



“IRIS”

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SCHOOL

Sub-Editor: Miss Park

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Committee; M. ADKINS, E. FOXON, M. FRENCH, J. HIBBIT, E. HOLDEN, V. PRIOR

Walthamstow High School Magazine.

Head Mistress's Foreword.

DEAR SCHOOL,

Since my last letter a great change has come over the secondary schools of Essex including our own School: the old Scholarship system has been abolished and has been replaced by what is known as the Essex Scheme; under this Scheme one hundred per cent, of the entrants to our schools are what are technically called Special Placers, that is to say they have been specially selected on the result of an external examination regardless of their ability to pay fees; the fees now range from £21 to nil and are adjusted on a sliding scale in proportion to income. The aim of the Scheme is I believe wholly admirable: it is to enable all children of ability and promise to enjoy the advantages of Secondary Education; but the difficulty of course lies in the definition of ability and

promise.

There has been one change on the Staff this year: Miss Pollard has been replaced by Miss Miskin; while we hope that Miss Miskin will be very happy with us, we offer our sincere thanks to Miss Pollard for all that she did to help the Four Hundred; we miss her for many reasons, but chiefly for her smiling face and infectious *joie de vivre*. Miss Nelson alas is still on the sick list; we miss her just as much as ever and send her our united love and best wishes for her speedy recovery and return. We are sorry to say good-bye to Miss Ince, who is leaving us to take up a permanent post at Shanklin.

We acknowledge with very grateful thanks a beautiful Royal Lancastrian vase and a much needed waste-paper basket for the Library, and a most accommodating seat for the garden, also a complete set of IRISES, which will be duly bound and catalogued in our Reference Library under the heading of either History or Fiction!

A happy Christmas to you all,

Yours affectionately,

M. NORRIS.

December, 1933.

To the School.

TILL to-day no IRIS was red and white. Such an experimental variation of hue is no more startling than the appearance at Christmas of the flower itself! We venture the belief that against a landscape sheeted with snow, post office vans, hips and haws, the stockings of the wife of Bath and the breasts of robins glow again by force of contrast.

But to come to the heart of the matter within. Limitations of space forbid a detailed criticism of entries which have only just failed to appear. It is with regret we lay by a number of gay things. There was however in the general run of articles rejected a shortage of essay copy and a profusion of facetious verse.

The items included we are glad to say are headed by a contribution from an old friend of the School, whose anonymity is of frail protection. Doubtless most of you are sufficiently acquainted with her to render honour where honour is due. We are most grateful for their kindness. That the School team have gallantly endured the slings and arrows of the camera in what we think a great cause.

Here is the winning team of 1934. May their shadow never grow less.

The assistance of the Old Girls' sub-editor has been invaluable and stimulating. We can only take refuge when expressing our thanks in the Latin tag - *Nulli secunda!* Further doubts concerning the plural of the formula suggest straightforward recognition of the friendly services of the committee.

"The stars are dotted all over the sky." Happy Christmas!

A. H. PARK.

Old Girls' Editorial.

DEAR SCHOOL and Those-of-You-Who-Remember- Sometimes, I am going to write to you (without prejudice but with much hope for the future) about this job of being an Editor. I like it, and there I have the courage of my convictions!

For the temperamental soul, it gives scope for every possible kind of sentiment. It goes like this. (There's a song which begins like that, but I never could sing.) One (the Editor) starts in a very businesslike fashion, and types (preferably on the dear Firm's paper, and if possible at the Firm's cost) great numbers of letters to great numbers of Old Girls, and then, still feeling very businesslike, waits for results.

Days pass, and of course nothing happens, for where is there to be found such extreme sloth as Old Girls are blessed with? (This is a private though not permanent, and certainly not-to-be-repeated sentiment.) Early one morning (another song) a large and very fat epistle arrives. This (oh Earth!) is THE FIRST CONTRIBUTION. How one croons over it! How one toys with it! How one reads and re-reads it, and blesses the name of that

sweet, kind-hearted OLD GIRL, who with obviously deliberate intent, posted and (wonder of wonders) wrote the contents.

And so, as if inspired by that first bold stroke, other efforts pour in to the wondering Editor, who filled with a great and abiding love of all Old Girls (more things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of) finds all her bitterness and hopelessness evaporating. She will not after all have to write a magazine single handed. She may smile again. She may rest in peace. And now of course you will want a General Election, but you cannot all be Editors (or can you?).

A few words more. How old, Old Girl, does an Old Girl have to be before she can turn her back on fairy stories? That is a question which I beg of you not to trouble to answer, but think how very easy and commendable it would be if you were to write one! Ridiculously easy.

You only have to begin "Once upon a time and the fairies will come tumbling round the corner, all wings and tinkle, and there you are.
Well?
Goodbye.

DOROTHY A. BARBER, (*O.G.A. Sub-Editor*).

School Chronicle.

THE revelries of the Fun Fair were adequately described in IRIS of 1932, but at the time of the issue of the magazine, the financial aspect was unknown. The result was more than gratifying, and it was with a feeling of considerable exaltation that a cheque for £100 was forwarded to the Connaught Hospital. The dogs of the neighbourhood have intimated, however, that such a performance could not be undergone annually, therefore it was necessary to inform the Hospital that the donation must suffice for two years. The School has therefore been free for the past year to expend its effort in assisting other charities.

The School Parties which were held on December 15th, 16th and 19th, imbued us with the first feeling of Christmas merriment, which before long became irrepressible, and, burying our books deep in our desks, we assembled in the Hall for our usual hearty carol singing, conducted by Miss Bean. Not content with this, parties of indefatigable choristers went round carolling gaily in the gloaming; the fruits of their labours added to the usual Christmas collection enabled us to send about £6 to our regular Christmas charities.

The Drill Competition formed the centre of interest in the early part of the spring term. With untiring energy the captain of each form endeavoured to turn her recruits into juvenile gymnasts. The results were as follows-

Upper School-VB.
Middle School-L. IVB.
Lower School-L. IIIw.

Our belief in our prowess was somewhat shattered, however, when on March 31st we were lucky enough to see the Swedish Gymnastic Display at the Albert Hall. The performers, bare-limbed, and clothed in loose grey garments, were the embodiment of grace and rhythm, but it was their apparatus work which thrilled us most.

In March Joan Hibbit's name was enshrined on our Honours' Board as the winner of a £40 English Exhibition at Somerville College: to celebrate this great event the School rejoiced in a well-earned whole holiday.

On April 5th Miss Brown gave us a most interesting lantern lecture entitled "The Lilies of the Field," illustrating in a delightfully convincing way the words of Keats, "Beauty is truth, truth beauty."

The summer term heralded in the usual round of outdoor activities, and thanks to the unusually wonderful weather, we were able to hold many of our rehearsals for the Acting Competition in the open air. The finals were judged by Mr. Ramage, who, after giving us some most valuable criticism, selected Forms VI. and U. IV A. as having produced the best performances.

Following closely on the Acting Competition came Open Day. The Art Trophies were awarded to Forms V I., L. IVB. and L. IIIA., and the Needlework to YI., L. IV A. and L. IIIA.

Miss Cunynghame's visit to Italy during the Easter holidays, resulted in a very illuminating lecture on Rome, given to the School on May 25th, filling everyone with the desire to go and see for themselves the sights of which she spoke.

After weeks of anxious, though at times hilarious rehearsing, Form VI. produced the play "She Stoops to Conquer" in aid of the Walthamstow Fellowship. The charm of stage lighting (a luxury frequently denied to us) and the generous response of the audience, who were not slow to catch the enthusiasm of the actors, rendered the whole performance, an undoubted success. The proceeds amounted to £18 12s.

In addition to this the knitting needles of the Four Hundred have been clicking busily in aid of the babies and small children. Vast numbers of cunningly-fashioned woollies as well as several knitted blankets have already been sent to Fellowship House. Despite this ebullition of energy we sent our usual quota of garments to the U.G.S.

On July 5th, VA. and VB. gave a performance of the "Alcestis" in the Greek Theatre. The delightful surroundings, the softness of the evening light and the graceful movements of the chorus, produced a moving and purely harmonious effect, and we believe that the large audience enjoyed, it as much as we did.

M. PEARSE (*Form VI.*).

The Prize-Giving.

THE weather again favoured us this year, and the prize-giving was held in the Greek Theatre on Saturday, September 16th, in brilliant sunshine.

The entertainment began with a Bacchanalian dance, fiery and colourful, of which Miss Squire was choreographer. Then the School sang Mendelssohn's "Greeting," "The Song of the Gale," and two short songs by Brahms. There were also French Ballads, "Les Canards" and "Dites la jeune belle."

"Rosaline," a most interesting and original play in blank verse by Joan Hibbit, was admirably acted by the authoress and three other Upper School girls, and the Middle School rendered charming fairy scenes from "La Belle au Bois Dormant."

Our Chairman, Mrs. McEntee, introduced Alderman Hibbs, who then distributed the prizes and made an interesting speech on recent educational developments in Essex. Finally, much to the School's joy, a whole day's holiday was granted to celebrate the occasion.

M.P. P.L.

School Successes.

WE should like to congratulate the following girls upon their success:

SOMERVILLE COLLEGE, OXFORD.

Exhibition (English): Joan Hibbit.

LONDON UNIVERSITY.

School Certificate and Intermediate Arts: Ruth Hyatt (Distinction in History), Margaret Rabson (Special Credit in Oral French).

Higher School Certificate: Eunice Holden (Distinction in History).

Higher School Certificate and Intermediate Science: Mary French.

Higher School Certificate: Vera West.

Higher School Certificate: History, Edna Wilsdon. Botany, Iris Silvester.

General School Honours' Certificate and Matriculation:

Queenie Bunting, Jean Hayes.

General School Certificate and Matriculation: Ruth Andrews, Yvonne Bayes, Rita Clay, Olive Evans, Dorothy Gray, Beryl Jackson, Kathleen McDermott, Mary Pearse, Winnie Roach, Eleanor Stokes, Kathleen Thomas, Winnie Tucker, Irene Weston.

General School Certificate: Olive Baker, Joyce Bass, Gwen Beaumont, Olive Blackwell, Irene Branch, Ursula Brown, Evelyn Bush, Grace Cole, Vera Cupit, Eleanor French, Edna

Gabell, Eva Ganderton, Kathleen Heard, Muriel Holmes, Irene Jackson, Mary King, Margaret Lovick, Frieda Midgley, Rosie Midgley, May Morris, Vera Norris, Edith Palmer, Ella Quinton, Daisy Scott, Mary Stevens, Marjorie Thornton, Grace Turner, Ruby White, Kathleen Wilsdon.

ESSEX COUNTY COUNCIL.

County Major Scholarship: Joan Hibbit.

THE ASSOCIATED BOARD OF THE ROYAL SCHOOLS OF MUSIC.

Higher Division: Pass with Honourable Mention, Joan Wallis.

Lower Division: Pass with Honourable Mention, Gertrude Wright; Pass, Olive Hemmings.

Transitional Division: Pass with Honourable Mention, Marjorie Fox, Phyllis Martin; Pass, Eleanor Williamson.

Primary Division: Pass with Honourable Mention, Ena Cooper; Pass, Audrey Farrow.

We should like to congratulate the following Old Girls upon their successes. The list is as follows:

Oxford University. B.A.: English Honours' School, Class II., Phyllis Woolnough.

Hon. Mods., Class I., Queenie Blench.

Cambridge University. Nat. Sciences Tripos, Class I., Winnie Aberly.

London University. B.Sc.: Botany Honours, Class II., Edna Knowles.

B.Sc.: Chemistry, Nellie Quinton.

B.A.: History Honours, Class III., Marjorie Johnson.

Intermediate Arts, Margaret Dallas.

Intermediate Science, Jessie Liggins.

Diploma in the Theory and Practice of Physical Education, Marjorie Lord.

Battersea Polytechnic. Electrical Housecraft Diploma, Class I.: Joan Oyler.

Final State Nursing Examination: Isobel Robertson.

Bits of My Holiday in Ireland.

WHAT I am going to write concerns three kinds of vehicles, two of them peculiar to Ireland.

There was a 'bus, privately-owned, that plied between the seaside town where I was staying and the mountains. It was capricious in habit: it might be three-quarters of an hour late in starting, or, did the driver see his 'bus well filled before time, off he would go, despite his solemn asseveration that he always went on time. Having been caught in this way once, next time we were very careful to be early. At 10, the starting time, we were disconcerted to have the driver hand us a batch of newspapers with a "Would ye care to look at them?" and disappear for fully half-an-hour. On that same day, at the end of a long walk, with horror we saw that 'bus, unseasonably punctual, vanishing round the pass. We learnt that that particular time was the only one when the 'bus could be relied on, as the driver had a contract to deliver the mail to the Post Office. Two hours of waiting by a pleasant rocky river did much to explain to us the philosophical outlook of the Irish, that shows itself in their calmness when arrangements go wrong, and in their readiness to put up with makeshifts and broken things.

We spent an hour of great joy in riding some eight miles on a jaunting car. This vehicle is called in Ireland an "outside car," and indeed the passengers are very much outside. The high-up perch, if precarious, affords a splendid view over all obstacles, "Otherwise the walls do be blinding you from the view," as our driver pointed out.

A bicycle-ride in Connemara I never shall forget. We set out for the day on hired bikes. Nearer the village the road was good, but in the mountains it was alarmingly full of holes. My memories of that ride are of coasting downhill three miles with the brakes quite useless, of lovely mountain-passes, a mountain shining with quartz through dark pine-trees, roads thickly hedged with fuchsias so that it was like riding through a red tunnel, brilliant blue sky, falls of creamy-brown water, great piles of cut turf, all seen to the accompaniment of the rattle and clatter of a tool bag and of a fierce trembling of every portion of the hill. It was a

choice between looking out for holes and enjoying the view. The view won every time, to the detriment of the hired bicycle and my body.

Wings.

THEY are so still, so grey, while they are so coldly waiting, that movement and colour seem to be mere fallacies of the mind that have for the time flown leaving behind only stillness and dullness.

And so the trees cut their sharp black way through the thick white air that surrounds them, but the delicate clearness of their pattern is misted over, and they stand as though uncertain of their reality, waiting, silently listening, almost despairing.

It must be despair, for as the greyness around them deepens, they grow more shadowy, as though they were seeking to lose themselves and to escape for ever from the fear that they feel for the unknown something that is in the quietly terrifying air that presses so close upon them. What is it that they fear-for what are they so tensely waiting, so still, so grey and so cold? Perhaps they know, that down where the whiteness has grown into greyness, and the greyness into blackness, that there, shrouded in chilly gloom, is the bottomless pit-and they are afraid-they are afraid because of the beast that ascendeth out of the bottomless; pit. They fear him as a child shrinks from the wildly fantastic shapes that are danced by the trees across the window at night. The child does not know, he cannot understand, and the element of mystery makes him afraid.

The trees know that it is in such a time of chill deathliness, when colour and movement shall have gone, and when the spirit of life itself is worn and old, then it is that the fearful beast shall force its icily shining head through the heaviness of the grey atmosphere, and at the sound of its wings, of the muffled rushing of its upward flight, the meaning of their still silent waiting flashes upon the trees. They know why they were afraid; they know that with the first cold sweep of those silkily powerful wings, that curve and beat and force their way until the air is filled with the brushing noise of their flight, the shadow of joy and life that still remained would silently, softly slip out of their grasp, and beauty would be gone from them.

That is why they are afraid, and that is why they cry despairingly: "Thou hast wings, like unto angels." The creature could wing its way out of the bottom-most pit and rise above, far above them, and with its heart of stone could snatch away their vision of a new life. Its power would crush them, for they are only faint, grey shadows, still and without colour. The blackness of his wings has filled the air with darkness, and the murmur comes only faintly from the mist: "Who is able to make war with him?"

Only a sudden ray of sunlight that joyfully comes to play among the pointed tips of the uppermost branches. Only the timid breathing of a passing wind that sways the branches on its endless way.

But the heavy, dark wings crumple and fall.

We must take the wings of the morning.

EDNA WILSDON

"Discord."

Now Heart, a most rebellious thing, too masterful by far,
Would have me use prosaic Tongue on waterfall and star:
On mellow light and silver frost, and sea-spray flying low,
And Autumn leaves and midnight sky, and flickering fire-light glow.
But Tongue bereft of harmony, and caring not for such,
Indulges in too little of what Heart would have too much.

With louder still insistence Heart would have me tell of love:
A quiet spot, a sheltered nook, a full moon up above,
When Mistress Night, a kindlier soul than Daylight, brazen Miss,
Holds out her ample skirts to hide a lover's ardent kiss.
But Tongue prefers a lecture or an intellectual chat,
And says with smug propriety: "That's quite enough of that!"

And Heart, poor thing, must throb in vain while yearning for

expression
Prosaic Tongue rejects her cause, and prates of Trade
Depression.

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

Fancy's Flights.

LET the winged fancy roam
Airy as the waited foam,
Overseas and far away,
Even to the break of day,
Where morning mists with purple haze
Dim the great sun's dazzling blaze.
Far away to India's clime,
To a myriad perfumes, each sublime.
Back again in Egypt's power
O'er the Sphinx to brood an hour.
Up the Nile, the deep blue Nile,
Through Cairo's streets to roam awhile.
Jerusalem she next doth choose,
The sacred city of the Jews.
Then on to Paris takes her flight
She comes in company with Night,
A myriad pin-points twinkle bright,
The whole of Paris seems alight
From where she sits upon a star;
And spying England there afar,
La! here she cometh, drifting home
Underneath a purple dome
Lulled to sleep by a silver cloud;
Her golden head on her breast is bowed.
Softly she's dropped to the heart of a bloom,
There to slumber midst the gloom.

GWEN BEAUMONT (*Form VI.*).

Nocturne.

THE corridors are dark.
My footsteps thud
Like hammer blows upon an empty box.
The form room lights are out, the cupboard door
Shines whitely in the greyish yellow light
Of the full moon. The trees outside are still
Save for the restless shudder of a few dead leaves,
All that are left.

But in the distance
I can hear the murmur of a fast-approaching car.
The lights now cast a dazzling beam of light
To right and left. A jagged mass of lines
Are thrust across the window pane, and then
They shrink back into shapeless black,
Made darker by that one short beam of light.
I turn my hack on darkness, dust sheets, brooms, and pails,
And with a single movement
Bring back all the old familiar shapes
By turning on the light.

CECILIA WHEELER (*Form VI.*).

"Too Many Tears."

Too many tears there are.
For though they fill your eyes with misty light
That gleams more bright
Than any distant star,
They lend a sadness to your face
For all the world to trace.
Too many tears!

Too many sighs! They steal
So heavily upon the twilight air,

And seem to rest in supplication there,
And mute appeal.
They say that drop by drop the heart's blood dries,
Till shadows dim the brightness of your eyes.
Too many sighs!
Too many tears!

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

Remembrance.

THANK God for peaceful England, this dear isle;
For England's quiet green beauty and her fame;
For her never-failing honour, and her ever-glorious name,
Which still doth stand though nations fall the while.

Remember! Only nineteen years ago,
The roll of war's dread thunder filled the air,
And ev'ry home was called upon to spare
Her father and her sons, to fight the foe.

Think, that the flower of all this nation,
And the good, were laid 'neath alien sad.
And for them England now gives thanks to God.

So while we in security may dwell
Remember still those sons who fought and died
For England's noble glory and her pride.

OLIVE BAKER (*Form VI.*).

The Little Brown House.

DOWN at the end of old Apple Tree lane,
Stands a little brown house so wee;
The doorstep gleams white,
And the knocker shines bright,
And everyone stops to see.

For the curtains are chintz,
And the door cheerful yellow,
The window panes glisten like dew
And o'erspreading the little
Brown gate at the front
Is an old, big and friendly yew.

And when twilight thickens,
And red glows the sun,
The little brown house looks queer;
For the wee people, then, take possession, you know,
Of my little brown house so dear.
DIANA WOOD (*Form L. IVw.*).

Le Royaume de Dieu.

"QU'EST-ce que c'est ce Royaume de Dieu,
Qu'on dit est établi aux cieux?
Est-ce bien que Quelqu'un change
Tous les gens aux anges?
Et comment monter de la terre
Au ciel, sans qu'on nous voie?"

"Ce royaume n'est pas au ciel, mes frères,
Mais ici, ici sous nos toits.
Et ci quelqu'un veut le trouver,
Le voilà grand'ouvert-Entrez!
Quand on aide ses ennemis,
Voici Le Royaume de Dieu, voici."

DAISIE SCOTT (*Form VI.*).

Carol.

ONLY a star to three revealed,
A three who then in reverence kneeled
Fore God divine.
Only a star whose glorious light
Roused the three watchers of the night
At day's decline.

(Refrain)

O Star of Faith, upon this joyous day
Arouse our hearts to greet thy beauteous ray
And on our friends and foes alike bestow
The Gift of Love.

In the dim light of closing day
Slowly along the rocky way
A weary man with heavy tread
There meekly by the bridle led
An ass whose precious burden's head
Was bowed in peace.

(Refrain)

Only a star whose light has lit
A shepherd's fold-around it sit
Toil-weary men.
The messenger of God's decree
Puzzled their ears-they could not see
For brilliance bade their sight to flee
Till all was done.

(Refrain)

An angel voice with music sweet
Bade them again themselves to seat
And not to fear.
"I bring glad tidings here this day,
A Child is born not far away,
He will be with the world for aye.
Fear not! Rejoice!"

The star began to glow and fade
And moved far past the stony glade
Wherein they sat
With one accord and wondering till
They rose and followed by dale and hill
Until it glowed supreme and still
O'er Bethlehem.

God's prophecy had been fulfilled,
The people's hopes forever stilled
To have this Son.
The angel's words were truly spoken,
A Book is with us as a token
Of Faith which never will be broken,
For He's Divine.

M. MCGLADDERY (*Form Va.*).

Christmas.

PEOPLE, our inn is full to-night:
No room inside, he said,
The only place where you could go
Is in the cattle shed.

By Mary, in that stable cold,
Was born a baby there;
To keep him from the chill, she laid
Him in a manger bare.

The Angels came and sang, to her
And Joseph in that shed:
"Mary, his name shall 'Jesus' be,
For thus the Lord hath said.

And shepherds came to worship him,
For they'd been told that night,
By Angels, in their field, the news
About this wondrous sight.

Three wise men came from Orient,
Bringing their gifts most rare,

To this heavenly babe, a future king
Born in a stable bare.

JANET BARTON (*L. I Vw.*).

Star-Spray.

O WHO has never known the joy
Of dancing naked on a beach
Deserted 'neath the starlit sky,
The night wind scattering showers of spray
Down his back from streaming locks
Like mermaids' deep-sea reedy tresses;
And felt the drips go falling, trickle
On brown shoulders satin-smooth,
Till they are caught by tiny hairs
Of glimmering sun-engendered gold?
Who has not raced, toes gripping sand,
And flung his soul up to the stars,
Golden archipels of song,
Who, with slim steel fingers cold
Caressed it with their sea-breeze breath
And sent it reeling back again
Their silver laughter echoing dim?
Who did not leap to catch his soul
With muscles taut and head flung back,
Tense, with limbs poised and pounding heart
And drew it back, clear-scented, cool,
Ere it reached the firm wet sand;
And dashed into the silken sea
To kick the surf to flying foam,
And clasped his throat and clenched his hands,
And shouted, sobbed and laughed with life?

PHYLLIS K. LOVICK (*Form VI.*).

Elizabeth Lee.

(With apologies to Edgar Allan Poe.)

IT was many and many a year ago
In a cold grey house by the sea,
That a child there lived whom you may know
By the name of Elizabeth Lee;
And this maiden she lived in that house all alone,
In the cold grey house by the sea.

She lived all alone, and her soul was as wild
As the chill wind blown o'er the sea,
And the strange, wondering eyes of the questioning child,
Of the child Elizabeth Lee,
Loved the scuffling and ruffling of everything blown
By the chill wind over the sea.

But the days one by one madly rushed from her grasp;
And quiet, by the still, dull sea,
Thin misty shadows of doubt and of fear
Stole over Elizabeth Lee.
She suddenly felt that her spirit was waiting
For what could the waiting be?

She could not look on the sea with joy,
Or exult in the shock of the wind;
For the new-born fears of her soul did destroy
The one-ness of her mind,
For the things she had known assumed new depths,
Peace she could not find.

Until one night in her cold, grey house
By the shore of the still, dull sea,
Her spirit was called from its longing and doubt.
The soul of Elizabeth Lee
Was named and flamed by a wind of fire
That blew o'er the still, dull sea.

A chill wind blows o'er the still, dull sea,
Bearing the soul of Elizabeth Lee.

EDNA WILSDON.



Little Leaf's Longing.

IT was Springtime. The trees all showed tiny green buds, which were gradually developing into little leaves.

On a lofty oak tree in the forest, one of these leaves swayed gently to and fro in the breeze. He was very contented with Life: the sun shone on his glossy green coat, the rain fed him, the wind fanned him, and the birds sang to him as they perched in the old oak's branches.

One day a big blackbird came and sat on the branch where the little leaf lived.

"Little Leaf, Little Leaf," he said eagerly, "I have just seen such a wonderful sight. In the heart of the forest there is a ring of toadstools, where the Fairy Queen holds her court. Never until to-day have I seen Her Majesty, but this morning, as I sang in the tree above, she suddenly appeared, and danced in time to my song. Oh, Little Leaf, she danced so lightly!"

"Lighter than the rain's patter on the trees?" asked Little Leaf. "Much, much lighter," replied the blackbird. "And oh! Little Leaf, her eyes are so blue!"

"As blue as the sky on a summer day?" asked Little Leaf.

"Far, far deeper," replied the blackbird. "And oh! Little Leaf, her hair is such a bright gold!"

"As bright as the sun when it shines at noon?" asked Little Leaf.

"Ah, much brighter," replied the blackbird. "And oh! Little Leaf, her lips are so red!"

"As red as the hawthorn berries when they ripen?" asked Little Leaf.

"Many, many times as red," replied the blackbird. "And now, Little Leaf, I must go, for my wife will wonder what keeps me so long."

He flew away, but Little Leaf pondered long over his words, and longed to see the Fairy Queen, whose dancing feet were lighter than the rain's patter, whose eyes were deeper than the summer sky, whose hair was brighter than the noonday sun, and whose lips were redder than ripe hawthorn berries.

Gradually the longing became so great that Little Leaf begged the Wind to carry him off the branch to the ring of toadstools, that he might see the Fairy Queen dance.

"Not yet, Little Leaf," boomed the Wind. "When you are older I will take you."

"But now my coat is Her Majesty's presence," smiled.

The months passed, and Little Leaf's coat turned from green to red.

"Now take me, Wind," he begged.

"When you are older, then you shall go," said the Wind.

"But now my coat is a bright red, fit raiment for me to wear in

Her Majesty's presence," pleaded Little Leaf. But the Wind only smiled.

By and by Little Leaf's coat turned from red to gold, and then - how Little Leaf begged to go!

"For this is the loveliest coat I have ever worn," he said. But the Wind only smiled and shook his head.

Then the Little Leaf's coat turned from gold to a dingy brown, and it was torn in many places, and thin. Little Leaf said despondently:

"Now I do not wish to go, for my coat is not fit to wear in Her Majesty's presence."

"Ah, but now you shall go!" laughed the Wind, as he blew a mighty gust that sent Little Leaf flying through the air, to land suddenly on the ground just inside the ring of toadstools. There he lay until he heard a sound lighter than the patter of rain on the trees, and there was the Queen, her eyes deeper than the summer sky, her hair brighter than the noonday sun, and her lips redder than ripe hawthorn berries. She danced hither, thither, faster, faster-then she suddenly stopped, right in front of Little Leaf!

"Why," she cried (and her voice was like the tinkle of the brook upon the stones). "What beautiful lace that would make for my new brown winter dress."

She clapped her tiny hands, and two little elves appeared. "Take that leaf to Mrs. Spider, and tell her it is the lace for my new winter dress," she commanded.

The elves carried Little Leaf away, and as he lay still he was content, for he had more than attained his desire.

GLADYS AUSTIN (*Form L. IVh.*)

Gerda and Cedric. (A PHANTASY.)

IN a little village in East Anglia there lived a lady whom nowadays one would call a scientist, but in those days was known as a Witch Doctor. She lived in the sweetest little cottage one could imagine and in her garden the wild animals and birds would play without the least fear of being molested.

Contrary to popular belief, Witch Doctors were not feared by the people, but rather the people respected them; and indeed, who would be afraid of this sweet-faced lady, who instead of casting spells upon people as do witches in books, went about taking medicines and fruit to the sick people of the village? Not only did she take them medicines for their bodies, but she was so bright and cheery that it was once said of her that five minutes of her company made one feel better than a month of taking her medicines.

This lady, whose name was Gerda, did not wear a black cloak and long pointed hat such as witches in story books are depicted as wearing. She wore a light green tunic, over which she threw, when it was cold, a cloak of darker green velvet.

Gerda's cottage was in the forest, and when she was not visiting sick persons, she would be experimenting with fresh medicines, made from the herbs which she found in the wood.

Gerda could not remember her mother, but her father had been a Greek aristocrat, an exceedingly learned scholar, who had been banished from Greece because of his revolutionary theories.

Once he had pointed to the moon and declared:

"One day people will make journeys there, just as the people of to-day travel from city to city. See you those birds? One day people will fly in the sky as they do."

Naturally the Ignorant people of that day thought him mad, scoffed at him, and finally drove him from the city, saying that he was a menace to the country.

Gerda's father had come to England, bringing his small daughter with him. He had taught Gerda much of what he knew, and when he died he told her to use her knowledge for the good of others, and always to be ready to learn more.

Gerda often thought of what her father had prophesied

about the future, and one day she resolved to try to invent a potion which would bestow eternal youth upon all who should partake thereof. After a series of unsuccessful attempts she did at last accomplish her aim. A potion was concocted and by taking this, eternal youth was ensured, although Gerda was unable to take any active part in the material world, being in reality a spiritual being.

She and her faithful dog Cedric, who had ever been her constant companion, tested the potion, taking enough to enable them to live for seven thousand years. Gerda put a small phial of it into the hem of her tunic, a necessary precaution against the weakening of the power of the potion.

Years have passed since then-much water has run under the bridge, the little cottage has fallen into ruins, the forest has been cleared away, and a large, modern town has sprung up.

Where the cottage once stood, there has been erected a large building bearing the proud name of "The Walthamstow High School for Girls." In the grounds of this imposing structure one may see many young people clad in green tunics, but rather different to that worn by Gerda in the days of old.

Sweet cords of memory still bind Gerda to the place she so loved in the days gone by-and often her spirit wanders at will, accompanied by her faithful dog Cedric, who, darting swiftly through the grass in the square is sometimes seen by Mr. Wells, who, prosaically minded, merely feels annoyed that stray cats (as he thinks) should scamper on his well kept lawns, little dreaming how near to him are Gerda and Cedric, the former musing upon the terrific changes of 1,300 years and the fulfilment of her father's predictions.

MARGARET STRINGER (*Form Upper IIIh.*).

Extracts from Famous Letters.

I.

FROM ONE CAMPER TO ANOTHER.

ON Monday I felt like asking who it is who sings of the joys of camping and a life of slothful ease. The answer is not me, for even when I try: to write a letter I am pestered with live stock. . . . The dots I am dodging mark the adventurous path of a quadruped who would not take a warning to " 'op out of my light" when I am busy. I could not have committed this cold-blooded murder two nights ago because I wasn't used to camp life. My visitor then was a gorgeous gooseberry green grasshopper, of the *Carnera carniverous* variety, for he was over two inches long and attacked an aluminium-aluminium-{bother! I can't say it} tin containing meat chops with great gusto, until I chased him out of my tent with a lighted match. It would have made a good movie film-a pale-faced little child in squashed-strawberry coloured pyjamas chasing with a blazing torch a g-g-g-g (translation above) in the stilly, and somewhat chilly, hours of a starlit morning, to the accompaniment of a chorus of crickets.

II.

FROM A FOREIGN LETTER TO DOREEN FINCH,

Form Lower IIIs.

THE Victoria Falls are perfectly wonderful. There are various excursions one can take and see them from different angles. This morning we have seen them from the Rain Forest. This is a glorious tropical forest full of ferns, palms, creepers, etc. We saw lots of monkeys and almost trod on a snake, I ran for dear life but my friend was quite calm.

The spray from the Falls is thrown up about half a mile into the air and comes down over this forest-thus keeping it always damp.

Hence trees and ferns grow profusely. It is a change to see glorious green after months of no rain in Bulawayo.

On Friday we went for a canoe trip up the Zambesi, above the Falls. It's wonderful how near the edge of the Gorge one can go. On this trip we saw two crocodiles by the banks.

The trip made me think of books like *Coral Island*, where they went by boat through dense jungles always on the look out for crocs. and hippos.

One part of the Falls is full of rainbows and it is a wonderful sight.

III.

FROM JOAN HIBBIT, OXFORD. (*Floreat and all that.*)

EVERYTHING here is such a giddy glorious rush. I live two flights of stairs and about five miles of passages from the centre of the college, which adds to the hectic flurry of existence. Bother. I'm due at Schools for a lecture on the Epic in half-an-hour, and if I'm not to repeat my usual stunt of a (would-be) lightning sprint up the High culminating in falling up the steps of Schools (well no, that latter isn't exactly usual, but it does occur) I must e'en now set forth.

P.M.

I am to have coffee with my tutor to-morrow evening. I am rather nervous, because she is a lovely person, but terribly unapproachable and aloof. People say it's because she's shy, but that doesn't make it much easier.

There are some thrilling people here-a Hindoo (her clothes are lovely and she has two nice little brothers she was showing round the College last week-end), a Dutch girl (rather like Grace Macfarlane to look at), two French, a Russian, an Italian (whom I have not identified yet, but whom I shall meet at someone's 21st birthday party on Sunday) and an American, who says she is .. a practicing lawyer in New York Cidy." Personally I go about most with a girl from the wilds of Yorkshire, who lights my fire for me, contemplates teaching me to knit properly, and instructs me in the language of her native heath. The nicest expression she has taught me is the saying "It natters me," meaning it frets me, worries me, gets on my nerves. But I have little occasion to use it.

I must stop now and do a little Anglo-Saxon, as after tea I have a country-dancing class, and after dinner a meeting of the English Club (Alec Waugh on the Novel).

I think the nicest thing in Oxford are two poplars in Parks, although the ash tree outside my window gets more of my affection because I feel it is my own.

Must run those five miles of passages.

IV.

A LETTER FROM EDITH DUTCH (O.G.A.) OF EASTBOURNE.

BY bearing to the right I can wander for an hour and so reach Jevington-a snug little village just curled at the foot of the Downs.

Or if the breeze invites me to keep on the top as much as possible I can turn to the left and walk and walk on the springy turf, on and on till I come to Beachy Head. There, the sea-gulls as they circle screeching overhead provide sufficient interest and food for wonder to last for hours. Then, of course, there is the sea, marvellously rough just now, and the white cliffs looking absolutely spotless in the bright sunshine.

I had your letter yesterday when I was up in town to see my mother. Since then I have been cudgelling my brain to make something suggest itself to me, but it's dreadful to discover how horrible pen and paper seem to be when there's so much else to do that's nicer than writing articles.

As I look out of my window I can see the sun shining gloriously on the gentle slopes of the Downs and I know that if I walk just a few steps up the hill I shall be able to choose between two wonderful walks.

To the Bulrush Seeds in the Artroom.

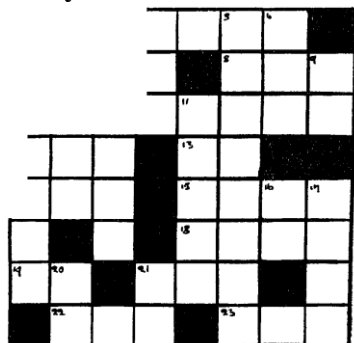
I HOLD you in my hand,
a thousand tiny seeds
which in due time will skim away
to pools o'ergrown with reeds.

You tumbled out-cascades
of downy parachutes;
One Mind had planned for each his place for all you tiny
mutes:

and if I let you go,
the wind shall waft you, where
to slender plants you'll grow, and each
ten million seeds will bear.

DOROTHY J. GRIFFITHS (Form VI.).

Every Girls' Crossword Puzzle.



Clues Across.

1. Shakespearean character
7. A Christmas carol
8. Fuss
10. A small seat
12. A.D.R. (actual)
13. Northern Railway (initials)
14. A cereal similar to wheat
15. The prong of a fork
18. Behead "liken"
19. Conjunction
20. C.L.I. (actual)
22. And so on
23. Expressing negation, or refusal

Clues Down.

1. A Province in Canada
2. A person who fawns
3. The Nationality of Moses
4. Electric Lamp Organization(initials) A rowdy young hooligan
5. A poem
6. Old Time (initials)
7. A preposition
8. Latin for "lest"
9. Jealousy
10. Concerning
11. County Council (initials)

EDNA TIMBERLAKE (Form Va.).

Rhyme and Rhythm for Anyone.

Do you possess poetical tendencies? That is not meant to be an impertinent question, but if so, and in case not, what is your idea of poetry? Possibly you have one, and if so why not? But this is not getting us anywhere, so on, on, as they say in the best circles.

Here one rhymes:

Beyond the hills and meadows green
The Sun rose in the East? [Obviously.]
A glorious ball of golden sheen,
On which my eyes did feast. (Ahem.)
It sparkled in the morning dew,
And gilded every tree,
I lingered long to watch the view,
Lulled by the droning bee. [Me, not the view.]

And there you have the whole lurid picture. But possibly you may prefer the modern idea, which relies, shall we say, upon the beauty or effectiveness (or perhaps brevity or total absence) of its words and phrases and a certain peculiar balance in the lines

(if any). Such as this:
Night-blue, luminous sky:
Jet-black silhouette
Of [Good line that]
Quaint, squat, chimney pots. . . .
Slim-orbed Diana
Placidly reigning
Over her kingdom
Of [Again that joke]
Silver roofs
And [Ditto]
Chimney pots.

And here beloved, we have a general mixture of the two, which you may or may not like, as you please:

With
The sun on my face
I lie,
Wrapped in my dreams:
The sky,
Achingly blue,
Just seems
The essence and colour
Of dreams.

What do you think about it all? Don't you long to see a Magazine filled to the brim with such stuff and the like? But you could not do it! (That is a challenge!)

D. B. (O.G.A.).

Songs of Food.

("a man who seeks not to be an epicure at his own table, is foolishly inhuman and uncivilised."-HOLDEN.)

TURNIP AND PARSNIP.

THE Turnip is a plump old maid,
Complacent, self-sufficient.
She squats, enshrined in buttered sauce,
With owl-like face, efficient.

The Parsnip is a Pecksniff,
With a lean and hungry look.
False deceiver with a flavour,
Who seers at all I cook.

THE BANANA.

FAIR Ljubljana,
Oh banana, gave thee birth.
A golden land, of purple seas,
And violet skies, and sandy leas;
Where natives truculent,
In dishes succulent,
Enmesh you with hot cheese.
Oleaster, Oleander
Are the trees of your gay earth.
But I eat you in a pale land
Of grey oceans, little mirth.

EUNICE HOLDEN.

Song of Triumph.

To be chanted in unison.

(lento) PEAL out triumphal music slow,
For this grand day we've had to go
And leave our seats around the wall,
And at the table ourselves install.
(crescendo) We're the Upper Sixth -
Hurrah! hurrah!
(con gusto) No more unlocking cloakroom doors,
Standing at the back door when it pours,

Saying, "Wipe your meat upon the fat -
 Oh, sorry! feet upon the mat."*
 No more ringing bells at breaks,
 Pressing on the left thumb till it aches,
 Nor rushing round the garden looking a fright,
 Ringing the "muffin" bell with all your might
 As if summoning the firemen to do their bit.
 (It's a wonder the Canon doesn't have a fit!)
 No more understudying parts
 On which the Upper Sixth have set *their* hearts,
 Never again giving a boring debate-
 With nervousness you absolutely shake-
 Whether Ronald Colman was ever a sweep,
 Or the League of Nations disturbs our sleep.
 No more collecting the property they lose,
 Hot damp plimsolls and wet muddy shoes;
 Never again hearing the tiddler tale!
 (Absolute bunkum and perfectly stale.)
 No more sharing *one* book between four
 'Cos they cannot afford any more!
 You who desire a life of ease-
 Don't come into the Sixth Form, please!
 And let us warn you, one and all,
 The only privilege is-*you can cross the front hall!*

LAST YEAR'S LOWER SIXTH.

*

This has actually happened.

The Games Monitri.

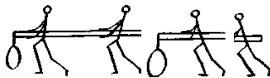
AT Walthamstow High School, ten minutes to four,
 A bell rings, declaring the day's work is o'er;
 We nine gawky lassies a-bursting with vim
 All pack up our books and trip into the gym.



We pick up the pumps and the scissors,-and gape
 At the number of balls that have sunk out of shape
 We squat on the floor, in the midst of chaos,
 Proceeding to make ourselves comfy as poss.



With vigour we stir up the paint in the pots,
 Unravel the scarves which *you've* tied up in knots,
 Then patch up the bladders, and fill 'em with air,
 And bring in the posts, for we can't leave 'em there.



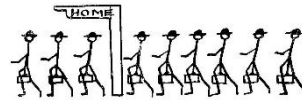
We nine gawky lassies, a story will tell,
 Of how, when one day we were working so well
 A bladder exploded,-a deafening BANG!
 We shrieked, then with laughter the whole building rang.



Help! Ha-Ha!

Yow! Yoicks!

But then, thro' the din, we heard footsteps approach,
 A stern voice boomed out in a tone of reproach!?!
 We carefully packed up the things, with a sigh,
 To wend our way homeward,-we Games Monitri.



FORM VI. (Approx.)

W.H.S. Gossip.

LUNCHING with Lord Keskesay last week, I noticed at a neighbouring table the Burgravine of Selzervatta. The last time I saw her was at her castle of Teufelsdröck in July, 1914.

Always the most charming of Hostesses, she showed me with typical Teutonic kindness her unrivalled collection of *Hors d'Œuvres*. She confessed that her one ambition was to get a specimen of the famous Clacton bi-valve. She said a friendly Professor of Dactylography had promised to get her one within a few weeks. Alas! Within a few weeks all Europe was in a turmoil,-another instance of the unkind jokes a cruel fate plays upon beautiful women.

Professor Parapluié, whose duo-centenary was celebrated in Gosport Road last week, told me between the "afters" that although it pleased the world to honour him for his monumental work on the *Etyology of the Glow-worm*, he would much rather be famed for his skill in durdling the weavil. When I confessed ignorance of this apparently obscure art, he explained, with Gallic vanity, that in England it was known as dart throwing.

And to the Senorita Hastalavista, who I had the fortune to encounter on my way to the Vestibule, I addressed a few consoling words in a discreet undertone. She nudged me with a typically graceful gesture, and said that nothing was really worthwhile in this weary world. I agreed with her, but ventured to assure her that Nothingness as a pass-time was an art to be cultivated.

You, who know nothing whatsoever about it, should agree with me.

You: "What do I care?"

Me: "How do I know?"

O.G.A.

Who Remembers-

The missing worm?
 "Guinness?"

Who Knows-

That Christopher Stone discovered America?
 Who was brought up on Latin?
 That flocks of horses grow in Andalusia?
 Who had three helpings of tapioca?
 The story of the Mintoe?
 Which member of the Staff eats chalk?
 Made a blazer raid?
 Who are Benjamin and Benjamine?

What relation Benjamin is to the aforementioned?

What a "noon wire and double" is?

Who said "I like Augustus better when he was Octavian"?

Which Sixth-former paid a penny for a half-penny biscuit, because there was only one left?

That Viral was a Roman poet?

Games Notices, 1933.

LAST season we won the Essex Secondary School Netball Shield after meeting Woodford in the final. We have the greatest hopes of retaining it this season, but only the first round

has been played against St. Angela's. There are only two girls left from last year's first team, but the results are good so far. The Junior teams are also very promising this season. The match results are as follows:

		Goal	34-10	Win
West Ham	1st Team	“	20-9	“
	2nd Team	“	31-8	“
	1st Junior Team	“	14-4	“
	2nd Junior Team	“	27-6	“
Parliament Hill	1st Team	“	18-8	“
London School of Medicine	1st Team	“	23-7	“
	2nd Team	“	21-9	“
St. Angela's	1st Team	“		“
	2nd Team	“		“

There are now the competition results.

The Upper School Net-ball Trophy was won by VB., the Middle and Lower School Trophies were gained by Forms L. IV A. and L. IIIs. VB. was again successful in the Drill Competition, while L. IVE. and L. IIIw. were the winners in the Middle and Lower Schools.

In the Summer Term the Swimming Sports and Tennis Tournament were held.

VI., U. IIIs., L. IIIs. were the successful Forms in the Swimming Sports. The Tennis Trophies were won by VA. in the Upper School and by L. IVB. in the Middle School.

Lastly we owe our thanks to the Staff for their play, which we all enjoyed so much at the Games Party, "The Fantasticks."

J. BASS (Captain, VI.).

HOCKEY CLUB.-Although we are not going to play any outside matches this year, the Hockey Club is still flourishing. There are 117 members altogether, 60 of whom are enthusiastic beginners. We play every day after School, the beginners on Tuesdays and Thursdays, and the rest on the alternate days. We wish to show our appreciation and gratitude to the Staff who come and take our practices every week.

At the end of the season we hope to arrange inter-form matches to compete for the Hockey Trophy-a Shield, which is now in the possession of the Sixth Form.

PHYLLIS LOVICK (Hockey Captain, VI.).

School Societies.

THE INTER-SCHOOL CLASSICAL CLUB.-This year we have attended two lectures, one by Mr. Wheeler on "Recent excavations at St. Alban's," and one by Miss Lister on "The Greek Child"; both lectures were illustrated by lantern slides and were of immense interest. We are much looking forward to going to the Monoux School on November 24th to hear a lecture on "Private Life in Athens," by Mr. Bell, Head Master of St. Paul's Boys' School.

In June the Dionysians, a sub-section of the Workers' Educational Association, borrowed our Greek Theatre for their production of the "Hippolytus," translated by Gilbert Murray. We congratulate them on and thank them for their performance.

LEAGUE OF NATIONS' UNION.-The L.N.U. has had three very interesting meetings this year.

In the Spring Term E. Holden produced a play "Aria da Capo," which was performed to the whole School on the afternoon of April 4th. The League Choir, trained by Miss Bean, sang four songs at the meeting.

On July 19th the whole School enjoyed a very enlightening talk on "The Treaty of Versailles." The speaker, Mr. Archer, addressed us in the Greek Theatre.

On January 20th a League of Nations Party was held at the Youth Movement House, Russell Square. W. H.S. was represented by two League members, who had a very enjoyable evening.

On March 8th some members of the League attended a Youth Rally at the Central Hall Y.M.C.A. The speaker was Miss Margery Fry.

This term a party of fifty went to the film "Cavalcade." It made the most interesting and excellent League propaganda.

A test is soon to be held for intending new members. We hope that our members will be greatly increased this year.

C. WHEELER (Secretary, VI.).

LITERARY AND DRAMATIC SOCIETY.-The programme of the 1932-3 was the most enterprising that it has ever arranged.

The meeting for the Autumn Term was arranged as an expedition to Sadlers' Wells. The Society went by 'bus and saw Shakespeare's "Othello," which was splendidly acted, as indeed all plays are at the Wells.

The event for the Spring Term was so important that the whole School attended. Walter de la Mare came to read extracts from his works, and although there were many rumours about taxis and break-downs connected with his arrival, he did arrive quite safely even if a little late. He read the fascinating story of Maria Fly, and then a varied selection of poems, including "Jugged Hare," which entertained the Lower School no less than the Staff. His act of crowning generosity was to send signed copies of the *Listener* and the *Midget* as souvenirs to the Chairman and Secretary of the Society.

At the beginning of the Summer Term, the Literary Society provided another treat in which the whole School again participated. This time it was the bi-annual Acting Competition, which always gives great pleasure both to those who represent their Forms and to the spectators.

That very popular actor, Cecil Ramage, who was at one time President of the Oxford University Dramatic Society, came to judge the Competition. The entire School "fell for" the dark handsome man with the musical voice and debonair charm. At once brains and tongues set to work and in their great enthusiasm they found out that he was acting with Marie Tempest in "When Ladies Meet"; that there was a criticism of the very play in *Punch*; that he had been an M.P. for Newcastle; and that his wife was Cathleen Nesbitt.

But what they liked best was the way in which he judged the Competition-that is, on Form production and not on the merits of individuals. He complimented the School on its high standard, and finally awarded in the Junior Section, the Trophy to Upper IVA. for their charming rendering of "Twelfth Night," the colour-scheme of which he found particularly delightful, and in the Senior Section he awarded the Trophy to the Sixth Form for their praiseworthy production of "The Tempest."

P. Lovick (Secretary, VI.).

THE MUSICAL SOCIETY.-In the Spring Term we chose opera, and on March 11th, a party of thirty girls accompanied by Miss Bean, Miss Brown and Mlle. Srémant visited Sadlers' Wells to see "Cosi Fan Tutti." The graceful performance was enjoyed by everyone; it made us realise more fully the gaiety and poetry of Mozart's music.

We had a musical evening in the Summer Term, on July 11th.

This took the form of a pianoforte recital by Miss Evelyn Rumsey, L.R.A.M., A.R.A.M., and also varied items by members of the Society. We all enjoyed Miss Rumsey's performance with its delicate interpretation and fluid technique. Especially beautiful was her rendering of Bach's "Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring," and of Chopin's "Fantaisie-Impromptu," but she thrilled us most with Mendelssohn's "Hunting Song."

As a new venture this term, we have decided upon a joint meeting with the Literary and Dramatic Society, at which music and acting may both figure. We hope to produce two plays at the end of November: a Nativity play, "Christmastide," and an interesting Russian play called "Michael."

R. HYATT (Form VI.).

SCIENCE SOCIETY.-Members of the Society visited the British Oxygen Works at Charlton on March 11th. Much interest was displayed in the hard and brittle fruit and flowers frozen in the liquid air. Some alarm was caused when our Guide asked for a school hat which he proceeded to use as a

vessel for liquid air. The latter ran through the hat leaving it frozen hard, but the dismay of the owner disappeared as the hat returned to normal temperature.

The ramble to Hainault Forest arranged for the Summer Term was cancelled owing to the small number wishing to join the party, but the Lower IV, which was keen enjoyed a specially organised Forest walk. On November 18th, a party is hoping to visit Gallenkamp's Glass Blowing and Graduating Works, where much of the apparatus we use at School is made. Those who cannot be included in this party will be given an opportunity of visiting the Natural History Museum later in the term.

M. FRENCH (*Form VI.*).

BULB COMPETITION-Spring, 1933.-The best exhibits this year were sent in by Form VI. in the Upper School and Form L.IIIw. in the Lower School.

Forms VA., L.IVA., U.IIIH. and U.IIIw. were highly commended and with the exception of two forms the rest of the School made a good show.

SCHOOL EXPEDITIONS AND LECTURES. -Among many delights unofficially supplied by Members of the Staff to the School during the Spring and Summer Terms were visits to the Academy, a veritable pilgrim's hike to Meopham, as well as a practical surveyor's course there, undertaken by advanced members of the geographical body. From April 13th to 20th a band of potential experts were escorted to Babbacombe for the purposes of botanical research.

In December, Mrs. Harrower delivered a lecture of penetrating insight upon "Three Centuries of French Art": the wonders of Photography were extolled by a lecturer from Kodak. In addition were lectures, one on "Alfred de Vigny," at the French Institute, and one on the "Far East," by Lord Lytton. Mrs. Harwood most kindly made pipers of us all by her infectiously enthusiastic talk.

In the Autumn Term expeditions lie even thicker on the ground. The Lower and the Middle School went to the Conway Hall to see a missionary film, "Through China to Japan." The VI. Form have attended lectures at King's College on the all-pervading Hitler, and have also been able to discover elsewhere what careers are open to practical girls. In common with the Fifths they have had the opportunity of being taken to see the French Plays at Sadler's Wells. The Fifth Form was personally conducted round the Temple by the Master himself in search of the elusive Lamb-a rare privilege. The Walthamstow Electricity Exhibition was as good as a conjuring show to girls from the Lower IV. upwards.

Field Work in Devon.

DURING the Easter holidays Miss Dennithorne took a party from the Vths and VIths to Babbacombe. Beautiful coast walks to Watcombe, Bury Head and Hope's Nose provided exercise for mind and muscle, and although the month was only April a large number of plants were found in flower. The rocks of Anstey's Cove were most popular and Kent's Cavern, which is quite close to the Cove, recalled the days when bears roamed in South Devon and took shelter in the self-same caves. But if we did not meet live bears we did see the wild ponies on Dartmoor.

Life at "Ferny Bank" was great fun-from the morning scurry to be down by 8 a.m. to the tapioca suppers-and after! One of the biggest domestic problems was the keeping of a tidy bedroom-this it seemed was not at all easy when four or five were gathered together. Extraordinary things were sometimes found in bedrooms. One morning a huge parcel arrived for Miss Dennithorne labelled "not to be opened until Easter." It contained an Easter Egg for the whole party and it was very much appreciated on the long morning tramp.

A party from another school was staying in an adjacent house and a joint fancy dress party was arranged for the last night. Miss White and two others of our group won prizes for ingenuity or beauty-and we did not go to bed at the regulation hour that night, and so ended a most enjoyable week.

SCIENCE SIXTH

Members of Committee O.G.A., Walthamstow High School.

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Vice Presidents: Miss GOLDWIN and M. FOXON.

Hon. Treasurer: I. GILLET.

Secretary: D. HIGHAM.

Assistant Secretary: R. HAYWARD.

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Ex-Officio: D. BARBER.

News in Brief.

Miss POLLARD is teaching at the Haberdashers' Aske's Hatcham School, New Cross.

E. WEST saved a man from drowning at Jersey this summer. NORA BLOFIELD is coming home with her little daughter in May for a year's holiday.

Lucy RABSON is English Mistress in Queen Mary's High School, Liverpool.

ELSIE HATCH is lecturing in Mathematics at Capetown University.

NELLIE QUINTON is teaching in a private school at Cowes.

JOAN HIBBIT is at Somerville College, Oxford.

MARGARET RABSON is an Oxford Home Student.

ROSE BRAZIER is at Newnham College, Cambridge.

IRIS SILVESTER is at East London College.

WINNIE NICHOL is training to be a nurse at Whipps Cross Hospital.

ALICE BIRD is training to be a nurse at Black Nottley.

MARJORIE CHRISTY is training to be a nurse at the Isolation Hospital, Chingford.

MAIRE DIXON, IRENE MARRIOTT and IVY BOLLEN are at the Nursery School, Markhouse Road.

ETHEL FLINDALL is at the London Electric Wire Co.

EDITH CONDON and ELSIE CHERRY are at the Xylonite Works.

Last year's Student Teachers went to the following Colleges: LILY BRANCH to Chichester, WINNIE GALE to Portsmouth, KATHLEEN GALLINGTON and DORA KETTLEWHITE to Brighton Municipal and JEANNE PAYLING and HILDA STANNARD to Homerton.

DOROTHY BARBER, who at the time of going to press is still Sub-Editor for the benefit of the O.Gs., has an insatiable appetite for contributions of all classes. Her address, in case you do not know, is 169, Chingford Road, E. 17.

Seventy Candles.

MAKING a big snowball is lots of fun when everyone wants to push it and when the snow is all thick and fresh. The snowball of Miss Hewett's seventieth birthday party grew more quickly than any snowball I have ever known because as soon as anyone heard of it they rushed in to have a push. Then, too, the love and admiration everyone feels for her is so fresh and abundant that there was almost a snow mountain in no time-the Committee loved being the Committee, the printer printed the letters for nothing because Miss Hewett was a "Walthamstow institution," and Miss Goldwin was almost snowed under with letters from here, there and everywhere. Even the Staff of Leeds High School would not be left out and sent flowers.

The one and only hitch in the party was the congestion in the cloakrooms because people met their pals there and started talking, and from that moment most people didn't stop talking till they left. There were Chappels and Whittinghams and Reeves and Highams and Griggs, and Foxons and Houghtons and Cookes and Cunninghams and Clarkes and Workmans and Slacks and-and-and-oh it was lovely, seeing them all!

Perhaps it was loveliest of all, when we were quiet for a

time, to hear "George and Minnie" sing. Perhaps it was the magic of the Singing or perhaps it was the faces, but I think it was then we realised we were back in "Edwardian" Walthamstow, living it over again.

Perhaps the most Surprising moment came when Mrs. Wise asked all the "first-day-of-the-School" girls to come and help her light the candles on the cake and a large group came up quickly, amongst them: Daisy, Nellie and Violet Chappell, Millie Brabrook (Jackson), Margie Lucas (Whittingham), Muriel Whittingham, Sadie Foxon, Ethel Rainer (Griggs), Margaret Griggs, Itta Gillett, May Maud (Clarke), Daisy Blofield (Workman), Ethel Calver (Slack), Lily Hookway (Cooke), Daisy Baddeley (Ogilvie).

Some of the O.G.A. gave their push to the snowball by making us give Miss Hewett a present. So very suitably, the prime mover, Minnie Foxon, the Vice-President of the O.G.A., presented her a tea-set from all the party. Everyone signed an autograph book which was given to Miss Hewett by Margie Lucas (Whittingham). All were announced by Arthur Workman who very kindly acted as M.C.

The "Twinnies," of course, would add life to any party. Their charade on a good old French lesson, followed by a Ballet on the Hat of the Gardener and the Pen of the Aunt was fun for those who did it and I have heard for those who watched it.

It is lovely when the person for whom a party is planned is the life and soul of it and enjoys it to the full before, at the time and after. It is probably this vitality that makes Miss Hewett so beloved by everyone and that made her speech so exactly what we all wanted to hear. We all enjoyed ourselves but I really believe she enjoyed it most of all and, though we all enjoyed seeing all our old friends, it was she who was the centre of it all.

MARJORIE WISE.

W.H.S. Old Girls' Gym Club.

As we have only had two Gym. lessons this season, it is rather difficult to give a report, so this account must again take the form of an appeal. We have started with quite a good number of members, but as you have so often been told, both by myself and my predecessors. There is still plenty of room for more members.

Rose Harris is still working very hard with us, and would really like to have a larger class. If more Old Girls would only turn up it would show that her services are appreciated by us.

The subscription is 7s. 6d. for the season of two terms, and classes this season are being held on Monday evenings at 7.30. If you are unable to join for the whole season, you may attend any class on payment of 1s. for the evening.

CONSTANCE PETTIT (Hon. Sec.).

The Wind.

SOMETIMES I hear him whispering high among
The tallest poplar leaves, telling the tale
Of how he travels over all the world,
Of great grey desolate moors where he sweeps
Among the withered grasses, dead and brown;
And moans around the piles of stones that mark
The ruined graves of days long dead, calling
The ghosts of long ago to weep with him.
Then suddenly he turns, and flies in panic
Far from the echoes he has raised, and seeks
The shelter of the woods. There, like a child,
Frightened, he sobs among the branches, till
The night is dark, then creeping round the great
Protecting oaks he sinks to rest awhile.
But now and then he stirs a little, wakes,
And whimpers as in fear; the owl calls
In sudden answer; the wind starts up,
Rustles the sleeping branches, stirs the leaves,
Seeking companionship until the trees whisper,
"O wind, be still, be still, be still:
"All else is sleeping, sleeping-." So the wind,
Murmuring, sighs himself to sleep again.

JOYCE PARKER (O.G.).

A Corner of Sussex.

IT is a glorious day in early October. The sky is blue-blue as a poet's dream, and the air is crystal clear. On the trees and the nearby hedges the leaves are taking on their autumn tints of gold and red and russet. Now and then one solitary leaf drops with a tiny rustle to the fresh grass beneath. A few late blackberries glisten in the bright sunshine, and a cluster of crimson hawthorn berries makes yet one more splash of colour amid the vivid harmonies of the scene.

Across the way the sun gleams on the thatched roofs of old cottages, picturesque in their quaintness, with their queer twisted chimney pots from which the faint blue smoke drifts lazily into the still morning air, and tiny windows that peer forth from under the overhanging eaves.

A breeze rustles busily through the old elms which in summer have housed so many families of rooks. A seagull strayed inland from the coast-flashes across the blue-and in the distance, faintly, comes the sound of bells.

It is Sunday morning.

LILIAN BANKES (née DENNY).

Close of Autumn.

BROWNS and golds are deep'ning, soft white mists
arise;
Sunlight dreams more tiredly from cloud-swept,
dulling skies;
Winds blow cold and freshly against wee rosy cheeks;
Tiny hand in gladness the coal-fire's red warmth seeks;
Merry sports are started in forest, street and fields,
Joyous shouts of laughter the deep-dewed morning
yields;
Starshine softly glimmers in velvet-cool, black nights,
Fireshine warmly flickers in blue and golden lights:
Faerie smiles are winging thro' gentle, diamond rain
The gold of summer's fading-grey winter's come
again!

EILEEN NICHOLS (O.G.A.)

Marriages.

DOROTHY BLACKWELL to ERIC SYKES, April, 1933.
MURIEL FRENCH to ROBERT ALLAN FRY, 27th April, 1933.

EDITH HATCH to JACK HAMBLIN, 4th February, 1933.

EDITH LAMPEN to Lieut.-Commander THOMAS JOHN

NORMAN HILKEN, Royal Navy, 9th August, 1933.

KATHLEEN MARTIN to EDWARD SAMUEL JONES,
29th April, 1933

IRENE MCGEORGE to EDWIN WILLIAM TANNER, 10th
June, 1933

WINIFRED NATTRIS to CHARLES JOHN LESLIE
HIBBERD, 16th September, 1933.

EDNA PROVOST to EDWARD KOSS, December, 1932.

JOYCE READING to ERNEST CHARLES WOOD, 11th
September, 1933

GLADYS SEAWARD to STANLEY HUBERT
WELLAND, 7th October, 1933.

MARGERIE SHEPPARD to HENRY HILTON, July, 1933.

VIOLET STEVENS to LAWRENCE ARTHUR

GRANTHAM, 16th September, 1933.

HAZEL WILLS to HENRY ARTHUR WHEELER, 26th
August, 1933

IRENE WOOLMORE to GEORGE LAWRENCE
MITCHELL, 21st October, 1933.

Births.

IDA BARRALET (Mrs. Varley), a son, John Richard, in April,
1933

MARJORIE BUDD (Mrs. Fuller), a son, Peter Jack, in
January, 1933

DOROTHY CRAIG (Mrs. Woodhurst), a daughter, Molly

Patricia in June, 1932.

MARY FULFORD (Mrs. Saint), a daughter, Gillian Mary, in April 1933.

VIOLET LATHAM (Mrs. Maldrett), a son, 23rd June, 1933.

NELLIE QUERNEY (Mrs. Gooding), a son, John Bernard, June 26th, 1932.

DORIS RICHARDSON (Mrs. Kill), a daughter, Shirley.

EDITH ROBERTS (Mrs. Burrage), a daughter, Ursula.

CONNIE SAUNDERS (Mrs. Jones), a daughter, Shirley Ann, 16th April, 1933.

OLIVE STEVENS (Mrs. King), a son, in July, 1933.

DUTCHIE WEY (Mrs. Wallis), a daughter, in September, 1933.

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