

Walthamstow High School Magazine

Editor: Miss Norris Sub-Editor: Miss Park O.G.A. Sub-Editor: R. Hyatt
Committee: M. Empson J. Gerdes B. Hull W. White

EDITOR'S LETTER.

Dear School,

The word evacuation is written in large black letters across the chronicle of the School year, but on every page is written in even larger letters of gold the blessed word camaraderie. As I look back I am chiefly conscious of a deep sense of gratitude to the Staff, the parents and the girls for their courage, their helpfulness and their loyalty. It is significant that we began our pilgrimage with 200 girls, but our numbers soon rose to 300; this is partly due to the fact that we were fortunate enough to come to Wellingborough, a town which has a strong tradition of friendliness and hospitality; also it is due to the resolute and cheerful spirit of the School, which has been really admirable, but, above all, we owe it to the Staff, who have laboured unceasingly for the well-being of the School.

This year is our Jubilee Year. In 1889, Miss Hewett opened the School in Trinity Sunday School; later, the School was transplanted to what was afterwards the Y.M.C.A.; in 1913 we moved to our school in Church Hill. On September 1st, 1939, we were evacuated first to Kettering and then to Wellingborough where we are working on the shift system in The Wellingborough High School and the Y.M.C.A.

We have passed through many vicissitudes and we none of us know what the future holds in store, but of one thing we can be perfectly certain, Miss Hewett's spirit will always live on in the School she loved so well for kindness and goodwill are imperishable heirlooms.

Best wishes to you all.

Yours affectionately,

MISS NORRIS.

At The County High School for Girls,
Wellingborough.

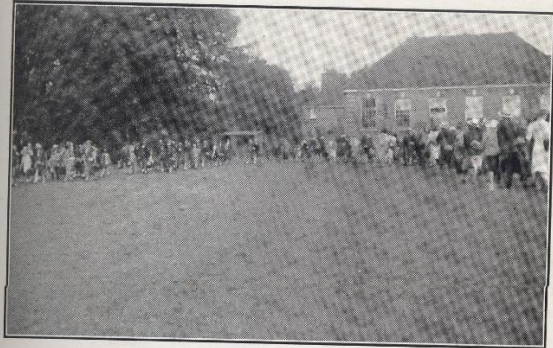
CHANGES ON THE STAFF.

After having been with us for six years, Miss Miskin, to our universal regret, decided to leave us to take up some form of social service. When the war broke out she first helped us to evacuate and then she joined the Ambulance Drivers' Corps. We are grateful to Miss Miskin for her clear and scholarly teaching and for the generous help she gave to our games and to all our other activities, whether serious or frivolous; but, above all, we thank her for her unfailing courtesy and objectivity. We wish her every success and hope we shall see her often.

Miss Bean, Miss Knowles and Miss Pope, were unable to leave London and so we had to evacuate without them. We hope we shall not lose touch with them.

We offer a hearty welcome to Miss Hayward and Miss Skinner, who have already given us valuable help.

M.N.



Evacuation Rehearsal, 1939.



REPORT ON EVACUATION.

On September 1st we evacuated to Kettering with 200 pupils and 67 little brothers and sisters. There were six Secondary Schools evacuated to Kettering, so there was no school accommodation except some we found for ourselves in the stands of the Football Club.

On September 6th. Therefore, we travelled in seven buses to Wellingborough. At first we met morning at the High School; then from September 18th to 25th we moved to the Victoria Congregational Church Schools, but these proved quite inadequate. We began school at the High School on September

21st, and from September 25th onwards we have been doing "shifts," spending the morning at the Y.M.C.A. and the afternoon at the High School, and working to a full time-table of seven periods; the Sixth are allowed to use the laboratory at the Technical Institute for some lessons. We put in our normal School activities on Saturday morning; the rehearsals for the Acting Competition are in full swing and we played and won our first netball match last Saturday against the Ideal Clothing Company's team. We did not allow the children to go home for the Half Term but took them to the Cinema and to Castle Ashby, where we saw the Marquis of Northampton's beautiful gardens.

Summer Time will end on November 18th, so that from Tuesday, November 21st, we shall have to make a fresh timetable in which we are going to count Saturday as Monday.

The billets in Wellingborough are on the whole very good and the people very kindly. Miss Godwin and I are billeting officers, and with the aid of the Staff we do all the billeting ourselves. We have found the Town Clerk most helpful.

The school is a very pleasant building, with beautiful grounds and playing fields. We have been greatly helped in our work by the expeditious arrival of vans containing our own books and apparatus. The Y.M.C.A. is like most Y.M.C.A.'s. but we manage to teach quite seriously in the billiard room, ping pong room, darts room, skittle alley, etc.

The numbers in the School has gone up steadily since we evacuated and are now 295. For the most part the girls have settled down very happily into their billet, and are healthy, cheerful and contented.

M.N.

November 16th, 1939.

BLANCHE HEWETT SCHOLARSHIP FUND.

Last June the first two scholarships, each of £10 a year for three years, were awarded one to Margaret Gracey, who is reading French at Westfield College; and the other to Irene Owen who is reading Geography at King's College, London.

The capital of the fund is now £1015 18s. 3d, and the interest on it will enable the committee to award another small scholarship in either 1940 or 1941, but not in both years. The generosity of countless friends of the School has, in less than two years, made this seemingly impossible dream of having a scholarship fund our own - come true. The fund is still, and always will be, open and many of us dream of some day being able to give at least

one scholarship every year.

M. B. GOLDWIN (Treasurer of the Fund).

SUB. EDITOR'S LETTER.

Iris starts with an "apologia pro vita sua." The first justification of its appearance is that 1939 marks our Jubilee Walthamstow High School Jubilee. Surely, in view of this fact, none would give the answer of the American who was asked what his views were about sin: after a pause, charged with reflection, he said, "I'm agin it." No one, we repeat, could not want *Iris* to be published this year of all years.

Passing over the value of continuity, we arrive rapidly at the conclusion that *Iris* is a necessity and not a luxury, so that all that that remains to be accounted for is the reduced bulk of *Iris*. . . And taking that explanation as self-evident, we finally arrive at the fact that entries have been of such a good and even level, that to exclude many is almost heart-breaking. The VI Forms, V.A and Lower IV.W are to be particularly congratulated. Out of their surplus efforts alone a "phantom" *Iris* could be formed. . . And so a benison go with it.

A. H. PARK.

(Dated from our palace of the Y.M.C.A., Wellingborough, and/or Walthamstow, 1939.)

O.G. SUB.EDITOR'S LETTER.

It is a perennial problem for the Old Girls' Sub-Editor to think of something fresh to say. However, if I cannot be brilliant, will at least be brief, and, I hope, bright. I was pleased by the good response which Old Girls made to my call this year. Contributions flowed in well, and I was struck by the quality of most of the things sent, though these could have been more widely representative of the different occupations and interests of Old Girls. For instance, *Iris* would like to publish more news about Old Girls *not* engaged in the learned professions. We want to make the Old Girls' Section of the magazine a record and a reflection of every sphere of activity in which any of us are engaged-so more news next year, please, about what *you* are doing! There is no need to pretend to be humble-everything about Old Girls will be of interest to Old Girls as well as to the present School. We share *Iris*, and at present the balance is not equal between those who always write something for *Iris* and those who seem to have sunk into a nameless obscurity and anonymity.

It is no use pleading lack of time. You can spare half an hour in the whole year to drop me a line about what you are doing; and there's no need to wait until the last moment either. It has been suggested that we should compile a history of *Iris*-what about it, Old Girls? If you like the idea, please look through your *Iris*es as far back as you can go, and either send them to me, or send me any interesting or amusing extracts from them.

I imagine I have already overstepped my limit of space, so goodbye until next year, and in the meantime, good luck!

R. HYATT.

THE PRIZE GIVING.

We had an informal Prize Giving in Wellingborough High School on November 8th. We sang three of the songs that we had prepared in the Summer Term, and there were a number of dances, which we all enjoyed very much. The prizes were graciously distributed by Miss Schofield, Headmistress of Wellingborough High School. Our only visitors were the Staff and girls of Wellingborough High School.

It was a very short Prize Giving compared with those of former years. Being our fiftieth Prize Giving, it would, no doubt, have been a most important occasion if we had been in Walthamstow.

Nevertheless, I think we all enjoyed our first Prize Giving in Wellingborough. The fact that it may be last one, too, only seems to enhance it as a unique experience, and in no way abates our appreciation of Wellingborough hospitality.

J.M.D.

PRIZE LIST, 1939.

Form VI.

Prizes: J. Evans, E. Fox, D. Francis, M. Gracey, J. Groves, B. Knowles, I. Owen, K. Reaney.

Form V.A.

Prizes: J. Ayrton, M. Bell, L. Blenko, J. Chapman, E. Clark, M. Cox, E. Curtis, M. Fairbrass, M. Foster, P. Greenslade, J. Hawkes, P. Hollebrand, E. Jackson, D. Jennings, E. Kenny, J. Lacy, P. Lawrence, R. Licence, M. Lodge, B. Millard, D. Morris, R. Norfolk, M. Peel, L. Redman, R. Rees, K. Robinson, E. Tappenden, J. Tunbridge, C. Worthington.

Form V.B.

Prizes: I. Barrett, I. Burr, J. Dark, J. Garrick, D. Goodwin, J. Hamilton, P. Hamilton, M. Hardcastle, B. Holland, A. Horder, B. Hull, P. Rose, D. Sampson, D. Swash, E. Wall.

Form U.IV.W.

Certificates: D. Hammond, A. Hayward, I. Wade.

Form U.IV.H.

Prizes: M. Empson, E. Jenkinson, M. Pinder, I. Smith, W. White.

Certificates: M. Clarke, J. Dallas, E. Keeble, M. Phillips.

Form U.IV.S.

Certificate: J. Norton.

Form L.IV.W.

Prizes: D. Barnard, J. Carter, J. Keen.

Certificate: K. Flynn.

Form L.IV.H.

Prizes: L. Bridger, O. Brown, C. Kaufman, P. Thornborough.

Certificate: O. Reaney.

Form L.IV.S.

Prize: S. Ambridge.

Certificates: J. Brabner, J. Deaton, G. Flood.

Form U.III.W.

Prize: A. Hayes.

Certificates: P. Fearne, E. Gillett, W. Smith, J. Sterne.

Form U.III.H.

Prize: P. Smith.

Certificates: L. Blackburn, M. Johnston, V. Making, J. Sands, W. Seymoor, J. Williams, G. Wood.

Form U.III.S.

Prize: P. Garnham.

Certificates: M. Blake, P. Curry, P. Healey, A. Lee, M. Patmore, G. Searle, P. Waring.

Form L.III.W.

Prize: M. Smith.

Certificates: A. Cunnington, J. Freeston, D. Wicks.

Form L.III.H.

Prizes: B. Bastin, A. Joseph, P. Mitchell.

Certificates: M. Grimwood, M. Leeson, J. Mansell.

Form L.III.S.

Prizes: D. Bush, J. Middleton, M. Tappenden.

Certificates: V. Bradley, G. Field, M. Krinks, E. Nevell.

Silver Medal for Life-Saving: Muriel Dru.

Bronze Medals of the Royal Life-Saving Society.

Muriel Dru, Yvonne Abbinett, Lily Cravitz, Vera Cundy, Barbara Darling, Dorothy Stephens, Margaret Gracey, Winnie Mudie.

Medals for Gymnastics, Dancing, Games and Swimming

Upper School: Margaret Peel.

Middle School: Vera Cundv.

Lower School: Evelyn Whitehouse.

SCHOOL CHRONICLE.

The past year has been, even more than previous years, one of great interest in the life of the School.

On November 5th a visit to the Old Vic took place in order to see a performance of "Hamlet" in modern dress, which proved most interesting. U.IV.H were also fortunate enough to see "A Shoemaker's Holiday." While V.A chose "Twelfth Night." School life in 1938 was most suitably brought to an end by an admirable performance of a nativity play by L. III. H. Our Christmas collection this year was giving to a new cause, for part of it was used to make up parcels for the Monoux Alms houses.

During the Christmas holidays several girls gave up a few days to hear League of Nations lectures in London. The VI Form, accompanied by Miss Goldwin, were also able to see "Geneva," which, thanks to the keen wit of Mr. Bernard Shaw and the vivacity of the actors, proved most amusing.

During the Spring Term the Drill Competition took place. This was judged by Miss Lawrence and Miss Huxham, who gave most helpful advice which we all determined to carry out. The forms who won, were UC.IV.H, L.IV.H, and L. III. S. The Netball Competition was also keenly contested as in former years. In addition the VI Form gave a reading of "Pygmalion" to the School—a play which was already in the minds of many.

A number of girls spent a fortnight of their Easter holidays attending a French Course at

Harrogate, which they found most helpful.

In the early part of the Summer Term the two Fifth Forms paid a visit to Zoological and Botanical Films. On Empire Day we were given a most enjoyable address in the Greek Theatre by Mr. Judd, after which we felt a little more enlightened concerning English colonies. On June 3rd the Parents' Association held a unique garden party in the school gardens, which took the form of a "Little Brothers' and Sisters' Party." Tea, served in the gymnasium, proved most refreshing after strenuous games and team-races.

After the examinations were over, L.III. W., H, and S, accompanied by their Form Sisters and several others of the VI Form, set off in great enthusiasm for Whipsnade. Much excitement was shown when the giant panda was viewed. On the same day U. III. W, H, and S visited the London Zoo. The Fifth Forms, on the other hand, celebrated their emancipation by presenting two plays on July 22nd. V.A produced "Richard of Bordeaux," while V.B presented "She Stoops to Conquer."

The most prominent event of the whole year, however, has been our evacuation. After messages by wireless, the School met on August 28th, and, after a week of tense expectancy, was evacuated on September 1st to Kettering. Within a few days we were transported to Wellingborough. We have now, thanks to the kind hospitality of the residents, settled down happily in our various billets. At Half Term the School was taken to the cinema to see Will Hay, and a visit was paid to Castle Ashby. Here, while making a tour round the gardens of the Marquis of Northampton, we were fascinated by the beauty of the autumn colouring. We are now busy rehearsing for the Acting Competition.

We should like to thank everyone for the admirable way in which they conducted the evacuation, surmounted countless difficulties and helped us all in every possible way.

J. GERDES (VI).

AIR LINER.

As the seagull
With curved steel
Of level sinuous wings
Glides on the invisible channels of the air,
So do you fly,
Cloud-scorning, swift and strong.

The birds have arisen
From the echoing valley of time,
Have evolved
From grotesque
Pterodactyl,
Archeopteryx,
To reach a near-perfection in the sky.

Science and Art-
Twin greatness of man's soul-
Conspired to make your shape.
You lovely parody of flying life.

When on the wide
Barrenness of Heaven
Your darker-winged half-sisters fly, Death-bearing furies,

Man-made Eumenides,
The high design
Of living seems obscured.

But your grey shape
Near-silver in the sunlight
Is loveliness.
Man, poor mock-deity,
Ever half fails: but this,
Your being, must remain
The symbol of a splendid destiny

S. M. GOULD.

OCTOBER, 1939.

Grey veiled day,
Above the golden
And glowing scarlet profusion
Of leaves' last glory-

Chill skies
Wrap themselves in cloud
And the rooks darkly crowd
With joyless cries.

Lengthening Night
Strokes with his dead hand
The shrouded stretches of the land,
Waiting with veiled lamplight.

Life and Death
Still parade,
Black and crimson, terribly arrayed
Upon the maniac Earth.

S. M. GOULD.

THE DESERTED CITY.

Sweet London! fairest city in the land,
From Fenchurch Street to Ludgate and the Strand.
How silent are you now without the cry
Of London's children gaily passing by.
No happy laughter round Trafalgar Square-
Children no longer greet the pigeons there.
The toy vendors have long ago departed
From Oxford Street now that the war is started,
And instead of nurses' step at Marble Arch
Is heard the country's military march,

While uniforms of blue, and brown, and grey
Have taken place of checks and gingham gay.
Sweet London! sandbagged night and day,
Guard well their homes while children are away.

MARGARET BAILEY (V.B).

EVACUATION, SEPTEMBER, 1939.

With apologies to Damon Runyon.

[Sub-Editor's Note: D.R. is a popular American author who writes in a sophisticatedly illiterate style.]

What I am doing in a train in Walthamstow Station on the day of a very large hustle to and fro of hundreds of little dolls and dames and little guys and big guys, is something which calls for quite a little explanation, because I am not such a dame as you will expect to find in Walthamstow Station at any time, and especially at a time of a big hustle to and fro.

But there I am, and the reason I am there goes back to September 3rd, when I am sitting in school and hear that some guy by the name of Hitler Muzzlem is getting a punch on the snoot from Neuter Neville, a bozo, because it seems that Hitler Muzzlem wants to carve up quite some a territory by the name of Poland.

This guy is called Hitler Muzzlem because he likes talking so much he gets so that he thinks no one else must talk nor yet think, but only be muzzled so that they do as they are told and ask no questions.

Well, it seems that when a guy like Hitler Muzzlem starts hitting around and about with slugs; and shooting people full of little holes, and is carrying on generally, all wise guys send their babies far and away into other parts, where their babies stand no chance of being nicked here and there from the slugs.

Well it seems that we dames are taking the small dolls and babies into these other parts. The next thing anybody knows we are heading for the station. I guess there are plenty of mammas and papas who wish they are never born, at that, to see their juniors hauling off. Many mammas are cut up quite some, and play the duck for their juniors so that their juniors do not see them wipe away a tear.

So we get into the train and one and all peels down to their dresses and starts in to eat. Little Betty reaches out and spears into her ham-hock sandwich, a dish she seems very fond of. Big Billee dorks a piece of chocolate into his mouth and shuts down on it hard. In fact, a good time is had by one and all.

So we go bommmity bump along to Bedford, and pull up where a big guy is talking louder than somewhat into a microphone. We are taken to a big marquee, where the folks of Bedford give us a very large hello, and where I lay plenty of 6 to 5 that we eat and drink more than we eat and drink on the train, at that.

Then we haul off on big buses into the parts around, and land in a hide-out by the name of Eaton Socon, near St. Neots, where one and all land plumpitty dump in a field. I give a huge hello to the folks about. A dame tells me she wants two angel juniors to cherish, so I picks her Betty and Beatie, who I figure are as harmless as a bag of marshmallows. A tall skinny guy with a mournful voice takes over another little doll with big blue eyes and fat pink cheeks and quite a large smile. And there is Farmer Baldock with Billie, our toughest junior with his comic tucked in his shirt front and his gas mask and a tough record behind him.

Three hours go by, and we are all settled cosy as cocoanuts, only some cocoanuts are not so cosy at that when it comes to walking three miles and sleeping some places on the floor for

maybe one night, maybe two.

A week slides by, and the folks are kinder every minute, except one or maybe two who come over all hoots-toots and will not let junior make so much noise above a whisper or let junior play like he is used to playing in his own home. So that junior will as soon run off back to London as quick as his own mamma can take him, or maybe sooner. In fact some juniors run so fast they pass trains that are going thirty miles an hour like they are standing still.

But most juniors are playing in the hay, and eating apples that make them ache like they want to haul off and die, and picking blackberries, and gallumping around the fields and farms as if they are living there since the day they are born.

EUNICE HOLDON (O.G.) * Holden

LITERATURE AND THE WAR.

An event of such universal importance as the present war must inevitably also affect contemporary literature.

Gas masks, the black-out, the now familiar sight of men and women in uniform, and all the other features of our daily life, may, while being common and insignificant occurrences to most of us, be the source of inspiration to the zealous author.

Those writers who rely for their livelihood upon their readers' inability to distinguish between sentiment and sentimentality, will clutch with avidity at every aspect of the war which will enable them to present, clad in slightly different raiment the theme they have used so many times before.

For would-be humourists there are many situations which may perhaps be immortalised in one witty sentence.

The serious writer, whether of prose or poetry, may endeavour to pour forth the disillusionment of his soul, after the fashion of Brooke and Binyon, or thrust upon a war-wearied and unappreciative world sonnets on the mysterious beauty of the black-out, which breathes the spirit of elusive Romance.

It is very probable, however, that the few words hastily scribbled in the trench, or behind the carefully draped curtains at home, may, when mellowed by the softening hand of Time, rank as one of the world's greatest classics. This would then stand as a vital testimony to the fact that good can come out of evil.

EDNA JENKINSON (V.A).

HUMMING-BIRD.

("Elsa," lines 195-219; by Alfred de Vigny. Translated from the French.)

Cradled beneath bamboos, where ivy creepers trail
Deep in Lousiana's deeply wooded verges,
When by the sun matured, splits the golden egg frail,
The glittering Humming-bird from bed of flowers emerges.

By a grass-green emerald crowned is his head,
While a breastplate azure adorns his young heart.
His back with growing pinions gleams a crimson red;
For airy battles, like a victor, see the bird depart.

Throughout the regions bordering on clear sunlight he may beat
His coral-brilliant feathers, which flee dust in alarm;
Surprising the meek dove within its mild retreat-
Intrepidly this traveller attains unto the palm.

Left behind is first of all the softly scented pain.
From maple tree to hollyhock ambitiously he passes,
Hoping that rare feast on feast he readily will gain
On brow of the palm tree or arms of the cypresses.

These woods are too great for his wings newly-born,
No longer they the blossoms of his birth place reveal.
Venturing low down, green plains no more he'll scorn
The bird-catching serpents, which they may conceal.

Scare him less by much than the arid, sterile forest.
Jasmine flowers of Florida he yearns by pools to view,
And in the pure confines of the inimitable rest,
Close to a strawberry embalmed amid the dew.

ETHEL FOX (VI).

JUST NONSENSE

One dark and stormy night, mysterious deeds were afoot at the Walthamstow High School. Pattering footsteps sounded eerily in the emptiness. Ghostly forms flitted around the pond, and even more ghostly forms crept about near the gymnasium.

With the arrival of dawn, the telephones were shrilling loudly, and anxious voices were speaking simultaneously A thief had been at work. . . Miss Bell and Miss Eaton were tearfully demanding the return of "The Lost Chord." Miss Derham, and Miss Billy were searching frantically for their toy 'Schutzgrabenvernichtungspanzerkraftwagen', commonly known as a tank, whilst Mademoiselle and Miss Dennithorne were respectively deploring the loss of their indiarubbers and the Mediterranean specimen.

Scotland Yard was consulted, and soon afterwards Inspector Cornflake entered the building. "Aha!" said he, after turning out the waste paper baskets and finding two apple core's, Latin homework and various other commonplace objects, "There is a spy at work." He examined minutely a delicately woven string of Miss Lea's and Miss Hayward's Latin declensions, and remarked cunningly, "A code, a code, my kingdom for a code!" The staff crowded round eagerly, then he triumphantly held aloft a finger-print clearly defined on a copy of Miss Cunynghame's "Magna Carta". With a gleam in his eye, the Inspector hurried to the chemistry laboratory, where he found Miss Clough buried under a pile of atoms, and asked, "What were you doing on the night of October 21st? . . . Don't evade questions," he thundered, without waiting for a reply. "Why were you out in the black-out, instead of listening to Band Wagon? Little did you guess that I was the dark stranger with the large moustache that you bumped into!"

At that moment an excited constable burst in. .. "Inspector, Inspector, I've got a clue," he shouted breathlessly, "I've found the unknown quantity. . ." Before he had time to finish, Miss Goldwin and Miss Jacob savagely pounced on him, snatched a paper from his hand and eagerly devoured the contents. Miss Jacob gave a loud whoop, and they exclaimed simultaneously, "If *ax* equals *by*, therefore *xyz* must be equal to *abc*." Gaily they made their exit, and peace reigned once more.

The Inspector began to study the fingerprint and announced himself baffled. At that

moment Miss Norris entered, and accusingly said, "O tempora, O mores ! For shame. . . You have risen to your present rank, and cannot solve a simple mystery?"

Before more could be said, the Inspector jumped up, and clutching his shotgun, he majestically walked to the door, and in a proud voice remarked, "The Cornflakes are *never* beaten. Never shall it be said that I have let down the noble name of Cornflake."

Thus spoken, he disappeared, and those of the staff who had wantonly broken the black-out rule to visit the pictures, trembled in their shoes.

After much activity, the news flashed round that a Grand Court was to be held In the Studio. Eagerly, but nervously, a crowd collected, and then the judge entered, in the form of Miss Hooper. After her followed the grand jury, comprised of Miss Hall, Miss Brown, Miss Jones and Miss Adam. With measured tread they took their seats, and presently Inspector Cornflake entered. A hubbub arose, only to be quelled by the stern voice of Miss Brown, "Silence in court." Miss Brown looked so ferocious holding the mallet, that the silence lingered for a considerable time.

"My Lord. . ." began the Inspector. . . "Ladies and gentlemen," chorused the jury.

"A great mystery is about to be unfolded, a masterpiece of the workings of the criminal mind. . ."

He was not allowed to continue, for Miss Hooper said sternly, "Don't waste time, every moment is precious. Who is the thief?"

At these words the Inspector seemed nonplussed, and after several further questions admitted that the "Lost Chord" and various other articles had not been discovered. Hearing these words, the whole jury burst into tears.

At this critical moment, a discreet bellow was heard at the door, and the same constable entered, holding aloft the missing articles. The excitement that ensued was indescribable, and when a rather dubious order had been restored, the constable told the Inspector how the articles had been found.

"Well, sir," he began. "It was like this 'ere."

"Got it!" exclaimed Inspector Cornflake.

"What?" came the questioning chorus,

"The solution." . . .

Excitedly all gathered around, and the Inspector expounded his theory. "The culprit is Mr. Hazel, the caretaker," he announced dramatically. "On the night of the crime, he was seen furtively creeping about the grounds collecting empty milk bottles, in which he deposited the various articles. He threw them into the pond and feverishly whispered, 'This one's for Hitler, that one's for Ribbentrop . . .' and, with a victorious chuckle, he threw the last one into the water, exclaiming delightedly, 'I'll have a reply by the first post tomorrow morning.' The inhabitants of the pond, however, took a decided dislike to the unfamiliar objects, and the gallant little Sticklebacks deposited them on the path. "

Loud congratulations were showered upon Inspector Cornflake and the constable, for an excellent piece of detective work.

* * *

It doesn't make sense?-Well, it's a nonsense story!

BARBARA HULL (VI).

DOORS.

I have this minute decided to write an article about doors and the various approaches of various people in various ways thereto.

Take, for instance, the doors at the Wellingborough High School, through which we pass innumerable times a day. The swing-doors-such nice playful things; you can dive right through the middle of them, if you care to take the risk of being knocked flat on your face when the recoil sets in.

Also at the aforementioned school the class-room doors, unlike our own at home, prevent girls from peering unobtrusively through their solid wooden panels; so you either have to open the door, majestically or furtively. Whichever becomes you, and find it is the wrong form-room. Whereupon the powers that be turn the full battery of righteous indignation upon you, and you retire hurriedly, mumbling apologies, or sweep out with a "how tiresome, I was sure I was right" look, which inevitably falls flat as you know the mistress will immediately sarcastically ask a delighted form, how work is to progress. . . or other such suitable questions. Or as an alternative you can revert to the degrading method of "keyhole-looking-through." I, personally, am becoming accomplished in the art of recognising a mistress by her keyhole-shaped silhouette.

Exempli gratia (look up what it means, you *should* know) a bright purple keyhole is Miss Park, especially if the keyhole is in continuous motion; and a pair of lorgnettes surmounted by a gleaming chain denotes Miss Norris' presence.

It is quite amusing to observe members of the School and Staff; yes, I have witnessed the stooping of certain mistresses to keyholes, creeping about the galleries and even placing an ear to a keyhole to detect the voice of the one they are tracking.

The familiar joy of peering through glass panels and distracting the form's attention, is gone for a while: for how long, I cannot say.

I was bitterly disappointed over this point, as I had just reached the height at Walthamstow when I didn't have to bounce up and down undignifiedly to see what I wanted to see, as I had to when merely a puny Lower Third.

Still, we must resign ourselves to the inevitable; the mistresses must endure frequent interruptions; the pupils must not be distracted by them, and both parties must practise the little-known art of School Espionage without Detection.

YVONNE ABBINETT (V.A.).

QUOTATIONS FROM "ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA," ADEQUATELY DESCRIBING SCHOOL LIFE.

French-"Wrinkles forbid!"

Wrong verb-"Speak this no more."

Maths-"We'll know all our fortunes."

Staff, after finding an apple hidden under the desk-" 'Tis not a time for private stomaching."

Geometry-"Give me mine angle."

Aftermath of Cookery Lesson-"Now I feed myself with most delicious poison."

Needlework-"Your old smock brings forth a new petticoat."

Late arrivals for hockey-" 'Tis time we twain did show ourselves i' the field."

Biology-"In Nature's infinite book of secrecy, a little can I read. "

Loss of temper on the part of Staff-"Her passions are made of nothing but the finest parts of

pure love."

School rules-"We, ignorant of ourselves, beg often our own harms, which the wise powers deny us for our own good."

Speaking in class-"What's amiss? May it be gently heard?"

Detention-"On, things that are past are done with me."

BARBARA HULL (Form VI).

EVACUEE, EVACUO.

Evacuee, Evacuo,
A war is on,
How do we know?
We left our homes
Eight weeks ago: Evacuee, Evacuo.

Evacuee, Evacuo,
Some days go quick,
And others slow,
How long 'twill last,
We do not know: Evacuee, Evacuo.

Evacuee, Evacuo, Here's to the day
We hope to go
Back to our homes
With eyes aglow:
EVACTEE, EVACUO.

PEARL DUDLEY (LIV.H).

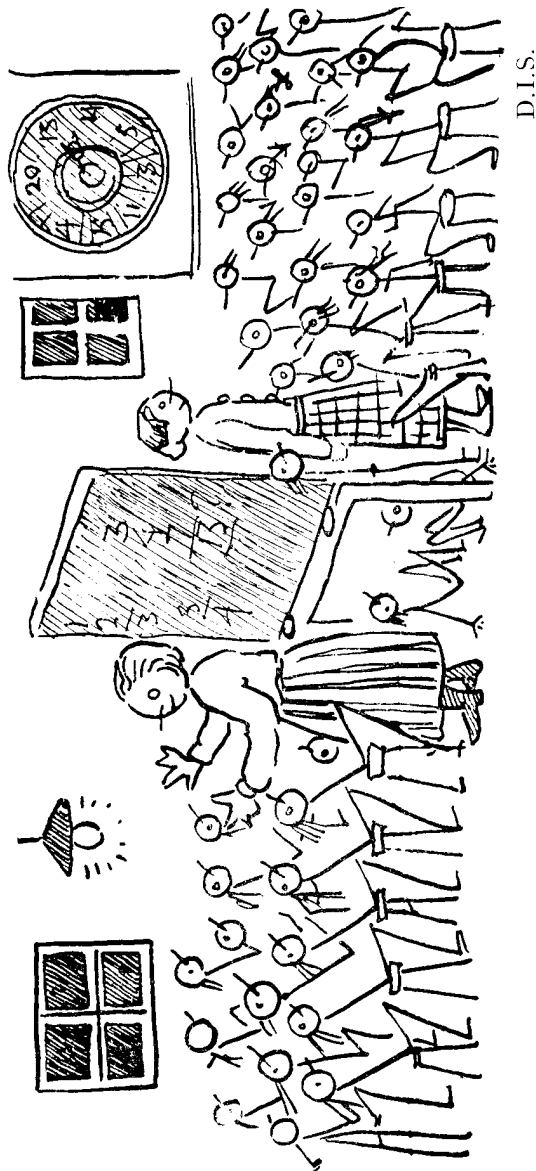
AN ODE TO AN EVACUEE.

Evacuees, we are, they say,
A lot of us have come to stay.
We didn't want to, but, I say,
We can't let Hitler have his way,

So make up your minds
You lasses and lads.
To stick till the war is over.
Then back to our mothers
And sisters and dads.
Buzzing like bees in the clover.

TOBA SHWARTZ (L.IV.H).

Y.M.C.A., 1939



EVACUATION.

We started off with baggages,
Within a railway train.
We stopped at smaller villages
And settled down again.

Our parents come to see us
At week-ends (for the day).
Some come by car and some by bus,
And all have lots to say.

JOYCE RAMM (L.III.S).

CHILDRENLESS LONDON.

The London crowds throng onward,
But children there are none;
They're all out in the country,
And having lots of fun.

London schools are empty;
Blackboards and slates are clean.
In parks and recreation grounds
No children can be seen.

How bare this London seems-without
Its children running round.
In tuck shops too, the place looks bare,
No children can be found.

Let's hope this trouble'll soon pass o'er
And once again they'll come,
And through the streets and alleyways,
So joyful to be home.

A. FRAMPTON (U.III.H).

OF A HOPE TO COME.

There once was a Nazi named Hitler,
Whose courage grew gradually littler,
It dwindled one day
Till it faded away,
And that was the end of Herr Hitler.

EDNA NEVELL (U.III.H).

HITLER, RIBBENTROP AND GOERING.

Hitler, Ribbentrop and Goering
Are making themselves very boring,
I'll be very glad
If they all feel sad
For the people they've killed in their warring.

MAISIE KRINKS (U.III,H).

WHO REMEMBERS...

South of the Border?
The adorable Piglets?
Every time I put the substance on my charcoal block, it evacuates?
All those poisons on the shelf make my mouth water?
The Seven Pillars of Wisdom?
Gym with the Staff?
Gorgonzola and lemonade?

WHO KNOWS...

What conjugated iron is?
Who said, "I've got those children satisfactorily bulleted"?
The girls who went into the village post office and asked if they sold stamps?
Who said, "Are you putting your hand up or scratching your head?"
Of a good billet?
Who was away with somebody else's bad foot?
Which member of the Staff:
(1) Baths the baby?
(2) Has a fan mail?
(3) Heard an Upper Third was a hundred girls?

GAMES NOTICES.

This year we continue our netball under unusual circumstances, as unfortunately the school to which we have been evacuated has no netball court, and we only get one team-practice on Saturday mornings, on a grass tennis court. But we are lucky to find several teams with whom we might get a match.

Our first team is not too badly broken by losses, and gaps in the second team are ably filled by last year's promising junior team.

Although last year's good times now seem very remote, we must remember to thank the Staff for the very jolly games-party that they gave us last Summer Term. Last year's netball season was very successful-our first team only drew one match and won all the rest.

The following are the results of the netball matches played 1938-39.

Autumn Term.

| | 1st Team | 2nd Team | Under 15 | Under 14 |
|--------------|----------|----------|----------|----------|
| West Ham | 14-5 | 14-16 | 26-8 | 18-9 |
| Plaistow | 26-18 | 32-0 | 19-4 | 52-1 |
| Skinnners | 11-8 | 19-15 | | |
| Latymer | 19-14 | 18-13 | 12-14 | 16-7 |
| Homsey | 35-6 | 21-6 | 18-14 | 25-3 |
| St. Angela's | 23-11 | 23-9 | 20-18 | 20-4 |
| Brondesbury | 19-9 | 18-4 | 19-4 | 9-7 |

Spring Term.

| | | | | |
|---------------|-------|-------|-------|-------|
| Highbury Hill | 16-10 | 19-16 | 33-4 | 22-17 |
| Brondesbury | 20-10 | 19-9 | 15-14 | 18-2 |
| St. Angela's | 23-18 | 16-10 | 14-19 | 14-13 |
| Woodford | 20-20 | 15-15 | 10-28 | 14-15 |
| Clapton | 20-9 | 21-4 | 10-15 | 15-10 |
| Skinnners | 19-13 | 19-16 | 11-20 | 19-21 |

Our tennis last Summer Term was also very successful, as we won all the matches we played.

The following are the results of the tennis matches played 1938-39.

Latymer-6 sets to 3; 65 games to 34.
West Ham-7 sets to 2; 66 games to 3L3.
Clapton-1st team, 6 sets to 3; 66 games to 33.
2nd team, 7 sets to 2; 80 games to 19.
Brondesbury-9 sets to 0; 77 games to 22.
Wanstead- 7 sets to 2; 52 games to 47.
St. Angela's-9 sets to 0; 54 games to 45.
Skinnners-8 sets to 1; 60 games to 39.

The winners of the Inter-Form Competitions must be congratulated. They are as follows:

| | | |
|-----------------|---------|----------|
| Netball-V.A | LIV.W | L.III.W |
| Drill-V.IV.H | L. IV.H | L.III.S. |
| Tennis-V.A | L.IV.H | |
| Swimming-VI | LIV.H | L.III.W |
| Hockey -U.IVths | | |

DOROTHY STEPHENS (VI Capt).

HOCKEY REPORT.

The evacuation has certainly proved to be the golden opportunity from the point of view of hockey. Here we are with two full-sized fields on which to play! We have now plenty of sticks, and we wish to make our school much more "hockey-minded":

JOAN GROVES (VI).

SCHOOL SOCIETIES.

THE LITERARY AND DRAMATIC SOCIETY

In the Autumn Term a party of us went to the Old Vic, on November 5th, to see 'Hamlet' acted in modern clothes. We found ourselves carried away by the very good production, and thought that the clothes were a compromise rather than outstandingly modern.

The second Term we had a great treat. Mr. Chiang Yee, author of "The Silent Traveller in London," came and talked to us about Chinese Art. Both he and his talk interested us very much. We all crowded round eagerly to see him draw for us in the really Chinese way.

Last Term, the Society, with the exception of the Fifths, who were burdened with Matric., gave a very enjoyable reading of Barrie's "Admirable Crichton," which was much appreciated by the School.

MARGARET FAIRBRASS (VI).

L.N.U. SOCIETY.

The Evacuation has, of necessity, suspended the activities of the Society, but nevertheless we have a successful year to report.

In the Spring Term we had the privilege of hearing Mr. Hugh Walker, who talked to a highly appreciative, but all too small audience. The Summer Meeting was attended by the whole School and took the form of a film show; one of the films was entitled "The Expansion of Germany."

The Essay Competition was apparently to have many entries, for the Junior Section was very keen. However, we shall not repeat our former successes in the London Regional Essay Competition.

Our new members in the present Lower Fourths, all passed their tests at the end of last term, and ended a very successful year.

IRENE RADLEY (VI).

THE MUSICAL SOCIETY.

The Musical Society has spent once more a most enjoyable year. In December we held an "at home," when each form, from the Lower Fourths upwards, produced a musical item. Most of the forms chose Nativity Plays or Christmas scenes, and the whole programme was connected by the theme of Goodwill.

In the Spring Term we went to Sadler's Wells to see "Faust," an old favourite. The singing was superb, and the scenery most artistic. The spectators were held by Gounod's wonderful music, the deep bass voice of Mephistopheles, and the clear soprano of Marguerita.

We learnt a great deal about the mechanical and musical properties of the cello in the Summer Term, when Mr. Salter (pianist) and Mr. Evans (cellist) gave us an entertainment. Our pianist explained the many and varied effects which the instrument was capable of producing, and illustrations were given by Mr. Evans.

CATHERINE RHODES, (VI).

THE SCIENCE SOCIETY.

The activities of our Science Society during the past year have been most interesting and varied. In the Autumn Term we visited the London Hospital, Bethnal Green. We were conducted round by two Sisters, and taken to many of the wards, operating theatres, and nurses' quarters. Our visit enabled us to form a very good idea of hospital life and work.

Our next outing was to the South Kensington Museum. Our guide showed us a series of pictures illustrating "Transport through the Ages," and "Street Lighting through the Ages."

In the Summer we went to Kew Gardens by steamer, and spent a most invigorating day. Accompanied by Miss Dennithorne, Miss Clough and Miss Webb, we boarded a steamer at Westminster Bridge, and noted all the places of interest as we passed up the river. The beds of flowers in the gardens were a picture, and the roses were at their best. We saw the rock gardens, and were thrilled to find oranges, lemons and bananas growing on the trees in the glass houses.

CATHARINE RHODES, (VI).

THE STEPNEY OUTINGS.

The Stepney outings took place very successfully this year, in spite of somewhat wet weather. Parties visited Highams Park Lake for fishing, Strawberry Hill pond for paddling, also Connaught Waters and Pole Hill. The competitions were very popular, and a great many prizes given. The teas on the last day were heartily enjoyed by the children, to the amazement of visitors to the plains. Old Girls helping were Joyce Bard and Gwen Davies.

JENNIE AYRTON (VI).

THE PARENTS' ASSOCIATION.

August 30th, unfortunately brought the 1939 arrangements to an abrupt stop. Until then the Association was experiencing the marked success we have learned to expect from it. On January 19th we had a very happy New Year's Social, when many new friends were made, and then there was the interesting talk on "Hospitals and Nursing," in February.

The April Dance and Whist Drive just paid its way, although it suffered from many counter attractions. Of course, the outstanding success of the year was the June "Little Sisters' and Brothers' Tea Party." It was a delight to see the young ones running about in the garden, and the picture of them enjoying a colourful sit-down tea will be long remembered by those who saw it. The outbreak of war brought an end to social activities, and we sadly missed the School Prize Day in the Greek Theatre. Now the Hon. General Secretary is with his School in Norfolk, and Mr. Hill, the Assistant Secretary, is at Pinner. It would be good for the Parents' Association to continue its contribution to the life of the School, so perhaps parents in Walthamstow could get together to that end? In any case we hope many are posting contributions to Miss Jacob towards the Staff's Refugee Fund, which the Association proposed to advance this year.

The Parents' Association wishes to congratulate the Headmistress, Staff and girls upon the wonderful manner in which the School has settled down in Wellingborough, and our warm and grateful thanks are extended to the Headmistress and all the Staff for the great kindness they have shown to our girls in this most difficult experience for all. The tradition of the County High School will be considerably enhanced by this "war chapter" in its history.

R.E.L.

O.G.A.

Committee for 1939:

President-Miss Norris.

Vice-Presidents-Miss Goldwin and Minnie Foxon.

Treasurer-Mrs. L. Browne, 25, Sunnysdene Ave., Highams Park

Secretary-Connie Pettitt, 16, Warwick Court, Bounds Green Road, N.II.

Hon. Members-Dora Higham, Itta Gillett, Dora Busby.

Co-opted Members--Rose Harris (Netball); Miss Park (Dramatic); Ruth Hyatt (Sub-Editor of *Iris*), Merrowdown, Tycehurst Hill, Loughton, Essex.

Members-Cecilia Wheeler, Kathleen Hopley, Doris Hitch-Hitchman, Jeanne King,

Rita Southgate, Joan Farrow, Edith Brabham, Joyce Edwards, Enid Pond.

We have only been able to hold two socials this year, for reasons which require no explanation. At the Committee Meeting in January, Kathleen Hopley had the idea of inviting girls who were in the Fifth and Sixth Forms in a certain year, and were therefore contemporaries, to come to the socials. As the register of 1925 was the first Miss Norris had, we decided on that year, and several girls came to the March Social and were very pleased to meet after a lapse of thirteen years or more. Several wrote and expressed their great regret at not being able to come. At the next Committee Meeting, the year 1927 was selected at random, and a number of those girls came to the Summer Social. As the experiment had proved successful, we hoped to continue it and will do so at the first possible moment. The Summer Social was to have been the Tennis Social, of course, but rain set in and only four hardy souls ventured to play. However, we did not mind the rain, for at that social Nora Blofield came back to us and talked. When we heard of her experiences of house-work and newspaper work in New Zealand, and teaching and broadcasting in Singapore, her marriage and two daughters, a job which one entered on leaving school and still adorned, seemed very ordinary. Everyone was delighted to see "Blo." She was over on leave from Singapore.

Phyllis Lovick's exhibition of paintings in the Studio was an exceptional attraction. Here was a miniature "Slade."

Early in the year, we received with much regret Dora Busby's resignation from the post of Treasurer. Lily Browne (nee Stammers), 25, Sunnysdene Avenue, Highams Park, was elected in her stead, and at the Summer Social Dora was presented with a black calf handbag and green and gold compact, as a token of appreciation for her services.

As the magazine will be our only means of communication, please let Miss Norris or one of the Committee have any news you have, and please pay your subscriptions promptly-or no magazine for you! I also will you please note the Secretary's change of address, and also the fact that Life-Membership of the O.G.A. is an all-in charge of £2 10s. 0d.

NAMES AND ADDRESSES OF OLD GIRLS.

Kathleen Payling (Mrs. Hetherington), 10, Milton Court, Canterbury.

Gladys Smith: 29, Billet Road, E.17.

Joyce North, 36, Richmond Crescent, Highams Park, E.4.

Madge Taylor, 4, Grenville Gardens, Woodford Green.

Eileen Tappenden. 168, Chingford Road, E.17.

Grace Bird, 75, Mersey Road, E.17.

Gwen Burrells, 13, Daventry Avenue, E.17.

Marie Danger, Charmwood, Forest Rise, E.17.

Irene Arnold (Mrs. Dartnall), 19, Draycot Road, Wanstead, E.11.

Olive Evans, 4, Empress Parade. Chingford.

Daphne Francis, 85, Church Hill, E.17.

Edith Hatch (Mrs. Hamblin), 2, Peppercombe Park, Eastbourne.

Doris Muggerridge (Mrs. Everitt), The Silverhill Pharmacy, 2, Sedlescombe Park South, St. Leonards-on-Sea, Sussex.

S. G. Ellis, 3, Emlyn's Street, Stamford, Lincs.

Daisy Johnson, 53, Grenville Road, E.17.

Esme Lawler, 80, Lansdowne Road, E.17.

Rhona Main (Mrs. Mayes), Walmington, Marjorams Avenue, Loughton.

Dorothy Parrott, 37, Avon Road, E.17.

Alice House (Mrs. Peake), 71, Tenterfield Road, Maldon, Essex.

Margaret Peel, 8, Prospect Hill, E.17.

M.D. Smith, 54, Copthorne Road, Leatherhead, Surrey.

Rita Rees, 17, Station Road, E.17.

Kathleen Robinson, 43, Bromley Road. E.17.

Joan Smith, 40, Gascoigne Gardens, Woodford Green.

Ruth Super, 156, Markhouse Road, E.17.

Cecilia Wheeler, 20, Albert Road, E.17.

Doreen Morris, 73, Park Road, Didcot, Berks.

Joyce Chapman, 73, Park Road, Didcot, Berks.

Kathleen Wildman, 74, Chingford Mount Road, E.17.

Grace Davey, 13, Chessington Mansions, Albany Road, Leyton, E.10.

W.O.G.D.S.

As in two previous years, we gave our Nativity Play in the Parish Church, by permission of Canon Oakley. The play, greatly enhanced by the orchestra and beautiful lighting effects, was given before a very large congregation. The cast appreciated the quiet and peaceful atmosphere of the church during rehearsals, and also the kind hospitality of the Canon after the performance. We also deeply appreciated Mr. L. C. Belchambers' generous gesture of assisting us with his large orchestra.

Our next play, as a contrast, was "Hay Fever," performed on two nights to audiences who thoroughly enjoyed the subtleties and witticisms of Noel Coward at his best.

We gave a ten-minutes' sketch about "Alfred and the Cakes" at an Old Girls' meeting. West country dialect was a hard antagonist.

At the beginning of June we gave a performance in the Greek Theatre of Ashley Dukes' translation of "The Man who Married a Dumb Wife," (described in one of the local papers, as "more in the nature of a Gallic version of a 'Punch and Judy' Show, with actors as puppets." Judging by the continuous laughter of the audience, the lightheartedness and delightful characterisation of the players and dancers made this one of our most successful efforts. As a result of this performance, we were happy to be able to send a cheque for £4 to the District Nursing Association.

Later in the summer, with a view to casting our play for November, we held a reading of "The Importance of Being Earnest," by Oscar Wilde, in the Greek Theatre. This was a most enjoyable meeting, and we were pleased to welcome quite a number of new members. Owing to present circumstances, we regret this play has had to be abandoned, as was also our joint performance with the Old Monovians, of "Twelfth Night."

Apart from these later disappointments, we feel that the season has been a very successful one, and we end the year with a satisfactory balance in hand.

R. PARKER (O.G.).

B.A.I.U.

Like most people, I had not heard of the British Association for International Understanding, but as I now believe it to be one of the great possibilities for World Peace in the future, I should like briefly to describe its aims and methods of working.

It is a non-political society, founded in March this year, to meet the demand, now widespread amongst the people, for unbiased information about other nations-about the lives of the people, their relations to one another and to this country, and also for knowledge of the political and economic forces which are at work in the world.

At present the Association carries out its aims by means of a fortnightly news-letter, called "British Survey," about the conditions of life, culture and outlook of the people in different parts of the world; lectures and discussion groups on these subjects and upon international affairs; and the promotion of organised intercourse between British people and the peoples of other countries. An important section of its work lies in its supply of films, especially to schools and colleges, while it intends also to establish a library for the use of its members.

R. HYATT (O.G.).

GERMANY, WITH THE INTERNATIONAL SUMMER SCHOOLS, JULY, 1939.

. . . We were rewarded in our search for evidence of tyranny by finding notices outside parks, certain shops and public institutions, to the effect that Jew's were "verboten," by seeing the Jewish synagogue in Berlin that had been burnt down, the many soldiers in Berlin, the superfluity of swastikas; and we also discovered that politics might be discussed only in an intriguingly mysterious way, and with a promise not to betray the author of any outspoken sentiments. This prevented neither us nor our friends in Germany, from discussing Hitler's régime, and we learnt that the majority of them believed their Fuehrer to be a new Christ and a Miracle Man, whose work was to put Germany back on to the footing it deserved, with new confidence inspired by the unity of Teutonic peoples. The restrictions and implicit trust demanded were but temporary, and only the means to greater comfort and security in the future. Some, however, admitted that should Germany be led to encroach on the possessions of other nations and exceed the aims put forward by Hitler to the nation, they would promptly change their opinion.

It was necessary, however to exercise a little tact in order to encourage them to discuss their ruler's policy and the general situation in an unbiased way, for not only were they inclined to treat us rather off-handedly, because of our sex, until we revealed some interest and proved that we could discuss other matters than dress, scandal and so on, but unless questioned in a disinterested way, they would refuse to discuss the subject further and would act as if they assumed we were narrow-minded critics. On the other hand, when the discussion was more in the nature of questions and one was prepared to treat one's own country's policy in a patriotic but unbiased way, the talk was considerably more interesting and revealed their true reactions.

There were, too, pictures of the Storm Troopers in our minds-terrifying men, we had thought; yet among our guides were schoolmasters, who voluntarily accepted the arduous task of conducting these tours during their holidays, and some of these were also "'S.S.'s." No

one, meeting these men, could reconcile in her mind their kindness, thoughtfulness and gentleness, with the atrocity stories all too common in the newspapers at the present time.

. . . Least of all shall we forget the first part of the journey home from Eltville to Coblenz on a Rhine steamer, the most beautiful stretch of the Rhine, past numerous castles, sloping vineyards and the famous Lorelei. Although we were pleased to be home again, it will be a long time before we forget this holiday or our friends in Germany and before we reconcile ourselves to the tragedy that has followed so quickly after.

RENEE EDWARDS, GRACE DAVEY (O.G.s).

BEES.

I have begun to keep bees and have a faint hope that one day they may keep me. Visitors take a distant interest in them and judge it better to be out when I open a hive. This is useless, however, for the visitor next day finds it impossible to sit in the garden. To his pained surprise the bees no longer ignore him, and more than one chase has ended with the bee triumphant when the person was in sight of the back door and safety. After two or three days the bees forget that I disturbed them and cease to take revenge on others. But if I leave them too long, they perversely draw attention to themselves. Someone comes rushing in to say they have swarmed, and all the neighbours come out to watch the excitement. One swarm I lost altogether; it was in a greater hurry than usual, but it did not go far. Chapter-goers two days later were surprised to see bees very busy above the chapel door; and there, in a spot quite inaccessible unless the stonework is removed, is now a flourishing colony. Of course they survived that bitterly cold spell of last winter. Bees are always confounding the text books. Still, I have made £3 from mine this year; that is from two hives, one of which swarmed early and then became useless with a drone breeding queen. One should get at least £3 from each properly managed hive and books hold out visions of one or two cwt. of honey from one hive. When my bees begin storing in that quantity I shall know that I am in sight of independence.

B. SPEAKMAN (O.G.).

ULLSWATER.

Set in serenity.
Girdled by mountains.
Depths of infinity,
Watered by fountains.
Still waters green and clear
Lapping the hillside sheer;
Yet pearly shadows lie
Under a cloudy sky,
Making this mystic gem
Opal-set diadem.

And when soft even falls
Day's brightness slowly palls;
Translucent gleams the mere,
Imprisoned light in here.
Silence sinks softly round
Save for the seeping sound

Of water sucking pebbles on the ground.

Spirit of quietude
Found there in solitude,
Oh, let my soul express
The peaceful loveliness,
That all my life may be
Set in serenity.

JEANNE KING (O.G.).

OLD GIRLS' NOTES

MOIRA SORENSEN is in Rhodesia, S. Africa.

EUNICE HOLDEN is appearing in "Unity" Review.

RUTH HYATT did the sub-editing for the 1939 "Careers and Vocational Training" and is working on the Secretarial staff of the British Association for International Understanding.

MARGARET GRACEY is at St. Peter's Hall, Oxford, where Westfield College has been evacuated.

VALERIE GARDINER is studying Art at the Slade which has also been transferred to Oxford.

BARBARA KNOWLES and IRENE OWEN are studying Science at Bristol University, which is giving hospitality to King's College.

GWEN DAVIES has become secretary to the Socialist Society at Westfield College.

EDNA TIMBERLAKE is basking in the breezes of Aberystwyth, ostensibly reading for an Arts degree.

PHYLLIS PETTITT took ten weeks to sail from East Africa. They could only sail by day, portholes were sealed and blacked-out, and they had an escort of two bombers.

VERA PRIOR is "terribly" busy at the half-staffed Technical College, but has nevertheless joined a P.T. class on Sundays. As a Welshman takes it, they have started learning Welsh.

KATHLEEN HILKEN is at the London School of Art and had a wood-engraving in the Wood-engravers' Exhibition, and also exhibited in the Arts and Crafts Exhibition.

GERTRUDE STANSHALL has had a year exchange teaching in Canada.

DOREEN WITHYCOMBE is headmistress of Maynard Road Infants' School.

BESSIE DAVIDSON is headmistress of Roger Ascham Infants' School.

IVY SEWELL has given up office work and is now a probationer at St. Margaret's Hospital, Swindon, Wilts.

Those firm friends of the School, Jack and Bill Allen, are in the Royal Air Force, and so is Douglas Coates. What a time the Air Force will have!

BIRTHS.

CLARICE PHILLIPS (Mrs. Helsdon), a daughter, Irene May Blanche, 9th January, 1939.

EDNA EAST (Mrs. Geddes), a son, John.

PHYLLIS GANNON (Mrs. Groves), twin son and daughter, David Richard and Diane Joy, 25th May.

ISOBEL ROBERTSON (Mrs. Sapwell), a son, Richard Charles, 30th January, 1939.

WINNIE BIRD (Mrs. Campbell), a daughter, Janet Mary, 13th May, 1938.

ETHEL WOOLFORD (Mrs. Timms), a son, Richard.

EDITH PALMER (Mrs.), a daughter, Carol, on Christmas Day, 1938.

MADELEINE LOVELL (Mrs. Bell), a son, John Douglas, May, 1939.

AUDREY REASON (Mrs. Sutherland), in Northern Rhodesia, a son, March, 1939.

EDITH BURNELL (Mrs. Adams), a son, 31st December, 1938.

DOREEN HONOUR (Mrs. Martin), a son, December, 1938.

MARJORIE LORD (Mrs. Lloyd-James), a daughter, Sheila Margaret, December, 1938.

KATHLEEN BURNELL (Mrs. Howitt), a daughter, 22nd February, 1939.

MILDRED DOTT (Mrs. McKee), a daughter, February, 1939.

MARY SPRATT (Mrs. Budge), a daughter, Anne Mary, 15th June, 1938.

MILDRED HITCHMAN (Mrs.), a daughter, 28th February, 1939.

DOREEN GOETZE (Mrs. Horner) a daughter, 10th March, 1939.

JOY HUNT (Mrs. Gower), a daughter, Alison Joy, 16th April, 1939.

DORIS WAGER (Mrs. Watson), a son, Neil Rodney, 13th April, 1939.

DOROTHY CRAIG (Mrs. Woodhurst), a daughter, Jennifer, 4th June, 1939.

KATHERINE LEGG (Mrs. Hill), a daughter, Marion, 26th May, 1939.

GRACE PETTIT (Mrs. Warrington), a daughter, Patricia, 21st June, 1939.

HILDA HODGSON (Mrs. Clark), a son, Michael Adrian Alexander, 17th June, 1939.

EDITH WEBSTER (Mrs. Bugg), a daughter, Marian Elizabeth, 14th September, 1939.

IRIS GORDON (Mrs. Clark), a son, Paul, August 6th, 1919.

JOAN PINHORN (Mrs. Spencer), a son, Peter John, July 16th, 1939.

BERNARD and PEGGIE GARNER (née Brooke), a daughter, Judith Anne, 27th September 1939.

WEDDINGS.

DOREEN JARVIS to ARTHUR LEONARD CLEMENTS JONES, 18th February, 1939.

MARGARET MATTHEWS to LESLIE SNOOK, 26th March, 1939.

ELSIE BURMAR to STANLEY FITZ-FREDERICK WHITE, 24th June.

CONSTANCE GANNON to HARRY RICHARD SARGENT, 6th July, 1939.

DORA HODGSON to JOHN HILDER, 24th June, 1939.

LAURIE DOO to SYDNEY ARNOLD, 19th August, 1939.

BETTY HOWLETT to Dr. JOHN FRENCH, 3rd Sept., 1939.

JOAN CHAMBERLAIN to ROY SINGER, 2nd Sept., 1939.

MIRIAM LAMPEN to DAVID FRANKS TOWNSEND, November 17th, 1939.

KATHLEEN HAZELL to WALTER TYRRELL, 4th June, 1939.

PHYLLIS CONGDON to HARRY R. GOODSSELL, June, 1939.

MILLIE YOUNG to ALEX JENNINGS, September, 1938.

FLORENCE YOUNG to KENNETH AMERY, 29th May, 1939.

MOLLY EDWARDS to KENNETH HIPKIN.

LUCY HOLDEN to ROBERT WAUGH, 13th May, 1939.

MOLLIE ROONEY to KENNETH MILLUM, June 17th, 1939.

ALICE HOUSE to Mr. PEAKE, 24th June, 1939.

PHYLLIS FOLKES to RONALD STANLEY DAY, 27th May, 1939.

WINIFRED CLARKE to ALFRED WEATHERILL, 3rd. September, 1938.

MARY BACK to WILFRED ALDRIDGE, 15th April, 1939.

PEGGY RAINER to S. R. CRICKMAY. October 31st, 1939.

HOLLY GAZE to HORACE COPSEY, September 16th, 1939.

KATHLEEN LUCAS to RONALD BRETT, October 1939.

EDITH CONDON to Mr. BRUCE, August, 1939.

DORIS SHEPHERD to S. REED, September 3rd, 1939.

ELEANOR NEWELL to FREDERICK FRENCH, August 23rd, 1939.

ENID BASS to JOSEPH BOND, 4th November, 1939.

DEATH.

It is with deep regret we announce the death of DULCIE ENNEVER,
who died 21st August, 1939.

J. Smart & Co., School Magazine Printers, Brackley, Northants.