

Walthamstow High School Magazine.

Head Mistress's Foreword.

THIS Foreword is being written at the end of a busy week, with a very busy month in prospect. By the time it is read the Education Week (the first ever held in Walthamstow), the Sports and Open Day, School and Cambridge Examinations, the Tennis Matches and the many other activities which are crowded into the last weeks of Term will be things of the past.

In spite of the thousand and one matters which demand one's attention and decision, one's thoughts refuse to circle entirely round the present, but fly back to the past and forward into the future.

When I see between forty and fifty girls fill the examination room in July, I am reminded of those far-off days when three girls taking the Senior determined, for the sake of the School, to be able to say that no one had failed: their determination was rewarded by success. Much has happened since then; we have grown mightily in numbers, and we hope in many things besides, but we feel that the spirit of upholding the Honour of the School has never failed, and that with that spirit in all our hearts we shall go forward to victories over difficulties-whether these difficulties lie in our own natures or in outside forces-whether the conflicts are while we are at School or after we have left.

When I think of the future, I picture a School still animated by the same loyalty and affection, still vigorous and independent in thought, each member ready to play her part in the common life. When I notice the Sixth eyeing critically the Third's and even the Preparatory Form with a view to future Head Girls, and when I hear girls saying in their first term that they mean to get into the Sixth before they leave, I know that the torch will be handed on, that the older girls fully realise and the younger ones soon begin to feel that, in spite of the inevitable changes which time must bring, there is one link unseen but eternal which binds one generation of the School to another.

B. HEWETT.

To the School.

IRIS has now become a habit to both SUB-EDITORS and an enjoyable one; we both hope she gives you much pleasure on this, her sixth appearance, New Style. Her seventh must show her at her very best, doing honour to her Editor who, after thirty-four years as Head Mistress of

the School, is retiring at Christmas. We hope everyone will send in brilliant achievements. Old girls should send theirs to Violet Adams at 63, Claverton Street, S.W.1.

Present Girls should be most grateful to the O.G.A. for the continued financial support which makes IRIS not only possible but remarkably cheap. The Old Girls should, however, in their own interests, make more use of their "equal half" of the space at our disposal.

The Magazine Committee will change next term, as there are likely to be new members of the Old Girls' Section, while the representatives of the present girls are all leaving: N. Blofield, L. Coy, E. Foster and M. Sheppard. We are sure readers will join us in thanking all who have helped and in commending Form U. IV A. for having sent in most contributions this time, including four pieces of careful work from D. Bubbers. The work of J. Turner (U. IIIA.), P. Woolnough (U. IIIA.), M. Rabson (L. IV.A), and M. Farrow (U. IV A.), is also highly commended and would be printed if space permitted. Form II. sent in some good poetry.

Old Girls' Editorial.

EVERYONE will be preparing for summer holidays when IRIS comes out. We hope they will be enjoyable, and that leisure will bring, with other things, a desire to write articles for the coming Christmas number. Write on anything from a pin to a pantecnickon, but, oh ye hosts of O.G.A., write.

Again we apologise for any omissions in the lists of births and marriages and again importune for information. This cry of "Write" is faithfully echoed by the Secretary at the O.G.A. meetings. We hope it will be heard by many on the 11th July. The Society is, as it always has been, remarkably vigorous. That remark would be modified by the Secretary of the Net-Ball Club, who would like to see the vigour expressed in a larger number of members.

The present School is enjoying the approach of holidays-a dancing past and an exam-tinged future, of the type we well remember.

We shall find it extraordinarily difficult to dissociate our ideas of the present School from those of the School we knew, pervaded by the spirit of Miss Hewett. The retirement of a Head Mistress who has so greatly made a School, the first such change we have known at W.H.S., leaves us with very much achieved and an inspiration for

the greater more there is yet to do for the education of women.

We have to congratulate members of the O.G.A. upon recent results:

Ida Barralet, on Bristol Inter. Arts, Bristol University.

Kathleen Goodwin on London Inter. Science, King's College.

Lucy Rabson on Oxford Pass Mods., Somerville College.

After seven years of splendid work as School Secretary, W. M. Bean is leaving to be married. We wish her every happiness.

School Chronicle.

WE ECHOES continue much as usual, with little to disturb our happy routine of hymn-music, march-music, the music of dance and song and laughter. Silence we command but seldom, for we like it not in the long hours of the night when the Hall is empty of delight.

Lately a sad sighing began softly to stir among the Echoes and it grows now loudly to a lament, for that Head Girl, Norah, who herself finishes her work here this term, told us that Miss Hewett is soon to leave us. Gratitude to Miss Hewett, for our glorious past and the fullness of our good wishes for her happy future make it difficult to find words. Sad Echoes tremble for the unknown future, but for the past we are proud and happy in the good fortune of having known Miss Hewett. Her will is never for sadness, so we hasten to overcome this and tune up to lighter lively Echoes.

This year's Sixth seems to have been a particularly merry set of young ladies, allowed to sit up late and to revel at all hours. There were dances, and there was A DANCE about Tutankhamen and another with two wicked Chinamen and one good little Chinese lady. You'd hardly believe the variety of nations that appeared not only in Form II.'s National Dance but in other dances, where members of Ku-klux-klan and niggers (we Echoes can't spell that word beginning with "pic.....") and dainty Japanese ladies and fishers from some Northern clime appeared.

What a wireless we could make! Once, Mr. Bush enchanted everyone with music from the Masters, old and new. Many a time of a morning, Miss Jackson has given us melody. We have had a concert from the School to the School, and gramophone records in French as well as in English, and every day the old piano has valiantly yielded up its hymn under the hands of a heroine,

and its gayer music under the hands of heroines more illustrious and no less valiant.

Here the Echoes sigh-"And one of them is leaving us....." Miss Bean is leaving this term and is to be married in September. We wish her every happiness.

This is how the Echoes will miss our indefatigable and ubiquitous Secretary. How the School will miss her you may well imagine.

Since Christmas both Miss Perry and Miss Percy have recovered and are once more busy among us. During part of the Spring Term Miss Morice took Miss Percy's work. Apart from this there have been no staff changes and the Echoes are delighted that, the term once more, there are to be no good-byes, except those already mentioned to Miss Bean and Norah, as well as the usual sad good-bye to "all the girls who are leaving." The new Head-Girl is Phyllis Attenborough to whom we trust our proud tradition.

We congratulate E. Burnell and B. Speakman on having gained two of the ten County Intermediate Scholarships of two years' School fees, together with a maintenance allowance of £20 a year during that time.

The School went to Church on Empire Day.

Last term at the end, Miss Hewett wished us three good wishes the power of taking delight in simple things, the power of smiling in the face of difficulty and, best of all, the power to distinguish the real things from the merely material. The School is not the building: it is our common aim and purpose here.

The Terrible Experience of a Member of the Staff.

NIGHTMARES come to all alike-to the lofty and the lowly, to the important and the utterly insignificant, to mistresses and to girls. A certain member of the staff, after ruthlessly wrecking the results of a paper which she had set, went to bed and dreamt that she was sitting at a desk with an exam paper before her.

In a bewildered way she picked up the paper, murmuring as she did so, "William I., 1066; Wiulliam II., 1914, Henry I. – wait a minute, n/2 } 2a + oh, dear, what the floral formula of the primrose?"

I knew it a minute ago-let's see: H₂SO₄+ long stamen and half the circumference-no, that's not right-I know it was something about the

Mississippi-now, was it Hezekiah or Sir Walter Scott?"

As her glance fell upon the paper the victim groaned aloud, for this is what she read.

GENERAL KNOWLEDGE PAPER.

Time allowed-from 9 o'clock till Doomsday. [Students taking Part II. to have an extra three weeks.] Not more than TWELVE of the TEN questions to be attempted.

1. How many beans make five? Illustrate your answer by clear, annotated drawings.
2. Draw a sketch map of the leopard, shading in all the principal bones and naming the chief spots. Tail, whiskers and claws to be done in another colour.
3. Prove that if a triangle is a parallelogram it must be a circle. Is this true in all cases? If not, why not?
Also prove the converse of the theorem, "When the sheets are short the bed seems long."
4. Write short notes on none of the following: Julius Caesar's husband, the third leg of a bi-ped, the man in the moon, the day after to-morrow.
5. Sketch (freehand), *either* a crowd of black men fighting in the dark, *or* the creature that is a cross between an ostrich pup and a mangold wurzle.
6. Find to the nearest hundredth place the square root of the dandelion, and prove that your answer is a lemon.
7. If it takes a dozen yards of brown holland to make an elephant a white waistcoat, how many inches of pink crepe-de-chine will be needed before a kangaroo can have a pair of mauve bed-socks? Use log, tables, and check by means of a graph.
8. Write a short essay on "Nothing" [the student is reminded that marks will be given only for length].
9. Write out the story of Little Miss Muffet and her Fairy Godmother in French, putting the verbs in Bengali and the adjectives in Hebrew. Translate the result into Chinese, and reduce to a vulgar fraction.
10. What will be the hymn for next week? Write out a suitable melody, and sing it tunefully to the presiding examiner.

JOYCE HOWLETT (Form VI.).

The Sixth entertained the Staff at a most enjoyable Tennis Party and Dance on 18th June.

Members of the Sixth Form had a happy time in Paris during the Easter holidays with Miss Goldwin, Miss Nelson and Miss Sumsion.

The Sixth Matriculation Botany Class were fortunate in having a busy and merry week-end at

Otford, thanks to Miss Dennithorne and Miss Jacob.

Poster Parade.

UNTIL you have mixed in London traffic as part of a poster parade there are some things about it that you certainly do not know. Since bearing the posters of purple, green and white has ceased, the official sandwichman does not often find feminine rivals in his trade. There were some enthusiasts who carried advertisements for the play of a young actress-playwright in the recent past who know what it is like to be arranged in a crocodile at a distance of thirty feet from the other members and told to set off, keeping in place and in line whatever happens-short of sudden death-even as we. But they did not try in Clerkenwell.

In Clerkenwell buses and trams clang and children swarm and crowds throng, and the sun shines and-well it is Clerkenwell.

One great point about it is that it is on the whole friendly, with the cheerful bonhomie of the East of London. There are a few superior persons who cross over the road and get in the way just to shew that they don't mean to see you; some who really do not see anything of their surroundings because they want to push out of them; some who resentfully tell you how you would hate bill-carrying as a job. These last usually become amiable, however, when you either heartily agree or cheerfully speculate-your course varies according to what stage of the route you have reached, the heat of the day and your previous fate in regard to tea. Moreover there are the small boys. They, from the moment they can be distinguished as boys-seem to be inspired collectors of hand-bills. Cheerfully grinning encourages them, absently ignoring them piques them to concerted attack, firmly denying them draws them into conversation. When the communication grows monotonously one sided they withdraw and collect material for more in the form of information about their reception by the rest of the line.

That keeping in your proper place in the line may sound easy. Many diversions make it far from that. At least one O.G.A. has come to the end of a poster parade feeling that adaptability is one of THE virtues demanded by the Present.

And what was it all about? Just the matter of setting the world in order and can we? The answer isn't proved. But look at-well Clerkenwell or Clapton-and you must admit that there's something to be done.

Anticipating.

I DREAMED one night. This is what I dreamed.

I was in a large school. There were hundreds of girls swarming in the great Hall chattering as hard as their tongues would allow them. It was the first day of the year and everyone had something to say to her neighbour. I stood with one girl at the back of the Hall. It was my third year in the VIth Form and my last.

"This is the last time we shall start a school year," I remarked.

"Yes," agreed she, "the last time we shall all be together to hear the forms read out."

"The last time," I groaned.

It was the Drill Competition. Thirty VIth Formers, remarkably neat and intensely determined, were waiting to go through their performance.

"This is our last drill competition," I sighed to the next girl.

"Yes" answered she, briefly, as we entered the hall.

We were playing - High School. It was the end of the Easter Term.

"Our last netball match," I almost wept to one of the team.

"Umph," she grunted.

"We must win, you know, because it is our last."

We lost.

It was the day of the acting competition.

We were doing prep.

"Do you realise," I asked a harassed fellow worker, "that this is our last acting." Only four more weeks, only one more sports day, only one more tennis match, only once more to wear our team tunics, only twenty more days and five of them Education Week, only one hundred and twenty more hours of freedom before-

The figure before me rose up tall and stately, its face burning red with anger, a huge book held in its uplifted hands.

"Shut up," it yelled and the book left its hand.

"Last week, last week, last-" I screamed, and woke up.

It was the last day.

NORAH BLOFIELD (Form VI.).

We all survived Parents' Week quite happily and we hope our guests enjoyed themselves.

Everyone enjoyed the Sports on Saturday, the 7th July, which was one of the very hottest days. The trophies were won by Form V. in the Upper

School, and Form L. IIIA. in the Lower School; in the Middle School, Forms L. IV A. and U. IIIB. tied.

Tea was served to about 500 visitors in the Hall (and strawberries and cream).

The Cambridge girls are doing their examinations with the aid of ice and a watering-can.

The School went in and on buses to see "Romantic India" on the 11th July. (Thank you, Miss Adam.)

The Sixth and Staff are going to do some *very* funny plays on Tuesday, the 24th.

Enid Foster reached Exhibition Standard at St. Hilda's College, Oxford, and Scholarship Standard in the Essex County Major Examination. (English and French.)

(M. Fulford, A. Macropoulos, D. Selway and M. Sheppard are going to University College, London, and W. Durrant to the University of Southampton. L. Coy is going to Newnham College.)

Congratulations to W. Durrant, E. Holt and V. Smith who matriculated in January.

Congratulations to D. Bubbers and G. Ayers who won prizes for French competitions.

Congratulations to E. Burnell who won £10 for an Essay in the "Quiver" competition.

Vale!

THE Time has come; we part and go our ways.
Leaving, we raise to thee, Oh School, a paean of praise!

For thy spirit strong and free,
Heritage of liberty,
For the stirring unknown power
That infects each striving hour,
When, in eager competition,
Forms uphold some proud tradition,
When, with fierce exhilaration
Comes a sudden inspiration.
For eager teams and flying ball
-The umpire's whistle thrilling all-
For secret cause of sudden mirth
And jokes that have untimely birth.
For social nights within the hall
The bright lamps swinging over all-
The audience packed with parents proud,
The song, swift dance, and tunicked crowd
Of girls in expectation tense.

For sorrowful experience
 That lessons teach of self-control.
 For comradeship, when heart and soul
 Are centred on some mutual goal
 And one is nought without the whole.
 For sun-patched, cheery corridors
 And classes hushed within closed doors,
 For noises loud-or soft-and strange
 And all the healthy interchange
 Of thought, opinion, love and hate.
 For bells that gladden those who wait
 In expectation of release.
 For friendships that may never cease.
 These have we known, Oh School! in thee.
 For these be ever praise to thee!
 The time has come, we part, and go our ways,
 Therefore, Farewell! ye happy fleeting days.

E. FOSTER (Form V.I.).

The Shepherd.

SOFT shadows deepened and the wind blew chill,
 The air was fresh and sweet;
 High on the summit of a lonely hill,
 A shepherd sat alone,
 His bare brow lighted by the moon's pale gleam,
 His cloak around him wrapped;
 Motion less he rested as in a dream
 Of quiet happiness.
 The calm majestic sweep of heavens wide,
 The hillsides bare and wild,
 The deep silence, with powers of night allied,
 Soul-stirring thoughts inspire.

PHYLLIS BOTT Form VI.

Nothing!

I sat upon a solitary rock.
 The cold moon lonely sailed across the sky,
 No ship was on the cold, grey sea,
 The wind blew cold and silent o'er the lea.
 Nothing was there.

I slowly rode across a wide, bare moor.
 Dark, threatening clouds obscured the sun and wrapt
 In gloom the mournful moor and sear:
 No creature stirred, naught could I see or hear.
 Nothing was there.

I sat before a dying fire, dull red.
 The feeble glow was all the light I had.
 No sound the tranquil silence broke,

And it had gone, the faint, blue wisp of smoke.
 Nothing was there.

No creature rode the moor with me
 Nor by the fire, nor on the shore,
 Was anything that I could see,
 Or hear. I ever felt
 Nothing was there-
 Nothing, cold and silent at my side.

PHYLLIS ATTENBOROUGH (Form VI.).

L'hiver.

L'HIVER est venu,
 Toutes les fleurs sont mortes-
 A elles, le Paradis
 A ouvert ses portes.
 Le vent, tout en hurlant,
 Se hâte dans les bois,
 Les oiseaux en volant
 Se plaignent du froid.
 Les feuilles se tornent,
 En tombant à terre.
 Disent les arbres qui s'endorment-
 "Hélàs! c'est l'hiver!"

MADGE EASTOP.

How the Driller got her Stripe.

(With profuse apologies to Rudyard Kipling.)

IN the days when schoolgirls all wore short tunics, Best Beloved, the Driller drilled in a place called the High School. 'Member it wasn't the Trade School, or the Board School, or the Commercial School, but the inclusively noisy, jolly, ragamuffin High School where there was Quite the Headmistress, and the most Severely-gymnastical Gymmistress in the whole of the big wide world.

Now the Driller was a very wild creature and she was fat and she was clumsy and her gaps were enormous. But one day she said to Herself -Herself was a funny little squirmy thing that lived in the Driller's mind-"I will run and jump till I am agile or die in the attempt of it. I will balance and do somersaults till my body gets respectable, and I will pull up my stockings till they tire of coming down." And Herself squirmed inside the Driller's mind for she knew what was coming.

Then the Driller took to running before breakfast; she scuttled and she scuttled till her parents thought her mad but she did grow thinner although she was still clumsy and her gaps were still enormous, and she began to wonder whether in this small world or out of it, she would ever get

respectable. She ran before dinner, she ran before tea and she jumped before supper; she balanced on the bed-rail, she turned somersaults on the clothes-line and she pulled up her stockings in favourable opportunities.-That, Best Beloved, means when nobody was looking or when she was all alone for Etiquette (a nasty little person dressed in frills and smelling of lavender), had told her she mustn't do it in public; it wasn't respectable and the Driller was trying so hard to get respectable.

For a year and a day-three hundred and sixty-six if you count them on your fingers because it wasn't Leap Year really, though the Driller began to think it was-the Driller ran before dinner, ran before tea and jumped before supper; balanced on the bed-rail, turned somersaults on the clothes-line and pulled up her stockings in favourable opportunities, and then she was no longer fat or clumsy nor were her gaps enormous; she was still a wild creature for nothing will take wildness out if it once gets in, Best Beloved, but she was respectable, highly respectable, in harmony-that means something quite different from your scales Best Beloved-with the 'sclusively High School in which she drilled.

Then the Severely-gymnastical Gym-mistress, said to Quite the Wisest Head-mistress in the whole of the big wide World "Mathilda Anne"-that is the Driller's Sunday name Best Beloved-"has become respectable. She can run and she can jump and she is perfectly agile. She can balance and turn somersaults, her gaps are now nonentities (page 1,101 in the dictionary, but the Severely gymnastical Gym-mistress used it because she was grown-up) and she ought to have a stripe."

The Quite the Wisest Head-mistress in the big, wide World nodded her head and said, "It ought to be 'sclusively a rich fulvous orange-tawny from edge to edge and it ought to be two inches long and half-an-inch wide, and it ought to be stitched on the left extreme top of the first pleat of Mathilda Anne's tunic. It will be the very thing to please Mathilda Anne and her successors "-the Quite the Wisest Head-mistress in the big, wide World is also grown-up, Best Beloved.

And that is how the Driller got her stripe, Best Beloved. Do you see? That's all.

MARGERY SHEPPARD (Form VI).

"If I were King."

IF I were king of the bleak North Wind,
I'd make its breath grow soft and kind,
And hush its eerie, whistling wail,
So it skipped as a zephyr o'er hill and dale.

If I were king of a castle old,
I'd have a court of barons bold.
And every day I'd hold fierce duels
And offer as prize the "Garter of Jewels."

If I were king of the bright sunshine,
I'd cover with beams every frown or line,
And chase away cold, and frost, and rain,
And call forth the flowers to bloom again.

If I were king of Sleepy-town,
I'd have a bed of thistle-down,
And never get up for school at seven,
But lie and dream till past eleven.

MADGE SHIPWAY (L. IVa).

The Way to Fairyland.

THE right, the right, keep to the right,
The fairies always say:
Keep to the road that is always in sight,
Then you may get there some day.

A silver thread you will find at your side;
And as long as you hold it tight,
All the way it will be your guide,
So follow it with all your might.

AERONA JENKINS (U. IIIb.).

Imagination.

THERE came a gushing of the wind
A rustling of the trees,
And out the depths of the haunted wood,
Came something more than a breeze

Something like a movement,
Gliding softly near,
Which makes one pale and tremble
And fills one's heart with fear.

It makes one shake and shiver
With its cold and icy touch,
It makes the bravest quiver
With its weird and treacherous clutch.

DORIS LING (L.IIIa)

Nymphidia.

TRIPPING light and tripping gay,
Came the sweetest elfin fay,
Dancing through the woodland green
Dressed in clothes of silvern sheen.

Round about her elfin sprites,
Clothed like stars in moonlight nights,
Swiftly drew their tiny bows,
At the slightest sign of foes.

"Who is she?" said the trees so tall,
"Who is she?" they echoed all.
"'Tis the Queen," the birds replied,
And the gentle soft wind sighed,
"The Queen! the Queen!" they echoed far,
Echoed to the evening star.
"Year by year she comes on wings,
To see us by the fairies' rings."

They danced around in ecstasy,
While the harpers tuned in rhapsody:
Elfins played with a droning bee
And gnomes teased all in merry glee.
But sudden, up in the Heavens high,
The Dawn burst forth in the summer sky:
The fays, astonished, fled with might,
And Day shone forth in dazzling light.

OLIVE CROSART (Form U. IVb.).

Reminiscences of an Old Girl of the Male Species.

IT was many, many years ago, in the reign of good King Edward VII, that I, as a very small boy in a brown jersey and brass buttons, penetrated in fear and trembling the uttermost depths of the sepulchral edifice at that time devoted to the culture of the fair sex.

How clearly I can see it all even now! On entering the hall I was immediately surrounded by venerable forms-bent at right-angles-until I was o'er-arched with a veritable cavern of learning. I was thereupon initiated by the well-known ceremony of head-patting, and that other objectionable practice, that of testing the elasticity of a child's face by means of plucking a chunk of it between the thumb and forefinger and pulling at it hard, and then letting it plop back again, on the catapult system.

Then, having refreshed my intellect with repeated assurances to the effect that I was like my mother above the mouth but more like my father below the knees, they resumed the perpendicular, and led me upstairs to the preparatory class-room. Here I saw a long line of small girls, all with the left foot planted with firmness and great exactitude along a certain crack in the floor. I was placed at the end of this line, against the door of another room from which a babel of strange noises proceeded. This, as I afterwards learnt to my cost was the sanctum of Form 1. In a short time this

door was opened and I was discovered! They all leaped upon me with undisguised avidity and I was lifted up and hoisted in all directions.

The next morning, by the time that prayers were heralded by the ringing of a sort of muffin-bell in the basement I was standing in the corner, with three defunct hair-ribbons to my credit, scorned of women. From that moment I declared war against all female hair-adornments and two of these I hold as hard-won relics now:

Soon I had progressed sufficiently to be allowed to water the nasturtiums (nasturtia, I suppose, to Form VI.) in the window boxes. So fierce were my endeavours to justify myself, that in two days Miss Smythe, whose soul yearned after nasturtiums (and hyacinths in bottles), on leaning out of the window to inhale their delicate perfume, discovered only a collection of stringy heaps, mournfully reclining in the midst of a plentiful agglomeration of sticky mud. Frantic efforts to restore life by artificial respiration failed; they were drowned and I was branded as their murderer.

My next recollection is the learning of knitting. Ah! it was a proud moment in my life when a ball of scarlet wool and a couple of gigantic bone needles were handed to me, and the history of a garment was in the making. I remember distinctly, and only *too* distinctly, the unseemly and very unladylike burst of raucous laughter that distended the mouths of all in the class, at my inflexible determination to knit a table-cloth. It was only some three-quarters of an hour later after a stiff battle, that I gave in and grudgingly consented to knit my father a pair of trousers. Ultimately I did weird things with a pair of reins. The effect was rather moth-eaten to say the least of it, so I was relegated to the manufacturing of woolly balls.

It was during this fascinating process that I declared in public my undying affection for my form-mistress, which event is even told against me now!

It was during this period also that I was enthralled by the mythological stories told by Miss Richardson, who taught me so well that I can remember her tales now, and have frequently astonished my subsequent masters by my intimate knowledge of the Greek and Roman heroes.

Later on I was sufficiently advanced in my studies to start needlework, and also the making of boats, boots and hairpin boxes, at the expense of great patience on the part of the teacher, and a colossal expenditure of a species of pale blue cardboard, which was so valuable that to waste two or three pieces of it was regarded as a crime secondary only to the wilful drowning of flowers

in cold water.

It was in the preparatory that I first felt the pangs of true love, which is vastly different from undying affection. "Felt" is the right word, as we communicated our passion by the somewhat primitive intermediation of "Mr. Pinch" and giggling convulsively. Modesty forbids me to mention her name. Subsequently brain-development parted us. A few weeks ago I heard of her marriage, oh cruel, cruel Time!

Soon after I was moved up to Form I. It was here that I sorely vexed an ancient but treasured thermometer by putting it in the snow on the window-sill and then sticking it in the fire. That mercury did get a hustle on and no mistake! It even came out the other end. We had many delightful diversions, such as seeing how long one could sit on the fire without feeling uncomfortable, and piling up desk against the door, and barring out Miss Litchfield.

I shall never forget Geography lessons by means of a big tray filled with sand moulded by the mistress to represent the country then under consideration and covered with silver-paper to represent lakes and rivers, and also pieces of black cotton for the railways. I still remember Miss Oxley's surprise when she turned round one day and found that a colossal range of towering peaks had suddenly sprouted up in Holland. She never suspected the angelic little boy in the front row, who asked her so seriously the names of these mountains, which in proportion to the rest, were fully two or three million feet high. Miss Oxley had spent many a weary hour over a sand map of Australia when that angel upset it on the floor. Never shall I forget her heroic-repression.

Then who can forget those exciting games of Mothers and Fathers? I used to be given the job of tearing leaves off the acacia tree at the bottom of the garden in order to make medicine for the naughty children.

It was now the gardening mania commenced. All that one had to do was to scabble together a little mound of dust, and stick a leaf in it, or an orange pip, or a few blades of grass, and I firmly believe that the faith we held that they would grow was the forerunner of Couéism.

Nothing can erase from my memory the terrible and unpardonable crime that I committed when in a weak moment, I stole a deformed stick of rhubarb from a neighbouring dust-heap and planted it in my own. Poor little thing! I am sure it never realised its priceless worth. There were more disputes over that dilapidated vegetable than anything else in the school.

It was in Form I. I again lost my heart. Her

name was Audrey Brains, I think. Anyhow, the engagement was short-lived, as I clasped her violently to my bosom at the top of the back stairs, and the next thing that I encountered was the door-mat at the bottom. She broke my fall, but, unfortunately the engagement entirely.

It was at the High School that I learnt to sing, and many happy hours did I pass under the tuition of Miss Litchfield in the little music room lined with cases containing the entrails of partially decayed butterflies and moths. One year I had the honour of singing solo in "Sleep Baby Sleep" at the school concert held in those days at St. Saviour's. My partner, the other soloist, was called Babs. She had a sister called Madge, and ate raw carrots for lunch.

I can still remember singing "Come to town Miss Brown, put on your little silken gown (bring your parasol)." Another pleasant memory is that of Miss Goldwin's arithmetic lessons. Miss Goldwin used to call out "Five nines," "Six sevens," and the like, and a little coterie of us used to jot down figures at random and give in full marks. When I think of this I blush, but not so much as when I glibly gave in "sixteen" marks out of "fourteen."

I cannot cease without calling to mind the dear old laburnum tree at the bottom of the garden. I would not mind betting there is not one High School girl of that generation who has not at some time or other hung upside down on its branches.

DUDLEY GOWER.

St. John's College Cambridge.

Who Remembers?

THE top of the boot lockers?

The hole in the wall?

Going to drink water?

The pause before Miss Hewett came to prayers and the blessed open door-?

Some folk do.

Who Knows?

WHO said Mary Queen of Scots was not beheaded but executed?

That the first-born of Egypt cannot no longer be railed against, as they are all mummies?

Who owned an "unhappy, world-famed, seven-cubit-statured son?"

Whose ruler snapped when in L.IVB. a murder was being committed ?

Which illustrious Form was peaceably reading of

"a strange disquietude," just when that crime was perpetrated overhead?
 Who wrote "The Locust Eaters?"
 The gramophone makes a good bush, not vocal?
 The style of a stile?
 Who coined the word obsequacious?
 When "fifty-score strong" = 54- ?
 That the bee in Miss Jenkyn's bonnet was candles?
 Who dared to call a mistress a rash nymph?
 And when?
 That Malvolio wore yellow garters?
 Our most "precious screechers?"

Suppose

THERE were eight oxen under the yolk.
 There had been a real mummy in that Sixth Form dance. Who-?
 The new Head proved Gorgonic.
 Any bowler *did* have a *bailful* eye.
 The Sixth to be gutter-snipes eager for balls.

Natural Phenomena I.

IT was quite a small room, rather a mysterious room. The dust of ages lay thick on remote shelves and distant corners.

Light filtered in but fitfully through the ventilator. Even these feeble rays were finally stopped by the opacity of a piece of cardboard.

Over the small window a dark blue blind was drawn, and but for the light creeping through below the door, the darkness was almost complete.

A group of people were huddled together on the dusty floor. A tremulous eagerness shook the little band. Now and again a suppressed giggle broke the silence.

In the darkest, dustiest and remotest corner, a weird feeble light appeared. It looked like no earthly light with its pallid gleam. Near it came and nearer: a faint odour came with it and the people crouching on the floor drew back into the shelter of the furthest shelves.

And then, a human hand, streaked and glowing horribly.

Can *YOU* solve the mystery?

The Old Girls' Netball Club.

THIS season's net-ball has been a somewhat exciting one, for although the Club (as far as members were concerned) was small, it had large ideas and its members were keen.

This season hardly a Saturday afternoon has passed without either a match or a good practise,

for Miss Hewett kindly consented to our challenging the Upper Forms of the School.

During the season we have played the Staff and First Team at School, Brondesbury Old Girls', Ilford Old Girls', Avery Hill College, St. Katharine's College and the All Saints' Net-Ball Club. We had the good fortune to beat all with the exception of Avery Hill College.

For next year we have obtained more addresses of Schools, Colleges and Clubs to challenge and we hope to have even more fixtures. Also if members will allow—we want to form a 2nd Team so that they too may play matches.

Think about it and make up your mind to spare at least one Saturday now and then for a good game of net-ball, and you will feel twice as fit through the week. If possible turn up at the next business meeting when further arrangements will be made.

DOREEN WITHYCOMBE

The Fox and the Crow.

A VAIN black Crow sat on a tree,
 Upon a summer's day,
 And in her beak she had some cheese
 For which she had to pay.

A Fox with cunning eyes came by,
 A wily beast was he,
 And when he spied the piece of cheese,
 His eyes grew bright with glee.

Said Reynard, "You've a lovely voice,
 Oh let me hear you sing,
 For when I hear you I rejoice,
 And so would any king!"

The foolish Crow was very pleased,
 And lifting up her head,
 Began to caw in accents hoarse,
 And the cheese dropped down like lead.

The cunning Fox then seized the cheese.
 "Goodbye, my friend," said he,
 "I have indeed enjoyed your song"
 And then ran off in glee.

When the Fox had left the Crow,
 A voice was heard to say,
 "Oh, take no heed of flattery,
 Or a penalty you'll pay."

(L. IIIb. Whole Form)

Games Notices.

THE net-ball team had a fairly successful season last year, but we were unfortunately knocked out in the first round of the Association Matches, by Leytonstone, who eventually won the shield. The Second and Junior teams played several matches and although they were not always successful, showed considerable promise.

The Dancing Competition, held at the end of last term, resulted in a win for Form VI. in the Upper School, U. IVB. coming second, U. IIIB. in the Middle School with L. IVB. second, L. III.A. in the Lower School with L.IIIB. second.

Tennis has been resumed with great vigour but the weather has interfered somewhat with the practices. The results of the matches were:

Iford Won by 3.2.

Brondesbury Lost by 2-7.

Iford (Association) Lost by 1-2.

We still have to play Woodford, Loughton, Leytonstone and the Monoux School.

We suggest the following motto for future teams. (To be sung to the tune of Jerusalem):

"We will not cease from net-ball strife,
Nor in our hands shall rest the ball,
Till we have placed the net-ball shield
Within Miss Hewett's lofty hall."

(With apologies to William Blake.)

MARY FULFORD, Games Captain.

Being an Extract from Mrs. Scarlett (W. Rainer's) Letter Home.

"S. S. BENDIGO,"
BOUND FOR MELBOURNE.
18th March, 1923.

WE had a ripping time in Cape Town; it was good to be on land again after so much sea. We sighted land just after lunch and had watched it gradually growing nearer and nearer and extra bumps forming as the coastline lengthened, and then at about 5.30 p.m. we saw the first glimpse of the great Table Mountain, which gradually became more and more distinct till we could see the town nestling at its foot. We had to wait for some time after we had tied up in the dock before we could go ashore. We stood on deck and watched the coaling coolies all squatting on their haunches on the quay waiting to start their work.

We were able to go ashore about eight o'clock. We had not thought much of the look of Cape Town from the boat; it looked almost crushed, and I felt

as if it must be rather overwhelming to live perpetually in the shadow of the Table Mountain, but when we actually got into the town we liked it very much.

After we had refreshed ourselves with ices-a wonderful variety called a banana split-we walked round and looked at shops. Prices are quite as low as in England for clothes and things like that and much lower for fruit.

The Hottentots amused us. To see black girls walking round in light, very frilly cotton frocks with white shoes and white silk stockings showing their black legs through is too funny for words.

The next morning we consulted a policeman as to the best place to spend our time and he directed us to Camps Bay which we found at the end of forty minutes' run through glorious scenery. First we went up and up and up-it seemed wonderful that a train could manage such hills-past charming houses all painted white and with red roofs, and gardens full of palms and the brightest coloured flowers you can imagine, then along about half-a-mile of road lined on each side with pine trees going up the mountain to our right and down to the bay on our left. Then we came to the end of the trees and there was just coarse grass and cacti and little stumpy bushes and still the wonderful view of the bay on our left-bright blue sky and sea and big white breakers, silver sand and rocks and in the foreground the different greens of the grass dotted here and there with a red roof, while on the right of the bay was the wonderful Table Mountain, towering above everything.

Then we went down, and down and down again, till at last we reached Camps Bay, and there we left the car and walked down to the sands and climbed on the rocks and took snapshots. It was beautifully sunny and hot, but there was a cool, almost cold wind blowing which kept us comfortable. There was wonderful scenery and pretty shells.....

On our return to the harbour by a different route, whose house do you think I saw? Girlie Foxon's! I saw a brass plate on a door labelled Dr. Gie and it suddenly occurred to me who that was. I got so excited I nearly fell off the tram. I wanted to go and call on Girlie, but we had no time.

(Freemantle). We found it was very hot when we got ashore, much hotter than at Cape Town. We sought the advice of a friendly policeman as to a "beauty-spot." He directed us to Point Walter, the beginning of the Australian bush. It proved to be a place like Riggs' Retreat in Epping, but not quite so 'retreatish'...

We sat under a eucalyptus tree. They are great big trees and have funny little thin leaves and

lots of smell. After we had cooled down a little (for we were very hot) we went for a walk into the bush. Doesn't it sound exciting! Snakes slid along the ground at our feet; kangaroos hopped round us to right and to left, and emus fluttered above us, whilst the prickly growth held out its spikes like clutching fingers to tear my dress. But they didn't, really. As a matter of fact I am disappointed in Australia, I haven't seen a single kangaroo, not even a wallaby. There are huge ants and enormous beetles.

All the growth in the bush is spiky-spiky grass, spiky cacti, little bushes, something like furze, as well as bigger bushes, almost trees, which had a fruit which turns black and looks rather like a sloe. There were also funny little palms which grow without a trunk and look like ferns, bigger palms and huge eucalyptus and pepper trees. I can see that I shall have to learn botany all over again. We saw a man who had caught some crabs and they were bright blue.....

The Book of Wisdom.

STOP this talking while ye may,
Or a rule will be a-coming.

Mark your plimsoles while ye may
Or else they'll soon be missing.

Purchase your buns while a minute is left;
The "Break" bell soon will be ringing.

Rub up your ink-spots while ye may,
Or both the prefects will beat you.

Enjoy June's winter while it lasts,
For summer *may* be coming.

Pick up your racquets while you may;
The sun is still a-shining.

Laugh, laugh, laugh while ye may,
For troubles are coming (in Maths.) to-day.

Form UIVa

The Thoughts of the Caddis Worms.

"OH dear, I have had a fright. When that horrid hand came into the aquarium and took me out into the air, I thought I should die. Then when I was put into a saucer or pot (I don't know which it was) where I could hardly turn round, I thought it was dreadful.

"Oh those dreadful children. How they laughed at me when I wriggled about in the pot. I was passed

from desk to desk till I heard a funny noise and the children said: 'Oh, the bell.' I am sure I don't know what it meant. But worst of all, when one of the children was taking me back, a careless child pushed into her. I thought I had come out of my case. But now I am safe back."

PEGGY RAINER (Form II.).

Literary Society Notes.

IN spite of many demands upon our "spare time" the Society has been very active since Christmas. The two most successful meetings were the annual Magazine Evening and the Dramatic Competition.

L. IV A. gave a really funny performance of the play-scene from "A Midsummer Night's Dream." The acting was of a very high standard. U. IVB. presented a tensely dramatic scene from "Macbeth," and were fortunate in beating the Sixth. Doris Coppard deserves special commendation for her splendid management of the difficult part of Macbeth.

Papers on "Schools in Literature" were given by the younger members of the Society. Soon we hope to find equal enjoyment in listening to the views of our "veterans" upon American Literature.

ENID FOSTER (Secretary).

(The Secretary has modestly refrained from mentioning how near the Sixth came to U.IVB and how wonderful was their Forest of Arden.-
D.D.F.)

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

Rainer, Mrs. S. (Ethel Griggs), 19, Rectory Road.
Randolph, Edith, 9, Clifton Avenue.
Rayment, Emily, Spalding, Malmesbury Road, Woodford.
Reeve, Louise, 17, Prospect Hill.
Reeve, Mary, 17, Prospect Hill.
Richmond, Gertie, Killarney, Higham's Station Avenue.
Rickett, Mrs. H. T. (Gladys Colching), Goldings, Netteswell, Nr.Harlow, Essex.
Ridd, Marie, 4, Cleveland Park Avenue.
Ridley, Miss, 10, Gresley Road, Highgate, N. 19.
Roberts, Edith, The Arbor, Malmesbury Road, Woodford.
Scarlett, Mrs. (Winifred Rainer), 62, Clyde Street, St. Kilda, Melbourne, Australia.
Simpson, Elsie, 24, Prospect Hill.

Omnaxa (Umbrellas).

Now it came to pass that in the days of King Singsanga too, that a mighty magician, being enraged with mankind pronounced a dreadful curse, which was so great and so malignant that rising to the heavens it covered all the smiling sky, yea even the omnipotent sun, and bathed the terrified world in deep, unfathomable darkness. And the fleecy clouds, when that they could no longer see the green earth and the fair trees wept, and their glistening tears shone through the great curse and broke it into a thousand, thousand fragments which were henceforth called Omnaxa, which is being interpreted "umbrellas" or "the curse of mankind."

But so great was the magic of the powerful sorcerer that whenever the clouds do weep for wondrous reasons unknown to the prosaic society of man, the fragments of the curse do gather together from all corners of the earth and conspiring against mankind do seek company, the one of the other leaving themselves behind in divers places, in the dwelling places of friends, and in woodland glades, yea, even in the religious congregations of man do they conspire against him.

Mixed Metaphors, culled from U. IVa.

SNATCH Opportunity as he passes; hold him tight. There is no hair at the back of the head of Opportunity; therefore make Opportunities the climax of your life; positive events round which the thread of your life may weave a golden web of romance. If you do not pluck the sweet rose to-day, you will have but a handful of petals to-morrow.

"But I don't understand," says Alice. "If Opportunity has no hair he is a bald-headed old gentleman and how then can he be a climax, which is a giddy, perilous perch? And if Opportunity is that perch, peaked and perilous, how can it be events-long lines of doings? Then, too, it would be most awkward to weave *round* lines which are straight. Still, one might weave a wig of golden web for the old gentleman. That rose.....? He might wear it in his new wig, but he is no rose."

Science Society Notes.

SINCE the Autumn Term there have been six meetings, of which two were held at school. On February 26th, the Society had the great pleasure of a visit from Miss Oxley, who described a holiday at

Chamonix and showed lantern slides from her own photographs. At the other indoor meeting, on March 22nd, Olive Stevens, with a large number of lantern slides, described a tour in Wales and the Lake District.

The Primrosing Expedition took place on April 12th, when a large party in relays, went to Epping by motor coach and found the primroses and violets plentiful. The outing was very much enjoyed in spite of the rain. On June 16th, there was a visit to Kew where the rockery was particularly beautiful.

A party went to see the film "Climbing Mount Everest" on February 3rd and on May 30th to see "The Wonderland of Big Game." Both films were very good. Arrangements were made for a number of small parties to visit Marconi House, but, owing to experiments in the broad-casting room, most of the visits had to be postponed and no further arrangements have been made.

PHYLLIS ATTENBOROUGH.

Births.

To Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Day (née Louise H. Reeve) on June 4th, 1923, a daughter, Diana Mary.

To Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Day (née Kathleen F. Reeve), on June 11th, 1923, a son.

To Mr. and Mrs. F. Lucas (Carrie Whittingham), on June 2nd, 1923, a son, Colin.

To Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Gie (Girlye Foxon), December, 1922, a daughter, Barbara Joan.

To Mr. and Mrs. S. Kemp (Marjorie Parker), on August 4th, 1922, a son, Eric.

Marriages.

RUDY BRINKWORTH to GRESHAM CHAPPELL, on 16th July, 1923, at St. Mary's Church.

ENID GOWER to Mr. F. H. BROCK, on 16th May, 1923.

WINIFRED HABBEN to Mr. T. A. SCRUBY, on 14th June, 1923.

DOROTHY NICHOLAS to Mr. WM. SOPER, on 27th February, 1923. WINIFRED RAINER to Mr. V. G. SCARLETT, on 30th January, 1923.

MAY. V. MATHEWS to Mr. S. GANDY, on 9th June, 1923.

MARGUERITE CAMPBELL

NORA PRUDEN

CLARA WARRINGTON

MADGE WILSON

The Secretary would be grateful for particulars.

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