

Walthamstow High School Magazine

Head Mistress's Foreword

In my last letter, feeling not a little obtrusive, I asked the readers of IRIS to introduce themselves to me. Thanks to their kindly response I am now beginning to have quite a wide circle of acquaintance which will, I trust, soon widen into intimacy and friendship.

A sad blow has fallen: the proposed plans for building-extensions have been suspended for this year at least. Still hope springs eternal, and at any rate by the time this issue is printed the theatre will, I trust, be completed. Miss Sybil Thorndike has very kindly promised to open it in the Spring with a scene from some English version of a Greek Tragedy. We, ourselves, are hoping to use it for all sorts and kinds of purposes, from dancing displays to Geometry lessons. It has even been suggested that, if the Summer is consistent, we may use it for a swimming bath. I am not going to try to describe it, as most of you have seen it and if you have not, please hasten to do so. You will, I hope, be shocked to see behind the stage a horrid muddy eruption which quite mars the beauty of the whole. I want you to transform this unsightly excrescence into a waving mass of flowering shrubs, tall herbaceous plants and rambler roses. Please bring all contributions to Miss Dennithorne or me.

I think I told you that the School was going to take the London Examinations in 1925. This Summer we tried a preliminary canter and sent in eleven candidates for the London General School Examination. To our great satisfaction all passed, seven gaining Matriculation. The Cambridge results were also very good this year.

A Happy Christmas to you all.

M. NORRIS

To the School.

WHO is IRIS? What is she? We hope her swains commend her. She is descended from the Old School and the Old Building. She used to be a many-coloured messenger, related to the rainbow, and although now she is always blue, the colour of Hope, she retains her name IRIS. Both SUB-EDITORS continue to hope that her readers will enjoy what other people have written and resolve "to write something for next time." Hope springs

eternal in the human breast, so the Sub-Editors dare to hope further that you will suit the action to the word, the word to the action and the action to the article.

The business affairs of IRIS are efficiently managed by Form representatives.

Old Girls' Editorial.

"CHRISTMAS is coming." May all Old Girls enjoy it wherever they may be.

Let there be no complaints about our half of the Magazine being dull. Why, oh why, does the literary talent of these brilliant English classes dissolve into nothingness when the vigilant presiding eye is removed? We are all interested in your welfare. Please write us just a short note describing your work, if it is in the least "different," so that old friends may hear of you and others learn the many things that await the investigator.

In the success line we do not complain. Two firsts at once! As many in one year as the School has ever achieved before! We offer our heartiest congratulation- to Gwen Williams, 1st Class Honours (B.A. London), in French, and Emily Smith (B.Sc. London), 1st Class Honours in Botany. There are other budding firsts, too. Our congratulations are extended to M. Bubbers, W. Durrant, C. Sopwith and J. Curle on External Intermediate, so that our year's lists are extremely promising. Best Luck to all girls, past and present, who are going to uphold the School at the end of this year.

Lack of articles was amply made up by the enormous attendance at the Social on November 20th. Once again may we earnestly beseech all who intend to come next time to let the Secretary know, as not even the most efficient organiser can catch telepathic messages and provide the correct amount of sustenance. Think of the poor (hard worked-so they say) Sixth reduced to the crumbs-Jumps of sugar instead of sugar-plums.

"Oh to be in Italy" we all felt after Miss Hewett's vivid description of her travels, and how many of us would sell all that we have and follow her round the world!

The Old Girls' and Old Monovians' Dance is on December 31st, at the Church Hall. Doris Atkins is doing her best to sell tickets and make it a record success.

School Chronicle

WE Echoes have been rather sedate this term, as we began the year very seriously with lofty

desire to emulate the honours gained by certain among the Four Hundred in the public examinations held last term.

The following girls matriculated, through the London General School Examination, with distinction in the subject mentioned in brackets: Winifred Barnes (English), Muriel Evans (English), Dora Hodgson, Edith Lampen, Catherine McDowall (History), Constance Saunders (English), Winifred Taylor (Mathematics), and Joyce Howlett (English); Ethel Eaton obtained a School Certificate with distinction in Mathematics and Chemistry, while Sophie Filer and Doreen Gracey also attained certificate standard.

In the Senior Cambridge Examination, Winifred Astell (Geography), May Farrow (History), Dorothy Robertson (Scripture), Dorothy Bubbers (History), Edith Hatch (History), and Ethel Woolford (Oral French), obtained Honours and exemption from London Matriculation.

The Echoes enjoy congratulations with prolonged accompaniment of clapping, a more musical than physical exertion for them, though a very joyous exercise for the Four Hundred. The Echoes are now getting an excellent education in music, as the School marches out from prayers to the sound of the Bazaar piano, after singing beautiful hymns from our new School hymn-books. Moreover, a Musical Society has just been formed under the auspices of Miss Norris as President, Miss Jackson as Vice-President, and Miss Sumsion as Secretary. The first paper is to be on "Carols" and is to be given by Winifred Taylor. The Hall echoes, too, to the practice of songs and carols for the Prize giving, as well as to the accompaniments for dances and the voices of "Goblin Market" and "Alice" and of the French players.

Outside may be heard the clack of new hockey-sticks on the hard white ball. For the School has begun a new game this term, a very important event in the Chronicle. Outside, too, is the new Greek theatre, which is going to be a home of beauty.

School parties are coming and we expect very merry echoes.

We are fortunate to have Phyllis Attenborough as our Head Girl again this year. (We Echoes hate people to leave.) She is supported by the following Form prefects: W. Taylor, P. Bott, E. Hatch, B. Speakman (VI.); D. Brown, N. Webb (VA.); P. Cooper, Marjorie Young (VB.); V. Bradley, V. Thornton (D. IV A.); W. Needham, C. Taylor (D. IVB.); P. Locke, E. Martin (L. IVA.); D. Gillham, J. Huskisson (L. IVB.); M. French, P. Rainer (D.

IIIA.); B. Howlett, J. Reading (D. IIIB.); M. Robertson, B. Stevens (L. IIIA.); M. Dott, J. Nichols (L. IIIB.); E. Bass, M. Roach (11.).

We hope Miss Seeley and Miss Brown have now adopted us as friends.

The Appreciation of Beauty.

SUSCEPTIBILITY to the influence of external forces is one of the good qualities in human nature, and so beauty in all its forms attracts man, even though he is but semi-conscious of the force, lifting him to higher levels of thought, outside the commonplace.

Beauty influences the sense of sound and the sense of sight. To deal with the former: when one hears a musician render a composition on the piano, violin, or another instrument, if the sense of beauty of sound is at all developed, the clearness of the notes, the expression, and the indescribable manner in which he conveys the thought and meaning of the composer to his listener, fill one with admiration for the extreme beauty of the music, and for a time one is occupied in enjoying the train of ideas which it has caused to pass through the mind. The ideas, of course, depend on the listener to a great extent, and they may be sad or happy, as the rendering affects the mind. On the other hand, some sounds are melancholy in themselves. For instance, the constant beating of the waves upon the shore must convey to most minds the thoughts that Matthew Arnold expressed as "bringing the eternal note of sadness in." To some the sea is cruel, since it has drowned loved ones, and, by pathetic fallacy, the even ebb and flow seem to express the infinity of space and of time which is the inheritance of the sea.

To all sounds one can listen and no thoughts be conjured up, but thus half the enjoyment of life is lost, for surely the man that hears in the singing of the sparrow a welcome note of gladness, joy for another bright day, or thankfulness for the crumbs which are scattered, is happier than he who hears only a monotonous "chirp, chirp" from the trees.

Perhaps it is more difficult to appreciate beauty of sound than of sight, but living among beautiful scenery tends to dull the sense of beauty, and it needs a Lowlander to be enraptured with mountain scenery and to tell the peasant, earning a precarious livelihood by sheep-rearing on the slopes, that among such towering peaks and gushes of water from springs he should never be unhappy or depressed, for the sight of the mountains with the sun setting or rising beyond, sometimes themselves enveloped in mist, can never be monotonous.

The number of beautiful things of nature is

unlimited. Above us, year in and year out, is the vast expanse of sky which, varying in colour from the deepest blue to the most sombre grey, pleases the eye so long as the feelings of the person are in tune with the hue of it. The trees, either clothed in fresh green foliage, or adorned with the wonderful colours of the Autumnal season, or stripped of all their leaves and standing with the form of the construction of their branches visible, as at no other time of the year are beautiful. In summer the masses of flowers with the butterflies-themselves things of great beauty-fluttering in and out for a short time before they lie down to die, are attractive to the sight.

There is beauty in everything if one can appreciate it, and the beauty of Nature with which the world has been endowed is shown by every tree, flower and weed. An appreciative mind draws happiness from all alike and is susceptible to that joy in life which they convey.

DOROTHY ROBERTSON (Form VI.).

The Entertainment.

THE performance started with a French play, called "*Un Groupe de Famille*." Then Miss Squire and J. Howlett danced and when that was over came the play-a scene in a grocer's shop. Little nixey were playing and dancing. They wanted to know what poetry was, because a student who was a customer, preferred it to cheese. One bold little nixey crept to a small dark garret where a student sat working. He asked him if he could tell him what poetry was. "Poetry," said the student, "is music and dancing."

Suddenly the dark lonely garret in which the nixey stood was filled with people-nymphs, huntresses and children dressed as characters from fairy tales. They danced and danced. The room was ablaze with light, and the sounds of beautiful music fell upon the nixey's ears. When all was over the nixey lay down to sleep. He was awakened by the cry of "Fire! fire!" He dashed to the grocer's shop and rescued his beloved treasure, the Poetry Book.

BETTY HOWLETT (Form U. IIIb.).

So much for the plot, for which Hans Andersen was responsible. The fairy tale, adapted, lent itself easily as a framework for fantasia which employed over a hundred dancers and many singers as well as reciters. Miss Jackson played some beautiful incidental music, and all the performers enjoyed

themselves hugely, especially Barbara Riggs and Irene Arnold, who took it in turn to play the part of the chief Nixey. The Student's difficult part was well acted, twice by Constance Eastaugh and twice by Nellie Webb.

Of the dances, one remembers best Preparatory's version of "The Knave of Hearts," with its accompanying song, and its one-word drama of "King!" Of the recitations, honours are divided between Doris Coppard's rendering of "I met, at eve, the Prince of Sleep," and Mary Rabson's of Shelley's "Hymn of Pan." Of the songs, the loveliest were "The Lotus Song" by the Sixth and Louie Hayward's "Moon Song."

Three performances were given in aid of the School Cot, for which we raised £50, and a fourth in aid of School funds.

Miss Sumsion and the parents are to be thanked for the marvellous speed at which the costumes achieved shape and beauty.

The Tennis Rabbits.

(With apologies to a famous author.)

OUR season now is done. Our resolutions,
As I foretold you, were all empty and
Are melted into faults, into "outsides."
For of the wondrous deeds we would achieve
The cross court drive, the swift, low, back-hand
sweep,
The dazzling volleys and unpassable net play,
Yea, even Lenglen's grace and Johnson's swipe,
We've quite forgotten; for, alas, as yet
The net stops every ball. Our serves are such
As faults result from: and each little game
Is rounded in eight "wrongs."

NORA BLOFIELD.

A Song.

MY song shall be
The sweet notes of thrush in evening,
Through latticed coppices singing;
The music of the brook twining
Its merry way thro' the vining;
The winking stars that seem to me
Beautiful friendly eyes that see -
Of bubbling brooks, and whispering wind;
He who hath ears shall voices find
Telling the wonders of the earth;
The wondrous miracle of birth.
This is my song

ANNIE ONWIN (Form Vb)

Memoirs of a Spider.

ALAS! my children. You ask for a new instalment of ancient history of W.H.S., but the fountain of all such knowledge, my ancient grandfather, can speak no more. The cleanliness of which he complained so bitterly, proved too much for a spider of his confirmed habits. The excess of light and air of this new school brought him to a premature grave, and we buried him among the daffodils of the not-to-be-walked-on rhododendron garden on the same day that the weeping school bade farewell to the Most-Important-Lady-with-a-room-of-her-own.

What? You didn't know they ever said good bye to such a famous person? Your education, children, has been more than sadly neglected. Let me tell you more of the earlier days in this new school under her vigilant eye, so that you won't forget her existence in your future eulogy of the present. She held sway in that "room," where even the loudest voiced miscreant was reduced to impotent silence. Many times have I watched shivering criminals examine the pattern of the carpet with never a word to say, or when they ventured a crushing retort, be met with some remark which stamped them nonentities.

But what a mysterious change, when, on a dark still night, lying hidden there, I perceived two girls stealthily creep in and open the door of the cupboard. "In here, and lock the door," one of them whispered, all to my horror they crept into this inner sanctuary. The key turned and I waited, shivering with apprehension at this strange violation. A few moments later a loud voice outside proclaimed "Let's try here" and in trooped several noisy revellers. They, however, turned on the light and began a diligent search behind the desk, under the table, finally trying the cupboard handle. "Locked" they said and departed. Presently the cupboard door opened. "All clear," whispered a voice. Out crept the two, dashed for the door and away. "Caught." I heard a scream, then wild calling, and finally a bell rang.

Well, such a change as this needed explaining, so I sallied forth. Soon I found myself in a hurry and excitement not good for any self-respecting spider who hopes to attain old age. Girls rushed hither and, thither, entirely disrespecting the sacred Front Hall marble. And presently, children, I found out what they doing, in this solemn building dedicated to the edification of the child mind-playing "Hide and Seek."

There were times, oh my infants, at the end of term, when the Sixth Form indulged in sumptuous

form teas, tennis-drives and even dances. And they discussed such matters as Fruit Salad, Custard and "Squishy Cakes" with a vehemence worthy of Cabinet Ministers, so that they even had to retire to the farthest corner of the field to decide on the necessary quantity of custard. And heated and prolonged became the argument until one weary member sighed "This is a cussed hard problem" and broke up the meeting in disorder.

And talking of Sixth Forms and puns, one illustrious form was discussing a dance, and having decided to imitate the famous netball effort in the tennis direction a bright mind suggested "We must have a set and turn a single."

Many times, oh my children, have I been lodged, unsuspected, among the Reference Books, and listened to deep discussions on Spiritualism, and even seen the "spook" invoked one dark and stormy lesson. But never shall I forget the day when strained and tired possessors of Olympus proceeded to embrocate themselves in the absence of the Most-Important-Lady from a Scripture lesson! Nor the dreadful day when certain "Fifth Form Bears" had somewhat to do with a Statue in the Art Room.

These, children, are but a few of the great and thrilling things of which you may have more later-if you behave.

Who Knows

"THE offspring of the piscatorial swain?"

Who knocked the shuttlecock on to the electric light in the Hall?

Why it is quite impossible to finish one's homework in the appointed time?

Why isothermal lines run from North to South when the ocean rolls from East to West?

Who sent a mistress a Miss Muffet handkerchief? Which girl in the late U. IVE. heard with her eyes?

The Fifth Form invalid?

Who said "Hamlet is full of quotations"?

Who is responsible for the translation, "To am or not to was; that is the ask. Ghost is willing, but the beef is weak."

U. IIIE.'s holly decorations?

The pedigree of the dog that was extremely fond of net-balls?

The atmospheric disturbances which cause snowstorms in VA. room?

Whether Wordsworth really wrote Balder Dash? Form VA.'s disillusionment on learning that Hamlet was fat and scant of breath and probably aged thirty at least?

Who Remembers-

THE dates when the following were discovered:
An apple-core in the Hall, a banana under the covered playground, and a ham-sandwich in the games cupboard?
Blessing the theatre?
The staff that walked backwards?
"One in the margin?"
The girl who could do geometry standing on her head?
The cherry-stone and the drawing-pin in the Bacchus dance?
Walking upstairs on the wrong side of the banisters?
Petruccio's dish of meat?
"You've given me the list, haven't I?"
The debate, "That it is wrong to keep animals and birds in the Zoo?"
The Cinema?

Who Wrote?

- (a) "THERE was a young lady of Cam.,
Who failed in her final exam.
When they said, 'How is this?'
She replied with a hiss,
The examiner's an unpleasant man."
(b) "There was an old lady of Kent,
Who slept out one night in a tent.
When the tent-pole fell in,
She said with a grin,
"My back feels decidedly bent."

Suppose

The Four Hundred marched once round the school in single file before adjourning to "Break" bun-table?
All our stockings broke loose on Sports Day.
We never had Arithmetic tests.
We had "A" for an English essay.
All the perfumes of Arabia pervaded the laboratory.

Sixth Form Dances.

THE ORIGIN AND RESULT OF THE NET-BALL DANCE.

THREE fair young sixth-formers, working hard at pumping balls in that most noble of all places, the Games Cupboard, were racking their brains to produce a subject for a dance that would fill the School and staff and judges with admiration. Suddenly one was seized with an inspiration,

"Couldn't we have a net-ball dance?" Delighted with the idea, they discussed it, worked out plans, searched for suitable music.

Next day they carefully explained the idea to an eager Sixth Form. From that day onwards waving goal-posts, pirouetting umpires and dancing players were seen performing in the hall by those members of the staff who glanced through the window.

At last the competition day arrived-the dance was ready. The players were in their places. Human goal posts, arrayed in green cloths (Sixth Form tablecloths), perched high on chairs, held their rings in a most inviting manner. The umpire posed, ball in hand, waiting for the signal.

Then to the sound of Grieg's Norwegian Dance the match began. With graceful pirouette and bow the umpire bounced the ball. Daintily it was passed from player to player, who danced the while in perfect style. The goal posts waved their rings and gracefully bowed to receive the ball from the shooter who posed in artistic arabesque. What joy and triumph was shown in turns and springs that followed as they all went back to await the centre bounce!

This time the ball was wafted towards the other goal, but to no avail; a neat defence-player sprang with legs and arms high to intercept the ball. Quickly the dancing players passed the ball towards the first team goal and again they were successful. Hurrah! the match was ended! The first team had won. The umpire, with head thrown back, gave a shrill blast of her whistle as the sign.

The unfortunate defeated team with expressive movements of sorrow slowly moved away to the sound of *Chanson Triste*. Then with joyous leaping the winning team departed to loud strains of Brahms' First Waltz, leaving the umpire to trip out between the slowly moving goal posts.

The School clapped, the staff laughed-laughed more than the School had seen them laugh before. Shouts were raised to see it again. Again the players danced their match, and yet again, and still the School cheered and clapped. The players were well rewarded for their efforts they tied for first place and were rewarded with a beautiful green vase.

ROSE HARRIS.

THE BURIAL OF THE W. H. S. TUTANKHAMEN, 1923.

IT lay in the Geography Cupboard, an apparition to strike fear into the hearts of the cleaners and to reduce stray callers from the realms of school to hysterics.

At the appointed hour it was placed solemnly upon a bier, decorated with hieroglyphics and flowers of strange device and composition, and carried in solemn procession to the door of the Hall. There a most regal array of lamenting mourners danced with fantastic steps to the entrance of the Tomb to deposit their offerings, while three beautiful damsels worked themselves into a frenzy of whirling and weeping before the gaping door.

Supported by four stalwart warriors it was carried to slow music to its last resting place, weeping mourners wailing behind, foremost the bereaved widow. Within the tomb, guarded by two immobile sentries, it was gently lowered. The mourners became frenzied in the last paroxysm of grief and the gates closed slowly and full of grief upon all that remained of the W.H.S. Tutankhamen.

A DRILL LESSON FIFTY YEARS HENCE.

Scene-the Hall.

[Enter a Drill Mistress and an Accompanist, hand in hand, to a barn-dance step. D. M. hands A. to a chair at the piano (the old one). They bow and pirouette. D. M. runs down hall and takes up third dancing position.]

D. M. Approach, girls! [Enter the VI. Form, tripping lightly to soft music. They line up in varied and graceful attitudes before the mistress.]

D.M. Right and left divide-*pas de basque*!

[They do so, and come up the centre in two's.]

Open files-waltz.

(Each girl gracefully embraces a partner and waltzes to her place.),

D.M. Re-lax!

[They droop over one another's necks, back to back, with arms extended at the sides and right foot pointed.]

D.M. Position! *Mouvement des bras*-upwards, forwards, sideways and downwards. Go-o-o-o!

While this exercise is in progress the mistress dances through the ranks, checking any tendency to vigour!

D.M. Chin a little higher, dear. Wonderful facial expression in this form! Re-lax! (They relax.) Bring forth Pegasus!

[With forerunners, outriders, skirmishers and postilion, enter the Horse. They welcome him wildly with Bacchic movements, music becomes frantic. The din dies down, and wonderful balances and arabesques are performed on Pegasus' leathery back. To these enter a Head-mistress and Two Visitors with three figure steps and a dip. They are welcomed cordially, but not so effusively as Pegasus. They dance round,

admiring the girls.)

D.M. Pegasus -away!

[With mournful steps and slow the faithful horse is led away.]

The class stands or drops on one knee in positions of Grecian sorrow. The visitors weep.]

D.M. Four lines-fall in! Re-lax! (they relax).

Breathing exercise: run forward four steps breathing in, backward four steps breathing out and singing down the scale. Go-o-o-o!

(the exercise is beautifully performed). Relax! (they relax).

D.M. Close files-fox-trot!

[Here the raucous voice of the School bell (alas! now in working order) is heard. They mourn.]

D.M. (In a broken voice) The bell! Girls, we must part. Forward in . . . (she becomes inaudible through emotion).

[As they pass the Mistress each girl bids her farewell. Some she embraces, some she pats on the head, some she kisses on the brow, and once she turns and lays her head on Pegasus' trusty back while her shoulders heave with sobs. When the last girl has trailed sorrowfully away, she flings herself on the Head-mistress' neck in an agony of grief, and is borne off, L., in a state of collapse.]

J. HOWLETT.

Old Year's Night.

ANOTHER Old Girls' and Old Monovians' dance will be held in the Church Hall, Walthamstow, on the 31st December, Tickets for which may be obtained from the Secretary, Miss D. Atkins, 32, Rectory Road, E.17, or from the following members of the Committee:

Miss D. Chappell, 37, Prospect Hill, E. 17.

Miss M. Foxon, 2, Forest Rise,

E.17. Mrs. Rainer, 19, Rectory Road, E.17.

Please book this date.

School belongs to the Epic of Youth.

ONE morn a noble knight, Sir Thomas Brown,
Set off to seek for learning and renown;
At length he came upon a busy School,
Where Knights do learn, and Masters stern do rule;

Among these youthful Knights he chose to stay,
Determined to be Victor of the day.

Then first he fought against some letters queer;
Some Algebra he had to solve, 'twas clear.
He was the victor, as was proved next day;

His paper was returned to him, marked "A,"
And next the monster French he had to fight,
He conquered him by using all his might.
He entered next a horrid-smelling cave,
Whence he emerged, though white as from the
grave.

Within, he had the Chemical Dragon fought,
And spoils of lovely crystals with him brought.
Then he went home, did young Sir Thomas
Brown,
Having gained learning, even if not renown.

JANET TURNER (Form U. IV a.).

Pictures in the Fire.

THE fire is roaring, heaped up high,
And you can watch the king ride by,
You can see him enter the flaming homes,
Of fiery demons, and fiery gnomes.
You may see his flaming castle tall,
With flames for window, and flames for wall,
You may see the maids in the blazing rooms,
Sweeping the turrets with their golden brooms.

Helter, skelter, the goblins fly,
Up in the flaming trees so high,
You may see them plucking the gleaming fruit,
While others play on a golden lute.
You may see the rosy banquet hall,
And the herald on his bugle call.
You may see the silver river of trout,
But the dream has gone, for the fire is
out.

BARBARA RIGGS (Form L. IV a.).

Cupid and Psyche.

(Episodes from the Myth, told by L.IIIa.)

FAR away in a distant land
There lived a maiden fair:
Like the fair lily was her hand,
Like spun gold was her hair.

This maiden fair was known by all,
Her praise by all was heard,
Until at last she caused the fall
Of Venus and her wrath incurred.

EDITH PALMER (Form L.IIIa)

THEN Venus called to her side her son,
And to him spake in this mind,
"Wed Psyche to the ugliest one
In all the land you find."

Then Cupid off obedient flew,
Armed with his crystal quiver,
Little dreaming what he would do
Would be to love Psyche and win her.

MARGERY ALEXANDER (Form L IIIa.).

THE only thing she must not do
To Cupid, her husband dear,
She must not look at him at all,
But trust in him, not fear.

He flew out of the window,
Followed by Psyche dear;
She clung on tightly to his feet
Because she had no fear.

He put her down in a valley
And climbed a cypress tree,
And said in angry tones to her,
"I thought you trusted me."

EILEEN HODGSON (Form L. IIIa.).

Suppose.

SUPPOSE I sat upon a wall,
And like old Humpty had a fall,
But 'stead of falling downward, I
Fell up and up and hit the sky.

Suppose, when I was feeling chill
And had no coal the grate to fill,
I put in lumps of snow and ice,
And really felt quite warm and nice.

And 'spose when I sat down to sup
And wanted to eat my porridge up,
And rose from table nicely fed,
The porridge ate me up instead.

ELSIE HOLMES (Form L. IIIb.).

The Sun.

THE sun was shining brightly,
When I went out to play;
But when I came back again
The sun had gone away.

KATHLEEN GALLINGTON (Form I.).

High School Manners

THE girls of the High School Walthamstow,
Once their games and sports they never crow.

They walk about in two's and two's,
And they always change their outdoor shoes.

They never, never make a noise,
And never run like a pack of boys.
In their lessons they are always good,
And behave as all good children should.

MILDRED FRENCH (Form U IIIa)

The Fate of a School-girl Poetess.

"FINISHED, at last!" cried the girl, as she added the last line to a stanza of poetry. "I hope the editors will be satisfied," she murmured. "I knew that 'tracks' doesn't rhyme with 'rocks,' nor 'again' with 'glen,' but I'm sure they will overlook such details, considering I am a brilliant poetess. After all, very little good poetry is sent in, so they will appreciate mine."

Then she packed up her books and went to bed. For some time she lay awake, conjuring up visions of the school magazine, containing her literary effort, with a remark printed beneath it about the new genius.

"How proud the girls will be, to have such a wonderful poetess in their midst," she said to the ceiling. Suddenly the bedroom faded away and she found herself lying on her back on a table in the Sixth Form room.

Several stern familiar faces were peering down at her, as though she were a new work of art. Then she heard voices. "Get up," commanded a girl.

"Stand over there," said another.

"I won't," cried the poetess, as she made an attempt to escape through an open door. She only rushed into a cupboard, however, and was seized by the girls who pushed her behind the fire guard, although a fire was burning.

"Order, please," shouted a vicious-looking girl. "Now then, prisoner, what do you mean by writing such rubbish?"

She tossed a paper to the unfortunate poetess, who read it with eyes nearly starting out from their sockets. It was her 'poem.'

Said the vicious-looking girl, "We have come to the conclusion that rubbish like that was never written before."

"How shall she be punished?" asked the Editor. There was silence for a second when the prisoner sprang over the fire-guard.

Immediately all was uproar. Hundreds of hands seized her, and dragged her out of the building to the school field. They dropped her down on her back and beat her with hockey-sticks. The poetess then noticed that the girls had no bodies.

There were legs and arms and heads, but their bodies were missing.

"Oh! let me go, let me go!" cried the prisoner. "I will never write another line in all my life, if only you will let me go."

The creatures grinned and jeered all the more and kicked her hard.

Suddenly, all the heads sailed away in the air, leaving the legs still kicking her. Then they, too, began to disappear through the earth, and the poor poetess was left alone on her back in the field. She rolled over to hide the still visible, grinning faces from her view. She landed somewhere with a bump and then sat up, feeling very dazed.

The screeching of the creatures still rang in her ears as she realised that she was on the floor in her bedroom.

"Ugh! What a horrid dream," she muttered, as she rearranged the bedclothes.

Then she made a firm resolve. "*Tomorrow I will burn that poem.*"

GLADYS HUNT (Form Vb)

An Appreciation.

How many of us find joy in the advent of one small blue-covered volume labelled "IRIS"? It is almost as good as being at school again to read of present activities or to lose ourselves in the "Who Remembers?" tale of some daring adventure of our youth-and by the way does anyone recall the occasion on which a fourth form provided themselves with snuff and were not deterred from surreptitious pinches and boisterous sneezes by the threat of "a dose of quinine next lesson for those so sadly afflicted with colds"? How greatly we enjoyed ourselves.

This happiness of the past is being constantly renewed in the most unexpected places. How delightful it is to set out for a char-a-banc drive during a holiday in Devon and to notice a W.H.S. blazer sitting near whose owner will give you all the latest school news; or to find oneself hailed in the streets of Oxford by "Old Girls" who exchange friendly greetings. On another occasion a girl, who was once your Form II. rival, finds she has been spending her holidays in the part of Switzerland which you have just visited-and you talk like schoolgirls! Even in the fashionable shopping centre of Hoe St. many friendly glances recall old-time companions whose names may be forgotten but whose goodwill is retained.

We all remember Miss Hewett's story of the

farm-house kitchen with its basket of apples from which all could take, as each helped to replenish it-and because of this story it was impossible to refuse to write something for the much-loved "IRIS." By this Head we were once taught that we should not escape if we "padded," as she had sometimes fallen into this error herself, so could discover our failing easily! Therefore we must hope that she will excuse this attempt to satisfy a conscience awakened by her "apple" story, and not see the "padding" which surrounds an effort to express the happiness which memories of school and school-friends must always bring, even though we may be "scattered wherever chance finds us."

G. B. JOHNS.

Rejected Contributions.

AN unusual number of contributions poured in at the last minute this time, in response, not to an appeal, but to a command from the School sub-editor. Of these, few were entirely worthless, though many were not as neat and careful as they should have been.

Doris Holmes (VI.) is commended for an original prose article on "Boots." Dorothy Barber (VB.) sent in several very good efforts, especially the one inspired by Keats's "Sorrow Song".

"Oh sorrow! why dost borrow
The roses from my full and blooming cheeks
To throwaway on study,
And leave my face so muddy,
After learning French and Science all these weeks
and weeks? "

Nancy Buckett (late of L. IVE.) wrote some pleasant verses of valedictory reminiscences. She speaks of the hall, well filled, the Sports, the Prize-giving and then says

"And as I think of all these things,
I scarce can stop a sigh,
To think that half a term ago,
I had to say 'good-bye '."

Doris Ling (L. IV A.) wrote a jovial poem, full of participles, on "The Wind in a Frolic":

"Rocking the chimneys, and blowing
down slates,
Slamming the doors,
and banging the gates;
Amid cackling geese
and barking dogs;
Blowing away clouds,
and mists, and fogs."

Gwen Miles (V A.) sent in an excellently worked-out romance on the theme "There's rosemary-that's for remembrance," and Agnes Feuerstahler (VI.) also derived her inspiration from the same *opus.*, for she quoted

"I set you up a glass

Where you may see the inmost part of you."

She then proceeded in a lively but naughty article on the outmost part, as revealed in "Fashions," to discourse of blouse;, shoes, hair, cuff-links, spectacles and collars. "The low-heeled flat shoe is greatly in vogue just now. It is worn generally without buckles or other ornaments-in some cases, without buttons."

D. Barber revelled in a vision of School a thousand years hence. She visited a Form-room where History was being studied. "What would you like to learn this morning, dears," whispered the Mistress fearfully. 'The story of the loves of Mary, Queen of Scots,' came the answer in a cannon-like roar. My last visit was to the room in which Arithmetic was taught. 'Girls, VB.,' said the Mistress, '5071 X 261. The girl who finishes the sum first and has the correct answer shall have that number of chocolates--'"

Winifred Clarke (U. IIIA.), Phyllis Holcroft (L. IIIA.), and Alice Vincent (L. IIIB.) are commended for verse contributions. Mary Rich (U. IVA.), had a brief but Promethean vision of an ideal world:

"Where poetry, music, painting,
And ev'ry branch of art,
Doth make the very dullest man
To glow within his heart."

Kathleen Burnell (U. IV A.) versified the expedition in the L.G.O.C. omnibuses to the Kingsway Hall.

"Now we're going through the city
Here's the Kingsway: off you tread."
(Yes: the School *did* go to the pictures.)

Mary Rabson (VA.), is very highly commended for a careful article on "The School Uniform." Many will sympathise with her attachment to her old tunic. "My old and treasured tunic, threadbare almost to transparency, is hung up in the cupboard, but when I grow rich I will have it preserved according to the best Egyptian methods, and placed under a glass case."

Kathleen Schumacher and Gladys Kersey (U Iva) are commended for verse, and we quote from Gwen Jones' poem on "The Garden":

"I wander along
Its dappled paths that lead to the sun."

Marjorie Hayes (Form II.) always sends in work that is a pleasure to the hard-working sub-editor, and Elsa Davey (U. IIIB,) sent in a good poem.

The Sixth sustained their usual level in prose: Miriam Lampen and Helen Rainer both wrote entertainingly, Dorothy Blackwell (VB,) had a vision of the future wherein the tables were turned and all the down-trodden maidens of the present became Prime-ministresses, while any Sixth Form tyrant was a mere typist. It was amusingly written, but rather difficult to decipher.

Science Society Notes.

THE Science Society has held three meetings this term.

On Saturday, October 18th, between forty and fifty members joined a small party of the staff for a Fungus Foray. They followed a circuitous route from Chingford Plain over Yardley Hills and from thence into the forest at Fairmead. The toadstools were at their best, the bright red russula, the orange fairy clubs and the blue-green stropharia were found in abundance. A few lucky members found "the urchin of the woods," a toadstool which bears teeth instead of gills beneath the head. A varied display of the spoils was to be found in the Science Room on the Monday following.

The second meeting of the term took place on October 25th, when about fifty members spent the day at Wembley. During the morning the Palace of Industry was the chief centre of attraction and the chemical exhibits were especially appreciated by the older members of the party.

After School on November 25th, the last, an indoor meeting, was held at which two papers were read. Ivy Sewell (Form L. IVA.) told us about the "giants" of the fungus world, throwing light on some of the finds made on the Fungus Foray. The big, coloured illustrations made by the student teachers were greatly admired.

Madge Shipway (Form VA.) read a most interesting paper on the lives and activities of some of the lesser fungi. She showed that size was no criterion of importance, for many microscopic relatives of the toadstools make themselves known by devastating activities in the forests, fields and gardens.

The results of the Science Holiday

Competition have not yet been announced, but we believe that some contributions of unusual interest have been made this year.

Literary Society Notes.

We have had two meetings, which were held in the Preparatory Room, the Art Room being no longer available. On October 24th we met to hear members read contributions, varied in style and subject matter, for the Literary Magazine, in which our new members from the Lower Fourth shewed merit and originality.

The second meeting, held on November 18th, was on that never-failing subject of interest-Modern Poetry. Entertaining papers were read by Helen Rainer, Miriam Lampen and Connie Saunders on Masfield, Yeats, "And the Rest," and other members read extracts from the writings of modern poets. The zealous members of the Society experienced ten minutes of unholy delight at the end of the meeting, when responsible people read frivolous parodies by J. C. Squire. We hope no blasphemous Masfieldian echoes lingered in the Preparatory Room next day to pollute pure young minds.

Our next meeting will be on "American Literature." E. Burnell and E. Maurice are supplying papers.

JOYCE HOWLETT (Secretary).

Games Notes.

These are the results of the matches played this term:

West Ham	1st	team	28-7 Walthamstow.
	2nd	team	17-7 Walthamstow.
Bedford College		team	15-4 Walthamstow.
1st	2nd	team	9-17 Bedford.
Leytonstone	1st	team	14-21 Leytonstone.
	2nd	team	14-30 Leytonstone.
		Junior team	14-12 Walthamstow.
Skinnners'	1st	team	19-27 Skinnners'.

Matches are also arranged against St. Angela's, Greycoat, and Brondesbury.

This term has seen the beginning of hockey. Much enthusiasm has been shown. When we see the eager group of players following the ball

wherever it goes, we imagine the time when our School will be thrilled by watching hockey matches, and when hockey trophies will adorn the Form rooms. We even received a challenge this term from Lady Holles' School, which we were not able to accept.

The tennis trophies were won by Form VI. in the Upper School, and Form L. IVB. in the Middle School.

The swimming cups were won by Form VI. in the Upper School, Form L. IVB. in the Middle School, and Form L. IIIB. in the Lower School. THE net-ball team, fortunately, lost in July only one of its players, whose place has been filled by W. Needham.

WINNIE ASTELL (Games Captain).

Language.

THE language of schoolgirls is sometimes rather confusing.

On the first day of term there is a general cry of "Bagged" if one dares to take any but the very back seat or any but the very worst book. In the garden after school one frequently sees a girl clinging desperately to target-stands, and if one goes anywhere near them she calls out "Bagged!"

It is absolutely false, for there are no bags of any description to be seen. There are none either on the desk or the target-stands, nor are they strewn around.

On one occasion these girls were slowly, very slowly entering a large building a short distance out of London. As they passed in they were all given something in a bag. Naturally I expected to hear the old cry full of renewed energy, but the opportunity was missed, for not a sound was heard.

WINIFRED TAYLOR (Form VI).

Summer Meeting O.G.A.

THE Annual Business Meeting of the O.G.A. was combined with light amusement in the shape of tennis, chatter and ices on the 14th July.

Miss Goldwin read a letter from Miss Hewett resigning her position as President, and, on behalf of the Association, asked Mrs. Norris to accept the same, which she accordingly did. The Treasurer's report showed a balance of £9 4s. 8d., so the Magazine funds are assured! The retiring members of the Committee were Mrs. Rainer, B. Howlett and D. Chappell, and in their stead were elected Mrs. Fortescue, L. Smith and I. Ringer. The vacancies on

the Magazine Committee were to be filled by D. Goodchild, D. Warren and N. Blofield; and Mrs. Rainer was to take the place of M. Foxon, the retiring member, on the Margaret Richardson Memorial Committee. The Business Meeting concluded with a few words from our new President.

The next item was an excellent performance of "Twixt the Soup and the Savoury," by Gladys and Muriel Johns and Marjorie Budd, which was much appreciated. Dancing, the singing of the School Song and "Auld Lang Syne" brought another happy evening to a close.

A History.

THERE was a certain blue bowl, a very large, flat, beautiful, blue bowl, and it lay on the Sixth Form table-not on any Sixth Form table, but on the table where the mistress sat, because that was the most important.

We put heather in the blue bowl, and often "in hours of weariness" it wafted to us memories of certain far-distant times of idleness (*in saecula saeculorum*). Weeks passed and the heather faded, yet we threw it not away; it had associations for us, and, moreover, we were sorely pressed for time.

At last there came a day when the heather had to go. When it had gone we found a fissure in the blue bowl, even a piece chipped from its side. We wept. The blue bowl remained with us still, for it also had associations for us, and moreover, we were sorely pressed for time.

Then one morning it was gone. Someone remembered having put it in the waste-paper basket because the table was over-laden. We thought Mr. Hazel must have assigned it to the dustbin, and we rejoiced, for it had become an eyesore. Yet once more it re-appeared and we marvelled.

Rumour says it is now in a certain dark chamber, in the company of skulls and pickled things. But of its fate we know not, and for its fate we care not- though it had associations for us..... we were solely pressed for time.

ELSIE BROWN (Form VI)

The Fog.

THE moon, reflected on the sea,
Was like a passage up to heaven,
When I had had my tea.
The trees were rustling, a ghostly noise,
And now and then footsteps falling,
A creepy ghost recalling.
Something touched me on my shoulder:

I turned round but nothing was there.
Someone's breath was in my hair,
I turned and ran, but it seemed to follow,
I kept on running, till the morrow.
I don't know now who it was,
But Mother said "it was the fog."

JESSIE SPRATT (Form U. IIIb.)

Birth.

LIDDIARD.-On October 26th, to Mr. and Mrs. T. Gilbert Liddiard (Ethel Rich), a daughter.

Marriages.

IRENE BROWN to Mr. ALEC H. DOWNE, on July 10th, at St. Peter's-on-the-Forest.

IRENE HIPKIN to Mr. NORMAN DAVEY, on September 4th.

DOROTHEA MORFEE, on September 13th, at the Church of Our Lady and St. Patrick, Walthamstow, to ALFRED LESLIE SQUIRE, of Ealing. (Present address 61, Homecroft Rd., Sydenham, S.E. 26.)

OLIVE THOMAS to Mr. ARTHUR DYER, on August 12th, at the Priory Church of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem in England, Clerkenwell.

WE are sorry to announce the death of Mrs. Brabrook, who, as Gertrude Jackson, will be remembered by many, including those who were in the School at the beginning, in 1890. The School would like to take this opportunity of expressing its sympathy with Miss Jackson in her loss.

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

Rabson, Lucy, 19, Palmerston Road.

Rainer, Mrs S. (Ethel Griggs), 19, Rectory Road.

Randolph, Edith, 9, Clifton Avenue.

Rayment, Emily, Spalding, Malmesbury Road, Woodford.

Rayment, Gertie, Spalding, Malmesbury Road, Woodford.

Richardson, Doris, 489, Lea Bridge Road, Leyton.

Richens, Mrs. F. (Bernice Atkinson), 360, Hoe Street.

Richmond, Gertie, Killarney, Higham Station Avenue, South Chingford.

Ridd, Marie, 4, Cleveland Park Avenue.

Ridley, Miss, Faculty of Arts, King's College, London.

Ringer, Isabel, 65, Markhouse Road.

Ringer, Jessie, 65, Markhouse Road.

Roberts, Mrs. E. (Winnie Matthews), 15a, Sydenham Rd., Sydenham, S.E.26.

Robertson, Mrs. R. (May Goodchild), 25, The Drive.

Roebriek, Connie, 16, Eastfield Road.

Sainsbury, Marjorie, Westhaven, Stanhope Road.

Scarlett, Mrs. V. (Winnie Rainer), Madowla Park, Picola, Victoria, Australia.

Scott, Mrs. (Elsie How), Brownrigg, Fullers Road, South Woodford.

Selway, Doris, 16, Wilton Road, Highams Park.

Sharp, Doris, 110, Grove Road.

Sharpe, Muriel, 1047, Forest Road.

Sheppard, Margery, 15, Copeland Road.

Simpson, Elsie, 24, Prospect Hill.

Simpson, Hilda, 24, Prospect Hill.

Skilton, Grace, 198, Hoe Street.

Smith, Emily Mabel, 10, Lorne Road.

Smith, Linda, 20, The Drive.

Smith, Mabel, 24, Beech Hall Road, Highams Park.

Smyth, Miss, 9, Marius Mansions, Upper Tooting.

Soper, Dorothy, Low Hall Farm, Chingford.

Soper, Mabel, Low Hall Farm, Chingford.

Sopwith, Cicely, 58, Wickham Road, Highams Park.

Stammers, Lily, 31, Lloyd Road.

Steel, Violet, 1, Studley Avenue, Highams Park.

Stephens, Katie, 12, Cedars Avenue.

Stevens, Violet, 44, Bromley Road.

Stevenson, Evelyn, 192, Billett Road.

Stewart, Doris, 107, Forest Road.

Sweeting, Joan, 44, Farnan Avenue.

Thomerson, Ivy, 23, Bisterne Avenue.

Thrippleton, Laurentine, 32, Hatherley Road.

Trant, Winnie, 4, The Green Walk, Chingford.

Treweek, Lily, 132, Grove Road.

Trickey, Edith, St. Audries, Hillcrest Road.

Trott, Edith, 30, Cromwell Road.

Tunncliffe, Olive, 29, Second Avenue.

Turk, Dolly, 22, The Drive.

Wade, Isabel, 34, Kenninghall Road, Clapton.

Wagstaff, Winnie, 4, Essex Road, Leyton

Walford, Elizabeth, 35, Mersey Road

Walker, Marjorie, 5, Aubrey Road

Walter, Evelyn, 5, St Mary Road

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