

“IRIS.”

Editor; Miss Norris

O.G.A.

Sub-Editor; D Barber.

Committee; M. Adkins. E. Foxon.

School.

Sub-Editor; Miss Park.

M. French. J. Hibbit. E. Holden. V. Prior.

# Walthamstow High School Magazine.

## Head Mistress's Letter.

*December, 1932.*

DEAR SCHOOL,

During the past year we have welcomed three new-comers to the Staff: Miss Frazer and Miss Woodgate came to replace Miss Nelson and Miss Lea who were unfortunately absent through illness; Miss Lucile came to us for a year, in exchange for Miss Brown who went to Tulsa, Oklahoma, U.S.A.; whilst we were very sorry to say goodbye to our charming visitors, we were delighted to see the Staff resume its full tale in September; you will all be glad to hear that Miss Nelson and Miss Lea are quite restored to health and that Miss Brown is still the same Miss Brown; on both sides of the Atlantic the authorities are loud in their praise of their respective exchanges and we all know that our little international experiment has proved an unqualified success.

The most exciting episode in the course of the School year was a Drill and Dancing Display given in March to support the School Cot in the Connaught Hospital; this deservedly popular event attracted large audiences and enabled us to send a cheque for £46 to the Hospital.

The Display was followed by the Opening of the Gymnasium on March 17th, when Mr. De Havilland formally presented the new buildings to the School; they are complete with the most modern apparatus including three shower-baths and have already proved a boon inestimable. On looking through some old magazines, I find that in July, 1924, I wrote: - As I gaze down the opening vista, I can see in the near foreground, the grassy slopes of a Greek theatre under the trees at the end of the garden, which by the way is in process of being levelled; in the tantalisingly dim distance I can also descry a shadowy gymnasium, library and laboratory, but the vision fades; time alone will prove whether these are vain imaginings - Well, we all know that they are not, for time has proved them to be very substantial realities; I must admit however that even in my most optimistic imaginings I never envisaged *such* a Gymnasium! You must really come and see it for yourselves.

All good wishes for Christmas and the New Year,

Yours affectionately,  
M.NORRIS.

## To the School.

IRIS in golden wings stands before you. She wishes you happiness at Xmas and throughout the New Year.

We hope that you will find something of entertainment within these pages. Out of nearly two hundred entries we have regretfully and delightedly culled this small posy-regretfully because so much that was partially attractive has had to be totally ignored. Much of this copiousness was stimulated by a spirited and ingenious advertisement campaign, to which the VI., Lower IIIs., and Form II., responded most generously. In n lieu of a criticism of rejected material you will find an inconsequent story entitled "Hodage Podge." Find the buried Treasure!

Miss Hewett and Miss Brown have written us special articles, the one joining the present to the past, the other the present with the incredibly adventurous future. We are most grateful for their kindness.

Those pages take us outside our own doors; on the last page you will find depicted personal relics peculiar to certain people on the premises. The Sub-Editor offers as a prize to the first person successfully identifying the articles, a free copy of IRIS, or, alternatively, a gratuitous recitation from anyone of the School Magazine Committee, who, incidentally, have been endlessly helpful and heartening. (No application to be made after December 20th.)

The sobering task of carrying on a traditionally successful venture has been lightened also by the tireless energy and enthusiasm of the Old Girls' Sub-Editor, to whom *much* thanks. And so to all-but we have said that before, so hey, nonny, nonny!

ANNETTE H. PARK.

## Old Girls' Editorial.

LONG have you languished in the ranks of Old Girls, and longer still it seems have you smarted beneath implied reproofs for your lack of literary effort. So be it, for such will always be your lot until you join the file of voluntary (?) contributors. To these we extend our heartfelt gratitude, and a metaphoric bouquet, and hope they will continue to wield the fruitful pen in our behalf. To the rest-well, I have always been taught "*De Mortuis nil nisi bonum*," so I will say no more for the present.

The "Old School," dear present School, is being demolished, and on the hallowed ground where once your scholarly ancestresses learned the difference between Pythagoras and Pegasus, houses are being erected for ordinary people to live in. (Those who have happy memories of it, please weep in private.) Miss Hewett, who perhaps remembers it better than any of us, has given us, through IRIS, an "In Memoriam" which we know you will all enjoy.

I wonder, dear School, if you know how much we of your past envy you. We console ourselves with the Socials we hold in your halls, where the names of the best of us shine in gold letters from the panels, and with the privilege of displaying our more mature charms in your new gymnasium, but in our hearts, we envy you just the same.

We spend our hard-earned coppers at your Fun Fairs, and enter our dogs in your Dog Shows, but in return for your reflected glory, we offer you a hearty welcome when your time comes, to join our hosts. Don't forget us!

And a happy Christmas to all of you!

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

## School Chronicle.

*Dated, this first year since the Foundation of the Gymnasium.*

INDEED, when we are elderly Old Girls with daughters among the Four Hundred, we shall remember the past year as the one in which the Gym. transformed the School. Of course, in the Autumn Term the building was incomplete, and although we regarded its progress with curiosity, the main interest of the School was at first centred elsewhere. The Dancing Competition was contested with our usual enthusiasm, and the trophy was won in the Upper School by Form VI., with their striking "Phantasy," and an interpretation of a German legend, although they found it very difficult to produce anything more masterly than VB.'S Cymbal Dance. In the Middle School U. IIIw. deservedly came first, and Form II. bore away the Lower School prize with their gay performance of "Midnight Revels" and a Gypsy Dance.

A modern Nativity play, "Everyman of Every Street," by Mary Stocks, was presented at the end of the Christmas Term by Forms VI. and U. IVB., under the direction of Miss Park, with very special lighting effects by Miss Dennithorne & Co. In spite of the inopportune colds of some of the cast, the production was really beautiful and the School greatly appreciated it. Our Christmas activities did not stop here, for carol parties were formed as usual, and a collection made for School charities.

The Spring Term was a very eventful one. In January the School participated with great vigour in the Walthamstow Disarmament Week. Commander Lewis spoke to us in a fresh and forceful manner on "The Futility of War." The School was very much in evidence at the great final meeting on Sunday evening at the Granada. E. Cross, attended by two small and lovely cherubs, represented Peace in the tableau which was a very effective part of the proceedings.

-And all this while the Gym. was being perfected, and all this

while Miss Squire and Miss Knowles were putting a great deal of hard work, and the School a great deal of high spirits, into preparing the Drill and Dancing Display that was to celebrate the opening of the building. This display was much enjoyed by hundreds of spectators, and it enabled us to raise more than our customary £40 for the hospital. A shortened version of the display was presented in the gym. itself, on the afternoon of March 17th, when Mr. de Haviland came to declare the building open.

From that afternoon dates a new era in the physical training of the School, for the mysteries of ribstalls, shower-baths and window-ladders are no longer closed to us; never again will the erection of the boom be the perilous undertaking it has been in the past, and at last we can make really tree with the ropes. Drill lessons have become more exciting than ever.

During the Spring Term large and enthusiastic parties visited the Exhibition of French Painting at Burlington House, and many were heard to declare that this exhibition attracted them more than any previous one.

The Summer Term was as pleasant as usual, and the weather seemed made to be enjoyed in the School garden. The Needlework and Art Competitions were judged on Sports Day. Form VI. were top for both subjects in the Upper School; in the Middle School L. IVB. won the prize for Needlework, and U. IIIw. for Art, while Forms L. IIIw. and I. tied in the Lower School.

When their examination was over, Forms VA. and VB. combined to perform Yeat's "Countess Cathleen" and an old French farce "Pierre Patelin," "done into English for our better understanding." A large audience appreciated to the full the fine, terrible beauty of the Irish play, and the boisterous fun of "Pierre Patelin," both of which qualities were splendidly brought out by the cast, notably by the poet in "Countess Cathleen" and by Pierre himself.

Another cheerful end-of-term occupation was the making of garments for the O.G.S. Two hundred and twenty garments were produced by the School, and knitting seemed immensely popular.

After the summer holidays, several days of which were spent by members of the Upper School on Chingford Plain in company with some very cheery boys and girls from Stepney, we returned to School and to Prize-giving. We were glad to see Miss Brown, Miss Nelson, and Miss Lea, who have been absent so long.

We found awaiting us a surprise-something entirely new to look forward to-a Fair in aid of the Hospital. This is a very original venture on our part, and needless to say we are extremely excited about it.

**J. HIBBIT (VI.).**

## The School Prize-Giving.

THE day was Saturday, September 17th; the place was the Greek Theatre (but only through the bounty of the Gods); the solemn occasion was the forty-third Annual Prize Distribution; and the guest of honour whom we welcomed enthusiastically was Mr. S. Sargent, M.A.

The morning dawned bright and fair, but we waited until the fate-fraught hour of 3 p.m. before we raised our Song of Thanksgiving to the Clerk of the Weather.

We all enjoyed the well-acted play, "The Locked Chest," and the interesting presentation of the French scene from "Noah."

During the report made by Miss Norris our new Gymnasium loomed up large and glorious in our thoughts, for we were carried back to that big event of the School year, the opening of the Gym. in March by Mr. de Haviland.

The prizes having been distributed to their proud owners before their deeply envious comrades and doting parents, there followed what will be unanimously agreed as the most stirring event of the afternoon.

There was much in Mr. Sargent's address; to the School that was of great value and great interest; but if we forget it all, only remembering that he said: "The essence of a liberal education is style, and style means an appreciation of the things that are worth appreciating," we shall have gained something that will not be old lumber in our minds, but will be worth carrying about with us.

**E. WILSDON (Form VI.).**

## School Successes.

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

State Scholarship (Science): Kathleen Robertson.

## LONDON UNIVERSITY

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

Hibbit (French), Margaret Dallas.

(Group D.) and Intermediate Science: Rose Brazier, Kathleen Robertson, Dora Samuel.

(Group (D).): Jessie Liggins, Marie Danger.

Chemistry and Botany: Joyce Sharp.

General School Honours' Certificate and Matriculation: Phyllis Lovick.

General School Certificates and Matriculation: Joan Barret, Ivy Bollen, Elsie Cherry, Doris Cole, Edith Condon, Evelyn Cross, Dora Culmer, Vera Dennis, Phyllis Gale, Winifred Gale, Dorothy Grace, Joan Hamilton, Gladys Methven, Sylwia Sheene, Sheelagh Tatham, Margaret Ward, Cecilia Wheeler.

General School Certificates: Florence Beadell, Maisie Blackwell, Queenie Bunting, Rita Clay, Grace Cole, Phyllis Congdon, Kathleen Cutlack, Connie Dickinson, Margery Erridge, Ethel Flindall, Phyllis Gannon, Ethel Goddard, Dorothy Griffiths, Rosa Griffiths, Kathleen Hazell, Maureen Henderson, Elsie Hogger, Doris Houchen, Gwen Linford, Evelyn Lockwood, Eileen Mackie, Ethel Matthews, Marjorie O'Neill, Ruth Parker, Mary Pearce, Elsie Platt, Rose Polled, Eileen Preston, Nancy Rayner, Eleanor Stokes, Irene Strudwick, Dorothy Thom, Lily White.

Additional Subject (Latin): Edna Wilsdon.

ESSEX COUNTY COUNCIL. County Major Scholarship: Jessie Liggins.

ASSOCIATED BOARD, R.A.M. AND R.C.M.

Local School Examinations: *Higher Division, Pass with Honourable Mention*: Ruby White; *Pass*: Joyce Bass. *Lower Division*: Barbara Chamberlain, Phyllis East, Iris Harper, Mary McGladdery, Betty Oyler. *Elementary Division*: Marjorie Fox, Lorna Macarthy, Phyllis Martin. *Primary Division*: Betty Kiggins.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF ARTS.

Stage 1. Prior. Booking-keeping and Shorthand: Doris Legg, Vera Prior.

## Some Memories of the Old School now being Demolished.

Is there a personality in old Houses which imperceptibly influences later occupants? If this is so perhaps the happy family life which had been lived in Church Hill House and its gardens before we went they had something to do with that atmosphere of friendship, fellowship and fun, in which we lived for twenty-three years-for we were a happy family too, no other description would have fitted us. We had our little disagreements and our squabbles; we were sometimes naughty and tiresome and were punished for it and were just as good friends after and were prepared to support the family in season and perhaps sometimes out of it-and our pride in it and its doings was immense.

The House was a very charming one. Through the rounded windows of the Class-rooms, all facing South, one could see the garden with its lawn, mulberry tree and group of three silver birches. The lawn in course of time degenerated into a muddy or dusty patch under the feet of energetic net-ball players: the mulberry tree offered many temptations (not always resisted); the three Birches were always a beautiful object. The house was not built for so large a family, the stairs and passages were narrow, many of the doors opened into one another and there was no *official* way into the garden except through the front door, but the windows on the ground floor were low and offered more temptations, and sometimes led not only to the garden, but also to the room which was then on the right of the entrance.

The desks were everything they should not be; two girls sat on an uncomfortable seat which was attached to a desk behind at which two other girls wrote and in which was a shelf for books. There is no need to describe the diversions this arrangement could provide, especially if one were temporarily at war with one's neighbour at the back, or bored by a lesson. These inconveniences had no serious results in illnesses or accidents, and did not prevent Hospital Bazaars, Entertainments of all kinds and delightful parties; they meant of course really hard work for everyone, but more than sufficient eager help was always available. Our affection for the School grew with the years and we left the Old House in 1913 with many regrets though it was now very much overcrowded. To say good-bye to our home, we had a party to which we were invited as follows:

"April, 1913."

DEAR -,

"You can well imagine my feelings when I realize that

soon I shall be bereft of all my children, and although I am told my nerves could not stand them much longer, yet the parting, I am sure, will be my death-knell.

"Will you come for the last time on Wednesday, 16th April, at 8 o'clock and bid me farewell?

"My dear, I am getting very old and feeble, and it would give me no joy to see you in your fashionable clothes- I want to see you as that little girl I knew in my young days. Will you let me see you as you were some time between the ages of seven and seventeen and then my dim old eyes will easily recognize you?

"Please do not disappoint the last desire of

"Your affectionate

"OLD SCHOOL."

The girls turned up in crowds and it was a wonderful party. Those who were there will never forget it. Alice Bishop (one of the earliest pupils) came by train from Clapton in an Inverness cape and a small sailor hat on long straight hair. Alice Wise wore a short blue print dress; with black stockings torn at both knees, plentifully inked to hide the holes; the Sixth Form (including the Miss Reeves and Enid Wise) came as a very young Preparatory Form in socks and short frocks.

During the evening we had some surprises, including an examination (conducted amid considerable disorder) and finally Prizes for everyone from the Penny Bazaar.

And so ended the first chapter.

**B. HEWETT.**

## The Term after the Year Before.

To FOUR HUNDRED POTENTIAL GLOBE-TROTTERS.

SOME of you, I believe, were disappointed that nine months among the Red Indians in the Mid-West and four months "on the road" had *not* made any outward and visible (or audible!) change in the one who had that enviable experience..... and, indeed, when I rejoined the W.H.S. Staff in September it was as if the Exchange were only a dream and that I, like you, had returned from an ordinary seven weeks' holiday.

But while outside things continue as of yore..... the eternal "leave nothing underneath your desks," "stand behind your chairs," "use *plenty* of water," and so on, ad *infinitum*. . . , the inner consciousness lives again incidents very remote from the lesson on hand. Sometimes, in the midst of a crowd of more than two thousand students I stand while all salute the star-spangled banner and recite the Pledge of Allegiance; sometimes, after sunset, I watch the acrobatics of the Cheer-leaders on a Tulsa field of battle-a football field made bright as day by flood-lights; sometimes, in a Shanghai street, a couple of coolies pass by carrying on a bamboo pole between them, a huge bundle of rice, chanting the while to distract their minds from the colossal weight of their burden; and sometimes under an Arabian night sky I drink strong, sweet coffee at a Bedouin tent, kept by the village "Lyons" for the benefit of the camel-drivers-whose caravans are parked but a few yards away.

Memories of Japan are particularly vivid, because there I had my first taste of Asia. Everything was so completely different, that never for a moment might one imagine that one was "back home" (as was often possible in Tulsa). It was terrifying to see that every piece of printing was done only in the quaint hieroglyphics that you know (I admit, the instructions would not have been any more helpful written in Roman letters, but they *would* have looked a deal more friendly!); and it was amazing to find that the people really do dress like Japanese dolls, and walk on little bridges over lily ponds under the shadow of the "peerless" Mount Fuji-*just* as they are represented as doing in our school geography books.

Also, the fact that Buddhism is a common religion in the Far East was undoubtedly numbered amongst the items of knowledge stored at the back of my mind-but that did not in any way mitigate the shock of seeing my Japanese friend cast a few coppers into a huge alms-box, clap her hands commandingly three times, and then bow her head in, prayer to a god who means nothing to you or me! This rite over, we entered the sacred precincts. No more beautiful place of worship could be imagined. Against the dark pine trees the glowing colours of the roof and wall-panels made an unforgettable picture. Deepest ebony black, emerald-green, scarlet, violet-blue, and white combined to form a picture as much unlike my former idea of a Japanese temple as the Red Admiral butterfly is unlike the chrysalis that was its cradle.

Of course, in the larger cities (like Tokyo and Yokohama)

Western methods of building and of living are gaining ground-and even in one tiny village shop was a H.M.V. agent, kimono-clad-squatting on the floor selling records to three women customers. They also were squatting, their wooden shoes being left in a neat row on the threshold. . . .

Thus I could ramble on for ever: but I will spare you, because I realise that, compared with the facts, my words are hollow and meaningless. Could I but make you understand the joy that has been mine, there would be a strange dearth of pupils at W.H.S. on the morning after IRIS makes her first appearance . . . and sundry green-tuniced stowaways would be found on all the outward-bound liners in English docks.

.....Perhaps it is just as well-after all, the blue-tits in the forest are darlings-are they not?

**ELIZABETH D. BROWN.**

## WEDDING

RACHEL, tall and straight and proud,  
Thought of weary Jacob, bowed  
With the toil of seven years.  
He, undaunted, purpose-firm,  
Agreed to serve another term-  
Only tender Leah shed tears.

**Bees.**

(A PARODY.)

I THINK that I shall never see  
A creature curious as a bee.  
A bee that may in summer wear  
A dust of pollen on its hair.  
A bee whose happy humming chest  
Is neatly clad in gold-striped vest.  
Who in a Bower's heart has lain  
But restless leaves her soon again.

Who with his fellows, swarms one day  
And to our garden makes his way  
Words can be coaxed by fools like me,  
But only Wells can coax a bee.

**JOAN HIBBIT** (*Form VI.*).

## Fragment.

GREAT ships dreaming under a leaden sky,  
Unfold their story as asleep they lie,  
Of deep seas and cruel seas and seas that tower high  
And the wind's loud roar.  
Harbours greet them with arms that stretch out wide,  
Strange sea-ports await them with every turning tide,  
Fortresses with feet of rock are put to be their guide,  
As they leave the shore.

White sails gleaming under an azure blue,  
Tell a sweeter story to me and to you,  
A story that is ages old, a story that is new,  
Of the sea and sky.  
Of rippling waves and distant shores and white foaming spray,  
Of silver dust at night time, and brighter gold by day,  
Of greeting that is brief and sweet, and as they sail away,  
Of a sad goodbye.

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

## From a Window Overlooking St. Paul's Churchyard.

GREY-grey-grey-the sky, the roofs, the buildings;  
Feet that lag and patter o'er grey stones;  
Dove-grey pigeons flutt'ring o'er grey steeples;  
Greyness in the sound of traffic moans

Oh, the dreams that come, 'mid all this greyness,  
The memories that bring the sunlight fair,  
The thoughts of times long past, yet ne'er forgotten,  
When life was glad and gay and free from care. . . .  
The dream goes on, though work has claimed the dreamer,  
And thankfulness lies deep, again, again;  
For memories of School in all Her splendour  
Mean rays of sunshine thro' the gloomy rain!

**EILEEN NICHOLS** (O.G.),

## These Have I Loved.

THESE have I loved,  
The cleanly smell of newly-tarred roads,  
Bright windows, sparkling with the dew of morn.  
Black glistening stoves; the smell of new-baked bread.  
Log fires in winter, and ripe golden corn,  
And poppies growing by their wayside bed.  
The goodly smell of linen, fresh and clean,  
Old ladies with lace caps all starched and white,  
And purple ribbons. Soft white satin's sheen.  
A still, hot day: And sunset's golden light.  
The wind in March, and newly-opened buds,  
New acorns, chestnuts, and brown-withered leaves.  
A bowl of bubbly rainbow soapy suds,  
And Spring with swallows building in the eaves.

**LAURIE DOO** (*Form Lower IVb.*).

## My Garden.

WHEN Springtime's tender green unfolds,  
My way I love to take  
Where every bed and border holds  
A blossom half-awake.

I love my little garden plot  
When twigs are bare and brown,  
When wall-flower and forget-me-not  
Are hid in snowy down.

**MARJORIE WATERS** (*Form IIIh.*)

## At the Seaside.

WHEN I was down beside the sea,  
And digging on the sand,  
I found a lot of pretty shells  
Of shapes and colours grand.  
Some were pearl, and pink, and white  
And some were shapes of fans,  
The fairies must have made them so,  
With their quaint and tiny hands.

**JOAN PRIDDLE** (Form II.)

WHERE did you come from crocus?  
The land of hocus pocus.  
We hid underground  
And slept without sound  
Till the Springtime came and woke us.

**JOAN SMITH** (*Form Lower IIIs.*).

## Elf.

THE Elf was suddenly alive. Perhaps he had slept all the winter with a kindly squirrel, perhaps he had only just been born, perhaps he had been living for a long while and had not realised it; he could not remember, he did not want to remember – what did it matter? For this morning the trees were alive with him, and the wind his friend was awake, and the sun was shining. So he ran through the forest, pretending

he was going to rush straight at a tree, and then swerving round it, touching it with his hand in friendship as he passed. He dashed at full speed down the last hill, and hugging a birch trunk to prevent himself falling into the road, he remained poised on the edge of the wood, with one foot lifted, leaning forward, so that the sunlight fell on his brown face.

And the Princess went past, smiling to herself.

After a moment, the Elf released his hold on the tree trunk and turned back the way he had come. Yes, the sun was still shining, the wind was as keen and as gay as ever, and the clouds torn and beautiful. Why then was he not running and leaping as before? He sat down on a fallen log to think it out. He wrinkled his freckled forehead and put out a hand to stroke a glossy holly-leaf. The holly-bush, in its hurry to get out of his clasp, scratched his finger.

The Elf looked at the red mark, and said piteously-"Brother-?" The holly drew its branches closer to itself, and said nothing. And so the Elf went on through the forest, and each tree made way for his passing, avoiding his pleading hands, and hiding its buds from his sight. In growing terror he realised that the woods no longer loved him, and that he had somehow become an alien.

Suddenly he began to run again, this time blindly, in panic, tripping over roots, and stumbling in hollows, until at last he fell headlong over a grassy bank, and by there, panting and trembling, crying a little and sucking the scratch on his hand. Soon, however, he flung back his head and looked again at the trees, and as he stared his eyes filled with wonder.

Why," he said, "you are frightened of me, because I saw the Princess. Don't be frightened, that frightens me."

But the trees shivered among themselves and shook their budding branches, whispering in a language that the Elf had once understood. Now he stood up and stamped his foot.

"I don't care," he cried, defiantly, "She's prettier than you. She has a pale face that smiles, and her lips are red as haws. Don't care," he said again, like a naughty child, and began to dance. He tossed his head and curved his body, and leapt up and down, and his movements said as plainly as words - "Don't care, Don't care!" The trees bowed their heads, for they were certain now that what they feared had come to pass. So they drew closer to him, losing their fear now that they understood. He was no longer of their fellowship, but the trees were sorry for him, and held their branches over him protectingly.

The Elf danced on through the brambly wastes, among reverend, grey-stemmed beeches, round boggy patches where the reeds bent in the wind, in and out the woods of slender, delicate birches, peeping round grotesquely-shaped horn-beams, and leaping over fallen oaks. And when evening came he did not cease dancing, only his movements grew more gentle, not with weariness, but more, it seemed, with sorrow. His tread was light, so that it seemed that the wind bore him along in the darkness.

Sunrise found him still dancing, unwearied, and the light gave him new fire. He laughed suddenly and threw back his head. His dance changed-it was proud and triumphant, full of great, sweeping gestures and strong movements, and it went to the tune of words he seemed to know, and which beat in his brain and controlled his feet:

"Red as *haws*, red as haws, red as *haws* are her lips,  
Her *lips* are red as *haws*."

And he went on dancing for many days, pausing only sometimes in the mid-day heat, to bathe in the pools that the willows wept for him. At dawn, his dance was always proud and strong and often in the morning rage and defiance took him and he was possessed by a spirit which he could not understand, and which shouted "Don't care!" and shook his body with passion. And sometimes, when the afternoon sunlight was soft, and quivered through the branches, he felt a happiness that made him dance quietly with hardly any emotion save that of zest. But when evening came, he was suddenly lost and wistful, and sometimes he wept a little, perhaps because he was lonely, perhaps because he was frightened, or because he was hurt and could not understand. And every evening he came to rely more upon the wind, and every evening he became more like a little, drifting, crumpled, brown leaf.

The year wore on, and the pale gold flowers of Spring had given place to the rich gold flowers of Autumn, and the leaves began to fall. The Elf now felt his strength ebbing from him. His movements were almost entirely prompted by the will of the wind, and he seemed to have become smaller and more fragile. A beech-leaf was bigger than himself, and when he danced beside one he was hardly to be distinguished from it, for the wind took them both together and twirled them round tree trunks and left them motionless in hollows. Sometimes the Elf became buried in a drift, for a day or two at a time, and then perhaps he would lie snugly with the other leaves, until his disquiet took him again, and

he would be off with the next puff of wind.

One day the Princess came to the forest again. This time she had with her her cousin, the Archduke, and at first she was quiet and gentle, but presently the wind blew away her hat. They both ran after it, laughing and breathless, but it had gone right over the hill-top, so the Princess gave up the chase, and let her hair fall in tangles round her face.

Now she was in the mood for mischief, and taking up in her hands as many leaves as she could grasp, she threw them full in her cousin's face, and stood dimpling at him. He shouted gaily, forgot his painfully acquired dignity, and stooped for ammunition.....

At last the girl became so breathless that she just stood still and laughed and sobbed with excitement and mischief. Then the boy took a last handful of brown, wind-tossed leaves, and held them over her head, letting them slip through his fingers and rain on her hair. The last leaf was shaken from her curb and rested at the neck of her frock, close under her chin.

And there the Elf felt the pulsing of her heart, there he understood his longing, and there he achieved his eternal moment of complete happiness.

As for the Princess, she knew that the touch of that leaf was a caress, and she looked up at the boy whose hand had Jet it fall there. Her eyes grew very gentle and solemn, and it seemed that they looked at each other a long time in silence. Then he put his arms round her shoulders and kissed her; and a leaf crackled and died with joy.

**JOAN HIBBIT** ([Corm VI.).

## Epiphany.

THE stretches of low, quiet earth lay blue and dim under the stars. Sheep, bulked in a woolly mass, and their shepherds, dreamed in the stillness easily. The bushes seemed to be growths of soft darkness, the clear vacancy of the sky was stabbed through and through with points of light that winked and danced again. One star more precious than the rest hung jewel bright and thickly-flashing amidst others most precious.

Into this sheer, bright stillness dropped a sound. Pure and simple at first as the note of a spring bird, its volume and harmony spread from thrilling sweetness to triumph and awe. And with the coming of the song beamed a glory where there had been stars. The faces of the shepherds lifted to the splendour that shone down to where wings widened out, to the voices aflame with joy.....

A group of figures were bent forward in swift career over the wide space. They sang and shouted. The first one to gain Joseph cried, "Where is He, the Saviour, Who is Christ the Lord?" And Joseph gladly brought them to the stable door.

But here they stood still and gazed at a string of camels, swan-necked, with limp and sneering faces. Tinkling bells shook on the air, and there was talk in strange clicking tongues. Three tall, draped figures moved towards Joseph, and one said with a strange accent, "Where is He, the Christ, that is born King of the Jews, for we have come to worship Him?" Then Joseph delayed them, and went in to Mary, whom he awoke, and the flame of the lanterns was being pushed to and fro by the night wind, as the three strange men and the shepherds stepped into the doorway.

Joseph lifted the young child out of the manger and laid Him in Mary's arms. "This is Jesus;" said Mary. And the strange men and the shepherds gazed, and the shepherds knelt with their bare knees on the soil, but the foreign men in their coloured robes touched the earth with their brows.

Mary remembered how Gabriel had said that her child should be great and should be called the Son of the Highest, and the Lord God should give unto Him the Throne of His Father David.

And the power of the Holy Spirit overshadowed them and there was a great calm. Suddenly and clearly like the first strokes of a bell there rang out a chorus of voices, a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God and saying, "Glory be to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men," even as the shepherds had heard.

And the young Mother folded the King of the world in her arms and murmured:

"Lulla, lulla, you tiny, sweet man!

Lulla, lulla, lie close as you can."

## Holbit and Hibden Interview some School Celebrities.

OUR special correspondents entered the noble portals of the School "Maison d'Art "-in the language of the common herd "Art Room" and advanced purposefully towards the slight paint-bespattered form bending intently over her "boîtes de couleurs."

"Pardon this intrusion," said Holbit.

"Watch'er," said Hibden.

Miss Brown smiled graciously as she welcomed them. Holbit opened with a battery of questions. "Are the talkies a true indication of the moral uplift standard in the States across the Herring Pond? What is the pass word for a speakeasy. What were your impressions of the Home Country after the prolonged absence?" Miss Brown was overwhelmed.

"Well-Well-I was thrilled. . . ."

"Wot's the beer like," interpolated Hibden with a wistful look at the clock.

"Milk and water are favoured by the men," Miss Brown informed them. "Breakfast, always taken in a restaurant, consists of a short or tall stack (the English pancake), and luncheon is an extraordinary collation of mixed salad, potatoes, stew and cherries done up with sauce."

At this moment a hum of myriad infant voices swelled musically through the portals.

Hibden and Holbit retired, to make way for these eager seekers after that thing of beauty that is a joy forever.

### MR. HAZELL.

We approached him as he stood in calm serenity, surveying the unclaimed spoils of battle-broken biscuits, broken bottles, broken blossoms. He broke in upon our wandering thoughts, lyrical in his intense passion: "Many a day supported by my faithful wife have I stood here, in wind and rain, and snow and pain, notwithstanding the onslaught of the mighty hosts. But cheerfully have I done my duty--inspired and rewarded always by the joyful faces of the combatants as they hurl their fragile forms into the thick of the conflict and retreat enraptured, their molars encircling a bun."

Retiring gracefully we left him exulting over the empty battlefield-empty save for the heap of shining lucre.

STUPENDOUS SENSATION!

Terpsichorean art as an antidote to rheumatoid arthritis!

REVOLUTIONARY THEORIES!

Should gardeners dance? says Headmistress.

WOULD THE GROUNDS SUFFER?

Miss Squire having expressed the opinion that Mr Well's standard of classical dancing was certainly equal to that of the Sixth Form, he intends to join their class in order to counteract the effect of the damp on his rheumatics.

## A Drama of the Wilds.

A MAN of the great continent of Africa was walking through the almost inaccessible jungle when suddenly he heard a hiss of warning. He looked up sharply, and drew in his breath with a spasm of horror at what he saw. A python, its ugly head raised ready to strike, was staring at him with unblinking eyes, but forewarned is forearmed and his hand flew to his girdle and a large hunting knife flashed in his hand. He slashed viciously at the thick neck of the reptile; it fell, its head half severed from its body.

But such things are common in the wilds and the man went his way whistling as if nothing had happened. The snake was slung over his shoulder, he was merry because he hoped to get a good price for the skin at the British Trading Store near his Kraal.

**IONE MELVILLE** (*Form Lower IIIs.*).

## Cinderella and So Forth.

ONCE upon a time there was a fair maiden who was very unhappy, and she was called Cinderella, because she lived among the Cinders. One day her father said "My dear, put on your little Red Hood and take this basket of goodies to your grandma, in the wood." She put the basket on a stick over her shoulder and set out towards London with her cat. She sat upon a mile-stone to rest, and a little old woman came up to her and said, "I will send you to a ball, but you must leave at twelve o'clock."

Cinderella set forth in a grand coach, and at the ball, danced with a handsome prince, called Charming. But at twelve o'clock, the chimes ran out, "Turn again Whittington, Lord Mayor of London." Cinderella

fled from the palace, dropping her silver slipper, and found herself in a beautiful garden. A Beast with a head like a wolf and wearing a night-cap, peered out from behind a bush and said, "What big feet you've got, Cinderella!"

But at that moment, the little old woman appeared. "You did not leave at twelve o'clock," she said, and waving her wand, she cast a spell over the garden and everybody fell asleep, except Prince Charming, who had gone to the village to buy some corn-cure, because his feet hurt after dancing with Cinderella.

Now the Beast was just about to devour the sleeping Cinderella, when the Prince returned, and started to fight him. During the fight, the Beast swallowed the corn-cure, and this rendered him all them more easy a prey to Cinderella's cat, who now returned from his gay night-life in London, just in time to finish off the Beast.

During this combat, a hundred years had passed, so the Prince kissed Cinderella, and the whole palace awoke. As the clock struck twelve the next day, she put on her Red Hood and silver slippers, and as the bells chimed, went to welcome the Lord Mayor of London, who had come to the wedding to keep the cat company. And they all lived happily ever after.

**J.H., E.H., V.P.** (Form VI).

## Hodge Podge: or Who Wrote It?

PEGGY lived at Clacton-on-Sea. She was one of the fisher maids as well as a Guide. With flashing eyes and coal-black hair, and tunic short as she might dare. Peggy was also Captain of the school net-ball team at the Willows School, and belonged to Form Upper 1 VA. where they did 'ome work and undersongs.

The Staff at that School had many uses. If for instance you got ink on your *cuff*, you took off your blouse quick as you could and trotted off to Miss C---. In one respect their helpfulness was more questionable. "Now we come gathering Yo-Yos" cried all the mistresses in their room, whilst another slid down the bannisters with a pile of books balanced on her *caput sapiens*.

On the way to the match Peggy had to go through the front hall. "Sh," hissed Brenda" as a VI. former crossed the hall. "I thought she would hear us." She would not have said anything if she did. I know her," said Peggy, lightly moving off.

The match was fast and furious. Suddenly it was interrupted by a Red Highwayman with a mask over his eyes. And the next thing Peggy knew was that a travelling rug was flung over her head.

When she had recovered from her stun, she found herself in a chamber of glowing embers filled with Fire Fairies. Peggy remembered feverishly a poem, "The watchman's fire all red did glow." Then a row of tiny Eskimos in suits of thistledown began piping:

"Take me back to dear old Shanklin,  
Put me on the train for Shanklin town.  
Take me over there, drop me anywhere,  
Down the Chine, or in the sea,  
For I don't care."

Still terrified she saw a cat crouching in front of the blaze and amber-eyed, rivalling clouded agates sought on Western shores, as if the very gold within his eyes strove to join the shining gems of fire. Then a magician, with a crash of thunder, turned Peggy into a pink little pig. Then Peggy was in despair for three weeks. Then the cat ran up to her and touched her on the mouth. She became Peggy and the cat became a Prince. Suddenly -----

\*\*\*\*\*

Peggy recovered from her stun. She had shot the winning goal. Everything else had been a bad dream. Anyway she had shown what a true Guide can do, and also done her good turn for the day.

*Sub-Editor's Note.*-The Red Highwayman is only put in to make the story more difficult.

## Shanklin.

LAST Whitsun, Miss Dennithorne very kindly took quite a large party of VA., VB. and VI. to Shanklin to stay from Friday to Tuesday evening.

Some of us in the large dormie were rather sleepless the first night, and as the clock downstairs chimed each quarter of an hour, quiet whispers could be heard.

"I say, are you awake?"

"Yes! I haven't been to sleep yet."

As the dawn came, the birds in the tiny wood near by began to sing. Blackbirds, thrushes, robins, rooks and larks, all seemed to burst into song. One minute the only noise was the dull murmur of the waves, the next, the singing of the birds woke everyone.

I slipped on a dressing gown, and crept into the bed of another of the four hundred, and together, on our tummies in the narrow bed, we lay and watched the dawn. The breaking sun turned one narrow strip of sky orange, the rest shone silver-grey. The house was high up, and below us the wet roofs of the little town also shone silver-grey. A heavy mist hid the cliffs and most of the sea from view. The whole was one silver-grey harmony, enough to strike a poetic chord in the most prosaically minded.

Another of the four hundred, awakened by the birds, stepped, tousleheaded and sleepy-eyed, out of bed, not to admire the dawn, to our surprise but to give a muffled "Mornin' Shanklin," and to get back into bed.

The rest of the stay was as pleasant as that morning predicted, for we were blessed with July weather in May. We had an extremely enjoyable four days, and are all very grateful to Miss Dennithorne for putting up with us so long.

**V. DENNIS** (*Form VI.*).

## Shooting!!

I SUPPOSE most of us have acted on a stage (large or small) at some time in our career, even if it was only to recite "I have a little shadow" at the School Prizegiving, but probably not so many have endeavoured to "make a film."

Now this being an age when to do something new is so essential, we decided some weeks ago to form an amateur film company, and those who thought (or hoped) they had a "film face" were asked to join. Having made ourselves up (one looks rather as if one is in the last stages of consumption) we were 'tried out' one at a time, extremely strong lights are switched on and you are told to go through certain actions strictly to time. The more you dither the more unpopular you become, as films are by no means cheap. "We'll now have a close-up," says the producer. "Look at me and emote for all you're worth." As we were old friends I pointed out that he was asking me to do the impossible, but after a slight skirmish I composed myself and proceeded to "flutter" prettily. The result was certainly enlightening, and the full force of that well-known saying, "Oh to see ourselves as others see us," was brought home to me.

Having decided that we *might* perhaps be able to act, the next thing was to write the scenario. It was decided that it should be in the form of a comedy-thriller with a slight (very slight) love interest. The one and only kiss takes place behind a cabbage I believe.

As winter was approaching it was thought that the various isolated outdoor scenes has better be shot before it was too cold and wet. This was a little confusing, because most of us only had a very slender idea of the plot, but we said we would do our best. We were told to assemble one morning dressed as for our various parts. The hour of the meeting was 9 o'clock. I awoke about 8.30 to find it was raining, so naturally turned over again. A little while afterwards the 'phone went and I was told quite definitely that the Air Ministry stated that the day would be fine. We should therefore meet as arranged. That wasn't a good start to my film career as I had about a quarter of an hour in which to make myself into an extremely large, overdressed woman. Could I be blamed if later in the morning the cushion began to slip and my portliness seemed slightly wrong.

I had been told beforehand that they would like my car to use as a greengrocer's van. I smiled sweetly and said that of course anything I had was theirs....but weren't they being slightly rude to poor Morris? They assured me "No," and said that when dressed for the part she would look wonderful. (I might add she certainly did.)

A small road on the outskirts of Epping had been chosen for our first effort. The plot isn't exactly a new one (but we felt that was quite in order for a film). The villain and villainess have stolen my famous jewels (Woolworth's best) and go off in their sports car. My husband and I follow in a Daimler (hired for the purpose complete with chauffeur. I don't think the man had had such a morning for years). Grandma comes to the rescue by puncturing one of the tyres of the villain's car. She then sees a greengrocer's van (aforementioned), jumps in with the hero and heroine and overtakes the Daimler and Salmson (which has broken

down) and with the help of a blunderbuss (which nearly went through the windscreen) they get back the jewels.

There were no casualties-which was remarkable as the lane was narrow and winding, and as it was a fairly fine morning quite a number of non-film actors were out for a run. One carful was so astonished at us (grandma's wig did look rather amazing) that having passed us once they turned their car and came back to have another look.

That's as far as we have gone at the moment, but it certainly was one of the most amusing mornings I have ever spent, and I thoroughly recommend a little "shooting" to anyone who is on the look-out for a "new" recreation.

**MURIEL JOHNS (O.G.).**

### The Shower Bath.

IF to school you go one morning,  
Go one morning rather early,  
Quick from out the stone-paved porches  
Steals a form in dark green tunic.  
Furtively it glances hither,  
Furtively it glances thither,  
Till it gains the inner portal.  
First she loosens four suspenders,  
Then a girdle, waist confining,  
She unties, and neatly folding  
Places on a nearby footstool.  
Then, in turn, a clinging vestment,  
Next, a shimmering undergarment  
Neatly folds she with the others.  
Then upon her head she claspeth  
Rubber cap for safety measure.  
Underneath her chin she straps it.  
Gingerly with digits quavering,  
This lone venture stands poised.  
Then outstretches she her finger-  
Turns the jet from Hot to Tepid.  
Then, in one decisive movement  
Turns the jet to Cold from Tepid.  
One tense moment, then a rumble  
Which increases in its volume,  
Swelling to a mighty tumbling.  
Then from many a minute channel  
Springs the Water, gushing freely,  
Gushing with the swift exuberance  
Of a torrent late imprisoned.  
\*\*\*\*\*

Tremblingly, the Goose Fleshed Maiden,  
She, the heroine of the morning,  
Re-adjusts her cloak of creeping.

\*\*\*\*\*

Honour be, to this example!  
This, to you of slothful mien!  
Take this chance with grasping fingers,  
Let no other days be wasted,  
'Fore these pleasures you have tasted.

**DOROTHY GRIFFITHS.**

### To the Tune of "Widdicombe Fair."

WE were the upper science sixth,  
Always up to lots of tricks,  
Here we are, some short, some tall,  
Marie Danger, Joyce Sharpe, Dora Samuel,  
Kathleen Robertson, Jessie Liggins,  
Old Rosie Brazier and all,  
Old Rosie Brazier and all.

As we were going to the Botany Exam.,  
Our numerous notes before us swam,  
But quite in vain we tried to recall,  
Thallophyta, Bryophyta, Pteridophyta, Gymnospermæ,  
Old Angiospermæ and all,  
Old Angiospermæ and all.

### Who Knows-

WHICH mistress stood on top of the black-board?

What happens behind the closed door of the Sixth Form when a Yo-Yo has been confiscated?

Who wrote "The people of Ceylon are Celanese"?

How many stitches are plained, purled or purloined per day in the Staff Room?

That we have three swimming-baths in the Gym.?

That cereals and vegetables grow on flat, barren, desert-like land?

That Greece is round the Balkan States?

That in the Garonne valley are flocks of grease?

That "the carpet rose along the dusty floor?"

That the definition of a Sixth-former is "a person who carries chairs about"?

### Who Remembers-

The pencil in the paino?

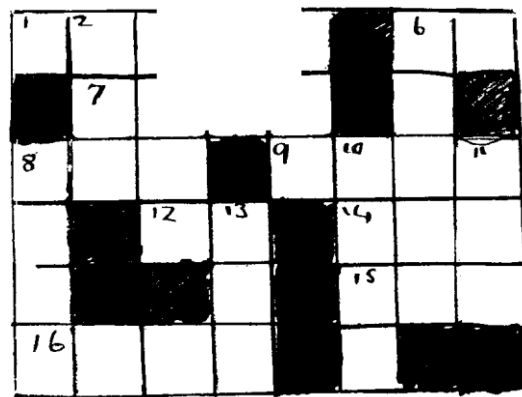
The starting pistol that was a non-starter?

Ventnor sunburn?

Apple-pie beds?

A certain junior form's "Grand Fungus Folly"?

### Are you good at Crosswords?



Across.

1. Radiance
6. Myself
7. Crippled
8. Everyone
9. Kind of crystal
12. Editor (abbr.)
14. United States
15. Japanese coin
16. Unemployment money

Down.

2. Not well
3. High wind
4. Meaning the King or Queen
5. A drink
6. Animal
8. Old
10. Rich
11. A Male
13. What some flowers do in winter

**J. MORGAN** (*Form Lower IIIs.*).

### Schoolgirls of Today, by Schoolgirls of Yesterday.

OLD GIRLS who are teachers have supplied these anecdotes from the depths of their experience:

*In Nature Study:* A child informed me that a lark came into their garden, and its leg was injured, so her mother put its leg in splinters."

*In Composition:* The subject was "Autobiography of a Canary."

One small child began her essay:

"I was an egg when I was born. My mother told me so."

*In Scripture:* (Christmas story up to date.)

TEACHER: What did the Shepherds hear coming-from the sky?"

SMALL CHILD: "Wireless!"

*Tempus Fugit!* A child of five said to her mother (an O.G.):

"I think Miss- likes me. I wonder why?"

MOTHER: "Perhaps it is because she taught me when I was a little girl."

CHILD: "Taught *you* when you were a little girl, and she isn't

married yet!"

*Latin:* Tertium quid = 6s. 8d.

## Games Notices, 1932.

THIS year we have entered upon a new adventure, the 1st Netball Team has joined the Essex League, and we are fearfully hoping that our dreams of winning the Shield will come true. This year's team is practically the same as that of last year, and so far we have only played three matches, the results of which are as follows:

St. Angela's	1 <sup>st</sup> Team	27-9	Goals	Win
	2 <sup>nd</sup> "	31-3	"	"
Greycoat	1 <sup>st</sup> "	12-7	"	Loss
	2 <sup>nd</sup> " 23-6	"	Win	
Skinners	1st Junior Team	9-18	"	Loss
	2nd Junior Team	20-18	"	Win
	1st Team	26-6	"	Win
	2 <sup>nd</sup> "	29-3	"	Win
	3 <sup>rd</sup> "	16-11	"	Win

Our first League Match does not occur until the beginning of December, as we have drawn a bye in the first round.

The Juniors have only played one match and as there are many keen young players the teams are not yet definitely settled.

The Netball Competition was held last March, when the Upper School Trophy was won by Form VI. after an exciting struggle with U.IVB. Forms L. IVA. and L. IIIE. were the winners in the Middle and Lower Schools.

Sports Day was held at the beginning of the Summer Term and everything went all very successfully except the pistol, which didn't. Forms L. IIIE. and L. IIIw. tied for the Lower School Trophy. L. IVA. were the successful competitors in the Middle School, whilst the Sixth Form won in the Upper School.

Both the Swimming Sports and the Tennis Tournament were held at the end of the Summer Term. Form VB. won the Swimming Trophy in the Upper School, after diving frantically for invisible bricks on the bottom of the bath. L. IVE. and L. III E. were the Middle and Lower School winners. VB. also won the Tennis Trophy with L. IVA. as the Middle School champions.

The only other thing that is left for me to say is to thank the Staff for the Games Party, which proved a very enjoyable Grand Finale to the Season.

### J. BARRATT.

The winners of the Medal for the best all-round girl in Gymnastic Games and Dancing, are as follows: Upper School, J. Barratt: Middle School, P. Merchant; Lower School, D. Ralph.

### D. I. SQUIRE.

**HOCKEY NOTES.** At the end of last season, we saw the fulfilment of a long-promised event which was a Hockey Tournament. As each form could not produce a full team, Forms LIVA and B., UIVA and B and VA and B combined together. The matches were most exciting, the Shield being finally won by Form VI. We hope that this year each form will be represented by its own team.

We have played only one match as yet this term, the result being:

East Ham	7-1:	Loss
East London	9-0:	Loss

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

Coborn	4-3:	Win
Latimer	3-1:	Loss
Skinners	8-0:	Loss

We should like to express our sincere thanks to the Staff for the kind help which they have so generously given us.

**ROSE BRAZIER** (Captain).

## School Societies.

**THE MUSICAL SOCIETY.**-The Musical Society has favoured Opera this year. The annual visit to Sadlers' Wells has become a recognised part at the programme. About thirty members and a few of

the Staff made this visit in the Spring Term, and saw "The Marriage of Figaro."

In June our choice turned from Mozart to Gilbert and Sullivan, and we decided to have a meeting at school with a Gilbert and Sullivan programme. Each form gave two items from an Opera. Most of them, and especially VB.'s item in costume from "The Pirates of Penzance," were very successful. A few forms, however, seemed to have a malady somewhat approaching stage-fright. After our own efforts, a Quartet who had kindly come from the Walthamstow Operatic Society, sang quartets, trios, duets and solos from the Gilbert and Sullivan Operas. They showed us how they ought to be sung, and in a delightful way conveyed the spirit of the music to us.

We had an enjoyable evening of Community Singing this term, with a musical item from each form. The items ranged in choice from Mendelssohn and Schubert in L. IV A. and VB., to the popular "ditties" of U. IVA. and L. IVB. Have you ever tried setting half your audience to sing "Annie Laurie" while the other half sings "John Peel"?

We thank Miss Bean for her help and enthusiasm throughout the year.

### M. RABSON.

**LEAGUE OF NATIONS UNION.**-The first meeting of the year took the form of a miniature Disarmament Conference. Members of each Form gave brilliant addresses illustrating the opinions of the Great Powers on the subject: "There should be a 25 per cent. all-round reduction in armaments."

This motion was carried with one dissentient voice-Japan.

In the Summer Term the members of the League of Nations' Union listened with great interest to a lecture by Sir Norman Angell on the elementary principles of the League of Nations.

For the Autumn Term we did not have to seek for subject matter as E. Holden had recently attended a Students' Conference in Geneva debating the Indian problems. She gave us a talk on the Indian aspect of the matter while E. Hyatt explained the attitude of the British Government. League news was supplied by the Fifth and Upper Fourth Forms.

One hundred and one girls now belong to the League.

### V. PRIOR.

**LITERARY AND DRAMATIC SOCIETY.** - During the Spring Term, a jubilant party, crowding two luxurious 'buses, visited the Old Vic to see "Othello." Although "Iago" was unable to act throughout the whole performance owing to influenza, we enjoyed the play immensely, especially Edith Evan's interpretation of Emilia.

S. P. B. Mais gave us a delightfully informal talk, rather than lecture, during the Summer on Modern Poetry, wandering happily through talkies, mathematics, the examination bogey, country walks, Liverpool Street Station and Hoe Street. From the varied and somewhat heated discussion that ensued Mr. Mais emerged triumphant if a little dishevelled.

This term the Society have voted whole-heartedly for a 'bus expedition to see "Macbeth," and we are very excited to hear that Walter de la Mare is visiting the School next term.

### E. HOLDEN.

**SCIENCE SOCIETY NOTES.**-Arrangements were made to visit the Veritas Gas Mantle Works and to the H.M.V. Gramophone Works during the Spring Term. These arrangements, however, fell through.

The Summer Meeting at Whipsnade, on May 28th, was a great success. Wolves with cubs, bears, lions, tigers and elephants were at one time the centre of amusement and at another of admiration and interest. The country too, was very beautiful and the journey by 'bus from the School gates was thoroughly appreciated.

This term a Fungus Foray was held on October 8th. In spite of grey skies the party set out hopefully for Loughton. The recent wet and warm weather resulted in the appearance of numerous gayly coloured toadstools. The scarlet fly agaric, orange and grey fairy clubs, the "beef-steak" tree parasite, earth balls, puff balls and many others were found before we reached High Beech. The rain was so heavy that we decided to return immediately after lunch, and a wet but cheerful crowd "hiked" back to Chingford. A number of "spoils" were on show in the Biology laboratory on the following Monday.

The winners of the Bulb Competition were Form VI. in the Upper School and Form Lower Ills. in the Lower School.



## R. BRAZIER.

**EXPEDITIONS.**- The School does not take its pleasures sadly, as the articles, many and gleeful, concerning the Shanklin visit alone, would attest. Apart from those mentioned in the "Chronicle" and noted in the Societies' Notes, many other expeditions have been launched. Upper Forms have had the opportunity of seeing "Triplepatte" at the East London College. A Fifth Form has seen "Hamlet"; many Forms witnessed a performance of anti-Hamlet, namely "Napoleon." Other sallies have been made to view the flowers of the field in the raw, and then again at Chelsea. Ancient remains were inspected in the Natural History Museum.

## Fun Fair.

THE Fun Fair started with the Dog Show. Under the wise guidance of Miss Hooper, cohorts of terriers, platoons of sporting and of lap-dogs, brought up in the rear by the massed bands of unnamed varieties, were skilfully manoeuvred into position in the hall. It is miraculous that pandemonium and complete safety resulted. In spite of all this canine babel, which cannot be quelled by ringing of bells for silence, blue-blooded prize-winners were detected by -, whose tact and experience in such matters enabled the evening to pass so successfully.

Then on Thursday the day dawned, and the School was crammed so full of kind friends they found it difficult to spend the money they had brought. Old Girls found the occasion a wonderful opportunity of meeting their companions of old. Parents were able to see their offspring employed in competitions, or at stalls, or in entertainments. The present girls had the friendliest way of enticing coppers out of purses, and hid by their gaiety and spontaneity the hard work they had put in.

The entire building was a fun fair. You had food in a cafeteria, a variety show in the gymnasium-Walthamstow's latest home of variety, for which vast queues lined up (who remembers.....?)-ping-pong amongst the pipettes and beakers; class-rooms were caves of mystery.

Our gratitude and appreciation go out to all the generous supporters of our efforts. To them we owe the unique attractions of a non-stop cinema and a yo-yo demonstration; and the endless procession of gifts to our stalls. It was all good *fun*.

## The Old Girls' Association.

*President:* Miss NORRIS.

*Vice-Presidents:* Miss GOLDWIN and MINNIE FOXON, 2, Forest Rise, E. 17.

*Treasurer:* ITTA GILLET, 2, Prospect Hill, E. 17.

*Secretary:* DORA HIGHAM, Dunkeld, 111, Church Hill, E. 17.

## SUCSESSES (1932).

We congratulate the following:

ETHEL BRITTON has gained her Tuberculosis Certificate Exam, with Honours.

NANCY BLACKBURN has passed the same Examination.

KATHLEEN BURNELL gained 2nd M.B. 2nd Stage.

ERIC FOXON (once in Preparatory Form here), 1st Class Honours in Natural Science Tripos, June, 1931.

KATHLEEN GOODWIN, B.Sc. London.

JOAN HARCOURT gained M.R.C.S. and L.R.C.P.

GLADYS KEITH, 2nd M.B., Part I., London.

EMMA KNOWLES gained her F.C.I.I. (Fellow of the Chartered Insurance Institute).

MARY RABSON, Oxford University Education Diploma.

MARY SELWAY, History Honours, Class II., London.

CICELY SOPWITH, B.Sc., Botany Special.

MURIEL WILLIAMS, Teaching Diploma, London.

## APPOINTMENTS.

DOROTHY BUBBERS, Mathematical Mistress at East Ham High School for Girls.

KITTY KOLLER, Needlework Mistress at Camborne County High School.

MADGE MILES, Biology Mistress at the Collegiate School, Leicester.

## O.G.A. GYMNASIUM.

Why don't you come to the Old Girls' Gym?

You miss so much and so much.

Oh! plump Old Girl, you will never be slim,

Unless you come to the Old Girls' Gym,

Where we exercise with tremendous vim

On horses and ropes and such!

(With apologies to Mr. Chesterton and his "fat-headed poet.")

Seriously, though, why don't you? We are sure you would thoroughly enjoy it as we all do. After all, the subscription is only 7s 6d. for the season of two terms, and if you are able to attend regularly, you may come when the spirit moves you at the cost of 1/- an evening. Rose Harris is still showing us how to keep supple in spite of advancing years, and although we have commenced the season with a good attendance, she won't mind a bit however many extra turn up. Of course, you know that we now use the new Gymnasium with its plentiful apparatus. So please make an effort and come along any Tuesday evening at 7.30.

CONSTANCE R. PETTIT, *Hon. Secretary.*

## News.

IT is always interesting to know what Old Girls are doing in the world after they have left for ever the sanctity of School, and here are a few items of news which have reached us, and which we present to you without discrimination.

NITA LUCAS (recently married to Dr. Aran Andersson of Sweden) now running a Medical Mission with her husband in Bendela, Belgian Congo, Africa, where they intend to remain for three years. Miss Lucas was previously a staff nurse at the Connaught Hospital, Walthamstow, where Dr. Andersson was a student.

MARY PURCELL has taken her N.D.D. (National Diploma in Dairying). She hopes to take her N.D.P. (National Diploma in Poultry--Husbandry), and is going to train on a farm in Sible Hedingham.

KATHLEEN GOODWIN gained her M.Sc. degree at the University of London last January, and is now Biology Mistress at the High School for Girls, West Hartlepool, Durham.

GLADYS LUCAS is going to Constantinople as a Missionary in August. VIOLET ELDRIDGE is working on a chicken farm.

DOROTHY JONES is going to Africa and then to Canada to see her mother in Toronto.

GIRLIE GEE (*née* Foxon), has been on six months' holiday in England, with three of her four children from South Africa.

CONNIE WILLIAMSON (*née* Roebuck) is in Chatham, and running a very successful branch of the Mothers' Union there.

MABEL FULLER is returning to Walthamstow.

SYLVIA HINER is in the Union Assurance Society.

DORA LLOYD (*née* Cross) has been on holiday in England with her two children. She is leaving Billy in England with Alice Ogden (*née* Wise).

CONNIE TAYLOR is nursing at the Middlesex Hospital.

ETHEL BRITTON is nursing at Guy's Hospital.

MARGERIE CHRISTY is nursing at the Isolation Hospital, Chingford.

## Late O.G.A. News.

## NETBALL.

THE Old Girls' Netball Club had a very successful season last year:

The Third Team won the London Old Girls' Netball League Third Division Shield in a match against Parliament Hill.

The First Team came top in District Matches and lost in the second round to Brondesbury and Kilburn H.S.O.G.

I. Oldfield has been selected for the First County Team, and F. Pontin and R. Harris for the Second.

Last term the Essex Team, in which F. Pontin, L. Thrippleton and R. Harris were playing, won the All England Netball Rally.

## Marriages.

IT has come to our ears that the following Old Girls are now married, and we extend to them our very best wishes. You will notice that September 17th seems to have been rather a popular High School Wedding Day.

IDA BARRALET to G. VARLEY, on April 25th, 1932.

ELEANOR CHUBB to REX CARRUTHERS, on September 17th, 1932.

LILIAN DENNY to DAVID BANKES, on September 17th, 1932.

CONNIE EASTAUGH to NORMAN MOODEY, on October 22nd, 1932.

PHYLLIS EDWARDS to DONALD PETTIT, on June 30th, 1932.

DAPHNE FULLER to ANDREW DRYDEN, on June 2nd, 1932.  
 IRIS GORT(D)ON to EDWIN THOMAS CLARK, on July 23rd, 1932.  
 MAY LEIM to DIGBY CHARLES TAYLOR, on July 17th, 1932.  
 NITA LUCAS to DR. ARON ANDERSSON, in April, 1932.  
 ALICE MAXWELL to LAWRENCE ERNEST SAMUEL, on  
 December 28th, 1931.  
 EILEEN MINTON to PHILLIP BULLIVANT, on September 17th,  
 1932.  
 ANNIE ONWIN to REGINALD SIVERS, on September 17th, 1932.  
 ROSE PETTET to CECIL PHIPPS, on September 10th, 1932.  
 SYLVIA SMITH to -ALLEN, on July 30th, 1932.  
 LILIAN WILLIS to GEORGE GOODSPEED, on July 28th, 1932.  
 ETHEL WOOLFORD to LESLIE TIMMS.

### Births.

CAIN.-On November 11th, to Mr. and Mrs. Cain (Madge Cleave) a  
 daughter, Wendy Mary.  
 HAMILTON.- On August 3rd, 1932, to Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm  
 Hamilton (Lois Eldred), a daughter, Mavis.  
 HELSDON.-On July 23rd, 1932, to Mr. and Mrs. F. Helsdon (Clarice  
 Phillips), a son.  
 HODGES.-On June 10th, 1932, to Mr. and Mrs. Hodges (Enid Foster),  
 a daughter, Jane Geraldine Mary.  
 JACKSON.-On August 13th, 1932, to Mr. and Mrs. Jackson (Elsie  
 Melluish), a daughter, Pamela Marjorie.  
 LLOYD.- To Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd (Dora Cross), a daughter.  
 MULLETT. On August 22nd, 1932, to Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Mullett (Vera  
 How), a son, Derek, Michael.  
 ROSE.-On December 25<sup>th</sup>, 1931, to Mr. and Mrs. Rose (Norah Blofield),  
 a daughter.  
 WALTER, On August 19th, 1932, to Mr. and Mrs. Walter (Winifred N.  
 Page), a son, John Frederick.

### Death.

IT is with much regret that we announce the death of HILDA  
 TEBBOTH, on 24<sup>th</sup> July, 1932.

