



# Sydenham School

Magazine 1960



# Sydenham School Magazine



## PREFECTS

Head Girl .....	Joan Lancaster
Vice Head Girl .....	Jacqueline Phillips
Head Girl of Junior School .....	Margaret Barber

### Upper Sixth

Vivien Bradley  
 Eileen Cogan  
 Barbara Curtis  
 Suzanne Earney  
 Linda Elliott  
 Lesley Gardener  
 Sheila Greenleaf  
 Ann Parker  
 Janet Pearl  
 Diane Plummer  
 Johanna Revers  
 Thelma Wilson  
 Patricia Young

### Lower Sixth

Jill Amos  
 Marion Arnold  
 Mary Arnott  
 Jayne Barnard  
 Maureen Bone  
 Alexandria Briggs-Mills  
 Pamela Brown  
 Moira Bryce  
 Mary Burgess  
 Betty Chapman  
 Eunice Cherry  
 Susan Colven  
 Valerie Cotmore  
 Valerie Cousins  
 Patricia Edwards  
 Hazel Emerson  
 Ann Endersby  
 Janet Glasscoe

Gillian Gray  
 Marianne Harvey  
 Elizabeth Ingram  
 Angela Johnson  
 Jean Kilbourn  
 Frances Knowles  
 Dawn Lazarus  
 Elizabeth Macdonald  
 Marilyn Moss  
 Janice Palk  
 Margaret Potter  
 Judith Robins  
 Barbara Tingley  
 Hazel Vosper  
 Carole Wilkinson  
 Theresa Winstanley  
 Christine Withersby



## Foreword

Like all previous magazines, this one, coming at the end of this 1959-1960 school year, reflects, in its records of our activities and in the original contributions by our artists and poets, the life and spirit of our school, which each year establishes itself more firmly in its new pattern and makes an increasing impact not only upon the neighbourhood but in much wider circles.

The generosity of the staff which has again enabled girls to experience the joys of youth hostel-ing in Sussex or in the Lake District, of field work in Switzerland or Somerset, of School Jour-neys in Kent and Surrey, has invariably been rewarded by the marked appreciation of us as visitors by our hostesses. Seriousness of approach has been revealed by awards to girls for School Journey books while spontaneity earned for Prudence Day an award at the National School-boys' Exhibition. Good work in the Art Room has resulted in five girls having work exhibited in the National Exhibition of Children's Art and Elizabeth Boorman's singing has won her credit in the Lewisham Festival.

Many have been our contacts, too, through our dramatic work, appreciated by those far beyond the confines of our own school. Our beautiful production of Dorothy Sayers' "He that should Come" was a wonderful prelude to our annual Family Carol Service, itself as usual the meeting point of all our families, friends and old girls. The Junior School operetta "The Boy Mozart" and the play on the life of Titian brought many parents and friends together on two suc-cessive evenings, followed in a special matinee by an equally appreciative audience of our young friends from our local primary schools.

Our annual Careers Conference, broken down this year into many groups, included in its twenty-one speakers, ten old girls, and in other talks introduced to us some former friends and others who broke entirely new ground for us.

It was certainly a very happy innovation to have with us at our Morning Service on the 1st March over a dozen of our parents, who came to represent our P.T.A. and formally to donate to our school ten cups for inter-form contests, and six teak seats which add so much to the pleasure of our grounds.

This goodwill from outside our school is matched by that which has always been a marked attribute of those within our school and accounts, I am sure, for the ease with which those new to us settle in with us and enables us all the time to adjust ourselves to our increasing growth, resulting this year in a further breaking down into Year groups each under the guidance of a member of staff, making possible the closer union of Year Prayers, Year Parties, Year Dramatic Contests, in addition to the already established Year Swimming and Games contests.

Goodwill on the part of the staff is matched by that of the girls who, as they reach the Senior School, respond unstintingly to the increasing demands made upon them, so that though our Upper Sixth this year has been smaller than usual, it has certainly not failed to set an example to all who will follow on in their wake. When they join with us all in welcoming Miss Pickett back as our Guest of Honour at Junior Speech Day, she will, I am sure, appreciate how they have developed from the Middle School girls whom she left, so much the more fitted for their next stage in life—be it at the University, Training College, Hospital or in the business world, by their experience and opportunities of service here.

I am equally sure that Miss Pickett will join us all in wishing well to Miss State, who has certainly done her part in moulding our school, first as Head of our Modern Language Department and Senior Mistress in our former grammar school days, then as Head of our Junior School, and now as Deputy Head Mistress of our big school. We all wish her well in her new post in Bucking-hamshire, knowing that there, as here, she will inspire in all the desire to give and to be whatever lies within their power.

5th July, 1960.

E. M. Kimsey.



## Editorial

"That book in many's eyes doth share the glory,  
That in gold clasps locks in the golden story."

From such a description, one imagines an archaic volume, with richly illuminated gilt-edged pages, covered with laborious script—a copy so rare and expensive, so precious indeed, that it was considered necessary to fasten it by chains to a lectern, where few had access to it, and its parchment pages dimmed in the deep, mellow light of stained glass oriels.

Such was the lofty antecedant of all literary material to-day. This modern magazine that we modestly produce has no claim to such honour, but our hopes, that it may circulate widely, and that for all our readers its bright yellow borders may serve to unlock as the golden clasps of that ancient volume, the simple story of Sydenham School—a story which may grow to be more treasured as the years go by.

I should like to record my gratitude to all the members of the staff, to the many contributors, and to the girls who have so willingly and enthusiastically helped to prepare material for this issue.

The appreciative reception given to the new 1959 issue of our magazine was indeed most rewarding, and I should like finally, to express my sincere thanks for all the encouragement, inspiration and support, that has been offered so spontaneously towards the success of this new venture.

E.E.R.M.



## JUNIOR SPEECH DAY, 1959

The Junior Speech Day Ceremony was held on the 16th July, 1959, at 7.30 p.m. Many of the girls arrived at school as early as 6.30 p.m., looking very smart in their fresh gingham dresses.

The School Hall was packed to capacity as the ceremony commenced, and the mistresses filed down the aisle looking resplendent in the gowns of many Universities. They were headed by Miss Kimsey, Mrs. Craig, the Chairman, the Governors, and B.B.C. Newsreader, Richard Baker, who was to present the awards.

Mr. Tom Bradley, the Chairman, began the evening with an Address, and this was followed by the whole School rendering a stirring "Heroes". Then Miss Kimsey and Mrs. Craig made their reports on the Junior School. These, luckily were complimentary! A Speech Choir, made up of First and Second Form girls, then recited two poems—"Pied Beauty" by Gerald Manley Hopkins, and "The Adventures of Isabel" by Gordon Nash. The latter was most amusing, for Isabel had hair-raising experiences with doctors and bears! The Choir was expertly conducted by Miss Blakey.

After this, came the highlight of the evening. Mr. Richard Baker, B.B.C. News Reader, gave a brief and interesting speech, and then proceeded to present the awards. There were several amusing moments when prizewinners with the name "Baker" met their 'relation'!

When all the awards had been presented, the Junior School Choir, led by Miss Barlow, sang "Come See Where Golden Hearted Spring" by G. F. Handel, and "Weather-Cocks" by Dorothy Howell.

Jenefer Wood, Head Prefect of the Junior School then proposed the votes of thanks to Mr. Baker, and to the Governors for their interest in the school. The evening ended with the hymn "Father of Men in Whom are One." This was sung heartily by the whole audience.

Finally, everybody stood while the National Anthem was played. The evening was very pleasant, and I am sure everybody enjoyed it immensely.

Pat Green, 3D.



# PRIZES AND CERTIFICATES

## FIRST YEAR PRIZES

- 1A—J. Clutterbuck, P. Grieg, N. Kahn.  
1B—C. Brown, J. Ridger, H. Rowlinson.  
1C—C. Baker, S. Martin, S. Mears.  
1F—M. Brown, W. Plummer, L. Price.  
1H—K. Deal, V. Stokes, H. Wood.  
1L—D. Jones, J. Murphy, C. Reynolds.  
1M—F. Duckworth, S. Letford, D. Wilkinson.  
1N—D. Fagg, S. Johnstone, G. Webber.  
1R—M. Ballard, N. Gibbs, S. Sotiris.  
1S—W. Mathews, C. Skinner, J. Wollard.  
1T—S. McClure, S. Penfold, B. Szwed  
1V—C. Burdon, L. Earney, C. Lobley.

## SECOND YEAR PRIZES

- 2B—S. Brigginshaw, C. Short, B. White.  
2C—S. Baker, D. Champion, C. Lambon.  
2D—E. Edwards, D. Milbank, I. Williams.  
2G—J. Cook, E. Eastland, G. Parr.  
2J—J. Crowder, D. Minty, A. Wilson.  
2L—E. Bowley, C. Holland, J. Turner.  
2N—S. Arnold, L. Basson, H. Dance.  
2P—J. Bannister, G. Hambleton, A. Moss.  
2S—A. Barlow, K. Ramsden, D. Settle.  
2W—L. Crocker, P. Hopkins, D. Sellar.  
2X—M. Muxworthy, C. Norman, J. Walker.

## CERTIFICATES AWARDED TO:

### FIRST YEAR CERTIFICATES

- 1A—L. Harrison, D. Lovelock, K. Lozinska,  
M. West.  
1B—J. Brown, M. Dann, M. Kenny, J. Willis.  
1C—C. Caldwell, C. Grundy, P. Morrison.  
1F—P. Ayres, B. Jupp, B. Smith, S. Tong.  
1H—E. Cook, M. Darton, R. Hawker, M. Place  
J. Ransome.  
1L—J. Romain, K. Whitewood.  
1M—B. Homan, R. Long, P. Pendrey.  
1N—P. Brown, F. Chapman, D. Pursey.  
1R—J. Hanson, B. Matthews, S. Stroud.  
1S—B. Baker, J. Esgrove, J. Marshall, H. Morley.  
1T—D. Beaumont, S. Nash, E. Reed, H. Sutton.  
1V—P. Curtis, M. Standing, R. Wood.

### SECOND YEAR CERTIFICATES

- 2B—C. Fletcher, B. Harlow, Y. Harris, L. Tiller.  
2C—M. Dick, S. Gorman, S. Wells.  
2D—C. Ivory, M. North, J. Roper, J. Wilkins.  
2G—M. Churchward, M. Macmillan, R. Wesson.  
2J—J. Bell, L. Garcia, E. Kemp.  
2L—V. Bell, E. Clark, H. Cook, F. Parker.  
2N—L. Kemp, S. Norford, P. Turner.  
2P—C. Green, V. James, A. Mannell.  
2S—M. Elliott, S. Hilbert, B. Marshall,  
E. Partington.  
2W—C. Besley, P. Congdon, P. Saunders.  
2X—L. Nelson, S. Taylor, E. Webb, L. Whitlam.

## FORM AWARDS

**Jane Corby Cup**—Shared by 2S, 2X, 2D, 2J, 1S, 1H, 1C, 1T, 1L.

**1st Year Speech Competition**—1C.

**2nd Year Needlework Competition**—2S.

**Swimming**

1st year : 1V

2nd year : 2W

**Netball**

1st year : 1M

2nd year : 2W



# Middle and Upper School Speech Day, 1959

## PART I—PRESENTATION OF PRIZES

Tuesday, 13th October, 1959, at 7.45 p.m. saw the opening of the first part of the Middle and Upper School Speech Day Ceremony in the main hall. The school rose as the procession of staff and governors moved majestically down the centre of the hall to take its place on the platform. At this point, Miss Kimsey, Mrs. Weaver and Mrs. Bradley were presented with bouquets while Mr. Weaver, Dr. Briault and Mr. Bradley were presented with buttonholes. Everyone remained standing to sing the school song "Heroes", which always seems to be sung with such vigour and unity on these occasions.

This year, the chair was taken by Mr. Tom Bradley, who announced that the next item on the programme was Miss Kimsey's report. This proved to be quite astounding. How could we possibly have covered so many events in one year? Next came the Middle and Upper School Choir who sang "The Swans" by Eric Thiman, and "Winter the Huntsman" by Colin Hand, both of which were excellently performed, thanks to constant coaching from the music staff.

Following this event came the most important item of the ceremony, the address. This year we were privileged to have as our speaker, Mr. T. R. Weaver, M.A., Head of Schools Branch, Ministry of Education or, as he described himself, "The person who signs your General Certificate of Education Certificates." His speech was most entertaining, full of witticisms and amusing tales, and yet fundamentally serious. He really seemed to bring home to us how important and worthwhile our education was, in order to make us useful and interesting members of the community. The school was a very appreciative audience, and thoroughly enjoyed Mr. Weaver's absorbing speech.

Then came the moment everyone had been waiting for, at least the on-lookers. For those who were to receive prizes, crossing the platform was quite an ordeal. The prizes were graciously presented by Mrs. Weaver, the wife of our speaker.

When, eventually, the last person had received her prize and applause, the speech choir recited a poem "The Leaden Echo and the Golden Echo" by Gerald Manley Hopkins, which was followed by the school singing "O Worship the King". The votes of thanks were then given to Mr. Weaver by Joan Lancaster as Head Girl, and to the chairman and governors by Jacqueline Phillips as Deputy Head Girl. This memorable and successful evening was then concluded by the singing of the National Anthem.

## PART II—PRESENTATION OF CERTIFICATES

As the number of awards to be presented was so great, our Speech Day Ceremony had to be divided into two parts. All certificates were presented at the second half during the afternoon of Thursday, October, 29th. On this occasion, we were very privileged to have Viscountess Lewisham L.C.C. as our eminent speaker.

The ceremony proceeded in a somewhat similar manner to that of the first part, beginning with the presentation of a bouquet to Viscountess Lewisham. Her address proved to be very entertaining, and she showed great interest in every individual girl as she received her certificate. There were performances by the senior choir, and the ceremony was again brought to a close with the National Anthem.



### Third Form Achievement Prizes

Diane Beeston, Sylvia Birkett, Margaret Blondun, Janet Bowell, Mary Childs, Sandra Clements, Carol Cockett, Pat Coleman, Anne Crawley, Jacqueline Davidson, Margaret Dawson, Joan Dow, Janet Dowle, Carol Driver, Valerie Duffin, Carol Fuller, Carole Hall, Gillian Harding, Pat Holland, Rita Howard, Christine Johnson, Christine Jones, Margaret Lancaster Susan Mann, Sylvia Marsh, Suzanne May, Angela Morley, Eileen Morrell, Pat Muir, Margaret Myles, Janet Randall, Jean Rothenburg, Maureen Sampher, Jillian Shergold.

### Fourth Form Achievement Prizes

Elaine Andrews, Ann Barkham, Gillian Belleini, Pamela Constable, Helen Cribb, Jean Cunnew, Carole Dowle, Susan Drummond, Ann Fewtrell, Ann Goodall, Margaret Hall, Diana Harling, Ann Howden, Gillian Hoxley, Carole King, Marion Lock, Janet Longmuir, Pauline Martin, Jean Miller, Marilyn O'Connor, Jean Ridgeway, Edna Robson, Pamela Standen, Jean Whittington, Margaret Withersby.

### Fifth Form Achievement Prizes

Jill Amos, Denise Andrews, Marion Arnold, Stephanie Atkinson, Valerie Banks, Janet Barber, Jane Barnard, Brenda Benbow, Brenda Buck, Mary Burgess, Diana Burns, Janet Carter, Eunice Cherry, Margaret Clifford, Susan Colven, Carole Cornell, Janet Dunkerton, Pat Edwards, Ann Endersby, Julie Felton, Pat Gerrard, Vivienne Goodchild, Gillian Gray, Pat Halliday, Marianne Harvey, Jane Haynes, Valerie Heskett, Irene Hilton, Linda Hudson, Elizabeth Ingram, Carol Jenkins, Gwyneth Jones, Gwyneth Jones, Elaine Jordan, June Jordan, Jean Kilbourn, Dawn Lazarus, Irene Letford, Christine May, Pat Morris, Brenda Neville, Maureen Nodder, Brenda Packman, Valerie Packman, Janet Pain, Doreen Parker, Janet Pettyfor, Marian Pickford, Josephine Regan, Jean Riley, Judith Robins, Pat Ruffell, Carolyn Smith, Hazel Smith, Pat Smith, Gloria Spicer, Vivien Thomas, Pat Tomlinson, Doreen Tullett, Hazel Vosper, Joyce Washington, Brenda Webb, Pat Wenban, Susan Wheeler, Marie White, Margaret Wintle, Joan Wright.

### Sixth Form Prizes

**For Achievement:** Brenda Allison, Vivien Bradley, Barbara Curtis, Patricia Dowle, Linda Elliott, Veronica Grace, Sheila Greenleaf, Joan Lancaster, Carole Massey, Jeanette McColl, Margaret Payne, Jacqueline Phillips, Barbara Spanswick, Sandra Sutton, Thelma Wilson.

**For Service:** Susan Almond, Marcia Bird, Iris Bowley, Stella Ceresa, Diane Collins, Jacqueline Colmer, Barbara Conroy, Frances Darby, Diana de Jong, Eugenie Easterbrook, Irene Ebsworth, Jean Gulley, Marion Jackson, Rowena Jones, Anne Langmead, Jeanette Madeley, Veronica Newman, Esmé Oakley, Margaret Pearson, Elizabeth Philpot, Susan Ray, Barbara Rudd, Grace Sheen, Jean Sheppard, Margaret Tanner, Janet Truby, Gillian Watts, Jenefer Wood, Patricia Wooldridge, Beryl Wootton.

**For Service and Achievement:** Susan Albrow, Valerie Burchell, Valerie Clark, Brenda Evans, Pat Gough, Toni Hayes, Rita Hodgson, Lorraine Kahn, June Knowles, Jacqueline Newman, Josephine Palmer.

### Royal Life Saving Society Awards

**Distinction Award:** Diana de Jong.

**Diploma (Water Work):** Valerie Clark.

### London Schools Swimming Association:

1st—100 yards Breaststroke, 15-18 years:

### School Swimming Champion:

1st—100 yards Butterfly, 15-18 years:

Betty Chapman.

### Senior Games Colours:

Hockey—Vivien Bradley.

Netball—Stephanie Atkinson, Marion Bennett, Valerie Ginn, Pamela Grynnyer, Janet Pain.

Swimming—Betty Chapman.

### Trophies—Year Tournaments:

Hockey: 3A, 4B, 6A.

Netball: 4F, 6A.

Rounders: 3W.

Rounders and Tennis combined: 4A.

Swimming: 3A and 3W, 4C, 6A.

Tennis: 3Y, 6P.





CERTIFICATES PRESENTED BY VISCOUNTESS LEWISHAM, L.C.C. ON OCTOBER 29th  
AT 3 P.M.

**Third Form Certificates**

Sandra Attwater, Valerie Balchin, Veronica Beaton, Melanie Barton, Ann Bracher, Carol Baker, Sandra Bowler, Patricia Chick, Anne Crosby, Mary Churcher, June Crockett, Josephine Davidson, Helen Earthrowl, Yvonne Earney, Theresa Francis, Barbara Harrington, Christine Hart, Pamela Havis, Margaret Jeffs, Veronica Johnson, Wendy James, Susanne Lusher, Pat Middleton, Pauline Neck, Rosemary Newman, Hazel Peopall, Carol Riddell, Jennifer Shea, Eileen Stanton, Sandra Steadman, Pat Scar, Rosemary Taylor, Irene Tullett, Iris Washington, Rosemary Watts, Janice Young.

**Fourth Form Certificates**

Pauline Adam, Jennifer Ayres, Gwenda Boyle, Linda Buckley, Pamela Burgess, Rita Champion, Pat Dillon, Anne Durey, Janet Emberson, Lynda Fox, Jean Hampson, Wendy Howard, Jane Jackson, Jill Knight, Pauline Lawn, Annette Lewis, Pat Palmer, Helen Pateman, Pat Perrott, Cheryl du Preez, Christine Purdy, Pauline Riddell, Terry Shortland, Yvonne Soilleux, Jill Storey, Frances Tomkins, Janet White, Jane Woodcock.

**Universities of London and Oxford Examinations (January 1959, and July, 1959)**

M. Ashworth, M. Arnott, M. Babington, W. Baldwin, S. Ball, J. Barber, M. Barber, C. Barneby, J. Berry, B. Bird, S. Bishop, D. Bland, J. Blunt, M. Bolter, S. Bowdery, C. Boyd, V. Brackley, P. Brice, J.2Bush, J. Bushell, C. Butlin, C. Butterworth, D. Carter, J. Cayford, B. Chapman, H. Clark, V. Cleak, A. Collison, M. Cousins, V. Cousins, A. Cox, B. Davis, M. Dawson, E. Deane, D. de Jong, P. Dent, G. Diggins, P. Dowle, S. Duckworth, A. Dunne, J. Eakins, I. Ebsworth, L. Elliott, B. Elms, H. Emerson, N. Feucht, F. Fordham, L. Gardener, P. Gilbert, C. Gillions, V. Ginn, J. Glasscoe, B. Godfrey, A. Gray, S. Greenleaf, D. Gregory, P. Grynyer, P. Hallinon, C. Hamilton, L. Head, G. Henbrey, M. Herrington, D. Hilborn, C. Hobbs, D. Hobbs, M. Hourihane, M. Howe, J. Humber, A. Hunt, P. Homewood, G. Hooper, D. Hindmarsh, J. Jackson, A. Johnson, R. Jones, O. Kennard, F. Knowles, J. Knowles, J. Laming, J. Lancaster, C. Leapman, M. Lewcock, V. Lewis, M. Lipton, E. Littlewood, J. Loveday, P. Luscombe, E. McDonald, A. Briggs Mills, D. Mitchell, M. Moon, B. Morse, M. Moss, E. Oakley, C. Otway Cave, J. Palk, A. Parker, J. Pattinson, M. Payne, M. Peachey, J. Pearl, J. Pearse, D. Pearson, J. Phillips, H. Phipps, M. Potter, C. Powell, S. Ray, J. Revers, D. Robinson, P. Ruffell, L. Russell, B. Salter, S. Shapland, A. Sheppard, P. Skudder, J. Stabbins, C. Stark, B. Spanswick, M. Stean, M. Tanner, V. Taylor, E. Thomas, J. Truby, B. Tingley, B. Turner, J. Vandenbosch, G. Vane, B. Vickery, D. Wheeler, R. West, S. Williams, V. Willson, E. Wilson, T. Wilson, J. Wilson, B. White, G. White, M. White, C. Wilkinson, L. Winton, C. Withersby, J. Wood, J. Wright, J. Young, P. Young, R. Young, F. Clark, E. Cogan, A. Holloway, M. Phillips.

**Sixth Form Secretarial Certificates**

V. Alcock, A. Brown, P. Burgess, H. Clark, J. Coles, A. Davies, S. Duckworth, V. Fenn, F. Fordham, M. Glover, A. Gray, L. Hall, L. Head, J. Hoare, E. Littlewood, J. Loveday, V. Neame, B. Salter, C. Stark, S. Waller, W. Watson, G. White, E. Wilson.

**Fifth Form Secretarial Certificates**

C. Anderson, J. Austin, M. Aylott, C. Barter, M. Bennett, R. Blow, P. Bradley, B. Double, V. Cory, L. Dutch, R. Fox, P. Fuller, G. Hampshire, M. Hazelden, C. Hill, D. Hindmarsh, M. Hollingsworth, Y. Jones, V. Langley, V. Metcalfe, V. Neal, P. Nicholson, W. Owen, H. Parker, J. Perrett, G. Pope, E. Rogers, P. Sayers, S. Simpson, J. Todd, P. Todman, I. Tuck, D. Walker, J. Whitmarsh, R. Wightman, S. Willey, P. Wilson, A. Winson, J. Wood.

(Now in the Sixth) M. Bone, P. Brown, M. Bryce, M. Davies, C. Day, L. Gibbs, M. Lewis.

**Preliminary State Nursing Examination, Part 1**

M. Ashworth, M. Bird, P. Brice, P. Luscombe, W. Page, M. Peachey.

**Royal Life Saving Society Awards**

**Intermediate Certificate:** R. Hall, C. Parker, F. Parker, F. Tomkins.

**Bronze Medallions:** C. Atkins, G. Bulmer, K. Bush, E. Chamberlain, H. Cribb, S. Dow, A. Fewtrell, M. Foulger, J. Glen, M. Hall, P. Harris, V. Hart, J. Hind, Y. Jones, C. Kibblewhite, J. Knight, L. Lanckmans, F. Larkin, A. Lawson, M. Lawson, C. Lovell, T. Lough, G. Miles, D. Munday, P. Palmer, H. Pateman, A. Pentecost, P. Perrott, J. Portis, C. Purdy, J. Renouf, E. Robson, B. Scales, L. Sirot, Y. Soilleux, J. Waller, J. Whittington, T. Winstanley, C. Wilkinson.

**Bar to Bronze Medallion:** A. Beaver.

**Bronze Cross:** C. May.

**Award of Merit:** M. Bird, M. Bryce, B. Chapman, P. Edwards, R. Fox, M. Page, J. Pearse, C. Wilkinson, T. Wilson.



## The Thirteenth Annual Careers Conference, 1960

On the 10th March, the Fourth, Fifth and Sixth Forms attended with their parents, this year's Careers Conference. There was a new procedure, so that everyone could choose to hear something about the jobs that interested them, and many speakers were invited.

When the Conference began at 3 o'clock, Miss Sadler, B.A., Assistant Careers Advisory Officer, L.C.C., spoke to most of the school on "Choosing a Career", and later, Mrs. Carrington, M.A., spoke to a smaller number of girls on "Careers for Women Graduates".

After this session, there was a break for tea, and when the Conference was resumed, there was a further choice of five sessions under the headings "Via 'O' and 'A' Level at School", "In the World of Commerce", "Healing Others", "Careers through Domestic Science", and "Helping People and Animals". Each of these sessions was divided by a second shorter interval.

Mr. Bingay began in the first half with a talk on "Dentistry as a Career". He is the Head of the New Cross Training School for Dental Auxiliaries, and gave some very helpful information. He also showed a very interesting film on a young girl's training for dentistry. Then Daphne King, an old girl of the school, gave a very informative talk on librarianship, and showed that a librarian could get interesting jobs anywhere in the world. Angela Nimmo then told us of her very interesting work in an infant school. She showed how important it was to understand children and their needs, and brought several of their scrap-books and models. Then Mary Hill spoke of her work as secretary in an Oil Company and as Civil Servant.

At the same time in the hall, Mr. Lawler, Personnel Officer at Courtlauds Ltd., revealed the future in store for a secretary in the 1960's. He had definite ideas on what he looked for in a secretary, and he also told us about the increasing use of electric typewriters. Valerie Johnson, who works for the Royal Air Force's Association in Publicity and Advertising, showed how rewarding it is to have a job as secretary in a charitable organisation, and to be in close contact with all kinds of people. In the course of her job she would also take advantage of an interesting and exciting social life.

Miss Heather, Staff Supervisor for Marks and Spencer Ltd., discussed Retail Distribution for those who were interested in this kind of work. She also spoke of a special training in management for girls with 'A' Level qualifications. A feature of this was that for two years these girls would serve at the counter in order to learn how employees felt. Pat Fletcher, a secretary, enumerated openings in the secretarial field and told us a little about her own job.

In the third session, there were two speakers—Carol Underwood and Sally Hillier—on Occupational Therapy and Physiotherapy. The first explained that her job was not merely teaching patients how to make raffia baskets, but also involved the rehabilitation of patients, who perhaps had lost limbs, and were unable to work as before. She showed some of the work done by her patients. The second stressed how very worthwhile physiotherapy was, and that when the training period was over, there were numerous opportunities, since English physiotherapists are highly valued abroad. Photographs were shown of her patients.

Speech Therapy and Nursing were the subjects of two more speeches in this field. Rhoda Parker told of the interesting jobs she had had as speech therapist. There are several kinds of speech impediment and with the help of a tape-recording we were shown how a speech therapist aids the correction of these impediments. Jean Hodges' "Experiences as a Nurse" proved the subject of a very interesting and amusing talk. She now works in the Casualty Department of a local hospital.

Mr. Kape, the Principal of a Technical College for the Furnishing Trades, spoke in the fourth session on a career in furnishing and interior design, which was very interesting, and Miss Earle, the Senior School Meals Organiser for the L.C.C., told of the opportunities in the School Meals Service, helped on by an interest in Domestic Science. If one works hard, it is possible within a





"Christmas."

Barbara Curtis 6A.



new years to be responsible for one's own kitchen in a school! Mrs. Evans, our own Domestic Science teacher, gave further aspects of careers in Domestic Subjects, and this was followed by a talk and demonstration by Joyce Norris, Home Economist.

Finally, in the last session, three kinds of careers connected with the Dr. Barnardo's Homes were discussed by the Reverend Fred J. Holmes, who is the Clerical Organising Secretary of this organisation. He explained that helping on the clerical side was as important as looking after the children. Superintendent Steele of the Veterinary Dispensary in Soho, then described the different jobs a girl interested in Animal Husbandry could obtain, including those on chicken farms and as kennel maids.

Then Mr. Bingay spoke again, this time on Dental Auxiliaries, who can be of great help to the dentist by taking over the more trivial cases. Finally, Mr. Ashworth from Bromley Hospital told us about Radiography as a career. He calmed any fears we might have had about having X-rays taken, and showed some actual X-ray plates.

At the end of every speech, opportunity was given for asking any questions, and this proved very helpful. So this brought to an end the 13th Annual Careers Conference, one of the most interesting ever held, for we all felt that our individual tastes and abilities were catered for carefully. Our thanks must go to those who helped to make this a most memorable occasion.

## CAROL SERVICES

On Monday evening, December 21st, 1959, the girls and staff, with their families, friends and many old girls, gathered together for the Annual Carol Service. Once again, to accommodate our ever-increasing numbers, it was necessary to have four separate services, all following the same pattern and conducted simultaneously.

All the First Forms gathered with their parents and friends in St. John's Presbyterian Church, where the service was conducted by the Reverend M. D. Whitehorne, and the lessons were read by First Form girls. The collection amounted to £15 0s. 0d. and was sent to the Sunshine Home for Blind Babies.

The Second Forms with their families met in the Senior School Hall, where the service was conducted by the Reverend D. E. Watson. The hall was beautifully decorated with greenery and paintings by the girls to illustrate the 'Twelve Days of Christmas'. The collection amounted to £11 6s. 6d. and was sent to the Royal London Society for the Blind.

All the Third Forms and their families attended the Church in the Grove, where the service was conducted by the Reverend D. J. Bremner. Several Third Year girls read the lessons, and the collection made amounted to £10 11s. 9d. which was sent to the National Institute for the Deaf, the girls having expressed the wish that it should be reserved for the Children's Christmas Party presents next year.

Finally, the Fourth, Fifth and Sixth Forms gathered together with their families, friends, and old girls, in the Holy Trinity Church, where the service was conducted by the Reverend L. Shone. The church was beautifully decorated with candles and greenery by several girls and members of the staff. Lessons from the Bible and Milton's poem "On the Morning of Christ's Nativity" were read by senior girls, and the final lesson by Miss Williamson. The collection amounted to £23 19s. 3d. and was divided between the Greater London Fund for the Blind, and the Greater London Fund for the Deaf.

Each of the services was carried out with reverence and fellowship. They proved to be most successful and memorable not only to those who attended, but also to those whom we were able to help in some way with our contributions. We should like to thank all those who made arrangements and gave so freely, thus making our traditional Christmas services so very worthwhile.

Joan Lancaster, 6A.



## TO THE PREFECTS

We should like to express our thanks to all the Senior Prefects who have helped us to ably this year. We feel that you have had a great deal to do, and there have been many rearrangements and new duties which you have tackled willingly and efficiently.

Whether you are going on to serve the school next year or leave to serve the community as a whole, we wish you the very best of luck.

Joan Lancaster, 6A and Jacqueline Phillips, 6A.

## SPORTS

### TENNIS REPORT, 1959

This year's tennis, although perhaps not as successful in results as previous years, was enjoyed enormously by all concerned.

As the majority of the teams were from the Fourth and Fifth Forms, these years should prove to be of great potential value to the school.

Tickets were obtained again for the Wimbledon Championships, and a party of girls had a very enjoyable afternoon there. Some of the Under 15 Team also attended the Beckenham Championships.

Sandra Clements and Elaine Smith were awarded special coaching by the Kent County Lawn Tennis Association.

I should like to thank Miss Smart and Miss Nicholls for all the help and guidance they gave us, and of course those indispensable people—the umpires, without whom we could never have played our matches in true Wimbledon style.

Diana de Jong (Tennis Captain).

	1st VI	2nd VI	UNDER 15 VI.	2nd YEAR VI.
1st Couple:	D. de Jong.	V. Bradley.	P. Dillon.*	L. Howell.
	V. Clark.	M. Arnott.	T. Shortland.	H. Cook.
2nd Couple:	P. Wooldridge.	J. Knowles.	S. Clements.	M. Elliott.
	H. Pateman.	J. Young.	A. Howden.	J. Hagley.
3rd Couple:	P. Collins.	C. Mulholland.	E. Smith.	S. Brigginsshaw.
	J. Palk.	F. Tomkins.	L. Parker.	J. Verrinder.
also	M. Cox.	D. Bailey.		

\* Denotes Junior Colours.

#### TENNIS RESULTS

	Won	Lost
1st VI.	2	4
2nd VI.	0	4
Under 15 VI.	3	2
2nd Year VI	0	1

Results of the Form Tournaments: 2X, 3Y, 4F and 4C tied, 6P.

The following girls umpired for school matches: M. Bird, M. Barber, F. Darby, G. Gray, A. Johnson, J. Lancaster, S. Ray, J. Revers, G. Watts, T. Wilson.

A considerable number of 2nd Year girls also helped by acting as Ball Boys.

### ROUNDERS REPORT, 1959

Three Rounders teams were formed again in the Summer Term of 1959, to play matches against opponents from other schools. The teams spent a thoroughly enjoyable, if not too successful, term of practices and matches. Fortunately, the weather was fine almost continually throughout the term, thus allowing many hours of practice at our playing fields at Anerley before the matches.



The Under 15 Team was the most senior one, and it was comprised of 3rd and 4th Year girls. Their coach Miss Rudd, spent many hectic hours trying to teach those who had not played since their first form days, the art of Rounders. These attempts were rewarded, in that out of six matches played, the team managed to win three. The Under 14 Team had a hard term of matches and practices under the supervision of Mrs. Millar, their coach. Out of a total of six matches, they managed to win only one, but continued to keep up a high standard of play throughout the season. The youngest team—the Under 13 IX—comprised mainly of first years, successfully managed to win three out of the five matches played. The team worked diligently throughout the term, and showed good promise for a team formed mainly of girls from their junior schools, who had previously had little knowledge of the game.

I feel sure all who attended the practices, would like to thank their teachers and those who made our practices and matches at Anerley possible, and most worthwhile.

Lynda Fox.

**UNDER 15 IX**  
 Bowler.—C. Munro.  
 Backstop.—J. Portis (Captain).  
 1st Post.—J. Waller.  
 2nd Post.—L. Scully, M. Churcher.  
 3rd Post.—M. Shearer.  
 4th Post.—B. Harrington.  
 1st Deep.—L. Lanckmans.  
 2nd Deep.—L. Fox.  
 3rd Deep.—B. Scales.  
 Also: P. Dillion, L. Edis, E. Smith,  
 T. Shortland.

**UNDER 14 IX**  
 S. Gorman.  
 S. Young.  
 P. Lane.  
 M. Barton.  
 P. Saunders.  
 G. Samways.  
 B. Sandiland.  
 S. Brigginsshaw.  
 J. Pollard.  
 Also: M. Grant, M. Olley,  
 S. Whiteside.

**UNDER 13 IX**  
 P. Hopkins.  
 B. Waghorn.  
 L. Crocker.  
 A. Gothard, L. Edis.  
 J. Murphy.  
 S. Bown.  
 J. McFaden.  
 L. Goodwin.  
 J. Cooper.

#### ROUNDERS RESULTS

	Won	Lost
Under 15 IX.	3	5
Under 14 IX.	1	5
Under 13 IX.	3	2

**Results of the Form Tournaments:** 1N, 2X, 3W, 4A.

## Swimming Report, 1959

The summer season, 1959, proved to be a fairly successful one, as both the Life Saving classes and competitive events had keen representation. A group of ten girls: T. Lough and G. Miles from 4W; E. Chamberlain from 4R; V. Hart from 4A; L. Sirot, M. Foulger, A. Lawson and J. Johnson from 4C; and P. Palmer and B. Scales from 4B, gave a demonstration of Bronze Medalion work at Stillness Junior School Gala.

The exciting idea suggested by Mrs. Owen-Smith, that some of the girls should practise water ballet was immediately taken up. This was later displayed at the West Lewisham Gala on July 10th, and the following girls took part: C. Atkins, M. Bryce, B. Chapman, V. Clark, D. de Jong, J. Portis, C. Wilkinson, and one of our Physical Education staff, Miss J. Rudd. Also at this gala C. Faithful won the one length freestyle, under 13 years. J. Portis was 1st, and C. French was 2nd in the Intermediate two lengths freestyle, and B. Chapman was 1st and V. Clark was 2nd in the Senior three lengths freestyle.

On the 5th of June, a team of girls swam in a three-cornered match against Paddington and Maida Vale High School and Mary Datchelor Girls' School. The event was held in Mary Datchelor Girls' School's own swimming bath. The Gala was popularly attended, and Sydenham came 2nd in the Under 15 Section, and 3rd in the Senior Section.



# HOCKEY REPORT, 1959-1960

## 1ST AND 2ND XI'S

This season we have had relatively little success in our matches due to a variety of reasons, but we feel that the wide support given to the Hockey Teams by the Fifth Formers augurs well for future seasons.

The standard of play in the Kent Tournament was very good, and if it had been maintained throughout the season, the results would have been decidedly better.

Jean Killbourn, Angela Johnson, Barbara Scales and Vivien Bradley played in the West Kent Junior Hockey Trials, and Barbara was chosen for the Further Reserve Team.

The 1st XI played a very enjoyable match in the Easter holidays against a team on a School journey from Belfast, although the visitors won by 3-0.

The Staff match, as always, was enjoyed by all concerned. Miss I. Wright scoring the winning goal for the Staff.

On March 12th, two coach loads of girls went to Wembley to see the International Hockey Match between England and Western Germany. Every girl enjoyed herself very much and learned something from the game.

Finally, I should like to thank Miss Smart and Mrs. Millar for all the invaluable coaching they have given to the teams, and Mrs. Fox, and the girls who helped to prepare innumerable teas for all the matches played at home.

Vivien Bradley (Hockey Captain).

## UNDER 15 XI

The Under 15 Hockey Team did not have a particularly successful season from the point of view of winning matches. This was not due to lack of effort, but rather to the inability of the forwards to shoot straight! There was an excellent team spirit throughout the season, and much hard work was put in at practices.

A.M.M.

### 1st XI

G.K.—V. Bradley.\*  
R.B.—A. Johnson.\*  
L.B.—H. Cribb, E. Macdonald.  
R.H.—T. Wilson, P. Riddell.  
C.H.—B. Scales.  
L.H.—L. Lanckmans.  
R.W.—P. Dillon.  
R.I.—T. Shortland, J. Lancaster.  
C.F.—J. Manders, T. Wilson.  
L.I.—N. Cook.  
L.W.—J. Killbourn, M. Allen.  
Also: G. Batterham, D. Beeston,  
P. Driscoll, C. Henry, J. Palk,  
C. Pearce, J. Young.

### 2nd XI

E. Stanton.  
C. Dowle.  
L. Elliott.  
C. Wilkinson.  
M. Arnold.  
H. Phipps, M. Baker.  
P. Colegate.  
R. Sayers, A. Garden.  
F. Knowles.  
C. Leapman, E. Gulliver.  
M. Allen.

### Under 15 XI

J. Johnson.  
V. Beaton.†  
L. Parker.  
L. Dwyer (Captain).  
J. Chapman.†  
M. Marshall.  
R. Watts.  
C. Bush.  
J. Fish.  
S. Bowler.  
J. Rothenberg.  
Also: C. House, S. Marsh, D. Gibson  
A. Arnott, A. Crawley, P. Aylett,  
S. Attwater, B. Nayler, D. Cook,  
M. Grant.

\* Denotes Colours.

† Denotes Junior Colours.

## HOCKEY RESULTS

	Won	Lost	Drawn	Cancelled
1st XI	2	6	—	6
2nd XI	0	3	1	3
Under 15 XI	0	3	1	3



## Gymnastic Demonstrations

During March, the Third Years gave a Gym Demonstration to which their parents were invited. The idea was to show the kind of work done during lessons brought up to display standard.

For weeks before, the girls practised and finally presented their theme of balance and twist with a change of speed. The theme was a difficult one, and most forms concentrated on the balance and twist, while the change of speed was neglected.

On the appointed afternoon, great excitement reigned, but the forms controlled themselves well, and the result was good. It was disappointing that so few parents were able to come.

V.S.

On March 18th, the Second Year Gym Display took place in the Gymnasia on the new building. Parents were invited to attend, if they wished, and by 2.30 the girls were in their places, ready to begin.

Each form presented its own display of gymnastics with the basic theme of spring, change of direction and shape. The girls looked very smart in their white gym vests and navy skirts, and the whole afternoon was a great success.

Thanks must be given to all the Physical Education staff who took such trouble to ensure that everything went well.

Jasmine Marshall and Janet Esgrove, 2B.

## Intimations of Immortality of Sydenham Staff in English Literature

1. Elizabeth of that name married Robert Browning.
2. "Mary——", by Mrs. Gaskell.
3. Surname of the family of daughters in "Pride and Prejudice."
4. "Come unto these yellow sands.  
Foot it featly here and there,  
And sweet sprites the——bear." (The Tempest).
5. Henry——wrote "Sally In Our Alley."
6. "Cousins, I hope the days are near at hand  
When——will be safe." (Macbeth).
7. I'se——I hear their gentle voices calling, "Poor Old Joe."
8. "From——even to Beersheba." (Book of Judges).
9. "What is this life if full of care  
We have no time to stand and stare." So wrote W. H.——.
10. Mary Ann——hid her identity under the pseudonym of George Eliot.
11. Eldest son of S. T. Coleridge.
12. D. H.——wrote "Sons and Lovers".
13. Sinclair——wrote "Babbitt".
14. Edna——novelist and ardent supporter of women's emancipation.
15. Film critic for Punch; published Doggerel's Dictionary.
16. "There was a jolly——once  
Who lived by the River Dee."
17. "And through the——the ivies creep." (Lotus Eaters).
18. Pronounced the same as the northern castle where Richard II was imprisoned.
19. "Blow, blow thou winter wind  
Though thou the waters warp  
Thy sting is not so——  
As Friend remembered not."



20. Wrote "Song to David", 1763.
21. ———had his workshop under a spreading chestnut tree.
22. "Who best  
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best. His——  
Is Kingly." (Milton).
23. "O talk not to me of a name great in——  
The days of our youth are the days of our glory." (Byron).
24. Miss——, Emma's governess.
25. Dylan——, author of "Under Milk Wood."
26. "Nobly, nobly, Cape St.——". (Browning—"Home Thoughts from the Sea").
27. What the cow could do after it was milked by the "maiden all forlorn."
28. Mrs. Humphrey——novelist, grand-daughter of Dr. Arnold of Knighby, and active opponent  
of extension of franchise to women.
29. "An Haberdasher and a carpenter,  
A——, a Dyere and a Tapycer." (Chaucer, The Prologue).
30. Old English suffix, meaning "maker of".  
(Answers on page 32).

## Cercle Français

There were two very successful meetings in the course of the year. The first in the Easter Term, ably organised by Mrs. Hill and the oral groups, took us by means of song and dance on a tour of the French provinces, ending in a riotous froth of can-can.

In the Summer Term, Mrs. Parker produced a Fourth Form entertainment in which there was attractive singing, miming and dancing enhanced by delightful costumes.

## Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme

During February a party of girls from the Sixth Form, accompanied by Miss Ashby, paid a visit to the Academy Cinema to see the film 'Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme', the famous comedy by Molière. The film was acted by a cast from the Comédie Française, and everyone enjoyed their very lively performance.

## Romeo und Julia auf dem Dorfe

(a rustic tale)

Sali und Vrenchen sind die Kinder zweier feindlicher Bauern. Diese haben sich über ein kleines Stück Land gestritten, und keiner will mit dem andern Frieden schliessen. Eines Tages, während ihre Väter sich beim Fischen zanken und die Kinder auch dabei sind, wandern Vrenchen und Sali den Fluss hinauf und werden bald Freunde. Sie machen eine Verabredung, sich später neben dem Felde zu treffen;—da verlieben sie sich, und werden von Vrenchens Vater entdeckt. Sali wirft ihm einen Stein an den Kopf, was ihn verletzt und wahnsinnig macht, so dass er ins Krankenhaus getragen werden muss.

Sali und Vrenchen entfernen sich von dem Dorf, um ein paar glückliche Tage miteinander zu verbringen. Zusammen finden sie ihr Glück und entscheiden, dass sie es nicht ertragen können, auf ewig getrennt zu leben. Deshalb suchen sie in dem kühlen Wasser des Flusses den Tod.

Gillian Gray and Elizabeth Ingram, 6B.



## French Festival Fortnight, May 1960

On Thursday, May 19th, Miss Ashby took a party from the Sixth Form to the French Exhibition at the Royal Exchange. The weather was bad, but the rain did not spoil our enjoyment of what was the first entertainment of its kind ever to be shown in London.

The Exhibition, entitled "Visit Paris at the Royal Exchange", was presented by the French Government Tourist Office, as part of the French Travel Festival. The centre piece consisted of a flattened cone carrying a relief map of Paris north of the Seine, including the river itself, and all the main buildings and gardens of the Left Bank faithfully reproduced. Above this was a revolving display of eighteen puppet shows, fully animated, each showing one aspect of Paris at a particular hour of the day. These were cleverly synchronised with a recording of words and music to give a miniature "Son et Lumiere" performance.

A semi-circle of three rising tiers of seats enabled everyone to see perfectly. The outer part of the semi-circle consisted of eighteen "windows", ten of which showed some of the country's most popular tourist attractions, and the other eight were occupied by France's main transporters and some of the most important activities of Paris. Many leaflets were available and uniformed "Hôtesses de Paris" were on duty to answer any questions about the city they represent.

The "Sound and Light" performance lasted, in all, some six and three quarter minutes, and it is almost unbelievable that so much of that great city of Paris, could be shown in so short a time. This was not the city of the light-hearted tourist, but a much truer, and no less interesting picture of the hard-working productive centre of industry and commerce.

I am sure that we were all very grateful to the French Tourist Office whose exhibition, so small and yet so complete, really enabled us to visit Paris without even leaving London.

After this, we went on to South Kensington to see the Exhibition of Modern French Tapestries at the Victoria and Albert Museum. Most of the examples of this unusual form of craft were abstract, but in most cases it was easy to see the meaning. Other tapestries like "Ceres and the Seasons" by Roland Oudot were more photographic, but still symbolic. It was very interesting to see a form of craft, which I had imagined to be dying out, brought within the reach of modern man.

Both these exhibitions were part of the French Fortnight activities, and the technical brilliance of "Son et Lumiere", coupled with the artistic beauty of the tapestries provided a most enjoyable afternoon's entertainment.



*"The Clown."*

*Carol Owen, 4R.*



## Manor Mount, Sydenham and Shackleton Old Girls' Association

The Association has continued to expand over the past year.

The July, 1959, meeting was held in the Junior School Hall in conjunction with the parents' Summer Garden Fête which was confined to the newer part of the school and grounds, although "Old Girls" were invited into the Fête after their meeting. So successful was this idea, that it has been decided to repeat this arrangement at the next July meeting.

At this gathering, presentations were made on behalf of the Association by Dorothy Woodnott, Joyce Davis and Sheila Fisher to Miss Valentine, Miss Butler, and Mrs. Bennett upon their retirement.

In November, we were pleased to have Stella Ceresa give an enthralling talk about her experiences on an Outward Bound Course, which she had just successfully completed.

As usual, the Annual General Business Meeting took place in March, when Doris Smith, Thelma Blamey and Alison Hardwick resigned from the Committee after two year's service. Stella Ceresa (1959) and Josephine Palmer (1959) were appointed in their places.

We are pleased to report that the Shackleton Old Girls Netball Club continues to flourish. Any girls who are interested in joining should contact Brenda Pitt at 32, Watlington Grove, Sydenham, S.E.26.

## General News

### BIRTHS

Winifred Watson: née Keston, a daughter, Hilary Ann, born October, 1958.

Heather handler (1946): née Hale, a son, John Joseph, born 23rd January, 1960.

Audrey Turner (1946): née Hogwood, a son, Mark, born January 1st, 1960.

Diane Chudley (1943): née Floyd, a daughter, Victoria Catherine, born February 22nd, 1960.

Brenda Richardson (1943): née Capper, a son, born 7th April, 1960, brother for Fiona.

Elizabeth Jane Sparling (1956): née Leapman, a daughter, Rebecca Jane, born 3rd June, 1960.

### MARRIAGES

Loretta Harrison (1956) to Raymond Beck, December, 1959. Now living in Vancouver, B.C.

Jill Bennett (1957) to Raymond Howe, 11th June, 1960.

## Good Causes

This year charities representatives have been very busy. At the beginning there was a grand effort for Dr. Barnado's Homes. We saw a film, the stars of which were children, whose happiness is found in these Homes. Our hearts were touched—and our pockets! Beautiful hand-made purses containing gifts from each Form, totalling thirty pounds, were given to the speaker on this occasion.

The Harvest Festival was colourful, and hospitals, lonely old people, sick children, Group Captain Cheshire's Homes received fruit, vegetables, tinned goods, eggs and tea.

A tragic Life Boat Disaster reminded us of dangers we are never called upon to face. A collection, to help families of men who gave their lives, raised seventeen pounds.

Christmas Seals and cards were sold. Cancer Research was helped, and altogether £110 14s. 3d. was raised before Christmas.

The Spring and Summer Terms have been devoted to World Refugees. Girls have raised money in many varied ways—concerts, competitions, lines of pennies, cake and sweet sales, shoe and car cleaning services, and finally, a happy Dance in which we were joined by Forest Hill Boys' Sixths, Staff, friends and our helpful P.T.A. Mr. Turner of the Forest Hill Boys' School was an untiring M.C. By our united efforts, sixty pounds was raised on this memorable occasion.

Forest Hill Boys also joined us in a window display showing a scene in a Refugee Camp. Kirkdale Electrics kindly lent us one of their windows, and many people have stopped to look, and we hope to help, in some way. We are striving to reach a Target of five hundred pounds.

We must now look nearer home, to the Union of Girl's Schools for Social Service. This settlement in Peckham assists old people and others needing help in their home or in running clubs. Our girls made several gifts for their Christmas Sale, and have been associated with this work for many years.

A.C.H. and E.D.R.



# Refugee Year

## Refugees

O Lord Jesus, help us to,  
Yes, help us to be kind,  
And make us help and care for,  
Yes, care for, the ones left behind.

O Lord Jesus, make us strong,  
To face up to the facts,  
The facts that mean so much to you,  
The facts of those in need.

O Lord Jesus, make us brave,  
Yes, make us brave as you,  
So that we may love the people,  
The people that need us now.

O Lord Jesus, you know who,  
Yes, you know those I mean,  
I mean the needy refugees  
The ones who are alone.

Patricia Brenan, 1R.



"The Refugees."

Margaret Eales, 4C.

## World Refugee Year

"Oxford or Cambridge!", "Have you given your penny?"—such were the cries to be heard one dinner hour in the playground of Sydenham School. As the girls emerged from dinner, they ran *en masse* to see how the penny race was faring, and to support their side. At last the bell rang. The race was over, and Cambridge had won! Best of all, there was over five pounds towards 2N's collection for the Refugees! This was just one of the many ways in which the school have made efforts to raise money.

At the commencement of the Spring Term, the interest of all was aroused as cake sales started to be held daily, and soon such minor efforts grew larger, widening into sweet sales, book sales and 'White Elephant' sales. At the time of the Boat Race, several Forms made rosettes from which considerable profits accrued. In fact, hardly one girl could be excluded from our efforts, for almost every taste was pursued. For the more fashion-minded, a Hair Dressing competition was held; for those interested in Art, an exhibition of Miss Laurie's and 1R's paintings took place; and in even lighter vein, a session of record playing was held for an hour or two after school.

At last, having almost exhausted their funds of ideas, Forms turned to more manual tasks in order to raise money somehow, and each dinner hour, groups were to be seen washing down cars, cleaning shoes and covering books.

Finally, on Saturday, May 21st, our efforts were extended to parents and friends by way of a dance, held in the School Hall.

Such is the enthusiasm of Sydenham School, and now in this last week of World Refugee year, we are making one last effort to reach our target of five hundred pounds, which we hope will help towards the relief of the starving, homeless millions.

Margaret Barber, 6A.



# Visits

## HATFIELD HOUSE

Hatfield House is a very large mansion in Hertfordshire. It was visited on 28th April, during the Easter holidays, by the Junior School History Club. We left on a coach, waiting outside the school at 10 a.m. Six teachers and four Sixth Form girls went with us. As we departed from the school, it was trying very hard to rain.

After exploring the gardens and eating a picnic lunch, we were shown through the very large house. We entered the marble hall, which had beautiful tapestries, long benches, and a lovely ceiling. Then we walked up the Grand Staircase. This staircase was most beautiful; each pillar had different carvings from top to bottom, and as you walked up, you could see the many paintings of important visitors to Hatfield.

At the top of the stairs, we walked into King James' drawing-room, also with a beautifully patterned ceiling and furniture. Here, we passed a long room containing Queen Elizabeth's stockings, gloves and hat, Charles I's Cradle, and Anne of Denmark's Coronation chair. Coming down stairs again, we saw the Armoury, a most lovely hall with a marble floor, containing armour and four tapestries of Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter. Then we saw the Chapel, and a kitchen with large ovens. After the tour, we had tea in the Old Palace. Some time later, we arrived back at school, after what, I thought, was a most interesting day.

Jean Clutterbuck, 2P.

## DISCOVERING DULWICH

It was a fine April afternoon, when we assembled by the school gates for our visit to Dulwich Toll Gate and Dulwich College Art Gallery.

The walk to the Toll Gate was both interesting and enjoyable, and we were accompanied by Miss Wrycraft and Miss Waghorn.

The Toll Gate was very interesting, and the table of tolls by the gate caused us much amusement, as such things as hogs and geese were listed. The woman at the Toll Gate was very kind and explained a lot of things to us. We were very surprised to hear that she and her husband rarely saw each other, as someone always has to be at the Toll Gate at all hours and in all weathers.

This was followed by a short walk to the Art Gallery. The college and the Art Gallery were majestic buildings.

The gallery contained some marvellous paintings. Two Gainsboroughs caught our attention. One was of a woman with two small children; the other was of a beautiful young girl. Unfortunately, the paint had faded, as the Artist had used tube paint, and had not mixed his own. In a darker room, we noticed a picture of Death fighting Life for the soul of a child.

There were also some ornate tables in a few of the rooms, which were in marvellous condition.

We saw a beautiful Cannalretto of a Canal in Venice. A portrait of the Virgin and Child was the centre of attraction in one room. The Virgin was beautiful, and the Child very realistic.

We then left the Gallery, and wended our way through Dulwich Park to the bus stop. We were silent on the way home, all thinking of the beautiful afternoon we would never forget.

Gillian Osborne, 3B.

## The Library

The library is always occupied by busy and cheerful girls in search of various kinds of knowledge; from Cookery to the Classics, providing food for the mind. We help you to find wisdom in many directions.

At the end of the Autumn Term, Miss MacBride left us to go to Lewes, and Miss Cheeseman came for a very brief period. We enjoyed her breezy Australian personality. The Sixth Form has been very helpful during the weeks we have managed to run the library ourselves, and we are grateful to them and to all girls who have used extra care in returning books to their proper places in the shelves. For indeed, we learn from these experiences that 'Reading maketh a full man'.

A.C.H.



## An Innocent Abroad

These are some of the things I shall remember of Sydenham School, when I am back home in Melbourne and the snow on the Alps brings the bitter winds sweeping down to the coast, or in high summer when the tar melts on the pavements and the only way to keep cool is to go down to the beach.

There was that icy day in January, soon after I came to the school, when I peered through the steamy windows of the bus looking for my stop, and began to blunder forward two stops too soon. A hand on my arm stopped me, a vaguely familiar face loomed up, and a voice said, "Not just yet. I'm getting out, too," I was grateful.

That sunny day, when I cleared the Library at lunch time, ordering the girls out into the sun to "Get some Vitamin C into them." I wondered why some seniors stayed behind; but when the library was clear, they tactfully told me, "It isn't Vitamin C, it's D." I looked it up, and found they were right.

There were those who came forward to help, the two First Formers who stayed in Friday nights, the Fourth Formers who rushed in and arranged the chairs and tables for me after a staff meeting; and the others.

Then, on my last day, a First Former who had just heard I was leaving said to me more in pity than in surprise, "Didn't they think you was good enough?" "Were," I corrected automatically.

Finally, I have an abiding impression of friendliness, courtesy and helpfulness in the girls at the school.

L. Cheeseman.

## The Current Affairs Society

During the past two terms, the Current Affairs Society has held four meetings, all of which have been well attended by members of the Fifth and Sixth Forms.

Last October, on the eve of the General Election, the C.A.S. held its own 'Mock Election' with four candidates: Carole Butterworth, 6B, Communist; Valerie Cousins, 6B, Labour; Gillian Gray, 6B, Liberal; Marianne Harvey, 6B, Conservative. The conservative candidate won by a considerable majority.

The other three meetings have taken the form of debates; the first in February, with Mrs. Stroud and Pat Williams proposing the motion that "The vote should be given at Eighteen", and with Miss Lane and Norma Cooke opposing. On the 3rd March, an Inter-school debate was held with Brockley County Boys' School. Marianne Harvey and Elizabeth McDonald, 6B, opposing the motion that "Science is the most important Subject in School To-day", and on April 6th, another debate was held with Forest Hill Boys at their school with Olive Kennard and Eunice Cherry opposing the motion "Advertising is a Curse".

In the near future, we hope to have an outside speaker from the United Nations Association speaking on its work and history.

Finally, we should like to thank Miss Phipps and other members of the Staff for their valuable assistance and support.

Marianne Harvey and Eunice Cherry, 6B (Joint Presidents of the C.A.S.).

## S.C.M.

This year the S.C.M. has suffered from lack of support. In spite of this fact, we have had some very interesting meetings. Our most popular and interesting meeting was one held at the end of the Winter Term. The meeting began with a recording of the music of the Television Brains Trust signature tune, and then the panel composed of Miss Phipps, Miss Pomphrey, Mrs. Vincent and Mrs. Ward answered questions on controversial subjects put to them by Miss Williamson, on behalf of the girls. The answers were always interesting, and of great value to the very appreciative audience.



# Swiss School Journey

1959

(TUESDAY, JULY 28TH—WEDNESDAY, 5TH AUGUST)

We left Victoria at 7 p.m., arriving two hours later at Dover. We slipped through the Customs, and out to join the queue for the boat. Arriving at Boulogne at about midnight, we passed through the brightly lit Customs Hall, out onto the dim, quiet platform. We climbed into the most comfortable-looking train of the two in the station, and began to settle down for the night. Some were able to sleep, but for others, the brightly lit stations flashing by proved rather fascinating. We nearly all woke at about 4 a.m., by which time we were crossing North-eastern France, which did not impress us very much. Still, perhaps 4 o'clock in the morning is not the best time to appreciate the scenery of a strange country!

We arrived at Basle in time for our first delicious, continental breakfast of the holiday. From Basle, we caught a train via Berne, to Interlaken. It was on this part of the journey that the scenery first began to impress us. We passed through the Jura Mountains, over the Swiss Plateau to Berne, and then towards the Bernese Oberland and Interlaken. A short distance out from Berne, the mountains suddenly loomed up, wreathed in wispy clouds. For some of us, this was our first glimpse of the Alps. From Interlaken, we were taken by taxi via Wilderswil, over the little wooden bridge to our pension—Pension Schönfels in Gsteigwiler.

Gsteigwiler, the village in which we were staying was very tiny indeed, consisting of a small Post Office in one of the chalets, and three other small shops on the lower floors of the chalets. Wilderswil was a much larger village. Both Gsteigwiler and Wilderswil were equally attractive, in their individual ways.



*"The Journey."*

Christine Pearce, 4B.

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*(Continued from previous page.)*

Another meeting of interest was held in the Spring Term, when the record of Father Geoffrey Beaumont's Folk Mass was played, and compared with other forms of church music.

In the Winter Term, Mrs. Beard came down from S.C.M. headquarters, and gave us a talk about the organisation. After the meeting, she gave us a sheaf of literature about the holiday camps and meetings for Fifth and Sixth Form girls, organised by the S.C.M. Quite a large number of girls from the Upper Sixth subsequently attended an Inter-Schools meeting at King's College, when the Reverend Canon, S. M. Evans, M.A., B.D., spoke about "What are we here for?". This meeting proved very interesting indeed.

These meetings are examples of the varied interests of the members of the S.C.M., and now that Miss Stanton is forming a Junior Branch of the S.C.M. we hope that future meetings will be well attended. We should like to thank Miss Williamson for her co-operation and interest in the Society.

Linda Elliott, 6A (President).



It is difficult to describe all that we saw on this wonderful holiday. Each day, we went out either walking, or by train or coach. We travelled on a rack and pinion railway, and were lucky enough to use the chair lifts twice, from Burre up to Lake Oeschinen, and from Grindelwald up to First. These chair lifts gave us the most vivid and exciting views of the landscape.

Our coach trips included a tour to the picturesque Blue Lake, and most impressive of all, a tour of the Three Passes. For this, we had to have breakfast at 7 a.m. in order to be in the coach by 8 a.m.; this caused some groans! The route led up to the Grimsel Pass, where we had good views of the Grimselsee Dam, and then on to the Rhône Glacier where we stopped, and most of the party visited the ice caverns. From the Rhône Glacier we climbed gradually up to the Furka Pass, and then down to Andermatt, which was so obviously different from the truly Swiss villages we had been used to. Stopping for an hour, we had a good opportunity to wander around. Our last stop was on top of the Sûsten Pass, where we were lucky enough to see a couple in National costume, with an alpenhorn. The more strenuous excursions were a very 'muddy' walk on the Daube, with a good deal of scrambling for alpine roses, and also our rather comical walk in the pouring rain just to see more water—the very impressive Trümmelbach Falls, a sight not to be missed, at any expense. Lastly, came the climb up the seven hundred and forty log steps, to the Obergletscher at Grindelwald.

August 1st is the Swiss National Day. In the evening we went down into Wilderswil to watch the celebrations. Swiss fireworks are terrifying. They whizz much faster, and explode more violently than English fireworks. In the village Square, there was some dancing, yodelling, and singing by the village choir. Many of the villagers wore their national costumes, which really were charming. It was pitch dark going back to the Pension, but for the light from two lanterns carried by Miss Hirst and Miss Smart.

On our last full day, we went into Interlaken, and spent the morning wandering around and shopping. In the afternoon, we walked to Lake Thun, where a few of the party ventured into the icy cold water for a swim.

For all of us, this holiday was a wonderful experience, and gave us a brief glimpse of continental life. We should like to thank Miss Cary, Miss Hirst and Miss Smart for looking after us, and enabling us to have such an enjoyable holiday. Dawn Lazarus and Angela Johnson, 6B.

## Leysin, Switzerland

WHITSUN, 1959

On the Saturday before Whitsun, twenty-seven girls and three members of Staff set out to find sunshine and new horizons in Western Switzerland. Leysin, where we stayed, is over four thousand feet up on a terrace, high above the deep Rhône Valley just south of Lake Geneva. The straggling village looks across to the majestic, glistening peaks of the Dents du Midi. Originally a health resort, it has recently turned to tourism.

The weather was kind to us and the sunshine was brilliant. Thus we were able to spend much of the time out of doors, until the evenings became too cool. On a number of occasions we climbed the mountains on foot, by cable car or by mountain railway. Here we had the wonderful spring-time experience of seeing the gloriously coloured flowers like the gentian and viola, the narcissus and the crocus in their natural surroundings. At Lac d'Ai, where the snow had not yet retreated from the high pastures and the huts were barely uncovered, we felt that we were in another world. On other occasions we wandered through cool, shady, pinewoods, and lush alpine meadows.

Sometimes we came down to more sophisticated, but still delightful surroundings, as when we visited Montreux on the shores on Lake Geneva. The ancient, walled, hill-top town of Gruyères, we discovered to have many attractions other than its far-famed cheese, for it is a living relic of Mediaeval life. One day we crossed the great gash of the Rhône Valley to take a closer look at the ever-present Dents du Midi group. We climbed up the long alpine valley to Champéry and then, taking the cable car to the upper ski slopes, found that we could look straight across the valley to the great peaks which were our companions for the whole week.



Our chalet-pension gave us the experience of living in a building made entirely of wood, with its sombre walls and creaking staircases. Often the tinkling of cowbells would draw us out on to the balconies to watch the cows go up through the village, but not when this happened at 4.30 in the morning! I think that we were all sorry to leave the brilliant sunshine and wonderful mountain views, just when we were really getting used to our new way of living. P.E.C.

### **A Fifth Form Field Study Week**

On Tuesday, April 26th, fourteen girls of 5R, accompanied by Miss Cary and Miss Woodward, began a journey in the Dorking-Guildford area. The object of our journey was to study the geographical features of the area, in order to help us in our forthcoming examination. The Youth Hostels at Holmbury St. Mary and Ewhurst served as our bases for the period. Our activities during the six days consisted of a detailed study of Ewhurst, a visit to Leith Hill, a study of the country around Holmbury St. Mary's Youth Hostel, and a visit to a farm. The farmer was very helpful, and we learnt a great deal about modern farming methods. We also visited local villages, for example, Shere, Abinger Hammer, and Gomshall, where visits to local churches helped in our estimations on the development of these villages.

We would like to take this opportunity to thank Miss Cary and Miss Woodward for a most enjoyable time. Pauline Lawn, 5R.

### **Cliftonville School Journey**

The week of April 6th to 13th was an important one for some of the Second Year girls—it was school journey time. Thirty-four girls and two teachers set off on Wednesday morning for Cliftonville, to study the geography of the Isle of Thanet.

We went by coach, passing through the lovely countryside of Kent. There were plenty of newly born lambs in the fields, and the fruit trees were just beginning to blossom.

In the afternoon of our first day, we visited a bakery and saw bread and many cakes being made. Everything there was spotless, not like Chislet Colliery which we visited a few days later, where everything was covered with a layer of coal dust. As we were not old enough, we could not go below to the coal-face, but we saw all the surface workings. These included the place where the coal was graded and washed. We went into the lamp house, where all the safety Lamps are kept, and saw the cabin from which the winding gear for the cages is operated. From Chislet, we went to Minster, where we were shown round the Priory by a Benedictine Nun.

On Thursday, we went to Sandwich, passing Pegwell Bay with its Viking Ship. The shields and oars had been removed in case they were damaged by winter weather. We also stopped at St. Augustine's Cross; this marks his landing place, for he was the first missionary to visit England. It was Market Day at Sandwich, so we watched cattle being auctioned and marked to show that they were Tuberculin Tested. The sheep and pigs were being sold for slaughter.

At Whitstable Harbour, we saw many imports from Denmark—tinned meat and hides were two of them—and timber from Northern France. We also saw the storehouse for imported maize, wheat, barley and oats. The wheat is sent to Ramsgate to a flour mill. Later we saw whelks and oysters, for which Whitstable is famous, being prepared for sale. That afternoon we walked from Herne Bay, along the cliffs to Reculver Towers.

Other places we visited during the week included Deal and Dover castles. Deal Castle was built by Henry VIII as a fortress. Dover Castle is on a steep hill, and overlooks the harbour. Here some of the girls were locked in a dungeon, but the guide soon let them out! Another castle, now in ruins, was at Richborough—built by the Romans, to guard the coastline.

We met the other school journey party twice; once at the North Foreland when we visited the Lighthouse, and again at Canterbury. Mrs. Craig spent the day with us there, and we were shown round the Cathedral, with its lovely stained glass, and then the ruins of St. Augustine's Abbey.



## Science Club

Unfortunately, the activities of the Science Club have been confined this year to a general knowledge competition. There were several entries of a very high standard, and prizes were awarded to Pat Young, 6A, Helen Cribb and Edna Robson, 5B, and Janice Johnson of 4C. We should like to thank Miss Hollens for organizing the competition.

Discussions have taken place and subjects for future meetings decided upon. Early next year, the Sixth Form will be giving an illustrated talk on the 'The Common Cold', which we feel will be of general interest. Outside speakers will be invited, in the near future, to talk on their own particular subject.

We hope that old members of the Science Club will support these meetings, although all Fourths, Fifths and Sixths, will be welcome.

M. Arnold and M. Burgess, 6B.

## XYZ Club

We had a very successful visit to Whipsnade Zoo last July. The weather was fine, and we enjoyed seeing the animals in their natural surroundings; some good photographs were taken, and the visit was recorded on a colour movie film. We hope to repeat the visit this year.

In September, we were pleased to welcome more new members to bring our total to one hundred and sixty. Meetings have been held weekly, and several interesting films have been seen. There have been two competitions, and the entries have been of a high standard. The competition based on the Whipsnade outing was won by Yvonne Creber and Patricia Pendrey of 2S. The second competition "My Pet" was very difficult to judge. The first prize went to Jennifer Taylor of 2B, for her book on "Hamsters".

The seniors are making a detailed study of the school pond, and keep finding very interesting animals on our doorstep!

E. Meyrick.

## Second Year Nature Club

During the early part of the year, members collected information about a variety of plants and animals, but this term we are specializing either in the study of trees in the school grounds, or of wild flowers, or we are learning to identify birds' nests and eggs. Later, we look forward to a walk through lanes and woods in the Farnborough district, and hope to find plenty of specimens. Together with the X.Y.Z. Club, we have enjoyed several films, including one on chameleons, and another on the soil.

Our last meeting was attended by a friendly Italian grass snake, who came with his owner. He had no objections to being held by his many admirers!

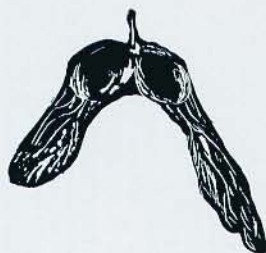
## The Third Year Nature Club

For the first two terms, meetings of the Third Year Nature Club were held on two days each week to make it easy for as many girls as possible to attend.

As it was not often possible to work outside, our activities were confined to working in one of the laboratories. The girls who attended the Monday meeting were divided into several groups. Group A were studying sections of leaves under the microscope; Group B were making plaster casts of twigs and bones, and painting them; Group C were making some prehistoric animals in clay; and Group D joined groups A and B on alternate weeks.

On Wednesday, we divided into smaller groups, each doing research on a different subject, e.g., astronomy, pond life, human senses. When each group had completed its research, the members gave a talk. These were very interesting and enjoyable. On two occasions we had a film, one about the chameleon, and another about the animals of Australia. During the year, we received much help from Miss Barr, Miss Meyrick, Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Morris. We would like to offer our thanks to them for a very profitable pastime.

M. Grant 3N and D. Settle, 3D.







### "HE THAT SHOULD COME"

"Brighter than moonlight, whiter than sunlight  
This unaccustomed miracle of sevenfold starlight."

Such were the words of Caspar as a gentle, mellow voice echoed out of the darkness of the auditorium into the dazzling brilliance of the spotlights. Caspar's words were, indeed, a contradiction of the theory that the greatest obstacle to Christianity to-day, is that to so many it appears shadowy and unreal, "as a tale that is told", and this performance of Dorothy L. Sayers' play "He That Should Come" was a natural, human, realistic representation of the Nativity. So simple indeed, that it served to shock us out of the naïve acceptance of a treasured story, into the full awareness that Christ was born "unto the world."

To present a play with such a purpose was a difficult achievement. The intensity of feeling, understanding, and vitality, demanded the highest contribution from every member of the cast—an understanding of the philosophies of the three kings; a knowledge of the tumultuous political background; a study of human personalities from the stout, ingratiating merchant and the harassed, shrewish landlady, to the sweet serenity, the unchanging gentleness of Mary and Joseph.

Many weeks of rehearsing were necessary in order to achieve these qualities. Rehearsals were long, as the majority of characters were present on the stage throughout. Movement presented the greatest problem, as this play was originally intended for broadcasting. Fortunately, from the commencement, our cast was possessed with a feeling of fellowship, as they threaded their way across a crowded stage representing the courtyard of an inn, littered with prostrate forms and animated travellers, for there were frequent collisions both scripted and otherwise!

These rowdy scenes at the inn provided ample opportunities for the cast to exchange gossip, pursue problems presented by 'prep', restore their spirits by food and drink, or fall blissfully asleep. So some benefits were derived even from the worst rehearsals!



We should like to record our thanks here to the Lewisham Operatic Society for the rousing drinking song of the Roman Soldiers, which their opera group so effectively produced for us.

The 'effects' involved the use of every conceivable aid—two tape recorders, a gramophone, and a film projector. The latter was used most effectively to produce the shadow of a cross above Mary and the Infant Christ in the final scene, when Joseph of Arimathaea revealed his identity.

Through the busy weeks before Christmas, the play was rehearsed, until it was ready for production on December 17th. All was prepared—the stage, representing the courtyard of an inn was crowded with merchants, Pharisees, Greeks, Roman soldiers and servile domestics.

Into this confusion, the Coming of Christ was represented. The reactions of each individual present at that time varying as it continues to do twenty centuries later, from scepticism and ignorance of this great event, to humblest adoration on the part of the most wise. Over it all predominated Mary, quiet and serene—the Mother of Christ—clasping in her arms the New-born Christ.

As the curtain rose in the final tableau to reveal a colourful and moving scene depicting the Adoration of the Child, a momentary hush descended upon both audience and cast who were suddenly aware, as never before, that "Only the very wise and the very simple, the Kings and the Shepherds, recognised in the homeless Babe of Bethlehem, Christ the King and the Saviour which is Jesus Christ our Lord."

E.E.R.M.

I should like to take this opportunity, on behalf of the cast, to thank, once again, our producer, Miss Hartley and also Miss Martin, Mrs. Handford, Miss Cary, Miss Weston, and Mr. Smith, who helped to make this such a moving and memorable occasion and to offer our play in such a spirit of reverence.

Elizabeth MacDonald.

## Paradise Lost

To write an epic poem about the fall of the Angels and 'Man's first disobedience' is surely a difficult task, for no one knows how sin originated, yet Milton chose this subject in order "to justify the ways of God to Men".

James Roose Evans of the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art undertook to adapt this great work for the theatre, and to dramatise Satan's fall and entrance into the heart of God's new creation.

In order to represent this great epic on the stage, two narrators gave the audience a commentary of all that was happening, while a moving background gave Satan the appearance of flight through the heavens. There were angels and devils, and even God the Father and God the Son were impersonated in all their majesty and heavenly glory. The serpent tempted Eve, and she succumbed to evil.

In the Vanbrugh production, Satan was not portrayed as the great leader Milton created; he was less powerful and commanding as his glory dimmed, so that at the end, our sympathies lay with the disappointment, shame and humiliation of Mankind.

Eve was a delightful character—all sweetness, simplicity and obedience to Adam. The contrast between their costumes before and after they had eaten the forbidden fruit was most striking; at first they were dressed in long white robes symbolic of innocence, but later in scarlet tights, as an outward sign of their inward change.

They had disobeyed, therefore they were punished; they were forced to leave the Garden and to wander hand in hand together; to labour and toil to the end of their days. Their remorse was great, when they looked behind them for the last time before the entrance to their Paradise was closed for ever; but the golden chain which connected heaven with earth and the new creation remained unbroken, and God the Son, the Second Adam, came down to restore again the relationship between God and Man, which Satan had striven so hard to destroy.

The diction of this great masterpiece, the impact of the poet's imagery, and the complex musical structure of Milton's verse had provided for us an awe-inspiring experience and the great realisation that, "As in Adam all died, so in Christ all were made alive again".

Janet Pearl, 6A.





## The Boy Mozart

This operetta which illustrated the childhood of the composer Mozart, was performed by girls from the First and Second Years, and produced by Miss Barlow.

It was a colourful and lively performance, with pleasant and clear-cut singing from both the chorus and the soloists, ably accompanied by Mrs. Caffery.

The chief feature of this production was the costumes, which were most spectacular. These had been designed and made by Miss Lawrence with the help of other Staff, parents and girls.

A spinet was borrowed for the occasion, also a magnificent chandelier, which together with the beautiful costumes, helped to create the eighteenth century atmosphere of the Salzburg Palace.

This production was enjoyed by those who took part, and we are most grateful to all who kindly gave their services behind the scenes. C.B.

## An Exciting First Night

At long last, after weeks of rehearsal, it was early evening on the first night of the Junior School play "Titian". My part in the play was that of Catarina, sister of Titian. We were all acutely aware of the atmosphere, which was filled with nervous tension. Miss Blakey, who was producing the play, was supervising make-up, and quietly reassuring us that everything would be all right. Make-up finished, and costumes all in place, the great moment arrived, and it was "Curtain Up!"

Sandra Sheen, who played the title role, made her entrance. It was soon felt by those of us still off stage, that she had started to give an excellent performance. My turn came, I made my entrance and I cannot describe my feelings, when I saw that the table on to which I was to be lifted was the wrong way round. I knew that the extended leaf would not hold my weight, and it would surely collapse. Prepared for this, I tried to keep my dignity as I felt myself sink to the floor, together with the table. Sandra, who was on stage with me gave wonderful support, and we carried on, ignoring the unfortunate incident.



On went the play, and each character gave of her best. The final curtain fell, and we were all feeling very happy. I think it would be true to say that our play was a success. All the weeks of hard work had been so much worthwhile. The cast had worked throughout as a team, and we all felt very grateful to Miss Blakey, who had encouraged and inspired us all. We learned a lot from the play, and it is hoped that we have gained a deeper appreciation of good paintings.

Hilary Dickson, 1A.

## **The Christmas Carol**

At Christmas, some of the Sydenham Girls, joined with a few of the Forest Hill boys, and performed a play called 'The Christmas Carol'. We were helped by Mrs. Mayo, Miss Martin and Miss Lawrence. Mrs. Mayo and Miss Martin produced the play, and Miss Lawrence was in charge of the costumes.

The play was held for two nights at Catford County School, and was part of a programme arranged by the Lewisham Drama Guild. At the first performance there was a large audience, but on the second night there were very few people as there was dense fog. Our journey to Catford was so slow, that we were just deciding to start changing and making up in the coach, when there was a sudden jolt, and we found ourselves on the kerb outside Catford School. We had arrived safely!

In spite of the variation in the size of the audience on these two nights, we thoroughly enjoyed acting as members of the Cratchit family whose fortunes changed when the Christmas Spirit transformed the miserly Old Scrooge.

Christine Healey, 2W.

## **The Junior Speech Contest**

The great occasion had arrived! Mr. Richard Baker, the well-known Television Announcer, was waiting for the speech competition to begin. We were all excited, but very nervous, as 1R mounted the platform. When they had found their places, they waited for Mrs. Craig to give the signal to start.

Rather nervously, 1R began their poem, which was called "The Storm". This poem was interpreted in many ways by every Form, and thoroughly impressed the audience.

"Elizabeth" by L. G. Eady, was also effectively produced, and invariably followed by a Bible reading. Mr. Richard Baker's comments were very interesting, and he praised us on our speech. He impressed upon us that we should always speak correctly, and stressed the value of good speech in school, at business, and in our leisure time. We were very excited, and thought 1Y would certainly win the cup. Mr. Baker especially mentioned three Forms which were 1L, 1Y and 1A, but just as our hopes were rising, he said, "I am not going to award the cup to any of these Forms, but to 1M who impressed me above all the rest, with their poem 'Elizabeth'".

Amidst the clapping of the school, the Form captain of 1M received the cup. Then Hilary Dickson of 1A thanked Mr. Baker for devoting his time to us, and presented him with a recording of the poetic works of Dylan Thomas.

To the whole of the First Year, this was certainly a very special occasion, and I am sure we all gained much from such a memorable experience.

Cheryl Godfrey and Janet Barber, 1L.

## **The Fifth Form Verse—Speaking Programme**

In the Spring Term a Verse Speaking Programme was given by all the Fifth Forms—each of which took a different theme and illustrated it by both individual and choral speech. Amongst the topics chosen were: "This Modern Life", "Youth", "People", "Humour" and "Love". The girls varied considerably in their ability to make themselves audible in the large hall, but many of the poems were very ably presented. It was good to find so many girls in each form making their contribution, and we hope that something similar may be arranged for next year.





## The Legend of the School Pool

Many years ago, our school was a magnificent lake, bounded on all sides by luxurious vegetation, and was situated in the centre of the earth. It was inhabited by large, fearsome, stick-like creatures, who had red bodies and green heads.

Living beside the lake was a blacksmith, who attended to the needs of his king—a gigantic man with bushy, yellow hair, a round barrel of a body, and a large red nose. The king was very powerful, and was fully aware of the fact that the creatures who lived in the lake, stole into his kingdom during the night, and robbed and plundered.

He decided to put an end to all this, and called upon his faithful blacksmith for advice. They arranged to capture the creatures, one by one, with the aid of nets, and then kill them.

Their first victim begged them to spare his life, but they would not relent. Finally, because all the creatures begged for mercy, the king permitted them to live, but in such a way, that they would never forget their wrongs.

He ordered the blacksmith to prepare a smelting iron, and when it was red-hot, they burnt off sections of each creature's body, until only a small living part was left. Then the creatures were taken back to the lake and put into it, while the king ordered that it be drained of two thirds of its water. Finally, he called on the gods of the earth to create a gigantic explosion, causing the lake to be hurled into the world above.

If you look hard in our school pool, you will be able to distinguish those stick-like creatures, lonely, and still lamenting their wrongful deeds of the world below.

This was the dream of—Marian Brading, 4B.

## The Actress

The other night, for the first, and the last time, I acted on the West End stage, but alas, this was only in a dream.

I was in my dressing-room at the Drury Lane theatre, reporters were swarming all around me. I finished my Maths homework and then signed autographs, for I was a famous school-girl actress. Then the pips sounded for the start of the performance, and I climbed up the hundreds and hundreds of stairs to the stage. I was not allowed to use the lift. That was for adults only! I made a dramatic entrance as Juliet in "Romeo and Juliet", and then to my horror discovered that one of my garters had slipped down round my ankle. I stepped back quickly, and was whirled away on the revolving stage. "Oh dear!" I thought, "I must be at the Palladium instead of Drury Lane". I jumped off hurriedly and started singing, "I could have danced all night", from "My Fair Lady". Someone urgently whispered that it was wrong and I stopped abruptly. Only then did I remember I was Juliet—"Oh, Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?"

"He's downstairs cleaning his boots," came back from the wings!

A few minutes later, from the side of the Stage rushed Mr. MacMillan, dressed up in tight trousers and a big feather hat.

"To be or not to be, that is the question".

"Be I Romeo, or be I not Romeo," he shouted, and then, changing the subject, said to the audience, "By the way, don't forget to come to jolly old Parliament's Garden Party to-morrow, will you?"

Butting in on him, I exclaimed, "Friends, Romans and countrymen, lend me your shovels, I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him."

Suddenly, the audience started walking out, and then Mr. MacMillan came towards me with a dagger in his hand. I felt a dreadful stab of pain, and then I woke up, thinking I was in heaven. I could hear angels singing and everything was bright and sunny. Suddenly, as my mother came in to wake me for school, I realised I was at home with the wireless on, and the sun pouring through the window. Heaven indeed, compared to the bright lights of Drury Lane!

Lynda Cheesman, 4C.



*"The time has been, my senses would have cool'd  
To hear a night-shriek;"—*

#### THE HAUNTED HILL

Every night on Five Oaks Hill,  
A ghost goes walking in the still,  
Through the trees with cries and moans,  
Rattling chains and scraping bones.  
On the path its shadows seen,  
Foot-prints left where he has been—  
Left the blood stains of the dead,  
This is the ghost's work it is said.

Linda Lees, 1H.

#### THE WITCH

I'm a witch on my broom-stick, I fly through the  
air,  
Behind me is flowing my long straggly hair,  
I swoop and I glide, I'm ever so high,  
I'll loop and I'll spin through all the night sky.

The moon is a-creeping to glory and light,  
Corpse candles are flashing out there in the  
night,

Will o' the wisp flickers with dull evening light,  
The wind is a-calling, and thunderbolts falling.

I'll swoop and I'll glide like a swift falling star,  
There are skeletons dancing and clacking afar,  
My nag is like lightning, no rickets has he,  
So faster and faster, good broom, carry me!

Julia Pallanca, 1L.

*"An unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractised;*

#### PAMELA PEARL

*Who ate anything . . .*  
This is the tale of Pamela Pearl,  
Who was a greedy little girl.  
Her mother, driven to distraction,  
Called for medical protection.

"Oh dearie me, what shall I do?  
Our Pearly's swallowed baby's shoe,  
I can't think how she'd ever dare,  
Surely this kind of thing is rare!"

It seems that in Trafalgar Square,  
Feeling contented without a care,  
She did a deed both grave and solemn—  
She promptly swallowed Nelson's Column!

Then down the Mall she went with Alice,  
And without effort she swallowed the Palace,  
"I'm thirsty now," did our Pearly whine,  
And drank till she emptied the Serpentine.

And so to the end of Pearl we come!  
It happened whilst she sucked her thumb,  
The swallowing habit she could not help,  
And so, forgetting, swallowed herself!  
Hilary Dickson, 1A.

#### ISOBEL GRAY

Nobody would ever care  
For a girl who always combed her hair.  
Such was the case of Isobel Gray,  
She combed her hair from day to day.  
In the mirror she would stare,  
Combing and brushing her straggly hair.

Her mother, who was smart and proper,  
Often tried her best to stop her.  
Alas! her endeavour was all in vain,  
As Isobel would not refrain.  
Her mother would very often say,  
That her hair would all fall out one day.

One day was heard a scream and shout,  
For Isobel's hair had fallen out!  
This is a warning to all little girls,  
Who always brush and comb their curls!  
Linda Keating, 1A.



*"When well apparall'd April on the heel  
Of limping Winter treads."*

### SNOW FLAKES

So delicate, so airy,  
The snow flake on the ground,  
White stars from out of heaven,  
That drop without a sound.

Over everything they are scattered,  
All in a world of grey,  
All different in their structure,  
Different in every way.

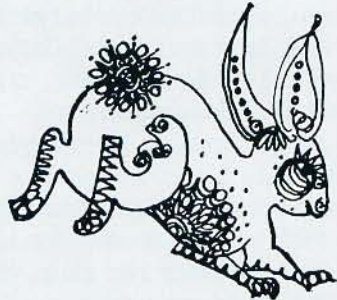
They come in the bleak December,  
When everything is dead,  
They are cold and helpless,  
And the warm sun they dread.

Snow upon the branches,  
Snow flakes falling down,  
In the cold winter weather,  
Of a lonely town.

They come with rain and sleet,  
During the night and day,  
Their whiteness they are showing,  
What a wonderful display!

A fall, a shower of snowflakes,  
All in the mist and grey,  
Perhaps to be remembered,  
Or maybe melt away.

Elaine Withington, 3X.



### SPRING

The sun shone brightly through  
the trees,  
Their branches swaying with  
the breeze.  
A new day was beginning to  
dawn,  
It looked such a beautiful  
Spring morn.

The grass on the ground  
glistened with dew,  
And far beyond was a beautiful  
view,  
Of flowers such as snowdrops,  
crocus and daffodil,  
Also a shadow of the old  
windmill.

Looking again at this wonder-  
ful scenery,  
And all the flowers, and all the  
greenery,  
I gazed at the sky of brilliant  
blue,  
And thought it was a dream  
come true.  
Jean Clutterbuck, 2P.

### THE WIND

The wind blows down the leaves from the trees,  
And zooms across the Seven Seas.  
It blows the kites up higher and higher,  
Until they are higher than any church-spire.  
It blows all the needles from off the pine,  
And blows all the grapes from off the vine.  
The wind blows the clouds from the path of the  
sun,

So there is brightness for everyone.

He blows around lighthouses, that give the ships  
light—

Showing the way, when rocks are in sight.

Then Spring comes at last,  
And with joy we know, that Winter is past.  
Blossoms begin to arrive on the trees,  
And new little buds, that will soon attract bees.  
Fresh little flowers of pink and white,  
Brighten the meadows from morning till night.  
Not much more wind now for anyone,  
For Winter is over, and Spring has begun.

Pat Grieg, 2P.

### MY GARDEN

My garden was so bright and fair,  
With lovely flowers growing there.  
The lily was so tall and stern,  
And there beside it grew a fern.  
The fern sprang up one summer morning  
When in the sky the sun was dawning,  
And there beside it grew a rose,  
Which drank the water from my hose.  
So all that grew in my garden fair  
Were the lily, the rose, and the fern,  
So there!

I've brought up that garden all on my own—  
The prettiest garden one ever could own!

Sandra Hewitt, 1T.



## Spring

How people change when Spring appears!

Now green grass appears, revealing its splendour to the admirers strolling through the fields. Trees blossom and relax in the Spring sun, and seem to understand the joyous remarks of men captivated and rejuvenated by the warm rays of the sun, as they rest beneath the gaily decked branches. Flowers of all hues open out their petals to the sun, flaunting their majesty and heralding the arrival of spring. Elsewhere, lambs frisk and prance in the fields of glowing green, and snuggle close to their mothers for protection.

The sun shines, the birds sing, and the soft warm breeze caresses the faces of people wishing to share the joy of this transformation. As the weather becomes warmer, people themselves like to escape from the memories of winter, and they appear in all the glory of their spring outfits.

Always it is a joy to go on a shopping spree and buy pretty summer dresses. Then there is the thrill of wearing them, of being transformed and happy as the eyes sparkle, lips smile, and the whole face reflects the hope that Spring brings in its train.

Evenings lengthen, children have more time to themselves in the myriad activities of their imaginative minds, whilst elderly people stroll arm-in-arm in the sweeter air for an evening walk, recalling the events of last Spring.

Oh, what a happier place this is, when Spring brings the usual changes and ineffable joy as this transformation takes place.

Elaine Smith, 4R.

### HANDS

Hands are really wondrous things,  
We use them every day,  
Sometimes resting, often working,  
Or helping us to play.

We can do such a lot with hands,  
Like eating up our tea,  
Or digging in the golden sands,  
When we go to the sea.

Each hand has five fingers on,  
Or four, besides one thumb,  
Our hands are of a pinkish fawn,  
And when they are cold, go numb.

We can hold things with our hands,  
Like pencils or pens, and sealing wax,  
Or buckets and pails, and pots and pans,  
And screws, and nails, and carpet tacks.

Yes! Hands are really wondrous things,  
We use them every day,  
Sometimes resting, often working,  
Or helping us to play.

Marilyn Hooper, 1H.

### TREASURE

Deep in the bowels of the earth,  
Men dig for wealth untold.  
They toil for jewels, cold and rare,  
And seek for Fortune's gold.

But I, a child, want none of these,  
For me the grass is green;  
In the sunshine of a spring-like day,  
All my treasure can be seen.

My gold is in the buttercup,  
My diamonds, morning dew.  
My silver is the gentle rain  
Beneath a Heaven of Blue.

Why spend your days below the ground,  
Forgetting wealth above?  
When you can live each day on earth  
With treasure that you love?

Pat Cragg, 2W.



*"Come what come may,  
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day."*

#### THE MAD MORNING RUSH

There's a hustle and a bustle as the train draws in,  
There's a platform full of people making such a din.  
The crowds are hurrying through the barrier gate,  
And children cry, "Oh hurry, or we'll all be late."

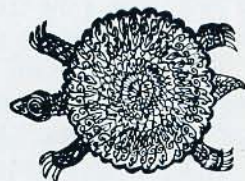
The business men are studying *The Guardian* and *The Times*,  
The school boys are hurrying to finish their lines,  
The typists are knitting at a fantastic pace,  
And the lawyer in the corner is studying a case.

The guard blows his whistle, and the journey has begun.  
The driver is hoping for an uneventful run.  
Fields and market gardens go scurrying past,  
Ho! there's the station, and we're there at last!

Once more there's a hustle at the barrier gate,  
The children still hoping they will not be late.  
"Taxi!" cries the lawyer, "Inner Temple, please,"  
While the business men stand fumbling with their tickets and their keys.

Now the station's quiet again after all the rush,  
And if they'd stagger working hours, there wouldn't be a crush.  
Spring, Summer, Winter—it's always the same—  
At five-thirty sharp, it will all begin again.

Christine Hart, 4L.



*"The Tortoise."*

#### ODE TO OUR BACKYARD

Our backyard is full of junk,  
An old piano and a disused bunk;  
A baby's now decrepit pram,  
And some mouldy pots of jam.  
Oh! What a terrible muddle!

Dad starts to curse,  
As the muddle gets worse;  
We look in dismay,  
At the awful array.  
Some day we'll clear up the muddle!

Our yard was looking such a sight,  
We worked and slaved with all our might.  
We had a good spring clean to-day,  
And now our yard is bright and gay.  
We've cleared away the muddle!

Carolyn French, 4L.

#### IF

If in life you have no care,  
And have no time to stop and stare,  
No time to watch the birds on high,  
Or see the rainbow in the sky.

If you have but self in mind,  
And have no time for being kind,  
If you have both wealth and greed,  
And never think of those in need—

If on your face you wear a frown,  
And look as if you're really down,  
That look is there for all to see,  
You are a Perfect Misery!

Ann Besford, 3X.



*"I do now remember the poor creature"—  
"A very gentle beast, and of a good conscience."*

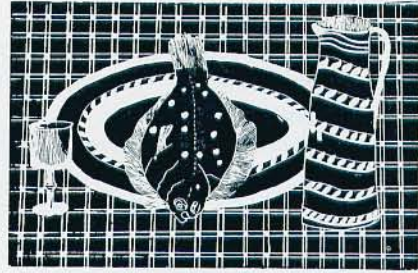
SUE

Her coat was raven black,  
She had a patch of white,  
Her eyes were big and brown,  
And shone out in the night.

For walks she loved to go,  
Especially in the park,  
And when at last the snow did come,  
She'd run, and jump, and bark.

But now she's gone, no more we'll roam,  
Through woods, and fields, and heather,  
My pal was old, as dog years go,  
They can't go on for ever.

Jennifer Brown, 3L.



*"Fish on a Dish." Wendy Hill, 6G.*

THE CAT

This cat is black and white,  
He never wants a fight,  
He never stays out at all at night,  
For fear he might take fright.

He never eats a rat, or mouse,  
For fear he might get fat,  
He likes to sit and lick his paws,  
That fussy, fussy, pussy cat!

Patricia Boreham, 1N.

*—"a good familiar creature"*

MY BUGDIE

My Budgie is a funny bird,  
He cheeps but cannot talk.  
He thinks each day "Oh how absurd,  
These folk can only walk."

He jumps and hops and flies around,  
On wings which are not strong.  
He sometimes rests upon the ground,  
But never stays there long.

Inside his cage he has some toys  
With which, he loves to play.  
The tinkling bell is his favourite noise,  
Its sound is very gay.

Even though he's growing old,  
(Next birthday he'll be nine)  
I would not take a bag of gold  
For this sweet bird of mine.

Judith Parker, 1H.

THE TIGER

A tiger is an animal who hunts  
For his prey,  
Eats only when he's hungry,  
So they say—  
A beautiful animal in a queer  
Sort of way,  
But I hope I don't confront him  
Some fine day!

Yvonne Craze, 2T.



*"I know this is a joyful trouble to you;  
But yet t'is one."*

#### I WONDER

No homework for a fortnight,  
No lessons for a week,  
No thinking what Maths are all about  
To make our poor heads creak.

I wonder if there were no school  
Would we miss the fun?  
I think we'd miss the teachers too,  
And back to school we'd run!

Jennifer Walker, 3X.

#### TO EXAMS

O tutor mine, I know not what to do,  
For fear of being, as I am, opprest  
To think of nouns and verbs and all the rest—  
To show—mistakes, and pens and pencils chewed.

That ink should run with blots and many scratches  
On the clean white paper, we are blest!  
The cleverest pupil cannot stop this pest;  
No neatness now, but only inky patches.

Madden us with ink, tormenting pen and brain.  
These wicked powers, that we all much hate  
Hard striving and hard thinking, lead to pain.

Thus all mistakes and errors of the day  
Are come once more to seal our doom or fate.  
For strength and patience, the examiners now pray.

Maureen Sampher, 4B.

#### THE END OF SCHOOL

It's half past three,  
Our day is done,  
Tired but happy, out the girls run,  
Slowly the great big school shuts down,  
Leaving it empty, in echos to drown.  
But I know next morning when the girls arrive,  
Swarming in like bees in a hive,  
That I'll sit down, and then I'll know,  
That it's my school and I love it so.

Monica Muxworthy, 3X.

#### ODE TO AN INKWELL

*(Composed during a French exam.)*

Oh, Inkwell, you should feel ashamed  
To think the ink you hold,  
Should be the dark and deadly means  
By which our fate is told.

Oh, inkwell, if your ink drained dry,  
How happy we should be!  
Because we could not write the words  
That spell our destiny.

Exams are just a torture,  
And then, our teachers kind  
Turn into ogres for a week,  
And all our faults do find.

Oh, Inkwell, you should weep ink tears  
To think of what it sends,  
But then, it's really not your fault,  
So here my poem ends!

*(With apologies to all mistresses!)*

Margaret Jeffs, 4C.

#### PUZZLE

My first is in drop, but not in catch.  
My second is in itch, but not in scratch.  
My third is in latch, and not in door.  
My fourth is in cooked, but not in raw.  
My fifth is in egg, and also, in hen.  
My sixth is in penal, and also in pen.  
My seventh's in boats and not in row.  
My whole is an author I'm sure You all know!

Ann Dean, 3D.

(Solution on page 32.)



G. Powell, 1L.



*"O that this too too solid flesh would melt"——*

### SLIMMING

I like my food very much indeed,  
But now I am slimming, some things I don't  
need.

I see my friend eating a big chocolate cake  
A dash for bananas and milk I then make.

I like potatoes and starchy foods,  
But when I can't have them, I get black moods.  
To get a slim figure, my fat I must burn,  
Just think of the compliments that I shall then  
earn.

Though the task that confronts me may seem  
very grim,  
I'll be glad that I made it when I become slim,  
And when the spring's here and the weather is  
fine,

I can wear my new suit without spoiling the 'line'.  
Barbara Madden, 3X.

### ADMONITION TO A BOX OF CHOCOLATES

Yes, there is greedy pleasure in thine eye!  
A lovely box of chocolates on that book  
Hath made thee hungry with its fancy look,  
Its own large chocolates which will catch the  
eye!

But covet not the box; forbear to sigh  
As many do, and starving while they look.  
Intruders who would tear the cellophane  
Would eat the chocs, and get a dreadful  
pain.

But covet not the box; forbear to sigh  
As many do, and starving while they look.  
Intruders who would tear the cellophane  
Would eat the chocs, and get a dreadful pain.  
Think what you'd do with them if they were  
thine,

E'ens thine, though few thy wants—box, paper,  
chocs—

Those delicious sweets would soon be seen no  
more,

The chocolates from the box where they belong.  
Yes, all of them that you yearn for to-day,  
You put them in your mouth—they melt away!

Rosemary Dudley, 4B.

### TRYING TO SLIM

O woe to me, for I am overweight.  
Those pastries, cakes and sweets are not for  
me.

The doctor's given me a book I hate.  
It counts the calories—even cups of tea.

I ne'er have more than five cream cakes a  
day,

For starch-free rolls in all the shops I've  
sought.

'Oh no! Not exercises', I do pray.  
The reason for my weight is not my fault!

Each morning I try not to break the scales,  
And hope that tubby girls will be the fashion,  
To keep off biscuits I will surely fail,  
But for a nice trim figure—I must ration.

Cherry Webster, 3X.



*"Harvest Festival."* F. French, 4R.



## **"The Road"**

Trampling along the road with sore feet, my mind flashed back to the time when I had actually looked forward to this two-day hike. It all began when we were asked if anyone, who was going to the Lake District, would like to go Youth Hostelling for two days in the Easter holidays, as practice. I jumped at the idea, for after all if Barbara Moore could do it for more than two weeks, surely I could manage two days!

First of all, we all met at the arranged spot, and as soon as everyone was present, we started off on our little adventure. After half an hour's roaming about in circles on Hayes Common, we came to the conclusion that we were lost, but that made no difference. We marched on like brave warriors! At length a main road was sighted ahead, and as it was the right one, we followed it for a short while to be on the safe side.

As a breathed in the lovely country air, I knew that this was the life for me. Then suddenly, "Timber ahead!" rang in my ears, and as I gazed in front, there was a car edging its way round the corner, close by Biggin Hill Aerodrome, where we stopped to gaze with awe and interest at the tiny Spitfire and Hurricane, which seemed too small to have borne the brunt of the German onslaught during the Battle of Britain.

After a brief stay in the Air Force Chapel, we resumed our footslogging marathon, in search of the elusive corner round which, we were assured, lay a delightful spot for lunch. After turning about five corners we eventually came across the place, and were glad we had waited till we found it, because it really was lovely. We had a wonderful view from our resting spot. A beautiful green carpet was spread out all about us, with splashes of white and red-roofed houses. The sun had finally popped out through the clouds and was beaming heartily over the countryside, and I suddenly realised it was also beaming on my bar of chocolate and melting it!

When our stomachs were satisfied with the food they received, we started off again, through thick woods in and out of bull fields, up and down very steep hills and round and round the same monotonous lamp-post.

Funny that! Now that I come to think of it, I am sure we passed that more than three times! Still, it was good fun, despite a misreading of the map, which entailed an extra three and a half miles of hard macadam to be trudged wearily along.

When we finally arrived at the Youth Hostel, we gladly put our feet up onto the beds. That evening we entertained ourselves by playing darts, table tennis, the piano and reading. But when it came to the food! Well! An enormous bowl consisting of one solitary tomato floating on water was brought in. This they dared to call tomato soup, but, as it was a matter of eat or starve, I decided I would rather not starve.

After supper we sat around writing cards, or reading, or playing games, until 10 o'clock, when we went up stairs and prepared for bed.

Next morning, about 9.45 a.m. we set off in high spirits, telling ourselves we would not get lost again. We were interested, when we passed Sir Winston Churchill's home at Chartwell and later, still more pleased, when we stopped for a rest at Westerham. Endless fields, paths, woods, hills and barbed wire were then crossed until we finally lunched in the boughs of an enormous gnarled tree. Those with a vestige of energy left embarked upon a crude, but hilarious game of rounders. The last few miles were memorable for two things; for the beauty of the wild flowers along the way, and for the spirit which kept us plodding happily along singing, telling jokes, laughing over nothing at all—and all in a downpour of rain!

As the main road appeared in the distance, we realised that we were nearing our journey's end, and that although we had complained so many times, we had really enjoyed ourselves.

Veronica Beaton and Monica Carter, 4R.



## Space Travel

Throughout time man has always had an urge to extend his lands and kingdoms. The superstitions of many years ago made him fear the seas and the strange countries which lay beyond the apparently endless stretches of water; some people, of course, believed that nothing except the perils of death existed beyond these seas. However, in modern life, Science dominates our outlook, so that discovery and expedition are things to be taken for granted.

The books of space fiction which were written at least thirty or forty years ago, could have been prophecies of our modern world. The men in queer-shaped suits being shot up into space with the moon as their destination were once jokes, but to-day they are fact.

How often when we walk in the quiet peaceful lanes do we stop to think of the satellites which are spinning around our little planet. Space travel certainly is one of the most discussed topics to-day. Many people say it will put an end to mankind, others say it would be wonderful to spend a holiday on the blue beaches of a white moon lake; but the more serious inhabitants of this world think of the many homeless, poor people, whose lives could be made more comfortable by the millions of pounds being fired so heedlessly and wastefully to the moon.

We have learned from the newspapers that the Russians have now launched the biggest satellite containing a dummy. It is now obvious that Man is about to conquer outer space, that is, if the "spacemen" themselves are not keeping an eye on this little world of ours.

Margaret Thorogood, 4R.

### "Timbuctoo here I come"

On a cold December evening in the year 20,000 A.D. I, Armand Maire, was roused from my studies by a queer, rattling noise outside my window. Being as curious as most young men of my time, I quickly crossed the room and looked out of the window to see what was there. I was quite prepared for a shock, but what I saw made my stomach turn right over. For there, pawing the ground with one dainty hoof, was—a horse, but a horse with a difference, for from his back sprouted "wings!" Something about this horse struck me as being very familiar. Suddenly it came to me. This was Pegasus, the Greek winged horse. But surely, he should have been dead years ago? This was no time to start worrying about small details such as this, so I went downstairs, through the door, and out into the yard. When he saw me, Pegasus came trotting to me as if he knew me, and as he came I noticed a piece of paper attached to one of his wings. Having torn it off, I read it, and this is what I read:

"COME TO TIMBUCTOO. £6,000,000 AWAITS YOU. GRANDFATHER DEAD.

UNCLE HERBERT."

After about five minutes, when I recovered from the shock, I realised that Pegasus was waiting for me to mount him. This I did, and then we were off, but not before I had shouted at the top of my voice, "Timbuctoo, Here I come!"

We gradually gained height and speed, and soon we were flying above the clouds. It was heaven, or very nearly! Because of the time, which was now about half past eleven, and because of the darkness of the night, there was hardly any traffic about. Really, it was quite lonely, but I had the thought of that six million pounds to keep me company. Soon I began to get chilly, and it was then that I regretted my swift departure. I had forgotten my overcoat, and believe it or not, food. How on earth would I get to Timbuctoo without food? I just did not know.

Lights loomed up ahead of us and Pegasus slowed down. The next minute there was a great wind which nearly blew me from my seat. However, it was only a flying saucer. Some people have no manners these days! On we went, mile after mile exceeding the speed limit, but luckily there were no policemen about. Or were there? Unluckily for us there were, as I soon found out when a loud voice boomed into the darkness, "HALT!"



We halted and waited while a very fat policeman, seated cross-legged on a flying carpet, took down my name and address. I had to pay a fine, and this left me with practically no money, that is, except in Timbuctoo. Then, with some luck, we should have had an uneventful flight to Timbuctoo. This, however, was not to be, for Fate and Nature seemed to be against us that night, or so it seemed, when a few hours after being stopped by the policeman, a storm blew up and forced us to land.

When at last peace reigned again, I lifted my head and saw the damage the blizzard had done. Trees were lying in the roadway, while people began emerging from dilapidated houses and made their way towards the old church which had been left standing, by some power of Heaven.

With a jerk, Pegasus began to flap his wings and we began to rise. Up and up into the sky he flew past clouds and lights, until we came again to the Grand Highway. Gradually, I felt myself drifting into the Land of Nod, when all of a sudden I was brought up sharply by a slap on the back.

Quickly I turned around, expecting to see some queer creature from outer space, but there was nothing, so I decided that it must have been Pegasus's tail that hit me.

Ah, at last we were nearly there, and I could see the spires of the rocket station looming up in the distance. A wave of relief swept over me as I realized that I could not have lasted much longer without food and water. Then Pegasus turned earthwards and began to descend into a narrow winding street, where I supposed my Uncle Herbert lived. We landed outside a very stately looking house and I jumped down from Pegasus as elegantly as was possible, in my state. I staggered up to the door, and then remembered Pegasus, but I was too late, for as I turned, I saw him flying upwards into the clouds, his mission finished, and I had not even thanked him.

Turning back to the door I rang the bell, and soon a maid came and led me into the drawing room. Then came Uncle Herbert, whom I hadn't seen since I was seven years old. He hadn't changed a bit, and welcomed me with open arms telling me that, the next day, we would be going to the solicitors to find out the details concerning my money. Ah, bliss, the lovely, comforting thought of all that money and what I could do with it. First I would have to pay my fare home again as, this time, I would have no Pegasus to take me. I wish I could find him to thank him. It really was a most exciting, though scaring journey, and one that I should find very difficult to forget.

Carol Dowle, 5B.

*"Nature hath framed strange fellows in her time;"*

#### RUDYARD

During my Summer Holidays this year, I stayed with my parents, at a holiday camp in Corton, near Lowestoft, and it was at this holiday camp that I came in contact with a person whom I shall find very difficult to forget—the subject of this essay.

The dining tables at the camp were set for four people, my parents, myself and a fourth. My feeling for Rudyard, who completed the number, was one of dislike. He walked up to the table, glanced nervously round it and sat down. After several minutes, he smiled, exposing his few teeth, like five yellowish tombstones set in a wide expanse of gum. "Call me 'Tubby'" he demanded in his high-pitched voice which rendered him even more ridiculous. At first glance he seemed to be a small, stout, rather pompous accountant, with shifty grey eyes which seemed to reside unusually near to his nose, and well away from the top of his bald head.

It was not until the second evening that we began to see another side to Rudyard's character. Between half-past seven and half-past eleven, it was customary for all the campers to gather in the pavilion for a little light-hearted ballroom dancing. Now Rudyard, it seems, had never in his life set his portly figure on a dance floor! However, on this occasion there was Rudyard, wearing a red striped and extremely ill-fitting sweater, long, baggy, grey flannels and enormous brown plimsolls, whose ends gazed continually towards Heaven prancing heavily around the floor. At first, I thought that Rudyard was a natural comic, but then I saw the serious expression on his face and realised that Rudyard quite seriously believed that he was executing the accepted steps!



Although the campers laughed heartily at Rudyard's ridiculous antics, few really liked him and some pitied him. However, regularly every teatime Rudyard would pour out his troubles to my father. It seems that Rudyard lived alone, in a "bachelor-flat" on the outskirts of London. He was completely alone in the world, possessing neither relatives nor friends. He suffered from a curious complaint which affected his legs and was caused entirely through nerves. Indeed, Rudyard's nerves were excessively bad; as he spoke, he would glance continually from one to another of his audience in order to make sure that none of them were laughing at him, and he would continually give nervous giggles and laughs. Apparently the bombs which showered his part of London heavily during the war, caused Rudyard's nerves to break, and this, together with the continual jeers of his colleagues and his great loneliness, had combined together to make him an object of pity. He was, however, extremely sensitive and often asked us if we considered that he was liked by his fellow campers, and a positive answer would bring a happy, delighted smile to his face.

From the first evening, Rudyard developed a curious attachment to our waitress and after three days, during which their conversation consisted of "More soup, Bunty?" (for she called him "Bunty"), and "A little, please, Dorothy", our friend was seriously considering marriage. But, when his Juliet showed plainly that she did not share his feelings, this fickle Romeo turned his attentions to another waitress, who possessed bright ginger hair and rejoiced in the name of 'Talula'. The nineteen-year-old Talula was not, however, amused by the advances of her fifty-year-old admirer, and so Rudyard was once more crossed in love! However, Rudyard and his romances became a constant source of amusement among the campers.

It was not until the end of our stay, that my feeling of pity for this man turned to utter amazement. To help his ailment, Rudyard indulged in running, so when the camp announced a grand marathon, he presented himself, confidently attired in his running kit. It was settled between the organisers and the competitors beforehand that Rudyard should win. But although Rudyard was given a good start over his much younger rivals, they apparently had much difficulty in staying behind him. Nevertheless, when the winning post eventually came in sight, it was Rudyard who reached it first. It was understood by all the adults that no prizes were awarded, and such races were run merely for fun.

At the end of the week the prizes were awarded to the children, and to the Camp "King and Queen", who were the exception to the rule. Nevertheless, after the prizegiving, a very indignant Rudyard presented himself at the organiser's office, and demanded to know why he, winner of the grand marathon, had not been awarded a prize. Despite the rules, no one could convince Rudyard that he was not entitled to a prize, and he complained to every camper who was unfortunate enough to encounter him.

During dinner that evening, the Camp Organiser made an announcement to the effect that they were about to award Rudyard a prize for winning the marathon. When he saw the prize—three, threepenny sticks of rock, everyone realised that it was presented as a symbol of his childishness. That is everyone, except Rudyard! Rudyard bounced back to his table, as pleased as any child would be, and confidently announced to my father that he, Rudyard, was a certainty for the next week's Camp King, and was only indignant that he had not been elected for the previous week!

In the short while that I knew Rudyard, I cannot say that I liked him, but I did not wholly dislike him. All the time I was continually amazed, and my sympathy was constantly being aroused by this pitiful and intensely lonely little accountant.

Joan Clark, 5B.





*"Hats."* Elaine Attewell, 2W.

#### MYSELF AS OTHERS SEE ME!

How should I know how others see me? I've had hints, but the complete picture can only be built up by my own ideas on the subject. Look in the mirror. Err . . . no, perhaps not! Go on, be brave! Then, sounding more like a crystal-gazer than myself, I see a face, which is better forgotten, so let's pass over that! Two eyes, rather on the square side, and I did really resolve not to watch so much Television this year! Next, I see a nose, quite the opposite of the aristocratic nose I'd like to have, but which accepts, rather reluctantly, the appetising aroma of school dinners in assembly. There follows the mouth, a large mouth, quite impossible to keep shut, and yet quite hopeless in releasing a mouthful of Latin and French verbs at a moment's notice. In the mouth is my one identification with a star—a Terry Thomas gap. True, I can do his imitation of a cracked record, but that's not much consolation, is it? Going up again, I see the place where the eyebrows should be if I had any. That's one of my greatest deficiencies—a pair of good, bushy eyebrows. Next, the hair. I have been told it looks like a mop, a spider's lounge, and many other complimentary terms with which I entirely agree. My efforts to achieve an Italian style misfired.

Ears! What can you say about ears? Mine are just normal ears, rather reluctant to function properly at the end of the lesson, when homework is fetching groans from us all: ears which don't function properly when they are supposed to. The neck! The place where my lymph vessels join up with the blood vessels. But everybody's lymph vessels do the same, so I'm not unique in to. Next, I'd like to pass over my gorgeous 40-40-50 figure as quickly as possible. 50 figure as quickly as possible.

Then follow the legs, the legs on which dozens of pairs of stockings have met their end, the legs which have accepted many bruises from inviting Gym apparatus, and the legs onto which my feet are joined. On ground level at last are noticeable my feet, flat feet, fat feet, aching feet, and injured feet—injured by contact with the footwear of a few feather-footed friends—and the only pair of feet in school wearing a pair of extended points.

Well, not a very pleasant picture, was it? I suppose I ought to think about improving myself. No more television, I'll eat school dinners without a word, no more sweets or cakes, I'll do all my homework. . . .

Maxine Fillingham, 4C.

On second thoughts, I'll stay as I am!



*"Hath not old custom made this life more sweet?"*

### THE CHANGING SCENE

You'd probably think life was slow  
If you lived a hundred years ago!  
Think of the streets—no motor cars or buses,  
No pushing through the crowds in the peak  
hour rushes.  
Just a penny farthing bike, and a pony and  
trap,  
Water from the well, there was not one tap;  
No television, wireless or gramophone,  
They gathered round a piano singing, "Home,  
Sweet Home".  
What a lot of fun they had for twopence in the  
stalls!

Father was considered a most important man;  
Mother's job, to wait on him, and please him if  
she can.  
Children in those days were seen, but never  
heard,  
Families were larger—about fourteen in 'a  
herd!'  
I wonder if they really were "the good old  
days".  
A hundred years has changed things in so  
many different ways!

Leonie Collins, 2W.

### A Century Ago

The days when red-coated huntsmen, pink-faced and determined, pursued the terrified and startled-eyed fox, are gone forever. No more will the village Squire and his Lady occupy each Sunday morning the family pew, nor the women, drawing water from the well, and the heaven-sent smell of home-made bread, excite the children. The swan that glided on the mirrored lake, and resting 'neath the shade' of a Weeping Willow, no longer can be seen.

Ah, where is the cobbled village street, lined on either side by quaint old shops? Where now is Miss Lucy's sweet shop? Those windows once displayed sugar-plums, comfits, and marchpane, which drew small children to the windows, where they stood, their tiny noses pressed against the panes. Further along the country village street, there once stood the village school. The high old school room, dimly lit and grey walled, holds in remembrance the old school mistress. The light framed her soft grey eyes and hair, as she sat bent over her work. Her cane rested on the weathered lid of the desk at which she sat.

But now! Loud horns sound angrily from every conceivable shape and size of car. The roar of dragon-like motor-bicycles, as they race with streaming tails of smoke, attracts the attention of children in the village school. The austere box of steel and glass (the windows inducing the light and welcoming the intruder) glints in the sunlight. The passers-by stand transfixed, watching, at will, row upon row of bent heads, busily studying. This is our village school. Here you may learn nothing (if you be so inclined) or everything. In the spacious, well-equipped pottery and art rooms, the bad tempered and high-spirited adolescents may pour themselves out in the form of bold outlines and brilliant, disagreeable colours, or queer and severely angular pots. Every subject from Art to Agriculture may be learnt in our school, which incorporates children from the village, and hundreds of "little varmits" from the surrounding neighbourhoods.

Upon a hill, on left and right, stand oblong orange buildings, four stories high. Here men and women are born, live and die, without knowing the joy of solitude, or learning a thing about their countryside. Great stores proclaim their 'CUT PRICES' and "'5' '2' and Under Bargains". Where once the tiny shops huddled above the cobbles, stores now attract the passer-by. To one who lived a hundred years ago, visiting unseen her place of birth, the strange and ugly, loud and smoky town cried out, "I know you not!"

Yet wait, there is one which will never change, will never be an ugly, oblong box of steel. The village Church, but for slight chips in the stone, and half-erased names upon the tombstones, stands as it was. Upon the archway of the great oak doors is written: "In memory of Squire and Lady Sutton, Patrons of St. Margaret's, who here lie buried. June 12th, 1659." Now sweet ghost, return in peace with memories of a hundred years ago. See what you think of 'Progress'. Have we destroyed something, or have we created it?

Jennifer Collett, 5E.



*"In the great hand of God I stand."*

#### THE SHEPHERD

Oh, gather up the wandering sheep,  
Unto the Saviour's Fold,  
Oh, gather up the wandering sheep,  
Out of the wet and cold.

So weak and lonely they do look,  
Under the tempter's powers,  
So weak and lonely they do look,  
Oh, gather them this hour.

The Saviour's knocking at the door,  
He's calling soft and low,  
The Saviour's knocking at the door,  
Oh, sinner, why say 'No'?

The Saviour, Jesus Christ, our Lord,  
Pleads with thee day by day,  
The Saviour, Jesus Christ, our Lord,  
Will never go away.

He lived upon this earth of shame,  
So very long ago,  
He lived upon this earth of shame,  
Because he loved us so.

He died upon a cruel cross,  
A crown of thorns he wore,  
He died upon a cruel cross,  
And all your sins he bore.

Oh now, Lord Jesus, I have heard,  
Thy voice that spoke to me,  
Oh now, Lord Jesus, I would give,  
My life, my all, to Thee.

Sandra Bird, 3L.

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