

Walthamstow High School Magazine

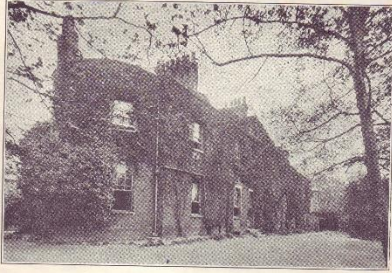
Head Mistress's Foreword.

IT is difficult to believe that it is as long as twelve months ago that I was approached with a request for a "few words for the Magazine."

Since then I have had the experience, an entirely novel one to me, of five months' complete freedom from responsibility and from making any decisions except such as concerned myself alone, and those were of small importance. Those months seem a dream or a fairy tale now that I have returned to the multifarious and miscellaneous business which crowds every day of term—from 8:40 a.m. when a small child knocks at the door on the left of the entrance with an article of underclothing (neatly wrapped up in paper) which has been mysteriously exchanged during a Medical Inspection, until 4.30 p.m. when the conflicting claims of two Forms to the possession of the Hall for rehearsal have to be settled, and often till 9 p.m. when a father comes to discuss his daughter's future—the day is full and monotony and leisure moments are unknown quantities.

Still, I would not exchange this life of ours with all its varied interests and claims for the machine-like regularity of a School whose aim is to supply information and turn out efficient and highly trained machines. Above all, I value the personal relationship and the sense of real friendliness and affection which was my welcome home, and which no machine, however efficient, can give, but which can only come from faulty human beings.

Our conviction that our many interests and activities do not detract from our academic work has just received a triumphant vindication by the splendid success of Alice Coote in the Mathematical Tripos at Cambridge. A success of this kind—the result of exceptional ability combined with hard work is an extraordinary stimulus to the School; already most of Preparatory and Form I. have decided to "do Mathematics at Cambridge"—and though the older Forms do not announce their intentions quite so light-heartedly, I am sure there is a determination everywhere that we must send up to the Universities every year girls who will bring honour to themselves, to the School, and to Walthamstow. My heartiest congratulations to Alice, and my very best wishes for those who are leaving us, on whom we can depend to keep bright the honour of the School.



PAST.



PRESENT.

BLANCHE HEWETT

To the School.

BOTH SUB-EDITORS send greetings to the School.

The Old Girls' sub-editor is very anxious for news and articles to be sent either to her (Violet Adams, St. Osyth's, Eglinton Road, Chingford) or to Bessie Howlett, 47, Prospect Hill.

The School sub-editor has a grievance about sixpences. Form VA. alone duly and promptly disbursed to the authorised collectors 100 per cent.

Old Girls' Editorial.

The summer number of IRIS presents rather a late welcome to Miss Hewett on her return, but as there is no messenger between Christmas and Midsummer we have to begin with an overdue beginning.

We hope you will like the photographs of the School old and new where we had never been without her before. We feel that the charm of the old School, neighboured by well-climbed trees and the bicycle shed, scene of many an heroic adventure as well as of whispered confidences by School politicians, will be as welcome as that of the imposing new building- in which building the new School has shewn enterprise along lines dear to the O.G.A. organising a whole Eisteddfod of its own.

Old Girls' dramatic interest flourishes in Dorothy St. Clair Shadwell's class, which is to produce "The Young Person in Pink" in October. In it you will see old-old and new-old playing for your pleasure.

A School enterprise in which Old Girls are asked, nay, urged and conscripted to share, is the bazaar in aid of the Cot and the Piano. Be conjured by memories of those Old School bazaars and send suggestions, invent side-shows, lend aid, spend all you have-or haven't-in the good cause.

Mrs. Grant (Miss Paton) held a dancing-class last season for Old Girls and others. The members enjoyed it immensely and hope to see it twice as big or bigger next season.

We must end on a triumphant note of congratulation to Alice Coote on her Wranglership.

School Chronicle.

WE Echoes have been very busy and have developed remarkable powers of hearing things happening *anywhere*, not only in the School Hall.

In January we began term with a gay, hilarious feeling of welcome for Miss Hewett. The Hall was enthusiastically noisy. Then came the School parties, three of them—all lively. Next came the Prize-givings, Junior and Senior-very sedate affairs. On the afternoon of the 26th January, Mrs. Lampen gave the little ones (we beg their pardon, *the younger girls*) their prizes, while the Bishop of Barking took the chair and told lively anecdotes of his school-days. The recitations and songs were very fresh and amusing, especially "Soldier, soldier..." by Preparatory.

The Seniors received their prizes from Miss Clough, the Principal of Newham College, who thanked the School for their gift to her, a tea-caddy designed and painted by the girls, and appreciated Miss Hewett's basket of fruit "in School colours" by commenting on us as "a most original School." We were very glad to have our friend, Mr. Higham, in the Chair, and once again we have to thank him for a generous gift, this time of a considerable sum of money, which Miss Hewett used to secure the Literary Society's trophies. These are three good colour-print reproductions of "St. Geneviève," Turner's "Venice" and Waterlow's "Pandora."

We were sorry that that influenza prevented Mr. Lampen from being present on Prize Day. He, too, has given the School a gift, shared by the Monoux and the Technical Schools, of an inspiring Empire Day sermon on the text: "And Thou hast not shut me up into the hand of the enemy: thou hast set my feet in a large room." (Psalm xxxi. 8)

We Echoes have a fine chance of living in a large room, what with the beauty of our material home and the inspiration of our vigorous life as well as the glory which is freely offered us for our more contemplative moments. Empire day reminded us once more:

"Let us now praise famous men....."

"All these were honoured in their generations and were the glory of their times.

"There be of them, that have left a name behind them, that their praises might be reported.

"And some there be, which have no memorial; who are perished. . . .

Their seed standeth fast, and their children for their sakes.

"Their seed shall remain for ever, and their glory shall not be blotted out.

"Their bodies are buried in peace: but their name liveth for evermore."

The laughter of our frolics (there was once a Sixth Form Net-ball Dance and a First Form

Medicine Dance and a Peter Pan and some Heavenly Twins and a Bull-dog Drummond) tempers the chill of our sighs when homilies are occasionally administered on such things as "Paying back," by saying and doing "Thank you," "Minding our Manners" and saying "Good morning."

We heard lovely music one day when Miss Procter and Miss Jackson showed us how to listen before we went to Mark Hambourg's Recital, and another day when the Junior Choir, who had won a First Class Certificate and high commendation at the Stratford Musical Festival, sang us their "pieces." The Seniors also did very well and we enjoyed their melody.

We hope to hear more melody when we have that new piano, long desired and now surely to be obtained by the *GRAND BAZAAR* to be held probably on 6th and 7th October. This is also going to secure our annual contribution to the School Cot. Work, work apace.

One day we heard a "whizz" as a real Greek bow, "two thousand, certainly, even perhaps three thousand years old," released something like an arrow. This was on 20th June when Mrs. Diana Watts gave an extremely interesting lecture, with most beautiful illustrations, on the law of balance as applied to the human body. Everyone was delighted with the grace and perfection of her reproduction of the positions of some of the Greek statues, and even the youngest child now understands the need for "chin up, diaphragm perfect."

That Newnham seems to figure largely in the history of W.H.S. It gave us a holiday unexpectedly *via* Alice Coote, for whom many cheers, and thither our head-girl, Madge Miles, is bound next October. She goes with all our good wishes, though even Echoes hold regrets. By the way, in speeches on "The Summer Term" made by the Juniors no one mentioned people leaving. They are young, those Juniors. Our good wishes speed Kathleen Goodwin to London University, where several of our Old Girls are already at work, and Lucy Rabson to Somerville College, Oxford, where she is the first W.H.-stowian. Three cheers for all the girls who are leaving! And none for the Staff leaving, because they are all staying, and we Echoes have to welcome Miss Hall who came in January, and to add that we rejoiced loudly at Miss Jacob's recovery from diphtheria.

A Defence of Modern Youth.

NOT such an impossible task as it may seem, and a suitable subject for the School Magazine because we

are in the peculiar position of having three distinct generations represented. There is the rising generation, the young generation-ourselves-and the older generation. We are aware the "older generation" is a broad term-that it includes the "young old" and "the old," and that they differ on many points, but we feel that on one point they are united, and that is in disapproval of us. All generalisations are false, and of *course* there are just the enlightened few who are exceptions, but they are the exceptions. We purposely do not use the term "dislike of us" because on the whole we are liked-liked, but not approved.

Youth of to-day is charged with selfishness and ingratitude. Our parents lavish affection and money upon us, assert our critics, which we accept as our right, and at the first opportunity we break away from the home which has guarded us in our childhood, and demand complete freedom to develop our own individuality at the expense of that of everybody else. We ruthlessly trample on conventions which the long experience of our "betters" has proved necessary for the protection of the community. In brief, we are egotistical and quite irresponsible.

It would be idle to deny that there is much truth in most of these assertions. We do accept as a right our parents' care for us, since they obviously are responsible for our being and therefore for our welfare during our childhood. Barrie would have us still believe that of all loves, mother love is the finest and most unselfish. We are grateful to Barrie, for it is a charming illusion, but it is an illusion. It would be difficult to say to what extent any affection is unselfish since it affords so much gratification to the giver, and this is particularly true of mother-love, in which, as with the lower animals, the possessive instinct plays so large a part. As with the lower animals, this affection is not extended to all young and helpless things.

After all, the child is always a reflection of the parent, and for this reason, quite apart from parental affection, surely most parents prefer that their offspring should be well equipped. Since no children who support their parents in their old age can claim credit for unselfish motives, much less can parents who are directly responsible for their children. Of course, we do know that beautiful and unselfish love does exist, and there are parents who do make very real sacrifices with no thought of self-interest at all. But then these are not the parents who accuse their children of ingratitude. It is those who have done so much who usually think they have done so little. Assume that it is a privilege to be born, then gratitude from child to parent is due. We claim this

to be a false assumption—at any rate it is a debatable point.

It is difficult to understand why the tendency of modern youth to break away from home and live independently should be regarded as a grievance by the older generation. It is what the youth of every age has done in a slightly different way. To-day a flat in town secures the freedom which yesterday our mothers sought in marriage. The older generation claim that we are irresponsible. To a certain extent we are. We grasp eagerly at each fresh experience life has to offer.

We know that we disregard obsolete conventions, and we have been told that we have no moral code. This last we do most vigorously deny. We are not prepared to draw a rigid line between right and wrong. Nor do we wish to enforce our code upon other people. It is our desire that each individual shall have enough moral strength to make his own code which he can apply as the occasion arises. It is simply because people have had to depend on a code set up by others, and have lacked this moral strength that certain conventions have been necessary. Certain conventions are still necessary and if we are to pull down we should be prepared to build up. Perhaps this is where we fail. Conventions only become foolish and unnecessary when they are enforced upon a generation which has outgrown them. It should be obvious that fixed rules of conduct suitable for the guidance of our parents may be quite useless when applied to us. At least our more adjustable standard of morals has the happy result of making us much more tolerant. Youth of to-day is wonderfully generous, and the individual is slow to condemn lapses from its own particular code.

Some of us we know are much too introspective—all of us are egotistical, and why not? Surely our "ego" is the most absorbing and fascinating study, and certainly it is only through self-knowledge that we can hope *ever* to understand and sympathise with others. We are all so terribly bound by self-interest, so content to let things slide, so long as we remain untouched, that it is only the saints of each generation who begin to approach the Christian ideal.

The fundamental difference really between Age and Youth to-day is, that whereas Age wishes to conceal, even from itself, the selfishness which after all is a fault common to the human race, Youth abhors cant, realises its imperfections, and wishes to stand stripped of all hypocrisy.

(This anonymous article is an interesting piece of special pleading on behalf of Youth. Perhaps in our next issue one of the "Young-old" will give us

an article on the other side. Meanwhile one of "the old" is reminded of a quotation she recently met: "The man who is a law unto himself is apt to be in urgent need of amendments." -B. H.)

The Buttercup.

THERE was a tiny buttercup,
That grew beside a spring;
His little dress was green and gold;
And thus he used to sing:
"I love the day,
I love the night,
Heigho! I say.
The earth was bright
When I was born
Upon a week to-day."

It was in May he sang this song
With a merry little wink;
In June he changed his song a bit
To this, it was, I think:
"I love the night,
For it is cold,
Heigho! I say.
The sun's too bright,
It melts my gold
And burns my leaves away."

But when July was come at last
The buttercup was dead;
But ere he went he left these words,
His testament, he said:
"For every month
I had a song,
Heigho I say.
Next April shower
Will bring along
More buttercups and May."

D. BAXTER (*Upper [Va.]*)

As through the prickly woods he roamed
He prumpled to and fro.
A gollywog flipped down and gloamed
Pellucidly de trop.
But as, galumphing through the core,
I grouched responsively
His xanthocroic zoospore
Gleamed unattentively~
A gnomiometrical foozle he
A tunicate I.

Lucy COY (VI)

The Old School War-Cry.

A *propos* of Miss Hewett's remarks on American school yells, we should like to remind people of the High School War-Cry. We feel it compares very favourably with American effort, although it seems not to have been handed down to the present generation of W.H.S. The happy inspiration, I believe, originated with Helen Mercer, or rather Mrs. Balfour.

"Boom! Boom! Boom! Chick-a-boom!

Boom, ricka ticka ticka boom!

Boom catch a rat-trap

Bigger than a cat-trap

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Cannibal, cannibal, sis boom bah

Walthamstow High School

Yah, Yah, Yah! "

Chanted by fifty or so lusty enthusiasts, under the old mulberry tree, it was quite fearsome and effective. It seems a pity that this noble effort should be lost to posterity.

Memoirs of a Spider.

(Continued.) VETERAN RETAINER OF W.H.S.

OH dear, oh dear, always being disturbed. That naughty child had no right to come back for her books. She'll lose an ordermark. What's that? Don't know what an ordermark is?- Why, when I was your age, young spinners, I knew all about them-it's very dull of you-oh, but of course, they don't have them now. Things are not what they were in my young days, and discipline is not what it used to be. A tight hand I believe in-oh, I don't expect you to agree with me. The younger generation is all for freedom and independence. Well, well, perhaps you're right. Now what was I saying? Oh yes; ordermarks. We had a great time in that old building with ordermarks. What are they? Um-I never quite knew that, but they lost them when they did things they oughtn't and then they gave them in at register. How could they when they'd lost them? Oh, don't interrupt-yes, I suppose they had some to begin with but I never saw them carried about. But I know that it was awful to lose three in one day and they had to interview the Lady-with-a-hall-and-a-room-to-herself (though she hadn't all that then)-I suppose to get a fresh supply. I don't quite know about that. Well, one day a very naughty third form lost so many that the mistress who looked after them was quite upset, so that they decided to lose no more for

a fortnight. But one did. She turned round when she should have been reciting. What's wrong in that? Of course it's wrong. She lost an ordermark. Great was the distress in the young reformers' breasts. I was so upset myself that I followed them about that day to see what happened. They went into a place with benches and smelly things, and they put their heads together and wrote what they called a round robin to this hard-hearted and misguided Lady who'd taken their ordermark, asking for it back. In fear and trembling they waited in a little room at the bottom of some stairs while the round robin was conveyed. But, oh, she had a stony heart that mistress! She glanced at this appeal and said "I never excuse an ordermark." Just that, no more. Then they hardened their hearts against that Lady. They cast her from them. Never more would they hold communication with her. They would humble her. They would send her to an awful place called Coventry. I looked anxiously for her next day, but she was still there, though they said she was in Coventry. They sat with her next day and drew a golf boot. Usually they chatted pleasantly and asked the mistress to come and help them with their drawings, but this time they sat in silence, and made their silence felt. So ghastly was this punishment that I expected to see her dissolve in tears, but quite the contrary. She must have liked it-for as she left the room she turned to the Form with a beaming smile and said, "Thank you so much for the quiet and peaceful lesson. I don't know when I've have had such a restful afternoon! " Oh, bother! Hide quickly, young spinners. Here comes the eternal duster. What a harassing life this is to be sure. She's gone. We ran breathe again and have a few minutes' peace before School begins. I don't approve of this hole and corner business. It's beneath my *dignity-infra dig*, that's what it is. What's that? You don't know, what-dear, oh dear, I always regret that you youngsters haven't had my educational advantages. At that old School now, I was present at Latin, Greek, German and French classes-quite a cosmopolitan I became, but now one cannot move so freely from room to room. It's these dusters. Once I was in the room of the Most Important Lady, where you have never been, and she was interviewing some small new people, gauging their intelligence. Most of them looked awed and very anxious to please. They knew it was an honour to become one of the W.H.S., but one small person seemed quite at ease, and when asked, "And how did you spend your holidays?" nonchalantly replied, "Oh, playing the giddy goat!"

But hush, here is a mistress and a History class. No, I won't hide. I know her. Yes, she looks

fearsome now, but she wasn't always so and she'll have a soft spot for an old veteran like me. I knew her, young weavers, when that hair so decorously coiled hung a shining pig-tail down her back. She and her friends, they were a merry crew. We saw life in their day, and one of their little pranks makes me quite giddy to relate. I went up to the smelly room with them in a geometry box. I disapproved of the atmosphere, but it was a change of scene. The stools they sat on were round, and by all moving very slowly at the same time it was possible to revolve gradually round a laboratory bench, coming back to the original starting point. It was a game. At intervals a different person took possession of my geometry box. Who took the lesson? Oh no-it wasn't-she left long ago, that one.

Of course you've never been in the Staff Room, have you? Well I hardly venture in these grand quarters, but that other was a very homely affair, and the cloak-room itself was little more than one dark corner which bristled with hat-pins. To enter the Sixth Form Room from the Staff Room, was a perilous journey. One had to run the gauntlet of the hat-pins, and so the Sixth were safer from invasion than might appear. But, sometimes, the unexpected happened and a Staff head would appear to see most unusual sights. Once a girl was the wrong way up to prove false a theory that her feet would descend within a certain time. And once with absorbed and eager countenances the Form were clustering round the table endeavouring to leap upon it with both feet. What did you say? The Sixth don't behave like that nowadays? Oh, but these were only their relaxations and only occurred within their own sacred precincts. Woe betide any small fry who dared to do the like in the presence of that noble Sixth. Youngsters had to obey their elders in those days. Oh, times have changed-and my parents never pampered me as I do you. I was kept hard at the spinning. So now then, back to your webs. No more stories to-day."

Who Remembers-

FLANNEL petticoats in Form II.?
 Formez les lines deux?
 Drill to music in embroidered muslin frocks?
 Desks that tipped into the books behind when sat in in a certain way?
 A worm through a fourth form window?
 Day by day We?
 Boot-shop windows?
 Standing on a contour with gaudy Ordnance maps?
 Some folk do.

Who Knows-

THE composition of Cesar's blood?
 Whether murdered and murderers still lament, "Is not the *red* blood still to be seen?"?
 Whether the peas in a certain family garden did well this term?
 Whether to work *or* not to work on a summer evening?
 That the girl who wishes to prevent the Old Vic "going to the dogs" is in the Form that refrains from the primrose way?
 When The Lady-with-a-Hall told the Lady-without-a-Real-Piano that she had known wild thyme on a mossy bank?
 Who lost a ham-sandwich in the Games cupboard?
 Who lost a Rowntree's pellucid gum on the net-ball court?
 Who found it and transfixed it on a botany needle?
 How to solve the schoolgirl's financial problem?
 How to buy the magazine, enter for sports, hear a lecture, give a birthday present, buy postage stamps with the same sixpence?
 How someone dared *to* give in "Frivolity"?

Suppose

A MICROPHONE to be invented for occasions when a megaphone had proved useless.
 As at Hayes, one had to cycle *up* downhill.
 Lower IV A. retained their "Winter's Tale" beards.
 A mistress said "awfully....."
 The guinea-pigs escaped.
 Anyone could say of the Four Hundred "They kept their rosy terms with languishment."

Enterprise.

IT is always a pleasure to meet again girls from W.H.S. whom one has liked and admired in the past, and it is a particular pleasure to find fresh signs of the enthusiasm and eagerness which characterised their School days.

A fortnight ago I visited Violet Adams in her little flat in Pimlico and found a real little home with the very usual pair of adults and one child, though the pair in this case turns out to be two girls. But no real family could be happier than Violet and her friend Miss Joyce with their little adopted child, Jackie. It had long been one of their dreams that they should find a flat and adopt an orphan, but I must confess that, personally, I had regarded it rather in the light of the small child's song;
 "And when I'm getting really old,

"Tween twenty-eight and nine,
I'll get a little orphan boy
And bring him up as mine.

But, as occasion has shown, their desire had a firmer foundation, and when they heard of this little child of five, whose father was dead and whose mother had cast him off, and who was therefore to be sent to that place so undesirable for any child, a Home with a capital letter, these two decided to take him and give him, to the best of their ability, a real home where he should find love and freedom to thrive on.

It is of considerable interest to watch a child being brought up by a trained teacher and to see to what extent she is able to put her principles into practice in the sometimes relaxing atmosphere of the home. Jackie is being trained in quite a Spartan way, though no casual visitor could for a moment doubt his loving trust in his "adopted mothers." His temper was at first uncontrollable, and Miss Joyce confessed to very uncomfortably bruised shins on several occasions when she stood still and let him kick her until his passion had worn itself out and reason could be appealed to once more. It takes a good deal of determination to allow oneself to be kicked on already bruised shins, even by a child of five, and to make no resistance!

One of the fixed rules of the family is that, when once Jackie is in bed, no beguiling calls shall entice an adult in to amuse and pet him. On the occasion of my visit he had not been in bed many minutes before a little voice was heard through the wall, calling in most plaintive tones, -but we hardened our hearts. It continued at intervals until, after nearly an hour, the regular call was followed by, "Please, may I have my pillow made higher?" -and with a shock Violet remembered that the child's second pillow had been taken for the benefit of one of the visitors! She leapt up and went in to his bedroom with much self-reproach, to find Jackie propped up in bed with a pile of books under the one flat pillow, and to be told with a confiding smile, "I put them there to make me more *'comfiddle.'*"

The family belongings had been lately increased by a gramophone with good records, so that Jackie may be trained early in musical appreciation. A visitor who arrived two days after the installation of the gramophone was told by the child, "We have music for breakfast, music for dinner, music for tea, music when I go to bed, music all the time."

Small wonder, perhaps, that the instrument is now away, under repair, having been overwound!

I am sure all members of W.H.S. will wish

Jackie a happy future and join in congratulating him on such a happy present.

The other "Old Girl" in my mind is Marjorie Wise, who came to see me a few days ago and told me about her interesting plans for the coming year. Eager, as ever, for new ideas for her work, she has decided to stop teaching for a year and take a further course of training, this time at Teachers' College, New York City, the home of Professor Dewey and so many well-known American educationalists.

Her present School evidently knows her value well, for her post is being kept open until her return in a year's time, when all her friends will hope to welcome her back refreshed physically and mentally by such a thorough change. I understand that she has promised to send an account of her doings for the next number of IRIS and should be good reading, for where Marjorie Wise is, there also are humour and enthusiasm, two very good things.

M LITCHFIELD

About Fairies.

As through the blue-bell wood I walk,
I hear the wild birds singing,
And though there's no one there to talk
And the blue-bells all are ringing
The fairies dance about unseen
'Neath the blue-bell's dainty sheen.

MOLLIE KIEFFER (form I)

I've found at last the Fairy Dell,
And as you pass along
In every little floweret bell
You'll find a fairy throng.
But one day as I passed that way,
I heard a mournful cry;
It was upon that very day
A wicked gnome had passed right by.
And as that gnome had passed that way
He poked them with a stick.
Some of them cried upon the hay,
Some said, "A nasty trick."

DOROTHY BOOTH (Form II)

The Magazine.

FRIENDS, Lazybones, Idlers, lend me your eyes!

At the beginning of term, when you were told that the end of that period would bring forth a magazine, and were reminded not to forget it, did you not gasp with amazement at having been reminded so soon, and say: "There's plenty of time"?

Then at half-term, when you were loudly and forcibly told not to forget the School "Mag.," did you not console your consciences, which whispered time was rapidly passing, by saying: "There's plenty of time! .?"

Then the night *before* the last day for receiving contributions, did you not scap your homework, and sit with contracting brows until the clock-hands neared midnight, hoping and waiting for an inspiration or brain-wave that did not come?

And now as you are reading IRIS, and thinking how good it is, do you not realise how much sweeter it would have been to you if there were an article of your own invention in it? Of course YOU do, but as you are resolving to write something for the next, are you not adding: "But there's plenty of time yet!" ?

Ah! this is true, *n'est-ce pas?*

M. UPTON (Vb)

Scandal.

ONE morning Mrs. Brown decided that a chat with her next-door neighbour would be very desirable. Accordingly she determined to clean her front door step, hoping that Mrs. Jones would be doing likewise. As she opened her front door, she was much interested in the fact that Mrs. Walters, who lived opposite, appeared to be having a stirring altercation with a diminutive errand boy. Evidently her temper got the better of her, for she slammed the door in the startled boy's face.

Now a slight sound from next door heralded to Mrs. Brown that Mrs. Smith also wished for a chat, so soon they engaged in deep conversation, carried on with many an exaggerated nodding of the head and uplifting of the finger. "And what do you think?" asked Mrs. Brown, "Mrs. Walters cannot pay her grocer's bill and is going to be summoned in the County Court." All this knowledge, of course, was gained from the fact that Mrs. Walters had slammed the door in an errand boy's face.

Later on in the morning Mrs. Smith went out shopping, and, meeting Miss James, a friend with whom she had had no intercourse for several days, she instantly imparted the astounding news. "What do you think?" she enquired, "Mr. Walters has been fined £5 for being unable to pay his wife's grocer's

bill," and with many mysterious shakings of the head the two parted.

Naturally, Miss James told her bosom friend, this time with the addition that Mr. Walters was in the bankruptcy court owing to his wife's extravagances, and by the time it reached the bosom friend's greatest friends, Mrs. Walters was going into the workhouse tomorrow.

It was after tea and Mr. Walters was cosily settled in an armchair by the fire, when Mrs. Walters approached, carrying an unpretentious looking bill, the cause of all the gossip. "Look at this, my dear," she said "the grocer wants to charge me for $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. of cheese, and I only had $\frac{1}{2}$ lb."

ETHEL WOOLFORD (*Lower IVa.*)

One Way of Becoming Disillusioned.

EVERY girl likes a shopping companion, but the ideal one is hard to find. It has doubtless been the lot of many to spend a day in town with the kind of girl who, just as you are on the point of deciding upon a garment, whispers behind the back of the almost victorious assistant, "You would do better to go a little farther before deciding finally, my dear. Messrs. So and So had the most *gorgeous* little gowns last week just what you want-half a guinea cheaper-much *better* style-."

You hesitate, and are lost according to tradition-or rather the gown is-for when you arrive at Messrs. So and So's they are sold out. Not the least exhausting part of such an episode is trying to look as if you didn't mind.

There is also the lady who finds everything delightful and becoming while in the shop, and by dint of really helpful remarks aids you in making a good and satisfactory choice. Once outside the shop, however, a kind of cloud seems to settle upon her smiling face, a summer blight, which is positively devastating to your peace of mind. You enquire the reason. "Nothing," she says in lugubrious tones, "nothing really; only I rather wondered if we had been wise. That bright shade-with your pale complexion, you know-."

An excessively irritating person is one who cannot rivet her attention to the matter in hand. You poise a hat upon your head at what you judge to be *the* angle. You turn from left to right, then gaze at your back view with the aid of a hand-mirror. Yes, it is ravishing, and with the smile (or is it the smirk?) of success upon your face you turn to your friend for approval.

But she is not looking at you. In hopeless boredom she stares into vacancy through the whole length of the showroom. You might ask her if she believed in wireless messages from Mars, or in the theory of Transubstantiation, to any of which questions she could reply with greater ease than to the one which you had brought her there to answer-whether your hat suited you or not!

More bitter things than these can occur. You are to have a gala day whereon the Garment of Great Import is to be chosen, and a friend comes to assist in the choice. You chat gaily in the train, and she is full of helpful advice. You sun yourself in her views, and feel sleek and happy like a collie dog before a Christmas fire. You admire your wisdom in having brought her and vow that no shopping of importance shall in future be done without her. Expectation stands a-tip-toe as the lift disgorges you into the street, and you wonder which shop contains the garment of your dreams. A cry from your companion arrests your attention.

"My dear! Look! The very shade, and I tried all winter to get it, in vain! You won't mind coming in with me, will you, while I get a dress length? "

You assent with smiles which are unusually pleasant because you are aware of a graceless feeling of revolt. In the shop a peculiar change comes o'er your friend. Her voice becomes slightly hysterical, her eyes sparkle uncannily, and her nose looks positively pinched! The purchase completed, she drags you feverishly to the stocking department to get a pair to match the prospective frock. You find yourself suddenly in the street frenziedly looking for a shoe-shop in which to procure shoes of the desired shade. You leave that resting-place to seek for a milliner who can rise to the heights your friend requires, and as you pant heatedly by shop after shop you know what her strange mien reminds you of. She is like a bloodhound on the scent! At last, weary and dispirited, you are led into a tea-shop, where you sink exhausted into a chair.

But your friend is not exhausted! She laughs and jabbars through the whole riotous day's doings, and tells you how she *never* thought she would be so lucky in getting *just* what she wanted, and that it seemed too good to be true.

"And now, my dear," she says, her mouth full of cream bun and insolence, "it's just four o'clock, and if we are to get that gown of yours to-day, we must hurry up."

If by this time you are not crying, there is only one thing which will give you satisfaction. You require a mallet; a large, well-weighted one of the croquet variety would serve admirably. You grasp it

firmly in both hands and raise it after the manner of a man about to drive a steel pin into the roadway. Then, just when her smile is at its smuggest, and she has bitten out the middle of the bun where all the cream is, you must bring your mallet down with all your force on to the every centre of her cranium. Only when that smile fades, and she wilts into a lifeless pulp in her chair, will you feel avenged!

That is what you would like to do; but what probably happens is that you murmur in a still, small voice, "Never mind, dear. I'll leave all the shopping till another day. It wasn't at *all* important!"

The world is full of such heroines.

H. E. B.

Yesterday.

"ALMS, alms! for the love of Allah, alms! I thank you, howaji. May Allah reward you for your bounty. How say you? Not a common beggar? You speak truth, howaji, it is so. Your words bring visions of the past before my eyes - thoughts of yesterday come back to my heart. Once again I am galloping towards the east as the sun rises; the wind is blowing in my face, the beat of the horse's feet is ringing in my ears, the clear sky above me, the yellow sand beneath. This is my own land, my own life. O, the joy of the mad rush across the sands, of the sudden, hawk like swoop upon a treasure caravan; then away again up the wind with the spoils, and only the wind for master. Once again I lie by a cool well in the heat of the day, while the wind above my head whispers down the ages the secrets of all time, and out upon the desert the heat quivers and dances over enchanted cities and lakes of glass. In the cool of the evening comes the slow ride back towards the setting sun, stretching out his long, flaming arms to enfold me and draw me in. We fall asleep together. . . . Bah!, why do I trouble you with vain images of yesterday, howaji. The arm of your law is long, and youth is a flower that must fade when languishing between four walls, away from its native earth and air. Thus you see me now, hawaji, an old man, to whom life itself will soon be but a memory of yesterday. Ah, well, it is Fate, which the poets call Kismet. It is good for me to have met a man who understands before I leave behind me the setting sun of Yesterday and To-day, and set my face towards the sunrise of To-morrow. Even now I see the first pale streaks of day glimmering on the distant dark horizon. Farewell, howaji.

"Alms, alms! for the love of Allah, alms!"

J. HOWLETT (*Form Va.*).

Splendour: A Fairy Tale.

THERE was once a beautiful princess, who was as rich as she was lovely. She lived in a palace of silver, with diamond windows, and doors of pearl. Her throne was made of pink coral, from the depths of the sea, and was studded with rubies and emeralds. And as she languidly reclined in her throne (poor thing, she had nothing better to do), princes and nobles stood around and flattered her, and tried to be witty that she might favour them with a smile or even a glance. Notwithstanding the splendour about her, the princess was unhappy. She hated the courtiers, she despised their flattery and so accustomed was she to the splendour of her surroundings that she loathed the sight of them. She never exerted herself to do the noble things that a wealthy princess should-how could she, knowing nothing of the sordid realities that beset the lives of others?

One day her flatterers were particularly witty and courteous, which made her more unhappy than usual; so she called the wise man to her and said, "Learned man, I am unhappy; what shall I do?" And the wise man stroked his beard, adjusted his spectacles and gazed at the palm of her hand, uttering mysterious words that no one, not even the wise man himself, understood. He then read in Greek from a voluminous tome, the recipe for happiness; he next observed the stars, and approaching the princess, said, "Gracious madam, fair and lovely princess, I have read in the stars the cause of your unhappiness, and in your hand the cure. You have not enough splendour about you-you pine for greater, more luxuriant splendour." So the people set to work, and pulled down the silver palace and erected one of red gold and filled it with the most precious things in the world, and they held balls and revelries to cheer the princess-but she was more unhappy now than before, besides being very angry with the wise man. Wishing to show him her displeasure, she turned to the fool, who sat cross-legged at her feet and said: "Motley!" "Madam?" he answered. "The wise man is a fool: to whom shall I go for advice?" The fool replied: "Since the wise man hath proved himself a fool, give the fool leave to prove himself a wise man." And the courtiers giggled and threw money to the fool, but the princess frowned and bade them leave her alone with him. "How shall I find happiness, if I cannot

get it through splendour?" she asked.

"O princess," he replied, "splendour is but an empty shell. Splendour goes hand in hand with pride, pride with sloth, and sloth with unhappiness. You have tasted only the sweetened juice of splendour, and have never drunk the deep and bitter draught of sorrow and adversity. One can only enjoy true happiness after knowing the pangs of unhappiness. Go into your great cities, princess, and there you will see happiness being enjoyed to its fullest extent-because it was bought dearly, bought with tears, anguish, pain and sorrow." So the sad princess dried her eyes and went out of the palace, her only attendant being the fool: and they met a little cripple boy, singing for joy because the sun shone, and a man whose little son had died, who thanked God that he still had his daughter to love him. Everyone was happy-everyone but the princess had known sorrow, yet none but she had known splendour, and she alone was unhappy. Now this princess had no sorrows of her own, save courtiers and splendour, but the fool advised her to shoulder some-one else's unhappiness and make others happy. There was as much unhappiness as happiness to be found.

The rest of the story is short. The princess became energetic, turned the courtiers and the wise man from her palace, expended money and sympathy on those who needed it, married the fool and lived happy ever after without fading away from the effects of Splendour, to which, from that day, she became a stranger.

L. BUTLER (*Form Va.*).

Sports and Science, Literary and the Old Vic., Dancing and Hayes, etc., by the VIth Order Compositae.

IN the ASSOCIATION MATCHES we beat Clapton, St. Angela's, and West Ham, but were beaten by Leytonstone, who finally won the Shield.

The Form Net-ball matches were played at the end of last term. Forms VI., L. IV A. and L. IIIB. were the victors.

The new Tennis courts are now in use, and as we have seven courts, more practice is possible, so we hope to rear a team strong enough to win the Essex Cup next year. We have won two Tennis matches so far, but lost our League match to Loughton after a very close contest.

The School Sports were held on 1st July. The weather was adequate. Form VI. won the Senior

Cup, L. IVA. the Middle School Cup, and L.IIIA. the Junior School Cup. Many parents and friends enjoyed watching the races and +20 people had tea.

A number of girls from the Swimming classes are taking the Royal Life-Saving Examinations this September.

The **SCIENCE SOCIETY** has held several meetings since the last issue of the IRIS. On December 17th a party visited the Duroglass Works and saw for themselves how test-tubes are made. On 31st March papers were given on the Gasworks and the Duroglass by B. Speakman and M. Butcher. Our annual primrosing expedition was held on 29th April.

A Science Tea was held on 13th March when about seventy members had tea and played games until 7p.m. A lecture on photography was then given by Miss Beach, who illustrated with lantern slides.

The Bulb Competition and Show were again held during the Easter Term. The exhibits were even finer than those of last year. The winners of the Form prizes were L. IVA. and I., while D. Page won the prize for the best exhibit.

Prizes for the Holiday Competition were awarded to the following for classified collections: M. Fulford (Fresh-water shells), K. Goodwin (Marsh plants), M. Lampen (Flowers of streams and ponds), H. Gaze (Flowers), G. Cordell (Leaves of shrubs and trees).

Since Christmas the **LITERARY SOCIETY** has been extremely busy, and its activities have included a "Parody" meeting (the best fun of which may be found elsewhere), "Five Books," a visit to the Old Vic., the acting of "The Critic," a Magazine Evening, and, above all, the Eisteddfod. This was in aid of the Old Vic., and Mr. Rupert Harvey kindly came to judge. The Forms from L. IVR. upwards competed in Acting, in Recitation, Reading at Sight, Impromptu Speeches and in written work, -essays, poems, literature questions and hand-writing. The Finals were held on 22nd June, and the performances were most entertaining. Form VI. won the acting with a scene from "Julius Caesar," but Vb. were a very close second. In the Junior section L. I VA. were the winners with a scene from "A Winter's Tale." Mr. Higham generously provided prizes for the winning Forms as well as the senior trophy for written work and a good standard in the preliminaries. This went to VA. L. IVA. were the winners in the Junior section.

The total collection for "THE OLD VIC." amounts to £30. Form VI. lead with over £8, while U. IIIA. come next with £3. Among the many ways of raising money, the most profitable were darning stockings and mending umbrellas for Staff, retailing leather bags and purses, guinea-pigs and silk-worms, cleaning bicycles and shoes and sandpapering ink-spots for the opulent. One illustrious member of the Sixth earned 11d. by selling her autograph to others who had thoughts of her future greatness. U, II IA. Gave a thrilling, bloodthirsty performance of "Bulldog Drummond," which would have made even the hardened Sir Gerald tremble. Everyone is now thoroughly fed-up with our plaints for cash, but the thanks of Mr. Harvey have fully rewarded our extortionate efforts.

The School had an opportunity of exhibiting its originality in the DANCING COMPETITION held last term, and took advantage of it. All Forms were equally keen. In the Lower School, the prize went to L. IIID.'s tambourine dance, which was very neat and well finished. Form I's Medicine Dance was original, and L. IIIA.'s "Sunbeams and Shadow's," though not so well finished as L. III.D's dance, was quite a good idea.

UIIIA's Witch Dance won the prize in the Middle School. In the Upper School, P. Soper and M. Donald's "Gavotte" tied with Form VI.'s Net-ball Dance. The Gavotte was very artistic and the technique good. The Net-ball Dance was certainly original. Members of the first team appeared slightly more graceful than on the Net-ball court. We are afraid the losing team failed to show a sporting spirit, as they made a graceful exit with heads lowered and slow steps, while the winning team made a joyful exit. The goal-posts and the umpire were important features of the dance. The goal-posts bent gracefully to receive each ball, while the umpire skipped and arabesqued in perfect time.

We set out for HAYES. It was certainly a gloomy morning, but it needed more than a dull day to damp the spirit of a bus-load of us Sixth Formers. We arrived quite safely and took up our headquarters at the School. It was a charming home, and feeling no longer strangers, the party set out on their first tramp. Hats, gloves and even stockings were left behind and, if a little wild, the party was certainly a happy one.

The week-end was arranged for the benefit of the Matriculation Botany Class, but it was enjoyed by all who went, for the search for flowers led all to the prettiest places, and a meadow served as an excellent field for wonders to refresh weary botanists.

Each day they arrived home tired, hungry, but happy, and had great fun preparing the evening meal. Saturday night, of their superfluous energy, they acted a cinema play. Weird sounds that were anything but music came from the piano, while hero and heroine, villain and villaness, arrayed in pyjamas and nightdresses respectively, proceeded to sort themselves out.

The village itself is small, so small that in our short stay of three days, not only did we know the place, but also the inhabitants, who were equally delightful. They one and all considered it an honour to give shelter to two or more noisy school-girls.

It was with heavy bundles and even heavier hearts that the party set out to walk to Farnborough to catch a bus home.

We were extremely interested in the jolly sketch-book of the WASHINGTON IRVING HIGH SCHOOL. The cover design is very original, and we were amused at the W.I. types drawn by some talented artist. If W.I. girls are like that we should dearly love to peer at them. "Word on Mathematics" interested us very much, and also several poems.

What a "crowd" the Washington Irving High must be! Their 5,800! Even We, the "happy family" as they term us, seem to fall over each other's feet at times.

We hope this will not be the last time for our friends of the W.I.H. to send us their budget.

On Time.

O! TIME that softly, slowly slipp'st by
Unknown, unseen-thou heed'st not our
request
To haste; but like a gipsy lean, cold, sly,
Who wanders forth, nor anywhere finds rest.

So thou, relentless, length'nest all our woes
With slow and measured footsteps pacing on;
While we, fast losing courage, meet our foes,
Until our saddened hearts do find thee gone.

But when with happiness and joyous song
Our hearts are singing, thou upon thy steed,
Because thou know'st we wish the hours long,
Nomad-like fly'st with fast increasing speed.

O Time! if we could order thee at will,
Life would be long-we should be happy still.

N. BLOFIELD (Form V.I)

Births.

BLOFIELD.-On 6th July, 1921, to Mr. and Mrs.

Blofield (Daisy Workman), a son, Peter Kersey.

WOOD.-To Mr. and Mrs. G. Wood (May Bell), a daughter, Barbara.

CHAPPELL.-On 22nd June, 1922, to Mr. and Mrs.

Jack Chappell (Cora Bayne), a son, Herbert Vincent David.

DORDAN-PYKE.-On 8th June, 1920, to Mr. and Mrs. Dordan-Pyke (Zoë Anning), The Laurels, 18, Heathcote Road, Epsom, a daughter, Jeanne Zoë.

SOUTHWELL.-To Mr. and Mrs. Southwell (Miss Wenden), a daughter Laura Wendy.

Marriages.

MARJORIE DUKE to Mr. CHARLES B. Fox, on 10th June, 1922.

ETHEL DANN to Mr. CLIVE NICHOLLS, 27th June, 1922.

KATHLEEN FARRAR to Mr. N.G. PICKEN, 4th May, 1922. Address, Merrow Down, Priest's Lane, Shenfield, Essex.

MADGE GLEAVE to Mr. WILLIAM CAIN, 6th June, 1922.

DOROTHY WINDLE to Mr. D. F. MURMANN, 12th January, 1922.

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

Griggs, Hilda, 19, Rectory Road.

Hickling, Doris, 157, Howard Road.

Hitchman, Doris, 14, Prospect Hill.

Hitchman, Irene, 14, Prospect Hill.

Hitchman, Dorothy, 43, West Avenue Road.

Hitchman, Phyllis, 43, West Avenue Road.

Hitchman, Winifred, 16, Prospect Hill.

Hobson, Bessie, 49, Handsworth Avenue, Higham's Park.

Hodgson, Evelyn, 119, Grove Road.

Hodgson, Hilda, 30, Grove Road.

Honey, Ivy, 30, Salisbury Road.

Hopley, Kathleen, 74, Erskine Road.

Horton, Ivy, 32, St. Mary's Road.

Houchen, Nellie, 43, Barrett Road.

Howe, Vera, 14, Salisbury Road.

Howlett, Bessie, 47, Prospect Hill.

Hunt, Gertie, 42, Cleveland Park Road.

Jenner, Winnie, 11, First Avenue.

Johns, Gladys, 27, The Drive.

Johns, Muriel, 27, The Drive.

Jones, Bessie, 202, Evering Road, Upper Clapton.

Jones, Isabel, 202, Evering Road, Upper Clapton.

Jones, Connie, The Green, Chingford.

Jones, Dorothy, 10, St. James' Street.
Jupp, Mary, 11, Connaught Avenue.
King, Winnie, 148 Palmerston Road
Koller, Isabel, 98 Ainslie Wood Road, South Chingford.
Koller, Kitty, 98 Ainslie Wood Road, South Chingford.
Labdon, Stella, 22, Ulverstone Road.
Lambert, Jessie, 86, Clarendon Road.
Lane, Elsie, 32, Belle Vue Road.
Lane, Hilda, 32, Belle Vue Road.
Levey, Alice, 11, Rutland Park, Cricklewood.
Lewis, Bertha, 30A, The Avenue, Surbiton.
Lewis, Mrs. R. (Kate Day), Thorpe Coombe, Forest Road.
Ling, Mrs. (Emily Briggs), 67, Church Hill.
Litchfield, Miss, Gipsy Hill Training College.
Lucas, Gladys, 49, Elmsdale Road.
Mabe, Edith, 262, Brettenham Eoad.
Mabe, Winifred, 262, Brettenham Road.
Mackenzie, Dorothy, 53, West Avenue.
Marchant, Mrs. E. W. (Elsie Cotching), Walnut Tree Farm, Sturry, nr. Canterbury.
Marshall, Doris, Elmdene, The Green, Chingford.
Martin, Winnie, 45, Prospect Hill.
Mathias, Clarissa, 18, Rectory Road.
Matthews, Winnie, 273, High Street.
Maude, Mrs. F. (May Clarke), East Lodge, Forest Rise.
McLellan, Winnie, 71, Addison Road, Brighton.
Meikle, D., 21, Carisbrook Road.
Montague, Joyce, 188, Beech Hall Road, Higham's Park.
Mudie, Alma, 43, Westbury Road.
Murrmann, Mrs. D. F. (Dorothy Windle), 111A., Prince's Road, Leicester.
Needham, Ethel, 39, Upper Walthamstow Road.
Needham, May, 39, Upper Walthamstow Road.
Needham, Thirza, 39, Upper Walthamstow Road.
Newmarch, Nesta, The High School.
Nicholls, Mrs. G. (Maude Delforce), 37, The Drive.
Nottage, Doris, 62, Erskine Road.
Ogden, Mrs. E. (Alice Wise), St. James' Vicarage, Taunton.
Oliver, Bella, 33, Elphinstone Road.
Owen, Bessie, 15, The Drive.
Oxley, Miss, County High School, Gravesend.
Page, Winnie, 173, Higham Hill Road.
Pearson, Lilian, 4, West Avenue Road.
Penn, Marjorie, The Cottage, Church Hill Road.
Phillips, Clarice, 26, Pendlestone Road.
Phillips, M., 260, Hoe Street.
Philpot, Grace, 116, Beulah Road.

Philpot, Muriel, 116, Beulah Road.
Plumstead, Doris, 126, The Avenue, Higham's Park.
Pollard, Gertrude, Parkmore House, Chestnut Walk, Woodford Green.
Potter, Margaret, 13, Forest Rise.
Potton, Mildred, 146, Palmerstone Road.
Pounder, Gwen, 7, Cavendish Road, Higham's Park
Pracy, Edith, 60 Orford Road
Prtichard, Ella, Kenmare, Prince's Road, Buckhurst Hill.

Norah Blofield was elected Head Girl.
Congratulations to Lucy Rabson on having secured a County Major Scholarship.

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