

Walthamstow High School Magazine.

Head Mistress's Foreword.

THE School has suffered an irreparable loss: Mr. Higham died on November 11th.

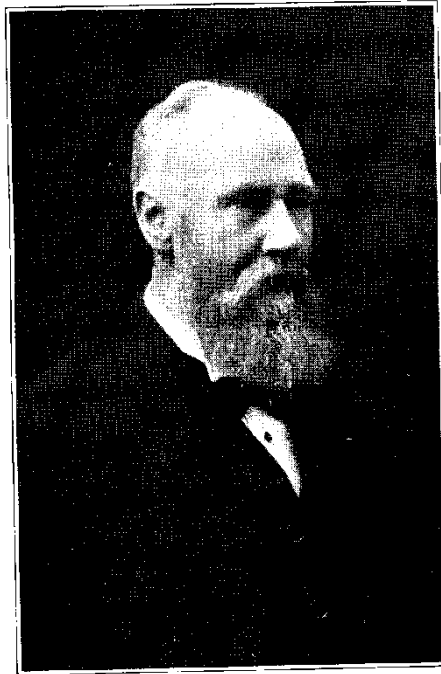
For many years past he has been one of the protagonists in the cause of education, having been a member of the Walthamstow Higher Education Committee since 1907 and its Chairman from 1915 to 1925. But we of the High School feel that we are privileged to owe him an especial debt of gratitude, love and devotion; for he was a member of our original Governing Body and was present on 12th October, 1889, when the School first came into being. From that day onwards he has loved the School as a father loves his own children, tending it through its infancy, protecting it through its adolescence and rejoicing greatly in its maturity. We mourn his loss as though we were indeed his daughters; but while we grieve we take comfort, knowing surely that his spirit will live on in the School which he loved so well; "for with his seed there shall continually remain a goodly inheritance."

In retrospect, it is difficult to imagine our School without him, for he was an integral part of the School. We had learnt to expect to see his dear familiar figure on the platform at all our Prize Givings and in the front row at all our entertainments, however small and insignificant; but still more we have learnt to rely upon his never-failing compassion and sympathy, his happy optimism and cheery geniality and above all his sincerity and great heartedness which prompted "all those little nameless unremembered acts of kindness and of love" and enabled him not only to do good to others but to see good in others.

He died on Armistice Day, a fitting setting for the passing of such a great old man.

So be my passing!
My task accomplished and the long day done,
My wages taken, and in my heart
Some late lark singing;
Let me be gathered to the quiet west,
The Sundown splendid and serene
Death.

M. NORRIS.



WILL all those who wish to subscribe towards a Memorial for Mr. Higham send their contributions to Miss Goldwin before the end of March.

WE are indebted to the family of Mr. Higham for the photograph of our friend which is given with each copy of IRIS.

To the School.

"A MERRY Christmas and a Happy New Year" is the first wish of both Sub-Editors to the School, Past and Present. The next wish is that we had a pen of fire wherewith to inspire you all to write for IRIS. But we haven't: this is the best we can do.

"We thought we saw an article
In verse-or was it prose?
We looked again
And found it was
The wriggle of our toes.

"We thought its style was dignified,
Its subject meaty food:
We looked again
And found it was-
A pencil made of wood.

"We thought we'd made the Magazine
A-bursting full of joy;
We looked again
And found it was
A most diseased toy.

"We thought we saw our readers laugh
At many a witty joke;
We looked again,
And found it was
A scowl of clouded smoke.

"So readers, take from us this screech,
We ask not from you any meed,
So be it that you take the seed

And sow your rainbow's colours.

This means that IRIS, the eleventh of her rainbow dynasty, bids you remember the twelfth. Her guardians now are: Norah Blofield, Sadie Foxon, Dora Goodchild, Dorothy Warren and *ex-officio* Doris Atkins, for the Old Girls, with Dorothy Barber, Edith Hatch, Miriam Lampen and Mary Rabson for the Present Girls.

Old Girls' Editorial.

BEST wishes to the School, Past and Present, for a Happy Christmas and a Prosperous New Year and may she gain fresh honours in every sphere in 1926.

A three-penny stamp and a pathetic note of appeal can work wonders sometimes. Most victims have borne up nobly and produced the required article; others have pleaded lack of inspiration and made vague promises for that eternal "next time" which never comes. But when they may rest assured it will come if they are within reach of the daily post!

The Old Girls have been very active lately. The November social collected a large number and we thoroughly enjoyed the singing, recitations, whistlings and the extremely funny play "I'm Sorry-It's Out." Notices of the Netball Club and the proposed Literary Society appear elsewhere and there are dark rumours of even further developments. Only hearty support of O.G.s can make these ventures successful.

Our combined dances with the Old Monovians continue and will be held this year on December 31st and on March 26th next year.

Tickets may be obtained from Mrs. Rainer, 19, Rectory Road; M. Foxon, 2, Forest Rise; D. Chappell, 37, Prospect Hill and D. Atkins, 32, Rectory Road. Please do your very best to make the dances a success.

We much regret that we forgot in our last number to thank Minnie Foxon and her helpers for their very enjoyable and successful concert given last May in aid of the Greek Theatre. The Old Girls appreciated this very highly, as well as the large audience of Present Girls and friends of the School who enjoyed the programme thoroughly. Songs were sung by Miss M. Foxon, Miss Linda Smith, Mr. G. Foxon and Mr. R. E. Griggs. Pianoforte solos and duets were interpreted by Misses Freda Robertson and Sybil Richardson, while Miss Bertha Longmore contributed violin solos and Miss Winifred Gowen recited. The accompanists were Freda Robertson and

Miss Edith Allen.

One of our Old Girls is having a very gay time and we send her our heartiest greetings in Java. Imagine Miss Hewett basking in sunshine under azure skies in the tropics when we are miserably doing our Christmas shopping in the dreary rain which inevitably falls instead of snow! It is a tantalising picture. Meanwhile, Miss Hewett is wandering away on her own; she may at odd moments be inclined to feel a little lonely. Therefore, take up your pens and write! Write about anything -she'll be just as pleased to get it if it's about nothing: only write. After 27th January, her address will be The Deanery, Napier, New Zealand.

Cheerio, everybody, and a Happy New Year.

School Chronicle.

THE Echoes have been good and quiet on the whole this term: they always are about this time of year when they have just heard the timid whispers of many new girls and just registered the proud vows of the newly promoted: "I will-ll be good. I will-ll work hard this year. I will-ll." The older girls, too, having just heard the record of examination achievements for the past year, are upon their mettle. We joined in congratulating D. Bubbers, K. Legg, M. Rabson, on winning Intermediate County Scholarships. P. Attenborough, P. Bott and E. Brown have gained London Higher School Certificates. Twenty-nine girls passed the London General School Certificate Examination, eleven of them gaining Matriculation Certificates. Seven girls passed the Cambridge Senior and four the Society of Arts Examination. We Echoes re-echoed with applause, loud, long and prolonged.

Then, as the crisp autumn days speed by and the winter fogs and dreariness close in upon us from without, within the Echoes are roused to joy by the merriment of the Four Hundred. With zest they will drill in keen Inter-Form competitions, with mirth they frolic at three mighty parties and with cheer they rend the air, as with songs they charm it, at the Prize-Giving which is this year to be on a Friday, the 18th December, Mr. Lester Smith Director of Education for Essex, is to give away the prizes in the evening and Miss Ramsay, Head Mistress of Walthamstow Hall, Sevenoaks, in the afternoon. Next comes Christmas, which the Echoes keep alone, still warm and cheery from the good-will of the School.

Though good-byes have been said and "some of them are leaving us," we Echoes know we hold them still, for we are a part of all that we have met and members one of another. The Echoes miss them, all the same, even while they glory in their gifts. There goes Miss Jackson off to get married we are glad to hear: how we shall miss her, you may well guess. As Mrs. Brabrook, she will still be dear to us. Mrs. Soden also is leaving us to help her husband in his new parish at Kirk Sandall in Yorkshire. She is giving the Science monitresses a party and they are to drink out of beakers. We know they will pledge her the same wish as the cheers and the Echoes will wish her and Miss Jackson and Miss Seeley at the end of term. Miss Seeley has lived with us only a short time, but she played to us and read with us and the School is very sorry that, owing to ill-health, she is obliged to give up teaching for a time.

In the new year we shall welcome their successors, Miss Hinton Stewart, Miss Beckett and Miss Murray Jones.

We deeply sympathised with the Staff invalids this term: Miss Jones, Miss Pope and Miss Seeley. We wish them a speedy recovery. Miss Shackleton, Miss Ward and Miss McDermott have taken their work. To these visitors we say "Good-bye: and thank you very much."

Talking of visitors, we must mention some most important and distinguished and friendly visitors from the Board of Education who peregrinated the building for nearly a week in November. Most people seemed glad to see them and the School worked hard and played hard as usual. Visitors who peregrinate are called inspectors, we understand. Pleasant people they seem.

There have been three important meetings in the School, all on Wednesdays and all really connected with each other, although you would hardly have believed the last brief and solemn meeting on Armistice Day, 11th November, had anything to do with a delightful and informal talk given by Miss Lewis on The Union of Girls' Social Service, or with the helpful lecture on the League of Nations given us by Mrs. Layton which was supplemented later by a most interesting lantern lecture given by Miss Stuart.

These have been our connection with the world beyond this building. It is interesting that the thought of Pericles in the fifth century before Christ should be so completely apposite to the thought of the twentieth century.
A.D.

"Such were the Athenians who lie here and such the city which inspired them.... And so they gave their bodies to the Commonwealth and received praises that will never die....For the whole earth is the sepulchre of famous men and their story is not graven only on stone over their native earth, but lives on far away without visible symbol woven into the stuff of other men's lives. For you now it remains to rival what they have done." Surely a thousand years are indeed but as yesterday, we thought as we listened to the ageless Funeral Oration.

With very great sorrow we record the death of Mr. Higham, the well loved friend and governor of this School.

Of new things or innovations there is little to say. New girls carry on the work of the old under much the same conditions, except that every Form now has a Form meeting as part of the time-table and that the geography room is now getting its real furniture with most exciting globes, fine dark curtains for occasions when the magic lantern is to work, and a general air of holding the world. Some girls too are learning astronomy this term and there is a new Form in the Art Room called L.IVR. Really, the Echoes wish they could hear girls talk a little more about what they learn in the class rooms.

Edith Hatch is the new Head Girl. She is supported by the following prefects: Form VI, Barbara Speakman, Doris Holmes, Miriam Lampen, Mary Rabson ; VA., Dorothy Kieffer, Kathleen Burnell; VB., Phyllis Cooper, Annie Onwin; U. IVA., Phyllis Hunt, Doris Ling; U. IV.B Doris Everett, Jessie Huskisson; L. IVA., Queenie Blench, Phyllis Holcroft; L. IV.B., Hilda Oliver, Doreen Thorpe; L. IVR., Mary Harvey, Joyce Reading; U. IIIA., Elsie Holmes, Marion Jones; C. IIIB., Mildred Dott, Mary Purcell; L. IIIA., Monica Coppendale, Betty Lewin; L. III.B., Margaret Beck, Irene Monk; II., Joy Bull, Joan Chamberlain.

On November 30th, Mr. Ben Greet's company gave a performance of "Julius Caesar" in the School Hall-a sharp contrast to the summer idyll of "As You Like It" in the Greek Theatre, on the 18th July. Both were equally enjoyable to the audience. Last term, towards the end, four large parties from the School visited Wembley.

Now the Christmas bells are ringing. "Ring happy bells, across the snow," and bring everyone a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

A Letter from India.

JAIPUR,
RAJPUTANA.
October 30th.

THERE are no white people (or indeed any visitors) except myself in any of the hotels; in fact I have not seen one for several days-I am well ahead of the tourist season, so I am seeing this remote and primitive part of India and Jaipur, two capitals in the Rajput states, under ideal conditions. The best "*English*" in the hotel is spoken by my Boy, Swami, he is fluent, though rather difficult to grasp sometimes; but I am getting quick at interpreting, and to-day I translated was elephant can get from here," at once; of course I have had long practice in curious varieties of our language in my own country.

This morning Swami and I started at 8 a.m. in a motor for our excursion to the deserted city of Amber - the old capital. We are two miles out of the town of Jaipur, which is walled and gated, and Amber is five miles further on. Our way led along a broad dusty road bordered by cactus bushes; we met long strings of camels, oxen, Hindu women carrying water-pots on their heads and sometimes fascinating babies on their hips; there were numerous peacocks scornful of the motor and our driver had to hoot loudly and occasionally to slow up to avoid them; further on a crowd of monkeys, grey, with solemn black faces, ran along by the side of us. The motor road now goes up to the gate of Amber; formerly it only went within a mile of the city (can you translate Swami's remark now?). When we got out of our motor, an elephant was waiting for us; at the word he sank down on his hind knees, then stretched out his forelegs and we mounted by a step-ladder. Swami said, "Hold hard," and indeed it was necessary when the huge creature slowly rose. We went very deliberately up by a steep path to the Palace. This is a beautiful place in good condition and the Maharaja uses it sometimes; the Hall of Assembly for receptions is magnificent, of white marble, carved, and also the ladies' quarters, which have beautiful marble lattice work through which "he Durbar can see, but gentlemen's ladies no can see." The views from the various terraces were very fine; the Palace is on the

side of a hill, along the side and ridge of which is a crenelated wall with forts at intervals; below is a lake and hills beyond on the further side. The town of Jaipur is a busy place, the streets, wide and clean, are crowded, especially in the evening, and the gay colours of the saris worn by the women, the pink colour of the houses and the blue sky make charming pictures. The industries here are enamel work on brass, carpet weaving and the cutting of jade, garnets and other stones; the shops are dreadfully fascinating and one wants to spend a great deal. I went to a shop, kept by a man named Zoroaster, where I saw boys being taught to weave carpets and to enamel brass articles.

This afternoon we go to see the palace in the town - to-morrow, the museums and gardens, and then through the night to Agra, where I hope to see the *Taj Mahal* by the light of a full moon. As I am writing this I am looking on to a garden full of flowers, bougainvillea, jasmine and others; the gardener is watering; he has a great skin slung over his shoulder full of water which he pours out of the neck, which forms a spout. On the verandah outside my door are squatting two men trying to sell me beads, native pictures and other things they are packing up, as I have proved adamant. My tea has just come, and with it a little bunch of flowers to wear; I had one at breakfast, too. The Indian children attract me very much, they look happy and merry and draw pice out of my purse, against my better judgment.

Though I am writing only of Jaipur, I must tell you that I had tea with Mrs. Crick and Enid in their flat in Bombay. It was delightful to see an "Old Girl" almost as soon as I touched Indian soil. After tea we sat on the roof, where we had a long chat about everyone and about Enid's work. The evening breeze was delicious and there was a fine view over the bay.

B. HEWETT.

POUND DAY was as successful as usual this year. Everyone gave as generously as usual. "Hospital posters" have now become a familiar feature of the landscape and a part of the curriculum in art.

The Necessity of Art.

To many people the word 'art' conveys only a thought of symphony concerts and picture galleries to be indulged in by those who have the time, money and inclination; but art is a necessity, not a luxury. Its aim is always that of expression in terms of beauty, for 'the highest cannot be spoken,' and

so it uses form, colour, proportion and harmony to express itself. Art is the sole means of handing down to posterity the beauty and meaning of life, for only the really artistic things survive the ages; all else is lost in time.

There is no question of ugliness in Nature's world; everything is beautiful, and when we surround men with artificial ugliness we take away a precious gift. Character depends a great deal on the things seen during life and if people grow up accustomed to ugliness their whole attitude towards mankind will be warped and sordid. As long as unsightly buildings, stupid inane posters and crawling, whining, popular songs remain we are not an artistic race.

It is extremely important that art should play a greater part in the home than it does at present, but first, more artistic houses must be built. If the exterior were beautiful, it would follow that most people would wish to make the interior equally attractive. Much could be done to improve the indoor decorative schemes, with brighter and more beautiful wall-paper and good pictures glowing with colour to adorn and not cover the walls. Healthy songs and music fill the home with joy and harmony and books will "charm magic casements" in boundless fairy lands.

MARY SELWAY (Form U. IVa.).

The Forest at Night.

WHAT was that?

Nought but the winds in the trees, Moaning and sighing and drear,
Winds which sweep o'er the leas,
Shrill and sharp in their fear.

What was that?

'Twas but the cry of a bird,
Mournful and lonely and sad,
Chilling the heart when heard,
Stealing the courage we had.

What was that?

What but the rustle of leaves!
Crackling and rending and sear,
Leaves which the harsh wind receives,
Hurling them far and then near.

What was that?

That was the voice of man,
Comforting, near and strong,
From the heart as it can
From the fear which has held it for long.

EDITH HATCH (Form VI.)

To the Memory of John Higham. AETAT 78, DIED 11TH NOVEMBER, 1925.

"HIS age was as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly" once a poet writ,
Friendly and feeling kin with beauteous age.

Yet this, our friend, who goeth on his way
Had naught of winter's frost within his frame
His flame was genial from his spirit's heart,
Bravely it sparkled through his body's toil.

Kinship with all of us, upright and zealous,
This was his strength to which he laid no claim.
Simple and friendly, kindly and sincere,
Yet marched he firmly by us, pointing a way.
Ever his hand outstretched to help us along.
This was his love to which we had all claim.

Portrait of any Prefect and any Form. (After Oliver Goldsmith's " Schoolmaster," from " The Deserted Village.")

A GIRL most merry she, and fair to view,
I knew her well and all the fourth form knew.
Well had the anxious players learned to trace
The form's ambition in her morning face.
Full well they toiled with counterfeited glee
(To follow her they'd forfeit many a spree).
Full well the busy whisper circling round
Warned all to work and not to make a sound,
Till spectacles and Mistress X were found.
Yet she was kind or if reproving aught

The love she bore to learning was in fault.
The schoolgirls all declared how much she knew,
That she could shoot and play the game was true.
For netball was the game in which she waged;
At hockey too the form was very sage.
At Latin verbs and French she showed her skill,
"Amo" and "avoir" she'd command at will.
The powers of "x" and "y" could not affright,
Cube roots in brackets were her great delight.
But still they strove a fine first class to win,
To cease their shouting and to quell their din.
The swimming cup they safely towed to port,
Beside the drill shield and the bulb bowl gay
That told the tale of that year's strenuous play.

Form LIVA.

IN the Netball Association Matches the School won against St. Angela's, 31-13, and lost against Leytonstone, 19-20.

Parodied Proverbs.

ALL is not mirth that titters.
Haste not, pant not.
Exams by any other name would be as bad.
A rat in the trap is worth two in the hole.
An inattentive schoolgirl gathers no wisdom.
Look before you "pass."
Think before you "shoot."
Too many rules spoil a school.

WINIFRED FOSS, Form Vb.

Spring.

'TIS Spring, 'tis Spring, is the joyous cry,
'Tis Spring, 'tis Spring and summer is nigh.
The trees are all shooting their leaves so sweet,

The birds are singing the Spring to greet.

MURIEL MORRIS, Form L.IIIb.

Form I.'s Muse.

NAUGHTY TOMMY.

TOMMY was a naughty boy,
And had to go to bed
Because he cut the whiskers off
That grow on Pussy's head.

Now, wasn't that a really
Horrid thing to do?
To cut her little whiskers,
And make poor Pussy mew.

MARY KING, Form I.

BY THE SEA.

Last summer whilst by the sea I went in for a bathe,
Turned a somersault and went beneath a wave.
I was so very glad when I came to the top,
Quickly paddled out and on the beach went flop.

RENEE ALLAN, Form I.

My golly wag is very black;
I put him in a flour sack,
I wanted to make him white
But he's still as black as night.

PHYLLIS LOVICK, Form I.

The result of the Drill Competitions up to Monday afternoon are: Form V.A., winners in the Upper School and Form L.IIIA., winners in the Lower School.

Grey.

THE grey waves broke on the lonely beach,
The sad winds blew through the sober sky;
While over the dull grey sand there came
The sound of a horseman riding by:

Out of the chilling mist he rode,
Rode on a horse as grey as the sea;
His sombre clothes seemed one with the night
And his head was bent full thoughtfully.

He raised his head when a seamew called,
And his face was cold as the winter snow;
His eyes were bright as the chill moonlight,
But within them burned a feverish glow.

Pale he passed as the early dawn;
Cold as mirth when hope is dead,
Pity, and passion, and beauty he'd known;
His grief was left when love had fled.

GWENDOLEN MILES (Form VI.).

In=spectres-A Dream.

THE other night following a visit from the inspectors or more politely "visitors from the Board of Education," I dreamed a dream.

It was before afternoon school; I hurried out of the cloakroom and ran down the corridor without even looking to see if a mistress was about. I reached the form room but I was aware that someone was in the room, so I knocked and waited till a voice said "Come in." I entered and to my surprise I found that all our staff and about fifteen strangers, inspectors, were in the room; I stammered an apology and gathering up my books prepared to depart, but the first inspector, who was sitting near the mathematics mistress, stopped me. "Twice times one!" said he in an awful voice. "Five!" said I curtseying; he smiled and I felt reassured. "What is the relation between the square on the hypotenuse of a right angled triangle and the other two sides?" Ah! I know that: " $2\pi r^2$," I replied. The mathematics

inspector turned to the mathematics mistress: "May I congratulate you on the excellences of the maths in this School, Madam?" I was feeling well satisfied with myself. The next inspector was the English inspector. "What is the difference between a verb and a spelling fault?" I was not very sure of this but nothing daunted I answered: "A verb is something which should always be avoided, and a spelling fault should never be made if you know how to spell the word correctly, but should you not know how to spell the word it is better to spell it wrongly than to leave it out altogether." The English Inspector was satisfied; so was I.

I passed on from one inspector to another; many and strange were the questions asked and many and stranger were the answers I made. "What is the capital of Mars?" – "Walthamstow." "How many green caterpillars are there in the School garden?" "Four Hundred with short green tunics and long black legs." "Give the floral formula and vegetative characters of a button embedded in the asphalt net-ball court." This took me some time to answer but I managed it in the end. "If HCl. is acted on by W.H.S. in the presence of S.T.A.F.F. what product is formed?" " $\text{Cl}_2 + \text{H}_2 + \text{S.I.L.E.N.C.E.}$ " By this time I had reached the last inspector, the French inspector. "Conjugez le verbe succéder." I trembled but made a valiant effort "*Je pass, tu faile, il a failed, nous shall passé, vous shall not passé, ils avez tout failé.*"

The inspector rose like a mountain above me and he held a book in his hand ready to strike me. I trembled, but as I watched he faded like a ghost before me and then-I woke up and a voice said "unless you get up now you will lose your train."

DOROTHY KIEFFER (Form Va.).

"In Sympathy" (with the Greek Theatre).

OH thou who once wert king of all our hearts,
That stood in flowered glory 'neath the sky
Of deep perpetual blue; where now has fled
The homage that was once accorded thee?
Thy shining marble tiers were ever thronged
With ardent worshippers imbued with love
For thy meandering paths and perfumed bowers.
But now thy altar raised to Grecian gods
Stands desolate within thy trellised realm,
Bereft of brazier with incense sweet.

Thy sodden paths frown up at blacker skies
Than blackest Acheron; and now thy rocks
That did with dazzling flowers greet our eyes,
Are stripped of all their beauty; Oh! thou shape
Immortal as the gods of ancient time!
I pity thee! And chide the wretched world
For being thus so fickle and untrue,
But thou must learn, as others on the earth,
That love which comes to being in an hour
As quickly dies away, and quite forsakes
The fancy it was wont to call its love.
The plaudits of this base and shallow world,
Are fickle as a woman's passing whim.
But still, oh form supreme! count me as one
Who worships, ever faithful, at thy shrine.

DOROTHY BARBER (Form VI.).

Rejected Contributions.

FORMS U. IVA., L. IVA., L. IIIB. and I. were our best contributors this time. Special mention must be made of Miriam Lampen for her work in all directions to help the Magazine and of the following girls who contributed in good style to IRIS or to The Literary Society's Magazine or to both: Margaret Beck, May Blackler, Winifred Blackledge, Winifred Clarke, Connie Gannon, Marjorie Hayes, Doris Ling, Winifred Nicholl, Betty Oyler, Barbara Riggs, Gwen Saville, Ivy Sewell, Violet Stockton, Janet Turner, Marjorie Woodward, Florence Young.

Several of these were well worth printing, but space is, alas, limited.

Arundel Street, W.C.2.

ARUNDEL STREET, W.C., why on earth write about that! It is an ordinary street with no outstanding feature to make it worthy of particular note, no marvel of architecture, no broad vista stretching into indistinguishable shadow, no avenue of trees to delight the eye with colour and form. Then what of it?

Looking down from the Strand on an evening in early April, when Daylight is giving way to Darkness, reluctant to withdraw altogether and

leave her rival in undisputed sway, one sees lingering a faint blue mist, blurring outlines and softening distances. The wharves and warehouses on the far side of the River are just deeper shadows against which moves the slow stream, bearing a string of barges on errands commonplace perhaps, but how mysterious to the uninitiated, their lamps gleaming even as those of Cleopatra's gorgeous equipage.

The stiff black silhouettes of the bare trees are cleanly cut, etched on the glow from the "Underground" Station, a startling note in a picture of mezzo-tints.

On the steps, flower-sellers offer the first forced blooms of Spring, their raucous voices out of tune with the delicate harmony of their wares. Fragile Mimosa, spreading scent that overcomes the gentler Violet; flaming Tulips insolently flaunting their petticoats in the meek nun-faces of the Narcissi. Paper-boys scutter like moths in the crowd, shrieking headlines-blattant colour in a world of grey reality.

And down the slope streams an endless tide of men and women, dark atoms, hurrying whither? As well ask the River its ultimate destination, or the motes in a sunbeam their resting-place. Each scrap of humanity is a mystery as intriguing as the twinkling scarlet slippers of a dancing-girl and as deep as the hereafter.

LILY TREWEEN (O.G.).

"There's many a Slip." (*Founded on Fact.*)

UPON a fine September day
Two maids set forth in scant array;
To bathe at Zennor was their aim-
Hear ye how they accomplished same.
Mathilda, fair and very charming,
Talked in a manner quite disarming;
Bright conversation was her forte,
And as she followed trains of thought,
The piercing timbre of her tone
Would shame a good-sized gramophone:
The sun might shine, the wind might blow,
The rain might rain, the snow might snow,
Yet still incessantly she'd talk-

(Mathilda had the family walk).
Of young Jemima it must be said
Her feet were large, her hair was red,
Yet, not content with both these woes,
She bore aloft the family nose:
(She'd known her friend since she was ten
And got a word in now and then).
Well, after much perambulation
They reached at length their destination
And then conceived the cleanly notion
To dip themselves in Mother Ocean.
Despite the warnings loud and hearty
Emitted by a lunching party,
Set off, with reassuring call,
To slither down the waterfall.
The rocks were few and far between
And all the foot-holds damp and green,
But, after many minor shocks,
They came to rest on level rocks.
As Moses looked, from Mount Abirim,
Upon fair Canaan to inspire him,
Mathilda and Jemima stand
And gaze upon *their* promised land
But ere a dozen steps were taken
Their faith in Heaven was sadly shaken-
A gap was yawning, ten feet wide,
Filled by the encroaching tide;
On one side was the cliff's sheer face,
The other sea and empty space.
But even as their spirits sank,
Their glance fell on a heaven-sent plank
And, recking not of what might hap,
They placed it o'er the deepening gap.
Alas! how oft the outward show
Conceals the treacherous heart below;
The plank, though strong in days of yore,
Had slowly rotted at the core. . . .
Jemima now has reached the centre
But ah, too late it doth repent her,
"The plank is broke!" Jemima cried,

And plunged into the foaming tide.
Mathilda gave a frightful start,
And, forcing clammy lips apart,
Lay flat upon the cliff's steep end
And gazed down on her hopeless friend.
"My darling, are you dead?" she said,
"Or have you only bumped your head?
And is the family nose intact?
Or is your pocket mirror cracked? "
Jemima, looking rather pale
And blowing water like a whale,
Cried: "Can't you dry up for a minute
And help me out-I'm sitting in it!"
With faltering steps she gained the land,
Mathilda held her trembling hand,
Then both collapsed upon the sand
And-laughed till they could hardly stand.

J. H. and M. F.

(To be continued)

Memoirs of a Spider.

EIGHT legs are too many when each has rheumatics, and this chilly blast goes to my joints-makes me cringe about like a long-lost tribe of Indians who once made loud noises and worse contortions round the hall, not that I imagined they were real ones, because my friend the tarantula told me they're red all over, and these weren't.

It was a drill display. We don't have them now-exciting they were-all my tribe used to creep into a corner and watch the ushering in of acrobatic excellence by tempers, trials, tribulations and fun. Fun reminds me of something else-a wall it was supposed to be, and truly there were plenty of crevices which struck me as suitable housing accommodation, but somehow it didn't meet the requirements of two heavy human beings. I always pity creatures that can't attach their own rope to nothingness, and are always afraid of falling. *Not* that I go in for swinging now-a-days-undignified in the old,-but I often sit on the lintel of a door that used to be U .IV A. and watch those funny two-legged things in green frills pretending to be us, on the ends

of two absurd ropes.

"Palmerston had gaps," did you say? How very unsuitable! And "statues have beautiful lines"?-Maybe; I only find them cold and too smooth to the feet; that's why they did it you know, he looked cold.-Who did what? You should follow my train of thought, and there's that wretched Algernon Hobnail, my youngest son, chasing a fly across the front hall-most disgraceful, wearing out the marble like that in this beautiful building! The younger generation, ah me! they're not what we were! What's that you say? 'Garrulity and lack of sympathy with the young,' is a sign of old age?-Well!!!!

Who Knows

WHY balls are ronuked?
Where the Staff's farthings go?
The inspected drill expector?
What the inspectors thought of us?
What the inspectors had for tea?
Where wheat is reared and sheep are grown?
Who turned the hose pipe on which mistress?

Who Remembers-

WHAT wasn't 'suitable'?
The wasp's nest in the bank?
Where are the wingers and the innes?
"Ye little birds that sit and sing-stand! "
The river which flew?

The Labour that Delights Us.

THIS series of article is purely experimental. It is hoped that Old Girls will find some interest in hearing of the activities of the more adventurous and that present girls may obtain some information to help them in that most difficult task, choosing a profession. The nature of the collection forbids the various articles to be as long as the authors would have wished, but we hope sufficient is given to serve the two purposes.

SOCIAL WORK.

It is impossible in so short a space to give a fair account of the interesting and varied activities which the term Social Work implies, but its general nature is known to all.

It affords scope for all those to whom human problems appeal, but should be undertaken by none merely because they think such problems ought to appeal to them, and certainly by none whose happiness is dependent upon their chances of financial success.

This does not mean that there are no openings for paid workers, although the need for voluntary help is perhaps the greatest. The openings, though limited, seem likely to increase however-especially now that a two years' course of training in the theoretical and practical sides of the Social Problem is afforded in the London University at the London School of Economics and Bedford College, which ensures that efficient as well as well-meaning people will be available to undertake organisation for the welfare of the working people.

W. M. GRAVATT, DOROTHY M. WARREN.

ACCOUNTANCY.

There are two branches of this work, preparing accounts and auditing accounts. All businesses, however large or small, have some system of keeping track of their money; small houses usually employ an accountant to audit their books, and large firms have accountants both to make up their accounts and to audit them annually. Variety is the soul of the work. To-day the accountant may be working on the books of a solicitor, next week struggling with a greengrocer's accounts; then, possibly, he may go to a doctor, a hotel or an estate, in some cases travelling abroad to do the work. Accountancy is entirely concerned with figures, though it has the interest of the various businesses attached. The accountant has to take an interest in all his various firms; he must be patient and tactful with those who will not keep their books in order, and careful in all cases. The work is very remunerative as a rule, and there are numbers of good posts for experienced workers, women as well as men.

The training, however, is long and expensive. There are three examinations, which stretch over a period of five years. No one is allowed to take the final until he has been articled to a recognised firm of accountants for this time: a premium, usually of about £100, is required for the articles, and five years' work without salary. For those who like figures

and can afford the training the profession is admirable.

ROSINA CARVILL.

MATRON OR HOUSEKEEPER TO SCHOOLS.

This is a profession which few girls think of entering, but for the domestic minded it is worthy of consideration. A matron in a boarding school has to look after the health of the boys, physically and sometimes mentally; attend to their clothes; superintend work in the dormitories, laundry work and packing. The housekeeper undertakes catering, arranging meals, engaging servants and superintending their work, keep house accounts, and where there is no housemaster's wife, acts as hostess.

The chief qualities required are common-sense, tact and a love of children. The work brings one into contact with mistresses or masters, parents and tradespeople and servants as well as the daily intercourse with the boys or girls. A keen interest in the welfare of the pupils is essential, and with that the work is enjoyable. There is also a daily variety which gives it a peculiar charm.

For a matron's post some hospital training is useful, and for the housekeeper, a course in housewifery. Truman and Knightly are the host agencies for the posts, which are quite numerous and well paid, with the usual school holidays.

EVELYN WHITTINGHAM.

READING FOR A PUBLISHER.

This is an exacting and hard-worked profession, for all publishers are busy people, but the interesting nature of the work more than compensates for the strain.

The reader needs a critical and analytical sense; he must not merely say "this is no good," but must give convincing reasons for his decision. He must cultivate his appreciative faculty in particular, and learn to appraise a book, not as it interests him, but as it is going to interest the public. He must watch the public taste carefully, and be on the lookout for a possible best seller (not necessarily fiction) in every manuscript that comes under his eye. Many authors begin very humbly and are tenderly nursed into fame by a reader who spots the germ of future greatness in their work.

Unfortunately the way of access to this calling is not easy. Publishers do not like strangers—they like to know something quite definite about the prospective reader's talents. If you have written a successful book, your application is likely to be considered with favour. Failing this, if you have a kind friend whose word carries weight with the publisher, and who will vouch for your capabilities, you may stand a chance. A University degree is a great help of course, but it is not sufficient in itself.

There are, however, two ways open to the young enthusiast who has neither influence nor literary laurels. Take any post you can get (typist, secretary or cataloguer) in a given publishing house, and then, once inside the office, prove yourself worth having. At some particularly busy time your chance is bound to come, provided you are known among your fellow-workers as a person of sound education and some discrimination.

The other path lies through a post in a literary agency, where the business consists in the reading and selling to publishers of all kinds of manuscripts. Here you meet the authors themselves, and a friendly spirit of co-operation makes business relations very pleasant. You enjoy the thrill of taking up promising beginners and working with them, advising, altering their work—until they are established successes. You come into touch with the traditional struggling author of Fleet Street fiction. He is, unfortunately, not a fiction but a sad reality, and his delight when a sale is effected for him is no small part of the joy of this work.

Sailors, Californian miners, sixteen-year-olds, pearl fishers from Australia, princesses from Russia, society women with a wicked wit, explorers (some of whom can write and some cannot, but they all *do* write) help to swell the daily pile of MSS. waiting to be read.

Every day brings something new—three short stories of decided literary merit from a pretty English film star, a bundle of Spanish tales from Gibraltar, with a little bag of lavender of gay Spanish silk tucked away between the sheets (and the author was a man too!), a stirring sea-story from a sea-captain whose ship is at present in Newcastle, undergoing repairs for serious damages sustained in the recent hurricane, a box of apples from a grateful author's Kentish garden, a basket of roses from the garden of a lovely old Sussex manor where a famous authoress reconstructs the past—there is no monotony in the life of a reader.

In conclusion, let me tabulate the necessities and then the advantages, for entering this delectable profession:

1. A sound literary education and a wide knowledge of books.
2. A critical, analytical yet appreciative mind.
3. Plenty of tact, good humour and a capacity for hard work.

4. Good shorthand and typing speeds and a willingness to begin at the bottom.

Advantages (but not actually necessary):

1. A literary friend to introduce you.
2. A literary degree.
3. Some sort of personal literary achievement.

H. HILTON.

O.G. Activities.

THE NETBALL CLUB. The Club, again in full swing, has joined the London Old Girls' Netball League, which ensures a match every fortnight, and carries with it the possibility of winning a shield. So far we have had about twenty players to the practices on Saturday afternoons from 3-4 o'clock at School, but we want more to complete the two games. If we can secure this number, twenty-eight, the away matches will not interfere with home practices, as there will be enough players to carry on. At present the usual result is a practice only once a fortnight for the non-match players.

Our results up to the time of writing have been very satisfactory; the first team have won all the League matches against

West Ham	11-5
North London Collegiate	26-11
Coborn School	27-4
Owen's School	15-14

We hope after Christmas to fix up 2nd team matches as well.

DOREEN WITHYCOMBE (Capt.).

THE PROPOSED LITERARY SOCIETY. Judging by the acceptance given this suggestion at the Social, the Literary Society will soon be an established fact. For those who were not there the proposal is repeated.

When we leave School many of us find that there is nothing corresponding to the School Literary Society which we can join. Usually the result is that reading becomes desultory, we don't know what to read and waste valuable time trying to separate the grain from chaff. We miss as well the valuable exchange of ideas and opinions. Books worth reading usually make us think, and unless we can talk them over with other people we lose

half their value. The Society we want to start has this as its chief aim, but that does not mean that girls who are shy of expressing opinions are excluded. This seems one of the main difficulties of many willing members. We want everyone to come who would enjoy hearing papers read, and other people expressing their opinions. The Society is for enjoyment, not for heroic sacrifice of feelings, and there are many who will say what they think without a quiver of the eyelid or the slightest tinge of a blush.

The idea is at present in its infancy, but the proposed lines are: one or two papers written and read by members to last about three-quarters of an hour, followed by general discussion arising from the papers on the subject. A subscription of sixpence or a shilling (according to the number of members) will be necessary to pay expenses. The present idea is to hold meetings once a month, and on some fixed date.

In order that we may see if sufficient O.G.s are interested to enable us to go on, will any likely members kindly notify me by card addressed to School, *at once?*

NORAH BLOFIELD.

The Union of Girls' Schools.

THIS year the School has entered on a new venture, we have joined the Union of Girls' Schools for Social Service whereby we have undertaken to do our utmost to aid the work carried on by the Settlement which is the centre of the Union's activities in the district of Camberwell. We hope that the O.G.A will press forward with us in our new adventure.

In order that we might know how we could best help the movement, Miss Lewis, the Vice- Warden of the Settlement, came and spoke to us of her sphere of work. She laid great stress on the enjoyment which has been brought into the lives of many children by the help given on the part of various schools and made special mention of the Christmas parties given at the Settlement, besides the holidays in the country arranged for hundreds of children. In addition, Miss Lewis spoke of the Infant Welfare Centres supported by the Settlement and of the Play Centre at the Settlement, where the children enjoy themselves immensely.

As a result we have been inspired to save up pencils, crayons, paper and toys of all descriptions and we have decided to make a special effort to help with the Christmas Parties. Form representatives have been elected to organise the efforts made in the various Forms on behalf of the U.G .S. A party from the School will visit the Settlement at Christmas and help to

distribute the toys and other presents which have been collected.

The School was represented on a unique occasion in connection with the U .G.S. Miss Norris and Miss Dennithorne together with a small party from the Sixth Form attended a meeting held at Westminster Central Hall. The speakers all insisted on the need for Social Service and on the fact that it is our duty as well as our privilege to serve our generation. Viscount Cave assured us that a thousand good men and women animated by the desire for service can do much more than a whole century of laws and Miss Bondfield suggested as a motto for the Union, "The Glory of God is the Service of Man."

We hope that the efforts made by the School this term will be but a beginning and that in time the Four Hundred, both past and present, will be ranked among the most helpful of the Union of Girls' Schools.

E.HATCH, Hon. Secretary.

Science Society Notes.

THE Science Society has been very active this term; already three meetings have been held and there are still another two to come, if an outing to the Mint can be arranged.

The first outing was a visit to the Regent Street Polytechnic on 30th September, to see the film "India To-day." The film was enjoyed by everyone, although it was not as geographical as some expected.

On the 10th October several of the Staff, with about forty-five members of the Society, went for a Fungus Foray to High Beech. A break was made for lunch about one o'clock, when the party was allowed the use of Miss Hooper's garden. For a short time afterwards the members enjoyed themselves with the puppies, and this combined with the warm sunny day and the many interesting finds, made the outing most successful. The best specimens were on show in the Science Room on the Monday following and included the orange elf-cup fungus, the beef-steak fungus and several brilliant fly agarics.

The third meeting was an indoor one, when Miss Adam gave her long-promised lantern lecture on Czecho-Slovakia. About sixty slides were shown, and they included photographs of the people, the towns and the "New Folded" Mountains of the Carpathians.

There is still another indoor meeting to be held, when Miss Dennithorne will give a lecture on "Prehistoric Animals."

BARBARA SPEAKMAN (Hon. Sec.).

Literary Society Notes.

THE Literary Society has determined to be very active this year, and a large number of new members from the Lower Fourths has filled us all with great zeal.

The first meeting of the year was held on November 5th, when a paper on Shaw's "St. Joan" was read by Miriam Lampen and members of the Fifth and Sixth read scenes from the play.

On November 18th, the Magazine Evening, well attended and very enjoyable, took place.

Further arrangements for the term include a "Nonsense" evening, with a paper on Nonsense Verse, by Dorothy Barber, readings by girls from each Form and a short scene from "Alice in Wonderland" by L.IV A., and a Dark Debate. Meetings have also been arranged for next term.

MIRIAM LAMPEN (Hon. Sec.).**Games Notices.**

WE were unfortunate this year in losing several of our net-ball team players. The 1st team is now as follows: S., D. Knott, S.A., L. Beaumont, C.A., B. Howlett, C., M. Findlay, C.D., M. Mosby, D., M. Oliver, G.K., P. Hunt, *Reserve Shooter*, E. Maurice.

The 2nd team is not yet fixed. The Junior team appears very promising, though it has played only one match against Leytonstone this term.

So far we have played five matches;

Oct. 3. West Ham	1st team	16-12	Win
	2 nd "	19-4	"
" 21.			
University College	1 st "	14-13	Loss
" 24.			
Chelsea	1 st "	17-11	"
	2 nd "	10-3	Win
Nov. 7. Leytonstone	1 st "	23-12	Loss
	2 nd "	17-7	"
	Junior "	12-10	Win
Nov. 25. University College	1 st "	14-5	"

The Association matches have to be played this term, so we have arranged to meet St. Angela's, West Ham and Leytonstone, in December.

The hockey in the Middle School is very promising and great keenness is shown by both Lower Fourths. Net-ball takes up most of the time for games in the Upper School, but U. IVE. has a good hockey team.

The tennis in the Upper and Middle School reached a very high standard. Form VA., after an exciting match with U. IVE., was the winner in the Upper School. In the Middle School L. IVB. was the winner, though U. IIIB. carried the game to three sets.

In the Upper School Swimming Competition Form VI. won the trophy while U. IIIE. was successful in the Middle School, with L. IVE. a close second. In the lower School L. IIIA. was first, Form II. doing well to come second. The style, especially in the upper Forms was very good.

MOLLY FINDLAY (Games Captain).**Births.**

SOPER.-On September 5th, 1924, to Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Soper (Dorothy Nicholas), a daughter, Elizabeth Jean.

BROCK.-On June 21st, 1925, to Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Brock (Enid Gower), a daughter, Gillian Enid.

BROWN.-On July 25th, 1925, to Dr. and Mrs. J. L. McKenzie Brown (Winifred Archer), a son, Ian Archer.

DOWNE.-On August 6th, 1925, to Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Downe (Irene Brown), a son, Alec Peter.

DAY.-On September 5th, 1925, to Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Day (Louise Reeve), a daughter, Janet Clare.

GILBERT.-On September 14th, 1925, to Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Gilbert (Enid Gleave), a son, Reginald Leslie Gleave.

ELGAR.-On November 2nd, 1925, to Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Elgar (Winifred Bean), a daughter.

GREENE.-On November 12th, 1925, to Mr. and Mrs. B. Greene (Leslie Campbell), a daughter, Leslie Margaret.

Marriages.

NORAH ATTWELL to Mr. JOHN PRITCHARD, on Nov. 14th, 1925.

GERTIE HUNT to Mr. THOMAS FRANCIS FLACK, on July 25th, 1925.

DOROTHY SOPER to Mr. JOHN FRANCIS NICHOLAS, on January 1st, 1925.

The following Old Girls have also been married, but we have no further information: Edith Grace, Grace Jennings, Renie Belston, Vera Robinson.

IT is with great regret that we record the death of Dorothy Deveson last August; and one of our "Old Boys," Bruce Fulford, in November. Our deepest sympathy is tendered to their relatives.

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