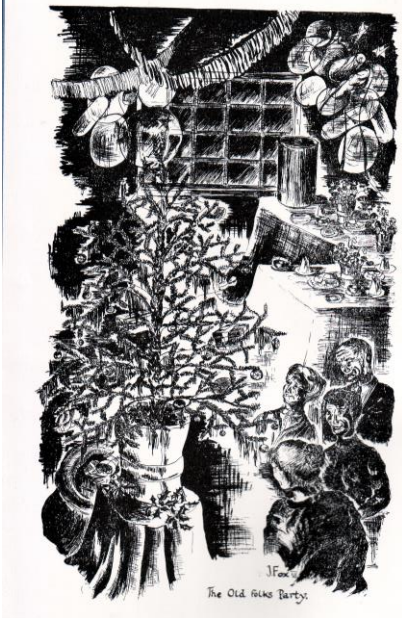


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O.G. Sub-Editor: Edna Timberlake
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Caroline Shipton
Pat Thompson
Mary French
Marion Waterman
Ellen Huet



The Old Folks Party by J Fox UI

IRIS

WALTHAMSTOW HIGH SCHOOL MAGAZINE, 1959

PREFECTS 1959-60.

Form 6 Head Girl-Pat Wright.

Vice Head Girl-Sandra Underdown.

Form 5w Alison Collins Heather Spencer

" 5H Valerie Orford Margaret Watson

" 5s Gillian Glyde Jennifer George

" 4w Jacqueline Lefever Janet Smith

" 4H Marion Salt Angela Gilham-Dayton

" 4s Pamela Monaghan Margaret Westhead

" 3w Pamela Barfoot Judith Brown

" 3H Eileen Kittle Helen Goldsworthy

" 3s Susan Rolfe Maureen Peterken

" 2W Jennifer Coleman Gillian Cannon

" 2H Hazel Letford Valerie Hopson

" 2S Rosalind Lewis Ann Talbot

" 1W Jill Bacon Margaret Field

" 1H Brenda Holmes Susan Neville

" 1S Margaret Topp Anita Ward

HEAD MISTRESS'S LETTER

DEAR FRIENDS,

1959 was a vintage summer and yet we did not use the Greek Theatre. I can only say how sorry I am that decisions taken early in the new year made this inevitable. Our choice of play was a musical one, "The Sleeping Beauty," unsuitable for out of doors and Prize Giving was fixed and guests invited for September, partly because to add that burden to the heavy end of term responsibilities carried by Miss Berry, our Second Mistress and Music Mistress, who was about to retire, seemed an unkind way of saying "Goodbye." So Miss Berry, from her happy position in the audience in September, enjoyed her own choir. What will July, 1960 do? We are planning a July Prize Giving and a Greek play, both in our Greek Theatre.

Miss Berry was an Old Girl, a Music Mistress of distinction and an able second mistress for whose kindly and wise support I am abundantly grateful. The school has lost much in her retirement. We were also sorry to lose the services of Dr. Owen, an Old Girl who is now Headmistress of Brighthouse Grammar School, of Mr. Watkinson, who is lecturer in Mathematics, at Rolle College, Exmouth, of Mrs. Wright who has retired, of Mrs. Ellingham who is now the proud mother of Christopher, of Mrs. Jennings who is Senior Physical Education Mistress at Edmonton Latymer's School, of Mrs. Suddaby whose husband had an unexpected transfer to Australia and of Mlle Chahord who is now at Leeds University. We welcome in their places Miss Jackson (Mathematics), Miss Barnard (Chemistry), Mrs Osborn (Scripture), Miss Cook (P.E.), Miss Dockrill (Housecraft), Miss Standing who is with us for this term and Mlle Lajous.

At Prize Giving, Dr. Lawrence spoke of our new buildings. I can confirm that architects and quantity surveyors are busy on plans, that engineers are struggling with the problem of heating both the old and new buildings and I hope that bricks and mortar may put in an appearance by midsummer.

Will all friends of the school please enter these dates in their diaries:

1. Annual Thanksgiving Service, Friday, January 15th, in St. Mary's Church at 11 a.m.
 2. Garden Party, in aid of World Refugee Year, on Saturday, May 14th at 2.30 p.m.
- Happy Christmas to you all.

Yours sincerely,

M. M. BURNETT.

GIFTS TO THE SCHOOL

We acknowledge with many thanks the following gifts:

£35 from the Parents' Association.

Two camellias and a magnolia from Mrs. Wright.

Bookcase from Mrs. Birk (Bessie Hobson).

Reproduction of Van Eyck's St. Cecilia for the music room from Miss Berry.

£25 from Gwen and Irene Owen.

"Aku Aku" by Heyerdahl from Marion Selby.

Books from Vivien Whiter.

"King's War" by C. V. Wedgwood from Mrs. Ellingham.

Illustrated History of Science by Sherwood Taylor from Irene Owen.

EDITOR'S NOTE

The Editor begs indulgence for a conspicuous absence in this part of the magazine, but she knows what the majority of *Iris* readers think of people who monopolize too much space in its pages and hopes that her contribution on another page will show why she felt that, this year, she had something more important to say than could be presented under the usual heading of Editorial.

THE SCHOOL PRIZEGIVING

23rd September, 1959

THE SENIOR SCHOOL

The school hall was packed to its full capacity on the evening when the prizes were distributed to the senior girls.

The programme began with a musical entertainment, when the choir sang four songs conducted by Christine Gooding. Marion Salt followed with a 'cello solo, then Christine, with Mary Peskett, gave a spirited performance of the piano duet, "Sonata for Four Hands" by Poulenc. In this pleasant atmosphere thus created Mrs Lawrence distributed the prizes, after which Lady McEntee called upon Miss Burnett to make her annual report on the school's activities. Miss Burnett spoke particularly of the achievements of the present Lower Sixth and

last year's Upper Sixth, and she also emphasized the country's need of scientists.

Our Guest of Honour, Dr. Lawrence, Chief Education Officer for Essex, verified this need for scientists, and went on to give some account of the history of the school, saying how much it had expanded. Dr. Lawrence's speech was most entertaining, including references to international affairs, university entrance qualifications, and causing amusement with several recollections of his own experiences regarding these.

A vote of thanks was given by the Mayor, Alderman S. Chaplin, and after the Head Girl had expressed the gratitude of the school, Mrs. Lawrence and Lady McEntee were presented with bowls of bulbs on behalf of the senior girls.

JACQUELINE SEARS, VI.

THE LOWER SCHOOL

The hall was well filled for the Lower School Prizegiving, despite the fact that it was held in the afternoon. When we had heard an enjoyable programme of music, the Chairman gave the opening address which was followed by Miss Burnett's report for the school year.

We were extremely grateful to Councillor and Mrs. Garrett who had, at the last moment, consented to be our Guests of Honour in place of Alderman Redhead and his wife who were occupied with the oncoming General Election and so were unable to be with us.

Councillor Garrett gave an entertaining address in which he struck the happy medium between serious advice and humorous comment, holding the attention of us all, after which prizes were distributed by Mrs. Garrett.

The Lower School showed its appreciation to our Chairman and Guests of Honour by presenting each of them with a bowl of Roman hyacinths.

SANDRA UNDERDOWN, VI.

PRIZE LIST,

1959

Medals for Excellence in Physical Culture

Lower School Lesley Dunn, 2W.

Middle School Evelyn Brewster, 4s.

Upper School Margaret Chaplin, 6.

Shield for all round excellence in Physical Culture-Form 4s.

Joan Temple Cup for Art-Form 2H.

Ince-Jones Picture for French-Form 3H.

Oakly Cup for Domestic Science-Form 4 Embroiderers.

Art Prizes

Lower School Christine Eastwell, 2H.

Middle School Lesley Broomfield, 3H.

Upper School Judith Fox, 6.

McEntee Cup awarded for the most distinguished achievement of the year – 6th form artists

Timberlake Prize

Middle school Gillian Glyde, 4s

Upper School Linda Rose, 5w

Prizes for very good work

Form IS Ann Talbot, Susan Walters.

Form IH Mary Hales, Marjorie Hickey.

Form IW Janet Boenke, Jennifer Buck.

Jennifer Coleman, Anthea Fryer.

Form 2s Christine Orford, Jacqueline Rhodes, Anne Warren.

Form 2h Christine Eastwell, Josephine Eckersley, Helen Goldsworthy, Penelope Herbert, Janet Hoad, Eileen Kittle.

Form 2w Pamela Brown.

Form 3s Margaret Westhead.

Form 3h Rosemary King, Valerie Hood.

Form 3w Pamela Gore, Sandra Hartley, Janet Smith.

Form 4s Evelyn Brewster, Gillian Glyde, Valerie Kear, Marjorie Schultz, Valerie Gray.

Form 4h Janet Jenkinson, Jennifer Mann, Valerie Orford, Margaret Watson.

Form 4w Linda Clark, Sally Kyle.

Form 5

Jean Perry-French, Maths.

Mary Peskett-French, Maths., Chemistry.
Joan Pye-Eng. Lang., Latin, French, Maths., Physics, Chemistry, Biology.
Aileen East-French, History, German.
Madge Davis-French, History, German.
Delia Milford-Eng. Literature, French, Maths, Physics, Chemistry, Latin.
Marion Perkins-History, French, Maths.
Gillian Hood-Eng. Lang., Latin, French, German. Joan Lotts-History, Latin, Maths.
Pat Thompson-Eng. Lang., Latin, French.
Anne Whiting, French, Physics.
Lower Sixth Ann Graham-Good work. Gillian Oxley-Good work.
Upper Sixth
Sheila Trill-Physics.
Maureen Sleap-Physics.
Jennifer Morris-Physics.
Elizabeth Langley-Physics.
Kathleen Schultz-Physics and Chemistry.
Janet Cawthorn-Leadership of the School.

We should like to congratulate the following girls:

Lord McEntee Prize for Service to the School Gillian Levesque.

County Major Exhibitions

Brenda Thomas-University College, Swansea.

Marion Selby-London Foot Hospital.

Kathleen Schultz-Royal Holloway College, University of London.

Gillian Levesque-Bedford College, University of London.

Sheila Trill-The Regent Street Polytechnic.

Marilyn Hatch.

Jennifer Morris.

Teaching Bursary-Margaret Crawford.

Marion Salt is a member of the Essex Youth Orchestra.

Brenda Thomas won First Prize (Girls) in the Essay Competition organised by the Ford (Dagenham) Trust.

SCHOOL CALENDAR September, 1958-July, 1959

September.

9th First day of Autumn Term.

19th Third Form Social History Group visit to "Homes and Houses" Exhibition at Ingatestone Hall.

29th Fifth Form visit to " Barber of Seville."

October.

14th Inter-Schools Classical and Historical Society Annual General Meeting at Chingford.

Careers lecture at the Beal School, Ilford.

E.F. Y.M.A. Orchestral Day.

Sixth Form visit to the Ford Trust lecture at the Royal Festival Hall given by Sir Vivian Fuchs on the Antarctica Expedition.

22nd Six girls from Form III took part in "Crackerjack" Television programme.

24th United Nations Service at Assembly.

29th Form IV Extra Music Group visit to the Assembly Hall for " Singers in Consort."

November.

5th Sixth Form visit to the Monoux School for lecture by Anthony Hopkins.

14th Sixth Form addressed by Mr. Lampen of *The Times* on "History of the Press."

22nd Robert Mayer Concert at the Royal Festival Hall.

28th Upper Sixth zoologists visit to the Zoo. A second visit made on 5th December.

December.

7th E.F. Y.M.A. Carol Service.

9th Shakespeare Acting Competition.

11th Finals of the Shakespeare Acting Competition.

15th Party for Form III.

16th Party for Form II.

17th Lecture at the South West Essex Technical College on the Antarctica Expedition given by David Stratton, second in command to Sir Vivian Fuchs.

Party for Form I.

18th Party for the Old Folk from the Almshouses.

Christmas Holidays.

30th Dec.-2nd Jan. C.E.W.c. Christmas Conference attended by fifteen girls from the Sixth and Fifth Forms.

Spring Term, 1959.

January.

- 8th First day of Spring Term.
- 16th School Birthday. Morning Service at St. Mary's Church conducted by the Vicar, Rev. K. H. Druitt.
 - Song Recital by John Stoddart (tenor) in the afternoon.
 - Gifts from the school distributed to sick friends.
- 22nd Inter-Schools Classical and Historical Society meeting: Lecture by Mr. Herring on (" Britain in Caesar's time,")
- 26th Sixth Form Physicists attend Faraday Lecture on Automation at Royal Festival Hall.
- 30th Films on Art: Blake, Picasso and Pre-Columbian Mexican Art.
 - Evening performance attended by fifty girls from the Sixth and Fifth Forms.

February.

- 1th Alderman Chaplin speaks on Life of Lord McEntee, presents McEntee Prize to Gillian Levesque
- 14th, Robert Mayer Concert.
- 27th Sixth and Fifth Form Dance.
- 28th E.F.Y.M.A. Choral Day.

March.

- 3rd Careers meeting.
 - The Gideons International present New Testaments to 1st and 2nd Forms.
- 6th Sixth Form addressed by Miss Waite from the Union of Girls' Schools for Social Service.
- 7th Lecture by Dr. Elton on "Law and Law Courts in Tudor England" attended by the Sixth Form History Classes.
- 12th Film premiere at the Odeon, Leicester Square, attended by some members of the Sixth Form and Staff.
- 13th Concert given by the Combined Choirs of the Monoux School and Walthamstow High School.
- 16th Form III hockey matches.
- 17th Gymnastics Competition.
- 18th Film of "Great Expectations" shown to Form V.
- 19th Hockey matches.
- 20th Sixth Form visit to the printing offices of *The Times*.
- 23rd Netball matches.
- 24th Part of concert given on March 13th repeated at the Monoux School and on the following day at W.H.S.
- 25th Party left for holiday in Austria

Easter Holidays.

- 25th Mar.-5th Apr. Sixth and Fifth Forms visit to Austria with Mrs.Hare, Mrs. Jennings and Mr. Noakes.
- 2nd-9th April Fourth Form visit to Germany with Miss Fair, Miss Peggs, Mrs. Bovey, Miss Glasspool.

Summer Term.

April.

- 16th First day of Summer Term.
- 23rd Sixth Form visit to the Royal Institution for lecture on "Energy."
- 28th Form I visit to the Assembly Hall for lecture by Ludwig Koch on " Birdsong."

May

- 7th Form V geographical expedition to Box Hill
 - Form IV attended lecture at the Royal Institution on "Atoms and Molecules"
- 28th Sixth Form visit to Royal Institution for lecture on "How Plants Grow"

June.

- 6th E.F.Y.M.A. Vocal and Instrumental Festival at Woodford High School.
- 25th Form I visit to the Zoo.
- 26th Form II visit to Pole Hill.

July.

- 2nd Form III visit to Kew.
- 3rd School holiday in honour of Brenda Thomas's prize-winning essay on "Antarctica."
 - Sixth Form visit to May and Baker's Open Afternoon.
- 6th Form V visit to the Stock Exchange.
 - Appeal for the Refugees' Fund.
- 13th S.C.M. Conference for Sixth Forms at Bancroft's School.
- 16th Sports Day.
- 17th School Dance.
- 20th
 - Tennis matches.
 - Afternoon performance of " The Sleeping Beauty" to audience from Primary Schools.

21st Performances of "The Sleeping Beauty" to Primary Schools audience in the afternoon and to the public in the evening.
 22nd Evening "Serenade" in the Monoux School garden.
 23rd Swimming Gala.
 24th Morning concert by the Sixth and Fifth Forms.
 End of Term ceremony in the afternoon.

GAMES

NETBALL

Our Netball Teams maintained their usual high standard throughout this season and although we did not win the County Rally this year, the 1st Team lost only one match. The 2nd Year Team also showed great promise.

Results 1958-9.

	Played	Won	Lost
1st Team	14	13	1
2nd Team	12	7	5
4th Year Team	19	14	5
3rd Year Team	19	7	12
2nd Year Team	12	9	3

1st Team

Goalkeeper Elizabeth Langley
 Defence Sandra Underdown or Pauline Erwood Jane Oliver
 Centre Defence Eileen Franklin
 Centre Attack Linda Day
 Attack Kate Barraclough (Captain)
 Shooter Margaret Chaplin (Vice-Captain)

HOCKEY

Very few matches were played, partly owing to weather conditions but those few were enjoyable although we were not always successful.

Results 1958-9

	Played	Won	Lost
1st XI	4	2	2
4th Year XI	3	1	2
3rd Year XI	3	0	3

Netball	VI	4H	25
Hockey	5H	45	-
Gymnastics	VI	4H	2H
Tennis	55	4H	2W
Swimming	55	45	25
Sports	5H	45	25

Goalkeeper Linda Day
 Left Back Anne Webster
 Right Back Diane Hawkesworth
 Left Half Pat Wright
 Centre Half Janet Saunders
 Right Half Joyce Lotts
 Left Wing Jane Oliver
 Left Inner Pauline Erwood (Vice-Captain)
 Centre Forward Margaret Chaplin (Captain)
 Right Inner Valerie Stone
 Right Wing Doreen Robinson

TENNIS

Altogether 28 matches were played and of these only 6 were lost.

Results 1958-9

	Played	Won	Lost
1st VI	10	8	2
2nd VI	6	5	1
3rd VI	1	1	0
4th Year VI	6	5	1
3rd Year VI	5	3	2

1st VI

1st couple Elizabeth Langley (Captain) Margaret Chaplin

2nd couple Jane Oliver (Vice-Captain) Diane Hawkesworth

3rd couple Janet Saunders Margaret Crawford

SWIMMING

A record number of girls entered for the Royal Life Saving Society examinations this year and all were successful. The results were:

Bronze Medallions 25

Bar to Bronze Medallions 5

Intermediate Certificates 8

Instructor's Certificates 2

Our Swimming Team was placed first in the Walthamstow Inter-School Gala and second in the gals at Woodford County High School.

Inter-Form Competition.

	Upper School	Middle School	Lower School
Netball	VI	4h	2s
Hockey	5h	4s	-
Gymnastics	VI	4h	2h
Tennis	5s	4h	2w
Swimming	5s	4s	2s
Sports	5h	4s	2s

MARGARET CHAPLIN. JANE OLIVER.

SCHOOL SOCIETIES

SCIENCE SOCIETY

During the year the Science Society has benefited from a series of interesting meetings. We held one joint meeting with the C.E.W.C. on U.N.E.S.C.O., Kathleen Schultz of Form VI gave a lecture on atomic structure, Mrs. Shipley spoke about crystallography, and Mr. Campbell from Ford's explained the development of a new car from the drawing board to the production line.

In October there was the annual Fungus Foray and in November we visited the Planetarium and also the Well come Museum. At the latter we saw medical instruments used by Pasteur and others and we were told about the research on some tropical diseases carried out at the museum. Other meetings included lectures on Radio-active Elements, the Origin of Man, the Significance of Colour in Inorganic Chemistry and Electrons in Solids.

GILLIAN OXLEY, VI.

MUSIC SOCIETY

The first two meetings of last year were programmes of music on records, the first being devoted to Vaughan Williams who died in September, 1958, and the second to Beethoven and Tchaikovsky. For the next meeting Marion Selby gave a very interesting talk on Gilbert and Sullivan, illustrating it with records.

The society was very sorry to see Miss Berry leave and is grateful for all the work she has done. Through her, this society has become a successful and well-established part of the school and now it welcomes Miss Loynes as its new leader.

Christine Gooding, VI

C.E.W.C.

The business meeting for the London District Council of C.E.W.C. was held in October, 1958, at the Greycoat School, Westminster, and was attended by a party of girls from this school. The meeting was later addressed by Mr. Frank Pilgrim of the British Carribean Welfare Service who spoke on "A West Indian Looks at Notting Hill." United Nations Week was observed by a joint meeting of C.E.W.C. with the Science Society for a talk on "The Scientific Work of U.N.E.S.C.O." by Mr. Maurice Goldsmith, the Editor of News Club. In December, Mrs. Smylie, a medical missionary under the Church Missionary Society in Northern Rhodesia, spoke on the place of Moslem women in that country. The girls who attended the Christmas Conference heard, after the opening address by Sir Edward Boyle, M.P., eight lectures on the theme of "Asia Phoenix," which dealt with the growing importance of the East in world affairs to-day. The speakers included the ambassadors for the Philippines and for Indonesia, Dr. Arnold Toynbee and various university lecturers. In March, Mr. Akbar, a Persian at present studying at London University, spoke on Communism in the world to-day.

Another activity undertaken by C.E.W.C. was the sale of U.N.I.C.E.F. Christmas cards, a highly successful venture which resulted in the sale of 1990 cards which raised £74 12s. 6d.

PAT WRIGHT, VI.

THE FOUNDING OF THE STUDENT CHRISTIAN MOVEMENT IN THIS SCHOOL

The Christian Union has now been replaced by the Student Christian Movement as the school's religious society. The first meeting took place in March, 1959, when Miss Goodchild, who is Principal Lecturer at Hockerill Training College, gave a most interesting talk on Christian Art.

The society held no more meetings until the Autumn Term of 1959, when a committee was chosen.

CAROLINE SHIPTON, VI.

HISTORY SOCIETY

This was the History Society's first year as an established school society and it has been remarkably successful.

At the beginning of the Autumn Term, 1958, there was an Inaugural Talk entitled "The Walthamstow Museum Club" given by Caroline Shipton, the society's newly elected chairman. During the term there were talks on Flatford Mill and Waltham Abbey, by Kate Barraclough and Pat Chaplin. A historical quiz was also held.

During the Spring Term there was a discussion on the relationship between old and new buildings, a debate on the future of Walthamstow Museum and a second quiz. We saw film strips on Tudor England, a film entitled "Houses in History," and a film strip on George Monoux and his school which was accompanied by a talk from Maureen Hadgkiss. A successful trip to Greenwich was made in the Easter holidays.

For the first meeting of the Summer Term Caroline Shipton gave a talk on Monumental Brasses. The rest of the term was taken up by a study of St. Mary's Church. We made two visits to the church itself and two to the museum in order to study material connected with the church. This, we feel, has been particularly valuable.

During the summer holidays a visit was made to Ingatestone Hall.

LITERARY AND DRAMATIC SOCIETY

The outstanding event for this year was, of course, the Shakespeare Acting Competition, and this formed the society's main activity for the Autumn Term. As a preliminary meeting to assist all those involved in both acting and producing, Mr. J. Mitchley addressed the society in September. He began with a brief generalisation on main points of production, then discussed the actual scenes chosen by the competing forms, with most helpful hints concerning the particular difficulties presented by each.

In January, Mr. Gerald Raffles, manager of the Theatre Royal at Stratford, spoke to a small group of seniors on the development of the theatre and the relationship between the actor and his audience, with some special comment on the work done at his own theatre. We also had a visit from a large group of students at the Central School of Drama. They gave a varied programme of poetry and prose, including an excerpt from "Murder in the Cathedral", another from Christopher Fry's translation of "L'Alouette" by Anouilh and a Dylan Thomas story and many poems both amusing and serious. In March, a small audience of seniors listened to the B.B.C. recording of "Under Milk Wood" by Dylan Thomas.

We failed to obtain tickets for the Old Vic's production of "Julius Caesar" but a large party saw "Macbeth" in the Summer Term. The Sixth Form members saw the Theatre Royal, Stratford, production of "The Dutch Courtesan" by the Jacobean dramatist, John Marston, and enjoyed a most informative visit backstage afterwards. A small number of the U.VI visited the Mermaid Theatre.



T. A. Tolini (?)

THE SHAKESPEARE ACTING COMPETITION

The culmination of the term's rehearsals was the presentation of five plays on our newly-curtained, but still very limited, stage. These consisted of scenes from:

Middle School "Macbeth" (4w)
"As You Like It"
"A Midsummer Night's Dream")

Upper School "Richard III"
"A Midsummer Night's Dream"

The Adjudicator was Miss M. Cobby, Drama Adviser for the L.C.C., and the productions she saw on Thursday, 11th December, had been selected two days earlier from excerpts from the following plays:

VI "Richard III"	produced by Marilyn Hatch
5w "Macbeth" (banquet scene)	"" Kay Pritchard
5H "A Midsummer Night's Dream"	"" Pat Long
58 "Macbeth" (witches' scene)	"" Pat Thompson
4w "Macbeth" (witches' scene)	"" Marian Williams
4H "Twelfth Night"	"" Gloria Felstead
48 "Macbeth" (night of Duncan's murder)	"" Gillian Glyde
3w "The Merchant of Venice"	"" Pamela Gore
3H "A Midsummer Night's Dream"	"" Angela Dayton
38 "As You Like It"	"" Janet Willis

Miss Cobby, having expressed her enjoyment of the performances, praised the production, scenery, costumes and lighting, and then went on to discuss each play individually, praising and criticising, often speaking to every girl in a cast. Having done this, she told us that her method or judging was to choose the play she felt she would remember well in several years' time, and in her opinion 4w's production of the witches' scene from Act 4 of "Macbeth", in which Pat Chaplin played the main part, was the most memorable effort by the Middle School. From the Upper School, she chose the Sixth Form's production of the ghosts' scene in "Richard III" in which the title part was played by Pat Wright and the Earl of Richmond by Janet Cawthorn.

MARILYN HATCH, VI.



A. Warner (?)



THE SCHOOL PLAY

First thoughts about the school play this year were naturally shadowed by the approaching retirement of Miss Berry who would be with us for the last time to inspire and train singers and choirs as she has done for so many school productions.

So of course this time it had to be "something musical" and a very happy combination of opportunities rose to help us. First of all there was available a most attractive script and score which would be new to everyone because it had not yet been used professionally. It had an added distinction in our eyes because the lyrics were written by Mrs. Stanier, who is Miss Burnett's sister, and the music composed by Mr. F. H. Porter who teaches on the staff of Miss Burnett's brother-in-law in an Oxford school. Both writer and composer had clearly had long experience in creating material for school productions.

The play was a musical version of "The Sleeping Beauty" based on the traditional fairy story but with dialogue most skilfully topical and sympathetically satirizing the demands made on Royal Families. When Miss Berry considered the girls best fitted to take part as singers, she decided the largest number was among those in the Middle School and, also, the main scenes in the play had the particular quality of beauty most easily captured by younger girls. A cast was soon formed from members of the Third and Fourth Years, with just one or two First and Second Formers for parts where small size was the essential qualification. It is not often a cast so confident and competent can be found in this age group but it was soon evident that we had a "leading lady" for the name part with a voice and presence surprisingly mature in a Fourth Former, and a "witch" whose completed performance was a tour de force that must have been the most memorable feature of the play for some who saw it especially, perhaps, among the youngest in the primary school audiences who came to the afternoon performances.

The public evening performance gave our friends a chance to see in use for the first time all the new stage equipment, for some of which we are most gratefully indebted to the Parents' Association. Despite the inevitably cramped stage, there were several scenes which showed to advantage the decorative and graceful costumes to which the play owed all it could achieve in colourful spectacle. It was not Miss Berry's wish that her last school production should end with any ceremonial in her honour, but we wished it to her in our hearts even if we did not exhibit it, and we hope that the willing, soaring voices of her young cast rang gratefully in her ears as tribute and as a happy omen for the beginning of her retirement.

E.H.

W.H.S. ON TELEVISION

On October 22nd, six carefully chosen "non-nervous" Third Formers went with Miss Burnett and thirty supporters from their own year to the B.B.C. Television Studios at Shepherds Bush to take part in the Children's Hour programme "Crackerjack" with boys from Kilburn Grammar School.

The performers, who had to arrive early, were admitted through a stage door where a notice asked "Are you wearing soft-soled shoes?" and had an hour to enjoy themselves looking round the cameras in the studio where they could read the cameramen's direction cards that had instructions like "Watch Tom" and referred to Jimmy Edwards' programme "Whacko" televised from that studio the night before.

When the rest of the audience came in, they found this studio unexpectedly small but beautifully decorated with a cream and grey ceiling, deep red walls and seats, and a large stage backed by a pale blue velvet curtain. There seemed to be a hundred spotlights over the stage, at least four cameras, two microphone beams, and technicians everywhere: some adjusting cameras, some in head-phones, some chalking out positions on the floor. Everyone was very busy but not one in a hurry. Monitors, little television sets, surrounded the theatre, to show both "Crackerjack" while in progress and other programmes being given at the same time. Anyone whose view of the stage was blocked at any time had only to turn to one of the TV screens.

Eamonn Andrews appeared to tell the audience not to wave, shout or whistle when they knew they were on the screen but to remember to act as friendly hosts to all the artists and to cheer every time they heard "Crackerjack." Then it was "Sound on!" "Vision on!" and "W.H.S. was" on the air." The band struck up the signature tune, Eamonn Andrews awaited his cue, introduced "Crackerjack" (Hurrah! from the audience, prompted by someone running on the stage in front, clapping with hands above his head).

The contestants were not immediately recognised when they appeared as they had in the meantime been to the Wardrobe Department. The girls were fitted out with gumboots, raincoats, caps, glasses, false noses and whiskers; the boys with dresses and bonnets. For the first competition, each girl had to change clothes with a boy and the first three couples to finish went on to the next round. The girls had a race in which they had to pile up and carry six cups and saucers; the boys, blindfolded and with hands behind them, had each to drink milk from a bottle with five straws of which four were punctured. The winning girl and boy went on to the "Double or Drop" quiz, each mounted on a wooden drum, where they received a prize for every correct answer, a cabbage for every wrong one, and must not drop anything. To the huge delight of W.H.S., a heroine from 3w won this final round ("Her questions were MUCH harder than the boy's!") embracing by the end of it such prizes as a large teddy bear and a packet of Rinso - also a cabbage, for she did not know who painted the Mona Lisa. She did know, thanks to one of that term's English books, the title of the Exmoor novel with John Ridd as its hero. Now she possesses a special

"Crackerjack" pen and pencil presented to her by Eddie Calvert who was a guest artist in the same programme. He played "Mandy" on the famous golden trumpet which sparkled far more than it appears to do on the black and white screen. Some of the audience were intrigued to notice one of the bandsmen accompanying this by playing his drumsticks on the back of a chair.

It all finished too soon for the audience, and though the six performers felt that the professional acts which had alternated with their own must have been much more enjoyable to watch, everyone went home in great happiness and excitement to hear the reports of all their friends who had "seen them on television"

Performers and supporters from 3w

THE MOCK ELECTION

Candidates for Walthamstow High School Constituency.

Conservative Caroline Shipton

Labour Pauline Woodcock

Liberal "" Sandra Underdown

Independent Candidate for Nuclear Disarmament Anne Petter.

The Conservatives' campaign set off to a flying start with blue posters at every turn in the corridor telling us to "Ban the Bomb-and be blown up." These were closely followed by Labour's red and yellow posters, which were neat, if not so eye-catching. The Liberals were rather hampered at the start of their campaign by the absence of their candidate, but when their posters did appear, a week later, it was to find that almost every available space had been filled with a Nuclear Disarmament poster. Miss Petter's was an intense campaign and the stark black and white sign on every door was something which could not be ignored.

Several dinner hour meetings were held in the Greek Theatre and were all well attended. The Conservatives had their own song (to the tune of "Land of Hope and Glory") which they sang lustily. On the day before polling day, 7th October, a meeting was held in the hall after school at which the candidates were invited to put forward their policies and the audience were invited to ask questions; Pat Wright acted as Chairman. None of the speakers was daunted by the considerable audience of girls and nearly half the staff.

Polling went smoothly the following day, largely owing to the enormous amount of work done by Maureen Hadgkiss, as the Returning Officer, and her helpers, in compiling the electoral register, copying out checking lists, making voting cards and posters for the various rooms used as polling stations. 95.3% of the electorate voted.

When the results were finally announced, it was discovered that the Walthamstow High School Constituency had followed the trend of the country as a whole by electing the Conservative candidate.

DELIA MILFORD, VI.

AT THE OFFICES OF "THE TIMES"

We arrived at the back entrance of a huge block of buildings grouped round what is known as Printing House Square at about eight-fifteen in the evening. We were beckoned in and taken to an austere brown room furnished in mid-Victorian style, of the sort which makes one talk in hushed whispers. Around the walls were portraits of founders of this famous business man's paper. The fire was laid-with" The Times "but unlit. At exactly eight-thirty by the grandfather clock in the corner, two guides arrived and our tour began.

We were shown into many rooms where we were told about all the processes through which the news has to go before we see it printed. There was the tape-room where news from at home and abroad, issued by the many agencies like Reuter, arrives twenty-four hours a day on ceaselessly clicking teleprinters, each one in duplicate lest one of them should break down, disgorging the miles of ticker-tape from which news for each edition of the finished paper is selected. Then we were whisked on from room to room, overwhelmed by information ranging from the setting up of type to the dispatching of the finished newspapers. We were filled with awe by the bewildering array of pounding machines, pre-occupied men, molten lead and all the intricate processes of printing.

As the hands of the clock crept round to nine forty-five, the rush came to fever pitch for the men had only half an hour to get the copies of the next day's first edition off the presses. Slowly at first, then gathering speed till they were whirling at a colossal rate, the machines turned out" The Times ", thousands of copies to the hour, zig-zagging endless streams of paper up to the roof, flashing them

down again to the floor, pouring them out of a chute in neatly folded copies ready for the conveyor belt to the dispatching room. There, a wizard of timetable planning, with the help of about fifty other men, was busy sending out papers to all parts of England, Britain, the Continent and the world.

Then came a most attractive part of our evening: coffee and sandwiches in the board-room, after which we were handed souvenirs of our visit, including a miniature copy of "The Times" on the costly airmail paper. Somewhat exhausted by the immense quantity of information that had been lavished upon us, we at last made our rather late journey home bearing our presentation copies of the edition we had followed through the presses. For once, we were a very select few of the "Top People" already in possession of tomorrow's news.

EILEEN FRANKLIN, U.VI.

GERMAN HOLIDAY, EASTER, 1959 Extracts from the best diary by Marion Tarbox, 4w.

Cologne. At nine-thirty we left the hotel to go sight-seeing with our guide Rainer. First we visited the Cathedral. We were immediately impressed with the wonderfully intricate carving in stone on the outside, representing everything from Saints to bunches of grapes; also by the great height of the twin towers at the front. The whole architectural style of the building gave an impression of height. The most surprising thing about the inside of the Cathedral was its emptiness. The vaulted ceiling was tremendously high; all the arches were slender and pointed, characteristic of the period when the Cathedral was built.

Most of us were fascinated by the trams-single-deckers, painted cream and green, often with as many as three "trailers" behind the front car.

Bonn. We visited the Birthplace of Beethoven. The house was built about 1700 and in Beethoven's time was the home of two families. The Beethoven family occupied only two bedrooms and two living rooms at the back of the house. The actual room in which Beethoven was born was a tiny attic with its ceiling sloping nearly to the floor and with one tiny window. It is now empty except for a bust of Beethoven and a laurel wreath. The rest of the house is now a museum of Beethoven's possessions: old brass instruments, some stringed instruments which Beethoven played ill a quartet and several original manuscripts, including the Pastoral Symphony, Choral Symphony and the Moonlight Sonata. Among the other interesting things was a page from Beethoven's housekeeping book written by his housekeeper. In one of the upstairs rooms was the original piano on which Beethoven played when he was old and deaf. It had four strings to each note so that he could hear it more easily. Perhaps one of the most interesting things was the original keyboard of the church organ on which Beethoven played as a lad of twelve. It had three manuals and over thirty stops.

Ehrenbreitstein. On Saturday we started out in two very luxurious coaches for a tour of the Eifel Country. It was a brilliantly sunny day and the atmosphere seemed very Continental as we sped through fields and woods on the "wrong" side of the road, listening to German songs on the coach radio. By eleven o'clock we had arrived at the lakeside Monastery of Maria Laach. It was built in the twelfth century by Henry II. The style of the building was very unlike that of Cologne Cathedral, being far more solid and sturdy. Having been built at the time of the Renaissance, it was strong and symmetrical according to the Roman influence. This was a very balanced style, having three towers at one end and three towers at the other, three pillars on one side and three on the other and so on. But the German people felt that they preferred a freer style of architecture so, keeping some of the symmetry, they varied the height and shape of the towers. In every part of the building there were three of everything; three windows, three cloisters, three towers to represent the Holy Trinity. After dinner we visited the beautiful perfectly round crater lake Gernundener Maar. The water was very blue and in places tall trees came right down to the water's edge. Under the trees on the banks were small blue flowers like violets growing in the fresh green grass.

On Sunday morning we caught the steamer at Coblenz and sailed along the Rhine Gorge to Rudesheim. The sides of the gorge were partly covered with pine trees, but wherever possible there were terraced vineyards and cherry and peach orchards which were in blossom. On the highest crags were castles looking as if they had come from fairy tales. The most exciting scene of the trip was the Lorelei Rock. This jutted out into the river, on one side it was green and tree-covered but on the other it was rough and craggy and one could imagine mermaids luring unwary sailors on to its dangerous edges.

Trier is the oldest city in Germany, founded in 15 B.C. by the Romans. The most famous monument in Trier is the Porta Nigra, a fortified gateway of yellow sandstone which is found in the Eifel Country and it was built by Constantine the Great. In the eleventh century it was made into a church with beautiful ornaments, wall carvings and, on the east side, a Romanesque choir. It remained a church until 1864 when it was again transformed into a gateway. We said a rather sad farewell to Coblenz and boarded the steamer for Cologne and home. We soon learnt that the steamer was late so we stood on the river bank singing English songs at the request of some German people who were also waiting. From the steamer we had our last look at the Rhine scenery with its vineyards and cherry orchards and the Bundeshaus in Bonn at the end of the Gorge.

As we left the shining cliffs of Cap Gris Nez we saw a dark silhouette in front of us—the English coast. Immediately there was great excitement as the cliffs and finally the castle of Dover came into view. It seemed rather strange to hear English spoken again and when we had hoarded the smoky English train we felt for the first time that we should like to be home.



Rosemary King, IV.

THE HOLIDAY OF A LIFETIME

Austria. For many of us the first sight was a fulfilment of dreams: a world of snow and fir trees, picturesque houses and snow-covered mountains, made all the more beautiful by the skies at dawn and sunset.

The end of the thirty hour journey meant, for the party of thirty girls and three staff, the little village of Igls near Innsbruck, where we stayed at a large hotel with very good rooms that enabled us to see the dawn on the mountains as we awoke in the morning.

The first day, 27th March, found us at the ski-school waiting to be fitted with boots (beetlecrushers, we called them), sticks and skis. We then rode to the top slopes by cable-car, enjoying the sensation of being swung through the air, past the tree-line and the snow. Once at the top, we could gaze round and see Innsbruck below.

Our first attempts at skiing provided some of the best entertainment to be found anywhere. We had two instructors, Fritz and Helmut, who were themselves only eighteen but proved to be excellent teachers. They persevered with us as we tried in vain to "snow-plough" and would not "bend our knees" or keep our sticks behind us. Girls would start lurching cautiously down the slope, gain speed, lose control, swerve violently, and, landing in tangled heaps at the bottom of the slope, would remain there shaking with laughter-but it was a proven fact that the less gifted among us learnt to stand up first, after we had fallen! The fear of falling was soon conquered when the snow was found to be so soft, and there were no accidents, though this seemed quite amazing when one saw the attitudes some of the girls tumbled into, such confused heaps of legs, arms, skis and sticks.

Apart from skiing, at which some became quite expert, we went into Innsbruck for shopping and skating, though it was difficult for shopping when we found we had chosen the early closing day. We saw something of the historical parts of Innsbruck like the famous Maria- Theresienstrasse with its triumphal gate erected in 1765 in honour of the marriage of the Emperor Leopold II; the Annasaule; the Landhaus, also of the eighteenth century, a Baroque palace. We were captivated by the mountains all round the town, and they made us feel very small and insignificant.



S.COOMBS, VI.

The end of the holiday came all too soon, but it had meant so much to us, educationally as well as in sheer enjoyment, that we could look back on it as being indeed the holiday of a lifetime.

Joyce Lotts, VI



Picture by **Paula B(inns?)**

ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS

The original contributions were again judged externally and were awarded to the entries from the following girls:

Upper School Caroline Shipton

Middle School Angela Dayton

Lower School Judith Rhynas

Valerie Gray's entry was very highly commended, and entries from the following girls were commended:

Elizabeth Chad, Hazel Letford, Christine Orford, Gillian Cole, Gillian Hood.

Some contributions were praised by the judge for certain qualities, even though they were not good enough as a whole to print; their authors are urged to "go on writing": Rosemary Banbrook. Marcia Barton. Lesley Burns. Susan Harris, Jacquelyn Rhodes, Janet Smith, Pat Thompson.

ALONE

I'm in my favourite corner,
Under my favourite tree,
I've a rosy red apple in one hand
And there's just my book and me.

All is silent, all around,
Except for a bird and a bee,
The little flowers with nodding heads,
And just my book and me.

The time of day is evening,
I'm as happy as can be,
There's no one else that knows I'm here
Except my book and me.

SUSAN NEVILLE, Form I.

THE SATELLITE

What is it that disturbs the peace
Of the quiet outer space,
That looms towards the sanctuary
Of the moon and stars? And the face
Of the man in the moon looks startled
To see this thing come by,
Disturbing the peace of a starry night,
Or a sunny clear blue sky,
Travelling through the darkness,
Travelling through the light;

Approaching strange things we know nothing about,
This Russian Satellite.

ANN CHASE, Form III.

NEW SHOES

After it had been universally decided that I needed some new shoes, the trouble really began. Mother and father, brothers and sister, took a lively interest in my two feet. I must explain that whilst there is nothing singularly unusual about my feet, they are somewhat broader than average. Once this fact had been firmly planted in the minds of all, advice began to pour in from every quarter. This in itself was not unforeseen, I had in fact expected it. As a family, we do take an interest in the wearing apparel of each other. We all have our different viewpoints and express them, invited or otherwise.

My shoes, however, seemed to assume an importance hitherto unequalled. My feet and I were discussed, even in our presence, as if we did not exist. As I heard snatches of conversation fly past, I called to mind all the elegance of pedicured, nylon-clad feet which glide smoothly into the most fashionable shapes in footwear that I had seen mocking me from the sides of escalators and advertisements in the quarterly edition of Punch.

From the various opinions expressed, I gathered that whilst the masculine eye is caught by a dainty foot, men like to see women walk comfortably and not hobble: I also learned that a light-coloured shoe draws attention to the foot, which I was assured in my case would be most unwelcome. My personal taste was ignored.

It had been decided that I should go to London to visit the large shops there, and at last on the day appointed for our great trek, my mother and I set out. As it happened, it had not rained for weeks, but on that day, rain it did. My spirits sank at the prospect of having to make a choice which would, it seemed, have to represent the entire family. Faced with row upon row of shoes, in massed colours and fiendish shapes, whatever should I do? The cool drizzle calmed me and bravely I entered the salon to survey the merchandise with calculated ease. Soon I began to feel at home, it was really like a carpeted public library. All around me, people were browsing through rack after rack, trying on shoe after shoe; then I saw them, a pair I liked, my size and in a light shade. With furtive glances to every side first, I nonchalantly approached them. Soon my purchase was made.

The journey home was the agonising part. What would they say? Would they approve? I tried to assume an air of gaiety which I thought would be fitting before actually returning home. With every nerve tense, with every muscle strained I entered the house. With bated breath I untied my parcel-I need not have bothered. All interest had gone from my shoes.

My brother had decided to buy a new tie.

GILLIAN GLYDE, Form V.

THE RESCUE

Sitting on the sand in summer,
Sitting watching clouds drift o'er me,
Sitting, wishing for adventure,
When I spy a little puppy,
When I see him trapped alone there,
Fretting for his mistress down here,
Slipping as he tries to follow
People walking down the slope there.
Till a man goes up with rope and
Slithers on the crumbling surface,
Climbing down till he can reach the
Little puppy whining softly,
Whining softly, trembling as he
Sees the man *come* sliding down there;
Will the puppy get to safety?
Will he fall to death below him?
No! he's back there, rescued safely,
With his mistress, going home now.

Judith Rhynas, Form I

MAKING A CANE BASKET

They told me it was easy. So, relying on the words of others, I equipped myself with a wooden base, a sponge, some tools, yards of cane, piece of Fablon and a do-it-yourself book.

"Stick the Fablon on to the base, making sure there are no creases." this seemed an easy enough task. First the Fablon had to be cut to the right size. Wonderful! In my hands was a piece of it that just fitted my base-now to stick it on. After some time, the protective backing finally decided to part company from the sticky Fablon. I was now faced with a piece of Fablon, very sticky on one side, which kept rolling up. To keep level while I pondered how to stick it on, I placed on one side the wooden base and on the other my scissors. I manoeuvred the Fablon into position and tried to pick it up. What happened? The scissors and the base came also. Removing these, I tried again. Success! I had the piece of Fablon in my hands and had only to turn it over and stick it on. Ugh! the sticky side now wrapped itself round my arm. It was regained only with the help of my sister and the hairs from my arm. Eventually it was in place.

"Next cut sixty-three stakes, of length fifteen inches," This also seemed easy, but my cane was not straight and my ruler would not bend. If I held one end of the cane, the other slapped my face. Enlisting the help of my sister once again, I made her hold the cane straight while I cut the takes.

"The stakes must be soaked until extremely pliable." So the sink was filled with water and the soaking began. After about a quarter of an hour I became impatient and decided that the cane was pliable enough. Oh dear! Water all over the kitchen floor, what a mess-but not the worst before I was finished.

"The stakes are then threaded through the holes in the base leaving our inches of cane below. These are woven together to form the border." The base now stood up on its own accord. Still following instructions, began weaving but every time I moved a stake, both the floor and myself became wetter. When the border was complete, I continued with three long strands of cane which kept getting tied up not only with each other but with the legs of the chair and my poor cat.

The weaving grew. I had now completed three inches, but the floor! I had now completed one three inches but the floor! Around where I was sitting was a pool of water and my clothes were drenched. I had to dry off as I continued. Soon I was on the finishing row and found that the book gave no instructions about this finishing off. I had to find my own way, after about a dozen attempts, and it was rather untidy. At last the basket was done and I stood it on a chair. What had happened? It was decidedly lopsided and nothing I could do would alter it. this is still true as it stands filled with fruit on a small table, as everyone points out to me.

So my advice to all beginners who want to make a basket is - get help!

Margaret Hickling Form V

TOWARDS HAMBURG

Lace-wreathed cloud-clusters float
And sway in the faded Heaven,
Echoed below on the waves
Where salt-white foam-flowers toss.
The sea whispers its song through the pebbles,
Bearing on its sighing breast
Boats
Tarred and creaking,
Groaning at the cheeky buoys
Bobbing, tongue-in-cheek,
On the tired waters.
Beyond this discontent,
Past the horizon,
Shrouded in the grey breath of snorting,
Grinding,
Iron-armoured traps,
Are the old Hanseatic Ports
Between which plied, long ago,
Feeble timbers,
Weary canvas.

VALERIE GRAY, Form V.

A WALK ON THE CLIFFS

Come with me for a walk on the cliffs where they jut out into the sea, just a few hundred yards from the pretty village where I am staying. It is a sunny afternoon in August and just right for a walk on the cliffs.

We will follow the road until it is a road no longer, but just a track. Now we are passing a house with a little wooden gate which has a notice on it saying: "If you are interested in gardens, please come in and look at this one." We will pause for a minute or two and go into this garden which is a piece of ground away from the real garden of the house. It is mostly a rockery, with splashes of colour from the

many flowers that grow there. Let us leave this garden and carry on with our walk. As we go, the seagulls circle over our heads.

From this part of the cliff we can look back and see the beach which is a very wide stretch of sand now the tide is out. At each end of the bay there are rocks. Sand dunes rise up behind the beach which are covered with a kind of spiky grass. Looking down beside us, you can see big black rocks. On these rocks some gannets are sitting and on the sea the gulls are floating, bobbing up and down. Now we are nearing an overgrown garden which we must pass through as there is no other way. There is a pond with a little stream trickling from it. It is rather dark in this garden but now we pass through it and come to some springy turf. Here are tiny mauve flowers all over the ground, and the bright yellow of the bird's foot trefoil and some pink and white heather. The track leads to the edge of the cliff. We have walked a long way but still not come quite to the end. In front there is a sheer drop and the path has been widened. Below us on the right side is a small rocky bay with a path leading down to it. There is a cave in the side of the hill. We have reached the end of our walk now. From here we can see the coastguard's look-out station.

Now we can go back on a track over the other side of the hill which will meet the other track at the overgrown garden. From there we go by the same way back to the village.

Elizabeth Chad, Form I



Pat Peach IV

THE NIGHT WE PAPERED THE KITCHEN

When Mother papered the kitchen,
You couldn't move for jars
Of paint and glue and "stick-me-on"
And rolls of stripes and stars.
Even the cat was cautious,
And kept hidden out of sight,
When Mother papered the kitchen
One wild and windy night.

We got in rather a muddle
With the roll of green and white,
We stuck it on the wrong way up
And couldn't get it right.
Then *Joe* trod in the paint pot,
He really looked a sight!
When Mother papered the kitchen
That eventful Saturday night.

We covered up the light switch,
And the calendar for May,
Then Peter painted the sideboard
Red instead of grey.
The paper was lopsided
And nothing would go right
When Mother painted the kitchen
That dreadful Saturday night

We'd turned the dog out seven times,
She was blue and yellow stripes
For she'd been behind the kitchen sink
Where John had painted the pipes,
Said Christopher, "There's something wrong,"
Snapped Mum, "There's nothing right!"
The time she painted the kitchen

That wild and windy night.

We looked around the mess we'd made,
Thought, this really will not do.
But when I went to find the door,
We'd covered that up too!
So when we'd cleared the passage
And removed the final tin,
We decided that the next time
We'd have decorators in!

GILLIAN COLE, Form IV.

THE STAG

He slipped away like morning dew
Before the sun is high,
And now forlorn, the creature stands,
Outlined against the sky.
With haunted eyes and head aloft,
A proud and regal shape,
Aware the ledge on which he stands
Holds no means of escape.
With heaving flanks and bated breath,
His torn bloodspeckled coat,
His ears alert, he hears a sound,
The horn's triumphant note.

CHRISTINE ORFORD, Form III.

SCIENCE FICTION

It stood there towering more than twenty feet above me. It had suddenly appeared from behind the massive boulder, blocking the way. Its glaring red eyes penetrated my body and I could feel its breath at a distance of fifteen yards. Panic gripped me and in that moment of terror it struck me what an uncanny resemblance it bore to the dinosaurs in my history book. I tried to scream but my voice was numbed. I stood frozen to the spot staring affixedly at the creature.

Seeming to sense my utterly helpless position, it let forth a hideous roar and made a great lunge towards me. I tried to run but in an instant I realised my legs could not carry me and, besides, the monster could obviously outrun me. I turned to either side, hoping to see some way of escape, but grim, bare, cliff-face greeted me.

Suddenly I heard someone call my name. I stumbled blindly away from the creature and broke into a run. I couldn't see where I was going. Then something hit my face. I seemed to be falling deep into unknown depths.

Then I woke up to find myself sitting upright in bed, gripping the sheets so hard that my knuckles looked blue. For a moment I was rigid, not knowing if I was dreaming or not, I pinched myself and found right enough that I was still in the middle of one of my fantastic nightmares.

Susan Wood Form II

THE DRAGONFLY

From her dingy nymph-skin she emerges,
Still damp and limp upon the spear's edge
Clinging lifeless yet.
Then, in the warmth of summer sun,
Wings dry and the body is strong,
Life pulses through the slender frame and
Away she skims in virgin flight,
Ever dip, dip, in the murmuring stream,
Joy is hers; there are many gnats

Sporting in the willow shade.
Up, up she darts, green-bronze
In the shimmering sunlight,
Wings quiver with myriad opal-light;
She is wary:
There, skimming above her is a humming mate.
Her body throbs and away she flies,
He following in frenzied flight.
Among the fluttering leaves, a scintillating courtship dance. But she is yet new-born and
Down she sinks, as a russet leaf,
Weary, hovering upon the swirling water,
She cannot see the sorrel-speckled trout,
Rising noiselessly from the waving water-weed.
Sharp jaws clamp down on the fragile wings.
The insect rises up.
In vain she spreads her tattered wings,
Weak and struggling she is seized
By the eddying current and carried upon the water's breast.
Dying now, she floats upon the silvery ripples,
A thing of beauty still.

ANGELA DAYTON, Form IV.

Picture by **Carol Wenham IV**



RUSH HOUR

There they go, puffing, blowing,
Catching buses, starting cars,
People out of London flowing,
Typists, workers, bosses, chars.

Trains are crowded, buses filling,
London's rush hour at its worst,
People running, money spilling,
Newsboys shouting till they burst.

Shops are closing, people leaving
London's busy crowded streets;
Trippers homeward bound believing
They have had the best of treats.

Tomorrow will be just the same,
People moving up and down,
But then no one will ever tame
The rush hour in our London Town.

CHRISTINE HOLMAN, Form II.

SUMMER HOLIDAY

In the first French town we came to (after travelling through Germany) we noticed a very marked difference in temperament and atmosphere. We reached Metz at night, tired and hungry, and wandered through the dimly lit streets trying to find somewhere to eat our first meal of the day. Men and women slouched against the crumbling, dirt-encrusted walls of boarded up shops; skinny cats picked their way across the forlorn rubble of bombed sites. Despite all this, we procured an excellent meal in a grimy cafe; here we also heard two men argue furiously about De Gaulle and Communism, which started us arguing. Hearing us, they began chatting to us, revealing their passion for their country and their dislike for the Germans, who had many times invaded this region.

Daylight did little to alleviate the impression of sordidness and misery of the city; it even seemed to intensify the tension and fear that prevailed there. Unemployed men, many Algerian, eyed us suspiciously as they slouched past; ragged, dirty children followed us, holding out their hands for money. Yet there were some fine buildings amid all this decay and poverty; a most beautiful little church and the cathedral which has some very fine modern stained glass.

After staying in the village of Verdun, where we watched the women clean their laundry in the river, we came at last to Paris, once again arriving late at night, tired and hungry. The clamour and confusion of the streets was unbearable. Our meal in a cafe this time consisted of oily strange smelling and tasting snails (and other things) as we sat watching the crowds go into the notorious Moulin Rouge. Every other shop here seemed to be a cafe but the standard of cooking and serving in even the smallest and dirtiest was very high.

For the next few days, with sun sparkling through the hundreds of trees, we enjoyed the glories of Paris: the Louvre, Notre Dame, the modern Sacre Coeur Cathedral, the Opera House, the Palais-Royal, the graceful bridges sweeping over the Seine. On the other hand, there were the luxurious shops of the Champs Elysees and the Rue Madeleine, the bookstalls lining the Left Bank, and the Flea Market where all kinds of junk is sold. But the accordion music which is supposed to be so characteristic of Paris comes mainly from juke boxes and not, as I had always thought, from wandering players. The Parisians were very friendly, they beamed when we said how much we were enjoying their city and they spoke with great pride of France.

Even here was not all gaiety and beauty. Once we saw a dead rat lying in the street; many beggars slept on the pavements each night who, by day, took up positions outside shops or churches, plaintively extending their hands to passers-by. The overcrowded Youth Hostel was crawling with fleas. Some Algerians nearly succeeded in robbing us. Again, although so many of the people seemed carefree and friendly, there were undercurrents of suspicion and unhappiness. Perhaps the propaganda of the anti-de Gaullists, stuck on walls, could have explained this in part.

But despite the undertones, we found immense enjoyment and interest and it was with great sadness that we set off for home. On arriving at Victoria I felt sensations similar to those when I first arrived on the continent—even the language was hard to understand!

ANNE PETTER, Form VI.

WILLOW

Its branches bow,
So long and slim
Are its leaves,
As if they awaited
A prince's kiss
For they bend so
Gracefully
As it stands, the willow tree.

HAZEL LETFORD, Form II.

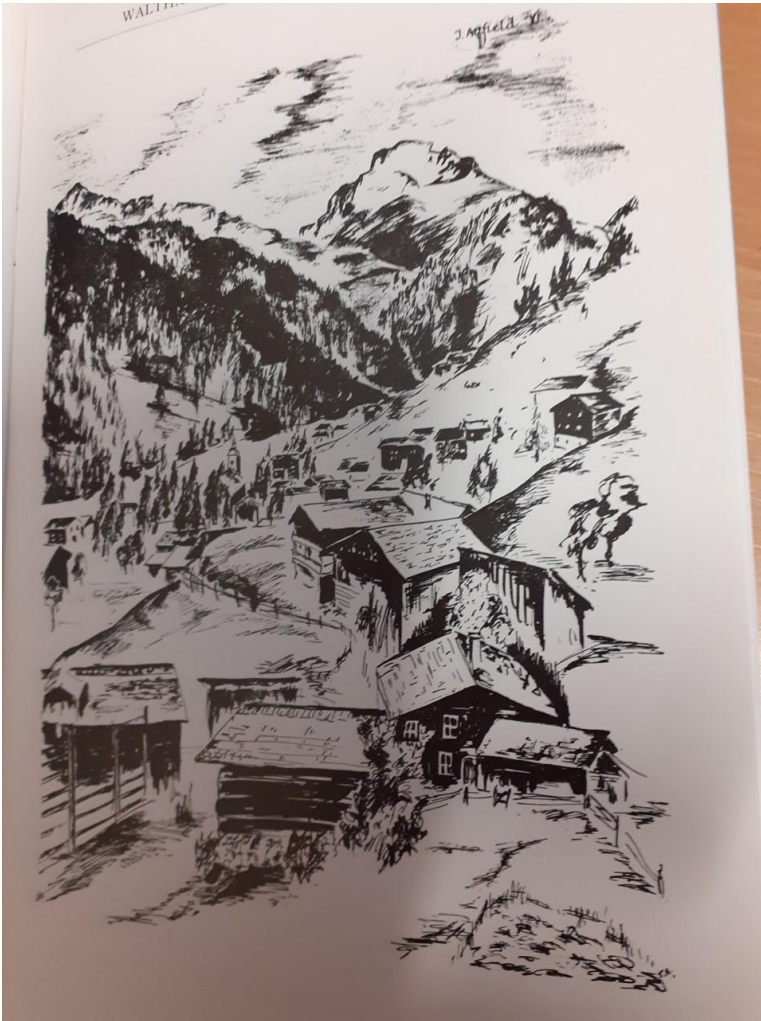
MORNING IN THE TYROL

When I look up towards the sky
I see a great expanse of grey,
The air is full of rain and mist.
Then suddenly the sun appears,
The grey gives way to blue, and then
Out from the mist come forth the great
And mighty snow-capped mountain-tops,
Bare jagged rocks amid the snow,
Slopes of pine-woods, reaching down
To villages nestling in the folds
Of Patscherkofel's misty shroud.
I hear the church bells and the birds
That tell of happiness and peace
In Tyrolean villages.

The cablecar is on its way
To Patscherkofel and the snow
Where skiers go for winter sports.
But once again the mist comes down
To veil the peaks of Austria,
The magic of those mighty kings,
Is lost again within the sky

Gillian Hood Form VI

Picture by J. Attfield VI.



ALDERMASTON MARCH, 1959

Although it is at least six months since Easter, I still have very clear recollections of that weekend.

The silence as we marched past the nuclear weapon research establishment with a drummer beating out N.D. in morse; sleeping in the smoke room above the bar of the Butchers Arms; the long march from Reading to Slough; the singing of songs written for this demonstration; the cheerfulness in the downpour on Easter Sunday morning; the minister who blessed us as we passed; the thousands of people who joined us on the last day; the bells of Westminster Abbey ringing for us; the silent march up Whitehall; the rally in Trafalgar Square; the students, business men, housewives, actors and musicians who joined us; the comfort of our beds when we arrived home. . . . all this happened quite a while ago now, and there have been other public demonstrations since, but the issue of nuclear disarmament stays unchanged, as vital as ever.

JANET NEVILLE, Form V.

SUBURBIA

Houses unnecessarily timbered,
Prick-eared gables
Cocked towards the sky;
Neat front gardens,
Earth, plants, concrete-controlled;
All uniform.
Nearby, a shopping-centre
Where you can buy
Anything
-Provided you want the same as your neighbours.
And here-a park:
Geraniums set pinkly at regular intervals,
Ornamental pond,
Goldfish and fountain,
Lawns, railings,
"KEEP OFF THE GRASS,"
And in the distance,
Over travesties of trees,
Lopped and maimed in case they shut out someone's light,
Factory and power station,
Chimneys – modern colossi,
Symbols of civilisation.

Caroline Shipton For VI

PARENTS' ASSOCIATION

President and Chairman-Miss M. M. Burnett.

Vice-Chairman-A. H. Cowley, Esq. Hon. Secretary-R. A. Oliver, Esq.

Hon. Assistant Secretary-E. Pease, Esq. Hon. Treasurer-G. E. Benge, Esq.

Auditors-Miss Lea and Miss Copland

Executive Committee Mr. & Mrs. Banbrook, Mrs. Benge, Mr. Aylott, Mrs. Cole, Mrs. Herbert, Mrs, Oliver, Mr. Penny,
Mr. & Mrs. Whitaker.

Co-opted Members Mr. & Mrs. Leonard, Mr. Stevens, Mrs, Stone, Mrs. Walker, Mrs. Wright,
Representing the Staff Mrs, Beaumont, Miss Fair, Mrs. Hare.

It seems rather ironical that the marked increase in the number of members shown last year should coincide with a marked decline in the interest shown in our Old Time Dance Section. This particular activity is the only regular meeting for the past seven years and has been a very solid source of income.

Mr. Banbrook is putting up a spirited fight in an effort to save this weekly event and a few new members would be very welcome on Wednesday nights.

Our usual socials were held, one in the Winter and one in the Easter Term, and they will be repeated this year. A visit to an Ice Show at Wembley Stadium during the Christmas holidays will be paralleled this year by a visit to the Mermaid Theatre to see " Treasure Island."

A tennis match was played against the School First Team, which the school won, However, our team put up a very good fight and we hope to give an better account of ourselves next summer.

As I write this letter, subscriptions for the current year are still coming in but I am happy to say that already we are showing a further increase in membership and I would like to thank you all for your support.

R.A. Oliver

NEWS OF OLD GIRLS

To Universities, etc.

Gillian Levesque-Bedford College, University of London.
Kathleen Schultz-Royal Holloway College, University of London.
Brenda Thomas-University College, Swansea.
Sheila Trill-Regent Street Polytechnic.
Hazel Jolliffe-Sir John Cass College.

To Training Colleges.

Sylvia Johnson-Easthampstead Park.
Janet Cawthorn-Eastbourne.
Maureen Ellis-Rolle College, Exmouth.
Eileen Franklin-Hockerill.
Diane Smith-St. Osyth's.
Sonia Binke-Easthampstead Park.
Margaret Flowers-Wynyard Hall.

Civil Service Executive Branch. Margaret Crawford, Marilyn Hatch.
Laboratory Work. Jennifer Morris, Valerie Binke, Maureen Sleaf, Susan Downes, Elizabeth Langley.
Nursing. Frances Baldwin, University College Hospital.
Day Nursery. Gillian Pledger, Pat Westwood.
S.W. Essex Technical College.
Kay Pritchard, Doreen Robinson, Pauline Bouch, Joan Stevens, Judith Cranfield, Heather Burke, Kathleen Nowell.
Library Work. Linda Rose, Pat Morden.
Civil Service (Clerical Grade). Jean Perry, Beryl Smith.
Clerical Work, etc.

Jean Finney, Jacqueline Foot, Rita Goss, Heather Leftwich, Carole Pope, Pat Rohrs, Shirley Rozee, Barbara Cameron, Linda Day, Vicki Gallant, Joan Mansfield, Marion Perkins, Rosemary Webb, Sonia Avery, Doris Field. Ann Littlejohn, Ellenor Murray, Ann Smith, Carole Smith, Brenda Williams, Janet Newman, Norma Baby, Christine Brewer, Lorna Marsh.

Degrees.

Margaret Copestake-G.R.S.M., R.A.M.
Doreen Chase-B.A. Hons. Hist. Cl. II, University of London.
Frances Hooker-B.A. General Hons. Cl. II, University of Bristol.

Others.

Elaine Bell writes happily "from a very beautiful apartment in the centre of Vienna" where she is teaching three young children English. During the year she has spent a month at Christmas at Kitzbuhel where she learned to ski and ten summer weeks in Italy.
Janet Ball passed her examination at Wynyard Hall T.C. with distinction and is now teaching at the Winns School, Walthamstow.
Betty Wyness has passed the Licentiate of the Royal Academy of Music.
Elizabeth Fawthrop has passed the 2nd B.D.S. examination in dentistry.
Joan Malyon has passed the examination for A.G.S.M. (Speech and Drama) at the Guildhall School of Music and Drama and has been working for three months with a repertory company in Prestatyn and Llandudno.
Margaret Copestake is teaching music at the McEntee Technical School.
Janet Elphick (Mrs. Ashen) is teaching in Leyton.
Anne Trotter is teaching in Leytons tone.
Jill Rumbold is working in advertising in Libby's.
Isla Hoppett is a medical physicist at the Middlesex Hospital. Jose Collins is teaching at Milham Ford School, Oxford.
Margaret Witt is the Surgical Registrar at the Elizabeth Garrett Anderson Hospital.
June Webb is in Osnabruck, Germany, as a children's nurse to the family of a British Army Officer.
Judith Clanfield is an apprentice dressmaker with Mercia Co. Ltd.
Joyce Jackson is a student nurse at Claybury Hospital and was awarded three first prizes and the Chairman's prize.
Margaret Bird is teaching English at Enfield Grammar School for Girls.
Valerie Cooper is a shorthand typist with British Metals Corporation Ltd.
Dinah Seaward has moved from Rhodesia to Capetown where she is secretary with the same firm.
Elsie Driver is Deputy Head at Sidney Chaplin School.
Ellen Brewster is teaching in Nottingham
Myra Rolfe, S.R.N., has left University College Hospital and is now taking a post-graduate course at the Nuffield Orthopaedic Centre, Oxford.
Dawn Rudlin, Rosemary Petter, Alison Bigsby, Carole Davis, Marion Meyer are nursing at University College Hospital.
Joan Morgan (Mrs. Crowe) is now living in Cheshire with her husband and children David and Anne; she had an exciting holiday in Norway.
Joyce How has passed her final examination in Sick Children's Nursing.
Secretarial Diplomas of S.W. Essex Technical College have been won by Valerie Cooper and Barbara Wood.
Brenda Long is training as a nurse at Chingford Hospital.
Mavis Howard is nursing at the London Hospital.

Kate Barraclough will commence training as a Remedial Gymnast at Pinderfields Hospital, Wakefield.
Susan Downes will commence her nursing training in September, 1960 at the London Hospital.
Evelyn Webb returned to England in April, 1959 after two years teaching in the Argentine-just in time to join the Walthamstow High School staff for the summer term. We are most grateful to her for helping us over this difficult period so admirably. She is now on the staff of Shaftesbury Grammar School.

OLD GIRLS' ASSOCIATION

President-Miss Burnett Vice-Presidents-Miss Norris, Miss Goldwin, Miss Jacob
Secretary-C. Wheeler, 20 Albert Road, E.17
Treasurer-M. Linay, 177 Old Church Road, E.4 (Subscription 4/-)
Committee J. Adler, C. Auer, L. Browne, P. Hardy, P. Hodby, O. Hooker, B. Insole, M. Lefever, P. Miller, G. Newell, M. Palmer, Miss Park, S. Pullen, J. Rayment, E. Timberlake, G. Watson, M. Witt, J. Yates.

To those Old Girls who are already working in one way or another for Walthamstow-and I have met a number-I wish the same satisfaction as I find for myself; to those who would like to do something I could make some suggestions; for those who live elsewhere, there will be opportunities of service elsewhere.

This year, in May, the Association organised a Saturday Reunion. Old Girls were invited to bring their families to enjoy the garden. In spite of the fact that there have been many requests for a Saturday meeting the attendance was very poor, but a "select" band of Old Girls, an almost equal number of their children, and a few brave husbands spent a very pleasant afternoon.

It seems that winter is the more appropriate time for "getting together" since the previous November Social was very well attended, particularly by the younger Old Girls who are always especially welcomed.

C.M.W.

O.G.A. EDITORIAL

I remember in my school-days so often being told that "you forget what you want to forget." While I have never proved satisfactorily to myself that this is entirely true, it is certainly a fact that I habitually forget certain annual efforts required of me. Writing for *Iris* is one, and were it not for timely reminders of this task I should most assuredly forget it altogether. And it is indeed a task to think up something different to say every year.

However, sitting in meditation on the rug by the fire, my eye catches certain files on one chair, certain folders on another and Sunday papers on and under the desk which prompt me to write this year about Walthamstow, the town which has, for one of its central features, our school, and consequently the town which might reasonably hope-if not expect-to draw some measure of strength from that central feature.

After spending most of my life in Walthamstow, and, at times, having suffered the usual urges of youth to go elsewhere and see life, I have now in my staid years established a home here and discovered that I really want to stay. There is something eminently satisfying in finding oneself a part of the life of a town-in knowing how it works, who works it and where it needs workers-and in being known for one's own small efforts.

This summer I travelled 4,000 miles and spoke to only five English people. Three of them had ties with Walthamstow; one had lived a stone's throw from my flat, one had been to the Monoux School and one had had a cousin at the High School. They all retained an affection for our town and I, too, after the sights and sounds, the beauties and the blemishes of Genoa, Cagliari, Tunis, Palermo, Naples, Venice, Butrovrick, Sarajevo, and the rest, felt an extra surge of affection for Walthamstow on my return.

But to reach my point. I can see, after years of activity in and about the town, that there are a number of really worthwhile voluntary jobs crying out to be done. Who better could do them than Old Girls of W.H.S. who have been trained in tradition of service to the community? So, if there are any of you who have time and inclination to do a useful job somewhere in the town, why not let me know? And then, when next I am asked "Don't you know any old High School girl who could do this?"-I might have a more satisfactory answer than usual.

To those Old Girls who are already working in one way or another for Walthamstow – and I have met a number – I wish the same satisfaction as I find for myself; to those who would like to do something I could make some suggestions' for those who live elsewhere, there will be opportunities of service elsewhere.

I began by quoting one of Miss Morris's maxims. I conclude with another:- "Try to devote some time every week to the service of the community."

Good wishes to you all, Old Girls and the present School.

Edna Timberlake

"TWELFTH NIGHT"

It has been suggested that some account be given of the production of "Twelfth Night" in the Greek Theatre, July 13th-18th. All of

us engaged in the production thoroughly enjoyed ourselves, would give quite different account of it and will each remember with pleasure that "I was one, sir, in this interlude." The bare facts are these: The Greek Theatre Players wished to produce a play, in the theatre which gives them their name, firstly to fulfil their aim, to provide good drama and good standards of performance, and secondly, to stabilise themselves financially. "Twelfth Night" was chosen and produced; six consecutive fine nights were a mere bagatelle in the phenomenal summer; audiences supported each night with zeal and the finances of the society are now secure. (To those critics who complain that we were somewhat shabbily attired I would retort that our impecunious circumstances compelled us to remember that apparel does not make a man.)

But players are less concerned with the bare facts than with the fun of the play. And fun there was in abundance, and pressure and tension alarms and excursions. The cast was not fully assembled until two weeks before the performance; Maria was ill for ten days prior to the final week; perspiration dripped from brow to oven-floor in mid-Saturday-afternoon rehearsal sun. But the show went on, and we all felt that there is something to be said for working at full pressure for a short-term production.

"Twelfth Night" is a well-trying favourite and the Greek Theatre never fails to inspire both audience and actors. We all owe a debt of gratitude to Miss Burnett and the School Governors for the use of the Theatre, to girls of the school who helped in the many tasks attendant upon a production and to the 1,200 or more people who came to watch the play.

We hope to accomplish an ambitious programme next summer, which should "win you, liver and all." And if school authorities and weather-gods will repeat their kindness "nothing, that can be, can come between us and the full prospect of our hopes."

E.T

GREETINGS FROM MRS. SUDDABY

Mrs. Suddaby flew out to Australia with her husband at the beginning of October. Of the journey she writes:

"Our first stop was at Frobisher Bay on Baffin Island, and a very bleak place it was too. The temperature was 34' (an airport official said, 'As you say in England, it's a bit nippy'). This was only a brief re-fuelling stop, though we learned quite a bit about the settlement during our stay. There are two thousand white Canadians there as well as seven hundred Eskimos (we certainly saw three of these) and, believe it or not, no less than FIVE cinemas. They probably need them in such a place, the big problem is water. Pipes are impossible, so they have to transport it to each individual house, after breaking the ice to reach it. They also have to contend with the fact that their buildings tend to sink as much as nine inches a year, owing to the heat generated beneath them. One of the airline men told us that they stay there only for the money – they earn every penny!

After Frobisher, the next thrill was the sight of the Rockies from the air. They really are wonderful, jagged peaks and wide sweeping stretches of snow, some oil wells were clearly visible from the air.

The next place of interest was Honolulu and I hardly know how to begin to describe that, , , . 'fabulous' is really the only word for it. We arrived at 4 a.m, in a temperature of 74 C and were taken to our hotel, the Royal Hawaiian, complete with our 'leis,' the garlands of flowers which they really do put round your neck as soon as you set foot on the island. Needless to say, these have figured prominently in our photographs. We took about fifty photographs altogether, so that may give you an indication of how wonderful everything was, because we were there only for about twelve hours.

The car, or should I say limousine, that took us to the hotel was one of those huge American ones. It could almost have taken about three of our English cars inside it. As for the hotel, it really does defy description, it was so luxurious. The rooms had white walls and furniture, green ceilings and carpets. There were six lamps in our room, each with four degrees of brightness, from muted glow to a glare. The dining-room was long and completely open on one side which looked out over the Pacific Ocean, so we breakfasted watching the surf-riders, the beautiful boats and listening to Hawaiian music, played softly. All the waiters and waitresses were Japanese, the girls in lovely kimonos tied with really wide belts. Every dish was served in a bath of ice, including a wonderful tropical fruit called papaya rather like a melon, but softer and with an individual delicate taste unlike anything else I have ever tasted.

Later in the morning, we swam in the Pacific, unbelievably warm, and sunbathed in real tropical heat. We had long iced drinks and watched the filming of a television programme on one of the hotel patios. The American directors and producers are like caricatures: brief shorts, huge straw hats in many colours, Hawaiian garlands round their necks and, of course, the inevitable cigars. I thought such people did not exist outside cartoons!

We also explored the hotel further. It had its own shops which made those in Bond Street look like Woolworths, I have never seen such luxury, but most of the guests there are millionaires. I should have liked to stay in Honolulu for ever, but we had to move on to see what else the journey had in store. We were not disappointed. . . the sunset over the Pacific, and then the dawn the next day, seen from the air, I shall remember as long as I live."

BIRTHS

Mr. and Mrs. Nix, a daughter, Jennifer Ann, 1st December, 1958.

Mr. and Mrs. Pearce, a son, Andrew Paget, April, 1959.

Mr. and Mrs. Broughton, a son, Howard, April, 1959.

Mr. and Mrs. Ellingham, a son, Christopher John, May, 1959.

Mr. and Mrs. Middleton, a daughter, Catherine, 23rd June, 1959.

Mr. and Mrs. Noakes, a daughter, Jennifer Marie, 5th June, 1959.

Mr. and Mrs. Barclay (nee Smith) a daughter, Margaret, 29th January, 1959.
Irene Harrington (Mrs. Palmer) a daughter, Carol, 29th December, 1958.
Jasmin Christensen (Mrs. Walton) a daughter, Kivin, 25th February, 1959.
Beryl Rayment (Mrs. Pohl) a son, Michael John, 22nd September, 1958.
Maureen Huber (Mrs. Palmer) a daughter, Mary Lucille, 19th April, 1959.
Grace Sims (Mrs. Cook) a daughter, Mary Stephanie, 12th July, 1959.
Priscilla Woods (Mrs. Davis) a son, Brian, July, 1959.
Margaret Swonnell (Mrs. Clarke) a third daughter, Heather Joy, March, 1959, in Mexico City.
Jean Yates (Mrs. Davis) a second daughter, Sally, September, 1958.
June Bell (Mrs. Cox) a daughter, Rowena, sister for Geraldine and Gregory.
Margaret Glyde (Mrs. Pyne) a daughter, Arabella, May, 1959.
Jean Wood (Mrs. Young) a daughter Joyce Audrey, May, 1959, in Ontario, Canada
Enid Ashwell (Mrs. Webb) a daughter, Andrea Jayne, 10th September, 1959
Eleanor Morris (Mrs. Williams) a second son, Geraint Meredydd, 12th May, 1959

MARRIAGES

Patricia Gordon to Eric Archer, September, 1959.
Jasmin Christensen to Allan Walton, September, 1957.
Jean Whitaker to Ian Mackervoy, September, 1959.
Myrtle Hadley to Eric Page, March, 1959.
Jean Bush to Albert Hollingbery, February, 1959.
Audrey Patmore to Alan Lacy, December, 1958.
Patricia Pickard to Alan Teulon, January, 1959.
Margaret Salt to Donald Wakefield, August, 1959.
Annette Jackson to Dr. Donald Woodgate, September, 1959.
Shirley Matthews to Dr Richard Skinner, August, 1959.
Jean Wood to Grant Young at London, Ontario, Canada, June, 1958
Audrey Dixon to Donald Young at Mossley Ontario, Canada June 1959
Margaret Tysoe to Michael Harrington
Patricia Waldock to Edward Stallard October 1959
Janet Elphick to David Ashen 18th July 1959