

# Iris July 1928

## Walthamstow High School Magazine.

### Foreword.

YEAR by year our garden and theatre are becoming more and more beautiful, thanks to the unremitting labours and generosity of their many kind friends; but much always wants more and the theatre is still rather lacking in colour; more azaleas and rhododendrons will be very gratefully received.

*Tempora mutantur nos et mutamur in illis*, which being interpreted means that Miss Williams left us last term and Miss Murray Jones and Miss Crook are going to leave us in July. Miss Williams, during the eight years she was at Walthamstow, did much to help us in our drill, our dancing and our games, and endeared herself to many by her genial kindness. Miss Murray Jones and Miss Crook, though they have been with us less than three years, have given loyally and generously to the School and will be missed in many spheres and not least in the ranks of the Literary Society, the Magazine Committee and the Musical Society. Miss Williams has transferred herself to Somers' Town, which she finds more accessible than Walthamstow, Miss Murray Jones is joining the staff of the Godolphin and Latymer Girls' School and Miss Crook is leaving us to get married. Whilst we wish them every happiness in the future, we thank them for all they have done for us in the past.

June, 1928.

M. NORRIS.

### To the School.

*Ave atque vale!* IRIS the sixteenth and the School Editor give you their several greetings. Purple is a colour of ambiguous symbolism, associated both with triumph and with woe. It is possibly a matter for triumph that IRIS has managed to make her claims felt amid the stress of examinations and a hundred other interests. But in the heart of the Editor is mourning, because these few words must be her valediction to the School. It has been a pleasure, not unattended by care, to watch each new IRIS taking shape. To receive future IRISES, shaped under another hand and bearing messages from (as it were) a former life, will, no doubt, be a pleasure of another kind, attended not by care but by happy memories of a certain Four Hundred, among whom were always some, and those not a few, who stood loyally by the Magazine, and saw that its Editor got what she needed.

To these and the School as a whole, greetings and farewell!

### Old Girls' Editorial.

IT is very much to be doubted whether our schooldays-ecstatic as they are-are after all that mythical "happiest time of our life." There is, in friendship between members of a community, only one joy rarer than meeting many friends in a familiar place, and that is meeting one old friend in a new place. As Old Girls, we are continually discovering these and other delights that we were all unconsciously laying up for ourselves in our haphazard schooldays. Of course an editorial has no business to play the heavy moralist in this fashion. But all this is really an appeal. IRIS is undoubtedly an assured meeting-place for many of us who have been scattered too far apart to meet elsewhere. But at present she provokes in us more resource than competition. A frantic beating up of contributors a week before going to press proves again the resourcefulness and loyalty of our supporters in a crisis. But that is not enough. IRIS should receive news from everywhere, and more contributions than we can print, not just sufficient to fill, with a little "puff," our meagre ten pages. Please respond to this.

In our last issue we printed a column of most interesting

information about the present occupations of Old Girls, and in order that we may continue this we should be glad to receive from every Old Girl some account of the work she is doing at present and of any changes that she may make. [Write to the Secretary, Dora Higham, Dunkeld, Church Hill, E. 17.]

Everyone will be interested to read Miss Hewett's account of her experiences at Leeds Modern School, where she is acting as Headmistress this term. We are most fortunate in publishing this. In response to an appeal, Miss Hewett wrote immediately from the midst of those crowded minutes of a school-day in which so many of us gasp and wriggle for breath and time to "do other things." Perhaps maturity will bring to us something of Miss Hewett's power to create leisure where there seems only a chaos of duties.

Doris Hitchman has retired from her long service as Secretary to the O.G.A.; the Association, as a token of appreciation of her very capable management of its affairs, presented her with a handbag. Dora Higham was then elected Secretary, and we wish her a happy term of office.

At this season, our wish for all, though dubious, is for sunny holidays. Who knows but, sheltering by chance in the same barn or cave, Old Girls may meet? Let no one fail to see in such a chance, a divine intimation to produce a joint or corporate contribution to IRIS; and while the rain patters on the roof of the barn, or is driven with the salt spray into the cold interior of the cave, sit down and together write to IRIS.

Please note:

All Old Girls are warmly invited to enrol themselves in the ranks of the O.G.A. This may be done by sending 3s. to D. Higham, Dunkeld, Church Hill. Membership entitles all O.Gs. to invitations to at least three socials per annum; also to two issues of the Magazine.

This year's subscriptions were due last January.

### School Chronicle.

THE months since Christmas have been busy ones for the School, and so crowded with events that the Chronicle must adopt the tersest style in recording them.

Apart from meetings, concerts, and expeditions referred to in the Society, Notices, there was the party organised at the U.G.S. Settlement on January 21st, when members of Forms VI., VA. and VB., gave a performance of the central scenes from "A Kiss for Cinderella." This was so much appreciated by its audience of Settlement children—who were further regaled with a hearty tea and satisfied by a distribution of gifts provided by the Four Hundred—that it was repeated for the pleasure of the Four Hundred themselves, and the further benefit of the U.G.S. (£3 18s. being collected) in the Hall on the 24th. All the performers entered into the spirit of the thing so well that we need not distinguish individual actors.

The Drill Competition came just before the half-term holiday, and made February 21st a day of intense excitement and concentrated effort on the part of all forms to put forth their best. The standard of work was high in practically every case and forms ran each other very close for the trophies. L.IIIw. achieved only one mark less than L.IIIe., the winner in the Lower School; L.IVA. and L.IVB. tied in the Middle School; and U.IVA. was only just outdone by Vx. in the Upper School. Miss Huxham and Miss Hodgson very kindly undertook the task of judging.

Next came the Preliminaries and (after an interval of three weeks for examinations) the finals of the Dramatic Competition, in which Forms VI. and U.VIA. carried off the trophies. Particulars of the performances are given in the Literary Society Notices. That brought us to the end of term.

During the holidays various parties were formed, with dual-but not by any means conflicting-aims of pleasure and profit, enjoyment and learning. Miss Adam had a small group at her cottage in the Buckland Valley to study one kind of "earth-lore"; Miss Dennithorne a larger group at Shanklin to study another; and Miss Goldwin a very select group at Paris. Enthusiastic accounts have been received of all these happy parties.

The Summer Term was supposed to be devoted to work; but the purpose of education is fulfilled in many ways besides classroom activities. The Musical Society gave the term a pleasant start with the very enjoyable recital by Miss Green and Mr. Thomas, who won all hearts not only by their musical gifts! Then on May 5th a party of some seventy odd went to see "Hamlet" at the "Old Vic," and came back convinced (if they hadn't known it before) that there is something in Shakespeare after all.

On Empire Day Mr. Goodall gave a thoughtful and beautifully expressed address to the School on the love of country, which in its sincerest form is based upon natural affection for places and beautiful scenes living in our memories, and on a recognition of the nobler traditions of the nation.

Each week there have been expeditions or rambles organised and conducted by Miss Dennithorne, and most enthusiastically voted the best way of learning by the parties concerned.

By the time this appears other events (waiting record) will have come to pass, which at the time of writing are but "dates" (as the Americans say): Sports, Hospital Entertainments, Swimming Sports, Hospital Fête, Dancing Competition and several Form Parties. May they all be attended with joy and success.

One thing more remains; and that is to wish happiness and success to all the girls who are leaving us this term. Among them is Mary Rabson, who for two years as Head Girl has so ably and loyally led the van of the Four Hundred. To her we offer our thanks for all her services rendered to the School, and our congratulations on the award of the Mallinson Scholarship of £40 a year for three years, and other grants, which will enable her to enter upon her University career at Oxford. We also congratulate Muriel Williams and Margaret Harris, who have been awarded small monetary grants, and who proceed next term to University College, London, and University College, Southampton. Mary and Muriel are also the lucky recipients of County Major Scholarships of £40 a year for three years.

To these and all the rest happiness and prosperity!

We have received notes from a number of Forms who wish to give you their opinions of themselves. A few extracts only can be printed.

#### FORM VI.

In quantity but few we be,  
In quality-but no!  
Our modesty forbids that we  
Should praise ourselves, and so-  
We'll only say  
That every day  
We better grow.

In games and drill we cannot claim  
The victors aye to be  
We do our best but all the same  
(It greatly grieveth me)  
We seldom win  
But still we grin  
Full cheerfully.

But think not, readers, that we're mugs  
Because we sometimes fail,  
We've won the Acting and the U.G.S.  
And bulb comps-and we hail  
Thee, Tiddler true  
And give praise to  
Thy ashes pale.

Be with us, Tiddler, help unseen  
When we our skill essay  
In tennis, swimming, sports and even  
In sewing: thee we pray  
That the Sixth Form's name  
And the Sixth Form's fame  
May flourish for aye.

#### P. W.

(The mystery of the Tiddler is a jealously guarded form-secret, dating back to (almost) prehistoric times. Hurry up and matriculate, and then you will be initiated with solemn rites).

VA. has been deep in work; and so has VB., which sends us an account of its state of mind.

#### VB.

"With flurried pen we write these words, in haste to return to our work. It is all we can think of these days-recompense, perhaps, for the days when we thought of everything except it. There will soon

be thirteen little grey shadows floating round the school. 'Piteous they look on dead and senseless things.' There! that's Keats again. Sleeping and waking he haunts us all. Even at Shanklin he loomed up before us with a malicious leer. Perched high on the cliff overlooking the sea was a smooth green lawn. We admired it profusely until we saw its label: 'Keats Green'- 'A thing of beauty is a joy for ever' (*Endymion*). From hence onwards every time we passed the green a horrid thought jabbed us viciously. But still it has its use. We shall never forget that the quotation comes from *Endymion*. Likewise when seated in the Botany examination room, turning our pens into mere splinters and frowning our hitherto childish smooth brows, memories will awaken, bringing with them-at least so we hope-some recollection of Botany. It may be of crawling on all fours up steep slopes to look for rare specimens of the Something-or-other-aeae; it may be of dabbling our hands in running water, catching eels instead of waterplants; it may even be-for hath not music charms?-some sweet and tender memory of twenty-nine girls seated wonderingly on the floor while in the air resound the delicate notes which Miss Dennithorne abstracted from the piano. Whatever it is, it will cause inspiration to enlighten our blank faces, and grasping the remains of the pen we eagerly write: 'Square stems and opposite leaves-Labiatae.'

And our French? The worst half of that is over now. With what we hope were bright and intellectual smiles on our faces we bravely entered the Sixth Form room and, seating ourselves, proceeded to say with great expression "Oh, oui" or "Mais non" to every question. We only hope we said them in the right places, or it might be rather awkward.

And so we await the result.

#### D.C., J.H.

Vx. is conscious of its individuality and claims excellence in needlework, art, cooking and a vague *et cetera!* At any rate it *did* win the drill shield.

U.IVA. claims to be the noisiest form; but we doubt if its claim can really be made good against so many competitors.

U.IVB. makes no claim of any kind.

L.IV A. has done so well in the carrying off of trophies that its record deserves to be printed.

#### L.IVA.

We have been very successful (lucky?) this year. We hold:

(1) The Middle School Netball Trophy; (2) The Middle School Needlework Competition Trophy; (3) First prize in the Form Room Competition; (4) Second prize in the Bulb Competition; (5) Half-share (with L.IV.B) in the Middle School Drill Trophy.

By the time the magazine is published, we hope to have won in the Dancing Competition and the Tennis Tournament.

"Pride comes before a fall!" *but*

"Hitch your wagon to a star...."

#### J. H., M. H.

Form II. also sends pleasant notes, and we should like here to offer it our congratulations as one of the promptest and most enthusiastic supporters of the Magazine.

#### From the Girls' Modern School, Leeds.

SOME of you may not have heard of my present occupation, and will be surprised to see my new address and to know that I am again in charge of a School.

Someone of experience (and you will agree that I possess that qualification) was needed here to fill a gap of a term between the resignation of one Headmistress and the appointment of another and I was asked to help.

This School is in some respects a great contrast to the Walthamstow High School, for it is situated in the middle of the large and rather grimy town, with an asphalt playground only large enough to take two Netball courts, and a very small field, about a mile away, for occasional games of tennis and rounders. There are about three hundred and seventy girls; the building is not a new one and though well-equipped with gymnasium, laboratories, art room, cookery and needlework rooms is not very cheerful or beautiful;

across the road there are three houses in which the small children of four to ten years live, and also the three Sixth Forms-Lower, Higher and Commercial-thirty-seven girls in all. The fact that they are not in the main building means that they take less part in the general School-life than the Sixths I have known. We have the House system, black marks for breaches of rules, and other plans to which I am not accustomed. In spite of these differences there is much that is pleasantly familiar, especially the friendliness of the mistresses and girls, who have all received me with great kindness and are ready to help in every way. Sometimes I find an odd mixture of the unfamiliar and the familiar, as when a girl, of whose name I am not sure, comes in and says, "I am Kathleen -, may I talk to you about my future?"

Am I enjoying it? Frankly, the restraint of bells and fixed hours is irksome after my freedom, and I sometimes think of my flat with a sigh, but I *am* enjoying the feeling that I can come down from the shelf without being very dusty; as you know, I do like girls-in Yorkshire as well as in Walthamstow-and it is delightful to be in the midst of them again, and to talk to them about my favourite Old Testament heroes.

In September I shall be back in London and shall look forward to seeing some of you at the Autumn Meeting of the O.G.A.

**B. HEWETT.**

### Dreams.

I DREAMED of the morning breeze  
Which blew cool on my brow,  
Of the birds which sing in the trees  
In the long grey shades of the Dawn.  
And Aurora passed by me on wings of mist  
And high in the green hills she stooped and kiss'd  
The flowers, in the dew-spangled morn.

I dreamed of the noontide heat,  
And the height of the sun  
As he rose in the heavens to greet  
The azure blue arch of the sky.  
And Phoebus passed by me in shimmering gold,  
And down by the creeks that the rivers unfold,  
Left the Lotus in languor to lie.

I dreamed, when the twilight's dusk  
Lay like balm on my heart;  
And sweet scents of Lily and Musk  
Rose pervaded the shadows of eve,  
And someone passed by me with stifled moan,  
And Phoebus stepped down from his roseate throne,  
And alone did Penelope weave.

I dreamed of the starry night  
That succeeded bright day,  
Of the nymphs which dance in delight  
By the light of the silver moon.  
And Diana passed by me with fleet-foot hound,  
And the hills and valley re-echoed the sound  
Of Pan piping by the Lagoon.

**B. NETTLESHIP (VA.).**

THE following poem was offered to the Sixth and Fifth Forms for translation. We print below it a version the merits of which should inspire others to make attempts in a similar kind.

"Closerie."

LES feuilles s'ennuient  
Le long de la vanne et de la haie;  
La légère pluie  
Frôle la forêt.

Le ciel gris somnole sur le clos,

L'espalier vert se réfléchit dans l'eau,  
L'orage est calme et les gouttes s'alternent  
De la plus haute feuille à celle de dessous,  
De celle-là aux autres jusqu'à l'herbe,  
Avec un bruit doux.

Sept heures. Un peu d'or s'attarde à l'horizon,  
Tout se défait dans la brume de la saison,  
L'heure alentie écoute les fontaines,  
Le jardin roux s'apprête a sommeiller,  
Une lueur s'avive à la fenêtre, .....  
La nuit de Dieu va doucement régner.

(CAMILLE MAUCLAIR)

### The Secluded Garden.

TREES that sway by the water's brink,  
And lend to hedgerows their tall majesty,  
Do down their leafy pennons sink  
And droop so wearily.  
The lazy sky of sombre grey  
Hangs heavy o'er the hallow'd bower;  
The clamorous storm has died away,  
The woods are kissed by a shower.

The fruit tree spreads her trellised form  
And lends her image to the stream,  
The rain drops, scatter'd by the storm,  
Among the grasses gleam.  
The air is still, there breathes no sound,  
No stir among the woodland trees,  
Naught but the crystals, to the ground  
Soft-pattering through the netted leaves.

A mist hangs low 'twixt earth and heav'n,  
A golden glory lingers in the west;  
The chimes soft peal the hour of seven,  
The garden lies at rest.  
Time hovers on her airy flight,  
And hearkens to the fountain's fall,  
The dreaming world awaits the night,  
The Peace of God envelops all.

**D. LING (VI)**

### The Tune.

I HEARD a tune  
Falling, falling  
Like showers of stars  
In the dawn of the morning.

It rose again  
On the cooling air  
Like showers of pearls,  
And vanished there.

**MARJORIE HAYES (L. IVa.)**

**Summer**

Is it not Summer, oh foolish one,  
When aspen leaves turn silver faces to the sun?  
Is it not Summer, when the robin's scarlet throat  
Has faded to a quiet russet, and his voice is still?  
Is it not Summer, when the trees cast long cool shadows  
In the afternoon, and whispering streams flow silently  
Through dim green shades, with here and there, the sudden  
plash  
Of leaping fish, and here and there a mirrored tuft of reeds?

Then be still, oh foolish heart, have done with grieving.  
It is Summer, there is clover in the fields,  
With bees about it, and at twilight,

Velvet moths purr softly at the window pane,  
And wheeling bats shrill faintly,  
Till the watching stars bring each his candle to the fragrant  
dark.

**H. HILTON (O.G.)**

### **The Mocking Bird.**

HAVE you seen or have you heard  
Of the magic mocking bird?  
He would sit on yonder tree,  
Laugh, and cock his beak at me,  
Shake his tail of green and blue,  
Spread his wings of peacock hue.  
Here and there, and in and out  
Up and down and round about  
He would flutter like a snatch  
Of colour from a garden patch.  
When I sat and wept alone  
He would sit as though of stone,  
Gaze with mournful eyes at me,  
Droop his feathers dismally.  
But when I was bright and gay,  
Happy as the sun-clad day,  
He would chatter, laugh and sing,  
Look as pleased as anything.  
When they would not let me out,  
He would sit and scowl and pout,  
Though I used to tease and flout him,  
Oh, how hard it is without him.  
Now I am alone indeed,  
Not a friend to suit my need.  
Like a king without a throne,  
Just a captive and alone.  
Once, 'twas when they brought me food,  
They would wonder, marvel, brood,  
How I kept my spirit gay,  
Sitting lonesome all the day.  
Now with joy they see me sad,  
Laugh at me and call me mad,  
Till I almost think so too,  
Nothing else I have to do.  
If only they would let me go  
Out where all the flowers grow,  
And the wind is fresh and free,  
Scented by the lilac tree,  
I would wander far away  
Where the other children play:  
They would tell me if they heard  
Of my magic mocking bird!

**DOROTHY BARBER (O.G.).**

### **Germany.**

THE fairy stories we read as children, fascinating as we found them, were, in a dimly understood way, foreign to us. These woodcutters' huts, in the depths of dark pine forests, and the woodcutters themselves, seemed quite mythical. And yet in Germany the forest is still there; Red Riding Hood's father is there and so are the Christmas trees. We are taken suddenly into the atmosphere of fairy tale. The familiar coloured glass decorations that adorned the "little Fir Tree" are there too. At Lauscha, a small town in a mountain valley, we seem to have stepped back into the fifteenth century. Here are no modern industrial methods. The people work in their own homes and a journeyman comes to collect their work for the market. An old woman is there, in a clean, bare kitchen with her son and daughter; he blowing the glass while the two women decorate and finish. Twelve hours a day they work and the three together just earn enough to live on. Most of their work is shipped to the States—perhaps those very decorations, made under the old domestic system and drying on the kitchen shelves, will adorn a giant illuminated tree set up at the main cross-roads of a great modern Colorado city, where it is the custom on Christmas Eve to give presents to the children.

In Germany, as here, every village has its War Memorial,

pathetically surrounded by the familiar jam-pot and small offerings of flowers. We feel ashamed that we should have been the cause of this grief and our German companions feel equally apologetic towards us. It seems so stupid. In the morning crowded trains take German workers into the cities; when the mist rises on the hills the labourers can be seen ploughing and harvesting; when the school bell rings the children hurry off with their little sponges tied to their satchels. These are the German people, with thoughts similar to those of all other workers. There is community of interest in every way; they work, they make music and dance, cry and laugh: only expression by speech is different.

Queen Victoria would feel more at home in a remote village in the Black Forest than her ancestor George I. did when he came to England, for on Sundays the women wear the upholstered dresses and plate-like hats of our grandmothers' youth, while the little girls are replicas in miniature of their elders. The boys and girls of the German Youth Movement strike a curious contrast. They spend all their holidays tramping in small groups, often, in the summer, accompanied by members of the British Federation of Youth. These few weeks pass like the wind and are extraordinarily stimulating. After an early breakfast, and laden with ruck-sacks and a day's provisions, we set out for our next sleeping place. All the morning we walk along narrow paths, over hills and across streams, never touching on a main road. At mid-day we cook our meal in a big pot on a fire, and then come two or three hours of keen pleasure, bathing in a stream, reading plays, dancing, singing folksongs to the lute and violin, or discussing things that interest and concern us during the other eleven months of the year. Some of the Germans are still students and they tell us how they go from one university to another, year by year, thus coming into contact with many professors and many philosophies.

As the day becomes cooler we continue our walk, often for the last few miles, a tired party wending its way silently through lengthening shadows. When we arrive at the "Jungenherberge," after perhaps a walk of twenty-five miles, we have our supper and are so revived by this that the fatigue of the "last mile" vanishes and we readily undertake to walk three miles through a long village, wedged in a narrow valley, to a fair. And such a fair! Everything is sold there, from hot sausages fried on a gridiron to agricultural machinery. There are hundreds of flare lights and seething crowds of people. We go back by the one narrow cobbled street, feeling that all the energy in the world is concentrated within us.

"All this is ended." We come back to Ostend through the Rhine Valley—through another fairyland; not Red Riding Hood's country, but a land of castles, where monsters abounded and beautiful women were rescued by brave knights. As the sun sets on the river it is exquisitely beautiful and it is not until darkness falls that we remember it again as a river bordered by rich mountains, one that has been coveted by all nations and been the cause of infinite bloodshed. But over the river there is a castle with lights still twinkling in it. No longer are its inhabitants afraid of an attack from a neighbouring castle. No armaments are in the houses and hotels bordering the river, but the people are not afraid because these things have passed.

**F.E. BRITTON (O.G.)**

### **Cupid's Fountain.**

THERE stands a huge white fountain  
In a shrubbery I know,

Where in the summer evenings  
I am wont to go.

There, in the silver moonlight,  
Many a fantasy

Frames itself round Cupid  
(The fountain effigy),

And as one picture fades away  
I see my statue move,

And Cupid drops his bow and shaft  
And dances in the grove.

The silver shower of water  
Rises higher in the air,

While the moonbeam plays about it,  
(There's not anything more fair)

And changes it to showers of pearls  
That fall on Cupid's hair,

And rest amongst his golden curls,

And pause to glisten there.

Then sighing in the bushes  
The zephyrs sing so low  
Amongst the lilac bushes  
That round the fountain grow.

They crept out from their places  
Where they hide away from light  
And danced away with Cupid  
Midst the fountain spray so bright.

Then, large clouds began to gather,  
And the moon was lost to sight,  
And all my lovely fantasy  
Vanished into the night.

And all is dark and still now,  
Cupid standeth as of yore,

And I've never seen him dance again,  
Nor never did before.

The only sound I hear now  
Is the sound of the fountain at play,

But not the lovely showers of pearls,  
But just as a fountain spray.

The zephyrs have ceased their singing,  
And hide themselves away;

But I know that I shall see them  
At the close of another day.

When I go out in the moonlight  
By the fountain grove again,

They'll come into my fantasy  
To sing their sweet refrain.

MARJORIE HAYES (*L.IVA.*).

## PARIS.

LAST Easter, Miss Goldwin took a party from the Sixth Form to Paris. Many of you would probably have been surprised had you seen that party standing in Hoe Street at a quarter past eight on one of the coldest, rainiest, wretchedest mornings imaginable, waiting for a 'bus-for it consisted only of Miss Goldwin and her niece and two Sixthformers. However, we two representatives of the Sixth made up in bulk what we lacked in numbers, for we were determined to be warm on the boat if possible, and had piled on as many coats and scarves as we could. But it is my firm belief that twenty coats would not have kept me warm during that crossing, for it was one of the coldest, rainiest,-oh well, I won't say all that again, but my feelings on the subject are very strong. But let us pass on to less painful memories! By the time we arrived in Paris we were very tired and somewhat hungry and it was with great thankfulness that we reached our hotel, had dinner, and went to bed.

I am not going to attempt to recount all we did and describe all we saw during the next ten days; it would take many pages and be thoroughly boring, for it was amazing how much could be done in what sounded a fairly short time-and yet we didn't seem to get very tired. The best way, perhaps, would be to give an account of one of the most enjoyable days, and for this purpose I will choose the Friday after our arrival.

We breakfasted at nine on rolls and butter and coffee-and shortly afterwards, having first bought rolls, cakes and chocolate for lunch, we boarded a tram for Versailles. The ride was very enjoyable and the weather beautiful, as it was indeed, throughout our stay. First we went into the immense palace and walked through magnificent rooms and then out into the gardens with their fine trees and lovely stretches of water. After lunch we visited the two smaller palaces built within the grounds of the larger by certain Kings (I can't remember which, and you probably would not be much wiser if I could. The grounds of the smaller of these palaces, "le Petit Trianon" especially delighted us, for in them Marie Antoinette, tired of court life, had had built a little Swiss village, and in it she used to play at dairy-farming. It was all very pretty and must have been a wonderful toy. Then near by there is a stream seething with enormous carp which raised great wide-open mouths from the water when we threw them bread, and caught it with resounding snaps. Here, too, we picked violets in the wood. Late in the afternoon we left the grounds of Versailles and had tea at one of the gay little tables outside a small cafe. Then we returned by tram to Paris, changed and had dinner,

and went to the Opera. We took a taxi (taxis are very cheap in Paris) and in doing so felt that we were risking our lives, for the Paris taxi-driver seems at first very reckless. Indeed the traffic in Paris was rather alarming altogether. At first we used to wait for a long time on the kerb; then probably a policeman would stroll up, blow a mighty blast on his whistle, hold up his hand in lordly fashion and signify to us in a condescending manner that we might now cross: and we really felt that we had done him a service in giving him an opportunity of exercising his powers: for the plan of holding up traffic for the sake of pedestrians had only just been imported from London, and seemed to afford the policemen much satisfaction; if no policeman was at hand we finally plucked up courage and made a blind dash. After several days, however, we had so far improved that we made it a point of honour never to run even though we forced motorists to pull up. But to return to the Opera. It was Boris Godounov that we went to see and hear, and we were thoroughly thrilled. Music, acting, and staging were equally marvellous-and the fine Opera House with its elegant audience was a worthy setting. After the performance we walked home and went to bed. Probably, though I am not quite sure about this particular night, we talked for a good hour after we were in bed, exchanging stories of school with Phyllis Goldwin.

There were other days equally enjoyable-days when we visited places in Paris-days when we went to St. Cloud-and one day when we went to Fontainebleau and saw the beautiful forest and the palace furnished as it was when occupied by Marie Antoinette, by Napoleon, by the Pope. There were times when we visited the Louvre and wished we could stay longer; times when we went to Notre Dame, the Pantheon, and Napoleon's tomb; times when we shopped; and many times when we climbed flights of stairs-and climbed, and climbed, and climbed.

We were sorry when we had to come home. And yet we felt that we could not possibly go on enjoying ourselves so intensely for very much longer, and that perhaps it was best to come away while the feeling lasted. I, at least, am wondering when I shall be able to go again to Paris and revisit the things I have already seen and see those that we had not time to see. Our best thanks are due to Miss Goldwin, who so kindly arranged the expedition and gave us such a good time.

P.W.

## Shanklin.

THERE were twenty-seven of us altogether when we met Miss Dennithorne at Liverpool Street Station early one Saturday morning in the Easter holidays. We proceeded to Waterloo and from there took a train or rather the train took us to Portsmouth, and then after crossing the "ocean," and another train journey, we arrived at Shanklin. By dint of much questioning we found our boarding house, and great was the excitement when we were shown our bedrooms. Four girls had to overflow into the next door house, but they managed to squeeze in the rest of us.

Space does not permit a minute description of how we spent our week, but suffice it to say that it was the time of our lives. The week was planned for botanical "field work" and hedgerows, field and down land rewarded our efforts, while the woods were at their best with a great variety of spring flowers.

Some days were spent in other pursuits-the cross-country drive to Alum Bay-the coloured sands, and the visit to Carisbrooke on the return journey left impressions that will remain for many a day. We loved the coast between Blackgang and Niton, and the more energetic of the party thoroughly enjoyed the walk from Niton to Ventnor.

The sea was a great attraction, and many hours were spent at games on the sands or scrambles over the rocks, according to the mood of the moment.

The evenings as well as the days fled all too fast, for when we were not singing we debated or talked, and the room was gay with many colours of the raffia we used for the bags and mats which we made for the stall at the hospital. Thus our week was soon over and the following Saturday saw us home once again with the memory of one of the jolliest weeks we had ever had. Our very sincere and heartiest thanks are due to Miss Dennithorne, who gave up her time to arranging and carrying through the expedition so successfully.

GLADYS PEPPIN (VI)

## A Geographical Holiday in the Buckland Valley.

DURING the Easter holiday a party from the Fifth and Sixth Forms spent a most pleasant and profitable week, thanks to the kindness of Miss Adam, at her cottage in the Buckland Valley.

The party, five in number, conducted itself, with various changes of train, to Gravesend, where we were met by Miss Adam. Having deposited our luggage in a van, we proceeded to explore the town and incidentally to lose the 'bus-the only one for an hour! In no way dispirited we took the next one, and after a drive of some miles through scenery ranging from that of Suburbia to that of the true countryside, we alighted at the old-world village of Cobham with its unique shop and its ancient church brasses and hostelry closely associated with Dickens.

From Cobham we pursued our way on foot, up hill and down dale, along the Buckland Valley till we reached Little Gables.

The cottage is built on a terrace 400 feet above sea level and overlooking the whole valley. Behind rises a wood of mixed coniferous and deciduous trees, carpeted with primroses and violets, soon to give place to bluebells and purple orchis, and later to foxgloves and honeysuckle.

When refreshed with food and sleep, we rose-a little later than the lark-and set off, equipped with maps, for two walks. The first was wholly successful; our route took us up to the head of the valley, past Dode church, a relic of times preceding the Black Death, when hops and vines clothed the steep slopes. Now the land is devoted to cereals (wheat and barley) and to meadowland.

On the other side of the low range of hills, beyond the scarp slope, lies the wide plain of the Medway valley lined with cement and paper factories and giving glimpses of the towns of Maidstone and Colchester.

The view, one of the finest in Kent, was somewhat obscured owing to the mist that lay thick on the valley sides.

Reflecting on what a good toboggan run the slope would have made last Christmas time, we returned to the little white-washed cottage with its low red-tiled roof and surrounded by its border of primroses, tulips and daffodils.

In the next walk we lost ourselves hopelessly for a time, but had not learnt geography for nothing; so that at last we found the right way and returned triumphantly, lingering occasionally to produce pleasant noises in an effort to make polite colonisation with three baby calves and two cart horses.

The next day we made contour maps with only partial success, for chilly hands necessitated an early return to the ingle nook. In the afternoon a section of the party walked over the scarp to the little village of Halling and viewed the Medway at close quarters, observing the gaps cut in the Downs and the terrace where some years ago the skeleton of an early ancestor had been discovered. This is now in the British Museum and is known as the "Halling Man."

As the next day was Sunday we repaired to Luddesdown Church, a tiny edifice resting amid groups of chestnut trees, which was lit by oil lamps and decorated with spring flowers.

On Monday snow fell, so amusement had to be sought in reading and driving maps till evening came, when travel tales ousted the books and plans.

Tuesday was the day of departure; therefore on that morning one might have seen five girls busily cleaning shoes and then sallying forth with baskets to seek the elusive primrose. The exodus began in a rush, for the van had arrived and the party, just returned from its expedition, was bundled in with shoes muddy and hats askew.

Alas! we did not want to leave and with sorrow in our hearts we thanked Miss Adam for a very enjoyable holiday and asked her to say goodbye for us to John William- the favourite fireside stool-and the household gods whose adieus had been omitted in the last fearful charge down the steep anticlimb of cretaceous rock which outcrops along the narrow valley of Great Buckland.

MARGARET HARRIS (VI)

### A Windy Day.

YESTERDAY it rained and rained,  
The wind it blew as well.

It turned my umbrella inside out,  
And blew the ladies' frocks about.  
A gentleman on top of the bus  
Lost his hat and made a fuss.

The rain it raineth all the day,  
It dripped off the roof and trickled away.  
The rain was heard in the puddles splashing,  
The ladies could not do their washing.  
The sun has come, the wind runs a way,  
"Good-bye" says the rain, "I'll come back some day."

J. RABSON (Form I)

### AFFLICTIONS.

O MOULDERING hyacinths, pink and blue in pots,  
O cupboard, gushing paper "neat" and "rough,"  
O notice-board, upon whose field of vert  
The doughty Gallic motto sits emblazoned  
Be memory's aid, the while  
I undertake to write a little verse  
'Plaining of thee, O Walthamstovian shade.

Blackboards and falling books and creaking chairs,  
But chiefly blackboards-for you I have no love.  
For on your surface grey and rough  
Pale ghosts of tests and lessons lurk  
Unlayable; and those who shirk  
The mighty task of homework due  
Find on you oft a warning grim  
Of fierce and stern detention.  
Yours is the kindlier presence  
O table, whose drawers twain conceal  
A generous store of nibs and drawing-pins.  
(And yet alas! a mine of wrath  
The nib untimely asked for!)  
And shall I speak of desks?  
The tidy desk, wherein the books are ranged  
Too rare, alas, is found its presence here.  
Oftener the cry, "I cannot find my book  
Amid the chaos and the throng."  
Inkwells, the murky cause of "Ink-spot time,"  
Doors that burst open and reveal-the wind,  
The Banshee howl along the western side,  
Chalk at whose shriek we quiver and protest,  
And worse than this-the melancholy bowl  
Filled high with foam of useless chalk-stumps,  
Partition-rooms with echoing voice and song,  
Tinbox's contents crashing to the floor-  
All these, and more, I love not.  
But O! the comfort of a page of block  
Unsullied, blank, and promising!

F.P.

### PEDLAR O' DREAMS.

*1st Pedlar.*

I am a pedlar of all dreams,  
Of Kings and Queens, and Princes too,  
In blues and whites and reds and creams  
I have the dreams for all of you.

*2nd Pedlar.*

I am a pedlar tall.  
*All.*  
We are pedlars all.

*3rd Pedlar.*

I am not handsome, am not good,  
Yet please to buy my fairy ware.  
I know some would, but if they could,  
Oh buy my goods so very rare.

*1st Pedlar.*

I am a Pedlar tall.

*All.*

We are pedlars all.

*2nd Pedlar.*

To you, O Lady very fair,

And you, oh beggar dressed in rags,

'Tis with delight I sell my ware,

And you, hunters, who hunt the stags.

*3rd Pedlar.*

I am a pedlar small.

*All.*

We are pedlars all.

**VERA DENNIS (L.IIIE.)**

### Concerning Contributions.

AMONG a mass of matter good, bad and indifferent, offered for publication, there are a few articles which we have regretfully to omit through lack of space. Of these we acknowledge with appreciation Mary Rabson's account of her visit to a French School and Muriel Williams's of her holiday in Germany, Queenie Blench's thoughtful and well-written essay on "What I think of Things in General," Betty Nettleship's "Improbable School Story," and Mollie Rooney's effort in a similar *genre*. Phyllis Hunt, Marjorie Johnson, Olga Curtis, Mary French, Madge Morgan and Leonorah Palmer, deserve acknowledgment; and several writers in Forms L. IIIE. and W. and II. have made good attempts. Very special mention must be made of J. Reynolds's (II.) play, "Persephone," which we have read with great interest and enjoyment.

### Society's Notes.

**LITERARY SOCIETY NOTES.**- IN the Spring Term the energies of the Literary Society were confined solely to the Acting Competition. This time the competitors were not restricted to Shakespearian plays, though when they began to choose their scenes they found it so much easier to detach parts which were complete and interesting in themselves from Shakespeare than from other writers that only one form ventured to depart from the old custom. This was L. IV A., which presented one of the "Little Plays of St. Francis," but unfortunately, rather on account of the dramatic limitations of their play than from weakness of production, they did not pass into the Finals. The rejection of L. IVB.'s scene from "Macbeth" and VB.'s from "King Lear" in the Semi-Finals was due largely to the fact that the scenes chosen were (very understandably) beyond the powers of the performers. Miss Shadwell and Miss Gowan kindly came to judge the Finals. Unfortunately the interval of three weeks -an interval strenuously filled by work for the examinations-between the semi-finals and the finals brought about some diminution of vitality, noticeable in nearly every scene. The Sixth Form maintained their standard the best, and took the senior prize for three scenes from "Richard III.," but V. A. lost some of the *verve* with which they had previously presented their "Pyramus and Thisbe" scene from "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

Upper I VA. and Upper IV B. both gave good performances of scenes from "Macbeth" and "A Merchant of Venice" respectively, Upper IVA. taking the junior prize. The choice of scenes becomes increasingly difficult each year, and the tax upon the ingenuity and powers of stage managers and actors much more severe. This will perhaps explain why Miss Gowan, in her carefully thought-out and most helpful criticism, had to charge us with being rather over-ambitious. Whatever the defects of our performances, we have certainly never had a better critic; and we extend our sincere thanks both to Miss Gowan and Miss Shadwell and hope they will come again to see how we have improved under their advice.

This term three meetings were arranged. Of these, one, a visit to the Old Vic to see "Hamlet," has already taken place, and was much enjoyed by the seventy-odd members who attended: one, a visit to the British Museum, has had to be postponed; and one is still to come. It promises to be great fun-a literary tea.

**P. WOOLNOUGH (Secretary).**

### Society Notes.

**SCIENCE SOCIETY NOTES.**-During the last two terms the Science Society has held five meetings; the sixth has not yet taken place. A debate on whether Mars can be inhabited took place during February, and interesting papers were read by W. Abery, M. Purcell, M. Maisey and J. Huskisson. Both the outdoor meetings of the Spring Term were well attended. A number of members who would have liked to visit the liner "Antonia" had to be disappointed since the numbers were limited to forty. The lucky ones enjoyed this expedition tremendously, and looked forward to the time when the visit to a liner need not be so short in duration. In spite of the mud in the Lower Forest the primrosing party (on March 31st) managed to gather many bunches of flowers, and we were favoured with fine weather. The Society made a venture this term in a new direction: a large party found itself at Tadworth on the North Downs. We walked across heathland to Walton-on-the-Hill and thence to Headley, through woods carpeted with bluebells. Unfortunately it rained rather heavily during the afternoon but no one would willingly have missed those bluebells.

The second meeting was a visit to Kew Gardens, which was thoroughly enjoyed by all who went. The Rock Garden was at its best, and the water-lilies were in bloom. We now look forward to a treat of another kind, for thirty of us will visit the Royal Telephone Exchange on Monday, June 18<sup>th</sup>.

**N. J. OYLER (Secretary).**

**MUSICAL SOCIETY NOTES.**-During the two terms which have elapsed since the publication of the last magazine the Musical Society has had four very enjoyable meetings, which have attracted large and enthusiastic audiences.

On the 26th January one of our old girls, Freda Robertson, and her friend, Miss Barbara Drury (soprano) entertained us by a pianoforte and singing recital. Among other things, Miss Drury sang some delightful pieces composed by Miss Robertson herself. All Forms down to the Lower III.'s were strongly represented in the audience.

The second meeting of the Spring Term, held on Thursday, 15th March, was of a unique character. The whole School was represented in a performance of Asiatic music and dancing-, scenes from life in Arabia, India, Burmah, Siam, China and Japan being enacted.

On Thursday, the 3rd May, the first meeting of the Summer Term was held. This was really a concert promised for the previous term but postponed. On this occasion the artists were Miss Dorothy Greene, (pianist), and Mr. Thomas (cellist), Miss Greene's delightful personality and her very helpful explanations of the music greatly enhanced her skilful interpretation of Liszt and Chopin. Mr. Thomas gave us great variety on his instrument, but I think we were captivated most of all by his rendering of "Le Cygne."

**P. DABBS (Secretary).**

**"COME LASSES AND LADS,"** June 14th.

Miss Crook entered on a new venture this term with the Society by producing an Operetta, "Come Lasses and Lads," which proved a great success. The costumes were delightful and the acting of the chorus was spirited yet natural. The solo parts were interpreted in an intelligent way and all the performers had by industrious rehearsals succeeded in producing- a harmonious performance. Thanks to the efforts of Miss Crook, Miss Pollard and Miss Gwen Jones, the School had an exceedingly enjoyable entertainment.

**E. MARTIN**

### Games Notices.

We were exceedingly unfortunate at the beginning of last term in losing three of our first netball team; but in spite of this handicap we were for the most part, successful in our matches. We did not take part in the League matches last season, but we watched the final between Putney and Greycoat, and somewhat regretfully handed over the shield to Greycoat.

After a very exciting match against U. IV A., VA. won the Upper Netball Trophy by seven goals to six. The Middle School Trophy

was won by L. IVA., and the Lower School Trophy by the L. IIIs.

Very little hockey was played until late in the season, owing to the condition of the ground.

Tennis also has suffered from the weather this term, and some matches had to be scratched. As a result of this and of our defeat in the match against Loughton, played on June 8th at Leyton, we were put out of the League for this year. The score was as follows:

1st Couple,	6-5,	6-3	to Loughton
2 <sup>nd</sup> "	6-1,	6-3	to Walthamstow
3 <sup>rd</sup> "	6-0,	6-5	to Loughton

We are looking forward to playing the Monoux School later on in the term.

Cricket is progressing rapidly. Our first match is against Woodford. It is evidently not going to be the last, as we have already received a challenge from the Monoux School. The Sports and Open Day are to be on July 7th.

Results of the Netball matches played last term:

University College	1st Team 13-15	Loss
	2 <sup>nd</sup> " 16-10	Win
West Ham	1 <sup>st</sup> " 18-5	Win
	2 <sup>nd</sup> " 15-3	Win
Parliament Hill	1 <sup>st</sup> " 12-13	Loss
	2 <sup>nd</sup> " 11-4	Win
Chelsea	1 <sup>st</sup> " 11-14	Loss
East London	1 <sup>st</sup> " 12-16	Win
Plaistow Juniors (14-and under)		Win
Woodford	1 <sup>st</sup> " 17-15	Win
	2 <sup>nd</sup> " 24-5	Win
Greycoat	1 <sup>st</sup> " 11-18	Loss
	2 <sup>nd</sup> " 13-13	Draw
	Junior (15 and under) 7-15	Loss
	(14 and under) 11-16	Loss
Leytonstone	1st Team 22-15	Win
	2 <sup>nd</sup> " 12-12	Draw
	Junior (under 15) 14-12	Win
" (under 14)	5-9	Loss

The Swimming Sports will be held again this year on the last but one Monday of term. We heartily congratulate the Monoux School on their success at the Inter-School Sports.

**DOROTHY TAYLOR**, (*Games Captain*).

#### THE GAMES PARTY.

On Tuesday, June 12th, the Staff Games Club very kindly invited the School Netball Teams, the Tennis Team, and the Games Captains and Vice-Captains of each Form in the Upper School to a party. Tea was followed by dancing, during which the Staff prepared for their Greek Tragedy, specially written for the occasion by Miss Forster. The play was a great success, and our very grateful thanks are due to the Staff for their amusing entertainment.

We were all very pleased to meet Mrs. Brabrook and Mrs. Budgeon and other old friends again.

**W. BLACKLEDGE** (*Vice Games Captain*).

#### O.G. Literary Society.

WE still survive, in spite of small numbers. The valiant few, however, who support our meetings have been more than recompensed for we have had delightful gatherings.

Since Christmas, besides enjoying listening to certain noble souls from our own midst, we have had the pleasure of hearing most interesting addresses by Mr. Parsons, Miss Millicent Thomas, and Miss Norris. Only those who were present, will know what those who were not, missed!

After the holidays we shall look forward to welcoming many new members, so keep the second Wednesday in each month free, and join us, full of enthusiasm and ideas. And remember, it will cost you but one shilling and sixpence for a whole year, if only we have sufficient support!

**Q. M. SIZER and M. SHEPPARD** – *Jt. Lit. Secs.*

#### O.G. Gym. Club.

WE flourish, we radiate health, we enjoy ourselves. We are sorry when the warm weather comes and our activities perform must cease till the cold dark season.

The class unaccountably decreased somewhat week by week after Christmas but that did not damp our ardour, and undoubtedly all members will roll up again in September with newcomers who will be very welcome.

(That is on the assumption, be it known unto you, that Rose Harris will still give her much appreciated services-we have not yet asked her!).

**MARGERY SHEPPARD**, *Hon. Sec.*

#### Old Girls' Netball Club.

THE Old Girls' Netball Club still continues on its career.

The 1st Team was not quite so successful as last year for we were beaten in the Semi-Final of the London Old Girls' Netball League by Parliament Hill, after a very hard game. When the game was over the score was 15-15, so we had to play for another five minutes. This resulted in a loss for us the score being 17-16.

The 2nd Team came third in the east section.

We still have very few members (fourteen in all), which means that when substitutes are needed we have to look outside the Club. I understand that some girls anxious to play Netball do not join because they cannot spare every Saturday afternoon. Of course if we mean to do anything in the League we must give up time to it but I should be very glad to have names of those who would like to join as "occasional playing members."

**D. WITCOMBE** (*Capt.*).

#### O.G. News in Brief.

MISS HEWETT is for this term Head Mistress of the Girls' Modern School, Leeds.

MRS. VICTOR SCARLETT (Winnie Rayner) is due to arrive in England on the 6th August, with her daughter Mary, who is two years old.

DORIS HITCHMAN sailed with the University Mission to Central Africa on June 8th.

ROSE HARRIS has recently been appointed Gymnastic Mistress at Clapton Secondary School.

FREDA ROBERTSON is recovering from an operation for appendicitis.

HILDA GRIGGS is Matron of the Bengeo School, which is a boys' preparatory school for Haileybury College.

GERTIE STANSHALL is the Senior Student of Furzedown.

EDNA EAST is the Senior Student of Tottenham.

MRS. C. GRIGGS (Bessie Howlett)-Secretary of O.G.A. for many years-has returned to England and settled at Byways, Bullocks Lane, Hertford.

NORAH BLOFIELD.-The latest news of Norah, now in Auckland, New Zealand, whose adventurous emigration is of interest to so many of us, is of her success, with the pen.

We are pleased and excited to hear of her articles accepted by the New Zealand Press, and not at all surprised, for her letters are vivid and amusing...."When it rains in the tropics the only thing to do is to run for cover and stop there" she wrote from the Pacific. "Pitcairn Island ...a very small island in the middle of the Pacific, is inhabited only by relics of a mutiny ship, crossed with some South Sea Islanders. The natives are Seventh Day Adventists and no one is allowed in the island without special permission. The natives come to the ship in the boats .....a very picturesque crowd."

From New Zealand.-"How many of you have ever seen a real snow-capped extinct volcano? This one rises abruptly out of a perfectly level plain, and is nearly a perfect cone shape. On the way up one goes through lovely native bush. It is quite different from English forests. There are huge pines growing to an immense height, with smaller trees and myriads of ferns beneath, so dense that one could hardly see into it at all. We climbed to the snow-line, but were so fagged that we did not play snowballs (on a ledge a few feet wide!) and the snow is just like frozen water, not the lovely soft kind we



have.

"We had one glimpse of New Zealand at its very best. In the bush there was a lake. The water was perfectly still and every leaf of the trees which grew down to the very edge was reflected in the waters while the snow-white peak, glistening above the trees made the colours seem even more sombre than they really were. New Zealand in the natural state is very wonderful indeed."

Certainly we have her word for it. We wish her all success in the lovely country and will gladly accept from her an article for W.H.S.

### **Births.**

On April 11th, 1928, to GWYNNETH WEBSTER (*née* Jones), a second son, Geoffrey Francon.

On June 8th, to IRENE DEWDNEY (*née* Hitchman), a son, John Christopher.

To ENID OXLEY (*née* Gillard), a son. [Date of birth, please.]

### **Marriages.**

On April 11th, at St. Saviour's, Walthamstow, MURIEL MARY HARCOURT to JOHN WEBSTER. [Three of the bridesmaids were Joan Harcourt, Madge Miles and Phyllis Coper.]

On June 23rd, DOROTHY WARD to FRANK HAYES.

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