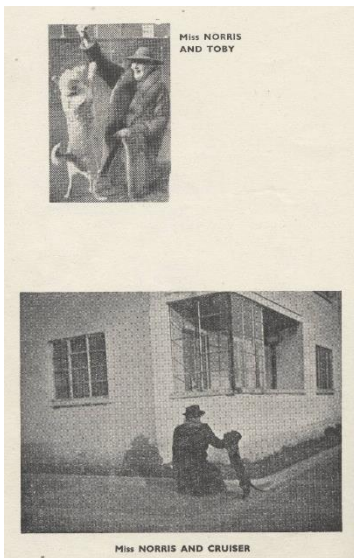


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MISS NORRIS AND TOBY



MISS NORRIS AND CRUISER

Walthamstow High School Magazine Spring - 1946

HEAD MISTRESS' FOREWORD.

It is with a heavy heart that I write this, my last foreword to "Iris," for as most of you know, I shall be retiring at Easter; of course I hate the thought of leaving you all, but in my retirement I shall have the consolation of a mind stored with happy memories of good companions, of good times and of good fellowship.

When I look back over the twenty-two happy years I have spent at Walthamstow, I think first and foremost of Miss Hewett, the presiding genius of our School, I think of the spirit of friendliness and goodwill which has always been its chief characteristic, I think of a host of friends-Staff, Parents, Girls, and Old Girls, I think of their continuous kindness, loyalty and forbearance and my heart overflows with gratitude for which mere words seem quite inadequate.

I know you would wish me to offer a very sincere welcome to my successor, Miss Burnett, M.A., (Edin.), Second Mistress of Colston's Girls' School, Bristol. I hope she will be as happy as I have been; I cannot wish her better.

About the future, my plans are still uncertain, but Miss Goldwin and I are hoping to fly to Brazil to visit my brother, who lives in Rio de Janeiro; when I return I am going to settle down at Wembley with my brother. Wherever I go or whatever I do, I shall always remain,
Your very affectionate friend,
MARY NORRIS.

"Honoris Causa"

Miss Norris is retiring after much good service and great helpfulness to many hundreds of our girls. It was about twenty-two years ago that I first met Miss Norris and was a member of the Committee that appointed her and I have never for a moment since then doubted the wisdom of our choice.

She has, during her time at the School, shaped the course of many young lives, moulded their character and broadened their minds. Very many of the girls who have gone out from the School and have made their mark in the world owe a great debt of gratitude to Miss Norris for the care she bestowed on them and the knowledge and advice she gave them. She has every reason to be proud of the work she has done in the School, and she has earned the rest and peace of mind that many hundreds of her pupils and friends will wish her in retirement.

CATHERINE McENTEE, *Chairman.*

Many were the cries of dismay and incredulity from staff, girls past and present, parents and countless other friends when it became known that Miss Norris was retiring at the end of this term. As one old girl said to me, "We can't bear to lose her; it can't be true that she is sixty; she is as young and as full of new ideas as ever."

On looking back over the last twenty-two years we marvel at all she has achieved; in the very early days, the Greek Theatre, planned by her and built by the West Ham unemployed who, inspired by her enthusiasm, were full of interest in the work, and under her direction, cheerfully experimented until it was all right; then the Library, with its beautiful and satisfying furnishings and its quiet peaceful atmosphere, the Biology Laboratory, the Gymnasium, the extension of the Staff Room in the form of a light cheerful alcove with a soft carpet and comfortable chairs, the lovely garden with its rose-walk round a quadrangle of tall grasses and flowering trees and *the plane*, a descendant of the famous tree at Thermopylae, and the pond, whose foundation-cement, reinforced with her nephew, Mike's spring mattress, she joyfully laid; for cement is one of her many and varied interests.

Always, as new developments appeared on the horizon, she has been a pioneer in introducing them into the School, wireless, a radiogram, microphones, electric clocks, which also automatically ring the bells, and a hundred others. She has always valued and maintained the old customs but at the same time she has ever been ready to adopt new ones-new charities in addition to the old, the Fifth Form plays, rehearsed at great speed after the General School Examination and, most important of all, the formation of a very much alive Parents' Association ten years ago. For shining through everything she does is her belief in co-operation and goodwill, beginning in the small communities of home and school and extending always further afield till the whole world is embraced. This same spirit made a success of evacuation and carried the School through the difficult years between our return to Walthamstow and the end of the war.

When Miss Norris came I think what struck me first was her vivid personality, her almost magical power of making obstacles vanish, and her gift of laughter. Very soon I realised the quality of her mind, scholarly with great breadth of vision and absolutely honest, and I, with very many others, girls, parents and staff, had experience of her kindness, understanding, sympathy and very great generosity. She is indeed a wonderful friend.

We have all been greatly blessed in having such a Headmistress for so many years; she has left her impress of love of sound learning, of freedom and of world-wide goodwill on the School, past, present and I confidently believe to come.

M. B. GOLDWIN.

Once, many years ago, when I had been in my first post for two years, the head resigned and the consternation amongst the rest of the staff was acute. She was a very good head, but I reminded them that there must be plenty of other good ones about. It did not seem to afford them much comfort!

Now I can appreciate their feelings completely. Here are we being bereft of senior mistress and headmistress in the space of a few months. It is too much, I have been going through the years that Miss Norris has been with us in my mind and find much to praise and so little to blame.

The garden has blossomed under her care and interest, and the Greek Theatre, although we have occasionally reviled it in secret, is really a source of great pride and much pleasure.

Miss Norris has shown tolerance towards the idiosyncrasies of the staff, she has looked after their creature comforts in a wonderful way, and above all she has set a tremendously high standard of social service to us and the whole school. No one could leave the school without realising her duties as a citizen of this country and of the world.

Lastly, is not Miss Norris a dog lover and the owner of the most entrancing strip of black quicksilver in existence? We shall miss her and her nimble attendant many, many times in the days to come.

Miss Norris has made a name for herself and has built up the reputation of the School in the years in which she has been head.

We are indeed grateful to her and wish her great happiness in the coming years.

E. R. JACOB.

From **PHYLLIS M. Boon (Attenborough)**, Head Girl, 1923-1925), at present teaching French and German at the County Grammar School for Boys, Altrincham:-

When I left School Miss Norris had really only just come, and it seems incredible to me that "the Hew Headmistress" should already be retiring.

Many things which of course are taken for granted now were new in those days of transition. Higher School Certificate, for instance, was quite a new thing. Several of us were introduced to the idea when Miss Norris first came, and she took charge of our Latin personally. We used to sit in a row in her room suffering what I believe were called mental jerks, the new Greek statues on their pedestals presiding over all. Among other things I remember learning a rhyme to assist in the scansion of Latin verse:-

"Down in a deep, dark dell sat
An old sow munching a turnip;
Out of its mouth there came
Somnolent sonorous grunts."

After five terms, instead of the usual six, we took the examination with a certain amount of abandon, or so it would seem now since H.S.C. has become such a grim affair, for we were in the midst of rehearsing for the performance of "Medea," which officially opened the Greek Theatre, another of the new things. We did one of our afternoon papers dressed in our Greek costumes, as we had no time to change after being photographed during the dinner hour. In spite of all such diversions, however, we got our Higher Certificates.

To take part in "Medea" with Miss Sybil Thorndike and her family and friends was a great thrill, and it was through the good offices of Miss Norris's cousin, Mr. Wood-Hill, that the Greek Theatre held such a brilliant opening. Even the weather co-operated and everything went well from the first moments of the very entertaining rehearsal in the morning to the crowning with laurels of Miss Thorndike in the afternoon. I think we all felt that the achievement of a Greek Theatre added further lustre to the already great record of the School in which we took such pride.

From **EDITH A. HAMBLIN née HATCH**, Head Girl, 1925-1926:-

How well I remember the feeling of bitter resentment with which I awaited Miss Norris coming to Walthamstow High School. There is no more unreasonable creature than a schoolgirl in her teens, and it seemed quite impossible that anybody could ever replace the beloved Head mistress who had just retired to enjoy a well-deserved rest. So it is a high tribute indeed to Miss Norris when I say that very quickly my resentment vanished and gave place to a feeling of deep affection for this new Head mistress, who could also inspire the school with the same spirit of service and co-operative endeavour that had long been its tradition. I found that Miss Norris was a wise Head, an understanding friend to everyone of her girls who needed her, and I, among countless others, have much cause to feel deeply grateful to her for good advice and ready help, and to regret that the time has now come for her to retire.

One really high spot in my memories of Walthamstow High School with Miss Norris at the helm comes to my mind—the unforgettable experience of ten glorious days in Paris with Miss Norris and other members of the staff as delightful companions and guides. We raced about from one part of the French capital to another, braving taxis and excited gendarmes who seemed to wave their arms about incessantly in a vain endeavour to control the traffic; we visited art galleries, palaces, gardens, operas, theatres, and, of course, the shops, and in short gave a very good imitation of the American hustle. What a lot we learned in those ten days—but not necessarily French!

From my office at Eastbourne, where I am kept busy as my optician husband's secretary, I send greetings to Miss Norris, to Walthamstow High School, past and present, and hold fast to the conviction that in the future the School will continue to make its very valuable contribution to the life of our country.

From **MARY RABSON**, Head Girl, 1926-1928 (teaching at Watford).

When Miss Norris first came to Walthamstow High School I was not yet in the VIth Form, but I recall, that even at that age, we were all most apprehensive at the thought of a new Head. "The old order changeth," foundations were rocking; could anything ever be the same again?

My chief recollection is of our relief that there was no upheaval or revolution of school life. Our security was uninterrupted there was a new head, and yet life had not stopped.

I think, next, that we impulsive youngsters were a little awed at the unhurried and dignified pace of our new head, when seen against our scuttling, breathless gait; it was a different tempo, and we grew to appreciate its grace.

Then I remember the life that came to our study of Latin. All that we had learned before seemed to glow into warmth, I remember VIth Form lessons in small groups in Miss Norris's room before a good fire, ourselves on the floor, and Horace becoming a person instead of a dead author.

We also became aware of ancient Greece. Greek pictures appeared on the School walls, and at the same time a Greek Theatre began to grow in the School garden, built by local unemployed men. Sybil Thorndike and her company came to open the Theatre with a performance of the "Medea," and we (then Vth formers) sat in school doing S.C. botany to the sound of Greek battering rams coming from the theatre, as we drew cross-sections of specimens.

Before I left, a biology laboratory and (blessed peace!) a separate library came into being, surely due in large measure to the foresight and persuasive gifts of Miss Norris.

For these and many other good things I wish to thank her.

From **PHYLLIS WOOLNOUGH**, Head Girl, 1928-1930. (Education lecturer at Edgehill Training College):-

I remember very vividly the time when Miss Norris became our "new Headmistress." I remember

too that term after term the phrase lingered on our tongues and in our minds, and yet that long before it fell into disuse she had established herself in our affections. And indeed it was not merely our youthful conservatism that made us retain the word "new." There continued to be a newness in the quality of Miss Norris's enthusiasm, a freshness in the interest she brought to all the activities of a very active school, which explained our forgetting sometimes how long she had been with us.

It has been one of her great gifts never to appear too busy to join us in our recreations, listen to our personal problems, or devise ways of helping us that only she would have thought of. Many an old girl (and perhaps many of the present four hundred-or is it now five?) will recall how on a Saturday morning when we were "chairing" the Greek Theatre, Miss Norris would stand by the altar letting her handkerchief stream in the breeze to test the prospects of fair weather for an afternoon performance, feeling, we knew, as keenly as the actors, the importance of the occasion, and vowing a sacrifice, we privately suspected, to Apollo, the sungod. Other head girls will remember, as I do, with gratitude, the graciousness and wisdom with which she helped them to carry and yet not be overburdened by the responsibilities of an office that was not a sinecure. Others who have received similar kindnesses will envy me this opportunity to record one further memory. It was a hot summer afternoon very near the end of term, and I was regretting, in Miss Norris' company, that my aunts and I had been improvident and left our holiday arrangements so late that now we despaired of making any. At once I was aware of something afoot. There were hurried consultations with Miss Goldwin, hasty departures and returns, messages given and received. Before the end of the afternoon I was amazed to find our holiday problems solved for us in the most generous and delightful way. We were, Miss Norris insisted, to borrow her sister's flat. It had been arranged by telegram.

We of the nineteen-twenties wish Miss Norris all happiness now that she is joining the ranks of old girls. For her successor we wish as much affection from the generation whose "new Headmistress" she will be, and as much regret when she in her turn comes to leave.

From **Q. BLENCH**, Head Girl, 1930-1931. (Teaching at Christ's Hospital, Hertford):-

I find it difficult to remember quite how young I was when I first met Miss Norris, but I remember the occasion-at prayers in the Hall, and I was certainly very near the front row and the bottom of the School. To my surprise she read the prayers in a slightly different order. I was impressed, I had supposed them fixed for ever. The next change was more materialistic: it was the replacement of our little round oddities of hats by a superior black felt. But Miss Norris's most impressive creation was the building of the Greek Theatre in the School grounds. For so long it was merely a forbidden mud patch, then a variant to the usual round in break: at last came the proud opening and the appearance of Sybil Thorndike in the "Medea." Greek plays in translation and Greek dancing became the fashion and for several years a group of colours used in the dresses of the chorus were known to my contemporaries as "Medea colours." Latin had already been introduced into the School, but I think Miss Norris was certainly responsible for the addition of Greek into the curriculum, and for a greater emphasis on Classics. I shall always remember her Horace classes as my first introduction to scholarly thoroughness. My remembrance ends where it began, in the School Hall, when I was no longer in the front row but at the end of the long queue waiting for her customary handshake at the end of term. I was glad to be going on but still sorry to be leaving the School, and then, as now, grateful for many kindnesses from my former Headmistress.

From **MARGARET THOMSON (DALLAS)**. Head Girl, 1931-1932. (Bringing up a son, and household duties):

Since I left the High School in 1932 I have met many hundreds of secondary school girls from all parts of the British Isles. As an intending, and practising teacher I have naturally been interested to discover what it was that these schools gave as "secondary education," compared with my own impressions of Walthamstow High School. In our discussions I have invariably been confirmed in my opinion that Miss Norris and her staff had already achieved more than twenty years ago what the pedagogues are still telling us should be the aims of the "New Education." Perhaps that is why, too, the many books on the principles of education have so often seemed to me to be saying the obvious: we at Walthamstow had, from our first entry into the School assimilated them as a matter of course.

To have inspired in generation after generation of giddy school girls the twin ideas of freedom and service is a notable achievement. Nor may it be realised how few schools had our opportunities of learning how to use our leisure. Therefore, instead of the hard grind of examinations still the be-all and end-all of so many schools-I shall always remember that other side of school life: "Garden" with glass-houses, dancing in the Greek Theatre, competition days and reading in the Library. All these things and countless others that made up the pattern of "Our School," we owe most of all to the wisdom and understanding of Miss Norris.

From **ROSE STEPHENS (BRAZIER)**. Head Girl, 1932-1933. (Present occupation-domestic life private coaching and occasional supply teaching);

It is very difficult to visualise Walthamstow High School without Miss Norris, and the loss of her seems all the greater following so closely on the retirement of Miss Goldwin.

One of my earliest recollections is of a lantern lecture which Miss Norris gave on the Dolomites. I was about ten years old at the time and was absolutely thrilled by the wonderful views of the mountains, and from that time I was determined that I too would travel. Miss Norris always seemed to find opportunities for interesting lectures, either given by members of the staff or by visitors to the School. We always looked forward to these breaks and the wide interests brought to us enriched our school life.

We had plenty of opportunities to use our initiative in preparing for the various tournaments and competitions which were held throughout the school year.

Miss Norris made the garden very beautiful and she encouraged us to use it for our lessons and for our private study. We did appreciate this and I'm afraid it led to much good humoured rivalry amongst us.

Space does not permit to tell of the interest which Miss Norris aroused in us for international affairs and of the League Assembly which she arranged. However, one cannot finish without reference to the very happy and friendly spirit fostered by Miss Norris, which seems to be just the same now as it was twenty years ago. One always feels that Miss Norris has time for everyone and everything and that atmosphere of serenity is very precious in these harassing times.

From **DR. FOSTER (MARY McGLADDERY)**. Head Girl, 1935-1936. (Assistant medical practitioner, Potters Bar):-

In our early days at school we were like newborn kittens; quite blind, but unconscious of our defects. We met Miss Norris to account for our misdeeds and learned that "excuses were not reasons," and continued to make excuses and call them reasons. In the middle school we were surprised to learn that her conception of team work was not limited to games *alone*, and began to appreciate her fairmindedness. Later we realised that a school could not be run without discipline and began to sympathise with the problems of a headmistress at last.

Sometimes she must have hated us; our mulish expressions when beaten in an argument, our untidiness, our horrid hairstyles, our attempts to mould a gym tunic and school hat into a replica of the latest foible of fashion. However, I've did not know how strange we looked, and our self-confidence remained supreme until Miss Norris advised us to "buy a new school hat" or "loosen our girdle."

When we left school we looked back on friends left behind. We made new friends and found ourselves thinking more seriously of the sound principles of morality and fair judgment we had been taught.

We missed school prayers and were glad that Miss Norris had insisted that we must think for ourselves.

It will not be the same school when Miss Norris leaves. The school we knew was her school, and she left her mark on us.

My individual regret is that my daughter cannot be sent to her as her pupil. I can only hope that she may be as fortunate as I was in her headmistress and her school.

From **EDNA TIMBERLAKE**. (Head Girl, 1936-1937). (English Mistress, Prendergast School, Lewisham):-

I have to compress my reminiscences of 1936-1937 into a very small space, which is a difficult task.

The first thing that I remember was the freedom we were allowed to do things for ourselves; so many of us gained valuable experience in this way for our post-school lives. I remember that Miss Norris asked my humble opinion on some problems-as she no doubt asked the opinion of other head girls. This removed us from the status of "teacher and taught" to that of "counsellor and experimenter." I was proud and happy to be head girl of Walthamstow High School.

Freedom to express oneself was and is an outstanding characteristic of the School. I remember it particularly in such lessons as art and music appreciation, scripture and current affairs, and in all the School societies.

A final word. No-one could ever leave Walthamstow High School without knowing one of the best ways to become a good citizen. I wonder how often I heard Miss Norris give her end-of-term advice to girls who were leaving. "Join the League of Nations Union and do your bit to bring about world peace; do one bit of social service regularly." I have proved not only that it was good advice, but that it was, and is, one of the secrets to happiness.

From **MARGARET GRACEY**. Head Girl, 1937-1939. (Administrative Staff and Admiralty):-

I always remember that at the end of every school year Miss Norris, in her annual address, would impress on the school and especially on those leaving, the necessity for taking up some voluntary work and doing it regularly each week. At first I could never quite understand her insistence on this point, just as I could not see why Corinthians II., Chapter 13, was read so frequently at prayers; but gradually I came to realise her intense conviction that eternal moral and spiritual values were of far more importance than transient material ones, and her desire that these vital truths should be made clear to all the school. But this spiritual conception of life, combined in her case with a rare gift of scholarship and evident enjoyment of the literary and artistic beauties of ancient Greece and Rome, Miss Norris gave to all who passed through the School an inheritance for which they can never thank her adequately.

From **JOYCE GERDES**, 1939-1940, (Teaching at Ilford):- September, 1939-"South of The Border"-Polish Corridor bombed-evacuation-"Run-Rabbit-Run"-invasion of the Low Countries-"Hang out your washing on the Siegfried Line"-fall of Belgium-Dunkirk-fall of France-"There'll always be an England."

This year, we did not only discover the merits of book learning.

Indeed, I have realised that during the whole of my school life, training as a decent and responsible citizen played a very important part.

How often have I surprised my friends when trying to describe Miss Norris's ideas on freedom and discipline and how thankful have I been that I escaped some of their disciplinary experiences. We who have left, have taken with us thoughts and ideas, at first unconsciously absorbed. Perhaps we have our own interpretations and reveal them in our own spheres of life and in our politics, but the fundamental ideas of freedom and justice were inculcated at school. For this and many other things I give thanks to Miss Norris and the Staff, I am glad, indeed, to be able to pay my tribute for fine work done in a fine School. The School will undoubtedly miss the qualities of Miss Norris, who has contributed so much to the character of the School.

From **CATHERINE ISAACS (RHODES)**. Head Girl, 1940-1941. (Teaching at Ribston High School for Girls, Worcester):-

It is with great pleasure that I once more contemplate Walthamstow High School and the happy years I spent there. The character of a school depends on the headmistress and her staff, and we were exceedingly fortunate in having Miss Norris who, by her wise guidance and constant encouragement, produced that School of which we are justly proud and to which we are so much indebted. Miss Norris encouraged self-discipline, which gave as a freedom accompanied by additional personal responsibility, to strengthen the character and pave the way for the greater responsibilities to follow.

Miss Norris's retirement is a personal loss to the School both past and present; the loss of one who lead and inspired whilst making us think we were accomplishing so much ourselves. Perhaps the highest tribute that can be paid her is to reflect that no one has more completely lived up to that School motto of which we shall never need to be reminded. Every pupil has been an individual in whom Miss Norris has taken personal interest, and she has used every gift to help each one to attain the highest possible standard, morally and intellectually.

All those of us who were evacuated during the war years are filled with admiration for the Headmistress who was a constant source of encouragement and vitality in spite of every difficulty. The countless obstacles with which Miss Norris was continually faced were surmounted with heroic courage and determination, and we feel justified in handing her the laurels for yet another victory in the history of the School.

A glow of pleasure always accompanies our recollection of the friendships made at School, and we can remember the fervour with which we joined Miss Norris in singing:-

"Here has glad comradeship our spirits caught.

To heights undreamt of"

On behalf of all my contemporaries, I should like to conclude with these words to Miss Norris-thank you; congratulations on your great achievements; and every good wish for your future happiness.

From **JEAN MASTERS (DALLAS)**, Head Girl, 1941-1942, (Sailing for America).

As a small child at school, one's interviews with Miss Norris were comparatively rare. She appeared regularly to read the three weekly marks, and officiated every morning at prayers, but it was not unless one had been ill or had misbehaved that one entered, with some trepidation, the awe-inspiring and chilly atmosphere of the front hall. As one grew older, however, the opportunities for closer contact were more frequent. I shall never forget the invigorating discussions in scripture lessons, when we were encouraged to express our views, not only on religious matters, but on various closely allied subjects.

We who were evacuated came to know Miss Norris probably better than any preceding generation of Walthamstow High School girls. For us she became not only our headmistress, but more than ever, a "guide, philosopher and friend." The years of evacuation must have been a great strain, with foster mothers to be visited, billets to be found and the constant smoothing out of difficulties which must necessarily have arisen with two schools sharing one building; but we saw none of this, Miss Norris was always ready to offer advice on our comparatively insignificant problems, with sympathy and understanding. We sought her out at her hotel and even her Sunday mornings were not her own. These were spent at the canteen, where parents were brought if they were in Wellingborough for the weekend.

Some of my most amusing memories are of Miss Norris at school parties, tenaciously hanging on

to chairs in "Hyde Park," and at one Sixth Form party, being fed with jelly by Yvonne Abbinett-both of them were blindfold!

Now I, with my four months old daughter Jennifer, am waiting to join my husband in America. I shall take with me the happiest of memories, and only hope that my daughter will enjoy her school days as much as I did.

From **DOROTHY BARNARD**. Head Girl, 1942-1943. (3rd year Economics Student, Girton College, Cambridge):-

Since I have never known the School without Miss Norris, it is well nigh impossible to separate one's impressions of her from one's memories of school, and to judge precisely what are those qualities which she has given to the School, and which are peculiarly hers.

In the days of the Lower Thirds she was an austere and somewhat terrifying person who read prayers, presided at functions like prize-givings, and read three weekly marks. It was the war and evacuation which made Miss Norris a person for me. But in Wellingborough I learnt to know her as a sympathetic person, who dealt with unfailing good humour, patience and persistent courage, with all the trials and burdens of evacuation. Quite what those burdens were probably she and the staff alone know.

My year as head girl witnessed another upheaval in the end of our stay in Wellingborough, and the problems of readjustment and settling in Walthamstow. The task of uniting the two parts of the School and attempting to maintain unbroken the traditions of the School, was tackled by Miss Norris in a magnificent way.

At this period the way in which she sought the co-operation of the School was an effective demonstration of the way in which Miss Norris practised those principles of democracy in which she so firmly believes. In her relationship with the School and with the head girl, criticism, consultation, the seeking of advice all played their part.

Scripture lessons, meetings of the League of Nations Union, private conversations, were all imbued in a liberal, tolerant, christian spirit which is so essentially hers. And in an age of such intolerance and violence these qualities are to be treasured and prized.

From **PAMELA SMITH**. Head Girl, 1943-1944. (Radio Research Laboratory, Hayes):-

My recollections of Miss Norris range from the peaceful days of 1938 to the troubled era of rockets and flying bombs. These years brought fresh duties to all of us, but with them Miss Norris undertook perhaps the heaviest task of all-the educational and personal responsibility for more than three hundred girls.

Courage, good humour and resourcefulness were needed, and these Miss Norris showed on all occasions, from the early days, when community singing was organized in the unhallowed precincts of a football pavilion, to the time when prayers in the Congregational Church were a regular feature of school life. Miss Norris's duties, moreover, did not end with the term, as long holidays became more and more things of the past, she gave freely of the spare time left to her as the informal hostess to hundreds of parents and girls.

Yet the human problems brought out by the war did not prevent Miss Norris from carrying on with the full educational programme, and even enlarging the scope of the School's activities. No reasonable calls were left unanswered. Red Cross work was begun, parties were sent out to help the farmers, and a great campaign for the "Aid to Russia Fund" was speedily launched.

Always a great and untiring supporter of the League of Nations, Miss Norris was, too, among the first to recognise the value of the World Citizenship Movement which carried on, to a great extent, the old work of the League. She gave the School every opportunity of being represented at its meetings, and aided by her example, the cause of international goodwill.

None of us who knew Miss Norris during these latter years will ever forget her work, and I am sure all will join in saying, "Thank you," to one who became not only a headmistress to us, but our true guide and friend.

From **DOREEN WICKS**. Head Girl, 1944-1945. (Student at Westfield College):-

"To muse and brood, and live again in memory,

With those old faces of our infancy."

Tennyson.

How true these lines are. "Do you remember so and so?" you will say. "Do you remember Miss Norris?" Who could forget? I have only heard of the opening of the gymnasium, the library, the building of the Greek Theatre, but I remember well the Bazaar and Fun Fair in my first year at School; the Dog Shows, and I realise how well Miss Norris discriminated, how well she chose entertainments that pleased both children and older people. She would never embark upon anything that she knew was uninteresting to us. During my two years in the Sixth Form I recall with pleasure those weekly scripture lessons in which we talked of anything and everything, world affairs, school topics, the weather. Miss Norris was equally at home in any of them. The School will never forget those little individual touches about her; an interest in gardening perhaps; an affection for dogs or for hymns 146 and A3. Nor will anyone fail to remember her general interest in everyone. "How are you," she would say; "How are you getting on." Nothing was too trivial for her attention.

Few headmistresses can claim to have had a more eventful life at school than Miss Norris, and perhaps more than anything else I shall always remember her courage in holding the school together, with the help of the staff, in the flying bomb period of 1945. To her it was far more of an ordeal than for us, more of a trial than we shall perhaps ever realise. Each of us was mainly concerned with herself, and her own individual life, but she had two hundred people to think about. But why think of the past? It shows a destructive and unenterprising spirit. One cannot think of Miss Norris idle even when she has left school. Some form of social work will claim her, for she will always say,

"How dull it is to pause and make an end.

To rust unburnished, not to shine in use."

From **EVELYN WEBB**, Head Girl, 1945-1946:-

When I had my first connection with Miss Norris I was only a Lower Third. I was also at Wellingborough, but for a very short period. A vast amount of water has flowed under the bridge since then, and anything that may have happened has been blotted out of my memory.

My next meeting with Miss Norris came when I was in the Upper IVth Form. She then had the job of getting Walthamstow High School back to its pre-war strength and standards, not an easy thing to do. Everyone, I think, will agree that Miss Norris has done a fine piece of unselfish hard work.

Maybe her outlook has something to do with it. For she tried, and succeeded, to inspire in us the twin ideas of freedom and service.

Thanks are indeed due to Miss Norris for her help and advice with regard to our studies, I shall always connect her with the saying:-

"Education is all that is left after you have forgotten everything you have ever learnt."

Among many other admirable qualities, Miss Norris possesses a fine christian spirit. We shall all miss her more than words can say. Perhaps we should be thankful that we have the Greek Theatre, by which to remember her and all that she stood for.

There remains no more to add, but to wish her a very happy and enjoyable retirement.

I was a pupil at the School when Mr. John Higham introduced Miss Norris to us as our new

Headmistress, but it is as Secretary of the Old Girls' Association that I would like to record our appreciation of all Miss Norris has done for us both as an Association and as individual old girls. Since her appointment, she has been President of the Association and her interest in old girls has never failed. I cannot recall any function of the old girls' various activities at which she was not present.

As Secretary, I have had to ask Miss Norris's advice and help many times, and it has always been freely and generously given. I am sure, too, that the Treasurer appreciates Miss Norris's help, as she has a genius for extracting subscriptions from old girls who come as visitors and go away members of the Association. Not only this, but owing to her keen "news-sense" where *Iris* is concerned, they leave behind valuable news items, and old girls owe her a lot when they come to what they call the most interesting part of *Iris*.

We all wish her many happy years of retirement, and not a few of us envy her travels, which we hope will not keep her away from too many of our functions,

CONSTANCE HILL (PETTIT), Secretary, O.G.A.

It came as a shock that our worthy President, Miss M. Norris, M.A., was to leave us. It was on her suggestion that the inaugural meeting of the Parents' Association was held on 17th October, 1935: this was a most enthusiastic occasion and on that day the Association was founded. From the outset to the present time Miss Norris has been most sympathetic and encouraging to all the thoughts and wishes of the parents. She was not anxious to hold office, and desired the parents to work out their own organisation, but we have always felt that we could have no other President and no other Chairman of Executive than Miss Norris, for herself, and not in her capacity as Headmistress. She has always taken a keen interest in all the affairs of the Association and has been most ready to co-operate and advise. Our social events, such as whist drives, dances and fun fairs have always had her whole-hearted support as well as the lectures, debates and items of more educative value; she has been most anxious to know personally all parents, but in particular her happiest functions were when the tiny brothers and sisters of the girls have been gathered at the School. Heads of schools usually have some outstanding characteristic by which they are remembered and in this respect we shall connect the name of Miss Norris with the evacuation years at Wellingborough. Her kindly thought for the moral and physical welfare of our daughters, as well as the determination with which she fought for the best interests of the School will stay long in our thoughts. We wish Miss Norris God-speed, happy days and a long term of good health in which to enjoy her well-earned leisure.

R. E. LICENCE (Secretary of the Parent's' Association).

I feel I would like to write a word of appreciation to Miss Norris from Hazell and myself. We came to the High School in 1920 and served under Miss Hewett, our late Head. As soon as we arrived at the School, Miss Hewett, with her friendly spirit, soon made us feel at home, and after four years we had to say goodbye on her retirement. How sad we felt, we just wondered if we should like our new Head. However, the day came when Miss Norris arrived and took up the reins where Miss Hewett had laid them down and there was no more fear. When war came, and our School was sent to Wellingborough, we shall never forget how they all filed past my garden gate saying goodbye. The girls all looked very cheerful and happy, but Miss Norris and Staff looked very sad. We just wondered when we should all meet again, but one day in December, 1942, brought them all back safely and very happy to be back in their old School. During those unhappy days Miss Norris never forgot us. We shall always remember her quiet thank you and appreciation for and the little things we did for her.

We had to say goodbye to Miss Goldwin last term after many years of friendship, and we wish them both good luck, God-speed on their travels and a very happy retirement.

A. E. and S. J. HAZELL.

A Bark For Miss Norris

As Head Dog of the School I feel that it is my right, as well as my pleasure and privilege, to voice the regret of the Staff Dogs at your leaving us and our appreciation of all the kindness which you have bestowed upon our race during the past twenty-two years. Especially do I think that I should write this tribute; I am not merely a grand daughter of the School, as are some of the girls, but a great, great grand daughter, my great grandfather Ranger, having entered the School in 1917.

And so, on behalf of Nicky, Cæsar, Bracken, Sandy, Bandy, Anne, Mac and Cruiser (the rest of us grieve to think that Cruiser is leaving without finishing his School course and without taking his General Schools' Examination), I thank you for the never failing welcome we have always found, the warm atmosphere of love for all dogs which has made us feel that this School was a good place in which to be. Even at times when we have broken School rules, an understanding face has looked down on us and a kindly hand has given us a forgiving pat. You led some of us through the great evacuation and you have given us great days when our Dog Shows have made Walthamstow, if not all England, appreciate our help and value.

We shall miss you very, very much, but our good wishes go out to you for a very, very happy retirement, with many bones and biscuits and lovely walks.

Any from the happy hunting grounds I hear a hail across the Styx, giving thanks for the memories of happy days at School, from Jane, Romp, John, Togy, Stitch, Old Mac, and last, but most beloved of all, Toby.

Farewell and many happy days.

ROSTRE OF RANSCOMBE (Rossie).



Phyllis Lovick – Greek Theatre

Sub-Editor's Letter

In the compiling of this special number of *Iris* in honour of Miss Norris we must warmly thank many kind contributors for reporting so eagerly and promptly to requests for items towards the symposium. Mrs. McEntee heads the list; Miss Goldwin, Miss Jacob, Connie Pettit (Mrs. Hill), Mr. Licence, Mr. and Mrs. Hazell and Miss Hooper continue the list. It is very gratifying to note that appreciations from very nearly all Miss Norris's head girls have been received. We are also much indebted to Miss Markes and Miss Derham for succumbing to importunity, to Miss Pickering for her commandeered correspondence and to Dorothy Griffiths (Mrs. Brooks) for her brilliant design for the cover of *Iris*. Phyllis Lovick (Mrs. Allison) has been good enough to devote her talents to painting a picture of the Greek Theatre as a gesture to its founder. The School Committee and the O.G .A. Sub-editor have been of great service as usual. Especially must Miss Goldwin be thanked for invaluable counsel in many matters requiring advice and rectification. But these credit titles are but the prologue of the main theme, which is as follows:

Miss Norris has been a rock and a banner unto us. This is because her high standard of values has provided the School with a sense of something permanent and unwavering in an unstable and materialistic world. At the same time her courage has always shone brightest when trouble was fiercest. If you add to this a quite terrifying power of deep analysis of character, you have in Miss Norris a living demonstration of being "honest-minded." All the time strength has been used for kindly ends. And thanks be, a little thing has remained a little thing, for details have fallen into their right relation to a principle. Neither has a mistake cancelled out a success. The result has been a stimulating and creative atmosphere, a happy one in which to work. We do not part lightly with such a rare combination of qualities. But the time has come to be grateful and to count the blessings we have had and extend to Miss Norris, as Editor of *Iris*, our unstinted thanks for her help, tolerance and unflinching generosity.

ANNETTE H. PARK (Sub-editor).

Miss Goldwin's Presentation

On Friday, December 14th, a large and representative group of old girls, present girls and parents met to honour Miss Goldwin. Some of the very young old girls must have smiled to hear us grandmotherly ones claiming to have been in Miss Goldwin's first Lower Third. The occasion was one of mixed feeling-it was sad because Miss Goldwin was leaving, but it was lovely to see her for once the centre of the picture, and very much the centre, and with so many there to thank her for all she had done for us and to wish her God-speed.

Long before everyone had talked their fill (as you may imagine!) there was a short concert of dancing and singing and a most amusing monologue. Then Miss Norris, in presenting Miss Goldwin with a bureau from the old girls, opened with a most witty speech, which was such a relief just as we were all "prepared-to-shed-them-now." She told us of the dependence of everyone on Miss Goldwin's encyclopaedic knowledge of School affairs and her wisdom and how much she would be missed and then very surprisingly told us how critical she was of Miss Norris's hats. Quite a new light on both characters.

Mr. Licence, a parent, presented Miss Goldwin with a cheque from the parents and thanked her for all she had done for the girls, particularly during evacuation. He said that all the parents had felt happy always about their children because of the selfless devotion of Miss Goldwin and Miss Norris. Connie Hill (Connie Pettit) gave Miss Goldwin a box containing the names of all the girls who had contributed to the bureau.

Miss Goldwin in her reply said how happy she had been and how kind everyone had always been to her. She named three of the early governors of the School, Mrs. Reeve, Mr. Higham and Dr Wise, who had befriended her early. She said that she was so happy to see everyone there and among the group was a boy who had given her first present, a "box of snails." She thanked us for the presents and said she had always wanted a bureau and now she had this beautiful one, and that she would use the parents' cheque

to buy a trunk for her travels. She enumerated an impressive list of countries she wanted to visit. She was beginning by a flight to South America.

We ended by cheering her and singing for "She's a jolly good fellow."

The joyous spirit was kept up over teas-all over the School from Miss Norris's Room to the Art Room, and every corridor was filled with chattering old girls, with Miss Goldwin finding time for every one of them. There was no atmosphere of goodbye, but all of us wishing "bon voyage" to Miss Goldwin on her next adventurous chapter.

Games Notices

Our netball this season has continued to be very successful. The over and under 16 teams have won all their Essex League matches to date. This means that both these teams now stand at the head of Section A of the League and are ready to play the winning team of Section B.

Our under 14 team has also been successful this year and is ready to take the next step in the bid for the Essex Shield.

The First School Team has also been victorious against friendly opponents. The game against Grey Coat Hospital School was a particularly hard and exciting one, with our First Team only beating their rivals by one goal.

The junior, under 15, 14 and 13 teams are very enthusiastic and have some good players among them, that should stand the first team in good stead for quite some time to come.

The members of the teams are:-

FIRST TEAM.

Eleanor Morris(Vice-Captain)	Attack
June Jacobs	Shooter
Evelyn Webb	Centre Defence
Jean Booth	Centre Attack
Diana Browne	Centre
Irene Harrington.	Goalkeeper
Doreen Collis (Captain)	Defence

Spring Term, 1946

St. Ursuline	1 st		Win
	2 nd		Loss
	under 15		Win
	under 14		Win
	under 13		Loss
Greycoat	1 st	16-15	Win
	2 nd	25- 5	Win
	under 15	11- 6	Win
	under 14	10- 0	Win
Leytonstone High School	1 st	21-14	Win
	2 nd	16-18	Loss
	under 15	14-11	Win
Brondesbury High School	1 st	18- 9	Win
	2 nd	11-15	Loss
	under 15	8-15	Loss
	under 14	17-5	Win
Stratford Grammar School.	over 16	12- 6	Win

	under 14	8-5	Win
S.W.E. Technical College	under 14	10-5	Win
Gowan Lea	under 16	21-5	Win
Norlington	under 14	23-8	Win
		19-3	Win
Romford High School	over 16	16-11	Win
	under 16	23-2	Win
Chingford High School	over 16	37-5	Win
	under 13		Win
Brampton	under 14	17-9	Win
West Ham	under 13	9-6	Win

News From Africa

Life out here is very, very interesting and I never regret coming, even though at times I wish I were not 3,000 miles away from the folks at home!

The voyage out wasn't all it might have been. We were very crowded, with 150 mothers and babies among the 600! There wasn't an inch on the boat where we could be alone or quiet. Unfortunately we were travelling in third-class conditions-four in a cabin the size of a normal kitchen without any ventilation, on the 5th deck, and our dining room was there too, without a single porthole. First class conditions were of course, excellent, but that didn't affect us. All the stewards were Swedish and hardly understood a word of English. However, we got to Freetown safely in ten days, which was the main thing (though a mine was spotted some little way off at one point. I was horribly sea-sick for the thirty hours through the Bay, even though it wasn't really rough. We had to wait in a civilian transit camp in Freetown for a fortnight-that was quite nice-though we were dying to get away. Eventually we flew here on October 10th, in three hours-500 miles! It was a thrill to think we were travelling by plane, but once you're up it's most dull-you don't seem to be travelling fast and you can't see anything but clouds.

It was very, very hot and sticky when I first came out, and I can't say I enjoy tropical heat, but at the moment the weather is delightful (January 15th), and should remain so for about three or four months. It is just like an English summer.

At the moment I'm busy selling school uniform material and cutting out collars for the uniforms and overseeing the cleaning of the school ready for the new term which begins next week. There is a colossal amount to do here-I get no free periods at all, have about five sets of work to mark (and every word has to be corrected nearly!) every night, and can teach very few lessons without preparation. I take history, hygiene, geography, literature, scripture, geometry, and with two forms, all branches of English-language, composition, poetry, dictation, etc., so you can guess I'm busy. But I really am enjoying the work, and the kiddies are just delightful, though lazy. At first I never thought I should be able to tell the difference between one African and another, but now it is as easy as knowing one white-skinned person from another. It is amazing how brown faces no longer look a bit strange, and I saw this morning a baby carried in the European way and it looked most odd. The school uniform is blue with white collars-just a simple school dress.

Our quarters are still being altered, which is a bit of a trial, but when they are finished they will be nice. Insects are a real pest-ants and cockroaches are into food, clothes and books unless you're scrupulously clean and careful-and even then they get in.

My "boy" is quite nice, but never does anything without being told-and it isn't natural to him to look for dirt.

Food is an atrocious price-butter 4/6 lb., cheese 3/3 lb. tin, a small loaf 6d., a bottle of squash 4/-, and many things-tinned fruit, jam, squash, biscuits and cheese only appear once in three or six months.

Tinned meat hasn't been seen for months-nor has curtain material. However, we all survive, and the eight mission staff all make a happy fellowship, which is one of the chief things. We don't see much of other Europeans. We generally manage to play tennis on Saturdays about 5 p.m. and visit each other

on Saturdays or Sundays.

Extracts from letters by **J. PICKERING.**

Kabir-An Indian Poet

To-day the newspapers constantly remind us of the Hindu-Muslim problem, one that has existed since the twelfth century when the first Muslims invaded India. Many sages have tried to solve this age-old controversy, and amongst them was Kabir, the poet, perhaps the greatest advocate of religious unity in India.

Ramanand, a Hindu teacher, who lived in the fourteenth century, preached devotion to Vishnu the preserver. He made no distinction between high and low castes, nor between Hindoos and Muslims. Among his twelve disciples was a Mohammedan weaver named Kabir, the poet. His verses were devoted to the creed that God is a spirit and those that worship him must do so in the spirit. He relentlessly attacked both orthodox Hindoos and Muslims.

"Oh servant, where dost thou seek me? Lo, I am beside thee. I am neither in Temple nor Mosque, in Kailash (1) nor Kaaba (2)." He had an unquestionable belief in the unity of God. He died in 1518, and as he was lying on his deathbed his disciples argued amongst themselves whether they should bury him as a Muslim or cremate him as a Hindu. Kabir himself intervened and told them to raise the sheet over his head when he died. If he was later found to be facing Mecca he was to be buried, and if towards Benares (the sacred city of Hindoos), then they must cremate him. When the time came to raise the shroud they found a bunch of roses. Half of these they buried whilst the rest were placed all the burning ghats at Benares and the ashes scattered in the sacred Ganges.

Thus four hundred years ago died an Indian poet who would have united Hindoos and Muslims.

(1) Hindu heaven (2) Muslim temple.

J. MARKES.

Mr. Pepys Comes to Walthamstow

Did Pepys ever stroll across our School grounds? This is not so improbable as it sounds. I have referred to Sir William Batten, who was living at the Rectory Manor House (not far from the site of the School) during the Restoration. Batten, who had served as an admiral, was a close friend of Samuel Pepys, and was often visited by him. Another mutual friend who lived in Walthamstow, and is also mentioned in Pepys diary, was Sir William Penn, father of the founder of Pennsylvania. The following are some of the most interesting of the references to Walthamstow in the diary.

Speaking of a visit to Batten in November, 1660, Pepys says, "Sir William Batten lives there like a prince. Among other things he showed me my ladies' closet, wherein was great store of rarities, as also a chair which he calls King Harry's Chair, where he that sits down is caught with two irons which came round about him, which makes good sport." Next Easter Pepys visits Batten and Penn again, "April 18th. Up with my workmen and then about 9 o'clock to horse with both the Sir Wills' to Walthamstow, and there we found my lady and her daughters all, and a pleasant day it was and all things else, but that my lady was in a bad mood which we were troubled of. We all went to the church style and there ate and drank and I was as merry as I could counterfeit myself to be."

Pepys tells of another visit to Walthamstow when he acted as god-father, "May 29th, 1661. Rose early and put six spoons and a porringer of silver in my pocket to give away to-day. Sir William Perm and I took coach and (the weather and way being foule) went to Walthamstow, and being come there heard Mr. Ratcliffe my former schoolfellow at Paul's (who is yet a merry boy) preach, his sermon being very simple. Back to dinner at Sir Will Batten's, and then after a walk in the fine gardens, we went to Mrs. Browne's where Sir William Penn and I were godfathers and Mrs. Jordan and Shipman godmothers. And there before and after the christening we were with the women above in her chamber, and whether

we carried ourselves well or ill, I know not, but I was directed by Mrs. Batten. I did give the midwife 10,- and the nurse 5/- and the maid of the house 2/ -. But for as much as I expected to give the name of the childe, but did not (it being called John) I forbore then to give my plate. Being done, we went to Mrs. Shipman's, who is a great butter woman, and I did see then the most of milk and creame and the cleanest that ever I saw in my life. After we had filled our bellies with creame, we took our leaves and away. In our way, we had great sport to try who should drive fastest, Sir William Batten's coach or Sir William Penn's chariot. But it cost me the spoiling of my clothes and velvet coate with dirt. Being come home, I to bed and give my breeches to be dried by the fire against the morrow."

Sir William Batten fell ill and Pepys records that, "Sir William Batten is so ill that it is believed he cannot live till to-morrow, which trouble me and my wife mightily, partly out of kindness he being a good neighbour, and partly because at the money he owes me upon our bargain of the late prize." Batten was ill for only two days before he died. Pepys records the funeral in the diary, "October 12th, 1667. At home we found that Sir William Batten's body was to-day carried from hence with a hundred or two of coaches to Walthamstow and there buried.

B. RIDGWAY, Form VI.

Before and After

Half-past eight! I threw on my coat and snatched up my heavily laden satchel, and after giving mother a hurried kiss and my small sister a morning peck, I flew out of the house into the crisp, morning air.

The sky was a clear but rather hazy blue, and some white, straggly, cotton-wool clouds tumbled head-over-heels across it, diminishing a little at each somersault until they became so small that they looked like tiny snowflakes. It was windy. The wind rejoiced in pulling the leaves from trees as he flew up and down the road. He folded himself round me and tried to pull me away to play with him across the fields, the hill's, even the sea.

"No, no," I cried, "Not to-day, Mr. Wind. To-day I have an absolutely indispensable date with A. Absolute, Esq." (The wind sneered derisively). "Yes I know, he is a stodgy old man, but" (and I pulled off my school hat) "I'll run a race with you Mr. Wind!!" And away I flew.

The houses on either side bobbed up and down as if urging me on: two puppy dogs scampered along with me, barking joyously; a multitude of leaves scudded round my feet and crackled and whisked with joy, a portly, red pillar box grinned, "Good morning," and shook his letters up inside his capacious body, as I tore past, and the wind himself swirled round me, and roared in my ears and screamed with joyous tempestuousness. Within me a voice sang-oh! It sang because I was alive, laughing, racing with the wind! I had not a care in the world. My satchel was as light as one of the snow-flaked clouds. True it contained some rather doubtful Algebra answers, and a big, thick book full of chemistry and physics, but I was racing with the wind and the sky was blue, and I could feel the beauty of the day.

I reached the school gates, and paused to replace my hat on my head, and walk sedately down the drive to join my school fellows in earnest consultation about Algebraic Examples, Paper XXIV.

That evening, when I came from school, everything had altered. The sky had changed to a dirty, sullen, sulky grey, and as if to unburden itself from a grievance, rain was pouring down with a steady drip, drip, drip. The road was hard, and shone as if a thousand industrious polishers had been at work, and the only sound to be heard besides the rain was the gurgle of water down drains. The leaves that had accompanied me in my wild dash of the morning were now flat, sodden bits of nothing in particular, pressed close to the shining pavement. There was no wind to challenge now, and I hurried miserably along. But-there was the pillar box, dripping wet, true, but with his mouth open as usual in his wide, friendly grin. His red, robust body glistened in the evening light, and he whispered as I passed, "Hurry, hurry. There are muffins for tea." And I laughed and blessed the faithful old pillar-box, and ran home with a light step.

KATHERINE KNIGHT, Upper IV. W.

Evacuation

- 1 Herr Adolf Schickelgrüber
By Nordic gods he swore
That the great race of Germans
Should suffer wrong no more.
By Nordic gods he swore it,
And named the zero hour,
And bade his Aryan hordes Sweep forth,
Till East and West and South and North
Had yielded to his power.
- 2 But tranquilly Miss Norris
Remained in Walthamstow;
Her school she gathered round her,
Awaiting word to go.
To pupils, little sisters
And tiny brothers too,
She calmly gave directions:
All knew what they must do.
- 3 Six anxious days they waited;
She eased those days along
With humour, tact and kindness,
With concerts, games and song.
Each day they held a practice
Of walking to the train,
With pack on back and case in hand,
Gas mask on side – a cheerful band,
That never showed the strain.
- 4 And now doth dawn September,
Now comes the word by phone:
"Leave homes and friends and kindred
And travel to the Unknown."
Then straightway all those children,
With luggage, food and drink,
Marched steadfast in their ordered files,
And, cheered by reassuring smiles,
Entrained and rode for countless miles
Towards the Unknown Brink.
- 5 At last, in far-off Kettering
Their welcome proves most kind,
But other schools precede them there,
No meeting place they find.
Forthwith Miss Norris boldly
A novel school hall planned,
And fine or wet they daily met
Upon a football stand.
- 6 She made sure all the children
Were happy, safe and sound,
And searched for a school building
Till Wellingborough was found.
With energy she acted

- To move that great array,
And in a fleet of buses
They left on the sixth day.
- 7 And now on Wellingborough
Doth Walthamstow descend,
And now come billet troubles
That seem to have no end.
Miss Norris and Miss Godwin
They work all night and day,
Rebilleting, for every hour
Come tidings of dismay.
- 8 The High School lend their building
For half of every day,
But morning lessons are duly held
In the Y.M.C.A.
In cloakrooms, skittle alley,
And ping-pong room they meet;
Round billiard tables, without fuss,
They pause whene'er a heavy bus
Comes lumbering up the street.
- 9 For full three years they stayed there
And ten terms' work was done.
With farming, games, revues and plays
They had their share of fun.
They grew in health and vigour,
Safe from the London Blitz,
Not shivering in shelters damp,
Expecting direct hits.
- 10 Honour to those whom duty held
Where sudden death was hurled,
But honour to those who saved the young
Who must rebuild the world:
The mothers of the future,
A land's most precious dower-
Miss Norris kept the children safe
In England's darkest hour.

M. DERHAM.

Wot! No Air?

Sitting down to Latin once, upon a frosty morn,
Door shut, windows shut, and looking quite forlorn,
Meekly Upper Four H Form were waiting for their Head,
With heavy minds, sleepy brains, and hearts like lumps of lead.
Along there came Miss Norris, gave the comfy girls a scare,
Threw them a reproachful glance and then said, "Wot, no air!
Open up the windows, girls, then throw wide open the door,
A stuffy room breeds lots of germs, I've told you so before."
Sitting with their teeth now dancing in their heads,
With rosy visions of a future spent in sick-room beds.
All the girls of Upper H Form, vow resolvedly

To take their dose of morning air in smaller quantity.
A warning to all mistresses, while I have room to tell,
Be sure when killing nasty germs, you don't kill girls as well.

O. COLE, Upper IV. H.

Note by Sub-Editor.

The Sub-editor regrets that at the last moment owing to rising costs and pressure of space the following items had to be omitted:-A picture by J. Dady, a hand-printed verse of the School song by J. Rayment, poems by M. Brown, S. Bowles and R. Wolpert, the Pen Friends' Corner, articles by G. Tappenden, J. Davis, I. Rayment and "Who Knows?"

O.G.A. Editorial

I have been looking through all the numbers of *Iris* that I possess-1929 to 1945. Chiefly I am impressed by the enormous range of school interests and activities. How fortunate have we old girls been to attend a school of this sort. Here have been freedom, culture and training in self-expression. I believe that is why so many old girls have interesting jobs.

We are often told that a school is a reflection of its Headmistress. Walthamstow High School is indeed that. I have been in other schools where the spirit is very different. Most of us do not realise the atmosphere given to the school by Miss Norris until we have left, but when we do we are grateful.

To many of us Miss Norris has been more than our Headmistress.

We have been aware of her burning faith in the ideals of the League of Nations and now the United Nations Organisation. Always she has identified herself with movements for peace and reform; and numbers of us owe our own desire to work for peace and freedom entirely to our association with Miss Norris. Old girls everywhere will remember the oft-repeated end-of-term advice and the effect it had on them.

To us, Walthamstow High School stands for more than the place which gave us our book-learning. That is shown by the way in which we want to keep in contact with school. Not only are our own socials well supported, but there is a constant stream of old-girl visitors to the school throughout the term: there is a perpetual desire to support present school activities. This is Miss Norriss's reward for her work, and she could desire no greater tribute.

EDNA TIMBERLAKE

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

O.G.A. Netball Club

Minutes of the O.G.A. Netball Club Meeting held at 15 Pole Hill Road, Chingford, E4, on February 21st, 1946, with Joyce Norton in the chair:-

Sixteen members were present and it was decided to form a Club and next season to enter into the All-England Netball League.

It was also agreed to enter a team as a non-affiliated club in the Essex County Rally on April 27th, 1946.

It was also decided to make a subscription of 5/- per member per season and to hold practice games at the School every Saturday afternoon from 3 p.m.-4 p.m., the first practice being on Saturday, March 2nd, 1946.

Joan Priddle was nominated Secretary and Treasurer, and all enquiries may be addressed to her at 15 Pole Hill Road, Chingford, E.4.

Paying members only of the O.G.A. are eligible for membership of the Netball Club.

JOAN A. PRIDDLE, Secretary and Treasurer O.G.A. Netball Club.

O.G.A. News

Miscellaneous

OLIVE DENCH is going overseas.

JOYCE HAWKES (Mrs. Vermaak) left England on September 18th, to join her husband in Southern Rhodesia. Her address- is 78 Second Street, Umtali, S. Rhodesia.

BERTHA DOKK-OLSEN is a member of the B.B.C. Choir.

LUCY RABSON is going to Birmingham, after having produced St. Joan in Liverpool, with two casts.

MARGARET RABSON is teaching in Beckenham.

LUCY RABSON is doing nursery school teaching in Hackney.

FRANCES WRIGLEY, since the beginning of this year, has been teaching at the Joseph Barrett School, specialising in Physical Training.

Marriages

EILEEN GARVIN to Paratrooper H. V. W. STAFF, 15th December, 1945.

EILEEN JONES to JOHN FITZGIBBONS, R.A.F., 2:3rd January, 1946.

GWENDOLINE NEWMAN to ROBERT STANLEY ALDINGTON, 29th December, 1945.

JOAN PILLEY to RICHARD AGAR, 19th December, 1945.

GWEN THOMASON to ALBERT PARKER, R.A.M.C., 1945.

Births

FLORENCE PONTIN (Mrs. Cowperthwaite) a daughter, Susan, 10th June, 1944.

DOROTHY EBERS (Mrs. Browne) a child, 10th September, 1945.

GRACE COLE (Mrs. Woodruff) a son, Nicholas, 25th September, 1945.

PHYLLIS LOVICK (Mrs. Allison) a daughter, Victoria Claire, November, 1945.

SYLVIA TARBOX (Mrs. Eckersley) a daughter, Josephine Olivia, 22nd November, 1945.

EDITH MAXWELL (Mrs. Scoggins) a son, Malcolm, 1945.

OLIVE HUTCHINSON (Mrs. Fowler) a son, Hugh James, 3rd February, 1946.

ALMA BRAILEY (Mrs. Braham) twin daughters, Pamela Irene and Patricia Eileen, 11th November, 1945.

IRENE WAKELIN (Mrs. Kerrison), a second son, 28th February, 1946.

PEGGY SUTTON (Mrs. Rutter) a son, Nicholas, 4th January, 1946.

MARIAN JONES (Mrs. Rayner) a son, Alan Charles, October, 1945.

YVONNE KING (Mrs. Green) a son, Anthony John, a brother for David, 21st January, 1946.

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CATHERINE McDOWALL, died 2nd November, 1945, aged 38 years.

THE SCHOOL GARDEN BY JOYCE JACKSON

