

Walthamstow High School Magazine

EDITOR'S LETTER

At Wellingborough High School.

Dear School,

In 1939 I ventured to prophesy in my letter to IRIS that we were fortunate in being evacuated to "Wellingborough, a town which has a strong tradition of friendliness and hospitality"; my prophetic words have been abundantly justified by the march of time; increasing numbers of our Walthamstow parents and old girls are living, working, and even holiday-making in and around Wellingborough; all of us are forming lasting ties of intimacy and friendship with our kind hosts and hostesses, to all of whom we offer our heartfelt thanks.

You will be sorry to hear that Miss Eaton has left us and taken a full-time post at Purley, evacuated to Lewdown. For a very long time past she has been intimately connected with the School and all its activities, as a pupil, as an old girl, as a teacher, as an accompanist, and latterly as a Voluntary Helper. During all this long association, she has given her time and her talents most generously to the service of the School. Whilst we are sorry to lose her, we hope that our loss will be her gain.

All friends of the School will hear with regret of the death of Miss Proctor. She was a beautiful pianist, a first-class teacher, and a stalwart and trusty colleague. In her little music room she gave everything she had to her pupils, including her time, her energies, and even her voice; all those who rose to her standards and even those who did not, will remember the inspiration of her teaching with gratitude and affection. She loved music, she loved teaching, and she loved the School; we are all the poorer for her loss.

Love and best wishes from the School, and bless you wherever you may be or whatever work you may be called upon to do.

Yours affectionately,
M. Norris.

SUB-EDITOR'S LETTER.

This issue of IRIS is a "wee" one-"wee" for Wictory. The number of contributions justified the use of this Wacry, and produced a flutter of delightful embarrassment among the Committee. The Sub-Editor had a nightmare that IRIS ran to a hundred pages with money paid in for only thirty-one. But, perhaps, the severe rationing of material will prove stimulating, so that you will wish there was more of it, and that's the Art "*O' magazine publishing.*" Nevertheless, it was difficult to part with M. Fairbrass's "Peep at Wellingborough in the 17th century," and S. Gould's story of high literary merit and the articles by M. Gallington and J. Rayment.

The Sixth Form entries could have filled a magazine on their own, and with effortless ease, with a strong field against them, won the Honour and Glory Stakes for the Form with the best and most plentiful contributions selected for publication.

That is as it should be. And also as it should be—there are selections published from every Form in the School.

We have much else for which to be grateful: Miss Jacob's welcome article, which, written by special request, will give untold pleasure to every reader of IRIS; the poem generously contributed by our foster school; and the zeal and support of the indefatigable Committee and of the O.G.A. sub-editor.

How many people in the future will envy us for living in such heroic times as 1939-1942? We are indeed fortunate. In the meantime my best wishes to and for 1942 and until Victory is realised to the fullest extent.

A. H. PARK, Sub-Editor.

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

A Modern Inquisition, the Pursuit of Old Girls, has become a hobby with me during the last few months. Only by concentrated attack have I been able to compile this year's News for 'IRIS.' May I

appeal for a policy of 'give' as well as 'take' this coming year? I shall be glad to receive news of Old Girls or chatty letters about your various occupations at any time. Many thanks for letters I have received for this issue. Why not send some articles next time? I seem to have a perpetual grumble about lack of contributions, but after all you will agree that it is the job of a Sub-Editor to remove the bushels from shining lights.

The family circle of O.G. occupations has now widened to include the Forces, most of the Ministries, and the B.B.C. In fact, there are Old Girls everywhere. Good luck to all of you in your work. I hope that the O.G.A. will be able to rouse itself from its enforced somnolence by next Spring. Will those of you who have made suggestions to me please send them to the Secretary.

I am sure that all Old Girls would wish me to send congratulations to the School for its work during the past year. Many of us would like to give them verbally were it possible.

Allow me to lay aside my Inquisitorial Robe to send hearty greetings to you all, wherever you are.

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

SCHOOL CHRONICLE.

We have now successfully completed our second year of evacuation and are firmly established in Wellingborough. The war has made little difference to our School activities, which have been even more varied than usual during the past year.

Christmas festivities began early, with a party given for the Foster Parents on December 12th, when there was a Nativity Play presented by the Upper Thirds, followed by an informal tea. The Nativity Play was repeated for the School during the following week.

On December 23rd, despite black-out difficulties, a party of girls went Carol singing and collected a substantial sum of money for the Connaught Hospital.

During the Christmas holidays, we were allowed to use the Y.M.C.A. for recreation, always assisted by members of the Staff.

Three very enjoyable Christmas parties followed closely upon each other, the first given by the Y.M.C.A. Ladies' Committee, the second, the Musical Society party arranged by Miss Eaton, and the third a party given by the Rev. Dagger. There followed a delightful concert given by a local Concert Party. Even then our jollifications continued, on January 15th, the whole School was taken to the Cinema, the Upper School to see "Rebecca," and the Lower and Middle School to see "Edison the Man." On the next day we attended a special Cinema performance for Evacuees, and the festivities came to an end with a party and presents provided by our Parents' Association.

Chronicles elsewhere, is the chief event of the Easter Term, and, indeed, of the whole year, the Gymnastic and Dancing Display in aid of the Red Cross.

The Science Society Spring Outing took the form of a visit to the Bakery of the Wellingborough Co-operative Society. We were conducted over the works by Mr. Allen, who explained the various processes.

In the Summer Term, a party of girls visited the Northampton General Hospital and were shown round the wards, operating theatres, Nurses' quarters and the Chapel, by one of the Sisters.

At the last meeting of the League of Nations Union, the Dean of Chichester was the speaker. We had also hoped to hold a debate in the School, the subject being: "Peace Aims," but owing to the pressure of examinations this year, it had to be cancelled. All the Upper Thirds passed the test and have become members of the School Branch of the League of Nations Union. This term we are greatly looking forward to a lecture by Mr. Sorensen.

The Acting Competition was held during the Summer Term, but owing to the near approach of examinations, the Fifth and Sixth Forms were not represented. Mrs. Sidney Cook was the Judge and her praise testified to the fact that evacuation has not lowered our standards. The Upper Fourth, being the only representative of the Upper School, did not compete for the Shield, and the competition was won by Forms L.III. H. and Lower IV.H.

On May 2nd, the Literary and Dramatic Society was lucky in having Mr. Osborne Robinson of the Northampton Repertory Company as a lecturer.

One of the greatest attractions of the Summer Term, was the tractor driving tuition, arranged by the Northampton Education

Committee; this was thoroughly enjoyed by girls and Staff alike.

On Sunday mornings members of the Sixth Form have been helping at a Canteen, run by Miss Cohen, for soldiers and evacuees, and on July 28th, they were invited to a party kindly given by Miss Cohen; this they enjoyed very much.

On July 24th, examinations being over, Vb gave an excellent performance of the Play: "Tovarich," and on July 31st, Va presented "Tobias and the Angel" with equal success.

The Summer Term ended with an unexpected and informal Prize Giving.

This year we have spent a great deal of time during weekends and holidays in farming, planting and gleaning potatoes, peapicking, haymaking and harvesting, and have thereby raised the sum of £20 for the Hospital Boxes and for the Red Cross. We have also contributed our annual £40 to the Connaught Hospital and have sent a parcel of garments to the U.G.S. in addition to contributing to the local War Charities.

The School Branch of the National Savings Campaign is progressing slowly but surely, the result of last year's saving being £820 7s. 6d. A special War Weapons collection realized £125 with which we were able to buy a machine gun and £25 worth of bullets.

In the National Savings Poster Competition, Barbara Hull and Violet Randall succeeded in getting their posters exhibited at the Royal Academy in September, for this honour they each received a fifteen shillings National Savings Certificate from the Northamptonshire Education Committee.

In conclusion, we would like to extend our grateful thanks to the Foster Parents of Wellingborough who have done so much to make our life so homelike and happy, and to the Staff who have worked so untiringly to keep us amused, busy and cheerful, and who, despite the war, have helped us to preserve our manifold activities and to keep the School flag flying.

JEAN DALLAS. VI.

THE GYMNASTIC AND DANCING DISPLAY.

The outstanding event of the Spring Term was the Display of Gymnastics and Dancing, held at the School on April 3rd and 5th. A novel feature of the performances, and one which greatly increased their interest for the spectators, was that practically the whole School took part. Displays of gymnastics were given by the Low, Middle and Upper School, and the audience showed great appreciation both of the rhythmic quality of the free-standing exercises, and of the more spectacular apparatus work. The gymnastics were interspersed with many dances of very varied kinds. Much amusement was aroused by the Upper School's lively interpretation of the Lancers, and the performers showed considerable ingenuity in ridiculing the spirit of the age. The Bacchanalian Dance successfully conveyed the frenzied energy and continual movement of Greek orgiastic rites. The dances of the Lower and Middle School were particularly appreciated for the neatness and agility of movement they displayed.

Both performances were exceedingly successful; on Thursday afternoon a large audience of foster-parents and friends was present, and on Saturday three coaches brought parents and Old Girls from Walthamstow to view the Display. Afterwards a tea was provided for the visitors by Miss Cohen in the Mill Road Baptist Church Schoolroom. We have to thank Mr. Licence and the Committee of the Parents' Association for organising this pleasant excursion.

Our thanks are also due to Miss Sumsion for helping us to produce such lovely clothes for the dances at so little expense, to Miss Eaton for accompanying and above all, we shall always be grateful to our producer, Miss Squire, for her patience, her gaiety and her inspiration.

Most important of all, the proceeds of the performances, amounting to just over £50, were contributed to the Wellingborough Red Cross.

EDNA JENKINSON. Form VI.

THE GAMES NOTICES, 1940-1941.

Making use of the new netball court in the High School grounds, we were able to play a few matches last season, and our usual record was maintained. In practices this term many of the Juniors are most promising.

The tennis was less successful, but we hope to improve our

standard during next Summer. Matches were played against three High Schools, the results of which are given below, while two couples entered for the Northants Inter-Schools Championship.

We were privileged this year by being allowed to use the Public School Open-Air Swimming Baths, and finished the season with a very wet Gala, never to be forgotten by those taking part! Much enthusiasm was aroused by the remaining Inter-Form competitions, the Tennis Tournament and Sports being well attended by our foster-parents.

The results of the matches and Inter-Form Competitions are as follows:-

Netball.

Wellingborough Ladies (1st match)	3 I -9.	Win
	(2nd match) 27-7.	Win
Notre-Dame Convent.	1st Team 20-7.	Win
	Juniors 7.5.	Win

Tennis.

Notre-Dame Convent (1st match) 64-84. Lose.
(2nd match) 52-47. Win.

Brondesbury High School. 35-47. Lose.

Wellingborough High School 1st Team 34-47. Lose.

Juniors 57-24. Win.

Inter-Form Competitions.

Netball	VI.	L.4.W L.3.S.
Drill	VI.	U.4 U.3.W.
Tennis.	1st couple VI.	L4H.
	2nd couple VI.	L4W.
Swimming	VI.	L4H.
		L.3.S.
Sports	VI.	U.3.H.
		L.3.S.

We must congratulate Yvonne Abbinett on gaining her Silver Medal of the Royal Life-Saving Society.

RUTH LICENCE

(Games Captain).

EXAMINATION RESULTS.

We should like to congratulate the following girls on their results:-

London General School Certificate.

Dorothy Barnard, with Matriculation exemption.

Joyce Brabner.

Lilian Bridger, with Matriculation exemption.

Patricia Cherry.

Olive Collett.

Joyce Deaton, with Matriculation exemption.

Pamela Denham.

Thora Olsen.

Kathleen Doré.

Gweneth Flood, with Matriculation exemption.

Dorothy Hammond, with Matriculation exemption.

June Keen, with Matriculation exemption.

Olive Merison.

Mary Moss, with Matriculation exemption.

Amelia Schwab.

Daphne Skudder.

Phyllis Thornborough, with Matriculation exemption.

Rose White.

Frances Wrigley, with Matriculation exemption.

Patricia Aberdeen.

Edna Amos.

Margaret Austin.

Vera Barrett.

Elizabeth Bridgeman.

Frances Brown.

Dorothy Culpin.

Rosemary Guest.

Iris Henderson.

Gweneth Hodby.

Iris Howes, with Matriculation exemption.

Norah Kind.

Joyce Rawlings.

Lilian Reeves.
Grace Smith, with Matriculation exemption.

Higher School Certificate.

Margaret Fairbrass.
Edna Kenny, with Intermediate Arts exemption.
Hilarie Martin.
Catherine Rhodes. State Scholarship.

University Examinations.

Gwen Davies. Honours English, Class III, London University.

HAVING AN OPERATION.

The command has gone forth, "write something for Iris" so I meekly take my pen and obey.

I have always thought that we should experience everything once. I remember when a motor cycle came whizzing down a hill and crashed into the car I was in, that, as the car turned over sideways I just had time to think - now I know what it is like to be in a motor accident.

Having an operation is not nearly as bad as it is in anticipation. When the specialist told me my fate I felt a little grim and then when my good friends deposited me in hospital and left me to submit to strange rites at the hands of efficient nurses, there was a decided sinking at the pit of my stomach.

Very soon it was over and I fought my way up through clouds of grey chiffon to see two familiar faces and to say: "Do I look pale and interesting?" The answer was disappointing, as I had hoped that, for once in my life, I might look like the heroine of a Victorian novel.

After that, there seemed to be an endless procession of friends bearing peaches and jellies, cherries and pots of jam, oranges and a lovely heart-shaped fan to cool my heated brow. If any of you want to be thoroughly spoilt try having an operation!

Even the girls who had suffered most from me, forgave me and wrote and sent coals of fire.

And now, here it is the beginning of October and I am by the sea and having a holiday at this time of year for the first time since I began to go to school at the age of ten.

Lyme Regis was once the home of Jane Austen and Mary Mitford and is just the place for a gentle holiday. With the aroma of the day of which they wrote around me, it is not hard to be placid.

Soon I shall be back in Wellingborough joining in the comic interludes after prayers. We have all become so much more human since we made the first hot journey from Walthamstow to Northamptonshire and I find I miss you all very much.

Good luck and a speedy return to Walthamstow.

E. JACOB.

DISENCHANTMENT.

Enchantment is a magic word; it conjures up before the eyes pictures of witches on broomsticks sailing through the clear, cool air of midnight, of wise black cats with knowledgeable green eyes, of seething cauldrons filled with bats and toads, and of lurid charms and frightening incantations. The progress of science has taught the races of Western Europe, at least, to regard with scorn these expressions of mediaeval superstitions and credulity, but nevertheless, even in the twentieth century, there are few who never live in a state of enchantment.

Enchantment is contact with beauty, or truth or goodness the terms are only convenient ways of referring to what can never adequately be defined. Music, poetry, art, and the strange exhilaration produced by the expenditure of physical energy are some of the mediums through which the spell is cast. Sooner or later, of course, it breaks and the dream world is shattered. Nevertheless, the experience is not a negative one, but is capable of extending a very enriching influence.

Minds of genius, which, perhaps, are able to achieve this subtle communion with beauty more easily and more frequently than any others, are enabled to communicate something of their experience only when they are in a state of disenchantment. When they are under the spell of beauty their state of mind is supremely selfish; they are

concerned solely with their own feelings and with their joy in being able, for one brief moment, to transcend the material world. When, however, the spell is snapped and they return to the world of reality, their sense of regret at the inevitable loss of something indefinable is somewhat mitigated if they can attempt to communicate their joy or sorrow, making it less acute by making it less intensely personal. This explains why so many of the works of men of genius, poets and painters, musicians and dramatists, are fundamentally sad, and why even those whose mastery of paint or metre is greatest seem always to fail to achieve that at which they are aiming.

Nevertheless, visions are useless unless they are followed by some tangible expression of their substance, so that the mood of disenchantment is the most fertile mood for creative activity. To prolong the vision and postpone the time for action, as Peter-longed to do when he beheld Christ transfigured on the mountain top, is to cause the vision to lose all its value.

All of us, however are not endowed with that power of acute sensibility which characterises the mind of genius. Many men's visions are not periods of contact with beauty but pleasing illusions fabricated in the mind in order to escape from a bitter reality. The disenchanted mood which invariably succeeds the shattering of such illusions is characterised by false expressions of gloom.

Yet even these outbursts of excessive sentimentality serve a purpose as cathartics by purging the mind of much that is impure.

E. JENKINSON. VI

WORLD SPRING.

In the greening hedges of spring,
Lightly, the golden quickness of the yellow-hammer
Sings in the moment of passing,
Joyous, unreasoning, among young birch and briar.
And Man whose intellect can correlate
This song, with all the high
And awful order of the universe, the infinite
Form of the sky,
Pauses and smiles, forgets, returns to toil
To use that mind,
In fashioning shapeless death, on tortured soil,
For his own kind.

G. M. GOULD.

AND I LOOKED OUT.

And I looked out
Upon the deepest blue of sapphire night,
And saw the glittering radiance of stars
In myriads, like diamonds dazzling bright;
Tranquil the moon,
A glowing sphere of softest, silver light.
Again I looked
To see the first bright promise of the day,
As nature woke to greet the pilgrim Sun,
Who'd journeyed far, his rosy debt to pay.
Heraldic light
Streamed forth to guide him on his westward way.

MARGARET AUSTIN. Form VI.

OCTOBER EVENING.

Twilight, when grey ghosts flit along stone passages
And flick'ring flame shines redly from an Autumn log,
Warmth, and a creeping mist seen dimly out of doors.
Strange shadows, and the welcome of a drowsy dog.
Twilight, the time when fading light and darkness touch,
Hour of strange fears, and glowing, blest realities.
The homeward tramp across deserted, new-ploughed fields,
To human comforts and long tried fidelities,
This is the sacred hour when cheerful kettles sing,
And firelight plays on weatherbeaten hands.
Let evening come! All things most dear to us are here,
Security, and somebody who understands.

MARGARET J. BAILEY. (O.G.).

THE CHILD OF LIGHT.

The moon shone down on a lonely earth
An earth of silv'ry white.
In stable cold, while oxen fed,
Was born the Child of Light.

Shepherds hastening from their flocks
Had heard the wondrous story
Of Jesus born in Bethlehem
To be our King of Glory.

A gleaming star set in the sky
Was guiding Eastern sages
To where our Infant Saviour lay
A tale for Scripture's pages.

So thus to men it was revealed
How One so great and holy
As God, descended to mankind,
Through humble birth and lowly.

JOY ANDERSON. L.IV.H.

IMAGINATION.

Whenever stars twinkling
Up in the deep blue sky,
And lighting up the footpath
For every passer by,
The earth appears to open,
To bring up flowers sweet;
Sweet, fragrant, scented blossoms
Arise from every street,
They lift up dainty heads
And thus appear to say,
"Hurrah for earth, for joy, for Spring,
Hurrah for every new born day."

ELSIE FIGG. L.III

FAIRIES.

Some fairies in our garden stay,
When all is still at night,
I love to watch them while they play,
With glow-worms for a light.

From acorn-cups they drink sweet wine,
Eat honey from the bees,
And on delicious fruits they dine,
That grow on fairy trees.

Their dress is made of thistle-down,
With a blue-bell for a cap,
Or a wreath of roses for a crown,
And a napkin on each lap.
When at last the sun doth wake,
And the evening turns to day,
Each fairy its acorn-cup will take,
And silently creep away.

JOYCE JACKSON. UIII

EVACUEES.

By two Historians in the Year 2941 A.D.

During a war ten centuries ago there broke loose from the towns a menace that was greater to families than air-raids and rationing. It was in the form of a number of hideous animals called Evacuees. They descended upon the country-side like a swarm of locusts and destroyed the crops, even the blades of grass were trodden down by them. Every household was in danger of having the presence of one of the creatures imposed upon it, and all feared the destruction of peaceful home life. After the conclusion of the

war the plague was driven back to the towns where it happily died out, for no such creature now exists.

Once upon a time there raged a terrible war that demanded unselfish service of every citizen. From the civilized towns some extremely modest and heroic citizens answered the Nation's cry by leaving their homes and dear ones in order to dwell among people almost unknown. These very patriotic adventurers, both young and old, were called by the angelic name of Evacuees. They won the admiration of all through their patience, cheerfulness and hard unceasing labour in schools, in towns, in villages and on farms. It was mainly because of their sacrifice that the war was won, and everyone shouted "Three cheers for Evacuees."

ETHEL CRONK. V.

MRS. MALAPROP EVAPORATED TO WELLINGBOROUGH.

Allow me to introduce myself-Mrs. Malaprop, at your service. At the commensuration of this depilatory war, being a loyal citizen, I said to myself, as did Oliver Cromwell before me at the crucible moment in the Battle of Hastings, "England expects every man to do his duty." Therefore, allowing the surging waters of evaporation to catch me in their grasp, I bade "Adroit" to my compagnoles and, with a luggage libel tied round my neck, I exported myself from the venerable Metropolis for the dispensation of the war.

On renumerating over the assistance rendered by kind indivisibles during the transmigration, and indeed by all discerned with the schism, I cannot efficiently suppress my adulation.

The destitution was finally relevated to be Wellingborough, an industries town in the Middletudes. Everybody was expediently commiserate. An adolescent of the masculine speeches deprived me of my portmantel and even my restitutional apparatus, then deducted me over the equestrian crossing to the Young Man's Crystal Assassination.

In confusion, may I pay a tribune to the beneficence exhilarated by all the inheritants of this recension area.

LILIAN REEVES & PHYLLIS THORNBOROUGH.

Form VI.

ORDERS FOR THE WEEK.

The Training Corps will fully parade on Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, Fridays and Saturday mornings, reporting at eight hours fifty minutes and thirteen hours forty minutes.

Canteen Notices.

To all Officers on duty.

Will all non-commissioned officers who are organising the distribution of the milk, see that all bottles are counted and a report made to Captain Haystack if any are found to be missing.

All recruits, participating of this beverage are not allowed to:-

(a) scatter the said beverage over the Y.M.C.A. floor.

(b) leave bottles or bottle tops on chairs, etc.

Cycle Corps.

Both non-commissioned officers and recruits are reminded:

(a) they are not allowed to travel at a speed greater than thirty miles per hour in any built-up area.

(b) that they are only allowed to travel in single file.

(c) Recruits are not allowed to turn corners without signalling.

Matters concerning Uniform.

On this topic there is one matter which is most outstanding, namely, that hats must be worn at the horizontal and not at an angle of fifty degrees.

General Notices.

The Commandant wishes to remind recruits that those who are privileged to use the barrack library, must pay a severe penalty if they break the rule of silence.

When on parade recruits must walk only two abreast.

When parading to or from the depot and the barracks, recruits are not allowed to enter any shops.

Signed:

X.Y.Z.,
Deputy Chief Officer.

DAPHNE E. SKUDDER.
Form VI.

CRAZY PAVING.

Seated on nothing in particular on nothing out of the ordinary day, lazy thoughts began to turn towards the many and varied notorious personages of history. Great queries took form and I wondered whether Archimedes really did say, "Eureka, I've; found it," when he stepped on the bath plug, or even, whether Pythagoras thought out Theorem 29 all by himself. . . Remarkable when you come to think of the effort of merely memorising it!

And did William the Conqueror refuse to fight the Armada until he'd finished his horse-chestnut competition, or was it King John who was so nautically minded? It may even be that Canute had to paddle down the river in order to carry supplies to Bruce, who was getting terribly ravenous waiting for the spider to help him with the proverb.

One point is certain however. . . To be or not to be, that was the question, and Henry VIII decided that it was to be; he couldn't decide quite what, so having called a secret session of the Ministers who weren't fishing, a Lease and Lend Bill was passed informing the general public that all ministers were to be abolished.

But the essence of history, as we all know, began with King Alfred burning the cakes. This was cleverly done to confuse his enemies, in order that they might be led to believe that someone was making a smoke screen. Knowing Alfred as a wily monarch, they realised that the smoke screen was a blind, and so looked for him in the other direction. Of course, they were too late, for by that time Arthur was on the throne, and already he had whetted his Excalibur and was steaming a way in a boat with wailing sirens.

Caesar was quite well known then, and knowing that time was short as Antony was going to bury him in the next act, he decided to have a shot at invading Britain. Incidentally, that was how the Scilly Isles got their name, as it really was silly to be where they were, when all the fun was over the other side. However, realising that Gibbon was in a hurry to finish his book, Caesar landed, and to show his contempt, threw an apple in King Harold's eye.

At this point. Shakespeare intervened, saying that such a deed would ruin Act three, Scene one. Caesar immediately retired, with such a ferocious expression, that King Charles flew up an oak tree, and in a frenzy of fright threw Nell Gwynne's orange at Mary Queen of Scots, who straightway died with "Jaffa" written on her heart. From then onward history progressed by leaps and bounds, and in trying to catch up, Elizabeth fell over Rayleigh's cloak, which for some inexplicable reason, was lying at her -feet: Turning, she said with cold regality, "Via longa est quae non flectitur," which, translated, means, "What a pity your coat has no lining."

The climax was reached, however, when Victoria and Albert, who invented the docks and museum, decided to have their horoscope read at the Crystal Palace. Cassandra told them to beware of a tall, dark man who would cross their purposes, and this, of course, made Gladstone nervous, causing him to lose his bag. From then on history progressed fairly steadily, and by the Law of Averages, the present diversion should not last more than fifty years.

BARBARA HULL. VI.

A WARTIME STORY.

If it hadn't been for Hitler. Ernie Ear-plug would never have met his beloved Annie.

They lived together in a small square cardboard box together with the rest of the wartime family, Gertie Gas Mask, Charlie Chewing Gum and Olly Ovaltine.

When the large ear-plug factory opened in Ear-pad Avenue, Ernie was by mischance thrown away and mourned disconsolately in a huge waste paper basket.

Almost immediately a pile of waste paper was flung away nearly suffocating the luckless Ear-plug. Unable to move, he resigned himself to his fate, until, a little later, a dismal wail issuing from the other side of his temporary residence, woke him from a pleasant snooze.

Squeaked Ernie: "Who's there?" and the answer came in a plaintive wail, "It's me, Annie."

"Who's Annie?"

"Oh, I'm Annie Ear-plug. Please help me! "

All Ernie's natural gallantry surged up within him, and with a

great effort he struggled to his feet and mowed his way through the forest of papers.

Such a sight met his eye. A poor winsome young lady was caught in the meshes of some raffia and was vainly endeavouring to free herself.

Politely bowing, Ernie gave her his hand and helped her to her feet.

After sticking to a gum label and again entangling themselves in some string, Ernie fell on to a drawing pin, and squeezing through the bamboo of the basket, they found themselves on the floor.

Evading the many human feet they were just in the act of exploring the factory, when they were engulfed by a huge hand, and a voice boomed, "Ere, Bill, some more of em."

They were popped into a box and later distributed to a huge house.

Annie became Mrs. Ernie by the tying of a blue bow from a chocolate box, alas, and they lived happily ever after in a blue silk handkerchief.

And that is how they came to live in the gas mask box.

**B. JONES & D. COOKSLEY.
U.IVw.**

ONE NIGHT I DREAMT.....

Softly, silently, through the shadowy depths of the Y.M.C.A. Hall there crept a furtive figure. A piercing shriek rent the air. Up went the lights! There, hanging from one of the numerous paper chandeliers which decorate that ancient and illustrious building, was a sack of ripening rose-hips.

A series of unhappy howls broke the silence caused by this shock. The press-gang (better known as Clough and Jacob's National Savings Society) was at work!

Suddenly a panting form dashed into the hall, flung itself at the feet of Miss Norris, barked thrice, and disappeared through the floor. While everyone was vainly trying to prise up the floor boards, numerous decidedly earthy-looking potatoes showered from above. Some people, being in the way, were, unfortunately, damaged slightly. While Miss Derham was repairing the damage, Miss Squire shouted, "Form fours," and under the supervision of Miss Park the offending objects were removed. They were placed outside on the lawn. There, although a snowstorm was raging, they were carefully planted the wrong way up, including one or two unfortunate Lower Thirds, who got in the way, and. . .

At this point I awoke, so I haven't the slightest idea what happened next.

PAT WARING. V.

BRAINS RUST!

Scene. A room with a table and our own inimitable Brains Trust, with its inevitable members.

This week we have Professor Hooligan Duckslea, the "imminent" scientist, Professor Cecil Hoed, the notorious philosopher, Commander Handbell, Scentin' Kennels, a precarious journalist, with regrettable atmosphere interruptions from Tommy Van Rot.

The question they are about to dispute is as follows:

"In the event of the elimination of all the inmates of the Walthamstow High School, by the agency of a high explosive, which of these three persons should be saved: The Headmistress, Brawn, or the cleverest girl in the school?"

There is a gust of conversation which is only stemmed with difficulty, and from the group comes the voice of Professor Hoed.

Hoed. "I maintain that the cleverest girl in the school should be saved, since mind is above matter. The only enduring element in the universe is intellect, and the Greeks had a word for it, Logos-not that

I imagine the representative of the younger generation would contain a portion of this element in any large quantity, but since hope springs eternal in the human brain, I will give them the benefit of the doubt, and vote for the cleverest girl in the school."

There are indications that Hoed is prepared to discuss the matter ad infinitum, but the other members tactfully sit on him. Scentin' Kennels takes up the tale with a "Really-Mr.-Schickel-grüber "glint in his eye.

Kennels. "I entirely disagree, because the girl with brains will not produce anything with her hands - ."

Violent atmosphere from Tommy Von Rot. "- and production of material things is necessary for the maintenance of life on this planet. Brawn, with his intimate knowledge of gardening-"

Volcanic eruptions ensue and the voice of Tommy Von Rot emerges, "Can you tell me what he produces with his hands?"

Scentin' Kennels continues imperturbably" - will be able to produce food, without which no one could survive."

Having been unable to get a word in edgeways so far, Duckslea suddenly breaks out.

Duckslea. "I entirely disagree with Hoed, for if Brawn was not saved, caterpillars and so forth would spread, eat the food, and the human race would die out.

- Atmospheric with Tommy Von Rot saying, "It's a lie, God Save the King! While Hoed goes into an orgy of laughing.

Handbell joins in the fray.

Handbell. "I disagree with everybody. I think we should save the Headmistress because she has brains as well as brawn. No ship is complete without its captain, and even the cleverest girl in the school would not know as much as the Headmistress. After all, she has been on the land, and knows all about it!"

This last statement raises a veritable storm, and it is some time before Professor Hoed is able to add a few extra remarks.

Hoed. "The argument, that if Brawn did not survive, the human race would have no food and so perish, is a fallacy., since the girl with the intellect would start again the history of invention, whereby the machines would be produced which would enable man to procure the means for his subsistence."

This leaves everyone breathless, except the imperturbable Kennels, who imperturbably continues:

"During the time taken for the girl's intellect to develop sufficiently to invent these things, all would die -"

Duckslea breaks in with reference to nothing in particular-

"If one High School girl was eliminated it would not stop progress, because everything has been recorded in a large cylinder buried in America."

Tommy Von Rot remarks unnecessarily, "Brawn is quite capable of saving himself."

Before any semblance of peace can be restored, a stream of questions are hurled at Duckslea

Handbell. "Can Brawn dance?"

Kennels. "He can always learn."

Kennels. "In any case I don't believe the Headmistress can dance, and so she wouldn't want a partner."

Duckslea. "But surely Brawn can dance the Big Apple?"

Here again Professor Cecil Hoed, having wiped his streaming eyes, gasps breathlessly-

"The necessity for the survival has been shown by the way the Brains Trust has failed to keep to the point."

Scentin' Kennels, ignoring the obvious hint, prepares to start at the beginning again by saying

"But surely Darwin's theory on the survival of the fittest. . . .

Whereupon the proceedings threaten to become disorderly, and completely drown any attempt at summing up. All that call be seen, is the whole Brain Trust on its feet, each frenziedly shouting down the others, Tommy Von Rot telling them that they need more milk, while Hoed merely laughs and laughs and laughs.

Form VI

'HAMLET '-ADAPTED TO SCHOOL LIFE.

Arriving late. . . .

Oh, that this too, too solid flesh would melt.

Missing gas-mask on Friday morning. . . .

Oh my offence is rank, it smells to

Heaven.

Gym lesson. . . .

Bow stubborn knees, and heart with strings of steel,
Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe,
All may be well.

Loss of temper on part of staff. . . .

Madness in great ones, must not unwatch'd go.

Trying to give in late homework. . . .

And let us once again assail your ears,
That are so fortified against our story.

Staff-sequel to late homework. . . .

I humbly thank you: well, well, well.

Verboten apples. . . .

And then it started, like a guilty thing
Upon a fearful summons.

Evacuation. . . .

And we beseech you, bend you to remain

Here in the cheer and comfort of our eye.

Detention.....

Come, come, and sit you down, you shall not budge:

Verbs. . . .

Heaven and earth, Must I remember

Miss Dennithorne's gardening club. . . .

Fie on't oh fie, fie, 'tis an unweeded garden
That grows to seed:

Desperation of Staff. . . .

The ears are senseless that should give us hearing.

First term prefect. . . .

What have I done, that thou darest wag thy tongue,
In noise so rude against me?

BARBARA HULL. Form

VI.

MODERN POETRY.

i am not at all
an admirer of
modern poetry but
that is probably because
i do not understand
it at all i
suppose there are
some rules if
there are i have
not heard of them
of course it
can't be quite
as easy as it
looks
can it ?

G. B. FLOOD. VI

LONG AFTER LONGFELLOW.

Should you ask us how we love them.
How we love those noble portals,
Love the cold and dreary lamp light,
Cold and murky in the winter.
We would answer that we never
Find the words to fit the answer.
But the words are held within us
Deep within our inmost heartbeats.
So we sit among the bottles
In the bar and in the blind room.

Move the darts from out the dart-boards,
 Darts that interfere with study.
 Then we wander with cold shivers
 Running up and down our backbones,
 Try to warm our frozen bodies
 With the help of Bach and Chopin,
 Then returning back to studies
 Tear our hair with rant and raving,
 Hugo, Gibbon, Pope and Holmyard
 Running on in hopeless muddle.
 Muddle caused by marching music
 With the rhythmic noisy stamping
 While a well-known voice keeps saying,
 Saying with no pause or respite.
 "Take a chair and place it softly-
 Swing your leg, in time with music-"
 Till at last it's time for parting,
 Parting that hath no sweet sorrow.
 Then we find our buried cycles
 Buried 'neath a million others
 In the overflowing cloakroom.
 So we end our peaceless sojourn
 Knowing it will be repeated,
 But resolved that no complaining
 Shall disturb this house of learning.

BARBARA HULL. Form VI.

LIMERICK.

There was an old man of the West,
 Who was knitting himself a wool vest,
 He gave a loud cough,
 The stitches came off,
 And that was the end of the vest.

EILEEN D. LOW. Lower III.

CHEER UP.

Cheer up, cheer up, and let's be brave
 Until this War is won;
 Cheer up, cheer up, and do not crave
 For things that can't be done.
 Instead of cars, buy aeroplanes,
 Instead of bikes, buy tanks,
 Let every Briton do his bit,
 And earn the Nation's thanks.
 Then when this war is over,
 And peace is here once more,
 Then let us all together say,
 There will be no more war.

WINIFRED LOW. LIVw

PET HATES.

Extorted at the point of a pencil, after much labour, perseverance
 and waylaying, from the Headmistress and Staff of this Our School.
 Oranges, lap-dogs and peppermintsMiss Norris.
 Slimy fungi and Snakes..... Miss Goldwin.
 The screaming girl, the biting wind and the unwashed.....Miss
 Squire.
 Smell of vinegar, and girls who give in books late... Miss Clough.
 Lighting the fire twice Miss Dennithorne.
 Cinema organs, bad poetry and chocolate dates.....Miss Park.
 Music of the old Masters arranged for jazz, and strong tea.....Miss
 Speechley.
 Indiarubbers in French Class..... Mlle. Gremaud.
 BeetlesMiss Cunynghame.
 (Not passed by the Censor)..... Miss Hooper.
 Curry, and Mice when firewatchingMiss
 Webb.

WasteMiss Derham.
 Noisy walking, and people that have pet hates.....Miss Brown.
 Squeaking pianosMiss Hayward.
 Wasps and painted finger nails..... Miss
 Sumsion.

Form VI.

Who knows. . . .

Which member of the tennis team said: "Do you have to hit the
 ball over the net?"
 Who was afraid of being stabbed by a stilhouette?
 Which sixth-former was born in 1941?
 The mistress who likes the girls to sniff?
 Who kicked the bucket?
 Who wanted to let the spirit into the frog?

Who remembers. . . .

The sixth form is sadly demolished?
 The laundry?
 The exam paper that was the clowning glory?
 The mistress of the mauve neck and the purple forehead?
 Hey diddle diddle?
 The Eyelashes?

LOCAL COLOUR. I.

The Sunday Canteen.

Almost everyone in Wellingborough has heard of the fine work
 performed by Miss Cohen at the Sunday Canteen for soldiers and
 evacuees' visitors. The Sixth Form was delighted when it was
 suggested that two of them should help there each week.

We arrive at about 10 a.m. and from that moment we are kept
 busy continually until noon. Bridge rolls, bread rolls and bread are
 waiting to be cut, buttered and filled with the most delicious mixtures
 of cheese and tomato, beetroot and lettuce, sardine, and you'd be
 surprised what else-it's difficult to believe there's a war on when
 surveying such a spread.

In the corner stands a gas-stove where at least two large kettles
 of water are kept boiling for tea, which is served at, I don't know how
 many cups per minute, and this number is greatly increased when the
 soldiers have had gas-practice and need about six cups to revive them.
 Washing up of used crockery is carried out by other willing helpers.

Potato crisps, sweets, broken biscuits and lemonade are provided
 for the children at incredibly low prices, and stamps and matches can
 usually be supplied if required.

RUTH LICENCE. VI.

II.

The Tractor Driving Lessons.

One bright morning in July, there appeared on the Hockey field,
 three gaily painted tractors. The hum of their engines filled the air and
 the smell of petrol fumes pervaded the nostrils; never had such sights
 and sounds been seen or heard before in the High School grounds.

Later, purple-faced girls could be seen careering round the
 hockey pitch in top gear, narrowly missing the pavilion and the
 air-raid shelters and skimming past the trees with a hair's breadth to
 spare. Others vainly tried to reverse between two sticks, or to tow a
 large trailer down a zig-zag path marked out by stakes, only to find,
 on turning round to survey their handiwork, that at least half the stakes
 had been mown down, or knocked away.

The cry of "Don't use the clutch as a foot rest!" could be heard,
 or the painful groaning of a tortured gear-box.

This continued for several days and then the tractors disappeared
 as suddenly as they had come, leaving behind a slightly flattened
 hockey pitch and only one upright for the tennis nets.

JEAN DALLAS. VI.

III.

Harvest, 1941.

From the blue sky above us, the hot sun beat down with shadowless rays, and the woods alone, looked cool and dark. All was silent save for the steady rattle of the cutter and the occasional call of the driver to his horses.

In the field, the heavy golden corn, stirred by short breaths of wind, seemed to shiver as it fell before the oncoming machine, and, as it fell it lost all animation, lying limp and forlorn.

But its dignity and strength were restored when we built up the shocks, just as we used to build card houses in our childhood.

Following the cutter round and round the field, we were hot and dusty, the stubble scratched our legs, the barley tickled our faces and the thistles tore our hands.

But we worked on, conscious only of breathing deep the good air, of the power and strength in our bodies and of being free.

DOROTHY BARNARD. VI.

BEHIND THE SCENES.

A Visit to Northampton Repertory Theatre.

During the Summer Vacation Term, to be precise, on the Fifth of September, a party visited the Northampton Repertory Theatre.

Mr. Osborne Robinson met us at the theatre: we were taken first into the circle, where our guide told us that the building was one of the finest early Twentieth Century theatres in England. The auditorium seemed to be a perfect horse-shoe shape, though rather small. We were next led into the wings; as we passed a box several girls went inside, sat clown, jumped up again and cried, "Now I've sat in a real box."

The wings had wires running about all over the floor, so we had to be careful; there were properties waiting to be pushed on to the stage, round which we had to dodge; we all seemed to be in each other's way.

On the stage were solid looking walls which we did not touch too heavily, lest they should fall. At the back of the stage was a flight of stairs, leading up to a door; one or two fearless souls strolled up them, to be rewarded by a dangerous rocking. They soon came down. Near the stairs was an arch, through which we could see scenery. Scenery, did I say? It was jagged thick cardboard, covered with dashes of white and purple paint. Seen from the distance. Mr. Osborne assured us, this was a range of mountains.

"Who wants to go up into the flies?" asked our guide. "Flies?" "Yes, the places where the scene-lifters stand. Up above the stage." "Oh! rather!"

Up and up we climbed ladders stapled against the wall. "Gosh; my hands are filthy." "Nearly there." Up, up. "Oh, we're here." "Isn't it lovely?" "Aren't they tiny?" "Come on, we're going back a different way."

"Well, are we all here now? that's good. This way. This is the men's dressing room." "Just look at that wig. Fancy wearing it!" "I wonder where they keep their make up?" "Come on." "This is the ladies' dressing room." "Crumbs, whose picture is that?" "One of the actors." "Don't think much of him." "Oh, he's handsome." "Come on. What's all that junk?" "Oh, props." "I say, girls, isn't that funny?" "Where are we going now?" "Into his studio."

Right to the top of the building we went, to a spacious airy studio. Here were paint pots and brushes, trap-doors, and plenty of paint splashes. Parts of scenery were waiting to be fixed into a contraption in the walls which let them down on to the stage. These mechanisms intrigued us vastly, and nothing would content us till we had seen them 'work.' Our guide also showed us two models of set scenes. These were tiny, but complete in every detail, and much interested us.

At last, however, though much against our will, we had to depart, and so took our leave, after conveying our gratitude to Mr. Osborne Robinson.

JOAN RAYMENT. UIVH

NEWS FROM THE WALTHAMSTOW CENTRE.

In February, 1940, our School once more opened its doors to those who had remained behind. It seemed strange at first to see the uniforms of Leyton and Woodford Schools intermingled with our own.

For the first few weeks we worked only in the morning, and had recreational activities in the afternoon. A fair amount of this time, however, was spent in air-raid practice, and gas-mask drill.

When School became almost normal again we were interrupted by a number of visits from the Luftwaffe. During these raids our amusements were varied; including five stones, knitting, reading, singing, and we even had a band of combs and paper to accompany it; which was sometimes so noisy that we didn't hear the all-clear.

We did not have our usual Christmas Party but we had our Carol Service which was as enjoyable as ever.

We were very sorry to lose the Woodford High School Mistresses who were with us until their School reopened and they were needed.

It was very strange when one morning we all had to go into prayers with outdoor coats and gloves on, as the hall had lost most of its windows in the Blitz, the night previous. As a result of this we all had to set to work a few days later sticking anti-blast paper on the windows-what a time we had!

Great was the delight of the girls taking mock Matriculation when it was announced that their examination was postponed for a day, because of the heavy raid that we had had the night before. During the Summer Term we had a very interesting lecture by Miss Galt on "The Customs of Japan," illustrated by many dolls, books and clothes which had been brought back from that country. At the end of the term we had inter-form, and all-round tennis matches.

We now possess an orchestra composed of Leyton girls, led by Miss Peacock, and our School Choir has begun meeting again, but at present we are not as large as in normal times. We are now rather disturbed by the workmen who are building a kitchen under the covered playground; I am afraid that their voices do not blend too well with ours!

We collected £480 in National Savings in 'War Weapons Week,' and we have sent many parcels of comforts to the Forces.

Our latest innovation is the Literary and Play Reading Society which opens with a reading of Pygmalion on Wednesday, October 29th.

Although we shall be sorry to lose our Leyton Staff and friends, we hope that the time is not far distant when we all shall once again be gathered here as in the days prior to September, 1939.

AUDREY LEE, PEGGY GARNHAM, MARGARET BLAKE

Form V., Walthamstow Centre.

THE PARENTS' ASSOCIATION.

That momentous first of September, 1939, when the School marched out of its beloved building seems a long time ago now. Then hearts were sad, and many and varied were the thoughts and questionings as to the adventures and experiences that were ahead in the perplexing future. The School in Wellingborough has now two years of splendid activity which are worthy pages in its history.

To an onlooker from a distance it is wonderful how the Staff and the girls have kept the School in being and have produced results in examinations and in Social activities of which any School may be proud. Moreover, the parents are ever grateful to the Staff for the way they have watched the interests of the girls both at School and in their temporary homes.

We were glad to hear of the Christmas festivities last year, and many of us were glad to see at the School the skill and keenness with which the girls carried out their movements at the Drill and Dancing display which provided such a magnificent result for the Red Cross. By the way, we enjoyed very much our two coach trips to Wellingborough, and we hope similar outings will be possible next year, if the international situation has not eased sufficiently so as to enable the School to return home.

We congratulate the new girls, both on obtaining entrance to the School and on having sufficient interest in their future attainments to enable them to see the wisdom of joining the School in Wellingborough, and we congratulate the girls who have been so successful in the academic result. At the time of writing we are glad

indeed to hear that Miss Jacob is recovering well from her unfortunate illness and that her prospects of rejoining the School in the near future are bright.

Once again the Parents' Association expresses its deep sense of gratitude to the ladies and gentlemen in Wellingborough who have cared for the girls in their homes and shown kindness to them which can never be repaid.

It has not been possible during the past year to arrange social gatherings for the Association, beyond the two outings, but the Officers are preserving the organisation for happier times, and the Secretary has been pleased to see many parents for a chat on evacuation and other problems.

We hope the time will soon come for the School to return, officially, to Church Hill, and in the meantime, we wish the Staff and the girls further effective study, play and social work and a further enhancing of that warm spirit of companionship which has arisen between them in their sojourn together in a strange land.

R. E. LICENCE

OLD GIRLS' ASSOCIATION.

President-Miss Norris.

Vice-Presidents-Miss Goldwin and Minnie Foxon.

Hon. Members-Dora Higham and Dora Busby.

Treasurer-Mrs. L. Browne, 25, Sunnydene

Avenue, Highams Park, E.4.

Secretary-Constance Pettit, 16, Warwick Court, New Southgate, N.II.

Co-opted Members-Miss Park (Dramatic Society). Rose Harris (Netball Club).

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

We have had to learn to do without many things since this war started. Among them have been our Old Girls' Socials, and they are not the least to be missed. Our "get-togethers" were always thoroughly enjoyed, and we had good fun meeting old friends and exchanging news. We hope these occasions will soon return, along with the Netball and Gym Clubs, Dramatic and Operatic Societies. Meanwhile, we are still keeping our heads above water and "Iris" remains our chief and very welcome link. We are still needing support, and although funds allow us to send you this year's "Iris" unless more members pay up promptly in 1942, I am afraid there will be a good deal of disappointment at the end of that year. The Treasurer's name and address are at the top of this report, so you cannot say you do not know where to send the money. The subscription is 1/- on leaving School, 1/6 for the two subsequent years and 3/- a year after that. A Life Membership costs £2 10s. 0d.

If anyone can let me know Kathleen Hopley's present address, I should be grateful.

CONSTANCE PETTIT, Hon. Sec

NAMES AND ADDRESSES OF NEW MEMBERS.

Yvonne Abbinet, 293, Hall Lane, Chingford.

José Amos, 160a, Clapton Common, Stamford Hill, E.5.

Margaret Bailey, Keeper's Cottage, Cold Harbour Farm, Aldbury, nr. Tring, Herts.

Lily Bridger, 192, Midland Road, Wellingborough.

Iris Castle, 48, Avondale Road, Leyton, E.

Joyce Deaton, 58, Forest View Road, Ley ton, E.

Pamela Denham, 48, Coolgardie Avenue, Highams Park.

Jessie Drewitt, 12, Barclay Road, E.17.

Margaret Fairbrass, 152, Coolgardie Avenue, E.4.

Mildred Foster, 52, Warner Road, E.17.

Rosemary Guest, 3, Whitehall Gardens, Chingford, E4

Iris Howes, 338, Brettenham Road, E.17.

Dorothy Jennings, 40, Havant Road, E.17.

Olive Merison, 8, Ingatestone Road, Woodford Green.

Gwen Newman, 34, First Avenue, Wellingborough.

Joyce Norton, 196, Larkshall Road, Chingford.

Margaret Pinder, 16, Hall Lane, Chingford.

Irene Radley, 6, Derby Road, Cleveleys, Blackpool.

Catherine Rhodes, 17, Whitmore Road, Taunton, Somerset.

Lucy Salisbury, 111, Edinburgh Road, E.17.

Amelia Schwab, 35, Lyndhurst Road, Highams Park.

Eileen Shier, 299, Hall Lane. S. Chingford.

Rita Tweed, 24, Albert Road, Wellingborough.

Rose White, 108, Chelmsford Road, Walthamstow.

Frances Wrigley, 8, Sheredan Road, Highams Park

ANY LETTERS?

..... Last Saturday I visited the School during a Horticultural Show. I walked round the grounds and was very sorry to see how neglected the hard tennis courts were looking. I was surprised and pleased to find quite a large water lily blooming in the fish-pond. We had a little dancing on the netball courts to the music of a Silver Band. There were a few side shows and a conjuring act; how I wished it had been one of our "Fun Fairs."

I miss the dances and shows we had before the war; may they soon be in full swing again.

MAVIS JONES, August 1941.

I am a telephone operator now, and have been since the beginning of the year. It is quite interesting work, and does not require a large amount of brain matter..... My hobby at present is aeroplanes..... We have built several models and we belong to the Hoddesdon Observer Club. On Sunday we are visiting Hatfield Aerodrome; it is all very impressive. We must have our tin helmets, identification cards, membership cards, and will be under armed guard the whole time. I'm looking forward to it very much, as I have never been so close to a fighter and bomber station before. I am the only girl in the Club under twenty and also the only unmarried one..... I have been informed that we are inspecting air-craft, not airmen, although the latter, no doubt, will receive a goodly share of attention.....

..... Your letter was like a breath from an entirely different world. Living here, it seems hard to believe that I ever knew any other existence, and I shall be quite sorry to leave all this lovely country for London streets again.....

ROSINA BEARD, August 1941.

(Rosina is working at Brooke Bond's in Hertfordshire).

.....I was for seven weeks at John Middleton Murry's "Adelphic Centre." at Langham; Pacifists' attempt at community living, with agricultural work for C.O's, and social service in the form of old age pensioners-evacuated from East End bombed area; all run on a voluntary basis..... I found Langham very interesting-full of purposeful activity. My cousin, Max Plowman, the writer and editor of the magazine "The Adelphi," was one of the prime movers in the scheme, but died suddenly in June

DORIS HITCHMAN, August 1941.

It was in June when I saw an advertisement in the "Times" that greatly interested me. The B.B.C. wanted women between the ages of twenty-one and thirty-seven to train as operators in their engineering departments. I was under age, but on answering the advertisement I managed to get an interview, and started my training the following month.

Having completed my training I have now started my work as a Recording Engineer, and I love it! At the moment I am at Broadcasting House, and I have seen and recorded some particularly famous people. The other day-this will probably interest the Middle School-I saw Robert Montgomery who is now a U.S. Naval Attache. We have also had King Haakon, King Peter, and the Grand Duchess of Luxemburg, as visitors. Among the other broadcasters. I have seen a very mixed bag, including Emlyn Williams, Stanley Holloway, Geraldo, Vic Oliver, and Michael Standing, who is very nice indeed.

I am still working on a shift system, and as I sometimes work very late at night, I have had to move to Maida Vale, although I have four days off after every twelve worked.....

JANE MORGAN, October 1941.

From the wild and woolly West I send greetings..... Adolf

kindly wrote my home address on a bomb, but as it passed down to the suburbs of London, a miracle happened; it grazed a cloud and the address was blurred, so it only landed on the doorstep.....After a rest, I decided to get a job. So in 1941 I started up again on the Comptometer at a hush-hush place, and now after nine months I am head of the Comptometer and Wages Section of a ? ? Works.....

JOAN BAXTER, Cornwall. October 1941.

I am at present training for the Land Army, and after completion of next week (my 4th week), I shall be sent to my job, somewhere in England, possibly Essex.

I am writing this during my 24 hours' leave from the College. The training lasts 4 weeks and is very intensive. One learns every branch of farm work and I, myself, love the life and find it extremely interesting. My particular work is Dairy farming and I can say with complete confidence, that I can now handle any farm animal. I have learnt to milk and am trained by the students of pre-war days and the 'yokels.' They are all very kind and helpful and, believe me, the hints that I have been given are well worth knowing.....

AUDREY FARROW. October 1941 Chippenham, Wilts.

..... I am evacuated here with Wanstead High School. We have full time schooling, but work on Saturday instead of Monday. The local Secondary School have the normal Monday-Friday week. It is no easy job fitting two schools into one building at the same time, and we often find ourselves teaching in such queer places as the kitchen store room. We ran a farming camp during the summer holidays, about five miles from Marlborough. I spent a very busy fortnight there, mostly cutting sandwiches. The boys had enormous appetites; it seemed to me that the smaller the boy, the larger his appetite. They did some very useful work, besides having a good holiday.....

JESSIE LIGGINS. October 1941.

Chelmsford, Essex.

After many upheavals, not to mention revolutions, I am now settled here for the duration, teaching in a boys' Grammar School.

I wonder how many people retain memories of the places they have visited in mental images. Aberystwyth, my first home after the scurry of evacuation to Wellingborough-with its work for Finals, its varied climate, its friendly atmosphere, remains in my mind as the silhouette of one particular cliff, jagged against the cloud-patterned sky, like a watchful god-though the scene beneath resembles nothing so much as Milton's description of the infernal regions. I remember Nottingham-after a dose of severe London blitzes and work in Rest Centres - despite the nightly smoke-screen, as a white stone college contrasting sharply with the green park, and the blue lake below reflecting the multitudinous glories of the summer flowers. Then back I turn to London, still more mutilated, yet friendly as ever; and now to Chelmsford with its quaint streets, its almost rustic somnolence and slowness, encircled and shut in by the flatness which is Essex. Yes-I think that those of us who have been scattered will agree that the war has brought us a few blessings.

Enough of reminiscence-there are books to mark, detentions to set, slopped milk to mop up, imps of mischief to be scolded. The mental images are blotted out by the rude hand of present requirements.

My letter must end.....

EDNA TIMBERLAKE. October 1941.

I am writing this in my room (at Homerton College. Cambridge) which you will find on top corridor (third floor) of Block A.B.C.

My window looks out on the playing fields bounded by green trees, which are now displaying their Autumn foliage.

...I was sent to Soham, some miles away, with about twenty others. It meant getting up an hour earlier to have breakfast at 7.15 a.m. in order to catch an early train to Ely, and the change from there also meant packed lunches.

The first morning, we all missed the train. What a beginning! Up a quarter of an hour earlier the next morning!

.....The evenings were taken up with Advisory lectures-social

activities, such as musical recitals-and introductory meet-meetings-to the various societies. There are a great many of these and many are connected with the University-others such as the Art Club, Coffee Club, Literary and Debating Club, are held within College itself..... Then there is Environment! This exciting name stands for History, Geography, and Science. Our job is to find out all we can about Cambridge region, under the three headings, History, Geography, and Biology.

MARGARET

FAIRBRASS.

In a narrow sense the War has ruined my Technical College experiment.....but we spent an evening each week boiling up skeletons or stuffing birds and their enthusiasm for wild flowers is prodigious.....

One good thing about Street is that I am able to help the Cambridge people work in the local peat deposit on collecting information for a paper on the Somerset Levels. I have run up against many interesting people, including an expert on the Lake Villages and someone whose grandfather excavated old track ways in the peat.

WINIFRED ABERY.

"I have not been able to get a full-time war job. . . . occasional Canteen work and constant sewing for hospital supplies and Britain's Babies' Fund. One or two jobs are queer-one is making tiny bags to contain camphor blocks or powdered sulphur for the soldiers in East Africa, to tie round their necks to keep off insects and infection.

Someone said they wear one "fore" and the other "aft." The other queer job is sheep shearing on a minute scale: e.g., cutting the wool back about an inch round the edges of skins ready shaped for coats for men in minesweepers. It is hard work and makes the hands ache: we use small shears.

We like having the big convoys calling at the Cape and everyone is most hospitable. We are always called out on a Tuesday on these occasions to give out refreshments free at the Cathedral Hall. I always go round finding Londoners, and invariably find someone who knows the Forest.....

... .. Flowers are still lovely in the garden and the garden hedges and shrubs are all bright colours-orange tecoma, purple morning glory, blue plumbago, pink oleanders, red and purple bourganvillia and scarlet hibiscus.

The Eclipse was a splendid sight, white shafts of light streaming out from a black circle, while sunset colours shone on the mountains (4 o'clock p.m.). Lastly, a brilliant diamond flash at the edge of the sun once more appeared.

We have found more lovely white farms in vineyards, some times nestled in trees and flowers and always with a mountain background...

SADIE FOXON.

NEWS OF OLD GIRLS.

Civil Defence.

JOYCE EVANS is an A.R.P. Clerk.

JOAN JOHNSON is driving an Ambulance.

LORNA LYLE is an A.R.P. Clerk.

LAURENTINE THRIPPLETON is a Stretcher Party Officer.

W.A.A.F.S.

GRETA PINHORN.

AMY SEDWELL.

MARJORIE WILLIS.

Women's Land Army.

PHYLLIS BLYTH.

AUDREY FARROW.

DOROTHY GRIFFITHS.

BETTY OYLER.

Teaching

JOYCE BARD (Mrs. Newport) is teaching Geography and English at the Mid-Essex Technical College, Chelmsford.

MURIEL BARRETT is teaching Mathematics at the South West Essex Technical College, Walthamstow. She also teaches English in Evening Classes.

JESSIE LIGGINS is teaching at the Wanstead High School, evacuated to Chippenham, Wiltshire.

EDNA TIMBERLAKE is teaching English at the King Edward VI Boys' Grammar School, Chelmsford.

PHYLLIS LOVICK is teaching Art at Thistley Hough School for Girls, Stoke-on-Trent, in a lovely studio.

VERA COLES is teaching at an Elementary School in Edmonton.

PHYLLIS EAST is teaching at Chapel End Elementary School.

EUNICE HOLDEN is teaching in a tiny village in Cornwall, where she makes week-ends brighter for the Forces with Concert Work. She has applied to the B.B.C. for the post of announcer.

MARY KING is teaching at Coppermill Lane Elementary School.

BERTHA OLSEN is teaching at Roger Ascham Infants' School.

Training College.

YVONNE ABBINETT at Whitelands, evacuated to Durham.

AVRIL DANKWORTH at Hockerill, Bishop's Stortford.

MARGARET BAILEY at Hockerill, Bishop's Stortford.

BEATRICE CHAPPLE at Rachel Macmillan.

GWEN DAVIES at the Institute of Education, evacuated to Nottingham.

DINAH ADAMS at Bishop Otter Training College, Chichester.

GWEN JONES is at the Diocesan Training College, Fishponds, Bristol. She has passed out the first student of the year.

EUNICE BAKER is finishing her course at Nonington College of Physical Education which has been evacuated from Dover to Bromsgrove.

MARGARET FAIRBRASS at Homerton, Cambridge.

MILDRED FOSTER at Battersea Polytechnic.

VALERIE GARDINER has gained her Diploma at the Slade School of Fine Art, and is training at the Institute of Education.

DOROTHY JENNINGS at Gypsy Hill, evacuated to Bingley, Yorkshire.

HONOR LEVINE at Gypsy Hill.

JOAN McKEWAN at Avery Hill, evacuated to Huddersfield.

IRENE RADLEY at Furzedown, evacuated to Cardiff.

MARION SCOTT at Rachael Macmillan.

University.

Cambridge.

JOAN GROVES is in her second year at Newnham College reading for Part I of her Tripos.

JOAN PARFREE is in her third year at Newnham College.

CATHERINE RHODES is in her first year at Newnham College, reading for Part I of her Tripos.

London.

ETHEL FOX at Royal Holloway College.

MARGARET GRACEY at Westfield College, evacuated to Oxford. She has been elected Senior Student for next year, and has passed her Latin Subsidiary.

BARBARA KNOWLES at King's College, evacuated to Bristol.

GWEN OWEN at Bedford College.

IRENE OWEN at King's College.

Miscellaneous.

OLIVE BARNARD is in the Prudential Insurance.

IRENE BARRETT is in the Royal Empire Society.

JANET BARTON has started a small Private School near Bristol.

MARY BELL spent the severest months of the Blitz nursing at the London Hospital, evacuated to St. Margaret's Hostel at Epping. Much of her work was among casualties from the North Weald Aerodrome. She hopes to start nursing at the Connaught Hospital, Walthamstow, shortly.

FRIEDA BENNELL (Mrs. Harris) is Secretary to the Principal of the South-West Essex Technical College.

LILY BLENKOE has gained her Higher School Certificate at Clacton High School and has entered Goldsmith's College.

LUCY SALSBURY is nearly in the Navy. She is working at the Admiralty in Whitechapel.

IVY BURR is at the New Town Hall in the Public Health Department.

IRIS CASTLE is at the New Town Hall in the Buying Department.

EUNICE CLARKE is in the Ocean Insurance.

JEAN DARK is nursing at the Jubilee Hospital, Woodford.

GRACE DAVEY is in the Chartered Accountant's Office.

JOYCE FABER is working in the Ministry of Health, evacuated to Blackpool.

MARGARET HARDCASTLE, PAT REDMAN, IRENE McMAHON, JESSIE FELTHAM, MARGARET MATTHEWS, DOREEN SWASH, DAPHNE FRANCIS, LOUIE GALE are in the offices of the British Xylonite Company, Ltd.

MOLLY GERBER is living temporarily at Belfast.

DOREEN GILL is at Reckit Smith's.

JOAN HAMILTON is in the Civil Service, evacuated to Lytham, St. Anne's.

PAULINE HAMILTON is at Waterlow's, evacuated to Hertfordshire.

DOROTHY HAMMOND, JEAN LYONS are working in the Laboratories at the British Xylonite Company, Ltd.

DAPHANE DORLING is engaged in Comptometer work at Harris Lebus, Tottenham.

JOAN BARRETT is touring round England in a Troupe of six dancers and performs in Music Hall Shows.

KATHLEEN HILKEN is training for nursing at the Elizabeth Garrett Anderson, and has also had a Wood-Engraving accepted for an Exhibition in Canada. (Norman Hilken, Commander on the 'Sidney,' has been awarded the D.S.O.).

DORIS HITCHMAN spent an interesting time at John Middleton Murry's "Adelphic Centre."

IVY HOWARD is working at the New Town Hall.

BESSIE HUBLER is in the National Deposit Friendly Society.

OLIVE HUTCHINSON (Mrs. Fowles) is in the Public Assistance Board at Gloucester.

MAVIS JONES is a Civil Servant.

JOAN LACEY works in the Public Library, Walthamstow.

VERA LEE is at Lloyd's Bank.

AMY LICENCE is at Lloyd's Bank.

PEGGY LICENCE is in the Asiatic Petroleum Company, evacuated to Bournemouth.

KATHLEEN LODER is at the Lea Bridge Gas Works.

RITA TWEED, GWEN NEWMAN, LILY BRIDGER have posts in Wellingborough.

GERTRUDE MANSELL is on Munition Work at Birmingham.

DAPHNE MAYELL is working in the Foreign Office.

JANE MORGAN is at the B.B.C. in the Technical Recording Department. She also took a leading part in the Walthamstow A.F.S. and A.R.P. Services production of "Quiet Wedding."

DOROTHY PAMPLIN is at the Silverthorn Telephone Exchange.

PEGGY PEEL is at Barclay's Bank.

NANCY RAYNER is at the London Refiners.

KATHLEEN ROBERTSON is doing Research on nylon at Welwyn with I.C.I. Plastics Group.

AMELIA SCHWAB works at the new Town Hall in the Education Department.

DAISY FOXON has been appointed to a Matron's post at a Red Cross Hospital in South Africa.

IRENE SMITH works at the new Town Hall in the Buying Department.

JOYCE SMITH is working in the Ministry of Food.

RITA SOUTHGATE is engaged in Home Nursing in the Air Raid Shelters in London in her spare time.

DOROTHY STONE is at the Head Branch of the Midland Bank.

BARBARA TEMPLE is in the Sun Insurance, at Bedford.

BERYL TITHERADGE is working in the Ministry of Health, evacuated to Blackpool.

IRENE WAKELIN is in the Customs and Excise.

MYRTLE WARD is working in the Air Ministry.

KATHLEEN WILDMAN is working in the Chingford Library.

MARRIAGES.

JOYCE BARD to RONALD NEWPORT (Royal Engineers),
December 23rd, 1940.

ELSIE BENDING to SIDNEY OWEN, R.A.S.C., at Chigwell
Church on June 14th.

ROSE BRAZIER to COWEN STEPHENS, April, 1941.

FRIEDA BENNELL to THOMAS WILLIAM HARRIS, August
23rd, 1941.

RITA BETTERIDGE.

LILY GRIFFITHS to JULIAN HERBERT, December, 1940.

PAT GOODING.

OLIVE HUTCHINSON to JAMES FOWLES, December 21st,
1940.

GWEN MEARS to DONALD MANSFIELD (Sergeant Gunner.
R.A.F.), October, 1940.

RUBY WHITE to - HARDING (R.N.V.R.), September, 1939.

EDITH PALMER.

DOROTHY A. BARBER to JOHN PETRY, R.A.F., on March
3rd, 1941.

EILEEN MORGAN to RONALD L. HAWKSFORD, August
2nd, 1941.

DIANA RALPH to Corporal RICHARD A. OLIVER (Dorsetshire
Regiment), April 20th, 1941.

PRIMROSE JOAN WOOLF to CHARLES ROPER LAMBERT,
January 6th, 1941.

MARGARET LOVICK to VICTOR BEASLEY of the Palestine
Mounted Police, November, 1940.

BIRTHS

To OLIVE ALLNUTT (Mrs. Nicol), a son. John Alexander.
December 23rd, 1940.

To MILDRED DOTT (Mrs. McGee) a son, November 12th, 1941.

To ELEANOR FRENCH (Mrs. Collins), a daughter, at Colombo,
August 26th, 1941.

To MURIEL JONES (née Fitt) , a daughter, Ann, September 2nd,
1940.

To MURIEL McHALE (née Muriel Evans) a daughter, Moira
Hilary Patricia McHale, February 12th, 1941.

To GRACE TRACEY (Mrs. Putnam) a son, November, 1941.

DEATHS

It is with deep regret we announce the death of Joan Ball in
December, 1940, of Phyllis Rhodes in January, 1941, and of Miss
Proctor in the summer, 1941.