

## Walthamstow High School Magazine.

### Head Mistress's Foreword.

IN this, my first foreword, it is my privilege to introduce myself to IRIS with a very hearty greeting to all its readers. I do so in the confident hope that they will very soon introduce themselves to me.

In looking back over the past six months, I naturally think of Miss Hewett, for, as has been very well said, Miss Hewett and the School are synonymous; as I think of Miss Hewett I am often reminded of the comment made by the old Egyptian priest to Solon, the great Athenian law-giver, "O Solon! you Greeks will never grow old in spirit." Miss Hewett will never grow old either. At the Prize-Giving Miss Gray most truly said that Miss Hewett had not only built a noble edifice of bricks and mortar, but that she had also raised a building not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. Though Miss Hewett has passed, yet her spirit still lives on, "woven into the fabric of other men's lives," and I, like hundreds of others, am full of nothing but gratitude for the goodly inheritance she has left behind.

In your last edition of IRIS you were kind enough to wish me "broad, fair, pleasant vistas." I thank you for your kind wishes but I thank you still more for your kind sympathy and kind deeds, which have made my brief sojourn in the land of Walthamstow very pleasant. As I gaze down the opening vista, I can see in the near foreground, the grassy slopes of a Greek theatre under the trees at the end of the garden, which by the way is in process of being levelled; in the tantalisingly dim distance I can also descry a shadowy gymnasium, library and laboratory, but the vision fades; time alone will prove whether these are vain imaginings.

It was only Miss Hewett's imminent retirement that prevented her from substituting the London General School Examination for the Cambridge. She and I, like many others, now feel that, whereas the Cambridge admits candidates only to Cambridge, the London is the Open Sesame to all the Universities. Consequently, though in 1925, during the transitional period, the Board will allow us to take both the London and the Cambridge, in 1926 the School will take only the London Examinations. *Tempora mutantur nos et mutamur in illis.*

**M. NORRIS.**

THIS is Miss Norris's first IRIS, and in the name of the School, both Sub-Editors give her very cordial greetings. This eighth number is particularly blessed in having contributions from Miss Norris and Miss Hewett. We hope you liked the last IRIS, and we know that you will be glad to hear that nine hundred copies were circulated by January and that the IRIS magazine is now so well established that its circulation even in Form I. is sixteen. The girls have helped splendidly in managing the sales and the Old Girls have been so generous in their interpretation of the bond "half the cost" that the Magazine (which is really the School) was able to present the School with the framed enlargement of Miss Hewett's photograph.

U. IV A. were, this time, responsible for most articles sent in, and were also very prompt and businesslike on the financial side. We thank all who sent MSS., and, in particular, Forms I. and II. for work which included even lovely original illustrations.

### Old Girls' Editorial.

HERE, with the blue sky of summer, is a blue clad IRIS—at least we hope she will come under as blue a sky as that beneath which she sets out for the printer. We should like to suggest to our readers the joys of holiday writing. Take a paper and pencil (a fountain-pen runs dry) and unassured time, and experiment.

There is room in our pages for all,  
The flippant and merry  
And also the very  
Poetic,  
Prophetic,

Scribes with a serious call.

If, when you have written, you find that you have forgotten the address of the Editor, just post to "Magazine W.H.S." and your MS. is sure to reach the blue pencil or the blue cover.

School has been as full of "doings" as ever, dramatic by the Literary Society, Dancing Display by the School, Sports and Expeditions—these not in 1924 went to primrose woods, or for forest tramps, but to the Exhibition at Wembley. The old Bazaar with its evening concert is replaced by a performance to earn money for the Cot. So time goes, bringing likeness in change.

Miss Hewett, too, is as full of doings as ever. We are glad to learn of some of them from her friendly pen and to know that the magazine which records our good-bye to her as our Head Mistress holds proof of her as our unchanged friend.

We are making a new friend of Miss Norris at our meetings and at School affairs. She came in February with Miss Hewett to the Social at which there was such charming dancing and we hope she will have been to our next, which will be over (July 14th) by the time this is in print.

IRIS takes the best wishes of the Old Girls to greet Bessie Griggs in her new home in Batavia. We feel that our ex-Secretary's wedding is very much "in the family" of School, although it takes her so far from the work for which that larger family is so grateful.

Congratulations, in the name of the O.G.A. and the School, are hereby bestowed upon Enid Foster of St. Hilda's, Oxford, on getting through Pass Moderations this March, upon Muriel Harcourt of Newnham College, Cambridge, who has concluded the first part of her History Tripos, and upon Mary Fulford, who has just obtained her Inter B.sc. at University College, London.

### **School Chronicle.**

SINCE all the farewells at the end of the Autumn term, including a presentation of some lovely hand-worked linen to Miss Hewett, from the School, we Echoes have welcomed Miss Norris, whom Mr. Higham, our old friend, introduced to us. At first we behaved as nicely as we could to show our hospitality, and now we know her better we go on in just the same way, but with less of ceremony and more of friendliness.

During the Spring term we were all very quiet but for the Shakespeare Acting Competition and the Dancing Competition. Then we clapped and clapped, and no wonder, since we saw most beautiful dancing, as well as some amusing skits, notably L. IIIA.'s Elf Dance, and the Drill Class, presented by Form VI., who were determined to show us that they could in one day do a journey in time and space from the lofty Walls of Troy to the ground of an ultra-modern possibility. The winners were Form VI. in the Upper School, U. IIIA. in the Middle School, and L. IIIA. in the Lower School.

We have had two splendid presents. Mr. Higham, generous as ever, has given us an oak reading-desk, of which we are all very proud, and Miss Hewett presented the School with Honours' Boards, which look well on the oak panelling in the Hall. There is much space still to be covered with names in gilt letters, and this we commend to the attention of all in the School, from the very youngest to the girls at the top of the School, who probably think "we must hurry up."

The Echoes have congratulated Edith Hatch,

Doris Holmes, and Ethel Woolford, who have taken the first step by winning three of the ten County Intermediate Scholarships of two years' School fees, together with a maintenance allowance of £20 a year during that time. We also congratulated Madge Hewett, who matriculated in January, and Ethel Knudsen, who won a prize of half-a-guinea in the Oxford University Press poster competition. Ethel's poster is to be shown in the lifts of the Central London Tube Railway.

The School Art trophy this year has gone to Forms U. IV A. and B, who tied for first place, while the Needlework trophy for good, careful and original work went to Form U. IVB.

The School went to Church for an Empire Day service on Friday, the 23rd May, Mr. Lampen spoke of "The Heavenly Vision."

On the afternoon of the same day the Four Hundred and the Staff were photographed, and on Tuesday, the 27th, they went to Wembley. Alack, the Echoes heard no news of the Empire from those travelled maidens. The limited existence of Echoes is also shown by their ignorance of a lecture which Miss Norris gave in the Preparatory Formroom on Art in Greece and medieval Europe. We heard that there were lantern slides. We wish we could leave the Hall, sometimes, lovely though it is.

If it hadn't been for hammers tapping nails into stools just outside the windows of the School Hall and for girls chattering about Open Day, we should have known nothing of the Exhibition of work in the Art-room. Several people who had tea on Sports' Day were heard to say that it was exceptionally good, both in the Needlework and Art Sections. They added that it is a pity Miss Perry is leaving us this term. She has been in charge of the Art work for five years and we give her all thanks and wish her every happiness in whatever she undertakes. To Miss Brown, her successor, we extend a hearty greeting.

This is a sad term for "good-byes" -not a very happy ending to all the fun and merriment of a Sports and Entertainment term, we Echoes think. But ends are always beginnings (did someone once mention that in the School Hall?) and we hope that Miss Percy, who has now definitely decided to give up teaching for a time, will find a particularly healthy track of life before her. We offer her every sympathy in her long and painful illness and hope that when she is well enough she will come to see us often, for the Four Hundred are quite sure to want to say "Thank you for all you have done for us." As Miss Chandler, who has been here since January is unable to stay, Miss Seeley has been appointed to go on with Miss Percy's work. We greet her and give Miss Chandler all our good wishes.

The Echoes are getting very well up in French these days, as they listen eagerly to preparations for the French play, "Le Groupe de Famille." They are quite sorry they haven't any feet when they enjoy watching rehearsals for the dances in the children's fantasia, "Sugar and Spice" which, with lovely music, singing and recitations and a few linking words, will be presented on the same days as the French play, in aid of the School Cot.

### A Letter.

FLORENCE.

May 24th, 1924.

YOU have given me a delightful present to-day, and I must write to thank you for it. When I went out this morning I thought I was in England, for flags were out everywhere, and school children were carrying flowers and decorating the Piazzas. I did not ask what it meant for some time, because I liked to imagine it was for Empire Day. And then it occurred to me that you would like to give me a present, so I bought *A Wanderer in Florence*, by E. V. Lucas, with a little bit of "The Book of Names" and have written in it "From W.H.S.; Empire Day, 1924." The real reason of the flags is that it is the Day of "L' Entrata nella Guerra."

I went out early to-day before it was hot, and spent a long time in the Franciscan Church of Santa Croce (begun in the year 1294); in it are a multitude of beautiful things: frescoes by Giotto; sculptures by Donatello, coloured and glazed terra-cottas by Luca della Robbia; there is a chapel designed by Brunelleschi, and Michael Angelo, Machiavelli and Galileo are buried in the church. After I had enjoyed all this I went to the Palazzo Davanzati—a Florentine Palace of the fourteenth century, which is still precisely as it was when the owners lived there; it is a series of "flats," each containing a kitchen, a salon, a dining-room and a bedroom, and all the furniture and equipment are of the same date as the house. In some ways it is curiously modern, there are corkscrews and box-irons, lemon-squeezers and twin bottles for oil and vinegar, musical instruments and a backgammon board; consequently, one has rather a shock when one sees stone cannon-balls stacked in the window-seats ready to be dropped on a possible enemy in the court below through trap-doors, through which also boiling oil was poured when the city or a faction turned against the household. On the top is a large loggia with a fine view over Florence.

This afternoon I have had an Italian lesson, and regretted that I had never been taught phonetics, for when I was told that my vowels *were* too open, I did not know how to shut them, and of course you

would.

My room looks on the Arno; from the windows I can see the Cathedral, the Palazzo, Santa Croce, and in fact most of Florence. The sun sets and the young moon rises just behind the Ponte Vecchio—the old bridge which has jewellers' shops on both sides, like Old London Bridge: behind the city are hills with soft outlines and, still further off, the Apennines.

There is a charming garden belonging to us in which are thousands of roses and orange and lemon trees with fruit and sweet-scented blossoms; in the evening there are swarms of fireflies and no mosquitoes at present, but it is getting hot and I fear they will soon find us out. There are so many wonderful pictures and buildings to see in Florence, that one could stay here for months and not exhaust the beauties. I have been to the two main Galleries, and to several churches, and wherever I go I say to myself, "I must come back here several times!" Florence is very different from Rome; practically all its Art and most of its history, its buildings and its great names—Dante, Petrarch, Savonarola and the Medicis—as well as its painters, sculptors and architects, belong to the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, while in Rome more than twenty centuries are represented. In Florence one can reconstruct some of the great scenes in its turbulent history on the spot where Savonarola was burnt, or in the magnificent court of Osargello, where so many citizens were tortured, or in the Duomo, where Savonarola preached and where Giuliano di Medici was murdered, or see the other side of its life in the Convent of San Marco, where each of the cells has a fresco as well as lovely pictures painted by Fra Angelico or one of his pupils.

Nothing in Florence has thrilled me as some of the things in Rome did. The Forum with the remains of the Vestal Virgins' dwellings, the Colosseum, the Appian Way, with its indescribable atmosphere of past generations whose spirit is still alive, the charm of Tusculum, with its amphitheatre high upon the hill-side—solitary and silent except for the sheep and the shepherd with his pipe. Some of the Greek Sculptures take one back into another age very different in spirit from the Renaissance. Many of the churches one goes to again and again. St. Clement's is an old church (1108) with beautiful decorations; underneath it is another and larger church (fourth century A.D.), and still lower down is a temple of Mithras (second century B.C.), a mysterious cult of the Roman soldiers.

It is an interesting experience to have tea in a restaurant which was once a castle on the Aventine (one of the seven hills, now covered with vineyards and gardens, though it is inside the walls) after seeing the Church of S. Sabina (425 A.D.) and the orange

trees S. Dominic planted in the garden of the monastery, and to see from the terrace the Dome of S. Peter's, the modern monument, not yet finished, to Victor Emmanuel, the Palatine with the ruined palaces of the Emperors, the huge statues of the Apostles on the Church of S. John Lateran, standing sharply out against the blue sky above the dark trees—all centuries are mingled in this view. Everyone who goes to Rome must leave a part of himself which calls him back, and the coin one drops in the Trevi fountain is a symbol of the attraction of the Eternal City.

*May 30th.*

This afternoon I am going to Fiesole and I am spending a quiet morning in the garden. We have had a good deal of rain this week, so everything is now very fresh and green; the sky is a deep blue and the birds are singing.

From Rome I went to Naples for a week, chiefly to see Pompeii, which I visited twice—once with a guide and once alone especially for the new excavations in which everything is left exactly as it is found, and not taken away to the Naples Museum. A laundry, wine shops with the jars in their original places, election notices on the walls, charming little gardens with fountains which still play, wall-decorations in bright colours and the marks of chariot-wheels in the streets—all make the place very real and intensely interesting. Another day I went up to the Crater of Vesuvius, a most exciting trip. One goes by an ordinary train part of the way, then by rack and pinion, and finally by a very steep cable line over lava slopes to within three or four hundred yards of the summit.

When the edge of the crater is reached one looks down into smoke and steam and smells the sulphur and thinks at first it is rather dull; then there comes a loud explosion, one can hear the lava being thrown up and the stones rattling back and a strong smell of sulphur suggests an active afternoon in the Science Room (the smell, not the noise, of course). Sometimes you can see the light of the flames, but in any case the sensations are quite enough to tell you that the creature is still very much alive—four bursts of strong language in about fifteen minutes show his temper is not of the best. The slopes are cultivated up to the limit of possibility—there are many towns and villages. Pompeii can be seen far below, the modern town is growing rapidly, but I have quite decided that, wherever I settle down, it will not be on the slopes of a volcano which might become very active at any moment.

After Naples, I went to Assisi, the little town of S. Francis, with the wonderful Upper and Lower

Churches in which are Giotto's frescoes—drove to some of the Umbrian hill towns, spent a few days in Perugia, with its Etruscan walls and gates, the magnificent view from the main Piazza, the beautiful medieval buildings and the town itself, where every house is a fortress and every corner reminded one of the days when Perugia dominated the whole district; and visited Siena with its Cathedral, more beautiful than you can imagine, on the summit of the hill, visible from everywhere, sharp against the sky—and now I am here, taking life easily during the summer. After July and August in the mountains near the snow, I hope to go by way of the Italian Lakes to Venice before I come back to see you.

## BLANCHE HEWETT

### Who Knows-

WHICH dog stole three *kilometres* of meat?  
Where mosses, lichens and berry-bearing bushes grow?  
Why the Little Man is so often in a Fix?  
Where the Upper Third banshee wails?  
Which girl in VB said "Don't be too familiar, Jane"?

### Who Remembers-

SCRUBBING the east staircase at an O.G.A. social?  
Form II's burst balloons?  
A certain "young student of Cam" in a most becoming early Victorian bonnet?  
Some very sulphurous witches and "Macbeth" in the School Hall?  
A slidable roof, a slippable ditch and a swingable bough?  
Some folk do.

### Suppose-

THE High School prefects ate cherries in Church.  
We had another new Pegasus which developed wings as well as a tail.  
We each wore a "Pip" mascot on one slipper, and a "Wilfred" on the other, to complete the family of pets.  
Form I. *had* sunk into the ground the day Miss Pope missed them.  
We had to answer the question "Conjugez le verbe 'to wemble' et donnez le future du subjonctif du verbe 'to jazz.'"  
Felix stopped walking and that he had some bananas.

## A W.H.S. Alphabet.

A for the Aprons we always forgot.  
B for the Blocks which cost such a lot.  
C for the Cinder Path mentioned so oft.  
D for the Dog who chewed our balls soft.  
E for Gray's Elegy, everyone knows.  
F is for Fount-pens where ink never flows.  
G is for "Garden," much longed-for by all.  
H is for Hair Slides which unawares fall.  
I is for Ink-pots, for ever upset.  
J for the Jellies which have not "jelled" yet.  
K for the knives which at dinner are few.  
L for Lost Property-Oh! how it grew.  
M for Mathematics, at which we're so clever.  
N for our Needlework-forgotten?-never.  
O for the Old Girls a-flourishing still.  
P for School Photo',-an unpleasant "thrill."  
Q for the Questions accompanying a test.  
R for the Rulers we borrow with zest.  
S for the Gym. Shoes which never get lost.  
T for theatricals at no great cost.  
U for Work left Undone-essays, and things.  
V for the Vases that swimming term brings.  
W for Wembley and Waiting for lunch.  
X for 'Xams, which come in a bunch.  
Y for Young Ladies-that's us, understand.  
Z for the Zodiac (came first to my hand).

### ELSIE BROWN (Form VI.).

#### April in the Fields.

HEAVEN stoops to earth in the glory of the bow,  
Earth looks up to heaven in the kingcup's glow;  
Swallows dart between, rise and swoop, and rest,  
Startled blackbirds call shrilly from the nest.  
April seizes rain-arrows from her gleaming quiver,  
Stoops from the skies and flings them in the river,  
Casts about the trees her misty veil of blue,  
Trails through the fields her robes of emerald hue.  
Bright where she smiles, the earth reflects the sky,  
Dark where she frowns its colours fade and die.

### KATHLEEN HILKEN.

#### "Autumn."

(From the French.)

THE fading leaves fall,  
Wearily, drearily;  
The wailing winds call,  
Tearfully, fearfully;  
The languid soul dreams  
Mystically, mournfully.

The dying world weeps,  
Palefully, woefully;  
Back memory creeps  
Peacefully, dolefully,  
To olden times revered  
Sacredly, soulfully.

The sobbing heart mourns,  
Wistfully, silently,  
By dismal winds borne,  
Quietly, secretly,  
Like unto dead leaves,  
Stealthily, driftingly.

### GERTRUDE CORDELL.

#### The Song of the Sunbeams.

"WE are here, we are here!" cry the sunbeams in triumph,  
"Away with the rainclouds, our bitterest foe.  
We've come to persuade you that winter's a memory,  
Seeds of rejoicing and laughter we sow.  
Awake all ye woodlands! awake and be merry!  
Proud winter is vanquished; we've melted the snow.  
We are here, we are here! we have come to entrance you  
To spread the glad news and let everyone know."  
"We have come, we have come!" sing the sunbeams in triumph  
"To make you feel joyous, to brighten your days,  
To waken ye flowers that shine in the hedgerows,  
Awaken to feel the soft warmth of our rays.  
The cruel frost has gone now, so come all ye birds,  
Fly out in the sunshine, ye swallows and jays.  
We have come, we have come!" sing the sunbeams in triumph,  
"To make you feel happy and brighten your ways."

### DOROTHY BARBER (Form U. IVB.).

#### "A River went out of Eden."

A RIVER went out of Eden  
Winding, brimming and slow,  
A million years ago.  
In the land of their inheritance  
Our fathers tilled and planted.  
The smoke of the altar and new-turned furrow  
Commingled rose to the new-forged stars  
In the faith of the river that went out of Eden  
Winding, brimming and slow.

Came we with our doctrine of self and selves,  
 Knowing all mysteries and all knowledge,  
 Scorning the things that cannot be proved  
 Dim wraiths of memory, half-forgotten beliefs  
 But as all children delight in stories  
 We stay a moment to hear a tale  
 That comes down the ages like a cry over the  
 waters  
 Strange it is as an old wives' tale,  
 Strange, yet surpassingly sweet withal,  
 Of how a river went out of Eden  
 Winding, brimming and slow  
 A million years ago.

**J. HOWLETT (*Form VI.*)**

### **An Old School Bazaar.**

WE felt that it was the event of the summer for us, the town and the tradespeople of England I think. With the coming of the swallows we began to plan our stalls and with the budding of the may we began to set them up in airy castles. Then we set to work to transport them from Spain. What chewing of pens, what hunting for appealing phrases occupied the long-legged, brief-skirted merchant-adventurers for the next few weeks. All good jam-makers, butter-makers, salt-merchants, and toy-manufacturers, must help us to keep our cot-and they did.

Now, I wonder at the generous response to our inky letters but then we should have been incredulous of any refusal to help in the glorious undertaking. Soon bulky parcels and mysterious boxes would appear in the hall, to be claimed with pride and borne off to the treasury peculiar to its kind.

My own interest was usually in the grocery stall. Do not think it was dully domestic. Did not Keats make poetry of the feast on St. Agnes Eve? Is not "Tiptree Jam" worthy of a lyric? Quince, grape, apricot-think of the colour. Such exciting jars and pots and tins and packets there were! Other people had their hoards of dolls and pictures and needlework and everything you can think of, besides a hundred of which you cannot. School might have been some pirates' den. Every nook and corner was piled with curious merchandise. Behind a piano might be boxes of soap, provisions under the cases of butterflies, and toys in the stationery cupboard.

At last the day came. The windows and doors into the garden were opened. Desks disappeared and stands transformed the rooms and shone out from under the trees. Sometimes there were wonderful labels and notices that we had made too, directing people to less obvious markets. The morning seemed too short for the transformation but, somehow,

everything always did get done. The momentous question of "How much ice-cream?" was at last settled, the bazaar-price for roses was fixed; a panting forgetter came up with some forgotten trifle of vital importance safely retrieved, the last tray was ready; and we went home to dress and to impress upon our family the necessity of coming early to our stall.

The afternoon brought the crowd of friends and strangers-our school friends' people on view-cousins and aunts. This was time of financial cares. Change must be counted. Often we had to do an anxious deal with a distant stall where coppers were more numerous. Our private spending too was a matter of careful and exact calculation, and bazaar presents had consideration nearly as deep as Christmas gifts.

Do you remember how exciting it was to see long shadows on the garden paths and to know that you were staying up late at School? Sometimes you even stayed to the concert the grown-ups gave, and saw stars and the summer dark in the School garden.

**V. M. ADAMS.**

### **From Lovers of Nature.**

#### **FLOWERS.**

MY roses are red;  
 Mary's are white.  
 They grow in the bushes,  
 And make all things bright.

"Do you like butter?  
 Ah, yes, you do."  
 "Give me the buttercup,  
 Let me try you."

**SYLVIA HINER (*Form II.*)**

### **THE COUNTRYSIDE.**

DOWN by the rippling brook  
 Down by the dell,  
 Grows the sweet violet  
 With a sweet smell.

Skiping o'er the cowslips,  
 Skiping o'er the wood,  
 Are the little rabbits.  
 Don't you wish you could?

**BERYL STEVENS (*Form II.*)**

## SPRING.

NATURE walks abroad to-day,  
Her long green robes are flowing;  
Colours bright strewn in her way  
Tell us the way she's going.

Pale leaves she gives to beeches,  
Darker needles to the pines,  
And every flower she reaches,  
She paints with delicate lines.

## MARY SPRATT (Form U. IVa.).

### THE APPLE-TREE FAIRY.

THE apple-tree fairy has come to us,  
She has wings a delicate hue,  
If I love her and she loves me  
She is sure to love you too.

The apple-tree fairy has gone from us,  
But we know she will come again soon,  
It is winter now she is gone  
To sleep inside the moon.

## KITTY RAINER (Form I.).

### Allegory.

THIS is the tale the country-folk tell their children of how a little maid wandered alone into the Black Forest and was never heard of more.

Once, long ago, there lived a little maid in her father's cottage on the hillside. All around stretched the forest, gloomy, unchanging, wonderful, where the wild birds chattered in the daytime, and at night the wolves howled. Some say the birds called to her from the greenwood; but others say it was the fateful cry of the hungry wolves at night that lured her from her father's home. Certain it is that, dreaming of romance, she set out to find it in the unknown wonder and mystery of the dark forest.

She came betimes with fast-beating heart to the fringe of the forest. And there Delight met her-a lovely, laughing wood-nymph, who showed her where the brightest flowers grew, and made her listen to the singing of the birds above her. When they came to a clear-running stream delight filled both her hands and bade the little maid drink of the cool refreshing water. Hand in hand they danced along among the flowers and trailing brambles, to the music of birds overhead, and the swishing of the wind through the leaves.

But at length the trees grew thicker and thicker, and the little flowery path was lost in a tangle of coarse undergrowth. The maid went on into the gloom of the thicket, where the sunbeams could not penetrate, and no flowers bloomed. A few full-throated birds disturbed the silence, but it seemed their calls were not so blithe as before. Delight had led her, and she walked along, not knowing whither she went.

Now she saw a strange man approaching-Fear the hollow-eyed, who look her by the hand, and bade her hurry on in the gathering darkness. As they went, he would turn his head and peer cautiously beneath the low boughs; and when from the distance there came a long-drawn-out howl, he turned paler than ever and gave a great start.

The little maid began to cry, and was so miserable that even Fear left her; and she sat down on a mossy bank, and waited for Death to come to her. But some say he never came; and when the first grey lights of dawn glimmered through the woods, Hope appeared, and, ere the first birds awoke, led her away to fresh paths where Romance waited for her.

## EDITH BURNELL (Form VI.).

### The Effects of Hot Weather on the Homework of Some Girls; or, If the Cap Fits, Wear It.

SCENE: A room overlooking a sports ground.

"Now, what's to be done to-night? Algebra, Chemistry, well! that won't take long. English, h'm! thank goodness it isn't an essay-"

*[Voice from outside, heard above enthusiastic applause, "Well caught."]*

"Good! they're all out now. Where *had* I got to, oh! Algebra, Chemi., English, French, and (*triumphantly*) that's all. Now if only - but let's get a move on.

*[Dead silence. Then-]*

"Algebra-factors- $x^2+20x+75=0$ , factors of 75 quick, 5 times, 3 times-Just look! there's one of the Sixth on that tennis court; wish I were in the Sixth and had time for a bit of-"

"Be quiet and do your work. Talking will not pass your examinations or get you into the Sixth."

*[Close application to work for the next ten minutes following this paternal reprimand, and then the Algebra is finished.]*

"Since that is done, I might as well have a rest for a minute."

*[Five minutes later, drawing head in from the window, the victim of this tale remarks-]*

"Those people can't play. No good watching them. Gracious! half-past six. I'd better do the

correction of those sentences. Why, I did those last night, so there's only French and Chemistry to do. Now, I can learn the French in no time: "Un savetier chantait du matin jusqu'au soir: C'etait-whew! that was a narrow squeak !-merveille de la voir. Merveille de l'oulr "-told you so, clean bowled first ball "il faisait des passages."

*(By dint of hard work spread over a period of sixty minutes and interspersed by sundry remarks she learns the French. Then again there steals upon her ear, as the twilight deepens, that reprimanding voice heard once before in this tale.)*

"Do you realise that it is 9 p.m.? (why are grown-ups so exact, so prim and proper?) I should think you have finished that homework by now. You were at it when I went out at six o'clock."

"Yes-just about," is the quivering reply, but in an undertone the victim says to herself, "That wretched Chemistry will have to be done before school, and we are sure to have a test; if I can only escape detention."

*[Then she goes up to bed to dream of the fateful morrow, when she has her fully-merited detention. Plus black looks from the mistress whom she tries to impress with tales of the long hours she spent on homework.)*

## **ETHEL EATON (Form VI).**

### **A Modern Version of "We are Seven."**

*With apologies to the author thereof.*

I MET a little cottage loaf,  
'Twas eight years old it said,  
To everyone it saw, it quoth  
"I'm very ancient bread."

It had a crusty woody air,  
With mould 'twas wildly clad;  
For many a year it had been there,  
Its staleness made me bad.

"Species of fungi, little loaf,  
How many in you be?"  
"How many? seven in all," it quoth,  
Ha! Ha! Haw! Haw! He! He!

### **Form VI. (A concerted effort.)**

#### **The Presentation.**

FOR the benefit of Old Girls who were unable to be present to say "Good-bye" to Miss Hewett, we print below extracts from The Guardian's report of the farewell ceremony.

"After the singing of the School Song, Miss

Goldwin, from the chair, expressed something of the feeling that had been the inspiration of the presentation in which Past, Present and Staff united. Mrs. Foxon (Edith Lewis) represented the Old Girls, Miss Newmarch both the Old Girls and the Staff, while Peggy Rainer, one of the younger girls at present in the School, represented as well the School 'To Come.'

"Mrs. Foxon said: Miss Hewett: It is difficult to know where to begin, but I think I should like to say first how much we appreciate the fact that we have always had for a Head Mistress one who has not only been abreast but ahead of the times. Perhaps we hardly realise how the position of women has improved in the last ten years or so-and it is no exaggeration to say that when you first came among us, a woman of much intelligence was apt to be termed a "blue-stocking"! In spite of this deterrent we are thankful that you taught us to use our brains, not priggishly-but naturally, and so that it was a pleasure to do so. Being one of the older married ones, perhaps I may be allowed to say that domestic duties do not-and rightly so-exercise the brain, and it is a matter of thanks to you, that it is a joy to us to be able to appreciate a good lecture- or a good book, or anything that employs our mind, whenever we have the opportunity of doing so.

"Then I would like to thank you for the encouragement you have given us. We all remember that if we wanted to attempt anything we would say: "Do you think I dare do it?" and you would say: "Why not? Of course you can do it." (Here we have Miss Hewett ahead of M. Coué.) It is greatly owing to that spirit, that so many of your girls have done on, and done so brilliantly. You gave them excellent groundwork and then that encouraging send-off. You must feel proud when you think of the girls who have won the honours that so many of your endeavouring to train our characters. You used to put us "on our honour" or if we did anything we should not, instead of devising petty punishments would be content with a short talk-or even worse-a look! I think there ought to have been convenient holes in the ground for us to have sunk into at such times. Perhaps it could be suggested at the next Governors' meeting? But how awkward it would be, if a whole class disappeared at once! Anyhow we couldn't disappear, and I suppose we were all the better for having to stand up and face the consequences of our misdoings. We realise now that to put us "on our honour" during the impressionable school years, is undoubtedly the way to keep us on our honour all through life. You were always trying to find something fresh to educate and entertain us at the same time, but I don't think you ever went so far as a man once thought. One June, you took us to



the Crystal Palace to hear "Julius Caesar" recited by a very clever actor. It was Derby Day I remember, and as we filed through the barrier at Liverpool Street, a workman outside said to his friend "why, bless me, Bill, if there ain't a School a-going to the Derby!" We trust that the tradition you have established will continue through the years. May I add that I admire your unbounded courage, which has enabled you to realise your dreams, and has carried you through all your difficulties and trials, as much as anything about you!

It will be difficult for us to imagine the School without you—for to us Old Girls, the School is Miss Hewett, and Miss Hewett is the School.

"I don't know what you intend doing in the future—but I cannot imagine you, with your perennial youth ever bubbling up, sitting with your hands in your lap! But whatever you undertake, you will carry with you the love of your girls and their very very best wishes for your happiness in your future work."

Miss Newmarch said that they were losing a delightful companion, who had helped everyone by her unfailing sense of humour, her keen sense of justice, and, above all, her broad outlook on education.

Peggy Rainer then presented the gift, a diamond pendant, together with an album, made in the School, with the names of all the subscribers (over eight hundred) and a cheque for £132 which it was hoped Miss Hewett would spend on herself.

"Miss Hewett, in replying, said that many a time she had drawn her inspiration from the faces of her girls. One might add for Miss Hewett that, happy though this inspiration had always proved, on this occasion it was happy beyond fortune; for she turned to mirth and jollity an occasion which might well have been sad and unduly retrospective. She just talked in the delightful way with which all present were familiar, and, after thanking the girls for the gift, said that she had not realised the value of the 'basilisk' gaze as an instrument of discipline, but had, she hoped, always relied on the method summed up by the Quakers, 'I see, Miss Hewett: you reason with them.' Sometimes she knew the reasoning had been perforce one-sided! But, at any rate, usually they had parted friends.

She planned to go in the spring to Rome and Naples, in the summer to the Italian mountains, and in the autumn to Venice, returning to London for Christmas. If money and health held out she proposed for herself in 1925 a world tour, and afterwards she would settle down somewhere in London. She had no intention of using the cheque to buy butter and bacon, but at intervals during her travels and afterwards. When she settled down in or

near London, she would take a treat 'provided by all my girls on that page in my album.'

"Once more she told everyone how happy she had been in her work.

Miss Goldwin then called upon Miss Hewett to unveil a photograph of herself which was a present from the School to the School. This done, Miss Minnie Foxon called for three cheers for Miss Hewett, which were accorded with great vim, and after the singing of 'For she's a jolly good fellow,' the assembly turned to lighter social proceedings.

### **Matriculation.**

WHEN I write with manipulation  
On the subject "Matriculation,"  
With no undue exaggeration,  
My head begins to reel.  
And this giddy spirulation  
Will occur with regulation  
Throughout the exam., I feel.  
That our minds with perambulation  
In the Vale of Imagination,  
On the Hills of Discrimination,  
Will pass, I pray.  
May the rules for multiplication,  
And the methods of simplification,  
And the whole history of our nation  
Be with us always.  
I have little information  
To prove my preservation  
In this great examination  
Which is coming so soon.  
And I pray with supplication  
That all my denomination  
May be able with adulation,  
And a complete verification,  
To praise the organisation  
Which set the examination  
We are taking this June.

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

#### **Wembley.**

*(With apologies to Matthew Arnold.)*

COME, dear children, let us away  
Down to the Midland line;  
Now our brothers call from the train,  
Now the day bids fair to be fine.  
Children dear, let us away,  
This way, this way.  
Come, dear children, come to the show,

To the Empire transplanted here.  
The land is high and a wind will blow.  
Children dear, we are nearly there,  
This way, this way.

Children dear, was it yesterday  
We heard the sweet bell sound o'er the school  
For work to end for one whole day?  
But call no more on work's foul name,  
For twelve short hours we now may play,  
For not taking notes we'll not be to blame.  
Come children dear, at last we're away,  
This way, this way.

Come, dear children, we must away,  
The train will not wait us for ay.  
Two are missing! where e'er can they be,  
Ah wait! I remember! Of course, it is tea.  
Now children dear, it's time we're away,  
This way! this way!

Oh, children dear, was it yesterday  
We conquered the world for one whole  
day?

**DOROTHY KNOTT** (*Form Va.*).

### **The Puppy Dog's Tail.**

BETTY loved dolls, and she had had a large cradle given to her. Every night she could undress her dolls and put them to bed in the cradle.

One night her mother went out, and she was left alone. Her mother was very late in coming back, for she was delayed, and in the meantime Betty was getting very tired.

Sitting beside her was her pet puppy, whose name was Gip. All of a sudden the puppy began to talk just as an ordinary person would talk, and it began to tell Betty a fairy tale, and this is what it was.

"A long time ago there lived two little girls, and they lived in a beautiful garden all alone." "I should have liked to have lived in that garden," said Betty. "Don't interrupt my story," said the puppy. "It's very rude to interrupt."

"But please may I ask you a question?" said Betty. "Do all puppies tell fairy tales?" "Well," said the puppy, "Did you ever hear of a puppy without a tale?" "No, I have not heard of or seen a puppy without one." "I will go on with my story then," said the puppy.

"One day, as the little girls were playing, an old pedlar came by and he said 'Put these rings on your fingers, both of you, and don't lose them and don't take them off till I return.' So saying he went off." "What a nice man," said Betty "I want a ring very

badly." "Please don't interrupt again," said Gip, "I want to finish the story."

"The little girls were delighted with the rings, but they were tired and went to sleep. While they were asleep a robber stole the rings away. Shortly after the pedlar returned and asked for the rings and the little girls said they had lost them. At this the pedlar was very angry and cast a spell upon them. They had to be servants to an old woman who was a witch. She locked the door when she went out so they could not escape.

"One day a fairy took pity on them and broke the spell and set them free.

"The robber returned the rings and the pedlar apologised to the little girls, and the little girls thanked the kind fairy who had set them free."

"That was a nice story," said Betty.

All of a sudden she heard the thump of a footstep and she woke up.

"Mother, I had such a funny dream just now," and she told it to her mother while she was getting into bed, and she fell asleep to go to the land of dreams once more.

**MARJORIE HAYES** (*Form I.*).

### **Rejected Contributions.**

OF these the best was a very good article by Ivy Sewell (c. II IA) on "Idealism." Thought and style were both far above the average, but it was felt by the School Sub-editor and the Sixth Form Committee that an abstract subject was out of keeping with the plan of the Magazine. To say that Ivy was too serious and then to complain that humorous verse appeared far too often among MSS. sent in sounds as if the Magazine Committee were never satisfied. Nor indeed are they, though they sometimes have many a merry laugh to lighten their arduous labours. Lily Denny (U. IVB) wrote an amusing, but very rough, unfinished account of the trip to Wembley. Her verse was vigorous, but occasionally her taste failed her. We enjoyed the rhyme "squashed ducks" and "cart-trucks" and we hope you will enjoy:

"Then Miss Jacob took us with her  
To the house of Old Malay,  
Till we wondered how much longer  
We should have to peg away.  
Curious sights and things we saw there,  
Chunks of rubber, sugar-canes.  
We just murmured 'yes' and 'Oh where?'  
When they told us of the plains."

**JOYCE HOWLETT** (*Secretary*).

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

Form VA. were disappointing this time, possibly owing to preoccupation with that which is known by the name of a famous University city, not on the Isis. Dorothy Robertson did good, careful work, but VA. were beaten easily by VB. and Vx. Gwen Ayers, Helen Rainer and the Six (from VB.) are all to be commended, while Gwen Miles (Vx.) did a good piece of descriptive prose and a fairly good piece of plain prose. Rejection of the first is due rather to unsuitability for this number than to inferiority of style: the second might have been worked up. Gwen Jones (Vx.) did some pleasant lines in the modern style.

The two Upper Fourths were about equal. Mary Rabson (D. IYA.) and Annie Onwin (U. IYB.) are commended and Marie Hustwitt (C. IVA.) deserves special mention for very careful work. The Lower Fourths, and in fact the whole of the Middle School, were very disappointing. Janet Turner (L. IV A.) is the only girl who produced anything worthy of mention on this page.

Marjorie Alexander (II.) wrote well about "The Barn Owl" and Marian Bellinger (I.) wrote a very pleasant description of "The Fairy Tea," while Phyllis Holcroft (III.A) wrote well of "A Bunny's Party" and turned out some good poetry.

### **Literary Society Notes.**

OUR first literary meeting of the year was held on February 28th and took the form of a Mock Trial, where an innocent member of the Society was seized and tried for the murder of the King's English. Though compassed about by a great cloud of witnesses she was eventually reprieved.

In the Spring Term also we had a Myths evening, when members of the Society told (or recited) ancient Greek or Asiatic legends. To introduce these, Miss Norris favoured the Society with a short but very interesting talk on Mythology in general.

Contrary to our usual custom the Shakespeare Acting was held a little early in the year and took three days, the first two for weeding-out processes, the last for the finals. The Sixth won the competition with a scene from "Love's Labour's Lost," and U. I VB. were second with a scene from "The Taming of the Shrew." Miss Murray, of the Mary Batchelor School, was kind enough to judge the Finals, while Miss Norris very generously gave us a good deal of her time for the Semi-Finals.

Owing to numerous engagements during the Summer term, this was our last meeting.

THE meeting last time was held in the Science Laboratory, when Mr. Goodwin gave his address on "Wireless," was very successful. Over sixty members attended and thoroughly enjoyed the interesting talk and demonstration. The girls were much excited over the news that in the near future a school Wireless-set would be installed.

The Bulb Show was extremely beautiful this year and if all the bulbs previously judged had been presented at the show it would have been a wonderful sight. Doris Page gave a very interesting paper on "Bulbs and Bulb growing." Form VA. were successful in winning the Bulb prize, Winnie Astell, VA. gaining the individual prize; in the Middle School Form VI IIA. won and, in the Lower School, Form I.

On Wednesday, 11th June, a Wild Flower Show was held in the Art Room, each form down to Lower IVB. contributing as many specimens as possible. Arrangement, number and labelling were taken into account, a separate table being allowed each form. The exhibits were judged in the following order: -Form VI. first, Form Upper I VA. second, Form VA. third. The show was very much enjoyed and there were many interesting wild flowers among the collection.

**EILEEN HOLT. BARBARA SPEAKMAN.**

### **Games Notices.**

Out of the fifteen net-ball matches that were arranged for last term, three had to be scratched for various reasons, and one against King's College had to be played by the second team instead of the first as we were playing an association match on the same day. We enjoyed playing the other eleven very much, however, although we were not successful in all of them.

In the Association matches this year, we won against West Ham and St. Angela's, but were once more defeated by Leytonstone who, for the third time in succession, won the shield.

This term we have as yet only played one tennis match. This was an Association match against Woodford who defeated us by 115 points to 85. We are looking forward to playing Loughton, Leytonstone and Brondesbury later in the term.

Sports this year caused much excitement, as the chances of several forms were very even. In the end, the Upper School cup was won by the Sixth, the Middle by L. IYA., and the Lower by L. IIIB., with

Upper IVA., L.IVB. and L. IIIA. following as very good seconds. The net-ball match against the Old Girls was won this year by the present girls by 4 goals to 3.

### RESULTS OF NET-BALL MATCHES.

West Ham 1st team Won  
Peckham 1st team Won  
\*West Ham 1st team Won  
Putney 1st team Lost  
West Ham 2nd team Won  
University College 1st team Drew  
Leytonstone 1st team lost  
King's College 2nd team Lost  
\*Leytonstone 1st team lost  
Brondesbury 1st team Won  
Leytonstone 2nd team lost  
Brondesbury 2nd team Won  
\*St. Angela's 1st team Won  
Chelsea College 1st team Won  
Chelsea College 2nd team lost

\*Association Matches.

### PHYLLIS SOPER, *Captain.*

#### Births.

CAIN.-On January 29th, to Mr. and Mrs. William Cain (Madge Gleave), a son, Peter William Robert.  
BEECH. -On February 12th, to Mr. and Mrs. E. Beech (Lily Brinkworth), a daughter, Olive Mary,  
CHAPPELL.-On March 17th, to Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Chappell (Cora Bayne), a daughter, Patricia Mary.  
CHAPPELL.-On April 25th, to Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Chappell (Ruby Brinkworth), a son, Anthony Gresham.  
FOXON.-On June 6th, to Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Foxon (Kathleen Perry), a daughter, Kathleen Mary.  
NICHOLS.-On May 6th, to Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Nichols (Ethel Dann), a son, Clive Douglas Rutland.

#### Marriages.

DORA CROSS to Mr. STANLEY LLOYD, on September 26th, 1923.  
HILDA CRAVATT to Mr. HAROLD WARREN, on September 1st, 1923.  
BESSIE HOWLETT to Mr. CHARLES GRIGGS, on March 4th, 1924.  
JESSIE LAMERT to Mr. DOUGLAS JOHNSON, on June 14th, 1924.  
KATHLEEN TATTERSALL to Mr. R. G. PLUCKROSE, M.C., on June 28th, 1924.

EMILY SMITH, on Class I., Botany Honours, London, B.Sc. and GWEN WILLIAMS, on Class

I., French Honours, London, B.A.

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

