

## **Walthamstow High School Magazine Head Mistress's Foreword.**

THERE are many times when words are entirely inadequate to express one's thoughts and feelings. The truth of this has been brought home to me very forcibly since I began writing this, my last official communication to IRIS-for it is a difficult, almost impossible, task to tell you what my life and work at Walthamstow have meant to me. It has indeed been my life, for the period before I came to Walthamstow was largely preparation, at School and College, and after I leave my work will be done and I shall spend most of my time in looking at the work of other people.

During the last thirty, four years I have learnt many lessons, and, I hope, passed on to you some truths which I have proved by my own experience. In all that I have said to you I have tried first to be absolutely sincere and then to encourage you to think for yourselves and not to be content with my opinions and still less with conventional ideas and empty phrases, for thought is only vital when it is one's own, and part of one's own life, not when it is passively accepted.

Some of the lessons I have learnt from my work among you girls, parents, staff-are that the things worth striving for are those which are not seen. We have a beautiful building, but the real School is much more enduring and far-reaching than any material habitation. I have learnt that a busy life is a happy one; that no satisfaction is as great as that which comes from a hard task accomplished successfully, and that self-control gives greater happiness than self-indulgence. You have often heard me say that freedom is a better state than slavery, but that it has many obligations, and that the freedom of one must never mean the slavery of another. I have tried to give practical expression to this belief by giving you all the freedom of speech and action consistent with community life.

We have all of us (myself included) had great opportunities, many more opportunities for education and development than our parents, who have made very real sacrifices to give us our chance; therefore, let us see to it that we hand on to the future generations what we have had and more, and that we use what we have gained for the good of all, not only for ourselves.

A conviction which has strengthened as the years have passed is a firm belief in the essential goodness of human nature, whether seen in the individual or in the mass. I have found during my life among you a ready response to appeals to your sense of what is fitting and suitable-your sense of fair play and to your conscience. Sometimes the effect of those appeals has seemed to be transient, and needed frequent repetition, but I have had proofs that the effect has often been permanent, and many girls who have given me much anxiety have turned out to be dependable women doing good work in the world. Since this is my unshakeable belief, I have not used punishment much, nor made many rules, but always taken as my working policy trust and good-will rather than suspicion and fault-finding – and you have justified that policy, and given me a happy life, and made me feel I was your real friend, not your Head or Law-Giver. This being so, though I am now saying Good-bye to you as my pupils and my fellow helpers, I shall still and always think of myself as

Your Friend,

**BLANCHE HEWETT**

### **To the School.**

A MERRY CHRISTMAS and a Happy New Year to all our readers, especially to our Editor, Miss Hewett, who has this time been banished from the Editorial Chair, while Miss Goldwin, the Sub-Editors and the Committee accepted the eulogies she would have rejected. (We know our Miss Hewett.)

Since Miss Hewett is the School, any view of the school must reflect Miss Hewett, so that we have not scrupled to ask "Distinguished Strangers" their impressions of W.H.S. They have proved their distinction by responding generously and in the right spirit to a request which was to say the least of it, journalistic. Virtue is its own reward, but we add our thanks.

There is no need even to thank the life-long friends of the School who have been very happy to set down their thoughts on the occasion of Miss Hewett's leaving us to begin a new career. We are quite sure that whatever she does, either during the next year or two while she is travelling or afterwards, when she settles down, her life will be no mere dalliance with

leisure, but worthy the name of career. (We know our Miss Hewett.)

Her career as our Head Mistress and some of the History of the School reveal themselves in articles by Mr. Higham, Mrs. Reeve and the Rev. H. Dudley Lampen, and these articles, together with Miss Goldwin's and retrospect's by various members of the O.G.A. yield a panoramic view of the School since 1890. We regard the articles from Distinguished Strangers as supplying flashlight comments.

The School continues: the panorama lengthens and to Miss Norris, our new Head Mistress, inheriting IRIS along with the spirit for which we hope IRIS stands, we wish broad, fair, pleasant vistas.

Girls of the Present have contributed voluminously to this issue, particularly Forms V.A and U.IV.B. *Comments on the articles which are not published appear elsewhere.*

We add, with the thought of the eighth IRIS to be issued next July, the names of the Committee. Old Girls are represented by: V.M. Adams (Sub-Editor), (63, Claverton Street, S.W.I; D. Atkins (Secretary O.G.A.), 32, Rectory Road; N. Blofield and D. Goodchild, co-opted for this number. The School is represented by D. D. Forster (Sub-Editor), P Attenborough, E. Brown, E. Burnell and J. Howlett. This time representatives in the various forms have done valuable work in helping to collect material.

Now long life, health and happiness to IRIS (she depends on *you*) and to Miss Hewett (you depended on her) and to the School which Miss Hewett entrusts to us. A good second metaphor, which is permissible as it is a quotation, is reference to that famous Tree, with its roots and branches. "By their fruits ye shall know them."

### **Old Girls' Editorial.**

CHRISTMAS again, and this time a really-double number of IRIS, with a presentation plate that is a portrait, and stories that are history! For the Old Girls this particular double number has the double office of saying "Good-bye" to Miss Hewett as Head Mistress of the School to which she has belonged so long and of welcoming her as a new and distinguished member of the O.G.A., to which she has before only in part belonged.

We introduce ourselves to Miss Norris with the wish that she may find W.H.S. as great a friend as we, in our hundreds, have found Miss Hewett.

Before this is in circulation there will have been the memorable gathering at which the School past and present will show some slight measure of its infinite appreciation of her making of W.H.S., and more, and the goodwill it sends to her new adventures.

The Association meetings are as well attended as ever, a crowd never twice the same, but never wholly different. We wonder what the shades in the old photographs, those young ladies in bell sleeves and small sailor hats, would have said to the spectacle of the Sixth Form representation of night clubs and wholesale suicide by gas stoves in a sensational skit of a "best seller-best shocker" of the station book stall, which we saw at the last.

Customs change, tunics shorten, but girl continueth.

We congratulate K. Hilken on her B.A., H. Hilton on her B.A. (Hons. English) and D. Hitchman on her B.A. (Hons. History). All three have now left Bedford College, Kathleen and Doris to train for teaching and Hettie to train for a business career.

### **School Chronicle.**

THE School Echoes are quite well, thank you, this term-though the thanks are more particularly due to Miss Hewett than to the School. Every Echoe has been as vigorous and as noisy as usual, though with a strangely even *tenour*. (That's very near a pun or "Paronomasia, "as I heard a Sixth Former murmur once.)

There is promise of *soprano* presently, both authorised and otherwise. Songs for the Prize-giving's are heard hourly, and one catches pleasant echoes of "Caller Herrin' " and "The Lotus Flower" among the songs, as well as, occasionally, of marionettes in French and pleasant poesie in English.

The School Parties, with much merry sound and happy dancing (happy even as that of the Wednesday after-school Junior Class), are to take place on Thursday, Friday and Monday, the 13th, 14th and 17th of December.

On Saturday, the 15th, before you read this, Miss Hewett will have received the parting gift of the School-past and present Girls united with past

and present Staff. We hope she will enjoy wearing her diamond pendant. We know that she will think of us, and we hope hard that she will think of herself and buy herself something really lovely with the, cheque which is to be slipped into the leather-bound volume of subscribers' names, printed in the School on vellum.

The School certainly enjoyed the musical half-hours on Thursday afternoons. Miss Jackson deserves much gratitude for her work on those occasions. On one occasion Form VA. Gave a very pleasant little concert, and on November 22<sup>nd</sup>. Mr Bush gave a recital, a more formal occasion involving the reception of two hundred boys from Monoux School and more clapping than the school has so far heard this term.

A First Class, in Botany Honours B.A., and one of the three given by the University of London this year, sounds no mean distinction. The School Echoes congratulated Miss Dennithorne most heartily in its usual way, when Miss Hewett told them how she had achieved this splendid result "by the way," with only three weeks' absence from her school work. Miss Frampton enjoyed her three weeks at W.H.S. and the School enjoyed having her.

This term Miss Brett has been taking Miss Percy's work, and we shall all be sorry to say "Goodbye" to her at Christmas. By January, we hope that Miss Percy will be quite fit once more: the school has sympathised throughout her long and very painful illness. Her address is: 11, Grantham Rd., S.E.9. Her correspondence is enormous.

Matriculation successes which the Echoes heard through the usual mode of congratulation included: P. Bott, C. Knight, O. Morris, and D. Selway, together with Matriculation exemption through Senior Cambridge for the following girls: E. Brown, E. Burnell, M. Fitt, D. Holmes, H. Parsons, B. Speakman and P. Wintersgill.

School Prefects this year are: P. Attenborough, E. Lampen, W. Taylor, G. Cordell, W. Barnes (Form VI.); E. Hatch, E. Woodford (VA.); D. Foster, L. White (Vx); M. Mosby, D. Page (VB.); M. Rabson, M. Shipway (D. IVA.); L. Denny, A. Lucas (C. IVB.); V. Bradley, V. Thornton (L. IVA.); F. Bennell, C. Taylor (L. 1VB.); D. Ling, E. Jones (U. IIIA.); N. Clapp, V. Stevens (U. IIIB.); M. French, L. Howlett (L. IIIA.); J. Reading, D. Wager (L. IIIB.); S. Hiner, R. Main (II.).

The Echoes report that Miss Hewett is busy learning Italian for use in her travels; they don't understand very much but they understand that when the girls are good, which they occasionally are, there is a near relation between School and *Il Paradiso* (Dante teaches everybody so much Italian), but when the girls are naughty, which they seldom are, their Head is heard to murmur "Non e piacevole."

We welcome the new Head, Miss Norris, formerly Classical Mistress at the Godolphin and Latymer School, Hammersmith, and hope she will be very happy within these walls. To Miss Hewett-goodbye for the present, and for the future our love and loyalty.

### **The Fire.**

THERE is magic in the fire,  
Magic there, to all entrancing,  
On the glowing coals are dancing  
Demons red with horses prancing,  
Demons dancing in the fire,  
Dancing in the yellow flames,  
Stumbling, tumbling, up they ride,  
Rising with the smoke they glide.

### **Catherine McDowall (Form VI.)**

#### **An Appreciation.**

"Go home content, the evening falls,

Day's tired sinews are unbent;  
No more the thrush or linnnet calls,  
The twilight fades, go home content."

"Father, the field is but half-turned,  
And yet the spring is well-nigh spent."

"My son, the hour of rest is earned,  
The day's work done, go home content."

IT is inevitable that a life spent in the service of a great school should be the subject of consideration and thought. We cannot help examining such a life to try to find out the secret of its success or failure and the source of its wellness or power.

Walthamstow was so fortunate as to secure at the birth of its Girls' School a lady who has presided over its destinies for more than thirty years, who has devoted a lifetime to the changing generations of girls, and who leaves the School established as one of the great secondary Girls' Schools of England. A headship ranging over thirty-four years and marked throughout by growing success is certainly one that should receive careful study.

I venture to place first the fact that Miss Hewett has herself grown with the growing fortunes of her School. She has watched with unflinching interest the development of her girls and of the School. Some of us have seen with wonder and delight the development of Miss Hewett herself. This is as it should be... really great character fills the new situation and rises to the fresh opportunity.

With the change to a new site, the absorption of girls in considerable numbers from another school, and the consequent increase of the Staff, a new and vast problem, requiring delicate and yet firm handling, had to be met. I think all must feel that Miss Hewett met it with ease. Her growing School did not find a mistress at a standstill, but one who grew with the School and showed new and great capacity with a fresh and more responsible task.

The second remark I should like to make is that a very great asset to this School has been the robust and cheerful good sense and kindly toleration of Miss Hewett. To a mere man, girls seem strange creatures, with wilful ways, curious turns of thought, a strange mingling of timidity with daring and fickleness with steadfastness. How anyone controls four hundred and thirty girls I do not know. I should faint with terror if I had the task committed to me. But I have watched with amazement the large-hearted, large-minded way, the tolerant and kindly eye with which Miss Hewett looks out on this little kingdom, and understands all and governs all. This power reveals a great quality. The School has been fortunate indeed to have such a Chief. Those who chose the young mistress thirty years or more ago, little knew the generous mind and heart of the one to whom they committed the fortunes of their School. Miss Hewett will never speak to me again, if I write more, yet I dare not omit

from the many characteristics I might select one of supreme importance.

It is extraordinarily difficult to describe a religiously disposed person; to say what anyone must do or be to be so termed. I am not seeking a definition. But I feel at once that in Miss Hewett we have had the great blessing of one, not only in fullest sympathy with that side of a girl's life, but one who herself values and deeply values religion. Miss Hewett has never spoken to me on spiritual things. But I know they lie as cherished treasures of faith and thought in her heart. No one could have had the honour of your Head's friendship for sixteen years without recognising that Miss Hewett has sought instantly and in all possible and permitted ways the moral and religious welfare of her girls. To her the girls have not been simply mere mind and body, but she has recognised that higher thing within them wherein God may dwell.

Schools are made or destroyed by their Heads. Walthamstow Girls' High School has been fortunate indeed that its course and character during its formative period have been shaped by a lady of such tenderness and firmness as Miss Hewett. We part with her with gratitude for a life given to the highest interests of our daughter.

#### **H. D. LAMPEN.**

*[The Rev. H. Dudley Lampen, M.A., Rural Dean of Walthamstow, is Chairman of the Secondary Schools' Sub-Committee of the Walthamstow, Higher Education Committee.]*

#### **From Old Friends.**

##### **I.**

MANY years ago the late Mr. William Whittingham asked me and others to help him with a scheme to start a Girls' School in Walthamstow, and we selected Miss Hewett as its first Head Mistress. Ever since then she has admirably filled the position, and Walthamstow, and especially all High School girls, both past and, present, have much to be grateful for that our choice was such a happy one.

I have heard her described by one of the girls as the Mother of the School and, indeed, no greater tribute could be paid her.

As a member of the Governing Body since the beginning, I know the

personal interest she has always taken in each scholar.

We are all very proud that under her able guidance the School has grown to its present dimensions and compares favourably with any Secondary School in the country.

It will be hard to think of Walthamstow High School without Miss Hewett. When she retires she will take with her the affectionate gratitude of us all, and we know she will always have kindly thoughts of the School for which she laboured so long with such splendid results.

### **JOHN HIGHAM.**

*(We introduce Mr. Higham, C.C., to all the new girls as the oldest School friend, as a constant benefactor in all sorts of pleasant ways of which he wishes no mention to be made, as an Essex County Councillor and as the Chairman of the Higher Education Committee).*

### **II.**

THE High School has reached the fourth great event in its history. After its inauguration, it was like the happy countries with no history, at least to us parents, until it attained its majority.

Then was given the famous party when all the Old Girls who could possibly attend, for they were now mothers of families, school mistresses, secretaries, dispensers, etc., returned to the old School in as near a reproduction of their former dress and appearance as they could manage.

Never was there such a successful party and those who were there will remember it all their lives.

Then came the removal to the fine new buildings, and pleasure this time was mixed with regret, for the girls had had great times in the old house and to the older ones specially, it was a bit of a wrench to leave it. And now the fourth event draws near and all the girls, both past and present, feel that it is a sorrowful one. But it is not only the girls who feel acutely Miss Hewett's retirement, their parents who have such cause to be grateful to her for all she has done for their children feel with them that a chapter of their lives has been read to the last sentence and whatever of interest and happiness may be

in the succeeding chapters one of the principal characters in the book has definitely disappeared. There is for the present girls, however, the consolation that she has become a part of their lives. For over thirty years I have known the School and have watched its development with the greatest interest. I heard the talks when the first Head Mistress was appointed—"Too young" was the general verdict. But wisdom is justified of her children and looking back we can see how wise was the choice. For the wine though new was good and became better and stronger as the years gave experience and Head Mistress and School grew together. She is as young as ever, her character has never crystallised and it will go on growing till the end.

It was a splendid chance for Walthamstow that such a woman was there to be chosen.

Well, she has made the School and it is now, as I prophesied long ago, one of the finest schools in England. And now let me try if possible to explain why we parents so much appreciate Miss Hewett. We felt that our girls were in the hands of a wise strong woman. I have known a very great number of teachers, both men and women, and have generally found them enthusiasts for their calling, so much so that some are inclined to belittle other walks of life, the result being in girls' schools that far too many desire to enter the teaching profession; this is not so marked as it used to be.

With our Head Mistress it was very different, she looked out upon the world with a broad mind and in a sympathetic spirit and each girl felt that whatever it was she had chosen to take up Miss Hewett was interested.

The literature and scripture classes, which Miss Hewett herself took, were a wonderful privilege to the girls who passed through them. The encouragement to think out difficult points themselves, the free discussion, the sympathetic help given were wonderfully enlightening and developing. Hardly a girl could have left without a broadened outlook and a livelier sense of the wonder of the world.

The influence for good which Miss Hewett has had and will have upon the homes of Walthamstow cannot be reckoned up and she can have the happiness of knowing that it does not end with her life but continues to future generations.

*(Mrs. Reeve was for many years a member of the Higher Education Committee and Kathleen, the eldest of her four daughters, all of W.H.S., was for several years a very valuable Secretary to the O.G.A.)*

### **The History of our School.**

IT was, I learn from some extraordinarily interesting old records into which I have been diving, largely due to the foresight and encouragement of Mr. William Whittingham, that some of the most public-spirited people in Walthamstow put their heads together in 1889 and gave unstintingly of their time, money and experience to meet what was felt to be a great want-the provision of Secondary Education for the girls of the district. As a result of their efforts, in January, 1890, Miss Hewett, with two mistresses and about fifty girls, began work in the Sunday School attached to Trinity Congregational Church.

The School grew so rapidly that in a few months it was necessary to seek fresh quarters, and Church Hill House, now the home of the Y.M.C.A., with its charming garden and delightful rooms, was secured. Many will remember with keen pleasure the time (before the day of net-ball) when the lawn *was* a lawn, when the mulberry tree was a real joy, and the shady walks were fringed with freely-flowering rhododendrons and other shrubs.

The School in the early days did gallant pioneer work in Essex, and from the very first bore the impress of the vigorous personality of its Head Mistress, who contrived to implant in both staff and girls some measure of her own enthusiasm and love for the open spaces and the hill tops of life. Miss Hewett herself said at the Prize-giving in 1901, "We strive in the School to develop character and intelligence-to send out girls who are ready to do their duty cheerfully and intelligently in whatever position they may be placed-to enable them to become reliable women with wide interests, with cultivated and open minds, always ready and able to learn. Moreover, we wish our girls to acquire the power of seeing two sides to every question." These aims she sought to realise by encouraging activities in all directions. As early as 1892 fortnightly working meetings held in the evenings were attended by the Senior Girls and some old pupils, and a Sale of Work was held in July in aid of the local hospital. This proved a great success, and a Bazaar was held every

year until 1913, and did much to keep the Old Girls in touch with the School. In 1894 a library was started-again the Old Girls helped by giving a concert-and in the same year an Exhibition of all kinds of work, cooking, drawing, needlework, and collections of wild flowers, aroused much interest among both past and present pupils.

For twelve years, the School was entirely self-supporting except for the generous help both in service and in gifts of the members of the members of the Governing Body: Mr. William Whittingham, Dr. Wise, Dr. St. Clair Shadwell, Mr Gilbert Houghton, Mr Higham and a great many others. In 1902, when the Education Act, making the County Councils responsible for Secondary Education, was passed, the Essex County Council gave a grant, which was used for the making and equipping of the Science Laboratory. Inspectors, sometimes singly, sometimes in groups of three or even five, haunted us for many days, and before the end of the year, we were recognised by the Board of Education as a School of Secondary Education and declared to be suitable for the highest grant given by the Board! Three years later, Professor Sadler, who, at the request of the County Council was making a survey of Higher Education in Essex, spent a week with us, a week made memorable by the charming personality and the wide sympathetic outlook of our visitor. The material outcome of this visit was a small grant from the Essex County Council every year until 1911, when the Governing Body handed over the entire control of the School to the County Council. Meanwhile a site had been secured, and plans set on foot for the building of a school to hold at least three hundred girls.

During the last years in the old house, when the numbers had outgrown the accommodation and when only absolutely necessary repairs were done, there were many discomforts and the work was, to some extent, hampered. Boots were put on in the Class-rooms because there was barely standing room in the Cloak-rooms in the winter afternoons, many of the Second Form's lessons had perforce to be oral because there was no means of lighting their room, and we often went from that room with skirts scorched because the only possible place for the mistress was right in front and almost on top of the fire, to the Science Room where the thermometer often registered several degrees below forty. But these are not the memories conjured up by the thought of the Old School- We think of sunshine and birch trees seen through the rounded

windows of the Fifth Form room of gay working parties on the front lawn-of bazaars, concerts, plays and tableaux in which all the girls and Old Girls and many Monoux School boys helped on Saturdays just before Christmas when we decorated the rooms with Chinese lanterns and holly chains-of the happy parties early in the following week-of Miss Hewett playing musical chairs with the babies and dancing with the smallest boys, very proud and solemn-of Old Girls' Socials and Whist Drives-and always-good temper, happiness and friendliness.

It is no wonder many of us left the old house with regret, though we realised that more room was needed, that the equipment was inadequate and that the new School, the building of which had been watched with eager interest by all at Church Hill House, offered alike possibilities of an extended curriculum, and opportunities for the girls quite impossible under the old conditions. In September, 1913, two hundred and forty-three girls from the Old High School and from the Technical Institute began work in the new comfortable and spacious quarters. As in the early years numbers grew rapidly, and for a year or so the Preparatory and First Forms lived in a house opposite, while the two large downstairs rooms were being built for them. One by one we have acquired possessions which add to our comfort, dignity and happiness-the beautiful South window in the Hall, two full-sized net-ball courts, pictures, silver cups, a gramophone, four grass tennis courts, a lantern, a grand piano and, a few weeks ago, a most magnificent antique chair presented by Mr. Higham. We hope someday to have a Botany Laboratory, Geography Room and a Gymnasium.

But since the real history of a school is not the story of bricks and mortar, but of a living, growing organism, I cannot end without trying to express a little, a very little of what Miss Hewett, its builder and leader for thirty-four years, has meant to those of us who have had the privilege of working with and under her. Her breadth of outlook; her far-seeing policy; her readiness to investigate and try a new plan, while refusing to reject the old merely because it is old; her deep rooted dislike and distrust of the personal appeal; her deliberate suspension of judgment until all available facts have been ascertained; her very real belief in the goodness of Human nature and held power of finding and using the best in all with whom she comes in contact; her kindly interest in all; her sympathetic insight into the difficulties of the

individual; the ungrudging way in which she has always given up leisure time and comfort in order to help, and, above all, that spark of genius which vitalises all she touches, have been a revelation and an inspiration to me and to many hundreds of pupils and mistresses, and have made a powerful entity of the School, Past, Present and-I add with every confidence-To Come.

#### **M. B. GOLDWIN.**

##### **Who Remembers-**

THE newts that crept up the back-stairs to Mrs. Finney's bedroom?  
The multi-coloured hair-ribbons on the Fourth Form heads?  
The arrival of the First Games Mistress?  
The coming of the first Inspector?  
Pink holly leaves?  
Ices after swimming?  
Learning to waltz in long lines down Rooms V. and III. ? (Old Style).  
Hunting for desks after the Bazaar?  
Some folk do.

##### **Who Knows**

THAT a certain monkey was named Eustace Clarence?  
That he was re-christened Pongo?  
Which girl in L. IVE. improved the slang in "a *splendid* pencil" by substituting "twopenny"?  
The difference between 'love' and 'like'?  
Who dared to say the formula for water is 2LO ?  
Who entered just as VB. Read "The Queen and all her elves come here anon"--?  
Who enquired, on being told that respiration of plants is a process of slow combustion, "What about Moses and the burning bush"--?  
What the Sixth Form do on the last day?  
What income might be raised if the Fifths fined every mistress one penny for each mention of Cambridge?

**"Someone has said it before."**

I HAVE always aspired to build up a verse;  
    Something original, new.  
The attempts that I made were bad and grew worse:  
    (I cannot describe them to you),  
    I did nothing but think,  
Used up bottles of ink,  
And my fingers were stained a bright blue.

I wrote all the day,  
    I wrote all the night,  
I wrote 'till my wrist grew quite sore;  
    Then I would murmur :-"The idea is bright,  
"But-someone has said it before!"  
That phrase has become an obsession with me,  
    I can't get it out of my mind.  
Either Wordsworth, or Shelley, or Milton, you see,  
    Has said it before me, I find.  
    The verses I write  
    All sound quite all right,  
\*But some great man wrote the same kind.

**L'ENVOI**

Dear readers and friends  
(Even that is not new),  
I write verse and sonnets galore:  
I don't mean to copy, please give me my due,  
But-someone has said them before!  
\*But of course, very much better

**EVA MAURICE (L.IVa)**

**A Limerick.**

THERE were thirty young ladies in green,  
Whose blouses were spotlessly clean,  
    Because of their sport  
    Their tunics were short,  
Which was shocking for girls of sixteen.

**A Dream.**

*(Following a visit to a lecture on Egypt and the Nile, and a day at School.)*

ONE of the Pharaohs was reclining on his silken bed, suffering from a cold in the head and a rather unnecessary amount of liquor absorbed the night before; his majesty was also slightly delirious. It must be mentioned that Egypt was attacked by a plague of frogs at that time. Pharaoh's long-suffering queen sat beside him, trying hard not to laugh. "I think m'dear," he said, "that you might tell those people to stop talking." "Talking, they're always talking," she replied, "they are not people but frogs."

"Frogs! Yes, I had one in my shaving water this morning; I have hanged, drawn and quartered it. You will patch it up with the High Priest, m'dear, won't you? as the little pests are sacred. Unfortunately we haven't a Moses or a Pied Piper to take them away, as one of my grandfathers had."

Talking sense for two minutes was too much for his majesty's *sang froid*; he began to rave. "I shan't pass the Cambridge, I know that; it's no good telling me so every day. I never put the equals under the equals. Is Paris the capital of Finland, or Italy? the future of 'etre' is 'aurai' ; don't tell me it isn't. Will you go out?" (he addressed this question to an impertinent frog which had become entangled in his hair) "M'dear, this room is full of frogs in green tunics and white blouses."

"Hush," said the queen to a Minister of State who had just arrived, "he has the gift of prophecy," "Now, my frogs," continued Pharaoh, "Will you put the boom up to number twenty? we will have somersaults. Number off in one's



and two's over the left shoulder; now write down all the key signatures you have never heard of. Trunk forward-bend, dismiss! Aha! I see the devil dancing the Blues; how well he does it, m'dear! Move out of the way, I can't see his partner; in fact, I can see two of everything; perhaps it is something to do with the 'Law of Multiple Proportions.' Give me my slippers, the frog carpet is cold. Will you come for a walk to Tipperary, m'dear? I have heard that it is a long way, but I never take any notice of rumours."

**GWEN MILES (Vx).**

**Fruits of Gossip.** (*With Apologies to Matthew' Arnold.*)

So in the cheerless cloak-room we were locked;  
Due to ourselves alone the woeful fact:  
For, as old women gossip at their doors  
O'er births and deaths and nuptials, great events;  
And in so doing heed not flying time,  
And their domestic duties leave undone,  
So we discussed the match of yesterday  
With joyous hearts and e'en a little grief  
Joy for the Heroines, our victorious Team,  
Grief for their lesser sisters, vanquished Second:  
Until one came, the Keeper of the Door,  
And said, "Ye girls, disperse unto your Form-rooms";  
But as on tennis-courts, long summer evenings,  
A Voice bids us return and do our homework;  
And we, employed in more congenial pleasures,  
Heed not the voice, but next day wish we had,  
So did we hear the voice, but heeded not  
Until the door was shut, and we, like chickens,  
Cooped in the musty cloak-room; there, an hour  
We sat forlorn, forgotten: and with yearning,  
As some poor prisoner, locked in dreary dungeon,  
Hears measured tramp, e'er sounding faint and fainter,

And knows it for the march of happier comrades  
Returning home; and he longs to be with them-  
So did we hear our classmate's steps receding,  
Going to the Hall of Prayer, and soon returning;  
And we wished to do likewise, yet we could not.  
Thus through the long and weary hour we waited  
Shivering; and knowing it just retribution.  
At last came one who said we'd been forgotten,  
And to our great delight and gratitude  
She let us out, and loudly we did thank her.

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So, greatly chilled, we passed unto our Form-Rooms.

**LILY RANN (Form Va)**

**Magic: An Impression.**

I STOOD by the sea-shore, at the mouth of a large cave, listening to the booming echo of the breakers as they flung themselves against the cliff below. What was it in that sound which caused dreams slowly but surely to form in my mind? It was magic, strange magic.

I walked slowly along the yellow sand deep in thought and dreaming. Absent-mindedly I stooped and picked up a shell, peculiarly shaped, with twists and turns. Beautiful it was, though so small and colourless, and when I held it to my ear, I heard in it the sound of a distant waterfall. Surely this was all magic, wonderful magic.

The year wore on and Autumn came with its harvests of golden corn and purple grapes; its forests of tall trees and bracken clothed in red. I lay under a tree upon a thick carpet of Autumn leaves on the outskirts of a forest. Through the trees the red beams of the setting sun shed a ray of golden glory upon the scene. I looked at the radiant sky in the West and wondered. Was it all magic? It must be; Nature's beautiful magic.

**DOROTHY FOSTER (Form Vx)**

### "Distinguished Strangers."

(a) Mr. FRANK BUSH who wrote when his ears must still have been deafened by the applause of W.H.S. and the Monoux.

(b) Captain CUNINGHAME who wrote from Victoria College, Bath, which has as its motto "*Age quod agis.*"

(c) Mr. RUPERT HARVEY who wrote from Bristol's Little Theatre which he is inaugurating and from the midst of "Troilus and Cressida" in which he was acting at "The Old Vic."

(d) Mlle. LATOUR who delighted us with her "Causeries-Recitals."

(e) Miss MORICE who wrote from 144, Woodford Wells.

(j) Major SIMPSON who met the Sixth in Paris.

(a) I HAVE been asked by the Editor to write a few words on my remembrances of November 22nd.

Naturally they are somewhat mixed, as the sensations which one experiences when standing up, or rather I should say, sitting down, in front of an audience, could be best compared, I should think, to those of the early Christians thrown defenceless into the Arena.

Nevertheless, the clearest thought that I brought away with me that afternoon, was how much I had enjoyed myself! And human nature being constituted as it is at present, we all have a great desire to repeat an experience which proved enjoyable, and so I hope that I shall be permitted to come down again at some future date, and once more to fire off some music to one of the most delightful audiences before whom it can have been the good fortune of a pianist to play.

#### FRANK BUSH.

(b) I came, I saw, and I was conquered, by the graciousness of the Headmistress, the kindness of the Staff, and the enthusiasm of the Girls. That evening in November of last year is among my pleasantest recollections. May the School flourish!

#### ALEX. W. CUNINGHAME.

### CERTAIN REMINISCENCES.

(c) NOT so very long ago I was asked to adjudicate at the School in the matter of some elocution and acting, and I said I would do so. Amongst other things in the letter of instructions on "how to get there" was the information that a body-guard would meet me at the station and convoy me to the School.

And the prospect of being convoyed by a body-guard of school girls filled me with vague forebodings. I thought "They'd giggle-they'd fidget-they'd burble about how *kind* it is of me to come. "Still, I went, and arrived too soon at the station through having misunderstood a porter at Liverpool Street. So I strolled up and down the approach to the station and gloomily awaited the oncoming of the body-guard.

Three minutes before the train by which I should have arrived was due, an unconcerned procession of four arrived.

They didn't giggle. They did not shuffle their feet. Nor did they burble.

They just took me over in the nicest way in the world and made me feel at home and entirely comfortable. In due course we arrived at the School and to my unutterable joy, the windows were *not* decorated with patches of mist surmounted by eyes. Nobody seemed to be in the least disturbed by the fact that a real live actor was amongst them. The atmosphere was one of jovial sanity, and keen interest in what was being done by each individual soul.

THEN, I was presented to the Head, and the reason for this joyous comfort was immediately and aboundingly made clear.

The Head *was* the head, and the various members of the School quite obviously trusted their Head as the members of my body trust my head.

The Head and I talked a little and then she took me round the School. Everywhere the same thing-jollity- happiness-trust.

After an enormous tea-who says English girls can't eat?-the elocutionists duly functioned and did it very well indeed.

Then I came away sharing the feelings of the Head Girl who was leaving. I didn't want to, either.

#### RUPERT HARVEY.

(d) *ON* doit bien connaître et aussi bien apprécier le Français à la W.H.S. *J'y trouve toujours un auditoire si attentif, si sage, un auditoire qui écoute avec intérêt et sait rire à la bonne place! Aussi est-ce toujours avec le plus grand plaisir que je viens y donner des "Causeries-Recitals."*

**GABRIELLE LATOUR.**

### COMPLIMENTS.

(e) COMPLIMENTS are pleasant things. Miss Forster can reason excellently but it was a compliment that finally made me snatch up pencil and paper and scribble fiercely and untidily. For if I had really been a Distinguished Visitor my subject was close at hand.

I think it must have been the coldest and dreariest of January days when I toiled up Church Hill for the first time and stole timidly into the gates of Walthamstow County High School. The sight of so large and beautiful a building made me quail; the sight (and sound) of four hundred and twenty girls made me long for something to hold on to - a friendly hand, or a radiator, or even a ruler. But worse was to come. After prayers, Miss Hewett concentrated the gaze of the four hundred and twenty eyes upon *me* by a few well-chosen words of introduction.

The moment passed, the whole day passed. Seven weeks had gone, and all I had of Walthamstow was a memory of riotous living-English and Latin lessons with the Sixth, strange and exciting skirmishes with VB., nominally mixed up with alarm-clocks and commas. I also seemed to have in my possession a small form which I have always called (privately) The Thirty-Five.

And now let me disclose the fear that blanched my cheeks and enfeebled my walk when first I entered the gates of Walthamstow. It was nothing less than a firm-rooted conviction that all High School girls are supercilious; I had visions of my saying to the Sixth in meek tones: "I suppose you've heard of Matthew Arnold," and they replying in accents of withering scorn, "Rather an inferior poet, don't you think? We glanced at him in the Third."

I was wrong. The High School Girl may be supercilious, but certainly not

the High School Girls at Walthamstow. They laughed at my feeblest jokes, they listened to me when I expounded on William Morris and even read him, though we know that a poet has no honour in his own country. Even the Third retained a respect for me though I could not spell, and concluded that I probably had a vast knowledge of birds' eggs and other miscellaneous subjects. Of course the real burden of a High School Mistress is the insatiable curiosity of the High School Girls and not their superciliousness.

But time (and my pencil) is wearing out. It was a great seven weeks and it was seven because that is a holy number and works enchantment, and though I've only mentioned Miss Hewett's name once, of course she and the School are one and jointly responsible for the friendliness and the curiosity. (Dear me! how many times did I say I was Oxford? But it was the Boat Race Term). I was a stranger but now I am a Distinguished Visitor (or so the English Mistress says) and it is nice to feel that one has once been even a small part of Walthamstow.

Dear Walthamstow !

**CICELY M. MORICE.**

(j) HULLO! Is this a girls' boarding-school I have tumbled into by mistake? No, it's my new hotel right enough, but I am sure these are English girls, and jolly nice-looking ones too. But what are they all doing here, such a lot of them together?

(I must explain here that these thrilling questions flashed through the puzzled brain of a sedate old globe-trotter on his return home via Paris.)

I was not long in satisfying my curiosity and finding out what a lucky dog I was to have been plumped down amid a bevy of most interesting young girls from the famed High School of Walthamstow. Their governesses I found were so delightfully sensible and kind-hearted that during the next few days they allowed me to join in some of their school "stunts." I was treated too in such a friendly way that I did not feel I was a mere interloper, but more as if I had been given a temporary roving commission as a sort of Deputy-Assistant-Pupil-Teacher, paying no fees, and getting no salary but regular instalments of most thorough enjoyment.

My pleasure therefore in renewing my acquaintance with Versailles, Notre Dame, etc., was increased immensely by the intelligent interest shown by my

newly found school-fellows as well as their keen enjoyment and natural cheeriness. Alas! these joyous days were all too few, but-listen to this:

I've searched the wide world high and low  
From John o'Groats to Tokyo,,  
But of the nice young girls I know  
The best-trained come from *Walthamstow!*

**"GRANNY LONGLEGS."**

### **To Fancy**

O FANCY, thou art come with pleasing wiles  
To lure me to thy sylvan haunts, and there  
With all thy guileful charms and magic fair  
To conjure forth strange phantoms with thy smiles.  
Thy wondrous art so much my heart beguiles  
That, seeming in a trance, I am aware  
Of elfin music in the charmed air;  
While mist-like spirits pass in shadowy files.  
Dream-creatures all, and of a shape and light  
To give the lie to reason; yet for me  
They fill the senses with a rare delight.  
Till, waking, from my soul's enchantment free  
I put thy happy fantasies to flight,  
Thou child of pleasure and of mystery,

**EDITH BURNELL (Form VI.)**

### **Saint Francis and the Birds.**

SAINT FRANCIS in the greenwood stood  
And listened to the whistling birds:  
He thought of Man, and its sinful World,  
While he strove to make it good.

He saw the little Bluetit swing  
Up-side-down, and now on the wing;  
A sparrow with hungry fledglings three,  
Awaiting her mate to return from the lea.

Saint Francis lifted his hands and spoke,  
And the birds at once stopped their shrill note;  
They gathered around to hear him speak,  
And not one bird opened his beak.

He prayed that the World might be like the birds,  
To listen, and to believe in his words;  
And so they flew back to sing once again  
Of Him who had made them, to praise His Name.

**DORIS KOLLER (Form U.IVb.).**

### **Ancient History.**

As one of the "really old" Old Girls I have been prevailed upon to write a little about the beginning of the School.

It started in Trinity Sunday School, in West Avenue, There were, I think, about forty of us at the entrance examination. We all met in one class-room for two papers, one for those over twelve and one for those under twelve. During that first day we went one at a time to Miss Hewett's room, probably to read. The book I read from was *Water Babies*, which I came to know well afterwards as, during needlework, for which the whole school met, we listened to many a pleasant reading from that self-same book.

I was put into a form called IA. There was also IB and II. was higher, I think, but being then very young, I do not remember exactly. We soon grew to a Third.

We had no playground and had to spend our recreation time in the central hall, where a general amusement was skipping (I remember a good long rope

and a string of girls doing "follow-my-leader," which was the favourite, but there were a few girls who were wonders at "double-dutch"). Another wildly exciting pastime was jumping over the backs of several chairs, one behind the other.

Lessons were not so very different from what they are now, but we had no organised games or dancing, only a little drilling from one of the form mistresses, Even when we moved to our own building at Church Hill House (now the Y.M.C.A.) and had the garden to play in (and woe betide the girl who screamed), there were still no organised games until much later.

This is such ancient history that even Miss Goldwin knows nothing about it. She did not come till after I had become an Old Girl. But of course there was always Miss Hewett. I don't think I was particularly brazen, but I never felt any terrible awe of Miss Hewett, perhaps because my misdemeanours were never of a sufficiently dreadful nature to send me to her, but I can well imagine she might be very awe-inspiring on such occasions.

At school she was to me always a most approachable Head Mistress, and since I left school a very great friend. Long may she continue to be so.

#### **ONE OF THE ORIGINAL FORTY.**

#### **Prize-Givings I Have Known**

(a) **PRIZE-GIVINGS I HAVE KNOWN**-they make a composite memory, with many odd trivial details and a general atmosphere of great and important events. There was the morning rehearsal in the big bare baths-the red stuff on the seats, the table that was going to hold prizes; the careful placing for singing and practice in extricating oneself from a long line of legs if one was to perform or claim a long-to-be-treasured book stamped with the school name. Then the night brought the romantic joy of a four-wheeler, the ecstatic scrunch of the wheels along dark roads, with perhaps a stop to "call for" a neighbour. All this time you were carefully wrapped up in a protective sheath of shawls and riding-hood cloak and clutching tightly your precious shoes. Then came the lights and the doors and the stewards who lured off your parents to a seat while you kept half an anxious eye upon them to see that your friend at court

did well, and then retired to shed your wrappings and emerge in the short white frock and long black legs of Prize-giving (Old Style). Then came programme and flutter and speeches and prizes and applause and programme. And so at last to bed and dreams of Christmas and the gorgeous hoods of the mistresses' gowns and whether the boys' could be half so good even, whatever brothers and parents said.

#### **V. M. ADAMS.**

(b) **ONE OF MY FIRST MEMORIES OF A SCHOOL PRIZE-GIVING** is that of the rehearsal in the morning at the Baths. This was a solemn occasion which tended to become lively, for you cannot expect the empty hall to have in the morning the same awe,-inspiring effect on tunic-ed girls as the full hall will have in the evening. For those who were in the evening to receive prizes there was a special ordeal in the morning. Each one had to pass publicly across the platform, and receive a scroll of paper from Miss Hewett-and woe betide the prize-winner who skimped her bow and hurried off! It was an occasion on which one always felt quite unnecessarily foolish. What victim does not remember how big the empty hall seemed to grow, how the platform seemed to lengthen, and all eyes turn on one in a critical stare? And what a temptation it was to run the last little bit!

The Prize-giving itself was a great event. There was something quite awe-inspiring in sitting on the platform in a white frock, with long white gloves on, facing what seemed a huge crowd of parents and friends. I well remember the excitement when, shepherded by Miss Smyth, we of the First Form awaited the solemn moment when we should come on the platform to dance. I think this must have been at my first Prizegiving, and what the dance was I do not remember, except that we skipped about in short white frocks and had bells round our wrists and ankles. I also have a vivid recollection of the deep impression made by Miss Hewett's cap and gown the first time I ever saw her in them.

After the spaciousness of the Baths the first Prize-giving in the new buildings seemed very strange. It seemed at first unlike a Prize-giving to be in tunics; but although we were no longer in white, and the long gloves were a thing of the past, we soon found that there was the same thrill as ever. After

all, the Hall was really our very own, which the Baths had never been, and we were therefore quite ready to sit squeezed on boot-lockers below the platform.

I have said no word of Prize-giving speeches; but speeches there always were, and I suppose always will be. My experience has been that we have had some very good speakers, and to prove that I have not forgotten all they said, let me say at once that at one of my first Prizegivings Dr. Mary Scharlieb said that all boys and girls should learn to swim. I also remember more than once the time-honoured reference to the mass of girls who doubtless deserved prizes, even though they did not get them.

A common factor in all Prize-givings that I can remember has been that desire to linger after it is all over: to see the thing out to the very last; to watch the lights turned out one by one and to bid "farewell" to the building only when it has once more become deserted. For on Prize-giving night, when the noisy crush of people has gone, past and present mingle in a very special way, and even the new, red buildings have their phantoms-spirits not merely of the past, but of the days which are yet to be.

#### **D. J. HITCHMAN.**

MY FIRST PRIZE-GIVING-and my last: the difference between them illustrates the development of the School during eight years. In the old days we prepared for the prize-giving as though we were going to a party; now the School approaches it more like a regiment going on parade.

I remember the strict injunctions that we should all appear in purest white, while some hearts were rent by the forbidding of jewellery and flowers, real or artificial. I remember the awe with which I-a-ten-yearold-regarded the toilettes of lofty seventeen or eighteen and how a dignified Sixth-former once swept from her seat to recite in a skirt that trailed the ground. Not thus would a modern attempt to achieve distinction, and woe betide the misguided parent who would now endeavour to curl her offspring's hair. Yet such deeds were committed in those far-off days. At my last prize-giving the pleats of our tunics and the length of our stockings were our only vanities; and the wearer of a blouse that deviated from the most rigid severity struck us with a wordless horror.

I remember too the morning rehearsal in the empty Baths Hall, when we

all found our places on the rickety tiers of seats, and the prize-winners received imaginary prizes with practised bobs and thanks, the hasty being sternly reproved for snatching. And then in the evening how we watched the backs of well-intentioned gentlemen who held forth to our parents, while we heard never a word, remembering-or not remembering-that we were "not to fidget." I think it was at my first prize-giving that Prof. Sadler distributed the prizes; Miss Hewett informing us at prayers that he would speak for at least half-an-hour, or, she hoped for longer, and well do I remember that on that occasion Miss Hewett at any rate was not disappointed.

But at the end of my School days the prize-giving was an entirely different function. It was altogether a smarter, brisker affair and our endeavour was to appear natural rather than beautiful, and interested rather than interesting.

#### **D. WARREN.**

##### **Behind the Scenes.**

INGENUITY more than any other quality is demanded for creating scenery for School theatricals. I imagine the Hall on ordinary days, lofty, stately, admirably constructed for a scene in an old house, but as unlike a garden or a forest as could possibly be desired, and then you may have some idea of the ingenuity of those who contrive scenery for the School plays.

I can remember the scenery for "The Rivals" being painted, week by week growing slowly to overhanging trees and oak-panelled rooms, under the dexterous hands of Miss Birch. Some years after it was resurrected from the murky basement, repainted by more violent hands than before, and turned into a fairy palace.

No one behind the scenes will ever forget the precarious wall on which the lovers of the "Fantastics" read "Romeo and Juliet." It was constructed merely of piled forms with one of those very useful green curtains from the Games Cupboard draped over them. The hero acted in constant dread lest the whole creation should collapse and, "unlike the baseless fabric of a vision," leave only too many traces behind.

Who could have guessed that the truly medieval class-room of the Hour-Glass, with its leaded windows, marble floor and antique table was created out

of such a modern thing as the School? Yet the marble floor needed the painful work of many stolen lesson-hours to paint, and brain-work to obtain the correct perspective; while the medieval table marked a distinct advance in ingenuity-it consisted of the Front Hall Table tied around with the door-mats upon which the audience should have wiped its feet.

Ingenuity was; certainly growing behind the scenes. The witness lies in the marvellous seating contrivance of "The Magic Kiss," in the ominous green sea which beat against the base of a beetling crag and swallowed heroine and villain with much crashing and splashing, and in the greatest of all achievements (so far), the Forest of Arden.

Early that dinner hour certain girls crept into the garden to receive over the Vicarage wall a tree-trunk, a sapling, and various green and lusty boughs. In a mass of greenery and flowers, forms and gymnastic apparatus, violent work was carried out. The jumping stands became tall, slender trees, partly beech, partly hawthorn; with a wave of the magic wand the horse, gramophone, piano and boom disappeared, bushes, trees and marvellous hedgerows appearing in their places. Beneath the spreading sapling a stile, which only the adventurers dared climb owing to the instability of its lower portions, led the way to a tempting forest glade.

Truly behind the scenes was hard work that day and many may remember seeing battalions of girls scrubbing and washing the traces of greenery off the cherished marble of the Front Hall. But such is the reward-of ingenuity.

### **NORAH BLOFIELD**

#### **Ode to Autumn.**

O, BEAUTEOUS bronzed maid;  
As thy fairie feet o'er the green sward fly,  
A change comes o'er all.  
For Nature turns to amber, russet and gold  
And floating leaves fall:  
The drowsy tinkling  
Of the shepherd's bell, o'er the hills resound;

And chirping of birds,  
At last sink into the silence profound.  
O, beauteous bronzed maid!

### **ANNIE OWEN (Form U.IVb.)**

L.IIIA., U.IIIA. and L.IVA. have earned "half hours" by doing really good work this term. Seventy percent. is a difficult form average.

Miss Thomerson, the School Secretary, an "Old Girl," is now a familiar figure.

#### **The Cock.**

The village clock is striking three;  
'Tis not yet light enough to see:  
A shrill voice crieth, loud and free,  
"Cock-a-doodle-doo!"  
He breaks the stillness of the night;  
He gives the ducks and hens a fright,  
Crowing like that before 'tis light,  
"Cock-a-doodle-doo!"  
The village clock is striking four,  
And, on a heap of mud and straw,  
The proud old cock cries out once more  
"Cock-a-doodle-doo!"  
At five and six, at seven and eight,  
The cock wakes up his friends and mate,  
By calling early, calling late,  
"Cock-a-doodle-doo-oo!"

### **JANET TURNER (Form L.IVA)**

### **Down to the Sea.**

Down to the sea, down to the sea,  
Running as merry as merry could *be*,  
Down on the beach we laugh and play,  
Our voices carry far away.  
Listen! the sea is beating  
Loudly on the shore;  
Like scudding clouds across the sky  
We watch the white gulls soar.  
But the caves are dark and gloomy,  
With dank and slimy walls,  
And through the cracks in the moss-grown roof  
The water drips and falls.

**BETTY HOWLETT (Form L. IIIa.).**

#### **Lament for the Resignation of Miss Hewett.** *(With apologies to R. Burns.)*

THE waefu' downcast High School girls  
Nae joy nor pleasure can they see,  
For e'en and morn they cry alas!  
And aye the saut tear blin's their ee!  
The end of term (the Autumn term),  
A waefu' day it was to them,  
For then they lost their mistress dear,  
Their mistress dear was leaving then.

**EDITH JOHNSTONE (Form U.Iva.).**

MISS GALT (who writes from Shimo, Tainan, Formosa, Japan) lives in a room with woodwork painted jade green, and the outside is blue and red with fancy bits in all the gayest colours." She is learning a language which has ten ways of translating the verb "to carry" and distinguishes nicely between the

verb "to kick with the toe" and "to kick with the sole of the foot."

### **Dreaming.**

SITTING by the fireside-watching the dancing flames,  
Seeing fairy faces-and goblins playing games,  
Chasing one another-in and out the coals,  
Never cease their running-sometimes reach their goals.

Yes, they're always trying,-and never seem to tire,  
They seem to know you're watching them-sitting by the fire,  
They seem to say "You do the same, you'll find it worth your while,  
And if at first you don't succeed, smile a cheerful smile.  
"And try again until you do-the time will come some day  
When you'll succeed if you always try-whether at work or play."  
And still you watch and the fire burns on,  
The flames still brightly gleaming,  
And you've learned a lesson that should last your life,  
As you sat by the fireside dreaming.

**PRIMROSE WOOLF (Form II.).**

#### **Nobody.**

*With apologies to the numerous poets whose words I have so foully  
misinterpreted.)*

I SAW a man before me in my walk; he seemed the oldest man that ever wore grey hairs. He was seated aloof and sullen on a moss-grown pile right against the eastern gate of the dark tower. He crouched like a wild beast in his lair, his robe drawn over his hoary matted hair, while his mangled frame, that parched body so dwindled and awry that made him appear some uncouth thing, was covered with unclean rags. His chest was bare but his loose beard descending swept his aged breast.

And yet this man had something in the look of him that made me pause and wonder; for though his face was white and colourless like the withered



moon, deep scars of thunder had intrenched it and care sat on his faded cheek as though of some deep sorrow he had drunk while from his overhanging brows shone forth sharp blue eyes of dauntless courage and considerate pride, awful in their steadfastness.

He would not smile nor speak to me but I accosting him he half rose from the ancient pavement slowly, while bearing his back against some low structure of rude masonry he tried to stand erect, but a dark cloud seemed to pass before his eyes and his head swam and he sank down again on to the bare earth pale and trembling.

N.B- A prize will be awarded to the genius who discovers all the contexts of which the above article is composed. Very few original words have been added; probably these will be discovered in any Dictionary.

#### **GERTRUDE CORDELL (Form VI.)**

##### **Then and Now.**

CENTURIES ago, when Pan was king, the girls of Walthamstow High School were spritely nymphs, of sylph-like grace, uniformly clad in green spring-bud draperies. They were ruled by a Goddess, who taught them many accomplishments. They learned to catch puff-balls blown by soft zephyrs, and to dance in lily-cups to the music of hyacinth -bells.

Now, alas! the world has changed! Green serge tunics have supplanted the leaf-robcs; netballs, the airy puff-balls, and fox-trots, the swaying steps in the lily. So the Poetry of Youth has faded.

#### **MADGE SHIPWAY (Form U.IVa.).**

##### **From America.**

(This appreciation of Columbia was written for IRIS in January. We think that even the mishaps and misdeeds of a sub-editor who prints it in December

have not made it stale or out of date for the many W.H.S. who knew Marjorie's vivid enthusiasms, which always-at school, at college, at Clapham-everywhere-did come true.)

My advice to you, whether you are a journalist, a house decorator, an engineer, a tinker, a tailor or a candlestick maker, is, come to Columbia. It is true that here girls do not usually smoke, that handshaking is much in evidence, and that they all say, "I am glad to meet you." They really are glad to meet you, and if you are open-minded you would love to live among Americans for a time.

Columbia is the largest university in the world. Here you can find Schools of Mines, Schools of Journalism, Schools of Religion-and I have heard that in some remote corner is even a Classics School. You can learn anything you will and meet people from all countries at social functions every night.

I am in a Teachers' College which produces a small library of writings each year. It is inspiring to meet men whose names came into one's earliest study of education. Among the Professors are such men as Demery, Thorndike and Henry Johnson.

Work in an American college is very different from that in an English college. Each course you take gives you so many points of credit, a convenient system with some curious results. Upon these we are all ready to pounce, so I will not speak of them. The degree is divided into a certain number of units of work, each taken when you wish. This enables you to do a certain part of your College work, teach for a few years, complete your degree, teach again, and take a higher degree. Hoary-headed professors and strong efficient supervisors (glorified inspectors) come back to College to take a few more points until, after theses and other recondite exercises, they become Ph.D.'s. Roughly speaking 1 hour a week per term=1 point. If you satisfy the lecturer in your recitations (questions by the teacher), quizzes and examinations you pass and score the due number of points. The Examinations 'true and false' and matching tests are the most wonderful games I have ever played, I could play them all day.

Many of the classes I attend, containing "mature students" as we are always called, are very conversational. We English have to be firm in our defence of our system or lack of system to the class, who are very jolly about it, and always allude to us as our British friends.

The Cosmopolitan Club is a feature here. It has six hundred members of sixty different nationalities. Its activities range from solemn International debates to dancing; in them one can enjoy, in one evening, the society of a Chinaman, a Zulu, a Canadian, a Roumanian and a Hindu.

Who and whatever you are, come to Columbia and get a few "points."

**MARJORIE WISE.**

**The Red Herring.**  
*(Founded on Fact.)*

THERE is in a certain well-known School a Form well skilled in the art of drawing red-herrings. In case there is anyone reading this who is unaware of the meaning of the word red-herring, I had better explain first of all what it really is. A red-herring is a thing you place before a mistress who has promised you a test the previous lesson. By means of it you are able to divert her attention from the test (sometimes), until it is too late to have it. Should such a thing occur you have drawn your red-herring successfully; if it should not, you have failed miserably. This is the story of a red-herring that failed.

The Form mentioned above had added as I have said before to their many accomplishments the art of drawing red-herrings successfully, and so they were not in the least bit perturbed when a certain mistress announced that there would be a test the following lesson; in fact they were almost jubilant. The test day arrived and the red-herring was perfectly "cut and dried." The arrangements were that the whole Form was to look much troubled over a certain picture in the text-book and that one girl (unhappy creature) was to produce the picture at the critical moment and ask on behalf of the Form the explanation of it. As a matter of fact that girl did really want to know what it meant, and so of course she was chosen to be spokeswoman. Down the corridor came the Mistress, test paper in hand, and as soon as she appeared in the doorway a small figure sidled out and in a worried voice said, "Please, Miss, would you explain--" "NO, I WON'T!" came the staggering reply,

which to say the least of it was enough to carry any schoolgirl off her feet, let alone the smallest girl in the Form. The others smiled weakly and with sympathetic hands led their almost unconscious comrade to her desk. For the next half-hour only the scratching of pens and long-drawn sighs could be heard, and the moral of this tale is, "Don't count your red-herrings before they are hatched."

**PHYLLIS KIBERT (Form V.a.).**

**The Prize-Giving.**

I SAT with a pencil and several large sheets of paper. That seemed to be the thing to do when one had been asked to write a "short account of the Senior Prize-giving." The paper was as clean at the end, though slightly more crumpled, as it was at the beginning; and indeed the most memorable parts of the evening needed no notes. But to convey to those who could not be there an adequate impression of them is hardly possible in words, especially printed ones.

The Hall held, and it was packed very tightly, an even more representative gathering than in previous years. Mr. Higham, whom we see in the Chair always with a kind of grand-filial affection, gave us one of the best thoughts of the evening when he said that stronger than our regret at Miss Hewett's leaving should be our feeling of thankfulness for the privilege of having known her. Miss Hewett herself spoke of the help she had had from everybody connected with the School; and those who did not hear her will realise that she spoke as very few people but Miss Hewett could speak in the circumstances.

Miss Gray, after she had distributed the prizes, spoke to us both as the President of the Association of Headmistresses, and as Miss Hewett's friend. She expressed a very warm appreciation of Miss Hewett's work and gave us a memorable description of the "School not made with hands."

It was a pleasure too, to hear other friends of the School, representative of the Governors, of the County, and of the Parents, speak of Miss Hewett with such an understanding appreciation. We were particularly grateful to the Vicar when he mentioned her wonderful sense of humour; and to Mr. Meadon, who

in the course of a delightful speech, commented on the fact that she made her presence felt wherever she went, and could not be "pigeon-holed."

Phyllis Attenborough presented Miss Gray with a calendar as a token of appreciation of her visit, and Winnie Taylor gave Miss Hewett some flowers, with a little speech, behind which we felt a most convincing sincerity.

Of the second part of the evening, space will allow very little to be said. Those of us who "are not so young as we used to be" felt a distinct thrill of pride in the reflection, that when we stood on that platform under Miss Jackson's baton we may have sung "Peter Piper" and other songs almost as well as they were sung this time. We likewise felt a pride, albeit a quite vicarious one, in the recitations and pianoforte achievements of the School; and we could positively see Mdlle. Gremaud teaching those French poems.

At the end of the evening came the School song and numerous cheers. Those for Miss Hewett were meant to express a great deal, and indeed resolved themselves into an attempt to voice the affectionate appreciation of everyone.

The very last thing, most fittingly, was Miss Hewett's own proposal "Three cheers for the School, Past, Present and to Come."

#### **MADGE MILES.**

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On Saturday, 1st December, Leytonstone beat the School team at Net-ball (20 goals to 11).

#### **Rejected Contributions.**

THE Sixth must be aware of adopting too cynical a tone: both "Good Luck" and "Our England," excellently written articles, were rejected on this account. On the other hand we have no room for the sentimental rubbish of "Ode to a Lady Fair"; in fairness to W.H.S., one must add this seldom comes our way.

Commended for enterprise are S. Hiner, M. Stokes, R. Main (Form II.) while E. Evans, M. Pierson and D. Taylor wrote pleasant verse. Very good prose was sent in by E. Eaton, E. Lampen and E. Brown, but owing to pressure of contributions more especially appropriate to this Christmas Number,

speaking Miss Hewett's farewell, these are unfortunately not printed. Quotation from these is impossible without mutilation, but one may venture to give an extract from K. Burnell's home-work lament:

"Beside, History, French and Latin (that's nothing to wonder at), I've Botany, Scripture and Science and an essay on top of that."

W. Astell discourses feelingly of "Inspection," medical, educational and algebraic. She speaks of the woes connected with all but the last, "which is a very present help in time of trouble. It is no longer necessary to work out a quadratic or cubic equation. We merely say - by inspection."

Congratulations on good work to G. Jones, E. Timms, E. Woolford and to the enterprising member of U.I.V.B. who sent in several contributions.

#### **Our Magazine.**

PENS and paper, thinking caps and ink,  
What this fuss was for I really couldn't think  
Till I asked a friend if she knew what it could mean  
And was told that they were writing for the School magazine.

Poems, stories, anecdotes galore  
Till everybody said that they could write no more,  
But thanks to them, it plainly may be seen  
That they've made a good success out of our School magazine.

#### **NANCY BUCKETT, U.IIIb.**

THAT famous comic opera "Khuzaymah" is to be given on Wednesday and Thursday, 16th and 17th January, at St. Saviour's Hall, in aid of The Waifs and Strays. N. Blofield, 20, Cedars Avenue, will be glad to give further particulars.

CONGRATULATION'S to Gwen Jones (Vx.) on her very able manner of accompanying the songs at both Prize-givings. She co-operated well with Miss Jackson.

Commented [OK1]: i

WE all loved the Little Nut Tree and that greedy young Aiken Drum. "Nursery Rhymes of London" were very jolly.

### **Fate.**

THEY stood on the philosopher's table, where they had remained together for many years as constant companions—a Bible, a fiddle, a pipe-rack and a little china shepherdess. She, growing weary of her monotonous existence, exclaimed with a sigh, "How I hope it is not my fate to remain here always amidst these unvarying surroundings. Who moulds our fate?"

"We make our own," said the fiddle. "Our fate is like clay in our own hands and we mould it as we will into what shape we please. The character depends on our own skill and capability."

"We have no fate," said the pipe-rack. "We are but pebbles thrown into the stormy sea of life, where we sink like lead and are whirled around by the undercurrents of circumstance and chance."

"You are wrong," said the Bible. "We each have a fate which is moulded by God as soon as we enter this world. It is given to us to care for if we will, to toss aside if we please, to make better if we are able, to make worse if we choose. Our lives are our fates."

### **WINIFRED BARNES (Form VI.).**

#### **Literary Society Notes.**

ALTHOUGH the Autumn Term is usually the most uneventful as regards the Society, we have managed to hold three meetings. In October we had a "Kipling Evening," when a paper on "Rudyard Kipling" was read by the Secretary, and members of the Sixth, Fifth's and Upper Fourth's read extracts from his writings.

Early in November we debated, not very heatedly, on the subject: "That it is better to be the worst of a good lot than the best of a bad lot," Gertie Cordell making a particularly entertaining speech for the amendment, in which she shewed much sound knowledge of the habits and marriage customs of cannibals. We all hope, in after life, to be the worst of a good lot.

Our last (and best) meeting was held on the 21st of November, when we were favoured with a visit from Norah Blofield, who read a very interesting paper on "Modern Poetry in General," and Miss Morice, whose paper on W. B. Yeats, William Morris and Walter de la Mare was called "The Land East of the Sun, West of the Moon," and was as attractive as it sounds. Members of the Society read extracts from the works of the three poets.

We are looking forward as eagerly as usual to our visit to the Old Vic on the 29th of November. This time we are going to see "Two Gentlemen of Verona."

### **JOYCE HOWLETT (Literary Secretary).**

#### **Activities of the Science Society.**

THE Science Society has held two meetings this term. Interesting papers were read on "Lavoisier" and "Pasteur" by Lucy Holden and Mary Rabson, at a meeting on Monday, October 22nd. On October 29th, a party of girls went to see "Wild Life in the Tree Tops," a film shown by Captain Knight at the Regent Street Polytechnic. Everyone thoroughly enjoyed the visit. Fine photographs of birds in their natural homes were shown and much information was gained of the "Feathered World."

Bad weather made it impossible to have the Fungus Foray which was arranged for Saturday, October 13th, and about fifty members were most disappointed. The fourth meeting for this term has been postponed until next term, but members are looking forward to the lecture to be given by Mr. Goodwin on "Wireless."

### **E. HOLT.**

#### **Games Notices.**

MATCHES began rather late this term as the teams needed much re-arranging. With the exception of two girls our 1st team is new, while many of the 2nd were only Juniors last year.

Our present first team is as follows: S., D. Knott; A.S., J. Howlett; A.C., W. Taylor; C., P. Soper; D.C., M. Findlay; D., C. M. Oliver; G.K., W. Astell.

The second team is as yet unsettled. So far three matches have been played.

	Woodford.	Brondesbury.	Bedford College.
1st	15-8 Win.	1st 18-16 Win.	1st 30-9 Win.
2nd	17-35 Loss.	2nd 11-25 Loss.	2nd 2-9 Win.

The juniors were disappointed that both their matches had to be scratched, but are hoping to play Woodford at some other time.

We have yet to play Putney and Leytonstone this term, while a record number of matches has been arranged for next term.

We are all looking forward to the Drill Competition at the end of term.

### **PHYLLIS SOPER.**

#### **Births.**

EWING.-On November 7th, 1933, to Mr. and Mrs. Montague Ewing (Doris Thornton) a daughter, Jean Helen.

MACKENZIE BROWN.-On January 24th, 1933, to Dr. and Mrs. J. L. Mackenzie Brown (Winifred Archer) a daughter, Jocelyne Brenda.

PHILLIPS. -To Mr. and Mrs. Phillips (Mabel Grove) two sons, Ian Andrew, born July 13th, 1922, and Arthur Gordon, born October 15th, 1933.

SOUTHWELL.-To Mr. and Mrs. Southwell (Miss Wenden) a son.

#### **Marriages.**

BERNICE ATKINSON to Mr. FRANK RICHENS, on September 1st, 1923.

WINIFRED M. BEAN to Mr. EDWARD H. ELGAR, on September 29<sup>th</sup>, 1923.

ENID GLEAVE to Mr LESLIE WILLIAM GILBERT, B.Sc., on October 27<sup>th</sup>, 1923, at St. Mary's Church.

CLARA WARRINGTON to Mr LESLIE DE LOZEY OF WARE, on September 23<sup>rd</sup>, 1922.

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