

# Walthamstow High School

## Head Mistress's Foreword.

WE are all looking forward to November 30th, when the Duke and Duchess of York will pass our gates on their way to open the new wing of the Hospital. The Four Hundred do not expect to see much or be seen, but they certainly intend to be heard. Moreover the School, both past and present, will play a part in the proceedings at the Hospital, for Minnie Foxon, one of our Vice-Presidents, will present a purse on behalf of the Old Girls' Association and Mary Rabson, our Head Girl will present one from the School. We feel an almost proprietary interest and a maternal pride in these purses, as they were all cut out and many of them made in the innermost sanctuary of the Cookery Room; we hope they will be well filled, for we all know that the Hospital is in urgent need of funds. Who remembers *Bis dat qui cito dat?*

An interesting document has recently been compiled by the authorities, in grateful recognition of the fact that since the year 1893 the Hospital has received from the School, by way of donation and subscription, the total sum of £1,221 16s. 6d. This is a record of which we may justly feel proud, for it represents an outward and visible deposit of that inward and spiritual grace which animates and has, always animated the School, even the grace of kindness and goodwill.

A Happy New Year to you all.  
M. Norris.

### To the School.

THERE was a moment when it seemed as if IRIS on her fifteenth appearance might present herself in somewhat attenuated form, owing to an accident in connection with the O.G. editorship. As it is, this joint editorial is being written by D. Murray-Jones for the School Present, and D. Forster for the School Past. The latter acknowledges her indebtedness elsewhere, and the former hereby thanks her co-editor for a very timely aid, as well as all those who have been active in IRIS'S cause, in especial her committee of Phyllis Woolnough (a willing and efficient secretary), Mary Rabson, Edna Martin and Doris Ling.

Among contributors from the present School the most energetic forms have been VI, VA., L. IIIE. and w., and II, with a few individuals from the Middle School.

To all her readers IRIS sends cheerful greetings and every good wish for a most successful and happy New Year.

### OLD GIRL'S EDITORIAL.

IT is rather fun to be doing this. Within a few days of going to press, IRIS suffered the loss, through misunderstanding, of her properly constituted Sub-editor. Miss Norris, as an emergency measure, accepted my eager offer to fill the gap, and I have been fortunate enough to secure the help of Miss Hewett and of Enid Foster and of more than fifty Old Girls. Mere affection for IRIS, born of long association with her whims, has been my inspiration, together with the help acknowledged above.

To my circulars asking Old Girls for immediate help, IRIS has had a wonderful response. It is impossible to say too much in praise of the Old Girls' loyalty, their genuine eager desire to help, and their polite and sincere regrets if they were unable to do so. This has sent their half of this fifteenth issue of IRIS into the world, with auspices the most favourable.

My only hope is that I shall be able to do justice to the contributions and to the news which poured in. "As thick as hail came post with post" (into the boot-box pillar-boxes improvised for the occasion), when the joyous and conscientious messengers, wearing their brief green uniform, brought in the replies.

To each and all, IRIS sends a host of thanks, and hopes that the adversity of this time will bring forth a great prosperity for the July issue of IRIS. It would be wise to begin early and to address contributions to E. Foster, 9, Falmouth Avenue, Highams Park.

Miss Hewett is leading a very gay and active life, yet withal domestic. She is enjoying her very comfortable and delightful flat: she is making a very handsome "English hand-made" rug, and has herself *upholstered* a wonderful chair. The flat, which has already proved a joyous extra home to many is:-211, Clive Court, Maida Vale, W.9 (Paddington 0817).

Within one week, I heard of her social doings from Cornwall, from Hampstead and from Streatham: D. Hitchman, E. Brown and E. Foster all say they can talk to her about anything in the world and all the things they couldn't, before. Moreover, Old Girls, complete with husbands and children, have appeared at the flat, from Assam, Java and from Australia-D. Lloyd (Cross), B. Griggs (Haslett) and K. Foster (Phelp).

Miss Hewett is doing her duty as a citizen of the world. She is chairman of the Schoolgirls' Oversea Sub-committee of the Society for the Oversea Settlement of British Women. (Any schoolgirl with £100 and plenty of character and grit may apply for admission to a select party to visit Canada next summer.) She is also on the India and overseas Sub-Committee of the Head Mistresses' Association, and represented the Head Mistresses at a conference held in the Imperial Institute.

Since IRIS last appeared, Miss Hewett has been studying at the Liberal Summer School at Cambridge, mountaineering in Switzerland, motoring in the Cotswolds, and speaking to the Secondary Teachers' Association in Cornwall on "School and the World." (Miss Hewett knows not a little about both subjects.)

A third subject, with which she is familiar, "Spoilt Children," must have delighted the mothers at the Walthamstow Infant Welfare Centre. She has also been active in defence of the Modern Girl.

IRIS wishes you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, and reminds you that Old Girls are always most welcome at meetings of the O.G.A. They are holding joint Dances with the Old Monovians at the Church Hall, Walthamstow, on January 6th and March 8<sup>th</sup>. Tickets may be obtained from any member of the Dance Committee or from D. Atkins, 32, Rectory Road, who continues to be a helpful secretary to the Magazine Committee.

## School Chronicle.

HELLO everybody! Echoes calling! We have as usual a great deal to tell you, or-since most of you know it already-to record for future reference "when you are old and grey and full of sleep, and nodding by the fire." Let this be our excuse for reminding you in December of a Tennis Tournament that took place in July, an even more thrilling one than usual, at any rate for the victors, U. IV A., and L. IVB., and of a Dancing Competition held in the same month and very kindly judged by Miss Johnson, who awarded the trophies to U. IVB., U. IIIA. and L. IIIB. Most of the dances were well executed and many showed great originality. U. I VB. are specially to be commended both for their dramatic representation of an incident from the story of Saul and David, and for their amusing scene from "The Comedy of Errors." "The Eclipse" (L. IVB.) was very effective and well thought out, while Form VA.'s "Choruses Ancient and Modern" and Form VI.'s "Lamia," performed in the Greek Theatre under a kindly sun, were also worthy of praise.

We are coming to look upon the performance of a Greek play at the end of the Summer term as our due, just as-no doubt-VA. look upon it as their privilege; and by now we have set a pretty high standard for the youthful interpreters of Euripides to reach. But though this year's "Alcestis" was the successor to previous years' "Iphigenia in Tauris" and the more professional performances of "The Trojan Women" and "Medea," it had nothing to fear by

comparison, and was a credit to producer, to individual actors and to chorus. Not so tragic in its effect as the other plays, it yet left us with the mournful thought that so many of the cheerful performers in the drama should be leaving the scene of their school life behind them. Still we Echoes will doubtless hear of them again and resound to the applause of their exploits in the wider arena of life. They have left something substantial behind them in the shape of a Silver Cup (replacing one of the stolen trophies) and £9 in contribution to the Hospital Cot.

We seem to have been hearing a great deal about the Hospital lately. On September 23rd a third performance of "St. Joan" brought in £20 and completed the sum needed for the Cot this year. All through November many noble girls sacrificed their bun-pennies to the good cause, and as a result the School was able to present, on the 30th, in one of the dainty purses made by Miss Sunson and a few of the girls, the goodly sum of £10 to the Duchess of York. This was in aid of the new extension to the Hospital opened on that date.

However the Four Hundred find plenty of time to enjoy themselves as well as to perform good works. One afternoon in October we were aroused by sounds of merriment and heard murmurs of Prefects hiding among biscuit tins; a Prefects' Tea was in progress.

On another occasion we spent a very delightful hour listening to Miss Allinson in her very varied repertoire of folk songs. Less indubitably pleasing were the sounds issuing from members of the Upper and Middle Schools when they first began to practise for the Singing Competition; but on October 28th, when Miss Stacy came to judge, harmony and melody came into their own, and L. IV A. and U. IV A. won well-deserved trophies for their excellent teamwork and the artistic quality of their performance. Since then our ears have been assailed chiefly by sounds of the preparations for Prize-Giving and Parties. The former of these functions takes place on December 16<sup>th</sup>, and we are looking forward to seeing and hearing in the afternoon Miss Paul, late headmistress of the Clapham High School, and in the evening Colonel Mallinson, one of the district's notable benefactors.

We often wonder when the girls manage to do their School work, but evidently they find time somehow, for we not infrequently hear of their passing examinations. In August came news of Muriel Williams and Mary Rabson having gained their Higher School Certificate, Muriel with exemption from Intermediate. Previously, just before the end of the summer term, we had rejoiced in V A.'S very creditable results in the London General School Certificate examination, when thirty girls passed, thirteen of them (M. Fitter, K. Fullman, C. Gillam, O. Grosart, D. Hanchard, H. Harwood, P. Hunt, P. Locke, E. Martin, M. Mecham, G. Peppin, G. Phillips and F. Young) reaching the standard required for matriculation, Congratulations to all these and to Frieda Bennell and Gwen Saville, who achieved success in the Cambridge School Certificate Examination.

We were pleased to welcome Miss Clough as Science Mistress, and we hope that by this time she feels quite at home.

Well, good-bye everybody! A Merry Christmas.

## The Cloakroom.

(After Spenser.)

THERRE stands within our Schoole, a darkesome caive,  
 Fulle of blacke pillars, and blacke iron hooks,  
 Whereonne doe hang gaie robes, of colours brave,  
 Which doe belonge to elfinnes armed with books,  
 Who change their shoon with those in woodenne nooks,  
 While stately damzelles wander to and froe  
 With measured tread, and oft long-sufferinge looks,  
 Charginge the elfinnes withe alle hast to goe  
 For their owne dinner wates, and they arre fulle of woe.

MARGARET DALLAS (*Form L. IVa.*)

## "Our Carefree Youth."

LAST night we decided to get up at five  
 And 'swot-up' some words that from Latin derive,  
 Prepare last week's history, an essay to write,  
 To translate some French at the very first sight,

To juggle with x's, with y's and with z's,  
 And generally cudgel our sleepy young heads.  
 Alas! though at eight the alarm clock went off,  
 We shiver and growl as our nightdress we doff.  
 Five minutes for breakfast, no more can we stay,  
 We put on our hats and then run all the way.  
 We think of the test we've been promised to do  
 In Latin, and English and Arithmetic too.  
 We shudder and groan as we enter the room,  
 "Rough note-books and pencils" – those words full of doom;  
 Well-known and expected they fall on our ears,  
 As hopeless and helpless we burst into tears.

G. McFARLANE (*Va*)

## A Gruesome Incident.

WITH books in hand we sat, and peacefully  
 Read to each other tender poetry,  
 When, chancing from my book my eyes to raise,  
 Alack! what sight did fall upon my gaze!  
 From out the darkness saw I then appear  
 With horror saw I and with deadly fear  
 An ugly head set with two ugly eyes,  
 Which wildly glared about in fearful-wise;  
 And then two skinny legs waved frantically,  
 And fought and strove and struggled to be free.  
 I watched; I shuddered and grew colourless,  
 But yet to fly or speak was powerless.  
 Then my companions, noticing my plight,  
 Looked up, and saw the cause of all my fright,  
 And all were filled with great and mighty dread,  
 And all their hearts sank to their boots like lead,  
 And all grew pallid and with fear were mute,  
 Lest it should 'scape-that horrid newt.

PHYLLIS WOOLNOUGH (*Form VI.*)

(Inspired by the attempt to escape made by Lower IV A.'s newt, during a VI. Form English lesson.)

## Pan is not Dead.

THE first to see the Heavenly Child, after His Holy Mother and His awed foster-father, was 'the great god Pan.'

The Babe, opening His eyes, and seeing above Him a jolly face and twinkling eyes, cooed, and reaching up His tiny hand, stroked the hard brown cheek. Pan kneeled, and very, very reverently pressed his lips to the Babe's soft flesh. But his horns, Pan's goat horns, pricked the Babe's tender side and feet, but He smiled, and pressed them back with His dimpled hand, to His own discomfort. Pan bowed at the feet of the Maiden Mother, and the cruel horns touched her left side.

There was a knocking at the barn door, and Pan disappeared as the shepherds entered.

Pan returned to his beloved river, and moodily cut himself a reed pipe. While he was gazing on the lovely Baby Lord, he felt nothing but love for Him. Now he was filled with a fierce hatred. No longer would he be a god, adored by the peasantry, but a serf, serving this Babe! He would go and conquer Him, gore Him, kill Him, abolish Him!

Pan rolled over and hid his face in the soft green moss, and lay still. It was here that a wide-eyed shepherd had found him, and cried, "Pan is dead! Pan is dead!" The cry echoed, other voices joined in, till it seemed that the whole world was mourning Pan; but he did not move.

Yet he was not dead. He had been lying there a few seconds, when he saw a Shining One gazing at him.

"O Pan, Beloved of the Babe, Who is the Lord of Hosts, why hatest thou the Lord, Who loves thee?"

"He loves me not," replied Pan pettishly, "He comes to take my domain from me. I shall be a god no longer but His miserable slave. O! Woe is me! Would I could gore Him with my horns!"

"Pan, Pan!" cried the Glorious One again. "Why dost thou hate the One who loves thee so! See, I will show thee." And he unwrapped a shining scroll on which was written in letters of fire, this:

"I, the Creator of all things, do proclaim that I do not wish the pagan god called Pan to be my under-lord. In the days of paganism, Pan was the under-lord of a mythical god called Zeus, whom he hated,

yet obeyed.

Now I wish him to be Mine, to serve Me because he loves Me, and to write My Name on his hills and his valleys, on his tall trees, and in the poetry of the reeds of which he is the patron. I love him, and beg his love."

Then Pan looked up, and darkness was on the earth, and lightning smote the firmament. Pan had lain there thirty-three years.

When he looked back, the Shining One had gone, and Pan lay and thought and fought with himself. After about ten years more (which seemed to Pan as many minutes), he arose.

And behold, his goat's legs were no more, and in their place was a pair of boy's legs, strong, plump and brown. Pan put his hands to his head. His cruel horns were gone, quite gone!

The boy felt a sudden devotion to the God who had subjected him, and cutting himself a reed pipe, sat down on the bank.

Then he began to play. Pan's music had always been wonderful, but there was a new element in it that day. The murmur of the reeds, the song of the stream, mixed with the love and devotion of their Maker.

**J. HIBBIT (L. IVa.).**

### **The Little Polly.**

PRETTY Polly, little Polly,  
Whatever do you do  
To sit up there  
And gaze in the air;  
Whatever do you do?

I sit upon my painted perch,  
And look at all the people;  
That's what I do,  
That's what I do,  
He cried to the church steeple.

**BERYL TREVALLION (Form II.).**

### **Venus and Mars.**

VENUS and Mars  
Are the biggest stars,  
The brightest stars I ever knew;  
Mars is of a bright fire-red,  
But Venus is of greeny-blue,  
So if you look you will soon see too  
Venus and Mars,  
They're the brightest stars you ever knew.

Each night as I go to bed,  
I see these wonderful stars,  
The names of which are, Venus and Mars,  
I smile as they wink at me,  
They look as if they want me  
To wave my hand to them.  
I cannot tell if I do it consciously or if I do it on purpose,  
But I wave my hand after all.  
So *do* try and look at these wonderful stars,  
Which we all call Venus and Mars.

**ROSE MIDGLEY (Form II)**

### **The Present sees the Past.**

IT was Maude's first year at the High School. She was twelve years old, and she was put in Form Lower IIIB. She was most nervous, and thought that the staff were almost goddesses and the Sixth Form only missed that high dignity owing to their slightly shorter skirts, though they *were* very important persons, nevertheless, and not to be spoken of lightly, but *were* to be looked up to from a very great distance. She went about on tip-toe, and gave shy glances up at her elders and never even dreamed of alluding to the staff as anything but

Miss so-and-so, and thought that it was sacrilege to call the Head Girl by her Christian name.

It was Maude's last year at the High School. She dashed about the corridors, endangering the lives of the smaller children, and accepting their homage as a matter of course. She joked with the staff, no longer alas, thinking them goddesses: in fact, all the reverence of six years before is gone now she has attained the magic heights of Upper School. She thinks herself the most important person in the School and alludes to her elders as if they were nobody at all; shirks all the work that she can, and takes all the sport that is offered to her.

Maude has left school nearly two years now. She appreciates the staff and their wonderful patience with their horrible little pupils so much more now than when she helped to annoy them. In fact, she often wonders how they managed to keep their tempers. Her reverence for them is returning with the years, and she thinks more of them now than she ever did at first. She now feels just as strange when she goes to school as she did on the day when she first entered it as a new girl. Nevertheless she thinks that the WALTHAMSTOW COUNTY HIGH SCHOOL is one of the best schools in England, and she can now sing the third verse of the School song with truth.

*From an appreciative OLD GIRL.*

### **Howlers from Cornwall and Elsewhere**

#### **Collected by an O.G.**

Chicago is situated at the bottom of Lake Michigan.  
Stanley was sent from New York to Africa on a newspaper.  
The people in the Rift Valley of Scotland are very dense.  
Liners land at Liverpool.  
Soap is made in the Wash.

An East-end schoolgirl, asked what she was going to do on leaving school, replied, "Going to Trimminats." She explained when the teacher enquired who was Mr. Trimminats, "Oh, you know, I'm going to be a milleress."

### **Who Remembers-**

WHEN the Sixth Form were defined as Lost Property?  
A treasure hunt?  
If it is suitable?  
Houses at the bottom of the garden?  
Ink-spots and glass-paper ?  
The partition rooms?  
Form U. IV A. singing Latin Odes?  
Which Form proposed retaliation?  
The part played by "Jock O' Hazeldean"?

### **Nonsense Rhyme.**

Gallywug, Chopple and Squoozle  
Cherrumped off to the West.  
But Gallywug's mother was fozzle  
And told him to take a new vest.

This made an extra wanddle  
For Chopple and Squoozle to mepp,  
So they whangered poor Gallywug boddle  
And fastened him scallywumpepp.

**VIOLET STOCKTON (O.G.)**

#### **Morning.**

OF the beauty of morning I speak,  
Of the feathery mist,  
Of its twisting and curling round trees,  
Of the trees by it kiss'd.  
Of the star in the morning that fades,  
As a thin golden ray  
Comes to herald the approach of the sun  
And beginning of day.

Of the blackbird that wakes with a song,  
Of the lark that soars  
To fly in a heaven blue-rent  
As water with oars.

Of the joy of the morning I speak,  
Of the opening doors  
And of those who come early to look  
To where the lark soars.

**Q. BLENCH, *Va.***

### **Who loves Nature.**

WHO loves fair flowers,  
And shady bowers,  
And all the joys a garden brings,  
Knows sweet content,  
And merriment  
Far more than happiest of kings.

The whispering trees,  
The murmuring bees,  
Each flower that nods, each bird that sings,  
Are good friends sent  
With sweet content  
Unknown to happiest of kings.

**N. QUINTON, VI**

### **Evolution and Education.**

WE have recently held debate over the question—as popularly expressed according to its interest for the lay or non-scientific mind, not as formally proposed—"Was man always man, or did he become?"

"Was he created in the beginning in his present form, or did he evolve by the process of ages and through a series of intermediate forms whose close relations are to be found among the brutes?" It does not matter to what conclusion, if any, the debate led us. But the occasion may provide a further topic for discussion which should in its conclusions at least have a serious interest for us as teachers and pupils, co-operators in the cause of education, the purpose of which is (stated briefly) to uphold the high tradition of humanity and help to carry it on to nobler ends as yet but dimly imagined.

Whether we have affinity with the monkey (or the donkey!), or whether we show in our faces an image of the god who made us; whether, as religious evolutionists, we recognise in ourselves the latest link in the chain which is the symbol of the creative purpose in the fashioning of all forms of life, or whether, of the contrary religious faction, we look upon ourselves as a special creation with no more than a fortuitous relation with the rest of the living world; the practical issue for us, so far as the conduct of life is concerned, is the same: namely, that we have to fulfil our destiny as human beings and not let our order—our *species* or *genus*—down. That is the basis of all genuine morality.

Then how is it done? What is the *religio generis humani* — the duty of a human being?

Let us approach an answer by asking: "What is it that man can do which renders him distinct from the animals?" We will try not to make assumptions which are arguable "au pied de la lettre," even if not ultimately disputable, as (for instance) that man has a higher and subtler faculty of reason than the animals. We will put it simply that man can speak articulately and record his speech in writing; that man can fashion symbols for the permanent expression and possible communication of his thought; that he can out of the stuff of his mind create forms which shall be potent forces for the moving of other men's minds; that he thus can and does create a spiritual world in which he alone of all living creatures has his being. So much man can do, that no animal can. How then does this affect the practical issues of the conduct of life?

Even the least scientific among us know enough of the conditions governing the forms of things to be aware that when an organ ceases to be of use it atrophies and in the end disappears; and where a faculty ceases to be used it likewise tails into decay. Man has his power of thought and of the expression of thought; and the condition of the survival of man as man, and also (what no less belongs to his duty) of his progress towards a higher state, is in the

practising of this twofold function of mind-creative thought and effective expression.

In a school the mind which is being trained in its function is the mind of the child. What it has to be taught is the use of its symbols, so that it may express its own creative energy. Now these symbols are very much more than mere letters, or words, or lines, or figures, or movements; they constitute indeed the whole body of learning. But those things are the elements out of which expression is to be made, as poetry, painting, mathematical construction, dancing, and all the allied arts and sciences. In all these studies it is the *mind* which has to be trained, the *mind* which has to be fed and nourished, the *mind* which has to be brought into activity and expression. For the human being *thought* and nothing else is essential living, and right living is right thinking. Plato, who divided education under the two heads of gymnastic and music, recognised this; making gymnastic the training of the body to expressive and purposeful action under the direction of the mind; and music (all art, literature, mathematic, logic, science) by contrast, the exercise of the mind in which the body plays a smaller and more purely subordinate part. The motive force in each case is the mind, the substance in each case thought, the effect in each case expression.

This being so, what practical application can be made to our own lives? Simply this: that we fulfil ourselves and realise the true purpose of our life, neither in a mere animal activity of lung and limb, nor in a simply passive reception of knowledge and suggestion, but in a genuine and creative activity of thought and expression. As far as the pupil is concerned, this will show itself in an attitude of mind not merely docile but also curious, inquiring, and (as the Romans say) *studiosa*: in an interest independent of, though not irresponsive to, the stimulus of the teacher both in learning and in conduct: in a personality which shall be as a well and fountain of energy, a centre of inspiration, a moving force and an inescapable influence. This activity of creation is the function and capability of the child far more than of the teacher. For the most part the teacher is engaged in merely unfolding to the young mind the substance of knowledge, the material out of which though is to be made, and in attempting to communicate the method or technique of its use and expression—whether in art, science or physical movement. It is for the child itself to create the thought and to shape the expression out of the abundance of its own mental life, out of the richness and freshness of the impressions which its young mind takes from an inexhaustible world of delight and interest.

Such, briefly, is the duty to which each new life is pre-engaged in the mere fact of its humanity. If that duty is shirked, not only is the whole previous effort and achievement of mankind betrayed and made as nothing, but also every hope for the future is annulled and the only purpose one can intelligibly conceive in the making of the world—be it by Creation or by Evolution—rendered frustrate. The future lies in the hands of the teacher and the child, and upon their co-operation in a right relation of functions depends the successful fulfilment of the human destiny and the divine purpose.

**D. M. J.**

### **Song of the Lute Player.**

*(On the Picture attributed to Frans Hals.)*

O COME, be gay,  
Weep not sweet life away:  
What if all truth is hid  
By loathsome creeping things?  
Mariana sings.

O come, sing on,  
What though all hope is gone?  
The sweet red rose is slain,  
But from winter's dying sighs  
Snowdrops arise.

O come, love on,  
Though romance be gone,  
And joy lie fathoms deep  
Pale image in the ocean's thrall,  
I call.

**GWENDOLEN V. L. MILES (O.G.)**

## Hallow'een.

THE spirit of All Hallow'een  
Awoke; "What does this people mean  
To quite ignore my ancient state  
And even to forget the date?  
For see, of magic strange I know,  
And would the mystic future show  
To those of flesh if they but let me,  
But they laugh and quite forget me.  
Now they love me not it seems,  
And so will I bewitch their dreams,  
Make them cold with apprehension  
To a very large extension.  
Love has always been as pleasant  
For the lady as the peasant,  
Yet if they dare my rites observe,  
They do it just to prove their nerve  
And out of curiosity  
At night to see what they may see!  
And thus lamenting on her fall  
She swore revenge upon them all.  
\*\*\*\*\*

Susan threw as they had told her  
Apple peelings from her shoulder,  
But they fell and lay there broken,  
Would not give her any token.  
Isabelle, our Lady fair  
Combed before the glass her hair,  
Saw behind her, not her sweetheart  
But the yob who drove the meat cart:  
Miauls of cats who prowled the tiles,  
Could be heard for miles and miles,  
And the owls within the steeple,  
Shrieked all night and scared the people:  
And the thin folks dreamed of fat folk,-  
And the gay folks dreamed of flat folks:  
And nightmares were the worst they'd seen-  
Because they missed All Hallow'een.

## DOROTHY BARBER (O.G.)

### Social Responsibility.

. . . "AH Corydon," sighed fair Phyllis,  
"Pity my metamorphosis,  
A quondam schoolgirl, now a 'staff,'-  
Forced to be grave when I would laugh:  
To maintain discipline when I  
Am moved to fitful anarchy;  
To scorn mistakes I often make,  
And enforce rules I daily break;  
To make clear statements for which I  
Would rather ask the reason why-  
To talk when I would rather not;  
Remember facts I'd long forgot . . ."  
.....Fair Phyllis sighed, and Corydon  
Leaned o'er the stile she rested on,  
And said, "Phyllis, Phyllis fair!  
If you would but my sheep-cote share,  
And leave the class-room for the fold,  
You never, never would grow old,  
But, basking by the cottage fire,  
Be carefree as your heart's desire."

(Ah wily Corydon! He knew  
When it was ripest time to woo!)

Alas for life! Once grown up, we  
Can't scape responsibility.  
Fair Phyllis and her Corydon  
Soon found two daughters and a son  
Needed some education!

*Moral.* ..If you would quite untrammelled stay,  
Remain a schoolgirl while you may.

## ENID N. FOSTER (O.G.)

### Fair-weather Friend.\*

FAIR WEATHER friend, come kiss me,  
Skies are cloudless and blue,  
My heart is merry within me  
And the world a roseate hue.  
Come, hasten, companion my gladness,  
Laugh, dance, and be joyous with me,  
For none can make merry as you, friend,  
When the earth is fair to see

Fair-weather friend, where are you?  
Sore and laden my heart  
Lies crushed in the darkness of sorrow  
With none to assuage its smart.  
I wait for a comrade to help me,  
I watch for a friend with strained eyes.  
But your ears are deaf to my calling  
As you bask 'neath serener skies.

Fair-weather friend, I care not,  
I count you at your true cost,  
I know that a smile can buy you,  
I know for a tear you are lost.  
I know you and judge you - yet love you,  
Smiling fair-weather friend.  
When the sun shines out I shall call you  
To stay till the sunshine's end.

Fair-weather friend, God help you,  
When all your smiles are spent,  
When your friends have long since wearied  
Of a friendship that's only lent.  
When the shadows are closing around you,  
As you're nearing your journey's end,  
Will you call in vain for a comrade,  
Smiling fair-weather friend.

*\*From "The Song of the Five and other Poems," by Cecil Garth, published by Elkin Matthews. Mrs. Carlton, as we know her, who took Miss Murray-Jones's work last term, has also published "The Fool's Signet."*

### Winter Forest Scene.

How still and calm the tree-tops, leafless now,  
How sunk in meditation . . . . how serene,  
No chattering leaves, no silken-whispering wind,  
No song of birds, no restless flutter of wings  
To break their dreams. Aloof they stand and listen,  
Speaking not a word; but always looking.  
At their feet lie brown and faded leaf-ghosts,  
Whispering endless tales of summer festivals,  
Lifting at the coming of a gust  
Then settling, as the robin's song-stirred throat  
Is sleek and smooth, when once his note is ended.  
On every tangled bush flaunt scarlet hips,  
And by the rotting log, a withered ghost,  
Of last year's bryony trails its mildewed stem.  
But above and about, and in and out of the branches,  
Pass the invisible spirits like patterns of mist.  
They are the disinherited children of Summer;  
And Summer herself, grown old, so we call her Autumn,  
Gathering her grey robes close in the damp chill wind,  
Glides by the watching trees, and will not be comforted.

## H. HILTON (O.G.)

### Water-birds in Regent's Park.

You know how, in the early year, snow falls  
Deeply, then thaws at night, re-freezes on the morrow,  
And dazzling clumps are left upon the green,  
And grass-blades, fresher than before, spring up between,  
A glorious medley, white and Nature's sheen;

Such were the water-birds upon the Lake's slant bank,  
 So clustered they, like pure, new-frozen snow.  
 Some in large companies hold their court together:  
 Some few birds, big and conscious, stood alone  
 On one leg, meditating, head sunk low  
 And breast puffed forward-Oh, so snowy still!  
 Behind them race great fronds of hemlock plant  
 Majestic, dark, and perfect in their shape,  
 Whose broad, smooth leaves no creature yet had bit  
 Nor roughed their outline, evenly uneven,  
 With ugly curves and jags nibbled away.  
 In front the water gently sparkling lay  
 And ducks, with glossy heads and gorgeous lights  
 Upon their plumage glowing, slowly glided round,  
 Not seeing to know where they steered, nor caring-  
 But all was movement, colour, light and life.

ELSIE BROWN (O.G.)

## Old Girls' Echoes.

SHELLEY makes Pan say "I sing of the dancing stars, I sing of the daedal earth," and, as all Old Girls know, but most young girls don't, Daedalus was the architect who planned the Labyrinth of Crete. He had nothing to do with the monster, the Minotaur, and Shelley uses the word in the sense of "variegated," or "cunningly wrought." And the new Echoes sing of the "cunningly wrought" world, as the Old Girls have seen it and presented it to a grateful IRIS. They sing of the beauty of the earth in their poems; they portray its wonders in their travel articles; they speak, in verse and prose, with regret and appreciation of the daily nothings of their human associations with Walthamstow; and with great zest they record the features of their daily toil. Norah Blofield used to call it "The labour we delight in," and, apart from the partly formal list of items recorded elsewhere which could reveal such interesting facts as that Elsie Hatch is teaching at the South African Roedeau where Miss Morice was a schoolgirl and that Marjorie Marshall is instructing Mollie Kieffer in drill at Palmer's School, Grays, Essex, it has been a very great joy to read such articles as Olive Stevens' account of her interesting work in a florist's shop.

Space forbids further quotations, as also it prevents the printing of interesting articles on travel. These are all so delightful that it is impossible to choose one and if all were printed, IRIS would have to double her size and her price. Corona Knight has been staying in Paris at the home of a French correspondent to whom she first wrote as a schoolgirl. She was particularly struck by the special compartments reserved in the trains for "Les invalides et les blessés." Elsie Moss has been visiting the Black Forest and sent in a description of a Schwarzwalden farmhouse. K. M. Goodwin wrote about her search for sunshine in the Orient liner *Orvieto*, to Gibraltar, Toulon and the Cote d'Azur, and showed a mind well stored, on a dull November day, with the loveliness she saw.

If Kathleen made her readers long to take a single ticket to the South of France, E. Sparling induces a calming recollection of the mountains of Switzerland, with the gentle, insistent ringing of cow-bells in the clear morning air, and the early coming-on of night among the mountain shadows. R. Goodwin recalled the vivid joy of Swiss flowers. O. Stevens wrote a glowing account of holidays in Britain, and ranged from Scotland, to Wales and to Cornwall. There D. Hitchman encountered a character whom she has "set down" in quiet tones of conviction. Her Mrs. Blazey calls geologist visitors "them fossils." ("*There was once upon a time a Fossil.*") and praised an artist's picture thus: "There's many been here who've done worse." By the way, that kind of "setting down" of a character is great fun and may be commended to Old Girls in search of a theme.

Doris directly inspired someone else's picture of a housemaid, whose hobbies were spiritualism, snakes and the writing of satirical verse.

"Our travels now are ended," but reference must be made to Sylvia Smith's pointed narrative of "Overtures and beginners" from a theatre in a Midland town, who were called by the call-boys to their parts, and by a chill notice "Train Call 6.30 a.m." from their warm beds.

The Echoes felt warm and sentimental, in the right, almost *Chrissmassy*, way, on reading articles written about the joys of the glorious past: they were well written done, all of them, but space forbids any but brief quotation. Louie White records in verse the following as overheard in a restaurant:

"I listened intently-of School did they speak,  
 No other School could with this one compete.  
 Although having left it for nearly three years,  
 Their old School was first in their thoughts, it appears.  
 It mattered not whether 'twas learning or game,  
 The School was at top of the slight hill of fame."

Winnie Nicholl apologetically rides upon the Arab steed's  
 metre to speed through the world the pupil's farewell to her School:

"I fret to grow bean seedlings in a glass jar tall and slim,  
 To hear thy heavenly choir recite their early morning hymn. . .  
 No more within the precincts wide of thy capacious hall  
 Shall I with grace endeavour from thy lofty boom to fall."

Iris Coates recalls very pleasantly in clear prose the joys and value of a dark debate. (By the way, the Echoes heard the notion of that ordeal first propounded in the Hall by the poet, Walter de la Mare.) C. Pullen misses her School uniform, her blazer and her science overall, as well as all these mean to her and the Four Hundred, but she acknowledges in pleasant prose her indebtedness IRIS and to the O.G.A., two connecting links. Helen Rainer, after the fashion of "The Golden Age" and "Dream Days," speaks of the romantic associations of the old Preparatory: she contrasts her past with the present of the pupils now before her at Clapham where she is taking a Froebel training. "What days those were. I remember most distinctly hiding behind the piano with Cynthia Nelson and fervently hoping that Miss Litchfield would not find us and make us sing 'Strawberry Fair.'"

A brief and pleasant article on "Traffic," as well as a very careful piece of work on "Seasonable Scents" might well be printed some other time. The writers have not given their names. "Autumn Snapshots" was quite well written; likewise "A Reverie of Saint Joan," by Margaret Wingrove, who woke up to find herself struggling to fit a stocking on her head, in mistake for the Dauphin's night-cap. (Wasn't she a dear, foolish-wise Dauphin?)

And so, ladies, IRIS presents herself to you.

## F.U.W.C.S.

THE FEDERATION OF UNIVERSITY WOMEN'S CAMPS FOR SCHOOL-GIRLS.

THIS organisation is responsible for girls' camps in many places in England, in Scotland and Wales, and two abroad. Of these two, one is about twenty miles north of Paris, and the other is a winter sports' camp in Switzerland. The English camps are often in duplicate, that is, two separate camps are held at the same place, one following the other. Each camp lasts ten days, a period worth a month of any other kind of holiday.

If the site of a camp has good playing fields, tennis, cricket and sports' days are indulged in. Walking, train expeditions and bathing are some of the most enjoyable items of camp life, especially if the last implies a muddy river-bank. Evenings are spent in novel forms of community singing, and marvellous displays of acting talent from the most shy members of the party.

As the name indicates, you meet school-girls at these camps, and, just as it should be, they are always very jolly, and extremely companionable.

As to clothes, "tunics" is the order of the day, except in some senior camps, where a number of the girls are from universities or business; and, of course, at the Swiss camp. If the weather is hot, plimsolls and no stockings is the rule, except when people want to look respectable, e.g., on Sundays, or when going into the nearest town. A silk handkerchief, tied pirate-fashion, is much more convenient than a best hat, and as for gloves, they are non-existent. We must not forget, however, our old friend, "l'imperméable" carried with us on our summeriest expeditions.

The officers are "girls" like the rest of us, and in junior camps they also wear tunics. They take their share in acting plays and "acting about," and yet seldom have to reprove bad conduct in campers. They work hard at organising expeditions and "exhibitions," and each is named after her office-e.g. Orderly, M.O. (Medical Officer), 'Scursions, and so on.

Yet camp is not all rollicking fun. "Quiet time" twice a day is left to everyone to be spent as she likes, in serious thinking, prayer, or any other helpful way. Assembled prayers also take place, accompanied in the evening by a really helpful, practical and thoughtful address by an officer. In study circles we study religious subjects on the widest basis possible. All denominations are present, and all give their own views freely, unself-consciously and with the assurance of receiving a reverent and interested hearing.

The characteristics of camp are the absolute friendliness of all campers and officers, and, best of all, a wonderful, profound and genuine happiness which all experience without exception.

As to finance, the average holiday in England costs from £3 10s.--£4, the camp in France about £8. These figures include reduced fares, board and lodging (there are no canvas camps), expeditions and a moderate private expenditure.

So come next summer, and don't forget your "pinny" to wear while you wait on your fellow-campers at table, or raise a dust (literally) in the dormitory.

**M. RABSON (VI.).**

### **Rejected Contributions.**

OWING to a stricter limitation of space than usual the School Editor has had to reject several contributions which she would have liked to accept; notably a pleasantly written essay on Oxford, "The City of Dreaming Spires," by Muriel Williams (VI.), several short poems, topical and otherwise, by various members of the Sixth, "The Sprite"-an amusing verse composition inspired by the Magazine itself-by M. Stokes (U. IVA.), a good ballad-imitation, by M. Chambers (L. IVA.), and several pieces from Form II. A very promising contributor is Marjorie Erridge (L. IIIw.), who, however, needs to correct certain faults of diction and occasionally of verse-form before her writings become publishable. M. Alexander (U.IVB.) has a good prose style in description, but her subjects give her no particular claim to a place in the Magazine. Doris Ling (VI.) has good feeling and inspiration, but attempts difficult verse-forms in which she is not invariably successful.

Without wishing to discourage any form of composition the Editor would like to suggest two things. First, that a School magazine should attempt to express the life of the School; not merely recording its activities, but giving voice to all those experiences which come through School life, all those thoughts, ideals, aspirations, knowledges, which are gained or developed in School life, by work and play, friendship and the unity of purpose which makes a community. And second, that if a School Magazine is worth writing for at all, it is worth the best you can give it; and for that you must allow yourself time both to choose the right subject and to give it the most perfect form of which you are capable.

We have room only to thank all those who have contributed, whether successfully or not, and to exhort all others to cultivate a livelier sense of their duty both to the School and to themselves. In these others are to be included almost all the Forms from the Upper Thirds to the Fifths, who fail to make anything like an adequate showing of their interest and capacity. We shall look forward for a better response from them next time.

### **SOCIETY NOTICES**

**LITERARY SOCIETY NOTES.** - At the beginning of this term we learned with regret that Miss Forster, to whom the Literary Society owes not only its present vigour, but almost its very existence, had resigned from the vice-presidency. However we were somewhat consoled by her promise to continue to take an interest in the society, and by the fact that an able successor was at hand in the person of Miss Murray-Jones.

Three meetings have been held this term. The first, which was on October 30<sup>th</sup>, took the form of a Competition Evening. An enjoyable and profitable hour was spent in the solving of varied puzzles, all connected in some way with English literature.

On November 4<sup>th</sup> we assembled in the Hall to listen to the reading of W.B. Yeats' play "The Countess Kathleen," by members of the society. The meeting was a great success.

A "Dark Debate" took place on November 16<sup>th</sup>. Very varied were the subjects on which the unfortunate members had to speak impromptu. Although no budding orators were revealed, there were several heated discussions and much merriment. This was the last meeting of the term.

**PHYLLIS WOOLNOUGH,** (Literary Secretary).

**MUSICAL SOCIETY NOTES.** - The Society is ever-increasing in number as also, we hope, in quality.

The first and only meeting of the Society so far this term was on September 29<sup>th</sup>, when Miss Allinson visited us and sang some charming French, German and British songs, accompanying herself on her guitar. Especially fascinating was a clever negro spiritual arranged by Miss Allinson herself.

At this meeting a new feature was introduced in the admittance of the Upper Thirds.

We are looking forward to our next meeting in December 7<sup>th</sup>, when chosen members are to give us items dealing with rural life.

Great things are expected of the Musical Society, and certain whisperings are current about an operetta, which, we hope, will with the help of Miss Crook and Miss Pollard shortly be presented.

**PHYLLIS G. DABBS.**

**SCIENCE SOCIETY.** The Science Society Committee decided to hold four meetings this term - a Form Competition evening, a debate, a fungus foray, and a visit to a glass blowing factory.

The competitions were held on October 5<sup>th</sup>, and great was the concentration of members in order to finish the problems before the closing time. The prize was awarded to U. IV A., Form VI. Being a close second.

The fungus foray took place on Saturday, October 15<sup>th</sup>. A large party of eighty-one enjoyed the walk through the forest, from Baldwin's Hill to High Beech, and then to Chingford.

A great variety of toadstools was found, many bracket fungi, and puffballs, and one earth ball, which was the size of a large football.

The debate taxed the powers of the valiant assailants. The motion "That present-day forms of plants and animals have come into existence by the process of evolution" was proposed by Edna Martin and seconded by Gladys Peppin. Phyllis Hunt led the opposition, seconded by Doris Ling. Good papers were read on both sides. After a heated discussion the motion was passed by twenty votes; many of the members, out of diffidence before so great a public, did not vote. The date for the visit to the glass works has not yet been definitely fixed; a Saturday before the end of November has been suggested.

**JOAN OYLER (Sec.).**

**LITERARY SOCIETY, O.G.A.**-Since the last appearance of the Magazine, the Literary Society has lost its mainstay-Blo!

We have met every month, it is true, but our numbers get less every time. Surely the O.G.A. should be able to find about twenty kindred spirits who will commune together for one hour every second Wednesday of the month, discussing subjects of common interest. The subscription is only one and sixpence a year, and there is now a proposition afoot to incorporate a Dramatic Society with the Literary.

Meetings this term have included a paper on John Masefield by G. Cordell, a discussion on Best-Sellers and a Magazine Evening.

Don't forget to come on Wednesday, January 11<sup>th</sup>, 1928.

**M. SHEPPARD and Q. SIZER.**

**GYMNASTIC CLUB, O.G.A.**-By our looks you shall know us. Rose Harris does not let any muscles weaken, or backs grow round. She drills us like an old Sergeant every Monday evening at School, and we all love it.

The class this season seems even more flourishing than last, but we can do with even more members. If anyone wants to join us next term, five shillings is the "Open Sesame" to our midst.

Honorary members may have the pleasure of watching us perform wonders on the boom and horse for a modest half-crown.

**MARGERY SHEPPARD.**

**NETBALL ASSOCIATION, O.G.A.**-No notes have been received from the Secretary.

## Games Notices.

THIS term we have been favoured with fine weather and have played five netball matches with two more still to play. Only once did it rain, but this did not prevent the match which was played in the hall against Kentish Town.

The result of the matches played this term:

|               |                   |       |      |
|---------------|-------------------|-------|------|
| West Ham.     | 1st Team          | 20-14 | Win  |
|               | 2 <sup>nd</sup> " | 17-14 | "    |
| Skinnners.    | 1st "             | 20-15 | "    |
|               | 2 <sup>nd</sup> " | 16-8  | "    |
| Kentish Town. | 1st "             | 26-13 | "    |
|               | 2 <sup>nd</sup> " | 22-14 | "    |
| U.C.L.        | 1st "             | 22-18 | "    |
|               | 2 <sup>nd</sup> " | 13-12 | Loss |
| E.L.C.        | 1st "             | 22-17 | Win  |
|               | 2 <sup>nd</sup> " | 14-0  | "    |

The two matches which we have still to play are against Greycoat and Leytonstone.

None of these matches were Association matches, as we have retired for a year after winning the shield.

The junior team has not had a chance as yet of showing its form, but a junior match has been arranged for November 23rd.

The tennis tournaments last term proved very exciting as the opponents were well matched. In the Upper School, the cup was won by U. IVA. and in the Middle School by L. IVB.

**BETTY HOWLETT** (*Games Captain*).

## Work.

BELOW appears a list, non-alphabetical, of the names of some of the Old Girls, together with items of information about their careers. If the next Sub-editor is supported, this might be extended next time: and a delightful addition would be gossip, either real or imaginary. It may be mentioned (truthfully) that Elsie Brown is President of the Musical Society at Westfield College and Phyllis Attenborough President of the French Society at University College. Florrie Britton is studying German and has travelled in Germany. At the moment I am incapable of inventing an untruth. And now for the world's workers.

Barbara Withycombe runs a poultry farm at Braunton in Devon.

Helen and Winnie Booth do likewise in Suffolk.

Christine Cuthbertson is a Sister in a Surgical Nursing Home: at Norwich.

Frances Lampen has gone to Cambridge.

Dudley Gower is teaching in South Africa.

Marjorie Chappell is in the Foreign Department of the Westminster Bank.

Audrey Rice is in a Bank.

Hettie Wey has taken up massage.

Kathleen Rogers does hair-dressing.

Bella Oliver has almost completed ten years in her first post at Whitehall Court.

Madge Hunt is also at Whitehall Court.

Kathleen Hilken is teaching in Canada.

Gertrude Cordell is at the Labour Exchange.

Gwen Miles is studying Journalism at University and King's College.

Delia Gower is a nurse under the L.C.C.

Kathleen Goodwin holds a responsible position at the University of Reading.

Miss Galt is in Formosa, China, still, and due for leave next year.

Daisy Foxon is home on leave from her work as a nurse in South Africa.

Mrs. Norrish (Emma Adams) is now a member of the Walthamstow Council.

Gladys Lucas teaches at the American Mission School in Constantinople.

Marjorie Wise is at an experimental school, Dartington Hall, Totnes, Devon. It has 1,000 acres of ground.

The Legal and General Insurance Company accounts for many of our girls:-Isabel Ringer, Ivy Brewster, Muriel Hunt, Emma Knowles, Lily Treweek, Joan Sweeting, Margery Sheppard, Alice Hiner and Queenie Sizer.

## Births.

BROWNE.-On March 22nd, to Mr. and Mrs. B. Browne (Lily Stammers), a son, Philip Benjamin.

FOXON.-On August 17th, to Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Foxon (Kathleen Perry), a son, James Elliott.

GREENE.-On October 25th, to Mr. and Mrs. B. Greene (Leslie Campbell), a daughter, Anne.

RAYNER.-On August 5th, to Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Rayner (Kathleen Dunford), a daughter, Margaret Kathleen.

## Marriages.

HILDA ALLEN to HAROLD CUBITT, on June 25th.

KATHERINE ATKINSON to GEORGE FROST, on May 22nd.

Miss BECKETT to JAMES BUDGEN, on September 10th.

EDITH RANDOLPH to JAMES W. MAYHEW, on June 11th.

MARIE RIDD to LEONARD ELPHICK, on June 4th.

## Deaths.

WE regret to have to record the death of FLORENCE JEX, on October 4<sup>th</sup>, of blood-poisoning.

Miss Percy, who taught here for two years, died of collapse following an operation on August 24<sup>th</sup>. She suffered greatly for many years and yet supported herself and others with her wonderful strength of spirit.

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



n  
d  
e  
v  
e  
r  
y  
g  
o  
o  
d  
w  
i  
s  
h  
f  
o  
r  
a  
m  
o  
s  
t  
s  
u  
c  
c  
e  
s  
s  
f  
u  
l  
a  
n  
d  
h  
a  
p  
p  
y  
N  
e  
w  
Y  
e  
a  
r  
.  
T  
o  
a  
l  
l  
h  
e  
r  
r  
e  
a  
d  
e  
r  
s  
I  
R  
I  
S  
s  
e  
n  
d  
s  
c  
h  
e  
e  
r

r  
s  
f  
r  
o  
m  
t  
h  
e  
p  
r  
e  
s  
e  
n  
t  
S  
c  
h  
o  
o  
l  
t  
h  
e  
m  
o  
s  
t  
e  
n  
e  
r  
g  
e  
t  
i  
c  
f  
o  
r  
m  
s  
h  
a  
v  
e  
b  
e  
e  
n  
V  
I  
,  
V  
A  
.  
;  
L  
.  
I  
I  
I  
E  
.  
a  
n  
d  
w  
.  
,  
a  
n  
d  
I  
I  
.  
w  
i

d  
t  
h  
e  
f  
o  
r  
m  
e  
r  
h  
e  
r  
e  
b  
y  
t  
h  
a  
n  
k  
s  
h  
e  
r  
c  
o  
-  
e  
d  
i  
t  
o  
r  
f  
o  
r  
a  
v  
e  
r  
y  
t  
i  
m  
e  
l  
y  
a  
i  
d  
,  
a  
s  
w  
e  
l  
l  
a  
s  
a  
l  
l  
t  
h  
o  
s  
e  
w  
h  
o  
h  
a  
v  
e  
b  
e  
e  
n

n  
t  
s  
e  
c  
r  
e  
t  
a  
r  
y  
)  
,  
M  
a  
r  
y  
R  
a  
b  
s  
o  
n  
,  
E  
d  
n  
a  
M  
a  
r  
t  
i  
n  
a  
n  
d  
D  
o  
r  
i  
s  
L  
i  
n  
g  
.  
s  
a  
m  
o  
m  
e  
n  
t  
w  
h  
e  
n  
i  
t  
s  
e  
e  
m  
e  
d  
a  
s  
i  
f  
I  
R  
I  
S  
o  
n  
h  
e

n  
t  
i  
n  
c  
o  
n  
n  
e  
c  
t  
i  
o  
n  
w  
i  
t  
h  
t  
h  
e  
O  
.G  
.e  
d  
i  
t  
o  
r  
s  
h  
i  
p  
.A  
s  
i  
t  
i  
s  
,  
t  
h  
i  
s

g  
e  
s  
h  
e  
r  
i  
n  
d  
e  
b  
t  
e  
d  
n  
e  
s  
s  
e  
l  
s  
e  
w  
h  
e  
r  
e  
,  
a  
n  
d  
t  
h  
e  
f  
o  
r  
m  
e  
r  
h  
e  
r  
e  
b  
y  
t  
h  
a  
n  
k  
s  
h  
e  
r  
c  
o  
-  
e  
d  
i  
t  
o  
r  
f  
o  
r  
a  
v  
e  
r  
y  
t  
i  
m  
e  
l  
y  
a

i  
s  
W  
o  
o  
l  
n  
o  
u  
g  
h  
A  
H  
a  
p  
p  
y  
N  
e  
w  
Y  
e  
a  
r  
t  
o  
y  
o  
u  
a  
l  
l  
.

A  
H  
a  
p  
p  
y  
N  
e  
w  
Y  
e  
a  
r  
t  
o  
y  
o  
u  
a  
l  
l  
.

W

E  
a  
r  
a  
l  
l  
l  
o  
o  
k  
i  
n  
g  
f  
o  
r  
w

e  
n  
e  
w  
w  
i  
n  
g  
o  
f  
t  
h  
e  
H  
o  
s  
p  
i  
t  
a  
l  
. T  
h  
e  
F  
o  
u  
r  
H  
u  
n  
d  
r  
e  
d  
d  
o  
n  
o  
t  
e  
x  
p  
e  
c  
t  
t  
o  
s  
e  
e  
m  
u  
c  
h  
o  
r  
b  
e  
s  
e  
e  
n  
,  
b  
u  
t  
t



d  
i  
n  
g  
s  
a  
t  
t  
h  
e  
H  
o  
s  
p  
i  
t  
a  
l  
,  
f  
o  
r  
M  
i  
n  
n  
i  
e  
F  
o  
x  
o  
n  
,  
o  
n  
e  
o  
f  
o  
u  
r  
V  
i  
c  
e  
-  
P  
r  
e  
s  
i  
d  
e  
n  
t  
s  
,  
w  
i  
l  
l  
p  
r  
e  
s  
e  
n  
t  
a  
p  
u  
r  
s  
e  
o  
n  
b  
e

o  
l  
. W  
e  
f  
e  
e  
l  
a  
n  
a  
l  
m  
o  
s  
t  
p  
r  
o  
p  
r  
i  
e  
t  
a  
r  
y  
i  
n  
t  
e  
r  
e  
s  
t  
a  
n  
d  
a  
m  
a  
t  
e  
r  
n  
a  
l  
p  
r  
i  
d  
e  
i  
n  
t  
h  
e  
s  
e  
p  
u  
r  
s  
e  
s  
,  
a  
s  
t  
h  
e  
y  
w  
e  
r  
e  
a  
l

e  
w  
e  
l  
l  
f  
i  
l  
l  
e  
d  
,  
f  
o  
r  
w  
e  
a  
l  
l  
k  
n  
o  
w  
t  
h  
a  
t  
t  
h  
e  
H  
o  
s  
p  
i  
t  
a  
l  
i  
s  
i  
n  
u  
r  
g  
e  
n  
t  
n  
e  
e  
d  
o  
f  
f  
u  
n  
d  
s  
. W  
h  
o  
r  
e  
m  
e  
m  
b  
e  
r  
s  
*B  
i  
s  
d  
a  
t*