

Editor:- Miss Burnett. Sub-Editor-Miss Park.

O.G.A. Sub-Editor-Edna Timberlake. Committee-Audrey Dixon, Joyce Jackson, Kathleen Knight, Doreen Mowbray, Madge Palmer and Jean Smy.

Mr. Licence, who has served the Parents' Association as Secretary throughout its life, has resigned from that very arduous office. He is now a Vice-President and the interest in the Association which owes so much to his enthusiasm and hard work remains unabated.

When this magazine reaches your hands Mr. and Mrs. Hazel will also have left us. I need only say "Si monumentum requires, circumspice."

A very Happy Christmas to you all.

M. M. BURNETT.

## Walthamstow High School



### Goodbye to Mr. and Mrs. HAZELL.

Walthamstow High School seems to be suffering many changes these days. Ever since I have been at school I have taken pleasure in seeing Mr. Hazell's neat figure, in its smart uniform, standing at the front door on ceremonial occasions, and then, was there ever a caretaker who managed to keep such an immaculate school? We have been the envy of all visitors, and what a sigh of relief it gave when we came back from the far from immaculate conditions we had suffered during evacuation!

What would we have done without the kindly ministrations of Mrs. Hazell? She was always the genie of the tea urns and the benevolent distributor of biscuits, to mention only two of her many activities on the school's behalf.

We deeply regret that Mr. and Mrs. Hazell are leaving us and feel that we are losing two very good friends.

Our good wishes for many happy years of a more leisured existence go with them.

E.R. JACOB

### Sub-Editor's Letter.

A sub-editor is like a producer, quite necessary on the night. Nevertheless-this is Miss Burnett's number of "Iris," which advances, dressed in Miss Burnett's favourite colour, to bid her welcome to Walthamstow High School. The character of this copy has accordingly been further stressed by means of pictures of the school, including a photograph of the staff, who were heroic in undergoing this ordeal in a good cause.

We are grateful also to Miss Jacob and to Sylvia Gould for specially commissioned articles, and to Edna Timberlake for her impeccable efficiency and unflagging co-operation as O.G.A. Sub-Editor. The Committee has been, as ever, of real help.

As for adjudications, the prize for the best picture of the school is awarded to Eveling Mitchell, and the French prize to Ruth Bullard. Although we should like more entries from all levels of the school, the amount and quality of the entries from the Lower III's suggests a vintage year in the future. The artistic contribution of the VI is the deciding factor in awarding the honour and glory prize to that Form.

Messages of goodwill go out to Miss Norris and Miss Goldwin, whose intrepidity has enabled them to span half the globe and participate in the miracle of wings. We never forget them. (With her usual uncanny prescience, Miss Norris had timed her letter for "Iris" to arrive just as the sub-editor was sending to press some spicy bits from earlier letters].

Greetings and good wishes go out also to all old staff, including our latest friends to leave us, Mr. and Mrs. Hazell, and to all girls, "past, present and to come."

A.H. PARK.

### O.G.A. Sub-Editor's Letter.

## Magazine, Autumn 1946

### Head Mistress's Letter.

I am glad that I have lived a full six months among you before writing my first editorial because I have had time to gain a true impression of the School it has been my good fortune to join. From the first I have been deeply conscious of the friendliness, kindness and sincerity that abound within its walls and all have helped in making the unfamiliar very palatable.

It now seems strange that Miss Norris in her first editorial in July, 1924, could write of her visions "which might prove vain imaginings" of a Greek theatre, a gymnasium, a library and a biology laboratory.

Into what excellent material form did she transform those inspired visions-not one unfulfilled-and how they will be enjoyed by many for many years to come.

In my turn as I look to the future, I see a new wing with spacious dining room and kitchen, classrooms and physics laboratory; on a worthy stage built out at the end of the hall I hear our own school orchestra.

The change of Headmistress happened to coincide with a change in the external administration of the school. Before we were under the direct care of the Essex Education Committee at Chelmsford, but now we look to our own Town Hall for advice and help. It is an obvious gain that the administrative centre should be so close at hand; we have gained new friends there. We can now look for support and guidance from three bodies, our own Governors, the Office at the Town Hall and in a less frequent way the Office at Chelmsford. In the last six months we have had helpful visits from the members of all three and are grateful for their interest.

Everyone will be sad to think of the number of good friends who since May have had to break their close working connection with the school. Three of the staff left in July, Miss Bean, Miss Brown and Miss Ince Jones, and carried with them the warmest good wishes of their many friends. The debt the school owes to all three for their loyal service cannot be put into adequate words by a newcomer but I can thank them for their presents to us. Miss Bean gave very welcome gramophone records. Miss Bean enriched the school with an original painting by John Piper, "Cornish Church." To John Piper himself we give our thanks for his generosity. From Miss Ince-Jones we received a gay picture to be awarded annually to the form in the middle school with the best record in French, and a shield to be awarded to the form which excels in Physical Culture.

"The old order changeth." Old girls have indeed felt that to be true during the last year. So many faces have disappeared from W.H.S. staff-room that we feel a little shy of the school. Several people have said that to me recently. Well, most new orders possess something which was not in the old ones, and old girls can renew their acquaintance with the school by getting to know the new staff and new conditions. I hope that we may have a Social for that express purpose in 1947.

To our new president, Miss Burnett, we send greetings. A new comer can hardly be expected to know that the O.G. species has its peculiarities; they are a complete lack of any kind of formality, an unending desire to gossip, and almost overwhelming combination of vitality, and 'camaradie' and a great love for the School and its associations. To our joy, Miss Burnett walked straight into these things as if she had been used to them all her life.

The globe is becoming dotted with old girls. Some have gone abroad to teach, some have gone with Government commissions and delegations, some have just gone. Our very good wishes to you all and to your adventurous spirit. Please write and tell us all about everything.

Our Association is a great thing and it belongs to a great school. The future has to be built on the foundations of the past. We, the past, can make very firm foundations if we choose. Greetings and good wishes.

**EDNA TIMBERLAKE.**

## **The School Chronicle.**

We are sure that the school will join with us in offering a very warm welcome to Miss Burnett, and I hope she will be happy in our school.

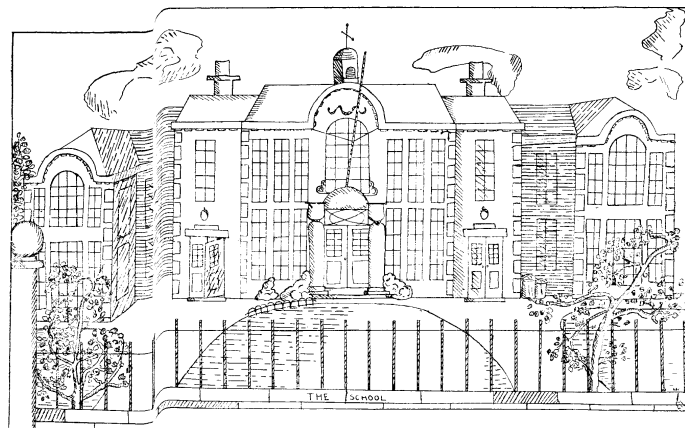
It was with great regret that we said goodbye to Miss Norris when she left at Easter and we should like to offer her and Miss Goldwin the very best of luck for the future.

We also have to say a sad farewell to those members of the staff who have left us recently, and to those who have taken their place we give them a warm greeting.

Since Miss Burnett has been with us we have returned to some of our peacetime customs, and we can look back on this past year with considerable satisfaction.

During the Autumn Term of 1945 the Parents' Association gave a Christmas Party for the School. The function was most enjoyable and we much appreciated the efforts of our parents to give us a good time.

Soon, after this the School's Acting Competition was held. We were fortunate in securing for our judge, Mr. Wilfred Pickles, B.B.C. announcer and actor. Afterwards he talked to us about the production of our plays, and told us that he had enjoyed himself very much. The results of this competition were: -Upper School, Form V.I.; Middle School, Form L.IV.H.



During the Christmas holidays some of the girls went to hear a performance of the "Messiah" at the Albert Hall. Also, members of the V. and VI. Forms attended a Conference by the Council for Education in World Citizenship.

At the beginning of the Spring Term of 1946 these girls talked to the school in what they had heard and discussed at this Conference.

On January 19th, again in connection with C.E.W.C., a meeting was held for our parents and their friends in the School Hall. At this meeting Miss Courtney and eight of our pupils spoke. The girls told the meeting of the school's activities for the United Nations Association. This was highly successful and a number of new members were obtained for the U.N.A.

During this year various forms have visited the Houses of Parliament, the Tower of London and other places of historic interest in London.

On April 8th the Dancing Competition was held and we all enjoyed ourselves. The results of this competition were: Upper School, Form VI.; Middle School, Upper III. W.; Lower School, Lower III. S.

At the beginning of the Summer Term the VI Form held a party to welcome Miss Burnett. We hope it can be said that everyone will recall it as a happy occasion. Later on during the term the Choir gave a concert to the school and the staff. This was enjoyed by everyone and we highly appreciated their singing.

Also, near the end of the term, Miss Ainslie gave a lecture on Greece. Everyone thoroughly enjoyed her talk, especially as it was illustrated by means of the epidiascope.

During the summer the Science Society went on various expeditions. In July the Society went to Kew by river steamer, and thoroughly enjoyed themselves. Also two parties from the Lower and Upper Thirds visited Whipsnade.

On June 6th, to celebrate the anniversary of victory, we had a concert and afterwards ices and drinks. The artistes that gave us such an enjoyable concert were a singer, a dancer and a pianist. Everyone will agree that it was the best way of spending the anniversary.

As the end of the term drew near we had the Swimming Sports, Inter Form Tennis Tournament and the Annual Sports Day. All events were highly successful and aroused the sense of enthusiasm as they always have done and always will do. The results were:-Swimming, Lower III. H., Lower IV. S., V. W.; Land Sports, Lower III. W., Lower IV. S., V. W.; Tennis Tournament, Lower IV. S., V. H.

On July 23rd March each Form did something to raise funds to send a Representative to the next C.E.W.C., Conference. Each Form used their imagination and we had a variety of sales, fun fairs, concerts and fortune tellers. These activities raised a considerable amount of money, which will be very welcome when the time comes for it to be used.

Also, on the 23rd July, on the first really fine evening of the week, V.H. gave a performance of "Antigone" in the Greek Theatre. On the following evening V.W. presented three one-act plays in the school hall. They were "The Spartan Girl," "The Maker of Dreams," "The First Distiller."

During this year the collections for the Youth Helps Youth Fund, the Connaught Hospital and War Savings, have been as good as ever. The amount collected for War Savings since January, 1946, is £368.

Last Christmas a party of carol singers trooped around

Walthamstow and Chingford one evening to collect money for the Hospital. But though it poured with rain their spirits were not damped, and a considerable amount of money was collected. Fortunately no boots were thrown at this happy choir.

At the beginning of this term, after repeated efforts, we were able to book seats for 154 girls to see the Old Vic's production of "King Lear." Needless to say, we thoroughly enjoyed the performance. Now we look forward with anticipation to the visit to the Albert Hall, to Sadler's Wells and to the "Britain Can Make It" Exhibition, to the Netball Competition and other end of term activities, which are an integral part of the life of the school.

## D. MOWBRAY, A. DIXON.

### Examination Results.

We should like to congratulate the following girls:

#### London Higher School Certificate.

Joan Morgan, Joan Rayment, Latin (Main), Evelyn Webb, Art (Main), Irene Kempson, Chemistry (Main), Brenda Carter, Irene Kempson, Botany (Main).

Art Subsidiary-Gwyneth Baker, Connie Draper, Priscilla Woods.

Zoology Subsidiary-Brenda Carter, Irene Kempson.

English Subsidiary-Connie Draper, Audrey Fox, Brenda Smith, Priscilla Woods.

#### London General School Certificate.

Certificate with Matriculation Exemption-Mavis Crew, Mary Guest, Maureen Huber, Gwen Leeper, Joan Pool, Betty Rhone, Pamela Street, Margaret Witt, Betty Brown, Pat Dodd, May Hogben, Norma Holden, Eileen Low, Eleanor Norris.

Certificate-Jean Booth, Winnie Byford, June Dady, Sonia Green, Olive Groves, Sylvia Pullam, Lorna Rodd, Marjorie Sculthorpe, Doreen Stevens, Pat Willey, Eileen Wincote, Eileen Anness, Joan Austin, Sylvia Brockman, Diana Browne, Audrey Cole, Jean Davis, Elsie Knox, Evelyn Lloyd, Doreen Petifer, Pamela Slade, Ivy Terry.

Gwenyth Baker, Daphne Baldwin added Credit in English to their General School Certificate.

#### Royal Society of Arts, Stage I.

Book-keeping-Brenda Smith, passed with credit.

Shorthand-Brenda Smith, passed; Audrey Fox, passed.

Typewriting-Brenda Smith, Audrey Fox, passed with credit; Priscilla Woods, passed.

#### Preliminary Examination of the General Nursing Council.

Joyce Foster, Barbara Ridgway.

### Games Notices

#### TENNIS.

We had a very successful tennis season this year, losing only one match. The tennis team consisted of:-

1<sup>st</sup> couple – E. Webb (captain) and B. Webb.

2<sup>nd</sup> couple – E. Knox and T. Booth (vice-captain).

3<sup>rd</sup> couple – J. Jacobs and G. Tappenden.

4<sup>th</sup> couple – D. Baldwin and P. Woods.

5<sup>th</sup> couple – E. Morris and M. Tarry.

Results of Tennis Matches:-

We won five matches out of a possible six.

Chingford High School	...	...	5-0 win
Technical College	...	...	3-0 win
Woodford High School	...	...	66-33 lost
East Ham Grammar School	...	...	42-21 win
Brondesbury and Kilburn A Team			52-47 win
B Team			37-7 win

#### NETBALL

We have made a very good beginning and we hope to be as successful in the future.

Our first and second teams are yet unbeaten, and our junior teams have lost very few matches.

The First Team is as follows: - Shooter, J. Jacobs; Attack, E. Morris; (vice-captain); Centre Attack, M. Guest; Centre, D. Browne; Defence, J. Booth (Captain); Defence, J. Morgan; Goalkeeper, E. Knox. The Second Team was chosen from among the following girls:- J. Lyon, P. Warnes, M. Yelland, P. McGrath, J. Smy (captain), J. Fitzgibbon, S. Francis, N. Holden, J. Harrowell, J. Dennison and S.

Davies.

#### Results of Netball Matches:-

East Ham	1 <sup>st</sup> team	win	35-10
	2 <sup>nd</sup> "	"	27- 8
	U.15 "	"	18- 8
	U.14 "	"	20-10
Clapton	1 <sup>st</sup> "	"	21- 8
	2 <sup>nd</sup> "	"	
	U.15 "	"	
	U.14 "	"	20-5
Woodford (Juniors only)	U.13 "	loss	7-11
	U.15 "	win	15-11
	U.14 "	"	8-22
Greycoat	U.13 "	"	10-26
	1 <sup>st</sup> "	"	22-11
	2 <sup>nd</sup> "	"	20-16
	U.15 "	"	16-3
Clapton	U.14 "	"	9-8
	3 <sup>rd</sup> Senior"		21-13 to W.H.S.
	U15(B) "	"	27-0 " "
St. Ursuline High School, Ilford	U14(B) "	"	27-9 " "
	1 <sup>st</sup> "	"	16-11 " "
	2 <sup>nd</sup> "	"	13-10 " "
	Under 15		22-9 " "

In January, 1946, the Netball Teams, over and under 16, once again won the Essex Shield Competition. The Under 14 Junior Team reached the finals of this League-but lost to Romford, 12 goals to 10.

Results of League Matches:-

Junior, Under 14 Team-

Hamilton Road 19-13 win to W.H.S.

Fairlop 17-13 " " "

Gowan Lee (Semi Finals)

Romford (Finals) 10-12 loss " "

Senior, Under 16 Team-

Mid-Essex Technical College (Finals) 23-12 win to W.H.S.

Senior, Over 16 Team-

Chingford " win to W.H.S.

Romford " " " "

Stratford " " " "

We would like to thank Miss Gilpin, Miss Markes, Miss Crann, Miss Hepburn and Miss Davies, for giving up so much time after school to netball and hockey coaching.

The results of the Inter-Form Competitions were:-

Netball – Upper School S.W.

Middle " L.4.S.

Lower " L.3.W.

Tennis - Upper " 5.H.

Middle " L.4.S.

Swimming – Upper " 5.W.

Middle " L.4.s.

Lower " L.3.

Sports - Upper " 5.w.

Middle " L.4.S.

Lower " L.3.

This year a new trophy was presented to the Upper School by Miss Jones for Physical Culture. The first winner was U.4.H.

#### HOCKEY

This year's probable 1<sup>st</sup> XI. will be:-Goalkeeper, D.Adams,; backs, M. Wicks, J. Smy; half-backs, J. Morgan, P. McGrath, J. Jackson; forwards, J. Booth, E. Morris, M. Guest, P. Twyman, V. Wey.

On behalf of the hockey teams, I would like to thank both Miss Crann and Miss Davies for their untiring efforts in coaching us for our anticipated matches, and also Miss Hepburn for teaching the beginners.

We were badly defeated in the match against Coburn High when the score was 12-4 to Coburn. We hope to be more successful this year however. The result of the Staff match versus 1<sup>st</sup> XI. Was 2-2.

**P. McGrath, Captain.**

## **Presentation to Miss Norris. 2nd April, 1946.**

The school hall was crowded. It was a perfect spring evening that had followed a perfect spring day. We, attended by the ghosts of a thousand days when we had sat there in green box-pleated tunics, were gathered to say goodbye to Miss Norris.

There was a delightful ceremony that had dignity, without being weighed down by too much formality, followed by refreshments and reminiscences in the studio upstairs.

After a short entertainment provided by the old girls, Miss Norris, looking stately and charming in a long blue dress, came on to the platform.

The chairman, Mr. Bell, began by saying that this occasion was unique. Miss Norris, who had been headmistress since 1922, had seen the school through the most difficult times, its evacuation to Wellingborough in 1939, and the dangerous days of the air-raids in the last eighteen months of the war. We knew, he said, how well she had fulfilled her difficult task. He was only the chairman, he continued, but he felt he had to thank Miss Norris for her excellent work in the formation and successful running of the Parents' Association.

With them in the hall, he continued, were Mrs. McEntee, the chairman of the Board of Governors, and the School Governors, Alderman and Mrs. Chaplin, Canon and Mrs. Oakley, and the Mayoress.

The Chairman concluded telling us that there were to be two presentations that night, from the Parents and the Old Girls. The Staff was making its presentation at a later date. He then called upon Miss Jacob (never to be called Miss Jacobs) to speak.

Miss Jacob gave us an amusing description of the typical head-mistress in the gloomier school stories; the thin angular woman who creeps around the school in rubber shoes spying on mistresses and girls alike; this, Miss Jacob said, was as unlike Miss Norris as anything could be. Miss Norris had shown a tolerance and broadness of vision that had made possible that team spirit among the staff, which had so fine an effect upon the running of the school. This quality had been proved when the school was at Wellingborough. The excellence of Miss Norris' influence upon the "evacuees" was shown by the old girl who remarked, "Evacuation" wasn't altogether nice, but I wouldn't have been out of it for worlds." Miss Jacob ended her speech by wishing Miss Norris every happiness, especially on her holiday abroad.

Mrs. Hill, on behalf of the old girls, presented Miss Norris with a cheque. She said how surprised everyone had been at hearing of her retirement so soon after that of Miss Goldwin. She had no idea that Miss Norris had been at the High School so long. Handing Miss Norris the cheque, she said it carried with it the goodwill and gratitude of the old girls.

Mrs. Brown gave Miss Norris, a box containing the signatures of all the old girls who had subscribed. She told us that although she herself had been at the school before Miss Norris' time, she felt that she had known her as a friend.

Mr. Licence, the voice of the Parents' Association, complained that his speech had already been delivered by the chairman. He also expressed his surprise at hearing, not only that Miss Norris was retiring, but that she could, had she wished, have retired the year before. He then took us back to 1935, when the Parents Association had been formed and said that Miss Norris had spent so much thought and time upon it that it had become, not an uneasy alliance between school and home, but a real Association with real co-operation between staff and parents. As he handed Miss Norris the parents' cheque, he gave her also their very best wishes.

The chairman then asked Miss Norris to accept, for the school, a portrait of herself presented by the Parents' and Old Girls' Associations. This portrait, which had had its back to us all the evening was then brought on to the platform, and there, beside Miss Norris herself was another Miss Norris, her likeness, interpreted in

Phyllis Lovicks' vivid and distinctive style.

Miss Norris rose to accept it. She thanked us all, saying no words could adequately express her gratitude. Her portrait might look down upon the school but she would never do so. She did not know yet how she would spend our presents, but she intended to buy something that would last. She told us of her intended journey to South America, snatching us away from the verge of tears by her account of the luxuries -and necessities to be had "off the ration" in that land of plenty. She and Miss Goldwin were flying to Rio, where they would spend the winter in the sunshine amid the almost unbelievable beauty of Rio Bay. Miss Norris' brother, whom they were visiting, lived only five hundred yards from the sea. In November, when the hot season begins, they hoped to be able to get a passage to South Africa, where they would stay with Miss Norris' nephew.

On their return, Miss Norris would be living at Wembley.

She spoke of her happiness during her years at Walthamstow and hoped that some of us would be able to visit her in spite of the difficulties of the journey across London, and that those that couldn't go would write.

Miss Norris then told us that her successor was to be Miss Burnett, now the second mistress at the Colston Girls' School, Bristol.

Before thanking everyone for their kindness, and generosity, she paid a special tribute to the staff who had given and were still giving so much not only of time, but of mind and spirit, to the school.

As Miss Norris sat down, the rafters rang to the strains of "For she's a jolly good fellow," sung with real fervour by the whole company.

Miss Norris has left the High School, but wherever she may be she will remain always, for us, our Headmistress and our friend.

**S.M.G.**

### **Miss Norriss's Letter.**

RIO DE JANEIRO.

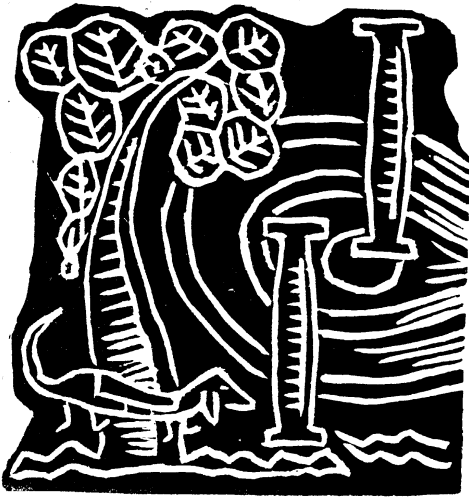
November, 1946.

When this arrived Miss Goldwin and I will be in the middle of the Atlantic on our way to Africa, which we hope to traverse from the Cape to Nairobi; from there we expect to fly back to England in January if we can induce a B.O.A.C. plane to bring us home.

We have had a truly wonderful time in this lotus-eating land where the skies are ever blue, the flowers bloom perennially, the people are always laughing and care-free and ration books are unknown. I will abstain from describing the shops and markets brimful of everything the heart can desire, though it may comfort you to know that prices out here are quite fantastic-and I will try to tell you how we have spent the past five months. To begin with, our Portuguese is still very bad and we are told very funny, but we know enough to read the papers and to get what we want though we often collect a crowd before we get it; it will, I know, interest you to hear that we have been driven into learning some irregular verbs by stark necessity. We have, of course, seen the sights and heard the sounds of Rio very thoroughly; we have done a great deal of walking and have explored and clambered over most of the hills and forests encircling Rio; in our wanderings we have met all sorts and conditions of men, women and children and have invariably found them courteous and ready to lend the much-needed helping hand; we have come across most exciting tropical flowers, fruits, birds and beasts. I think my favourites are the ubiquitous and cheeky little lizards, probably because they remind me of Cruiser; we even found one yesterday climbing up the bathroom tiles; lastly, and I think chiefly, we have enjoyed the bathing in the sparkling blue waters of what must surely be the most beautiful bay in the world. Miss Goldwin can now swim quite a long way, I can crawl a little, but still more effort is needed.

Needless to say, the school is very much in our thoughts and conversations and we always welcome with open arms the blessed air-mail which wafts us the news of dear W.H.S. so quickly across the ether; we shall look forward to seeing you in January and meantime we send you our loving wishes and Christmas Greetings.

**M. NORRIS.**



## Apathy.

Close thine eyes:  
 Shut out this mean world with all its ills,  
 Think not of actions past, of life to come,  
 On work completed: jobs undone.  
 Remember not mistakes nor comprehension  
 Spells of ecstasy and apprehension,  
 Consider not vain toil, nor time rewarded,  
 Memories shameful: those you've hoarded.  
 Dream not of past ideals-refuted,  
 Principles scorned, ideas-uprooted,  
 Muse not on those great plans  
 You cherished.  
 Hate not the reasons that caused them  
 To perish.  
 Seek not for happiness, success and perfection; -  
 You fool, -  
 Perfection is what cannot be:  
 Absolute, complete apathy.  
 Nothing in fact, for nothing is perfection,  
 And nothing ever is, or even will be,  
 Nothing.

J. L. KING, Upper VI.

## The Magi.

Across the desert bath'd by night,  
 (Each grain of sand was silver'd bright  
 By moon's calm, silent holy stare),  
 Three shapes relieved the desert bare.  
 Slowly they came,  
 Silent as ghosts,  
 Lit up by hosts  
 Of tiny stars.

But eastwards shone a star of gold;  
 So bright the sheep stirr'd in the fold.  
 To this the Magi ever turn,  
 So from this star they all may learn  
 Where He does lie.  
 For they have come  
 In worship dumb  
 To bring Him gifts.

The purple spires of Bethlehem  
 As seen from far-there they found Him,  
 In soft white clothes the Babe was swath'd  
 In holy light from star was bath'd.  
 To the Magi  
 From Eastern land,  
 His small, white hand  
 To them He gave.

They gave gold, frankincense and myrrh;  
 Those gifts of priceless worship rare.  
 They laid them by the Holy King  
 As angels made the heavens ring.  
 With their voices  
 They sang to praise-  
 The heavens to raise-  
 This pure, Holy King.

KATHERINE KNIGHT, V.V

## Christmas.

Now the jolly Christmas-tide  
 Once again has come,  
 See the glittering Christmas tree  
 With presents on it hung.

Lighted now the candles are,  
 Glowing in the dark,  
 Brightening up the topmost star  
 The dolls and Noah's Ark.

Children stand around the tree,  
 With merry voices sing  
 Of a little child who grew to be  
 Our Lord and Heavenly King.

JENNIE WARING, LIIII.

## Poppies

The poppies in the garden are dressed in frocks of silk,  
 Some are scarlet, some are pink, and others as white as milk,  
 Very fine for dancing in, for dancing when the breeze  
 Plays a little two-step for the flowers and the bees.  
 Very nice for dancing, all frilly at the hem,  
 Oh! when I see the poppies dance,  
 I long to dance with them.

The poppies in the garden have lost their silk frocks all,  
 All about the garden paths and up against the wall,  
 Here and there, and everywhere, a piece of silky red,  
 But not a single poppy girl,  
 I think they've gone to bed,  
 Gone to bed and fast asleep, so tired they must be  
 For they have left a box of dreams  
 Upon the stem for me.

BILLIE PHILLIPS, LIIIS.

## Lilac.

The lilac by the porch was overpoweringly lovely in its beauty of sight and scent. The perfume even invaded the church itself. I could hear the melody in F being played very softly.

We walked up the aisle, the scene before our eyes made us hold our breath. The altar was beautifully decorated, and the windows formed a semi-circle round it. Shining threads of evening sunshine scintillated on the golden vases, which themselves reflected the delicate colours of the white and mauve lilac. The white altar cloth was embroidered with blue, mauve and black flowers.

The church itself had the atmosphere of long embalmed calm; the organist's notes did not disturb it.

Yet from the outside-as if from another planet-there came the pagan shouts and cries of the suburban mob on its week-end visit to the forest; yet even this did not disturb the serenity.

As we walked back down the aisle I saw the organist's eyes upon us. Outside we tasted once more the intoxicating lilac. I felt the drowsiness of a re-awakened opiated sleeper. Had I been a witness to a dream or a revelation? -for inside the church I had seen that in the midst of this turbulent, hurried world one can find for a few brief moments-the hermitage of calm.

## The Chance of a Lifetime.

First thing on the morning of October 16th! It was dark, fairly cold and dull, but not raining! I jumped out of bed, dressed as fast as I possibly could and was downstairs, by five-forty-five. I felt very excited, for that day, the day of all days, I was going to Southampton to see R.M.S. "Queen Elizabeth." My father and I had permission to go over her to put flowers on board and see as much of her as we could in the five hours at our disposal before she sailed.

Wrapped in a rug as warm as toast, I took my seat in the car and off we went! As we went through London all seemed wonderfully still as the daylight grew and the hum of the great city had not as yet begun.

Past London, on through Staines, over the river Thames rolling peacefully on, lapping against the hulls of barges, yachts and houseboats tied up along its banks, and then we drove on to Basingstoke. Leaving the factories and town behind us we went through an aerodrome where a 'plane was just down and still on to that ancient sleepy town of Winchester. By now my excitement was growing as the miles rapidly diminished between us and our destination and when we reached Southampton's outskirts I strained my eyes and neck too, trying to see the red and black funnels of Cunard's massive giant.

At last! There, barely distinguishable in the morning mist, I saw two funnels and a little further away the three funnels of the Elizabeth's sister ship "Queen Mary."

We reached the shop where the man who was going to get us on board and at 9.30 were going in his car to the docks. After having passed the cordon of about fifteen police we reached the dockside sheds right next to the "Queen Elizabeth."

The first thing that impressed me was her size. She absolutely towered above us and made us feel infinitely small and unimportant. Then I was impressed by the hustle and bustle of everyone. People were hurrying to and fro, taxis came, discharged their occupants and as quickly went again. Then the queues to go through the customs, and one had to run the gauntlet of four police at each gangway to get aboard.

As I watched the many passengers I wondered why they were leaving merry England and journeying to the New World. How many, I thought, had relations who had made good in America and had invited them over? Which of them were going there on business, for pleasure, for holidays, I wondered? Were any of them going just for the fun and adventure I asked myself. There were not only wealthy and important personages going aboard but also many ordinary Mrs. Browns and Mr. Smiths enjoying the prospect of a long voyage.

Finally the great moment came and we went up the gangway with our first load of boxes of flowers to be put in the staterooms and cabins.

Apart from the fact that we went over a gangway to get on we scarcely realised that we were on a ship at all. The surroundings gave me the impression of a luxurious hotel. There were beautiful carpets, easy chairs, lifts, or elevators as the Americans section of the crew called them, and big wide stairways up to the different decks.

The stateroom we saw had lovely furniture, upholstery, curtains, bed linen and paintwork all toned together beautifully, and of all the rooms I went in no two rooms were exactly the same. All along the passages was rubber flooring and satinwood panelling.

We peeped into the dining room, gymnasium, swimming pool, and walked through lounges, the ballroom, writing-room and the huge cinema. We climbed countless stairs and walked down many miles of passages and saw the post office, bank, shops, bureaux, purser's office and many other places.

We went up to the sun deck, sports deck and promenade decks and saw from the distance, the bridge and officers' deck.

In trying to find "C pocket" we passed the engine rooms and looked in at the heart of the ship through a door which said on it "Positively No Admittance," and we nearly went into the captain's quarters by mistake.

And when at 1.30 a voice through a loud speaker sounded through the ship "All visitors off the ship! I repeat, all visitors off the ship!" we were very sorry to go.

But we hastened off to find a good pitch from which to watch her sail out on her maiden voyage. We eventually climbed on to the roof of a shed and waited and watched the little tugs fussing around getting into position.

At length on the stroke of two, the Blue Peter fluttered down and she started to move. It was then that I realised most her size as she slowly came astern from her berth and was turned round in midstream.

'Planes were swooping over, among them a helicopter, and it

truly was a grand sight as she gradually gathered way with terrific blasts from her sirens moved on.

And as she disappeared from sight I for one wished her "Godspeed."

MARY KING, 5.W.

## Devon Expedition.

On the morning of April 23rd the party (about twenty in all) met at Liverpool Street Station ready for the journey.

When we arrived at "Sun Ray" in Combe Martin, our rooms were soon allotted to us. Most of us were to sleep in a large annexe, which also contained a long recreation room, where we gathered every evening to review our "finds."

After high tea we went down to the bay. It was raining and the tide was coming in so we had little time to explore.

On the first morning, most of us were up early and letters were posted at Sea View Post Office before breakfast. Here we would all like to put in a word about our hostess, who satisfied our large appetites at all times with most delicious food-thank you Mrs. Eastman.

During the morning we went for a walk along the Ilfracombe Road, are formed many specimens in the hedgerows and discovered a wood full of bluebells. The primroses, which we all wished to send home, were growing on the steep bank beside the road.

The afternoon, after we had posted our flowers, was spent exploring the black pool and cliffs, and again we made many finds. In the evening we shared our discoveries and made notes on the types of habitat in which our specimens grew.

Thursday dawned wet. We had hoped to visit the Doone Valley, but this trip was postponed and the morning was spent in various ways by different members of the party.

By the afternoon the weather showed signs of clearing so we went to Barnstaple by coach. We stopped at Staunton Sands, chiefly to explore the dunes, but we found them still mined. When we reached the shore there seemed to be miles of glorious unbroken sand on to which the Atlantic breakers were rolling. The sun was by now shining brilliantly, making the waves sparkle invitingly. Needless to say, we soon removed our shoes and raced across the sand to the sea.

We then went on to Barnstaple where we had tea. The drive home was through steep wooded country, very different from that through which we came.

Friday, fortunately, was a nice day. Fortunately, because it was on this day that we had our circular coach trip across the moors, and back along the coast.

We crossed Exmoor, stopping at one point for exploration. On the edge of the moor we stopped at Rockford to look at the river East Lyn. We ate our lunch on the coach and soon arrived at the Doone Farm. It was not possible to reach the end of the valley as there was a firing range where once the Doones had their stronghold.

After a thrilling drive down Countisbury Hill into Lynmouth we turned back to Watersmeet, where the East Lyn meets the West Lyn, before entering the sea.

We had tea at a very grand hotel-"sixpennyworth of tea and a shillingsworth of fright." Afterwards we followed the river Heddon to its mouth. This was a wonderful trip and we very grateful to the Committee who made it possible and to our careful driver.

On Saturday morning most of us visited Ilfracombe. In the afternoon we hoped to climb Great Hangman. The sheltered lanes were warm, but when we reached the moor the wind was very strong, almost gale force, and the temperature was considerably lower. There was a marvellous view from this point of the sea breaking against the cliffs; behind, the moor stretched away into the distance with Combe Martin far beneath. Our pathway now lay round Great Hangman itself, it was about two feet wide, with sheer drop to the sea and some of us were not sorry when it petered out altogether and we had to turn back.

During Sunday morning we were left to our own devices and some of us went to church. After dinner the Sixth, with Miss Dennithorne and Miss Gilpin, went to Watermouth Harbour to look for some fossil trees. By chance we found a thick carpet of bluebells, which we picked to take home. Then we found a rocky tunnel leading to the sea, very eerie, and suggestive of smugglers. Eventually we found the fossils after a long, but interesting, walk. That night we went to bed feeling very sad that we should have to return so soon to London.

Next day our expedition was over, but we thank Miss Dennithorne and Miss Gilpin for a store of happy memories.

**J. MORGAN. B.S. J.K.**

### **Ordeal by Wire.**

A year last March I thought I'd 'phone  
My uncle Ern and great-aunt Joan,  
I should have noticed that the thing  
Had got a peevish sort of ring,  
And that its face with rage was black,  
Its lips into a scowl drawn back.  
But no, unconscious of my fate  
I dial DIR and wait.  
A sudden voice asks where the fire is,  
And I reply I want enquiries.  
A click, and then the line goes dead  
And I decide to write instead,  
When, just by way of consolation,  
I hear a snatch of conversation.  
I wait, and on the 1st of May  
There comes a ringing far away,  
In June I hear the speaking clock,  
And then, a devastating shock,  
I find that I am somehow through,  
And learn it's Wapping 352.  
With this much gained by concentration  
I feel a certain mild elation.  
But further work is still to do  
To contact Wapping 352,  
So off again; this time I hear  
A railway train, a herd of deer,  
A comic song by Harry Tate,  
A bit of Monday Night at Eight.  
On Christmas Eve, I hear a coo,  
"I'm trying hard to put you through."  
How right she was, I think she knew it,  
At any rate she put me through it.  
On New Year's Day we got a line  
Only to find it's 259.  
Still, such a trifle can't deject one.  
Is she not "trying to connect me?"  
To cut a rambling story short  
It's Spring, when I am nigh distraught,  
Before I hear-can it be true?-  
"All right. Now go ahead, you're *through*."  
Weary and hoarse, I croak "Hello!"  
And then I hear the door-bell go;  
And on the doorstep, all concern,  
Are great aunt Joan and uncle Ern,  
Saying, with sad reproachful tears,  
"We haven't heard from you for *years*."

**M. SOUSTER.**

### **In the library.**

All is stilly quiet,  
Except for beams of light  
That slip and glow  
From square window.  
But somewhere in the silence heaves-  
A little sound of rustling leaves,  
Of rulers, rubbers, shuffling feet,  
Of windy pages, shiv'ring fleet,  
Of clinking pencils, books that thud,  
The silly clack of pens on wood;  
The chuckling rattle of rulers-

The little hiss of whispers rare  
That steel across the laden air:  
The scrape of pen-nib, scratchy, worn,  
On a bent and smudgy ruler-  
All in the library at morn.

**KATHARINE KNIGHT, 5.W.**

### **"Taters"**

Sing a song of ninepence,  
A pocket full of oats;  
Five and thirty "taters"  
Baked in their coats.  
When the pie was opened,  
The "taters" they were done,  
And when I tried to pick them up,  
They all began to run.

**RUTH WOLPERT, Up3S**

### **Timothy Rabbit.**

The ground is white wherever you go,  
Timothy Rabbit is covered with snow;  
The blackbird is black, and so is the crow,  
If you want any more, please tell me so.

We rabbits are marching all in row,  
If we meet a weasel, a fox, or a foe,  
Wouldn't we make him skedaddle and go,  
With our hard little fists and the end of our toe!

Chorus-Ho! Ho! Toe! Toe!  
Wouldn't we make him go!

**BARBARA POOLE, Lower 3.H.**

### **An Interview with Mr. Wells.**

On one of those warm, sunny afternoons we experienced in late September, 'twixt the lily-pond and the bottom netball court we interviewed our dear, venerable Mr. Wells-that institution of the flower beds and legal grass-cutting.

"Halloo, Mr. Wells! we hear you are leaving us."

"Aye, aye."

"But why? You must not do that."

"Aye, but I'm getting old. You want new blood in the place. I'm very sorry to-but there you are, times change. I remember the time when -ha, ha, ha. Oh! I laughed over the things them girls used to do. There was a time when....."

Well! The facts and fictions Mr. Wells disclosed to us that afternoon! He told us that he has been here for twenty-one years, and can remember the School and surrounding parts of Walthamstow before that. He told us that the school was built in 1912, and the ground originally belonged to the parish. He remembers the time though when it was a large cricket field, famed throughout the district for its superb turf.

Mr. Wells also told us a little of his personal history-how he used to work at Courtenay Warner's house at Woodford, as one of six gardeners (this is of course now the present Woodford High School). His proudest accomplishment in our garden is the fact that all the trees except the big ones on the west side of the hockey field he has planted himself.

"See," he said, "every one of these trees I planted with these hands you see here." In fact, the silver birches around the Greek Theatre he told us he brought from Loughton on the top of a bus, much to the annoyance of the conductor at the time.

Mr. Wells told us that years ago we had girls here whose ages ranged from five to twenty or twenty-one years.

It will be a sad day for us all when Mr. Wells (the presiding genius of the garden) finally leaves us. My own personal memory of him, which I cherish above all, comes from the summer of 1944, in the hot

weather that lasted during the flying-bomb raids. A few of us, in the intervals between the alerts, used to go and lie in the long grass of the rose garden and let the hot sun soak into us for refreshment after the gloom of the corridors. During one of these siestas Mr. Wells taught us how to mow the grass with the scythe. It reminded us of Hilaire Belloc's "On Mowing a Field," Mr. Wells said that we would be quite expert with a little practice! That is how I know Mr. Wells, kind and cheery and always ready for a joke. His vocabulary and stock of anecdotes are amazing, so that a few minutes conversation with him is both enjoyable and educational.

"Don't leave us too soon, Mr Wells."

"Aye, you'll see me about yet."

JEAN H. SMY, 6<sup>th</sup>.

## Do You Believe in Ghosts?

Several weeks ago I attended a very informal meeting at which a young man, whom we will call Roberts, told us some of his experiences as a free-lance journalist. Once he was writing a series of articles about haunted houses, material for which he obtained by spending nights, either alone or with a friend, Brown, in houses reputed to be haunted. Here is one story that he told us;

One haunted house was situated in Devonshire, where Robert, arrived late one evening. The old lady, who lived alone in the house, took him to the haunted room where he was to spend the night. The first thing that struck him about the room was the lowness of the ceiling which was emphasized by the unusual height of the four-poster bed.

"The bed's high, isn't it?" Roberts remarked.

"Well, ye zee, zir," explained the old lady, "we've a custom in De'm that when anyone dies ye leave the mattress on the beyd an' se'm people've died on thut one.

The lady left the room and Roberts, ready for bed, blew out the candle and made his way to the top of the seventh mattress, where he lay on his back, still as a board, with the bed-clothes just below his eyes-waiting. Presently, in the far comer of the room, he saw a narrow white glow from floor to ceiling. Roberts gulped and pinched himself, but the glow expanded, advanced over the walls and began to approach the bed. Roberts was waiting for the terror to hurl itself upon him when he felt something touch his feet. He shot up in bed, forgetting how low the ceiling was, and had the experience of seeing stars. Then from the foot of the bed came a voice:-

"I'm very zorry, zir, but it's so cold I thought ye might like an 'ot warder boddl."

The white glow had been the gradual opening of the door.

S. BULLER, 5.H

## Who Remembers?

The head girl who went to sleep in a botany lesson?

When a girl asked whether the picture on the East staircase was by Rembrandt or Vermicelli ?

Stilts?

That uncertain feeling?

The Invisible Biology Sixth Form?

Fortune telling behind the bush?

When the guinea-pig duster was used as a face-flannel?

The missing shoe?

## Who Knows?

What follows a mistress wherever she goes?

Where the cloak-room key is kept?

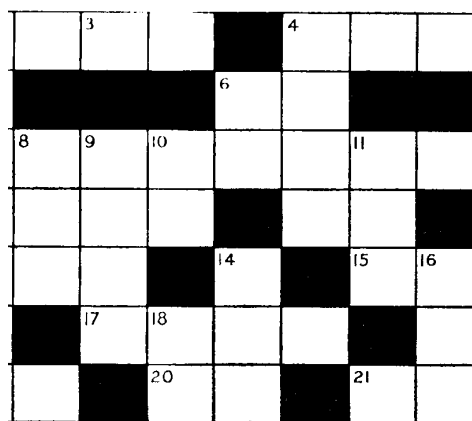
Which sixth former plays the piccolo oboe?

Who tried to get rid of the earth in a physics lesson?

Who put spots in the milk?

Who suggested that the sixth form should wear bustles?

## Crossword Puzzle.



### Verticalement.

- I. Les habitations des chevaux.
2. Désir peu raisonnable.
3. L'article déflini devant une voyelle.
4. Difficile.
6. Pronom.
8. Sans mélange.
9. Pas quelyquechose.
10. Conjonction.
- II. Georges VI.
14. Pronom fort.
- I6. Ce à quoi il faut obéir.
- I8. Mot qu'on trouve devant le participe présent.

### Horizontalement.

- I. Où l'on va pour 7 horizontalement.
4. Un camarade.
5. A toi.
6. Un métal précieux.
7. S'instruire.
12. Ce qu'on peut entendre.
13. On fait cela avec un livre.
15. Pronom masculine.
17. Nouveau.
19. Aride.
20. Pas ou.
21. Conjonction conditionnelle.

### RUTH BULLARD, 5.H.

Sub-Editor's Note,-A Magazine will be given to the first girl to hand a correct solution to R. Bullard.

## Parents' Association.

The past year opened with the excitement due to the retiring from the school of Miss M. Norris and Miss M. Goldwin. We were sorry that the time has come for us to lose these two good friends. Members of the Association have responded well to the two presentation appeals, and the two farewell socials will stay long in our memories. The new headmistress, Miss M. Burnett and the second mistress, Miss E. R. Jacob, identified themselves immediately with our work, they have both been a great help and we are appreciative of their kindly interest.

Mrs. Tweed, too, found her new civic duties prevented her from carrying on as Secretary of the Refreshments Committee and she was warmly thanked for all she had done for us. Mrs. Twyman and Mrs. Brown jointly assumed these responsibilities and they have done great service in organising refreshments for our functions.

The Executive has been most anxious to recover the pre-war enthusiasm of the Parents' Association; last Christmas we entertained the girls in the school to Victory and Christmas Parties which were enjoyed by all, and we have had successful dances at which Mr. Denham has proved himself an ideal M.C.

We made a very welcome new friend in Alderman H. Green, Chairman of the Education Committee for the County of Essex, for in November he gave a most instructive talk to members on the New Education Act.

The Annual General Meeting in September brought the retirement from the post of Secretary of Mr. R. E. Licence, and we are fortunate in the election of Mr. Alfred Hunt as his successor. Mr. Hunt is an organiser with experience and we look forward to the future under his guidance. It is the aim of the Executive that parents of all girls in the school should be enrolled as members of the Association and we trust that those who have not done so yet, will apply for membership



immediately and give the Association their enthusiastic support.

## **R.E.L**

### **O.G.A. SECTION.**

#### **O.G.A. Committee.**

President: Miss Burnett.

Vice President: Miss Norris, Miss Goldwin, Miss Jacob, Minnie Foxon.

Co-opted Members: Edna Timberlake (Sub-editor of "Iris"), Rose Harris, (Netball), Miss Park (Dramatics), Dora Busby.

Hon. Secretary: Mrs. C. Hill, 65 Oakwood Crescent, Winchmore Hill, N21

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

Members: Joan Farrow, Ivy Farrow, Kathleen Hetherington, Dorothy Stephens, Joan Johnson, Phyllis Thornborough, Mavis Linay, Joyce Norton, Doreen Goodwin, Winifred Roach, Margaret Ward.

Margaret Richardson Memorial Fund Committee: May Robertson, Dora Busby, Dora Higham.

Blanche Hewett Scholarship Fund Committee: Minnie Foxon.

### **O.G.A.**

We have held two socials this year, and at the time of writing are arranging for another in December. These were in addition to the social on 2nd April, when we combined with the Parents' Association in presenting Miss Norris with a cheque on her retirement. At the summer social we had the pleasure of welcoming Miss Burnett as our new president. Miss Norris has consented to be a vice-president of the Association, and Miss Jacob has also become a vice-president.

The Association has considerably increased in numbers since re-starting after the war and we have certainly enjoyed the Presentation Socials at which old girls of all generations were present. However, there are many members who are unable to come to the socials, whose link with the school is "Iris," and this is one of the reasons why we want as many news items as possible-so will you please make the extra effort and send items of interest to Miss Park, Edna Timberlake or me.

Mr. and Mrs. Hazell are retiring at the end of this term and the Association is making them a present as a token of appreciation for all they have done to help the old girls. The gallons of tea Mrs. Hazell has brewed for us are incalculable, and I am sure we all wish them a very happy retirement.

Just a reminder-your subscription is due on 1st January, 1947. For the first year it is 1/-, for the next two years 1/6 each, and 3/- a year thereafter. A life subscription is £2 10s. and saves a lot of trouble.

If you don't receive a copy of "Iris," it usually means you have not paid your subscription for the year so to avoid that unhappy event, please pay your subscriptions promptly.

One other thing, would you please notify me of any change of address, as that often accounts for non-arrival of "Iris."

**C. R. HILL (PETTIT)**, Hon. Sec.

### **O.G. Dramatic Society.**

As most of you know the W.H.S.O.G. Dramatic Society was revived and this winter's activities are now in full swing.

We are pleased to welcome Miss Burnett as our new president, and hope she will derive some enjoyment from our productions.

Last Christmas we greatly enjoyed being able to revive the tradition of a Nativity play in St. Mary's Church, when we gave a performance of "Bethlehem," on December 20th. and a repeat performance in St. Gabriel's Church. In March we produced "The Women Have Their Way," and were most ambitious in procuring the Technical College for this play.

We are hoping to give a performance of the Coventry Nativity Play in St. Mary's Church on December 19th. We also plan to participate in the Drama Festival at Lloyd Park and put on a full performance of "The Brontes" on March 29th at the High School, both with the aid of Old Monovians, whom we welcome back with acclamation.

We extend a cordial invitation to all members of the O.G. Association to join our circle. All interested should communicate with Miss Park or myself.

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

P. S.- The Society would like to express their warmest gratitude for the invaluable services rendered to the Society by Vera Beale, the ideal secretary, and to Peter Triggs for his great kindness in helping with innovations scenically, and to Mr. Hyde for his priceless talents put at our disposal, and to Mr. Hancock and Mr. A. Rogers.

### **Netball Club.**

The Netball Club is held up for a time owing to the necessity of obtaining permission to use the court from the Education Committee.

We cannot hope to continue unless we have more members, for we did not have two full teams at any time during last season.

Application for membership should be sent to **Miss .T. Priddle**, 15 Pole Hill Road, Chingford, E4. Telephone SIL 4087.

### **The Grandmothers Party.**

Happy inspirations do not always have pleasant sequels, but when Marjorie Wise and Louise Fox had the bright idea of a school "Grandmothers' Party", there was nothing in the least dingy about the consequences. A circular letter was sent to all hundred and fifteen old girls-*real* old ones-and as a result ninety-three of us assembled in the Swedenborgian Hall, Bloomsbury, on the night of May 17th.

"As a result ninety-three of us assembled ..... " How simple! But was it?

Ask Louise Fox, who searched the telephone book, asked innumerable questions, plunged down side streets and unknown by-ways, and finally fell back on Miss Hewett's testimonial from the old girls in order to trace the lost legions. Let us give her the credit due, for it was a formidable task.

The evening started with talk, and we partook of the ample refreshments provided by ourselves. Each of us had arrived with a discreet little packet which joined the common supply-a satisfactory and simple arrangement.

Some entertainment was organised. There was a clever charade which took off the tracing of the more illusive old girls and there were songs from Minnie Foxon and Elsie Dongray. We also talked.

The Twin Reeves delighted us all with their amusing recitation on the complications of twindom. It took us back a bit, that.

Then, of course, then, was always talk.

To think of it! Some of us were over seventy. Some had been present on the opening day-original first termers.

They seemed to have quite a lot to say.

What fun it was seeing each other again. Strange, some of us had not met for forty years, but we took up from where we left off. There was much to say. No one went unrecognised even after so long, for the undying girl in each of us was there for all to see, faintly signalling through times' ravages and always getting an answer.

We had come from all over the place, one family, Alice, Winifred, Marjorie and Enid Wise, had converged from Cornwall, Somerset, Yorkshire and London, a splendid effort. There was quite a lot of talking, too.

The School Quiz was very interesting. Who remembered the name of the first school housekeeper? What great tree was that which grew in the old garden? What were the names of some of the V.I.P.'s, who came to examine us?

We knew all the answers but we had to shout them because there were a lot of people talking.

It was all such a great success that another meeting was pronounced absolutely essential, and we are all asked to hunt up any missing links. Who knows, we might be able to find a *great*

grandmother lurking somewhere. She would indeed be welcome.  
But only if she can *still talk*.

## HELEN E. BALFOUR.

### Names and Addresses of Members Joining the Association since

#### 1943.

Winifred Aberly, Provincial Education Office, Kampala, Uganda.  
Mrs. Aldridge (Mary Black), 14 Barrett Road, E.17.  
Mrs. Allison (Phyllis Lovick), 51, Heathcote Grove, E4.  
Beryl Anderson, 50 Station Road, E.17.  
E. Anness, 242 Fulbourne Road, E17.  
Beryl Atkins, 2 Peasmead Terrace, Chingford.  
Joan Austin, 5 Borwick Avenue, E.17.  
Joan Bacon, 52 Palmerston Road, E. 17.  
Esme Bailey, 55 Erskine Road, E.17.  
Phyllis Barr, 26 Pretoria Avenue, E.17.  
Irene Barrett, 22 Forest Glade, Highams Park.  
Olive Bayles, 70 Macdonald Road, E.17.  
Vera Beale, 25 West Avenue Road, E.17.  
Kathleen Bird, 109 Hale End Road, E.17.  
Mrs. B. Birt, 10 Heatcote Grove, E.4.  
Ivy Bollen, 13, Sunnysdene Avenue, Highams Park.  
Hilda Boocock, 24 Southfield Road Waltham Cross, Herts.  
Jean Boyce, 24 Bluehouse Road, Chingford.  
Sylvia Brockman, 180 Selwyn Avenue, E.4.  
Queenie Bunting, 59 Melville Road, E.17.  
Pat Bryan, 200 Boundary Road, E.17.  
W. Byford, 146 Beach Hall Road, E.4.  
Ita Clarke, 42 Higham Hill Road, E.17.  
Audrey Cole, 48A Chingford Mount Road, E.4.  
Olive Collett, 71 Templeton Avenue, South Chingford.  
Doreen Collis, 182 Hall Lane, E.4.  
Edna Cook, 7 Queenswood Avenue E.17.  
Daphne Cooksley, 108 Hibbert Road, E.17.  
Amy Cooney, 82 Eden Road, E.17.  
Greta Cowell, 11 Forest View Road, E.17.  
Eileen Curtis, Hackney Hospital, 230 Homerton High Street, E.9.  
Jean Davis, 18 Empress Parade, Chingford Road, E4.  
Irene Dixon, 45 Colchester Road, E.17.  
Audrey Elliott, 357a Higham Hill Road, E.17.  
Mrs. Elvey (Dorothea Beresford), 100 The Avenue, Highams Park.  
E. Figg, 276A Lea Bridge Road, Leyton, E.10.  
Patricia Fisher, "Woodmead," 48 Kimberley Road, Chingford.  
Joyce Foster, 51A High View Road, South Woodford, E.18.  
Mrs. Giffard (Muriel Hubbard), "Ringwould," Batchworth Lane, Northwood, Middlesex.  
Ethel Godfrey, 26 High Street, Wellingborough.  
Ivy Goldsmith, 69 Roland Road, E. 17.  
Margaret Gracey, 8 Henrys Avenue, Woodford Green.  
P. Griffin, 342 Larks Hall Road, E4.  
Olive Groves, 2 Haldan Road, Highams Park.  
Mrs. Hancock (Kathleen Oyler), 1 Little Plucketts Way, Buckhurst Hill.  
D. Hardcastle, Old Church Hospital, Romford.  
Mrs. Harding (Marjorie Fleming) 181 Snakes Lane, Woodford Green.  
Beryl Haynes, 42 Wellington Road, E.17.  
Doreen Henderson, 102 Warner Road E.17.  
Mrs. Hendley (Kathleen How), 1 Fernhill Court, Forest Road, E.17.  
Iris Henderson, 70 Wood Street, E.17.  
Patricia Hickman, 212 New Road, E4.  
Mrs. Hitching (Grace Bellchamber), 51 Hillcrest Road, E.17.  
Madeline Hodby, 25 Empress Avenue, South Chingford.  
Kathleen Holt, 52 Rowden Road, South Chingford.  
Maureen Huber, 20 Summit Road, E.17.  
Miss Ince Jones, Cranbrook Cottage, Roydon, Near Ware, Herts.  
Edna Jenkinson, 3, Hilltop, The Drive, E.17  
Betty Jones, 60 Greenway Avenue, E.17.  
Anne Joseph, The Cottage, Easthorpe Street, Ruddington, Nottingham.  
Ellen Knight, 36, Priory Avenue, E.17.  
Grace and Maisie Krinks, 75 Jewel, Road, E17  
Gwen Leeper, 2 Waverley Road, E17.  
Evelyn Lloyd, 159, Cavendish Road, E.17  
Sheila Loasby, 6 College Road, E.17.  
Winnie and Eileen Low, 340 Billet Road, E.17.

Mrs. McKercher (Gladys Turner), 69 Adelaide Road, Ashford, Middlesex.  
Ada Maddocks, The Drill Hall, Whipps Cross, E.17.  
Mrs. Martin-Reeks, 86 Albert Road, E.17  
Joan Money, 2 Greville Road, E.17.  
Iris Mountney, 44 St. Andrew's Road, E.17.  
Joyce Mudle, 6, Winns Avenue, E.17.  
Mrs. Newell (Gladys M. Smith), 6, St Mary Road, E.17.  
Jessie Nicklen, 3 Winnmill Road, Dagenham, Essex.  
Mrs. Nicoll (Beryl Cherry), 18 South Avenue, North Chingford.  
Joyce Noble, 21 Coningsby Gardens, E4.  
Mrs. Norfolk (Dorothy Norfolk), 22 Woodside Gardens, South Chingford.  
Miss M. Norris, 67, Elms Lane, Wembley, Middlesex.  
Maud Oliver, 62, Beech Hall Road, E.4.  
Beryl Osborne, 51 Malton Road, Leyton, E.10.  
Edna Paul, 8 Folkestone Road, E.17.  
Phyllis Payne, 39 Cassiobury Rind, E.17.  
Patricia Philp, 6 The Gardens, Tilbury, Essex.  
Joan Priddle, 15, Pole Hill Road, E4.  
Joan Rayment, Lyngen, 18, Aldersley Gardens, New Barking, Essex.  
Beryl Remon, 11 Loxham Road, South Chingford.  
Mrs. Richens (Bernice Atkinson), 40 Broad Walk, Woodford.  
Winifred Roach, 4 Tufton Road, Chingford.  
Marjorie Sculthorp, 46, Tufton Road, Chingford.  
Brenda Sewell, 66, Garner Road, E.17.  
S. Shepherd, 40 Alma Road, Highams Park.  
Lilian Smith, 51 Cottenham Road E.17.  
Sheila and Brenda Smith, 23 Buxton Road, E17.  
Cicely Sopwith, 1 Warboys Crescent, Highams Park.  
Florrie Strutt, 54 Edinburgh Road E. 17.  
Margaret Thackway, 3 Church Avenue, Highams Park.  
Hazel Thurland, 92 Coolgardie Avenue, Highams Park.  
Mrs. Titford (Florence Long), 53 Boscombe Road, Bournemouth Park Road, Southend.  
Winifred Turner, 26 Rectory Road, E17.  
Mrs. Vermaak (Joyce Hakes), 78 Second Street, Umtali, S. Rhodesia.  
Dorothy Vernon, 97 Nelson Road, South Chingford.  
Betty Webb, 54 Elphinstone Road, E17.  
Evelyn Webb, 8 The Close, Highams Park, E.4.  
Mrs. C. D. White, 36 Winns Avenue, E.17.  
Pat Whitter, 53 Rolls Park Avenue, South Chingford.  
Peggy Wilson, 39 Collard Road, E17  
Eileen Wincote, 4 Halden Road, Highams Park.  
Mrs. Womersley (Aileen Lucas), 415 The Weind, Theydon Bois, Essex.  
Gwen Wood, 19 Penrhyn Avenue, E.17.  
Grace Woolf, 76 Bedford Road, E17.  
Catherine Worthington, 59 Grove Road, Millhouses, Sheffield 7.  
S. Young, 1 The Links, E.17.

### Letters.

EDUCATION OFFICES,  
KAMPALA, UGANDA, SOUTH AFRICA.

After the strangeness of it all at first (and yet one's way of life is really the same, which seems even stranger), there isn't much to tell you about. Like all jobs, there is a certain monotony about it, but I haven't yet begun to long for home. The oddest thing is that we've made here a standard of living-if anything-higher than that at home, and yet the African can do no more than make very feeble imitations of it. Even the wealthy only live in house's which seem poor to my tastes -walls covered with family photographs, and innumerable chairs strewn around the walls -like a third-rate seaside lodging house. Their humbler homes are much more comfortable really.

I've been seeing plenty of game, but all of the common kind- elephant, hippo, buck-and yesterday I saw a big crocodile, 18 feet long, which had been shot in the only lake here where bathing was considered safe! Actually a friend of mine thinks it now is free of crocs., but it takes the fun out of swimming!

We're getting more and more short of staff. I expect the new Burnham Scales are influencing overseas recruitment, for teachers can earn as much at home as in Uganda, without the expense and trouble of coming here. Do tell anyone you know who is wavering how great the need is in the colonies; those of us who are here can merely keep things "ticking over"-there is no possibility of real progress until we

can share our very heavy burden work.

### **WINIFRED E. ABERY.**

P.O., Box 100,

LUANSHYA, N. RHODESIA, SOUTH AFRICA.

Luanshya is one of the biggest mining townships of the Copperbelt and is a rather pretty place. Fortunately, the copper mine is right away from the European community and so does not spoil the beauty of the detached houses that are surrounded with attractive gardens. My first impression was that of an English garden suburb or Garden City.

I really must commend the teaching profession out here. We start at 8 a.m. and are finished for the day at 1 p.m. The school year is divided into four terms, each of ten weeks duration. We have three weeks' winter holiday in June, seven weeks' summer holiday in December and January, and a week in April and September. Can you wonder that I am not keen to return to England?

Last June I had a most interesting "mail-lorry" trip all through S. Rhodesia. We visited all the outposts of the British Empire, delivering mail at the ranches and farms.

At Christmas, after a five-day train journey, I spent a month by the sea at Camps Bay, on the Atlantic side of the Cape Peninsula; then two weeks in Cape Town. It was a grand holiday. During this time I also spent a few days on a wine farm, as the guest of an African's family; it was a most interesting experience.

### **EDITH BRABHAM.**

P.O., Box 1294,

c/o DAVID LIVINGSTONE SCHOOL,  
SALISBURY, S. RHODESIA, S. AFRICA.

Insect and animal life is beginning to awaken. Spiders patter up and down the wall, and I feel quite kindly disposed to the variety that I hated at home. Rumour has it that they eat mosquitoes. The lot in my room must be slacking, because the mosquitoes are having a wonderful time on me.

I was invited to a house for tennis last weekend. The balls just flew miles into the air and miles out of court. I began to get quite worried until I was told it was the altitude. Apparently the balls are lighter for a start, and I shall have to adjust my strokes to the fresh-air conditions.

We're waiting for the swallows to come to us at the moment. Just tell them to come along quickly.

### **JOAN CRADDOCK.**

(Joan sailed to S. Africa at the beginning of August. Since landing she has met Miriam Wilden).

### **O.G.A. News.**

#### **EXAMINATION SUCCESSES.**

Ethel Fox, B.A. (Birkbeck College). French Honours, Class III.

Betty Willmer, B.A. (Birkbeck College). History Honours, Class III.

Joyce Deaton, Civil Service Examination, 1946.

#### **TRAINING COLLEGES.**

Doreen Carter, Portsmouth Training College.

Pamela Hardy, Hockerill Training College.

Madeline Hodby, Brighton Training College.

Joan Rayment, Hockerill Training College.

Evelyn Webb, Chelsea College of Physical Education.

#### **TEACHING.**

Eunice Baker, South-West Essex Technical College

Joan Craddock is teaching in Rhodesia

Valerie Gardiner is teaching in Art at Avery Hill Training College.

Irene Owen, is teaching in New Zealand.

### **MISCELLANEOUS**

Yvonne Abbinett has moved from Florida to California

Muriel Adkins went to France with the United Nations delegation.

Eileen Annes is a clerk at the Midland Bank.

Vera Beale has been acting in "Ladies in Retirement" on a drama tour.

Pat Benson is a clerk in the National Bank of Egypt.

Joyce Brabner is demobbed from the W.R.N.S. and is working at

County Hall, L.C.C.

Betty Brown is a clerk at Westminster Bank

Winnie Byford is taking a secretarial course at the South-West Essex Technical College

Sylvia Brockman is a clerk at Halex Ltd.

Brenda Carter is a laboratory assistant at Boake, Roberts & Co., Stratford

Marjorie Sculthorp is taking a secretarial course at the South-West Essex Technical College

Audrey Cole is a clerk at Sun Insurance Co.

Doreen Collis is clerk to Byron Farm Machinery

Edna Cook is a clerk at Barclays Bank

Pat Dodd is a clerk at the "Daily Telegraph."

Joyce Foster is doing general nursing at the London Hospital

Audrey Fox is a shorthand typist at Thermos Ltd.

Olive Groves is helping her parents in grocery and provision stores.

Irene Harman is to become a Missionary in Mysore.

Pat Hickman is clerk at Byron Farm Machinery.

Maureen Huber is a laboratory assistant in the Royal Navy Scientific Service.

Ruth Hyatt is juvenile probation officer at Toynbee Hall.

Irene Kempson is a laboratory assistant at Boake, Roberts & Co., Stratford.

Gwen Leeper is a clerk at Waterlow & Sons.

Ruth Licence spent a month in Denmark visiting hospitals.

Eileen Low is a clerk at H.M. Stationery Office.

Joyce Mudle is a clerk at British and Foreign Marine Insurance.

Beryl Ranken is a clerk at Davey & Sons.

Barbara Ridgeway is doing general nursing at the London Hospital.

Brenda Scott is demobilised from the W.R.N.S. after three years' service.

Brenda Smith is a shorthand typist at Rolls House Publishing Co.

Joyce Smith went to Buenos Aires with the British Food Commission in July.

Doreen Stevens is a clerk at chartered surveyors.

Ivy Terry is a clerk to building contractors.

Dorothy Thom broadcast last Christmas with members of the Alexandra Choir in the Round the World Programme.

Winnie Turner is engaged in occupational therapy.

Betty Webb is a clerk at Friends' Provident and Century Life Office.

Eileen Wincote is a tracer at Asea, Electrical Engineers.

Priscilla Woods is working with General Film Releases.

Miss Pickering hopes to be back in England by next January in order to be married in April. Canton is her next destination.

### **SPECIAL.**

Adèle Enders is still ill with tuberculosis.

Dorothy Stone is in hospital after a serious accident to her leg.

Address. West Middlesex Hospital, Hounslow.

Letters from any old girls who know them would be very welcome.

### **MARRIAGES**

Olive Baker to Robert Harrison, 5<sup>th</sup> July, 1946.

Enid Brooks to Leslie Morgan, August, 1946.

Evelyn Butcher to Fred Bennett, 26<sup>th</sup> July, 1946.

Peggy Cole, to Anthony Packington, May, 1945.

Pamela Denham to Francis H. Miller, 23<sup>rd</sup> March, 1946.

Mary Kingsnorth to Arthur Doxsey, ex-R.A.F., 3<sup>rd</sup> July, 1946.

Daphne Mayell to Norman Francis Pells, 24<sup>th</sup> August, 1946.

Joan Nation to William Thomas Clark, 9<sup>th</sup> June, 1940.

Olive Pett to Herbert Charles Allsopp, 22<sup>nd</sup> September, 1946.

Gertrude Stanshall to Philip List, May, 1946.

Frances Wrigley to Peter McLeod Horsey. 17th August, 1946.

Olive Dench to Kenneth Evans, 24th October, 1946.

### **BIRTHS**

Beryl Cherry (Mrs. Nichol), a daughter, Penelope, 20<sup>th</sup> July 1946.

Peggy Cole (Mrs. Packington), a son, Simon, David, 1<sup>st</sup> June 1946

Barbara Jolly (Mrs. Bence), a son, Paul, Antony, 16<sup>th</sup> August 1946

Katherine Legg (Mrs Hill), a son, Andrew, 2<sup>nd</sup> July 1946.

Gladys Phillips (Mrs. Watson), a son, Peter, William, 28<sup>th</sup> May 1946.

Diana Ralph (Mrs. Oliver), a son, Martin, Richard, brother for Jane, 5<sup>th</sup> September 1946.

Hilda Robson (Mrs. Talbot), a son Michael St. John, 4<sup>th</sup> July 1946.

Grace Tracy (Mrs. Putnam), a daughter, Marion Hester, 15<sup>th</sup> March 1946.

Gladys Turner (Mrs. McKerchar), a daughter, Susan, sister to Moira, 10<sup>th</sup> July 1946.

Kathleen Twyman (Mrs Redfern), a daughter, Dorothy Joan, 9<sup>th</sup> July 1946.

Joan Webb (Mrs. Streak), a daughter, Lesley Ann, 14<sup>th</sup> October, 1946.

