

WALTHAMSTOW HIGH SCHOOL MAGAZINE 1949



*Sports Day, 1948
Above—Dress Rehearsal V Form Play, 1948. "Knights of the Burning Pestle"*

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"Knights of the Burning Pestle"

EDITOR: Miss Burnett
Sub-Editor; Miss Park
Treasurer; Miss Abbey
Old Girls' Sub-Editor; E. Timberlake
School Committee: Sheila Buller, José Collins, Vivienne Hirschinson, Katharine Knight, Jenny Yelland

Head Mistress's Letter.

I must begin this magazine by putting on record the pride and pleasure the school felt on the bestowal of the Freedom of the Borough of Walthamstow on the Chairman of our Governors. We hope that when Mr. McEntee, in whose similar honour we took an equal but less intimate pleasure, has laid down some of his public responsibilities they may both find time to enjoy more frequently the warm welcome always ready for them here.

During the Spring and Summer Term when Miss Squire had no full time colleague, we were very happy and lucky to have excellent assistance from Mrs. Wallace and Mrs. Lewis, who each managed to spare us some time from an already busy programme and thus help us over the emergency. They both left in July and carry with them our thanks and very good wishes, as did Miss Temple when she left in December to be married, and Mlle. Dussutour, who in one brief year learned to love W.H.S. as much as W.H.S. loved her. We extend warm welcomes to their successors Mrs. Forsyth (French), Miss Adams (Physical Training) and Mlle. Alexandre.

To the present School, the Old Girls and the Parents a Very Happy Christmas.

M. M. BURNETT.

Sub-Editor's Letter.

"Operation Rainbow" for 1948 has produced no honour and glory prize to anyone form for outstanding contributions. The

Lower Thirds are to be commended for their enthusiasm in sending in material. One of them seems destined as a future holder of this distinction.

The exceptionally numerous accounts of special visits and the heavy cost of printing have temporarily reduced the literary section. It should be explained also that the article entitled "Surrealist Hodge Podge" is composed of portions of entries that have not quite been accepted.

The Committee has been an active and helpful body. We are grandly sporting a treasurer this year, Miss Abbey, whose offer of help is most welcome. Edna Timberlake, O.G.A. Sub-Editor, is a host in herself. To all, warmest thanks. And to the School, present and past, friends all, a Happy Christmas and New Year.

A. H. PARK, Sub-Editor.

O.G.A. Editorial.

I was looking back through my diary the other day and noticed such entries as these:-

July 23rd-Start sending requests to O.G.'s for "Iris" news.

August 23rd-Sort material from replies.

September 23rd-Edit O.G.A. friends' letters.

October 12th-Phone O.G.'s for news.

October 20th-Sort O.G.A. News Slips.

November 1st-Material to Miss Park.

Well, the First was dealt with after some labour; the second needed little labour since replies were negligible; the third, likewise, since so much was unprintable; the fourth, result in general vagueness; the fifth took precisely five minutes, the last was postponed in hope of more to come.

What is the intangible something which holds our O.G.A. together so successfully? It is certainly not the quantity of news which reaches me.

I spent some minutes the other day in a tube train trying to recollect the name of an old girl sitting opposite. In due course I spoke to her and she greeted me enthusiastically with a demand for news of various people and of W.H.S. I gave her what help I could and in return asked for any news she might have-but again I met the usual vagueness.

A few weeks ago I was at another O.G.A. meeting. Masses of news was coming in for the school magazine-but the news appeared the only live thing in that O.G.A. I listened to the Annual Report-a sorry tale of the failure of every club started-through lack of support.

And so I have come to the conclusion that our passive way is better than an active news-hunt. I shall now retire from my labours and content myself with meditating upon what *may* be happening to O.G.'s, assuring myself that we are alive, if dumb. Ignorance about O.G.'s leads to a perpetual curiosity which is a very live thing. That curiosity and our occasions of general fellowship will hold us together.

Good wishes to the School and to all of you, wherever you are.

EDNA TIMBERLAKE.

The School Chronicle.

Although the school activities during the past year were not quite so numerous as in the previous year, they were, if possible, more varied and not so much confined to the school societies. All the school societies have seen some activity in the past year but greater activity is promised for the future.

The musical interest of the school seems to increase with every year and this year has been no exception. The Epping Forest Youth Musical Association, to which the school was affiliated last year, has provided interest to a large number of girls. Members of the school took part in the carol service organised last Christmas by this Society. Leon Goossens was the chief artist in a recital at the Assembly Hall in February. This event was also organised by the E.F.Y.M.A. and attended by a party of girls from this school. Also in February a party of girls went to the Royal Albert Hall for a concert of "Music from the Operas." In May sixty girls took part

in the very successful Walthamstow Schools' Choir Festival, at which the guests were Gwen Catley and Felix Kok. Two recitals were given in the school. Mr. Lambert Flack, formerly principal flautist of the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra, combined humour and brilliant playing to form his interesting and educational lecture, which delighted both Upper and Lower Schools alike. A bassoon trio entertained the Lower School in March. Also in March the Choir competed in the Walthamstow Borough Music Festival but lost the "Davis" Shield, won last year, by a small margin. A varied programme was given by the Choir to a large audience at the South Chingford Wesley Guild on March 11th.

Several events of a scientific nature, though not all under the auspices of the Science Society, have taken place. During the Winter Term November was a particularly lively month. There were visits to the London Hospital, the Connaught Hospital and the Fifth and Sixth took part in a Fungus Foray. The Science Society expedition of the Spring Term was a visit to the Xylonite Factory. In June and July there were three expeditions-the Botanical Gardens at Chelsea, the Zoo and Kew Gardens, visited by the Sixth Form, the Lower Thirds and the Science Society respectively.

At Christmas the School was completely compensated for the absence of the usual Nativity Play by the visit of Alex Guinness, who came to judge the Acting Competition. The winners were U.4's in the Middle School, for their production of a scene from "A Midsummer Night's Dream" and 5.H. in the Upper School for scenes from "Richard III." The Fifths increased their knowledge of "Macbeth," necessary for the School Certificate Examination, by attending a performance of this play at the Aldwych Theatre in February. In May, the diseuse Mayre Lawson, entertained the Literary and Dramatic Society with sketches of her own composition. "Disraeli," and "Elizabeth Fry" were the high lights of her recital. The Fifth Form Play this year, performed to a packed Greek Theatre, was "The Knight of the Burning Pestle," by Fletcher and Beaumont. The Lower Thirds ended the school year in grand style by attending a performance of "The Pilgrim's Progress" at Covent Garden.

That which C.E.W.C. has lacked in activity has been made up for by the enthusiasm of its members. An interesting meeting was held on India in March. Indian games were played, a quiz was conducted and talks on various aspects of the country were given by the girls. This term the Fifths and Sixth held a lively discussion on "Racial Discrimination." After Miss Monica Whatley's harrowing lecture on the conditions of children in Germany, Belgium and France, the school sent a large collection of clothing- to help in the relief work which is being carried on throughout Europe.

A renewed interest in art is being fostered in the school and one of the year's most successful events was the visit on January 14th of Mr. Eric Newton, art critic to the "Sunday Times," who lectured to the Upper School on "Art as an expression of human experience." The exhibition of cleaned pictures, at the National Gallery, was visited and greatly enjoyed by U.4.H and the Sixth. as was the Van Gogh Exhibition, visited by U.4.W and S.

During the Easter Holidays the Sixth Form demonstrated gym, to the Ling Association at St. Paul's School. This great honour was followed in May by a smaller group taking part in a programme of Swedish Drill on the Television.

In April members of the Lower Sixth welcomed eleven members of the corresponding form from Cavendish Grammar School, Buxton, who came to spend a week in London. Later our girls received return hospitality. An account of this successful experiment is given more fully later in the magazine.

The Sixth Form spent a profitable educational week-end at Thaxted, whilst the Geography Expedition to Oxford was enjoyed by all concerned.

A holiday party of Sixth and Fifth Form girls visited Lyme Regis during the Easter Holidays, accompanied by Miss Dennithorne, Miss Rush, Miss Gilpin and Miss Markes.

A holiday of extraordinary interest was the experience of Miss Abbey, Doreen Merrison and Phyllis Greenhill when they spent five weeks in Sweden with scholars and teachers from other Walthamstow Schools during the summer.

The school photograph was a novelty to most of us when it

was taken on April 29th.

On June 16th, the Dog Show, causing great interest and amusement, helped to swell the School Benevolent Fund.

We would like to thank the Parents' Association for making possible the Christmas Parties, which were enjoyed by everyone.

The peak of the school year was reached when we welcomed back Miss Norris to distribute the prizes at Prizegiving on October 2nd. "The important thing is not winning but taking part in every aspect of school life" was the theme of Miss Norris's speech, with that in mind we embark on another year of work and fellowship together.

SHEILA R. BULLER, VI Upper.

Prize Giving.

Blessed with Miss Norris's usual luck in the weather, a most successful prizegiving was held in the Greek Theatre early in October.

Before a very large audience including Mrs. McEntee, J.P., and many other local leading figures, Miss Burnett gave her report with her usual friendly charm. Miss Norris distributed the prizes and then addressed the girls and the visitors on the motto of the Olympic Games: "It is not winning that matters, but taking part." It was a typical choice of theme, and her inspiring words will remain with us long.

Councillor Redhead, in a happy omnibus speech of thanks, closed the afternoon's proceedings.

It was good to see Miss Goldwin and Miss Jacob also among us, for they have not really left the school.

The appended results and programme speak for themselves.

PROGRAMME

Choir

"Thou Crownest the Year" Bach "Go, Lovely Rose" Markham Lee
"Pack Clouds Away" Semervell "Music, When Soft Voices Die"

Wood

Dancing Gypsy Dance

Study

Orchestra "Minuet" Woodhouse

School "Come Lord and Rule the Earth" Thiman

"The Ride of the Witch" Wood

"Two Rounds"

"Non Nobis Domine" Quilter

Examination Results.

We should like to congratulate the following girls:

Form 6

Eleanor Morris for leadership of the school, 1947-48.

Jean Booth, Higher School Certificate.

Norma Holden, Higher School Certificate.

Doreen Petifer, Higher School Certificate.

Joan Pool, Higher School Certificate with exemption from Inter. B.A.

Betty Rhone, Higher School Certificate with exemption from Inter. B.Sc.

Margaret Witt, Higher School Certificate with exemption from Inter. B.Sc. and 1st M.B.

Margaret Deary, Prize for Com. Subjects.

Mary Guest, Prize for Art.

Prizes for General School Certificate with Matriculation Exemption:

Form 5w Shirley Cooper, Margaret Foster, Mary Tarry, Sylvia Richardson, Patricia Twyman, Marjorie Vernon, Valerie Wey.

Form 5h Jean Bruce, Shelagh Burton, José Collins, Myrtle Hadley, Kathleen Jarvis, Eileen Mold, Maud Wicks.

Form Prizes for very good work:

Form U4w Beryl Luckett.

- “ U4h Dorothy Adams.
- Form U4s Isla Hoppett, Doreen Plant, Margaret Rhynas.
- “ L4s Ilse Juhn.
- “ U3w Pauline Hodby, Maureen Nash.
- “ U3h Paula Lambert, Sheila Oliver.
- “ U3s May Capell.
- “ L3h Hazel Jolliffe.
- “ L3s Margaret Bird.

The following girls gained General School Certificates:-

- Form 5w P. Berry, H. Bowring, J. Collett, J. Ewen, P. Hewett, D. Hoare, E. Leal, S. Marshall, O. Nicholls, G. Osborne, A. Siegert, M. Stoneman, P. Wensley.
- Form 5h M. Birch, S. Bird, A. Brooks, R. Davis, M. Dennison, P. Gymer, D. Jackson, M. McBride, P. Neame, M. Norton, A. Patmore, P. Pegg, B. Rolfe, J. Smith.
- Form 5s J. Clark, D. Cooper, E. Garrard, G. Griffiths, J. Peck.

Games Notices, 1948.

TENNIS.

We had a successful tennis season this year. Our teams were as follows:-

- 1st Team
- Ist Couple-J. Booth (captain) and E. Morris (vice-captain).
- 2nd Couple-M. Wicks and V. Wey.
- 3rd Couple-M. Tarry and E. McCormick.
- 2nd Team-
- 1st Couple-P. McGrath and N. Holden.
- 2nd Couple-P. Gymer and M. Edwards.
- 3rd Couple-M. Norton and K. Jarvis.

Results of Tennis Matches:-

Brondesbury and Kilburn	40-59	Loss
Chingford High School	52-47	win
Clapton Grammar School	64-35	win
Leyton High School	76-23	win
Loughton High School	58-41	win
Technical College	88-11	win
Skinner's School	64-35	win
St. Ursuline High School	39-19	win
Woodford High School	45-54	Loss
Brondesbury and Kilburn	49-50	Loss

NETBALL.

Our Netball Teams were very successful during the 1947-8 season. The First Team won all their matches and the Second Team only lost one match. All the Junior Teams were very keen and showed great promise, especially the Under 13 Team.

This year we have an entirely new First and Second Team. So far we have played five matches and won four, which is quite encouraging, as we have such a high standard to uphold. The members of the First Team are:-

- D. D.A. Bartholomew C. D. S. Francis
- S. P. Smith C. M. Swonnell
- A. D. Morris C. A. B. Smeeton
- G.K. S. Davies

The Second Team was chosen from among the following girls:- B. Wingfield, H. Mendham, S. Pullen, M. Patmore, M. Dennison, M. Stanton, E. Hill, J. Dennison, P. Parfree, F. Day, I. Hoppett, E. McCormick, R. Wheeler and S. Hobbs.

Results of Netball Matches:-

Team	1 st	2 nd	U.15	U.14	U.13
West Ham	30-1				
Woodford			13-22	9-17	11-9
St. Ursuline	35-2	23-9	18-24	13-9	17-6
Clapton	24-8	14-12	7-15	9-11	8-5
Leytonstone	14-0	22-17	8-20	9-15	25-2
Chingford	35-1				
Brondesbury					

and Kilburn	11-8	14-5	17-14	10-3
Plaistow	28-5	16-8	20-9	20-2

Easter Term, 1948.

East Ham	10-3	2-11	8-7		
Greycoat	26-8	18-6			
Coborn					20-3
Woodford			11-20	8-17	21-9
Brondesbury and Kilburn	27-9	23-13	13-11	28-6	
Parliament Hill	29-11	32-12	10-26	21-28	
Skinner's	29-7	15-10	14-15	14-15	
St. Ursuline	27-6	13-7	16-25	15-16	10-5
Leytonstone	22-8	12-11	7-12	19-19	25-15

Autumn Term, 1948

Chingford	29-12		23-9	42-0	
Plaistow	22-3	16-4			
Woodford			8-24	15-19	12-2
Greycoat	16-17	14-16		26-6	
West Ham	22-9		11-20	21-14	8-4
Clapton	24-13	23-7	18-12	13-11	7-10

We should like to thank the members of the staff for much of their spare time to coach the teams.

HOCKEY.

Last year we played one hockey match with Brondesbury and Kilburn, which the school won 8 goals to 1. This year we hope to have a few more fixtures.

Result of the Competition were:-

Netball	Upper School VI	
	Middle School	
	U4H	
	Lower School	U3S
Sports	Upper School VI	
	Middle School	
	L4W	
	Lower School	U3S
Swimming	Upper School VI	
	Middle School	
	U4S	
	Lower School	U3S
Tennis	Upper School VI	
	Middle School	
	L4H	
Physical Culture Shield.	VI.	

S. FRANCIS (Acting Games Captain), VI Upper.

A Professional Visit to Alexandra Palace.

For twelve girls chosen from the Fifth and Sixth Forms, May 30th, 1948, was indeed a memorable day. On this day our school was to be represented by these twelve in a gymnastic display- on Television.

Rehearsals for this most important occasion had been vigorous, till finally a proximity to perfection was reached. At least all expected their horizontal half-stands to be slightly "wobbly" due to nerves, and a symmetric formation though desirable was not expected to be attained. However, the seven minutes allowed had been admirably managed by Miss Squire, who was responsible for this gymnastic success.

At last the fateful day arrived, May was indeed going out with a flourish! The weather was rather miserable, but all twelve gymnasts arrived at school with Miss Squire and Miss Clough (for moral support) to be escorted in the Television buses

to Alexandra Palace. The impressive dressing room allotted was soon a scene of excited changing, then twelve very neatly attired girls were taken to the scene of action.

The reserves then arrived and were directed to the "gymnastic field" by a cheerful official who informed them that the meteorological office predicted rain at 4 o'clock. . . . and the gym was due to start at 4.15!!!

The "field" was nothing more, and it literally abounded in mud. Having previously been subjected to a horse-riding practice the condition had not been improved; thus the full length rehearsal of the gymnastic that followed resulted in very muddy knees! The boys from Mill Hill then performed for their brief seven minutes and naturally came in for much criticism. I wonder what they thought of our twelve!

A break for tea at the "Palace" Restaurant then gave the gymnasts a much needed break. There was doubt as to the authenticity of very convincing nun and priest who were also having tea, but the doubts were later confirmed since they both made their professional appearance in the play "On the Spot" that evening.

Tea, however, had to come to an end and though no appetites appeared to be impaired, watches were glanced at apprehensively.

There was plenty of time to return to the dressing room in order to regain "a very smart appearance," and there was also time to "take turns" in peering through the two portholes into the studio where preparations for "Muffin the Mule" was in progress. The tuning signal was up and one could imagine numerous parents, friends and children eagerly awaiting the start.

The reserves, with Miss Clough, decided to see the actual television performance and were conducted down "the back stairs" to the viewing room, incidentally "for evening performance's only!" However, some concessions had obviously been made, and they reclined in red plush tip-up armchairs to watch in exclusive comfort.

Then at 4.15 precisely the critical eyes of the television cameras were focussed-no, not on a fashion parade, but on twelve girls in gymnastic knickers and buff blouses (specially acquired since white does not "take well" on the screen), twelve girls, not forgetting Miss Squire, who so composedly introduced the programme, all so familiar to many viewers at home in Walthamstow and Chingford.



**BETTY
RHONE,
O.G.**

The Sea.

Lipping along the passive shore,

Soothing all the valleyed sand,
Rocking the seaweed back and forth,
Until in one exasperated gesture
You fling it on the muddy shore;
O foaming fingers,
And curling lips,
With your soft insidious caressing
You smooth the sand of tortured thought;
You give it welcome moisture,
You give it comfort, coming
From deep sea to light shore,
But in your giving there is taking;
A taking of former changing life
That was ere this,
And your giving is of cold impersonality,
An effacing of all strife,
Leaving a cold paralysis behind.

KATHARINE KNIGHT, VI Upper.

Amsterdam, 1948.

Our arrival in Holland in 1939 coincided with the birth of the second of Princess Juliana's daughters. Well do I remember dancing throughout the night on the cobblestones of a village in the heart of the country, in the company of farmers, ministers, lawyers, dentists and dustmen. This year, while on holiday in Holland, I decided to visit the centre of Jubilee and Coronation celebrations-and I spent the great week-end in Amsterdam.

Amsterdam is a beautiful city with its canals, its trees, its parks, churches and museums. It is impossible to walk for more than a few minutes without reaching water of some kind. For the celebrations, its 900,000 inhabitants were increased by over a million visitors. People were everywhere and everyone wore an orange button, rosette or tab to mark this historic occasion. Little girls wore orange ribbons in their hair, little boys had orange laces in their boots, most shop windows contained portrait of Wilhemina and Juliana. Streets were decked with orange streamers, fir trees covered with oranges, flags at every window.

In Holland and special architects are commissioned to decorate the towns and a fine job they make of it. Overcrowded trams were somehow hidden from view by the vast street decorations overhead. Trees and buildings were floodlighted. The Dam where the palace is situated was transformed by magnificent decorative structures which, when lit at night, produced a fairyland.

On the Saturday afternoon, after the Abdication, we joined the throngs waiting to see the new Queen drive past. But we were unaccustomed to the Dutch procedure. Father brings a step ladder, mother a kitchen chair. Sites are firmly, secured and are respected by the surrounding crowds. Then, at the crucial moment ladder and seats his off-spring on his shoulders, while mother mounts the kitchen chair. We managed to see the plumes tossing gaily on the heads of the Queen's cavalry guard as the royal entourage swept by!

On Saturday evening I was beaten, battered and bruised by a five-hour tour to see the sights, which necessitated my hockey tactics of earlier days. We sailed along the big waterways where battleships, sailing boats, barges and tugs all showed in endless contrivance of ever-changing illumination, the love of the Queen, which was so manifest throughout the whole of Holland on this occasion.

We pounded over the cobbled streets lit by flaming gas jets; we struggled through magnificent avenues brighter than day; we munched delicious pancakes in the tented basement of a bombed house, while resting our aching feet; we gathered outside the glowing Palace and sensed the atmosphere, charged with gaiety and friendliness, pulsing with affection for the Queen who is as dear to Dutchmen as the members of their own families.

There is a story of years ago when a Queen arrived in the Palace after living in the country. Since she was unaccustomed to noise at night the people had been requested to keep silence outside the Palace after 10 p.m. Respecting this request, but unable to restrain their feelings, the people gathered silently, danced their national dances with bare feet, sang their national songs in

whispers, raised silent cheers and departed in silence.

It will not be easy to forget what else I saw in Amsterdam, the magnificent exhibitions of pictures from Munich, from Japan; the paintings of Van Gogh; the famous Rembrandt "Night Watch," now cleaned and far more arresting than when I saw it nine years ago.

And what of the World Conference of Churches. Well, this was quite the wrong time to discover anything about it since I could neither understand the Dutch radio nor read the Dutch newspapers. The Coronation took precedence over everything. The only signs of it were the vast numbers of dog collars-clustered in conversation at street corners, climbing the parapets of canal bridges to see the Queen, or quietly contemplating the beauty of pictures in the RijksMuseum.

In Amsterdam, and indeed wherever I went in Utrecht, Breda, the Hague, Leiden, Delft, Rotterdam, this was the Dutchman's great occasion and everyone was rejoicing with him.

EDNA TIMBERLAKE, O.G.

Eshowe- The Capital of Zululand.

It would perhaps be going too far to say that this was the smallest of the world's capital towns, but on the other hand I hope no one will think of Eshowe as a large city, because that is something which it most definitely is not. In fact, in England it would be lucky to be called a town at all.

The outstanding buildings of the place are the Town Hall, two fairly large hotels, the Public Library and the School. The Town Hall is the place where films are shown on Saturday nights (there is no local cinema), services are held on Sundays and on special occasions there will be dances and concerts. The Library is hardly as large as the Youth Section in Walthamstow, while the School accommodates three hundred pupils whose ages range from five to eighteen years.

The rest of the town is made up of a few shops and some very scattered homes. The shopping centre consists of one large general store, a drapers, a stationers, two smaller general shops, a garage, and most important of all to the mind of the local child, a tuck-shop, situated just opposite the school.

Then there is also, of course, the Railway Station, in comparison to which Highams Park Station would appear to be a gigantic junction. Once every twelve hours a passenger train arrives at Eshowe and leaves again an hour later to catch the connection at Ginginglova, for Durban. Ginginglova, is only twenty-two and a half miles distant from Eshowe as the crow flies, but it takes about three hours to reach by train as the track is constantly doubling back on itself, and at each one of the farm stations there is a long wait while trucks are loaded or unloaded, taken off or hitched on as occasion arises. When there is no engine on the line it is not an unusual sight to see monkeys filching bits of sugar-cane from stationary trucks and squatting down on the tracks to eat them. As soon as they hear an engine though they rush back into the bush, coming out again as soon as the train has passed. The station track leads up to the only street in Eshowe worthy of that name. One part of this street in particular presents a curious spectacle, especially on a week-day morning. On one side of the road towers the Town Hall, a glaring white edifice, and looking quite out of place there, while on the other is the main general store, built of corrugated iron, of which one half, very dark and dirty, is for the natives and the other part not so very much cleaner, for Europeans. In front of the native section squats the witch doctor, who for some reason or other has stuck fish bladders in his hair, which is done in some peculiar style fashioned by himself. His face has either been tattooed or painted with red, white, yellow and blue paint, gaily coloured beads and rags ornament his clothes and his ear-lobes are stretched out for about an inch to accommodate two blocks of wood. Many natives carry out the latter practice; the longer your ear lobes the more beautiful you are apparently. On a mat in front of him the witch-doctor has spread his repulsive-looking ware, which appears to have been salvaged from the three witches cauldron. Grouped all round him are many natives dressed in all manner of ways. Among his audience are house-servants, dressed in the European style, farm labourers, who are wearing various odds and ends of clothing which if all pooled together

would, I daresay, make a complete suit, but being divided the effect is rather comic, and men and women who live in fairly distant kraals. These are dressed much as their ancestors were when the first white men invaded South Africa. The women have built up their hair, mixed with clay and covered the result with a piece of red material to form their top knots. Their dress is composed of a skin skirt and various beads suspended from their neck. The men's dress is far more simple, consisting of "nothin' much before, an' rather less than 'arf o' that be'ind." In fact "a piece of twisty rag" is all that they do wear on most occasions, although on festive days their appearance can be more elaborate.

Passing up and down the road are all kinds of vehicles, including teams of oxen drawing carts and mule-carriages. Occasionally one draws up in front of the store and has an hour's rest while being loaded up before setting back to the farm it left early that morning. But besides that traffic there are some most up-to-date cars which tear up and down the street in a tremendous hurry.

It is a strange town this Eshowe, a queer mixture of ancient and modern customs, ideas, buildings and people, and it certainly takes some time before you become used to it or grow to understand its level of life.

M. FOSTER, V.S.

Seasons.

As winter stalks the night in icy shroud,
She plucks reluctant leaf from blackened bough;
Then with a shake of heavy laden clouds
Conceals the bleak, bare hills with kindly snow.

A laughing maid, spring, dressed in daffodils,
Summons the slumb'ring earth to wake anew
And send her green and brightest messengers,
A world alive with springing buds to view.

Her azure sky is fairest summer's eye,
Her smile lends golden beauty to the morn;
The silver-voiced brooks with song acclaim
In clamour gay, the day when summer's born.

Autumn's a youth, wide-eyed and russet clad,
Treading the forest's carpet richly brown,
He bears a basket filled with mellowed fruits,
Reaped from the flow'rs that sister spring has sown.

VIVIENNE HIRCHINSON, 5H.

The Wind.

Have you seen the mischievous wind,
Making patterns in the leaves,
Blowing kites and clouds along,
Shaking the thread the spider weaves?

Have you seen it gliding, gay,
Touching grass and so lightly
Blowing down the chimneys tall,
Prancing, dancing, swift and sprightly?

Have you felt the dying breeze
Brushing on the silken cheek,
Caressing like a gentle friend,
Speechless, yet is heard to speak?

B. RAND, Form V.H.

Animal Sounds.

The eagle has got such a glassy stare,
When he's watching his prey from his lair.

The tiger's is a ferocious growl.
When at night he's on the prowl.

The elephant trumpets loud and clear.
While hunters track him from the rear.

The monkey chatters all day long,
The parrot sings a lovely song.

That's all I remember of animal sounds.
But you might like to know that a kangaroo bounds.

PATRICIA CODY, L.3.H.

How White Horses first came to be on the Sea.

In King Neptune's Kingdom there lived a witch named Cackle and she was always plotting to seize his kingdom for herself. One day she was sitting alone in her dark, eerie cave in the deepest part of the English Channel when she thought of a plan. Putting a magic spell carefully into a silver casket she made her way to the King's Palace which stood upon the Cliffs of Dover.

Disguising herself as a groom she made her way to the stables. Only one watchman was there as the others were at lunch. He asked for the Password, and being a witch, she knew.
"Custard Pie."

He let her pass and a minute or so later she led out the King's white horse.

Now, in those days white horses were so-rare that they cost thousands of pounds.

She led him down to the sea-shore and rubbed the magic into his eyes and nose so that he could breathe and see, beneath the sea.

First she led him to her cave and put yet another spell upon him. It was to kill King Neptune. She wailed until he came upon the steps of his palace for the spell would only work there. She had to wait about a week for King Neptune had had a very bad sea-water cough.

When at last he did appear to get some fresh sea-air, the witch let the white horses go, expecting them to charge at the King: but the spell was a week old and so it did not work.

The horse, instead rose to the top of the sea and was dashed into foam against the rocks.

King Neptune told his people what had happened and they killed the witch.
So that is why white horses appear on the sea when it is rough.

ANNE BEAL, L3S.

The Dog's Pow Pow.

Within the bounds of County High School,
Walthamstow's great County High School.
All the "Powers that be" decided
They would have a show for canines.
Have a lovely show for canines.
First and foremost 'mongst the urgers
Was our well beloved Miss Hooper,
Respected and revered Miss Hooper:
Three and sixpence was the wampum.
Was the fee to enter "Rover."
Many came, and many brought
Canine friends, all barking madly.
And the air was filled with barking,
Filled with noises made by spaniels,
Made by labradors and bulldogs;
Some dogs were all brown and furry.
Others black and sleek and shiny;
There was one like strings of licqu'rice
Very like a long black sausage:
There were dogs of every species,

Known to us or known to others.
Suddenly a hush fell on us,
All was quiet but for barking.
Then a voice in tones insistent,
Tones that carried o'er the ether.
Gave a message, clearly, and asking,
All the dogs who in the first class
Were competing, that were present,
"Come into the grassy clearing,
Stand around our luscious green-sward,
First parading all together,
And then, singly, come toward me,
And go through your simple paces."
Every winner proudly marching,
Marching proudly came with owners,
First the best dog of those present,
Then the one in best condition,
After him the most appealing.
Then 'twas time to hurry homeward,
Hurry home through dreary showers,
We'll remember, we'll remember,
And we'll show our cards and murmur,
"These I got at County Dog Show,
Got when barking dogs abounded."

**HIAWATHA HIRCHINSON and MINNEHAHA RAND,
V.H. Wigwam.**

Dog Show

Dogs have always been welcome at W.H.S. because so many from Miss Hewett, downwards have been lovers of dogs. Especially we take a vicarious pride in the glories of the spaniel kind, because of Miss Hooper's famous Ranscombe Kennels, many handsome specimens of which have enlivened teaching routine.

One day in June this year an army of glamorous canines marched, confidently upon the educational citadel in Church Hill. Their password was, Miss Hooper and the School Benevolent Fund," whereupon the gates and the mere humans fell flat before them. Shepherded by Miss Hooper's skilful hands into their appropriate class and expertly judged by Dr. Rickards, they demonstrated that surest of all charms, "The certainty to please." They did this to the tune of £30. We are indeed grateful to both Miss Hooper and to Dr. Rickards for all their kindness and trouble.

A Nonsense Rhyme

Everyone likes nursery rhymes,
At least, I hope they do,
Whether you do, or whether you don't,
I'll remind you of a few.

Red Riding Hood went up the hill
To lick the platter clean,
And goldilocks aquivering
Declared a wolf she'd seen.

Jack Spratt entered the Three Bears' house
To eat their curds and whey,
Then Humpty Dumpty sat down beside him
And frightened him right away.

PAT SEYMOUR, L3W

Sixth Form Hobbies.

As observed by several of the Sixth.

Ruth Cory	Black Magic.
Joan Dennison	Homework.
Sheila Francis	Whales.
Pat Gymer	Tennis.
Myrtle Hadley	Denis Compton, Cricket and Denis Compton.
Dorothy Morris	Shooting.
Katharine Knight	Backing up lost causes.
Pamela Neame	Ballet and making tea.
Marigold Payne	Cell formation.
Amy Siegert	Knitting gloves on two needles.
Patricia Twyman	Clarinet.
Heather Bowring	Carrying flags.
Sylvia Bird	Lost property.
Sheila Buller	Scrounging cakes and being good.
Sheila Burton	Apples.
Monica Anderson	Arguing with Sylvia Richardson.
Sylvia Richardson	Arguing with Monica Anderson.
Ruth Bullard	Pacifying above.
Audrey Brown	Bonnie Prince Charlie.
Olive Cole	Gypsies and Elizabethan drama.
Jean Collet	"Ave you been saved?"
José Collins	Opera and Pieces de Theatre.
Sheila Davies	Limbering up.
Muriel Dennison	Book-keeping and balance sheets.
Betty Holt	Music.
Audrey Jackson	Athletics.
Olive Quinton	The Elizabethans.
Valerie Wey	Violin.
Margaret Witt	Cutting up guinea pigs.

Who Knows. . . ?

Which mistress is going to put which sixth former through the mincing machine?

Which mistress sat in an ink-pot and which girl sat in her dinner?

Which mistress fancied herself as a butterfly?

Who called Miss Norris "Honey"?

That Gibbon wrote "The Decline and Fall of the Thirty Years' War"?

Who Remembers . . . ?

The "blue-bird"?

Fish-bones at midnight?

The vanishing vasculum?

The refractive index of marmalade:

The "chocolate-covered coins"?

The sixth former who said her second name was "generosity"?

The "middle-aged people who made mistakes"?

Who went to school three hundred years ago?

Which fifth form went up in smoke?

Surrealist Hodge Podge and the Also Rans.

⁽¹⁾ Little Mary was in London to see the procession for the State Opening of Parliament. This is what she saw:-First came the Guards, looking very nice with their armour gleaming in the sunshine. Then came the King and Queen in a beautiful coach made of solid gold.

Just then little Mary blinked hard. There drew up opposite her one of the coaches, out of which ⁽²⁾ stepped Cromwell with a wort on the end of his nose. ⁽³⁾ "Dance, dance, my pretty one," he sang and whirled her round. Faster and faster they went. The wind seemed to catch them lifting them high into the air. When they alighted the landscape had changed. ⁽⁴⁾ It consisted of cocoon

palms, sugar estate,; and little naked negroe children running around in the streets. The sun shone and glinted on the plumage of the humming birds with their hues of green, blue, brown and red. They hovered in the air and then darted away, ⁽⁵⁾ All the fishing boats were anchored in the harbour. Little Mary had a lot of fun, jumping from one boat to another, to reach one out in the middle. When she caught a mackerel it peevishly opened its lips and snapped:-

⁽⁶⁾ I have a little teapot,

It isn't very big,

And if you dare to steal it,

I'll hit you with a twig.

But little Mary retaliated by asking it severely, ⁽⁷⁾ "Who wrote 'They also serve who stand and wait?'" There was no reply, only a tiny zooming noise overhead. Hundreds of humming birds were flying past in formation, carrying on their backs the Royal Crowns. It was the loveliest day in Mary's life.

⁽¹⁾ Procession, by M. Ayling, L3S ⁽²⁾ What would you like to be? F. Levin, L3W. ⁽³⁾ The prince of the Elves, V. Hinchinson, 5H. ⁽⁴⁾ B. Hayes, Up4S. ⁽⁵⁾ Holiday in Ireland, T. Power, Up4S. ⁽⁶⁾ Poem, S. Thompson, L3. ⁽⁷⁾ Quiz, J. White, L4H.

SEMPER UTILE ACETUM



Carthaginienses ut locum difficillimum at que periculosissimum in Alpibus situm perrumperent lignis congestis accensisque ardentia saxa aceto infuse sciderunt.

The Trip to Sweden.

On Saturday, July 17th, 57 Walthamstow boys and girls with five teacher escorts left for five weeks holiday in different parts of Sweden. Miss Abbey, Doreen Merrison and myself went from this school. We arrived at Tilbury at 4 p.m. and embarked on the m.v. "Saga." The ship was very comfortable and the trip was pleasant. We arrived at Gothenburg, the chief port, early the following Monday. We continued on our way after spending a short while in this town. From the train we saw very picturesque scenery with many lakes. All the long distance trains are run by electricity as there is no coal in Sweden. After a five hour journey we arrived at our destination, Malmö, in the South-west. We were greeted by our hosts and hostesses. We stayed about six miles from each other, Doreen at Ljunghusen and myself at Falsterbo.

Doreen's host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. Johansson, have two children, Lillemor, a girl who is thirteen, and John, who is two. Swedish children have fair hair but it tends to darken as they grow up. Mr. and Mrs. Johansson own a luxurious American car. They live in Ljunghusen in the summer and in a huge fiat in Malmö during the winter. They could speak English very well as it is the Swedes' second language and is now taught in all the schools.

Doreen visited Malmö several times to do shopping. She had dinner in the Tunnel Hotel, which has low ceilings. Swimming, sunbathing, badminton, tennis and golf occupied nearly every day. One day they had a garden party at which Doreen ate lovely cream cakes-the sort which no one ever sees in England.

I stayed with Mr. and Mrs. Holmdahl, who have a little son Anders, who has fair curly hair and blue eyes. He was two years

old on the 22nd of October. Mrs. Holmdahl speaks very good English, having had part of her education in England. I also did a great deal of swimming, sunbathing and played badminton. One day Mr. and Mrs. Holmdahl took me to a tennis match. It was between Nilsen, a Dane, who was last year's Junior Champion at Wimbledon and Johansson, a Swede. The Swede won after a fierce struggle. The Dane played magnificently taking into consideration he was only seventeen years old.

Malmö is the third largest town of Sweden and is very modern. It has wide squares and canals and parks. The latter are characteristics of all Swedish towns. There are 180,000 inhabitants. One day Mrs. Holmdahl took me for a trip on the canal which surrounds the centre of this town. We saw the ferry that goes to Copenhagen which is only fifteen miles away. We passed under eighteen bridges and by Malmö Castle and a lovely Dutch windmill. Everything is very clean in Sweden.

The villas where Doreen and I stayed were both made of wood and painted white on the inside. Swedish people like to have a summer 'villa in the country or by the sea and a flat in a town during the winter. These are made to look spacious by having arches instead of doors between the rooms. The kitchens are modern and have many conveniences and luxuries such as built-in cupboards, large pantries and a refrigerator.

Swedish food is similar to English food but it is served differently. With meat and vegetables they have salad. We had lovely raspberries, strawberries, red currants and melons served with cream or milk. We also had lots of butter and many eggs. Fish is a very popular dish. They have it fried with butter, salted, soured, smoked and raw. The latter we did not like. They also have sour cream. We did not like this either, but we liked the huge cream cakes.

On the 21st of August we left and returned on the S.S. "Britannia." The voyage was not very good owing to rough seas and we were fortunate not to be seasick. Most of us were glad to see Tilbury although it was a dismal day. Everyone had a great deal more luggage than on the outward journey, but the Customs officials turned "a blind eye," and to our great relief we were not inspected. We arrived at the Town Hall feeling tired, but filled with the joy of our experiences.

We all felt very grateful to our extremely kind hosts and hostesses and to the Swedish-British Society, also the Education Committee for arranging the wonderful holiday.

DOREEN MERRISON, U4.H. PHYLLIS GREENHILL, 5.H.

Exchange.

Just before the Easter holidays Miss Burnett asked the Lower Sixth to take part in an experiment by playing hostesses to girls from another school and showing them round London and then receiving hospitality in their homes.

Cavendish Grammar School, in Buxton, was chosen and we were paired off according to our interests.

It was arranged that we should have ordinary lessons in the mornings and go out in the afternoons.

On Thursday afternoon we went up the Thame's to Greenwich and to the National Art Galleries.

On Friday we visited the Law Courts in Bow Street and were allowed to watch a case in progress.

Saturday was our most expensive day. In the morning some went to look and gaze with wide eyes at the London Stores. In the afternoon we went to Wyndham's Theatre to see "You Never Can Tell" - Bernard Shaw's comedy. Afterwards some of us went out to tea and on to see the Ice Show at the Stoll; my friend and I hurried home to see "Thark," a very amusing play, on the television - another miracle the girls from Derbyshire are without.

The next day was the Royal Silver Wedding Anniversary. We went up early to see the procession. It was wonderful for the guests to see it at such close range.

On their last day here we tired them out by going round the London Wall and climbing to the Whispering Gallery and higher in St. Paul's Cathedral.

We were sorry to say "Goodbye" to our new friends, but were glad to remember it was only "au revoir."

The following Wednesday it was our turn to travel.

In a history lesson on our first morning in a strange school we had the history of Buxton. In the afternoon we walked through Dovedale by the river, after stopping at Arbor Low to see the "Stonehenge of Derbyshire." Dovedale was really beautiful. We had tea at the stepping stones and then crossed by them and went on to Tissington, a very pretty small village where the ceremony of "Dressing the Wells" is still performed.

On the Friday afternoon we went by coach to Chatsworth House, the historic home of the Dukes of Devonshire, where we saw a library of 30,000 books, one over a thousand years old. Then we went to Haddon Hall, a fine grey, medieval house where the famous Dorothy Vernon eloped with John Manners.

Over the week-end our hostesses entertained us and the whole party toured nearly the whole of Derbyshire.

On the Monday we were shown round the Thermal Baths and were given a drink from St. Anne's Well, which was very bitter with sulphur in, but very health-giving. We also visited a granite quarry and saw how flagstones were made to prevent any waste. That evening we went to the Pavilion to see Rookery Nook.

On our last day there we went to Castleton and went down the Blue John Mine and the Speedwell Cavern - in the latter one we travelled half a mile by boat in water 3ft. 6in. deep to see the "Bottomless Pit."

We came home wishing we could have stayed longer. We all felt the experiment was a success from all points of view. We made many new friendships, we saw how another school was run and we appreciated the beauty of Derbyshire and were proud to show our London to them.

BETTY HOLT, VI Upper.

Education Without Tears.

The Sixth Form, accompanied by Miss Burnett and three of the staff, visited Thaxted for an educational week-end last May, staying at Clarence House, an Essex County Council Hostel.

We left the School about five o'clock on the Friday and were conveyed to Thaxted in the "horse-boxes" supplied by the Walthamstow Education Committee. On arrival we were greeted by Mr. and Mrs. Jones, the wardens of the Hostel, and were soon feeling very much at home. That evening Mr. Jones gave us an interesting lecture on the history of Thaxted which prepared us for the field work we were to do on the Saturday.

On the Saturday morning armed to the teeth with maps supplied by Miss Gilpin, we walked to the sixteenth century Horham Hall and admired the Tudor architecture. Our return journey was made by devious routes, the botanists going with Miss Dennithorne, while the rest of us endeavoured to plot the land on the maps.

In the afternoon we were given a very instructive and interesting talk on the history and architecture of Thaxted Church by the Vicar; later we wandered around the village making ourselves familiar with historical places mentioned by Mr. Jones in his lecture on the previous evening. After tea, in spite of the pouring rain, we walked to a small farm owned by an old girl, who told us about farm life. On our return Mr. Jones showed us two enjoyable films on English architecture.

On Sunday afternoon we walked to "Bachard," a Jewish instructional farm; the manager, who showed us round, explained the scientific methods of modern farming. We then returned to the farm house and were entertained to a Jewish tea by the students.

We would like to thank Miss Gilpin, Miss Markes and Miss Dennithorne for an enjoyable and edifying week-end.

Lyme Regis-Easter, 1948.

In the Easter holidays a party of the fifth and sixth forms spent an enjoyable week at Lyme Regis with Miss, Dennithorne, Miss Rush, Miss Gilpin and Miss Markes. We stayed at a friendly and comfortable W.T.A. guest house high up above the town, with its own tennis court and swimming pool.

The days were well planned and included many walks and some drives to places further afield. One of the most interesting visits was the one to Seaton and Beer. We started an together in the coach but about half-way a group of the more energetic left the rest of the party to walk to Seaton through the landslide. They had an adventurous time scrambling through wild country but thought it was well worth the effort! We had tea at Seaton and then the coach took us on to Beer, a charming little fishing village. Some boats had just come in and were being unloaded on the shore. Seagulls filled the air with their cries as they hovered over the fishermen below.

Another day the party went by coach to Dartmoor. This time Miss Burnett joined us at Exeter. We devoured our packed lunches on Hay Tor with our collars turned up and then hunted for the moorland plants that could survive in so bleak a region.

On the return journey we stopped at Widdicombe, of Uncle Tom Cobleigh fame, and later explored the rocky stream with Becky Falls and the beautiful wooded slopes nearby.

All our walks and drives were accompanied by the vasculum and each evening after dinner we displayed our finds of the day and recalled the places where we had found them growing. Miss Gilpin and the geographers then discussed their exhibits and after that we were free to play table tennis and enjoy home-made cakes and cocoa before going to bed.

On one drive we passed through Dorchester where we stopped to see the remains of a Roman Amphitheatre and in the distance we saw Maiden Castle, an ancient British earthworks. Just as we entered Charmouth we saw some thatchers at work on a cottage and we watched them with interest.

In our free time we explored the steep streets and old buildings of the quaint town which has associations with the Duke of Monmouth and also of Jane Austen. The fishmonger showed us the village stocks and pillory which now form part of his shop and we visited the museum with its interesting biological and historical exhibits.

None of us wished to return home when this enjoyable week came to an end and we all want to thank the staff who made the expedition possible.

S. BURTON and J. COLLETT. Lower VI.

Parents' Association.

OFFICERS:

President Miss M. BURNETT

Hon. Secretary A. W. HUNT, Esq.

Hon. Treasurer L. A. TWYMAN, Esq.

Social Secretary R. P. GEORGE, Esq.

Refreshment Secretary Mrs. L. A. TWYMAN

Hon. Auditors Miss HOOPER and Miss LEA

Our annual party for the girls now appears to have become a permanent institution. We dread to think of the consternation caused at school if we abandoned the venture, both to the girls and staff alike. It is truly amazing when one pauses to think where the quantities of food come from. Food, as the girls would fully appreciate, is the most valuable ingredient of a Christmas party. Without such spontaneous offerings from our ladies this valuable

ingredient would be lacking. Here's to the next party, and we must not forget the ice-cream!

All the efforts made by the parents to entertain were fully rewarded by that excellent concert given to us by the girls on March 19th. A really grand feast of singing and dancing. It was so popular that never did so many parents gather in so few square feet and never did so many parents proudly appreciate the accomplishments of their girls. Bravo girls-we are patiently awaiting the next event.

We parents of course did do other things. We attended a meeting at which Alderman Redhead told us of new education schemes, we came and heard about careers-so puzzling to know which one to choose, but so enlightening to know them all. We came to Old Time Dances and to the Prize Day to meet an old friend of the School, Miss Norris, and to hear her give advice to our girls on how to play the game. Responding to a new innovation we attended the School in groups and as one may say, looked inside the "works." In September we welcomed new friends and in October they helped us to decide future policy-so many things to do next year.

So nice to have a Parents' Association, nicer still to have an energetic association, perfect in fact if all parents were members, so to the few who are not, make it unanimous.

A. W. HUNT, Hon. Gen. Secretary.

Old Girls' Association.

President: Miss Burnett.

Vice-Presidents:

Miss Norris

Miss Jacob

Miss Goldwin

Minnie Foxon

Treasurer: Lily Browne, 25 Sunnysdene Avenue, E4.

Secretary: Cecilia Wheeler, 20 Albert Road, E.17.

Committee:

Miss Park (Dramatic Society). Dora Busby (former Treasurer)

Edna Timberlake (for "Iris.") Connie Hill (former Secretary)

(Serving 1946-49):

Joan Farrow

Joan Johnson

Rose Harris

Ruth Licence

Margaret Thackway

Vera East

Jean Davis

(Serving 1947-50):

Joyce Evans

Pamela Miller

Mavis Empson

Eileen Anness

(Elected by VIth Form): Elsie Knox

Subscription: 2/- on leaving school 4/- a year afterwards (dating from January, 1949). Owing to pressure on space, lists of new old girls joining 1948 will be included in "Iris" 1949.

A new secretary faced with the unaccustomed task of reviewing the year's activities of the O.G.A. may perhaps be excused a little "cheating." I have been dipping into past issues of "Iris" to see what old girls did in the past.

I have been reminded of the Literary Society telling ghost stories round the VIth Form room fire; the Netball Club taking part in League competitions; the Dramatic Society producing grand Shakespearean spectacles; the Gymnasium Class creaking rusty joints and the Operatic Society creating "old girl fairies" for the Lloyd Park stage. The Dramatic Society flourishes still, but the rest?

No one will question our ability to exchange gossip at socials, but that seems to be all we can do. (Only one "old girl" competitor could be found for the summer Tennis Social). Are there no enthusiasts among the "new old girls" to compete with the giants of the past? Isn't anyone interested in netball, tennis, dancing, hockey or gym.? Hasn't anyone a voice now? Doesn't anyone play an instrument? It would only need three or four to form a chamber music group. Some of you must be interested in something!

I am willing to be flooded with correspondence. No idea, however outrageous, will be overlooked-and (dare I say it?) won't

some of the past or present staff indicate their willingness to join us in any of these activities?

A new broom, you say? Perhaps so; but just in case the dust has been stirred, the address is 20 Albert Road, E.17.

Our usual three meetings, one per term, have been held. Miss Norris, Miss Goldwin and Miss Jacob were happily able to be present.

CECILIA WHEELER.

Old Girls' Dramatic Society.

Last Christmas we presented the "Beginning of the Way," by Henzie Raeburn, as St. Mary's, where we feel so much is done for us before we attempt the impossible. We continued to support the Town Council in its efforts to establish drama in Walthamstow, but unfortunately after we had booked Lloyd Park for a date before Easter the Council withdrew its financial backing. We preserved, although we lost slightly in cash; our presentation of "The Importance of Earnest" was considered a great success. In November, back in our own hall, we presented the difficult but rewarding play, "Berkeley Square." In both these productions we have been joined by members of the Old Monovians, in the last by a guest artiste, Mr. T. Johnson. Him and our old friends the Old Monovians. We thank for their invaluable support.

We hope to present either a light comedy or a thriller on March 24th-26th. and if Eunice Holden is available a Shakespearean production June 20th-27th; if not that, then "The Rose Without a Thorn."

We are now members of the Walthamstow Theatre Guild, which helped to pave the way for a Civic Theatre in Walthamstow.

Join us and act in our plays, go on theatre visits and enjoy yourselves. Particulars may be had on application to **Vera Beale**, Secretary, 25, West Avenue Road, E.17.

Letters from Old Girls.

KOWLOON, HONG KONG.

June, 1948.

In early 1940 I married a member of the R.A.F. who was lucky enough to come through the war safely and is now stationed at Kai Tak Aerodrome. I brought our two children, Malcolm aged 5 and Carolyn, 21 months, out here on the S.S. "Orbita." It was a five weeks trip, which was very interesting as you may imagine. I expect to return to the United Kingdom early next year, when I hope my husband will be stationed in England once more.

I had prepared to leave for India the previous spring where my husband was stationed, but a matter of a few weeks before I was due to sail the Government decided to give India back to the Indians and therefore I had to remain in England. Still, I am now well settled in a lovely flat with my husband and children in a far better place, so I have no complaints.

PHYLLIS JEARY (née Merchant).

SHABANI, S. RHODESIA.

Extracts from **Joan Craddock's** letters:-
(After a holiday in Cape Town).

We travelled 5,000 miles all told by the time we'd finished. A journey of that type makes you realise the vastness of Africa. Leaving at about 5.30 in the morning and allowed 1^{1/2} hours for breakfast and lunch together, we'd travel all day at an average of 40 miles per hour allowing for the bad stretches of road. Perhaps during that time we'd see only three dorps that could be called villages, except in the Rand area where we passed the "cities" about

the size of Cambridge or smaller.

Traveling through Africa made me realise too the great wastage of spoil that went on either through native's or the old farmers. They used the land until it worn out and then moved on to fresh fields, leaving huge tracks of real sandy desert. If there was any wind it was like driving through a red fog and even with all the windows shut one came out looking like a Red Indian.

The memory of the sea has got to last me a long time. I keep turning out my snaps and trying to recapture the smell. It's quite different from the sea at home-a clear green or blue-green on the Indian Ocean side-and it always comes in in great breakers even on the calmest days. Bathing round the easterly part of the coast is spoiled by blue-bottles, things like big bubbles of foam with long light blue threads at the end which give you terrifically painful stings, to say nothing of masses of jelly-fish, both blue and white. But the sea anemones and sea urchins come up in the most delightful colours in the clear pools. Yes, the sea has something here if they could only bring it to Rhodesia.

I saw Doris Perkins in Givelo on route for Gatooma with her husband, Joan Travers' brother. It's a small world.

15 PISE DE TERRE, UMTALI, S. RHODESIA.

I was so pleased to receiving my copy of "Iris." It came whilst I was in the Nursing Home after the birth of my baby. Yes, I'm now the proud mother of a baby girl who is the sweetest soul imaginable.

Umtali is still looking as beautiful as ever-I don't think I shall ever get tired of the mountains, we are having simply glorious weather at present. People who are born here call it winter, but I would class it as a typical English spring.

Since September, 1947, we have been in a pise de terre house. This is sunbaked earth, and actually the houses are only meant to be temporary, but we feel that they will remain standing a long time. There are many old houses in England made of similar materials which have been in existence for 50 or more years.

I do feel that I should like to become a life contributor to the O.G.A. I know I shall always enjoy receiving "Iris" even in a number of years time.

JOYCE VERMAAK (née Hawkes).

**AFRICAN LAKES CORPORATION, BLANTYRE,
NYASALAND.
DEAR CONNIE,**

I was delighted to receive your letter and school magazine with all our news. Thank you very much.

Yes- (plain) John is a real pet. He was six months on the 23rd and is now crawling all over the place. I can see that I am going to have fun on the ship coming home! We leave in the middle of May and I am greatly looking forward to the renewal of all that is "England." To walk down the Strand and to see a host of white faces is my idea of heaven just now. To smell the good English soil and to glory in the richness of the patchwork quilt of the English countryside!

How much I sympathise with Robert Browning in his "Home thoughts from abroad!"

I entertained an "old girl" this morning. Isn't it truly amazing, how in this vast continent such contact can be made. The Town Engineer's wife came along for tea one day (quite unknown to me prior to this visit). Before she left we were eagerly reminiscing about the good old school, our favourite members of the staff, the Greek theatre it really was a red-letter day for both of us. Incidentally, Mrs. Stratton is Sylvia Hiner's cousin, Sylvia was in our year at school.

Very best wishes.

EDITH PATON (nee Brabham).

News of Old Girls.

Beryl Jones, B.A., London, Honours French, Class II.
 Doreen Wicks, B.A., London.
 Phyllis Lovick (Mrs. Allison) is teaching Art, full-time, at the Technical College, E.17.
 Vera Barrett is taking a class for Basic Physical Movement at the Friends' Hall, Greenleaf Road. (This is the Physical Training as taught by Theodore Constable).
 Joan Craddock is still teaching in S. Rhodesia, but has moved from Salisbury to Shabani.
 Daphne Dorling, who was a temporary assistant teacher in the Nursery Class of an infants' school in Wood Green, has now commenced a year's training under the Emergency School at Wrexham Training College, Denbighshire. She is taking the Nursery Course.
 Mary Fulford's husband, Dr. Stafford Saint, signed the bulletin when Princess Alexandra of Kent had appendicitis this year.
 Barbara Hull qualified in December, 1947, as M.R.C.V.S., and is now practising in Loughton. She has met both Cruiser and Caesar in her professional capacity.
 Joyce Jackson is an art student at the South-West Essex Technical College.
 Edna Kenny is in charge of the French Department at a Hackney Central School.
 Olive Merison is taking a class for Basic Physical Movement at Friends' Hall, Greenleaf Road.
 Enid Brooks (Mrs. Morgan) is living in Vitoria, Brazil, and enjoying life considerably.
 Miss Jean Pearson, who helped with the evacuation to Wellingborough and was a history student under Miss Cunynghame, has been appointed headmistress of Pendleson High School, Manchester.
 Gwladys Lees has left the Civil Service and is training to be a teacher at Leavesden Training College.
 Gertrude Sears is qualifying as an engineer and is now studying for the Higher National Certificate in Mechanical Engineering.
 Ivy Sewell is taking a year's course at the Battersea Polytechnic to become a fully qualified Sister Tutor.
 Dorothy Stephens is teaching P.T. at Loughton Modern School.
 Eileen Dealy, Shirley Marshall, Margaret Norton, Joan Fitzgibbon, Brenda Sale, at the Midland Bank, Poultry.
 Sheila Bishop, Eirwen Jones, Lloyds Bank, E.C.
 Maud Wicks, Kathleen Jarvis, Pauline Berry, Insurance Office.
 Pauline Wensley, Maureen Yelland, Solicitor's Office.
 Barbara Rolfe, Reader's Digest.
 Jean Bruce, Bishopsgate Library.
 Teresa Hackshall, Birkbeck College.
 Brenda Yelland, Higham Hill Nursery.
 Margaret Foster, Mary Tarry, Dorothy Vernon, Secretarial Course, Technical College.
 Jean Booth, uncertificated teacher, accepted for Chelsea Physical Training College.
 Diana Brown, Hockerill Training College.
 Bridget Feldt, University College, Southampton.
 Sonia Green, Avery Hill Training College.
 Mary Guest, uncertificated teacher, accepted for Goldsmith Training College.
 Irene Harrington, Hockerill Training College.
 Norma Holden, Secretarial Training.
 Shirley Humphries, Librarian, Hackney.
 Jean Luckett, Bank clerk.
 Evelyn Mitchell, clerical work.
 Eleanor Morris, Chelsea Physical Training College.
 Doreen Petifer, uncertificated teaching.
 Joan Pool, St. Catherine's Training College, Tottenham.
 Pamela Slade, Secretarial Training College.
 Hilda Wilson, clerical work.
 Margaret Deary, clerical work.
 Jean Ford, Westfield College.
 Pat McGrath, Leeds University.
 Betty Rhone, passed Civil Service Experimental Officer Class Examination.

Common, S.E.18.
 Olive Barnard (Mrs. Ratcliffe), 38 Cherrydown Avenue, Chingford, E.4.

MARRIAGES

Olive Mary Barnard to William Alfred Ratcliffe, September 11th, 1948.
 Ivy Cattermole to J. c. Smith, September 20th, 1947.
 Winnie Cook to David Philpot, July 24th, 1948.
 Kathleen Gallington.
 Marion Gallington.
 Ivy Dorothy Goldsmith to Eric Baron Hayward, June 12th, 1948.
 Pamela M. Griffin to Leonard Bennett, October 11th, 1947.
 Alma Hayes to Dick Christy, June 13th, 1948.
 June Barbara Hills to Charles Gregg Thackray, 28th August, 1948.
 Barbara Ridgeway to Douglas J. Insole, September 18th, 1948.
 Brenda Robinson, to Basil Cantes, July 31st, 1948.
 Dorothy Stephens to John Perkins, October, 1948.
 Betty Holland.

BIRTHS.

Vera Barnes (Mrs. Ayre Cheyne), a daughter, Julia Lindsay, April 16th, 1948, as sister for Anthea.
 Edith Brabham (Mrs. Paton), a son, John.
 Nora Chappell (Mrs. Cocks), a daughter, January 30th, 1948.
 Eleanor French (Mrs. Collins), twin daughters, May 30th, 1948, at Colombo, Ceylon.
 Joyce Hawkes (Mrs. Vermaak), a daughter, Vivienne Joy, January 8th, 1948, at Umtali, S. Rhodesia.
 Kathleen How (Mrs. Hendley), a second son, David Albert, October 31st, 1947.
 Iris Howes (Mrs. Snowden), a daughter, Jenifer Lindsay Ann, November 28th, 1947.
 Mavis Jones (Mrs. Linay), twin daughters, Heather Mary, Helen Brenda Mavis, June 14th, 1948.
 Vera Lee (Mrs. East), a son, David, June 13th, 1948.
 Nita Lucas (Mrs. Andersson), a daughter, Phebe, December 29th, 1947, in Belgian Congo.
 Gwen Newman (Mrs. Adlington), a daughter, Kathryn Jane, August 22nd, 1948.
 Margaret Spragg (Mrs. White), a son, brother for Susan, June 2nd, 1948.
 Ruth Parker (Mrs. Robbins), a daughter, Angela Mary, August 20th, 1948, a sister for John and Pamela.
 Gwendolyn Thomason (Mrs. Parker), a son, Trevor John, a brother for Jacquelyn, February 14th, 1948.
 Irene Wakelin (Mrs. Kerrison), a third son, November, 1948.
 Vera Nicholls (Mrs. McKenna), a daughter, Christine Lesley, October 18th, 1948.

DEATHS.

Margaret Fairbrass, died on March 4th, 1948, aged 24.

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ADDRESSES, by special request:

Iris Howes (Mrs. Snowden), 46 Genesta Road, Plumstead