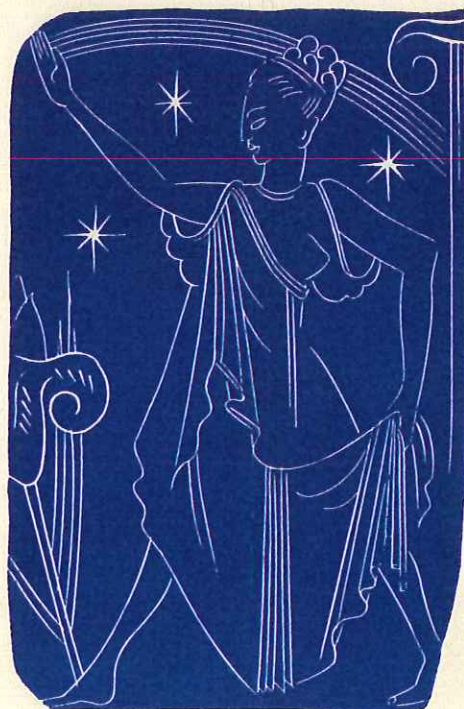


# IRIS

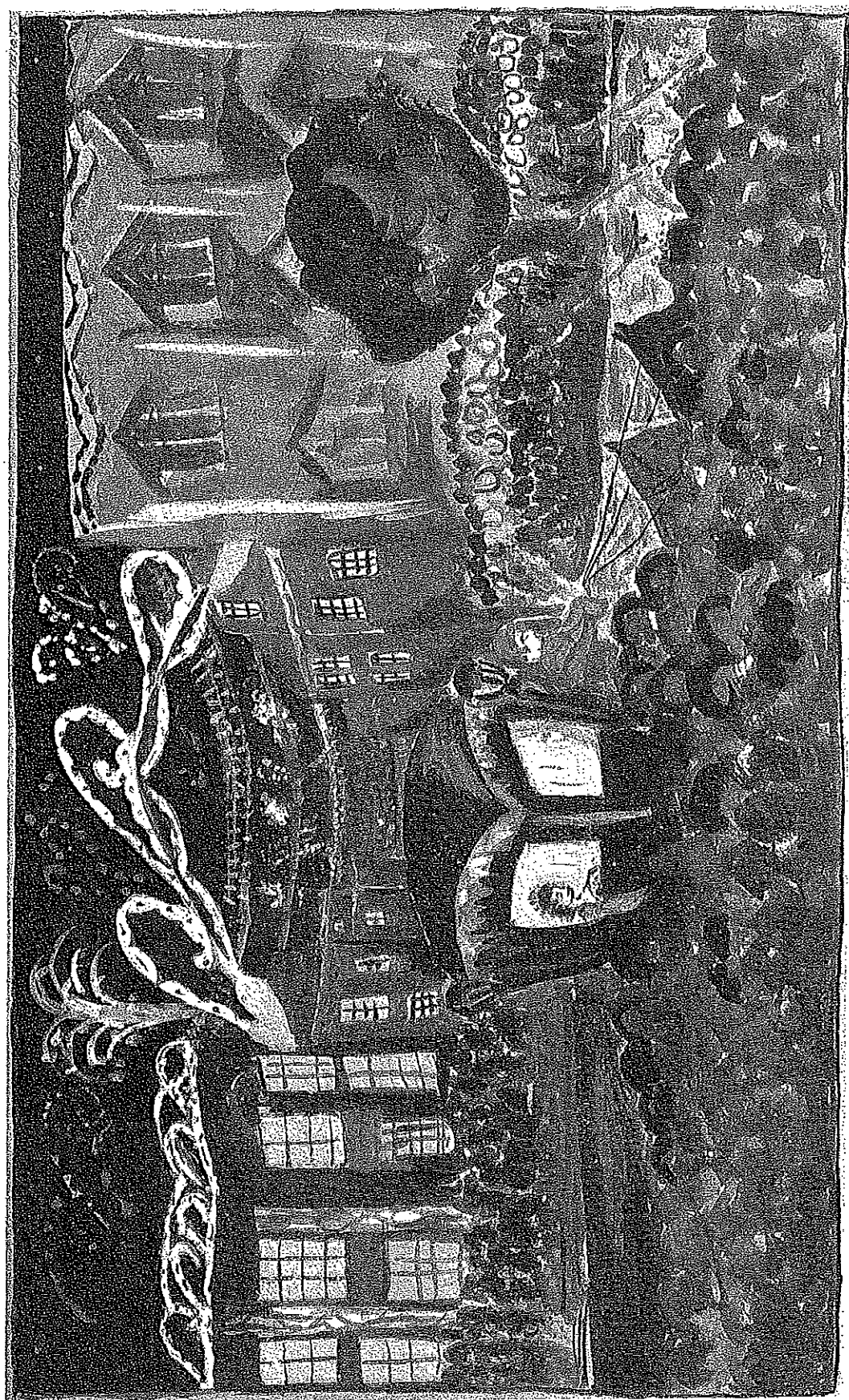
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Editor:  
Miss PARK

Committee:  
MARGARET COPESTAKE  
FRANCES HOOKER  
JEAN JENNER  
BARBARA STEVENS  
MARGARET WILSON

Advertisement:  
JANET HORSEMAN  
IRIS YOUNG



# IRIS

## WALTHAMSTOW HIGH SCHOOL MAGAZINE, 1953.

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Head Girl—Jean Jenner

Vice-Head Girl—Margaret Tuckwell

Form 5w	Ruth Miller	Gwen Wraight
5h	Jean Cresswell	Dinah Seaward
5s	Susan Hunter	Joan Carroll
4w	Valerie Jones	Hilary Mayhew
4h	Marion Whiting	Diane Gooda
4s	Sylvia Johnson	Pat Waldock
3w	Joy Allnutt	Joyce Taplin
3h	Marjorie Mitchell	Carol Marvin
3s	June Southby	Sally Dabbs
2w	Julie Holben	Maureen Ellis
2h	Linda Coleman	Elaine Bell
1w	Hilda King	Jean Watson
1h	Janice Attfield	Barbara Tosko
1s	Ann Weiss	Christine Gooding

### Headmistress' Letter

DEAR FRIENDS,

In years to come these pages will be of especial interest as witnessing how the school fared in Coronation Year. That thought was in my mind as I read through the manuscript copy. I think the Editor and the Committee have given us a number worthy of the occasion, carrying a full and true record of the events of 1953. I can think of only one item that has been omitted. It will be of interest to some Old Girls that the room under the Library is now a well-equipped physics laboratory, a great boon to the science teaching in the school.

During 1953 three members of the teaching staff left us, Miss Smith, Mrs. Allen (née Thompson) and Miss Gilpin. We were delighted to welcome back Miss Smith and Mrs. Allen at Prize Giving and wish them every happiness in their new spheres. To have a visit from Miss Gilpin would indeed be a tonic to us all but as this is impossible we have printed generous extracts from her letters from Zanzibar as we know how warm is the interest in one who served the community here with so much affection and energy and competence for nine years. We welcome as new members of the staff Miss Bairstow, Miss Turnill and Miss Fair and Mlle. Bouchet in place of Mlle Pradère.

A happy Christmas to you all.

M. M. BURNETT.

## In Memoriam

### Lord McEntee

The "Times" of February 12th, 1953, mourned the death of one of the oldest surviving members of the Trade Union Movement and the Labour Party in this country. We mourned the death of the husband of the Chairman of our Governors and a very good friend to this school, than whom none was more welcome, and whose genial support of Lady McEntee at all our functions was both endearing and inspiring. We had rejoiced in their well-deserved honours, we are thankful and proud of all they accomplished together and are now full of gratitude for Lady McEntee's continued lively and effective work on our behalf.

### "Wells"

Mr. Wells joined the school in 1924 as groundsman and the grass and courts were his special care. The Gardening Club was struggling to erect a rose pergola where the gymnasium now stands when Mr. Wells came to its aid, and for many years continued to give willing and cheerful help with the heavier tasks of planting trees and winter digging. We deeply regretted his retirement in 1947 at the remarkable age of 84 and now many will be sorry to hear of the passing of this good friend of the school.

### Editor's Letter

This Coronation Number is a crowning event in the history of *Iris*. *Finis coronat opus*. To have an article inserted is indeed an honour. It is therefore especially pleasing to have to congratulate the literary endeavours of IVw and of Vh and IIIh. The best competition story was undoubtedly contributed by a member of the VI form, whose members also provided the lino cuts.

The thanks of the school are offered to Mrs. Allison, Miss Gilpin and to all Old Girls whose travels make such excellent copy. Will all Old Girls please note that the Old Girls' Sub-editor, for whose continued support we are grateful, would welcome *every* kind of article? In general, we would be glad of more *really* humorous entries, and of original cartoons, such as we have had on "How do you drink your milk" for example.

Seeing *Iris* is a focus of goodwill for the generations of the school, past, present and the future, only the very best is worthy of insertion. Whatever hue of the rainbow she may select, may her shadow never grow less. So here's a health to her, and a Happy New Year to us all—a mighty company since 1890 to this year of grace, 1953.

A. H. PARK.

### O.G.'s Sub-Editorial

I sometimes wish that I could address Old Girls in person and not be compelled to satisfy myself with a written word in *Iris*. My insatiable love of talking (to my friends, by turns an entertainment, a curse; a welcome relief and or saving grace) invariably enables me to find something to say—even something of value on occasions. But this cold print! How restraining, how limiting and, to me at any rate, how unsatisfactory! I just don't know what to say. And this mantle of frustration descends upon me every year at this time.



I should like to hear the comment of present W.H.S. girls when they read my annual article (if they read it). They must wonder what an Old Girl (so old as to be unknown to most present staff and all present girls) can know about W.H.S. as it is to-day. But they will learn—as I have done, that one does not grow old merely with years and that fundamentally W.H.S. remains unchanged.

Not long ago my small nephew, impressed by what he had overheard an adult say, asked me quite earnestly, "Auntie, were your school-days the happiest days of your life?" While I was meditating my answer (since, as you know, small boys demand a proper answer) he went on, "Aren't you ever happy now?" And so I tried to explain that happiness depends upon the individual and not upon the circumstances, that I had been extremely happy at school, chiefly because I was given the opportunity to develop the abilities I possessed, which, properly used, would give me happiness later on. He didn't seem impressed with my explanation—quite understandably!

Once I asked a friend whether she ever had a desire to visit her old school. She said she didn't because she did not feel that she owed it anything. I wondered whether it were possible for a school to be more thoroughly condemned. And I was thankful that her school was not mine.

But now I must stop—for present and Old Girl readers will be saying, "If she's like this in print, what must she be like in person; since she doesn't know what to say, she'd better stop saying it." And there is no moral to these meditations. But these and early meditations must stand as a tribute to the good things of this school—the high ideals, the questing spirit—which, passed on to all who spend their schooldays here, will enrich their lives and bring them happiness.

Good wishes to all Old Girls and the school to which we belong.

EDNA TIMBERLAKE.

## THE CORONATION

The Victoria Embankment, 2nd June, 1953

June 2nd, 1953, will be made famous on the history page as the coronation day of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II. For me, however, that day will be remembered as a real and exciting experience, leaving a vivid and undying impression of scarlet and gold, of crowds and of cheers, of pealing bells and jingling harnesses, of gaiety and yet sincerity.

The day began early. It cannot even be said that I woke with the dawn, for at 3 o'clock as yet there was no dawn. Later as I stood at the bus stop I could hear the morning chorus of the birds echoing far and wide through the lonely and deserted streets defying the chill of the grey sky above. And as I walked through the churchyard yet another invisible host trilled a welcome from every bush and treetop, the only sound, save for the wind, that disturbed the solemn silence of the graves. What fitter heralds of so great a day!

At school I met the others, mere "specimens," as someone has termed us, of Walthamstow High School. With three mistresses we were bound for the Embankment where we should see the Queen as she passed on her way to Westminster Abbey.

It was shortly after 5 o'clock when, in a crocodile of threes, we eventually set out, carrying two banners bearing our name and destination to a further vigil at the Bell Corner, where we awaited the arrival of the buses. The streets were still so quiet that one actually began to wonder if it was the correct day.

Then the buses had arrived, we were packed in and were very soon off—off to the Embankment. As we drove, the streets of London were still sleeping; only the flags and bunting fluttering in the merciless wind suggested the life that was to throb through them later in the day.

As we penetrated the City, however, our eyes left the level of the street and gazed up toward the sky, the dull sky, the grey sky of which the white festoons draped in arches across the roadway looked even whiter and more delicate. We gazed at zebra lampposts, at more flags, at gay window boxes, and we gazed too, through city windows at deserted desks and typewriters, wondering. Perhaps the usual owner still snored in bed or perhaps he sat on a kerb in the Mall huddled under mackintosh and umbrella. For yes! It was raining!

But still we marched on, still proudly, still with our banner, until we reached our places opposite Scotland Yard, watched over by Big Ben. Behind us the great Thames swelled beneath the bridges reminding one of the great men who, in the reign of another Elizabeth, had secured the safety and liberty of this island upon the high seas.

There we waited, and the more we waited the more we ate. Yet we ate not through boredom. Indeed there was plenty to watch. As soon as we had arrived there followed the inevitable display of canvas stools, air-cushions, cameras and sandwiches.

The staff at least were well equipped. Miss Burnett defied the cold of the south with two raincoats, a blanket and a hot water bottle. Miss Park displayed her patriotism, waving three handkerchiefs—one red, one white and one blue! Miss Clough openly sported a red and white spotted scarf.

There we waited amused by the crowd, by faces peering from windows, by the arrival of the Royal Marines who lined the Embankment, with their bobbing white helmets, or by the loudspeakers that boomed out dance music, played records as appropriate as "Singing in the Rain," proclaimed gale warnings or predicted fair periods, and for one thrilling and unforgettable moment announced the victory over Everest of a British mountaineer and a Sherpa guide—as it seemed, a wonderful coronation gift. How we cheered!

Then very soon after, at about 8 o'clock, the processions began; the rain had stopped and the pale light shone bleakly on glittering gold and silver.

First the most beautiful coach of the Lord Mayor, a shimmering host of gold and scarlet in the dress of the postilions, of silver in the breastplates and helmets of the pikemen.

Then the procession in cars of members of the royal family.

More cars bearing representatives of foreign states.

The procession in open carriages of the colonial rulers including the Sultan of Zanzibar and Her Majesty Queen Salote of Tonga, whose smile so captivated the crowds.

Then the carriage procession of Prime Ministers, accompanied by escorts from their own countries—a splash of colour in the scarlet of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police or in the dress of the Asian troops.

Afterwards, the procession of "princes and princesses of the blood royal": first, Lady Patricia Ramsay, then the Kents, the Gloucesters. With them a detachment of Household Cavalry in their scarlet and silver dress, a spectacle of plumes, of streaming prancing hoofs, black steeds and of the white fleeces upon their saddles.

Next the procession of Her Majesty the Queen Mother with Princess Margaret, both looking very beautiful as they waved.

Again an escort of Household Cavalry.

Afterwards—Her Majesty's procession.

There the royal coach was rounding the bend, coming slowly down the Embankment, preceded by a contingent of the Queen's honorary physicians, surgeons and dental surgeons, representatives of the airforce, chaplains, aides-de-camp, by endless lines of military uniforms, some on foot, some riding horseback.

More aides-de-camp, a band of the Grenadier Guards keeping up the brisk pace, Air Ministry staff, staff from the War Office, from the Admiralty, officers of the Commonwealth and of the United Kingdom.

Then the marshalls: Sir John Slesser and Lord Tedder of the Royal Air Force, four field marshalls—Montgomery, Ironside, Alexander and Auchinleck.

Admirals of the fleet, sea lords, chiefs of staff.

And following—the escort of officers from colonial and commonwealth contingents.

Then the Yeomen of the Guard in their uniforms of scarlet and gold and the roar of welcome that greeted those familiar figures. The Queen's bargemaster and twelve watermen—no doubt in other reigns they had played a more active part, but to-day there they were walking over dry land, representative of our seafaring ancestors.

The mounted Band of the Royal Horse Guards—wonderful, I thought, to be able to blow on a trumpet and control a horse simultaneously.

Two more aides-de-camp, also the Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, Sir Harold Scott.

And at last, what we had been waiting for since 5 o'clock—the state coach itself! A solid coach of gold drawn by eight Windsor greys driven by postilions wearing their traditional costume of short scarlet and gold coats and dark blue velvet hunting caps worn over white wigs. Slowly it drew nearer.

Nearest me sat the Duke of Edinburgh in the full dress uniform of an Admiral of the Fleet, but the Queen herself leant forward and waved. And with what exquisite grace! What cheers must have echoed over the Thames at that glorious moment!

Too soon she had passed on but the cheers lingered.

Behind the coach rode her personal aides-de-camp—the Earl Mountbatten and the Duke of Gloucester. Last of all came the third and fourth divisions of the Sovereign's Escort, a moving body of scarlet coats, gleaming bayonets and black bearskins. There they came line after line, row after row, bayonets all sloping at the same angle, for as far as one could see.

By the time the last had passed the Queen must have arrived at the Abbey.

We ourselves were marshalled into line so effectively that we were on the buses and home again by 1 o'clock in time either to watch the rest of the actual ceremony of the crowning on television or to listen to the broadcast.

But as we listened to that solemn service, we, in our minds, recalled the live picture of our Queen in her coach as she had waved to the school children of London, her subjects and subjects who, when the 2nd June, 1953, became veiled in the mists and myths of antiquity, would remember the Queen as she was on her Coronation Day.

MARGARET WILSON, VI.



### Coronation in Zanzibar

The town was a maze of lights and decorations with hundreds of coloured bulbs.

Last Thursday we attended the rather touching ceremony of the Sultan's departure to the Coronation. We had special tickets to the quayside. It was a hat and gloves affair (no stockings). We had the band and local army there.

The coronation day itself started with a parade on the sports field, 8.30 a.m., but it was so hot—one of those hat and gloves and stocking affairs. Police, guides and scouts, East African Navy took part. His Excellency took the salute (25 minutes in all). Then home to strip completely and put on new underclothes and so to the cathedral. A lovely service for which the Glee Club provided the choir. We managed "Thou shalt keep him in perfect peace." Then listened to the radio at 1.15. Then I went to watch the regatta with its decorated dhows and the drums and the dancing. Wednesday evening we attended a tattoo and fireworks display at the Sports Stadium, a miniature Wembley. We gave the "boys" the cash to go and they were thrilled, as one of them had never seen fireworks before.

R. GILPIN.

2nd June, 1953

I woke before the first cock crew. The sky was icy grey and raindrops slowly dripped from the eaves of roofs onto the sills below.

The wind was bitterly cold, and as I stepped out into the night air I was greeted with a howl from that mournful spirit. I pulled my coat closer and trudged out into the darkness.

I was awed with the thought that this was the birth of a new era; that I was to witness the making of history. Even the wind was hushed, as if it had sensed my thoughts, but it rose with greater fury as I passed from under the warm glow of the street lamp into the dawning of a new day.

J. MALYON, 4W.

### Coronation Fête

On an Elizabethan spring day, Saturday, May 9th, Walthamstow High School held a Coronation Fête in the school grounds in aid of school charities and of the Parents' Association School Fund.

Miss Goldwin, who was on the staff of the school for forty-three years, appropriately opened the proceedings by presenting a mulberry tree to the school as a coronation gift and as a token of a link with the garden of the first school where a mulberry tree, we were reminded by Miss Burnett, the Headmistress, was a treasured item. After the National Anthem had been sung, Lady McEntee, the Chairman of the School Governors, declared the Fête open.

Amongst the large assembly of close on three thousand people were Miss Norris, the previous Headmistress, Miss Jacob, Mr. and Mrs. Stirrup and Councillor Chaplin.

The Parents' Association gave generous support in the shape of eighteen sideshows, a buffet service of light refreshments and an Old Tyme and Modern Dance in the evening.

The School was responsible for stalls of goods which included stationery, flowers, vegetables, toys, needlework and two displays of physical training and dancing in the open air before a large and appreciative audience.

The Old Girls' Association was most active in providing a stall, and attractive puppet show with which Vera Beale and Cecilia Wheeler fascinated a vast audience of all ages, and a one act play, "The Dark Lady of the Sonnets." Shakespeare, the Warden, Queen Elizabeth, The Dark Lady, were convincingly and brilliantly brought to life by Cecil Collins, G. B. Walker, Audrey Parrott and Sheila Pasco.

The winners of the various competitions and prizes were as follows:— The Cake Guessing Competition, Miss A. West; the Basket of Fruit, Miss Clarke; Cake Making Competition, 1st Mrs. Hatch, 2nd Mrs. Bates, 3rd Miss Pauleine Hodby.

### School Chronicle

The School Parents' Association and Old Girls entered whole-heartedly into the spirit of Coronation year by holding a very successful Fête in the school grounds.

Our school was fortunate enough to be allotted a few places on Victoria Embankment from which to see the Coronation Procession.

Accordingly, having waved goodbye to Miss Hall in the early hours of the morning, with banners, if not unfurled, at least aloft, a party of girls in perfect school uniform alternated between silent wonder on beholding their staff enjoying the lollies distributed to all and vociferous joy and enthusiasm at the sight of the Queen's coach.

An exchange of visits took place between girls from the James Gillespie High School, Edinburgh, at the coronation period with girls of Form VI. Here follows a charming letter from their head girl:—

"Time dulls most memories, but our recollections of our Coronation holiday stand out with vivid clarity. We first saw your lovely city in the grey light of morning.

As we drove through the suburbs there were frantic attempts to repair the damage caused by lack of sleep, and watching the mirror up in front of the bus, far surpassed television. When the bus drew up at Victoria, we descended, we must confess, rather apprehensively. It was a case of 'I'm me. Who're you?' But we soon found our respective hostesses, and went our separate ways to see the sights of London.

Buckingham Palace, of course, where the Gurkha guards rolled their eyes most romantically; the Monument—a perfect Hitchcock setting, and the Tower, where Elizabethan instruments of torture faded into insignificance beside a chief from Africa with an intriguing green umbrella of amazing proportions. Then there was Madam Tussauds—which provided bloodcurdling conversation for some of the morbid members of our party. Perhaps there *are* rooms other than the Chamber of Horrors, but they seem to have been unvisited.

Camping out on a London pavement is wildly exciting—but who said the streets of London were paved with gold? We assure the gentleman that they are paved with excruciatingly hard stone. After five hours or so rain becomes irritating, after ten it becomes distinctly wet, and at the end

of eighteen one feels like a raindrop—or, rather, a cloud burst! But London, we found, never allows her visitors to succumb to depression, even in torrential downpours. London policemen are delightfully tall, delightful to behold, delightful conversationalists and—altogether quite delightful.

The state procession which was the glorious reward of our long vigil—an orgy of uniforms; the gilded splendour of the Royal Coach; the smile of our gracious young Queen—a lasting and treasured memory.

Wednesday, our last day, loomed with uninviting finality, but it was transformed into one of the happiest days of our visit. We saw Walthamstow High School, for the first time, the tennis courts, the garden—and oh those fascinating frogs! A lightning sweep through the National Gallery and the Victoria and Albert Museum—like the London policemen—delightful. Then we were in the bus speeding homeward.

We awakened, not to the fields of fertile England, but to the rugged hills of Scotland. Perhaps for the first time in our lives, we gazed unpatriotically over the receding border, remembering the happy days we had spent on the other side, and thinking such thoughts—'tis rumoured that the Bruce was spinning in his grave! But then, he never knew the girls of Walthamstow High School. Poor King Robert!

Yours sincerely,

MARY SLATER."

For us southerners Edinburgh proved an equally thrilling experience.

Prize-giving was held in the School Hall and Mr. Stirrup, Headmaster of the Sir George Monoux School, gave the prizes.

We were very sorry to lose Miss Smith, Miss Gilpin and Mrs. Allen. Miss Gilpin's services both in and out of school will never be forgotten. She made geography alive and interesting and voluntarily spent her free time in coaching the B. Netball teams.

The school societies have been as active as ever throughout the year; members of the Science Society have taken part in a Fungus Foray, visits to the Gasworks, Baird & Tatlock's and the Micanite Company and an expedition to Queen Elizabeth's Hunting Lodge, followed by a forest walk; the Music Society has held a quiz and given a concert of members' own compositions and joined with the Literary and Dramatic Society in hearing songs of both Elizabethan reigns from Miss Betty Andrae. Besides this the Literary and Dramatic Society had an expedition to "Romeo and Juliet," and Mr. Newton talked to us about producing plays.

The Acting Competition was judged by Miss Peggy Ashcroft. The winners were:—Upper School, Vw with an excerpt from "The Tempest." Middle School, IVh with an excerpt from "Twelfth Night."

We sent a telegram of good wishes to Miss Ashcroft on the opening of her season at Stratford. She wrote the delightful answer as follows:—

Manor Lodge,

Frognal Lane, N.W.3.

Thank you all and bless you for your wire which touched me more than any other I had and gave me great courage in my own game of "make-believe."

Yours,

PEGGY ASHCROFT.

The various Physical Training Competitions took place as usual, with the following results:—

Netball	...	IVh	IIIw	IIh
Tennis	...	VI	IVh	
Swimming	...	Vw	IIIw	Iw
Sports	...	Vw	IIIw	IIh
Gym ...	...	VI	IVh	IIh

Also during the year our Upper School had a debate with the Monoux on "Whether it is better to know more and more about less and less, or less and less about more and more," and the 1st, 2nd and 3rd year of both schools took part in a General Knowledge Quiz.

As is now customary the VI and Old Girls gave a party for the Old Folks in the Almshouses, and on the occasion of the School Birthday, baskets of delicacies were given to our sick friends.

In the summer Miss Burnett took the Upper VI to Oxford for the day, where amongst other things they learned to punt.

The Staff and VI Form held a reading of the play "Lady Precious Stream," the VI gave a School Dance and the V Forms presented "Noah," by André Obey.

We should like to thank the Parents' Association for our Annual Christmas Parties which were as always, a great success.

JEAN JENNER, VI.

### Prize Day

On October 8th, Mr. V. J. Stirrup, headmaster of the Sir George Monoux School distributed the prizes. Lady McEntee, chairman of the School Governors, presided. It was pleasing to note that Miss Goldwin, who has never missed a prize-giving since 1904 when she joined the staff, was with us.

Mr. Stirrup pleaded for the establishment of the right home life so that the early impressions would be helpful in forming character. It was the girls, the women of the future, in whose hands really lay this responsibility.

Miss Burnett's report, which covered 1952 and 1953, gave an encouraging review of the schools' academic successes and general activities. The school depended in the last resort on the average girl.

Dr. Lawrence, Chief Education Officer for Essex, paid a tribute to Miss Burnett and to the school's vitality.

We should like to congratulate the following girls:—

Essex County Major Exhibitions.—Pauleine Hodby, Mary West, Jennie Yelland, Heather Kenyon, Margery Phillips, Shirley Matthews.

Sir George Monoux Exhibitions.—Shirley Matthews, Jennie Waring, Heather Kenyon.

Robert Ozler Trust.—Shirley Matthews, Heather Kenyon.

Sir William Mallinson Scholarship.—Shirley Matthews, Jennie Waring.

Picture presented by Miss Ince Jones for best Form in French in Middle School. 3s.

**Medals for Excellence in Physical Training.**

Upper School.—Ann House, Pauline Hodby, Shirley Matthews.

Middle School.—Mavis Johnston, Ruth Miller.

Lower School.—Jacqueline Moxsom, Joy Allnatt.

**Shield for the best all-round Physical Training.**

Form VI.

**Royal Life Saving Bronze Medal.**

Valerie Jones, Marie Bryant, Janet Lawley, Dorothy Fisk, Jacqueline Gregory, Frances Skinner, Beryl Ellis, Margaret Payne, Irene Hopper, Beryl Ross.

**Form Prizes.**

Form 1h Margaret Crawford, Marilyn Hatch, Gillian Levesque, Kathleen Schultz, Linda Shepherd.

1w Jennifer Morris, Maureen Sleaf.

2s June Southby.

2h Pat Melton, Brenda Thomas.

2w Pat Gordon, Pamela Morley, Maureen Chitty.

3s Gloria Grimsell, Beryl McLellan, Mary Murphy.

3h Margaret Kay.

3w Delia Barrett.

4h Jean Cresswell, Frances Hooker, Jean Whitaker.

**Subject Prizes.**

Anne Beal, History.

Stella Knowles, English Language.

Maureen Rhodes, Mathematics.

Alma Wheatley, French.

Pat Seymour, French.

Irma Abrahams, Latin, French.

Diane Testler, French, Biology.

Iris Ablett, Mathematics, Biology.

Marilyn Birmingham, French, Mathematics.

Doreen Smith, Latin, French.

Barbara Staines, French, Biology.

Mavis Tombs, Latin, French.

Maureen Ayling, Latin, French, Mathematics.

Maureen Southby, Latin, French, Mathematics.

Pat Cox, Eng. Language, Eng. Literature, Latin, French, Maths.

Beryl Ellis, Eng. Literature, Latin, French, Mathematics.

Maureen Nash, Physics and Pure and Applied Mathematics.

Pauleine Hodby, Leadership of the School.

Margery Salt, Distinction in Final Examination R.S.M.

Margaret Foster, 1st prize, ten guineas, in the Bursary Class for Solo Singers at the Stratford Musical Festival, April, 1953.

**Presents to the School**

From the Parents' Association—1. Two floodlights for the stage.

2. £90.

From the Coronation Fête—£145.

We have combined these two sums and with help from the Committee for Education have ordered:—

1. Eleven Dual Units with formica tops for the Domestic Science Room.

2. Two Coronation seats for the garden.

3. An epidiascope.

From James Gillespie's High School, Edinburgh—A handsome leather-bound Visitors' Book.

From Edna Timberlake—A "birthday" present to us—A reproduction of Cezanne's "The Lake at Annécy."

From Miss Forster—The Coat of Arms of the Borough of Walthamstow mounted above the fireplace in the library.

From Miss Gilpin—A magnolia and two broom bushes.

From Mrs. Church (née Abbey)—Hydrangeas.

From Isla Hoppett—Aconite bulbs for the front lawn.

*Charities supported in 1953.*

Old Folks' Welfare ... ..	£30
Old Folks at Almshouses ... ..	£15
Connaught Hospital ... ..	£30
Friends' Relief Work ... ..	£50
Flood Relief (a) Walthamstow Appeal ... ..	£45
(b) Direct to Headmistress of St. Chad's School, Tilbury ... ..	£25

*From the proceeds of the Fête.*

	£	s.
School Benevolent Fund ... ..	30	0
Oxford Committee for Famine Relief ... ..	40	0
Walthamstow Invalid Children's Aid ... ..	6	6
Cancer Research ... ..	22	0
Dr. Barnardo's Homes ... ..	2	2
Dr. White's Homes ... ..	11	10
People's Dispensary for Sick Animals ... ..	4	4
Dogs for the Blind ... ..	2	2
Spastic Children ... ..	7	10
Sunshine Homes for Blind Babies ... ..	9	10
Deaf Children's Home, Manchester ... ..	3	10
Old Folks' Party ... ..	2	2

### Games Report

#### *Tennis.*

Last term our tennis teams had most pleasing results, only losing two matches out of the eleven played.

The 1st Team was as follows:—

1st Couple: S. Matthews, A. House (captain).

2nd Couple: P. Hodby, S. Taylor.

3rd Couple: J. Smiles, M. Holborn.

The 2nd Team:—

1st Couple: I. Hopper, P. Cox.

2nd Couple: H. Joliffe, M. Tuckwell (captain).

3rd Couple: S. Oliver, M. Shepherd.

The 3rd Team was chosen from the following girls:—

D. Seaward, J. Whitaker, I. Young, J. Taylor, R. Miller, M. Clifton.



## Results of Matches—

		1st Team	2nd Team
Brondesbury ...	won	73—26	78—21
Technical School ...	won	58—23	
Parliament Hill ...	won	42—39	43—38
Woodford ...	lost	31—50	30—51
John Howard ...	won	80—19	4—0
Skidders ...	won	81—18	55—36
Loughton ...	lost	—	—
Brondesbury (return)	won	71—28	77—22
Chingford ...	won	63—18	
St. Angelas ...	won	58—23	
Leytonstone ...	won	76—23	48—33

*Netball.*

The results of the netball matches played during the year have been very good, thanks to the careful coaching and training of Miss Squire and Miss Adams.

On behalf of the teams I should like to thank them for all their help and time; which they have given to us.

We were sorry to lose Miss Gilpin who has helped so much with the B teams, and we would say a special "thank you" to her.

We have five B teams altogether and although they have few matches they are very enthusiastic in their play.

Both senior and junior teams have done very well throughout the year, especially the 1st team, who never lost a match.

This term we started with new 1st and 2nd teams. Both have been very successful and have not been beaten so far.

These teams have been chosen from:— I. Hopper (vice-captain), P. Cox, B. Ellis, R. Miller (captain), I. Young, M. Tuckwell, M. Johnston, J. Hall, J. Lines, C. Long, B. Webb, J. Horseman, E. Crosby, J. Whitaker, B. Crisp, L. Crisp.

*Results for the Autumn Term, 1952.**Skidders.*

4th year, won 16—12; 3rd year, won 20—8.

*Parliament Hill.*

1st team, won 24—17; 2nd team, won 19—5.

4th year, won 22—6; 3rd year, won 35—4; 2nd year, won 18—5.

*Leytonstone.*

1st team, won 13—12; 2nd team drew 11—11.

*Results for the Easter Term, 1953.**Brondesbury.*

1st team, won 22—7; 2nd team, won 24—4; under 15, won 37—3; under 14, won 25—7.

*St. Ursuline High School.*

1st team, won 18—17; 2nd team, won 10—9; under 15, won 21—10; under 14, won 12—10.

*St. Angela's.*

1st team, won 18—11; 2nd team, lost 14—15; under 15, won 28—4; under 14, lost 8—14; under 13, won 15—10.

## John Howard.

1st team, won 22—7; 2nd team, drew 14—14; 4th year, won ;  
3rd year, won ; 2nd year, won 12—10.

## Skinners.

1st team, won 36—11; 2nd team, won 28—10.

## Technical School.

1st team, won 27—7.

## St. Angela's High School.

1st team, won 21—11; 2nd team, lost 8—10; 4th year, won 29—11;  
3rd year, 2nd year, won 14—8.

## Woodford.

Under 15, lost 13—15; under 14, lost 19—20; under 13, lost 5—21.

*Results for Autumn Term, 1953.*

## Clapton.

1st team, won 16—11; 2nd team, won 24—10; 4th year, won ;  
3rd year, lost 9—15.

## Technical School.

1st team, won 27—8; 2nd team, won 37—6; 4th year, won 37—3.

## Skinners.

1st team, won 30—14; 2nd team, won 27—14.

## Brondesbury.

1st team, won 27—9; 2nd team, won 24—10; under 15, won 27—3;  
under 14, won 37—8.

R. MILLER (captain), Vw.

## Competition Story

Miss Amelia Johnson glanced surreptitiously over her newspaper at the other occupants of the bleak, old-fashioned lounge of Seaview Guest-house. In one armchair sat Mr. Hobson, an irritating, jovial, red-faced man who looked like a fugitive from a seaside concert party. The other armchair was occupied by Mrs. Sinclair, a very taciturn, very angular widow. By the window sat a rather blasé, pseudo-artistic youth named Ivor, the son of one of the guests.

Miss Johnson despaired of befriending any one of them. She had been here nearly a week and had not exchanged more than occasional polite conventional observations with any of the guests. It was, she knew, partly her own fault: she was no good at making friends, her few tentative attempts at conversation so obviously revealed her discomfiture that the others were embarrassed. A year ago Miss Johnson had retired from her monotonous job as a secretary. She had been glad to leave now, she thought, she would be free. But instead she found that life was one long, dull holiday—a vacant vacation. She was, in fact, prisoner to her own shyness and reserve. For a year she had saved for this holiday in the hope that here she would find friends. However, she had been disappointed—her loneliness was even more acute in this seaside town where there were so many happy people.

Miss Johnson was growing tired of sitting still in the stuffy old room pretending to read yesterday's paper. She rose abruptly and said to no one in particular: "I think I'll go out for a little walk."

The only reply was a non-committal grunt from Mr. Hobson; Miss Johnson after donning her light summer coat went out into the street.

She walked along quite absently, absorbed in her own thoughts, eyes staring blindly before her. Suddenly a jolt intruded on her contemplations, there was a clatter of breaking china. Miss Johnson collected her thoughts and realised that she must have bumped into someone in the same state of mental abstraction as herself. She saw lying at her feet the remains of a cheap, lightly coloured china dog; standing above it and gazing rather ruefully on the ruins was a pretty, fair-haired girl.

"I'm so sorry," said Miss Johnson, "I wasn't looking where I was going."

"Neither was I," replied the girl, "It wasn't your fault."

"No, it was entirely my fault. I've broken your dog and I must replace it."

There followed the usual polite argument: on the one hand determined insistence that the dog must be replaced, on the other equally determined insistence that it was of no consequence. At last the girl said:

"Well, I won it at the fair. If you really want to replace it, why not come back with me and try to win another?"

Miss Johnson, glad of companionship agreed, and soon they were back at the noisy fairground. The ground was flooded with multi-coloured light.

The tinny cacophonous music seemed magical, even beautiful to Miss Johnson. She saw the world through childish unsophisticated eyes. The crowds no longer filled her with a vague resentment, they seemed friendly because she had a friend.

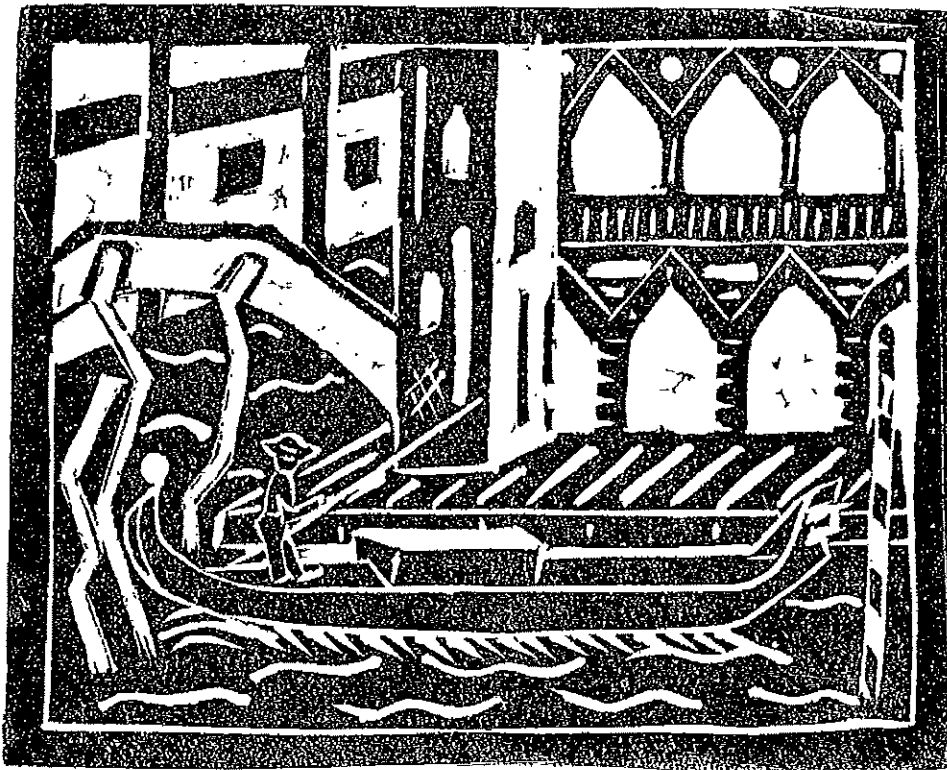
First they went to the stall where the girl, whose name was June, said that she had won her dog. For half-an-hour they tried to ring one of the incredibly fat china dogs with one of the incredibly small wooden hoops.

"I'd think it was impossible if I hadn't done it myself," said June as they moved off. June insisted that Miss Johnson should taste—both literally and figuratively—some of the other delights of the fair. Soon Miss Johnson, much to her own amazement, was partaking of a huge mass of a pink, sticky, cotton-wool-like substance called Candyfloss. She felt deliciously young and frivolous. Seated by June she was whirled at enormous speeds in great circles like the pencil of giant compasses so that her pale cheeks grew flushed, and the comb which fastened her hair flew out releasing it in a long-greying stream behind her. In no time at all it was six o'clock, and, June said, time to return to her guest-house for tea.

Miss Johnson made her way to Seaview Guest-house happier than she had been for years. She had spent a great deal of money this afternoon for she had insisted on paying for June's rides and refreshments, but these few hours had been worth the whole of the rest of her holiday. She decided to take the bus back to the guest-house and felt in her handbag for her purse. She caught her breath, her heart sank, it was no longer there. Where could she have lost it? Then suddenly she remembered handing her bag to June while fixing her comb back in her hair. She felt guilty of thinking that June would have stolen it; yet how else could it have disappeared? The catch on the handbag was most efficient. She remembered that while fixing her comb her face had been averted from June, and then with a pang she recalled June's sudden anxiety to leave the fair.

So June had wanted only her money. Now she was probably in some small dark room—somehow she could only think of her in connection with dark squalid things, laughing at the gullible old lady she had deceived. There had only been half-a-crown left in the purse so June had not gained very much and Miss Johnson had not lost much—in actual cash. For half-a-crown June had sold her mistrust, suspicion; now when someone attempted to be friendly her first thought would be, "What does she aim to gain from it?" Miss Johnson was wiser, more worldly, disillusioned, cynical. For that half-crown had been a symbol of her trust, her simplicity, her acceptance of others without questioning their motives—and Miss Johnson never saw her half-crown again.

D. SMITH, VI.



Venice

The mystery and the completeness of water have always held a power of fascination over men. Water is a source of wisdom and comfort and dimly remembered beauty. It is this beauty which draws a man. He must possess it, he must make it a tangible loveliness that is part of himself. And surely in such a spirit, he built Venice, city of the waters.

Venice, as poignant and lovely as a dream, is nothing without her canals and the lap of the Adriatic. The Grand Canal is her vein of life, and the men and the boats and the merchandise upon it are her great, restless heart. Like its mistress, the Canal has many humours. As it flows past the graveyard, and past the cranes and docks, its wide currents are sombre and slow, but as soon as its streams are united between the houses and the palaces, it begins to slap noisily and quickly along the stones, and glints in the sun. Swirling under the Rialto and pass the busy cafes, this is the

mercenary stream of Shylock. Here ply the shabby flat bottomed boats, heaped full of merchandise, and here chug the clumsy vaporetos with tourists aboard. Rotten oranges bob in the water. Over all, there is a melodious hubbub of Italian voices, laughing, shouting or lifting in the strain of a lusty barcarolle. It is a vivid scene, confused, gaudy, but unforgettable. After this, the Canal seems to recollect its dignity. It becomes broader, and as it flows past St. Mark's Square, expands in its own importance. This is the stream where sail the gondolas with their exquisite grace, and here by the watery palace steps, rear the fantastic mooring-poles. There are flowers at the water's edge, and flowers at the windows, but no-one ever looks out of these grand houses. For all their brave paint, they seem lonely and dilapidated, and are watching the water as it sucks away at their stones. These are enigmatic waters. Sometimes they seem indulgent and warmed by their own power, and sometimes they are colder and remote, deserting the city and hurrying to join the sea. It has ceased to be a friendly stream.

Then there are those little dark alley canals which run through the whole of Venice. These are very secret streams, flowing quickly away on business of their own. Their current bears garbage and dead flowers and sets the unattended boats sliding against the green water-growth on the walls. Children play by the edge of the stream and there is washing hanging out to dry, yet the houses still seem strangely shut up and almost as unpersonal as the water.

But this is not the Venice of the bold, golden Lion standing rampant throughout the centuries. That Venice does not fear the water—yet. She lives, she has her art and her glorious buildings. But when one has seen her pictures and her statues, there is only sadness left. The fire of the colours, the living people on the canvases, the elegance and greatness of it all, they will last for ever. When their cage begins to crumble they will be carefully hurried away into safety. But at the moment one loves the cage more than the contents.

The buildings of Venice must some day fall as well, but, for a space, they are still magnificent. St. Mark's Cathedral, the home of the Lion, is a mysterious blaze of splendour. Its arches soar up and up to the dim roof, where the blue and golden mosaics gleam sullenly. Incense hangs everywhere, shrouding the altars and dulling the rich colours. But after one has ceased to exclaim and marvel, the crowded extravagance palls, and the place is holy no more—until one sees the pale smiling faces of the saints, strangely alive and watching in the half light, and the extravagance is forgotten.

Then there is another building, full of past greatness, former home of those sensible and unpersonal men who yet regard the world sternly from their canvases, the Doge's Palace. But this Palace leads on to a Bridge, where there are carved crannies of stone to let in the light. And through these crannies the eternal water-smell seems more pungent, the sun brighter and the water more distant and sparkling than ever before. The Bridge is crossed quickly and one descends below the level of the water into a place of cold dungeons. Names were carved long ago upon the walls, there are sudden steps, and chains hanging rusty in dark corners. This is a place of decay, hidden away from the light and clean air, and surely has nothing to do with the busy, joyous Venice, the light-hearted Venice that tourists know so well.

But when the memory of Venice is fading and her magnificence is a shadow, the melancholy lap of the water against her stones is still heard.

FRANCES HOOKER, Vh.



### Ravenna Mosaics

(In April some 30 of the 400 travelled south from the Dolomites to look at this early Christian and Byzantine art so miraculously preserved from the fifth and sixth centuries).

We were prepared for the feeling of desolation that departed splendour always leaves by the ghostly pear orchards at the side of the road. This effect is made by scientific spraying of every trunk and branch so that white blossom foams out of white bark. Ravenna itself, once the capital of the Western Empire, is now red brick and dust and silence. The unemployed loiter in the piazza.

But what a contrast of wealth and joy lies within the churches! Suddenly we were inside St. Apollinare Nuovo and there hanging like jewels from the walls were the long processions of saints, looking as if they had been completed yesterday—not a suspicion of fading nor tarnish for all their 1,400 years. The green glowed, the turquoise enamel glistened, the virgins wore to-day's fashion in stoles outlined in sapphire, and the Magi fairly capered toward the Christ-child. You know that each stone is pressed into wet plaster at a different angle from its neighbour so that as the mosaic catches the light it seems to pulse and flicker and vibrate. The Byzantines must have been intrigued by CURTAINS. They are represented everywhere, hanging from their rings, knotted in the middle to keep them



drawn back. And do you remember the hands coming round the pillars with no bodies attached?—just hands overlapping the pillars? Did the mosaic workers run out of time or Tesseræ, or forget the bodies until they'd come down from the ladders? What wonderful insouciance, what a gesture to posterity!

The Baptistry designs showed a great love of furniture in the adorable gold and white chairs or thrones. Blue and silvery mauve feathering plants shimmered between the apostles.

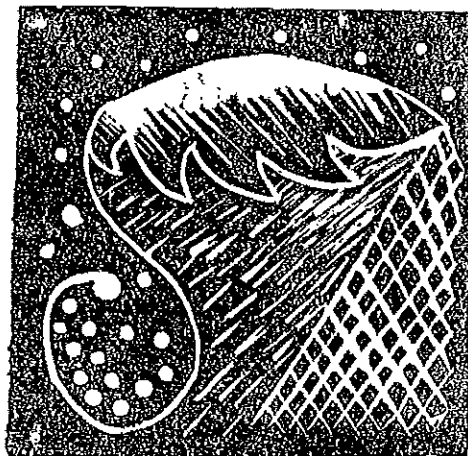
Walking into the mausoleum of Galla Placidia is like walking out into moonlight. The place is small and very dark and as your eyes become accustomed to the gloom so the white doves begin to glimmer from the blue walls and the Good Shepherd (for all the world like Apollo) glows faintly above the door. It seems to me to be a place to be married in, not buried in. Miss Adams and I counted ten shades of blue stones on the walls and three of sea-green. We were so inspired by excitement that we understood every word the curator said to us. Readily we repeated after him in perfect Italian, "These mosaics are a veritable miracle, unique in the world."

In great St. Vitale's church one is amazed by history as well as beauty, for there the mosaics depict those very people present at the dedication of the church in 547. Still glitters the Emperor Justinian in all his glory, even to his anklets of ruby flowers; still Theodora wears her pearl crown, under her green shell canopy as on that very day; while the great dark eyes and perfectly modelled cheek of their darling Dorothea remain perpetually young.

I think the girls enjoyed the last church best, St. Apollinare's, out at the old port of Classis. You must imagine a hall built like the school one but enormous and empty and silent, all in powder blue and white. Marble steps rise where our stage is and above it an apse bursts into a fury of colour. Impossible little rocks sprout daisies and ferns, toy trees flicker against the gold, benign sheep representing the disciples stand knee-deep in lilies. For me the crowning jewel was a date palm fitted against a patch of rich Prussian blue, I just blessed the Byzantines for that Prussian blue!

The whole design is childlike and gay and immensely strong in its simplicity. Christian art had not then been diluted with milk-and-water sentiment, and the mosaics are still one of the most fervent acts of worship in the whole world, radiating the urgency and joy of our Christian religion.

P. R. ALLISON.



## Zanzibar

(Extracts from Miss Gilpin's letters)

If I am not already awake, the fumbling of the Boy's key in the front door soon arouses me at 6.15. He squeezes the juice of two oranges (green in colour, not orange) into a glass, adds sugar and iced water from the refrigerator, calls out "Hodi" (may I come in?) puts the glass on the bedside table and retires. I emerge from under the mosquito net to the accompaniment of weird and wonderful creakings of the coir bed frame, drink, turn off the alarm and go straight into the bathroom which leads off the bedroom. Here I dress (the bedroom is a little exposed to the general gaze but will be better when I have made the curtains) and then sit down for breakfast, hoping that I shall not have to wait too long. The little electric grill is a bit slow but Bakhari seems to have got the hang of it now. Breakfast has been well on time these last few days, 6.50.

Bakhari, a shoeless African, is about 40 and came to me with very good chits. He wears a white (sometimes embroidered) cap, khaki shorts, a shirt hanging out and sometimes a check-coloured skirt to protect the shorts. When serving food he puts on a long-sleeved white kanzu which I have to buy (15/-). He had previously been with a doctor now on leave and we wondered whether he was just filling in time with me. He asked for 105/- a month but as the other boys in the house were only getting 80/- he agreed to come for a fortnight to "see me in" at 90/-. Some of you may be saying "what cheap labour." It is estimated that the food for his family will probably cost about 20/- a month; he most likely lives on a shamba (a small farm) so makes quite a bit out of his few coconuts, mangoes, etc., which he will tend in the afternoon, or he may have saved enough money in the past to build a second shamba (hut) the rooms of which he will let out to two or more families.

Breakfast paw-paw (a tasteless melon helped by lemon juice) or corn-flakes (2/-, a large packet), bacon (Kenya) and egg (local, small, 3d. each), toast, butter (Kenya), marmalade.

What a joy the refrigerator is—food always fresh, odds and ends need not be wasted, no sour milk, etc. The milk comes after breakfast and is boiled (essential for later on). Then I discuss menus, housework, and give Bakhari money for meat or fish or firewood for the shared kitchen stove. It is better for us not to go to the market—sight, smell, and price immediately put up. Then I may give him a chit for the Zanzibar Stores—my Greek grocer, some 100 yards from the flat. I'm registered with him for whisky (I'm officially allowed one bottle a month)—I believe I told you that I had to procure a licence to drink liquor—9d.

I cycle to school leaving about 7.20 (five minutes through the town) past the post office, the main Government building, lawns along the front and the Sultan's Palace. School finishes at 12.45 after most of the shops and bazaars are closed. We stop at noon on Friday so that the girls are home (or should be) when the men go to the mosque at 12.30.

We certainly get a number of good holidays. One week was the Sultan's birthday, the week before when the Holy Carpet went to Mecca there were two days.

I now take netball at the Ladies' Purdah Club—for females who are not Europeans. (I can now go into a shop boldly and say, "Twenty per cent. off, Resident!")

The school, situated on the main sea front between the Sultan's Palace and the Customs House is housed in a rambling old Arab building, the typical central courtyard lacking, alas, the romantic fountains and flowers pictured in so many guide books of Arab lands. Ceilings are composed of mangrove logs (by no means straight) placed 3—6 inches apart, the space between being filled with plaster. The six forms are located in rooms and corners often quite unsuitable for the purpose. The view from the front rooms over the harbour is, however, thrilling on a clear sunny day—a sea bluer than the Mediterranean, the mountains of Tanganyika popping over the horizon and, the harbour itself, Arab dhows, lighters and the occasional liner and naval vessel.

This temporary accommodation, used since the opening of the school in 1947, is to be replaced by a new building outside the town. The site has already been purchased for £10,000 and facilities should be available for the introduction of physical training into the curriculum. Progress in this sphere will inevitably be slow as many of the girls are still in purdah (even if they are not actually veiled in the streets).

There are now 169 girls in the school. Ability rather than age determines which form they are in. This should be clear from the following list:

	No. of Girls	Indian	African	Arab	Youngest	Oldest
VII	33	—	14	19	11½	17½
VIII	39	—	11	28	13	20½
IX	32	21	5	6	12½	19
X	24	15	—	9	15½	20
XI	26	18	4	4	15½	20
XII	15	12	—	3	16	19½
	169	66	34	69		

Standards IX—XII follow a four year course that will eventually lead to the Cambridge Overseas S.C. taken in December. While Indians do not come into the school in the first two forms, they definitely outstrip the Arabs and Africans. The latter find it very difficult to make the grade; they remain in the lower forms and often leave to be married early on. There are, however, a few married girls in the school. The standard of work is appallingly low. They work hard but seem quite unable to apply their knowledge. The fairly reasonable results in S.C. last year were largely due to simple learning by heart.

The Indian girls are generally slim and fairly tall, have long black oiled hair (usually in a plait or pigtails) and tend to exude a characteristic odour. This community is the richest on the Island and many have luxurious cars. Some girls come in saris and trousers, but most are in plainly made frocks. Earrings, coloured finger nails and gold watches are common, some wear nose beads or have a red spot on their foreheads, the significance of which I have not yet discovered.

The pure Arabs would pass as dark Jewesses in England. They have black wavy hair and are often fat. A few have pronounced noses.

The real African has woolly hair and is thrilled if she can even get one inch of pigtail. Even a minute trace of Arab blood will enable the pigtails to stick out as short black sausages—an amusing sight. There has been a great amount of intermarriage between Arab and African and many who call themselves Arabs (it gets them further) look typically African.

The Arabs and Africans are Moslems and nearly all wear their buibuis or black veils, but I have not seen any of them drawn right over the face. Some girls and women still walk about veiled—an unhygienic practice which is generally relaxed among the younger generation. As some Moslem women are slowly developing a mind of their own (and the Sultana encourages it) so are they gradually paving the way for greater recognition of the rights of women. (If it were not for the presence of the British here, no schools would be provided for girls). One doesn't have to be here long to see that the ordinary Moslem woman (Arab or African) is regarded simply as a domestic servant and breeding machine.

Our Moslem girls are largely from the upper classes where modern ideas are less taboo and they are further helped (until they give up trying) by the keenness of Indians.

We are now well and truly in the wet season and, in spite of almost continuous rain which makes it difficult to dry anything and everything feels damp, life is pleasanter from the bodily point of view. Sometimes the rain is terrific and all one can do is to rush for shelter. Everybody accepts such a downpour as an adequate excuse for lateness.

The seasons are well defined and, as we lie 6° south of the Equator, our so-called summer is round about Christmas and we get two periods of rain corresponding to the two periods when the sun is overhead (although the time lag is some four to six weeks).

1. Hot and dry—Dec.-Mar.—N.E. monsoon. The dhows from Arabia come south loaded with carpets.
2. Heavy rains—Apr-May—The dhows begin to return as the wind veers to south. They are loaded with mangrove wood from the coasts of Tanganyika, ant resisting (no wood in Arabia).
3. Cool and dry—May-Oct.—S. or S.W. monsoon.
4. Lesser rains—Nov.-Dec.

A shower of rain or continuous cloud cover immediately cools the atmosphere, but it is surprising how one can get into a sweat if strenuous work is attempted, the humidity is so high. However, underclothes need not be changed so frequently now. I often wonder if my clothes are properly aired. Books smell mouldy and when the sun returns it will be necessary to bake things in it. I have discovered whiskers on some things already! I may have rude awakenings later on when pieces are missing out of my best frock or I wake up in hospital with amoebic dysentery, but these seem the exception more than the rule if one is careful and takes the necessary trouble—6 p.m. pauldrine, frequent feet washing, decent diet, clean preparation of food (I actually washed some tomatoes in Dettol the other day much to the amusement of everybody), regular flitting of rooms in the evening and the careful inspection of drawers and behind the drawer (a favourite place for cockroaches, six flew out of a cupboard at school one day! each two inches long without its wings).

The people of all races are, however, naturally clean in their personal habits (except spitting, mostly Indians). They prefer to wash under running water and think we are dirty to sit in a bath since when we emerge having washed off the dirt, we emerge with this dirty water.

RUTH GILPIN.

### Winter

The weak sun shines through brittle leaves,  
That fall from old and knarled trees;  
And on the soft and crumbly floor,  
Whisk to and fro, are still no more.  
No creatures stir this haunting calm,  
This nature's peace, and nature's balm;  
The lake lies still, a glistening sheen,  
While hanging trees around are seen;  
Winding through a shadowed land,  
Still untouched by mortal hand.

MYRTLE BAREHAM, IVw.

### The Water Nymphs

When the moon is bright on a warm summer's night,  
And the lake is a shimmering sea,  
Then up from the lake bed the water nymphs rise,  
Laughing and talking with glee.

White lilies they pluck as they float near the reeds,  
They twine in their long raven hair,  
And over the water the mallard drake speeds,  
As the pike looks out from his lair.

They dance on the mossy bank lightly as air,  
On the Kelpie's broad back do they ride,  
They weave for him bridles of wild flowers so fair  
Heartsease and daisies gold-eyed.

Then through the still darkness an owl's hoot is heard,  
They pause, then are gone in a flash,  
The smooth shining water is hardly disturbed,  
No ripple, no wave and no splash.

CAROLINE A. SHIPTON, Is.



### The Gipsy

The dark, shadowed trees formed a leafy background to a stirring scene that shed its light in multitudinous patterns on green and silver lace thronged leaves.

The yellow moon smiled down on caravans of every colour, the smoke from which fell on horses quietly grazing, and on the gipsy girl, dancing by the flickering camp-fire, her thick black hair streaming out behind her and her red skirt bellowing up, while the rattle of the tambourines mixed itself with the steady clapping of many hands, and yet the flames from the fire flicker from blue to red, leaping higher and higher, until with a final crash from the tambourine the scene merges together, and fades away like a mist, leaving only silvery moonlight shining through dark laced trees.

MYRTLE BAREHAM, IVw.

### Storm and Calm

In a mad torrent of fury, the sea, like a great grey-green monster, lashed the rocks with her white foamy waves.

Angry, and not knowing the reason, she tossed a small shoal of bristling onto the beach, never to recover them, but to leave them to a slow gasping death. She roared with raucous, malicious laughter at their piteous plight. She rose in anger when three fishermen dared to set out on her in a frail fishing boat. She screamed at them and tore furiously at their pitiful sail.

"Death," she thundered, and pummelled on the weak timbers of the tiny craft. Suddenly, as though by a miracle, she is calm again. Ashamed, she tried to hide herself in her billowing green skirts and, as if in an effort to be forgiven, the little craft is gently placed in the middle of a large shoal of herring. The sea smiles peacefully, forgetting her anger, and all is well.

CATHERINE STURGESS, IIIh.





## W. H. S. in 2053

One hundred years hence! Here are some excerpts of school-life in 2053.

Material clothes would be considered very old-fashioned and the school uniform would be as follows:—Light aluminium tunics with fashionable chain-mail blouses. A helmet with the school badge engraved on the front would be worn with a radio aerial protruding from the top which would be controlled by a very small radio set affixed upon the chest of the tunic. The tunic would be automatically heated, the heat being controlled by a button at the waist, therefore coats would be unnecessary but perhaps a light aluminium blazer would be worn in the winter. The pupils would depart and arrive at school in jet-propelled rockets and the bicycle shed (the bicycle an ancient contraption) would be replaced by a rocket hanger.

Lessons would proceed, the teacher merely pressing a button and whatever she desired would appear upon a large screen above her. The desks would be made of steel with wheels on the bottom. They could be removed to another form-room by pressing a button without the pupil unduly exerting herself. Both pupil and teacher, of course, would be well versed in the art of button-pressing. The stairs (an object then forgotten) would have long been replaced by swift escalators.

Gymnastics would consist mainly of rocket races and tuition in the art of aviation. Games (netball on foot being far too exhausting) would consist of helicopter-netball, the idea being to pass in mid-air and when within the shooting range drop the ball into the net from a height, and electronic hockey, fifty times as fast as present hockey, and each person would have a pair of electric skates controlled by a box with buttons on it affixed to their backs.

The school dinner would be composed of vitamin pills and a glass of plankton-juice.

There would be a floating laboratory two miles above the school, from which frequent trips to the moon would be made for the study of geology. Then, after an exciting day, the pupils would shoot home in their rockets complete with their homework in the boot.

IVY WAUGH, IIIh.

## The Storm

The atmosphere is sultry, and o'erhead the sky,  
With massive leaden clouds, warns that a storm is nigh.  
And then amidst the calm there comes a flutt'ring sound,  
A whirlwind rises up and scatters leaves around.  
A rumbling sound pervades the quietness of the night,  
And louder grows, as great forks streak the sky with light.  
The rain begins to fall—slow, heavy spots at first,  
But soon it faster teems, with hailstones interspersed.  
Tempestuous now the wind, the storm is at its height,  
The thunder rolls and raves, and lightning flashes bright.  
And when 'twould seem that nevermore could calmness ere reign,  
The storm has ceased, and all at once 'tis quiet once again.

DOREEN BATES, 4w.

## Who Remembers?

1. "Two Gentlemen of Verona."
2. "The Italian soldier who knew two words of English—'Scotland Yard' and 'Rinso.'"
3. The slip that slipped at Calais?

## Who Knows?

1. The mistress who asked for a trousseau (true soh)?
2. Who said, "Sit back, shut your eyes and look at it"?
3. The mistress who paid £17 for a new set of legs?
4. The girl who had books with square lines?

For answer see page 41.



### Cheese for Supper

The scene was set, the time was near,  
And through my heart there ran cold fear.  
There was a noise, a rumbling sound,  
The rocket rose and left the ground.  
The speed increased, within a day  
I reached the moon! Hip, hip, hooray!  
I ope'd the door and floated out,  
And heard a shriek, a groan, a shout.  
Alas, alack, my fate I knew,  
Before me stood a ghastly crew  
Of ugly things, all arms and legs,  
With massive heads like ostrich eggs.  
Their eyes were red, their bodies blue,  
Their hair, it had a greenish hue.  
I spoke to them in trembling tones;  
They only answered me with moans  
They lumbered forth with mighty stride,  
Their bodies swayed from side to side.  
I realised I would be caught,  
And turned around with just one thought—  
To reach the rocket ship again!  
I tried, but yet it was in vain.  
They caught me in their iron grasp,  
I yelled for help, and with a gasp  
I found my mother shaking me,  
And holding out a cup of tea.  
"Oh ma, how long a night can seem  
When you have had a frightening dream."  
"Ha, ha, he, he! I told you so!  
You would have cheese when I said no."  
A lesson let this story be,  
To everyone, including me,  
That cheese for supper is not good,  
And go to bed you never should  
With thoughts of flying to the moon.  
For you will find that very soon  
No sleep will come to sooth your cares,  
But in their stead you'll have nightmares!

MARGARET COPESTAKE,  
BARBARA STEVENS, 5W.



## Travel

## 1.

## Sarawak

This letter has been on my conscience for some time, but now at last I send my Greetings from the land of orchids and mud. When we first began to sail up the broad Sarawak River (which might easily be the great, grey, green, greasy Limpopo) and I saw the thick jungle on either side as far as the eye could see, I was quite terrified at the thought that all that was cutting me off from civilization, but now I feel quite at home here.

Kuching is a mixture of the old and the new. European clothes contrast strangely with the brightly coloured sarongs which most of the older women wear; rickshaws and large American cars argue for priority in the streets; eating houses cook on charcoal braziers, while they keep their drinks in gleaming white refrigerators, and one half of the population will be watching the latest three-dimensional films while the other half is at the Chinese Temple frightening away devils with fire crackers.

I'm living in the Boarding House which is the home of about 90 girls from four years old upwards, several Asian staff and three other Europeans, one of whom is on the cathedral staff, another a nurse, and the third, another teacher who is being married this month. The house itself is an old Chinese building which has been modified, but it still has overhanging eaves which curl up at the corners, a courtyard, and a very picturesque gateway. Our sitting room is open on three sides and has a view over the roofs of the Chinese bazaar to the river.

DEAR MISS BURNETT,

The Dyak girls who come from the jungle villages or kampongs are quieter, not so pretty and tend to be hampered by lack of background and a limited supply of English. It was largely interest in these girls that led me to visit two Dyak kampongs one Sunday. We went by car to the outskirts of the town and then walked for about 2½ hours through old rubber gardens and forest reserve. The paths were muddy and under water in places, but logs are placed along the path and over the streams and one is expected to balance on these slippery things, with shoes covered in mud. We visited a Longhouse of four doors—an incredible erection built on poles about 10 feet high and reached by climbing up a notched tree trunk—barefooted. A large verandah stretches the length of the house and this is used as general meeting place, working space and playground. Rush mats were produced from the rafters and then placed over the split bamboos which form the floor, then two chairs were brought out for us. Before we left we went inside one of the "doors," the rooms in which the married people live, and we were given sweet coffee and cream crackers! The furniture is worth mentioning. An iron bedstead, a round marble topped table, three wooden chairs and a pendulum clock on the wall. All the height of fashion and elegance I'm sure. Dyak faces are most aristocratic and some of the men look very fierce, one can easily imagine them head hunting. Their manners are beautiful, and they lay great stress upon hand shaking so that one "does" the whole of the village twice, once on arrival and once on departure. I don't seem to have enough space to tell you about the lovely sarongs and bajus that the people here wear, or about the social round which is our main source of entertainment.

A. OLDFIELD.

### A Day in Bayonne

While staying for my holiday in France in the Pyrenees near Bayonne, with my pen friend we went to Bayonne to watch a bull fight. When we arrived there were already many people in the town and cars were hooting and speeding along. Everyone was in a holiday spirit and Spanish hats and peanuts were everywhere. As we approached the arena the festival fever increased, people were singing shouting and Basque peasants in costume were dancing. After much jostling we found our places in the brightly decorated arena. Each tier had a band of red cloth round it and all the woodwork was painted scarlet too. There were vendors of all sorts shouting their wares, and then the band started up; a typical Basque band consisting of shrill pipes, drums, and because it was a special occasion there were two trumpets. Everyone was growing more and more excited as the time drew near and sometimes a matador would peep round a door and quickly disappear again. Then all of a sudden with a mighty flourish the doors swung open and the opening procession began, headed by the matadors in their yellow and red costumes embroidered with gold, and the picadors, on their horses covered with red protection padding, and lastly the "cortège" driven by horses and Basques in white suits with bells and embroidery and a red beret. When this was over, they all went to their own positions and all was silent and tense waiting the bull's entry. The trumpets sounded, the red gate swung open and the bull came charging in. The matadors came forward tempting and teasing it with their scarlet cloaks making neat passes at him and infuriating the poor beast. Another mighty flourish announced the picadors carrying their long picks with which they prod off the bull when it charges the red horse's padding, making a deep gore in its back while the sand beneath received its red, innocent blood. The picadors were not at all popular and were soon booed by the temperamental French and Spanish (and English) crowd. The matadors now took over till another came forward carrying handarilles, which are long pointed coloured sticks with which he approached to bull and threw them into its already streaming back. These remained and the bull was so angry and charged the arena roaring much to the delight of the crowd. At length the one particular matador stands alone armed with his red cloak and short, sharp, shining, sinister sword. He displayed his skill by numerous turns and then to the rolling of the drums he faced the bull waiting for the right and crucial moment when he plunged the sword up to the hilt into the toros's neck. The music became louder, the shouts louder and the bull weaker and weaker, till it finally collapsed on to the sand amid its own pool of red blood and amid the wild acclamations of the crowd and the noisy rejoicings of the band.

The lighthearted "cortège" came jingling in, the bull's ears were cut off and given to the matador, the carcass harnessed to the cart and dragged round the sand and out while the crowd awaited the entry of the next bull.

JEAN WHITAKER, Vh.

### Around and About

During our holiday in Italy we stayed in Feltre, a quaint, picturesque town of ancient origin.

Feltre was full of interesting things to see and places to visit. We walked along the main streets with their attractive shops and we visited the museums and churches. We strolled under shady arches, through cobbled squares with fountains playing and we sat on an old stone wall which

formerly had encircled Feltre. Beyond the centre of the town we explored the narrow, cobbled roads and saw many beautiful pictures painted upon whitewashed walls. But we also saw the poorer dwellings, small and dark, with stone floors and few windows. In one house a woman sat sewing, in the next room stood a cow chewing grass.

Wherever we were in the town we had only to raise our eyes, and there, in the distance, were the majestic mountains, shrouded in mist, their snowy peaks gleaming in the sun like crystal cloaks.

Our sightseeing was by no means confined to Feltre. Nearly every other day we would set off, by train or coach, to visit other towns and cities of interest.

We went by coach to Cortina, a famous winter-sports resort, which was situated high in the mountains. When we arrived everywhere was quiet, there was not a person in sight, for it was siesta time. So we left the deserted streets and climbed the surrounding grassy slopes—higher and higher—until we reached a ski-jump and chair lift at the top of a ski-run, now covered with grass instead of snow. There we sat, looking at Cortina far below us. When the siesta finished we came down and walked around the town, looking at the shops and visiting the very beautiful church.

On our journey homeward it began to snow, the trees and mountain slopes were enveloped in a white mantle. We sang Christmas carols. Everywhere was quiet and strangely beautiful, yet everything seemed so unreal.

We visited Belluno one day and we were allowed to wander where we liked. It was market day and so we wandered through the great square which was filled with stalls, all gayly coloured and selling everything imaginable. After a while we tired of the jostling crowds and noise. We wandered on, through an old archway, along narrow, cobbled streets until we reached another square and another market. This one seemed to concentrate on animals and cheese—the smell was indescribable. Hastily we walked on, not knowing where to, until we came upon yet another square, but with no market. This square was large with a magnificent fountain in the middle. On one side of the square was an imposing building guarded by two policemen, whose uniform resembled something from Napoleon's era.

Suddenly as a clock struck two, an old woman appeared with a large bag of crumbs. Immediately thousands of pigeons appeared too, and hopped eagerly around her as she threw them the contents of her bag. After watching the pigeons a little longer we asked the policemen patrolling up and down outside the large building the way back to the station. We understood little or no Italian and they knew no English, so they directed us in sign language, and very complicated directions they were, taking about ten minutes to deliver. Even after these very helpful directions we lost our way. For an hour we walked along twisting cobbled streets, under lofty arches, through squares and markets until we eventually, much to our surprise, saw the station in front of us.

Our excursion to Padua was unfortunately spoiled by rain which continued all day. On arrival we managed to visit one church to see some paintings, but the rain was so heavy we were forced to return to the station. There we spent several uncomfortable hours, for we were wet through, waiting for the next train. We did, however, manage to slip out once between downpours to buy a bottle of wine for a midnight feast which had been planned. Unfortunately, as we found out that night, the wine was extremely bitter, and the feast was not the success it might have been!



We went by coach to Ravenna one day and had lunch there. Afterwards we wandered through the town and visited several churches and art galleries and saw some magnificent paintings and mosaics. Also we saw Dante's Tomb, who although born at Florence, died at Ravenna and was buried there.

Finally we visited Venice and this, to many of us I am sure, was perhaps the most wonderful visit of all.

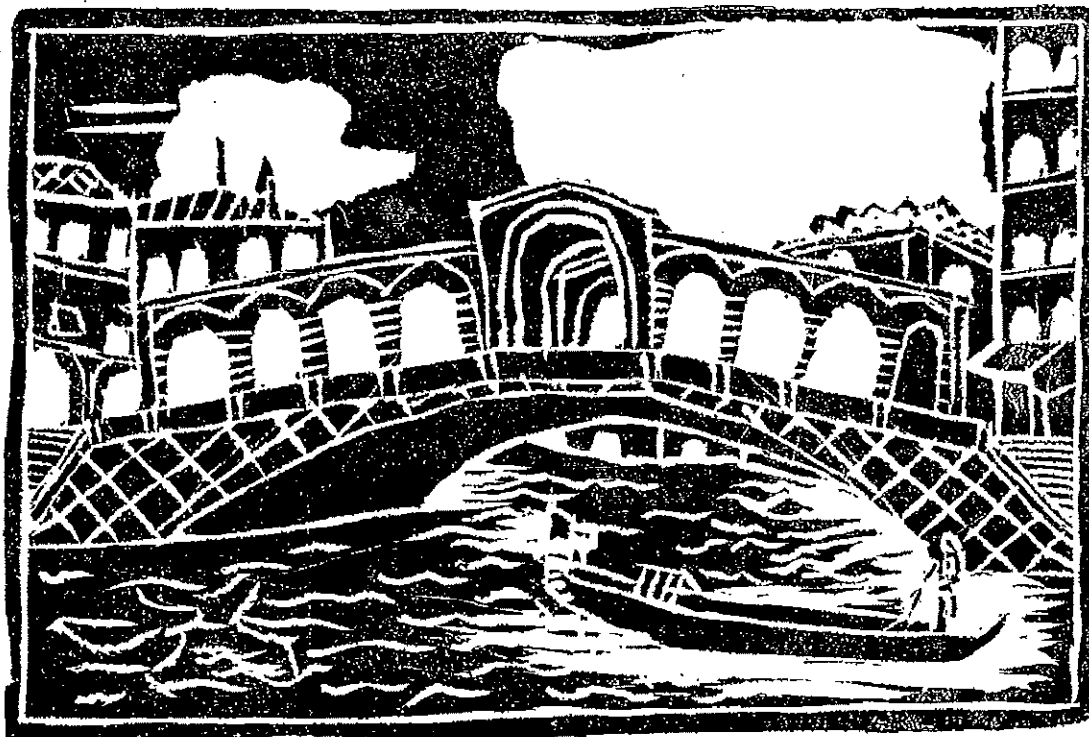
We went by boat along the Grand Canal to visit the Church of St. Mark and the Doges' Palace. The architectural beauty of these magnificent buildings must be seen to be believed and the intricate carvings and colour are surely incomparable. From the Doges' Palace we crossed the Bridge of Sighs to the state prison and saw the dark, damp cells with their massive doors and bolts, where unfortunate prisoners were formerly kept.

We walked through St. Mark's Square, threading our way between pigeons and souvenir sellers. We went shopping on the Rialto Bridge and from there looked down at the Grand Canal and at the gondolas and sundry other little craft which sailed this great waterway.

Venice, like every great city, has its poorer parts, but the narrow cobbled streets with their quaint, old houses and shops and the twisting canals which flow silently along, add yet more charm and mystery to this fascinating city.

Thus with this visit our wonderful holiday in Italy came to an end and we set off on our last and longest journey, with destination—England.

DINAH SEAWARD, Vh.



### An Outing to Box-Hill

On half-term Monday, Miss Fair took a party of girls on an expedition to Box-hill, Surrey. We had a wonderful time, and we all thoroughly enjoyed ourselves, even though we were faced with several difficulties, the first being that it had rained very heavily over the weekend, causing the River Mole to flood, so that it made the chalky soil of the ground rather slippery. The second drawback was the fact that all the restaurants on the route were closed for the winter, and therefore we had to carry all our food and drink with us. Nevertheless, we overcame these difficulties and had a most enjoyable and energetic day.

We left Box-hill station at 10.45 a.m. and straight-way climbed Box-hill, which is over five hundred feet high. After our comfortable train journey this made us rather breathless, but nevertheless it was worth it, as the view from the top was magnificent. After walking for some distance along the top of Box-hill we came to the Monument and from there you can see Dorking and also the Pilgrim's Way to Canterbury.

Our lunch was eaten at the top of Juniper Top. It was a rather quick lunch, as it was blowy and also the ground was wet, but we enjoyed it because by this time we had worked up a huge appetite.

Miss Fair then gave the map to the Sixth Form and told us to wait for her at the main road. When we got to the main road, ahead of the rest of the party, we were looking round and saw a very steep slope on the other side of the road. We were commenting on it and saying how much we pitied anybody who had to climb it. Imagine our horror, when Miss Fair came, she told us that was our path. It terrified me. It was a gradient of 1 in 2, and it was rather slippery due to the recent rain. We had to climb on our hands and knees, and our bags with food and drink in did nothing to help us. Several times I fell flat with my nose in the mud.

When we had recovered from that terrific exertion we carried on walking until we came to Nickellham Church. This was a beautiful little church and also very old. We signed our names in the visitors' book. As we still had the map we went on ahead again, but this time we could not go on without Miss Fair's help, as the river had flooded the footpath and we had not got the right shoes on to paddle across. This meant climbing under two barbed wire fences—most undignified. The next part of our walk was very pleasant as we were quite high up, and we were walking through a forest. The leaves were on the ground and it was most enjoyable.

Then came the most important part of the expedition. Miss Fair wanted to show us an "abandoned meander," but due to the floods it was now no longer abandoned, but very full.

The remaining part of the walk was through a field to the station. The grass was long and rather damp, but was not unpleasant to walk through. When we reached the station we were very tired and very happy and we were glad to be able to rest our feet.

This expedition made half-term very pleasant and also educational, and we all enjoyed it thoroughly.

MARGARET TUCKWELL, VI.

### North Devon Biology Expedition—Easter, 1953

This was our sixth visit to Combe Martin since 1937—a tribute to the house where we stayed and the beautiful surrounding country and rugged coast with its rich variety of plant and animal life.

Exploration of beach and village began on the day of arrival but the real work started next morning, when we scrambled over boulders and peered into rock pools in search of sea anemones and other shore creatures and seaweeds of many kinds. Energy was unbounded and on that same day we climbed Little Hangman, searching the hedgerows and heath on the way.

Who remembers the steep wooded slopes by Watersmeet, tea at Hunter's Inn and the wild valley on the way to Heddon's Mouth? Perhaps the sand dunes at Woolacombe and the Lighthouse at Bull Point stand out more vividly—or were the lambs on Challacombe Farm your special attraction? So many impressions were crowded into that week, wild goats on the rocky cliffs near Lynton, exploring the caves at Watermouth and gathering primroses to send home. A few will not forget the lost purse and the adventure of the Chinese room and tea with the spaniels—Stalin and Franco.

All these experiences were incidental to the field work which was the object of our journey, and even the records made at the end of each day's observations did not seem to mar the fun and joy of exploration.

G.D.

### Parents' Association

President—Miss M. M. Burnett.

Hon. Secretary—E. C. Clayden, Esq.

Hon. Treasurer—R. Parker, Esq.

At the A.G.M. in October, Mr. Hunt gave the Association's annual report, during which he said that he had decided to resign his position as secretary, which he had held since 1946. Miss Burnett in her speech said, that during his seven years of office Mr. Hunt had always given freely of his leisure time to furthering the interests of the Association and thanked him on behalf of the school.

The vacancy caused by Mr. Hunt's resignation has been filled by the Social Secretary, who will now combine the two offices.

Miss Park has also retired from the committee as one of the representatives on the school side. We are, however, fortunate to have her succeeded by Mrs. Forsyth.

As you know, the object of the Association as stated in the constitution is "to further the interests of the school by promoting co-operation between Home and School." What better way could there be of furthering this object than meeting socially at the various functions which are arranged for this purpose? The membership of the Association in 1952 was 261, an increase of 46 over 1951. This number, however, is only approximately a quarter of the total number of parents with girls at the school. The keenness shown by the good attendance at the meeting of First Year Parents in July promises well for the future.

Last year our activities included a season of instruction in old time dancing; an open forum; orchestral concert; a play, and the running of a variety of stalls at the Coronation Fête.

All these events were well supported and thoroughly enjoyed. When the counter attractions of wireless and television are taken into consideration, it says a good deal for the loyal support we regularly receive.

The unselfish devotion of the ladies in performing the various duties, particularly in the providing of refreshments, that are a necessary background to a successful function, is greatly to their credit.

To all the parents who have in the past given so freely of their time and efforts, my sincere thanks, and to the parents who are not yet members we extend a cordial invitation to join us.

E.C.C.

### The Old Girls' Association

President—Miss M. M. Burnett.

Vice-Presidents—

Miss Norris Miss Goldwin Miss Jacob

Committee—Lily Browne (Treasurer),  
25 Sunnydene Avenue, E.4

Cecilia Wheeler (Secretary),  
20 Albert Road, E.17

Edna Timberlake (Representative for *Iris*)

Jean Yates (Representative for Dramatic Society)

Dora Busby

Connie Hill

(1951-1954) Margaret Clarke

Audrey Dixon

Joan Lammars

Margaret Witt

(1952-1955) Shirley Abbot

Joan Johnson

Joan Rayment

(1953-1956) Winnie Byford

Maureen Huber

Mavis Linay

Gladys Newell

Sheila Pasco

It has been the habit of the Old Girls' Association to hold three socials each year. The social in the summer term took the form of a tennis tournament but of recent years this has had very little support. It has therefore been decided to hold only two socials in future, one in February and one in September.

At the last meeting the "old stagers" were delighted to see such a good attendance of "new" Old Girls. We hope to see them all again in February.

CECILIA WHEELER.

### Old Girls' Dramatic Society

Last year we presented East Lynne on the 12th December. The audience had clearly read their programmes carefully for they did indeed obey the request "to participate as actively as possible." Harry Allison, as the Villain, was hissed at every entrance. Keith Jefferies and Pauline Berry were charming as hero and heroine, and special praise must go to Alec Nalyon as the child, and Grace Putnam as Amelia Carlyle. The unfortunate Lady Isabel, played very touchingly by Gladys Watson, made even the strongest of us shed a tear. The play was directed by Miss Pauline Curson, to whom we owe our thanks for two enjoyable evenings.

We were fortunate once more in having the support of the Old Monovians in our summer production of Shakespeare's "The Tempest." We feel sure the author would not have been displeased in any way with the excellent direction of Brian Brockman. I am certain, too, that we had much sympathy from Shakespeare on Saturday, 11th July, when the play was performed for the last time, for rain was probably his most dreaded enemy. Despite the Greek Theatre, beset with a steady downpour, taking on the appearance of a swimming pool, the production was a success. There were three performances, the Thursday one being given for children and old age pensioners.

The music for Ariel's song was specially composed by Edward Smith. Shirley Kingdon designed the costumes for Prospero, Caliban and Ariel, while the remainder of the cast were admirably decorated by Doreen Goodwin and Daphne Slade.

The cast were as follows:—

C. Warren Pyne.....	Prospero
Cecil M. Collins.....	Caliban
Keith Jefferies.....	Trinculo
John Harvey.....	Stephano
Audrey Parrott.....	Miranda
Ernest Parrott.....	Ferdinand
Joan Nalyon.....	Ariel

B. Walker, A. Hellman, J. Payling, C. Nalyon, W. Brett.

Very special mention must be made of Derek Curl, David Buck and John Howes, for their consistent good work in the manipulation of the lighting effects.

We hope to present next year, "Thieves Carnival," by Jean Anoult, on February 11th, 12th, 13th and "Merchant of Venice" in the summer.

It has been decided to abolish the subscription to the Dramatic Society, but our members must be subscribers to the O.G.A. New members are welcomed. Please send your names to Jean Yates, 18 Empress Parade, B.4 or phone LARKSWOOD 2218.

### Old Girls' Letters

Dear "Needer of articles for the School Mag."

I have been living in Tanganyika for three years and think it is about time I wrote a few lines to my friends at the old school.

All the time I have been living in bush stations, hundreds of miles away from even quite small towns. The first station, where I lived for two years, was in a large game area. Instead of the usual weekends as spent in England, my friends and I would go out into the bush in landrovers with

hunting or camera parties. We didn't have very far to go as the wild life lived on our doorstep—or should I say we lived on their doorstep. It was no uncommon sight to see herds of zebra, gazelle or garaffe. Elephants would come within a few miles of the houses in the dry season, searching for water. The flocks of goats belonging to the natives, always have a couple of donkeys with them, as they give an early warning if lion or leopard are in the vicinity.

The natives are one of the most primitive tribes in East Africa. Living in huts made of twigs covered with red mud, which bakes into a kind of hard cement in the dry season, they cover themselves with the mud mixed with goat fat, put wooden pegs into the lobes of their ears, and carry spears. They live by their poor skinny cattle, a few goats and a small patch of tilled land.

Our servants were mostly boys brought up by the Missions. They had been taught a little English and how to do washing and ironing. They still needed a lot of training, but eventually some of these boys turned into quite good house boys and cooks.

I have visited Dar es Salaam, Mombasa, and spent two very enjoyable holidays in Zanzibar. Wandering round the old town, watching the silver-smiths sitting cross-legged working in the doorways of their shops. The doors are nearly all wooden, brass studded, and beautifully carved. There must be thousands of palm trees there. These, and the working of the clove plantations give employment to a large percentage of the population.

Although I have found my life in this small farming community interesting and very different from my old one, I am looking forward to my journey home, and to once more meeting some of my friends from the W.H.S.

Yours very sincerely,

OLIVE DIXON.

(née Hemmings).

### Adventure

As promised I am writing in order to give you some details of Marjorie Vernon's adventures since she left home on 2nd March, 1953, to take up a position as an assistant stewardess in a passenger cargo ship, the motor vessel "La Cordillera" of 6,330 tons. She joined the ship in Dunkirk harbour after an eventful crossing in what was the worst spell of foggy weather we had last winter. The first land fall was made at New Orleans and the ship then called at several of the islands of the British West Indies including Trinidad and Guadeloupe. It was from there she wrote:—

"Who said it was dull at sea? We had a real live stowaway yesterday—a black boy of about 17. He came on board at Guadeloupe and evidently hid in the hold until after we sailed and then at midnight the senior apprentice found him asleep in the forrard mast house. The captain was roused and the ship turned back to take the stowaway home again.; It was rather amusing this morning to watch the mates and the apprentices rushing madly about the ship armed with torches and spanners, making sure there were no more stowaways in hiding."

From the West Indies the ship took course for Walvis Bay in South West Africa, during which time they crossed "the line"—in Marjorie's case for the first time. Three other stewardesses, three cooks and four of the men also had to pay homage to Neptune:—

"We girls decided we'd give them a run for their money and hid in various parts of the ship. I hid in a clothes cupboard but finally had to emerge for fear of suffocation. I was in due course found and dragged over to No. 5 hatch (which is down aft) where the ceremony was held. I was first taken before the Bishop who asked me if I had anything to confess before I was tried and I naturally said 'No.' So he sprinkled me with supposed holy water (hair tonic I think) and then I was taken to be examined by the Doctor. He examined my reflexes, took my pulse and finally rammed some filthy salt pills down my throat, most of which I managed to spit out at him and I fear he suffered as much from my hands as I did from his. Then I was taken by the Scribe to kneel before Neptune who heard my charges read out. They were all true—terrible things I had done such as cleaning silver on a hatch cover which had sulphur on it and making the silver black again. I was then told I had to pay the utmost penalty and had to do obeisance to Neptune touching the deck in front of him with my forehead. After this I was carted to the Lather Boy who plastered my face with Tide suds, which I managed to flick all over him, and the Barber who afterwards flourished his scissors round my head and he swears he didn't cut my hair, but I'm sure he did. At some stage or other I had my face smeared with salad cream which went up my nose and was rather unpleasant. Then I was thrown bodily (strong men these sailors) into the improvised pool and ducked three times, and one for luck by the Dolphins. That was all the horrors, but when the Court was closed everybody threw everyone else into the pool and we all enjoyed ourselves."

After leaving Walvis Bay the ship called at several ports in South Africa including Cape Town (where the travellers were privileged to see the "white cloth" laid on Table Mountain) and Durban, then up the east coast to Laurence Marques, Mozambique and Dar-es-Salaam; and from there to Madagascar and Mauritius. The return voyage to Trinidad covered much the same route as the outward journey and Marjorie is now headed for New York and, if the St. Lawrence River is not frozen up—Montreal. She hopes that the river will be navigable as she is anxious to call on her old school friend Mrs. Pate (Margaret Foster) whose husband is attending McGill University. All being well the ship should cross the Atlantic after leaving Montreal and head for home in time for Christmas. It may well be that Marjorie will achieve one of her ambitions on this last lap. She wants to be at sea in a storm and to see the waves breaking over the bows as high as the bridge.

ENGLISH GIRLS' COLLEGE,  
CHATBY, ALEXANDRIA, EGYPT.

30th May, 1953.

Dear School,

It seems a long time since I left Walthamstow High School in 1948, and it is a far cry from London to Alexandria in Egypt. But in this Coronation year, the link between English people at home and abroad is very strong. Everyone is looking with deep interest towards London and wishing they were there.

Nevertheless, life here in Egypt is still interesting for me. I am teaching in the English Girls' College in Alexandria, and how different it is from schools in England. The pupils are of many nationalities—Egyptian, Greek, French, Italian, British, Turkish, Saudi-Arabian, Jewish, Lebanese, Spanish, and many others. They are very temperamental, quick to cry or lose their

tempers, but just as quick to forgive and smile again. If one girl cries, the whole class weeps in sympathy. Just imagine such a thing happening in W.H.S. to-day.

Alexandria itself is a very strange town—part Arab, part European. Some parts are clean and pleasant and really enjoyable. Other parts are filthy. In spite of this, however, it is a very interesting place, and its history (dating from its foundation in 312 B.C. by Alexander the Great), is fascinating to study. There was the Pharos Lighthouse, one of the seven wonders of the world, four hundred feet high, with a wood fire burning throughout the night in the lantern. What a feat of engineering that was, more than two hundred years before the Birth of Christ.

There, too, was the famous library that was burned in the time of Julius Cæsar, for Alexandria was the centre of culture and science for this corner of the Mediterranean. And here, in Alexandria, Cleopatra had herself smuggled into Cæsar's presence, rolled in a carpet!

Of course, such things do not happen to-day, for now Alexandria is a commercial and residential town, with busy docks and many large shops, a cosmopolitan population, and many night-clubs, restaurants, and even a race-course in the very popular and fashionable sporting club. There are facilities for swimming, sailing—(by day or by moonlight), horse-riding, tennis, squash, cricket; in fact, nearly every sport you can think of. Swimming is particularly enjoyable, because the beaches are excellent, with white sand and a sea which ranges in colour from emerald green to pale turquoise. Apart from the sea, we have a very good swimming pool in the college and it is really wonderful to dive into it after a day's work.

The whole of Egypt is a mixture of old and new, and Alexandria is no exception. Tethered by the side of a large modern store and surrounded by huge, shining American cars, one can see a goat or a sheep. And in the main street, mixing with the heavy traffic and the beautifully dressed women will be a donkey cart driven by a very ragged and dirty Arab.

Fortunately there is plenty of water in Alexandria and there are many green, pretty gardens to make the town more enjoyable. Everywhere, all day and every day, you can see Arabs with water-hoses, spraying tennis courts, flower-beds and wide lawns.

Immediately outside the town you plunge straight into the native Egypt—mud villages, strip cultivation and muddy canals in the delta region, and wandering shepherds living in tattered skin tents in the desert. The methods of cultivation used by the fellah in the delta are no different from those used in the time of the ancient Egyptians: shadufs, water-wheels turned by bullocks or water-buffalo, archimedes' screws and simple wooden ploughs. All the water that the Arabs use is taken from the muddy canal in pots and jars. All washing of clothes, cooking utensils and bodies is done in the canal and one can sometimes see a dead cow or buffalo floating along. The journey from Port Said to Alexandria, across the whole of the Nile delta, is an education—a geography lesson eight hours long!

Living and working out of the U.K. is great fun, and it makes homecoming all the more exciting. England is a very pleasant place to come home to. Perhaps you will discover that when you travel.

To the staff and all the members of the school, and to any "Old Girls" who happen to read this letter, I would like to send my best wishes for the future and the hope that, wherever you may be, you are enjoying your work and your play as much as I am.

Yours affectionately,  
SONIA GREEN.



## News of Old Girls

## 1953 Leavers.

## To Universities.

1. Pauleine Hodby, King's College, London.
2. Mary West, Southampton.
3. Jennie Yelland (left 1951), Bristol.
4. Ilse Juhn (left 1952), Leeds.

## To Training Colleges.

Olive Quinton (left 1949), Alsager.  
Ann House, St. Osyth's.  
Ann Hummerston, St. Mary's, Cheltenham.  
Shirley Taylor, Avery Hill.  
Jennie Waring, St. Osyth's.

## To S.W. Essex Technical College.

Rita Morton.  
Beryl Shaw.  
Margaret Aldridge.  
Mavis Tombs.

## To Northampton School of Occupational Therapy.

Heather Kenyon (1952).

## To Hampstead School of Occupational Therapy.

Margery Phillips (1952).

## To London Hospital School of Physiotherapy.

Shirley Matthews.

Monica Anderson has gained her B.A., London Hons. History, Class II.

Doreen Plant has gained her B.Sc., London General Honours Class II.

Juliet Collinson is at the Royal College of Music.

Doreen Collis has completed her General Science Diploma at Nottingham University and is now training as an Almoner.

Doreen Goodwin has gained her National Certificate of Electrical Engineering at the Borough Polytechnic. She is a draughtswoman at the Ministry of Works.

Jean Yates (Davis) has gained her A.L.C.M. Associate's Diploma in Piano Theory and Harmony.

Joan Rayment, Intermediate Examination in Divinity, London University in New Testament Greek, Ancient History, Ethics, Psychology of Religion.

Beryl Trust has gained her S.R.N.

Sheila Oliver is using advanced mathematics in her work with the Burmah Shell Storage Co. of India.

Diana Testler is a typist in the Control Department of Victor Stiebel.

Maureen Nash is a Radio Isotope Technician in Barts.

Helen Preater is working in a library prior to studying for social service.

Frances Levin is training at Marks & Spencers.

Barbara West is training in floristry.

Anne Beal is in the Walthamstow Library.

Pat Shearing in teaching in Wood Street School (Junior).

Pat Twyman is teaching in Ilford.

Shirley Jaques is teaching in Romford.

Heather Bowring has completed her training in Manchester as a teacher of the deaf and is now teaching deaf children in Exeter.

Maureen Rhodes is beginning in January her training as a nurse in the Convalescent Home of the Queen Elizabeth Hospital for Children at Bexhill.

Pat Norriss is joining the W.R.N's. in January.

### Announcements

#### Marriages

Diana Browne to Geoffrey Tyler, the Hatch Church, Chingford, August 8th, 1953.

June Death to John Pearson, June 6th, 1953.

Barbara Fordham to Peter Collett, August 18th, 1951.

Olive Hemmings to Alan Nixon, Ruponda, Tanganyika, June 5th, 1952.

Pamela Hazell to Kenneth King, October, 1953, at St. Peter's in the Forest.

Eleanor Morris to Allan Williams, at Chingford Methodist Church, August 1st, 1953.

Joyce Edith Parrott to George Lawless Clench, August 8th, St. Edmund's, Chingford.

Mary Robson to Archie Everson.

#### Births

Dorothy Barratt (Mrs. Howard), a daughter, Norma Elizabeth, 15th November, 1953.

Pat Philp (Mrs. Gilbert), a daughter, Valerie Ann, November 14th, 1952.

Betty Rhone (Mrs. Goddard), a daughter, Gillian, February, 1953.

Winifred Avery (Mrs. Hutton), a daughter, Phillipe Mary (sister to Charles, Susan and Rebecca).

Margaret Hardcastle (Mrs. Lister), a daughter, Jeanne Helen, February 27th, 1952.

Gwen Mears (Mrs. Mansfield), a son, Steven Jonathan, May 4th, 1953.

Barbara Ridgeway (Mrs. Insole), a daughter.

Frances Rubin, Anna Doreen and Michael David, February 6th, 1953.

Marjorie Church (née Abbey), a daughter, November 20th, 1953.

Kathleen Doré (Mrs. Trew), a daughter, Susan Jeryl, March 21st, 1953.

Pamela Griffin (Mrs. Bennett), a daughter, Diana, April 1st, 1953.

Pamela Denham (Mrs. Miller), a third son, Nicholas Alistair, May 12th, 1953.

#### Who Knows?

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|----------------|------------------|
| 1. Miss Berry. | 3. Miss Burnett. |
| 2. Miss Fair.  | 4. Joyce How.    |