

Walthamstow High School Magazine.

Foreword.

OUR Prize Giving is going to take place in the Greek Theatre at 3 p.m. on Saturday, September 14th, when the prizes will be given by the Bishop of Chelmsford and the programme will consist of massed singing and a performance of Euripides' Iphigenia, translated by Gilbert Murray. The reason for this departure from the traditional date is that we want to have one Prize Giving instead of two in order that the whole School may unite in one corporate effort; the only place large enough to accommodate all the girls and all the parents is our theatre; so that we are going to be greatly daring and trust that the weather on September 14th will smile upon our enterprise: otherwise we shall have to cut ourselves in half as usual in the Assembly Hall.

It gives me very great pleasure to record that for the third time the School has won the Net-ball Shield. We offer our grateful thanks to Miss Squire and our team for once more bringing the Shield home to Walthamstow.

This term we have to say goodbye to two more members of our Staff, Miss Allen and Miss Taylor; Miss Allen is hoping to make a voyage to South America and Miss Taylor is going to devote herself to music in Vienna. While they take with them our best wishes for their success and happiness, we would ask them also to accept our grateful thanks for all they have done to help us in our work and in our play.

M. NORRIS.

To the School.

A NATION gets the government it deserves: a school gets the magazine it deserves. You don't deserve much this time, either from the School Sub-Editor or from the Old Girls' Sub-Editor. Form L. IVA. and Form II are to be thanked for sound written work and Phyllis Woolnough for steady advice and a consistent plea on your behalf. Mention must also be made of Winnie Blackledge, Winnie Wildman and their steady band of Sixth Form helpers who have rapidly amassed the money to pay for this IRIS. Apart from these cheerful facts and helpers, the School Sub-Editor can only record slackness and indifference.

With great zeal the School declared for a green cover, by a huge majority. Purple, the colour of passion as it is reputed to be, polled only ten votes. The School colour won by 179, and you all decided to pay eightpence this time instead of sixpence, and to have photographs. We hope you will like the snapshots of the Botanical Expedition and of the Sixth doing Greek dancing.

Much as we should have liked to secure a photograph of the net-ball team as a permanent record, the right weather and the right photographer and the team never coincided at one and the same moment.

We are, as we go to press, enjoying the holiday given by the Committee as a reward for the prowess of the net-ball team who have won the Shield offered by the Ling Association to the winners of the London Schools' Tournament. We hereby record our gratitude to Committee, Miss Norris, Miss Squire and team for the glorious 4th of July.

We are delighted to congratulate the following girls on examination successes, announced since last Christmas:

Barbara Speakman: Natural Sciences Tripos, Class II. (Newnham College).

Gwen Miles: the Diploma for Journalism, The University of London.
W. Abery and N. Quinton: General Schools' Certificate, Matriculation standard last December.

We hope to record June successes in the next issue of IRIS.

We take this opportunity of recording the following payments of grants and scholarships, and congratulate the recipients, and cheer the founders:

Kathleen Fullman: College fees paid for two years (£37 10s. Per year) and £25 per year for two years as grant from the Walthamstow Education Committee.

Mary Rich: £25 per annum for two years from the Walthamstow Education Committee; £10 per annum for two years from the Monoux Foundation Exhibition Fund.

Ivy Oldfield: £20 for one year from the Mallinson Scholarship Fund; £30 a year for three years from the Sir George Monoux Scholarship Fund.

Phyllis Woolnough: £40 a year for three years from the Mallinson Scholarship Fund; £30 a year for three years from the Monoux Foundation Fund.

We hope, in a few years' time, to be able to record further academic successes of all four girls. Ivy is going next term to the Chelsea Physical Training College, we hope.

The Echoes this time are mute, whether because they know that Echo died in the Greek Theatre, because of Narcissus, or because they have themselves lost the power of speaking because the Upper Fourths, Fifths and Sixth have had nothing to say in this magazine.

Accordingly, we supply Items of School news in the form of an extract from the School Calendar.

School Calendar, 1929.

- February 5. Hospital Pound Day.
8. Lecture. Inter-School Classical Association by Mr. Bailey of Balliol at Leytonstone.
9. Party to the Academy to see the Dutch Pictures.
16. Lantern Lecture on "Art and Character," by Mr. Barton.
28. Expedition to British Industries Exhibition. Forms VIc. and Vc.
- March 1. Lecture by Miss Galt on "Life in Formosa."
13. Upper School Drill Competition. (Winners, Form V I.)
14. Middle and Lower School Drill Competition. (Winners, Forms UIII.E., L:III.E.)
20. Final Net-ball League Match. Walthamstow v. Skinners' (Winner, Walthamstow.)
21. Lecture by Comtesse de Croze on Brittany.
21. Staff Games Club Party.
22. Lecture by Miss Ross-Hume on Overseas Settlement.
22. Visit to Monoux School Play "Captain Brassbound's Conversion."
26. Final Inter-Form Net-ball Matches. (Winners, Forms VI., L.IVA., L.III.E.)
- April 23. U.G.S. Needlework Competition. (Winners, Forms VI., L.IVA., L.IIIw.)
- May 11-12. "Botany" week-end at Headley. Form VA.
13. Choir Party.
18. Visit to National Gallery. Forms D.III.E. and w. Visit to Cambridge. Form VI.
24. Service by Canon Oakley. Dancing Competition. (Winners, Forms VI., L.IVA., L.III.E.)
25-26. Botany week-end at Headley. Form VB.
29. School Election.
31. Prefects' Party.
- June 1. Visit to National Gallery. Form U.III.s.
5. Dances repeated in aid of Hospital Cot (£11 18s.).
13. Visit to Kingsway Hall to see the film "China." Forms L.IVB, VI.
20. Visit to Chemical Works. Science Sixth.
22. Visit to National Gallery. Forms L.IVA. and L.IVB.
24. Visit to Chelsea. Science Sixth.
- July 13. Performance by Form VA. of "Androcles and the Lion," in the Greek Theatre in aid of the Hospital Cot.
15. Swimming Sports.
20. Sports.
26. End of Summer Term.
- September 14. Prize Giving in Greek Theatre, with performance by Form VB. of "Iphigenia in Tauris."

Old Girls' Editorial.

I REMEMBER that it was a cold and dismal day when I sat down to compose my first editorial. It is now high summer, and no doubt when this appears in print the sun will be shining. Beauty is created lavishly around us out of the abundance of Nature's store. Yet here is the subeditor more harassed than any Pharaoh-ridden Israelite of old, trying to create half of IRIS from the scantiest ingredients.

One old girl, hidden away in Rhodesia, was moved by the

appeal in the last issue to send news of her doings there. We could all do with a measure of Doris's energy to galvanise this dreadful apathy which is rapidly destroying us.

The last Social seems very far away, yet was so enjoyable as to be remembered with pleasure after many days. I arrived a little late to find the assembly exercising its wits by various competitions. A short business meeting followed, and then food was brought to us by a very pleasant and polite Sixth. The sub-editor feels she is expressing the opinion of the whole gathering in handing a bouquet to the nice people who fed us as though they really enjoyed doing it.

Mary Douglas entertained us with violin solos, and Helen Rainer sang. The evening finished with that old favourite "The Playgoers" given by Muriel, Gladys and Dudley Johns, and company. It is surely an innovation for an Old Girls' social to be entertained by a cast containing gentlemen. One admires the brotherly devotion which made this possible. Many of us would doubtless appreciate a few hints from Gladys and Muriel as to the methods of persuasion they used. We ended in the familiar manner with "Auld Lang Syne," and the school song, and were fortunate in having Miss Norris as a charming and efficient hostess.

We regret to announce the resignation from the magazine committee of Dorothy Warren, whose business engagements leave her very little spare time, and take her on frequent expeditions to other parts of the country. Muriel Adkins has been elected in her place. Had it not been for Dons Hitchman and one or two other loyal contributors (approximately three of them) someone would have been regretting to announce the untimely death (from chagrin) of the sub-editor, who feels that at this rate she will probably be driven to writing the whole of the next issue, (if any), herself.

On the Return of an Exercise.

We have often learned that the art of handwriting was discovered by the Arabs or by those useful pedants who can be blamed for everything antique-the Chinese. We have ample evidence for the support of this theory; we have only to glance at the last English essay returned, and, adorning the top of our much-laboured efforts, we see a specimen of the most marvellous hieroglyphics which even Tutankhamen himself could not I better.

We may hear the rumour that "Staff always write badly," but we ask "Do they write at all?" It seems more probable that it is a case of "If the person cannot write, his mark must be affixed," as the bank books say. Accordingly, they allow their pens or pencils to wander (dare we say, aimlessly?) over our papers to show that they have been marked. If they used a well-sharpened black-lead pencil they would not offend our artistic eyes so much, but brilliant red ink splashed over our work at convenient intervals, or a cross-hatching of blue pencil, is enough to make the most inartistic of us gasp in horror.

We can excuse such things as "water expands a freezing revolver," when included in a physics question, since physics is naturally an unintelligible subject, and, anyhow, no-one minds much whether a revolver freezes or not! But, when we have spent weeks of sleepless nights and tiring days trying to find out why Napoleon wanted to go to Egypt at all, it is really disheartening to find our efforts covered by a new and terrible script, far more mysterious than Chinese and infinitely more difficult than Hindustani.

We wonder why this system of hieroglyphics is not used when our examination papers are corrected. Perhaps, indeed, it is. Perhaps all those fourth classes we had last time were really first classes after all, the figure 1 having a cross affixed by way of signature thus 1+.

One member of the staff has perfected this art of indecipherable writing to such a degree perhaps not reached by the others. She does not teach the Science Sixth, so we cannot speak from experience, but the people who take Arts have bullied us into giving her due mention. Indeed, judging by a notice which is pinned up in our form-room, she deserves it. We hope, for the sake of everybody concerned, that the Sixth Form English examination paper was typed.

Another mistress, apparently, realising her defects, has acquired a habit of using script, but, unfortunately, while perhaps this was clear and beautiful in its early stages of development it is fast growing peculiar and showing symptoms of disease.

We know that our school is an institution for sending bright, well trained maidens out into the world. Is this one of the ways of sharpening our wits? Is this but a visible proof of the principles of our Staff: against "spoon-feeding"?

SCIENCE SIXTH.

Who Knows-

WHY the workmen who run up the ladders with buckets on their heads don't join a circus?

Who asked the said workmen to bang hard so that the Form could go into the garden?

Whether the sea-weed partition is really noise-proof?

If so, could Staff have power to fling a sea-weed necklace round any girl at any moment?

And *vice-versa*?

That the Fifths sit for "Metric"?

That "macadamise" is derived from McAcademy?

That, accordingly, it means "to educate in a certain type of way"?

That Pleurisy is the name given to the holder of several livings?

The future of that Pond?

Who Remembers-

FORM I's cow-boy whips

A Form that was not the worst in the School?

Mud, concrete, cement, and finally, a Pond?

Pennies in the Pond?

The Universities' Mission to Central Africa: Mapanza, Northern Rhodesia.

FOR three months we have been short-handed, and with three instead of six on the European staff each has had extra work to do. My work has really been the charge of the Boys' Boarding School, but since the Nurse has left I have also had charge of the Dispensary. In any emergency the Padre can always be relied upon. He has had a short medical course, much experience in doctoring without hospital luxuries, and possesses a fund of common-sense. He is our dentist, and will pull out your tooth quite skilfully for a chicken. Sometimes a patient who has failed to bring this offering returns with one remarkably quickly, and we always suspect that he has just gone round the corner and caught one of ours!-though Mikailo, the native teacher here, says, with a smile that shows an even row of very white teeth, "You cannot, Dona, for it cries out and everybody knows."

At seven o'clock we all go into Church, and then go to breakfast. Cookie is a wonderful figure and a great man in his way. He is broad and muscular, very gentle with children, kills snakes with marvellous accuracy, and has a *flair* for good soups. In common with all the natives he shows a readiness to understand poor Chitonga, and will unsmilingly serve up cold chicken (inkuku), when a new and rather flustered Dona has actually ordered cold firewood (inkuni)! Sometimes we run out of bacon; sometimes there are no eggs, sometimes milk is short; but on the whole we do remarkably well, forty odd miles from the railway. Our boys wait on us, in dark blue limbs and white shirts. My own boy, Martin, always causes amusement by walking with his hands clasped in an attitude of prayer, and turning up his brown toes as he goes; but he is a good boy, never out of temper, and if I am ever out after sundown, he always comes to meet me with a hurricane lamp and a stick, which, he explains, is "to kill the wild animals," though I suspect its use is simply to give him confidence.

The boys are delightful to teach, by no means devoid of mischief, but essentially keen to learn. It is difficult in England to realise the African's longing to learn. They will spend hours of their spare time reading aloud, and when one is on a Iwendo (journey), if one of the carriers can read or write he will spend most of the evening teaching the others round the camp-fire. For one newly out from England, of course the great difficulty in teaching is the language problem. It is rather alarming to be confronted by a dozen big boys and have to teach them arithmetic when one can only say the simplest thing to them, such as "6-gwisha 4" and is quite liable to say "divide" when one means "multiply." However, the boys are really very helpful, and it is by going into school and having to carry on somehow that one learns the language. If we really cannot get on, I can always appeal to the teacher who will be taking the other class. Mikailo's English is quite good, but occasionally leads one astray, as when I thought he was telling me that one of the boys was "sick in his bed," and I discovered that really he had said he was "seeking his plate!"

I have tried to give you some idea of the way in which we live here; but I really can in so short a space give no adequate idea of the richness of this life, so full of humour and variation and colour. Always the unexpected may happen—you may be asked to doctor a sick calf or attend to an ankle sprained at football, or leave an arithmetic lesson to attend to a man whose ox has trodden on his foot while ploughing. Even at night one may be called up, as we were three days ago to attend to a boy who had accidentally been shot, and who arrived at 1 o'clock in the morning with a torn shoulder. However, one gradually learns never to be put out by the unexpected (I do not claim to have learnt this yet, only to be learning!), never to be taken unawares, and never to fret about the future, which is always so uniquely uncertain that if once one began to worry about it one would never have reason to stop.

DORIS HITCHMAN.

A Plea for the Sixth Form.

IF some ferocious cannibal from the depths of African Forests, or a stern-faced, white-robed sheik from his tent in the middle of the Sahara, were to enter the School, and ask me in ignorance,

"What is a Sixth Former?" I should raise my eyebrows and reply heavily,

"My good man, that is far too complicated for you to understand!" Whereupon he would return home to his hundred wives with ideas floating in his head, of a Sixth Former, aloof, mystical, a species all on its own, neither vegetable, animal nor mineral.

But I very much fear that a cynical Upper Third person, having greater knowledge of the School and of the Sixth Form, would answer explosively,

"A Sixth Former is a person devoid of all sense of humour, who wanders aimlessly around the cloakrooms, repeating at intervals of about five minutes. You have been a long time! Hurry up please! and occasionally using force to remove some lingerer.—A Sixth Former is a person who, on the way to Prayers, as you are in the middle of a recital of what Miss Blank said to Emma Smith when she did the wrong homework, turns to you a hurt shocked face, saying in an injured tone, *Please* don't talk!! whereupon the news has to be forcibly restrained till the owner is near bursting point.—A Sixth Former is the person who—Oh well, I hope I'm never in the Sixth Form....!"

But, O cynical ones, have you no thought for the feelings of the Sixth Former herself? Do you never realise that she too has news to tell which must be restrained till later? When she sees the vanishing form of someone who has traversed the corridor in the magnificent speed of half a second, do you think that her respectable muscles, fast stiffening with old age, never twinge for the days when she, too, tore blithely along? In her daily meanderings round the cloakroom, think you that her conscience never pricks in memory of the days when she too took off each shoe at least six times in order to bear the dulcet tones saying once again.

"Hurry up, etc., etc., etc.!"

But above all have you never heard of the gloom that is near the Sixth Former, the gloom of the day when she takes farewell of Walthamstow?

If not, think of these things, balance them in your mind, O cynical ones, safe for three years or more from the dread of exams and leaving, and then pity the poor Sixth Former!

Ecstasy.

I LEAPED, and my body was left behind
A breathless thing;
I leaped with my hair in the buffeting wind
And my ears a-ring
Joy had claimed me for her own,
Her sprite to be;
And I danced, and the restless moan
Of the distant wind was joy to me.

How could I think of sadness then,
And misery?
When I knew that the lash of the stinging rain
Cried out to me

To go down, down, down, once more
To a sky-grey'd strand,
To rain-washed rocks on a desolate shore,
And pock-pitted sand;
Where the dripping roan cliffs are the edge of the world,
And the sea the edge of the sky,
And the clouds a dark legion of banners unfurl'd
Where the rain-birds wail on high.

'Tis thither joy carries me far away
In my ecstasy,
To the hurtling clouds and the rain-mixed spray,
And the crash, crash, crash of the sea.

B.NETTLESHIP (Form Va.)

Three Fools.

WE sat on the hill—Martha, Mary and I. We talked of shoes and ships and sealing wax, and a certain star.

Martha was a fool. She poured into my unwilling ear a jangling succession of rasping, metallic facts. She told me the star's long Latin name, and its meaning. She explained what caused its beautiful light, and gave statistics regarding its size and how it compared with that of the earth.

So I turned to Mary, and she too was a fool. She acquainted me with many sentimental fancies as to its origin. It was either a fairy's lantern, an angel's torch, or a chink which some anxious mother had made in the floor of heaven, through which to watch and guide her son's life.

And I? I was the greatest fool, for when they left me alone, to the subject of our conversation—"Dear, pretty thing, I whispered I love you."

JOAN HIBBIT (*Form U. I Va.*)

Sentimental.

THE above article is so well planned and written that Joan will forgive the criticism that the last phrase is sentimental.

The Four Hundred may be puzzled as to what is meant by sentimental. Those of you who heard Mr. Barton's lecture on "Art and Character" will remember his brief, blighting comment on the Marcus Stone picture of the lady by the seashore awaiting her lover's return. It was "Forget-me-nots!"

To others of you the word may suggest chocolate-box beauties with golden curls, having their hands held or being buried in roses red as heart's blood. To some of you it may even suggest painful, breath-holding processes and the thought "She passed this way."

As used in criticism of Joan's phrase, it means that the expression is rather sugary and not exactly truthful. No one would really call the star a "Dear pretty thing."

A prize is offered to Joan or to anyone else who can supply the right and exact expression for the end of "Three Fools" and another to anyone who can write a really good essay on "The Sentimental."

Round the World.

THRILLING thought! How exciting to find that the world is really round, that if one starts out in one direction and keeps steadily onwards, eventually one returns home to find everything just the same as one left it, none the worse, and probably better for one's absence.

It isn't far, really some odd 24,000 miles—and there are several different ways of going. But whichever way one travels the results are the same. One goes full of excitement, hope, expectancy; one sees sections of the world, each part struggling on in its own way, almost oblivious of the doings of any other part, and one finds out exactly how small and insignificant one is and how vast and huge a thing is human nature and the world it lives in. One may acquire a certain pride and conceit in having done what few, all told, have done; but the pride is tempered with a new certainty of what one has always been taught—that each unit in human life is so small as to be almost negligible, except in its own very small circle.

It is worth going away to learn real appreciation of one's

Motherland. The homely, well-kept countryside, bluebell woods, buttercup meadows, white cliffs, downs, are familiar beauties, so familiar that one is inclined to ignore them. The little villages dating back to the Conquest or the Romans, aged, kindly, quiet, are so well-known as to be disregarded until one goes away and realizes that they are unique. Other things abroad are unique too, but it is always the things at home one appreciates most.

One goes round the world and comes home again. "For good, of course," people say, thinking that "round" it is sufficient. But no. Once the wander spirit is acquired and indulged, there is no stopping. It is good to have England to come home to, but there is a very large world to see, and once round is only a beginning.

N. B.

Nederland.

THE words "Dutch" and "Holland" used always to conjure up for me patched trousers, voluminous skirts, Dutch cheese and windmills, and those who seek these things in Holland will not be disappointed. Marten will see to that for Marten folk know what trippers expect and make a good income by seeing that they get it. You will see here the gayest dresses, you may visit the houses with their cupboard beds, twinkling brasses and gay china. You may see the huisvrouw's wardrobe packed into brightly painted boxes, you may count her petticoats, all ten of them.

At the other end of the scale we have Scheveningen where proposals to have no trams, no buses and trebled taxi-fares during holiday seasons have warm support. Of course one can walk there, and having walked one will be hungry, and eating in Scheveningen is an expensive business.

You will think from this that Hollanders think a great deal about money and you will be right for do not Friesian girls wear their dowries in their hair? and is not the Upper House of the Dutch Parliament elected *only* by "super-tax" payers?

I have written so far of the exceptions among Hollanders (one should never call them Dutch for "Duitsch" is their word for German). As a rule they are charming and most hospitable and have a great liking for the English.

T. M.

The City Literary Institute.

MANY of us when we leave school like to keep up our interest in one or two subjects without wishing to undertake examination work in those subjects.

After a long search, an institute run by the L.C.C. at Goldsmith Street, Drury Lane, W.C., has now been discovered to meet these needs. Interesting lectures are given on a most varied number of subjects at all hours of the day, and no examination work, as such, is undertaken. Attached to nearly every course of lectures is a friendly circle where people who have the same interests discuss their latest discoveries in a delightfully informal manner. The atmosphere is that of a discussion by the fireside among friends and they prove to be most interesting friends.

There are French, German, Chess, Dramatic, Musical and Travel Clubs, a Debating Society and a Literary Circle and I think it can be safely promised that no disappointment will await those who have some particular interest which they wish to pursue.

Anybody wishing for information can obtain it from the Principal, Mr. Williams, of the City Literary Institute, Drury Lane, London, W.C.

E. KNOWLES.

Editor's Note.-This is the kind of helpful information which "IRIS" welcomes. More please.

The Dancing Competition.

ON Empire Day, the Four Hundred watched a very interesting Dancing Competition, kindly judged by Miss Huxham. The sun failed to join with us in our rejoicings, and during the latter part of the

competition thunder and lightning added realistic touches to Form VI.'s "Life and Death" dance. However, we managed to claim the sun for an hour or so in the afternoon, and then we repaired to the Greek Theatre.

Form VI. won a well-deserved victory in the Upper School. Their Bacchanalian dance and the dance "Life and Death" were both beautifully executed and full of energy and grace. The humorous "Sailors and their Lasses" of Form VB. were applauded enthusiastically. This Form also enacted the sad story of Narcissus, who fell in love with his own image, and ran very close to Form VI. for second place in the Upper School. A very vigorous gipsy dance, and an interpretation of "Pandora" won the trophy for L. IVA in the Middle School, and Form L.III.E., who have won many victories this year, secured the trophy in the Lower School with their "Toy Soldiers" and a dainty minuet.

With summer here, and flowers making a medley of colour everywhere, and a beautiful Greek Theatre asking the Four Hundred to come and dance on its much-trodden stage, flower dances were very popular.

Forms U.IVA. and U.IIIw. performed appropriate Empire dances, and gave an air of patriotism to the Dancing Competition, for they danced many "Buy British" and National Dances respectively.

Tambourine dances and minuets also proved prominent features of the day, and the cheerful colour schemes in the gipsy dances of Forms U.III.s, L. IVA. , and U. IVB., lent much colour to the Competition.

Form I. gave a very awe-inspiring and vigorous display, with their cowboys and horror-filling witches. The realistic "Sacrifice" enacted by Form VA., was another inspiring performance, which was enhanced by the leaping flames from the top of the rockery. Form Vc., also must be congratulated on their charming "Matelot" dance, and their difficult but well-performed "Harmony and Discord."

The dancing was up to its usual standard, and the Four Hundred spent a happy day far from the worries of 11R² and William the Conqueror.

Amidst thunder, lightening and hail, Miss Norris presented each of our first Net-ball Team (who brought the Net-ball Shield to Walthamstow) with a splendid medal, and so brought this joyful day to an end.

EUNICE HOLDEN (Form LIVA).

Election Notes.

IT all began on a May morning when we found that the walls, bannisters and stairs, but yesterday inanimate and unadorned, had been in a night transformed by unknown hands into a paradise of political placards. A fiery blaze of Socialism exhorted one to vote for truth, deeds and A. Turner, and the "blue curtain" of Conservatism promised concealed treasures of safety and security if M. Johnson were returned to the House, while yellow roads spanned by endless bridges proclaimed the Liberal supporters of P. Woolnough. Scarcely had we recovered from the shock and allurements of this colour scheme than political canvassing began in earnest.

On our first Friday Form-meeting, A. Turner, the Socialist candidate, made an able speech setting forth the programme of her party. This was followed by M. Johnson's praise of the Conservative policy and P. Woolnough's exhortation to listen to reason and therefore to return her to Westminster. Interest among the electors, i.e., from U. III.'s to the Staff, was so keen that additional meetings were held in Break and at 4 p.m. in the Greek Theatre, where party programmes were heatedly though good-naturedly, challenged. After a week of debate, during which open minds formed their opinions, the notice-board announced the names of the candidates, their blameless characters, the electoral roll and the punishment meted out to those attempting bribery, impersonation and other corrupt practices. On the 29th day of May we recorded our votes at the three official booths, which although manufactured from school screens (and therefore inclined to totter) were sufficiently realistic to impress us with the solemnity of two strokes of a pen. Soon the die was cast and we dropped our papers into the ballotbox which held its secret until the poll was declared with due form and ceremony by Miss Norris and we applauded the successful candidate, M. Johnson, and the traditional speeches from the gallery. Cheers followed for the Liberal and Labour candidates, for all Staff and girls who had helped and especially for Miss Cunyngame, to whom we owe in large measure the suggestion and success of the School Elections. The result of the poll was: Conservative, 124; Liberal, 84; Labour, 83.

Q. BLENCH, B. CORBITT.

That Day in June.

IN a room both broad and high,
Thirty girls their pens did ply,
Spluttering here, and scratching there,
Rumpling fingers through their hair.

From the open window sailed
A noisy fly, in purple, mailed,
While from the near-by tower fell,
The sonorous clanging of the bell.
A busy workman whistled by,
A foreman shouted from on high,
Someone sang with piteous joy,
The plaintive strains of "Sonny Boy."

Thirty girls did softly moan;
The fly flew off with heavy drone;
The bell at once went pealing high
And thirty girls, relieved, did sigh.

IRENE BANT (Form Iva)

Form L.Iva looks at the World.

THESE experiences and ideas are of interest to everyone. Sheelagh Tatham revises proverbs thus:

"No homework at night is a schoolgirl's delight,
But a test in the morning is a schoolgirl's warning
"One sum at night saves nine in detention."
"Work in the Greek while the sun shines."
"Don't count your marks before they are earned."
"Look before you bowl."

Connie Lovett has been meeting that cat we all met and records the experience thus:

"Everyone was working furiously hard,
When suddenly the atmosphere was impudently marred.
Brains were working furiously,
Everything was still,
When suddenly a pussy-cat
Jumped on our window-sill."

Silence during Examination Week inspired Gladys Methven to:

"Silence in the garden,
Silence in the Greek.
Silence, silence everywhere,
Oh! what an awful week!"

Eunice Holden expresses "Suspense" very thrillingly:

"A sharp crack was heard as the ball hit the cricket-bat. Twenty pairs of anxious eyes, wide with alarm, followed its perilous journey through the air. Twenty-two mouths stood open, parted with fear, twenty-two hearts contracted in terror-then thankful sighs were heard throughout the field The ball had just missed the Form-room window."

OF contributions for which, alas, the O. G. Sub-editor could not find space, we are holding over a most interesting article on Ray-Therapy, by Beatrice Whittingham.

We quote some lines from Madge Eastop's long poem describing in the heroic manner, as tragic episode in the life of a motor.

"Up to the hill-crest, creaking in every part
In mournful cadence, slow it grundles past.
A human form—nay, two—the seat adorn,
And swift responsive to the frantic horn
The straying mongrel lifts his heels in flight
Before this wheezing monster of the night.
Is this some car of Juggernaut, whose glare,

Basilic, lights the incense-laden air?"

The Bell.

SCHOOL life this term has been very hectic-I mean more hectic than usual, if that is possible. The chief feature has been the noise. Apart from the usual musical strains issuing from the Hall (and elsewhere!) there has been the incessant hammering of the workmen in the new building, and worst of all-the new electric bell. It may be thought, and rightly too, that the sound of the bell, foretelling the end of a lesson, is a welcome sound. It is. Quite an audible sigh of relief passes through the School, when the bell is rung. It is such a simple action, too-just pressing a button.

This bell, which is the means of the saving of many lives, has, this term, taken on a peculiarly dynamic ring. If one happens to be in the vicinity of the front hall or on the stairs, when the bell goes, one stops as though under an electric shock-it is a great strain on people with weak hearts. Of course, it has the effect of pricking into action even the most sleepy of consciences. For instance, if a girl is late for a lesson (I am not saying that this ever happens) but if she were hurrying downstairs, trying to look as though she had every right to be there, the sound of the bell would make her start guiltily, and she would break into a run and hurl herself in the nearest class-room, in the hope that it is the right one.

This may be one of the reasons for its institution.

MARJORIE I. JOHNSON (Form VI.).

Lullaby.

SLEEP, baby, sleep I do not cry, do not fret;
Sleep, baby, sleep! 'ere the red sun hath set;
Sleep! for the birds settle down in the nest,
And the rolling sea sings to you down in the West.

Hark how the willows are sighing and shaking!
Hark how the breezes soft noises are making!
Hark how the voices grow quieter and far!
For who would the slumber of our baby mar?

Shut your eyes tightly, there's nothing to fear,
Nothing will harm you, no stranger draws near
Morn will soon banish the darkness of night,
All will be happiness, beauty, and light.

MARGARET RABSON

Va.'s Botanical Expedition

WE jumped into the train to Epsom. As we crossed the Downs a slight drizzle started, but, nothing daunted, we went on. To our relief it cleared up a little and we were able to botanize happily. Lunch in a field of cowslips was followed by a visit to Headley where we were to spend the night. Then came a substantial tea in an old barn and another walk before we were shown the cottages in which to sleep. First thing next morning we went to the cowslip field and spent about an hour picking the flowers. After breakfast we went to pick bluebells, lost our way and found scarcely any bluebells, but we arrived at the old church at the appointed time. All the morning it poured, so we went straight to Box Hill by road. Squelch, squelch, squelch went our shoes! Drip, drip, drip went our hats!

At last we saw a welcome sight, a restaurant, and we ran for all we were worth. Then there was such a drying of blazers, such a changing of stockings for socks and jumpers for pyjama tops that anybody would have been scandalized to see us. Then Miss Dennithorne hired a car to take those who wished to the station, but a number of us walked. The sun came out and lit up all the scene. Box Hill was wonderful. Far below us the little town of Dorking looked like a set of dolls' houses.

Next came the journey to London Bridge, and then Home. Our little notebooks were full of the names of flowers bearing witness to our great "Botanical Expedition."

Lucy LOVITT (Form V a.).

ON Saturday, 25th May, 1929, a great Botanical Expedition set forth to explore the wild regions of Headley, Surrey, under the able leadership of Miss Dennithorne.

The members of the brave band from VB. disembarked at Tadworth and started their tramp across the Heath. Soon hats, blazers, and stockings were discarded, enabling the courageous explorers to proceed with greater ease. After traversing the Heath they arrived at Walton.

After some time the bluebell woods were sighted. What a vision met their gaze! It was a sight never to be forgotten! Refreshed by lunch the party walked on to Headley. (Many gates by the wayside gave these gymnasts, not to mention Miss Dennithorne, a splendid opportunity of displaying their skill in vaulting.) On arriving at Headley, they deposited their kit at the Post Office and set off gaily for Epsom Downs. The sun shone brightly and some girls boasted that they were getting brown. After an interesting afternoon, they returned to Headley to have tea, after which, Miss Dennithorne and Miss White deposited members of the band in twos at the various cottages. It was well that these girls were brave, for, in almost every case, they had to face rows upon rows of family portraits, which well nigh laid them flat. On the whole, however, this did not prevent them from sleeping soundly, and it was a very sprightly crowd that met outside the church, ready for a walk over Headley Heath to Box Hill.

Everyone was delighted with Box Hill. Some of the girls began running down the slopes, some rested, whilst others roamed about, seeking new worlds to conquer.

Then stockings were pulled on reluctantly and the Fifth started on their homeward journey, returning to School and examinations, all feeling very grateful to Miss Dennithorne.

MARION JONES (*Form Vb.*).

We congratulate Forms Vc., U. IV.A., and L. IIIw., on being the winners of the Bulb Competition and Form UIIIw. on winning the Form Picture.

ARTICLES by M. Johnson and Margaret Rabson are very highly commended, as well as a story by Jenny Morgan, and poems by M. Congdon and E. Balfour. In particular, G. Methven and S. Tatham are to be congratulated on their versatility.

School Societies.

LITERARY SOCIETY.-There is no Shakespeare Acting Competition to report on this year. It was felt by those whose councils change the lot of mortal schoolgirls that some remedy must be found for

"this strange disease of modern life
With its sick hurry, its divided aims."

However, it is to be feared that insufficient gratitude was shown for this decision, for it aroused noisy grief in the Lower Fourth, who were looking forward to their first appearance as grave senators clad in their mothers' sheets, and ruffled even the dignified calm of the Sixth. We hope it will not always be this competition that has to be sacrificed.

The dramatic talent in the School found some outlet, however, in readings of "The Importance of Being Earnest," and "Deirdre of the Sorrows" by members of the Society. Our thanks are due to Miss Park for her energetic rehearsing and stage-managing, to which the meetings owed their success.

One Saturday we went to see "The Rivals" at the Old Vic, and we have also to record the first visit of the School to a Thursday evening reading at the Poetry Bookshop, where, listening to Harold Monro's reading of Rupert Brooke's poems, and afterwards looking at the books and purchasing Rhyme Sheets made many of us decide to go again.

P. WOOLNOUGH.

THE MUSICAL SOCIETY had two very enjoyable meetings during the Spring Term. On February 27th, Miss Roe delighted a large audience of Staff and girls with a recital of English songs, dating from William Byrd to the present day. The second meeting took the form

of a tea for the Society and a concert afterwards, to which the School was invited.

A small party went to the Albert Hall with Miss Taylor to see "Hiawatha."

P. RAINER (*Secretary*).

SCIENCE SOCIETY.-Since the last issue of IRIS, five meetings have been held by the Science Society.

During the Spring Term the indoor meeting, held on March 14th, took the form of a talk by Queenie Blench on Prehistoric Man. Diagrams were drawn by M. French and M. Purcell, and after the talk Miss Dennithorne showed us some lantern slides. On half-term Monday, February 25th, a party of twenty visited Pascall's sweet factory at Mitcham, and was shown the process of sweet manufacture.

At the end of the Easter Holidays, a large party went for the annual primrosing expedition to the Lower Forest beyond Epping. Very few primroses were found, but some girls gathered bunches of violets.

Two meetings were held in the Summer Term. The wild flower competition was held on May 22nd, after the half-term holiday. As an extra feature this year, in addition to arranging their Form's flowers, members had to guess the names of a number of flowers. The guessing competition was won by F. Pontin, and the Sixth Form gained highest marks for the flower show.

As an innovation this year, the weather was fine for the expedition to Kew.

We are very sorry that our Secretary, Joan Oyler, has been ill for a great part of this term.

News of Old Girls.

NORAH BLOFIELD has just returned from New Zealand

KATHLEEN HILKEN is just back from Canada

DORIS HITCHMAN has moved from Mapanza to Msoro, Fort Jameson, Northern Rhodesia. She would be very glad to have letters which should be addressed to her, c/o, The Universities' Mission.

KATHLEEN GOODWIN is returning to the laboratory at King's College as Professor's Assistant.

RITA GOODWIN is in Macmillan's, Publishers, helping with the periodical, "Nature."

AGLAIA MACROPOULOS is Student Demonstrator in the Department of Chemistry at University College, London, for the session 1928-1929, where she is also doing research in Physical Chemistry.

OLIVE BAYLES exhibited in the Royal Academy this year.

Games Notices.

NETBALL.-After a series of very exciting matches, the Shield again adorns the far wall of the hall. Although the semi-final and final matches were hard matches, we came nearer to losing the Shield in the first round, against West Ham, than in any of the later matches. This particular game was played on a very slippery court, and we only just managed to win by 17 goals to 14.

We met James Allen School in the next round and defeated them by 19 goals to 12. The semi-finals were played at Tottenham, Skinners' v. Latymer, Walthamstow v. Putney. The first match was rather uneven, and Latymer were defeated by a convincing score. We beat Putney in the second match by 20 goals to 11.

The final match was played at Greycoat Hospital School, Westminster, on March 20th, 1929. We sallied forth from School on top of a General Omnibus not a little excited, and determined to bring back the Shield. We were all remembering, rather vividly, the match against Skinners', earlier in the term, when we had been beaten easily by 8 goals to 20, and some of us were thinking fearfully of "Dora." We gained a substantial lead in the first half, and in spite of the fact that one of the defenders was slightly injured, we were able to maintain it in the second half.

The members of the team were:-Shooters: M. Lord, E. Holmes; Centre: F. Pontin; Side Centres: I. Oldfield, S. Hiner; Defenders: W. Blackledge, D. Taylor.

After the Dancing Competition each member of the team was presented with a silver badge in the form of a replica of the Shield.

The Netball tournament at the end of last term was won by Forms VI., L. IVA. and L. IIIE.

Results of the Matches;

Old Girls'	1 st Team	16-19	Win
Skinners'	1 st "	8-20	Loss
	2 nd "	11-14	Loss
James Allen	1 st "	19-12	Win
Greycoat	1 st "	21-8	Win
	2 nd "	8-12	Loss
Junior (15 and under)		13-8	Win
" (14 and under)		10-11	Loss
Leytonstone	1 st Team	15-14	Win
	2 nd "	12-10	Win
Latymer	1 st Team	22-10	Win
Chelsea	2 nd "	10-22	Loss
Putney (semi-final)	1 st "	20-11	Win
Skinners' (final)	1 st "	23-11	Win

DOROTHY TAYLOR (Captain)

TENNIS.-We have enjoyed our Tennis Matches this season. So far we have played five matches, three of which were away, and two at home. We lost to Woodford in the second round of the Essex Tennis League. Of the five matches played this term, we have lost three, but have gained a victory from St. Angela's High School and Latymer High School. We are looking forward to matches against the Staff and the Monoux School which will take place later in the term.

Three members of the Tennis Team spent a very enjoyable day at Wimbledon on Saturday, June 29th.

DORIS LING (Tennis Captain).

HOCKEY.-A hockey team was formed for the first time last season, and two matches were played. One was against the Ilford Wayfarers, which we won, the goals being 5-2, and the other against West Ham Secondary School, which we lost, the goals being 4-nil. The Club thanks the mistresses who have so patiently coached them, and hopes to reward their care by winning more matches in the future.

N. QUINTON, G. McFARLANE.

CRICKET.- A cricket club was formed for the first time this year. It is progressing rapidly. The Middle School are very keen; it is to be hoped that the rest of the club will follow the example of L. IVA. We shall not be playing any matches this season, but, judging from the standard of some of the members of the club, we should have a very promising team next year.

W. ABERY.

TENNIS RESULTS.

The Staff v. the School. Victory for the School.

Monoux School v. the School. Victory for the Monoux School, 5 Matches to 4.

SWIMMING SPORTS.

The Winners were: Upper School Form VI.

Middle School " LIVB.

Lower School " LIIIIE.

OLD GIRLS' SUCCESSES.

Phyllis Bott, B.A., Latin Honours, Class III., London University.

Edith Hatch, B.A., French Honours, Class III., London University.

ELSIE DAVIES to M. KNILL, on April 24th, 1929.

PHYLLIS SOPER to JOHN DAVIES, on July 8th, 1929.

STOCKDALE- STAIN.-At Houghton Parish Church, on the 11th September, 1928, by the Rev. Canon A. R. Hall, Vicar of Wreay, Carlisle, assisted by the Rev. H. Crossland, Vicar of Houghton, DAVID, son of Mr. and Mrs. S. Stockdale, Blindcrake Hall, Cockermouth, to ADA MARION, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Stain, Lattrigg, Houghton, Carlisle, late of Hale End, Chingford.

Deaths.

With great regret we record the deaths of IVY HONEY and MARJORIE YOUNG.

Ivy died on February 20th. Ivy will always be remembered by her generation at School for her gentleness and loving-kindness. We feel that words are very weak to express our deep sympathy to her people.

Marjorie died suddenly on March 22nd. She was a girl of very quiet but forceful personality. We offer her parents and Phyllis our heart-felt sympathy.

Late News.

FORM VA.'s performance of "Androcles and the Lion" was most successful. Hilda Langridge and Gladys Hutchinson, in the title parts, were very well supported by Lucy Lovitt as the pugilistic Christian and Marie Danger as the Emperor. Form VA. presented most vigorous soldiers and gladiators and combined well in support of a very difficult play. They wish to record their gratitude to Miss Park, and IRIS wishes to record their contribution to the Hospital Cot. It amounted to £25 5s., less expenses.

The performance was repeated at 5 o'clock on Wednesday, July 17th.

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

Births.

To Mrs. H. C. SHARPE (Dorothy Hitchman), a daughter, Jean, May 30th.

To Mrs. DAVID SPENCER (Madge Carr), a son, Peter.

Marriages.

MADGE CARR to DAVID SPENCER at St. Mary, Aldermanbury, London, on May 12th, 1928.