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## IRIS WALTHAMSTOW HIGH SCHOOL



### MAGAZINE, 1952

*"Neglect not the gift that is in thee"*

Head Girl-Pauleine Hodby Vice-Head Girl-Ann House

#### FORM PREFECTS

Form 5w Iris Ablett

Beryl Ellis

" 5h	Doreen Rolph	Margaret Wilson
" 5s	Barbara Clapham	Valerie Purdy
" 4W	Gwen Wraight	Margaret Copestake
" 4h	Judith Hall	Dinah Seaward
" 4s	Carol Merett	Maureen White
" 3w	Marion Best	Joan Malyon
" 3h	Janet Elphick	Diane Gooda
" 3s	Mary Murphy	Beryl McLellan
" 2w	Christine Auer	Maureen Chitty
" 2h	Jean York	Beryl Massey
" 2s	Mavis Cooper	Josephine Dellino
" 1w	Kate Barraclough	Carol Peachey
" 1h	Carole Beech	Barbara Wood

#### Head Mistress's Letter

DEAR  
 FRIENDS,

When from my window one summer morning I saw half-a-dozen of my colleagues examining what I can only call a "murmuration" of lawn mowers on the grass I felt sure something calamitous was about to happen. And I was right. Miss Pope was about to leave us. Between that melancholy fact and the presence of the lawn mowers there was a connection which I leave you to deduce. Now within the year, we have already lost Miss Hall. To lose one First Form Mistress may be regarded as a misfortune but, as Lady Bracknell might have said, to lose both looks like carelessness. But in point of fact, far from being careless I am sure Miss Hall and Miss Pope know how much we have cherished them. I shall not forget nor will the many generations of their pupils, their careful teaching, wise control and kindly guidance.

At the end of this term Miss Forster leaves us. I feel sure all her pupils will have learned, as I have, to respect her for her stimulating scholarship and will have profited from listening to the lucidity and eloquence of her speech. Her warm affection for Walthamstow had shown itself in the width of her interests outside school. I know her retirement will give her increased opportunity for generous service to the community.

To all three send our warm good wishes.

Those of that distant generation who grew up with Miss Hewett and Miss Goldwin in the Old School often tell tales of the mulberry tree which was the joy of young hearts in that delectable garden. Now Miss Goldwin has given us the present of a young mulberry tree for our well-loved garden; it is reported as "swift to grow and lasting hundreds of years." A hundred years is a long way to look ahead but Coronation Year is upon us and a mulberry seems a fitting commemoration for Walthamstow High School.

A happy Christmas to you all.

Yours affectionately,  
M. M. BURNETT.

### Dear School

Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery. There is always room at the top. This is a far, far better thing I do. It pays to advertise. (Have you bought a copy of our Magazine? No home is happy without it. Certainly no couple is completely, and utterly and conventionally married until the happy news has appeared in the columns of *Iris*).

This broadside of clichés is but to inform our readers a certain substitute has quietly appeared but that no flattery is involved inasmuch as the characteristic of a substitute is its inferiority. In plain words Miss Burnett has substituted for the heading of sub-editor the word Editor. But the more things change the more they remain the same. I hastened to consult her over a slogan for the 1952 issue of *Iris*, and in her role of high oracle she instantly provided "Neglect not the gift that is in thee." The whole school was informed of this appropriate incentive and promised a prize for the best contribution

anyone had it in her power to bestow.

This year the contributions are more numerous than for some little time, but not sufficient either in the upper part of the school or the bottom. The thirds and seconds made a fine effort. Thus the honour and glory prize for the form that has the most entries accepted goes to Form II.H. Formerly this was the exclusive perquisite of the VI. Many congratulations. The single entry that reaches the highest standard is Anne House's tellingly synoptic illustration of the performance of Dido and Aeneas.

For our next year's Coronation Number get ready *now*. Cartoon artists, please note! Potential poet laureates, prepare your singing robes.

In the meanwhile, more soberly, *Iris*, the messenger of spring, of hope, and the symbol of the closeness of heaven to earth, runs to wish each and all of you something of the joy made manifest as at this season.

A. H. PARK.

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

The other day I opened one of my crammed-to-overflowing bookcases and a copy of *Iris* fell out. "Heavens!" I thought—"it's time to write my 'Editorial' again.

Since then—in the only odd minutes I can call free-on my 'bus journeys—(I don't sleep well in 'buses as I do in trains)—I have been trying to think of something to say. As all my friends know well, I am never at a loss for words and can speak quite ably about nothing at all; but I have a measure of respect for the printed word which makes me feel that *Iris* would receive no considerable gain from an article labelled "Nothing".....

Some weeks ago I was sitting in the Festival Hall (with sixteen members of my school staff) awaiting the U.N.A. Yehudi Mehunin recital, when someone in front of me prodded my knee. It was Miss Pollard. How many of you remember her? I don't think I

have seen her since she taught me about twenty years ago. "Classically" nostalgic memories flooded my mind-Greek round the fire with Miss Miskin; teaching the class for Miss Cunynghame-who said it prevented me from talking to other naughty little girls in the class; being told by Miss Pollard to make use of the intelligence I possessed in following the lesson, instead of gazing vacantly out of the window. . . . .

One of our first formers approached me a few days after she had joined the school-"Daddy said, did you go to Walthamstow High School?" Somewhat surprised I replied that in the rather dim past I had attended W.H.S. and added, "Why does he want to know?"

The rejoinder-"One of his sisters-Auntie Grace-used to go there, and she says she remembers you, and she told Daddy that you hit somebody in the eye with a hockey ball."

Somewhat depressed to think that such a deed ranks, in the eyes of a contemporary, as my greatest school achievement, I am, nevertheless grateful for Auntie Grace's memories. Perhaps when I turn out for the next School versus Staff hockey match. . . . !

Phyllis Hunt wrote to me a few weeks ago-"I've got a pair of angel's wings. If they're no good for your play productions perhaps you could wear them yourself! . . .

And so-although many of my links with school are broken-and life does inevitably sever such links, chance meetings and chance words remind me of the many that remain. To Old Girls I remember, and to those who remember me, my very good wishes. To those I do not know, may you also find that some of your links with W.H.S. are unbreakable.

**EDNA TIMBERLAKE.**

### **School Chronicle**

Although our School year progressed favourably we were all saddened by the national bereavement.

This year we have been unfortunate in losing several members of the staff. Miss Hall retired at Christmas and Miss Pope in July.

Both will be remembered by generations of Walthamstow High School girls, especially in their capacity as the form mistresses of I.H. and I.S., and their parting gifts to the school will for ever be a reminder of their generous spirits.

The school societies have continued to flourish during the year and their monthly meetings have been varied. The Literary and Dramatic Society included in its meetings a visit to "Othello" at the Old Vic last year and "Romeo and Juliet" this year. Other meetings of the society took the form of a debate, members' productions of plays and various talks and lectures. The Science Society has had a variety of meetings, including a fungus foray and visits to local factories such as Short & Mason's, Achille Serre and Micanite. Members were also shown over London hospital and King George's Hospital. The annual Bulb Show was as colourful as ever. Two of the C.E.W.C Society's meetings were devoted to money-making efforts. A Sale in the spring term realised several pounds, as did a party held this term. The money has helped girls who attend the Christmas Conference at the Central Hall, Westminster, the subject for which last year was "Human Rights." At another meeting Mr. Sumano, of the Indonesian Embassy gave a very interesting talk on his country, illustrated by maps and pictures.

The school's musical activities have not been limited to the Music Society however. Many girls took part in the E.F.Y.M.A. Festival and others visited a Robert Mayer concert. The School Choir has also been active and has taken part in concerts. But the most outstanding musical event of the year was the Vth and VIth forms' performance of Purcell's opera "Dido and Aeneas." Staged on a summer's evening in the natural setting of our Greek Theatre, the opera proved to be a great success, due to the hard work of Miss Park, Miss Berry and Miss Squire. Mr. R. J. Adler's orchestra was a vital support to this lovely music. In turn we were terrified by the witches and the sorceress (aided by the excellent lighting skills provided by Derek Curl, our established expert), and moved by Dido as, deserted by Aeneas, she said farewell to life.

Once again we should like to thank the Parents' Association for providing our Christmas parties. May it long continue to flourish! In their turn the fifth forms gave a highly successful party for the Old

Folks of the almshouses. On January 16th, the School Birthday, we again had the opportunity of bringing some kind of delicacy to school. These, attractively arranged in baskets, were taken to sick friends.

As usual much energy was expended in the physical activities of the school.

Here are the results: -

Dancing	VI	3H	IS	
Netball	VI	4H & 3S		2W
Sports	5S	4W		2W
Tennis	5S	4H		2S
Swimming Sports	VI	4W		2H

The practical side of our studies is an important branch never forgotten, as shown by the following events. In the Summer term the First Forms spent a day at Whipsnade. Also during that term the Fourth Forms had an afternoon walk in Epping Forest and the Thirds visited the Natural History Museum. In the Easter holidays a party of sixth and fifth formers spent a week at Swanage. Ostensibly studying biology and geography, we all enjoyed a pleasant holiday and we should like to thank Miss Dennithorne, Miss Gilpin and Miss Rush for arranging it. The Sixth Form and a number of the staff also spent a most enjoyable week-end in May at Thaxted. Our study of this historic village was very profitable.

An unusual event was the Spelling Bee held in the summer term. Sitting on the hockey pitch, it was possible for a first former to progress to the sixth form. It is not necessary to mention the possible corollary!

The school year was ended with our Prize Distribution, held in the Greek Theatre. This year we were honoured by the presence of the Rt. Hon. C. R. Attlee and Mrs. Attlee, who distributed the prizes. An excerpt from "Dido and Aeneas" formed part of the programme.

Now, with the close of 1952, we look forward to Coronation Year and the opening chapters of a new Elizabethan era.

**PAULINE HODBY, VI.**

Presents to the School

From Miss Hall.-For Ih Form, a picture.

For the Library, a picture and Oxford Book of Nursery Rhymes.

From Miss Pope.-For the front lawns, two flowering trees and bulbs.

A new Head Girl's badge.

From Miss Goldwin.-A mulberry tree.

From the O.G.A.-Two handsome wooden trays. Clematis, honeysuckle and laburnum.

From the Parents' Association.-A gift of £16 12s. od. to the School Fund.

Our very grateful thanks to all these friends.

### **Prize Day**

On Wednesday, July 23rd, the school was honoured by Mr. Attlee's speaking to us and by Mrs. Attlee's distributing the prizes. Alderman Lady McEntee, the chairman of our school governors, presided.

After much suspense of uncertainty, owing to pressure of work in the House of Commons, our guests arrived in time to see part of a portion of Dido and Aeneas performed appropriately in the Greek Theatre, and even to spare us not half an hour, but two hours.

Nearly a hundred performers inclusive of Mr. R. J. Adler's orchestra participated in our Purcell opera, but on this occasion we were perforce shorn of our lighting and of our cupids.

The school was then decanted into the Greek Theatre, the stage was occupied by the platform party and Miss Burnett give her report which ended by saying that if we think of combat as combat for wisdom we may say that the greatness of the game of life lies in combat and comradeship combined.

In his friendly informal talk in which he referred to his school days at Haileybury, Mr. Attlee remarked how at school you learn to co-operate with other people, to be tolerant with other people-and they have to be tolerant with you-and as you grow up in school you begin to learn how to lead. Above all you learn this: to do things for yourself and to think for yourself instead of accepting what is told you. He finished by telling us we had a reputation to keep up in

Walthamstow. We had to be at the top in everything! He wished all those leaving every success and all those remaining happiness and continual progress in this very fine school of ours. After the usual finishing ceremonial press photographs were taken of our distinguished guest talking to some of our outstanding visitors and to members of the VI Form.

We should like to congratulate the following girls:  
 Essex County Major Scholarships.-Ilse Juhn, Pamela Brown, Juliet Collinson.  
 Essex County Major Exhibitions.- Vivienne Hirschinson, Margaret Dobson,  
 Mavis Willett, Doreen Collis, Jean Bruce.  
 Monoux Exhibition.-Enid Gibson, Mavis Willett.  
 Mallinson Exhibition.-Enid Gibson, Mavis Willett.  
 Robert Ozler Trust.-Mavis Willett.  
 Blanche Hewett Scholarship.-Doreen Collis, Pamela Brown.  
 Prize List, 1952.  
 Picture presented by Miss Ince Jones for best form in French in Middle School. Form 3h.  
 Winners of Inter-Form Tennis Competition.  
 Upper School-Form 6.  
 Middle School-Form 4h.  
 Lower School-Form 2S.  
 Medals for Excellence in Physical Training.  
 Upper School.-Ann House, Shirley Matthews.  
 Middle School.-Irene Hopper.  
 Lower School.-Maureen Hollands, Valerie Jones.  
 Shield for best all-round Physical Training. Form 5s.  
 Form Prizes.

Form IS	Mavis Cooper.
“ 1h	Brenda Thomas.
“ 1w	Maureen Chitty, Pat Gordon, Pamela Morley.
“ 2s	Maureen Hollands, Beryl McLellan, Mary Murphy.
“ 2h	Margaret Kay.

“ 2w	Delia Barrett.
“ 3s	Maureen Glyde.
“ 3h	Frances Hooker, Jean Whitaker.
“ 4s	Maureen Ayling.
“ 4h	Pat Cox, Margaret Wilson.
“ 4w	Beryl Ellis, Mavis Tombs.

Subject Prizes.  
 Form 5h  
 Eileen Aked, French.  
 John Brogden, Geography Art.  
 Ann Crease, Embroidery.  
 Glenys Davies, History, Literature  
 Hazel Jolliffe, Chemistry, Biology, Mathematics.  
 Jean Roberts, Good Work.  
 Shirley Willett. Mathematics.  
 Form 5s  
 Margaret Bird, English Language, English Literature, French, Music, Mathematics, Latin.  
 Par Erridge, Latin, Greek.  
 Linda Gibson, English Literature, Art.  
 Barbara Kent, History.  
 Jean Jenner, English Language, English Literature, Latin, Greek, French, Mathematics.  
 Audrey Le Boutillier, Art, Mathematics.  
 Valerie Medland, English literature, Scripture.  
 Rita Mills, Geography.  
 A Norrish, Good Work.  
 Hazel Porter, Art.  
 Beryl Thompson, Good Work.  
 Shirley Turner, Good Work.  
 6  
 Shirley Kingdon, Art.  
 Teresa Power, Embroidery.  
 Pamela Brown, English.  
 Ruth Wolpert, Science.  
 Margaret Dobson, History.

Ilse Juhn, English, Latin, French.  
Juliet Collinson, Music.  
Sheila Pasco, Geography and Leadership of the School.  
1952 Leavers  
*To Universities.*  
Pamela Brown, Bristol University  
Margaret Dobson, University College, London.  
Vivienne Hirschinson, Bedford College.  
*To Training College.*  
Enid Gibson, Brighton Training College.  
*To South-West Essex Technical College.*  
Shirley Kingdon, School of Art.  
Hazel Porter, School of Art.  
Margery Phillips, School of Art.  
Sheila Phillips, School of Art.  
Ilse Juhn, Secretarial Department.  
Hilda Mountney, Secretarial Department.  
Pamela Bird, Secretarial Department.  
Linda Gibson, Secretarial Department.

### Games Notices

The results of the netball matches played during the spring and autumn terms of 1952 have again, thanks to the careful coaching and teaching of Miss Squire, Miss Adams and Miss Gilpin, been very good.

We are greatly indebted to them, and on behalf of the teams I should like to thank them for all their help.

In the spring term the senior team results were pleasing, especially those of the 2nd team, who were unbeaten. As usual the junior team results were very good, notably those of the UI5 and U14.

This term we have had to start with a new 1st team, which has been very successful, and has not yet lost a match.

Special mention should be made of the B teams, who also remain unbeaten. The 1st and 2nd teams were chosen from: -S. Oliver, A. House (vice-captain), P. Hodby, S. Matthews (captain), B. West, R. Morton, B. Webb, M. Tuckwell, P. Cox, M. Johnston, B. Ellis, R.

Miller, I. Hopper, J, Smiles, M. Holben.

*Results for the Spring Term, 1952.*

Technical School. Ist team, won 23-10; 2nd team, won 16-4.

Greycoat. Ist team, won 18-II; 2nd team, drew 19-9; UI5 team, won 21-11, U14 team, won 17-1.

Skinner's. Ist team, won 30-11; 2nd team, won 21-17; UI5 team, won 23-19; U14 team, won 17-5.

Leytonstone. Ist team, lost 17-20; 2nd team, won 17-5; UI5 team, drew 15-15; U14 team, lost 15-16; UI3 team, won 18-5.

St. Angela's. Ist team, lost 15-18; 2nd team, won 19-17.

John Howard. Ist team, won 14-12; 2nd team, won 17-16; 3rd team, won 17-7; U15A team, won 18-9; UI5 B team, won 15-9; UI4 A team, won 20-8; UI4 B team, won 23-II; UI3 A team, won 29-9; UI3 B team, won 30-6.

Technical School. 3rd year A team, won 26-5; 4th year B team, won 21-9; 4th year A team, won 22- I2; 2nd year A team, won 28-3.

*Results for Summer Term, 1952.*

Technical School. Ist team, won 25-12; 2nd team, won 34-2; UI5 team, won 31-12.

John Howard (Clapton).

1<sup>st</sup> team won 22-20; 2<sup>nd</sup> team won 32-8; UI5 team lost 21-24; U14 team, won 24-15.

Greycoat. Ist team, won 20- I 5; 2nd team, lost 13-20; UI5 team, won 15-8;

UI4 team, won 30-7.

Chingford. 1st team, won 19-1.

We had an extremely successful tennis season this year. We played ten matches, losing only two, one of which was against a men's team from the Technical College. In a return match against the Technical College we won by quite a big margin.

The 1st tennis team was as follows:

Vice-captain B. Foster, Captain A. House, 1<sup>st</sup> couple.

S. Matthews, T. Power, 2nd couple.

P. Hodby, M. Barron, 3rd couple.

The other teams were chosen from: -S. Taylor, E. Ashwell, H. Jolliffe, R. Worton, S. White, B. Quainton, M. Johnson, B. Field, J.

Cain, H. Kenyon, M. Tuckwell, M. Shepherd, S. Oliver, F. Hazzard,  
P. Humphries.

*Results of the Tennis Matches played during the Summer Season,  
1952.*

Skinnners. 1st team, won 77-22 games.

Clapton. 1st team, won 76-23 games; 2nd team, won 64-29 games.

Chingford. 1st team, won 64-35 games.

Loughton. 1st team, won 55-44; 2nd team, lost 56-43 games.

St. Angela's. 1st team, won 62-27 games; 2nd team, won 57-24  
games.

Woodford. 1st team, won 55-44 games; 2nd team, won 49-52  
games.

Brondesbury. 1st team, won 81-18.

Technical College. 1st team, lost 44-55 games; 2nd team, won 24-20  
games.

Technical School. 1st team, won 75-24 games; junior team, won 70-  
29 games.

Woodford. 3rd team, won 52-47 games.

Technical College. 1<sup>st</sup> team, won 58-41 games.

## **SHIRLEY MATTHEWS, VI.**

### **These My Trees**

The dewy mist of autumn shrouds the trees.  
As cloaked in silence, shaken by the breeze  
They stand, the cloisters of the little -birds  
The shelter of the wand'ring peaceful herds;  
And Time incessant breathes his soft, sweet breath  
Upon these monarchs, guardian of the heath,  
Tolling the passing hours in perfect peace,  
Counting the seasons till his power cease.  
O happy time! when beauty is no longer  
Spoiled by the penalty of age, and stronger  
Lord demand that all be joyful in perfection.  
Then shall the birds from hence cast forth dejection  
And sing; their psalm and anthems loud and clear:

And flowers nod, rejoicing, safe from fear  
Of petals fall'n; and these my trees shall stand.  
Symbolic of another fairer land,  
For ever sure. Protectors of the night  
Shall ye be, oh be miracles of might.

## **MARGARET WILSON, VH.**

### **To those going to Venice**

We have been warned, and heads have been shaken over us by  
those who are no longer young. Venice is broken and dirty, they say.  
Venice is sordid with an immensity of hidden evil. Venice is a shell  
for money-lust and gambling. Venetian guides step over pot-holes and  
slander their history in American slang, and Cook's tours poke where  
immortal lovers kissed.

And do you still dream? Don't you know your gondoliers are fat  
and small, smelling of garlic or worse, that the gondolas are peeling  
and dusty with faded black cushions? that the Grand Canal is Stygian  
and foul? We will *make* you believe it.

But we refuse to sanction these atrocities and lies about Venice,  
this city that we dream of. They are angry only because of an impotent  
jealousy that they cannot see Venice as we see it. They live in a  
common place world and will not admit that they would change it.  
But we know better, we can't be wrong, because we're young.  
Deathless magic women glide in gondoliers, draped in deep  
black. Tragic-eyed lovers contemplate the dark waters. How we glory  
in it, how we indulge ourselves! We are there all of us, with black hair  
and narrow hands, all in white floating dresses. We have fled the ball

to look at the moon, but the music is still in our brains, the waltz from the "Tales of Hoffman." Then out of the blue dusk come the gondoliers to woo us with sad graceful hands and eyes of darkened amber. They merge beside the eternal waters. But wisely we smile and think, "We and Venice are pledged for ever, what are men? And we cherish the thought, pondering in secret ecstasy. Venice will make us women, Venice is our first love." And no one can laugh at us, because no one knows.

But when we go, we give lira to the gondoliers with paunches who need a wash, we buy ugly glass gondolas for mantelshelves. We are gabbled through all the palaces by bouncing, prosaic guides. We see the angel-urchins in the gutter, and eat spaghetti properly with intolerant laughter. We find Venice is a city as other cities and with the marvellous adaptability of youth, we are not disillusioned at all.

**FRANCES HOOKER**  
IV H.

### **The Storm**

Vivid sheets of forked lightning streaked across the blackening sky. A frail craft was tossed like a feather on the wildly leaping waves, that lashed the helm, and sprung up again, showering the occupants who were cowering under a crude bamboo shelter.

A jagged piece of the rail had been ripped free and was billowing in the tempestuous wind. The mast was creaking as the tiny craft

swayed precariously, ever expecting to be engulfed in the mighty waves.

Nearby, on the coast of a tropical island, black treacherous rocks lay hidden beneath the surface of the turbulent waves. The surf lashed over the rocks, momentarily obscuring them from sight, but, as the small boat rocked and swayed it was carried ever nearer. Suddenly, as a gigantic clap of thunder roared, and the lightning flashed, mingled with the piercing screech of a sea-gull, the treacherous rocks loomed into view, weird below the little craft, foreboding, eerie and sinister, coated with seaweed and slime. The night had darkened and it was bitterly cold, and the stars seemed to twinkle mockingly at the helpless craft. The lightning threatened the mountainous waves with dazzling fiery streaks. The rain poured in raging torrents and cut through thunderous wind as it strengthened itself. Suddenly, with a rending crash the craft was flung against the treacherous rocks. The little boat had met its doom, and the mighty ocean had claimed its victim.

**JOY WAUGH, 2H.**

### **The School Grounds in Autumn**

The school grounds are beautiful in the autumn. Coloured a lovely russet brown the leaves fall silently to the ground. The weather varies, sometimes foggy or dull days, but to-day is pleasant sunshine. There are many flowers dead, but many still in bloom, and the trees gently rustle in the soft, cool, breeze. The lofty plane tree still has its green coat of leaves, but other trees are nearly bare.

The late roses give out a fragrant scent as the crimson, rust and brown leaves sail without you. The spiders spin their gossamer, partly invisible webs between the colourful flowers and after the rain has fallen the webs appear like dewdrops suspended in mid-air. The acorns are gradually falling from the great oak tree and chaffinches sing their seemingly ever-lasting song.

**JOY WAUGH, 2H.**



**B. Staines. VW**



**Silent Night**

Out there in the silent night,  
In a manger lighted bright,  
Everyone watches a tiny child,  
With sweet little face and expression mild,  
A mother called Mary kneels in prayer  
And so do all else who are watching there.  
A lambskin is given by a shepherd lad,  
White and woolly with expression sad.  
Three great kings kneel humbly down  
And pray for the prince who wears no crown.  
For the babe is Jesus, Saviour of all,  
Who lies here in this humble stall.

**Catherine Sturgess, 2H**

**A Stormy Night**

The slender cherry creaks and softly shivers,  
The raging wind doth in the chimneys howl,  
The rain turns gutters into flowing rivers,  
And in the oak there hoots a ghostly owl.  
This is the night for phantoms' eerie rides  
When honest folk within their doors do keep;  
While witches swoop to meet the highest tides,  
And cackle at the waves, where heights they leap.  
The rain against the windows wildly beats,  
The wind bows trees and bushes to its will  
And whistles down the empty narrow streets,  
Till, rising on a note both high and shrill,  
It passes through the villages and towns,  
And whips o'er hills on which the devil frowns.

**PATRICIA CODY, 5H.**

**A Rainy Day**

Rain comes falling down and down,  
Washing all the dusty town,  
Filling ponds and river beds,  
Beating down on garden sheds,  
Making people run for buses,  
Down the gurgling drain it rushes,  
Making puddles here and there,  
Scattering people everywhere,  
Soaking milkmen in the street,  
Wetting policemen on their beat,  
And to the farmer's great delight

It pelts with rain all through the night,  
And then a watery sun smiles through  
To dry up all the puddles, too.  
And by the time it's really light  
Everything looks so nice and bright;  
Cloud and rain have passed away,  
To-day will be a sunny day.

**Mary Seyd, III.**

### **The Scarecrow**

Alone stand I,  
In field of rye  
With pumpkin head  
And nose of red;  
A bowler hat,  
A fine cravat,  
A coat of grey  
Worn every day.  
A shirt of blue,  
Some trousers too,  
There isn't much that I don't know,  
Here stand I, the old scarecrow.

**Marilyn Hatch, IH.**

### **Flying Saucer**

The other day a second former solemnly assured me that the ruling desire of her life was to pilot a jet, she informed me further that she is in habit of practising the art of aviation in her bedroom, supposedly performing various convolutions such as looping the loop, in mid air. Presumably this knowledgeable and interested attitude to mechanics prevails throughout the school, in which case

*Iris*-whose name should be changed to Comet and who should sport a jet on her cover-should include articles on aviation, supersonics and nuclear fission. I would like to be the instigator of this revolution by virtue of being the first girl to write an article on flying saucers in a school magazine.

It has been suggested by various eminent personages that the flying saucer is flown by Martians, and by Russians. Another group firmly believe that the flying saucer scare is caused by a strong wind blowing across China thereby removing some of the coolies' hats which are borne on the wind until they reach Europe, while yet another group believe that the flying saucer is non-existent.

I myself am an adherent of that school of thought which believes, and will inaudibly prove that flying saucers come from Citemetham land, which I should explain is the land where those persons who occur so frequently in school maths, books, live. This land is ruled by the disembodied spirit of Pythagoras, who when he does appear to his subjects, and, incidentally to the outside world, is a right angled triangle with the square on the hypotoneuse equal to the sum of the square on the other two sides. His Prime Minister is a worthy called Apollonius, who appears in the guise of a triangle with the sum of the squares on two sides equal to twice the square on the medium plus twice the square on half the base. Next to the King and Prime Minister there is a class of people who are wholly employed in thinking up pointless mathematical questions about tanks that never leak or overflow, and worst of all about singularly stupid men who will persist in giving one son  $23 \frac{7}{8}$  % more pocket money than another, instead of arranging it in a more sensible and expedient manner. These people employ imps whose work it is to whisper their master's questions into the ears of those dreary men who write arithmetic books.

The children in Citamethamland, who, by the way are called extensions, and of which Pythagoras has two, are mischievous little beings who take great delight in deluding "poor fools unskilled to plod in mathematic rules" by letting them think the unrelated rubbish that they are writing is not only correct but moreover the work of a mathematical prodigy.

The people of this strange land live in houses built in the shape

of an isosceles triangle, and eat a certain noxious food commonly called a parallelogram. Their commonest form of transport is the flying saucer in which they frequently soar over the earth to see Professor Einstein, in their opinion the most exalted man on earth, for they are planning an invasion of the earth in which their chief weapons will be three new, very secret theorems, compasses and thick twelve-inch rulers.

**D. Smith, VW.**

### **Dido and Aeneas**

It was early in the year of 1952, Miss Park was seriously thinking about the Vth Form Play. Miss Berry was also thinking, not of a play, but an opera, "The Vth Forms this year are fairly musical, and with the 'leavers' from the VIth Form we should be able to produce a good opera."

Miss Berry told Miss Park and Miss Park must have told Miss Burnett, who must have approved. For in a fateful day in May we were told:- "As you and the Upper VIth are fairly musical forms we thought it would be rather nice if we could mark this year as The Year we Did the Opera." We were to give a performance of Purcell's Dido and Aeneas. In our music lessons we were taught the choruses, V.H. wives and sailors, V.S. courtiers and V.H. witches. Parts were changed because Miss Squire wanted so-and-so as a dancer, and Miss Park thought that \_\_\_ would make a better witch and Miss Berry had the task of working out voice parts.

After the G.C.E., exams. were over we started rehearsals in the Greek Theatre. We appeared to be rehearsing all the time. If Miss Berry wanted the witches in the gym, Miss Park would want the courtiers in the "Greek" and Miss Squire would have the sailors dancing in the Hall. At a given time we would be told to go to another mistress and only half the group would get there because "Oh, Mrs, Allison wanted to see them about costume."

Shirley Kingdom designed the leads' clothes and her style, to use her own words, was "after Inigo Jones, after Miss Park, after Mrs. Allison." The courtiers were very extravagantly dressed, the

sailors inclined to be too pretty and "nice" for Miss Park, and the witches, well, the worse they looked the better.

We rehearsed in all weathers, it rained-we rehearsed in macs, the sun shone and we rehearsed in the least amount of clothing possible.

Sometimes Miss Park would change the places and Miss Berry would suddenly discover that the backbone of the thirds, it was always the thirds, was amongst the first without any hope of being any help. Miss Berry would move her back and Miss Park start re-arranging.

One very hot day Miss Burnett brought lemon juice, ice-cold water and blocks of ice. We were extremely thankful both for the rest in the shade and the cool drink.

The week before the performance we rehearsed with the orchestra. Until then Margaret Tysoe had played the piano all the time for rehearsal and she really had been good. Rehearsing with the orchestra, we found singing stronger than ever. But we settled down.

The dress rehearsal came and went well. Then it was the 22nd July, THE DAY.

The cast was there by 7 o'clock although the performance didn't start till 9.15 because of the strange lighting effects produced by the Old Monovians. Slowly we changed and made up. We all had places in which to make up – sailors, VH, courtiers VS and witches VI.

9 o'clock and we were ready, we silently filed to the theatre and cupids and everyone stood waiting.

The overture, Dido entered, we had started . . . Dido died, the chorus moved off and we had finished.

**MARY        SHEPHERD,**  
Lower VI.

### **Oranges**

There is, of course, the genteel way of eating oranges with the fruit knife, but this is reserved for the select few and by far the greater population of the world eat them in the following ways.

The first is the person who thrusts his thumb in one end causing a minor fountain and squashily, messily and fumblingly rips off the

skin. Afterwards he pulls the fruit in two halves usually making his trousers rather wet, and demolishing the orange with sounds commonly related to water down a plug hole expertly spits the pips through the carriage window.

The second person is he that cuts his orange into two halves before peeling, and presenting the little boy who looks longingly at him, with one half, raises the other to his lips, and with many squelches and gurgles, swallows the fruit, leaving more than he has eaten around his mouth, on his hands, or in his eyes.

The last is the little boy to whom the former half had been given. This specimen of the human race turns the half inside out and digging his teeth into it demolishes it with certainly more speed than dignity. Then wiping one filthy arm across his nose sniffs dolefully and asks his mother for another.

**MARY MURPHY,  
3S.**

### **After Hiawatha**

In the evening, homeward going,  
Comes a steady stream of people,  
Inane and witless stand they dithering  
At the vehicles hurtling on them,  
Death with all his grinning hirelings  
Peers from out the horn and hooter,  
With one bony hand on klaxon;  
From the wheels and from the chassis  
Of the autos, peep his hirelings,  
Grinning, leering, only waiting  
For their victim, just one victim.  
Any victim will do for them  
So take heed, ye scurrying persons,  
Think of these things before you venture  
Forth upon the crowded roadway,  
Look at skulls placed in museums,  
And think, "I too could look like these things."

Moral:- Safety First.

**IRMA ABRAHAMS, VS.**

### **Journey to Sweden**

I am afraid I can only write about our journey to Sweden as there are enough facts about our stay in that Scandinavian country as there are to write a book, so please forgive me for not writing a full account of our venture.

We arrived on board the good ship "Saga" an hour late, after being held up at the customs offices at Tilbury.

We collected our luggage and went below deck to inspect our sleeping quarters. I think the less said about them the better.

The ship set sail, and after waving farewell to friends and relations, we hurried downstairs to have dinner.

Into the dining room we all trooped, full of expectancy of our first Swedish meal, but little did we expect that an hour later we would be longing for a good, plain English meal, for I am afraid that our first opinion of Swedish food was very poor (fortunately as the holiday continued, most of us changed that opinion).

That night most of our party stayed on deck until the early hours of the morning, watching England fade out of our sight. There was a cool breeze and the sea was as smooth as a sheet of glass, and as we watched the lights of Southend and then Clacton disappear into the distance we wondered if our holiday would be a success. (We need not have worried, however).

But what a different story next morning. We awoke to find the ship ploughing its way through heavy seas, which broke over the bows of the ship and caused shudders to run down the length of it as a huge wave caught us broadside on.

As the morning drew on members of the crew came round the ship and fastened large steel plates over the portholes (rougher sea ahead). The sea grew mountainous and unfortunately I was one of the people who suffered from that fateful illness-seasickness. This was no disgrace as practically every person on the ship felt ill, even if they were not actually sick. Even the captain and his crew were victims of

"Neptune's special brand of punishment to seafaring adventurers."

This state of affairs continued all day, bringing unforgettable sights of deserted, wind-swept, spray-washed decks, with perhaps a mournful figure of a passenger propped against the deck-rail, with just the merest sight of a green and melancholy face (I was one of these unhappy creatures).

We awoke next morning to the glorious feeling of a steady floor beneath our feet and upon going on deck we found the sun shedding its brilliant, early morning rays on dozens of small and pretty islands.

Then in the distance Göteborg appeared. Our destination at last, after the most trying ordeal of my young life. Our holiday had well and truly begun, and after all, what were two days of suffering to a whole month of enjoyment.

**BARBARA STEVENS, 4W.**



**A. House**

**Who Knows?**

The mistress who likes Billie Bunter books?

Which mistress said that only knights had arms?

Which mistress travels by duster?

Which mistress only has time for a quick one?

Which mistress washed her stockings during a physics lesson?

Which mistress mixes mice with maths?

Which mistress has acted as a girl and has a husband and two children who have also acted in the Greek Theatre?

**Who remembers?**

The mistress whose password was Facts, girls, facts? .. When I am laid in earth? "

**The Old Girl's Association**

President-Miss Burnett

Vice-Presidents - Miss Norris Miss Goldwin Miss Jacob

Treasurer-Lily Browne

Secretary-Cecilia Wheeler

Committee-1950-1953

Irene Barrett, Audrey Cole, Irene Dixon, Myrtle Hadley  
1951-1954

Pamela Miller, Audrey Dixon, Margaret Swannell, Joan  
Lummes

1952-1955

Joan Johnson, Joan Rayment, Shirley Abbot

Co-opted-(Magazine) Edna Timberlake

(Dramatic Society and Catering) Jean Yates Connie Hill

Dora Busby

Representative for Blanche Hewett Scholarship Fund- Marjorie  
Wise

Representative for Margaret Richardson Memorial Fund – Dora  
Higham Joan Johnson Aglaia Macrepoulos

The Old Girls' Association has, this year, lost a very good friend.

Minnie Foxon was a vice-president of the Association and has been an ardent supporter of all its activities, since its foundation. We extend our sympathy to her sisters.

The average attendance of Old Girls at socials this year has fallen

considerably. The "Minutes" Book of the Association reports an attendance of over 120 at a social in 1930! We never approach this number now. I have recently received four unsolicited comments from Old Girls: two were enthusiastic and satisfied customers who demanded nothing more than time and opportunity to renew old associations and regarded all entertainment as waste of time, two announced their intention of attending no more socials as nothing ever happened! It is impossible to please everyone so if you are represented by the last comment come to the next meeting and offer a suggestion of the activities that would please you.

**CECILIA  
WHEELER.**

### **Old Girls' Dramatic Society**

Last year we put on *Candida* before Christmas as a salute to G.B.S. It proved a fine vehicle for the acting genius of our incomparable Jack Allen, Gwen Mansfield and Cecil Collins in the respective parts of the popular cleric, the Rev. James Mavor Morell, *Candida*, his wife, and the strength in weakness of a poet, Eugene Marchbanks. Gladys Watson pounced on the telling part of the young business woman "Prossy" with unerring touch. Keith Jefferies, as a shrewd manufacturer, made a strong contrast with David Buck, the eager curate. Jean Mallett stage managed and Derek Curl gave us of his expert knowledge on the lighting. Cyril Malyon made up for us. The play was a very special occasion in that it marked the return of the great favourite and previous ardent supporter of our dramatic efforts, Jack Allen, whose acting experience gave the production great authority and distinction.

We welcomed also all the Old Monovian Dramatic Society in a joint performance of "As You Like It" in the Greek Theatre in late June. Here old times were recalled with especial vividness.

Our early combined Shakespearean efforts were produced by

Eunice Holden; now, as a professional, Eunice Black, faced with the exhausting task of producing the play here and in Cambridge, at St. John's College, simultaneously, she scored a fresh triumph. Mr. Adler's orchestra played music specially scored by a Cambridge don, the clothes were designed and made by Jean Mallett, the lighting again controlled by the imperturbable Derek Curl and friends. The dances were arranged by Kathleen Hetherington.

This ideal out-of-door play was given its right seeing, the various parts being most effectively presented.

Again Gwen Mansfield succeeded in charming us as ever in a fresh kind of role as *Rosalind*. With her expert timing and attack she was well matched by Walthamstow's Robert Donat, Clifford E. Pyne as *Orlando*. Gladys Watson was a "rogue in porcelain" as *Celia*. It was delightful and of the greatest support to have Leonard Moules and John Payling in their former roles of *Jacques* and *Adam*. Brian Brookman headed the rest of the caste of new friends and as *Touchstone* had a brilliant certainty of effect that made the part unforgettable. Ernest Parrott was the *Duke*, Cyril Malyon the *Duke's* brother. Isla Hoppett and Kathleen Hetherington as *Phœbe* and *Audrey* gave us well contrasted portraits of the sentimental pastoral and the *Hoyden rustic*. Space prevents more detailed mention of effectively taken roles. A large and enthusiastic response to the joint effort augurs well for a continuation of the idea next year – old girls as well as old boys please, your co-operation is needed now. Write to the secretary, **Jean Yates**, 18 Empress Parade, Chingford Road, E.4.

As a final word-we should all like to wish "our" Jean Davis every happiness in her married life. Her husband is a lucky man, and so are we lucky, for she remains our diplomatic secretary. I'm thankful to say Joan Johnson remains our business manager, a tower of strength.

The Society would like to wish our "Father," Alfred Rogers, all that is good on his marriage to "our" Barbara Rolfe-we feel we are keeping him in the family. "God bless us everyone."

**A.H.P.**

**O. G. News**

Sheila Pasco is in the Major Establishment of the L.C.C.  
 Doreen Collis is studying social science at Nottingham University.  
 Rita Davies is at Easthampstead Training College.  
 Juliet Collinson is teaching for a year at Maynard Road Infants' School.  
 Beryl Foster is nursing.  
 Shirley Hanson and Audrey Smith are in the Walthamstow Library.  
 Freda Hazzard is in the Leyton Library.  
 May Capel and June Metcalfe are in the Civil Service.  
 Ruth Wolpert is in the laboratory of the Micanite Company.  
 Eileen Ashley is a medical laboratory technician.  
 Jill Grantham is training as a nursery nurse.  
 Ruth Bullard has gained B.A. Lond, Hons. Classics Cl.II.  
 Margaret Witt has gained B.Sc. Lond, Hons. in Physiology Cl.II.  
 Mavis Willett is in the Radiography department of London Hospital.  
 Beryl Rayment and Margaret Boniface have completed their training at radiographers and joined the staff of the London Hospital.  
 Jenny Yelland is a Junior Barristers clerk.  
 Vera Beale is senior mistress at De Beauvoir L.C.C. Infants' School, Hackney, and has shown puppets at the Puppet Festival in London.  
 Cecelia Wheeler and Vera Beale are partners in showing puppet plays they have written and which they produce themselves under the name of Pandora Puppets.  
 Daphne Dorling has been to South Africa and back as a children's Stewardess on a liner.  
 Joan McKewan, having trained at Nottingham University, is a children's Welfare Officer for Middlesex County Council and has been teaching children for eight months in Austria under B.T.A.  
 Pat Searle is working at Longman's, the publishers.

### **Marriages**

Jean Davis to John Yates, March 9th, 1952.  
 Jean Hamilton to Reginald Russell, August 25th, 1951  
 Amy Licence to Leighton Cook, at St. John's Church, Hamilton, Bermuda, April 24th, 1952, Present address: James Cottage, Elliott

Street, Hamilton.  
 Joan Morgan to Walter Crowe, July 20th, 1952.  
 Pamela Pickering to John A. Halford, July 26<sup>th</sup>, 1952.

### **Births**

Ruth Licence (Mrs, Odell) a second daughter, Gillian Ruth, July 17th, 1952.  
 Ivy Bollen (Mrs. Battle) a daughter, Brenda, July, 1952.  
 Phyllis Blythe (Mrs. Keighley) a son, Paul Martin, October, 1952.  
 Gladys Schroulan (Mrs. Littlejohn) a son, Paul, August 18th, 1952.  
 Margaret Lovick (Mrs. Beasley) a second daughter, Belinda, February 15th, 1952.

### **In Memoriam**

The school lost two very good friends when Miss Norris' sister, Mrs. Burrough, died last December and her cousin, Mr. Wood-Hill last April. They were interested in everyone and everything connected with the school and while they were with us in Wellingborough they helped us in many ways; their clear-sighted tolerance and keen kindly humour were invaluable during the not very easy years of evacuation. Mrs. Burrough had the wonderful quality of making those who came in contact with her feel happier with themselves and with the world. Miss Norris has our sincere sympathy in her loss.

Minnie Foxon, vice-president of the Old Girls' Association, November, 11th, 1952.

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