

Walthamstow High School Magazine December 1936

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Committee O.G.A.: M. Adkins, D. Higham, E. Foxon.



M.M. Spragg VI

Head Mistress's Letter.

DEAR SCHOOL,

The outstanding event of the School year has been the rapid growth of the Parents' Association; I should like to offer my most sincere thanks to all those kind friends who have helped in this development; a list of our many and varied activities past, present and to come, will appear elsewhere and will give some idea of the scope of the Association. May I remind you that our aim is to promote "co-operation between home and school" and urge all parents to co-operate by becoming members.

YOU will be glad to hear that at long last the hockey-field is being drained and levelled; it is difficult to believe that a grassy plateau will eventually emerge from the present sea of mud; but I am told that the field will be playable by next season.

An account of the O.G.A. Concert will appear in the Stop-Press of this issue; meanwhile our thanks and congratulations are due to all those stalwarts concerned in its success.

A Happy New Year to you all!
Yours affectionately,

M. NORRIS.

Sub-Editor's Letter.

FROM Wilhelmina Stitch to Virginia Woolf is the space of the poles asunder. Begrudgingly we compromise by assuming a virtue and an equatorial position of sub-editorial mediocrity, and from that anomalous latitude, which somewhat corresponds to the national

mathematical definition of a point, proceed to fill in the log of our School magazine entries.

Though the entries were as profuse as formally, and though we welcome the material selected, the entries do not represent the whole talent of the School. But whether or no articles have been accepted from the VI, Upper IV H, Upper III W, and Lower III W, these forms are to be congratulated on their determined efforts to support their School paper-of the making of magazine's truly there is not end. But *finis coronat opus*, in other words, the crown for this number goes to V A for vigour and variety of effort.

A novel feature is the offering by Mdlle. Grémaud, of a prize for the first correct solution of the French Crossword handed in to her.

The time is shortly at hand when the whole of the Iris will be written in either Middle English or Low German, by the authors of "1798 and How's That" – so enjoy your Iris while you may.

"Christmasse is y-cumen in – Loude singe....."
Happy Christmas, everybody.

A.H. Park

There are those who complain that the School Chronicle is full of information about everything except work; I would draw the attention to these Kill-Joys to the list of School Successes during the past year.

EDNA TIMBERLAKE. (VI).

The Prizegiving.

THE Prize-Giving was held on Saturday, September 19th, in the Greek Theatre. The weather was exceptionally kind to us, the sun shone throughout and even the wind absented itself so that no voices were carried away. The entertainment was unusually long and varied and went without a hitch.

First of all, the Sixth Form presented, "The Confutation of Wisdom," by F. Sladen-Smith. This was an unusual little play, written in the Chinese manner. The School kept up its reputation for good singing in the rendering of "The Ballad of London River", "Dashing away with the Smoothing Iron," "Viking Song," and two charming little French songs, "Coucou," and "Le Printemps."

Form V.A danced the Spanish Dance which they had composed for the Dancing Competition, and Form VI followed with "A Church Window," an original and dignified dance composed by themselves. The Lower and Middle Schools amused and delighted the audience with a charming "Sing a Song of Sixpence," dance, while Form VI awoke memories of the past with their dance, "When Grand Mamma was Young." Form U. Iva presented a gay French Scene, "Les Paysannes en Voyage," and then the platform was set for the Prize-Giving.

The Chairman, Alderman Mrs. McEntee spoke for a few minutes, and Miss Norris then read her annual report. We were honoured by the presence of a very distinguished prize-donor, Dr. Hamilton Fyfe. He held the interest of everyone with his witty and helpful talk to the School. "A good school is like a good garden," he said, "where each flower has a chance of growing to the best possible advantage." Mr Licence spoke on behalf of the Parents' Association. Then followed the bouquets and gifts.

Thanks are due to everyone who helped to make the Prize-Giving such a success, not forgetting those who cleared up so nobly afterwards.

EDNA TIMBERLAKE

Public Examination Results, 1936.

Subjects to be added to General School Certificate: (English and

French), Muriel Barrett, Edna Timberlake; (French), Gertrude Wright.
General School Certificate and Matriculation: Mary Curtis,
Margaret Gracey, Freda Hart, Pamela Henstridge, Lorna McCarthy,
Marjorie Mortimer, Joan Parfee, Evelyn Pearce, Marjorie Rees,
General School Certificate: Ruth Allen, Margaret Atkinson,
Elsie Bending, Joan Bowditch, Olive Buck, Evelyn Bunting, José
Curtis, Winnie Cushway, Kathleen Dady, Gwen Davies, Bertha
Dokk-Olsen, Doris Franks, Dorothy Jackson, Barbara Jolly, Yvonne
King, Mary Kingsnorth, Gwen Lambert, Eileen Lisher, Jean Lyons,
Winnie Moore, Gwenda Muir, Delys Nash, Joyce Parrish, Vera
Patterson, Dorothy Pearce, Joyce Price, Rita Southgate, Margaret
Spragg, Lily Stephenson, Dorothy Stone, Doris Whitear, Miriam
Wilden, Jessie Wilsdon, Phyllis Wray.

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY.

Higher School Certificate-Subjects to be added to School
Certificate: (Geography and Subsidiary English), Evelyn Kelsey.

THE ASSOCIATED BOARD OF THE ROYAL SCHOOLS OF MUSIC.

Audrey Farrow, Beatrice Wickerson.

Lower Division. Pass with Honourable Mention: Ena Cooper,
Audrey Farrow, Beatrice Wickersham,

Transitional Division. Pass with Distinction: Peggy Lawrence.
Margaret Matthew.

SUCESSES OF PAST PUPILS.

Oxford University. B.A. English Honours Class II: Joan Hibbit.

Oxford University. B.A. French Honours Class II: Margaret Rabson.

Cambridge University. B.A. Natural Sciences Tripos, Class III: Rose
Brazier.

London University. B.Sc. General Honours, Class I: Mary French

London University. B.A. French Honours, Class II: Margaret Dallas

London University. First-Class Diploma in French Phonetics:

Margaret Dallas

L.R.A.A. (Piano Teachers): Ethel Eaton.

Symphony.

"Awaken!" calls thrush, "Awaken now!"

Clear as the voice of running water calls

"Arise! Rejoice."

Around the once bare boughs, a veil of green,

The young leaves cling

Upon the stem, and still amazed with life

Hang quivering.

The East Wind, Spirit of the Spring herself,

Unresting free,

Flies through the murmuring wood to toss awake

The bright anemone.

The World vibrates with life of flower and beast;

The awakening year

Sings clearly, clearly, but with voice too keen

For living ear.

The golden-fingered sun has touched the World,

Swept magic hands across the Earth to show

A thousand colours that before were lost.

Hidden within the hearts of tree and flower

And veiled behind the grey clouds in the sky,

Waking her to an ill-but perfect day.

A glimmering May-fly spreads transparent wings

To dance, fly, and rejoice and hour – then die;

Just as the day itself must fade and end-

The West a glory – Then To-day is past.

Sing, O West Wind, cry aloud,

You are the king of the Forests now;

Sweep by with fierce power and mad song,

The great trees before you in homage bow.

Call, the leaves will obey,

They will dance for you while you pass by,

Sweep through the air in fantastic dance,

They will lift and whirl and die,

See the glory that you snatch

From the trees as you go on your way;

For there is a sudden fire of red and gold

That shines in fading leaves as in the dying day.

The night is sharp and the white frost and moon

Together make an etching of the World,

With shadows black as earthly things can be

And the reflected silver of the light

Of that pale wandering ghost that ever smiles

Upon the earth that has a living heart.

Diana, will we too become as thee.

Forever wandering, wandering, pale and dead?

The greatest fires in Heaven will one day fade;

We gaze beyond the stars and cannot see;

Yet trust that far beyond new worlds are born

And our small finite minds still strive to grasp

Eternity beyond the circle of our lives.

S. GOULD (VI)

Poem.

I watched -

There in the half light -

And where your hair recedes above the temples,

Two vagrant curls

Announced themselves as horns.

Your ears were pointed

And your shoulders hunched:

And through strange male protective clothing

I caught the gleam of skin

Wind-bronzed in pagan dancing.

You should have squatted on it a tree stump

Deep in the dark wood,

Piping thin music.

And I who knew,

Laughed

To hear you talking politics.

D. A. BARKER (*O.G.A.*)

Les Elfes.

Les elfes qui dansent sur les champignons,

Sous la lune,

Ils jettent leurs têtes et leurs pieds mignons,

En bottes brunes.

Ils jouent, ces jolis bonhommes des bois,

Toute la nuit,

Mais quand le moineau chante sur le toit,

Ils s'enfuient.

Avec mille excuses à la rime féminine.



Piles of Dust.

It was a dull drowsy evening in the holidays. Looking out of the window at the garden, I realised what a difference the evening made. It was very still, the flowers were motionless, and no breath of air made even a faint rustling in the bushes. It was not an ugly garden: in fact, it was quite tastefully arranged, but it was so still, and for a garden, unreal.

I had just returned from a cinema; it had been very close in there and I was glad to be home. I sat down in a comfortable chair to think, I was tired and my thoughts got hopelessly muddled: I turned comfortably in my chair and I fell asleep.

I was living in three thousand and forty and I had become one of those strange people about whom so much had been written in nineteen thirty-six. When I saw that I had become one of them, I really mean that I looked like one. My dress had changed considerably and I was wearing a short tunic made of thin silvery material that shone brightly. On my feet were a pair of silver Russian boots. The whole effect was bright and very pleasing.

Unfortunately, I had dropped into this era at quite the wrong time; the world was at war. The world at that time, however, was one big nation, since modern communication and travel were so easy that it only took a day to get to the farthest corner of the globe, so that the war was, in reality, a civil war.

A civil war, with millions of people on each side, fighting with terrible gases, huge machines and powerful rays, that threatened to destroy the whole world: and I stood alone, unharmed, while buildings hundreds of feet high crashed to the ground about me. So effective were the rays and gases that quite near me people changed into small piles of dust.

The sky above was filled with hundreds of aeroplanes whose unseen pilots sent huge bombs hurtling down on to the people beneath them.

Then it all ended very quickly. There was a silence, the planes had gone, the last building had crashed to the ground and the groans of the wounded had ceased, for the gases had done their work well.

I was alone, alone in a city once towering above the clouds, a marvel of Modern science and engineering, now a mass of ruins. The ground was dotted with little piles of dust. I looked about me in amazement. How could such small aeroplane's, looking no bigger than little birds, bring such a majestic city tumbling down, as if it was built with bricks in a nursery, or with cards on a table!

I kicked a little pile of dust, curiously, without shuddering, and seeing something bright amongst it, I stooped and picked it up. It was a small silver bracelet. I turned it over thoughtfully; evidently the gas didn't affect it. Then, noticing how small it was, I thought of the tiny wrist that had worn it, and dropped it in horror.

Looking about me, I realized how alone I was and wondered what would happen to me. I supposed I should starve to death or catch a terrible disease from the dead things around me. I sat down on a huge piece of stone, and thought of the articles I had read in magazines which started....."if you were to live alone on a desert island for a year, what ten books would you take with you...."

My mind turned immediately to the Bible, religion and prayer.

Bibles, however, had been abolished before three thousand and forty. Man considered at this time that they were unnecessary because man had become perfect, and he needed God no longer. Anything man wanted he could get by pressing a button. Man's law was a jungle where law. The strong survived, and the weak were trampled underfoot. So, according to these standards, I couldn't pray, I just had to wait to die.

Again my mind turned to books. Few books and no poetry had been written for five hundred years as people had been born with the same kind of minds; so they all thought alike and no books were necessary.

I got up and wandered on, seldom remembering to step over the piles of dust: it didn't seem to matter, alive or dead, they were no more than piles or dust; they might just as well have been machines. How I hated this new world!

I came to a small cleft in the earth about two feet wide; I jumped, but, even as I jumped, the ground on the opposite side moved away, and I fell.

Down, down, down, it was like Alice in Wonderland, only she reached the bottom with a bump. I was falling more quickly now and a sudden terror gripped me; I screamed.

I awoke with a start, and, realizing it had only been a dream, I got up from my chair and walked out into the garden.

It was darker now, but no longer still. An evening breeze stirred the flowers and made queer rustlings in the bushes. I looked up at the stars; they were twinkling brightly in a clear sky: how lovely they looked, how lovely everything looked, how alive.

J. MORGAN (VA.)

Shirts and No Shirts.

The Englishman of to-day has more leisure than in former times. The ways in which he occupies his spare time vary considerably. The imaginative type of man finds a relaxation from work in arts and crafts, and amuses himself pottering around the house, trying to beautify his surroundings. Another type - the unimaginative man - is at a loss for an occupation and has to rely on the initiative of someone else for a method of improving his leisure. At the extremes of these two branches are two very interesting types of men. When the search for beauty and originality is carried to an extreme, we have the cult of Nudism; whilst the supremely unimaginative man finds an occupation to suit him by joining: a political army of the sort that is known by its shirts. In general the Shirtist is very conceited of his uniform and it will do him good to be compared with the Nudists (for whom he has no doubt a great contempt, since they wear no shirts) and to be shown that both their diseases have arisen from the same source, and that the motives of a Nudist are finer than those of a Shirtist.

It is because of a lack of genuine ideals and stimuli that men spend their time idly enjoying themselves, or allow themselves to become partisans in a cause which has no significance for them. The former class of people eventually decides that it is tired of conventions and will utterly reject them. Thus we have the Nudists. The others have not enough intelligence to know what they want, are impressed by "tub-thumpers" and men in uniform, and, fired with enthusiasm, decide to join a political army.

Both these classes are extremists, which is the most evil thing about them. The Nudists, believing that the grace and beauty which Nature gave them are superior to any artificial decorations, discard their clothing. The Shirtists, who are not content with their normal appearances, try to impress others with their glorious uniforms. (In this, one might perceive a certain similarity to cannibal witch-doctors, who dress startlingly in order to impress their tribe). The Nudists are genuine in not wishing to deceive others in respect of their beauty; but the Shirtists, fearing that their natural appearances would not impress people, wear gorgeous uniforms in order to present an extravagant and conceited aspect of themselves to others.

Commented [OK1]:

The moral standards of Shirtists are inferior to those of Nudists; for the Nudists' primary instincts were for beauty, although they have become perverted and extreme. The members of the Shirt Parties have no more instincts than a herd of buffalo – those for self-preservation and destruction of others. Without a capable leader they could accomplish nothing; although these Shirtists – who are, in general, armies of herded morons – are very ardent in carrying out instructions. An illustration of this can be seen in the Jew-baiting of the Blackshirts; for no Englishman worthy of the name would have persecuted the Jews if he had not been imposed upon by a basely misguided, though convincing orator.

The most obvious differences between the two classes are that Shirtists wear shirts and that Nudists do not. The psychological effect of shirts is doubtful, but it is certain that Nudists are a retiring class and very little nuisance to the community, whilst Shirtists are distinctly over-bearing and self-assertive. Both these classes would be ridiculous if they were not pathetic.

The object of this comparison is to warn those whose minds are not well-balanced; its moral is that it is both ridiculous and dangerous to carry anything – whether work or play – to extremes.

MARGARET STRINGER (Va).

A Fragment.

At last I was able to step from the doorway and to give a pat to the old grey sheep-dog, whose fluffy stump of a tail nearly wagged itself away; and to glance at the old black sow, with her family of squealing pink piglets, who were already frisking about on their small tottery legs. I strolled along the crunchy red path, with a little tinkling stream running along beside me for company; being greeted by a nod from every pink or cream honeysuckle bloom; until I came to the shining road, and my walk had really begun.

A spirit of freedom welled up inside me, I strode along, taking deep breaths of the pure clear air, filled as it was with a golden haze by the sun, which smiled down from the cloudless sky, a jolly round smile! How friendly was everyone and everything. I was greeted by one and all; from the nodding blossom in the hedge, and the birds amongst the rosy apples on the trees, to the farmers, who interrupted a chat with a neighbour, to turn their heads and give a friendly smile, and a greeting. Or the hedger-and-ditcher, who ceased from tidying tidying up the hedge, to explain how well the harvest had been, and still was being gathered in: and the changes in the prices of the various farm productions; and that the animals in that particular part were so far unaffected by the drought, owing to the abundance of grass and water caused by the many streams. How kind of them to keep so well hidden any contempt which they felt for "stupid townfolk," who show little knowledge of these, "the most important facts!"

Soon the glamour of the hard hot shiny road wore off, and, longing for the grassy paths, I passed through a gate into a field. The path, which I must now follow, lay across fields, and over a hill which, as I approached it, seemed to grow higher. My heart sank, as my eyes rose up the hill's almost perpendicular slope to the top - yet climb it I must. Easily at first - my heart rose with my feet-but soon I was less happy. Half way up, with each foot in a small rabbit-hole, and each hand grasping a tuft of grass, I halted for breath, and turned my head. There below was the ground with roads, trees, cows, and farms with wisps of smoke curling from their chimneys. I looked up above again. What was "up there"? What should I see? How like life was this hill! I could not turn back; and, impelled by a sudden desire, and filled by it with energy, I forced my way upward.

I stood on the top, and gazed down, filled with a sense of triumph, mingled with a growing one of power I had succeeded; and now I stood above all those things with which, but a short time before I had been on the same level. From my position I could look down on

ribbon-like roads, on farms, fussy little trains, fields of rippling grass like green seas, the shining Axe with a small tributary, the Coly winding behind hills-upon the crests of which I could glance-until I could see the rivers no more. Far away I could catch a glimpse of red and white cliffs and from a small space between them, the sea glittered against the sky. The breeze wafted by, seeming to catch my spirit like a feather and lift it from the earth. Suddenly exhilarated, I felt as if I had grown lighter, as if "this too, too solid flesh *would* melt.

Thaw and resolve itself in to a dew!" -as if I could lift my feet, and float over all that space out to sea. Something thrilled in all, around all, and through all that space something mighty, inexpressible!.....

But if I was to reach the sea, I must tear myself away from these sensations, which can never be lost, since imagination always brings them back in full vividness. So I went on down the more gently sloping side, and through a wood. Along its paths, there were many trees which I had seldom seen. Tall Sweet Chestnut trees, with great leaves, nine or ten inches long, standing on carpets of yellow catkins, and huge prickly chestnut cases, exposing their glossy fruit. With them were walnut trees, and beeches. I passed into a tiny glade, with many paths leading from it – but all were blocked by ferns, and at last I was forced to admit to myself that I must go back. But when I tried to do so, the path which I had carefully noted as that by which I had come was fern-blocked, so were all the paths..... As I stood in the centre of the small glade and looked at the golden leaves of the trees, the seemed to be laughing, as they always do – but with a different meaning, half-maliciously. The birds had ceased to sing, and in the ensuing silence, the tinkling streams also seemed to be laughing, a long continuous laughter, and a voice which went on forever,.....telling me that I must listen to it there for ever. . . . time had ceased,..... I was lost, deep in a lonely wood, on the side of a hill. Lost! A wave of panic passed over me like a shower of cold water, and as a wave receded. Of what was I afraid! Solitude? Why did I feel that some power held me in its grip? I was free to go whither I wished, yet imprisoned because I did not *know* whither. Imprisoned by *freedom* I was my own prisoner! That thought about the curious nature of my position kept back from my mind the panic wave. "That strange beech had stood in my path as I came-yes, this must be the path" - as I stood in it the scene seemed to be familiar.

Many minutes, seemingly hours after, I became convinced as I walked on, and when at last, I stepped from the trees into purple clusters of heather, I could have hugged them with relief. They seemed indescribably beautiful, more beautiful, if possible, than *ever* before; seas of purple bells, ringing of peace and security.

E. Fox (Va).

Concerning Pit Fires.

In coal-mines many difficulties have to be faced, but the greatest is the fire that burns from natural causes and not as a result of an unprotected flame exposed to inflammable gases. The story of the Tawd River Colliery Disaster exemplifies this danger.

A fire had been burning in the mine for twenty-six years, unknown to all, except those who were connected with the Colliery. When it was first discovered in 1872, the River Tawd was diverted from its course and allowed to flow into the burning section of the mine; the fire surrendered but was not extinguished. After the flow of water was stopped, the fire broke forth with renewed energy. The next step taken was to encompass the danger area with a wall, so cutting off all supplies of air from the fire. A band of fire-fighters was set to watch the wall and to give warning whenever the fire showed signs of breaking through its strong prison. Several times it broke through: each time the wall was rebuilt and strengthened until in the winter of 1898, it had reached a thickness of one hundred yards.

One night the River Tawd, swollen by winter rain and snow, burst its banks. In the Middle Ages, primitive colliers had mined the Tawd

River outcrop near the banks of the river and had sunk their small mole-tunnels as deep as they dared to go. Their little surface-deep tunnels had long since disappeared and their existence was forgotten. The River found them.

It poured through the tunnels, burst into the thin, uppermost gallery of the mine and took possession of the pit. The watchers at the pit head waited for the result of the meeting of fire and water. They met, a waterspout ascended the four hundred and ninety feet deep shaft of the mine, carrying the winding tackle three hundred feet into the air. The fire was extinguished and so was the mine.

The existence of a subterranean fire in mining districts is discovered as a result of investigations as to the reasons for the subsidence of a building or buildings. In 1913 the town of Haselbach in Germany was found to be built on a vast burning coalfield, cracks and subsidence's of buildings led engineers to make borings in the subsoil; they found the furnace, fifteen feet below the surface, burning away a rich deposit of coal.

At Clackmannan in Scotland a fire burnt for forty years under the heath in a disused portion of the mine. At night its lurid glare and bright flames, issuing from cracks in the earth, lit up the whole heath earning for itself the title "The burning waste of Clackmannan." It was at last extinguished under the directions of Sir Goldsworthy Gurney. His method was to force large quantities of carbon dioxide and nitrogen under high pressure into the mine, then seal it and leave it thus for three weeks. When the mine was unsealed it was cool and practicable, as it had not been for forty years. If these fires cannot be put out, they perform their dread function to the bitter end.

OLIVE W. BRAMHALL (Upper IVs.).

Moonlight.

TREELESS and pale,
The long road winds in the dale,
Lighted by gleams
From the gently quivering beams
Of the white moon.
She spreads a thin greyish hue
Striped with silver and pale blue
O'er all: then soft treads she thro
With dusky shoon.

EDNA TIMBERLAKE (VI.).

A Christmas Carol.

SING a Christmas Carol.
Let the church bells ring.
Tell the joyful tidings
Of the new born king.
Tell it to the shepherds:
In the fields they are
Watching o'er each flock of sheep,
Lighted by a star.
Tell the little children,
When they wake at day
Of the new born baby king
Asleep amongst the hay.
Help them then to understand;
Teach them how to sing
Praises to their Saviour,
Jesus Christ the king.

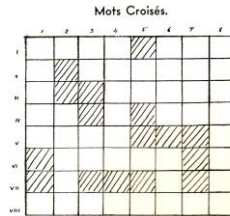
DAPHNE PORTER (L. IVs.).

Daffodils.

WHEN I pass the daffodils,
They toss their heads with yellow frills,
Blooming so early in the year,
I love them, for they are dear.
Yellow crowns on stems of green,
Each one stately as a queen,
I bow my head, they cast a spell,
A kingdom, truly in a dell.

PATRICIA M. FISHER (From L.IIIs)

Mots Croisés



HORIZONTALEMENT.

- i. Le roi des animaux.
Le féminin du jars.
- ii. La division des cheveux.
- iii. Une plante.
- iv. Pronom.
Un métal.
- v. Une couleur très sombre,
- vi. Un adjectif qui signifie "rempli"
- vii. Une supplication.

VERTICALEMENT.

1. Un animal très timide.
2. Un morceau de quelque chose.
3. Un métal précieux.
4. Venir au monde.
5. Ce qui la poule pond.
Une négation.
6. Un article.
7. Sans cervelle.

IONE MELVILLE (Va)

Springtime.

TREES put on their new, green dress,
The big, strong branches they caress,
Carpets of leaves do we not tread,
For they bedeck the trees instead.

Lambs are frisking o'er the dales,
Milkmaids merrily jingle pails,
Birds are singing their sweet spring song
O, Spring we have been waiting long.

JUNE KEEN (Lower IIIw.).

The Rain

HAVE you ever seen the rain,
Falling on the window pane.
Making dashes long and thin,
Just like a needle, or a pin?

JANET GARRICK (*Lower IVh.*).

Criticus at Football.

KATE had always wondered what happened at a big football match. She had seen the small friendly games played every half-holiday, on the local recreation ground, when the butcher boy and others appeared, transformed, and incredibly muscular, on the green. She had watched their manoeuvres with a disinterested eye. They were clumsy. They had little control. So Kate, left them in disgust, and jumped on a tram bound for Tottenham.

It was stuffy and crowded. A thin little man in a bowler hat, neat clothes, obviously seeking an afternoon's escape from a large family and a depressingly unromantic home, sat next to her. He did not smoke, for he had no spare money. Leaning hard against her knees, was a prosperous stall-holder, with jutting ears, and red face, full of good humour. He would lose money if the "Spurs" did not win. Alf and Emmie sat hand in hand. Alf liked being with Emmie, with her cool, powdered cheeks and sleek coat and hat, she excited him, and took his thoughts away from the factory and the smell of dirt. His cheeks shone like aluminium. Neither spoke a word, they held hands and were very happy. The young man opposite worked in an office. He was an enthusiast and showed how little he cared for convention by wearing a green shirt and a red tie. A Communist pamphlet bristled under his arm. Kate could imagine him on a soap-box, swaying his arms and talking frantically to the empty air.

The tram was not noisy with conversation. Londoners do not talk much to people they do not know. Most of them looked stolidly out of the window, looked, lurched and rocked with the tram, stared at a funeral hearse until it had passed, and then stared with the same lack of interest at the dirty houses.

But they were soon at the ground. For an hour, people pressed in closer and closer, until the stretch of earth was a compact mass. Crowd-emotion was terrifying. Like one show on a screen, it was magnified a thousand times, brought into close-up view with no refinement, no control. The crowd longed for sensation, longed to give its emotions full play. The silence and solidity of the tram had disappeared. Kate liked being close to so many people. Bill and Tom waxed eloquent and argumentative on the merits of X as a forward and Y as a half-back. "Bowler-hat" and "Communist" spoke of players by their Christian names, discussing them as if they were intimate friends.

"Good ol' 'Appy!looks more like 'is father every day.... pull yer socks up, Percy! . . . smart bit o' work there, on the wing..... put it across goal, Claude! it's a goal, it's a goal..... ah . . ."

The players took up their positions and the game went on. It was magical, full of the thrills of capture and movement. The flying wing ran at full speed down the field, balancing, twisting and curling the ball with perfect control on his toes. The crowd gasped and sighed as one man, moving like a huge wave, ponderously, from side to side. No crowd watching a bull-fight ever followed the movements of the actors with more expert an eye, no Roman crowd at a chariot-race, watched with more approval of tactics and skill. Its worship of perfection was devout. Its enthusiasm infectious and intoxicating.

Kate left the ground bewildered. A crowd was an incredible thing. In half an hour some sixty thousand people had met, shared the same emotions, had been exhilarated, almost exalted; and now, in another half hour they were gone, dispersed to their houses, to tea and

kippers, to dullness, to mere living. Kate felt singularly puzzled. The cynics were right. The "herd" instinct in man was bestial and unintelligent. Imagination and creating could only prosper in solitude. But even so, beyond all doubt, she was sure that it was only by sharing thoughts and feelings with other people that sympathy could be developed.

E. HOLDEN (*O.G.A.*).

Diary of a Schoolgirl of 1936. (After Pepsys.)

Monday. I went backe to schoole this morn and did heare I had been removed to a higher form which pleaseth me mightily.

Had no homework to-nighte so insteade I reade a new booke entitled "Three Dozen Murders in a Red Barn," by Jemimah Posselthwaite Smythe. But it was not exciting.

Papa gave me a soveraigne for having been removed. I intende to buye a newe frocke with this.

Tuesday. Woke up this morn very late. Was surprised by my dear Mamaa saying I muste go to schoole. We started lessons this morn (with Frenche) which I could not remember. I did not worry muche, as I was comforted by the thought of my new silke frocke. Did hurry home from schoole to-daye as I and my Mamaa are to goe to M & S Brothers to buy my frocke.

My frocke is of a fine greene silk with silver ribbons, which, me-thinks suits me mightily.

Wednesday. Mamaa not being well, she requested me to get the breakfaste. Did have much trouble getting James, my little brother, to schoole. Was late but Miss X... excused me when I told her that my Mamaa was very ill.

Thursday. Did have the new mistress Miss Y.... this morn. She teaches fairly well but it is very funee and is not all patient with us. Did have much homework to-nighte, but I had a headache so that I was not able to do it. Played chess instead with my brother John.

Friday. This is the laste daye of the weeke and I expect muche homeworke. I was chosen for the magazine representative. Oh, dear! I will have to force contributions from lazy girls. I wishe I had left schoole. We have so muche homeworke.

Saturday. Did a little homeworke. Went to see a football match, was not very interesting. John's side was beaten by ten goals to one.

Had hot muffins for tea. Listened to the wirelesse and hearde the playe "One minute of Love." The antics of the lovers, pleased me very muche, I laughing at them. And so to bed at 11 o'clocke.

Sunday. Got uppe at 12 o'clock and wente for a walke until dinner at 2 o'clock. Was going to churche but my deare Mamaa wishe me to "washe uppe" which I did. Aunt Mary and Uncle Tom came to tea with Cousin Alice. We did have some funne but had to go to bed at 10 o'clocke as Papa said that I was to goe to schoole early to-morrow. 12 p.m. Remembered that I had not done my Frenche, but I will do that on the tramme-car in the morning.

KATHLEEN WILDMAN (*Form U. IVh.*).

Eliza Jane's Dream.

ONE wet day as Eliza Jane lay dreaming in her bed she dreamt the most silly of silly dreams. Here it is.

She heard the school bell go just as she was reading her book in bed. She sprang out of bed, put on her stockings inside out, her blouse on back to front, and many other silly things, but eventually got right. She then went to the bathroom and nearly drowned herself, but with a few efforts got out of that muddle, but no sooner had she done that than she started to twist the soap into many curious shapes.

Alas! Poor Eliza was told to lay the breakfast, and instead of

laying it for four, she had one hundred girls to lay for; and she then discovered that the pantry was nearly empty, the only food being a crust of bread and two eggs. While she was pondering in her mind how to make this small amount do for so many girls, there came a 'crash' and she turned round, only to find that the crockery had fallen down. Oh, dear! what should she do now? No breakfast for anyone.

She looked at the clock - it said, ten past nine. Now she must hurry. She put her hat on back to front and her gloves on the wrong hands, but she arrived in school just in time. At this moment she was awakened by her mother who was shaking her and saying, "Get up Lizzie, it's half an hour late."

FRANCIS WEATHERDON (U. IIIw.).

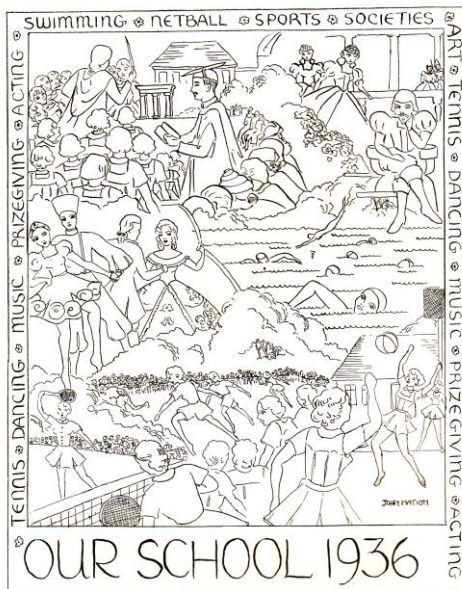
?

Do you know?

WHAT an Adenoid Barometer is?

That Virgil was a poem written by Homer?

What girl was mistaken by which dog?



A Grumble.

Friday evening! dear O dear!
 No rest from labour yet, I fear,
 Pile the books up, five, six, seven,
 All good workers go to heaven!
 French translation, Latin, Prose,
 How I'll do it, goodness knows!
 Who was Caesar, anyway,
 That we should translate him all day?

Now English essay, what's it on?
 And dear old Hamlet, where's he gone?
 Cromwell question, blow the man!
 And Chaucer's Prologue, good old Dan!
 Pile them upwards, nine, ten, eleven,
 All good workers go to heaven.

EDNA TIMBERLAKE (VI.)

Games Notices, 1936.

WE have had another successful season of netball, our first team having won 12 matches out of 15.

There were no league matches last year, but we still hold the netball shield won by our First Team in 1934.

The team has suffered the severe loss of five members, however, it is hoped it will soon regain its prestige.

Our First Team for this season is expected to be as follows:

Centre: M Mortimer; Attack Centre: D. Stephens; Defending Centre: B. Chapple; Shooter: E. Baker; Attack Shooter: M. Atkinson; Defence: D. Boocock; Goalkeeper: M. Kingsnorth or J. Gerdes.

Our junior teams this year seem to be very promising and it is hoped they will do well.

The following are the results of the matches played last year:
 CHRISTMAS TERM.

	1st Team	2nd Team
Latymer	Win	Win
Brondesbury	Win	Loss
East London	Win	
Clapton	Win	Win
West Ham	Win	Win
Plaistow	Win	Win
Woodford	Loss	Loss

EASTER TERM.

	1st Team	2nd Team
Brondesbury	Win	Win
Woodford	Win	Win
St Angela's	Win	Win
Tottenham	Win	Win
Clapton	Win	Win
Greycoat	Loss	Loss
O.G.A.	Loss	

On June 9th we were to have had our Sports Day but owing to the inclemency of the weather, it was postponed until the following Tuesday morning.

The results of our athletics are as follows:

SPORTS	
Upper School	- VI
Middle School	- Lower IVw
Lower School	- Lower IIIw
NETBALL.	
Upper School	- VI
Middle School	- Lower IVw
Lower School	- Lower IIIs and Lower IIIw
TENNIS	
Upper School	- VA
Middle School	- Lower IVs
SWIMMING	
Upper School	- VI
Middle School	- Lower IVh
Lower School	- Lower IIIs
DANCING	
Upper School	- VA

Middle School - Lower IIIw
Lower School - Lower IIIw

M. ATKINSON (*Captain*).

Tennis.

We had an entirely new Tennis Six this year, but they were fairly successful in winning five matches out of seven.

The members were: E. Timberlake, E. Baker, M. McGladdery, A. Clarke, M. Atkinson, M. Barrett.

The following were the results for 1936:-

Brondesbury	9-7	Win
West Ham	7-2	Win
Skinners	4-5	Loss
Wanstead	9-0	Win
Clapton	7-2	Win
Lady Hollis	7-1	Win
Tottenham	2-7	Loss

E. BAKER (*VI.*).

Hockey Club.

THERE has been a slight decrease in membership this year and there seems a general lack of keenness among the members. However, V.As. form team are still as energetic as ever and the Sixth Form possesses twenty-three hockey players.

In the final of last year's hockey tournament Form Six beat V.A. the goals being 3 to 1. In the Middle School the Lowe Fourth beat the Upper Thirds, although the latter made a good effort for their year, 5-0.

In conclusion we should like to express our appreciation for the staff who are so willing to help us with our hockey after school.

NORA M BROWN (*VI*)

School Societies.

League of Nations' Union.

THE meeting for the Autumn Term took the form of a lecture by Mr. Grant, on European affairs. He made special reference to the Italo-Abyssinian dispute, and willingly answered questions which were put to him.

In the Spring Term we held a debate with the Woodford High School. The motion was "That all Civil and Military aviation should be internationalised." The proposition was ably proposed by Joan Nation, but was defeated by a large majority. Joan Craddock took the chair, and Nellie Taylor seconded the opposition. There were also many interesting speeches from the floor of the Hall.

In June, Mr. Alec Wilson lectured on the League of Nations. He defended the League from the many criticisms showered upon it, and pointed out that the League could not hope to achieve much without public support.

Several of the Sixth Form had the privilege of hearing Sir Norman Angell speak on the League and British Armaments. He replied ably to all questions put to him, and made an appeal for support of the League.

Question:- "Why has not the League done more?"

Answer:- "mainly because the delegate's to the League, without public support, cannot uphold the League against selfish national interests."

Question:- "How can we help?"

Answer:- "First by joining the Union yourself; and then by persuading your friends to do the same, so as to make the Union strong enough to convince the Government that the British people are behind the

League."

These two replies clearly show us our duty towards the League, and I appeal to all those who are not already members to join immediately.

EDNA TIMBERLAKE (*VI.*).

The Literary and Dramatic Society.

IN the Autumn Term, a party of eighty were taken by bus to see "A Winter's Tale," at the Old Vic.

Later in the term the Literary Society and the choir collaborated and with the help of the Lower Thirds, performed a Nativity Play, "How Far?"

For the Spring Term, each form produced a short play, with the exception of the two Fifth forms, who were too busy working for exams.

Form VI originally presented a radio thriller, "The Dancing Master," by Jerome K Jerome.

Upper Iva wrote their own play; Upper IVb.: "The Boy Comes Home"; Lower IVH.: "Catherine Parr"; Lower IVs.: "The Rehearsal"; Lower IVw.: "The Playgoers."

Our Acting Competition this term was judged by Mr. Robert Speaight. We deeply appreciate the honour which he paid us by his visit. He allotted the prize in the Middle School to Lower IVS, who gave an excellent performance of a scene from "A Midsummer Night's Dream"; and in the Upper School to the Sixth Form who performed a scene from "The Winter's Tale."

Mr Speaight's helpful criticism and sound advice were greatly appreciated by the School; we hope that they will bear fruit and that our next Acting Competition will be as successful as this.

D. PEARCE *VI. (Secretary)*

Musical Society.

THE meeting for the Autumn Term took the form of a social evening which was very successful. Each form contributed one item to the programme and, as most of you will remember, the staff entertained us with their mystery singing.

In the Spring Term, a large party went to Saddler's Wells to see "La Bohème." On the whole we enjoyed the performance and the music was enchanting but we were disappointed in some of the characters. The most outstanding performance was that of Musetta.

In the Summer Term Imogen Holst came to talk to us about old English country tunes. She illustrated her talk by playing some of the songs and finally we all joined in singing "The green grass grew around." All who went to this meeting, enjoyed it very much. Our only wish was that more members had been present.

We should like to take this opportunity to thank everyone who helped to make last year's meetings so enjoyable.

NORA M. BROWN (*VI.*)

Science Society.

DURING the past year, the Society has enjoyed several interesting and varied expeditions.

In the Autumn Term the number of members who wished to visit the Telephone Exchange was so large that the party had to be divided. One half went to the exchange near Liverpool Street Station, while the other half went to the Holborn exchange.

Two expeditions had to be arranged for the Spring Term owing to restricted numbers. A party of twenty went with Miss Dennithorne to Peek Frean's Biscuit Factory, while another party accompanied by Miss Clough visited the Lea Bridge Gas Works.

The expedition for the Summer Term took the form of a visit to Kew Gardens.

Owing to the shorter working hours, most factories are partly closed down at the week-end and so it has been increasingly difficult to arrange visits on Saturdays. Last year we were able to overcome this difficulty by using the Scholarship day for one expedition and an evening after school for another. This term we have been unable to arrange an expedition on a Saturday.

The winners of the Bulb Competition, held in the Spring Term, were: VA. Upper School and Lower IIIw, Lower School. Ethel Fox was awarded First Prize for the Science Society.

N. BROWN (VI).

U.G.S.

WE would like to thank all those who contributed to the parcel of clothes sent to the Settlement in July.

The number of garments was about the same, but there were some very useful and well-made garments sent in.

Special mention should be made of Forms VI and Upper IIIH. and of those who continue to contribute each year.

Could we make our contributions next year more representative of the whole School?

Thank you.

F.W.S.

Walthamstow Fellowship.

In the winter months our voluntary efforts are concentrated on knitting for the Walthamstow Fellowship.

There is no doubt that this work, too, is fully appreciated by the Fellowship, and we are most grateful to those who work for the families of our local unemployed.

Thank you. **F.W.S.**

Llanfairfechan, Easter, 1936.

A HILARIOUS party of thirty gathered at Walthamstow Station on Easter Saturday, all looking forward to a jolly week in Wales. We were tired of trains before we reached Llanfairfechan, very hungry, and ready for tea. We spent a little time in unpacking, and then hastened out to view our surroundings.

The house was ideally situated on what is probably regarded in summer as the promenade, with the sea just in front, the moors and mountains behind, and the huge pile of Penmaenmawr mountains on the right hand.

Next morning, everyone was up early - an example which was not followed for the rest of the week - and before breakfast, members of the Four Hundred could be seen slithering over rocks, and racing over the sands. The week was spent in walking, climbing, and riding. Do you remember the walk across the Carreg Faur mountain and the moor to Aber Falls, the ride through Nant Francon and Llanberis Passes, the sight of the Swallow Falls and the blasting and splitting of slates in the world's largest slate quarries at Penrhyn? Then do you remember wandering through Carnarvon Castle, crossing the Menai Suspension Bridge, and passing through Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgogerychwyrndrobwillandysiliogogoch? Some members of the party succeeded in pronouncing this name! Blisters were cheerfully endured and at the end of the holiday we had all found our walking legs.

Our occupation with the living things (other than humans) were limited, since most animals and plants were still enjoying their winter sleep, but we did meet the sea-birds, gulls, oyster catchers, and cormorants. Most trees were bare, but the pines and firs on the mountain slopes made a sharp contrast with the snowy background.

Perhaps the most exciting day was Thursday, when we endeavoured to climb Snowdon. Unfortunately the snow was too deep to allow us to reach the summit, but it was beautifully, clear and we consoled ourselves with taking snaps of the surrounding snow-clad peaks.

We were conveyed on our longer excursions by a coach and car, driven by Jack and Moses respectively. The Upper Sixth enjoyed the privilege of Moses and the car, while the rest of the party were amused by Jack and his delightful Welsh accent.

We enjoyed every day and everything, and no one wanted to come home. On the return journey we stopped at the interesting city of Chester. After walking on the old Roman walls which surround the city, and along the Medieval Rows, we were shown over the ancient Cathedral before we returned to the train. We are very grateful to those members of the Staff, who, knowing the appetite of growing girls, sent in advance tins of toffee and boxes of chocolates. Especially are we grateful to Miss Dennithorne and Miss White for giving us such a jolly holiday.

WHO remembers Old Sal, Ye Olde Slag Heap, the midnight serenade, and the rest?

EDNA TIMEBERLAKE (VI)

Our Visit to Southampton.

On a certain day last April, the third to be correct, Miss Brown, Miss Hooper, and Miss Thomerson took us to Southampton. Ninety of us went and we had a very pleasant day.

We met at Hoe Street Station at ten minutes to eight in the morning and went straight to Waterloo Station. We were not the only school going; there were about ten others.

The journey to Southampton took about two and a half hours. The train took us right to the docks and then we assembled in one of the warehouses where a gentleman told us the plans of the day.

First of all, we went over the "Aquitania." After we came off this ship, we had our lunch in a large waiting room, we had a good rest and then we were taken into a dry dock and were shown its workings.

The schools then parted; some going for a trip up the Solent, and some, including ourselves, were conducted round the docks.

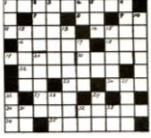
In one of the warehouses we saw (and smelt!) the sheep skins ready for export. There were other skins in a small, dark loft.

Below one of the large ships there was a diver; while from another "Fyffes Bananas" were being unloaded.

Then we entered a small station, boarded a train and were taken to see the "Queen Mary." It was a beautiful sight, for the sun was shining brightly on it, making it gleam white.

We returned to the station and had tea, which was set out on long tables. At seven o'clock we again boarded our corridor train and arrived home about half past nine, after having had a glorious day.

V. LEE (Upper IVw.).



CLUES ACROSS.

- 1.-A youth changed flower.
- 7.-She.
- S.-Well done!
- 9.-That.
- 11.- The Latin Loire.
- 14.-Well!
- 16.- A military servant.
- 18.-The name of a soap.
- 19.-Active.
- 21.--A coloured messenger.
- 22. -Two of them.
- 23.-Yes.
- 24. -A flying utensil.
- 27.- One of them.
- 30.-Present.
- 34.-Not.
- 32.-Faithful.
- 35.-A well-known king of the Persians.

CLUES DOWN.

- 1.-Nothing scored.
- 2.-To the King!
- 3. -The heavens.
- 4. -Himself.
- 5.-Beneath.
- 6.-Lap.
- 10.-What is not left.
- 12.- Biological name for an adult butterfly
- 13.-A substance used to clean-a bow-resin.
- 15.-Dido.
- 17.-Lacking.
- 20.-Goddess of love and beauty.
- 25. -Calamity.
- 26.-God of woods and shepherds.
- 28.-A nut.
- 29.-Hardly.
- 31.-About.
- 33. -Concerning.

E. Fox (Va.), B. WILLIAM

Parents' Association.

List of Officers:

President: Miss M. E. NORRIS.

Vice-Presidents: THE MAYOR OF WALTHAMSTOW, Alderman Mrs. C. McENTEE, J.P. (Chairman of the Governors), Miss. HEWETT, Mrs. S.S. MALLINSON, Councillor Mrs. J. P. BAILEY, Councillor V. McENTEE, M.P., Rev. R. SORENSEN, M.P., Dr. F. H. HAYWARD.

General Committee:

Chairman: Miss M. E. NORRIS. *Vice-Chairman:* Dr. P. H. REANEY.

Committee: Mrs. L. E. ABBINETT, Rev. C. BARRRETT, Mr. E. BELL, Mrs. J. G. BELL, Mr. E. J. BLYTHE, Mr. W. BRAMHALL, Mrs. A. M. GOULD, Mrs. A. L. HAMILTON, Mr. H. G. HILL, Mr. R. E. LICENCE, Mr. E. D. MORGAN, Mrs. E. D. MORGAN, Mr. N. B. NATION, Mrs. N. B. NATION, Mrs. M. SORENSEN, Mrs. THOMASON, Mrs. L. TWEED, Mr. C. R. WILLIAMS. The staff: Miss. M. GOLDWIN, Miss DENNITHORNE, Miss LEA. Old Girls' Association: Miss D. HIGHAM, Miss G. PHILLIPS.

Hon. Treasurer: Mr. E. BELL.

Hon. Secretary: Mr. R. E. LICENCE.

Hon. Assistant Secretary and Organising Social Secretary. Mr. H.C. HILL.

Hon. Chairman, Entertainments Committee: Mr. E. D. MORGAN.

Hon. Chairman, Refreshments Committee: Mrs. THOMASON.

The subscription is 1s. od, for the family.

Activities, 1935-1936.

October 17th, 1935. - Inaugural Meeting.

November 28th, 1935.-General Meeting and Social.

February 20th, 1936.-Debate on Homework and Curriculum

Social and Entertainment.

March 26th, 1936.-Lecture by Miss Ashmore on Careers.

June 6th, 1936.-Garden Party, Whist Drive and Dance.

July 9th, 1936.-Sports and Open Day.

September 19th, 1936. Prize-Giving.

November 7th, 1936. -Whist Drive and Dance.

December 8th, 1936. - Lecture by the Town Clerk on Local Government.

Activities, 1937.

January 20th, 1937, -Social.

February 18th, 1937. -Debate on Homework.

March 8th, 1937. - Film.

April 29th, 1937 - Open Day

June 5th, 1937 - Garden Party, Whist Drive and Dance

September. - Prizegiving

October 14th, 1937 - General Meeting

November 5th, 1937 - Whist Drive and Dance

December 6th, 1937 - Talk and Social

O.G.A.

Members of the Committee, 1936

President: Miss NORRIS

Vice-Presidents: Miss GOLDWIN, MINNIE FOXON,

Hon. Treasurer: J. GILLETT

Hon. Secretary: D HIGHAM

Assistant Hon. Secretary: R HAYWOOD

Committee: M. ROBERTSON, D. ATKINS, A.MACROPOULOUS,

V. PRIOR, M. PHILLIPS, G. JONES, P. HUNT, J. HAMILTON, E,

HOLDEN, D BUSBY, C. PETTIT, E. PHILLIPS, IV Form.

Co-opted Members: Miss PARK, Dramatic; HETTY JESTY, Netball;

ROSE HARRIS, Gym; D.M. BARBER, Sub-Editor of "Iris."

The following dates have been fixed for next year's O.G.A.

Socials:- .

Thursday March 4th; Friday July 22nd, and Wednesday December 1st.

N.B.-O.G.A. Subscriptions (3s.) are due on January 1st, 1937, to the School or Miss D. Higham, 111, Church Hill, E.17.

Please send your subscriptions punctually.

Somewhere About 1899!

WHEN I close my eyes and think back quietly, I can almost feel myself stepping into the Old High School. No other building could ever make up for that dear, quaint, muddly one. The noisy back stairs, with surprising cloak rooms, low ceilinged and high! Miss Kühn's, and Miss Robinson's music room at the top of these stairs and Form I and the Preparatory, cleverly hidden away, and then through an archway to the more splendid apartments and front stairs!

The "Teachers' Room", and other class rooms, all so differently shaped and sized, and some of the inner walls proving interesting to Lean against, as they bent and crackled with age and thinness.

Dare I venture down the front stairs to-day? Just creep down in memory, as they too, can only appear in a dream picture now.

We have come down, and hush! there in front of us is "Miss Hewett's Room."

Can I ever have been afraid of going in to see *her*? Oh, yes indeed, for generally a crime sent you there, and you trod softly and seemed to find the journey from the back door to her desk rather heavy going.

How differently one came away though, even if we left our wretched names in the Black Book. We had left our misdeeds behind us, with the kindest and fairest judge in the world.

The Book Cupboard, so interesting and mysterious, was to be found in the hall too. How lovely to fetch new exercise books now and again.

Yellow for Scripture, red for Latin, and so on, not to forget the poor ill-treated blue note books.

They must each have sighed as we walked across the hall with them, their clean days were over for good.

And now we come to the Upper Class Rooms. How important to belong to them, surely we shall never get there, but somehow we *do*, event the worst of us.

What fun the garden gave us. No planned games for us. No planned games for us, hiding in the bushes as the great game, until some of us ventured a Cricket Team. I can even remember the different shapes of the caves in the bushes we hid in. Have I perhaps just gone to sleep in one of them, and is that Miss Milledge ringing the bell, or is it Miss Richardson, or Miss Sutherland, or-

Come quickly, we shall be late for French-or is it Latin-or History?

Come along all of you-come Minnie, Beatrice, Carrie, Ada, Alice, Isabel, May, Vi, Winnie, Kathie, Essie-come, come, come.

E. A. DOUGLAS (O.G.A.).

Sonnet to a Lady.

ONE evening as I wandered from the sight
Of this sad world of toil and endless wail,
Methought I met the lovely Lady Night,
All swathed in her darkly flowing veil.
She gazed upon me with her starry eyes
All brimming o'er with tears, which fell like dew
Upon dim lawns from ever watchful skies,
From skies of silver, skies of pearly hue.
And on my cheek she breathed a gentle sigh
As round my eyes she wound her dusky hair.
Then all was darkness; calumny passed by
And we were left unhaunted by its care.
My Lady kissed my eyelids till the dawn,
Then swift she fled, and I was left forlorn.

GWEN JONES (O.G.A.).

Beauty.

WHERE is Beauty's rightful place,
Is it in a maiden's face?
Dwells it 'neath gigantic trees
Or in a lovely Grecian frieze?

Is it found where aspens quiver,
By a cool secluded river?
Or in a shepherd's cottage lowly,
Or in churches dim and holy?

All these places are her home,
They who seek her need not roam;
Beauty cannot be defined
'Tis but an aspect of the mind.

JEANNE KING (O.G.A.).

The Star.

A SPLASH of crystal left its place
And fled across the sky,
Spinning behind it a web of lace,
Catching my heart in a sigh.

A dying world, or a soul in flight
Intent, withdrawn, afar,
Alone in the purple silence of night,
Or just a burnt out star?
My love has hid her face from sight.

Useless my clinging hand,
Does she speak to me in the starry night,
And now I understand?

EFFIE H. F. BALFOUR (O.G.A.).

Lines.

NAUGHT is ever lost of all that we have done,
For in the future we may finish what's begun,
For in the future we may ravel up the thread,
Do the things undone, and say the things unsaid.

THELMA CARLOSS (O.G.A.).

Old Girls' Netball Club.

WE all enjoy playing now just as much as we ever did at school, and we wonder why more members are not forthcoming every year.

Our subscription is 5s. per season-an absurdly small sum compared with various other clubs' charges. It is great fun to keep fit by playing an exhilarating school game, so do join, whether you left very recently or several years ago. We can find as many matches as we want: according to the number of teams we have. Each team is entered in the London Old Girls' League, thus making League fixtures, as well as our own friendly games.

Rose Harris is our Captain, and by the time this is in print our new Secretary will be Ethel Goddard, 16, Hale End Road, E.17.

HETTIE JESTY, NEE BURR (Hon. Sec.).

W.O.G.D.C.

The second Annual meeting of the Dramatic Club was held on May 15th, 1936, when Kathleen Payling, the Secretary-Treasurer resigned owing to her impending marriage. A new Committee was formed and it was decided that there should be a Secretary and Treasurer. Gladys Phillips now holds the latter position.

Wedding gifts were presented to Kathleen Payling and to Grace Tracy, by Miss Norris, on behalf of the Society.

A party of members went to the Little Theatre on July 19th, to see the "Insect Play," and on July 31st, a small gathering met and had an open-air reading of Clemence Dane's "Will Shakespeare," in a copse on Chingford plain (much to the amusement of passing golfing enthusiasts).

A Stage Movement Class has held at the beginning of this term, and two small plays were produced during the last month—"The Poison Party" (a somewhat delirious melodrama) for the O.G.A. concert, on November 17th, and an entirely new venture, a Nativity Play, in St. Mary's Church, on December 18th, by courtesy of Canon Oakley, who very kindly put the Church at our disposal on several occasions for rehearsals.

The Society is now beginning rehearsals for the production of J. C. Squire's version of "Pride and Prejudice," to be given on March 13th, next. We are borrowing some of the Old Monovians this time, as we feel that an all women cast does not completely convince an audience. We hope this will be a success.

Members of the O.G.A. are heartily welcomed, and any information will gladly be given by Vera R. Prior, 13, Vallentin Road, E17, or any other member of the Society—subscription is only 2s. 6d. per annum.

V.R.P. (O.G.A.).

O.G.A.

Dancing Class.

Joan Barratt will start a Dancing Class early in January. Subscription 13/6 for ten lessons, or 1/6 a lesson. Apply to Joan Barratt, 13, Barrett Road, E17. Telephone; Walthamstow 4569.

The O.G.A. Concert.

THE following is reprinted from *The Guardian*, of December 4th, 1936. Old Girls will be interested to know that the proceeds of the concert were £14 15s. 8d.

The Old Girls' Association of the Walthamstow County High School staged an excellent concert at the School on Friday, in order to raise funds for the Association.

The most outstanding performance in the concert was Frank Griggs, whose pianoforte renderings of the work of famous composers were executed with great skill and finesse. Elsie Dongray and Dick Williams contributed delightful vocal duets which deserved the enthusiastic reception they received. Mary Douglas favoured the audience with some beautiful violin solos, and C.E. Harvey with some stirring songs, and Minnie Foxon also proved a very popular vocalist.

The second part of the programme formed the lighter part of the entertainment. Ivy Thomerson, a popular figure from her first appearance, caused merriment by her subtle humour, and then breathless silence by the depth of her recitation. Joan Barratt performed Mexican and Spanish dances with amazing competency.

The artistes received admirable support from the able accompanist, Arthur Scott.

The entertainment was fittingly concluded with a one-act play entitled "The Poison Party." Suffice it to say that each actress contributed her share to make the sketch a great success.

O.G.A. Names and Addresses.

PLEASE will the owners of the following addresses correct then if necessary.

Corona Smith, 22, Howard Road, F.17.
Emma Knowles, 14, Pendlestone Road, E. J 7
Jeanne King, 8, Bisterne Avenue, E.17,
K. Legg, 129, Grove Road, K17,
D. Legg, 129, Grove Road, E.17.
Marjorie Lepley, 10, Sheredan Road. Highams Park.
Kathleen B. Lucas, 112, Coolgardie Avenue Highams Park
Ada Legg, 177, Wood Street, F.17.
Phyllis Locke, 99, Billet Road, E.17.
Madge Miles, 51, Rectory Road, E.17.
Gwen Miles, 51, Rectory Road, E.17.
Aglaia Macropoulos, 445, Hale End Road, E4.
Rose Mansell, 61, Falmer Road, E.17
Catharine McDowell, 203, Chingford Road, E.17
Mabel Mecham, 12, Gascoigne Garden, Oak Hill, Woodford Green.
Gladys Methuen, 162, Hoe Street, E.17.
Edna Martin, 26, Douglas, Avenue, E.17.
Edna Miller, 21, Connaught Avenue, E4.
Gertrude Mansell, 35, Rosslyn Road, E17.
Frances Mathers, 73, Kenilworth Avenue, E.17.
Mrs A Hayes (nee Rhona Main), 27, Whitehouse Way, Southgate, N.14.
Mrs. Nicholls, 36, The Drive, E.17.
Dorothy Norfolk, 22, Woodside Gardens, Chingford.
Delys Nash, 272A, Blackhorse Lane, E.17.
Vera Nicholl 95, Somers Road, E.17.
Grace Nicholl, 41, Essex, Road, Chingford,
Miss Oxley, County High School, Gravesend,
Maud Oliver, 62, Beech Hall Road, Highams Park
Hilda Oliver, 62, Beech Hall Road, Highams Park.
Ivy Oldfield, 41, Salisbury Road, E.17.
Betty Oyler, 23, Avon Road, E.17,
Myfanwy Phillips, 4, Foust Avenue, Chingford.
Connie Pettit, 28 Pretoria Avenue, E.17.
G. M. Phillips, 208, Markhouse Road, E.17.
Grace Puffett, 15 Alexandra Road, E.17.
Gladys E Peppin, 21 Maple Road, Leytonstone.
Ruth Parker, 6 Malvern Avenue, Highams Park.
Kathleen Payling, 222 Hale End Road, Woodford Green.
F.L. Pontin, 93 Gloucester Road, E.17
Vera R Prior, 13 Vallentin Road, E.17
D.M. Potter (née Carroll) 285 Brettenham Road, E 17.
L. Palmer, 32 Second Avenue, E17.
Evelyn Phillips, 386 Hale End Road, Highams Park.
Joyce Payling, 222 Hale End Road, Woodford Green.
J.N. Putnam (nee Tracy), 19, East View, Chingford.
Joyce Parrish, 102, Chingford Mount Road, E4.
Edith Palmer, 387, Chingford Road, E.17.
V.M. Persham (née Smith), Staffa, New Road, Broxbourne, Herts.
Nellie Quinton, 9, Studley Avenue, Highams Park.
M. Robertson, 25, The Drive, E.17.
Jessie Ringer, 21, Bisterne Avenue, E.17.
Isabel Ringer, 21, Bisterne Avenue, E.17.
Gladys Rees, 19, Milton Road, E.17.
Nancy Rayner, 1, Avon Road, E.17.
Mary Rich, 146, Forest Road, E.17.
M.M. Rabson, 76, Tower Hamlets Road, E.17
Joan Rabson, 76, Tower Hamlets Road, E.17,

Nora Rose, Vehicles Registration Office, Singapore. Straits Settlements.

Kathleen Robertson, 50, Grosvenor Park Road, E.17.

Truda Rennie, 18, Penrhyn Crescent, E. 17.

Diana Ralph, 70, The Avenue, Highams Park.

Enid Rayment, 304, Blackhorse Lane, E.17.

Miss Smyth, 9, Marius Mansions, Upper Tooting, S.W.17.

Mabel Smith, 24, Beech Hall Road, Hale End, E.4.

Cicely Sopwith, 62, Wickham Road, Highams Park.

Emily M. Smith, 7, Mayfield Avenue, Woodford Green.

Hilary Spratt, 34, Gordon Road, E.4.

Kathleen Schumacher, 47, Cairo Road, E.17.

Barbara Speakman, 1A, Castleton Road, E. 17.

J. Speakman, 1A, Castleton Road, E.17.

Violet Stockton, 8, St. George's Square, S.W.1.

Dorothy Stokes, 129, Kitchener Road, E.17.

Doris Sharatt, 56, Cedars Avenue, E.17.

Nora Sharratt, 56, Cedars Avenue, E.17.

Irene Strudwick, 44, Marten Road, E.17.

Sylvia Sheene, 16, Countess Road, E.17.

Joyce Sharpe, 110, Grove Road, E.17.

Hetty Strobe, 15, Sunnyside Drive, Chingford.

Hilda Simpson, 42, Raymond Avenue, E.18.

Eileen Standen, 14, Wood Street, E.17.

L. Sortoh (née Coy), 167, Herne Hill Road, S.E.24.

B. Smith (née D. Pettit), Old Park, Woodland Way, Woodford Wells.

Moirá Sorensen, 28, Woodside Park Avenue, E.17.

D.N. Stone, 8, Brookfield Avenue, E.17.

Flossie Suching, 175' Grove Road, E.17.

Vera Singer, 33, Winchester Road, E4.

Dorothy Turk, 41 Elmhurst Drive, E18

Winifred Turner, 26 Rectory Road, E17.

Joan Travers, 39 The Charter Road, Woodford Green.

Nellie Taylor, 176 Fleeming Road, E17

Gladys Turner, 178 Essex Road, Leyton

Mrs. W.A. Workman, "Holmhurst," Loughton, Essex.

Dorothy Warren, "Eriswell," Forest View Avenue, E.4.

J. Walter, 5, Fairfield Road, Higham Hill, E.17.

Winnie Wagstaff, 4, Essex Road, Leyton.

Muriel Whittingham, 2, Forest Rise, E.17.

Ethel Woolford, 45, Cavendish Road, Highams Park.

Gladys Woolford, 45, Cavendish Road, Highams Park.

May Wager, 20-22, High Street, E.17.

Jennie Weaver, 34, Diana Road, E.17.

Muriel E. Williams, 84, Fulbourne Road, E. 17.

Winifred Walter (née Page), 45, Larkwood Road, E.4.

Mrs. H. Warren, "Gara," Connaught Avenue, E.4.

Phyllis Woolnough, 51, Monkams Avenue, Woodford Green.

Gwen Whitmore, 155, Brethenham Road, E.17.

Elena West, 11, Norfolk Road, Higham Hill, E.17.

Ethel Williams, 49, Hove Avenue, E.17.

Doris Watts (née How), "The Chalet," Bramshot, Fleet, Hants.

Millie Young, 100, Winchester Road, Highams Park.

Phyllis Young, 17, Manor Road, E.17.

News of Old Girls.

MARJORIE HAYES, A.R.C.A., now does dress-designing and fashion-drawing with Eva Fagan, Spencer Cottage Studio, Putney, S.W.15. She attends mannequin parades and visits the big stores to copy models for illustration in the daily newspapers. She had a picture in this year's Academy.

AGLAIA MACROPOULOS has now got a post as secretary in the Technical Department of Messrs. Stafford Allen & Son, Ltd., who are manufacturers of pharmaceutical preparations, essential oil distillers and drug and spice millers. She had an amusing six weeks in

the depths of Suffolk when she was sent down on relief duty to their herb farm at Long Melford. She loved the fields of peppermint, lavender, dill (for dillwater for babies) and other herbs of which she took many interesting photographs.

DOREEN GRACEY is doing a year's Exchange Teaching in New Zealand.

ALICE STRATTON (née Hiner) has returned to Iran (with her little girl Tessa), to her husband after having spent the summer at Felpham, near Bognor Regis. She hopes to return again next summer.

LOUISE HAYWARD has broadcast twice as a soloist this year, and has received the Guildhall School of Music Gold Medal for Vocalists. DOREEN HONOUR, C.S.M.M.G. is a Masseuse.

THELMA CARLOSS is a nurse at St. Bartholomew's Hospital.

MARY INMAN (née Hallows) has adopted the three children of her only sister, who was an Old High School girl, and died some years ago. In her sister's school days, the school was in the Y.M.C.A. building, and the School Sports were held in the garden of her own home in Prospect Hill.

MRS ETHEL GOWER has left for Johannesburg for six months, where her son Dudley is a school master. Dudley is one of our few male "Old Girls."

KATHLEEN GOODWIN is on the Biological Staff of the Belle Vue High School for Girls, Bradford, where she takes Zoology, Botany, Biology, Anatomy and Physiology.

FLORENCE DAVIS translates German for a living and likes it.

COLIN KENNETH DOUGLAS was ordained Priest in Chlemsford Cathedral on September 20th, 1936, and is curate of the Parish Church at Gray's, in Essex. (Another male "Old Girl").

HELEN RAINER is now junior English and History mistress at Parsons Mead, Ashted, Surrey.

KITTY RAINER, is teaching domestic subjects at Waddon Senior School.

MYFANWY PHILLIPS, has just produced "The Passing of the Third Floor Back."

ELSIE BROWN is missionary for the C.M.S. at Foochow, South China. There, the same sound made in seven different tones means seven different things. Life in China is changing very rapidly.

PHYLLIS CROOK (Nee Gandle), has gone to Wukingfu to join her husband, Dr. Alan Crook, who is in charge of the Missionary Hospital there. Dr. Crook met Miss Galt when she visited Wukingfu last summer.

JOAN HIBBIT AND MARGARET RABSON are being trained at Oxford Training College.

MARGARET DALLAS AND ROSE BRAZIER, are being trained at Cambridge Training College.

Marriages.

CORONA KNIGHT to GEORGE JULIAN SMITH, 21st December, 1935

DORA GARRETT to STANLEY DEWEY, 6th October, 1934

WINIFRED MORRIS to LEONARD COOK, 25th July, 1936

BARBARA RIGGS to PETER GREEN, 18th July, 1936

DOROTHY KNOTT to ERIC BUCKINGHAM, 14th November, 1936

ELSIE HOLMES to SYDNEY BREWSTER, 10th October, 1936

JESSIE SAPSFORD to GEORGE WILLIAMS, 19th September, 1936

GLADYS BIRKETT to ALBERT DAY, in December, 1935

IRENE SHEPHERD to CYRIL TITLEY, 23rd March, 1936,

MILDRED DOTT to WILLIAM ROBERT HUNTER McKEE, 20th June, 1936

GRACE PETTIT to LEONARD WALLINGTON, 25th July

DOREEN GOETZE AND EDITH BURNELL are also married.

DOROTHY STOKES to F. VICTOR DAVEY, English Master at Acton Technical college, on 26th July, 1936.

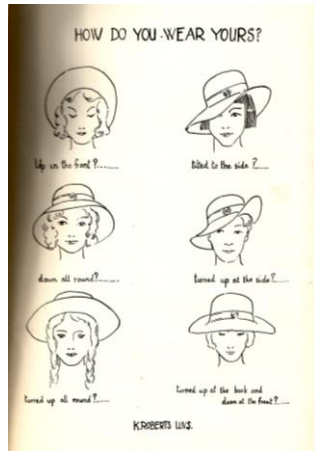
MABEL CLARK to ERIC KINDON, 5th September, 1936.

EVA BLACKFORD to P.J. ALLAN, at the Church of the Holy Innocents, High Beech, on the 19th June, 1936.

VIOLET BRADLEY was one of the bridesmaids.
 KATHERINE LEGG to CHARLES GORDON HILL of Bush Hill Park, on 16th May, 1936
 RHONA MAIN to ARTHUR MAYES at St. Columba's, Walthamstow, August 17th, 1935
 HILDA CURLE to MAXWELL ALLINGHAM, 6th June, 1936.

Births.

CHRISTINE FILIER (Mrs Gale), a son, Douglas Russell, 21st December, 1935.
 MADELINE LOVELL (Mrs Bell) , a daughter, 29th February, 1936.
 LUCY COY (Mrs Sorton), a son, John Neil, 14th May, 1936.
 PHYLLIS BARACLOUGH (Mrs Beresford), a son, in May, 1936.
 DORIS GRAVATT (Mrs Winder), a daughter, 1st August, 1936.
 IDA BARRALET (Mrs Varley), a daughter, in June, 1936.
 ISOBEL ROBERTSON (Mrs, Sapwell), a son, Philip John, 1st May, 1936.
 FREDA ROBERTSON (Mrs Hamlin), a daughter Naemi, 9th June, 1935
 HELEN BRADLEY (Mrs, Edwards), a daughter, Sheila Helen, 3rd June, 1935.
 AILEEN LUCAS (Mrs Womersley), a daughter, Norma.
 DORIS COPPARD, a son.
 NELLIE QUERNEY, (Mrs, Gooding), a daughter, Mary Elizabeth, 16th July, 1936
 ELSIE MOSS (Mrs Andrews), a daughter, Joyce, 16th January, 1936
 EDITH MAXWELL (Mrs Scoggin), twin son and daughter, Ian and Jill, in July 1936.
 JOAN OYLER (Mrs, Farrow), a daughter, Nora Ann Veronica, 23rd August, 1936
 NELLIE QUERNEY (Mrs Gooding), a daughter, Mary Margaret.
 MILDRED FRENCH, has a baby
 DORIS HOLMES (Mrs ?), has a son
 LILIAN DENNY (Mrs Bankes), a son, Geoffrey Paul, in July, 1936.
 JOY HUNT (Mrs Gower), a son, Anthony John Barton Gower.
 DORIS WAGER (Mrs Watson), a son, Roger Keith, 14th November, 1936
 MAY HARRIDGE (Mrs Harding), a son, Michael, 22nd August, 1936



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