up others, fades subtly, through half tones into shadows; and plays all round others. Any light will decorate your bare wall for you-and for this keep it plain-with the shadow, here of a window curtain, there of a piece of furniture, but these will give you the most fantastic visions-gigantic vases stretching to your ceiling, a branch of flowers bending across your wall.

While, for a fairyland and a place to dream in, what more do you want than any room in fire-light?

On the Death of a Mouse in a Trap.

POOR mouse! I little thought when I came downstairs this morning to see thee, a victim of this cruel attraction, a trap baited with a tempting piece of cheese. Thy small round eyes, that before were sharp to see thy children five and thy small wife, are now closed and thy pointed nose will no more scent

danger.

Dear mouse! No longer wilt thou sit on the hearth at dead of night and curl thy whiskers when the house is asleep. (How thy barber will mourn for thee.) But say, how earnest thou by this sad misfortune of thy death?

Nay, sweet mouse, say not that it was greed that led thee to this bitter end, but the call of duty. Say, was not thy hungry family waiting at the door, open-mouthed to receive any morsel that thou mightest bring-home?

Alas, no more shall I hear thy small feet pattering and see thy grey coat, as thou runnest across the nursery floor. (Ah, thou little knowest how I did tremble in my shoes when I heard thy "pit-pat, pit-pat," in the evening; but that fear is swallowed up in my grief at thy death.

Soon wilt thou be put into the dust-bin, and I shall see thee no more. Only the cruel trap remains to remind me of thee. Never shall I forget thee, though all other things shall fade from my memory. Farewell, beloved mouse, farewell.

MARY RABSON (Lower IVA)

A Few Trials of a School Secretary.

WHY is she favoured by so many visits from certain green-tuniced ladies, *and* so many questions? "What do you want?" is the stern question, "Please, may I have *the* key?"

"The Games' Cupboard Key?"

"No-o-o, the cloak-room. I have fallen into a puddle in the garden, and look at my feet."

"Yes, take it. And what do you want?" Her companion answered: "Oh, I-er-er came with Marjorie."

Evidently it is necessary to bring a protector when visiting the terrible Secretary, so all intending visitors beware!

One day a certain flurried net-ball Captain rushed in and said "Oh, Miss Key, may I have the bean?" "Willingly," replied 'the key.'

A School Secretary should really have the qualification of flying added to her list of accomplishments, for when some offending late-comers ring the bell in the morning to herald their belated presence, she must immediately be waiting to receive them; she may not even allow herself two seconds to get to the door. In the course of the next few months, girls must not be surprised if they see her trying to attain this art of flying.

Some girls find it a great trial to have to take stationery requisitions to the "blue room" where the fierce Secretary reigns, and vainly endeavour to tell

their Form Mistresses that they really cannot fetch the stationery they forgot before School,-all the time hopping up and down on one leg and hoping they will not be sent to explain their sin of omission to the Secretary who is struggling to arrange her work, so as not to disturb the piles of stationery on her small table.

"An Essay on Semblance." (After POPE.)

THOU mighty muse whose dazzling outward show
Bewitches all the mortal race below
Sweet Semblance! Oh! enamoured maid divine!
Now in the eyes of Truth refulgent shine
Now with thy artificial glare obtuse
Assist me now, in melody profuse
Thy qualities inflammable to sing,
And airy substance of thy tinsel wing!
And thou! Oh stellarized immortal maid
Mary!¹ accept thy vot'ry's gift now laid
Before thy feet dramatic! let no spleen
Be roused in noble Samuel's² movie Queen,
Turn now thine eyes upon Augusta's plains
And see, through all the falling autumn rains
The crowd incessant hast'ning through the gloom.
Some seek the brilliant shelter of a room
Where, gauzy clad, fair nymphs in powdered joy

¹This Essay is dedicated to Mary Pickford, the Queen of the Pictures that are the Semblance of Dramatic Art.

²Samuel is a reference to "Uncle Sam" (the patron Saint of America, Miss Pickford's native land)

Jazz on the toes of some Fox-trotting boy;
And where the sooty kind in nigger glee
Bang the loud drum in Jazz-like minstrelsy.
Some citizens on bold bad betting bent
Seek circles that the sportive kind frequent.
There the loud laugh and louder oath profane¹
Are heard in chorus in this house of Cain,
Where leathern-gloved gladiators contend
Who most the other's limbs can bang or bend.
See the long queue before the Early Door,
Whose sinuous coils elongate more and more
While packed within the cin'ma's dusky heat
Hundreds gape nightly at th' illumined sheet.
Then turn thy lustrous eye to rural scenes
Where congregates hot Youth on village greens
In "footer" guise to toe the muddy sphere,
What time the lazy cynics stand and jeer;
Where wand'ring swains encounter Cupid blind
And infant tribes insult the beavered kind.
Thus spends the biped race its leisure hours,
None are exempt-all snatch the brilliant flow'rs
Scattered by Pleasure in her mundane flight-

(Who gives to falsehood, truth; who paints wrong, right).

For what is Semblance but the darling food
On which men rear a pleasure-loving brood?
Born in crass ignorance, to Folly blind,
They train the various foibles of the mind,
Call best of Pleasure Nature's Impulse pure
And daily make the hours of labour fewer;
And in the Temple of the Cinema
Worship the filmy brilliance of a Star.
The rich glide by in painted limousine,
The poor in horrid omnibus are seen.
All to the nearest Pleasure-house resort
And quench the fever'd thirst with wit distraught.
They chase the flying phantom, seeming fair;
Then count their gains-to find there's nothing there.
Comes then a time when all the rolling sphere
Is held in mortal check by nameless fear-
When grisly Nothing rears her naked head
And Semblance leers, her transient beauty shed.
Then start the potent nations from their thrones
To find Life's banquet but a dish of bones!
Pale monarchs rise from a luxurious bed
To find the bauble-foolish jester dead.
The consorts of an anti-papal king²
Of sharp incisive axe soon felt the sting
Most lovely fair are things that *seem* to be
But how removed from grim Reality!
Illumined matter that elusive gleams
Is not always that precious are it seems;
But placed 'neath Sol's bright eye soon fuses quite
And narcs incendiary i' the daylight white.

¹This is a reference to the common art of boxing

²This is a reference to Henry VIII.

As thirsty trav'ler in a desert dry
Thinks suddenly a distant grove to spy
With cool shade pregnant, where a crystal rill
Bubbles and sparkles down a gentle hill;
With aching eyes he strains the dazzled sight
And hastes towards the vapid vision bright,
Sudden it vanishes, and staggering, prone
He falls, and in hot anguish dies alone,
Panting his last in scorching pains most dire
Lost in vast desert plains of Orient fire:
So through the desert paths of ether void
The world rolls on, with sickly Semblance
cloy'd.
Sudden! the Visionary gleam departs
And craven fear infests a thousand hearts;
Reality, instinct with forceful heat
Ignites th' inflammable world, with fury fleet:
Creation fiery burns, in tortured spleen-
Nor at the end is any remnant seen.
The seething mass dissolves;-dulled is all pain,

Void nullity and nothingness remain.

ENID FOSTER (*Form VI*).

A Defence of Youth.

"We think our fathers fools, so wise we grow,
Our wiser sons, no doubt will think us so."

WE print an answer in the form of comments from the older generation and the young to the article on this subject which appeared in the July issue of IRIS.

FROM "THE OLDER GENERATION."

The unenlightened many have been presented with a picture of modern youth sitting alone-detached from all human ties-solemnly contemplating and admiring the beauties of its own "ego," particularly its virtues of "tolerance and wonderful generosity," occasionally in intervals of this "absorbing and fascinating study" casting a contemptuous glance on the rest of the world given up to utter selfishness and bound hand and foot by "obsolete conventions."

This picture will rouse many and varied feelings in those who look at it-few if any will admire it-most of us will protest that it is not a true representation, either of the youth of to-day or the age of yesterday, but that the authors have made the common mistake of surface thinkers - the mistake of generalising from particular cases, and of imagining that one or two illustrations prove a rule, when they are really striking because they are exceptions to it. Some of us older ones will regret that among the many virtues claimed by youth, a sense of humour, valuable in all circumstances, especially when one is "introspective" is apparently lacking. Many of us believe that its exponents are better than their depressing and hopeless creed, and that their attitude is a pose, another and more mature form of the "dressing up and pretending" so dear to all children, and in its subtler form, a great attraction to older children who still like to be in the lime-light and to act the parts not now of gallant knights and fair ladies, but of super-men and super-women. This pose is a real danger, not a serious one to the onlookers of any age, for the tinsel and trappings are obviously meretricious, but to the actors themselves. We now know that though the games and make-believes of childhood play a necessary part in the development of the child, unless these fantasies pass away and are replaced by realities, the dreamers lose touch with real life and the mental state becomes dangerously unstable. This leads us to a definite criticism of the views enunciated; there

is no indication that "modern youth" wishes to take any active part in the world, or has any plan for improving its conditions; we can listen with interest to schemes of world betterment, however little we may agree with their particular form, but wholesale condemnation of the thoughts and ways of the older generations through whose self-denying work so much good has been accomplished leaves us cold, especially when no constructive policy is suggested. It is fatally easy to criticise and to criticise ungenerously, to see the mote in our brother's eye and to forget the beam in our own; yet it is not the easy but the rugged path that leads to the heights.

We older ones hope that the younger generation will climb the heights and carry on the torch, and should be bitterly disappointed if they not only abandoned the ideals of humility and self-sacrifice for themselves, substituting for them self-assertion and self-indulgence, but also denied the existence of these ideals in others. But we believe that the writer and her friends are not really in earnest, and moreover that they only speak, even in jest, for a small section of "modern youth."

B. HEWETT.

FROM THE YOUNG

This is the comment of Youth on the plea of rebellious youth. It seems to me that the writer is just beginning to know herself and to size up her opinions, in process of intellectual vaccination, and, having discovered that all youth is egotistical, is fascinated by self-knowledge. We *are* egotistical, in the sense that we are profoundly interested in ourselves.

We are acquiring personality; we are fighting, through much mental tribulation, towards a fair haven, where serenity, sympathy and understanding await us.

It is true there is much friction between us and our elders, who do not understand that our assurance is a shell to protect our shrinking selves - that we are far from being sure, and wondering if anything is sure in a chaotic world.

But, and here I differ, this friction is part of our training. If we have the right stuff in us it will grow, as all fineness grows and is purified by adversity. If we are unworthy, those gifts of which we have proved ourselves unworthy will be withheld. When we have won through, we shall not irritate the older generation; when we have earned their respect, we shall have it.

How can we, who have little experience, know

anything? We can conjecture, we can formulate from our instinct, but the older generation have had the experience and are not nearly so intolerant as the writers think. No doubt our defiance of the conventions, our desire for freedom to live in flats, upsets a few of the older generation. There is something infinitely bigger behind it all.

Age has not the monopoly of cant and hypocrisy, nor has youth the monopoly of tolerance and generosity. A mature tolerance and generosity eclipses the fitful, erratic gleams of youth as the stars outshine a candle on a windy night. Even Shakespeare mellowed with age; even Keats might have.

We must go on experimenting

"Till old experience do attain

To something like prophetic strain."

That is the secret of the whole thing, experience.

I would like to discuss the writer's views on parental affection and the existence of "beautiful and unselfish love," but it would take too long.

HETTIE HILTON.

The Village Church.

PEACEFUL it stands, now as in years gone by,
The village church beneath the rising hill;
Its sombre tower among the guardian elms,
Makes outline dim against the evening sky.
An ancient mullioned window, dark and gray,
Is turned to gold in a last slanting ray,
Then drearily the gloomy shadows fall,
Athwart the gravestones from the moss-grown wall.

The chattering rooks chirp out their last good-night,
Among the darkening branches of the yews,
In flagstone crevices pale daisies dream,
While shadows chase away the fading light.
What tired ghosts with noiseless tread do glide,
Along the lonely walks at eventide?
When, from the ruined ivy-covered tower,
The bells, in mellow chime, toll out the hour.

When the pale rays are driven into flight
By faltering shadows, deepening the gloom,
From a low bough beside the old Church-door,
The owl, with solemn stare, regards the night.
Perhaps she sees some restless spirit pass;
Wan phantoms fainting in the twilight grass,
Till the low-moaning winds a-dying fall,
And slumber wraps her shrouding mists o'er all.

E. BURNELL (*Va.*).

THE QUEST

ONCE upon a time there lived a king's son named Ko-Ko, who was never known to have laughed, in fact, there was a saying in the country where he lived that whatever happened he could not laugh. Now this affliction worried him beyond measure, and one day he resolved that he would set forth into the world and never return home to his father's palace until he could laugh like the rest of his companions.

So he donned a beggar's garb and set forth on his travels. He had no idea where Laughter could be found, so he drew lots as to whether he should turn North, South, East or West. The lot drawn was North, in which direction he turned his steps. After having passed over countless lands and seas he finally reached the ice-palace of the North. Here everything was barren, cold and desolate, and when Ko- Ko asked the North if Laughter resided in this country, he was answered in a freezing voice which echoed and re-echoed for miles around: "Laughter was exiled from this country seven thousand years ago."

From the North Ko-Ko turned his steps to the East, and, after having passed through numberless forests and seas, he reached the windy palace of the East; here every tree was leafless and the wind howled through the bare and stricken branches, and when Ko-Ko inquired as to whether Laughter lived in this region, he was answered back by the moaning wind "Laughter was expelled from this dominion six thousand years ago." Very sick at heart and foot weary Ko- Ko retraced his steps and started on his third travel. After passing through many deserts he finally reached the palace of the South. Here everything was scorched and dried up, not a blade of grass survived for more than one day. On asking if Laughter lived here, he was told that Laughter had left about six hundred years ago.

Very exhausted and weary Ko-Ko started forth on his last journey, saying that if Laughter was not to be found in the West, he would live the rest of his life without laughing. After passing through many lands and over many seas, he came to a very luxuriant land. Here, all kinds of flowers, trees and shrubs grew; a large river flowed through the land; and on one side of a hill, a little rippling stream laughingly ran over the large stones, forming the most pretty waterfalls one could possibly imagine. Beside this stream Ko-Ko flung himself down, and lay listening to the birds singing above him: then he turned and listened to the stream that laughed and gurgled at him all the time, until he found himself imitating it, then all at once he realised that he was laughing.

Full of joy and happiness he jumped up, and began his homeward journey, back to his father's palace. When he reached home, everybody was amazed and delighted to think he could laugh, and Ko-Ko lived happily ever after.

JOAN PITT (*Form Upper I Va.*).

ROMANCE.

"ROMANCE is dead," sighed the Water Wheel as it dipped into the icy stream and rose again, the sparkling drops dripping from the moss and feathery fronds on its time-worn axle. "Romance is dead," moaned the Wind through the leafless willows on the bank. "..... dead," it echoed in the drooping sedges by the water.

"Romance is not dead," laughed the Waters, bubbling and foaming as they danced along. "On the chalk uplands of Windyridge we have our home, and watch with bated breath the battles of the North Wind as he rushes over the edge to the ocean, sweeping all before him as the ancestors of man did in days gone by. Great storm battles have we witnessed on the ridge, hearing the thunder of the heavens' artillery as it bombarded the fortresses of the sky, and watching the burning gaps it made in their walls.

"We wander at the fall of night through Burnley Beeches, and the moon and the twinkly stars come out, and shine down through the branches in chequered patches on to the moss. And the squirrels and the field-mice play hide-and-seek among the trees by the light of the glow-worms. And, if we hear the sound of horses' feet in the bracken and the rustle of long robes in the grass we only laugh to ourselves, for we know. Romance is everywhere-in the sky, in the air, on the earth. Life is Romance."

And the Wind sprang up in the willows with a shout of joy which echoed among the sedges on the bank, and the Water Wheel hummed joyously, and the Waters went bubbling and dancing to the sea, and as they went they sang of Life and Romance.

J. HOWLETT (*Form VI.*)

SCHOOL SONG

WHAT gives us the friendship so dear to us?
Of what is the honour so near to us?
What makes us so happy and gay now
In our homes and our work and our play now?
Our School: Our School; then let's all give a cheer
now!

Our School!

Our School, and who's ready to work for her?
Our School, and let nobody shirk in her,
Give a cheer for our School and her story,
May she ever be gaining fresh glory.
Our School: Our School; then let's all give a cheer
now!
Our School!

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

Games Notices.

THE effect of the new tennis courts on the School was very evident in the high standard reached by all Forms in the School Tennis Tournament at the end of last term. The new Upper School Cup, kindly presented by Dr. Harcourt, was won by Form VI., and the Middle School Shield by L. IVB.

Form VI. won the Upper School Swimming Cup, L. IVA. the Middle School and L. IIIB. the Lower School. Out of the thirteen girls who entered, eleven succeeded in qualifying for the Royal Life Saving Society's Bronze Medal.

With the exception of one girl the net-ball team is entirely new, but so far we have been quite successful in our matches. The Junior Team (under 13), despite their size and white socks, show great promise, winning their match against Brondesbury by 1 goal, 7-6. All teams show great enthusiasm in their practices, although the two Senior-Junior Teams have not yet played any matches.

Oct. 14. Brondesbury 1st Team	17-11	Win
Oct. 21. Chelsea 1st Team	27-13	Win
Nov. 8. Peckham 1st Team	24-9	Win
Nov. 11. Skinners' 1st Team	19-22	Loss
Nov. 25. Bedford 1st Team	22-4	Win
Oct. 14. Brondesbury 2nd Team	19-	
11	Win	
Nov. 11. Skinners' 2nd Team	24-18	Win
Nov. 25. Bedford 2nd Team	22-2	Win

We have one more match this term against Leytonstone.

The 1st Team gained a £1 for the Bazaar by playing exhibition matches against the Old Girls.

MARY FULFORD, Games Captain

LITERARY SOCIETY NOTES AUTUMN TERM, 1922.

ALTHOUGH there have been many School functions this term, the Literary Society has not failed to visit the "Old Vic," and spent there a happy "Matinee" early in October, when a performance of "The Taming of the Shrew" was heartily appreciated by all present.

One foggy Thursday in November we met in the Art Room after School to hear papers on the early lives of Shelley, Byron, Keats and Pope read by Marjorie Sheppard (V 1.) , Edith Burnell (VA.), Olive Stephens (VB.), Ethel Woolford (U. IV A.), Helen Rainer (U. IVE.). Miss Hewett, who was in the chair, gave an interesting summing-up of this meeting, and pointed out the great interest that lies in considering the effects that the influences of childhood have upon the after-lives of great men.

Enjoyable as such meetings prove, two a term are insufficient, and we hope to hold more next term.

E. FOSTER, Literary Secretary

SCIENCE SOCIETY NOTES

THE Science Society has met twice during the term, and a third meeting is to be held on December 6th. A party went to the Zoo on November 4th, and had a very enjoyable outing, while on Armistice Day a number of members visited the Rubber Works. The odour at the factory was not as disagreeable as had been anticipated and the visit proved very interesting. A great deal was learnt about rubber and the making of rubber tyres.

The third meeting will be held at School when Eileen Holt and Phyllis Attenborough will read papers on "Exploration in the North and South Poles." There will be lantern slides to illustrate the papers.

A large number of competitions have been sent in, showing that members were industrious in the holidays, and it is hoped that many are now occupied growing bulbs for the Bulb Competition, next term.

P. ATTENBOROUGH, Science Secretary.

Howlers.

LADY MACBETH said to Macbeth, "Hie thee

hither, that pour the milk of human kindness into
thine ear."

It was not long ere she was again in the arms of
Morphia.

Tennyson is an arts and craftsman.

Births.

ON 3rd February, 1922, to Mr. and Mrs. Ling
(Emily Briggs), a son, Derrick Francis.

On 29th October, to Mr. and Mrs. R. Lewis (Kate
Day), a daughter, Barbara.

Mrs. Wheatley (*nee* Miss Avery) has a daughter,
sister to Helen Margaret.

Marriages.

ETHEL HALL to M. PIERRE VIEN, 18th
September, 1922.

LOUISE REEVE to Mr. GEOFFREY H. DAY,
31st August 1922

WINNIE MATTHEWS to Mr ERIC ROBERTS,
5th July, 1922

DORIS THORNTON to Mr. MONTAGUE
EWING