

Editor; Miss Norris
Sub-Editor; Miss Park.
O.G.A. Sub-Editor; Ruth Hyatt.
Committee; M. Gracey. J. Morgan, V. Lee, K. Wildman, I Burr.



The Staff

Walthamstow High School Magazine

Head Mistress's Foreword.

On January 1st we launched an appeal for a memorial to Miss Hewett; you will perhaps remember that in the appeal we said, "we are of the opinion that a Leaving Scholarship would be the ideal form of memorial and one after Miss Hewett's own heart; we therefore appeal to you to join in an effort to make a Scholarship Fund possible." I am rejoiced to be able to tell you that by your munificence you have made this Scholarship possible; the appeal has brought in up to date the sum of £1,013 6s. 0d.; this sum includes the proceeds of the Fun Fair, Bazaar and Dog Show, which together amounted to £397 19s. 6 ¹/₂ d. The Fund will of course remain permanently open and will be administered by the Scholarship Fund Committee.

I welcome this opportunity of expressing my deep gratitude to the Staff, the Old Girls, the School, the parents and all friends of the School for the lavish generosity of their response in money, in labour and in kind. The spirit of kindness and goodwill which animated our Fete was typical of the spirit which has inspired and created this Scholarship in loving and grateful memory of Miss Hewett. In the name of the school, past, present and to come, I offer you one and all our heartfelt thanks.

With best wishes for 1939,
Yours affectionately,
M. NORRIS.

Sub-Editor's Letter.

THIS was to have been the Fun Fair Copy. Then it might have been edited from the No-girls' land of somewhere in Essex. Now emerging from the double flood of hazardous circumstance *Iris*, well and truly grounded, by virtue of her name and her continued existence is, we hope, a token of firmer footing. The Fun Fair, like the famous horse, "Eclipse," was first, the evacuation nowhere.

In the rôle of ark full of an assortment of good things, little and big-even the flea had a place in the old story-*Iris* presents for the first time a couple of pieces of Juvenilia, or articles written by quite respectable members of the Upper School when they were rather young.

At this point let me warmly welcome as our Old Girls' Sub-editor of *Iris*. Ruth Hyatt, who has started what I hope will be a long but certainly a happy collaboration. Dorothy Barber's help in that capacity over several years has been invaluable; here and now all *Iris* Members will wish to have recorded their grateful thanks for the nimble and exhilarating mind she has harnessed to the task of editing *Iris*. Every year we hope to have her literary support.

Although no school-girl martyrs have written fervid letters to our agony column-no adolescent dramatists driven their quivering pens over pallid paper, and fewer younger members' contributions are forthcoming, yet the quality of the entries has on the whole been high, so that it is with reluctance that we omit several "proxime accessits."

Several other Latin tags threaten to slip off the end of the nib such as "bis dat qui cito dat." But who "bis" and "dat" are do not matter very much, although there is something very "cito" being let off in the next garden. For this is dated the Vigil of the Feast of Guy Fawkes. In anticipation then of a less combustible period anon for which my best wishes-

A.H. PARK.

O.G.A. Editorial.

AT the present moment, after a hectic "press-week " and a still more hectic "press-day" at the office which entailed typing "leader" after "leader" for my Editor-only to find the first lost overnight, and the second and third destined (alas!) for the W. P. B.-I am not at all in the right mood for so serene and contemplative an occupation as writing the Old Girls' Editorial for *Iris*.

However, since the Crisis (I mean the Crisis of September, in case another supervenes between now and the date of going to press) I find myself, in company with many other people, completely shock-proof so that press-week in my office and even O.G.A. press-week at home leave me immune from surprise.

Now although I am well aware that it is quite without precedent for an Editor to apologise for anything, I feel that on this occasion I must start with a word of apology. Because of the short notice at which I undertook the duties of Old Girls' Sub-Editor, I did not have time to get into touch with all Old Girls as I should have liked to do. To those who received no notice of the impending issue, together with a heart-rending appeal for contributions, I express my sincere apologies and assure them that they will not escape next year. To all those others who received my request and responded with pleasant, newsy letters, articles or poems, I would like to express my deepest thanks.

One word more, it is worth noticing that usually, though not on this occasion, the Old Girls' Editor exists all the year round and not just in the last weeks before going to press. It is

curious, but true, that one feels more remote from School when one has but recently left than a few years afterwards. As one's perspective grows, it is possible at last to take in School and all that it meant to a schoolgirl, and to see it, not magnified as it once was, but, on the other hand, not unduly diminished in importance. I would like to ask Old Girls to re-consider their position as Old Girls. Surprising as it used to seem, "School still goes on at Walthamstow, only now, for us, it is linked up with the "School" in its wider sense all over the world.

Is it too much to hope that I may be allowed to be the Sub-Editor for *Iris* of this larger body, all through the year? Contributions are more spontaneous when unsolicited. So send me news of yourselves, of your thoughts, your enterprises and your successes, just whenever you feel you have something to say. My address is "Morrow Down," 38, Tycehurst Hill, Loughton, Essex, and I shall be happy to be your Press Bureau throughout the year. I am writing this on Guy Fawkes' Day, but I must look ahead and wish you all a very Happy Christmas and a successful 1939-with plenty of news in store for *Iris*.

RUTH HYATT (*Sub-Editor*).

School Chronicle.

OUR programme at school events this year has been even more interesting and varied than usual.

Once again we sent £40 to the Connaught Hospital for the maintenance of our School Cot, and a large number of garments to the U.G.S. During the Summer holiday's many of the Upper School helped with the Stepney outings on Chingford Plain.

The Dancing Competition formed the centre of interest in the early part of the Spring Term. All Forms showed great enthusiasm in the preparation of the dances and those who won thoroughly deserved their success. The winning Forms were U. IVII, L. IVs, and L. Ills.

On March 26th a number of us were lucky enough to visit the Albert Hall to see an exhibition of Swedish Gymnastics. The perfect grace and rhythm of the performers, together with their wonderful apparatus work, filled us with admiration.

The Bulb and Netball Competitions were also keenly contested events of the Spring Term.

During the Easter holidays two parties set out, one, under the leadership of Miss Dennithorne, to renew acquaintance with Devon, and the other, conducted by Miss Goldwin, to spend a delightful ten days in Switzerland.

Our Sports and Open Day was held on June 2nd and in spite of the unfavourable weather there was a large and enthusiastic attendance, The Sports Trophies were won by Forms VI, L. IVH and L. IIIw.

The Fifth Forms, once relieved of examination strain, each presented a play. The choice of VA was "Iphigenia" and in great contrast to this VB presented the "Great Tom Thumb." Owing to the inclemency of the weather these plays had to be performed in the Hall.

Prize-giving on Saturday, September 17th, was a highly successful function, thanks to the weather and to the vivacious charm of the speaker, the Rev. Canon Gillingham.

By this time the Blanche Hewett Memorial Scholarship Fund was approximately £500 and it was decided to hold a Fun Fair and Bazaar to raise this sum to £1,000, the amount required to make a Scholarship possible. This took place on October 15th and consisted of a Bazaar in the Gymnasium, continuous entertainment in the Hall and the Greek Theatre, and side shows in the Form Rooms and on the Netball Courts. The festivities continued during the evening with a Whist Drive and Dance. By these united efforts a most gratifying sum was

raised, and thus we hope that our total of £1,000 will soon be obtained.

M. GRACEY, (VI).

Prizes.

We should like to congratulate the girls in the following list:

LONDON UNIVERSITY.

Higher School Certificate (Group B) and Intermediate Arts: Margaret Gracey.

Higher School Certificate (Group B): Gwen Davies.

Subjects to be added to General School Certificate: (Art), Valerie Gardiner; (French), J. Street; (Chemistry), J. Lyons.

General School Certificate and Matriculation: Dinah Adams, Joyce Collins, Avril Dankworth, Joyce Faber, Joyce Gerdes, Mavis Good, Audrey Gooding, Marjorie Haines, Esmé Lawler, Phyllis Male, Kathleen Osborne, Gwen Owen, Joan Pilley, Enid Pond, Betty Read, Pat Redman, Catherine Rhodes, Dorothy Stephens, Beryl Titheradge, Kathleen Wildman.

Matriculation: Isabel Ross.

General School Certificate: Grace Bird, Ena Cooper, Elsie Cubberley, Muriel Dru, Ada Enders, Joyce Evans, Olive Green, Daisy Johnson, Hilda Kirk, Vera Lee, Joyce North, Olive Place, Irene Radley, Kathleen Reaney, Marion Scott, Madge Taylor, Irene Wyeth.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF ARTS.

Stage I. Book-keeping, Type-writing and Shorthand: Olive Dench, Irene Dixon. Book-keeping and Type-writing: Edna Murrell.

Stage II. Type-writing and Shorthand: Olive Dench, Irene Dixon.

THE ASSOCIATED BOARD OF THE ROYAL SCHOOLS OF MUSIC.

Lower Division. Passed with Credit: June Keen, Beryl Sharp.

SCHOLARSHIPS.

Essex County Major Scholarship: Valerie Gardiner.

The Bazaar and Fun Fair.

ON Saturday, October 15th, Mrs. Stuart Mallinson, accompanied by the Mayor, Alderman Mrs. McEntee, opened the biggest Fete the School has ever known.

Everybody had been frantically preparing for months beforehand, although most of the preparations had been hindered by the crisis. The united efforts of the School, the Parents and the Old Girls, were entertaining, original and most successful.

In the Gymnasium we had twelve stalls; all were beautifully decorated and loaded with such attractive and really desirable merchandise that it was difficult to get in or out of the Gymnasium; in fact any first-class London Store might well have envied the efficiency of the organisation, the quality of the goods and the persuasive charm of the vendors.

In the Hall was a non-stop variety of shows, dancing display's by the School-a concert by the O.G.A. and O.M., an amusing entertainment by Mr. and Mrs. Raper and a really spectacular melodrama, "Maria Martin" or "Murder in the Red Barn," by the O.G.A. and O.M.

Outside, our enterprising parents (those with the loudest voices) induced poor deluded

visitors into spending innumerable pennies and getting very little in return.

The Girl Pipers from Barking entertained delighted audiences in the Greek Theatre; while the Monoux Boys gave a perfectly timed display of ju-jitsu, the "noble art of self defence," on the top netball court.

Perhaps the most original shows were those in the Form Rooms. You could have your fortune told, fish in Isaac Walton's fishing pool, or race cars along marked out tracks without walking more than a few yards. Or, if you felt in need of a rest with a book, in the VIth Form Room, it was possible to buy anything from Ethel M. Dell at 2d. to an illustrated Shakespeare at 2s. 9d.

The catering department, which is of course the most important part of any such festive occasion, was a model of efficiency, thanks to the Parents' Association, the Staff and the O.G.A. Cups of really hot tea could be obtained in the Studio or from a marquee on the front tennis court. The marquee was a great success with its decorations of green and yellow bunting, and the two evergreens in pots at the entrance. In fact my happiest memory of the occasion was a tea consisting of two home-made sausage rolls, a bun and various cakes.

It was altogether a really grand day on which everybody worked extremely hard and fully deserved the successful result.

J. E. M. (*Form VI*).

With apologies to "Coalite"

PA: Wonderful dog show the other day Martha!

JUNIOR.: Did you win Dad?

PA: Hmph! haven't you heard mother tell you it's past your bedtime?

DOREEN COLE UIVW



The Dog Show.

NEARLY seventy dogs marched upon the High School on the evening of November 17th, leading their "Masters" captive to the Dogs' Battlefield. The password was, "Remember-No Scrapping."

Caesar, reinforced by Whisky and a Brigadier, was followed closely behind by a Prince and a Scallywag. The effect was superb. Every assortment of bannered tail waved aloft, every canine eye flashed again. Then assured of a bloodless victory by the complete surrender of the featherless bi-peds to the effortless superiority of canine charm, the entire invading army kindly consented, at Miss Hooper's suggestion, to parade their "Masters" before the Olympian eye of Mr. J. Roster Latham.

With an air of indifference they watched pieces of variously coloured pasteboard being bestowed upon the so-called owners of dogs, and then, calling it a day, they gently but firmly led their captives once again back into captivity.

A. H. P.

The Laboratory

("I have been so great a Lover," -RUPERT BROOKE.)

And I can cry with him, These things I love –
Bright-shining benches, beaming as they stand
With windows in their depths; and, arched above,
Taut question-marks of iron cold to the hand,
Their secret but half-kept, as from the gloom
One winking 'prisoned globule strives to fall,
Suspended quivering from its metal tomb.
I love the rows of shelves about the wall,
Glass-covered and be-labelled, where they bear
Thick-clustering bottles. Some are dark and brown
And blues look green through them, and scarlets wear
The curious shade of leaves that flutter down
Like birds with tired wings. But some are clear
As water in a beaker, and reveal
Warm crimsons, and the sober browns that peer
Through flaunting orange powders, to conceal
Their lack of colour. Then there is the shade
Of glowing copper – neither blue nor green,
And cow-slip yellow that can never fade.
Now some are crystals, with a glinting sheen,
And some dull powders, sanded, and opaque,
But all I love.....

And lovely too are these:
Rainbows in prisms; the sound that burners make
When lighting, like the popping pods of peas;

Flat shining pools of liquid mercury;
The light and shade on flasks, or any glass
That's blown in curious shapes; the lazily
Curved swan-necks of retorts, where fluids pass
To writhing veils of vapour; and, at last,
The little pangs of weariness that stab
When poison's under key, the locks are fast,
And darkness dims the lustre of the lab.

Francis, D. (Form VI).

A Chord of Time.

In this instant
All that is moving
Driving or driven-
The new created song
That is the thrush's Matins
Rising to heaven,
And dull and long
The first slow beats
Of power after the still night
Swinging to motion;
The wind with light
Voice teasing the flowers into dancing;
Men's voices and the whistle of a boy;
This moment cry together-
A discord moving towards harmony,
The world's thin clamour rises to the stars,
Whose movement in the sky
Sounds to that great eternal symphony
That is the ancient music of the spheres.

SYLVIA GOULD (O.G.A.).

Day and Night.

The night is kinder than the day.
Soft lights and softer shadows fall
At sunshine with the starlight's meeting.
And sleepy dreams come in and call
A sleepy tune to my heart's beating.

The night is kinder than the day.
For with the sun's awakening glow,
A thousand fed come out a-walking,
And as he mounts up higher, so

A thousand voices start a-talking.
And talking voices, walking feet
Crowd on me, all my dreams dispelling,
And harsher tunes take up the beat,
Louder still and louder swelling.
And the daylight spreads about,
Into every corner creeping,
Searches till she finds me out,
Mocks my laughter, scorns my weeping.

The night is kinder than the day.

Softly gliding though the treetops,
Gently falling on the housetops,
Making silhouettes and shadows,
Silently she passes by.
Opens wide the bolted door
For the army of my dreams escaping:
And we watch them there together,
Watch them fading, watch them shaping.
The darkness stands on guard for me.
Leaves me to my silent weeping,
Leaves me to my silent laughter,
Leaves me to my peaceful sleeping.

The night is kinder than the day.

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

Imagination.

WHAT is Imagination? So many people ask that and yet, so few can answer it. The Oxford Dictionary says that it is "the action of forming a mental concept of what is not actually present to the senses; the mental consideration of actions or events not yet in existence." That is the actual definition of it, but that does not satisfy someone who is endeavouring to find out what it is. The answer for them is more the answer of Joubert, "L'imagination est l'œil de l'âme." But just as we judge people by their actions, so the best way to find out what an idea is, is to find out what it does. What does Imagination do, and what is its place in the great events of the world?

Before a person creates, he must imagine. The artist must imagine the picture, before he sits down to paint it; the poet must imagine his poem before he can write it; and the musician must imagine his sonata or opera before he can compose it.

Of course, imagination is not the only thing needed, I might imagine a wonderful picture; indeed, I might have as much imagination as a Rembrandt or a Titian, but because the people I draw are not recognised as people by others, or because I do not know the rules of perspective, I am not a great artist. But, if I had learnt the rules of perspective, and could draw people so well that others thought they were real, and yet I lacked imagination, I should be far from being a great artist. Indeed, imagination is the most important factor in the make-up of a great artist, or a poet, or a musician for that matter.

But, although we connect these arts with imagination especially, everything that is worth doing must have imagination behind it. The first person to fly had to imagine he could

fly like the birds before he built an aeroplane. Drake had to imagine that the world was round before he sailed round it; Edison had to imagine the telephone before he made it; and Stevenson had to imagine a train before he attempted the "Rocket." Even in the earliest times some man must first have imagined building a house before he built it, and some one must have imagined roasting his meat instead of eating it raw (unless Lamb was right). Even modern machinery has the romance of imagination behind it. But the subject most associated with imagination is, of course, Poetry.

Novelists have imagination, but they usually have material on which to plan their characters, but poets really do

"Give to airy nothing

A local habitation and a name."

Shelley, the most imaginative of poets, says in his Ode to the West Wind,

"Drive my dead thoughts over the Universe

Like withered leaves to quicken a new birth.

. . . Be through my lips to unawakened earth

The trumpet of a prophecy!"

This is the poet's spirit—the spirit of romance and imagination. Sometimes in poetry you get the sheer romance of Imagination, as in Coleridge's *Kubla Khan*, and Stevenson's

"I will make you brooches and toys for your delight

Of bird song at morning and star shine at night.

I will make a palace fit for you and me

Of green days at forest, and blue days at sea."

One of the reasons why poetry is so associated with imagination is because every poet is an idealist. All idealists have imagination; more than is good for them, think some people. The greatest idealist of all had marvellous imagination, more than anyone else who has lived "And they shall beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning hooks! Nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."

But there are some prosaic people who laugh even at this marvellous piece of imagination. Imagination is only meant for children, they say. They are the people who condemn Alice in Wonderland and the Water Babies as idiotic. But what a host of things do they miss. They miss all the wonderful worlds that we, who have imagination, can live in. Their life is, as Mr. Mantalini said, "one demd horrid grind." They have not the pleasures that the imaginative person has, and furthermore, they have not the power.

Wordsworth speaks of "the mightiest lever known to the moral world, Imagination." And Napoleon, the mightiest of all men, said, "C'est l'imagination qui gouverne le genre humain." And he certainly was right. Without Imagination we would have no books, music or art, in fact no civilisation worth the name. When one bears this in mind one can see that Imagination is the most important force in the world.

KATHLEEN WILDMAN (VI).

Ballet in France, 1937.

(The Story of a Holiday.)

JOAN BARRETT spent five weeks, from July 24th to August 26th, touring with the English ballet dancing company of the Mercury Theatre organised by Madame Marie Rambert. I went with Joan and the company on this tour, enjoying myself enormously helping the Wardrobe

Mistress, and exploring the interiors of French theatres.

The company, the first English company to tour France, spent a day in Paris at the Exhibition, two weeks at Nice, went inland to Vichy, south again to Sète near Spain on the Mediterranean, along the Pyrenees to Pau and Biarritz, then north-west to La Baule, and concluded the tour at Deauville on the north coast. Joan and I had many amusing adventures, and have one vivid recollection of awaking in a Paris express at 3 a.m. with ten francs, no passports, no tickets, but grasping the keys of the wardrobe baskets, to find that the rest of the company had disappeared on to another train travelling in the opposite direction; of how the French passengers rocked with laughter at our predicament and helpfully explained to the guard that neither Joan nor I were Spanish refugees; and how, with seats aching after thirty-six hours of continuous travelling, we missed our final station.

The leading dancers in the company were Maude Lloyd and Prudence Hyman, Walter Gore and Frank Staff. Bentley Stone, a most entertaining leading dancer from the Chicago ballet company, was with the company on holiday, but could not resist joining in. He created a new ballet "Pavane," to the music by Ravel. The company were privileged to see the first performance of this ballet at Biarritz, Maude Lloyd and Bentley himself dancing the two roles with perfection of grace and rhythm. The most popular ballets were "Bar at Folies Bergère" with music by Chabrier, "Façade" with music by Walton, "Hèbé" with music by Bloch and décor by Benois, "Les Sylphides" (Chopin) and "Lac des Cygnes" (Tchaikovsky). The theatres varied from the luxurious stage at Vichy, as large as Covent Garden with a solid cyclorama raised and lowered by machinery, a perfect floor surface that made Joan float on air, and an audience (somewhat hampered by its jewellery and evening dress) that clapped politely to the tiny bolt-ridden stage of Sète, with its promenade and café table audience of Spanish-French peasants, who showed great enthusiasm.

The ratio of wealth to enthusiasm is always an interesting study—*it* seems to hold good that the less of one, the more of the other.

But however varied the theatres and audiences, three things were always assured—French courtesy and friendliness, exquisite cooking and almost identical French "dressers." These formidable old ladies of the dressing-room—withered, stuck with pins and cottons, with wispy grey hair, bent spectacles and very strict ideas on Trade Union hours (no work from lunch to 5 p.m.—and a very good idea too) reminded us of the French revolution. For the first two weeks at Nice the company worked very hard. There was a rehearsal and "class" (i.e., bar practice for technical accomplishment) every morning, and performances in the late afternoon and evening.

It was always a delight to watch "Madame" (Mme. Rambert herself) take a rehearsal. Her patience soon exhausted, she would pour forth fluent invective at an unfortunate sun-tanned "Sylphide":—"You roasted cab-horse—you have not the *brain*, you have not the *grace* of the new-born chicken." But she was an expert teacher who worked untiringly for perfection. Spare time was spent in bathing in an unbelievably warm turquoise sea under a turquoise sky, or exploring the breath-taking Cézanne country with its pink mountains and blue-green palms. It was like the land of the Lotus-Eaters. The "dreamful ease" of the day contrasted strangely with the energy of the evenings. Usually six ballets formed one programme, so that the wardrobe mistress was very busy. I learned (at long last) to excel at looping hooks and eyes and doing quick repairs—a torn strap, a split shoe ribbon, or a gaping glove, but must confess I suppressed a little pang of regret when I actually *pinned* wings on to Sylphide dancers—it is thus that one's illusions are buried for ever.

After the third week, spent in travelling north to Vichy and south to Sète, a genial holiday spirit spread through the company, no doubt as the result of the perfect food, plentiful wine, the everlasting sunshine and French gaiety. Everyone revelled in the burning calm of Sète, with its university tucked away in the slums, its cathedral decked with washing,

its dark-skinned Spanish peasants and fishermen; in the morning beauty of the Pyrenees as we passed Lourdes in the train, and the terraced hill of Pau facing row on row of mountains along which sheet lightning flamed for hours; in the blood, heat and sand of the bull-fight at Bayonne; in the joy of being thrown and staggered by the surf at Biarritz; and in the full moon over horse-riders on unending sands at La Baule.

Now, in 1938, memories of the tour come back in flashes-of rotund Papa Volnay at the hotel in Nice handing us countless little fans for the midday siesta; of the pungent odour of garlic-cum-greasepaint spreading through the wings of the theatre after dinner; of cointreau and picon-grenadine drunk in the small hours under a velvet sky, of the French peasant who opened a portmanteau filled with thirty hard-boiled eggs, several legs of cooked chicken, two large Camemberts, a garlic sausage roll and two bottles of wine-opened it at 3 a.m. in a packed train and shared his feast with us; of sleeping on a table and in a bathroom, of rows of pink tights on the washing line, of cloud scenery descending and ascending at inopportune moments in "Hébè," and of an old fat woman singing joyfully-

"Mon petit ventre, réjouis-toi

Tout ce que je gagne

Est pour toi!"

all memories that seem like a fantastic dream now, in cold misty London.

EUNICE HOLDEN (*O.G.*).

At School in Palestine.

IT was a lovely morning in February, and the sun shone down brightly on the domed roof of the Mosque of Omar in Jerusalem.

All the way from Tiberias on the shores of the Lake of Galilee, we had been closely guarded by an escort of soldiers until we reached the outskirts of Jerusalem, and now we had just reached the New City of Jerusalem.

"Eged" buses are the only means of transport from Tiberias to Jerusalem, and as the drivers were Palestinians and could not speak English, we were very bored by the time we tumbled out at our destination after five and a half hours run along bumpy roads, and through wild, rugged, barren scenery.

We had decided to come because we had heard that the nearest British school was in Jerusalem, and so it was to the Street of the Prophets that we wended our way first. Miss Landau, the Head Mistress of the Evelina De Rothschild School, arranged that I should begin school that morning, and it was with a deep feeling of curiosity that I met my new school companions. I was surprised to find that most of girls at the school spoke almost perfect English, and after my experience in Tiberias at a typically Palestinian school, where I had not been able to understand a word that was spoken, it was very pleasant to be able to converse in my native tongue again.

Lessons were much the same as in England, except that half of the lessons were entirely in Hebrew. Shorthand, Typing, Book-keeping, Arithmetic, Geography, History, English, Hebrew, Arabic, and a few other were the subjects we studied, while the Matriculation class took Chemistry as well.

One morning, as I was walking through the Arab quarter to school, a shot rang out, immediately followed by a dull explosion. We hurried as fast as we could to the safety zone, and noticed several cars full of policemen dashing away at top speed towards the Old City. After school that afternoon we heard that a man had been killed near the Jaffa Gate and a bomb thrown in Jaffa Road, which was about two hundred yards from where we had been.

That night we had curfew, and armed watchmen patrolled the streets.

The Coronation Day of King George the Sixth was a joyful day for us. Most of the seniors were Guides and Rangers, and in the morning there was a grand procession of troops from different parts of Palestine in which we were allowed to participate, much to our delight.

It was a sad day for me when I received a letter to say that we were to leave sunny Palestine, and journey northward to a cold and bleaker climate. I bade farewell to my friends who came to see me off with sadness, but one day I shall return. I now find myself at the Girls' High School, and who knows whether I may one day be writing about it also as one of my many adventures.

In Palestine the only greeting heard is "Shalom," which is Hebrew for peace. May all who dwell and have dwelt in Palestine live in Peace.

HONOR LEVINE (*Vb*)

The First Christmas.

Outside the night was dark and cold,

Inside a lamp burnt low;

Near to Mary, Joseph sat,

His face brightly aglow,

For in her arms so peacefully

A baby boy lay there.

He had by God been chosen

To teach mankind of Prayer.

Then suddenly they heard the sound

Of many tramping feet,

And Joseph hurriedly arose

Those wondering men to greet.

And so all night men came and went

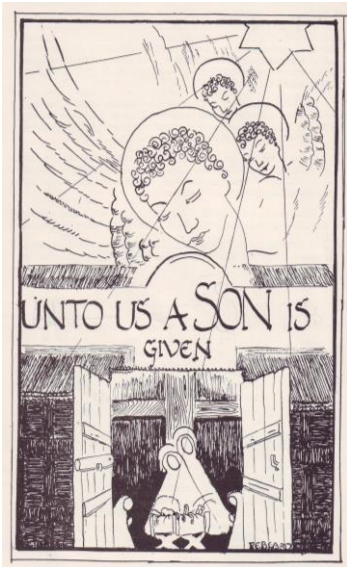
To worship Jesus there,

While Mary sat contentedly

Inside that stable bare.

OLIVE REANEY (*Form L. IVh*).

UNTO US A SON IS GIVEN by R. E. BEARD.



“Christmas?”

Characters: A Reverend Gentleman (middle aged).

Joseph. A Doctor (middle aged).

Mary. John, the doctor's son (about twenty).

Scene: A comfortably furnished room with a small standard lamp in the right corner and a table around which the three men are sitting, to the left.

Doctor: Well, you can say what you like, but I fail to see why any sane person should celebrate Christmas. If for centuries people with no knowledge of science have believed these "miracles" and have blindly followed even to death people as crazy as themselves, surely that is no reason why we who have now come to our senses should celebrate the birth of a child. Why it would be more sensible to celebrate the birth of the child, who has just been born, in my hospital, under the most advanced conditions in the world.

The Reverend: Well, I must say you don't spare my feelings much when you talk about those crazy people. But seriously though, omitting the circumstances of the birth which was in itself a wonderful thing, you cannot be blind to the fact that because of the Birth a new social order has been created on the earth. Can you trace any good thing in existence to-day which has not been helped directly or indirectly by Christianity?

Doctor: Well, I suppose you have your point of view even though I can't see it. I expect my son will agree with you, too. "Like father, like son," certainly doesn't apply to us.

John: No, I don't agree with either of you. I certainly think that we ought to celebrate Christmas, but my reason is far simpler than yours. I celebrate Christmas because one night a humble, kindly woman gave birth to the Son of God. Surely you can imagine the scene—a

bright, starry night, Mary and Joseph have turned from the Inn

(While he has been speaking the lights have been lowered and the three men cannot be seen now. On the opposite side of the stage, by the light of the standard lamp, Mary and Joseph are seen to enter.)

Mary: Oh, I am weary! I feel I cannot reach the stable.

Joseph: Lean upon me—we have not far to go. Oh! it was cruel of the innkeeper to turn us away.

Mary: Nay, Joseph, rather it was kind that he should lend to us his stable.

Joseph: Why, you are so kind yourself, that. . .

Mary: Hush, Joseph, look at your feet—a tiny bird. Oh! the poor little thing, it's wing is broken. Give it to me, I will take care of it, for if it stays here it will surely die.

Joseph: Why, then, here it is, though you are in need of help more than this bird.

Mary: Nay, Joseph, nay, see how the little thing flutters in my hands—poor dumb creature, let me bless you—many strange people have sought my blessing to-day. Behold, I bless you in the name of Him who is to be born to-night! See, Joseph, he is still. He knows what that great star above us means. He understands far better than we, how the all-conquering love of the Child will enfold everything, from the lowest beast of the field, to Caesar, whom we all hate. He, too, can understand why it must all end in the greatest Sacrifice that the world has ever known. See, he sleeps, his tiny flutterings have wearied him.

Joseph: Come, you too are weary and in need of rest.

(They go out, the stage becomes light once more. The three men stir themselves as from a dream. John rises abruptly and strides out.)

Doctor: The boy is too imaginative. Yet I suppose Christmas has its uses—people must rest from their daily round sometimes.

The Reverend: You can't call a boy imaginative simply because he does not agree with you. Why, he is still young; when he has become a little older and learnt more of life he will most probably forget his imagination and become a useful member of society. (Curtain.)

L. BLENKO (Va).

Reflection.

We will forget to reason for awhile,
Now in that half-light
Between our acting and our dreams,
And think only of those bright jewels
Tossed gaily in the hand of memory;

Dragon shapes of firelight moving,
And laughter like the light sound of spoons
Clattering in saucers;
A Spring-crowned almond-bough
Outstretched
Between the window and the sky.

In my mind a crisp cloud shapes itself
To drift like foam,
Slowly, upon immeasurable blueness,
And I watch the sun-strewn diamonds
Flame in the thousand-shadowed summer sea-
Serene, untroubled loveliness,
Too calm to reach that nearness to perfection
That lifts the heart to sorrow.

There is the remembering of books-those times
When the mind has curved over their beauty
And fingers have rejoiced at the touch of the pages.
We recall
Those times when almost all our restless beings
Were emptied of everything but music
Or the quick rhythm of a picture.

We have had much prosaic happiness,
Have laughed and shouted at absurdities
With others of our age.

Procession-like there file across our dreams
The memories of people who have passed
Lighting a glow of pleasure.

So we dream-quietly and half-hoping
That our whole lives, longer perhaps than dreams,
may flow a constant, tranquil stream
Escaped from fear-and pass
The same, yet with some change
Of form and harmony.

S. GOULD (O.G.)

A Flock of Winds Came Winging From The North: A Phantasy.

I STOOD upon a hill. Behind me lay the world of men with its close-packed dirty streets, its shrieking sirens and tall chimneys belching smoke and all the mad whirligig of life; and as I stood upon that hill, a flock of winds came winging from the North, and, passing, bore to me the sound of far off temple-bells. While yet I heard them echoing in my brain, a ghostly mist enshrouded from my sight the harsh outlines of an English winter landscape, and I was alone between the grey sky and the grey carpet of the mist. I was afraid.

As I stood in the midst of this awful loneliness, I heard the dull beat of far-off galloping hoofs, and along the dreary sameness of that grey carpet swept a band of horses with heads flung high and flashing eyes. They too were grey, one with the mist and the sky. They passed and the quiet settled heavily once more. I waited in that grey place for the unknown thing

whose coming had been heralded by the winds and the hurricanes; and then it came.

Down that long grey passage he thundered in his gleaming chariot, and the walls caught and threw back the sound of its going. He was bathed in fire, and the burnished brass of the chariot reflected and magnified his burning shroud. As he passed, the blood dried in my veins and I stood long after he, the sovereign Sun, had passed to complete his daily journey across the sky.

Slowly the blood commenced to pulse once more, and then, fully recovered, I looked around. Gone was that awful greyness and deathly quiet; in its place the homely earth with its ritual of familiar sights and sounds.

H. MARTEN (Va.)

A Moonlight Escapade.

ONE cool, clear December night, being suddenly filled with a desire for adventure, I left my home and, guided by some unexplainable instinct, wound my way towards School.

The gentle light from the moon and a multitude of stars threw the deserted building into black silhouette against the sky. Somewhere an owl shrieked, breaking the silence with its mournful note.

Then the church clock struck twelve, and, as the last mellow note was echoed, the school seemed to come to life. Lights appeared at the windows, and the sound of laughing voices and noisy feet could clearly be heard.

Fascinated, I crept towards one of the doors, and entered, calling as I did so, to a girl who chanced to be passing down the corridor. She was clad in uniform that might have been worn by a schoolgirl of about twenty years ago, and had two plaits of dark hair hanging nearly to her waist. I called to her again, but she passed on heedlessly, as if oblivious of my presence.

Lured on by curiosity, I followed her into the very Form-room which I myself had left earlier in the day. I cautiously concealed myself in one of the corners, that I might hear the conversation of the lively maidens gathered therein.

They all attempted to speak at once, and seemed interested in many of the same topics as those that please the modern school girl. Fashions, hair-styles, dancing, and to a lesser extent school, with its work and games, were the most prevalent topics. They spoke, too, on the recent armistice which had ended the horrors of war, and possessed views on politics as strong as those of the most ardent politician.

As suddenly as it had appeared this strange scene faded, and the next thing I recall was waking in my own bedroom, with the feeble rays of winter sunshine streaming through the windows. After all the reality of my strange experience I was forced to conclude that it was a mere dream.

Nevertheless, my ideas of the quiet, demure and virtuous maidens of twenty years ago have been shattered beyond repair.

EDNA JENKINSON (*U. IVh.*)

My Dad.

My Dad, like a saucy little lad,
Plays upon his fiddle
And drives us all mad.

Sometimes her plays sad tunes,
And sometimes he plays gay.
But what we like the best of all
Is when he plays "Far Away."

J. NICKLEN (*L Ills*).

Spring.

When Autumn has vanished, and Winter is gone,
And the daffodils lift up their heads;
Then the new little buds put their green dresses on,
And the morning's dew sparkles like beads.

Then when Spring fades away, with her beautiful flowers,
And the daffodils droop down and die;
The birds all sing in a chorus together,
"Good-bye, sweet Spring, good-bye!"

RENA GOODWIN (*L IV s.*)

Our Fun Fair.

People, people everywhere,
In the form-rooms, on the stair.
The Gym was packed to overflow,
The people did not want to go.
They wandered here, they wandered there,
Sometimes stopping just to stare.
In the school and garden too,
A crowd of jolly people, who
Were there to join in all the fun,
As well as get their shopping done.
When they had all that they required,
And they were feeling rather tired,
They found the Art Room, or marquee,
And had refreshing cups of tea.
Yes, all was very bright and gay
On our Bazaar and Fun Fair day.

OLIVE REANEY (*Form L IVh*).

Juvenilia I. The Spies of Jericho.

Characters:-

Rahab-a woman of Jericho.
Caleb & Naban Two Spies of the Israelites

King of Jericho.
Soldiers of Jericho.
Slave of Rahab.
Two Nobles.
Joshua-a leader of the Israelites.

Scenes:

1. Joshua sends his spies to Jericho.
2. King's court at Jericho.
3. House of Rahab.
4. In the mountains.
5. The return.

Scene 1:

There are tents all round in a semi-circle. In the middle there is one big tent specially adorned with coloured cloths. It is Joshua's. Joshua himself is sitting in the tent with the flap open. At a table on either side of him are the spies. On each side of the open flap stands a soldier at attention.

Joshua: I have not called you for any easy task to-night. Tomorrow you must make your way to Jericho, for we must fight that city.

Caleb: That will not be easy, as you say. But, how do we get in?

Naban: Yes, that is the thing to do.

Caleb: Besides, we do not know anyone there who might shelter us if we were in danger. .

Naban: We have heard they have good soldiers that watch the gates very well.

Joshua (angrily): You are mad! Go away now and start to get ready before you have any more doubts.

(Exeunt Caleb and Naban.)

(They are now a good way from the tent and they speak to each other quietly.)

Caleb: He thinks we are his slaves to bow before him, and do just what he says.

Naban: But still, he is a leader and a good one, too.

Caleb: I agree with you. I suppose we must go.

(Exeunt Caleb and Naban.)

Scene 2. The King's court, Jericho.

The king is amusing himself listening to the musicians. Two nobles are walking and talking near him. There are two guards, on each side of the king's throne.

(Enter the Captain. He falls on one knee before the king.)

Capt.: Your Majesty, I have some upsetting news.

King: Well, what is the matter?

Capt.: It is matter enough, sire. Two spies of these Israelite dogs have entered the city.

King: Have I but an army of fools? They do not guard the gates.

Capt.: But Sire, we try our hardest.

King: Go on then, don't stand there telling me about my foolish army. Get those spies. Bring them to me quickly.

Capt. (trembling): Y-yes, your M-Majesty, I w-will go myself.

(Exit hurriedly.)

1st Noble: I should not have thought our army were as dull as that.

King (angrily): How dare you say that about my army?

1st Noble: But Sire, you said they were fools yourself.

King (now more angry): Does it matter what I said? You should not despise the army that has saved our city and perhaps your lives many times.

2nd Noble: Ah well! We have a brilliant king, so we need not grumble.

King (beaming): Ah well! so you have, so you have.
(Exeunt all.)

Scene 3. Rahab's house.

It is nicely furnished. Rahab sits spinning. There is a knock at the door. A slave opens it.

Enter Naban and Caleb.

Rahab: Who are you?

Naban: We are spies from Israel.

Rahab: Well, what do you want?

Caleb: I want you to hide us, for your soldiers are after us.

Rahab (cunningly): Well, you are at my mercy. Now, what can you give me?

Naban: We will give you a reward: we are rich men.

Rahab: I do not want your money, but I shall want something later, for I hear the soldiers coming now.

(She claps her hands. Enter slave.)

Rahab: I want you to hide these men. There is flax on the roof and you can hide them under it.

(Exeunt slave and Caleb and Naban.)

(Banging is heard on the door: enter soldiers.)

Capt.: Now then! Where are they? Give them up.

Rahab: Who? What?

Capt.: You know who I mean. The Israelite spies.

Rahab: What spies? I have not seen any.

Capt.: You lie! They are here

Rahab: I do not lie. They are not here. Search the house!

Capt.: We will. Come men, they are here; they could not get past the men at the gate.

(Exeunt Captain and men.)

Rahab: Well, if they are found-they are. I cannot help it.

Slave: They will not be found, mistress; do not worry.

(Pause. Enter soldiers.)

Capt.: Well, you were right; they are not here. I'm sorry.

Rahab: Yes, you say that when you have finished untidying my house.

Capt.: Well, when we have captured those Israelites, you will be glad you did not help them. The king will murder anyone who did.

(Exeunt Captain and soldiers.)

There is a pause while Rahab resumes her spinning.

Rahab (calling): Come on clown, you two. They have gone.

Caleb: Thank you, we were warm up there.

Naban: When those soldiers prodded us with their spears I was nearly suffocated.

Rahab: Well now, this is what you can do for me. When you make war on us, as I know you will, you must spare me, my parents and relations, just as I have spared you.

Naban: We will do it. But how shall we know the house again.

Rahab: By a piece of scarlet cord which I shall hang in the window.

Enter slave with bag which she hands to Rahab.

Rahab: Here is some food for you. I advise you to spend a day in the mountains before you try to get back to your camp, as they are hunting for you.

Naban: Many thanks, we will.

Rahab: I and my slaves will now let you down from my house on the wall to the other side, where you must hurry to the mountains.

(Exeunt.)

Scene 4. In the mountains.

The scene is round a small cave, with a fire in front. The spies are busy eating.

Caleb: That was a narrow escape.

Nanan: We were lucky to find a friend in such a city.

Caleb: Well, we have food enough for one day.

Naban: This is a good hiding place as well.

Caleb: We are well hidden, but to-morrow we must make our way to camp.

Naban: That will be easy to-morrow; the hunt will have died down then.

Caleb: Good-night, then.

Naban: Good-night.

Scene 5. The Return.

Scene 5 is in the same place as Scene 1.

Joshua: Well, Rahab was a merciful woman to save you when she might have given you up.

Caleb: But still we have to do something for her as well.

Joshua: Yes, I will see it is done.

Naban: And we will go and get some food.

Caleb (yawning): -and sleep. We deserve it.

Joshua: Yes, go. Good-night.

THE END.

Juvenilia II.

The Mystery of the Stolen Emeralds.

Some very valuable emeralds had been stolen from Lady Knightswood. Her house had been searched, but no trace of them could be found, only a pair of red slippers in the corner of the library, where the safe was.

Lady Knightswood was a very stupid person, so, as she treasured the jewels, she asked advice of a priest. This priest was very sanctimonious, for he liked people to think he was holy. He pretended to pray, then said to her.

"A man with a black curly moustache has stolen them, you must find him. He is the thief." She thanked him and went.

India was the country where Lady Knightswood lived. As she passed a shop, she saw a photograph of a Chinese man with a black moustache. Then she decided to travel to China without telling the police.

Accompanied by a few friends she reached China, where there was a great deluge. Her friends and herself were saved from the flood by a man named Fang Wong, with a black moustache. She said to him,

"Give me the emeralds you have stolen." All he kept saying was, "Me no steal, me vellee, vellee good man."

Lady Knightswood had no trouble in finding men with black moustaches, for they were ubiquitous. Feeling very downhearted she returned home.

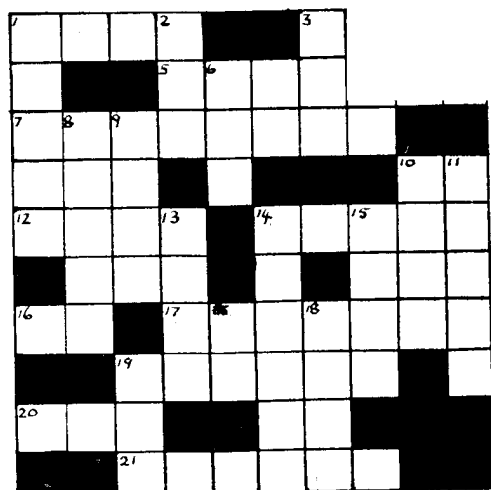
Two or three nights after, she heard a noise in the library. She crept down the stairs and saw a figure at the safe. In amazement she stared at him. Her stare was only transitory, for she took a revolver out of a drawer and shot him.

Lady Knightswood looked at his face, and to her astonishment, it was her husband.

Feeling too frightened to scream, she felt in his pockets, and his only equipage was a box of emeralds.

Knowing she was a murderess she flung the body down the well, and then threw herself down. The police when searching for a figure seen lurking round Knightswood House, saw blood on the well. After investigating they found the two bodies and the emeralds.

They could not solve the mystery, for Lady Knightswood was the only person who knew the thief, and she was dead. How she had died they did not know.



CLUES ACROSS.

- 1.- A burden.
- 3.- Individual.
- 5.- One that travels to visit a holy place.
- 7.- A Gilbert and Sullivan opera.
- 12.- A bill of fare.
- 14.- Hidden; lost.
- 16.- Master of Arts.-abr.
- 17.- Buddhist doctrine (*=I).
- 19.- Outstanding event of the school year.
- 20.- An incrustation deposited on the interior of kettles.
- 21.- To hang over.

CLUES DOWN.

- 1.- The juice of poppies.
- 2.- A spring of mineral water.
- 3.- Girls' High School (mixed).
- 4.- A mineral substance containing metal.
- 6.- Coloured Fluid used in writing.
- 8.- A musical drama.
- 9.- A single ring of a chain.

- 10.- A paradise.
- 11.- Country-like.
- 13.- The largest of the two bones of the forearm.
- 14.-An idiom.
- 15.- The back.
- 16.- Showy.
- 19.- Half of bright.

FRANCES WRIGLEY (*U. IVw.*)

Who Knows?

- Which mistress nearly kissed the porter?
- The girl who mistook a pen-nib for a penguin?
- Who tried to prove the first theory of heat?
- Which sixth former was at school in 1918?
- Which mistress digested the Alpine Horn?

Who Remembers?

- I was a lady?
- My Mistress is a canteen?
- Monkey's jokes?
- Three glasses, that high?
- The man with the bulldogs?
- Alium?

Games Notices.

AT the beginning of this year we lost only two members of our last year's successful Netball team. Our team is now as follows: -P. Peel (shooter), C. Rhodes (attack), M. Good (attacking centre), E. Wall (defending centre), D. Stephens (centre), E. Clarke (goal-keeper), J. Gerdes (defence). Last year the 1st team lost three matches out of fourteen, and so with practice we hope to do well this year. Our Junior teams are also promising, and should be successful this year.

Results of the matches played 1937-38:

	Christmas Term.			
School.	1st Team.	2nd Team.	Under 15.	Under 14.
Latymer	16-13	20-8	40-15	12-19
Coborn	19-12	11-13		
Skinners	22-7	15-7		18-21
Plaistow	28-8	20-8	37-7	31-4
St. Angela's	16-13	7-11	24-9	18-7
Brondesbury	13-13	10-19	32-6	13-15
Easter Term.				
St. Angela's	21-10	30-15	24-9	9-21
Brondesbury	6-10	9-11	11-5	1-10

Latymer	13-8	19-15	37-9	14-11
Woodford Old Girls	12-4	21-9		
Clapton	15-11	19-7	15-9	12-14
Skinner's	14-17	18-11		
Highbury Hill	17-8	17-9		

TENNIS.

Tennis was very successful indeed last year, our couples winning every match.

School.	Results.
---------	----------

West Ham	9-0
----------	-----

Latymer	7-2
---------	-----

Clapton	1st Team	8-1
---------	----------	-----

	2nd team	8-1
--	----------	-----

Wanstead	7-2
----------	-----

Skinner's.	5-4
------------	-----

Brondesbury and Kilburn	7-2
-------------------------	-----

St. Angela's	7-2
--------------	-----

Thanks are due to the Staff for the very jolly games party that they gave the school teams.

The winners of the inter-form competitions must be congratulated.

They are follows:

Sports.-VI. L. IVH. L. IIIw.

Netball.-VA. U.IIIw. L. IVw.

Dancing.-U. IVB. L. IVs. L. IIIs.

Tennis.-VB. L. IVH.

Swimming.-VB. L.IVw. L.IIIw.

DOROTHY STEPHENS (VI, *Captain*).

Hockey Club.

THE number of members this season appears to have increased and for once the Sixth Form has not the most members. Lower IVH holds the record membership, although most of them do make an attempt to leave their experiments for a game.

We have divided the hockey players into Junior, Intermediate and Advanced hockey players, and this might prove a great improvement.

As the field has by no means increased in size since last season, we are still unable to invite other schools to play matches with us, but we are all looking forward to the Hockey Competition which the Sixth Form won last year.

We would like to say how greatly we appreciate the coaching given by Miss Clough. Miss Jacob and Miss Miskin after school three evenings a week.

B. KNOWLES (VI)

School Clubs.

Inter-School Classical Society.

IN the Spring Term a party visited the Ilford High School to hear a lecture by Mr. Hugh Last, on "Recent Excavations in Italy." Having had tea, the party was conducted by a prefect on a tour of the school, and finally assembled in the hall for the lecture.

Mr. Last's talk took the form of a descriptive journey through excavated parts of Rome. Added interest and realism were brought to this by the many lantern slides with which his lecture was illustrated.

Excavators are apparently no longer concerned only with the recovery of cities from the earth. They are now confronted with the clearance of slums and gas-works, which have grown up around all that remains of these ancient forms of beauty. Mr. Last spoke much about the evidence of Early Christianity found there, and finally intrigued us with a word-puzzle, on a piece of plaster which he stated to be the earliest extant manuscript of Christianity.

The meeting for the Summer Term was held at School on May 17th, and took the form of a lecture by Dr. Shepherd on the "Alcestes of Euripides." After our many visitors had had tea and had seen the school and garden, we all assembled in the hall, and waited in expectant silence for the lecture.

We gratefully accorded the lecturer a vote of thanks. Then we hurried home to read the Alcestes in a new light, with fuller appreciation of the subtlety and humour of Euripides.

ETHEL FOX (VI).

The League of Nations Union.

THE League of Nations Union this year is very strong, there being few non-members in the Upper School.

There have been numerous activities during the past year, the meeting during the Autumn Term taking the form of a Debate with Loughton High School, the subject being a topical government manifesto.

During the Autumn Term a party of six went, with Miss Goldwin, to the G.P.O. to see some League films. At the Spring Term meeting these films were shown to the School.

During the Christmas holidays a party of seven gave up four days to attend the London Federation Christmas lectures. The following term an expedition was arranged to visit the Peace Shop of the Chingford Peace Week.

This year we have gained two certificates in the Essay Competition and two prizes in the Poster Competition. Frances Wrigley won the first prize of £5 and Gwen Thomason won a consolation prize of 10s. Frances' poster-Hands in Many Land, Working in Unison was shown at the Glasgow Exhibition.

We feel we have indeed had a successful year.

IRENE RADLEY (*Secretary*).

The Literary and Dramatic Society.

THE Autumn Term meeting of last year was held in conjunction with the Musical Society. It consisted of two 18th century items, the first being a London street scene sung in

mock-operatic manner, and the second a "cut" version of "She Stoops to Conquer," produced by Gwen Mears. The picturesque costumes of the actors, and the obvious zest with which they played and sung their parts were considerably appreciated by the audience.

The following term Mr. Stephen Spender came to give the School a reading of his poems. He read in the modern manner, pronouncing the verse in a tone devoid of expression, but the actual strength and beauty of Mr. Spender's poetry cannot be denied.

Our annual visit to the theatre took place in the Summer Term, when we went to the Open Air Theatre in Regent's Park to see "The Tempest." Storm effects were supplied gratis by benign Mother Nature, but the actors, despite their flimsy costumes were undeterred.

D. FRANCIS (*Secretary*).

The Musical Society (1937-38).

THE activities of the Musical Society during the past year have been very varied. In the Autumn Term we co-operated with the Literary and Dramatic Society in the production of an "Eighteenth Century Evening." The Musical Society gave a recital of eighteenth century songs, which had been collected and formed into "A Street Scene" by Dorothy D'Orsay. The performance was most entertaining, and the audience enjoyed hearing several old favourite's such as "Caller Herrin' " and "Sally in Our Alley." The Dramatic Society acted several scenes from "She Stoops to Conquer," and four members of the sixth form danced a minuet.

The following term, on Saturday, March 12th, three coach loads of enthusiasts went to Sadler's Wells to see the Ballet "Le Lac des Cygnes." We thoroughly enjoyed the Ballet.

In the Summer Term we had the great honour of a visit from Mr. Frederick Woodhouse, the singer. He gave a recital of "Fire Poetry set to Fire Music," a subject which we found to be most interesting and entertaining.

Mr. Woodhouse's recital was composed of four groups: old English songs, old poetry set to modern music, four Irish poems, and modern poetry and music.

Lastly, but certainly not least, we should all like to thank Miss Bean most heartily for the great interest she shows in our Society, and for all her work on its behalf. Our thanks are also due to Miss Eaton, who helps us so admirably.

CATHERINE RHODES (*Secretary*).

Science Society.

DURING the past year the Science Society has enjoyed several interesting and varied expeditions, which have been well supported.

In the Autumn Term expeditions were arranged to the Mint and the Zoological Gardens, as the number of members visiting the Mint was restricted. Three parties of six, one from each upper Fourth Form, visited the Mint. They were shown the whole process of the production of coins, both English and Foreign, from the blocks of metal, and how the coins were counted and packed into bags to be sent to the banks. A large party of members, who were unable to join the parties going to the Mint, visited the Zoological Gardens. The keeper took a number of us into the reptile house. He brought some of the large but harmless snakes out of their houses and allowed us to handle them.

During the Spring Term arrangements were made for a limited number to visit Cadby Hall. The party was conducted by Miss Webb, and was shown how the fruit was sorted and the cakes made and iced. It seemed rather incredible when they told us that 5,000 Swiss rolls are made per hour. The party was also shown how the bread and rolls were made.

On May 21st a party of 64 girls went, with Miss Dennithorne, Miss Clough and Miss

Webb, by private omnibus to Whipsnade Zoo. Great amusement was caused by the antics of the bears and the chimpanzees, while the elephants, lions and tigers also drew the attention of large numbers of the party.

A small party had a delightful visit to the Chelmsford Agricultural Station on July 2nd, as reported elsewhere.

J. K. LYONS.

School Expeditions.

The Paris and Wilderswil Holiday.

WEDNESDAY, the thirteenth of April, in spite of the gloomy predictions of the more superstitious members of the party, dawned calm and bright, and the voyage was accomplished without disaster, though some people may have been seen discreetly slipping anti-seasickness pills into their mouth or concealing lemons in their pockets. It was not until late that evening that we unwedged ourselves from taxis and surveyed the Union Crétien, but it was not too late for us to swallow a hasty meal and begin to explore that portion of the city near our hotel, being of course suitably impressed by the knowledge of those who had visited Paris last year.

Next day we awoke to find Paris not so gay as usual, but defying the mist and the dampness which seemed to have got everywhere, we had a busy day visiting all the places which should be visited and airing our French at every possible opportunity, especially when we were left to shop and when one girl covered herself with glory by asking at a Pâtisserie, "Avez-vous any hot-cross buns?"

The journey to Wilderswil occupied the whole of the next day and we were welcomed to Switzerland that evening by a glowing sunset reflected on the snow of a distant peak.

Now followed six wonderful days with climbs before breakfast, by the side of swift mountain streams, whole day excursions en masse to glaciers, lakes and waterfalls and finally a stroll round the village (where everyone spoke English as well as German) before we went to bed.

Those six days however were soon over and we returned to Paris to polish up our rusty French and once more nervously enter a shop to demand "chocolat" or "timbres."

Two days later we were back in smoky old London giving our parents long descriptions of our many experiences and proudly exhibiting our snapshots, souvenirs and above all our priceless stock nägel.

L. BLENKO (*Va*).

A Holiday in Devon.

LAST Easter Miss Dennithorne took a party from the Upper School to stay for a week's holiday at Combe Martin in North Devon.

On the Thursday before Easter an excited party gathered at Hoe Street Station full of anticipation. We arrived at our Boarding House without mishap after an enjoyable drive by coach from Ilfracombe station, and when we had spent a little time in unpacking we

hastened to explore our surroundings.

The next morning everyone was up early and could be seen scattered on the beach or the surrounding hillsides. After a hearty breakfast, we started to climb Great and Little Hangman, which we accomplished after much puffing and blowing. But when at last we arrived at the top we had a lovely view of Combe Martin nestling round the bay below us, and all around, as far as we could see, stretched the moors and fields.

In the afternoon we went for a drive to Woody Bay and walked down a beautiful winding coastal path to Hunter's Inn. We waited there until Miss Dennitborne arrived to make sure that we had not succumbed to the desire to plunge into the sea on the way, and then we started off at our leisure to walk through Heddon Valley to Heddon's Mouth. Here we scrambled over boulders, and searched under stones for prehistoric relics until it was time to return to the coach with the fruits of our researches, including bunches of primroses which grew profusely in the valley. We were most disappointed when we were told that the bones which we had found were more likely the remains of someone's dinner than bones of prehistoric animals, as we had hoped. On Saturday we had the novel experience of driving through quiet lanes in the early dawn and seeing the sun rise over the distant hills.

For that morning we had been awakened by Miss Dennithorne at four o'clock because we were going to see the Car Trials at Beggars' Roost.

We dressed by gas light with many shivers and glances at the warm bed we had just left. At last, however, having resisted all such temptations, we crept silently downstairs so as not to disturb the other guests and partook of our early breakfast. It was still dark when we boarded the coach and started on our journey. We were wide awake however when we arrived at Beggars' Roost, which even at that early hour was crowded with spectators watching the car trials which were then in full swing. We watched for some time, then went to a cottage for refreshment, in the pretty village of Barbrook, before returning to Combe Martin.

On Monday we spent a delightful day at Clovelly, which we first saw from Hobby Drive as a few houses scattered among the trees. On the way to Clovelly we stopped at Barnstaple Pottery works which were shut as it was Easter Monday, but we were shown round by an old man who had worked there all his life, and he told us several interesting secrets about the making of pottery. On the way home we stopped for a little while at Westward Ho, where the sands seem unending.

On another occasion the sands of Woolacombe gave us an opportunity for paddling, but it was too cold for bathing. Here the sand dunes were a great contrast to the dark rocky coast nearer Combe Martin. The walks to Watermouth Harbour and Sandy Cove gave us an opportunity to see some marine life as we waded in shallow pools, peering into crevices and under rocks to catch some sea urchin unawares.

We spent one whole day in Doone Valley, on Exmoor, where we saw John Ridd's farm, and the church where Lorna Doone was married. On the way there we stopped at Rockford, where we followed a bouldery foaming stream for some distance. We returned via Lynmouth and Watersmeet, where we were given time to see some of the beauty of the East and West Lyn.

We certainly had the most enjoyable holiday possible and we owe it all to Miss Dennithorne and Miss White's carefully planned outings for each day. I am sure that most of us are looking forward to another such holiday next year, with weather just as glorious.

K. REANEY (VI).

Chelmsford.

ON July 2nd, 1938, Miss Dennithorne took a party of girls from the Lower and Upper Fourths and Fifths to see the farms and buildings of the East Anglican Institute of Agriculture at Chelmsford. There we were met and conducted to the Chief Technical Laboratories of the Institute, where we saw many interesting exhibits such as Colorado beetles, cheeses, and a good collection of books in the library. We were shown how butter and cheese are made, and how milk is sterilized by killing all harmful bacteria.

From the Institute we were taken by coach to the Women's Hostel, where we were shown over the house and grounds, and were kindly given refreshments.

Leaving the Hostel we went again by coach to the Poultry Instructional Station; the chief instructress, Miss Lang, said there were almost three thousand poultry in this section. We were all very much interested in the baby ducklings and the four-day-old turkeys, and could have watched them for hours.

At last we all returned to the coach and were taken for a long drive to the Eastern Counties' Agricultural Gardens. While there we went into a glass-house which had a temperature of 100 degrees. Inside there we saw cucumbers, tomatoes, grapes and many beautiful flowers, also some beautiful Peregrine peaches which we would have loved to taste, but we were told they were to be sold at a very high price in the shops.

After we had been instructed in the art of eating maize (what different ways we suggested!) we went for a drive through fields decked with poppies, fields of barley, wheat, black currants and strawberries-to the New Grounds. There we saw many animals: sows, horses and foals, sheep and lambs; also a spring and some beautiful wild roses.

Incidentally we had to scramble over many gates and stiles, but they were worth it.

The New Grounds were our last call. After waving good-bye and thanking the people who had conducted us so well to all these delightful places, we returned by coach to the station-just in time to catch a swift train to London.

We returned home after a very enjoyable time, only wishing we could have stopped longer.

J. NORTH (VI)

U.G.S.

WE tried in 1937-38 to make a special effort in which every girl made a garment for the Settlement. This was very well carried out by some Forms, especially UIIIH and UIII, all of whom sent at least one garment.

Several other Forms did well, but we should like to see a concerted effort from the *whole School*, for at least one year. Why not *this* year? One Form has already made a good start.

There is no doubt from the letters of thanks received that all contributions are more than appreciated.

Thank you for all your past and future help.

F. W. S.

Parents' Association.

THE Association has now completed its third year and continues to cement friendships between parents and staff. Our Dances, Whist Drives and Socials have all been strongly

supported, and the Talk on "Careers for Girls" under the auspices of the Headmistress' Association was most helpful. At our Annual General Meeting we were sorry that extra municipal duties prevented Mr. E. Bell from continuing as our Treasurer, and we thanked him for all his support since the inauguration of the Association. Mr. N. Nation was elected the new Treasurer, and we appeal to all parents to send in their subscriptions for 1939 as soon as possible. An interesting list of engagements has been arranged and we are looking forward to another year of increasing strength and usefulness.

Officers for 1939:

President: Miss M. NORRIS.

Hon. Assistant Secretary: Mr. H. G. HILL.

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

Hon. Treasurer: Mr. N. NATION.

R.E. L.

Gifts.

WE gratefully acknowledge the following gifts:-

Picture of the Caryatids, Epstein's Picture of Epping Forest, Books for the Library, and a Replica of the Royal Seal of Queen Victoria.

Reference Library.

IT is perhaps not realised by all those who use our Library that certain books in constant use have come to us as gifts. Dr. R. W. Chambers gave us his "Life of Sir Thomas Moore," E. V. Lucas an autographed copy of his "Life of Charles Lamb"; the bound volumes of *Iris* were the gift of an "Old Girl," while several members of the Staff and other friends have similarly enriched our shelves. Our special gratitude is due this year to Miss Geake for the presentation of about thirty books belonging to Miss Hewett; these we shall treasure for her sake as well as for their own, and we are glad that we have something so personal as a permanent possession.

W.E. H.

Old Girls' Dramatic Society.

WE started our dramatic year with Masefield's version of "The Witch." In conjunction with the Old Monovians and produced by Eunice Holden, this play was one of our very best efforts. Portions of this play were entered for the British Drama League Competition, in which in our group it came first, and very high up in the divisional section.

At Christmas we had the great privilege of giving a performance of a translation of an old German Nativity play, by the courtesy of the Rev. Canon Oakley, in the Parish Church.

But mundane matters began to press, and after acting the "Poison Party" for a public function and for the Old Girls, we discovered funds were running low so that it was with many misgivings we held our Annual General Meeting this year. After a lengthy consultation and subsequent events we have now managed to pull ourselves out of the mire and take our place among the other Societies who are fighting for an existence.

To begin with, in less than a month we had produced, with the aid of the Old

Monovians, a Variety which was successful both artistically as it was financially.

We then threw our lot in with Androcles and went to join the Lions, after which the cast celebrated with a busman's holiday by going to see a show in Town.

September saw us once again in harness with the Old Monovians, giving a delightful rendering of "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

As a Society we are extremely active and yet I do not feel we receive the fullest amount of support from the Old Girls either by the membership or by their attendance at the various productions.

Please let us see you at our next show, which will be "Hay Fever," on February 11th. Make a note of the date *now*.

Any information as regards joining the Society will be supplied by your ever-willing servant,

V. R. PRIOR, 13, Vallentin Road, E.17.

The O.G.A. Netball Club, 1937-1938.

THE O.G.A. Netball Club had a very enjoyable season in 1937-1938- although, owing to illness, several 2nd team league matches had to be cancelled. The Club urgently needs new members and those interested should write to the Secretary, 93, Gloucester Road, Walthamstow, for further particulars.

F.L. PONTIN.

O.G.A.

Members of the Committee, 1938:-

President: Miss NORRIS.

Vice-Presidents: Miss GOODWIN, MINNIE FOXON.

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

Hon. Secretary: CONNIE PETTIT, 28, Pretoria Avenue, E.17.

Hon. Members: DORA HIGHAM, ITA GILLETT.

Committee: EUNICE HOLDEN, JOAN FARROW (née Oylar), MARGARET ROBERTSON, YVONNE BAYES, CECILIA WHEELER, KATHLEEN HOPLEY, LILY BROWNE (née Stammers), DORIS HITCHMAN, DORIS EVERITT (née Muggeridge), JEANNE KING.

Co-opted Members: Miss PARK. Dramatics; ROSE HARRIS, Netball; RUTH HYATT, Sub-Editor of *Iris*.

Subscriptions are due on January 1st, 1939.

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

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

Wednesday, March 1st.

Thursday, July 6th.

Friday, December 1st.

We have held three Socials this year, the Summer Social including a mixed Tennis Tournament. Although there is a good attendance at the Socials, there is still room for more. Even if you are a very new "Old Girl" or a very old Old Girl, there is sure to be somebody whom you know. So please don't be shy and think, "I don't know anybody there."

The Old Girls "did their bit" in connection with the Fun Fair and Bazaar, taking charge of the Home-made Cakes, Home Produce, and Handkerchief Stalls, and helping with the Needlework Stall.

Names and Addresses of Old Girls who have joined in 1938.

Mrs. Chubb (Clarissa Mathias), Avington, 264, Creighton Avenue, East Finchley, N. 2.
Mrs. Hunt (Winnie Jones), 39, Highfield Drive, West Wickham, Kent.
Mrs. D. E. Thomas (May Phillips), 16, High Terrace, New Quay, Cards.
Olive Abdy, 8, Millfield Avenue, E.17.
Irene Beaufoy, 7, Fleeming Close, E.17.
Rosina Beard, 30, Barclay Road, E.17.
Eunice Baker, 2, Priory Avenue, E.17
Beatrice Chapple, 21, New Road, Chingford, E4.
Ivy Cattermole, 15, Palmerston Road, E.17.
Joyce Collins, 48, Wilton Road, Highams Park.
Edna Crabb, 38, Upper Walthamstow Road, E.17.
Betty Cook, 112, Westward Road, S. Chingford.
Mrs. Dongray (Elsie Lane), 84, Upper Walthamstow Road, E.17.
Elizabeth Daniel, 83, Drysdale Avenue, Chingford.
Avril Dankworth, 16, Hollywood Way, Woodford Green.
Olive Dench, 100, Nelson Road, S. Chingford.
Dulcie Ennever, 41, Hollywood Way, Woodford Green.
Ada Enders, 401, Forest Road, E.17.
Dorothy G. Foster, Hebron High School, Coonoor, S. India.
Audrey Farrow, 42, Grove Road, E.17.
Doreen Finch, 2, Wingfield Road, E.17.
Iris Folkes, 19, Bosgrove, The Ridgeway, Chingford.
Mrs. Margaret Grant, 53, Goldsmith Road, Worthing, Sussex.
Ethel Goddard, 16, Hale End Road, E. 17.
Audrey Gooding, 2, Douglas Terrace, E.17.
Valerie Gardner, 40, Higham Station Avenue, S. Chingford.
Louie Gale, 12, Wingfield Road, E.17.
Peggy Goodman, 138, Belgrave Road, E.17.
Olive Green, 21, Millfield Avenue, E.17.
Margery Haines, 14, Highams Station Avenue, S. Chingford.
Joan Johnson, Lynton, Falmouth Avenue, Highams Park.
Vera Johnson, 52, Edward Avenue, S. Chingford.
Hilda Kirk, 117, St. John's Road, E.17.
Gwendoline Lambert, 34, Dale Gardens, Woodford Green.
Jean Lyons, 39, Shrubland Road, E.17.
Elsa Matthews, 92, Aberdeen Park, Highbury, N.5.
Dora Mitchell, 33, Hollywood Way, Woodford Green.
Gwen Mears, 26, Falmer Road, E.17.
Irene McMahan, S, Cromwell Road, E.17.
Barbara Murch, 26, Rokeby Gardens, Woodford Green.
Gwen McGill, 103, Orford Road, E.17.
Phyllis Male, 84, Pretoria Avenue, E.17
Irene Merrill, 32, Falmouth Avenue, Highams Park.
Gwenda Muir, Tower Hotel, Hoe Street, E.17.
Edna Murrell, 27, Woodside Park Avenue, E.17.
Myrtle Peachey, 38, Wickham Road, Highams Park.
Joan Peters, 20, Wood Street, E.17.
Olive Pett, 62, Heathcote Gardens, Chingford.
Olive Peach, 103, Winns Avenue, E.17.

Joan Pilley, 53, Wadham Avenue, E.17.
Enid Pond, 237, Hoe Street, E. 17.
Edith Rivett, 1, Suffolk Park Road, E. 17.
Pansy Rumph, 7, Leucha Road, E.17.
Marjorie Roebuck, 94, The Avenue, Highams Park.
Lily Rawlin, 155, The Heights, Northolt Park, Middlesex.
Patricia Redman, 111, Hall Lane, Chingford, E.4.
Kathleen Roberts, 14, Gainsford Road, E.17.
Joyce Street, 34, Falmer Road, E.17.
Margaret Turner, 17, Fleeming Close, E.17.
Madge Taylor, 168, Queen's Road, E.17.
G. D. Thomason, 25, Evelyn Road, E.17.

News of Old Girls.

IRENE MARRIOTT is now a State-registered nurse.
IVY BOLLEN is now a State-registered nurse.
WINNIE TURNER is a sister in King George's Hospital, Ilford.
CONNIE TAYLOR sailed on August 10th to be a sister in the native hospital at Sierra Leone.
DOROTHY TAYLOR has passed her M. P. S.
WINNIE TAYLOR is a missionary in the Calcutta Girls' High School.
ELSIE BROWN is a sister at C.M.S. Christ's Hospital, Chacang, Foochow, S. China.
PHYLLIS LOVICK has gained her Diploma in Fine Art.
GERTRUDE WRIGHT is teaching at Chadwell Heath Elementary School.
JOYCE BASS is teaching at Enfield Secondary School.
FRIEDA MIDGLEY is teaching Domestic Science at Dagenham.
KATHLEEN GOODWIN is teaching at the Godalming County School.
WINNIE ABERY is teaching at the High School, Chislehurst.
DOROTHY FOSTER is teaching at the Hebron High School, Coondar, Nilgiris, India.
RUTH HYATT is secretary to the Editor of a new architectural journal called "Architectural Design and Construction."
GWEN DAVIES is at Westfield College, reading English.
EUNICE HOLDEN is to be the Principal Boy in the pantomime at the Unity Theatre.
MARY McGLADDERY is reading Medicine at Birmingham University.
EUNICE BAKER is at Nonington Hall Physical Training College.

University News Letter.

Dear *Iris*,

All former W.H.S.-ites still engaged in the pursuit of learning join with me in sending good wishes to the School.

Muriel Barrett, among the Home Students, is our sole representative at Oxford, where she is reading for an English Honours Degree. Although engaged in taking Pass. Mods. last year, she yet found an outlet for superfluous energy in various games and societies.

Nora Brown, at Newnham College, Cambridge, is working for Part I Natural Sciences Tripos. I have always been told that scientific people have the heaviest time-tables, and Nora assures me that she is no exception. She still finds time, however, not to mention energy, to enter into the college sports, and to support several of the multitudinous college societies.

Although there is a feud of ancient standing between King's College, London, and U.C.-it has not yet extended to Joyce Bard and myself. Joyce, at King's, aims at Geography Honours and Non-Theological A.K.C. (Associate of King's College). She has already passed

the first of three annual A.K.C. exams. Joyce belongs to various college committees, but I have inside information to the effect that her favourite pastime is fossil-hunting. If I were an artist I might insert an illustration here-had I no fear of being sued for libel.

The humble writer of this letter is reading for an English Honours degree at University College-a fact scarcely to be credited when one views the far from perfect prose style here displayed. Any superfluous energy she can discover after her arduous academic labours is expended on various efforts to arouse enthusiasm for the formation of a League of Nations' Society in the College.

Other familiar faces can be seen at U.C. Mary French is continuing her research work in scientific realms, while Valerie Gardiner and Yvonne Martin are at the Slade School of Fine Art, no doubt producing masterpieces after the tradition of W.H.S.

Gwen Davies is at Westfield College, reading for an English Honours degree, while Joan Nation at Goldsmith, is working for her Teaching Diploma-specialising in Art. Joan has already distinguished herself by obtaining a place in the College swimming team. Eunice Baker is a pioneer at Nonington Hall upholding the tradition of mens sana in corpore sano.

That to the best of my rather sketchy knowledge concludes the catalogue of the aims and achievements of my erudite sisters and I am sure that the School sends good wishes to them all.

It would hardly be fitting to conclude this "News" Letter without imparting some of the dark secrets of College life aside from academics, but I hesitate ere I tarnish the dignified reputations of those seats of learning whose thresholds I have never personally darkened. Sufficient to say that college is not as imposing as it sounds, neither is it supported entirely by intellectual props. That statement should kindle a ray of hope in the hearts of present "scholars" who aspire to the higher realms of "students," yet look back regretfully upon their happy Peter Pan existence at school. There are even students at U.C. (tell it not in Gath) who explode squibs in rush-hour in the Refectory, and knock professors downstairs!

However great my inclination to regale you with humorous anecdotes of College life, I fear that it is important upon me to remember that the Universities are, after all, intellectual institutions, and should therefore be preserved from the shafts and missiles of the baser wits.

Yet who desires to confer with the Muses in the festive season?

Even Euclid and Plato beg lean to hang up their stockings!

Merry Christmas!

EDNA TIMBERLAKE.

O.G. Letters.

I HAVE just determined to "take up" German lessons, so that I shall not be an utter ignoramus when I go with my husband and four-year-old twin daughters to Budapest on business next March. I have studied the language a little at home, but with one hundred and one diversions in the home, I am afraid studies are somewhat erratic.

It will take me back-well, some years-and remind me of "Je suis, tu es," etc. (I was at school from '18-'24 and so German did not enter the curriculum.)

Did I hear a rumour of change of cover design for *Iris*. If so, well praise be, for very

soon we shall be entering the "history repeats itself" period regarding hair styles of maidens unless something is done.

PHYLLIS EVANS

I HAVE been going to dancing classes now for three years, and during that time I have been increasingly surprised that so few people from W.H.S. ever find their way to our class-which I can assure you is a most enjoyable one. Remembering, as I do, what unusual opportunities we had at Walthamstow and how girls from other schools used to envy us our dancing lessons, I feel certain that there must be a large number of people leaving each year who would like to keep up their dancing if they know just where to go. I think, therefore, that a little information about my class might be of interest.

It is connected with the City Literary Institute and is held at the Central School of Arts and Crafts, Southampton Row, W.C.1. It's just beside the place where the trams dive underground. The time is from 5.30-6.30 p.m. every Thursday and the fee for the whole year is seven and sixpence. The prospectus and enrolment form may be obtained by writing to "City Literary Institute," The Guildhouse, Eccleston Square, Victoria-or, better still, why not come along one Thursday and watch a class? Visitors are always welcome and I am sure you would thoroughly enjoy it. Alternatively, if anyone cares to write to me at 162, Hoe Street, E.17, I should be delighted to meet them and take them along.

GLADYS METHVEN (O.G.).

THE hospital where I am working is in the Chinese city and likely to be cut off, possibly even in the fighting area. We are preparing for an emergency, laying in supplies of food, fuel, oil, surgical and medical requisites, etc. We have received a small but valuable store of these last from the Lord Mayor's Relief Fund.

It has been a strain this experience of having war creep slowly but steadily nearer to us. Many of the accompanying circumstances of war have come on us so slowly as to be scarcely noticed now, but we are all beginning to feel the effect of the long suspense. The hot weather is discovering our weakness. Perhaps soon we shall be in the plight of Amoy, Shanghai, Naanking, Hangchow and many other cities, with thousands of destitute, bereaved and homeless people. Anyone who knows a little of China can understand what this means-the majority of the population has its wealth in kind, easily destroyed by war on the ground and in the air. Many families not actually in the fighting areas are left without labour to till their fields because the men have had to go into the army. Forced labour and forced taxes are impoverishing all. Then there are fisher folk whose boats have been sunk by Japanese warships and timber merchants who are unable to export because of the blockade. And all this is taking place in a country where millions are always on the verge of poverty, usually in debt, pawning their winter clothes in summer time and vice versa.

This war is teaching China many things, big things, but at a terrific cost. She needs the help you can give. Will you of your humanity, of your Christian charity, give what you can to the China Relief Fund.

ELSIE M. BROWN.

Christ's Hospital (C.M.S.), Foochow, Fukien, China.

UP North where I've been working November 5th is "mischief night" and hooligans do a lot of damage. I had a big window broken even out on the top of the Pennines above Bradford. So I'm hoping things will be less lively here-but Godalming is *very* respectable.

It is primarily a country school, set in acres of what were once rich farm lands, and we have some magnificent trees still, oaks and elms which have been left in the hedges, which are of hazel. The views are superb-through a break in woods away to the Hog's Back. We stand on the summit of a steep hill above the Wey valley on the opposite side to Charterhouse School with its chapel, a great landmark through the magnificent woods which frame this hill.

I was a guest of an old boy and master of Charterhouse last Saturday and I visited with him the whole estate and saw in everywhere, class-rooms, dining-halls, prep. rooms, great hall, and laboratories. They build with stone out of their own quarries. I admired very much their chapel built by Captain Scot as a war memorial. It is one of the loveliest things I have ever seen, and is very light, very lofty, panelled and seated in light oak. I also saw portraits of famous old Carthusians, Thackeray and Baden Powell amongst them.

KATHLEEN M. GOODWIN (*O.G.A.*)

Deaths.

IT is with great regret that we announce the death of GRACE SKILTON in St. Bartholomew's Hospital on November 8th, 1938.

We offer our sincere sympathy to KATHLEEN DAY (née Reeve) on the death of her husband, who died suddenly at Church on Sunday, November 13th.

Marriages.

ESTHER MOODIE to GEORGE EDWARD NORRIS, 11th December, 1937.

MARIAN JONES to THOMAS RAYNER, 8th January, 1938.

DOROTHY ROBERTSON to DANIEL PROCTER, 9th April, 1938.

PHYLLIS GANNON to WILLIAM HERBERT GROVES, 3rd July, 1938.

MAISIE NOBLE to STANLEY G. RAYMENT, 2nd July, 1938.

SADIE ELLIOTT to STANLEY FISHER in April, 1938.

MARGARET BECK to PERCY KENNETH BULL, 3rd September 1938.

VERA TEBBOTH to EDWARD ALBERT WILLIAM MILLWOOD, 10th September, 1938.

MURIEL WILLIAMS to DOUGLAS QUINTON.

JESSIE WARD to REGINALD KIKG, September, 1938.

BETTY WILLIAMS to ERNEST WILLIAM HARRIS, 15th October, 1938.

EVELYN JONES to G. FORD, 21st May, 1938.

WINIFRED BLACKLEDGE to MAURICE WALTON, 30th April, 1938.

ALICE VINCENT to Mr. NUGENT, 2nd May, 1938.

MADGE SHIPWAY to J. E. PATRIC FENN, at Chingford Parish Church, 1st October, 1938.

PEGGY SIMPSON to STANLEY CASH.

LILY HARBER to WILLIAM J. NOLAN, 24th April, 1938.

DORIS SHARRATT to F. MEAD, 25th September, St. Mary's, E.17.

MARGARET BROOKS to PILOT OFFICER, JOHN GRANT, 1st May, 1938.

ENID BROOKS to S. L. LAWS, 17th September, 1938.

HAZEL RUTH JOHNSTON to MAURICE ERNEST VINCENT, on 12th November, at the Parish Church of Aldrington.

Births.

GLADYS SIME (Mrs. Ellis) a son, David, in 1937.

MURIEL FRENCH (Mrs. Fry), a daughter, Althea Elizabeth, 7th December, 1937.

PHYLLIS GANDELL (Mrs. Crook), a daughter, 17th December, 1937.

LOUIE WHITE (Mrs. Dallis), a daughter, Jean Margaret, 20th January, 1938.

EILEEN MINTON (Mrs. Bullivant), a son, 24th March, 1938.

JOAN EMBERSON (Mrs. Dadd), a son, in May, 1938.

DORIS MUGGERIDGE (Mrs. Everitt), a daughter, Judith, May, 1938.

PHYLLIS EDWARDS (Mrs. Pettit), a daughter, Hazel Joan, 26th August, 1938.

MARY CONGDON (Mrs. John), a son, 18th September, 1938.

HELEN BRADLEY (Mrs. Edwards), a son, Brian.

COLIN GOWER, a son, Michael Harry Barton, 3rd February, 1938.

PHYLLIS HUNT (Mrs. Budd), a daughter, Susan Mary, 30th March, 1938.

HETTIE BURR (Mrs. Jesty), a son, Jonathan.

LUCY COY (Mrs. Sorton), a daughter, Cynthia Margaret, 20th April, 1938.

MARGERIE SHEPPARD (Mrs. Hilton), a daughter, Janet.

WINIFRED ASTELL (Mrs. Brame), a son, Keith, January, 1938.

MABEL MECHAM (Mrs. Pollard), a son, Anthony Wilfred, 22nd July, 1938.

MARJORIE GILLET (Mrs. Leaney), a daughter, 21st September, 1938.

DORIS HOW (Mrs. Watts), a son, 12th November, 1938.

NITA LUCAS (Mrs. Anderson), twin daughters, April, 1938, Bergitta Florence and Ruth Marie José.

September 29th 1938 by **Daphne Francis**, V.I.

