



Walthamstow High School Magazine.

Head Mistress's Foreword.

I am looking through my last letter I read the word 'Please' written right across it; in this, our Greek Theatre number, there appears to be only one possible addendum-'Thank you': Thank you for rallying in such vast numbers to celebrate the Birthday of our theatre, and thank you for the lavish tribute of trees, shrubs and plants with which you have endowed it. When, six months ago, I wrote asking you to transform that muddy excrescence into a rock-garden, I never in my wildest dreams anticipated such a rapid and beautiful transformation scene.

But much always wants more! I think I must tell you that there are still two or three huge mounds of virgin soil utterly void of all vegetation: also I feel sure that all those who witnessed the final scene of the "Medea," were wishing that the leafy illusion had been more complete. I believe that masses of hollyhocks, lupins, delphiniums and foxgloves might have the desired effect, but we *must* blot out those houses somehow.

Please send contributions as early next term as the weather will permit. Many future donors assured me that it was madness to transplant roots in the spring, the autumn being the accepted time.

M. NORRIS.

To the School.

"IRIS" makes her bow for the tenth time to the School, Past and Present. We might term this her "Greek Theatre" appearance, complete with photograph and "specials."

The Old Girls will be interested to hear that Norah Blofield of 20, Cedars Avenue, E. 17, is responsible for their share of this "IRIS" and they are reminded that she has a long arm, plenty of postage stamps and a fountain-pen. These she intends to use so that members of O.G.A. may be coerced into preserving themselves in a literary form. They are at present in danger of becoming moribund.

Write, O ye O.Gs. or ye die!

The School Sub-Editor, who has this time commanded a young sub-editor, Joyce Howlett, to swim, wishes to thank V. M. Adams for many hours of gay co-operation. If O.Gs. realised fully how much she has done for them, they would run excursions into Salop to visit her in her temporary home. We understand that she is not, as she well might be. Prostrate from lack of O.G.A. support in this particular enterprise.

The School continues "to catch the blossom of the flying term." May "IRIS" continue to offer it to you, fresh and fragrant, as she tries to recapture its joy and beauty.

Old Girls' Editorial.

THE Old Girls' part of the Magazine seems reduced to complaints of harassed contributors, pecuniary requests, the apparent ravings of an ex-chemist's apprentice and doleful plagiarisms of a certain not unknown poem. If any complaint is heard of the dullness of the Magazine some dire and awful fate will befall. Contributions have to be dragged out of any unfortunate Old Girl who happens to cross the path of a certain person before our section assumes anything like the required bulk. Nobly have the victims answered, and though one article was too long (strange fault for an O.G. contribution) and one was prematurely ended by an injured arm, the squeals of the others may now reach your hardened ears. Be ungrateful if you dare. We may do better next time.

Once more we have an Honours List full from Cambridge we hear that Muriel Harcourt has secured a Second Class Honours (History Tripos), Madge Miles a Natural Sciences Tripos, and Lucy Coy, Class 11. Honours for Part 1. of her History Tripos. From Oxford we learn that Lucy Rabson has passed the Final Honours School in English, Class 11., while Rose Harris has a Distinction Diploma of Chelsea Physical Training College, and Aglaia Macropoulos has London Inter. B.Sc.-Kathleen Goodwin has achieved Class I. Botany Honours B.Sc. of London University. We congratulate them all very heartily.

The Social last term attracted the usual large number of members, who witnessed the terrifying ordeal of Esmeralda Pink and Marmaduke Davanant in the hands of relentless Fate. Did we hear faint rum ours that our ex- and present Presidents were shocked? Probably not for Miss Hewett then gave a rough outline of her next round of travels. We gathered when we recovered our breath that she sets out for Bombay in October, visits Dora Cross in Upper Burma, Bessie Griggs in Java, Winnie Scarlett in Australia and relatives in New Zealand. This is probably wrong and we are "jumping

to conclusions." Still, it gives some idea of her extraordinary activity.

By the time this number is published the great event, the performance of "Medea," about which we have heard so many things, will be over. What a pity we cannot all be there, but where would even Miss Goldwin put us all?

Will Old Girls send up any news of other Old Girls they know? They're too modest to do it themselves and we really want to know how everyone is getting on. Probably you all know of Edith Trickey's wonderful successes at running and walking. Fancy a W.H.S. Olympic champion. We hear also that Eileen Raven has been playing Ena Grossmith's part in "The Sport of Kings" at the Savoy Theatre. Has anyone published a book or swum the Channel or flown to the moon. Best wishes to all for the Summer holidays.

School Chronicle.

WE Echoes are following the example of the Four Hundred and becoming quite quiet and nice-mannered in the Hall-we didn't make a sound from the beginning of the Spring Term till near the end. But then came the Dancing Competition, and we laughed long and loudly to see black men capering about with spears and uttering blood-curdling yells, highly painted waxworks strutting stiffly on rather shaky legs and *-mirabile dictu* (ask Miss Norris what that means)-members of the lordly Sixth literally playing about in football jerseys and shorts! But we don't mind confessing that we are old enough to be a bit sentimental, too, and felt a secret joy at the number of minuets and old-fashioned dances that came to light this year. We enjoyed ourselves immensely and heartily congratulated the winners-Forms VI. and VB. in the Upper, L. IV A. in the Middle and L. IIIA. in the Lower School.

There were most unusual happenings in the Easter holidays-we were roused from our three weeks' slumber by footsteps crossing the sacred Front Hall and going up the stairs. Day after day this happened, and we wondered. But on the first day of term Miss Norris explained the mystery-the Sixth had been renovating their Form room; and you may see it any day in all its glory of a polished floor, green stencilled tablecloths and curtains, and-THE *FRIEZE*.

We Echoes never go to Church, but we heard that the School went on the Friday before Empire Day, when an old friend of many girls, the

Bishop of Barking, preached.

On the-er-well, a few weeks ago (we are quite as human as you in the matter of dates) we joined with the School in congratulations to Winnie Taylor and Elsie Brown on their entrance to Westfield College, and we have only just finished clapping Edith Hatch, our Head Girl for next year. We have chosen, as Miss Norris suggested, a leader with the qualities of public spirit, sincerity and initiative. Our present Head Girl, Phyllis Attenborough, is going to University College and takes with her our gratitude and our best wishes. Phyllis Bott and Joyce Howlett are also going to University College, London, in October.

There was one mysterious remark that everyone kept saying for months-"Greek Theatre," they said, "Greek Theatre." Everybody said it, but Miss Norris most of all. We couldn't think *what* they meant. First of all we thought it was something made of mud, then we concluded it must be stone. Then they asked for plants for it, and now they want cushions! The catch phrase has changed, too, "Medea" is what everyone is saying now. They are rehearsing it as well, and every day in the lunch hour and after School, sonorous syllables fill the Hall and the sound of dancing feet.

Mystery.....But they say all will be explained on the 2nd of July.

And that is all, except that hymn tunes and march tunes, like the little brook, go on for ever.

White Elephants and the Hospital Collection.

IT really was not our fault that some people of the Lower School did not even know what a white elephant was. We did our best: we stuck little white paper elephants on our posters, and explained at great length that a white elephant was something that one could not use, but that someone else might need. The smaller fry said "O-oh-yes-I see," in an unenthusiastic tone.

We could not afford to smile at set-backs: we knew that the store of white elephants in the bottom of the cupboard was growing. Even while pink and white crumbs of coco-nut ice and marzipan lingered in the desks, and stockings were being darned for a reasonable sum, we were imagining the sale in the cookery-room, with all the goods sold out in minutes.

At last the day came, and the Form room was empty before School that

afternoon. The cookery room was transformed into a department store-that is, almost. We worked at the stalls in a whirl of balloons, string, lemonade, buns, candies, purses, books, sealing-wax, cricket-bats and skittles. There were vases and calendars and mascots; but at the last moment we were afeared lest nobody should come, and we should be left alone in our glory in the midst of this miscellany.

Happily our childish hearts were not broken and our hopes were not dashed to the ground. The side-shows were doing very well as were the stalls with the white elephants, but the sweets, lemonade and buns were gone in about ten minutes: 'tis ever thus. When the Parents had gone-(there were really parents-I saw them: three of them) and the inner girl was satisfied, there was an auction. Being in a good humour, and with the remains of their toffees in their hands, our visitors purchased the goods they wanted quickly and generously. They may consider themselves thanked.

Then the last and whitest of the white elephants were taken home by members of the Form; we let them go only when we knew that they would have good homes, although white elephants are not very delicate. Next day we shook the cash-box, but not a sound came from inside! You see, *it was too full.*

E. MAURICE (U. 1 Va.)

This is but one of very many ingenious ways in which the School collected money for the hospital. Competitions of all sorts, from crossword puzzles to a stop-watch competition, were the order of the day. One, a mechanical genius, sold a wireless set of her own making, while another, a mystically-minded person, told fortunes by colours. Some girls even mended one another's stockings and cleaned one another's gloves for small sums, so enthusiastic were they.

Most popular of all institutions were sales of food, and the idea, originating in VB., was adopted by many forms. During those few halcyon days everyone, from the Preparatory to the Sixth, went about chewing toffee or coco-nut ice in the sacred School precincts-prefects ate, the Head Girl ate, even the Staff ate, and it was quite a common sight to see a mistress walking brazenly down the corridor with a pot of jam or a cake under her arm.

There were one or two very bright deviations from the normal-UIVB. had acting and an At Home for Parents and Staff only (a very select affair); VA. held a most successful Bazaar in the School Hall one holiday, and the Sixth Form organised a really professional concert. But the

honours, as far as originality is concerned, go to Form I., whose portrait competition was a nine-days' wonder: it was desperately hard to guess who people were from only a black silhouette. The portraits were purchased afterwards, by those who desired them, at a penny each. The whole affair was a great success, and the forecast of £3 from each Form proved ludicrously incorrect. Instead of the £40 prescribed for the School Cot, the sum was raised amounted to the glorious total of £107. We hope you congratulate us as much as we congratulated ourselves.

Dreams.

THE wavering moon's path shimmers from far
O'er the peaceful, rippling sea.
Ah, could I but swim down that limpid way
To the realms of fantasy,
Swim to that motionless, white-sailed boat,
Climb to its gleaming deck,
Then such a web of dreams I'd weave
Would leave this world a wreck:
Leave all my unachieved desires
On the grey and distant shore,
And in an unknown land of joy
Forget them evermore.

From O. G. A

June Dusk.

WE wandered slowly through the summer dusk,
And all about us was the scent of June.
Beneath our feet the dew-wet flowers slept,
Above us rose the crescent of the moon.

The last, late homing birds had long since ceased
Their evensong, and all the trees were still:
Dim greenery and blossom spoke of rest,
Beside the foot-worn path below the hill.

Soft winds were moving; in the boughs above,
Moving and sighing to the restless leaves:

I lingered there awhile, my face upturned,
Stay'd by the spell that every moonbeam weaves.

At last we made our way across the fields,
The glow-worms' candles as our only light:
We did not speak when home was reached, but stood
Silent at the wonder of the night.

EVA MAURICE (U. IVa.).

Sadler's Wells.

MORE money? Yes, but not for hospitals, not for flag days, not even for Greek Theatres, but for the noble arts of the Drama and Music. In plain terms, Sadler's Wells. Probably you have heard of this effort to establish in one of London's oldest theatres, an Old Vic. for North London, a permanent home for opera and Shakespeare within half an hour of Walthamstow.

Near the Angel, Islington, is the husk of a theatre. The interior has been pulled down as a preliminary process to make it usable. Sadler's Wells Theatre has a record next best to the Old Vic., of having produced about thirty of Shakespeare's plays. Unless it can be saved now there is imminent danger of its being submerged beneath a suite of offices or some miserable factory.

If the theatre can be purchased and rebuilt, two companies can be run in conjunction with the Vic., so that for nine months of the year anyone visiting London is certain of being able to see a play of Shakespeare or an opera, either at the Vic. or the Wells.

North London needs a theatre of its own. The South East has the Vic.; the South West the "Q" theatre; the West the Lyric; the North West the Everyman, and the North-it's up to us to make it. These theatres have already reputations for giving plays worthwhile-plays which anyone worn out with the trash usually presented in the West End can enjoy. Moreover, the prices are such as even we can afford.

The advantages which would accrue to the Vic. itself are vital and would mean that an excellent performance would be assured. Nowadays rehearsals are cramped and hurried because two companies have to rehearse with only one stage, and consequently must give up valuable time to each other. With a stage each the performances would, if possible, be vastly improved, while, instead of being able to see them only on three or two nights a week, we could see either company any evening.

"Friends, Romans, countrymen-"we all know the Vic. and all that it means. If you have any interest in the Drama, remember how many plays in London have Vic. actors in the casts, testifying to the value of their training. If you have even a slight love of music consider the enormous value of a permanent opera company in London, a thing never before in existence. In other words, support Sadler's Wells.

(I have a Collecting Card, for which I should like anything from SIX farthings to six pounds. My address is 20, Cedars Avenue, E. 17.)

N. M. BLOFIELD.

The Greek Theatre.

IT is said that someone, I will not state whether she was a member of the staff or not, called it the 'infernal pit' whilst it was in the making. Indeed, the foundations of our theatre were extremely miry at one time, and so earthy as utterly to dispel the spirit of imagination which now, in June, lurks in every stone and on each bank bright with 'flowers of all hue.'

One girl in the Sixth Form thought apparently that the adornment of a maiden presence was alone necessary to complete the charm of the place; accordingly she was photographed standing in an Eros-like attitude on the altar!

Soon some very celebrated people are to introduce the peculiar rites of the theatre. And after that who knows what lectures and plays and dances and other unimaginable happenings will take place within its Attic precincts? Many have suggested that arrangements be made to flood it at will and so provide the School with a private swimming bath.

These things, I say again, cannot well be imagined. But in one's mind is a vision of the W.H.S. Greek Theatre as it will appear in 5000 A.D., then there will probably be a fund on foot to preserve it as a ruin of interest. The archaeologists who come to explore it will first have to hack their way through a mighty hedge of climbing roses, reminiscent of the Sleeping Beauty. Maybe, on the crumbling flagstones which shall be revealed or on the cracking tiers there will yet lie the mouldering rags of a green blazer. What a hubbub such a find will cause in the newspapers (they will not have died even three thousand years hence)!

Seriously, however, an "antiquary" was produced some while ago by the workmen in the theatre-a small, sculptured head of very weatherbeaten appearance. It is at present exposed to the eyes of the observant one of the most important little rooms in the School.

And so may Providence continue to look graciously thou mayest be ' . . . a mansion for all lovely forms, thy memory be as a dwelling-place for all sweet sounds and harmonies.'

We are thine, O Greek Theatre, and thou art surely ours!

ELSIE BROWN (*Form VI*)

?

(Apologies seem out of Place and the perpetrator of this outrage refuses to sign her name in case a certain offended ghost should one day seek revenge.)

To go, or not to go-that is the question.
Whether 'tis nobler in the house to mutter
Dark words about one's homework and the weather,
Or to go down towards the tennis club
With racquet, shoes and balls. To change, to go-
No more, and by a game to say we end
The longing for fresh air and activeness
That burns within-'Tis a consummation
That might come true. To change, to go.
To go-then what may hap? Ay there's the rub:
For by that going out, that homework goes
When we are rushing over tennis-courts
Must give us pause: that recollection
Must make calamity of divers shots.
For who would work at algebra and geom:
"The square on the hypoteneuse" or " x
Is equal b with plus or less the root
Of c squared, etcetera" or "George, my dear,
Take care you are a king" or H.2.O.
Is hardly equal H.2.S.O.4-
When she herself might gladly chuck the lot
To play at tennis.....
But that the dread the morrow's lessons hold
Ruins the fun and makes her stay at home.

The Spider has a Relapse.

THE young spiders crept into the darkest corner of the book cupboard, eyeing their grandsire with timorous looks. Standing on all six legs, the veteran retainer puffed himself out to his fullest extent, staggered three times round a pile of Ivanhoe and sat down with a resounding bump.

"Form Five A-or was it Six? Or even Upper Four B-is this suitable? Prefects-no paper. Draw the map of the Spanish peninsula-no r, Vera-or there might be one, I really can't tell-this sun is too much; let us adjourn to the bottom of the garden. What's this? A Greek Theatre? We don't teach Greek here. Only fossils learn ante-diluvian stuff. Acting, did you say? Ah! I remember the time when Rosalind and Orlando made love beneath these trees. Not allowed? Eh, what? In theatricals, mes enfants, one can do anything, even to swearing, if you get it in before anyone can stop you. What was that? Speak up child, don't swallow your words in your throat. Breathe deeply, hold the hands over the lower ribs to feel the expansion. Now out with a-Sybil? Who's that? Acting? Ah now, I remember when a real actor came down, and had tea in the Sixth Form room with strawberries and cream. That was a time, my children."

The spider was lost in meditation. Holding his front pair of legs to his head, he rocked to and fro.

"I don't know what's coming to the world, I really don't. Now, instead of real actors and real plays, they do things called 'melodramas,' and, what's worse, other atrocities called 'Jim' and 'Matilda.' My children, instead of saying the words, someone else *reads* them, yes, actually *reads*, and the actors merely act. Besides, these girls don't even know what a horse looks like, or a sea. They imagine the ocean is green and made of green *cloth*, and beats against the foot of the platform. While, as for a horse, that hasn't a head, but is made of polished leather and wood! Talking of horses reminds me of the dog. No, not Mrs. Hazel's dog but a stray tramp of an animal that would walk into the school when no one wanted him. He ran all over the School, and even into the Cambridge room, when the doors were open because of the heat and the floors were watered and ice kept all over the room to keep the place cool, and even, once, in to prayers! There was a cat, too, came in to prayers. I always went. Preserve my dignity, and that kind of thing."

He wandered off into reminiscences again starting from his head, he jumped up.

"What does function x equal, Enid? Et, tu Brute? Curl yourself gracefully round the pillar and look as if you were dead. Front Hall mats!

They look medieval. What did you say? You have a very hague and vazy notion of the prophet 'aggai. There are more things in Heaven and earth, my children-but you know the rest. Context please! Practice at half-past one, indeed. The tennis courts are not marked. Mind the slippery slope and don't walk on the gardens. Oh, this heat-There is society where none intrudes-Come, come, you question with an idle tongue. To the cupboard! Hark, I hear the first bell's echo. To bed, my children, and before nine o'clock."

Who Knows

THE mystery of the tennis balls?

Six feet of misery?

The "land of my hope"?

That the Hungry people live in the Bacony Forests and wear Serge Magyars ?

That a volcano is a mountain that keeps on interrupting?

That two-thirds of the population of Wales is schists, shales, slates and limestones?

How the "Medea" chorus expressed "horror and sorrow"?

Whether the heat was affecting the person who said "Now look what I hav'n't brought!"?

Who Remembers-

SITTING still while someone shook the boom?

Hockey on the cookery-room tables?

The failure of the current in Current Events?

"Gomme" soup?

The ventilator stopped with dough?

"Et lès gants élégants"?

The Trojans who were dripping with salt?

Being led to a dark, mysterious cupboard containing a candle and a huge sheet of white paper?

Miss Hewett buying boots?

Some folk do.

Of Bed.

(With apologies to Francis Bacon.)

BED serves for rest, for freedom, for seclusion. It affords rest to everyone whether he toils or whether he merely looks on, or whether he is one of the idle rich. A bed is as benevolent as God Himself since it gives rest unto the evil and to the good. A bed is conducive to rest since the body is placed in its most recumbent position. Bed gives freedom to thought, that is, previous to oblivion. When in close association with bed man allows his thoughts to run as they choose, since there is nothing save the pervading spectres of darkness to check their course. The ideas of the best works have been conceived there, and there the foulest deeds have been planned. It is a place for the cultivation of good and of evil. When in this beautiful inspiring place, man is free from the curious glances, and astonished or mortified looks of his fellow man; therefore it affords seclusion.

The abuses of bed are two. Firstly, some people spend too much time there; secondly, some people spend too little time there. To spend too much time there is sloth. A large number of people spend the prime part of their lives in bed. It is not suitable that man should waste his existence thus. There is a time for rest and a time for work.

To spend too little time there is neglect. Students oftentimes spoil their lives because they neglect this place of refuge. Better were it if all followed the old proverb "Early to bed and early to rise makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise." Therefore he who would be healthy, wealthy and wise must use freely but not abuse that most useful commodity, bed.

WINIFRED TAYLOR (Form VI.).

We congratulate Dorothy Bubbers and Katherine Legg on having gained two County Intermediate Scholarships. These entitle the holder to free tuition and a maintenance grant of £20 for two years to enable the holder to go on to advanced work. Dorothy is an honorary holder.

Dawn.

THE dawn is breaking,
The earth is waking,
The clouds are cold and grey:
The birds arise and throng the skies,
For it is nearly day.

BERYL DAVID (U. IIIb.).

Hiawatha.

THEN Iago, the great boaster,
Made a bow for Hiawatha,
And he used an ash to make it,
And from oak he made the arrows,
And the cord was made of deerskin.

Then said he to Hiawatha,
"Go, my son, into the forest,
Aim an arrow at a roebuck,
Kill for us a deer with antlers."

MARJORIE ROACH (Form II.).

The Mermaid's Song.

THE sea was calm, the moon was bright,
I wandered lonely by the shore,
A light wind whispered through the night,
A wind that blew from wood and moor.

And through the wind I heard a voice,
Singing a strange melodious air,
A song that made the waves rejoice,
'Twas sung by a mermaid child so fair.

EDITH PALMER (L. IIIa.).

The Fox and the Crow.

A big black crow sat on a tree,
With a piece of cheese in her beak,
She was as vain as vain could be,
Her feathers were smooth and sleek.

A sly old fox came trotting along,
A bushy tail had he,
When all at once he saw a crow

Perched high up in a tree.

The fox began to flatter the crow,
"Your feathers are sleek," said he,
"Dear Mistress Crow, your voice is sweet-
Pray will you sing to me?"

(Form II.)

Punting at Cambridge.

(An extract from an article on the May week Races which we are unfortunately unable to print in full.)

BESIDES the punt you will require a supply of cushions, about three to each person: these can usually be borrowed. To add to the general gaiety of the gathering a gramophone may be included among the furniture. If there is still any surplus room in the punt you can take tea, but you would be well advised to take your own water-the river may look a limpid stream-but it isn't really. It is desirable that you should secure the services of several competent puntists, as the task of negotiating a variety of craft ranging from canoes and scullers to an asthmatic dredger is no light undertaking. Punting at Cambridge is performed from the platform, not from the well-so if you value your reputation see that your punt is propelled from the proper end lest the epithet "Oxford!" be hurled at you. Should the pole become embedded in the bottom of the river two alternative plans of action may be adopted:

- (1) You may clasp the pole firmly to your person and endeavour to arrest the progress of the punt, or
- (2) You may relinquish the aforesaid pole and rely upon your paddle or the natural sweetness of disposition of your rear neighbours to recover the tool for you.

Plan One is praiseworthy and heroic if properly carried out: but there is always a risk that the punt will pursue its course, in which case you will be left clinging to the pole in midstream while your boat gently floats down in the direction of the North Sea, and you gradually subside into the Cam. This is humiliating.

Plan Two, on the other hand, though ignominious, is on the whole safer. Of course, you may have neglected to bring a paddle or the necessary quality of forbearance may be absent from the occupants of the next punt, more particularly if yours swings round with the current and upsets their

tea cups. But one should always hope for the best.

Having arrived at your destination, you now manoeuvre the punt into a suitable and advantageous position. This is a delicate performance and requires diplomacy if you are to remain on amicable terms with your neighbours. It is advisable to cast oil on troubled waters by requesting the female portion of the party to lower sunshades or any other impedimenta likely to obstruct the view. To play popular dance tunes when your neighbours' taste inclines to Beethoven is not calculated to clear the atmosphere, but no doubt a little tact will adjust differences in such matters. Once safely moored you may enjoy the Races in peace, but beware of allowing the enthusiasm and partisanship of your companions to endanger the general well-being of the community. It is said that punts cannot overturn, but do not rely too literally upon such statements.

Lucy Coy (O. G.)

Library List.

In answer to a special request from one of the Old Girls, we publish below a somewhat miscellaneous and motley collection of books which, recommend themselves. Not all are new, not a few have tags of identification and invitation attached to them. We hope next time to offer you something more comprehensive.

2 ou 3 livres français!

Choisir voilà la difficulté!

At random amongst one's browsing-

D'abord: *Plaisirs et Jours de Marcel* Proust-delightful rambles here and there in one's thoughts and feelings. Un tout petit livre plein de délices, by form of a diary: *La Symphonie Pastorale. A Gide*. Il s'agit d'une petite fille aveugle, séveillant à la vie, recueillie par un pasteur.

Puis voici un livre de voyages en Hongrie tout nouvellement paru: *Isvor, par la Princesse Bibesco*-et enfin deux romans *Colin-Maillard, par Louis Hernon*, story of a Whitechapel boy viewed by a Frenchman, and an old favourite, *Le Jardin de Bérénice, by M. Barrès*, and for the valiant students: a book of critique, *Le français langue morte? By André Thérive*, and a book for the religious-minded-a master-piece, *La Vie du Christ, par Papini, bien traduit de l'Italien*.

The Pageant of Greece, by Livingstone.

Life and Letters of Walter Page.

The biography of a recent American Ambassador in London.

William de Morgan and his wife.

The biography of a remarkable novelist.

The Forerunner, by Merejkowski.

A novel translated from the Russian. The chief character is Leonardo da Vinci and the mortal life of his soul in conflict with many strange and interesting forces of pre-Renaissance Italy. Long. Not very easy to read, but worth reading.

"C.," by Maurice Baring.

A novel in the form of the autobiography of an interesting, though somewhat invertebrate youth, including the adventures of his spirit through the best of poetry and the worst of life.

"Man is betrayed by that which is false within." Pages 700+.

The Great Hunger, by Johan Böjer.

A novel translated from the Norwegian. It is the story of a life and a quest and ends happily, after many pictures of misery and failure.

The Golden Butterfly, by Besant and Rice. (Collins, 2s.)

This is a classic too often neglected. A story of fresh youth and romance. Have you never heard of Gilead P. Beck?

Crime and Punishment, by Dostoevsky.

Most people have interested recollections of the following: *Passage to India*, by W.E. Forster; *The White Monkey* and *The Forsyte Saga*, by Galsworthy; *The Traveller in the Fur Coat* by Stanley Weyman; *The Little French Girl*, by Sidgwick; *Found Money*, by George Birmingham, and *Sard Harker*, by Masfield.

Rejected Contributions.

THE magazine contributions this time fall into two distinct groups-on one side a few of unusually surprising merit, on the other a great many, all reaching just about the same standard, good in quality and varied in nature, but with some drawback such as length or style to prevent their being published.

D. Barber (VB.) and M. Stokes (L. IIIA.) are the kind of people who add a drop of sweetness to the bitter cup of a harassed sub-editor they always support us nobly. D. Barber contributed topical verses on the weather and one's duty as a Useful Member of Society and a Rational Being. M. Stokes' work is always good but too long for inclusion in the Magazine-we would suggest that she adopt a new form for her writings.

U. IVA. and U. IIIA. are commended for the number of contributions

they sent in. Although from their similarity of subject matter and even titles we fear that many of the former's poems were at one time done as a piece of home-work, the fact remains that many were good- J. Weaver, G. Saville and J. Turner are commended, and P. Woolnough particularly so: her lines "To the Buttercup" are very characteristic

"Thy grace, thy freedom from all care, thy loveliness
Endear thee to us, dancing nymph of June."

In U. IIIA. P. Holcroft is commended for her poem on "Bees" and W. Abery for her ingenious adventure story "The Chart in the Bottle."

Many of the contributions this time took the form of humorous and topical verse. L. Denny (VB.) is commended for her energies in this direction, and we quote from her poem "The Speed Maniac"-.

"The voice stopped. Time was up.
My pen dropped limply down,
For me was filled sad sorrow's cup,
Strange shapes upon my page abound.
Examination, did you say?
The college not upon the Isis?
No! No! 'Tis not for that I play
The game where Hope entices.
'Tis not for that was done the deed,
I merely took a shorthand speed! "

We also give some lines from a poem by J. Turner (U. IVA.), which would have been published in its entirety had it not been so long. It tells the Cranford story of "Miss Betsy Barker's cow that fell into a lime pit and lost its hair, and of how she took good advice.

"Miss Betsy Barker dried her eyes
And thanked good Captain Brown.
She set to work; and, bye and bye,
The whole of Cranford town

"Turned out to see the Alderney
To pasture meekly going,
All clad in dark grey flannel, with
No patch of baldness shewing.

"And now 'tis quite a common sight.
In London, do you e'er

See cows in dark grey flannel clad
Because they have no hair?"

K. Schumacher (also of U.IVA.) is commended for her original "Song of a Foot-ball," but she will incur the wrath of the Games Cupboard mistresses if she makes such remarks as-

"They leave me out for the night."

M. Fitt concludes her verses "From a Tramcar Window" with the lines

"Motors and bicycles, horses and prams,

All are held up by the Walthamstow Trams."

M. Kieffer (U. IIIB.) sent in a most pathetic story of "Greedy Sammy" who came to a bad end, while M. French (U. IIIA.) is commended for verses on that subject of all-absorbing interest- "Medea." She says:

"We miss arithmetic, what bliss!

We rarely have a treat like this,

We are longing, longing, longing for Medea."

A. Onwin (VB.) is commended for a thoughtful but somewhat obscure poem on "The Garden at Dawn"-some of her epithets are particularly interesting.

Form II.'s ballads were very charming and, for some people, rather unusually good. They have an excellent sense of rhythm and a good selection of adjectives.

Forms U. IVB. and L. IVE. share the very doubtful distinction of being the only two Forms in the whole of the Middle and Upper School who did not contribute an article to the Magazine. We hope they will endeavour to pull themselves up before next time.

"The Medea." AN APPRECIATION

IT is some 2,300 years and more since Euripides competed in the great dramatic contests held annually at Athens; but in one afternoon the years and seas that divide Walthamstow from Athens were removed and eight hundred stolid Britishers were one with thousands of animated Greeks in experiencing a catharsis "-that purging of the emotions of pity and terror that is the object of great tragedy.

The afternoon was a three-fold triumph-artistic, dramatic and social.

The positions and grouping of the chorus against the effective background of steps and orchestra was an artistic triumph, suggesting all the beauty of form and movement that a Greek chorus is intended to express. The absence of any interval or orchestral gymnastics inseparable from the modern play made it a purely dramatic triumph. Moreover, the sun shone brightly and eight hundred or more visitors declared themselves charmed-it was distinctly a social triumph. There was but one disconcerting and terrible moment. The approving eye of the onlooker, roving upward from the smoking altar, the gracefully posed figures that surrounded it to the majestic and vindictive presence of the Medea was horrified to see-centre back, in full view-the head and shoulders of a respectable twentieth century press photographer! The laudable energy of these enterprising men must not be permitted thus to jar upon the artistic, sensibilities of the audience. Had he but thought of borrowing Jason's golden beard and hastily donned a leopard skin the incongruity would not have been so great!

Miss Sybil Thorndike's rendering of Medea transcends criticism. The interpretation of a character so terrible in its vindictive passion and withal of so profound a pathos, calls forth all the resources of dramatic art and of imagination, and Miss Sybil Thorndike possesses both to the highest degree.

The special charm of the chorus lay in their whole-hearted and unrehearsed absorption in the action of the play. To their very great credit may it be said that they achieved that unifying of art and nature that constitutes poetry. For not only was there visible in their most expressive attitudes a genuine feeling of pity and terror that produced much spontaneous action, but the symmetry and studied grace of their changing positions told a tale of hard, persistent and, no doubt, painful training.

It is difficult to find any adverse criticism of a performance of such uniform excellence-and one, moreover, so gratifying to the pride of all in any way connected with the School.

On these rare and joyous occasions when old and present girls, staff and committee, parents and friends foregather in the old familiar haunts, our critical faculties are dulled by sheer enjoyment. Moreover, this occasion possessed the added thrill of an experiment that has proved a great success. The Greek Theatre has proved its worth and will do so again very soon, we hope.

ENID N. FOSTER.

The Rehearsal, there could only be one such with a capital "R," was an occasion of great moment. In upon the School came the world, in the shape of an electrical, but kindly Producer, a mirthful and dashing Sybil,-she recently advertised April-a tragically poetical Nurse, two gentle, quaint children with shy eyes, and the rest of the company.

The Fifth Form, sad victims of Fate and the Botany examination in store for them on the afternoon of Thursday, the 2nd of July, the Sixth, and several mistresses, sat round. Five hundred prim cushions sat waiting. The workmen hovered. Without them the occasion could not have been. Miraculously, on the rockery, delphiniums of the loveliest blue had sprung into being. Aloft was a man with a loud voice: below was the taut figure of the Producer.

There came a wail from some dim recess, a wailing desolate.

The Nurse spoke thrillingly-"Argos," "blue Symplâgades." A few lines transported us into a realm beyond ourselves, beyond even pride in the occasion. The Producer snapped a few words: the Nurse gabbled speedily to a cue: listening, we understood that, for the sake of the company, she had surrendered her joy in speaking sounding words soundingly.

In came our Chorus, serene and slow. Very gently were they initiated into acting with professionals. Miss Thorndike might be told not to break in too fast: she might answer swiftly and comprehendingly "Yes, yes! I see," but the Chorus had to be nursed. You might think this term unapt, if you heard them "flop" when they were told to "flop," or if you saw them rush when they were told to rush. The issuing of these commands was so encouraging that the girls "flopped" and "rushed" with the mind of Mr. Casson. Nor did they respond to these unrehearsed effects in a stupid simultaneous manner; even in these movements they were gracefully individual, as well as harmonious.

Harmony-the lovely blending of the colours of the Chorus, the peaceful symmetry of our Greek theatre, the marvellous harmony of Medea and Sybil and the cloak she used both tragically and frivolously as she dashed through her cues-these things indeed were of harmony. Beyond that was the wonder of an art that blends all arts, and the spirit that makes all one in serving some great end. Truly Mr Casson seem that spirit incarnate as he snapped or twinkled his commands and received the ready response of highly trained minds and bodies.

At his command the School even suddenly produced from the Four Hundred two poor old men to be the attendants of Egeus.

But it was not at his command that Ann Casson-or was it Mary? sneezed as she went off, or that Miss Thorndike interpolated in the tone and

rhythm of "Medea," her little speech that her own words were all wrong, but all right, it didn't matter. That was the truth. Nothing mattered, except the cues and the play and Time. And how time rushed and pressed, until we all emerged, refreshed and inspired this Rehearsal.

In the afternoon Miss Norris spoke in praise of the work of the West Ham unemployed in creating our beautiful Greek theatre: our friend, Mr. Hamilton Fyfe of Christ's Hospital, illumined Euripides for us and then came the Play. No one could ever forget, having seen, the witch-like strangeness of Medea's face, the intensity of her passion, and the thrilling quality of her low notes, with the suggestion of joy lost for reason's sake, in the exulting tones in which she spoke of Colchos. "And woman, aye woman, shall be terrible in story....."

"Of all things upon the earth that bleed and grow

A herb most bruised is woman....."

Yet "A fear there is that cometh out of woman and a glory....."

And love there is

An English dramatist speaks somewhere of "the weighty and sedate nuntius," but one could not use this term of the Messenger who delivered his speech of fire and horror so hotly and breathlessly after his run from the palace of Creon that one marvelled to hear each word and to feel each moment he described, "quiver within the wave's intenser day." It was more real than the reality and made yet more potent by the quiet hoarseness with which, in Euripidean pessimism, he spoke of the gray shadow upon man's days and the vanity of all gifts of fortune.

"So hath it fallen here."

At the end came applause, long and loud, a laurel wreath for Miss Thorndike, many cheers and more cheers, and a brief vote of thanks from Canon Lampen. We turned away, gradually shaking off the spell and remembered who had set the chairs in serried ranks, who had made the cushions, who had made the door, who had planted plants, who had trained the girls to speak and who to move.

The theatre was dedicated.

Science Society Notes.

IN spite of the increased School activities during the Spring Term the Science Society Meetings were well attended. The film "Livingstone in Africa" was greatly appreciated by those who saw it.

At the second meeting papers on "Mars and the possibility of life on "the ruddy planet" were read by D. Holmes and D. Bubbers.

The bulb show was held at the end of March when the Art room was filled with the scent and colour of hyacinths, daffodils and their kin. First prize was given to Form VI., second to Upper IIIB. And Lower Prize to Lower IIIA.

The final meeting for the Term-the primrosing expedition-was postponed until the last day of the Easter holiday, when about ninety of us enjoyed gathering the primroses and violets which abound in the Forest beyond Epping during the Spring.

Arrangements for the Summer Term included a ramble along the valley of the Ching from Higham's Park to Connaught Waters, a lantern talk on Czecho-Slovakia by Miss Adam, and a visit to a cinema to see the prehistoric animals of "The Lost World."

The Science VIth spent the Whitsun week-end on a botanical expedition at Holmbury St. Mary, where they not only enjoyed the hills, woods and streams which were their special study but also the beautiful rock garden of the house where they stayed. It was regrettable that owing to the size of the Form it was impossible to arrange for a week-end expedition for the Matriculation people.

Literary Society Notes.

THE growing influence of the theatre is felt even among us-we have had three meetings of the Society this term and all on dramatic subjects. On May 22nd we had a most enjoyable open-air meeting, when we met together to hear scenes from Barry's "Admirable Crichton" read by members from the Fifth and the Sixth.

On June 5th, with the temperature almost at boiling point, Eva Maurice addressed the Society on the subject of the Elizabethan Stage. She spoke well, accompanying herself with illustrations on the board of a typical Elizabethan theatre. It was a small meeting, but composed of enthusiasts.

This year we went back to our old custom of holding the Shakespeare Acting in the Summer Term. In the preliminaries on June 8th and 9th Miss Forster selected L. IVA., U.IV.A., VA. and VI. and Miss Moore very kindly came over from Woodford to judge the finals on June 10th. In the Upper Division the VIth won with a scene from "The Merry Wives of Windsor," while U. IVA.'s selection from "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" was successful in the Lower. The Fourths gave their performances in the Greek Theatre, the Fifth and Sixth in the Hall.

J. HOWLETT (Secretary).

Musical Society.

THE first meeting of the Spring Term took the form of a Song Recital on February 5th by Miss Cook. Miss Cook gave us delightful renderings of English, French, Irish, Scottish and Hebridean Songs, which were much appreciated by all.

Miss Mercer gave a Chopin Recital on March 30th and this was well attended. Some of the items were very 'old friends' to a great many, but all appreciated the performer's touch and mode of expression.

This Term we have been able to hold only one meeting, when Miss Starmer very kindly sang several items from the Oratorios by Handel, Bach, Gounod, Mendelssohn, and the "Jewel Song" from "Faust." We hope that the Musical Society will continue to flourish, and that in future we shall be able to arrange for meetings further afield than the School Hall.

F.W. SUMSION (Hon. Sec.).

Games Notices.

DESPITE the inclement weather of last term, we were able to play twelve net-ball matches. For the most part we were successful, although our dertermined efforts to beat Leytonstone failed. We succeeded in reaching the semi-finals of the Association matches, when we were beaten after a close fight with Skinners, who in their turn lost to Putney in the final.

Our Junior team has shown great promise this year, having been successful against Greycoat and in two matches with Leytonstone.

The net-ball trophies were won by Form VI., Lower IVA., and Lower IIIA., while Upper IIIB. put up an exceedingly good fight against their older opponents.

Tennis has been somewhat handicapped this term owing to the state of the courts at the beginning of the season. So far we have played only one match. This was an Association match against Leytonstone, the result of which were as follows:

1 st Couple	6-4, 6-3	Loss
2 nd	" 6-2, 6-3	"
Single	6-1, 8-6	"

Results of net-ball matches played last term:

*West Ham	1st	team	11-13	Win
*St. Angela's	1st	"	31-11	"
Leytonstone	1 st	"	16-11	Loss
	Junior	"	11-4	Win
Peckham	1 st	"	18-13	"
University College	1 st	"	13-9	Loss
*Dame Alice Owen	1 st	"	20-15	Win
Brondesbury	1 st	"	21-10	"
	2 nd	"	12-12	Draw
Leytonstone	1 st	"	15-9	Loss
*Skinners	1 st	"	19-15	"
Chelsea	1 st	"	18-16	Win
Burlington	2 nd	"	20-13	"
	3 rd	"	22-7	"

* Association matches

The results of Sports were as follows:

VB., L. IVA. and L. III.B. were winners of the trophies, while the records for High Jump were 4ft. 10ins., 4ft. 9ins., and 4ft. 6ins. in the Upper, Middle and Lower School respectively. In the Long Jump the Upper school record was 14ft. 9in., and in the Middle School 15ft. 5 ½ins.

WINNIE ASTELL (Games Captain).

Birth.

Mr. and Mrs. Griggs (*née* Bessie Howlett), of Java, a son, Antony, Charles.

Marriage.

MURIEL FARMER to DR. BORASTON McMICHAEL, on March 21st, 1925. Birch Lodge, Much Birch, Herefordshire.

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