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Walthamstow High School Magazine

EDITOR'S LETTER

At Wellingborough High School.

Dear School,

You will see from the School Chronicle that undismayed by evacuation we continue to flourish with vigour unabated, which all proves that a School consists not of bricks and mortar, but of the spirit which animates its members. In these bewildering days when so many values seem to be changing, it is comforting to know that goodness is eternally the same; when I consider the loyalty and courage of our Walthamstow parents, the kindness and tolerance of our Wellingborough hosts and hostesses, the fine and resolute spirit of our girls and, above all, the selfless devotion of the Staff, I can truly say from the bottom of my heart, Sweet are the uses of adversity.

It is with deep regret that I have to record the death of Itta Gillett, who was a life-member of the O.G.A. and, for eight years its Treasurer. She was uncompromisingly loyal and honest; even on the foggiest nights she could be relied upon to attend our Committees and Socials; she was always ready to subscribe to any good cause, and to shoulder any burden, however dull. The O.G.A. will miss her sadly; she was of the salt of the earth.

Best wishes to you all,

Yours affectionately,

M. NORRIS.

SUB-EDITOR'S LETTER

Iris, 1940, has not been blitzed out of existence. For that happy chance we must thank the stars that led us to Wellingborough and kept us there.

To these, hitherto peaceful quarters have come flying tokens of our old, far-off, and happy days in the shape of articles and letters from mistresses and old girls, and from that part of our company established in the front line trenches of Walthamstow. We welcome with especial pride and pleasure the despatches from Miss Miskin and Miss Newmarch. Ruth Hyatt, our successful O.G.A. sub-editor of last year, has been diverted to war-work of a most acute nature, namely, helping at a rest centre in Belgravia for East-end refugees. Her place has been taken by Edna Timberlake, whose name is a byword for efficiency. We are lucky in our O.G.A. sub-editors.

We should also like to thank our hosts, Wellingborough High School, as well as a sporting foster parent for contributing such delightful articles representative of the good will existing between the two schools and between the visiting school and their foster parents.

There is, however, one sad apology. We are shorn of our usual array of illustrations, decorative or humorous, through rise in prices, not lack of talent. This is a sad loss and "all thing unbecoming."

Lastly, finally and in conclusion, the Honour and Glory Trophy for contributions to *Iris* is awarded to Form VI. Like a certain horse, "It was Eclipse first and the rest nowhere," for they "allez-y" -ed and "a dite" -ed with splendid effect.

And so a Kind New Year to you all.

A. H. PARK, Sub-Editor.

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

It is with very real pleasure that I send my greetings to you all. Following in the footsteps of my illustrious predecessor I feel very much like the glow-worm that forgot to switch on, but I appreciate the honour conferred upon me as sub-editor of *Iris*.

This year Old Girls seem to be more scattered than ever. What are you? Where are you? We want to know. You will learn from *Iris* about the activities of many Old Girls, but we want to know about the rest of you too, so do not hesitate to write at any time. Life is a muddle, but the School fellowship does not change. Please give that fellowship your support.

I am always told that an editor should let drop a few words of wisdom to assert his right to the dignity of his office. It would require serious mental effort on my part to produce the wisdom, so I only offer the suggestion that we try to find the everlasting and unshakeable things behind the cloud.

And now-Christmas is coming-and it is Christmas still although the goose may not be getting fat. Have we lost the Christmas spirit? Why not hang up our stockings and try again, even though Santa Claus may require a tin hat this year!

Good wishes and a Happy Christmas.

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

SCHOOL CHRONICLE.

The past year will surely go down in School history as the most unusual one we have yet experienced. Evacuation has been, on the whole, a great success, and we are carrying on with our work and play as usual, although in unusual circumstances.

After an informal Prize-Giving on November 8th came the Acting Competition, and we were fortunate enough to have Mr. William Sherwood, producer for the Northampton Repertory Company, to judge. Just before Christmas the Upper School attended a Carol Festival given by the Wellingborough Public School, and we greatly appreciated the quality of the singing.

Activities did not cease during the Christmas holiday, and the Y.M.C.A. was open to us every day, members of the Staff being present. We had two lovely parties, the School Party and one given by the foster parents, and little brothers and sisters were invited. £15, which was raised by the Parents' Association added greatly to the festivities. We also visited the cinema twice, and saw the pantomime of "The Babes in the Wood."

The Spring Term was greatly occupied in preparing for the Dancing Competition, which took place all March 8th, amid the usual excitement. We were pleased that Mrs. Connell once more judged. On the following Wednesday a Dancing Display was given to the foster parents, in aid of the Red Cross, the competition dances being repeated. As a result a cheque for £16 was sent to the local Red Cross Fund.

A party of the Literary and Dramatic Society visited Northampton Repertory Theatre on May 30th to see Shaw's "Joan of Arc," and found the heroine vigorous and fascinating. A week later the Sixth Form gave a dramatic reading of "Hay Fever," by Noel Coward.

Some of the Staff were in attendance at the Y.M.C.A. throughout the Easter holiday, and many interesting and profitable pastimes and competitions were arranged. Miss Dennithorne took a party of girls to Millersdale, a pretty spot in the Peak District, where they spent six happy and interesting days. Several country walks and cycling tours were conducted by the Staff.

In spite of difficulties the Netball Competition took place at the beginning of the Summer Term, but the Lower Thirds were unable to play. Sports Day caused much excitement, and this was quickly followed by the Tennis Tournament and the Fifth Form Plays.

On July 26th, V.B. entertained us with "Lady Precious Stream," and on the 30th "Antony and Cleopatra" was performed by V.A.

The Summer Holiday, which lasted throughout August, was made most enjoyable by the enterprising work of the Staff, who organised farming and swimming parties, tennis and rounder tournaments, and many other activities. We had two lessons each morning, with a long break in between, and at the end of each fortnight, plays were performed by the girls. At the second of these entertainments the Staff gave us two very amusing items.

In spite of the war last year was successful for the L.N.U. We held two meetings at which Mr. Hugh Walker and the Very Reverend Dean of Chichester spoke respectively.

This term a talk was given by Mr. Woolley, headmaster of the Wellingborough Grammar School, with the result that we are debating one of his suggestions on December 18th with the Wellingborough boys.

Evacuation has given opportunities to the Science Society, which visited the Ideal Clothiers' Factory on January 15th and 29th. The contrast between the "ready-made" and "made-to-measure" suits was very striking. In the Spring Term a party visited Whitworth's Flour Mill, and were very interested in watching the conversion of the wheat grains. Later we paid a visit to a local Shoe Factory, but this was not limited to the Society.

The Musical Society has had three pleasurable meetings. The first was an at-home, each form contributing an item, from pantomime to Sea Shanties. A Musical Drawing Competition took place in the Spring Term, pictures being constructed solely from musical signs. We also had the pleasure of a Carnegie Trust Concert given by the Sylvan Trio, a flutist, violinist and pianist, who were visiting evacuated schools all over the country. In the Summer Term the school was entertained by Miss Wyldes, a former Wellingborough mistress, whose delightful programme of violin music was interspersed with pianoforte duets by Miss Hayward and Miss Eaton, and a Gavotte by five members of the Sixth Form.

September 12th and 14th were exciting days for us, when refugees arrived at the Y.M.C.A., and the Sixth considered themselves privileged to be allowed to help. The School had two days holiday whilst the arrivals were being billeted. In the same week we had a visit from a Keep Fit Organiser, who urged the Upper School to prepare to be the leaders of social and recreational activities of the future, and greatly inspired us.

This past year has made heavier demands than ever before on our charitable funds. Money and books have been sent to the Red Cross Association, we have had two collections for Polish and for British refugees, and this term we sent four parcels of clothing, books and games to homeless British in Westminster at the request of Ruth Hyatt. £10 was raised for charity by our agricultural efforts, such as bean-pulling, pea-picking, bean-training, beet and potato-gleaning, the hay-making and corn-harvesting counting as play. £8 was collected for Red Cross Ambulances in a very short space of time, nor have other gifts in kind been neglected. By July we had sent in about a hundred useful articles to the local Red Cross. These included scarves, socks, helmets, mittens. To the U.G.S. have also been sent garments, and squares for blankets, which are always in demand. Form Up.III.S sent a parcel of garments early in the year as a special contribution.

A School Branch of the National Savings Campaign was started on July 12th, just after an enlightening talk on the value of saving in war-time, the net result to date being £151, and we sent £40 to the Connaught Hospital a few weeks ago. Our biggest venture has been the production of a revue, "Thumbs Up," this term, in aid of the Connaught Hospital, whereby we have managed to raise £27 IOs quite independently.

We owe a great debt of gratitude to the foster-parents of Wellingborough, who have done and are doing all in their power to make our home life so happy. As for our school life, everyone concerned in evacuation deserves our grateful praise and thanks for the admirable way in which all our activities, intellectual, social and physical, have been organised and cherished, and the unity and spirit of the School maintained.

CATHERINE RHODES (VI).

B.W.H.

"THUMBS UP "-A REVUE.

Thursday, October 31st, and Saturday, November 2nd.

Arranged and produced by Form VI.

This appreciation it written by a mere male, who, by the way, was attending for the first time any entertainment of the same type at a Girls' School. Small wonder, therefore, that he was amazed at the high standard of what he saw and heard, all the more so as the Head Girl, in a charmingly delivered speech, warned the audience that no help had been sought from the Staff and that whatever there might be of credit or blame attaching to the show must be borne by the producer and performers alone. The warning was unnecessary; there was not, and could not have been, anything but credit.

Most refreshing of all were the enthusiasm and gaiety of the performers themselves. They would have put life into the deadest of dead audiences. Next, a close second, the grace of movement of the dances, a real pleasure to the eye, and the purity and freshness of tone of the singers, both in solo and chorus, an equal pleasure to the ear. Inevitably, perhaps, the acting was not so uniformly good and would have been better if time for rehearsal could have been found, but even so showed undoubted signs of promise.

Of the individual numbers it is impossible to go into detail, but a few deserve special mention. The dancing of the Rumba was delightful, though, as a rumba, it might not, perhaps, have been recognizable in the land of its birth, wherever that may be. The dancer avoided all the revolting contortions indulged in by the professional, moved naturally and gracefully and produced a little work of art. The ballroom dancing of Viennese Waltzes also was a triumph of grace and dignity and a pleasure to watch. It was difficult to believe that the age of the dancers was only fifteen or sixteen. Seeing the girls in evening dress, anyone would have put them down as old, old women of twenty-five. Of the other items, full marks undoubtedly go to the Dixie Land Trio, one black and two copper-coloured, and all three bubbling with fun, high spirits and melody. Of the sketches, The Advertisement Sketch and Husbands Required were perhaps the best and showed the greatest promise. In the latter, " Miss Crunch" raised many a laugh with her snappy remarks, most convincingly rapped out, and her inability at times to refrain from joining in the laughter was a pleasant reminder that she was not in fact the harridan she was impersonating.

The Revue fittingly concluded on the stage and a stirring rendering of Land of Hope and Glory, with the whole cast which, for attack, tone and articulation, was as good as the most exacting critic could have required.

Two shows were given and drew two full houses, the first packed "to capacity", in other words to discomfort; but the second allowed everyone to find a seat. The net proceeds go to the School Cot in the Connaught Hospital, Walthamstow-a fund which will benefit by £27 10s., a most satisfactory result, indeed astonishing when one considers the modest price of admission.

EXAMINATION RESULTS.

We offer special congratulations to the following girls who, despite all difficulties, emerged triumphant.

Higher School Certificate with Intermediate Exemption.

Ethel Fox, Catharine Rhodes, Gwen Owen.

Higher School Certificate.

Joyce Gerdes, Joan Groves.

General School Certificate with Matriculation Exemption.

Doris Barr, Iris Castle, Margery Clarke, Gwen Corker, Jean Dallas, Daphne Dorling, Mavis Empson, Marian Gallington, Eileen Hill, Edna Jenkinson, Elsie Keeble, Joan Lawler, Hilarie Martin, Muriel Phillips, Margaret Pinder, Irene Smith, Betty Sowray, Joan Summers, Winnie White.

General School Certificate.

Yvonne Abbinett, Beryl Cherry, Kathleen Clarke, Audrey Hayward, Sheila Kelsey, Honor Levine, Joan McKewan, Patricia Powell, Lucy Salisbury, Rita Tweed, Margaret Bailey, Doreen Cole, Lily Cravitz, Irene Ellway, Gwendoline Newman, Joyce Norton, Violet Randall, Hilda Robson, Joyce Wyeth.

GAMES NOTICES, 1939-40.

During last year's netball season we played only two matches, owing to the difficulty of arranging them with other schools and the lack of a court. However, we are looking forward to a few matches this season, since a court has just been completed at the School.

Matches during the tennis season were also limited, only one being played, against the Wellingborough High School; but we held as usual our Inter-Form Tournament and Sports, to which the foster-parents were invited. The netball and dancing competitions were a great success, but unfortunately we were unable to hold our Annual Swimming Gala, although many happy hours were spent at the Wilby Pool.

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

Netball.

Wellingborough Ideal Clothiers	20-10. Win
Brondesbury	1st Team 23-4. Win
2nd Team	12-3. Win
Under 15	8-4. Win
Under 14	8- II. Lose

6th Wellingborough Guides Junior Team 18-8. Win

Parish Church Guides Junior Team 25-0. Win

Tennis.

Wellingborough High School 1st Team 61-38. Win
2nd Team 63-36. Win

Inter-Form Competitions.

Netball	VI.	L.4+W.
Dancing	VI.	L.4.S. and U.3.W.
Tennis	VI.	U.3.H.
Sports	Va.	L.4.H.

RUTH LICENCE (Games Captain).

AN AUXILIARY AMBULANCE STATION.

I am writing this at eleven o'clock at night, in what used to be a classroom of a school in Shoreditch, and is now the office of a London Auxiliary Ambulance Station. You might not immediately recognise it as an office, for though it has some of the correct equipment, a telephone, files, papers, there is also a variety of more unusual things—a darts-board hanging in one corner, a small table covered with pieces of a jig-saw puzzle, down by the fire a large saucepan containing soup, on another table a teapot, cups and two goodly piles of sandwiches. At midnight we shall have the first of our numerous nightly snacks! From time to time we hear the booming of guns, but so far tonight, we have not been called out with the ambulances, so we sit and wait, read, knit, do jig-saw puzzles, play patience, and eat. There are eight of us here reading and waiting by the telephones, seven others are asleep in camp beds in another room. At two in the morning we shall change over, and they will come in to wait by the telephones, and to finish what remains of the soup and the sandwiches.

In the school yard, just outside the window are the seven ambulances and six cars which belong to the station. The ambulances are Ford cars with specially constructed bodies of plywood, painted white. The tops we have painted grey, in order to deceive the enemy bombers! In each ambulance there are four stretchers with blankets, a bag of First-Aid kit, some home-made splints, a mug and bottle of water. Two people are in charge of an ambulance, the driver and the attendant. On the way to hospital the attendant goes in the back of the ambulance with the casualties to do any First-Aid which may be necessary, and to make them as comfortable as possible—not an easy task by the light of a dimmed torch.

If a bomb falls anywhere in our district, usually we are told to send one ambulance and one car to the scene of the incident. There we may find one or two wardens, some men belonging to a stretcher party, perhaps also a rescue and demolition squad, and some firemen. Then we have to wait until these have done their work, the fire has been put out, the debris cleared away, and the injured people brought out. But it is a cheering fact that in this district at least, though there have been many bombs, and considerable damage to property, the number of people injured has not been correspondingly large. Very often we have been called out to find that there is no-one to be taken to hospital. A second cry cheering fact is that not once have we seen any sign of panic, but on the contrary, a most amazing fortitude.

A few weeks ago, a land-mine fell upon a street of small houses, and caused great havoc. While the rescue party was working to free the people trapped inside, many of whom were injured, they could be heard talking together quite cheerfully. One woman called out "You will not get us out by Christmas, maybe!" The rescue-party man replied "Oh yes, we are fattening up the turkey for you."

The Ambulance Station has had its own special bomb. It did not receive a direct hit, but suffered from a bomb which fell upon a factory near. The school, being solid, stood up, but five of the seven ambulances were badly damaged. However, no-one at all was hurt, a new supply of ambulances was brought to us the following day, so our post-bomb condition is not very different from our earlier state. The school keeper and his wife were the chief sufferers. Their little house was demolished and nearly all their possessions lost. The wife, who is fat and very cheerful, made this comment—"If one door shuts, another one will open. It may be a bit narrower, but we shall squeeze through!"

S. MISKIN.

A FEW IMPRESSIONS OF THE WRENS.

The Women's Royal Naval Service, usually known as the Wrens, is not as well known or as large a body as the A. T. S. and the uniform is seldom seen in London, though more familiar at the ports where the Wrens mostly work. It is, in fact, the smallest of the Women's Services. In the last war there were only 300 Wrens, and at the beginning of this about 3000 only were needed. However, they are proving themselves more and more useful and the numbers are continually being increased.

The Recruits stay at the College before being enrolled. The period before enrolment is two weeks, so if she finds the life intolerable, she can leave. Very few do so. After enrolment she must serve for the duration of the war, and is only released on compassionate grounds, or in the case of being physically unfit. This seldom happens, as the medical examination is very thorough.

The depot is modelled on the life in the ports, and is called a ship, H.M.S. Pembroke. The first few days one lives in a state of bewilderment. The College is such a vast building that it is hard enough for some to find their way about, but difficulties are increased when one is told to go to the foc'sle, the gallery in the lower decks. The bedrooms are cabins, the floors are decks. The whole body assembled is addressed as "Ship's Company." The recruit is asked on arrival whether she has come from "shore". If she is late or missing she is "adrift". She goes to the Shop Room to be Kitted-up. The time is the 24-hour clock, and work is divided up into watches—port and starboard.

The Wrens are first "ratings", and the uniform is as nearly as possible a copy of that of the ordinary seaman. A flared skirt like the bell-bottomed trousers, made of the same rough serge, and similar badges, only blue instead of gold, for the women are really a part of the Navy, not auxiliary. The black tie is a memory of Nelson, the tricorne hat of the women officers is reminiscent of the pigtail of the 18th century.

The food is good, and the diet arranged the same as for the men, except that the daily

tot of rum is not served to the Wrens.

There is opening for all-writers, coders, typists, telephonists, signallers, linguists, who go in for "special duties" which are extremely "hush hush," cooks, stewards, supply assistants or caterers, teleprinters, transport-drivers. The women work with the men at the ports; it may be very exciting and interesting.

The Wrens dealt with the signals when the Altmark was captured, and they knew at Dover, long before the Press, what great events were going on in Belgium, and on the Dunkirk beaches. They say it was the most thrilling moment of their lives, and they forgot entirely the long hours they were working as signal after signal passed through their hands.

Day at the Depot begins with Divisions. When breakfast is over, and cabins have been cleaned, the whole Ship's Company assemble in the Courtyard or Parade Ground. The Muster is read by a Petty Officer, then the Chief, 1st, 2nd and 3rd Officers file in, and after names of defaulters have been read out, and the keys have been handed over to the Officer of the Watch for the day prayers are read by the Chief Officer for "those who go down to the sea in ships, or occupy their business in Great Waters, and for the King." Then the Company is dismissed and each section falls in with its own category to report for duty. Recruits for squad drill, defaulters for knife cleaning, writers to the Ship's Office, cooks to the galley, the steward to clean the decks.

There is regular P.T. and organised games, Hockey, Lacrosse, Squash, Badminton, Tennis and Cricket in summer. Dinner is at 12 or 13 o'clock, Supper, due to Hitler, at 17-45 or 18.30. After supper, if the guns are not too busy, there is dancing in the foc'sle for those who want it, also Darts, Table Tennis, etc.

About 22.00 we all go down to the Refuges. Some sleep in hammocks, some on bunks, and with a final "Pipe-Down" from the Officers, everyone settles down for the night.

At the ports the Wrens live in Hostels, and the life is freer than at the Depot. The raw Recruit has much to learn. It is difficult at first to adjust oneself to the communal life, and to get used to the Naval discipline. After a time it seems strange to go back to civilian life.

We are well looked after, and strangely enough, one thinks far less about the war.

N. NEWMARCH.

A WAR-TIME DAY IN LONDON.

"Coo! London ain't 'arf got it awful!" . . . Thus quoth a charwoman, "My sister's young man's uncle told Edie the other day that it was right down to the ground, not a buildin' standin' at all: don't it seem a shaime?" . . .

London in ruins? Could it be true? Having heard the preceding conversation, I decided to investigate matters for myself.

I chose a beautifully clear day for my trip-"nice day for raiders", as I heard one man remark. Sure enough he was right; before I had been in London ten minutes the siren sounded. I had wondered whether people bothered to shelter if caught in the City during an "Alert"; they do not, but just carry on with their normal work-no fuss, no hurry-just calmness and cheerfulness.

I passed along Fleet Street, and eventually came out to the river which, incidentally,

has risen slightly and is considerably dirtier owing to the cleared-up rubbish having been deposited here!

My ultimate aim being Oxford Circus, I boarded a 'bus (which took twenty-five minutes to reach its goal, owing to some streets being closed). Boom I Boom! Bang! Oh, of course, the warning is still in progress: that's sent the raider away, thank goodness! What's that? Do we want to get out and shelter? No, thanks, we'll chance it! Good, there goes the "All clear".

Arrived at the Circus, I looked across the road, only to see a skeleton of a shop-no windows, no doors, no front walls, and piles of cement all over the pavement. What a pity, all those goods wasted and the assistants out of work. But wait a minute, here's a notice: "Hitler's broken our glass, but not our spirit!" Here was surely courage, pluck and perseverance!

I saw hundreds of cheerful soldiers, English, French, Australians and New Zealanders, clearing up the damage, though they seemed to have plenty of time for calling out various remarks to passers-by. Every few minutes can be heard a furious ringing of horrible-sounding gongs. This means all traffic must clear off the roads, because the valiant men of the "Bomb Disposal Squad" have retrieved another Delayed Action Bomb, and are taking it to an open space before blowing it up.

"Walking back along the side streets, I met a flower-seller, who said to me, "Yus, Miss. I've lost me 'ome. I've lost all me money, but I thank Gawd I'm still 'ere, and so's me Missus. I've 'eard one of me sons 'as bin killed at sea, but I still have two left who are quite O.K., so I can't really grumble!" This seems to be the typical attitude of the Londoner today, feeling fortunate to be alive.

Some rather amusing effects have been created-in one sense amusing, although heart-breaking in another. In Holborn, for example, only one inner wall of a five-storey building is left standing, and on a shelf on the 4th floor are piles of boxes neatly packed up, with a calendar hanging above the fire-place. . . clothes of various descriptions hanging from iron girders above the pavement . . . and ducks swimming unconcernedly in a bomb crater full of water!

The damage done to the Middle Temple-which can never be repaired-was the saddest thing I saw: its famous library is also badly damaged.

Seeing St. Paul's as it always has stood, outlined against the sky, was the scene which seemed to me to be the most wonderful, and the one for which to be the most thankful, when we remember how very near we did actually come to losing it. Without St. Paul's London would not have the same atmosphere. Certainly those valiant men in their khaki uniforms with the red badges of the B.D.S. deserve all our praise.

My day in London under War circumstances was an enjoyable experience; one I would not have wished to miss. There is a saying which aptly expresses my feelings:

"LONDON CARRIES ON-CARRY ON LONDON!"

VERA LEE (O.G.).

FROM WESTMINSTER BRIDGE, 1940.

(After Wordsworth)

Earth has not anything to show more brave,
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so stirring in its tragedy.
This city now doth like some armour wear
The beauty of the evening; peaceful-rare.
But midst the broken splendours lie
Men, Women, children who for freedom die.
All bright and glittering in the morning air,
Never did sun more beautifully shine
In his first splendour, on fair England's shrine,
And ne'er saw I or felt a grief so deep,
Or called aloud for helpful sympathy!
Oh God! So let the nations feel and weep,
Then take up arms, for England-Liberty!

MARGARET J. BAILEY (VI).

NOVEMBER the 5th, 1940.

November the fifth is a day which we all,
Have all sorts of rockets and watch them fall.
Jumping crackers follow us round,
They jump on every inch of ground.
This year no sparklers and no guy,
For there are none for us to buy:
No stars from rockets for us to chase,
For shells and shrapnell take their place.

GWEN THURKETTLE (L.IV.H)

INVASION OF WELLINGBOROUGH, 1939-1940.

A date that is fixed in the minds of all older folk is 55 B.C.
. . . Invasion of Britain, as some history books put it.

Now, we who live in Wellingborough have experienced an invasion of our own. With this difference however; the invaders of 55 were rough, fearsome folk, becoming quieter as they lived in this island. The invaders of 1939 were quiet, demure folk to begin with. . .

now! The name applied by Miss Norris is fitting: "Scatterees."

In common with all invaders many tales will grow up around the story of their occupation. Foster parents aroused from that extra five minutes to listen to early morning exercises, the sad tale of the great care needed to preserve one's digestion intact, the interest taken by a group of the VI in gruesome stories of student escapades, interesting discussions at meal times on the insides of a frog, and in one home the frantic desire on the part of an evacuee to dissect the dog-just to see how it works. (Many sacrifices must be made in the cause of science, but not that one). The comment of one parent spending a week-end at the home of her daughter's foster parents. . . . So you eat that now, do you? Not the dog, but mutton!

Foster parents, too, have found other interests. Sports Day will be remembered as a hot, but interesting time. The latest memory is the almost world-famous "Thumbs Up" Revue. Many foster parents learnt much from that effort.

It will, however, be with real regret that some of us will part when the time comes with the girls who have made their home with us. We shall be sorry to lose their companionship, but of course glad when the time will come for them to return to the parents who must miss them very much. Meanwhile we thank the girls who have shared the extra work their coming has involved, and whose cheerfulness, often when anxious about parents and friends, have done so much to make the evacuation of the High School girls in Wellingborough such a success.

One thing is certain, that friendships have been formed that will last long after the war is over, and the mutual insight obtained into other people's lives will have done us all good.

L.G.D. (Foster-parent).

THE PEAK DISTRICT, 1940.

During the second week of our Easter holidays Miss Dennithorne and Miss Brown conducted a party of eighteen girls to Millersdale in Derbyshire.

We stayed at an elegant Youth hostel, and life in such a place was a novelty for most of us--sleeping in a dormitory in sleeping bags and. . . well, you know the rest!

Our host and hostess were most kind, and ready to help us in all our difficulties.

We went on many interesting expeditions, including a visit to Buxton (but no one ventured to drink the famous waters), a visit to the little theatre of L. du Garde Peach, constructed in a magnificent way from an old barn at Great Ludlow, and on the same outing we were taken down the Blue John mines, where we saw the pot-holes of which we had heard so much in connection with the Peak District.

The prettiest of our tours was to Dovedale, where most of us walked by the river, while some of the more athletic members of the party endeavoured to climb the cliffs towering above the river.

A few of us explored the near-by surroundings of Litton Mill during walks before breakfast, not being put off by snow which awaited us one morning, and our evenings were spent in the hostel grounds, and in singing and playing games in the common room.

RUTH LICENCE (VI).

SIC TRANSIT. . .

I shall remember,
With a memory clear and amaranthine,
Those little things, you could not but forget;
Gold tracery on the pillars, and the organ,
The dying light in pools on the cold stone floor;
A dragon-fly, flashing elusive jewels;
A bee, stirring the dust round a pine-tree bole;
A magpie's chatter-the soulful silence lost;
Music and song and dance, laughter and clapping;
A happiness we blindly took and thought to stay.
And now, now, all is gone, all joy vanished.
Nothing remains, save an immortal memory.

IGNOTA.

(Wellingborough H.S.).

THE DANCERS.

Two figures were silhouetted against the background of the stage, two ordinary human figures which, miraculously, had lost a little of their humanity and seemed eerie and unreal in the harsh glare of the lights.

Then that spirit, which had strained so long within them, and struggled to escape, broke forth in exultant triumph. Those forms began to dance, at first slowly and with restraint, and then faster, with swift spontaneous ecstasy: Involved in that whirling was all the wild abandon of Bacchic revelry, all the mystic eccentricity of pagan rites.

Gradually this mad whirling subsided, and was replaced by quiet, harmonious movement. If only those brief moments might have been taken and preserved, here was the solution to the problems which have puzzled humanity through the ages. That perfect harmony transcended the merely physical and became an abstraction. All the contemplations of philosophers had failed in their attempt to cause the "too, too solid flesh to melt," but at that one, isolated moment this was accomplished by minds who knew nothing of intellectual joy.

The dancing ceased. There was a tense, pregnant silence, and then the spell broke.

Once more those forms became human: once more their dancing was to them merely the means of securing a livelihood.

The music of the spheres, then heard so clearly, was silenced once more.

EDNA JENKINSON (VI).

PORTRAIT OF A FRIEND.

Her essential
Spirit is ever
Where grey streets widely stretching
Through trade and culture
Proudly support their load
Of crowding commerce.

She lingers where the crowd
Of animated passers-by
Chattering, muttering,
Interweaving vividly,
Patterns the pavement;
Lingers with joy
To see their souls converging transiently.

When theatre curtains part
On the rich revelry
Of form and sound,
Colour and movement and philosophy
And quivering laughter,
She hangs motionless, and Time
Is ended in an intellectual Now.

She delights
In childish gazing at the diving ducks,
Appraising arrogant
And sleepy pelicans
In city parks;
And in the vulgar joys

Of chips and Chelsea buns and coffee stalls.
Life is the instant:
All experience
In every plane
Is hoarded jealously within her soul,
Her being drives,
So that the marching hours will not escape.

S. M. GOULD (O.G.A.)

THE STORM.

The thunder clashed and roared in angry wrath,
The lightning split the sky with stabbing thrust,
Wind whistled through the branches of the trees,
And rain beat down in torrents to the earth.
Under the sullen sky the twisted trees
Spread forth their blackened arms in mute appeal
To the incessant fury of the sky.

PAULINE RANDALL (L.IV.H.)

OLD MEAN, MINGY MARTIN.

The moon was shining brightly
On that quiet December night,
And from a cottage window
A light shone clear and bright.
Mingy Martin was the owner of this cottage small and grim;
But he was mean as mean could be
With money left for him.
That night he thought he'd count it,
And then switched on the light.
But he'd forgotten the black-out,
And the warden came in sight.
He knocked on the door very boldly,
And shouted "Your light's shining through,
And now I shall have to fine you,
It will cost you five pounds two."
Old Martin had to pay it,
Although he insisted in vain;
And was told that if it happened twice
He would have to pay it again.
Ever after old Martin was careful, and never again was he mean.
But now he's grey-haired gentleman
Who is bent-up, wrinkled and lean.

JOAN ELSIE FOX (L.III.S)

A RAIN DROP.

Oh, the shimmering beauty in a drop of rain,
Glittering on a blade of grass,
Can soothe the sharpest pain.
When you see the beauty in such a tiny thing,
You see the stars and rainbow,
It makes you want to sing;
You banish care and sorrow', the world is bright again.
A bright and tiny raindrop
Can make a mad world sane.

JUNE TOLMAN (L.IV.W)

DAY-BREAK.

When Apollo drives his chariot along,
The lark breaks out with cheerful song,
And all the earth begins to wake,
The baker has to start to bake,
The flowers lift their drooping heads,
And people jump out of their beds
To start the work which must be done
Before they start to have their fun.
Through the meadow runs the stream,
Upon the earth the sun doth gleam,
And from the west there comes a breeze
Which rustles gently through the trees.

JOYCE JACKSON (L.III.W.)

THE PIED PIPER.

Soldiers, sailors, pilots, trainers,
Fires, and guns, and aeroplanes,
Bombs and craters, kids and maters,
Thinkers, lovers, Hitler haters
These and more are all mixed up
In a world that won't grow up.
Shall we never understand
How to live in this, our land?

Wishing, hoping, waiting, longing
For the peace they know must come,
Men are fighting, killing, dying;
Wives and mothers wond'ring, sighing-
All because an insane brute
(Hamelin's piper with his flute)
Lures his willing flock of sheep,
Legs awake, but minds asleep.

Laughter, humour, fun and vigour
These are what the School maintains.
Thumbs are up! The girls are cheery:
Foster parents never weary.
Helpers all co-operate,
Bringing glory to the state.
Let us use our every gift,
Help the nation by our thrift.

CATHERINE RHODES (VI).

AN EVACUATION ALPHABET.

A's for th Arrival from our homes far away,
B's for the Black-out at the end of each day,
C stands for Cinemas, of which there are four,
D's for the Drills for chance air-raids in store,
E is our Effort, we each do our bit,
F's for the Forces, ready and fit,
G denotes Gas masks, we keep them near by,
H stands for Housewives, to win they all try,
I's our Identity, which on us we wear,
J stands for Junkers, falling fast thro' the air,
K is for Kettering, where first we were sent,
L stands for London, which will never relent,
M is for Memories of homes we hold dear,
N stands for Nazis, whom none of us fear,
O's for Obedience, the order for all,
P stands for Peace, when Hitler shall fall,
Q's for the Quiet, which down here is found,
R's our Revue, it raised many a pound,
S stands for Savings collected at school,
T stands for Team-work, this is our rule,

U's for the Use to which everything's put,
V stands for Victory, with foes under foot,
W's foe Wellingborough, our present abode,
X stands for Xmas, now well on its road,
Y's for the Y.M., where our mornings we spend,
Z's for out Zeal – and this is the end.

PHYLLIS THORNBOROUGH (V.A).

CINDERELLA.

With an envious sigh Cinderella watched her two ugly sisters as they prepared to embark for the annual A.R.P. dance at the Y.M.C.A. Hastily shouting instructions to Cinderella for the evening's housework, they galloped toward their bicycles and soon disappeared in the direction of the Central Hall.

Wearily fetching pen and ink, Cinderella was about to tackle the onerous task of filling in the ration books, when there was a resounding crash and a terrific rattling of windows. Before she could throw herself flat on the floor, she was confronted by the startling apparition of an aeroplane landing clumsily on the kitchen table, seemingly from the window. Its occupant, an even more startling apparition in flying goggles and voluminous purple robes, seeing the dismay on Cinderella's face, promptly produced her identity card, proclaiming herself to be the fairy godmother.

Thus reassured, the mystified Cinderella upon the request of the eccentric visitor, led the way to the back garden. Assuring Cinderella that she would attend the dance, the fairy godmother proceeded to demonstrate her mystic abilities. With one majestic sweep of the stirrup-pump, the Anderson shelter rapidly assumed the gleaming proportions of a super sports-car. Yet another flourish, and Cinderella's rags translated themselves into a magnificent creation of foaming chiffon and pink rose-buds.

"But", warned the fairy godmother as Cinderella leapt lightly into the car, "Be back by twelve o'clock or disaster will overtake you."

Arriving at the Y.M.C.A., Cinderella was greeted by her Prince Charming, resplendent in battle-dress and glittering array of medals. Completely ignoring the worthy members of the A.T.S. and W.V.S., he partnered Cinderella for the rest of the evening. So happy was Cinderella that she forgot the fairy godmother's warning until she heard the fatal chimes of midnight. Leaving her partner stranded in the middle of Lambeth Walk, she rushed out into the darkness, only to find the car floating sadly away into thin air accompanied by the mournful music of an air-raid siren.

Sprinting past the Granville Hotel, Cinderella managed to get home before the ugly sisters arrived.

Just as the sisters were retiring, there was a thunderous knock at the door. Blanched with terror, the ugliest sister hurried to answer, with fearful recollections of the enormous fines for black-out offences. Instead, however, of the local warden, there stood the most handsome member of His Majesty's Forces. He told them that he had found the gas mask

belonging to his mysterious partner at the dance, and he was looking for the owner. With hasty fingers, the ugly sisters contrived to wear the gas mask, but with obviously unsuccessful results. Then, amid the loudly voiced scorn of the unsuccessful candidates, Cinderella was requested to don the respirator.

One graceful movement and the gas mask was transferred to her flower-like face, and, needless to say, fitted perfectly.

With a loud cry of joy the Prince Charming swept his Cinderella into his arms, and, as you may have guessed, lived happily ever after.

VIOLET RANDALL (VI).

WITHOUT RHYME OR REASON.

For absolutely no reason at all, I have decided to probe the dim, dark recesses (recessiae?) of my grey matter and thoroughly overhaul the contents. Why, I don't know, but I have come to the conclusion that spring-cleaning is by no means the beginning and the end, but that if a little more autumn refreshing were introduced, a great deal of good might be forthcoming.

The first things to come to light are crocodiles! Why on earth crocodiles? Once again, I don't know, but I have a vague recollection of dreaming of huge yellow crocodiles wandering at large on a tennis court, and watching people play tennis with outside wooden trays on sticks. Now, I have always been told that dreams take the opposite course in real life, but I just can't think of the opposite of a crocodile and tennis, unless it be a rhinoceros and tiddley-winks. Here again, I am involved, because I do not see any possibility of being engaged in a mortal or friendly game of tiddley-winks with a rhinoceros. For one thing I am not on actual speaking terms with the aforementioned mammal, and for another, I fail to see how any rhinoceros could possibly be interested. . . .

Once again, vague images float before me, and suddenly a castle materialises. Now castles to some people present grim, sordid pictures, but, as Aristotle said, there are castles and castles. Without becoming poetic, I can imagine heather waving and the ancient building perched precariously and miraculously on top of a hill; sooner or later (it always *should* happen) a braw Highlander strides out, his expression being a mixture of Napoleon, haggis and bagpipes, and the inevitable question crops up concerning the Scotsman and his kilt. I believe many theories have been put forward, and the matter subsequently settled, but it is still a rather interesting subject for leisure moments.

Soliloquizing further, my mind wanders to corners! Corners, written in cold blood, seems a singularly uninteresting subject, but still further investigation shows this to be perfectly untrue. Not only are corners interesting, but they can be a consummate nuisance. Take, for instance, mustard pots. I say mustard pots because I have been well acquainted with these objects. How often have I called in vain upon the Powers-that-Be to abolish these corners which have an unreasonable habit of being practically impossible to cleanse! Then again, there are the corners which unfortunately delight in making painful contact with one's most vulnerable parts, thereby causing contusions in Nature's

most beautiful pastel shades. I often think that a rainbow is a mere nonentity beside...

But perhaps I had better discontinue my spring-cleaning before pink elephants rise in the ascendancy.

BARBARA HULL (VI).

ON CONTRIBUTING TO "IRIS "-1940.

Who'd be under the eagle eye of an *Iris* representative? The announcement is made that contributions are needed for the magazine, the form are asked to bestir themselves, and then the fun starts.

Even if the representative is your best friend, you avoid her like the plague, dodging in doors and round corners, till, one fateful mistake, and-she's got you! You are held by your bright and gleaming yellow tie, and first she asks, and is refused; she cajoles, no change in the answer; then you are commanded, and you still won't; your representative bursts into tears, and in between wiping her eyes and comforting her, you find you have actually offered, *offered*, of all things, to write for *Iris*.

You go home, sit at the table with clean white paper before you, a fresh bottle of ink, a new nib in your pen, but what is the use? You don't know what to write, and you never could write, anyhow; the time goes on, and in desperation you write a poem. You know jolly well it will never get in, but *she* will be satisfied; and you go to bed and come to school next day with a clear conscience.

You never do things like that; well, neither do I, but I had to write something, hadn't I?

IRENE N. RADLEY (VI).

MIRRORS

The mirrors in an actress's dressing-room might be able to tell many amusing tales, had they the gift of speech; but even more entertaining would be the stories of an amateur's green-room.

Take, for example, the mirrors of the Wellingborough High School, into which have peered, boldly, innumerable girls each day.

When displays, revues, and other School festivals are taking place, Shakespeare's villains, heroes and heroines, regard with pride the effects of their achievements with cosmetics. Some, swiftly and skilfully adjust their make-up, while condescending to fling a few words of advice at another less fortunate being.

Romeo and Capulet, dread rivals, smile confidentially at one another, eyes meeting in

the mirrors, while correcting some minor detail which might not escape a critical audience.

Juliet and the glamorous Rosalind, swishing their skirts, privately think the other's dress might suit them better, but are contented, because they know *their* frock is the best for the part.

Servants, hurrying in and out, pause in front of the mirror to assume a humble expression.

Then the call-boy's voice sounds, "Will Form.....please hurry." The company shrieks, takes a last despairing look in the mirror, and rushes wildly stagewards, leaving the mirrors staring blankly at nothing.

JOAN RAYMENT (L.IV.H).

POTTED THRILLER

The wind was howling eerily through the caves, and harsh driving rain beat an incessant tattoo on the window-pane. Inside, all was quiet, but in spite of the blazing logs, a ghostly presence seemed to preside over all. Queer shapes flitted over the walls, reflected by the seemingly cruel, leaping flames.

A woman, with a quiet stately appearance, sat passive and dignified in her high-backed chair, opposite her espoused, both unhurried as though belonging to another century. Suddenly her face, contorted with fear, and eyes dilated, turned to a sickly pallor, and a cold clammy hand gripped her heart. . .

A sinewy, sinister black shape was silently making its way across the floor, with a terrible determination-it seemed that nothing could turn it from its evil goal.

A terrified scream rent the air, and a groping hand, reddened by the blaze, silently crept out-grasped a cold steel weapon which slowly and inexorably rose.

A sharp intake of breath. . . the weapon fell, as a streak of lightning from a storm-rent sky, and a sickening thud followed immediately. Then light flooded the scene, and there lay the spider, already on its way to Valhalla.

The poker had done its work, and the murderer smiled at his wife with the satisfied air of one who has done his job well!

BARBARA HULL (VI).

RIDDLE-ME-REE.

My first is in feet, but not in head,
My second is in pain, but not in dread,
My third is in town, but not in city,
My fourth is in laughter but not in pity,
My fifth is in lamb, but not in sheep,
My sixth is in rain, but not in weep,
My seventh is in sand, but not in sea,

My whole is a country
Well known to you and me.

A. **SCHWAB (V.A).** See next issue for answer.

I REMEMBER.

Friday, 6th September, 1940.

As I was cycling along Church Hill, the familiar wail of the air-raid siren rent the air. At that moment I was passing the Walthamstow High School. I hurried down the path towards the school door, and left my bicycle outside, leaning against the wall of the gymnasium. It seemed that there were no people about, so I pushed open the side door and walked in. A few minutes elapsed, during which time I gazed down the corridor, now empty, but once crowded with girls who were at the moment sixty miles away, in Wellingborough. I would be back again with them tomorrow, but tomorrow was a long way off.

I turned round to see Mr. Hazel staring at me in some amazement. I explained the reason for my appearance, at which he replied, "You may go in Miss Norris's room if you like!" I went. I did not wait for him to change his mind. Here was a good chance to have another look-a last look-at the dear old school! I crossed the front hall. It was strange, for I had merely to open the door and walk in-not even to wait for the well-known "Come in, please", which a visit to Miss Norris's room would usually elicit.

I settled myself comfortably on a chair opposite the window. [Sub-Editor-Did a visit to Miss Norris usually involve this relaxation?] Overhead the drone of a plane could be heard, but apart from that all was quiet. The street outside was deserted. I regarded, rather sorrowfully, the wide paths leading to the two side-doors of the school, and remembered a September, five years ago, when I had formed for the first time one of the crowd that made its way to school. This was my first day, and I had assembled in the gymnasium with about ninety others. "You are to be with Miss Hall in L.III.H", I was told. "You will easily find it. If you get lost, just ask for the room next to the library." I well-remembered being thus instructed.

Then a few weeks later there was the prize-giving. I recalled the times when the entire school would assemble in the Greek Theatre for a singing practise with Miss Bean. The sun would be shining overhead, and everything was peaceful. I thought of an aeroplane that had circled overhead, drowning the sound of our voices, and causing in turn both amusement and exasperation.

My mind wandered to the garden which we all appreciate so much, to the "grass houses," the fish pond and the rockery gardens. I remembered, too, the choir practices on Friday, just after dinner, and standing in the front line on the platform at the back of the hall. I was then in the L.IV, and the thoughts of 1937 brought back many happy memories.

Every year we would have our games and competitions - acting, swimming, netball, tennis, and all those things we love so much. At Christmas there would be the School parties, and the Staff would cause infinite amusement.

I also remember the Bazaar, the grand Bazaar and Fun Fair, in which we all joined with equal enthusiasm. Crowds of people eager to obtain cheese-cakes in break, Science

Society outings, visits to the theatre and a burglary, which was the means of many a hair-raising story the following morning, especially from those who possessed an imaginative mind! There would be other public functions, meetings and end of term exams. . .

But at this point the "All Clear" disturbed my train of thought. I got up slowly, and looked about. I walked out into the front hall; then glanced round the hall, devoid of any signs of life. The sound of a step made me start. There was Miss Hall. She had just arrived for morning school. I stayed with her only for a few moments, and then was off.

I cycled down the road and made for home. Tomorrow I would be far away at Wellingborough with the real School.

Good luck to our School - past, present and to come!

FRANCES WRIGLEY (V.A).

A GLIMPSE OF LIFE IN THE SHELTER.

Scene: In the shelter. Enter Maggie, queerly dressed in grey, scarlet and blue, with yellow ankle socks knitted from the latest pattern in "Home Notes".

Maggie: "All here?" (counting a number of bundles from which protrude very red noses enveloped in numerous folds of eiderdowns, blankets and hot water bottles). "Strange! Only six. Where is the missing person?"

"What about yourself", grunts Grandma Higgins, disguised as largest bundle.

Maggie: "Of course! How stupid of me."

"You've said it!" pipes smallest bundle.

"How I wish people would teach their children manners", says Maggie. As she picks up some knitting, smallest bundle clambers up on to the top bunk.

"Now then, Joey, come off that bunk. How many times have I told you not to bounce up and down on it." (Protesting creaks come from bunk.) Maggie gives up and starts knitting.

"Now, where did I get to last night? Well, as I was saying . . ." She got no further, for Joey gave an extra-large bounce which precipitated him and the bunk on to the gathering below. Pandemonium reigns and through the air comes the gentle sound of the "All Clear".

G. SEARLE, P. WARING (U.IV).

WHO KNOWS. . .

Wordsworth's "Imitation of Immorality"?

My Mrs D.?

Who had garlic like an angel?

Who bored the canon?

Who sleeps with her foster parents?

That a masculine floor and a feminine wall produce a neuter window?

The Duffs?

Which mistress leaves school early to roast a chicken?

Which mistress waves a fish-slice in Woolworth's?

Where butter is sold unrationed?

Which members of the Staff lost their ration books?

Which gas has a tangent smell?

WHO REMEMBERS. . .

. . . "his daughter is coming back from China *to* be married, but is none the worse for it!"?

The accent in "Strawberry Fair"?

Fruit Bars?

G. Dennithorne-two days?

He's just my build?

Cuckoo!?

When do I a sausage become?

"My name is Moggwhistle "-Why?

The imaginary conversation between Edward I and Edgar Wallace?

When Medea went home for her gas mask?

Gleaning?

Collecting dead flies?

PARENTS' ASSOCIATION.

War circumstances have prevented our Social activities in Walthamstow, but the Secretary, Mr. R. E. Licence, at 5, Rectory Rd., E.17, is always ready to assist parents, and to keep in touch with the School.

A committee meeting was held on Sept. 11th, 1940, when it was decided that the officers and committee should remain in office for another year; that an effort should be made in 1940-41 to collect the membership subscription; that a Bulletin and report be issued to members; and particularly that members and parents subscribe for Xmas festivities at the School in Wellingborough again this year.

Last year, the Association raised £14 for Wellingborough Christmas Festivities which was very good, but an equal amount would be useful this Christmas.

The Association warmly congratulates Joyce Bond, Muriel Barrett, Nora Brown, Mary French, Edna Timberlake, Margaret Ward and Cecilia Wheeler on their University successes and is mindful of the contribution the School and the Staff made towards these splendid results.

For over twelve months the highest traditions of the School have been more than maintained in Wellingborough, and we wish Staff and girls continued happiness and success, with the ever present thought that the international situation will soon enable all to return to their Walthamstow homes and THE School on Church Hill.

In the meantime we would strongly urge those parents who have "High School" girls in Walthamstow, that the School is at present in Wellingborough, and that the best interests of the girls, for both personal safety and study would be served by allowing them to join the School proper, which is in a comparative Safety area and where the girls sleep undisturbed.

R. E. LICENCE.

O.G.A.

Committee for 1940:

President-Miss Norris.

Vice-Presidents-Miss Goldwin and Minnie Foxon.

Treasurer-Mrs.L. Browne, 53, Woodstock Road, St. Albans, Herts.

Secretary-Constance Pettit, 16, Warwick Court, Bounds Green Road, N. II.

Hon. Members---Dora Higham, Dora Busby.

Co-opted Members-Rose Harris (Netball), Miss Park (Dramatic), Edna Timberlake (Sub-Editor of *Iris*).

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

Owing to circumstances which need no elaboration from me, the O.G.A. has been unable to function this year as in the past. We have not been able to hold the usual Socials, but in spite of those opportunities to get together and have a talk, interest in the Association is not dead. This year, again, *Iris* will have to take the place of our Socials, and we shall hope to read of Old Girls' activities instead of telling each other about them.

To keep the Association going and to ensure receiving a copy of *Iris* please send your subscriptions, payable 1st January, 1941, promptly to the Treasurer. The subscription is 3/-, or 1/6 for those who left School in 1939 and 1940. Perhaps you might like a reminder that Life Membership costs £2. 10.0.

The Association lost a very old and valued member by the passing of Itta Gillett, who died on 28th June, 1940. Itta was our Treasurer for eight years, relinquishing that post in 1937, but remained on the Committee. We shall miss her help and presence very much, for she rarely missed attending a Social, and we extend our sympathy to the family.

As you know, news of Old Girls is always the most interesting part of *Iris* to Old Girls. So please don't forget to let us have it. Don't wait till the end of the year when *Iris* is ready to go to print, send it to Miss Norris, or to the Secretary when you hear of it, and don't expect other people to send it in for you, their memories are probably as bad as yours.

We all hope that very soon the Association, along with the Dramatic, Netball and Operatic Sections will once more be in full swing. At any rate, wherever Old Girls meet anywhere, it is still being kept alive.

CONNIE PETTIT.

ADDRESSES OF OLD GIRLS, 1940.

Doris Barr, 26, Pretoria Avenue, E. 17.
Florence Brown, 14, Southcote Rd., E. 17.
Margery Clark, 181, Wadham Rd., E.17.
Kathleen Clarke, 187, Westrow Drive, New Barking.
Gwendolyn Corker, 37, Endlebury Rd., Chingford.
Daphne Dorling, 4, Turner Rd., E.17.
Mavis Empson, 4, Marlborough Rd., South Chingford.
Joyce Evans, 3, Gloucester Rd., Higham's Hill, E.17.
Ethel Fox, 23, Richmond Rd., E.17.
Joyce Gerdes, 34, The Drive, E.17.
Joan Groves, 13, Corbett Rd., E.17.
Eileen Hill, 6, Orchard Parade, Field End Rd., Eastcote, M'sex.
Joan Lawler, 80, Lansdowne Rd., E.17.
Dora Mitchell, (Mrs. Lightup) 18, Starling Close, Buckhurst Hill.
Nora Lyons, 10, Connaught Rd., E.17.
Gwen Newman, 1, Badlis Rd., E.17.
Gwen Owen, 117, Westward Rd., S. Chingford
Lucy Salisbury, 112, Queen's Rd., E.17.
Betty Sowray, 52, Winn's Terrace, E.17.
Dorothy Stephens, 55, Connaught Ave., Chingford, EA.
Joan Tunbridge, 2, Sturge Avenue, E.17.
Winifred White, 43, Evanston Ave., Higham's Park, E4
Change of address.
Kathleen Payling (Mrs. Hetherington) 12, Fairlands Avenue, Buckhurst Hill.

OLD GIRLS' LETTERS.

1.

During all the snowy period just after Christmas, I spent many happy evenings touring round Kent with the Canterbury Dramatic Society. They were a very keen and jolly crowd, and have won the British Drama League Shield for the county many times, including last year - 1939.

Before Christmas they performed "Spring Tide" but I did not join them until the New Year when I was given the part of Julia in "The Ghost Train."

We gave eleven shows in all and acted to about fifteen thousand soldiers, sailors and airmen. We were always given an enthusiastic reception which made us feel that our time was well spent, as we usually had a trying journey in the black-out over snow and ice-bound country roads. Sometimes we went in a not too comfortable army lorry! After the show we were taken to the Officer's Mess where we had refreshments and spent a short time chatting to the staff who were very charming and hospitable.

I am now in London, but left Canterbury with many regrets and happy memories. However, when I look back and realise that many of the troops whom we did our best to entertain last winter are now playing such a vital part in our defence, particularly the R.A.F., I am sorry that I shall not be able to visit them again this winter with the Canterbury

Dramatic Society.

KATHLEEN HETHERINGTON (nee Payling).

II.

SOUTH AFRICA.

I landed only two days before Germany invaded Poland, and now everyone says I must stop for the "duration," but I don't want to be away from England for years.

We three sisters had a lovely holiday in September and October, the Spring time. The eldest boy drove us 300 miles to "The Wilderness," a combination of sea, river, trees and distant mountains. We had a lovely river trip and one to Knysna, the only place in the world where the stinkwood grows. Coming towards home we saw the wild flower garden at Caledon—a glowing mass of colour. Then Daisy and I were dropped at Hermanus, where we spent a fortnight, rock-scrambling, etc.

On these journeys in the Wilderness we saw fresh things, such as a few ostriches, lizards, large fat grasshoppers, and a small snake that I nearly trod on; cacti, aloes and prickly pears; women carrying bundles on their heads and babies on their backs; teams of 10, 16, 20 oxen pulling timber wagons round wooded passes, or ploughs in fields. One night there was a spider as big as a saucer on my bedroom wall, and I had to throw it out in my towel.

I've had new vegetables, squashes, mealies, sweet potatoes, sweet corn, pumpkins, new fruits, loquots, gravas, avocado pears, water-melons and mangoes, fresh figs, granadillas.

I haven't found much war work. We make bandages on Thursday morning and go to a canteen for seamen, but they don't patronise us on our day shifts, only evenings.

I enjoyed the evacuation poems by your juniors in the last issue of *Iris*.

SADIE FOXON.

III.

How I long for the day when we shall all meet again. I miss the Dramatic terribly, although I was fortunate enough last winter to appear in several of the Modern College shows. Sorry I am out of touch with most O.Gs. at the moment. I should like to have written a long essay entitled "Do you Remember," but who wouldn't these days? I suppose we must be thankful that we have such happy memories to think back upon.

GRACE PUTNAM (Tracey).

OLD GIRLS' NEWS.

WINNIE ABERY is teaching Biology at the South East Essex Technical College.

JOYCE BARD has gained her Degree in Geography, Class II, London.

DORIS BARR is a clerk at Waterlow's.

MURIEL BARRETT has gained her Degree in English Honours Schools, Class III, Oxford; she is now training at Cambridge.

ROSINA BEARD is at Brooke Bond's in Herts.

MARY BELL is nursing at North Weald.

ALICE BIRD is a Pupil Mid-wife at the Middlesex Hospital.

NORAH BLOFIELD (Mrs. Rose) flew back to Singapore in March.

NORAH BROWN has gained her Degree, Natural Sciences Tripos, Class I, Cambridge; she is teaching Geography and Science in a small private school in Westmorland.

IVY BURR is working in the Walthamstow Public Library.

DOROTHY FOSTER writes from Hebron High School, Coonoor, South India. She has been travelling to Penang and Singapore, Malacca and the Malay States in general. She watched a Presentation of Colours to the Second Battalion of the Inniskilling Fusiliers, which took place at the same time as the presentation by the Duke of Gloucester at Catterick to the First Battalion. The Prince of Greece is coming to live near the school.

MARY FRENCH is Assistant Lecturer in Chemistry at Bedford College, London University (evacuated to Cambridge), after being awarded a London University Post-Graduate Studentship of £150 for one year.

ETHEL FOX is a student at Holloway College.

VALERIE GARDINER is continuing at the Slade School, which is still at Oxford. In competition she was awarded First Prize for Design and Second Prize for Life Painting.

JOYCE GERDES is training at Homerton College, Cambridge.

JOAN GROVES is a student at Newnham College.

EILEEN HILL is at Harrow High School, where she has to get up at 5 o'clock in the morning to complete her homework in defiance of Hitler's worst.

KATHLEEN HILKEN is an Auxiliary Nurse at Barnet.

OLIVE HORDER, who gained her C.D.A. (College Diploma in Horticulture from the Agricultural College at Chelmsford), has a post as lady gardener with Col. Grey-Hocker, Edge Gardens, Cranbrook, Kent, where rock gardening is the speciality.

JOYCE HOWLETT is on the staff of "Vogue".

EDITH LAMPEN (Mrs. Hilken) is the wife of Commander Hilken, of H.M.A.S. Sydney, which, near Crete, this summer fought a successful action against units of the Italian fleet. VERA LEE has been working at a First Aid Post in Walthamstow; she is shortly starting work in the War Commodities Dept.

PHYLLIS LOVICK is Art Mistress at St. Mary's and St. Anne's School, Abbot's Bromley.

GRACE MACFARLANE is Biology Mistress in the Chislehurst County School.

JOAN NATION is teaching at the Whittingham School, Higham Hill.

KA THLEEN OSBORNE is working for the L.C.C.

GWEN OWEN is a student at Bedford College (evacuated to Cambridge).

MARGARET RABSON has been appointed Junior French Mistress at the Beckenham County School.

BEATRICE SCHERR is teaching at the Whittingham School, Higham Hill.

MARION SCOTT is training at the Rachel Macmillan Training College for Nursery School teaching.

IVY SEWELL is nursing at St. Margaret's Hospital, Swindon.

GABRIEL SIDKIN is a clerk in the L.N.E.R. office.
ELSIE SMITH is designing Rosebank Furnishing Fabrics.
MARGARET SPRAGG is teaching at the Joseph Barrett School.
EDNA TIMBERLAKE gained her Degree in English, Class II, London University; she is now training at Nottingham with the Institute of Education.
JOAN TUNBRIDGE is a clerk in the Civil Service Export Credits Guarantee Department.
MARGARET WARD has passed her B.Sc. Special Examination in Chemistry.
MYRTLE WARD is with the Legal and General Assurance Co.
CECILIA WHEELER has gained her London Honours Degree, Class II, in Zoology, and hopes to read for her Ph.D.
PHYLLIS WOOLNOUGH is the Lecturer in English at Edge Hill Training College, now at Bingley.
NORA LYONS is a nurse at the National Adoption Society Babies' Hostel, near Cheltenham.

BIRTHS.

MARGARET BROOKS (Mrs. Grant), a daughter, Heather Jane, on April 26th, 1939.
WINNIE NEEDHAM (Mrs. Carrados), a son, Ian Peter, on February 19th, 1940.
PEGGY SIMPSON (Mrs. Cash), a daughter on June 4th, 1940.
MARIANNE BELLINGER (Mrs. Bignell), a daughter, Jacqueline Rosemary, on 25th June, 1940.
MILDRED FRENCH (Mrs. Trubshaw), at Johannesburg, a daughter, on 21st September, 1940.
BETTY WILLIAMS (Mrs. Harris), a son, Roger.

MARRIAGES.

SYBIL MORRIS to GEOFFREY PICK, in December, 1939.
MURIEL FITT to PHILIP GCYON JONES, on January 20th, 1940.
MAUDE PETTITT to ALFRED COE, on March 23rd, 1940.
EILEEN MACKIE to LESLIE COATES, on March 31st, 1940.
DORIS BAXTER to JAMES KINDELL, on May 12th, 1940.
DORIS WIFFIN to DAVID BARTLETT, in June, 1940.
NORA CHAPPELL to CYRIL DENIS COCKS, on June 5th, 1940.
DOROTHY TAYLOR to LINDSEY CLARKE, on July 5th, 1940.
RUTH PARKER to DAVID ROBBINS, in July, 1940.
YVONNE BAYES to RONALD HAWTHORN BARNETT on August 10th, 1940.
DORA MITCHELL to NORMAN W. LIGH1TP, on September 7th, 1940.
OLIVE ALLNUTT to JACK NICOLL. . .
JEANNE PAYLING to RONALD HANCOCK, R.A.F., on September 7th, 1940.
JOYCE PAYLING to RONALD ROGERS, R.A.F., on November 16th, 1940.

IRENE FORD to ALBERT LINNINGTON LOADER, on September 12th, 1940.

DEATHS.

It is with deep regret that we announce the death of JOY MIDDLETON on April 18th, and of ITTA GILLET on June 28th, 1940.

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