



Sydenham School

Magazine 1962

Sydenham School Magazine





Miss E. M. KIMSEY, B.A., Headmistress.

FOREWORD

This magazine, changing its date of publication from the summer to the Autumn Term, enables us to review in its following pages, the whole School Year 1961-2, and as I recall all that has happened, I wonder how it has all been fitted in.

Within the framework of firm discipline, owing so much to Year Heads, has been the usual steady work, internal examinations for all except the Junior School, twice in the year, an ever increasing entry for public examinations, enabling girls to proceed to University, Training College, Art School, Hospital School for Nursing or Therapies, Laboratory, Library, Civil Service, Local Government, to mention only some of the further courses of training or occupations, a wide programme of physical activity with Year tournaments in all games and swimming, "At Homes" for parents in Year groups, the last parents always being here until 10.30 p.m., the interviewing of nearly 400 applicants for September and a big meeting for all their parents. There have been numerous Society meetings, expeditions and visits, Middle and Upper School Speech Day in two parts and Junior School Speech Day, the Junior School production of Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird", a joint production with Forest Hill of "The Winter's Tale", the Annual Harvest Festival Service, the Annual Family Carol Service and end of year Breaking Up Service and the Fifteenth Annual Careers Conference. From the Junior School there have been school journeys to Broadstairs and a visit to Sayers Croft Camp, school journeys to Norway and Estartit from Senior School, together with Geography field work expeditions at Easter and Whitsuntide, youth hostelling at Whitsuntide, canoeing holidays in August, the award of two L.C.C. travelling scholarships enabling their holders to have three months abroad, while many other girls have been on the exchange or au pair system, the fame brought to the School by the outstanding swimming of Linda Ludgrove, all in spite of the adversity of the fire and the inevitable repair works.

None but a loyal and most devoted staff could help us to achieve so much, permeating the School with such a happy atmosphere of goodwill. Never was this more apparent than on the unique occasion of a tea party for Miss Whitty's seventieth birthday and again at our special tea party when we had to say goodbye to a number of staff. Our good wishes go with these staff wherever they may be and for my own part, on this occasion of my last magazine foreword, I wish to express my sincere thanks to staff and girls past and present for all their friendship, help and inspiration, and to express the hope that Miss Love will be as happy at Sydenham as I have been.

E. M. KIMSEY.

EDITORIAL

It is our privilege once more to welcome each one of you to these pages, to invite both new and faithful friends to partake of the experiences we have recorded, and to share the simple pleasure of those whose contributions are designed for the entertainment and delight of the school. Our deepest thanks are extended to all those members of Staff and girls who have assisted in compiling, preparing and distributing this magazine.

Especially to greet you at the front of this magazine is our photograph of Miss Kimsey, which I feel sure will be a treasured reminder of her presence; for Miss Kimsey herself, perhaps, a reminder that for weeks her footsteps were dogged by persistent members of staff endeavouring to obtain this photograph. No ardent press photographer ever faced such determination to avoid a camera, no Viola craving audience such gentle resistance! However, what success, when we realised the value of Miss Kimsey's own policy, "to pursue, battle and win"! This charming photograph acquired, I feel considerably enriched by the pursuits of the past weeks, my present purpose in life achieved. . . . I am almost envious of Miss Kimsey's retirement!

In a more serious vein, may the publication of this issue of the Magazine revive many pleasant memories for Miss Kimsey through the ensuing years, and may each one of us take the opportunity of offering her here our affectionate gratitude for the past, and our wish for her that this Christmas season will herald a future full of happiness and lasting joy.

E. E. R. M.

MISS E. M. KIMSEY, B.A.

HEADMISTRESS 1947-1962

May each year unfold for Miss Kimsey new and interesting forms of joyous activity.
—I. G. Whitty.



I would like to add my appreciation of several happy years' association with Miss Kimsey, and to wish her every happiness in her retirement. If she has any illusions of a lazy life, I can assure her, from my own experience, she will be as busy as ever!—D. A. Preedy.

I send my very good wishes for Miss Kimsey's retirement. I hope that she will find hers as full of happiness and interest as I find mine.—H. Pickett.



I send my best wishes to Miss Kimsey for a long and happy retirement—above all, for good health with which to enjoy fully her new way of life.—C. Parsons.



Very good wishes for a happy and very well earned retirement.—E. Walker.

Sincere good wishes for the future and many thanks for all the happy years at Sydenham.
—M. Caffarey.



I send my best wishes to Miss Kimsey for a very happy retirement. I am sure she will find scope in some channel for her great humanitarian gifts and the real sympathy she has shown in the past to her pupils, their parents, and her staff.—E. Whitehead.

Miss E. M. Kimsey retires from School at the end of the year after fifteen years of dedicated service. By a skilful blend of the conventional with the unorthodox she has moulded Sydenham School into a distinguished comprehensive school. Like the famous architect of St. Paul's she can invite the onlooker to gaze around the School and see much to please the eye, both academically and socially.

Though she has regarded academic success as one of the primary virtues of scholastic life, she has not ignored the personality of each girl. In fact, the characteristics and family background of each of the 1,800 girls is embedded in her memory. One doubts whether even Inspector Maigret has better dossiers!

In a large school it would have been easy for Miss Kimsey to have ruled from lofty Olympian heights. She has disdained the remoteness often associated with Headship. No matter whether the offenders were idling girls, reluctant workmen or obstructing officials, Miss Kimsey has pursued, battled, and won.

Pupils, past and present, will recall with varying degrees of feeling her comments on over-long petticoats, and hair styles that offended her sense of tradition. Others will recall words of encouragement and praise for actions seemingly unnoticed.

In her fifteen years at Sydenham Miss Kimsey has seen a modest grammar school grow into a large comprehensive school; she has in this period created traditions and fashioned trends.

Her impact on the religious life of the School has been marked by innovations comparatively rare in schools, such as four carol services at four different churches on the same evening, and a breaking-up service in church at the end of each School year. Every Friday a different Form takes over the service, having prepared the theme by themselves.

With her strong, warm character she has stamped her personality on many facets of the School. The huge lime tree in the grounds will be a constant reminder of her strength of purpose. When the new building was planned this tree was to have been uprooted. The architect, however had not reckoned with Miss Kimsey! Eventually he had to alter his plans to incorporate the tree.

Through the changing face of the seasons, the lime tree has flourished in shadow and sunshine, as Sydenham School has continued to thrive under Miss Kimsey's strong and unswerving guidance. May her retirement be full of personal happiness, good health and a fruitful leisure.

D. C. L.

Now that Sydenham School is established in its new format so those who are its present members mostly remember and accept it only as such, I should like to add my appreciation of Miss Kimsey's vision and courage during the transition from a smaller selected school into its wide and modern pattern; to say how much I learnt from her in matters of administration and understanding when I was Head of the Junior School or her Deputy in the Senior School; to congratulate her on the successful outcome of this huge undertaking, and to look forward for her to very happy years ahead.

E. M. L. State.

Although only in the initial phase of headgirlship, we have both already experienced the great kindness and helpfulness of Miss Kimsey in the many problems we encounter in the course of our duties. We are both fully aware that the task of being a headmistress is no easy one, and we are therefore doubly grateful and appreciative of the time she devotes to our particular problems concerning the School. We would like to thank Miss Kimsey most sincerely for all she has done for each one of us personally, and we are sure the whole School will join with us when we wish her well in the future.

Jacqueline Santoro, 6A, *Head Girl*. Alexandra Garden, 6A, *Deputy Head Girl*. 1962-1963.

Having had the privilege of being head girl it brought me into contact with a few of the numerous activities which Miss Kimsey willingly undertook to set the standards and achievements of our School. The tolerance, understanding, patience and individual personal contact she showed to every member of the community made me feel honoured and proud to have worked with her and belong to Sydenham School. May her future be as successful as her past.

Joan Lancaster, *Head Girl*, 1959-1960.

Whilst wishing Miss Kimsey every happiness in her new life of retirement, we cannot but be sad at the thought of her imminent departure from the School, upon which the seal of her personality has been indelibly stamped. No one coming to the School could fail to know, that the one upon whom the main task rests, of controlling and inspiring such a vast organisation, must be a person of great courage, zeal and integrity.

In paying our tribute to her, and offering our grateful thanks for all that she has done for our daughters, I speak with the tongues of thousands of parents, past and present. Others have reason indeed to thank her for her loyal service, but who can have so much cause for thanks, as the parents of the girls who have passed through the School? For in bringing from the old Grammar School the high standards and traditions of education and good manners, and joining them with the opportunities and wider scope of the new School, she has made the motto "Aim High" her own, and pointed the way for the rest to follow.

As I voice the tributes of so many, I would like to add a recollection of my own. One of Miss Kimsey's outstanding qualities is a phenomenal memory, and this was illustrated to me from my first association with her. I had met Miss Kimsey when my husband and I brought our daughter to the School for an interview. I next came to the School to attend the P.T.A. Annual General Meeting, when the old Grammar School Committee who had carried on for the first year of the new school, formally resigned, and the new constitution was being formed. Parents were being asked for ideas and comments, and from the back of the hall, I stood up and offered a suggestion. "Ah yes," she said, "It's Mrs. Straker, isn't it?" I was completely amazed, and still am! Somehow I found myself voted on to the Committee, upon which I have served ever since.

In adding my tribute and thanks to those of hosts of others, I feel sure that Miss Kimsey will take with her into the future, all those qualities which have enabled her to undertake the enormous task of establishing the new Sydenham School, and setting it on firm foundations, thus leaving to her successors a monument of good work done.

I. Straker, *Honorary Secretary, Parent Teacher Association*.

THE SENIOR PREFECTS

[1961-1962]

Head Girl	Ann Banfield
Vice Head Girl	Léonie Sirot
Head Girl of Junior School	Lesley Gay
Vice Head Girl of Junior School	Christine Lovell

Upper Sixth

Corinne Archer	Patricia Dillon	Judith Ranklin
Ann Barkham	Carol Dowle	Edna Robson
Belinda Barneby	Susan Drummond	Barbara Scales
Kathleen Bush	Lynda Fox	Linda Smith
Jean Clark	Margaret Hall	Patricia Williams
Joan Clark	Christine Kibblewhite	Margaret Withersby
Norma Cook	Patricia Palmer	Susan Woolmer
Iris Cooper	Faith Parker	Jean Young
Maureen Cox	Christine Purdy	Jean Anne Young
Helen Cribb		

Lower Sixth

Audrey Arnott	Felicity French	Linda Pryer
Valerie Balchin	Ann Fussell	Susanne Richards
Veronica Beaton	Alexandra Garden	Carole Riddell
Elizabeth Boorman	Susanne Hale	Jacqueline Santoro
Sylvia Burkitt	Lesley Hallett	Jillian Shergold
Janet Chapman	Celia Henry	Linda Shiret
Jane Chew	Gloria Hyslop	Susan Snell
Janet Dowle	Christine Jones	Sandra Steadman
Margaret Dye	Margaret Lancaster	Angela Sweet
Geraldine Eyre	Angela Morley	Marie-Claude Thornton
Maxine Fillingham		

JUNIOR SPEECH DAY, 1962

At 7.30 on the evening of July 19th, another of our annual Junior Speech Days commenced. As on previous occasions, Mr. Bradley began with announcing the School Song—"The Heroes" by Robert Browning. Then Miss Kimsey introduced Mrs. Craig, who presented her report on the year's activities in the Junior School.

The Junior Speech Choir, conducted by Mrs. Bagshaw, presented two poems—"Epilogue To Hassan" by James Elroy Flecker and "A Small Animal Song" by Flanders and Swann.

After this Mr. Bradley introduced Miss Love, who is the Head of School Broadcasting Associated Rediffusion Ltd., and our future Headmistress. We shall be very sorry to lose Miss Kimsey, who is retiring shortly, but we hope to see her at future Speech Days. This was an excellent opportunity to meet Miss Love who presented the prizes, certificates and cups. Miss Love spoke of the opportunities to be had in a school like ours and reminded us that we should all go through life honouring our School motto—"Aim High".

This was followed by excellent singing from the Junior School Choir. The two songs which they sung were "The Bats" by Peter Jenkyns and "Overheard On A Saltmarsh" by Harold Monro. We have Miss Barlow to thank for the arrangement and conducting of the choir.

Leslie Gay proposed the vote of thanks which was seconded by Kay Ramsden.

Finally, the girls sang the hymn, "Lift Up Your Hearts", and we all felt that we really were lifting up our hearts. The National Anthem was then sung as the conclusion to a very enjoyable evening.

Mary and Jacqueline Barlow, 2D.

PRIZE AND CERTIFICATE WINNERS—1st and 2nd Years, July, 1962

PRIZES

- 1A—Gloria Brown, Linda Richardson, Janet Short.
- 1B—Susan Attridge, Victoria Ball, Christine Neale, Sandra Utting.
- 1E—Sandra Edmonds, Katherine Morley, Lesley Page, Rosita Rubin.
- 1G—Irene Franks, Pauline Stallard.
- 1H—Jean McLean, Jean Moorhouse.
- 1J—Jean Baird, Gillian Chaney, Veronica Watson, Janet Wilds.
- 1K—Marilyn Hoxley, Linda Pateman, Margaret Rickard.
- 1L—Christine Garner, Judith Kelly, Carol Passmore.
- 1M—Gillian Wynne, Carol Yeabsley, Katherine Zychski.
- 1T—Laraïna Day, Susan Peel, Judith Ryves.
- 1W—Janet Barczyk, Marilyn Weaver.
- 2A—Christine Butcher, Christine Hydes, Jacqueline Noakes.
- 2B—Joyce Skinner, Susan Skinner, Denise Webb.
- 2C—Roberta Dearden, Susan Evans.
- 2D—Judith Allsopp, Jacqueline Barlow, Mary Barlow, Kathleen Tarrant.
- 2G—Hazelle Eastman, Diana Hart, Jacqueline Punt.
- 2H—Barbara O'Neill, Lynda Spencer.
- 2J—Jennifer Bird, Carol Elmore, Penelope Evans.
- 2L—Yvonne Johnson, Sue Larner, Lorraine McGimpsey, Sylvia Walker.
- 2M—Ann Dunn, Anne Henley, Ruth Renvoize, Judith Trusler.
- 2P—Heather Cann, Janet Clarke, Janet Eddington.
- 2W—Carol Paterson, Christine Turner.

Music Certificates

- Associated Board Grade I—Hazelle Eastman.
- Grade II—Marion Brooks.

CERTIFICATES

- 1A—Jane Arlow, Paula Carter, Anne Kennard.
- 1B—Sheila Dreezer, Patricia Mayhew, Georgina Polikarpou, Lynda Spriggs.
- 1E—Lynn Edwards, Marian Hepden, Susy Way.
- 1G—Kathleen Gordon, Shelagh Lees, Christine Sparkes.
- 1H—Rita Harding, Marilyn Talbot, Elaine Taylor.
- 1J—Avril Burley, Heather Dempsey, Jane Edginton.
- 1K—Sheila Heathcote, Linda Hicks, Heather Irvine, Susan Richley.
- 1L—Sheila Griffin, Yvonne Guillou, Elizabeth Jones, Wendy MacInnes.
- 1M—Susan Blakemore, Christine Bull, Wendy Davies, Jennifer Deane.
- 1T—Jean Burness, Shirley Dick, Kay Stoneham, Marion Wadey.
- 1W—Brenda Reeves, Eileen Sullivan, Linda Tappin.
- 2A—Diana Bailey, Susan Gough, Vivienne Tillyer.
- 2B—Janet Bullard, Ann Davis, Penelope Porter, Gillian Showell.
- 2C—Elaine Arnold, Darinka Birjukov, Gillian Evans.
- 2D—Ann Baxter, Valerie Humphries, Pauline Wilton.
- 2G—Anne Comer, Candida Taperill, Pamela Wellden.
- 2H—Sylvia Blackborough, Jennie Crewdson, Patricia Warren.
- 2J—Jacqueline Bell, Linda Fitzgerald, Carolyn Smith, Maureen Whitmarsh.
- 2L—Patsy Coyne, Judith Fulford, Cynthia Kelly.
- 2M—Jacinta Gracev, Sheila Linsell, Sandra Sell, Rosemary Wood.
- 2P—Elaine Evans, Lesley Lilley, Margaret McLeod, Christine Rinn, Pauline Ryan.
- 2W—Barbara Halls, Kathleen Jones.

FORM AWARDS

- Jane Corby Cup (presented to the most helpful and co-operative Form in 2nd Year) ... 2M & 2D
- Needlework Cup ... 2D
- Speech Cup ... 1T
- 1st Year Netball ... 1M

- 2nd Year Netball ... 2L
- 1st Year Swimming ... 1M
- 2nd Year Swimming ... 2C
- 1st Year Rounders ... 1A
- 2nd Year Rounders ... 2G
- 2nd Year Tennis ... 2D

MIDDLE AND UPPER SCHOOL SPEECH DAY

On the afternoon of Thursday, 2nd November, 1961, guests, parents and girls met in the School Hall for the first half of Speech Day.

The whole assembly rose as the procession of staff and governors, led by Miss Mary Trevelyan, O.B.E., and Miss Kimsey, moved down the centre of the hall, to take their place on the platform.

Bouquets and buttonholes were presented and then the voices of the girls, parents, staff, governors and guests were united in the singing of the much-loved School song.

Miss Kimsey's report followed, which once again astounded us. How could we possibly have covered so many events in one year?

The School Choir then gave a very delightful rendering of Desmond MacMahon's "The Phantom Pack", followed by the rousing negro spiritual, "The Gospel Train".

After this event, Miss Trevelyan, O.B.E., who is the Adviser to Overseas Students, University of London, presented the awards and certificates to the nervously waiting girls.

Miss Trevelyan then gave an inspiring address which provided us all with much to think about at the time, and much to remember in the future. Her easy wit and sensitive nature, immediately gained her audience's sympathy and appreciation.

At the close of Miss Trevelyan's absorbing speech, we had the pleasure of hearing the School Speech Choir, whose rendering of James Weldon Johnson's "The Creation", reached a very high standard.

The School as a whole then contributed to the service with the singing of "The Spacious Firmament", at the close of which the votes of thanks were given to Miss Trevelyan and Mr. Bradley, a special presentation being made to Mrs. Hayden who, after many years of service to our School, had decided to resign her position on the Board of School Governors.

This memorable evening was concluded by the singing of the National Anthem.

Ann Banfield, 6A.

Third Year Achievement Prizes

Jill Agar, Pamela Ayres, Barbara Baker, Maureen Ballard, Gillian Bartlett, Constance Caldwell, Lynda Carpenter, Patricia Cragg, Susan Dearden, Margaret Dunkerton, Valerie East, Jane Gordon, Joyce Guy, Joan Hanson, Joyce Harris, Christine Henley, Christine Hosking, Susan Johnstone, Sarah McClure, Susan Martin, Wendy Mathews, Christine Morse, Patricia Pendry, Carol Phillips, Joyce Regan, Heather Rowlinson, Linda Skudder, Susan Sotiris, Margaret Standing, Hilary Sutton, Sandra Tannett, Constance Tooley, Sandra Walker, Judith Willis.

Fourth Year Achievement Prizes

Susan Baker, Maureen Ball, Jill Bannister, Ann Barlow, Deborah Champion, Maureen Clarke, Janet Cook, Christine Davies, Carol Denniss, Janice Gray, Sandra Guy, Gillian Hambleton, Susan Hilbert, Cheril Holland, Gillian Humphrey, Carol Lambon, Fay Lloyd, Doreen Mason, Diane Minty, Carole Nodder, Cheryl Norman, Patricia Phillips, Kay Ramsden, Sandra Reynolds, Dorothy Sellar, Doris Settle, Dianne Sparkes, Pamela Swain, Gwyneth Thomas, June Tokley, Janet Tootell, Jennifer Walker, Brenda White.

Fifth Year Achievement Prizes

Yvonne Arnold, Patricia Aylett, Sandra Barnes, Veronica Beaton, Diane Beeston, Sandra Bowler, Ann Bracher, Marian Brading, Christine Bush, Mary Churcher, Jeanette Congdon, Margaret Dawson, Janet Dowle, Carol Driver, Valerie Duffin, Margaret Eales, Helen Earthrowl, Maxine Fillingham, Kay Fisher, Christine Foote, Alexandra Garden, Lesley Hall, Kathleen Hockley, Patricia Holland, Margaret Jeffs, Janice Johnson, Veronica Johnson, Margaret Lancaster, Sandra Lockley, Janet Mahoney, Jennifer Malin, Janet Manders, Rita Marris, Sylvia Marsh, Suzanne May, Pamela Mitchell, Angela Morley, Eileen Morrell, Muriel Morris, Christine Pearce, Hazel Peopall, Patricia Preston, Janet Randall, Carole Riddell, Maureen Sampher, Jacqueline Santoro, Rita Sayers, Carol Scarborough, Patricia Sear, Jennifer Shea, Jillian Shergold, Linda Shiret, Elaine Smith, Susan Snell, Norma Sutton, Valerie Tillyer, Anita Walat.

Sixth Form Prizes

For Achievement: Corinne Archer, Ann Banfield, Joan Clarke, Helen Cribb, Carol Dowle, Susan Drummond, Lynda Fox, Pamela Fraser, Lesley Gay, Christine Kibblewhite, Ann Lawson, Faith Parker, Pauleen Rees, Edna Robson, Barbara Scales, Leonie Sirot, Pamela Standen, Margaret Withersby, Jean Young.

For Service: Pauline Adam, Gillian Allen, Janet Alexander, Marion Arnold, Christine Atkins, Sandra Ball, Carolyn Barneby, Karen Blunt, Alexandria Briggs-Mills, Jean Bushell, Carole Butterworth, Rita Champion, Betty Chapman, Jacqueline Clackett, Susan Colven, Valerie Cousins, Janet Dunkerton, Hazel Emerson, Ann Endersby, Christine Foster, Jill Garrod, Gillian Gray, Jennifer Hallinon, Valerie Hart, Wendy Howard, Gillian Hoxley, Linda Hudson, Elizabeth Ingram, Angela Johnson, Jill Knight, Frances Knowles, Jacqueline Laming, Margaret Lawson, Dawn Lazarus, Elizabeth McDonald, Carol Mulholland, Jennifer Oxbrow, Janice Park, Helen Pateman, Pauline Riddall, Ann Sheppard, Jill Storey, Elizabeth Thomas, Maureen Thomas, Ann Towers, Gillian Vane, Hazel Vosper, Josephine Waller, Doreen Wheeler.

For Service and Achievement: Mary Burgess, Eunice Cherry, Margaret Dawson, Ann Fewtrell, Marion Foulger, Marianne Harvey, Lynda Lanckmans, Marion Lock, Jean Miller, Joyce Nightingale, Patricia Nightingale, Judith Robins, Mary Russell, Frances Tomkins, Margaret Wintle.

THE SECOND PART OF SPEECH DAY, 1961

The second part of our Speech Day Ceremony was held on Monday, November 27th, at 3 p.m. Owing to the fire which damaged a large section of the foyer, the Fourth years had been excluded from the first part of the Speech Day Ceremony, so the second part of Speech Day was especially important to them.

After the platform party had taken their places, the Chairman, Mr. Bradley, welcomed parents and girls to the ceremony and introduced Mrs. Bentwich, our speaker. The School Song was then sung with fervour.

Miss Kimsey then gave her annual report, and mentioned the many activities in which Sydenham School Girls had taken part, after which the many certificates were presented by Mrs. Bentwich. It was then the turn of the singing and speech choirs, who both gave delightful performances.

Following this, the School was addressed by Mrs. Bentwich. During her speech she showed her special concern for overseas students visiting this country to benefit from our education system. Mrs. Bentwich told us how lucky we are to have a school such as ours, and encouraged us to stay at school as long as possible. She then told us the story of a boy who walked a thousand miles to school, and made us think that we are really fortunate. Mrs. Bentwich's speech was enthusiastically applauded.

The votes of thanks were given, the National Anthem sung, and so ended a very pleasant second part of Speech Day.

Leonie Sirot, 6A.

CERTIFICATES PRESENTED BY MRS. HELEN BENTWICH, L.C.C., ON NOVEMBER 27th, at 3.0 p.m.

Third Year Certificates

Beryl Barker, Joan Bevis, Janet Binney, Claire Burdon, Jacqueline Camp, Jennifer Cook, Jacqueline Cooper, Patricia Crisp, Carol Dalton, Sandra Dack, Janet Esgrove, Janet Fisher, Iris Gibbings, Carol Grundy, Linda Jeffree, Barbara Jupp, Katharina Kay, Jean Kelsey, Brenda Kennett, Patricia Leeks, Jasmine Marshall, Brenda Matthews, Susanne Mears, Elise Muirhed, Sylvia Nash, Lesley Parsons, Ann Pirie, June Romain, Christine Stewart, Susan Stroud, Maureen Warner, Christine West, Madeline West, Margaret Wilson, Barbara Zawada.

Fourth Year Certificates

Josephine Ardley, Carolyn Bradford, Sandra Briggins, Patricia Chisholm, Lesley Crocker, Prudence Day, Christine Fletcher, Patricia Fuller, Susan Goddard, Christine Goodwin, Carole Green, Joan Gregory, Jennifer Hagley, Patricia Halls, Diane Howard, Brenda Jones, Linda Kemp, Christine Lancaster, Linda McDermott, Brenda Marshall, Denise Milbank, Jennifer Mockridge, Angela Moss, Gillian Parr, Carol Ryan, Brenda Silk, June Simes, Rosemary Wesson.

Universities of London and Oxford Examinations (January, 1961 and July, 1961)

Maureen Allen, Elaine Andrews, Mary Apps, Audrey Arnott, Sandra Attwater, Victoria Bailey, Carol Baker, Myra Baker, Gwen Batterham, Anne Beaver, Linda Bennett, Elizabeth Boorman, Patricia Brenan, Ann Bull, Theresa Burns, Kathleen Bush, Ann Cable, Monica Carter, Janet Chapman, Linda Cheesman, Jane Chew, Mary Childs, Jean Clark, Carole Clifford, Pamela Colegate, Eileen Coleman, Janet Cook, Janice Corbett, Maureen Cox, Ann Crawley, Angela Crewes, Patricia Dillon, Sheila Dow, Patricia Driscoll, Hazel Drury, Rosemary Dudley, Linda Dwyer, Yvonne Earney, Veronica Easey, Geraldine Eyre, Jane Fish, Theresa Francis, Carolyn French, Felicity French, Christine Furminger, Ann Fussell, Dorothy Gibson, Carol Glover, Kathleen Gray, Maureen Grinham, Elizabeth Gulliver, Suzanne Hale, Margaret Hall, Lesley Hallett, Sheila Hamilton, Gillian Harding, Christine Hart, Doreen Hatcher, Carol Hathaway, Pamela Havis, Celia Henry, Rosalind Hirst, Rita Hollingsworth, Christine House, Anne Humble, Jennifer Janes, Vivien Jenkins, Carol Johnson, Christine Jones, Pauline Lambourn, Shirley Lane, Frances Latter, Annette Lewis, Patricia Lidstone, Kathleen MacArthur, Anne MacDonald, Margaret McPherson, Susan Mann, Mary Marshall, Patricia Miller, Gwendoline Mogford, Winnie Moncrieff, Patricia Muir, Beryl Nayler, Pauline Neck, Barbara Nunn, Linda Oakley, Patricia Palmer, Christine Parker, Joyce Pittman, Joyce Pringle, Christine Purdy, Judith Ranklin, Christine Rivers, Jean Rothenberg, Christine Russell, Esme Slatter, Janet Smith, Yvonne Soilleux, Josephine Stratton, Angela Sweet, Barbara Taylor, Marie-Claude Thornton, Margaret Thorogood, Madeline Tingey, Marsha Varney, Sylvia Varney, Suzanne Vyse, Pamela Watkins, Pamela Watson, Rosemary Watts, Valerie Wells, Jeanette Wilkins, Patricia Williams, Rosalie Williams, Susan Woolmer, Janice Young, Jean Young.

Sixth Form Secretarial Certificates

Elaine Andrews, Beverley Bave, Mary Bennett, Desley Blagrove, Catherine Boyd, Pamela Colegate, Janet Cook, Sandra Everett, Joan Fountain, Sylvia Gardham, Carol Glover, June Grimwade, Jennifer Hind, Ann Howden, Anne Humble, Vivien Jenkins, Frances Lewis, Gillian Miles, Ann Pentecost, Janet Phillips, Joyce Pittman, Shirley Reid, Christine Russell, Mercia Stevens, Josephine Stratton.

Fifth Year Royal Society of Arts Certificates

Andrea Allen, Valerie Balchin, Melanie Barton, Angela Baskett, Sandra Bates, Elizabeth Boorman, Margaret Bourquin, Janet Bowell, Sylvia Burkitt, Yvonne Bussey, Christine Carpenter, Noreen Chapman, Jacqueline Cook, June Crockett, Marie Crone, Anne Crosby, Norma Daniel, Jacqueline Davidson, Joan Dow, Margaret Dye, Margaret Fisher, Carol Hall, Doreen Hamilton, Barbara Harrington, Irene Hawkes, Kathleen Hockley, Janice Hodge, Theta Holland, Janet Holman, Rita Howard, Shirley Hunter, Jennifer Janes, Ann James, Gillian James, Christine Johnson, Sandra Josling, Maureen Kahn, Patricia Killick, Susanne Lusher, Jean Maslin, Christine Mavkels, Ann Mill, Denise Morris-Hill, Patricia Murkin, Valerie Murphy, Carol Page, Lyn Percival, Jeannette Phillips, Diana Powell, Linda Pryer, Suzanne Richards, Judith Rushton, Linda Scully, Margaret Shearer, Christine Smith, Patricia Spence, Hilary Stark, Sandra Steadman, Carol Taylor, Rosemary Taylor, Irene Thomas, Patricia Tighe, Julia Tomlinson, Irene Tullett, Pamela Tullett, Janice Virgo, Iris Washington, Linda Weatherstone, Sandra White, Doris Young.

THE FIFTEENTH ANNUAL CAREERS CONFERENCE



On Wednesday, the 21st March, at 3 p.m., the Fourth, Fifth and Sixth Forms and some of their parents attended the Fifteenth Annual Careers Conference.

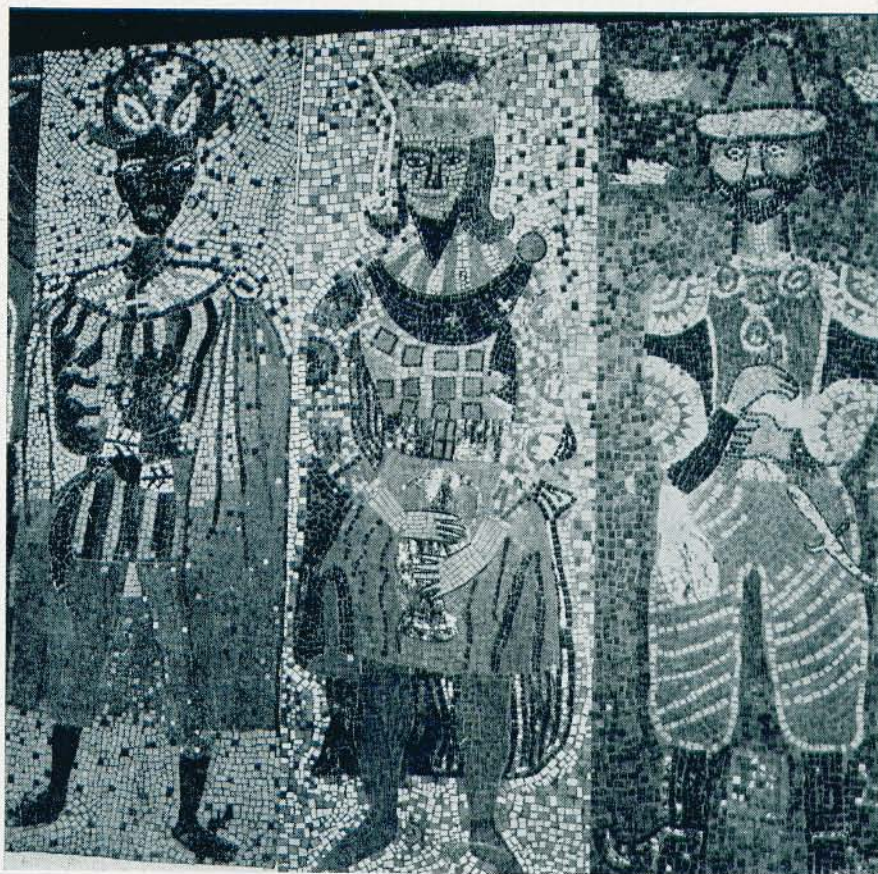
Miss J. Sadler, B.A., Assistant Careers' Advisory Officer L.C.C., addressed a packed hall. Her talk was in the form of a series of verbal pictures of women through the centuries starting from the early ages, when a woman's job was her home and family, to 1962 and the vast amount of careers open to all women. During her speech Miss Sadler managed to deal with an astonishing number of jobs and careers, and she told a delighted audience that every girl could expect to get married as there are at present more men than women. Miss Sadler ended her speech by wishing us every success in the future.

The conference then broke up for tea. When it was time to resume business, the conference divided into four sections. Each girl chose to go to one section and remained there to hear five speakers. In each section were representatives of the main careers chosen by girls today.

These are careers in all fields of medicine, secretarial work, teaching, telephony, librarianship, demonstrating, hospital reception work and University degrees. This year, practically all our speakers were old girls, and as they had attended previous Careers Conferences, they realised the kind of details required by their audience. All the speakers were extremely interesting and made listening a pleasure. At the end of this session we had another tea break.

After this, we all proceeded to the hall for the final session. This final session took the form of a Brains Trust, where questions were asked from the floor and our team of experts attempted to answer them. As well as our speakers from the previous session we had Miss B. Priestley, B.A., and Miss J. Fairman, B.Sc. (Econ.), Assistant Careers Advisory Officers L.C.C., Miss L. I. Downing, Senior Youth Employment Officer (West End Bureau), and Miss K. Hughes, Youth Employment Officer. They answered questions concerning office work, fashion buying, careers with languages and many other topics. Miss Kimsey then proposed the vote of thanks and so ended our Fifteenth Annual Careers Conference. It left us all with food for thought and inspired many of us with ambitions to embark on a really interesting career.

Leonie Sirot, 6A.



ANNUAL FAMILY CAROL SERVICE

On Tuesday evening, December 19th, the Annual Carol Service took place in four different local churches, all four services being conducted simultaneously.

All the First Forms gathered, with parents and friends, in St. John's Presbyterian Church, where the service was conducted by the Reverend M. D. Whitehorne, whilst all the Second Forms, with their families met in Forest Hill Baptist Church, the service being conducted by the Reverend D. E. Watson. The Third Forms and their families attended the Church in the Grove, where the Reverend D. J. Bremner conducted the service. 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. In preparation for the services, all four churches had been beautifully decorated by members of the staff and several girls. All the lessons were read by girls, except the final lessons which were read by members of the staff.

This year collections were divided between four good causes and thus we were able to send £15 9s. 0d. to the Sunshine Home for Blind Babies, The National Institute for the Deaf, The Greater London Fund for the Blind, and the Royal London Society for the Blind, respectively.

Each of the services provided a beautiful ending of term, and we should like to thank all those who helped to make them occasions of united devotion.

Ann Banfield, 6A.

SWIMMING REPORT, 1961-1962



The swimming team were in top form for the galas, competitions and examinations during the Summer Season 1961. This was due to the hard work throughout the winter of Mrs. Owen-Smith and Miss Rudd, who conducted the early morning training sessions.

Success started when on March 3rd, our second team consisting of eight girls swam in a three-cornered match against Peckham who gained 21 points and Sedgell who gained $6\frac{1}{2}$ points. The Sydenham team gained 41 points.

On Friday, May 12th, the first team swam against the same two Schools. Sydenham came first with 46 points, Peckham were second with 13 points, Sedgell came third and had 8 points.

Our first team of seven girls and the under-15 team of eleven girls, were invited on the 8th June to Mary Datchelor School to swim in another three-cornered match against Datchelor and Paddington. The first team won with 59 points, Datchelor were second with 43 points and Paddington were third with 36. Although the under-15 team tried hard they were just beaten by Datchelor who had 50 points. Paddington were again third with 35 points.

The London Schools Preliminary Gala was held at Greenwich Baths on Tuesday, June 13th. Three individual swimmers went forward to the final at Marshall St. Baths on July 11th. They were Christine Erskine in the One Length Backcrawl under 13, in which she was placed fourth. B. Chapman in the 15-18 years 100 yds. Breaststroke and 100 yds. Butterfly, who came first and fourth respectively. Last, but not least, Linda Ludgrove in the 13-15 100 yds. Backcrawl and the 2 lengths Butterfly, in which she came first and third. This young swimmer has since won a place in the International team for which she has worked very hard and can certainly be proud of herself. Also in the London Schools Final there were two under-15 teams. The Freestyle Relay with Shelia Thomas, Jean Killick, Julie McFaden and Linda Ludgrove, and the Medley Relay with Jean Killick, Lesley Crocker and Linda Ludgrove. Both teams gained third place.

Mrs. Owen-Smith directed a water ballet team which was a great success when displayed at the West Lewisham Gala at Downham Baths on Friday, July 14th. There were also Freestyle Championships, C. Erskine first, A. Flowerday second, H. Beaver third in the under-13 years. Linda Ludgrove first, J. McFaden second, and J. Potter third in the under-15 years. B. Chapman first, J. Killick second and J. Chapman third in the over-15 years.

At Downham Baths on October 20th Judith Kelly, Christine Erskine, Anna Flowerday and Sheila Thomas won the Rose Steele Shield for an invitation under-14 Relay Team. This Gala was in aid of the British Empire Cancer Campaign.

During the long winter months despite the bad weather, the girls keen on swimming continued their training, turning up regularly at 8.30 a.m. It was generally hoped that the team would prove successful in the coming competitions.

At the end of May, 1962, the first and second teams were invited to Mary Datchelor School for a swimming match. A splendid time was enjoyed by the girls and resulted in success for us as follows: —

The first team of nine girls won by a margin of 23 points. The second team, although they did well, lost by 15 points.

Constant pressure was made to keep the girls in training and in June, the London School Preliminaries took place at Greenwich Baths, where some swimmers proved successful. In the under-13, Ruth Renvoize came first in her heat of the 1 length Backcrawl. In the age group 13-15 years, Anita Muscio and Margaret Esgrave came second and third respectively in their heats of the 100 yds. Breaststroke. The team events brought a disappointment in the Medley race, as they were disqualified after finishing first. Ruth Renvoize, Jeanette Potter, Sheila Thomas and Judith Kelly came first in the under-15 Freestyle Relay. These four girls together with S. Pace and A. Hitchcock, came first in the under-15 District Team.

The over-15 West Lewisham team comprising of F. French, M. Carter, W. Moncrieff, L. Skudder, J. Chapman, C. Glen, came second.

The under-15 team qualified for the finals at Marshall Street Baths and they came second.

On the 12th July, 1962, Linda Ludgrove, Sheila Thomas, Jeanette Potter and Judith Kelly swam in the Divisional Finals of the School Team Championships of England. They returned the second fastest time of 2 mins. 56.5 seconds in this area and are honoured to be one of five teams swimming in the National Final at Epsom on October 20th. Fifty-two girls' teams throughout England were entered for this event in the first instance, and our team had the fifth fastest time.

The following day, the 13th July, at Downham Baths, our swimmers competed in the West Lewisham Gala, again with success. In the under-13 Championship Judith Kelly came first, Sheila Thomas and Jeannette Potter came first and second respectively in the 13-15 Championship, and in the under-15 Breaststroke and Backstroke events, Anita Muscio and Linda Ludgrove came first respectively.

We would like to thank all the girls who represented the School during 1961 and 1962: —

Judith Aylett	†Margaret Esgrave	Julie McFaden
Hilary Beaver	Anna Flowerday	Winnie Moncrieff
Pat Brackley	Shirley Foreman	†Anita Muscio
Penny Carlile	Caroline French	Valerie Petrie
Penny Carlisle	*Felicity French	Jane Plumridge
Elizabeth Carter	Christine Glen	†Jeanette Potter
Monica Carter	Ann Hitchcock	Ruth Renvoize
*Betty Chapman	Linda Jenkins	*Linda Skudder
*Janet Chapman	Judith Kelly	†Sheila Thomas
Diana Condell	Vivien Kelly	Penny Ward
Lesley Crocker	Jean Killick	Daniela Winch
Josie Ellis	†Linda Ludgrove	
Christine Erskine	Hilary Merrick	

* Denotes Senior Colours.

† Denotes Junior Colours.

who turned up so regularly to practices and matches. They swam well throughout the season and I am sure that they would like me to thank both Mrs. Owen-Smith and Miss Rudd for their constant enthusiasm and hard work for the team. I would also like to thank all the Physical Education Staff who produced such a high standard in the Royal Life Saving Society Examinations.

I wish the School Swimming Teams success in the future.

Betty and Janet Chapman, *Swimming Captains*, 1961 and 1962.

ROYAL LIFE SAVING SOCIETY AWARDS, 1961 and 1962.

Intermediate Certificates—A. Barlow, C. Baty, D. Settle, J. Roper.

Bronze Medallions—V. Bell, C. Bradford, V. Childs, L. Crocker, P. Day, A. Dean, S. Dearden, M. Downie, Margaret Edwards, Maureen Edwards, M. Ellis, J. Esgrove, J. Germain, C. Glen, S. Goddard, R. Goldsmith, M. Grant, M. Gray, P. Green, J. Hagley, R. Hawker, S. Hilbert, J. Killick, S. Lawrence, G. Long, J. McFaden, B. Marshall, B. Matthews, W. Matthews, C. Norman, S. O'Shea, A. Owen, G. Purdy, M. Robson, G. Samways, P. Saunders, J. Stepenson, G. Straker, R. Tessler, J. Tootell, V. Veasey, K. Woolmer.

Award of Merit—A. Baskett, M. Carter, J. Chapman, L. Crocker, M. Dye, F. French, W. Moncrieff, R. Sayers.

Distinction Award—J. Chapman, F. French, W. Moncrieff.

Instructor's Certificate—B. Chapman, J. Chapman.
Diploma—B. Chapman (Water work).

RESULTS OF FORM GALAS

	July, 1961			April, 1962	
	3rd Years	4th Years	5th & 6th Years	1st Years	2nd Years
1st	3P	4R	6A	1M	2C
2nd	3W	4P	5Y	1E	2G
3rd	3H	4A & D	5M	1B	2A

July, 1962		
1st	3D	4G
2nd	3T	4C
3rd	3M	4R

School Swimming Championship—

- 1961** 1st, B. Chapman; 2nd, F. French; 3rd, J. Chapman; 4th, M. Carter; 5th, W. Moncrieff.
- 1962** 1st, J. Chapman; 2nd, F. French; 3rd, M. Carter, C. Glen, W. Moncrieff.

ROUNDERS REPORT, SUMMER TERM, 1961

Despite frequent cancellations of practices at Anerley due to the weather, which was usually at its worst on Fridays, the Rounders teams had a fairly successful season. The practices were well supported by the Under Thirteens, but play in the Under Fifteen team suffered through lack of a reliable second team against whom to practise.

Teams were chosen from the following girls: —

UNDER 15 IX		UNDER 14 IX		UNDER 13 IX	
K. Rowland		J. Potter		V. Lee	
B. Waghorn		S. Liddon		W. Garwood	
C. Segrott		D. Gilmore		V. Noble	
D. Richards		A. Hitchcock		B. Brookman	
S. Irvine		S. Thomas		L. Rendu	
S. Brown		S. Imberg		S. Hudson	
S. Albon		S. Bindon		M. Cumby	
L. Goodwin		L. Crawley		J. Bell	
J. Cooper		D. Condell		W. Lock	
Y. Creber		J. Holloway		D. Bailey	
L. Edis		L. Wallington		J. Smart	

Results of Form Tournaments, July, 1961

of Form Tournaments, July, 1961					1st	2nd	3rd	4th	5th & 6th
					Years	Years	Years	Years	Years
					Years	Years	Years	Years	Years
Under 15 IX	...	1	4	1st	1L	2G	3T	4W	5L
Under 14 IX	...	5	1	2nd	1P	2M	3H	4C	5R
Under 13 IX	...	4	2	3rd	1R, 1T	2H	3W, 3N	4A	5Y, 5F

TENNIS REPORT, 1961

1ST AND 2ND VI

This season has proved very enjoyable for the 1st and 2nd VI's who have been playing closely contested matches.

Practices have been well attended, and coaching from Miss Smart has proved beneficial to team members. The move from these practice games to match play naturally brings with it a far greater tax on our nerves. However, with increasing experience, this nervous tension has uncoiled itself to our advantage and encouraged us to play better. Such experience has been gained from tournaments like the Aberdare Cup in which our first team was unfortunately defeated in the first round. Nevertheless, it was an enjoyable afternoon for the players and the standard of tennis was high.

Throughout the term, the teams have been subject to constant alterations due to the improved standard of play by some of the girls. However, we did not play quite well enough to beat the Staff, who defeated us in the closing match of the season.

In conclusion, I should like to thank Miss Smart for all the encouragement she has given us, and the umpires who have always been willing to give up their time to help us. Once more our thanks must go to Mrs. Fox and her staff for providing the welcome refreshments.

Janice Palk (*Tennis Captain*).

UNDER 15, 1961

Although the team played good tennis at times, it took a little while for them to settle to steady play in matches. However, even when a match was lost it was usually only by a very narrow margin. The team played Eltham Hill in the first round of the Kent Tournament and lost to them, but many of the sets were a very close fight.

Attendances at practices were good, but the standard of play would have been higher if more of the girls had joined Tennis Clubs out of School.

A. M. M.

	1st VI	2nd VI	Under 15 VI
1st Couple:	Janice Palk Elaine Smith	Geraldine Eyre Hazel Emerson Frances Tomkins	Angela Mannell Lesley Crocker
2nd Couple:	Pat Dillon Helen Pateman	Heather Cook Linda Howell	Cheryl Holland Pamela Hopkins
3rd Couple:	Valerie Balchin Ann Howden	Norma Cook Barbara Scales also Valerie Bell Alexandre Garden Jean Young	Jill Agar Christine Stewart also Valerie James Jennifer Brown

Umpires: G. Allen, L. Fox, A. Garden, J. Garrod, M. Harvey, A. Johnson, J. Knight, J. Laming, L. Lanekmans, C. Lovell and E. McDonald.

Results 1961	Won	Lost
1st VI	3	4
2nd VI	4	2
Under 15 VI ...	3	3

TENNIS REPORT, 1962

1ST AND 2ND VIS

The teams this season suffered a constant change of players because a number of girls were involved in early examinations. As a result, the Reserve VI played in as many matches as the regular teams.

In the Aberdare Cup Tournament the 1st VI played Blackheath High School and a Convent from Sittingbourne in the 1st round. Both the opposing teams contained Junior County players, and their greater experience proved too much for our players. Our team thoroughly enjoyed the matches and agreed that they had learnt a great deal.

I would like to add the thanks of this year's teams as expressed by Janice in the 1961 report.

Pat Dillon (*Tennis Captain*).

UNDER 15, 1962

Only four matches were played against other schools owing to cancellations and as a result, it was difficult to get a feeling of continuity throughout the season.

The team was a young one and four of the girls will still be eligible next year.

In the Kent Tournament, the team beat both their opponents, Catford County and Eltham Hill, in the 2nd round, thus earning a place in the final. This was an excellent effort.

In the final they were beaten by Bromley High School and Walthamstow Hall.

A. M. M.

Tennis Teams, 1962

	1st VI	2nd VI	Reserve VI	Under 15 VI
1st Couple:	P. Dillon*	L. Fox	M. Carter	H. Dickson
	M. Cox*	A. Garden	P. Lamhorn	P. Cragg
2nd Couple:	L. Howell	N. Cook	J. Agar	J. Martindale
	G. Eyre	J. Young	C. Stewart	S. Bindon
3rd Couple	V. Balchin	C. Holland	P. Barker	P. Smith
	D. Cooke	H. Cook	D. Bridge	P. Winnister
	also			also
	V. Beaton			A. Best
	P. Cragg			L. Crawley
	M. Elliott			W. Robinson
	F. French			C. Segrott
	C. Glen			
	L. Zirfas			

*Denotes Colours awarded.

RESULTS, 1962

	Won	Lost	Cancelled	Umpires:
1st VI	3	4	1	Monica Carter, Janet Chapman,
2nd VI	4	2	1	Norma Cook, Pat Cragg, Felicity French,
Under 15 VI	1	3	2	Marion Grant, Carole Green, Suzanne Hale, Christine Lovell, Winnie Moncrieff, Frances Parker.

Form Tournaments, 1962

	2nd Years	3rd Years	4th Years	5th & 6th Years
1st	2D	3T	4A	5B
2nd	2L	3B	4P	6A
3rd	2A	3D	4R	5N

Results of Form Tournaments, July, 1961

	2nd Years	3rd Years	4th Years	5th & 6th Years
1st	2B	3N	4R	6B
2nd	2A	3W	4A	5H
3rd	2L & 2W	3B	4S & 4W	5Y & 5R

HOCKEY REPORT, 1961-1962

1ST AND 2ND XI

As the Autumn Term began, out came hockey sticks and boots, the latter often still possessing some of last year's mud. Practices started for all girls trying for the Teams and it was evident that no one had touched a hockey ball since last Spring, but gradually improvement came. By the end of October the standard of play was quite high.

However, during the Spring Term this standard was not maintained except at the Kent Tournament when the 1st XI played very well, only losing to the eventual winners of the whole Tournament. The reasons for the drop in standard seemed to be two-fold. Practices at Anerley could not be held for the greater part of November, all December and part of January, because of the dark evenings. When practices did start again, some girls did not come regularly enough. It is evident that it is necessary to keep some kind of training practice going in the gyms, during these dark months.

Four girls were sent to the West Kent Trials, Pat Dillon, Christine Glen, Winnie Moncrieff and Barbara Scales. Pat, Winnie and Barbara reached the finals of the Trials and Barbara was chosen as centre-half for the West Kent Junior XI Reserves.

This year the Staff team had to put up quite a tough fight against the 1st XI, who only just lost, the score being 1—0. However, the 1st XI were easily compensated by the excellent tea.

Our thanks go once again to Miss Smart and Mrs. Millar who continually encouraged us. The latter especially deserves thanks, as when Miss Smart was unfortunately away, she helped the 1st and 2nd XI as well as the Under 15 XI.

The end of term tournaments had to be continually postponed because of rain, but were eventually finished in rather a rush, and not always in the best conditions.

We are also grateful to Mrs. Fox and the kitchen staff and latterly to Miss Smith who provided us with teas. Also to Mrs. Harrison and the girls who helped to prepare and serve them at Anerley.

Barbara Scales (*Hockey Captain*).

UNDER 15 XI

The season started in an uncertain manner, owing to a reluctance on the part of 4th year girls to attend practices after school. However, as the season progressed, and 3rd year girls became more proficient, they joined the practices. Those 4th year girls who had remained faithful welcomed the new zest and skill now introduced.

Towards the end of the season, this youngest ever Under 15 Hockey team, had developed a real team spirit, which was apparent in every match they played. This was due in great part to the leadership of Pat Cragg, the Captain, who was reliable, efficient and most encouraging.

A. M. M.

	1st XI	2nd XI	Under 15 XI
	G.K. W. Moncrieff	M. Grant	S. Lovett
	L.B. V. Beaton	C. Baker	L. Collins
	R.B. C. Glen*	M. Baker	A. Mouqué
	L.H. H. Cribb	C. Norman	L. Elliott
	C.H. B. Scales*	L. Fox	P. Cragg†
	R.H. J. Chapman	D. Cooke	P. Barker
	L.W. J. Turner*	D. Beeston	M. Esgrrove
	L.I. N. Cook	C. Holland	S. Foreman
	C.F. P. Dillon*	M. Ellis	A. Hitchcock†
	R.I. H. Cook	C. Bush	J. Perryman†
	R.W. R. Watts*	P. Adams	J. Esgrrove
Also 2nd XI:	T. Bird		M. Coles also Under 15 XI
	P. Flintoff		D. Condell
	J. Germain		J. Cooper
	C. Johnson		S. Hewitt
	S. Herdson		J. McFaden
	G. Samways		S. Power
	J. Shergold		C. Stewart
	P. Lambourn		

* Denotes Senior Colours.

† Denotes Under 15 Colours.

RESULTS

	Won	Lost	Drawn	Cancelled
1st XI	1	5	1	5
2nd XI	3	5	—	4
Under 15 XI	1	4	3	5

Results of Form Tournaments—April, 1962

	3rd Years	4th Years	5th & 6th Years
1st	3M	4V	5M
2nd	3B	4A	5B
3rd	3N	4P	6A
4th	—	4R	5H

NETBALL REPORT, 1961-1962

The results of the netball matches were on the whole quite satisfactory and each match has been thoroughly enjoyed by all members of the teams. Although the teams have been defeated quite a number of times the enthusiasm has always been present.

All the girls were keen on learning the new rules set this year in netball, and with the constant help and gentle persuasion of the Staff, the teams have readily given up much of their free time for the netball practises.

For the first time, this year, an Under 12 team has been organised by Miss Lowe, and each girl has played with ardent eagerness and they are to be recommended for their victory in their only match.

Finally, I would like to thank Miss Rudd, Miss Cupit, Miss Millar and Miss Lowe, for giving up so much of their free time to take the practises and matches. Thanks must also be given to Mrs. Fox who has now left us, and to our new kitchen supervisor, Miss Smith, and her kind staff, who so readily arranged the teas for each home match.

Monica Carter (*Netball Captain*).

1st VII		2nd VII	Under 15 VII
G.K.	W. Jolley	S. Wilson	P. Pike
G.D.	L. Fox*	M. Edwards	W. Matthews
W.D.	P. Saunders*	M. Carter	V. Stokes
C.	J. Pollard	F. French	E. Cook
W.A.	M. Elliott	J. Pain	A. Ward
G.A.	S. Young	W. Robinson	C. Segrott
G.S.	H. Dance	M. Ball	K. Deal
Reserve	J. Warren	C. Henly	J. Ransome

* Indicates Senior Colours.

Under 14 VII		Under 13 VII	Under 12 VII
G.K.	S. Imberg	L. Rendu	J. Dean
G.D.	L. Crawley	V. Noble	S. Morris
W.D.	G. Powell	R. Renvoise	Y. Guillou
C.	L. Beek	F. Gillman	E. Paul
W.A.	A. Muscio	J. Gracey	L. Stout
G.A.	V. Phillips	D. Clark	D. Phillips
G.S.	P. Goddard	S. Hudson	J. Wilson
Reserve		H. Neale	J. Solisbury

RESULTS	Won	Lost
1st VII	4	6
2nd VII	3	6
Under 15 VII	3	6
Under 14 VII	8	4
Under 13 VII	5	2
Under 12 VII	1	0

RESULTS OF FORM TOURNAMENTS—APRIL, 1962

	1st Years	2nd Years	4th Years	5th & 6th Years
1st	1M	2L	4W	5W
2nd	1E	2G	4G	5S
3rd	1A	2B	4V	5M & 5B

ROUNDERS REPORT, 1962

The teams had a fairly successful season. Attendance at practices was best among the Under 13's, where much enthusiasm was shown.

The following girls played in teams: —

Under 13 IX

Linda Blakemore
Susan Blakemore
Daphne Phillips
Erica Paul
Jeanette Wilson
Katherine Zychski
Joyce Solesbury
Yvonne Martin
Jennifer Deane
Margaret James
Sally Pace
Brenda Search
Jean Moorhouse
Ann Kennard

Under 14 IX

Gillian Reynolds
Valerie Noble
Diana Bailey
Denise Clark
Sally Holland
Brenda Wildey
Jacqueline Bell
Sheila Peterkin
Wendy Lock
Rita Baker
Brenda Gander
Sandra Grinham

Under 15 IX

Diana Condell
Ann Hitchcock
Linda Baker
Linda Crawley
Susan Bindon
Sandra Hewett
Janet Holloway
Penlope Feltham
Josephine Clark
Sandra Lidden

RESULTS

Under 13 IX
Won 4 Lost 1

Under 14 IX
Won 3 Lost 3

Under 15 IX
Won 3 Lost 3

Linda Ludgrove of Form 4E has reached world fame with her swimming exploits. She has been coached since she was eleven by her father in backcrawl at Forest Hill Baths, and after many years of determined practice on her part, she is now reaping her reward and travelling in many parts of the world to represent Great Britain.

This summer she has already been to Magdeburg in East Germany, Budapest and Leipzig.

At the National Championships in Blackpool during September she broke three world records: the girls' and ladies' 110 yards Backstroke record and the ladies' 220 yards Backstroke record. Also she has been swimming the backstroke for the Medley Team with very good results.

As a result of all this, she has been chosen to represent Great Britain in the Empire Games, which are to be held in Perth, Australia, during November. We all wish her every success there and hope that she will go on to fulfil her ambition of going to the Olympic Games in Tokyo, Japan, in 1964.



V Smart.



"THE BLUEBIRD"

This year the Junior School presented a Christmas play which was called "The Bluebird", by Maurice Maeterlinck. Owing to the disastrous fire which caused great damage to the hall, "The Bluebird" was postponed until February. Rehearsals took place mainly after school, but occasionally in the dinner hours. At the beginning all was confusion, nobody knew their lines, places or their cues. Miss Martin, with the help of Miss Uglow, produced the play. After January the play began to take shape. On the Saturday before the actual production the dress rehearsal took place. Everything went wrong!

On Tuesday a matinée was held for the children of neighbouring schools. They seemed to enjoy it tremendously, but who knows! The next evening was the first performance in front of an adult audience. Backstage, Miss Garood was organising quiet games to entertain the cast of over one hundred, in between acts.

The story of "The Bluebird" describes the adventures of two children, Mytyl and Tytyl, who are searching for the Bluebird of happiness. Their journey takes them through the Land of Memory, the Palace of Night, the Forest, and the Land of the Future, but eventually through the influence of the Fairy, they find the Bluebird in their own home.

Accompanying them on their journey were their Cat and Dog, Bread, Sugar, Fire, Water, Milk and Light, who suddenly came to life one night. Among the people they saw were their dead Grandmother and Grandfather, Night, the Oak and the other trees and animals in the forest, and the world of unborn children.

The dog was always annoying the cat and worrying Bread. Fire and Water were continually arguing and fighting, and it was left to Sugar to make the peace. Light guided the characters on their way.

The play was repeated to an adult audience the following evening when bouquets and other gifts were presented to the staff who helped behind the scenes. Miss Lawrence painted the beautiful scenery among other things. Miss Burdon and Mrs. McIntosh made the costumes. Mrs. Bagshaw and several members of the staff, with a team of willing helpers, made up the cast.

When everything was back to normal, a party was held for the cast of "The Bluebird".

We would like to thank all the members of staff who gave up their time to enable the play to be a tremendous success.

Gillian Reynolds, Brenda Wildy and Sylvia Brown, 3W.

A WINTER'S TALE

When we, the Sixth Form, were told last winter that we were to perform Shakespeare's "A Winter's Tale" in conjunction with the Forest Hill Boys' School, we began to think of the standing ovations we would receive, the gorgeous costumes we would wear and the praise that we would have showered upon us.

None of us, I think, realised that before all this applause, we would need weeks of hard work in rehearsals—not cosy, social ones at that—under the all-seeing eye of our inspiring producer, Mr. Stroud, an English master at Forest Hill.

After about a month of these rehearsals, thoughts of glory were never farther from our minds. Nothing appeared to be going right, nor, it seemed, had any intention of doing so! Seemingly impossible tasks were set before us: a live, growling, vicious bear had to be produced from somewhere; the sound effects of a terrific storm were needed, and Hermione, the queen, had to be taught to stand absolutely motionless for five minutes, to represent a statue—no mean feat! We would come upon her at break and dinner times staring enthusiastically into space, trying ardently to resemble a statue. Even now I do not think she knows quite how she managed to do this . . . but this is Angela Morley's own version of her experience in the part she played as Hermione:—

"I think that was the longest five minutes of my life.

The gold had turned to blue with dazzling intensity which caused my cheeks to burn, my eyes to smart painfully. Yet I could not blink; scarcely did I dare to breathe. The auditorium veiled from me by a curtain of brilliant dust particles, swam before my eyes, and the heat and strong smell of grease paint seemed to rise up and envelope me. I could have believed I no longer existed; only the violent trembling of my hands, which had assumed monstrous proportions in my mind, made me aware that this was not so.

And yet those legs which felt like rapidly dissolving icicles, and that heart that was thundering against the flimsy surrounds of my rib cage like a battering ram against rice-paper; did they really belong to me? Or, perhaps more appropriately, was this "me" they belonged to the same as before; was I any longer myself?

Somewhere, during the long weeks of rehearsal and preparation a metamorphosis had taken place: subtle yet all-absorbing. Not only with the mere superficial additions of a costume and greasepaint, but of a far greater complexity; in fact to such an extent, that I found this new self I had gradually assumed almost incompatible with the modern world.

But now I was in another world as delicate as a soap bubble suspended like a fragile Christmas-tree bauble somewhere between here and the realms of make-believe. It came as a little surprise to my second self to find a few tremulous tears tracing their way down my cheeks at the close of the last act.

I became gradually aware of a rustling movement in the darkness beyond the dazzling mist of dust. They must have been applauding. I hardly heard them.

But as I passed out beyond the wings, the whip of the cold night air lashed at the beautiful and fragile bauble, and it shattered in a thousand slivers about me. Suddenly I was aware I had walked headlong into the dead-end of reality. I felt cold. I felt very tired.

But I was extremely happy."

Yet all these difficulties were overcome. We received our ovation, and also something much deeper, the joy of knowing we all worked together for one end, and of knowing that we had all given of our best to make the production a success.

Jacqueline Santoro and Angela Morley, 6A.



Scenes from the joint production of "The Winter's Tale" with Forest Hill Boys' School last March, showing the scenery made by the Staff and boys of Forest Hill. The fifteenth century costumes were designed and cut by Mrs. Handford and made by our girls in the Art Department with the help of Miss Floyd and Miss Weston and the Needlework Department. A great deal of hard work went into the making of the costumes, and thanks to everyone who helped to make the production so colourful—by sewing pearls and sequins or dying tights—we are now richer in our own dramatic cupboard as well as having the experience of working together.





The Junior Speech Competition

The Junior Speech Competition which is held annually gave much pleasure to a tremendous number of parents, members of staff, and girls this year.

Miss Blakey, a former teacher at this school, was invited to adjudicate. We all listened with anxious interest while the speech choirs, each made up of an entire First Form, spoke their verses.

There were a great many poems to choose from this year, and each Form enjoyed listening to the other's performance. We were quite overjoyed when Miss Blakey announced that our Form who recited "The Song of the Sea Wind", had won the competition, for which we were presented with a beautiful silver cup. This we shall treasure in our Form room, but even more than this, we shall value the experience we gained in choral verse speaking under Mrs. Bagshaw's instruction, and the knowledge that each one of us had given of our best in this united effort.

Susan Peel and Shirley Dick, 1T.

The School Libraries

The great event of this year was the opening, in September, of the library in the Junior Building. This was really a re-opening, for we are using the room which accommodated the library in that building before our school was enlarged. Nothing could have been more satisfying than to see those empty shelves filled with books again and the room crowded with girls eager to use them.

This development has meant that the library in the new building is now better able to meet the needs of the Senior School as a place where peace and quiet may be found. In both libraries there is now plenty of room—and a great need—for more books. Our financial resources have not been equal to the task of building up two libraries, so that we have been most grateful to all those who have presented us with books. Several members of the staff have donated books from their own collections and many useful acquisitions have come in this way. The Parent-Teachers' Association gave us £75 which was used mainly to build up the reference section in the Junior Library. I wish that those who contributed this money could have seen the delight with which these books were greeted, when I introduced them to the girls. I am so glad that some of our school-leavers have given us books by which we may remember them. The names of donors are always inscribed in their gifts. In this way, we have a tangible link between those who are making their way in the world and those who are still at school. I am always willing to suggest titles that we need, very reasonably priced, to anyone who would like to make this gesture.

This year of expansion has proved again what a fine spirit of willing co-operation exists in our school. We were able to arrange for the lunch-time use for the Junior Library during the Autumn Term, only because several members of the staff and some prefects were willing to take over duties there. Throughout the year I have had the regular assistance of a number of Third Year girls who have mostly performed all kinds of "background" jobs with a zest which would put many professional librarians to shame. To all those who have assisted in any way, I would like to say a very sincere "Thank-you".

As everyone will realise, this year's expansion could not have been achieved without Mrs. Heester's constant help. Her enthusiasm, her willingness to undertake additional duties, has meant that our two libraries have been "at your service" with scarcely a break throughout the year. All those who use them will want to add their thanks to mine for all that Mrs. Heester has done for us.

In the coming year, I hope that we shall continue to develop our service to the school. If you can suggest any books which you would like me to consider as additions, or if you have any constructive criticism to make about the way the libraries are run, please come and discuss your ideas with me. Two—or more—heads are better than one!

D. H. H.

Manor Mount, Sydenham and Shackleton Old Girls' Association

The Old Girls' Association is open to all ex-pupils of the School. The subscription is 3/6d. per annum or £2 2s. 0d. for Life Membership. Any girls who leave school in July and pay before leaving, or at the November meeting, are entitled to one year's membership at 2/6d. per annum.

Some of you may not wish to join when you first leave school, but after a few years when you have finished at College or University, may desire to become a member. Do not hesitate, write to me, or better still, come along to a meeting; we are always pleased to see any Old Girls. Meetings are always held on the second Wednesday in November, second Friday in March at 7.30 p.m., and second Saturday in July at 3 p.m.

We would also like to welcome any past members of the Staff who are invited to be Honorary Members of the Association and attend our meetings.

Pat Pudney, *Secretary*.

Old Girls' News

Our former Swimming Captain, Betty Chapman, left Sydenham School in July, 1961, to study Art at Goldsmiths' College. After only two terms she was elected Vice-Captain of London University Swimming Team. She also gained her Purple (full colours) for the University and for her own College.

She has taken part in many matches against other Universities, Counties and Clubs, and has not lost one breaststroke event. In the London University Championships she gained first place in Butterfly, Individual Medley and Breaststroke events. In the latter, she smashed the record set up by Christine Gosden. Her greatest honour came when she was picked to swim for London University in the National Universities Swimming and Diving Championships. She rewarded the selectors by winning the 220 yds. Breaststroke and coming second in the 110 yds. Breaststroke. As if this were not enough, with her team-mates she helped break the Medley Team record. The following day she swam in the British Universities Home International Swimming and Diving Match in which she won the 110 yds. Breaststroke event.

J. C.

OBITUARY

It is with great sorrow that in this issue of the magazine, we record the deaths of two old girls during this last school year. In December, Ann Holloway, who left us in 1959, died after a brief but very serious illness. We remember her as such a gay, cheerful, happy girl, always full of life and ready to take part in everything that went on in school, and our very sincere sympathy goes to her parents and to Janet, now in a Fourth Form.

In July, we were deeply grieved to hear of the tragic death of Linda Elliott, who met with a fatal accident when riding her bicycle outside Leicester. Linda had been a member of this school for seven years, and had just completed her first year of study at Leicester University. Linda was a real student who found such happiness in all her school work and school life, which caused her, during her year at the Public Library, to spend so many of her free days with us. We feel deeply for her parents and for Wendy and Margaret in their loss.

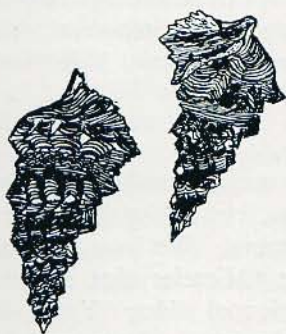
Charities Report

During the year the Upper School has collected nearly £300 which has been given in answer to calls for help. U.N.I.C.E.F., War on Want, The Cheshire Home, the Sheffield Relief Fund, the Pestalozzi Homes, the Musicians' Benevolent Society, are some of the good causes we have helped.

Girls have collected tin foil, which has been loyally gathered together by Kay Ramsden, and used to buy three dogs for the blind.

The most valuable help of all has been the personal service many girls have given. Regular visits to the Bromley and Dulwich Cheshire Homes have given joy to the patients who regard our girls as their friends. Not only do they cheer these courageous folk but they help with work in the kitchen or recreation rooms. The girls have gained much from this giving.

A. C. Heester.



Fourth Year Nature Club

The Fourth Year Nature Club was held on Thursdays during the year 1961-62. We divided into groups of two or three girls and studied subjects as Pond Life, Horses and Trees. Each of the groups collected information about one of the subjects and drew pictures.

An expedition was made to the Natural History and Science Museums in the Spring Term. We saw many interesting animals and plants and made sketches of them, which were put into our books. This trip was enjoyed by the members who were able to attend.

K. W.

First Year XYZ and Nature Club

Joint meetings of the two Clubs were held every Friday. Topics suggested by members were discussed; especially interesting were those about various pets. Several films, some in colour, on Natural History topics, were shown during the year. Some practical work was done by the members making plaster casts of various objects, and leaf and bark rubbings. At the end of the Summer Term there was a trip to Whipsnade. Miss Meyrick, Miss Gutman and Mrs. Bolingbroke accompanied fifty girls, mostly of the XYZ Club, to the Zoo. The weather was fine and added to the enjoyment of this open air excursion.

D. G. and L. C.

Science Club

Although the Science Club has had few meetings this year, they have been most enjoyable.

Early in the year, Alexandra Garden gave a talk on "Malaria" which she illustrated with pictures and a charming story.

Later, Anita Walat wrote an essay on "Blood and its Functions" which was read by Helen Cribb. Anita brought along a laemocytometer and Miss Barr provided slides and illustrations. These talks were of great interest and use to the Sixth Forms who are studying Zoology.

Edna Robson, 6A.

Housecraft and Needlework Departments

In spite of the increasing difficulty of fitting "a quart into a pint pot", and complications due to illness—once there were three members of Staff ill at the same time—the department has accomplished much useful work. The London "O Level" and R.S.A. results being very good indeed. The fire damage to the Canteen kitchen meant that much additional catering was undertaken by the Department. Such functions as School Parties, Speech Days, Careers Conference, and teas for V.I.P.'s were all dealt with, one of the most enjoyable being a birthday party for Miss Whitty who was retiring after 50 years' service with the L.C.C. We also enjoyed making and icing a very symbolic cake for other staff who were retiring.

These activities, coupled with visits to the Ideal Home Exhibition, the milk bottling plant at Vauxhall, a building site and show house, the Home for Disabled Workers and Jacquar Fabrics, etc., have helped to sustain the interest of the girls.

We particularly want to thank Mr. Higgins for allowing us the use of his shop and "contents" for our lessons on meat, and our dear friends at Love Walk for the inspiration they gave us with their beautiful needlework and their cheerful facing of difficulties.

We hope that the new range of cookers and washing machines that we have had installed, also the copies of "Which" and records of Exhibitions on the corridor notice board, will help the girls to choose their own equipment later on, while the illustrations dealing with all important topics of public interest, e.g., Centenary of Clean Food—Prevention of Accidents—National Milk Week, will stimulate their interest.

Student Christian Movement, 1961-1962

This year the S.C.M. has had many varied meetings with numerous outside speakers. Visiting speakers included Vicars, Curates, London City Missionaries, Solicitors, etc., all of which have provided us with very interesting meetings often ending in lively discussions. We have had such meetings entitled, "Why Christianity Anyway?"; "Sex and Religion"; "Miracles that Matter"; "Love"; "It Happened to Me", a talk on the U.S.A., illustrated with coloured slides; "Youth and Religion", a talk on Youth Clubs; "The place of Religion in Modern Society." Attendance has varied according to the subjects, but has usually been quite good.

At the beginning of the Autumn Term a number of girls joined other schools at the Dick Sheppard School, for the Annual S.C.M. Conference. This year it was entitled "The Authority of the Bible". There was time for group discussion, questions and refreshments. The end of the Easter Term was marked by the showing of the film, "I Beheld His Glory" to all 5th and 6th Form girls; this portrayed the Easter theme very beautifully.

However, more important than the outside meetings are the Weekly Bible Study and Prayer Meeting, which are not very well attended, possibly because the latter is held at 8.30 a.m., at Holy Trinity Church.

We would also like to thank Miss Williamson who was always ready to help in any way she could, and the R.I. Staff who supported our meetings.

Barbara Scales, 6A.

The Young Sowers' League

The Young Sowers' League consists of girls from the Second and Third Forms, keen to seek God's word. They read through the Bible, one chapter at a time, and answer one question on each chapter of the New Testament and questions on selected chapters of the Old Testament.

When a girl has completed the New Testament, her work is sent up to the Scripture Gift Mission, who send her a New Testament if her work is correct. A complete Bible is sent to the girl who also completes the Old Testament correctly.

This year, St. John's Gospels, New Testaments and Bibles have been awarded to members of our League.

All girls under seventeen years old are most welcome to join.

Yvonne Soilleux, 6A.

School Journey to Spain, 12th-21st April, 1962



Where was the train-driver? There we were in our seats clutching our passports and food for the journey, and there was still no sign of starting. Then, at last, at 10.30 a.m. on Thursday, 12th April, we moved out of Victoria Station Spain, here we come!

For most of us it was our first trip abroad, but by 2.00 p.m. the next day we felt like experienced travellers, having passed through Newhaven, Dieppe, Paris, Port Bou and Flussa. Most of us were up and out of our couchettes quite early to experience our first sight of the impressive Pyrennees, rising, pale blue and white, on the horizon, and by 1.30 p.m. were impatient to see Estartit, one of the "light and calm, sun-drenched fishing ports of the rugged Costa Brava". It was just that, and more. A breathless silence came over the coach as it wound its way slowly through the tiny streets of the village. Although the whole place was being rebuilt, modernised and ex-

tended, the tiny picturesque houses on the hillside were so white and clean, with their contrasting shutters in yellow or blue, and patios of roses and geraniums, and wrought-iron fences and balconies.

When we arrived at the hotel we rushed through lunch, and went straight out to the beach to take advantage of every moment of that glorious sunshine. We were glad we did, for the next day it started to rain!! No, it isn't a misprint! It may not have been our object at the start of the holiday, but we certainly proved that the "Rain in Spain" does *not* "stay mainly in the Plain". In spite of the rain, however, it was still very warm, and apart from a few unexpected drenchings, we enjoyed our visits to neighbouring towns and villages.

Most of these were small, simple fishing or agricultural towns, with the exception of Tossa, and, of course, Barcelona. Tossa is a fishing town, but is larger than most and is very popular as a tourist resort. Most of us bought a bottle or two of wine from neighbouring towns, to take home, but how much of it actually reached London is another matter entirely . . . it was very good wine! . . .

One morning we set off early to visit Barcelona. After more than four and a half hours we arrived and ate our lunch under the stern eye of Christopher Columbus, whose statue stood in a square by the harbour. We saw the Ramblas, a market in which they sold flowers, books and birds, running the full length of a long straight street, and the Church of the Sagrada Familia and several of the other extraordinary buildings designed by Gaudí, whose work brought varying opinions from our party. After lunch we were taken to the Spanish Village, high on a hill, giving a marvellous and impressive view of the whole of Barcelona. In the many shops of the village we spent the major part of what little money we had left, and returned to the hotel that evening, proudly carrying our bottles of perfumes and liqueurs, hats, medallions, posters, paintings, sweets and so on.

Another day we visited Ampurias to see the ruins of the ancient Greek and Roman city in their beautiful surroundings, and on another we saw Salvador Dalí's house near Cadaqués in a solitary spot by the edge of a beautiful bay.

The time not spent visiting towns and the neighbouring countryside was used on our magnificent beach, and for buying souvenirs from some of the fascinating little shops in Estartit. We got used to the currency as easily as we got used to the food, and we knew we would miss our "entremeses", spaghetti with mussels, snails and octopus, and our refreshingly different continental breakfasts. On the last day we said a tearful goodbye to all our friends in Estartit, and a resigned silence settled over us in the coach, but it was not until we reached Victoria with our bulging cases that we could believe it was all over. It had been a memorable holiday, and on behalf of the whole party, I would like to thank Miss Wrycraft, Mrs. Heester and Miss Pomphrey, who accompanied us and made it such a happy one.

Maxine Fillingham, 6M.

School Journey to Broadstairs

On the morning of Wednesday, 11th April, two parties, each of about thirty girls, left school and set off with four members of staff for Broadstairs. We were all very excited! The journey was very interesting as we crossed over the North Downs to Broadstairs. At last we reached Broadstairs, our destination for a week. As the coach drove steadily along the sea front, all eyes were fixed on the calm, green sea. When the coach reached the hotel, we alighted and cheerfully carried our heavy cases up the front steps. The party we were with, stayed at the Curzon Private Hotel. We had two teachers with our party, Miss Moss and Miss Lowe. The hotel we stayed at had never had a school party before and they made us very welcome. The food was very good and there was always plenty of it to feed our hungry seaside appetites. From the hotel there was a lovely view of the sea.

On the afternoon of our arrival we took a walk to the North-Foreland Lighthouse. After viewing the lighthouse we were taken to the Dutch Tea House and given refreshments. That evening we wrote our notes on the day's happenings, drank our hot chocolate and went straight to bed at 9.30 p.m. as we were very tired after travelling. The following day we went to Sandwich. The first place of interest we visited was the Sandwich Guildhall. Also at Sandwich we went to the cattle market and saw all the animals being auctioned. We saw many tiny piglets which fascinated us with their squeals. Altogether we had a very enjoyable day. In the mornings we often had an hour to spare and so most of us spent it down on the beach. One day, when the sea was very rough, we went on to the pier and the waves were so high we were soaked, but we enjoyed it all the same. About two days before the holiday was to end, it was suggested that we should all do some form of entertainment on the last night, and so for the next two days, everyone was woken up early in the morning by gay shouting and singing.

When we visited Dover, we went to the Harbour and saw how mud is dredged from the bottom of the harbour. From the pier, through a telescope, one could see the coast of France, which is twenty-six miles across the sea. We visited many castles, such as Dover, Walmer, Deal and Richborough.

One day we went to a farm and all came home with free samples of animal food and crops. The thing which delighted us most on the farm was when we fed the baby lambs with milk from a bottle. Even so, we don't think we had as much fun as the lambs did! Mrs. Craig and Miss Parry came with us to Dickens' House, and "The Ranch", a home for old retired horses and donkeys.

On the Tuesday before we came home we were taken to Canterbury for the day, where we visited the great Cathedral where Thomas à Becket was murdered. In the afternoon, we were allowed round Canterbury on our own to buy gifts for our friends in London.

We were glad that we went and we are sure everyone was sorry to leave, though some had been a little homesick. If you are a First Year, our advice to you is to try and go on a School Journey next year.

Jean Dunning, Diane McNamara, 2L, and Candida Taperell, 2G.

Fifth Form Geography Field Week in Sussex

During the Easter holidays of 1962, seventeen girls from Form 5S and two members of staff, spent an enjoyable, but hard-working week in the Downland of Sussex. Their purpose was to make a geographical study of the area between Brighton and Arundel and to learn the techniques of recording such work, as well as gaining practice in the use of various kinds of maps.

The journey to Brighton did not take long by train, so we were able, on our first day, to spend some hours studying the coast and downland features east of Brighton and something of the town itself, before our arrival at Patcham Youth Hostel. Next day we had a coach to enable us to do the circuit from Patcham to Bramber, and the Arun Valley, Shoreham and back to Patcham. But do not think that we did not use our feet, for we got out very many times to sketch views and analyse

the scenery, to visit villages and historic churches and castles, while we did some surveying on the steep scarp, descending it on foot.

Next day, Wednesday, we moved on to Arundel. But on route we turned aside from our studies of the coast plain to visit Chanctonbury Ring and Cissbury Ring on the Downs and the farmland between.

On Thursday we were privileged to be taken over one of the farms on the Duke of Norfolk's Estate, this time collected from the hostel and taken all round the farm perched on bales of straw on a lorry. Our guide explained everything so clearly and we all learned a great deal about modern farming.

Friday found us venturing across the Pulborough flats and across the varied rocks at the northern foot of the Downs in that area, with a breezy Downland walk to Amberley Station at the end. On Saturday we had time to look at the western coast plain and the old town of Arundel itself, before our return.

Even if we did work nearly all day and much of the evening, I think that we all gained in various ways and added to our experience.

P. E. C.

School Journey to Norway, 1962

On Thursday, August 23rd, a party of girls in the charge of Miss P. Cary, Miss W. Cary and Miss V. Smart, met at London Bridge and went to King's Cross to catch the 9.40 a.m. train to Newcastle. From here, at 4 p.m., we embarked on the luxury boat "Leda", and had a most enjoyable voyage across the North Sea.

We arrived at Bergen in time for lunch the next day, having passed through several fjords "en route". In Bergen we had a wonderful meal on the station, for which most of us were ready, and then at 3.30 p.m. we left by rail for Voss, one of the earliest inhabited districts of Western Norway and an important Winter Sports centre. From Voss we went by coach to Ulvik, a holiday resort and an old farming settlement, arriving at 8 p.m. in time for another huge meal of boiled salmon, served by girls in national costume, to a background of soft music!

The next day, Saturday, we explored Ulvik. This is a small village of 1,200 inhabitants, and a great horticultural centre. Fruit trees and bushes grow in profusion and there are fir tree plantations. Of course, the mountain-fjord scenery was magnificent, and the frequent rain never detracted from the grandeur of our surroundings, and certainly never dampened our spirits!

On Sunday, we were able to go to Church if we wished and to row across the fjord in boats belonging to the hotel. In the afternoon we visited the breathtaking Vøringfoss (waterfall).

On Monday, we set off at 9 a.m., for a tour of the Hardangar fjord area. We were able to walk beneath the magnificent Steinsdalen waterfall. The return journey was by steamer, and we admired the views of snow-capped mountains and waterfalls en route.

On Tuesday morning some of us went for a very cold swim in the fjord, and in the afternoon we all visited a typical Norwegian farmstead—the home of our young guide Olav. Here we enjoyed listening to Olav's records of Norwegian folk music with an accompaniment of eight-stringed fiddles.

The next day we rose at 6.45 a.m. and went by coach and steamer to Flåm, and travelled on the famous Flåm railway up the mountains to Myrdal. The scenery was breathtaking; we had now ascended above the snow-line and were very cold. That evening, after returning to Ulvik, we went to the village hall, having free seats for a film show.

Thursday, August 30th, was our last day in Ulvik, so we spent our time buying souvenirs, rowing on the fjord, and visiting the local school, which made an interesting experience. Olav took some of us for a climb up the mountainside to see the second highest farm in the area. We relaxed in the evening and prepared for our return on the next day.

On Friday we took our sad farewell of Ulvik and, after a pleasant journey, arrived at King's Cross on Saturday evening.

We must thank the staff who made this unforgettable holiday possible, for the wonderful days spent in Norway, a truly magnificent country—clean, hospitable, and with a mountain scenery unsurpassed in its grandeur.

Pat Green, 6B.



Impressions of Germany

Two o'clock in the morning, the station cold, dimly lit, deserted, the bench hard and dirty. I could have read if I hadn't been so tired and had had a book; this was my last hour in Worms; an hour to kill because I had misread the train times; an hour to look back on all that I had done in my three weeks in Germany.

I had stayed with a large family in Worms on the Rhine; a town, although not large by no means insignificant, and imbued with a distinctive atmosphere derived from its rich historical associations.

Some impressions of my stay have imprinted themselves indelibly upon my mind: the sombre castles perched on the crags of the almost perpendicular side of the Rhine gorge, and the low rays of the afternoon sun touching the regimented order of the vineyards with a soft warmth; the view of Heidelberg on the Neckar like a cluster of toys on a twisted silver ribbon, and the castle itself reigning supreme in its wooded surrounds; in contrast to the thick woodlands the vast cultivated areas extending as far as the eye could see; field upon field of corn and vines intermingled with neatly tilled areas of brown soil stretching out like an undulating chess board.

I was leaving Worms at the end of a week of festivity: "Backfischfest" or the feast of the young maidens, where crowds flocked from near and far to whittle away hard-earned money in a packed fair ground in the centre of the town, accompanied by the harsh tones of a brass band, and the bursts of laughter from the jostling throngs inside the drinking halls. The air boiled with joviality and goodwill; past quarrels were quickly forgotten, new friendships were quickly formed and precious money was spilled out with unwonted liberality.

For a week I had attended a German School, which started promptly at eight o'clock in the morning, and necessitated my getting up shortly after six. With no prefect system and no school uniform, it little resembled our English schools, and it was hard to believe that school was over for the day by noon.

With a grunt and a hiss the train drew to a standstill before me. I hauled my cases into the rack, and settled myself for the journey to Mainz, where I would meet the student continental boat train due to arrive in London late the following evening.

Angela Morley, 6A.

A Visit to Germany

Last Easter I was fortunate enough to go to Germany for three weeks. It was arranged through the Educational Interchange Council that a party of thirty English schoolgirls and boys should stay with German families in and around Stuttgart, in the South of Germany.

On the appointed day for our departure we gathered together at Victoria Station and were each given a yellow badge by the leader of the party. We travelled by boat and train, arriving at Stuttgart's main station at 8.30 a.m. the following day. The Mayor of the town was on the platform to welcome us, surrounded by the various German families. Introductions were made and the party split up. My German partner and I then boarded another train for her home where I met her parents.

For the first week of my stay I went to school with Hanne which meant that I had to get up about 6 a.m. as the first lesson started at 7 a.m.! But, school finished at 1 p.m. and we had the rest of the day free. I think it was during this first week that I learnt most German; I found that I could follow most of the lessons, especially the French and English ones!

The following fortnight was spent in seeing places of interest. We visited the "Wilhelma" Zoo, Salitude Castle, Killesburg Park, to mention but a few. We also went on many walks through the surrounding countryside, for Stuttgart is surrounded by woods and hills. I think the most memorable day was near the end of my stay when the whole party was taken on a conducted tour of the town to see the inside of the modern town hall, the State Opera House, the famous Concert Hall with one wall made entirely of coloured glass, the "Schillerplatz" with the monument to Friedrich Schiller and last, but not least, we were taken to the top of the Television Tower which commands a wonderful view of the town and the countryside and also has a restaurant built near the top of the tower.

Alas, the three weeks went by all too quickly and it was soon time for the English party to return home. Consoling ourselves with the thought that we should see each other in the summer when the German party came to England, Hanne and I said farewell to each other.

Brenda Marshall, 6B.

Canoeing down the Wye

Many were the delights in store for a small party of Fifth Formers last summer as they tingled with pleasurable anticipation on a grimy platform of Paddington station.

Once we had arrived at Bredwardine, we found the camp a hive of activity, but it was not until the next day that we began to play our part. In warm sunshine we learned all the necessary arts of camping; to erect and strike tents, to inflate air beds, to pack enormous heaps of our personal belongings into brightly-coloured waterproof bags and to assemble our canoes. After a picnic lunch on the grass we gurgled over the antics of the boys of the party as they were taught to manage their flimsy craft in the water. Grins soon changed to expressions of dismay as we in turn were commanded into the water to provide entertainment for the appreciative audience on the bank. But we soon forgot them, as we slowly began to master the paddles and were able to set off at a brisk pace up and down the river—we could hardly wait for the morrow and the beginning of our fifty mile paddle down-stream to Hereford and Ross-on-Wye.

That night we slept dreamlessly, undisturbed by the sheep and pigs rooting amiably for titbits amongst our tents.

What fun we had that day; the sun shone, the stream rolled placidly on and we paddled gaily and competently along—until we met the first rapid! Here we were enjoined to follow exactly in the wake of the canoe in front, but how easy it is to command, and how difficult to obey.

Screams, shouts and splashes filled the air, as one after another we ran aground in shallow water. Out we had to struggle and manhandle our craft into deeper water. Time and again this happened until, amidst gales of laughter, we almost decided it would be better to carry our canoes along the bank to the next camp site. At long last, tanned by wind and sun, drenched to the waist, and exhausted by our laughter, we reached Old Weir, where canoes were beached, tents erected, and supper cooked. My! How good that meal tasted. And that was the pattern of this glorious week, in which spirits ran high despite rain, despite mud and a regrettable misfortune which forced one of the party to go home early. This is the ideal holiday for the girl who enjoys the open air, healthy exercise and the happy companionship of her fellows.

Une Expérience Inoubliable

“Trois mois en France! Quel bonheur!” me suis-je dit en voyant disparaître les falaises blanches de Folkestone un jour au mois de juillet. Mais où est-ce que je vais aller, dans quelles familles me trouverai-je?

Je n’aurais pas dû m’inquiéter; partout en France j’ai trouvé cette gentillesse et cette amitié qui caractérisent les Français.

D’Orléans je garde le souvenir de la Loire avec ses magnifiques châteaux: Chambord, Blois, Chaumont, et sa plage où l’on faisait tant de promenades agréables. Je pense à la statue équestre de Jeanne d’Arc qui se trouve au centre de la ville, car c’est elle qui en 1429 a délivré Orléans des Anglais. Les Orléanais sont très fiers de leur héroïne et dans chaque magasin, me semblait-il, on pouvait trouver des exemplaires de cette statue.

C’était à Orléans que j’ai pris l’autobus pour la première fois toute seule. On donne l’argent au conducteur tout de suite en montant généralement il n’y a pas de receveur. J’ai remarqué, qu’ils sont verts comme dans les villes provinciales anglaises mais il n’y a pas d’impériales comme chez nous.

A Besançon c’était une famille internationale: Monsieur et Madame Laurial en étaient français, une Allemande, une Américaine et moi. Je me souviens des heures agréablement passées à disserter sur les quatre nations ici représentées—la façon de vivre, le système d’éducation, la politique. C’était à la fois intéressant et instructif.

De Besançon on allait tous les weekends à Margilly, un village à la campagne. Les gens y sont gais, gentils et vous acceptent tout de suite parmi eux. Ils ne sont ni fiers ni riches mais ils partageraient volontiers avec vous tout ce qu’ils possèdent.

Une chose qui m’a vraiment frappée en France, c’est de voir partout des agents qui portent des revolvers!

Les Français sont fiers surtout de leur cuisine et se sont donné beaucoup de peine pour me faire goûter tous les plats typiquement français. Ils attachent autant d’importance à leurs vins—le vin rouge et blanc de la Bourgogne, région célèbre surtout par les vins. C’est là que j’ai appris à apprécier les vins fins—le cognac et le vin jaune, un vin fort rare qu’à la joie de la famille qui me l’offrait, j’ai trouvé exceptionnellement bon.

J’ai été souvent étonnée par l’hostilité que les Français éprouvent contre les Allemands, le souvenir de leur occupation pendant la dernière guerre étant encore très vif.

A Crary j’ai lu un article émouvant écrit par le comte de Rambuteau, décrivant avec d’horribles détails les souffrances subies dans les camps allemands pendant la guerre. Ce qui rendait cet article même plus impressionnant pour moi, c’était que je connaissais l’auteur—c’était un grand ami de la famille.

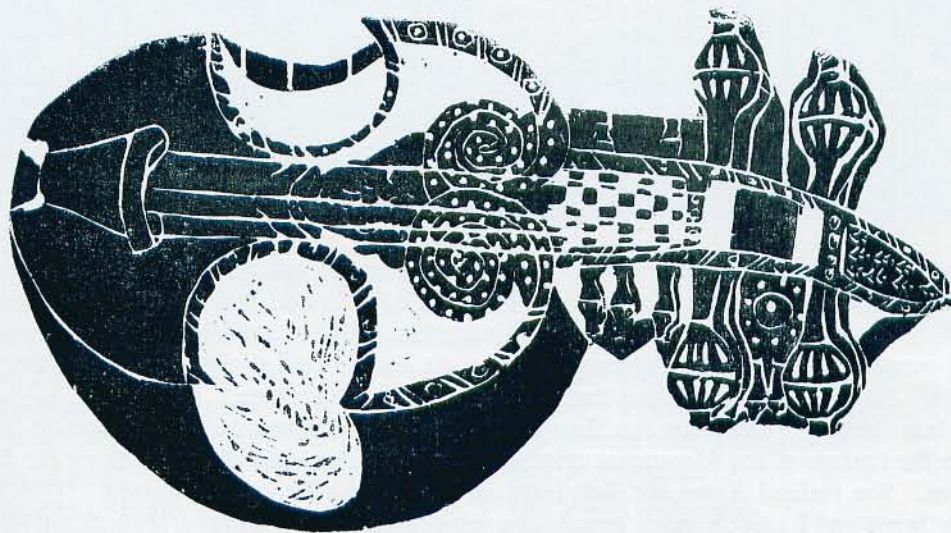
Dans toutes les familles où je me suis trouvée, on discutait beaucoup la question de l’Algérie. On voulait surtout me convaincre que ce n’était pas une guerre coloniale qui se déroulait mais une guerre qui défendait la liberté de l’Europe entière.

Je me trouve actuellement à Cray en Bourgogne, au centre de ce beau pays. C'est un château ravissant et bien que ce soit la fin de septembre, il fait encore très beau. Trois mois—c'est presque fini! Dans quelques jours il me faudra dire au revoir à cette belle France mais j'y reviendrai bientôt.

Avant de terminer cet article, je dois remercier mes parents, mes professeurs d'école et les agents municipaux, grâce auxquels j'ai pu acquérir cette expérience inoubliable.

Christine Lovell, 6A

*(Awarded an L.C.C. Modern Language
Travelling Scholarship, 1962.)*



The Ant's Day Out

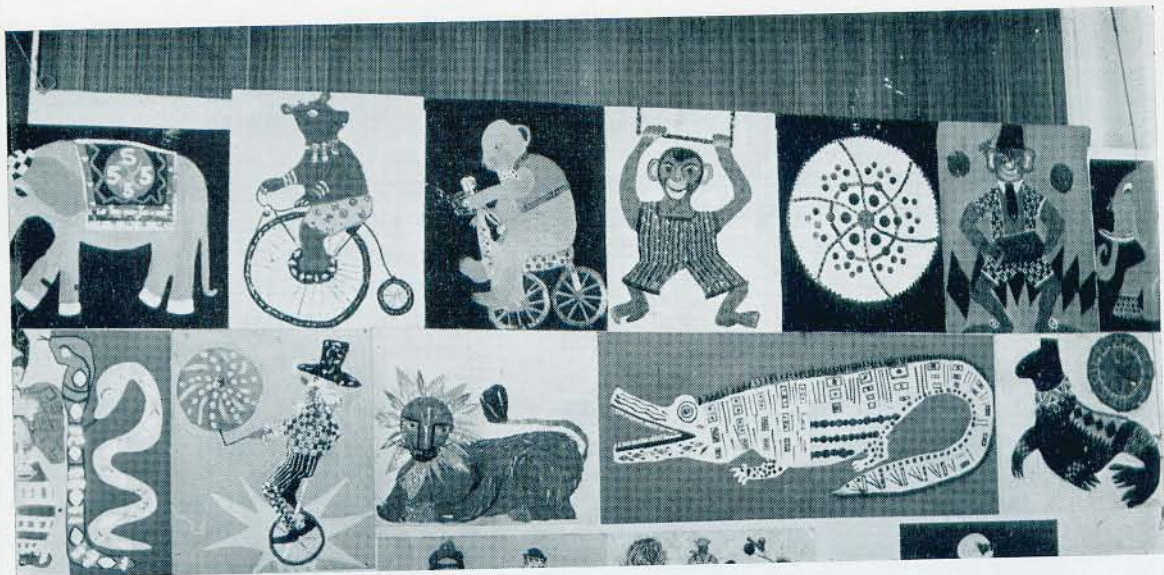
My name is William, and my home, along with fifty other ants, is in Janice Hale's garden. I want to tell you about the adventure I had one fine, sunny day last year. Out of all of us that live in the garden I am the most daring, and I am always nipping into the Hale's garden to see what is going on.

On the morn of that day last year, I had slipped inside the house for a bit of variety, when I heard Mr. Hale talking to his wife about what they were going to do that day. I learnt from their conversation that they were going to the top of the Monument in the city. This, to me, sounded a great adventure and so I began to think how I could secretly go with them. Then I had a brain-wave. I climbed up the table leg in Janice Hale's bedroom and on to the table top. There, as I expected, was Janice's hat. I walked on to the hat and hid beneath the hat band. By this time, I was getting very excited and had only just crawled under the band, when in walked Janice, picked up the hat, put it on her head and went and joined her parents in the hall.

At first, I was a little nervous, but as soon as we got into the bus with other people, I felt much happier. It seemed a very long journey to me and I was glad when the bus pulled to a halt, and peeping out from under the hat band, I saw the Monument towering up above all the other buildings in the city.

The Hales walked across the road, down a small alley and out into a square, where casting a long dark shadow in front of us, was the Monument.

Mr. Hale bought the tickets and we started to climb the stairs, but before we were halfway up I felt quite dizzy. Round and round, up and up we went, and I didn't dare look down.



About ten minutes later, we reached the top and stepped out on to a kind of balcony that surrounds the top of the Monument. Janice Hale leaned over the balcony a little, a strong wind came and 'whoosh!' The hat and I were blown away. Down and down we went, round and round we went. Oh! what a thrilling experience! At last we landed right on top of a lady's head. Did I laugh! It was the funniest thing that had happened to me for ages.

The lady looked up and saw the Hale's on top of the Monument waving down to her. She walked to the bottom of the Monument clutching the hat in her hand, and waited for the family to come down. She realised it was not their fault, and went away laughing to herself. Then the four of us went home and I made a quick escape into the garden. I told all my friends of my adventure, and they were all envious of me, even though I felt a little shaken.

But be careful I don't travel under *your* hat band one day.

Jean Dunning, 2B.

THE PANDAS' WASHING DAY

On the panda families' washing-day
The boughs are hung with garments gay;
Pandas hurry up each tree
To peg the washing carefully;
Mothers at their tubs below
Wash the bedclothes white as snow;
Brothers with washing-baskets run
To set them in the beaming sun;
Sisters at the wringers stand—
All the pandas lend a hand!
When the washing's dry again
The pandas bring it down, and then
In the baskets it will go,
Sheets and blankets white as snow.
Frocks and jackets bright and gay,
Clothes for work and clothes for play,
Ready to be ironed at night,
By cheerful turnip-lantern light.

Susan Mellows, 1M.

BEWARE THE BEAR

A handsome athlete, Eustace George,
Went running down the Cheddar Gorge,
For he had been to Clifton Zoo,
Where he had heard the Kangaroo
Say to the bear in the next cage
In tones of mingled scorn and rage,
"So that's the man, I do declare,
Who said that he would certainly not care
For any clumsy Polar Bear."
The bear, his pride hurt by the speech,
Leapt from his cage, the man to reach.
The athlete ran, the bear pursued,
The latter in determined mood.
But George's training helped, no doubt,
The bear could not quite catch him out.
So that is why poor Eustace George
Was running down the Cheddar Gorge.
And if his fate you would avoid,
Say naught to make a bear annoyed.

Anonymous.

THE ANIMALS ARE FREE

The animals fled from the zoo one day,
To seek merriment on the 1st of May.
The giraffe wanted to be a policeman,
To stop the traffic outside Big Ben.
The bear and family wanted to clown,
But the jokes they told made people frown.
"What made the chicken cross the road?"
Was their foolish and oft repeated code.
The parrot wanted to sing sweet songs,
But the music was drowned by the sound of
gongs.
He tried to squeak, "Where is my heart?"
As he rode along in the painted cart.
The lion only wanted to dance
And keep the audience in a trance.
When he tried to cha-cha-cha,
Poor old Leo bumped into a car.

Heather Scott, 3F.

AS A DOG SEES HIS MASTER

Your skin is pink,
While my fur is dark.
But I cannot think,
Why you never bark.
Your ears are not long,
Your nose is not wet;
And when you're not strong,
You don't need a vet.
You walk on two feet,
I run on all four,
You sleep on a bed,
I sleep on the floor.
But though you are queer,
To me you are dear.
With a master like you,
I'll always be true.

Susan Hook, 2M.

THE STATION

The last train is near,
The night is clear,
One man waits on the station.
The station is small,
And he hears an owl call,
This man's of another nation.

This man is rich,
His name's George Fitch,
And George owns a plantation.
The train pulls up,
And a man with a pup,
Gets out with his outsized Dalmatian.

Lesley Skipper, 1M.

Looking High, High, High

An ideal husband? That is a subject for much discussion, I should think! 'Husband', such an extraordinary word, is it not? The first piece 'hus' sounds to me like 'us' if you say it cockney style, without pronouncing the 'h'. And the 'band' part? Simple, it just means that you can be married more than once, and if you do not mind going to court, or possibly prison, you can have a whole band of them all at the same time.

So, 'husband' just means you can have one or more. Nevertheless, I think I shall settle for just one, since I am not altogether convinced that divorce proceedings are right.

Tall, tanned and twenty, or short, stocky and seventy? I am afraid I cannot tell you since I do not know myself, but I shall, if anyone is stupid enough to get on his bended knees and propose, marry someone of my own age, rather than someone twenty years older than myself. Yes, I know the saying, 'Love conquers all', but I would hate to be tucking my husband up in his bathchair or nursing his gout, when I was yearning to go out for a change.

Essential qualities? Apart from not being absolutely repulsive to look at, I think, a pair of hands to wipe up, a brain, average size, not over, since I would never understand a word he was saying, a small pair of feet which bring in less mud from the garden, and most important, a good nature, that makes him kind to animals and children. Nevertheless, I cannot say whether kindness would be enough, since I want at least two dogs of my own and I shall probably take in any grubby waifs or strays I see walking over the deserted bomb-sites. Also, I want two of my own children, and if the budget will stretch to it, one or two adopted children.

As to his job, I do not really mind. Anything from a doctor, to one of those men, who jog up and down on those infuriating drills that make holes in the road (as long as he never has any homework!). One thing, I shall refuse to let him indulge in any strange hobbies. For example, I am not having my husband breeding crocodiles or seals, or collecting grandfather clocks, since I could not sleep with the mysterious tick of a grandfather clock echoing in my ears, and I am not having any seals throwing balls around in my bath, especially if I am in it!

I shall definitely refuse the man who sits down and eats my latest creation in the cooking line, which probably took me several hours to prepare, then tells me it was not as good as his 'Mum' cooked. I would probably throw something at him, and tell him that if that was what he thought, he should have married his 'Mum', and for all I care, can go back to her!

That brings me on to my next, and, as far as I can see, my last point. He must be tolerant, and prepared to replace several articles of crockery.

Lord Nuffield is the only name that comes to mind, but I believe he is not, as they say, 'eligible'. Still, never mind, I do not submit easily, and I shall keep searching for my ideal husband.

AUTHOR'S NOTE.—In case of recognition of such a person, please contact —.

Linda Andrews, 3D.

MARY BROWN

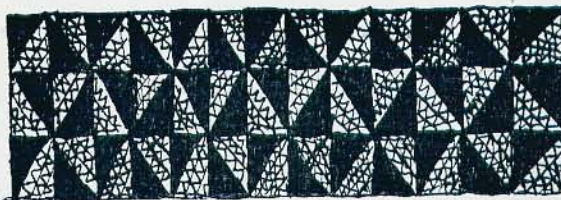
There was a girl called Mary Brown,
Who had the biggest feet in town,
Her poor mother, in despair
Searched high and low, to find a pair
Of shoes, to fit poor Mary's feet
To make her daughter look complete.
You see, she took size twenty-one,
For a girl her age it was no fun,
People stared as she walked by,
"Dig those feet", they all would cry.
For every yard, she walked a mile,
Which for a girl was not the style.
She longed for daintiness in vain,
For smaller shoes gave her a pain.
She went to buy some chisel toes,
They fitted her! and her hopes rose,
But alas! one long and sad summer day,
She tripped over her chisels, and passed away.

Susan Pead and Penelope Goddard, 3F.

THE COMPLAINT OF THE GIRL'S HAIR

I used to be nice curls and waves,
Like satin, soft and sleek,
Until the latest style became,
Hair at its highest peak.
Because of all the bleach I've had
I am now as stiff as hay,
And all the curls have gone quite straight,
With lacquer from a spray.

Linda Keating, 3F.



MY CAT

My cat, he is as black as night
He has a coat all shiny bright,
His eyes are green, his tongue is pink,
His nose, it is as black as ink.
One day into our room he sped
And jumped upon our new bedspread,
He loved to bounce all up and down
Wrapped round him was my dressing-gown.
He played until he was tired out
And finding no answer to my shout,
Around the door I took a peep,
And there he lay, fast asleep.

Annabelle Heath, 1M.

THE NAUGHTY PUPPY

He splashes in the puddles,
Then climbs upon the chairs,
He gets in lots of muddles,
Then runs up and down the stairs.
He buries bones amongst the flowers,
Then digs them up each day.
He has many joyful hours,
And always wants to play.
He really is a darling,
Although he's sometimes bad.
I wouldn't change my puppy,
He's the best I've ever had.

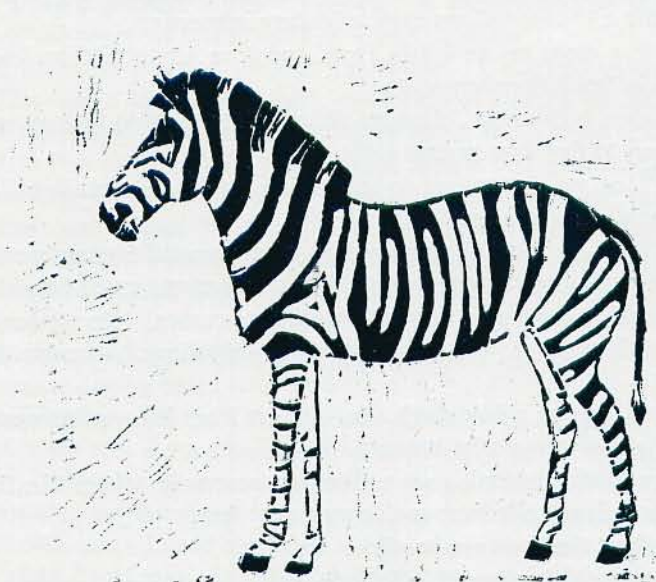
Susan Blakemore, 1M.

MY PET

When Ruff was two months old,
He was a joyful little thing.
He jumped and pranced around the floor,
And made a frightful din.
His hair was long, and made him look
Just like a ball of fluff.
He was the sweetest, cutest pup,
My little pet called 'Ruff'.

Now that he's a grown up dog,
He's still as sweet and gay.
He chases sticks, and balls—and cats
In the most endearing way.
Of walks and romps, of loving pats
He never has enough.
I really love him very much,
My little pet called, "Ruff".

Marian Hilsden, 1K.



The A.B.C. of Youth Hostels—Whitsun, 1961

- A* is for the adventure to be found in five days of the semi-civilisation in the Lake District. One perfect example concerns a day on Lake Windermere, when two novices in a rowing boat spent twenty minutes trying to leave the shore. As fast as one boatman pushed us out, so we floated back in, despite our frantic efforts with the oars! The only consolation after an hour's frustrated "rowing" was that we suffered little fear of drowning—we rarely were out of our depth!
- B* is for blisters. I was spared this torture, but the less fortunate ones bore up under the strain bravely.
- C* is for the charm of the scenery and the people, both of which helped us to forget the woes of the world which seemed so far away.
- D* is for Derwentwater, whose charms I forsook in favour of Keswick, the little town on its shores. What attracted my attention? Why, the Salvation Army band with its fruity tones of "Seventy Six Trombones".
- E* is for Euston station, the smoggy gateway to Wordsworth and his daffodils.
- F* is for all-important food, and quite truthfully I can say that it is good, even though porridge was never in the top ten for me.
- G* is for Great Gable, all 3,000 ft. of it. Ten of us attempted it, nine passed Sty Head Tarn, eight ascended the preliminary slopes, and the six who reached the summit declared the view to be superb.
- A word of warning. If tapered slacks are worn, safety pins should be held in readiness, as the strain of the scramble is considerable and Great Gable is quite draughty!
- H* is for hostels of every size and type. Greenside was the most interesting, for the washroom lay on the far side of the common room, the water was cold, and rusty, and cleanliness was *not* next to godliness!
- I* is for the joyous independence felt by one and all, in an atmosphere of gay camaraderie.
- J* is for the jokes, which will stay for ever in my memory, and which rippled through all our waking moments.
- K* is for the scrumptious Kendal Mint Cake. Pounds of it I brought back to London, but alas, it did not last five minutes.
- L* is for Lakes, to be looked at, rowed over and swum in. That tingling sensation of ice-cold water is unique. So is the cold that follows even voluntary immersion.
- M* is for the money that melts mysteriously away, spent on anything from badges to amusing post-cards of hostellers in fearful predicaments.
- N* is for the nights, when beds creak, blankets slither off, torch-light flickers and snores rend the air. But this applied only to that first strange night.
- O* is for omnibus. That we succumbed to temptation on several occasions is a matter for secrecy and shame. After all, this was a walking holiday.
- P* is for potatoes. "Spud-bashing" is not my idea of a peaceful evening's entertainment, but when combined with a cacophonous singing competition it can create much fun.
- Q* is for the heart-breaking quickness with which the time passes. No sooner have the body and its members adjusted themselves to hard living than they have to board the train en route for smoky London.
- R* is for rucksack, the bane of a hosteller's life. Apart from its ever-increasing weight, things that are most required are always at the bottom.
- S* is for Styx Pass, a glorious climb past a dried-up reservoir, where bleating sheep remain concealed until they dash frenziedly from under your very feet.
- T* is for Troutbeck, where the cows are hostile!
- U* is for Ullswater, home of Wordsworth's daffodils and water-skiing.

V is for vanity, against which we fought a losing battle! Cows and sheep seem oblivious to feminine charms.

W is for Windermere, a lake and a railway station.

X is for 'Xercise—need I say more?

Y is for youth hostelling itself. Why did I go? I just do not know, but if any of you are in the Lake District next August, look out for me. I shall be there again!

Z is for the zigzags, which aptly describes many of the routes we took. Nevertheless, if ever you get the chance of such a holiday, Go! Go! Go!

D. Sellar, 5M.

The Haunted House

There was a large house in the depths of the country in a very dark, eerie road. The grounds in front of the house looked very ghostly with towering trees and bushes everywhere. There was not a flower in sight, and although it was August, the leaves of the plants seemed brown and dried. The thing that made one think that something might happen at any moment, was that the grass was not overgrown at all, in fact, it looked as if it had been cut only a few hours ago.

As I went towards the house, the big iron gates slammed behind me. I spun round, but there was not a living soul to be seen. As I looked back, I saw something move, but it was only a chaffinch.

As I pushed open the oak front door, it creaked. Because it was very dim inside the big hall, I left the door open, but I had not taken more than two or three steps when a gust of wind, or something else shut it. The hall light went on, but there was nobody around—that is, no living person.

I went into the nearest room, and this time shut the door myself, but as I started to explore, the door-handle began to turn and the door swung open slowly, but as usual, there was nothing there. I fled out of that room into the next, which was worse than the first, though goodness knows, that was bad enough. There were cobwebs and spiders everywhere, and also a big cupboard, which I opened. A ghastly-looking skeleton fell out, and I screamed and fled out of the room, as fast as my legs would carry me.

Just then I heard footsteps echoing through the house. I climbed as quickly as possible up an old, worn rope ladder into a kind of loft with several doors leading out of it. The nearest one was slightly open, so I ran out of the room into a bigger room, but I could still hear those footsteps following me. I tried to find my way out, but the rope ladder was now mysteriously broken right at the top. I noticed a long shadow move slowly across the floor, then the curtain began to flutter. Just then I saw a lift shaft and opened the doors. Luckily, there was still a fairly good rope hanging down, so I was able to descend. I got to the bottom of the shaft, opened the door and rushed out, to find myself in the front hall again, but this time the oak doors were locked. The lock was very high up, so I turned and raced into the nearest room in the hope that the window might open. I had only got just inside the door, when I spied a ghost coming for me. I tore back into the hall, and this time the door was swinging open.

I had picked something up—I do not know what—to throw at the ghost, but a voice made me drop it in fright. The voice was a very high pitched one, and it said, "If you ever dare to venture into this house again, you will never get out again alive to see your friends."

I slammed the door shut behind me to keep out that awful voice, and as I raced down the drive, the gate opened of its own accord, and slammed behind me. Needless to say, I never went near that house again, but when I told one of my friends of the experience, she just laughed and told me not to be so silly and that I must have been dreaming. She should have been there herself.

Vivienne Tillyer, 2A.



What Happened when the Pictures in the Book Came Alive

"... then Henry VIII commanded that Ann Boleyn should have her head chopped off." I turned over the page of my book, and was about to begin reading again when my attention was drawn to a picture on the next page. It was called, "The Execution of Ann Boleyn" but there was no Ann Boleyn in the picture, only a bewildered looking executioner dressed in black and holding an axe above his head as if to strike.

Suddenly, I heard a rustling behind me, and turning round saw Ann Boleyn. Looking back at the picture, I noticed that the executioner had lowered his axe and was looking at us. "So there you are!" he said, stepping out of the book. "Oh dear, it's going to rain." He looked up and I found myself standing in a deserted market square with my history book in my hand.

We hurried into a waiting carriage and drove off down the narrow cobbled streets. "Well," the executioner said, "I'm afraid the execution will have to be postponed until later."

"But I can't wait as long as that," Ann Boleyn exclaimed. "They will get me and put me in another of those History Books."

I did not know what they were talking about and the executioner realising this, kindly began to explain. "You see," he said, "Ann Boleyn was never really executed because whenever the execution is about to take place, along comes some person, takes her away, and puts her in a History Book."

"But why does she want to be executed?" I asked.

"Because everyone believes she has been executed, but she hasn't, and as I said before, something always happens to stop the execution taking place," he replied. "You can't mess about with History, so Ann Boleyn has to die."

I did not understand him, but did not want to hurt his feelings by showing it and so kept quiet. About ten minutes passed and we arrived at Hampton Court. As we stepped out, a dark hunched up figure moved towards us from the shadow of a tree. "Good morning," he said. Then he turned to me, "You know me, I'm Crook-back Dick. You'll find me on page twenty-seven." I looked and found a blank space. "Oh, how silly of you," he said laughing, "How can I be in two places at once?"

It was then that I realised my book was filled with blank spaces and although nothing seemed to make sense I willingly followed the executioner into a large room. We took a place at a long table down in the centre and I looked around. There was a balcony all the way round the room and a wide staircase covered in red carpet. At one end was an empty throne and at the other a large open fire. On the hearth was a greyhound fast asleep.

"What's that dog?" I asked.

"Mac The Knife!" came the reply.

"Oh!" I exclaimed, and continued to look around. On the longest side of the room, opposite to the doors, was an orchestra playing modern jazz. In the centre of it stood a tall thin man playing a violin. Every time his fingers touched the strings a cloud of dust rose and he began to cough, and every time his bow touched the strings, sparks flew off here and there. I asked the executioner the reason for this.

"His name is Antonius Stradivarius," he replied, "his violins are very old, nearly as old as he is."

In front of the orchestra was a conductor. He was waving his stick furiously and was becoming hotter every second.

"That man is very hot," I said.

"That's because he is a good conductor," the executioner said, and started laughing until tears rolled down his cheeks and his sides ached. I did not laugh though. I had heard the joke too often.

Soon a clock struck twelve and the orchestra started playing louder, the conductor conducted more furiously, and dust and sparks flew off Antonius Stradivarius' violin until he coughed so that he choked.

A cheering came from outside the doors which were thrown open.

"Hurray! Hurray!" In walked Elizabeth I followed by Ann Boleyn holding her head under her arm. Everybody stood up while Queen Elizabeth took her place on the throne. Then we resumed our seats and began to eat the food on the table before us. I did not touch anything as it looked too sickly. I just listened to Queen Elizabeth's speech, but could not understand a word of it, and did not think she did either. The executioner told me that speeches were never made with any meaning. They were just to pass the time away, so that the speaker could boast about his sore throat and stay in bed for a few weeks.

When the meal was over, the people began to leave the room to go into the gardens, or for a lazy row on the river. Soon I was alone, except for the guards at the doors, even the executioner had left me. I strolled over to the orchestra but they were all fast asleep, and I was just wondering what to do, when I heard a creak on the stairs. I looked up and saw Queen Elizabeth.

"Well," she said, "aren't you going home?"

"It's too far away," I replied.

She eyed me curiously.

"You're from the present, aren't you?" I nodded. "How would you like to live here?" she asked.

"I'd love it," I said.

"You can if you want to," she said smiling. "All you have to do is something famous, like inventing something, or being a queen. Give me that book."

I handed her my History Book.

"See these blank spaces?" she asked. "When you get home they won't be blank any more."

She called to one of the guards and was about to ask him something, when she found she could not move, at least, I thought she could not move. In fact, I could not quite make out what happened, except that I found myself sitting on a chair in the dining-room, looking at a picture of Queen Elizabeth talking to one of the guards. I shut the book and returned it to the bookshelf.

Jacqueline Barlow, 2D.

ENGLISH REVISION

In bed, after doing my English revision
I dreamed I had a peculiar vision.
John Gilpin brought news from Ghent to Aix,
The Ancient Mariner to Sohrab spake,
Salaam House saw Great Cæsar fall,
And Rustum lived in Dotheboys Hall
All this for the exam. I must remember
To be among those who pass in December.

Pat Smith, 3F.

LEARNING TO SWIM

I was standing by the water,
Feeling something of a fool,
When along came a friend,
And pushed me in the pool.
Out when my hands,
Though it was so cool,
And I just went gliding,
Along the open pool.

Anonymous.

Views on Present-Day Dancing

It could never be said that present-day dancing is for the lazy. Unless one is of the athletic standard of an Olympic Games gold medallist, one should not attempt it. To perform the number of gyrations, back-bends, head-stands and forward-somersaults and several stiff whiskeys.

However, not all present-day dancing requires this skill and capacity for drink. There are people to-day who would defend with their lives the arts of "Old Time Dancing".

The chief regions for this ancient skill are the holiday resorts such as Blackpool in the summer. Every night, one may see hordes of expectant people, their eyes glittering with fever, walk into the old-time dance-halls, their minds dwelling upon the thoughts of a daring night out, "painting the

town", with a glass of fizzy lemon and a bag of fish and chips. One can see them on the floor, their brow furrowed with concentration, their tongues clamped between their teeth with the effort, counting as they perform the intricate steps: "One, two, three, one, two, three, four, five—ah, I am sorry—one, two, three, one, two, three".

However, the main form of dancing to-day is the tribal-like ritual mentioned before. Dance-halls such as the "Pally" (corruption of "Palais") practically burst at the seams with energetic dancers.

There are several types of modern dancing. There are some who still adhere to the now obsolete "Rock". This requires the exponent to do everything within his power except commit suicide. (However, this has been known. A student of eighteen, while trying to do a version of the "Can-Can" and a back-bend at the same time, wrapped his leg around his neck and choked himself. He was not insured!) If one has a partner, one can do even more, such as whirling her round with one arm and then throwing her. If this is done properly, your partner should return, like a boomerang. Of course, this needs some practice and your partner should be light. I knew a boy once who tried this with a girl who weighed twenty stones. Failing to let go, he followed her straight through a window. The window was twenty floors from the ground. Little accidents like this apart, "Rock" is a very healthy pastime.

Then, of course, there is Traditional Jazz to which one "jives". The best places are Jazz Cellars—tiny smoky places underground. One should take a gas-mask as a precaution, the smoke is frequently so thick, one has to fight one's way through it. For the same reason, one should have one's partner on a lead. Formal dress is required—bowler hat, collar, tie, and shirt cuffs (but no shirt) and skin-tight trousers which have been sewn up, preferably after they have been put on.

There are two schools of thought (if one can use the word) about "Trad Jazz" dancing. Some prefer a dance similar to that previously described under the heading "Rock". Others prefer a dance which is reminiscent of pigeons walking. To execute this dance, one must put a foot down, lift the other, and then hop. To gain a better effect, one should hop at the same time as one is lifting the other foot. However, do be careful when executing this manoeuvre; people have been known to twist their legs into inextricable knots in mid-air, simply because they forgot which foot should come down first. If one can thrust one's head backwards and forwards like a pigeon, while dancing, so much the better.

This type of dancing requires a great, great abstraction of expression. On no account must one look as if one knows what one is doing. This means that one frequently loses one's partner in the crowd, because one has forgotten what one was doing with her, but if this happens, just carry on dancing alone. No one will notice or comment.

Finally, there is the "Twist". Little can be said of this, for it is a fairly new craze. The idea is that one should twist one's upper half in the opposite direction to one's lower half. This frequently causes tremendous muddles, and requires great concentration. The danger of finding yourself facing backwards while walking forward is great.

Do not let me deter you, however. This type of modern dancing only needs a little practice and a moronic disposition.

Anonymous.

Fresh Air Fiends

The English have a reputation on the Continent for being "fresh air fiends". How wrong can one be! For example, has the reader ever travelled up to town on a train in mid-July during the rush hour? If so, he will know what I mean, when I say that the atmosphere is so smoky, murky and airless that it is a wonder that any employees ever arrive to "clock in" or march in breezily and say, "Morning Mr. Brown, a lovely morning, don't you think?" I have often pondered on how long a human being can survive in an airless, germ-laden atmosphere. Apparently one positively thrives on it! Perhaps one develops fish-like lungs and a double quantity of anti-

bodies. . . . Often, when I really cannot bear to sit in an airless compartment, I commit the horrible crime of asking the woman sitting nearest the window if she would mind if I opened the window just the "teeniest bit". She replies with a grunt, and I, nothing daunted, struggle with the antiquated apparatus used for opening the window. Often it is almost impossible, the window has obviously not been touched since Huskisson had his fateful accident over eighty years ago. Having achieved my object, I let in some fresh air. My delightful companion promptly gives me a murderous grimace and feverishly pulls up her collar and buttons up her coat. So much for the English "fresh air fiends." (Now the Germans I believe are masters of this art.)

We once had a German housekeeper with the look of an utter fresh air fiend. A robust, healthy woman, she was constantly throwing open windows and what is worse, French windows, to let the "Gutt cleen luft" in. We bore her little obsession until one fateful day. My uncle, a most venerable gentleman, was having a small nap in the sitting room. In marched "Fran Fresh Air" and opened the French windows. Poor uncle, he slept on, in a most terrible draught, which was to give him pneumonia and later on, a quiet drive to the churchyard.

This is of course taking the love of fresh air too far, for nothing is more unbearable than a stifling atmosphere. One usually has to suffer most on all the public transport vehicles. Trains I believe are the worst, but buses, my goodness! They even have the front window locked in case a stray whiff of that poisonous substance "fresh air" may creep in.

I once had the most unfortunate experience of spending a holiday in Wales with a whole *family* of fresh air fiends. We stayed in a six hundred year old cottage at the side of a mountain, and the door was never shut. Yes, the front door, through which a marrow-freezing draught howled through at a hundred miles per hour. It shook the very workings of the grandfather clock, which used to beat very quickly when it was especially cold, as if in sympathy. We were up every morning at seven, and then after an enormous breakfast, we would venture out for "a good long walk in the beautiful fresh air".

When we arrived home at a quarter past eight, needless to say absolutely exhausted, I would have to go out and wash in the icy waters of a horrid little stream which ran close by.

I suffered these agonies for six whole days, until I could stand it no longer. I returned home, in the greatest of glee, to my stuffy little suburban house with hot running water. The most peculiar thing was the fact that it was almost four months before I had another cold! I hate to admit it, but perhaps there is something in this "fresh air" obsession.

Nowadays, thank goodness (or perhaps we should say, "thank council building projects") buildings are supplied with good ventilation systems and large, airy windows are built. Most old buildings were badly ventilated, and had ridiculous little windows. Perhaps this was due to the tax imposed on windows in early Victorian days, anyway, the "stuffy" Victorians were "stuffy" in more ways than one! Most primary schools were built in the early 19th century, and were perfect examples of this. Large classrooms, imperfectly ventilated due to lack of any ventilation system are proofs of the most "un-fresh air fiendishness" of their architect.

Hospitals house the biggest fresh-air fiends of all. Nurses! As soon as a poor ailing patient's temperature chart shows the red line descending in a steady gradient, they are put out in the "sun room" in a pushchair, with a skimpy little rug tucked perfunctorily about them. They do not seem to realise how ludicrous the name "sun room" is for a start. Has anyone seen an English sun hot enough to warm the bones of an old gentleman (who has just begun to climb the hill to health), when the said nurses barbarously throw him out into the "fresh air", practically naked, wearing only his pyjamas and dressing gown? The same scandalous proceedings continue in the wards. Windows are flung open and the incoming air forms a gale fit to blow Mr. Miles out of his oxygen tent, or tie poor Tommy up in knots with his leg-pulley.

But then again, it is not very often we hear of a patient not returning from a hospital, almost fully recovered, or for that matter a convalescent home, where the "fresh air fiendishness" of those in charge almost reaches the stage of abnormality.

The life-expectancy has obviously increased greatly from those days of old, when fresh air was thought to contain unmentionable poisons, and sick people were kept in a stuffy room in which they almost invariably died. Perhaps there is something in it after all. . . . At least, I would rather die in a freezing atmosphere than a hot, stuffy one. Long live the fresh air fiends! However, let them observe the rule of a golden medium, and allow the weaker members of society to live long also.

Nina Klein, 5N.

A Visit to Kew Gardens



It was a lovely bright, sunny day, and we decided to visit Kew Gardens. The gardens had spring flowers arranged in all kinds of different patterns.

The beds of daffodils were glistening from the dew we had the previous night, the daffodils had lifted their trumpets and were, if you can call it that, sunbathing. The white lilies of the valley looked really snowy against the brilliant emerald green of the grass. Further on, there were beds of crocuses of yellow, white and blue; these made a contrast to the more elegant tulips, which were just showing their petals. The hedges in the rose gardens were cut out to resemble birds, but the colour of the rhododendron bushes was incredibly exciting. The rhododendron bushes were of dark crimson, pink and mauve, with one that was fairly unusual; this was one with a white background and mauve-black centre.

We were thankful that we had brought our cameras because we were able to take snapshots of these wonderful flowers and their colours. We walked through the rose gardens, but the roses were only in bud. Round the beds, however, was a row of carnations, deep red and white in colour. These carnations gave off an exquisite perfume which filled the rose garden. If the roses had been out, the colour would have been superb. After seeing the rose garden, we saw a stream running through a rockery. The flowers were all like little shrubberies with blue and white forget-me-nots, these were the only flowers out at the time. On a raised part of the gardens was a field of poppies just swaying gently in the breeze. Their colour was of brilliant orange, and what a contrast it made to the rather more soft colours we had seen.

There were greenhouses dotted here and there, and the particular one we went into was full of giant lilies. These looked like wax on their long green stems. Some of these lilies had pink or black patches on them. Other greenhouses were cultivating geraniums and hyacinths, but the hyacinths were not out. There was one greenhouse in particular which interested me, for it had cultivated roses. These roses were in bloom, and what a scent they gave out! There were deep crimson, yellow and pink roses, and one white rose tree. Never before in my life had I been near so many roses which were so expertly grown in a greenhouse.

Outside, we went into the shrubbery and walked back through a wooded glade. By this time a wind had sprung up and was whipping slightly through the gardens making the flowers sway backwards and forwards. We came to a waterfall and stood and listened to it coming tumbling and rushing over the edge.

As it was now getting cooler, we decided to walk slowly back through the gardens, before returning home.

Nancy Ramsden, 3E.

THE COMPLAINT OF THE LAWN

When the owner of the lawn sows the seeds,
And gives all the help he thinks it needs,
He leaves it then to grow on its own,
But when at last it has really grown,
The owner decides to cut it away,
Until it can grow another fine day,
After all the trouble to grow tall and straight,
This is the lawn's peculiar fate!

Penette Harris, 3F.

BABY AND THE CHERRY BLOSSOMS

The pram is beneath the cherry tree,
Which makes a lovely canopy.
My baby sister cries out loud,
She thinks it is a big white cloud.
And when the cherry blossoms fall
She leans and tries to catch them all.
When she touches them she cries, "Oh"
I believe she thinks they're snow.

Jean Dawson, 2M.

COMPLAINT OF AN ONION

I am an onion large and fat,
For weeks and months I here have sat.
All the people pass me by,
Perhaps because I make them cry.
I like to dream what I would be,
To make the people notice me—
Orange or apple rosy and red,
But when I awake, I'm an onion instead.
Perhaps a girl will come one day,
And home with her, I'll go to stay.
But until then I'll be content,
To dream until I'm old and bent.

Pat Butterworth, 3F.

BULBS

Said the snowdrop to the crocus
"It's very hard to sprout
Especially in this weather,
When the frost is round about."

Said the crocus to the snowdrop,
"I see your point of view,
But it is far too soon for all of us
To spring up bright and new."

Jeanette Maykels, Form 2M.

SNOW

The long winter is cold and dreary. I awaken up one morning and a brilliant light fills my bedroom. I jump up excitedly, to see softly falling snowflakes outside my window. I cannot get dressed quickly enough, and make straight for the cupboard, where my snow-shoes have been lying since last winter.

At the door, I hesitate for a moment, before spoiling the beautiful, white, carpet, which lies in front of me. Then I just cannot resist making the first, bold, foot-prints to the gate.

Outside, everything is changed. The dingy street is transformed, and I am so busy looking at the sparkling roof tops, that I am unprepared for the hail of snowballs that meet me at the first corner. I scurry for cover, and launch my own attack. There are shouts and peals of laughter, and, in the end, everyone is gasping for breath.

We decide to get our toboggans, and go to the Park, where there is a steep slope. Puffing and panting, we drag our sledges to the top of the hill. Then comes the breath-taking ride down the slippery slope. Faster and faster we go, until with a sharp thud we reach the bottom.

Our first snowy day passes much too quickly and, as night falls, we make our way home in the dark. The trees look strangely tired, as the weight of the snow weighs down their branches. Everything is silent, except for the crunching sound of our footsteps in the snow. No one says anything, for we are all aware of the ghostly stillness around us, and we are all glad to get home to our own cheerful fireside.

Penny Cheesman, Form 3E.



AUTUMN

In autumn when the nights grow cold
And trees are looking tired and old,
The leaves begin to fall each day
While many branches sadly sway.

The birds begin to fly away
As days grow colder every day.
The flowers and shrubs now wither, too,
For dull, grey winter is nearly due.

The early morning brings the mist,
The sun's too weak the fog to lift,
The grass and leaves are limp and damp,
Shivering and cold, my feet I stamp.

But when the winter has nearly gone
The birds burst forth in happy song,
The vivid flowers begin to bloom,
And we are glad Spring comes so soon.

Sylvia Setchfield, 5H.

STICKS

Big sticks, little sticks,
Candlesticks and coppersticks.
Fat sticks, thin sticks,
Walking sticks, and hockey sticks.
Lipsticks, Pogo sticks,
Statistics are fantastic.
Drumsticks, slapsticks,
Gymnastics and domestics.
Marlsticks, chopsticks,
Elastics and matchsticks,
Beansticks, peasticks,
Throw them in the River Styx.
Rustics, mopsticks
Occasionally gluesticks,
Oh! Fiddlesticks!

Margaret Perryman, 3F.

WHAT IS IT?

Where ever you travel, where ever you go,
These things will be seen by all you know,
From Africa to India, but not in a desert land,
For all that can be seen there is sand and sand.
In woods you'll probably find them,
In forest regions too,
In parks and lanes and gardens.
There can be quite a few.
They are tall and brown in colour,
With bits of green on top,
They are part of Nature's wonders—
They grow and never stop.
What are they?

Anne Henley, 2M.

Answer on page 49.

THE PEN THAT WROTE OF ITS OWN ACCORD

My story starts in the small village of Meetham, this being a small farming village in the West of England. John Brentford was ten years' old when he developed a flare for writing. His father was the village butcher, and his mother helped his father in the small shop they owned. At first, his writing mainly concerned adventures of small boys and smugglers, but as he grew older he began to write about his village. Nearly every village has some mysteries, and the village of Meetham was no exception. The biggest mystery of all was, who really owned Meetham? All the title deeds of the village had been burnt in a fire long ago, and no new deeds had ever been copied out again, and so a dispute had developed between an American businessman and an Englishman, as to which of these two really owned the land on which Meetham was built. If the American owned it, he would turn it into a tourist resort which the villagers hated, but if the Englishman owned it, he would let it remain as a small farming village. John was now thirteen, and while this dispute was being fought over in London, he had found in his attic an old pen with which he managed to write.



One afternoon, he was writing with this pen about the missing title deeds, when suddenly the pen jumped from his hand and began to write certain things about his village. He quickly ran to his mother and showed her what the pen was doing. After writing for about ten minutes, the pen fell to the ground. When they looked at what it had written, it gave them instructions on where to find a copy of the title deeds, which were stuck on the back of a picture in the church. Later the picture was taken from its frame and there, sure enough, were the papers explaining who was the rightful owner of the land. Fortunately, the land belonged to the Englishman and the village remained the same, but the pen never wrote again.

Pamela Williams, 3W.

THE SCAVENGER HUNT

One Monday evening, my friends and I strode into our Youth Club to find the place deserted. We stood and looked around in dismay. One of the leaders, noticing our arrival, handed us a matchbox and a long sheet of white paper, on which were printed several questions. He told us that we would find the answers to these questions in Sydenham Road, and that we should return to the Club by nine o'clock, otherwise our papers would not be marked. We naturally set off for some fun and a good old laugh. The first directions on the paper said, "Collect as many objects as you can in the matchbox." We walked along talking and picking up anything suitable to go into the matchbox. On turning round, we found a policeman walking behind us and casting black looks in our direction. We thought that we could not be doing much harm; after all, we were helping to keep Britain tidy!

Our next step was to call in at Sydenham station and find out how long it took to get to Chessington Zoo from Waterloo Station. After we had succeeded in telling the station master that we did not really want to go to Chessington Zoo, we were eventually told that it would take half an hour. Then we had to find out how many records were on the Criterion Juke Box, in Sydenham. We walked in and asked the lady serving, who replied rather sharply, "Fifty". Next we had to find out how many lamp-posts were in between Sydenham and Kent.

We decided that we could not be bothered to go and count, so we asked a policeman who dutifully inquired what we were doing. Finally, he told us that he did not know. We thought that we would make a rough guess and put down twenty-seven, but we found out later that the correct number was nine. We had found out by now that we were running short of time. So we scribbled

down the answers to each question, and after much dashing about here and there, we made our way back. We arrived just in time, hot and weary. While the papers were being marked, we had some refreshments and then participated in our usual club activities. My friends and I, tired of jiving had begun to play table tennis, whilst others played billiards, listened to records, or played games of their own devising. After a while, we were given the results of the competition in which two boys tied, and each received a box of chocolates. Must I confess that my friends and I came last and won nothing? After the Epilogue, we collected our belongings and made our way home, tired and weary, but happy and glad that we had, at least, enjoyed ourselves.

Youth Clubs can have great value. For instance, they teach you to associate with people and make friends more easily. They also teach you to think of other people, and to get away from that little world of yourself. They help you to take an interest in various types of activities, so that you do not get bored with doing one thing all the time. Youth Clubs help people to understand what living and working together really mean.

Sarah McClure, 4L.

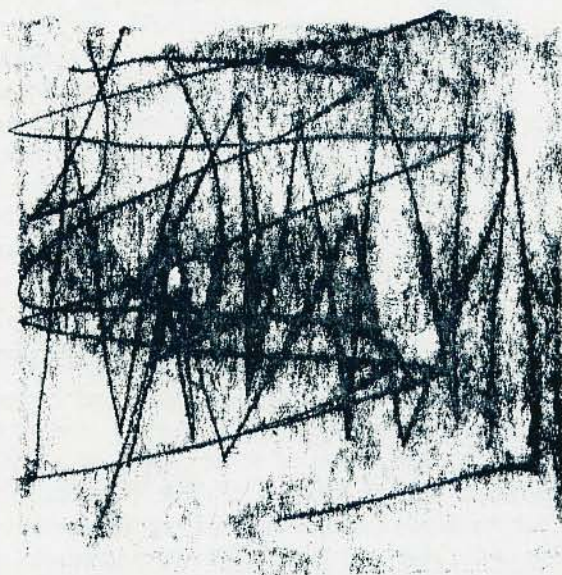
LONELINESS

To be alone can be wonderful but to be lonely can be misery. It is strange that there is so much difference in these two words—aleness and loneliness. It is possible to be alone without being lonely, and lonely without being alone. Aleness is something often desired by people caught up in the busy rush of life, but loneliness is something to be dreaded, shunned and hated.

Loneliness is a state of mind. Alone, it is possible to enjoy experiences which cannot be shared in a crowd—maybe a chance to become engrossed in a book, music, or just to let one's mind form a perfect and utter blank. Lonely, such practices are impossible. The mind races like a hunted fugitive, searching for a way to alleviate the numbness of its pain. Physical discomfort seems infinitely preferable to the black, cold, stultifying, impressionable feel of loneliness. The cure for loneliness is slow and perhaps in some cases is never found. The mind can try to fool itself and push the pain to the back, fill itself with new sights and sounds, but healing is gradual. Only a concentrated, yet instinctive wish to be rid of it can *win*. It is no use trying to cast out loneliness, if in it can be found one shred of the chill comfort of self-sought martyrdom.

Yet even loneliness can bring happiness to some. It is possible to live with loneliness and come to love it as one's life. The enveloping desire to live in a past which has been more endurable than the present, forces the mind to accept its hostile guest and nourish it. Slowly, the canker grows, until the bitter sweet pain of lost happiness fills the place of present and future. Even so, the mind has saved itself. Opening its arms to loneliness, it has found peace and comfort by reliving moments of past contentment.

Those who have welcomed loneliness are not those to be pitied if they can live in past memories—but those who have fought against it and lost, those who fight it incessantly in vain. For them,



loneliness is like a sheet hanging above their heads, always overshadowing their greatest pleasures, ready to enshroud them the moment they admit that it exists.

Surely though, there are people to whom loneliness is only an abstract word. It does not exist, and they feel either contempt or an uncomprehending pity for those suffering from it. Maybe they will help them fight against it, but how often must willing helpers be daunted by the sad faced of the lonely. Not all the lonely are truly lonely. Some are just alone, others are not alone but just seem alone, and therefore lonely to an outsider.

What sort of cure would a doctor prescribe for loneliness? A new born interest in something yet unknown or unexperienced, perhaps a visit to some country often dreamed of, but never yet seen. Freshly awakened interest fights loneliness, and the mere willingness to think of something different brings to the lonely a good reason for seeking company, and winning new friends.

Death is expected and generally regarded as something not to fear. Pain is feared. Physical pain can be endured if the mind is strong and healthy, but it is almost impossible for the body to triumph over the mind; though the body will fight for life even when the mind seems set against it. Loneliness is like a kind of deadly illness, but who knows when it will cure? Skilled doctors who fight disease are being taught to fight illnesses aggravated by loneliness. The root of all suicide cases is loneliness in some form or another. Perhaps the victim is a young widow responsible for three small children. She may be alone and probably lonely.

Loneliness can turn to despair, and despair to a wish for death. The despairing can find help in religion, but not all can see comfort in trust in God. Surely loneliness can be fought not by individuals but by masses. Surely, the urge to live in a world where life becomes more precious each day can overcome and blot out loneliness? The most complete and lasting cure is found in the service of others. A lonely person determined to make the most of life may visit an elderly invalid who lives alone, and so both will find companionship to dispel their loneliness, and their lives may be richer than they were before.

Loneliness should be regarded as a challenge. It is almost a state of existence and not life, and the choice of the lonely is to see if they will accept existence with loneliness, or fight to build themselves a full and inspiring life. Their loneliness will become no more than a shadowy challenger who had to be fought and defeated, a testing force to weigh the values of a mind which had lost its direction and determination. Loneliness is then even a friend which has helped to soothe the blow of tragedy or the feeling of unwantedness, and paved the way to a more satisfying life.

Anonymous.

PASSERS-BY

Rain in the gutters,
The mournful mutters,
Of passers-by.
Red buses rumble,
Car drivers grumble,
At passers-by.
Planes overhead thunder,
Birds fly in wonder,
From passers-by.
High window cleaners,
And lamp-post leaners
See passers-by.
Sea waves mingle,

With the shingle
Spray passers-by.
All road-sweepers,
And park-keepers
Dislike passers-by.
The postman and milkmen,
Dustmen and policemen
Are also passers-by.
And passers-by
Pass by.

Veronica Kemp, 4L.

Answer to "What is it?"

TREES

PEACE

It was a long way from the City
From School and the Age of Space;
Cool, old and lapped in reverence
Of centuries and of grace.

It was empty and filled with quiet,
The famous Abbey of Bath,
I feel at Peace when I look at it
In my holiday photograph.

Vivienne Evans, 3F.

THE THINGS I PRIZE MOST IN LIFE

I think the most precious thing in life is a family. A family will sympathise with us over our failures, disappointments and sorrows, and rejoice for us when we succeed and are happy. Parents appreciate any little thing we do to help them and they would do anything to help us, even if it meant going without something for themselves. Just think, our parents give up and devote their whole lives to us and what do we do, we get married and leave them at the moment they need us most, in their old age. Brothers and sisters are very important in our lives; we can talk to them and confide in them and if they are older and wiser than ourselves, we can even ask their advice. Our parents give us advice and we are always too bull-headed to see that it is for our own good and we sulk and moan and are thoroughly bad tempered, but parents put up with all that. All families are bound together by one common bond and that bond is the next most prized possession in life, love.

Love should never be taken for granted because it is very precious and no amount of money can buy it. Sometimes it backfires in our face and we almost give up, but we should not. If we are loved by someone it makes a complete difference to our lives. We are never too young to love someone, but many older people say teenagers do not know the meaning of the word "love", but that is untrue, because they have a natural desire to love just as strongly and sincerely as anyone else. If we love a person and that person loves us, we can face any crisis without feeling quite so bad, because we know that there is always someone who will believe in us and who will help us and look after us. The saying goes, "You never know the meaning of love until you have lost it", and that is why if we are lucky enough to find love, we should hang on to it and cherish it so long as we can. The love we have for our parents is born in us; it is a natural love and it can never be completely broken. Our parents love us and they carry on loving us, even if we argue and rebel against them. The love we have for our boy-friends and husbands is a different kind of love. It is the kind of love where we can either learn to love someone over a long period and suddenly realize that person means more to us than anything in the world. Or love can come suddenly; it can hit us like a ton of coal and then we wonder how we ever lived without that person. When people love each other enough, they get married and have children and share all the joy, sorrow and trouble between them. This love is deep and true and must always be appreciated.

Nature is one of the other most prized things in life. We only have to look out of the window and we see the wonder of the sky, trees, birds and many other things. The best place to appreciate nature is out in the countryside, completely alone on a warm day. We can smell the sweet earth and flowers and we can sense things growing. A soft breeze just ruffles the leaves and we feel at peace with the world. We can hear the silence and suddenly a bird sings or a twig snaps. Nature can also be appreciated at the seaside where it is more turbulent and stirring. The waves crash and you feel like shouting. In the country nature is quiet and still, but at the seaside it is wild and noisy.

Really, one of the most prized possessions in life is life itself. Just think, we have the ability to see, smell, hear, taste and touch all these things mentioned before. If we did not have these five senses, how much we would miss, but we were given these things to enjoy. How wise God must be!

Janet Fisher, 4P.

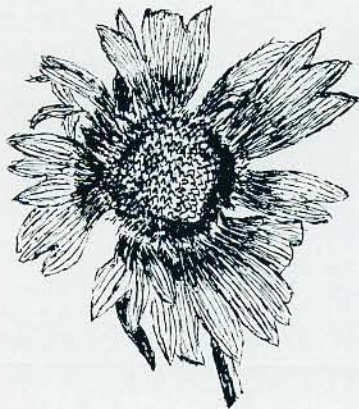
THAT LOVE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY

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What is love?
Is it the flowers as they dance in the breeze?
Is it the wind as it plays with the trees?
Is it a place or is it a thing?
Or is it a bird as it takes wing?
Jesus is love, the love that He held,
Was great enough to conquer this world,
To make Him shed blood, sweat, tears,
And to rule out the sin of all these years.
We think of His most at Christmastide,
How everyone loves Him from far and wide,
And Jesus looks down on us from up above,
All in His glory and Wonderful Love.

Jennifer Kirk, 1A.



FUTURE'S JOYS

'Tis strange how things impossible of Past
Seem not so hopeless now that Present's here.
Things unobtainable before seem real at last
For wisp-like Patience brings the Future near.
Yesterday has flown away with all its tears and pain
Perhaps new times can bring the promise of long wished serenity.
Tomorrow, with the new bright Dawn, brings forth fresh Hope again,
For now 'Tomorrow' lasts from dawn to dusk through all Eternity.

Sandra Woodcraft, 6B.

A Career in the Bank

*Never before have opportunities for young people been as promising as they are today in Barclays Bank.
Here is a brief outline of the career that awaits you there.*

A wide range of positions apart from the usual secretarial and book-keeping duties are now open to women in Barclays. For instance, girls can—and do—become cashiers, supervisors, income tax specialists and officers in the Executor and Trustee Department; and Barclays has two women branch managers.

If you are keen to get on, prepared to study and not afraid of work, why not think about banking as *your* career? Incidentally, a girl who marries after five years' service in the Bank qualifies for a gratuity. In the meantime, your salary will be keeping pace with changing times. If you come into the Bank at 16 you will start at £300 a year. By 20

you will be getting at least £420, by 41 a minimum of £750. All this for normal work and responsibility; many women are earning salaries far in excess of these figures. Moreover if you come in later, with G.C.E. at advanced level, you will have a year's seniority on the salary scale; coming in later still, from a University, three years' seniority.



Write for further particulars
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