

Return to M.M.D.

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M. M. Burnett
Wallham Low Hy Sch
Church Hill

IRIS

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1890-
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Editor:
Miss BURNETT

Sub-Editor:
Miss PARK

Old Girls' Sub-Editor:
EDNA TIMBERLAKE



Miss HEWETT
1890—1924



* Miss NORRIS
1924—1946



* Miss BURNETT
1946—19 . .

* Photo taken at Diamond Jubilee Dinner, 14th January, 1950

IRIS

WALTHAMSTOW HIGH SCHOOL

DIAMOND JUBILEE

1890—1950

Head Mistress's Letter.

DEAR FRIENDS,

A Diamond Jubilee is an entirely satisfying celebration for a school—in fact, perhaps, the best of all possible celebrations. The links with the past days are still strong; precious first-hand memories of the enterprise of 60 years ago, of which Miss Wise spoke with such inspiration at Prizegiving, are still available; comparisons between the Walthamstow of 1890 and the Walthamstow of 1950 can be made vivid for us by those who have known both.

For four years I have looked a little sadly at the lists of distinguished names in gold paint on the panels of the Hall—sadly because they meant so little to me. Now all that is changed; I know that almost 40 of them have dined with me in the Hall along with hosts of their friends, that we share the memory of one supremely happy evening when we rejoiced in honouring our school.

For the first time I begin this letter "Dear Friends" and I do so with confidence, knowing that this Jubilee has knit us all closely together—past and present staff, governors, old girls, parents and the school of 1950.

To Alderman Mrs. McEntee, the Chairman of our Governors, we send our warm thanks for identifying herself so completely with our happiness throughout the Jubilee Week.

Had space not been restricted I should have wished in this letter to have given adequate permanent form to my appreciation of the energy and generosity of the Parents' Association to which I referred more fully on Prize Day, but this brief reference must suffice.

Those members of the staff who left us in the past year will, I know, understand that I must condense our thanks and good wishes into the smallest space. Mlle Alexandre has returned to France after her year with us and has been replaced by Mlle. Marchadour. Miss Markes is now Mrs. Charlton, the busy wife of a vicar; Miss Hooper with her dogs and her racy reminiscences of suffragette days has retired and we will soon no doubt be hearing of fresh glories from Cruft's; Miss Poulter, whose wisdom and kindness and high ideals of service to all were so much in evidence during her service as Second Mistress, is now Senior French Mistress at the Mount School, York. They have been succeeded by Miss Murdie, Mrs. Oldfield and Mrs. Beaumont. To our new friends a welcome and to those who have left a warm invitation to visit us at their leisure.

Yours affectionately,

M. M. BURNETT.

GREETINGS.

I.

This comes to wish the School many Happy Returns on her Sixtieth Birthday. In 1946 in my last foreword I said—I think of the spirit of friendliness and goodwill which has always been its chief characteristic and my heart overflows with gratitude for which mere words seem quite inadequate; in 1950 her Diamond Jubilee, I offer her my heartfelt congratulations combined with my ever affectionate gratitude for the past and my loving wishes for the future. Long live the School, past, present and to come!

Semper honos nomenque tuum laudquesue manebunt.

MARY NORRIS.

II.

Congratulations and best wishes to Walthamstow County High School on the occasion of its Diamond Jubilee. A school like this which inherits a rich tradition can look ahead with confidence.

C. McENTEE

(Chairman of the Board of Governors).

III.

The Parents' Association only contributes some fourteen years of this long period of school history, and although its life is young by comparison, it has inaugurated a usefulness of purpose (which has harmonised relationships and brought forth valuable co-operation and fostered parental interest) in a manner not possible before.

It follows, therefore, that as we parents have such a close connection with the school, we readily identify ourselves with this celebrated occasion of the School Jubilee. We congratulate the school for its many progressive years, we subscribe as always to its well-being and may its edifice continue in existence, serving its grand and noble purpose, and that, to ourselves, our daughters and maybe to our grand-daughters and all those who have the good fortune to be enlightened within its walls, it shall remain emblematically—evergreen.

A. HUNT.

(Hon. Sec., Parents' Association).

Jubilee Ode.

Ye rustling trees, beneath whose friendly shade
Green elves and tiny creatures homes do make;
Thou tiny lake, in whom some green-clad maid
For gleaming fish and jewell'd frogs doth seek:
Thou sign of Drama's classic times so long,
Now hearest thou my song.
Ye roses who your cheerful buds do break,
Whose garden doth to Eminence belong;
Whose gentle leaves the wind doth softly shake,
Stay still, and hearken to my joyful lays,
Now hear my hymn of praise.
Ye noble courts, that oft the smack doth hear
Of jumping feet, and cries of joy and pain;
That feel the hot sun's rays, that feel the rain;
Ye grasses waving in the scented air
Beneath the welkin clear,
O, listen to my song of happiness,
And join with me and celebrate in joyfulness.
For three score years this happy house has been
A home for learning and for knowledge too;
A place which peace and beauty oft hath seen,
As from the humbler house aloft it grew,
Ascending soon the hill where now it stands,
And special note demands.
A pleasant garden now did form the view
From rooms where scholars learn'd commands
Of Cicero, and others of his crew.
But now this happy school for three score years
Has stood despite all fears.
Though Mars his sword, and Jove his wrath conspir'd
To overthrow this seat of beauteous peace and calm,
As ship on steadfast course, without a qualm,
It yet follow'd its guiding star, untir'd,
With grace and glory fir'd:
O, listen to my song of happiness,
Now join with me and celebrate in joyfulness.
Come, all ye nymphs, and with me celebrate,
And with Apollo's music swell the skies.
Beneath our noble roof we congregate,
And to the shining heavens our song shall rise.
O, laud and magnify the glorious name
Which we have borne in fame,
Of Walthamstow, which name the school doth prize,
And hath done so for three score years, and frame
Its praise with joyful hearts and shining eyes—
Let everyone its glorious praises sing,
And let their echoes ring.
Let instruments of joy ring out the news
That this our jubilee always remain
Within the hearts of young and old, and stain
Old Mem'ry's files, that it we never lose,
And can but only choose
To sing our glorious song of happiness,
And altogether celebrate in joyfulness.

KATHARINE D. KNIGHT.

DIAMOND JUBILEE CELEBRATIONS.

Diamond Jubilee Service.

On January 16th, 1950, 11 a.m., in the Parish Church of St. Mary, Walthamstow, we held our special service.

The much-loved old church, which, in the days of high pews, had swallowed up from sight half the congregation, when the children sat down, was lined with girls from the present school, led by Miss Burnett. Miss Norris and Miss Goldwin, Miss Jacob and Miss Ince Jones were with us again. The Mayor and Mayoress of Walthamstow and the chief officials of the Walthamstow Education Office showed by their presence that sixty years is no mean achievement.

The dignified service began. The theme for the first part of the service was praising God, and the service began with the hymn "Praise the Lord! Ye heavens adore Him." After the lesson which was taken from Ecclesiastes 44, verses 1-15, read by Canon Oakley, "The Lord's my Shepherd" was sung to the tune "Crimond."

The sermon was given by the Reverend Francis Lampen. Mr. Lampen himself attended this school when it contained a kindergarten. He took for his text the parable of the two builders—the man who built his house on sand, and the man who built his house on rock. Naturally part of his sermon was taken up with reminiscences. He described how, when he was a small boy, living with his mother and his father, Canon Lampen, at St. Mary's Vicarage, he watched the building of what is now our school. He remembered how excited he was to see the foundations laid, and the strong scaffolding put up and the workmen busily laying down the red bricks so that they steadily rose higher and higher. Mr. Lampen then applied the story of the building of our school to the building of our lives. He said that first and foremost, we must build our lives, just as the man who built his house on rock in the parable, on good foundations. If the foundations of a house are weak, then sooner or later the house will fall down—so in our lives we shall never achieve firmness and stability unless we understand the basic fundamental principles of the christian faith. Secondly he said that we must fit ourselves into our surroundings; that we must adapt ourselves, be considerate and unselfish, and lastly, that we must remember that we are all members of one body—one school; that whatever we do, we must do it as a whole, if it is to be a success.

After the sermon, the choir sang appropriately enough, "Except the Lord build the house . . ." Then followed a solemn Act of Commendation and Thanksgiving by the whole congregation, standing, thanking God for the founders, teachers and friends of the school, and especially for Miss Hewett, the first headmistress. After the hymn, "Now thank we all our God," followed prayers for the future prosperity and goodwill of the school and a general thanksgiving for all the blessings we possess to-day.

During the singing of the final hymn—"We build our School on Thee, O Lord"—a collection was taken for the Old People's Welfare. The service ended with the dedication—the prayer of St. Teresa, "To give and not to count the cost; to toil and not to seek for rest." This was followed by our singing the simple and moving hymn of St. Patrick,

"God be in my head." Finally we heard pronounced over us the noble words of the blessing, "May God, the fountain of all blessing, fill you with the understanding of sacred knowledge; may he keep you sound in faith, steadfast in hope and persevering in patient charity, and the blessing of God, the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit, and the peace of the Lord be with you always."

The Diamond Jubilee Dinner.

DEAR ABSENT OLD GIRLS,

The ears of thousands of you must have burned on Saturday, January 14th, when your friends met at the Diamond Jubilee Dinner. Miss Burnett and Miss Norris received the fortunate guests in the Art Room, and at last, all engrossed in lively conversation we found ourselves places at table according to our decades. We were a tight fit. My neighbour and I found that the only way to do justice to the really excellent dinner was for one of us to sit back while the other seized her chance with knife and fork.

We should be proud to record that the table talk was of a high order, worthy of such a company of well educated women, but to be honest, it was mostly of the "Do you remember" variety and many of us found it necessary to manipulate at least three conversations at once.

Walthamstow High School has certainly not been guilty of turning out a stereotyped pattern. From the elegant white heads of the first pupils whom Miss Norris referred to as "aborigines" to the last joined old girls and this year's Head Girl there was infinite variety. The only things common to all seemed to be powerful lungs and a spirit of cheerful friendliness. There was much signing of green-lettered menu cards and ancient school photos passed across the vases of daffodils raised shouts of incredulous laughter among the middle-aged.

There were two or three of those rare creatures, Old Boys, including Francis Lampen and a few more who arrived after dinner, so we had old girls with their daughters, mother-in-law, sisters, brothers, husbands, aunts, nieces, cousins . . . How closely the school has woven itself into the fabric of Walthamstow history!

Miss Burnett sat in the chair given by one of our founders, Mr. John Higham, and behind her was the school monogram of living flowers in green and yellow, made by two old girls, mother and daughter. After the King's health had been drunk Miss Norris proposed "The School." She spoke of the great work of Miss Hewett in her thirty-five years as headmistress, from the school's small beginnings to the rich heritage she had passed on to her successors. All through the life of the school could be traced the same pattern—fellowship and friendliness and freedom of enterprise, and in illustration she made us laugh uproariously over some of the trials of evacuation gallantly surmounted.

We drank this toast with enthusiasm and Miss Burnett, in reply, thanked us for our warm good wishes. She hoped that when the school reached its centenary celebrations the same pride and affection would be shown. From the many heart-warming qualities of the school she selected just one—its capacity for laughter. "The fruit of kindness and trust" and "evidence of a sense of proportion." On her first morning Miss Goldwin had promised her much friendship at the school and she closed by quoting St. Augustine's description of friendship, "to talk and

laugh with mutual concessions . . . to jest and to be solemn, to dissent from each other without offence, to teach one another somewhat or somewhat to learn . . ."

The toast of "Our Guests" was proposed by Cecilia Wheeler paying particular tribute to Mr. and Mrs. Hazell, for long the caretakers and friends of all the school, to Mrs. McEntee, the Chairman of the Governors, and to Canon and Mrs. Oakley, kind and forbearing neighbours. Mrs. McEntee replying, expressed her pleasure at joining in our festivities, and was proud that during her twenty-five years as Governor she had helped in the selection of both Miss Norris and Miss Burnett.

In proposing the toast of the Association Miss Jacob blew the trumpet for the old girls with vigorous good-will. It was heartening to learn that as a body, we are valuable and delightful people. She, too, stressed friendliness as being the predominant characteristic of the school. Walthamstow old girls were scattered all over the world, all, we gathered, displaying force of character, brilliance of intellect and initiative in action. Many had brought the school great distinction in scholarships, the arts, literature and the professions. They were the prop and mainstay of many a business, and moreover many married and duly sent charming and clever daughters to the old school. Edna Timberlake replied on behalf of the later old girls, deploring the fact that in sixty years the Association had not acquired a more distinctive name, and speaking of the bonds between the school, its old girls and the staff. Louise Fox (Reeve) replied for the earlier girls. She and her twin had been proud to tell everyone that they had been to the best school in England. In spite of middle-age all of us are still "girls" where the school is concerned. She recited a short-lived school "yell" of about thirty years ago with the same relish and almost the same volume as in 1909, and with a slightly stunning effect on those who heard it for the first time.

In proposing the Staff, Past and Present, Margaret Gracey spoke with moving sincerity of all that the school and its girls owed to those who had such a powerful influence on their lives, specially mentioning Miss Goldwin and paying a tribute to the memory of Miss Cunynghame. The acclamation which greeted this toast must have been some slight reward to those mistresses present or retired who were listening. Our dear, gentle Miss Goldwin replied. With one exception she had known every mistress who had ever been on the staff. It had always been a great joy to find that the girls wanted their company and that old girls sought them out at Association meetings. Even when we had been naughty we had been lovable and never bore any malice. In her retirement to Loughton, she had received the same friendly welcome from many old girls as she had always known at school.

After we had enjoyed these eloquent and amusing speeches, Miss Burnett read us some greetings telegrams, and finally with the nervous eye of a mathematician on an encouraging Miss Norris, one in Latin from Miss Markes (Mrs. Charlton) and one in French from Mlle. Grémaud which evoked affectionate applause. While the tables were being cleared everybody went searching for their friends amid another outburst of conversation and anecdote, and then we returned to the Hall to sing the School song and Auld Lang Syne before taking reluctant leave. Another school party was at an end; like all our parties, a rousing success,

in this instance thanks to the hard and efficient work of the organising committee and particularly to Miss Burnett, Miss Goldwin and Miss Thomerson.

Farewells were prolonged and somewhat noisy, but beneath all the gaiety and commotion of the evening there was a deep satisfaction in past achievement a confident expectation of future glories and a real pride of possession in our school, past, present and to come.

Affectionately yours,

One of the lucky two hundred and seventy.

The Diamond Jubilee Dance.

At last the fateful day arrived, bringing with it those last minute anxieties—were there sufficient balloons; had anyone bought any streamers; and, more disturbing than all—would there be enough boys! In preparation for adorning the Technical College hall, which the Governors had kindly lent to us, the Sixth Form room was for a few hours transformed into a paradise of balloons which was marred only by the smell of rubber and an occasional explosion. At the end of the afternoon, sustaining a few minor but painful accidents due to the polish-covered floor, we decorated the hall and left it looking very large and a little lonely.

When we came back at half-past seven it was much more friendly—the curtains had been drawn, the lights were on, Stan Fry's band was arranging itself on the stage and everywhere there was an air of expectancy. Soon the guests began to arrive—members of the Monoux Upper School, old girls, old boys, staff of both schools and representatives of the governors. The evening began with a snowball waltz in the vain hope of getting everyone on the floor. But no, neither the entreaties of Mr. Hunt, the M.C., nor those of Miss Squire and Miss Clough could produce much result. We were forced to the conclusion that boys, in spite of daring clothes, are timid creatures, preferring obscurity under the balcony to fame on the floor. This difficulty was soon surmounted and finally, fortified by refreshments, everyone threw themselves wholeheartedly into the palais glide and riotous hokey-cokeys. The dance finished all too soon, and everyone will agree that it was a most enjoyable occasion. We should like to thank Mr. Hunt, the band and all the nameless people who made it such a success for a memorable Jubilee Dance.

S. BURTON, Upper VI.

Our School.

Sixty years ago a circular was issued stating that a School for Girls was to be opened in January, 1890. Walthamstow was described as a pleasant suburb on the borders of Epping Forest with a population of about 40,000. Hoe Street was almost a country road with a few houses on each side and with meadows in which were cattle, sheep, hawthorn and wild roses quite close to the station. How different from the Walthamstow of to-day!

The school was duly opened on Monday, January 16th, 1890, in Trinity Sunday School with two mistresses, Miss Hewett and Miss Billings to cope with the 49 girls whose ages ranged from seven to sixteen. Miss Hewett, by almost superhuman efforts, persuaded Miss Strudwick to join the staff the next morning. The second term the numbers rose to eighty-one, and the school quarters grew more and more uncomfortable and inadequate so that at the end of five terms everyone left this temporary abode without one pang of regret for Church Hill House, with its charming garden and delightful rooms. Many will remember with keen pleasure the time (before the day of netball) when the lawn was a lawn, when the mulberry tree was a real joy and the shady walks were fringed with freely-flowing rhododendrons and other shrubs.

The school in the early days did gallant pioneer work in Essex, and from the very first bore the impress of the vigorous personality of its headmistress who contrived to implant in both staff and girls some measure of her own enthusiasm and love for the open spaces and the hill-tops of life. Miss Hewett said at the Prizegiving in 1901, "We strive in the school to develop character and intelligence—to send out girls who are ready to do their duty cheerfully and intelligently in whatever position they may be placed—to enable them to become reliable women with wide interests and with cultivated and open minds, always ready and able to learn. Moreover, we wish our girls to acquire the power of seeing two sides to every question." These aims she sought to realise by encouraging activities in all directions. As early as 1892 fortnightly working parties held in the evenings were attended by the senior girls and old girls and a sale of work was held in July in aid of the local hospital. This proved a great success, and a bazaar was held every year until 1913 and did much to keep the old girls in touch with the school. In 1894 a library was started—again the old girls helped by giving a concert—and in the same year an exhibition of all kinds of work, cooking, drawing, needlework and collections of wild flowers aroused much interest among both past and present pupils.

For twelve years the school was entirely self-supporting except for the generous help both in service and in gifts of the members of the governing body—Mr. William Whittingham, Dr. Wise, Dr. St. Clair Shadwell, Mr. Gilbert Houghton, Mr. Higham and a great many others. In 1902 when the Education Act making the County Councils responsible for secondary education was passed, the Essex County Council gave a grant which was used for the making and equipping of the science laboratory—inspectors, sometimes singly, sometimes in groups of three or five, haunted us for many days, and before the end of the year we were recognised by the Board of Education as a School of Secondary Education and declared to be suitable for the highest grant given by the Board. Three years later Professor Sadler who at the request of the County Council was making a survey of higher education in Essex, spent a week with us, a week made memorable by the charming personality and the wide sympathetic outlook of our visitor. The material outcome of this visit was a small grant from the Essex County Council every year until 1911, when the Governing Body handed over the entire control of the school to the County Council. Meanwhile a site had been secured and plans set on foot for the building of a school to hold at least 300 girls.

During the last years in the old house, when the numbers had outgrown the accommodation and when only absolutely necessary repairs

were done, there were many discomforts. Boots were put on in the classrooms because there was hardly standing room in the cloak-rooms; in the winter afternoons many of the Second Form's lessons had perforce to be oral because there was no means of lighting their room and we often went from that room with skirts scorched because the only possible place for the mistress was right in front and almost on top of the fire, to the science room where the temperature was often several degrees below forty! But these are not the memories conjured up by the thought of the old school. We think of sunshine and birch trees seen through the rounded windows of the Fifth Form, of bazaars, concerts, plays and tableaux in which all the girls and old girls and many Monoux School boys helped, of Saturdays just before Christmas when we decorated the rooms with holly, chains and Chinese lanterns, of the happy parties early in the following week, of old girls' socials and whilst drives—and always—good temper, happiness and friendliness.

It is no wonder many of us left the old house with regret, though we realised that the new school, the building of which had been watched with eager interest by all at Church Hill House, offered alike possibilities of an extended curriculum and opportunities for the girls quite impossible under the old conditions. In September, 1913, two hundred and forty-three girls from the old High School and from the Technical Institute began work in the new comfortable and spacious quarters. As in the early years, numbers grew rapidly, and for a year or so the Preparatory and First Forms lived in a house opposite while the two large downstairs rooms were being built for them. Under the leadership of Miss Norris we have acquired the Biology Laboratory, the Gymnasium, the Library with its beautiful and satisfying furnishings and its quiet, peaceful atmosphere and the extension of the staff-room in the form of a light, cheerful alcove with a soft carpet and comfortable chairs. The garden has become a thing of beauty and a great joy with the unique Greek theatre, the pond and the rose walk round a quadrangle of tall grasses, bulbs and flowering trees.

It is hard to imagine further improvements, yet I suspect many visions are taking shape in Miss Burnett's mind and will materialise before very long.

The school with its beautiful, dignified and comfortable building, its 436 pupils and mistresses, seems very different from its tiny beginning 60 years ago, yet it is the same—there is always the same atmosphere of friendliness and good-will, as we who have left feel the moment we enter the front door; there is the same co-operation between girls, staff, parents and old girls and the same spirit of adventure and eagerness to be in the forefront of new thought and progress—and so I re-echo the words we have heard so often at the end of term, "Three cheers for the school, past, present and to come."

M. B. GOLDWIN.

Evacuation.

At the end of August, 1939, Miss Squire, Miss Clough and I, with two other friends, one dog and two cars, were tucked away in the extreme S.W. corner of Ireland. We had been there for five days when, as we listened to the 9 o'clock news we heard "Will all teachers from the following schools report for duty at once." W is a long way down the

alphabet, but it came at last and after that there was much packing to be done. We left early the next morning for Dublin and would never have got on a boat if it hadn't been that the Irish wanted the freight charges for two cars!

Then came several days of waiting at school, with bags ready packed and efforts to keep one's classes, unnaturally swollen with small brothers and sisters, cheerful and employed. Do you remember those impromptu concerts? singing "Over the Border" again and again and a small sister with a round, rosy face and a top hat singing the Lambeth Walk. At last, on 1st September, we really started and were landed very hot and thirsty at Kettering. And so were five other High Schools! Our only school accommodation was the grandstand of the football ground so, after six days, we were moved again—to Wellingborough, where we stayed until December, 1942.

After Miss Squire and I had been thrown out of our first billet when the man of the house came home and told us that "My wife is not going to wait on teachers," we were most kindly taken in by the parents of a Wellingborough school girl. Oh! those first days of being billeted when every evening we were fetched out to settle some dispute or to move someone else! Our foster parents began to think that teachers really worked very hard!

We shared the pleasant Wellingborough High School buildings and the delightful grounds with the existing school. We had the building in the afternoons and on Saturdays and we had a holiday on Monday. In the mornings we used the Y.M.C.A. building in the middle of the town—so dirty and so dark and so unsuitable for a school. I remember teaching mathematics and Miss Jones French back to back in the same room and with one board between us, and the girls would be spread out round two enormous billiard tables or would crouch together in the skittle alley.

After a spell of these conditions we moved to the Round Church for prayers and were allowed to hold some classes in a clean, bright building belonging to the Technical College.

Before very long Miss Clough, Miss Squire and I had found the top half of a house in which we all three put bits of furniture and there we stayed till we left Wellingborough. The staff had to take it in turns to be on duty in the holidays. That first Christmas Miss Clough and I were on duty, so we gave a party on Christmas Day to all the W.H.S. staff left in Wellingborough. Believe it or not, Miss Norris came in a false nose and with two bottles of port under her arm!

Then came the summer and Miss Park rushing round to all the farms to find out how we could help. Parties set off every Monday to pick up potatoes or train beans the way they should go or even to drive tractors.

It was a freer life than in Walthamstow in some ways. In the mornings we had no staff room of any kind, so in free periods we could hop across the road for coffee or to buy provisions. Miss Squire taught spelling (!) once a week after break and took her class of two or three hens! And then gradually our classes became smaller and it was wonderful to see what individual attention could do with the more backward girls.

Of course an evacuated teacher's first quality should be tact! A girl billeted in one of the important houses bought eau-de-cologne at Woolworth's, diluted it was water and put a notice on her foster mother's gate "Scent for sale 3d. a bottle." Then there were the two older girls who went for a joy ride in an R.A.F. car and were horrified to find when they got back that their names had been shown at the local cinema in our efforts to trace them. However, there were many girls who became prime favourites with their foster parents and life-long friendships were made.

It isn't easy to share a school but somehow it was done. The staff room was beautiful and so spacious compared with our own. There was a little tendency to look down on an East End school, but we did so well in games and results that that feeling must have disappeared. We were allowed to enter for the tennis tournament for Northants Schools and won it. All very awkward, as the shield must be held by a school in the county!

I shall not forget one summer day when a coach arrived from London bearing parents under Mrs. McEntee's leadership and ensconced in front was Mr. Hazell, looking so smart and so pleased to be with us again.

One tremendous gain from evacuation which I would not have foregone for worlds was the opportunity for greater knowledge of one's colleagues and the girls. At Wellingborough the staff became a unity such as is seldom met with in a school and I am convinced it was to the immense benefit of all.

Lastly, I must say a word about the marvellous leadership the staff and the school had from Miss Norris. Many heads collapsed under the strain, but Miss Norris went on from strength to strength. Her own comfort and difficulties always in the background, she was ever ready to cheer us up and make helpful suggestions when things went awry. I, for one, am indeed glad I was privileged to be in the evacuation party of W.H.S.

E. R. JACOB.

O mihi praeteritos referat si Juppiter annos
1890—1950.

THE OLD SCHOOL.

The Very Earliest Days.

My memories of the early days of the school are few and scanty, as I was only ten years old when I joined on the first day in January, 1890. We were in the Trinity Congregational Sunday School for a time, where there is a gallery. Someone tied a rope to it, up which a few of us climbed until we were stopped. A more dangerous pastime was to take flying leaps over the backs of a row of chairs on to the shoulders of a big strong girl. Needless to say, that was soon stopped. A comic incident occurred when Miss Hewett was taking my class one day. A voice called, "Please Miss Hewett, your bustle has fallen off." She hastily picked it up and withdrew. When we moved into Church Hill House my next excitement was to slide down the front bannisters—that amusement came

to a fullstop when one girl sprained her ankle. One day Miss Hewett called a batch of us into her room to test our visual memories. I had to tell her whereabouts on the page of the small history primer came "The Constitutions of Clarendon." I can see it to this day!

I was very sorry when that old house was pulled down, except our housekeeper's kitchen, which is now the Welsh Chapel. The front door was saved and is now built into the Vestry House near St. Mary's Church.

E. FOXON.

A Bonnet.

Fifty years ago two small girls were taken by "Mama" to the new High School for "girls"—not young ladies, but simply "girls," and were ushered into the "presence," the "presence" being, she told me many years after as frightened as we were.

How many times we laughed at her story of her interview for the headmistress-ship of the school, at which she wore a bonnet to give herself poise and dignity. Just fancy anyone of twenty-seven wearing a bonnet! But apparently it did the trick.

My dearest wish is that she could be with us to celebrate the Jubilee of what has grown into a great school—but maybe she is—bless her.

My step-daughter and my own three daughters were educated at W.H.S. and all were under the care of Miss Hewett; I am proud of that.

E.M.R.

A Unique Contribution.

The old house and garden which were the High School in the very early years of the century I remember rather hazily, but some of the personalities are quite vivid in my mind. Miss Hewett, of course, predominantly a majestic being who, one felt, could hardly be aware of the existence of an eight year old boy; Miss Smythe, Miss Blood (could she have tried to teach me botany?) and Miss Ellis—French lessons, surely. The Reeve girls, Vi Adams, Winnie McLellan and, very affectionately, Dora Higham, who used (dare I mention it?) to take me to school. Otherwise my recollections seem to be mainly entomological. There was a particular hedge on Prospect Hill which at the right time of year could be relied upon to provide luscious specimens of the caterpillar of the magpie moth (*abraxas grossulariata*). These I would carefully collect and present to my little playmates in Preparatory. Alas! my gifts were spurned, with squeals of horror and giggles of apprehension. I now know that the striking coloration of these caterpillars is a warning to predacious creatures of their repulsive nature. Can this be the reason for their rejection by these very early birds?

HERBERT JOHN CHAPPELL (Jack).

Games with the Solar System.

There was Mr. Knightsmith who taught us dancing—or rather the five positions in dancing and something most extraordinary called chassée croisée whatever that could have meant. There was a wonderful time when Miss Hewett had a simultaneous spelling lesson in every form and a good speller could rise to the next form by getting to the top of her

own. Another excitement I remember was when Miss Hewett tried to teach us about comets and illustrated it on the lawn, she being the sun and we being the comets.

Then there was a small boy called Keble Pipe who wouldn't learn his letters, but who completely confounded his form mistress one day when she was teaching them about verbs. "Goes round" was a chosen one and Keble had to illustrate it, or rather adorn it with a noun.

"House goes round," said Keble.

"No dear! The house doesn't go round, try again."

"World goes round, house with it."

The middle of the garden was lawn with a huge shrubbery of laurel and a mulberry tree. The shrubbery when I first went seemed impenetrable, but we used to tunnel into it and make houses and robbers' caves until at last it was reduced to a mere straggles.

And Miss Robinson, the music mistress ("Nell Bobs") who would have four pianos at the prize-giving, and two or even three of us at each piano while she conducted in the middle till her hair flopped down.

And "Flobble" who used to play the piano for the morning hymn and played—

Day by day
Magnify Thee
As our hymns
in school we raise
Daily work be—
gone and ended
and so on.

ALICE OGDEN.

A Revolution—1910.

"Forty years on, growing older and older,
Shorter in wind as in memory long,
Feeble of foot and rheumatic of shoulder,
What will it help you that once you were strong."

I am very definitely "shorter in wind as in memory long," but I have so many memories that I found it very difficult to select them.

Perhaps the earliest one is when Miss Blood came to school in a magnificent black velvet frock. She was going to her brother's wedding. This seems a funny thing to have impressed me but usually the staff wore long tweed skirts down to the ankle, not always level round the hem, and very plain shirt blouses with stiff collars and ties and black boots. Poor things, what else could they do on forty or fifty pounds a year.

The advent of Miss Damon was a revolution in the school. Organised games, and the end of the lovely garden, with its green lawn and rhododendron bushes. The loss of the garden was a pity, but the games and drill were full compensation. Also, it was the start of a school uniform, and netball matches against other schools. What fun they were! I wonder who remembers sweeping the snow off the court before we played the semi-final at Chelsea.

* I remember the very first match the school played against another school on the home ground, and we were allowed to watch it. I think I can remember nearly all the team that played. Elsie Cotching was the captain, Winnie Wise, Mary Reeve, Charlotte Cunningham, Alison Gillard, Winnie Allen and Ethel Dann. Unfortunately, they were badly beaten, and we little ones took it very badly, and I believe we even booed once or twice. Miss Hewett was rightly very shocked at our behaviour, and gave us a lecture next morning at prayers on being sportsmen. It did us a lot of good, and at the next match our behaviour was quite exemplary.

What about the glorious Empire Day celebrations that Miss Hewett arranged for us? In the morning we all assembled in the two big rooms and had an Empire talk from some distinguished speaker, and this was followed by patriotic songs for us all to sing, and stirring recitations given by a few of the girls. It was grand! In the afternoon we had a lovely picnic. We left the school in horse-drawn brakes and had tea at High Beach, and afterwards the cocoanut shies and roundabouts were started just for us.

I know we had not been playing netball very long when we went to Chelsea to play. We had no idea of the speed of the game as played by experts—we must have looked rather like the advertisement, Shell. As we moved our heads smartly from one side to the other in time to see the ball flash past to score yet another goal against us we fought back as well as we were able.

ELSIE MARCHANT (Cotching).

"GREAT DAYS"

The hospital cot which the school supported was also the means of a good deal of fun. In the early days we had the bazaar, which was a great day every summer. The school in a really festive mood, and everybody dressed in their smartest and best. Later this gave way to a yearly entertainment at St. Saviour's Hall. Shakespeare, Sheridan and Goldsmith all had their turn, and I was fortunate enough to be in most of them. In fact, the Rector's wife said she was very glad her daughter didn't have to act the part of Sir Toby Belch. Perhaps I did rather overdo it, but it was grand fun.

I must mention one episode when I was in Form II. Miss Smyth was the needlework mistress, and one day she came in with all our needlework which she had had in for inspection. For nearly a term mine had been knocking about in my desk and in my satchel, and certainly was very much the worse for wear, but I was not prepared for her scathing remark. She picked mine up between her finger and thumb as though it hurt her to touch it and said with withering scorn, "Louise, take this filth—and needlework away." Never mind, Miss Smyth, you will be pleased to know that needlework is a great pleasure to me now.

Another early memory is of six little girls in white—Linda Smith, Beatrice Briggs, Violet Latham, Winnie Bean, Clare and myself—playing a trio for two pianos at the prize-giving. Only Miss Robinson would have had the courage to think of such a thing, and I remember how she literally danced behind us beating time on one of the chairs and shouting, "One, two, three, one, two, three." Our notes weren't correct, but I seem to remember we were a definite success.

One more prize-giving story. When we were in the Fourth Miss Jackson was our singing mistress, and we were learning a song for the prize-giving that went something like—

" Tom the ploughman's tongue was slow.
A sorry gift of speech had he.
He'd rather let his horses know
His secret thought than you or me.

Chorus He whistled, whistled, whistled gaily,
Whether good or ill befell,
And while he whistled, whistled gaily
His thoughts while whistling none could tell."

I had a bright idea, and I put up my hand and suggested that for the chorus if half the girls sang the words and half the girls whistled it would be the making of the song. Miss Jackson was a bit dubious. It was a good idea but she didn't know if Miss Hewett would approve. Some people thought it unladylike for girls to whistle. Anyhow, she would ask Miss Hewett. Miss Hewett (bless her heart) at once consented and the song was sung that way at the prize-giving. The first verse and chorus went quite well though the whistling was a bit poor, but after that it caught on like wildfire. The last two verses were wonderful, though the whistling chorus quite drowned the singing chorus. The Monoux boys up in the gallery were whistling too, and how they clapped—the song had made a hit! So we gave them another chance and sang it again. I was proud of my idea.

And so on and so on. Lovely carefree happy days—before the disaster of two world wars. I could go on for ages, but I must give others a chance.

" Oh, the great days in the distance enchanted,
Days of fresh air in the rain and the sun.
How we rejoiced as we struggled and panted.
Hardly believable forty years on! "

LOUISE H. FOX (Reeve).

The Christmas Party, 1912.

There were times when the old building in Church Hill seemed to recapture a little of its past " country house " atmosphere. There was the summer Sale of Work, when the lower half of the middle window in the Third Form room used to be taken out so that we could walk down the stone steps with their wrought-iron balustrade, into the garden. Then there was Miss Hewett's Christmas Party.

The last of these parties, in December, 1912, stands out most clearly in my memory. There was a murmur of approbation when the invitation came, because we knew from previous experience, that the party would be a good one. It was given the day after we broke up, and in the morning there were two jobs with which we were privileged to help if we wanted to, and most of us did want to very much.

Firstly, there were the Christmas decorations. We would fetch armfuls of holly and evergreens from the garden and make them into garlands for the classrooms that were going to be transformed for the occasion. " Let's make nice fat ones! " Miss Robinson used to say, " I don't like skinny garlands! "

Secondly, there was the floor of the big schoolroom to be polished for dancing. I think it was Miss Oxley who gave us the hint that scrapings of candle fat, trodden in with our feet, served this purpose admirably. It was possible to have quite a long slide in the room by the time we had finished!

We then went home and waited until it was early evening and time to dress. Our party dresses were usually silk and were white or cream or a very pale shade of colour. I remember the twins, Louise and Clare Reeve looking particularly pretty that evening in dresses of pale green silk—just the right shade to show up their lovely brown hair. We all wore lace mittens or silk gloves and most of us discarded the thick woollen stockings we wore at school in favour of open-work ones. Wrapped in our evening cloaks, many of which were the then fashionable "red-riding-hood" ones, and carrying in a little draw-string bag our heelless black or bronze dancing shoes, we set off to the party. Our cloaks removed and our shoes changed in the old ground-floor cloakroom, there was an anxious glance into the mirror to see whether the soap was shining on our faces very brilliantly. However, the powder puff was not for us in those days, so there was little we could do about it; and we emerged into the hall.

Miss Hewett, beautifully gowned and wearing a spray of real flowers and white kid gloves, stood smiling and radiant by the door of the transformed big schoolroom. She greeted and shook hands with each of us individually. We were her sole guests, but she could not have treated us with more charm and courtesy if we had been royalty. She, and every one of the staff paid us the compliment of wearing evening dress—a charming gesture and characteristic of the days before two world wars had stunted the art of graceful living. I still have a mental picture of Miss Richardson that evening. She was wearing a black net dress with a bunch of pink roses pinned to the corsage. Her eyes were shining and her cheeks were flushed with pleasure, and once again the eternal question was raised amongst ourselves—"Why hadn't some handsome stranger, years ago, rescued her from teaching leggy school girls, and swept her away and married her?"

We played the usual party games including, of course, "Clumps" and "Advents." We danced the polka, the barn dance, the waltz, the lancers and so on, and if we had perforce to dance with each other it was good practice for those other parties—and in those days they were legion—where we should meet each other's attractive brothers and cousins, who would ask us to dance with them.

There were songs, too, from the more gifted people. Judy Manley sang "I like your apron and your bonnet and your little Quaker gown." This song did not come out of the play, but Gertie Miller had recently taken London by storm in "The Quaker Girl," and we were all Quaker mad in consequence. Our cotton dresses the previous summer had all been made in Quaker fashion.

Then there was supper—attractively served on tables upstairs in the Second and Sixth Form rooms. Even judged by the standards of those days of peace and plenty it was a wonderful spread! There were more ham sandwiches than we could possibly eat—real ham, and not spam! The bread they were made with was really white and it was spread with real butter. Margarine in those days was merely that exciting-looking stuff with the pretty name which stood in great yellow mountains on the

grocer's counter and which we could never persuade our mothers to let us sample. There were sausage rools, too, and we did not look incredulously at each other and say "Do you know, I'm sure these sausages are pork!" because of course they were pork. There were fruit salads, too, abounding with pineapple and pieces of banana and nobody wondered how on earth our hostess had managed to secure these delicacies.

After supper there were more games and more dancing. The last dance was "Sir Roger de Coverley," and of course, for a finale we joined hands and sang "Auld Lang Syne." We sang a long-forgotten second verse to this, too, taking particular trouble over the word "Willie Wacht," because Miss Maclean was Scottish, and a triumphant twinkle would appear in her eye at our mispronunciation.

The party over and our "good-nights" and "thank yous" to Miss Hewett said, home we went to bed and to sleep far into the morning. I tremble to think whose job it was to restore the house to its work-a-day guise. Mrs. Hine, the kindly resident caretaker, could not possibly have done it all. I rather suspect Miss Hewett and her valiant staff of giving up yet another day of their Christmas holiday to helping her! However, we really did appreciate the party at the time, and I think that perhaps, viewed in retrospect from these days of austerity, we appreciate it now even more than we did then.

WINIFRED McLELLAN.

Dust, Draughts and Light.

In spite of all its inconveniences, which were many, the old school was a lovely building and we appreciated it. We did not mind the crowded rooms, but enjoyed the fun of it all.

We forget now the draughts and remember the lovely old windows in the Fifth Form, with the gilded cornices above set in the rounded end. We forget that there was no central heating and remember the stove which sent hot air up through those who defied rules and sat upon it.

How inconvenient it must have been to have no hall, but we enjoyed drill with Miss Damon out of doors and moving desks when drill afternoons happened to be wet. I suppose books got lost when we moved them back; they certainly fell out of the inadequate desks, but I do not remember losing any. Perhaps we were more careful in those days when we bought our own. We did all manage to get in for prayers, and even if we were crowded I do not remember anyone ever fainting.

What did it matter if dust collected on top of the glasses of milk put on the ledge at the bottom of the sacred front stairs?—we drank it in the spacious front hall and the dust did not seem to affect our health even on the day when someone had the bright idea of sliding down the stairs on the front door mat and the dust was thicker than usual.

The Sixth Form room was dark with its one small window and to get to it we had to go either through a form room or through the mistresses' room and the cupboard they called their cloakroom. This must have been inconvenient, but I remember most the carpet given to us to deaden the sound of our heavy feet above Miss Hewett's head and the wonderful mathematics lessons she gave to Elsie Hatch and me, writing with an unbroken succession of Royal Sovereign pencils.

The cloakrooms were more congested than most, but I do not think shoes got lost more than they do nowadays, though I still wonder why the congestion was made worse by the storing of the school platform in one of them.

The laboratory was small and inadequate, but we learnt a lot of science from Miss Goldwin, more than most schools at that time, and the high stools could be used as a means of locomotion.

The grounds were beautiful. We all kept silkworms fed on leaves from the mulberry tree, played robbers in the bushes at the bottom and catch round the group of silver birches. Did it matter if the netball court made of ashes was too narrow and too long and that the ball went over the fence, only to be retrieved by the smallest player, often me, being pushed through the gap or by Miss Richardson politely going round to the front door to apologise?—we generally won our matches in spite of it.

The building did not make the school the happy place it was—Miss Hewett and the mistresses did that, but I am sure we gained something from the graciousness of the old Georgian house and its beautiful garden.

ENID WISE.

TRANSITION—1909-1917.

The First School Hat.

Four years in the old school and four in the new; but those first four 1909-1913 were the light-hearted years. So it is of the old school that my memories are happiest and most vivid. The house was already desperately overcrowded but we liked that, and the garden to my young mind was all a garden should be. True, there were not many flowers, delicate finicking things anyway, but there were trees, symbols of security and permanence, friendly durable shapes that joined in our games and could stand up to hard knocks. Can anyone forget the mulberry tree with its spreading branch polished by the seats of innumerable pairs of woolly bloomers, the sycamore, just the right height for a swing, the holly bush that was an instrument of correction for any who showed signs of swelled head, or the trees at the end of the garden, perfect for playing houses. Surely no japonica since has flourished with so bright a blossom as the one on the front drive.

How many remember the first short-lived school hats? A flower-pot shape in green cloth with a monogram in yellow. They perched on the tops of our shame-faced heads until they were succeeded by others only slightly less hideous. And do they remember too, the enchanting rumour started by a girl who caught unlawful sight of Miss Goldwin trying on a green flower-pot in the hall? "The mistresses are going to wear the school hat too!" We could not quite believe it but it was a lovely thing to pass on to an eagerly credulous friend.

CORA BAYNE (Mrs. Chapell).

The New School Arises.

My happy memories of W.H.S. begin in the Preparatory of the old school and end in the new school during the first Great War. My generation had the excitement of watching the new building going up and moving in when every stick and stone was brand new. We had to be

very careful not to spill a drop of ink on desk or floor and before we went home in the afternoon every mark had to be removed. I remember Miss Goldwin telling me to use more elbow grease which puzzled me, and it was quite a long time before I discovered what she really meant.

It was such a change from the old battered desks with the dozens of initials carved on them, and it was with very mixed feelings we moved into the new school. Although it was so up-to-date and spacious the old homeliness was missing. We no longer knew the name at least of every girl in the school. There were now 30 girls in a form where there used to be 15 to 20. In fact, when I first entered Preparatory, a small class then, there was one occasion when I was the only child to arrive one morning, which caused some embarrassment until it was decided I should take lessons with Form 1, an honour I fully appreciated, and to this day I can remember learning the poem "Daffodils" on that red letter day.

How we missed the huge and unsafe mulberry tree, from the branches of which we watched first team netball matches, scurrying down in a hurry when Miss Richardson was seen approaching to warn us off. I wonder how many silk worms were fed from the leaves of this dear old tree.

We missed the Prizegiving at the Baths when we all turned up in white frocks and were impressed anew each year by the sight of our familiar form mistress in cap and gown.

Then what a grand time we used to have on Empire Day. Recitations and the singing of patriotic songs occupied the morning and an outing to High Beech followed in the afternoon, the whole school travelling in old fashioned brakes.

How enthusiastic we were in Form II when the Suffragette movement was at its height. Leslie Campbell was Mrs. Pankhurst and she gave each of us the name of a prominent suffragette whom we had to emulate as noisily as possible.

In the new school we were a little older but still far from years of discretion, and our days of mischief were not over. There were few trees to climb, but there was a ladder leading up to a trap door in the ceiling just outside the cookery room. One lunchtime I led a little cavalcade through this trap door and we tried to travel round the school on the rafters. Suddenly my foot went through the plaster and a goodly portion of ceiling crashed down. It is a wonder we were not all killed in the panicky rush back. I do not like to recall the interview with Miss Hewett later on when confession was made. I think I began to grow up from that day.

BESSIE JONES.

UNIFORM—Sometimes.

A window in the old school was thick with ivy outside. One day when we were to have a natural history lesson we were told to bring specimen fruits to class. Many of us forgot. Dick Paste had the bright idea of collecting some ivy berries from outside the window. To my frightened eyes this was a most hazardous undertaking. But we all, including myself, begged him to get us a bunch too, and when the mistress arrived I often wonder what her thoughts were to see us all sitting looking intuous with our little bunches of ivy ready.

In those days we did not always wear our uniform. I had a black and white check frock with a white petticoat. Form I were all marched in a crocodile to the new school to play games in the new big field—a terrific thrill.

KATHLEEN OYLER (Mrs. Hancock).

The NEW SCHOOL—(1920-1926).

Greek Theatre Built

It does not seem nearly thirty years ago since I first went to W.H.S., and Miss Bean found difficulty in fitting me with a cap because I wore a large black moire bow on top of my very straight bobbed hair. I remember explaining to practically every member of the staff with whom I came in contact that first day that I was not Maud Pettit's sister, and consequently did not know why she had not put in an appearance. Memories of the year in Lower IIIA include huts in the garden (never growing more than waist high), the solemn funeral on the allotments (where the hard tennis courts are now) of Frankie, the frog, which we had reared from a tadpole, small boys in the Preparatory (Reggie Pierson, Wilfred Blackledge, Bernard Skilton among them) and the half holiday on Empire Day after the service in St. Mary's which was attended by ourselves and the Monoux School (in later years also by the two technical schools).

In 1922 we held our Bazaar to buy the grand piano, opened by the Marquis of Tavistock, whose remarks regarding powder puffs were quoted by most newspapers—we achieved fame even before television.

Who remembers our visit to Wembley in a train shared by the Monoux School, which started from Walthamstow Station and, by a route which even yet I cannot work out, landed us at the Exhibition? Do you remember Edith Hatch, our head girl, winning the £100 prize offered daily to the person most nearly forecasting the number of visitors to pass through the turnstiles?

The opening of the Greek Theatre has been written about before, but who knows of the unfortunates of VA wrestling with the Matric Botany paper to the sound of cheering and other noises. However, we were allowed to watch the rehearsal in the morning and see Lewis Casson directing and Sybil Thorndike using her brown cloak as a means of expressing her mood.

We had many interesting and well known visitors to W.H.S.—Rupert Harvey and Colin Keith-Johnston (who had lately appeared as "Hamlet" in plus fours in a production of the play in modern dress) came to judge the acting competitions. What does the present generation use nowadays for its costumes instead of crepe marvel at 6³/₄d. a yard?

I still remember the admiration we had for Mrs. Diana Watts and the blue velvet gown she put on after her demonstration of how to be graceful in our everyday life and movement. I don't think her lessons stayed with us, unfortunately, as our generation was not, I think, particularly graceful—we were the shingled, short-skirted and low waisted brigade.

There are so many small memories that with a contemporary one could go on for hours. One which sticks is of Miss Jacob coming in odd shoes, one brown and one black. They were the same design and had large silver buckles. I wonder if she remembers.

CONNIE PETTIT (Mrs. Hill).

Holidays Unpopular.

(1916-1922).

Although it is many years now since those very happy days at W.H.S., memories of them are numerous and vivid from the first morning, already proud of my green tunic and white blouse, waiting in the hall to hear the form lists to the last day, the one long dreaded, the day for leaving.

As I sit and let those memories flash across the mind's eye, they come first of the lessons; maths, science with the incredibly uncomfortable Lab. stools, gym, dancing, games, the first language lesson when I was so scared because I could not understand Mdlle. Grémaud's first flood of French, handwork with tooled leather work and later pewter brooches and covered boxes. Then there were the scripture lessons with Miss Hewett always bringing with her some interesting point of view, and later in the Sixth Form the Revelations of St. John, taken by the Rev. Canon Lampen. In all of these as well as all the others, I can recall many incidents both pleasant and unpleasant.

The picture changes to some of those many talks that Miss Hewett gave us. I can remember her interesting reminiscences of the term that she spent in America and that she chose to speak there on games and playing fields in schools. Few of us will forget her talks on the last day of term when she took for her theme that we must give as well as receive and when she told us about the house in which she often stayed where a box of wood was kept for the fire. Anyone could use the wood for the fire but was expected to help to replenish it when going into the garden. How well we knew the story but it imprinted on our memory a lesson we have found worth learning.

Perhaps the memory lingers longest on the "extra" activities and they were many, often events which we would organise and produce for ourselves. There were the frequent gym. and dancing displays and I still have memories of the Moth Dance to a Chopin's waltz, the Indian Dance, the Tambourine Dance to Brahms's music, the Pied Piper and indeed there seemed to be an infinite number being rehearsed before school, after dinner and in the evening. What fun we had in the Sixth Form producing the netball dance for the dancing competition when the players leapt from pass to pass, the umpires pirouetted, the goalposts swayed and the winning team danced off in triumph to Brahms's first waltz while the losers crept away in sorrow to Chanson Triste.

The vision passes to the sports and form matches with excitement running very high and competition that could not have been keener. There was a time when live mascots were the craze. Perhaps they are still. To be original, the Sixth brought to the court a tiddler in a bowl, but the day was Friday and, alas, during the week-end it died. We could not lose the luck it had brought and so a cremation ceremony was held in the form room with the chanting of a solemn dirge and for many years the ashes in a tube and later in a mummy case brought by sixth formers from Paris was taken as the form mascot.

Then there was the day when the quiet village of Hayes in Kent was invaded by the noise of twenty-six from W.H.S. for a botany weekend. The village school where Miss White, Miss Dennithorne's friend, was teaching, was used for our meals and for our evening entertainment before we scattered to the vicarage and the village to sleep at night. Memories come too, of expeditions, fungus forays, primrosing, visits to the Old Vic. and once to hear Bernard Shaw speak on "The Failure of Education." We were so indignant at his criticism of schools that we asked him to come to ours. He replied on an autographed photograph that all sixth forms were bound over to the staff by privileges.

We could not bear the thought of leaving and one day, I think it was in the last term, the school was given an unexpected holiday. Again we were indignant and we asked if we could come to school. Permission was given and we spent a busy and most enjoyable day by ourselves in the school and the field.

Now those days are far away but I know that as well as giving us great happiness, they left us well equipped to carry out the work that we have to do.

ROSE HARRIS.

"Tippy Toe Music."

(1929).

" . . . le don de faire apparaître le passé est aussi étonnant et bien meilleur que le don de voir l'avenir."

Encouraged by these words of Anatole France I feel justified in shelving for awhile, the problems of a busy mother and housewife to day-dream happily about some rather distant days at W.H.S.

Twenty-seven years ago, awed but ambitious, I started in the Lower Thirds, and at that time such names as Norah Blofield, Mary Fulford, Lucy Coy and Phyllis Soper were among those most revered. "If only one day I can leap for a ball like Mary, or dance as gracefully as Phyllis!" So ran my thoughts. Seven years later in the Sixth Form those ambitions were partly realised when I wore the coveted badges D.C. and N.B. in green and gold. Personal effort indeed played its part, but behind that was the inspired teaching from Miss Squire which made one long to do in some measure what she herself did so well.

And who could forget the competitions which came as a culmination to each year's work. Exciting days of practice working out formations, choosing Form colours, and then on the great day immaculate teams proudly wearing their chosen colours—only the "Sixth" never varying in its privilege to wear the school colours. Discussing music, sequences and costume for the dances, and finally the air of expectation as Mrs. Connell or Miss Johnson who so often came with their sound and friendly advice, rose to give the results. How grand it all was!

So now, when I hear five year old Barbara and Bridget say, "Listen Mummy, that's tippy toe music," or I see them doing their P.T. on the lawn, I hope that before long some school will provide them with the same splendid opportunities that W.H.S. gave to me for self expression through movement and music.

EDNA NEAL (Martin).

"He who fixes his course by a star changes not."

—Leonardo de Vinci.

(1927-1932).

Gaiety and warmth—these were my first impressions of W.H.S. when I entered it first, a shy and nervous scholarship girl, in 1927. Yet even so I was conscious of the natural and unstrained attitude of the staff, who treated us as *children*. The family atmosphere which seized me then was to cause a big wrench when I left seven years later.

There were coal fires in the form rooms then, with high guards upon which we perched and chatted before lessons began. There was a Form I and II then, not to mention "Preparatory," and all the others were divided into "a's" and "b's." School was a world in itself and most of our recreation was connected with it. Outside activities were frowned upon together with "loud and raucous voices" in the playground, and "gadding about" the streets. We came out of school at a different time from the Monoux boys, and were forbidden to walk hatless or more than two abreast. Only forms up to the Lower Thirds were allowed to wear socks and these had to be up to the knee. Most of our hair was bobbed or shingled, preferably without a fringe, but we wore our tunics very short because in those days we "drilled" in them.

One of the nicest things at school was "Garden time" after the hurly-burly of the afternoon, when we could pass a happy hour playing games, reading or practising for one of the many school competitions, or at a meeting of one of the school societies. Then there were choir practices in the geography room during Friday dinner time (preceded by sandwiches in the cookery room, for this was before the advent of school meals). Sometimes it fell to my lot to polish the tables in the new Biology Lab. (finished 1929, but not opened till 1930 owing to lack of furniture). That same year the new Library was opened, with a tour by each Form, personally conducted by Miss Norris—and what a blessing it was to those preparing for examinations!

School was my star then, opening to me a wonderful world of literature, history, art and music. I was also then given my first interest in current affairs and in social service . . . there was the newly-formed L.N.U. and occasionally a mock election. It would not be true to say I enjoyed or excelled at "P.T."—for this too flourished although conducted in the hall with movable apparatus till 1931 saw the opening of the new gymnasium. It is only since leaving school that I have come to know the joys of dancing and games (believe it or not, I played a most enjoyable game of mixed hockey on the Elms, Walthamstow, only last year!) I also only later came to appreciate art and needlework, and even to see the uses of geography, regretting, alas, my neglect of those subjects as a schoolgirl.

Shall I recall more discordant memories of each form practising the same songs *ad nauseam* for the prizegiving, held for the first time in 1930 in the Greek Theatre, or the Thermopylae plane tree planted the previous year in the garden? Walthamstow became a Borough in 1930 and we celebrated with bags of sweets, oranges and a beaker, a performance of conjuring and ventriloquism in the Greek Theatre. I often think of plays rehearsed in the garden, of the chain of chairs to the school when the

weather let us down. Sports day will always mean for me strawberries and cream served in the quadrangle. "Break" recalls incredibly new buns and chocolate biscuits sold by long-suffering Mr. Hazell and Mrs. Hazell, through a barrier made by two stalwart sixth-formers clasping hands to prevent the rush! Milk was only supplied to specially delicate girls and had to be paid for. End of term brought "Lost Prop." given out by the Lower Sixth, and cleaning inkspots from the floor with sand-paper.

I could go on, but I have a suspicion some members of the present school will already be objecting that my schooldays were not so very different from their own. That is the whole point of school. That is why Miss Norris always used to call for "three cheers for the School, past, present and to come." It is all one, and its motto forever forges the link between past and future generations: "Neglect not the gift that is in thee."

RUTH HYATT.

Teacher and Taught.

(1935).

Once during the war I was at a parent teacher meeting in the Midlands—as a teacher, not as a parent. I remember turning to some unknown parent and saying, "The more schools I teach at the more I think of the staff who taught me." "That's praise indeed she said, and asked the name of the school. I told her and it turned out that she had been there too for a term! We have been great friends ever since.

Well, isn't it true? Just think in how many directions the staff were talented apart from their professions. Miss Jacob could make a fool understand mathematics, but do you remember her tennis as well? Have you ever tasted one of her cakes? Miss Goldwin thought nothing of flying to Rio when she retired, and now she does all her own digging, *every bit of it*. How many delightful heroines did Miss Clough portray and what a sensation Miss Miskin caused as a Spanish hero! How many staffs do you know who would toss their hair, even long hair over their faces, wear masks on the backs of their heads, don school blouses and tunics and perform that marvellous "backwards drill" that kept us roaring with laughter until our sides ached? They were not only generous and gave to us with both hands, they were great enough to do anything for us.

I went to W.H.S. when I was seven and the Preparatory was still in existence. We used to finish our lessons at 12 o'clock and wait for our sisters to take us home. Often Miss Crook took over our room while we waited for her upper school lesson. I know I learned about Purcell in this way and I never hear his name without seeing Miss Crook's vivid ginger hair. I remember I was young enough to be stood in the corner for hitting Edith Palmer on the head with a book and old enough to sit through the whole of Sybil Thorndyke's performance as Medea. I did not understand much except the horror of the children episode, but I did enjoy the incense and all those flame-coloured veils she wore.

We went through the "grass-house" craze just as many others of you and we were also in the period which had "form-sisters," but I believe that custom went on for some years. Anyway, our form-sisters that year had a peculiar way of choosing a couple of young soloists for

"Away in a manger" for the school carols. Muriel Holmes and I both had piano lessons. She admitted to singing a trifle sharp so I was put in as her partner because I was always flat. I had a hole in my stocking when we performed and the inking-in was not a success. But the carol was! Muriel and I gave an encore on the following day.

Strangely enough the activities I remember most clearly were the ones I could not take part in because I was no good. The acting competition fascinated and terrified me. The Preparatory and Form I were allowed to leave if they were upset but I would see the performance through and I prayed that every killing was the last and reasoned that when five were dead only two more at the most could be done to death in the course of that play. But the dancing competitions were wonderful. Look at the standard that Miss Squire's tradition led us to achieve. Do you remember Joan Barratt in her beautiful "Modern Study," all in blues and greens? And "Ode to the West Wind" danced in three layers in the Greek Theatre? Even French poetry was translated into dance—"Mars qui rit malgré les averses," and one form tried the Spring Ballet which was then shown every year in Hiawatha at the Albert Hall.

I must finish with some "Do you remembers." Do you remember the thrill when it was wet of being allowed to use the ropes in the corridor? Do you remember Miss Squire always leading the "Follow my leader" all over the school at the parties?

So here I am, back at the staff again. And why not—God bless them—they're the important part. I send my love and gratitude for making us so rich and happy.

PHYLLIS LOVICK.

To a School Girl a Hundred Years Hence.

(1937).

As each spring brings new flowers into the world, flowers like those of the years before, yet always a little altered, so each generation of school girls has its own fashions, ambitions, enthusiasms and slang. In the nineteen thirties one performed handstands, wore one's hatbrim turned down all round, built grasshouses beneath the elm trees by the hockey field and described most pleasant things as "ripping." These are the details of school life that alter, but the nineties, the tens, the teens, the twenties and the forties all had their counterparts. This, then, is the spirit of the school, that each decade, each year, each day, brings its new problems and interests, yet should it be possible for three girls, one of Miss Hewett's first young ladies, a fourth former of to-day and some fourteen year old of the year 2050, to step out of time and meet together in the entrance hall, it would not, after the first excited comparisons of clothes and surroundings, be their great differences that would surprise them, but the tremendous and amazing amount they had in common.

SYLVIA M. GOULD.

Voluntary Service.

(1929-1937).

As each year takes my school days further away from me I find fewer and fewer details of school events remaining in my mind. But more and more clearly do the values of life at W.H.S. appear in their stead. This

is bound to be so. It is not the events of school life which are important, but the standards which one acquires and the qualities of character which one develops. These make one's life.

For my own part, I owe a debt to W.H.S. for giving me opportunities to develop qualities and abilities which might otherwise have remained dormant.

First, there was freedom; freedom for thinking and discussing problems in class and in school societies; freedom from so many of those little niggling do's and don'ts which make one lose sight of the real purpose of school life; freedom to organise one's behaviour in a community—particularly did I realise that in the sixth form; freedom to develop one's own ideas and powers of organisation—particularly did I value that in my year as head girl.

Then at W.H.S. we were given a training in social service which I find invaluable to-day. Throughout my school life I was made aware of the duty of an educated person to the community. I think the happiest times of my life have been found in the various opportunities for social service which have come my way since I left school. I often think of Miss Norris's advice to girls who were leaving: "Try to undertake some regular task of service to the community."

Numerous were the opportunities given to us to develop control, opportunities to organise ourselves and the activities of the school. We were so often consulted about things, not just told to do them. As pupils we were able to offer suggestions and sometimes were given authority to carry out those suggestions. Perhaps most important of all, we were recognised as individuals—not just regarded as a mass of school girls—all made alike.

But it would be difficult to say no word of school events themselves. I remember my first term at school which was marked by Charter Day. I was too small to recognise the meaning of the event when we were taken to see the sights, but I knew it was important. I remember being allowed to take the Latin class for Miss Cunyngame in my second year; I remember, too, that I was very naughty, loved the "back row" in the Chemistry Lab. and got bad reports. The Acting Competition of my third year remains in my mind, when our efforts in Twelfth Night were rewarded with high praise from Harcourt Williams.

When I was older—I remember the joys of practising for gym. displays and dancing competitions, for hockey and tennis teams, for prizegiving and fifth form plays. I remember the interest of Miss Norris's scripture lesson, the lively discussion of current affairs lessons, of music and art appreciation. A debate with the Monoux School was too lively to bear repetition for a time. I remember organising the Christmas parties—for one of which I wrote my first pantomime.

A visit to Paris in 1937 was one of the great events of my school life and, thanks to the staff, was not at all like a school-girl holiday. Painting the sixth form frieze is a clear memory—embodying the sixth form curtains—"revising" for exams. in the rose garden, organising the bun-queues in the covered playground, taking snapshots on the terrace at end of term, playing a duet of Marche Militaire with Evelyn Phillips for the school to march from prayers with conscious liveliness which brought immediate retribution upon my head.

And so one might go on. But is it necessary? You all have your own memories of such things, most of which will fade in time, making you more aware of the memory which is part of yourself, the contribution of W.H.S. towards your life as a citizen.

EDNA TIMBERLAKE.

PRE-WAR AND EVACUATION—(1935-1941).

A Note Book.

1935-6. "Grass-houses" seem to come first! Here we staged tea-parties, made spasmodic attempts at gardening and performed various ceremonials (always strictly private), and the most outstanding of these was the formal burial of a dead bird.

The Dancing Competition was a high-light, with our rehearsals for the rainbow dance, coached under the "covered playground" by long-suffering form sisters.

1936-7. Upper Third year brings to mind various oddments! A lesson I particularly enjoyed—Miss Bean telling us the story of the "Barber of Seville"—singing and playing extracts from it. Drawing lots one morning, and being one of the successful five to go with Miss Clough to see the Water Works the same afternoon. Singing at the tops of our voices during the end-of-term tussle with ink spots. In May a service by the Bishop of Barking for the Coronation. Later we were proud to see the school floodlit for the occasion.

A burglary, complete with blood-stained and broken windows, and Mr. Hazell with a black eye. Introduction of a new design for the tunics, and the indignation of upper thirds with the traditions of the school at heart!

1937-8. Outstanding here were memorial services for Miss Hewett, one at the school and the other in which the choir led hymns at St. Mary's Church. We were all rather over-awed, being very new choir members. Linked with that memory comes the thought of lining up outside the cookery room to pay our penny, the fee for staying to cold lunch. This was to enable us to stay for Friday dinner-hour choir practice.

Later in the year came the great bazaar to raise Miss Hewett's Memorial Fund. Life, for a long time became one long round of programme selling, stitching for stalls and preparing for dancing displays. There were sideshows for each form to organise, and not one member of the school was left out of these activities.

There was also the interesting talk on modern poetry by Stephen Spender, and a visit which began my first real appreciation of ballet—to Sadler's Wells, to see "Lac des Cygnes."

1938-9. September 29th, 1938, started the year by finding us all visiting the schools from which we were to be evacuated in the event of war. Three-power peace talks were in progress and we all felt unsettled and bewildered.

The following term I greatly enjoyed the visit to see Alec Guinness in Hamlet, at the Old Vic. It was in modern dress and most effective.

Another visit, this time to the school—and one which I have always recalled with pleasure, was the visit made by Chiang Yee. I remember that the girl who met him on Hoe Street Station was rather at a loss for

words when she brought him to the school. His lecture certainly made up for the former lack of speech! He described the differences between English and Chinese writing, explained some Chinese symbols and showed examples of their art materials. Then he demonstrated the Chinese method of painting and showed some interesting pictures.

1939-41. We all have memories of working in the Y.M.C.A. and Wellingborough High School, with the walk from one to the other between lessons; of farming with the staff; tractor-driving lessons on the hockey field, putting up camp beds in the Y.M.C.A., assembly in the Congregational Church.

The circumstances which brought us away from home were sad enough, but I think most of us feel that the experiences we gained formed a valuable part of our education.

FRANCES WRIGLEY (Mrs. Horsey).

From the Greek Theatre to Wellingborough. (1935-1943).

Reminiscences, I think, cannot easily be shared, for I find it is the little things that I remember best of school, things, I fear, such is the strange, selective power of memory—often too personal or too trivial and inconsequent to awaken any echoes in any mind but mine. Such are my memories of my first day of all. I had hoped for bright September sunshine but the day brought high winds and driving gusts of rain. I came later than the others of my year, and stood and waited miserably, a damp, dejected pawn on the awesome chess board of the black and white tiled hall. A sixth form girl passed by me, I remember, no mortal, surely, but a gracious green-clad goddess, infinitely remote. At either end the garden doors stood open and revealed tall trees and lawns that stretched out far beyond. So it seemed at first, but after all, we knew that this was our school too; and soon we learned the garden's every nook and cranny, and as our knowledge grew, it seemed to shrink to half its size. We built our "garden houses" in between the elms and held subversive secret meetings in the Greek Theatre's old and leaky shed. Inside, we had much more to learn; the first perplexities of French and Algebra; new names and faces and a whole new way of life; above all, the awesome daily ritual of prayers. It seemed the slippery, green-bound hymn books must have been bewitched, destined, somehow, to elude one's firmest clasp and side, unerring and unheralded, to the ground. I found the panelled walls distracting too, lined with their long unmeaning lists of names. Later, I now confess with shame, these were my pet amusement and delight, and I clothed each name with flesh and blood—a favourite game for dreary lecture hours!

Then came the first Prize Day. Its speeches, songs and dances are as blurred now in my mind as were the faces which lined the Greek Theatre's stone tiers. But Miss Hewett spoke that day, and I like to think that I remember her, though perhaps my picture of her is a composite one, formed afterwards from what I have read and heard elsewhere. The winter was a cold one and we held a snow-fight on the tennis lawn. I remember that we called our two teams Italians and Abyssinians and that it did not seem to matter which side won. Time passed quite

quickly and soon, it seemed, we looked down on our successors in the lowest form of all from the lofty eminence of the Upper Third! Of the next few years I have no clear account to give, but certain memories stand out: our introduction to the Library with its bookish smell and atmosphere of peace, the dark oak tables mirroring the bright coal fire, visits to Kew and Whipsnade; "Faust," "Swan Lake" and "Hamlet" in modern dress, "Macbeth" dimly seen and scarcely heard in great but somehow grand discomfort from the Old Vic gallery. Then, in the last sadly troubled year of peace, Munich and the great Bazaar and Fun Fair; gas mask and (for me) the rudiments of Greek, and at last, in spite of all, the war.

I shall not forget the last days at home; the school seemed dazed, awoken prematurely from its summer slumber. In the hall we held endless concerts and sang endlessly. Always, for me, "South of the Border," one of the season's most ephemeral hit tunes, evokes the memory of those days. Then at last we left, and my memories are of the crowded journey, the billeting at Kettering and assembly in a football stand. Later we moved to Wellingborough by 'bus, singing and scarcely believing it would be our home so long. We worked part of the time in a Y.M.C.A. building, whose frivolously named rooms hardly suggested an atmosphere of academic calm. Even after many months "French in the darts room" or mathematics in the skittle alley" seemed incongruous!

As we became established all our old activities were resumed and actively pursued. The war brought new diversions too: collecting Red Cross pennies, serving in canteens and harvesting or gathering potatoes on the farms of Harrowden or Doddington. How good it was to rest one's aching back for a while and enjoy an autumn sunset or a wide expanse of wind-swept sky! Above all, I remember the kindly generosity of our hostesses in homes and at the school, who faced our invading forces calmly and then welcomed us as friends. And, even more, I remember the help we had from our own staff at school, who cheered us and prevented us from feeling too uprooted or forlorn.

It is this three years in exile that I remember both most often and most gladly of all my time at school, for then one felt that one belonged to something greater than oneself that demanded one's loyalty, however unwillingly one might give it, and claimed one's service, however imperfect it might be.

EDNA JENKINSON.

VITA BREVIS.—(1943).

What do we mean by the school? Not the bricks and mortar of a building, which is obviously not yet fifty years old, but the corporate spirit and character created and contributed to by each pupil and teacher who has at any time been a member of W.H.S., embodied at a moment of time by the existing staff and girls, a character, fragments of which are borne away, each person leaving, until by now W.H.S. must be scattered far and wide. To me, a pupil who knew the school for only seven years of its long existence, it means rather more than this; it means memories of plays, of dancing and gym competitions, debates, meetings, to say nothing of work, history, English, Latin and the rest. Multiply these memories many times over, back to the beginning of the century and you have an idea of what the school is to those who belong to it.

DOROTHY BARNARD.

WAR AND PEACE—(1941-1948).

Home Again.

First of all a word about Wellingborough, our evacuation home, not only because during my last year at school I was the only one left of the happy Wellingborough band, but because our Golden Jubilee was spent there in oblivion. I recall so easily assembly at the "Congo" as we unashamedly called the Congregational Church of the town; having to work on Saturday mornings, but having all day Monday off for compensation; Mrs. Tilly, and the dancing lessons in the Y.M.C.A. and other morning work in "Hazelwood" or the "Old Tech."

Then there was the very joyful homecoming and, in January, 1943, reassembly in our own school, transformed with blast walls, sand bags and well protected windows. I remember those corridors of 1944, where we would sing, eat our dinners if need be, and even watch plays. How glad we were to have our school once more and how quickly we settled back into the old routine of normal school life. The whirl and excitement of gym., dancing and acting competitions, the hard work and rehearsals that went into that final performance, the agony of suspense to hear the result, the triumph of winning and oh! the humiliation of being beaten!

The end of term inter-form matches of netball and tennis, swimming and athletics; the school, devoid of chairs, an empty shell; the members, gathered outside, shouting themselves hoarse. Especially do I remember those blazing sports days in the summer, when girls lined the field to cheer their teams on and then dashed madly to the Greek Theatre for the presentation of the coveted cups.

Among the many other unforgettable things are those three-weekly marks that held us in such trepidation; likewise the late book and the forbidden front hall of pre-sixth form days; our plane tree from Thermopylae and our unique Greek Theatre, the centre of our post-matric days and the scene of our fifth form play.

Then the sixth form, the best time of all, where we certainly made our contribution to the sounds of the school! There, too, I remember listening to the Test matches of 1948 and getting the latest scores for the rest of the school. And so on; there are so many other memories of the sixth; that room in the library corridor, not forgetting too, the sixth form cloakroom downstairs!

I shall never forget the end of term assemblies in the school hall, especially those leave takings of both staff and girls. How we cheered them off, secure somehow in the knowledge that it was not our turn yet; our school days were far from over. Then quite suddenly our turn did come, and unbelievably we came to our last day at school. The break was softened by coming to college, but it was none the less very sharp; we can return as old girls—yes—but it will never be the same. So ended that era in our lives as now has ended an era in the life of our school—the successful termination of "sixty glorious years."

DIANA BROWNE.

Another Big Change.

My earliest memories of school are the pride in my new school uniform and the feeling of importance at having homework to execute. To have homework was, to me, the seal to the fact that I was now a member of a grammar school. My pride in my school uniform remains, but my views on homework soon changed. I came to regard it as an unnecessary curse, until my fifth year, when I realised that it had some use after all and tackled it, still with a heavy heart but, I hope, with a better grace.

Certain lessons contributed towards a happy day—history, English in particular, when Shakespeare was the subject, art, music and dancing. There was nearly a competition to work for which increased the school interest outside normal routine. Even if you were not taking part in your form's actual presentation there was always the excitement of cheering your colleagues on and in this way being as much part of the competition as the performers. My favourite competition was the dancing competition. It did not entail so much rush and anxiety before the actual event as did the acting competition. The competitions, I feel, helped us to develop our own initiative, to work independently from the staff. We were set a standard and it depended on our own effort whether we reached that standard.

There were only two acting competitions during my stay at school, in December, 1945 and December 1947. These competitions brought Wilfred Pickles and Alec Guinness, respectively to act as adjudicator. Great excitement was aroused in the school on both occasions. I well remember those of us in the sixth form production sending out scouts to bring back a report on Alec Guinness. The sixth formers were not the only ones whose hearts sank at the thought of acting before such a distinguished person.

The last day of the Easter term, 1946, Miss Norris retired. It was a shock although we knew it was coming. Not one of us could imagine the school without her. Most of us I believe, spent the Easter holidays wondering what the new headmistress would be like. When we returned hopes were fulfilled and fears dispelled when we met Miss Burnett. This was the most outstanding school event during my seven years as a pupil.

The darkest period for the school, as for everyone, was the summer of 1944, when we spent most of our time in the corridors and cloakrooms sheltering from V.l.s. Attendances were curtailed, lessons and homework could not help but suffer, but I believe our comradeship enriched during these days. We had nothing but admiration for the School Certificate and Higher School Certificate candidates who sat for their exam. in the corridors under the most disturbing conditions.

Perhaps the greatest happiness of school lay in the comradeship which each one of us has found at our school. This quality is not confined to the girls. The harmony of girls and staff gives the school its friendly, informal and contented atmosphere which is experienced by everyone who enters it. That indefinable quality, "school spirit," remains with its members long, long after they have ceased to be pupils. My personal feelings about school are summed up in a verse of hymn 56:—

"Here has dull care been banished from our thought,
Has glad comradeship our spirits caught
To heights undreamt of midst the busy maze,
The toil and worry of our working days."

SHEILA R. BULLER.

Recollections of the Staff.

It was in January, 1908, that I came to Walthamstow—a long time ago, yet memories of my first day stand out vividly. My form room was the long one with the four windows looking out on to the pleasant garden of the old school and in it had IIIA and IIIB, forty-two of them, I think I had come from a private school where classes were small and the sea of strange faces filled me with dismay. I could only hope I did not look as panic stricken as I felt. It seemed advisable to break the ice by learning a few names. In the front row sat the Reeve twins, like as two peas in those days, each sharing a dual desk with a bosom friend, one of whom of course was Violet Adams. Rather incautiously, I remarked, "I see, Clare has a red blouse and Louise a blue one," and at once realised my mistake. The merest flicker of a glance passed between the twins but it was enough. "Oh yes," I said, "I know; change at break. I am only depending on the blouses for these two periods." The twins, who never minded being caught out, grinned appreciatively and did not bother to change.

We had small boys in those days and one of them was George Bosworth. One day I went to school rather pleased because I had done my hair in a new way but was less pleased when I found George, usually so law-abiding, in conversation with his neighbour. With the unwisdom of a young teacher, I insisted on knowing what they were saying. George, a gentleman even at seven, blushed deeply and said in a very small voice, "I was only talking about your curls; one of them is coming down." George soon got over his embarrassment, but I had learned a lesson.

Dudley Gower was in that class too, a lovely little boy with the clearest of blue eyes and red-gold curls. He had also a very loud voice which was a trial to me until I discovered that, if I bent over him and spoke in a whisper, he replied in the same tone. Thenceforward my relations with Dudley were most confidential.

Another memory is of an inspector named, I think, Mr. Murray. He was so enamoured of Miss Richardson's method of teaching history that he followed her from room to room, till she was quite worn out and Miss Hewett was moved to intervene. She inveigled him into my room but he was interested neither in me nor in geography, yet dared not leave for he knew that, just across the hall, Miss Hewett was sitting with her door open, ready to pounce. He fidgeted about till he discovered that, by standing close to the shutters, he could hear what Miss Richardson was saying next door and that, by applying his eye to the hole into which we inserted the hook for pushing them up he could gain a partial view of the room. For the rest of the period he remained glued to the shutter while I, convulsed with inward laughter, carried on as best I could. Fortunately the class did not find it as funny as I did. To them apparently the ways of inspectors were beyond comprehension and anything might be expected.

Of the girls I taught there is no time to speak adequately; so many pictures come and go—Helen Mercer stumbling through Latin verbs in the hall of the old school, with her mind, I suspected, on quite other matters, Marjorie Wise already full of ideas, Elsie Hatch taking to Latin and Greek as readily as to mathematics. Then there was a much beloved

Form that I retained for three years about the time that we moved into the new school—rebels like Leslie Campbell, imps like Zoe Anning, earnest young people like Clarissa Mathias and the Hitchmans, the quiet ways of Dorothy Windle and Myfanwy Phillips. It is good to have such a wealth of memories, bringing back as they do the busy atmosphere of the school, shot through with the sense of creative purpose that Miss Hewett always managed to inspire.

M. A. OXLEY.

I understand from Mrs. Delozey, *nee* Clair Warrington, the mother of a married son and a daughter, that one of her pleasantest memories of the old school was the old mulberry tree. One of the girls' greatest joys was to have lessons under it when in fruit and they could be fairly certain that some of the luscious fruit would, if they were careful, fall into their mouths.

In the early days we used to have fortnightly staff meetings without Miss Hewett and presided over by our second mistress, Miss Richardson. It was a social event. Two of us were responsible for bringing and preparing tea. Then mark books were handed out to the form mistresses who entered and added the marks. It was an occasion which we used to speak freely and in no uncertain terms about the behaviour of certain girls.

In the early days it was not infrequent for forms to get a fortnightly average of 70 per cent. When they did this three fortnights in succession they were given an afternoon free from school work. On such occasions we either played in the school grounds or went for a picnic in the forest.

Years ago on Empire Day when we were allowed to be proud of our empire, we had a day free from lessons. After a service at the church we set out in brakes to the forest. On these occasions the school was divided into groups longways, so that the older girls were in charge of the younger ones. This enabled the staff, during the afternoon quietly to seek a cup of tea, which was much appreciated.

In Walthamstow bombs were falling constantly. One night a bomb fell in the church grounds, or so the police told us when we arrived at school next morning. The school was sent home and for a week or more nothing was done and we were free to make up some of the sleep we had lost. Then the staff became restive and we arranged to see the girls in forms at the Technical School, and distribute homework to them.

Just before we got our scheme working we learned that it was not a bomb, but a leaden coffin turned on end.

M. INCE JONES.

Since it's just over seven years ago that my seven years at W.H.S. finished, the present time seems a suitable moment to look back reminiscently on those years at the school.

What memories are most distinct? Strangely enough, not those of Walthamstow itself—not even of the Greek Theatre nor of the lovely little sheltered pond which, in summer, lent charm even to lessons on the subjunctive! No, my clearest and happiest memories of W.H.S. are connected with Paris, Switzerland and, most of all, Wellingborough.

Do you remember Paris? The hotel lift which we worked ourselves, and in which a schoolmaster was caged, fuming, for a long time while he was trying to go up to his room, and all his boys, stationed on various landings, kept pushing buttons that sent the lift back again? And our photos of one another among the gargoyles on Notre Dame? And rowing in the Bois de Boulogne, and the shopping expeditions?

And Switzerland? Do you remember our climbs, and how exhausted but triumphant we were? And how Miss Goldwin kept doggedly on, at the same steady pace, while the rest of us threw ourselves on the ground and panted, or, at least, stood still awhile "just to admire the view?" And the story behind that photograph of the two carters, their horse and the glacier? And our evening walks in the dark on steep mountain paths, all holding hands and crying "step."

Do you remember Kettering? We had to meet every day in a football stand, because the only school in which we were offered a share was an open-air school for the mentally deficient.

And then Wellingborough—where some people didn't want us just at first, because the town had already had slum children and they thought all evacuees might be verminous. And I recall from those early days some of Edna Timberlake's poem about all the evacuated staff:—

"Miss Dennythorne has hesitation
Re guinea-pigs' evacuation."

By the way, I wonder how many people knew of Wellingborough's solemn funeral of a deceased guinea-pig, and how Ruth Licence (our future surgeon) disinterred it secretly to carry out a post-mortem.

You know we took turns on Sundays to help at a canteen for visiting parents. One day a sailor came in for a cup of tea and tipped me a whole penny!

Do you remember doing farm work organised by Miss Park in aid of the Red Cross? Did you help to plant potatoes, or stook corn or wind-bean-shoots anti-clockwise up poles, or gather up potatoes in a mad, breathless, back-breaking race to pick them all up before the tractor came round again to unearth new ones and bury the ones you hadn't yet had time to put in your basket? How we all worked for the war effort! My eyes are still strained from mending ladders invisibly for the Red Cross. But our most important work, as we knew then and realise still more clearly now, was just keeping the girls there.

I always liked the school motto: "Neglect not the gift that is in thee" has a message for every single girl. Best of all, however, are the headmistress's closing words at the end of each term. In no other girls' school have I yet heard any ending so fine in its dignity and idealism: "Three cheers for the school—past, present and to come!"

M. DERHAM.

Prize-giving, 1949.

Our prize distribution took place in the Greek Theatre on Saturday, 24th September. To mark our Diamond Jubilee year Miss Marjorie Wise (pupil, W.H.S., 1899-1910), was secured to give away the prizes. Her speech is printed in full by special permission.

PRIZES

We should like to congratulate the following girls:—

Forms		Forms	
L3w	Iris Ablett Maureen Southby Mavis Tombs	5h	Margaret Boniface Celia Head Brenda Skelsey Shirley Thorp Patricia Wilkinson Dorothy Adams Ernestine Aiken Phyllis Greenhill Vivienne Hinchinson Jenny Yelland
L3h	Patricia Cox Margaret Wilson		
L3s	Maureen Ayling Eileen Crane	5s	Ann Huggett Freda Taylor Pauline Colvin Margaret Foster Maureen Gunn Joan Harris Isla Hoppett Beryl Luckett Doreen Plant Shirley Pullen Margaret Rhynas
U3h	Hazel Joliffe		
U3s	Margaret Bird Jean Jenner		
L4w	Pauleine Hodby Maureen Nash		
L4s	May Capell	6	Sheila Buller Monica Anderson Audrey Brown Ruth Bullard Ruth Cory Katharine Knight Olive Cole Margaret Witt
U4s	Ilse Juhn		

SCHOLARSHIPS AND EXAMINATION SUCCESSES

Open Scholarship in Classics, Royal Holloway College
and

M. of E. University Supplemental Award

Ruth Bullard

State Scholarship

Margaret Witt

Essex County Major Scholarships

Monica Anderson, Ruth Bullard

Sir George Monoux Exhibition

Audrey Brown, Sheila Buller, Margaret Witt

Sir William Mallinson Scholarship

Margaret Witt

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON**Higher School Certificate**

Monica Anderson with exemption from Intermediate B.A.

Audrey Brown with exemption from Intermediate B.A.

Ruth Bullard with exemption from Intermediate B.A. and distinction
in Latin.

Sheila Buller.

Ruth Cory.

Katharine Knight with exemption from Intermediate B.A.

Olive Cole.

Margaret Witt with exemption from Intermediate B.Sc. and 1st M.B.
distinction in Zoology.

General School Certificate with Matriculation Exemption.

Dorothy Adams, Ernestine Aiken, Phyllis Greenhill, Vivienne
Hirchinson, Jenny Yelland, Pauline Colvin, Margaret Foster,
Maureen Gunn, Joan Harris, Isla Hoppett, Beryl Luckett, Doreen
Plant, Shirley Pullen, Margaret Rhynas.

General School Certificate.

June Kennedy, Barbara Miles, Kathleen Patch, Betty Baldwin,
Dorothy Barrett, Audrey Bartholomew, Margaret Boniface, Sylvia
Cowlan, Shirley Dawson, Celia Head, Shelia Hobbs, Joan McBride,
Elizabeth Rand, Beryl Rayment, Brenda Skelsey, Enid Spinks,
Shirley Thorp, Shirley Whitmarsh, Patricia Wilkinson, Jeannette
Wilson, Jean Balcombe, Jean Brown, Pamela Colvin, Jean Dwyer,
Shirley Goodall, Diana Hawke, Eunice Hill, Anne Huggett, Audrey
Humphries, Doreen Jones, Jean Mallett, Hilda Mendham, Joyce
Parrott, Daphne Rome, Patricia Shearing, Freda Taylor.

Preliminary Examination for the General Nursing Council.

Pass: Sheila Davies, Betty Holt.

Prize-giving Speech by Miss Marjorie Wise.

The first thing I want to say is to thank you for the great honour you have done in asking me to be the "old girl" who should give away your prizes in your diamond jubilee year. I feel really that the only claim I have for this privilege is that I am my father's daughter and he was one of the founders of the school, and for all the years that I was at school was the Chairman of the Governors.

In all other ways I am entirely unfitted. I cannot give "uplift" talks and I hate prizes. Miss Burnett said she only wanted me to "reminiss." That seemed easy, so I said "Yes." Then I began to think of all the people who had come to talk to us, Sir John Simon (now Lord Simon), Canon Swallow, who embarrassed Miss Hewett somewhat by alluding to her as "his comforter," Sir Michael Sadler and so on. What did they talk to us about? Michael Sadler made a "bon mot" by saying that the school had variety without chaos and added, on the spur of the moment, that chaos was unintentional variety, but that was so often quoted that it could hardly be called memory. Then I began an exhaustive research among my friends about all their prize giving addresses, none of them remembered one syllable of what they had heard excepting my sister Enid who said promptly "Yes, I remember Dr. Mary Scharlieb talking to us about "Service." She did not remember anything else she had said but the moral had gone in, so I felt I must have a moral too, and I searched through the rambling reminiscences I propose to give you, for one. Like Jane Tayler, "To find a moral where there's none, is hard but yet it must be done." But suddenly the moral sprang out at me obviously clear. I shall talk about the beginning of the school and the moral is "Enterprise."

In these days of the Welfare State when so much is given for the asking it would be a pity if England, and Walthamstow in particular, lost its spirit of enterprise. I am sure Walthamstow has not lost it yet. It has one of the most beautiful new town halls, it has also preserved beautifully its ancient buildings and I have heard musicians say there is almost no audience like a Walthamstow audience, nor a hall to play in like your Town Hall. One hears of enterprises like your Education Committee and one could multiply instances of what an alive Borough it is. Walthamstow is one of the few suburbs that gives one the feeling that it has a life of its own and is not just an appendage of a great city.

But now to go back to the Enterprise that started this school. There was no High School for the girls of this town and a number of men and women wanted one for their daughters. They did not go to the Government and say "Give us a school," they did not go to a big trust like the Carnegie Fund and say "Give us money." They were most of them not rich men, but they all put their money together and started this school.

Miss Hewett came to her interview in a little purple bonnet with autumn leaves. She was only 27, but she was a graduate of Cambridge when they were rare. She was 8th Wrangler and after all, this was a new venture, they were lucky to get her.

Prizegivings when I was at school were held near to Christmas and had much of the atmosphere of a Christmas party. They were held in the evening and we all wore white dresses and long black stockings. We sat on raised tiers covered with red twill behind the platform. All

the Governors and the staff were in full evening dress, both the men and the women. There was choral singing and many individual performances of recitation, singing and piano playing. The recitations were always accompanied by gestures carefully taught. I remember one time when all the little girls brought their dolls and sang what was called an "action song." I say "little girls" with intent, because there were also little boys who took part in most things. There was always drilling of some kind to music. I do not remember all the things we did, but my sister Alice remembers once dressing up as a chrysanthemum and acting something, and I remember once marching round with little pasteboard squares, blue one side and orange the other, we marched in intricate patterns and suddenly knelt down in prearranged positions, held up one pasteboards and lo and behold we made the word "Merry." More elaborate marching followed and we knelt again and said "Xmas." I suppose we also said other things or made patterns with pasteboards but I cannot remember. I also remember an elaborate concerted recitation of John Gilpin with individual girls taking the different characters. Nobody will ever remember those old prize-givings without remembering Miss Robinson. She was an enthusiast and a wonderful teacher. All her pupils had to play, so to save time there were two or three pianos and two or three girls at each. Miss Robinson did not let her inspiration end with her lessons, she stood behind her pupils and urged them on. She was conductor and cheer leader in one, and we all watched her and not the performers. There were speeches of course, but what were these compared with such delights as our own performances.

Before my day the prize-givings were in the Victoria Hall which stood where the Granada Cinema is now. There the great excitement was climbing a spiral staircase behind the tiered seats, and the girls entered by a little door at the top and descended to their seats. Their white dresses were embellished with sashes of green or gold and great ingenuity had to be exercised to see that the colours alternated as they sat down.

All this may sound rather different to you, certainly we did curtsy where you shake hands, but I do not think there is so much difference between a little girl of my generation going to a famous school and being admonished by the head because a little frill of her lace edged knickers showed a little from the front row, where the music master and his twelve year old son were sitting, and one tuck had to be let out on her dress giving the desired inch; and a prize-giving in a famous London school this year when the girls' skirts were not to be longer than a required limit, ensuring the exclusion of "New Look" from the girls.

Now I must leave the prize-giving and tell you something of the old school building and its garden. You all know it was a large Georgian building just down the hill. You went in by the front garden which was neatly kept, with rounded lawn and a few flower beds with geraniums, and came to steps and the front door, an imposing front door. We all went in this way into a large square hall. On the left was a square umbrella stand, into which went all our umbrellas. The front stairs were on the left and only the staff used these. The banisters were rather tempting, but to slide down them meant a conduct mark, so you refrained. (We had "order" marks and "conduct" marks. Order marks were nothing, you reckoned on a few every term, but conduct marks were fearsome. Rumour said if you were given three in your

school life you were expelled!) But to return to the entrance hall. Under the stairs was the stationery cupboard, here one of the staff, in my early days, Miss Richardson, doled out books at stated hours.

On the other side of the hall was a square green china stove. I do not remember that it was ever lit, but men visitors to the school left their hats on it, and as our inspector (Mr. Murray, used lemon verbena hair oil when we saw a man's hat there we used to smell it. We were very fond of Mr. Murray, we knew him far better than you know inspectors because he came more often and there were fewer of us. I only once remember being intimidated, he asked us our favourite line in Gray's Elegy, we were blank, when suddenly one girl remembered General Wolfe and said "The paths of glory lead but to the grave." We sank back relieved, but Miss Hewett was not so pleased. Once in the Sixth we were struggling with Endymion and one of our number again relieved the situation by saying "Now Mr. Murray, if you could just give us a vague outline of the whole thing we would get on better." This time we as well as the grown-ups ended in laughter.

In the early days of the school, before we came under the Board of Education, the whole school was examined by Mr. Manning. Mr. Manning was a great scholar and was the vicar of St. Andrew's, Leytonstone. He had a wonderful sense of humour, and was perfectly prepared to lend us handkerchiefs if we needed them when we were very little. There is only one incident I remember about him that I think would amuse you. He once asked us in Form I if we knew what "doctrine" was, we all assured him we did, so he asked all those to stand up who thought they knew and about half the class stood up. By asking us if we were quite sure he at last reduced the number to two. Charlie Hodson said firmly it was art and I firmly, with a doctor father in the background, said it was medicine. Mr. Manning did not enlighten us.

What a day bazaar day! There was enterprise indeed. We thought we ran it all ourselves but I expect the staff did do something. They did not do anything for our stalls except to hand out yards and yards of art muslin of the different colours for every stall. We furnished the stalls ourselves. The little ones with things sold on trays, given us by the "big girls." We graduated through a fish pond or bran tub of our own, or competitions, to running a stall. The sweet or grocery stall being the high spot. I remember when we ran the sweet stall we invented a sweet and had a competition to guess the ingredients, we were quite hurt that so few people would venture.

The rooms in the old house were beautifully proportioned. The downstairs ones were thrown into one to form what was our only school hall. There were shutters in between the two rooms which were rolled up into the ceiling with a pole. Both these rooms looked out into the garden and had lovely gilded pelmets of carved wood over the windows. All the windows upstairs and down had shutters at right angles to the windows as in all Georgian houses, making pleasant shaped alcoves, and two rooms had lovely rounded ends. The rooms upstairs had powder closets which led from one room to another, so the staff came into the sixth form room through their cloakroom, which was an old powder closet. The second form led through another powder closet to the first form. The first form later became a science room, the powder closet was closed up and even held a sink.

Such a building had endless possibilities of naughtiness. There were huge deep cupboards in some rooms. My eldest sister once hid in the second form cupboard planning to come out in the middle of the lesson and be very funny. Instead of the teacher she expected, Miss Hewett took the lesson and the result was not quite so funny as she had planned when she finally weakly crawled out.

I do not think on the whole we were more, or less naughty than you are. There were less of us, only a hundred, and we all knew everyone very intimately. We ran our own games, and our own discipline, more than we knew I think. We were not given so much and did not think of asking for things. For instance, when we wanted a netball shield we did not ask for it. Nesta Newmarch designed it, we bought a piece of cedar wood for ninepence and carved it with a penknife. It was not very beautiful, but Miss Hewett was very charming over it and had it mounted for us on a stand and we had little silver shields put on it each year. We thought it very grand.

We played netball in the garden and removed thereby the last blades of grass from the lawn, and had the pitch covered with breeze which was very dirty and very scratchy, if you fell down you were very dirty, except one girl who fell down in a velvet frock and got up clean, to our intense bewilderment. There was a low wooden fence down the side of the court and there were holes in it, so we chose the smallest girls in the school to get through and get our balls when they went over, which led to trouble sometimes.

Now we are in the garden, and how I wish all girls had as good a place to play in as that garden was. Full of hiding places and dodging round places, bushes to clamber about, a mulberry tree for our silk worm leaves and what a lovely tree it was, with a space to sit underneath. What havoc we wrought on that old garden, but much of it still remained lovely in spite of us. The trio of great silver birches with the sandy soil underneath them that we can see from the fifth form windows. The tall angelica beside the third form window, and so on. We played highwaymen in the deep hollow at the bottom, hide and seek through the rhododendrons, the memories of that garden are good. We learnt to ride bicycles there and I remember a head-on collision with a laburnum tree.

Dancing classes were festive occasions, we always wore party frocks and sometimes they were in the evening and our older sisters and brothers came. We had at one time lessons with a dancing master, whose lessons in deportment and manners were quite as important as the dancing. Occasionally the building regained some of its old splendour, for instance, when we had parties there. Just before the school moved into this building the old building wrote all the "old girls" a charming letter, which you will find in an old magazine, inviting us to a last party. We were all to come in our school frocks. Back we all came, some by this time were mothers of families, but all loved a return to childhood clothes and we had a riotous evening.

We found the building furnished almost out of recognition, looking just as we imagined it might look when we had lessons in those lovely rooms. Curtains hung from the golden pelmets and rugs and carpets were on the floor and we all said "Goodbye" hilariously to it, but in our hearts very sadly.

Before I end I should like to say how fortunate the school has been in its three headmistresses, all of whom I have known. Miss Hewett, with her keen masculine mind, her forward looking attitude to education, who gave us "Current Events" and "Laws of Health" before the days when education for citizenship and hygiene figured in most curricula. Her shrewd understanding of all of us and our problems led us to her in all difficulties long after we left school and she retired. I still miss her acutely.

Miss Norris brought a grace and charm to the school and a rich sympathetic understanding of human nature. She beautified so much from this theatre to the present garden and the library. I knew her before she came to the school and loved to think of her here carrying on the tradition and adding so much to it.

When I saw Miss Burnett walk into a meeting of Essex headmistresses and looked at her critically, as one would at the new head of one's old school, I thought "Yes, she can go on from where the other two were and carry the school a step farther in its growth."

All three had, or have, certain things in common. The most outstanding seems the impression of youth and their enormous vigour and drive. Miss Hewett at her 70th birthday party seemed younger than her first day "old girls," and it was impossible to believe that Miss Norris had reached the retiring age, and Miss Burnett certainly seems to have the same quality. Secondly, they all have that precious gift of humour. They all, too, see the relation of school to the world, and last, but not least, they are all the embodiment of my moral, enterprise. The school has always been abounding in enterprise, so please do not forget in all this chatter that I really had a moral. Keep up the tradition of a school founded by enterprise and carried on in a spirit of enterprise, and launch out both as individuals and as a community in a new and wider enterprise.

School Chronicle.

"Iris" is issued later this year in order to include accounts of the Diamond Jubilee celebrations.

Miss Markes, whose services to the C.E.W.C. Society have been invaluable, left us in July, 1949, to get married. At the same time Miss Hooper, a devoted servant of the school for many years, retired to look after her dogs. Last term the school suffered yet another loss when Miss Poulter, who had given devoted service to the school in the capacity of second mistress for the past two years, left after five years in Walthamstow, to take up the post of senior French mistress at the Mount School in York. We wish all three mistresses the best of luck.

The choir has been very active during the past year. It has taken part in the Epping Forest Youth Musical Association carol service and festival, and has performed at a "Safety First" meeting. We congratulate the choir on being placed second in the Walthamstow Borough Music Festival. The choir also took part in a concert of the massed choirs of Walthamstow schools and on November 17th was given an

audition by the B.B.C.; we are proud to hear it has been successful and are looking forward to hearing it soon in "The Children's Hour." The Musical Society, reformed in the autumn term, 1948, started with a concert given by the members. Since then we have been to see "The Immortal Hour" at the People's Palace, "The Marriage of Figaro" and the "Mikado" at Sadler's Wells, and "Fidelio" at Covent Garden. We have been to a Beethoven evening at the "Proms," have been entertained by Avril Dankworth (an old girl and distinguished pianist) apart from other meetings in which the members themselves have taken part. Other activities include a visit by the Upper Fourths to "Coppélia," two trio recitals and a visit to Mozart's opera "Bastien et Bastienne" at the Assembly Hall. We are happy to recall that fifteen from the school took part in the E.F.Y.M.A. solo singing and playing competition.

The Literary and Dramatic Society have been as active as ever during the past year. In January, 1950, Mr. Jefferson, of Toynbee Hall, spoke to us on "Actors and their audiences." We have been to see "Much Ado About Nothing" by Shakespeare and "She Stoops to Conquer" by Goldsmith. Members of the society read some of their original compositions at one meeting, and other meetings were devoted to an Elizabethan afternoon, an Eighteenth Century afternoon, verse speaking, a debate, the life and work of Rupert Brooke and a reading of "Toad of Toad Hall." The society also read "A Christmas Carol" to the school. There was a visit to the Archer's Film Studios at Elstree and we are now looking forward to a proposed visit to the Denham Studios.

Outside the society the school's literary activities have been many and varied. There have been visits to see "Macbeth" (V.S), "Tobias and the Angel" (U.IV), "Much Ado About Nothing" (U.VI), "Faust" (V and VI) and "A Month in the Country" (VI). The V and VI forms were taken to see the film version of "Hamlet," and the whole school was delighted with "Scott of the Antarctic." The V form play last year, "The Marvellous History of St. Bernard" was a credit to producer and actors alike. The play-readings between the staff and the VI form, held once a term, are appreciated by all.

The Science Society have had many interesting meetings last year. Other activities of a scientific nature include a visit to Guy's Hospital and one to the Radiography Department of Whipps Cross Hospital. Forms L.IV W and H went to the Natural History Museum and each Upper Fourth in turn went on a biology expedition to the forest. The science VI have investigated pond life with Miss Rush and have been on a "Fungus Foray." The Lower Thirds have visited the Zoo.

On April 22nd, 1949, a party of thirty girls from the V and VI forms went off to spend a week in Coombe Martin, Devon, officially to study botany and geography. The girls were accompanied by four members of the staff, one of which was of course, Miss Dennithorne. Both staff and girls thoroughly enjoyed a holiday which was all too short.

Interesting activities have been enjoyed by members of the C.E.W.C. Society. It was indeed an honour when the Mayor came to address us on "Local Government." That and the visit to a Council meeting at the Town Hall gave us a much clearer idea of the way in which we are

governed. We have also had lively discussions on "Pacifism," "Democracy" and "Education." Last year the Lower Fourth visited the Houses of Parliament, and more recently a few of the VI did the same.

Those in the VI form studying geography went to the Geology Museum, and with the V form geography students, went on an expedition to Otford. Other school expeditions were to watch tennis at Queen's Club, to see the Viennese art treasures in the Tate Gallery and to hear a lecture given by Dr. Sheppard. Miss Abbey gave us a talk on "Sweden" and recently Mrs. Riddle came down from Yardley's to give the V and VI forms a talk on "Good Grooming." Films on "Road Safety" and "How to Play Tennis" were shown by Mr. Twyman, and in July Dr. Smith showed some coloured photographs of Austria to those in the V and VI forms who were interested in foreign travel.

On December 13th the Dancing Competition, for which we had all been working so hard, took place. The dancing was of a very high standard and we are indebted to Miss Lawrence for judging the competition. The winning forms were I.H ("The frog who would a-wooing go"), IV.S ("Sing a song of sixpence"), and V.S. ("Victorian Dance" and "Daedalus and Icarus").

We would like to thank the Parents' Association most sincerely for the excellent parties they provide every Christmas with unfailing regularity. And to Miss Lea, who gives up her valuable time so generously every Christmas we send our warmest thanks. The party for the old people in the almshouses has now become an annual event in the school. It is given by the members of Form V.H in the year 1947-48, but as most of these girls have left, they were joined this year by the III Forms. The party was on December 20th and both the guests and the hostesses thoroughly enjoyed it.

With great pride we recall the State Scholarship earned by Margaret Witt, the Open Scholarship (to Holloway College) gained by Ruth Bullard, and the County Major Scholarship by Monica Anderson. We heartily congratulate these three girls. Our congratulations, too, to Miss Abbey on passing her Master of Science examination.

On May 21st, 1949, all the headmistresses of Essex schools met at the school for a conference.

Saturday, September 24th, saw the climax of the school year—prize-giving. This was no ordinary prize-giving, however, for this year we are celebrating the school's Diamond Jubilee. So, on this very special occasion, we were delighted to have with us Miss Marjorie Wise, one of the first pupils at the school and a daughter of one of the governors, to distribute the prizes.

The Diamond Jubilee Service of Thanksgiving took place at St. Mary's Church on Monday, January 16th. The Old Girls' Jubilee Dinner, held in the school hall on Saturday, January 14th, and the Jubilee Dance held for the V and VI forms and Monovians at the Technical College are elsewhere recorded. And so to the school, "that dear octopus from whose tentacles we never quite escape," we wish "Many Happy Returns."

J. COLLINS (Upper VI).

Games Report for 1949.

TENNIS.

We had a successful tennis season last year. Our teams were as follows:—

1st Team—

1st Couple—V. Wey (captain) and E. McCormick (vice-captain).

2nd Couple—V. Jones and S. Jones.

3rd Couple—S. Dawson and M. Swonnell.

The second team was chosen from the following girls:—

S. Bowles, K. King, B. Footman, D. Bullivant, W. Burton,

B. Phillips, H. Mendham, J. Boughton, P. Brogden, S. Pullen,

M. Hadley, P. Parfree, P. Brown.

Results of Tennis Matches:—

Team	1st Team	2nd Team
Clapton Grammar School	79—20	28—18
Woodford High School	30—69	38—61
Skinner's School	58—41	65—34
Chingford High School	53—46	
Brondesbury and Kilburn	44—45	2—0
Leyton High School	60—39	

NETBALL.

We had an entirely new first and second team during the 1948-49 season. The results, however, were quite encouraging. In the 1949-50 season, the team was supplemented by four new members. All the junior teams were very promising, especially the under 14 team, who only lost one match during the whole season.

The members of the first team are:—

(D.) J. Yewman, (S) P. Smith, (A.) D. Morris, (G.K.) A. Lockhart, (C.D.) R. Klein, (C.) M. Swonnell, (C.A.) S. Matthews.

The second team were chosen from among the following girls:—

D. Bullivant, S. Pullen, I. Hoppett, S. Jones, J. Smith, J. Boughton, B. Poole, J. Longmuir, P. Skinner, K. Lowe, J. Peters, P. Brown, M. Patmore, M. Stanton.

Results of Netball Matches:—

Team	1st	2nd	U.15	U.14	U.13
Autumn Term, 1948.					
West Ham ...	22—9		11—22	21—14	8—4
Clapton ...	24—13	23—7	18—12	13—11	7—10
Brondesbury ...	24—12	19—4	8—17		
Spring Term, 1949.					
Skinner's ...	15—15	8—6		17—13	
Greycoat ...	18—19	11—16	15—14	20—14	
Technical ...	43—2	27—0		25—3	
St. Ursuline ...	6—2	8—7	8—3	11—5	6—6
Plaistow ...	21—15		19—16		
Leyton ...	16—20	13—16			
Clapton ...	15—14	19—9	9—15		
Parliament Hill	14—20	win	win	8—26	
Brondesbury ...	8—14	16—9	15—4	9—3	

Autumn Term.

Woodford ...			11—25	6—16	10—12
Chingford ...	25—13		33—3		26—6
Brondesbury ...	12—5	9—5	11—6	9—2	
Skinner's ...	18—17	21—16	21—16	14—18	
Leytonstone ...	win	win	17—12	6—19	13—13
Parliament Hill ...	10—6	16—5	18—15	11—8	
St. Angela's ...	10—11	11—12	23—20	16—9	

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

HOCKEY.

Last year we started with an entirely new team which showed great promise. This season, with the exception of two, the team is the same. We played one hockey match with Brondesbury and Kilburn which the school won 7 goals to nil—a very promising start to the season.

Results of the competition were:—

Netball	Upper School	V.S.
			Middle School	L.4.H.
			Lower School	U.3.S.
Sports	Upper School	V.H.
			Middle School	U.4.H.
			Lower School	U.3.S.
Swimming	Upper School	V.S.
			Middle School	U.4.H.
			Lower School	L.3.W.
Tennis	Upper School	S.S.
			Middle School	L.4.H.
				U.4.H.

Physical Culture Shield VI.

M. SWONNELL (Games Captain).

Sub-Editor's Letter.

All old schools have been sixty years of age at some time, but it seems a very special occasion when it happens to your own. Indeed, so much evidence of affectionate regard for our school has been displayed that regretfully space cannot be afforded for all items or for the whole of every contribution. Very special thanks are due to Mrs. Fox (Louise Reeve), Mrs. Chappell (Cora Bayne), Miss Marjorie Wise and Edna Timberlake, the efficient and indefatigable old girls' sub-editor; to Miss Goldwin, Miss Jacob, Miss Ince Jones and Miss Derham, who kindly presented us with articles all highly individual and attractive. Especially are we fortunate in Phyllis Lovick's lyric in paint of our Greek Theatre.

The first copy of "Iris" was in 1906, when its sub-editor was Miss Goldwin. Demonstrating the solidarity between past and present there is included in "Iris" 1950 an article by Miss Goldwin and below two quotations from that "briskly juvenal" of 1906:—

"True education is beginning to be appreciated."

"A magazine must always be more or less of an experiment."

Both ideas have been tested by the passage of time. The appreciation is long past its initial stages in 1950 and our magazine has survived its infancy into sound middle age. Soon "Iris" will be having its own jubilee.

Every good wish for the future happiness and fame of the school that has been so happy and famous.

A. H. PARK (Sub-Editor).

The Old Girls' Association.

President—Miss Burnett.

Vice-Presidents—

Miss Norris, Miss Goldwin, Miss Jacob, Minnie Foxon.

Committee—

Miss Park (Dramatic Society), Edna Timberlake (Magazine), Dora Busby, Connie Hill, Joan Johnson, Ruth Odell, Irene Barrett, Vera East, Jean Davis, Joyce Baker, Pamela Miller, Audrey Dixon, Eileen Anness, Elsie Knox, Barbara Hull, Edna Kenny, Norma Holden.

Treasurer—Lily Browne, 25 Sunnydene Avenue, E.4.

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

The three socials held this year have been very well supported in spite of a decrease in the number of old girls belonging to the Association. To date there are only 133 members (18 of these are girls who left in July, 1949). This seems a very poor membership when it is realised that the school must have produced over two thousand old girls through its 60 years' history.

There is no lack of interest in school affairs amongst those who do not belong to the Association, many come to the socials and a large number attended the Jubilee Dinner. The arrangement of these functions is made possible by the existence of an Association with some funds (very meagre) and an organizing committee. It would make a grand record for this jubilee year if all those old girls who take advantage of the activities arranged by the Association were to give their support by becoming members. The annual subscription is 4/-.

C.M.W.

Special Diamond Jubilee Appeal.

The Diamond Jubilee Fund of the Old Girls' Association has been started in order to present a suitable gift—to be decided later—to the school. Please support this good suggestion by sending any sum to Irene Barrett, 22 Forest Glade, E.4.

O.G.A. Editorial.

I have often wondered what is the function of an old girl. A momentous occasion like the present goes a long way towards providing the answer, as many of you will agree.

During this year many tributes are being paid to W.H.S. from friends of the school, from former members of staff and from old girls. Many of you are thinking of the years you spent at school, the good times you enjoyed, the standards you carried away with you. For these things you pay your tribute. For these things has the school existed for so many years and for these things will it continue to exist for many more.

I know none of the present girls of the school and few of those who have left in recent years, therefore I cannot chase them for news, but they could send their news to me for a change. What about it—all you people I don't know?

But whether I know you or not, it is an honour for me to greet you all in the diamond jubilee year of our school's life. I know that you all join with me in congratulating W.H.S. on her 60 years of achievement, on her traditions established and upheld, and in resolving that old girls will do all in their power to strengthen her influence wherever they are.

Good wishes to you all.

EDNA TIMBERLAKE.

Old Girls' Dramatic Society.

1948-1950 has been a period of especial activity. The autumn production, 1948, of "Berkeley Square" was our most ambitious production to date, only outshone by our Greek Theatre effort, "The Rose Without a Thorn." As light relief, "Miranda" in between these two was equally successful from an histrionic point. In the autumn of 1949, in conjunction with the Parents' Association and the Staff, we put on an original Diamond Jubilee review, "Hey Ho!", which Gwen Mansfield wrote and produced delightfully.

After six years of active service Vera Beale, our inspired and inspiring secretary, is going into semi-retirement. We cannot say enough to express our gratitude to her for all her initiative, good sense, goodwill and hard work. Her cloak has fallen on Jean Davis, so the auguries remain propitious.

We are very lucky not only in the keen and talented members of the society, but in the made support of friends such as the old Monovians and others who are induced out of kindness of their hearts to give us their time and gifts. Without them our society would be seriously impoverished.

News of O.G's.

TRAINING COLLEGE.

Diana Browne at Hockenill Training College.
Audrey Brown at Saffron Walden College.
Sheila Buller at Homerton Training College.
Joan Dennison at Avery Hill Training College.
Sheila Francis at Southlands College.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Nina Borelli was one of two delegates representing this country at the World Council of Churches Youth Leaders' Conference at Geneva in July, 1949. There were delegates present from 40 countries.

Sheila Davies is working in the Laboratory of the Ever Ready factory in Forest Road.

Margaret Deary works in a solicitors' office in Fleet Street.
Joyce Evans (Mrs. Baker) is the dispenser at Thorpe Coombe.
Betty Holt is at London Hospital, training for nursing.
Ruth Licence (Mrs. Odell) is clinical assistant to the Ear, Nose and Throat Department at the Royal Free Hospital. Her husband is anæsthetist at the same hospital.
Amy Licence is home on leave until March, 1950, from Bermuda, where she is working in a new branch of the Shell Petroleum Company.
Irene Owen has returned from New Zealand where she has been teaching for the last three years.
Mollie Grimwood is teaching at North Hammersmith Secondary School.
Marjorie Vernon does secretarial work at "Furness Withy" shipping firm.

MARRIAGES.

Rosina Beard to Wojciech Luren Czul, December 18th, 1948.
Patricia Bailey Cherry to Robert Stanley Scott, August 13th, 1949.
Olive Collett to John Moody, September 24th, 1949.
Joan Craddock to Aubrey Halder, December 18th, 1948, in S. Rhodesia.
Joyce Evans to Stanley Baker, March 23rd, 1949.
Stella Kelsey to Alexander Park, April 23rd, 1949.
Audrey Lee to Ernest Parrott, July 23rd, 1949.
Ruth Licence to Dr. John R. Odell, M.B.B.S., D.A., of Leatherhead, February 26th, 1949.
Joyce Mansell to Harry Massey, December, 1948.
Joyce Norton to Lionel Hayward, March 6th, 1948.
Irene Radley to Arthur Charles Green, February 26th, 1949.
Marjorie Cox to Edward Boyle, May 28th, 1949.
Grace Constance Smith to Frederick Bristow, July 10th, 1949.

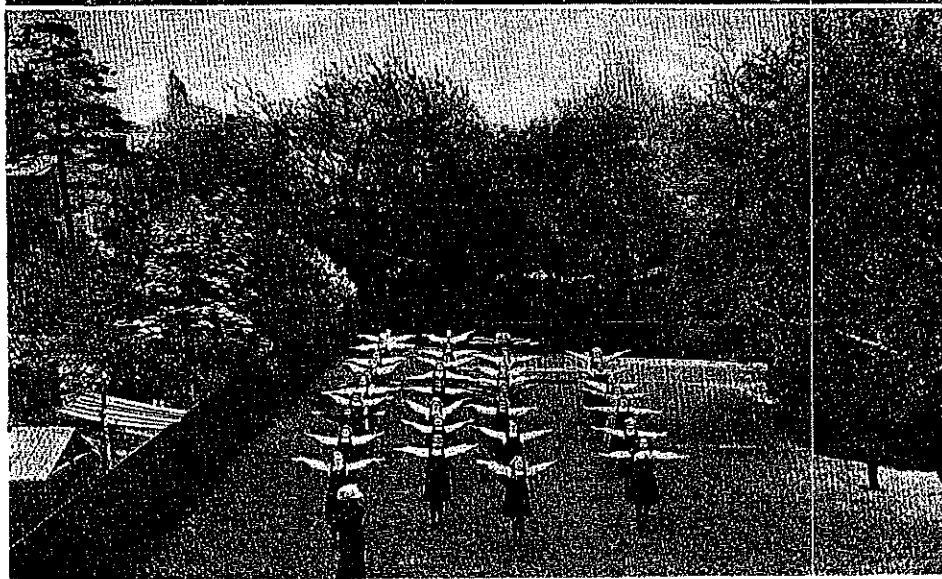
BIRTHS.

Yvonne Abbinett (Mrs. Toppett), a daughter, Susanne Marie, July 16th, 1949, a sister for Stephen.
Sylva Hiner (Mrs. Gillett), a daughter, Naomi, November 20th, 1948.
Ivy Bollen (Mrs. Battle), a baby in October.
Peggy Goodman (Mrs. Pratt), a son, Michael Ronald, brother for Gillian, December 31st, 1948.
Rosina Beard (Mrs. Czul), a daughter, Magdaline Rosina, November, 1949.
Betty Kiggins (Mrs. Sproules), a son, Anthony James, March 5th, 1949.
Joan Craddock (Mrs. Holden), a daughter, Evelyn Joan, December 22nd, 1949.
Vera Conway (Mrs. Muxlow), a son, Anthony Hugh, March 28th, 1949, a brother for Averil.
Joan Harmsworth (Mrs. Cozens), a son, Nigel Robert.
Janet Garrick (Mrs. Penlington), a daughter, Felicity Ann, sister for Roger, November 8th, 1949.
Joyce Mansell (Mrs. Massey), a son, Roy, September, 15th, 1949.
Joyce Hawkes (Mrs. Vermaak), a daughter, Veronita Janet, sister for Vivienne, November 6th, 1949, at Umtali, S. Rhodesia.
Joyce Norton (Mrs. Clement), a daughter, July 5th, 1949.

DEATH.

Ethel Elisabeth Eaton, L.R.A.M., January 23rd, 1949, aged 43 years.
Barbara Dyster (Mrs. Le Count), died on September 12th, 1949, from infantile paralysis.

THEN



NOW



THE GREEK THEATRE

