

IRIS

many coloured messenger



Editor:

Miss E. HEWSON

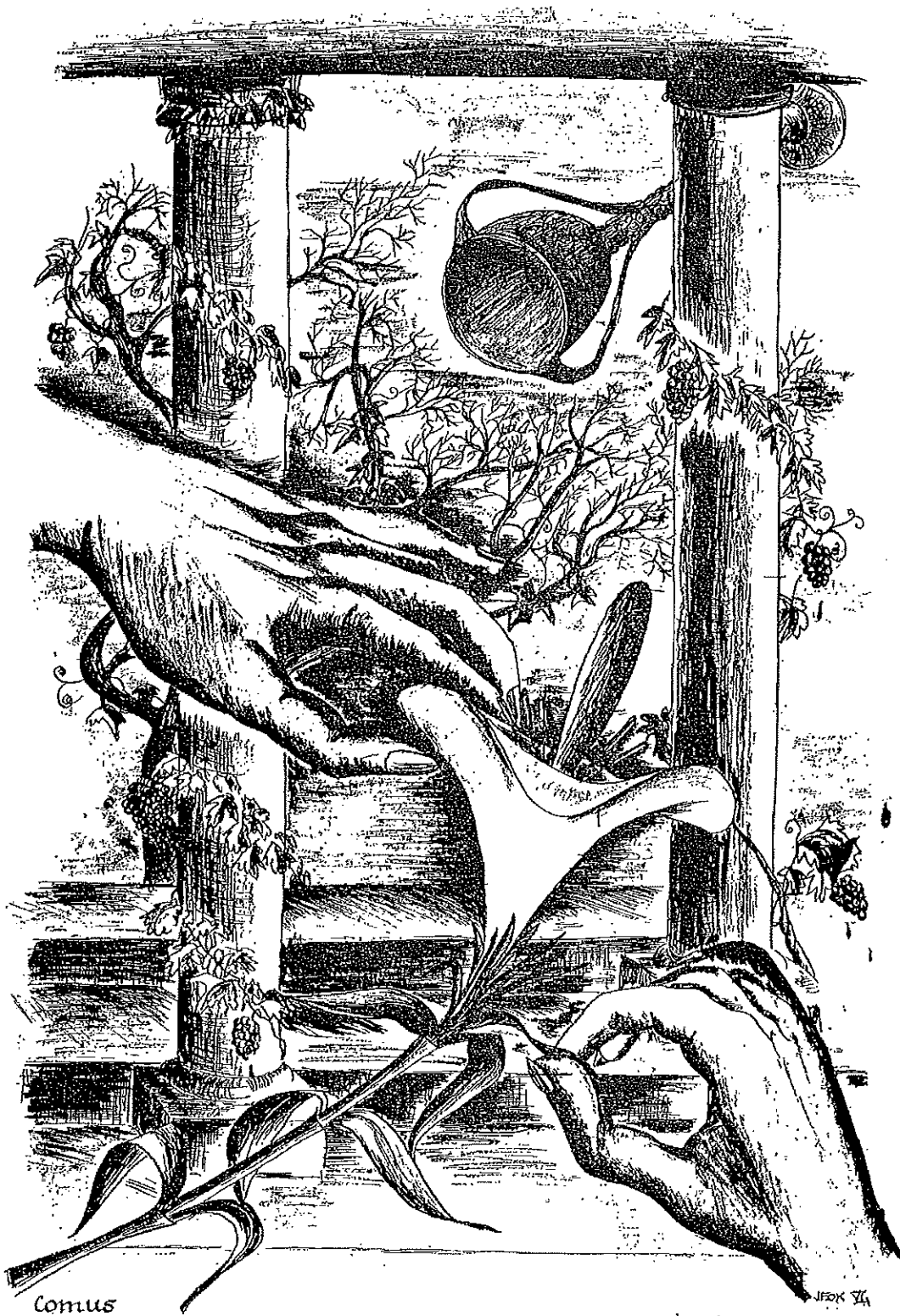
O.G. Sub-Editor:

EDNA TIMBERLAKE

Committee:

JANET CAWTHORN
MARGARET CRAWFORD
CAROLINE SHIPTON
MARGARET STAS
DOREEN ROBINSON
MARION WATERMAN

We should like to thank all the Schools who have sent us copies of
their magazines.



Comus

JEON 24

IRIS

WALTHAMSTOW HIGH SCHOOL

MAGAZINE, 1958

PREFECTS 1958-59.

Head Girl—J. Cawthorn.

Vice Head Girl—J. Morris.

| | | |
|---------|-------------|---------------|
| Form 5w | J. Pye | P. Westwood |
| 5H | D. Milford | R. Webb |
| 5s | P. Thompson | J. Caiden |
| 4w | A. Collins | P. Chaplin |
| 4H | G. Felstead | V. Orford |
| 4s | G. Glyde | J. George |
| 3w | J. Smith | C. Harrington |
| 3H | D. Farr | H. Tilbury |
| 3s | D. Chapman | J. Willis |
| 2w | S. Cowley | S. Bigsby |
| 2H | G. Ellis | M. Evans |
| 2s | C. Orford | C. Westwood |
| 1w | M. Ellis | C. Davidson |
| 1H | H. Harrison | M. Hales |
| 1s | J. Payne | D. Turner |

Head Mistress's Letter

DEAR FRIENDS,

It is several years since the school enjoyed such a peaceful Autumn Term; no Asian 'flu, no builders and, though the roll is now 500, we have a staff familiar with the ways of the school and undaunted by numbers. There was only one change in September; we were sorry to lose Mrs. Nix who served the school well for four years and we welcome Miss Copland in her place.

In the middle of the Summer Term our new wing was completed; in it we have an additional classroom, temporarily equipped as a craft room, and a large changing room with ten showers.

Using the profits of the Garden Party, supplemented by a grant from the Committee for Education, we have re-equipped the stage with handsome velvet curtains and removable supports. The appearance of the hall has thus been greatly improved. In the same way a grand piano has been bought to replace the one which was a gift 37 years ago.

It is with great pleasure that I congratulate our new Editor and her Committee on this edition of *Iris* and the school for the high standard of their original contributions.

As usual I conclude with a warm invitation to all friends of W.H.S. to join us in our Annual Thanksgiving Service in St. Mary's Church on January 16th at 11.0 a.m.

A Happy Christmas to you all.

Yours affectionately,

M. M. BURNETT.

Gifts to the School

We acknowledge with many thanks the following gifts:—

£60 from the Parents' Association.

Vases from Mrs. Nix.

Plants for the garden from Miss Dennithorne.

Editorial

"As in a theatre the eyes of men,
After a well-grac'd actor leaves the stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
....."

A few years ago, the newly-appointed theatre critic of a Sunday newspaper of high prestige modestly quoted those lines at the beginning of his first review, in tribute to his long-respected predecessor. They might occur inevitably to anyone who attempted to enter next after Miss Park, who was well-graced indeed, befitting as they are for her most distinguished gifts and interests. It was the first hope of the new Editor of *Iris* that Miss Park would write some message to take pride of place in this edition. She kindly consented to write but declined that position, requesting instead to appear in the O.G.A. section, so it is there that readers will find the latest greetings from her.

The "stage" of W.H.S. is no longer as strange to the Editor as it was just over a year ago. Amidst much that was new, there soon began to emerge many things that seemed reassuringly familiar: the noise of "school dinner" in progress; the astonishingly slow pace at which some girls can move along a corridor without actually stopping at certain times, and their equally astonishing speed at others; their cheerful endurance of discomforts like bare feet on cold ground in endless tiring rehearsals for school entertainments; the decreasing numbers of school satchels and cases in favour of less scholastic-looking receptacles, "just large enough for my lunch, my mackintosh and my knitting," as one girl was heard to say; the frigid silence of Sixth Formers when asked to appear after school hours in full uniform with—unspeakable outrage—school hat. Most welcome of all is a sense of fellow-feeling with a First Former who can say with that enthusiasm best known to the eleven-year-old:

"I like this school very, very much as each day is full of new excitements and interests."

Prize-giving, 1958

On July 23rd, a lovely summer evening, we held our annual Prizegiving in the Greek Theatre. Lady McEntee presided as chairman and our Guest of Honour was Lady Pakenham.

In her report, Miss Burnett commented on the good work which had been done in school, particularly by the Fourth Forms, and on our achievements in both the sporting and academic fields. She ended by paying tribute to Mrs. Nix who was now leaving us. The School Games Captain gave us a more detailed report on our sporting achievements, especially the outstanding success of the netball teams.

Lady Pakenham, herself the mother of eight daughters, emphasized the importance of understanding and co-operation between different generations and the fact that ours was the responsibility of founding a better world.

The Fifth Forms provided a most enjoyable extract from their production of "Comus" and Lady McEntee gave a very satisfying end to the evening by granting Lady Pakenham's request for a day's holiday.

Basic Movement
Form VI



J. Atfield VI.

Prize List, 1958

Medals for Excellence in Physical Culture—

| | |
|---------------|------------------|
| Lower School | Janet Webber |
| Middle School | Jane Oliver |
| Upper School | Mary Barraclough |

Shield for all round excellence in Physical Culture—Form 6.

Joan Temple Cup for Art—Form 2S.

Ince-Jones Picture for French—Form 3H.

Oakley Cup for Domestic Science—Form 3W.

Art Prizes—

| | |
|---------------|---|
| Lower School | Lesley Broomfield, 2W. |
| Middle School | Linda Rose, 4W. |
| Upper School | Jacqueline Sears, 5H. Valerie Walton 5H. |

McEntee Cup awarded for the most distinguished achievement of the year—

Winners of the Essex County Netball Rally.

Timberlake Prize—

| | |
|---------------|---------------------------------------|
| Middle School | Linda Rose, 4W; Pat Thompson, 4S. |
| Upper School | Marilyn Hatch, 6; Eileen Franklin, 6. |

Prizes for very good work—

| | |
|---------|---|
| Form 1H | Penelope Herbert. |
| Form 1S | Christine Orford, Jennifer Russell, Ivy Smith. |
| Form 2W | Pamela Gore, Sandra Hartley, Janet Smith. |
| Form 2H | Valerie Green, Valerie Hood. |
| Form 2S | Jean Bacon. |
| Form 3W | Marion Williams. |
| Form 3H | Janet Jenkinson, Jennifer Mann. |
| Form 3S | Evelyn Brewster, Valerie Kear, Marjorie Schultz. |
| Form 4W | Mary Peskett, Joan Pye, Pat Westwood. |
| Form 4H | Madge Davies, Delia Milford. |
| Form 4S | Gillian Hood, Joan Lotts, Pat Thompson. |
| Form 5 | Gillian Oxley—English Language, French, Maths. Anne Petter—Eng. Language, French. Jacqueline Sears—Eng. Language, Eng. Literature. Caroline Shipton—Eng. Language, Eng. Literature, History, Latin, French. Miranda Gatum—Latin. Barbara Gilbert—French. Linda Manning—French. Anne Graham—Maths. |
| Lower 6 | Marilyn Hatch—Very good work. Kathleen Schultz—Very good work. Maureen Sleaf—Very good work. |

| | |
|---------|---|
| Upper 6 | Pat. Gordon—English, Latin. |
| | Pat Masson—Latin, French and German Language. |
| | Lorna Rowe—English. |
| | Brenda Thomas—Geography. |
| | Joy Waugh—English. |
| | Ruth Weinstein—Geography, History. |
| | Christine Auer—German Language and Literature, Leadership of the School. |

Lord McBntee Prize for Service to the School—

Christine Auer.

We should like to congratulate the following girls:—

County Major Scholarship—

Lorna Rowe—King's College, University of London.

County Major Exhibitions—

Marie Cohen, Sir John Cass College—Special Hons. Zoology.

Betty Wyness, Guildhall School of Drama.

Mary Barraclough, Physiotherapy Department, London Hospital.

Elizabeth Fawthrop, Royal Dental College.

Bonita Mason won First Prize for Art in the Rotary Youth Competitions.

Rosemary Horst has danced before Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother at the London Coliseum.

Valerie Orford, Jacqueline Foot, Janet Cawthorn, Mary Barraclough represented Walthamstow in the Essex County Running Championships.

School Calendar, September, 1957 — July, 1958

(Meetings of School Societies have been reported separately).

September.

10th First day of Autumn Term. Beginning of the new building: the first sod cut.

26th Fifth Form visit to "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme."

October.

14th, 17th, 18th. First Form visits to Walthamstow Museum.

17th Nine Sixth Form girls attended N.S.P.C.C. lecture.

19th Party to Wembley for Netball, Essex v. England, for demonstration of new Netball rules.

UNITED NATIONS WEEK—C.E.W.C. lunch-time meetings.

21st U.N.E.S.C.O. Talk on educational and scientific work in backward countries.

22nd F.A.O. Importance of agricultural advisers in Africa and Middle East.

23rd W.H.O. Contribution of United Nations in combating disease.

24th Talk on looking forward to membership of U.N.A. of which C.E.W.C. is a part.

25th U.N.I.C.E.F. Talk on the work of this fund in combating disease in children.

25th Sixth Form visit to the *Sunday Times* Atomic Exhibition.

November.

10th Choral music at Bancroft's School.

19th School Choir at St. Mary's Guild.

28th Lecture by Jacquetta Hawkes to the Inter-Schools Classical and Historical Society on Archæological Remains in Great Britain.

December.

8th E.F.Y.M.A. Carol Service at All Saints' Church, Woodford Green.

13th Combined concert with Monoux School including choral Nativity Play.

16th Party of Fourth Formers attended a lecture on glass at the South Kensington Museum.

Christmas Party for Forms I and II.

17th Party for Form III.

18th Party for Form IV.

19th Party for Old Folk from the Almshouses.

Christmas Holidays.

31st Dec.—3rd Jan. Representatives from the Sixth Form attended the C.E.W.C. Christmas Conference.

January.

9th First day of Spring Term.

16th School Birthday. Morning Service attended at St. Mary's Church. Sermon by the Rev. K. H. Druitt.

The film "The Kidnappers" shown in the afternoon.

Gifts from the school distributed to sick friends.

February.

4th Inter-Schools Careers meeting at Woodford County High School.

5th Sixth Form party visited the Royal Institution for lecture.

13th Inter-Schools Classical and Historical Society meeting at Monoux School for lecture: "How France is Haunted by her History" by Dr. David Thomson.

14th Sixth Form visit to Pottery and Modelling section at the Technical College.

18th Lecture and dress show organised by "Vogue."

23rd Music by Holst and Purcell at Bancroft's School.

Essex Youth Orchestra concert.

28th Sixth Form visit to William Morris Gallery for demonstration of stained glass.

Christian Union addressed by Mrs. Barclay.

March.

- 1st E.F.Y.M.A. Choral day at the United Free Church, Woodford.
Selections from "The Messiah"
- 14th Choral and orchestral concert by Mr. Adler's Orchestra and School Choir.
Christian Union addressed by Beryl Ellis.
- 19th Sixth Form party to Royal Institution for lecture.
- 25th Dancing Competition.
- 27th Hockey Finals.
- 31st Netball matches.

April.

- 1st Hockey Match: Staff v. Girls.

Easter Holidays.

- 2nd—4th Anglo-German School.
- 11th—20th Fourth Form visit to Rome with Miss Fair, Mrs. Allison and Miss Peggs.
- 16th—24th Sixth Form Zoologists visit to Flatford Mill for Field Study Course.
- 24th First day of Summer Term.

May.

- 7th Inter-Schools Careers meeting at Walthamstow High School.
- 22nd Sports Day.
- 29th School Choir concert at Winchester Road Methodist Church.
- 30th Third Form visit to Ingatestone Hall for "Homes and Houses" Exhibition.

June.

- 5th Fourth Form party to Royal Institution for lecture.
- 7th E.F.Y.M.A. Festival at Woodford.
- 9th New wing used for first time.

July.

- 4th First Forms visit to Zoo.
- 7th Fifth Forms visit to Box Hill.
- 9th Third Forms visit to South Kensington Natural History Museum.
- 10th Upper Sixth visit to Cambridge.
- 16th S.C.M. Conference at Monoux School.
- 22nd Evening performance of "Comus," by the Fifth Forms.
- 23rd Prize-giving with Lady Pakenham as Guest of Honour.
- 24th Morning performance of "Comus" to the school.
Swimming Gala.
- 25th End of Term ceremony.

Games

The netball season was a very successful one, the 1st Team winning all their matches and the 3rd Year Team winning all except one, which they drew. These two teams also reached the finals of the Essex County Rally, the 1st Team beating Loughton 4—2 and the 3rd Year Team losing against Hornchurch 8—11.

The hockey season was fairly successful, although not many matches were played.

Owing to the bus strike, only three tennis matches were played, which were all the more enjoyable because they were so few.

KATE BARRACLOUGH.

MARGARET CHAPLIN.

NETBALL

Autumn Term, 1957.

| | 1st Team | 2nd Team | 4th Year Team | 3rd Year Team | 2nd Year Team |
|--------------------------|----------|----------|---------------|---------------|---------------|
| Skinner's School ... | 10—9 | | | 9—9 | 14—14 |
| Romford Cty. High School | 14—12 | 11—6 | | 18—13 | 3—16 |
| Leytonstone High School | 13—7 | 14—10 | 9—20 | 20—10 | 11—14 |
| Woodford High School | | | | 19—4 | 9—15 |
| John Howard School ... | 23—3 | 13—8 | 8—11 | 23—12 | 12—7 |
| Ursuline Convent ... | 13—4 | 11—11 | 10—18 | 16—4 | 7—10 |
| Tottenham High School | 30—4 | 20—5 | | | |
| " " " | | | | 23—8 | 5—9 |

Spring Term, 1958.

| | | | | | |
|------------------------|-------|------|------|-------|------|
| Tottenham High School | 20—3 | 22—0 | | 31—6 | 8—3 |
| Ursuline Convent ... | 12—11 | 8—12 | 5—14 | 21—10 | lost |
| John Howard School ... | 15—8 | lost | won | 18—12 | lost |

The 1st Team:—

| | |
|--------------------|---------------------------------|
| Shooter ... | Margaret Chaplin |
| Attack ... | Kate Barracrough (Vice-Captain) |
| Centre Attack ... | Penelope Riches |
| Centre ... | Eileen Franklin |
| Centre Defence ... | Linda Day |
| Defence ... | Mary Barracrough (Captain) |
| Goal Defence ... | Sandra Underdown |

HOCKEY

Autumn Term, 1957.

| | |
|-------------------------|------------------------------------|
| Tottenham High School | 1st XI won 1—0 |
| William Morris School | 1st XI drew 1—1, 4th year won 1—0 |
| Woodford High School | 1st XI lost 0—7, 4th year lost 0—9 |
| Leytonstone High School | 1st XI won 7—0 |
| Loughton High School | 1st XI lost 0—7, 4th year lost 2—4 |

Spring Term, 1958.

| | |
|-----------------------|-----------------------------------|
| William Morris School | 1st XI drew 0—0, 4th year won 8—0 |
| | 3rd year won 1—0 |

The First XI:—

| | | |
|----------------|-----|----------------------|
| Centre Forward | ... | Margaret Chaplin |
| Left Inner | ... | Jean Watson |
| Left Wing | ... | Lorna Rowe (Captain) |
| Right Inner | ... | Joy Waugh |
| Right Wing | ... | Penelope Riches |
| Left Half | ... | Pat Salter |
| Centre Half | ... | Pat Wright |
| Right Half | ... | Olive Forrester |
| Left Back | ... | Yvonne Hayes |
| Right Back | ... | Diane Hawkesworth |
| Goalkeeper | ... | Pamela Hartwell |

TENNIS

Summer Term, 1958.

| | | |
|--------------------------|-----|---|
| John Howard School | ... | 1st VI lost 47—52, 2nd VI won 59—40 4th year team win 42—39, 3rd year team won 51—30 |
| Romford County High Sch. | | 1st VI won 54—45, 2nd VI won 53—46 4th year team won 53—46, 3rd year team won 69—30 |
| Woodford High School | ... | 1st VI lost 26—55, 2nd VI won 47—34 4th year team lost 38—43, 3rd year team won 43—38 |

The First VI:—

| | |
|-------------|---|
| 1st couple: | Diana Parratt and Diane Hawkesworth |
| 2nd couple: | Mary Barraclough (Captain) Margaret Chaplin (Vice-Captain) |
| 3rd couple: | Chosen from Kate Barraclough Margaret Crawford Eileen Franklin Elizabeth Langley |

School Sports:—

| | | | |
|----------|-----------------|------------------|-----------------|
| | Upper School 5H | Middle School 4H | Lower School 2S |
| Swimming | Upper School 5S | Middle School 4S | Lower School 2W |
| Tennis | Upper School 6 | Middle School 4H | Lower School 2S |

School Societies

LITERARY AND DRAMATIC SOCIETY

The year's activities of the society began with a play reading of "Shall We Join the Ladies?" by J. M. Barrie, produced by Miss Hewson, and then a demonstration of stage make-up by a lecturer from Leichner's studio. In December, a party of seventy-five girls saw Peter Brook's production of "The Tempest" at Drury Lane. Later in the season there was a visit to the Old Vic for "Hamlet." The chief meeting of the year was a lecture given by Mr. Claude Newman, ballet master at the Royal Academy of Dancing, with demonstration by a senior student in full ballet costume.

MARILYN HATCH, VI.

C.E.W.C.

C.E.W.C. has held a year of successful meetings, with increasing attendances. During the Autumn Term the geography room in the Alms-houses was invaded by girls eager to see the Danny Kaye film for U.N.I.C.E.F. "Assignment Children." Speakers' topics ranged from "Race Relations in South Africa" by the Director of the Anti-Slavery Society to "Life in Canada To-day" by Mr. J. Douglas. Two talks on "The Coming of Malaya's Independence" were given by Miss Sellers from the Pudu Girls' School, Kuala Lumpur, Malaya.

PAT WRIGHT, VI.

MUSIC SOCIETY.

In November, 1957, Mr. Wright from Bancroft's School very kindly brought his virginals, an Elizabethan instrument, to show us and we had great fun seeing how they worked. In April of this year, Avril Dankworth, Mus. Bac., an old pupil of the school, returned to give a recital which was very much enjoyed by all fifty girls who attended it. Other meetings of the year have consisted of programmes of recordings made by Dennis Brain and the music of Sibelius.

CHRISTINE GOODING, VI.

SCIENCE SOCIETY.

During the past year the Science Society organised several meetings. There was the annual Fungus Foray, the Third Forms made bath salts, there was a Third Year v. Fourth Year General Scientific Knowledge Quiz, Miss Glasspool arranged a competition, a party visited Hitchman's Dairies to see how the milk is tested, pasteurized and bottled and Mr. Noakes gave a lecture on "The Properties of the Electron."

Mr. Noakes showed in his lecture how electrons produce fluorescence in a tube at low pressure. The production and properties of Roentgen and cathode rays were also demonstrated by a series of impressive experiments. A large audience found the lecture very interesting, and look forward to its sequel this session.

GILLIAN OXLEY, VI.

THE CHRISTIAN UNION.

The Christian Union has had a most profitable year with speakers including missionaries from India and Jordan, while members of the local clergy spoke on topical and controversial subjects. In addition, a varied range of Bible Study topics was covered. In spite of the initial fall in numbers due to leavers, the increased membership in the course of the year more than rectified this.

PAT WRIGHT, VI.

HISTORY SOCIETY.

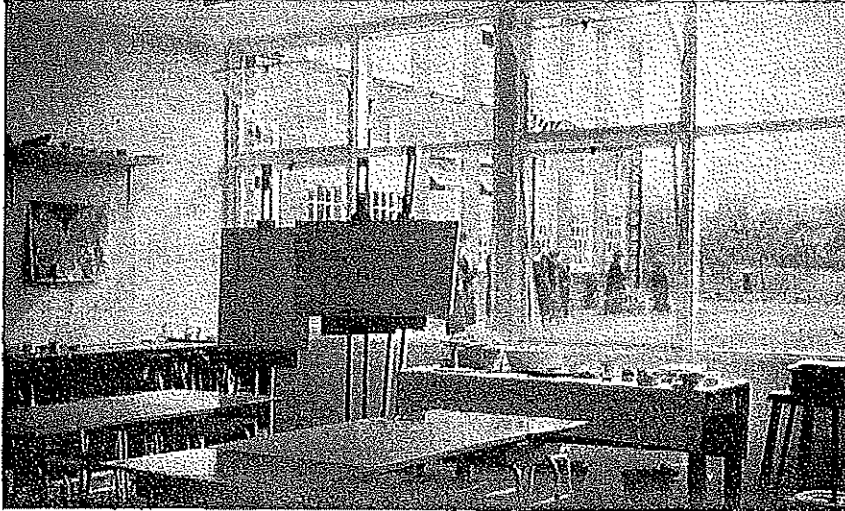
Late in the Summer Term the idea was conceived that a School Historical Society might be a worthwhile innovation. Appeals were made throughout the Upper and Middle Schools and the response was sufficient to merit starting the society. The first activity was an after-school visit to the Vestry House Museum and during the summer holidays a party visited Hatfield House in Hertfordshire.

By the Autumn Term of the current year we were fully recognised as a School Society and our chief aim is to have not necessarily a large membership but one where each member is willing to make her own individual contribution, and in this we believe we shall be successful.

CAROLINE SHIPTON, V.I.



Figures from the Dancing Competition and "Comus" by
M. Crawford, F. Windle, J. Newman, B. Cameron, J. King,
V. Binke, L. Griffiths, B. Mackie.



Craft Room



Play—"Comus"

The New Wing

THE CRAFT ROOM.

Two terms ago the already undersized hockey pitch was invaded by two huts, a great many tools and a company of builders complete with surveyor and architect. This arrival was heralded with glee by girls who were not deeply interested in hockey.

It was rumoured that we were to have a new Craft room and changing rooms with showers! The men erected their huts first, naming one the "Den". The building was soon under way, although whenever I looked, the men were having a tea break. Slowly but surely the flat-roofed building was completed and with it came a new rule: "Please do not jump on the roof of the new wing for you are likely to go through." The painting of the doors and windows was watched with interest by staff and girls alike; such a variety of gay colours had never been seen before. The Craft room, with walls of daffodil yellow, was fitted with contemporary style stools and tables and expensive equipment including a kiln and two potter's wheels which were destined to be the source of great enjoyment and not a little frustration in Craft lessons. To hide the mound of paint and enamel dishes used to mix it, the shelves were hung with attractive curtains of black patterned with pink, green and turquoise flamingoes. There were also cupboards with supposedly adjustable shelves. Mrs. Langton tried to adjust the latter but soon informed the architect that they would not work. "Of course they will," said the architect, gaily rolling up his sleeves to demonstrate. Two hours later, the perspiring architect admitted defeat.

The new wing has been a very welcome addition to the school, with its light airy rooms and pastel-coloured paintwork. Mrs. Langton is even resigned to having a red fire extinguisher next to a pink door. In fact, it is said that she has become attached to it.

EILEEN FRANKLIN, Upper VI.

THE CHANGING ROOMS.

At last the new changing rooms are built and we need no longer be ashamed to receive visiting teams with inadequate facilities. In comparison with the dark corridor outside, these rooms are large and light, with modern windows, two glass paned doorways and pale blue walls.

As one enters, one can see the newly-installed sturdy cages for our kit, we can no longer ask to be excused from gymnastics on the grounds of having lost our plimsolls, for they are all safely locked away and stubbornly refuse to be lost. Then, instead of being able to wallow contentedly in perspiration after games, we have showers. When at last we grow accustomed to the water trickling down our long-suffering backs, we suddenly become aware of the white curtaining curling back to leave an all-too-revealing gap of several inches. Mrs. Hare has only to warn us of the next form, waiting to take our places, for the showers to be swiftly emptied of bodies. There is another welcome addition to the changing rooms, though it has the disadvantage that the lock above the door-handle always states that the interior (narrow and disconcertingly long) is "vacant", whether this is true or not, thus misleading many a girl. There is also an interesting roller towel for us to experiment with near the wash-basins.

The one serious omission at first was the fact that there were no mirrors, but this has now been rectified, so everyone from the Third Forms upwards is happy.

MEMBERS OF LOWER VI.



St. Peter's Square, Rome



In the Forum

Rome

(Compiled by Miss Fair from the accounts of several members of the party).

For a traveller on his first arrival in Rome, the impression as he crosses the road from the modern station might be of dangerously speeding traffic all but running him over. Except on a crossing with pedestrian lights, he has no right of way and, on many roads, there are no such crossings. In the numerous squares of Rome, where cars come at you from all directions and at all speeds, only the native Roman can cross safely.

On the first morning we set out to explore Rome and when we arrived at the banks of the Tiber we were all very disappointed, it was muddy and dirty and not at all as we had imagined it. We crossed the river by the bridge of Saint Angelo which was bordered by Bernini statues of angels. Just across the bridge was Hadrian's tomb, or the Castle of Saint Angelo, as it is more commonly called, because on the top of the castle is the statue of an angel sheathing his sword which was put there after the 590 A.D. Plague. After passing the castle (which we visited on our return journey) we arrived at St. Peter's Square, where we had our first view of the Basilica of St. Peter. The "square" is circular and tremendous, and in the centre is a tall obelisk and two large fountains. Surrounding the "square" is a covered way supported by giant pillars. Dominating the whole scene is the great Basilica of St. Peter. We found the interior to be breath-taking. The ceiling is golden and combines with the marble columns and walls of various colours to give an effect of peace and calm. In the Nave the four great arches of the main arcades are supported by piers with fluted pillars and niches containing statues of great religious leaders. In the Nave is the bronze statue of Saint Peter, the toe of which has been completely worn away by the kisses of pilgrims. Beneath the dome is the High Altar, where only the Pope says Mass. Above it is the imposing bronze canopy which was built by Bernini. Under the High Altar is a sepulchral chapel which contains the sarcophagus of St. Peter. In the right aisle is the chapel which contains the famous Michelangelo Pietà which represents Mary at the foot of the Cross, supporting the body of Christ on her lap. We could not stay here long as the Pope was holding Mass and thousands of people from all over the world were rapidly filling up the vast space around the High Altar and so we reluctantly went out, but not until we had seen the Guard in its famous colourful mediæval uniform go to fetch the Pope. We returned, however, another day to visit the great Dome. We took return tickets for the lift and then in little groups we soared upwards. When we got out of the lift we were standing on a large platform with great statues round it and from here we took photos of the square of St. Peter's. There was a Post Office here and we bought cards and Vatican stamps from the charming nuns and posted them. Then we really began to climb, up and up and up a spiral staircase and finally a little stone one with a rope to pull oneself up by and then, we had made it! We were on the top of the great Dome of St. Peter's!

We were all very anxious to see the ancient Roman ruins and were taken to the Forum by an extremely pleasant and learned Italian guide who spoke perfect English. As we wandered through the Forum, treading on the very stones over which Cæsar and Nero, Cicero and Augustus had walked, I felt how near these ancient times were to us. To see the old

Curia and the Temples where those toga-clad nobles prayed to Mars and Venus, to hear our guide describe just what it was like in this, the very heart of the ancient world, made life in old Rome seem just a few years past. I could have shut my eyes and seen those gallant Romans walking along the Sacred Way, arguing in the Basilica Julia, conversing in their native Latin under the Titus Arch. Up on the Palatine Hill, we had a very good panoramic view of the modern city. The sun was shining on the dome of St. Peter's, while a few yards from our feet, in the dark shadows, were old rocks, remains of the houses, built in the time of Romulus and Remus, the actual foundations of this wonderful city. Nearby was the Casa di Livia, reconstructed to give an example of a Roman house, with its hot water pipes and frescoes. The rooms were arranged round a fine mosaic courtyard. We wandered through the ruins of Domitian's Palace. It was left to us to imagine the fine porticoes, halls and libraries because only low fragments of walls and broken columns remained. Our visit to the Forum and Palatine Hill only lasted one morning but the memory of it will remain with me for the rest of my life.

Ostia was the port of Ancient Rome and stood on the River Tiber. The amazing thing about it was the silence. The streets, which once must have echoed with all the noise and bustle of a flourishing port, lay still and silent. On the large flat paving stones, we saw the grooves left by some ancient charioteer. Walking through derelict houses which had once belonged, perhaps, to wealthy merchants, we saw fragments of mosaics. The straight roads, meeting at right angles, characteristic of Roman towns, were noticed. We sheltered in what had been a Roman Bar, very like the Milk Bars we have to-day, only in marble. In the floor was the groove left by the sliding door and on the wall the pegs where the soldiers hung their cloaks. After this we went to modern Ostia and the "blue" Mediterranean which looked cold and grey and great waves were rolling in and we couldn't even paddle, let alone bathe!

One evening we went out in groups of about seven to see Rome by night. We walked up our road to the famed Trevi fountain which we could hear at a distance sounding like the sea. We sat on benches and watched the fountain, a lovely sight. It consists of a statue of Neptune in a shell chariot drawn by prancing horses and on each side of him are enormous tritons, one blowing his horn and the other having trouble with a rather highly strung sea horse. The water cascades everywhere, over rocks and sea monsters, in jets which cross each other in mid air and in a great flow that pours down into a huge basin, almost as large as a swimming pool. Having all thrown in a coin according to tradition, we went to the Victor Emmanuel II Memorial, erected as a tribute to the King of Italy who united his country. Here is the tomb of the unknown warrior, which is also guarded.

Another memorable place for me was the Villa d'Este. We also visited the Catacombs, the Vatican Museum, the famous Sistine Chapel, Lake Nemi and Lake Albano.

It was early morning when the coach with its thirty-six passengers made its way to the station which was already a bustle of moving people, but soon we were all safely boarded on the train and, as it moved away, cries of "Arrivederci, Roma!" rang out. We were going home at last after a most enjoyable and unforgettable holiday.

Dancing at a Royal Matinee

The R.A.D. Gala Performance at the Coliseum Theatre,
13th November, 1958.

Thousands of people (plus me) surged off the train at Leicester Square station in the morning rush hour of the great day. I was glad to meet another bewildered R.A.D. scholar to accompany me to the stage door of the Coliseum.

We found the stage to be even bigger than that of Covent Garden, but luckily it was partitioned off by curtains so that there was not quite so much ground to cover. Backstage is anything but glamorous and romantic; it is dirty and dusty. We were shown to our dressing-room which was huge and each girl had her own illuminated mirror. The rehearsal went quite well, with all the important directors and ballerinas from the Royal Ballet watching from the wings or stalls. The producer would not let us see all the rehearsals, but we managed to watch Antonio, Miss Inglesby, Miss Markova, Dame Margot and Mlle. Chauvire. I was running behind the curtains when Miss Fonteyn appeared from the wings and I felt that I nearly knocked her down. I muttered an apology and scampered off.

We were too busy exploring everywhere to rest as we were supposed to do before the performance. Then it was time for the wardrobe mistress to arrange our hair, which took an hour, followed by make-up with lipstick, rouge, grease-paint, eyeshadow, until we all resembled painted dolls. Later we dressed ourselves in tights, shoes, tunics and pink belts. When the loud-speaker bellowed "Twenty minutes" I could not believe that in only twenty-five minutes or so we should be on stage dancing in front of the Queen Mother, Princess Margaret and Princess Anne. We hurried down to the stage and positioned ourselves. The orchestra was tuning up; we were all shivering with nervousness; the conductor tapped his baton; a deep silence fell on the theatre; the curtain rose; the music swelled through the theatre—and I was sure that my legs would never move. But we began.

The floodlights hypnotised us and a sea of faces stretched before us. It was over all too soon (with no mistakes) and the curtain fell. It rose again and we curtseyed first to the Royal Box and then to the audience. Then we went round the curtains to the doors that lead to the boxes where we could watch the rest of the performance. Quiet as mice, we were ushered into a box and saw on the stage two dancers from Madame Rambert's ballet company dancing in Act II of "Coppelia", Dr. Coppelius trying in vain to make Swanhilda dance. Then came Antonio, who was marvellous in his Zapateado and he had six curtain calls. Alicia Markova did Taglioni's dance, looking most ethereal in the eeriest light. Dame Margot danced in the new ballet, "Ondine", and Mlle. Chauvire in Auber's "Grand Pas Classique".

After the performance, the Royal party came behind stage and everyone was presented to them. The Queen Mother asked us at what age we began training and if we loved dancing. Princess Anne looked bewildered but very sweet and Mr. Anton Dolin told us afterwards that she was particularly interested in our dance because we were nearer her age. The photographers took our photographs with the Royal party.

At the very end, the ballerinas were presented with bouquets and we all received posies of heather and violets. As I pushed my way through the crowds waiting at the stage door, I realised how tired I was and glad to be on my way home.

ROSEMARY HORST, V.

Original Contributions

From all the contributions submitted, the English staff selected about fifty. Amongst these, which were judged externally, prizes were awarded to the entries from:—

Upper School: Janet Cawthorn
Eileen Franklin

Prize shared.

Middle School: Sylvia Jewesson,
Lower School: Georgina Davis.

Specially commended were the entries from:

Jacqueline Rhodes, Ivy Smith, Janet Boenke.
Jacquelyne Horwood, Barbara Smith.

The six girls on the committee helped to select all those to be printed.

Autumn

Yellow the bracken, golden the sheaves,
Red the apples, crimson the leaves,
Red the horizon, pale blue the sky,
Trees lose their leaves, autumn's near by.
Mist on the hillside, clouds grey and white,
Autumn, "Good morning," Summer, "Good night!"

BARBARA SMITH, Form III.

Emergency Ward Ten

The room, though large and airy, seemed cramped by an assortment of ill-matching furniture and a big snub-nosed pram in which a healthy chocolate-mouthed baby was chewing what was left of his right shoe. Adding to the cramped aspect of the room were four other figures in some sort of recumbent position, gathered (as in most places of domestic bliss) around the cheerful, glowing television set. On the table were littered the ruins of a meal, undecided between dinner and tea; and papers; scraps of baby's chocolate paper; the newspaper, discarded by each member of the family in turn and finally mutilated by the baby in an effort to amuse himself; cheap notepaper on which the fourteen year old literary member of the family was endeavouring to form a story inspired by the latest instalment of Emergency Ward Ten.

Mrs. Smith, who had been knitting a bright yellow pram set for baby, put this down (well out of reach of both baby and the cat) at the sight of her middle daughter and bustled about, grumbling that she had had dinner in and out of the oven at least three times, which gave her daughter a rough idea of the condition it would be in. Mrs. Smith went out of the room, leaving her daughter to clear a space for herself at the laden table. To do this, she had to remove some of the dirty crockery and extract from the remainder a cup, saucer and plate. She sat down, by which time the rest of the family had congregated round the baby's pram in an effort to drown his yells of boredom by making similar clucking noises with their tongues and bundling all his many toys into the pram at once.

Mrs. Smith came into the room with the burnt offering. Her daughter looked at the mass of bullet-like peas, the round potatoes unyielding to the fiercest attacks of her knife, and the brown meat under a crumbling pie-crust. She did not want it. She wished she had eaten her egg sandwiches

at lunch-time. She drank her cup of tea to the accompaniment of her mother's anxious, "It's not very hot. You should have come in earlier."

All this time the elder daughter had been staring at the television, hoping that she would not be noticed and told to do something useful.

The middle daughter got up and cleared away her dirty plates, the meal was over. She settled herself on the large old-fashioned sofa which might have been comfortable but for the accumulation of magazines that were too precious to throw away although they were two months old, bundled beneath the cushions. The problem of homework would have to be faced in a moment, but the greater problem of where to do it would be the next. The room in which she was sitting was unbearably noisy; the remaining rooms of the house were used for cooking, washing or sleeping, they were not attractive. The problem of homework was dismissed. She faced the television; this was not difficult because the television was like an all-seeing eye, reaching into every corner. Soon her father would switch over to the football and place himself defiantly in front of the television, deaf to the complaints from his offspring, who hated football and could think of nothing else to do while it was on.

The baby began to cry, his father hurried to pick him up and quietened him by swinging him in a pendulum motion, obliterating the middle daughter's view of the small fourteen-inch screen. Irritation boiled up inside her but she steadied her voice and said calmly, "I don't know whether you realise, daddy, but you are spoiling my view." Mr. Smith looked round and said with maddening stupidity, "Do what?" She repeated the sentence, not so calmly. "You needn't shout," said Mr. Smith, moving himself an inch to the right but continuing to swing the baby and drown the boom of the television with his rendering of "Three Blind Mice." The baby squealed with delight, the middle daughter felt like squealing with rage. She sat back and picked up a book, not reading the separate lines but trying to get the gist of each paragraph. "You're very quiet to-night," said Mrs. Smith, looking anxiously at her adolescent daughter, who looked up from her book and said, "If I could make myself heard above the din, I might be a little more sociable." Mrs. Smith felt rebuffed and troubled her daughter no more, except occasionally disturbing her to "get me a nappy for baby" or "I wish somebody would do the washing-up."

When the middle daughter returned to the room with the clean dry crockery, Emergency Ward Ten was on and except for some loud criticisms of the characters by Mr. Smith, there was silence. She watched with a horrible fascination the complete lack of individuality on the faces of her family. They were undergoing at that moment the same emotions as millions of viewers up and down the country, it was part of their lives, a necessity. The elder daughter watched it as an escape from her dull office routine. Mrs. Smith watched it because she was no longer able to enjoy more active outside pleasures of life because of her obligations to her family, especially the baby; the television set had primarily been bought for her to give her some relaxation. The youngest daughter of the family absorbed the story and the action of the series so that she could stereotype the plot for her own enjoyment later on. Mr. Smith, although he pretended to be above such programmes, was casting surreptitious looks at the screen from time to time. The programme in itself was harmless, but the principle behind it was mass entertainment which meant mass joy, mass sorrow, a danger to society because if ordinary working-class families believed this

story implicitly, it would not take them long to accept everything they saw on television without question until they had no standards of their own to judge by, until their very minds were destroyed so that they had no thoughts of their own. These morbid ideas flickered through the middle daughter's head and she became even more depressed and could bear it no more.

She said goodnight to her parents and went to bed.

EILEEN FRANKLIN, Form VI.

The Swan Queen

In the pale green haze glides the swan,
A pure white, mythical angel, a floating cloud:
Serene and lovely, she moves beneath
The whispering, weeping willows who bow to her,
Caressing her long, elegant neck and kissing
Her proud ivory head, with its aristocratic beak.
She stretches her soft wings in a graceful arabesque,
But is loath to leave her translucent parent, the river:
She is the Swan Queen, Odette, daughter of the depths.
Gracefully, she glides among the cool lilies,
Her handmaidens;
The flitting insects and the sienna bulrushes are
Her courtiers; the flippant, pert ducks
Her jesters.

And all around is the scent of jasmine and forget-me-not.
Halcyon, the rainbow messenger, hovers
Above the silent pool, seeking insects for her fluffy fledglings.
The Swan Queen moves on;
She glides into a quiet bay, and here,
Beneath an arbour of arbutus blossoms, waits
A proud Swan Prince—her Prince.

PATRICIA THOMPSON, Form V.



D. TAPLIN, W.

Seven Ages of a Schoolgirl

When a girl goes to secondary school, the day that lingers longest in her memory is the first. She goes home after only one day, with decided feelings towards school: "It's a smashing school, with a pond and frogs!" or maybe she is less appreciative: "It's an awful school! French is very hard!" No matter what her attitude is on the first day of school, it soon becomes part of her life, like her own home, and with the other girls she is saying soon "our school" and "our pond."

The second year she goes back feeling fully grown-up. She does not hover at the gate full of apprehension like the new girls, she marches straight in. This year she already has her friends and is soon at home. Her writing is not wobbly from fear as it had been this time last year, she is an "old girl" now. For the first few weeks she orders the new girls round just a tiny bit, but at heart she feels sorry for them, knowing how she once felt.

The third year starts much the same. Now she has new responsibilities, being in the middle school. She begins to talk of what she will do when she leaves. Nurse? Librarian? Teacher? Doctor? Air hostess? Actress? Or will she marry as soon as she leaves and not work at all? It is very difficult and she cannot decide.

Fourth year girls wear skirts, much more adult than tunics. They are allowed to go abroad now, she is one of the lucky ones who is going. She has decided what work to undertake and wonders which subjects to give up in the fifth year. She often wishes she could leave now and go to work as many of her friends do who are not at grammar school, but she cannot, so life at school continues. With her friends she talks about the teachers, not about homework.

I am not qualified to talk about the next three years as I have not yet reached those forms, but this is what I gather. When a girl comes to the Fifth Form, she is thinking about the G.C.E. She specializes in certain subjects and worries less as she works with the other girls. Then the time of the examination comes and goes and she worries about the result. At last she knows and she either breathes a sigh of relief or wonders how to tell her parents.

The Lower Sixth—oh! how grown-up! Special subjects, studying in the Library, authority over the others. She talks, using long words, and is thoroughly adult. The younger girls think she has changed since joining the Sixth. But the Lower Sixth girls have plenty of hard work and, on the whole, are not too bad.

Year seven! Although at times every girl has said something against the school, I think at heart she loves it. The Upper Sixth are no exception. Now more than ever they "stick up" for the school, perhaps it is the thought of leaving that makes them so. In their yellow ties, they are worse than the Staff for telling us what to do, but they mean well.

The last day comes: the girls collect autographs and cry, say goodbye and cry, look round the school and cry. The end of the last day comes. The girls scatter: some to nurse, to teach, become actresses, air hostesses, librarians or doctors—but none to marry at once and not work at all!

LILIAN MILLER, Form IV.

Immortality — a Race

Through fierce bright flames three spirits race,
Their emerald eyes alight with fire,
On each bright mouth a hideous grin
Set on each dark mesmeric face;
And on they race with yet more speed,
Spurred by fantastic rivalry,
Each pounding heart alive with hate.
Then each one mounts a coal-black steed
As into flight they swiftly veer;
They scream shrill curses through the air
And, laughing raucous, mirthless shrieks,
Ride on another thousand year,
Until a screaming shape of grey
Whistles across their paths, and,
Gone the rivalry, the hate, the flames,
Lifeless the three immortals lay.

VALERIE GRAY, Form IV.

The Black Cat

Alone she walks into the night,
Her tail uplifted, her eyes alight;
She belongs to the night and the quietness,
She belongs to the night and the darkness.
All you can see is her outline,
Her eyes are turned to the skyline,
Her head is alert and waiting for all,
Her eyes, though bright, look very small,
She is the cat of a lifetime.

JANET BOENKE, Form I.

Down Under

(Extract from much longer article. The writer joined the school this year
after having lived in Australia for five years)

The Australians are as proud of their beaches, yellow sand and surf, as if they had manufactured it all themselves. They are quite sure that anyone leaving their country, particularly if bound for England, is going to miss their lovely sunshine, but fair-skinned people may find it hotter than they would wish. I think the most beautiful thing in Australia, and perhaps one of the most beautiful in the world, is Sydney Harbour. Its waters are for ever changing colour, from brightest blue to brown—the latter coming with the rain and floods, a sign of great destruction in this part of the world. I have seen a hurricane tear through the hills around the harbour, with rain pouring down until the south side became invisible and the water turned blue-black, whipped up into terrible waves, damaging the moored yachts and leaves were ripped from the tossing trees. But usually it is a very different picture. The buildings of Sydney stand above

one or two green parks, and every time one looks, one of the sky-scrapers seems to have climbed a little higher, even if it is only scaffolding. The naval depot, Garden Island, is serene and peaceful, with warships anchored there that seem to have no thought of war; aeroplanes wanting to land at Kingsford-Smith Airport hover over the city. At night, the South Shore looks like a necklace of diamonds, rubies and emeralds. By day, there are the ferries gliding across the water to carry people from various parts of Sydney to the city and, of course, adding to all the beauty of the Harbour is the famous bridge.

SYLVIA JEWESSON, Form IV.

April

Winter has retreated to its northern dwelling,
Taking the clinging spikes of ice away, away,
And leaving mild, fresh April swelling
Forth to summer. April, the renascence of the year,
Each day bringing anew the beauties of Nature.
The opening buds are revealing their enfolded secrets, the sap is rising.
The spring runs once more, free and sparkling,
The Spring of Life is renovated.
Flora awakens her subjects in the verdant meadows, while the robin sings,
And the swallows return to their nests in the turrets.
The crystal drops of dew glisten on the mignon petals of the violet,
Its fragrance diffusing into the air the glory of a fragile blossom.
It rains and shines together to make the wonder grow lushly,
And God's own vivid spectrum appears in the azure sky.
April wrapp'd in exquisiteness is sent to clothe the earth in a new habit,
And leave us rejuvenated to face the year afresh.

JACQUELYNE HORWOOD, Form V.

A Zoo of My Own

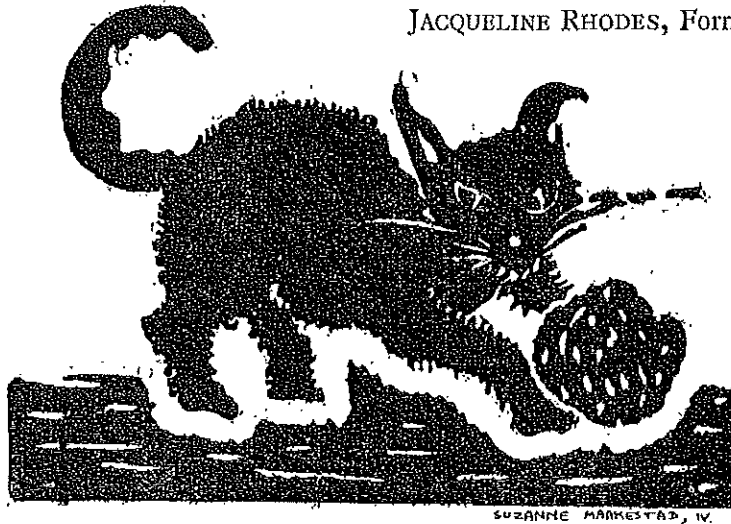
My zoo is very small, as zoos go, but it is very interesting. I think I had the idea from Cornelius Conyn's book, "A Zoo of My Own."

In it there is very little; I have the sticklebacks that we caught in the Snare's brook and the rabbit that we had anyway. The cat is very old and we had her before, too. There are the snails: big ones, little ones, slimy ones, fat ones and last, but not by any means the least trouble, are the tiny ones. They get out somehow and go pioneering up the bowl, under the window-sill, into Mummy's tea-leaf strainer on the sill and down the wall and away. There is a caterpillar too, which is very sleepy and just lies at the bottom of the jar. The beautiful black slug that nobody likes is one of my favourites; it reduces piles of lettuce to shreds and enjoys life.

There isn't anything else in my zoo except the worm which I have not seen since I put him in his jar, but in the Spring I hope to have a

tortoise that will live with the rabbit. Till then I want my zoo to continue to flourish and I look forward to having new and exciting creatures.

JACQUELINE RHODES, Form II.



The Fair

When the blood-red sun had fallen
 'Neath the thund'rous clouds of purple,
 Then we hurried from our houses
 For the Fair had come to haunt us.
 Thus it was we journeyed onward
 Through the path of golden moonlight,
 Lured by all the mystic splendours
 Of the roundabouts and sideshows.
 The raucous music throbbed and shouted,
 Chants of skill and merrymaking;
 Myriad lights around us twinkled
 Whirling, spinning round in circles,
 Fiery steeds of battle clamour,
 "Ride with us to war and splendour."
 Rising, sinking into vapour.
 I have seen it in a vision,
 People rushing gaily round us,
 Filling all the world with madness,
 Made me fly into the darkness
 Where the tree-tops shook with laughter.
 I turned my weary footsteps homeward,
 Then the noiseless night descended:
 Sleepless stars like fairy glow-worms
 Lit my path across the meadow;
 Rabbits sat upon their haunches,
 Owls with ghostly eyes beheld me,
 Swaying branches' patterned shadows,
 Lurid sculptures of the twilight.
 Peaceful was the earth around me;
 Ecstasy! My thoughts of home!

ROSEMARY HORST, Form V.

A.T.V. Visits the Davis Family

One day we received a letter to say that an A.T.V. interviewer was coming to visit our house about Bubbles, the wonder washing product. We then received another letter giving us instructions and asking us questions like "How long is your kitchen?" and "Have you any convenient place to put the cameras in the kitchen, such as a large window?" That was a month before the day when we were to be on television.

Two weeks later a man and all his camera crew came and, after gaining permission from the Council, knocked our kitchen window wall out, promising to build it again after the transmission. We all rehearsed and it was decided that my cousins should "help" and Vicky, who is four years old and a boy, should run in with a packet of Bubbles and say, "Here's your new packet of Bubbles, auntie." A few seconds later, Danny, who is six years old and a boy, too, should walk in with his shirt covered in mud and say, "Oh, Auntie Kit, I've fallen over." If you knew my cousins, especially Vicky, you would know that everything would go wrong and nothing as it should.

I mentioned before that the television people had pulled one wall out, so the rain came in when it was wet weather. This day it did rain! To continue with the transmission: first Vicky ran in and said, "Here's your new packet of Tide, auntie," then Danny said, "Auntie, Auntie Kit, auntie, oh! I've forgotten what I have to say!"

We laughed afterwards, but we are still living it down among the neighbours.

GEORGINA DAVIS, Form II.

The Skyflere

With us ther was, of skyffle, a playere
 And eek he maad oure compaignye the gayere,
 For he was late y-come from London toun
 And ther his music was of heighe renoun.
 By him ech nyght the maides all were sente.
 Whilom this skyfflere had a prise hente
 For gyrating of the hyppes and the legges,
 Which, sooth to say, were shapen like clothes pegges.
 These songes sung he faire and fetisly,
 Entuned in his nose ful semely,
 Accompanied by the strumming of his lute.
 Methought were quere, he did not wear a suite
 But in a shirt of check he was arrayed
 And jeans of denim on his legges displayed.
 Englissh he speke as any man I know
 After the scole of Bromley byë Bowe.
 With him he brought his owne ageant
 To see that all his earnings were well spent,
 And though I liked not his voice, pardee,
 Natheless a verray parfit man was he.
 (With apologies to Chaucer)

MARILYN HATCH, Form VI.

Rex

There in the flickering twilight
Old blind eyes see
Into the world to come—
Into eternity.
There in the twilight of his life,
The last farewell to make,
The old blind dog falls into sleep
Never again to wake.
Never again to hear the wind,
Or the rustling leaves on tree;
Never again to feel the sun,
The rain, the fire—or me.

IVY SMITH, Form II.



Berlin Interlude

This year's concert tour of Berlin by the Essex Youth Orchestra was the first of its kind and will long be remembered by the players. There was so much to see and do, apart from rehearsing and giving concerts.

Although Berlin suffered a great deal of damage during the war, it is now growing into a beautiful modern city with only a few parts remaining which still look as they did at the end of the war. The capital is not unlike London, especially when the English tourist is reminded once again that "Persil washes whiter" or finds himself wandering through Woolworths in search of inexpensive gifts for home.

Our fond parents, warning us against the danger of attempting to pass the Iron Curtain, had painted a pathetic picture of their musical offspring languishing in a cold Russian prison. In actual fact, we found that entering the eastern sector from West Berlin was rather like crossing the boundary

between Walthamstow and Woodford. Armed with our passports, it was quite easy to pass the green-uniformed Russian soldiers, who appeared indifferent to us.

German food, including the sausage which invariably appeared on the table, was nourishing without being very exotic. We shall always remember the hurried trips to places of interest in the city with our German hosts: The Brandenburger Gate, the ultra-modern design of the Air Lift Memorial, the big stores in the Kurfurstendamm. Our German audiences were very friendly and most enthusiastic, although we found their habit of applauding between the movements a little disconcerting at first.

There is much to be said for a journey abroad which involves working to give pleasure as well as to receive it, and we are all looking forward hopefully to our next visit to the continent.

MARION SALT, Form II.

Statue of a Roman Goddess

In a museum now she stands,
She's lost her feet, her legs, her hands,
The pride of craftsmen long ago,
Ages silently past her flow.
Who knows what scenes she has surveyed,
What sacrifices have been made,
Who worshipped at her holy shrine?
Peasants lowly or kings sublime?
How came she from her native land?
In ship or galley, rudely mann'd?
Her face so calm, her smile serene,
She silently observes the scene.

MAUREEN HADKISS, Form IV.

Relax With Hockey

Hockey is a game I shall never quite understand. It is played on a long field, which is supposed to be grass but usually turns out to be churned mud, and has a goal at either end. Twenty-two girls play on the field and each has a vicious-looking curved stick. Among all these girls, however, there is only one ball. This, I presume, accounts for some of the friction which occurs.

They told me I was an "inner", and put me on a white line in the middle of the field. Then they "bullied off" and what an appropriate name. I heard the crash of stick on bone and suddenly everyone seemed to be running down the field; I followed. Several times the direction was

changed and, wishing to show that I was willing, I went too. I could not see the ball, but only heard yelps of pain from the unfortunate victims of the aforementioned sticks.

At last ! My big chance, someone passed the ball to me and cried "Dribble it up the field !" Whilst I was pondering on this statement, the ball whizzed through my legs and rolled, in a most friendly manner, to the feet of a girl with a different coloured band from mine. I concluded she was on the other side. Bravely I ran up to her and with a dexterous twist of the stick and a knock on her ankle I regained the ball, and ran with it up the field. At once I wished I had let her keep it. Girls with red bands were converging on me; mine was blue !

All at once a shape loomed up in front of me. She, for later I discovered it was a girl, hit the ball neatly and sharply on my shin, from whence I bounced with a resounding crack. "Kicking !" they cried, and the ball was given to a girl with a red band ! I hobbled after her, not wishing to be left out, and ended in an area which I believe is known as the circle, and there in a mist of pink and mauve legs, I perceived a small round white ball. I heard someone call my name, so without more ado I lifted my stick, closed my eyes, and hit it. When I ventured to open them again, I saw the ball neatly stowed away in the corner of the net ! I looked around expectantly, where were the cheers that should have issued forth ? Only black looks did I get from my side. Suddenly I realised why—oh, such shame ! The goalkeeper stooping to pick the ball up from the net was wearing a blue band.

I think I'll stick to ludo.

MARION PERKINS, Form V.

It is a haven for me, where I can go and be uncritical, uncriticised,
And, breathless, find my breath again, inspire relief and strength
And find more wisdom, sense of value, life,
Than in a month's conventional training, where one receives
Understanding, only to find oneself misunderstood
There I can go, and knock, be welcomed in
Where signify a badge and way-of-speaking nothing—but a kind smile
Is all the entrance fee, it is home and comfort
Where my future is asked only because
I am not wished away; no academic rambling
But gossiping of other people, anecdotes of happiness and sorrow,
Sympathy spills generously, concern for humankind,
The simple things which simplify the big and when I leave,
My other world is seen through balanced eyes
And I in gratitude feel confident, complete, remembering
This simple-souled dwelling, where I can be so still.

JANET CAWTHORN, Form VI.

Parents' Association

President & Chairman—Miss M. Burnett

Vice-Chairman—A. Webb, Esq.

Hon Secretary—R. A. Oliver, Esq.

Hon. Assistant Secretary—F. Ellis, Esq.

Hon. Treasurer—G. E. Bengé, Esq., A.C.A.

Auditors—

Miss Lea & Miss Copland

Executive Committee—

Mr. & Mrs. G. Banbrook (4w & 5w), Mrs. Bengé (5w & 2w), Mrs. Cole (3w), A. R. Cowley, Esq. (2w), C. Meyer, Esq. (5w & 3h), Mrs. Oliver (5h), Mrs. Webb (5h), E. Pease, Esq. (2s), A. Saunders, Esq. (1s), F. Whitaker, Esq. (4h).

Co-opted—

Mrs. Herbert (2h), Mrs. Leonard (1h), Mrs. Stone (5h), Mrs. Walker (4h), Mrs. Whitaker (4h).

Representing the Staff—

Miss Berry, Mrs. Hare & Miss Lea

Our activities during the last year have followed the usual pattern, but there can be no doubt that the School Garden Party, and Fête, at which the Association was delighted to be able to help, loomed large in our Social Calendar.

The success of a Garden Party must depend primarily on the weather and in view of the wretched summer which we have all endured, the School was singularly fortunate in enjoying such a bright day.

After the customary briefing on Friday evening, followed by feverish activity on Saturday morning, all was ready for the opening time of 2 p.m.

The sun shone, and the attendance was more than satisfactory, especially when one considers that the bus strike was then at its height.

Our thanks to all those parents who gave their support, and for the sake of the record you might like to know that the School received more than £270, as a result of its own efforts, and with the assistance of the Association.

Two socials were held during the year, one during the Autumn Term, and one during the Spring Term, both were greatly enjoyed by those who attended, and we look forward to similar functions this year.

Old Time Dancing continues as our most popular activity, and main source of income, but your Committee view with some concern the lack of support from new parents.

It was stated at the Annual General Meeting that your Committee are ready and anxious to consider any suggestions put forward by members, with regard to fresh activities for the Association. We are prepared to try anything providing there is an indication of sufficient support.

By the time you read this article the first Social will be over, and we hope that a visit to a Christmas Show will be organised.

A further Social will be held next term, on a date to be announced; Town Forum is fixed for the 20th January, 1959, and during the Spring your Committee hope to organise a visit to one of the stately homes.

We hope you will support all these functions, and look forward to the pleasure of your company.

R.A.O.

The Old Girls' Association

President—Miss Burnett

Vice-Presidents—Miss Norris, Miss Goldwin, Miss Jacob

Secretary—Celia Wheeler, 20, Albert Rd., E.17

Treasurer—Mavis Linay, 177, Old Church Rd., E.4

(The subscription is 4/- a year)

Committee—

Janet Adler, Sheila Bowker, Lily Browne, Doreen Culmore, Myrtle Hadley, Pamela Hardy, Frances Levin, Pamela Miller, Gladys Newell, Maureen Palmer, Shirley Pullen, Margaret Pyne, Joan Rayment, Edna Timberlake, Margaret Witt, Jean Yates.

When the Association held its Jubilee dinner 9 years ago there was a tremendous revival of interest in reunion activities and great increase in membership. Both declined rapidly during the next few years until our membership fell almost to 100 and attendance at Socials was very poor indeed.

In 1953 we began our series of "Suppers" which, until this year, were extremely popular (for several we have sold over 90 tickets). This year we find that Old Girls have "gone off their food" but have paid their subscriptions, so there were fewer than ever before at the Spring Social but our membership is higher by 20 than it has been for several years.

The committee would welcome any suggestions for reunion activities. In particular they would like to know whether "Suppers" or "light refreshments" are preferred; and if there are any Old Girls who can conjure, play the trombone, swallow swords, or entertain in any way at all (Old Girls make a most generous audience) the secretary's address is above and offers will be received with delight and gratitude.

C. M. WHEELER.

O.G.A. Editorial

Events of the last year have revived so many memories of the past that I intend to reminisce—without apology. Since no one has ever suggested topics for my annual editorials, no one can blame me for choosing my own.

..... The Garden Fête in May was the first spur to my memory. How many Old Girls recall the enormous marquee erected on the front lawn, in which they served refreshments at a Garden Fête some years ago? What a pleasure it was this year to meet so many former members of staff who taught me at school—and to be requested by Miss Norris to run through the names of my own year and to tell her what they are doing. Her incredible memory for hundreds of her 'children' puts to shame my own poor efforts for my contemporaries. Where are they, by the way, and what are they doing? I should like to be prepared for the next 'inquisition'.

..... Prizegiving in July, the first I have been able to attend for many years, sustained the memories. Well do I recall the junior discomfort of being packed sardine-like in the arena, praying for brief speeches—and my promotion as a senior to the Olympian eminence of the steps. And well do I remember the masculine, prancing Prince Igor we performed at a Prizegiving more than twenty years ago; and the prim trappings of young ladies from Miss Pinkerton's Academy. Do the other 'prancers' and 'young ladies' remember, too?

..... Fewer commitments this summer enabled me to join the Greek Theatre Players in their production of "King Lear." Twenty-four years ago I acted for the first time in the Greek Theatre in Miss Park's production of "Saul and David." Some of you will recall the moving performances of the Midgeley twins as Saul and David. My own recollections are of wearing an enormous beard as Jesse and of stripping it off in order to graze my knees as the tragic messenger (not to mention the joy of bellowing thunderously off-stage as Goliath). The climatic peculiarities of our summer rehearsals of "Lear" recalled the occasion when, as Autolycus, I sang in a high wind from the top of the mound. Do his 'victims' remember the day? Oh, the joy of being a woman at last! And being 'produced' again by Miss Park.

..... Pleasant memories in the gloomier days of war were recalled by a recent conversation at an O.G.A. committee: memories of tasty suppers by the staff-room fire enjoyed by Old Girls who fire-watched during school holidays—of cheerful 'post-mortems' of our school-days, indulged in until the siren called us to duty. Do the fire-watchers remember?

..... As I write, memory expands, dim figures become clear and events re-enact themselves. Truly it can be said that school-days colour and shape our lives.

Good wishes to you all, wherever you are, and happy memories.

EDNA TIMBERLAKE.

Greetings from Miss Park

114, Howard Rd, E.17.

Dear Old Girls and Everyone,

This is a valuable opportunity to express more adequately my deep sense of gratitude to the Old Girls and to the editors and contributors of last year's *Iris* for all the endless forms of kindness they produced till I was nearly howling.

Last year I thought *that not having to be good for anyone* was going to be glorious. I was going to be enterprising and be either a London guide, a snooper of old ladies' incomes for a Cambridge income survey in Greenwich or a saleswoman at the bookstall in Heal's Christmas Fair. In the first place they wanted three foreign languages for the few vacant places. I couldn't in all honesty say that my knowledge of the Spanish for tablecloth would cover the intricacies of Baroque Art at St. Paul's or the end of the Gothic period at Westminster Abbey. Secondly the Old Girl who interviewed me for the next post justifiably recollected that my weak mental arithmetic would not be equal to coping with asking apparently guileless questions about the quantities of butter or margarine consumed weekly. But I did think, when I paid a secretly envious visit to Heal's that I would be equally capable of standing and reading all the books on sale. I did turn down a job to be hostess at a Bethnal Green Community Centre because I had too many commitments already to undertake a half-time job which I realised would have to be a whole time one if properly run. I therefore just missed school and moped.

However, before half-term Fate most kindly took a hand and directed me to Gowan Lea, a school at Woodford, where I felt like an old war horse saying "aha among the trumpets" when I stood before a class again. Now I have been again directed by the same altruistic hand to teach half-time to the Sixth (125 or so in number) at Woodford County High School. Of course, you know, dears, said Alice to the Duchess, that a half-timer is the lowest creature on God's earth. Nevertheless, that doesn't depress me. It is fun being a link between two fine establishments and it is clearly realised where my loyalties lie.

This brings me to my beginning, and to my gratitude at being allowed to be at such a pleasant and exciting place as W.H.S. so long, where people are kind and gay and where such an organisation as the Old Girls' Dramatic Society, begun in 1935, has been such a source of pride, promoted so much friendly co-operation and achieved so great a measure of artistic merit. It was wonderful at the autumn meeting 1957 of the Old Girls to see so many of the cast of our first play "Lady Precious Stream" and so many of the members who have added lustre since. In addition there were members of the cast of "Androcles and the Lion", my first Fifth Form play, when the trumpet record warped in the sun and consequently emitted no trumpet note but that of the crowing of a cock as prelude to the entrance of Caesar.

It has been all very exciting *and* humbling.

Come and have coffee at "114" will you, out of the lovely coffee pot? The Charles Lamb's Essays are ready to be pulled out from their shelves. The coffee spoons are still six in number and the four dozen bulbs have bulbed away like so many fireworks.

Blessings and love galore.

ANNETTE PARK.

News of Old Girls

To Universities, etc.

Delia Barrett—Bristol University.
Elizabeth Fawthrop—Royal Dental College.
Lorna Rowe—King's College, Univ. of London.
Marie Cohen—Sir John Cass College.

To Training Colleges.

Catherine Sturgess—Trent Park.
Joy Waugh—Homerton.
Ruth Weinstein—Brighton.
Anne Beal—Ripon.
Joan Adlard—Edge Hill.
Audrey Ashley—Norwich.
Pat Britland—St. Katherine's.
Janice Collier—St. Katherine's.
Pat Gordon—St. Katherine's.
Kathleen Dooley—St. Osyth's.
Barbara Gadd—St. Osyth's.

Civil Service (Executive Branch).

Christine Auer.

Laboratory work.

Judith Morriss.

Guildhall School of Drama.

Betty Wyness.

S.W. Essex Technical College.

Hilary Smith, Jill Cowley, Olive Hooker, Shirley Smith, Sylvia White.

Day Nursery.

Brenda Sykes, Margaret Moore.

Nursing.

Jennifer Robbins.

Library work.

Vivien Whiter, Jean Neil, Jean Oatham.

Civil Service.

Pat Masson, Barbara Gilbert.

Clerical work, etc.

Janet Power, June Boccock, Carol Brooking, Janice Darken, Barbara Deal, Kay Egginton, Carol Keys, Linda Manning, Bonita Mason, Penelope Riches, Pauline Stock, Jean Watson, Pat Gibbs, Hilda King, Margaret Jaggs, Pat Bell, Pat Brett, Yvonne Brooks, Barbara Burley, Sheila Gardner, Margaret Hales, Shirley Hockridge, Barbara Hyder, Jean Nevill, Pat Nicholls, Margaret Potter, Carol Robinson, Barbara Tosko, Valerie Watson, Vera Atkin, Ann Booker, Jessie Brown, Janet Daniels, Miranda Gatum, Eve Grover, Pat Mitchell, Jean Pickett, Pat Salter, Ann Weiss.

Degrees.

Sylvia Bird, A.C.A.

Margaret Bird, B.A.Hons.Eng.Cl.II.Lond.

Jasmin Christensen, B.Sc.Nottingham.

Margery Salt, G.R.S.M., R.A.M.

Shirley Langton, B.A.Hons. II with Diploma in Social Studies.

Others.

Nina Borelli is Secretary to the Youth Department of the British Council of Churches.

Jean Jenner is teaching at Heathfield, Ascot.

Christine Auer is working temporarily with Johnson, Matthey & Co., of Hatton Garden.

Ruth Fletcher (Bullard) is Assistant Secretary to the Joint Four.

Blaine Bell is tutor to a family of Viennese children in Vienna.

Janet Clayden is training as a nurse in the Westminster Hospital.

Pat Gurr is teaching at Mission Grove Junior School.

Jean Barrett has been Headmistress of African Girls' School, Machame on the slopes of Kilimanjaro.

Ivy Goldsmith is married and has emigrated to Australia where she now has a teaching post.

Wendy Jones (Mrs. Davies) obtained her teacher's certificate with distinction in teaching practice.

June Webb is training as a nurse at Royal Free Hospital.

Rita Schenck is training as a nurse at Westminster Children's Hospital.

Barbara Staines is training as a nurse at Gt. Ormond St. Hospital for Sick Children.

Carole Davis and Dawn Rudlin have been accepted for training at University College Hospital.

Margery Salt is teaching music at Peterborough High School.

Doreen Bates is on the staff of Yardley Lane County Primary School.

Margaret Wilson is Secretary to Sir Lewis Namier in the Institute of Historical Research.

Margaret Bird is training as a teacher at King's College, London Univ.

Hazel Porter, a student at the Royal College of Art, won First Prize of £50 in a competition organised by a well-known swimwear firm. She used it to visit the top fashion houses of Paris.

Mary Shepherd is teaching at Coppermill School.

Mrs. Barclay (née Pauline Smith) and her husband, who is an ophthalmologist, are working in Quetta, Pakistan.

Maureen Chaplin was awarded the McEntee Award given to Walthamstow Youth Organisations.

Doreen Smith is working in Essex County Libraries.

Margaret Deary is a Sister at Whipps Cross Hospital.

Jennie Waring, Stella Knowles and Shirley Taylor are teaching at Higham Hill Infants' School.

Sheila Buller (Mrs. Richards) has moved to Witney, Oxon., and is teaching in Leafield Church of England School.

Shirley Langton is a Child Care Officer in Leicester.

Susan Hunter is teaching at Coppermill Primary School.

Janet Hare won the prize for the best student at Rolle College, Exmouth. She is now teaching at Upshire.

Marion Lefeyer is teaching at Warwick School.

Brenda James is teaching at St. Mary's Infants' School.

Rena Berriman is teaching at Sidney Burnell School.

Vivienne Hinchinson is Biologist in the Pathology Dept. of Royal Free Hospital.

Eleanor King passed her S.R.N. in 1957 and this year was awarded the Clifton-Brown Memorial Prize at the Royal London Homeopathic Hospital for being the most sympathetic and kindest nurse of the year and for skill in practical nursing.

Dinah Seward is a secretary in the Atlantic Refining Co. of Africa, Salisbury, Rhodesia.

Marriages

- Miss Bugg to Keith Suddaby, 5th April, 1958.
Miss Tranent to Franklyn Bovey, 30th August, 1958.
Mlle Denise Bouchet to Charles Macàry, February, 1958, in Isère, France.
Mrs. Forsyth to George Buyers, August, 1958.
Frances Skinner to David Congdon, 1958.
Shirley Hicks to Leonard Cripps, October, 1958.
Billie Phillips to Douglas Leighton, December, 1957.
Ruth Bullard to Alan Fletcher, September, 1958.
June Gray to Edward French, October, 1958.
Jeanne Must to Anthony Edmonds, October.
Jenny Yelland to Kenneth Howland, October, 1958.
Irene Hopper to Donald Southgate, August, 1958.
Vera Barrett to Eric Lawson in Mwanza, Tanganyika, September, 1958.
Pat Sellier to Akram Kurdi, September, 1957.
Wendy Jones to Mr. Davies, July, 1958.
Margaret Payne to Eric West, September, 1958.
Joan Brogden to Donald Martin, September, 1958.
Adela George to Stanley Nevill, August, 1958.
Barbara Russell to Barry Abbott, August, 1958.
Valerie Bryant to George Millan, August, 1958.
Kathleen Jarvis to David Miller, August, 1958.
Maureen Camp to Russell Harrison, September, 1958.
Barbara Applebaum to Lawrence Richman, December, 1957.
Mary Shepherd to Mr. Awcock, April, 1958.
Mavis Tombes to Ronald Biddle, June, 1958.
Hilda Mountney to Edward Forster, June, 1958.
Joan Hawes to Peter Macey, June, 1958.
Valeries Wey to Ronald Vens, March, 1958.
Beryl Newman to Gerald Dearn, May, 1958.

Births

Mr. and Mrs. Thorne (Miss Clarke) a son, Jonathan, June, 1958.

Mr. and Mrs. Broughton a son, Julian, November, 1957.

Mr. and Mrs. Freeman (Miss Turnill) a daughter, Hilary Mavis, April 29th, 1958.

Olive Merison (Mrs. Carroll) a daughter, Rosemary Clare, a sister for Kevin, born in Malta, June 28th, 1957.

Pat Sellier (Mrs. Kurdi) a daughter, Karina, September 11th, 1958.

Brenda Yelland (Mrs. Hindes) a third son, Anthony John, September 30th, 1958.

Diana Browne (Mrs. Tyler) a second daughter, Maureen Janet, May 7th, 1958.

Pamela Denham (Mrs. Miller) a daughter, Melinda Jane, sister for Stephen, Andrew and Nicholas, October 31st, 1957.

Barbara Ridgway (Mrs. Insole) a daughter Gwenda, March, 1958.

Shirley Kingdon (Mrs. Russell) a son, Frances Xaviour, December, 1957.

Alma Jacobson (Mrs. D. Newton) a son, October, 1958.

Doreen Plant (Mrs. Perry) a son, October, 1958.

Nellie Querney (Mrs. Gooding) a second grandchild, John Mark.

Old Numbers of Iris

If any kind friend could give us any of the following numbers of *Iris* which are missing from the Library, we should be most grateful:—

1933-28 inclusive.

1943.

1945.