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Walthamstow High School Magazine.

Head Mistress's Foreword.

THE event which dwarfs everything else into insignificance is the death of Miss Hewett. She was one of "those great souls who saw visions of larger truth and dared to declare it," one of those pioneers of liberal education, who believed and taught that service is born of freedom; therefore, apart from the sense of irreparable loss, the feeling uppermost in our hearts to-day must surely be one of thankfulness for her life and for her inspiration.

Others will speak of Miss Hewett as the creator, and for thirty years the presiding genius, of the School; I can only speak of her as I knew her, which was from 1924 onwards; in retrospect, I think of her vision and her courage, of her toleration and broadmindedness, of her scholarly brain and penetrating mind and of that radiant kindness which illumined all she said and did: I remember her deep love for, and interest in, all that concerned the School, her unswerving loyalty to the O.G.A., her passionate devotion to the cause of peace and her strenuous work for promoting international friendship through the League of Nations; but above all, I remember, with abiding gratitude, the goodly heritage which she bequeathed to me, her successor. It has often been said that Miss Hewett was the School, and the School Miss Hewett; this is absolutely true, for the spirit that informed the School was and is and, I trust, always will be, the spirit of Miss Hewett, even the spirit of friendliness and goodwill.

It seemed fitting that Miss Hewett should be buried on Armistice Day, for "the whole earth is the sepulchre of famous men and their record is enshrined in the hearts of men"; she died greatly loved and greatly loving; and a host of witnesses will rise up and call her blessed.

I cannot end this letter without telling you about our Inspection last April, when we were generally and thoroughly inspected for the best part of a week by five very charming H.M.I.s; their printed Report which followed was really excellent and I am very proud and happy to be able to offer my congratulations to the School, both past and present, all its conduct and its progress!

With all good wishes for 1938,

Yours affectionately,

M. NORRIS.

Sub-Editor's Letter.

THE shadow of a loss, peculiarly severe to this community, lies across the threshold of our Magazine. The newer generation of those who love this School realise how much its virtues derive from a sound and vigorous past. That the School, like the Old Vic, confidently goes on, is a tribute to a personality who has laid its foundations well and truly.

There is a suggestion that at the next O.G.A. Social, on Thursday, March 3rd, members vote for or against a fresh design for the cover of Iris, which an old girl would be willing to design for us. On this score alone it is hoped there will be a full attendance.

A.H. Park.

O.G.A. Editorial.

A DEAR, dear friend has left us.

Many, many years ago- I have lost the courage to say how many - I arrived very early, very nervous, and rather unhappy at the new school on the Hill! My new green tunic was too long for me, my stockings-by later standards-too short. I was also very lonely.

We gathered in the Big Hall, and gradually were despatched to our new form rooms, under the guidance of Older Girls, looking very happy and sure of themselves.

I felt I was a misfit. Everything was too new. New mistresses, new classmates, new books, new rules; nothing familiar. There was so much hurry and bustle. I could not keep pace with it. I lost myself almost immediately. I kept my dignity as long as I possibly could, and then, in desperation, I asked a large lady in black robes where I should go.

"What is your name?" she asked me. I told her and blushed hotly. She smiled down at me.

"There's no need to be ashamed of it," she said, "it's quite a nice name." And she sent me off under the wing of an important prefect to my own form on the other side of the building.

"That was Miss Hewett," the important prefect told me, and I was suitably silent and duly impressed.

Many more years went past, and I heard that she was leaving the School. I think we who knew her then, went all a little frightened. There is something about fundamental changes that upsets the very young much more than the just-grown-up. Perhaps we, too, in our secret hearts, would have preferred to have left with her.

But she went, and we remained to carry on, under new guidance, the traditions she had left to us.

And now she has left us again, and this time we cannot break into her retirement.

But you have, as I have, those little memories of her to keep her memory alive.

She told me I had quite a nice name.

DOROTHY A. BARBER (*Sub-Editor*).

MEMORIAL.

School Memorial Service.

ON November 9th, at 9 o'clock, the School joined in a beautiful Service taken by Canon Oakley, in the Assembly Hall.

The Canon said that this was not an occasion for sorrow alone, but also a time for rejoicing. It is a great loss for us to be deprived of Miss Hewett's guiding influence, but we must be thankful that we have been able to enjoy her presence for so long. Then, quoting a verse from the Old Testament, "And upon the top of the pillars was lily-work," he drew attention to the fact that though strength may command respect and admiration, it does not necessarily command affection. He drew a comparison between the lily-work which decorated the columns of Solomon's Temple and the grace and beauty which illumined Miss Hewett's life and character.

What had always struck him most about Miss Hewett was her Zest for freedom; he was therefore interested to see the following words in her farewell to the Magazine: "You have often heard me say that freedom is a better state than slavery, but that it has many obligations, and that the freedom of one must never mean the slavery of another."

Another aspect of her character which he emphasised was her tolerance and broadmindedness; she could always see the other man's point of view; this she illustrated by reference to one of her speeches on the child's right to self-expression, a subject dear to her heart; after listening, he had ventured to approach her, saying: "Yes, but what about the other man's right to self-expression? Is the child's development to be carried out at the expense of others?" She looked up with that wonderful smile of hers and said: "I see your point of view." This, he said, was typical of Miss Hewett. An apt quotation

from Ezekiel illustrated his point-"I sat where they sat"-Miss Hewett could always do this so well and so wisely.

He described how Miss Hewett had virtually founded the School and said it was through her influence that it had become famous. Although she is no longer with us, her spirit will always live in the minds of those who have come into contact with her,

"She is not dead, she sleeps."

Memorial Fund.

MANY friends wish that there shall be a permanent memorial to Miss Hewett in the School. Therefore a Committee has been appointed to deal with the matter, and you will be circulated in due course.

M. NORRIS.

Obituary notice from *The Times*, November 12th, 1937.

Miss Blanche Hewett. M.A.Camb., B.Sc.Lond., who died on November 8th at the age of 73, was a distinguished headmistress. A correspondent writes of her:-

Educated at Launceston, she went on to Cambridge, and in 1885 was one of the first Newnham Wranglers. At 26 she became headmistress of a private high school at Walthamstow, and in 1911 this merged into County High School. She was an ideal headmistress, efficient, sympathetic, inspiring, and when she retired, after more than 30 years' service, the School had reached a high standard of success. She took the keenest interest in her old pupils, and when she went round the world in 1935 it is hardly an exaggeration to say that she met welcome from one in every port. She had wide interests and travelled extensively and had considerable knowledge of schools in Canada and America. For many years she was on the executive committee of the Association of Head Mistresses, holding the office of treasurer for seven years, and in 1926 was elected a life member; she was an active member of the League of Nations Union, chairman of the British Joint Committee for Interchange of Teachers, and a member of a pension committee connected with educational grants and War service. As one who was on intimate terms with her for 50 happy years, I noticed over and over again the ready response her general personality aroused in people of the most varying kinds.

Tribute paid to Miss Hewett by the Headmistresses' Executive on November 21st.

At the meeting of the Head Mistresses' Executive the President, Miss Tanner, reported Miss Hewett's death, and after Miss Fanner, late head mistress of Putney Secondary School, and Miss Norris had spoken, members stood in silence in honour of her memory.

The following is a record of Miss Fanner's speech:

I was not intimate with Miss Hewett, but knew her as a member of the Executive, and when I think of her, the word "sterling" springs to mind. She bore the hall-mark of sincerity and manifested that quality always. She worshipped the highest in sincerity and truth. The education of girls owes much to her. She was one of the first of Newnham's Wranglers, and that in itself was then a contribution to what was known as the "Cause." We think with gratitude of her work for our Association, for thirteen years as a member of the Executive and for seven years as Treasurer. Those who grapple with our finances and those who shrink from such tasks, can appreciate what it meant to have seven continuous years free from financial anxiety. Since then we have realised that the work is too arduous and yet continuity is essential, and we have evolved a new system. This makes us appreciate the more what she did for us. Miss Hewett contributed wise counsel to our debates. She never theorised or philosophised and she had not the fluency which makes some so dangerously attractive; she gave us the solid flint of her experience and spoke only when she had something to say.

It was said of her when she retired that "she had a firm belief in the goodness of human nature" and she was never disillusioned; "she disliked and distrusted the personal appeal" and never took the easy road, but made her appeal to reason and trusted that reason would prevail.

As a wrangler she could, I suppose, enjoy the austere beauty of mathematics, but she loved beauty in more concrete forms, too. It is good to think that she was able to go round the world when she retired, and when she had seen the countries of the world and the glories of them, I came across her one day in Westminster Abbey, on a Monday morning when one can wander at will, and

with her guide book in her hand and radiance on her face, she said: "Isn't London beautiful, and isn't it good to have time to enjoy it?" Her zest was undiminished, and I felt that she was of the salt of the earth and that the salt would not lose its savour.

Some Memories.

THIRTY-THREE years of happy companionship in work and play with Miss Hewett fill my heart with more gratitude than can ever be put into words. My first memory of her is the day on which I, a shy, gauche girl, fresh from college, was interviewed for the post of science mistress at the School. "Just talk to me a little," she said, and waited. I was petrified, but at the end of the day spent at the School and at her house, I must have caught something of the spirit of the place, for I wanted nothing better than to come and work in her School. One of my last memories is of a day, less than a fortnight before she died, when the nurse, a charming Irish girl, said "I could listen to her all day in this mood."

Hers was a wonderfully steadying influence; many a time, a flying visit and a few words changed for me a listless class into one full of enthusiasm. In the war years, during daylight raids, the girls used to sing in chorus to drown the whirring of the aeroplanes and the booming and crackle of the run-about guns, while Miss Hewett ran from room to room smiling on all, and there was never a sign of panic or even fear; in the evenings when the School basement and our own cellar were full of people from cellar-less houses, Miss Hewett's horror of narrow and closed-in spaces would not let her join them, and she sat in the passage at the top of the stairs and handed down cups of tea and jokes and funny stories, and soon everyone laughed and no one was frightened any more.

She had a firm belief in good holidays and we spent many a happy Saturday and mid-term holiday in London, or the forest, or in the country further afield, but the long holidays at home and abroad stand out as the high lights. A holiday with her was an adventure and a pure joy. As unerringly as she always brought out the best in people and called their weaknesses to sink into insignificance, so she always found in town and country all that was of interest and beauty, and minor discomforts sank into their proper place. She never grumbled at the weather or at anything she could not alter, and she had no vain regrets in small things or in great. All the people she met wanted to make friends with her, including ten-year-old Marietta, who minded two cows on the mountain-side, and who confided that every woman *must* have either a master or a husband, and the old Italian boatman who rowed her out to the middle of lake Maggiore to voice his opinion of Mussolini to her very sympathetic ears.

She liked towns and we always stopped for a day or two at interesting places such as York, Chester, Innsbruck, Berne, but she loved the country even more. She wrote to me in 1924 from Carciano on lake Maggiore: "Rome was wonderful, Florence beautiful, but I do realise that *God* made the country and *man* made the town—nothing grips one like the hills and the water - the colours are heavenly, there is no other word." She liked best the hill-tops and the open spaces where she could feel the wind on her face and could see wide views with roads or tracks winding on and on till they disappeared in the distance. She was an ideal playmate, but, as her work was her real life, and as the School is her monument, I am impelled to quote what I wrote in the 1923 magazine, for I believe it is true for all time.

"Since the real history of a school is not the story of bricks and mortar, but of a living, growing organism, I cannot end without trying to express a little, a very little of what Miss Hewett, its builder and leader for thirty-four years has meant to those of us who have had the privilege of working with and under her. Her breadth of outlook; her far-seeing policy; her readiness to investigate and try a new plan, while refusing to reject the old merely because it is old; her deep-rooted dislike and distrust of the personal appeal; her deliberate suspension of judgment until all available facts have been ascertained; her very real belief in the goodness of human nature and her power of finding and using the best in all with whom she comes into contact; her keen sense of humour; her kindly interest in all; her sympathetic insight into the difficulties of the individual; the ungrudging way in which she has always given up leisure time and ease in order to help — and, above all, that spark of genius which vitalises all she touches, have been a revelation and an inspiration to me and to many hundreds of pupils and mistresses, and have made a powerful entity of the School, past, present and — I add with every confidence — to come."

M.B. GOLDWIN.

As I look back I seem to have known her all my life. I never think of her as old, she always seemed the same to me, full of life and

interested in everything concerning her girls, the town and world affairs. I think my very first memory of her is at the meeting at which she was present as head mistress for the first time. I think Rev. Parry took the chair but I am not sure.

Then when the School started it was held in Trinity Schoolroom, a most inconvenient place, no ground for games at all. Still we were all very happy and received an excellent education. I can remember Miss Hewett's spelling classes now. Our prize givings were always thrilling occasions to us, when arrayed in white with yellow and green ribbons we sat in rows on the platform, usually half petrified with cold. Miss Hewett's speech was the great event of the evening, it was always interesting and full of humour, and she was never afraid at any time to say exactly what she thought. She had very decided principles and was never afraid to declare them.

Later the school moved to Church Hill, the building which afterwards became the Y.M.C.A., and there we had a garden for our games. I worked there during the war, and I never entered the room that used to be Miss Hewett's office without seeing it as it was then with her sitting at her desk. We entered the room with a certain amount of awe, especially when sent there for wrong doing, though we knew we would always receive fair treatment from her. None of us old girls will forget her 70th birthday party. She was at her happiest and gayest, no one would have thought she was anywhere near 70.

M. LUCAS (WHITTINGHAM).

Our family of five girls and five boys has been connected with the High School and Monoux School since the first day the old school in West Avenue was opened. My eldest sister Emily (now known as Sadie) was admitted the first day of the School's inauguration and until my youngest sister Girlie left in 1911 or 1912 there were always one or two Foxons in the School.

I remember as a small girl wondering what was going to happen to me when, sliding down the bannister of the front staircase, I arrived with a terrific thump on the mat at the same time that Miss Hewett's door opened and she came out. Needless to say nothing dire happened and I was let off with a caution.

Another memory is connected with the times when the Rev. W. Manning used to come and examine us in Scripture and Recitation. Alice Wise and I tied for the Recitation Prize and I was furious when they gave Alice the prize because she had better marks during the term. To add insult to injury I had to learn in a hurry "November in London" to recite at the Prize Giving. That's the only time I doubted Miss Hewett's fairness.

I remember Miss Hewett and the working parties in the garden after school for the school bazaar. And the excitement of the bazaars. Would it keep fine or should we have to put the stalls up in the class-rooms? Girls rushing into Miss Hewett's room for advice and information. Then at the end Edith Lewis arranging Tableaux or a concert with George "lending his aid."

But I think most Old Girls will agree with me that it was not until one had left school and mixed with the outside world a while that that one realised what a wonderful personality Miss Hewett had. Besides being clever she was so broadminded. There was nothing petty or narrow about her. She never made one feel that one did not count if one was not clever. Character counted more with her than brains. She also realised that marriage was the best vocation for most women. How pleased she used to be when her Old Girls made suitable marriages!

Talking over family affairs with her some time ago I remember what a glow I felt when she told me what a wonderful mother we had had.

We have a friend who is the daughter of a professor at Leeds University and she told us what an extraordinary impression Miss Hewett made on the people she came in contact with while she was for one term head mistress of a school in Leeds after she had left Walthamstow.

How often, when asking other Old Girls if they were going to the forthcoming social, would they say, "Oh, I don't know. Is Miss Hewett going?"

M. FOXON

My family's connection with Miss Hewett spreads over nearly fifty years. My father was one of those who, with Mr. William Whittingham, started the Walthamstow High School for Girls and appointed her the first Head Mistress. He was the only one who was a Governor of the School during the whole of Miss Hewett's time, and I know how tremendously he admired her wonderful work in building the School from quite small beginnings to the huge organisation we

know to-day.

My brothers well remember the excitement of the Opening of the School and the introduction of the young Head Mistress with her almost fantastic scholastic achievements and academic cap and gown.

My elder sister was one of her early pupils, then I followed, and my younger sister in turn spent several happy years at the Old School.

We all thought a lot of our Head Mistress when we were at School, but I think that it was in later years that we more fully realised her affection for all of us and how fond we were of her. Her wonderful gift of remembering every girl and her intense interest in all their doings, could only have been exercised as it was by having its inspiration in a very great heart.

D. HIGHAM.

My mind takes me back to the first day of the High School for Girls in Walthamstow, not mark you, for young ladies! My sister and I were taken by our mother to join the School.

There had been a great deal of discussion between our parents as to whether we were to be sent to the new High School or to a very superior private school for Young Ladies; to our great joy the former was decided upon. We were put through our paces by a somewhat severe-looking lady, wearing pince-nez, and I was terrified! – not knowing till many years after that under the calm exterior she was equally scared; but it wasn't long before we found that our "Head" was a very lovable person and to be grateful that she persevered with as unruly a set of girls (numbering about 40) that could have been found in a long day's march. There was so much freedom, and even then more self-government than had ever been dreamed of in most private schools.

What a pioneer! and what a friend all through life, always ready with sound advice when asked; and the fun of her; a party at Miss Hewett's for past pupils was an event eagerly looked forward to and one was never disappointed.

I always remember a saying of hers, "Never look back, always look forward."

I am always grateful to think my three daughters and my step daughter were under her wise sway, and her way of making the punishment fit the crime; of that I could many a tale unfold.

A friend of mine, knowing nothing of Miss Hewett, said to me, "Those children of yours must have a fine head mistress." I took her to visit the School, and she was vastly impressed with the atmosphere.

ETHEL M. RAINER (GRIGGS).

My first remembrance of Miss Hewett was to see her standing on the platform in Trinity schoolroom in January, 1890. She was being introduced to prospective parents as the head mistress of the proposed High School for Girls. She was young and slim and demurely dressed in a dark-hued dress and little close bonnet, and I know she charmed my parents by her business-like, yet humorous speech, delivered in a natural, sincere manner.

I do not think we ever stood in great awe of her, as she was always ready to listen to our version of any trouble, and no doubt we deserved it heartily if we were the recipient of some biting sarcasm—her most effective weapon.

She visited my mother and sister once or twice in their remote corner of Essex and revelled in the utter peace she found there. Last year she particularly remarked on the peace and quiet; maybe she was getting tired.

BEECHY JACKSON (GILLARD).

Proud and fond of Miss Hewett though I was, especially proud of her physical and mental energy after her retirement, I find that my memories of her in the old days are very scanty.

I went to the High School on its opening day as a small girl of ten, but the things I chiefly remember are our tom-boy pranks in the School Hall, such as jumping over the backs of chairs and being taught by Maud Makin, or being hauled up to the balcony on a rope. Needless to say, Miss Hewett had to put a stop to such dangerous games.

An amusing thing happened one day. Miss Hewett walked between our rows of desks, a girl stooped down and picking up something, said, "Miss Hewett, you've dropped your bustle." Miss Hewett said "Thank you," and retired for a few minutes!

EMILY FOXON

The Walthamstow of fifty years ago abounded in large families. It was the father of one of these who was among the gentlemen who, in 1889, appointed Miss Hewett, in spite of her youth, to be Head Mistress of the new High School. Two of his daughters, with a cousin, joined the School on the opening day, but he did not foresee that they would be followed, as years went on, by four grand-daughters and eight grandsons; that three Old Girls would marry into his family and that in her retirement, Miss Hewett would make the acquaintance of a fourth generation, delighting to hear that they were "rather naughty," and justly enquiring how some of us could reasonably expect *good* children.

There were many more such families to which Miss Hewett was far more than a well-known figure. She was part of the background of their lives. Nevertheless, we ask pardon if we conjure up a portrait of her as seen through the eyes of this particular family.

To the question "What most impressed you about Miss Hewett?" almost every member gave a different answer, and it must surely be to her varied interests and wide sympathies that much of her success was due. Our most senior Old Girl has a picture of her in far-back times, when the School numbered thirty to forty girls, and the staff two or three. This girl, having a marked gift for mathematics, came into close contact with the Head Mistress, and it was fitting that the first Old Girl to win a scholarship to college and later to achieve outside distinction for the School, should have done so in Miss Hewett's own subject. This Old Girl has memories of her in almost every guise; as an inspiring and unwearying teacher; an amusing companion; a valued friend-even of Miss Hewett, long ago, losing her bustle, but retaining her dignity.

The cousin, who saw the School's beginnings, can speak of her from a different point of view, for she had the happiness of serving her as Secretary when the new School was opened. Her strongest impression was of Miss Hewett's unvarying justice, combined with her genius for finding good in everybody. Nobody was ever utterly condemned. There was always some good quality or some small ability to be encouraged.

To the small boys, who from time to time harassed Preparatory, Miss Hewett was little more than an awe-inspiring figure. Although in earlier years she was successful in teaching quite little children, to the later Old Boys she was an omniscient character, who conducted prayers, pronounced doom on offenders, made a speech at the Prize Giving, and would be regarded with a very wholesome respect to the end of their days.

Another of our earliest Old Girls tells a forty-year-old story of how Miss Hewett handled some bigger boys. There was a school outing on bicycles, and one girl, having a punctured tyre, two loyal friends offered to walk home with her. Before long they were overtaken by three admiring swains, who would not be shaken off, the party of walkers arriving home considerably later than the cyclists. Of the victims of this affectionate persecution Miss Hewett asked no explanation, but the boys, knowing their return had not been unnoticed, decided to call upon Miss Hewett and chivalrously explained that the girls had never wanted their company at all! Whether Miss Hewett entirely accepted this explanation is doubtful, for she rejoiced to remind two of the culprits, long since husband and wife, of this interview, even till the last year of her life. At the time she made it clear that such a terrible scandal must not be repeated, and the lads had no desire to incur her wrath again.

Those of us who were at the School when the new building was opened, know how marvellously adaptable Miss Hewett proved herself. She was as much at home with four hundred girls as she had been with two hundred, although this great upheaval took place when she was no longer a young woman. Her powers seemed equal to any demands, and the transition was made so harmoniously that we were not conscious of what a metamorphosis the School was experiencing. The change was one of kind, and not of quality.

In later years, force of numbers made it impossible for her see so much of each individual, and hence she was not fully appreciated by girls. Until they nearly reached leaving age. It was during these last terms that we realised her genius for teaching. A lesson in geometry from Miss Hewett was an adventure. As we began to see daylight through difficulties which had at first seemed impenetrable, we were roused to real excitement. Her lessons in English composition were always inspiring. Her ingenuity in setting us exercises was only equalled by humour and illuminating criticism of her commentaries. She was never afraid to praise good work generously; and if success unfortunately resulted in a "swelled head," that difficulty was

effectively overcome.

In any discussion of controversial subjects she was content to indicate the different sides to a question and although she was a woman strong convictions it was not always possible to discern her own opinions. All her teaching was aimed at making us think for ourselves. She was satisfied if we made the most of our abilities. Her deepest contempt was for anything mean or petty. Brilliant herself, she could yet suffer fools gladly, and nothing that concerned us was without interest for her. In enquiring after an Old Girl it was always "What is she doing?" Enthusiasm and activity were what she demanded, stagnation was almost the chief of sins. One of her favourite sayings was, "If you don't exercise your brains they will grow dull," and those who met her recently know that the years never clouded the splendour of her mind, nor dimmed the brilliance of her personality.

It was impossible to be dull in her company. Her happy nature and good temper, allied to a keen but kindly wit, made her conversation a rich entertainment. She loved to rouse and join in our laughter, while her loyal friendships and modesty ensured her being a much sought-after guest. She was too much alive to every new movement ever to lose touch with the younger generation, hence people of all ages and every conceivable interest could meet her on level terms. The time never came when her friends and pupils said, "She was a wonderful woman," and in these few weeks since her death when Old Girls meet together, we find it difficult to speak of her except in the present tense. As long as we remain her character and achievements will continue for us a topic of ever-living interest.

CORA CHAPPELL (*née* BAYNE).

My memories of Miss Hewett are necessarily bound up with those of my sisters, who were among the first pupils of the Walthamstow High School for Girls, from whom I heard many stories of their head mistress. Indeed, she seemed to be part of one's own school-days, and Miss Hewett was almost as necessary to one as Mr. Allpass. My earliest recollections centre around the old Victoria Hall, in Hoe Street, on the occasion of the Annual Prize Giving, and I can clearly recall the solemn group of Governors seated on the platform and a slight and distinguished figure in robes and mortarboard in the centre. Her reports were always models of dignified English, through which an ever-increasing love and understanding of her girls shone clearly for all to see. It was Miss Hewett's dignity and poise which made unconscious appeal to a small boy, and that same dignity and poise remained an inherent part of her in later years. In recent years I had opportunity to visit her in her retirement, and was conscious of the courage and rightness of her convictions which enabled her so successfully to deal with any difficult situation, especially where she conceived it to be the only course of action to see good and good only. This moral courage was hers in large measure. It sprang from her outlook on life and expressed the love, wise, strong and gentle, which animated her and directed her rule among her staff and pupils.

Of her wit and humour we need hardly speak. Of her sympathy and interest one was always assured in matters great and small. She could deal with situations inimitably. At one time Miss Hewett and her mother attended Trinity Congregational Church, and on one occasion which I recall, she occupied the pulpit. I do not remember her address or sermon, but I was thrilled to think she should be there. The minor tragedy of a miscalled hand at a bridge drive, when a misguided partner called "clubs" on a four-ace hand, found her smiling and capable. Her smile shone out in welcome whenever one met her, and her hand-clasp, warm and generous, gave evidence of her real sincerity and intellectual honesty.

Other memories there are, but the outstanding one is of herself, her personality and individuality, compounded of authority, dignity, charm, wisdom, sympathy and rich humanity. These are outstanding and constitute the enduring and imperishable, richly imparted to all who came into her sphere of thought and action.

FRANK GRIGGS

Her achievements and character were so marvellous when you think what a lonely woman she might have been. A fatherless only child, no brothers or sisters to help her with their love, influence, advice and criticism, and yet her whole life was crowned with success and her death is mourned by hundreds who loved and respected her.

Even her position as a head mistress must have entailed a certain amount of loneliness, and yet she never seemed lonely or depressed or sorry for herself.

She collected friends and kept them. She was a brilliant talker, but also a most sympathetic listener and a good mixer. She wanted to hear all about you and your family's doings. She liked her girls to have careers and was very proud of their successes, but she also was delighted when her Old Girls got married and settled down to ordinary domestic happiness and loved to visit them in their homes.

I can't speak of our school-days, except in the plural (being a twin) and I don't think anyone could have been happier that we were. We didn't do well and we didn't work hard, in fact, the days our reports came home were always very sad days for us, because we had an ambitious father, but we were happy. It was a very sad day when we left and although it is now more than twenty years ago, we often speak of our school-days and have a do-you-remember talk with other Old Girls. Lovely happy talks! and we all feel a deep sense of gratitude to Miss Hewett for our happy youth.

Miss Hewett had a keen sense of humour. I remember an amusing composition Ethel Hyde wrote on "Barbarism versus Civilisation," which was an eulogy for barbarism, because of the barbarian's freedom from education. Miss Hewett was delighted with it and read it aloud to us during Current Events lesson-and weren't the Current Events lessons lovely? A broadminded innovation at that time, when women weren't supposed to be interested in politics and had not the vote, but that's what we always felt and have since realised more fully, that there was no narrowness or pettiness where Miss Hewett was. And do you remember how human she was about her little Yorkshire terrier, Scamp, who according to his mistress, was so wonderful, could do nearly everything but talk? He could even sort the morning post and knew which letters were for Miss Hewett and which for Miss Richardson and Miss Goldwin, and if they didn't want him to understand they had to spell things, but he knew what O U T spelt and was always ready at the door.

Her trip round the world after her retirement was a triumphant one. At nearly every place she went she was met and welcomed by an Old Girl as a loved friend, and her seventieth birthday party was a wonderful testimony to the love she had inspired in all our hearts. She never seemed to get older, in fact she seemed to get younger, and the joy of living was manifest in her face, The Walthamstow High School will always be a memorial to her love and devotion.

CLARE CUNNINGHAM (REEVE).

My own memories go back over thirty years, and what remains with me most clearly is the terrific force of her personality-that, and the marvellous expressiveness of her brown eyes. They could be so stern, so full of tender pity and so very, very merry. She had a trick of dropping them as if she knew that the truth could not be kept out of them, and sometimes, in mercy, she spared you the whole truth. She had no time for sentimentality or heroics. I remember arriving in her room once in a great state of indignation,

"I have been sent to you, Miss Hewett, for nothing-for nothing at all!" Out poured a tale of wrongs and injustice which I felt could not fail to move her. She broke into the middle of it.

"Go away, Helen, You are in such a temper no one: could possibly talk to you."

I went.

I believe she always knew all about us. I once sat next to a friend for half a term without exchanging a word. The climax of absurdity was reached in First Aid classes, when we solemnly bandaged each other without a sign of recognition. Miss Hewett stopped me one day in the hall.

"Helen, how long is this ridiculous nonsense going on?"

Me: "I don't know what you mean, Miss Hewett."

"Oh yes, you do, you silly girl," and off she went with a smile and a merry twinkle.

I spoke to my friend that afternoon. It didn't seem to me, somehow that I had a choice. Moreover, I don't believe I've had a really satisfactory sulk since.

How she loved a real brute of a sum! I can see her now, figures stretching from one side of the blackboard to the other, darting the decimal point here and there, conjuring, as it seemed to me, figures from up her sleeve or out of the air, for when she reached that stratum she left me far behind. Then she would give a little squeal of delight. "It's coming out! It's coming out!" and the chalk would be rubbed

excitedly between her two hands.

She loved difficulties of all sorts. She would never admit defeat. Not even the weather could depress her. If a net-ball match was arranged and the morning was wet, she would be the last to agree to a postponement. "It will clear up," she would say; and nine times out ten it did.

Speaking of net-ball matches brings me to one of the major humiliation of my life. I was once the Secretary of the team, and I hope they never had a worse one. We were to play Chelsea on our ground. The buns were buttered, the lemonade was made, but Chelsea did not come. After about half an hour of waiting I began to develop a terrible feeling-indecribable. Someone said, "Miss Hewett wants you." I went to her room.

"Helen, are you sure you wrote and fixed up this match?"

"Why, yes, I am sure. At least, I was . . . till a little while ago."

She wrote a line or two of some work that was in front of her. After a moment, and without looking up, she said, "I think you had better go and arrange for someone to eat up the buns and lemonade, don't you?"

What restraint; and what wisdom! She knew better than to punish me and give me the chance of feeling a martyr.

She could be stern, though. I remember a dreadful day of tears, of punishment, of words never repeated, but never forgotten. They remain still between the two of us. Yet I never had any feeling of injustice, and I never once heard a girl say she had been unfair.

She could be very feminine. She had an odd little trick of folding her fingers into her palm and looking at her nails, her hand held close to her near-sighted eyes. It was a mannerism we all loved and watched for.

How short a time she had each of us-just a handful of years out of a life's span, yet how marvellously she used that time. Justice, kindness, understanding, all these she gave us besides the splendid gifts of her brilliant mind.

Yet, was that all?

Do you remember how often she read us those words she must have loved-"but the greatest of these is love." Yes, that was it. That was what she gave us. How comforting to realise that she lived to know how abundantly it was returned to her.

HELEN E. BALFOUR (née MERCER.)

The last time I saw Miss Hewett was just a few months ago. We played some very sporting bridge, with gallant bidding and lots above the line, and in between the hands Miss Hewett told us some delightful stories. She had just been correcting some essays on the work of the League of Nations by boys of fourteen, and one, who had written an excellent paper, ended by saying that the League has stopped women driving motor cars. Deeply puzzled, Miss Hewett searched the library for the books that the boy had read, and then found it-Traffic in Women. Her jolly chuckle as she told the tale brought back so much, and then it began Do you remember? She seemed to remember everything about all her girls, thirty and forty years back. She liked us, and remained so interested in all of us. I sat there feeling full of admiration and affection for her, and yet while I was at School I should say I was her most scolded pupil.

She was, of course, a pioneer in education. Her school thirty years ago, was much more modern than many high schools I have visited to-day. I think her great force was that she always had the courage to be herself. She never acted a head's part. She never talked down to us. If she was angry, she was very angry, but she met you as an equal. I remember so often flinging myself into her room when I thought a Mistress was unfair. Let me just get to Miss Hewett and put my case, and when she couldn't see eye to eye with me I was furious. Why couldn't such a fair and sensible woman see that I must be right?

I think it was because she was so vital that we were such an intensely alive school. She was a keen Liberal, and there was no nonsense about a teacher not being allowed to express political views. How often I would lie trembling in bed, while my father, an ardent socialist, went down to discuss my latest misdemeanour and I used to pray, "If only they get on to politics, then I shall be forgotten"-and, of course, they always did.

How sensibly she dealt with what amounted almost to a revolution in Form II. It was the Osborne Bye-election of 1912, Sir John Simon was the Government candidate and the suffragettes came down in force. Simon must be turned out. All except two unhappy Liberals' in Form II became ardent suffragettes. Christabel Pankhurst was our hero. All over the weekend I sold "Votes for Women" on the Hoe Street corner, and Miss Hewett bought one. Then on Monday we

turned our form room into a suffragette committee room, we hung the colours from the gas-brackets. The pictures were covered over with suffragette slogans. We barricaded our doors to all of different views. Form VI could not get through to their room. Even staff were barred out, and our two unhappy Liberals slunk miserably about the passages. We couldn't break windows in Oxford Street perhaps but we could defend women's rights against the whole school if necessary. And while the excitement was at its height, Miss Hewett sailed along and we didn't quite like to bar her out. How I longed for her to order us to take down our notices, so that I could bravely refuse to do it. She was much too wise. Very pleasantly she looked round the room, and complimented us on our zeal. Then she said, "I like to see my girls taking this keen interest in politics. I hope it is an intelligent interest, and not just rowdy partisanship. Let me give you a few simple questions to see if you know something about parliamentary procedure and how we are governed. Does parliament sit every day?" A petrified silence. What had that to do with votes for women? Then Irene Hitchman saved the situation. "No," she said firmly. Afterwards we rushed at her. "Shrimp, how did you know?" "Oh, well, I thought it wouldn't sit on Sundays!" But our revolution was over. We quietly removed our posters and life returned to normal.

Then the time in Va during a Board Inspection. We were sure we couldn't have a Scripture test, so we didn't do our prep. When the papers were returned, Miss Hewett's brow was very black. Everybody had done badly. Dramatically she slammed them on the desk. "Keep these valuable papers. Hand them down to posterity-for information you will find nowhere else"-and then she swept out.

I shall never forget our horror when we moved into the hated new school. It was, of course, Miss Hewett's dream and pride, and she couldn't understand that we hated the beastly airy classrooms, with new oak desks and modern equipment. We wanted our old carved desks, the stuffy rooms and mulberries mixed with cinders. And then some dispute arose. I said I must see Miss Hewett, and Miss Oxley said, "Oh no, in the new school you can only see Miss Hewett by appointment." We were scandalized. Miss Hewett shut off from us by forms and ceremonies? It wouldn't work and, of course, it didn't. Only a few weeks later, Colin Douglas, a very small boy, terrified he was late for prayers, burst through the sacred front hall, straight past secretaries into Miss Hewett's room. He thrust his foot up at her. "Will you undo my beastly b-boot?"-and she did.

One could go on indefinitely. One cannot think of one's schooldays without thinking of her. She was the school. She was a great head mistress and we all loved her. As I sat at bridge with her a little while ago, I knew that could I have sent them to her, I would have removed my daughters from their modern new-education boarding School. But such headmistresses are not found easily. She was a grand person, and an inspiring memory.

LESLIE M. GREENE (CAMPBELL).

I was at the Walthamstow High School from January, 1906-July, 1913. I loved the time I spent there. I came here from a school where I had been frightened and unhappy, and it was like passing from Purgatory to Heaven. I was absolutely heart-broken when my time came to leave.

A point that has been borne in on me of late years is how very much ahead of her time Miss Hewett was. She always trusted her girls, and I expect her mistresses, she never patronized, or, to coin a word, "matronized" them, she appealed to the best and highest in them.

Then again, though she was the most excellent of head mistresses, she was never a school ma'am. In the many out-of-school pleasures, such as the Empire Day outing to the Forest, evenings at the theatres, and those wonderful Christmas parties, she was the ideal hostess.

My first memory of her was back in 1906, when I was a small child. She was wearing a dress of some soft violet material, and I remember thinking then how it suited her, and though I felt perhaps a little in awe of her, I had a sense that I would be happy under her regime. I think I looked on her as a sort of high priestess, and school as a sanctuary where I was safe. When my mother died she was one of the very few to write to me, and I came to understand that though she didn't wear her heart on her sleeve it was a very warm human heart deep down.

My last memory of her was about four years ago. It was in her delightful London home, and as we chatted over a cosy fire and a delicious tea I realized her sympathy and deep womanliness-I use this in the best sense of the word-still more. I cannot remember on this

occasion what she wore, but I do remember her beautiful rugs that she had made herself for the rooms, and the chair seats she had worked in "gros point" (or "petit point?") and the trolley cloths she had embroidered in Venetian stitch.

There is much more I could say, but I think especially when she gave us a sense of the worth-whileness of life, a love of the beautiful in literature, and art in all its forms, a joy in the magic of the open air, and sense of reverence for the sacredness of human individuality.

DORA BOSWORTH.

Beneath my window there stretches a wide landscape, changing as life, but beyond, a mile or two away, rises the line of the North Downs, level-headed against the sky and curiously unchanging. Summer or winter, in rain or shine, the cool grey-green of the hills scarcely varies. Serene and dignified they stand, glorified occasionally by mornings of rare beauty when they seem to float above the valley mists, clear and sharp as an inspiration.

For years the hills have stood to me for all that is most stable in life, something steadfast and re-assuring, not remote like the great mountain tops, yet lifted above the turmoil of every day. In these last weeks the spirit of the hills has somehow identified itself with memories of Miss Hewett- Miss Hewett as she was when I came to Walthamstow, young and comparatively inexperienced, Miss Hewett as she remained through all the succeeding years, strong, clear-sighted and just, yet, with her unflinching sense of values, always kindly in judgement and more ready to praise than to blame.

I wonder whether everyone realised how consistent she was in her attitude. Especially I remember how she would quietly withdraw if she found a lesson that had missed its mark and a mistress, not at her best, struggling to make something of the débris; how-on the other hand-when she found work going well and a class full of enthusiasm, she would contrive to attend their next lesson in that subject. She said nothing-that was her way-but one felt her understanding on the first occasion, her appreciation on the second, and redoubled one's efforts. She wanted to approve. Therefore one must give her something of which she could approve.

There was too the sure touch with which she could lift the petty details of school duties and, by a word or a phrase, link them up with the great aims of education. One was no longer an insignificant and rather weary unit but a stone in a great edifice with a corner to uphold. She never deliberately tried to influence anyone, even a child, for freedom of the individual was one of her principles, but by just being herself she called forth the best in those who worked with her. Life was an adventure full of stimulus in her company and for those who can make it so we thank God, even as we thank Him for the comfort and inspiration of the everlasting hills.

M. A. OXLEY.

"Her works do follow her." Pensée qui se grave en notre spirit lorsqu'on se rend compte de l'impulsion donnée par Miss Hewett à la multitude d'élèves qui de toutes parts poursuivant leurs tâches variées et souvent distinguées se louent de la sage direction qu'elles ont reçue dès leurs entrée jusqu' à leur sortie de l'école où Miss Hewett regnait avec une noble égalité d'ame.

D'un abord toujours facile, d'une humeur toujours égale et d'une constant sérénité, on aime à se la rappeler faisant le tour de l'école, l'œil pétillant derrière son lorgon, un pan de sa robe universitaire flottant derrière dans les longs corridors.

Je me souviens d'une belle journée de printemps lorsque au cours d'une de ses tournées quotidiennes, Miss Hewett pénétra vivement dans la classe et nous fit remarquer le chant d'un petit oiseau dans les tilleuls du jardin. "C'est un 'chif-chaf,'" nous dit-elle d'un air heureux de connaisseur, dissipant ainsi d'un mot un moment d'impression formidable créé ce jour-là par sa présence subite. Et je suis bien sùre que cette classe se rappellera toujours le chant du "chif-chaf." Moi, certes je ne l'ai pas oublié!

Ceci n'est qu'un trait entre mille bien caractéristique de Miss Hewett dirigeant d'une main légère et sûre sa vaste famille. Elle nous donnait l'impression d'un être qui en se dévouant à sa mission avec toute sa haute capacité en tirait une satisfaction visible.

M. G.

To speak of the privilege of forty-eight years of Miss Hewett's friendship in a few words is not easy.

From that first day in the West Avenue Schoolroom, through five

years of joyous school days, and later, twelve equally happy years under Miss Hewett's inspiring headship, one was constantly supported and encouraged by her sympathy, wise judgment, and liberal outlook.

With all her marvellous gifts of scholarship and mental vigour, to the end, she remained young, and warm-hearted-keenly interested, and rejoicing in the activities and achievements of her huge family.

The big red building in Church Hill is a living witness to the high ideals and full life she so desired for English girlhood.

MILLCENT M. BRABROOK (JACKSON).

It was my privilege to spend eight years as a member of Miss Hewett's staff, during my early teaching days, and she was a fine and generous Head for any young teacher to serve under. Looking back, I can perhaps estimate more clearly the qualities in her which I then appreciated to a great extent unconsciously, qualities which made the School so happy, vigorous and free a place, in those days in the original, dear old building.

Miss Hewett was always so sane and balanced in her outlook and had so strong a sense of justice that she gave us a feeling of security and ease in which it was possible to be one's self and do one's best. Though I was quite young when I went to Walthamstow, I was never made to feel merely a junior member of staff, and I never went to her about my work with any nervousness or doubt of a welcome. She trusted her staff, and she always showed interest in anything we wanted to attempt, and was ready with helpful suggestions and with warm appreciation of any success.

One of her outstanding qualities was her spontaneous interest in people and in things, and her profound belief in the value of the individual. She was proud of her School, and she had a right to be, but the School always existed for the sake of its girls, she never set it up as an end in itself. It was, I think, this case for the individual which made the School so free a place. During recent years, much has been said about freedom in education and the progressive schools have experimented in many forms of self-government. But, under Miss Hewett, without very much conscious effort, I believe both pupils and staff enjoyed a very real freedom, so true a freedom that many of us were hardly aware of it, for it seemed as natural as the air we breathed.

Miss Hewett was a splendid Head Mistress. Here I express gratitude for all that I owe her and appreciation of her large-hearted and large-minded personality.

M. LITCHFIELD

The first recollection is of someone, in a rather austere way impressive, someone in a black gown, who was very observant.

Soon the impression changed-to one of the deepest of my life, not fully analysed as a child, naturally, but so strong that the memory of it is quite clear. Here was someone of great power, to whom you had to listen, who spoke truths, who gave you something to think about, who said the most astonishing things, things which opened doors-"Scripture" became real life. The deeds of the Children of Israel bore such an extraordinary resemblance to those of the children of the Thirds and Fourths. It was most remarkable, and highly entertaining.

So the impression deepened to include fun. Plenty of that there was, and with it the stimulus of a sense of adventure, a sense that new things could be tried and thought, and that all would be well. Good things could win, and it was better to believe in them and let them grow, than to worry about bad ones. Life might not be easy, but it must be joyous. Some sense of all these things came.

We were in contact with a very clear mind, so we had an education which not only stimulated our own minds, but surrounded us with a very rare atmosphere of light and power.

We must want more and more to look at life ourselves with the kind, intelligent eye, which sees how to make it go more smoothly, and we should like all children to have the opportunity to grow like that, too.

The last and most difficult to suggest in words of the vivid impressions Miss Hewett made, is one which intensifies all the rest. It is the realisation that although her gifts were so great, she had not just an easy temperament; she was acutely sensitive. But her view of life was very dignified, and she schooled herself, and overcame things for herself, so that her power and her delicate touch came both of an inner grace. From that source, indeed, must have come all that we remember with such wonder and affection, her faith in

good, her sense of proportion, the happiness that she made, and her gentleness.

MADGE MILES

So many things come crowding into one's mind, but above all is the memory of Miss Hewett's wonderful capacity for friendship. She was always really interested in everything one talked to her about, as if it were the most important topic in the world-and somehow she always managed to help one see life more steadily when things went wrong. Memories are almost bound to become personal. I think of Greek lessons in Miss Hewett's room, of tea parties with her and the examiner after a late School Certificate paper, of her visits to Newnham (and the amazement of one's friends that Miss Hewett could be one's Head Mistress)-and always the recollection is of happy occasions free formality and restraint.

Such, too, were the primrose expeditions which delighted Miss Hewett, and a moonlight skating expedition to the Hollow Pond, when the snow was inches thick. Surely it was because Miss Hewett so well understood the point of view of youth that her life was such an inspiration. There must be many hundreds now scattered all over the world who cherish the memory of a beloved Head Mistress and acknowledge with pride that through her influence they have become links in a chain of which she herself is still the strongest link.

KATHLEEN ATTENBOROUGH.

It is true now to say that I have no memories more vivid than those of Miss Hewett, and that memories of her have the unusual quality of becoming sharper rather than dimmer as time goes on. That may be because my work as a teacher continually thrusts me back into my own school days, and I find myself wondering how she would have dealt with such and such a problem. My impression received in the VIth at Walthamstow High School when she set us off thinking about everything from the idea of God in the O.T. to the behaviour of man in the 20th century- my impression that she was a remarkable teacher has developed into a conviction that she was the most remarkable teacher I have met, and they have been many, Why? Because she found and kept a mean between freedom and discipline, and I wonder how she managed it. We were stimulated, we grew; we had no sense of being restricted; and yet: we were rarely late; we never coughed in public meetings and had some notion of struggling with ourselves. Now I find it easy to keep appointments punctually; I am able to control coughing in public, and I have not ceased to try and train something within me to some end. But how do I inspire children to those ends? That was Miss Hewett's secret. I wonder more and more about it as the years pass. When I was a child she frightened me; when a girl she interested me; when an "old girl" she had my affection, and now deepening respect and gratitude.

ENID FOSTER (HODGES).

Lily and Florry went to the school the first term the school was opened at Trinity School and Esme attended the grand new school, which even the school mistresses in Wales seem to have heard of as being an up-to-date school.

Miss Hewett and the mistresses were so united and kind, the lessons were taught in such an interesting way that the days were short, happy days. I always think of the grand old building with its lovely garden and fine old trees.

My mother and father were delighted to receive a letter from Miss Hewett when Esmé left, in which she said she was proud to have had six daughters from one family which she thought was a record.*

VIOLET CLARKE.

*ED. Not quite. The Cuthbertsons were seven-Mary, Bella, Annie, Hilda, Ethel, Margaret, Christine.

A Mosaic.

USUALLY when one asks for material like this one gets about a quarter of what one wants-we were so overwhelmed with material that we could not choose; so many people said the same things of her, but they all "write as an expression of love for a dear friend,"¹ of "her easy companionship,"² "and how she was always there and interested."³ "So often, through all the years

since leaving the school I have asked myself, 'What would Miss Hewett say to this,' or 'How I would like to talk over this situation with Miss Hewett.'"¹²

"There was no problem of ours too small for Miss Hewett to deal with. Whether it concerned our home affairs or had some definite bearing on our school life, she was always ready to listen with sympathy and give her valued advice. She was approachable, as our Parents found when they came to meet her..... She was determined that the best should be encouraged to emerge from each girl."¹⁴

"She had a wonderful capacity to see the 'good in everything.' The shining lights who passed examinations brilliantly were guided so that they shone in their correct places; the poor fools who had not that capacity were shown that it was possible to glimmer, flicker and burn in other ways; and surely those of us who belong to the latter class owe her a deeper sense of gratitude because she gave us self-respect and self-confidence."¹⁵

So many remember their school days as "very happy ones. She trusted us so implicitly either to do or not to do things."¹⁶ "She was so wise, kind and just and had an unflinching capacity for making the punishment fit the crime."¹⁷

So many were "impressed by her ideal that education in school should make us fit to live in a community,"¹⁸ so many remember her Current Events lessons: "Her sense of fairness and give and take will never be forgotten, nor the way in which she taught us to think for ourselves."¹⁹

Some were "glad of any excuse to go to her room":¹⁰ others with a more guilty conscience were "scared."¹¹ "She was an integral part of ourselves and could see things from our point of view not that she always agreed with our point of view but she could see both sides Her ability to go to the root of any problem and lay bare its complexities may have been developed by her mathematical studies, but it was the backing of her sound and human judgement and that made her so successful."¹² "Miss Hewett was always just and we respected her."¹³

So many treasure the memory of letters "telling me just the things any woman wants to know if she is away from husband and home."¹⁴ One, after "apologising for not being able to put on paper" what she was seeing, "felt proud at earning a good mark (at 56) when Miss Hewett replied "that the letter was so vivid she could visualize it all."¹⁵

Nobody said how good Miss Hewett was at housework! In fact, one was "surprised when she wanted to see Newnham's kitchens." She had thought her "too exalted a personage to be interested in kitchens."* "We all know how fully she entered into the big things of life, but the pleasure she found in small things was a characteristic that endeared her to all who knew her-the joy and pride that she showed in the accomplishment of some rather usual domestic detail, while she seemed indifferent to her greater achievements, gave great delight and caused sometimes a little amusement to her friends."¹⁶

One remembers her calm "in the war days in a 'meat queue' when a few tactful and sympathetic words from her turned a crowd of disappointed women into reasonable beings again and I feel sure that a few went home happier for their contact with her."¹⁷

So many say they never missed an Old Girls' Meeting if she was to be there. "She had a remarkable memory and she would recall any of her old girls and almost always knew where they were and what they were doing."¹⁸ Some remember her at the "Last party that the 'Old School House' gave, and how she conducted an examination and made us correct our papers and give in our marks," and then gave us all prizes because modern education "took the view that as all had done their best, all must be encouraged with prizes."¹⁹

So many remember her 70th party and how she was "so happy," "how it was the best party I ever went to."¹⁹ To many it was the last time they saw her, and they were glad she was so vigorous and happy and that they can remember her just like that.

¹ Ethel Gower (Barton). ² May Maud (Clarke). ³ Alice Coote ⁴ Edith Hamblin (Hatch). ⁵ Dorothy Shadwell. ⁶ Mabel Fuller. ⁷ Hilda Parker (Griggs) ⁸ Rose Harris. ⁹ Doris Everitt (Muggeridge) ¹⁰ Florrie Paget (Ingram) ¹¹ Anon ¹² Lily Treweek. ¹³ Florrie Paget (Ingram). ¹⁴ Bessie Griggs (Howlett) ¹⁵ Ethel Gower (Barton).

Miss Hewett and Blanche.

I HAVE no memory of Miss Hewett at all before I went to school, but to go to see Mrs. Hewett was the treat of our lives. Her tales we drank in. Once she was looking at a horse show and couldn't see, so she just stood on the back of a cow that happened to be there-we gaped and told mother when we got home. Alas! How quickly that balloon

burst-it was just one of Mrs Hewett's "tales." She showed us over her house, as no one else could-every time it was fresh and different and I can see her singing absurdly in a charade "He promised to buy me a bunch of blue ribbon," dressed in a shawl. She had the most lovely sense of humour and we loved her. Once Blanche fell off her bicycle and had the most awful bruises. Father ordered her to bed, but she wouldn't go; she was so afraid that her mother would find out that she had to walk behind her upstairs for weeks.

Once, Alice and mother dressed up and went to interview Miss Hewett as a prospective parent and pupil. Alice, of course, giggled on the doorstep and Mrs. Hewett opened the door and said "Oh, no" and then she saw the "get up" and it couldn't be wasted. They were shown into the study, the light was lowered and Blanche came in. Mother lisped at her in broken English and Alice sat half-turned away and Blanche thought "what a sulky child; I hope she doesn't come." All went well for some time till Blanche turned up the light, then mother laughed and even Alice's black wig didn't help.

Alice knew Blanche as a cousin before she went to school and went to her first day saying "I won't call her Miss Hewett, I shall call her Blanche." But needless to say ceased her rebellion at the school at the school door and said "Yes, Miss Hewett," at once.

Miss Hewett would use her humour so well that our jokes against the staff became her jokes against us. Alice hid in a cupboard in Form II meaning to be very funny when she came out in the middle of a lesson. Unfortunately, the unexpected happened and it was Miss Hewett's voice outside the cupboard. Poor Alice did not know whether to stay in and hope her absence would not be noticed or to come out.

At last she crawled out, not feeling at all funny and Miss Hewett said "Oh, second childhood, I see." Once, when some of us organised a paper clapper gang to sound like a squib and to make our French teacher jump, it was great fun then-but not nearly so funny when we had to do it a few days later in Miss Hewett's Scripture lesson in front of the Sixth Form. She would often tell of a class who arranged to come in late to their lesson separately at a few minutes' interval. She got wind of this and took the lesson herself. She bowed each one solemnly in-those inside could not warn the rest outside and one by one the victims arrived. The atmosphere within grew tenser and tenser and she more pleasantly polite to each new comer. Yes! it was undoubtedly her joke again.

She could be so subtly forgiving too. Once, as a very little girl, she asked me to carry home her bag. I forgot it and agonised in fear and remorse. But a few days later she asked me to do it again. Oh! how I loved her for that!

My first memory of her is sitting on the carpet in her room having a lesson on a piece of coal out of the coal box and another on a lovely cardboard model to show the phases of the moon. Alice remembers exciting lessons on the planets. Miss Hewett was the sun "and we were the planets and walked round till we got nearer and then dashed round. . . or, was it comets? My astronomy is vague." So much for the lasting value of that lesson. I remember best the beginnings of geometry; how stimulating it was, so clear and so alive.

Enid was lucky enough to be coached by her, "She was a wonderful coach; even though her mathematics must have been rusty by the time she had to teach Elsie Hatch and me, we never realised it; we just felt the zest with which she did problems and the dearness of her explanations. She left us to do a great deal of work alone but was always ready to help when we got 'stuck' writing with an endless succession of Royal Sovereign pencils." (By the way, pencils were her only real dishonesty and it was drawing life's blood out of her to get one back.)

The parson's wife of our family writes of her wonderful scripture lessons: -

It was at college I realised how wonderful they were. It was really amazing that in the times when any modern thinking about the Bible was considered wicked, she should have taught a complete school or: modern lines without being pilloried in the local paper or written to by indignant parents. Her knowledge of the O. T. was marvellous. One parent did, I know, complain when she said that she did not think the sun stood still for Joshua. Her answer to him was "Have you never said, 'What a long day this is'?"

And here is a big "Do you remember" for Old Girls only-Do you remember her singing at prayers: and her trying to cope with Miss Robinson excitedly conducting numerous girls playing on four pianos at once?

I was really frightened in English, but not badly in any other lessons. I began to argue with her in Current Events lessons when I was about fourteen, and I went on till the present year-my first knowledge that she was in was when I won too easily in an argument. We even argued in letters pages long across the Atlantic and Pacific taking weeks to get our answers. There were certain fixed topics. She held me responsible for all the sins of "new" education, modern standardization in dress, the Labour Party, the New Statesman and America and I her for the Liberal Party and the National Government.; she usually set the subject. She had strong views on most things but liked other people to have strong views too. She was both prejudiced and open minded at the same time! It is characteristic that she said on going to America "I am going with a perfectly open mind, but I know what to expect." When we stayed with her at Clive Court we used to go home after a play and drink strong tea (possibly for the seventh time that day!) and still argue on over the play we had seen.

There was one person-we will call her "Jemima"-of whom Miss Hewett seemed scared. It was the first maid she trained herself after Mrs. Hewett died. But to mother Blanche never became Miss Hewett, so she went round and rescued the household of three from the toils of the gorgon, and peace reigned again.

The Blanche of after school days was such a generous person with her time and her mind. She had an infinite capacity for listening. She never gave advice unless one wanted it, though she must often have longed to do so; and when one asked for it, she really did not mind if one did not take it. Whenever I felt I had made mistakes I went to her and talked it all out. Always she had had the same difficulties and gradually the way out became clear. I no longer felt a fool and I could tackle the situation, but it never rested there, I had to telephone (oh, those hours we spent on the telephone) or go to see her and tell her what happened next and how it was all straightened out. Her interest in the smallest happenings of our lives was her greatest charm and she was so strong that she never let those around her be weak. She has been a life-long friend of our family (in Walthamstow days she came to supper to eat Cornish pasties every Sunday night) but to Enid and me she has been a second mother; we both feel, as one of the epitaphs in the parish church says, that as her "loss can never be repaired" so will "her services never be forgotten."

MARJORIE WISE

Note.

SO MANY people wrote of Miss Hewett that, as the space was limited, much cutting was entailed. To those whose letters are omitted we apologise and beg them to read through the writings of the others where we will think they will find that someone has said just the same as they had, and that we were all prompted by the same motive, love of Blanche Hewett.

F. M. P.

School Chronicle.

THIS year's Chronicle has to record with infinite regret the passing of Miss Hewett, the Founder, and for thirty-four years the Head Mistress of our School. On November 26th at 7.30 p.m. we are going to have a Memorial Service in St. Mary's Parish Church; the Preacher will be the Rev. Canon H. Dudley Lampen.

The Summer Term opened with the arrival of five mysterious "visitors from the Board of Education"; it transpired that these were the heralds of a full-dress Board of Education Inspection; at first we were rather alarmed, but soon we began to enjoy ourselves and in the end we were very sorry to see the departure of His Majesty's Inspectors.

The Greek Theatre has been in greater demand than ever this year, especially from past pupils of the School. Members of the Old Girls' Association combined with the Old Monovians to give an excellent rendering of "The Tempest," by moonlight in the flood-lit theatre. "Tobias and the Angel," that remarkable and most interesting play, was presented with great skill by the Old Girls' Dramatic Society. After their examination labours were over, the Fifth Forms united in an inspired performance of "St. Joan," the beauty of which was greatly enhanced by its production in the gloaming. The last, but by no means the least, of the events of the Summer Term was the Choir Concert organised by Miss Bean in aid of the School Cot; the proceeds of this deservedly popular

event, combined with the proceeds of St. Joan, amounted to £26 17s. 6d.

During the year outings were arranged to the Old Vic to see "Twelfth Night," to the Westminster Theatre to see "Julius Caesar," and a party was taken to Sadlers' Wells when "The Barber of Seville" was being performed. Members of the Fifth and Sixth were escorted to "Murder in the Cathedral," and, as a special privilege, certain of the Sixth went to see "Charles the King" on a Thursday afternoon.

During the Easter holidays two riotous parties set out; one, under the supervision of Miss Dennithorne, to visit Devon and, incidentally, to study the flora and fauna of that country, the other, conducted by Miss Goldwin and Miss Derham, to "do" Paris.

At the end of the year a number of garments was sent to the U.G.S. and by means of Our Hospital Boxes and other efforts we again managed to raise the sum of £40 for the upkeep of the School Cot. As usual, during the summer holidays many girls helped with the Stepney Outings on Chingford Plain.

Our Open Day was held in the Summer Term; our parents came, admired our artistic and sartorial efforts and listened to selections from the plays prepared for the Acting Competition.

In the Spring Term the Bulb Competition was judged as usual, the winners being Forms U. IVH, U. IVs, L. IIIH and L. IIIw. The Drill Competition was prepared with the usual zest and eagerness and enjoyed to the full, as always. The trophies were awarded to Forms VI, L. IVs and L. IIIw.

This Term the Prize-Giving and a most interesting lecture by Miss Miskin on her experiences in Russia have ended another enjoyably eventful year.

M. GRACEY (VI).

The Prize Giving

As the day was fine and sunny, the Prize-Giving this year was again held in the Greek Theatre.

The entertainment began with two amusing songs, "The Camel's Hump," sung by the School, and "My Shadow," sung by the Lower School. A Lower Fourth then gave a delightful rendering of a biblical play. "The Children of Eve." This was followed by a graceful and colourful study, danced by Form VI. Next came two charming little French songs, "Vivons en Chantant" and "Mon Cher Troupeau," followed by a humorous French scene, "Sceène au Marché," by the Lower School. "Dandelion Clocks," an unusual and lively dance, delighted the audience and the entertainment was concluded by a rendering of Brother James' Air by the School.

The lighter part of the entertainment over, our Chairman, Alderman Mrs. McEntee, spoke for a few moments and Miss Norris read her Annual Report. Our prizes were given away by the Right Reverend The Lord Bishop of Chelmsford who afterwards gave a delightful and interesting speech; he began by stressing the fact that the rising generation should cultivate healthy minds and healthy bodies; he urged us always to remember that a perambulator gives more satisfaction than a motor-car; he went on to say that in his opinion there are three classes of people in the world, the must-ers, the ought-ers and the plus-ers; he urged us not to be content with a low standard of values, but to aim high, saying that the three best things in life are health, friendship and God. Mr. Licence then spoke on behalf of the Parents' Association and after votes of thanks a very successful afternoon was concluded by the granting of a Prize-Giving holiday.

GWENDA MUIR (Form VI).

Prize List, 1937.

We should like to congratulate the following girls:
Form VI-Prizes: M. Atkinson, J. Bard, M. Barrett, N. Brown, E. Bunting, G. Davies, S. Gould, F. Hart, P. Henstridge, D. Pearce, R. Southgate, M. Ward, M. Winch.
Form VA-Prizes: I. Beaufoy, P. Blythe, D. Boocock, B. Chapple, V. Coles, D. Conisbee, J. Cox, O. Dench, I. Dixon, I. Drayton, E. Fox, D. Francis, V. Gardiner, J. Groves, A. Holland, M. Jones, L. Lisle, K. Loader, G. Mears, I. Melville, J. Morgan, B. Murch, M. Peachey, L. Shepherd, J. Smith, J. Street, M. Stringer, B. Willmer.

Form VB -Prizes: O. Barnard, V. Barrett, I. Clarke, B. Cooke, J. Feltham, O. Horder, C. Izzard, I. Jack, I. Merrell, E. Murrell, J. Peters, D. Smith, G. Smith, D. Strudwick, P. Turpin.

Form Upper IVw-Prize: B. Read; Certificates: D. Johnson, H. Kirk, I. McMahon.

Form Upper IVH-Prize's: M. Good, E. Pond, K. Wildman; Certificates: J. Faber, A. Gooding, E. Lawler, K. Osborne, C. Rhodes.

Form Upper IVs-Prizes: J. Pilley; Certificate: O. Pett.

Form Lower IVW-Prizes: J. Hawes, D. Morris; Certificates: E. Curtis, B. Millard.

Form IVH-Prize: J. Chapman; Certificates: E. Clark, R. Norfolk, P. Peel, C. Worthington.

Form Lower IVs-Prizes: M. Foster, E. Kenny, P. Lawrence, R. Licence, L. Redman; Certificates J. Ayrton, L. Blenko, M. Lodge.

Form Upper IIIw-Prizes: M. Empson, E. Jenkinson, W. White; Certificates: G. Corker, J. Lawler, C. Lipscomb, L. Salisbury.

Form Upper IIIH-Prizes: R. Larter, M. Pinder, B. Sowray; Certificates: D. Dorling, J. Drewitt, E. Garvin, C. Gerrard, E. Keeble.

Form Upper Ills-Prizes: M. Clark, J. Dallas, M. Phillips, I. Smith; Certificate: D. Barr.

Form Lower Illw-Prizes: D. Barnard, J. Carter; Certificates: K. Flynn, J. Keen, M. Williams.

Form Lower Illr-I-Prizes: O. Brown, P. Cherry, C. Kaufman, P. Thornborough; Certificates: L. Bridger, J. Deaton, R. Guest, I. Haggerty, K. Johnson, O. Reaney.

Form Lower Ills-Prizes: S. Ambridge, P. Eve, E. Waller; Certificates: V. Barrett, E. Platt.

MEDALS FOR GYMNASTICS, DANCING AND GAMES.

Upper School: Eunice Baker.

Middle School: Ruth Licence.

Lower School: Kathleen Flynn.

Public Examinations.

LONDON UNIVERSITY.

Higher School Certificate (Group B) and Intermediate Arts: Joyce Bard.

Higher School Certificate (Group B): Muriel Barrett, Sylvia Gould, Margaret Winch.

Higher School Certificate (Group D) and Intermediate Science:
Nora Brown.

Higher School Certificate (Group D): Myrtle Ward.

Subjects to be added to General School Certificate: (Art), Joan Nation; (English and History), Edna Timberlake.

General School Certificate and Matriculation: Margaret Atkinson, Evelyn Bunting, Phyllis Blythe, Gwen Davies, Ivy Drayton, Ethel Fox, Daphne Francis, Joan Groves, Audrey Holland, Connie Izzard, Lorna Lisle, Kathleen Loader, Ione Melville, Jane Morgan, Barbara Murch, Myrtle Peachey, Dorothy Pearce, Joyce Street, Margaret Stringer, Betty Willmer.

General School Certificate: Olive Barnard, Vera Barrett, Irene Beaufoy, Dorothy Boocock, Beatrice Chapple, Ita Clarke, Vera Coles, Doris Conisbee, Betty Cooke, Joyce Cox, Olive Dench, Irene Dixon, Jessie Feltham, Valerie Gardiner, Olive Horder, Iris Jack, Muriel Jones, Gwen Mears, Irene Merrill, Gwenda Muir, Edna Murrell, Joan Peters, Linda Shephard, Doris Smith, Gladys Smith, Joyce Smith, Dorothy Strudwick, Pauline Turpin.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF ARTS.

Stage I. Book-keeping, Type-writing and Shorthand: Freda Hart.

Stage II. Type-writing: Pamela Henstridge, Rita Southgate.

THE ASSOCIATED BOARD OF THE ROYAL SCHOOLS OF MUSIC.

Lower Division: Pass with Honourable Mention: Peggy Lawrence.

Elementary Division. Pass with Distinction: June Keen, Beryl Sharp.

SCHOLARSHIPS

Essex County Major Scholarships: Muriel Barrett, Nora Brown.

SUCESSES OF PAST PUPILS.

Oxford University, B.A. History Honours School, Class III: Ruth Hyatt.

London University. B.Sc. Chemistry Honours School, Class I: Mary French; B. Sc. General, Class III: Cecilia Wheeler.

Dei Ex Machina.

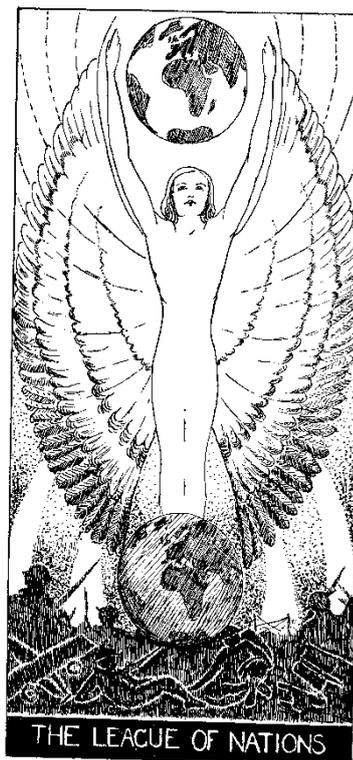
DURING the Summer Term the School was startled and not a little dismayed to hear that it was going to be inspected. Not one of us had ever experienced a General Inspection before; indeed, rumour suggested that such an event only occurred once in twelve years, and there was much speculation as to what would happen on what was indeed a veritable descent of the gods from Olympus.

One Tuesday morning the excitement became acute upon the sudden apparition of five Inspectors in the Gallery of the Hall at Prayers. With a great effort, the School rose to its best behaviour tried to remember not to run in the corridors, not to converse in raucous tones, in fact, tried to avoid all those small misdemeanours which are so annoying to those in authority. What was our joy to discover that the Inspectors were very kind and very human and not, as we had anticipated, ruthless beings, determined to tear aside the seemly veil of our ignorance. Indeed, it became quite an exciting event to go to a lesson uncertain who would be our next visitant; admittedly, it meant that work for every lesson had to be prepared really thoroughly, but it was worth it.

Still, all good things come to an end: it had been a thrilling time and we would have liked the thrill to continue for just a little longer. And so, it was with regret that the School saw the departure of the visitors, after which it gradually relapsed into the old familiar manner of life from which it had temporarily emerged.

However, that was not the end of it; at the Prize-Giving we were delighted to hear that the Inspectors had given us a Class I Report; which all goes to prove that anticipation is worse than realisation.

G. DAVIES (*Form VI*).



VALERIE GARDINER VI.

Transition.

It lays its coldness upon the Earth
Heavily-the fog that man has made.
A thousand white-hot furnaces
Excrete their smoke-a lingering shroud
Wound round the world to hide the skies.

Dead shrivelled leaves still cling
To mutilated boughs, and do not fall,

Trying in vain to hide the branches
That have been cut because the space was small
To hold the flowing of a perfect tree.

Dully, through the thick air
Inarticulate terrors clutch the brain,
Fears as vague and partly seen
As the gaunt angles of the crane
That rears its steel strength through the half-

Fears lest the mind might soon exceed the World.

There is noise in the gloom,
Coldness and harshness, and loud
The jarring of steel on steel,
And the grind of revolving cogs.
There are the shouts of men,
Of voices strained and shrill
Calling through the sound.
Square and straight and steel-

A human hand will ache
To touch its very coldness;
Slim and hard, like ruled pencil-

The skeleton before the finished

Stands firm, complete and strong,
In strange reversal to the plan of

From this discordant mingling
Of sound and steel, of rush and skill,
Out of the torn, scarred earth there will

The Titan herald of an unborn age,
Sounding the subject of a softer theme,
A humming swiftness, that will never

The changeless silver of a blackbird's

SYLVIA GOULD

(By courtesy of the Editor of "Poetry of

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Sonlagement.

Les lamenteurs
Et les silences
De la nuit,
Bercent mon cœur
De leurs cadences,
Mon cœur accablé par le bruit.

Et dans cet univers radieux
Je construis une vie parfaite,
Pour une heure courte me voici dieu,
Mes créations pour moi se fêtent.

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Ces rêves
Transitoires
Sont plus réels
Et plus fidèles
Que le pouvoir et la gloire.

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MARGARET STRINGER (*Form VI*).

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Parlour!

f
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A dim light, and a queer, old, musty smell. m
Ten straight-backed chairs with curved and wavy legs
Grouped with great care around the crimson walls.
An oaken cabinet filled with ugly china shapes,
Dickens unread, all leather-bound and gilt;
Bronze horses prancing near a marble dock.
Nine pictures framed with roses carved in oak,
Nature herself must ornament the room
With aspidistra, lousy paper roses
And ferns; all in a room but ten feet square with windows closed.

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JANE MORGAN (VI).

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Excess.

I talk too much.
It's Double-Dutch
I hear the mighty say.
I talk too much.
I sing too much.

d

I never touch
The harmony of higher notes.
I sing too much.

r
o
w

I eat too much.

They say I clutch
At cakes with too much chocolate and cream.
I eat too much.

I dream too much.
My dreams are such
A bunch of awful scarey nightmares.
I dream too much.

I seem to do so many things so much.
I might be better talked of,
Better thought of,
Better loved.

I want to be.
But somehow haven't got that finer touch.
Just listen now.
I talk too much.

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

The Song of the Wind.

As I go whistling down the lanes
And thro' the country fields
I hear a song that echoes wide
And comes from o'er the Wealds.

It's the song of the cold North winds,
That in the winter roam,
Which in the warm, calm, summer time
Blow o'er the crested foam.

While in the winter dark and drear
Around the fires we sit,
It comes crying down the chimney
When all the lamps are lit.

And in the warm bright summer time
The gentle zephyrs blow,
Among the trees where birdies sing
And fresh, green leaves do grow.

DOROTHY BARNARD (Form U.IIIh).

A Litany.

For birds that cannot fly,
But hop about the ground,
Help them to reach the sky
And keep them safe and sound.

J. GABONY (L.IIIh).

Open Letters.

The pages of IRIS have been thrown open to discussion of matters of general interest.

Modern Music.

To the Editor of IRIS.

Dear Madam,

The music of a generation, apart from its religious works, can often give an insight into its characteristics. The artificiality of the eighteenth century, for example, can be discovered in the intricate minuets of that period, while we can notice the peculiarly Victorian blend of coarse humour and sentimentality in Gilbert and Sullivan opera and ballads of that time.

In this way we can look back through the centuries, noting fresh

mannerisms in each different type of melody, until there is no individual style left to be remarked. For music has only gradually become an important factor in people's lives, and in this age of gramophone and radio we cannot realise the casual attitude of past generations to it.

At one time music was considered an unimportant accompaniment to ballads of great deeds. It was used for dancing, certainly, but people could dance unselfconsciously without it. It was a negative art.

How different from the present day, when music is all-important and words are meaningless! If the characteristics of a generation can be judged by its music, it is interesting to speculate upon the eccentricities with which our descendants will endow us. There are a few serious composers to-day, but the typical product of the modern age is undoubtedly dance music; dance music, moreover, to which it is often impossible to dance.

An article should really be unbiased and impartial, and unfortunately I am badly prejudiced against modern music, but for this very reason I have endeavoured to treat it with proper consideration. I am not one of that sect of aggravating "highbrows" which declines to recognise the seriousness of jazz-on the contrary, I realise to the full how appallingly serious it is.

There are three aspects of it, I find. First, the frivolous, senseless tune with its equally frivolous and senseless chorus-a good example of this is "The Love Bug." In case the reader is unacquainted with this typically modern masterpiece. I will print one verse:-
"The love bug will bite you if you don't watch out-
If he ever bites you then you'll sing and shout
'Skidilly-didly-didly, weighdy-heidy-ho!"
That's what love is all about."

That, I think, needs no comment.

The second type is more melodious and, incidentally, convenient for dancing, while its lyric is slightly more sane. "September in the Rain" and "Red Sails in the Sunset" are after this style.

The third type is the longer pseudo-classical piece that is neither one thing nor the other. The best example of this is Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue," while a tune called "Caravan" falls into the same category.

It is an interesting fact that the subject of nearly all these tunes is love, love twisted into many different forms, but still recognisable. What inference may be drawn from that I leave the future generation to decide, that is, in the event of our tunes surviving us; for this brings me to the heart of my subject.

It is universally agreed that the better the quality of a piece of music, the longer the life of that piece will be. Great names have accumulated through the ages- Bach, Handel, Mozart, Chopin, Wagner-the list is unending. These are the names that draw a cry of protest from the jazz-lover, who complains that his own peculiar music is scorned in comparison, and that it is, in its own way equally meritorious.

There is one undeniable proof of his error. The life of an ordinary dance-tune is usually a month. Favourite pieces last from two to three months, and exceptionally popular tunes six months-no more. After this they are either completely forgotten or else re-shaped into a new song. The most ardent jazz-fanatic would hesitate to deny this fact, just as he would be at a loss to enumerate, without thinking, the composers of his favourite dance-tunes. Modern music, therefore, apart from being trivial, is unworthy of remembrance, and in every way inferior to the music of preceding ages.

This is supposed to be an educated and enlightened era, but if one is to judge by its aesthetic tastes, the ignorance of previous generations seems infinitely preferable.

"If music be the food of love, play on. . ." Nowadays love is the food of music, but I do not ask for surfeit of it, I have had that already.

I am, yours faithfully,

DAPHNE FRANCIS (VI).

To the Editor of IRIS.

Dear Madam,

Where will all this unending flood of imitative music and hideous noise lead, and what will be the future of music now that the rich, sonorous complexity and divine inspiration of the last century

has gone-leaving in its place the deliberately ugly, offensive music of to-day?

The hard, ejaculatory lines of modern music with their harsh irregular outlines are unnatural and incomprehensible and are not assimilated like the melodies of Mozart or Wagner.

Arnold Schonberg, the tormented and tormenting spirit among the modern school of composers, produces a perfect carnival of sound in the "Feuillage du Cœur"-born of misunderstood spiritual desires, and another of these formidable musical geniuses is Stravinsky, a complete barbarian with his harsh, brutal stylism.

It is the American composers who are the champions of music that sounds as though they were possessed by demons. The 4th Symphony of Charles E. Ives is a veritable witch's sabbath of emotions executed with a frightful ferocity and coloured by a really fantastic disregard of all that is good or reasonable.

Modern music is merely a geometrical treatise on the art of making a noise; sheer sound flies along the lines, producing a deafening effect, and infinitesimal whispers are followed by terrific bellows.

This deliberate barbarism, triviality and mechanism is the most abominable treason against the music of western civilisation.

Yours faithfully,

BARBARA P. KNOWLES (VI)

Fiends.

No! I don't mean Dante's fiends or Milton's fiends, or any fiends like that. I mean those ordinary fiends that one meets every day of one's life. They don't have any distinguishing mark such as blue fire, or red horns, or a hairy tail, but are very often innocent-looking men in ordinary black suits and bowler hats, or smartly dressed young women, complete with lipstick and rouge; many of them are schoolboys and schoolgirls.

No, this kind of fiend is the fiend whose whole life is occupied by a single subject. You all know the type of person I mean. Sometimes, as I said, he is an innocent-looking man, but from the moment he opens his mouth to say "Hallo" till the moment he says "Good-bye," all he can talk of is the weather. If one tries to change the subject, he will invariably bring the talk back again to the weather. If one asks him how his son is getting on, he will say, "Fine, but he has so many colds, the rain, you know. . ." and he's off. If you ask him about the latest film, he will say, "I have not been to a cinema lately, it's too hot."

But, although he is a bad fiend, he is not so bad as some. One, for instance, exists in the form of the schoolboy who will talk about motor cars. In the middle of a conversation he will break off to point out that the car opposite is a perfectly ripping Austin, or that the man next-door has an awful Ford, or that Jim Jones has got a topping new Daimler. He goes with his friend, the school-girl who lives, moves and has her being in the films. Not only does she talk to you all the time about films, but every few weeks alters her manner of dressing and talking according to the film star who is her favourite at that moment. One week you will see her with the long hair and gruff voice of a Garbo and then a fortnight later you will hardly know her—a budding Jessie Matthews. This is one of the three main types of school girl fiend.

Another type is the boy-crazy girl. We all know that type. Tom,

Dick and Harry are always the subjects of her conversation.

The third type is the sports-mad girl. This is perhaps the worst type of all fiends. These fiends are not only school-girls. Many people are sports-mad. Dorothy Round, Hammond, Tommy Farr, Bastin, Pam Barton form the subject of their conversation. They play games in their spare time, they think about games in their work, and dream about games in their sleep.

There are two types of woman-fiend. One is the fashion-fiend. She talks about the latest hats, the latest frocks, the latest shoes, the latest type of hairdressing, in fact, anything which is new in the dress line. This fiend is only put in the shade by that other fiend, the illness-fiend. She only talks about illnesses, hospitals, operations, nurses and doctors, and depresses one even when one is fittest and in the finest health. We all know these fiends and we all try to avoid them, but somehow we never do! But I am sure we all heartily join

in the prayer,

"From all such fiends, good Lord, deliver us!"

KATHLEEN WILDMAN (Form Va).

Saint Bartholomew's Hospital.

BARTHOLOMEW'S Hospital was founded by Rahere, the jester of King Henry, in 1123.

Rahere came into the court of the king. Sitting cross-legged in front of Henry, he asked:

"Well, cousin, how do you fare to-day!" The King laughed wearily.

"I am not well," he said with a sigh. "Why so?" asked Rahere. "You have all you need within your reach. Riches, power, worship.

"Remember, cousin, we lately passed through Smithfield, by the Wall. Ho! ho!" Rahere forced that laugh. He had noted the misery and sickness in Smithfield, and it smote his heart.

"Smithfield!" exclaimed the King, looking at the crowd of poor, ailing men in the porch of the court.

"What jest is this, fool?" said the King angrily.

"These are poor men, ready to amuse your Grace," laughed Rahere, running swiftly into the streets, and bringing in more beggars.

"Mad, stark mad," murmured a soldier.

"Nay, not mad, but filled with the Spirit of God," said a monk gently.

"Since it does not please your Grace, I will send forth these men.

"But it is my last jest, cousin," said Rahere gravely to the King.

"Your last jest, fool?" Henry spoke harshly.

"Aye. I have a tale to tell.

"I dreamed last night a dream, in which St. Bartholomew came to me and told me to help the sick of London. 'Turn to God,' he said to me.

"O King, I woke to Bartholomew's day, and knew I must do as I was bid. Hear my prayer, O King."

"I will hear you, cousin," said the King uneasily.

"Cousin, give me a parcel of land upon Smithfield, and such stone from your quarries as I may desire. I will build a church, aye, for the sick, and God will be my life, O King. Grant my prayer."

The King looked into Rahere's eyes, and saw there a flame of earnestness.

"I will grant your wish, Rahere," said Henry.

A monk nearby took off his robe and reverently gave it to Rahere.

"Brother, you are naked-be clothed."

"I thank you, brother," said Rahere, kneeling down, Rahere said, "Praise to God."

Once again King Henry rode to Smithfield. But now, where once barren lands had been, there stood a beautiful church, and beside it a hospital.

The King dismounted humbly at the church door and went up to Rahere.

"My Lord Abbot, I crave entry into this church to receive God's benison."

And he who was once the King's fool, now steps aside to let his King pass. Rahere speaks:

"Go, pray for us both, cousin," and the King smiles as he bends his head to receive the Lord Abbot's blessing.

BERYL SHARP (U. IIIs).

The Wind.

IT came, and I awoke to a real October day. The wind howled round the roof-tops, and the rain-drops smattered against my window.

I jumped from my bed and peeped out. Overhead the wind sent the grey clouds scudding across the sky, while below its sudden gusts scattered the geranium petals in a scarlet shower across the wet grass.

The hedge of starry Michaelmas daisies moved restlessly as the wind beat them down, their sad faces towards the brown earth. Then as the wind subsided, they flung back their heads and reared and tossed in a wild dance of freedom; until, as suddenly as it had gone, the merciless wind returned and the daisies covered before it.

As I gazed up at the wind-swept hills, the Spirit of the Wind

caught me as it always does; and I longed to be up on the hill-tops with the rain on my face, and the wind in my hair, to breathe the sweet scent of wet leaves, and the smell of the rain-drenched earth, to see the red hawthorn berries laced together with spangled webs, and the golden leaves whirled hither and thither by the wind, to hear it sing in the tree-tops and whisper in the long grasses.

I answered the call of the Wind.

ELIZABETH DANIEL (*U. IVs*).

Stamps.

THE word stamp-collecting conveys to some a picture of a number of stamps in an album; but to others a much more vivid picture.

It is possible to collect stamps on practically every subject you wish. If you are interested in sports, a large range is open to you. The Olympic Games commemorative stamps issued in 1906 by Greece are really delightful. A very fine series of Hungarian stamps was issued in 1925, for the benefit of her athletic association, showing a parade of athletes fencing, ski-ing, skating and diving.

Even animal life has a place on the postage stamp. It is possible to find an animal for the majority of letters in the alphabet. They include the Aquana Lizard of Liberia, the Elephant of India, the Kiwi of New Zealand, and the Zebra of Nyassa.

Art, however, holds a high position in the appearance of stamps, especially on the Indian series, with their beautiful corners and borders. Without artistic corners and borders they would be no more than a piece of paper with a head, an animal or a picture printed on it.

Some people miss this hidden beauty; not all notice the elephants with their riders, and the rams' heads on the Captain John Macarthur series.

The Swiss series, issued in 1932 at the Disarmament Conference at Geneva, shows a dove holding an olive sprig, representing peace, perched on a broken sword.

Each stamp has its own story, and whether you collect for fun or for financial profit, they hold in store a great interest.

IVY BURR (*U. IVs*).

A Very Sub-Letter.

Now LISTEN! This is going to be awfully good for you. You will be combining instruction with clean fun if you read the following passage: That you will think (Wait! That's not all of it. Follow along the dotted line.) when you have finished reading- (query, gerund or verbal noun? Got it? What of it? Very well then) this copy of IRIS (now what about it?) for which you have paid untold & *coppers (problem, find the antecedent) that (suppose that's a relative pronoun - Ha! ha! But suppose it isn't?) YOU should have written more articles (Now then, look out! Here it comes! Don't miss it! Here's THE MAIN CLAUSE!) we firmly believe.

As the talkies have it-in the fullness of time.

But what do you do with this?

What do you do with that?

You multiply it by π^2 , and you have the sweetest little line in condensed milk. . .

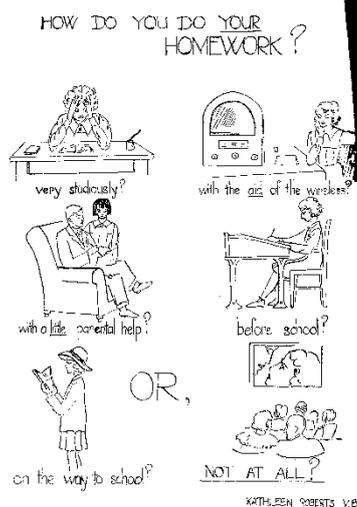
Actually there were rather more and better articles this year, on an average. The ones which just failed to get in, such as Joan Grove's, G. Muir's, L. Blenko's, D. Porter's, were reluctantly put on one side. If these authors start writing now, their work will be vintage quality by next October. Upper IVH, L. IVH and L. IIIH and s were among the Forms entering the most determined and copious. There are still people whose heads have not been raised after one rebuff in the past: these should be encouraging themselves to make a second attempt. Their names are known!

I staid writing this when I ought to have been correcting a set of

papers, so that was why grammar butted in. But me no buts,-What's this about Christmas?

A.H. P.

**Pennies from heaven*



Kathleen Roberts, V.B.

Murder!!

THE school was in a state of intense gloom and all that could be heard was the raucous voice of Detective-Inspector Hawkshore interrogating the girls and staff.

Suddenly a shrill scream rent the air and Hawkshore, rushing to the front-hall, found Miss Park's body concealed beneath the leaves of Shakespeare. Miss Sumsion was found hiding behind a rock-cake made by one of the pupils. Hawkshore pounced, "You did it. When? Where? Why? How? Confess it." Upon receiving a silent reply, he locked her in the staff-room.

Miss Brown, realising that he had unjustly accused the mistress, decided to solve the murders herself. For you must know, before Miss Park's body had been found, Miss Squire was discovered spliced between two booms, strangled by a wall-bar. Then a further blow fell: Miss Sumsion ate the aforesaid rock-cake and died. So Hawkshore lost his suspect, Miss Goldwin screamed, once, twice, thrice; she had found Miss Clough's body concealed in a glass retort, foully murdered. Beside the body was found a gardening fork. "Ah-ha," said Miss Brown, "a clue." Miss Dennithorne's body was found partially devoured by the salamanders. By the body of this mistress was found a gardening spade. "Ah-ha," said Miss Brown again, "another clue." Slowly but surely the net was closing round the murderer.

Now came the supreme moment: four corpses were found laid out in the studio, Miss Adams suffocated with a map, Miss Webb foully stabbed with an algebraic equation, Miss Derham horribly throttled with a string of French verbs, and lastly Miss Cunynghame-a bullet-hole in her head, arsenic by her side, a dagger in her heart; who suffocated her?

A dark figure approached dragging in the body of a dead mouse; when Miss Brown and Hawkshore pounced upon the miscreant, who should it be but-Mr. Wells, the gardener: with the persistence of blood-hounds, the two pursuers had followed his large and obvious muddy footprints to the studio.

The girls and staff were so overcome that they presented Detective Inspector Hawkshore with a real gold putty medal that wasn't, and Miss Brown with two.

R. E. BEARD (*Form Vb*).

The New Girl's Dream.

"ELIZABETH, go and put your bathing-costume on, it is time for dancing," said Miss Goloshes. Elizabeth went to the stationery-cupboard to find the Lower III having an Arithmetic Lesson. The Games-Captain came up to her and said, "Take a tennis ball, multiply

it by its product, square it, and decline the verb, bring it to me to-morrow in the Chemistry Lab."

"I will be having a Latin short-hand lesson then," said Elizabeth.

Just then Miss Goloshes came up. "Did you throw that rubber at me?" she said.

"No, Miss Goloshes," replied Elizabeth.

"Don't tell pentagons," said Miss Goloshes, "set the table for to-morrow tea-time and reduce it to a fraction."

Suddenly Elizabeth felt hungry, so she went to the pantry, to find the Head-Girl chopping up wood, and the form prefect having a tooth stopped.

"Bring me some ink," said the prefect. "I want a drink."

Just then Elizabeth felt something fall down right on her face.

"Oh," she spluttered and woke up, to find her sister had thrown a sponge at her, and it was time to get up.

PAMELA DENHAM (*U. IIIh*).

Proverbs for Schoolgirls.

- (1) It's a long Latin book that has no vocabulary.
- (2) A library book is nine-tenths of our homework.
- (3) A dull father never gained full marks for his daughter's algebra.
- (4) A thought in class is worth two in detention.

L. BLENKO (*U. IVh*).

W.H.S. Howlers.

- (1) Harold was killed by an apple at the Battle of Hastings.
- (2) The Battle of Hastings was won by the Romans.
- (3) Lay Investiture meant if a layman gave a bishop a thief.
- (4) The Domesday Survey was the description in verse of a Crusade.
- (5) Lay Investiture is when a bishop invested money.

Who Remembers?

The laugh that split the soul?

This "car" business?

The fleas that had their wings cut off?

The "carrot's page"?

Idiotic acid?

Who was mistaken for a worm?

The psychologist?

Who Knows?

The amoeba that was absorbed under a microscope?

That a rabbit has herbacious teeth?

That Narcissus was an onion?

That Q.E.D. means Q. E. Durell?

What "shocks and stares" are?

Who Ovid and Livid are?

That Single Dance Tickets are 2/6 and Double Tickets are 1/6?

That Garibaldi was a famous Italian violinist?

Games Notices.

WE have had a very successful Netball season so far this year, our first team having won all matches, and our second team having lost two out of five matches.

Our First Team is as follows;

Centre: B, Chapple; Attacking Centre: M. Good (Vice); Defending

Centre: D. Stephens (Captain); Shooter: D. Boocock; Attack

Shooter: C. Rhodes; Defence: I. Melville; Goalkeeper; E.

Clarke.

We seem to have very promising and keen junior teams this year, and we hope they will do very well.

The following are the results of the matches played this season;

School.	Under 15.	Under 14.	1st Team.	2nd Team.
Latymer	40-15	12-19	16-13	20-8
Coborn			19-17	11-13
Skinnors			22- 7	15- 7
Plaistow	37- 7	31- 4	28- 8	20-8

St. Angela's 24- 9 18- 7 16-13 7-11

The following are the results of inter-form competition for the year 1936-37:

NETBALL.

Upper School-VI. Middle School-L. IVH, Lower School-L. IIIw. DRILL.

Upper School-VI. Middle School-L. IVs. Lower School-L. IIIw.

SWIMMING

Upper School-VI. Middle School-U, IIIH. Lower School-L. IIIH.

TENNIS.

Upper School-VI. Middle School-L. IVs.

Hockey Club, 1937.

ALL last season we were unable to play Hockey since the field was being drained and generally renovated. It is now beautifully flat, and completely free from bunkers, and if only its size (the field is very much smaller than a standard one) could be remedied, we should have a perfect playing pitch. As nobody played last year, we have twice the usual number of beginners to be taught, but certainly the beginners seem to be twice as enthusiastic as the rest. The membership of the Hockey Club is now 132, the most prolific Form being the Sixth Form-with 22 members-and UIIIs. a close second- with 20 members.

We cannot ask other schools to play matches with us since our field is so small, but Coburn very kindly invited us to bring two teams to play a friendly game at Coburn. At first we all felt rather forlorn on a full-sized field, but although we lost (5-1), we all enjoyed the game immensely, and are determined to benefit by our experience and do "better next time."

Miss Clough, Miss Jacob and Miss Miskin all give up their time in order to coach us after School. We are very grateful for this help, and can only hope that their effort is justified by our enthusiasm.

MARGARET STRINGER (*Hockey Captain, VI*). **I. MELVILLE** (*Vice-Captain*).

School Expeditions and Societies.

Paris. Easter, 1937.

ON April 6th, in the "dim, grey dawn," a merry party gathered at Hoe Street Station, eager to set out on the expedition to Paris. The journey passed with no untoward incident-the Newhaven-Dieppe crossing being particularly pleasant owing to fine weather and pleasant French companions.

The events of a holiday would fill a whole magazine, but unfortunately the limited space will only allow a description of a few of the most outstanding ones. Naturally we "did" the celebrated landmarks of Paris-Les Invalides, where Napoleon's tomb thrilled us with its regal magnificence; the Panthéon, with its corridors of famous tombs; Notre Dame, with its beautiful dimly-lighted interior, and its towers, where we paid our respects to rows of gargoyles; and the Louvre, with its atmosphere of light, colour and harmony. Fleeting visions of the Tour Eiffel-if indeed we have not our lemonade bottles to remind us; the Chambre des Députés; the Sacré Cœur; the Conciergerie; L' Arc de Triomphe, and numerous others pass across our minds too, when we consider our Paris holiday in retrospect.

Life in Paris, with its gaiety, its noise and bustle, came up to our expectations. We were thrilled with the uniforms and with the speed of the traffic, and made "at home" by the friendliness of the French people everywhere we went. Although we were unable to engage in them ourselves, we could fully appreciate the excitements of the Parisian night-life we have heard so much about. Our very English party aroused a certain amount of curiosity, and many of us regretted that our unaccustomed ears were unable to catch many amused remarks.

Thanks are due to Miss Goldwin and Miss Derham, who organised and arranged the expedition, and to Miss Brown, Miss Cunnynghame and Miss Lea for giving up their time to accompany the party. The holiday was so successful in every way that surely we are justified in our hopes of further expeditions in the future.

EDNA TIMBERLAKE.

En Route Pour Paris.

LE grand jour arriva enfin, et nous dûmes au revoir à nos amis, et ils nous souhaitèrent bon voyage, puis chacun porta sa valise à la gare de Hoe Street. Il nous fallait y réunir à sept heures et demie, Miss Goldwin avait les billets et nous entrâmes dans la gare pour attendre le train qui arriva bientôt. Arrivées à Liverpool Street nous prîmes le métro pour aller à la gare de Victoria.

Nous nous nîmes en route pour Newhaven et jusqu'au départ du train, assises dans les compartiments, nous regardâmes les autres voyageurs qui passaient sur le quai. Tout à coup nous partîmes.

Quand le trajet se termina nous descendîmes du train et nous nous embarquâmes lentement sur le bateau qui appartenait aux autorités de Dieppe et qu'on appelait "Rouen." En quittant le port, nous trouvâmes la mer aussi tranquille qu'un lac. Le soleil brillait sur les flots, et nous laissâmes Newhaven et l'Angleterre derrière nous. Cette agréable traversée dura presque trois heures et nous nous amusâmes bien en nous promenant sur le bateau et en regardant la mer.

Après être descendues à Dieppe on examina nos bagages et nos passeports puis on nous laissa prendre nos places dans les wagons pour voyager à Paris; quelques minutes plus tard une trompette sonna et nous quittâmes la gare. Dans la ville le train passa lentement par les rues et nous vîmes attentivement la campagne que nous parcourûmes. Les maisons qui bordaient le chemin de fer étaient très belles avec leurs jolis jardins, et leurs jalousies vertes. Nous aperçûmes du gui dans des arbres.

Nous traversâmes la Seine trois ou quatre fois, et puis nous arrivâmes à la gare Saint-Lazare à Paris où une automobile nous attendait pour nous conduire à notre hôtel dans la rue Vaneau.

ENID POND (*Va*).

La Conciergerie.

PRES du Palais de Justice, on trouve la Conciergerie, prison historique de Paris. Pour y entrer on descend un escalier de pierre, étroit et peu éclairé. On voit la cellule de Marie Antoinette, une petite chambre triste et morne; là, on a conservé son fauteuil, maintenant en haillons, et le crucifix qui a reçu son dernier baiser. On peut entrer dans le cachot de Robespierre, le monstre de la Révolution, qui fut renversé en 1794 et qui périt sur l'échafaud où il avait fait monter tant de victimes. Ici fut emprisonné André Chenier, le jeune poète, parce qu'il avait protesté contre les excès de la Terreur. Son dernier poème "La Jeune Captive" fut écrit avant de partir pour la guillotine. La Conciergerie conserve pour toujours la mémoire des horreurs de la Révolution.

M. GRACEY (*VI*).

Easter in Devon.

AT Easter Miss Dennithorne was courageous enough to take a party of Fifth formers for a week's holiday at Combe Martin in North Devon. We are pleased to report, however, that Miss Dennithorne and the other members of the party were delivered intact at their respective homes, all very healthy and happy, after a week spent almost entirely in the open air.

We certainly had the greatest enjoyment possible in the short time available, for Miss Dennithorne studiously planned outings for each day, and from Combe Martin our excursions radiated out in all directions. We climbed Hangman Hill (wading a miniature pond and hauling Miss White over a wall in the process). We explored Watermouth Harbour-which, besides being very beautiful, provided us with some fine examples of marine life-Hele Bay, and of course, the charming old town of Combe Martin itself.

We had several thrilling long journeys by coach to more distant places. The driver of our coach was an invaluable guide, and told us many interesting anecdotes about the places we were passing. By coach we drove across Exmoor to the Doom Valley, where we saw

John Ridd's farm and the church where he and Lorna Doone were married. Some of us ate our lunch on the moor-we sat on a stone wall near a dew-pond and eight small ponies-while the rest of the party walked along the banks of the river. Afterwards we drove to Lynton and Lynmouth, stopping at Watersmead on the way home. We were all enchanted with the beauty of these waterfalls, and indeed, the scenery in Devon was all so lovely that it was quite a shock to return to a grey London, still thick with winter's grime.

On April 1st we had a delightful day at Clovelly (the atrocities which occurred must be left unprinted, we can only say that Miss Dennithorne was the "crook-number one"). Not only is this little village-with its houses and cottages built into the cliff and its one road which is virtually a stairway down to the beach-a place made for exploration, but the coast and cliff scenery is really exhilarating. On the way to Clovelly we visited the Barnstaple Potteries, where we were shown the art of creating shapely vases from ugly lumps of clay, and we retreated with spoils in the shape of earthenware pots of many different sizes and colours.

A day when we saw some unforgettable coast scenery was when we walked along the coast to Hunter's Inn; not one of the party attempted to fall over the cliffs, although it was very difficult to restrain Miss Dennithorne when she saw a rare specimen.

The morning before we came home, we all went paddling at Wild Pear Beach (which was quite near Combe Martin), and as we had no towels we had to play leapfrog until our feet were dry. As we were coming home it rained for the first time during our holiday, and we saw a rainbow on the sea. Apart from all these communal outings, most of us rose with the lark (we hope) each morning to explore the town, the woods (where there were primroses and wild violets) and the caves which were all along the coast.

We are chiefly indebted to Miss Dennithorne for our memorable holiday in Devon, but we are also grateful to the weather clerk for the unexpectedly brilliant weather, to several very understanding mistresses for the Easter eggs and sweets, and to Miss White for her unique sense of humour.

M. STRINGER (*VI*)

A Day at the Stepney Children's Outings.

ARRIVING at South Chingford at half-past nine one morning in August, I found the rest of the party waiting for me. There were five of us, and we were none the happier to know it was the "Last Day," and that we should soon be saying good-bye to those children we had learnt to know so well during those past few weeks. We had, however, one day left with them, and we intended to enjoy every moment of it just as much as the children did. We walked to Chingford Station, where we arrived in time to hear the ticket collector (who knew us well by that time) call to us, "The train's in!" Not that there was much need for him to tell us; the children themselves made that fact evident! We dashed down the stairs, under the line, and up, on to the opposite platform in time to see three or four hundred youngsters jumping out of the train and dashing about to find their friends. Before long we were surrounded. "Hallo! where are we going to-day?" "Can we go fishing?" "Take us to Highams Park!" "No, Connaught Waters?" and similar greetings sounded on all sides.

In vain we tried to help the staff in charge to line them up in twos, but eventually the task was done by a stronger hand (and a louder voice!) than ours. We paraded them down the station slope, across the main road, and up the grassy hill, where the ranks once more became broken. At the top of the hill the party came to a stop and sat on the ground to await the orders of the day. In the morning there were to be races for those who wished to take part, then an early lunch and afterwards rounders and cricket with prizes for the best performances. Those who did not wish to go in for the races might go for all-day rambles with any helpers who were willing to take them; but everyone must be back by half-past two for a special treat-a tea!

Most of the children rushed to the helpers who were to take them for rambles-only a surprisingly few stopped for the races, although there was the chance of winning a good prize! Two of us elected to take a party who were clamouring to go fishing, to Highams Park-a party of about twenty small boys who know how to be mischievous if they choose!

Highams Park is a good distance from Chingford, and when one is forced to be continually running forward to keep the more

energetic members from going too fast, or running back to hurry the slower ones, and also carrying half-a-dozen lunches which would have been in the mud had they not been rescued, one is glad to see the lake ahead and be able to sit down.

We told them when we should have to start back, and advised them to eat their lunches before they started playing. Not that they took any notice of our advice-fishing was by far the greater attraction, and lunch was forgotten until it was nearly time to start back. They fished, they climbed trees, they bathed. Most of them brought swimming costumes with them, but one boy who had forgotten his, was so determined not to miss his swim that he had his dip with his trousers on! At last we gathered them together and started our homeward tramp. The young fishermen discussed their catch in technical terms. One of them displayed his prize-a fish several inches in length, but not showing much sign of life. "That one is dead," remarked one of the helpers. "No, miss," came the spontaneous reply. "He ain't dead-he's unconscious."

Back across the plain to Chingford, where the great event of the day was to take place! A tea party was a special treat only indulged in on the last day.

They were all lined up according to their schools and filed across to the tea tables. We left them there for a little while, whilst we stole off to have a little tea of our own, and compare notes on the day. One of the helpers told us that while he was helping with the cricket competition the judge decided his display was worth a prize and asked his number. Another helper told us about a little girl who went in for the essay competition. The essays were to be on what they had done during their holidays, and this young competitor wrote "I had a penny ride on a donkey and boy! oh boy! was his back woolly!" I am sure we should have given her first prize.

After tea the prizes were given-fountain pens, pen knives, balls and all kinds of things. Then each boy and girl was given some rock and a comic; lost property was on show, though our monitresses will be interested to know hardly any was claimed.

Then came the painful duty of parading down to the station, packing the lively crowd into the train, and saying the last good-byes. Everyone wanted to shake hands; some of them gave us pieces of their rock. All asked, "Are you coming next year?"

The whistle sounded and the train began slowly to move away with hands and handkerchiefs fluttering from every occupied window. We all turned away a little sadly-next year seemed such a long way off.

K. N. OSBORNE (*Va*).

Inter-Schools' Classical Association.

WE are pleased to be able to announce the revival of the Classical Society, after a lapse lasting over a year.

On October 6th a fairly large party visited West Ham High School to hear a lecture by Mr. Stanley Casson, on Recent Excavations in Greece. After a hurried tea, the party, conducted by a prefect, made a tour of the school, and finally assembled in the hall for the lecture.

The subjects of Mr. Casson's lecture varied from a volcano which exploded and disappeared in a single night, to beautiful ornaments and inscriptions which still exist although carved so long ago by the people of Ancient Greece. Our appreciation was greatly increased by the lantern slides with which Mr. Casson illustrated his talk; and we returned home feeling vividly conscious of the reality of an ancient race of people, whose history so often seems almost mythical.

ETHEL FOX (*VI*).

League of Nations' Union.

THE meeting for the Autumn Term took the form of a lecture by Mr. Grant, who, it will be remembered, has visited the School before. He spoke on international affairs, and as usual was most willing to answer any questions which were put to him.

The meeting for the Spring Term was divided into two

parts. The first was a performance of the last act of the Insect Play by the Brothers Capek. This act is a satire on war, showing a war between insects fighting for the possession of a blade of grass. The second part of the meeting was a dialogue about the L.N.U. between Edna Timberlake who supported it, and Olive Bramhall who opposed it. Edna Timberlake easily had the best of the discussion. On Empire Day we were visited by Alex. Wilson, who spoke about the League of Nations and the British Empire.

The membership of the School Branch of the L.N. U. is still increasing, but I do appeal to all those who are not already members to join immediately. By joining the Union yourselves and persuading your friends to do the same, it will be made strong enough to convince the Government that the British people are behind the League. With this knowledge, the delegates to the League will be made confident of their power to uphold the principles of the League at all costs, no matter what the opposition may be. And so, once again, please join.

G. DAVIES (*VI*).

L.N.U. Junior Branch Meeting.

ON Friday, October 8th, six of us accompanied by Miss Goldwin had the privilege of going to the G.P.O. to see some films which were being shown in the "George V" Hall for the benefit of the Junior Branch of the L.N.U.

The programme began with an introductory talk by Mr. Ferguson, who told us where and how the films were made and something about the G.P.O. Film Unit. The first film, "Calendar of the Year," showed the varying work of the G.P.O. during the year. We were then shown "The Line to Tchierva Hut," a documentary film showing the laying of a telephone line to a hostel on the Tchierva glacier in the Alps, hitherto having no communication with the outside world. Next we saw "Men of the Alps," a study of the life of the Swiss people.

The next film, which was of special interest to us, was "Message from Geneva," an account of the way in which a B.B.C. broadcast message reaches us from Geneva. The programme ended with a very good documentary film, "Night Mail," showing the "travelling post office," which runs every night from Euston to Glasgow. We saw the mail-bags mysteriously jump into the nets thrown out for them and the sorters at work at their pigeon-holes.

Interspersed in the programme were two comic films. These were abstract colour films. They had no story attached. They simply showed the way in which colours can be used, so that by the time they finished we wondered whether Lyons had dropped anything into our tea.

H. J. STREET (*VI*).

Literary and Dramatic Society.

IN the Autumn Term of 1936 we were fortunate enough to secure Mr. Robert (A. Becket) Speaight to judge our Acting Competition. He watched five performances; the "As You Like It" of L. IVH, "Midsummer Night's Dream" of L. IVs, "Julius Cesar" of VB, "Macbeth" of V A, and last, but certainly not least, the VI form production of "A Winter's Tale." Having viewed our efforts, Mr. Speaight proceeded to criticise what we had done, and elaborate what we should have done, giving us many valuable hints and also, incidentally, his opinion of the filming of Shakespeare. Altogether we spent a very enjoyable afternoon.

For our Spring Term meeting, a visit was organised to the Old Vic to see "Twelfth Night." Mr Tyrone Guthrie's production was extremely entertaining, besides being somewhat instructive for the unfortunate Fifth Formers who were studying the play for Matric.

This Old Vic presentation inspired us to make further attempts ourselves, and for our Summer Term meeting we held a play-reading in the Hall. It was first stipulated, however, that Shakespeare should be banned.

Scenes were read from "Androcles and the Lion," "Quality Street," "Alcestis," "The Trojan Women," and a lesser-known masterpiece, "The Magic Hat."

In the Summer holidays some of us managed to see "King Lear" at the Stratford-on-Avon Festival Theatre, but this was not a general expedition.

DAPHNE FRANCIS (VI).

Musical Society, 1936-7.

OUR Autumn Term meeting once again took the form of a Social Evening. Each form contributed towards a really delightful programme-complete with lollipops!

In the Spring Term a large party went to Sadler's Wells, where we saw a very good production of "The Barber of Seville." The best performance was undoubtedly that of Redvers Llewellyn as the Barber.

In the Summer Term Miss Evelyn Humsey, L.R.A.M., A.R.C.M., visited us again and gave us some more of her delightful pianoforte renderings. Mr. Roberts also played several very good violin solos.

For this term's meeting we are going to combine with the Dramatic Society again, and rehearsals are in full swing.

We wish to thank Miss Bean and all those who help to make our meetings such a success and hope that this year will be as successful as last.

H. JOYCE STREET (VI).

Science Society.

THE Society enjoyed a very successful year from September, 1936 to July, 1937.

In the Autumn Term a limited number at the Society visited the United Dairies' Factory at Ilford. During the visit we were shown how milk bottles are washed, filled and capped and milk sterilised. Before leaving, we were given a lecture on how the milk is tested for bacteria and the cream content, and how it is brought from the farmers to the dairies.

As the numbers for this expedition were restricted, the other members of the Society visited the Natural History Museum at South Kensington. Among many other interesting things we were shown the Blue Whale, which is the largest animal that has ever lived in the sea or on land.

Two expeditions were arranged for the Spring Term, the first one taking place on March 12th, when we visited the water-works at Woodford. This was rather disappointing as it was only a pumping station, but it was interesting to note that the reservoirs were covered in and we were able to walk over them. The second was a visit to the docks. Here the party was shown the cold storage room where meat can be kept for five years, and the tobacco room where sixty-five million pounds worth of tobacco was stored. We also descended into a dry dock and walked under the "Rawal Pinden" which was being repaired.

On May 29th the Society went for a river and docks cruise, starting from the Tower Pier for the Royal Albert and King George V docks. On the way we passed under the raised bascules of the Tower Bridge and by many wharves and factories. The largest vessel in the King George V dock was the "Cathay," which was about to leave for Yokohama, and in the Royal Albert dock the largest vessel was the "Rangitata," which was engaged in New Zealand trade.

The work sent in for the Science Society entry competition was of a high standard. Prizes were given to A. Dankworth, K. Osborne, K. Rhodes, D. Stevens, and K. Wildman.

Bulb competition prizes were awarded to U. IVs and U. IVH in the Upper School, and L. IIIw and L. IIIH in the lower part of the School.

J. K. LYONS (Secretary).

Parents' Association.

THE following is a list of our fixtures for the year ending December, 1937:

January 20th.-New Year's Social.

February 18th.-Debate on Homework.

February 26th.-Travel Film in conjunction with Monoux School Parents' Association.

June 5th.-Garden Party; Whist Drive and Dance.

October 14th.-Annual General Meeting.

November 5th.-Whist Drive and Dance.

December 6th.-Social and Dramatic Entertainment.

At the Annual General Meeting the officers were elected for another year: President, Miss Norris; Hon. Secretary, Mr. R. E. Licence; Hon. Assistant Secretary, Mr. H. G. Hill, and Hon. Treasurer, Mr. E. Bell.

The second year of the Association has been a most successful one, and many valuable contacts have been made between the parents and the Staff. The Refreshments Committee, led by Mr. Thomason, have rendered great service at our gatherings. It is earnestly hoped that parents of all girls will join the Association, and that parents of Old Girls will keep in touch.

R. E. LICENCE (Hon. Secretary, P.A.).

O.G.A.

Members of the Committee, 1937:

President: Miss NORRIS.

Vice-Presidents: Miss GOLDWIN, MINNIE FOXON.

Hon. Treasurer: D. BUSBY, 49a, The Drive, Walthamstow, E.17.

Hon. Secretary: C. PETTIT, 28, Pretoria Avenue, Walthamstow, E.17.

Committee: MYFANWY PHILLIPS, GWEN JONES, PHYLLIS HUNT, JOAN HAMILTON, EUNICE HOLDEN, JOAN FARROW (née OYLER), MARGARET ROBERTSON, GRACE PUTNAM (TRACEY), KATHLEEN HOPLEY, LILY BROWNE (née STAMMERS), MARGARET ATKINSON, YVONNE BAYES.

Hon. Members: DORA HIGHAM, ITTA GILLET.

Co-opted Members: MISS PARK, Dramatics, ROSE HARRIS, Netball; D.A.BARBER, Sub-Editor of IRIS.

Subscriptions are due on January, 1st, 1938.

On leaving School, the subscription is 1s. to the end of the year, then 1s. 6d. for each of the two following years. and 3s. thereafter.

N. B.-Dates of next year's Socials:

Thursday, March 3rd.

Friday, July 1st.

Wednesday, December 7th.

The Old Girls' Association this year lost two valuable officers when the Hon. Secretary, Dora Higham, and Hon. Treasurer, Itta Gillett, resigned from their positions. Dora served for nine years and Itta for eight years, and the Association is very grateful to them for their loyal and willing help during that time. A presentation was made to them at the Social on December 1st. We gave Dora a gold watch and Itta an electric clock.

The new Treasurer is Mrs. Busby (Dora Hiner) and the Secretary, Constance Pettit. We have held three Socials this year, inviting our male friends to the Summer Social to play tennis, when the Tournament was won by Edna Timberlake and partner, with Edith Brabham and partner as runners-up.

New "Old Girls," 1937.

Sylvia Gould, Bramley, Ticehurst Hill. Loughton.

Mary Grover, 33 Beresford Road. Chingford.

Audrey Holland, 222 Old Church Road. Chingford.

Olive Horder, 14 Douglas Road. Chingford.

Muriel Jones, 58 Elmsdale Road. E17.

Connie Izzard, 51 Buxton Road E17.

Kathleen Loader, 107 Cavendish Rd, Highams Park, E4

Winnie Moore, 9. Ainslie Wood Gardens, S. Chingford, E.4.

Irene Moore, 170. High Street. E.17.

Joan Nation, 31, St. John's Road. E17.

Greta Pinhorn, 16, Whitehall Gardens. Chingford. E.4.

Joan Parfree, 42. Alma Avenue, Highams Park, E.4.

Peggy Sutton, 22, Castle Avenue, Highams Park, E4.

Grace Sims, 25 Gordon Road, Chingford. E.4.

Dorothy Strudwick, 108 Endlebury Road. Chingford, E4.

Rita Southgate, 124 Forest Road. E.17.

Doris Smith, 3, Sheridan Road, Highams Park, E.4.

Dora Samuel, 16, Preston Road, Highams Park, E.4.

Myrtle Ward, 12. Chatham Road, E.17.

Margaret Winch, 9, Third Avenue, E.17.
 Marjorie Waters, 13, Essex Road, Chingford. E.4.
 Gladys Smith, 32, Winns Avenue, E.17.
 Phyllis Blythe, 5 Waverley Road, Chingford. E4.
 Edith Brabham, 61 First Avenue, E.17.
 Muriel Barrett, Church Hill Road, E.17.
 Vera Barrett, 22, Forest Glade, Highams Park, E.4.
 Nora Brown, 40 Wilton Road, Highams Park, E.4.
 Joyce Bard, 59, Winns Avenue, E.17.
 Joyce Cox, 50, Daleview Crescent, Chingford, E.4.
 Doris Conisbee, 14, Grosvenor Rise East, E.17.
 Joyce Cartwright, 192, Fleeming Road, K17.
 Ivy Drayton, 6, Murchison Road, Hoddesdon.
 Bertha Dokk-Olsen, 28, Empress Avenue, S. Chingford, E.4.
 Phyllis East, 18, Woodbury Road, E.17.
 Doris Franks, 15, Hawthorne Road, E.17.
 Jessie Feltham, 55, Barclay Road, E.17.
 Elsa Matthews, 92, Aberdeen Park, Highbury, N.5.

On The Air.

LAST November the newly-formed broadcasting corporation for Singapore asked for "Voluntary" helpers. As I badly needed something to do besides sewing in the mornings, I applied, and was appointed one of two Talks Representatives.

We started off with great gusto. First of all we worked out a list of possible subjects for broadcast talks, with a list of possible speakers, wrote to a great many people, and interviewed more. Finally we constructed a skeleton programme of talks for the first month or two, which included a series of Health talks, two different series of readings, a series on Contract Bridge, odd talks on the Post Office, Basic English, Snakes, Photography, Dogs, Climbing Mountains, the League of Nations, and many other subjects. After we had done the arranging we had to get the scripts in, revise them if necessary, have them passed by the censor, rehearse the speakers, and type out the talks.

It was all great fun and we have continued our arranging, interviewing, and prospecting for six months. The other girl who was doing talks with me went home in May, and I have carried on alone. The job brings me into contact with most of the interesting people in Singapore. Sometimes I have to write the talks myself and get someone else to give them, or get our information for a talker to write up. I do a series of monthly book reviews, too, and occasionally read stories in the children's hour.

Broadcasting isn't nearly such a terrifying experience as many people imagine. I gave my first talk while the station was still experimenting. The "studio" was the local concert hall, very roughly rigged up, and I sat on a chair with the microphone in front of me, and read to a huge, empty hall. It was so funny that I quite forgot to be nervous. Now, when I sit in a gloriously easy chair in a beautifully furnished, air-conditioned studio in our new building, broadcasting seems merely like sitting in an empty room and reading out loud to oneself.

I'm told that my broadcasting is very clear-so my thanks are due to Miss Litchfield and Miss Galt. I'm afraid they always found me a very unsatisfactory pupil, and when I remember how I used to stand up in recitation lessons and say my piece as quickly and as inaudibly as I could just to get it over, I have a hearty laugh at the thought of myself broadcasting. Which shows that you never can tell how a schoolgirl will turn out in the end!

“Blo” NORAH ROSE).

Ladders.

INSPIRED by the arrival of the Sub-Editor's letter while mending yet another ladder.

One often hears the phrase "the good old days" decried and disproved, but our grandmothers had one advantage over us emancipated moderns. They wore skirts which hid their stockings! And the stockings were black woollen, which could be darned to the last shred!

Stockings are a perpetual bane from the moment one leaves off socks until one grows too old to bother and gives up the hopeless struggle. Oh! those long black gym-stockings we wore-they were either too long or too short. If they were too long, we tugged them up

and pulled holes (potato size) in the tops, and if they were too short, suspenders did the same for us. However, we must have had a fondness for them, because we wore them even to parties, not caring for black silk, and light ones being more or less unheard of. I wonder how many remember the storm aroused about twelve years ago over the query of whether light stockings should or could be worn with school uniform.

And now, when we have put away childish things many years ago, the curse is still upon us. We are told to buy more than one pair at a time because if one goes, we can match up the partner. This works excellently in theory but not in practice, because the whole lot goes.

One of Summer's chiefest blessings is that one's hosiery can be discarded, but even so one must admit that it makes very little difference to one's purse or leisure, which still seems to be filled with mending ladders.

I am thinking of starting a "Back to Black Stockings and Longer Skirts" movement, but I fear that the manufacturers would have me locked away, so, I suppose, being a moral coward, I shall still go on buying several pairs of the same shade, ad lib, and I expect you will too!

C. PETTIT (O.G.A.)

Black Notley Sanatorium.

MANY miles north of the Walthamstow High School, in the heart of the country, lies Black Notley Sanatorium, about three-quarters mile from the little village of Cressing and not far from Braintree. It is surrounded by quiet country lanes, with green hedgerows on either side, conveying that deep sense of peace, so typical of our English countryside.

In these surroundings every possible opportunity is given to the patients, of whom I am one, to regain their health, and by a great deal of valuable work, a very high percentage of cures is obtained, although some surgical cases may take as long as five years.

Two new wards of the sanatorium were opened on July 7th by Sir Kingsley Wood, the Minister of Health. The 400 visitors consisted of representatives from the surrounding towns, and amongst them was Mrs. McEntee, to whom I had the privilege of being introduced. This meeting revived memories of the 1936 Annual Prize Distribution at the High School, where I last saw Mrs. McEntee.

Remembering the misfortune of those temporarily confined to the Sanatorium, may the present members of the High School appreciate even more their priceless gift of good health.

ELSIE JACKSON (O.G.A.)

October.

WHAT do they wait for, these still brown trees?

Arms gently lifted, they sway to the breeze,
 And the chill October air
 Stretches its hands through their golden hair,
 While they wait, wait, wait,

And for what?

Hark through the forest the purple lights flood,
 Chilliness, barrenness, paths thick with mud;
 And the only sound one hears
 Is the drip of the rain like so many tears,
 As the trees bow their heads
 And are silent and sad.

Lines.

NIGHT is falling; in the west
 The sun sinks low behind the purpling hills.
 Shadows lengthen; and the trees
 Are darkening to a ghostly blue.
 Birds call softly to their mates, the air is still;
 With a final burst of splendour the sun
 Dips below the far horizon and is gone.
 I stand there gazing at the fading sky
 Then of a sudden turn.

Behind me the roseate hues of sundown
Before me the silver blueness of the rising moon,
A spectrous loveliness-
I smile and am content to know
That, in the midst of weariness and pain,
Such beauty does and always shall exist.

FLORENCE NOBLE (O.G.A.).

W.H.S.O.G.A. Or Poetry Under Difficulties.

A TASK set only by an ogre
To rhyme W.H. and then a "Soga."
For had there been an "i" in this
One might have spoken of the "Whis-"
And told our fellows what we owe
To those who learned at Walthamstow.
But who am I, a humble tool,
To query views of Higher School?
When wisdom finds its rarest pearls
In rulings by the Older Girls.
So let no challenge by the nation
Dissociate "Association."
W.H.S.O.G.A. be heard
For beauty of the spoken word!

ANON, ANON, ANON, (O.G.A.).

W.O.G.D.C.

So! Now are three. Three years old and still carrying on with as much enthusiasm among the members as we all crowded into Miss Norris' sanctum to inaugurate the Old Girls' Dramatic Club.

The past three years has seen three productions nurtured and brought to maturity. First "Pride and Prejudice" with an audience so closely packed that the walls of the Hall protested. Then "Tobias and the Angel" which was heartily enjoyed by a somewhat sparse gathering (I would point out here that one should never be put off by the title of a play-they are often misleading, as anyone who saw "Tobias" will tell you), and lastly still very fresh in our memories came "The Witch," surely our most ambitious production. We are hoping to present an excerpt from this play at the British Drama League Festival. On December 15th we also hope (by kind permission of Canon Oakley), to present an old French Nativity play in the Parish Church.

Our next production has not yet been decided upon so if you have a yearning for any particular play just drop the hint and we will consider the matter. Our aim is to please the audience, while thoroughly enjoying ourselves.

Last year, by way of experiment, Joan Barratt, in conjunction with this Society, very generously ran a dancing class. How happily she, Eunice Holden and Edna Wilsdon combined in producing a highly poetic interpretation of "The Tempest," assisted by Mr. Bellchambers and Mr. Arthur, in one of those highly successful joint efforts with the Old Monovians, is warmly attested by their large and enthusiastic audiences.

N.B.-Non-members who wish to become members-subscriptor is only 2s. 6d. per annum, payable to Gladys Phillips, 208, Markhouse Road, E.17. Any other information from Vera Prior, 13, Vallentin Road. E.17. Members of the O.G.A. only are eligible, of course.

V. R. P. (Hon. Secretary).

O.G.A. News.

WINNIE TURNER has passed her State Certificate Midwives Examination.

FREDA HART is working at Scotland Yard.

PHYLIS WOOLNOUGH is teaching at the Norwich High School.

MARGARET DALLAS is teaching at the Blyth Secondary School, Norwich.

ROSE BRAZIER is teaching at Colston's School, Bristol.

JOAN HIBBIT is teaching at Pate's Grammar School, Cheltenham.

MARY STEVENS is teaching in an elementary school at Kents Hill

Road. and is living with Miss Wait at Thundersley.
JOAN BARRATT toured with the Marie Rambert Ballet Company in the Riviera last Summer.

ELSIE BROWN is nursing in a Women's Hospital in China. Her address is Christ's Hospital, Foochow, S. China.

MARY FRENCH has been given a grant of £110 a year for two years to do research at University College.

DORIS HITCHMAN has just returned from Africa.

FLORRIE NOBLE's address is 879, Main Street, Fitchburg, U.S.A.

JESSIE WILSDON's address is Lind Gallery, Brompton Hospital, Fulham Road, S.W.3.

O.G. Netball Club.

LAST season was Q. very enjoyable one, although not very successful owing to illness, which caused several matches to be scratched. Neither team reached the top of its division, but all matches were very keenly contested. We are very pleased to welcome so many new members this season and would like more. Will anyone interested please write to 93, Gloucester Road, E.17.

FLORENCE L. PONTIN, Hon. Secretary.

Marriages.

ELEANOR FRENCH to ARTHUR ROY COLLINS, 12th December, 1936.

AGNES FEUERSTAHLER to S. L. HALL.

MARY SPRATT to W. R. S. BUDGE, 27th March, 1937.

JOAN PINHORN to THOMAS A. SPENCER, 17th April, 1937.

HILDA HODGSON to ALEC CLARK.

GRACE MARIE COLE to JOHN GEORGE WOODRUFF, 3rd July, 1937.

MARIANNE BELLINGER to VICTOR ARCHIBALD BIGNELL, 24th June, 1937.

DORIS LING to ARTHUR JAMES BRIGGS, 26th June, 1937.

KATHLEEN JONES to FRANK PODBURY, 10th July, 1937.

GRACE KATHLEEN TWYMAN to CECIL WILLIAM REDFERN, 17th July, 1937.

KATHLEEN BURNELL to DR. HAROLD GEOFFREY HOWITT, 24th July,

1937.

MARJORIE LORD to JAMES KENNARD LLOYD-JONES, B.A., 5th August, 1937.

NELLIE QUINTON to JOHN CHARLES REGINALD TOLLERVEY, 14th August, 1937.

DOREEN HONOUR to RICHARD MARTIN, 28th August, 1937.

FLOSSIE SUCKLING to BERNARD COX, 5th September, 1937 (MARIAN JONES and PHYLLIS TANNER were bridesmaids).

MURIEL FIRMAN to GEORGE BAXTER, 11th September, 1937 (ELSIE GWILLIAM was a bridesmaid).

ELSIE CHERRY to WALTER HENRY BIGNELL, 16th September, 1937.

LUCY GOODE to ARTHUR ROBERT KRICK, 2nd October, 1937.

HILDA BOUTLE to RALPH SAUL, in June, 1937.

BERYL STEPHENS to HORACE McLELLAN, 4th September, 1937.

SYLVIA HINER to HOWARD GEORGE GILLET, 16th October, 1937.

(MARGARET ROBERTSON was a bridesmaid).

LILIAN MABEL MECHAM to WILFRID POLLARD, 14th October, 1937.

QUEENIE SIZER to FREDERICK HEATH BROWNRIDGE, 23rd October, 1937.

Births.

CORONA KNIGHT (Mrs. Smith), a son, Vernon Embleton, 20th January, 1937.

JOYCE READING (Mrs Wood), a son, in February, 1937.

RHONA MAIN (Mrs Mayes), a son, Stuart David, 6th March, 1937

DOROTHY CRAIG (Mrs Woodhurst), a son, Richard Craig, 17th March, 1937

WINIFRED MORRIS (Mrs Cooke), a son, Peter Leonard, 31st July, 1937.

EDITH LONGMAN (Mrs. Alker), a son, 7th October, 1937.

GLADYS JOHNS (Mrs. Hobson), a daughter, Margaret Bessie, 26th April, 1936.

WINIFRED PAGE (Mrs. Walker), a daughter, Helen Catherine, 17th April, 1937.

GLADYS WHALLEY (Mrs. Watts), a daughter, Carol Anne, 20th September, 1937.

NORAH BLOFIELD (Mrs. Rose), a daughter, Brenda Helen, 7th November, 1935.

OLIVE STEVENS (Mrs. King), a daughter, Eleanor Maud, 4th April, 1937.

DOREEN PETTIT (Mrs. Smith), a daughter, Carol Ann, 28th November, 1937.

VERA HUMPHREYS (Mrs. Wall), a daughter, Jacqueline Ann.

Photograph

Lizzie Hetherington, Emie Wildash, Violet Chappell, Hilda Whittingham, Lily Redfern, Hilda Padstow, Nellie Chappell, Kate Fox, Agnes Youngman, Alice Herbert, Gertie Jackson, Evelyn Whittingham, Mary Hudson, Agnes McSheedy, Eva Hudson, Miss Hewett, Lily Batley, Millicent Jackson, Ethel Crieer, Beachy Gillard, Maggie Griggs.

Margie Fisher

Margie Fisher