

## Walthamstow High School Magazine

### EDITOR'S LETTER

Dear School,

It is with feelings, of unmixed pleasure that I write this letter from Walthamstow, for the School is safely home again after more than three years wandering in the wilderness. Last December we came back from Wellingborough- with about sixty girls, and large numbers returned to the fold from an infinite variety of schools and centres; last September our numbers rose to about three hundred and fifty and next September we hope to close our ranks with the normal four hundred. It has not been easy to create unity from such diversity, but thanks to the efforts of Staff, parents, girls and old girls, I can now truthfully say that the School is back not only in the flesh but also in the spirit.

I know how sad you will be to hear that since I last wrote to you there have been changes in the Staff. Miss Sumsion left us in the Spring to get married to Major Cunninghame, Q.O.C.H., and in the Summer we parted with Miss Cunyghame and Mlle. Gremaud; Miss Sumsion and Miss Cunyghame had been with us for twenty-five-years and Mlle, Gremaud for over thirty. You will all know what an immeasurable debt of gratitude we owe them, not only for what they taught us but also for what they were; they stood for all that is best in our traditions and the pattern of their lives is woven into the texture and fabric of the school they loved and served so well. The laboratories, too, have seen change- this term, for after having been with us for seven years, Miss Webb left to go to Romford High School; she takes with her our thanks and best wishes for her future.

We welcome Misses Hepburn, Pickering, Posniakoff and Gilpin, and hope they will be as happy with us as were their predecessors

Love and greetings from Walthamstow,

Yours affectionately,

M. NORRIS.



Nesta Newmarch

## **CALLED TO HIGHER SERVICE**

**IN MEMORIAM: Nesta Margaret Newmarch, B.A.,  
3rd Officer,**

**W.R.N.S. Died August 30th, 1943.**

Nesta Newmarch was a pupil of Walthamstow High School from 1903–1911, when she left us to go to Whitelands College, Chelsea. She gained her B.A. degree in History in 1914.

Her first period of teaching was at Blackpool Secondary School, and in January, 1915, she returned to the Walthamstow High School, where she taught History for 15 years. As a pupil and as Mistress Nesta endeared herself to all for outstanding sincerity of character combined with her unflinching gentleness and happy personality.

In 1940 she felt a keen call to take her share in the national work, and joined the Women's Royal Naval Service. The first year was spent in special training at the Royal Naval College, Greenwich, where she served first as a rating and then as a Petty Officer. She was transferred to Liverpool and then to Newcastle-under-Lyme till early 1943, when she returned to Greenwich. She passed her examination and was given her commission as 3<sup>rd</sup> Officer in July, 1943, only six weeks before her death.

From July she was stationed at Portsmouth, attached to the Commander-in-Chief's Unit, working especially with H.M.S. Victory, a training ship in dock. Throughout her 3 1/2 years' service in the W.R.N.S. she was wholeheartedly happy and faithful in all she did.

On August 30th came her unexpected death after only six days in Hospital at Northwood. She received every care possible, but her collapse and death came suddenly.

A Naval funeral, conducted by the Rev. Hugh Brodie, R.N.V.R., was accorded her, and took place at Portsmouth Naval Cemetery on September 3rd (England's Day of Prayer for all on active service.).

This was the first occasion in the records of the Navy for a woman officer to be given full naval honours at her burial, and she was the first woman to be buried in the naval cemetery at Portsmouth.

The coffin was taken from Northwood to Haslar Naval Hospital, Gosport to await burial, and was placed in the Chapel draped with the Union Jack, and on top lay one large wreath of white dahlias from her Commander-in-chief. The ship's company of H.M.S. Victory gave an anchor of flowers 4ft. long, most beautifully made in white, with the intertwining rope of sea-lavender, and at its base were mauve scabious and blue delphiniums. There were many other floral tributes from different companies of the W.R.N.S. and fellow officers, W.R.N.S., Ratings and the Portsmouth cadets, and others from relatives and friends.

The Walthamstow High School "Mistresses, past and present, and the Old Girls" gave a very beautiful wreath of purple heather and pink carnations.

The School was represented by two mistresses—Miss Goldwin who knew Nesta from 1903, and Miss Squire a very special friend of Nesta's. It was obvious that all her colleagues and the many in the W.R.N.S. with whom Nesta had been associated so closely, had all regarded her with love and high esteem. The coffin was taken from the Chapel to the Naval Cemetery, nearly a mile distant, on a gun-carriage drawn by 24 cadets followed by representatives of naval departments. W.R.N.S. officers from Newcastle, Greenwich and Portsmouth; then a long contingent of W.R.N.S. Ratings and a contingent of cadets.

Amidst this imposing gathering Nesta was laid to rest in a place where we could see the blue sea beyond the great beech trees of the cemetery grounds, quite close to her last "Port" of Service. The service at the graveside closed with the sounding of the Last Post played by a bugler of the Royal Marines.

Nesta will always be remembered and honoured for her devotion and faithfulness to the call of duty for her country.

Written by her youngest sister, Kathleen (also an Old Girl from 1903).

### **SUB-EDITOR'S LETTER.**

This year IRIS qualifies for membership of the Ministry of Information The Honour and Glory Prize would seem to be rightly awarded to the handsome columns of marriages of Old Girls, and of births of future Old Girls and Old Monovians. It is a solemn thought that all the problems of the future may be settled by one of these imperious denizens of perambulators advertised in these pages. Solvitur Perambulando.

More seriously, before very long one of the Lower Thirds may qualify for this prize, as Lower IIIH, thanks very largely to one girl, sent in an impressive quantity of MSS. and Upper IIIS will one day provide us with a play. The contributions printed, however, are distributed throughout the school too widely this time for an award to be made.

Carols still mingle in 1943 with sirens. No matter. Although gratitude has been defined as a lively sense of favours to come, we are indeed grateful for all the favours both general and particular that have been extended in the past. Thus, our Christmas greetings of good wishes are permeated by a deep sense of gratitude to all our friends, past, present and to come, whether in Wellingborough or Walthamstow.

**A. H. PARK.** Christmas, 1943.

### **O.G.A. EDITORIAL.**

October, 1943.

It is good to know that O.Gs. have a second home to visit again now that the School has returned to Walthamstow. During the past year numbers of O.Gs. have visited the School, often bringing small members of their families with them. By renewing our friendships in this way, we feel that we have bridged the gap caused by the War.

It is with regret that Old Girls everywhere heard that Miss Cunynghame, Mlle. Gremaud, Miss Sumsion and Miss Webb left the School this year, but we do know that it does not mean the end of their connection with the School. We hope to see them at all our O.G.A. gatherings. We send greetings to all new members of the Staff. We hope to meet them, too, and to find friends among them.

Those of us who remember Miss Newmarch were sad to hear of her death in August. We found a friend in her as well as a teacher while she was at school and during the war we have heard of her good work in the W.R.N.S.

It is difficult to collect news of Old Girls in these days, but as you will see, we have this year many items of news which lead us to suspect that the ranks of W.H.S. will be considerably swelled in years to come. Good wishes to all O.G. mothers and their babies. I feel that it is about time for us to hold a Baby Show.

Good wishes to you all, wherever you are. I know that you join me in sending good wishes to the School.

**EDNA TIMBERLAKE.**

(O.G.A. Sub-Editor).

### **SCHOOL CHRONICLE, 1943.**

Christmas saw the return of the School from Wellingborough, where it had spent a very happy three years. At the end of the Autumn term we were given two farewell parties: one by the Wellingborough High School, and the other by Mrs Johnson and the Y.M.C.A. Ladies' Committee. Both reflected the unflinching generosity of Wellingborough towards the School.

The Spring term was, of necessity, a period of settling down in spite of this, however, the activities of the various Societies were not interrupted.

The Walthamstow Branch of the Scripture Union re-formed after Christmas, and early in the term Canon Cockin gave us a very interesting lecture on the interpretation of the Bible. In the Summer term we had a most popular visit from Miss Winnie Taylor, an Old Girl of the School, who spoke to us about her work as a missionary in

India. Later in the year Mr. Brian Green gave us a very provocative lecture on "What is a Christian?"

In connection with the League of Nations' Union during the Summer term, we had the privilege of hearing Mrs Corbett-Ashby again, dealing this time with the post war policy of the League.

Mr Catteral was to have paid us a welcome return visit but unfortunately he was taken ill. However, Mr. Aldous, Editor of "Headway," who came in his place, gave us a very interesting address the lesser-known activities of the League. This term we are looking forward to hearing an American Officer speak on the Atlantic Charter.

In connection with the Literary and Dramatic Society we were fortunate to have Professor Willard Conelly to speak to us on American literature.

At the beginning of the year Mr. Bell came to us and talked about the Book Salvage Drive. In response to this appeal thousands of books and magazines were collected at school for Walthamstow's Salvage Week.

During the Summer term a series of Red Cross Lecture's was arranged and an examination was held at Wanstead Hospital during the Summer holidays. Of the sixteen girls who entered all passed and received their certificate for Home-Nursing. This year again we are fortunate to be having a series of lectures on First-Aid. Twenty-three girls have entered for the course, and we wish them all success.

Vast sums of money have also been collected by the School. The Red Cross Penny-a-Week Fund continued throughout the year, and altogether nearly £100 had been raised by November 20th. There have been steady contributions also to War Savings and this year to date £2,910 13s 6d. has been invested, the "Wings for Victory" Week alone producing £1,520 9s 0d. The grand total for the last three years is the magnificent one of £5,416 14s 0d.

Over a hundred garments have been knitted this year and sent off to the men in the services, some through the W.V.S. and some through the British Sailors' Society. The parcels included pullovers, socks, gloves, mittens, and helmets.

At the end of the Spring term Form VI gave a play reading of Shaw's "Androcle's and the Lion," and again in the Summer Term a reading of "The Barrets of Wimpole Street." The great dramatic event of the year, however, was the Fifth Form's glamorous production of "The Streets of London." The Hall was packed for the evening performance, to which our parents were invited, but many of them, unfortunately, had to be turned away

The inter-form competitions, to which our parents were again invited, were all held in Walthamstow this year, with the exception of the Netball Competition, which took place in the Autumn term.

There have been two visits to Art Exhibitions this year, both of which have been extremely interesting and informative. In the Spring term one party was taken to the Exhibition of Essex Artists, and later in the year another party visited a Display of Turkish Art.

Miss Cohen paid a visit to the School during the Summer term, and was entertained to tea by the Sixth Form. Afterwards, she very kindly presented to us with a book for the library, "New Soviet Theatre."

Later in the year Mrs Newton gave a delightful talk on the all-important subject of Dress, and we were amused to hear her descriptions of the habits and tastes of our contemporaries in different parts of the world.

During the Summer holidays volunteers from the School again helped with the harvest. For a month parties of staff and 40 girls went daily to Chestnut Farm and the allotments of the Chingford Isolation Hospital, where we spent most of our time weeding and hoeing potatoes and other root crops.

So a most unusual and eventful school year has ended, the success of which has been due mainly to the efforts, perseverance and good humour of the staff.

**P. SMITH, VI.**

#### **EXAMINATION RESULTS.**

The following girls are to be congratulated:--  
Edna Jenkinson was awarded a Major Scholarship in Classics and the Goodhart Memorial Prize at Newnham College. She was also awarded an Open Scholarship at Somerville College.

Dorothy Barnard gained her Higher School Certificate with Distinction in Latin History and Spoken French and was awarded a State Scholarship.

Olive Collett and Iris Henderson gained Higher School Certificates, and Margaret Austin passed in English.

Alma Hayes, Sheila Loasby, Stephanie Russell, Gwyneth Searle, and Pat Waring gained Passes in the Higher School Examination in Subsidiary

Subjects.

Jane Bull, Pat Curry, Beryl Jones, Maisie Krinks, Joan Mansell, Mavis Smith and Dorothy Vernon gained General School Certificates with

Matriculation Exemption.

Valerie Collison, Daphne Cooksley, Amy Cooney, Irene Dugdale, Grace Krinks, Ada Maddocks, Joan Rayment, June Smith, June Tolman,

Doreen Wicks, and Jean Wright gained General School Certificates. County Major Scholarships have been awarded to Dorothy Barnard and Edna Jenkinson.

#### **GAMES NOTES, 1942-43.**

This year our netball season was highly successful, for out of the ten matches played by the first team only one was lost. Our return to Walthamstow at Christmas necessitated the formation of a new team, as we had lost several of our members. We were very pleased to return to our four hard courts, after managing with one semi-soft netball court!

The first netball team, before Christmas, was as follows:- D. Vernon, P. Philip, P. Gearing, E. Cronk, O. Collett, D. Wicks, V. Green. The second team was chosen from among the following girls:- B. Ward, K. Dunkley, G. Field (Captain), V. Collinson, I. Dugdale, D. Carter, G. Thurkettle and D. Barnard.

We had an entirely new tennis team this season. After hard practice we were only able to play two matches. The team included: E. Crook, D. Barnard, V. Collison, G. Field, P. Smith and P. Philp.

Our inter-form competitions were held, as usual, as well as Swimming Sports and a most enjoyable Sports Day, to which parents were invited.

The results of the competitions were as follows;

Netball-5W. L4  
Drill-6. L4H. L3S.  
Tennis,-5. U3H  
Sports,-6, U,3W, L3W,  
Swimming,-5, U3W, L3S.

#### **NETBALL MATCHES.**

Nov. 7th,-Notre Dame 1st team won 9-7; 2nd team won 9-3  
Nov. 14th,-Kettering High School 1st team lost 12- 15 2nd team won 21-9.  
Nov. 21st.-Brondesbury and Kilburn. 1st team won 15-9. 2nd team won 8-7.  
Nov. 28th.-Southwark Convent 1st team won 11-10.  
Dec. 5th.-Overstone School 1st team drew 5-5. 2nd team lost 11-12  
Mar. 11th.-Gowan Lee. 1st team won 17-8; 2nd team won 22-1; under 14, won 17-6; under 13, won 10-8.  
Mar. 16th,- Woodford High School. Under 13, lost 9-12; 13 and under, lost 7-10.  
Mar. 24th,-Woodford High School. 1st team won 11-10; 2nd team lost 7-19.  
April 3rd.-Brondesbury and Kilburn. 1st team won 17-7; 2nd team won 11-9.  
April 6th,-Old Girls' Assn. 1st team lost 4-9.  
May 20th.-Convent of Sion, 1st team won 13-11; 14 and under, won 23-8.

#### **TENNIS MATCHES.**

July 14th,-Woodford High School. 1st team lost,  
July 16th,-Gowan Lee, 1st team won 65-34.  
July 21st,-Gowan Lee. Junior scratched.

**Patricia Philp, VI (Games Capt.)**

#### **STATEMENT OF MORNING.**

Down the hill,  
The milk cart jingles  
Its useful way,  
In the chill,  
Grey misted shadows  
Of early day.

In dreamless crowd,  
Men move with haste,  
Along the street,  
To the day's loud  
Monotony, work-stressed  
With joyless feet.

The thrush alert  
On sleeping bough  
Of freedom sings,  
To greet the curt  
City with echoes now  
Of distant springs.

**S. M. GOULD, O.G.A.**

### **AUTUMN.**

The year is swiftly fading to its close,  
And summer now is but a memory  
Brought closer by the sight of one last rose  
That in a sheltered nook still blossoms free.

In silhouette against the wind-swept sky  
The ploughman, peering 'neath his shaggy brow,  
With steaming horses, manes and tails afly,  
Glides through the stubble fields the cumbrous plough.

At evening, knee-deep in a sea of fog  
The cows and horses in the meadow roam;  
And down the lane the shepherd and his dog  
Come driving full-grown lambs back to their home.

From every bush and tree the Autumn breeze  
Blows down their russet dress and leaves them bare;  
While the twittering swallows gather on the trees  
Preparing now to fly to lands more fair.

**JUNE DYKES, Wellingborough High School.**

### **THE OWL.**

High in the branches of the trees,  
Perched on a branch and swayed by the breeze,  
Sat an owl with coat of dusty brown  
And scanned the world with solemn frown.

He blinked his eyes and shook his wings,  
And thought of supper and other things;  
"I've hunted well this winter night,"  
He hooted from his towering height.

At last on silent wings he flew  
Back to his home where oak trees grew.  
And shuffled into his hole on high,  
Just as the dawn broke through the sky.

**MARGARET THACKWAY, UIVH.**

### **CHRISTMAS EVE.**

'Tis cold! the icy wind doth blow:  
Softly, silently, falls the snow,  
And lies a smooth white carpet there  
Upon the ground, once cold and bare.

The trees are freshly coated in white,  
And shine out in the dark of night,  
Their branches pointing to the sky;  
The North wind passing makes them sigh.  
The lazy stream, now turned to ice,  
No longer serves the thirsty mice.  
But there, the urchins make their slides,  
And quarrel for toboggan rides.  
The village church looks bright and gay,  
The priest prepares for Christmas Day.  
The choirboys allelulias sing,  
The bells their joyful tidings ring.  
The chestnut-man takes up his stand;  
Some village folk enjoy the band;  
Within the houses fires burn bright,  
The children laugh, 'tis Christmas night.

**JOYCE JACKSON, UIVW.**

### **CAROL.**

In Bethlehem so far away  
A baby in a manger lay,  
An ass, an ox, around him stood,  
To show their praise as best they could.

The shepherds brought him skins so warm,  
To wrap around his tiny form,  
And Three Kings brought him presents rare,  
Myrrh, gold and incense did they bear.

And angels white, their praises sing,  
To laud and bless this tiny king,  
So let us with the angels' praise,  
A happy hymn of joy upraise.

**JEAN BRUCE. LIIIIH.**

### **SUMMER.**

Spring is the sweetest season. Autumn the richest, Winter the most harmonious, but Summer is the most beautiful.

Summer is like Venus: it is the blossoming season, when all flowers bloom into glorious colour, it is the singing season: when all birds burst in to praise of Creation, and love of life.

Summer is clad in azure draperies, her naked limbs are white as milk, her lips are cherries, her cheeks are roses, her teeth are pearls, and her eyes, reflecting the light, shine now grey, now blue, now green, according to her mood. Her hair shimmers golden during the daytime, but after dusk it gleams with silver. Her draperies are tied with a multicoloured girdle, composed of all flowers of summer, the myrtle, the rose, and the poppy, flowers sacred to Venus. And as she goes, light-footed, through the world, she leaves behind her a heavy fragrance, the scent of flowers, and the poppy, sleep-enticing, is the most exotic of them all.

**JOAN RAYMENT, VI.**

### **POPLAR COTTAGE.**

Poplar Cottage is situated in one of the country lanes of Essex. It is surrounded by five erect poplar trees.

One enters the garden by a little green gate standing at the end of a crazy-paved path, which divided the garden into two halves. Bright flowers adorn the path and the soft green grass beyond invites one to sit down.

In one part of the garden there is a rectangular fish-pond. A stone dwarf clad in scarlet and green sits on its wooden bridge day after day, fishing. Never does he move a limb or change his expression, unlike the goldfish darting to and fro beneath him. Water-lily leaves lie calmly upon the water, and now and then a baby frog will jump on to one, in order to absorb the penetrating sun.

A large apple tree stands in the garden, and the circular seat round its trunk is an excellent place to sit and read.

The dark swallows' nest of mud and straw show up against the white walls of the cottage, which are sheltered from the rains by the overhanging edges of the yellow thatch. A triangular attic window breaks the plain stretch of roof with its bright red brick chimney-stack.

To the left of the window, round the oaken front door cluster the delicate mauve flowers of Wistaria, scenting the air. On the door the polished knocker and brass plate which reads "Poplar Cottage" glisten in the sunlight.

....And as the sun sets and night creeps on, flowers close their petals, and the poplar trees' cast their long dark shadows over the garden, and seem to draw closer together, as if to protect the cottage from harm.

**MARY GUEST, L.IV.W.**

## **INTERESTING HOLIDAYS.**

### **I.**

During the Summer holidays I went from the school to a League of Nations Union Summer School in South Wales. The school itself was held in a Ministry of Supply Hostel at Pencoed, in the beautiful Vale of Glamorgan. Lectures on World Citizenship were given in the mornings and afternoons, and the evenings were spent in excursions.

Many distinguished speakers attended the School, including representatives from Czechoslovakia, France, Poland and China. Apart from the main lectures on International Co-operation, there were debates on the "British Empire after the War," "America," and the "Jewish Problem." Dealing with the latter question, Professor Broditsky gave us a very real picture of the position of the Jews in the Europe of today.

Towards the end of the week, we made a pilgrimage to the National Temple of Peace and Health at Cardiff, and were entertained to tea by Lord Davies in the City Hall.

The evening before our departure the Hostel was visited by the Swansea Singers who said goodbye to us in song, from "Welsh Wales."

**P. SMITH, VI.**

### **II.**

In the summer holidays of the year 1938 my mother, sister and I decided we would go to Switzerland and stay with relations who lived at a place called Wädenswil on the Lake of Zürich.

The journey was lovely. We went along beautiful rivers and valleys, but most beautiful of all was the Lake of Zürich on both sides of the lake are beautiful little towns, and villages, which at night are glittering with myriads of lights reflected in the water. There are large and small boats and lovely white steamers continually travelling up and down the lake; some of the steamers carrying big holiday crowds are gaily decorated with flags and bunting. Everybody seems to be happy, laughing, singing and yodelling.

During our stay we spent a great deal of time on the lake, visiting an island called Ufenau in the middle, and the city of Rapperswil with its deer park and old castle. We also went to a famous place called Einsiedelen where a continual stream of Pilgrims come and go to worship in the cathedral. We also went over the long ridge which crosses the lake. In the distance we could see the snow-covered Alps, also the mountains dotted with beautiful wooden houses called chalets. One side of the lake is cultivated with vineyards and the other with orchids.

In the large pine wood on the hills one finds great spaces covered with "Blueberry" shrubs which we greatly enjoyed picking and eating.

The countryside is covered with a multitude of wild flowers of all kinds and the pasture is like a rich green carpet. Through it flow lovely little streams full of trout and little brown crabs, which we joyfully chased from stone to stone, occasionally being lucky enough to trap and catch one. All round the lake there are beautiful houses with pretty gardens, and soft, smooth little lawns decorated with

dwarfs and little fairies.

**MARGARET WITT, UIVW.**

## **A NAIL IN HITLER'S COFFIN.**

(Dedicated to Miss Clough and Miss Jacob).

My first is in cruiser but not in barge,  
My second's in little and also in large;  
My third is in curtain but not in blind,  
My fourth is in thought but not in mind;  
My fifth is in wisdom but not in power.  
My sixth is in fat and also in flour;  
My seventh's in wine but not in tea,  
My eighth is in cost but not in fee;  
My ninth is in ask and also in say,  
My tenth is in light but not in day;  
My eleventh's in weep but not in cry,  
My twelfth is in soaked but not in dry.  
My whole is a word of twelve letters long,  
If you purchase them weekly you cannot go wrong  
For they will remind you your money to save,  
And will help win the war and the peace we all crave.

**WINNIE COOK. V.W.**

## **TIMOTHY THOMAS.**

Timothy Thomas was sick of the mumps,  
Timothy Thomas was down in the dumps  
His face looked like a full, full moon,  
Though they told him the swelling would go down soon.

His throat felt sore, he was sick and hot,  
And he hated the sight of his little white cot.  
There was no one to play with and nothing to do,  
I'm sorry for Timothy Thomas, aren't you?

**JEAN JONES, L.IIIS.**

## **ON GREEK UNSEENS.**

Some great author, I forget who, has warned us against the many and terrible dangers of procrastination, yet his advice is seldom heeded where Greek Unseens are concerned. No task is there that one is less willing to perform, more eager to leave until the last possible moment (or even later) than that of translating Greek into some resemblance of our mother tongue.

At long last, however, the hour of doom draws near; for nothing, alas, not even fear of Greek Unseens, can stem the ever flowing tide of time. With what anxiety are the books dragged wearily from the shelf, with what inexpressible anguish and despair- despair diminished or enhanced by the length and character of the title of the passage.

In Greek Translations in particular there are but two kinds of titles, those which elucidate the passage in question and those which, far from giving any hint, however small, as to the nature of the paragraph, seem to have no connection whatsoever with the subject matter. However, only one kind of title ever greets the unfortunate student, namely, the latter.

The length of the title, incidentally, plays no small part in the operation, for while a title of some ten words or so will send the reader into unforgivable ecstasy, one solitary word has the power to send her into the very abyss of despair. Who has not experienced the bliss of writing ten words of an unseen in faultless English, even if nothing but the title!

However, this bliss short-lived when once the rest of the passage is perused, in reading without comprehending one word can indeed be called perusal? No pen can describe the awful agonies when the bright lamp of knowledge shines in vain behind the curtain of ignorance and sudden hope is immediately quenched by black

despair. What was the title of Agamemnon compared with such agony? The Greek and Trojan wars fade into insignificance before the terrible battles waged with pen against this mighty foe, the Greek Unseen.

Yet, let no one imagine I think Greek Unseens difficult ....

**Author's Note:** A Greek unseen is not necessarily something one cannot see, but usually something one cannot understand.

**BERYL JONES, VI.**

### **MUSIC OF OUR TIME.**

On Sunday afternoons Mother and I, after the exertions of the week, feel in need of a rest. To this end we seat ourselves in our favourite chairs and either read or close our eyes and listen to light music on the radio.

Now, lest the inquisitive reader be tempted to ask questions, let me at once enlighten him. The tragedy about to be revealed has been enacted not once but many times; every Sunday, in fact, since the Air Training Corps took for their headquarters the house not one hundred paces from our back door.

Every week this tragedy is performed and whether the actors are altered I know not, but the show goes on, its essential attributes are unchanged.

The scene opens showing Mother and me at our ease listening to light music. So we remain for perhaps two minutes, then off-stage, boyish laughter can be heard, and the main plot is unfolded. "Tra, la, la-la, la, la, la, tra, la, la-la, la, la." They are at it again; Mother and I sigh-they are practising their bugle calls. Now, if they would only practise as a band and play the same the same tune at the same time, all might be well. We could switch off, clear the floor, and play soldiers. But do they conform to the wishes of peaceful, law-abiding citizens? Do they? Certainly not!

First, a "veteran" starts with a long, fully-matured blast: then a "fresher" will try to imitate him in a slightly higher key.; afterwards, the whole company of buglers join in, each pitched in different keys. So through the afternoon they practise, until the moment when the parade arrives. Then the buglers and the drummers unite, and achieve some sort of melody, to which the whole company of W.J.A.A.C.s and A.T.C.s march up and down the neighbouring roads, until past tea-time.

Nor is this all: The Army is lodged in the Park not a hundred paces from the A.T.C. and W.J.A.A.C. headquarters. This army has a military band. On Sunday afternoon the band boys have musical fatigues; that is to say, they sit in the bandstand and play various military pieces. This would be enjoyable but for the fact that the A.T.C. is midway between us and the Army.

This then, reader, is the tragedy: that every week the army and the A.T.C. should fight for supremacy with music and noise as their weapons, and Mother and me as their victims. The curtain rings down on this grim play, as Mother and I retire to our "skulking-room," to compose strong letters to the War Office and the Air Ministry.

Music of Our Time-!!

**JOAN RAYMENT, VI.**

### **THE BLACK-OUT.**

"Late again," thought I, as I shut the door, and stood outside looking into blackness of the black-out. "Where's that torch?" "Oh bother," I exclaimed aloud; for that torch must now be still reposing upon the mantelpiece, safe at home; and there was I surrounded by blackness, and several streets away from it.

"Well, here goes," said I bravely, and stepped forward, nearly breaking my neck down the two forgotten steps, and sending the hapless milk-bottle clattering into the gutter with a direct hit. This incident rather unnerved and discouraged me; so for the next part

of the journey I clung gratefully to the welcome wall, at the same time treading on some luckless creature, which uttered a piercing yelp, and fled; leaving me scared stiff.

Soon I found the first kerb and proceeded safely, if rather gingerly, across the road, consoling myself with the thought that I only had one more step to up and one to go down, before arriving at my own turning. The next kerb was more difficult to find, but after dabbling with my foot about for a time in a puddle, finally I found it. Then, being almost able to smell the warmth of my own fireside, bounded up my street, only to find myself confronted by a large obstacle which on exploration proved to be a spacious front door! Feeling my way cautiously back into the street, the funny side of the situation struck me, for I realised that actually I had walked up the front drive of "La Nuit," a large, grim, forbidding house on the corner of Elmsfield Avenue. I was back into the street at last and now really at the top of my road. I muttered a very heartfelt "thank goodness," and went forward joyfully, for by now every paving stone of Elmsfield Avenue was familiar to me, black-out or no. Round the railing-less privet, up the path, and then at last I stood before my own front door. After a few moments of suspense over finding the key, I quickly slammed the door triumphantly in the face of the black-out and gratefully welcomed my deserted fire, even managing to grin at the torch, idle on the mantelpiece.

**JOAN SIMMONDS, U4H.**

### **THE FARMER'S DAY.**

The Farmer, with his tweed jacket and breeches and country hat, is a most interesting character. He is usually quiet, speaking only a few words in his native dialect.

At five o'clock he is up and busy milking his few cows; then, perhaps, the milk has to be taken to the dairy in the little pony trap.

A little later the pigs, hens and horses have to be fed and he goes off, not seeming to notice the chilly air. When the goat has been let out on to the meadows he goes back to the neat little farmhouse for breakfast.

A cup of hot tea awaits him and his breakfast soon disappears, and on the table there is a tidy packet containing his lunch. This he stuffs into his pocket, which is full of string, screws, pieces of paper, grains of corn and some soil for sampling.

He goes out of the farmhouse planning what to do with the twelve-acre field, thoughtless of his wife, who is struggling with the children, who are already late for school.

The farmer is his world quiet and takes life very easily. His farm is his world and he takes no interest in anything else; not even in his children, except the eldest, who will soon leave school and help him on the farm. As he wanders to the stable he thinks only of to-morrow's weather or next market day. The stable is clean and fresh hay is in the boxes so that the farmer knows that his boy has been busy. He slowly harnesses the horse and puts it into the shaft of the plough, as if time were of no account.

By dinner time the field is half ploughed and feeling hungry he feels in his pocket for his lunch, sits in the hedge and slowly eats it. He falls asleep, but after a few minutes wakes with a start and proceeds with the ploughing. It begins to rain and he buttons up his jacket; then, as it becomes heavier, he puts the horse back in the stable and looks around the barn. He remembers he must order some more food and he goes back to the house to write a letter.

When the day's work is done he returns to the house to read his newspaper then hears the news and afterwards goes into a deep sleep until the following morning when he starts again.

**GRETA COWELL, VH.**

### **IT WAS ALL A DREAM.**

She was walking down to the seashore when she came upon a cave. She entered it. A little way down she found a door, opened it and beheld ever so many skeletons, and whenever she moved music began to play and the skeletons to dance, much to her horror. When she stopped, so the music stopped. At last she could not bear it any longer and rushed out of the cave.

## **PAMELA NEAME, L.IIIB.**

### **GRASS-HOUSES.**

We have a big grass-house, have you?  
In it there's lots of work to do,  
The leaves we sweep off the floor,  
No matter how often, there's always more.

We call it "Peace-haven," a restful name,  
And chose this house directly we came;  
It has a pond surrounded by sand.  
Wouldn't you like a grass-house as grand?

## **MAMIE STONEMAN, L.IIIV**

### **MY FIRST DAY.**

After four years of trying to deserve a High School place, the great day arrived and I found myself in stiff new clothes, walking along the drive of the High School. I felt very small after being top of a junior school, so find myself among such a lot of big girls. I found some of my friends from my old school, who were also to have the new experience of being the babies of the school.

When the bell rang everyone except us new girls ran away to take their coats off. After a while a big girl came out and ushered us into the hall. When we waited a few minutes Miss Goldwin came and told us to which forms we belonged. We then trooped off after our form mistresses feeling like shrimps out of water. At break we were let out after having been told all the school rules.

After a month we begin to feel we really belong to this school although we realise that lower thirds are very humble people.

## **SYLVIA BIRD, L3S.**

### **WHO KNOWS-**

H.M. Cruiser?  
What a weasel is?  
Professor Colony?  
That the Greek Theatre was founded in 1925 by Miss Norris?

### **WHO REMEMBERS-**

The snowball fight with Miss Sumsion?  
Miss Hooper and her ravenous beasts?  
When we took thirty minutes to put on our gas-masks?  
Who quoted Punch at prayers?  
The Pavilion Wars?

### **STAFF HOBBIES.**

Miss Norris-Cement.  
Miss Goldwin-Gardening and walking on the mountains.  
Miss Bean-Complicated knitting.  
Miss Brown-Aircraft recognition.  
Miss Clough-Cleaning up benches after dirty workers.  
Miss Cunynghame-Finding lost articles.  
Miss Dennithorne-Worm sections.  
Miss Forster-Prig-pricking and tapestry work.  
Mdlle. Gremaud-Collecting Odds and ends.  
Miss Gilpin-Chasing people's paper's.  
Miss Hall-Washing and ironing.  
Miss Hayward-Weeding cabbages.  
Miss Hepburn-Folk dancing.  
Miss Hooper-Breeding dogs.  
Miss Ince-Jones-Flitting.  
Miss Jacob-Disbanding curls.  
Miss Knowles-Queuing for catsmeat.  
Miss Lea-Collecting eggs in wartime.  
Miss Mansfield-Tidying minds and places.  
Miss Nahry-Stage designing.  
Miss Park-London and trying new dishes on friends.  
Miss Pickering-Music.  
Miss Pope-Catching flies.

Miss Posniakoff-Correcting French exercises.  
Miss Squire-Sorting out second-hand shoes.  
Miss Sumsion-Writing to her husband at the front.

### **THE PARENTS' ASSOCIATION.**

It has been like old times to meet the Staff and the girls on Church Hill, going to and from School during the past months, and all must be congratulated upon the way the School settled down quickly after the return from Wellingborough, in spite or blast walls and other inconveniences.

Congratulations also to Edna Jenkinson and Dorothy Barnard on their State Scholarships and entrances at Cambridge. Our warm wishes are that Miss, Cunynghame will achieve a measure of good health and strength, that Gremaud will have many years of happy, energetic leisure; that Miss Sumsion will be as happy and successful as a wife as she was as a teacher; and that Miss Webb will have great success in her new School. We were sorry to have say "Good-bye" to these friends, and thank them for their happy and instructive influence in the School over many years.

The black-out still hinders the activities of the Association. We were able to have an annual general meeting in July, and we were delighted with the enthusiasm displayed at the meeting. We welcomed Mr Ridgway as new assistant-secretary and with the exception of Mrs Tweed, all the ladies and gentlemen elected to the executive committee were new, so we are looking forward to picking up the threads of the Association with keen interest. We do say a warm "thank you" to Mr G Hill for his faithful services to the Association as assistant secretary since its inception; we were sorry when it was necessary for him to move to Pinner and are grateful for all he so willingly did for us. Similarly the ladies and gentlemen who built up the Association from 1935 to the evacuation, had many happy times together and the Parents' Association made a worthy contribution to the social life of the School in those days. We are deeply appreciative of all the time, energy and thought these friends gave and they will long be remembered.

Now our Parents' Association moves forward into a new era and we are earnestly anticipating the generous and wholehearted support of all parents and friends of the School.

**R. E. LICENCE**, Hon. Secretary.

### **OLD GIRLS' ASSOCIATION.**

President Miss Norris  
Vice-Presidents-Miss Goldwin, Minnie Foxon.  
Treasurer-Lily Browne, 25 Sunnydene Avenue, Highams Park E.4  
Secretary-Constance Hill, 16 Warwick Court, Bounds Green Road, N.II

Members of Committee-Rose Harris (Netball), Miss Park (Dramatic), Edna Timberlake (Magazine), Cecilia Wheeler, Kathleen Hopley, Jeanne King, Rita Southgate, Joan Farrow, Edith Brabham, Joyce Edwards, Ivy Farrow, Kathleen Hetherington, Dorothy Stephens, Joan Johnson, Phyllis Thornborough.

For the first time since the outbreak of war the Old Girls were able this year to hold a Social at the School. This took place on February 27<sup>th</sup>, and was an immense success. Owing to black-out and travelling difficulties it was held on a Saturday afternoon and was very well attended. Husbands and children of Old Girls were invited to this Social and a few of the former and many of the latter accepted the invitation. Olive Stevens (Mrs. King) brought her four children, the eldest of whom, Mary, is a pupil at the School. At this Social a wedding present from the O.G.A., in the form of a handbag, was made to Miss Sumsion, although she was not there to receive it herself. Miss Norris also presented Gladys Phillips with a tea service and girls glass dishes, a wedding gift from the members of the Dramatic Society.

The Summer Social took place on July 2<sup>nd</sup> and the annual Tennis Tournament was held. Most of us however, enjoyed walking and talking in the garden as it was such a lovely evening. At this social, Miss Norris gave me, on behalf of the Association, National Savings

Certificates as a wedding present, which I very much appreciated.

The subscription to the O.G.A. is 1- on leaving School, 1/6 for the next two years, and 3/- a year subsequently. A Life Membership costs £2 10S. I would like to remind you that payment of the subscription, which is due on January 1st, is the only way to make sure of obtaining a copy of "Iris." Please send your subscription to the Treasurer or to me as early as possible.

#### **CONSTANCE HILL (Pettit).**

#### **FORTUNES OF WAR.**

October. Woodford.

I work six long days a week and attend Russian classes in the evenings.

I expect you know that in July, 1942, I went to Hastings on the outdoor staff of the Ministry of Health. I stayed there until March, 1943, when I was promoted to 'Temporary Junior' Administrative Assistant and transferred to the Admiralty. The only snag is the long hours, but after being bombed out twice in Hastings, losing all my possessions and living in various unsatisfactory digs, I feel I can put up with the long hours, the stuffy L.N.E.R, and my other minor inconveniences, as long as I can live at home.

#### **MARGARET GRACEY.**

Happy Babies' Home, Q.B.M.M.,  
Nasile,  
Bombay Presidency, India.  
January, 1941.

..... I have had the 1941 Magazine and am now looking forward to seeing the 1942 one.

You will see by the address that I have left Hebron School. I am teaching K.G. in an orphanage for Indian children and very much enjoying the new experience. I have an Indian teacher to help me, which is necessary at this stage because I am learning Marathi. She takes standard and upper K.G. while I take Lower K.G.

There are between eighty and ninety children here at present. Some came as tiny babies a few weeks old, usually from village homes where the mother had died. They are brought up here until they are seven or eight, when the girls go to a Christian Boarding school and the boys to an orphanage. The work here and at Mommad is connected with the Zenana Bible and Medical Mission.

#### **DOROTHY FOSTER.**

Heston, Middlesex,

..... It is now about a year since I entered the service as a very raw recruit or "Rookie," as they are known. After that I was posted to an R.A.F. station near Folkstone. This proved very interesting we seemed in the thick of things there, including occasional shelling from the other coast.

I do not think I have ever regretted joining the W.A.A.F. It has been an experience, especially in my trade, as I have a lot to do with the personal side of all the W.A.A.F.

#### **EDNA MURRELL.**

Ashhridge, Portreath,  
Redruth, Cornwall.

Dec. 21st, 1942.

Thank you so much for sending "Iris" again, I feel fortunate to have it as I am sure copies are short. I am W.V.S. Leader, Secretary of the Savings Group, Hon. Sec. of the Invasion Committee, organiser of Flag Days and still a member of the Work Party and First Aid Post. In between whiles I am typing a book for somebody who is happily too busy to send frequent instalments. My bees did well this year, 123 lbs. of honey from only one hive!

#### **BARBARA SPEAKMAN**

#### **NEWS OF OLD GIRLS.**

**A.T.S.**-Elizabeth Daniel, Joyce Faber, Iris Folkes, Vera Garvin (Sergeant), Betty Howlett (Mrs. French: Commission), Kathleen Hulls, Nora Lyons (Pay Corps), Winnie Moore, Margaret Pinder, Joyce Price (Sergt. Instructor), Kitty Rainer (Sergeant), Peggy Rainer (Mrs. Crickmay: Commission).

**W.A.A.F.**-Rene Barrett, Vera Barrett (who has been up in a plane, but when asked to write about it, said "that she didn't think it was worth shouting about"), Margaret Buchanan, Irene McMahon, Gwenda Muir (Mrs. Jeffries) Telephonist, Edna Murrell (Administrative Work), Beryl Cherry, Mavis Good (Motor Transport Driver).

**W.R.N.S.**-Ione Melville. Dorothy Hammond

#### **EXAMINATIONS.**

##### **London University.**

GWEN OWEN obtained Class I Chemistry Honours at Bedford College.

BARBARA HULLS has obtained her Pre-Medical Conjoint and is now at Reading.

ANNE JOSEPH has gained her School Certificate with Matriculation Exemption.

##### **Cambridge University.**

JOAN GROVES and CATHERINE RHODES obtained Class II in the Natural Sciences Tripos.

##### **Present University Students.**

DOROTHY BARNARD is at Girton College, reading Economics.

EDNA JENKINSON is at Newnham College, reading Classics.

##### **Training Colleges.**

JOAN GROVES is at Cambridge Training College.

GWEN OWEN is training for her Teaching Diploma at the Institute of Education, now back in London.

MARGARET AUSTIN and DAPHNE SKUDDER are at Hockerill College.

OLIVE COLLET is at Chichester Training College.

GWEN HODBY and THORA OLSEN are at Brighton Municipal Training College.

ROSETTA LARTER is training at the Slade School for an Art Diploma.

##### **Teaching.**

YVONNE ABBINETT. Senior, at Markhouse Road Elementary School. She is also doing some Youth Work, teaching Keep Fit at the Adult Education Settlement.

DINAH ADAMS. At an Ilford Elementary School.

MAUD ALLEN is on the Staff at Gowan Lea, Woodford.

GLADYS AUSTIN. English at Bourne Grammar School, Lincolnshire.

LILY BLENKO. Juniors at Wood Street Elementary School.

NORA BROWN. Science at Cheltenham Ladies' College.

BEATRICE CHAPPLE (Mrs Whitehouse). At a Residential Nursery School at Aylesbury.

AVRIL DANKWORTH. At Winn's Avenue Elementary School.

GWEN DAVIES. At the Elliott Central School, Wimbledon, evacuated to Guildford.

MARGARET FAIRBRASS. Infants at Wood Street Elementary School.

ETHEL FOX at Gowan Lea, Woodford.

JOYCE GERDES. At an Ilford Elementary School.

DOROTHY JENNINGS. Infants at Coppermill Lane Elementary School.

HILARIE MARTIN. History at Macclesfield High School.

JOAN McKEWAN.-At a Croydon Elementary School.

IRENE MERRILL. At Walthamstow Nursery School, evacuated to Bucks. '

IRENE OWEN. Geography at the Rotherham County School for Girls.

KATHLEEN PAYLING. On the Staff of Gowan Lea, Woodford.

JOAN PETERS (Mrs. Hails). P.T. at an Elementary School in Grays.



IRENE RADLEY. Seniors at Chapel End Elementary School,  
DORIS RAYNER. On the Staff of Gowan Lea, Woodford.  
BETTY WILLMER. At an Elementary School in Fairlop. She has  
passed her Intermediate Arts examination.  
MARJORIE HAYES is teaching Art at Loughborough. She also  
exhibited pictures at the Academy.

#### **Nursing.**

JEAN DARK has obtained her State Preliminary Nursing Certificate.  
She passed her Hospital examination, and is now nursing at St.  
George's Hospital.

IRENE ELLWAY is at Southend Hospital.

OLIVE PETT, RUTH NORFOLK, and SHEILA KELSEY are at  
the London Hospital.

KATHLEEN OSBORNE is at St. Margaret's, Epping.

MARGARET HARDCASTLE is at Romford Old Church Hospital.

MARGARET ROBERTSON is at Guy's Hospital

ISABEL ROBERSTON (Mrs Sapwell) is nursing privately.

EILEEN CURTIS and GWEN WHITMORE are at Hackney  
General Hospital.

MARY BELL is at the Connaught Hospital.

CLAUDINE JAMES is at Queen Mary's  
Hospital.

OLIVE BLYTHE is at Guy's Hospital.

#### **Miscellaneous.**

LORNA BAULCH Is working for the American Army Department.

NINA BORELLI is working for the Y.W.C.A.

DOROTHY BUBBERS hoped to train for Post-War Relief Work in  
Greece. But unfortunately she has been disappointed because the  
Board of Education will not release her from teaching.

JOYCE COLLINS is working at the offices of the South-West  
Essex Technical College.

DAPHNE COOKSLEY is at the Chingford Branch Library

PAMELA COSTELLO is at the Ocean Insurance Co., Bishopsgate.

DOREEN FINCH and WINNIE CUSHWAY are working on the  
land.

ETHEL GODFREY is at working at Almarco, Wellingborough.

MARGARET GRACEY is working for the Admiralty.

IRIS HOWES is in the Walthamstow Library.

JOAN JOHNSON has been nursing at the Thorpe Coombe  
Maternity Home and doing her Civil Defence Work on alternate  
days. She also came top in an Engineering Examination at the  
Technical College.

ELSIE KEEBLE is awaiting call-up on the Technical Register.

DOREEN KELSEY is working for Inland Revenue, Kingsway.

ESME AND JOAN LAWLER are working for the Ministry of  
Aircraft Production.

ADA MADDOCKS is at the C.W.S. Milk Laboratory.

JOYCE MANSELL is at the Chingford Branch Library.

IRIS MOUNTNEY is at the L.C.C Offices, Islington.

JOYCE NORTON is engineer draughtsman at the Standard Cable,  
Yorks.

DOROTHY PEARCE has gone to Abyssinia as nurse to the  
grandson of the Emperor.

JOAN PRIDDLE is at Barclay's Bank.

LEILA REDMAN is doing office work in Walthamstow and is  
sitting for the exams, of the Royal Society of Spectaclemakers.

WINNIE SMITH is taking an Art Course at the Technical College.

RITA SOUTHGATE is still recuperating from an operation. The  
O.G.A. sends good wishes for a complete recovery.

GERTRUDE STANSHALL is at Commandant of the Girls' Training  
Corps., No. 433 Company, Walthamstow.

BERYL CHILD is at Barclay's Bank.

ELSIE ST. LEGER is working in the Miracle Soap Offices.

VALERIE COLLISON is working in the Co-operative Stores.

EDNA TIMBERLAKE teaches English at the Technical College at  
weekends.

KATHLEEN WILDMAN, has obtained her A.L.A. and will soon be  
training for her F.L.A.. She is still at the Chingford Library.

GWEN WOOD is working in the L.C.C. Offices, Islington.

DOROTHY VERNON is in the Coding Dept., near Victoria.

JESSIE DREWITT is in the London Mutual Insurance Office.

JESSIE NICKLEN is a Library Assistant at Woolwich Arsenal.

DOROTHY BOOCOCK (Mrs Burden) is working for Stephenson  
Clark and Co.

VERA DONOVAN is a factory worker.

DORIS BARR is a Laboratory Assistant at Woolwich Arsenal.

VIOLET MAKING, TOBA SCHWARTZ, STEPHANIE

RUSSELL, MAVIS SMITH and ENNIS HUTCHINSON are

Laboratory Assistants in factories.

IRIS HENDERSON is a Laboratory Assistant in the Admiralty.

#### **MARRIAGES.**

VERA BARNES to Colin Ayre-Cheyne, Jan 30<sup>th</sup>, 1943

URSULA BROWN to Bob Holdstock.

BEATRICE CHAPPLE to Lt. John Whitehouse, R.A.S.C., July 7<sup>th</sup>,  
1943

MARGARET DALLAS to Dr. Thomson, on August 4<sup>th</sup>, 1943.

PHYLLIS EAST to Rev. A. H. Ballard, M.A., March 20<sup>th</sup>, 1943

MADGE EASTOP to Roy St. John Hawkins, June 14<sup>th</sup>, 1941.

JANET GARRICK to Sub-Lieut. William Arthur Penlington,  
February 23<sup>rd</sup>, 1943.

JOYCE HAWKES.

DORIS HOUCHEN to Bryant Alec Moyle, July 3<sup>rd</sup>, 1943

BARBARA JOLLY to Bombardier Leslie Bence, April 20<sup>th</sup>, 1941.

EDNA LEFTWICK to Francis J. Fleck, July 3<sup>rd</sup>, 1943, at the  
residency, Kano, Nigeria.

GWEN LINFORD to Charles Bourdon, September 21<sup>st</sup>, 1941.

EILEEN LISHER Mr. Connoughton.

EDNA MARTIN to Frank E. Neal on October 15<sup>th</sup>, 1943.

GWENDA MUIR to Robin Malcolm Jeffries, Jan. 28<sup>th</sup>, 1943.

JOAN PETERS to R. J. Hails, September 26<sup>th</sup>, 1942.

CONSTANCE PETTIT to Flying Officer John Charles Eversleigh  
Hill, R.A.F.V.R., June 15<sup>th</sup>, 1943.

MARGARET PEEL to Sgt. Pilot Frank Bradley, April 17<sup>th</sup>, 1943.

GLADYS PHILIPS to Andrew Watson, Jan 23<sup>rd</sup>, 1943.

PHYLLIS ROUTLEDGE to Mr Goodman, Jan 30<sup>th</sup>, 1942.

FRANCES WINIFRED SUMSION to Major, Alexander William  
Cuninghame, Q.O. Cameron Highlanders, on February 19<sup>th</sup>, 1943,  
At St. Peters-in-the-Forest.

PAULINE TURPIN to A. Page, September 26<sup>th</sup>, 1942

JOYCE WAIN.

ETHEL WHITE to Sergt. John Sherrine of the Royal Canadian  
Corps of Signals, on September 12<sup>th</sup>, 1942.

GWEN WILLIAMS to Ernest Timson at Kettering, on April 16<sup>th</sup>  
1943.

#### **BIRTHS.**

MARY BACK (Mrs. Aldridge), a son John Norton, April 15<sup>th</sup>, 1943.

ENID BASS (Mrs Bond), a son, Brian William, December, 1942

PEGGY BECK (Mrs. Bond), a daughter, Ann.

GRACE BELLCHAMBER (Mrs Hitching), a brother for Alan,  
Peter Frank, August 22<sup>nd</sup>, 1943.

MARGARET BROOKS (Mrs Grant), a daughter, Sally Fay.

PEGGY BROOKS (Mrs Garner), a son, November, 1942

EDITH BURNELL (Mrs Adams), a second son, Paul Longford,  
January 14<sup>th</sup>, 1943.

KATHLEEN BURNELL (Mrs Howitt), a second daughter,  
Josephine Burnell, November 7<sup>th</sup>, 1942

NORA CHAPPELL (Mrs Cocks), a daughter, January 21<sup>st</sup>, 1943

GRACE COLES (Mrs Woodruff), a son, August 12<sup>th</sup>, 1943

MADGE EASTOP (Mrs Hawkins) a daughter, Margaret, February  
26<sup>th</sup>, 1943.

IRENE FORD (Mrs, Loader), a son, Ian Berford, May 16<sup>th</sup> 1943.

BARBARA HOLDSTOCK (Mrs Bruce), a daughter, Carolyn,  
September, 1942.

LIVE HUTCHINSON (Mrs Fowles), a daughter, Margaret Olive,  
February 8<sup>th</sup>, 1943.

VERA JOHNSON (Mrs Orr), a daughter, Jean Marjorie, February  
27<sup>th</sup> 1943.

BARBARA JOLLY (Mrs Bence), a son, John Michael, October  
11<sup>th</sup>, 1942.

DORIS LING (Mrs Briggs), a daughter, Jeannette Hazel, April 10<sup>th</sup>,  
1943.

EILEEN LISHER (Mrs. Connaughton), a child, 1943  
RHONA MAIN (Mrs. Mayes), a second son, Robin Donald, April 6th, 1943  
MABEL MECHAM (Mrs Pollard), a second son, Ian Roger, January 5th, 1943  
DORA MITCHELL (Mrs. Lightup), a daughter, Valerie Margaret, June 28th, 1943.  
JOAN OYLER (Mrs. Farrow), a daughter, Frances Elizabeth, December 1st, 1942.  
RUTH PARKER (Mrs. Robbins), a son, David John, April 18th, 1943.  
JEANNE PAYLING (Mrs. Hancock), a son, Roderick Paul, November 10th, 1942.  
JOYCE PAYLING (Mrs. Rogers), a son, David Martin, August 19th, 1943  
DOREEN PETTIT (Mrs. Smith), a son, Nigel Ray, July 18th, 1943.  
NELLIE QUERNEY (Mrs. Gooding), a daughter, Christine, October 12th, 1941.  
HELEN RAINER (Mrs.), a son.  
DIANA RALPH (Mrs. Oliver), a daughter, Jane Marston, November 24th, 1942.  
BARBARA RIGGS (Mrs. Pain), a son, Richard, Sept. 23<sup>rd</sup>, 1942.  
IRENE SHEPHERD (Mrs. Tirlev), twin daughters. Diana and Patricia, January 6th, 1943.  
GLADYS SHROUDER (Mrs. Littlejohn), a daughter, Ann Christine, May 17th, 1943.

BERYL STEVENS (Mrs. McLellan) a daughter, Beryl Elizabeth Maud, April 4th, 1939.  
OLIVE STEVENS (Mrs. King), a daughter, Hilda Muriel, June 6th, 1942.  
DOROTHY TAYLOR (Mrs. Clarke), a son, David Michael, March 15th, 1943.  
EDITH WEBSTER (Mrs. Bugg), a son, Peter Edward, April, 1943.  
PHYLLIS CANDELL (Mrs. Crook), a second daughter, Elizabeth, born in Australia, March 27<sup>th</sup>, 1943

## DEATHS

MISS NEWMARCH died on August 30th, 1943.  
ROSALIND JOSEPH died in 1943.  
MARGARET HAYWARD (Mrs. Beale), died in December, 1942.  
KENNETH HIPKIN (Lieut.), died October 7th, 1943.

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