

Walthamstow High School Magazine.

Head Mistress's Foreword

You will no doubt be surprised to find that the Magazine has justified her name and changed colour; this is not merely an outward and visible sign of her inner versatility, but a reversion to the time-honoured practice in vogue in the days when IRIS was very young. IRIS first saw the light in 1906; her christening-robe was brown and with each successive appearance she was arrayed in a garb of varying hue until the war made a range of colours impossible. Our many-coloured messenger has now changed from blue to green; hereafter she may yet vie with the rainbow.

We are grateful to Miss Ramsay who has presented the School with a Medici print of St. Francis and the Birds; this will be awarded at the end of each term to the Form which wins the Form Room Competition. We thank Miss Crook for our new Singing-Competition trophy. We also gratefully acknowledge some beautiful new trees for the theatre and some ramblers and a Sweet-Briar hedge for our new rose-walk.

The Higham Memorial Fund will close on December 31st, after which date a memorial tablet will be put up in the School hall.

Subscriptions may still be sent to the Treasurer, Miss Goldwin, 8, Rectory Road.

A Happy Christmas and all good wishes for 1927.

M. NORRIS.

To the School.

IRIS, the thirteenth of the present dynasty, claims from you the sympathy and (if necessary) gentle forbearance owed to the bereaved; for she has, as her present guardians well know, sustained a grievous loss in the withdrawal of Miss Forster from her tutelary role. The magazine, as the School has known it for the past six years, has been indeed Miss Forster's own creation, and whatever its future history may be, it must remain perennially indebted to her for its successful re-inception after several years' lapse and its six years of vigorous life. It is for us now, to whom she has entrusted her charge, to see that we do nothing to lower the prestige with which it has become endued under her guidance, or to devitalise the tradition for which it now stands. And remember, that except with the aid of energetic contributors, even the most well-meaning of editors, with the most painstaking of editorial committees, can do nothing.

To pass to other matters: the Story Competition, through which we hoped to reap a goodly harvest of entertaining matter, has not brought in quite what was expected, though a good deal of inventive power and technical ability in the management of narrative-form, has been displayed. The chief fault to be found with most entries was that very little use was made of the suggestions given in the notice, or on the other hand very little wit shown in that use. In nine cases out of ten the children's demand for a sad story, a little true, and ending badly," would have been most satisfactory met by an uncompromisingly realistic tale with a frankly unromantic ending, told with humour; in fact, the direct opposite of the sentimental tale. The alternative subject, Mamillius' "Winter's Tale," would have, been found more manageable if the suggestions given had been more accurately noted. "There was a man, dwelt by a churchyard," is an inimitable opening for a ghost story; but no-one used it. The prize-winning stories have, however, their own merits, and we believe they will be enjoyed.

Dorothy Barber, Mary Rabson and Phyllis Woolnough, with Olive Grosart as Secretary, now form the School Editorial Committee, to whom special thanks are due from all of IRIS'S well-wishers.

Old Girls' Editorial.

How time flies! Can it be a year since Miss Hewett set out on her travels? It seemed longer while she was away, but seeing her again makes one feel as if she has been at home all the time. Both at the Literary Club Dinner and at the Social she gave long talks about her adventures, and we only wish time were not so short! We wonder if there is anyone who has not vowed to go round the world "one day before she's old!" By the way, after the middle of February Miss Hewett's permanent address will be 211, Clive Court, Maida Vale, W. 9.

The Spider is feeling very proud and wishes to thank Elaine Davey especially for this effort in the midst of much work. May we appeal to other artistic O.Gs. for designs either as head-pieces or tail-pieces? There is no doubt that this sort of decoration adds immensely to the attractive look of the magazine. We would also appeal to any O.G. with the slightest ability to write to produce something for the next issue. Contributions have been very few this time and many stamps wasted on hard-hearted, one-time contributors. Doris Atkins, too, is very anxious for news of any births or marriages. O.Gs. seem to think that by some magic process we can hear of any such events and record them correctly. We assure them that unless they exert themselves and send them in, they will be coldly excluded-and don't blame us!

The O.G. and Old Monovian dances continue to be a success. The next one will be on Twelfth Night (January 6th) at the Church Hall. Buy your tickets early or late, but make sure you buy them.

Congratulations to all our budding and budded degree-ites! Lucy Coy (2nd Class, Division I., English Tripos, Part 1., Cambridge); Enid Foster (3rd Class, Oxford, English); Ida Barralet (2nd Class, Bristol, English); Maud Bubbers (B.Sc. London); Jessie Curle (B.Sc. London); Phyllis Attenborough, Winnie Taylor, Phyllis Bott, Constance Saunders and Elsie Brown (London Intermediate).

Congratulations also to Vera Linton, Gwen Jones and Freda Robertson on their musical successes.

That's all, O.Gs. Merry Christmas.

School Chronicle.

WE Echoes are rather in arrears with our revelations of the historic deeds of the Four Hundred, owing to so many things having happened since our last being called into publicity.

First was the Hospital Fete of July 1st to 3rd, when the School with a stall of its own, displaying miscellaneous needlework and other articles, its net-ball match with Leytonstone, and Miss Adam's fowl of questionable weight, was able to make a contribution of nearly £30 to the Hospital Fund.

Next, on July 9th, came Mr. Whelen's long-expected lecture on the "League of Nations," when audience and speaker won each other's hearts: by a lively and interested co-operation in the cause for which they were assembled. Mr. Whelen's address was delightful and very much to the point, and the questions with which it was followed proved that his listeners had paid it an appreciative and intelligent attention. We Echoes have seldom enjoyed ourselves more.

The following day found us among comfortable cushions on the stone steps of the Greek Theatre, where we kept very quiet while Miss Ginner and Miss Mawer with their company thrilled a large audience of girls, parents and friends, with terror at and pity for the woes of "The Trojan Women." After the bouquets were presented to the accompaniment of hearty applause, we scampered back to the Hall to watch the actors having tea with the Staff and their guests, and later on back in the theatre autographing albums and posing for photographs. It was a day of delight for us and of profit for the Hospitals to which the sum of £43 14s. 2d., the proceeds of the performance, was sent.

Soon after came Sports' Day which we found doubly or trebly exciting; for down in the Greek Theatre again-(we really think we must take up our habitation there for the summer months)-we had the opportunity which we love of applauding and re-applauding Form VI., the winners of the Form Room Competition, the successful candidates in the General School Examination, and (last but not least) Upper IVE., Lower IVA. and Lower IIIA., the respective winners of the Upper, Middle and Lower School Sports' trophies. Later on in the term we heard that the winners in the Swimming Competition were Forms VA. and VI. in the Upper, Lower IVB. in the Middle, and Lower IIIA. in the Lower School.

It was with great enthusiasm and satisfaction that we joined early this term, in the hearty congratulations given to Edith Hatch on gaining a Special County Major Scholarship of £50 for three years; to Barbara Speakman on her Scholarship of £90; and to Dorothy Bubbers on her Honorary Major Scholarship. All three had gained their Intermediate Degree on the Higher School Examination results; and we wish them all success in their University careers. We offer our congratulations also to the eighteen girls who gained their General School Certificate, several with distinctions; and extra felicitations to the seven who also matriculated: Irene Shepherd, May Harridge, Margaret Harris, Mary Rich, Kathleen Schumacher, Phyllis Woolnough, Hilda Yeo. There were five successes in the Cambridge Senior Local Examination, three in the Royal Society of Arts, and others in the Royal College of Music Examinations.

Hearing no murmurs of Latin declensions, Mathematical formulae and German guttural splutterings in the Sixth Form at the beginning of the term, we began to strain our ears to hear any news of its members. We had not long to wait, for soon the air began to be filled, at all moments of the day, with the wailings and lamentations of Iphigenia and her chorus, which echoed throughout the young birches and round the Doric archway; and down the corridor (so we heard) graceful figures in Grecian draperies floated by. On Saturday, September 18th, the play was given and once more the theatre seemed blessed, for it was a day of perfect sunshine. The following Friday a second performance took place this time in the Hall, for the elements raged without. On both occasions visitors, parents and scholars from various Schools were present, and we hope enjoyed themselves as much as we did.

Some time later in the term the Art Room rang with sound of lusty young voices singing merrily, "One Man went to Mow" and "Oh, A, B, C, D, E, F, G," while through the open door came the sound of dishes being scoured-what was happening you ask? Why the Prefect's Tea of course, stupid. And REAL singing awakened us after half-term, for the entire School seemed to be practising for the Singing Competition. Ten chosen choristers, independently rehearsed, conducted and accompanied, represented each Form in the Upper and Middle School, and their performance was much appreciated and applauded by Miss Wingate, who very kindly came to judge, and who awarded the trophy to Lower IV A.

We Echoes very much appreciated the Musical Society Recital given by Miss Sanders on November 15th, and the Lantern Lecture given by Olive Stevens during one of the Science Society Meetings.

We welcome the advent of Miss Pollard who has come to teach Classics in the camp of the Four Hundred, and we hope she will find life here very pleasant.

We have been told that the School has not only equalled its record of last year, when 380lbs. were collected for the Hospital Pound Day, but has broken it and established a new record of 435lbs. On Armistice Day the green tunics of the Four Hundred were bright with Flanders' Poppies, sold this year in the School and realising £3 18s. for the Haig Fund.

Everywhere we hear sounds of the practising of songs and plays for the Prize-giving, of plays for the School parties, music for the Mozart Concert, and exercising for the Drill Competition. We hope all of these displays will be as good as usual, and so bring to a happy and successful end a cheerful and much appreciated term.

Hey-ho! A Merry Christmas, everybody!

Who Knows-

How many pegs a Sixth-Former needs in the cloakroom, and how many she uses?
 In which country Napoleon encountered "gorilla" warfare?
 That Leicester is reached from Hull by a stormy sea voyage?
 That a certain French gentleman entered a train carrying a "magasin"?
 That slaying is a popular winter sport?
 Which girl dared to say that a circle is a round line with a hole in the middle?

Who Remembers-

LAUGHING in the public eye?
 A blotting-paper cow that somehow got mixed up with the Constitution of 1791?

Suppose-

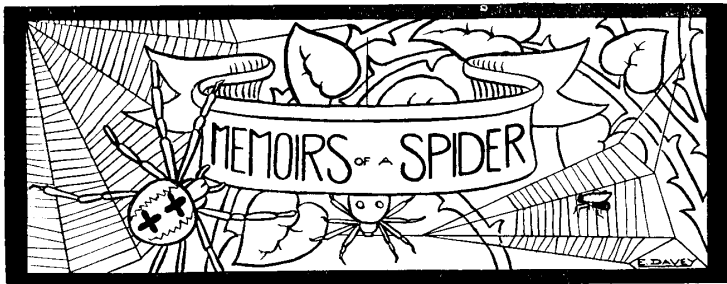
We all knew who remembered!

To the Staff. (*With apologies.*)

ONCE in his ancestral *hall*
 A famous *squire* gave a ball.
 Never a ball at *Dennithorne*
 Was known to finish ere the dawn.
 The band it played a grand *new march*
 As the visitors entered through the arch,
 Where busts and portraits amazing did deck it
 Of *Nelson* himself and *Thomas-a-Beckett*.
 The table was spread
 With dripping and bread,
 With treacle and jam,
 And a rare *cunning ham*.
 Now the squire, whose lineage extended back
 To the days of *Jacob* and *Adam*, alack!
 Had a daughter fair for whose coveted hand
 Many young men sighed throughout the land;
 But the squire had *forced 'er* on him to confer
 The choice of the favoured competitor;
 By hook or by *crook* though, her price shall be higher
 Than any can pay, thought the deep-scheming squire.
 To gain the hand of my daughter fair
 The knight must *gold win* and gems so rare,
Arm strong he must have and a *pollard* must bring
 To present to his lady along with the ring.
 Now it chanced that there dwelt in that castle gay
 A jester who loved the Lady Fay.
 But his heart was sad for he was not a knight
 And so to her hand he had no right,
 But of flowers bright he would bring her a lot,
 Of *williams* sweet and forget-me-not.
 But to-night as he sat and mused with a frown
 His lady entered in cloak of *brown*.
 "Do not *wait*," cried she, " but let's mount my horse
 And away while our guests do still discourse."
 "*M a-de-moiselle*," cried he, " I love you true,"

So he saddled the horse and away they flew.
 The banquet now having drawn to an end
 The squire resolved for his jester to send.
 "Sir *Norris*," cried he, "if you will excuse us
 My jester I'll call, and he will amuse us."
 Sir *Norris*, you know, was the knight most grand
 Who yet had sought for his daughter's hand.
 "*Jones*," cried the squire to a messenger small,
 "Just bring to our presence young *Thomerson*, the fool,
 And while you are there you might ask the *hooper*
 To bring to us here with the aid of the cooper
 A barrel of wine of the finest array,
 And we'll drink to the health of our dear Lady Fay."
 Alas for this tale! the flight was revealed:
 "By the *Pope*!" cried the squire in wrath unconcealed,
 "This *assumption* I say on the part of a fool!
 To marry my daughter-Confoundedly cool!"
 My duty is done, my task is complete,
 Apologies all! I make my retreat.

WINNIE NICHOLLS, Vb.



THE dust on the top shelf of the book cupboard moved with a sudden convulsive shudder. A small black body raised itself by its eight legs, and two small black eyes gazed around.

"Huh!" said the Spider, yawning. "I seem to have been asleep some time. They've nearly buried me in books and dust. The cupboard's getting confoundedly dark, too, with these stacks of books. What in the name of all the School Echoes is this pink covered atrocity? *Ivory Gate*. Oh, sir, I beg your pardon. Forgive my sleepiness for calling: such an old friend an atrocity! Do I not remember the fun you once gave me? Oh, Little Brown Brother. . . ."

"That flower will you be?" chimed in the *Ivory Gate*.

"Self-raising!" quoted the Spider, chuckling., "These girls! Respect? Not an atom, or else how could they perpetrate 'function' the statue or 'napple in a noven'? They may teach something in this School but I never could find out what it was. They don't even know who poured the milk of human kindness into what man's ear, or which river flew, or where sheep are grown and wheat reared! I tell you, *Ivory Gate*, it's awful. These girls spend five years or more going up and up and all they can do at the end of it is to climb the ladder into the loft and explore the eaves. The ghost, did you say? The *School* ghost?"

No, I never met him, but I don't doubt *they* did. But I must own the School had taught them how to clean the dirty footprints off. We must be thankful for small mercies, I suppose,"

The Spider stretched. Then, with a farewell nod to the *Ivory Gate*, he swung down to the next shelf.

"Who are you?" he asked a pile of books. "*The Critic*! Oh, well met, honest critic! Do you remember the time they acted you? Yes, you were propped behind the tea-pot. Then, they never did know their words, but the girls seemed to enjoy it all the same. Oh, good: afternoon, *Tempest*, you're an old friend if ever there was one. Good, job it's not a hot day, isn't it? How about your piece of jelly then? Yes, it did cause rather a sensation, but things do, you know, and when, you least expect it usually. For instance, I recall a time many, many years ago-what? I'm over ten, anyway, so be quiet-now you've put me off my stride."

With his nose in the air the Spider stalked away on all eight legs. He sat down on a pile of *Julius Caesar*.

"What vivid memories you recall," he said, the tears almost starting from his eyes. "That immortal day, when a real live actor, the first that ever stepped within these walls, came and judged the only Eisteddfod we have ever had. He did think the red ink very funny, too, though he didn't find out till they told him. That we when the 'Old Vic.' was going to the dogs, but they saved it! These girls would do anything and the way they sold autographs, cleaned other people's inkspots, made sweets and raffled handbags was enough to make even an aged spider, swell with pride."

Like the conceited fag he proceeded to give an example of how the pride swelled within him, but he gave it up with a tired sigh.

"There's too much rush about this life," he complained. "Odaa! as the poet saith, and the latest trial is that the magazine is coming out. Will these Memoirs never end?"

"Not now we've got a design," the Echoes faintly murmured as the Spider curled himself up in his winter quarters for his sleep till next summer.

As the Years go by.

WHEN I was one, the universe
 For me, was simply food and nurse.
 Then I was two, and I could walk,
 I loved to stamp on bits of chalk.
 When I was three, my chief delight
 Was taking things to bed at night.
 When I was four, I thought it fun
 To pick out currants from my bun!
 At five I loved to step in puddles
 And get my toys in awful muddles.
 When I was six, upon my brush
 I squeezed out tooth-paste with a rush.
 When I was seven-then I think
 I first began to write with ink.
 When I was eight I really knew
 What Father said was always true.
 When I was nine, in sofa curled,
 I read, with tears, the *Wide, Wide World*.
 At ten, I grew to hate the fuss
 Of being helped off car or 'bus.
 At twelve-it rather used to jar
 When uncles said "How tall you are!"
 At fourteen, I was filled with rage

To hear them murmur-"awkward age."
At sixteen, I was more inclined
To simply think I didn't mind
"I'll soon be seventeen. What fun!
In four years' time I'm twenty-one! "

But now I'm nearly thirty-four
I find that living is a bore.

F. R. C. (*O.G.*)

Inspiration.

How oft have I pursued thee in the shades
That dance enchained beneath the lofty trees
And found 'twas but the murmur of the breeze
That led me onward through the forest glades.
How oft when stretching forth an eager hand
I thought to make thee prisoner at last
Have I discovered some mere wintry blast
That as it passed me roused up all the land.
I saw thee in the clouds across the sky,
Just where a fleck or two of gold was caught,
But ever and again as swift as thought
I lost thee in the wind that scurried by.
At moonlight, I pursued thee in the spray
Of water, where it flings its panting rim.
But lo! as I approached the light grew dim
And I had lost all traces when 'twas day.
I followed thee across the barren hills
To where the rainbow meets the silver sea.
I sought thee in the voice of tumbling rills
Made bright with dust of stars that laughed at me.
I saw thee clearly through the misty haze
Upon the grass that glistened wet with dew,
But as I came to catch near sight of you
You ever would elude my longing gaze.
What though the common things obeyed my will
And Nature plied her art to suit the scene
Yet when I reached the place where you had been
I found myself alone, pursuing still.

DOROTHY BARBER, VI.

How the Thrush got its Speckled Breast.

LONG ago, the thrush had a beautiful coat of brown and fawn feathers, and a waistcoat on which there were no spots at all.

He was extremely proud of his clothing, far more so than of his lovely voice; for had not many other birds as beautiful songs as he, but very few had such a perfect suit.

In those far-off days there were no big cities; everyone lived in the open country and enjoyed the glories of nature and fresh air.

As time went on, cities were built, and people had to live in houses near where they could get work. The birds left these places, for they did not want to live among bricks and mortar, and people sadly missed their lovely songs.

However, one little thrush remained, for he was great friends with a family consisting of seven children, and he could not bear to leave them. So he perched near their house and sang his very best.

Soon, people from all parts of the town came to listen to him, but as the town grew, it became impossible for everyone to come into that, so till, little bird flew on to the church steeple and sang from there, so that everyone might hear him, and be cheered on their way to and from work.

The church was exactly opposite a factory, and each day, as his chest heaved up and down, as he poured forth his songs, the feathers became covered in soot. The little bird kept on and did not mind his lovely coat in his endeavour to cheer the people. That is why the thrush proudly wears a spotted waistcoat, as a reminder of the unselfish act of the first little thrush who lived in town.

ALICE HOUSE, U.IVa.

The Two Elves.

THERE was once a little baby princess born and in her eyes dwelt two elves. One day these elves were tired of staying in her eyes and thought they would like to see the world. So one day they went out and left the princess blind, and she grew up still blind. Many suitors came to marry her, but would not because of her blindness. One day, however, she was just going to get married when the two elves looked in at the window, shivering. They thought they would go to their home again, so flew into the princess's eyes and she received her sight.

K. PAYNE (*II.*)

Mary and the Goblin.

A LITTLE girl was walking through the woods one night, when she met a little Goblin. Oh! how frightened she was when she saw him. She was running away when a little way off she saw a light burning in a little cottage. At last she arrived there breathless and tapped very timidly at the door; a queer-looking old woman opened the door. Thinking the old woman would be better than the Goblin, she asked if she could go in.

"Oh, yes!" said the old woman, grinning. She led her through a very dirty old passage and there she saw rats and mice running about.

"What is your name?" asked the old woman.

"Mary Gray," replied the little girl. "I have just been to see my grandma in the village and did not think it was so late, and was just hurrying through the woods when a Goblin came along behind me."

And as she spoke there came a rat-tat at the door.

"Ah!" said the old woman, "that is my son." As she opened the door in came the Goblin.

"Oh! Oh!" cried Mary, "it's the Goblin!"

She dashed out of the house with the Goblin at her heels. As she was running away she fell into a ditch and was seen no more.

IRIS FOLKES (*I.*)

In November

ALL around is grey, on a November day.

The trees are almost bare;

Flowers are getting rare,

But still the birds are in the air.

Acorns in plenty are to be found,
But little else on the forest ground.
Across the sky dark clouds are bound.

RENEE ALLAN (II)

The Fox and the Crow.

MADAM Crow one summer's day
Found a piece of cheese,
She took it in her beak and flew
Right up among the trees.

Then Master Fox came slinking by
To get the cheese from her,
And with a cunning look he cried,
"I'll get it, buy my fur!"

"Oh Madam Crow! " the sly fox cried,
"You are a charming bird!
I always like to hear you sing
Since your first note I heard."

Madam Crow liked to hear this praise,
So she opened her beak to sing,
And down fell the cheese at Sire Fox's feet,
Who ran off as pleased as a king.

All those who wish not to take after the crow
Must forget their vanities all,
For all must remember the proverb which says:
Pride comes before a fall.

(Form Lower IIIb.).

Story Competition.

PRIZES will be awarded to the writers of the two following stories in the senior and junior sections respectively

THE MUSIC OF THE MOOR.

A SILENCE as of the tomb, desolation as of the desert, with the cold fruitless moon shining down upon all.

Andrew Maintair drew his cloak farther around himself and shivered. The only sound to be heard was the shrill whistle of the bleak wind, the faint rustle of grass, and the dimpling laugh of the streams that hurried across the moor.

Andrew looked about fearfully and forced his weary feet to hasten along the green velvety path leading to home and comfort. He was frightened of he knew not what, and again he shivered as the merciless wind rushed with a plaintive howl across the moor and back like a captive wild beast clamouring for freedom. The boy looked back over his shoulder but the night had thrown its dusky mantle over everything. All he wanted was to be away from the lonely moor. Terror held him in its icy grip; little beads of perspiration broke out upon his forehead and

suddenly he began to run-on and on and on. He followed the path beside the murmuring streams, through treacherous bogs where one false step meant instant death, until his weary feet could go no further. Then he sank down upon the soft kindly heather with a sobbing cry. The wind had now dropped and the only sound was the murmuring of myriad streams. It soothed Andrew's weary mind for it seemed to chatter to him of all things bright and cheerful and to be oblivious to such trivial matters as human care and pain. The scent of the heather was wafted along with the song of the streams and was so soothing, so drowsy, that Andrew's eyes closed and his head dropped forward upon his breast. Everything became blurred, the sounds faded away into the distance; sleep hovered over Andrew and had nearly claimed him for its own when there shrilled across the moor one long note which echoed and re-echoed across the boy's weary brain calling him back from the land of dreams.

It floated across the desolate waste, wild, discordant, yet so full of wistfulness and longing that the listener's eyes became blurred with tears and his hearth gave a throb of sympathy. Gradually the note increased in volume until with a burst like the clashing of many cymbals it bore upon Andrew's brain like something supernatural. It became sweet, piercing sweet, rising and falling upon the wings of the night wind. Then it faded away with a low wailing cry and in its stead came two notes, calling with a slight imperious tone, holding in them a promise of future hopefulness and peace; they softened into a reproachful moan but were no longer insistent or disturbing.

Andrew rose to his feet as one in a dream, holding out both his hands, and from his parted lips came a bitter cry, holding in it all the longing of his starved heart-"I'm coming! Oh! I'm coming!" he cried. And he stumbled forward away from the path, his feet guided from the dangers of the bogs by unseen hands, to be lost from sight in the surrounding darkness.

The pixies of the moors had called with their music and Andrew had answered. He had gone to join them and would never come back; and out upon the moor two old people waited in vain for the coming of their only son.

DOROTHY CAMPFIELD (U. IVa.).

GOBLIN TEARS.

Christmas Eve! Betty lay in bed too excited to sleep. "What a dreadful noise the wind is making!" she thought. There was indeed a terrible moaning sound round the house, but it was really the groaning of the goblins.

I suppose you know what goblins really are? They are bad ugly thoughts which people have brooded over, and encouraged, until they take on a form almost human. They are different in only one way they have no hearts; and as hard-hearted people never cry, neither do goblins. Yet they admire human beings and (as far as they can see) they would be humans if they could cry; so they wander round human habitations moaning, trying to obtain the gift of tears.

There was a noise outside! Betty was sure of it, and thinking it was Santa Claus rose and went into the next room, where she thought he would come first.

Now, at that moment the king of the goblins peered through the window, and seeing Peter, aged two lying in his cot, was struck by a sudden idea. "Now," thought he, "babies are always crying, if I carried one away, it would certainly teach me!"

So he hopped through the window and seized the child, but Betty, returning, caught hold of his coat. He gave her a terrifying look from under dark, bushy brows, and her face went white with fear.

"Don't," she begged, "Oh don't take him, please, please, please! Oh! I shouldn't have gone into the other room! Oh please, please don't take him! "

The goblin looked at her. Her face was white in the moonlight, her dark hair gleamed, and there was a hint of tears in her blue eyes.

The ugly little man felt a sudden smarting feeling behind his eyes, and he was just going to hand her the sleeping child when:

"Well!" a voice seemed to say inside him, "if the *sight* of her is going to make you feel tearful, what if she lived with you!" "Oh you couldn't take her!" exclaimed another voice, "it would be so cruel!" "Don't be silly," said the first, and he was just going to hand her the child and grab her, when a peal of bells rang out.

Happy, infectiously glad! Gloriously free, so full of life that all other sounds faded before it. Christmas Bells!

A sudden flood of happy, cooling tears gushed from the goblin's eyes, and he rushed away, weeping for joy.

For some nights following, Betty noticed with joy an absence the wailing noise; but on the fifth night-it commenced again. For the gnome had let into his newly formed heart hard, cruel

thoughts, and they had poisoned it; so he had lost his chance of becoming human.

So when you hear what is called the 'wind,' remember that it is the king of the goblins, moaning in anguish for the heart which had existed for so short a time.

JOAN HIBBIT (*U. IIIa.*)

The Departed.

WHY did you come-to leave me,

Lonelier than before

My heart is cold; the icy wind

Freezes me to the core.

For when you came, I sang with joy,

And deep heartfelt relief

Now 'neath the awful blasts around

I bow my head in grief.

Gone is your warm protection

Cruel,-to leave me thus

O bulky man beside me

On the top-deck of a 'bus!

M. EASTOP (*O.G.*).

Eldorado.

Gaily bedight,

A gallant knight,

In sunshine and in shadow,

Had travelled long,

Singing a song

In search of Eldorado.

But he grew old,

This knight so bold,

And o'er his heart a shadow

Fell, as he found

No spot of ground,

That looked like Eldorado,

One evening fine,
He saw some kine,
Wand'ring uphill in shadow;
He followed these,
And on two trees,
He read, "To Eldorado,"

His horse stood still
On the brow of the hill,
And the valley was all in shadow;
But very soon,
By the light of the moon,
He knew it was Eldorado!
This figure bent,
The life which was spent,
Uplifted out of shadow:
And full of joy,
Once more a boy,
He rode with haste to Eldorado.

The breaking dawn,
And another new morn,
Dispersed all the shadow,
His rest was sweet,
His life complete,
And he lived in Eldorado.

MOLLIE ROONEY (*L. IVa.*).

Ecstasy.

I stand on the hilltop and look to the sea
That is so far away from me,
I see the river, I see the plain,
I see the hills rise up again,
I look to the fields where I love to roam,
I think of Heaven and think of home.
If Heaven's more sweet than mine own country,
What a beautiful place must Heaven be.

MARJORIE HAYES (*U. IIIa*)

Among the Araucanians.

THESE people have their home towards the South of the Central part of Chile, especially in the district of which Temuco is the centre. In the far-off days when I was at the High School, this town was unknown to geography books-then it was just a collection of huts in a sea of mud in winter and clouds of dust in the summer. Now it boasts a railway, many fine buildings and public squares, and is the centre of trade for the whole region around-and in this district live the Araucanians or Mapuche Indians. When the wave of Spanish Conquest spread over South America, the Spaniards found the aborigines of Central Chile some of their most stubborn

antagonists, and to this day it is their proud boast that they are the only tribe that was never conquered by the white man.

To-day the two races are living side by side, the Araucanians chiefly in the country districts, and the Chilians in the towns. Undoubtedly there has been race inter-mixture in the past, but there is very little to-day.

My husband and I are missionaries of the South American Missionary Society to the Araucanians. Our home is in Cholchol, a village of considerable size, standing on the river of the same name about twenty-one miles from Temuco-that is to say twenty-one in summer when the roads are good, but much farther in winter. In summer it is a pleasant ride, taking about three hours-our last journey, three days ago, took between four and five, as a good deal is just plodding through deep mud.

Although we are in Lat. 38° S., it is surprising how cold it can be, even in summer when the South wind blows, as it does with almost unceasing regularity and force every afternoon, and our winters *feel* as cold as English ones. But it is surprising how the flowers seem to stand wind, rain and frost. In spite of some of the worst weather we have ever had, the mimosa trees are just full of bloom. Cholchol lies in a wide valley stretching from North to South-to the West is the Montana-wooded hills between us and the sea, and to the East undulating hills rising gradually to the snow-capped volcanoes of the Andes. In the country all around live the Araucanians-the men dress as the ordinary Chilian peasant, but the women still wear native costume with picturesque silver ornaments. Their houses look rather like haystacks, as they are thatched down to the ground.

Here in Cholchol we have boarding schools for the Mapuches, and this year there are 80 boys and 50 girls. Teaching Mapuches means learning to put the break on, and not to expect quick results, but of course, we are dealing with the first generation to be educated.

Perhaps the most enjoyable part of the work is what we call "campwork," that is to say work outside the village in the "Campo" or country. My husband's parish has no boundaries, and we have a number of rural schools at distances varying from three to twelve miles. These, of course, need visiting and supervising. Imagine a nice bright day, two horses keen and willing to go, a good canter to visit a school six or seven miles away. After that a short ride to a stream that bubbles over rocks, where you lie in peace and eat your lunch; then, if you have forgotten to grow up, you probe the depth of the pools, and trace fascinating currents through the rocks by means of the screwed-up paper in which your lunch was wrapped. Then on to another school to be welcomed by teacher, scholars and anyone else who lives near enough to drop in –possibly a visit to a sick person (there is no doctor for miles, and the people for a long way round rely on the Mission for medical aid), and then a good race home to tea. Doesn't it sound inviting? Of course there are days when your fingers get so cold that you can't feel the reins-or Sunday mornings when you hold a service in a school which has only half a roof, and holes for the door and window, and a strong cold wind blowing. Or you may have to plod along through thick mud in the pouring rain, but somehow, these occasions do not stand out as the pleasanter ones do.

Our English society is limited to the other three missionaries on the station.

Visitors are always welcome, but we get few in winter owing to the difficulty of transport-and even travellers round the world seem to miss Chile. But if any member of the O.G.A. should find herself travelling out West she is assured of a welcome at our "little grey home" in the "Mission Araucana," Cholchol, Chile.

EDITH M. SIMPSON (ALLEN)

The Revival.

With apologies to Tennyson.

A TOUCH, a ring! the charm was snapt:
There rose a noise of happy cries,
Of feet that ran and doors that clapt,
And waking girls, and grateful sighs:

A pulsing bell awakened all,
A yawn through all the classroom swept,
A sudden hubbub shook the hall,
And from her seat each girl now leapt.
She left her place, she faced the boom,
She took three paces through the room,

She saw the high bar in the gloom,
She saw a swift way to her doom,
She took farewell of Walthamstow.
Out flew her legs and floated wide,
The high bar rocked from side to side,
"I fear 'will fall upon me" cried
The schoolgirl full of woe.

EVELYN JONES (Va.).

"Iphigenia in Tauris."

THE performance of "Iphigenia" took place on Saturday, the 18th of September, in the Greek Theatre and was repeated on Friday, the 24th, in the School Hall.

The reason why the producer is writing this is to record a simple human emotion, gratitude, as well as to recognise a miracle of human effort. For when term began on Tuesday, the 14th, nothing was ready and last year's Fifth might well have proved forgetful of the sunny practices under July skies, forgetful of words, mood, tone and gesture.

Not a bit of it! There were the girls, ordinary enough schoolgirls as they were, with every half-hint planted in July already in full flower and a thousand natural graces that art could never achieve sprung up mysteriously in the holidays from a soil fed by Euripides, who died more than two thousand years ago. The spell of the play is potent.

Several of the Chorus had left, and, worst of all, our Messenger was obliged to withdraw. The Messenger in a Greek play is, as every schoolgirl knows, very important: he is "the weighty and sedate nuntius" and no mere herald or piece of stage furniture.

This is where Grace Tracy came in useful. You remember her? She was ready and complete in a Greek tunic salvaged from one of the Dancing Competitions. She absorbed and amplified every hundredth of a hint and deserves any meed of any Messenger that ever ran to Sparta from Athens or to Athens from Marathon. With her, Vera Humphreys as the Herdsman is worthy of honourable mention.

So far, you notice, the characters are not even dressed. This is where Miss Squire and Miss Sumsion worked their magic in creating gentle draperies of vivid blue or green or sand for the arraying of the Chorus, while Iphigenia moved through her sorrows to joy in a robe the colour of flame. Pallas Athene appeared regal in Tyrian purple and Royal blue, and the men of the caste were dressed as they should be, in tunics and skins.

Then the Chorus came to life miraculously, as Miss Squire in odd and very short half-hours told them to look "as if they meant it" and to express "sorrer and horrer" (Please pardon my English. This is an expression learned from the girls of the "Medea" Chorus.)

In a Greek play, a great deal of the work has to be done by the Chorus. They must support the principal characters in their long difficult speeches by what might be termed *quintessential sympathetic attention*, as well as by their more formal rhythmic interpretation of the mood of the play. This was a very intelligent Chorus. They were Lily Beaumont, Eva Blackford, Violet Bradley, Alice Dunn, Jean Findlay, Betty Howlett, Mary Mosby, Gladys Peppin, Gladys Phillips, Mary Rich, Kathleen Schumacher, Vera Thornton, Janet Turner, and Ivy Willmer, led by Edith Maxwell.

Miss Crook played thrilling chords upon the piano to hint at their movements. One could

not easily forget

"The music that lieth hid in lamentation.

The song that is heard in the deep hearts of the dead."

Nor could one easily forget Olive Grosart's simple and moving interpretation of the part of Iphigenia, nor Phyllis Woolnough's presentation of Orestes, the sin-haunted prince pursued by the Eumenides, dread shapes of torment that stole away all his peace. Phyllis Hunt made a friendly and attractive Pylades, and Hilda Yeo as King Thoas was sufficiently savage and superstitious, as he let the golden image leave the temple in the company of Iphigenia, the two captives, his own stalwart soldiers and "the crowd." This crowd was another miracle, for it came together between Friday and Saturday.

Pallas Athene, Margaret Harris, was convincingly calm and majestic:

"My law shall hold, that Mercy conquereth."

With her came the end of all strife-"so calm are we when passions are no more"-and the Chorus of captive Greek women, as if rapt in a dream, said their last lines:

"O great in our dull world of clay,
And great in heaven's undying gleam,
Pallas, thy bidding we obey,
And bless thee, for mine ears have heard
The joy and wonder of a word
Beyond my dream, beyond my dream."

And so, as in a dream, they vanished.

Yes: out they went through the new Doric porch back to Greece. And this, girls, is an example of-bathos. But the whole, girls, is not an example of hyperbole, for without exaggeration I can say that the performance was a miracle and that I am intensely grateful to the old Fifth, to the crowd, and particularly to Miss Squire, who breathed into the play breath of life. Else, how could I write of our first performance of a Greek play?

D. D. F.

The Jester.

I COULD write you lays, and sing you ballads,
Nightly tell you stories of the ancients,
I could make you jokes for your amusement,
Give you counsel-though indeed you mock me.
Would you give me aught that could repay me
For my labours thus on you expended?
Would you pay me money, give me clothing,
Give me food with which to curb my hunger?
No! nor ever gratitude you fling me,
Nor a word of kindness for my trouble.
A man might find his lonely life worth living
If all the rest were gone, and this included.
You may threaten-that will never hurt me.
Have me whipped-a man can die but once.
Fling me into prison-that were better,
Then I should not see your drunken revels.
God! I laugh at you! And you are princes?
Does a name then make you superhuman?
Nay! you are but flesh and blood as I am.
Born, with me, to live and then to die;
Only living blessed with better fortune

Seemingly to place you there above me.

Get you then another for your jester:

Laugh at him as you have laughed at this one.

Now that I have done, fulfil your fancy.

I am here. Do with me as you will, sirs!

DOROTHY BARBER (VI.).

Rejected Contributions.

CONTRIBUTIONS have been very numerous this time, thanks, we believe, to the efforts of Form Representatives, who have for the most part nobly done their duty, especially in the matter of writing themselves. The consequence is that several very good pieces have had to be regretfully put on one side. Among these must be mentioned especially a very interesting character study by Ivy Sewell (VA.), which has only been omitted because the two pages required for its printing could not be afforded; a story, "The Voice in the Reeds," and a poem by Dorothy Barber (V I.), which are not included only because the author was already represented; and another story, "The Dream Maiden," by Janet Turner (V.I.), for which also space could not conveniently be found. Several other stories deserve to be mentioned with credit, among them "The Fight for Liberty" by Marjorie Johnson (Va) and "Three Jolly Revellers" by Queenie Blench (UIVA). A good many other stories were well written, but sentimental to a fault.

Enid Crossley (VA.) sent in a lively article called "Cookery for Beginners," but otherwise little of this kind was offered in prose.

The verse in most cases maintained a fair standard of excellence, and it was here as usual that the younger contributors scored. Lower IIIA. and Lower IIIB. sent in several versified fables with occasional happy turns of phrase, especially in their moral endings. Form II. also has some pretty verses to its credit, Marjorie O'Neill's poem "Things Laden for me" and Phyllis Lovick's "The Little Mermaid" deserving special mention. "The Fairy Procession" by Kitty Rainer (U.IIB.), "Night" by Ellen Clarke (U.IIIA.), "Frost Pictures" by Beryl David (U.IVB.), "Midnight" by Doris Ling (V A.) and "The Talking of the Firs" by Phyllis Locke (VA.), all show considerable poetic feeling, though occasionally metrical errors spoil the even flow of the verse. Writers should pay attention to verse forms and see that their lines *scan*.

Verse of a more topical kind was represented in a burlesque of Hamlet's "To be or not to be" soliloquy by Betty Nettleship, and a School Alphabet by three Sixth-formers.

A few words of advice for the future: do not wait for the Editor's ultimatum before you think of writing. Well as you may write under the spur of conscience and the exhortations of your Form-Representative, you will write a good deal better under the spur of inspiration or the gentle persuasion of your own unhurried fancy. Above all keep your mind free, your eyes clear and your wit fresh, and who knows what power you may discover in yourself?

School Societies.

LITERARY SOCIETY.-The first meeting of the year was held in the Hall on Thursday, October 7th. Our new members from the Lower Fourths were initiated into the ways and customs of the Society, and then we settled down to a reading of John Galsworthy's play, "The Little Man," by members of the Staff and the Sixth and Fifth Forms, with one member from the Upper Fourth.

The Magazine meeting on Armistice Day was enthusiastically attended in Form I. room and thoroughly enjoyed by all.

For the next meeting this term Miss Murray-Jones is hoping to produce a Nativity Play, to be performed in conjunction with the Musical Society as near to Christmas as possible.

OLIVE GROSART (Secretary).

MUSICAL SOCIETY NOTES.-A Grieg Programme was given by members of the Musical Society on July 5th last term, but the performance took place too late for worthy mention to be made in the last issue of IRIS. Grace Tracy read a paper on the life of Grieg and a programme of thirty items ensued, including choral and solo works; pianoforte, violin and 'cello pieces.

On November 3rd, an Inter-Form Singing Competition was held, all Forms from L. IV. to VI. taking part. Each choir, which sung two songs-a part song and a unison song-consisted of ten girls. We very much appreciated the helpful criticism of Miss Wingate, who judged Form L. IV A. to be the winner.

Miss Sanders, L.R.A.M., visited us on November 15th, and delighted us with a varied Pianoforte Programme which included works of Bach, Busoni, Debussy and Chopin. The outstanding composition was Chopin's "Fantasie Polonaise." Our appreciation was much enhanced by Miss Sanders' interpretative suggestions.

The Musical Society now boasts of a Library and also of the fact that its funds enabled it, on the last occasion of its meeting, to give cups of tea to its members!

On December 2nd there will be a Mozart Programme given by members of the Society.

VIOLET STOCKTON (*Secretary*).

THE ORCHESTRA.-The Orchestra is as yet in its infancy, having only been started last term. Every Wednesday during the dinner hour we meet for a practice, and although our number is not great, each member is very keen and enthusiastic, and we are hoping at the Prizegiving to give, as our first public performance, a Minuet composed by Gwen Jones.

MURIEL WILLIAMS (*Secretary*).

SCIENCE SOCIETY ACTIVITIES.-Five meetings were arranged for this term, two indoor and three outdoor.

On Saturday, October 23rd, a large party visited the Stoneworks at Stratford, where the Greek Theatre porch was made, and where much of the stonework of the new Monoux School is being constructed.

On Monday, October 25th, Olive Stevens, one of our old girls and an active member of the Society, addressed a representative and enthusiastic gathering on the subject of a holiday spent in Switzerland, illustrating her remarks with some very interesting slides taken there.

We are trying to arrange a visit to Lea Bridge Gasworks for Saturday, December 4th.

An expedition to the Royal Mint was arranged, but as a result of the coal shortage no coining operations were being carried out at the time, and the visit was postponed.

The competition evening of last year was such a success that we are holding another this year. The organisation is to be slightly different. Each form is setting a series of problems, and instead at competing for an individual prize we are competing in forms. This meeting will take place on December 6th, and the whole Society is looking forward to it with great enthusiasm.

DOROTHY V. KIEFFER (*Science Secretary*).

Games Notices.

THE netball team has unfortunately lost four of its members this year. Our present 1st team is as follows:

C. S. L. Beaumont	A.C.	B. Howlett	D.	P. Hunt
A.S. F. Noble		C.	D. Kieffer	G.K. W. Blackledge
" M. Lord		D.C.	J. Findlay	" V. Thornton

We have as yet only played one Association match against St. Angela's, in which we were successful; we are also playing Association matches against West Ham and Clapton this term.

Our Junior team has shown great promise this year, having been successful against Parliament Hill and Skinners'.

These are the results of the matches played this term:

St. Angela's	1st	Team	17-9	Won
	2 nd	"	23-12	Won
	*1st	"	19-6	Won
West Ham	1 st	"	14-11	Won
	2 nd	"	15-19	Lost
*Association Match.				
Skinners'	1 st	"	23-13	Won
	1 st	"	16-25	Lost
	2 nd	"	16-1	Won
	Junior	"	15-1	Won
Parliament Hill	1st	Team	7-8	Lost
	2 nd	"	18-14	Won
	Junior	"	15-5	Won
	2 nd	"	13-11	Won

Further matches this season are against St. Angela's, Graystoke, West Ham and Ilford and return matches in all cases will be played next term.

D. WITHYCOMBE (*Captain*).

In spite of the tendency to rain Sports Day passed off very successfully. In the Upper School the Cup was won by the youngest Form, UIVB., which is very much to their credit. The Middle School Cup was won by LIVA. and the Lower by LIIIA.

The Tennis tournaments were favoured by exceptionally fine weather. The trophies were won by Form VI. in the Upper School and Form L. IV A. in the Middle School

PHYLLIS HUNT (*Games Captain*).

HOCKEY.- The hockey this term has shown marked progress and we hope to have a School Eleven early next term. At present we are playing mixed teams every day, but when the teams are chosen we shall play mixed teams on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday and have 1st and 2nd team practices on Thursday and Friday. Great enthusiasm has been shown throughout the upper forms, and we greatly appreciate the coaching given by the Staff.

FLORENCE NOBLE (*Secretary*).

O.G. Activities.

THE LITERARY SOCIETY.-We have had an exciting time since our last report. In July Miss Murray-Jones read us an extremely interesting paper on "Modern American Poets since Walt Whitman," but unfortunately time did not allow her to finish. We hope to have the remainder later. Our enjoyment of the meeting was enhanced by it being held in the Greek Theatre, and though the surroundings were hardly appropriate to the subject of the paper the cooler air enlivened our brains.

The September meeting was an adventure. We gave a dinner (or supper rather) in honour of Miss Hewett. By the active and very willing co-operation of several members we concocted a

four-course meal, cold, it is true, but otherwise appetising. Miss Hewett, in reply to the toast, gave us a very interesting account of her recent adventures.

Enid Foster read an extremely interesting paper on the modern development of literature, "The Short Story," with several graphic illustrations, at the October meeting, and at the November gathering on Modern Poetry-several members read various poems by a variety of modern poets.

Further arrangements are not yet made definitely, but any suggestions would be very welcome. Members are reminded that meetings are held on the first Thursday of each month at 8 o'clock, in the VIth Form Room. The subscription for 1927 will be 2s. 6d.

N. M. BLOFIELD (Hon. Sec.).

NETBALL CLUB.-The Club continues on its successful career, but new members are urgently wanted. At present the fifteen playing members can just carry on, but substitutes when needed have to be sought outside the Club, which is a pity. Molly Findlay, the Secretary will welcome any new members.

THE GYM. CLUB.-Now in its second season, the Club meets every Monday evening at 8 p.m. The keen and enthusiastic interest which Rose Harris continues to put into the task of instruction makes it both a pleasure and a benefit. All O.G.s wishing to keep fit should turn up next Monday evening and join.

S. H. AND L. T.

Marriages.

MADGE PINHORN, to Mr. E. J. SMITH, on July 3rd, 1926.

ELSIE BRISTOW to HAROLD MARTIN, on November 4th, 1926.

COMPETITION.-We offer a prize of a copy of English Short Stories for the best story by an Old Girl beginning with one of the following quotations:

(1) There was a man dwelt by a churchyard.

(2) When that I was a little tiny boy.

(3) Out went the candle.

(4) Pillicock sat on Pellicock's Hill.

(5) The prince of darkness is a gentleman.

(6) Child Rowland to the dark tower came.

Stories must not exceed 750 words in length and must reach N. M. Blofield, 20, Cedars Avenue, E. 17, not later than March 1st, 1927. The result will be published in the next magazine; so write up Old Girls and make the stories really good.

Births.

EWING.-On June 18th, 1926, to Mr. and Mrs. Montague Ewing (Doris Thornton), a son, Brian Thornton.

MORGAN.-In September, 1926, to Mr. and Mrs. G. Morgan (Miss Birch), a son, Christopher.

SCARLETT.-On July 21st, 1926, to Mr. and Mrs. W. Scarlett (Winnie Rainer), a daughter, Mary Goodwin.

SCHUMANN.-In April, 1926, to Mr. and Mrs. Schumann (Lily Attwood), a son, Alan John.

WEBSTER.-On August 31st, 1926, to Mr. and Mrs. Webster (Gwyneth Jones), a son, Philip Guy.

DAVEY.-On October 14th, 1926, to Mr. and Mrs. Davey (Irene Hipkin), a daughter, Joyce Marian.

Death.

It is with deep regret that we record the death of Laura Mead (VB) in August 1926.

Women's Printing Society, Ltd., 31, Brick Street, Piccadilly, W.1.