



MISS M. B. GOLDWIN



CHILDREN'S PARTY, JUNE 14th

Walthamstow High School Magazine

Editor:- Miss Norris. Sub-Editor-Miss Park.

O.G.A. Sub-Editor-Edna Timberlake. Committee-Barbara Ridgeway, Jean Booth, Madeline Hodby, Irene Kempson, Eleanor Morris, Evelyn Webb.

HEAD MISTRESS' FOREWORD.

Dear School,

I see I ended my last letter thus-I 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. Well, I am happy to tell you that we have not waited in vain, the school is now full to overflowing, the blast walls are down and most of the windows are filled with glass! There has been one change on the Staff this year, Miss Pickering who succeeded Miss Cunynghame, left us last July to teach in a Mission School in Gambia; we offer her our grateful thanks for all she did to help us and our best wishes for her future happiness and success.

I know how sad you will all be to hear that Miss Goldwin is retiring at Christmas; indeed, on all sides I am hearing the same dismayed comment from Staff, parents, pupils and Old Girls-but it is impossible to imagine the school without Miss Goldwin! Among her many qualities the ones I think I admire most are her utter selflessness, her uncompromising sense of duty and her large-hearted kindness; added to which she has a saving sense of humour; her tastes are catholic, she loves children and animals, handicrafts and hills, gardening and crosswords. She is essentially liberal in outlook and practice and a confirmed believer that true freedom can only be found through honest service. She has never spared herself, but has given her whole life to the school which has invariably come first; she is utterly undaunted by "hills to climb and hard work to

do"; she seems to have an infinite capacity for hard work and whatever she undertakes, she finishes with an exquisite thoroughness which is a joy to behold; despite, or is it because of, her two Triposes, she is a woman of great humility.

All through her career she has rendered great service both to Walthamstow and to her own profession; paper forbids an enumeration of the Committees on which she has served, often as Treasurer and often as Chairman. As Second Mistress, as Sixth Form Mistress and as Senior Mathematics Mistress she has conferred immense benefits on the School by her high standards of thought and conduct. After 41 years of devoted service she retires blessed in the knowledge that she is greatly loved and honoured by the school she has loved and served so well.

Love and best wishes to you all,

Yours affectionately, M. NORRIS.

APPRECIATION-I.

Miss Goldwin came to School when I was in the Upper III in the old school. She was our form mistress and we were very proud of her. We have been told she had a "Double Tripos." We were not very sure what this meant but we knew she was somehow extraordinarily clever; perhaps did we dare say so-she might even be cleverer than Miss Hewett and after all she had been a Wrangler. We also had our suspicions that her religious views were not quite orthodox. This gave her a kind of glamour, too-not that we should have dreamt of sharing her doubts-no, indeed, we only thought that maybe sometime she would find the error of her ways and return to the straight and narrow way.

II

My first realisation that here was a very special person was when I had the not at all new experience of making a big blot on work I was hoping vainly to keep neat. All the teachers I had ever had before had scolded me for untidy carelessness. But Miss Goldwin came over to me with a beautiful new sharp penknife and very carefully scratched it out for me. Here was a **new** teacher indeed. I knew later that this action was typical - Miss Goldwin did not scold, she helped us to put matters right.

I always loved her, but I learned to love her most when Enid, my youngest sister was having extra coaching in mathematics when she was taking Junior Cambridge, while I was taking Senior Cambridge and getting none. My sense of injustice was completely salved by little extra lessons in secret odd times by Miss Goldwin. She also saved me from an equally ridiculous situation when I was made to do French Prep. In a room where she was teaching solid geometry to some of my friends. I used to help them with their home-work and when I began answering the questions they could not answer in class, Miss Goldwin persuaded Miss Hewett to let me join in this lesson, to my great rejoicing.

She is the best friend in the true sense that can be imagined: she sympathises "with all our woes," and what is more, she does really help to get them remedied. But more than that she can truly sympathise with joy: that is a rarer gift.

It is difficult to talk of friends who are as close to one as May Goldwin is to me, but when I think of her, I think of the Engadine she loves so much. Perhaps the strength, and peace, of high mountains and the fragrance of mountain hay and Alpine flowers have somehow become part of her soul.

MARJORIE WISE.

III

The news that Miss Goldwin was retiring at Christmas will have come as a blow to many. Her complete selflessness and wholehearted devotion to the school has endeared her to all with whom she has come in contact, both staff and girls alike; indeed, she has become so much part of the school that it will be difficult to imagine it without her. It has been a privilege to have known her and we are all very grateful for all that she has done for us and been to us in her forty-one years of untiring service. We all wish her every happiness in her well-earned retirement.

G. M. WATSON (Gladys Phillips).

SUB-EDITOR'S EDITOR.

The bright hues of a Victory number are dimmed by the knowledge of Miss Goldwin's retirement. But such an attitude is destructive and therefore out of keeping with Miss Goldwin. We can best thank her by trying to maintain her spirit of loving service to the school.

Many thanks are due to kind contributors. Mrs. Souster succumbed with gracious alacrity to a request for an article. She who weeds may read. Dorothy Pearce has cleverly selected a topical aspect of her adventures in the land of the Lion of Judah. Other Old Girls are advised to seek employment temporarily abroad in order to provide material.

Further grateful acknowledgement must be made to Edna Timberlake, a model of what an O.G.A. sub-editor should be, and to the committee.

There is no form whose printed entries preponderate appreciably, therefore this year again no Honour and Glory prize can be rewarded. There were numerous entries, but also numerous rejections.

War-time restrictions still limit our publication, but the chance of red, white and blue for the cover, as suggestive of 1945, has been realised, even if meagrely. But utility garments will one day be a nightmare of the past, even for IRIS. This year, though, we can truly wish readers a happy Xmas, and a brighter 1946.

A.H. Park, Sub-Editor.

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

This is our Victory IRIS. As such I feel that it should contain an unusually large crop of news, letters and articles. Such a crop has not, unfortunately, materialised. It seems more difficult than ever to contact Old Girls. What material we have has been sought with "blood, sweat and tears." Perhaps from now the task will be easier. Will you help to make it so? This is the correct method of procedure.

. . . Never allow an Old Girl to pass you in the street without discovering all her news. Admittedly this may give rise to traffic jams, but the average British policeman is quick to realise that IRIS needs must be served. One word of warning-don't forget to send your gleanings to me or to the secretary; otherwise the public will have been obstructed to no purpose.

By the time this magazine is in your hands, Miss Goldwin will have left W.H.S. It seems incredible doesn't it? To generations of us Miss Goldwin is almost the School. She will know, however, that to Old Girls she will always be part of the School, and that we shall always welcome her gladly to our gatherings. Although we have made an official gesture of farewell. We are actually on the same terms as before. I know that you want me to tender here our very sincere good wishes to Miss Goldwin, and our very grateful thanks for her service to us.

We are looking forward to more O.G.A. activities in the future. Netball may be revived in the near future if sufficient of you are keen. Dramatics have already arrived. What about resuscitating your friends who haven't been to School since before the war, and making some of those subscriptions roll in?

May you all have a "bumper" Christmas, and may your New Year resolution be to serve the interests of the School through the O.G.A.

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

SCHOOL CHRONICLE.

We are all extremely thankful that the past long awaited year has brought the long awaited Victory. Owing to the cessation of rockets the school is getting back to its old form seen from the following chronicle of events.

In the Autumn of 1944, the school held a very lively debate, the motion being, "That war can be abolished." The chairman was D. Wicks; the two speakers for the motion B. Jones and J. King, and the two opposing speakers J. Morgan and R. Raphael. A vote was taken throughout the School, and by a small majority the motion was carried. Where there's a will there's a way.

The Musical Society held a very enjoyable and highly instructive

meeting on "Old Music and Old Instruments" in December. Prints, depicting these instruments were afterwards sold to all interested.

Also in December, Dr. Ghose, to whom we are indeed grateful, gave us an enlightening lecture on India.

At Christmas the School enjoyed the usual Carols, and a Nativity Play by Upper IIIH. A party of carol singers traversed the streets of Walthamstow and Chingford, and managed to warble without the help, or interference, of "Wailing Winnie." The amount collected was most gratifying and exceeded all expectations.

During the Christmas holidays four girls, Doreen Wicks, Beryl Jones, Joan Rayment and Jean King went to a conference held by the Council for Education in World Citizenship, which has taken the place of the Old League of Nations' Union in schools.

There has been only one visit to an Exhibition this year. In January a party went to an Art Exhibition at the Leyton Library.

We had two very informative and interesting lectures in February, one on Nigeria, given by Mr. N'Kune, and the other on the Work of the European Service of the B.B.C., given by Mr. Neugroschel.

On February 22nd the Reverend D. Wallace-Hadrill took Prayers and spoke to the school about the importance of Bible reading.

In April a conference was held in the School Hall. Three distinguished speakers: the Dean of St. Paul's, Dr Harrison, and Dr. Thomas, expressed their views on Scripture Teaching in Secondary Schools.

Vast sums of money have been collected during the year. In May a very amusing and successful Dog Show was organised by Miss Hooper, whereby £31 was raised for the Dogs of Britain Red Cross Fund. We were extremely lucky in having Mr. Leo Wilson as Judge. He added interest by the fact that he commented on each dog through a microphone.

War Savings have been well to the fore, and during Thanksgiving Week we raised the vast sum of £1,228.14.0. Our grand total to date of going to press is £10,456.11.6.

After the Red Cross Penny-a-Week Fund closed down we turned to collecting garments and badly needed articles for the liberated countries. We had an interesting, but also heart-rending talk by Mr. Arthur Hewlett, on the needs of the children of these countries and in connection with this a Youth helps Youth Fund was started.

A party of girls went to a concert at Ilford, also arranged by C.E.W.C. Thanks are indeed due to members of the Parents' Association, who arranged a Victory Party for the little brothers and sisters of past and present members of our school. There was hard work and, I should think, many headaches, over the food question, nevertheless a wonderful spread and a good time was had by all, not least by members of the Upper School who helped to organise games and eat the food.

In July a lecture on "Careers" was given by a member of the Headmistresses' Employment Committee. Later seventeen of our girls were interviewed by the same lady.

The inter-form matches and Sports were again held this year and there was much lively rivalry both to be seen and heard. During the Spring Term the Drill Competition was held, the Lower School being judged by, Miss Dennison and the Middle and Upper Schools by Miss Lawrence. The winning forms were VI, L.IVs and L.IIIH. The netball competition was won by VH, L.IVs and L.IIIH. In the Summer Term at the end of the year sports took place without interruption, the winning form, being:

Land Sports-U.IVW, L.IVW, L.IIIS.

Swimming Sports-U.IVW, L.IVS, L.IIIW.

Tennis-UIVH, U.IIIH.

Now we are looking forward with keen speculation to the Acting and Dancing Competitions.

At the end of the Summer Term the Fifth forms performed very successful plays to which parents and friends were invited. VH acted "Mary Queen of Scots," and VW produced three plays-"X=O," "The Stoker," and "The Crimson Cocomat."

The day the School broke up for the Summer holidays- there was an expedition to Regent's Park Open Air Theatre where Robert Atkins and Company performed Shakespeare's "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

During the Summer holiday's daily parties of fifty stalwarts helped their country by farming on the Walthamstow and Chingford

Council allotments.

There have been several Science events since V.E. Day. At the beginning of the Summer Term the Society visited the Zoo, while at the end of the term the Science VI went to Chelsea Botanical Gardens. There was also a Flower and Bird competition at the end of the term in which the whole School took part.

This was the first Science competition held at School for several years owing to war conditions. During the present Autumn Term the Upper School have visited the Low Hall Sewage Farm. Plans are also being made to visit St. Thomas' Hospital and the new Ilford Hospital. On a beautiful Saturday, after a very wet week, some of the Upper School went on a Fungus Foray in the forest between Loughton and Chingford with Miss Dennithorne and Miss Markes. Many interesting specimens were discovered.

In October another conference on Religious Education was held at our School.

At the beginning of this term our School and the Monoux School went to see the film Henry V, which we enjoyed very much. Miss Park has arranged a visit to the Arts Theatre to see "School for Scandal." So many people wished to go that the Middle and Upper Schools have been separated, and two visits arranged.

In October we were given a lecture by Mr Leighton, on Conditions in Greece, and we are now sending our Youth helps Youth contribution of clothing and money to that needy country.

On the 5th and 6th of December the mothers and fathers of the Parents' Association are giving us a very great treat in the form of a Victory Party. Speculations are rife.

We are all very sorry that Miss Goldwin is leaving at the end of this term. She has faithfully served our School for the past forty-one years, and we shall miss her more than words can say.

Just now we feel we all want to say an extra big thank you to the Staff; for it is because of their grand help and sympathy that we have been able to emerge from these six years of war with the flag of the Four Hundred still flying.

E. WEBB, I. KEMPSON, Form VI.

EXAMINATION RESULTS.

We should like to congratulate the following girls:

Higher School Certificate.

Pat Curry, Beryl Jones, Joan Rayment and with Intermediate Exemption, Doreen Wicks.

General School Certificate with Matriculation Exemption.

A. Dixon, P. Hardy, P. Pickering. B. Smith, J. Woods, P. Woods, K. Denham, J. Dubock, B. Feldt, J. Ford, V. Gadd, P. Hickman, K. Holt, J. Noble, J. Smy, M. Thackway, J. Wash.

General School Certificate.

B. Anderson, G. Baker, D. Baldwin, J. Bell, S. Cantor, P. Deaton, A. Fox, G. Tappenden, I. Wagner, B. Atkins, J. Boyce, D. Collis, D. Hughes, J. Jacobs, J. King, E. Knight, D. Mowbray, C. Smith, J. Howlett, E. Webb.

GAMES NOTICES.

Netball.

So far our Netball teams have been very successful. We have lost very few matches and our first team is still unbeaten. We have joined the Essex Netball League and hope to be as successful as last year, when our Over 16 and Under 16 Teams came top of the Essex League.

Our five Junior Teams are very promising and we have great hopes that they will do well in the future.

The members of the First Team are as follows:-G. K. I. Harrington, D. D. Collis (Captain), D. C. J. Booth. A. C. E. Webb, C. D. Browne, A. E. Morris (Vice-Captain). S. J. Burt.

Second Teams-C. J. Smy, C. A. M. Guest; C. D. M. Hodby; A. J. Jacobs, S. J. Lyon, D. J. Morgan, G. K. E. Knox, D. C. P. McGrath, A. C. P. Benson, C. I. Kempson, D. C. D. Mowbray, G. K. J. Dubock, S. W. Byford.

EASTER, 1945.

Plaistow High School. Over 16 won 24-9; Under 14 Drew 10-10.

Brondesbury and Kilburn. 1st won 16-II; Under I5 won 13-II; 2nd won II-9; Under 14 won 8-4.

West Ham Secondary School. 1st won 16-10; 2nd won 17-6; Under

14 won 15-9.

Leytonstone, Essex League. Over 16 won 17-16; Under 14 lost 12-15.

Plaistow Sec. School. Over 16 won 24-12; Under 14 won 14-12.

West Ham High School. 1st won 16-10; 2nd lost 20-30; Under 14 won 12-11; Under I5 won 13-5.

Gowan Lee. Under I5 won 19-15; Under 14 lost 2-8.

Finals of Essex League. Over 16 v. Brentwood, won 22-9. Under 16 v. Colchester, won 22-11.

AUTUMN, 1945.

East Ham Secondary School. 1st won 28-9; 2nd lost 8-12; Under I5 lost I9-II; Under 14 won 18-14; Under 13 lost 10-11.

Gowan Lea. Under 16 won 19-5; Under 14 won 26-0.

West Ham Secondary. 1st won 22-6; 2nd won 16-2; Under I5 won 23-7; Under 14 lost 15-16; Under 13 won 10-5.

Technical College. I4A won 18-6; I4B won II-4.

Essex League. Chingford: Over 16 won 18-2.

Essex League: Goodall Road School. Under 14 won 20-3.

Woodford High School. Under I5 lost 10-16; Under 14 lost 10-18; Under 13 lost 4-11.

Greycoat. 1st won 16-15; 2nd won 25-5; Under I5B won II-6; Under 14 won 10-9.

Essex League: Brampton. Under 14 won 26-3.

St. Ursuline Convent. 1st won 17-9; 2nd lost 9-15; Under I5 won 19-12; Under 14 won 16-14; Under 13 lost 10-14.

Tennis Team.

1st Couple-B. Webb and D. Wicks; 2nd Couple-E. Webb and G. Woolf; 3rd Couple-J. Boyce and P. Deaton; 4th Couple-E. Knox and J. Booth; 5th Couple-P. Hickman and K Knight.

Brondesbury and Kilburn, Win.

Technical College. Loss,

West Ham. Win,

Gowan Lee. Win.

Woodford. Loss.

B. WEBB (Vice-Captain); **D. WICKS** (Tennis Captain)

Hockey.

This term has seen the revival of Hockey. The players are most enthusiastic, and we have fixed our first match with Coborn High School.

P. McGRATH, Hockey Captain.

Many thanks must be given to Miss Markes and Miss Gilpin for giving so much time after School to coaching the Junior Netball teams, and to Miss Hepburn and Mrs. Souster for their Hockey coaching.

D. COLLIS, Netball Captain

BLANCHE HEWETT SCHOLARSHIP FUND.

This year we offer our grateful thanks to the Parents' Association for a donation of two guineas, and to Miss Cunynghame who, in addition to very many gifts to the School, bequeathed £50 to this fund.

The capital is now £1,083.1.3. The interest on this sum is used to provide one or more leaving scholarships, tenable for a period of not less than three years, at a place of Higher Education. The present holders are Pat Philp at Girton College, and Beryl Jones and Doreen Wicks at Westfield.

We are sad that at present the scholarships are, of necessity, very small and cannot be awarded every year, but we hope and believe that the fund will grow till it is large enough to serve all our needs.

YOUTH HELPS YOUTH.

In this philanthropic movement Parents have co-operated generously, and girls have set to work, while the weekly penny, no longer needed by the Red Cross has been devoted to the new cause and many sales have been held. Thus, by the end of the Summer Term we had sent to the Help Holland Council £10.7.6; three sacks containing 260 garments (for adults as well as children), 85 gay pockettes and many bandages. To establish a personal contact with the recipients,

many donors attached their names and addresses, together with a message of goodwill, often in Dutch. In the Autumn two more sackfuls were sent to Holland, after which we decided to turn our attention to Greece. Warm clothes are still urgently needed there, and we shall be delighted to receive and despatch any contributions.

M. POULTER.

DOWN ON THE FARM-AS TOLD BY:

(1) Shakespeare:

Once more unto the weeds, girls, yes, once more,
Which choke the fields up with their noisome growth.
In class there's nothing so becomes a girl
As sweet composure and docility;
But when the cry of 'weeding' fills your ears,
Then imitate the action of the monkey
Scramble like werewolves, grovel like the swine;
Let vegetation burgeon in your hands
And fill your hair, your blankets and your boots,
Till Chingford's fields be come to Walthamstow,
Nay, good Miss Norris, wish not one girl more;
The fewer hands, the greater share of weeding.
For girls (who shall be nameless) now abed
Shall think themselves accursed they were not here.
And we, we happy few, we gang of mudlarks,
Shall swell with pride if any speaks of weeds.
Then shall we strip our sleeve, and show our scars,
And say "These wounds we got on Chingford's fields,"
And rouse us at the name of Walthamstow.

(2) Commentator:

Well, here we are at Chingford and it looks like being a very fine afternoon for the big event. There's a likely looking lot of starters-you can probably hear their silvery voices now, laughing and chattering as they form up for the start. A fine show of weeds, too-very fine show. I don't know when I've seen a finer show. And it looks like, being a very fine afternoon.

Well, here they come now, starting in on those weeds with a will. Wonderful sight, to see those energetic young figures getting down to it with such really amazing gusto. No.3 seems to be leading, with No.7 half a neck behind. They certainly are shifting those weeds, I don't know whether you can hear the happy little cries of triumph as one of them grabs a weed someone else was after. And it really is a magnificent afternoon. No.3 is flagging a little now. They're about half way down the stretch, and No.7 is coming up, though with a little less vim, now, perhaps, No. 4 has overhauled No.3 who seems to be emptying mud out of one of her shoes; and I think I can hear what she is saying. Oh, dear, yes, I can. hear what she is saying. . . Er, No.6 is level with NO.4 and they seem to be discussing something. Talking about Bob Hope, I think. No.7 is now sitting on her pile of weeds eating a potato, and No.3 has gone back to stop a fight between Nos. 4 and 5. And I can't quite see what No.2,. . . but I see that it's time to take you back to the studio.

(3) Unseen Translator:

Forthwith indeed certain schoolgirls, their sandwiches having been packed, and when they had collected together at early dawn, entered the fields with a view to, or for the sake of, pulling up weeds. And by how much the more weeds they saw, by so much the more diligently they worked, lest by chance a shortage in our own supply might happen (30 minutes).

(4) Longfellow:

Then a mighty throng of schoolgirls,
Schoolgirls in their slacks and hair nets,
Burst into the fields in summer
Fields of cabbage and potato
Where the weeds grew in abundance
And they tore the weeds asunder
And they hurled them into buckets

(Hurled them also at each other)
And they trampled on the root crops
While the welkin rang with giggling
And they earned a modest pittance
And enjoyed it all immensely.

M. C. SOUSTER.

ABYSSINIAN DELIGHT.

Having returned to England and the monotonous diet consequent upon food rationing, it is amusing to recollect some of the strange meals I had during my sixteen months' sojourn in Egypt and Abyssinia.

My first days in Egypt, in November 1943, were spent in eating bananas and oranges. I attended later to the new, exotic fruits such as mangoes, limes and fresh dates, which are as different from the brown, sticky variety found in England, as a plum is from a prune.

Egyptians are extremely hospitable and their days seem to be spent in drinking innumerable cups of "café turc" and nibbling sweetmeats and pastries which are of incredible workmanship and variety. One very popular Egyptian dish seemed to be a kind of stew of sweet potatoes and mint sauce. A dish of small lobsters from the Red Sea was frequent and particularly pleasing to the eye. Arab bread looks like a brown beret, but with cheese made from goats' milk, is delicious.

I was taken to have lunch in the Muski, the native quarter and bazaar in Cairo, a honeycomb of narrow streets and tiny shops, with an indescribable smell, which is not wholly unpleasant, as the odours from the eating houses and the shops of the perfume-makers predominate.

In front of the shop to which we went was a large stone slab, on the top of which a wide charcoal fire was glowing. A grid was fixed above the fire, and meat of all kinds was hanging from it to cook.

We sat down at a little table, and bread, a dish of meat and three bowls of "pickles" were brought. These last seemed fundamentally to be of sour milk mixed with different herbs and aromatic oils. No other plates, or cutlery were provided and we ate by picking up the meat with our fingers and dipping the bread in the pickles.

The shop was full of Arabs who were buying the cooked meat and wrapping it up in the brown berets to carry away with them. I was reminded of our fried fish-and-chip shops, except that the customers were men with long, flowing skirts and they mostly had bare feet.

Abyssinians are very fond of raw meat. I remember a friend telling me that in the interior he had shot a hippo. Hardly had the reverberation died away before the local populace was devouring the warm carcass.

"Just as it was?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied, "without bread, without salt, and with no coffee afterwards!"

If you remember that these people are so poor that they have scarcely ever tasted meat, it is not so difficult to understand.

Abyssinian bread is called "injera." It has the consistency and appearance of a large grey pancake. One tears off a piece of the bread and uses it to pick up the meat. I am sure the majority of the world's inhabitants are still demonstrating that "fingers were made before forks."

All Abyssinian dishes are unspeakably hot. Their recipes seem to contain handfuls of birbirra, a very potent red pepper, locally grown, which would make a chili seem like nutmeg by comparison.

Even the highest classes eat raw meat mixed with the pepper, and I believe that this is also a popular dish with the Sudanese.

During my last three months in Addis Abeba I was working in a Government clinic and laboratory, which was staffed by Italian doctors and technicians.

Their breakfast consisted of a cup of coffee and a piece of bread. I was a great nuisance because I wanted "capucini," or coffee with milk, so-called from the colour resembling that of a Capuchin monk's habit. Milk was very difficult to get, as the cows, never having much to eat, gave scarcely any.

One Tyrolean (who eked out his meagre salary by taking photographs of Abyssinians and then pencilling over the back of the negative, so that they came out white in the picture, to their

great delight), whenever bacon was obtainable, could make the most wonderful knoodle soup.

Sometimes on Sunday I would visit a family of Russians, and there I first drank tea from a samovar and smoked Russian cigarettes in long, cardboard holders.

I also had a Greek friend, who used to make delicious little sugary cakes. So great were our language difficulties, however, that I never knew whether their Greek name, being translated, meant "kisses" or "liar."

Another meal I had which was cooked by a Greek was not so pleasant. We were travelling to Jimma from Addis, as it had been reported that cholera had broken out there. We had heard that there was a "hotel" about half-way, where we could get a meal.

When, after about six hours driving, we reached the specified village, the "hotel" turned out to be a mud-cum-corrugated-iron hut with sacking hung up in place of doors and an earthen floor with chickens scratching about. The Greek proprietor cooked us beefsteaks, but my dog, who went everywhere with me, ate my lunch.

That has reminded me of a reception given by a royal Abyssinian. Amongst a multitude of supper dishes was a sucking pig which had been served standing up! It bore such a pathetic resemblance to my pet that my appetite was quite ruined.

This gastronomic account of my travels must end, but I must add a warning for all would-be adventurers-I did not have a decent cup of tea all the time I was away!

D. I. PEARCE (O.G.).

* D. Pearce was sent by Great Ormond Street Hospital to nurse the Haile Selassie family.

"OUR PIECE OF LAND."

It is not, of course, possible to trace in detail the history of that particular piece of ground our school now occupies, but we know that it once formed part of the Rectory Manor which has a long and varied history.

Before the Norman Conquest, there were Manors in the parish of Walthamstow, the largest and most important being Wilcumbestou, held by a Saxon nobleman, the Earl of Waltheof and the smaller, Hecham, held by Haldan, a freeman. After the Conquest the large Manor was taken over by a Norman family, and was named after them, Walthamstow Toni. It was out of this Manor that later the Rectory Manor was carved, for in 1108, the Toni family endowed the Church with part of their land, which occupied the area around Church Hill, between the site of the Church and the present Forest Road.

This land then, belonged to the Church, our school ground then being just ordinary meadow land. The Manor was small, of only one hundred acres, but it was situated in the best and central part of the Parish in the highest place.

The Tonis had given the Manor into the hands of a Saxon Priory, the Holy Trinity Priory, Aldgate, and it remained in their possession for over 400 years. In 1531, at the Dissolution of the Monasteries the Rectory Manor, as well as the Manor of Walthamstow Toni was surrendered to Henry VIII. For a period of thirteen years the largest part of the Parish was in the hands of the King, for it wasn't till 1544 that the King sold the Walthamstow possessions to a rich merchant family, Withypolls.

The Vicarage fields occupied a great part of the land our school is built upon, and each Vicar held these fields as copyhold from the Rectory Manor. The Manor House was built opposite the Vicarage and occasionally the Lord of the Manor would hold a Manorial Court. All the tenants who held land from the Lord would attend to settle disputes, or to be admitted to the possession of their property according to the custom of the Manor. The business transacted was recorded in parchment rolls, copies of which would be handed to the tenant who thus held his land by "copy or court roll." Such a tenant was known as a copyholder. By virtue of the close connection which had always existed between Rectory Manor and the local Church, some later lords even claimed jurisdiction over the chancel of St. Mary's Church, a matter, which caused considerable friction with the vicars.

Sir William Batten occupied the Rectory Manor, and his friend was Samuel Pepys, who frequently took a coach to Walthamstow to

see him. At this time Mr. Radcliffe was Vicar at Walthamstow, and a great friend of both Sir William Batten and Pepy's.

Mr. David Howard was the last occupier of Rectory Manor House, when the house was sold in 1897. It was sold for £16,200 to the British Land Company, who pulled down the house and built Rectory Road, Havant Road, and other roads off Church Hill, on the grounds.

The family pew, however, was not sold with the house, so the old large pew was made into two. This at last freed the Parish Church from all jurisdiction of Rectory Manor.

Once the school grounds were the playing fields for the Monoux School boys, and then our field was a cricket-field. The boundary line was where the wooden fence is now, and in front as far as the Elm trees. In 1912, the fields were enfranchised and the school built on its present site. The line of trees on the east side of the school was planted to secure privacy for the Vicarage gardens, and to stop the school grounds encroaching further.

BARBARA RIDGWAY, VI.

AMERICA

In many ways the American habits and customs are different from the English. In the South most of the houses are made of wood, and are surrounded by a large porch. The porches are a direct result of the subtropical climate, and lend themselves to outdoor living and entertaining. This, I think, is one of the reasons for the neighbourliness and friendliness of the Southern people. Some of the houses have pillars much like the old Colonial homes which are noted for their beauty, and usually stand in extensive grounds. Most of the towns are planned with the streets running north and south, and east and west, dividing the town into blocks. Each block is given a number: for instance, the fifteenth block starts numbering at 1500 and the sixteenth block at 1600 regardless of the number of houses on the block. In Pensacola, Florida, many of the streets are named after the Spanish explorers such as De Soto, or after famous Americans such as Lee or Jackson. One of the things that makes the city so attractive and friendly is the open back and front gardens, and the absence of hedges or fences between the houses. Nearly everyone has in their garden, which is called a yard in America, many flowering shrubs and trees. Of these are the Dogwood and Magnolia, and of the shrubs the Azalea and Japonica, all of which are native to Southern United State".

The American boys and girls like to do the same things as the boys and girls here. They are fond of dancing and clubs.

In winter, in Florida, there is no snow, so the main sports are baseball and roller skating. In summer everyone turns their attention to swimming in the Gulf of Mexico. School, in Florida, starts in September and closes for the year at the beginning of June. This is due to the fact that there is such extremely hot weather in the summer. In addition, they enjoy about four weeks' holiday during the rest of the year.

The Americans are very well dressed, and have the knack of making simple clothes to look smart and fresh in spite of the heat.

The Americans eat with the fork in the right hand (using the knife as little as possible) just as the English do for "Shepherd's Pie." Their food is very similar to the English, but there is much greater variety of fresh fruits and vegetables. Oranges and grape fruit are grown in Florida, and peaches in the neighbouring state of Georgia. Bananas are imported from Cuba and South America.

About one-third of the population in the South is coloured. South of the Mason-Dixon line there is a law that says the coloured people must attend separate schools, churches and cinemas. The coloured peoples are very fond of "dressing up," and usually live in one district of the town together.

In all essentials the Americans and English are similar to each other.

As a matter of interest I am finishing with a list of words that are different in the two countries.

England	America
Pavement	Sidewalk
Drawing pins	Thumb tacks
Pen nibs	Pen points
Hair pin	Bobby pin
Queue	Line
Biscuit	Cookie

Sweets	Candy
England	America
Wireless	Radio
Postman	Mailman
Jug	Pitcher
Pictures or cinema	Movies
Garden	Yard

MARGARET FOSTER, L.IVS.

THANKS TO THE MERCHANT NAVY.

The fight is done
 And peace is won,
 And now no more
 We'll hear the roar
 Of hostile planes
 O'er England's lanes.
 And soon our men
 Back home again
 Will be, to tell
 How some men fell
 And some lived on.....
 And then we think
 Of that great link,
 That band of men,
 The great M.N.
 Still, still they tried
 And fought and died,
 Until at last,
 All dangers past,
 Back home they came,
 Some tired, some lame.
 We thank you then,
 Brave Merchant Men.

JEAN BRUCE, L.4H

THE VICTORY PARTY.

The war is over, hip hooray,
 "What shall we do," the parents say;
 Let's give the children a jolly good time."
 The children thought the idea sublime.
 The mothers went from door to door,
 Begged from the rich, begged from the poor.
 Butter and jam and paste for tea,
 They wanted the tables laden, you see,
 Blancmanges and Jellies, good things to eat,
 Each child in the road shall have a good treat.
 Flowers on the table's to make it gay,
 No one wanted to stay away.
 After tea were races and games.
 Prize's were given to winning names,
 The Victory tea was as good as a Fair;
 The best of it was-I WAS THERE.

BRENDA DAVIS, Lower III.W.

VERA INCESSU PATUIT DEA.

The train-catcher is to be recognised by his walk. There are, of necessity, several types of train-catchers, else how should this essay be written.

The honest citizen, a banker's clerk belike, who catches his train every morning, is, in the main, the type who arrives five minutes before the train is due to depart. He walks sedately down the stairs and up the platform, to the carriage in which he and his friends travel every day. He sits in his accustomed place, no undignified scramble for the corner seat for him! -unfolds his newspaper, and proceeds to discuss its contents with his neighbours. Happy is the man who has no history! His day, from its alpha to its omega-he is an educated man-is ordered and regular. The day that he "nearly missed it"-he never does-becomes as great

a date as 1066.

He forms the basis of society; he is sturdy, self-confident; he is utterly to be relied upon. You may recognise him, when you meet him, and you will often meet him, by his long, regular stride-unhurried, but by no means slow.

How different is the man in the last carriage! He arrives with the departure of the train. Delighted schoolboys, hanging precariously from windows watch him as he sprints after the train; an extra spurt, a wrench at the carriage door, and he's made it. He takes whichever seat offers itself, he too opens his paper, but his life is in no wise the same as our former hero. This is the man to whom life is one continual adventure, far from ordered, far from dull. Or is he just the lazy ne'er-do-well, who is always late, to whom life is a drag and a bore? This late-comer often misses his train: he strolls up at the last moment, expecting the day, his friends, and all to stay for him. He too, reads his paper, but he complains unceasingly.

These two types are always late, but their steps are not the same, and you may tell which is which. The adventurous hero walks with springy step, always alert, always expecting something to happen. He has a ready smile, and bestows it upon all. He is the best company in the world if you can bear his unpunctuality. This is the man who may be said to live. The other late-comer merely exists. You may recognise him by his slouching step, his dour complaining face, his feet drag along, his head is bent. No springing step, no long, self-confident stride is his. This is the man to avoid-he has no sense of humour.

Yet a fourth type is the one who arrives neither too early, nor too late. He is always just on time; he secures his usual seat, and is able to open the paper before the train departs. He bitterly regrets the loss of time if the train starts not immediately he is settled. He is contemptuous alike of the always-lates, and the always-earlies. You may not always easily recognise this man by his walk: for, if he sees one of the always lates, he hurries; but if he discerns our first hero in front of him, he moderates his step. To him, the 8.30 is a means of conveyance to his work, no more. His step is neither leisurely and long, nor springy and short, nor dull and soulless. He walks not for the joy of it, but because it is an automatic habit, and he alters his step when he passes every clock.

And if you, my reader, are interested in self-analysis, watch your step!

JOAN RAYMENT, VI.

A CHRISTMAS GIFT.

With lowing of cattle and rustling of hay,
 Came a dear little babe, the first Christmas Day;
 His name was Christ Jesus, who lived with us here;
 And brought us to know of his great love, so dear

With music and singing the news was first told,
 By angels of glory, to shepherds so cold
 That a fire on the hillside for warmth was alight,
 But the news of the angels was far, far more bright.

Then off went these angels to Bethlehem town,
 There our Lord Jesus with fond love to crown,
 With sweet adoration their gifts to impart,
 With words, oh, so tender, and straight from their heart.

And so in a manger our Saviour was born,
 With no kingly crown His dear head to adorn,
 And though people hurt Him with words and with ways,
 He died on the cross to make happy their days.

JENNY YELLAND, U.IIIH.

THE SHEPHERD.

I know a man who's old and wise,
 He reads the winds, he reads the skies;
 He knows when storms will blow his way,
 He knows what rain will fall each day.

I wish I knew the things he knows,
The night-time skies, the wind that blows,
The singing birds, the bleating cries
I wish I was a shepherd wise.

J. BOUGHTON, Lower IIIS.

THE ROBIN.

I saw a robin on the path,
A very pretty bird;
The ice lay on the ground like glass
The robin was perturbed.

He hopped and skipped and jumped about,
His red breast stoutly showing;
And sometimes slid along the ground,
The weather! It was snowing!

The snowflakes glided gaily down,
And danced and twirled around him.
Although I did not see him frown,
I'm sure they nearly drowned him.

He turned his head and snatched a worm,
And gobbled it with pride;
Then flapped his wings and flew away,
His hunger satisfied.

SHIRLEY DAWSON, U.IIIW.

WINTER.

Leaves have fallen from the trees,
Birds have flown across the seas,
Winter, is here,
Winter is here;
Curtains are drawn and a bright fire glows,
Lamps are lighted and everyone knows that
Winter is here, Winter is here.

Softly and silently during the night,
Snow has fallen deep and white,
Snow has fallen, snow has fallen,
Out into the street I plod,
Footprints showing where I trod,
Snow has fallen, Snow has fallen.

SHIRLEY WHITMARSH, U.IIIW.

LITTLE JANE.

Little Jane had a pain,
Went to see old Doctor Lane;
A dose of med,
A day in bed,
Little Jane felt right as rain.

SHEILA LORD, L.IIIH.

THE INTRUDER.

"Who's there?"
A flame sprang from the dying embers on the hearth to reveal the
white, rigid face of a woman, then all was dark.
"Was it the wind?" she asked herself.
No! There it was again, the creak of a stair.
Her book fell from her limp hand and she trembled as she sat looking
in the direction of the half open door. She heard it swing back on its
hinges.
"Who's there?" she screamed.
But there was no answer save the howling of the wind.
She groped for a candle, but as she rose from the chair she felt an icy
cold hand on her neck. She screamed. The hand tightened its grip. A

moan escaped her parched lips as she fell onto the floor with a dull
thud.

Again the door swung on its hinges, but this time to let the
intruder out. It slammed as the front door was opened for the wind to
rush in.

Then all was silent except for the echoing footsteps of the
intruder.

MADGE PALMER, U.IVH.

THE CHARGE OF THE TABLE PREFECTS.

Every morning at thirteen minutes past twelve, the two Upper
Fourth form rooms are in a state of unrest. For many of the
inhabitants of those two forms are table prefects, and directly the
bell goes, their books are thrown with scant ceremony into their
desks, and they wait impatiently like dogs straining at the leash, for
the mistress to give them permission to start. When at last the much
desired permission is given the table prefects charge forth: their
stampede is usually made with two principal halts. The first occurs
outside the Chemistry Lab., where our gallant heroines very often
collide with the form coming from their Science lesson. After
having extricated themselves they carry on undaunted down the
stairs, jumping perhaps three or four a time; the next occurs only
once a week, when Miss Bean happens to be taking a music class.
The table prefects wait, seething with impatience while Miss Bean
dismisses her class and then, with one accord, they rush into the
Hall. Once in the Hall their forces divide. Some go to procure table-
cloths; some beakers; some forms and tables.

The next procedure I can only describe vaguely, for being one
of this gallant company myself, I am only concerned with erecting
my own table so that it does not obey the law of gravity. But much
banging, clattering of knives and forks, and harsh gratings of forms
can be heard. And sometimes one catches a glimpse of an agonised
face of a girl trying not to drop her pile of hot plates.

At length, however, silence reigns, and our gallant comrades relax
to strengthen themselves for their next task of serving out the dinner.

KATHARINE KNIGHT, U.IV.W.

"WHO DID IT?"

"Who did it?" "Murder or suicide?" "Where"- "when"- "how."

Strange words to come from the studious, classic-loving
scholars of Walthamstow High but you shall hear.

Early one morning, as Mr. Hazel was doing the work of a
dutiful caretaker, he discovered a trail of blood leading from the
canteen to where? Adjusting his spectacles he pursued this trail
with vigour only to find that it led to a body.

Though shocked and bewildered he regained his dignity and
strode towards the Marble. There he met Squire Holmes and Hoop
Watson. Perceiving Hazel's great agitation the former asked the
cause of it, whereupon he told them of his discovery. Squire
Holmes, at once taking command of the situation, asked the
whereabouts and left Hazel to break the shocking news to Miss
Norris. On arriving at the stretch of grass between the hall and the
east corridor, Squire Holmes and Hoop Watson found the body of
Miss Thomerson. Turning the body over they discovered a slit from
ear to ear. Hoop Watson jumped back in alarm, but Squire Holmes
bent closer to discover from which ear the slit had originated.

Hoop Watson, noticing the absence of her faithful hounds.
Ross and Mac, gave a piercing whistle on which Ross ambled back,
and taking her mistress by the hand led her to the canteen, where
she found resting on the table a piece of carelessly cleaned canteen
cutlery. Rushing to fetch Squire Holmes she bumped into her at the
door. Squire Holmes declared: "The murderer is a woman wearing
light brown shoes with dark brown shoe laces. So much I have
deduced from following the trails of blood and footprints. Hoop
Watson giving a whoop of delight yelled "And I have discovered
the weapon-a knife!

Upon inspecting it Squire Holmes declared: "This most
certainly is the knife for this cannot be the blood of the poor old
horse we ate for dinner."

Later that morning a knife was reported missing from the
Cookery Room. Squire Holmes, with typical clear-sightedness,
realised that the weapon was not, after all, a piece of carelessly

cleaned canteen cutlery, but was "un couteau de la Cuisine."

Squire Holmes, Hoop Watson, Ross, Mac, and Uncle Tom Hazel and all, hastened towards the Cookery Room "to seek the advice" of Miss Hepburn. The bloodhounds, in their eagerness to reach the centre of crime (led by odiferous odours) took a supposed short cut through Hoop Watson's legs, so letting their honourable mistress completely down. Mr. Hazel, not perceiving this awful catastrophe in time, measured his length likewise. Squire Holmes, however, retaining her presence of mind, with one bound leaped nimbly over the entire struggling heap of humanity.

When all had regained consciousness they found their quarry missing. The alert ears of Squire Holmes detected faint groans coming from the direction of a cupboard. Finding the cupboard locked, Squire Holmes (true to her motto "Be Prepared") produced a skeleton key from her pocket. Unlocking the door, they beheld the sorry figure of Miss Hepburn, trussed and gagged, lying in a corner.

Upon her release she told them of an amazing figure dressed in a drooping moustache, long black cloak, and tall black hat. Squire Holmes at once declared: "Obviously disguised." Hoop Watson in a humble voice suggested, "Possibly the . . . squander bug". Thereupon Squire Holmes with crushing accents and withering looks replied, "Impossible, He's defunct."

That night a committee met to discuss the dire happening. They came to no conclusion; the man in the black cloak still goes free. So if you meet this tall, sinister, dark stranger please report to

Yours truly,

DOREEN COLLIS and DOREEN MOWBRAY.

PLAY-WRITE'S CORNER.

Math's mark&-"O pardon me that I descend so low." (Henry IV).

Ice Cream-"Give me excess of it." (Twelfth Night).

The accident-"What bloody man is that?" (Macbeth).

Singing Lesson-"A plague upon this howling," (Tempest).

Examinations-"Mark me now." (Merchant of Venice).

Grammar-"What's in a name?" (Romeo and Juliet).

The culprit-"I do cry you mercy." (Henry IV).

Needlework-"Mend him who can." (Love's Labour Lost).

The lost exercise book-"Shall we go hunt?" (Twelfth Night).

Swimming-"Now will I raise the waters." (Merchant of Venice).

Homework-"The quality of mercy is not strained." (Merchant of Venice)

Gym-"We will not hand a rope more." (Tempest).

S. GOODALL, Up. 3S.

WHO REMEMBERS?

When football was last played at school?

When a running commentary was given on eating dinners?

Fifty large plates?

Jam session in the VI Form room?

"I'm just going to run over sulphuric acid."

The moving glass in the Music room?

WHO KNOWS?

Which mistress danced in the Front Hall?

Which mistress calls "Cruiser" a "Darling yard of drainpipe?"

Who nearly asked Miss Norris if the VI could smoke?

The mistress who wanted a pancake on her hat?

Who whistled at Henry V?

Which mistress had a man in her arms?

Which mistress was rebuked for running in the corridor?

Who stepped into the water from a boat with her umbrella up?

RIDDLE-ME-REE.

My first is in evening, but not in noon

My second's in knife, but not in spoon

My third is in picture, and also in chair

My fourth is in rabbit, but not in hare

My fifth is in copper, and also in gold

My sixth is in warm, but not in cold

My last is in day, but not in night

My whole was achieved by a long and hard fight

MADGE EDWARDS, Lower IVH.

WHO BEAT THE GERMANS?

"I," said John Bull,

"My hands were full, but

I beat the Germans."

"We," said the Yanks,

"With our planes and tanks,

We beat the Germans."

"I," said Joe Stalin,

"I captured Berlin,

I beat the Germans."

"I," said de Gaulle,

"I did it all,

I beat the Germans."

"We," said the Dutch,

"We stood so much,

We beat the Germans."

Marshall Tito said, "Me,"

I made them all flee,

I beat the Germans."

"We," said the rest,

"We all did our best,

We beat the Germans."

AUDREY PETTIT, U.3H.

THE PARENTS' ASSOCIATION.

Once again in 1945, the activities of the Association were curtailed by enemy action and it was a relief to all when V.E. and V.J. days duly arrived. The Executive committee immediately arranged a party, on June 11th, for the little brothers' and sisters of girls of the School, and for the children of Old Girls. The youngsters enjoyed the games arranged by Fifth and Sixth form girls. It was delightful to see them at tea, and to hear their laughter as "Uncle Arthur" amused them. A Whist Drive arranged for July 14th was not too well attended. The Annual General Meeting was held in September, and there are great expectations that the Association will rapidly assume that Social and Educative vivacity which a good Parents' Association must acquire to be effective.

It is with great regret that we have received the resignation of Mrs. Tweed from her leadership of the Refreshment Committee, a post she has held since she succeeded Mrs. Thomason, and we are deeply appreciative of all she has done for us.

Miss Goldwin has been ready with advice and help at all times, and it is impossible to visualise our committee meetings without her gracious presence. We do thank her. We hope she will still be able to attend our gatherings, and we wish her much happiness in the years to come.

R. E. LICENCE.

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 (Dramatics).

Members-Jeanne Harper, Rita Southgate, Joan Farrow, Ivy Farrow, Kathleen Hetherington, Dorothy Stephens, Joan Johnson, Phyllis Thornborough, Mavis Linay, Yvonne Goppert, Doreen Goodwin.

Hon. Treasurer-Mrs. L. Browne, 25 Sunnysdene Ave., Highams Park, E4.

Hon. Secretary-Mrs. C. Hill, 16 Warwick Court, Bounds Green Road, New Southgate, N.11.

Margaret Richardson Memorial Fund Committee-May

Robertson, Dora Busby, Dora Higham.

Blanche Hewett Scholarship Fund Committee-Minnie Foxon.

We have had only the Summer Social this year as conditions as conditions earlier were not favourable to large gatherings. Now we are looking forward to the combined Social with the Parents' Association, when the Old Girls will make their presentation to Miss Goldwin.

We are able to announce the date of the first Social of 1946, viz., February 7th, at 7 p.m. So you have been given ample time to arrange your engagements. At our Committee Meeting on October 22nd the question of re-starting the Netball Club was brought up, and we hope to do this in the near future. If you are interested, please write to me and I will pass on your name, but first you must pay your subscription to the O.G.A.

Now come the usual pleas for News and Subscriptions. It would really help tremendously if we could have news items all through the year instead of the Sub Editor and Committee trying to get facts from Old Girls' vague remembrances when IRIS is due for the printers.

No subscription means no IRIS! The subscription is 1/- on leaving School, 1/6 for the next two years, and 3/- a year thereafter. A life membership is £2.10.0. The addresses of the Treasurer and myself are above -now can we have a record membership and news list for 1946?

CONSTANCE HILL (Pettit).

Extracts from a letter from Winifred Abery:

Provincial Education Offices,
Kampala,
Uganda.

... There is going to be great demand for teachers out here after the war. African education is very undeveloped by European standards, but the main clog in the way of advance is shortage of qualified teachers able to cope with secondary school work. At the moment all schools are mission-owned, so that their European staff are recruited from religious circles. The conception of a missionary in most of our minds is quite wrong. Most of the teachers here are very fine people with plenty of humour and common sense, and no tendency to proselytise. But because in England we've got the wrong idea about them, good teachers are not likely to be recruited for work in mission schools, and so the development of more secondary schools here is held up. There are no African girls qualified to teach in secondary schools. Maherere College has been turning out men teachers so qualified for years, but 1945 has been the first year in which a girl has passed its Entrance examination, so we have four more years to wait before the first African woman gets on to a secondary school staff.

.... My own work is administrative and not teaching. I am assistant to the Education Officer for the Kingdom of Uganda, and just now am very busy with meetings in each county of the province, at which we meet the chiefs and discuss educational programmes for the coming year. When these meetings are over I shall have more leisure for visiting schools, but already have seen enough to answer questions about them, or about the Colonial Educational Service.

... Since coming to Uganda I've seen the first riots since it became a Protectorate, and think the current remark "see what higher education has done for the native" may be relevant. We have definitely produced a difficult type of African who can see grievances, but hasn't enough vision to help himself round them. The solution to my mind is more and more schools, and a more democratic form of government so that grievances can be aired. There have been many books written about the political system here, so I won't enlarge on it beyond saying that Uganda has far more say in its own government than I ever imagined possible in our colonial empire.

I REMEMBER.

When people say to you "And what did you do in the Second World War?" you will be able to say to them: "I was in the great Evacuation."

Do you remember Miss Norris saying that, when our school was transplanted from Walthamstow to Wellingborough, via Kettering? Do you remember lots of other things-the rickety old bridge over the

quarry, games of "Found a Peanut," the time when somebody's little sister kissed somebody's little brother in the football pavilion (much to little brother's disgust); the dentist at Park Street; Woolworth's; tennis in Swanspool, and Arithmetic Progressions in the Billiards Room?

Of course, there are some things better forgotten-the time when practising rather too zealously for the Dancing Competition, a "billetee" sent the basin of custard flying; or when little brother left the bathroom tap on and flooded the room. But memories of long walks (even if they were mostly to Wilby and back!); haymaking; plays and competitions; work under most amusing conditions-and friendships made, not soon to be broken; these are the lasting memories.

Those of us who were in the Matric. Form that year will not forget, I think, the story of Polydorus, or the translation of the Aeneid that was borrowed from the library until there was 2/7 fine on it; nor the time when we mercilessly blacked the Nubian slave for "Caesar and Cleopatra"; nor yet the girl who cycled to school in the rain, sheltered by an umbrella. I remember Sunday evening walks to Doddington, cool in the starlight, and large suppers round the fire, in an old, old cottage. I remember cycle rides to Sywell, Harrowden, Earls Barton-and Saturday afternoon picnics in the fields near Wilby.

We often wished "Le Petit Chose" far away that year, as we vainly strove to memorise our passage for the French Oral; but he had the last say after all, when it was time to leave school and Wellingborough-"Il y a toujours quelques chose de triste dans un départ. . ."

MAVIS EMPSON (O.G.A.)

OLD GIRLS' DRAMATIC SOCIETY.

We are continuing our efforts, this year without the fictitious stimulus of rockets. On April 28th the Society presented Martinez Sierra's "Cradle Song." This quietly lovely play gave our talented actors full scope for character studies.

The Cast was as follows:

Sister Sagrario Pat Bryan
Sister Marcella..... Irene Radley
The Princess Ita Clarke
Sister Joanna of the Cross Muriel Dru
Mistress of the Novices Vera Beale
The Vicarress Irene Beaufof
Sister Tornera Ruth Super
Sister Inez Daphne Dorling
Doctor Peter Triggs
Sister Marie Jesus Cecilia Wheeler
Teresa Violet Making
Antonio..... David Wallace-Hadrill
Sister Teresa..... Molly Purcell

Stage setting by Mr. James Cooke and Peter Triggs, designed by Vera Beale.

We were greatly helped by friends of the school both on and off the stage. The takings were over £32.

This Christmas we are privileged in being allowed to give a performance once more of a Nativity play in the Parish Church and also in St. Gabriels.

Next term we hope to give another play. The only stipulation is that members of the Dramatic Society must be subscribing members of the O.G.A. Further particulars may be had from **Vera Beale**, 25 West Avenue, E.17.

NEWS.

We congratulate the following Old Girls on their successes:

EDNA KENNY, B.A. French Honours, Class II (Oxford), 1945.

RITA SOUTHGATE. Passed final examination of Chartered Institute of Secretaries, and has applied to become Associate of Institute.

MARGARET WINCH. B.A. Psychology Honours, 1945.

DOROTHY BARNARD. B.A. Cambridge, Economics Tripos, Class II, 1945.

EDNA JENKINSON. B.A. Cambridge, Classical Tripos, Class I, 1945. Edna was awarded the Eleanor Purdie Prize for Greek.

University and Training Colleges, etc.

BARBARA HULL is a 4th year student at Royal Veterinary College, London, evacuated to Streatley.

BERYL JONES is at Westfield College, London.

RUTH LICENCE is undergoing clinical training at Royal Free Hospital for Cambridge Medical Degree.

PAMELA PICKERING is training to be a cookery demonstrator at the South West Essex Technical College.

DOREEN WICKS is at Westfield College, London,

RUTH NORFOLK is taking a Midwifery Course at Edinburgh.

DOROTHY PAMPLIN is training to be a teacher under the Ministry of Education's new scheme at the Forest Training College (South-West Essex) MARGARET BLAKE, AUDREY LEE, and PEGGY GARNHAM are at St. Katherine's Training College, Tottenham.

PAT CURRY is at University College, London.

ROSEMARY GUEST is at Bishop Otter College, Chichester.

Teaching.

JOAN CRADDOCK is at Blackhorse Road School

EVA GANDERTON is at Blackhorse Road Infants. She is also secretary of the Young Teachers' Association.

DOROTHY GRIFFITHS (Mrs. Brooks) is teaching Art at Pinner County School. Middlesex.

PEGGY LAWRENCE (Mrs. Slater) is at Claremont Private School, Prospect Hill).

MARJORIE LORD is at Handsworth Avenue School

MAUD OLIVER is at Blackhorse Road School.

DOROTHY PARROTT is at Selwyn Avenue School.

DAPHNE SKUDDER is at Wellington Avenue School, Chingford.

NELLIE TAYLOR is at Handsworth Avenue School.

EDNA TIMBERLAKE is teaching English at Lewisham Prendergast School (Girls).

MARGARET AUSTIN is at Hale End Road Open Air School.

MARJORIE HAYES is going to teach Art at the Skinners' School, Stamford Hill.

GWEN HODBY is at Maynard Road Infants.

ANNE McDOWELL (née Clarke) has returned to teaching in Walthamstow.

THORA OLSEN is at Wood Street Junior Mixed.

MARGARET STOKES is at Chelmsford.

KATHLEEN DUNKLEY is at the Nursery School in Wyatt's Lane.

OLIVE BAKER is Deputy Matron of Handsworth Avenue Day Nursery.

Miscellaneous.

VERA BARRETT is a Torpedo Wren.

OLIVE BRAMHALL'S husband, Rev. J. C. Wansey, is the new Vicar of Woodford.

ELSIE BURKMAR (Mrs. White) is in the accounts department at Electric House, Walthamstow.

GRACE DAVEY is at Harmer and Simmons, Wireless Engineers.

KATHLEEN DADY is in the A.T.S.

PHYLLIS GANDELL (Mrs. Crook) was working with her husband, Dr. Alan Crook, at Wukingfu Presbyterian Mission Hospital when war broke out, and they managed to get to Australia safely. They have a daughter, Anne, aged 7. Dr. Crook hopes to buy a practice in London on their return in a few months.

AUDREY HAYWARD is practising Chiropody at Finsbury Park.

KATHLEEN HOLT is working in an Insurance Office in the City.

KATHLEEN DENHAM is working in a laboratory at Bengers.

GWEN LAMBERT is going as a Sister to P.M.R.A.F.N.S.R. Sister at King's College Hospital.

WINNIE MOORE was demobilised after reaching the rank of Section Officer in the A.T.S. She is now secretary to Granada Theatres.

JESSIE NICKLEN is a junior librarian. .

DOROTHY PERKINS is working with a Government Department in Madrid.

GLADYS PHILLIPS' husband has been awarded the M.B.E.

JOYCE PRICE is a Company Sergeant Major in Nottingham.

PAMELA SMITH is a Government Inspector of Radio Parts.

WINNIE SMITH is working for the Admiralty at Chichester.

DELYS NASH is a Civil Servant, Land Registry. Her hobby is music, and she plays the 'cello in local musical activities.

HELEN BRADLEY (Mrs. Edwards) is married and living in Sale, Cheshire. She has two children, Bryan (7) and Sheila (10). Sale is their permanent place of residence.

FLORENCE BROWN is in the A.T.S.

VIOLET RANDALL is working at the Food Office.

JOYCE COLLINS left the office staff of the South West Essex Technical College, and is now secretary to St. Katherine's College, Liverpool, evacuated to Keswick.

PHYLLIS THORNBOROUGH is working at the Foreign Office.

PAT JAMES is doing Chemist's work in Walthamstow.

PEGGY CARTER is a shorthand typist and invoice clerk at Culvo and Sculthorn Ltd.

DOROTHY PEARCE is working for her first M.B. She left Ormonde Street Hospital to nurse a grandson of Haile Selassie in Abyssinia.

PAT HICKMAN is working at Cook's Travelling Agency, Piccadilly.

TOBA SCHWARTZ is in the W.A.A.F.

JOYCE NOBLE is a junior clerk at the Associated Board of the Royal Schools of Music.

MARGARET THACKWAY is working at the International Correspondence Schools, training as an architectural examiner.

BERYL ATKINS is in the Income Tax department of Lloyds and National Provincial Foreign Bank.

IVY SEWELL is a Sister at St. John's Hospital, Lewisham.

JOYCE FOSTER and BARBARA RIDGWAY have been accepted by the London Hospital for January, 1947.

BRENDA SEWELL, LILY SMITH, PAT WHITTER and PEGGY WILSON are working for the L.C.C.

MISS MISKIN is in Moscow translating Russian newspapers into English for the Ministry of Information.

MISS PICKERING sailed to West Africa on October 17th to be a teaching missionary.

Marriages.

YVONNE ABBINETT to Lt. Goppert (Canada). 1945.

MARY BELL to Charles George Six. July 21st, 1945.

ELSIE MABEL BROWN to John Douglas Munro. At Chingford Congregational Church, June 16th, 1945.

BERYL CHERRY, L.A.C.W., to F/Lt. Fred John Nicoll, D.F.C. Dec. 23rd, 1944.

MAVIS GOOD, W.A.A.F., to Sub/Lt. Dennis Hart, F.A.A. May 5th, 1945.

MURIEL HOLMES to Mr. Britnell. 1943.

IRIS HOWES to James Snowdon. Sept. 29th, 1945.

DORIS LINES to Edward G. Goodall. Sept. 1st, 1945.

PEGGY LAWRENCE to Geoffrey Slater. Sept. 8th, 1945.

VIOLET MAKING to - Symes.

GLADYS METHVEN to Arthur Naunton. May 12th, 1941.

NORA MORGAN to Dr. Forbes Buchan. June 18th, 1945.

BETTY OYLER to Peter Stanley. April, 1944.

BETTY REEKS to Sgt. James Martin. March 31st, 1945.

KATHLEEN ROBERTSON to Percy A. Small, Ph.D. May 12th, 1945.

EVELYN WRIGHT to Ted Clark. - 1944.

DOROTHY GRIFFITHS to William H. Brooks. 1945.

ANNE CLARKE to Sgt. J. P. McDowell, R.A.F., on Feb. 3rd, 1945, at St. Patrick's Church, Walthamstow.

Staff.

Adrian C. Nicholson to Surgeon Lt. John L. Souster, R.N.V.R. April 7th, 1945.

Births.

RITA BETTERIDGE (Mrs. Phillips), a son, Malcolm.

NORA BLOFIELD (Mrs. Rose), a son, July, 1945, in Australia.

YVONNE BAYES (Mrs. Barrett), a son, Michael John Hawthorn. March 22nd, 1945.

HETTIE BURR (Mrs. Jesty), a daughter, Amanda. April 24th, 1945.

EDITH BURNELL (Mrs. Adams), a daughter, Marguerite Frances. Aug. 2nd, 1945.

BLANCHE CORBITT (Mrs. Ling Bingham), a son, Nickolas, brother to Jenny. March, 1945.

SYLVIA CURTIS (Mrs. Williamson) a daughter, Judith Sylvia Dec. 20th, 1943.

JEAN DALLAS (Mrs. Masters) a daughter, Jennifer Dallas. Sept 9th 1945.

To Rev. and Mrs. Leslie DAGGER (Wellingborough, foster-parents) a daughter, Nina Christine. July 13th, 1945.

EDNA EAST (Mrs. Geddes), a daughter.
SYLVIA HINER (Mrs. Gillett), a son. Gare du Pasquier, Dec., 13th
1944
MURIEL HOLMES (Mrs. Britnell), a child, 1944
BESSIE HUBLER (Mrs. ?), a child.
MARGARET HUDSON (Mrs. Burks), a son, Michael Edward, Sept.
5th, 1945
DOROTHY JENNINGS (Mrs Gilham Dayton), a daughter, Angela
Carole. April 2nd, 1945.
EILEEN LISHER (Mrs. Connaughton), a daughter, 1943.
MARJORIE LONGMAN (Mrs. Bacon), a daughter, Jean Marjorie
EILEEN MACKIE (Mrs. Coates), a son, Derek Leslie. Feb. 20th,
1945
MARY McGLADDERY (Mrs. Foster), a daughter, Margaret.
DOROTHY NORFOLK (Mrs. Norfolk), a daughter, Jennifer
Dorothy Aug. 9th, 1945.
BETTY OYLER (Mrs. Stanley), a daughter, Pamela Joy. Dec. 31st,
1944
RUTH PARKER (Mrs. Robbins), a daughter, Pamela, Jan. 9th, 1945.
EILEEN STANDEN (Mrs. Dallas), daughters, Mary and Diana.
FLOSSIE SUCKLING (Mrs. Fox), a son, Brian Michael. 1945.
ELENA WEST (Mrs. Gibson Jones), a son, Michael Henry. Oct 20th,
1945.
LOUIE WHITE (Mrs. Dallas), a second daughter, Heather Eirwen.
Oct. 1944.
BETTY WILLIAMS (Mrs. Harris), a daughter, Susan. Jan. 29th,
1944.
MARIE DANGER (Mrs. Roxby-Bott), a daughter, Thérèse. Oct.
17th, 1945
LILY GRIFFITHS (Mrs. Herbert), a son, Adrian. July 23rd, 1945.
IRENE WAKELIN (Mrs. L. Kerrison), a son, Brian Robert. Jan 5th,
1944

Deaths.

DORA CROSS (née Shurmur), 15th June 1945
MADGE MILES, April 19th, 1945

IN MEMORIAM.

It is with great regret that we report the death of Madge Miles on April 19th, 1945. She was at School from 1916 to 1922: in 1921 the girls asked to be allowed to have a Head Girl and elected Madge. By her unusual power of leadership, her fearless honesty and her great love for the School, she made a real success of the experiment and set a very high standard for her successors.

Her affection for the school never wavered and she gave invaluable help during the evacuation years in Wellingborough as well as at very many other times.

Her gentleness, unselfishness and sincerity made her loved and respected wherever she went and her untimely death will lead a gap in the lives of her many friends.