

54

# IRIS

many coloured messenger

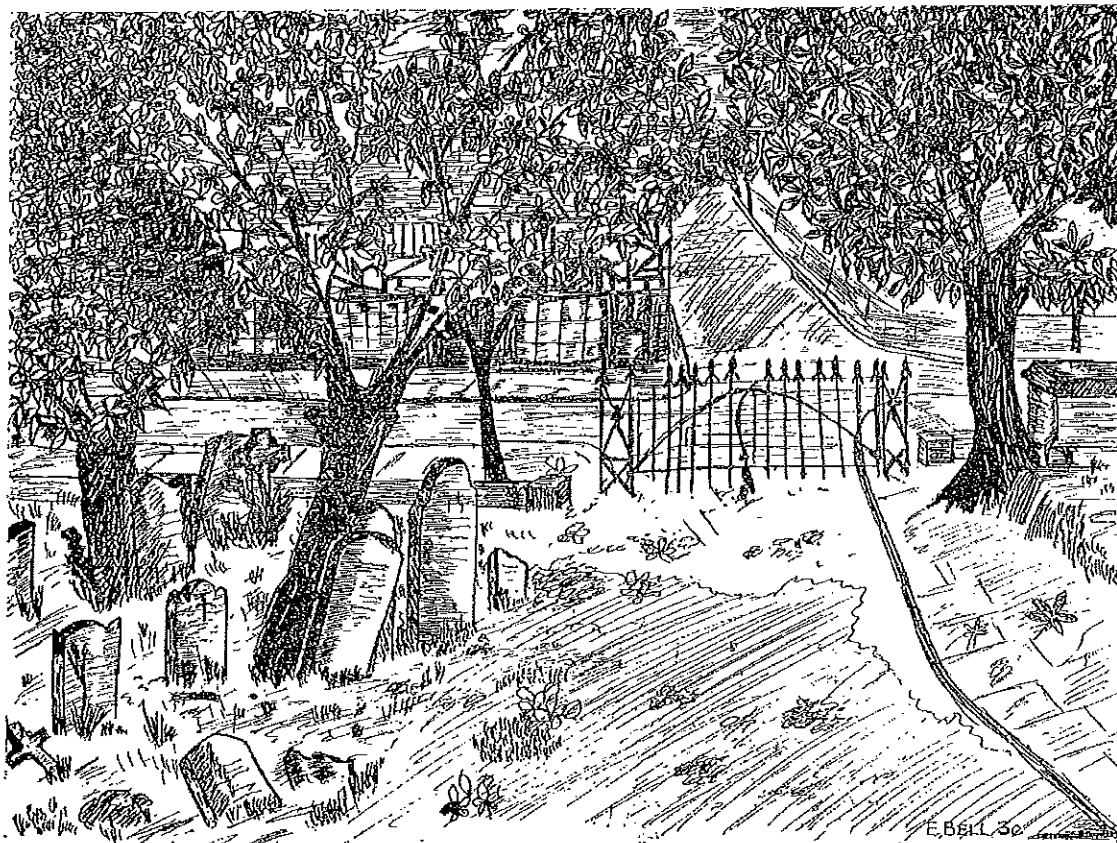


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Committee:  
DELIA BARRETT  
BERYL ELLIS  
FRANCES HOOKER  
PAT KING





# IRIS

## WALTHAMSTOW HIGH SCHOOL MAGAZINE, 1954

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

Head Girl—Beryl Ellis

Vice-Head Girl—Pat Cox

PREFECTS, 1954—1955.

Form 5w	Felicity Drake	Hilary Mayhew
" 5h	Pat Redmond	Marion Whiting
" 5s	Jean Day	Mary Murphy
" 4w	Sheila Smith	Christine Auer
" 4h	Pat Melton	Jean York
" 4s	June Southby	Josephine Dellino
" 3s	Iris Long	Gillian Levesque
" 3f	Julie Holben	Kate Barraclough
" 2w	Pat Gibbs	Marion Meyer
" 2h	Jacqueline Sears	Pat Wright
" 2s	Sandra Underdown	Olive Hooker
" 1w	Rita Goss	Linda Holt
" 1h	Valerie Bush	Anne Webster
" 1s	Valerie Papps	Patricia Thompson

### Head Mistress's Letter

DEAR FRIENDS,

Christmas Greetings to you all!!

Written inevitably some weeks before the end of term, these are my first greetings of the season—and the most important. They come to all, the Parents, the Old Girls, the Governors and W.H.S. 1954-55—with affection and with much gratitude for all that is done so cheerfully and willingly in support of W.H.S. Many of the cards which adorn my room in the days before Christmas can only be acknowledged here. I love getting them and they are of interest to many folks besides myself. Thank you for them.

Seldom have I been in the happy position of being able to report so little change in the lapse of twelve months. The staff is unchanged; the 6th form musters nearly 50; a very pleasing proportion of 1st formers are the daughters of Old Girls. As the names of mothers and daughters may be of interest to Old Girls and former members of staff I print them with pleasure:—

Marjorie Fox	mother of	Rosemary Horst 1s
Frances Hewett	" "	Patricia Westwood 1w
Doreen Honour	" "	Hilary Martin 1h
Marjorie Jones	" "	Valerie Betteridge 1s
Diana Ralph	" "	Jane Oliver 1h
Gladys Schrouder	" "	Ann Littlejohn 1s
Marjorie Stevens	" "	Christine Brewer 1s
Florence Wilson	" "	Barbara Cameron 1h

Yours affectionately,

M. M. BURNETT.

### Editorial

To give or receive presents is one of the most enchanting of social graces. This year, when *Iris* proclaimed as her slogan, "Neglect not the gift that is in thee," contributions poured in (except in the case of one form) in the most delightful proportions. 2w must receive especial mention for their wholehearted response. Joyce Waugh and Catherine Sturgess were prolific on behalf of 4h. We even had an entry in French from an English pupil in 4s and another in English from a French visitor in 4w. Both experiments are to be encouraged. A future venture may extend even as far as a Latin ode. Forms 4w and 5w have produced entries of the right quality and quantity to be given a share each of the honour and glory prize, for it is indeed an honour to have articles accepted. No award was made in the story competition, though Delia Barrett's entry was considered favourably.

Some presents are more "honoured in the breach than the observance," so we note with satisfaction that fairies no longer slide down mountains, pixies do not unfurl mushrooms, no third-hand Billy Bunter indulges in midnight feasts. More strangely, no unhallowed sainted school has sprung into lurid existence on any proffered page.

The gift of time so willingly contributed by the treasurer, members of the committee and the sub-editor must, it is hoped, be accompanied by the sense of its being twice blessed.

How appropriate that the appearance of *Iris* should coincide with the season of goodwill when shepherds and kings brought gifts both simple and symbolic, so that one can close by wishing all readers a deeply happy New Year.

A. H. PARK.

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

I wonder whether, this year, I may write for the present girls of the School as well as for Old Girls; for present girls are future old girls and what I want to say concerns them.

Many years ago many of our famous men went to public schools and universities—not just to acquire the glory of academic qualifications, but to acquire also that culture of mind and spirit which would give them happiness and enable them to live fuller lives themselves and be an example to other people.

To-day there are still people who pursue their education for that reason, but there are, unfortunately, only too many who pursue it for less worthy motives. Twentieth century life, with its speed and scientific progress, puts so much stress on the material side of life that qualities of the spirit are often crowded out. I find this "crowding-out" process taking place in the girls I teach, in the young people I meet in my social work and in many of the older people I meet and talk to; and it is a matter of concern for all of us.

I wonder how many Old Girls there are who have good jobs in the material sense—good homes in the material sense—but feel that they lack something. I wonder how many of you at school are looking forward eagerly to obtaining the best job you can, good money, short hours, long holidays; a job where you don't have to bother your head much, but can find as much time as possible and as much money as possible so enjoy yourselves. If some of you are doing that, I suggest that you stop to think a little or you will be unhappy.

The secret of happiness lies in learning to live with other people, in understanding the problems of other people, in being able to help other people. Don't have a "shut-in" mind which sees only yourself, what you are going to do with yourself and for yourself, but try to see yourself in relation to the world as a whole.

I and many other Old Girls were privileged to learn the value of the "open" mind at school. We learnt it from the staff, from the school activities, from the spirit of the School, and this has been even more valuable to us than our academic education has been. As a result we have jobs in which we are happy, in which we are less concerned about what we are paid than about the work we are doing; in which the real reward is to discover that we can help or that we have helped someone else to obtain an "open" mind.

It is a fact that there are more jobs open to girls who have good "technical" qualifications than to those who are versed in the humanities. But it is possible to be a good "technician" and to be a "humanitarian." If you can be both you will be a more useful citizen and a happier person.

And will Old Girls, wherever they are, who feel as I do, forgive me this year for talking so much to the School. For they will agree that it is the responsibility of future Old Girls to maintain the W.H.S. traditions from which we profited, the traditions which are so necessary if we are to preserve a balanced civilization.

Good wishes to Old Girls and to the School for 1955.

EDNA TIMBERLAKE.

### School Chronicle

In November our Choir had the honour of taking part in a concert at the South-West Essex Music Club Meeting.

December, of course, brought the Christmas parties for the school. We gave the Old Folks a party too. From the excitement on their part we gathered that old folks enjoy parties just as much as we do. They all came early, looking very smart, and eagerly joined in eating, games, singing and watching a comic film. We are all looking forward to this year's party because we have the fabulous sum of £25 at our disposal. This is the result of an inter-form jam jar collecting competition arranged by Miss Fair and 3F. Over 8,000 jam jars were sold to Robertson's. We must express our appreciation of this effort to the organisers, and also congratulate 4H who won the competition.

We held our Annual Thanksgiving Service in St. Mary's Church at the beginning of January. Afterwards, gifts of fruit, sweets and other delicacies were distributed by the school to sick friends and relatives.

In April some girls attended a lecture at the Monoux School, given by Mr. Noyce, who was a member of the "Everest" team. We valued such an opportunity.

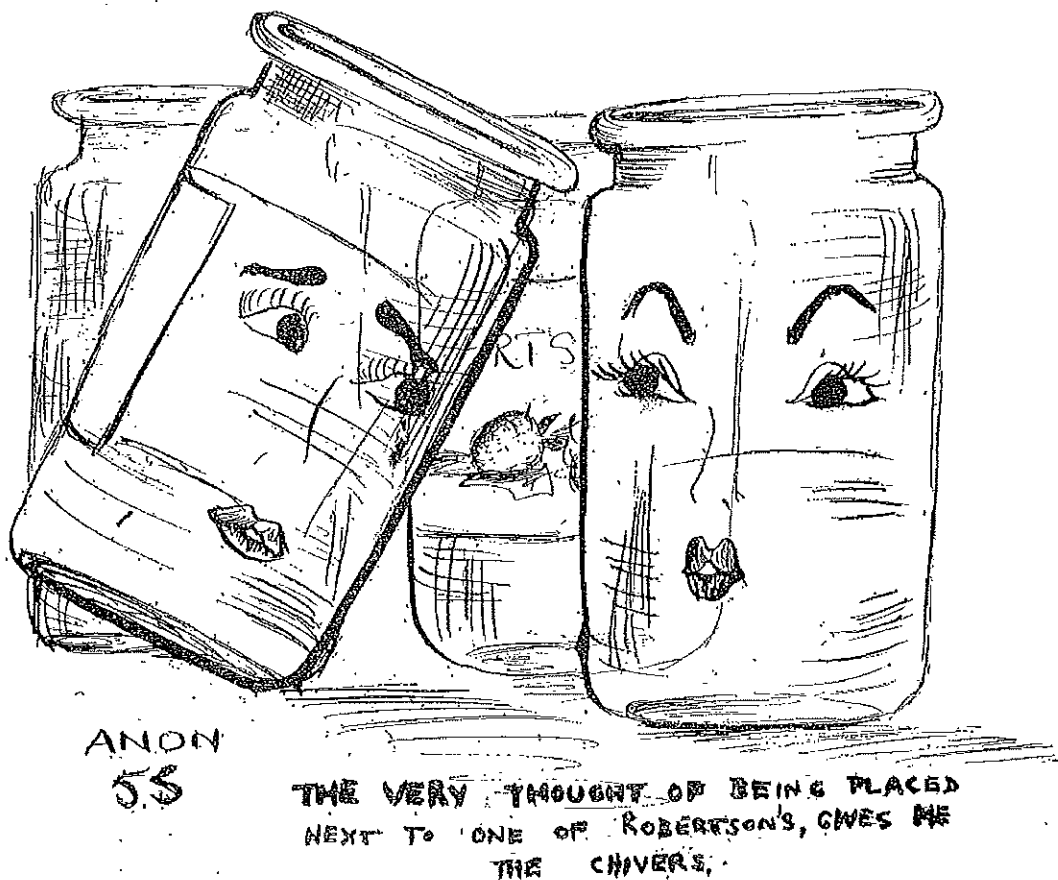
Throughout the Christmas and spring terms, the school societies were active. Miss Park took many girls to performances of "Hamlet," "Pygmalion" and "Macbeth." These expeditions were extremely popular, having an average attendance of well over a hundred. Miss Dennithorne arranged forest walks, hospital and factory visits and a trip to the Science Museum. In conjunction with the Music Society some girls attended the Sir Robert Mayer concerts for children, and many more took part in the

annual E.F.Y.M.A. Festival at Woodford High School. This year, our choir joined with those of other schools to sing "Spring," the first part of Haydn's oratorio "The Seasons." C.E.W.C. also held meetings periodically. This term they arranged an American Tea, primarily to raise funds for the Society. Another very praiseworthy effort was the collection of £16 in a single day to aid the work of U.N.I.C.E.F. in backward countries.

There were a variety of school expeditions of a scientific nature. In the Easter holidays the VI form scientists enjoyed a week's field course at the famous Flatford Mill. Later on, in the summer term, they went with Miss Dennithorne to the Chelsea Botanical Gardens, where they learned more about buttercups, daisies and their relations. In July, the III Year Biology Groups visited the South Kensington Museum and the IV Year went to study geography on a trip to Epping Forest. And, of course, the first formers paid a visit to the Zoo. Miss Rush took a few of us to the Physiotherapy Department of London Hospital, where a demonstration, primarily for prospective students, was taking place. We found this most interesting—and the cream cakes provided afterwards were delicious!

There were two trips abroad in the Easter holidays. Miss Fair took some of the IVths to Holland and others went to Switzerland with a party conducted by Dr. Smith. How we should have enjoyed watching their vain attempts to master the art of ski-ing!

When the Tennis Championship tournaments were taking place, Miss Squire took a group of enthusiasts to Queen's Club. We were all so inspired



at the sight of the champions in action that I am sure our own play greatly improved from that day.

June 30th was a memorable day with lessons far in the background, the whole school stood, gazing skywards, on the tennis courts to witness a partial eclipse of the sun. And strangely enough the most excited person of all was Miss Dennithorne.

When exams. were over the V forms promptly cast work aside and began to rehearse their opera, Mozart's "Papageno." The actual performance, which took place at the end of July, fitly recompensed the painstaking efforts of Mrs. Allinson, Miss Berry and Miss Park.

In connection with the music of the school we are glad to report the formation of a Monday class drawn from pupils of the High School and the Sir George Monoux School.

Yet another tribute to the efforts of our staff was the scholastic distinction of three girls. Congratulations to Margaret Bird, on winning a State Scholarship, and to Jean Jenner and Margaret Wilson, who gained County Major Exhibitions!

A second prize-giving brought the year to a close. Miss Jacob distributed the prizes. Her speech was most original as well as humorous—"A word to the fat girls." But apart from making us laugh, Miss Jacob made us realise that each one of us had a part in our school, the school to which we owe so much.

BERYL ELLIS, Form VI.

### Prize Giving

On Wednesday, July 21st, we were greatly blessed by good weather, good friends and good speeches. Alderman Lady McEntee presided with her usual skill as chairman.

A large number of old staff together with Miss Norris and Miss Goldwin had come to support Miss Jacob, who gave us a witty, wise speech. She advised us not to be like her Roman snails in Kent, which never had the enterprise to travel. And she included incomparable advice to the fat girls—play hard and work hard to show the slim willowy creatures you can do as well as they can. The consolation was when you get older you cease to mind so much and you look so much more amiable than your thin colleagues. But, she concluded, never bandy words with small boys.

Miss Burnett commented on the spirit of family reunion on this speech day and offered the school's congratulations to Miss Goldwin who was celebrating a Jubilee by having never missed a prize-giving since she had joined the school staff in 1904. The school had had a successful year in the matter of good reports and results. The girls gave their service to the community by taking an active interest in the old folk of the almshouses and elsewhere. Individual benefactions were mentioned gratefully and the many activities detailed.

The entertainment took the form of dances by girls throughout the school and of Mozart's opera, Papageno, an adaptation from The Magic Flute, by girls of the Fifth Forms with the orchestra provided by Mr. Adler.

Thus ended another of our friendly speech days.

We would like to congratulate the following girls:—  
State Scholarship.—Margaret Bird.



County Major Exhibitions.—Patricia Erridge, Jean Jenner, Hazel Jolliffe, Margaret Wilson.

Junior Music Exhibition.—Christine Gooding.

Sir William Mallinson Exhibitions and Sir George Monoux Exhibitions.—Patricia Erridge, Jean Jenner, Hazel Jolliffe, Alma Norrish.

Robert Ozler Trust.—Hazel Jolliffe, Heather Kenyon, Shirley Matthews.

Preliminary Examination of the General Nursing Council.—Eleanor King, Irene Hopper, Barbara Staines, Audrey Bryan.

Prize at Romford French Summer School.—Judith Morriss.

Picture presented by Miss Ince-Jones for the best Form in French in Middle School.—Form 4w.

Certificate for Swimming One Mile.—Doreen Culmore, Rita Mills, Sylvia Outen, Anne Sillett, Valerie Starmer, Ann Wiseman.

Certificate and Bronze Medal of Royal Life Saving Society.—Barbara Webb.

Bronze Medal of Royal Life Saving Society.—Doreen Hogg.

Medals for excellence in Physical Training in all its branches.—

Upper School—Irene Hopper, Ruth Miller.

Middle School—Sylvia Johnson, Beryl Hendry.

Lower School—Shirley Smith, Maureen Sleap.

Tennis Inter-Form—Competition.—

Upper School—Form 6

Middle School—Form 4w.

Lower School—Form 2h.

Prize Winners.—

Form 1w Barbara Gilbert, Hilda King, Linda Manning.

Form 1h Ann Petter, Jacqueline Sears.

Form 1s Christine Gooding, Caroline Shipton.

Form 2w Maureen Sleap.

Form 2h Marilyn Hatch, Gillian Levesque, Kathleen Schultz.

Form 3w Maureen Chitty, Patricia Gordon, Pamela Morley.

Form 3h Brenda Thomas.

Form 4w Delia Barrett.

Form 4s Jean Day, Beryl McLellan, Mary Murphy.

Form 5w Maureen Canon—good work.

Form 5h Rena Berriman—English Literature, Geography.

Sylvia Holmes—English Literature, French.

Gwen Matthews—Mathematics, Art.

Olive Pledger—Mathematics, Art.

Jean Whitaker—French, Mathematics, General Science.

Jean Cresswell—History, Latin, Mathematics.

Dinah Seaward—English, Literature, Geography, History, French, Biology.

Frances Hooker—English Language, English Literature, Geography, History, French, Mathematics.

Form 5s Joan Carroll—French, General Science.

Doreen Hogg—Mathematics, General Science.

Form L6 Patricia Cox—Excellent work in Languages.

Beryl Ellis—Excellent work in Science.

Doreen Smith—Excellent work in Languages.

Form U6 Margaret Bird—English, French.  
Margaret Wilson—History, Ancient and Modern.  
Jean Jenner—Classics and Leadership of the School.

*Presents to the School.*

Notebooks on Leonardo da Vinci from Iris Allen.  
Saris from Miss Gilpin.  
Teutonic Myths from Sadie Foxon.  
"Deaf Teaching" from Heather Bowring.  
Lithograph of Old Monoux Almshouses in pre-war days from Mlle. Gremaud.

£136 12s. 3d. from Parents' Association. This includes a contribution given in the autumn 1953 and already included in the figure given in last year's *Iris*.

## Games Report

### NETBALL.

Thanks to the careful and efficient coaching of Miss Squire and Miss Adams, our netball results this year have been very successful.

We sincerely thank both mistresses for all the time, help and energy which they have given so liberally to us.

We should like to express our thanks also to Miss Turnill for helping with the B teams.

The 1st team is as follows:—C., M. Bryant; C.D., J. Whittaker; C.A., R. Miller; S., P. Cox; A., B. Webb; C.D., J. Hall; D., B. Ellis.

The 2nd team was chosen from: G. Matthews, M. Murphy, S. Johnson, B. Hendry, M. Pope, H. Mayhew, V. Penny, V. Jones, J. Rumbold.

### *Results for Autumn Term, 1953.*

#### Clapton.

1st team, won 16—11; 2nd team, won 24—10; 4th year A, won 19—14; 3rd year A, lost 9—14; 3rd year B, won 19—3.

#### Technical.

1st team, won 27—8; 2nd team, won 39—6; 4th year, won 37—3.

#### Skinner's.

1st team, won 27—8; 2nd team, won 39—6; 4th year, won 37—3.

#### Brondesbury and Kilburn.

1st team, won 25—9; 2nd team, won 24—10; under 15, won 33—8; under 14, won 27—3; under 13, won 27—4.

#### Parliament Hill.

1st team, won 17—14; 2nd team, won 25—11; 4th year, won 36—2; under 14, won 16—7; under 13, won 21—6.

#### John Howard.

3rd team, won 18—5; 4th year, won 14—7; 4th year B, won 12—3; 3rd year C, won 16—0; 2nd year A, won 24—0; 2nd year B, won 9—8.

#### Tottenham.

1st team, won 20—6; 2nd team, won 34—8; 3rd year, won 27—3; 2nd year, won 18—7.



HEATHER CHAPMAN  
Form VI.

### Anonymity

There is no special date, no special time, but only a few hours spent doing nothing in particular in a most desultory and pleasant manner only forgivable in one who has revised hard for the last six weeks and who feels she has the right to idleness. All the year long one has found books in hidden corners which promise well for these times when text books no longer dominate and threaten leisure hours. It is pleasant to do what one likes in one's own time.

The sun deigns to shine, the birds sing. The wind whispers in the plane from Thermopylae and ruffles the leaves of the young mulberry tree. Crystal dew drops cling to the lupin leaves and sparkle, scarlet, amber, green. The grass is cool and damp. There is a strange flame-coloured rose in the border.

It would seem one was alone but that is true only in one respect. One is alone because one is silent amidst noise, or rather, perhaps, amidst sounds.

One dreams of magic airs on fairy flutes. In fact the music of three different companies disturbs the silence but yet does not destroy it. Rather does it emphasise the mellowness of silence.

From the Greek Theatre come unfinished sounds and phrases from the opera to take place after prize-giving. The chorus. The soloist. A baton waves, an arm circles. Someone giggles from behind a pillar.

From the music room another refrain.

In the hall a piano strums a tune for the dancers.

And then music merges with the shouts of the tennis-players, the better ones playing on the enclosed courts nearby, the hopeless floundering and tapping balls into the net on the top court. Next door, on the grass court, they fight a losing battle with the ant hills.

On the field a relay is run off, legs bounce and curl in all the antics of hurdling, legs streaked with yellow from the sand pits, plimsols green from the wet grass.

There is no one moment of climax. Time is a distant figure, shuttered far back in the mind along with examination papers and inky fingers.

There is no effort, no attempt to outstrip nature, but an all-pervading harmony which marks out this time almost, one might think, for eternity. Eternity, however, is too large a thing to trouble the mind, like sports-day, prize-giving, the tennis tournament.

The white face at the library window still bends over some foreign page until—a bell clangs—the face disappears.

MARGARET WILSON, VI.

### Cats

Like Cleopatra, cats are creatures of infinite variety, and for those who love them they share all of Egypt's fascination. And beyond that, cats cannot be defined at all. Independent, sufficient unto themselves, they consent to live in our homes and to eat the food we give them, but always their lives are their own, and with one arrogant swish of a disappearing tail they can tell us clearly, that, well-meaning as we are, they do not need us, and we cannot know them.

It is easy to project our own fancies onto these enigmatic creatures. Naive as school girls one moment, wise as mandarins the next, they give us

so many quick sketches of different personalities, which we embody in our own imagination and think of as reality. Because of this, by closing an eye, stretching a paw, they can create an atmosphere and make us sometimes uncomfortably aware of their presence. We remember, that not long past, cats were the accepted familiars of witches and co-partners in all their devilry and even now perhaps as a reminder of these practices they often look past us with wide eyes staring at nothing, or raise their heads to listen when there is silence. To them, darkness seems to lend a presence. They slip easily into the intensity of the night, natural denizens of a moonlit land. Their exquisite games with the shadows are not of this world, and when they come back indoors, their fur smelling of the wind, their black eyes suddenly golden, we are aware for a moment, how inadequate their isolation makes us feel.

As well as to the night, cats respond to the different spirit of each season. Spring comes. All winter they have sat purring like kettles in front of a fire. Now, when the dust notes dance in the first pale sun, cats seem to tread lighter, leap higher. They become more affectionate and childlike in their desire to please. They find a sunny patch on the floor, which grows longer every day, until they can stretch themselves from their nose to the tip of their tail in the year's first warmth. And when at last, wind and rain seem gone for ever, they go into the garden and leap extravagantly in pure joy over all the newly-budding flower beds. No longer can they sit still and look like Confucius. Vain creatures always, they glory in this delicate spring madness. Leaping higher and higher, their elegant limbs make a poem of wild movement, and their eyes are full of their own proud beauty. At last, ending this token of surrender to nature, they sprawl exhausted in the new grass, and later, as they come in quite calmly to ask for a saucer of milk, we feel, in some way, that again we have been excluded.

But summer comes on quickly and the sun is warmth and the perfume of the flowers make cats lazy and voluptuous. In long, leisurely movements, they poise themselves from walls and fences on to the lawn to sprawl like spilled quick silver in the hot grass. The scent of the flowers attract them in summer, especially at night-time. Then, with the flowers standing very still and pale in the heavy dusk, a cat will go and sit for hours near a bed of phlox, or sniff the thin perfume of a peony. On nights like these they never come in, but sit in the garden all night, and it seems, by their presence, to belong, not to us, but to some long-dead Persian king whose queens walked among their flowers as gracefully as a cat.

They like, too, the bitter scent of a chrysanthemum, which teases their nostrils and makes them curious, but this is in autumn, when days are colder and the acrid smoke of garden fires keep them indoors. Then they sit with their tail curled neatly round their paws, intent on every falling leaf, or scrabble fiercely at the late flies on the window pane.

But soon sitting by the window is too cold for them and as winter draws on they fluff out their fur and become tea-cosy cats who purr in the hearth all day long. Sometimes their purring is deceptive for they are perverse creatures always, and when they are not sleeping their energy overflows in all directions. Suddenly, eyes lucent-black with devilry, they become small tigers, bringing a jungle to the hearth. The slightest movement will arouse their predatory instinct, and their tails quiver with fury at some unknown cause. Then, in the next moment, the tiger gives way to the boudoir pet with eyes as languishing and full of secrets as any spoilt beauty. The eyes are the most fascinating part of a cat. The play of the



whiskers or the set of the ears may reveal much, but not more than the eyes. In them may be seen any expression from that of a young child to an angry Tartar chief. Unfortunately any representation of a cat is usually highly sentimentalised. We are delighted by the ridiculous sweetness of kittens in pint-pots, and forget that cats have more character, common sense, intelligence and more beauty than any other animal. The personality of Hogarth's famous cat in his painting of the Graham children, steals almost all the attention in the picture. He is a very real cat. A gold-finch is his aim, and, eyes wide with longing, his claws grip savagely on the back of a chair.

But cats also have dignity, not the dignity of the carefully-posed Persian, bored and indifferent, but the hard-won dignity of generations of self-possession and independence. There is a small green-bronze statue in the British Museum which shows this exactly. Bronze perhaps is not the best medium in which to model a cat, but in dispensing with any suggestion of fur, the essential structure of a cat is shown, and with it, the essential dignity, pride, arrogance, call it what you will, of the feline spirit.

But I think the best understanding of the complex personality of a cat is shown in some of de Maupassant's poems. His consummate sensibility allows him to understand cats better than most. His affection does not demand, but shows almost respect, and he leaves us a quick impression of their supernatural beauty and also a glimpse of tragedy behind the play. "A cat walks in his brain" he says, and this perhaps, as felt by de Maupassant, is the real essence of a cat, if only we could know them properly.

FRANCES HOOKER, VI.

### Man and Machinery

Man is no longer the master of machinery; machinery is the master of man. It has enslaved the minds and imagination of men; it has made men drunk with sight of power; it has driven men to their deaths; it is always waiting, always watching for another victim to crush, to grind, to kill in its cruel, iron jaws. It jangles in a cacophonous song of triumph; it cackles with proud disdain for man, its maker.

When man made machinery the whole world rejoiced. Men sang praises to God; men laughed in ecstasy and joy; men danced and clapped their hands in wild delight; men kissed and slapped each other on the back, and parted, friends.

But in that hour of foolish merriment, man saw not what the future held in store. Sad faces, frowns as black as thunder, bitter tears, deep sorrow, enmity and hatred, fear and trembling, and the never ending tyranny of our over-lord, machinery.

Man was master of machinery, once!

JOAN MALYON, 5W.

### Snow in the morning

It had snowed in the night and now this morning the whole countryside had turned into a fairyland of loveliness. In the snow on my window-sill a robin had worked a delicate zig-zag pattern with his little footprints, while in the lane the large footprints of the workmen marred the smoothness of it all. All the fields had merged into one large white carpet, in the middle of which was a frozen mirror, reflecting the pale sunlight. The willows beside the pond were laden down with snow, which glowed a pale pink in

the sun. Some of the snow had brushed off the gate post and it stood naked and brown with a little white cap looking like a strange visitor from another planet. A startled rabbit on diving into a snow laden bush had immediately drawn back indignantly, covered in a white, frozen shawl.

In the distance it was hard to discover which was sky and which was snow, but in this new strange world it did not really matter. All the morning I revelled in the beauty of the snow, and all the afternoon too; but this afternoon it rained and so when I wake to-morrow morning it will not be to a white fairyland but to a grey overcast sky and muddy fields.

CATHERINE STURGESS, 4h.

### An Old Sea Captain

I first saw him when he was telling a tale to a semi-circle of young children gathered round him as he sat on the side of a tar-smeared boat. As he spoke he puffed at a large, brown, cracked pipe, from which wreathing smoke arose, trying its hardest to obscure his clear blue eyes and weather beaten skin whose kindly lines seemed to have been drawn by an Almighty hand. His red patched trousers and brown leather jacket did not seem out of place, rather, he merged into a colourful picture, a picture that no ship would be ashamed to own as its figure-head. Even as I watched, his dry, tanned skin creased into a thousand smiling lines, and the little group of children gave a delighted peal of laughter.

MYRTLE BAREHAM, 5w.

### The Storm

I love storms at sea. Their wild fury excites and inspires me. I would love to stand on top of a cliff and watch one, to feel the wind blowing my hair, to see the surging waves beat against the wicked black rocks. I love the thunder and the lightning that seems to rip the sky apart. The sea looks like a witch's cauldron with some dread potion brewing inside. The waves dashing against the cliff's side look like wild monsters, fiends bent on destruction. Who would think that the turbulent mass could be calm and peaceful, the children's playmate! Often I wish I was a gull so that I could fly against the wind. But then the sky brightens, the rain eases and the storm is gone.

BARBARA GILBERT, 2w.

### Autumn

Flowers in the gardens  
Sadly wither and die,  
The sun shines through the window  
From a wintry sky.  
The crisp carpets of leaves,  
Red, golden and brown,  
Lie under the trees  
While more fly down.  
Gaily dancing and twirling  
From their branches high,  
Leaving the trees standing  
Bare against the sky.

PAT WESTWOOD, 1w.

### The Great Hills

The sky was clouded and grey  
And the hills were covered  
With fresh fallen snow,  
Crisp and pure,  
Untrodden by the foot of man.  
The trees stood stark against the winter sky  
Their bare branches like arms,  
Reaching ever upwards for what they could not attain.  
The day faded into night  
And the great hills  
Stood bathed in the cold light of the moon  
Waiting—  
Then, far away the bells of a distant church  
Began to chime  
And a star shone out behind the farthest hills.  
A soft wind blew the trees  
And they moved their branches  
And sighed in content.  
Peace and love lay on the hills  
As pure as the snow that covered them—  
And Christ was born again  
In the hearts of Christian men.

PATRICIA GORDON, 4W.

### Life

Life is good  
And life is love,  
For it comes  
From Him above;  
Life is happy  
Life is sad,  
It's the best thing  
I've ever had.  
When life's over  
I shall mourn,  
All is dull;  
When life is gone,

GILLIAN HOOD, 1S.

### My Impressions

Unfortunately I have spent only one month in America and only two months in England, so I cannot make many generalisations and my observations have been rather superficial, but it is America which above all has surprised me as being different from England and France. There nearly all girls wear jeans and woollen socks and big shoes but the women are very well dressed and very elegant (the little girls use make-up when they are 10 years old).

The children are not so well behaved as in England and in France, but very spoiled. In the hotels the students work in their holidays to pay for their studies at the "University." If you meet them in the street they are very kind. One day when we asked the way to a town some miles away a gentleman immediately offered us a lift in his car.

I have noticed that nearly all the beaches near New York are private and that we must pay to use them. Everything is very expensive except clothes. Food is completely different. In the summer one eats only sandwiches and frozen food.

In England the difference is not so great—there nearly all children wear the same uniform, but in France there are very few schools which have one. The life in an English school is more friendly, but there is much less home work and the studies are shorter, but in England you play games more than in France.

The buses are very amusing with their two decks. In France they are all single deckers.

I am leaving England at Christmas and going back to France, but I hope to come back next summer.

MARIE THERESE BOILLAT, 4W.

### Ode to Me

or From Doctor to Delinquent

Rejected here,  
Rejected there,  
Those Deans don't seek me anywhere  
"No vacancies" (or so they said),  
Those darned elusive schools of med.  
So now there's just  
One thing to do,  
A course in Botany and Zoo,  
Psychology (to make it three)  
And there we are—a B.Sc.!

JASMIN CHRISTENSEN, VI.

### "Fungus Foray"—to tune of "Clementine"

Through the forest in the autumn,  
As the clock was striking ten,  
Came the sound of many footsteps,  
Like a host of mighty men.  
'Twas the party from the High School  
On a foray for fungi,  
Carrying boxes without top-ses  
For the toadstools they should spy.  
After hunting, until teatime,  
With their load of fungus high;  
Feeling thirsty, feeling hungry,  
They marched home, but not so spry.  
Then to bed, and on the morrow  
Glad to have a holiday;  
On the Monday, mouldy fungi  
Brought to school, put on display.

Chorus:—Oh my fungi, oh my fungi,  
Oh my fungi—what a find;  
Some are big ones,  
Some are small ones,  
Some have spots and some are lined.

DORBEN BATES, 5W.

### Fourth Form Frolics

Not a sound was heard, not a thing was dropped,  
As their feast to the dorm, they hurried;  
A candle was lit and a hamper put down  
On a bed that was partially buried.

We opened our hamper at dead of night,  
The lock with the key un-turning,  
And silently thought of the goodies within  
With a strong and hungry yearning.

We thought, as we shared out the buns and the cakes  
And carefully poured out the pop,  
That if matron should wake, and catch us in here  
To our feast, she would soon put a stop.

We made short work of the food and the drink,  
And not a word was spoken,  
But we steadfastly gazed at the crumbs that were left  
And cared not, that a rule, we had broken.

We quickly and silently cleared up the mess,  
And left not a trace of our party,  
Then fetched out our packets of chocolates and sweets  
And ate them in manner most hearty.

Slowly and painfully we climbed into bed,  
With sad thoughts of the distant to-morrow,  
We cuddled our pillows close up to our head,  
And dreamed of our *breakfast* with sorrow.

E. M. MURRAY, IW.

### On the School Motto

A budding Shakespeare you may not be,  
Nor yet a potential B.Sc.,  
But do not despair,  
For the talent is there,  
So *Neglect not the gift that is in thee!*

If a doctor or linguist you would be,  
Or even a lawyer—perhaps an M.P.  
Neglect not your Chemistry,  
Your Maths., or your History,  
*Neglect not the gift that is in thee!*

Take heed of the above lines written by me,  
If you would obtain your G.C. of E.,  
Neglect B.B.C.,  
And also T.V.,  
But *Neglect not the gift that is in thee!!*

JOY WAUGH, 4h.



## Weapons

Weapons have not only changed because of the advancement of science but also because of the evolution of man himself. Thus weapons used in modern times would not have been at all suitable in ancient days, and vice-versa.

Take for example the case of the erring husband. Returning home after a night's revelry in a somewhat intoxicated state, he is oblivious of the silent figure of his wife standing in wait behind the front door. The after effects of being firmly struck on the head with a stout rolling pin must be very much the same as those experienced by his stone-age counterpart.

He, in loincloth and woad, making his not too steady way homewards, is also unaware of the figure of his burly mate by the entrance to his cave. This worthy amazon, her powerful muscles rippling under her elegant sheep-skin wrap, is swinging gently a hefty knotted club. As the guilty party reaches the cave she swings the club over her head in a truly professional style, and brings it down with unnecessary force on his unsuspecting skull.

If she had used it with the same force on the head of a present-day husband he would most certainly have been killed. But if, on the other hand, she had used a rolling pin on her mate he would have been entirely unaware that he had disturbed his better half.

Another weapon which has diminished even more in size is the catapult. Small boys, however, count this an advantage as the implement can pass unseen, which gives them a better chance of getting a good aim at the ample posteria of the retreating vicar. But I believe the delight taken by present-day school children in these small instances cannot surpass that of the ancient Roman as he used its unwieldy counterpart. I suspect that he experienced a mild feeling of glee as he zealously released the spring of the weapon. Even more do I suspect a feeling of uncontrollable bliss as he watched the huge rocks descending on the ample posterias of the retreating enemy.

Thus it seems that from prehistoric times to present-day, people have still kept some of the same kind of spirit. Though as each age passed it changed in some degree it seems to indicate that there is more truth than realised in the term "little monkey."

MARY MURPHY, 5s.

## The Opera

Opera! The word itself, after the oppressing reality of the examinations, called to our minds sumptuous images of music, while arms gesturing in darkness and all the magic of the stage. These were our dreams. Our illusions, such as they were, were soon dispelled. Work, we discovered, work and more work had to be undergone to make the least note harmonious the least gesture smooth and expressive.

Our first initiation connected with the opera came on a day soon after the exams. Miss Park, like a sheep dog (her own words) gathered us down into the Greek Theatre and taught us basic movements. We swung our arms, our legs, our heads. We walked like queens, we grovelled like beggars. We trod on eggshells and picked up beads—and we learned to fall down. We were put through our paces like thorough-bred horses and thanks to

the energy and example of Miss Park (especially the example) some of it we managed to remember to the Opera night itself.

Then Miss Berry took charge of us. Elusive notes were caught, it seemed, from nowhere, and hammered into our minds. The baton danced before our eyes, our voices followed it, and amazingly, the unmelodious cacophony under Miss Berry's hectic guidance and encouragement became joined together into sheer beauty. We were ourselves astonished that such sounds could be coaxed from us.

Apart from the singing and the acting there were the costumes. One memorable day we were ushered into the domestic science room to be confronted by piles of billowing satins and silks and trimmings, transported so we thought, straight from an Oriental bazaar. But these were to be our costumes, they were to transform us into the elegant mincing ladies of an 18th century court. With Miss Bloomfield and Miss Allison presiding, we began to cut out. Colours were matched, trimmings distributed. At home our mothers sewed hard. Petticoats by the hundred were begged, borrowed or stolen, and gradually we emerged—wasp waisted ladies with fluttering fans, full of the latest court gossip.

By now the music and the acting had reached the stage where it was possible to combine the two. Every day we rehearsed. Miss Park would praise, Miss Berry scold. Or on other days the acting was stiff and the music right. We were always missing the beat, losing the beat, not following the beat. The beat dominated our lives, we lived it and dreamt it. The music would be with us everywhere, cleaning our teeth, playing tennis. Our parents knew the opera better than we did. In between sleeping and waking would step the figure of Miss Park waving her hands, and shouting "Surprise, come on, surprise."

And surprised we were, we had to be—for the sake of the opera. The beat began to behave sensibly. We swooped down upon our top notes like eagles, our placing and timing grew more and more perfect and the whole thing began to cohere together. Now came the time to rehearse with our costumes, to let panniers and neck bands, pin pipes and villain's moustaches mould us more into our final characters. Quick changes were practised, we learned to follow the orchestra and the magic of lighting gave the final effect. We were ready for the day.

And wonderfully, everything happened as it should have done. The weather, as we had all been praying for days, was fine, our notes were true, the audience responded warmly, and everyone experienced the true delight of creating beauty by one's own efforts.

FRANCES HOOKER, VH.

### A week of work at Flatford

During the Easter holidays this year the sixth form botanists and zoologists went, with a dreadful feeling in the pit of their stomachs, to Flatford Mill Field Centre.

We arrived in dismal weather but despite the rain the mill looked very attractive and the members of the lower sixth were delighted when they were shown into a room in the famous "Willy Lott's Cottage," where there were three little beds and an enormous fireplace. This room used to be the kitchen of the cottage, and through a very low door was a small white-washed room that for want of a better name was called the Dairy.

The first meal was dinner, during which we made the acquaintance of the other people there—two sets of students from Birmingham Training Colleges and a party from Bournemouth High School. After dinner the Warden addressed everyone in the Common Room and then we were free to do as we pleased until bedtime.

Every day the B.S.G. and W.H.S. girls went out to do field work with Miss Walker, the sub-warden. In the evening we all worked in the lab. Most of us had never worked so hard before but everyone enjoyed it immensely.

Sunday, which came in the middle of our stay, was the only day of rest. The three members of the lower sixth walked to church in a village called Dedham. It began to rain while they were in church and so afterwards they climbed over a gate and ate their sandwiches in an old cowshed—it was probably the weirdest Sunday lunch any of them had ever had.

It was with real regret that we realised that the lovely "holiday" was nearly over, and on the last morning it was very sad to say goodbye to all our new friends. So with heavy hearts we returned to London after a holiday that had turned out very differently from the one expected.

VALERIE A. HALL, VI.

## Holland

It was a crisp spring morning in April when thirty-seven excited fourth formers boarded a train at Liverpool Street for Parkeston Quay. On arrival there we showed our passports to railway police and embarked. After parking our luggage we made our way to the upper deck where we watched bicycles and cars being brought aboard. At twelve o'clock we drew slowly away to begin our sixty-four mile journey across the North Sea. As it was fine we were able to stay on deck until a passport inspection was called. At this our passports were marked and we were handed landing tickets. At 5.50 p.m. we sighted land, but it seemed hours before we landed. From the quay we followed Miss Thomerson to our reserved compartment of the Amsterdam train. Here we met our Dutch guide, whom we called "Bob."

Before retiring to our dormitories we learnt that the rising bell went at 7 o'clock, but the following morning one did not go, but was not needed either. After breakfast we did some shopping and exploring. In the afternoon we went to typical Holland. Firstly to Brock in Waterland, where cheeses are manufactured and then on to Volendam and Marken Isle, where different national dresses are worn.

For breakfast we always had cheese, ham, spam, jam and chocolate sprinkling with bread and butter and a cup of coffee. After this on Friday we went to Alkmaar, the cheese market town and to Wieringermeer Polder and the Enclosing Dam. On this twenty-two mile long structure is a large monumental tower from which a marvellous view can be seen.

The following day "Bob" took us sightseeing round Amsterdam. In the town are seventy-two canals and three hundred and two bridges all looking alike, so it was little wonder that in the afternoon, whilst shopping, we kept losing ourselves.

On Easter Sunday we all went to church in the morning, but after dinner we visited the Rijks Museum. In the evening we ate Dutch ice cream in a large restaurant in Rembrandtplein. Delicious!

On Monday we went to the seaside resort of Scheveningen, it was very blustery and several times it rained, making everything very gloomy. After this we went back to the Hague where we visited the Peace Palace and looked at the Government buildings. At night we went to a film show by young Dutch guides, it was very interesting.

On our last day in wonderful Holland we were allowed to do our final shopping in the morning and in the afternoon we went to the Haarlem Bulb Lands. Here we watched men at work and the "National Bloemententoonstelling." The sight was so wonderful that it is unbelievable.

This wonderful, never to be forgotten day, and a lovely journey home ended a glorious holiday.

Thanks to Miss Fair, Miss Thomerson, Miss Hayward, Miss Fair's friend, and not forgetting "Bob" our holiday abroad will never be forgotten.

J. BARNARD, 5s.

### Letters

#### From Sarawak

A card from Thaxted has just reminded me that W.H.S. is almost at the end of another year and I haven't yet written to thank you for *Iris*. It was most enjoyable, and so interesting to know what everyone is doing. I passed it on to my form—Form V, who are still marvelling at it. They asked me to tell you how good they think it is and to say how much they enjoyed the articles on Venice and the poetry. The latter is rather a novelty. I don't think it had ever occurred to them that schoolgirls could write poetry.

A. OLDFIELD.

#### From Ontario

We certainly find our cosmopolitan surroundings interesting. We are living in the Jewish area at present and there are lots of little shops so that, at last, we are able to get edible bread and cakes! There are quite a lot of Chinese people too, they have the most adorable children, round golden faces with limpid brown eyes set in them. Their fruit stores are the cleanest in the city in contrast to the Italians. There are innumerable Ukrainians, Polish and Russian and I could go on until I'd mentioned half the people of the world.

The schools work in two seasons, from the first week in September to Christmas and from Christmas to the end of June with only a short break for Easter and staff do not resign then. They work in grades too, 1—8 in Public School, 9—13 in High School, and the child literally has to "make the grade" or else they stay where they are for another year, very nice for the bright child but not so good for the backward one or for the teacher, who may have a terrific age range in the class. All High School teachers are graduates as in Scotland. Food habits are rather strange, they have gone to enormous lengths in order to get pure food with rather disastrous results. The bread is so pure that they've practically only starch left, so they have to put vitamins back in it! Milk is homogenized, which means it comes out looking like chalky water, tomatoes come in boxes of four or five, spinach already washed(?) in paper bags and so on. The bread is sweet, too, and rather like a sponge and the crust is almost non-existent.

The groceteria near where I work is most magnificent, about as big as Bakers Arms' Woolworths. I got the shock of my life the first time I

patronised it. I put out my hand to open the door and it jumped away from me; they have a photo-electric cell and beam which you cross and the door opens automatically—just like the one in the South Kensington Children's Science Museum. I've never see one elsewhere. They even have meat ready packaged and priced in that one. On the way out there are barriers; you unload your basket and the girl rings up all the items on an electric adding machine and puts them all in an enormous paper bag; they are even selling special metal baskets on wheels called "bundle buggies" to take them home in. Every item is wrapped and I usually have a wastepaper bin full when I unload at home.

We often see black squirrels playing on busy roads and in the parks you get chipmunks. The most attractive thing about the country to me are the colours of the roofs, all the recent houses (and there must be millions of them) have roofing felt shingles of all sorts of lovely bright colours, blue red, green and so on and the houses are often painted to match.

We have enjoyed our summer here. Having been on lots of trips in Ontario with Youth Hostel working parties and one longer trip to the States, taking in two State parks in New York, we found the countryside very much like parts of England and Wales. We hope to go Ottawa next week-end, which is a long one for Thanksgiving. We particularly enjoyed meeting people in the States and finding how much nicer they are at home than when they come to England!

JOAN M. CROWE (MORGAN).

#### From Egypt

If I could only describe to you how fascinating this country is. One letter is quite inadequate, volumes of closely written pages would be needed and even then the colour, the sounds, the smells would be missing. How can one describe every small detail, every amusing scene, each small piece of the jig-saw that is life in Alexandria? How bewildering it is to write down one statement about the Arabs and immediately think of fifty examples contradicting your statement. We are told that the Arabs in the town are a weak, degenerate, disease-ridden lot, we see them begging in the streets, living in their filthy mud hovels, eating scraps from dustbins, and we pity them. But then we see these same poor, weak Arabs going barefoot over stones in the coldest weather, playing football, barefoot, with a hard ball on a rough cement pitch or in a quiet street, wearing cotton robes in the bitter wind when we Europeans are muffled up in our woollens. What an enigma.

The only thing you can be sure of is the land—the soil and the river—this is unchanging. What a strange feeling it gives one to walk in the shadow of the great pyramids near Cairo and see the fellahin ploughing the fields with the same plough, the same oxen, as were used when the pyramids were being built. Only the centres of the town have changed, only the rich have their changing fashions and improved manner of living, helped by an increasing number of mechanical devices. The land hasn't changed one scrap, nor have the people who live on it. They continue to depend on the Nile for their very life.

And while the ragged little boy is driving his oxen slowly round and round, turning the water-wheel, in the towns things are happening. The army is recruiting thousands of men. Manœuvres are in progress all over the desert. Thousands more young men are being educated. New university



buildings are springing up all round our school. Streams of students carrying books and T squares, go past the windows each morning. There is a great deal of enthusiasm in the air. Big processions and demonstrations are held to collect money for those students who cannot afford to pay their fees.

But one cannot help feeling that all is not well. Perhaps there is too much uncurbed enthusiasm. The country is becoming like a piece of elastic, with one end firmly anchored among the fellahin working with their ancient ploughs in the shadow of the pyramids, and the other end shooting up in an attempt to reach the stars. Sooner or later the enthusiasts must come down to earth again with a bump, or the elastic will break, with disastrous results.

I am glad that I can look at all this impersonally. I have no roots or responsibilities here. I can leave whenever I like, but for the many European communities living in Egypt—Greeks, Italians, etc., who have been here for generation upon generation—these people must find life very difficult now.

What a long way all this is from Church Hill. Who thought that five short years after I left school I should be writing you letters from Egypt. I often think to myself that I ought to keep a kind of diary and record my day to day impressions of life here. They would make interesting reading. Letters are such temporary things, written and sent away in a day or, more often, not written at all.

But anything I wrote would be just my personal comment—so many words—worthless in-so-far as the people I write about are concerned. There is so much more that needs doing, so much indeed that one does not know where to start. One would have to be a Florence Nightingale or Elizabeth Fry a hundred times over before any impression could be made.

You know, there is a saying that he who drinks Nile waters will always return. I feel that this is coming true in my case. I am renewing my contract for another year because I cannot bring myself to sever all connection with Egypt. After two or three months in England last summer I was longing to get back; back to the heat and the flies and the smells and the Arabic music issuing from every street café. It really has a certain kind of magic about it.

I could go on eulogising about the soft Egyptian nights and the pleasures of midnight yachting or bathing parties, but I feel I have said enough, too much in fact.

SONIA GREEN,

English Girls' College, Alexandria.

### Parents' Association

President—Miss M. M. Burnett

Hon. Secretary—E. C. Clayden, Esq.

Hon. Treasurer—L. Elphick, Esq.

The activities of the Association during the past year have included a visit to the Strand Theatre followed by a supper and our usual open forum, a careers meeting, an orchestral concert, old time dancing and a parents' social. Support for the various functions varied, but was sufficient for your Committee to organise similar functions this year. Various schemes have been examined at different times with the object of creating new interests, but the Committee do not feel inclined to start on new ventures unless there

is a reasonable chance of them being supported. It is practically impossible to arrange activities which appeal to all parents, hence the varied functions. This year, as you know, we have arranged a coach visit for parents and their children to the ice pantomime "Aladdin" at Wembley. If this is successful it will, in all probability, become an annual event.

At the A.G.M. the Secretary in his review of the past year appealed to the Lower School parents to take a greater part in the school's activities. This he said would enable them to become conversant with the organisation of the Association and they would then be in a better position to carry on as the older parents left.

Mr. Parker, the Treasurer, revealed that £136 12s. 3d. had been paid into the school funds during this year. At the same time, he tendered his resignation because he now finds it impossible to devote the time necessary for the efficient carrying out of this particular office. Miss Burnett thanked Mr. Parker for his services on behalf of the school. Mr. Elphick was later elected unopposed to the treasurership.

Mrs. Allison has also retired from the Committee as one of the school's representatives, and has been succeeded by Miss Rush.

The President, in her remarks, thanked the Association on behalf of the school for its financial assistance, but stressed that, although the raising of money is important it is not by any means the main consideration. The co-operation between parents and teachers at our various functions was considered to be much more vital and more in keeping with the original aims of the Association.

The old time dance group has now entered its third season and is still our greatest single source of income. Our thanks are due to all those members who regularly support it.

The drama group found it necessary to disband last year. Although small numerically they have provided some very enjoyable evenings.

It was with regret that the Committee had to accept for health reasons the resignation of Mrs. Elphick from the position of refreshments organiser. Our sincere thanks are due to Mrs. Elphick and her lady helpers for providing such a fine service. Her successor is Mrs. Clayden, to whom we extend our best wishes for this rather arduous task.

E.C.C.

### The Old Girls' Association

President—Miss Burnett

Vice-Presidents—

Miss Norris, Miss Goldwin, Miss Jacobs

Treasurer—

Lily Browne, 25 Sunnyside Avenue, E.4.

Secretary—

Cecilia Wheeler, 20 Albert Road, E.12

Committee—

Edna Timberlake (Iris)

Dora Busby

Jean Yates (Dramatic Society)

Connie Hill

## Serving for three years—

Shirley Abbot	Mavis Linay
Winnie Byford	Gladys Newell
Margaret Clarke	Sheila Oliver
Maureen Huber	Sheila Pasco
Joan Johnson	Joan Rayment
Mary King	Margaret Witt

The Old Girls have had two successful meetings this year.

The Spring Social took the form of an informal supper, where vast mounds of sausages, cooked by a harassed committee, were eaten by a large gathering of Old Girls representing all "vintages." After supper we were entertained by reminiscences from Miss Norris, Miss Jacob, Phyllis Allison and Sheila Pasco. We hope to make this supper an annual event.

In September Miss Miskin gave a most interesting account of her impressions of Moscow. There were present in the audience many "old familiar faces" that have not been seen at socials for some time. We hope it will not be long before they are seen again. The evening ended with a much-enjoyed performance of a short play by the Dramatic Society.

Our thanks are due to the members of the VIth Form for the help they gave us in preparing for the socials.

CECILIA WHEELER.

## Old Girls' Dramatic Society

The first production of the Old Girls' Dramatic Society this year was "Thieves Carnival" by Jean Anouilh, presented on 19th and 20th February. The "thieves," Ernest Parrott, David Buck and Cecil Collins, the "maidens," Joan Rayment and Anne Spouge, and Lord Edgard (Alvin Hellman) and Lady Hurf (Gladys Watson) made this a light and happy little comedy enjoyed by the cast and audience alike. Phyllis Allison designed the scenes, Miss Park directed.

Brian Brockman was the producer of our summer Shakespeare's "The Merchant of Venice," given in the Greek Theatre on 1st 2nd and 3rd July. Some of the players were Cecil Collins, as Antonio; Geoffrey Barrett, Lorenzo; Vin Green, Gratiano; Ruth Wolpert, Jessica; David Buck, Prince of Morocco, and Joan Rayment and Ann Spouge as Portia and Nerissa. The comedy was provided by Keith Jefferies as Launcelot Gobbo and Alvin Hellman was Shylock.

We would be very pleased to welcome new members to the Society and any interested Old Girls will be given all details of forthcoming productions, theatre visits, etc., if they contact Jean Yates, 18 Empress Parade, E.4. LARKSWOOD 2218.

JEAN YATES.

## News of Old Girls

1954 *Leavers.*

### *To Universities—*

Ruth Wolpert (1953), Nottingham University.

Jean Jenner, Royal Holloway College.

Hazel Jolliffe, University College of the South-West, Exeter.

### *To Training Colleges—*

Vera Clayton, Derby.

Hope Meredith, Clacton.

Eunice Riches, Clacton.

Mary Shepherd, Balls Park.

Margaret Tysoe, Stockwell.

### *To South-West Essex Technical College—*

Margaret Mills.

Diane Tebbutt.

Ann Sillett is a clerk at the Royal London Mutual Insurance Office.

Irene Hopper has been working in a Youth Employment Bureau in London and will be going to a Training College next year.

Margaret Tuckwell is teaching in Blackhorse Road Infants' School.

Jeanette Chalmers is working in the Air Ministry.

Margaret Wilson is working with a firm of actuaries.

Eleanor King will shortly be joining the staff of the Homeopathic Hospital as a student nurse.

Dorothy Watts is nursing at Chingford Hospital.

Barbara Staines is nursing at Connaught Hospital.

Valerie Starmer is working in the laboratories of Morgan Crucible Company. Her friends enjoyed listening to her broadcast.

Glenys Grisley is working at the Commercial Union Assurance Co. before going into a chartered accountant's office in Wales.

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Shirley Langton has won a County Major Exhibition and is now at University College of North Staffordshire working for a B.A. degree in Social Science.

Olwyn Morris has been made the Woman Officer of the N.U.T.

Grace McFarlane has been appointed an Inspector of Schools by Essex Education Committee.

Margaret Deary received the Gold Medal, the medical staff prize for medicine and medical and surgical nursing and the Lister prize for surgery and surgical training at the end of her nursing training at Whipps Cross Hospital.

Heather Ranken is now a State Registered Nurse.

Edna Hawes is a probationer nurse in Connaught Hospital.  
Joan Hawes is personal secretary to the manager in the Solicitors' Law Stationery Society.  
Betty Holt has started midwifery training at Central Middlesex Hospital.  
Enid Gibson is teaching in Hackney.  
Isla Hoppett is in the Biophysics Research Department of King's College.  
Doreen Plant is teaching mathematics and science at Leytonstone County High School.  
Shirley Pullen is training as a teacher at Southampton University.  
Glenys Davies is teaching in Forest Road Infants' School and going to a Training College next year.  
Joan Rohrs is teaching at Wood Street School.  
Doreen Rohrs is at Fishponds Training College.  
Jean Luckett is completing her midwifery training at Pembury Hospital.  
Maureen Nash is a mathematician with Babcock & Wilcox, Engineers.  
Sheila Burton is now a State Registered Nurse and is returning to Edinburgh Royal Infirmary in 1955 to do her midwifery course.  
The following girls are on the staff of Walthamstow Libraries:—  
Shirley Hanson, Audrey Smith, Ann Beal, Pat Cody, Leila Crisp.  
Miss Gilpin will be home for Christmas on furlough from Zanzibar.  
Miss Poulter is reading for the degree of B.D. at Manchester University.  
She has been given a scholarship for two years by Woodbroke College, Birmingham.  
Mrs. Barclay (Miss Smith) is a missionary in Jordan with the Church Missionary Society.  
Madge Eastop is returning from Australia.  
Edna Jenkinson is a lecturer at Durham University.  
Betty Rhone (Mrs. Goddard) has moved with her family to Normanton, Yorkshire.

#### *Teaching—*

Sheila Richards (née Buller), Higham Hill Infants' School.  
Ethel Coulsey, Headmistress of Tany's Dell Primary School, Harlow.  
Grace Putnam, part-time teaching at Handsworth Avenue.  
Vera Beale, Headmistress of Cannhall Infants' School, Leytonstone.

#### *Clerical—*

Monica Anderson, private secretary to the Chief Engineer, Davis & Finimore Ltd.  
Winnie Byford, secretary to Foster Wheeler, Petrol Company.  
Margaret Aldridge, Maureen Waite, Joyce How, Rita Mills, Mavis Tombs,  
Doreen Cleavelly, Christine Young, Alma Newman, Kathleen Dooley,  
Helen Harris, Jean Green, Joyce Spriggs, Irene Smith, Jean Claydon,  
Muriel Jones  
Iris Young is at John Lewis.



### Marriages

Miss Bairstow to R. W. Ellingham, at Wembley Park Congregational Church, July 31st, 1954.

Miss Smith to Alec Barclay, April 23rd, 1954.

Sheila Buller to Stanley Richards, at the Matthews' Memorial Methodist Church on August 1st, 1953.

Ita Clark to William Harney, at St. Patrick's Church, August 14th, 1954.

Margery Haines to Frank Ratnage, at Chingford Parish Church, February 14th, 1942.

Valerie Jones to Peter J. Thornton, at St. Gabriel's Church, September 27th, 1953.

Mary King to Donald K. Boak, at South Grove Gospel Hall, September 18th, 1954.

Pat McGrath to Michael C. Stanford, at St. Mary's, Harrow on the Hill, March 6th, 1954.

Dorothy Packer to Arthur Sivington, August 31st, 1954.

Joan Pool to Donald William Partlett, at Highams Park Baptist Church, 1954.

Margaret Swonnell to David Clarke, at Folkestone Road Hall, July 7th, 1953.

Pat Benson to Roy Richardson, April 11th, 1953.

Sylvia Brockman, April 4th, 1953.

### Births

Margaret Lister (née Hardcastle) a second daughter, July 14th, 1954.

Joyce Baker (née Evans) a daughter, Aileen Janice, June 1st, 1951.

Jean Bates (née Smy) a daughter, Eleanor Mary, May 17th, 1954.

Ivy Harris (née Burr) Mark a brother for Andrew, August 30th, 1954.

Margery Ratnage (née Haines) a daughter, Alison Mary, August 8th, 1954.

Ivy Smith (née Cattermole) a daughter, Doreen Susan, March, 5th, 1950.

Dorothy Sivington (née Parker) a daughter, Geraldine Mary, September 13th, 1947.

Mary Tenber (née Rich) a daughter, Ruth Mary, March, 1953.

Eileen Banyard (née Anness) a daughter, Helen, February 12th, 1953.

### Death

We regret to announce the death of Helen May Robertson, the mother of Margaret, Isabel and Freda.