

Walthamstow High School Magazine

HEADMISTRESS' FOREWORD.

This year has been overshadowed by the death of Miss Cunynghame, a grievous loss to all who knew her and loved her for she was indeed a *rara avis*. Her chief quality was I think an almost rugged honesty which made her demand unusually high standards of thought and conduct from herself and others. She was a woman of taste and culture and had read and travelled widely, her mind was quick, alert and vigorous; she had the courage of her convictions and was utterly uncompromising in her dislike of humbug and superficiality; she was as brave and stoical during her illness and she had been during evacuation; she was never sorry for herself, but always for others.

As a teacher she was scholarly, incisive and critical but her honesty made her just as critical of herself as of her pupils; as a form mistress she was kind, just and sympathetic; her influence was invariably used in the true interests of the school.

As a friend she was the soul of loyalty, generosity and kindness; anything mean or petty was alien to her nature: she was essentially a social being and her friends were legion. Her philosophy of life was consistently based on deep and well thought out religious convictions. Miss Cunynghame is dead but her dauntless spirit will live on in the school she loved and served so well for twenty-five years.

There have been few changes on the Staff this year; Miss Poulter has taken Miss Derham's place on the French staff and Miss Nicholson has replaced Miss Hayward as Classical specialist. We are grateful to Miss Hayward for all the help she gave us during the vicissitudes of evacuation and the difficult which years which followed; she takes our best wishes to Cheltenham where she is one of six Classical specialists.

In my last year's letter I said that she hoped that 1944 would see our ranks close on the familiar Four Hundred, but alas Hitler ordained otherwise and we must now wait for 1945,

Love and Best Wishes to you
all,

Yours affectionately,
M. NORRIS

Miss Ady, of St. John's College, Oxford, has sent the following about Miss Cunynghame:

My first impression of Gina Cunynghame was on the hockey field in my first term at Oxford, when one of the forwards struck me as coming down on the ball with more than ordinary dash and energy. Looking back on forty year's friendship I realise that what I first noticed in her was characteristic of her in much besides hockey. She had a zest for living, attacking every task with promptitude and vigour, and putting into it her very best. She was devoted to her profession. A true historian, caring for history for its own sake, she took a warm personal interest in her pupils. Their progress and their problems was a subject on which she loved to talk. Her profession, however, was not allowed to absorb her to the exclusion of other interests. She made a point of travelling, and enjoyed seeing new places and meeting new people. In particular, she had a keen appreciation of natural beauty; she was, genuinely and unselfishly interested in people, and she was never too busy to do a kindness. Above all she enjoyed her friends; they knew that come what might, her love and loyalty would never fail them. Her hold upon Christian verities was firm, and her faith enabled her to face death with the courage and sanity that carried her through life. "I do not think I am afraid." she wrote only a week or two before her death. "How and when one does not know, but I am sure all will be well with her." We who loved her may rest assured that all is well with her.

C.M.A.

SUB-EDITOR'S LETTER.

Slogans become quickly out-moded. If "Doodle-Bug" had been the war-cry of this number of IRIS, it would have been superseded by "V.2.", if "Victory." that would have been premature. However, the 1945 issue must surely be inspired by the Victory "V." This is a

preliminary notice to all contributors!

Readers of IRIS, 1944, will be especially grateful to members of the Staff who have been "persuaded" to contribute. The amount of pleasure they will give ought to be some small return for all their trouble. We are indeed grateful to Miss Squire, for instance for her cartoon of characteristic charm and vitality.

We are also fortunate in retaining our unflagging O.G. sun-editor, and on having a committee of such helpful members.

The number of entries throughout the school was heavy this year again, and the articles published are from various forms. The Lower Thirds as a group have specially exerted themselves, but as there is no predominating entry from one form printed, the Honour and Glory prize is not awarded this year.

Gone are the days when IRIS was "a many-coloured messenger," clad in crimson, royal-blue, flame, purple or jade-green. This, the sixth war copy of IRIS, will appear bleak-white probably. What-You-Will, but not As You Like It. The glow has to come from within. But a utility IRIS is better than no IRIS. Floreat semper, and a kind goodnight to all.

A.H. PARK (sub-editor).

O.G.A. EDITORIAL.

A war-time tendency of Old Girls is towards vagueness. In my search for news of Old Girls during the last year, I have received a multitude of items so vague that I dared not include them in the News List for fear of being sued for libel by an Old Girl, hitherto friendly, now hostile.

However I am grateful for all the news that I have received. I plead for the forgiveness of any irate Old Girls mother who may find that her off-spring has been wrongly named in our columns. Some of my informants are inclined to dispute their share in increasing the news in our Birth items. Old Girls are certainly doing their share in increasing the man-power of the nation.

We do hope that circumstances will allow us to hold our usual Old Girls' Social during the coming year. If they do I know that many of you will be overjoyed. Will you do your best to make our activities known to Old Girls' whose subscriptions have lapsed. So often I meet old friends who would like to rejoin our gatherings, but fail to hear about them till they have taken place.

My good wishes to you all. I know you join me in sending my good wishes to the school.

EDNA TIMBERLAKE, O.G.

SCHOOL CHRONICLE, 1944.

The School can look back on its activities during the past year as some of the most eventful of the war. Not only have the various societies been labouring gamely against increased war-time difficulties of transport and the scarcity of lecturers, but the arrival of the first doodle-bug on June 15th, and the subsequent lessons in the corridors and the Front Hall will not easily be forgotten. Despite this, however, the various activities of the school have continued without a break and with great success.

In the Autumn, Mr. Brian Green gave the Scripture Union Society a very debatable lecture on "What is a Christian." A popular visit was paid us in the Spring by Miss Winnie Taylor, an old girl, who spoke to us for the second time on India. On June 7th Canon Oakley led our prayers for the success of the European invasion which had begun the day before.

After a very enlightening lecture on the Atlantic Charter by Major Lang, an American officer, in December, the School decided to change the name League of Nations Union to the Council for Education in World Citizenship. In connection with this Society which is new in name only, we enjoyed during the summer term a new experiment in a Brains Trust. Mr Sorenson, M.P. for Leyton was the Question Master, while Miss Freda White and Mr. Deva provided the necessary brains. In September General French came and spoke to us about Africa, and interested us greatly on such topics as "The Status of Women."

The organisers of C.E.W.C. have arranged many successful conferences in London during the past year. Members of the Upper

School met girls from other schools at these conferences, and enjoyed lectures on various countries including Russia and Norway. C.E.W.C., also held a National Poster Competition. Ten of our girls won prizes, and five certificates; in addition five of our posters were shown at the Exhibition in London.

In connection with the Literary Society Miss Welburn, of the School of Dramatic Art, gave us a delightful talk upon Acting, and illustrated her points with an admirable scene from Twelfth Night. In the Spring, the expedition to the New Theatre gave us much pleasure, and all enjoyed Robert Helpmann's unusual interpretation of Hamlet.

At the beginning of the year a series of First Aid lectures was given by Dr. Jekyll and a Red Cross nurse; the subsequent examination, for which sixteen girls entered, was highly successful and everyone passed.

Knitting has been done throughout the war for the British Sailors' Society. Socks, gloves, mittens, helmets, pullovers, 157 garments in all, have been sent up and gratefully acknowledged.

There have been three visits to Exhibitions this year, all of which been very informative and interesting. In January a Party went to the Colonial Exhibition in London, and also to a display of war pictures at Leytonstone Library. Later in the year another party visited the Arts and Crafts Exhibition in the National Gallery.

Vast sums of money have been collected by the School. Our usual contributions for the Red Cross, Penny-a-Week Fund, War Savings, and the Connaught Hospital have continued throughout the year. The total amount collected for Red Cross to date is about £200, while War Savings have soared to the magnificent total of £8,239.12.0. In addition, £58 was raised for the Russian Red Cross by a Gym and Dancing Display held in the Spring. Performances were given on three days and were thoroughly enjoyed and appreciated. Our own Red Cross was not forgotten, and in May a very amusing and successful Dog Show was organised whereby £40 or so was raised. The dogs, which numbered about a hundred, were judged by Mrs. Edwards in the Greek Theatre, and were remarkably well behaved.

At Christmas the School enjoyed a delightful Nativity play by U3s and the usual carols. A gallant band of choristers went carol singing in Rectory Road one evening, and collected money amid the pouring rain and an air-raid siren.

In the Summer Term the normal routine was abruptly shattered by the Flying Bombs. Despite these, however lessons in the corridors were not only successful but also much enjoyed. Dinners in the same place were not so popular, but all admired the conduct of the Fifth forms who not only ploughed through their School Certificate Examination in the corridors, but also gave us afterwards amusing and successful performances of Tovarich and the Admiral Crichton. These achievements are all the more significant and praiseworthy in the light of the excellent School Certificate results.

The inter-form competitions were again held this year, and even the Tennis was only interrupted by one siren.

The Flying-Bomb necessitated the cancellation of our farming intentions during the summer holidays. There were to have been daily parties to the allotments and the Chingford Isolation Hospital, where we worked so successfully last year.

Certain members of the Upper School enjoyed a short rest from the Flying Bombs when they visited Thaxted in July in order to discuss post-war problems with other schools; also some Upper Fourth girls attended a French Course held at Harrogate in August.

During the present term the School has returned to its normal routine but the lively temper of the girls has been dimmed in no small degree by the death on September 30th of Miss Cunynghame, who had only the week before presented us with £25 to spend on a Library chair. She had been with the School since 1918, and had rendered it valuable service; her death is indeed a sorrowful event for us all.

DOREEN WICKS, VI

EXAMINATION RESULTS.

London Higher School.

Certificates: E. Cronk, P. Philp, P. Smith (Distinction in English, Special Credit in Oral French).

Pass in Chemistry and Biology: S. Smith.

London General School.

Pass with Matriculation: P. Bryan, W. Cook, J. Davies, M. Hodby, I Kempson, P. Whitter, P. Wilson, B. Carter, J. Clyne, G. Cowell, M. Flynn, B. Goldsmith, J. Morgan, B. Osborn, P. Payne, J. Ramm.

Pass: P. Austin, D. Carter, B. Chambers, C. Draper, M. Harris, J. Luland, J. Money, J. O'Hare, B. Ridgway, B. Sewell, B. Ward, J. Bacon, J. Foster, J. Griffiths, S. Harrison, S. Hawkes, P. Lane, E. Langdon, B. Remon, S. Shepherd, L. Smith, J. Tidmarsh.

Associated Board of the Royal Schools of Music.

Elementary Grade: I. Wagner. **Transitional:** J. Wood. **Lower Division:** J. Foster, J. Noble.

Higher Division: B. Carter

GAMES NOTICES, 1943-4.

Last year's Netball season was, on the whole, highly successful. Out of eight matches the School 1st Team won seven. The team at that time consisted of: P. Philp, I. Soane, K. Dunkley, D. Wicks, J. O'Hare, E. Cronk, and P. Smith. The results of the matches are as follows:

1943.

Brondesbury and Kilburn. 1st team 8-3 win. 2nd team 16-14 win.

Under 15, 35-6 win. Under 14, 10-2 win.

Gown Lea School. 1st team, 25-5 win.

St. Angela's. 1st team, loss. 2nd team, loss. Under 14, win.

West Ham Secondary School. 1st team, 15-11 win. 2nd team, 18-3, win. Under 14, 13-3 win.

Skinner's School. Under 15, 35-6 win. Under 14, 10-2 win.

Gowan Lea School. 2nd team, win. Under 15, win.

Woodford High School. Under 15, 14-9 win. Under 13, 1-14 loss. Under 14, 11-9 loss.

Leytonstone. 1st team, 21-19 win. 2nd team, 13-16 loss. Under 15, 15-19, loss. Under 14. 18-11 win.

1944.

West Ham Secondary. 1st team 20-21 loss. 2nd team 20-9 win. Under 14, 11-4 win.

West Ham Secondary. 1st team, II-8 win. 2nd team, 29-9 win.

Technical College. A Under 15, 22-3 win, B Under 15, 10-8 win.

Technical College. A Under 14, 6-6 draw. Under 13, 6-4 win. B Under 14, 7-8 loss.

Brondesbury and Kilburn. 1st team, win 37-6, 2nd team, 14-16 loss. Under 15, 20-9 win. Under 14, 8-7 win.

Owing to the Flying Bombs the Tennis season was restricted and we only played two matches. The results are:

Gowan Lea School. 54-23 win.

East Ham. 65-34, win.

The Tennis team were: E. Crook and K Dunkley, P. Smith and P. Philp, D. Wicks and E. Webb.

The Inter-Form Competitions were held as usual with the exception of the Swimming and the Sports, the results being as follows:

Dancing.-Upper School, VI. Middle School, Form L.IV.W. Lower School, Form L.III.H.

Netball.-Upper School, Form Upper IV.H. Middle School, Form Lower IV.H. Lower School, Form Lower III.H.

Tennis.-Upper School, Form VI. Middle School, Form Lower IV.W.

OUR LIBRARY.

It is not, I think, always realised how much we owe to many friends whose gifts have enriched our Library. We have this year to say "thank you" in particular to Miss Newmarch, who has given us a number of her sister's books. A complete set of Scott's works was some time ago presented by Mr. F. T. Bean. A friend at Wellingborough made a valuable contribution. Members of the Staff, past and present, have made us gifts: Old Girls have done likewise. We have volumes by Dr. R. W. Chambers and E. V. Lucas, presented by the authors. There is a splendid selection of books which belonged to Miss Hewett. In all, well over one hundred books have been acquired in this way. (As a point of interest I might mention that we have altogether in the Library some three thousand Volumes.)

Now, finally, we owe a debt of gratitude, in a different category, to Miss Cunynghame, by whose generosity we have become

possessors of two special Jacobean chairs for the Library. As we use them we shall always be reminded of one who was such a true friend of the School, and whose scholarly tastes have made the History section of the Library such a valuable portion of the whole. To our friends, one and all, we say thank you.

W. E. HALL.

GRAND PIANO.

On the polished grain of the poised top
The players hands are reflected as if on rippled water.
Inside the frame a spirit stirs,
The piano is awake, singing quietly to itself,
The vibrant air listens quivering as the song changes.
Now the quick notes stumble in their race to be free,
Becoming a call to action, strong, triumphant,
Then change; and a melody lives, fragile as glass icicles
Jingling on a Christmas tree;
Brittle as raindrops smashing on stone
With the shivering ring of ice.
Many voices call,
Until the music is stilled; the air sweeps back,
And the moving reflections cease;
The mirror is empty.

MARGARET AUSTIN. O.G.A.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

'Tis Christmas Eve, and all around
The snow lies softly on the frozen ground,
All is still. Even the trees,
Laden to a breaking point
With moist, white snow,
Have stopped their never ceasing moans-
That seem the heart to freeze
And endless tossing to and fro
Of their scraggy arms up high,
Not a rustle, not a sound
Echoes across the empty waste;
Only a bird, the strength of which
The cruel frost wants to wrest
Away from its tiny form,
Wings its way through the sharp, keen air,
Half frozen and longing for
The warmth of its tiny nest
Somewhere amid the meshes of a bush,
But inside the houses
Warmth, laughter and joy prevail,
The babel and laughter of tongues are heard;
To send out its heat
The friendly fire does not fail;
In crisp brown paper gifts
Are being wrapped; and friends
Are wondering what gifts
They will receive
Because 'tis Christmas Eve.

KATHARINE KNIGHT. L.IVW

CHELTENHAM.

I wish you could see on this November afternoon, from the windy heights of Leckhampton Hill, dim and mysterious in the winter sunlight, the silver stream of the Severn, and the ghostly form of Gloucester Cathedral. A week or two ago the woods were aflame with the fire of autumn.

Now every tree is bare and the North wind beats mercilessly at our backs. Cheltenham lies sheltered at the foot of its hills, and always they are softly blue and brown and green, with purple shadows darting from crest to crest as the clouds dance overhead. North of the town the hillsides are wilder, but from them I have seen a placid, green valley of precise and tiny fields, and the broad backs of the Malvern Hills. . . . It sometimes happens that the whole countryside is lost in clouds of

rain. My umbrella goes everywhere with me.

J. E. HAYWARD.

CAMBRIDGE.

Much, perhaps too much already, has been written about Cambridge by authors who, in retrospective mood, don the dripping mantle of false sentiment and let its moist, luxuriant stream pour from their pens. Yet, in war-time, even they are forced to cease from their conventional praises: for no light now streams through the stained-glass windows of King's College Chapel, to mock the candles burning there; not all man's cunning powers of camouflage can hide the real intention of the ornamental lake whose waters lap protectingly about its walls; the Backs are scarred with wheel tracks of innumerable Army cars, and yellow leaves float desolately down on to a brown and slimy sea of mud. This transformation has its lighter side; one famous College court now bears the neatly-painted legend, "Food Ministry: Oils and Fats."

Yet, in fact, life is much the same. Work goes on, still dominated by tyrant "Trip," and societies flourish, designated by a large array of letters whose meanings the uninitiated cannot know, and there are those who, as in Wordsworth's day, boast that they:

"Read lazily in trivial books, went forth
To gallop through the country in blind zeal
Of senseless horsemanship or, on the breast
Of Cam, sailed boisterously, and let the stars
Come forth, perhaps without a quiet thought."

Already, too, there are signs that the great change is ending; no longer does the siren call us from our beds to watch the heavens from our College roof-tops at midnight or in the early dawn, when leaden clouds hang heavily upon a wide expanse of level countryside. And always, in the Spring, the triumphant crocuses and milder-eyed narcissi defy the Army lorries' sovereignty.

E. M. JENKINSON (O.G.).

LYTHAM.

The school is situated right on the coast, and is surrounded by sandhills. From the classrooms and playing fields we can see the sea and ships passing and on clear days, the Welsh mountains.

The flat country makes a cyclist's paradise. I always cycle to school (on an old bicycle I bought second-hand in Wellingborough-it's almost an antique now!), and generally race the school bus, as I keep passing it when it stops.

Cycling, however, is nothing to the joy of riding here. I cannot imagine anything (with the possible exception of skiing) more exhilarating than riding along the sands with a high wind blowing and the tide coming in.

Of course, our sandy soil can't be made into the same sort of lovely garden that you have, but it is useful because it dries very quickly, and, even after a day of heavy rain, the ground is dry enough for all games within half an hour after the rain has stopped. The sandhills provide endless opportunities in Guide meetings. My Guides have had some week-end camps in the school grounds, a training for the summer holiday camps and as testing for the Patrol Leader's Camp Permit. We camp in a lovely secluded spot, in which we have found over fifty different wild flowers. The first time we camped here I was so afraid the tents might be blown down in the gale that I stayed awake all night and, I regret to say, dozed off during the Sunday morning sermon!

Besides Guide camps, I've taken school harvest camps, where I felt grateful for the farmwork we did in Wellingborough.

How often I think of those Easter holidays we had in Paris and Switzerland! The nearest I can get to them now is planning to take my Patrol Leaders to the Lakes at Easter.

I am glad to meet "old girls" of W.H.S., and have met Lilian Doughty in Lancaster and Joyce Evans in Blackpool. Some of you in the W.A.A.F may be stationed at Blackpool. If you are, I hope you will write to me at Queen Mary School, Lytham.

M. DERHAM.

WHAT IS POETRY?

Perusal of explanatory book,
Which lightened not a Seeker's tortuous plea,
Produced a phrase which stimulates desires
To probe the depths and seek a hidden key,
-Poetry and verse are different ends,
Arrived at from results of arduous toil
Though pages spent in care to point this out
Not one attempts to state, but merely foil.
Verse covers multitudes of author's sin:
Good, bad, indifferent bear the same label,
Rhyme is not all required to begin
For sometimes the final line is crowded and very
overfull.

The Modern ones scorn those who go before
And proudly flaunt their doctrine to the world,
they have no rhyme

or reason
punctuation metre is
absent but their aim appears to be
to fill up as much
space as
possible with
as little
sense.

The Learned Ones continue unrepressed
With-"Poetry has wings, and waves, and feet"
Until the humble Seeker in despair
Sees fantasy explained at last-complete.
The pages plod with further earnest plea
To say-It burst from Shakespeare (only when
The Bard was lifted to the heights of exultation
Or plunged into the depths of tragedy)-
Then continuing with haste to say
That rhyme is not necessitous at all
In fact prose is poetical as well. And it is then
Realised that after desperate endeavours have been
dulled, the Question looms, still larger-

WHAT IS POETRY?

The Seeker humbly suggests that it may be above Man's immediate comprehension, that which reaches the perfection of Creation, and the beauty of Man's thought which can conceive a symphony of sound, word and vision. All surely denied to those who do not seek.

BARBARA HULL (O.G.A.)

THE FASCINATION OF THE NOVEL.

A novel is something new, something unusual, something strange; it is a fictitious tale, a romance.

Ever since the first novel was written there have been secret admirers of it, though every successive style of novel has been condemned by the majority of its contemporary readers. What young lady of the present day would conceal "The Mysteries of Adolpho" under her cushions, when her fiancé visited her? Not one: instead, she would show the novel to the young man, exclaiming at the length, and consequent slowness of action of the book. But the same young lady would probably go to any lengths to conceal "Love Lies Bleeding," or "Romance of the Seven Seas," from the same young man. Yet the Gothic novel was, in its time, thought just as "light" and therefore "not fit for young ladies," as the "Passion" novel of to-day.

However, there is a considerable difference between the two kinds of novel. The Gothic novel is the prototype of the "Passion" novel: the heroine was usually in the power of the villain, and was rescued by the hero, whom she eventually married.

The passion novel, however, is only a by-product of modern literature, it is the type of booklet discovered upon twopenny bookstalls. Some of the "immortal" literature of to-day consists of the works of Virginia Woolf and Victoria Sackville-West. These

books are not light, but require concentration and thought: they are not so often advertised as the lesser novels, which for some reason hold the public interest. If an author desires to become famous, his best plan is to sell the copyright of his book to a film company. The company's publicity agents will then give it a terrific build-up; the public will flock to see its "Stars"; the B.B.C., will present a radio adaptation; and the author will be made for life. Everyone will read all his books, for they will be "fashionable": he will become "a modern genius."

There were no such means of advertisement when the novel first appeared. At first the novel was not even read, it was condemned-by literary conservatives. However, a certain type of mind always loves to do that which is frowned upon, by the more serious. The novel grew popular with young ladies, and was soon read by their mamas, too, although of course, in secret.

All our most eminent novelists-Jane Austen, Thackeray, Fielding, Brontes and many others quite as eminent, but less well known-all these have strange attraction; pick up one of their books, and you are loath to set it down unfinished. Years after reading the book, you can remember its outline, its characters, and its most interesting scenes.

Women are in the majority among Passion readers. For men, and women too there are crime and mystery novels, though some of these descend into the Passion type. However, there are some very good crime novels. Readers of detective fiction usually manage to find the villain before the detective does, and this flatters their vanity.

If you go into any library, you will usually find Passion, Mystery, or Crime novels on the fiction shelves: whilst on the non-fiction shelves you will find the works of Jane Austen and other classics. However, whether fiction or non-fiction, all novels fascinate and attract a large following. They bring pleasure, either, aesthetic or emotional, to their disciples: and though some authors write solely to expand their bank accounts, there are some, like Mrs. Radcliffe who write to give others pleasure, and feel, if successful, that their effort, however humble, has not been in vain, nor the writer unrewarded.

JOAN RAYMENT.VI

AN AUTUMN WALK

It was a bright, warm day in late September, and as one walked through the forest one was amazed by the many different colours to be seen.

The red, yellow and golden brown leaves came drifting slowly to the ground, transforming the path where one walked, into a gaily coloured carpet.

An occasional rustle in the undergrowth showed that the woodland had not yet thought of hibernating for the winter, while above in the trees, one saw now and again a busy little squirrel jumping from bough to bough, tree to tree collecting acorns for the winter's store.

Quite suddenly one came upon the pool. Everything was reflected clearly on the water and as a slight breeze roused the leaves on the trees, it made the whole pool a patchwork of shadows. At one end of the pool a willow tree had bowed her head so that a few of her leaves were resting upon the water, at the other end a few tall, dignified bulrushes lifted their dark, velvety heads, and around their strong roots, king-cups, with their shiny, yellow flowers, clustered. Over the pond dragon-flies cast dark shadows, their many colours showing clearly against the blue sky that was reflected in the water.

As we entered the forest again everything seemed to be silent and still, except for the soft whispering the leaves made as they fell.

JEAN BOOTH. UPPER IVW.

LANDSCAPE

In the South West a faint light glimmered, a mere suggestive glint at first that one caught through the wild black clouds. As I watched, it defied the clouds to hide it and was seen, as a hesitant, dainty orb, but determined, rising gracefully, and serenely, lighting up the clouds that

slipped from it, shiny and resplendent. Now it was above the black mass, glowing radiant, sending its cold silvery rays across the earth, nothing behind it but black night-and below the clouds into which it would sink so soon.

J. KING. V.H.

THE CAPTAIN OF NETBALLE.

(With acknowledgments to Geoffrey Chaucer.)

A Captaine gay ether was of Netéballe;
Of al hir teme she was the mosté talle.
Full longé were hir legges and ful lene;
Her figure was the sclendrest I have sene.
But, sikerly, she nas nat undergrowe.
Short was hir gowne, of darkest grene, I trowe,
Hire legges weren blake, hir shirten white.
Hire lokkés like the pagés of a Knyght.
Ther was but lytel Latin in hir mawe,
For merye netéballe was al hir lawe.
Of many ballés hadde she that were broun,
And sooré wepté she if oon were doun.
She haddé of hir temés goal the kepe,
And fro hir goal til th'other wolden lepe,
Tho that hir teme for ever hadde the balle .
She was the finest captaine of hem alle,
A bettre girl I trowe that no wher noon ys,
For she hadde netéballé in hire bones.

JOAN RAYMENT. VI.

THE CANINE STAFF.

The Staff one day had joined the Canine race;
Each mistress told her dog to take her place.
Results of this experiment were queer,
And some of them I have related here:-
Miss Norris soft in Cruiser's basket lay,
And wiled away the hours of Dachsund day.
And meanwhile Cruiser, spectacles on nose,
Taught Upper Fourths the rules of Latin prose.
Miss Hooper trotted by at Rosie's heels:
Miss Park became a Peke, and uttered squeals:
Jane frowned as she corrected homework books
With inward smiles and grim, indignant looks:
Mac scowled as he awarded a detention
For he believed, "Cure's better than prevention."
"Wuff!" said Miss Clough: Miss Hooper shouted "Yap!"
And climbed into her Springer Spaniel's lap.
The Nicky Goldwin, in his mistress' place
O'er Calculus did make a fierce grimace.

They called a meeting of the canine staff
And all the dogs at once began to laugh.
Jane made a speech, and ended up; "I guess
At teaching we've not met with much success.
So we will all retire to our own station
And let the Staff resume their true vocation."
The mistresses agreed, and it was done.
The dogs? They didn't mind – they'd had their fun.

MARGARET DEARY, L4s.

SHADOWS

Mary was sitting alone in the firelit room. Her mother had just gone out for the evening. The shadows were dancing merrily. She went to the front door to look out, the shadows looked forbidding out there. She shivered and came in again. She looked at the dancing shadows and thought:

"Dear shadows, we do have some merry times together."
They were winking and beckoning to her. She followed the silent call and watched the shadow of a miniature statue. It looked like the Statue of Liberty. Mary fell asleep.

ENID SPINKS Lower IIIW

A PRAYER.

Lord, Who to us this land has given
For our abiding place,
Help us to do nothing evil, or displeasing
To Thy Grace;
Help, we pray Thee, the men who rule
Us day by day,
That they, by Thy help, may face the trials
Which come their way,
Oh, may this England, the land we love,
Be blessed unto Thee,
And let us, Lord, for evermore be
Happy, strong and free,

AUDREY BROWN. LIVS.

LITTLE JESUS.

Little Jesus, sleeping there,
In amongst the hay,
The angel said you would return,
You would come back some day.

Little Jesus, sleeping there,
You have not a care.
Wise men come to worship you,
And brought you presents rare.

Little Jesus, Mary's son,
We all love you so,
Little Jesus, holy one,
For you all rivers flow.

BETTY RAND, LIIIW

THE BABY CHRIST.

The baby Christ doth be asleep,
Among the donkeys and the sheep,
His mother watches o'er the manger,
While Joseph mild shields them from danger.

Oh! baby Christ, do you feel sad
Upon this earth where all is bad?
You left your heavenly home above,
To teach us here the way to love.

JEANETTE PALMER, U3H

AUTUMN, 1944.

Oh! Autumn days are lovely,
And Autumn days are chill;
The sun looks kindly on us
As we climb up the hill.

He shines through mist in morning,
Making lovely myriad trees
With bronze and gold and ruby,
O'er the meadow and the leas.

At mid-day he is strongest,
Then slowly fades away;
The wind comes up quite coldly,
Towards the close of day.

Then hurry home for fireside joys,
For crumpets, tea, and bun;
And be careful of the butter,

Until the war is won.

AUDREY PATMORE. U.3.H.

THE BIRDS.

The larks are in the sky,
Flying ever so high,
Singing their merry song.
The cuckoo is at rest
In her nest,
Watching the clouds float along.

The owl is so wise
With two big, brown eyes,
Singing his creepy little ditty.
The black crow flies by
On his nightly pry,
As the night bells ring in the city.

OLIVE WENHAM. L.3.W.

THE MEN OF ARNHEM.

Down from the sky they came,
As tho' it was a game,
Into the steel and flame,
The Men of Arnhem.

Supplies were airborne too;
Dropped to them from the blue,
To help the gallant few,
The Men of Arnhem.

The weather took a hand
Against this noble band;
Made it a hopeless stand
By the Men of Arnhem.

So later they withdrew
The very gallant few,
Not all of them that flew,
The Men of Arnhem.

AUDREY PETTIT. L.3.H.

COOKING-AND HOW NOT TO.

To those among you who, with Addison, are firmly convinced that female virtues are of a domestic turn, let me say at once that these words of wisdom are for other ears than yours. To such as are of a serious turn of mind I would impart this very necessary advice-read no further!

These remarks then are addressed to the world at large and all the more especially to those who, for the first time in their lives, are called upon to cook.

When I say cook, do not immediately conjure up before you tempting images of iced cakes, perfect pastry and the like appetising delicacies. We deal in plain fare, never rising above the humble potato, the much-despised sausage or possibly a dubious rice pudding.

Furthermore, this is solely negative advice you are about to receive, that is, you are told what and how not to cook, in the hope that, should you attempt any one dish from the enormous choice given above, and should the effect be disastrous, as well it may, no shadow of blame should cloud our penitent brow.

In the first place then, let us deal with the fundamental of all British dinners- the potato. It is both wise and necessary to purchase several times the required quantity in preparation for the many attempts that will inevitably be made before the perfect, unburnt, article is produced. Furthermore, this seemingly surplus supply serves for more than mere reinforcements in case of defeat, as provision against waste in peeling. With what surprising alacrity

and with what ease do we reduce an immense potato to the paltry dimensions of one insignificant green pea!

Secondly, when myriads of minute, bullet-like potatoes boil merrily in the pan, you are forced to turn your attention to the meat of the meal or more usually the sausages. It is by far safer to prick them before dropping them into the boiling fat as at any later hour the operation can only be performed at great personal risk. However, should your coupons allow for meat, it is wise to remove it from the all-devouring flame before you are confronted with a hard black square of charcoal since you are then obliged to resort once again to the insupportable sausage-a disastrous state of affairs when you have existed on little else for a week.

In the last place, the second course must be considered. Not without good reason have I counselled you never to attempt a rice pudding. Whatever excellent advice the cookery book appears to give-take no heed, success will not be yours; instead: "How has the pudding fallen, the kitchen utensil perished!"

In any case it is far simpler, far less to search out the nearest restaurant-or even have your dinner at school.

B. JONES. VI.

ADVICE TO HOUSEWIVES.

Whenever you go shopping
With those little ration books.
Remember there's a war on,
And don't give glaring looks.
And when your grocer tells you
There are no eggs to-day,
Just try to look quite cheerful,
And brightly walk away.

Arriving at the butcher's shop,
Stocked up with tempting joints,
You gaze at them with envious eyes
Alas, you have no joints.
But do not grumble or declare
His heart is made of lead,
Just stop, reflect, and after that
Take sausages instead.

And when you wish to cook your meals,
Don't let them worry you,
Just listen to the Kitchen Front.
They'll tell you what to do.

MAUD WICKS. UIIIS.

!!!

coldtonguecoldbeefpickledgerkins
saladfrenchrollcresssandwichespottedmeat
gingerbeerlemonadebiscuitspottedlobster
sardinessodawaterbaconjamboiledeggs
creambunssandwichrollbuns.
Yum, Yum!

(With apologies to Kenneth Graham, "Wind in the Willows.")

RITA DAVIS. U .IIIIH.

THOSE FLYING BOMBS.

The first warning of approach, after the melancholy cadence of "Wailing Willie," is a far distant hum. Of course, if you are wise (and in plenty of time for school) you immediately dive in to one of those magnificent edifices which adorn almost every street-the common or garden shelter.

On the other hand, if you are late for school, you hurry madly on, taking great care to run towards the Sound, in the hope that it will pass

over you, and continue on its way, until it is shot down by the Anti-Aircraft Batteries.

Then again, things are greatly complicated if you happen to be the lucky possessor of a bicycle, whereupon the wise girl dashes her conveyance from under her, and falls flat (preferably in the gutter).

Last, but not least, if you are in an L.P.T.B. vehicle, the obvious thing to do is to crouch down in the gangway, making sure that the person next to you is not sitting on your cold lunch.

At last comes the blessed relief-the All Clear.

JEAN DAVIES. UIVH.

HELEN'S HOMEWORK TROUBLE.

Characters.

Helen Malcome, a schoolgirl thirteen years old.

Jane Malcome, her small sister.

Mrs. Malcome, their mother.

(The scene is the living room of the Malcome's house. The curtain rises on empty stage to find table, centre, with chairs arranged round it. Other furniture to make room pleasant. Exit, right. Helen enters right. She wears school uniform, hat perched well over one ear; she carries a bulging satchel over one shoulder and several books in her hand.)

Mrs. M. (off). That you, Helen?

Helen (wearily) Yes, it's me, Mother, with piles of homework as usual.

Mrs. M.: Well, then, get along with it. If you want something to eat make yourself some toast.

Helen (banging satchel on to table): It's alright, thanks. I've got some sandwiches left over from dinner. I couldn't eat them all.

Mrs. M.: Very well, dear, but do get your homework done. I won't be long. I'll go out by the front door. 'Bye, pet.

Helen: 'Bye, Mum. (A door is heard banging. Helen takes off hat and hangs it on chair. Sits on chair facing audience and begins taking out books from satchel.) Homework! Homework! Homework! Oh dear, I suppose I'd better get down to it. I'm going to have something to eat first, homework or no homework. (Searches deep in satchel.) Now where are those sandwiches? (Take's everything out, lastly the sandwiches wrapped in a dinner napkin. Ah, here they are. (The books are scattered all over the table. Helen takes a sandwich out and attacks it.) I suppose I'd better get some of my learning homework done (searching through the books). Now where's my Primer? I'll get my Latin done first (takes another bite). Ah, here it is. Now, what have we got to do? Oh-learn the fifth declension. Now, page eighteen (turns over pages). Res, res, rem, rei, rei, re; res, res, re-re-em-re-oh, bother! (Looks at book.) Rerum, rebus, rebus. Oh, I know that. Pushed book aside.) Science! (Groans, but suddenly brightens.)

Good! It hasn't got to be in until the day after tomorrow, so I can do it to-morrow night. Anyway, I've only got to write out an experiment. Now what is it? Oh, golly, I might have known; Wednesday night, I have my three FAVOURITE subjects and English. Where's my Geometry book? The sooner I get this finished the better (searches for text book and exercise book). Theorems! Theorems! Theorems! Is that all Miss Calvert thinks about? (Finds books and opens them at required place. Reading:) Given a parallelogram ABCD (glances swiftly through it in both books then pushes them aside). (The deafening bang of a door is heard.) Oh, oh, here comes trouble. What hope have I got now of getting my homework done? (Jane enters right).

Jane. Hallo, Helen! Still slaving? (Laughs).

Helen (annoyed): Wait till it's your turn; you won't be quite so ready to laugh then.

Jane (curtsying mockingly): Oh, indeed, madam! I don't intend passing the scholarship. I don't want to do homework.

Helen: You'd better pass. Mum and Dad will be terribly disappointed if you don't.

Jane: So what? (Picks up several books.) Thanks, I want to play schools with Peggy and these will come in useful. (Dances off gaily).

Helen: Hey! Bring those back! Oh, what's the use? (A blood curdling yell is heard.) It's no good trying to learn, now that Jane's home. (Sits down in chair). I'll have to write my poem. Takes fountain pen from blazer and searches for English book).

Why the little brat's got my English book! (Goes to door right).

Jane, please bring back my English book!

Jane (off): Here it comes. (Book comes flying through door.)

Helen (picking it up): Little monkey! (Sits down, writing:) "My little sister is a brat. Who tramples on my nice school hat." (Looks up as door bangs and Mrs. Malcome enters right.)

Mrs. M.: Nearly finished, dear?

Helen: I think so, Mum. I'll just doing my English then I've got to learn a speech. I'll just have a look. (Turns to rough book, then her face changes.) Oh, MUM! I've done to-morrow's homework!

QUICK CURTAIN.

SHEILA BULLER. L.IVS

RIDDLE-ME-REE.

My first is in love but not in passion,
My second is in latest and also in fashion;
My third is in blossom but not in flower,
My fourth is in second and also in hour;
My fifth is in rogue but not in villain,
My sixth is in Jean and also in Gillian;
My seventh is in street but not in road,
My eighth is in professor and also in Joad,
My ninth is in row but not in bellow,
My tenth is in yolk and also in yellow;
My whole is a room.

Answer-Laboratory.

BERYL RAYMENT. L.IIIH

DO YOU REMEMBER?

Caruso?

Doodles in the Entrance Hall?

Smoking in the Front Hall?

The desert island in the corridor?

Eating dog biscuits in the Front Hall?

"I've left my Greek boy in the sick-room?"

When the force of gravity tipped up someone's chair?

DO YOU KNOW?

How to play gobs?

The meat teachers?

What argie-bargie means?

The radish eaters?

The stocking experts?

Which mistress adores Charles Boyer?

Who brought Miss Dennithorne when Miss Norris asked for Denny?

THE PARENTS' ASSOCIATION.

At the time of the 1943 annual general meeting we looked forward to approaching nearer to pre-war enthusiasm for the association, but although we started the year well, distressing enemy action in the district caused disappointment and frustration of our plans.

We held four executive committees during the year, appointed Mr. E.J. Hill a Vice-President in recognition of his long service as assistant secretary, co-opted to the executive Mrs. Tweed, Mrs. Morgan and Mr. Mr. A.J. Corker, and re-appointed Mrs. Tweed secretary of the refreshments committee. The ladies of the refreshment committee merit the warm thanks from us all for their arduous and efficient work for our comfort.

A successful social was held on 27th November, in co-operation with the Old Girls' Association, and on 17th February we had an interesting lecture on "Careers for Girls." We organised a Whist Drive and Dance for May 20th, but the Dance was not well supported. Then the fly-bombs started and the social arranged for 15th July was abandoned, but we sent an urgent appeal to the Education Committee for more adequate air raid shelter at the School. The Staff and girls are to be congratulated on the way they carried through the School Certificate Examinations in such difficult and dangerous circumstances, and also upon the magnificent results achieved.

The annual General Meeting was held on 23rd September, 1944, with just business and refreshments. We were sorry that Mr.

N. Nation could not continue as Treasurer, owing to ill-health; we thank him for his self-sacrificial service for the Association as Treasurer and as organiser of the Dances for several years and wish him a speedy recovery to good health and strength. Mr. H. Curtis was elected the new Treasurer.

At the moment of writing we still have tension owing to the possibility of enemy action, but the general situation calls for high optimism and we may look forward to resuming the social and educational functions of the association at an early date. When that good time comes, we shall confidently look to all members to rally together to make the Parents' Association that integral part of the life of the School we have learnt to expect it to be.

R.E.L.

OLD GIRLS' ASSOCIATION.

Committee-Miss, Norris (President), Miss Goldwin and Minnie Foxon (Vice-Presidents). Co-opted: Members: Edna Timberlake (Magazine), Dora Busby, Rose Harris (Netball, Miss Park (Dramatic).

Members;

Jeanne King, Rita Southgate, Joan Farrow, Ivy Farrow, Kathleen Hetherington, Dorothy Stephens, Joan Johnson, Phyllis Thornborough, Mavis Linay, Yvonne Abbinett, Doreen Goodwin.

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

Hon. Secretary-Mrs. C. Hill, 16 Warwick Court, Bounds Green Road, New Southgate, N.II.

We have been able to hold only one Social this year, in February, which was well attended, but we hope we shall soon be able to plan another. At this Social Miss Norris gave Jeanne King a green tray, a wedding present from the Dramatic Society.

Iris, therefore, has to be our means of communication and this year goes to new parts, to Edith Brabham in Northern Rhodesia and Winifred Aberly in Uganda, taking to them our good wishes.

You are probably tired of reading this year after year, but the only way to ensure a copy of Iris is to pay your subscription. The demand exceeds the supply and each copy travels round a circle of Old Girls. The subscription is 1/- on leaving school, 1/6 for the next two years and 3/- annually thereafter. A life membership costs £2.10.0. Subscriptions may be sent to the Treasurer or myself (addresses above).

If you have any items of news for Iris, please send them in as soon as you have them. Iris goes to the printers earlier and often news items arrive too late. Don't forget we rely on you to supply the news items.

CONSTANCE HILL (Pettit) Hon. Sec.

THE OLD GIRLS' DRAMATIC SOCIETY.

The activities of the O.G.D.S. were abruptly curtailed on the outbreak of war, but we are glad to be able to announce that this year it was revived.

On June 17th we gave our first war-time performance, "When Crummies Played," (*The caste, with only one exception, were all new recruits to the Society, and demonstrated that the tradition of talent, cheerfulness and hard work in the Society is as strong as ever.) Despite the fact of its being the first week of the flying bomb attacks we had a large and enthusiastic audience with the result that we made £24, leaving a balance of £17. Lack of space prevents the caste being printed.

This coming year we are hoping to give several plays, the first of which will be in the early Spring.

Will those who are interested in joining the Dramatic Society please communicate with me as we have vacancies for some more members.

VERA BEALE, 25 West Avenue Road, E.17.

**Note by the producer (and sub-Editor).*

NEWS OF OLD GIRLS.

A.T.S.

WINNIE MOORE is an officer Aldershot.

JOYCE NORTH.

JOYCE FABER

JOYCE PRICE is now a Company Sergeant Major.

ROSINA BEARD is a teleprinter in S.H.A.E.F. in France.

BETTY HOLLAND is a Lance Corporal in the Signal Corps.

W.A.A.F.

VERA BARRETT is now a Meteorologist.

IRENE BARRETT is doing Radio work.

BERYL CHERRY is an L.A.C. Flight Mechanic at Cranfield.

ADA ENDERS is a Meteorologist,

W.R.N.S.

JOYCE BRABNER.

Old Girls' Successes.

OLIVE BARNARD has obtained her L.R.A.M. and is now taking a Social Service Course at the South-West Essex Technical College.

AVRIL DANKWORTH has obtained her L.R.A.M.

GWYNETH HEAP has obtained her Intermediate (Science) at the South-West Essex Technical College.

JEAN DALLAS has obtained her B.A. Oxford, Class III. She is now training as an Almoner.

RUTH LICENCE has passed the Natural Sciences Tripos, Cambridge, Class III.

CATHERINE RHODES has passed the Natural Sciences Tripos, Class II.

Training Colleges.

ETHEL CRONK. At Bishop Otter, Chichester

PAMELA SMITH is taking a Radio Course for R.E.M.E. at the South-West Essex Technical College.

ALMA HAYES and GWYNETH SEARLE are at Brighton Municipal.

PAT WARING is at Hockerill.

London University.

GWYNETH HEAP. At University College, London, evacuated to Bangor.

Cambridge University.

PAT PHILP is at Girton College.

Teaching.

YVONNE ABBINETT is now teaching in an evacuated school.

EDITH BRABHAM will shortly take up a teaching post in South Africa.

AVRIL DANKWORTH is teaching Music at the Kendrick School for Girls, Reading.

ETHEL EATON is taking up a post at Thame Grammar School.

MARGARET FAIRBRASS is still teaching at Wood Street School, but has had six weeks' experience under the evacuation scheme, at a Nursery School in Bucks.

MILDRED FOSTER is teaching Domestic Science at Ipswich.

ETHEL GODDARD is at Chapel End Senior School.

HONOR LEVINE is at Chapel End Junior School.

PEGGY LAWRENCE is a Warden at the Havant Road Nursery School.

GWEN OWEN is teaching Chemistry and Physics at Skinners County Sch.

JOAN PARFREE is teaching at the Girls' Grammar School, St. Albans

PATRICIA POWELL is at Queens Road Infants' School.

IRENE RADLEY is at Coppermill Lane Junior Mixed.

CATHERINE RHODES is teaching Biology at Maidstone Technical College

BEATRICE SCHERR is at Coppermill Lane Junior Mixed.

CECILIA WHEELER is teaching Biology and Zoology at the Wanstead, High School.

EDNA WILSDON is still at Coppermill Lane evacuated to St. Albans. She has also been designing for E.N.S.A.

FRANCES WRIGLEY is at Winns Avenue School.

Nursing.

IVY BURR has been accepted at the Middlesex Hospital, and at present is at a Preliminary Training School at Aylesbury.

JOYCE COX is at St. George's Hospital.

JEAN DARK is now a Staff Nurse at St. George's Hospital.

MARGARET HARDCASTLE has obtained her State Preliminary Nursing Certificate and is still at Romford Old Church Hospital. SHEILA KELSEY is at the London Hospital. WINNIE NICOLL is at the Military Hospital, Chelmsford. RUTH NORFOLK is now a State Registered Nurse at the London Hospital.

OLIVE PETT is a Sister in the Queen Alexandra Nursing Reserve, on embarkation leave and ready to go to the tropics.

RUTH LICENCE is a Medical Student at the Royal Free Hospital

MARY MC.GLADDERY is now a Gynaecologist at St. Olive's Hospital at Rotherhythe.

Miscellaneous.

WINIFRED ABERY is now at the following address Education Offices, c/o Postmaster, Entebbe, Uganda, E. Africa.

JOAN BACON is a Clerk at Stephenson Clarks' with FLORENCE WYSLING and LILY REEVES.

KATHLEEN BIRD is a Clerk at the Xylonite.

EVELYN BUNTING is now teaching in Lanarkshire.

PATRICIA CHERRY is a Tracer in the Drawing Office Office of Cossor Ltd. (Radio).

MARGARET COLE is Secretary at the Wanstead High School.

WINNIE COOK is at the Evening News Office.

GRETA COWELL is with the Blue Star Line Shipping Company

KATHLEEN DORE is doing Post Office Work.

JESSIE FELTHAM after being released from Garage Mechanics, has returned to office work.

ETHEL GODFREY is a Reporter in the Daily Telegraph Office (Wellingborough).

DOROTHY GRIFFITHS is designing Stations of the Cross.

JUNE GRIFFITHS is at the Walthamstow Food Office.

JOAN HARMSWORTH is a Clerk at Short and Mason's.

SHEILA HARRISON is at Barclay's Bank

AUDREY HOLLAND is in the Civil Service.

RUTH HYATT is doing First-Aid duty at Bush House in her spare time from the Ministry of Supply.

MARY KING is in Lady Hosfield's Greek Folk-song Choir, which sometimes broadcasts

GRACE and MAISIE KRINKS are Clerks in the Ministry of Transport.

EILEEN LANGDON is training as a buyer at John Lewis.

JANE MORGAN is an engineering expert at the B.B.C.

JOYCE RAMM is a Clerk at S. Africa House.

BERYL REMON is a Clerk in the National Farmers' Union.

SHEILA SMITH is in the Analytical Department of Hopkins and Williams.

JOYCE WYETH is an Engineer at the B.B.C.

SHEILA LOASBY is training for Radiography at King's College Hospital.

JOAN MANSELL is at the South Chingford Library.

OLIVE MERISON is at C.T. Bowring's, in the City.

BERYL OSBORN is at the Metropolitan Water Board.

PHYLLIS PAYNE is a Laboratory Assistant at an Ink Factory in Clerkenwell

WINNIE SEYMOUR is a Clerk in the Methodist Local Preachers' Dept.

IRENE SOANE is a Clerk in Australia House.

RITA SOUTHGATE is at work after a long illness.

JEAN TIDMARSH is at the Chingford Library.

KATHLEEN WILDMAN is in charge of the Woodford Library.

BETTY WARD is a Clerk in an Advertising Agency.

JEAN WRIGHT is at the Dryad Show Rooms.

GWEN CORKER has passed the Elementary Examination of the Library

MARGARET LOVICK will be returning from Palestine this Spring with her husband, Capt. Beesly, Mounted Police.

PHYLLIS LOVICK has finished painting ballet murals at the Toe H Club (unveiled by Major-General Sir Colin Jardine) and is now exhibiting pictures at Hanley Museum.

MARRIAGES.

EVELYN BUNTING to John Fleming, June 4th, 1944.

BERYL FURNESS to Maurice Biggs (Army).

WINNIE HERBERT to L. Stevens (P.T.I.), 1943.

BESSIE HUBLER.

DOROTHY JENNINGS to Godfrey Seamons Gilham-Dayton

(R.A.F.), April, 1944. DOREEN KELSEY to Robert Ashley (R.S.C.), Dec. 9th, 1943.

JEANNE KING to Robert Harper, May 27th, 1944 at St. Peter's in the Forest.

YVONNE KING to Peter Green, July 1943

IRENE MERRILL to John Williams, May 6th, 1944

MARY MC.GLADDERY to Dr. Winston Foster, June 1944

JANE MORGON to Gordon Wooldridge, Chief Radio Officer, M.N. July 13th, 1944

WINNIE MOORE to Lieut. Reginald White, Queen's Royal Regt., April 17th, 1944

DOROTHY NORFOLK to Flt./Sgt., Roy Oswald Norfolk, Dec 8th, 1943

CATHERINE RHODES to Dr. Ivor Isaacs, Sept., 2nd, 1944

HILDA ROBSON to Lieut. Jack Robert Talbot, March 11th, 1944

LINDA SHEPHARD TO Flt./Lt. G. Cater, R.A.F., April 15th, 1944

GLADYS SMITH to Mr Newell, 1943

JEANNE TIMMS to Lieut. G.W.W., Stuart, Essex Regt., April 17th, 1944

BIRTHS.

VERA BARNES (Mrs Ayre-Cheyne, a daughter, Anthea Meryle, Nov., 1944.

MURIEL BARRETT (Mrs. Digney) a son, Peter Neil, Feb. 6th, 1944.

ELSIE BENDING (Mrs. Owen), a son, Anthony Mewyn, April 13th, 1944.

OLIVE BRAMHALL (Mrs. Wansey), a daughter, Margaret, Nov., 21st, 1943.

BEATRICE CHAPPLE (Mrs. Whitehouse), a son, Sept. 26th, 1944.

VERA CONWAY (Mrs. Muxlow), a daughter, Averil, Joy, May 25th, 1944

MARJORIE DURRANT (Mrs. James), a son. Hugh Alan, 14th April, 1944.

PHYLLIS EAST (Mrs. Ballard), twins, January, 1944.

SADIE ELLIOTT (Mrs. Fisher), a son, August 22nd, 1944.

JOAN EMBERSON (Mrs. Dadd), a daughter, Feb. 23rd, 1944

PHYLLIS FOLKES (Mrs. Day), a daughter, Elisabeth, Jan 18th, 1944.

DORA GARRETT (Mrs. Dewey) a daughter, Katherine, Anne, Feb. 19th, 1942

WINNIE HERBERT (Mrs. Stevens), a son, Paul, Jan., 1944

BARBARA HOLDSTOCK (Mrs. Bruce), a brother for Carolyn, June, 23rd, 1944

DORIS HOUCHEM a daughter.

KATHLEEN HOW (Mrs. Hendley), a son, Christopher Cedric, May 30th, 1944

YVONNE KING (Mrs. Green), a son, David Peter.

EDNA LEFTWICH (Mrs. Fleck), in Nigeria, a daughter, Jane, Aug. 27th, 1944

PEGGY LICENCE (Mrs. England), a daughter. Marion Joy, Sept 1st, 1944

EDNA MARTIN (Mrs. Neal), twins, Barbara Mary, Bridget Susan, Sept 18th, 1944.

MARGARET MATTHEWS (Mrs. Snook), 10th October, 1944, a daughter Heather Margaret.

IVY OLDFIELD (Mrs. Farrow), a daughter, Jennifer Joy, Aug. 27th, 1944

MYRTLE PEACHEY (Mrs. Green), a son, Mark, March 10th, 1944.

GLADYS SMITH (Mrs. Newell), a son, John Carrington, Sept. 9th, 1944

MADELINE WEY (Mrs. Mount), a sister for Jill, Lynn, July 17th, 1944

PEGGY LICENCE (Mrs. England), a daughter. Marion Joy, Sept. 1st 1944

EDNA MARTIN (Mrs. Neal), twins, Barbara Mary, Bridget Susan, Sept. 18th, 1944.

MARGARET MATTHEWS (Mrs. Snook), 10th October, 1944, a daughter Heather Margaret.

IVY OLDFIELD (Mrs. Farrow), a daughter, Jennifer Joy, Aug. 27th, 1944.

MYRTLE PEACHEY (Mrs. Green). a son, Mark, March 10th, 1944.

GLADYS SMITH (Mrs. Newell), a son, John. Carrington, Sept. 9th,

1944.

MADELINE WEY (Mrs. Mount), a sister for Jill, Lynn, July 17th, 1944

DORIS WIFFEN (Mrs. Bartlett), a second daughter, Ann, April 29th, 1944

GWEN WILLIAMS (Mrs. Timpson), a daughter, Jane, June, 1944.

PRIMROSE JOAN WOOLF (Mrs. Lambert), a daughter, Elizabeth, Ann.

LOUIE WHITE (Mrs. Dallas).

MARJORIE WILLIS (Mrs. James), a son.

DEATH.

It is with regret that we announce the death, after an accident, in Cambridge, of IRIS JACK on July 4th, 1944.

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

