

# Walthamstow High School Magazine.

## Head Mistress's Foreword.

WE are all looking forward to July 10th, when a performance of "The Trojan Women" will be given by Miss Ruby Ginner in our theatre; the proceeds of the performance will be given to the Hospital. I am afraid that, owing to the strike, our long expected porch will not be ready by July 10th, but I hope that it will be completed before the end of the term.

The School is very grateful to Mr. and Mrs. Temple, who have presented a cup in memory of Joan; this cup will be awarded annually to the Junior School Form which wins the Art and Needlework Competition.

I am glad to have this opportunity of thanking you all for your very great kindness and sympathy.

**M. NORRIS.**

## To the School.

"IRIS" has been not a little handicapped on this her twelfth appearance by the absence of one of her usual sponsors and indeed her chief presiding genius, Miss Forster, who has been away to recover fresh energy for further efforts, some of the fruits of which you may hope to gather next December. Meanwhile it is not wholly fanciful to suppose that to the influence of her spirit-as well as to that of the Spring-may be attributable the poetic afflatus which has blown through the School and has wafted into the editorial sanctum more contributions than are even fairly represented in the following pages.

Grateful acknowledgments for help of a more practical nature must also be made to our new Literary Secretary, Mary Rabson, and the other members of the Editorial Committee, who are now Dorothy Barber, Edith Hatch and Violet Stockton.

We have room only to add that we trust you will approve our tentative innovation in the matter of line-drawings-a feature which we hope will be continued and further developed in future issues. So get to work at your designs for headpieces, tailpieces, letter-blocks and other illustrations; and we shall see what we shall see!

## Old Girls' Editorial.

GROANS are reaching us from the academic world as O.G. after O.G. plunges headlong and reluctantly into the sea of finals. "Why did we ever take to the paths of learning," they mutter. Why? we wonder. Perhaps the results will tell.

We ask you to take especial note of the O.G. activities, which are going strong but would like to go even stronger. Remember that these clubs cannot be kept going without your active support, and though they are, of course, only there for your pleasure, yet we should be sorry to lose any of them.

The Spring Social was well attended as usual. The customary bout of games were played, and a play was given by three O.Gs. Judging by the laughter it was very successful and we hope for more of these short-notice performances in the future.

Miss Hewett continues on her gay career. She starts on her home-ward journey, via California and U.S.A., in July, and so we hope to meet her again at the Autumn Social.

For once we have contributions which we cannot use owing to lack of space, but we thank Eileen Mason, Gladys Lucas (in Constantinople), L Rann and others, for their prompt reply to our summons; and would remind all O.Gs. that articles are always welcome, on any subject under the sun.

## School Chronicle.

WE Echoes have been charmed with the quiet industry of the noble Four Hundred who during the last few months have been earnestly cultivating domesticity. We heard the faint clicking of knitting needles, and the distant hum of sewing machines; then one day there flashed upon our view a bright array of many coloured garments. This display, which vanished as suddenly as it had come, was the result of an inter-form competition for the U.G.S.

Scarcely had we finished congratulating Form VI. on having won first prize in this competition, when we were delighted to join in the applause which greeted L. IIIA. as winners in the Bulb Competition.

Towards the end of the Spring Term we listened, thrilled with appropriate emotions, to certain scenes from Shakespeare, as rendered by members of the Literary Society, who were

honoured by the presence of Mr. Colin Keith-Johnstone as judge. Forms VA. and U. IVA. took first prizes for their interpretations of "Julius Caesar" and "Twelfth Night" respectively.

On June 21st, at twenty minutes past two precisely, we Echoes expectantly settled down-yes, really!-to listen to a lecture on "The League of Nations," by Mr. Wheelan. And we could scarcely believe our ears when instead of "words of learned length and thundering sound," sweet strains of music filled the Hall. Then came a burst of applause, then a song, then a recitation, and numerous other items displaying a variety of talents hitherto unsuspected in the Four Hundred. We Echoes joined lustily in the cheers and encores which each item called forth, and in the prolonged clapping which testified to a hearty appreciation of a very pleasant afternoon and conveyed our sincerest thanks to those-not forgetting Miss Thomerson-who had helped to make it such. So quietly had the time passed that we were perfectly ready to hear Mr. Wheelan when at last he did arrive after nearly eight hours valiant coping with a disorganised train-service, and we actually sighed to hear the afternoon bell which said no to our newly aroused expectations. It was but a case, however, of deferred pleasure, for the lecture was subsequently re-fixed for the 9th of July.

Other unwonted sounds came-we shall not say to disturb us, but to re-awaken us, when a select company of green-clad nymphs took to rehearsing top-notes, legato passages, and demi-semi-quaver runs; and we should like to think that it was through our co-operation that the First, Second and Third prizes at the Singing Festival for Secondary Schools, were carried off by W.H.S.

Yet another time we echoed to very sweet and masterly music. "Mr. Sumsion and Miss Moir," the girls said. One made magic with the "baby grand," and the other with her 'cello; and we were nearly overwhelmed by the loud applause and hearty encores which they received.

We were very sorry indeed to hear of Miss Forster's ill-health, and are looking forward to seeing her again even before this meets her eye. We rejoice to have had Miss Seeley back again with us. We are sorry that Miss Hinton-Stewart has left; and we hope that Miss Beckett, Miss Murray-Jones and Miss Crook feel quite at home with us by now. We had a pleasant surprise a few weeks ago when Miss Jackson-we can't get accustomed to calling her Mrs. Brabrook yet-paid us a short visit. We do like to see our friends and to hear

how they are getting on.

We Echoes wondered for some time why certain girls continually came back early and worked untiringly under the supervision of Miss Crook. One morning we discovered the solution to the mystery. They were preparing their parts for the morning hymn, and now on frequent occasions we listen enraptured to the harmony thus produced.

A whispered story has just come to our ears and rather takes our fancy. On June 11th a party of twenty-three Fifth-Formers, and on June 12th another more miscellaneous party of fifty-three all told, from the Church Hill centre of learning, visited the Holborn Empire to see "As You Like It" and "The Midsummer Night's Dream" respectively. Apparently the two parties, or certain members of the two parties, made rather different effects on the officials with whom they came into contact. For while U. IIIA and their companions were punctiliously and to their great appreciation addressed as "Ladies," enquiry was made among the Fifth-Formers for 'the little boy who had given in the wrong half of his ticket'! We did not discover whether it was manners or merely hair-dressing which led to the misapprehension.

We have just heard that twenty pounds of tin-foil and silver paper have been collected in the School and sent to the Hospital. This is a creditable achievement and we hope it will be repeated.

### **FORECAST.**

If the Weather-clerk continues in the mood which prevails with him at the moment of writing, the Tennis Tournament will become a ping-pong tournament in the Hall, and the Swimming Gala will be held in the Greek Theatre (perhaps!). Nothing however must interfere with the Netball Match to be played against Leytonstone at the Forest School on 1st July, and the return match on 2nd, which together with the Stall of miscellaneous needlework and other articles to be set up and cleared on the 3rd, are to be our contribution to the festivities of the Hospital Fete.

On July 10th, the Greek Theatre will be crowded with people come from far and near to hear "The Trojan Women" of Euripides rendered by Miss Ruby Gunner and Miss Mawer and their company.

On July 24th, the Sports will be held in blazing sunshine-as usual. On the same day Forms X. and Y. will receive prizes as winners in

(1) The Art- Needlework Competition, and (2)  
The Form-room Competition.

*Weather-* Whatever it may be at present,  
from July 10th onwards, the weather will be set  
fair with sharp showers during the night, and  
gentle breezes throughout the day,-that is, if  
those famous depressions off the Coast of Iceland  
can be avoided, or coercion practised by  
telepathy on the aforementioned Weather-Clerk.  
Happy Holidays for everybody!

“?”

IT was divinely wonderful, ecstatically inspiring,  
Its would-be bearers came each day and went  
away admiring.  
They flung its praises to the world, and never were  
they tiring  
Of listening to the sweetness of its psalm.

It was sublime, ethereal, so gloriously entrancing,  
That when they heard its tender strains it set their  
hearts a-dancing;  
And there was none who could resist inquisitively  
glancing  
To see whence flowed its beauty and its charm.

I think it took us all by storm when first it came a-  
stealing  
Across the silence of the hall, with more than  
earthly feeling.  
It was so infinitely sweet, so plaintive, so  
appealing,  
We did not think such glory could exist.

Oh, how can merely words describe the wonder  
that is filling  
My heart with joy; for how could they, no matter  
how unwilling,  
Prevent that strain so exquisite from in their hearts  
instilling  
A memory that no one could resist!

("What's that you're saying, Henrietta-you don't  
know what on earth I'm raving over? Ye Gods!  
Girl! how can you be so absurd! Why, I mean the  
alto part the choir fit in to our morning hymn!")

**DOROTHY BARBER (Form VI).**

**Who Knows-**

THE length of a short note?  
The second person plural singular of the verb "to  
like"?  
That petroleum is situated on the Caspian Sea?  
That Cerebos guards the entrance to the

underworld?

What happens in the Science Room every  
Thursday afternoon?

**Who Remembers –**

A POEM called "Imitations of Immortality," by  
Wordsworth?

A lyric by Shelley ending "Never no more!"?  
The city which was raised to the ground?  
Expectations of astronomy in another world?  
When High School Girls were food supplies?  
Three Sixth-Form Girls travelling as children  
under 12?

**Suppose-**

THE High School Girls mentioned above  
had been treated accordingly!

**Kairouan, the Holy City of North Africa.**

THE propagator of Islam in North Africa,  
Okba Ben Nafi, must have grown weary in his  
search for converts when he decided to halt his  
caravan in the midst of the vast semi-desert of the  
Sahel of Tunisia. The plain extends for miles in  
every direction, broken only by the mountains far  
away to the west and the minarets of Kairouan  
white and glistening in the Eastern sun. All roads  
across the plain lead to Kairouan; there is nowhere  
else for them to go to. The only other habitations  
are the tents of the Bedouin Arabs dotted about by  
the roadside or in the fields, and occupied by men,  
women, children, donkeys, camels and goats, and  
guarded by half-wild dogs best seen from a  
distance.

Kairouan is now, as it has always been, a city  
of white-washed houses crowded together in flat  
monotony. The streets are narrow and dirty and  
form a maze in which the unwary stranger may  
easily be lost, for all the houses look alike from the  
outside, simply blank walls with heavy wooden  
doors. Occasionally one comes across a larger  
house which boasts an upstairs and this has barred  
windows looking on to the street. In such a house,  
originally an Arab palace, we spent a week just  
outside the wall of the city, where we saw an  
endless procession of camels and donkeys laden  
with grass or carrots for sale in the market place.  
Close by is a cafe, always thronged with natives,  
and just opposite a tiny shop where a peculiar  
native food is made and fried in oil, to be sold hot  
and appetising to the Arabs coming in from the  
fields.

The "traffic" passes along through the gate of  
Tunis into the busiest street of the city. Men and  
donkeys occupy the centre to the exclusion of all

else and on either side are stalls, or tiny shops where the Arab shopkeeper displays piles of flat loaves, or baskets of oranges, -oranges such as never reach England, fat and almost bursting with juice. There are grocers' shops, and butchers' shops (of which the less said the better!) and shoemakers' where brightly coloured slippers hang in rows on the wall, and there is the man who sells the sweet nutty nougat beloved of all Arab children, grown up and otherwise.

We turn down between two of the shops and pass through a busy little bazaar up a dark staircase, and suddenly find ourselves in a large room hung with rich Eastern embroideries and carpeted with Oriental rugs. Here sits the owner and he rises to greet us with all the politeness of an Eastern gentleman. At his bidding coffee in tiny cups on a brass tray is produced and we need no encouragement to accept his hospitality. As we drink the delicious syrup the silks and embroideries are spread out for our admiration. We examine, too, the leather work and may even put on the magnificent garments such as a nobleman might wear. Finally we escape laden with parcels and thankful if we have a few sous left for the next beggar we meet.

Out in the street the bustle goes on from morning till night. The Arabs of Kairouan appear to be the most industrious in North Africa, but actually it is all noise about nothing in the brief intervals between their visits to the cafes or their games of chess. The real workers are hardly seen outside the houses, or if they do go out they are heavily veiled lest any man should catch a glimpse of them. Sitting in front of large looms erected against the walls in their houses the women make the rugs for which Kairouan is famous. The patterns are handed on from mother to daughter and years may be spent over a big carpet, for they start with the raw wool and have to clean and spin it before they start weaving. Others do elaborate embroidery or weave the wool into haeks, the long outer garments worn by the women when they go out. The poorer women work in the fields, where scanty crops are raised if the winter rainfall is sufficient, but always the lord and master of the household retains the money and buys food and clothing for the family as he thinks fit.

Such is the holy city of North Africa, the city of thirty-nine mosques from which the faithful are called to prayer. It gleams white in the sun against the blue Tunisian sky, but its holiness goes no further than the observance of Moslem custom. Underneath is all the darkness of ignorance and fear. Human life has no value and women are treated as beasts of burden. A girl may be sold to a "suitable" husband, whom she has never seen, even

as young as twelve or thirteen, unless she is fortunate enough to have a wealthy father with some regard for his daughter's well-being. To guard against evil spirits which may bring disease or calamity they use as a charm the hand of Fatma, Mohamet's favourite daughter, and this appears on doors, on their animals, or in the form of a pendant or brooch to be worn by the women. The boys learn pages of the Koran, which they recite with amazing rapidity, and in case this is insufficient to get them to heaven they have a plait of hair sticking out by which Mohamet can haul them in!

**K. E. A.**

### **The Garden.**

KASPAR arose one morning,

When the world was half asleep,

And he looked o'er misty meadows

To where moorland pools of deep

Cool water lay in the shadows

Faint and grey of the fleeing night,

And he cried, "I will build me a garden

Full of every pure delight.

"There my soul shall live in contentment,

Thence all wrong and pain be banned.

But first-I will make this sad world fair

As the garden I have planned.

"For I could not live in my haven

Knowing sorrow dwelt just outside."

And his wealth and his love for his fellows

Poured forth in a golden tide.

His courage and hope ne'er faltered,

He would on, whate'er betide.

Only in dark night watches

He thought of the garden, and sighed.

The garden was never planted

That Kaspar had dreamed in his youth,

But the world was the fairer and brighter,

For he kept his vow, in good sooth.

Now low in the earth he is sheltered.

O'ershadowed and strewn with flowers:

And Kaspar has found his garden.

In a fairer world than ours.

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

### **Echo Song.**

THE sea is singing softly, softly,

To the starry skies and the moon,

The languorous song and the blue night

Will fade away too soon, soon.

For night is the time of peace, peace,  
When silence and sleep hold sway,  
And troubles sink in the shadow sea,  
And we bid the sweet night stay, stay.

But when the dawn wind sings, sings,  
The grey and black and silver mists,  
The hush'd sounds and shadow forms  
Fly with hurried wings, wings.

And with the day comes strife, strife,  
As the sun sheds glory on the earth,  
To age the joy of hope renewed,  
And to youth the joy of life, life.

### GWENDOLEN MILES (Form VI.).

#### The Bluebell Dell.

AT even, as the sun sank low  
Beneath a cloudless sky,  
Amongst the grass there grew a flower,  
'Twas blue and caught my eye.

And as I stooped beside the bush  
To pluck a bluebell gay,  
I heard a sound of waterfalls  
Though very far away.

But when I rose I found that I  
Had heard the forest trees,  
As they were gently rustling  
Their leaves amid the breeze.

I followed where I heard the sound,  
And in a hollow low  
Where once a pond so long had been,  
I saw the bluebells grow.

A carpet-covered bluebell dell  
Amidst the forest trees,  
You never saw a bluer patch  
Down in the deep blue seas.

### MARJORIE HAYES (L.IIIa.)

#### "There's Many a Slip." (Continued.)

SLOWLY the couple sobered down;  
Mathilda viewed, from toe to crown,  
Her friend in wet and limp condition,  
And, though she'd bathed without permission,  
Remembering she, like Clementine,  
Was clothed in garments soaked in brine,

Remarked to her, "I think you oughter  
Remove them and wring out the water."  
A swift exchange was quickly made  
Now see them in strange garb arrayed:  
Jemima clad in one short smock  
(There were no neighbours there to shock)  
Mathilda looking *most* improper  
(She hadn't Mother there to stop her)  
Set out to climb the cliff's sheer face  
The only way to leave the place.  
Clutching at every tuft of grass,  
Apt to give way at sight, alas!  
Both of them looking frightful wrecks,  
With damp clothes clinging round their necks,  
They reached the top, panting and gory,  
Quite overcome with heat and glory.  
With Canaan lying well in view  
A brackened path they now pursue,  
Jemima put a spurt\* on, and  
Was first to reach the promised land.  
She peered around a rock, then cried:  
"We can't go in-it's just high tide!"  
Mathilda stiffened, face aghast,  
"What! Can't go in!" she shouted-"How  
tiresome!"  
And then Jemima (please excuse her,  
Bad language always did amuse her,  
She'd been profane right from her pram)  
Sat firmly down and uttered-"I quite agree with  
you, my dear."  
O Fates! O Di Immortales!  
We *cannot* understand thy ways!  
Though we've been taught, by elders pious,  
These little things are sent to try us.

\*\*\*\*\*

But J. and M. were far from beaten,  
They formed a plan when they had eaten,  
And late that night, despite the weather,  
Went bathing 'in the altogether.'

M. F. and J. H.

\* Not skirt, please, Editor

#### Daffodils.

BLOW, golden daffodils,  
Dancing in the breeze,  
By the grassy river-bank  
Edged with whisp'ring trees,  
Dance, gentle daffodils,  
Blow, oh boistrous wind,  
Blow away the cobwebs  
From my weary mind.

Blow, clust'ring daffodils,  
Give me joy again,  
Watching all your happiness

I forget my pain.  
 Dance, gentle daffodils,  
 Dance away my sighs,  
 With your golden beauty  
 Fill my weary eyes.

Blow, fairy daffodils,  
 Filling all the air  
 With a fragrance pure and sweet  
 Sweet beyond compare.  
 Dance, gentle daffodils,  
 Dance away all tears,  
 Leave a sweet remembrance  
 For the coming years.

Blow, graceful daffodils,  
 Clust'ring in the grass,  
 Tell your dreams of happiness  
 To the bees that pass.  
 Dance, gentle daffodils  
 Flutter in the breeze,  
 Turn your beauteous faces  
 Towards the murm'ring trees.

Blow, golden daffodils  
 Lo! the setting sun  
 Smiles upon the hillside  
 Night has just begun.  
 Come the lurking shadows,  
 Flowers, I must part.  
 May your peaceful vision  
 Creep into my heart.

**BARBARA RIGGS (U.Iva.)**

**Pretty Maid.**

"Pretty maid, pretty maid, whither art thou going?"

Pretty maid, pretty maid, dost thou need a-showing? "

"Oh, kind Sir! Oh, kind Sir! Really there's no knowing;

What I really came out for was to do some sewing!"

"Maid, I know a pretty dell,  
 Where the rose and foxglove dwell,  
 Will you come with me, my sweet,  
 Moss a carpet for your feet?"

"Sir, you know  
 I came to sew."

Yet he twined his arm in hers,  
 And they wandered 'neath the firs.

**JOAN HIBBIT (L. IIIa.).**

**Now Sleeps the Crimson Petal.**

SLOWLY, as if afraid, the tight green balls unfolded under the caressing rays of the golden sun, and a tinge of colour stained the green. Then, as if gaining confidence, the colour deepened and the green was no more, but a mass of crimson glory took its place.

The wind played havoc in the night. When the dawn broke, the soft lights danced upon the drooping stems and on the crimson carpet which covered the earth.

The peonies had brightened the garden with their glory, only to be scattered by the winds of departing Spring.

**MARJORIE WOODWARD (Form Vb.)**



**K.J.P. Upper Iva.**



**M.L.P Upper IVa**



## M.L.P Upper IVa

### The Dancing Competition.

THE first Monday of the term was in the fullest meaning of the word an auspicious day for the School: a day that could not but be smiled upon by Apollo, since it had been set apart to do honour to those things which he loves best—beauty, grace, colour, expression—all of them signified in our one word "the Dance." Nor is it less to our honour as a school that these things should be so realised in its curriculum.

We woke therefore to a morning of glorious sunshine, and it was not long before the steps of the Greek Theatre were thronged with eager spectators, most of whom were at one time or another also performers—as was the ancient and excellent Greek fashion. Anon appeared the various groups of dancers, bringing, with their graceful movement and the beauty of their simply contrived dresses, memories or imaginations of a golden age when life moved to music and there was no discord between the real and the ideal.

The Greek dances were the special feature of this year's display, and the spirit of the dance had evidently been entered into even by the youngest, though the rapt seriousness of some of the dancers' faces showed that this way of expressing natural emotions was not to be accomplished wholly without effort. That was, of course, again all to the good! Various forms of Greek dances were presented: "Ball" dances and "Greek Pipers" by the Juniors, and Friezes of Hunting, Dancing and Joy and Sorrow by the Middle and Upper Schools. Much taste was shown in the choice of colours for the tunic dresses, the clear greys having their own beauty no less than the bright rich purples, reds, greens and blues.

Several original dances, of the various Forms' own conception and choice, were also performed during the morning in the Greek Theatre. Poetry, Song and Myth had provided the chief inspiration;

and we should like specially to mention the dance of "La Belle Dame Sans Merci," which was exceedingly well-thought-out and executed with clever variety of movement and gesture. Other pretty dances merit comment, but lack of space forbids particularisation here.

The afternoon was devoted to further original dances, for which the Hall was chosen as a more fitting place of performance. These were very various and showed a good deal of feeling, imagination, humour and characteristic whimsicality. It was in the first of these qualities, and in technique, that 'Endymion' excelled, and also the Minuet, justly winning for their performers the first prize in the Upper School. Humour was the strong point of 'Tea for Two' and the country dance by the same Form: an aura of cheerfulness, which was very pleasant, surrounded these dances. The other two features were too generally exhibited to require special reference. But we must not close without a particular word of praise for the charm of Preparatory's Minuet, and for the fierce expressiveness of the diminutive Pirates whom the judge and all of us found so truly terrifying.

### Eheu!

SING we sad and low,  
Woe, woe-  
For we must part to-day,  
Thou and I.

As along a darksome road  
A shadowy, nameless thing  
Lurches, hurrying from the gloom,  
Into the quivering whiteness of a lamp

Suddenly,  
Then staggers heavily on  
To the halo of the next,  
And, faltering, plunges beyond  
Into the formless, grey unknown;  
So I go.

Yet have I the memory forever.  
Wilt thou too remember?  
Or will the faint impression of my stay  
Be lost in pitiless oblivion  
Soon, soon?  
Sing we sad and low  
Woe, woe  
For we must part.

**P. M. ATTENBOROUGH (O.G.).**

## Lyric.

THERE'S just one patch of blue left in the sky;

Gaze on,

Till hope shall tear the veil of grey across,  
And show God's heaven all blue with angels'  
robes.

There's just a single bud on that dry stem;

Watch still.

'Twill blossom if you look and look again,  
And perfect bloom shall come from withered  
plant.

There's good concealed within the stoniest heart;

Love yet.

Watch, gaze and strain to see it burst to life;  
You'll sing aloud, "The beggar gives his crust!"

## M. RABSON (VI.).

### Form I.'s Muse.

### MY DREAM.

I SAT by my bedroom window  
Watching the moonbeams bright  
And as I sat there dreaming  
I saw a fairy sprite.

Laughing was her face,  
Silver were her shoes.  
Her dress was made of lace,  
Her hair of golden hues.  
Her wings of palest blue  
And very lovely too!  
But oh how my heart did wish  
That my dream were a vision true!

### Phyllis K. Lovick (Form I)

### THE BLUEBELLS.

When I was walking through a wood  
And through the pretty bracken green,  
I saw a lovely bluebell carpet;  
Oh! it was a pretty scene.

I could hear the bluebells ringing;  
They sounded like some fairy bells  
Ringing through the woodland grasses  
And through the little woodland dells.

### MARY PEARSE (Form I.).

## How the Workers got to Town.

ONCE upon a time, on a thickly inhabited island in the middle of the sea, there was a Strike. And it was, indeed, a Superior Strike. Coal miners struck, railwaymen struck and 'busmen struck. (If you don't understand what "struck" means, it isn't what you become if you look too long at the moon, or what matches do, or what the dictionary says it is; it is something very new and very horrid, and you will understand better when you are younger and less-sensible, O Best Beloved.)

It was such a vastly Superior Strike that for the first day or two nearly everybody walked. Old men walked, young men walked; old ladies walked, young ladies walked. They walked and they walked till they got "There," ("There" is a place into which everyone fits some way or other for five-and-a-half days if one is unlucky, and five if one is lucky and then is paid (that is Magic) according to how well one fits) and they walked and they walked till they arrived home again. Then they began to find their shoes were wearing out, so they made up their minds (not their soles, which would have been more sensible) not to walk any more.

So they stood at corners and waited for kind-hearted people in Automobiles. (That isn't Magic-it is American, which means nearly the same thing.) But they found after a while it was only young and pretty typists (look at that three times the right way, then say it loudly to yourself and you will know what it means) who got there, so they sighed and decided to lose their manners (you must never do that, Best Beloved) and push.

They pushed on what-trains-were-running, they pushed on what-buses-were-running and some even pushed on bikes. Those that pushed hardest got "There" but those who 'didn't were left behind (it never does, O Best Beloved, to let that happen in this world, or else it is impossible to catch up again) so they sighed and decided to risk it.

They risked it on lorries, they risked it in charabancs, and they risked it in donkey-carts. They risked it in pantechicons, they risked it on motor-cycles and they risked it in bath-chairs. In fact, Best Beloved, so many risked it that the streets, roads, byeways and lanes looked just like they look on the morning of the Derby when it doesn't happen to come on the second day of June in the year nineteen hundred and twenty-six anno domini. (Of course, Best Beloved, you won't understand all that, but ask your milkman; he will tell you all about it.)

Now the most wonderful of all wonders in this vastly Superior Strike was that everyone kept good-tempered. Those that pushed laughed at 'Varsity engine-drivers in Plus-Fours (please Best Beloved,



don't ask anyone what that last word means-it's a secret) when they were heard to shout lustily and throatily at the stokers in kid gloves and Oxford bags (another secret, Best Beloved): For ....'s sake stop putting coal on, or the ..... boiler will burst." And they laughed when they read such things on the sides of boarded-up-and-barbed-wired omnibuses as "A stone in the hand is worth two in the 'bus," and "Emergency exit only."

And then the strike ended, and they laughed again.

**MARGERY SHEPPARD (O.G.)**

**"The Labour That Delights Us."**

### **THE STAGE**

THIS is not a profession I should advise anyone wishing to make money to adopt. It is very interesting and exciting but it is a profession of continual disappointments and constant hard work.

The best place to gain experience is I think universally agreed to be in repertory work; that is, as a member of a resident company playing a different play each week. I will try to give you an idea of what work with such a company means.

On Tuesday morning you arrive at the theatre at ten and straightway start to rehearse next week's play until about one o'clock. Every morning this rehearsing continues, matinee days as well, with the exception of Thursday, which is set apart for study. Your afternoons are your own. Monday brings you to the last rehearsal, for that play is given in the evening and next morning a new one is started. For those who have a heavy part to study and rehearse and a totally different one to play in the evening the life is decidedly strenuous.

The stage has a fascination of its own, but behind the glare of the footlights is hidden more disappointment and failure than the world outside ever knows about.

**EILEEN RAVEN (O.G.)**

### **PUBLISHING**

A book is accepted-the MS. is turned over to the production department of the firm. To describe the actual work done here is not easy, for it varies from day to day and with each book. When there are thirty or more books going through the press at the same time one needs a clear head to know the exact position of each one and what has got to be done with it. There are both printers and authors to deal with as well as other departments of the firm all clamouring for news of a different book at any

moment of the day. But to give some idea of the actual work the path of one book-an elaborately illustrated one as an example - may be traced.

We get the MS. First we have to decide the format, *i.e.*, the size and general appearance. Then, taking into account the nature of the work, we decide on the type and the paper to be used. When these two vital points are settled the book is sent to the printers to be set. Meanwhile, we collect the illustrations. These may be half tones (photographs), line drawings or colour pictures, and each has to be treated in its own particular way. When the blocks are made the proofs of the book are out these illustrations are placed where they are to appear in the book. This done and the proofs corrected the whole book is sent down to the printers again to be corrected and made up into pages.

The binding in the meantime is settled and the paper wrapper designed. The last sight we have of the book is as page-proofs. When we have parted with these we see no more until it is printed and bound, so a great deal of careful inspection is needed to see that nothing is wrong.

Rarely does a book reach its final stages so easily, for "snags" invariably crop up in the form of copyright, author's objections or stylistic faults. But, though a certain amount of merely clerical work is attached, the work is varied and brings one into touch with numerous different people and keeps one in line with the latest literary developments.

Qualifications? Common sense and influence, but a beginning as typist might lead to an opening.

### **Rejected Contributions**

On the whole contributions were not unsatisfactory in quantity, while there was enough of publishable quality to leave the editorial committee some freedom of choice. That is, at least, as far as verse contributions are concerned, most of which came from the Lower School. Forms L. IIIA. and I. are specially to be commended, though we suspect that they owe a good deal to the opportunities provided by homework periods of poetic composition. As one goes up the School these opportunities grow fewer and the poetic muse is in consequence less frequently courted. Such a consequence is however not necessary, and increase of learning should only make for richer expression, not rarer. U. III B. deserves mention for its varied and independent efforts, though these show rather too much technical imperfection to allow them a place in these pages. L. IV A. might have done better than it did; and so indeed all the

Upper Forms taken as a whole. The Fifth and Sixth have an allowable excuse in their examination busy-ness; all the same, it is not well to let the higher faculties rust by a too exclusive preoccupation with the labours of learning.

For exemption from this general implied indictment we single out D. Barber-very especially, G. Saville, I. Sewell, P. Locke, B. Riggs, M. Johnson, D. Lebon, E. North and T. Carloss. In the Lower School M. Hayes, who has sent in many and varied contributions, and V. Hickson, the author of a long story, deserve special mention,

Acknowledgments are also due to all those who sent up drawings. But do remember that a copied drawing is of no value either to yourself or to us, however elaborate in detail it may be and however perfectly done.

### **NOTE FOR THOSE WHO DO NOT CONTRIBUTE**

Inspiration has two forms. Either she is an unfortunate spirit who will not be denied, but haunts you by day and is a trouble to your dreams: or else she is a coy maid who tantalises you with her uncertainties and exasperates you by her fickleness. Such is your genius, O you of the unproductive pen! Disobedient, unpunctual, not to be relied upon-what she requires is discipline, and unless you give it her she will desert you altogether and leave you a mockery to your fellows and a shame to yourself-like Peter Pan without his shadow-a pitiful thing without power to make yourself known among men, except as mere fleshy bulk, moving matter.

How then to make sure of your inspiration, so that she does not elude you before you have time to command her? The primitive method is the best. Let her but dart across your path-and she does it a hundred times a day, if you had but wit to know-then seize her while she is by; get her firmly in hand, and set her her task. It's then your will against her volatility; but she can't go unless you let her. And it will not be long before your will to hold her will be less than her desire to hold you. She is then transformed to her first and sovereign quality, and the problem will be less to seek her than to evade her.

### **O.G. Activities.**

**THE NETBALL CLUB.**-Reaching the semi-final in the Old Girls' League at the first attempt we feel we have some cause for congratulating ourselves. Our results since Christmas are:

West Ham                      Home 11-3    Win

North London Collegiate	Away	23-16	Win
Coborn	Home	32-7	Win
Owens	Away	16-16	Draw
Graystoke	Away	40-13	Win
Semi-final v. Kentish Town	Away	15-8	Loss

Next season we are entering both 1st and 2nd Teams, so that we need all the players who will join. Turn up any Saturday afternoon after School opens in September and have a game. Miss Squire has kindly offered to arrange for practices against school teams to enable us to get into form to win the shield next year.

We should like to thank Miss Squire and Miss Sumsion for the keen interest they have shown and for the help they have given us during the past season.

Queenie Sizer, our secretary, will be delighted to receive the names of any intending new members.

### **D.WITHYCOMBE (Captain.)**

**THE LITERARY SOCIETY.** - We are established. The three meetings we have had have been quite successful and were thoroughly enjoyed by the members present. However, our arrangements are not yet generally known and as circularising is expensive will everyone kindly take note that meetings are held on the first Thursday of every month (School holidays excepted) from 8 p.m. to 9 p.m. at School. The subscription for the rest of the year will be 1s. For next session we have tried to enliven matters and the following meetings are proposed:

- September (date unsettled). The Short Story.
- October 7th. Modern Poetry Readings.
- November 4<sup>th</sup>. A Literary Dinner.
- December 2nd. A Fireside Ghost Meeting.

We are making efforts to induce some "big bug" to visit us in September or October (the list includes Hugh Walpole, Robert Lynd, Walter de la Mare and Baliol Holloway) and if we manage this we hope to have a large attendance to welcome him. Please, oh please, note the dates and COME.

### **N.M. BLOFIELD (Secretary).**

**THE GYM CLUB.**- This Club was started immediately after Christmas and met with a ready response. Between twenty and thirty members joined, the attendances throughout being very good. The Club was held on Monday evenings at 8 o'clock. We hear that the work was very strenuous but enjoyable. We hope to begin next season early in September, and all applications and enquiries

should be sent to the secretary, K. Hilken, and subscriptions to L. Thrippleton.

## **R. HARRIS.**

### **Science Society.**

THE Science Society has held several meetings since Christmas, one of the most popular of which was the competition evening on February 16th. About sixty members stayed to tea and then worked hard to show their general knowledge in chemistry, botany, physics, mathematics and geography. Prizes were awarded to B. Speakman, M. Kieffer and J. Oyler.

At the next meeting on March 23rd, a lantern lecture on Prehistoric Animals was given by Miss Dennithorne. The lecture was exceedingly interesting and the slides were enjoyed by everybody.

A visit to Bryant & May's Match Factory was the first expedition of the term and the members who went saw the whole process, from the work on the tree trunks to the packing of the cases which are sent to various parts of the world.

The annual primrosing expedition took place in the Easter holiday, on April 23rd, but owing to the uncertain weather fewer members than usual ventured forth. Primroses, violets and cowslips were plentiful and we all enjoyed the walk.

The first meeting of the Summer Term took place on May 26th, when a wild flower show was held in the Science Room. Form VI. won the prize, fifty different kinds of flowers being exhibited by them.

On May 29th, a party will led across country to Waltham. The fields of buttercups were a delight to the party and a most enjoyable hour was spent in Waltham Abbey.

There are still two more meetings to be held this term—a visit to Kew and a cycling party to Cophall.

### **Musical Society Notes.**

On Monday, March 8th, at 8 p.m., Mr. Sumsion, Mus. Bac., Director of Music at Bishop Stortford College, and Miss Moir, of the Royal College of Music, very kindly came to the School to give a programme of music for the piano and violoncello. The programme included works by Bach and Percy Grainger, French composers and Russian, and comprised both set classical pieces and folk-tunes. The negro spirituals we're particularly charming. Our very best thanks were accorded to Miss Moir and Mr. Sumsion for a delightful evening.

The next meeting will be on July 5th, and the subject will be "Grieg."

## **MARY RABSON (Hon. Sec.).**

### **Literary Society Notes.**

ON Tuesday, March 30th, the Annual Shakespeare Competition was held. Mr. Colin Keith-Johnstone kindly consented to judge. In the preliminaries held the previous week, scenes from the following plays were acted: "Much Ado About Nothing" (Form VI.), "Julius Caesar" (VA.), "As You Like It" (VB.), "Twelfth Night" (U.IVA.), "The Tempest" (U.IVB.), "Macbeth" (L. IV A.), "Henry VI., Part III." (L. IVB.). Out of these five were chosen for presentation before Mr. Keith-Johnstone, and judgment was finally given by him in favour of VA. and U. IVA. for the Upper and Middle Schools respectively.

On Tuesday, June 8th, there was a meeting at which selections from the contributions offered for the Magazine but for one reason or another not able to be accepted, were read.

For the final meeting of this term a reading of Euripides' "The Trojan Women" by members of the Staff and Upper School, preceded by a short talk on the play by Miss Norris, has been arranged in preparation for Miss Ginner and Miss Mawer's visit.

### **Games Notices.**

OWING to the bad weather a late start was made in tennis this term. So far two Association matches have been played, against Ilford and Bishop's Stortford. The results are:

Ilford			
1st Couple	Won	4-6, 6-1, 6-2	
2nd Couple	Won	6-4, 6-2	
Single	Won	6-3, 6-2	
Bishop's Stortford			
1 <sup>st</sup> Couple	Won	6-2, 6-2	
2nd Couple	Won	6-4, 3-6, 8-6	
Single	Lost	2-6, 1-6	

In the Netball Association matches we beat West Ham and St. Angela's, but lost to Leytonstone, after a thrilling game by one goal, the score being 20-19. We have still an opportunity of beating our rivals, however, as we are playing matches against them on July 1st and 2nd.

The results of the netball matches played last term were most satisfactory, the only loss being that to Leytonstone. The results are as follows:

Feb. 10	Leytonstone	1st Team	22-13	Loss
		2nd "	22-15	"
"	13. Peckham	1st "	21-5	Win
"	23. Burlington	2 <sup>nd</sup> "	32-4	"
		3 <sup>rd</sup> "	20-6	"
"	27. Highbury	1 <sup>st</sup> "	17-10	"
		2 <sup>nd</sup> "	19-4	"
Mar. 3.	Woodford	1 <sup>st</sup> "	17-8	"
"	9. Wal. Central	1 <sup>st</sup> "	35-1	"
"	9. St. Angela's	2 <sup>nd</sup> "	19-7	"
		3 <sup>rd</sup> "	17-7	"
"	13. Old Girl's	1 <sup>st</sup> "	24-13	"
		2 <sup>nd</sup> "	20-7	"
"	23. St. Angela's	1 <sup>st</sup> "	15-4	"
"	27. Ilford.	1 <sup>st</sup> "	19-3	"
"		2 <sup>nd</sup> "	18-12	"

The netball tournaments were very exciting, the Upper School final ending in a draw between VI. and VA.; but on a replay Form VI. became the winner of the cup. The Middle School trophy was won by L. IVB., and in the Lower School L. IIIA. and L. IIIB. tied for the trophy.

The Dancing Competition was held at the beginning of this term, so that it was possible to use the Greek Theatre for some of the Dances. VA. was the winner in the Upper School, with L. IVB. and L. IIIA. in the Middle and Lower Schools respectively. Preparatory deserves special mention for its dancing: it did well to come second in the Lower School.

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

#### **Births.**

**RADCLIFFE.**-In April, 1925, to Mr. and Mrs. Radcliffe (Connie Jones), a daughter, Valerie Jean.

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

**DAVIES.**-On December 23rd, 1925, to Mr. and Mrs. V. Davies (Muriel Blaxland), a daughter, Shirley Pamela.

**DAY.**-On January 1st, 1926, to Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Day (Kathleen Reeve), a daughter, Anne Reeve.

**CUNNINGHAM.** On January 2nd, 1926, to Mr. and Mrs. D. Cunningham (Clare Reeve), a son, Daniel John.

**CLARKE.**-On March 10th, 1926, to Mr. and Mrs. A. Howard Clarke (Alison Gillard), a son, John.

**CHARMAN-WILLIAMS.**-On April 25th, 1926, to Mr. and Mrs. G. Charman-Williams (Hilda C. Farnier), a daughter, Brenda Muriel.

#### **Marriages.**

Miss BIRCH to Mr. G. MORGAN, on December 19th, 1925.

JOAN CALVER to Mr. CLIVE PACKER-DOUST, on May 21st, 1926.

WINIFRED DAVIES to Mr. REGINALD M. HIAM, on April 15th, 1926.

MARGARET DEARDS to Rev. THOS. NAPIER WILD, on May 26th, 1925.

GERTIE FREEMAN to Mr. C. CROSSLEY GOODEY, on January 30th, 1926.

IRENE HITCHMAN to Mr. W. A. DEWDNEY, on April 10th, 1926.

EVELYN HODGSON to Mr. T. J. PARKINS on June 12th, 1926.

Miss JACKSON to Mr. H. BRABROOKE, on February 11<sup>th</sup>, 1926.

ELSIE LANE to Mr. F. B. DONGRAY, on June 23rd, 1926.

WINIFRED McLELLAN to Mr. H. JACK KEATES, on June 22nd, 1926.

CLARICE PHILLIPS to Mr. F. A. HELSDON, on May 29th, 1926.

LILY STAMMERS to Mr. B. BROWNE, on April 17th, 1926.

FRANCES TAYLOR to Mr. F. J. WEST, on May 5th, 1926.

DAISY WELLER to Mr. KENNETH SNELL, on April 8th, 1926.

#### **Deaths.**

IT is with deep regret that we record the deaths of Joan Temple (Form 1.), and Lily Walker (Form L. IYA.).

The deep sorrow with which all her friends will hear of the death of Marjorie Allen Tomkins, one of the Old Girls of the School and Matron of Brookwood Asylum, will be mingled with pride at the thought of the heroism which attended her last action. Swerving to avoid a pedestrian who stood in the way of her runaway car, she struck a house and in the impact was killed. Our most profound sympathy is offered to her relatives.

Our heartfelt sympathy goes out also to Miss Norris on the death of her mother.

#### **Joan Higham Memorial Fund.**

WILL all who wish to contribute to the above Fund please send their contributions to the Treasurer, Miss Goldwin, before December 31st, on which date the Fund will close.

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Piccadilly, W.1.