

# WALTHAMSTOW HIGH SCHOOL MAGAZINE 1948

## Head Mistress's Letter.

Miss Jacob has retired. That is the great loss I have to report, but you will find her at Otford, happy, with her garden to keep in order instead of 400 girls, and welcoming with generous hospitality her friends of all ages from Walthamstow High School. She knows, I am sure, that our welcome to her here will always be equally warm. Miss Poulter is now Second Mistress and Miss Clough is Sixth Form Mistress, Miss Hepburn has left to be a School Meals Organiser in County Durham and Miss Crann is to be married. Miss Ainslie, whom we have much appreciated as a part-time colleague for four terms has had to terminate her services here. Mr. Wells, who at 83, was as good a gardener as anyone could wish and full of loving interest in the school, retired in December. Miss Knowles and her sisters are starting a school of their own in Surrey for young children. We congratulate them on their enterprise; the pupils in their care we know will be very happy. To complete our depleted staff team we have gained the services of Miss Abbey (Mathematics), Miss Bloomfield (Domestic Science), Miss Morris (Mathematics) and Miss Rush (Science), to all of whom we offer a hearty welcome.

To the parents I must send my thanks for the wholehearted manner in which they support the school. Whether I ask for clothes for uncared for children on the Continent or food for Christmas parties the response is magnificent. The Executive of the Parents' Association is making a great effort to increase the membership. It is already greater than last year but many parents still are not members. Is it forgetfulness? I am sure everyone wishes "to further the interests of Walthamstow High School by promoting co-operation between Home and School." Subscriptions (1s. 6d.) may be sent by girls to their Form Mistresses.

I have read the O.G.A. Editorial before I write this and I think I can answer one question. News is scarce because there is a new headmistress and letters to her are bound to be more of a duty and less of a pleasure! But I do assure you that I am full of interest in the doings of any old girl and most anxious to be one link in the chain that binds the old girls to the School. I certainly think we might have a special social "to meet all the new people," but there are few new things to learn about the school. It is difficult to improve on what was so good.

To the present School, the old girls, and the parents, a very happy Christmas.

M. M. BURNETT.

## Sub-Editor's Letter.

Iris, on being interviewed (personification), rather grudgingly (litotes) awarded the monopoly prize to Form VI. When Iris read "Iris" (metonymy), she believed it to be the most beautiful magazine in the world (hyperbole). On the other hand, she could not agree that the entries were "faultily faultless" (litotes and oxymoron). Another year she hoped every single girl would draw for "Iris," think for "Iris," write for "Iris" (climax). Let them batter their brains (metaphor and alliteration). Let them endeavour to impress upon their intellects (=remember) that sub-rosa they must be *sans peur et sans reproche*. *Dum spiro, spero. Nihil obstat.*

Without more figures of speech may I warmly thank Miss Jacob for adding to the joy of life by her contribution, the O.G. Sub-Editor for her unflinching efficiency and the Committee for their

endeavours, especially the advertising agents for their gay and witty posters.

All told, the School is a big family indeed. The best wishes of each member go out to each other this Christmas, 1947.

A. H. PARK.

## O.G.A. Editorial.

My most surprising link with W.H. S. this year was on August 28<sup>th</sup> when, in a lake steamer, I was approaching the William Tell country in Switzerland. Suddenly a voice shouted my name, and there was Joan Johnson. My surprise increased when I discovered that my next door neighbour was none other than Miss Thomerson, flanked by members of the High School party. Again, when shopping in Lucerne, almost the first person I met was Miss Thomerson. It is indeed strange that in one's daily life one sees scarcely a soul connected with school-but go several hundred miles away-and if there be only two W.H.S. people-they will meet.

News is scarce this year-I wonder why. Not because nothing has happened, I am sure. I am glad to see that Connie has made an appeal for news this year. In spite of the gigantic proportions of my daily mail I should not be dismayed but encouraged by the addition of a few letters from old girls.

We are a little sad that Miss Jacob has left the ranks of the School-but she will, of course, join the old girl ranks, which is our gain.

Some of us, I know, feel that the school is a little strange these days, because there are so few familiar faces left on the staff. But the school and its traditions are the same and it is up to us to learn the new features of our school. I wish-and I am sure others will join me in wishing that we could have a special O.G.A. social to learn all the new things about the school and to meet all the new people.

In my youth work about the town, particularly in connection with netball and tennis, I meet a number of past and present girls of the school. I am handicapped by not knowing many of them. I wish they would make themselves known to me, and give me news of themselves and of the school.

This has strayed beyond the limits of an O.G.A. editorial, so I must tender my apologies and stop.

Good wishes to you all.

EDNA TIMBERLAKE.

## The School Chronicle.

The events in the school during the last year have been many and varied. Not by any means the least of these is the retirement of our senior mistress, Miss Jacob, whose sympathetic understanding and kindness are sadly missed, especially by the Sixth Form whose form mistress she has been for the past two years. I am sure we all wish her a happy retirement. Our good wishes go also to Miss Crann, Miss Hepburn and Miss Ainslie, who left the school last term, and our congratulations to Miss Davies, who became Mrs. Rubin during the holiday and to Miss Crann, now Mrs. Hayman.

As can be seen from the following chronicle of events the school is now advancing with its post-war cultural and social activities.

The Musical Society has been very active. Many of the girls have been to the several of Robert Mayer Concerts, at one of which their Royal Highnesses The Princess Elizabeth and Margaret Rose were present. During February and March the Lower and Upper Fourths went to Municipal Orchestra Concerts in the Town Hall. A party of fifty girls, went to the Albert Hall last November to hear some music from the ballets. The school now belongs to the Epping Forest Music Club, and girls over sixteen years, may go to their monthly meetings. The choir have gained two shields, for the school by winning the choir competitions in the Wanstead and Walthamstow Borough Music Festivals. They performed in the Prize Winners' Concerts on June

14th. The school orchestra has made good progress in the last year and performed for the first time at the carol service on December 20th, 1946.

There have been many expeditions to plays this year as part of our activities in the Literary and Dramatic Society. Two parties were formed in September and December to see Laurence Olivier perform in "King Lear" at the New Theatre. A few of the Sixth Form have been to see "Murder in the Cathedral," "Much Ado About Nothing," and "The Alchemist." The girls who study Greek were taken by Miss Meek and Miss Park to Cambridge last February to see the Greek play by Aristophanes, "The Frogs." In March the Literary and Dramatic Society made an interesting expedition to the back-stage of the Saville Theatre. There was keen competition for the sixteen tickets to the theatre offered as prizes for the best essay written about the expedition. The Society also went to see "Midsummer Night's Dream" at the Open Air Theatre, Regent's Park, at the end of last term.

Not only do we see plays, but we also read and act them. Form Upper III, performed an unusual but charming Nativity play at Christmas.

11<sup>th</sup> March there was a reading to the School by a number of girls of "Quality Street." The Sixth Form and the staff have read several plays together. The Fifth Forms performed two very successful plays at the end of the summer term. Form V.H. acted "Jonah and the Whale," while V.W. produced "Red Roses for Me."

There have been several science events in the last year. There has been a lively Fungus Foray, and some very interesting expeditions to the Kensington Science Museum, Chelsea Botanical Gardens and to a farm near Epping. The upper fourths and fifths have been on expeditions into the forest. The Bulb Competition has created keen rivalry and hopeful anticipation in all forms.

There was much rife and strife during the mock election held last March. The school was bedecked with many red, blue and orange posters. The voting was close and the Labour candidate, Jean Smy, was elected by a small majority.

A C.E.W.C. Exhibition by all the forms was also performed with much kindness and friendly rivalry. During the summer holidays Joan King and Monica Anderson spent a week at a C.E.W.C. Conference in Lancashire.

This term, prizes have been offered to the winners of a questionnaire on the Local Government Exhibition which the whole school attended.

We have had four interesting lectures this last year.

On December 19th, Mr. Whelan came to the C.E.W.C. Exhibition and told us about his war experiences in France.

On February 11th, Miss Waite told us of the many activities of the Union of Girls' Social Service.

On March 6th, Miss Norris and Miss Goldwin gave us a very interesting and amusing account of their enjoyable visit to South America and South Africa.

And lastly, on June 13th, Miss Galt, a former member of the staff, gave us an enlightening lecture on China.

The school made two visits to the "Britain Can Make It" Exhibition. Both the Sadler's Wells Ballet and the King's Pictures at Burlington House were visited and thoroughly enjoyed by the fifth and sixth forms.

A few of the Lower Thirds have visited Connaught Hospital to see the cot which their shillings keeps by subscribing £50 a year.

Thanks are indeed due to the Parents' Association for the Christmas Parties which they gave us last year. The question of food must have been a difficult matter but they managed it more than successfully.

There have been two holiday parties this year. The Fifth and Sixth Form, Biology and Geography Classes went to the Isle of Wight at Easter and twenty-four girls spent ten days near Lake Lucerne in Switzerland. Both holidays are described more fully later in the magazine.

The close of the year brought us the post-war revival of Speech Day. Dr. Edith Summerskill distributed the prizes and, in

honour of her visit, the school was granted a day's holiday ostensibly "to prepare themselves for their strenuous work in the year to come."

## ELEANOR MORRIS, V.I.

### Prize Giving.

On Saturday, September 13th, 1947, we resumed the pre-war function of having speeches and prizes. The setting was the Greek Theatre, where the programme of dancing and music was much enjoyed. The scene then shifted to the hall, into which guests and school decanted themselves because of the break in the weather.

Dr. Edith Summerskill, M.P. Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Food, approved of the change to the more parliamentary surroundings. In her address she emphasized the fact that she was a feminist. Education must be seen in its proper perspective and its importance for girls was not to be minimised on the score of the possibility that girls might get married. Education was necessary because it gave the finest return in the long run in the form of mental and spiritual benefit.

In the modern world the ideal mother is the one who keeps abreast of the times. Unless she does this her children will incline to think of their mother as a back number and identify her with domesticity only. The home revolves round the mother. The mothers of the future must be equipped mentally. She therefore appealed to the parents to allow their daughters to get the best education possible and not take their daughters away at the first opportunity. The girls were to have courage, and she recalled the opposition women doctors faced twenty-five years ago. Difficulties only made the exertion more exciting.

Presentations of flowers were made, and to Dr. Summerskill a set of mats as well. Mayor of Walthamstow, Alderman N. Chaplin, moved a vote of thanks, which was seconded by Alderman J. Hewitt. Alderman Mrs. McEntee was in the chair. We were fortunate in having Miss Norris, Miss Goldwin and Miss Jacob with us.

### PROGRAMME

Dancing	Peasant Dance	Upper School
	Georgie-Porgie	Middle School
Orchestra	"March Scipio"	Handel
	"Lullaby and Dance"	Carse
Choir	"In These Delightful Pleasant Groves"	Purcell
	"The Nightingale"	Weekes
	"Fly Singing Bird"	Elgar
Dancing	Collinette	Middle School
	Victorian Dance	Upper School
	Sicilian Dance	Upper School
Rounds		Sung by the School

### Examination Results.

We would like to congratulate the following girls:-

#### Prize List-

Form 6 B. Feldt, J Ford, V. Cadd, D. Mowbray, J. Smy, J. King.

" 5w. M.Anderson, I. Cartwright, R. Chalk, M. King, K. Knight, P. Miles, M. Yelland.

" 5h. J. Betts, A. Brown, R. Bullard, S. Buller, B. Cherry, O. Cole, M. Deary, M. Frost, S. Humphries, E. Mitchell, I. Nunn, M. Palmer, R. Shaire, V. Turner, H. Wilson.

" U4h J. Bruce, S. Burton, E. Mold.

" U4s. S. Cooper, P. Twyman, M. Wicks.

" L4h D. Adams.

" L4s I. Hoppett, D. Plant.

" U3w S. Plumb.

" U3h A. Cooke, D. Rohrs.

" U3s P. Brown, I. Juhn.

" L3w P. Hodby.

" L3h P. Lambert, S. Oliver.

" L3s M. Capell, V. Barrett.

**County Major Scholarships (deferred until October, 1948)** –  
Bridget Feldt, Jean Ford, Jean Smy.

**Other Major Award -Georgina Tappenden.**

London Higher School Certificate with exemption from  
Intermediate Arts- Bridget Feldt, Jean Ford, Jean Smy.

London Higher School Certificate-Violet Cadd, Doreen Mowbray,  
Georgina Tappenden.

London General School Certificate with Matriculation Exemption,

December, 1946-I. Harrington. J. Lyon, D. Pettifer, J. Wright.

July, 1947- M. Anderson, J. Cartwright, M. King, K. Knight, P.  
Miles, J. Betts, A. Brown, R. Bullard, S. Buller, B. Cherry, M.  
Dreary, M. Frost, S. Humphries, I. Nunn, M. Palmer, R. Shaire, V.  
Turner, H. Wilson.

London General School Certificate, December, 1946- P. McGrath,  
J. Rohrs.

July 1947- R. Chalk, E. Croke, S. Davies, J. Dennison, S. Francis,  
B. Holt, J. Luckett, M. McDonald, B. Phillips, N. Potter, I. Stevens,  
M. Stewart, P. Warnes, M. Yelland, A. Allen, S. Bell, O. Cole, P.  
Curtis, J. Elliott, B. Franklin, J. Harrowell, E. Mitchell, O. Quinton,  
E. Turner.

Royal Society of Arts- M. Crew, E. Knox, S. Pullam.

Preliminary Examination of the General Nursing Council- Jean  
Wood, Jean Wash.

**Games Notices, 1947.**

**TENNIS**

Our tennis season was most successful this year; we  
played nine matches and lost only one. The members of the team  
were:-

1st Couple-E. Knox, J. Booth (captain).

2nd couple-E. Morris, G. Tappenden (vice-captain).

3rd couple- J. Jacobs, D. Baldwin.

The following girls played for the second team during the  
season:- M. Wicks, V. Wey, M. Tarry, C. Draper, P. McGrath, P.  
Gymer, N. Holden.

**1947 Match Results:-**

Ist Team Brondesbury and Kilburn Woodford	win 57-42
Woodford	win 64-35
Skidders	win 72-27
Woodford	win 53-46
Technical College	win 30-14
Leyton	win 66-33
Technical College	win 71-28
Brondesbury and Kilburn	loss 46-53
St. Angelas	win 64-35

**ROUNDERS**

This summer we decided to start a rounders team. With the  
willing help of Miss Markes we managed to form a team and we  
played two matches.

Results:-

Technical School loss 5 ½ -7

Brondesbury and Kilburn loss 1 - 5

**NETBALL.**

We have made a very good beginning to this year's netball  
season and we hope to be as successful in the future.

Our first and second teams have yet to be beaten and our  
Junior teams have lost very few matches.

The members of the first team are:-

S.	G. Godbold	A. E. Morris (Vice-captain)
A.C.	M. Guest	B. D. Browne
D.C.	J. Booth (Captain)	C. I. Harrington
G.K.	M. Wicks	

The following girls play in the second team:-

S.	M. Tarry	A. M. Yelland
A.C.	P. McGrath (Captain)	C. J. Fitzgibbon
D.C.	E. Dealey	N. Holden
G.K.	P. Berry or J. Harrowell	

The results for Netball Season, 1946-47. Few matches were

played because of bad weather:-

Plaistow 1st Team	win 23-6
2 <sup>nd</sup>	" 22-12
U.15	" -
U.14	" -
West Ham 1st Team	Win 18-8
2 <sup>nd</sup>	" 17-14
U.15.	loss 15-22
U.14	Win 8-5
Leyton 1st Team	Win 18-8
2 <sup>nd</sup>	" 17-14
U.15	22-9
U.14	"
U.13.	draw 8-8

Miss Markes and Miss Gilpin have given up much of their  
valuable time to coach the junior teams; we are very appreciative  
of their efforts.

The Inter-form Competitions provided much friendly rivalry,  
and we all thoroughly enjoyed them. The results were:-

Netball	Upper School VI. Middle School U.4.S. Lower School U.3.W.
Drill	Upper School VI. Middle School L.4.S. Lower School L.3.W.
Tennis	Upper School VI. Middle School L.4.W.
Sport	Upper School VI. Middle School L.4.S. Lower School L.3.W.

**PHYSICAL CULTURE SHIELD. VI.**

Unfortunately the Swimming Sports was cancelled because  
of the infantile paralysis epidemic, but the trophies were awarded  
on the term's work.

Upper School	V.I.
Middle School	U4.W. and L4.W.
Lower School	U3.W.

The medals for all round physical fitness this year were won by-

J. Booth	Upper School
J. Fitzgibbon	Middle School
B. Davis	Lower School
J. BOOTH (Games Captain).	

**HOCKEY**

This Season, Hockey has been resumed with a marked  
enthusiasm among both staff and pupils, especially the junior's. On  
behalf of the hockey elevens, I would like to say "Thank you" for  
the coaching and interest taken by Miss Clough, Mrs. Rubin, Miss  
Abbey and also Miss Rush. The first eleven will be selected from  
the following girls;

M. Foster, E. Dealy, M. Wicks, J. Booth, S. Green, I. Harrington,  
P. McGrath, E. Morris, S. Humphries, M. Guest, J. Fitzgibbon, J.  
Dennison, P. Twyman, V. Wey. We are hoping to play two matches  
towards the end of the season.

**P. McGrath** (Hockey Captain).

**A Jacobean Letter.**

OTFORD,

November, 1947.

Well, here I am installed all on my own and a real country  
woman-something I have wanted to be all my life. Lonely? No.  
Though I might be, if it were not for the good people who come and  
stir me up at week-ends. It is beautiful to be free of times and bells  
but I don't mind telling you that I sometimes yearn to give a lesson-  
one of those one with pleasant interludes, when the class busied  
itself drawing red herrings before me and I eagerly pursued.

My trip to the South of France, was stopped by the  
Government. That has meant that I had time to produce some order

in the flower borders and to learn to do my "smalls." I am progressing very favourably I think, with the help of my dutiful steam iron. I have discovered also that it is not a good plan to hang one's best pants near a tree that has just been grease-banded! Another of my ploys has been to lay a brick edging to some of the paths. It is much more difficult than it looks, I assure you and especially when the bricks are assorted shapes and sizes.

All sorts of people in Otford have been coming to me with woes about their children's schools and, the more I hear of other schools, the more firmly I am convinced that W.H.S. is a very special school and that we were all lucky to be in it.

A happy Christmas to everyone from Miss Burnett down to the guinea pigs.

**E.R.J.**

#### **By Lloyd George's Grave.**

I sat where he had sat,  
And gazed upon the self-same scent  
Of mountains, relentless,  
Sheerly grim, dense woodland and the sheen  
Of sunlight playing on  
The water-all as he had seen.  
Yet, he had sat *there* 'midst  
The laughter of that rushing stream;  
What counsel did it give  
Him? The mere fabric of a dream?  
Or the betterment of  
Nations, was that its mighty theme?  
Still the waters murmur,  
But to whom can their secrets tell?  
For there in his hillside tomb  
Hewn from the rocks he loved so well.  
He that once listened, now  
Lies dead-and I know not the spell.

**J. FORD, VI.**

#### **An Autumn Walk.**

With red leaves crackling underfoot,  
I walk along the lanes;  
Away from the busy streets and crowds  
And from the noise of trains.  
The trees are large, and bare and brown;  
Their leaves are falling fast.  
A big grey hare with smooth, long ears  
Is quickly rushing past.  
I see a squirrel climb a tree;  
A rabbit runs along,  
And nearby, in a bush, I hear  
A bird burst into song.  
It's quiet and peaceful here, save for  
The twitter of the birds,  
And, in a field of cows close by  
The lowing of the herds.  
Away from busy streets and crowds,  
And from the noise of trains,  
I do enjoy my autumn walk  
Along these wooded lanes.

**MARY WEST, Form U3W.**

#### **Spring**

The daisies are in the meadow and the blossom is on the tree,  
What is it on that flower, Why! tis a honey bee.  
Now is the time of beauty, now is the time to sing,  
All the world is beautiful, for now is Spring.

The daffodils nod in the gentle breeze and murmur soft  
refrain,

They look so lovely swaying there, refreshed by the dew and the  
rain.

The lark is soaring high now, Oh; can't you hear him sing,  
This is the time of rejoicing, for now is Spring.

**MAUREEN HUMM, L.III.H.**

#### **Oriental Colour.**

It is now four months since I arrived in Mysore. Mysore is a breath-taking city, with its large buildings, architecturally so pleasing to the eye, wide streets, good roads, very adequate electric lighting at night, and last but not least, the Palace itself. The Palace must be unique in the world in the fact of its being completely covered with electric lights, which, when lit up on special occasions, turns it literally into a "Palace of Gold," visible from all points of the city. Inside its oriental splendour is indescribable. There are vast ceilings of teak wood most intricately carved, doors of carved ivory and silver, and some of teak wood inlaid with ivory in complicated designs, an art special to Mysore. The corridors have domed ceilings all shaded

The Maharajah's birthday on July 9th, was a great day. We were invited to view the Indian Durbar, where the Maharajah received homage from countless numbers of priests and temple officials dressed in brilliant shades of every imaginable colour. Several hundreds of state officials dressed in official morning dress, of long white trousers, long black coats with white and gold scarves across and hanging down back and front, and gold turbans, were present, and representative groups of all the state troops gave a salute. This was all framed by the gaily coloured saris of the Indian women and the more subdued colours of the Europeans. High up all round were small curtained boxes where one could see eyes looking through slits in the curtains. These were the ladies of the court and others who still observe purdah. Later that day there was a grand procession through the city of large elephants with beautiful drapings and intricate designs crayoned on their trunks and legs. All the state troops in uniforms which splashed red, green, yellow and gold all along the route. There were two very supercilious cream coloured camels and dozens of beautiful pure black horses. Then of course the Maharajah himself, a *very* large man, dressed in silver brocade with crimson scarf and gold turban with an egret of all kinds of precious stones, riding a pure white horse. This was followed by a very impressive review of the state troops and then the procession returned by torchlight to the "Palace of Gold." All this splendour and wealth contrasts so greatly with most of the people's lives both in city and village. The city abounds with beggars, many horrible to look upon through disease and deformity, some just beggars for an easy way of getting money, for they feel they do a service to the community by begging, for merit and salvation is thought to be gained by the Hindus and Muslims by their giving to the poor. I hate it most when I see them exploiting the children who look as though they will die at any moment. We have to try and teach them there is greater merit in giving these folk the attention and help they need.

I have been privileged to visit severed villages in the State, and it is here one glimpses the real India, weighed down by poverty, superstition, fear and disease. Large irrigation schemes have been executed to help the people but the canals and tanks prove most excellent breeding grounds for mosquitos, and malaria is very rife. Visiting missionaries and Bible women take medicine and injections but there is hardly a person who is not stricken down periodically with malaria. One village I visited was proved 98 per cent, malaria infected, and only just now are there children in the homes again after a long period, for the children and many adults were all wiped with malaria.

The bright spots in these little villages are the little chapels and the Christian communities. They are very poor, these folk, living in little huts made of grass and bamboo mats, always tumbling down. They are so low you cannot stand upright and the only lighting is a little wick in a small saucer of oil. They are a

prey to all insect life and also to the poisonous snakes. Yet these huts are clean and tidy, the people washed and their faces bright and beaming and alive, ready to welcome you in. Even if you did not know, you would be able to tell there is something different in the lives of these people from the rest of the villagers whose huts are dirty and untidy, smelly and covered with flies and whose faces are dull and clouded and give you oily sullen stares.

Life here in India follows the same course as any other country. There are births, marriages and funerals. In one week I witnessed a baptism, marriage and funeral, all Christian. The baptism and funeral were both very simple, the wedding more elaborate. After the service, for which the bride wears a white sari, she goes to the vestry and changes into the one bought specially for her by her husband, usually, very beautiful, then both of them come and sit facing the congregation, are heavily garlanded and then the people sing lyrics. While the singing goes on, special guests are garlanded and flowers and betel nuts and sometimes fruit, are distributed to all the guests and they are sprinkled with rose water. After some time, the bride and groom and guest move off into an adjoining hall or house for a prayer meeting and later they have the reception. An invitation to an Indian wedding always invites you and your family and friends, so there is no knowing how many people will turn up and need to be fed.

Food is rationed in India and very severely too, with a rationing system which is far from adequately run. People may be left for several days without food. What they do get is not really sufficient and a recent survey has proved the average Indian to be getting less than the Germans. Those who have money make good use of the black market. I'm afraid the majority of people cannot supplement their rations with other food for they are so expensive and their money so little. I looked through a register at a welfare centre recently, where free milk is given to mothers and children by the Indian Red Cross, and learned that the majority of those families were supported by a man or woman who earned four to five annas a day. A anna is worth just a little over 1d. so you can tell just how little they have to live on and keep a family.

Many of you have asked what work I am doing. Up to the present very little except to do language study, day in and day out. I do not find it easy and when one can see so much else that needs doing it is very hard just to sit and study. It is a hard solid grind, but nothing less will conquer, and until one can speak the language fluently there is little one can do. Of course, I am absorbing India, her customs and people and trying to grow into a very different, strange environment.

After only one month in India I went to live on my own in a bungalow large enough for two or three families. It was indeed strange and at first rather lonely. Having to cope with servants who have no love for work and will go to any lengths to avoid it and who feel that some dirt and cobwebs around the place only tend to make it homely, was a problem, especially where language was concerned. Insect life abounds in all colours, shapes and sizes, but armed with a flit pump I feel quite brave.

**IRENE HARMAN, O.G.**

### **The Christmas Story.**

Winter is coming, and Christmas as well,  
Christmas has wonderful stories to tell.  
Stories of God and His wonderful Son,  
Any greater than Him, oh, for sure there are none.  
An angel came down to the shepherds and told  
Them their Saviour was born very close to their fold,  
"Follow this star, it leads to His stable,  
And to worship Him there, you all will be able."  
They followed the star and discovered the Child,  
No kingly crown on this Child meek and mild,  
But humble and sweet was this Child so lowly,  
In the arms of the Virgin so kind and so holy.  
There were wisemen and kings that had that had come from a far;  
They had come on their camels by the light of the star.

They offered their King incense and gold,  
For this was their Saviour, the prophets foretold.

**ANN COOKE, Form Lower 4H.**

### **A Walk in Jerusalem.**

We started off from the German Colony where most of the Europeans and, the colony was a curious mixture of modern flats, old German houses and pine trees, the latter giving a rather gloomy air to the place.

At the top of the road the military headquarters, surrounded by yards of barbed wire, looked down upon the other buildings—the barbed wire was a feature of Palestine; usually every other building down town being guarded with it, though at the date of which I am speaking Jerusalem has not been divided up into security zones.

Passing the railway station on the left, we turned right into a road that wound down into a valley where Arab shepherds were watching their flocks feeding on the grass which grew so green in the month of February. The hillside leading down to the valley was very rocky, but in between the rocks the ground was red with anemones and a few early ranunculi. The view was so perfect and the day so warm that we left the road and seated ourselves on some flat boulders nearby. After a few minutes we scrambled up and started to climb down the hill, joining the road where it crossed the valley by means of a bridge. On one side of the bridge lay an ancient reservoir, built some time B.C. Once over the valley the road turned left and ran parallel with the Roman wall which ran round the old city. Gradually, squalid Arab dwellings began to crowd round the road which grew narrower and dirtier, then suddenly broadened out into a square which was used as a bus depot. Several roads ran off on the left, and on the right stood the Roman wall, a huge gateway in it leading to the old city. We passed through this gateway which was crowded with beggars asking for bukshish, and found ourselves at the head of a narrow, filthy, crowded road, which ran down in long steps. As it was so crowded we decided to walk along in couples, but we had soon to give that up and to step along in single file, finding ourselves crushed against a wall every now and then to let a caravan of camels pass. The noise was terrific and the whole place smelled abominably. This was the main street of the old city, which had a mixed assortment of shops and was open to the sky in most parts; off this branched side streets which were roofed, and dealt in one trade only. We passed several of those before we reached the shop which was our objective, the only shop we knew which sold-marbles.

**M. FOSTER, Upper IV.S.**

### **4.30 p.m.**

There she stands, empty, lifeless; a hollow shell that had but lately echoed with the sound of laughing voices, Now, only silence.

Those rigid regiments of desks stand undisturbed by any careless satchel, or forgotten book. Forbiddingly the unseeing windows frown at the street, while the locked doors cry: "No-one may enter here!" In vain do the dark phantoms of the street seek to penetrate her sacred walls: some invisible sentinel is the jealous, guardian of her sanctity, until the long night has passed.

Day dawns, and she awakes! Swiftly, she is filled once more with gay, familiar sounds. Now there begins another day of happiness and new discoveries.

Here comes the last green beret in answer to the warning bell.  
The four hundred have returned.

**B. Feldt, VI.**

### **My School.**

My school is shaped just like an E,  
On this my friend and I agree,  
Does anyone know why this should be,

I don't.  
 The architect should surely know,  
 But I think he lived long ago,  
 Can anyone tell me where to go  
 To find him?  
 I'm puzzled still, but then you see,  
 I'm only in the Lower Three,  
 Why is our school shaped like an E?  
 Please tell me.

**MARGARET TYSOE, L.III.**

### **Lost Hope.**

Old Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard  
 But found that her cupboard was bare;  
 Sixth formers went to lost property cupboard  
 And oh, what a sight they saw there.  
 Dozens of slippers, hats, gloves and blouses,  
 All waiting there to be claimed;  
 Articles, articles, on every shelf,  
 Yet only a few of them named.  
 Feeling quite lost, contemplating the goods,  
 The sixth formers stand in dismay,  
 Then, just as they think of relocking the cupboard,  
 A member of staff comes their way.  
 She then has a peep in lost property cupboard,  
 And murmurs quite tranquilly,  
 "Just fancy losing such lashings of clothing,  
 How silly the owners must be."  
 Scarce had these words left her lips when she shudders,  
 With fingers she points, and their eyes  
 Follow her gaze into the big gloomy cupboard,  
 They jump, when, "My scarf!" loud she cries.

**O. COLE, VI.**

### **Who Knows?**

1. Which head girl was told by Miss Squire not to try and eat while upside down?
2. Which mistress has a passion for the Marx Brothers?
3. Who lost her liberty bodice and had to collect it in front of the whole school?

### **Who Remembers?**

1. When the hats descended on the staff?
2. When Miss Poulter hunted the mouse?
3. Cutting carrots with scissors and eating them in the studio?
4. The Pope above the Vatican?
5. Spiders and wolves in the hall?
6. Fish! Fig! Fish!
7. Place d'origine?

### **Staff Hobbies**

Miss Abbey-Crosswords, mathematics, theatre,  
 Miss Berry-Gardening and patching clothes.  
 Miss Bloomfield-Music and walking.  
 Miss Burnett-Music-making and north-bound trains.  
 Miss Clough-Washing-up.  
 Miss Forster-"Gens Humana."  
 Miss Gilpin-Marking books and politics.  
 Miss Hall-Reading, bird-watching, patching carpets.  
 Miss Hooper-Dogs and horse riding.  
 Miss Knowles-Dogs and buttons.  
 Miss Lea-Building castles in the air.  
 Miss Markes-Sunbathing and sleeping.  
 Miss Meek-Bridge and crosswords.  
 Miss Morris-Badminton and handicraft.

Miss Park-Exploring London and painting furniture.  
 Miss Pope-Gardening.  
 Miss Posniakoff-Cats.  
 Miss Poulter-Mending second-hand clothes.  
 Mrs Rubin-Cooking and eating her cookery.  
 Miss. Rush-Walking and amateur theatricals.  
 Miss Squire- Key-searching.  
 Miss Temple-Knitting and photography.  
 Miss Thomerson-Drama and walking.

### **Schweiz**

Watching the blue water lap lazily by, we sat, worn out, but thankful that our journey was nearing its end. We were on Lake Lucerne, slowly chugging towards Beckenried. Memories of the Channel crossing in the "Prinz Albert" and the dreaded mal-de-mer, passed through our weary minds. We thought of the glitter of lights on the black sea at Ostend, of joyfully entering the train only to find hard seats and long hours of darkness stretched before us, of sleeping on luggage racks, and hasty replenishing of water bottles at stations.

We arrived at Basle on the afternoon of the following day, and took possession of the white-clothed tables on the platform. There we were served with an excellent and well needed meal-which is now only a fantastic memory.

At last we saw Beckenried resting peacefully at the foot of the mountains. We soon reached our respective hotels and were warmly welcomed by our Swiss hosts. Our beds that night were indeed a contrast to the luggage-racks and we slept long and deep.

We were all awakened by the brilliant Swiss sun pouring through green-shuttered windows hung with dainty lace curtains. Looking out at the lake and the cloud-topped mountains rising beyond, we convinced ourselves that we were really in Switzerland. Coffee and rolls provided an excellent start for the day which most girls spent in compiling magazines of information to send home. Swimming in the afternoon proved to be very exhilarating and was followed by a walk-our first taste of mountaineering and also the birth of ardent botanists.

We visited many interesting and beautiful places, climbed several mountains and travelled by three different kinds of railways. In the first outing we climbed a very steep zig-zag path through wooded mountain slopes and emerged triumphant after 1,300 feet. Our reward was ice cream and eleven kilometres to walk home. The most interesting outing took us up high into the Alps to Andermatt-a winter sports resort. On the way, at Göschenen, we saw the entrance to the famous St. Gothard tunnel. We also saw some glaciers and, to our joy, some snow!

One day we had the "experience" of riding on the cable railway up the Klewenalp, a mountain just behind Beckenried. We were very apprehensive of the frail wires and heavy carriage, but our fears were unjustified. That afternoon we went up the Rigi by funicular railway. This is one of the highest mountains on Lake Lucerne, and is just across the water, opposite Beckenried.

We did a lot of our shopping in Lucerne. We decided to catch the 7.28a.m. boat from Beckenried-a decision which caused some of us to be rudely torn from our slumbers by one or more of the staff! We spent the morning sight seeing before devouring the delicious lunches that were always packed for us. The Cathedral at Lucerne formed the main attraction. In the afternoon we spent our money. We bought many beautiful things and had a marvellous time comparing wares and prices afterwards.

While at Beckenried a few of us went to a Roman Catholic service, but the sermon was very difficult to sit patiently through, as it was in German.

On the last Wednesday, the happy few who had any pecuniary assets at all, paid another visit to Lucerne, and that evening a party was held at both hotels-at the Rigi it was rather a special one as it was a birthday party. The next day we started our journey home. We were now veteran travellers, the journey from Basil to Ostend was merely a trip and the voyage from Ostend to Dover was rather a jaunt. The impending Customs examination caused many nervous flutters and much excitement, but the officials were very considerate and looked at our lists with a kindly eye, and we did not have to pay anything. The journey from Dover to Victoria was

strangely long, but at last we were home. It was a wonderful holiday and we would like to thank Miss Poulter, Miss Gilpin, Miss Thomerson and Joan Johnson for a store of happy memories.

**KATHARINE KNIGHT.  
DIANA BROWNE. VI.**

### **The Isle of Wight Expedition.**

On Monday, April 14th, a party of twenty-seven left Waterloo Station by the 12.15 p.m. train, bound for Sandown, Isle of Wight. After being carefully counted by Miss Dennithorne, at Portsmouth, we all marched on to the boat which was to take us to Ryde. Next day we went to Shanklin and, after walking through the old village, found ourselves on the downs. Here we hunted for primroses, in a small spinney but only gained scratches and an appetite for our trouble. We were luckier in our hunt for other spring flowers for our efforts were rewarded with violets and celandines. In the afternoon we walked to the top of Culver Cliff. On the way we could hear Miss Gilpin calling out landmarks to the geographers and asking them about the soil and crops, while Miss Dennithorne was explaining to others how certain types of plants could survive on the top of the cliff. On the way down the cliff we found a baby owl which had probably died from exposure; a warm drink after this find saved us from a similar fate. Each evening after dinner we discussed and recorded the events and findings of the day. This finished, we were free until bedtime.

On Wednesday we took cakes and sandwiches and enjoyed an all-day coach trip. After driving inland for some time we came to Carisbrooke Castle, where Charles I. had been imprisoned. We explored the castle and saw many relics, including a well which was worked by means of a donkey walking inside a wheel. As the wheel revolved the bucket was drawn up. We stopped for lunch in Alum Bay. Here we were in our element on the coloured sandy cliffs. After many attempts some of us succeeded in breaking off a coloured piece for a souvenir; this was no easy task as it kept crumbling.

On Thursday we walked over the downs and through the woods to Luccombe Chine. We then climbed down to the sands by means of a very narrow, picturesque path, and walked back along the sands to Sandown. On our way we explored the rocks and pools and found some sea anemones, and a large variety of seaweeds.

Next day we went for a walk. The path indicated by the map had disappeared, but as the map said it crossed the marshes we plodded over the marshes. After many narrow escapes from boggy ditches we reached a farm where we watched the cows being milked and heard about life on a small family farm. We then continued our walk until we arrived at the remains of the Roman villa near Brading. Here we studied mosaic floors and tried to believe that the stories told by the pictures was the same as that told by the guide. The Romans must have lived in this village nearly 2,000 years ago. Brading is an old, interesting village. We saw its ancient church, the stocks and an old bullring before leaving it.

On Saturday we visited Bembridge. We walked across Culver Cliff and through fields until we came to some quarries. While some hunted for fossils others picked primroses to take home. We had tea at Bembridge, some walked back to Sandown afterwards, the less energetic caught a bus.

Sunday morning we were free to do as we pleased, but in the afternoon we went by coach to Newport and Cowes, so that we saw the north side of the island. All of us thank Miss Dennithorne and Miss Gilpin for such a grand holiday.

**OLIVE COLE. VI.**

### **Quiz Corner.**

1. Who was the father of the first Prince of Wales?
2. On which rivers do these capitals stand: Berlin, Rome, Prague, Budapest?
3. In which countries are the following: Lake Saima, River Lualaba, Skradin Falls, Mount Assinboine?
4. In which poem do the following occur and who wrote them:  
"They shall not grow old as we that are left grow old,

Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn,  
From the going down of the sun and in the morning  
We will remember them."

5. Can you unravel the following:

"Comus," by Jane Austen?

"The Last Days of Pompeii," by Daphne du Maurier?"

"Persuasion," by Lord Lytton?

"Rebecca," by Milton?

6. How many operas did Beethoven compose and what are their titles?

7. Who composed the following: The "Clock" Symphony; the tone poem, "Don Juan"; "Israel in Egypt"; "Linden Lea"?

8. Who played the title rôles in the following films: "Queen Victoria," "Wilson," "Caesar and Cleopatra"?

9. Who is the intruder and why: Ann Todd, James Mason, Eric Portman, Hugh McDermott?

10. Who is the chief announcer of the B.B.C.?

11. What have the following in common: Worzel Gummidge, Larry the Lamb, Mompty?

12. Who holds the record for the greatest number of centuries in first class cricket in one season?

13. Who won the Men's Singles Championship at Wimbledon this year?

14. From what famous plays do the following characters come: Madame Arcati, Rosalind, Miss Moffat, Undershaft?

15.

**SHEILA R. BOLLEN, VI.**

For answers see later page.

### **Parents' Association.**

**OFFICERS:**

President-Miss M. Burnett.

Vice-President-J.H. Taylor, Esq.

Hon. Secretary-A.W. Hunt, Esq.

Hon. Treasurer-L.A. Twyman.

Social Secretary-A. Jones, Esq.

Refreshment Secretary- Mrs. L.A. Twyman.

Hon. Auditors- Miss Hooper and Miss Lea.

The year opened with a new secretary, Mr. A. W. Hunt. He has admitted that he will find it very difficult to reach the very high standard set by his predecessor, Russell License. However, he is doing his best to make the grade.

Last Christmas we again entertained the girls in the School with Christmas parties. Upon this occasion three parties were organised. This meant a great deal of work for the ladies of the Committee and the School Staff, but the event was very popular with the girls, and for this reason alone those of us who gave our services, considered our efforts well worth while.

During the year we have held successful dances for which many thanks to Mr. L. G. Denham, our enthusiastic M.C., and a talk "Careers for Girls" was arranged at which many parents were able to receive instructions and advice. In the summer there was a "School Open Day," when parents were able to visit the School and see for themselves the school at work.

Mr H. Curtis, our Treasurer, retired in September last. We deeply regret his leaving this office which he admirably filled. Mr L.A. Twyman, however, continues where he left off and we are sure that Mr. Twyman, whose capabilities are well known to us, will carry on the duties with efficiency.

Miss Burnett continues to identify herself with our work; her co-operation and assistance are very much valued and are indeed gratifying. We miss the added assistance of Miss E.R. Jacob, whose retirement during the year was also our loss. We wish her many restful and happy years. We are hoping that those parents who have not yet joined us will do so immediately and so assist us, in furthering the interests of the school and achieving that object so vital and important to the girls, "Co-operation between Home and School."

**A.W. Hunt**, Hon. Secretary.

### **O.G.A. Committee.**

President – Miss Burnett.

Vice Presidents – Miss Norris, Miss Goldwin, Miss Jacob, Minnie Foxon.

Co-opted -Edna Timberlake (Sub-Editor of "Iris"), Dora Busby, Miss Park (Dramatic).

Hon. Secretary- Mrs. Hill (Connie Pettit), 65 Oakwood Crescent, Winchmore Hill. N.21.

Hon. Treasurer-Mrs. Browne (Lily Stammers), 25 Sunnydene Avenue, Highams Park, E.4.

Members-Mavis Linay, Joyce Norton, Doreen Goodwin, Winifred Roach, Margaret Ward, Joan Farrow, Joan Johnson, Rose Harris,

Ruth Licence, Margaret Thackway, Vera East, Jean Davis.

Margaret Richardson Memorial Fund- Dora Busby, Dora Higham, Aglaia Macropolous.

Blanche Hewett Scholarship Fund- Minnie Foxon.

We have held two socials this year, the summer one being the occasion of our presentation to Miss Jacob. This was very well attended and we were very pleased to give Miss Jacob a cheque with our best wishes for a long and happy retirement. In a very humorous speech of acceptance, she told us her plans for the future, including the purchase of a dog with our cheque. We were also pleased to hear the School news from Miss Burnett, including that of Ruth Licence's successes.

Although our numbers are increasing, there is still room for many more members, and we are sure you will enjoy the socials. The subscription on leaving school is 1/-, then 1/6, for the next two years, and subsequently 3/- a year, all subscriptions being due on 1st January. Payment of your subscription ensures the arrival of "Iris." A Life Membership is £2 10s. It is no use after you have left school wondering what has happened to your contemporaries- much better to join the O.G.A. and find out and also keep interest alive by sending all the news you can for "Iris." What an issue that would be if all the members sent news instead of the Sub-Editor and Secretary frantically trying to fill the O.G. space by postcards and telephone calls when "Iris" is due for the printers-but I suppose that is rather a lot to hope for. Still, it would make a nice resolution for 1948.

### **New Members of the O.G.A.**

June Bell, 86 Coolgardie Avenue, E 4.

Myrtle Brockway, 62 Howard Road, E.17.

Mavis Crew, 131 St. Andrew's Road, E.17.

Mary Curtis, 27 Colchester Road, E.17.

Mrs. E. Dallas, 11 Auckland Road, Potters Bar.

Audrey Dixon, 156 Wood Street, E.17.

Patricia Dodd, 125 Aveling Park Road, E.17.

Mrs. Evans (Olive Dench), 100 Nelson Road, E4.

Miss M.B. Goldwin, "Monkwood," 9 Baldwin Hill, Loughton, Essex.

Jean Gore, 10 Ascham Drive, South Chingford, E.4.

Molly Grimway, Flat 2, Burston Road, Putney, S.W.15.

Margaret Harris, 1 Mersey Road, E.17.

Miss Jacob, Pilgrim's Way Cottage, Otford, Kent.

Mary King, 93 Church Hill E.17.

Elsie Knox, 59 Lennox Road, E. 17.

Joan Lyon, 82 Hampton Road, South Chingford, E.4.

P. Miles, 20 Worboys Crescent, E.4.

Patricia Morriss, 52, Somers Road, E. 17.

Mrs. Rayment (Maisie Noble), 327 South Lane, New Malden, Surrey.

Joan Simmonds 12 Station Road, E.17.

Jean Smy, 9 Lyndhurst Road, Highams Park. E.4.

Doreen Stevens, 41 Palamos Road, Leyton.

Eleanor Stokes, 90A Queen's Road, Buckhurst Hill.

Ivy Terry, 4 Chase Lane, Newbury Park, Ilford.

Jean Wash, 78 Hatherley Road, E.17.

Jean Wood, 22 Somers Road, E.17.

Patricia Wood, 20 Longacre Road, E.17.

Jean Wright, 58 Grantock Road, E.17.

Miss Norris, 167 Elms Lane, Wembley, Middlesex.

Ivy Bollen (Mrs. Battle), 47 Farm Road, Chitwell, Nottingham.

Holly Gaze (Mrs. Copsey), 145 Faren Road, Wyken, Coventry.

New addresses:-

Vera Prior, 67 Barclay Road, E.17.

### **O.G. Dramatic Society.**

The activities of the Old Girls' Dramatic Society have this year been linked to some extent with the local Drama Festivals at Lloyd Park Pavilion.

As our contribution to the autumn (1946) festival we presented, in conjunction with the Old Monovians, one act of "The Brontes of Haworth Parsonage." This was followed by a performance of the complete play in March. The October production of Lesley Storm's "Tony Draws a Horse," came as light-hearted relaxation after the heavy tragedy of "The Brontes."

Our annual Nativity Play in St. Mary's Church is this year to be "The Beginning of the Way," by Henzie Raeburn. This will also be presented at Lloyd Park Pavilion and will be followed in the spring by "The Importance of Being Earnest," which will be together with "Tony" and "The Brontes," another joint production.

Old girls who wish to join the Society can write to Vera Beale, 25 West Avenue Road, E.17.

During the absence of Vera Beale, who is shortly returning. Celia Wheeler has acted as our efficient and pleasant secretary.-  
**A.H.P.**

### **Letters from Abroad.**

Box 1294,  
SALISBURY, S. RHODESIA.  
August, 1947.

I've almost completed a full year in the colony now and am a fully fledged Rhodesian-entitled to vote, if only I could find out the difference in the political parties here. I've seen the full cycle of the seasons, from extreme heat to cod, which I never expected to find in a sub-tropical country. I've yet to experience a proper rainy season, since last year was extremely dry and our 2in. baths twice weekly are the result. However, I've bought a mackintosh and shall no doubt prove a typical Rhodesian in waiting with bated breath for the rains to fall in October.

By now the novelty of strange customs has worn away and I no longer walk about with mouth wide open, though new and fresh things turn up to surprise one daily. I'm now used to post "boys" who cannot be trusted with parcels and registered letters. The advent of one of these two brings double excitement; first the post-office slip which one pores over to find out who the sender is, then a cycle ride (with one's life in one's hands since Salisbury drivers are the worst in the world) to hand in the slip and collect the article. It's much more exciting than having them handed over at the door. I am also accustomed to the vast space out here where distance means so little, where one spends a day and a night in a train and travels 600 miles for a 20 minute first-aid competition. To pass hundreds of miles of "bundoo" without sign of life is a usual experience. And yet for the white man there is always the feeling that the country is young and growing and alive. Still, there are times when I long for the little places, the calm of the moors, and above all, the sea. Is one never satisfied?

**JOAN CRADDOCK** (teaching in Salisbury).

78 SECOND STREET,  
UMTALI, S. RHODESIA.  
February, 1947.

Life in S. Rhodesia isn't so very different after all from life in England, at least if one lives in a town as I do. Umtali is quite a large town, as towns in the country go. It has a European population



of about 2,000, but many more native and Asatics of course. The town is in a valley, surrounded on all sides by mountains; all kinds of scenery can be seen- dense jungles called "bundoo," bare granite spaces, luscious green grass, and forests of tall graceful pines and firs. I love it here, and I think it is the fact that it is so different from London that has endeared me to it. Umtali and district has often been called the Garden of Rhodesia, and I think most people are agreed that this is the prettiest part. For the past few months I have been working quite hard, as my husband owns a jewellery and watch-repairing shop. I have been helping with the clerical work and serving at the counter. In addition, I do a fair amount of Church work, so really haven't been able to call myself a lady of leisure. Now, however, my parents have arrived from England to live with me, and my father has taken over my duties in the shop. I feel that now I have time to take things easy, and catch up on my neglected correspondence.

My young neice who attends the W.H.S. keeps me posted with news about Miss Norris, so I knew that she and Miss Goldwin were spending a day in Umtali. Unfortunately, I did not see them, being tied to the shop all day. I imagine that Miss Norris is now safely established at Wembley. I met Joan Craddock in December, as she came to Umtali when the schools were broken up. My husband and I were sitting in the lounge of the Royal Hotel when I noticed her. I knew she was a W.H.S. girl, but I couldn't remember her name. Her memory is undoubtedly better than mine, because she came straight over to me and said my name pat.

With best wishes to all old girls you  
may see who remember me.

**JOYCE HAWKES (Mrs. Vermaak).**

IONA COLLEGE.  
HAVELOCK NORTH, NEW ZEALAND.

September, 1947.

Well, in spite of the shocking winter you certainly have had a lovely summer. I've been basking in the sun all right: in fact, although our winter is over I'm as brown as a nigger! Even in the middle of winter here it is possible to sit in the sun and sunbathe. Elizabeth and I cycled into Napier in August (your February) and we lay on the beach and sunbathed for a couple of hours. Honestly, the winter has come and gone and I've hardly noticed that it has been.

We are just back at school after nearly four weeks holiday (the one blessing of a boarding school, believe me!) I spent the last ten days on a farm and I had a wonderful time, not only in the food either! I also spent part of my holiday up in Rotoma. It's an amazing place, but I'd be scared stiff of living there in case the place blew up. Incidentally, earthquakes don't worry me at all. Actually we have had only two worth mentioning, and they were only sufficient to remove any wobbly ornaments on the edge of shelves, no structural damage was done. It is rather uncanny, though. To get back to Rotoma, the town is great fun with its boiling mud pools and geysers. It's so funny to see (and hear!) these pools boiling away for all they are worth, like porridge pots. There is a perpetual smell of sulphur in the town. The Maoris do all their cooking by putting their food in holes in the ground through which steam issues. Their children to spend all their holidays sitting in warm pools, a grand existence, I feel! Even the hotel where I stayed cooked the steamed puddings in a hole in the ground! It certainly is an odd place.

The Maori language would interest you. Try getting your tongue round words like these: Whakarewarewa, Waipukaran, Paekakareki, Wairarapa, Mannganvi-these are all New Zealand places. Well, you can imagine that when I saw words like these I just didn't know where to start. I used to have to write them up on the board and then get the girls to tell me how they were pronounced when I was teaching New Zealand geography. If ever you get a chance to come to New Zealand, come. It really is a

lovely country. The people are all so friendly and kind, too. From my bedroom window I have a wonderful view of the snow-capped ranges which make a backbone to North Island. There isn't a lovelier sight, I'm sure, than snow-capped mountains against a bright blue sky. If the day is clear, a much more common occurrence than in England, I can see Ruapelum, which gave everyone a shock a couple of years ago by emptying very fiercely. It was thought to be extinct.

**IRENE OWEN**

**Bermuda.**

On September 23<sup>rd</sup> I left Euston Station with two of my colleagues on a long journey. Our destination was Bermuda. We finally went on board the "Neverita," a Shell oil tanker. Our accommodation was in the hospital, which had been fitted out with new carpets and curtains. It was an interesting experience sailing down the Manchester Ship Canal. Very soon we were out at sea and knew that it would be twelve days before we saw our first glimpse of Bermuda. We were surprised to find the status of the natives so high. They live and work among the white population. All the servants at the hotels are natives and they drive a lot of the taxis. The shops are a dream of delight, clothes are plentiful and it is grand to be able to buy anything without any restrictions, but food is expensive.

A. LICENCE, O.G. (Amy)

**O.G.A. News.**

**MARRIAGES.**

Winifred Aberly to Mr. Hutton (she is now on furlough in England).

Ivy Bollen to Norman Battle, 20<sup>th</sup> April, 1947.

Hilda Boocock to David Jackson Wotherspoon, 8th May, 1946.

Edith Brabham to Robert Paton, at Avondale Church, Salisbury, S. Rhodesia, 9<sup>th</sup> December, 1946. Address, c/o African Lakes Corporation, Blantyre, Nyasaland.

Florence Brown to Gunner T.F. Heasman, R.A., at Christ Church, Chislehurst, 30<sup>th</sup> March, 1946, while serving as corporal in the A.T.S.

Doreen Cole to Hugh Russell Hall, 1947.

Gwyneth Hodby to Richard Piacce.

Phyllis M. Hunt (Mrs. Budd) to David Clifford Davies, 8th September, 1947.

Ennis J. Hutchinson to James Skelton, 4th October, 1947.

Beryl Jackson to John R. Barker, lecturer at Queen Mary College, London, 21st December, 1946.

Vera Lee to Frank East, 5<sup>th</sup> July, 1947.

June Dady to R. Lander, 15<sup>th</sup> August, 1947, in Glasgow.

Barbara Temple to Major P. B. Excell, M.C., at St. Luke's, Chelsea, 23rd September, 1947.

Mary King to R. Taylor, 26<sup>th</sup> April, 1947, at St. George's, Bloomsbury.

Frances Davies to Wallace Rubin, on 10th August, 1947.

Margaret Crann to Walter Hayman, 20th September, 1947.

**BIRTHS.**

Yvonne Abbinett (Mrs. Goppert), a son, Stephen Benson, 11<sup>th</sup> January, 1947, at Pasadena.

Olive Allnut (Mrs. Nichol), a third son, David, September, 1946.

Joyce Bard (Mrs. Newport), a son, Andrew Ronald, 11th July, 1947.

Beatrice Chapple (Mrs. Whitehouse), a sister for Paul, 8th February, 1947.

Stella Cutts (Mrs. Bennnett), a daughter, Jenifer Margaret, 19th June, 1947.

Olive Dench (Mrs. Evans), a son, David Kenneth Neil, 14th August, 1947.

Pamela Denham (Mrs. Miller), a son, Stephen Paul 3rd March, 1947.

Mildred Dott (Mrs. Mckee), a daughter, Patricia, 2nd September, 1947, a sister for Roberta and Michael.

Phyllis Edwards (Mrs. Pettit) a son, Christopher Hugh, a brother to Kenneth and Hazel, 1st July, 1947.

Irene Ford (Mrs. Loader), a son, Ralph Livingston, 14<sup>th</sup> September, 1947, a brother for Ian.

Janet Garrick (Mrs. Penlington), a son, Roger Stephen, 5th April, 1947.

Constance Gannon (Mrs. Sargent), a daughter, Pamela Joy, a sister for Brian, 28th February, 1947.

Holly Gaze (Mrs. Copsey), a son, Paul Raymond, 16<sup>th</sup> June, 1946.

Peggy Goodman (Mrs. Pratt), a daughter, Gillian Margaret, 29<sup>th</sup> March, 1947.

Mary Harvey (Mrs. King), a brother for Jennifer, Stewart James, 6th March, 1947.

Muriel Holmes (Mrs. Britnell), a daughter, Barbara Elizabeth, a sister for Martin John, 9th June, 1947.

Evelyn Jones (Mrs. Ford), a daughter, August, 1946.

Mary Kingsworth (Mrs. Doxsey), a daughter, Diana Mary, 3rd July, 1947.

Peggy Licence (Mrs. England), a daughter, Shirley Jane, 19<sup>th</sup> February, 1947, a sister for Marion.

Phyllis Lovick (Mrs. Allison), second daughter, Lalage, 31<sup>st</sup> March, 1947.

Mabel Meacham (Mrs. Pollard), a third son, Robin Grenville, 3<sup>rd</sup> December, 1946.

Dora Mitchell (Mrs. Lightup), a son, Roger William, a brother for Valerie, 28<sup>th</sup> May, 1947.

Jane Morgan (Mrs. Wooldridge) a daughter, Felicity Jane, 16<sup>th</sup> December, 1946.

Joan Nation (Mrs. Clark), a daughter, Noella Mary, 30th May, 1947.

Maisie Noble (Mrs. Rayment), a second daughter, Jean, June, 1946.

Ivy Oldfield (Mrs. Eric Farrow), a son, Frank Dale, a brother for Joy, 24th July, 1947.

Joan Oyler (Mrs. Vernon Farrow) a son, Stephen William Ernest, a brother for Ann and Frances, 31<sup>st</sup> July, 1947.

Marjorie Pullen (Mrs. Dunn) a son, Peter, January, 1947. Her sister, Christine, has twin sons.

Peggy Rainer (Mrs. Crickmay) a son, Michael John, 18th May, 1947. Address, Stoke Cottage, Oatlands Park, Weybridge.

Gladys Smith (Mrs. Newell), a sister for John, Valerie Joan, 16<sup>th</sup> August, 1947.

Joyce Smith (Mrs. Tutton), a son, Anthony Leonard, 7th August, 1947.

Gertrude Stanshall (Mrs. List), a son.

Gwendolyn Thomason (Mrs. Parker) a daughter, Jacquelyn Dorothy, 3<sup>rd</sup> March, 1947.

Frances Wrigley (Mrs. Horsey), a daughter, Annette Frances, 7<sup>th</sup> October, 1947.

Ivy Howard (Mrs. Searle), a son, Frederick William, 10th October, 1947.

Winnie Greenhead (Mrs. Simmons), a son, August, 1947.

Edith Brabham (Mrs. Paton), a son, John Robert, 23<sup>rd</sup> September, 1947.

Evelyn Weir (Mrs. Gould), a son John Duncan, 9th March, 1947.

Doris How (Mrs. Watts), a daughter, Susan, Mary, 26<sup>th</sup> May, 1947.

## DEATHS.

Vera Garvin, died very suddenly at Southend on 15<sup>th</sup> February, 1947, Aged 26. She served in the A.T.S. during the war and since had taken an active part in youth work.

Leonorah Palmer, died in 1946. She was well-known in dramatic circles in Walthamstow for her acting and her production and she had done valuable work for the Walthamstow Youth Clubs' Association.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

Nora Brown is lecturing at Sheffield University.

Ethel Fox has obtained the London University Teaching Diploma and is teaching French and Latin at the Royal Latin Grammar School, Buckingham.

Eunice Holden is teaching French at Hendon High School.

Irene Owen is still teaching in New Zealand.

Gwen Owen is doing research work for the Petroleum Board at Bedford College.

Joan Morgan is at college at Brighton and was in the B.B.C. spelling bee this year.

Jean Dark is engaged in industrial nursing at Briggs Motor Bodies at Dagenham.

Valerie Gardener is teaching Art at Avery Hill Training College.

Irene Harman is doing social and evangelical work in Mysore, India. Address, Mission Bungalow, Government House Road, Mysore City, India.

Ruth Hyatt is living at Oxford House, Bethnal Green and is a Juvenile Probation Officer.

Ruth Licence has been appointed Junior House Surgeon at the Royal Free Hospital.

Nita Lucas (Mrs. Anderson) flew from Stockholm to the Belgian Congo with her three children to resume medical missionary work.

Iris Mountney is training to be a nurse at Hackney Hospital.

Ruth Norfolk is a State Registered Nurse and State Certified Midwife, and is now at Thorpe Coombe.

Audrev Dixon is working as Junior Technician in Bart's Hospital.

Gwen Coker is working at Walthamstow Library. She passed the Intermediate Examination of the Library Association in December, 1945, thus gaining her A.L.A. (Associateship of the Library Association).

Mary Macdonald is working at Wanstead and Woodford Library.

Marjorie Pullen (Mrs. Dunn), was demobbed in 1943 from the W.A.A.F. where she was serving as radio operator.

Joan Mansell is working at Walthamstow Library. She has passed the Elementary Examination of the Library Association.

Kathleen Wildman has passed the Final Examination of the Library Association, December, 1945, thus qualifying for the F.L.A. (Fellowship of the Library Association).

Joan Lyon is clerk in the Bank of India.

Nina Borelli is a full-time leader of a Youth Club on an L.C.C. estate in Lewisham.

Elsie Figg is personal and confidential secretary to the Managing Director of a Furriers.

Joan Simmonds is in Queries and Correspondence Dept. at Allen and Hanburys after assisting in her father's tobacco and confectionery business.

Amy Licence has gone to Bermuda for her firm.

Joyce Norton, Eunice Clark, Vera Prior are training at the Forest Emergency Training College prior to entering the teaching profession at the end of January, 1948.

Vera Beale is training likewise but at Hampton Emergency Training College and specialising in drama.

Sylvia Gould played the lead at the Scala Theatre in the Chelmsford Diocesan Pageant.

Gwenyth Baker is training at Avery Hill Training College.

Daphne Baldwin is at Furzedown Training College.

Jean Davies is at St. Katherine's Training College.

Connie Draper is at Matlock Training College.

Joan Dubock is at Hockeril Training College.

June Jacobs and Violet Gadd are at Portsmouth Training College.

Doreen Nowhay is at Goldsmith University College.

Jean Smy is at Southampton University College.

Jean Wood and Jean Wash are training to be nurses at St. George's, Ilford and University College Hospitals respectively.

Elsie Knox is working at the Morris Wire Work Company at Ilford.

Ivy Sewell is assistant lecturer at St. Peter's Hospital, Chertsey.

Miss Hepburn is a School Meals Organiser in Co. Durham.

## Answers to Quiz Corner.

1. Edward I.
2. Spree, Tiber, Moldau, Danube.
3. Finland, Africa (Belgian Congo), Yugoslavia, Canada.
4. "For the Fallen," by Laurence Binyon.
5. "Comus," by Milton.
6. "The Last Days of Pompeii," by Lord Lytton.
7. "Persuasion," by Jane Austen.
8. "Rebecca," by Daphne du Maurier.
9. One, "Fidelio."
10. Mozart, Richard Strauss, Handel, Vaughan Williams.
11. Anna Neagle, Alexander Knox, Claud Rains, Vivien Leigh.
12. All took part in "The Seventh Veil" except Eric Portman.
13. Stewart Hibbard.

11. All are characters from well-known Children's Hour features.
12. Denis Compton (18).
13. Jack Kramer.
14. "Blithe Spirit," "As You Like It," "The Corn is Green,"  
"Major Barbara."

**SHEILA R. BULLER, VI.**



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