

Walthamstow High School Magazine

EDITOR'S LETTER.

Dear School,

To many the word evacuation is a word of ill-omen, but to Walthamstow High School it is full of happy memories; in retrospect we recall a host of kindly foster-parents and hospitable friends, we remember how when we were strangers they took us in and opened to us their hearths and their homes, we think of all their "little, nameless, unremembered acts of kindness and of love"; we know that we have forged bonds of friendship which can never be broken and from the bottom of our hearts we say, thank you, Wellingborough, and au revoir.

You will be sorry to hear that Miss Derham left last January. We shall always be grateful to her not only for her clear, methodical teaching of French, but also for the energy and enthusiasm with which she threw herself into one and all of our outside activities whether we were at home, in billets, or on those happy far-off journeys to Paris and Switzerland. She was with us for seven years and has now gone to Queen Mary's School, Lytham St. Annes, where we wish her every success.

It is with deep regret that I have to tell you of the death of Miss Adam, who as Geography Specialist gave the school such good and faithful service for twenty-five years. She was devoted to her teaching and to her subject; in its pursuit she had travelled far, read widely and made herself very well-informed on world affairs. She endeared herself to all by her shrewd sense of humour, her genial common sense, her cheery kindness, and above all by her staunch affection for the School. Staff, parents, and pupils alike, we all mourn the loss of a very dear friend.

I know you will all be glad to hear that in the not too distant future, we are looking forward to closing-up of the ranks of the Four Hundred and to the reunion of the School, Past, Present and To Come.

Love and best wishes to you all,
Yours affectionately,
M. NORRIS.

Wellingborough High School.

SUB-EDITOR'S LETTER.

The good ship Walthamstow is hoisting sail and leaving the port of Wellingborough, where for three years she has been sheltering in calm waters. The substance of many of our contributions voices our deep regret over our reluctant departure.

We have, moreover, apart from our gratitude in general, reasons both specific and immediate for feeling grateful, well-known Wellingburian has contributed a generous letter of farewell: Wellingborough High School, our foster-school, has given us a little treasure of a poem; our O.G.A. sub-editor continues her efficient and indefatigable way; the proportion of the entries to the school population is splendid, one form, the Lower IV, having sent in an entry one hundred per cent strong.

Quite plainly, though, the war has conditioned the production of IRIS. Paper consumption has been reduced by employing smaller type.

We continue to deprive ourselves of illustrations. The School items are recorded but once. In fact, we are qualifying for an "Austerity" edition, and we shall be content if in 1943 IRIS does not emulate the Emperor's clothes. But like the Prime Minister we don't prophesy.

Goodbye, Wellingborough. Don't forget us. We shan't forget you. E.17, Ahoy!

A.H. Park Sub- Editor.

O.G.A. SUB-EDITOR'S LETTER.

By the time this issue of IRIS reaches your hands I shall probably be welcoming the School back to Walthamstow. Despite the possible objections to that event, may I assure the School that Old Girls from all parts of the country welcome it with open arms. Our former home in Church Hill will once more seem like home to us.

Many Old Girls were able to re-unite in Wellingborough on two occasions this year. May I express their thanks to all at Wellingborough who made that possible. May I express thanks, too, for the generous contributions sent by Old Girls which made an extra School Christmas Party possible.

It is with regret that Old Girls heard of the death of Miss Adam. Those of us who knew her personally can realise how great is the loss to the School, and to the people with whom and amongst whom she lived.

From the letters I received, from the information that reaches my ears, and from the people I meet, it is easy for me to see how multitudinous are the ways in which Old Girls are taking part in the war effort. Numbers of you are scattered far from the School, and have lost touch with friends and acquaintances. Why not meet us all again-if only by letter? Miss Norris is always glad to receive letters to the School, and I am more than eager for news of what you have been doing. So-will you write to us?

Many thanks to those who sent letters and articles this year. If lack of space compels their omission you must forgive us, but please do not hereafter discontinue your efforts.

My good wishes to you all, I look forward to seeing you all when next we meet in Walthamstow.

EDNA TIMBERLAKE O.G.A. Sub-Editor.

SCHOOL CHRONICLE.

We have now sojourned for more than three years in Wellingborough. It will be with sadness and regret that we leave this town which has been "our most kindly host," and where, despite difficulties overcome only by the help of all our many kind friends, we have led a more or less normal school life.

During the past year the various school societies have been as active as ever. In connection with the L.N.U., we had a visit from Mr Sorenson, M.P., an old friend of the School, during the autumn term, and also a heated debate with the boys of the Wellingborough Grammar School on the Nationalisation of Industry. Mr Caterall gave us a most interesting and illuminating lecture on Russia during the Spring term, whilst at the beginning of the Summer, we had another heated debate with the boy's on the inevitability of war. We were unfortunate enough, also during this term, to have a visit from Mr's Corbett-Ashby, whose lucid and

friendly address on the work of the League of Nations was very interesting. The younger members of the Union entered a scrap-book competition in which their effort won a prize.

The Science Society has made four outings during the year. The first was to the Co-operative Dairy where we saw what a great deal of work has to be done by a very few people before we get our morning milk. Then two parties, were kindly taken around the Almarco works by the owner, Mr Fish. Here aeroplane parts are made and we became acquainted with oxy-acetylene welding and other like mysteries of the engineering world. It was interesting to note how many of the principles involved in the work are learnt at school. In the summer term two small but select parties of the Sixth went fossil-hunting in the environs of Wellingborough and it was a great thrill for them to find relics of an age when this county was under the sea.

For their meeting in the autumn term the Literary and Dramatic Society visited Northampton where they heard a lecture on the history of Northamptonshire, illustrated with interesting slides. It was here that we first learnt why the leather industry has grown up in this county. In the spring the Sixth Form gave a reading of Oscar Wilde's "Importance of being Ernest," much to the entertainment of the school. We also paid a visit to the Cowper Museum at Olney where we spent a delightful summer afternoon. The wife of the founder of the Museum kindly took us round and told us many interesting stories about the exhibits and the life of the poet. We had tea by the river, where the cows were also peacefully drinking, and we just had time to look at Olney Church before catching the bus back to Wellingborough.

We have held the usual keenly contested inter-form competitions, the netball and the dancing in the spring, and the tennis, the swimming and the sports in the summer term, to all of which our foster-parents were invited.

In November we made a most interesting experiment in verse-speaking. One Saturday morning we heard prose and poetry of both a light and more serious nature, in English, French, Latin and Greek declaimed by members of all the forms. At this time we were also fortunate enough to a visit from Mr. Leopold Godowski, the well known violinist, whose recitals we all highly appreciated. We have also enjoyed two C.E.M.A. concerts very much indeed.

After finishing their L.C.C. examinations, some of sixth form presented to the school the highly amusing "Grand Cham's Diamond."

This year instead of a Nativity Play, some of the school performed "Michael," a play from a short story by Tolstoy. Accompanied by carols and reading from the Bible, this made a very suitable Christmas entertainment to which again our foster-parents were invited.

At Christmas a party went carol singing and besides enjoying ourselves very much, we succeeded in raising a useful sum for charities. Perhaps the most exciting part was singing French carols to wounded French soldiers at the Maison de Convalescence. Owing to the generosity of friends both in Wellingborough and Walthamstow the school enjoyed a real bumper crop of Christmas festivities. We visited the cinema no less than three times and were given two parties, one by Mrs. Johnson and her helpers, and the other with money supplied by our own Parents' Association. At the former, after a magnificent tea, we danced to a band hired for the occasion, and Mr Gadd very kindly and graciously filled the role of M.C. At the second party we had a stand-up tea, after each form had contributed a five minutes' entertainment. Finally, we played musical-parcel, an exciting game, which sent us all home with a most attractive present. Just before the summer holidays the members of the Fifth form, released from their burden of examinations, presented Shaw's "Joan of Ark." It was a wonderful performance and we found great difficulty in persuading many people that it was achieved in less than a fortnight of rehearsal.

Two of the most enjoyable events of the year have been the O.G.A. reunions, at which we met so many of our old friends. At the first one in February, we were entertained by dancing and by songs sung by Mrs Tilly. In the summer Mrs Tilly again sang, after a tennis match

between the school and the O.G.A. On both occasions Miss Cohen provided us with one of her magic teas.

Later on Miss Cohen gave a grand party to the Sixth form, who had helped her at the canteen. At the end of the year we held our usual leaving party, and after yet another Miss Cohen's wonderful teas, we were vastly entertained by the sight of the Staff vainly trying to draw peas up with a straw, or running about wildly, adorned with school hats.

Whenever help has been needed on the farms, volunteers from the school have gone. It has mostly been either potato-setting or potato-picking this year, and the Red Cross has benefited from money earned in this way. It was during the Summer term that the school became member of the Junior Red Cross Society. Every week-end girls help at the Cottage Hospital by cleaning, polishing floors and tables, and by peeling potatoes. Several parties have been book-binding, and most of the girls over sixteen collect for the Red Cross Penny-a-Week Fund. Also, we over sixteen have contributed £35 to the Red Cross, and also £40 to our own Cot in the Connaught Hospital. Every Sunday throughout year, the Sixth form have enjoyed themselves helping Miss Cohen with her canteen at the Y.M.C.A.

So has ended one more happy school year, happy although away from home and this is due entirely to the unselfish efforts of the Staff, our foster-parents and many other kind friends in Wellingborough. It is quite impossible for us to do justice to all the many services rendered on our behalf, and it is only with the passing of time that we shall see our debt in its true perspective and realise how fortunate we have been as evacuees. The slogan for IRIS this year has been "Good-bye, Wellingborough," but I am sure every girl in the school would like to add "Thank you, Wellingborough!"

D. BARNARD V.1

EXAMINATION RESULTS.

We should like to congratulate the following girls upon their results;

State Scholarship: Edna Jenkinson

County Major Scholarship: Edna Kenny.

Higher School Certificate.

Jean Dallas, with Inter Arts exemption.

Edna Kenny with distinction in French. Barbara Hull.

Ruth Licence.

Edna Jenkinson, with distinction in Latin, Greek, Ancient History.

Pat Powell, Pass in English

Subsidiary Subjects.

Thora Olsen, Pass in Art and English.

Gwen Hodby, Pass in English and French.

Phyllis Thornborough, Pass in English and French.

Daphne Scudder, Pass in English.

General School Certificate.

Pass with Matriculation exemption:

V. Bridger, A. Hayes, V. Making, M. Johnstone, I. Mountney, P. Philp, P. Smith,

P. Waring.

Pass.

E. Cronk, V Green, W. Parker, S. Smith, C. Wood, B. Reeks, S. Russell, G. Searle,

M. Tredray.

GAMES NOTES, 1941-42.

On the whole, last year's netball season was highly successful. Out of the nine matches that were played we won eight.

The tennis was more successful than last year. Our team took part in the Northamptonshire inter-school Tournament and scored the highest number of games. Unfortunately, schools other than Northamptonshire schools were not allowed to hold the shield. However, we were awarded a book-token, which we used to buy a book on ballet for the school library.

We were again allowed to use the Public School Swimming Baths this season, and we arranged swimming matches against Overstone School and Wellingborough High School. Both were fairly successful in spite of our lack of practice. Our inter-form Swimming Gala was held as usual and foster-parents attended that, as well as the other inter-form competitions.

The results of the inter-form competitions and matches are as follows:

Netball.

Notre Dame School, 1st team, 17-6, win
Brondesbury High School, 1st team, 12-18, win. Juniors, 23-0, win
Kettering High School, 1st team, 23-3. Win Juniors, 20-2, win
Southwark Convent, 1st team, 16-7 win Juniors, 13-3, win.
Overstone 1st team, 15-11, win.
Notre Dame Convent, 1st team, 12-7, win
Southwark Convent, 1st team, 11-13, lose. 2nd team, 14-9, win
Brondesbury High School 1st team, 13-8, win, 2nd team, 14-11, win
Overstone School, 1st team, 11-6, win

Tennis.

Brondesbury High School, 1st team, 25-18 (unfinished)
Wellingborough High School 1st team, 40-41 lose, 2nd team, 57-24, win
W.H.S. Old Girls, 1st team, 68-81, lose.
Wellingborough High School, 1st team, 44-27, win. 2nd team, 59-22, win.
Notre Dame Convent, 1st team, 40-41, lose.
Wellingborough High School, 1st team, 53-28, win. 2nd team, 54-27, win
Tennis Tournament, 1st and 2nd couples-win.
Brondesbury High School, 1st team. 48-33, win. 2nd team, 60-21 win
Overstone School, 1st team. 22-49, lose.

Inter-Form Competitions

Dancing	V and VI L4H	U3
Netball	VI L4W	U3
Tennis	VI L4H	
Sports	VI L4W	U3
Swimming	VI L4W	L3

Patricia Philp, Games Captain

WELLINGBOROUGH CORNER.

To mark the historical importance of our tarrying here and departing hence we have secured a specially commissioned article in the Latin tongue, for the better understanding of which a close rendering into the English language it is appended for those of feebler parts.

Abhinc tres annos cum omnes in illo rerum discrimine summa in república auctoritate utebantur, de pace toti desperavissent, liberos permultos ex urbibus rus expulserant ut, ab

hostium impetibus remoti, ad omnia humanitatis et eruditionis studia incolumes se dederent. Fuimus quidem nos ipsae apud oppidanos quosdam Vellingburgenses qui omnes ita suas voluntates, utilitatem omnem neglexerunt ut hospitum et amicitiam libere nobis praestarent. Quibus utinam aliquando gratiam referre possimus! Nobis tamen primo, parentibus amicisque nostris privatis, multa in hac vita rustica molesta videbantur. Sed animis firmatis fortiter constabamus dum magnam e rebus rusticis voluptatem capere possemus. Etenim nos ipsae, in hoc durissimo et honestissimo agrorum labore occupatas, non fructus solum sed etiam ipsius terrae vis as natura delectaverunt. Sed quid quaeso, de studiis dicam semper cognoscendi aliquid, semper descendi? Quid de corporis exercitationibus quibus nosita deimus ut neque cessandi neque otiandi tempus umquam haberemus. Quarum rerum recordatione vivit tamen semperque vivet incogitatione et memoria nostra.

Three years ago when the Government saw that war was imminent they evacuated large numbers of children to the country so that their education could be continued in safety without interruption. We ourselves were billeted in the homes of the people of Wellingborough, who generously offered us friendship and hospitality. We hope that one day we may be able to repay them for all their kindness. At first we could not help missing our parents, since life in a country town was a strange experience for most of us. But we tried to settle down and gradually began to feel at home, and when summer came we found that we were even enjoying the countryside. We spent some time in farm work and enjoyed helping with the harvest. Of course, we worked hard at school and devoted much time to the playing of games. It has indeed a memorable experience.

EDNA JENKINSON. Form VI

Do you Remember Wellingborough?

Here are some individual items by which some of us will remember our foster-town of Wellingborough.

Many recollections are connected with out-of-door activities. Snow balling in the Three Mile Spin and camping at Mears Ashby on a wet Whitsun week-end are reminiscent of some of the weather we have had. Fishing country walks, the familiar houses and streets, that famous little Woolworth's without which the town wouldn't be the same, the ancient Parish Church, the school buildings they all knew so well. They remembered the Christmas parties in the Y.M.C.A.; they remembered the never forgettable Sundays, when their loved ones came down to see them. And, most vivid of all were the memories of their "billets," their foster-parents and all their kind friends made during their stay in a reception area.

Yes, although they were now going home, to the best place in the world, they couldn't be quite as happy as they wanted to be for were they not leaving behind their friends, and the places they had grown to love?

"Yes, we are coming back, one day, coming back to see our kind friends and the place that has been our home for these three happy years. Till then, God keep you, and – Goodbye Wellingborough!"

OLGA LENK Lower IV

And as a final gesture to mark the mutual satisfaction of guest and host we gratefully quote the following "open" letters :-

Walthamstow County High School, at
Wellingborough High School.
Wellingborough, 20th Oct., 1942

Commented [OK1]:

Commented [OK2]:

Commented [OK3]:

Dear Foster-Parents,

I am sending a letter to our Walthamstow parents and am enclosing a copy which I hope will explain to you the reason for our departure.

We will always look back to Wellingborough with feelings of gratitude, and affection and we shall leave behind our many kind friends with unqualified regret.

We should all like to take this opportunity of thanking you once more for the kindness and generosity you have shown to us and to our children.

Yours sincerely,

M. NORRIS

Wellingborough, Nov. 9th, 1942

To the Editor of "Iris,"

Dear Madam,

I wonder if you have any room for, and would care to, include the following in your next issue.

Sincerely yours, **F.C. ROBINSON**

There were many sad hearts in Wellingborough when it became known that Walthamstow High School, after three years stay, was returning home. For, somehow, the School in some quiet but effective way had become part of the life and soul of our town.

We had become accustomed to the pleasant sight of the girls going to and fro in our streets, and their bright eager faces betokened a happy school, in spite of the difficulties and drawbacks of evacuation conditions.

The cause of this became clear as we townsfolk, generously invited to the School's Gala days, saw from time to time not only fine gymnastic and health promoting displays, exquisite period and other dancing, attractive exhibitions of arts and crafts, but splendid productions of high class plays. We were also given the privilege of meeting the Staff. The happy camaraderie between the girls and their mistresses explained much, but quiet conversation with the mistresses soon revealed the high conception they had of their calling. They are seeking not just to exploit brains, and thus achieve startling scholastic results (the record of the School is brilliant!), but to train and develop the mind and character of the girls in their charge, and to fit them to take their full share in the life and service of the community. Education in its finest sense is the high aim of this School.

Among the many altruistic services the School has rendered these come quickly to mind—the eager and vigorous help given to understaffed farmers, the kindly aid rendered to the depleted kitchen staff of the local Hospital, the steady and generous gifts to local Red Cross Funds, augmented by a most successful "penny-a-week" scheme, where the girls proved themselves such efficient and persistent "beggars" from the townsfolk that they became (I understand) "facile princeps" among the collectors! The School, too, has been consistently urged to follow the Government's advice to the nation to save whatever is possible. This has been so regularly, and wholeheartedly practised that more than £2,000 worth of Savings Stamps and Certificates have been purchased during the past two years.

Of such a record the School may justly be proud, and we Wellingburians rejoice at such fine achievements.

The School will carry back with it to London not only our deep regret at its departure, but our highest hopes for its continued success, together with the warm goodwill of all the folk among whom its members have lived for the past three years.

The Stalwarts.

Y. Abbinett, P. Aberdeen, J. Akehurst, E. Amos, M. Austin, P. Austin, J. Ayrton, E. Baily, M. Bailey, D. Barnard, D. Barr, I. Barrett, V. Barrett, L. Blenko, J. Brabner, L. Bridger, V. Bridger, B. Bridgman, B. Brown, Florrie Brown, Francis Brown, D. Browne, P. Bryan, M. Buchanan, J. Bull, D. Carter, P. Carter, I. Castle, B. Chambers, J. Chapman, B. Cherry, P. Cherry, K. Clark, M. Clarke, D. Colé, O. Collett, V. Collinson, W. Cook, D. Cooksley, G. Corker, P. Costello, M. Cox, L. Cravitz, E. Cronk, E. Crook, Daphne Culpin, Dorothy Culpin, E. Curtis, J. Dallas, J. Dark, J. Deaton, K. and P. Denham, T. Dokk-Olsen, K. Doré, D. Dorling, I. Dugdale, K. Dunkley, P. Dunn, I. Ellway, M. Empson, M. Fairbrass, M. Farthing, B. Feldt, G. Field, E. Figg, G. Flood, M. Foster, E. Fox, H. Frankel, M. Gallington, P. Gearing, J. Gerdes, E. Godfrey, P. Gooding, O. Gravatt, V. Green, J. Groves, P. Hardy, D. Hammond, J. Harrison, A. Hayes, B. Haynes, A. Hayward, I. Henderson, E. Hill, G. Hodby, M. Hogben, K. Holt, I. Howles, B. Hull, E. Jenkinson, D. Jennings, M. Johnston, J. Nicklen, J. Norton, G. Owen, W. Parker, M. Phillips, P. Philp, M. Pinder, P. Powell, I. Radley, V. Randall, J. Rawlings, J. Rayment, B. Reeks, L. Reeves, C. Rhodes, B. Ridgway, H. Robson, S. Russell, L. Salsbury, A. Schwab, E. Shier, G. Smith, I. Smith, M. Smith, P. Smith, S. Smith, B. Sowray, D. Stephens, P. Stratford, J. Summers, M. Terry, P. Thornborough, G. Thurkettle, B. Tingey, J. Tolman, R. Tweed, D. Vernon, B. Ward, J. Wash, R. White, W. White, P. Whitter, D. Wicks, G. Wood, J. Wright, F. Wrigley, J. Wyeth, B. Yates.

The above is a list of the stalwarts who have stayed the evacuation course.

LOYALTY.

Now forgetting

That which was counted life,

The small materials

Of work and holiday and recreation

We climbed the steep hill,

Knowing only of our journey,

That the end will be a disappointment.

We are aware of past stupidities,

Extortions, lies,

That leave us only with a tarnished pride;

We know also

That there are other evils yet to be accomplished,

To be performed

In our name always, sometimes with our approval.

Yet in the love

That knows the failings of a trusted friend

We see the sole

Stanchion that holds our dark unstable world

From unreality,

We cannot, therefore, cease from following

The dead, steel way that we are pledged to tread.

S. M. GOULD (O.G.)

A CAROL.

'Cross the snow the bells were ringing
And the choirs were singing,
 Heralding the Christmas near;
Thus they carolled with their singing
Words of comfort and cheer.

While above sweet power distilling,
All the glorious heavens filling,
 Wafted gently on the breeze,
The angel chorus, awful, thrilling,
 Brought the mortals to their knees.

Then the air was full of singing,
Mortal voices gladly- ringing,
 And around the holy dove
Sang a band of angels, bringing
Messages of peace and love.

KATHLEEN DENHAM. Lower IV.

THE JADE HORSE.

The curator of the Heathcote Museum screwed up his short-sighted eyes to focus them upon Alexander Tinkler as he came in. He smiled,

"Good evening, Mr Tinkler. This is a late visit, isn't it?"

Mr Tinkler cleared his throat and ran his tongue over dry lips. "It is rather, I'm afraid, but I just wanted to have a look at the Chinese Jades again."

To Mr Tinkler's relief he remained seated in the entrance, gazing reflectively at the clock. Alexander strolled to the far corner of the room and deposited his treasure among the shadows behind a showcase.

He drew a deep breath and began to creep upstairs again. Suddenly he was jolted by an alarming thought. If he put the horse back now, everyone would know that he was the thief. He was the last visitor and Samuels would remember that it had not been there when they were talking.

A great relief surged over him for a moment. Then a fresh anxiety took possession of his mind. Supposing it should not be found. Perhaps some careless cleaner would sweep it away with the day's dust. He could not bear to think of it being lost. An idea suddenly occurred to him. He was amazed and delighted with his own ingenuity.

"I say, come over here a minute," he called. "I believe I can see something behind this case. It looks as if it might be the missing jade."

Harris sighed heavily and strolled indolently across the room. He peered blearily behind the case that Alexander indicated.

"That ain't nothing, mister," he said in an aggrieved voice, "bit of paper most likely. Now, if you don't mind, sir, it's closing time." There was a hint of incivility in his tone. He produced a packet of Woodbines from his pocket and lit one, flinging the match casually behind him.

Alexander walked rather despondently down the stairs. All he had done so far was to make a fool of himself.

The curator was standing in the hall with his coat on.

"I've locked the door, but I'll come and open it," he said. "Did you find what you wanted?"

"Not exactly," replied the other, slowly, "I had less time than I thought."

"Would you like a little extra time?"

"Could that be managed," asked Alexander with painful eagerness, "I don't want to give you any trouble."

"Well, look here, I've known you long enough to be able to trust you, I'll give you the key, and you can let yourself out and bring it along to my house when you have finished."

Samuels and Harris came heavily down the stairs and went out. The curator left. Alexander was alone in the Museum.

He walked wearily round the Eastern Gallery. Now that darkness was beginning to fall, it seemed extremely desolate.

In the distance he could hear the hum of the main road traffic then something cracked quietly in the next room. He thought, with horror that one of the cleaners had come early. He walked to the door. The sound was repeated from behind the door of the Picture Gallery. Then an unmistakable smell caused him to rush forward and fling open the door.

In the corner, the small table was containing postcards and catalogues was blazing menacingly, threatening the black-out, and obviously intent upon devouring the whole museum. Harris must have been careless with the matches when he lit that cigarette.

Without stopping to consider the advisability of his action, as he would usually have done, Alexander seized one corner of the table and dragged it into the middle of the room, away from the pictures. From the landing he seized a fire bucket and flung its load of sand across the burning table top. The fire was dulled, but not extinguished. He rushed for a second bucket that was filled with water and poured its contents over the flames. He tore off his overcoat and used it to smother the last, red obstinate curls.

Five minutes later the curator was gazing in astonishment at a coat-less and dishevelled Mr Tinkler who was gasping excitedly at the door.

"You'd better come at once. There's been a fire. I think I've put it out."

"How? Where?"

"In the picture gallery-you'd better come. It might not be quite out."

Alexander was bustling the curator along the road as her spoke.

"Come along quickly, please."

"How did it start?"

"I don't know. It was on the catalogue table."

"Harris must have been smoking again."

They entered the museum and ran anxiously upstairs. The picture gallery was quite dark.

The museum was safe.

"I don't know how to thank you," said the Curator warmly. Mr Tinkler blushed and bent to retrieve his ruined overcoat. His companion glanced at it and nodded sympathetically.

"We will see that you get full compensation for that. Buy yourself a new one and send me the bill. Oh, this must have fallen from the pocket."

The curator stooped and picked up a small object that gleamed whitely in the dusk. He peered at it closely and then glanced at the overcoat on Mr Tinkler's arm, and at the great holes charred in the pockets.

For a moment, Alexander wondered what it was the curator was examining so thoroughly. Then, as he recognised the jade horse, he felt the floor heave horribly beneath his feet.

"This is a nice little piece of craftsmanship," remarked the curator. An astute smile swept over his scholarly features. He handed the horse over to Alexander.

"Take care of it," he said.

S.M. GOULD (O.G.)

CHINESE LANTERNS

Sun is shining bright, trees are bare;
For winds have blown,
Leaves are lying everywhere,
And summer's flown.

But she has left a heritage-
Colour's riot.
Though in shortening Autumn's days
Birds are quiet.

Haze is world-wide.
For the bronze of bracken fern
Burns the hillside,
Woods are carpeted with gold,

In the home a cosy glow,
Wood-fire's leaping:
And through twilight's flitting hour,
Shadow's creeping.

Save where Chinese lanterns deck
Vase and bowl,
Autumn's brightest ornament,
Her very soul.

All her glorious colour caught,
Of red and gold,
In these dainty fairy lamps,
Beauty untold.

E. BADER (L.V.A.), Wellingborough H.S

THE POOL.

One came upon the pool quite suddenly. One minute we were pushing our way past hanging branches and creepers, through tangled undergrowth, over muddy little creeks, and the next, we saw it spreading before us, blue, transparent, cool, inviting. For a minute we held our breath at its beauty. It seemed a sacred spot, almost too sacred to be looked upon by mortal eyes. To the right grey rocks rose majestically from the shimmering water, piled high upon each other, like some ancient god hewn out of stone. Before us, on the other side of the bank, and to the left, tropical shrubs and trees lay overhanging the pool, their gay coloured flowers seeming unusually bright in the hot summer weather, as they appear sometimes before a storm. I threw a stone in and watched the ripples fascinated. Suddenly a fish darted by near the bank; another followed, moving like a flash. We stood there watching I know not how long -it seemed an eternity, but it could not have been for more than a few minutes.

Suddenly everything became silent. The multitudes of small animals and insects that inhabit thick undergrowth seemed to leave it desolate, birds stopped their twittering, and even the breezes ceased to sway the leaves and branches around us. We looked at each other in

amazement. The terrifying silence continued till we thought we should go mad unless some sound relieved the tension. After some minutes a deep rumble of thunder was heard, as if the gods were angrily growling at the disturbance of their pool. It increased in volume louder.... more threatening without a word we turned and ran.

JEAN WRIGHT (V. W).

THE FLOWER FAIRY.

Early in summer the sun blazed through the trees which surrounded a manor. In the garden was an archway with rambler roses climbing up it. The roses were in full bloom and as they gradually opened in the heat of the sun, two little hands came into sight from the centre of the deepest red bud and a tiny fairy uncurled herself, then daintily flitting from rose to rose, she awakened her sister fairies and told them that summer had arrived. Out came several other fairies and each had on a pink dress made of tiny rose petals and a hat of white. They chattered in high, sweet voices and they set out to see what help they could give. The fairy which had awakened first was called Rose-Bud.

As fairy Rose-Bud went on her way she heard a faint buzzing sound. Peering round the trellis work she discovered a large spider's web, in the corner of which was a fly desperately struggling, while a huge spider sat waiting to catch his prey. Pushing her tiny foot on one thread and holding tightly with her hand, she snapped it and released the fly, who flew away buzzing his thanks.

P. STRATFORD, Lower III

NONSENSE LINES

Three young rats with black felt hats,
Three young ducks with white straw plaits,
Three young dogs with curling tails,
Three young with demi-veils,
Went out to walk with two young pigs
In satin vests and sorrel wigs;
But suddenly it chanced to rain,
And so they all went home again.

PAMELA DUNN. Upper III

A MIDNIGHT ADVENTURE.

All was still outside.

Suddenly a noise interrupted the slumbers of the fire-watchers, a soft pad, pad, outside the library door. Instantly three pairs of ears pricked up, six sleepy eyes opened wide. What was that? The moon, shining through a crack in the door, gave Miss Park such a ghostly appearance that Mademoiselle uttered a shriek. "Hush," came from Miss Jacob, whose mind was already putting two and two together, with x, an enemy agent, as the result. A spy! What was he after? What else, indeed, but Miss Jacob's plans for a campaign against all who did not belong to the National Savings Group? But if a spy who had not been caught by Brawn and Jane, who were patrolling the grounds? Miss Jacob came to the only possible conclusion, without using logs. Of course it was not a spy at all. Then, who, what, why, and how?

Armed with formidable expression and Liddel and Scott's Greek Lexicon, Miss Park stationed herself behind the door. Mademoiselle, grasping her smelling-salts, drew herself up to her full height. Miss Jacob, meanwhile, prepared to fling open the door. "Ready?" inquired Miss Jacob.

"Reach," replied the other's. With gesture more eloquent than words, Miss Jacob, flung open the door, then sank to the floor in an ecstasy of delight, gathering Jane into her arms. Ah, but did she see the thin strong cord that led from Jane's collar along the floor, and around the corner? No! All that she saw was a multiple of bright stars.

Meanwhile x had followed Jane's cords and had knocked Miss Jacob flat before she could say the mantissa of .0000. Stepping over her prostrate form x pushed back the door with such violence that Miss Park was squashed quite flat. Thus, Mademoiselle alone was left to uphold the honour of the school.

Bravo, Mademoiselle! Vive la France! With expression well calculated to wither Laval, let alone a simple-minded specimen of the Luft-waffe. Mademoiselle let loose a pent-up torrent of French verbs, regular and irregular, nouns masculine and feminine, and adjectives too descriptive to be printed. At last, after exhausting her vocabulary and confounding the German, Mademoiselle flung the contents of her smelling bottle into his face. At the same moment Miss Park now recovered, became inflated with air, and charged x, bringing the Greek Lexicon sharply down upon his head.

Miss Jacob, in the meantime, had regained her breath, sprung to her feet, dashed through the door, and had begun to ring all the bells, so that now came hurrying along the fire brigade, the police force, the Home Guard and Miss Norris. They came rushing into the library, bearing with them the unconscious form of Brawn, who had caught his foot in a rabbit home. There they beheld Mademoiselle, supported by Miss Park and Miss Jacob, clasping Jane, all gazing with awe at the results of their fight. The remains of the German, and the Greek Lexicon, were born off by the forces. Mademoiselle was taken home in triumph by Miss Norris, and Miss Park and Miss Jacob went back to bed to dream of the night's events; Miss Park to select some appropriate quotation from Shakespeare; Miss Jacob to figure out what would have happened had x been expressed in terms of y correct to three decimal places.

JOAN RAYMENT, V.H

PENANCE

The night was foul and dark and dreary.
Wind and rain in gusts came falling,
Falling as though never ending.
Chill'd the hearts of all who listened.
Evil spirits breath'd forebodings,
Breath'd and threatened without ceasing,
Till the hand that grasped the weapon
Trembled as with fever smitten,
Fever brought about by conscience.
But with head o'er-riding twinges,
Flames were kindled in that mortal,
Flames arose but not internal,
'Twas the end of drear October
And the hand of iron was lifted.
Far and wide the echoes sounded,

Echoes bringing joyful tidings,
Tidings of great cheer and comfort....
... From the Minister of Fuel.
Fires were lit with gay abandon,
But, alas! another ogre
Came and settled on those shoulders,
Whisp'ring warnings, stern not yielding,
Till those whisperings changed to shriekings,
To those souls in mortal torture.
Little sprites with grinning faces,
Glaring eyes, and tails kept saying,
"Switch that light off, 'tis not needed;
Turn the gas down, don't be wasteful;
Turn that switch, turn off your wireless ..."
Till that sinful abject being
Lay exhausted, sunk in sorrow
Over sins that seemed eternal.
Journeys that weren't necessary,
Money spent that should be savings,
Paper used to wrap the fish in,
Paper that should be for bullets,
Bones that lay and weren't collected,
Baths exceeding those five inches,
Coupons spent with reckless vigour.
Till those sprites appeared as fiends,
Fiends of terrifying stature,
Leaping, pointing, jeering, probing,
To the very depths of anguish,
Anguish that exhausted feelings,
Till at last in utter tiredness,
Till at last in sweet reposal,
Slept the Butt of England's Effort.

BARBARA HULL O.G.A

A WAR-TIME NIGHTMARE (as told by a housewife)

I went to my grocer's for my rations, and took my place in the queue for matches. When it came to my turn- "Yes, you have four books, that will be four matches for this month. You don't want them all at once? Alright, only two - that will be 3d. please. Next!"

I moved on in the queue,
"My cheese ration, please."
"You can have four ozs. or four lbs
"Neither is any good to me."
The woman behind poked me in the ribs, "Hurry Up!"
I moved further on in the queue.
"How many loaves, please? You must take them for the
whole week."
"Oh, I don't know how many to take."
"Be quick," from the lady behind me.
I moved on automatically to the sugar counter.

"You may have a half cwt. or 2 ½ ozs.," I was told there.

"I will take the ½ cwt., please."

"Have you a basket or would you like a bag?"

After that I moved to the counter for bacon.

"You must take the month's ration or none at all.

"But that will not keep!"

"Don't argue. Next please."

I still moved on wearily.

"How many matches do you require?"

I thought, this is where I came in, and ----- I woke up and was relieved to find that it was Sunday and I had no shopping to do that.

BRIDGET FELDT. L.IV

THE PERFECT EVACUEE.

A cockney boy, six years of age
(To whom I dedicate this page),
Stood up upon the railway station,
Eating up his chocolate ration,
Waiting for the train to come
That would bring his precious mum.
The train came in with noisy shriek
And long before he'd time to speak
Mum was standing by his side.
The little boy swelled out with pride,
For standing there beside her, too,
Was-try and see if you know who-
What made him seem so bright and glad?
Yes! You're right! His soldier dad,
He told his dad at once that he
Could almost climb the apple tree;
Told him that he could jump a brook;
Told him that he could read a book.
Told him all news about his school,
And all about the swimming pool.
Told him of all the fields and birds,
And all the sheep and cattle herds.
Told him of all the conker trees,
Told him of all the honey bees,
He ended up: "No place like home,
But till war's over I won't roam,
Though London Town is dear to me,
I'll stick it here, you wait and see,"
His Dad was pleased, as pleased as Punch,
And off they went to get some lunch.

SYLVIA BLACKMAN, Upper IV

THINGS A NEWNHAM FRESHER HAS TO LEARN.

1. Not to ask a veteran, "Are you a fresher like me?"
2. To utter the glories of Girton when in Girton company, and –
3. To proclaim the infinite superiority of Newnham to everyone else (a very easy job).
4. Not to cycle up one-way streets.
5. To keep on the right sick of the housekeeper.
6. To remember to go to High Table at the appointed time.
7. To empty the remaining coal ration to ones's storage box before the next ration is distributed-or go without!
8. To learn what numerous initials stand for, e.g.:- C.U.M.S., C.U.S.I.A., C.W.I.C.C.U., etc.
9. To sign in the out-book before going out in the evening.
10. To get rid of men friends before Hall.
11. Not to join more than six societies, however much pestered to do so!
12. To clamber up the precarious rungs on the roof gables armed with stirrup pump or water bucket.
13. Not to be scared of bats in the corridors at night.
14. To get up at the latest when the breakfast gong sounds.
15. Not to be more than five minutes late for lectures.
16. To find a free stretch of curb or wall for one's bicycle.
17. To buy one's books before they are suggested at lectures-and out of stock.
18. To hop from one lecture to the next in no time at all.
19. To do 101 things in a few minutes, or heap up countless jobs for the vacation.
20. Last-but not least-to do a little work amid the rush of social life.

C.C. RHODES (O.G.).

MALTA CONVOY.

When the war is over
A story will be told,
How a convoy steamed for Malta
With supplies in every hold.

Our first loss was the Manchester,
Off Tunis' barren shore,
Though many crashing Stukas
Somewhat evened up the score.

The aircraft carrier "Eagle,"
Was the next to sink below,
But the ship the enemy wanted
Was the tanker "Ohio."

And she was sorely wounded
With torpedo, bomb, and gun,
But never a gamer ship was seen
Beneath the blazing sun.

At last her precious cargo
Was safely brought to shore,
And when she's had a few repairs
No doubt she'll sail for more..

PAMELA HARDY, Lower IV

RUMOURS.

One hears so many rumours whilst standing in a queue,
About the Army, and the Navy, and the gallant Air Force too
Of Britain's latest bomber the largest ever made,
Or the number of the prisoners in that Commando raid.

And there was a rumour spreading of the High School's going home.
And I wonder if it's true about that local aerodrome;
And had you heard that London had another raid last night?
They say we raided Hamburg from sundown until light.

But there's nothing in these rumours they're just a pack of lies,
So if you take no heed of them, you're very, very, wise.
For such rumours spread like wildfire, especially in a queue,
Therefore be patriotic and try to stop them, do.

OLIVE GRAVATT U.IV

POTATOES.

To-day we are all potato conscious, from hoary farmers and experienced allotment holders down to the most delicate of slender schoolgirls. Never, since the day that Sir Walter Raleigh first introduced his plant to England, can there have been such interest in a plain, common or garden potato. On their part the potatoes seem to be interested in us, for we see their goodwill displayed in greengrocers' windows in the form of the victory "V". So familiar and friendly have we become that the potato is known to all and sundry, including Lord Woolton, as Pete, a name conveying little of the respect due to "solanum herbosum."

Not only has the potato a materialistic appeal, primarily to the stomach but for many it has sentimental associations. We shall remember vividly how, with aching back and legs we planted the seed potatoes in spring and how, with the same aching back and legs, we gathered the offsprings together in the autumn. After a day spent thus, we feel we can unashamedly "look a potato in the face this winter."

D. BARNARD. VI.

RED CROSS

The Red Cross movement is world-wide. It began with the efforts of a solitary Swiss who was appalled by the sight of an Italian battlefield, some eighty years ago.

The Red Cross emblem stands for service to the suffering. The work is very varied, but its chief activity is that of looking after the wounded and the prisoners of war.

The school had raised money in aid of the Red Cross in a variety of ways during the preceding two years, but in March this year we became a recognised branch of the Junior Red Cross which has some fifteen million members scattered throughout the world.

Work for the Red Cross then began in real earnest. One group undertook regular week-end work at the Wellingborough Cottage Hospital where help was urgently needed. Others worked in the hospital every day during the Easter and Summer holidays. Another group has been binding "Penguins" for the use of the wounded in Hospital. Some have earned money by working on farms. Regular contributions are made to the form-room Red Cross boxes. Up to date we have contributed £35 to the Red Cross this year.

Lastly, the over-sixteens and some foster parents have started a house-to-house collection for the Red Cross Penny-a-Week Fund, and have already collected more than £100, which all goes to prove that even a schoolgirl can play her part in this great movement for the common good.

ALMA HAYES. VI.

HELPING THE HOSPITAL.

Last year it was suggested that classes should be organised for those in the Upper Fourths interested in First Aid, a suggestion which was hailed with enthusiasm and delight. However, we were inspired to do more than learn to bandage a foot or stop a gushing wound, and when we were told that the Cottage Hospital needed helpers we gladly offered our services.

Consequently, having volunteered, each of us stated upon which day it was most convenient for her to go, then a rota system was arranged and the first contingent of four girls set out to begin the new work.

Although the scheme was purely voluntary, there was no place in it for slackers. If anyone volunteered, she went every week as she had promised, unless illness prevented her, in which case she had to find a substitute, so that the expected number of girls arrived without fail.

Naturally, we participated in none of the operations, no anaesthetic was administered by our tender hands, neither did we rush medicines to the bedside of any ailing patient, but nevertheless while we peeled the humble potato or sheIled the elusive pea, we felt that our work was not altogether unimportant.

Besides, cleaning vegetables, we rubbed brass until it shone, we hoped enough to dazzle the eyes of any spectator; in addition we polished furniture and swept wards, perhaps a little more noisily than such work warranted perhaps using larger quantities of polish than economy allowed, but since Matron was satisfied, so were we.

Now, as last year's Upper Fourths have ascended to the grandeur of the Fifth Form, our work in the hospital has been left to the capable hands of our successors.

When we return to Walthamstow, we hope the hospital will miss us as much as we shall miss them, but we doubt it.

B. JONES. Vw.

RETROSPECTION.

For the benefit of those who, like myself, have always taken an interest in school affairs, I have gathered together items from back numbers of "Iris."

Miss Norris once mentioned that "in 1889 Miss Hewett opened the School in Trinity Sunday School; latter the School was transplanted to what was afterwards the Y.M.C.A.; in 1913 we moved to our School in Church Hill."

An interesting extract comes from Miss Goldwin "The History of Our School." In

September, 1913, 243 girls from the Old High School and from the Technical Institute began work in the new, comfortable and spacious quarters. As in the early years, numbers grew rapidly, and for a year or so the Preparatory and First Forms lived in a house opposite, while the two large downstairs rooms were being built for them. One by one we have acquired possessions which add to our comfort, dignity, and happiness-the beautiful South Window in the Hall, two full-sized netball courts, pictures, silver cups, a gramophone, four grass tennis courts, a lantern, a grand piano, and, a few weeks ago, a most magnificent antique chair presented by Mr Higham. We hope some day to have a Botany Laboratory, Geography Room, and a Gymnasium."

In her first letter to the School, in the issue of July, 1924, Miss Norris writes: "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."

In the following December she said of the theatre-in-the-making; "Miss Sybil Thorndike has very kindly promised to open it in the Spring with a scene from some English version of a Greek tragedy. We, ourselves, are hoping to use it for all sorts and kinds of purposes, from dancing displays to Geometry lessons." (Sybil Thorndike kept her promise. She and her full London cast gave a rendering of "Medea" to an audience of about 900. Miss Squires produced the chorus.-Ed.)

In December, 1926, Miss Norris tells us- "IRIS first saw the light in 1906. Her christening robe was brown and with each successive appearance she was arrayed in a garb of varying hue until the war made a range of colours impossible". Our many-coloured messenger has now changed from blue to green; hereafter she may yet vie with the rainbow."

Four years later:-"Our beautiful library and our laboratory have now become so essential to school life that it is difficult to believe that a year ago they were only bricks and mortar."

Ten years ago, Miss Norris wrote: "A 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 completed with the most modern apparatus, including three shower baths and have already proved a boon inestimable."

Since the present war the School has experienced numerous other changes, including a permanent kitchen built beyond the hall anti-blast walls in corridors and the front hall, and other temporary fixtures intended only for the duration of the war. May the time be not far distant when other changes may be made!

It is hoped that the present history of our School will be interesting to future generations of the Four Hundred.

FRANCES WRIGLEY (O.G.).

THE PARENTS' ASSOCIATION.

The black-out and the fact that most of us are busy helping on the national effort made it inconvenient to arrange Parent's meetings during the past year, but the Secretary has been able to advise several parents in regard to matters concerning their girls and the school. The association subscribed the sum of £10.5.0. towards the Christmas festivities of our girls at Wellingborough last Christmas, and the Staff and friends there ensured for them a happy time. The Secretary was privileged to spend a most happy day at the school Tennis finals in Wellingborough last July, and was delighted with the manner in which the girls were enjoying themselves; the grounds were so beautiful that it seemed like a glorious day in his summer holidays.

One must confess that it was good news to hear of the return of the school to Church Hill. At the same time, nationally we are not yet out of the wood, and evacuation is still the

considered policy of the Board of Education, so we must express the hope that in the days to come before hostilities cease, the school may continue to be spared from enemy attentions and that the change from Wellingborough to home will be carried out with minimum interference with school routine, although the Staff have a very difficult task. The girls leave behind them many kind foster parents and friendships that will be long remembered. We are indeed grateful for all the kindness which has made the stay of the girls in Wellingborough quite a happy period in difficult circumstances.

Once again one is glad to seize this opportunity to express the warm thanks of the parents to the Staff, and cordial congratulations to all for the many successes which have crowned their efforts of the past year.

Our High School is a good School and we are proud of it.

Let us hope that the parents may be gathered in happy fellowship in our School Hall, as soon as circumstances permit and when that is announced we trust parents will rally to help the School on its distinguished progress, for the Parents' Association can render a definite contribution to the life of the School.

R. E. LICENCE. Secretary
5 Rectory Road, Walthamstow, E.17

OLD GIRLS' ASSOCIATION. COMMITTEE.

President:- Miss Norris.

Vice-Presidents:- Miss Goldwin and Minnie Foxon.

Hon. Members- Dora Higham and Dora Busby.

Treasurer:- Mrs L. Browne, 25 Sunnysdene Avenue, Highams Park, E.4.

Secretary-Constance Pettit, 16, Warwick Court, New Southgate, N.II.

Co-opted Members:-Miss Park (Dramatic Society), Rose Harris (Netball Club), Edna

Timberlake (sub-Editor of "Iris")

Members-Cecilia Wheeler, Kathleen Hopley, Doris Hitchman, Doris Everitt (née Muggerridge), Jeanne King, Rita Southgate, Joan Farrow (née Oyler), Edith Brabham, Joyce Edwards, Enid Pond.

Again we have had to report in respect of O.G. activities, although this year we have had two opportunities of visiting the school at Wellingborough, in February, and also on one of the hottest days of this summer, in June. We thoroughly enjoyed ourselves renewing old friendships and have to thank the Staff for their entertainment. We hope it will not be long before the School is back in Walthamstow, when we can have some of our much-missed Socials.

I would like to repeat that the subscription is 1/- on leaving School, 1/6 for the next two years, and 3/- thereafter, and is payable on January 1st. As "Iris" is our main link nowadays, and, unfortunately, supplies of "Iris" are limited, if you want to secure your copy the subscription should be paid promptly.

CONSTANCE PETIT (Hon. Sec.).

NAMES AND ADDRESSES OF NEW MEMBERS OF O.G.A.

Pat Cherry, 20 Hale End Road, E. 17.

Violet Bridge, 24 Marlow Road, E. 17.

Peggy Carter, 97 Hartington Road, E. 17.

Dorothy Culpin, 25 Higham Station Avenue, E.4

Jean Dallas, 26 Clabon Road, Norwich.

Marian Gallington, 52 St. Barnabas Road, Woodford Green.

Audrey Hayward, 19 Heathcote Grove, Chingford.
Gwen Hodby, 25 Empress Avenue, S. Chingford.
Barbara Hull, 39 Greenway Avenue, E. 17.
Edna Kenny, 48 Elmfield Road, E.17.
Ruth Licence, 5 Rectory Road, E. 7
Hilarie Martin, 82 The Ridgeway, Chingford.
Kathleen Munday, 31 Garner Road, E. 17.
Thora Olsen, 28 Empress Avenue, S. Chingford.
Winnie Parker, 9 Ardleigh Road, E.17.
Pat Powell, 69 Blackhorse Lane, E.17.
Hilda Robson, 257 Billet Road, E. 17.
Pamela Smith, 38 Roland Road, E. 17.
Phyllis Thornborough, 6 Frederica Road Chingford.
Catherine Worthington, 59 Grove Road, Millhouses, Sheffield, 7

NEWS OF OLD GIRLS.

W.L.A.

WINNIE CUSHWAY.
AUDREY FARROW.

A.T.S.

ROSINA BEARD. Teleprinter.
DORIS DALE.
VEEA LEE. Driver of a Staff car.
JEAN LYONS is hoping to train as a Radio Mechanic
MARGARET MATTHEWS.
ENID POND.
DAPHNE PORTER. Pay Corps.
BARBARA TEMPLE. Convoy Driver.
BARBARA TINGEY.
HILDA ROBSON.
DORIS WHITEAR.

W.A.A.F.

IRENE ALLNUTT.
VERA BARRETT.
QUEENIE BLENCH is teaching Advanced German and Map-reading.
BERYL CHERRY.
JOYCE EVANS is training to be a Wireless Operator.
KATHLEEN WILDMAN. Clerk.

W.R.N.S

DOROTHY HAMMOND is training to be a Radio Mechanic.
NINA WILLETT.
VIOLET KING (née Francis) has been awarded the M.B.E.
PETER McDERMOTT, brother of Kathleen McDermott, who often appeared in O.G. and O.M. productions, has been awarded the D.F.M.

EXAMINATIONS.

Cambridge University.

JOAN GROVES has been awarded the Muriel Edward Prize, awarded to the student making the greatest progress in Natural Sciences at Newnham College. This is almost a W.H.S. prize now, as it has previously been won by Rose Brazier, Nora Brown and Joan Parfree. It consists

of £2 to spend on books. Joan is now in her Finals Year.
JOAN PARFREE has gained Part I Natural Science Tripos. Class II.

London University.

MARGARET GRACEY. Honours English, Class IIA.
BARBARA KNOWLES Honours Geography, Class II. Barbara also obtained her A.K.C.
IRENE OWEN. Honours Geography, Class II. Irene also obtained her A.K.C.
GWEN OWEN. Pass Degree, Class II.

University.

Oxford.

JEAN DALLAS and EDNA KENNY. At St. Anne's Society (Oxford Home Students), Jean is reading "Modern Greats"; Edna, French.

Cambridge.

RUTH LICENCE has left a temporary job at the Northern Polytechnic as Laboratory Assistant, and is now reading Medicine at Newnham College.
CATHERINE RHODES is in her 2nd year at Newnham College after obtaining Class II in the Preliminary Natural Sciences Exam.

Both Ruth and Catherine are proving as useful to Newnham games teams as they were to W.H.S. teams.

London.

HILARIE MARTIN is at Westfield College, evacuated to Oxford, and is going to read History.
BETTY WILLMER, has left teaching at Ilford, and has been accepted at Birkbeck College, where she hopes to read for a degree.

ETHEL FOX, is in her Finals year at Royal Holloway College, having passed in her subsidiary subject, Latin.

Training College.

BARBARA HULL is at the South-Western Essex Technical College, taking a one-year Medical Course.

IRENE OWEN is at the Marian Grey Training College, where she intends to obtain her Teaching Diploma.

FRANCES WRIGLEY is in her first year at Goldsmith's College evacuated to Nottingham, having completed a year of Student Teaching.

YVONNE ABBINETT and DOROTHY STEPHENS are at Whitelands College.

MARGARET BAILEY and MARIAN GALLINGTON are at Hockerill College.

MARGARET FAIRBRASS and JOYCE GERDES are at Homerton College.

MILDRED FOSTER is at the Battersea Polytechnic.

DOROTHY JENNINGS is at Gypsy Hill College.

JOAN McKEWAN is at Avery Hill College.

PAT POWELL is at Brighton Municipal College.

IRENE RADLEY is at Furzedown College.

Teaching.

EUNICE BAKER is teaching near Birmingham.

IRENE BEAUFOY at Forest Road School.

BEATRICE CHAPPELL is at Adwalton Hall, near Peterborough, in a residential nursery school.

ITA CLARKE. At Winn's Avenue School.

AVRIL DANKWORTH. At Handsworth Avenue School.

DOROTHY FOSTER is working in the Kindergarten of the Harvey Babies' Home, Nasik, Bombay, Pres-India.

VALERIE GARDINER has gained her Art Teachers' Diploma at the Institute of Education,

and is now teaching Art at the West Norfolk and King's Lynn High School. She spent her vacation doing clerical work at the local fuel office.

DOROTHY GRIFFITHS has left the Land Army and is teaching at Welwyn Garden City. BARBARA KNOWLES is teaching at Luton.

IRENE MERRILL has returned from Wales and is teaching at the Thorpe Hall School.

OLWEN MORRIS has returned from Chester and is teaching at the Joseph Barrett Senior School.

JOAN NATION is teaching Art at the Chingford Senior School.

JOAN PARFREE is at Ashford Boarding School, evacuated to Exeter. She spent her vacation doing laboratory work at the Xylonite Factory.

MYRTLE PEACHEY (Mrs Green) is teaching at Romford.

BEATRICE SCHERR is teaching at Lilford, near Arnndel.

MARY STEVENS is teaching at Thundersley in Essex.

NELLIE TAYLOR is now back in Walthamstow at Handsworth Avenue School.

CECILIA WHEELER, At Winn's Avenue School.

GERTRUDE WRIGHT, At Joseph Barrett Senior School.

MARJORIE HAYES. Art Mistress at Loughborough High School.

Miscellaneous.

OLIVE BARNARD is now training to be an examiner in the Aeronautical Inspection Department.

MARY BELL is nursing at Connaught Hospital.

IVY BOLLEN is Assistant Sister (?) in the Skin Department at St. Bartholomew's Hospital.

NINA BORELLI is a Methodist Local Preacher on Full Plan in the Chingford Circuit.

ALMA BRAILEY is on Munition Work at Bray's.

VIOLET BRIDGER is a Junior Clerk at the English Association of American Bond and Shareholders, Ltd.

GWEN CORKER is working in the new sub-branch of the Chingford Library at Chingford High School.

JOYCE COX is at the new Headquarters of what was formerly Trinity House, and is attending Nursing Classes in her spare time.

JOAN CRADDOCK, is using her spare time for Red Cross work.

JEAN DARK is a probationer nurse at St. George's Hospital, Hyde Park Corner.

IVY DRAYTON is Executive Officer at the Ministry of Work and Planning. Previously she was a Clerical Officer.

JESSIE FELTHAM is going to train for Engineering.

DAPHNE FRANCIS is now training to be an examiner in the Aeronautical Inspection Department.

BERYL FURNESS is back in the Hoe Street G.P.O.

MARGARET HARDCASTLE is a Probationer at the Old Church Hospital, Ilford.

AUDREY HOLLAND is a Civil Servant in file Inland Revenue Office, at Finsbury Square.

RUTH HYATT is at the Ministry of Supply

BERYL JACKSON works at the Chingford Town Hall.

IRENE JACKSON works in the Walthamstow Education Offices.

CLAUDINE JAMES is nursing at Queen Mary Hospital.

MARY KINGSWORTH is Nursing at Aylesbury.

PEGGY LAWRENCE is a Probationer Nurse at the Wyatt's Lane Day Nursery.

NORA LYONS has passed her nursing examination.

IRENE MARRIOTT is a Health Visitor in Tottenham.

ROSE MIDGLEY is doing secretarial work with the West Hampshire Agricultural Society.

KATHLEEN OSBORNE is still working for the L.C.C. and is doing Red Cross work in her

spare time.

WINNIE PARKER is in the Admiralty.

DORIS PERKINS is employed in the Coding and Cyphering Department of the Admiralty.

PHYLLIS SINGER is evacuated to Binneld with Keeley and Tonge.

RUTH SUPER spends her spare time with the Junior Women's Air Corps.

WINNIE TAYLOR is home on furlough from India.

EDNA TIMBERLAKE, aside from School Teaching is Warden for the Girls at the

Chelmsford Youth Centre, interviews early registration groups, and enjoys herself with the Chelmsford Play Reading Club.

PHYLLIS THORNBOROUGH is at the War Office.

MONICA TREDRAY and PEGGY CARTER are at the South-West Essex Technical College.

RITA TWEED does clerical work for the Wellingborough Home Guard in her spare time.

KATHLEEN WILDMAN is in charge of the new sub branch of the Chingford Library.

JOYCE BRABNER, GWYNETH FLOOD, and MARY MOSS are at the L.C.C. still. Joyce

planned to spend a fortnight of her holidays on the land. She remembers planting sugar-beet at Wellingborough. She has joined the Chingford Girls' Training Corps.

BERYL BATCHELOR has gained her Certificate as a State Registered Nurse after her three-years training at the Royal Buckingham Hospital, Aylesbury. She hopes to go to Great Ormond Street Hospital or to join the Queen Alexandra's Military Nursing Service.

EDNA LEFTWICH is Nursing Sister to the Colonial Medical Society, Nigeria.

OLIVE PETT has nearly completed her course as a student nurse at the London Hospital at its various evacuated centres. At Warley Woods Hospital, Brentwood, Essex, she has met

RUTH NORFOLK and SHEILA KELSEY nursing.

ANY LETTERS?

News From The Forces.

June, Essex.

..... I am now Staff Gardener at a Land Army Hostel in Essex. My work is to supply all the vegetables possible for girls living in the Hostel. You can imagine that my time is fully occupied on an extremely interesting job, I feel quite proud of my rows of seeds growing into food for my companions. I hope soon to reap what I've sown and to be able to see plenty of vegetables at our evening meal. By the way, I have a six; months' "Good Service Badge" to my credit, and another is due in September.

We have some good fun amongst ourselves. There are about 23 girls and we live in the pre-war residence of an American millionaire. It is a most beautiful place and we have a fine recreation room with piano, wireless, and gramophone. We are allowed one social a week and we have dancing and games with soldiers stationed locally.

Most evenings we go for rides on bikes supplied by the Ministry of Agriculture, owing to the distances the rest of the girls have to go to work on different farms, I, of course, work in the Hostel garden. Good luck to "Iris."

AUDREY FARROW (Women's Land Army).

September, Wiltshire.

.. To those who were in VB during 1937-1938, it may not be a surprise to know that I am now a member of the W.A.A.F. and known as 2023970. I volunteered for the Service on Armistice Day of last year and was then on Deferred Service until February 2nd, 1941.

On that snowy morn I left Paddington for No, 2 W.A.A.F. Depot, and whilst on the

London platform made acquaintance with another recruit. Betty came from Croydon, so we soon became friendly, and I'm glad to say that we are still together, having been in the same huts, same private billets, and even the same rooms the whole way through. Believe me, that is quite an achievement!

After a week of completing numerous papers, undergoing a trade test, having interviews and being kitted, we were posted to NO.3 W.A.A.F. Depot for disciplinary training.

At long last, on April 8th, we arrived at a well-known Lancashire seaside resort and once more went into private billets. For a month we did 8 hours' Morse each day, but were free from mid-day Saturday until Monday, morning. It was grand to walk along the prom. during free time, and it was a very good town regarding amusements for the Forces.

As I expected, it was too good to last, and on May 5th we left for Scotland. Can you imagine what the London girls felt? However, we settled down in our hostel and found the time go fairly quickly as we were at school 8 hours per day. When we had completed 4 months' Morse and R.A.F. procedure, an examination was held, and I am greatly relieved to be able to say that I gained my sparks.

Please don't think I am a fully-fledged Wireless Operator yet, because here I am at NO.3 Signals School. At the end of 7 weeks I hope to know sufficient about electricity, and magnetism to enable me to carry out repairs and maintenance of a receiving and transmitter, so that I can then proudly say "I am a W/Op." I can honestly say that I do not regret joining up, and I am very proud to be working with and for the Royal Air Force.

JOYCE EVANS (W.A.A.F.).

September .

. . . I am afraid I cannot tell you much at the moment as I have not yet been in the W.R.N.S. However, I have received my papers, and have to report at Mill Hill for my training on September 30th. When I have gone through my probationary period, I am going to remain in London for 4 or 6 months training as a Radio Mechanic. I shall then be posted out to a Post (probably), and I have been told that I shall be serving with the Fleet Air Arm...

DOROTHY HAMMOND (W.R.N.S.).

Probably I am luckier than most of the girls in one respect, as being evacuated for three years has prevented me from getting homesick, and has also made me more adaptable to new modes of living. It must be rather horrible for the conscripted girls having to leave their home, many of them for the first time. The pace of life in the A.T.S., is even more hurried than School life, and Miss Squire would certainly be amazed if she could see the rapidity with which I now change into my P.T. kit.

HILDA ROBSON (A.T.S.)

September. Norfolk,

A School Teacher Settles Down.

The Staff seem very nice and the atmosphere is pleasant, I am one of five newcomers, all straight from college except one, so I don't feel too "out of it." The school has a charming building and a little walled garden, which slopes down to the water's edge

...I was installed by the combined efforts of Staff and Head in the house of one of the Grammar School masters, and so find myself between two fires, the High School and the Grammar School. It's a very nice detached, modern house with a very large garden indeed, beautifully laid out....

This term is 14 weeks long. Isn't it awful!

VALERIE GARDINER

Extracts from a Student's Life.

...I attended a Study-Discussion Group on "Education and Service of Youth," A Headmaster was chairman, and Marjorie Reeves, Oxford lecturer, was the "authority." She talked-sometimes for an hour and a half, extremely interesting-on Education and the present reforms.

Well, another fortnight, and back I go to R.H.C. to stuff a further century or two of French literature, language and history into the oblivion where I ought to have had a brain. What do I do besides swotting, as if you didn't know! Everything is a whirling jumble of lectures, meals, essays, meetings, discussions-from the time you get up in the morning and career to college chapel, until the time when you are bounced out of bed (into which you have sleepily crawled), by someone who wants to "borrow your alarm clock to get up early next morning!"

"Of course, I made the usual mistake of joining all existing Societies in my first year, and leaving them all in my second. However, I think I have them mostly sorted out by now. S.C.M. and French Reading Society are the only two with which I now have any definite commitments. Oh yes! and College Choir, which involves practices, as do the Volunteer Stretcher and Fire-Fighting Squads, which involve crawling about in the dark, looking for "broken legs" or "bombs" with the aid of a torch-some adventure in a five-storey building!

ETHEL FOX (Royal Holloway College)

Oxford, 1942

J'habite la maison d'un professeur allemand qui a émigré de l'Allemagne avec sa famille un peu avant cette guerre. Ils sont tous très agréables et aiment beaucoup la musique - ce qui me plait énormément.

...Le cours pour gagner un grade ne dure que deux années maintenant, et puis je passerai une année de plus pour l'instruction,

... Il y a beaucoup de sociétés a joindre ici. Je suis membre du cercle français de l'université ... Le discours est naturellement en français toujours, et nous finissons par causer l'un et l'autre, mais celui qui parle un mot d'Anglais soit payer une amande! ...

Je suis bcn aise de faire mes études dans une ville d'une telle beauté qu'Oxford. J'ai déjà fait visite a plusieurs colléges ici,

Jean Dallas est au collége avec moi et elle demeure dans la rue prochaine.....

EDNA KENNY, October. Chelmsford,

Side-Lines to the Day's Work.

At School this term I have been experiencing pre-war enjoyment as joint-producer of Henry IV Part I with the Fifth Form plays. It was my job to introduce the play to them, cast it, and do some elementary staging. Then I turned to the tasks of advertising, business-managing, ticket-selling and, most onerous of all-costume-making. Every costume was designed and made entirely from any old clothes the boys could bring me. E.g., one old nightgown, one old skirt, one old petticoat equals one courtier's costume: short, full-sleeved tunic, short full trousers, flat hat. The suits of armour were made entirely from sacks, grey distempered and streaked with silver paint. It was all a good exercise in ingenuity, profitably to be followed by others to prevent lack of play-production in war-time. Fire watching nights become a pleasant pastime with such an occupation. We played to a full house for three days and made £30 profit, much of which will go to War Charities. Our chief excitement was at the dress-rehearsal, when Hitler took Falstaff's cue "Thou knowest I am valiant as a lion" to drop bombs close by, and cause cast and audience to fall flat.

I have spent interesting afternoons interviewing 16 and 17-years-olds as they registered, and attending Sunday Conferences and other activities, multitudinous and various. It is just as easy for me to write as talk, but those of you who know me need have no fear-the paper shortage has been well advertised.

EDNA TIMBERLAKE.

MARRIAGES.

MURIEL BARRETT to Neil Digney, December 27th, 1941.
OLIVE BRAMHALL to Rev., Joseph C. Wansley, January 27th, 1942
MARJORIE COLLEDGE to Mr Saville, 1941
VERA CONWAY to R. Hugh Muxlow, June 6th, 1942
SYLVIA CURTIS to a member of the R.A.F., Lancashire
MARIE DANGER to Frederick W. Bott, June 20th, 1942
BEATRICE DAVEY.
PEGGY GOODMAN to Ronald Pratt R.A., August, 1942
WINIFRED GREENHEAD to Hugh Tremayne Simmons, August 25th.
DOROTHY HAMMOND to Stanley J. Hassall, R.A.F. May 16th, 1942
MARGARET HAYWARD to a member of the R.A.F. June, 1942.
PEGGY HOUCHEN to Frank Bristo, January, 1942.
KATHLEEN HOW to Cedric A. L. Hendley. August 15th, 1942.
MAVIS JONES to Eric C. Linay, June 6th, 1942.
JOYCE KNOWLES to John N. Newsum. October 31st, 1942
ADA LEGG to Richard Mountford. March, 1942.
PEGGY LICENCE to Reginald J. England. July 4th, 1942.
IVY OLDFIELD to Eric W. Farrow. April 4th, 1942.
MYRTLE PEACHEY to Will Green. August 8th, 1942.
FLORENCE PONTIN to Leonard Cowpewart. December 1941.
GLADYS SMITH to John Newell, A.P.C. December, 1941
MARGARET SPRAGG.
JACQUELINE STROUD.
JOAN TRAVERS to Engineer Officer John R. Thornton Sinclair (Merchant Navy), of Christchurch, New Zealand. September 11th 1941. He has since been reported missing, believed killed, on active service.
IRENE WAKELIN to Len Kerison, February 28th, 1942.
DORIS HITCHMAN is sailing to South Africa to marry Rev. Cecil C. Ruck

BIRTHS.

To HETTIE BURR (Mrs Jesty.) a second son, Christopher. June, 1942.
To IRIS GORDON (Mrs Clark) a son, Neil Gordon, May 1942
To JOAN HOSIER (Mrs ---) , a daughter.
To KATHERINE LEGG (Mrs Hill), a son, Peter, December, 1941.
To FRIEDA MIDGLEY (Mrs.-), a daughter. Julie
To HETTY MOODY (Mrs -). twin sons, John and Peter.
To MAISIE NOBLE (Mrs Rayment), a daughter, Margaret Helena Joan, May 8th, 1942.
To MARGARET STRINGER (Mrs L. F. Egleden), a child
To DORIS WIFFIN (Mrs Bartlett), a daughter, Jill. December 15th, 1941
To GRACE COLES (Mrs Woodruff), a daughter Linda Marie, July 15th, 1941.

DEATHS.

It is with deep regret that we record the death on Christmas Eve, that of Kitty Foster (née Phelp). Kitty and her family rank high among the friends of the School for their never-failing support. In the early days, too, her father and brother did all our printing, including the first and many subsequent numbers of "Iris." and their work always bore the mark of genuine craftsmanship.

Kitty was devoted to the School when she was a pupil nearly forty years ago, and though she lived in Australia all her married life, she never lost interest in the doings of the School and of the O.G.A. She always wished that her daughter, Noel, could have been a W.H.S. girl. We send our sympathy to all her family in their great loss.

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

