

Walthamstow High School Magazine

Foreword

THE most outstanding event of the School year has been the Pageant of the Borough of Walthamstow; it stands out for many reasons, but chiefly because of the spirit of unity and good-fellowship which created and animated its several episodes. The May Day Revels of the Four Hundred were a joy to behold and we offer our heartiest congratulations to the girls who revelled and to the Staff who produced them.

Our beautiful Library and our Laboratory have now become so essential to our School life that it is difficult to believe that a year ago they were only bricks and mortar. Apart from the precious content of the shelves, the peace and tranquillity of the Library are an incalculable boon to the School. To do justice to all the wonders, animal and vegetable, of our new Laboratory would be too much of a strain upon my spelling; you must really come to see them for yourselves!

A Happy Christmas to you all and the best of Good Wishes for 1931.

M. NORRIS

To the School

BOTH sub-editors present to you the twentieth IRIS. They are more than ever conscious of the frailty of her body, and feel that she survives mainly by the strength of her enduring spirit. "Three cheers for the School, Past, Present, and to Come, and so-forward to the twenty-first IRIS."

The Old Girls' Committee responsible for the Magazine are: H. Hilton, S. Foxon, M. Adkins and M. Sheppard. The School is represented by Q. Blench, B. Corbitt, J. Hibbit and G. McFarlane, who compiled the School Chronicle, and collected sixpences.

In the absence of any suitable drawings or photographs, it was impossible to provide the variety of a picture or a photograph page.

The School owes thanks to Forms VA., U. IV A., II., and I., for most zealous contributors, and the magazine has been supported by a pair of very efficient publicity agents in at least one Form.

Both sub-editors join in wishing you all a Merry Christmas.

Old Girls' Editorial

TWELVE months are gone since it was decided that IRIS should become an annual, and as this number goes to press we are once more facing Christmas, that happiest time of all the year. We wish all our readers the merriest Christmas they have ever had, and if there is anything they specially long for, we hope that 1931 will give it them.

It was thought that in order to revivify the Old Girls' section of IRIS, giving it an aspect of brightness, abundance and festivity proper to the season, a competition, which should also serve the purpose of providing contents, might be a useful idea. Unhappily, the response has not in any way repaid the efforts of the committee, and we are faced by a very meagre assortment, and IRIS, hiding her disappointment under a smile of Christmas good cheer, is packed off to the printer with a very small portfolio of selected contributions.

We should like to thank those members who have responded to our appeals. Unfortunately, the canons of good taste, and the necessity for good will toward all men at this season, prevent our making any comment upon those who did not. May their stockings be as empty as the editor's post-bag!

Owing to the limited number of entries submitted for the competitions, no prizes have been awarded.

The Old Girls' Association Officers are:

President: Miss Norris.

Vice-Presidents: Miss Goldwin, and Minnie Foxon, 2, Forest Rise, E. 17.

Treasurer: Itta Gillett, 2, Prospect Hill, E. 17

Secretary: Dora Higham, 111, Church Hill, E. 17.

Assistant Secretary: Ruth Hayward, 214, Colchester Road, Leyton, E. 10.

School Chronicle

SINCE the last Chronicle was written a whole year of our joyous schooldays has irretrievably faded into the past (tragic thought). It has been a year of hard work and relatively few competitions and society meetings, but we have not been too miserable, and now we are all (that is, nearly all) fearfully brainy.

The great event of the Spring Term was the opening of the new biology laboratory and the library. Each Form was taken in turn by Miss Norris on a personally conducted tour round the library and its beauty spots were pointed out and admired. By now we have all found out its value. The new laboratory, too, is appreciated, especially by the many lovers of all things that crawl, or swim, or smell.

The term ended with the Dancing Competition, won by Forms V L., U. III W., and II. The best dances from the competition and the play, "The Song of the Seal," which the Staff produced at the Games Party were repeated in the Summer Term to swell the fund for the maintenance of our hospital cot.

The Summer Term, as usual, was the most eventful, and, for most people, the most enjoyable. During the term Miss Dennithorne took three parties away for week-ends in order to instil some botany into them.

The Fifth Forms went to Headley and the Sixth to Seaford. After the General School Examination, Form VA. produced Yeats's "The Hourglass," and "The Taming of the Shrew," and Form Vb. performed Synge's "Deirdre of the Sorrows."

On Sports Day our luck in weather, which we had come almost superstitiously to rely upon, failed us. The events were interrupted by showers of rain, but nevertheless, no one could call the sports a failure.

This time we tried the experiment of having only one leaving party instead of all the Fifths and the Sixth having separate parties.

Then came the end of term and we sorrowfully bade farewell to the crowds of weeping maidens who were leaving the friendly portals. We were specially sorry to part with Phyllis Woolnough, who has been our Head Girl for two years, and who takes our best wishes with her to Oxford. During the holidays some girls went to Chingford with parties of small children from Stepney schools, and thoroughly enjoyed looking after them and playing with them.

At the beginning of the Autumn Term we were startled by the new appearance of our beloved fireplaces, which were downstairs eclipsed by stoves, and, upstairs, by sheets of green tin. We sorrowfully resigned ourselves never more to toast ourselves on the fireguard, hitherto the social centre of every Form.

We are sorry that Miss Newmarch has been ill this term. We welcome Miss Righton, who has been taking her place.

The Autumn Term began with the Prize-giving, which took place on September 13th, when again the weather deceived us, even to the extent of drowning the chairs in the Greek Theatre.

The Walthamstow Historical Pageant took place on October 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th, when the School produced the episode, "Mayday Revels." The whole School, with the exception of some of the lower Forms, who were comforted with a tea-party, went to see the pageant.

This term some members of the Sixth Form have been to lectures by John Masefield. Another of the Sixth Form's activities

took place on November the Fifth.

And so our busy life runs on. As for knowledge, we can't escape that; as for wisdom, some of us seem to miss it; but as to life, whatever happens, the School gives it to us. We go gaily leaping on, determined to "Strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield."

We congratulate the following girls on their success in examinations held under the auspices of London University:

HIGHER SCHOOL CERTIFICATE AND INTERMEDIATE ARTS:
(Group A) Queenie Blench; (Group B) Blanche Corbitt.

HIGHER SCHOOL CERTIFICATE AND INTERMEDIATE SCIENCE:

(Group D) Edna Knowles, Olive Lothian, Grace McFarlane.

HIGHER SCHOOL CERTIFICATE: -(Group B)

Peggy Rainer; (Group D) Winnie Aberly; (History) Marjorie Lord.

GENERAL SCHOOL CERTIFICATE AND MATRICULATION:

Mary Back (Distinction in History), Ethel Britton (Distinction in English and Mathematics), Rose Brazier (Distinction in History and Chemistry), Elsie Burkmar, Mary Chambers (Distinction in French), Vera Conway (Distinction in Latin and French), Margaret Dallas (Distinction in Latin and French), Marie Danger, Elsie Driver (Distinction in Mathematics), Connie Gannon, Joan Hibbit (Distinction in History and Latin), Gladys Keith (Distinction in French), Kathleen Last, Jessie Liggins (Distinction in History and Chemistry), Kathleen Lucas (Distinction in Mathematics), Kathleen Robertson (Distinction in Mathematics and Chemistry), Elsie Russill, Dora Samuel (Distinction in Mathematics), Elsie Sanders, Joyce Sharp (Distinction in Mathematics), Doris Sheppard (Distinction in Mathematics), Margaret Stokes (Distinction in Mathematics).

GENERAL SCHOOL CERTIFICATE:-Gwen Jones (Honours Certificate, Distinction in Religious Knowledge, French and Music), Winifred Aldridge, Ethel Anning (Distinction in Mathematics), Enid Bass, Ethel Coulse, Gladys Donovan, Marjorie Durrant, Marjorie Fleming, Margaret Gill, Marjorie Herridge, Beryl Hewett, Ethel Hollingsworth, Doreen Honour, Kathleen How, Hilda Oliver, Jeanne Payling, Nellie Querney (Distinction in Music), Jessie Spratt, Jessie Ward.

We have much pleasure in congratulating Phyllis Woolnough on obtaining a County Major Scholarship, offered by the Essex County, and we are delighted to record the following successes of the Old Girls:-

LONDON UNIVERSITY: - B.Sc. Botany Honours (Class II), Mary Spratt. Gold Medal for Botany awarded by University College, Mary Spratt. L.L.B., Dorothy Warren.

Intermediate Arts:-Mary Selway.

Intermediate Science:-Nellie Quinton.

Scholarship for German awarded by University College: Muriel Williams.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY:-B.A. English Honours' School, Sally Owen.

PHARMACEUTICAL SOCIETY:-M.P.S., Holly Gaze.

Christmas.

I HAVE no excuse for writing about Christmas, but the keys of my typewriter, as though garlanded with invisible holly and mistletoe, insist upon doing so.

I remember so well, a Christmas many years ago, when I was a child. Christmas Eve stands out so vividly that I think of it with a keen yet regretful pleasure, that is almost a pain. I had been ill with some minor childish ailment, and was faced by the horrid prospect of Christmas in bed. Outside it was foggy and a heavy fall of snow had frozen. Inside my room was cosy, lit by leaping firelight. The two long black stockings banging from the mantelpiece, cast strange, fitful shadows across the ceiling. Normally, I was a nervous child and apprehensive of shadows and sounds, but these were my own stockings. I had seen my mother place them there, and I had no fear of them. Then dancing shadows were company and gave the room such a friendly air. I believed implicitly in the Christmas legend and always spent Christmas Eve in a state of keyed-up expectancy more thrilling than anything I have experienced since the years took away the reality of that

jovial red-clad figure, who stole into my room with gifts. Tomorrow would be such a lovely day. Somebody would be sure to send me a book, and I could spend a long blissful day curled up on my pillows in an imaginary world. Perhaps this time my eager request for a real pony would be granted. I had slipped out of bed after mother left me tucked up for the night, in order to repeat and emphasize this particular petition, which had to be said in a small voice as close to the chimney orifice as possible.

I had always been brought up to think of the Christ Child at Christmas time. He was born for me every Christmas night. I used to hope he would not feel cold. This particular Christmas Eve a party of waits outside struck up "On the Banks of Allan Water," and passed from that to "Lead, Kindly Light." Their voices were muted by the fog, and came stealing very sweetly through my window. I remember with what a sense of complete satisfaction I turned over and sank into the sudden sleep of childhood. I was awakened by a terrific clamour at the front door not the postman; I knew his knock, I had lain and listened to it passing all along the street the whole of the day. This was a less official knock, but, somehow, it had a sound of parcels and presents in it. I sat up straining my ears. I heard my mother's steps coming upstairs, accompanied by little feet that pattered and scurried, and were seemingly all over the place. The door opened, and straight on to my bed leapt a wriggling silver puppy. All the way from the North of England, the puppy had come by rail. Carter Paterson had just delivered him. My cup of bliss was almost too full. I decided I must say my prayers all over again, including a specially fervent petition for the welfare of the grandmother who had so enriched me. In five minutes I was asleep again.

Later, I was once more awakened by the strong sense of something being in the room; but as soon as my eyes were properly open, my panic gave way to a sense of complete security. My mother stood at the window. I can still see her dark head against the white lace curtains and the way the firelight danced on the glossy hair. Very gently she was raising the sash to shut out the fog. Outside the waits had been replaced by a Salvation Army band, playing, "Once in Royal David's City." "Oh, mamma!" I said, "have I really got a little dog-or did I dream it?" How gently she replied, "Yes, love, it is downstairs. Now you go to sleep."

Oh! happy, happy days. I'd like to be a child again, just for Christmas.

High-lights.

FIVE windows banish colour with pure light.
The pot gleams bright
And multi-coloured like the daedal earth.
Colour of mirth
Pale elfin green, a mischievous gay hue,
Deep solemn blue,
The shadow of dear Sorrow's tenderness.
Brown earthiness
Of body's striving, weariness, and sleep,-
All these are deep.
And yet the greater beauty's where the light
Shines cleanly white.

JOAN HIBBIT (*Form VI.*).

To Miss Dennithorne.

NOSTOE Chlamydomonas monadina,
Pelvetia canaliculata Cyanophyceae,
Gonium Laminaria saccharina,
Ulva Tetraspora Phaeophyceae-

(This was to have been a sonnet, but, on the whole, it seems wiser to leave it at four lines.)

GRACE McFARLANE (*Form VI.*).

The Prize-Giving.

OUR Annual Prize-giving was as happy as usual this year, despite the bad weather, which prevented us from using the Greek Theatre. Instead, we held the Senior and Junior Prize-givings

separately, in the Hall.

Both performances were begun with our very brisk "music-making." The entertainment this year was curiously varied. There was the dignified beauty of the scene of the parting of Dido and Aeneas; followed by the more static loveliness of the morality play, "Everyman"; lastly there was the lighter relief of the pert little French scene "*Conférence Interrompue*," each in its kind was admirably produced. Miss Norris gave her yearly report and then followed the actual giving of the prizes, when the file of debonair young things moved across that platform.

We were very glad to see Mr. Hamilton Fyfe once more at the Senior Prize-giving, and were all very much interested by his address, and at the Junior Prize-giving we clapped hands with great joy at the good news of Mr. Hewett, that our gymnasium is definitely in sight. We are very grateful to Canon Oakley who gave the prizes and delivered a genial and happy speech at a moment's notice.

Among the manifold cheering which always marks the end of our Prize-giving, we remembered with special enthusiasm the unflinching generosity of our Staff.

BLANCHE CORBITT (*Form VI.*)

The Detecting Instinct.

MISS PINKERTON started it, by finding a toffee paper on the stair. It was from a "Delitefule Tofea Caremel," and Miss Pinkerton was resolved to find the sinful one who had actually DARED to eat a toffee IN school.

Amelia Furtown was resolved to help her. Amelia was long and thin, and suffered from reading too many "Edgar Wallace" books and Conan Doyle's "Sherlock Holmes." She imagined she was like Sherlock, himself. She made her hands tremble nervously and even suggested taking cocaine, but her chum Isadore Alvarado, -who hailed from Mexico, forbade this rather strongly.

She was amazed when Amelia, taking her stamp lens, and dressed in a long flock, flat shoes and a very funny hat, told her that she was about to investigate.

"You didn't know me, did you, Isadore?" she asked, referring to her disguise. (By the way, anyone would have known it was Amelia, who knew her at all.)

"Er - yes, I did know you," said Isadore honestly.

"Ah! that is because we are friends, - no one else would know me," smiled Amelia. "Now will you come round the school with me? I've got some 'Delitefule Tofea Caremels' in my pocket. You introduce me as your aunt, Isadore."

Isadore seeing that a great joke could be got out of it promptly agreed.

Together they wound their way to the first form room.

"This, girls," smiled Isa winking at the girls, "is my Aunt Anna Mary Ann Smythy."

"How do you do, my children?" asked Amelia of the giggling girls. "What are your favourite toffees? I may have some here" and she produced her bag of sweets.

"Ooh, Amelia," said little Joan Allen virtuously, "you would get into a row if you were caught."

"Bah," said Amelia, suddenly concluding that she was recognised. "Come along Isa, we will go to Form II and question them."

The same thing happened there and in the Lower and Upper Thirds. In Lower IVb, however, the girls pretended that they did not know Amelia and promptly told her their favourite toffees.

"Sure - I simply love 'Delitefule Tofea Caremels' (spelt all wrong)," grinned Sadie Mackenzie, an American girl.

"Ah," said Amelia tearing off her disguise, "you're caught - you are the sinful culprit-ah-" in a manner she thought to be very 'Sherlock Holmesfield.'

"Me?" asked Sadie, "what have I done? Why have I sinned? Sure! aren't you going to give me my toffee?"

"No certainly not," frowningly said Amelia. "I-who am out to punish offenders of the school law-to give sweets. Bah," and she frowned a 'Sherlock Holmesie' frown.

"I have not had a toffee for a month," said Sadie, miserably, "I would like one."

"Oh," cried Amelia, "My clue is lost. This toffee paper was picked up yesterday, and you have not had one for a month. Oh dear."

Nobody else in the school seemed to like that kind of toffee and Amelia seemed really lost.

"What did you do with your toffees when you had them, Sadie?" she asked one afternoon.

"Oh, I gave one to Miriam, one to the gardener, and ate the rest myself," laughed Sadie.

"Ah!" said Amelia brightly, and she went to find the gardener.

He was tending his favourite wallflowers when she met him, and he smiled as he saw her approaching, for Amelia was fond of flowers.

"These 'ere wally flowres," he said, "are got a kinder greenfloy on 'em, an' I canna get rid of it. See 'ow it eats their leaves away," and he showed a poor skeleton of a leaf.

"What a shame," said Amelia, "like a toffee?"

"Thank yer, Missie," he said, "I aint 'ad a toffee since yesterday an' that was one that one of the lit'l missies gave me a four weeks ago."

"Yes?" said Amelia, "What do you do with your papers? It's very funny to collect the ways of getting rid of toffee papers. Have you ever tried it?"

"No to be sure I aint," he said, "I allers put moine in me pocket and when I was going upstairs t'other day in the building, I was folding my coat up nice like, and the paper of the toffee I had just eaten muster fell out. I 'ope as none of them there missesses doan' gettin."

So Amelia knew that the mystery was solved, and did not worry over *that* any more.

VERA DENNIS (*Form U.IVa.*)

In the Garden.

ONE hot, sticky day in July, I pushed the last wilted wallflower into a hole provided for it, and swamped the surrounding clay with water. If I had been asked what I was doing, I should have replied:

"Why, I'm gardening!" but I am sure no professional gardener would have recognised my performance. I unsteadily straightened my back, and, taking the watering can in one hand and the trowel in the other, I sprang like a chamois from rock to rock, and gained the ground in safety.

Suddenly something flashed before my eyes.

It wasn't a tennis ball.

It wasn't a grass snake.

It wasn't Miss Dennithorne, come to ask if I would like to plant some more wallflowers.

It wasn't even an overheated gardener, taking a header into the deliciously cool waters of the pond.

Another brown streak!

Then a black one!

Blinking dazedly, I realised that the brown streaks were sparrows, and the black streaks, starlings.

The sparrows hopped to the edge of the water, and, daintily fluttering their wings, indulged in a bath. The starlings, who had longer legs, paddled and splashed in the deeper water.

What a quibbling and squabbling! What a rustling and whistling! How delicately they stretched their wings and gaily shook their heads.

How happy they seemed, and glad.

"You happy little things," I said, aloud. "Have you discovered the secret of everlasting happiness?"

The loud voice startled them, and they flew away on damp, heavy wings, whilst I was left, thinking deeply, and staring at a patch of wet stone, where the gay flock had been a minute ago.

RUTH PARKER (*Form U. IVb.*)

Blue-Grey.

"I DANCE to the world, cried Pierrette

- And blew me a kiss-

I live for the smiles and applause,

I'd die at a kiss;

For mine is the lilt of the laughter,

And fun is my crown-

- "Nay, thine are the tears and the darkness

When lights have gone down."

"I dance to the wind sang the Birch

And sway'd in the breeze

I live for the breath of the wood
 To stir in the trees;
 For mine is the beauty of motion,
 "Though slenderly cast-"
 -"Nay, thine is the head bow'd in
 anguish
 By lash of the blast."
 "I dance to the moon breath'd the moth
 - Her wing on my sleeve-
 I live for the dew on the grass,
 The coolness of eve;
 For mine is the safety of shadows,
 Silence my claim-"
 -"Nay, thine is the lure of the
 lamplight
 And wings in the flame."

DORIS LING (*O.G.*).

The Song of the Fountain.

OH, come, warm sun, your rays upon me shed,
 And let your beams in my cool water's play;
 My pearls leap up to catch you ere they drop
 Amongst the foam and scurry of my pool.
 The small stone figures sit and pipe
 Forth measures fit for any fairy ring
 And echoes of Puck's sweet and silvery laugh
 Resound from all sides of my glistening throne,
 That sprites do stop their games to hear again
 These magic notes; and little children stop
 And dabble their wee hands among my gems.
 When winter starts to spread his hands o'er all,
 My pipers cease to cheer me with their notes,
 And Puck no longer graces my clear banks
 But leaves me 'til the sun returns once more.
 My pearls leap up no more but cling to me,
 Until they look like great white frozen ropes.
 The children hurry past with noses blue
 And hands all nipp'd with cold, that I am left
 With no dear comfort save my frozen pearls.

EVELYN CROSS (*Form U.IVa.*).

(This is the first time we have ever published an extract from an examination paper. At the end of the Summer Term, the School Sub-Editor, when the last girl had gone home, crept into Miss Norris's cupboard and rescued the above from 9,090 papers, after a prolonged search among Latin, French, Mathematics and Biology, not to mention Et Cetera.)

The Dancing Competition.

THE Dancing Competition should have been twice as good as usual this year, as we shall not be having the next one until 1932; but even if this standard were not reached, we really enjoyed the mornings of March 2nd and 3rd, and are very grateful to Mrs. Connell and Miss Huxham, who judged the competition and criticised our dancing.

Several of the dances were extremely beautiful, especially the "Joy Dance of Miriam," by Form VI., winner of the Upper School trophy, and the "Study in Colour," by VA., who were one mark only behind the winners. The beauty of the Joy Dance was in the life and energy shown in the steps themselves, and in their execution. The dancers kept perfect rhythm, and the emphatic beat of the music gave the note of triumph.

Form V A.'s study was equally beautiful in its composition and execution. The simplicity of the dresses and the perfect blending of their colours harmonised with the slow, peaceful movements of the dance.

Form VI's second dance, "The Nightingale and the Rose," was very well worked out, even to the changing of the white rose into a

red one, and contained a great variety of steps and brightness of colour. Form V A.'s "Piccaninny," Plantation dance, was enjoyed heartily by everyone, because of its original steps and the gaiety of the dancers.

Form U. IIIw. won the Middle School trophy with a Russian and a Greek dance. The Russian dance was executed very joyously, with great vigour, and the dresses were well chosen for their freshness and brightness of colour. This Form's Greek dance was also very cheerful, and gained its success by the simplicity and gracefulness of its steps, and by the air of enjoyment all through.

These same points gained the trophy for Form II. in the Lower School. In both their Flame dance and their Good-night dance, they aimed at accuracy rather than at intricate steps. The Flame dance was graceful and charming, and was done with assurance, and a chorus of "Good-nights" ended a very happy and jolly dance, in which the pillows were wielded in a very business-like way.

In the Upper School, Form U. IV A.'s interpretation of "Tarantella," was interesting and their Slavonic dance very enjoyable. Form U. IVb's "Moonshine" contained graceful movement, while the greyish colours of the dresses and the echoing music fitted the dance. The movements of Form VC.'s "St. Moritz," appropriate, and VB.'s Piping dance had grace and charm.

Form L. I VB. in the Middle School danced very gracefully as "Snowflakes," in effective, flowing white dresses, and caught the correct charm of "Harlequins and Columbines." We enjoyed L. IVA.'s "Flower Legend," and the very realistic robins from the "Babes in the Wood," of U.III's.

Like the other Russian dances, L. IIIE.'s Mazurka had life and colour; and the Parson who married the Painted Doll, was extremely jovial for his vocation. L.IIIw. found use for the whole of their Form in the "Persian Market," and the "Monastery Garden," and the "Fairy on the Clock" danced very charmingly with her attendant elf from Form I.

Altogether this year's competition showed a great variety of taste.

JOYCE MULLINER (*Form VI.*).

Sonnet to Netball.

NET-BALL! sweet idol of the schoolgirl mind
 Thy dubious delights are plainly seen
 What questionable joys in thee we find,
 And yet how much to us those joys do mean.

To splash through puddles with one's feet all wet,
 One's hands all black, one's stocking knee a hole
 May sound to others most unpleasant, yet
 It is the dear wish of the school-girl soul.

To dash about, with stockings falling down,
 'Cause your suspender broke, indeed may seem
 A thing on which propriety should frown,
 And yet it is a thing of which to dream.

Save they themselves, none sympathy can find,
 Nor understanding, of a school-girl's mind.

JEANNE TIMMS (*Form UIVa.*)

To Gym

SOME people find themselves thrilled by the stars,
 Others find joy in the Spring,
 But I find delight in clearing the 'bars',
 Or leaping the horse with a swing.

I know that I ought to be thrilled by high things,
 And really I do love them too,
 But give me the joy that gymnasium brings,
 With a stiff exercise to do.

The red and the gold of the sunset bright,
 Brings a thrill to the hearts of a few,
 But to clear the rope at a marvellous height,
 Gives me pleasure I never shall rue.

GLADYS METHVEN (Form UIVa)

The Fifth Form Cloakroom

AT half-past twelve the bell did clang;
The dozing girls, with joy, awoke,
Desks were closed with many a bang;
Through the din a mistress spoke:
"Homework tonight, work two and seven,
And if there's time-also eleven."
Ere thrice had chimed the noisy bell,
Afar was heard the sound of rumbling
Into the cloakroom girls came tumbling.
Fat ones, lean ones, short ones, stumpy ones,
Fair ones, dark ones, grave ones, lumpy ones,
Bright young rascals, staid old Fifth-ites
Shout'd for help, and claim'd their Form rights
As to and fro they sway'd en masse
Ignoring cries of "Let me pass."
To floor they bend and grasp a shoe;
To ceiling stretch'd and donn'd their hats
On other's peg some find a clue,
Of long-lost boot-lace, bow for plaits.
On other's dainty feet they tread
Like huge monsters, heavy as lead.
Ere thrice again had chimed the bell
In chaos to the glass they wend
O'er shoe-strewn floor, and backs a-bend
A hasty combing-woe to pride,
For elbows sharp turn them aside.
The door to reach in vain they try
Until a plaintive, wailing cry
From lone Sixth-former, frail, they hear,
Then all is peace! ? !?! !! ?-the law they fear.

EUNICE HOLDEN (Form Ia.)

Pageant Pictures from the Hall Gallery.

A CROWD of school-girls, eager-eyed,
Stood in the gallery so wide,
And watched the wondrous scene below,
Of colours that did gleam and glow,
Bright reds and blues and dullest browns
Tight breeches and full-flowing gowns,
Wide-brimmed hats with feathers fair,
Crowning long and waving hair;
And here they saw a Quaker lass,
And there a lady sweet did pass,
Her gown a blaze of colours gay
As sunset sky at end of day;
And by her walked a handsome lord
Who listened to her every word,
And bowed with courtesy and grace
Whene'er he looked upon her face:
And there they saw a laughing throng
Of country lasses, buxom, strong,
Who gaily danced about the Hall
As happy as at any ball:
Far down the room they watched with glee
A "horse" that pranced so merrily,
A "hobby-horse," in colours gay,
Which jogged and danced upon its way.
Then with a quickening breath they saw,
Tread gracefully across the floor,
The May Queen fair, in charming gown
With blushing cheeks and eyes cast down.
But then, alas! with clanging sound
The bell was heard by all around;
And sadly to their forms they sped,
While those gay actors nimbly fled
To play their parts, to dance and sing,
To make the echoes loudly ring-
With voices young and clear and strong

To brighten paths with cheerful song,
To fill drab lives with colours gay
And music, if but for a day.

EILEEN NICHOLS (Form Va)

Who Knows-

THAT the neuter plural of "hoc" is "ha, ha, ha ?"
That Captain Cook died and then completed his voyage round the world?
Which form is *not* the worst form in the school?
The name of the spaniel in the pageant?

Who Remembers-

THE name of Petruchio's spaniel?
The magnificent Celtic jewels of Deirdre's nurse?
Bis dat qui cito dat?
'Sherald?

The New Stoves.

CAN you imagine the horror and disgust with which we entered our form rooms on the first day of term? In place of our dearly-beloved fireplaces, around which we loved to scramble, vainly trying to get a glimpse of the fire, there appeared cold, shiny black stoves. Never were seen such unfriendly-looking stoves! To make matters worse, the new stove is a shut-in affair; one of those distant, "don't-dare-to-touch-me" kind of things. Not a vestige of the fire can be seen. If you happen to "live" upstairs, then it is even worse for you. For here, you have nothing to do all day but sit and stare at a bright green tin plate.

We hope that the new stoves will eventually prove their worth, and we wish them every success, but we cannot help feeling a pang of regret at losing our wonderful fires, even though, let it be admitted, they were usually either black with smoke or so like a raging furnace that no one could bear to go near them.

GLADYS METHVEN Form UIVa

The Fungus Foray.

(To be Sung to the tune of "Riding down to Bangor.")

RIDING down to Loughton
On an Eastern train,
After weeks of working,
Was it all in vain?
Waiting on the station,
Turning in our minds
All the numerous warnings
Of many different kinds:
Not eating any fungi,
Yet remembering lunch,
Nor playing with the adders,
But roaming in a bunch.
Walking from the station
Wasn't it a climb?
Till we reached the summit
Oh! the view sublime.
Waiting all the morning
For our dinner, very hungry,
For roaming round the forest
We had grown so hungry:
Swinging on the branches,
Slipping in the mire,
We came home at last
Bedraggled in attire.

(Lower Science Sixth.)

A Nonsense Rhyme.

WHEN Julius Caesar flew in a 'plane,
And Horatius invented a perfect train,
Was both in the year 1066
Oh no, I think I'm in a fix.

When Queen Elizabeth married St. Luke,
People said he was a duke,
Her wedding dress was made of lace,
A perfect match to her sweet young face.

When Alfred the Great did defeat the Armada,
The Fight waged fierce against the Mikado,
No love was lost between the two,
So again and again the feud started anew.

ELEANOR WILLIAMSON (*Form L. Illw.*).

The Wind.

"HA., ha," laughed the wind from his wide open den,
"I'll go and enjoy myself now and then,
I'll blow all the leaves off the tree, oh what fun,
I'll blow people's hats off and make them all run."

"Then for the marshes, and then for the farm,
And really I mean to do very much harm,
But where I shall go next, a secret to me,
Is nobody's business but mine, don't you see."

MIRIAM WILDEN (*Form L. Ills.*).

My Dog.

My little dog is black and white;
I teach him tricks each day,
But when he hears the cats miaow,
He runs outside to play.

My little dog is very bad,
But really I must own,
That if you had my little dog,
He would not stay at home.

My little dog went out one day,
The river for to see,
But sad to say he lost his way,
And I found him in the Lea.

MAISIE PEARL (*Form II.*).

If I could.

I WOULD love to be a fairy,
Those with the frilly wings.
I should like to be Queen Mab as well,
And be the head of things.

I would be dressed in satin,
And sit on a throne of gold,
I would have good fairies around me,
We would be the happiest ever told.

ENID FRENCH (*Form II.*).

A Palace for Two.

ONE day a beautiful fairy named Silver-Wings went to Queen

Mab because the elf who owned the nutshell had turned her out. The queen could not send her back because the fairy had not enough star dust to pay the rent, so the queen sent some soldiers to find one. Soon they came back and said they had found a lovely nutshell lined with soft fluff. The queen said she would go and see it, and when she saw it she said she would use it as a palace, and Silver-Wings should live with her.

JOAN BOWDITCH (*Form II.*).

The Spider Returns.

"ASLEEP? -Indeed no! Far from it, I have been travelling. Now I must look round the School. What did you say? A Greek Theatre? Certainly I must see it."

The Spider scuttled like a schoolgirl over the precious tiles of the Front Hall. "Now I can make for the Sixth Form room. What an appalling crack!-but I must just see what is behind that new door at the end of the corridor-There's something different about the hot-water pipes they used not to be bronze, were they green? They seem to be very effective. I should not care to walk along them now-a-days."

The door of the Library fitted very closely at the top and bottom, and the keyhole hole, was out of the question.

"I must get in! It looks so attractive," thought the Spider, and swung across the corner, back to the corridor windows, and out of one which was open a little at the top. It was a simple matter then to cross the outer wall and so into the Library by an open window.

"They must like reading here in peace instead of in the corridor and the gallery." The Spider rested on the edge of the window, through which the afternoon sun shone on the quiet room with its fresh contrast of dark wood and light walls. With tables and chairs and alcoves of bookshelves, it was a pleasant place to look upon. Outside, there was a glow upon the portals of the Greek Theatre, and the noise of the games on the courts below, even the sharp sound of the whistle, did not disturb the stillness of the garden.

"No, I won't go over to see what the other one is to-day. Whatever have they been doing to the quadrangle? It used to be green! Inside the Hall the Spider looked round with satisfaction. "A photograph of Miss Hewett! She can never have had a better one taken than that. It was good to hear her again a few weeks ago.

"Ah, the piano! Never shall I forget those days before it was bought. The Bazaar was one of the most exciting concerted efforts they ever undertook. How they sewed, and acted, and painted indefatigably!

"I remember what an interesting time the seconds used to have when the choir stood beside the old piano at Prayers.

"What a scandalous occasion that was, when the Sixth sent those who had spoken beforehand to the back platform, and there they were when Miss Hewett came in. All through the hymn they stood there in full view, and at intervals she stopped singing and looked at them - speculatively."

Suddenly there was a horrible noise, for it was ten minutes to four.

"It will be a long time before I am used to that bell," thought the Spider, scrambling up the thread that the shock had precipitated.

A few minutes later the Spider arrived in the Sixth Form room, by the high transom near the shelves, the entrance only once used by anyone else. That was when at a most hilarious form tea, after Miss Hewett came back from America, some half-dozen of the Sixth were so modest that they thought their presence would not be missed and that they would be engineering a grand surprise by coming down a rope in fancy dress half way through the meal.

"Later generations seem to be adventurous too. It will be like

old times to observe the goings-on in this room! What various times there were, discussions in general, and the School in particular, homage to the Tiddler-and that seance in current events, when the table moved! And subsequently the Head Girl had a bad mood and lost her temper in addressing the miscreants, and put her foot through the chair she was standing on!"

Two girls came in and talked.

"I wonder if I shall hear that the function of the Sixth Form is as delicate as ever? I shall soon discover the present fashion in jokes though."

The two girls moved over to the fireguard, and as they went....."*suitable?*" they said, and the Spider chuckled and fell, and climbed up the thread most unsteadily for glee at being so unmistakably home again.

MADGE MILES (O.G.).

Other Contributions.

FORM Notes this time were few and mainly rather bumptious, in verse, with writers who priding themselves on belonging to either the worst or the most pot-hunting Form in the School. We print Form UIVB's, which seem simple and sincere:

"We are now quite settled, though at first we felt at a loss without our Form-mistress, Miss Newmarch, who we are were sorry to hear, was ill in Jugo-slavia. We are very proud of the two girls in our Form who are in the first School Team, and have hopes for Netball. We are now looking forward to the Drill Competition."-Peggy Brooke.

Form VA. sent in some very gay and pleasant light verse; indeed the School seemed richest in such verse this time. There was a dearth of prose of any kind.

Eileen Nichols (VA.) and Gladys Methven (U. IVA.) were the most prolific and successful writers this time. Gladys showed a very great range: there is no especial literary strength about her work, but it shows zest for every side of school life and much, therefore, has been printed, as being expressive of all activities. Guess the title of the verses from which the following extract is taken:

Arrived there, we all jumped out,
And had to face the crowd
Of people who remarked about
One's clothes and face out loud

In spite of this we had great fun
The whole time we were there;
We quite agreed when all was done
We loved our 'country fair.' "

Eileen wrote very fluently and happily, but at great length on several topics-"Before Prayers" has many delightful lines:

"Some talk of work with earnest tone-
'Rose, when did John come to the throne?
What date did Metternich fast flee
To countries far across the sea?
When did the Greeks their freedom gain?
What years did Alexander reign?
I can't think of a single date!
Now-was it forty-six or eight?"

And some there are who vainly seek
To solve what seems some hopeless Greek
Yet really is Geometry
Prove $A+B+C+D$
Do equal half of $O P Q$
The angle Z the only clue

Some, too, with many a shrug and sigh
Repeat the Latin for 'I try,
I love, I work,'-the conjugation
Of war and peace and sword and nation.

And so the minutes speed along:

The chatt'ring girls wish to prolong
Their cheerful talk and laughter gay,
But time still holds the greatest sway,
And all too soon the great bell clangs.
Snapped is the feeling gay which hangs
O'er all the form, and for awhile:
They cease to speak and laugh and smile,
And silently with reverent face
They troop into the Hall apace."

At the end of the day the same set of girls is presented to you by Eileen in all their human variety;-

"And some discuss the French or Greek
Which must be handed in that week -

And others gaily chant a rhyme
Which they have heard, maybe, that day,
And on their minds does ceaseless play
Some two or three, more skilled in games,
And in their eyes of joy bright flames,
Discuss a coming match with zeal,
And full of energy they feel,
So that they long to grasp the ball
And play together, one and all;
For what is life without those hours
When nature all their limbs endowers
With sprightliness, so that they run
And jump, and swim, hearts full of fun?
To others, maybe, work is life."

Ruth Hyatt and Sheelagh Tatham (Form VA.), deserve special mention for variety and quality of work.

Members of Form U. I VA. and of the Science Sixth wrote rather heavily about fireworks; but the subject is not an easy one to handle, and the method should be sparkling.

Ivy Bollen (U.IVA.) ingeniously set out a proof of an experiment to show that homework is bad for girls, both physically and mentally. Vera Dennis, also of UIVa., wrote pleasant and careful prose articles.

Gwen Beaumont (LIV.A.) is almost the only contributor worthy of mention in the Lower Fourth or the Upper Thirds.

Mary Chapman (L IIIE.). Mary O'Connor (L. III E.), and Margery Rees (L. IIIs.), sent in some good match-stick drawings and Joan Wallis (L. IIIE.), had the splendid idea of drawing part of the covered playground. The only other drawings showing any skill were those sent in by Olive McLaren (L. IIIs.) of the Form mascot and the match-stick drawings sent by Sylvia Gould (Form II.)

Form Va.'s Plays

V.A.'s plays were great fun. At least, VA. thought so, and apparently most of the audience did too, since they laughed in all the right places and at some funny incidents that weren't supposed to happen at all. (As when an obsequious servant, in his anxiety to take off Petruccio's boots, pulled his poor master off the step on which he was sitting.)

We had hoped to be able to perform in the Greek theatre, but as the day was cold and dampish, it was in the Hall that the sand trickled dramatically through the Hour-glass, and the Shrew was cheerfully tamed. Dare we say that we think the Shrew was much better played by Mary Chambers than by Mary Pickford?

Miss Forster taught us a good deal about stage-craft during those weeks of reaction after Matric., but there is one point on which we should like some information. That is; Do all scene-shifters help themselves to the viands of the stage-banquets?

J.HIBBIT

Form Vb.'s Play.

FORM VB.'s performance of "Deirdre of the Sorrows" was most successful, in spite of the fact that the performance had to be held in the Hall, since the state of the weather made the Greek Theatre impossible. Betty Lewin, in the title part, was well supported by Sylvia Hiner, as her audacious lover, Naisi, and by Marjorie Hayes as her old nurse, Lavarcham; Nellie Querney played the part of the

old and selfish King Conchubor very well, and the rest of Form VB. all took part in the performance and some proved themselves to be most efficient soldiers. Form VB. also wish to express their gratitude to Miss Park, who kindly produced the play.

J.SHARP

The most natural and imaginative performance was M. Hayes' Lavarcham. S. Hiner made a dignified and romantic lover.

The tables and stage odds and ends were removed with acrobatic agility by N. Durrant and her troupe of ancient Erse warriors.

A. K. PARK.

School Societies.

THE INTER-SCHOOLS' CLASSICAL CLUB. We have had two very interesting meetings this year;

On March 11th we joined in a Virgil Celebration Festival at West Ham High School. On November 13th, a lantern lecture on "Roman Britain" was given by Mr. Winbolt at Woodford High School.

THE MUSICAL SOCIETY visited the "Old Vic" on 18th January and greatly enjoyed the opera, "Madam Butterfly." The Summer Term Meeting took the form of a tea and concert, each Form supplying items. This was on 13th June. This term, on 18th November, a lecture was given by Miss Bean on "Old English, Modern English, and Folk Music," with illustrations interpreted by Miss Churchous and Miss Bean.

THE LITERARY SOCIETY have great pleasure in recalling two visits to the "Old Vic" to see "Macbeth" in the Spring Term, and "Antony and Cleopatra" on 29th November. The Summer Term Meeting took the form of a "Mad Hatter's Tea Party."

THE expeditions of the **SCIENCE SOCIETY** during this year have shown an added interest in modern industry.

In the Spring Term two factories were visited. On March 3rd, eighteen members were shown over the Daily Sketch newspaper offices, where such processes as stereotyping, linotyping, as well as the printing of a newspaper were seen in operation.

The expedition arranged for the Summer Term was a visit to the R.A.F. Aerodrome at North Weald on July 12th. The morning was spent in exploring the various parts of the Aerodrome, and in the afternoon the party rambled through the lower forest to Epping.

The first expedition of the Autumn Term was a Fungus Foray, which took the form of the customary walk from Loughton to Chingford via High Beach. The second expedition took place on November 8th, when a party of twenty were shown over the new 17,000 ton motor liner, "Rangitiki," at the Royal Albert Dock. This liner carried over 800 passengers, and was due to sail for New Zealand during the month.

The winners of the Bulb Competition held last Spring were Forms U. IVA., L.IVB., and L.IIIW.

OLIVE LOTHIAN (Hon. Sec.)

W.H.S. O.G. Gym Club.

ALTHOUGH the number of members does not increase as we should like, all last season there was sufficient support to run very successful classes, and Rose Harris has earned many thanks for her enthusiasm in training us.

This year has begun well, but we want it to end even better, so, "Come along, anyone who can" -you will come again! Classes are on Tuesday evenings now, instead of Monday, and begin at 8 o'clock; of course, in the School Hall. And all that is asked of you is 7 s. 6d. for the whole season! So, "Come along!"

M. SHEPPARD (Hon Sec.).

Games Notices.

So far we have played only four Netball matches this term and two of these were League matches, which we won.

The results of matches are as follows:

Chelsea Physical Training College	1st team (Home)	27-9 Loss
	2nd "	17-4 Loss
Peckham High School	1st " (Home)	14-5 Loss
	2nd "	18-12 Win
West Ham (League) Secondary	1st Team (Away)	20-10 Win
	2nd "	27-8 Win
	Junior (under 15)	22-8 Win
	" (under 14)	19-6 Win
St. Angela's (League)	1st Team (Home)	13-8 Win
	2nd "	18-6 Win
	Junior (under 15)	19-4 Win
	" (under 14)	18-6 Win

Results of matches to hand since the completion of these notes are as follows:

Skinner's	1st team (Home)	12-4 Loss
Leytonstone (League)	1st team (Away)	26-7 Loss

We were unfortunate in losing all the members of last year's First Team, this year the members of the team are :-Shooters: N. Rayner, J. Barratt; Centre, M. Christy; A. Centre, M. Wood; D. Centre, E. Wilsdon; Defenders, L. Griffiths, E. Hogger.

C. Gannon left a few weeks after the beginning of the term. She had previously been captain.

The Netball Tournament at the end of the Spring Term resulted in a victory for Form VI. in the Upper School; for Form U. IIIs. in the Middle School; and Form L. IIIE. in the Lower School. In the Upper School the match between Forms VI. and U. IVB. was very exciting as Form VI. only managed to win by one goal, after a fierce struggle.

The weather on Sports' Day was fine at first but half-way through the sports it rained; in spite of this we managed to run all the races except one. Forms VB., U.IIIW., and L. IIIE. were the winners.

The Swimming Sports results were victories for Form VA. in the Upper School, U. IIIW'. in the Middle School, and L. IIIE. in the Lower School.

We would like very much to win the Netball Shield for the School this year as we should like to see it adorn the Hall again.

MARJORIE CHRISTY (Captain)

HOCKEY CLUB NOTES.-It is rather a coincidence that after weeks of sunshine and dry weather, whenever the School has a hockey fixture, it is invariably wet. Only three out of eight matches were possible last year, owing to this and other causes, while this season has opened in a similar manner.

The School hockey team retains the forward line of last year, but the defence has been weakened by the loss of two sturdy backs (F. Suckling and M. Beck). The best discovery has been that of a promising goal-keeper in J. Sharp. This year the standard of play is much improved, and the Club membership is a hundred, compared with last year's total of sixty-seven. This is mainly due to the eagerness of the Upper Third forms, who are so keen to play in a junior team contemplated for next year, that the School team find it difficult to get any practice on the field: there have been rumours of young players practising at 8.15 in the morning! We hope this enthusiasm will spread to the higher forms, so that it will be possible to hold a tournament at the end of the season.

The results of the matches played last season are as follows:

East London College	13-1 Loss
St Angela's	1-2 Win
West Ham Secondary School	3-1 Loss.

W. ABERY (Captain) (Hon. Secretary).

Marriages.

NORAH BLOFIELD to WILLIAM ROSE.

HELEN BRADLEY to HERBERT EDWARDS, on July 26th, 1930.

KATHLEEN COOKSON to WILLIAM HERRIDGE, on July 28th, 1930.

ENID FOSTER to WILFRED WILLIAM HODGES, on August 26th, 1930.

DORA GIDDENS to CYRIL CLAYDEN.

DORIS GRAVATT to R. WINDER, on April 5th, 1930.

KATHLEEN OYLER to H. HANCOCK, on December 21st, 1929.

NELLIE RAYNER to HERBERT N. BRIDGE, on October 3rd, 1929.

FREDA ROBERTSON to H. SUTHERLAND HAMLIN, on August 29th, 1930.

OLIVE STEVENS to WILLIAM KING, on June 26th, 1930.

OLIVE TUNNICLIFFE to BERNARD TURNER, on June 30th, 1930.

DUTCHIE HETTY WEY to ALFRED GEORGE WALLIS, on September 6th, 1930.

As Marriage Announcements form an item of great interest to all members of the O.G.A., we should be very glad to have detailed particulars. These should be sent to: Miss Norris, Miss Goldwin, or Miss Forster at the School, or to Dora Higham, at Dunkeld, Church Hill, E. 17.

Births.

MURIEL HARCOURT (Mrs. Webster), a son, John Michael.

ELSIE MELLUISH (Mrs. Jackson), a son, Brian John, on April 11th, 1930.

DOROTHY WARD (Mrs. Hayes), a daughter, Carol Anne, on July 30th, 1930.

MADELINE WEY (Mrs. Mount), a daughter, Jill.

Deaths.

IT is with very great regret that we record the death of MADGE MORGAN, of diphtheria, in January, 1930. Madge was a girl whom we all loved; for she had the great gift of untiring love and thought for others. She will always be remembered by her Form-mates of U. IVB.

JOAN BIANCHI, Form L. IIIE., died in April, 1930; she had endeared herself to all from the time when she entered the Preparatory, at the age of six.

We offer our deep sympathy to the parents of both girls.

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