

Walthamstow High School Magazine.

Foreword.

ONCE upon a time there lived a lady who kept a chameleon for a pet; every day she put it on a different cushion and every day it changed its colour accordingly: one day she put it on a green cushion and it turned green, the next day she put it on a yellow cushion and it turned yellow. At last she put it on a Scotch plaid and it burst. Now the moral of this story is that, though many-sidedness is an excellent thing in its way, yet it can be overdone: our outside activities are very precious to all of us, but there is no doubt that within recent years, they have become excessive, and the Staff and I have come to the conclusion that it is absolutely necessary for us to lay restraining hands upon their exuberance; amongst many other victims, we have regretfully sacrificed one issue of the magazine; the next number will appear at Christmas, 1930.

Mrs. Norrish, *née* Emma Adams, who only left the ranks of the Four Hundred in 1917, has been elected Chairman of the Walthamstow Education Committee. We congratulate Emma and we also congratulate the School.

A Happy Christmas to you all and the best of good wishes for 1930.

M. NORRIS.

To the School.

H. HILTON for the Old Girls and D. Forster for the Four Hundred wish you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, with the hope that your happiness will last until the next appearance of IRIS, at Christmas, 1930.

You all know by this time that to fall in line with the policy of curtailing activities, we are cutting out the July number. And we assure you that IRIS demands some activity. The usual campaign to secure contributions will be begun early next October, but it would be delightful to receive some articles that come unsolicited any time between now and then.

The School is to be congratulated on the number and neatness of its contributions to this issue. Form II. have been so zealous that one could almost fill the Magazine with their efforts. When they reach the Sixth, we should be rich indeed. Forms L. IVA. and U. IIIW. have also worked well.

The Committee this time consisted of Nancy Blackburn, Edna Martin, Lucy Lovitt and Queenie Blench for the School, and D. Higham, E. Foxon, M. Sheppard and M. Adkins for the O.G.A.

Old Girls' Editorial.

ON another page, it will be seen that IRIS in this number approaches the dignity of a dictionary of biography. Numbers of Old Girls were provided with paper and induced to spend a few moments at the November 26th Social, writing information about themselves. We do not, of course, know how far this new feature will be popular, but we welcome comments. How about a few letters to the Editor?

In any case we are proud to give precedence and a place of honour (feeling that this editorial acquires distinction thereby) to the following lines which came in on one of the papers collected at the social: "Seeing friends and amusing myself generally, with a few committees thrown in for ballast." These were headed by the familiar signature, B. Hewett. Miss Hewett does not need to be told how warmly and sincerely we all hope that she may long continue to enjoy herself along the lines she indicates.

To those who have not already heard, may we break the news that IRIS now appears once a year only. Let it not be thought that this decision is in any way a penalty for lack of support. Any who do think so, must have very guilty consciences. The reason is purely economic. The present school finds it necessary and advisable to

curtail activities and has decided to issue only one IRIS each year. The O.G.A. is neither rich enough, nor sufficiently given to writing, to produce an independent IRIS. Those who regret this change (and strangely enough the present Old Girls' sub-editor, harassed though she be, is one of them) should remember that the tree is lopped that it may flourish and bear more fruit. We feel that it would be unnecessary to explain the subtle hint conveyed in those last three words.

And now-a very Happy Christmas to you all and a year of pleasant endeavours and ambitions realised.

H. HILTON.

School Chronicle, 1929.

AFTER much argument, the already overburdened Sixth Form has allowed itself to be cajoled into producing the Chronicle. We hope that the result will not give the previous compiler of this article any cause to regret that she has not left it in the form of a list of events-its fate last term.

The School has made a new departure this term by holding the Prize-giving in the Greek Theatre, blessed by the presence of the sun, and the Bishop of Chelmsford. In this limited space we can only record those events which impressed themselves most vividly upon our memory, "the altogether elegant performance" of Euripides' "Iphigenia in Tauris," the warning fate of the spider to whom we were introduced by the Bishop, the advice about Kingsley and our maiden aunts, the march of the Four Hundred into the arena, and the rendering of our much rehearsed songs. We congratulate all those who have won prizes and certificates.

On September 28th, the Greek Theatre again lent itself to the spirit of Euripides. "The Trojan Women" was performed by a Company from the Streatham Hill High School, G.P.D.S.T.

Great excitement was felt all through the School at the prospect of the day's holiday, given by the granting of the Charter to Walthamstow, and the witnessing of the procession in which we were represented.

In the afternoon the Monoux, the Commercial and the Technical Schools, as well as the Four Hundred, all managed to foregather at the High School, where we were entertained by conjuring and ventriloquism (while bananas and sweets disappeared with startling rapidity).

A there was no school the following day we had time to meditate upon the serious responsibility of becoming burgesses of the Municipal Borough of Walthamstow. The beakers are yet to come!

On October 22nd, the Inter-Schools' Classical Association met at W.H.S. to see Miss Ruby Ginner and her pupils give a demonstration of classical dancing. Needless to say everybody enjoyed herself greatly; we all thought the performance was wonderful, and hope we shall have the pleasure of seeing her again.

Early in November as dusk fell, the grandchild of the Thermopylae plane tree was planted with anxious care, a few yards from the Greek Theatre. In spite of pessimistic forebodings, it still exists in a flourishing condition. We hope that before many years have passed it will exceed its grandparent in size. We offer our best thanks to Miss Demain Saunders for this original gift and also for all the other beautiful gifts with which she has enriched our garden.

Forty members of the Upper School visited the Houses of Parliament, on a cold, wet Saturday afternoon (very wet!). We were greeted at the door of the House by our two Members of Parliament for Walthamstow, Mr. McEntee and Mr. Wallace. Mr. Wallace accompanied us, and the whole party was conducted over the House by a well-informed policeman. To most of us the chief places of interest were the House of Lords and the House of Commons, the crypt, the library, Guy Fawkes' cellar, and the cupboard that once held as prisoner a famous Dr. Emily Davidson.

Owing to the installation of the wireless, we were able to listen to the Armistice service, broadcast from the Cenotaph on November 11th. By the sale of poppies in the school, over £5 was realised.

Although our library and laboratory have materialised, owing to the absence of furniture we are not yet able to use them. We thank Aglaia Macropoulos for Sir William Bragg's *Concerning the Nature of Things*, and another kind donor for *Come Hither!* by de la Mare, and *Tennyson's Poems*.

We also offer our grateful thanks to Mr. Greenhead for the gift of yet another cup. This cup has become the Senior Art Trophy and was awarded on Sports Day to Form U. IV A.; Form VI. won the Senior Needlework Trophy, and L. IVA. won the Middle School Art and Needlework Trophies; L. IIIw. and Form II. tied for the Lower School Cup.

In place of Miss Taylor and Miss Allan, we welcome Miss Bean and Miss Knowles. Also, we welcome Miss Gilbert.

We congratulate the following girls on success in examinations;
HIGHER SCHOOL CERTIFICATE (Group B) :-Doris Ling, Edna Martin. (Additional Subject, French): Mabel Mecham.

MATRICULATION AND GENERAL SCHOOL CERTIFICATE; Winifred Abery, Nancy Blackburn, Olga Curtis, Grace Flindall, Winifred Greenhead, Jeanne King, Dorothy Lane, Marjorie Lord, Lucy Lovitt, Joyce Mulliner, Ivy Oldfield, Nellie Quinton, Gwen Whitmore.

GENERAL SCHOOL CERTIFICATE:- Isobel Benson, Edith Brabham, Ethel Britton, Hilda Chamberlin, Vera Conway, Maud Crossley, Elsie Dabbs, Marie Danger, Elsa Davey, Gladys Keith, Hilda Langridge, Betty Nettleship, Phyllis Reynolds, Molly Rooney, Dorothy Taylor, Alice Vincent, Rhoda Bourgein, Beryl David, Mabel Hogger, Beatrice Levy, Margaret Robertson, Elsie Russill, Flossie Suckling.

Life Membership of the O.G.A.

MEMBERS of O.G.A may now avail themselves, if they wish, of the Life Membership subscription (£2 10s).

Any Old Girl who has been a member of the Association without a break since the beginning is invited to become a Life Member without further subscription. No one will be enrolled as a Life Member unless she has first notified the Secretary (Dora Higham, 111, Church Hill, E. 17) that she is eligible.

The Sentimental

YES; it is an epidemic. It has grown at an enormous rate since the War, in company with those lesser evils, namely cinemas and speedways. The victims are easily caught; a glance, a smile, and the harm is done-

"As when a trap shuts, you're inside the den!"

Henceforth the world is changed. Life is suddenly filled with endless possibilities. Thrills abound. What bliss to lose grip of work and dream whole days through! They call it Love. Fools!

"That's no love,
For love's a combat in the wilderness."

Love means service; love means self-sacrifice.

"Soldiers," said Garibaldi, "what I have to offer you is fatigue, suffering, danger and death; those who love Freedom and their Country, follow me."

There is no place in life for the sentimental; it is an extra, "and extras have to be paid for." Soon or late, those who counsel –

"Gardez l' illusion, rever, c'est le bonheur,"

pay the price. They learn by bitter experience that the happiness gained is both temporary and superficial.

"They cry to the night that will not give them rest,
'The Rose! The Rose!' but a voice answereth,
'Fools, ye are bleeding where the thorn hath, prest;
There is no rose."

For these there is no rose; they have not sought aright. Their joy turns to ashes, and when realisation dawns, each soul admits the truth

"I, loving freedom and untried,
No sport of every random gust,
Yet being to myself a guide
Too blindly have reposed my trust."

The Silver Lining.

MR BENNETT'S name was Leonard, and Mrs. Bennett's was Sarah, and they called their daughter Lenarah. She was a moody, restless child, with impatient grey eyes and a wilful mouth. She was not popular at school, owing to her uncertain temper and an element of undue criticism in her character, which boded ill for any friendship she might begin. Nor were the mistresses any better disposed towards her. Always in mischief, she lacked the sunny, infectiously happy temperament which is usually present in such cases, and makes up for so much else that is lacking. As her Form Mistress said:

"She is like a cross between the intensely clever and the intensely naughty child. She has the defects of both, and the merits of neither. She is horribly rude, but one might forgive her that if she weren't so dreadfully pertinent and accurate in her criticism. It's all very well to admire her sharpness, but it worries me to see how she is making everyone dislike her."

One winter afternoon, Lenarah was striding defiantly homewards, her lips set in a straight line, her heavy case swinging from side to side. Some of the fierceness which her schoolmates knew had gone from her face, and her sullen expression seemed as though it were there merely because it was habitual. Her eyes showed less scorn-in her pale face they appeared almost mournful.

Her mind went round the track it had worn itself by constant repetition, pursuing wearily the monotonous round of complaint against the world in general, and school in particular.

Her mother opened the door to her, saying, "Lennie, we have a visitor. Your Cousin Anne has come down for a day or two,"

"Oh?" replied Lenarah, uninterested. She was introduced to a tall girl with brown hair and thoughtful eyes.

"How old are you?" she asked.

"Lennie!" murmured her mother.

"Seventeen. You're thirteen, aren't you?"

Lenarah was surprised. She had sprung that question on visitors before, and unless they were younger than herself, they had been disconcerted.

"I'll leave you to entertain Anne, Lennie. I have something to attend to."

"What a lovely name you have, Lenarah!" said Anne, looking at her with interested eyes. Lenarah stared at her, her mouth open slightly, her eyes wide and wondering.

"I think it rather suits you," Anne went on. "Strange-sounding and a little unexpected."

"So that's what you think I'm like?" asked Lenarah huskily. Anne smiled, a little doubtfully, and her eyes were very beautiful. Suddenly Lenarah seemed to loosen all over. Her eyes came unfixed from their stare, her stiff attitude relaxed, and her mouth rounded itself to pour out a torrent of words.

"Strange!" she said. "Yes, strange, that's what I am. Why did they call me something no one had ever heard of? I know that I'm unbalanced, and all that, and that my grandfather was mad, but if I had an ordinary name, I know I could be steadier. Fancy being called Florence, or Joan, or Margaret, or Elizabeth, or-MARY! Always when you were going to do anything silly, or-rotten, you'd think of the great woman after whom you had been named, and how cool and happy you'd feel, and how easy it would be to do the proper thing! Or even if you weren't named after a *real* famous person, you could have a character out of a book to hang on to. You're Anne of Green Gables, and unconsciously you've become like her. I am a mere accident-something strange, something wild, something outside the lovely ordinariness of things. I have no one; nothing to cling to!"

There was a moment's silence, and Lenarah was beginning to feel that her last remark had sounded very theatrical, when Anne spoke eagerly.

"Listen, Lenarah. Don't you see what a marvellous chance you have? Nor had the great Mary (at least, no one human), nor the great Joan, nor Elizabeth. You can be to future Lenarahs, what Dante's Beatrice was to future Beatrices, Joan of Arc to future Joans, or Catherine de Medici to future Catherines!"

"There won't be any future Lenarahs," announced the girl of that name; but she listened none the less eagerly to the rest of Anne's discourse.

"If I have a daughter there will be," was the final reply. "And besides that, though, Lenarah, you have the gift of free-will. As you said, I am rather like Anne Shirley. Don't you think I'd like to be Anne Bennet instead? Don't you think a person called Agnes would like to form her own character instead of conforming to 'the lamb-like martyr-girl' type?"

"You can. You are Lenarah. You can make that name typify what you wish. Do you realise that your characteristics are going to form the meaning of that name? In the future it may mean 'cruelty'; it may mean 'beauty.' It rests with you. Remember before you do anything that it is from you that my child will inherit your lovely name, and your own, your 'character.'"

There was a long pause, and Anne looked straight at Lenarah's face, with its wide, expressive eyes. Then she went on-

"You see, you have nothing to hang on to, but you are going to be the something for someone else to hang on to."

"Yes," said Lenarah quietly, "I'd never thought of it that way."

JOAN HIBBIT (Form Va)

Who Knows-

WHO or which mistress went into the pavilion as herself and came out as the School Netball Captain?
 Brutus received a letter about a red dress?
 Abracadabra?
 A cubic?
 There are many insects in the Equatorial Forest including the hippopotamus?
 That embryo dog-fish?
 Who made its bath?
 Who saw it die?
 How many girls in the School learn Greek?
 That the Commercial Sixth is of Chinese origin?
 Where the Sixth Form ink-pots go?
 What something over nothing is?
 Which girl tickled which mistress?
 Which woman manufacturer consumed large quantities of refined serge?
 Which mistress cannot be seen under the microscope?

The tale about the five-hundred boxes of wives?
 Whose narcissi came out first?
 Whose fire smokes least?
 Where 5,000 families live in one room?
 Who threw her legs round her father's neck?
 Which horse picked the straw out of his false teeth?
 The English test that didn't?
 Which Form sent in all these?

Who Remembers-

THE bulb with roots both ends?
 The magic-un?
 Jane Eyre wrote "The Life of the Bronte Sisters"?
 The ghost in Hamlet with explosive accompaniment?
 The handsome crocodile from the School to the Greek on Prize Day?
 The sunset at the dress-rehearsal of "Iphigenia"?
 The "suspender" list?
 Function x?
 That the feminine of "lion" is "Lyonnesse,"
 Ick-ick, pah-boo!?
 Carrots on the ends of window poles?
 The dark night when the sun was shining fiercely and the red flower pot?
 The sweeping measures of the Martian lover?
 The first team's substitute?
 The girl who rang the bell to call the staff to order?
 When the gramophone record melted?
 "Don't give way to pwide and wath, bwover"?

IN the sentences below are hidden the names of five mistresses.
 (*With apologies*).

1. We went to Ventnor rising early in the morning.
2. Have you seen the Cheetah? All of us have.
3. The boat was of wood, but for stern iron was used.
4. She ate the lollipop entirely.
5. Happiness makes a damsel smile.

Autumn.

WHEN conkers fall from chestnut trees,
 And Jack, the schoolboy, strings them up;
 When leaves are scattered by the breeze,
 And Tom, the sweeper, sweeps them up;
 When netball is the most played game,
 And shouts proclaim the shooters' fame,
 Well played!
 Well shot! well played! a merry call!
 And netball is loved best of all.

When chilly breezes start to blow,
 And folk in furs are keeping warm;
 When ruddy red the fires do glow,
 And frost on windows starts to form;
 When hockey fields are marked for game,
 And shouts proclaim the shooters' fame,

Well played!

Well shot! well played! a merry call !
And Hockey is loved best of all.

Ivy Bollen Form L.IVa

Autumn

WHEN conkers fall from the chestnut trees,
And hips and haws grow ruby red,
And showers of leaves fall with the breeze,
And all the summer flowers are dead;
When East winds drive the clouds along
Then Robin Redbreast sings his song!
Chirree! Cheer up! Chirree! a merry lay,
While twilight falls to end the day.

When the squirrel's granary is full
Of acorns, nuts, and Autumn fruit;
When mists do rise, the hills to dull,
And when the lark and wren are mute;
When russet leaves the ground do throng
Then Robin Redbreast sings his song!
Chirree ! Che",r up! Chirree! a merry Jay,
While twilight falls to end the day.

PHYLLIS K. LOVICK (Form L. IVa.).

Autumn Ships.

JUST as the sun begins to peep,
And little sun-beams start to creep,
To waken those on dreamlands road,
The Autumn ships pack up a load,
Of Butterflies, and late Spring flowers,
Of sharp March winds and April showers.
The Daisy chains hold fast the Ship,
And Fairy Sailors lightly trip
About the deck like swarming bees,
Loosening the Sail for the coming breeze.
When sun-light shines, and moon-light pales,
The blue-bells ring, and off she sails
To other lands across the sea,
And leaves forlorn just you and me.

MOLLY HUNT (*Form U IVb*)

Consolation.

"I SUPPOSE" said, MISS B, pausing in her swift decoration of grocery debits to drop the remark, "Matric. begins soon."

I said "What," and mechanically added branch and department to the credit that was in process of manufacture, before the question penetrated and the answer rose. "What" has in the office a peculiar significance inviting, not reiteration, but silence,

erecting an instantaneous barrier at the entry of the consciousness of the speaker, so that the work in hand can proceed without interruption.

"I'm sure," I replied painstakingly, "it must be quite a week yet before it begins."

Long, lush grass in a blinding afternoon sun: in the distance, a shantung-robed figure, trailing a hose on to dripping-leaved raspberry canes; the School emitting the hum of multiple life, floating dimly across, and myself far away from it in a self-sustained paradise of thought; on my back in deep greenery, the leaves of the tree overhead just within reach of upraised fingers; beside me, its paper cover much the worse for wear, Macaulay's Essay on Addison; before me, distant about a week, "General Schools."

Hectic green walls and humid air, almost visible in blazing afternoon sun. In the near distance, brown-suited, the "boss" in heated argument with Miss H. Beside me, in the realised present that had been future then, Miss B., placid and level-voiced, gliding on with an insistent refusal to encounter anything. Around me, all those many who knew nothing of the queer elation of a "free-week," that had been nearly two years before.

My eye rested on the last product, and the magic retrospect was swept away before a current of realisation: 16/20 Holloway, on the clear space, had been followed by 16/20 Holiday, in answer to the prompting of "Branch" on the fresh rectangular block. I might have drawn a moral, but refrained, and "Cancelled" was inscribed on the offending document.

The magic of the moment died with the moment. This new life was as vital as that old one, and scarcely less beautiful in its personal contacts.

I. F. SEWELL, O.G

Mrs Malaprop at a Hockey Match.

ELEVEN verdant damsels armed with curved cudgels tripped elegantly on to the swarthy moss with eleven other females y-clad in blue and likewise armed. They established themselves in their impositions, one damsel in gaol, and two more a little farther up the field, known by the appendices of backs, but to me they seemed rather forward. Five other girls were known as forwards, though one of them was quite shy when I addressed her afterwards. The match began with a bully, which I consider a disgraceful way of starting anything, and which ought to be abominated. Each centre-forward started to hit first the ground and then the other one's stick three times in a horribly tom-boyish manner and then tried to hit the ball, or each other, I'm not sure which. Finally, when one of them got the ball she immediately hit it away from her, which seemed a stupid thing to do after essaying to retail it. This occurred repeatedly. Whenever one of the green ones had the ball a blue-clad one would rush up and try to take it away from her-quite rudely it seemed to me, without even a "By your leave." Then after all this trouble, to my astonishment she immediately knocked it away from her, as if she had changed her mind and did not want it. With much waving of arms, legs, and cudgels, the ball was surveyed to the nether end of the field and was reciprocated with great force through the apposite gaol. Then such a screaming and shouting sequelled that it made me feel quite nervous; I really thought a mouse had invaded the field! Even the green-clad onlookers jumped about, and shouted what seemed to me "Cool, Cool!"-it made me feel quite hot! I discovered afterwards it was "School." That's Hockey!

ELSIE BURKMAR From Va

Death.

IT came upon me suddenly

That they must die;
All those I love so much,

They-and I.
For a moment it frightened me,
But young am I;
A gay flower caught me,
And the thought passed by.

JOAN HIBBIT (*Form Va*)

The Sundial Child.

ABOVE the sundial, carved in stone,
A little boy forever stands,
Marking the sunny hours that pass,
With the long arrow in his hands.

Around his head, the butterflies
And all the birds of springtime come,
But his stone eyes are dim and blind,

And, when the nights are grim and black,
And shrill rain patters on the stone,
No mother sings her boy to sleep,
He still must stay there all alone.

Beside the cosy nursery fire,
I listen to the storm so wild,
Glad I am a human being,
And not the lonely sundial child.

PEGGY ROSSITER (*Form U IIIs*)

The Fire-Worshippers.

FROM 8.45 a.m. till 3.50 p.m. each day, the fire-worshippers perform their sacred rites.

These worshippers, who are all maidens, have their legs cased in thick, black, wool, their heads bare, and their remaining garments green and white in colour. Several yellow stripes and metal squares are seen on the garments of the officials, but these are few.

One by one these adorers enter and press close to the almost black fire, whose smoke is sometimes wafted up the chimney, but more often soars out through the open door. Soon, however, the maidens are rudely disturbed by the harsh sound of a bell, and they all troop sadly away to another region.

Presently all return, but they now sit in rows and eye the glowing fire from a distance, for their maxim for the next hour and a quarter is "Obey your Elders."

At 10.30 another peal from the bell is heard and thirty-two maidens wander sadly away from the now flaming coal and wood-ends, to replenish an aching void.

Then with joy they return to the fire, pushing, scrambling, shrieking, and peering between legs at that which they adore. But again, "Elders must be obeyed" till 12.25. Then from 2.10 till 3.50 they eye the grey smouldering object, and heave sighs of regret, for not a single joyous, red flame waves its way up the orifice in the wall.

Alas, at 3.50 the maidens no longer desire this invigorator of life; they are now departing from the temple happily, with never a glance at that once flaming deity.

MARY FRENCH (*Form U. I Va.*)

Perched on my Wooden Schoolroom Chair,-

I felt a gentle breath of air,
I thought of the cold, salt, ocean breeze,
The green and blue tempestuous seas;
The wet, black rocks, and cliffs of brown,
The sea-gulls wheeling up and down,
And the wild wall-flower on a high up ledge:
Then from the frowning dark cliffs' edge
I turned away; in front of me,
As far as ever eye could see,
Were primroses, and here and there
Some violets, scenting all the air.
The stern forbidding mountain old,
Clad in royal purple and gold,
Leant up against the deep blue sky,
While small white clouds went floating by.
Now I return to earth once more,
The girls are trooping out the door,
While the fire begins to belch forth smoke.
Into my desk my books I poke,
And out in the April-like shower of rain
Making me dream of the Springtime again.

JEAN TIMMS (*Form L. IVb.*)

Stories by Form I.

Two of these we print below, leaving the punctuation untouched: it is as much as girls at the stage can manage and should provide an ingenious puzzle for girls up to the Upper Thirds (and even "Upper" than that!).

We commend also stories by Vera Bray, Joan Davey and Jennie Morgan. Joan's ideas are so good that it is a pity her composition is not more careful.

JACK AND VERA'S ADVENTURES.

By **IRENE ILIEVE.**

ONE day Jack and baby Vera went for a walk in the forest. It was very lovely and green, the birds sang and fluttered about. They walked along very happily, at last Vera said she could walk no longer so she threw herself down on the soft, green grass. Jack went on a little way and then he heard Vera scream. She came running up to him. There is a snake in the grass she cried. They turned to go back, then they found that they had lost their way, they walked on bravely till they saw a gentleman coming to them he took Vera up and carried her to his house. In the morning they were taken home and all was rejoicing.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

By **VERA WHITE.**

ONCE upon a time there were three children the eldest one ten years old, the second five years and the last three years, their names were baby Jill, (whom they called Toddle) the second, Fat Tom, and the third Barbara, who was called Grandmother because she was

the eldest of the family and had to look after the others.

One night (it was Christmas Eve) the children went to bed, Fat Tom and Toddle went to the fireplace and called to Father Christmas to ask for their toys, but Grandmother didn't believe in him and so she waited until they had finished and then she put out the light and went to sleep.

When Tom and Jill saw that their sister was asleep they came out of bed and went to find their presents but no presents were there and so they went up the chimney "to find dat funny man" as Jill said, and when they had landed they found that they had come out into the little boys bedroom next door but of course they did not know. Then they found the boys toys and took them into their house.

A Small Child's Wish for a Visible Illness.

I'VE never had the toothache,
Nor yet the earache bad,
A broken arm or ankle -
I often wish I had.

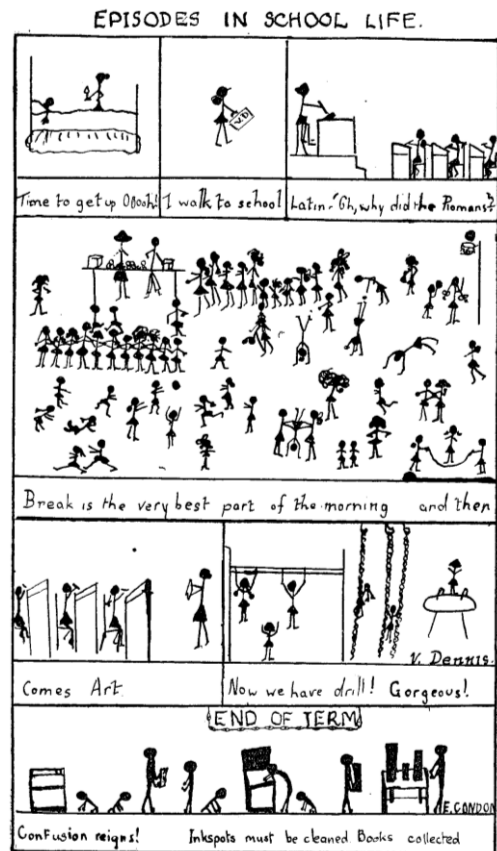
I've never had the jaundice,
Or cut my little toe,
I've never had a cough or cold -
I wish I had, you know.

For when I am not feeling well,
Nurse never asks me why,
But says, "You'll go through worse than that
Before you have to die.

Winnie Nichols (Form UIVb)

EPISODES IN SCHOOL LIFE

Vera Dennis (Form L. IVA.)



THE RUT

THE map of England should be printed with a great scar across its face; for, from John O'Groats to Land's End there exists a gigantic rut, the dwelling-place of thousands of civil servants. This is an age of generalities. Journalists clothe the papers with articles about the "mass." Obediently we allow our minds to adopt the group system. We think of the "working-class," the "middle-class," the "flapper," the "business woman" and the "trade unionist." In a like manner we think of the civil servant, a component part of a gigantic mass of people among whom are the Comptroller-General and the girl probationer.

The growth of democracy in this country has given an increased responsibility to the Central Government in all matters concerning the welfare of the State and its citizens. Daily laws are made at Westminster to be amplified by regulations at Whitehall. The civil service is charged with the administration of these laws, civil servants are in every department of State.

May I introduce you to a typical individual. He is a quiet, law-abiding, *tax-paying* citizen. He can converse intelligently about his garden and he is a frequent visitor abroad. He uses the local libraries and takes as much interest as his profession allows in politics. The attendance of civil servants at the adult evening centres, many of which are noted for the diversity of their interests, proves that he knows how to use his leisure. He is reputed to have a weakness for red tape, but let any business man, harassed by hundreds, remember that every Government form must meet the requirements of *millions*.

And of the achievement of the civil servant as a man, Milton and Pepys are worthy ancestors, while in our own generation I refer you to Edmund Gosse, who retired at full age from the Board of Trade, and Philip Snowden, who spent some of his early years as a civil servant.

The detailed simplicity of thought, so much abhorred in the official, has yet proved its merit, both in the literary and in the diplomatic world.

In conclusion may I ask my readers to remember that the profession which they condemn as a death-knell to ambition is yet one of the finest ideals in the world, that of serving the State.

G. Cordell (O.G)

Dewdrops.

HAVE you ever seen the dew,
Sparkling on the fresh green grass,
Shining like a thousand jewels,
How they glitter as you pass?
There are many kinds of dewdrops,
Many different coloured ones,
Some that hang on dusty cobwebs,
Threaded neatly one by one.
How they scatter, how they vanish,
As along the path you tread,
And how others take their places there
In one long and glittering thread.

Marjorie Hayes Form Vb

An Amazing Detective Story.

ON Friday, November 1st, the day of the Walthamstow Election, a piece of valuable information was given during business hours to the High School detectives (alias L. IVa.) concerning a broken rule. The detective Peter Sloane interviewed the informer, Miss Smythykins, in private and found her statement based not on mere fact but on outstanding proof. Miss Smythykins stated that when she was coming down the East Staircase, she had found a piece of toffee-paper, labelled simply "Toffee de Luxe." This circumstantial particle of incriminating evidence was carefully placed between two sheets of glass, so that the folds could be meticulously examined. It was folded in three folds and on the exterior was an ominous finger-print made by a left hand. Who was left-handed? A prominent member of the staff was suspected. Everything supported this statement. One thing which seems outstanding is the fact that when the staircase was scrutinised with magnifying glasses, a footprint was identified of a plimsoll, known to be the make of this member of the staff. What was to be done?

Then we were given the startling piece of news that the culprit had practically been found. After L. II IE. had left the cookery room, where they had been occupied in the Domesticated Art of Needlework, a paper bag was found in which was another identical piece of paper. This we scrutinised and L. II IE. was watched. Had the member of the staff anything to do with L. III E.? She was seen to come from the Cookery Room on the self-same day and was seen to creep down the stairs. Hm! it was very clear.

Peter Sloane interviewed her. At first she showed very good acting ability and tried to bluff it out. In fact we felt inclined to leave her. However, after searching we found a box of toffee undoubtedly the same make as the toffee from the paper. She then confessed to having dropped the paper-bag in the Cookery Room. She is to be sentenced to one week's stillness at school, and to one week helping Mrs. Hazell in the Cookery Room.

EVELYN CROSS (Form L. IVa.).

My Sister.

I HAVE a little sister,
Her eyes are very blue,
I wish that she could walk and talk,
As other people do.

But years go by and soon she will,
Be trotting to and fro,
And I shall be the happiest girl,
That you could wish to know.

DIANA RALPH (Form II.).

Discussion on Books.

IN the course of general discussions on books, statements are sometimes made which arrest our attention and which seem unusual enough to pass on to others. Two are given here, and it is hoped that they are as unique to others as they were to me.

We were an enthusiastic circle discussing Samuel Pepys, and it was generally agreed that we were grateful to the man who gave us such a detailed account in such an attractive and piquant manner of the customs of his day and of the Great Plague and Great Fire. Maybe we began to get a little extravagant in our praise; certainly there must have been some cause for irritation, because a bombshell was suddenly exploded in our enthusiastic midst, and a somewhat heated attack was launched on Pepys as a man. The attack opened with a condemnation of the man who could let the keeping of a diary so master him that he recorded so minutely the affairs of each and every day, until that man became the slave of his diary. Then the climax came with the assertion that, far from being the benefactor we claimed, Pepys was merely a conceited doll who thought his dress, dinner and amusements so important that he wasted valuable time each day in writing about them. In short, those things about Pepys that we had looked upon as attractive foibles were condemned as very unattractive conceits. Needless to say the point was contested, but I think a little doubt was felt that our rebel might be right to a certain extent.

The next point is in no way connected with the first, but is a general one on the attitude of a reader who has really become absorbed in a book. It was said that the reader always developed for the time being into a super-character, that is, he became greater than the greatest character and more evil than the worst scoundrel, becoming capable (in thought only) of committing acts far more courageous or dastardly than those portrayed in the book. This did not convince me at all, until the statement came down to earth a little by emphasising that we (the readers) can always imagine a better course of action than that adopted by the characters in a book, and then I knew how often I had criticised and become a little impatient at the apparent stupidity of book characters. I wonder how much of this superiority is the outcome of the double knowledge, generally acquired from the author, of the thought of both sides in an intrigue for instance. This, however, is what I think is the really important outcome of the idea: if this statement is correct, how very careful one should be of the things one reads, and what excellent training reading must be for the development of the mind—just think of constantly doing Napoleon in the carrying on of wars, or of beating Edgar Wallace in finding the missing clue.

EMMA KNOWLES (O.G.).

Our Visit to Westminster.

ON November 16th Miss Hall and Miss Brown took twenty-nine of us to Westminster to see a film called "Palestine" at the Central Hall. It was a very wet day and rained all the time. When we reached Westminster we first looked at Big Ben, the Houses of Parliament and the River Thames. We also visited Westminster Abbey, where we saw a great many interesting things. We saw the grave of the Unknown Warrior, and statues of poets. We went through the cloisters, and visited a small underground Chapel. A custodian told us that in olden days, all the treasures of the kings and queens were kept there.

After that we went to see the film, "Palestine." It was lovely; it gave us a very good idea of Palestine and what it was like when Jesus lived there. First, we were shown a stream of camels, and some women drawing water from a well, also the most dreaded things in Palestine – locusts. People kill them, we learned, with petrol fumes, and nature's way of killing them is for the storks to eat them. Two of the parables of Jesus are illustrated in the film; "The Good Samaritan" and "The Woman and the Lost Piece of Silver." There is also a picture of "Via Dolorosa," which is believed to be the road down which Jesus walked on His way to Calvary. We also saw the Garden of Gethsemane.

Afterwards, we went to see the Cenotaph. Then we went home.

JANET BARTON (*Form II.*)

Miscellaneous.

You can't think how sad it is to have to say "Full up!" when there are still many articles one would wish to print, not, mark you, because they are of any permanent literary value, but because they are sincere attempts at holding up the mirror to human nature as she frolics and frisks at W.H.S., in the guise of:

"Four hundred damsels in green,
With Teachers most terribly keen."

Keen! you may ask yourselves "on what," and the answers may be various, but the best answer is "On You." That's much better than saying "On Work" (note the capital!) or, "On Games," or "On Mathematics," "On Greek," or "On Art." It includes all these things and others equally delightful, and, besides, remember, it includes all of you, not just a few, but the Four Hundred.

It is, accordingly, very hard to disappoint you when you have made a great effort for IRIS, so here follow several fragments of articles and acknowledgments of others.

Thanks are due first to Joan Hibbit (*Form V.A.*). She is fourteen years old, and, feeling momentarily grieved at the thought of growing up, she writes:

" My childish joys have left me, one by one,
My sense of silliness and futile fun.
I stand alone, disconsolate-I cannot understand.
Bereft of all my playthings, I reach out with eager hand,
For some more fitting to my years; but find
Them yet unsuited to my childish mind.
They prick me, yet I grasp them none the less,
To be some comfort in my loneliness.
Like shoes that pinch, they hurt me till I cry,
And yet I would not take them off and pass them by,
Because they are so fascinating too,
All rainbow-coloured-and yet black and blue."

However, Joan's spirit is by no means dismal, so she writes, too, after the manner of G. K. Chesterton:

"Sing no mournful dirge,
Nor plaintive echo pretty,
But a strong song, a long song,
A cheerful, tipping ditty.

"Tread no martial step,
Nor mincing step so sweet,
But a fay dance, a gay dance,
With restless, Jiggling feet.

"Tell no gloomy tale,
Nor tragedy that's done,
But a cheery tale, a beery tale
And one that's full of fun

A delightful story by Vera Dennis (*Form L. IVA.*), as well as the rest of her amusing match-stick drawings, had to be withheld for lack of space.

Marjorie Hayes (*Form Vb*) is to be congratulated on her verses, which are neatly and clearly set out and deal pleasantly and musically with "Autumn Skies," "The Four Seasons," "Bells," and "Castles in the Air."

Ruth Hyatt (*Form LJ. IVA.*) also sent in some good verses, Marjorie, Vera, Ruth and Joan show the right attitude towards the business of writing for IRIS, by doing it as a joyful task with every effort, instead of scribbling off something at the last minute to the accompaniment of stern injunctions from the form representative.

Dorothy Griffiths (*Form. L. IV A.*), Jean Timms (*Form L. IVB*) and Marjorie Erridge (*Form L. IVB.*), also sent in careful work, marked by self-respect and respect for the School Magazine. Many girls in *Form II.* took great trouble and produced good work, from which we have selected the best for publication. Commendations are due to Sheila Altwegg, Vera Beale, Peggy Cole, Mary Congdon, Vera Littlewood, Joan Nation and Yvonne Renson.

Classified according as to whether in prose or verse, humorous or serious, the articles were evenly divided. Gladys Keith (*Form VI.*) sent in a very good account of "A Visit to the Houses of Parliament," but topic having been treated in "The Chronicle," this account is not printed. Gladys writes a good plain style, which is, nevertheless, quite vivid. It is a style that looks easy, but it is really far more difficult to achieve than the vapourings of sentimental prose that journalists term "blurb." That is, in prose, akin to those ecstasies about primroses and violets and sunsets and stars written in verse by girls who are not thrilled by these themes, but imagine that they are. If you really mean it, your thrill will sound sincere. In prose the same falseness is to be detected in several of the stories sent in. It is a sin against real romance.

Winnie Abery (*Form VI.*) evidently feels this very strongly, for she writes with grim realism thus: "Mud, sticky wet mud, and decaying remains of grass and last year's leaves, nothing but waves of mud, crested with cloud, meet the gazer's eye. A thin mist has risen from the surface of the sea, forming glistening dewdrops on the remaining blades of grass. One moves over the expanse in vain pursuit of(You must guess her theme!) Notice that she really *has* noticed the glistening dewdrops, and, later she notices the goal-posts as "two gaunt spectres looming in the distance." (Notice these notices!)

Queenie Blench (*Form VI.*) wrote a very thoughtful poem on "Panic." She attempted a very difficult rhythm and style with some measure of success. Leonardo da Vinci provided Nancy Blackburn (*Form VI.*) with a wonderful theme.

Light prose was chosen by several members of *Form UIVb* as their medium of expression, but, although their articles began well, the writers were not able to keep it up. Madge Morgan and Vera Prior deserve honourable mention.

Space forbids more comment, but acknowledgements of work of good quality are due to the following:- Yvonne Bayes (UIII), Ruby White (UIII), Rosie Midgley (UIII), Violet Eldridge (UIIIw), Ivy Craddock (LIIIw), M Stevens (LIIIw), Eileen Railton (LIIIw) and Joyce Reynolds (LIIIw).

Ultra-Violet Ray Therapy.

THE glorious summers of 1928 and 1929 made one wonder if the Sun were becoming jealous of so much attention being given to artificial sources of light. Were he always so gracious to our land there would be little need of what may be termed puny imitations. As it is, the vagaries of English weather, the smoke of our cities and the almost total absence of sunshine during the Winter months, make Artificial Sunlight a most important factor in the health of the nation. The healing power of the Sun is no new discovery, for Cicero describes the Solaria which wealthy citizens often had constructed at their country villas. Finsen was the pioneer of the artificial source. Suffering himself from ill-health, and finding he could work more effectively in the sunny room of his friend, he made numerous experiments, finally evolving the Finsen Lamp. Several of these lamps were installed at the London Hospital thirty years ago at the instigation of Queen Alexandra. Since that time improvement after improvement has been made in apparatus, until now there are innumerable types of lamps and every day knowledge is increasing as to their beneficial use.

During the Great War children all over Europe suffered from fat starvation, every spare ounce of fat being used for Nitro-Glycerine. In Central Europe this produced a most appalling state of rickets. A Health Commission was sent to Vienna to enquire into the matter, and Dr. Henrietta Chick obtained wonderful results by the administration of Cod Liver Oil. She found that in the winter, only those children receiving the Oil improved, but in the summer the condition of all the children improved whether taking Oil or not. At the same time another doctor found that by giving a child a Light Bath he got the same result. These facts pointed to some connection between Light and the Fat Vitamin. Later it was proved that Vitamin D is produced whenever the natural grease of the skin is irradiated. Rickety children should therefore no longer blemish the child life of the nations for irradiation has been proved to be a practically certain cure and a sure preventative.

Artificial Sunlight has many commercial uses as well as medical ones. It is now used for such purposes as :

- Detecting real Pearls from imitation.
- Distinguishing between Silk and Cotton.
- Detecting forged Bank Notes.
- Deciphering ancient writing.

The best answer to those who doubt the results is that of Lord Knutsford from the London Hospital, "Come and See."

BEATRICE WHITTINGHAM (O.G.).

Banshee.

Partition, partition, have you no feeling
For schoolgirls when they are doing a test?
Partition, partition, -or is it the Banshee,

Which hinders us when we are doing our best
To remember how "tristis" declines, or remember
If "arbor" declines itself female or not?

Oft a light dawns, and we eagerly write,

But you, horrid Banshee, just mock our sad plight,
With moanings and groanings, and sudden wild heaves,
And gloomy doomy rumble-pums.

RUTH HYATT (Form UIVa)

The Prize-Giving

Time: Afternoon, September 14th.

Place: The Greek Theatre.

Present: Miss Norris, Miss Hewett, Mrs. McEntee, the Bishop of Chelmsford, Mr. Hewett, E.C.C. (Chairman), Mr. Astins, Mr. Finch, Mr. McEntee, M.P., Canon Oakley, Mr. Wallace, M.P., the Parents, the School.

Entertainment: The "Iphigenia in Tauris."

COMMENTARY THE FIRST: By a Grown-up.

The Bishop: May I congratulate you on the wholly delightful entertainment you have just given us? It was a continual feast to the eye to watch the various groupings and re-groupings of the girls in the Chorus. The whole is the most successful school entertainment that I have ever seen, and I have seen a great many.

The Cynic: Did he really mean it? Or must he *always* say it? But he was a very nice Bishop.

Mr. Wallace: We have seen Beauty this afternoon. I want to make it possible for all to see Beauty and to share the Beauty that is in the world, and I want to reverse that Conservative vote of yours.

The Cynic: The School must be Conservative for a little time yet. We like you, Mr. Wallace, but we are taught not to be personal..... *Gloria mundi*. Well, perhaps even a Greek play can show that. Not only with our bodies, but with the spirit must we worship Beauty.

The Staff: The girls are behaving decorously to-day. They look very fine and smart in their uniform. Canon Oakley's simile of the picture with the frame of parents seated round gets there most truthfully.

The Voice: Cruelty, I call it: real cruelty to make all those parents listen to that long Greek play in that hot Greek theatre, *and* to Prize-giving speeches of some length. Three hours in all.

The Truth: Two-and-a-half, for the Bishop was late. The Greek play was only one hour long. Indoor Prize-givings are wont to last three hours.

The Scholar: A sin I call it, a real sin to mutilate a Euripides' play like that. It should be played sedately and declaimed for at least *two* hours.

The Girls (singing): Trees where you walk shall glide into a shaaaaaaaade.....into a shade." Shade!!!!

The Pond: But I came into my own; and had quite a paragraph in the Head Mistress's speech.

Miss Norris: It is a nice Prize-giving.

Miss Goldwin: If one girl, cubic contents x cubic feet, occupies one triangle of crazy paving, base 13 inches, altitude 9 inches, how many square yards of amphitheatre (Pie, Arred and Squared) will be required for Four Hundred girls? And, if a ceaseless circle of girls moves to receive prizes....? But I finished those sums yesterday.

School: And the answers were quite correct. *Tres* brainy.

One Girl: My prize is lovely

Another: Darwin never won one

An Old Girl: This is exciting, but I like outdoor Prize-givings better.

The School: (dispersedly): Isn't the Bishop a darling? And the spider ...? Well, what about it?

COMMENTARY THE SECOND should have been compiled from sentences supplied by the girls, but these were mainly about the facts stated at the beginning of this article. The notes supplied by Form L. IVb. are given below:

The Bishop of Chelmsford made a very good speech.

I was much impressed by the piles of hats on the altar.

The Prize-giving was rather nice but people made too many speeches.
 The School were packed like sardines in the orchestra.
 We sang our songs with quaking hearts.
 The desk at the side raised much curiosity.
 Preferable in hall because the juniors take a more prominent part in it.
 The constant chiming of the church clock was very impressive. The simile good
 about girls set in a frame.

THE IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS

Iphigenia	Marion Jones.
Orestes	Flossie Suckling.
Pylades	Beryl David.
Thoas	Edna Prevost.
A Herdsman	Winnie Dunkley.
A Messenger	Irene Arnold.
Leader of Chorus	Elsie Sanders.
The Goddess Pallas Athena	Phyllis Woolnough

A School Alphabet.

- A is for Article got for the Mag., by Form-representatives, though we say "Fag."
 B is for Buns that we all eat at Break, and also for Barrier that Fifth Form's arms make.
 C is for Cloak-room where Plimsolls are lost, and angry Sixth Formers the idle accost.
 D is for Detention the forfeit that's paid, by girls whose work shows that no effort's Been made.
 E is for Early at school we must be, or trouble awaits from the Powers that Be.
 F is for Fire which we all gather round, in spite of the shriek of the second bell's sound.
 G is for Greek, our theatre so named, the plays that we give there have made our School famed.
 H is for Hockey we play in the mud, the goal at the bottom is under a flood.
 I is for Ink-spots-at end of the term, the sight of the sandpaper makes us all squirm.
 J is for Junior, aged fourteen, not more; their play is superb, they score goals galore.
 K is for Knitting begun in the Thirds; to hope for a whole sock is really absurd.
 L is for Lost Prop., where we go to claim the shoes we've forgotten to mark with our name.
 M is for Monday, a beast of a day, when we come back to work after a week-end of play
 N is for Netball, at which we excel; opponents and spectators know this quite well (?)
 O is for Order the Sixth Form must keep, assisted by prefects who shepherd their sheep.
 P is for Pond, a new thing this term, in which we shall study the life of the worm.
 Q is for Quires of paper demanded, when answers to questions are sternly commanded.
 R is for Raspberries, so far yet so near, the painstaking gardener in vain tries to rear.
 S is for Sweets we're forbidden to eat, either in school or out in the street.
 T is for Tar, that black, oozy mess we took from the playground; that much we'll confess.
 U is for Us! four hundred strong; short, fat and tubby, or skinny and long.
 V 's for Vacation, when properly named; bringing reports of which some are ashamed.
 W 's for Wandering, a state of the mind; some call it wool-gathering; not quite so kind.
 X for Xams, we look on with dread, and stuff with revision our poor muddled head.
 Y is for Youth, of which we have plenty; we think others senile at the great age of twenty.
 Z is for Zero-" Detention! "-'nuff said; to please you we'll shut up, and mount brain-fagged to bed.

Form Va

Eventide.

ROSE, and gold, and lavender,
 Tint the sapphire sky.
 Lily, pansy, marigold
 Sleep, for night draws nigh.

Down the quiet country lanes
 Shepherds drive their sheep;
 And all things of Nature fair
 Drop one by one to sleep.

The hustle of the busy town
 Grows less noisy now,
 And all the people of the land
 Are ruled by sleep, I vow.

SYLVIA GOULD Form II

The Goldfish.

THERE was once a fish in a stream, and he was mocked by the other fish because he was not handsome. One day a little fairy fell in the stream, and was almost drowned; but a salmon came by and the fairy said, "Please help me to the shore," and the salmon said, "Certainly not," and he passed on. At last the fish that was mocked came past, and the fairy said, "Please help me to the shore," and he said "Certainly," and she got on his back. But he felt a strange feeling come over him, and he was a bright orange colour.

Now the goldfish is admired more than any other fish.

Marjorie Fox, Form II

W.H.S.O.G. Gym Club

ROSE HARRIS still takes classes on Monday evenings in the School Hall, during the winter months.

This Season has started well as every class so far has been attended by between fifteen and twenty enthusiastic "old girls," ranging from some who only left the kindly portals of the School last summer, to some who departed from them more years ago than they care to remember!

Although as a Club we are really flourishing and paying our way without any difficulty, we should still welcome any new members. Come for the joy of still being able to do a hand-stand-come for the satisfaction of scaling one rope and gently sliding down the other-come to keep fit and-come because everyone would be very pleased to see you.

If every Monday is impossible, come when you can manage it. You will be asked for a shilling, but you won't begrudge it; Rose makes us fill every "unforgiving minute," literally, " with sixty seconds' worth of distance RUN "-but how we all enjoy it!

M. SHEPPARD (*Hon. Secretary*).

School Societies.

THE SCIENCE SOCIETY has held one meeting this term. A party of twenty members visited the Ensign factory and found much to interest them in the various processes in the manufacture of cameras and gramophone cabinets. We hope that we shall

be able to revisit the factory in the summer to see the developing and printing of films.

SCIENCE SIXTH.

THE LITERARY SOCIETY held the first of its three meetings for this year on Friday, November 8th. Two contrasting plays were read by members of the Society, and it was possible for each form to be represented at the meeting. The first play, "The Golden Doom" (by Lord Dunsany) was whimsical and had an underlying moral, while "Postal Orders" (by Roland Pertwee), a perfect farce, was delightfully interpreted by Miss Squire and four humorous members of the Society.

Next term we hope to visit the "Old Vic" and for the Summer Term meeting, we have decided upon a "Literary Tea."

Games Notices.

NETBALL.- We began our netball season this year with almost entirely new First and Second Teams. The First Team has done very well so far, and is very promising. The members of the team are as follows: S., M. Lord; S.A., M. Hogger; C.A., B. David; C., S. Hiner; C.D., E. Martin, D., E Hollingsworth; G.K., G. Bond. The Second Team is not yet decided. It has been difficult to select the two Junior teams, as there are many promising players.

The results of the matches which have been played this term are:

West Ham	1st Team	27-8	Win
	2nd	16-12	Win
	Junior (under 15)	22-6	Win
Chelsea	1st Team	20-30	Loss
	2nd	10-20	Loss
Greycoat	1st Team	19-17	Win
	2nd	9-11	Loss
	Junior (under 15)	18-18	Draw
St Angela's	1st Team	30-10	Win
	2nd	15-6	Win
	Junior(under 15)	17-4	Win
	Junior(under 14)	25-7	Win
Leytonstone	1st	13-9	Win
	2nd	4-21	Loss
	Junior(under 15)	9-15	Loss
Latymer	1st Team	24-10	Win

	Junior(under 15)	19-5	Win
	Junior(under 14)	11-5	Win
University College	1st Team	16-13	Win
	2nd	11-11	Draw

As last year's winner of the London Netball Shield, the School is not this year eligible for competition.

TENNIS.-The Tennis trophies were won last term by VA. in the Upper School and L. I VA. in the Middle School.

SWIMMING.- Forms VI., L. IVA., L. IIIE. won the trophies at the Swimming Sports. The School showed their enthusiasm for Swimming by the large number of entries for the races and the numerous certificates gained. A Dressing race caused great amusement, and the spectators nearly shouted off the roof of the Baths.

SPORTS.-In spite of the threatening storm and the heat, Sports Day was as popular as usual both with the girls and the visitors. In the Upper School, Form VI. won the Cup and VB. were the runners up; in the Middle School, L. IVA. won and U. IIIs. were the runners up, while in the Lower School, L. I IIw and L. IIIE. drew, followed by Form II.

COMPETITIONS.-As most of us already know, the arrangements for the Competitions during the next two years have been altered. The Dancing Competition and the Sports will come in alternate years with the Drill and Acting Competitions. This year we shall have the Dancing Competition and the Sports.

SYLYLIA HINER (*Games Captain*).

HOCKEY – Although we have had no matches so far this term, the club is progressing extremely well, and enterprising members, including some beginners who are very keen this year, can be seen diligently practising in the dinner hour.

We hope to express our appreciation of the efforts of the staff who coach us, by doing well in the matches arranged for next term, and would like to thank them for their help.

W Abery and G MacFarlane

Announcements.

HILDA ALLEN (Mrs. Cubitt) has a daughter, Daphne, aged 16 months.

GUINEVERE GLEAVE married SYDNEY ARTHUR HINDE on July 25th, 1929.

MADGE GLEAVE'S (Mrs. Cain's) son Peter is now six and has started school.

HILDA GRAVATT (Mrs. Warren) has two sons, Kenneth, aged 2 ½ years, and Brian, 21 months.

ELSIE HABBEN had a son, Raymond John, on March 23rd, 1929.

KATHLEEN HAYES married HUGO MUNZINGER, at Geneva, on April 29th, 1929.

IRENE HIPKIN (Mrs. Norman Davey) had a daughter, Jean Elizabeth, on September 13th, 1929.

VERA HOW married JACK MULLETT, on June 25th, 1929.

ELSIE MOSS married FREDERICK O. ANDREWS, B.Sc., on the 10th August (address: The Wycke, 22, The Mead, West Wickham, Kent).

WINIFRED PAGE married H. E. WALTER, on June 15th, 1929.

EMILY RAYMENT married JOHN SUCKLING, on June 1st 1929.

MARIE RIDD (Mrs. Elphick) had a son on June 13th, 1929.

LILY STAMMERS (Mrs. Browne) has a son, Philip, 2 ½ years old.

ADA STAIN (Mrs. David Stockdale) had a daughter Marion Frances on October 4th, 1929.

WINIFRED TRANT married ARTHUR HAYDEN-GADSBY, at St.Peter's.in-the-Forest, on May 5th, 1929.

ERIC FOXON, a grandson of the School, once in Preparatory, is now at Queen's College,

Cambridge, and has passed Part I. of the Natural Sciences Tripos.
AGLAIA MACROPOULOS is Private Secretary to the Senior Lecturer in Physical Chemistry at University College, London. She also abstracts English, French and German Scientific Journals for Research in Spectroscopy.

Work.

THE following lists are given for the benefit of Old Girls who thirst for news about their School friends, and as a possible guide to present girls. We feel sure that any Old Girl appearing in this list would be glad to supply information likely to be useful to a present girl wishing to take up the same occupation.

The following Old Girls are Teaching:

BIRKETT, GLADYS, William Morris.
BRADDON, MILLICENT (Cookery), William Morris.
BROOKER, ANNIE, Roger Ascham School.
BUBBERS, DOROTHY, Science and Domestic Science.
BUBBERS, MAUDE, Mathematics, South Walthamstow Central School.
DURRANT, WINIFRED, Science, Joseph Barrett Senior.
EATON, ETHEL, Music, Privately.
D'ENGLISH, HELENE BOIS, English, Antwerp.
HATCH, EDITH, Queen's Road Central and Private Coaching.
HICKLING, DORIS, Selwyn Avenue
MACKENZIE, DOROTHY M
MOSBY, EVA, Selwyn Avenue.
SAINSBURY, MARJORIE K., English Nature Study and Eurhythmics, Joseph Barrett Senior.
SIMPSON, HILDA, Forest Road Infants.
TAYLOR, E. W., History and English, Yeovil.
TROTT, EDITH, Selwyn Avenue.
WAGSTAFF, Winifred, Leyton.
WHITTINGHAM, Muriel, Nursery School at Canning Town.
WILLIAMS, M. E., German, Walthamstow Settlement. (She is also doing German Hons. at University College, London.)

These Old Girls are doing Clerical work:

ADKINS, MURIEL, Civil Service.
ALLNUT, OLIVE.
BAKER, BERTHA, Caribonum, Ltd.
BAYES, DORIS.
BISHOP, PHYLLIS, Lloyd's Policy Signing Office.
BRAY, MARJORIE, Shipping firm.
CARVILL, ROSINA, A.C.A., studies Russian for a hobby.
DABBS, ELSIE, Insurance brokers.
DAVIS, FLORRIE, Tracer.
FARROW, MAY, Printing Office.
FORD, IRENE, Solicitor's Office.
GOODE, Lucy, Medical Correspondence College.
GORDON, IRIS, Xylonite.
HAYWARD, RUTH, Bank.
HERRING, GRACIE D., Civil Service.
HOBSON, BESSIE, Xylonite.
HYMAN, PHYLLIS, Eugene Rimmel (where she finds French useful).
JUPP, MARY, Ethyl Chloride Manufacturers.
LEGG, KATHERINE, London Electric Wire Co.
LOVELL, MADELINE, Accountant.
MUGGERIDGE, DORIS, Teachers' Provident Society.
PAYLING, KATHLEEN, Barclay's Bank.
PETTIT, CONSTANCE, Barclay's Bank.

PETTIT, GRACE, Stockbrokers.
SHIPWAY, MADGE, Civil Service Inland Revenue.
WAGER, DORIS, Liverpool Victoria Approved Society.
WALTER, WINIFRED (*nee* PAGE), Bank Clerk.

These Old Girls have taken up Nursing:

DAISY FOXON, now Matron at Victoria Hospital, Wynberg, S. Africa.
BEATRICE WHITTINGHAM, now Matron at the Light Clinic, Comely Bank, Walthamstow.
OLIVE Moss.
FLORENCE NOBLE.
ISOBEL ROBERTSON
CONSTANCE TAYLOR.
FLORRIE NOBLE, who is in Chicago, has been very ill, but we are glad to hear, is now better.
DORIS LINCOLN is a saleswoman in a wholesale mantle showroom.
ROSE MANSELL started a 1,000 mile trip up the Amazon on November 16th, 1928, and returns on New Year's Eve.

My Work.

HOLDING as I believe I do, the unique position of Woman Secretary to a Mining Company, it is perhaps natural that unusual jobs seem to come my way.

The office is about a mile away from the village, and nine miles from the Bank. One can only cash cheques twice a week, but, in spite of this, I am expected to be able to produce ten pounds at any moment, till I am frequently driven to misquote "The Rising Generation" and tell them "I'm a book-keeper I am, and not a fairy Godmother."

There's lots of fun to be got out of it. I've sewn buttons on the garments of most of the members of the staff, bandaged their hurts, offered sympathy and advice on the subject of their domestic difficulties, and provided odd quantities of food at very odd times; indeed, one engineer who visits us always refers to himself as Elijah, and wants to know what the ravens can do for him this time.

Just before my holiday this summer, the office cat had kittens. She always hides the kittens, bringing them into the office if the weather is very bad; but taking them away again as soon as possible. She moved them in and out two or three times, and finally deposited three on the edge of a watery grave, and left the other two screaming under the office floor. Two of our longest and thinnest boys were put under, and finally got them out, blind with dirt, almost dead with cold and very hungry. We rigged up glass tubes for feeding them, washed their faces, but couldn't warm them; until I suddenly remembered a stone hot water bottle, and all was well. The surveyor and I carried out that little job. The picture we made struggling with a handful of screaming kittens would have been worth a lot to our friends.

MARGARET GRIGGS.

From a very interesting letter sent by HILDA GRIGGS, we quote: "I am a Matron but only of a Preparatory School. I have to look after the general health and the clothes of 53 small boys! I nurse any ordinary illnesses and first-aid all accidents that occur.

The dormitories are in my charge and I am responsible for the maid's work there.

"With such a large family to look after, I have at times great sympathy with the Old Woman who lived in a Shoe. This feeling is apt to become acute at the end of term when packing is in progress and tactless creatures choose that particular time to hurt themselves."

Items of news just to hand are as follows: Mr. Wallace, M.P., is giving the School a League of Nations address on Friday, 13th December, and, on Thursday, the 19th, Mr. Astins is going to give a lantern lecture.

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



The Powers That Be.

Who are they?

