

SYDENHAM SCHOOL



MAGAZINE

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SYDENHAM COUNTY SCHOOL MAGAZINE

SUMMER TERM, 1957

FOREWORD

AS I look out from my very sunny room on to the whole expanse of our new building, surrounded by pleasant lawns in which trees of long growth have been preserved, the problems which faced us only nine months ago seem such a very long way away.

The difficulty of getting a peaceful hour in which to hold the Morning Service on the first day—conducted from the gymnasium balcony strewn with planks and rubble; the subsequent separation for half a term of Middle and Upper School into six sections for Daily Prayers; the picnic meals in form rooms which served also as cloakrooms; the long trek back and fro to the Junior School before our present link existed, and the exhausting ringing of handbells by prefects up and down long corridors and staircases, gradually gave way to the present orderly routine which now seems always to have existed from the beginning.

February 28th, the day of our Ceremonial Opening by Dame Janet Vaughan, was almost upon us before the last section of the School—the Library—was ready for us, but long before this, the School had been running normally.

On the occasion of the last Speech Day for Sydenham County School (October 24th, 1956) we enjoyed the lovely singing of the School choirs, a tribute to the work done both in the classroom and in out-of-school voluntary choirs. From these and from the many clubs and societies (whose activities are recorded in this magazine) is derived that added stimulus and enthusiasm which can be engendered in a small group brought together by a common interest.

It is not only during the busy term that such valuable work is carried on, for during the Easter holidays some of the staff took a party of 4th Form girls to the Rhineland, while others organised a trip for 5th and 6th Form girls to the South of France, from both of which the members have derived much benefit.

Larger functions, too, have played an important part in our School life this year—the great Family Carol Service, held in four churches at one and the same time, the Careers Conferences, the

large parents' meetings, the Junior School production of "Asses' Ears", based on the story of Midas, and we look forward to the Junior Speech Day Ceremony and the two Swimming Galas to be held later this term.

Such manifold activities could only spring from a united School, and the fact that we have so quickly settled into our great new fellowship is the most heartening feature of this year. It would be foolish to pretend that 1,300 girls and 70 staff came together in September entirely devoid of apprehension, diffidence or shyness of each other, but these have disappeared as we have worked together and learned from each other. The Junior School, so ably led by Miss State, to whom the School owes so much in every way, has developed a remarkable sense of self government, helped by Fifth Form prefects and led by Eileen Read, one of our two Deputy Head Girls.

In the Middle and Upper School, the Senior Prefects, led by Janet Ramsden, our Head Girl, and her Deputy, Janet Jeremiah, have served us well, never shirking their duties and going out of their way to lead and advise. With a full realisation on the part of us all of what the School can offer us, and what we as individuals can contribute, it must grow from strength to strength. When Janet represented us with such dignity and poise on February 28th she, in a sincere and wise speech, quoted from Lord Samuel, and I now use that same quotation:—"The past is good, the present is better, the future may be better still, but effort is needed to make it so."

I cannot complete this brief survey without one personal reference. Miss Pickett, whose humour and experience we have appreciated this year, leaves us in July, and she takes with her the good wishes of both Staff and girls for a long and happy retirement.

E. M. KIMSEY.

EDITORIAL

SINCE the new school opened last September, *numbers* seem to have intruded into every branch of our life—everything has gone into the plural. We think in terms of *two* buildings, *three* gyms, *four* carol services, *five* storeys, *seventy* staff, *thirteen-hundred* girls, and sometimes, it seems, rather more hours in the day and days in the week than there used to be. Some things, however, remain in the singular, including the annual magazine, which, while it may not, like the *one* school it represents, grow bigger,

will, we hope, grow better. This issue, which has, naturally, an historic interest, appears in a new cover designed by Barbara Bishop of 6B, and contains some record of the last important events in the lives of Shackleton and Sydenham, alongside reports of our activities since the fusion and original contributions from every part of the school. I should like to thank all the girls who have sent in articles, the staff who have helped in the selection of material and the typists from the fifth and sixth forms who have copied it in a form acceptable to the printer. May we sell *hundreds* and *hundreds*!

E. K. POMPHREY.

OFFICIAL OPENING CEREMONY

'For life to be great and full, it must embrace the past and the future.' The truth of these words of Anatole France was emphasised by successive speakers when, on February 28th this year, our school assumed its 'full stature', to quote the words of Mr. Shearman, Chairman of the L.C.C. Education Committee, as he presided at the ceremonial opening of the new building. This great occasion will long be remembered by the vast audience of scholars, seen and unseen, parents and many others prominent in education and civil affairs, notably the Mayor and Mayoress of Lewisham, Mrs. Helen Bentwich, Chairman of the L.C.C., and Mr. T. Sargent who represented and spoke on behalf of the School Governors.

Speaking of the great traditions upon which our school is founded, the Chairman referred to the superb results which the architect's long-laid plans now revealed to us, and then proceeded to welcome and introduce to us Dame Janet Vaughan, D.B.E., D.M., F.R.C.P., Principal of Somerville College, Oxford, who was formally to open this building.

Dame Janet said that she regarded education as 'the most important and precious thing we in Western Europe possess to day' and that its aim is one of progressive development, of opportunity, enabling us to develop our gifts, practical or academic 'according to the measure of our imagination, determination and courage.' In conclusion, Dame Janet expressed the hope that our School would be as happy in its future as 'its constituent parts have been in the past.'

Our Head Mistress spoke with pride of the loyalty and willing service accorded her by both staff and girls, which had helped

to smooth out the many problems involved in the organisation of the new school. Her own zeal for the school was clearly evidenced as she urged us to extend ourselves to the uttermost, and to match with our acquisition of knowledge the pursuit of 'tolerance, sincerity and good humour.' Our failure would reveal the new building as testifying merely to the 'material progress of the age in which we live'; our school would achieve its highest aim if inspired by the words of the Psalmist: 'Except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it.'

JANET RAMSDEN, 6A.

SPEECH DAY, 1956

Great was the excitement in Lewisham Town Hall one hot evening last July when Shackleton School held its last Speech Day. Happy though the occasion was, it was tinged with a certain regret, especially for us older girls, for this was to be our last prize-giving as a separate school.

However there was little thought of this as the hall, with its beautifully decorated platform, gradually filled up with a chattering concourse of girls, parents and Old Girls of the school. Soon voices were hushed and all eyes turned to the platform where Governors and official guests were assembling. Among these we quickly noted our principal speaker, Mr. Richard Church, C.B.E., the celebrated poet, who had come, accompanied by his wife, to honour the occasion.

The Chairman of the Governors, Mr. Tom Sargent, introduced Miss Pickett to give her annual report on the various aspects of school life. Miss Pickett commented on the numerous successes achieved in the public examinations and on a number of highly enjoyed functions which had taken place during the year. She was so proud that the school had achieved its aim of "going out in a blaze of glory!"

The climax of the evening came when Mr. Church spoke to us of all the changes we would meet in life, and advised us to use our opportunities wisely to adapt ourselves to them.

Prizes and certificates were then presented most charmingly by Mrs. Church with the invaluable help of Mrs. Craig. How surprised was Miss Pickett when she received an unexpected "prize." For many weeks beforehand, in great secrecy, the staff

and girls, both past and present, had been preparing an album of photographs, press-cuttings and countless signatures, all connected with the history of Shackleton, to present to Miss Pickett as a token of their affection and of their appreciation of all she had done for them in the past. And now the moment of presentation had arrived.

Throughout the evening the girls entertained their visitors with songs conducted by Mrs. Heester and Miss Waghorn, and with choral speaking led by Mrs. Fallowfield-Cooper.

It was not until the votes of thanks had ended and the last notes of the closing hymn had died, that we fully appreciated the solemnity of the occasion. Only then did we realise that we must now look to the future and resolve to make our new school as happy and as friendly a place as had been this, "Our Shackleton."

PRIZE LIST

SCHOOL CAPTAIN'S PRIZE.—Joan Harrison.

VICE-CAPTAIN'S PRIZE.—Delyse Turner.

PREFECT PRIZES

Barbara Hobden, Maureen Stewart, Irene Butcher, Rita Harling, Valerie Golding, Diana Hazelwood, Anita Moon, Loretta Harrison, Sheila Parkin, Kathleen Delahunty, Diane Brucey, Valerie Greet, Brenda Thorne, Barbara Slade, Marcia Bond, Iris Fisher, Marcia Kinsey, Janet Chapman, Elsie Minster, Wendy Knibbs, Gwendoline Beales, Carole Carberry, Phyllis Amato.

FIFTH YEAR PRIZES FOR SERVICE TO THE SCHOOL

Sheila Hayman, Patrica Giles, Ann Morris.

PROGRESS PRIZES

Fourth Year.—Ann Rutter, Sheila Fisher, Kay Warren, Margaret Glencross, Loretta Berry, Christine Bayliss.

Third Year.—Joan Wright, Patricia Loader, Diane Emerson, Margaret Barber, Carol Allen, Johanna Revers, Margaret Candler, Brenda Evans, Patricia Field, Angela Kay, Patricia Perkins, Pauline Button, Marjorie Zirfas.

Second Year.—Patricia Tomlinson, Jean Kilbourn, Maureen Lewcock, Jill Amos, Janet Dunkerton, Ann Winson, Vivienne Goodchild, Josephine Regan, Dawn Lazarus.

First Year.—Pauline Martin, Mary Prior, Elaine Chamberlain, Carol Mulholland, Jean Miller, Corinne Archer, Christine Kibblewhite, Frances Tomkins, Gillian Hoxley, Margaret Hall.

SPEECH DAY, 1956

The last Speech Day Ceremony of Sydenham County Grammar School took place on the evening of October 24th, 1956. We were fortunate in being able to hold it for the first time in the school itself, in the newly completed assembly hall.

Amongst the distinguished guests who were present we welcomed the Mayor and Mayoress of Lewisham, the former County Council Education Officer, Dr. John Brown, his successor Mr. W. E. Houghton, and several of the School Governors. The Chairman for the evening was Mr. Tom Sargant.

The singing of the School Song opened the Ceremony, and this was followed by the presentation of bouquets. Miss Kimsey gave her report, recalling the many events of the past school year. These had included expeditions to Shropshire and Yorkshire, and a visit by the older girls to Austria. Miss Kimsey spoke of the advantages of the new school buildings and amenities, and closed her report by thanking the Governors and Staff, and all who had given their services to the school in the past.

Two songs were then sung by the School Choir:—"The Autumn Skies are Flushed with Gold" and "The Wraggle Taggle Gypsies".

Mr. Gerald Gardiner, Q.C., our speaker for the occasion, gave an amusing and interesting address. He spoke about the opportunities offered in the past and the future to the members of our school, representative of the great chances of success available for all by means of education. Mr. Gardiner stressed especially the importance of moral values and worthy ideals which formed the basis of true education. Mrs. Gardiner kindly presented the prizes and certificates.

The whole school united in singing "Lord, Who Hast Made Us For Thine Own". Votes of thanks were proposed to the Board of Governors and to the Speaker. Everyone present sang the National Anthem to mark the ending of the Ceremony.

JANET JEREMIAH, 6A.

PRIZE LIST

First Forms.—Beverley Bave, Helen Cribb, Carol Dowle, Susan Drummond, Pamela Fraser.

Second Forms.—Marv Burgess, Eunice Cherry, Patricia Edwards, Gillian Gray, Marianne Harvey, Angela Johnson, Marilyn Moss, Judith Robins, Gloria Spicer, Josephine Vandenbosch.

Third Forms.—Linda Elliott, Ruth Hunt, Thelma Wilson, Beryl Wooton.

Fourth Forms.—Jacqueline Booker, Toni Hayes, Rita Hodgson, Joan Howell, Anne Langmead, Maija Melderis, Jacqueline Newman, Elizabeth Philpot, Susan Ray, Sylvia Sturgess, Jenefer Wood.

Fifth Forms.—Joanna Badmin, Barbara Bishop, Kathleen Boakes, Brenda Clarke, Suzanne Clynes, Margaret Colledge, Jean Dommett, Betty Evens, Pamela Gadney, Alison Hardwicke, Teresa Harrop, Margaret Jones, Maureen King, Sylvia Mayhew, Pamela Pennington, Susan Petty, Barbara Phillips, Marion Scarlett, Irene Scott, Joy Uden, Joan Young, Sylvia Young.

Sixth Secretarial.—Maureen Brown, Margaret Chadwick, Mary Charles, Pat Fletcher, Wendy Hepburn, Shirley Lewis, Margaret Lowe, Moira Reid, Valerie Tims, Thora Webb.

First Year Sixth Form.—Joan Bushell, Janet Boyce, Pat Calnan, Margaret Carpenter, Janice Dodkins, Jean Harris, Pamela Hodgson, Muriel Watling, Jessie Welton.

Second Year Sixth Form.—Iris Adam, Audrey Ambross, Mavis Baker, Rita Bartlett, Jill Bicker, Dorothy Bull, Ann Calveley, Sylvia Campbell, Beryl Clark, Jane Earley, Margaret Fotheringhame, Rita Golding, Janet Jeremiah, Jane Leapman, Thelma Luker, Christine Parker, Frances Shepherd, Linda Wells.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON EXAMINATIONS

Advanced Level.—Audrey Ambross, Mavis Baker, Rita Bartlett, Dorothy Bull, Sylvia Campbell, Jacqueline Chilvers, Beryl Clark, Janet Clark, Marie Cooper, Carol Cove, Jane Earley, Sheila Ebbs, Margaret Fotheringhame, Janet Jeremiah, Jane Leapman, Thelma Luker, Christine Parker, Linda Wells.

Ordinary Level.—Patricia Albrow, Margaret Allen, Maureen Amos, Barbara Attridge, Joanna Badmin, Janet Bailey, Margaret Bailey, Eileen Barton, Doreen Bentley, Jill Bicker, Hazel Bird, Barbara Bishop, Jean Blundell, Kathleen Boakes, Jeanette Boyce, Joan Bushell, Jean Butcher, Patricia Calnan, Brenda Calveley, Sheila Carter, Molly Castle, Patricia Castle, Enid Champion, Mary Charles, Marlene Cheese, Geraldine Chessell, Carole Church, Brenda Clarke, Josephine Cleary, Suzanne Clynes, Frances Coles, Margaret Colledge, Beryl Cooper, Wendy Cornes, Enid Crowther, Sonia Day, Evelyn Dobson, Janice Dodkins, Jean Dommett, Rita Duggan, Elizabeth Endersby, Betty Evens, Patricia Fletcher, Elizabeth Flew, Doreen Foy, Patricia Fulton, Pamela Gadney, Hazel Goddard, Rita Golding, Patricia Goodridge, Margaret Gove, Alison Hardwicke, Jean Harris, Teresa Harrop, Anita Hawke, Wendy Hepburn, Pamela Hodgson, Daphne Hogg, Valerie Holland, Peggy Jessett, Valerie Johnson, Margaret Jones, Jean Keefe, Joan Kennard, Janet Keyte, Maureen King, Jill Kirkman, Katherine Klein, Bridgette Lee, Doreen Linton, Ann Loring, Margaret Lowe, Marion Mackey, Barbara Mail, Vera Malling, Eileen Maskens, Christine Mason, Marion Mason, Ann Matkins, Sylvia Mayhew, Pamela Morrell, Anita Newton, Gwendolen Nodder, Christine Ogden, Maureen Parke, Janet Part, Marjorie Pycock, Maude Peake, Gillian Peapell, Thelma Pearse, Pamela Pennington, Maureen Percival, Doreen Perry, Elaine Perry, Pauline Peters, Elizabeth Pettit, Susan Petty, Barbara Phillips, Pamela Phillips, Eileen Read, Christine Robinson, Eva Samways, Sylvia Saunders, Joan Saville, Gillian Scarborough, Marion

Scarlett, Irene Scott, Anne Scudder, Frances Shepherd, Joan Shepherd, Pauline Shockley, Patricia Smith, Wendy Smith, Pamela Stevens, Margaret Thomas, Barbara Thompson, Valerie Tims, Maurika Tomlin, Valerie Trunkfield, Joy Uden, Margaret Wattecamps, Mary Wayman, Heather Webb, Jessie Welton, Audrey Western, Gwendoline Weston, Anne Williams, Patricia Woodward, June Wyatt, Joan Young, Sylvia Young.

SIXTH SECRETARIAL CERTIFICATES

Janet Bailey, Doreen Bentley, Brenda Blows, Jean Blundell, Maureen Brain, Maureen Brown, Margaret Chadwick, Iris Chapman, Mary Charles, Valerie Deans, Patricia Fletcher, Patricia Hawley, Wendy Hepburn, Monica Hill, Peggy Jessett, Valerie Johnson, Shirley Lewis, Margaret Lowe, Judith Lucas, Janet Part, Marjorie Pycok, Moira Reid, Jenipher Runacre, Valerie Tims, Gloria Town, Patricia Vine, Sheelagh Voller, Margaret Wattecamps, Thora Webb, Annie Whitton.

PRELIMINARY STATE EXAMINATION, PART I.

Iris Adam, Marie Cooper, Jennifer Ellwood.

THE CAROL SERVICE

The Annual Family Carol Service was held as usual at Holy Trinity Church, but this year there was a difference; for not only was the service taking place there, but also in three other churches. Miss Pickett, the Third Forms and their families were at the Congregational Church in Jews Walk, the Second Forms at the Forest Hill Baptist Church, and Miss State and the First Forms at St. John's Presbyterian Church in Devonshire Road. The Reverend Bremner, the Reverend E. G. Reeve and the Reverend Whitehorn conducted the services in their respective churches.

The Reverend K. C. Phillips conducted the service in Holy Trinity Church, the lessons being read by girls selected from the senior school. Janet Ramsden, the Head Girl, read a Christmas Poem and Miss Mulcock again read the concluding lesson. During the singing by the choir of 'Balulalow' from the 'Ceremony of Carols' by Benjamin Britten, Molly Castle sang a solo. As the congregation sang 'O come, all ye faithful,' the prefects took the collection, and then walked up the aisle to offer the purses to the Reverend K. C. Phillips, and remained standing before the altar rail for the conclusion of the service.

The collection, which totalled £22/6/6 was divided between the Greater London Fund for the Blind and the National Institute for the Deaf. The Church in the Grove sent £8/19/6 to the

Royal London Society for the Blind, the Baptist Church, £10/4/9 to St. Dunstan's, and the Presbyterian Church, £16/6/6 to the Sunshine Homes for Blind Babies.

The Carol Service was the first combined school function since September, and when one considers that several hundred people were attending four identical services, being conducted almost simultaneously, one is aware of a feeling of fellowship, which seems to embody some of the true meaning of Christmas, 'Peace on earth, good will to men.'

MURIAL WATLING, 6A.

GOOD CAUSES

Since our new and enlarged school opened in September we have been able to help quite a variety of Good Causes, sometimes by an effort of the whole school, and sometimes by separate collections in the Upper, Middle and Junior Schools.

In the Autumn Term we had a special collection of money and clothing for the Hungarian Relief Fund. Other funds which we have helped are: The Pestalozzi Children's Village Association; International Help for Children; Doctor Barnardo's Homes; Church of England Children's Society; U.G.S. Settlement.

We sold Christmas Seals in aid of various funds.

The collections taken at the Carol Services are mentioned elsewhere.

THE CAREERS CONFERENCES, 1957

The two conferences on the fifth and the seventh of March were both very different but each was exceedingly interesting in its own way. The first was concerned with two special careers, commerce and nursing, and the second with careers in general.

The talk on commerce was given by Mr. New who gave some most surprising figures concerning the number of girls entering offices after leaving school. I had never realised that as many as sixty per cent of girls leaving school went to work in offices or that the average girl would change her job about once every five months. Mr. New spoke of the great advantages of having training before taking a job in an office. After his speech some questions

were asked and then the audience settled down to hear Miss Spon speak on nursing. This was an especially interesting talk as we have recently studied Florence Nightingale and were able to compare careers in the nursing world of her time with nursing as it is to-day. Miss Spon spoke of the different grades of nursing work varying according to the different exams taken, and gave a very comprehensive account of the way in which this career may be begun and a very good picture of the training needed for it. After she had finished a great many questions were asked and judging by these it seems that a large number of girls would like to be nurses.

After this very interesting Conference I entered the second one on the Thursday with great expectancy and was not disappointed. Miss Sadler of the Youth Employment Bureau first pointed out what a lot of care was necessary in choosing a career. Then she gave a short summary of most of the careers which might be considered by the average girl. The way in which she covered these subjects was masterly, as she did not seem to leave much out and yet did not cram it so full of facts as to make it boring. She, also, stressed the wisdom of staying at school as long as possible and the advantage of taking a full interest in others' careers as it helps one to learn to read characters and to realise that one's own career rests on others. After her speech many questions were asked on careers ranging from window-dressing to veterinary surgery. Miss Sadler certainly knew her subject and was able to answer all these questions fully. After the questions we all went home with a better idea of what to do with our lives.

LINDA ELLIOT, 4B.

HOCKEY REPORT, 1956-57

As the wind whistled round the ground at Anerley and the shadows fell across the games field, hords of husky young females, unmistakable on account of their long blue stockings and warlike countenances, sprinted madly on to the hockey pitch. It was the beginning of the hockey season.

It began satisfactorily, but towards the end of the Autumn term the standard of play deteriorated. With the Spring term came inclement weather, which was responsible for limited practices, and which necessitated cancellation of matches. When at last we did have a match the lack of practice was reflected in our

poor stick-work and very slow foot-work. However, Miss Smart devised a plan to amend this, so every day for the remainder of the term, members of the teams were seen running three times round the old building and energetically skipping two hundred times in the gym.

This plan proved to be successful because in the Kent County Hockey Rally the 1st XI came first in their section, and in the final against Beckenham Grammar School lost by one goal to nil.

The under-15 team entered the Junior Kent County Rally and came last in their section by losing three games and drawing one. On the whole they played quite well throughout the season, their main faults being that they did not pass quickly enough to avoid being tackled, and also that their shooting was poor.

This season the Staff raised two teams and challenged the School's 1st and 2nd XI's. The matches were keenly fought and very exciting, the results being that our 1st XI lost by three goals to one, and our 2nd XI won by two goals to nil. The School teams would like to congratulate the Staff's 1st XI victory.

As usual a party of enthusiastic girls went to see the International Hockey match at Wembley between England and Ireland. It was a very good match and every girl enjoyed herself enormously.

PAT FULTON (Capt.).

RESULTS

| | | Won | Lost | Drew |
|---------|-----|-----|------|------|
| 1st XI | ... | 1 | 4 | 1 |
| 2nd XI | ... | 3 | 1 | 2 |
| U.15 XI | ... | 1 | 3 | — |

HOCKEY TEAMS, 1956-57

1st. XI.

E. Maskens (G.K.).
*P. Fulton (Capt.) (L.B.).
*A. Western (R.B.).
M. Scarlett (L.H.).
B. Endersby (C.H.).
M. Colledge (R.H.).
*E. Samways (L.W.).
*H. Bird (L.I.).
W. Smith (C.F.).
B. Clarke (R.I.).
M. Jones (R.W.).

2nd. XI.

P. Woodward (G.K.).
P. Gadney (L.B.).
R. Hodgson (R.B.).
(J. Coleman & J. Shepherd) (L.H.).
J. Uden (C.H.).
M. Tims (R.H.).
S. Ceresa (L.W.).
V. Trunkfield (L.I.).
B. Buckholt (C.F.).
B. Phillips (Capt.) (R.I.).
M. Monks (R.W.).

Also L. Turner, W. Cornes, J. Wood, S. Ray, C. Helps.

V. Bradley (G.K.).
 D. Gregory (L.B.).
 A. Johnson (R.B.).
 J. Payne (L.H.).
 P. Armstrong (C.H.).
 S. Bowdry (R.H.).
 N. Feucht (L.W.).
 B. Wootten (Capt.) (L.I.).
 M. Jackson (C.F.).
 P. Grynner (R.I.).
 B. Packham (R.W.).

Also S. Atkinson

*Colours awarded

NETBALL, 1956-57

This year there was more competition for places in the School teams. This is a healthy sign and augurs well for the future. The "under 13" team, drawn solely from the 2nd forms, had only three matches. They were very enthusiastic and with practice should develop into useful players. The "under 14" team must learn to play as a team and not as individuals if they hope to gain better results. The "under 15" team centre players combine well and when the other players learn to play with them their game will benefit. The "under 16" team played together very well. Some of the players will be useful in the senior teams next season.

The 1st and 2nd teams have had a very successful season. The 2nd team, with only one of the previous year's players available, settled down very well and improved with every match. The 1st team, with three new members, maintained their last year's high standard. They combined very well together and had some very good matches. The two senior teams had enjoyable matches against the staff. The school teams won but the staff have insisted that next year the school teams should be heavily handicapped.

The 1st team entered for the County of London Netball Championship played on Clapham Common. After beating Sedgewick Collins, 33 goals to 5, in the 1st round, they lost to Aquila Club in the 2nd, after extra time, the score being 18 goals to 16. Four teams entered for the Kent Schools Tournament. The "under 14" did very well, sharing 1st place but losing on goal average.

In the inter-form netball tournament the winners were:— 6 Sec., 4WR, 3WR and 3S (drew), 2T and 2E (drew), 1WA. Runners-up were 6B, 4CR, 1M.

Lastly I should like to thank Mrs. Fox and the tea committee, Sheila Farr and Diane Collins for the help they gave in providing the teas for the matches.

V. TRUNKFIELD (Capt.).

RESULTS

| Team | | | Matches Played | | | | Goals | |
|------|-----|-----|-------------------|-----|------|-------|-------|-----|
| | | | | Won | Lost | Drawn | F. | A. |
| 1st | ... | ... | 7 | 5 | 1 | 1 | 157 | 90 |
| 2nd | ... | ... | 7 | 6 | 1 | — | 103 | 60 |
| U.16 | ... | ... | 3 | 2 | 1 | — | 40 | 27 |
| U.15 | ... | ... | 5 | 1 | 3 | 1 | 57 | 82 |
| U.14 | ... | ... | 9 | 3 | 3 | — | 121 | 118 |
| U.13 | ... | ... | 3 | 2 | 1 | -- | 30 | 28 |

TEAMS

| 1st. | 2nd. |
|--------------------------------|---------------------------|
| *M. Colledge (G.D.). | B. Clarke (G.D.). |
| *P. Fulton (D.). | S. Sturgess (D.). |
| *G. Beales (D.C.). | W. Knibbs (D.C.). |
| *P. Smith (C.). | H. Bird (Capt.) (C.). |
| *V. Trunkfield (Capt.) (A.C.). | E. Maskens (A.C.). |
| | E. Read |
| *B. Attridge (A.). | S. Cornelius (A.). |
| *W. Smith (S.). | P. Briers (S.). |
| U.16 | U.15 |
| D. De-Jong (G.D.). | M. Kenny (G.D.). |
| P. Williams (D.). | P. Meadows (D.). |
| D. Hanrahan (D.C.). | B. Tingley (D.C.). |
| | C. Stark |
| J. Stepney (Capt.) (C.). | P. Grynyer (Capt.) (C.). |
| B. Groom (A.C.). | J. Pettyfor (A.C.). |
| L. Stansmore (A.). | J. Pain (A.). |
| | R. Hunt |
| J. Barnes (S.). | J. Westwell (S.). |
| U.14 | U.13 |
| V. Melbourne (G.D.). | L. Fox (G.D.). |
| V. Relf (D.). | T. Shortland (D.). |
| J. Whitmore (D.C.). | F. Larkin (D.C.). |
| | C. Mullidand |
| M. Bennett (C.). | E. Chapman (C.). |
| E. Jordan (Capt.) (A.C.). | B. Scales (Capt.) (A.C.). |
| J. Amos (A.). | J. Maguire (A.). |
| | F. Tomkins |
| J. Jordan (S.). | I. Portis (S.). |
| *School Colour: | |

SPORTS DAY, 1956

As we wandered into the vast and beautiful Crystal Palace grounds, we knew that Shackleton's final sports day would be a success. For the first time in many years we were blessed by good weather—a pleasant change from the rain which usually damped our ardour on these occasions. The competitors hurriedly changed into their sports wear, some nervously, others confidently, but all proudly sporting their respective team colours. Most of the interest shown in the races is not for the individual competitors but for the house they are representing.

The races were off to a good start with all the vociferous spectators, supported by miscellaneous dogs, cheering enthusiastically for their own particular house. Everyone was in topping form, dashing round energetically with ropes and scarves, practising for skipping, three-legged and the unusual Siamese race. The last was an innovation and compelled the unfortunate competitors to run, in pairs, in Indian file, tied firmly to their partners. Have you ever tried to match your pace with that of your friend whilst running directly behind her? Anyway most of the poor unfortunates ended up in a tangle of arms and legs on the ground, their sides splitting with laughter. Gradually the flat races were run off with the excitement mounting, for the more interesting and funny races were yet to come. The obstacle races always provide laughter and these were no exception; it really is extremely funny to see the antics of girls feverishly trying to pass peas from one saucer to another by sucking through a straw, to watch them entangled in yards of netting and wriggling through hoops.

During the welcome interval hoarse spectators and competitors alike invaded the refreshment pavilion, where gallons of lemonade and mountains of ice cream rapidly disappeared under the onslaught.

Back on the track, battle recommenced with team races, the highlight of the whole morning. There were many of these but the one enjoyed the most was that in which the four team captains were the victims. These poor souls had to submit to the "gentle" ministrations of the boisterous members of their houses, who in turn dressed, decorated and fed them. As the cheers and laughter for this race died away the teachers quickly added up the points scored and so determined that Bronte had narrowly won the cup, with Nightingale as runners up. As compensation Fry proudly sported Jean Edwards as Senior champion whilst

Frances Tomkins of Bronte carried off the Junior prize. Much cheering and congratulations greeted this popular result and, after appreciation had been shown of the hard work of the staff, the school dispersed to end the rest of the day either in the grounds or at home.

Afterwards everybody agreed that it was the best sports day Shackleton had ever had.

MARGARET GLENCROSS, 5WH.

CURRENT AFFAIRS

Our meetings this year have been very varied. We started with a talk by Miss Quass, who had just returned from accompanying a party of Hungarian refugees to England, and gave a most entertaining and interesting account of her experiences. Our next speaker was Mr. Highwood who spoke most authoritatively about the Middle East. He was followed by Mrs. Grayling, herself a Russian, who talked of the pre-revolutionary and Leninist periods in Russia.

We hope to have three more meetings this year. The first two are to be addressed by members of our staff. Fraülein Müller is to speak on post-war Germany and Miss Alchin on India. The last meeting is to take the form of a current events forum when fifth and sixth forms will answer questions from members of the Society. With these meetings we plan to end a happy and fruitful year and it is our hope that more people will be able to attend our meetings than have been doing so. In conclusion we should like to thank Miss Woods for her leadership and organisation.

SUSAN CLYNES, MAUREEN KING, 6B.

THE ART CLUB

The Art Club was formed in nineteen-fifty-five for all girls in the third or fourth year who were interested in pottery and sketching. Miss Whitehead very kindly undertook to supervise our Club, and has been doing so every Thursday lunch hour. Girls, if they wish, are allowed to complete models and drawings which they make at meetings, at home. They are then brought to

Miss Whitehead for inspection; the best models are glazed and fired in the kiln.

When we moved to the large building, we were delighted to find such large airy studios, and particularly three pottery wheels, one of which was electric. Until March, members had not used the wheel, and then Miss Whitehead announced that her own pottery instructor, Mr. Steele, would give us a demonstration, much to our joy. It was a great success all round, and every-one found Mr. Steele most charming and extremely helpful. I'm sure it will be a lifetime before I, or any of us will be able to make such excellent articles.

We would like to thank Miss Whitehead for her help and co-operation, and hope that in the coming years the Art Club will be as successful as it is now.

CAROL NASH, 4B.

THE GEOGRAPHY CLUB

The aim of the Geography Club is to encourage girls to be interested in world affairs, other countries and their peoples, and to do practical work themselves. In the past two terms of this school year we have enjoyed talks, films, exhibitions and practical work. There was an excellent attendance at our first meeting about the Lapps, at which a special film was shown. This undoubtedly was a good meeting as the room was packed with girls, all eager to listen to Mr. Ely. At the other meetings, however, the attendance has been very poor. This seems a great pity as a few of the girls have great enthusiasm, and if this is only kept alive and allowed to spread to others, the Geography Club should be a success. Our future programme has been published and put in every form room and there should be no further excuses that meetings are not arranged in time.

Miss Cary and the committee have in mind the idea of Saturday expeditions, such as hikes to Boxhill or Eynsford, fossil-hunting, and perhaps a trip to London Airport. If this becomes a certainty we feel sure that those girls who have attended our other meetings will enjoy these expeditions.

AUDREY WESTERN, 6B.



Lino cut by JANET TRUBY, 4c.

THE SENIOR MUSIC CLUB

We decided to hold our meetings in Wednesday Lunch Hours. "The Life and Works of Chopin" was the subject of the first. Eileen Maskens gave a talk while Margaret Colledge played records and some pieces on the piano.

More people came to the illustrated talk on "The Growth of Jazz" given by Enid Crowther and Christine Ogden, and I think even the jazz-haters enjoyed it.

Another meeting took the form of a discussion on Popular Songs, headed by Suzanne Clynes speaking for "Pop" songs and Molly Castle against them. Miss Lyall gave an interesting talk on Ballet and illustrated it with many pictures and books. The last meeting was on the "Messiah". I did the talking and the Madrigal Group sang pieces from the "Messiah".

Our next term's programme includes a Victorian Soirée (which promises to be very amusing); The Growth of Opera; a competition; and, we hope, a Prom. soon after they begin.

I can't say much about the future of the club since I shall be leaving, but I hope that some of the sixth form, with the valuable aid of Miss Lyall, will keep it up, as it does provide relaxation and it is an education in itself to learn to appreciate another's taste.

BARBARA MAIL, 6SEC.

THE MIDDLE SCHOOL MUSIC CLUB

Many of the Middle School Music Club's activities are very similar to those of the Senior Music Club but one programme that was different was a talk about the growth of Opera given by Mrs. Heester. This is such a vast subject that we did not have much time for records but we did hear "On with the Motley" from Pagliacci, sung by Tito Gobbi. After this we had a rather lighthearted account of popular song through the ages by two fourth form girls. It covered popular song in almost every period of history, such as Elizabethan times, when they used to dance to the "pop" song of the moment, "Greensleeves". A sixth-former sang for us a charming Victorian "weepee" with the gruesome title, "Why did they dig Ma's grave so deep?" Everyone joined in when a record of Marie Lloyd was played, singing several of her popular music hall songs, and joined in again when some of the current hits were played as a finale.

One subject is certain for a future programme—Ballet, and this should prove very interesting!

We should like to thank Miss Lyall and Mrs. Heester, Marion Mason and Pamela Morrell, for their help in making the Music Club such a success so far.

MARGARET WESTON, 4B.

SCIENCE CLUB

At the beginning of the new school year, the Science Club was unable to hold any meetings because the Science department in the new building was not yet completed; in fact it was not ready for use until at least half way through the Autumn term. Miss Hollens reminded us that the Science Club ought to start again, so we held a meeting, during which the committee was elected. There was also a discussion on the type of meetings to be held and it was decided that they would take the form of demonstrations, films, competitions and perhaps an outing or two to the Science Museum during the Summer term.

The following are some of our activities since the club revived:—

A representative of the British Oxygen Company came to give us a talk and a demonstration on the manufacture and use of liquid oxygen. The meeting proved to be a great success and many of us present learned a great deal about the "pale blue liquid" which, apparently, kept boiling. There is at present, a Wild Flower competition in progress. Wild flowers are collected, pressed, mounted in books and carefully labelled. Fresh specimens are being brought daily into the laboratory and put into test tubes by two fourth formers, who look after them very nicely for us, for everyone to see. We are having an inter-form quiz this June and also a General Knowledge competition. We also hope to have a demonstration of Glass-blowing in the near future.

I would like to thank Miss Hollens very much for all the thought, time and care that she has devoted to the Science Club, which has enabled it to carry on so successfully.

JOANNA BADMIN, 6B.

THE BIRD AND TREE SOCIETY

Since September, 1956, the Bird and Tree Society has been divided into two sections: the first and second years, and the third and fourth years. In the latter section the membership has increased this year. Members were registered as R.S.P.B. (Royal Society for the Protection of Birds) cadets and each cadet selected a wild bird and a tree or wild flower, for observation during the year.

Last July nine members wrote essays on their birds and trees. The girls chosen to form the school team were Doreen Butlin, Patricia Dillon, Pauline Drew, Carolyn Hamilton, Catherine Helps, Janet Helps, Jeanette Madeley, Marjorie Peachey and Maureen Smith. The six best essays (three on birds and three on trees) were entered in the competition. The R.S.P.B. judging committee read the essays and awarded the prizes. In the latest, i.e., the 1956 competition, this school was awarded a Certificate of Excellence in the Open Class. During this year our members have been studying their subjects and in July a team will be chosen to represent the school in the next competition in which we hope that they will have equal success.

During this school year we have held two meetings which were very interesting. The first was on birds, papers being read by some of the members, and the second was on trees.

Both subjects were illustrated by coloured slides.

The second years have formed a Nature Club which holds fortnightly meetings on subjects including making leaf-prints, studying the history and the different breeds of dogs, and studying birds and fish. The members, like the seniors, study birds and trees. During this year there have been two film meetings, one concerning horses and bird sanctuaries, and the other animals of the hedgerow.

I would like to thank Miss Barr and Miss Parry for the help and time which they have so generously given.

JEANETTE MADELEY, 5V.

STUDENT CHRISTIAN MOVEMENT, 1956-57

Following the recent extension of our school buildings, and while much remained to be done to complete them, the S.C.M.

resumed normal service, when in October a most successful conference, supported enthusiastically by neighbouring boys' and girls' schools, was held here. Professor C. A. Coulson, F.R.S., Professor of Applied Mathematics at Oxford University and Vice-President of the S.C.M. in schools, delivered a forthright address on "Christianity in the Modern World." After a brief interval for refreshments and group discussions, an open forum was held, when Professor Coulson answered the many questions put by the members of the audience.

We met again before the end of the Autumn Term for our Annual Social, which was well attended. Our thanks are due to Mrs. Thomas who so ably organized our games for us, enabling us to enjoy a very pleasant evening in each other's company.

Last term, in the series, "One God and the ways in which He is worshipped," two meetings were devoted to informative talks, illustrated by film strips, on "Synagogue Worship and Practice and the Roman Catholic Faith." Before the school year closes we hope to have similar meetings dealing with Anglican and Free Church worship.

Our last meeting held prior to the Easter holiday took the form of an S.C.M. Service, when extracts of recorded music from Handel's "Messiah" were played, interspersed with passages of Scripture relating Our Lord's Passion and Resurrection.

Tribute is due to Miss Mulcock who has encouraged us on all occasions, and this report can close with no better wish for all present and prospective members of S.C.M. than that which Paul desired for "his son" Timothy: that we should study to show ourselves approved unto God, meditating upon those things which we hear, "that our progress might appear in all."

JANET RAMSDEN, 6A.

THE FORMING OF THE 3H DRAMA SOCIETY

The 3H Drama Society was formed at the end of the Spring Term, 1957, its aim being to show what enjoyment can be obtained from acting, whether it be Shakespeare or Shaw, tragedy or comedy. Although beset by much discouragement, we decided that scenes from King Lear should be our first attempt.

Aided by the staff, willing parents and friends, to whom we are deeply grateful, rehearsals were started, costumes designed

and made, and the hard work of all was rewarded by seeing the play taking form.

Before our final performance on July 5th this magazine will have gone to print, so a report on our success or otherwise must wait until next year's issue. It will not, however, detract from the pleasure and profit we have derived from our venture. The Society means to continue and hopes to expand.

MARIANNE HARVEY, ANGELA JOHNSON, Form 3H.

FIFTH AND SIXTH FORM DANCING

At the beginning of the Christmas Term some of the members of 5M thought it would be a good idea to have a Fifth and Sixth Form Dancing Club. So, with the help of Miss Mulcock and the approval of Miss Phipps, we were able to get permission from Miss Smart for the use of one of the gyms twice weekly during the dinner hour. A fee of one penny was charged, and all the girls paid willingly. The money went to the aid of mentally handicapped children, and we are proud to say that at the end of the Spring Term we had managed to collect £2/10/-.

We should all like to thank Miss Smart, Miss Mulcock and Miss Phipps for making this most enjoyable and worthwhile activity possible.

CHRISTINE GOODMAN, 5M.

THE ANNUAL SERVICE OF THE U.G.S.

The annual service of the U.G.S. (Union of Girls' Schools) was held on May 19th, at Southwark Cathedral. 28 sixth-formers from this school attended, together with representatives from many of the schools in the U.G.S. Eight of our girls acted as ushers for the occasion.

The service began at 3 o'clock, with the hymn "Rejoice! The Lord is King!" The Bishop of Woolwich was present, with the Provost of Guildford, who preached. He spoke of brotherly-love and humility, his text being taken from Romans, chapter 13, verse 8. During the last hymn, the procession of envelope-bearers, led by two of our Senior Prefects, proceeded down the nave of the cathedral to the altar. The blessing was pronounced by the Bishop of Woolwich.

We should like to thank Miss Valentine for making it possible for us to attend and to take such an interesting part in the service.
J. SHEPHERD and I. SCOTT, 6B.

"FELLA BELONG MRS. QUEEN!"

As you probably read in your newspapers, this was the name Prince Philip said was given to him by the South Sea Islanders during his Commonwealth Tour. The occasion was the illustrated lecture which he gave at the Royal Festival Hall, on April 3rd, 1957. I, with nine other girls from the fifth and sixth forms and Miss Coleman, was fortunate in gaining a place in the party who went to hear this amusing lecture by Prince Philip.

There was an expectant hush over the Hall, which was filled with 2,000 school children, at about 10.30 a.m., when the Prince was to arrive, and then suddenly we were all standing up as a young man dressed in a grey lounge suit came into the Hall. After the National Anthem Prince Philip was welcomed by Sir Edward Boyle, Bt., M.P., Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Education. Prince Philip then told us what he was going to show us. There were lantern slides, maps, and also films which he had taken himself. For the next hour and a half we sat enthralled, and sometimes laughing, at Prince Philip's account of his tour. Perhaps the comment which caused most laughter was when he said, "I didn't go to Singapore because—perhaps I shouldn't tell you this—even the schoolchildren were rioting." We all agreed at the end of his talk that Prince Philip had brought to life the countries and territories which were, to us, only places on a map in a geography book.

Prince Philip was thanked, at the end of his talk, by Mr. Kenneth Bradley, C.M.G., Director of the Imperial Institute. The countries and territories visited by Prince Philip were: the Seychelles, Ceylon, Malaya, New Guinea, Australia, New Zealand, Norfolk Island, Chatham Islands, Falkland Islands Dependencies, Falkland Islands, Gough Island, Tristan Da Cunha, St. Helena, Ascension and Gambia.

V. TRUNKFIELD, 6 Sec.

ASSES' EARS

In the evenings of Tuesday 9th and Wednesday 10th of April, parents, friends and children were invited to see the Junior School

production of the operetta, "Asses' Ears", by Hugo Cole. Many weeks before, with the co-operation of Mrs. Bagshaw producing, Miss Durno training the choir, Miss Brixie and her dancers and Mrs. Cafferey accompanying at the piano, we rehearsed thoroughly most evenings after school. After all these weeks, on Saturday, April 6th, there was a full dress rehearsal for all the cast, choir, stage-hands and the first form speech-choir, trained by Miss Blakey.

The play concerns King Midas, who disputed the judgment of Tmolus, the mountain god, when he proclaimed Apollo, the god of music, the winner of a music competition between him and Pan, the god of animals. So Apollo gave Midas long and furry "asses' ears", and to hide his shame Midas stayed in the palace three months. At last, when his secret was out and spread amongst the people, the King proclaimed "asses' ears" a noble order of the land.

On the nights of the performances everybody in the operetta was asked to be at school rather early, to be made up with very greasy stage make-up, but it was worth while when people remarked how well the colours blended with the stage lighting. The costumes were of Greek design and of different colours, according to the parts played.

The curtains lifted and the performance began and ended without mishap. There was a very enthusiastic audience who must have enjoyed the entertainment for they donated £37/2/11 between them, but when expenses had been paid there was £17 left to go towards the dramatic property cupboard.

At the end of the operetta the staff concerned received beautiful bouquets. It was a success!

CHRISTINE KIBBLEWHITE, JEAN MILLER, 2E.

SCHOOL JOURNEY TO WARWICKSHIRE, 1956

The holiday lasted from May 30th to June 6th. The journey took us six hours, and in this short time we passed through some lovely country, for coming from the dreary streets of London we were impressed by the fields and lanes. On the way we passed through Banbury and Stratford, and finally came to Windmill House, where we were staying.

One of our most interesting expeditions was to Stratford-on-Avon. We visited the house where Shakespeare was born and the Glove and Wool Shop which belonged to his father and is now a museum. Then we went to Holy Trinity Church, where he is

buried with Ann Hathaway beside him. On his grave is this epitaph :—

“ Good Frend, for Jesus sake forbear
To digg the dust encloased heare ;
Blest be ye man yt spares thes stones,
And curst be he yt moves my bones.”

Later we saw the Memorial Theatre and the “Gower” monument, showing Shakespeare surrounded by Lady Macbeth, Falstaff, Hamlet and Prince Hal.

Later in the week we visited Warwick Castle, where the Earl and his family still live. A blind man there tells visitors about the Chapel, which was built in 1700. The East window is made of fragments of glass and there are many beautiful pictures, one being of the Virgin Mary, printed in egg-yolks, made in 1490. There are also many glasses and goblets of Venetian Glass or Bristol Blue. In the castle itself are many big rooms with famous Italian ceilings. In one room full of armour was a large porridge pot once used by Guy of Warwick, which can hold 140 gallons. We also saw some chain-mail and masks used by an executioner. In the grounds we saw some of the fourteen peacocks kept there.

That afternoon we visited Kenilworth Castle, which is a ruin. It was given to Robert Dudley by Elizabeth I, but about 300 years ago it was bombarded by Cromwell. There is no guide at Kenilworth so we explored by ourselves from the top of the keep to the dungeons.

On the day after this we visited Worcester Cathedral, which stands on the banks of the Severn. We saw the tombs of King John and Prince Arthur, and those of Oswald and Wulstan, where sick people used to pray to be healed. After lunch we went through Evesham which is known for its fruit-growing. Along the roadside we saw orchards of apple, plum and cherry trees. We then made our way to Charlecote Park where, it is said, Shakespeare killed deer. The house contained a wonderful collection of pictures and furniture. In one room we saw a lovely table inlaid with jewels. We also saw a secret door and a library containing 2,000 books. There was an old laundry containing wooden sinks, and next to it a brew-house. Nearby were three coaches, in one of which the family travelled on the Continent.

On Wednesday, June 6th, we left Windmill House and drove through leafy lanes until we reached London and its grey streets. This was now the end of Shackleton's last school journey, and a very happy one.

VIVIENNE GOODCHILD, JANET PETTYFOR.

SCHOOL JOURNEY TO AUSTRIA

A party of thirty sixth-formers, accompanied by Miss Cary and Miss Johnson, set out from Victoria on Monday, July 30th. After a choppy Channel crossing, we reached Boulogne very late at night and tried to sleep on the train, but without much success. The journey through Switzerland was most enjoyable because of the constant changes of scenery.

We stayed in a village called Natters, about three miles from Innsbruck. On Wednesday, August 1st, we were all given a project to work on throughout our stay, and as we were a large party, we divided our attention between the villages of Mutters and Natters. Some people had to find the land uses and what sort of crops were grown, while others investigated public amenities.

The next afternoon was spent in a walk to Götzens. We found in the village large ovens which were probably used for charcoal burning. The village was large and contained some houses dating back as far as 1720. It is the custom in Austria to decorate the plaster sides of the house with murals, usually of a religious nature. On Friday we walked along the terrace to Neustift, which is built on an old alluvial fan above flood level. It is the last of the larger villages and people stay here before going further up the valley to ski. On Sunday we walked to Igls, which is the first of the winter sports towns. This brings a lot of trade to the towns which helps to occupy people during the winter months. We spent Bank Holiday in Germany, passing on the way the ski-jump for the Olympic Games, and the day after bathing in the Achensee. On the last day we went up the Hafelekar by cable car. From the top we could see far below us the Inn Valley. At it was Tyrol night, we went to a hotel in the next village called Mutters, where we heard national music played and sung by a couple in Tyrolean dress.

Unfortunately we had to leave the next day, but all of us vowed we would return again. We all wish to thank Miss Cary and Miss Johnson for a wonderful holiday.

FRANCES COLES, ELAINE PERRY, 6A.

THE NICE SCHOOL JOURNEY

For many of us, this was our first holiday abroad, and for everyone, I think, it was a great thrill. We were going to the renowned French Riviera!



We met on Saturday, April 13th, at Victoria, our train for Dover leaving at 9.30 a.m. At Dover came our first experience of the Customs, but we passed through with little delay. The crossing took just over an hour and fortunately the sea was calm. The first French word which we could understand was "Porteur", which was frequently bellowed in our ears. In the buffet car on the train from Calais to Paris, we had to begin speaking French unaided. It was dark when we arrived at Paris and we were whisked off in a modern coach to a café where we had our first French meal. Crossing the Seine, we saw the floodlit Cathedral of Notre Dame. We left Paris at 10.30 p.m., sleeping as best we could on the train, and arrived in Nice at 12.15 p.m. next day. The latter part of the journey from Marseilles to Nice was very pleasant, for on one side we began to get glimpses of small bays and the Mediterranean, while on the other side towered wooded hillsides.

We stayed at a boys' Lycée, with several other school parties, but we met these only at meal times, since each had separate dormitories in various wings of the school. In our dormitory we were lucky enough to be able to sleep in small rooms, singly, or in pairs. The food, on the whole, we found most enjoyable, although

quite different from English food. Each part of the meal was served separately and eaten with bread. At one meal we found ourselves eating a piece of steak with a lot of bread, a thing I would never have dreamt of in England.

One outstanding thing was the shocking price of almost everything, except wine. On the train, a small bottle of lemonade, bought in England for 6d., cost 2s. Like many seaside resorts, Nice contained many souvenir shops to which we were always attracted.

During the holiday we went on several outings, travelling sometimes by coach and sometimes by train. One day we had an enjoyable time at San Remo, in Italy. As we walked through the market, one of the sellers shouted out, "Bella! Bella!" ("beautiful"). Everyone laughed and everyone stared. Although the words were complimentary, we felt really silly. On Good Friday we went to Monaco, where, amongst other things, we saw the changing of the guard. On both occasions we were provided with French loaves, ham, hard-boiled eggs, cheese and oranges, which we had to divide among us. One afternoon we went on a breathtaking journey to Grasse, situated 2,000 feet up in the hills, where much of the French perfume is made. The scenery on the way was wonderful, for sometimes we could see steep drops into gorges and sometimes we had a good view of the snow-covered Alps. On the way we stopped to look round a pottery shop and a confiserie, and at Grasse we were shown round a parfumerie.

On the return journey we had an excursion round Paris, and left for Dieppe at 10 a.m. The crossing to Newhaven took three and a half hours. The sun had shone all through our stay, and we arrived home sun-tanned after a wonderful holiday, for which we sincerely thank Miss Cary, Mrs. Sharp, and Miss Pomphrey.

TONI HAYES, 5v.

SCHOOL JOURNEY TO BORNHOFEN, APRIL 19th/28th, 1957

EASTER SUNDAY IN GERMANY

When we got up on the Sunday, we put on clean blouses and cleaned our shoes in preparation for Church. After breakfast we donned hats and coats, and walked down to the Bornhofen landing stage. We boarded the boat and chugged slowly up the peaceful Rhine, to the village of Boppard. It's not really a village, but not quite big enough to be called a town. We walked through the cobbled streets to the Protestant church, which had outside it, tree

trunks carved in images of dragons and reptiles. We entered the church and sat down, looking curiously round the church, which was really no different from an English Protestant church.

But the service itself was very confusing. We stood for the prayers and sat for the hymns, the words of which we could vaguely follow. After about three quarters of an hour, we had to leave, as the service looked like continuing for hours. We walked down to the promenade, and agreeing on a time for reassembling, we split up into groups, going nowhere but the promenade.

Everywhere there seemed to be people, and when we visited Boppard a few times in the following week, we never again saw so many people. The children all seemed to be dressed in beautiful woollens, and a few of them were carrying Easter tableaux, chickens in meadows, and posies of flowers. The small shops were open, and the boats of the Rhine glistened in the sun. We reassembled at 12.30 and boarded the boat, which carried us back to Bornhofen.

After dinner, the coach came to take us to the Laacher See, which is situated on the Eifel. With it came Frau Bessie Bach, our guide, who was very helpful and informative wherever we went. All the way to the Eifel we noticed the brickyards. These bricks are made of volcanic porous stone, and are called "bims". We soon arrived at the Laacher See, and parked the coach in a crowded car park.

We toured the dark, musty Marie Laacher church together. There were big Easter candles burning, and huge hydrangeas set against big palms. When we came out we split up and, of course, made our way to the Laacher See itself, one of the biggest mountain craters filled with water.

It is a big lake, spoilt only by the hired boats. It is framed by mountains and wooded slopes. We walked round the Laacher, and at one point were nearly overwhelmed by a ghastly smell, which was, we were told, carbonic acids issuing from the ground. We seemed to be the only English people there, and, as we walked by, whole families walked by in total silence. However, when we had passed them, there was an outburst of chatter, the only words we could distinguish being "Engleesh! Engleesh!"

We met at the coach at 5 p.m., and went back by a different route. This way we passed through the village of Andernach, which has a 13th century crane still in use. There are also two statues of baker boys in an alley. It is said that while they were delivering bread and rolls in the early hours of the morning, they saw an enemy approaching across the river. They hurriedly grabbed beehives and threw them at the enemy, while awakening

the rest of the village. We passed another village that grows only onions.

At last we arrived back at Bornhofen, had dinner and went to bed, very tired, but happy.

SHEILA GREENLEAF, 4B.

SHACKLETON OLD GIRLS' ASSOCIATION

This year is our last as "Shackleton O.G.A.", as in September we shall unite with the former Sydenham Association to become the Sydenham, Manor Mount and Shackleton O.G.A.

In February of this year we held a very happy and successful reunion in the new Sydenham hall, when we welcomed about 170 members. During the evening they toured the new school and found many points of interest in the very modern building and its magnificent equipment.

We realise that this was a special occasion, but it was a great pleasure to see so many former girls, and we hope that we can look forward to their continued support and attendance, together with that of the present Vth forms, when the two Associations have combined.

G.H.P.
W.M.C.

* * * *

Congratulations on their marriage to:—Thelma Starr (Mrs. Blamey), Shirley Quinn (Mrs. Owen), Barbara Pettyfor (Mrs. Johnson), Audrey Clark (Mrs. Dean), Gillian Hyder (Mrs. Miles), Maureen Purton (Mrs. O'Reilly).

Greta Coleman and Anne Rolt are to be married shortly.

Anne Toye, who emigrated to Rhodesia with her family, is now married to a member of the Rhodesian Police Force.

Eileen Verrier and Ann Lovesey are both living in Australia, where Ann has joined her sister.

Pat Sale is now a fully qualified State Registered Nurse.

Yvonne Gale is doing District Nursing with the Ranyard Mission.

Christine Graysmark hopes to start her nursing training this summer.

Ann Walker is working with the B.B.C. Television department.

MANOR MOUNT AND SYDENHAM OLD GIRLS' ASSOCIATION

The focal point of our past year's activities was, of course, the celebration of our Golden Jubilee at the Summer, 1956 Meeting.

On that occasion we had a very representative gathering at School, and also welcomed a number of past members of the Staff. During the afternoon the Secretary of the Association, Mary Ramsden, on behalf of all the Old Girls, presented to Miss Kimsey a lectern and Bible for use in the new Comprehensive School Assembly Hall.

The lectern had been specially designed and made by Mr. David Powell to blend with the style of the new hall, and an inscription was inserted in the Bible recording the presentation.

Miss Kimsey graciously accepted the gift on behalf of the School, and then introduced Miss Turner, Headmistress from 1919 to 1943, who cut the Birthday Cake which had been made for the Association by Mrs. Evans.

At the conclusion of the presentation a photograph was taken of all those present as they were assembled on the steps of the Main Entrance, and the remainder of the afternoon was taken up with trips over the new School building, conducted by Mr. Osborn, Clerk of the Works, Mr. Simmonds, the Architect, and Mr. Smith, the Schoolkeeper.

New members elected to the Committee in November, 1956 were Iris Adam, Sally Hillier and Doris Taylor.

During the course of the March Meeting, 1957, we had a most interesting talk on "Mountaineering Experiences" by Nancy Murray (née Irons), an Old Girl of Sydenham who certainly had a variety of experiences to recall for our entertainment. Molly Castle sang two songs in conclusion of this more formal part of the evening.

To those who are leaving School at the end of the Summer Term, 1957, I extend a cordial invitation to join our Association. We hold a meeting each term, to which the Staff are invited, and if you would like any further details of our activities please do not hesitate to write to me.

As we go to press negotiations are in hand with a view to the amalgamation of our Association with that of Shackleton, and although final arrangements have yet to be agreed, it is hoped that by November of this year the two Associations will be enjoying joint meetings.

48, Dacres Road,
Forest Hill, S.E.23.

E. M. RAMSDEN,
Hon. Secretary.

ENGAGEMENTS

- Rhona Hobbs (1948) to Frank Rowe, at Christmas, 1956.
Pat Jacob (1947), at Christmas.
Pat O'Connor (1951) to James Harris, June 16th, 1956.
Jessie Welton (1956) to Norman Cowell.
-

MARRIAGES

- Brenda Riley (1944) to Philip Brunt, 30.3.57.
Audrey Baxter (1952) to Peter Fern, 21.7.56.
Betty Diver (1949) to John Lyne, 2.4.56.
Sheila Fisher (1951) to Leslie Carr, 25.8.56.
Doreen Griffiths (1950) to Geoffrey Smith, 21.7.56.
Sally Leapman (1954) to Bernard Ambrose, 22.12.56.
Pat Mann (1952) to Eric Pudney, 17.5.57.
Jeanette Wright (1954) to Alan Eldridge, 25.12.56.
-

BIRTHS

- Yvonne Glen (1950) née Eaglen, a daughter, Jennifer Mary, 5.11.56.
Irene Toms (1950) née Ellis, a son Michael Richard, 13.7.56.
-

GENERAL NEWS

- Jackie Chilvers (1956). Joined the W.R.N.S., August, 1956.
Rita Downie (1954). Joined the W.R.N.S., August, 1956.
Sybil Dean (1950). Now working in Toronto, Canada.
Anne C. Ismay (1952). Has a post as History Mistress at Leiston Co-Educational Grammar School.
Daphne King (1950). Passed A.L.A. Now Librarian to Trade Relations Department, Shell.
Thelma C. Luker (1956). At Exeter University.
Pat Peapell (1955). Attending St. Thomas' Preliminary Training School.

MISS I. J. TRENCH

Died October, 1956.

Miss Trench will be remembered by all the girls who knew her with an affection and respect seldom combined so soundly as in her case.

To those of us who were her pupils she revealed in her teaching all the reputed attributes of the Scot :—energy, austerity, thoroughness and the rest—accompanied by a refreshing irony and humour, which made me, for one, thankful to be one of her “ gerrls ” for Latin, as others were for mathematics.

After her retirement she was a familiar figure at our Old Girls’ meetings, where it was always a pleasure to hear her crisp Scotch accent again and meet her cheerful smile.

Then came the sad time when, through persistent illness, she was obliged to give up her home, and with it her independence. My last contact with her was in the nursing home. I was struck by her philosophical resignation to the sorry needs of illness. She remained much too humorous to allow herself any deep self-pity ; and I remember enjoying with her a last exchange of smiles over a remark of hers which is suitable to end this little memoir—it is so typical of her robust irony. She glanced round with me at her fellow-patients, whose average age seemed between 80 and 90, and she said in response to my last words of sympathy : “ Well, I must admit to feeling on occasions that there is, of course, in my present company, a certain lack of stimulation.”

IRIS JOHNSTON, 1915—1923.

JANE CORBY

During the summer holidays of 1956, Jane Corby, a dear friend of mine, and a delightful member of the school, died in hospital after a long illness. We received this news with great sorrow as she was loved by many of us. While Jane was ill she never complained or worried, and was cheerful to the end. In memory of her we have placed a bird-bath in front of the new school, in the shadow of the building which she watched being built. Her parents have given a silver cup, also in her memory, to the Junior School, which Jane attended for two years. This cup is given to

the most co-operative form at the end of each term. Last term it was given to Form 2E.

IRENE LETFORD, 3H.

ANNETTE BAILEY

We regret to announce the death of Annette Bailey, after an operation, on April 24th, 1957. After three years at Shackleton, she came to this school, at the general transfer, last September. We hope to place a seat in the grounds as a memorial to one whose pleasant, friendly smile and gentle manner, will always be remembered with affection.

JANET HOARE, 4A1.

ENDEAVOUR

I had finished my homework, apart from English, which was to prepare something for the School Magazine. The week before, Pauline and Linda had gone to a meeting about it in Room 4, and had told our form-mistress that they would go round the class and encourage us to do things. Unluckily, I was one of the people spoken to, and during the week-end I had spent hours with a blank page before me, trying to write a poem.

To-night I was at my wits' end trying to think of a theme for an essay ; for with nothing in mind there is such a large variety of things that you don't know where to begin : it's like space.

I had the unsuccessful idea of looking through Tony's School Magazine to find out what was wanted, but having read "Unwelcome Visitor" and "Some hints for the young gentlemen of the first year", I was no further in my quest. For we don't engage in martial combat in play and our unwelcome visitors are few and far between.

As I looked round the room in search of inspiration my eye fell on the Encyclopædias : I turn to the index.

Ducks—Donations—De Rossi Giamballista—that sounds like the unpronounceable name of a Welsh station. I think I'll look him up. In Encyclopædia six I find he is an Italian archæologist, and as I'm not fond of archæologists I turn quickly back to the index.

Falkland Islands—Falling—Fallow Deer—aha, Familiar Things. Now I might get somewhere. Iron foundation in England (Tony ought to read that). What lies behind your pen. (Your hand.) China on the table. Alas, that looks interesting, but it doesn't help, so I turn to my last resort, Mummy.

Mummy is reading the newspaper, but luckily she turns it over, and in the interlude of rustling paper I take my chance.

"Mummy, can you think of anything I could write for the School Magazine?"

"Pets?"

"Timmy died so long ago I've forgotten, and I can't write about Fluff, it would hurt too much."

"Have you tried the books?"

"Yes, I've been looking through the subject index for the last hour. Oh, can't you think of something?"

But Mummy only looks up to say, "You look tired. Better get to bed and think of something in the morning." So I go to bed thinking of spending an utterly boring prep. writing an equally boring poem.

JOYCE POWELL, 1B.



Lino cut by ROSAMOND COLLINS, 3w.

THE RIVER

As I sit in front of my window
And gaze at the scene around,
Where the hills stretch into the distance,
And the flowers spread bright on the ground,
The river flows fast below me
And vanishes into the hill,
Shaded by weeping willows
Looking serene and still.
But soon I know that the river
Will reach the smoky town,
It will flow 'neath heavy bridges,
While boats steam up and down.
Black oil will replace the blue ripples,
And where the willows bend
Will rise the buildings dark and tall
That with the grey skies blend.

SUZANNE MUIR, 4W.

IS THIS YOUR LIFE?

"Dad, would you mind lifting your elbow to the right a little?
... Move your leg back please! ... Please don't put your head in
that position!"

Is this you, when seeking inspiration for an art sketch? I know
my gaze invariably falls upon poor father, sitting quite comfortably
in the arm-chair reading the sports page of the newspaper. After
having re-arranged his position numerous times he finally rebels,
moves his stiffened muscles to a more natural attitude, and firmly
refuses to assist in any other way, "even if it is your homework!"
Attention is now turned to mother: "Would you like to sit down
for a minute, while I sketch you?" Mother declines with the
excuse that there is too much ironing to attend to. Little brother
affords no help; unless the would-be artist is prepared to follow
him around the house with pad and pencil, hoping that he will
come to rest in some appropriate pose.

Biology homework is next to be completed, and as one is intent
on some intricate diagram, Mother peers over with the question:

"What's that, dear?" Pleased to air some knowledge and also as practice for a forthcoming test, the "whys and wherefores" are duly explained. Mother smiles amiably, murmuring "I don't remember learning that at school!"

Father is then entreated to explain some hidden mystery in the form of a Maths question, for, although it was completed some time ago, the reason for the answer being $40x$ is not too clear. Ten minutes later, being certain that Father's method, although perfectly clear to him, is far too long-winded and muddling, the conclusion is reached that the answer was incorrect all the time.

When one is preparing a French Dictation, Mother is prevailed upon to read the French, but the words are so unrecognisable one is forced to see them for oneself, and the Dictation becomes a farce.

If the family is lucky enough to possess a television set one will know what it is to pore diligently over some complicated historical event, while bursts of hysterical laughter, applause and other unexplained noises issue forth from the rest of the family grouped around the set in the other room; or to have one's mother say, as she passes through to the kitchen: "You ought to see so-and-so, she looks lovely!" or, "That young man is a real scream! A pity you didn't see him." If, however, one ventures to the door of the "viewing-room" there are cries of, "Have you finished that homework yet? If not, I shouldn't watch this. You're certainly missing nothing."

Put in one's place, one returns to the homework, tail between legs, to decide just how "homework may be abolished."

IRENE EBSWORTH, 4B.

THINGS THAT I LOVE

The jewelled shapes that mortals call the stars,
And graceful sweep of swift and streamline cars;
The dewy lawn all glistening in the light,
And rosy dusk before the black of night;
Tall leafy poplars swaying at their ease,
The tang of heather lingering in the breeze;
The bubbling of a stream or waterfall,
And flickering firelight dancing on the wall.

NORMA FEUCHT, 3H.

GOING TO BED

When I go to bed at night,
Up the stairs without a light,
Shadows flitting to and fro
Come and scare me as I go.

On the ceiling, on the wall,
Short and fat and thin and tall,
Though they cannot do me harm,
Yet they fill me with alarm.

I must learn to be quite bold,
As I shall when I am old.
Very bravely must I tread,
As I'm going up to bed.

MAUREEN KAHN, 1Pi.

ONLY A DREAM

When I'm tired and out of sorts
I sit right back in my easy chair,
Without a worry or even a care,
And dream I'm a princess, rich and grand,
Owner of all the far-off land.

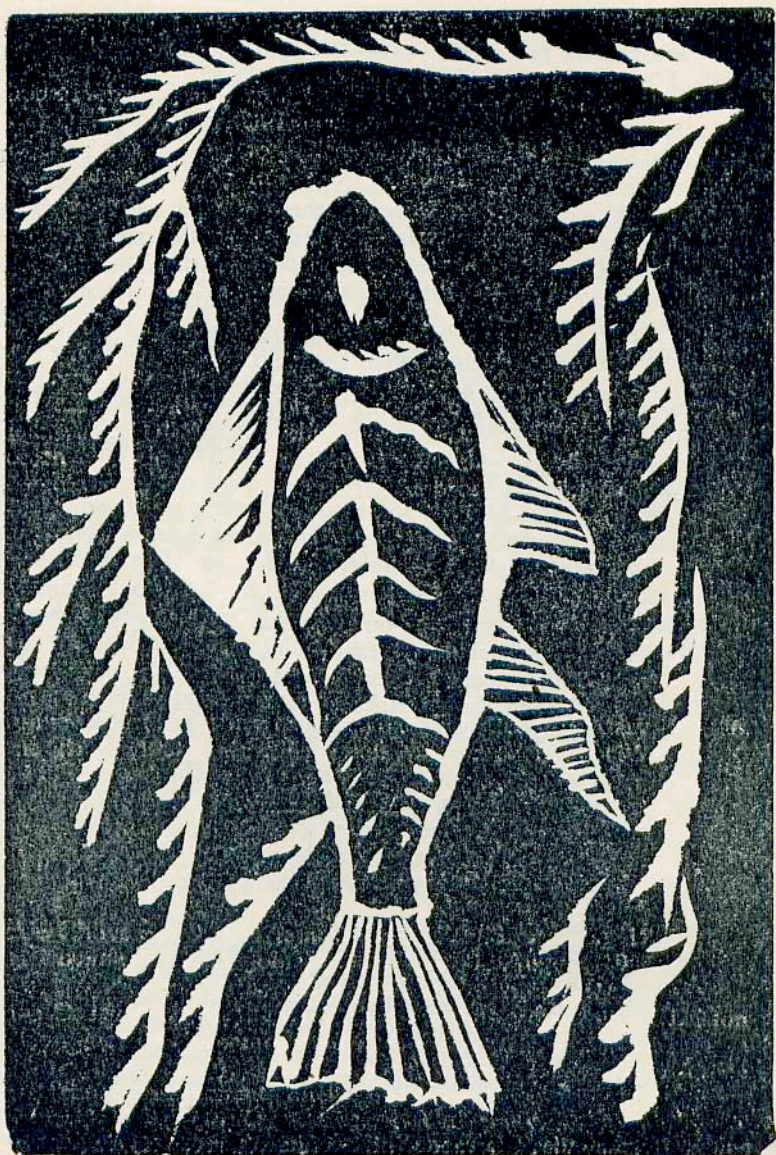
I dream of the jewels, dresses and such,
Sapphires, pearls, the golden touch,
Servants, balls and princes gay.
Then I dream of that wonderful day
When I will marry a handsome prince.

But all of this is not for me,
I'm content to stay as I'm meant to be,
With time of my own to sit and dream,
Time to take a walk by the stream,

Or ride my bike,
Doing as I like.

After all, it was only a dream,
Yes, only a dream,
Just a dream.

MAUREEN HOURIHANE, 3B.



Lino cut by CAROLE JENKINS, 3H.

COMPOSITE POEM, AFTER READING "THE GREAT LOVER"

These we have loved :
The irresistible beat of rock and roll,
And rowdy rhythmic blare of jazz ;
Records ; tall boys in camel-hair duffle coats ;
Chrome on a bicycle, and the roar of a super-charged car ;
Books, with a shiny newness, or old musty smell ;
The cat on the rug in front of the flickering fire ;
Hot buttered toast, steaming coffee, and shadows on the wall,
Blood-red sunsets ; the solitude of an empty church ;
A warm day, picking bluebells in early Spring,
Or luxuriously lazing on golden sands ;
The salty tang of the spray, and the wash of the tide on the shore ;
The cool fragrance of an iced drink, and the fizziness of lemonade ;
The savage fury of wind, the crispness of sparkling frost ;
The crunch of icy snow, the cold pure beauty of a swan,
And the grace of a ballerina ; dewdrops on a spider's web,
The garden after rain, and a half-opened rose ;
Bright shop windows at Christmas time,
And jewels glittering under electric lights ;
The sensuous touch of velvet, smooth and soft ;
A new dress, and the table laid with flowers and candles for a party ;
The kind familiar company of one's own family,
And mother to turn to, when things go wrong.

FORM 3H.

THE ALBATROSS

The albatross in Coleridge's famous poem brought disaster to the Ancient Mariner, but it certainly brought good luck to my uncle, John Oakley.

The wind was blowing and the 20,000-ton liner, Southern Cross, was ploughing her way through the open sea. The waves were moderately high, and on the deck stood John Oakley, one of the ship's cooks. All of a sudden a rather large wave swept him off his feet into the sea. Only one person saw this happen, a small boy, who called everyone's attention to it. Uncle John could not be seen, although the ship sailed back to find him.

All at once there was a screech of seagulls. Everyone looked round and saw an albatross, a good omen to all sailors. The bird was twelve feet from wing-tip to wing-tip. When they neared the bird, they saw that the missing man was being held out of the water by the bird grasping his chest in its claws. They then pulled him from the sea and he was soon well, and John now lives with his wife in Ramsgate.

LINDA OAKLEY, 2T.

SPRING

When the grass is green
And the bees are seen
And the birds begin to nest,
When buds peep through
And insects, too,
The winter takes a rest.
When May has come,
Lovers' hearts are won,
And butterflies take a wing ;
When children dance
And young lambs prance
Then surely this is Spring.

M. AYLOTT, 3R.

A VISIT TO THE "OLD VIC" ON A FIRST NIGHT

The approach to the "Old Vic" is not very inviting, but when a playgoer walks down the Waterloo Road his thoughts are usually wandering far from the grime and litter scattered in the road. It is wrong to say that this theatre is situated in the most fashionable part of London, but it is an easy destination for anyone living in South London.

Once inside the theatre the excitement mounts, encouraged by intermittent deep rolls from drums. (I believe this is a tradition.) Nearly everyone is present before the National Anthem is played, and then the lights dim, the air is strained with tension. The curtain is raised and there on a stage we are transported to Venice, Rome, Denmark, Scotland or France, in a wonderland of draperies

and bright colours. The audience sits enthralled in the poetry of Shakespeare, and it seems only a short space of time before the curtain drops on the first act.

During the first interval the merits of the production are discussed by the people about. The second and third acts follow in due course, and it appears to be at an end long before you want it to.

The cast come forward and receive their ovation (usually one that can be heard ringing out down the Waterloo Road). The lights are illuminated and an unromantic scuffle of feet and buzz of voices shatter your Shakespearean castles in the air.

JANET HELPS, 2J.

THE DEAF BOY

O, I cannot hear, I cannot hear
The wonders that you tell,
The singing of the little birds
A-sitting on the well.

I cannot hear the music
That the great composers wrote ;
Nor can I hear the splashing
Made by a rowing boat.

I cannot hear the thunder,
Nor can I hear the rain,
Beating down so wildly
Against my window-pane .

I cannot hear you talking
So loudly and so gay,
All I know is you're walking
Somewhere near my way.

I cannot hear the rumbling tide
When by the beach we play.
I cannot hear the seagulls shriek,
Or hear them fly away.

I wish that one day I could hear
The wonders of the world,
Things, to you, that are all well known,
And yet, to me, untold.

BARBARA SHEERS, 2E.



Lino cut by PAMELA MORRELL, 6B.

FANCIES OF A CAT

How very fine to be a cat,
To play with wool and reels of cotton,
And lie and think of this and that
Or that and this—I've just forgotten.

A. EDMONDS, 4Wr.

BEHIND THE SCENES

One Saturday last September I was fortunate enough to see behind the scenes of a Television programme.

On arrival at the studio the artist is shown along a maze of corridors to a dressing-room, the key of which has to be kept in the hands of an attendant. Having returned the key to the attendant the artist finds his way to the shooting studio, where rehearsals begin at about eleven o'clock. During the morning, cameramen can be seen busy focussing and testing cameras, while electricians dash about the studio holding yards of cables. Producers, directors, studio-managers, and secretaries stand grouped together around the studios, holding earnest conversations, while various artists try to rehearse their parts wherever they can find a square foot of floor space, amongst a jungle of cables and cameras, not to mention people.

Just as the artists think their personal rehearsal has got under way, a voice rings out across the studio, carrying the important word, "Break". At that signal electricians and cameramen make a dash for the canteen, followed by reluctant artists, many of whom invariably do not feel like tackling anything more substantial than bread and butter. After lunch begins a series of "run throughs," when the whole programme is exactly run to time, and many speakers are cut off in the middle of a sentence by the hand of the studio manager, acting as time-keeper, when they have overrun their allotted time. This is when the electricians come in useful, as they stand in for the late arrivals, and enjoy themselves, playing cricket, or balancing piles of baskets on their heads, as was the case in one "Ask Pickles" programme. By tea-time the studio has become a little more organised, but the artists still wonder how on earth everything will be ready in time for the evening's transmission.

After tea, last minute rehearsals of certain parts of the pro-

gramme are hurriedly carried out. Then zero-hour approaches and everyone takes up his position. A red light on the studio wall shows that the announcer is ready to announce the programme. A deathly silence reigns in the studio until the programme is finished, and then a series of sighs of relief break the silence, and the tired artists return to their dressing-rooms.

STELLA CERESA, 5v.

THANKSGIVING

Lord, I thank thee for to-day,
And for guiding me each way.
Thank-you for your loving care,
And for guiding me in prayer.
A little bird that falls from a tree
Is not unnoticed, Lord, by thee.
So thank-you for the passing day,
And guard and teach me in every way.

JEANETTE PHILLIPS, 1Pi.

SAILING

Sailing, I think, is one of the most exciting pastimes. There are several kinds of yachts, including small racing yachts, cabin cruisers and large luxurious pleasure cruisers. For the last two years we have spent a holiday on my father's small cabin yacht, "Bullfinch", which he moors on the river Orwell in East Suffolk. Sometimes we enter races and the most important race is round the Cork lightship. Once we came second.

Last year we were anchored off Harwich during the heavy July gales. A shoal of porpoises taking refuge from the rough seas passed very close to our yacht, a most unusual happening. Once, when we were sailing off Walton-on-the-Naze, we saw a seal basking in the sun on a rock, but before we could sail close enough to photograph it, it slipped into the sea. A most lovely sight to be seen on the East Coast is an old sailing barge in full rig. There are very few of these used now as motorised craft are mainly used for carrying cargo.

Sometimes I take the tiller, but I prefer being cook. When we feel like having a swim we anchor off a shallow reach and dive in. What with cooking, swabbing, pumping out the bilge, hauling up the mainsail, stowing away jib-sails, taking the tiller, turning about and heaving to, there is always plenty to do aboard ship, but to me it is the best fun on earth.

MARY BURTON, 1WG.

THE NONSENSE TOWN TRAIN

A little train goes up and down,
Across the hills to Nonsense Town,
Where clowns are porters, wild and gay,
So comical the tricks they play.

White elephants walk down the street
With dancing-shoes upon their feet.
The trees and flowers are often blue,
With faces just like me and you.

The houses, with their stairs outside,
Are striped in colours two-feet wide.
Bright fish go sailing through the sky.
With pink balloons to help them fly.

Oh, do be careful you don't take
The Nonsense Train, and by mistake
Go travelling up the hills and down
And find yourself in Nonsense Town.

CAROLE OWEN, 1D.

A VISIT TO BUCKINGHAM PALACE

On New Year's Day my daddy was told that the Queen was going to give him a medal. To get the medal he had to go to Buckingham Palace, and my mummy and I were allowed to go and watch. The day that we went was Shrove Tuesday, which this year was on March 5th. It was all very exciting, and when we got to the Palace there were lots of people waiting outside and men taking photos.

Before we could go through the gate, we had to show the policeman the invitation cards that we had received from the Queen, then we were allowed to walk across the courtyard and through the archway that leads to the inside of the Palace. Soon mummy and I were told that we could walk through the Palace, and we were allowed to go up a magnificent stairway, on the walls of which hung lovely portraits. On the stairs were lovely thick carpets and hanging from the ceiling were several chandeliers.

At last we were shown into the throne room, where lots of other excited people were waiting, and a band was playing. After a while we all stood up as the Queen came in. She looked very pretty in a blue and mauve dress. Soon we saw the Queen take a sword and knight a man. After that, she gave out the medals to all the other men and women who had gone to receive them. To each one she said a few words before they left the room. Soon it was the turn of my daddy, and we felt very proud as he received his medal. Soon the ceremony ended and the National Anthem was played. We left then, after a very exciting and memorable time.

PATRICIA AYLETT, 1WG.

SCHOOL VERSUS STAFF NETBALL MATCH

We win the toss, the whistle blows,
The game begins, and off it goes.
To play the staff it is quite fun,
And how amazing, they can run!
The ball goes up, oh yes, it's in!
The staff team go all out to win.
We score a goal and then two more,
The staff get frantic when we score.
When half-time comes the staff are whacked,
And so are we, and that's a fact.
But on we go to win the game;
The staff get rough—they're not so tame.
And at the end the school all cheer—
The staff! The school! It was so near.
The game was good, the staff played well.
We all agreed just not to tell . . .
WHO WON.

HAZEL BIRD, 6 Sec.

KING OF THE CASTLE

This is a splendid game to play
When on a seaside holiday ;
You take your spade in both your hands
And build a castle on the sands,
A castle that can just hold you,
Or at a pinch a friend or two,
Then in you jump and proudly fling
The news about that you're a king,
And then all those whose hearts are stout
Will come and try to turn you out.
This means, of course, a glorious fight,
And when your foes are put to flight
You dance and sing like any pierrot
And think yourself a gallant hero.
But now attend while I propose
This word of warning as I close—
Beware of King Canute
Who spoilt his brand new suit
By sitting at the ocean's brink
And bidding it (what do you think?)
Restrain the waves from coming near him.
Be sure the ocean did not spare him.
His folly he had cause to rue,
For he got soaked and so may you.
So when you build your castle, pray
See that the waves are far away,
Or soon they may come sweeping round
And bring your fortress to the ground.
Old ocean you may safely flout,
But only when the tide is out.

LINDA CHANDLER, 1Pr.

THE GRASS GREW GREEN

It was a fine summer's day, and the sun shone brightly from a sky patterned with billowing clouds. I walked down a quiet, shady lane, whose peace was disturbed only by the soft twittering of the birds. A cool breeze gently stirred the leaves of the trees, and the

path ahead of me was dappled with morning patches of sunlight and shadows. I breathed in deeply of the scent-laden air and I felt that it was good to be alive.

At the end of the lane, I turned to the left and stopped. Before me was a great field and sprouting from its lush green grass were neat white crosses in long straight rows, stretching as far as the eye could see. This was a cemetery of the dead from a famous Great War battle, fought on the same spot; and now, gazing at those innumerable crosses, it was impossible to conceive of so many men dying so quickly and brutally.

As I gazed at this old battle-field, it seemed that a mist clouded my eyes, and when it cleared the sun shone, but there were no birds singing. The crosses and the green grass were gone and in their place was a mire of caked brown mud, strung with barbed wire and littered with the broken equipment of war. In the distance I saw men rising, like subterranean creatures from the pock-marked earth. They moved forward towards the trenches of the enemy, marked by a concentration of barbed wire and a number of fiery flashes. Clouds of smoke puffed out among the advancing troops, and where the smoke burst, the soldiers nearby collapsed to the ground. But it seemed that for every one that fell, ten more appeared to take his place. Soon the skyline was dark with trotting soldiers. The air was full of vague booming and the sun was blotted out by dark smoke.

As the troops neared their objective, the swift chatter of machine-guns broke out and great gaps were rent in the vanguard of the attackers. But now the objective was heaving and trembling under the exploding guns. The enemy rose to fight the attackers in a dreadful battle of bullet and bayonet. The screams of the dying were lost in the banging of mechanical warfare. Both sides dealt death, and the dealers of death died.

Suddenly, I felt sick and wearied by all this death and destruction. I closed my eyes and clenched my fists and I cursed war. When I opened my eyes the guns were silent and the smoke had cleared. Before me was not a body-littered battle-field, but a great cemetery. The birds were singing again. Everything was normal, and my brow was streaming sweat, and it was good to be alive. I mopped my forehead and shivered a little in a sudden breeze which seemed surprisingly cold. My eyes wandered over those crosses amidst the green, green grass. I felt I had been watered with the blood of brave men and with unnumbered tears.

IVY CRAWFORD, 6B.

LIMERICK

There was an old lady of Kent
Who couldn't keep up with the rent.
The landlord said, "Hurry,
Or I'll move you to Surrey!"
That silly old lady of Kent.

CAROLE FISHER, 1B.

BRETTON HALL, COLLEGE FOR STUDENTS OF MUSIC, ART AND DRAMA

Bretton Hall is a large house which, until eight years ago, had belonged to Lord Allendale. It stands in many hundreds of acres of parkland, woodlands and lakes. Although we are only eight miles from Wakefield, Bretton seems to be a community on its own. We are a mile or so from the village, which proudly boasts one shop, which sells anything that you may want.

It has been a great experience for me not only in learning how to become a member of a social group, which has, of course, been a very important thing, but also learning a great deal about industry, especially coal and wool production. I shall always remember my first impression of Yorkshire. I was travelling in the College 'bus from the station in Wakefield to the Hall. Suddenly, I saw a "mountain." Later, I discovered that it was a slag heap!

College life is a very exciting one. As it is an arts college, naturally, we spend most of our time pursuing one or other of the arts. We attend lectures daily from 9 a.m. until 6.30 p.m. The lectures are given on the principles of education, psychology, English, music, art or drama. Thursdays and Fridays are devoted completely to our own art—music in my case, although I am also taking an art course. In music lectures we study the history and literature of music, music in education, keyboard harmony, ensemble work, harmony, aural, choral repertoire and sight singing. Also there is the orchestra rehearsal each Thursday; madrigal meeting each Tuesday; choral each Wednesday, and Sunday choir rehearsal on Saturday! Besides these meetings we have a flourishing S.C.M. group; a film society; a drama society; an art society and a poetry reading group. On alternate Sunday mornings we have an inter-denominational service at which the Sunday choir sing. This choir,

of which I am a member, also sings a Latin grace (written by various students) before dinner each evening. By this it is obvious that there is little time for "twiddling" of the fingers.

As Bretton is a college for both men and women there are many opportunities for social occasions such as informal and formal dances.

The most memorable occasion has been for me the Christmas Dinner. It began by the whole college, in evening dress, led by the Boar's Head, processing through the complete Hall, up and down-stairs, singing carols and each holding a candle, as we dispense with electricity one evening a year. Unfortunately, if we have frequent gales, we dispense with it more often! We then sat down to a meal which was followed by a dance. At midnight a dozen of us sang Benjamin Britten's "Ceremony of Carols", from the Pillar Hall, still by the light of the candles on the tree dug from the grounds, and those in our hands. The whole atmosphere of Christmas pervades everything to such a degree that Christmas itself seemed something of an anti-climax.

As I sit writing this, the sun streams down on the lakes, and I can see the land rising gently to a high point on the horizon. At the very top, amidst the trees, I can just see the tower of the little church at High Hoyland. A building such as Bretton Hall, in surroundings such as these, offers the stimulant which is so necessary in the creative arts.

— RITA BARTLETT (1949-1956).

THE BIRD WATCHER

Down among the rushes,
Where the sea tides turn,
He crouches, watching closely,
A snow-white Arctic-Tern.
The day is hot and sultry,
A spider scuttles near.
He wishes he could slap
That fly upon his ear.
But he knows that if he fidgets
Or moves in any way,
The bird that he is watching
Will up and fly away.

— VALERIE PEEL, 4Wr.

SANDY THE PUP

Sandy the Pup is a mischievous chap;
He jumps on the table and into my lap.
He wants to play games,
When he ought to be still ;
He makes our poor pussy
Feel really ill.

He loves to go out in the garden to play,
And dig up the bones that he's hidden away.
He barks at the birds,
And chases the cats,
He bounces round mummy,
Who's shaking the mats.

But when he's tired and wants to rest,
That's when I love my Sandy the best,
He cuddles up tight,
And licks my hand.
I think that having a puppy is grand.

JILL GARROD, 2T.

THE DOOR

Every night I have a strange dream. This is always the same. I dream that a large oak door stands in front of me, waiting to be opened. I go to open it, but step back, afraid. And yet it is a great temptation not to open it.

Sleep has just overcome me. The door again confronts me. This may be the last chance I have of discovering what lies behind "the door", but, as always, I step back, afraid, into the darkness. The door begins to fade away again, then something seems to grip me, my willpower returns. I take a great stride forward, and grip the door-handle. Almost at once the door swings open, creaking and groaning as it does so.

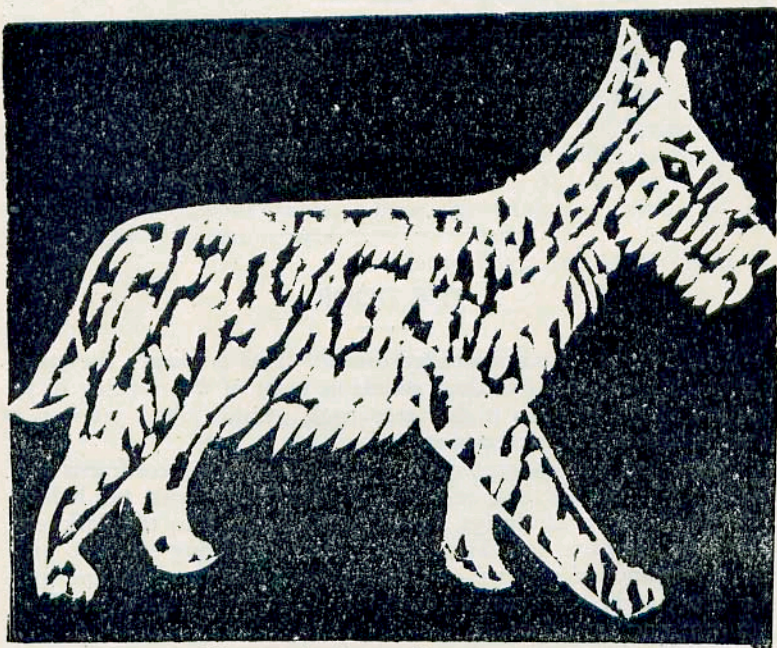
A light shines everywhere, so great a light that at first I am forced to shield my eyes from it. Gradually my eyes get used to the great brightness around me. I take my hand from my eyes, and see something more beautiful than I have ever seen, a glimpse of what seems to be paradise. The trees are blossoming, the grass

is green, the ground a mass of flowers. A crystal-clear stream gurgles by, while gentle beasts lie in the shade of the trees, and beautiful birds fly overhead and sing in the blossom-weighted trees. Everything is bathed in a warm light. I turn to look at the door that I have just passed through, but it is no longer there. Instead the same beautiful scene meets my eyes.

I stoop to smell one of the flowers that makes the valley smell so fragrant.

Just then a voice seems to say, "You have overcome fear, and your reward is great."

VALERIE PEARSON, 2E.



Lino cut by JANET GLASSCOE, 3W.

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