

1961

IRIS

many coloured messenger



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We should like to thank all the Schools who have sent us copies of
their magazines.

ST. MARY'S CHURCHYARD. D. OWEN. (VII.)



IRIS

WALTHAMSTOW HIGH SCHOOL

MAGAZINE, 1961

PREFECTS

1961 — 1962

Head Girl — Pat Chaplin

Vice Head Girl — Alison Collins

SCHOOL PREFECTS:

Mary Adcock
Marcia Barton
Joan Bridges
Rosemary Clarke
Brenda Fell
Valerie Gray
Maureen Hadgkiss
Anne Millar
Elaine Peel
Janet Smith
Marion Tarbox
Margaret Watson
Ann Waymark

FORM PREFECTS:

Form Lower VI	Janet Smith	Janet Willis
„ 5W	Marilyn Ayres	Pamela Brown
„ 5H	Penelope Herbert	Mirlo Evans
„ 5S	Christine Orford	Janice Underdown
„ 4W	Irene Adams	Barbara Arterton
„ 4H	Susan Harris	Mary Gurr
„ 4S	Christine Vinsen	Linda Tillyer
„ 3W	Janet Dodge	Jean Ellis
„ 3H	Linda Mouqué	Elizabeth Harper
„ 3S	Pauline Samler	Joan Ward
„ 2W	Rosalind Bradick	Barbara Danzey
„ 2H	Jean Henley	Christine Miller
„ 2S	Pat Rodger	Barbara Walker
„ 1W	Margaret Fulton	Norma Chiddy
„ 1H	Susan Parker	Hilary Keit
„ 1S	Janice Sida	Janice Whyman

HEAD MISTRESS'S LETTER

Dear Friends,

It may interest the many Old Girls who read this magazine to hear that when I write this in mid-November, 1961, building operations are at last in full swing, the cracks in the gym fabric widen daily and while we wait for the demolition there to begin no one dare cross the threshold. All the Physical Education must therefore take place in the Hall, temporarily greatly reduced in area. In addition to our classrooms in the Almshouses and Folkestone Road Hall which we have had for some time, we now have the use of a large house due for demolition in The Drive, to and from which the Second Forms in particular make a muddy passage two or three times a day. Conditions are difficult for us all but we are kept in good heart by the obvious promise the future holds.

It is sad to have to report that in this edition of the magazine the O.G.A. Editorial for so many years written by Edna Timberlake, does not appear. Edna herself asked that someone more closely connected with the school of the present generation should take over and the O.G.A. Committee felt that it was adequate that their Secretary, Cecilia Wheeler, should do what was necessary. But Edna's enthusiasm for Walthamstow and her school and her example of generous service to this community will be greatly missed.

At Prize Giving, Lady McEntee announced that Clarissa Chubb, née Mathias, who entered this school in 1908 had left £1,000 to the Governors to be invested in Trustee Securities and the income used "to help to enable senior scholars to obtain each year a holiday in Germany, particularly in Bavaria, in the hope that it will help to promote friendship and better understanding between Britain and Germany." In the audience there were three people who remembered Clarissa Mathias quite vividly and Miss Goldwin could report that on leaving school she said "I shall leave money to the school to further international friendship." I wrote to Mr. Chubb thanking him for this inspired gift and assuring him that its purpose would be fulfilled. Answering me he said he wife "did not begin to learn German until the early years of World War II but within two or three years she was able to speak the language fluently and wrote it with equal ease and ability; in fact she kept up an extensive correspondence until within a few days of her death. The language also stood her in good stead when on several occasions after the war she visited Germany (East and West), Czechoslovakia and Russia. She was a good internationalist."

We were sorry to lose the services in July of a group of valued members of staff. Mrs. Ellis (Miss Posniakoff) joined the staff in 1943 and is well known to a host of Old Girls; she has joined her husband in New York. Miss Glasspool, Mrs. Bovey, Mrs. Hare and Mrs. Newberry could not claim such length of service; they had nevertheless endeared themselves to us in a comparatively short time and we miss them all badly. We welcome in their places Miss Bowman (P.E.), Mrs. Hughes (French), Mrs. Kahan (German), Miss Maskell (Biology), Mrs. Rayner (French), Mrs. Wilson (English).

As usual I conclude with a warm invitation to all friends of W.H.S. to join us in our Annual Thanksgiving Service in St. Mary's Church on January 16th, at 11.0 a.m.

A Happy Christmas to you all,

Yours affectionately,

M. M. BURNETT.

GIFTS TO THE SCHOOL

We acknowledge with many thanks the following gifts:—

"Collected Poems" by Robert Graves 1959 from Sandra Underdown.
£55 from the Parents' Association.

4 L.P. records of German Composers from Mrs. Bovey.

Token for plants from Miss Glasspool.

L.P. Record "Under Milkwood" from Mrs. Newberry.

Cup for Lacrosse from Mrs. Hare and Mrs. Ellis.

The "Posniakoff" Cup for Music from Mrs. Ellis.

"Let's Play Hockey" from Frances Harrison.

Cup for Hockey from Mr. and Mrs. Lotts

EDITORIAL

Having written for the last two years in "IRIS" about the coming change in the school building, we now record by article and illustration elsewhere in the magazine that it really has begun and is very obviously in full swing.

These changes undoubtedly dominate our life at present. We could all of us tell friends outside widely differing tales covering our individual experiences of what it means to have builders at work in the school at the same time as ourselves. To many girls, it means a great deal more energetic school day because of the walks between lessons to the various temporary class-rooms in other places. Perhaps the reluctance to expend this energy is offset by unspoken rejoicing at the inevitable curtailment of the lesson which has to allow time for a walk of some minutes at either end as well as, in this colder weather, time for extra dressing and undressing. To the staff, where younger forms are concerned, this means an additional duty as unofficial crossing wardens at the narrowest part of the main road outside our gates. It is amusing to know that some of the staff, though willing to stand in the middle of the road offering their own persons as a warning to oncoming traffic, absolutely rejected the idea that they should also brandish one of those "Stop! Children crossing" signs.

Motorists on the staff are acquiring unsuspected skill in the manoeuvres necessary to park their cars each morning in ever-narrowing spaces amid crowds of girls who wait stationary at the school doors as if they expect the motorist to weave through them with the ease of a cyclist. Then each department has had its crises. For the English Department, this centred on its book cupboard. It took two long-suffering helpers three hard weeks at the end of the summer term to establish an order of hitherto unknown perfection in the English cupboard. On the last day of term, we heard that the cupboard had to become a 'sub-station.' Ever since, it has been a little

jungle of electric cables, with lights which either refuse to switch on or cannot be switched off, with half the books hastily evacuated to cupboards in corridors and the other half remaining 'at home' under increasing layers of brick dust and plaster!

And so, all our friends outside the school, past and present, you may guess something of our present routine. It is astonishing how much of our actual work goes on as if nothing else were happening — but the Editor will not venture to forecast exactly which future issue of "IRIS" will be celebrating 'the new building' when we really have the school to ourselves again.

THE SCHOOL PRIZEGIVING

20th July, 1961

A pleasant summer evening allowed our Prizegiving ceremony to take place in the Greek Theatre again this year and the programme began with an attractive selection of songs by the choir and dances by different groups of girls.

Lady McEntee referred in her speech to the achievements of Mr. Aneurin Bevan, whose widow, Miss Jennie Lee, M.P., was our Guest of Honour, and she also informed the school that an ex-pupil, the late Miss Clarissa Chubb, had left £1,000 to the school in order that a party of girls might be sent to Germany every year to promote closer understanding between the two nations.

Miss Burnett spoke of the school past and present and, with the presence of builders heralding the changes to come, she said that she felt this Prizegiving ceremony marked the end of a phase in the history of the school. Miss Jennie Lee, in her lively and entertaining speech, recalled her own dislike of 'pious platitudes' endured at prizegivings when she was at school and assured us, quite truthfully, that she would spare us them.

Thus another Prizegiving came to an end and it was not without regret that many of us wondered how changed the school would be when next year's ceremony took place.

ANN LETFORD, VI.

PRIZE LIST, 1961

Medals for Excellence in Physical Culture—

Lower School	Linda Mouqué
Middle School	Yvonne Smith
Upper School	Ferne Castle

Shield for all-round excellence in Physical Culture. Form 4s.

Joan Temple Cup for Art. Form 2w.

Ince-Jones Picture for French. Form 3s.

Oakley Cup for Domestic Science.—

5th Form G.C.E. Group for improvement in standard.

Art Prizes—

Lower School	Margaret Field 2w.
Middle School	Judith Smith 4s.
Upper School	Beryl Gibson, Diane Owen 16.

Lord McEntee Prize for Service to the School. Sandra Underdown.

McEntee Cup—

Awarded to the group of swimmers who did so well in the Walthamstow Schools Swimming Gala bringing home the Championship Cup for the highest number of points together with four other cups and a shield. The following girls are to receive the cups as they were a great deal responsible for this achievement.

Yvonne Smith, Wendy Platten, Kathleen Beaton, Rita Westley, Lesley Dunn, Barbara Danzey, Barbara Draper, Frances Green, Hilary Taylor, Judith Langford.

Timberlake Prize—

Middle School	Hazel Frost 4s.
Upper School	Pat Thompson 6.

*Prize given by former member of staff to the best mathematician who is going to take a degree in mathematics and preferably teach:—*Mary Peskett.

Prize given by Parents' Association for the best progress made in the Middle School. Ann Haynes 4w.

Prizes for very good work—

Form 1w	Marilyn Anderson, Daphne Bolton.
Form 1h	Ann Gent, Brenda Harrison, Anne Jackson, Christine Miller.
Form 1s	Jacqueline Russell, Margaret Rogers, Anne Phillips, Barbara Walker.
Form 2w	Lynne Burrows, Susan Eagle.
Form 2h	Mary Ganderton, Judith Medland, Susan Neville.
Form 2s	Judith Pettit.
Form 3w	Jennifer Coleman, Marcella Evan.
Form 3h	Marjorie Hickey.
Form 3s	Susan Walters, Denise Turner.
Form 4w	Pamela J. Brown, Pamela Brown.
Form 4h	Penelope Herbert, Janet Hoad, Eileen Kittle.
Form 4s	Jacqueline Rhodes, Christine Westwood, Anne Warren.

- Form 5 Maureen Warner. Language, Literature, Latin,
 French, Maths., Physics.
 Pamela Gore. Literature, French, German, Physics.
 Janet Smith. Literature, French, Physics, Chemistry.
 Valerie Hood. History, Latin, French, German.
 Lynne Alston. Latin, German, Maths.
 Jacqueline Smith. French, Physics.
 Helen Bramley. French, German.
 Angela Gilham-Dayton. English Language and
 Biology.
 Rosemary King. French, Physics with Chemistry.
 Desney Wyness. French, Music.
 Sandra Hartley. Maths., Physics, Chemistry, Biology.
 Janet Willis. Maths., Physics with Chemistry.
- Form L6 For very good work. Joan Bridges, Valerie Gray,
 Valerie Kear, Ann Letford, Jennifer Mann,
 Marjorie Schultz, Marion Tarbox,
 Margaret Watson.
- Form u6 Aileen East. History.
 Joan Lotts. Latin, History, English.
 Mary Peskett. Music, P.Maths., A.Maths., Physics.
 Pat Thompson. Latin, German, French, English.
 Delia Milford. P.Maths., A.Maths., and Leadership
 of the School.

We should like to congratulate the following girls:—

Junior Music Exhibitioner:—

Cheryl Burke 2w.

State Scholarship:—

Patricia Thompson.

County Major Scholarships:—

Patricia Thompson.

Delia Milford.

Mary Peskett.

Joan Lotts.

County Major Exhibitions:—

Aileen East.

Gillian Hood.

Rosemary Horst.

Joyce Lotts.

Joan Pye.

Ann Whiting.

SCHOOL CALENDAR**September, 1960 — July, 1961***Autumn Term*

September.

8th Beginning of Term.

10th Visit to Promenade Concert for Forms V and VI.

October.

6th C.E.W.C. London District Council A.G.M. at Greycoat School, Westminster.

7th E.F.Y.M.A. concerts at Woodford High School.
Ford Lecture attended by Form VI: "Exploration of Space"
by Professor A. C. B. Lovell, O.B.E., F.R.S.12th Lady McEntee's 80th birthday. Presentation of McEntee Prize to
Pat Wright after Assembly attended by Lady McEntee,
Alderman and Mrs. Chaplin.15th E.F.Y.M.A. Orchestral Day at the South West Essex Technical
College.19th Form VI historians' visit to the Quincentenary Exhibition of Henry
the Navigator at the British Museum.24th United Nations' Day service at Assembly. Representatives of the
School attended the service at the Town Hall.

November.

19th History division visit to Historical Association lecture by Professor
Joel Hurstfield on "The European Crossroads, 1570-1600" at
University College.24th South West Essex Schools Classical & Historical Association meeting
at the Monoux Grammar School: "The Historical Development
of South Africa."

December.

3rd Form VI historians' visit to Historical Association lecture by D. J.
Schove, Ph.d., M.Sc., M.R.S.T., F.R.Met.Sc., F.R.G.S., on
"Weather and History, A.D. 300-1500" at University College.

5th Prize Giving holiday.

9th Shakespeare Acting Competition.

11th E.F.Y.M.A. Carol Service at All Saints Church, Woodford.

15th Form VI Mathematicians to lecture on Computers.

16th Old Folk's party.

19th Form I party.

20th Form III party.

21st End of Term.

Forms V and VI Dance.

*Christmas Holidays.*January 3rd-6th C.E.W.C. Conference on "Something new out of Africa"
attended by 32 senior girls.

Spring Term, 1961.

January.

10th Beginning of Term.

Miss Clarke, the County Careers' Adviser, spoke to Form V.

16th School Birthday. Thanksgiving Service at St. Mary's Church conducted by the Vicar, Rev. K. H. Druitt.

Showing of the film "The Bolshoi Ballet" in the afternoon.

Gifts from the School distributed to sick friends.

17th Careers meeting for Vth Formers and their parents.

20th Old Girls' Association Dinner.

25th Form VI visit to Royal Institution for lecture "Rocket Astronomy" by Dr. Boyd.

31st Form VI visit to Connaught Hospital, Department of Pathology.

February.

2nd C.E.W.C. report after Assembly on the Christmas Conference.

6th Form VI visit to the Planetarium.

15th Lecture at the Royal Institution by Sir L. Bragg on "Electrical Charges and Currents."

Total Eclipse of the sun at 7.42 a.m. seen on television.

March.

8th Lecture at the Royal Institution by Sir L. Bragg on "Electricity and Magnetism."

11th International Hockey Match at Wembley, England v. Germany.

13th Film of "Martin Luther" shown after school.

14th New Testaments presented by the Gideons at Assembly.

15th Inter-Schools Careers talk in the School Hall.

18th E.F.Y.M.A. performance of "Passion" by Handel at United Free Church, Woodford.
Middle and Upper School took part.

20th-22nd Tea parties for parents of Forms II, III, IV.

24th Gymnastics Competition.

27th Lecture on Topology by Dr. Zeeman of Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge. Attended by Form VI, Form V Maths Division, also pupils from the Monoux Grammar School and Woodford High School.

28th Musical Evening in the School Hall.

29th End of Term.

Easter Holidays.

March 27th-9th April Upper School Winter Sports party to Igls, Austria, with Mrs. Hare, Miss Cook and Mr. Noakes.

April 5th-14th Form IV visit to Holland with Miss Fair, Mrs. Allison, Miss Peggs.

Summer Term.

20th Beginning of Term.

26th Form III visit to Rotarian Exhibition.

May.

10th Walthamstow Schools Musical Association: Members of Form VI took part in piano solos and duets.

15th Some senior girls attended a Careers lecture at Romford County High School.

17th Lower VI Botanists and Zoologists attended an Ecology course organised by the Field Studies Council at Juniper Hall in Surrey for one week.

30th Technical Training Week: Careers meeting at which seven Old Girls spoke about their careers.

June.

3rd E.F.Y.M.A. Festival.

6th Form III Social History expedition to Sawston Hall near Cambridge. Some girls took part in Walthamstow Sports.

13th Concert by Violin Class given to parents in the Hall.

17th Form VI attended lecture at Ingatestone Hall on "John Petre, an Elizabethan Gentleman" by A. C. Edwards, M.A., Lecturer in History, Essex Record Office.

29th Form II visit to Pole Hill for Geography field work.

30th Form I visit to Zoo.

July.

5th Middle School visit to Whipps Cross Hospital.

10th-24th Lectures at the Monoux Grammar School for Form V:

10th "Duties of a Magistrate" Mr. V. J. Stirrup.

11th "Falkland Island Dep. Survey"

(Antartic Exploration) Mr. W. O. Sloman.

12th "Making Use of the Atom" Mr. L. Cina.

13th "Mysterious Loch Ness and its Monsters" Dr. M. Burton.

14th "History of Banking" Mr. Bevan, Midland Bank.

17th "U.S. Information Service"

(The duties of Embassies and Consulates)

18th "Local Government" Mr. Redhead, M.P.,

Mayor of Walthamstow.

19th "Role of Trade Unions Today" Mr. Jackson, T.U.C.

20th "Visit to Russia" Mr. T. Lawson, C.E.W.C.

21st Concert by Monoux Choir and Orchestra.

24th "Britain and Europe" Mr. J. Harvey, M.P.

12th Form VI visit to Northampton College of Technology.

13th Form III visit to Kew Gardens.

17th School Sports Day at the George White Sports Ground.

20th Prizegiving. Guest of Honour: Miss Jennie Lee, M.P.

24th Swimming Sports.

25th End of Term.



GAMES

NETBALL

Although netball is not the only winter game played now, it is still the one in which we are most successful. This year, our 1st team, the 4th and 3rd year teams entered the District Rally. The 1st team and the 4th year team were successful and represented Walthamstow in the Essex Rally. The 1st team were badly affected by injuries but the three reserves played very well. The 4th year team was more successful and just beaten from entering the Finals on goal average.

Results, 1960-61.

		Played	Won	Drew	Lost
1st Team	...	10	8	—	2
2nd Team	...	8	6	—	2
4th Year Team	...	9	8	1	—
3rd Year Team	...	8	3	3	2
2nd Year Team	...	8	4	—	4

1st Team

Goalkeeper	...	Sandra Underdown or Marcia Barton
Defence	...	Pauline Brwood (Captain)
Centre Defence		Ferne Castle
Centre	...	Alison Collins
Centre Attack		Joan Lotts (Vice-Captain)
Attack	...	Christine Rose
Shooter	...	Joyce Lotts
Reserve	...	Lesley Dunn

HOCKEY

Hockey was badly affected by water-logged pitches this season and more matches were cancelled than could be played. Our results were further hampered by the condition of our own pitches both for matches and for practices. Two teams entered a Hockey Tournament for the first time but were not very successful.

Results, 1960-61.

	Played	Won	Drew	Lost
1st Team ...	5	2	—	3
4th Year Team ...	3	—	1	2
3rd Year Team ...	3	—	—	3

1st XI

Goalkeeper ...	Janet Webber
Left Back ...	Joyce Lotts
Right Back ...	Alison Collins
Left Half ...	Anne Webster
Centre Half ...	Pamela Gore
Right Half ...	Ferne Castle (Vice-Captain)
Left Wing ...	Anne Millar
Left Inner ...	Hilary Fletcher
Centre Forward ...	Pauline Erwood (Captain)
Right Inner ...	Anne Downing
Right Wing ...	Christine Rose
Reserve ...	Sandra Hartley

LACROSSE

The lacrosse teams were formed this year and although they were not very successful in the few matches played, much useful experience was gained.

TENNIS

The tennis was of a very good standard this year. The 1st VI lost only one match, to a team of Parents and Old Girls combined.

Results, 1961.

	Played	Won	Lost
1st VI ...	10	9	1
2nd VI ...	5	4	1
4th Year VI ...	5	2	3
3rd Year VI ...	4	3	1

1st VI	
1st Couple ...	Ferne Castle (Captain), Alison Collins (Vice-Captain)
2nd Couple ...	Mary Adcock, Margaret Ward
3rd Couple ...	Diane Chapman, Janet Briscoe
Reserve ...	Lesley Dunn

SWIMMING

This year the Swimming Team was not very successful at the Woodford Gala, where we came fourth whilst Woodford came first. But at the Walthamstow Schools Gala we had a decisive 10 point victory over Woodford, the holders of the Attwell Cup. As well as this Championship Cup, the Team won the Chaplin Cup for Under-13, the Tyler Cup for Under-16, the McEntee Cup for the Open Free-style Championship, the Professor Dennison Cup for the Open Diving Championship and we were given the Taylor Shield for having the highest percentage of swimmers in the school.

Congratulations to all those who took part, and well deserved our own McEntee Cup to add to their honours.

ATHLETICS

An Athletics team was entered in the Walthamstow District Sports in which we came fifth. This year, the School Sports Day was held at the George White Field instead of at Wadham Lodge and we were honoured in having Lady McEntee there to present the trophies.

INTER-FORM COMPETITIONS

		Upper School	Middle School	Lower School
Gymnastics	VI	4s	2w
Hockey	uVI	4w	2w
Netball	uVI	4s	2s
Lacrosse	LVI	4w	—
Sports	VI	4s	1w
Swimming	5w	4s	2H
Tennis	LVI	4w	2w

We have been very sorry indeed to have to say goodbye to Mrs. Hare, who has done so much for all our activities in Physical Education during her time with us. We must thank her especially for having introduced Lacrosse; for persuading the Parents' Association to buy us a boat so that the senior girls could learn to sail; for initiating the idea of taking a skiing party to Igls for the past three years. But I think what we shall remember most about Mrs. Hare is her enthusiasm for modern movement in our dancing lessons, which at times has often seemed incomprehensible, but has usually nevertheless had most rewarding results.

PAULINE ERWOOD, U.VI.

SCHOOL SOCIETIES

MUSIC SOCIETY

Our activities during the year have been many and varied. In the Autumn term, Miss Olivier and a singer entertained us; then, in the Spring term, two students from the Royal Academy of Music, a pianist and a violinist, gave us a recital. Another successful music writing competition was held before Christmas, the winning entries being played at a concert given for parents and friends at Easter.

A group of members attended the excellent Carol Concert given by the Royal Choral Society in the Royal Albert Hall in December and in March a number of girls sang in the E.F.Y.M.A. performance of Handel's "Passion," conducted by Mr. Terence Lovett. We had a record number of entries in June for the E.F.Y.M.A. festival. Girls entered in classes for piano and violin, playing both solos and duets, also groups for recorders and for woodwind instruments.

Members of the society as a whole have been grateful for the opportunity to take part in so many successful activities.

ISABEL HEBDEN, VI.

C.E.W.C.

The business meeting for the London District Council of C.E.W.C. was held at the Greycoat School, Westminster, in October, and after the election of officers, Mr. Burns gave a talk on Nigeria.

United Nations Day was marked by a special service at the School Assembly and during the week members of Form VI gave a series of lunch-hour talks on the various branches of United Nations work. In November, Mr. Polak from the Council for Christians and Jews spoke on "Race, Religion and Colour" in a talk illustrated by gramophone records. These showed very clearly the amount of colour prejudice there is in Britain, although most people would deny it. A party of about thirty girls again attended the Christmas Conference lectures at Westminster Central Hall, the subject this time being "Something New out of Africa." The opening address was given by Ian Macleod, M.P. In March, a talk was given on "The World Council," an organization which instructs foreigners on the English way of life and helps immigrants to settle more easily.

The society was again pleased to be able to make a useful contribution to U.N.I.C.E.F. funds by collecting £68 10s. 11d. in the sale of Christmas cards.

JOAN BRIDGES, VI.

SCIENCE SOCIETY

The Science Society has had another year of successful, well-attended meetings. Mr. Noakes gave the first lecture of the year: his subject was "The Genius of Faraday," which made many people realise that the science of electricity is relatively modern. Mr. P. Law, an ex-Detective Superintendent of Scotland Yard, gave valuable advice in his lecture on "How to become a Good Photographer."



Heads' St. Agnes' Eve.

In the Spring term, Dr. Rudge returned to give a lecture on "Anglo-Saxon Churches," especially interesting since many of the churches mentioned are in Essex. Bowing to modern trends, Mr. L. J. Carter from the British Interplanetary Society lectured on "Space Travel," in which he outlined man's attempts to reach the stars from 1928 to the present day. During the Summer term, five members of the Lower VI gave talks on "Isotopes," each one lasting ten minutes and illustrating different aspects of the subject. Three films were shown during the term: "The Story of Antricyde," "Ultrasonics," and "Get off the Hose."

Other activities included several visits by different groups of girls to the Royal Institution for the lectures held there.

PAMELA GORE, VI.

HISTORY SOCIETY

The past year has been a profitable one for the History Society which met in the Autumn and Spring terms. Members read their own papers on twentieth century history, including "The Rise of Fascism in Twentieth Century Germany," "Mussolini and Fascism in Italy" and a lecture on "The Rise of Communism in Russia" by Mrs. Ellingham, and ex-member of staff. We heard "The Story of Tenerife" from Miss Parker, a visiting speaker, and were again fortunate in having Dr. Rudge to lecture, in co-operation with the Science Society, on "Anglo-Saxon Churches." Holiday visits included a day spent in the City of London and a day at the exhibition at Ingatestone Hall, "Elizabethan Essex."

The present year has begun successfully and we hope that the society will continue to flourish with such an active membership.

MAUREEN HADGKISS, VI.

THE STUDENT CHRISTIAN MOVEMENT

The Student Christian Movement has completed its second year as a school society and it has been a most successful one. In the Autumn term, Miss Barnard and Miss Peggs gave a talk on Christianity and Science, which proved to be interesting and informative. Then there were several discussions including one on the Christian attitude to war. Later in the year, members of the society held some detailed Bible studies.

ROSEMARY CLARKE, VI.

LITERARY AND DRAMATIC SOCIETY

The most important event in the year for this society, of course, has been the Shakespeare Acting Competition held in the Autumn term. In preparation for this, Miss Neve, the County Drama Adviser, addressed the society on the particular scenes to be produced, giving much valuable help to all girls concerned in the competition. There were also theatre visits for the Middle School to the New Theatre for the musical play of "Oliver," based on Dickens' novel of "Oliver Twist" and to the Old Vic for "Midsummer Night's Dream." Both the Middle School and the VIth Form saw Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer" starring Tommy Steele at the Old Vic.

The Spring term was heralded by a VIth Form party to "Romeo and Juliet" at the Old Vic, and later to the Aldwych Theatre to see Peggy Ashcroft in Webster's "Duchess of Malfi" with the Royal Shakespeare Company of Stratford-on-Avon. They also saw Ibsen's "Lady from the Sea" at the Queen's Theatre and the Lower VI went to the Mermaid for a production of the Wakefield Mystery Plays. Smaller parties went to see the American play, "The Connection," by Jack Gelber, and the Theatre Workshop's production of "Waiting for Godot" by Samuel Beckett, at Stratford.

The last meeting of the season for the whole society was a showing of the film of Dickens' "Tale of Two Cities," starring Dirk Bogarde and Dorothy Tutin.

JUDITH BLACHFORD, VI.

THE SHAKESPEARE ACTING COMPETITION, 1960

After a term of many enthusiastic rehearsals and much hard work on the part of the players, producers, and the staff, the Shakespeare Acting Competition took place on Friday, 9th December. This year, however, as an experiment, we used the balcony end of the Hall with its dark oak pillars and panelling instead of the platform stage which has always been too small to accommodate the scenes with large casts. As the Adjudicator pointed out, this presented many difficulties as well as advantages: the chief difficulty being the doors, but the pillars and the steps aided the setting of the scenes at varying levels.

The productions were as follows:—

- U.VI "Hamlet" (Play scene) — producer: Pat Long.
- L.VI "Antony and Cleopatra" (Death of Cleopatra) —
producer: Pat Chaplin.
- 5W "Macbeth" (Night of Duncan's murder) —
producer: Lesley Broomfield.
- 5H "Midsummer Night's Dream" (Rehearsal sc.) —
producer: Brenda Machin.
- 5S "Twelfth Night" (Letter scene) — producer: Janet Willis.
- 4W "Twelfth Night" (Letter scene) — producer: Susan Adlard.
- 4H "Midsummer Night's Dream" (Play sc.) —
producer: Helen Goldsworthy.
- 4S "Midsummer Night's Dream" (Play sc.) —
producer: Hazel Frost.
- 3W "Midsummer Night's Dream" (Play sc.) —
producer: Margaret Fordham.
- 3H "Midsummer Night's Dream" (Rehearsal sc.) —
producer: Brenda Lenton.
- 3S "The Merchant of Venice" (Trial scene) —
producer: Susan Wood.

Mr. Colin Newman, who has had wide experience of adjudicating in competitions of this kind, first expressed his enjoyment of the productions and then proceeded to give a lively criticism of each play in turn and, as far as possible, of individual actresses. His criticism was not only interesting, but also constructive, and he commented on the obvious enjoyment of the players.

Mr. Newman awarded the Upper School trophy to 5w for their scene from "Macbeth" in which Maureen Warner played the leading part, and 4H won the Middle School trophy for their production of the play scene from "Midsummer Night's Dream." The U.VI and 3s were the runners-up for the Upper and Middle Schools respectively.

JACQUELINE SMITH, VI.

MEMORIAL SERVICE FOR MR. DAG HAMMARSKJOLD

At Westminster Abbey on 23rd October, we represented the School at the memorial service for Mr. Dag Hammarskjold, late Secretary General of the United Nations, who died in an air disaster on 18th September this year.

The congregation in the crowded Abbey included the Queen's representative, members of the Government headed by the Prime Minister, delegates of foreign countries and representatives of all sections of the British public.

The service began with a procession of the clergy from all denominations of the Christian Church and from the Church of Sweden, and including the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Dean of Westminster. At the end of this procession, heralded by a fanfare of trumpets and drums, the United Nations flag was carried through the congregation by a representative of the Swedish nation, and laid on the altar. The form of the service was very simple, in keeping with the quiet determination with which Dag Hammarskjold had carried out his work. In his address, the Archbishop of Canterbury spoke of the late Secretary General's unceasing efforts to bring peace into the world. It was in this cause that he died while flying to continue talks on the situation in the Congo.

Throughout the service, the theme was of peace and the desire that the ideals of Dag Hammarskjold should not be forgotten and that others should continue his work.

PAT CHAPLIN,

ALISON COLLINS, VI.

A DAY IN THE CITY

On 17th April, during the Easter holidays, Miss Stevens and Miss Barnard took a party of History Society members on a tour of London.

After arriving at Liverpool Street station in the morning, we split into two groups. Miss Stevens' party went first to the Guildhall where a guide took us round and showed us the various points of interest. We saw where the Lord Mayor's banquets are held and where certain people have their places; we saw the library and the two celebrated statues of Gog and Magog. Meanwhile Miss Barnard's group had visited the City Museum where many exhibits are kept from Britain in Roman times, including the finds from the temple of Mithras discovered a few years back during excavations for a new building. One exhibit that amused us was a genuine Roman bikini.

When the two groups had been over both buildings, we met in the Embankment Gardens for lunch. Then each group went, again in turn, to the Public Record Office and the Inner and Middle Temple. Many valuable documents were on show at the Record Office, where we had great fun looking for Walthamstow, or Wilcumstou as it was written then, in the Domesday Book. Documents of treaties and the famous Magna Carta were also shown.

At the Temple, a jolly-looking man in a top hat offered to show us round and proceeded to tell us a good deal about the history of the Temple and what had happened there, but I do not think that many of us took much notice because we were so interested in the lovely smell of roast chicken coming from the kitchen.

Although our feet were tired by the time we were going home, after all the walking we had done, our minds were refreshed by the information we had not known before about our own capital city.

PAULINE CLARKE,
SUSAN COWLEY, V.

WHITSUN ECOLOGY FIELD COURSE, 1961

Six members of the Lower VIth left the school one afternoon earlier in the year laden with sleeping bags, "floras," a vasculum (affectionately known as a deed box), wellington boots and various other pieces of equipment.

The following week spent at Juniper Hall Field Centre could hardly be regarded as a holiday. Notes on the day's activities in the field were often completed after 'lights out' with the aid of several torches. These activities consisted mainly of the study of plants and animals in different environments such as woodland, dry and wet heathland — this last entailed wading knee-deep in blood-red bogs.

Even so, we all felt it had been a profitable experience and we are eager to repeat such a course.

MARY ADCOCK,
ANNE MILLAR, VI.

UPS AND DOWNS

One day a small red and yellow van came to the school, from which were unpacked innumerable pulley systems for the Physics Department all contained in boxes with labels varying from "Bush Television" to "Lassie." Very little notice was taken of this van, although its sign-written sides read "Trampoline," until we found that it did actually contain one of these articles which was soon taken to the Hall.

The trampoline consists essentially of a sturdy framework akin to the body of a bedstead, covered by a large sheet of nylon fabric attached to the main frame by a multitude of springs. There is a large red cross in the middle of this sheet, to show where the best effect is achieved during performance — in fact, 'X marks the spot.'

The P.E. staff and others skilled in the art have attempted to show many of the girls the simpler movements which can be executed on such apparatus. The only rules to be remembered, which soon become instinctive, are to point the toes on leaving the canvas, landing on flat feet and fixing the eyes on the edge of the trampoline to minimise the possibility of sharing the

fate of 'that daring young man on the flying trapeze.' We are told that in the air the body is weightless and, consequently, it should be an easy matter to perform some simple movement whilst 'air-borne.' However, even elementary executions with such fascinating names as knee-drop, seat-drop, back-drop, front-drop, can become hazardous and grotesque manoeuvres when attempted by the novice. It should, of course, be very simple. We may speak of something being "as easy as falling off a log" (and it is easier still to fall off a trampoline) once one knows how to do it, but it is this 'knowing how' that counts. At long last one may appreciate that line in the song of the Grand Old Duke of York, about being only half way up and neither up nor down. But this sensation is only momentary and almost immediately one has unwittingly achieved either 'up' or 'down.'

I think that all of us who have had the opportunity to try it would agree that the trampoline has been a wonderfully enlivening addition to our P.E. activities this term, especially in the absence of all other apparatus work pending the re-building of the Gymnasium.

JANET WEBBER, VI.



THE WORKMEN COME TO SCHOOL

Little did we realise when a horde of workmen swooped down upon us and started building — not our new extensions at first, but six cream huts where the telephone rings and their tea is brewed — just what it would mean to us in noise and upheaval. However, we must not grumble (mainly because we have been told we must not grumble). Already great changes are visible: where there used to be an expanse of tarmacadam, there is now a wilderness of bricks, cement and scaffolding. Every day the new walls seem to be growing higher and taking more definite shape. Inside the school, havoc reigns in the electricity system. Interior decorators, clad in dusty white

overalls, march along the corridors leaving a trail of broken plaster behind them and sometimes with a look of embarrassed seriousness on their faces as a group of long-legged girls in gym kit hurry by.

In front of the school, men stare concernedly into small square holes and measure the cracks in the walls of the gymnasium. In place of the old physics laboratory stands the new music area, resplendent with pale lavender walls, canary yellow ceiling and a comparatively inaccessible folding black-board. The Studio has a tasteful decor of white, eggshell blue and tan toned with a subtle shade of orange. During lessons a cacophony of sounds reaches our ears, the instruments of discord being a combination of cement-mixers, trucks and pneumatic drills, but sometimes this includes the much more entertaining variation of really tuneful human voices. I shall never forget the day when a music examination was in progress and a particularly fine and gusty bass voice suddenly issued with vigour from the ex-physics laboratory chanting that world-famous song, "For he's a jolly good fellow." At that time, on behalf of the music students, the singer had to be requested to restrain his melodious ditty; but now, as we watch the progress the builders are making with all the spacious new extensions to our school, we can take up the chorus in thanks for their laborious efforts:

"For they are jolly good fellows,
And so say all of us."

ELAINE PEEL, VI.

CHRISTINE ADLER, III.

SCHOOL JOURNEY TO THE NETHERLANDS

Easter, 1961

Extract from the winning diary by Christine Westwood, 4s.

An account of one day, Friday, 7th April.

Having boarded our coach outside the door of our hotel, and taken about five minutes to pass through a narrow street, we reached one of the bridges in Amsterdam. This bridge went up as we reached it, to let an ocean liner through. It lifted at right angles to the end and a man took a toll for this duty from the liner.

While going through another street in this city, we saw a flag which is flown at half-mast every time someone is killed on the roads of Amsterdam — it reminds people to be more careful on their bicycles, of which there are six million in a population of eleven million. We then crossed to the other side of Amsterdam by ferry boat — the only direct way to do so — going over the North Sea Canal, which is 15 miles long, 250 feet wide and 50 feet deep. While we were crossing the ferry, a railway bridge over the canal swung aside to let an ocean liner through. After going through lots of cobbled streets, so typical of Holland, we reached Zaandam.

Here we saw our first Dutch windmill and took many photographs of it. Then Fred, our guide, asked the windmill owner if we could go in, so of course we did. After climbing about five flights of stairs, we went on to the balcony round the windmill. We wasted our photos taking so many pictures here of the scenery because it was so new to us. How were we to know that there were 1,499 other windmills in Holland?

After boarding the coach again, we carried on to Alkmaar, a 17th century town. On the way we saw some gorgeously coloured fields of Dutch tulips, and also sand dunes with little villages nestling behind them. Miss Fair had told us so much about these that the picture in my mind was the same as I saw now with my eyes. Passing the fields on the way to Alkmaar, we saw some cows with coats on: they looked so funny that we all burst out laughing at them and I'm sure they objected to this because they gave our coach such awful looks as it passed them. We were allowed about thirty minutes in Alkmaar, so we jumped out to look at the Weigh House and the 200 years old Bathbrig bridge. We saw shops selling the Dutch cheeses and other tempting things, but we did not buy anything. Then we went into a restaurant where we could eat our packed lunches which, incidentally, we had made the night before. We set off again, this time for the Enclosing Dam, the object of our journey.

After seeing the statue of Lely, who first planned the reclaiming of the lands in Holland, at the beginning of the Dam, we started off across the twenty miles of its length as it divides the salty North Sea from the fresh water of the Zuider Zee. On our way, we saw lots of small sheep and lambs on the edges of the Dam, lying on the grass. Halfway across we stopped at a high tower built specially so that visitors may view the whole length of the Dam, and opposite this tower is a large map showing one's exact position at that moment in the Netherlands. After exploring the souvenir shop, we were taken across the road by Fred — no speed limit, ah-h — and we boarded the coach again.

This time we were heading for Edam, a small village, now like a dead city along the IJssel Lake (former Zuider Zee). We saw its big Roman Catholic church; also a shop which symbolises that it was a great cheese town by showing a dummy man dressed in a white coat and clogs, standing by a wooden vessel weighing the famous Edam cheese. It is a very small Dutch village now and we all thought it most attractive.

Our next stop was at another little village called Broeken-in-Waterland, with tiny Dutch houses by the water. We walked to a cheese farm where we were allowed in. After going through the living quarters of the inhabitants, we came to the cowshed — noting the clogs outside the door. We were told how the cheeses are made and noticed lines and lines of them waiting to be sent to countries all over the world. Our next stop was at a little wooden house where a man was making clogs by hand, one of the only three men left in Holland today still doing this. He used a very sharp knife to shape the shoe and a sharp curved tool to hollow out the foot space. It took the man about ten minutes to make a pair of clogs.

This was our last stop before the coach sped home as fast as possible so that we had time to change for dinner. We crossed the ferry again, this time noting the thousands of bicycles whizzing on and off it. After dinner we were taken for a walk round Amsterdam to look at the shops, especially the gorgeous ones down the Damrak, and arrived home again, tired but happy. In all, it had been a wonderful day.

HOLIDAY ON WHEELS

(shared by Janet Jenkinson, Valerie Williams and Janet Neville)

When we planned our holiday for this year, the reaction we received from most people was, "You'll never be able to do it," or "You'll not enjoy it, you'll come home exhausted." These remarks made us all the more determined and on a fine morning in August, we set out to cycle to Land's End.

We had a wonderful time. Each night we stayed at a Youth Hostel, which in itself is an adventure because the term can cover anything from a country house to a former remand home for girls. In crowded hostels there may be the added interest of trying to cook for three people on one gas ring or eating small boiled eggs with large dessert spoons because no others are available. Everyone is interested in where you have come from and where you are going next, and it is impossible to be unsociable.

As we travelled on, we saw the fascinating change from the purple heathlands of Hampshire to the green hills and craggy cliffs of Devon and Cornwall. Even if we had to walk up some of the hills, it was worth it to see the magnificent views from their tops. We did not cycle all the time: we swam and sunbathed too, went sightseeing and shopping, and took many photographs. Eventually we did reach Land's End. Our friends were wrong, for instead of being miserably exhausted, we were happy, fit and sun-tanned — and decidedly proud of having got there.

Of course, we learnt by our mistakes. If we go again, we shall not risk having a slightly worn inner tube to a tyre, we shall not take our sugar in glass jars and we shall remember to take an oil can; but even with these mistakes put right, we could not enjoy it more than we did this time.

ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS

This year, the outside judge awarded prizes to the entries offered by the following girls:—

Upper School — Gillian Glyde, Valerie Gray (shared prize).
Middle School — Susan Eagle.
Lower School — Jean Lancaster.

Very highly commended indeed, and also considered for the Upper School prize, was the contribution by Penelope Herbert. The entries by Linda Lee, Christine Bird and Barbara Rogers were also commended.

There were again entries which were, for various reasons, not quite eligible for printing but were praised by the judge. These were written by Marcella Evan, Ann Giles, Pauline Samler and Claire Barrett.

Some comments from the judge's report:—

"The Middle and Upper Schools' entries showed an improvement in standard on that of the Lower School out of all proportion to the difference in age. They seemed more 'in the mood' for writing. Don't hesitate to criticise your own work, Forms V and VI, try for more ambitious descriptive words and subjects. It is interesting to see that studies of people and their situations came off more effectively, on the whole, than study of places. The conspicuous pre-occupation of the VIth Form with the fear of nuclear war was saddening but understandable, though it was good to find a few of them (like the writer of the prize-winning prose in U.VI) still able to write with youthful joy.

"In the Middle School there was a pleasant sense of using the good material close at hand, like baby-sitting and cactus flowers, and I hope this sorting out of ordinary experience will go on, using the best that can be found in it. Warm praise to Form IV, all of whose work showed quality that lifted it above the mediocre. This group is vigorous and shouldn't be inhibited."

Editor's reminder: the English staff make the first decisions about the best pieces of work from each class; the Selection Committee of girls (representing, we hope, general opinion in the school) choose those actually to be printed; the outside judge awards the prizes and makes commendations.



D. KIBBLEWHITE, VI.

SCENTED GRASS

To lie in a forest of scented grass
In the cloistering cool of the dim-lit leaves,
Watching a scuttle of insects pass
Through the slanted labyrinthian drowsy day;
Limpid river and scented grass,

Drowsy day.

Drowsy thoughts of a sun-soothed mind
At peace, all urgency left behind,
Lost in grass your wandering mind —
To have time to be lost in a forest of grass,
Sun-soaked, shadowy, scented grass.

On a drowsy day.

DOROTHY KIBBLEWHITE, Form VI.

THE LATE DEVELOPER

There was a small potato
Which was very round and green,
He was growing in the garden
Just beside a runner bean.

He was planted near some beetroots
Which were growing very tall
But this poor little potato
Was so very, very small.

He was terribly unhappy
For his friends were growing high
And it seemed to this potato
That they soon would reach the sky.

And so tiny little Freddy,
Because Freddy was his name,
Just had to sit and wonder
If he'd ever do the same.

Then suddenly one morning
He at last began to grow,
But his brothers were, by this time,
Very big, and had to go.

But the gardener took no notice
Of young Freddy in the earth
For he pulled up all the others
And threw them on the turf.

And so Freddy's very happy
That he grew so very late,
For he's sitting in the sunshine
Instead of on a plate.

CHRISTINE BIGNELL, Form 1.



EXMOOR HOLIDAY

The Doone country on and around the Exmoor of R. D. Blackmore's novel is one of the most romantic places in England.

Near the Devon and Somerset boundary, the traveller can visit such places as Oare Church, which dates from the fourteenth century, where Lorna Doone was supposed to have been shot on her wedding day. You can stroll by Bagworthy Water (pronounced Badgery) where John Ridd had been fishing when he first met Lorna. Walking along the road from Porlock to Lynmouth, you can well believe how John's father was set upon and murdered by a party of Doones whilst he was returning from Porlock market. The Ship Inn, also mentioned in the book, is still in existence. In a low mist, Exmoor must be one of the loneliest places in the country, with only sheep and wild ponies for company. The people of Exmoor speak of the Doones and the Ridds as they would of their own ancestors.

However fictitious the story of John Ridd and Lorna Doone may have been, there are many Exmoor families today named Ridd or Ridler and until comparatively recently the children were frightened by the warning: "You'm be good, or the Doones 'll 'ave 'ee."

The best time of the year to visit Exmoor is the spring, when the snow has just melted and the lambs and young ponies are just finding their legs, but it can be equally enchanting later in the season, when the yellow broom is out or the heather is in bloom. You can never tire of Exmoor because there is always a new village you have not seen before or a new path to explore.

ANTHEA FRYER, Form IV.

EVE

Were you content
 In the garden? And did you never
 Wonder if you were meant
 To stay here for ever
 With Adam and God and Perfection?
 And when the snake —
 Proud, beautiful tempter — told you such lies
 Did you take
 And eat of the fruit to be made wise?
 Or were you bored, and it was something new?
 Mother of Man,
 Did you joy in your firstborn? Or did your heart ache
 When he began
 Hatred, jealousy, murder, that your one mistake
 Had engendered so evil a race?
 When you were old
 Did you realise at last why God chose
 To withhold
 Eden's Life-giving Tree from those
 To whom eternity would be but a living Hell
 now evil had begun?
 And did you bow to Him at last and say,
 "Thy will be done"?

ROSEMARY KING, Form VI.

NIGHT NOISES

Creak goes my door, the bathroom tap
Drips through the silent house,
Windows bang and in the gloom
Patters a tiny mouse.
Up in our loft, the hungry owl
Laughs to the moon outside.
Isn't it strange how late in the night
Small sounds are magnified?

JEAN LANCASTER, Form I.

TURTLE TALK

Pacifist Demagogue standing so quiet,
Calmly inciting the mob to a riot,
Peacefully stir them with thoughts of extinction,
Daintily testing the subtle distinction
'Twixt the simmering sauce in the pot gently stewing
And violent cauldron of seething soup brewing;
But carefully tread, for elusive the border
Between dumb marching columns and streets of disorder,
And dingö-insanity, frenzy and raving
Could emerge from these lambs squatted meek on the paving.

VALERIE GRAY, Form VI.

THE LODGER

At first I really disliked our new lodger, in fact I was scared of him. He was very tall, not a bit good-looking, but well built and with dark hair and skin. His hair had a rather greasy look and his fingers were stained brown through much smoking. He had had a broken nose which he said he had received in a car accident, and this accident had also left him with a scar under the right eye. Whenever he came into the house, I ran out into the garden because he seemed a giant to me and I was a very small child.

It is rather strange, I suppose, that I never knew his name, because my mother always referred to him as Mr. Whatsname, and Daddy called him Jack.

One day while I was out in the garden, our lodger appeared and I ran to hide behind a bush. He brought a deck chair out of the shed and sat peacefully smoking his pipe on the lawn. Patch, our cat, was sleeping in the sun on the coal bunker. Suddenly I saw a little robin who seemed to be hurt flutter down on to the path. At that moment Patchie awoke and fixed wicked eyes on the robin. The lodger noticed that Patchie was about to pounce, looked round to see what it was, saw the robin, and rushed to get it before the cat did. I rushed for it at the same time, but was caught by the bush.

Our lodger picked up the robin, which seemed half-dazed, and brought it to me. I noticed how very gently he handled it. Then he asked me to hold it while he freed me from the briars of the rose bush. He also did this with great care not to hurt me. Once more he took the bird and carried it indoors and up to his room. I followed him in and put my eye to his keyhole. He had wrapped the robin in a handkerchief and was feeding it with a winkle shell.

For days he looked after that robin until it was finally well. He put it out in the garden and let it fly away but I was surprised to see that it did not want to go. Then I realised how gentle he really was. How ashamed I felt of having been so afraid of him. I saw now that he was not like an ugly giant, but a tall, kind man and a good friend.

CHRISTINE BIRD, Form III.



THE SHORES OF DAWN

Dusk.
Black are the hills and distant.
Night is no more than the husk
Cast aside,
And new dawn, bursting asunder, pride
Swelling her mystery:
Great and still grows the new morn.
Harsh is the frost and chill;
The ice-cold moon, biting her sickle teeth in the grey sky,
White as the shadow of sun
Muffled, subdued, waiting.
Then the piercing shriek of a wild bird
Tears the grey dawn
And from the roof is rising;
Great and still,
A day is born.

LINDA LEE, FORM V.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS

"Come on now, Bobby, you'll be late," called Mrs. Rolton.

Unwillingly, Bobby followed her through the gates of Wadsworth Infants' School, through the crowds of staring faces. Bobby had started with 'flu two days before the term began and now he was two weeks behind everyone else. He went into the Headmistress's office; he knew her, but somehow, behind that great table covered with books and papers, she seemed so awesome. She greeted Bobby with a smile and told Mrs. Rolton that she could go. As his mother closed the door, he was grasped with despair. His lips trembled and tears filled his big grey eyes.

"Now then," said the Headmistress, "suppose you read this ABC book until the bell goes." He took the book but could not read it. He was thinking . . . thinking of all those boys and girls outside who apparently knew one another, who knew where to go, what to do, who knew . . . His thoughts were shattered by the bell. Looking out of the window, he saw a little girl ringing the bell. All the children scampered to their classes. He followed the Headmistress into a class where he saw the little girl who had rung the bell. The room was green and yellow, and four children sat at each table.

"What's your name?" the teacher, called Miss Penn, asked him.

"Bobby Rolton, Miss,"

"Do you know anyone here?"

"That girl, miss. She was ringing the bell."

"That is Susie Ruton. If you want, you can sit next to her."

"Oh please, miss," and he took his place eagerly beside Susie.

During the morning they had a P.T. lesson. If Bobby jumped his hardest, he could just reach the bar and swing from it. Then he did a handstand. No one else could, so they all clapped him. Susie ran up and gave him a kiss. He blushed furiously and everyone laughed.

For this first term, it was only morning school. When the bell rang, Bobby ran as eagerly as anyone else for his coat. He ran out of school, straight into his mother's arms and cried proudly and decidedly, "I DO like school."

SUSAN EAGLE, Form III.

A CHURCH BY THE SEA

A grey stone church overlooking the sea,
 Commanding a view of pebbles and tide,
 Surrounded by caravans, kids and camps,
 Enclosed by a wall of rotting bodies.
 The tower is shut off, a dangerous landmark
 Crumbling with the weight of seagulls,
 The roof has gone and rain falls in
 Erasing the names of various benefactors.
 The empty moss-edged windows can still see,
 The bleary-eyed holiday-makers cannot —
 Blind to the beauty of the sea,
 Drawn to it by chips and bingo.
 Even the children shun the church,
 Turning rather to records and rock;
 Only courting couples use it,
 Bringing love to its doors once more.

VIVIEN COX, Form V.

AUTUMN'S DELIGHT

Why should I mourn the Summer bright
When Autumn with its golden light
Spills beauty on the leaves,
Gives satisfaction to the trees
And brings for busy Nature ease?
The plane, the birch and willow are
Like golden flames seen from afar,
The morning dew has frosty sleeves,
But robins still sing from the eaves
And sleepy sun peers through the trees.

BARBARA ROGERS, Form II.



ANN GILES, IV

PITY THE TWIN-SITTER

I was engrossed in my book when I heard my mother call to me. Apparently our next-door neighbour had to go to the hospital with her daughter and I was elected to look after her twins, Christopher and Frank. It would be almost impossible to imagine how anyone so young could be so full of evil ideas as Christopher, and Frank, whose intentions are good, usually achieves the same results as his brother.

I took my book and went next door. At first all was peaceful as the twins were playing together with their wooden bricks; but when I next looked up, I saw to my horror that Christopher was hitting Frank on the head with one of their bricks. It appeared that a dispute had arisen as to which brick belonged to whom. This was soon settled by the removal of the bricks to the toy cupboard.

Confident that I could now continue reading my book, I sat down again. Some time later I was brought back to earth by a crashing sound. I arrived at the back door in time to see Frank aim another blow at the concrete with

a hammer. I hurriedly took the hammer from him, and on demanding an explanation for the cracked concrete, I was informed that he was "fixing it." I shepherded him back into the house, explaining as gently as my fast-disappearing good temper would allow, that he was not to "fix" anything else. I was beginning to think that I should never finish my book and that the hospital was taking a very long time to deal with one patient. It seemed as if I had been coping with the twins for hours.

The next incident was provided by Christopher who had decided that the flowers in the garden next door looked vastly improved after he had removed every single bud from them. With a wicked gleam in his eye, he presented me with a bouquet of buds. I was sorely tempted to lock him in his bedroom — but on considering the damage he might do to the room, and the fact that I had been told to be "nice" to the twins and they would be "nice" to me (which I seriously doubted), I told him that he was a naughty boy and his Mummy wanted him to be a good boy. I am sure he intended to take no notice of my warning, but at that moment Frank the Fixer came to join his brother and they took their wooden bricks from the toy cupboard to play together again.

I retreated behind my book and when I looked up once more, I saw that Christopher was again hitting his brother with the bricks. We had completed a full circle, the evening had ended as it had begun. After much persuasion, I got the twins to bed and then sat by them until they fell asleep for I was allowing no opportunity for more "accidents."

Our next-door neighbour and her daughter arrived home, the latter with a bandaged leg, to find the twins lying with their blond hair tousled on their pillows, looking like two cherubs.

HAZEL LETFORD, Form IV.

CHRISTMAS

The star flamed in the midnight sky
 Blazing like the dry wood of summer.
 Shepherds stumbled, half asleep,
 Wise men urged their mincing camels on
 To a hillside cave.
 The night was like a fairy-tale;
 Slender shadows, stirring from their beds,
 Were guided by an angel hand
 Into the presence of their King.
 They saw Him then,
 Warmed by the breath of an ox,
 Sheltered by a weary donkey
 Whose brown eyes never left
 The tiny form among the whisps of hay.
 They gave him gifts. Which did he prefer?
 The royal splendour of the eastern monarchs,
 Their tinselled kingly words,
 Or the rustic sincerity of the Shepherds
 And the sleepy lamb they gave him?
 Neither, for his eyes were fixed upon
 The patient watchful donkey.

GLENYS MAGBE, Form V.

THE THRESHOLD

(in the Chinese tradition of poetry)

The young stranger steals to the baton gate,
Silence —

Except where on his gay official belt
Of glistening jade, glowing jewels jingle.
Stealthily creeping, cat-like across the yard,
The Tartar prince reaches the inner rooms.
He pauses on the threshold, heart beating,
Darkness —

Save for the ghostly moon over the gate,
Three floor guard of the Forbidden City,
Eerie light, transmuting glittering gold
To misty silver, by some unknown force.
The young Tartar stands in silent darkness,
Remembering —
Thinking of his first sight of the Princess,
Sweet Willow Branch, floating on silken clouds
Among the flowers. The fairest flower,
Thought he who watched from the tall bamboo grove,
Wondering —

If his plan should fail, the palace guards hear,
And drive him out from the Middle Kingdom
To obscurity, or execute him,
Hoping —

Trusting that Willow Branch will come with him
To the Western Lands where his father dwells.
Alone and silent stands the Tartar prince
At the door of the inner apartments,
Waiting, wondering, wishing to enter
But scarcely daring to look at the door.
See —

He opens the door, slips silently in
And returns, the fair Princess in his arms.
Now he will return to his father's land,
The wild son of the western people.

PENELOPE HERBERT, Form V.

AT WORK FOR A WEEKEND

Advertisement: Young lady or schoolgirl needed to help in the summer at the Queen Mary Hall of Residence for Men (University of London) in Woodford

This notice appeared on the board outside our newsagent's shop and also announced that the students would be foreigners. I thought this might be a good chance to improve my French, so I applied and the Matron was pleased to accept my offer. When I actually had to go, she warned me that two of her kitchen staff were away and that the two there were Spanish, whose knowledge of English was practically nil. I told her that I could speak a little Spanish.

The two cooks, Señora and Antonio, were friendly, and by sign language, by their speaking slowly and with my excruciating Spanish, we managed reasonably well. Once, in desperation, we had to resort to French. Antonio sang what sounded like funeral dirges all the morning in a glorious baritone while he peeled the potatoes, and Señora, between stridently-uttered Spanish curses at the onions for making her eyes stream, sang Spanish pop-songs and taught me Spanish.

Then Matron came in and asked me to clear away the breakfast things in the dining-room. I marched in jauntily — to face two students in dressing-gowns and slippers who sat there unashamedly eating toast and discussing whether they would disclose information if they were tortured. I cleared up all round them and was wondering how much more toast the one with the beard was going to eat, when Matron came in and told them in no uncertain terms that they were in the way. I was able to lay the table for lunch before returning to the kitchen for further orders.

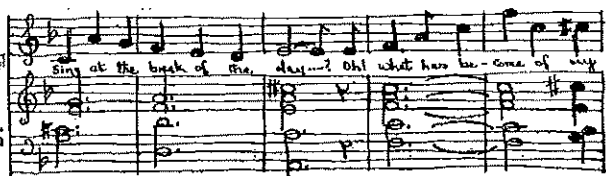
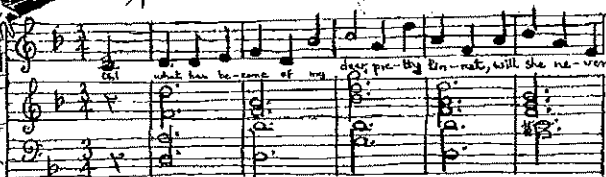
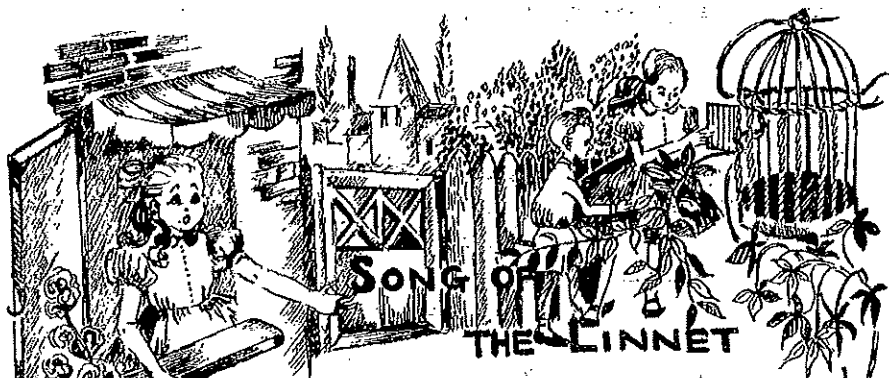
Armed with dusters, Matron and I descended next on the Common Room to dust round immobile students who were reading newspapers.

About five minutes before the bell for lunch, laughing and stamping began upstairs where they must all have congregated on the landing, for they swooped down as the bell went in less time than it takes to tell. After grace was said by the Warden, we began the serving of the food. Matron treated the students as if they were half-grown wild animals and she was regarded with respect. I failed when I tried it because my intentions were shattered by the disarming grin of a young Scot who asked, "D'ye think I could ha' mine wi'out gravy?" Later, I helped with the washing-up, went home for my lunch and returned for the evening meal.

The next day there were the same squabbings in Spanish between Señora and Antonio, the same dirges, and a spectacled student came in to ask for biscuits. Failing to make himself understood, he let out an exasperated, "Aw, hell," grabbed what he wanted and went. At tea, several students appeared in tiny running-shorts for they do a good deal of cross-country running. The tea-pot was heavy but I looked in vain for a chivalrous student, in running-shorts or otherwise, to help me. Once a student of any race sets his sights on spaghetti, all his feelings for damsels in distress vanish.

I was paid a quite generous wage, but I would have been willing to do it free for all the fun I had.

HAZEL FROST, Form V.



Oh, what has become of my dear pretty linnet,
And why did she go, for I treated her well?
Oh, what has become of my dear pretty linnet?
Perhaps she has flown through the woods to the fell.

Oh, what has become of my dear pretty linnet?
But hark! I can hear a new song in the lane.
And, there, at the window, my dear pretty linnet
Has come back to sing her sweet song once again.



Music by C. ADLER & LYRIC by L. BURNS, III. Decorated by L. BROOMFIELD, VI.

CACTUS FLOWER

On a bed of green thorn
Opens a cactus flower.
Its blood-red petals yawn
To the morning sun.
Its stamens, in a bower of leaping flames,
Like feathery weeds, by the banks of a running stream.
But when the dusk is by,
And cacti are but silhouettes
Against a scarlet sky,
The belles of the daylight ball
Close their weary petals and fall asleep
On a bed of green thorn.

CHRISTINE ADLER, Form III.

THROUGH THE WINDOW

Faded blue eyes stare out to the world.
Feeble brown hands pluck at the net curtains.
Enclosed in a silent world of loneliness with
Nobody to care about, nobody to worry about,
Nobody,
Those faded blue eyes watch out always :
A boy on a bicycle careers down the road.
Children, in short vivid coloured dresses,
Noisily play games in the street.
A milkman rattles his way along, giving
Cheery greetings to all he sees :
But no one sees her.
Evening comes, secretaries and 'city gents' hurry homeward.
But no one for her.
Nightfall; courting couples lingeringly wander past.
Another day is over, another just like yesterday, just like tomorrow;
And she is only one of many in the world
Living life through a window.

MARJORIE HICKEY, Form IV.

ONE WITH THE WIND

It had been the kind of day when flags were seized by a spirited exaltation, heightened, now and then, by fits of limp depression; when clouds, pitched and tumbled across the autumn sky, grew tired and turned threatening faces to the earth beneath. Yes, it had been the kind of day when fishermen caught no fish; the kind of day when the grass would shudder, again and again, relax, and shudder again. Carpets rose in the dining-room and women wore head-scarves.

Now it was night and the wind had not dropped and it was very cold. I walked on silently through deserted streets, towards the arching bridge which lay before me. I began to climb its grey-stoned slope, and I heard the distant echo of the sounding trees as fleeting air played the tyrant with the ripening leaves. Then I stood on the top of the bridge. The stars were there, the proud companions of the moon. There were street lamps too and even they contributed a purer gleam as their concrete obelisks stood in defiance of the penetrating wind.

In a moment I was moving, driven on by forces evocative of Nature's own command until identity and self were taken by the air and, freed from this burden, I was one with the wind. I was tree and I was star, I was light and I was darkness, and exhilaration filled the night.

At the bottom of the bridge, someone saw me and immediately I stepped within myself. Then the dog I had with me barked, and everything seemed explained to the shadowy figure that stood amazed before me. It is permissible to run with a dog. The woman smiled — civilization gave its spurious blessing to my experience.

GILLIAN GLYDE, Form VI.

PARENTS' ASSOCIATION

President and Chairman—Miss M. M. Burnett

Vice-Chairman—A. H. Cowley, Esq.

Hon. Secretary—E. O. Pease, Esq.

Hon. Asst. Secretary—E. C. Linay, Esq.

Hon. Treasurer—G. E. Bengé, Esq.

Auditors—Mrs. Crocombe and Miss Jackson

Executive Committee—

Mrs. Bengé, Mrs. Cole, Mr. & Mrs. Danzey, Mr. Fulton, Mrs. Herbert,
Mrs. Linay, Mr. Mawhood, Mrs. Pease, Mr. Phillips and Mrs. Walker.

Co-opted Members—

Mr. Avis, *Mrs. Chaplin, *Mrs. Czul, Mr. Penny and Mrs. Walters.

* Subject to acceptance.

Representing the Staff—

Mrs. Beaumont, Miss Cook and Miss Fair.

Old Time Dancing has once again proved to be the main source of income of the Association during the past year. Until May it was well supported on Wednesday evenings, but thereafter it was forced to close down because the demonstrators moved away from the district. Mr. and Mrs. Littlejohn, former members of the Association, had carried out the duties of demonstrators in a very expert manner and played a great part in sustaining attendance on Wednesday evenings.

Mr. Banbrook, our Social Secretary, retired at the end of the year. For the last six years he has carried out these duties in a very able manner and has been the prime mover in the organisation of the Association's social activities. Mr. Phillips has now taken over this office and we have no doubt that he will soon be giving a good account of himself.

During the past twelve months we have enjoyed two socials, a Town Forum Meeting and a visit to the Royal Tournament at Olympia, in addition to Old Time Dancing.

Mrs. Herbert has, on the catering side, led a large band of willing helpers in the preparation of refreshments at all the Association's activities.

At the time of going to press the School hall is in the hands of the building contractors and some little difficulty will be experienced in the early part of the year in organising any activity on the School premises. Nevertheless, the Committee will be pleased to receive from Parents new ideas for school activities.

Subscriptions for the current year are now coming in and it is pleasing to record that our membership is at least being sustained; there is every hope that an increase will be achieved. The continued support of our members is appreciated.

E. O. PEASE.

NEWS OF OLD GIRLS

To Universities, etc.

Aileen East—Southampton University. Law.
 Rosemary Horst—S. W. Essex Technical College. Science.
 Joan Lotts—Reading University. English and Latin.
 Delia Milford—Westfield College. Mathematics.
 Mary Peskett—~~Westfield College~~ Mathematics. ~~LEICESTER UNIVERSITY~~
 Joan Pye—Liverpool University. ~~Physics~~ ~~PHYSIOLOGY~~
 Pat Thompson—Bristol University. German.
 Pat Maynard—Brighton College of Tech. Dip. Tech.
 Ann Whiting—Brighton College of Tech. Dip. Tech.

To Training Colleges.

Frances Baldwin—Sunderland.
 Ferne Castle—Lady Mabel College (P.E.).
 Madge Davis—Westminster, Oxford.
 Pat Gower—Redland, Bristol.
 Joy Hewer—Easthampstead.
 Janet King—Matlock.
 Pauline Leakey—Winchester.
 Pat Long—Bishop Otter, Chichester.
 Joyce Lotts—Chelsea (P.E.).
 Mary Payling—Bishop Otter, Chichester.
 Margaret Stas—Bognor Regis.
 Barbara Stone—Coventry.
 Ann Webster—Crewe.
 Pat Westwood—Dudley.

To S. W. Essex Technical College.

Janet Beard, Brenda Whaymand, Valerie Wilson, Ann Downing, Jean Bacon, Diane Chapman (Dress design), Elaine Gordon, Linda Griffiths, Gillian Howell, Jill Valentine, Jean Wade.

Nursing.

Gillian Meyer—Probationary Nursing (W.R.A.F. 1962).
 Linda Clark—Westminster Hospital.
 Jennifer George—London Hospital (radiography).
 Janet Neville—University College Hospital (after 6 months in Paris).
 Barbara Smith—Higham Hill Day Nursery.
 Bileen Clarke—Higham Hill Day Nursery.
 Brenda Machin—Handsworth Avenue Day Nursery.

Scientific Work.

Pauline Erwood—Pathology Lab. of Hackney General Hospital.
 Mary Jarvis—Lab. Tech. at Queen Mary's College.

Clerical, etc.

Gillian Hood, Rosemary Banbrook, Joyce Driver, Sylvia Gibbs, Ann Green, Christine Harrington, Maureen Harris, Ellen Huet, Jacqueline Lefever, Mary Maisey, Janet Moore, Sandra Smith, Yvonne Thompson (Pitman's College), Margaret Bassick, Joan Castle, Jean Gardner, Valerie Stevens, Janice Farwell, Frances Harrison, Wendy Ingleby, Dorothy Masters, Linda Nicholson, Margaret Sprake, Jacqueline Tuck.

Degrees.

Gween Steele (née Matthews)—Dip. Tech., Northampton Col. of Tech.
 Delia Barrett—B.A., Hons. Eng. Cl. II., University of Bristol.
 Joan Rayment—B.D., University of London.
 Pamela Morley—B.A., Hons. Fr. Cl. II., University of Leicester.
 Lorna Rowe—B.A. Hons. Eng. Cl. II., University of London.
 Alma Norrish (Mrs. Culloty)—Degree in Dentistry.

Others.

Winifred Taylor has returned from India and is teaching at the William McGuffie School.
 Pat Snoad, S.R.N., is doing her Midwifery Course at Redhill County Hospital.
 Joyce How is doing her nursing training at Hampstead General Hospital.
 Pamela Morley is training as a teacher in the Institute of Education, Leicester.
 Delia Barrett (Mrs. Haxworth) is training as a teacher in the Institute of Education, Bristol.
 Ann Hummerston is teaching in Ankara.
 Pauline Hodby, who went on holiday to Russia with Ann Hummerston, later went again to Russia as one of the leaders of a Youth Exchange group, in conjunction with the British Council.
 Joyce Jackson, S.R.N., won the first Gold Medal at Claybury Hospital.
 Evelyn Brewster is studying Physics, Chemistry and Biology in the 6th Form of Nottingham High School, and applying to London Medical Schools.
 Joy Waugh is teaching in Walthamstow.
 Mrs. Barclay (Miss Smith) has now been with her doctor husband in the Mission Hospital, Peshawar, West Pakistan for 3 years.
 Jean Jenner is teaching at Wimbledon County High School.
 Sheila Buller (Mrs. Richards) has moved to Winterbourne, Nr. Bristol. Her husband has a new post at Filton Technical College.
 Jacqueline Sears is an Executive Officer in the Civil Service Commission working in H.M. Stationery Office.
 Christine Harrington is working in the Drawing Office of Westinghouse Limited.
 Lorna Rowe is teaching English in the Deanery Comprehensive School.
 Doreen Mowbray (Mrs. Parker) lives in Hatfield with her husband and two small sons. She is giving home tuition to a mentally handicapped boy.
 Miss Ince Jones writes "Should any Staff or Old Girls be travelling in their Vauxhalls or Bubble cars or even on their bicycles along the Epping-Hertford road, they will see a cedar-wood bungalow, just built, which is our new home. I should be delighted to see any who would care to come."
 Pat Wright is the Senior Student of the University College group in College Hall, Malet Street, London.

Beryl McLellan is teaching Mathematics at Hornsey High School.
Sonja Faulkes is continuing her education in Tokoroa, New Zealand.
Jane Oliver (W.R.N.S.) represented the Navy in the Inter-Services Tournament at Wimbledon in July and was runner up in the W.R.N.S. Singles Championship, and (with her partner) in the W.R.N.S. Ladies' Doubles Championship.
Beryl Luckett (Mrs. Alvarez) writes from Carazo, Nicaragua, but is returning to England in November, 1961.
Margaret Flowers is now teaching at Higham Hill Junior School.
Irene Hopper (Mrs. Southgate) has a baby son Mark and is living in Aden with her husband.
Ruth Miller is in Israel living in a kibbutz.

OLD GIRLS' ASSOCIATION

President—Miss Burnett

Vice-Presidents—Miss Norris, Miss Goldwin, Miss Jacob

Secretary—C. Wheeler, 24 Selsdon Road, E.11

Treasurer—M. Linay, 177 Old Church Road, E.4

(Subscription 5/-)

Committee—

Mrs. Beaumont, Miss Park, C. Auer, L. Browne, M. Hatch, P. Hodby, B. Insole, M. Lefever, G. Newell, M. Palmer, M. Perkins, J. Rayment, D. Robinson, E. Timberlake, M. Tuckwell, S. Trill, G. Watson, M. Witt, J. Yates.

This year we have had the second Reunion Dinner of our Association. The idea of the first one arose in connection with the School's Jubilee celebrations and was held in 1950. This time we had no "excuse" except the lapse of time but the idea proved just as popular. 139 Staff, former Staff, and Old Girls were present: most of them seeing the school buildings as they had known them, for the last time. (Buildings come and go but Old Girls go on for ever!). There were many appeals for "another one soon" or "Why not an Annual Dinner?" The committee assure you that the gap will be shorter next time.

The April meeting showed a return to our more usual small family gathering. We heard, with great interest, about Pauleine Hodby's holiday in Russia.

This was the Annual General Meeting and it was agreed to raise the subscription to 5/- from January, 1962. This is necessity but we hope you think it is worth it — at least 139 Old Girls do!

C. M. W.

NEWS FROM THE UNIVERSITIES

Delia Milford writes from Westfield College, London University:—

Yesterday I went to see the Crown Jewels. After living in London for nineteen years, and visiting the Tower dozens of times, I finally saw what no self-respecting American tourist would spend two days in London without seeing — and all because my room-mate, who comes from Gravesend, had never seen them.

Indeed, I have learnt more about London in my few weeks as a student than I had learnt in the whole of my life previously. Now, wearing my brand new University scarf, with its bright red, white and navy blue stripes, clearly marking me out as a Fresher, I am really exploring my 'home town': not only the usual places of interest like St. Pauls, the Royal Exchange and the Monument, but discovering others new to me like Soho, Hampstead and Kilburn.

On Sunday afternoons we go to listen to the Hyde Park speakers, to Trafalgar Square, the National Gallery, or just to walk. We shop in Oxford Street, and I have gone to Foyles so often that I can now approach it from every conceivable direction. In Malet Street are the buildings of the University of London Union (ULU), where there is always some lecture of interest, or debate, or else we can just eat or watch television. We belong to the Debating Society, of course, which is one of the most interesting that we attend (unlike those provincial backwaters of Oxford and Cambridge, London allows women to participate in debates). All the societies are watching out for the unwary Fresher to persuade her (or him) to pay a subscription without having had time to think about it, and it is as well to be forewarned against this trap and to join only the societies one has decided beforehand one particularly wants to join. This leaves some evenings free for work, for which time has to be found occasionally.

Here at Westfield we have a beautiful new Science building (half-finished) which is a joy to work in except for the annoyance of hammering above. I am sure that you at W.H.S. will know what I mean. Now we are learning to wear our gowns with the correct air of nonchalance, not dipping the ends in the cocoa when getting it from the urn. We have a cosy little room with its own gas ring; we have a milk, sugar and tea allowance, and are rapidly becoming domesticated, sitting round the gas fire, reading, or knitting huge sweaters to wear over our other huge sweaters. Yes, life as a student is fun. Has anyone a shilling for the gas?

From Pat Thompson at Bristol:—

(Written in the Refectory) After five weeks of university life, punctuated by frequent visits to the Refectory for the inevitable cups of coffee, I hope I can give some account of what it is like at Bristol.

The first week consisted mainly of coffee parties where I met some very interesting people, and I have now grown accustomed to greeting, in and around the university, students whom I am sure I have seen before, but cannot imagine where. In addition to the fact that, when lectures actually began, everyone felt that work should be done but had no idea where to begin, all this promoted the strange impression that university life is nebulous and insecure.

Lectures can be both interesting and demoralizing. Our first one, given in German by a Lektor, plunged most of us, myself included, into despair, and made us wonder how we had presumed to enter a university. It is such a bewildering experience at first, to be left to one's own devices. Lecturers, each of whom has his own brand of humour, make no attempt to find out how the student is progressing, and are unperturbed if the prescribed books remain unread. Or so it seems at present.

There are many diversions in the form of such energetic activities as cross-country running, mountaineering, caving, judo and squash for the athletic; a flourishing C.N.D. movement, religious and political societies, the usual departmental ones and an active Dramatic Society. In Bristol itself, there are the attractions of the Old Vic, the Colston Hall and the ubiquitous coffee bar. All this seems completely chaotic to the Fresher at first, until it is gradually accepted as the normal state of affairs — but not a substitute for work!

Joan Lotts' impressions after three weeks at Reading:—

I feel it is only fair to warn any of you who are attracted by the colourful stories of a wildly hectic student life involving little study that these stories are exaggerated. I attend sixteen lectures a week, beginning at nine o'clock on four mornings out of five, though some luckier people never have one earlier than ten o'clock or eleven. There is Latin prose to be done every week, and when an English essay is due, it has to be two thousand words. Greek is enjoyable, but hard work when there are only three students and it is being taken by the Professor. Some lectures are dull, some are sound and some so good that I haven't taken notes because I couldn't stop listening. Next May there is something called First University Examination which just has to be passed: theoretically it is to ensure that every student is following the correct course, in practice it may mean that one ceases to be a student altogether.

On the other hand, there are social activities which vary from Hops to the Vice-Chancellor's Ball, from the Scooter Rally (London to Brighton, foot-powered variety) to the ploughing competition. This last is for the Faculty of Agriculture, which comprises a third of the University. Since this Faculty appears to harbour most of the male students at Reading (in the minority, incidentally, only 49% of them in the university population as a whole) there is naturally a good deal of interest centred on its members, but their most rustic trait seems to be a predilection for tweed jackets, and they do not spend all their time stamping little lions on eggs. There are the usual clubs and societies — Dramatic, Operatic, Jazz, Classical, Athletic, Debating (the last can be very hilarious: this week's motion was "It is better to have loafed and lost than never to have loafed at all").

It is, in fact, a great life if you don't weaken or forget that "the art of university life is to maintain a balance between the academic and social . . . etc." Sometimes, it is hard to keep that balance.

(What a novel and refreshing experience it is to find that when girls have left school and are asked to write for "IRIS," they not only do so, but they even say "Thank you for asking me"! — Editor).

MARRIAGES

Joan Hopkins to Ronald Taylor, June, 1961.
Sheila Smith to Brian Powell.
Margaret Bird to Dr. Maurice Cuthbert.
Marion Best to Derek Pearce, February, 1961.
Maureen Chaplin to Alan Chambers, B.A., June, 1961.
Vivienne Hinchinson to Ivan Huber, September, 1961.
Ann Twin to Peyer Nurcombe, October, 1961.
Joan Woodyard to W. Fry, September, 1961.
Mavis Cooper to Brian Needham, September, 1961.
Corporal Audrey Wootton W.R.A.F. to
Corporal Frank Marchington R.A.F., August, 1961.
Marilyn Birmingham to Bryan Ellard, March, 1961.
Pamela Watts to David Williams, December, 1960.
Maureen Chitty to John Carter, June, 1961.
Elaine Bell to Anton Hormann, June, 1961.
Delia Barrett to William Haxworth, September, 1961.
Joyce Jackson to Brian James, 1961.
Heather Chapman to Colin Mchay, 18th March, 1961.
Brenda James to Ronald Mumford, 12th August, 1961.
Audrey Smith to Samuel Upton, 1961.

BIRTHS

Mr. and Mrs. Thorne, a daughter Margaret Ann, 18th February, 1961.
Mr. and Mrs. Church (Miss Abbey) a daughter Ann, 6th March, 1961.
Alma Norrish (Mrs. Culloty) a son, May, 1961.
Ruth Bullard (Mrs. Fletcher) a daughter Beryl June, July, 1959.
Margery Salt (Mrs. Wakefield) a daughter Joanna, 19th July, 1961.
Mr. and Mrs. Barclay (Miss Smith) a daughter Christine, December, 1960.

DEATHS

Dora Hiner (Mrs. Busby) 25th January, 1961.
Clarissa Mathias (Mrs. Chubb) 6th February, 1961.
Iris Ablett (Mrs. Faulkner), 1961.